

respected for what it has to teach and what it has to offer. It is not the only way, but it is one way to love that should not be denied.

Mom told me her stories and gave me the strength to tell mine. Gramma told me stories too. These stories give me the courage to go forward and learn new lessons. My spirituality and beliefs run deep. I do not name my God/dess, because there is no name for all the energies within us that collide or gently flow into one another on a daily basis. My God/dess is within me and the Earth, and gives me strength and conviction in my art and writing. I have no right to hurt or condemn others for who they are. As a human I have my opinions, my ideals, and goals. I make mistakes always and through my ignorance and anger have hurt others. From these failings I have learned about my own strengths and limitations. To me life is like a large piece of fabric that gets stitched together based on all experiences. This vibrant fabric has no pre-determined design or plan, but simply exists on the basis of positive energy and the love of one another.

You may say this is Christianity or

Buddhism or paganism. To me a name is not as important as the faith and self-conviction one has in leading their own life. In loving my lesbian partner and myself, I am more loving and happy with others. In dispelling my own and other hurtful myths about homosexuality, I have opened my doors a little wider to make room for others with stories and beliefs.

I have shared my "story" with you so that you will know that I love you. My fear in telling you of my life and my lover, was that I would lose you because of your Christian faith, and that you would judge me based on the myths about homosexuality and my need to love another woman. I was willing to lose you, but I was not willing to lie to you anymore.

Know that I love you, your Niece.

Sherree Clark is a writer, an artist, a therapist, and a disabled lesbian who has loved her partner deeply for almost five years. This piece is dedicated to her mother, a woman who was vibrant, sexual, funny, and brave. And to her mother's mother, a woman who struggled against the confines of being a good prairie wife and found freedom at last.



Goddess Yoga Classes & Workshops
Individual Psychotherapy for Women
Goddess Relaxation & Meditation Audio Tapes

Mary Marzo (416) 424-2086

SANDRA WOOLFREY

When I Think of You

When I think of you
I don't imagine us in acts of
love
Or doing things that lovers do

I see
wild grapes
deeply blue
sweetened
by
frost

The Heart of Love

You split my heart open.
Red rose petals flutter,
fall from acorn fullness,
reveal ripe red fruit.
Does the chestnut feel
such happiness when
spring rains split
carapace and the
stately tree first
nudges moist earth?

Night Poem

In this night of stars
and crickets and the gentle
hum of the universe
my body spills into yours
your pulse, my thigh
the unity so complete
I wonder whose dream
you are dreaming, mine
or yours and which of us
writes the poem, the poem that
silently spells I love you
or is the poem the tangle
of our bodies asleep on the bed.

Sandra Woolfrey is the Director of Wilfrid Laurier University Press and an artist. She has won the Dorothy Shoemaker Literary Award for Poetry (1990) and has been short-listed for the CBC Poetry Contest (1991 and 1992).