



From After-Dinner Saints

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Weidenhammer prend des idéologies et des symboles chrétiens traditionnels et les juxtapose à des signes du quotidien. Ses martyres, soeurs et saintes sont brusques et pleines d'esprit et perturbent les attentes et les subtilités sociales de la société moderne. Dans ce gentil exposé de la victimisation des femmes, les corps sont indestructibles, chantant, riant et transmutant la douleur et la persécution en rameaux de lavande fraîche.

The Nun with the Caffeine Habit

She was a habitué of the best cafés
creating clandestine havoc in her caffeine habit,
trying to blend in with the surroundings,
but always leading herself astray.
A statuesque reminder that sainthood is
bittersweet, and
foamy, foamy, foamy.
Hiding her gluttony,
embarrassed at having to have her way
with café au lait.
Ah, yes, the famous cappuccino nuns
whatever became of their full bodied flavour,
were they too burned at the stake
or dry roasted until dawn?



Martyr for Mother's Milk

Gertrude liked to bare her breasts at every occasion. Sometimes she revealed her breasts slyly, as at a champagne brunch, nonchalantly comparing her breast to a glass. Sometimes in an angry huff she would argue and snap, then with a flourish, plunk her pap on the table as if to punctuate an acid remark. Her opponent would usually be struck speechless, and the topic of discussion would abruptly shift.

The nuns who brought her up did not approve of her habit of papal exhibitionism. Many times during her pubescent education they reprimanded her for flaunting her nubile stumps.

One day in her early twenties, she observed an old man, shirtless in the heat. He crossed his arms over two plump furry breasts. "They are *breasts*," she mused, "but they contain no milk. Is lactation the sole reason I am reviled for my celebratory gestures?" She covered cartons, jugs, udders and bowls in mourning. Gertrude designed a line of clothing for nursing mothers and declared a breast-feeding revolution.



Martyr for Performing Sea Life

Once a comic book celebrity,
the sea monkey queen
had dwindled into lounge-singing obscurity.
Her complexion no longer pink and fresh,
Her flesh crown sagged down into a wrinkled forehead
above false eyelashes and special contact lenses.
After all, the sea monkey can't wear glasses.
She's too glam,
singing torch songs,
remembering her old underwater flames,
the *Original Bathing Queen*.

When they drained her old home dry,
she wore a full length formal in black crêpe de chine.
The sea monkey queen coughed amber salt water phlegm,
and sang "Je ne regrette rien."