

# 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.

