

*Ice Age*

B. David Kombako

me see this brada  
going to da dogs  
not a moment of salvation left in his soul  
from nothing to rags  
fatalism is the destiny

he met the devil in the rolled-up dollar  
sending Nicaragua up his nostrils  
salty crystals mixed with innocent blood  
perfect blend for an easy way to the sun  
a million mental signals eclipsed

it gets better by the minute  
sensual and carnal tastes of naked flesh  
watered by oily sweat  
the heat is on  
the magic begins  
the trump card gets drawn  
and life slips silently out