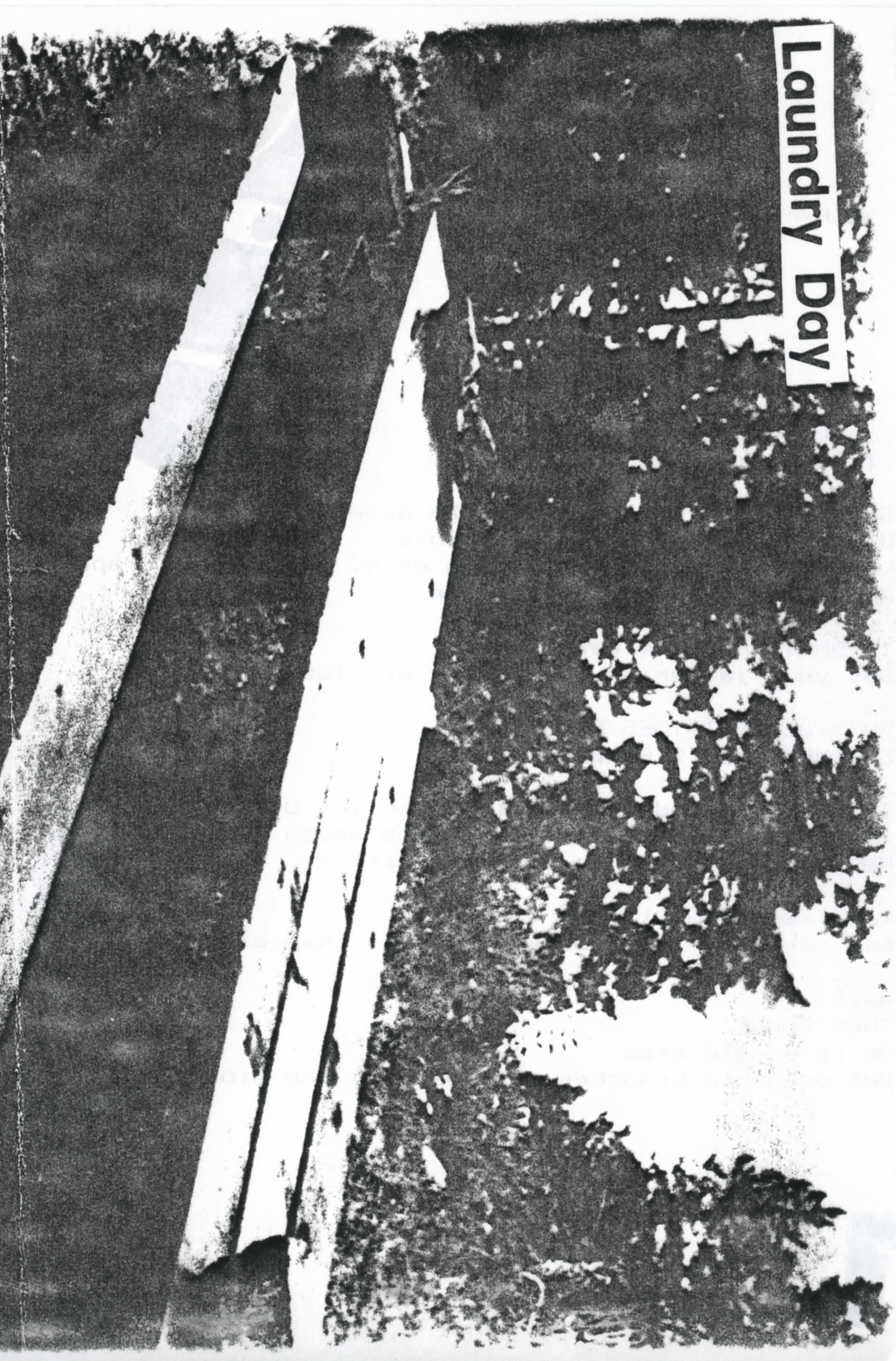
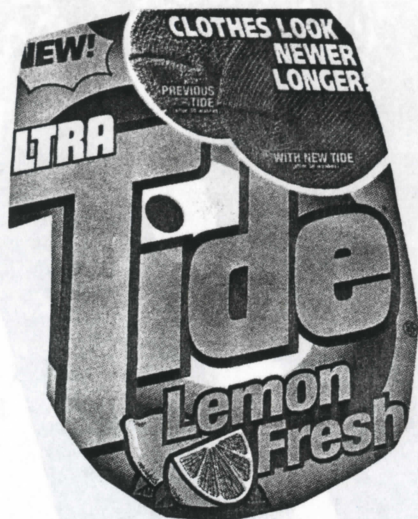


