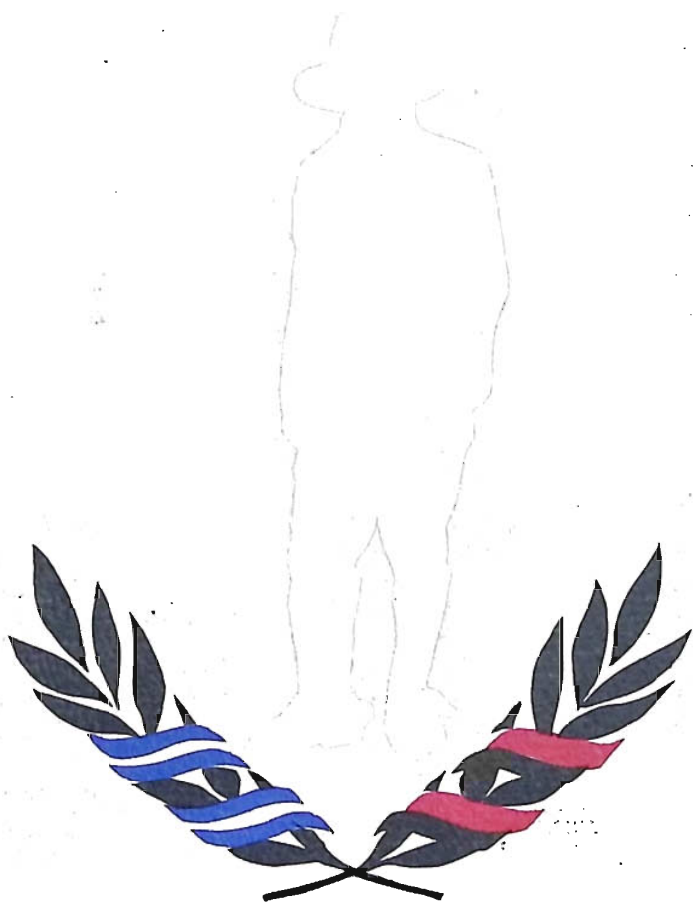


1984: At 50 Years...Sandino Lives



Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary
of the death of
General Augusto C. Sandino

Poetry Reading
of
Ernesto Cardenal

NICARAGUAN CANTO

To the FSLN

One suddenly comes on the camp, beneath mahogany
and ceiba trees: huts, with fireplaces, and earthenware
jars, stones to grind corn, beds of rawhide, strips
of salted meat, a carbide lamp in front of a St. Anthony,
calabashes closed with corncob stoppers, a young child crying
in a sisal hammock with bright-colored tassels,
the sounds of a victrola, and a guitar,
Sandino reading Don Quixote, in the open air, by firelight.

The camp remote as any quetzal's nest.

Now Sandino is back on the Chipote once again, muchachos.

Once more attacking Telpaneca in the night.

Pedron once more down by the Coco

unless he's near Boaco.

Again the peasants leave cornstalks unsnapped

black kidney beans unthreshed

to join Sandino and besiege the mines rout the Marines

set fire to Standard Fruit Co. offices.

A misty night without a moon: one

hundred and forty Sandinistas take the sentries by surprise...

Or Sandinistas lying in evening ambush on the track

down which Marines will come:

Miguel Angel Orteza looms up in the night

black-trousered with a head of long fair hair

rifles machetes 2 old-style Lewis guns and shouts of

VIVA SANDINO! (between shots and PATRIA LIBRE O

MORIR!

The mist dissolves, no Sandinistas there...

One evening when the Marines were just about to enter a pine
forest

(and they did hear the throb of a guitar through trees)...

A sudden challenge in San Rafael del Norte from the guard post:

"Halt, who does there?"

"Friend! Long Live Nicaragua!"

"Advance and give the password friend!"

"Thou shalt not sell thy country!"

Pedron joins forces with Ortez again to fall on Jinotega
Pedron going from village to village once again to say "Don't use
your vote!" After one ambush the Marines could hear good-byes
mules trotting carts that clattered off into the night
but Lee fell wounded...

Soon: campesinos running great co-operatives

the campaign against illiteracy

and youngsters from Muy-Muy will get their ballet school
theatres in Tecolostote, in Telpaneca. How clear the vision
of a land where exploitation
is abolished!

