

FRAGILE

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

With resignation you suffer my suspicion.
Distant whisper of a conch shell,
In this bay of uproar
Hard to hear your voice, your fear, your longing.

It can be no consolation to you
The feeling that now my soul is cheering up.
With ropes of oblivion the time immolates you,
Ductile prisoner whom I understand and expel.

Alone, face to face, your dignity
And my amnesia. Long will be the road,
The encounter, hard, and tense the moment.

Conscious of our fragility,
Beings condemned by destiny:
To speak or to die in violent clash.

Adrift, Winter Days (2005-14)