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.