

ON THE HARDNESS OF THE WALL

On the hardness of the wall

There is only room for a smile:

To walk along paths where

Memory is forgetfulness

And hope rides

Over the horror of the planet

Long maddened.

Let us look into the immense

Night: cold, loneliness,

Fear. The insignificance

Of man in the face of the abyss.

Yes, you can acquire

Two hundred square metres

Of peace and security,

Ignoring the wailing

That, thunderous, burst

Beyond your garden.

You never suspected, prince

Of globalisation,

That something was moving beneath

Your feet and that the unique

Thought would throw you,
Through multiple avenues,
Alone in the crowd,
Into the grey of depression.

Welfare grips,
It hardens reason
And the armour isolates.
Can we live serene
Turned, as we are,
Into sculptures of salt?

In the hardness of the wall
There is only room for the smile:
Drawing landscapes where
Silence is verb,
Compromise idleness,
War negotiation
And, subjugated the beast,
Eventually humanization.

Fulness in the Mirror (1993-2005)