

## **Bruce Cockburn**

### **"Nicaragua"**

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Breakfast woodsmoke on the breeze --  
On the cliff the U.S. Embassy  
Frowns out over Managua like Dracula's tower  
The kid who guards Fonseca's tomb  
Cradles a beat-up submachine gun --  
At age fifteen he's a veteran of four years of war  
Proud to pay his dues  
He knows who turns the screws  
Baby face and old man's eyes  
Blue lagoon and flowering trees --  
Bullet-packed Masaya streets  
Full of the ghosts of the heroes of Monimbo  
Women of the town laundry  
Work and gossip and laugh at me --  
They don't believe I'll ever send them the pictures I  
took  
For every scar on a wall  
There's a hole in someone's heart  
Where a loved one's memory lives  
In the flash of this moment  
You're the best of what we are --  
Don't let them stop you now  
Nicaragua  
Sandino in his tom mix hat  
Gazes from billboards and coins  
"Sandino vive in la lucha por la paz"  
Sandino of the shining dream  
Who stood up to the U.S. Marines --  
Now Washington panics at U2 shots of "Cuban-style"  
latrines  
In the flash of this moment  
You're the best of what we are --  
Don't let them stop you now  
Nicaragua  
Managua February 1983

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