



"Bridges Against Walls" - by Antonio Guerrero

BRIDGES AGAINST WALLS / PUENTES CONTRA MUROS

The artwork of Antonio Guerrero, one of the Cuban Five anti-terrorist political prisoners in the U.S. since Sept. 12, 1998, reached us through the warm hands of late Celia Hart back in May 2008, just a few months before her tragic death.

In memory of Celia (who was to contact Antonio and ask for more of his works/poetry on Palestine) and as a tribute to the tireless struggles of the Cuban Five from behind the walls of U.S. prisons and of the Palestinian people for peace and justice, we are honoured to put together this little booklet, which is a compilation of poems, messages and artwork by:

- the Cuban Five:
Antonio Guerrero
René González
Gerardo Hernández
Ramón Labañino
Fernando González
- Keith Ellis
- Rafael Cancel Miranda
- Rafeef Ziadah
- Carlos Angulo-Rivas
- Arnold Itwaru
- Ernesto "Che" Guevara
- Lynn Hutchinson
- Harry Tanner

...so that the words of José Martí once again may cry out loud, declaring that "**Homeland is Humanity**".

Dec. 13, 2010
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For information about the Cuban Five, please visit:

www.freethethefive.org • **www.thecuban5.org**
www.antiterroristas.cu
<http://torontoforumoncuba.weebly.com>

Hemos Sobrevivido y Fuerte Es Nuestro Corazón

hemos sobrevivido y fuerte es nuestro
corazón
y somos más
hemos sobrevivido y fuerte es nuestro
corazón
y somos más
a pesar de los asesinos y los depredadores
que han mancillado el horizonte de nuestros
sueños
hemos sobrevivido y fuerte es nuestro
corazón
y somos más
hemos sufrido y hemos aguantado
pero somos más que eso
somos la luz del mundo que se resiste a ser
apagada

en la bondad de nuestro corazón hemos
vivido
en largas noches de pena de agonía y de
esperanza hemos crecido
en los campos y las habitaciones de la
traición y del dolor hemos crecido
en las cosechas de los sueños de días
mejores hemos crecido
en el parpadeo de la luz del mundo que se
resiste a ser apagada
hemos crecido
pero somos más que eso

somos más que un ceño fruncido en los
imperios de la codicia
somos más
somos más que una vigilia al caer de la
tarde
somos más
somos el corazón de la esperanza latiendo
latiendo y latiendo y latiendo
y somos más
somos más
hemos sobrevivido y fuerte es nuestro
corazón
bueno es nuestro corazón
somos la luz del mundo que se resiste a ser
apagada
somos más

We Have Survived and Our Heart Is Strong

we have survived and our heart is
strong
and we are more
we have survived and our heart is
strong
and we are more
despite the assassins and predators
who have sullied the horizon of our
dreams
we have survived and our heart is
strong
and we are more
we have suffered and we have endured
and we are more than this
we are the light of the world that will not be
snuffed out

in the goodness of our heart have we
lived
in our long night of sorrow and agony and hope
have we grown
in the fields and chambers of treachery and pain
have we grown
in the sowing of dreams of a better day have we
grown
in the flicker of the light of the world that will not be
snuffed out
have we grown
and we are more than this

we are more than a frown on the empires
of greed
we are more
we are more than an evening's
vigil
we are more
we are the heart of hope beating
beating and beating and beating
and we are more
we are more
we have survived and our heart is
strong
our heart is good
we are the light of the world that will not be
snuffed out
and we are more

somos la luz del mundo que se resiste a ser
apagada
las hordas criminales del imperio de la
avaricia no pueden destruirnos
somos la luz del mundo que se resiste a ser
apagada
no importa cuántos millones de nosotros
encarcelen torturen maten
no pueden matar la verdad que somos

somos la luz del mundo que se resiste a ser
apagada
ni importa lo que hagan los traidores
somos la luz del mundo que abriga el
corazón de la esperanza
y somos más
fuerte es nuestro corazón
y somos más
bueno es nuestro corazón
y somos más que esto
fuerte es nuestra vida
y somos más
fuerte es nuestro amor
y somos más que esto
somos más

En esto estamos unidos
juntos crecemos
y somos más
juntos florecemos
y somos más
hemos sobrevivido y fuerte es nuestro
corazón
y somos más
somos la revolución
y somos más
cubanos venezolanos nuestro nombre es
Libertad
y mucho más

