

Pablo's Lament

Brazzaville

Pablo stares at the moon
Pencil moustache
Cheap hotel room
Waiting for dawn
Alone
To take him home

Taxi drivers and whores
Kids on the street
Watching for cops
Keeping him safe
Since his escape
But now it's late

Soldiers search through the night
Closing in fast
Closing in tight
Each wants to be
The one
To kill the Don