Very Short Chronicles: Children are the Ones Who Know How to Love

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That man of the ***Golden Age*** is untouchable, because he is my friend, told me in a park a “tiny fellow” of blue scarf and eyes. He had a fashionable name which I can’t repeat.

What they did, mom, is to betray Cuba, because Martí gave his life so that these streets where they walk were free, says my daughter.

But how dare they taint a homeland symbol with pig's blood? My child wonders and resolves: They must be punished!

Our children don’t allow even hurricanes to mess with Martí. Who will have that right? Martí is sacred.

This could be a very long chronicle, if I was given the task of asking most Cuban children, with all that inflamed, raging innocence, because it could have been the Marti bust of their school, but, above all, because they offended the Martí in their hearts and what lives in there, one cannot toy with, because they are the ones who know how to love.