

I know now mommy, I know why you could only watch.

Jody Salerno is a Queer, Femme, feminist, Italian Mother of three, Grandmother of one and Other Mother to several. She is a Trans ally and former Sex Worker. She has worked within the hostel, shelter, and social service settings for 21 years. Currently, she is the manager of a shelter for women, children, and youth escaping violence. She is also completing her undergraduate degree in Women's Studies at York University.

LINDA FRANK

Miscarriage

Henry Ford Hospital, 1932

The hospital bed is a raft she floats
over a dun coloured plane
Blood stained sheets against a deserted
Detroit horizon, pewter gray sky

This kind of loss is like no other
It tosses her naked through inarticulate
space
Grief. A desolate stare. One amplified tear
slides down her cheek. Her belly
still swollen with the missing child

She can barely grip the artery-red reins
of sorrow that yoke her
to the harrowing symbols she paints
Her lost fetus. Her broken pelvis
salmon-red torso and damaged spine
The snail slow abortion. The machine grip
of pain and Diego's gift, the bruise coloured
orchid

On her mantle she keeps
a fetus in a bottle of formaldehyde
Tells everyone
it's her own stillborn child

Linda Frank grew up in Montreal but has been living in Hamilton, Ontario since 1977. She teaches social science at Mohawk College. Her work has been widely published in journals and anthologies across Canada. Her first collection of poetry called Cobalt Moon Embrace was released in 2002 from BuschekBooks. These poems are from a manuscript seeking a publisher on Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, called Kahlo: The World Split Open.

JANE TASKER

The Blind Mirror

To be myself (I note) I need the illumination of other people's eyes and therefore cannot be entirely sure, what is myself.

—Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*

The mirror was not always blind.
When you first brought it home,
Its trinity of glass surfaces,
Arched and bevelled,
Shone
With the depth of silver.

It limned us so sharply then
—the man, the woman, the boy—
Held within the narrow and burnished
frame
Carved with small, dense roses
(I saw no gargoyles then).

The first scratch was a superficial one:
Perhaps some grit of cast sand caused it,
Or perhaps a child's makeshift sword
Swung lightly, recklessly through the air,
Glanced its tip across the mirrored surface
As if over the filmed retina of an eye.

There were other abuses:
A moon-shaped nick,
Like the imprint of a fingernail,
Left by a flung teacup;
A dulled edge along the bevel
Where you rested your head
On the sleeve of your coarse tweed jacket,
Telling me you were worn down, abraded.

We kept secrets.
Love was offered, withheld.
We sought ourselves in the eyes of the other's
reflection.

I saw you look through me and past.

Jane Tasker graduated from York University with an Honours B.A., summa cum laude and an Honours M.A. and is currently teaching Elements of Writing Style at Ryerson University. She is indebted to her mentors: Dr. Frances Beer, Dr. John Unnau, and Dr. Naomi Diamond.