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# *We Are Family*

Raymond Helkio

A dozen\* artists contributed work towards this zine as a show of love and support for Glad Day Bookshop, the world's oldest independent LGBT bookstore. Thank you for joining our family, we're glad you're here.

*\*plus bonus work*

# *The Baby I'll Never Have*

Cathy Petch

The baby I'll never have  
was born too small  
so wee in fact that I lose it  
at local shopping malls

I forgot it at Mc Donald's  
it came back cooed and coddled  
I left it at the library  
but they returned it to me  
I ignored it on the dance floor  
but it came back like a herpes sore

I should really give it up  
though now it's only key chain bauble big  
I don't even burp its hiccup  
because I'm a selfish pig

really we never went to the mall  
but people still have the gall  
to tell me that if I don't want a baby  
I'm not a woman at all

they found you on a biopsy  
this little life extinguished in me  
perhaps burned by stage lights  
or my many drunken nights  
or maybe the fault wasn't mine  
for never is my only right time

That day the miscarriage ran down my leg  
at the checkout counter at book city  
I realized that the greatest love of all  
was never a match for me

and when they gave me the test results  
of what wasn't meant to be  
perhaps it makes me seem murderous  
or cold and carnivorous  
when my only thought was  
better you than me

# *Somehow I Survived*

Brad Fraser



*Somehow  
I survived*

*02/18/07  
Jen*

## *Queer*

(The power of THE WORD)

Reg Hartt

“Can you help us? We can’t get our table back,” said a young man.

I was 19. It was 1965. I could have modeled for the skinny guy in the build a better body ads. The place was The Club 511 at 511 Yonge Street. It had the hottest music in Toronto. Stars like Eartha Kitt hung out there after hours when in Toronto. It was the very best of Toronto’s queer clubs.

I followed the fellows to their table where I found two big football player like guys with their girl friends.

I said to them, “When people have a table and wish to dance they leave something on the table. When they come back anyone who is sitting there returns the table to them.”

The biggest one said, “I ain’t giving up my table to no goddamned queer.”

**END OF PREVIEW**

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