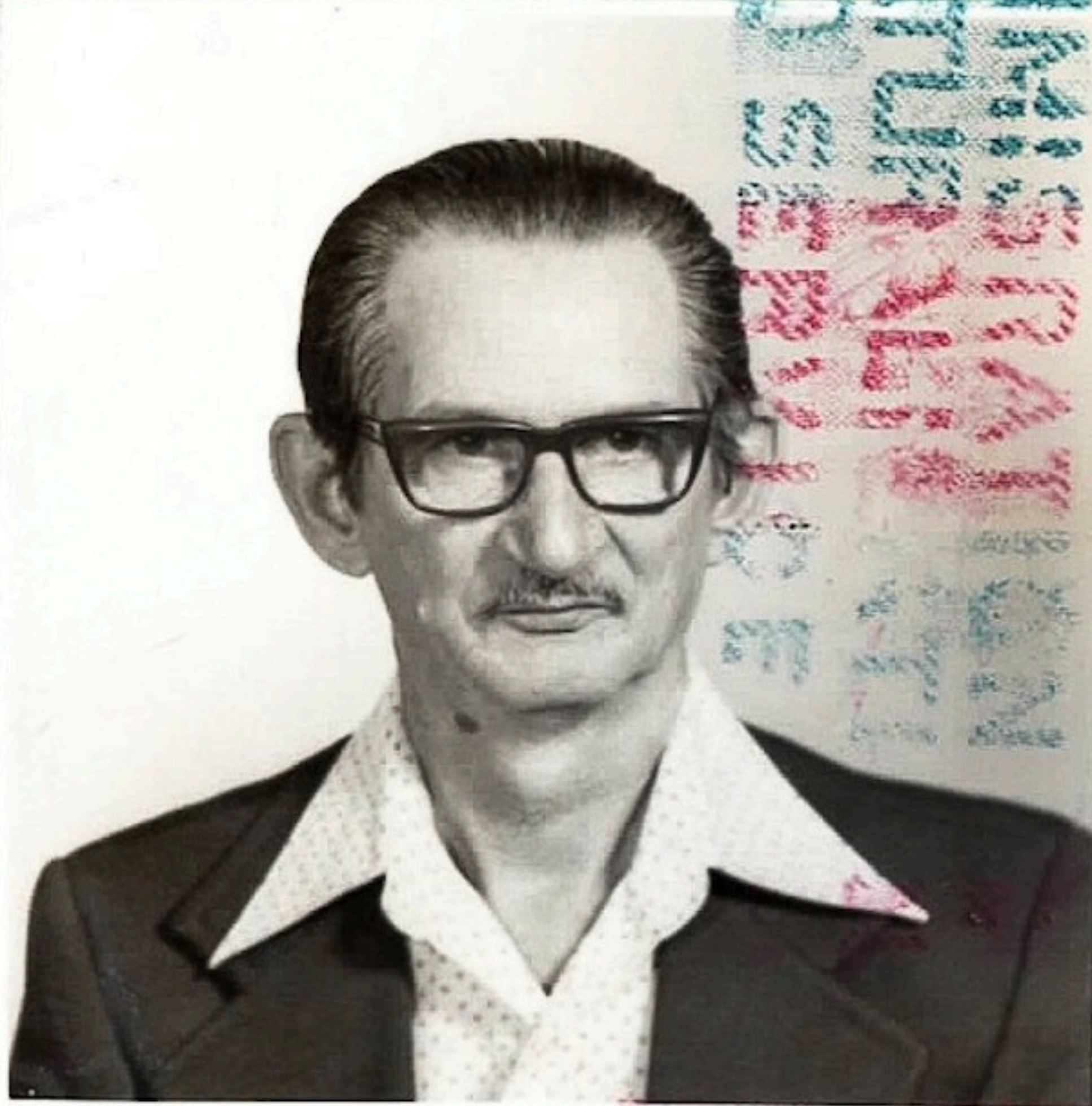


PHOTOGRAPH

1118793



Juan Yanes

*Cuba only existed
for my mother and
aunts
as quiet whispers
faded memories.
All my life, I heard
stories
about their family
who never made it
across that narrow
strait.*

*“The touch of
the gentle breezes”*

*“The music of
the waves crashing”*

*“There isn't a
more beautiful country”*

