

**Central Park, Some People, 3.00 p.m.**

If you cross a park, in heroic Havana,  
in splendid Havana,  
in a flood of afternoon light,  
white and blinding,  
blazing enough to drive that Van Gogh sunflower mad,  
and completely filling the eyes of Chinese street-  
photographers;

if you cross a park and misjudge  
that blinding, white light,  
very nearly repeating itself, everywhere in the city;

if you're at a loss, at that time of day,  
and you take those unnecessary trips of yours  
round Havana's Central Park;

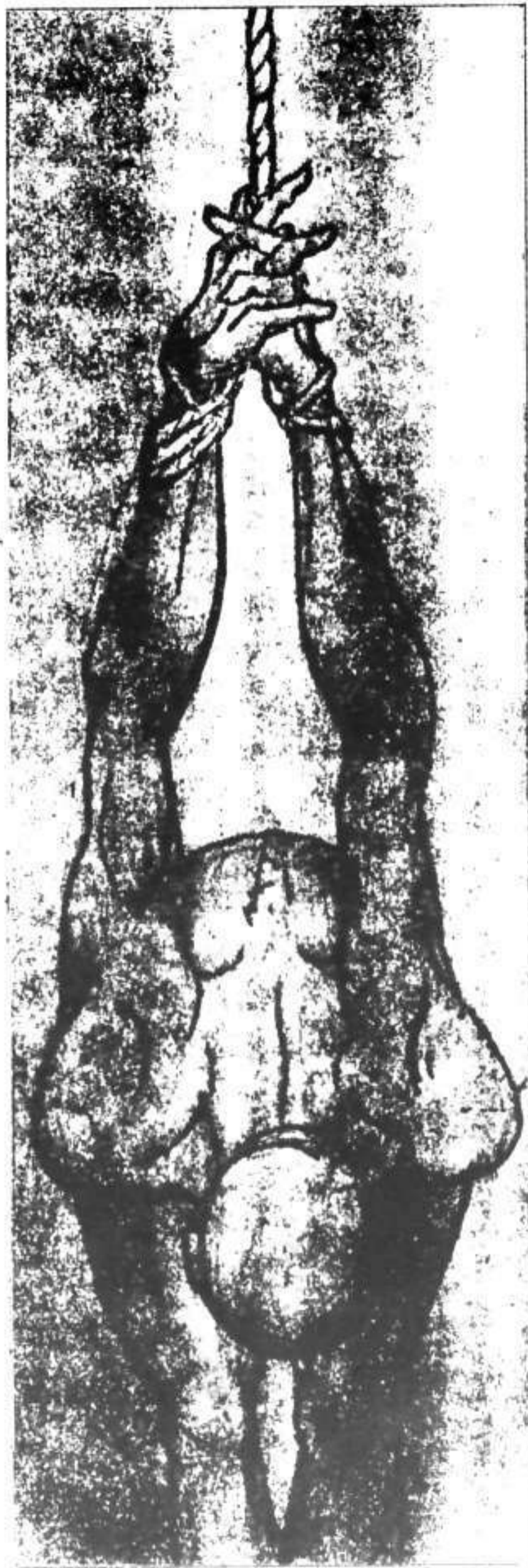
if you cross the Park, strewn with sacred trees,  
and walk, seeing everything  
and noticing nothing,  
and loving the Revolution's impact on the eyes,  
then you will know it, like the sensation of rum in the night,  
because, in our parks, and in this one,  
so central, in Havana,  
very old men sit on the benches  
and light large cigars  
and look at one another  
and talk about the Revolution and Fidel.

The old men are pieces of warm toast,  
on the benches. It's no secret:  
there go two men and a tired brief-case,  
a vein-bloated hand,  
a shout, wearing a grey felt hat.

The old men meet under the statue  
of the Apostle Martí, in 1966,  
in December, 1966;  
the year is nearly over,  
and they wait for "the anniversary of freedom  
to pay tribute to the Martyrs",  
to the men of the people  
who died, and whose blood is drying,  
in the afternoon sun,  
in Havana, Cuba, free territory of America.

So, if you cross the Park, the world,  
the womb of the Revolution,  
you must hesitate,  
walk slowly, breathe self-consciously,  
step lightly,  
hesitate,  
breathe self-consciously,  
walk slowly,  
and give your whole life,  
violently,  
*Companeros.*

Nancy Morejon



*Nancy Morejon*