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.

Public Archives of Canada

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

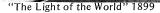
- Le YWCA;
- La FFQ;
- les 500 délégués de Carrefour 75;
- le C.S.F. du Québec;
- le Ministère de l'éducation;
- le Comité de Planification;
- Madeleine Champagne, coordonnatrice des deux premières promotions.

Bonne route!









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





Apprentices

The women men fall for, celebrants of conjured desire, found-ins at ego's bawdy house,

obliging ladies, these
as members of the band
play second
or third
string
in the heat
of the song's delusion.

This is not to say courtly worship can't exist: it lies secreted in the guttural chest of internal music

that winds them ever onward

(eternal boys!)
until the last note rests
in a tremor of quiet,

caught by discarded sheets heaped near the bed.

Susan Wileman

Poetic Impotence

I cry

scream

Must I always use words?

I am sick of storing myself in the sheets while you theorize. I am sick of sucking your strength as my means of survival. I weaken, fearing you feel you have swallowed me to the dregs of my soul.

You like my expressive face yet you flash your old lover as an emblem. She hid her feelings. I leave you holding my tears. It is always your books I read. You file away my hugs for cold nights then play the magician, turning my feelings to stone—intellectualizations for the foundations of your detachment. You expound on Hegel and Freud but don't understand when I confront you.

I refuse to lie in the cradle of your arm while you bless me with kisses or cloak my mind in your ideals any more.

It is the full moon and I break bloody from the womb.

Dina Saikali

When a Baby

When a baby gives her first glance to life she is like a flower that blossoms in Spring

When the blazing sun kisses her cheek and life smiles at her she is like a ripe fruit in Summer

When life seems difficult and the years are a heavy burden she is like the withered leaves in Autumn that lie on the ground

When life seems as if it is slipping out of her hands and the thought of death becomes more and more vivid it is like the world sleeping in Winter under a white blanket. These Hands

How marvellous these hands. Fitting things into neat packages, folding, arranging twisted wool into clothing. Touching, sweating. Threading the needle at necessary times, careful fingers sew the torn places, or wipe the tears away.

Today, on the bus, they sit placid, folded over each other on women's skirted laps, waiting to resume usefulness.

Allyn Harris









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 stiras 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

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