Arnold Itwaru

we are the light of the world that will not be
snuffed out
the murderous hordes of imperial greed cannot
destroy this
we are the light of the world they cannot
snuff out
no matter how many millions of us they jail
torture and kill
they cannot kill the truth we are

we are the light of the world that will not be
snuffed out
no matter what the traitors do
we are the light of the world that warms the heart of
hope
and we are more
our heart is strong
and we are more
our heart is good
and we are more than this
our life is strong
and we are more
our love is strong
and we are more than this
we are more

we are in this together
and we are more
we are in this together
and together we will grow
together our dreams will bloom
and we are more
we are much more
we have survived and our heart is strong
and we are more
we are the light of the world that will not be
snuffed out
we are the revolution
and we are more
Cubanos Venezolanos Bolivianos Latinos
Caribbeanos
noestro nombre es Libertad
and much much more

Arnold Itwaru

I Beg For Mercy, Mercy on the Europeans

I beg for mercy, mercy on the Europeans.

Chastise them not for their readiness to
attack Cuba

For considering the country has no right
To punish those who work treasonously
In the service of barbarians who yearn
To return to divide and steal

To obstruct culture and science
To disrupt schooling and health care
To move infant mortality rates up to theirs
To stop life expectancy from
rivaling theirs

To make the population as misinformed
To stop saving lives and improving health
Of poor people throughout the world
To despoil again the environment
To put a halt to making millions literate
For fear those people will come to know
How to direct their monies away from
rapacious banks
How to defend what is theirs.

Be patient with the Europeans
Remember their ancestral ingrained habits
Of murdering Africans and indigenous
people by the millions
Of stealing from others as if it were gifts
from God
Of raping, torturing.

Show them the path to redemption
Through the picture of the real Cuba
There is no quicker way of easing them
Out of the monstrous habits of brutes and
hypócritas.

**Keith Ellis
March 2010**

Pido clemencia, clemencia para los europeos

Pido clemencia, clemencia para los europeos.

No los castigúis por su disposición para atacar
a Cuba

Por considerar que el país no tiene el derecho
De castigar a los que trabajan traicioneramente
Al servicio de los bárbaros que añoran
Regresar para dividir y robar

Para obstruir la cultura y la ciencia
Para frenar el desarrollo de la educación y la salud
Para elevar la mortalidad infantil a la tasa suya
Para que la esperanza de vida
no compita con la suya

Para que la población esté igual de desinformada
Para que se deje de salvar vidas y mejorar la salud
De los pobres en todo el mundo

Para degradar de nuevo el medio ambiente
Para detener la alfabetización de millones
Por el temor de que esa gente llegue a saber
Cómo mantener sus dineros lejos
de rapaces bancos
Cómo defender lo que es suyo.

Sed pacientes con los europeos
Recordad sus arraigadas costumbres ancestrales
De asesinar a africanos
e indígenas por millones
De robarle a otros y tenerlo como regalo
de Dios
De violar, de torturar.

Mostradle el camino hacia la redención
Con una imagen de la verdadera Cuba
No hay forma más expedita de librarlos
De sus monstruosos hábitos de bestias e
hipócritas.

**Keith Ellis
Marzo 2010**

Peril — Gaza

when the people
He has chosen
as His favourites

blatantly
wantonly
incessantly
unrepentantly

murder
massacre
steal
lie

His reputation
is shot
to pieces

so pray
pray
pray
pray for Him

it doesn't matter
to Whom

Peligro -- Gaza

cuando el pueblo
que Él ha elegido
como Su favorito

descaradamente
caprichosamente
incesantemente
sin asomo de arrepentimiento

asesina
masacra
roba
miente

Su reputación
cae destrozada
a pedazos

así que rezad
rezad
rezad
rezad por Él

no importa
a Quien

Keith Ellis
January 8, 2009

Keith Ellis
8 de Enero, 2009

Gaza – We Teach Life Sir

Today my body was a TV'ed massacre
that had to fit a sound bite
sharp enough with statistics

Tell me why... why do you Palestinians
teach your children to hate?
Why do you hate?

You give hate to your children with breast
milk?

Why hate?

