

so that they do not take the abstract and judgemental form that so much internal feminist debate has taken.

¹ Rosemary Curb and Nancy Manahan, eds., *Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence* (Tallahassee, Florida: Naiad Press, 1985).

² Varda Burstyn, ed., *Women Against Censorship* (Vancouver & Toronto: Douglas and McIntyre, 1985).

³ Carole S. Vance, ed., *Pleasure and Danger: Exploring Female Sexuality* (Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984).

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AFTER WE FIRST MADE LOVE

Hours of rooted desire
 lush delight
miraculous in the yearning
between arrivals, the urge
to touch. Your mouth breathing
next to mine, the cool
sheen of fresh sweat,
blood racing, I felt
connected in the bone
during recurrent walks
through the still heat of your words.
Above all
a rich affection in
that passion: savage,
lively, and the winds of
volatile hope. In the
penumbra beside me
you talked shop when we
first made love: eight women
before me, and beyond me
a beautiful American redolent
of my hair. You
composed a monograph
of sex when I tried to read
music in your eyes.
I thought of that young blond
firm flesh, the breathless
toss of her desire
and next to you my hands
drifted toward poems, a
sigh, heavy as hate.

Liliane Welch
Sackville, New Brunswick

LANDSCAPE OF HOUSE AT NIGHT

Listen:

sleeping lungs

swell the air

suck it back

like tides in

a bay monotonous

waves within walls

the house expands with

water breathing

lifts toward night upon

a crest of sighs

that sweeps through

my ears till I

want deafness

till I am deaf

and hate the moon

for watching me

drown in their

Breathing

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