

THAT FRIEND

After Sandino crossed the jungle
 he unloaded his blessed gunpowder
 against the invading sailors
 trained and paid for in New York.
 The earth caught fire, the foliage resounded,
 the Yankee hadn't expected this.
 He came well-dressed for war,
 shoes and weapons shining like new.
 But experience soon taught him
 who Sandino and Nicaragua were
 for everything spelled a tomb for the blond thieves—
 the air, the trees, the roads, the water.
 Sandino's guerrillas were even
 in the whiskey which brought on
 sickness and sudden death
 for those glorious fighters from Louisiana
 accustomed to lynching blacks
 with superhuman courage—
 two thousand hooded men working
 over one black man, a rope and a tree.
 Yes, business was different here:
 Sandino attacked, retreated, then waited.
 Sandino was the coming night,
 he was the light from the sea that killed.

Sandino was a tower of patriotic flags.
 Sandino was a rifle of hope—
 Yes, these were very different lessons.
 At West Point things were neat and clean,
 the cadets were never taught
 that he who kills could die.
 North Americans never understood
 our love for our poor beloved land,
 and how we will defend our flags
 sown of pain and love.
 If they didn't learn this in Philadelphia
 they learned it with their blood in Nicaragua.
 The captain of the people waited there,
 Augusto C. Sandino was his name.
 And in this song his name will remain
 wondrous as a sudden fiery blaze
 to shine its light on us, to shine its fire on us
 in the continuation of his battles.

XI

TREASON

On a tragic night for peace
General Sandino was invited
to dine, to celebrate his courage,
with the "American" Ambassador
(since these pirates have usurped
the name of the whole continent).
General Sandino was in good spirits,
wine and drinks were raised to his health.
The Yankees were headed back home
decisively defeated
and this banquet sealed the struggle
of Sandino and his brothers with honor.
The assassin sat waiting at his table,
a sly spineless being,
toasting to Sandino again and again
while the hideous thirty dollars
for the crime resounded in his pockets.
Oh banquet of bloody wine!
Oh night, oh false moonlit pathways!
Oh yellow stars that did not speak up!
Oh mute land, blinded by the night!
Earth that did not halt his horse!
Oh treacherous night that betrayed
his tower of honor into evil hands!

Oh banquet of silver and agony!
Oh premeditated, treasonous shadow!
Oh pavilion of light that once flourished,
and that since then is defeated and mourned!

XII

DEATH

Sandino rose to leave unaware
his victory had come to an end,
that when the ambassador pointed him out
he was fulfilling his part of the contract.
Everything was arranged for the crime
between the assassin and the North American.
There in the doorway as they embraced him
and saw him off, they were condemning him.
Congratulations! And Sandino left
walking with the executioner and death.

XIII

THE TRAITOR DIES

The traitor's name was Somoza:
mercenary, tyrant, executioner.
I say "was" because one day
a ray of light nailed him against the wall.
Nicaragua knows martyrdoms,
its soul held in shackles,
while her leaders wrote
with greedy pens, in a mule's voice,
comparing Somoza to God, to the planets,
to the rosy hue of dawn,
while he strangled Nicaragua
with his thief's hands and sly fingers.
Then, brave Rigoberto Lopez turned up:
he found Somoza rejoicing at his affairs
and with a burst of raging gunfire
cut short the traitor's life.
Thus fell the perforated Abdomen
and honor was restored.
The hero who delivered the blow died right there,
he had sowed his destiny with his fists.
His deed was his seed of death!
May the canticle of the world honor his name!

XIV

DYNASTIES

But from the spilled guts
came little Somozas,
two clowns splattered in blood,
from the cruel frog two fertile tadpoles.
Scarcely had the purulent one rotted
than two idiot generals ascended:
they embroidered themselves with diamonds
declared themselves lifetime presidents
parceled all the haciendas between themselves
fashioned themselves as *nouveaux riches*
and made themselves the favorite warriors
of the North American ambassador.
This is how history is made in our land,
how crimes are perpetuated,
and the chain of the terrible remains unbroken
and the military's dark reign of terror continues.