

# the HERLAND VOICE

## Special Poetry Issue

November 2004

volume 22, number 11

**H**erland is pleased to send you this Special Poetry Issue of the Voice, containing works by many local poets, plus cartoons by Sue Clancy of Norman. Our poets are both recognized and published; unpublished and unsung – but we were impressed with all of them and hope you will be too. They are: Dorothy Alexander, Chris Cristoffels, Richard Dixon, Denise Fox, Peggy

*I can't expect that life should stop  
to hear the whispers of the wind...  
Only that I must tune my soul  
To listen in the crowd  
By JR*

Johnson, Deidre Murray, DN, Peggy Malone, Judith R, Diane Trout Harwood, LaRue Starr, Lynnsey Weber and Coleen Woody. Their poetry speaks of love, angst, social justice, standing naked in the desert night, love lost and refound, hotdogs, strawberries, chocolate, death, guilt, stained glass, the sky-side of clouds, and honkytonk memories – everything, in short, that poetry should bring to us.

Sue is a well-known artist whose cartoons are published bi-weekly in *The Oklahoma Gazette*; we are delighted to publish these. If you have been to Herland, you will have seen Sue's murals decorating our brick garage/storage building.

### Herland is proud to present

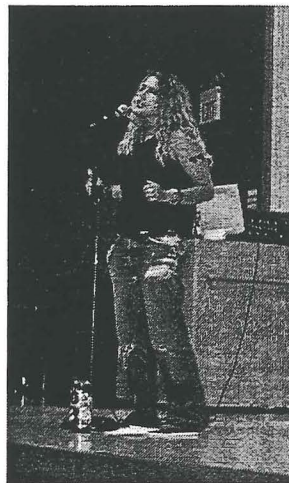
**"The Sober Truth", an art exhibit** of the works of Deborah Dukes. Saturday, November 13, 2004, 3 - 6 pm. Deborah earned her Fine Arts degree in 1988 from the Maryland Institute College of Art in Baltimore, Maryland, worked as a graphic artist for many years thereafter; she was not interested in "art for art's sake" until she discovered black & white photography many years later. From there she started dabbling in collage work and mixed media

and found real joy in abstract art. Deborah says, "Throughout my life I have battled alcoholism and in 1998 I took my last drink. I am free of the physical action of picking up the bottle but



sometimes still battle **Dukes: *Dead Man's Hand*** with the demons that plagued me during my 17 years of addiction. What I cannot express in words, I can try to express on canvas. There is pain & joy, fear & Courage, despair & hope. This is who I am and what I believe. This is the "Sober Truth"

There will be a reception at Herland beginning at 3pm on Saturday, November 13, 2004, to unveil these impressive works. They will be available for purchase, with a generous percentage of the proceeds going to Herland. We hope you will stop by. The reception will be followed by:



**Poetry Night at Herland**, Saturday, November 13, 2004, 8 pm – following the Reception for "The Sober Truth". The evening of poetry reading will be anchored by dynamic slam poet Lynnsey Weber from Norman. You may remember Lynnsey from Herland's anniversary concert last year when she opened for Tret Fure, and totally wowed the audience. In addition to Lynnsey, all of our

November Voice poets are invited to attend and read their poetry, as well as a few others who missed the deadline for submission.

Both events are free and open to the public.





Cartoon by Sue Clancy

### Upon Thinking of Ruth

by M. Coleen Woody

I would like to write a line  
that would make a difference  
to someone, somewhere - if  
only for a moment.

A line that would touch  
an open wound - and cause it to heal,  
That would touch a frightened soul -  
and make her brave.

A line that would touch a heart  
and bring it back to me.

I would like to write that line. . .  
But I wonder now if I would  
write it to you.

### Maya

by MEC

I see we have yoked and bound  
ourselves together  
in a mad, plodding race  
across the yellow desert sands  
of the infinite universe of love,  
hot seeds in the eye of Time.

I know the vast expanse of Maya's plain,  
the way to be traversed,  
the black holes.

