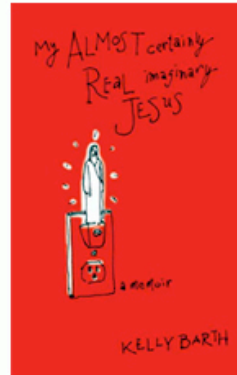
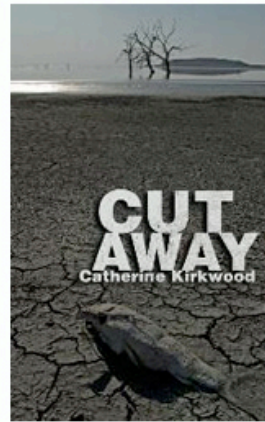
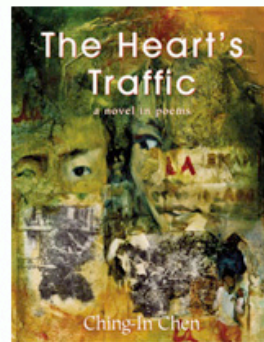
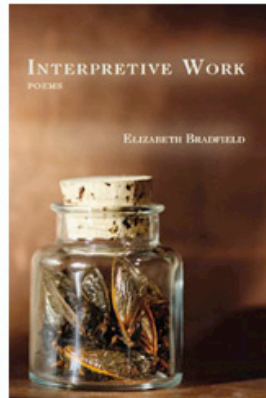




# ARKTOI BOOKS

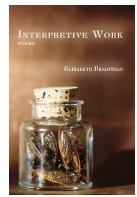
Literary fiction, poetry & nonfiction by lesbian writers



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Arktoi Books an imprint of Red Hen Press, was established in 2006 by Eloise Klein Healy to publish literary works of high quality by lesbian writers. In this Sampler/Anthology, you'll find excerpts from each of our titles, presented in the order of their publication. Enjoy.



## Concerning the Proper Term for a Whale Exhaling

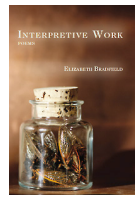
*Poof* my mother sighs  
as against the clearcut banks near Hoonah  
another humpback exhales, its breath  
white and backlit by sun.

*Don't*  
*say that*, says my father, disapproving  
of such casual terminology or uneasy  
with the tinge of pink tulle, the flounce  
*poof* attaches to the thing we're watching, beast  
of hunt, of epic migrations.

But I'm the naturalist,  
suggesting course and speed for approach. They  
are novices, and the word is mine,  
brought here from the captains I sailed for  
and the glittering Cape Cod town  
where we docked each night  
after a day of watching whales.

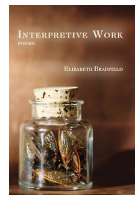
*Poof*,  
Todd or Lumby would gutter,  
turning the helm, my cue to pick up  
the microphone. Coming from those smoke-roughed cynics  
who call the whales dumps, rank the tank-topped talent  
on the bow, and say each time they set a breaching calf  
in line with the setting sun, *What do you think of that? Now that's*  
*what I call pretty*, then sit back,  
light a cigarette—coming from them,  
I loved the word.

And even more  
because the dock we returned to each night  
teemed with summer crowds, men lifting  
their hands to other men, the town  
flooded with poufs free to flutter, to cry, as they can't  
in Newark or Pittsburgh or Macon, to let  
their love rise into the clear, warm air,  
to linger and glow  
for a brief time visible.