The country's wealth shared equally
the total G.N.P. an equal share for all.

Nicaragua without the National Guard, the new day bekons!
A country without fear, with no dynastic tyranny. Sing loud,
zante sound your bugle call.

No beggars no prostitution no politicians
It's clear there can't be freedom so long as some are rich
as long as some are free to exploit others, free
to steal from others

so long as there are class divisions there's no freedom.

We were born neither to serve our fellows
nor to hire them

but rather to be brothers
each born to be a brother to the others.

Capitalism: men buying/selling men what else?

What kind of journey brothers can we take

hile some still travel First and others Third?

There is nickel waiting for New Man

mahogany waiting for New Man

thoroughbred herds waiting for New Man

the only thing still lacking is: New Man.

Come companeros
tear down the barbed-wire fences.
Break with the past. Because the past was never ours!
...those who'd still live off brothels.
As that girl said, in Cuba: "The Revolution
is above all else a matter of love."

I'd like to see bilboards by the roadside here:

Your worth lies not in what you take
from others but in what you give

- 2 a.m.: San Rafael del Norte, thickening mist,
Sandino going to the church with six companions
to marry Blanca. He with pistol riding-boots red neckerchief.
Blanca in white, with veil, and coffee blossom garland.
The groom went back into the hills through mist and coffee plants
in flower.

Those were the days when people sang
The buzzard is already dead
they take him to his grave

Each tree, each bush, each rock could suddenly
turn out to be a Sandinista sniper.

(Hunger isn't just a matter of tortillas and black beans
although it's also a matter of tortillas and black beans.)
And a poster saying

that those who died for the people
are gloriously risen in the people.

What does the "throat-cut-bird" proclaim, or the Just Judge,
perched on the barbed-wire fences? A new dawn
and new production contracts.

From each according to his ability
to each according to his needs.

A system which understands and meets the needs of life
production determined by the needs. Example:
clothes made not in order to make money, damn it,
but in order to clothe people.

And all luxury homes will be expropriated
all those incapable of work
shall have their needs met by the state
(The Tupamaro Program)

words of the Popul Vuh: "Let all the people rise!"
There's so much corn to plant so many kids to teach
so many sick to cure and so much love
to give and so much song. I sing
a country waiting to be born. The lake part blue,
and partly silver partly gold. A flight of herons
in the sky

"in truth it flows with milk and honey" (said the explorers)
and Jeremiah later: "Tell it to the islands
and in the dance teenagers shall rejoice"
Our own New Men.
Our own New Men are all we lack.

("Ye shall enter the Promised Land but yet not all
shall enter")

Communism or the Kingdom of God on Earth which is the same.
General Genie's "interrogation" chambers shall become
rooms where little girls may play with dolls
and small boys with Pinocchio
tanks turn into tractors
and police vans into high school buses
and the machine will then be man's best friend.

General of The-Free-Men

the little ants will come to tell you in your grave!
What days those days when boys shall have Pinocchio
(and when my dream comes true there'll be no rich)!
Let's go and write this slogan on the walls

LIFE IS SUBVERSIVE

or else

LOVE IS THE AGITATOR

or the last words of Leonel Rugama (guerrillero) to the Guard
SURRENDER? ME? UP YOURS!

or write these lines by Pasos on the walls

Go home, go home, go home,
Yankee, go home, go home!

When a curre calls on a dry pole that means drought
but when he calls on a green one rain is near.
Tear down those fences and
Let all the people rise, even the dead.

ZERO HOUR

There was a Nicaraguan abroad,
a "Nica" from Niquinohomo,
working for the Huasteca Petroleum Co. of Tampico.
And he had five thousand dollars saved up.
And he wasn't a soldier or a politician.
And he took three thousand of the five thousand dollars
and went off to Nicaragua to join Moncada's revolution.
But by the time he arrived, Moncada was laying down his arms.
He spent three days miserable in the Peoples Hill.
Miserable, not knowing what to do.

And he wasn't a politician or a soldier.
He thought and thought and he finally said to himself:
"Somebody's got to do it."
And then he issued his first proclamation.

