

are you  
borderline enough  
to read  
**BORDER/LINES**

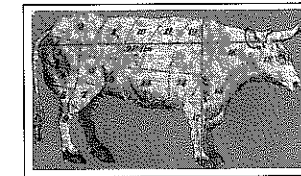
?



Photo: Malcolm Brown

name: \_\_\_\_\_  
address: \_\_\_\_\_  
city: \_\_\_\_\_  
country: \_\_\_\_\_  
postal code: \_\_\_\_\_

- individual \$20  
 low income \$16  
 institutional \$35



foreign matter

once  
when they fed me potato salad  
and cold roast beef  
with mustard on the plane  
I found myself wondering if sometimes right before  
we fuck for an unconscious second I might of  
thought of the desire of the feeling of wanting  
to fuck a man and then let it pass like some  
ill-fated pavlovian impulse that exists  
only in the retrospect of my memory and  
get lost in your my  
mouth hands breasts feeling feet

once  
when they fed me potato salad  
and cold roast beef like the British used to eat  
with mustard on the plane I realized  
that sometimes for an unconscious second right before  
we our mouths dance on one anothers  
bellies flickering candle flame lips kissing sweetly wet  
oblivious to the coming morning I might of  
thought of the desire of the feeling of wanting  
and then let it pass ill-fated history reconstituted  
memory cold sliced roast beef and potato salad  
remind me of some foreign form of life  
that never tasted quite right

**Jennifer Kawaja**

**please send cheques to: Border/Lines**

BETHUNE COLLEGE, YORK UNIVERSITY, 4700 KEELE STREET, NORTH YORK, ONTARIO, CANADA, M3J 1P3