

Digging Pablo

by sean m. poole

They're exhuming Pablo Neruda
To put his old bones to the test
Determine if he was murdered
At the Capitalists' request.

They're exhuming Pablo Neruda
To examine his bones 'neath a scope
And see if the poet was poisoned
Like John Paul the First the Pope.

They're exhuming Pablo Neruda
The poet of love and despair and
Ode to the onion and songs of devotion
To the woman with wild red hair.

They're exhuming Pablo Neruda
There's no rest for the weary it seems
From the prying forensic fingers
Of the world that choked out his dreams.

They're exhuming Pablo Neruda
On the same day that Dame Thatcher died
I cheered for the death of that hateful bitch
But for Pablo, the lover, I cried.

