

an Olympic skier, I'm courageous for two minutes at a time. My friend Linda is courageous every day of her life. She is a true champion.

Linda has Huntington's. It is a cruel, hereditary brain disease that causes physical and mental deterioration, and eventual death.

Although there is no cure, there is hope. Research has never been more promising. We've found the gene that causes Huntington's. Now, we're working on a treatment and hopefully, a cure.

Please support these champions and help us fight Huntington's disease.

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Edi Podivinsky Olympic Bronze Medalist

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KATHRYN ALEXANDER

Roots of My Language

Where do the roots of my language come? Come a riddle, come a riddle, come a root root come a wee wee man in a red red coat with a staff in his hand and a stone in his throat come a riddle, come

heart stones, the bitter root
my grandmother speaks, fed by her stories.
Our skin is tough and filled with memory.
The root of the heart is blood red and biting
memory breaks through, the thorns push from inside
from inside bites off the artery
archery of relations, I want to know where
the arrows slide—taut uncertainty
of connections, mothers daughters
fathers sons, how much further can it go?

I want to know where does the cut come sadness feathers down the edges frayed but not bleeding

a child separates from her body a chorus of memories a century of weeping

a geranium, the washed out bones of a flower, that bird, "poor jim ... poor jim" gathered up in the ribbons of wedding guests. When Nana died I lost all the stories.

Kathryn Alexander is a doctoral student in the Faculty of Education at Simon Frasier University, where she is exploring the politics of feminist literacy and textual "identity." When the occasional poem erupts from her weary soul, she is exceedingly glad of her brooding and fey Celtic inheritance.