

who was on the other side of the river, a fisherman who had heard their cries for help.

The fisherman wades into the river, plucks a reed and thrusts it down the throat of the crocodile. The reptile escapes. Aunt Mavo is safe! However she is hurt very hurt. She has lost a leg.

The community is shaken to see the fisherman bringing Aunt Mavo back to the village cradled in his arms.

“What happened? What happened?”

“She was attacked by a crocodile,” the fisherman answers patiently.

The news quickly spreads through the village, and reaches the ears of Guitumbo, who is still drinking *Khabanga* in the shadow of the cashew tree. When he hears the bad news, he runs to his wife. He cannot believe what he sees and he cries. But it’s too late, too late.

Now, nothing can be done. His wife cannot go to the river again to fetch water. He will now have to, reluctantly, do what supposedly only women can do.

Alexandre Silva Dunduro, Mozambican, has a degree in International Relation and Diplomacy. Upon graduation, he started working as consultant on energy and extractive industries in Mozambique before becoming a social activist in a youth social movement in Mozambique. He is also a writer and this year, 2015, in March, he published his first book.

KAY R. EGINTON

Little Cat’s Feet

Big white shoes and little cat’s feet
The answer to everyone’s prayer
Expertise and beauty both desired.
My clinical-looking shoes

And poet’s habits
Combine in healing unison,
“Chime in: Chime in:”.
June, after long winter, brings

Bountiful babies, good health
Maybe. As Wordsworth had it
In “To the Small Celandine”
A spring flower, modest and growing.

Kay R. Eginton is the author of Poems (Penfield Press, 1981). She lives in Iowa City, Iowa.

JOANNA M. WESTON

The Reporter

she found me
wandering the graveyard

she beckoned me from a headstone
with name and dates inscribed
gave no hint of why
she wanted my company
but we sat, her toothless
jaw clacking in the wind

fleshless arms
and finger bones flailed
her manner of death

slow with attendant family
against a background
of coal mines charity soups
squalling kids racking cough
clattering pails
and eighteenth century
masculine morality

while I made notes
for the article
I would never write

Joanna M. Weston’s new collection of poetry, A Bedroom of Searchlights, is forthcoming from Inanna Publications in spring 2016. Her middle-reader, Those Blue Shoes was published by Clarity House Press. Frontenac House of Calgary published her poetry collection, A Summer Father. She has also published an e-book; The Willow Tree Girl can be found at www.1960willowtree.wordpress.com. She is married with two cats, multiple spiders, a herd of deer, and two derelict hen-houses.