

## JANA DANNIELS

### back to source

over the night hours  
the snow accumulates  
    star by star  
until the evergreen bows  
with the weight  
whoosh, buckles under  
and the snow sweeps  
down as one  
silent planet falling through space

a maple bud closed tight  
takes days to juice up with new heat  
    to swell against its pod  
aches to open until in a final too-much  
*I can't stand it* bursts  
a lime-green bouquet, tiny flowers stiff  
and sticky  
spring from their casing like  
elastics still attached  
    attempt to fling  
themselves to earth

is it timing or pressure that births  
the egg,  
    a chrysalis rips  
(always a small, dark world  
    opens into a larger with  
more light at the point of entry,  
no return)

I must find my way back  
through the brittle pieces of shell  
exploding rock,  
torn seams  
to before the world split open

before the first crack

*Jana Daniels is a graduate student from the Kootenay School of the Arts. She lives and works in Nelson B.C.*

## KATERINA FRETWELL

### Madness

At 4 a.m. I stare down the medicine cabinet  
and swallow it whole,  
on my knees imploring, but still  
sleepless – at 10 a.m. turned thirty,  
stuck on the clay side of P.E.I.  
with the liquor stores closed  
for Canada Day,  
my mind entirely.

“I Vote For The Waffle party”  
affixed to a man’s lapel  
on the ferry over.  
Sleep wash dress eat  
too far out to fathom,  
I loll on the bilious - coloured couch  
while he who is my husband  
shows our toddler all the nice cows chewing their cuds.

Just outside our rented trailer,  
time collapsed, its alien pace  
foreign as the birthday bubbly  
I kept to myself. But the champagne traitor  
did not quell my loopy logic  
or fix me into sweet zzzzs.  
That weekend couch, what bliss  
my thoughts ran too fast  
for guilt shame blame to stick.

Back home, what hell – a hippie-doc’s  
Largactil\* swept me onto  
a five-year mindless doom-cloud.  
No speech, no words.

\*Largactil, a major tranquilizer, has been taken off the market.

*Katerina Fretwell is a poet and artist whose work has reached international audiences. She is the author of three poetry collections. The most recent, Remyth, was published by Cranberry Tree Press in 1997.*