

## How or Where

*Daze Jefferies*

Around the kitchen table at a Rabbittown house party, or the bus stop outside a broken-down Planned Parenthood, or at Trans Support Group meetings held in three alternating rooms of the University Centre – youth and elders alike (alone) learn how and where to get mones in the city, or how and where to buy them with a handful of crypto coins from some online pharmacy in Thailand, learn how and where a body can couch surf when parents and the women’s shelters are unkind, learn how and where to ply some trade on the five or six downtown sex work strolls, learn how and where to steal makeup and condoms, learn how and where to get a free meal. Never learn how or where the mermaids were spotted in St. John’s Harbour for centuries past. Never learn how or where a chorus of sex-change ballads had been sung by lost generations of white settler fisherfolk living and dying deep in the North Atlantic margins. Never learn how or where an ancestor outmigrated years and years and years ago searching for health care. Needing a better life, a love that didn’t come. And who am I to say all this.

# YOU ARE NOT ALONE

*Daze Jefferies*

Jezebel wanted to go to the Atlantic Transgenderist Picnic in June so bad. Swore that if only she had her own rig, she'd get the Joseph and Clara all the way to North Sydney and then drive up past Halifax somewhere to a summertime cottage supposedly belong to one of the website gurls and er wife, who was also arranging to spend the whole weekend with a gaggle of sissy fem gender expressionist digital pen pals scattered across the Maritimney edges. This meant that there would be two crossdressers and a female dom-for-hire from Dartmouth + one bewitching part-time puss who just moved to Moncton by way of Toronto + a come from away Cape Breton transexer + miss Newfie codfish queen on a blanket hiding from the white-collar world in Hants County. It was 1999 and the aloneness had passed. Although she learned that in Sin Jawns the endos were refusing to give hormones to her crowd and now the activists were livid. She also knew a little scrambled egg who worked at Darlyn's and mama used to offer her discounted stockings. Maybe they could organize a sudden revolution. Maybe she could throw a small CD/TS party there.

When Edie Laughed in Leamington

David Bayne

## Eleanor Moody

*Daze Jefferies*

September 1757

when you swindle a toxic sea-man's treasure.

one way of bringing to mind demoralized  
that your displacement can never be undone.

and the criminal legal mess opens a wound.

one way straight from the old safe harbour  
to hell on the blood-stained whirligig.

negative change from this time being.

one way and no other, this city deserved  
to burn for what it put you through.