

Nicolás Guillén (1957)

“Little Rock”

A blues music weeps tears
in fine morning.
White South shakes
his whip and hits. Going children
blacks among pedagogical rifles
to school in fear.
When their classrooms arrive,
Jim Crow will be the master,
Lynch will be children of their schoolmates
and there will be on each desk
each black child,
blood ink, pencils fire.

This is the South. His whip does not stop.

At that Faubus world,
under that sky Faubus hard gangrene,
Black children can
not go along with the white school.
Or stay at home gently.
Or (you never know)
let hit until martyrdom.
Or not venture into the streets.
Or die bullet and saliva.
Or not whistle the passage of a white girl.
Or finally, lowering his eyes yes,
bend your body yes,
kneeling yes,
in the free world that yes,
Foster to talk about Tonto in airport
and airport,
while the white pellet,
a graceful white pellet,
presidential, golf, as a minimum planet,
wheel in the pure, smooth, fine turf,
green, chaste, tender, soft, yes.

Well, now,
Ladies and gentlemen, ladies,

Now children,
now old hairy and peeled,
Now Indians, mulattoes, blacks, mulattos,
Now think what would
South the whole world,
the world all blood and everything whip,
the world all white school for whites,
the whole world and all Little Rock,
the world all Yankee, all Faubus ...
Think for a moment,
imaginadlo a moment.