

We supply the dead

Rich Furman

*They supply the weapons,
we supply the dead.*

-Salvadorian Archbishop Rivera y Damas

Rusty crow bars pry
marble smooth tires

recycling rubber each time
to the less fortunate,

but still more so
than some.

The death squads hold our hands
and walk us across the road

to freedom. Lack of beans do not bother
the rotting lips of traitors

and the less stomachs to be fed
the less angry mouths to scream.

Summers have become peaceful
here in the hillsides.