General Moncada sends a wire to the Americans:
ALL MY MEN AGREE TO SURRENDER EXCEPT ONE.
Mr. Stimson sends him an ultimatum.
"The people thanks you for nothing..."
is Moncada's message to the hold-out.
He assembles his men in El Chipote:
29 men (and with him, 30) against the U.S.A.
EXCEPT ONE.

("One from Niquinohomo...")
And with him, 30!
"Anyone who sets out to be a savior winds up on the Cross,"
says Moncada in another message.
Because Moncada and Sandino were neighbors:
Moncada from Masatepe and Sandino from Niquinohomo.
And Sandino replies to Moncada:
"Death is quite unimportant."

And to Stimson: "I have faith in the courage of
my men..."

And to Stimson, after the first defeat:
"Anybody that thinks we're defeated
doesn't know my men."

And he wasn't a soldier or a politician.
And his men:

many of them were kids,
with palm-leaf hats and sandals
or barefoot, with machetes, old men
with white beards, twelve-year-old with their rifles,
whites, inscrutable Indians, and blonds, and kinky-haired blacks
with tattered pants and with no provisions,
their pants in shreds,
parading in Indians file with the flag up front -
a rag hoisted on a branch from the woods -
silent beneath the rain, and weary,
their sandals sloshing in the puddles of the town
LONG LIVE SANDINO!

and they came down from the mountain and they went
back up to the mountain,
marching, sloshing, with the flag up front.

A barefoot or sandaled army with almost no weapons
that had neither discipline no disorder
where neither officers nor troops got any pay
but nobody was forced to fight:
and they had different military ranks
but they were all equal,
everybody getting the same food
and clothing, the same ration for everybody.

And the officers had no aides:
more like a community than an army
and more united by love than by military discipline
even though there has never been greater unity in an army.
A happy army, with guitars and hugs.
A love song was its battle hymn:

"If Adelita went off with another guy
I'd go after her by land and by sea.
If by sea on an armored cruiser
And if by land on an armored train."

"We all greet each other with hugs,"
Sandino used to say - and nobody hugged like him.
And whenever they talked about themselves they'd
say "all":

"All of us..." "We're all equal."
"Here we're all brothers," Umanzor used to say.
And they were all united until they were all killed.
Fighting against airplanes with hayseed troops,
with no pay except food and clothing and arms,
and hoarding each bullet as though it were made of gold:
with mortars made out of pipes
and with bombs made out of rocks and pieces of glass,
stuffed with dynamite from the mines and wrapped in hides:
with hand grenades made of sardine cans.

"He's a bandido," Somoza used to say, "a bandolero."
And Sandino never owned any property.

Which, translated, means:

it was Somoza calling Sandino an outlaw.

And Sandino never owned any property.

And at banquets Moncada called him a bandit

and up in the mountains Sandino had no salt

and his men shivering with cold in the mountains,

and he mortgaged his father-in-law's house

in order to free Nicaragua, while in the

Presidential Mansion

Moncada had Nicaragua mortgaged.

"Of course he isn't one," said the American Minister
laughing, "but we call him a bandit technically."

What's that light way off there? Is it a star?

It's Sandino's light shining in the black mountain.

There they are, he and his men, beside the red bonfire

with rifles slung and wrapped in their blankets,

smoking or singing sad songs from the North,

the men motionless and their shadows in motion.

His face was as vague as that of a ghost,
remote because of his brooding and thinking
and serious because of the campaigns and the wind
and the rain.

And Sandino had the face not of a soldier
but of a poet changed into a soldier through necessity,
and of a nervous man controlled by serenity.

There were two faces superimposed on his face:
a countenance somber and yet radiant;
sad as a mountain evening
and joyful as a mountain morning.

In the light his face became young again,
and in the shadow it filled with weariness.
And Sandino wasn't intelligent or cultured.
But he turned out to have mountain intelligence.
"In the mountain everything is a teacher,"

Sandino used to say
(dreaming of Segovias filled with schools)
and he got messages from all the mountains
and it seemed as if every cabin was spying for him
(where foreigners were like brothers,
all foreigners, even the Americans)

"even the Yankees..."

And: "God will speak through the Segovians..."
he would say.

"I never thought I'd come out of this war alive
but I've always believed it was a necessary war..."

