

The Golden Key
An Argentinian

One ordinary Friday morning, I saw the same old people sitting around the table talking.

At that moment everything seemed normal. One of them was preparing maté as usual. Two or three were chatting it up to get a place in the round, as usual.

It seemed that they were waiting for something, you could see the anxiety in their physical language, I was just watching but I was still in mine.

Suddenly the door opened and the attention was fixed on him, at that moment I did not know if the joyful faces were because of the huge bag of pastries he had in his hands or if it was another reason.

The man very respectfully approached us one by one to greet us, but each one of us did not know if the faces of joy was due to the huge bag of cookies he was carrying or if it was for another reason.

He took a seat in that round and I was very curious to see that he was the center of attention. His calm manner of speaking, his good vibes, his thick beard and his black-framed glasses gave the impression that he had something to teach. His masterful look was unmistakable and I was not mistaken.

I approached the table and made a place for myself so I could be part of the group, who wanted to know what the event was that they were so eagerly awaiting. The maté began to circulate. The bag of chips was being emptied and the maté was being washed away, but I wasn't interested in it. The intellectual stranger opened his little bag and began to scatter books on the table.

Then, from another little bag came out several copies of a booklet of not many pages, which were distributed, together with these words: "boys, here is what I promised you".

Together with a maté cup, I received a booklet and Fénix said to me, "Here, this is the first edition, if you want to read it". I accepted the maté and of course the booklet. Amidst laughter and bowls, compliments and so on, I understood that what they were expecting so much was nothing more and nothing less than a book made by colleagues in the context of confinement.

Each one had his artistic name and his chosen theme. That is to say, at that moment they were beginning their careers as writers.

When I read the texts, some of them seemed very profound, two or three exceeded my expectations. When I realized I had been reading a lot and I dared to ask if there was a place in the project, to which I was politely told yes.

Little by little I began to write down my thoughts in a notebook that the teacher gave me as a gift, as well as those of the little group that filled the table. The nights were my inspiration. Without TV or anything to distract me, I clung to reading. Before I knew it, I already had some short texts that could fit.

The other Friday came and I became one of them. Anxious for the teacher's arrival, I wanted to show him what I had written.

The door opened and I took a seat next to the others. I must confess that when I showed him the notebook and saw that he began to read it aloud, with that professional reader's voice, like a poet from another century, I was embarrassed and ready for the laughs and the balls, but his reaction and return were unexpected for me. As one madman said, "it was like a caress in this cold, harsh place".

Days went by until one Friday morning I saw the same sequence as the first. A couple of books, a bag of pastries, and as expected, several copies of the second edition.

Euphoria dominated us. I will never forget those joyful faces. It made me feel that I belong, that I am part of something besides being "a prisoner". It gave us the opportunity to show ourselves and express ourselves freely in a world from which we were marginalized because of our life conditions.

Together with those closest to him, he shared the project with the people outside, no less than at the Book Fair. Weeks went by and the booklet had good repercussions.

One night, reading a book, I saw a sentence that caught my attention. I only write for the love of art, I don't intend to earn money or make a living from this.

Some of my stories are already in the streets, in the networks and who knows where they will go. Today I feel that I triumphed just with sticks on a sheet of paper.

This goes beyond the material. I can only thank the teacher for giving me a place in the history of reading and writing. From my point of view what he did was priceless and without any self-interest he gave us "the golden key that opens the palace of eternity".

The day that our physical existence disappears from this world, someone will remember us as we read. The day our physical existence departs from this world, someone will review us by reading “Tumbergencia”, the free-writing magazine.

The Repressors Got Together

Nano

There go Jorge Rafael, Adolfo and Benito, holding hands, empowered by the neo-fascist regime that supports and covers up for them. Mr. Executive of the invincible boot! Remember the teaching that you should represent.

Poor Mr. Hipólito leans on Mr. Raúl and watches in astonishment as his ideology is repressed day by day by those who claim to be his own, never sell your ideology, never sell it to the highest bidder.

We must be worthy of our flag, never on our knees, always with the people and firm in our convictions, look inside the committee, in that place the actions are gestated. If there are consensual decisions to be taken, the democratic fruit should be in place. Let the torturers commit the atrocities for which they came, do not be part of them!

You belong to the people, not to them, the red and white is your flag, fly it with the warrior eagle for a common future.

The Benito's? The Benito are an atrocious past already buried. Do not stain your doctrine with debates and consensuses, God bless you and may you re-train so that the three letters with their red and white background may be the impulse that the warrior eagle needs to undertake its flight in peace and harmony with its people.

I Look at You

Fénix

I look at them, I admire them, I offer them my sacrilege.
To those who doubt and insist, to those who forget to give up -not sacrifice-.
To those who contemplate their splendid loneliness,
I give them all my few secrets.

One of the things I didn't do, I wish, I mean, I would, I would try, to reach
the ceiling.

Strong hands, not to fall, to deny the vertigo.

Fight from above

For my right!

My freedom!

Yes, in time,

it's today, I feel it.

Times Change, Faith Moves Us

Gabriel, Siervo de Cristo

After spending twenty years locked up in a mini-society, with a regimen based on treatment for the purpose of readaptation to return to the social environment, the doors finally opened, thanks be to God.

To feel that they open the door and you are back in the open again is a lot of sensations all together and very deep.

The first thing I see is my beloved, my sister, with a special sparkle in her eyes, waiting for me to take my hand and accompany me in this stage of my transitory departures. She is my guide and reference. The perfume of this woman makes the whole experience special.

