

ON A MONUMENT TO MARTÍ

CUBA DISHEVELED, NAKED TO THE WAIST,  
SPRINGS UP ERECT FROM THE DARK EARTH AND SCREAMS  
HER JOY IN LIBERTY. THE METAL GLEAMS  
WHERE HER CHAINS BROKE. MAGNIFICENT HER HASTE  
TO CHARGE INTO THE BATTLE AND TO TASTE  
REVENGE ON THE OPPRESSOR. THUS SHE SEEMS,  
BUT SHE WERE POWERLESS WITHOUT THE DREAMS  
OF HIM WHO STANDS ABOVE, UNSMILING, CHASTE.

YES, OVER CUBA ON HER JUBILANT WAY  
BROODS THE APOSTLE, JOSÉ JULIÁN MARTÍ.  
HE SHAPED HER COURSE OF GLORY, AND THE DAY  
THE GUNS FIRST SPOKE HE DIED TO MAKE HER FREE.  
THAT NIGHT A METEOR FLAMED IN SPLENDID LOSS  
BETWEEN THE NORTH STAR AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

by W. Adolphe Roberts