

REPORTS

I, who at every step so sweetly
Have filled the time with reflection,
I blush at being a man of fiction.
The confused eyes impassively
Watching, from the centuries, murky:
Hunger on faces, breasts and hands,
“America of the Americans”,
The harsh landscape of the slums.

Vast litany of walls,
Silences, oblivions and hypocrisy,
Yet you, gagged, are silent.

Be chosen, aggressiveness,
Erase borders your philosophy,
Let us all, Pablo, be community.

"Fullness in the Mirror" (1993-2005)