

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jacob Sandigo: Two Poems

H. Jacob Sandigo · Wednesday, October 30th, 2019

Nicaraguan Blues

Gallo pinto & a loaded gun

The sun is shining, the weather

Is sweet

All the children move their feet

Gallo pinto & a loaded gun

The sun is shining, the weather

Is sweet

The president unleashes his fleet

Church bells ring

Bullets sing

Prayers no longer do a thing

Daytime is salvation,

Nighttime— damnation

They loot and maraud

They loot and maraud

Cordobas are the new gods

Government entertains

This civil war

Better hope they don't

Come knocking at your door

Execution with no retribution

The people remain

In constant evolution

A result of a deceased revolution

Gallo pinto & a loaded gun

The sun is shining, the weather

Is sweet

Taste the air,

There's nothing to eat

Guitar man sings the blues

As the people are beat

They loot and maraud

They loot and maraud

Cordobas might as well be God

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Car Door Confessional

grounded

Foreign words

Around these parts.

She hands me the moon

And prescribes me some amethyst.

“Smoke mugwort if you wish

Inhale revelations.”

How to mend the soul

When you feel so Poe

And all you ever see are dead Ravens?

I’ve found that life,

Is a continuous spar with

The shadow.

How to evade the self

When I know my everymove?

This sense of separation,

Fictitious, for we are

Always whole.

My car is broken into

Every other day.

Shattered glass,

A poem around these parts.

Man preaches peace while

Loading a piece,
Fighting for mass extinction.
Bullet shells are a way of saying
Hello don't you know?

Echoes of an epoch
On a city sidewalk with no end
Shadows are on patrol
Dreams, bottled into a
Tecate can.

Paper bag euphoria

Entrails of an epiphany
burned by bic flicks

Please write home in cigarette smoke...

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