## Notes to Self on Comfort

birch balm  
bog balm  
balm of sphagnum and reeds  
dune balm, sand collecting in all cuffs and folds,  
sea balm at the sounding edge balm beyond the shore's smudge  
balm of a mackerel sky overhead, vaulting  
grass balm and the first mower loud across it—spring  
thunder balm  
balm of a black bear wide-legged on dwarf dogwood balm  
of my thrilled fear  
nuthatch at the feeder—balm of birds arriving  
leaf balm, shadow dapple on afternoon walls  
balm of bees at the flower box on the balcony above the five-lane balm  
of berries picked in sun  
kelp balm  
barnacle balm  
balm of white-winged scoters rafted in a cove, muttering then  
scattering out across the flood tide and over  
    oar balm, bow balm, keel balm rowing  
pond balm, lilies fooling the dog who thinks they're earth and jumps  
from the dock  
snorts and gallops back to shore  
thicket balm and grove balm  
blossoms balming down from a tree in the sidewalk  
dawn noon dusk night and what stars filter through, the balm-glint  
is it enough to ease what's lost? go further  
past what's easy      past what's passing  
and find the balm of the small things all around you  
the balm of the small



## Cul-de-sac Linguistics

Today, the boys call each other penis.  
*Hey penis, commere, penis, pass me the ball,*  
*penis.* Last week it was *whore*, discovered

halfway through a game of h o r s e  
on the mini-hoop that backs my fence.  
And earlier this afternoon, the teenage girls

whose bedroom window stares  
above my thumbnail yard improvised  
outgoing messages in theatrical rapture:

first the easy scatological, then  
a nursery rhyme that morphs  
into an anti-homo riff so suddenly

I actually look up

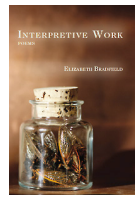
to see if they're directing this at me  
(they must be), down in the yard, reading poetry  
as my girlfriend weeds the flower bed.

O, the high profanity of kickball games,  
the rough posturing demanded  
by even this tame street. Listen, they're learning

how well bastard fits with fucking, how ass  
can't be mis-used. No one could hope to ease  
their jagged entries into this profane world

which is fucking beautiful, ass-bastard gorgeous,  
the evening light wild and soaring  
like kickballs on a true arc into flowerbeds

of penis tulips and pussy daffodils  
that nod their heads in wild agreement  
with the whorish, shit-loving lot of it.



## Butch Poem 4: Losing a Father

With him, something left her, some hook  
by which she gaffed the world  
and held it to sense, to love, to logic

despite the awkward ground she'd learned  
to claim. His best son, at his side  
she cleared gutters of leaves, shoveled

the drive, changed the Chevy's oil,  
sat back after dinner  
heavy in a chair. She learned

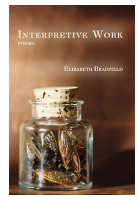
to be a gentleman. Hard at first for him  
to see her tapping out his cigarettes,  
wearing his old belt and shoes, to see

what she took as her own.  
He came again to love her,  
and to love even what rested silent

between them. And she knew her luck.  
But when he died some of her swagger,  
some of her bullheaded sureness, some hope

to be praised for the likeness she'd made  
was shaken. I have no metaphors to lend this,  
just witness to her decentering, just certainty

that only the loss of her mother  
—the self she made herself against—  
could be more difficult.



## No More Nature

*No more nature* we say after fourteen hours on the water in August,  
skin ready to crack, lips too tender to close. *No more nature*  
in November when blackfish strand in the salt marsh

and we've stood in sulphur muck as the tide falls out to dark,  
their breath whistling hard as we dig pits for flippers  
scraped raw by sand, as vets try to predict which

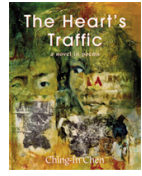
could survive until flood, which should get the syringe  
of chemical sleep. *No more nature* after the storm blows up  
while guiding kayakers across the bay, which means towing home

the shoulder injury, prow lunging the chop, tow rope  
cinching the gut. *No more nature* after waking before dawn  
to band birds in first frost, shin after shin ringed

with numbered metal, wing after wing teased from nets  
until we almost forget how frightened their small hearts made us  
when we first held them. No more, we can't take it, can't

resuscitate our wonder, can't keep up with its unrelenting.  
But then we have a beer. We take a shower. We decide  
to walk around the pond and look for turtles. After all,

we could see a coyote lapping its reflection, we could find  
the nest of the great horned owl that calls each night  
as we lie in bed, unable to not listen, unwilling to miss anything.



## Some Say

Some say a little girl fell into the lake that night and nobody's seen her since.

