

respected for what it has to teach and what it has to offer. It is not the only way, but it is one way to love that should not be denied.

Mom told me her stories and gave me the strength to tell mine. Gramma told me stories too. These stories give me the courage to go forward and learn new lessons. My spirituality and beliefs run deep. I do not name my God/dess, because there is no name for all the energies within us that collide or gently flow into one another on a daily basis. My God/dess is within me and the Earth, and gives me strength and conviction in my art and writing. I have no right to hurt or condemn others for who they are. As a human I have my opinions, my ideals, and goals. I make mistakes always and through my ignorance and anger have hurt others. From these failings I have learned about my own strengths and limitations. To me life is like a large piece of fabric that gets stitched together based on all experiences. This vibrant fabric has no pre-determined design or plan, but simply exists on the basis of positive energy and the love of one another.

You may say this is Christianity or

Buddhism or paganism. To me a name is not as important as the faith and self-conviction one has in leading their own life. In loving my lesbian partner and myself, I am more loving and happy with others. In dispelling my own and other hurtful myths about homosexuality, I have opened my doors a little wider to make room for others with stories and beliefs.

I have shared my "story" with you so that you will know that I love you. My fear in telling you of my life and my lover, was that I would lose you because of your Christian faith, and that you would judge me based on the myths about homosexuality and my need to love another woman. I was willing to lose you, but I was not willing to lie to you anymore.

Know that I love you, your Niece.

*Sherree Clark is a writer, an artist, a therapist, and a disabled lesbian who has loved her partner deeply for almost five years. This piece is dedicated to her mother, a woman who was vibrant, sexual, funny, and brave. And to her mother's mother, a woman who struggled against the confines of being a good prairie wife and found freedom at last.*



Goddess Yoga Classes & Workshops  
Individual Psychotherapy for Women  
Goddess Relaxation & Meditation Audio Tapes

Mary Marzo (416) 424-2086

## SANDRA WOOLFREY

### When I Think of You

When I think of you  
I don't imagine us in acts of  
love  
Or doing things that lovers do

I see  
wild grapes  
deeply blue  
sweetened  
by  
frost

### The Heart of Love

You split my heart open.  
Red rose petals flutter,  
fall from acorn fullness,  
reveal ripe red fruit.  
Does the chestnut feel  
such happiness when  
spring rains split  
carapace and the  
stately tree first  
nudges moist earth?

### Night Poem

In this night of stars  
and crickets and the gentle  
hum of the universe  
my body spills into yours  
your pulse, my thigh  
the unity so complete  
I wonder whose dream  
you are dreaming, mine  
or yours and which of us  
writes the poem, the poem that  
silently spells I love you  
or is the poem the tangle  
of our bodies asleep on the bed.

*Sandra Woolfrey is the Director of Wilfrid Laurier University Press and an artist. She has won the Dorothy Shoemaker Literary Award for Poetry (1990) and has been short-listed for the CBC Poetry Contest (1991 and 1992).*