

## ***Terrorist Coffee***

*Michael Beahan*

I sip a cup of freshly brewed Cubita  
"The taste of Cuba"  
Terrorist coffee  
Outlawed by the embargo  
I have a little stashed in my freezer in New Hampshire

I've been where this contraband grows  
On a family farm outside Santa Lucia  
An enclave that hides in the shadow of the Sierra Escambray mountains  
El Che gathered there with his campesino comrades in 1958  
Preparing to march on Santa Clara and then victorious, on to Havana

The emerald coffee bushes crouch in the shade of the guayaba tree  
Fertilized by marauding bands of chickens and goats  
Harvested by infidels in handmade straw hats and Chicago Bulls tee shirts  
A conspiratorial lot, they also grow tobacco and sugar cane for money  
Tend cows, pigs, even guinea hens  
Pick mangos, bananas, guava and papaya from their orchards  
Pile tomatoes, boniato, malanga, yuca and cabbages on the kitchen counter

They survey the bounty on horseback  
Churn fresh earth with rusting Russian tractors  
And plows pulled by oxen the size of SUVs  
Slap down dominos in the hot summer sun  
Drink rum from plastic cups

It's all so suspicious  
Thank god for the watchful eye overhead  
Streaking across the heavens, blinking