

M. GARANIS

Red Roses



she keeps a tall vase waiting
standing empty in the hall
just in case red roses...

family papers, treasured pictures
wrapped in old winter tights
bottom drawer of the dresser
should she ever...

broken chair crowds a room
nobody in it
one photo set apart
to remind should he ever...

sleep bottle full always ready

just in case whenever
she decides

SHARON NELSON

Spacetravel

Of course we say of our slaves
that they are base and brutish and uneducable.

Of course we say this because we ourselves,
base, brutal, and uneducable,
by this very saying,
by the very nature of enslaving,
raise ourselves above
our selves and those
mirrors of ourselves
we beat, whip, chain,
try to control.

And we are mystified
that no abuse,
not even murder,
makes us clean.

Because it is good for them,
we beat our children
to teach them love.

We beat our wives
to teach them
(for they too are children)
obedience.

We beat the dog, the cat,
have them unsexed.

We go into the wilderness
where we find trees are expendable,
nature all-bountiful,
there to be conquered,
tamed by us.

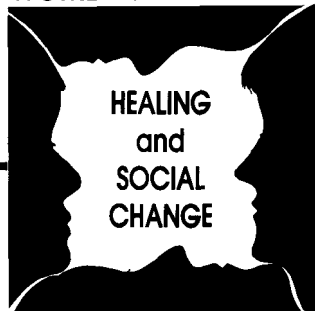
And when that still doesn't work,
we eye the heavens, stars and planets.

If we could but get there,
perhaps
in taming them,
we'd tame ourselves.

And when that doesn't work?

Re-entry to the closed universe of the body,
a constellation still unexplored.

WOMEN and THERAPY:



May 7, 8 & 9, 1992

*An examination of feminism
and the struggle for equality
in Canadian society.*

Keynote Speakers

Rosemary Brown **Amy Rossiter**
Sandra Butler

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