I feel the scope of what we shall do  
when we are one energy flowing,  
our fragile bodies bursting purple light,  
split skins freeing us to our godness.

### PARADIGM SHIFT

by Dorothy Alexander

August night in a summer  
before youth became a stranger,  
partying and, on a dare, drinking beer  
in a gay bar in Amarillo where cowboys  
on stools cruised with exaggerated  
campy wrist flips and mincing  
patter that passed for cool  
in those faraway 60's.

When *last call* echoed through  
the blue smoked air, someone  
mouthed images of a midnight drive  
through Palo Duro Canyon.

Lipsing our way to the parking lot  
a buxom dyke named Phyllis  
fell in beside me and pointed  
to her slick red Chevy convertible  
all lines and planes, chrome-studded  
and open to the dry cool air  
of a high plains night.

I slid into the leather seat beside her,  
waited for the breeze to stir my hair,  
while I replayed the worst moments  
of my last three marriages.

### -Visionary Over Experimental/Dream Absence-

by DN

When we are together, I whisper words  
and Expressions of enjoyment.

When you are not with me, I whisper more than  
I'm afraid of telling you.

These words of emotion that I wish to whisper  
when we are one are

I want you, I need you, I love you.

These words come to mind every time

I think about you in the hallway,

When I hear your name,

When I taste you, and

When I feel your touch.

I want you, I need you, I love you.

This Month's website of the month is:

<http://www.creative-women.com/cwtoc.htm!>



## All Aboard!!!!

Herland is helping to organize a train trip to Ft. Worth the first weekend in December – the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>. Amtrak tickets for trip are \$46 roundtrip, and the train leaves OKC about 8:30 a.m. There is parking available at the station, though not an excess of it, so carpooling is recommended to the station. We will arrive in Ft. Worth about 12:30 pm, and can choose from any number of hotels downtown that are within walking distance. There are several world-class art museums and lots of good places to eat in the downtown area also. We will leave Ft. Worth around 5 pm on Sunday, and arrive back in OKC about 10 pm.

We will be choosing a hotel soon, and will put the announcement on our e-list at [Herland@yahoo.com](mailto:Herland@yahoo.com). Also, you can call us at 405-521-9696 and leave a message or better, email us at [herlandsisters@cox.net](mailto:herlandsisters@cox.net). You are responsible for making your own hotel and train reservations. If you would like to share a room, your best bet is to check out the e-list for others who are interested. We currently have a "show of interest" of about eight people, and the more the merrier.

### Native American Women

OKC Two-Spirit Society is having meetings for lesbian and bi-sexual women of Native American descent. Please call the OKC Two-Spirit Hotline number at (405) 317-7283 for information.

The Voice is published monthly by Herland Sister Resources, Inc. 2312 NW 39th, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. The Voice is offered as an open forum for community discourse. Articles reflect the opinions of the author and not necessarily those of Herland Sister Resources. Unsolicited articles and letters to the editor are welcomed and must be signed by the writer with full name and address. Upon request, letters or articles may be printed under a pseudonym or anonymously. Subscriptions to The Voice are free upon request although a donation is requested to meet publication and distribution costs.

## Don't Forget to Support the Voice!

Your contribution is important! Just \$12 a year will help us pay for the \$300+ it costs every month to print and mail the newsletter.

Enclosed is a contribution for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please add me to the mailing list for The Voice.

Please change my address (new address below).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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## HERLAND EVENTS CALENDAR

### November

**Monday, November 8:** OGLPC Monthly Meeting at the Center, 2135 NW 39th, 7 pm.

**Saturday, November 13:** Herland Hike at Martin Nature Park, 5000 W. Memorial, 10 am.

**Saturday, November 13: Herland Supper Club** will meet at 6:00 pm on Saturday, November 13th at the Belle Isle Brewery. If you wish to carpool, meet at Herland at 5:45 pm. Then it's back to Herland for Poetry Night at 8 pm. See front page of the Voice for full story.