And: "Do they think I'm going to turn into a big
landowner?"

It's midnight in the Segovia Mountains.
And that light is Sandino! A light with a song...

"If Adelita went off with another guy."

But nations have their destiny.
And Sandino never became president.
It was Sandino's murderer who became president
and he was president for 20 years!

"If Adelita went off with another guy
I'd go after her by land and by sea."

The truce was signed. They loaded the arms onto wagons.
Blunderbusses held together with hemp rope, scaly rifles
and a few old machine guns.
And the wagons came down through the mountains.

"If by sea on an armored cruiser
And if by land on an armored train."

A telegram from the American Minister (Mr. Lane)
to the Secretary of State, sent in Managua
on the 14th of February 1934 at 6:05 p.m.
and received in Washington at 8:50 p.m.

"Informed by official sources
that the plane could not land in Wiwili
and that Sandino's arrival is therefore delayed..."

The telegram of the American Minister (Mr. Lane)
to the Secretary of State on the 16th of February
announcing Sandino's arrival in Managua
Not Printed
was not printed in the State Dept. memorandum.

Like the otter that came out of the thicket
onto the highway and is surrounded by dogs
and stands still facing the hunters
because it knows it has nowhere to go...

"I talked with Sandino for half an hour,"
said Somoza to the American Minister,
"but I can't tell you what he talked about
because I don't know what he talked about
because I don't know what he talked about."

"And so, you see, I'll never own any property"...
And "It is un-con-sti-tu-tion-al," Sandino would say.
"The National Guard is unconstitutional."
"An insult!" said Somoza to the American Minister
on the twenty-first of February at 6:00 p.m.
"An insult! I want to stop Sandino."

Four prisoners are digging a hold.
"Who's dead?" asked one prisoner.
"Nobody," said the guard.
"Then what's the hold for?"
"None of your business," said the guard, "Go on digging."

The American Minister is having lunch with Moncada.
"Will you have coffee, sir?"
Moncada sits looking out the window.
"Will you have coffee, sir?"
It's very good coffee, sir."
"What?" Moncada looks away from the window
toward the servant "Oh, yes, I'll have coffee."
And he laughed, "Certainly."

In a barracks five men are in a locked room
with guards at the doors and windows.
One of the men has only one arm.
The fat bemedaled officer comes in and he says
to them: "Yes."

Another man is going to have supper with the President
that night.
(the man for whom they were digging the hole)
and he tells his friends: "Let's go. It's time."
And they go up to have supper with the President of Nicaragua.

At 10:00 p.m. they drive down to Managua.
Halfway down the guards stop them.
The two oldest are taken off in one car
and the other three in another car in another direction,
to where four prisoners had been digging a hole.

"Where are we going?"
Asked the man they made the hole for.
And nobody answered him.

Then the car stopped and a guard said to them:
"Get out." The three of them got out,
and a one-armed man shouted: "Fire!"

"I was at a concert," said Somoza.
And it was true, he had been at a concert
or at a banquet or watching a dancer dance or
at some crap or other.
And at 10 o'clock that night Somoza was scared.
Suddenly out there the phone rang.
"Sandino is on the phone!"
And he was scared. One of his friends said:
"Don't be an idiot, you goddamned fool!"
Somoza said not to answer the phone.
The dancer went on dancing for the murderer.
And out there in the dark the phone went on
ringing and ringing.

By the light of a flood lamp
four guards are filling in a hole.
And by the light of a February moon.

It's the hour when the corn-mush star of Chontales
gets the little Indian girls up to make corn mush,
and out come the chickle-seller, the wood-seller,
and the root-seller,
with the banana groves still silvered by the moon,
with the cry of the coyote and the honey bee
and the hooting of the owl in the moonlight.
The pacas and the agoutis come out of their holes
and the tickbirds and the cadejos hide in theirs.

