|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **UNITED FRUIT BY PABLO NERUDA** | |
|  | **ANALYSIS** |
| **United Fruit Co.**  When the trumpet blared everything  on earth was prepared  and Jehovah distributed the world  to Coca-Cola Inc., Anaconda,  Ford Motors, and other entities:  United Fruit Inc.  reserved for itself the juiciest,  the central seaboard of my land,  America’s sweet waist.  It rebaptized its lands  the “Banana Republics,”  and upon the slumbering corpses,  upon the restless heroes  who conquered renown,  freedom, and flags,  it established the comic opera:  it alienated self-destiny,  regaled Caesar’s crowns,  unsheathed envy, drew  the dictatorship of flies:  Trujillo flies, Tacho flies,  Carías flies, Martínez flies,  Ubico flies, flies soaked  in humble blood and jam,  drunk flies that drone  over the common graves,  circus flies, clever flies  versed in tyranny.  Among the bloodthirsty flies  the Fruit Co. disembarks,  ravaging coffee and fruits  for its ships that spirit away  our submerged lands’ treasures  like serving trays.  Meanwhile, in the seaports’  sugary abysses,  Indians collapsed, buried  in the morning mist:  a body rolls down, a nameless  thing, a fallen number,  a bunch of lifeless fruit  dumped in the rubbish heap. |  |
|  |
|  |
|  |