Some say it was the black sky she ran to, a girl in love with midnight.

Some say if only.

Some say the lake, lonely and hungry, set a trap for winged creatures and the little girl was too lovely for her own good.

Some say they've sighted a little figurine, pale as a shirt washed too many times, drifting in lonely places.

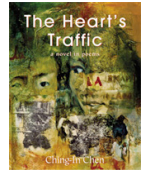
Some say when little girls pass, they transform into useful things like lanterns greeting the weary farmers enticed by the rippling lake.

Some say there are no such things.

Some say the lake digests all her daughters and births fireflies.

No one says, I will miss her my whole-long life.

I will carve a door in my dream, an entrance that belongs only to her so I can tell her again and again how I wish we never fought over the stars the night she fell out of my life.

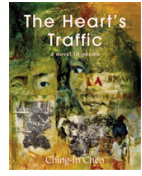


Gruel, Tea: *a riddle*

A room full of fathers birth  
maggots which boil  
into a sticky bag of  
soup. Some sons  
learned to suckle  
too tightly, their  
incandescent greed  
dropping into the pot.  
Others memorized  
the recipe of how to  
survive without

Will follow you for 1000  
miles without breaking sweat,  
desires neither to be fed or  
clothed, fears neither guns nor  
soldiers, can kiss the bruising  
sun or coax a lullaby from the  
dying mother.

Wars have been lit in its name.

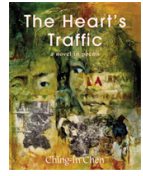


## Xiaomei's Zuihitsu for Shapeshifters

1. I watch what you collect at the doorstep of your younger days – the sharp slash of cheek, the shriveled breath clench, a knuckle mid-flight searching for the wooden melody of door, the ghost girl sliced above your shoulders to short shreds of hair.
2. Those shared-blanketed nights you teased me about my sharp, upturned shoulder, a dreaming javelin launched too high.
3. Before burning down the nightlight, unravel the day's slights, the gleam of what we do not fear, what is left without the weight of thread.
4. Sleeping means to settle with the threads of your new chosen name into the traffic of our bed.
5. A letter written halfway seven times, then a waterlogged phone call after a brown winter. Your silver mother, a sheath in the cut door.
6. Gargle of words, cut eyes, a popped balloon.
7. I am the kernel, the diseased molecule when your mother calls.
8. What uneasy collects in the cold chest. What thin lung. What sliced bone. What colored blood.
9. What's love got to do with it?
10. Love, stay just a lil' bit longer. I open the window of my bed, a crawlspace for air.
11. A mother's love is (not) unconditional.
12. A condition – no mothers or foreign girlfriends. No name change. No difference.
13. No phone calls.
14. Where we danced, next to the glowing midnight ledge, the candlelight drifting like a butterfly in my hair, the black gravel of your voice calling, calling home.

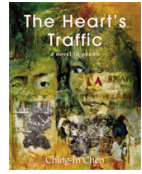
from *The Heart's Traffic: a novel-in-poems*  
Ching-In Chen  
poems  
2009

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T

To open, to follow, to mirror, to face, to bind (chest), to examine,  
to pull over (shirt), to button, to spiral, to cook an egg, to toast, to counsel  
(confusion), to visit (mom), to back (shit), to chicken (out), to (buck) assign, to live, to  
pass (out), to fist, to girlfriend (early) to come (out) (you'll always be) mine



dialect

bright shocking talismen blinking smog windows ice cream factory ginger girls dying  
weeds compressed in red ornamental silk plastic fried menu gold gaud animal discharge  
golden tofu stink smoking boys by gray fruit peeling river dirty-white-smock man  
giving you lonely eye fisheye steaming silver cart with 10,000-feet smell the tall the  
pale with laminated Lonely Planet maps the mouths the flapping mouths

— ascension into that airless hole

pass  
stinklockers

pass  
multi picket lingual signs

pass  
autoansweringmessage

pass  
furred gray women at coffee hour with neon worker compensation flyers

pass  
weightlifting manuals

pass  
home of the living mice and the tailor's nest

drain drain drain  
the janitor and the bullhorns in storage  
the dust the dust the dusthawkers

how your lips open in flight



## Alexandra

The lake is a mirror with clean, pink sky inside it. I stand at the water's edge, feeling the slow tilt away from salinity reported by ecologists. It will take years, but she could recover to become that fresh, sporting jewel imagined in her heyday. It's what I love about this lake. Not the dream of what she could be or the failure of that dream but that she stretches out between the two and settles there. I lift up my arms, saluting the morning's sensuous blush.