Reach inside me for strength to be cold
to child hiding under bed,
rocking, rocking
it will be over soon
they will stop asking their silly questions
soon

We Teach Life Sir

We teach life when they have occupied the
last sky

We teach life after they have build walls,
and settlements on our
last sky

Today my body was a TV'ed massacre
made to fit a sound bite
they ask me for a hook

this story needs a hook – we want a
personal story

tell me about you? what about you?

Do you have enough bone broke limbs to
cover our pages

hand us the list of your dead

can you shed a tear

for a picture

If its not you – find us another woman
from Gaza – needs medication

No stop it. ... we are not talking about
occupation

Don' use the word Apartheid

We just want a human story
woman. Gaza. Needs. Medication.

If you wont be our hook, give us a hook
hand us over your worries
in 1200 word limits

Gaza - Ensenamos la vida Señor

Hoy mi cuerpo fue una masacre televisada
Que tenía que caber dentro de una cita jugosa
Realzada con estadísticas.

Dime por qué . . . ¿por qué ustedes los palestinos
enseñan a sus niños a odiar?

¿Por qué odian?

¿El odio lo suministran a sus niños junto con la
leche de la mama?

¿Por qué odian?

Acudan a mí: les daré la fuerza para soportar el
frío
para el niño que se esconde debajo de la cama,
meciendo, meciendo
pronto terminará
dejarán pronto de hacer preguntas estúpidas

Enseñamos La Vida Señor

Enseñamos la vida cuando hayan ocupado el
último cielo

Enseñamos la vida después de que hayan
edificado murallas, y colonias sobre nuestro
último cielo.

Hoy mi cuerpo fue una masacre televisada
hecho para caber en una cita jugosa
me pidieron un gancho
este cuento necesita un gancho – queremos una
historia personal

háblame de ti: ¿qué tal tu vida?

¿Tienes suficientes miembros con huesos rotos
para llenar nuestros páginas?

Entrérganos la lista de tus muertos

Puedes verter una lágrima

mientras te saquen una foto

Si no eres tú – encuentra a otra mujer
de Gaza – necesita medicamentos

No uses la palabra Apartheid

Sólo queremos una historia humana

Mujer. Gaza.

Necesidades. Medicamentos.

Si no quieres ser nuestro gancho,

danos un gancho

entrérganos tus inquietudes

en límites de 1200 palabras

Today my body was a TV'ed massacre
made to fit sound bites and
word limits
made to hook the desensitized to terrorist
blood
but felt sorry, they felt sorry for cattle
unburied cattle in Gaza

Give them statistics, UN resolutions
we condemn, we demand,
we reject, we deplore
not equal sides – colonizer / colonized
100 dead, 200 dead, 1000 dead
in that space between massacre and war
crime
I vent words
smile not terrorist
smile not exotic
pleasant, human
and recount, recount
100 dead, 200 dead, 1000 dead
Gaza, siege, starved, we condemn,
we deplore, we demand
please someone listen, please someone
listen

I wish I could wail over their bodies
run barefoot beating my chest
screaming life into the crowded streets of
Toronto
its easier to mourn them
let me just mourn them
nothing rational about this
nothing controlled
nothing your UN resolutions have ever
stopped about this
no sound bite
no sound bite
no sound bite
can fix this

We teach life sir
We teach life sir
We Teach Life, Sir

Hoy mi cuerpo fue una masacre televisada
hecho para caber en citas jugosas y límites de
palabras
hecho para enganchar a los no sensibilizados a la
sangre terrorista
pero que sentían lástima, lástima por el ganado
el ganado no enterrado en Gaza

Dales las estadísticas, resoluciones de la ONU
condenamos, exigimos,
rechazamos, deploramos
no oponentes iguales – colonizador / colonizado
100 muertos, 200 muertos, 1000 muertos
en ese espacio entre massacre
y crimen de guerra
desahogo palabras
sonrisa no terrorista
sonrisa no exótica
agradable, humana
y recuento, recuento
100 muertos, 200 muertos, 1000 muertos
Gaza, cerco, hambrientos, condenamos,
deploramos, exigimos
que alguien escuche por favor, que alguien
escuche

Ojalá pudiera gemir sobre sus cuerpos
correr descalza golpeándome el pecho
infundiendo a gritos la vida en las atestadas calles
de Toronto
es más fácil llorarlos
déjame llorarlos
no hay nada racional en esto
nada controlado
nada que las resoluciones de la ONU jamás hayan
parado en esto
ninguna cita jugosa
ninguna cita jugosa
ninguna cita jugosa
puede remediar esto

Enseñamos la vida señor
Enseñamos la vida señor
Ensenamos La Vida, Señor

The Five Cuban Brothers

The five Cuban brothers,
imprisoned for their awareness,
for protecting the existence,
of their threatened people.

