

EPITAPH FOR SALVADOR ALLENDE

they buried you quickly  
and said suicide  
but all the world knows  
the generals lied  
afraid to admit  
that the price  
was not suicide  
but blood sacrifice.

Mary Mackey

LAMENT FOR CHILE AFTER THE COUP, SEPTEMBER 1973

(song)

A great cry rises from the third corner of the world:  
Chile!

Allende

Allende

Allende

We who hoped now grieve behind bars  
We who feared now weep behind locked doors  
We who scorned and cursed and loved  
now clean our rifles and gather  
in the secret rubble of the cities and the towns

We will fight  
Massacres of the poor  
Butcheries of the children  
Assassinations of refugees  
And silencing the press

We will fight  
You who buy power  
From you who sell power  
With joy  
With joy  
With terrible bloody joy!

You bourgeois wives with your copper pots  
Beware the women who must fill them  
You bourgeois husbands with your fancy trucks

Beware the men who must load them  
You fascist troops with your green beret grins  
Beware the guerrillas who stalk you!

Your whitewash on our buildings  
Cannot whitewash the sight  
    of the shaved heads of our comrades  
    of bulldozed unmarked graves for numberless newly dead  
    of river waters hidden by corpses tumbling by  
Or erase from our hearts and minds the words of battle!

A great cry swells from the third corner of the world:  
Chile!

Allende  
Allende  
Allende

And a great shout goes up from all who build and dig and grow:  
Where one leader falls  
Ten will rise  
Where ten men fall  
Thousands will rise  
Chile!

With our hammers and hoes and sticks we will  
With our fists and with our guns we will  
    Avenge you  
    Avenge you  
    Avenge you

Chile!

POR LA PATRIA Y LA REVOLUCION!

Jacqueline D. Tunberg

#### LAMENT FOR PABLO NERUDA

We may well ask now: "Where are the lilacs?" Yes...  
And where now are "the metaphysics covered with poppies?"

There are vertical streets in Chile that end in the mankilling sea.  
Up these the salt is climbing like a mineral snake on the stairs  
Made from the bones of dead men. There are dead men too in the plaza,  
Under the salt of the moon where traitorous generals sit  
Sipping the wine of silence and crossing out names on a page...

You have seen the dead in the square, Neruda, and you have known  
Those wounded lands where the poor are dying against the walls  
In the shadow of Administrations, in the shadow of Law, in the hollow  
Ministries where workers are murdered by the mere echoes of money  
And miners are abandoned in the black galleries.

But hope is not lost  
For you also saw the International Brigade as it entered Madrid:  
"The thin and hard and ripe and ardent brigade of stone."  
I want to believe you, Neruda, old Commissar of roses!  
I hear your furious ghost calling in the midnight trains!  
I see your generous blood staining the dollar bills!

And I long for the angry angel to rise over Macchu Picchu,  
For the long wave entering the station where the generals entrain  
for the North.

Thomas McGrath