

PUNNOQUIN

GAEZETTE Literary Supplement Summer 1994

Star-Boy

Who sleeps where honey?

Who sleeps where honey?
Our bed, home, refuge, place of
light
we give up gladly for her comfort
She never meets my eyes this mother of my lover
I feel like brittle-spit
not quite real
ready to shatter into shards of laser ice.
we didn't hide our books or remove posters
from the walls
when she came to visit
we tried to be ourselves unselfconsciously
under her eyes burning
with unacknowledged anger
there is a negative stranger in our house
when will she leave?
should I move out;
we are defined by sex for her
what we do in bed (and other places)
is all she can think of

She tells my lover, her daughter she is sad
because she'll never have grandchildren
we introduce her to women friends
with children
she's upset her daughter will never marry
in church
in white
we decide not to tell her
of E & D who did get married
in church
in tuxes
she is
after all very new
at being the mother of a lesbian

"If you don't stop sharing a bed while I'm here
I'll have a nervous breakdown."
old manipulation
we didn't and
she didn't
but the fear was there for us all
fear that her daughter has been brainwashed
that her daughter would get AIDS
that the neighbours back home might find out
besides what will she tell dad
oh god, not the truth
he'll have a heart attack
but mom
no one ever died from being told
their daughter is a lesbian
their daughter is happy fulfilled
knows what she wants from life and goes after that

I've always wanted to be star-boy. He was the precocious eight-year-old whose friends would come calling for him to come dig tiny trenches in the yard to toss marbles. He was the first one to tell those same kids that there was no such person as Santa Claus. Star-boy ruled the school in his thick foam and rubber moon-boots and bright green polyester dress pants. The kind of nightmarish 70's pants that got little balls of fabric around the knees; and you'd spend most of a late afternoon Math class trying to remove with the blade side of a wooden ruler. Star-boy eventually graduated to slim-fit grey Levis corduroys with the red tab on the back pocket. I lost track of star-boy just after eighth grade when his family moved across town and he had to attend the Catholic boy's school in that area.

I wonder what happened to star-boy? Since we no longer lived in the same city, I was rest assured that I would not run into him, his possible wife and four darling kids, at Woolco. That thought used to shatter my dreams of what became of my boy idol. The fear of star-boy becoming mediocre, tired and another spoke in the pedestrian wheel called life, haunted me at times. A couple of years ago, my mother, wielding more gossip via Ma Bell, told me she thought she saw star-boy pulling the night-shift at McJob at a nearby strip-mall. Then just last summer, my cousin, who was a grade behind me and a latter graduate of star-boy's high school, informed me that star-boy left the city around the time that I did.

Now that I'm closer to thirty than to the age when I last laid eyes on star-boy, I've been having these star-boy fantasies. Usually moments before the alarm clock alerts me to rise, it's play-time in my head of what I wish happened to my star-boy. Quietly, even with my partner sound asleep and snuggled close to me, I stare at the ceiling; the perfect white screen above me to project the film of star-boy, circa 1994.

Star-boy is still everything I wanted and want to be. He always knew smalltown life wasn't cut out for him; so he made his escape to the hot and groovy city; any city. On a meagre student loan and working a minimal wage crap job he slogged his way through four years of college. Along the way, his parents divorced, his close friend during high school committed suicide in Montréal, he was sure he lived through a nervous breakdown, he became a queer and was dumped by his first love for one of their friends. He also got fired from a job because he was gay and he spent a whole year unemployed trying to decide where his life was going. Star-boy's best quality was his ability to survive. He hasn't really aged a bit either. He wasn't the school stud but then again he wasn't an unattractive seventh grader; I imagine his boyish looks on a well-taken-care-of young man who grew into his beauty rather than was born with it. Star-boy holds down a decent job in a career he totally enjoys. He lives in a nice flat with load of cool junk, a fat cat named Larry (as in Kramer), and his wonderful artsy partner. Star-boy isn't a sexual fantasy of mine; that true stardom belongs to that hunky hockey player that sat directly across from Mark and I in twelfth-grade art class. No, star-boy was that brother I so desperately needed when I was growing up; he was one half of the twin that we never were. He could solve all of my problems with the click of a finger. Then the alarm goes off and the curtain closes in my theatre. And certain moments of the day, star-boy enters my mind.