Laundry Day



YOU ARE A FARMER'S DAUGHTER



You know what you would do
If the farm were yours:

Sell some land to real estate developers
Use that cash to diversify into
Long-term crops like ginseng or N. California grapes
And more computers, of course

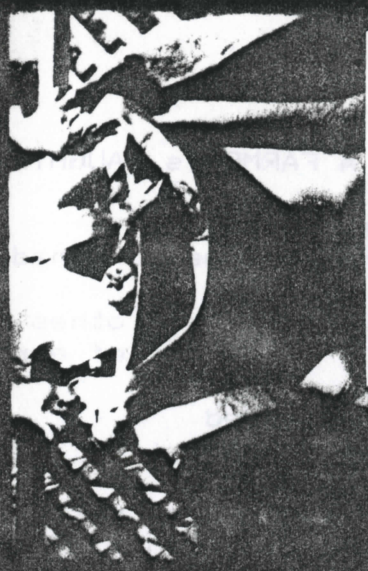
If ONLY the farm were yours
But your father is hopelessly old-fashioned

POTATOES POTATOES POTATOES
STRAWBERRIES STRAWBERRIES

The rain ruined the berries even for U-PICKS
The potatoe blight took half the spuds
He doesn't listen to you -- a girl --

You fear he will sell the farm
And retire before you even have a chance to try

Wait
Then speak
He is an old tree
But even old branches must bend in the wind.



by: ERIC METCALFE

YOU ARE A FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Sixty years ago
Your parents came to Canada



