

# For the Good of All

*By Otto Rene Castillo*

Listen,  
look,  
touch  
this voice,  
for underneath  
a man burns sweetly  
for the good of all.

Cliches?

You,  
try to be worthy  
all day long.  
Afterwords  
we'll speak alone  
if you wish.

I tell you.

At this stage of our time  
after twenty centuries  
of christian word,  
man is worse than ever  
more evil than ever  
less caring than ever.  
Even the word love  
has been lost  
—love!  
This at least in my country  
gentle and sonorous as no other.

And in spite of it all,  
there are nations where man  
sings a duet with tenderness.  
And eats enough.  
And drinks enough.  
And constructs enough, and more.  
And loves, more than enough  
if the blind torment appeals to him,  
rock and air.

And who made  
these nations?

He,  
he with his hands  
cordial and hard.  
And the heat of his head  
from where the future  
bursts  
like a rocket in space.

He,  
the new man  
who looking  
on the horizon of his hands,  
said one day:  
Enough hunger!  
Enough misery!  
Enough being the toy  
of divine forces that don't exist!  
Enough and enough and enough!

I am my own destiny!

From now on  
he said,  
the centuries will come  
to kneel before my image,  
proud,  
alone,  
and human.

And he began  
to climb the mountains of hate,  
to conquer  
the enormous moles of envy,  
to penetrate  
the labyrinth jungles  
of misery and hunger.  
And his soul became light  
with the swallows of tenderness.

And all the magnates of the world,  
laughing,  
laughing with the pure *politicos*,  
hung over with their lives  
of commerce and industry.

Have they stopped laughing today?

Naturally not, biologically not!

He, only he,  
the powerful of this century,  
the proud of himself,  
the solitary and the human,  
the man who works,  
has won, wins,  
and will keep on winning.

Like a comet  
he'll disappear in history  
with his forehead in flame  
but his fire will continue  
lighting the centuries to come.

And if you come now  
to the plaza of his acts  
to the streets where he risked his life,  
you'll find bread  
on everyone's table,  
a roof over everyone's head,  
a kiss on the lips  
of everyone,  
friendship running in the veins  
of all.  
And when will this cosmic force  
arrive in my sweet country?  
Sonorous and odorous  
like a petal in the sea?

When we, all of us,  
decide to make it arrive!

Or never.

Only in ourselves  
the light, the dawn,  
or nowhere.  
Beneath our night  
a sun awaits us  
greater than the universe:  
the authentic freedom of man.

But freedom is like wheat.  
It must be planted, softly,  
and watered every day.  
It must be protected  
till it multiplies  
fills the mouth of the wind,  
the hunger of all,  
and becomes invincible.

So, I say,  
our evil,  
our badness,  
our lack of care,  
will only be wiped out  
with the unity of all  
for the good of all.  
If we unite  
we will win over the fearful  
smelling his own death,  
enemy, howling already,  
definitive and huge.

Now do you understand  
this voice?

It is not only mine,  
nor yours,  
but that of all.  
And I know  
that many hear it,  
they sense it,  
they see it,  
and cry in hiding  
because they recognize  
in that voice their own,  
the voice already lost  
or not emerging.  
And I know they love  
and respect this voice,  
because no one can deny  
that beneath the voice  
a man burns  
sweetly  
for the good of all,  
even for the good of those  
who have not heard it.