# After Astra: Image Sheet

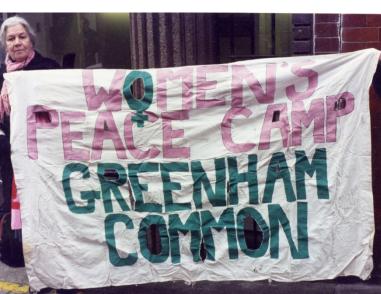
## Captions:

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- 1. Astra Blaug, Demanding Better State Pensions, date unknown. ©the artist, courtesy Feminist Library
- 2. Astra Blaug, Green Glasses and Reflections, date unknown. ©the artist, courtesy Feminist Library
- 3. Astra Blaug, Women's Peace Camp Greenham Common, date unknown. ©the artist, courtesy Feminist Library
- 4. Astra Blaug, Astra's Typewriter, date unknown. ©the artist, courtesy Feminist Library
- 5-7. Astra Blaug, Untitled Ceramic Form, date unknown. ©the artist, courtesy Feminist Library



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### **Poems**

#### terminus

we are scraping bottom these days and it hurts

the slimy sand inside us builds no pearls

instead stoned and bones erupt chipped on every edge top strip our shadows clip our wits

we are scraping bare boards and our skin is thin: this is the end of our line

### questions

infant witnesses attest to concussion contusion scar tissue miscarriage and daily fear that family life's facade conceals as bullying with tongue and fist dominates them and their mothers

where are our charts of action our codes of conduct our campaigns of underground inteligence our hideaways and escape routes and most of all our warriors to expose the conspiracy of control by the fathers of the mothers and the infant witnesses?

where are our vigilantes to oust the fathers who menace the mothers and the infant witnesses? why do we dally at drawing links
marking converts to
our insights our experiences our lives?
are we too well bred
to tread on the fathers
who trample the mothers
and the infant witnesses?

we defend to the death our children but not ourselves yet without us the infant witnesses die too attesting to too little too late

is it for this
we bring forth flesh
from our flesh?

Both from Battle Cries, 1981

Haven she hankered after country life though there she could have been more scarred by her imagined foes her memories of her absent husband her fears for me had she fled her city

I'd have been more exposed to her moods and tempers in a village or a town

the city was a haven for the likes of her and me with its possibilities and distractions to relieve the melancholy which even our companionship

could not quell

From Back You Come, Mother Dear, 1986