With THE KIT: the clothes on their back
a bag of earth from the old country

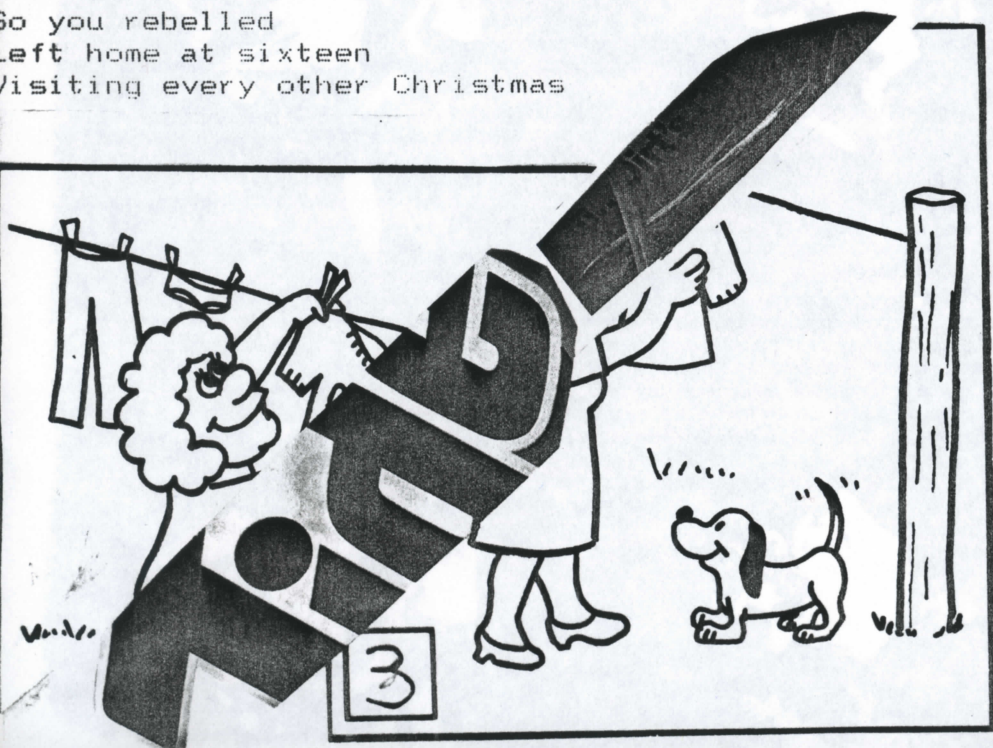
They homesteaded
and had three sons

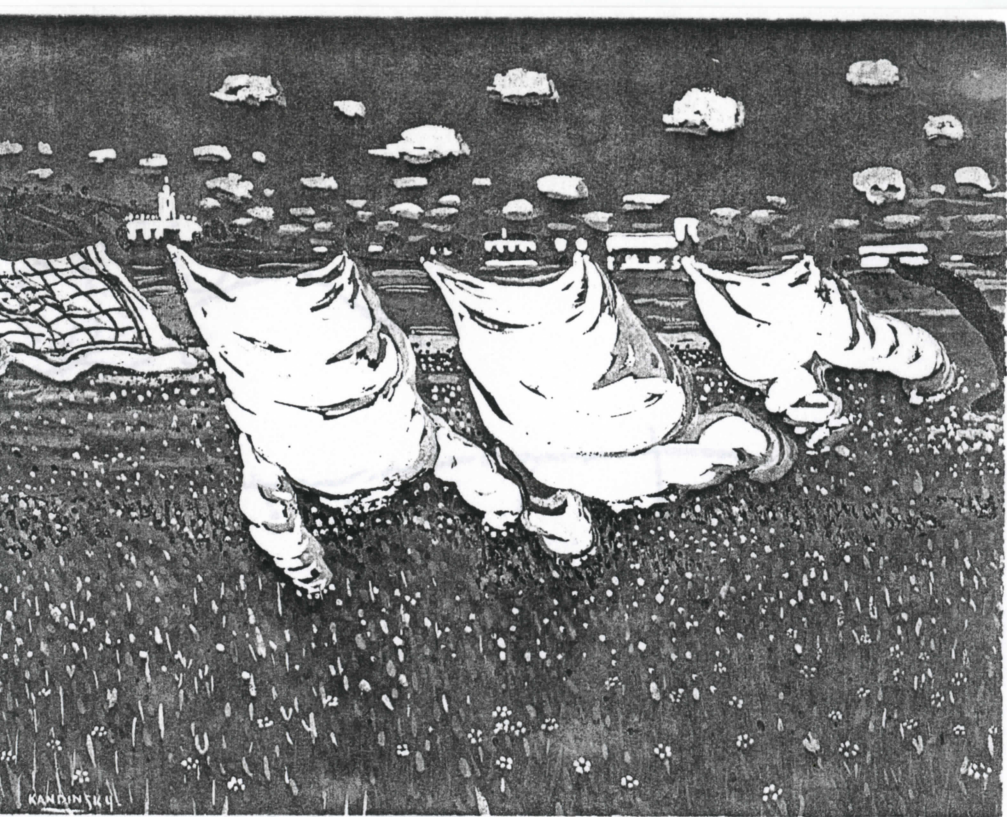
But when their sons were getting married
and having children of their own,
Your parents had a daughter
--- YOU --- called "The Afterthought"

Your parents felt like
your parents AND your grandparents at the same time

Your brothers and sisters-in-law
felt like three MORE sets of parents

So you rebelled
Left home at sixteen
Visiting every other Christmas





by: Wassily Kandinsky

When the will was read
after THE FUNERAL,
Your father's decision
to leave his entire estate to you
was a SUPRISE

