

cela s'est produit trop brusquement et sans préparation adéquate. Cela a créé du désarroi, des inquiétudes et des insatisfactions.

Il est grand temps qu'on leur offre des outils, des moyens, afin de mieux évaluer leurs attentes et réaliser leurs aspirations.

Nouveau Départ espère avoir mis et mettre encore à la disposition des participantes des techniques et des concepts nouveaux et utiles — mais c'est un *départ*. Le chemin reste à faire.

**Nouveau Départ* a vu le jour grâce aux personnes et aux institutions suivantes:

- Le YWCA;
- La FFQ;
- les 500 délégués de Carrefour 75;
- le C.S.F. du Québec;
- le Ministère de l'éducation;
- le Comité de Planification;
- Madeleine Champagne, coordonnatrice des deux premières promotions.

Bonne route!

STUDENTS' POETRY



Public Archives of Canada

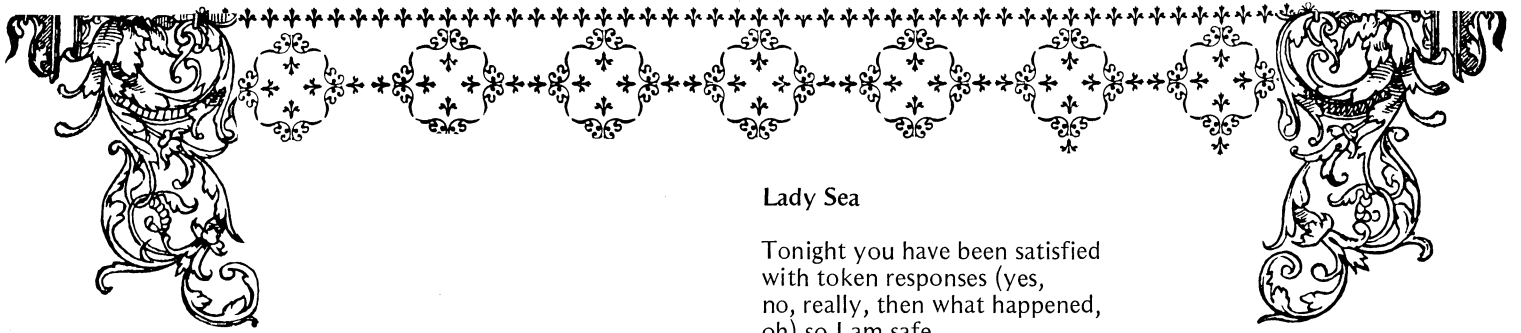
"The Light of the World" 1899

Image

I seem like pink bows and lollipops,
saccharine: sickeningly sweet,
nice.
My joy flutters into butterflies
that look smilingly shallow,
naively optimistic.
When you file me away as this image
or, driven by your pessimism
dream of shooting me,
I should remind you that
I'M A FUCKIN' ANGRY BITCH.
I fly,
because I've wailed
(killed and almost died)
enough.

Dina Saikali





Reverie for L.

The sleeping moment ebbs
and dreams abate;
the fallow wisped curls
hover, drift
themselves lift above
the conscious,
swaying.

The known is what hands
grope, yet barely stir—
as if immutable
 this mixture
 flesh
 warm breathspace
 bed clothes
mingle in the early morning
sensuous soup
of we.

The tips of my tombed fingers
yield a substance,
trace this line:
 your nose pod
 parted mouth
 and all the rest
 is coiled upon
 a dream sprung
 song
my wishbone heart
would trust
no crusted eyes
to find.

Susan Wileman

Lady Sea

Tonight you have been satisfied
with token responses (yes,
no, really, then what happened,
oh) so I am safe
for the moment.

I am being sea-like.
Calm hands folded
in my lap, legs crossed
ladylike, clean
sucked crustacean.

No ordinary sea creature
however, I also
possess all the characteristics
of a chameleon (not
unusual for my sex),
adaptable to circumstance
and varied personalities;
so surviving.

I am being calm.
Hands folded in my lap,
legs crossed.
Ladylike.

Allyn Harris

Somehow I've missed the connection
to the ivory tower. My hair has never grown
to the ground to hang from a window
for a lover to climb, and
my long gowns were never delivered.

I sit in the park.
Tight jeans cross legged.
Blowing knotty hair.
Windstruck solitude.

I spend street time eluding
Prince Charmings
and cursing
the Brothers Grimm.

Old sketchbooks are filled
with haunting doodles.
Long gowned princesses
floating in their golden curls,
flower lips smiling.

Allyn Harris