**Saturday, November 13:** The Sober Truth Art Exhibit— at Herland—3 pm to 6 pm

**Saturday, November 13:** Poetry Night at Herland—8 pm

**Saturday, November 20:** Herland Video Night 7 pm — Film to be announced at event.

**Saturday, November 20:** Peace Festival 2004, 10 am to 4 pm at Civic Center Hall of Mirrors. This event celebrates groups working for PEACE, justice with compassion, human rights, civil rights, economic justice, environmental sustainability, rights of nature, animal rights, sufficiency for all—a better, more livable world. ***This is a socially conscious holiday shopping opportunity.***

**Sunday, November 21:** Herland Board Meeting, 4 pm, everyone welcome.

**Thursday November 25:** Herland Thanksgiving Potluck— 4:30. Meat and bread will be provided.

Please bring a vegetable or desert. Also, please bring a new item of women's clothing or shoes for the YWCA Sexual Assault Program. Women who have been sexually assaulted usually must leave their cloths and shoes at the hospital for evidential examination and therefore are in need of clothing to leave the hospital. Or bring a new non-violent toy for children from birth to 13 years of age for the Y's battered women's program.

**Saturday, November 27:** Herland Scrabble Night— 6 pm

### Masterpieces

By J R

I used to long to touch the Pietà--  
the flowing solidity of such smoothness  
would surely teach my touch  
all that could be learned of  
the feel of beauty.

That was before my tongue explored  
the lifewarm curves and crevices  
of your hidden masterpiece.



**-Untitled-**

by DN

To be able to see you is enough;  
Yet when I do, I want more.  
To touch you is all I want  
But then I'd want to touch you  
more.  
To hold you should suffice;  
Yet I'll soon realize,  
I will never let go.

**-Her Touch-**

by DN

Her touch surrounds my thigh  
Embraces my back  
Holds on....to my  
Abdomen....to my  
Words....to my  
Life. Never hinders their meaning.

**OLD LOVERS**

by Dorothy Alexander

I arise before dawn,  
take my morning bath.  
Afterward,  
I go to her bedside,  
lean over, let my breasts  
touch her face lightly.  
She half wakes and slowly  
takes my nipples, one at a time  
into her mouth. Gently.  
Then, closes her eyes,  
slips back into sleep.  
I straighten, put on clothes  
and begin another day.

**Vernal Equinox- Big Bend,  
Texas**

by MEC

I stand naked on the hillside  
in the desert night.  
The full moon rises in front of me.  
It bathes my soul with  
its radiance and power.  
A black smear of clouds rises behind  
me;  
it bathes my skin with  
moisture and coolness.  
The desert lies all around me;  
it opens itself to  
the sustaining rain.  
Ravens shake dew from  
white yucca blooms.  
I shake death from my being  
and open myself to new life.

**POEM FOR NOVEMBER**

by Dorothy Alexander

The doorway pulls in the smells  
of summer's goodbye, dried leaves,  
geranium pungency, air smoky  
with the prodigal's homecoming.

Soon we'll hear the wind whining  
through clapboards, we'll sleep  
in high-necked granny gowns,  
I will wrap my arms around you  
and we'll curl into a curve as perfect  
as the rim of an orange moon  
climbing the harvest sky.

We'll wake in air so pure that  
our breath will heal the wounds  
opened by loss of summer sun  
and our youth. We'll make an oasis  
of potted ivy, aloe, Christmas  
cactus, and steam rising  
from coffee in chipped mugs.

**From "Confessions"**

by JR

I was lost  
and you knew how  
to find me;  
But...  
I thought I could  
Do It Myself.  
Bearing the weight  
of empty years on my back,  
on my soul, I return to you  
for direction:

**From "Confessions"**

by JR

Battering  
the walls  
down between us  
leaves us standing  
naked in the rubble. Shards  
of shattered history  
pierce soft souls  
so every step we take  
toward the empowerment  
of love leaves its mark  
in blood.





