

The Mines Of Mozambique

Bruce Cockburn

There's a broad river winding
through this African lowland
The moon is held up orange and big
See it raise its hand
And the last ferry's pulling out
with no place left to stand
for the mines of Mozambique

There's a wealth of amputation
waiting in the ground
But no one can remember
where they put it down
If you're the child that finds it there
You will rise upon the sound
of the mines of Mozambique

Some men rob the passersby
for a bit of cash to spend
Some men rob whole countries dry
and still get called their friend
And under the feeding frenzy
There's a wound that will not mend
in the mines of Mozambique

Night, like peace, is a state of suspension. Tomorrow the heat
will
rise and mist will hide the marshy fields, the mango and the ca
shew
trees, which only now they're clearing brush from under. Rusted
husks
of blown up trucks line the roadway north of town, like passing
through a sculpture gallery. War is the artist, but he's sleepi
ng now.
And somebody will be peddling vials of penicillin stolen out of
all
the medical kits sent to the countryside. And in the bare works
hop
they'll be molding plastic into little prosthetic legs for the
children of this artist and for those who farm the soil that re
ceived
his bitter seed.

The all night stragglers stagger home
Cocks begin to crow
And singing birds are starting up
telling what they know
And after awhile the sun will come

and we'll see what it will show
of the mines of Mozambique