When I turn, there is a woman watching me.

She stands by her car on the dirt in nice little Blahnik flats and fresh white linen pants. I recognize the look. It's the kind of neatly turned trick I used to try out myself, but I was too lanky and angular for it—the clothes looked like they were slipping off a bent hanger. But this woman has it just right—a slim, compact body; simple, jet black hair; nails trimmed short and done in a modest pink. It all works together. As if she's sewn right in.

I was about to go past her to the shop and shoot the breeze with Mary. She works the shop on Tuesdays. The rest of the time she runs the science lab at the local elementary school. We talk about everything: the atmosphere of the moons of Mars, how elephants scatter bones of their dead, why scientists make structures miles long to see what happens when tiny particles go very fast. All the strangest laws of the universe, it turns out, are packed inside the smallest measures. Mary, too, is more than she appears. More than the canned soup and dusty band-aid boxes she sells part-time from her cousin's mini-mart. More than her plain little wooden house with green cement lawn on Biloxi road where we sit on hot afternoons and drink homemade ginger ale. She always knows something new about the world and how it fits in among the other mysteries. Nothing is ever the way you think it's going to be.

That's why I watch the woman for a moment and don't just go on past. When a stranger comes into town and stands dumb-faced at the sight of things, I wonder why. Will they stay a while or get in their car, roll up the windows, and head off to the highway? This stranger seems caught, unable to take things in or turn away. So I stop and tell her about the lake and the Colorado River breaking from its banks. She does not seem to hear me. Her skin is pearling up with heat, but she remains composed, a perfect image of herself. Her stare sees and unsees me in one go. I suspect this is her manner, but it's also something I bring out in people.



I tell her to drink water, thinking she will crack a smile and thank me. But she looks even more confused. Like a stunned bird blown off course, the native creatures bewilder her. We are getting nowhere. I smile and turn to go.

That's when she calls out, "Wait! Have you seen this girl?"

She's hooked me with a neat twist. I turn to look. Her jaw is slack, lips dry and parted. When she runs her hand across her forehead, her brow smears with the fine, blonde, lakeside dust. I remember that feeling, from when I first came to the lake, like the heat was swallowing me. She really should get somewhere cool.

It's summer; the heat will spike over one hundred by mid afternoon. Stepping toward me, she holds a flyer up. For a moment, I see Olivia's face. Then the woman stumbles, falls out of her sandal, hops and winces, dangling her foot above the sand.

I don't want to bring her home. I am careful whom I invite into my life. There are steps to follow, intentions to sift, a slow, circling measure of whether things seem right. But this woman is bleeding, dehydrated, and confused. She stares at me when I offer to take her to my place. Then when I nod for her to unlock the car, she blinks and says nothing. It's unlocked so I get in. The engine's running, the air conditioning's on high, and tinted windows seal out the glare from the lake. She gets in too and pulls out of the lot. Too late, I realize I could have taken her to Mary. She works with third through six graders and is good with confused, defenseless people. Instead, I direct her through the streets, lean back into the soft, cool leather. She keeps glancing over at me, sizing me up. She opens her mouth to say something then closes it and looks back at the road. We glide along like tourists.

She waits out in the garden where there isn't any shade while I rummage through my medicine cabinet. A tube of Calendula salve. A tincture of Hypericum. I try to stay as herbal as I can, except for the hormones. The relationship I have with the squat row of plastic jars and box of glass vials is give and take. Candy-shelled goblins. I've accepted their terms. The curves of my body for my old age.

