

## 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.

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## References

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## 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.*