

Report of an Injustice

By Otto Rene Castillo

“For the past few days the personal belongings of Mrs. Damiana Murcia widow of Garcia, 77 years of age, have been out in the rain where they were thrown from her humble living quarters located at 15 “C” Street, between 3rd and 4th, Zone 1.”

**(Radio newspaper “Diario Minuto”
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Perhaps you can't believe it,
but here,
before my eyes,
an old woman,
Damiana Murcia widow of Garcia,
77 years of ashes,
under the rain,
beside her furniture,
broken, stained, old,
receives
on the curve of her back
all the monstrous injustice
of your system, and mine.

For being poor,
the judges of the rich
ordered eviction.
Perhaps you no longer
understand that word.
How noble the world
you live in!
Little by little
the bitterest words
lose their cruelty there.
And every day,
like the dawn,
new words emerge
all full of love

and tenderness for man.

Eviction,
how to explain it?

You know,
here when you can't pay the rent
the authorities of the rich
come and throw your things
in the street.
And you're left without roof
for the height of your dreams.
That's what it means, the word
eviction: loneliness
open to the sky, to
the eye that judges, misery.

This is the free world, they say.
What luck that you
no longer know
these liberties!

Damiana Murcia widow of Garcia
is very small,
you know,
and must be very cold.

How great her loneliness!

You can't believe
how these injustices hurt.

They are the norm among us.
The abnormal is tenderness
and the hate of poverty.
And so today more than ever
I love your world,
I understand it,
I glorify
its cosmic pride.

And I ask myself:
Why do the old
suffer among us so,
if age comes to us all
one day?
But the worst of it all
is the habit.
Man loses his humanity,
The enormous pain of another

is no longer his concern
and he eats
and he laughs
and he forgets everything.

I don't want these things
for my country.
I don't want these things
for anyone.
I don't want these things
for anyone in the world.
And I say I
because pain
should carry
an indelible aura

This is the free world, they say.

Look at me.
And tell your friends
my laughter
has turned grotesque
in the middle of my face.

Tell them I love their world.
They should make it beautiful.
And I'm very glad
they no longer know
injustices
so deep and painful.