

Poems

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Poet

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Park Island

I hear the stench envelope the park
And I am distracted
Humiliating my steps on its patriotic tiles
And the amassed air envelopes me
Shaking my fears
And my gaze fixes on the human limitations that surround me

And I am still in the park
I devour it with my mournful steps
And once again fix my gaze now,
On the young lady schoolgirls showing their cheap asses...
To Mr. John.



And by dusk
When the protective flies decide to alight
On the suffered statue of the greatest of patriots
My slow and black speech becomes ashamed
When for the umpteenth time a male prostitute requests
My identification card

And at the end of the day
When the inquisitorial yowl renews its vigor
With one more truncated gendarme,
I remain here, on the island, ambushed

I was there

The sorrowful hours slipped
Though the hostile truncated bars
Preventing the breathing of freedom
And I was there choked among the clouds of terror

The frozen plateaus trying to humiliate
The icy remains of maladjusted beings
And I was there, foul but firm

And just before the dawn, when the sentence awakens
Four voices did not tremble
And I was there, almost planted.

The Hanged Man

There was the man, accompanied by his valor,
He looked, and I watched,
And we both started to cry.

Men aren't supposed to cry, dammit, someone shouted from afar
He didn't look,
And I spit,
And we both began to laugh,
Carry on, an empowered voice commanded,
He was not alive, but I did see him,
The noose adorning his dissidence