

In Guernica

In Guernica the dead children were layed out in order on the sidewalk
In their white starched dresses
In their pitiful white dresses
On their foreheads and breasts the little round holes where death came in as
thunder while they were playing their important summer games
Do not weep for them, Madre
They are gone forever, the little ones
Straight to heaven to the saints
And God will fill the bullet holes with candy