

but the miles we're willing to go for each other  
the tangles depths and heights  
we're willing to express for one another  
searching for what we deserve,  
and knowing we will find it inside of each  
other.

and I need you to know  
how many times I've woken up  
with the seems of my skin bursting from love,  
passion, hope  
so filled so overwhelmed so shook so moved  
from earthquakes of joy and rage coming from  
lover fighters  
soul sistas  
brotha divas  
gender terrorists  
warrior poets  
knowing everyday I walk with heroes,  
the best kinda heroes who are  
messy complicated scarred  
running through gravel roads with bear feet  
grabbing at the stars lighting their hands on  
fire  
and still fuckin fighting

I just want you to know  
all the reasons I could never give up on this  
world.

just so you know.

*"(un)suicide note" is inspired by Eli Clare's "Gawking, Gaping and Staring" (GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies 1-2 (2003): 257-261). Clare explains histories of white bourgeoisie paying to see people with disabilities and trans people on stage, while displaying simultaneous amusement and disgust. He also refers to how this history is evident in the present as well, only now, the "gawkers get it for free."*

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## CLAIRE DUFRESNE

laque dorée, soieries d'Orient  
d'un lointain passé  
triste chant de la poète

quand se lève le vent d'est  
s'agitent  
les drapeaux de prières  
une âme cherche  
le chemin de l'éternité

dans les temples de Kyoto  
entre l'ombre et le silence  
les bronzes anciens montent la garde

dans la grisaille du jour  
en écho avec le temps  
les socques d'un moine

à la tombée du jour  
le soleil étend sur la plage  
tout l'or de l'Orient

en blanc  
se tricote l'hiver  
emmitoufflant  
un long silence givré

noir sur blanc  
s'efface le long hiver  
dans l'étang s'étirent les carpes  
et sur la toile  
mon pinceau retire sa trace

en bleu, de jour en jour,  
je tricote les mots perdus  
histoire d'habiller le temps