

was denying me that, I could no longer fool myself into believing that he would change in any way or allow me to uncover my own potential.

Once again, I was on my own. I went to Carleton University and graduated from a three-year Film Theory degree in April of this year. As I had prayed for, I found my life's desire and career, and I strive to attain my goal to become a filmmaker. I've also decided that little by little, I will work to tell this story and other stories like it by women who have experienced the same double discrimination and denial.

Even as I sit here, still looking forward to the day when I will be established enough to be on my own, I know that the final decision to do so is not one fuelled by anger, but by a natural progression in which I have come to terms with my feelings and the reality of my options. What I hope to accomplish will take time and a tremendous amount of effort, but I doubt that I will ever give up.

If anyone is capable of patience and perseverance, it's women like us, who can come out the other end with both feet on the ground.

*Kish Qureshi has just completed a 3-year Film Studies degree at Carleton University. Her goal is to become a scriptwriter and filmmaker, concentrating on providing a voice for women of visible minorities living a double-cultured lifestyle in Canada.*

#### CORRECTIONS

In our Summer 1992 issue, *Women in Poverty*, Kim Fraser's article entitled "Trading Abuse for Poverty" contained a several incorrectly attributed references. In the text of the article, all references to "The National" should be attributed to *Balance the Power*, a background report to the 1990 lobby of the Ontario Association of Interval and Transition Houses (OAIH).

CWS/cf apologizes for this error.

## NILAMBRI GHAI

### My Daughter

There were no gifts offered when I was born  
No blessings called upon, no hymns sung.  
My birth was a secret, veiled and hidden  
under the commiseration of friends.

Perhaps because, almost too naked, my form,  
too easily betrayed, too vulnerable,  
lacked well wishers—  
or else, my womb, too easily exposed,  
could not conceal the end-signs of pleasure—  
or else my tears, too ready to flow,  
made me fit only for stone altars in cold temples—  
or else, I was not clean with each moon, and could  
only be accursed for that time—  
or else, I was not to be, but came along,  
somehow, no matter what,  
to tempt, to tease, to seduce, to nurse,  
to feed, to please, but not to live.

Soon, I became a shadow, and grew  
to love my own dark profile,  
and watched  
till another shadow appeared—  
one who held my hand across the dark,  
and cried, "My mother has a Mind!"

*Nilambri Ghai is from India. She teaches functional literacy to adults in Montreal and is active in community women's groups and the theatre.*

## CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

***For An Anthology of writings of  
women of South Asian origin***

*(Short Fiction, poetry and artwork)*

For more information, contact:

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**Deadline: December 31, 1992**