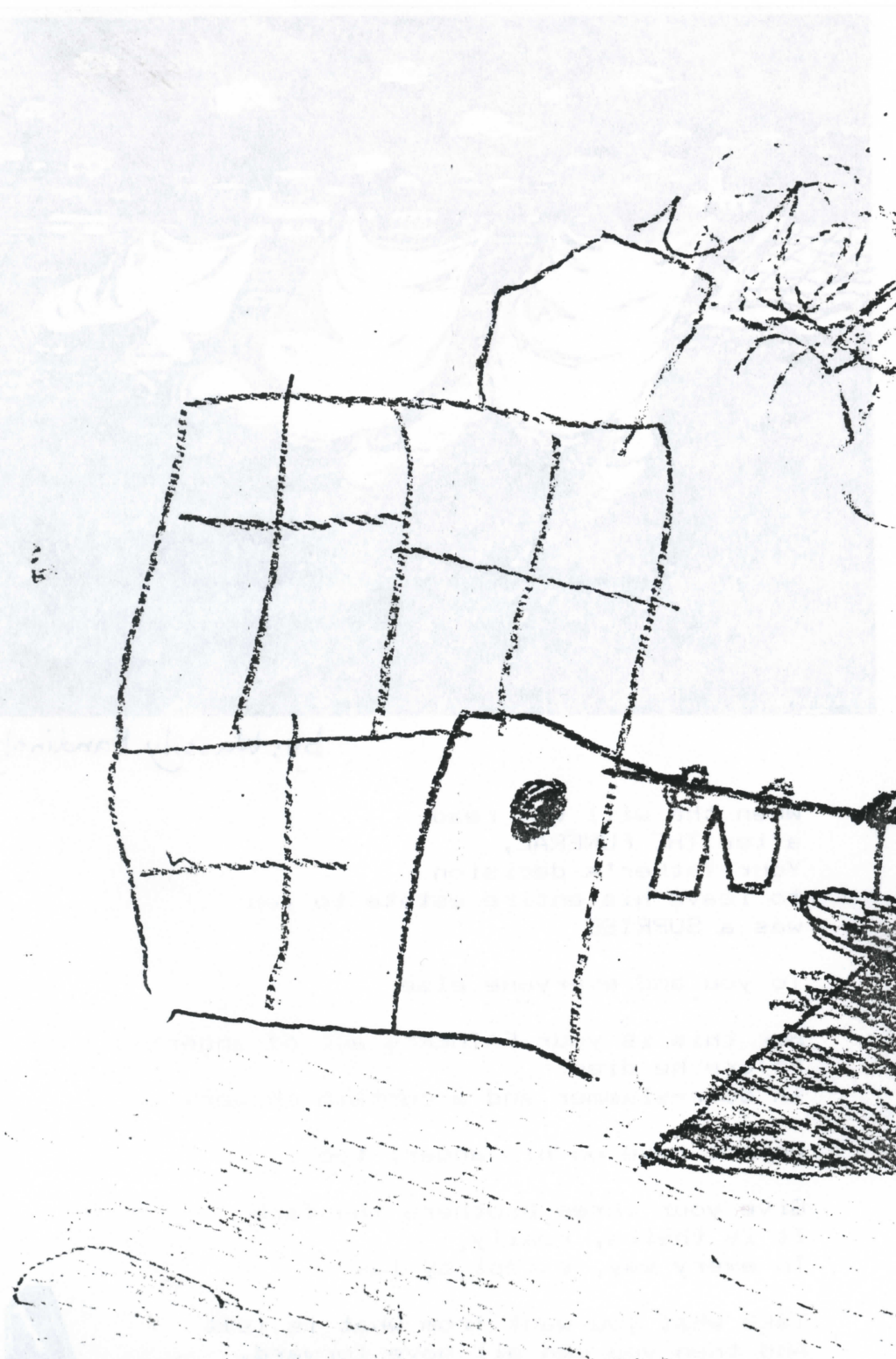
To you and everyone else

But this is your FATHER's act of anger
Before he died
(A door-slammer and a curtain-chewer)

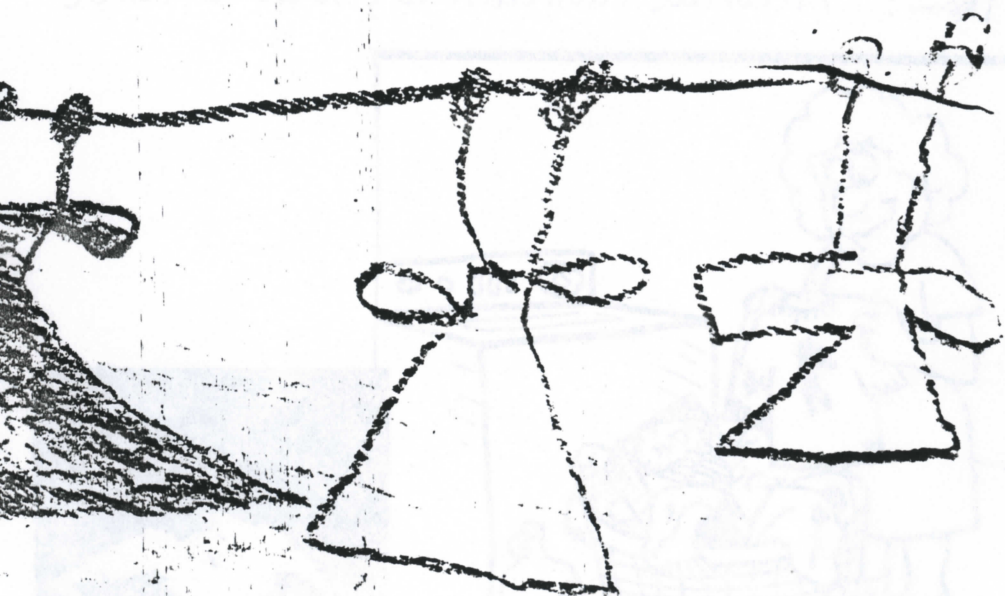
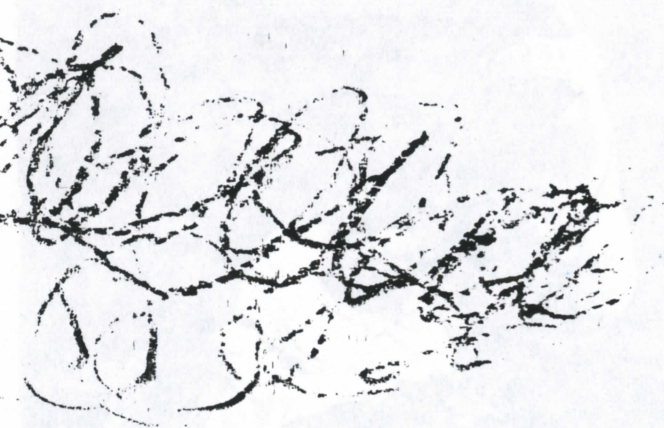
Do not take on his anger, too

