

Riddle Sprouting from a Xmas Card Greeting

It's about fairness.

It's about 300 kilometers wide.

It's about mothers breastfeeding in public.

It's about bringing in the harvest before it rots in the sun.

It's not about shoveling snow off the driveway.

It's about the dignity of Man.

It's about siesta from 11 to 2.

It's about David slaying Goliath.

It's not about life insurance premiums.

It's about hot sweaty sex beneath the palm trees.

It's about a million machetes chiming in the Plaza.

It's about 90 miles from Key West.

It's about summoning Orishas.

It's about a dream Martin Luther King had come true.

It's about moros con cristianos and a side of fried plantain.

It's about honouring martyrs.

It's about well-fed, well-clothed and shod children running mock air-traffic control.

It's about pure cojones.

It's about ministers of state chopping sugarcane.

It's about a hundred shades of green.

It's about dancing till you drop.

It's about old peasants reading and writing.

But not about taxation without representation.

Not about working for 20 years and being downsized.

Not about installing a satellite dish to get 64 channels on TV.

It's rather about living the true passionate brilliant human furious heroic mad quixotic saga of all for one and on for all life:

Cuba.

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