

THE LONESOMENESS OF THE BLIND:***What we do not want to observe*****Cristian López Talavera**

A Thursday 10 September 2015, a group of “prisoners” of the regional prison of Latacunga, in Ecuador, took over the control of the pavilion of maximum security, hooded, they got up on the roofs to demand respect from the police and prison authorities. It was 11 in the morning. In front of their eyes, the Cotopaxi had woken up close to them.

The Minister of Justice Ledy Zúñiga, spokesperson of the State, sent police forces belonging to the Group of Special Operations, the Group of Intervention and Rescue, the Special Mobile Group Anti-drugs, the Unity of Maintenance of Order and motorized groups, among others, to protect the security of the penitentiary system. In a press conference, the Minister said the following: “We will not allow this minor group to try and put under risk the new model of penitentiary management”.

After six hours of negotiations, the police achieved to ease off the protesters. But the words of the minister Zúñiga remained as a threat, latent. Days after this incident, a group of police entered the pavilion of maximum security and started to attack the “prisoners”, who, defenseless, only achieved to protect themselves. Blood filled the hallways of the prison of Latacunga. Many seriously wounded. This suffering went on for hours for these persons, whose only mistake had been to ask for respect, which as human beings they deserve.

When the family members asked for the wounded to be attended, the doctors indicated that they have no rights as human beings, and this in spite of “prisoners” who monthly pay their social security. *The lonesomeness of the blind* is a collection of poems that wants to confront a penitentiary reality, from the history of sorrow, told in first person, that our brothers in prison live day by day.

PRAYER OF IMPRISONMENT

Father,
the cell is mourning
you spit your revenge over me
now,
a sky-blue butterfly settles over my wounded eye
below its wings emerges a melody of wounded angel
but its shadow has the scream of death

Father,
bribe the birds
and make them sing to fight this harmful silence
deign yourself to put a star in front of our eyes
and make it shine,
to make light in the middle of our nights
(you do not know our heaven, she roams with the terror of death)
Yes,
our eyes dance with the kiss of the skinned.
We are in dementia,
we suffer the madness
we live in the house of absence

Father,
exhaust your patience over our sobs
and cry me,
cry us,
may an ocean be made from your crying,
may your word be a river
I don't remember the ocean
this cot of hatred is mine
where each night the bone of my dream
copulates with the joy of my childhood