

March 2001.... The Zambezi

By night the flood,

Ivory in allegiance.

Watching her moon mother.

A misty voice with smiling lips sings

Beetle bells, I come, I run.

Do village lovers hear the cry

A bird in water.

Large. Leaves fall loose.

Knifed.

A priestly crocodile swims to sweet flesh.

It could have been a fire

Beetle bells the water sang

Hear a dark river

Demand an appalling hymn.

O, Moçambique, O, Moçambique