It would be kind of cool to run into star-boy at a queer bar sometimes. But not at Woolco.

Michael Charland

is QUEER. He is also an artist, writer and activist. Born in St. John's Newfoundland, he currently resides in Halifax but will GO WEST with his superstar boyfriend and cat soon. He owns a lot of cd's and will someday write a book on queers in music.

"But I never brought you up to..."
the words die on her lips
die before they're formed
she has no words for what we are
what we do
and

she only has words
that others have lent like shriveled leaves
without substance or life
except the grey life of her imagination
the difficulty of course being
that mothers don't want to see their daughters
as sexual beings
and my lover fears that
the first woman in her life will turn away
or worse
look at her with vacant eyes
not recognising her
that the first woman who taught her about
loving women
will reject her for
learning the lesson so well

the visit ended
lips tight, eyes longing
the trans continental distance softens the angst
"and how is Shirley?" the phone voice asks
from the safety of a far province
"...such a lovely view there good weather too you're
dads sorry he couldn't make it you'll have to visit
here next year you could stay with old Aunt Ruth
you remember her she has plenty of room now she's
on her own her room-mate Mary died last year."

Oh mom.

Shirley Limbert

dreams by sea in DeSable, P.E.I., writing, painting,
and learning about life. She is attended
by her cats Tansy Ragwort
and Babydyke.

Here's the Miracle of the Eagle-Hearted Costume Guy

© Gordon Bradley, 1994

Jesus; I just know I'm spending the rest of my life telling little miracles to the hard-blown, espresso world.

The eagle-hearted costume guy took a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Art History, then a Masters' in Theatre. He was never clear whether actually he acted or did costumes – but since both involved play and deception, he didn't much care. He work Summers and Falls in Stratford, Ontario; Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; and Stephenville, Newfoundland. Joe Eagle had limpid eyes, a tender and confused agenda, and slept with, on the average, about one-eleventh of the people whom he met: the punters, the hangers-on, and the cultural detritus.

The eagle-eyed guy would sit nightly in his dressing room and think. He came slowly to fear performing; it made him feel vulnerable and burnt, a marshmallow campfired to carbon. Sooner or later, between the acts, he took to foraging in the costume room. There he found old linen and forgotten cotton shirts, which he shredded into one-inch strips and tied together. He thought of intertwining them to make the world's biggest candle-wick: to get in the Guinness Book? The smell of warm bees' wax and a lambent flame, as the candle might've burned at a memorial service, for lost-too-soon friends? (He was given to sincere, but maudlin, displays of affection. 'Don't you let me catch you being an actor,' had said his father.)

He could've braided funky throw-rugs from those old pirate shirts – but just to cover linoleum floors? What he really needed, in this panic, was to save his narrow ass, about which more will follow.

The theatre where he performed was on the 97th floor of a monolithic office, retail, and entertainment complex. The building had two gigantic golden-spray-painted noseless sphinxes, facing each other, on its top – and a huge obelisk depicting a battle in hieroglyphs which it didn't really matter who won anyways because the British had stolen it from the Egyptians during one Holy Battle or Another.

Joe Eagle would stare moodily from the windows of his dressing room, in a state of waking sleep and white noise. He remarked that some bald eagles, faced with the partial loss of their natural habitat he guesses, had now moved into makeshift urban aeries: they lived in the crevices and on the window-washing platforms, on flat, graveled roofs and in chimneypots. Joe shook in his black leather boots. (It was a thug-themed show.)

Joe would watch the eagles from his darkened dressing room, a tumbler of something viscous and poisonous in one hand, after the show. They swooped and dove in the fog, nabbing rats or pigeons from the lower ledges.