The Weeper goes weeping along the river banks:
"D'you find him?" "No!" "D'you find him?" "No!"
A bird cackles like the creaking of a tree,
then the ravine is hushed as if listening to something,
and suddenly a scream... The bird utters
the same sad word, the same sad word.
The ranch hands begin to herd their cows:
Tooo-to-to-to; Tooo-to-to-to; Tooo-to-to-to;
the boatmen hoist the sails of their boats;
the telegraph clerk in San Rafael del Norte wires:
GOOD MORNING ALL IS WELL IN SAN RAFAEL DEL

NORTE

and the telegraph clerk in Juigalpa: ALL IS WELL IN JUIGALPA.
And the Tuca squaws keep coming down the Hidden River
with the ducks going quack-quack-quack, and the echoes,
the echoes, while the tugboat goes with the Tuca squaws
slithering over the green-glass river
toward the Atlantic...

And meanwhile in the drawing rooms of the Presidential Mansion
and in the prison yards and in the barracks
and in the American Legation and in the Police Station
those who kept watch that night saw one another in the ghostly dawn
with hands and face as though stained with blood.

LIGHTS

That clandestine night flight.

Running the risk of being shot down. The night serene.

The heavens filled, so filled with stars. The Milky Way
so clear beyond the thick glass of the window,
a whiteish and shimmering mass in the black night
with its millions of processes of evolutions and revolutions.
We were flying over the sea to evade the Somoza airforce,
but near the coast.

The little plane flying low, and flying slow.
First the lights of Rivas, taken and retaken by the Sandinistas
now halfway in the Sandinistas' hands.
Then other lights: Granada, in the hands of the Guard.
(it would be attacked that night).
Masaya, completely liberated. So many fell there.
Further on, a glitter: Managua. The site of so many battles.
(The Bunker). Still the bastion of the Guard.
Diriamba: liberated. Jinotepe, still fighting. So much heroism
shines in those lights. Montelimar-the pilot points it out.
The tyrant's seaside estate. Beside it Puerto Somoza.
The Milky Way above, and the lights of Nicaragua's revolution.

I seem to see further off, in the north, Sandino's campfire.

("That light is Sandino")

The stars above us, and the smallness of this earth
but the importance of it as well, of these
tiny little human lights. I think: everything is light.
The planet comes from the sun. It is light made solid.
This plane's electricity is light. The metal is light. Life's
warmth comes from the sun.
"Let there be light."

There is darkness too.

There are strange reflections - I don't know where they come from-
on the clear surface of the window.

A red luminosity: the plane's tail lights.

And reflections on the calm sea: they must be the stars.

I look at my cigarette's glow-it too comes from the sun,
from a star.

And the silhouette of a big ship. A U.S. aircraft carrier
sent to patrol the Pacific coast?

A big light at the right startles us. A jet against us?

No. The moon coming up, a halfmoon, so serene, lit by the sun.

The danger of flying on such a clear night.

And suddenly the radio. Confused words filling the little plane.

The Guard? The pilot says: "They're ours."

Those waves are ours.

Now we're near Leon, liberated territory.

An intense reddish-orange light, like the red-hot flow of
a cigar: Corinto:

the powerful dock lights shimmering on the sea.

And now the Poneloya beach, and the plane flying over land,

the coast a line of foam radiating light beneath the moon.

The plane descending. A smell of insecticide.

And Sergio says to me: "The smell of Nicaragua."

This is the most dangerous part, the enemy airforce

could be waiting for us over this airport

And finally the airport lights.

We've landed. Comrades clad in olive-green come out of the dark
to embrace us.

We feel their warm bodies, which also come from the sun,
which are also light.

It's against the darkness, this revolution.

It was the early morning of July 18. And the beginning
of everything that was to come.

THE TALE OF THE GARROBOS*

To the Association of Sandinista Children

I was in Niquinohomo and there they told me
the tale of a boy
who one August day went out to hunt garrobos;
he took his position a bit out yonder,
following the train tracks
to where he met his friend;
it was midday and the sun burned bright
and some fat garrobos were taking in the sun on
the train ties.
The boy brought down the first garrobo with his pistol.
And suddenly the train of "The Towns" came tooting along
and startled the other garrobos.
The train came filled with people, all in kaki,
it seemed they were Nicaraguan soldiers,
but when they went by the boy saw
they were yankee Marines
on their way to Jinotepe,
and the boy became furious
and said he wanted to hang them all from the train ties.
What's interesting in this tale is that this boy
later did what he wanted to do.
Just now in Niquinohomo they told me this story
when we were making a museum
of the house where this boy lived.

