

Havana, Holguín, Havana

Through the countryside of Cuba we'll go
While we speak of fiestas and dream of snow
The radiator rattles with a merengue beat
We're seals in the sunlight, all dripping with heat.
No respite, no passport, no depot not seen
Our story's been written with ocean, *el fin*
But we know the tide pulls like rubber bands
So a bird on the shore is a shell on the sands.
This we could follow if the Father gives leave
And pack in our trunks just one summer's eve
When the motor would sputter but just wouldn't die
And the turquoise of Cuba would cradle us by.