

Reflective postscript

We found that the dialogue did indeed work the way we'd hoped, in allowing us to discover things we didn't know in advance, very much like the process that is the subject of our discussion.

Anne Goodman is currently the Esau Distinguished Visiting Professor at Menno Simons College, University of Winnipeg. Her book, Now What? Developing Our Future: Understanding Our Place in the Unfolding Universe will be published by Peter Lang Publishing, Inc. in March 2003.

Anna Snyder is an assistant professor of conflict resolution studies at Menno Simons College, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Her book, Setting the Agenda for Global Peace: Conflict and Consensus Building, was published by Ashgate Publishing Ltd. in February 2003.

References

- Bateson, Gregory. *Steps to Ecology of Mind*. New York: Bannatyne Books, 19782.
- Meintjies, Sheila, Anu Pilay and Meredith Turshen. Eds. *The Aftermath: Women in Post-Conflict Transformation*. London: Zed Books, 2001.

LOLETTE KUBY

Our Gift

Make small cuts in male viaducts,
nips and tucks in oviducts
and it is over.
Little pain, little blood.
Everything done for estate will stop.
Everything done for monument will stop.
All reasons but the reasons of grass
will stop.
After a brief yesterday, all
will be mosses, feathers, claws, clouds.
Rain will be rain, wind, wind.
Absented of us
all will be a holy rolling,
a whirling, a quaking.
After our compassionate abandonment
trackless as a flight of birds.

Lolette Kuby's book of poems, Set Down Here, was published by Brandylane (Richmond, Virginia) in 2002.

CHERIE HANSON

Totem Child

Father flat beneath a slab in California
I am told.
Only rumors, his name never spoken
I wear him in my body.
Never say it, nameless Shaman.
Bruised decoratively
hidden in my crib, my bed
from eyes, from school
waiting for the fading.
And bone deep
I wear his jewelry:
a neck ring restricts my turning vision
the vertebrate tattooed with cracks.
The fury of his hands pulled my sections
one from another
separating self-from-self
I left myself for him.
The fury of his hands
strangled me from my form,
jerking my body backwards
incapable of doing any more than going limp
watching my own trailing helpless legs and
arms
along the childhood hallways.
As if an afterthought, my collar bone
out of line, unattended under four year clothing
a healed shard sticks up defiantly.
My reformed nose asymmetric sculpted to his
fist
remade me in the image
of his own abuse:
His father's touch along his young boy's body.
I was totem-molded
to his rage.
The family demon spirit renewed.
I am the vessel for his rage
rigid in an unsafe crib
a baby listening for my maker's steps
coming to remake me for his uses
his passing presence marked in x-rays
as puzzled doctors hold me up
to light.

Cherie Hanson's writing appears in the anthology Love Poems for the Media Age (Ripple Effect Press). She is a graduate of the University of British Columbia where she completed a Masters in English with a concentration in contemporary poetry.