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Fina García Marruz, 97 years old

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Fina García Marruz has carved over the many years of her life a lyrical, beautiful and palpitating body, essentially riveted. Her poems are usually light written - like very thin and life-giving air - but strong in their suggestions.

Delicately perfumed roses, with thorns, of course ... and roots that drink from the underground waters. Fina García Marruz has preferred (has she preferred? Has she? It has been her role?) to remain in the shadows, silent with the discretion of a lurking giant, showing against the blows of life a godly peacefulness, although never arrogant.

Her poems speak, they have been the face many times.

Fina García Marruz has traversed time and time again the prodigal sea of Jose Martí's work, she has dedicated many of her finest hours to the Apostle, with dazzling sensitivity and modesty; from her mind and pen have come forward some of the most transparent reflections on the personal and creative life of the greatest of Cubans: Martyred Martyr.

Fina García Marruz has done nothing to seek awards, recognition, presumptuous fame ... Her pride has been as hard as diamonds. She has received the highest recognition in her country, always with the peace of mind of those who know they deserve them but do not need them.

Fina has two countries: Cuba and poetry. Perhaps just one: the Cuba dreamed in verses, seen in its zigzagging travel blessed by God and men ...

There's a precious moment when the real world is confused with the illusory world. Fina García Marruz has searched for it her entire life. That is the job of the poet. She says it much better, in inspired verses: If poems were all lost / the fire would continue naming them endlessly / clean from all dirt, and the eternal poetry / would return roaring, again, with the dawns.

