

lights on (but I have to run all the way back to Emoo).

Anyways, there's a little taste of me! Mmm ... delicious! Well we'll see what happens. Emily says I should be calm because the situation is out of my control, and I'm trying to take her advice ... but it's not really working.

So, I'll talk to you soon, I hope.

Take care,

love

Sarah

*Sarah Fowlie (Fleischmann) lives with the love of her life, Emily, and their dog Fanny. "I come from a funny tragic family. We'd make dead dad or gestapo jokes and really scare out guests. We'd all be laughing and my mother would remark that this was all really funny, and someone should be writing it down. A scary idea for any funny person, but eventually I took her advice. Of course, the irritating thing about most mothers is that they are almost always right."*



Shira Spector, "Sarah and Emily's Chuppah," detail, screenprint on painted silk, 73" x 68", 1995. Photo: Charles Spector

## NATHALIE STEPHENS

### Memories of Sleep

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In the body's familiar posture the listless gestures of undetermined faith and the chase towards oblivion. At three a.m. the scratchings of tired prose and screeching tires, these prescriptions for survival recorded against realms of guarded immortality and despair, and in the trudge towards home the disregard for the body's distance from itself; cautions received like the gravest inflictions. This is life's challenge to indifference, where breath steals away from itself and memory's waters drown even the bravest intentions.

What is the measure of trust and impermeability? I have chased dragons down railway cars and slept in silence against concrete chasms, where the train's grumble was blood's course through my veins, and this groping towards wholeness nothing more than a race away from definition.

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These are the internal foragings of memory, underground passages to gritty truths, the perilous walk into the city. Days spent wandering dead end streets and shaded courtyards, the search for solitude's reprieve, where lives intersect and countless languages evolve into action. What thoughts remain? In roadside puddles and the pull of highways, the hallucinatory bridge between places and smells, the leap from one language to the next and the emergence of multiplicitous identities.

What speech forms around the well trained tongue? Images cast before us in rapid sequence, the blur of colour reminiscent of speed and the entrapment of continuity. Stories yearn to be told, selected moments captured between teeth, given away for brief scrutiny. What is the weight of dust and agony? The pulped remains of spirit and bone, flogged across time to be absorbed by the attendant body. This is my story, untold and just begun.

*Excerpted from a larger work entitled Memories of Sleep, which attempts to reconcile the seeming disparate aspects of identity. nathalie stephens is the author of french language poetry, hivernale (Toronto, Éditions du GREF), and a narrative in prose poetry, This Imagined Permanence (Toronto, Gutter Press). Her writing has also appeared in both french and english in various journals across Canada, including Acta Victoriana, Arcade, Canadian Woman Studies, and Prairie Fire.*