
Cuba: Questions in light of a picture

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Who are they? What are their names? How old are they? They look young. They look thin and swift. Thanks God. Climbing that height requires agility, skill and courage...

Do they have children? If they do, they must be infants. How would their refrigerator look like? Do they look like mine? If so, the few supply they had may have defrosted.

What is the salary of those three men doing such a dangerous work? Is it enough to make ends meet? Where do they come from? What are their circuits of work? How many hours did they endure of blackouts before leaving for work?

Is there any hidden cord to keep them safe? I have forced my eyes, but I do not see any. There is no trick.

Of course they are not jugglers, or thrill seekers. Why do they risk so much? Are they forced to do so? Or is it the duty? May be humanism.

How can they manage to balance over such a narrow beam? Is it training? Practice? Experience? Is it the commitment with people they do not know? Is it their character? Determination?

How can they anchor themselves into those clouds? Is it their will to return home with their children, spouses, parents? May be their approach to their young lives. Is it the strength of their feet and faith?

Where are they now? Will they be close or far from home? Will the unstable Internet service allow each of them to communicate so their families know they are doing well?

What will they think about while here, in the dark, but lying on the mattress, curled up between the daughter's right arm and my son's left leg, looks at them and admires them gratefully, absolutely grateful for so much clarity in a picture, in a gesture, in the courage, in the hope contained in three men who do their thing without looking into the lens, without writing their names at the bottom of the image that portrays them and hundreds like them, while they add their beam of light.

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