

Afterword 2022 to the slideshow Cuba 1981:



Cuba in the 1970s and early 1980s was of interest with its related political and economic orientations. Not least because people, who are close to a specific development in a society often do not notice that the specific form of development is a peak. In other words, close or very near the highest point and not just a minor step in a possible social direction / development.

That´s why "the peak" usually not is notified until afterwards, because as members in a society we are so involved dealing with the present in order to face the possible future...

From my poems / texts Cuba 1981 / Johan Cronehed

Havana, Santa Maria, by the sea

1:

The sea sings songs
to be heard
against storm-beaten trees

Writes texts and poems

with roots
shaped to
be sensed
by gentle hands

The truths of the waves
bring memories
yet recognized to be remembered

The sea embraces, groves
in empty shells of palaces
grasps broken walls
particle by particle

Communicates reality
yet too real
to be forgotten

2:

A shadow
sneaks along the beach
is mixed against the sand
is washed over by the sea

Throws songs
against the waves
throws sand
against the stars

The strength
in the possibilities of the sea
in the freedom of the stars

Car headlights
a razor-sharp glow
breaks my path
catches my eye

Shows far away
as close
at the same time

3:

My roots
need water
from a sea
I thought
never really existed

The moon chases the clouds
Shows the way
with safe steps
the progresses
the given answers

Recognizes the need for freedom
which is constantly growing
easy to see
for those
whose freedom
has grown more than others

The empty eyes of the palace
first to be filled
then the mouths of the palace
to know
it's own freedom

The carousel of Mickey Mouse
still spinning
but with a different content

Santiago de Cuba, the songs of the troubadours

The guitar wanders
veined fingers
strokes tones
against the worn bands
along the neck of the guitar

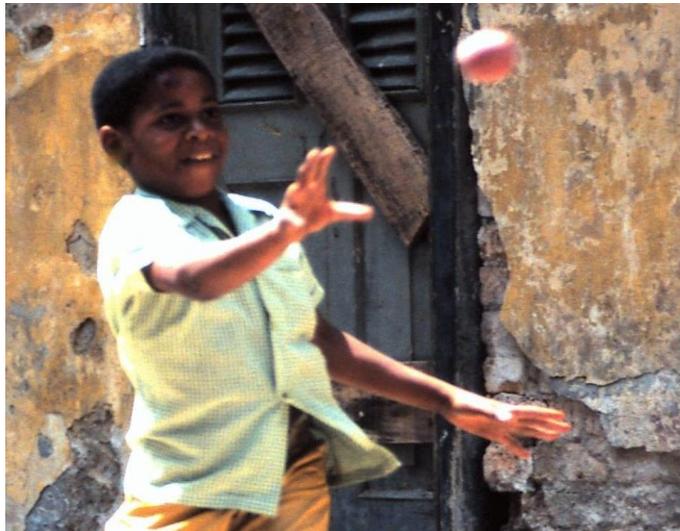
From the pictures of the walls

the story of past greatness
are cracked voices
are thoughts, words and strength

One soul attracts another
a body
comes to life for a moment

The interaction is the harmony
when the melody overcomes
the weakness of age

In songs
that yet
bites hard



For my family, Helen, Kalle, Linus, Zetterholm Cronehed