

Will Inman

LOOSEN THE HEADSTRAPS, MAKE SANCTUARY!

no more room in the mountains of Guatemala!

bean patches and maize stalks are burnt
no more trees for firewood on the rocky slopes
no more lime in the pits for bleaching the maize
the Mayan people are driven from their villages
men are killed or trucked off to labor on great plantations
women are killed or given to the soldiers
children are killed or hidden by old people in caves
small fires give them away, some of the government men love
children, even the indigenous ones
carry the makings of pleasure in their thin bodies

villages are burnt by U S napalm dropped
from helicopters, the free world cares, oh whose taxes
pay for the napalm for freedom

no more room in the mountains of Guatemala!
on the slopes of great volcanos, sisters and brothers
tote whole tribes in straps around their heads
and down their backs in bundles, tote Mayan gods
with names of Catholic Saints, tote hot lava
in their blood, tote the waking of volcanos
in their eyes, tote their future
children, tote invincible love and fury

loosen the headstraps! let volcanos awaken!

when we make room among us, make Sanctuary,
we create room for ourselves, inside us make Sanctuary
in our own lives. we who would grant Sanctuary
for refugees, ourselves have no sanctuary
under the moral majority of the Arizona
Attorney General

the President of Guatemala
and the President of the United States
refuse us Sanctuary. They
want no more room
in the mountains of Guatemala, in the high places
of our human hearts

The Presidents want bodies for their armies
and for their great farms and workplaces
they will keep our sisters
on plantations of pleasure
they will raise our children as livestock
on plantations for future
armies and labor battalions

no more room in the mountains of Guatemala!
no more room in the high places of our human hearts!
loosen the headstraps! let the volcanos awaken!
let us make room for our sisters and brothers
let us make room for ourselves

