

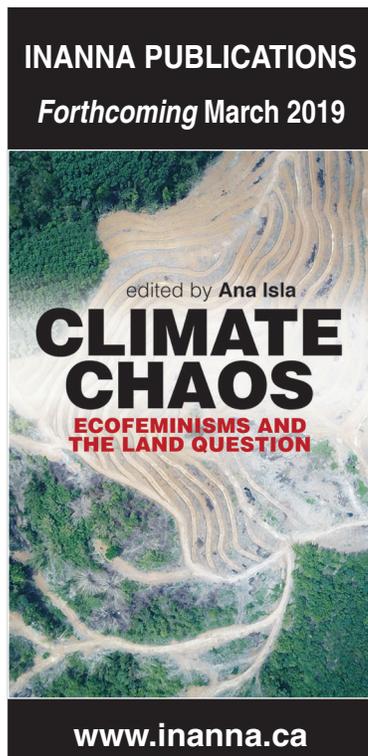
of the founders of the Women's Caucus for Gender Justice in the International Criminal Court in 1996, she was its first Director. In 2005 she was appointed to the UN Secretary General's Task Force on Violence against Women. Currently she is one of five expert members of the UN mandated Working Group on Discriminatory Laws and Practices (WGDAW).

Endnotes

¹ A portion of this parable is based on a fable written by the Jamaican Nan Peacock: "Where Feminists Come From" and others from a story of mine "When Earthlings Became Human." Also, this parable was substantively enriched by deep conversations with and edits by Angela Miles, for which I am so grateful.

References

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PENN KEMP

Trance/Verse

Sans cloud cover. Driving slowly between flat farm fields, we ride back aeons, trolling under water where up is down in the curved globe along ancient sea bed. The wide cobalt sky lies an ocean above us. An odd cumulus drifts above us.

casting mantra ray shadow. Cloud fish schools float past, hovering along Blue Water Highway, skirting wide ocean

immensity where swift dashing swallows flit for flies as fish dart from under rock cave. Towers of salt still hold solid

sea blocks far beneath our wheels. Past whirl by the windshield: childhood cottages perched cliff-edge to be toppled

by next blow or slower erosion. What does it matter in wider perspectives only divinity could hold? Below, we watch wonder

-struck at the ring around the rosy sun in our drive's destination.

Reflection is not refraction; images appear larger than they are.

Change is certainly upon us, streaming in several parts across the great divide, between here and here, over the Pacific.

I'm shipping stones as if the metonymy can carry thought to other dimensions beyond the known, along the father shore.

We know the heavens too are chockablock: planets, asteroids, planets: all totems call forth, calling out sacred names. But our

longing to hear fills our ears the way seashells imitate real roar of ocean wave. We are left drifting between worlds and words

till we drop that longing and know we've already arrived, full as the mirror of women reflecting one another in sky, in water.

Poet, performer and playwright Penn Kemp is the inaugural Poet Laureate for London Ontario, a Life Member of the League of Canadian Poets, and a recipient of the Queen Elizabeth Diamond Jubilee medal for community activism in the arts. She edited Jack Layton: Art in Action (Quattro Press).