
YOU ARE POETRY: God Forgive Them

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Two pandemics plague the world: one that makes our bodies sick and another, opportunistic, that sickens our souls. One with no proven cure, the other incurable.

Cuba faces them all and its fears and pains. Hopelessness should be a capital sin, will the hopeless be condemned?

God forgive them

God, if that's okay with you, forgive them:

To those who keep killing springs

to those who dirty white robes with the thick dirt of their resentments

To those who forgot their roots

To the naive who join the choir

To well-paid soloists

God forgive those who write crooked words in straight lines

To those who remain silent just in case

To impostors and apostates poorly disguised

God forgive studied ambassadors of idleness

God forgive mercenaries and those who have not found a fixed position in that company

God forgive those who don't remember Girón

To those who doubt their own lineage,

When the time for embraces returns, if that's okay,

God embrace them...

Translated by Amilkal Labañino / Cubasi Translation Staff