It is curious that the woman does not follow me in. It's cooler here during the mornings, sickly hot in the late afternoon. Perhaps she would be uncomfortable inside the four, plain walls. The place is small and close, but I always keep the windows clean and the light outside is bright. It does not feel closed in. The furniture is a little shabby. The worn couch has a bright Mexican throw of turquoise, yellow, and brown. Even that is looking stretched and faded. On the coffee table is a kitsch lamp from the sixties with a battered, red shade. Like the walls, the floor is also thin. Footsteps are carried throughout. Because of this, I always feel the rooms are joined together in a way they aren't in other places.

from *Cut Away*  
Catherine Kirkwood  
novel  
2010

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When I go back out, I take her a glass of cold water. She thanks me and drinks it down. I clean and bandage her foot. Her heels are smooth, her toenails trimmed and painted pale pink. Her trousers, rolled up to the knee, are lined in silk and have a luxurious drape. Her presence swamps the small, sun-weary courtyard.

When I send her home, I think that's all there is. I don't tell her about Olivia.

That was six months ago. A chance encounter that came to nothing. Happens all the time. But, weeks later, when a young woman's body is found that could be Olivia's, I don't think twice, I call her. That's when I get the feeling we are walking on a common floor, me in one room, Eleanor in another.



A Key to Pronunciation: /sälm/

Truly, thou unlock the spoken word  
so that nothing I imagined to say  
might be restrained from this rough tongue

snaking up from my peasant heart.  
Yea, though I talk through the valley  
of the Great Vowel Shift, I fear no

suprasegmentals. Thy virgules  
and thy stress marks, they comfort me.  
Though I've always licked words

the wrong way and left teeth marks  
in their too-soft flesh, thou art patient.  
Thou leadest me safely past the landmine

at the beginning of psalm. Thou  
makest me a table in the presence  
of diphthongs and diacritics. Thou

greaseth my tongue with lateral  
approximants and trills. Surely,  
eloquence and clarity shall follow me

all the days of my life, and hard words  
will dwell tenderly in this mouth forever.



## Spurious Entry

*"Ghost words" are usually the product of misreadings or of printers' errors in previous editions of the dictionary, or simply misbegotten words that have otherwise achieved some spurious existence.*

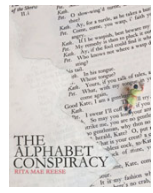
I am the ghost word of my father  
in my mother's life. In the mirror, I  
see my illegitimate sisters and brothers:

*suffarraneous* (from *sub* and *grain*) means  
a servant who gets his crumbs from the  
chief servant who takes his portion from his master's;

from *gest-rope*, I twist *geist-rope*, a braid of spirits  
for my tail; and make *sangrail*—both the Grail  
and pages torn from the book about it—

my bed, my sanguine nest. Though  
the etymology of the verb is uncertain,  
not one of the entries for *rape* is spurious.

My mother dropped the charges.



## Who Will Give My Father a Needle, a Mouse, a Cat, and a Bird?

*from a verbal test to determine differences in regional pronunciation*

I will. I will give him this needle,  
slipped from its red plastic disk,  
its tiny eye waiting. He will give me  
dark thread which I'll unspool

like the thinnest shadow. I will  
give my father a mouse, cut neatly  
from the bright illustrated pages  
she sleepwalks through. I will give

my father the mouse whose nest  
is wrecked, the mouse holding  
its own tail in perfect anxiety,  
the mouse with its four blind newborns

—tiny naked thumbs—sleeping  
fatherless in my house.  
I will give my father a cat  
for the mice to toy with.

I will give him this bird trapped in a doorway,  
a feathered heart with pulsing eyes.  
He will give me these hands, my perfect empty nests.



## For Western Violence and Brief Sensuality: A Rondeau

Riding up and down Monument Valley, the Searchers are led by John Wayne  
a man dragging a hollow past behind his horse over the same  
stretch of sand. His outrage, rising up like red sandstone, towers over  
him, the ex-Confederate who didn't surrender. His brother  
and the coveted wife slain, the homestead burnt, the girls stolen—

the outlaw can't just walk away. We hold hands, watching men inflamed  
deciding what is civilized and destroying what isn't. The question  
is now the niece. We watch the horses going nowhere, feel their  
sweet exhaustion from riding up and down Monument Valley.

