

with job displacement to be excluded from the full account of hospital reform. By writing about this moment in my life, I am taking control of that moment. I have carefully chosen the words, the tone, and the forum. As such it becomes part of the historical text. Sharing my story is a small act of resistance. But like my act of leaving nursing this, too, is liberating.

Diana L. Gustafson is a doctoral student in Sociology and Equity Studies at OISE and in the Collaborative Program for Women's Studies at the University of Toronto. Her current research interests include health care policy and health care education and their impact on the nature and utilization of caring labour in Canada.

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RISHMA DUNLOP

Laundry

Spilling out from
the willow hamper
soiled linens
lives gnarled

I wash the sheets
ivory white
smooth the furrows
from our brows.

Rishma Dunlop teaches in the Faculty of Education at the University of British Columbia.

JOAN BOND

Tangled

Her husband's strong fingers
comb out the tangles
in her river of hair.
He brushes the golden shawl
with practised adoration
then braids a weave
to last the night.

Year after year
his fluent fingers winding through
ripples & waist-length waves.
But later ... in slow motion
nocturnal plaits loosen
and on her back
no imprint of passion.

Now her river overflows in pain.
Currents of taupe & tawny hair
eddy into knots
knots her boney comb cannot
smooth out.

Soirée

Skin slides against skin
we stand back to back
belly to belly
suave and slick as dolphins
drinks in hands, our mouths
awash in a waterfall of words:
Wonderful party
Wonderful dress
Wonderful weather
Wonder ... what
what was your name again
Perpendicular as tree trunks
we taste smoke, oysters
egg rolls, chip dip
our mouths green with guacamole
At last we leave
swaying in the wind
careful to avoid the arteries
of branches

Joan Bond's poetry appears earlier in this volume.