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# Three Poems

*by Janice Krasselt Medin*

## Meeting of Minds

We have no secrets here in this room  
of women as we drift, wine in hand,  
from one cluster to another.

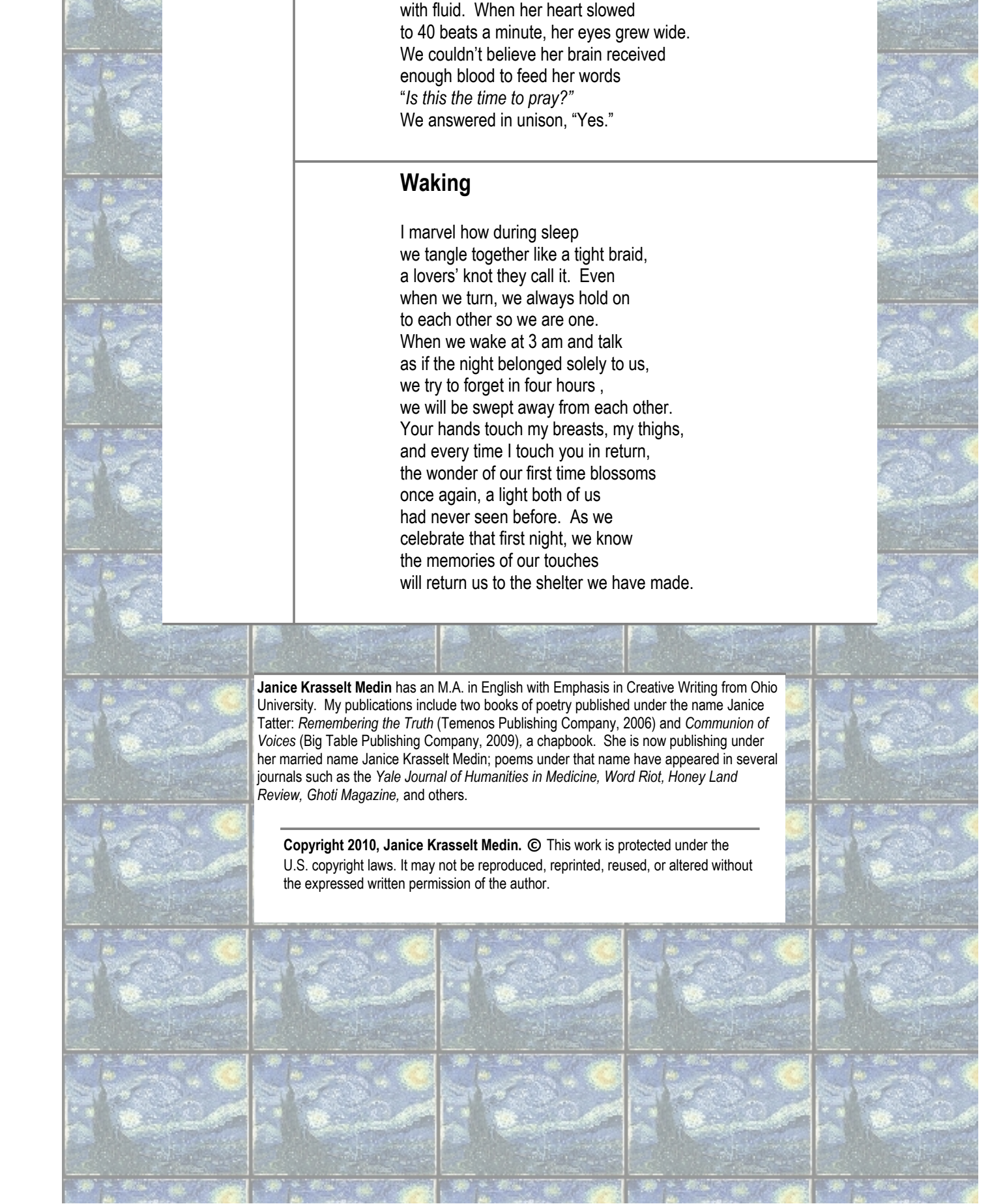
We long to dive into luxurious caves  
and feel soft arms around us. Who  
could not understand that need?

Most of us had a mother who wanted  
another kind of daughter—one who  
had crushes on boys, giggled over  
names like Josh or John, not Rachel  
or Sarah. Some remained mystified  
as their daughters stayed a tomboy,  
always with boys around, never as dates,  
but as best friends to shoot pool or rifles,  
or talk about sports. Other girls married  
men, later left that nest and finally  
admitted out loud their love of women—  
those full lips, curves, soft breasts,  
hips—even the swagger.

We like to talk about sex, our first time,  
how we prefer to make love to a body  
made like ourselves, how we come  
stronger and stronger with a woman,  
and how good it is to taste the female  
of ourselves.

## Do Not Resuscitate

The monitor showed 3rd degree block--  
a heart rhythm where the atria, the top part  
of the heart, beats separately  
from the ventricles, the bottom,  
like random thoughts,  
one thought connecting to another,  
the next two or three  
escaping the common thread.  
The patient was 60 years old,  
not a young 60  
with kidney and liver disease,  
a pacemaker buried inside her chest  
like a sunken vessel at sea. Its engine  
refused to spark a beat of the ventricle.



We knew she was dying,  
her blood pressure like air in a tire  
leaking lower and lower, and lungs filling  
with fluid. When her heart slowed  
to 40 beats a minute, her eyes grew wide.  
We couldn't believe her brain received  
enough blood to feed her words  
*"Is this the time to pray?"*  
We answered in unison, "Yes."

## Waking

I marvel how during sleep  
we tangle together like a tight braid,  
a lovers' knot they call it. Even  
when we turn, we always hold on  
to each other so we are one.  
When we wake at 3 am and talk  
as if the night belonged solely to us,  
we try to forget in four hours ,  
we will be swept away from each other.  
Your hands touch my breasts, my thighs,  
and every time I touch you in return,  
the wonder of our first time blossoms  
once again, a light both of us  
had never seen before. As we  
celebrate that first night, we know  
the memories of our touches  
will return us to the shelter we have made.

**Janice Krasselt Medin** has an M.A. in English with Emphasis in Creative Writing from Ohio University. My publications include two books of poetry published under the name Janice Tatter: *Remembering the Truth* (Temenos Publishing Company, 2006) and *Communion of Voices* (Big Table Publishing Company, 2009), a chapbook. She is now publishing under her married name Janice Krasselt Medin; poems under that name have appeared in several journals such as the *Yale Journal of Humanities in Medicine*, *Word Riot*, *Honey Land Review*, *Ghoti Magazine*, and others.

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