

Liberty, You Say

by Otto Rene Castillo

Liberty,
you tell me,
is the most beautiful
thing that exists
on our young
planet.
You can't
live without it;
it's like oxygen
of the soul.
If you have it,
you can never
lose it,
for you would die
from such immense pain.

It is not conquered.
It is carried humbly,
like an afternoon
in the depths of the heart.

But I who live
and suffer my country
like no one else,
I do not agree
with you.
The people here
have never been free.
For many it no longer matters
if the chain is thick
and gets thicker daily.
It doesn't move them to know
that their country,
like a sad, sweet,
swallow
slowly agonizes,
surrounded by the cold
and miserable indifference
of her children.

You also don't

know
the brute dictatorship
we suffer in my country.
Nor have you ever
lost your freedom.

And your laughter
is the happiest
of all the laughter
I know.

Your country
is now a series
of simple mornings
that sing at sunrise
for you and yours.

But one day
we
will
also be free.
Then
we will have
to defend
our liberty
every day,
making deep sacrifices
of tenderness and kindness.

Liberty is
within us,
like the night
is in the dawn,
and by our
resounding will
the digits
of her face
are already marked.

You must also
get used to freedom
in order to love it,
and to guard it
every second,
because it's been
hunted
for a long time
so that its smooth, clear
heart of multitudes
could be clubbed to death.

But above all,
when you don't have it,
when you don't know
the particular details
of her face,
then you should fight
to find her,
to liberate her
from the darkest shadows.
This way, liberty
is the triumph
of those who
have never been truly free.
And once achieved,
they should repeat
the action
every day of their life.