The Poole people, whose role in this story is peripheral but integral – they were a different story; Mr Poole was into junk-bonds and insider-trading during the greedy eighties. The family had landscaped (at great cost) a mountain-brow property from which you could see the "HOLLYWOOD" sign. When the contractors had finished the huge liver-shaped swimming pool and sprawling rock gardens, every single one of Mr Poole's investments nosedove. He was forced to have the roof of the hydroponic greenhouse re-installed over the pool, and the Pooles moved in, dividing the smallish sunken space into rooms via shower curtains on wardrobe racks as privacy screens.

The girl had an eyebrow piercing and glam rock albums, which she played on her Fisher-Price turntable. The boy did string-art 'Tall Ships' and masturbated quite a bit. The wife forged prescriptions to keep from going off the deep end. They had been snubbed, or nose-thumbed, by the Establishment, but maintained all outward appearances of dignity. They were making the best of a bad situation.

Here and now, Joe Eagle throws the braided and knotted rope out of the dressing room window, and it unfurls into the darkness. He tastes an edginess in his mouth, like aluminum, and stops gnawing the insides of his cheeks. As he descends, gloved and booted, wind and rain lash the city; eagles lance the sky as they dive.

Meanwhile, Réal is in Iglùkaluk, a very small, very cold Northern outpost near what used to be Frobisher Bay. Permafrost means that the houses have to be built on stilts and tires. The town, like a predictable TV sitcom, seems to rely heavily on Central Casting for quaint, local-colourful archetypes. The minus-fifty-degree winds burn his facial planes, and the town slut says this, the town idiot says that. He laughs, minds his own business, and is well-liked.

Réal himself used to have an intermittent coke problem, which is exactly why he's here: he's in exile from the old him, the 'bad' him. 'Intermittent' makes him think of windshield wiper blades in light mist: he was on it, he was off it. And he's making okay money in the Sales and Catering Department of the hotel, and, more importantly, there's nothing really to spend it on.

The Fall

It is fall. And so what?
It was too quick.
A rupture.
A poke in the eye.

Already you can hear the shock
of corduroy legs rubbing together.
People are rattling.
Hands have disappeared
into pockets.

Now when Réal comes south to Montréal twice a year, all he maintains is a Tai Chi and suntan-bed habit, to tame his 'uglies' – which result from almost-total darkness (or almost-total lightness) in the North. Réal has a Zen-simple routine down in Iglùkaluk: he lives in a cinderblock apartment building, goes to work, and sometimes plays darts at the Legion. Because the town is so small, he cannot be seen as throwing 'attitude'. Last Friday, he was given the unofficial Iglùkaluk seal of approval for playing snow-croquet with the older women.

One night he gets home from work on his Skidoo, takes off his red wool scarf (upon which his breath has hardened), and flips on the hall light. There are crystallized shadows on the balcony windows, and he can hear the cornstarch-scrunching of snow outside. There's a suspended rope, and a knocking at the glass door. Réal opens it.

Where am I? says the eagle-hearted costume guy. Iglùlik, says Réal, who can't really pronounce 'Iglùkaluk'. I'm having winter memories, says Joe Eagle, who feels weird and transported. Like when your teacher told you not to lick a doorknob in the winter, and everyone ran outside and did it anyway? says Réal. Yeah, says Joe, and my hands are flayed into watermelon from the rope. You have hypothermia, says Réal. Can I make you a General Foods™ International flavoured coffee?

Joe's asthma acts up in the cold, dry air and he coughs; he loses his voice. They have to communicate totally with Scrabble tiles and improvised sign language. Réal has a pair of beige caribou-suede moccasins with eagles beaded on them, as if they were waiting for Joe, and gives them to him.

Joe spells out, with his frost-bitten right hand, from under down quilts: HOW FAR NYC.

Réal spells SLEEP, and goes to close the balcony door. The racket of some cover band playing 'Who Knows How to make Love Stay?' is wafting up from the Legion. Réal sprays the rope with lighter fluid, and tosses a match. A line of orange and yellow fire climbs the sky. Réal is, for those of you who like parlour games, an Aries.

