

Eliane Elias**"Tropicalia"**

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when they beat
on a broken guitar
and on the streets
they reek of tropical charms
the embassies lie in hideous shards
where tourists snore and decay

when they dance in a reptile blaze
you wear a mask
an equatorial haze
into the past
a colonial maze
where there's no more confetti to throw

you didn't know what to say to yourself
love is a poverty you couldn't sell
misery waiting in vague hotels
to be evicted

you're out of luck
you're singing funeral songs
to the studs
they're anabolic and bronze
they seem to strut
in their millennial fogs
'til they fall down and deflate

you didn't know what to say to yourself
love is a poverty you couldn't sell
misery waiting in vague hotels
to be evicted

now you've had your fun
under an air-conditioned sun
it's burned into your eyes
leaves you plain and left behind
see them eyes and fall
into the jaws of a pestilent love

you didn't know what to say to yourself
love is a poverty you couldn't sell

misery waiting in vague hotels
to be a victim

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