

Tres Poemas Cubanos by Dan Phillips

I.

Somnambulant in Havana,
I stumble on the cobblestones of Calle Mercadores,
past the hotel where Hemingway wrote and drank.
Dazed by tropical sun
on a bench in Plaza de Armas,
surrounded by booksellers of *memorias
de la revolución*,
I capture rebellious thoughts in my journal.
All around me, classic '50's taxis troll for tourists,
strolling troubadours pour out their hearts for pesos,
hip-shaking *jinetes* peddle voluptuous fantasies.
In the distance, waves sweep over the Malecón to
drench me awake. . . my dream of Cuba come true.
O Cuba linda, Cuba hermosa,
I surrender to your siren call.

II.

Whatever you call them,
whether beans and rice
or Moors and Christians,
it is not important.
As long as
they are mixed,
like coffee with milk
blacks and whites
calm or passion
happiness or sadness,
you can have them
every day in Cuba.

III.

Even with an embargo
that punishes them
with poverty,
the people whose riches
are of the soul,
unable to be counted
or taken away,
will never die!

Dan Phillips is glad that his poetic "mojo" is still working after many years of writing and will continue to go just about anywhere for inspiration, lately to Cuba for his wife and his 50th Anniversary. His poetry has been published in *Porter Gulch Review*, *Montserrat Review*, *Monterey Poetry Review*, *Anthology of Monterey Bay Poets '04* and in *Coastlines: Eight Santa Cruz Poets* as well as *Homestead Review 2012*.