The five Cuban brothers
strike fear in the empire
because even as prisoners
they strengthen their people.

The five Cuban brothers
Are you, me, Fidel, Che,
Dolores Huertas, Malcolm X,
Muslims or Christians.

The five Cuban brothers
are Palestinian brothers,
are Mandela, are Sandino,
are Iraquis, are Afghans.

The five Cuban brothers
are the hungry children,
are our Túpac Amaru,
are our first people.

The five Cuban brothers,
prisoners of the terrorists,
are the live conscience
of sovereign people.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos

Los cinco hermanos cubanos,
presos por tener conciencia,
por proteger la existencia,
de su pueblo amenazado.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos
meten miedo al imperio
porque aun estando presos
fortalecen a sus pueblos.

Los cinco hermanos
somos tú, yo, Fidel, el Che,
Dolores Huertas, Malcolm X,
musulmanes o cristianos.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos
son hermanos palestinos,
son Mandela, son Sandino,
son iraquíes, son afganos.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos
son los niños hambreados,
son nuestro Túpac Amaru,
son nuestros originarios.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos,
presos de los terroristas,
son la conciencia viva
de los pueblos soberanos.

And the rogues of the empire
turn a deaf ear,
but until we free them,
they won't be able to silence us.

The five Cuban brothers
are Bolívar's sword
and are the living hope
that we will all be brothers.

The five Cuban brothers,
your brothers and mine,
I bless them in the name of Che
and I hold out my hand to them.

The five Cuban brothers
will win together with us
since, if we all join together,
we will free them.

***"Thanks,
Fernando,
Gerardo,
Ramón,
René,
Antonio,
for combating the
devils of a plunging
empire."***

***Rafael Cancel Miranda
August 17, 2010
Trans. Keith Ellis***

Y se hacen de oídos sordos
los canallas del imperio,
pero hasta que los liberemos,
jamás podrán silenciarnos.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos
son la espada de Bolívar
y son la esperanza viva
de que seamos hermanos.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos,
hermanos tuyos y míos,
en nombre del Che los bendigo
y les extiendo la mano.

Los cinco hermanos cubanos
vencerán junto a nosotros
pues si nos juntamos todos
lograremos librarlos.

***"Gracias,
Fernando,
Gerardo,
Ramón,
René,
Antonio,
,por combatir los
demonios,de un imperio
desquiciado."***

***Rafael Cancel Miranda
17 de agosto de 2010***

Vámonos

(*Che Guevara Canto a Fidel*)



Ardiente profeta de la aurora,
por recónditos senderos inalámbricos
a liberar el verde caimán que tanto amas.

Vámonos,
derrotando afrentas con la frente
plena de martianas estrellas insurrectas,
juremos lograr el triunfo o encontrar la
muerte.

Cuando suene el primer disparo y se
despierte
en virginal asombro la manigua entera,
allí, a tu lado, serenos combatientes,
nos tendrás.

Cuando tu voz derrame hacia los cuatro
vientos
reforma agraria, justicia, pan, libertad,
allí, a tu lado, con idénticos acentos,
nos tendrás.

Y cuando llegue el final de la jornada
la sanitaria operación contra el tirano,
allí, a tu lado, aguardando la postrer batalla,
nos tendrás.

El día que la fiera se lama el flanco herido
donde el dardo nacionalizador le dé,
allí, a tu lado, con el corazón altivo,
nos tendrás.

No pienses que puedan menguar nuestra entereza
las decoradas pulgas armadas de regalos;
pedimos un fusil, sus balas y una peña.
Nada más.

Y si en nuestro camino se interpone el hierro,
pedimos un sudario de cubanas lágrimas
para que se cubran los guerrilleros huesos
en el tránsito a la historia americana.
Nada más.

