

- Homosexuality in Native American Communities." *Two Spirit People: Native American Gender Identity, Sexuality, and Spirituality*. Eds. S. E. Jacobs, W. Thomas and S. Lang. Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1997. 100-118.
- Lerat, G. *Two-Spirit Youth Speak Out! Analysis of the Needs Assessment Tool*. Vancouver, Urban Native Youth Association, 2004.
- Medicine, B. (1997). "Changing Native American Roles in an Urban Context and Changing Native American Sex Roles in an Urban Context." *Two Spirit People: Native American Gender Identity, Sexuality, and Spirituality*. Eds. S. E. Jacobs, W. Thomas and S. Lang. Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1997. 145-155.
- Meyer-Cook, F. and D. Labelle. "Namaji: Two-Spirited Organizing in Montréal, Canada." *Journal of Gay and Lesbian Social Services* 16 (1) (2004): 29-51.
- Smith, L. T. *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*. Dunedin: University of Otago Press, 2002.
- Tafoya, T. "M. Dragonfly: Two-Spirit and the Tafoya Principle of Uncertainty." *Two Spirit People: Native American Gender Identity, Sexuality, and Spirituality*. Eds. S. E. Jacobs, W. Thomas and S. Lang. Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1997. 192-200.
- Todd, Loretta. "What More Do They Want?" *Indigena: Contemporary Native Perspectives*. Eds. G. McMaster and L. A. Martin. Vancouver: Douglas and McIntyre, 1992. 71-79.

KARYNA MCGLYNN

The New Mothers

Now my young daughters are made-up and strutting
from the dark conspiracy of the closet, buggy in hand,
boundaries of that small kingdom defined
by what they are not: they will not be like me.

They have solemnly sworn it, a spit n' shake
over the dusty Hoover. There is an articulated resolve
in their swagger: how to stay sexy despite the children.

The answer is my antithesis: shadow of lost potential
moving modishly thin and dark behind me.

Specters of wishful women appear through the shifting
plastic of garment bags, skins begging to be filled,
they are going as fast as they can, stuffing cotton balls
into the loose cups of a bra and holding their breath...

now they are Birmingham women
who smoke mentholated cigarettes when they pee.

One scissors commando across the golf-course:
short orange skirt, lucky lotto ball nipples rolling.
Where is her house? There!

Watermelon stucco lost in the duckweed.
Nights spent ordering unnecessary things
out of catalogues, her nails cracking long over a diet soda.

Across town a sister's body snuffles and contorts;
she is a yogurt pretzel in a world without breakfast.

I see: two stewardesses who take sex seriously,
who hate one another and send Chablis on birthdays,
who wear sporty-fresh deodorant and black stockings,

two women who keep their children's faces clean and turned
away from cameras, whose bodies, upon careful inspection
hold the physical memory of a girlhood spent mapping

their future from the mouth of this closet, hours learning
to turn like hell on the dime of my old stilettos, blue shadow

crumbling down, before there is any lover to scorn but me,
sour lips pulled away from the gum when I say that I love
them:

four faithful compass eyes that always roll north now
before walking abruptly through the door.

Karyna McGlynn is originally from Austin, Texas. Her poems have appeared in Connecticut Review, Rosebud, Cimarron Review, The Pedestal Magazine, Midwest Quarterly, Wisconsin Review, Hotel Amerika and Verse.