

Freedom

by Otto Rene Castillo

For you
we have so many blows
on our skin
that even standing on end
there's no room for us in death.

In my country
freedom is something more
than a delicate breeze of the soul,
it is also a courage of skin.
In every inch of its infinite cry
your name is written:
freedom.
In the tortured hands.
In the eyes, open in shock
of mourning.
On the brow in its dignity.
In the breast, where man
grows up in us.
On our back, in our feet that suffer.
In our balls
proud of themselves.
There your name, your soft and tender name
sings courage, sings hope.

We have suffered assassins' blows
in so many parts
and written your name
on so little skin
that death is no longer our end,
freedom has no place in death.

They can hit us again
and again, believe me, they can.
You will always win,
freedom.
And when we fire the last round
you'll be the first to sing
in the throats of my countrymen,
freedom.

For there's nothing more beautiful
on the width of the earth

than a free people
putting finish to a system that dies.

Freedom,
then watch and dream with us
when we enter the night
or arrive at the day,
in love with your beautiful name:
freedom.