

El Salvador

They call him “the savior”
it rolls off the tongue
like a raindrop on wicker.

Native son of Nazareth
reopens the wound
cuts into the flesh
skins the scars.

Feel it deep in the *huesos*
the coagulating blood
splattering the izote, *dictadura*.

Do you hear the warplanes coming?

Does it chill the veins?

Echoes of memory
stirs the grief
haunts *la madre patria*.

Hear the cries,
dictadura.

Gauze the wounds,
dictadura.

Pay the price of power,
dictadura.

Eres el salvador,
qué no?