Give your three brothers the farm
It is theirs, really,
In every way, except by law

Take what you want from what is left
And then you can all move forward.



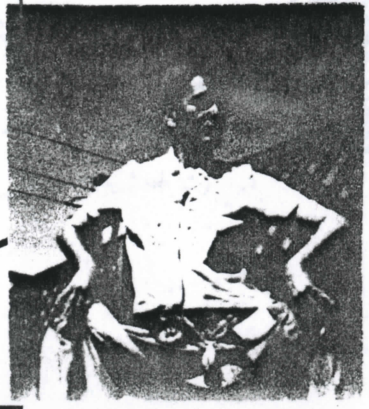
drawing: ARETHA DRAGU MUNRO, 1993





WASHING THE CLOTHES, FIJI

from: Pictorial Publications, New Zealand



YOU ARE A FARMER'S DAUGHTER

And now you are a farmer's wife
Hi Ho the Derr-y-o
The wife takes a cat
The cheese stands alone

You and your husband work the farm
Together.

Operate and fix the machinery
Plant/Harvest/Hire & Fire -- and worry
Equally

You both have three part-time jobs in town
To make both ends reach to meet the middle

Soon, you will lose the farm

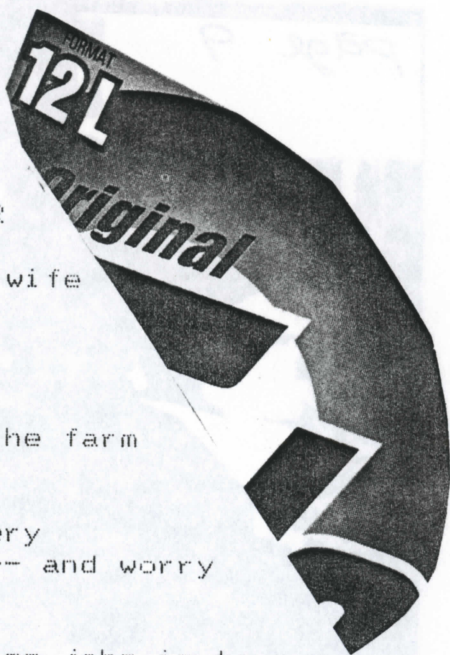
Before your children can become farmers, too

Rest your heart
The farm your parents lost to the bank
During the Great Depression
And this farm that you and your husband
Shall lose to ANOTHER bank

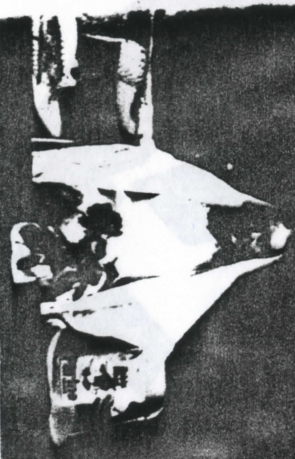
Were never really yours, anyway

The government stole the land
From the Cree Nation

And Lord Palliser
Swore that triangle of land
Was unfarmable, anyways.



page 9



photographer:
ERIC METCALFE

DUCHESS CAKE

Cream: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

Beat in: 2 eggs

Sift: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. bk. powder

Alternately add flour
mix and $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
to the sugar/shortening.

Layer in greased pan
(thirds) with fruit—

— or — cinnamon/chocolate/
nut mixture — or —
chopped ginger & pear &
chocolate — or ?

[350° F — 35 min.]

<< DINING ROOM TABLE >>

PHOTO:
Paul Gibbons

WRITTEN BY: MARGARET DRAGU

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(poems from the performance of <<The Bardo Gap>>)