My head on your chest, I listen to the horses' hooves. My brain  
races ahead, night after night, leading the horses to water, thin  
streams in dust. Aren't we the fools, and worse, two women wanting to deliver  
some innocent, some prairie damsel, from the savage heart? And neither  
of us captives. Your body and mine are short trips really, with beautiful terrain.  
Who's to say how long we'll last riding up and down Monument Valley?



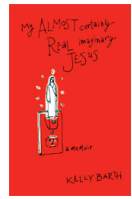
## Womanless

*a headword in Webster's Tenth New Collegiate Dictionary for which there is no entry*

Like God, like Adam at first:  
Dull, until they brought their looking-glass  
Into the strange arena of the Garden  
And took turns in front of her.  
And then God could feel the fruit  
Hitting the ground and rotting  
Even as he felt it ripen. It was only

Her mouth, her teeth, which could sever  
The awful link. What had He done?  
And what about me? When I look in a mirror,  
I see the parts of a woman; but if womanless  
Can include me, then womanless like me too,  
For a few months here—not in paradise of course,  
But close enough—until you. Then nothing was close

Enough. With you I unearth myself and find  
Not some wholesome first being latching names  
Onto things nor even his supporting actress,  
But a long smooth case for a reptilian heart  
And an unapologetic forked tongue  
Licking at the disappearing line between  
What I won't do and what I will.

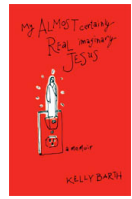


With the hope of eternal life, fundamentalists aren't supposed to suffer from depression. Mine sort of snuck up on me. When former Bible Church friends Dolores and Joe Hyde offered me a job as a technical writer in his sanitary sewer rehabilitation firm, I thought, *that's what I need, a change of location.*

After weeks of looking for a place to live in Lawrence, Kansas, I finally found the perfect hovel for my growing spiritual disarray. If a cave had been good enough for John the Baptist, this tiny apartment should be good enough for me. Again, I fell victim to the small, the affordable, the unimaginative, the familiar. The apartment had one small window, a sliding glass door looking out onto a balcony with a dead pigeon being eviscerated by maggots, and a thin metal railing about to rust through. Someone had gone to the trouble to change the wooden lettering on the old brick sign in the complex lawn from University Terrace to University Terror. "That happens a lot," the very pregnant manager's wife said. She squinted at me as she handed me the key, as though unaccustomed to light.

Though the refrigerator freezer and oven didn't work, at least I had intact plumbing and an HVAC system, even though it spewed fine grit from the main duct each time it kicked on. A previous tenant had left thick bamboo shades that I couldn't figure how to open. The blinds always came shattering back down, heavy, brown, and foreign. Inside my apartment, it was always midnight. Depression muted the anger needed to tear them from the window or to pry down the five randomly arranged painted mirror tiles someone had glued to the wall beside the front door. Every day as I left for work, I could see only bits and pieces of myself coming down the hallway in the various mirrors. "You are not yet whole, but broken," Colleen weekly reminded me. Only the Lord could put me together again, she said. Imaginary Jesus must not have been the Lord. He didn't seem to like Colleen and remained thin-lipped about Living Waters. But he remained respectfully silent for a time. I took my crushing unhappiness as a sign that I needed to work harder at becoming heterosexual. I didn't want to feel good until I should. Living Waters thrived on unhappy gay people.

The lion's share of each small group session we devoted to confession. In my group, a librarian with a little gold cross pinned to her turtleneck owned up to joining a weekly knitting class to be close to a coworker. "I'm no good at knitting," she said. "It took me weeks to learn to even cast on, but I get to sit right next to her. Isn't that sick?" We'd been told not to offer pat consolations like "that's okay," which I wanted to say to this woman. How many times had I done something like it. But, then again, perhaps that was why I was in the shape I was; I thought bad little things were harmless. Colleen said that if the person's conscience had been bothered her enough to confess a behavior then it wasn't okay. Unable to come up with anything more tangible, I confessed an over-attachment to *thirtysomething* reruns. "I know I need to make more friends," I said. "But right now, this is easier." At the Kool-Aid and cookie table after one meeting, a not-unattractive woman tried to strike up a conversation. I couldn't participate. I had practiced asexuality for so long, it took me a while to recognize its opposite. For people like this woman who had already admitted that the ex-gay thing wasn't working, Living Waters was a meat market.