## Untitled

by Deidra Murray

It's easy enough to start digging into the earth  
find a small shovel, your muddy boots  
and stamp down, then shove and scoop  
the dirt underneath your nails,  
you don't like the feel of the rough garden gloves  
or when the sun is eating your back alive  
with its consistent heat of a tongue  
its wild sun stories  
you prefer the cool fat moon

It's time to duck under water, slip off your shoes  
and start swimming. your arms, your legs  
the whole world is wet.  
at this moment you are far from this morning  
when all you knew was the hiss of the hose  
as it lapped against the pretty sweet tree  
and all your toes were screaming  
about how glad they were to be alive

## Sunburned

by Deidra Murray

We were kissed by the sun, our only passport our thumbs,  
dancing in our blue suede shoes on the side of the road,  
two young girls looking for the pirates booty  
baby, even the moon followed us home.  
Running from our families, renting cheap hotel rooms  
and sweeping the floor for pennies.  
sleeping in someone's kitchen as long as there were  
mushrooms  
or little pills given out at concerts.  
janis was already belting out the blues,  
morrison was opening doors but falling off the stage  
and dylan was warning us about the fifties  
while the 60's were taking over the room  
making fun of anyone comfortable with the status quo.  
we were chasing rainbows and playing air guitar,  
the star of whatever scene we found ourselves in.  
some of the musicians we had just heard on the  
covers of magazines  
spoiled by luck but living our dreams.  
There's more than 2 sides to this story,  
the way your dad kicked the dog and suddenly left-  
how you found bitterness almost sweet  
and the way nobody told the truth anymore,  
not our politicians, the priest or the actors  
but what they were singing and what they suggested  
as we danced under the sway of false promises  
and how it was the first time for everything  
under the sun

## HARVEST MOON

by Richard Dixon

Gilded, glowing, almost bright  
enough to squint at, the man  
in it looking cheerful, cherubic.  
This one comes in late-August,  
so technically.....  
but just walk outside right now  
and then tell me it doesn't have  
the reaping of crops written  
all over it; tell me you don't hear  
the snuffling of horses, creaking  
of wagon wheels; tell me you  
don't smell the pungency of picked  
pumpkins, the sweetness  
of just-mown alfalfa, the dry brittle  
of newly-shucked corn, and tell me  
you don't feel a certain crispness in the air,  
and your mind doesn't pick up  
the faint strains of a Saturday night  
barn dance, down in the valley.

## Shattered Woman

by Denise Fox

I allow you to bribe me  
with money and smothering love,  
as payment for ignoring  
the father's cruelty.

Never will you be heaven bound and free,  
for the heart of a martyr is forever chained  
to bad men who need mommies.  
Who will you become in the next life -  
an abused child or abuser?

In this fantasy world, your desire  
follows me like a crow,  
unknown to everyone, even you.

What will you do Mother, when  
your customers demand a refund,  
for this entrapped butterfly  
has died upon having its beautiful  
wings stroked.

## From "Confessions"

by JR

I've never known my life  
to be so dark in sorrow  
That your smile was not a promise of  
the brightness of tomorrow.



## Lortab Love

by J R

When I close my eyes, the rush  
of life surging by catches me  
slings me into the current and,  
like the last soft piece of an Ivory bar  
headed for drain-death, I spin  
toward darkness.

"Goin' down, Ma'am?"

No way Jose. She loves me, and  
there's no way to go but Up.

It's just that

I sometimes take  
the alternative route.

## Haiku

by J R

Our hearts seek to be  
both imprisoned in love and  
eternally free

This love has no why  
but to pad the sharp edges  
twixt now and goodbye.

I see in your eyes  
a glow that peels the blackness  
from the day—Sunrise!

Knowing you has taught  
that the sky-side of a cloud  
cradles hope, sun shot.

This little moment  
has no name but "Now"—a  
facet of Forever.

Writing in your hand  
Makes any piece of paper  
Aphrodisiac.

The flash of your smile  
makes rainbows of my tears and  
Super-Glues my heart.

