

CAROLE E. TRAINOR

on heterosexuality

standing by this window I remain a revolution-
tionary
watching warships go by
I watch them by transformed into something
noble and glorious
as they sail across gods blue sky

who would care to know then
that I'd licked the sale of a black mans neck
just hours before he forsook this revolution?
he who wore the colour of me out loud

who would care to know how he came to me
not ready for the inside fight
only hard as a stone for me?

hard as a black stone set against
gods blue sky he came to me
without thought of revolution

looking to have the colour of him
put back into his pale cheeks
looking to my thighs
for his content

who would care to know then
where noble warships go?
who would care to talk about this story?...
of Scarlett and her famous kiss;
of soldiers, going to their death
with beautiful memory?

Carole E. Trainor is a social activist, a mother-daughter mediator, adult educator and mother of three living in Halifax. She is the editor of the recently published feminist compilation of Canadian women's stories, And I Will Paint the Sky.

CORNELIA C. HORNSTY

Twinkies

The woman in the wheelchair was thirty-three and wearing purple corduroy jeans but Mr. Swift the social worker didn't like them and said she was childish and uncooperative because she wouldn't attend the talent show that was being provided for the patients out in the dining room area with clowns and a juggling act, and she was bad when she used to hide in one of the empty hospital rooms when she had a scheduled appointment with him, even though he knew many patients resorted to the same tactic, after all he was employed to help people like her adjust to her situation. On account of the arthritis, she had two knee operations two weeks apart and, what with all the physiotherapy and hydrotherapy a month before and after, she had to spend three months of her life on the ward for arthritics and this had made it very difficult for her daughter who was only nine, so the little kid with big eyes used to come and visit her on the weekends and they would talk for hours about school things and ballet things and have snacks and soup and twinkies in the cafeteria downstairs. The social worker finally insisted this woman had to read Erik Erickson's *The Healthy Personality* so she could figure out how to behave normally and be cooperative and be a proper patient with the proper attitudes for being in an institution, wear the proper clothes, say acceptable things to the doctors, nurses, physiotherapists, occupational therapists, and not stir up any shit. After all, these folks work very hard for you and spend hours figuring out how to make life easier for you, with your disabilities, and how to fit you into the situation that is constructed for your very own good. They help you learn to make ashtrays with little orange and white tiles, and leather key cases, too.

Cornelia C. Hornosty's poetry appears earlier in this volume.