The suede of their skins' meeting, Joe's now-banished panic, and Réal's previously unreleased capacity for love have everything to do with their falling madly in love. Joe helps the Native Centre stage a culturally-relevant version of 'Guys and Dolls', where the floating crap game is Bingo. In time, Joe and Réal open a restaurant, where tour operators who take rich German and Japanese tourists on Northern treks can stop for bannock and caribou steaks. All the animals are farmed cruelty-free. When things are going ridiculously well for them, they decide to start pursuing random, senseless acts of beauty.

Even though it's still light sometimes at midnight in Iglùkaluk, they play acoustic guitar and drink rosehip tea. Eagle forgets how he felt in his previous life, and takes a mental picture of the slant sun, oblique on the snow. He's inspired to write some substantial poetry – free-form – some lines like: 'be free', 'bear testimony', or 'love and have it witnessed'. Eagle cuts his poem into strips, like fortune cookies, and stuffs them in empty beer bottles, seals them with screw-on caps.

Réal says, what're you doing?
The next morning they drop the dozen into the Alaska Pipeline.

Meanwhile, there is a devastating series of earthquakes/mudslides/brushfires in the greater Los Angeles area. Mr Poole is coming home from his job as an H&R Block tax-preparer in a strip mall, feeling very much the diminished breadwinner, and he passes a gas station that appears to be totally burned out. The pumps have melted, and lids of the underground tanks are exposed. He frets for a second about gas under pressure/sparks/fire/his wife and kids. Then he grabs a hose and a crowbar from his hatchback, hauls off a tank lid, and is about to siphon his own tank to 'full', when he spots two bottles, bobbing within his reach.

Driving away a few moments later, he ponders the significance of the messages-in-the-bottles: 'live your life in style', and 'be proud'.

Mr Poole has a catharsis, abruptly, as if he was in a short story. He stops at the

We are in the middle
of a split. And we don't
know how to do it.
Should I buy a wreath?
Or snap you out
like kindling?
Or wait till winter
when my eyes loosen in their sockets?

Those white linen tourists
are gone.
Eaten by pumpkins,
toothless orange whores.
People's jaws are closing.
And you are leaving,
but not quite.
It's been months.
You are leaking out,
politely,
trickling out cupboard doors.

Before this
you had begun to tread softly,
padding in big slippers,
chewing biscuits,
averting your dry eyes,
slowly pulling your belt
through loops
like questions,
leaving fingerprints on my bureau
and black hairs in the sink.

It is fall. And so what?
Lips the colour of geraniums
are slashing by.
There are streaks
of windshields.
Sears all-weather coats
and hot styrofoam coffee
float
in doorways.

They have a cocktail party, invite the glitterati, and it gets in the Society Column of an Important Magazine. Ex-first ladies start to have emptied-out pools re-modeled as it becomes a lifestyle trend. The boy and girl are neither happier nor sadder than before. Kelly Klein appears to be having difficulty with a coffee table book she is editing about people who live in pools. The Poole people are thrust onto the rubbish pile of history in a season that's spawned nothing but bizarre news stories: killer bees in the Mexico City subway, a woman severs her husband's penis, and bald eagles' nests are spotted atop New York City's skyscrapers.

The girl gets a vee-jay spot on MTV, the boy becomes a footwear designer, Mrs Poole becomes the toast of the West coast, making charity appearances at benefits with dizzying regularity. Mr Poole gets an honorary MBA from somewhere and writes a best-selling financial-planning manual.

Réal and Eagle watch the gaudy shower curtain of the Northern Lights. Joe could have afforded to move them South – to bougainvillea and magnolia and God-knows-what-waxy-scented-blossoms – but declined. A pilot for a series where the latex he'd wear as a monkey-man would outweigh him.

When they kiss on the balcony in Iglùkaluk, then separate, their breath makes cotton-ball thought-bubbles in the air. Someone with no teeth on snowshoes screams 'fags!' with no malice, and a few minutes later is smoking grass with them, and asking for a coffee. Réal boils water for a Swiss Chocolate-Raspberry Creme™.

Later, Joe's and Réal's warm hands trace malamute tracks over one another, like on the snow. It'd be easy for them to talk, over darts, say, at the Legion, about the ten thousand words for snow, but everyone knows by their goofy faces how they feel.

