

# **Magical, Magical, Magical Cuba, Havana, Cuba ©** **by Camincha**

**Trumpets, guitars. Smiles, blue skies, lime-green, azure-blue ocean of gentle waves, white sand at Santa María. Your people's well done brown, black skin glistens in the sun, the same under the moonlight.**

**Magical.**

**Cocos, Taxis, How much?**

**Where 'you going, chica?**

**Havana Vieja.**

**One dollar, across town! One dollar for you, chica.**

**Magical.**

**Figueroa's apartment transformed into a PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART GALLERY where Che Guevara in black and white by Korda is alive and well on 17th Street between K and L in Havana, Cuba,**

**Magical.**

**The oral tradition lives on at EL HURÓN AZUL where a man mesmerizes us reciting a story full of body language, facial expression, intonations rich in emotions. He tells us: Once upon a time there was a GREEN man who was looking for a GREEN house.**

**When he found it he knocked on the GREEN door that was opened by a GREEN woman.... And on and on. Then a nine year old girl tells us a story. Then a woman. Then another man.**

**Magical.**

**Juicy, tasty papayas, plantains are found at the corner stand on 18th Street corner with K where we sat on the low wall of the house across the way and we eat tearing the fruit with our fingers.**

**Magical.**

**And the trumpets blare, the guitar moans and the singer cries at EL GATO TUERTO across the Park under the full moon where we danced till 4 in the morning. I close my eyes and see your mulato smile while the breeze caresses my, tanned legs and trumpets blare, guitars moan and the singer cries all the way to HOTEL EL PRESIDENTE at the corner of AVENIDA LOS PRESIDENTES and G across from EL MALECÓN six blocks from the ARTS and CRAFTS MARKET in Havana in Magical, Magical, Magical Cuba. Havana, Cuba.**