

## Memory is Resistance

You and I  
exist  
to serve mankind.

The cosmos  
revolves around  
mankind's fragile ego.

History is His Story  
of domesticating  
our planet and bodies,

so women too  
live by the code  
of Father Consciousness.

The jackboots rampage  
through forest and home,  
spilling blood.

When blood is abstract  
and violence is real,  
the science of words betrays us.

Violence in our planet and homes  
keeps me dreaming  
of what wants remembering.

Memory is resistance  
and the beginning  
of transformation.

I look in your eyes  
and see images of I and not-I.  
I catch a glance of me  
and your experience of me.

The two images fragment me.  
Which is real? Yours or mine?  
Can we negotiate reality?

You label me a feminist  
but pretend not to hear  
my heavy metal tapes.

You label me a mother  
but fear when I turn  
the nurturing to myself.

You label me a lesbian  
but dismiss my vision  
of a world with men.

You label me white  
but ignore my struggle  
with my race's blood.

And so it goes.  
Your images collide  
with mine.

Behind the veils  
I am a woman  
who knows, who cares  
who dares.

Behind the veils  
I am a the hand  
of creation  
and death.

Behind the veils  
I embrace death  
as a guide  
for life.

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Juste un frémissement  
Une inquiétude de la peau  
À l'automne des sentiments

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### Anniversaire

Ta phrase est de plus en plus brève  
Car tu n'as plus le temps  
Des pas errants

### Temps

De toi-même à toi-même tu ne sais  
plus que dire

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### Père

Je te tiens à bout de mémoire  
Au-delà de l'exil du temps

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Les arbres se gorgent de lumière  
À en mourir

Et c'est l'hiver

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### Exil

Depuis longtemps j'ai perdu mes  
traces  
J'ai oublié le verbe  
Et ma chair  
Dans ce pays si plat  
Que l'ombre même y est montagne

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Sur la page blanche  
Le mot s'est pris un instant  
Pour une vague

Behind the veils  
I bless my anger  
as rational  
and righteous.

And so it goes.  
I am complex  
therefore I exist.

You cannot know me  
with one glance.

*Flo Sicoli*

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## Elegy

I.  
I thought that it would end —  
This noise of age,  
That death and illness were passed  
through  
As a stage in my young life,  
By others —  
Nearly like a test for coming ease.

I say now that we do not go gentle,  
But in resignation,  
As relentless as an illness —  
Alone  
In a way that I cannot yet imagine.

I cry back — to when I lay young  
and easy,  
Reading  
In the sunbeam slant of  
unawakened morning  
Under time as light as air,  
And it was above me, that was all.

II.  
The winter trees are an edge of  
brown fur along the horizon:  
There is more darkness now than  
light.  
And I will wait for determining time  
to pass  
A congruent distance to lose my  
faithful Orion  
To the brief, animate shining of a  
midsummer's night,  
And you will have been dead, then,  
only a year.

And so the abrading strain of time  
passes and passes,  
Is marked, but does not finish.

*Claudine Vercollier*

*Sue Campbell*