

TARYN HUBBARD

Excuse Me for Swearing

I'm sorry. That word should have never crossed my lips. I didn't see you there. You're still a woman, even on a jobsite. I shouldn't have said what I said in your presence.

Can I carry that ladder for you? Do you need help reaching that spot? Do you know what to do? I thought women liked caring professions, like nursing. Isn't that heavy? Why would you want to be here?

Oops. I'm sorry. Excuse me. Pardon my French. You shouldn't have heard that.

I'm all for equality. It's dangerous here. You have to be careful. Where'd you do your training? I support those Women in Trades initiatives if girls need extra help.

Why don't you spend time getting to know the girls in the office? Is that the goal? To eventually work in the office?

Taryn Hubbard is a writer from the West Coast. She has published in CV2, Lemon Hound, Capilano Review, Event, Room Magazine, subTerrain, and others. When she's not writing, she works as a communications specialist in the public and private sectors, including five years at a trade union. tarynhubbard.com.

TERRY TROWBRIDGE

On the Coexistence of Polyamorous and Asexual Lifestyles

A flower isn't neurotic
when it strokes the ankle of every bee
that peeks inside.
Whether it knows or not,
those petals will fall by the end of the month
and the dirt will kiss them brown forever.

A bee is not neurotic
for remaining celibate in its labour.
Whether it knows or not,
at the end of the decade its hive will be empty
but honeycombs outlast their architects.

Bees are devoted to the memory of flowers.
Their ecstasies are encoded for eons in progressions
of hexagons, hive walls, housekeeping in perfect ratios.

Terry Trowbridge is a PhD student in Socio-Legal Studies at York University. His poems have recently appeared in subTerrain, Carousel, The Dalhousie Review, American Mathematical Monthly, Whether Magazine (parenthetical), The Nashwaak Review, and other venues.