

# Corona

## Tacita Intesa

The people will survive  
In their environment  
The dirt, scarcity, and the emptiness  
Of our South  
The injustice of our greed  
The practice we inherit  
The dirt, scarcity and the emptiness  
Of our South  
There on the beach  
I could see it in her eyes  
I only had a Corona  
Five cent deposit

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