How romantic it makes me feel that we are loved and expected outside of these places, makes me value her all the more. I am in her delicate hands, full of Love for me. This does me so much good!

I feel a different air, a sun shining splendidly... so special. It is very clear that the walls are behind us.

The bus arrives, we get on and start our trip to the city of Santa Fe. An hour's ride, there is a lot to talk about on the way.

After so many years I see everything different in the city where I was born and raised, where I spent my childhood, adolescence and youth. I can see the city aesthetically more beautiful, more modern, with more colors, new places, spaces that were not there or were renovated.

The truth is that before it was very different, the city is better than before. With my beloved we go out to visit beautiful places. I can see everything that is new, she takes the opportunity to get to know the city better, because she is from another province. God brought us together, God is good.

Now I want to share what is the reality of the people I saw in these very hard and difficult times we are going through...

A lot of need that is reflected in so many people living on the streets. A young pregnant woman, lying on a mattress on the side of a square with her partner, out in the open. Children, young people, adults and the elderly affected by the scourge of drugs, consumed by the abstinence that leads them to walk along paths of few opportunities and little experience that only make you someone with a lot of shortcomings. That are naked. Today I think that maybe this was always there and I never realized it or maybe I never paid attention. I have seen families begging at traffic light corners and in different places where you can get some food for the table. God bless the cheerful giver, the good Samaritans of this time.

It is very hard to see all this, really. It is good to have hope, it helps us to keep on fighting, but I understood that faith changes the hardest realities.

Faith is the certainty of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen (Heb. 11:1), Faith goes beyond the spaces, situations or circumstances that we live in. I thank our beloved God who is sensitive of ear and heart to the voice of my neighbor's need.

Another thing that really struck me is how technology is here to stay and to embrace all areas and captivate society, regardless of age.

My grandson Nicolás Valentín, who is only ten years old, is an expert in handling the cell phone, the tablet and the computer, as my teacher would say, who teaches me how to use these devices that take us to a globalized world.

Returning to the Unit after my departure, an elderly couple, more than seventy years old, comes up to the school. They sit in front of me, cell phones in hand. An hour without taking their eyes off their screens, concentrated to the point of not saying a single word to each other during the whole trip. Tremendous for me.

I can truly say that everything has changed in these two decades of being away from the social milieu. What comforts me is to be part of all this, even though it is very hard many times. Because today I have a different approach, a new horizon of living a new life, where there are new and good opportunities, always seeking to do the right thing and always with God's help. In fact, I am looking at it in my fifties. Sitting at a long table with my family, sharing and enjoying, as my Beloved says: "quality time".

In today's reality, I see that the years have passed as I look at my grown children, with their own stories. May God enlighten our understanding by his word of life. Proverbs 4:18. So be it. Blessings!

Sunny Sunday

Jorge

Beautiful sunny Sunday. Typical fall day. Lots of sun, a little cool in the shade. The vitamin D from the morning sun is something you only learn to enjoy when you don't have it every day.

Nowadays most people prefer to stay at home watching TV, watching their cell phones, etc. People are so busy with the material things they don't have, that the little they do have, which is free, such as the sun, oxygen, nature, etc., is not appreciated. Or is it just that one cannot have it every day that one pays more attention to it, or is it that one learns and is satisfied with so little.

It's hard to explain. You have to see it, or it has to happen to you, to know what we miss or do not appreciate. Or is it that the fact of having nothing opens your mind and you understand that we don't need wealth or to be millionaires to be happy and enjoy the little things in life, to live those little moments of life, like watching the sunrise in silence or being able to tell your family that you love them while they are with us and not regretting later that they are no longer with us.

Fear
Hadez

Shhh, he told me, they'll hear us,
don't talk they'll see us,
don't look they'll find us,
it's there, it's there,
it's there in the darkness, in the cold sweat
that runs down your forehead, in the sweat of
your hands, in the cold tickles
behind your neck.

Shhh coming up
there it is in the verdict
among sad people
in pheromones that long
in big eyes that freeze.

Shhh... stay still
there it is in pain
in the bitter taste in your mouth
in that knot in your stomach.

Take my hand don't let go
squeeze it tight I'll close my eyes
it's there in the fast beating of your heart.

I see it! It's there in your eyes
full of tears
it's there in your expression
in the loneliness
in the sound of the bar
in another day without seeing your face
in the forgetfulness of what it's like to be.

To be a man, to be a son
to be a somebody, for somebody,
to be, just to be.

Opening Our Eyes

MF

In the cold cell where silence murmurs,
he reflects on the life he lost behind the walls.

Locked up, he suffers the injustices of existence,
robbed of his freedom, separated from loved ones without presence,
all waiting, although time is a furtive thief.

Sharing knowledge is a heartfelt drama,
but the years teach that, although the road is crooked,
progress is revealed in the midst of adversity,
and future projects are clearer with age.

Confinement, a cruel mirror, allowed him to glimpse
the path with clarity, and his spirit to be enlivened.

He seeks immunity against injustices and grievances,
dreaming of protecting his own from those harms.

But desire alone is not enough;
it requires wise action and adequate assistance to win the battle.

He must discern the areas in which to act and the principles to forge
so that his family can be trusted in the future.

Every day in the cell his mind sharpens, plans,
builds a path that makes him strong, his spirit nourishes.

Prepare for the reunion, not only as a free man
but as one who grew up, learned, and knew how to be firm.

Progress is arduous, injustices endure,
but with clear vision their hope matures.

With determination, he dreams of the day when his sacrifice will bear fruit,
and he will be able to give his people the just life they deserve,
with no more walls to imprison him,
with a future that blossoms.