

MICHELINE MERCIER

Abnégation

Femmes du monde...
Le temps est venu de
Monter aux barricades.

Armez-vous de nobles paroles
Et de grandes connaissances.
Qu'elles servent à panser les chagrins
De vos pauvres filles ployées sous l'abnégation.

Refusez d'être l'ombre du loup.
Ne soyez plus jamais de celles qui sourient
À l'inconcevable violence.

Irez-vous jusqu'à croire que
L'histoire violée tire à sa fin?
J'en ai le souhait.

Refusez le cadeau qui sent
Le rance.....
Dites non au second plan.

Effacez le cœur au beurre noir
Chassez le brouillard dans la tête,
De même que cette cicatrice qui ferme votre œil.

Éloignez la main qui fait
Cuire la joue et le mot qui
Alourdit le ventre.

Dormez seules, plutôt que de
Vivre sans rêves.

Découvrez que la vie est un plaisir
Que la force n'est pas l'apanage des muscles,
Mais prend sa source dans l'âme.

Micheline Mercier has been writing poetry ever since she can remember. She is currently living in Montreal.

SARAH PINDER

In the backyard

for Libby Scheier

Everyone loves a woman if she is
a pretty girl,
a pretty, dead girl,
or the parts of body that can eventually be
arranged back into a pretty
dead girl.

The news says Parkdale this time,
so I will take out my map to put distance
between myself and the torso found
in the alley a block away.

I can slice ginger and lemon thin,
drink myself warm, save my voice,
tell myself it's only one woman,
the same age as my mother,
as the television reports her legs,
retrieved one at a time
in a NorthYork dumpster
twenty kilometers from her centre.

A body, with legs like accessories,
a hysterectomy scar
and hair colour assumed
from a pubic guess.
A tensor bandage and an anklet
of Avon diamonds and gold butterflies.

Residents are urged to check their properties
so I watch the neighbour's dogs in the
backyard,
expecting arms to interrupt the frozen earth.

Sarah Pinder lives and stubbornly bicycles in Toronto, for now.