Gordon Bradley

has had stories published in 'Lexicon', the GAEZETTE, 'The Georgetown Review', and 'Queeries', Canada's first anthology of gay-male prose. He is completing an MA in English and Creative writing at Concordia.

Things are piling up.
Like the quiet
inside my refrigerator
and the way you thread
infidelities together
link stringing beads.
My thighs are closing,
snapping shut like big books,
while I look in the mirror
waiting for my hair to grow.

It is fall. And so what?
Cold leaves litter the lawn
like discarded pieces of paper.
Shoulders are shrugged.
Zippers stick.
We smell like old wool.
It's time to keep your curtains closed.
The blonde Jesus next door
is wearing a jacket
and going to night classes.

It's sad to be eating you,
knowing that's all that's left.
That soon I won't be in this pull;
the treading over a familiar body,
moving on tattoos and curves,
using my addicted mouth.
And that when it starts to snow
I might be sitting in a pool
of my own skin.

I've been reading too much lesbian fiction, and things like this don't usually happen. Usually tanned detective dykes have women dropping for them, like cherries from the sky. Or they drink whiskey and fuck their way over ten different state borders. Or on TV news shows, warm, centered, lesbian professional couples are fighting for the right to adopt or marry, professing undying love and comfort and joint condominium ownership.

It is fall. And so what?
That man on North Street
that looks like Elvis
and pushes a shopping cart
has teeth that are falling out
like raisins.
While people are buying apples on sale
and women are knitting sweaters.

It is not so dramatic
and not so simple.
The last time you were here
there was so much juice
the house was flooded.
And I watched as you
pulled on those nasty boots,
leaving scuff marks.
And in the doorway
you looked back,
like Lot's wife.
Who never did
have a name.

Lisa Comeau

is a Halifax-based poet, performer, artist, mother. She is interested in examining popular culture, emotions, memory, desire, and strange ideas. She like '60's television, trees, toys, water and organic matter.

I witnessed the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the pyramids, the temple of Diana, the lighthouse of Alexandria, and the statue of Zeus. Each image burning into my memory for a lifetime with the intensity of 5,000 year of history.

Abruptly you came to a halt. I collapsed to the rocky earth as you stood beside me. After a time I searched out your eyes which were staring fixedly above us. I followed your gaze and made contact with an image I never dreamed of being able to see. I consulted the guidebook.

The Colossus in the harbour of the Mediterranean island of Rhodes was a statue of the sun god, Helios. Behind his open eye-sockets great beacon fires gleamed at night. Cast from bronze war machines left by invading Macedonians, it fell in an earthquake and its huge fragments lay for several centuries. Romantics believe that ships could pass between the legs of the Colossus, but this is just a myth and surely an undignified position for a god.

Apparently, it wasn't for us. On our knees we kissed sharing our spit, our come, our blood and our bile, from deep within our bellies. We touched, our flesh on fire, our eyes sunken into our sockets. Without words you fucked me, brutally pushing my face into the red earth and salt water puddles and slammed into me again and again, powerfully filling my guts with your come one last time – again.

Today is my birthday. I awoke frozen, with the grey day facing me as usual. Everyday takes me further from you. I cannot picture you without a photo album by my side. I long for a world of ancients. Where gods walked among men. Where fantasy merged with reality. Where I may win you back, savor your flesh, burn with your fetid desire. But my days are long and the nights are too cold, and our fear is too great.
Will wonders never cease.

James Shedden

has the rare privilege of being a full time professional Queer, who has worked creatively in photography, video, and semi-biographical fiction.

7 Wonders of the World

tonight I dreamt of you.

It has been so many years since I had seen your face, I thought that the dreams were gone for good. The colours of my dream were all wrong, not as I remembered you at all. Not the harsh black and whites that you wore, or the subtle greys and faux marbled walls of your minuscule bachelor apartment; but rather the dream came in the rich colours of cinemascope. It felt like we were trapped inside some 1950's Douglas Sirk melodrama. You remember those movies, the ones where Lana Turner fought and succeeded in changing her role in life from fallen women to that of vanquished survivor, with some title like *Written on the Wind* or *It Had To Be*. We laughed as we watched those films together on late night CBC. My aching teenaged cock stuffed up your ass and heavily buttered popcorn stuck between our bodies as we writhed in pleasure.

