



## IN MEMORIUM COMRADE ALBERTO MOREAU 1897-1977

"Comrade Moreau lived and breathed the Party and understood its indispensibility in the struggle for socialism. He was unswerving in his loyalty and devotion to the working class, unwavering in his confidence in the total victory of his class and steadfast in the certainty of its fulfillment of its historical mission not only to free itself but all oppressed by capitalism."

--from the statement of the CPUSA

## To Alberto, Thursday July 28

*Alberto has gone  
to talk to old friends,  
to comrades who died  
in Spain, in Algiers, who wasted  
in dungeons in Colombia. He has gone  
to sit on a bench in the sun with Antonio Mella  
and recall Cuban days.  
Alberto is with friends from 1935  
and '44 and '63. Those  
he outlived he has rejoined.  
As clasped hands are warm  
he is warm, not cold.  
The bullets were cold and the stones  
damp, the shackles bit the wrists  
like dogs. The grip  
of police led them down,  
and each of them died and all of them won.*

*The men who killed the friends  
of Alberto Moreau are the dead forever.  
The bullet that shattered the back  
of Antonio Mella rattles  
in his casket alone. The enemies  
of Alberto Moreau  
are the truly dead.*

*He has left behind him - us.  
He has left us! the living to win  
and the wisdom to win.  
Listen, my friend,  
Alberto, listen:  
We will have good news for you soon.  
In the mean time mil gracias, thank you  
Thank you,  
Alberto.*

Terry Cannon