## The Hole of It

by JR

Sitting in the dentist's chair  
with a gumful of Novocain  
and a heart full of you  
I guess that as a patient I'm  
a pretty good lover  
because when I think of cavities  
I think of days empty  
of your presence  
and how you filled the spaces  
of my life  
with gold and silver.

## Untitled

by LaRue Starr

Suddenly

I miss you  
and it hits me like an ocean wave  
almost knocking me off my feet.

I brace myself  
for its next onslaught,  
but it sneaks up  
and catches me off guard  
as my body feels the feeling  
of you tucked up next to me in sleep.

Tears sting my eyes  
and I push away the thoughts,  
knowing all the while they'll come back  
to haunt me  
taunt me.

Such wonderful memories  
create such terrible longing  
and would I have it any other way?  
Isn't the depth of our love  
equivalent to the breadth of our despair  
and the length of the leash?

So I welcome the rush of the waters  
against the shoreline of my soul  
Knowing in the aching  
lies the beauty of our love.

## Untitled

by LaRue Starr

A shadow falls across my heart  
And leaves me in dusk,  
A feeling I can't shake.  
The reality of losing you.

I know what we still have.  
It's what we don't that I long for.  
All the unrealized potentials,  
The dreams yet to come true.

My future once wrapped in you  
Is now a giant question mark.  
Who – where – doing what  
Is all unknown.

A shadow falls across my heart  
And hides the light of our love.  
What once radiated so freely, so  
fiercely  
Now hides, afraid and waits.

Only time will tell  
If the shadow will pass  
And allow our love  
To shine once more.

## Tunnels

by J R

I know the nonsense  
of waves upon snow,  
laughter in fear, sorrow  
and wisdom that multiply

in the dark. These long  
tunnels have taught me  
to recognize the sun  
through its reflection

and not to assume that darkne  
signifies night. Imagined  
thresholds never hold  
my vagabond demons at bay

for even sages cannot set  
boundaries on a loss of faith  
and even angels, even  
the angels, even

compassionate angels  
have no because  
to meet the why  
of a violated child.

## Old Man Who Smells of Pee

by Denise  
Fox



I start to cry.  
The gross disfigured man  
only wanted a box  
to move his belongings  
on a luggage carrier  
through town.

Do you want a luna bar  
or a new pair of shoes  
or a new CD?  
I form the words  
but they stagnate in my  
mind.

He flaps away  
wearing stupid red socks,  
while I, like a ghost,  
let him.

## Life, One Breath Long

by Pego Malone

Is Life so short,  
One breath  
Long?

Strawberry, dripping chocolate,  
Goddess taste,  
From kissed lips.

Love's arrow pain  
For one gone,  
Two gone.

Summer on the porch,  
Gentle time.  
The wren trills.

Squeaking yelps,  
Staccato phrases,  
Dog left outside, alone.

Sound of Drum's hush,  
Voices falling, slowing, \_\_\_\_\_  
Memorial Song. Haw!

Her smiling look, how are you,  
Caring pause to listen.  
Treasure chest of jewels.

Rainbow flag is set.  
Begins waving.  
Women are here!

Women's giggles,  
Boil out of scrabble board,  
Cackling fun brewing.

Secret one, secret two, secret three, secret  
four,  
Tell one, tell two, tell three, no more.  
A last secret.

Bread cast on the waters,  
Lovers approach,  
Wavering: visible, invisible.

Death, one breath long,  
As hard to remember as  
Life, one breath long.

## That spring and summer we lived on hot dogs

by Peggy Johnson

That spring and summer we lived on hot dogs  
And the occasional hamburger  
And we felt guilty everytime we put that meat in our mouths  
in our system

And the vegetables scared us too  
with their pesticides, insecticides,  
Fertilized with toxic waste  
While war raged in Iraq and Afghanistan and Israel and Palestine and Africa  
and on the southside

And we felt guilty guilty guilty  
And lazy lazy lazy  
While we stayed up too late  
calling just staying alive

Work  
And we worked worked worked  
too hard too long

Appropriately guilty  
as if as if

The guilt would assuage our crime  
would detoxify the chemicals  
would neutralize the over abundance of unnatural ingredients in our  
food  
would take the calories out of the fat, the oil we crave.

