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For the Fallen Especially Marguerité & Pepe

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**FOR THE FALLEN ESPECIALLY
MARGUERITE & PEPE**

It is a struggle
but not like yours Chelito, not like yours
where precious breath escapes from "La Oscura" the dark place
where roadblocks squeeze life adding years
or taking on a whim, where Candelaria is a grave of lifeless living
where the thought "we might be next" flits from soul to soul
as you cling to your womans breast on your broken down bed her
 hands
soft on your rump your children whimpering in sleep on the far side
of the tiny room
how you love your woman your campesina & she you & you your
 children, your
children you
it is all you have "we might be next" cling tighter campesino cling
 tighter
yes, it is a struggle Chelito, it is a struggle
but not like yours;
in my coca-cola get whatcha can it's cool society, i can hide behind my
 door,
behind the wall, even prison walls where the daggers sting goes
 unnoticed
where i write my trash, my prison poems claiming SOLIDARITY
 with the CAUSE
What do i know Chelito, i do not feel what is behind your eyes nor
 smell your
blood upon my sheets
i am a fool Chelito, i cannot taste the stench of your brothers terror in
 my
food
romantic fool i only think of you down there, down in Salvador
what dreams have you seen Chelito
in the streets of your sandstone village with
your eyes bleeding black sand down
empty wells

blood painting visions, flies dancing in your mouth dancing
upon your bloated belly
what dreams have you seen Chelito
whisper *libertad* scream *LIBERTAD* tell me
tell me *libertad paz libertad*
so i can stand fearless
while your face
twirls
transparent in the sun around
the point
of the soldiers
blade.