

Richard Shindell

"Che Guevara T-Shirt"

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Unburdened of their passengers
The taxis have all scattered
The hawkers move their tables out
They'll be selling no more leather
The Oslo Queen is set to sail
From the Port of Buenos Aires
The ropes are thrown and the big horn moans
As she slips out of the harbor

The stowaway is keeping still
In the dark of his container
With his blanket and his flashlight
And a picture of his sweetheart
He's rationing his batteries
But right now he can't resist her
Standing there with her long brown hair
In that Che Guevara t-shirt

As the contents of his wallet show
His plan's a little sketchy
Three hundred bucks and the bad address
Of a cousin in Miami
In a couple months with a little luck
He'll be wiring home some money
And even if they send him back
It'll make a damn good story

Late at night he ventures out
Each time a little farther
Emboldened by his wanderlust
His boredom, and his hunger
Til he's standing out on the open deck
Searching for La Cruz del Sur
But by-and-by the sky he knows
Has yielded to another

The moon shines on the shipping lanes
Off the coast of Venezuela
And as he looks out at the oilers
Riding heavy up to Texas
He sings a little to himself
Luna, luna, luna llena

While the moon, a word he's yet to learn,
Betrays him to the cameras

Now he's somewhere in Dade County
And six weeks without a lawyer
On the basis of the evidence
They could keep him there forever
The guy with the cuban accent says
"Do you recognize this picture?"
And there she is with her long brown hair
And that Che Guevara t-shirt

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