

support cultures and philosophies dependent, not on mutuality or matriarchs, but on male dominance and the subservience and control of women. What we are about is the creation of new myths, of a new body of knowledge, of female control of the production and transmission of knowledge. Women's history, our story, has been a story of fragmentation and disjuncture, of male control.

In a backwater of southern Ontario, a small but growing group of feminists gather together and miracles happen. Now we dare to speak our truth, dare to challenge patriarchal thought and patriarchal definitions of what it means to be female. We forge, out of mind and body, a body of work that will sustain and nourish and reinforce the work of our daughters and granddaughters, and maybe, just maybe, some of our sons and grandsons. And someday, if our writing is not suppressed and lost as women's writing has been suppressed and lost for aeons, future women and men will read our story with pride and joy and not a little amazement at historical woman's tenacity and endurance. May they sorrow at the misogyny and cultural myopia of the patriarchs.

*Philippa Schmiegelow has lived in Newcastle for the past 23 years. She has a BA Humanities and an MA English from York University, and is presently on leave from a PhD programme in Women's Studies. Newcastle, affiliated with the Hamlet of Bond Head on the shores of Lake Ontario, is situated in the Municipality of Clarington, 70-odd kilometres east of Toronto.*

*Kass Elan Morgain is a visual artist, a weaver of words, and a practicing Reiki Master. She lives near the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, learning the lessons of letting go as her four children grow into adulthood. Her collages are explorations of her own spiritual journey, and a spiritual practice in themselves. Each work reveals its own true nature in the process of its creation.*



"Water," 1995. Photo: Gabriella Moro'

*Gabriella Moro' came to Canada from Hungary in 1992 and received her Visual Arts Certificate from Vancouver Community College in 1996. Her work has been shown in many different group shows at Exposure Gallery in Vancouver.*

## LESLIE TIMMINS

### Zita

you loved me like the Lone Ranger  
swooped down from six feet up  
to kiss me  
always on the look-out for a quick  
get-away

(no wonder I cling  
to fast riders  
buck the slow building  
of love)

too many secrets ran you  
too much to fix—  
dinner daddy  
I remember the sound  
of your wooden shoes  
on the wooden stairs  
as you washed the basement  
at midnight

your love gave me hiccups  
sometimes still I hold my breath  
hoping your silver horse  
will bring you back to me  
anyway

*Leslie Timmins has published poetry in Room of One's Own, Contemporary Verse II, and The Antigonish Review. She is the editor of Listening to the Thunder: Advocates Talk About the Battered Women's Movement.*

## SANDRA WOOLFREY

### New Dimensions

Flat on our backs on the sand  
we look up at the wheeling stars.  
So many of them we wonder  
if our planet is one of many  
that together form Plato's Chair  
or some unknown living entity.  
We give new dimension to  
the microscopic scraps of  
intelligence that dwell within us.  
Like matrushka dolls of varying forms  
life within life within life.

*Sandra Woolfrey's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*