In this dream you beckoned to me as always but this time you did not wait for me to walk with you. Rather you turned as simply expected me to follow. I did. We raced through this world filmed in Cinerama where the vistas were too grand, the colours too garish, and the lighting too perfect. You ran ahead of me and I felt like I would die if I tried to keep up, but keep up I did. With the constant pain of my lungs about to explode, my legs about to collapse and my body begging to just stop. Your boyfriend said this is how you died, like you had been running a marathon for three days solid.

I matched your pace but always a few steps behind watching your lithe form, remembering when you were still healthy. You wanted to show me all of your new world. The one you spoke of quietly, the one I chose to ignore. It was at this moment that I knew I could die at any moment but that I was completely safe. I was finally able to give up my control to someone else. You turned and tossed me a guidebook "The Seven Wonders of The World".

I witnessed the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the pyramids, the temple of Diana, the lighthouse of Alexandria, and the statue of Zeus. Each image burning into my memory for a lifetime with the intensity of 5,000 year of history.

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Will wonders never cease.

Pet Obsessed

Pet obsessed! Jesus, don't tell me about it! I lived with this guy once ... fuckin' OB-sessed. I mean it. This guy actually tossed me out of my apartment in the middle of the night 'cause his fuckin' dog ran away. I'm not shittin' ya. This guy was crazy. Fabulous fuckin' body, but crazy. Man, he had a chest that was like, chiseled out of marble. Course, so was his brain ...

Anyway, I meet this guy at a club and he seems friendly enough and we dance, have a few drinks, a few tokes, you know the scene. This guy is BEEF—packed and stacked—works construction, eh? Well, no big surprise, we end up back at his place. We open the door and this friggin' flea-bag mutt is all over us, but Schwarzenegger doesn't care, he just ruffles him up an' starts introducin' me to all these cats all over the place. Then he shows me his goddamn turtle that looks sort'a like the top half of a hamburger sittin' in a box of dirt. I don't think too much about it 'cause by this time I'm hornier than an elk herd, an' most of my concentration is focused on that throbbin' dick bustin' out of his pants.

So finally we get down to the fireworks. Now the next morning I'm afraid to look, 'cause you know how things can alter with the daylight, but no sweat. This guy is like G.I. Joe crossed with Trigger the horse ... if you get my drift. So, I stick around. As it turns out, he's kinda lookin' for a roommate 'cause he lives there alone an' it's a big, two bedroom place. I say I'll move in 'cause where I was livin' was gettin' on my nerves on account of the other guys were hopeless assholes ... you know the type. And also a place can look pretty appealing when ya got Mr. Advocate Man to bounce ya off to dreamland every night.

I move in an' he's real nice at first, helpin' me with my boxes, givin' me a little space on the rent, just 'til I get my shit together, y'know. So we start cuddlin' right up ... he even buys me fuckin' flowers for chrissake. (Coul'da spent the money on groceries though, 'cause things were startin' to run low.) He's all lovey-dovey an' I go along with that. But then this thing with the pets starts to rear its ugly one head. Me an' puppy-dog got things worked out all right 'cause the first day Mr. Hardhat takes his pneumatic drill off to work an' I'm left there in the petting zoo, poochy starts nosin' at me, an' I give him some frequent flyer points to the other side of the room. Settled that all right.

