
From Summit to Abyss of the Americas

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A Summit of the Americas that lacks three countries from the geographical region, absent by the will of the continent's bully, is neither a summit nor of the Americas.

What the organizers truly desire—who are, obviously, not the Dominican hosts—is for the meeting on December 4th and 5th in the resort of Punta Cana to adhere to the hegemonic codes of an imperial monologue, with the rest of the guests acting as an audience, with little voice and complacent votes.

To avoid political indigestion at the beachside banquet, they excluded Cuba, Venezuela, and Nicaragua. Those three inconvenient ones: out! They believe that with this arrogant decision, they will silence the peoples.

In times of a counteroffensive by the most conservative, subjugating, and neocolonizing forces disputing the ideological directions on the continent, it was to be expected that Washington would dictate, without nuance or diplomatic niceties, the rules of the gathering.

From the public announcement that the irreverent trio would not be at the same table as the heirs of Monroe, there were voices of protest. And one woman, whose stature is measured by the dignity of her actions, said: *I will not go.*

It is the President of Mexico, Claudia Sheinbaum, whose leadership grows and inspires. Without her too, the Summit could be written, pardon the academic norms of language, in lowercase.

It must have caused little pleasure in the White House (more aptly *Black House*, for its aggressive and warlike behavior) that Claudia declined to participate in such a show.

And they know, despite the arrogant pressure to ensure a quorum for the applause and genuflections, that there may be more empty lounge chairs, given the organization of the meeting on the edge of the luxurious Caribbean beach. Or that someone may speak in defense of the absent.

Not even with the exclusion of the three heavyweights in the ring of regional debates has Washington been able to build a consensus text. They say the draft goes back and forth, with faint additions from one side and colossal deletions from the other.

Blackmail increases. Sign or sign. Accept or accept. Obey or obey. In these terms speak the lords of the empire, who admit no further dissent in what they believe is their fiefdom, much less a neighborhood of equals.

Threatening bells toll to intimidate the peoples south of the Rio Grande. They deploy military and media gunboats. They incessantly fire shells of lies to kill the truth, and once it is agonizing, then go after the governments refusing to accept hegemonic power.

The self-proclaimed masters of the world believe they can knock down ideological adversaries as if they were playing bowling.

It is known that this meeting will contribute little to the most urgent challenges of the peoples of the Americas, including the minorities who today live in perpetual agony within the United States as a consequence of the xenophobic and exclusionary policies of Trump and his acolytes.

It is also known that they intend to stage a symbolic dip of applause and hollow speeches, with priority given to the photo op and not the debates, amplified by a narrative focused on the "happy" faces of those who will, in reality, be biting down on the humiliations of the lord of the infernos.

Cuba has greater challenges than to waste time in this conclave arranged by Lord Power, and Venezuela and Nicaragua think the same; three peoples intent on building their destiny without northern dictates.

However, leaving these three nations out of the meeting confirms that the most fitting name for the Punta Cana gathering would be *Abyss of the Americas*.

The authors of such a stance only confirm their fear of counter-hegemonic ideas. They would not know how to respond to the compelling criticisms from the leaders of these peoples, whose truths would impact the fragile chin of those who call themselves powerful and are nothing but the ideally barren, shielded by their military and economic arsenal.

What, then, will there be in Punta Cana on December 4th and 5th? *Stick and circus in abundance*. But of Summit, nothing. And of the Americas, even less.

Translated by Sergio A. Paneque / CubaSÍ Translation Staff