*Garrobos are iguana-like animals native to Nicaragua;
the boy is Sandino

FINAL OFFENSIVE

It was like a voyage to the moon
with complexity and precision in all
counting all that was planned

and also what was not.

A voyage to the moon in which the slightest mistake
could be fatal.

"Workshop here" -- "Come in, Assumption" -- Come in,
Cornfield."

"Workshop" was Leon; "Assumption," Masaya; "Cornfield," Esteli.

And the calm voice of Dora Maria, the girl from Workshop"
saying that enemy reinforcements were circling in
dangerously,

the voice "sing-song and calm.

"Workshop here. Do you read me?"

And the voice of Ruben in Esteli. The voice of Joaquin in
"Office."

"Office" was Managua.

"Office" would be out of ammunition in two more days ("Over").

Precise instructions, in code, where the landing would be made...

And Dora Maria: "We don't have the rear guard well-guarded. Over."

Serene, calm voices intermixing on the Sandinist frequency.

And there was a time when the two forces stayed

even, and the danger was growing and growing.

It was like a voyage to the moon. And with no mistakes.

So very many coordinating their work in the great project.

The moon was the earth. Our piece of the earth.

And we got there.

Now it begins, Rugama, to belong to the poor; this earth
(with its moon).

BARRICADE

It was a task for everyone.
The ones who went off without kissing their mothers
so they wouldn't know they'd left.
The boy who kissed his girlfriend for the last time.
And the girl who left her boyfriend's arms to embrace a Fal.
The one who kissed his grandmother who was like a mother to him
and said he'd come back soon, took his hat and didn't return.
The ones who served as courriers in the shady paths of the north,
or as chauffeurs in Managua, chauffeurs of guerrillas every dusk.
Those who set up meetings abroad with flags and shouts
or walked the rugs of a president's meeting room.
Those who assaulted barracks with the cry of Free Homeland or Death.
The vigilant boy on the corner of the liberated street
with a red-and-black kerchief over his face.
The children carting streetstones,
 yanking them from the streets
 the stones Somoza made and sold
and carting streetstones and streetstones
 for barricades of the people.
The women who brought coffee to the kids along the barricades.
Those who did the important jobs,
 and those who did the less important ones.
This was a task for everyone
The truth is that all of us put streetstones in the great barricade.
It was a task for everyone. It was the people united.
 And we did it.



BUSY

We're all very busy
The truth is that we're all so busy
in these difficult and jubilant days, they won't come
back
but let's never forget
we're very busy with the confiscations
so many confiscations
so many land distributions
every one taking down the street barricades
so the cars can get through
the barricades in all the neighborhoods
changing the names of the streets and neighborhoods as well
those Somocista names
digging up the murdered ones
repairing the bombarded hospitals
-- this hospital will be called such and such --
now creating the new police force
doing a count of the artists
bringing drinking water to one place or another
and still others are asking for electric light
the light the dictator had cut off
quickly quickly restoring the installations
water and light for Sandino City
-- they decided to call their neighborhood Sandino City
we're very busy, Carlos
the markets should be clean, they should be well ordered
we also have to build more markets
we're creating new parks, of course, and new laws too
right off we prohibit pornographic ads
basic grain prices well controlled
it's also time to make lots of posters
quickly, quickly we have to name new judges.
quickly repair the highways
and how beautiful, we have to design new highways
the election of local governmental councils

it's time for a million to learn how to read
you go to your cabinet meeting, you go to your union
the vaccination of children throughout the country
and right now the plans for education
the mechanical shovels cleaning up the ruins
 -- Monimbo once more with marimbas --
the fields humming with tractors
the field workers' association already organized
seeds, insecticides, fertilizers, new consciousness
and quickly, we have to plant very quickly
it's also the time for new songs
the workers have returned to their noisy
 wheels with joy
brother, they've reestablished all the urban bus routes
 -- and so many political festivals in the neighborhoods
 now they call them cultural-political events
and then too the masses they hold for the fallen companeros
 each and every day
and there's a new word in our everyday speech
 "Companero"
all this will remain for whoever wishes to see it in
 the old newspapers
in yellowing newspapers the beginning of the new history
 poetic newspapers
there in lovely headlines they'll see what I now say
of these intoxicating days that will never return
of these days when we're so busy
because the truth is that we're very busy.

