

les battements de mon cœur, la puissance de ma mémoire  
et ma passion de femme du monde.

*Micheline Mercier was born in Windsor in the Eastern Townships (Quebec). She worked in the field of finance for some 40 years and on retirement she trained to work in palliative care. She is currently writing her autobiography, "Mémoires intérieures," a reflection on her personal accomplishments.*

## JANNA PAYNE

### mother teresa

patron saint of burnt out—  
destroyed the shit out of that San Francisco  
convent  
ripped up the carpet, spewed her agenda  
(solidarity with the poor) & let the cameras  
roll  
made a scene & a name for herself  
claimed space  
the whole space, essentially

vandalism over a thousand, but she was in  
the clear  
already served her time—  
carrying the weight of the church  
the weight of a thousand crying babies &  
the weight of losing her unfaltering faith

oh & when she cracked  
oh we didn't just sit there  
oh no we di'int  
we overlooked her compassion fatigue &  
begged for her canonization

it was the least we could do  
after parading her off the grid of humanity

*Janna Payne is a Canadian poet. She holds a Masters from Loyola University Chicago. Her work has recently been featured (or is forthcoming) in BROAD: A Feminist and Social Justice Magazine, Communities, Role/Reboot, Room, The Steel Chisel, and Women and Environments Magazine. To read more, visit <[www.facebook.com/jannaspeaks](http://www.facebook.com/jannaspeaks)>.*

## CAROL LIPSYC

### Letter for Emily D.

Convention saw a pallid shell,  
and not her myriad colour,—

Mute to the lyric form she fused  
with elemental power.

How she gleaned ripe the natural world,  
her open heart, a grail,—

And steered ethereal her verse,  
its earthly light unveiled.

*The first book of poetry I bought as an adolescent was a complete collection of Emily Dickinson's poems and letters. On its lemon yellow cover, I studied Emily's supposed likeness, the sketch of a thoughtful, diminutive face. I read the book aloud, carrying it with me like a secret companion, as if I alone had discovered her work in a place undisclosed to others.*

*In my response to her call from anonymity, to the "tender majesty" of Dickinson's words, I composed these couplets. And in writing back, I returned to a point of personal origin, drawn as ever to Dickinson's meter, to the honesty and empathy in her voice, and to the dichotomies she explored with self-effacing energy. Attendant to the natural world around her, she sought answers to all-encompassing questions that leaped beyond the here-and-now.*

*So many years have passed since I first read Emily Dickinson's poems, yet I remember having a felt sense about the trajectory of a life devoted to the arts, a path I intuited might one day be my own.*

*Carol Lipszyc's book of poetry, Singing Me Home, was published by Inanna in 2010. Short stories on children in the Shoah have been published in Parchment, Midstream, [www.jewishfiction.net](http://www.jewishfiction.net). She is currently an Assistant Professor at State University of New York, Plattsburgh, teaching English teacher education and writing arts.*