



What life do those who invite me to forget about my people talk about? From what blood, from what empty pots? Of what doctrines? Do they really know what life is?

I could not finish listening to the song that a few hours ago circulated on the networks and has made some even proudly wear a frame on Facebook, because behind it (I assume, I do not have the truth in hand) they feel dissident, rebellious, upset in the illusion that change for Cuba will actually come one day from the outside.

I did not finish listening to the song, although maybe I should, because there came a point where the faces of Alexander, Yotuel and Descemer stopped selling me for a minute a speech pregnant with "indications" to begin to remind me of the beginnings of each one, and How many times have I not danced excited by how much or little they had to say at that time, but which at my age - then brief - was enormously seductive.

For just seconds I didn't hear the "it's over" or the uncreative "domino trancao".

I saw them rise up on the most important stages of Cuba, and thousands of compatriots sing along with them their songs that boasted of a foolproof Cubanness.

When I realized that this time the message was one of hatred, the same hatred that they no longer know with what silk to disguise, so I confess, I stopped the video and ran to write a Homeland or Death, and well! would the expressions of love towards this land be true? Is there another way to love than with intransigence, certainty and faith in truth and justice?

Under what shield are doctors today fighting against COVID-19? Or is it not a death that is on our heels every day and it is not the same country of the supposed doctrine that is here for us to raise and let's build?

Isn't it the same death, although with a different color, the one that awaits us at the end of the road if we do not all do our part and the order fails due to the ineptitude and indolence of a few?

Perhaps there are too many questions for a text that defends a single statement, but sometimes things are understood like this, a little to the right and a little to the reverse.

That the philosophy will be to continue giving our lives for the Homeland ... well, yes, that will never change as long as the lucidity of the people reaches not to ignore its history, as long as people continue to love and there are many more who unite than those who separate.

Another thing is a poorly designed pamphlet, an unfinished and mediocre script more or less armed with chords, illegitimate in its most recondite essence, if it has... an annexation vomit put into the mouth of those who supposedly and erroneously represent Cuban culture.

On second thought, I'm going to finish listening to the song, it is clear that she in herself and everything that surrounds her, is nothing new, only rales of a very old hatred, with very short wings.

(Taken from Claudia Pis Guirola)