THE PORK RIGOBERTO DIDN'T EAT

They told me this some time ago, one told me
who another had told who another who was
a witness had told:
and it's that Rigoberto Lopez Perez arrived at the
Central Park of Leon
September 21, 1956, in the evening
and there he saw some friends,
and bought a fried pork
and set about eating the pork with yuca in a banana
leaf,
but he barely ate anything, only some two mouthfuls,
he wasn't hungry,
and he threw the pork with yuca to the ground
with the leaf,
and saw a worker who was very drunk and a beggar,
and he said: "This is going to come to an end now."
And he went where he had to go.

VISION OF A FACE

Sun and flags,
 first the hymns,
 sun and slogans,
 signs and loudspeakers,
applause and slogans,
 sun and smiles
eyes of every color
 every tone of skin,
 every kind of hair,
each smiling mouth distinct, each nose a little different,
(eyes: light from countless colors framed in white)
long, short, straight, curly, afro hair,
young people, a fat man, a woman with a small child,
 an old wrinkled woman, little kids,
yellow pants, red blouse, white t-shirt, red, blue,
white, olive-green, black, orange, pink, yellow.
And suddenly from the stand I saw one face
with thousands of smiles and thousands of pairs of eyes,
a Face of faces, a Body of bodies,
like those newspaper photos made up of tiny dots.
 The face was still blurry but it had a kind of halo...
(A wide-rimmed hat or a beret?)
I saw that this united flesh was the victory over death.
Photographers flashing away. The people squeezing together,
 and you could see the unity of everyone,
Unity the only guarantee of Victory.

IN FRONT OF A PHOTO

Combatant of the Sandinista Front
in this photo with your pistol

aiming at the enemy

with the red and black kerchief over your face
covering yourself up to just a bit below the eyes
protected behind a wall

with your fixed stare and your weapon firmly grasped
pointing toward the enemy:

Many things happened in this battle,

we don't know which one,

many more continued to take place. Now we have won.

Now the 19th of July is past.

Many great things have happened since then,

and great things will continue to happen.

New generations will come.

But you will always be as you are, 18 years old,
behind a small wall, courageous, tense, still eternal
aiming at the enemy.

LANDING WITH EPITAPH

The great plane flies over the pinkened clouds
of dawn,

over the Atlantic, and then over the Caribbean,
always in the direction of the sun, and always
at dawn

and now the land,

the liberated mountains of Nicaragua

the recently "liberated" mountains

and always the pinkened clouds, always at dawn

and then heading down toward the airport

and now we're going to touch down

and seeing the ground up close

I think I don't know why, of the dead ones,

not all of them, but those,

our dead ones,

in the mountains, in common ditches, in a solitary tomb,

in cemeteries, on the roadsides,

near this airport, all over the national territory,

the ones with monuments, the anonymous ones without

any monument,

all made into this land, making this land more sacred,

Sandino, Carlos Fonseca, Julio Buitrago, Oscar Turcios,

Ricardo Morales Aviles, Rugama, Eduardo Contreras,

Carlos Aguero, Claudia Chamorro, Luisa Amanda Espinosa,

Luis Alfonso Velazquez, Arlen Siu, Ernesto Castillo,

Pedro Joaquín, Jose Benito Escobar, David Tejada,

Pomares, Silvio Mayorga, Rigoberto, Pablo Ubeda, Gaspar,

Chato Medrano, Donald y Elvis, Felipe Pena,

and so many more, and so many more, and so many more:

Let them enter me in this land together with you Dead

Companeros.

The wheels now only a few meters off the ground.

And a voice over the microphone should say:

Ladies and Gentlemen

the ground we're about to touch is very sacred.

...The wheels have just landed, passengers,

on a great tomb of martyrs.

These poems were read in commemoration
of the death of
General Augusto C. Sandino.
They are being reprinted
to raise material aid for the
Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional (FSLN)
and the Nicaraguan people.

SOLIDARITY WITH THE NICARAGUAN REVOLUTION
AND THE FSLN!
STOP US INTERVENTION!
SUPPORT THE NATIONAL LIBERATION STRUGGLES!

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