
Hurricane Irma: Symphony of Compensation

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It is true Irma shot us to death. Major economic resources and several people's homes were hit; nonetheless, we are still here alive.

We should be in the shoes of those who lost everything, or even a towel, or a family photo, to understand the ineffectiveness of poetry when talking about the impact of Irma and its legacy.

Therefore, as gentle or tearful words are now useless, we better pay attention to sounds.

As soon as the recovery phase was decreed at 20:00 on Sunday, the sound of chainsaws started.

Then, Monday morning awoke with the pounding of hammers, machetes, tridents, brooms, and chainsaws...again.

Truck engines, backup generators giving power supply, people talking...people talking are certainly the flourish of this musical piece. The same occurs with the crane driver asking something from his upstairs or the boy in the eighth floor calling her mother for two pails to carry water.

As soon as Irma went away, Cuba got rid of fallen foliage, leaves, debris, stones carried from the sea, as well as the anguish, fears, losses, and tears...

Cuba is now yelling, calling, shouting while slowly recovering itself.

And amid this symphony of compensation, Cuba dried its beads of sweat with a dirty shirt, and sometimes talks to itself: "I can do this!"

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