I remember the first signs of insanity though, clear as day. I'd been there, I don't know, couple a weeks ... Dr. Doolittle comes home an' wants to know if I can make some dinner while he's out joggin' the mutt, which I can't, cause I just found out where I can score us some great dope if we can kinda pool our resources. So we get the coin together an' I go off on my mission of mercy. When I get back the bacon's frying an' I settle down to roll us up some nice hors d'oeuvres when this fuckin' cat start rubbin' herself right in the pile of grass I got laid out. I just grab ole Fluffy an' shotput her toaster-ward but with all her clawin' around in the air she flies right into the turtle box, which slices off the counter an' busts on the floor. So there's all this friggin' hiss'n an' yeowlin' goin' on, an' the turtle goes rollin' off under the fridge like a goddamn hockey puck. Then St. Francis of Assisi lets a curse out of him an' goes tearin' across the room, goo-goo'n after the furball 'til it'd make ya sick ... then he starts after the jesu turtle. I am not shittin' ya ... this guys starts TALKIN' to his goddamn turtle!! He pushes the fridge around 'til he can hook the thing out with an old spoon, then he picks it up an' starts talkin' right to it. I remember it all right 'cause he's callin' it by name ... Stonewall for chrissake!

"This is too fuckin' much," I say, an' I smoke three joints right in a row 'cause I figure if you have to sit there watchin' some guy practically makin' love to Stonewall-the-Turtle then you better be pretty stone-walled yourself of you'll end up a fruitcake too.

That was just the beginning, eh? After that it was all 'mind the little pussycats' an' 'doggy doesn't like that' 'til it was like, 'do you mind if I breathe, here?'

Well, one day I come home from goin' to see my no-good agent about gettin' some work or whatever, an' Daddy's all in a big flap. He's out doin' his joggin' around with the mutt an' the friggin' thing takes off or somethin'. Disappears. Well it's mega panic time an' he spends all night running' back an' forth from that ravine place where they run, and he's askin' the neighbours an' shit like that. He's really foam'n at the mouth so I roll him a nice fat joint so he can get a bit of grip on, eh? But he just gives me this ugly look an' goes stompin' off again for the, like, twelve hundredth time.

By then I'm gettin' kinda concerned 'cause Daddy-s lookin' sort'a beat out an' in don't want him to be all floppy when bedtime rolls around. "Look," I says to him, "worry about ole Lassie an' all. But let's say we just see if he comes home in the morning an' if not, we'll take the hole goddamn family down to the pet store an' get a new one." Doesn't matter though that I'm bustin' my ass to be all sympathetic an' everything. No. Here I am making' like Mother fuckin' Theresa, an' he starts takin'

Nancy Gosse

is a 22-year-old lesbian. She is a volunteer with the Newfoundland and Labrador AIDS Committee, and a member of NGALE. She is studying Sociology/Women's Studies at MUN, and is the mother of two adorable cats.

Identity

Who am I
I have dreams
Of a world at peace
And a world where
Everyone is my friend.
Who am I
With my face
Just one in many
Of thousands like me,
Yet individual from me.
The blood in my veins
Is the same as theirs;
Those countless faces
That turn their backs to me
I am a symbol
Of all they want to be
But they are too afraid
To be different.
I am the hope
Of all those with no hope
For a future of peace
Within ourselves.

it out
on ME!
So I remind
him that if Rin
Tin Tin had been
so tickled happy here in
Loony-land, he never would have
run off in the first place. And that I was
surprised the ole boy had stuck it out this long,
especially given the fuckin' housekeeping' standards were
like livin' in a barn, what with all the goddamn animals.

So then he really goes loco an' starts hollerin' right in my face an' bringin' up all these exter-aneous opinions (which is something I really HATE in an argument) like rent an' food an' shit like that, an' how I couldn't have a relationship with a person 'cause I couldn't even have one with an animal. And he's castin' aspersion everywhere, including some very hurtful things which I do not agree with. And then he starts throwin' my stuff into the hallway an' bellowin' like a bull for me to get out.

I didn't want to end up like a statis-tic to some pet obsessed madman so I left. Even though it should have been him that moved out 'cause I'm not surprised the place hadn't been condemned on account of him. I let it go. I'm like that sometimes, I just let people walk all over me. But I've had it with the pet obsessed. Yup, I've had it!

R.D. Little

punoquin

is an attempt to survey the observed and recorded
landscape of our Queer Communities. Constraints
dictate that we publish only a glimpse of the
diversity of effort that flows through
our pens and keyboards. We
thank you; our writers
and readers.