

**LYNDSAY DANIEL**

**Women's Clinic Hush**

The soul has whiplash; needing therapeutic dilatations,  
Anyone would want for rest.

Medication in thin, continuous skewers of metal,  
Opening against mother's accord.

The slate beneath, giving way, inviting you to take  
your place

—That corner of hell, the elder's chant of your descent,  
inches from the window.

Contractions and tissue barter violently beneath what  
he found as pliable.

Descent silence and personal abjection—  
A prescription implicit to mental survival.

The bucket beneath filling with you;

A mask is inspecting and grading the retraction of  
flesh.

Coil on the cotton, proficiently hiding the bloom,  
The pattern - like first blood that guarantees your place  
of purity.

It is heating up beneath you,  
Soothing your aching body,  
Inducing a lull of silken movements,  
Someone will clean you up,  
Attaching something to that gapping  
Hole.

Stuffing something inside you,  
sewing it up.

Where do you take your blue gowned body?

Standing smooth outside, blood cakes

Your tiny eyes closed.

Quietly and persistently you edge off the curb.

A steely weapon barreling towards you—

They say you murdered today, why stop your spree?

Your body rips apart, and spreads itself around.

*Lyndsay Daniel is the Education Coordinator for the Sexual Assault Centre in Halton, Ontario. She has completed both a BA and MA from McMaster University (English/Women Studies), and is a part-time instructor at Sheridan College and Mohawk College in the Creative Writing and Liberal Studies Departments.*

**DONNA J.  
GELAGOTIS LEE**

**A Life of Blood**

Mood

as steady as a seesaw.

Then, sleep slips...starts

slipping...I

medicate. I think,

maybe it's...

and sure enough,

the body

releases its bloody

flow- and I am

surprised at my dis-

pleasure- hoping to have

dissed it- 60

is looking good!- if

I'm not harboring

a genetic landmine

that trips off-

don't believe

it gets better

unless you plan to beat

time with a stick,

your muscles

to plump up your skin,

unless you plan

to pass this ir-

regular time

with fortitude

until you regain something

of what you initially lost

in service to a life of blood

*Donna J. Gelagotis Lee's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in Atlantis: A Women's Studies Journal, CALYX: A Journal of Art and Literature by Women, Descant, Feminist Studies and other journals.*