One week Colleen assigned the lesbian half of the room the task of building friendships with straight women so that we could fill up on our same-sex deficit in a healthy way. I couldn't have looked for meaningful heterosexual female companionship at Hyde & Associates, even if I wanted to. I spent most of my waking hours there, but I worked with eleven men. The nubile secretary had gotten herself fired for being too assertive within a week of my starting. Instead of hiring another woman as I hoped he would, Joe trained me to do both my own job and hers. When Joe wasn't looking, my coworkers played together, throwing their keys over exposed ceiling beams and holding the methane gas-detecting wand near each other's buttocks. At lunch, they brought back boxes of fried chicken gizzards from the gas station up the street and played Hearts with a greasy deck. I ate a sandwich and carrot sticks at my desk while I watched the phone.

When I wasn't answering the phone or processing job receipts or producing invoices, all the things the secretary used to do back then, I immersed myself in sanitary sewers. I edited Joe's technical papers about the nation's decaying sanitary sewer infrastructure. I wrote the computer manual for Pipedream, the aptly named buggy computer modeling software Hyde & Associates offered along with their services to a county or municipality. Also, I organized the company's slide library of sanitary sewer degradation, including many dramatic shots of "pissers," or streams of sewer water shooting from a surcharging manhole. And, when I had absolutely nothing else to do, I went to the company conference room, closed the blinds, turned off all the lights, and watched videos taken by cameras fastened aboard tiny tractors that crawled through sewer pipes. While I watched, I made notations of the following problems: root intrusion, grease accumulation (near fast food establishments), cracks, crumbling, or dents. I also indicated in which quadrant of the pipe I had noted the defect and where on the videotape that defect could be viewed. Moving briefly across the screen and then off again would be stubborn clots of toilet paper, hung-up tampons, and albino cockroaches. Most problem pipes looked beyond repair.

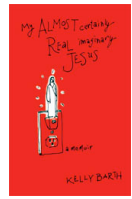
That's the thing about sanitary sewers; you can't just dig a little hole, do a little patching, and call it good. Great gaping trenches have to be dug, pipes removed and replaced, and the soil replaced and reseeded before anyone will be able to stop thinking about sanitary sewers in a neighborhood again. No one thinks about sewers until they stop working.

Watching sewer footage usually reminded me I hadn't done my Living Waters homework. It had become so pointless and degrading that I put it off until the last possible minute. At my performance review, my boss suggested I find a local church fellowship to improve my attitude. My exposed unhappiness was an eyesore.

One Tuesday at Living Waters, we pushed all the chairs out of the way so people could safely collapse as they gave up their same-sex lovers during healing prayer time. After she found out why I was sitting bolt upright, Colleen said the fact that I was the only person in the room with no one to give up was something to be proud of rather than ashamed of. "Remember," she said, "acting on homosexual feelings is far worse than simply having them."

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In our large group session after healing time, she issued a warning about a new book. “I need to tell you about a book based on the false claim that some animals are homosexuals,” she said.

“God does not make homosexuals. Just look in your backyard. There are boy robins and girl robins, boy rabbits and girl rabbits. Clearly, this is junk science. This man obviously jumped to conclusions about behavior he didn’t understand.” As an antidote to this book, Colleen gave us handouts of a newspaper article that said research proved homosexuals could become the heterosexuals they were intended to be if they were “highly motivated to do so.” It took several months for my name to come to the top of the long list of people waiting to check out a copy of this forbidden book at the Lawrence Public Library. As much as I tried not to, I found it compelling, especially the passage about female grizzly bears that formed pair bonds for cooperative child rearing.