The guilt would unblock our arteries  
would save us from getting old

Or at least being old  
We could die in our sleep  
instead of alive until our bodies decay around us

Eaten away by microorganisms called "too long, too long, you've used this  
thing up and you're still breathing"

As if the guilt would make us thin, make us buff  
Our minds and brains beyond their ability to comprehend so they go they go  
they go

Crazy like a labyrinth, a maze with no ending, no beginning  
Just tumbling down, falling forever into

Peace, serenity

That's what we crave

Peace through guilt

Peace through war

Love through hatred

Resentment breeds freedom in the complex guilty world

Where all we're really looking for

Is a pure, ripe tomato

And an ear of corn with just one or two worms

And a bushel of butterbeans to shell with our family

While mosquitoes buzz

And the children do their chores

Preparing them for their guilt free freedom

While the hot dogs cook on the grill  
And the charcoal emits its pollutants  
Past and through the hole in the sky  
Out there

Where we presume life like us lives

Unfettered by our failings

Where we can be reborn

There

Not here

It's too late here



## **honest lies**

by Lynnsey Weber

I live across the street  
from our apartment  
staring through the broken pain  
of the broken window of our love  
while shards of memory cut tears into my eyes.  
and all the rooms are vacated  
leaving only ghosts of images  
to haunt my gaze.

I live across the street  
from your apartment  
that was never mine  
just like everything else.  
where only you existed  
us visited on weekends  
and I  
was a distant neighbor.  
but really  
its okay  
I never loved you like I wanted to  
anyway...

I live across the street  
from the floor where we had one bad make up fuck  
or maybe it was the fuck before the fight.  
and the bed where we made good love  
that left like a whore by the morning light.  
and the porch that knew my tears  
better than you ever would  
flowing from the fright  
of your episodes of absence.

I live across the street  
from our silent battlefield  
of our quiet worded war  
where you shot me with honest lies  
lost in your own battle with truth  
but really  
its okay  
I didn't love you  
like I wanted to  
anyway.

I live across the street  
from where you held me softer  
than I had ever known  
and opened me deeper  
than I had ever shown  
and pushed me farther  
than I thought I could go  
and where you promised me the same  
more than once

and pulled me back to safety  
after pushing me over the edge  
and promised to make a change  
more than once.

I live across the street  
from where your push and pull  
strung me out  
and ripped me open  
and laid me down  
in front of your doorstep  
on top of those daisies I'd picked for you  
that died without water  
but its really okay  
I didn't love you like I wanted to  
anyway

I live across the street  
from a blur of confusion  
with clarity lost amongst the  
boxes of pain  
where the honest lies in some deep closet  
that only you have the key to  
and maybe you've already shown it  
or maybe you've shown us both  
just honest lies  
but now I'm choking  
on the truth  
that I never really loved you  
just like I wanted to..  
I loved you more.

## **The Day Grandma Checked Out**

by Denise Fox

little grandma, baby grandma  
where did you go?  
let me doctor your soul  
with monkey blood

I remember the moment you left -  
at lunch you asked for the check  
and ran out in the rain  
damn your poor mass of mangled brain

You laugh easily  
but tell me, aren't there  
tears underneath the mask?  
love eluded you and finally !  
you have your man

What dark comedy of the gods though,  
for the one you've pined for  
is now in your grasp  
but instead of sharing your bed,  
he cuts your meat and wipes your mouth.



