

# A Lawyer's Eyes



I'm going through different law firms looking for a lawyer's eyes that don't drop, that don't turn away, when I explain my case. The eyes of a lawyer who doesn't lean back, or veer his sight, when I inquire about the legal process.

I'm looking for the eyes, and the good sense, of a lawyer who won't wander the halls with the hope that I'll leave, a lawyer who understands my patience has been building up for decades. The eyes of a lawyer, unlike the one who tells, Sign, just sign and get it over with. The eyes of a lawyer who, though he knows it's a lost cause, will look right at me, ready to defend, not me personally, but the right to freedom of expression.

The yes, the honesty, that I'm looking for belong to a lawyer of the future, so that I might be defended in the present.

I'm looking for the eyes of a lawyer who'll look me right in the eye, unafraid.

In the meantime, with the hope reflected in the popular maxim that declares nobody's perfect, I'm using my own eyes. I'm reading the penal code, the constitution and the legal decrees, looking for a legal loophole that might give me an opening. I'm going to empower myself.

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February 3, 2015  
Havana, Cuba