

Out of Place

I gave myself away,
walked out of this
tight body,
this closed mind,
without a backwards look
or a regret.

I thought where
I was going,
I would not need
myself,
I could be someone
new.

But now I have
returned alone,
I look into the
mirror
and I see
there is no one
here.

Catherine McKay

Wen Do Woman

I used to bend supple as plasticine
when your calves indented my thighs
as your lips stifled my cry.

Now I stride with a brisk step
my arms swing for inflection
shoulder to chest thrust
primed for explosion of breath
against my invader

Only occasionally I wander
aimless; disarmed;
only sometimes I wonder
at my body
enclosed by your limbs
curled around mine.

Jill Dalibard