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Cameroon

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Cameroon

The word is enough. She guides us in the enunciation learned from a semester of watching

their mouths mold around the syllables. She wears their clothes with ease,

drums their instruments between her knees and touching each part, names the animals skin used.

It must have changed something in her, I watch her hands in the photos I peel apart,

I watch her stitch clothes for the natives, cradle their brown generations

in the cupping white of her palms, and in the frame frozen with blood,

when she sliced into *la poule*, clotted feathers falling to her shoes, the pictures didn't

show the later skinning, the plucking of meat from bones that evening,

crouched low on aching heels, exulting in the kill, lives widening into others

through death, necessary. As needed as the chickens my grandmother would ring life from, baring her hands in the heavy Indiana heat, my mother in pigtails tucked

behind her ears, feet tucked into the bottom rung of the gate. Granddad was dead line break

and uncle was due anyday now, and in the moment the chicken's head came off in grandmother's fist, my mother

understood. She didn't cry; she was hungry. She ate the chicken grandmother served

with red-crusted fingernails that night, she ate for her mother and her future baby brother, she learned

to eat like visitors in a starving country relearn what food is on their knees, bringing

the animal down themselves, clumsy and careful in their hunger.

-Mary Ann T. Davis '01