Che Guevara
México, 1956



FREE the CUBA

René González
Gerardo Hernández
Ramón Labañino
Fernando González
Antonio Guerrero

**From the top, clockwise: René,
Gerardo, Ramón, Fernando and
Antonio**



*Mural by Lynn Hutchinson
and Harry Tanner*

**Message for the
Toronto Forum on Cuba
September 12, 2010**

Compañeras and compañeros of the
Toronto Forum on Cuba

Greetings and my respects to the memory of
the recently fallen Reverend Lucius Walker
and Puerto Rican patriot Juan Mari Bras.

As we all know, it would have been more
than an honour for me to be present among
you here today, but since I don't see any
legitimacy in the imposition by the Yankee
government in 1917 of U.S. citizenship on
the people of Puerto Rico—citizenship
which the Puerto Rican legislature of the
time rejected—I do not use a U.S. passport.

I only travel as a Puerto Rican, and since
the U.S. government requires me to have a
U.S. passport to leave Puerto Rican territory
to travel abroad, I will not be able to be
where I would like to be today, with you.
Especially for a meeting as important as this
one, to support the liberation of The Five
Patriotic Cuban Brothers, who, because
they were antiterrorists, are seen as
dangerous by the CIA terrorists and other
terrorist groups serving imperialism.

The Five Cuban Patriots represent the right
to the survival of our peoples—of all our
peoples—not only of the Cuban people.
Fighting for them we fight for ourselves. We
all know that the CIA terrorists and those
people who lend themselves to terrorizing
people in the interests of U.S. capitalism
have no scruples.

They murder adults just as they murder
children in order to steal the natural
resources of our peoples.

We could enumerate several examples such
as Operation Condor, Operation Phoenix,

**Mensaje para el
Toronto Forum on Cuba
12 de septiembre de 2010**

Compañeras y compañeros del Foro de Toronto en
Solidaridad con Cuba

Saludos y mis respetos a la memoria del
reverendo Lucius Walker y del patriota
puertorriqueño Juan Mari Bras, recién fallecidos.

Como todos saben, para mí hubiese sido más que
un honor estar ahí presente entre ustedes, pero
como no le reconozco legalidad alguna a la
imposición por el gobierno yanqui en 1917 de la
ciudadanía estadounidense sobre los
puertorriqueños —ciudadanía que el parlamento
puertorriqueño de entonces rechazó— no uso el
pasaporte estadounidense. Solo viajo como
puertorriqueño, y al exigir el gobierno
estadounidense el pasaporte de ellos para salir del
territorio puertorriqueño hacia el extranjero, no
podré estar presente donde quisiera estarlo, entre
ustedes. Sobre todo, tratándose de un encuentro
de tanta relevancia como lo es el respaldo a la
excarcelación de Los Cinco Hermanos
Patriotas Cubanos, que por ser antiterroristas,
los terrorista de la CIA y de otros grupos
terroristas al servicio del imperialismo, los ven
como un peligro.

Los Cinco Patriotas Cubanos representan el
derecho a la sobrevivencia de nuestros pueblos —
de todos nuestros pueblos— no solo del pueblo
cubano. Luchando por ellos, luchamos por
nosotros mismos. Todos sabemos que los
terroristas de la CIA y los personeros que se
prestan a aterrorizar a los pueblos por los
intereses del capitalismo estadounidense no tienen
escrúpulos. Lo mismo asesinan adultos que
asesinan niños para saquear los recursos
naturales de nuestros pueblos.

Podríamos enumerar varios ejemplos como la
llamada Operación Cóndor, la Operación Fénix, el

the assassination of Salvador Allende (the coordination of which the dreadful Henry Kissinger took responsibility years later and which cost the Chilean people thousands of lives), torture camps in several Latin American countries and genocidal operations to which they attached pretty but deceptive names, as if names could hide the bloody crimes that they have committed and continue to commit against our peoples.

Thanks go to the Five Cuban Brothers, Antonio, Gerardo, Fernando, Ramón and René. Thanks for standing up for all of us. Your sacrifice will not be in vain.

Compañeros and compañeras, I wish to be among you because you represent and are the conscience of true human beings. Let us ensure that the terrorists of the Anglo-Saxon U.S. Empire are aware that our peoples are watching out for the lives of the Five Cuban Brothers, because, if we didn't do so, the lives of the Five would not be protected. The Brothers give us strength, but, at the same time, we are their strength. Let us remain alert and let us not rest a minute in the struggle for the Liberation of the Five, since, at the same time, we will be saving their lives.

