

## **Cockburn Bruce**

### **"Dust And Diesel"**

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Battered buses jammed up to the roof  
Dust and diesel the prevailing themes  
Farmer sleeping on the truck in front,  
Feet trailing over like he's trolling for dreams.  
Smiling girl directing traffic flow  
.45 strapped over cotton print dress.  
Marimba-brown and graceful limbs  
Give me a moment of loneliness  
Dust and diesel  
Rise like incense from the road --  
Smoke of offering  
For the revolution morning  
Headlights pick out fallen sack of corn  
One lone tarantula standing guard.  
We pull up and stop and she ambles off --  
Discretion much the better part of cars  
Rodrigo the government driver jumps out --  
He's got chickens who can use the feed.  
We sweep the asphalt on our hands and knees --  
Fill up his trunk with dusty yellow seeds.  
Dust and diesel

Rise like incense from the road --  
Smoke of offering  
For the revolution morning  
Guitars and rifles in blue moonlight  
Soldiers stretched out on sparkling grass.  
Engine broke down -- they took us in --  
Now we make music for the time to pass  
Tired men and women raise their voice to the night --  
Hope the fragile bloom they've grown will last.  
Pride and passion and love and fear --  
Burning hearts burning boats of the past.  
Dust and diesel  
Rise like incense from the road --  
Smoke of offering  
For the revolution morning  
Interamerican Highway  
Nicaragua March 1983  
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