

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.