I reiterate that for me it would have been an honour to have been there with you, and it is my hope that on future occasions we will meet and be able to give each other firm hugs. And if I am proud of the Five Cuban Brothers, I am also proud of their families that have known how to accompany the Five in the dignified, although hazardous, road that it has befallen to them to travel.

A big hug for each one of you in the name of the patriotic Puerto Rican people. Thank you.

Rafael Cancel Miranda
September 11, 2010

asesinato de Salvador Allende (de cuya coordinación el nefasto Henry Kissinger se responsabilizó años más tarde y que costó miles de vidas al pueblo chileno), campamentos de tortura en varios países latinoamericanos y operaciones genocidas a las cuales les ponen nombres bonitos, pero engañosos, como si los nombres pudieran esconder los crímenes sangrientos que han cometido y cometen contra nuestros pueblos.

Gracias a los Cinco Hermanos Cubanos Antonio, Gerardo, Fernando, Ramón y René. Gracias por dar la cara por todos nosotros. Su sacrificio no será en vano.

Compañeros y compañeras, quisiera estar entre ustedes porque ustedes representan y son la conciencia del verdadero ser humano. Asegurémonos que los terroristas del imperio anglosajón estadounidense sean conscientes de que los pueblos estamos pendientes de la vida de Los Cinco Hermanos Cubanos, pues de no ser así la vida de Los Cinco no estaría asegurada. Ellos nos dan fuerza, pero a la vez, nosotros somos su fuerza. Mantengámonos alertas y no descansemos ni un minuto en nuestra lucha por la excarcelación de Los Cinco pues, al mismo tiempo, estaremos garantizando su vida.

Vuelvo y repito que para mí hubiese sido un honor haber estado ahí con ustedes y es mi esperanza que en ocasiones futuras nos encontremos unos y otros y podamos darnos un fuerte abrazo. Y si orgulloso estoy de Los Cinco Hermanos Cubanos, así de orgulloso estoy de sus familiares que han sabido ir de la mano de Los Cinco en el digno, aunque azaroso camino que les ha tocado recorrer.

Un fuerte abrazo para cada uno de ustedes en nombre del pueblo patriota puertorriqueño. Gracias.

Rafael Cancel Miranda
11 Septiembre, 2010

Antonio Guerrero ...

More Than a Proclamation

Dignity is more than a proclamation
it doesn't advertise itself
it speaks for itself.

Dignity is a seed that is sown and grows
it is a white dove
it is a sole fiancée.

Dignity is being precisely where it is useful
it is getting back on your feet whenever you
fall.

Dignity is something real
it is always necessary to defend it
it is firing the slingshot against Goliath
with all your indignation and your courage.

Dignity is easy for the poor man
it is difficult for the rich man
it is sharing your bread and then eating
it is to never be party to an injustice
it is to love unconditionally.

Dignity has a well defined frontier
it is to live without fear of what people will
say
it is to speak truth to lies

Dignity is full independence
it is the path to peace.

Dignity allows itself to be possessed
don't let it leave you
"it is like a sponge: it can be squeezed
but it always keeps
its power of bouncing back".

Más Que Una Proclama

La dignidad es mas que una proclama
no se pregona
habla por si misma.

La dignidad es una semilla que se siembra y crece
es una paloma blanca
es una novia unica.

La dignidad es estar justamente donde se es util
es cada vez que te caes volverte
a parar.

La dignidad es un hecho real
siempre hay que defenderla
es contra un Goliath lanzar la onda
con toda tu verguenza y tu valor.

La dignidad es facil para el pobre
dificil para el rico
es repartir tu pan luego comer
es no asociarse nunca a una injusticia
es sin reclamo amar.

La dignidad tiene una bien definida frontera
es vivir sin el miedo al que
diran
es cantarles las cuarenta a la mentira.

La dignidad es plena independencia
es el camino a la paz.

La dignidad se deja poseer
no la dejes partir
"es como la esponja: se le oprime
pero conserva siempre
su fuerza de extension".

Antonio Guerrero
October 18, 2002
Trans. Keith Ellis

Antonio Guerrero
18 de octubre de 2002

René González ...

