NATIONAL COMITÉ NATIONAL COMITÉ NATIONAL ACTION CANADIEN ACTION COMMITTEE D'ACTION COMMITTE D'ACTI

NAC HOUSING COMMITTEE

The National Action Committee on the Status of Women (NAC) Housing Committee invites all women interested in housing issues to participate in the Canadian Women's Network.

Activities of the NAC Housing Committee include:

- compiling a survey to provide access to resources on women and housing initiatives across Canada;
- developing a NAC Housing Policy paper based on comments, information and perspectives received from across Canada;
- examining the feasibility of a national women and housing conference;
- maintaining liaison with U.S. and global women and housing organizations;
- publishing a newsletter of national contributions. The newsletter services are not only sources of information, but tools to build supportive networks. Contributions from your regions would be appreciated. We are particularly interested in publishing grassroots women's strategies and initiatives for affordable, secure housing.

If you would like to participate in the NAC Housing Committee activities, please write to:

NAC Housing Committee 344 Bloor West, Suite 505 Toronto, Ontario M5S 1W9

Every Woman's Guide to Hysterectomy

Little pieces of the uterine wall are meandering all over the body I am guilty of at least five mutually exclusive illnesses all situated down below none studied in Health at Lord Byng High where year after year we coloured in the Digestive Tract from oesophagus to, well, anus and the other, called by my aunts curse in a firm rejection of euphemism was the subject of just one animated film its pastel voice, embarrassingly, male. And even now on graphic TV fluids absorbed by delicate pads are blue not red, as they are blue (more understandably) in diaper ads recalling potteblå, a dye made from kids' piss in the old days.

Little pieces of the uterine wall, it seems, wander and fix in bladder, belly, lung bleeding there every month, on cue, crazed little hormones simmering. Fistulæ like tiny fingers feel out of one organ, fasten in another, ominous pressures build, great fibrous balls like twine grow eyeless in the dark "as large as a twenty-week fetus" the whole lot hangs in a drooping hammock of tired flesh the plug's loose / prolapse threatens like a sock turned inside out I may not be able to contain myself much longer, I will become this aspect, with a mind of its own, even facial expressions, yawns, grins, and other mouthy blatherings. Meanwhile the ovaries plugged in at each side like earphones pick up the distant tick of death.

Oh my body, how awful,
You bore children faultlessly
and from these territories
loved, love and are made happy.
How can I read
this book in which everything possible goes wrong
nothing stays where it ought
inside the tidy lines of diagrams,
bits of the uterine wall
wander away, and a cell
I never heard of casually ignites.