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WOMEN'S STUDIES

The Centre for Women's Studies and Feminist Research, The University of Western Ontario, (<http://www.uwo.ca/womens/>) invites applications for a Limited Term appointment of up to three years at the rank of Assistant Professor (Ph.D. completed) or Lecturer, to begin July 1, 2003. Experience and promise in teaching and research in Women's Studies are minimum qualifications. Candidates should be familiar with interdisciplinary studies. Experience with academic counselling would be an asset. Since the position will involve extensive networking with other academic units, excellent interpersonal skills required. The position is subject to budgetary approval. All qualified candidates are encouraged to apply; however, Canadian citizens and Permanent Residents will be given priority. The University of Western Ontario is committed to employment equity and welcomes applications from all qualified women and men, including visible minorities, aboriginal people, and persons with disabilities. Send letter of application with curriculum vitae and copies of transcripts, a writing sample, and three letters of reference to Dr. Alison M. Lee, Director, Centre for Women's Studies and Feminist Research, The University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario N6A 3K7 Canada. Applications must be received by 15 May 2003.

THERESA MOORE

A Daughter's Visit

I've brought you pudding again. Chocolate fudge this time.

Finding you as I'd left you—slumped in the blue haze of a blaring television and the meagre rays of a north-facing bread-box window. Your only companion an English Ivy barely clinging to life.

Your grey stubble cracks with a crooked grin of recognition. Revealing dentures studded with the remains of some forgotten meal. You peer intently through cloudy lenses as I peel back the foil, slip a tiny silver spoon into sticky sweetness.

As you grip the cup with long shaky fingers I fall silent. Not daring to distract you. To chance another choking episode. You scrape and slurp. I watch and listen. Are your clothes getting looser? Is that a new bruise blooming beneath your plaid cuff? Do I detect a faint gurgle—the protest of lungs against foreign invasion? Wondering again what you would have wanted—to move to a better, brighter place or stay in this grim familiar one that you chose so long ago. Round and round you go, circling

the plastic cup, first with your spoon, then with your tongue. Until you're satisfied that nothing is left.

I pull out some photographs, tell you the latest tale of the warring squirrels at our feeder. Carefully steering a course that won't expose your losses. On good days you might rally with a whole sentence. Manage something more than *Holy Smokes!* or *Gee Willakers!* Even remember that I'm not just a kind-hearted stranger. But not today.

When I can't think of another thing to say, we sit in mute solidarity. Then, a kiss goodbye and, just in case, I ask what you'd like me to bring next time. Your head tilts in thought. I wait. Finally, you fix me with watery eyes and say *Just yourself just yourself.*

Theresa Moore won the Scarborough Arts Council's national poetry contest. She uses poetry when teaching nursing and therapeutic touch.