“Never mind a sour bile of weakness
coming out rotten from a royal seed
nor would suffice all the world’s vileness
to strangle our firm gentleness indeed.”

René González
*Fragment of a poem written to his
parents*



To Irmitta on her sweet sixteen

Fly away high, my butterfly. Go break
spears
while you harvest your happiness and
dreams.
May the legacy of your sweet fifteen springs
be the gentle core which sprouts your
universe,
sound foundation of love to which we
dedicate
this verse with pride. And without fear!

René González
September 15th, 1999
Translated by Julio Llópiz

Gerardo Hernández...

Desire

I'll tell you how deeply I appreciate your
sleeplessness,
your infinite silence and your immense valor,
and you'll know how I long to return to the
peerlessness
of your land, to be reborn in your arms and feel
your ardor.

It will get to you in tears of passion and delight,
for hidden in my chest my return I'll await,
and how dearly I'd love, during this long night,
for you to read these verses which to you I
dedicate.

Gerardo Hernández
*Fragment of a poem
written to his mother
while he was in "the hole"*
*Translated by Julio Llópiz
and Keith Ellis*

Ramón Labañino...

Debt

I gave her all my loyalty
my absence
every endeavour.
To honor her
I remained silent [...].
Thus today I am content,
When I see you multiplied
In a thousand flags and mothers.

Ramón Labañino



To my daughters

I granted them their lives,
splashed their love with dew,
magnified their souls in mine
and their issues made me grow.

My lone life has become three,
so three are my wishes and my fates,
three my grateful merriment,
three my fortunes and my plans.

I would live only for you
my whole self and what I am.
I am so far from you today
thus I cannot enjoy your happiness,
but you should know how much I love you
wherever I am,
wherever I am,
I shall live eternally for you!

Ramón Labañino
December 21, 2001.

**E. D. C. Miami FL, 11th Floor,
West Wing, Cell 6 (upper part)**

To you who are waiting To you Ely, because love conquers all

To you who are waiting
On the warm wetness
Of my last kiss,
Over the waves of a tender
Flow of passions.

To you who are waiting
for the right moment
to embrace nostalgia
and ease every second
of this eternal waiting.

To you who are waiting
come hell or high water
have faith and keep fighting
beat everything and everyone,
remember it is two of us battling
in this long waiting,
and after we reach our victory
we will get back
all our debts.

Ramón Labañino
November 1, 2003
U. S. P. Beaumont, Texas

Sometimes

Yes, it is true
Sometimes
It feels hard to wake up
having nothing of what you love
but among all you hate.

Sometimes
it feels hard to be without you
without your lips
without your warm hugs
or without your silhouette
stuck to mine
in each free space.

Sometimes
it is painful to long for
my daughters by my side
to look forward hopelessly
to an "I love you" or a "Dad",
to dream of a sweet kiss
or an innocent tear I could
wipe away gently
and lovingly.

Sometimes
it feels hard to desire
to be surrounded by people
by the laugh of children
by the joy on the streets
by the warm breeze of our coasts
by the unbelievable green
of our mountains.

Sometimes
it feels hard to yearn to be
walking barefoot
along the white sand
or swimming on the intense blue
of our ocean
so it wipes away our griefs.

Sometimes
it feels hard to wish
to see our flag fluttering
flowered with martyrs and heroes
in some square
of our island.

Sometimes
It feels so hard
to wake up here
longing to be there
and this I cannot deny...

But I also understand
quite well
how hard and heroic it is:
to fight against an unmeasured gigantic injustice
against a rich and mean power
against a modern Neo-Fascism
to protect our peoples
against the crimes of an Empire.

This is why
sometimes
even when it is hard to wake up here
I deeply appreciate
living and fighting this Mission
which allows us to recognize
much better the meaning of:

the adverb	Faithfully
the verb	I fight
the noun	Homeland

and the optimism in the slogan "We will win
(Venceremos)!"

Ramón Labañino
February 24, 2006
Translated by Julio Llópi
and Keith Ellis

Fernando González...

Your Honor:

Today, you will conclude this stage of our trial and pronounce the sentence that you deem appropriate.

Finally, I simply want to reiterate that at no time did I endanger the national security of the United States, nor was this ever my intent, or that of my comrades.

