

## DIANE DRIEDGER

### I Have a Dream

I'm flying  
loose from my barbell body  
I now understand  
why people had to invent airplanes  
why I want to fly

instead I walk  
with plodding gait  
pacing my energy  
teaspoonfuls at a time

my mind is a lightning flash  
away from the body  
how will the two work together?  
I will find my way  
and this leap  
    will be flying

*Diane Driedger's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*

## MADELINE SONIK

### Reduction

Girls are the most difficult sex  
all the adults agreed  
especially when they flirt with boys,  
grow breasts, and start to bleed.

*Madeline Sonik is an eclectic award-winning author and anthologist. Her published book-length works include a novel, Arms, a collection of short fiction, Drying the Bones, a children's novel, Belinda and the Dustbunnys, two poetry collections, Stone Sightings and The Book of Changes and a volume of personal essays, Afflictions & Departures, which was recently nominated for the BC National Award for Canadian Non-fiction, was a finalist for The Charles Taylor prize for literary non-fiction, and winner of the 2012 City of Victoria Butler Book Prize.*

## LINDA MARTIN

### Wild Plunge

I accepted the harness, someone to control the  
    rope,  
I used the goggles, wore the helmet, had the  
    parachute on my back  
but it wouldn't open and every return to earth  
    was hard,  
the way the soil came at me, came at my children  
spraying us in the face, and making us spit.  
There is still a longing for the wild plunge  
riding the air, losing and catching my breath  
mouth open wide to suck it all in.

I locked and unlocked the bracelets  
click, click, click, one link to another,  
applied the grease but the rust formed,  
some things never left my throat  
then the steely voice spoke.  
I know that demon lover  
throwing me, each time, over the edge  
arms up, hands wide, fingers grasping.

Shuffling, the unsteady gait, small steps inside  
    the shackles  
a hobbling run at tulips, spruce, boulders, river  
    banks  
kicking over the traces, but circumscribed  
only a toe's width, a nail's worth, a tip  
I've jumped the rope, leapt from the branch,  
    flown from the swing  
been chased, been hidden and found  
that was when I wanted to be caught.

*Linda Martin's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*