---

## Love Gestures

by J. Diane Trout Harwood

Your touch stalks my mind refreshed by your gift of a sparkling stone;  
Your lavender note reminds me of touring down the pasture lane to the pond.  
Your present of fanciful wildflowers surprises me into dreamy longing;  
Your hug attests to the poundfuls of caring that quicken my pulse.  
Your lingering kiss excites in me images of illusion and delight;  
Your gentle fingers saunter down my exposed arm as we gaze at the sizzling fire.  
Your dance lead frames each meeting of new tastes of apricot or mango;  
Your hesitant guitar song plays with my senses like a whirling paper in the wind.  
Your elated ideas of nature and the moon become my frame of reference;  
Your book of writings pecks at my soul like a bird on berries.  
Your creativity quilts my calendar with adventure and romance;  
Your gestures frolic over me like the liquor of love.



---

## SCAFFOLD

by Richard Dixon

I'd seen more heads roll than anyone,  
in a normal lifetime, needs to see.  
I nearly suffocated from the stench  
and sheer volume of blood covering  
my floor, nearly drowned from the water  
thrown afterward to wash it all away,  
wincing at the feel of hard-bristled brushes;  
endured hours of grating, grinding rasp  
from the large blade being sharpened,  
the glint blinding in sunlight;  
heard it thousands of times dropping down  
with startling speed, toward targets  
of naked necks, the scissoring finality  
of separation, the muted thud  
of head coming to rest in basket;  
studied the black masks of hundreds  
of executioners, identifiable only  
by the sound of their boots  
on my nine steps;  
and now, at final rest, I sit silent  
and wooden-faced inside a museum  
somewhere in Paris, endlessly listening  
to the oohs and aahs from visitors.  
It's isn't the same.

---

## Here We Are

by LaRue Starr

"Have you ever questioned your sexuality?"

Even with those words ringing in my ears  
It didn't quite dawn on me  
What you were saying  
What you were feeling  
That you were attracted to me even then.  
That you were closing up,  
realizing the enormity of what could lie ahead  
for each of us.

And yet here we are.  
A couple.  
A family.  
Raising our children to be proud of diversity,  
As we skirt the intolerant,  
Giving them the opportunity to be better than they are.  
Proud of our love,  
Yet protective of those not quite ready  
To see it for what it is --  
The fulfillment of a basic human need  
to love and be loved  
to nurture  
to bond  
to share life's experiences in the course of growing old.

---

## From "Confessions"

by JR

I've never known my life  
to be so dark in sorrow  
that your smile was not a promise of  
the brightness of tomorrow.

---



## 1 in 4

by Lynnsey Weber

1 in 4

mothers sisters daughters lovers wives ladies grrrls  
babies-  
women

just payin their dues to the bigotry of misogyny,  
receivin' the patriarchal pap smear...  
smearin their thighs, smearin their eyes  
smearin their  
lives.

1 in 4

layin down for the law of the land, the law of the man  
forced down in every land upon their backs,  
against their will  
upon their stomach  
cause the perpetrator is too pansy to face his prey.

1 in 4

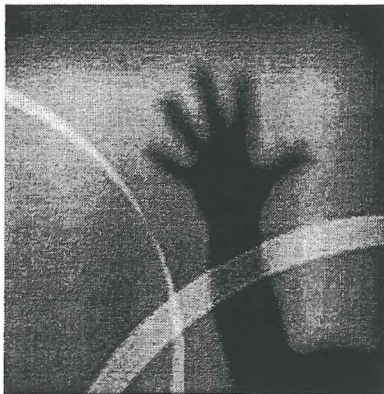
ripped and ruined realms of beauty.  
by fathers uncles neighbors teachers strangers preach-  
ers pigs monsters demons  
brothers.

1 in 4

consciously convincing selves that its their fault,  
that they were weak...  
forcing commonality on  
such an uncommon  
or is it?

1 in 4

now just a number.  
their pain-their suffering,  
lost time-lost lives.  
my pain-my suffering,  
lost time-lost mind  
reduced to a nameless  
painless  
statistic.



1 in 4

times a day, times a week, times a month-year  
life.  
ripped and ruined  
sheets clothes cunts  
hearts.

