SANDRA ALLAND

The Rise of the Progressive Conservatives

They're burning witches again
(I can smell it from my kitchen window at night.)

Barbecued women
always clog my sinuses.

Sandra Alland's poetry has been published in Fireweed, The Lazy Writer, and Black Cat 115.

SHARON SINGER

raising daughters

face it, I told myself early on
you'll never get it right
won't find the perfect balance
that spotlights each snare
sustains ordinary job and uncommon bliss
hell, who of us doesn’t know
there’s a land mine
on the front doorstep;
does our world really need more
fearful human beings?

trust yourself
I tell each daughter
what do you feel in the centre of you?
there’s a voice
in your belly, by your spine
on your tongue
find it
count on it
nothing will guide you as well

times will be wondrous
I tell them
predict nothing less
things will get messy
I tell them
depend on it
you'll be broken, betrayed
trust yourself through it all
when confused and undone
trust yourself still
in the unknowing, honour yourself
it’s a certain way through

Sharon Singer's poetry has appeared in numerous publications in Canada and the U.S., including Sunstone, Canadian Literature, and Writing For Our Lives.