

## WINTER

We always thought that the sky was blue.

We ignored from our hill

The inexhaustible flow of blood

Emanating from the back of the earth,

The stench of the rotting corpse

In the swamps of starvation.

Hedonistic gentlemen, we were

Drunk in the conquest of pleasure

Installed on indifference,

Puppets devoured by time,

Avid of image, blind of love.

Such a dense veil brought us

An abrupt and enormous awakening:

Agonising the chimera at dawn

It, simply, imposed its law.

I wish to think that life pushes

And hatred is a lethal potion,

That impotent weapons will silence.

I go out onto my balcony.

Vast slabs of ice tear,

Before my dull eyes,

The dream of brotherhood.

The historically shipwrecked man hurts

In the oceans of exclusion.

It is winter. Permanent mutism

**"Fullness in the Mirror" (1993-2005**

Jesús Claver Giménez