1 in 4

justifications  
sleazy clothes, coming ons, pick up lines, just the right  
time,

"she owed"

deceitful duties, forced atrocities...

she used to let it be

in cars bars alleys classrooms workrooms church  
pews...

I used to let it be

at home

he used to push it in cars

bars beds...

her bed..

my bed..

with child's spread and child's toys..

I was a toy, she was a toy

we were toys

everywhere.

1 in 4

No more.

No more justifies, bitter lies, muffled cries  
its time to rise.

Fuck over the misogyny that fucked us  
up

screw the system that screws this gender  
gluttonously gouging out our hope, honor, pride  
spirits.

We must succumb

No more.

1 in 4

Shes

Hers

them...they...me...we

Us

No More.

## Set The Standard

by Lynnsey Weber

Mirror Mirror

on the wall

Britneys the fairest

of them all.

And maybe shes born with it..

or maybe

its Mabelline

and just maybe

I sometimes wish

my mirror

reflected her image.

With my stretch marks instead of tan,

love handles just lovin' my shirts,

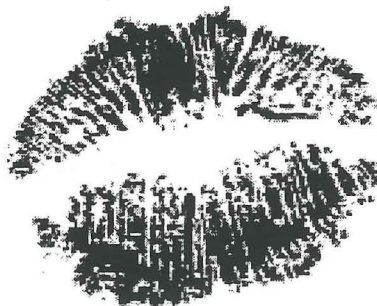
hair engulfin' my legs

and zit scars

as my make up



I sometimes don't feel beautiful  
I sometimes beg for change...  
dreamin' of my own personal make over genie  
maybe a little bit smaller  
maybe a little bit tighter  
maybe a little bit smoother  
maybe a little bit  
of Mabelline  
and a lot less  
of me



but then I wake up  
and rub the shit out of my eyes  
I smash the bottle  
and give the genie the finger.

Cause such self loathing thoughts  
just lets.them.win.

just serves the society of  
men  
who disgustingly define beauty  
as 5'8, size 2 waist, size D silicone tits, pouty lips, 1 inch thick  
make up face  
perfect hair perfect smoothed out body  
perfect....fakeness.

But MY beauty is real  
and cannot be mass marketed  
no genie in some bottle  
no artist with some touch up brush  
no doctor with some scalpel  
could have made this body  
its an original  
and we all know that copies aren't worth anything...

and I realize  
that when Miss Britney  
turns 40  
and her silicone starts to sag  
I'll be ready  
and laughing.  
Cause mine..  
have sagged since I was 13  
and I have grown to love them  
and my stretch marks are really beauty marks  
or roadmaps of where I've been  
or where you should go  
and my love handles give my lover something to hold  
and my hairy legs  
are never cold  
and zits  
are better make up  
they don't take 20 minutes to put on  
and cost absolutely nothing.

With weapons of mass deception  
the billboards and mag ads  
glare into our souls  
past our perfect imperfections  
to glorify contained created perfection  
and bow down to the Almighty  
necessity of attractive quality

but my perfection is unkempt  
and will not be harnessed.

Everytime a women  
diets for the wrong reason  
vomits to please the perfect image  
pops pills for dinner  
and diets for a snack  
Everytime  
the mirror reflects  
hatred and disgust  
We  
perpetuate  
the unfair unreal unkind  
standards of beauty upheld in this  
man made society.

So shatter your fuckin mirror.  
And shatter those fucking standards.  
Create your definition of beauty  
and embrace it  
and embrace yourself.

I got some guns up these sleeves  
and pack some power on these handles  
and I'm ready to fight  
and ready to win  
cause recreation  
is the only option  
when beauty was beaten bound and gagged  
tied up with logos, beaten with expensive bodies and thrown  
overboard  
to a sea of blind and bod thirsty sharks.

So employ a mass conception  
of your own beauty definition  
cause its yours  
cause its ours  
cause they can never sell it  
never own it  
and soon enough  
if we fight hard enough  
if we recreate hard enough  
if we love hard enough  
there will be no Britneys  
and there will be no standards  
because all  
are beautiful.




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