
Cuba: The Resistance that Won't Ask for Permission

By: Alina Perera / Presidency website

21/04/2023



One must have courage, said one of our great poets, to lead. And he was right: because you have to have courage to be the one who stands ahead of a country; to continue uniting wills; to be the most coveted target of the enemy, in times of new information and communication technologies, in moments of sudden lynching...

There isn't, it's still not printed the book where the entire Cuban people will fit in, where that entity can fit, waging the peaceful and dignified battle for its own life. The silhouette of a resistance that only asks for the right to endure has not been made yet, it has been misunderstood and despised, for more than 60 years now, by the empire of modern times.

It's a long, intense story, the last five years of which hold the astonishing and terrible complexity -because in such time come together the time of a rebellious nation, which hasn't been able to have a normal development, and this recent stage, whose beginnings are framed on April 19th, 2018, when Miguel Mario Díaz-Canel Bermúdez shouldered the Island where he was born, and where he and many other sons and daughters have lived, punished by an imperial and unacceptable blockade, an illegal siege that seems eternal.

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Behind a man, of course, there are millions of names, all related because they prefer that the nation keeps its autonomy. Sometimes the masses don't understand, they sometimes believe that a new name sitting on the highest responsibility can mean forgetting a centuries-old of struggle, the enemy is once again mistaken.

When Díaz-Canel, in his first speech as President, spoke of "continuity", the imperial illusions of dismantling the Revolution piece by piece faded into thin air, and in that vacant space a loop of hatred was growing, and has

grown exponentially in these five years of a new generation running Cuba.

Out of the five, the last three years have been, due to the work and misfortune of chance, but above all because of the war waged against the country, of astonishing harshness. The truth that this article lacks - and this I can't imagine it from the adversary either - is that these times have been of an unusual rebirth; and in such a contrast of shades, tears and realization in unison, Cuba has kept redoing itself.

Natural disasters -like the tornado wrecking havoc through the streets of Havana-; a plane crash; the explosion at Saratoga hotel; the supertanker base that got fire in the province of Matanzas and threatened to swallow part of the city. Like a gypsy curse, misfortune has marked the days and has created the conditioned reflex that any misfortune awaits Cuba the moment it blinks.

Against all odds, the collective direction of the country has been involved in organizing everything in each space of society; seeking the needed leaps into what's modern; it has declared the need to untie every knot that hinders development; it has brought together the brightest minds, and even the Palace of the Revolution has gone beyond its name to also be, as President Díaz-Canel Bermúdez has expressed, the Palace of Sciences.

The empire, in its spiral of hatred, progressively tightened the screws of the siege, stigmatizing the Island to the point of defining it as a country that sponsors terrorism. And that has made life too difficult for the country, now struck in this global village by the havocs of COVID-19, and by a war that harms everyone.

On the Island, long lines have dominated our daily life. The basic needs, and others that make up a long list have become axes around which people's concerns and suffering revolve. On this side of necessity the sworn enemies of the Revolution have gambled with everything; And they believed they had their best moment during the peak hours of the pandemic, when they estimated that everything would collapse if they stirred up barbarism and confrontation among the sons of the same land.

Cubans have come through everything, with unparalleled integrity. And the most beautiful chapter has been that of our scientists, summoned by the President saving in record time millions of fellow Cubans thanks to the vaccine made here. A medicine no one would give away free of charge, thanks to intelligence that will help to keep finding salvations.

This new stage of resistance is about to be told, whose features can be seen anywhere on the Island: in the harsh hands of a worker or peasant; in the laughter of children jumping in the middle of the dust; in the meekness of an old man; in the look of a doctor; in the nobility and integrity of those who choose to serve others; in the sensitivity of those who know that the job without pity is useless; in the firmness of those who won't give up their dreams to those executioners who have even denied us oxygen and would have the audacity, don't doubt it, to show up at our funeral to laugh at the humble clothes we are wearing.

Five years later, stronger, wiser, we know better what "Hasta la victoria siempre" means. At this point, it will be very difficult for someone to hide the truth from us or tell us silly stories about human achievement: When life is defended as we are doing in Cuba in 2023, there's no time for trifles, the smallest gesture of generosity becomes huge, and happiness becomes the only possible north in the compass.

Like just bathed by the waters surrounding the Island, the children of Doña Cuba mark the step forward and are willing to live on. They continue to be mischievous, dreamy, stubborn, they move onwards in a cloud of chiaroscuro, between tears and partying. And they reinvent themselves, like the first men and women on Earth, luckily they will never ask permission to love.

Translated by Amikal Labañino / CubaSí Translation Staff