What I did was inspired by love for my country, and by the conviction that history will register that this is the only choice left to the Cuban people to prevent the death of innocent people and the destruction wrought by the terrorist acts committed against my country.

It is up to the U.S. government to bring an end to these acts. Cuba has shown its willingness to cooperate with the U.S. authorities in this and other areas, like drug trafficking. This would serve the best interests of both nations, since it does affect the national security of the United States. It is the authorities of this country that must decide to act on the basis of principles, and to shake off the destructive influence of a small but economically powerful group of mobsters and ultra-right fanatics from the Cuban community in Miami.

I sincerely trust that one day Cuba will have no need for people like me to come to this country, voluntarily and out of love for their country and their people, to fight against terrorism.

The first duty of any self-respecting person is to his or her country. Throughout the years of my imprisonment, I will always carry with me the dignity I have learned from my people and their history.

Thank you very much.

Fernando González Llort

***End of the statement
by Fernando González
at his sentencing in Miami,
Tuesday, December 18, 2001***

They will return!

To the five antiterrorist Cuban heroes

I signal the time passed
I do not want to live ashamed
The struggle is worth the build-up
The struggle is worth the journey
The struggle is worth the result
Here we are standing up demanding
The simplest thing in life:
The pure honest truth, your conscience
I address you
with a stop along the way
Illuminating my thoughts
In the confident days
Those of vital hope
Full of immortal and raw words

I trust in the mud of your corporal mass
Because you were born upright
Today, nobody can destroy you
Neither in the closed nights of anguish
Nor in the dawn of 5 o'clock in the morning
Abandoning the murmurs at home
The breathing, the complaints, the kitchen,
the breakfast
The movements of loved ones
We do not want charity
Never a privilege
Not two, three, four, or five
That would be accepting crimes never
committed

Volverán

A los cinco héroes antiterroristas cubanos

Señalo el tiempo transcurrido
no quiero vivir avergonzado
vale la lucha el sumario
vale la lucha el recorrido
vale la lucha el resultado.
Aquí estamos de pie exigiendo
lo más simple de la vida:
la verdad pura la conciencia
a vosotros me dirijo
con un alto en el camino
iluminando mis pensamientos
en los días confiados
aquellos de esperanza viva
llenos de palabras inmortales y desnudas.

Confío en el barro de vuestra masa corporal
porque ustedes nacieron íntegros
hoy nadie puede destruirlos
ni en las noches cerradas de la angustia
ni en el amanecer de las cinco de la madrugada
abandonado el murmullo de la casa
la respiración la queja la cocina
el desayuno
el movimiento de los seres queridos.
No queremos una limosna
nunca un privilegio
ni dos ni tres ni cuatro, tampoco cinco
sería aceptar crímenes jamás
cometidos.

In the swaying of the lit torches
The raised fists proclaim in chant
Every day they shout
Five, we want freedom for the Five
Justice Sirs, justice and no clemency
Magistrates, it is not fair!
You have shattered the harmony of the
homes

They are five worthy men, fruits of
peace
Wrought in the crucibles, red of iron
In the radiation of forges
The struggle is worth the shouting result
Five, I want freedom for the Five!

They will return!
The Cuban Five heroes will return
René Ramón Antonio Fernando Gerardo
They will return to overturn the
bloody energy back home
They will return to a roof over their heads to
care for their precious families
YES, THEY WILL RETURN!

Carlos Angulo-Rivas

En el vaivén de las antorchas encendidas
los puños alzados pregonan el canto
todos los días lo vocean
cinco, cinco que los quiero libres
Justicia señores, justicia y no clemencia
¡Señores magistrados no hay derecho!
ustedes han quebrado la armonía
en los hogares

son ellos cinco hombres de provecho, frutos de la
paz
forjados en los crisoles encarnados del acero
en la irradiación de las fraguas honradas
vale la lucha el resultado voceando
cinco, cinco que los quiero libres.

Ellos volverán
los cinco héroes cubanos volverán
René Ramón Antonio Fernando Gerardo
volverán a volcar su
impetus sanguíneo en el hogar
volverán a sus preciosas familias
bajo el techo a cuidar
SÍ, VOLVERÁN!

Carlos Angulo-Rivas



The heroic families of the Five, Cuba and the world demand justice and their freedom.



