

## **ALONE, MAN RIDES**

Man rides on his own  
On a saddle of hard dreams  
Along the broken path of History.  
Arrogant, devious,  
With a cracked voice, trembling  
In the labyrinth of his fate.

The power of the strongest,  
The natural law inscribed in the genes,  
Yes, simplify, always simplify,  
“It rains on wet ground,  
God is on my side”  
Argues the tycoon of the markets.

With a roar they broke  
On the deaf seawall of amnesia  
Waves of bile-scented lust,  
Unmistakable traces  
Of the value of metal,  
And indignation thunders in Plaza Sol.

**“Adrift, Winter Days” (2005-2014)**