

**DIANE DRIEDGER****I Have a Dream**

I'm flying  
 loose from my barbell body  
 I now understand  
 why people had to invent airplanes  
 why I want to fly

instead I walk  
 with plodding gait  
 pacing my energy  
 teaspoonfuls at a time

my mind is a lightning flash  
 away from the body  
 how will the two work together?  
 I will find my way  
 and this leap  
                   will be flying

*Diane Driedger's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*

**MADELINE SONIK****Reduction**

Girls are the most difficult sex  
 all the adults agreed  
 especially when they flirt with boys,  
 grow breasts, and start to bleed.

*Madeline Sonik is an eclectic award-winning author and anthologist. Her published book-length works include a novel, Arms, a collection of short fiction, Drying the Bones, a children's novel, Belinda and the Dustbunnys, two poetry collections, Stone Sightings and The Book of Changes and a volume of personal essays, Afflictions & Departures, which was recently nominated for the BC National Award for Canadian Non-fiction, was a finalist for The Charles Taylor prize for literary non-fiction, and winner of the 2012 City of Victoria Butler Book Prize.*

**LINDA MARTIN****Wild Plunge**

I accepted the harness, someone to control the  
 rope,  
 I used the goggles, wore the helmet, had the  
 parachute on my back  
 but it wouldn't open and every return to earth  
 was hard,  
 the way the soil came at me, came at my children  
 spraying us in the face, and making us spit.  
 There is still a longing for the wild plunge  
 riding the air, losing and catching my breath  
 mouth open wide to suck it all in.

I locked and unlocked the bracelets  
 click, click, click, one link to another,  
 applied the grease but the rust formed,  
 some things never left my throat  
 then the steely voice spoke.  
 I know that demon lover  
 throwing me, each time, over the edge  
 arms up, hands wide, fingers grasping.

Shuffling, the unsteady gait, small steps inside  
 the shackles  
 a hobbling run at tulips, spruce, boulders, river  
 banks  
 kicking over the traces, but circumscribed  
 only a toe's width, a nail's worth, a tip  
 I've jumped the rope, leapt from the branch,  
 flown from the swing  
 been chased, been hidden and found  
 that was when I wanted to be caught.

*Linda Martin's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*