

ODE TO BOB DYLAN

Under the starry sky
Of the night, we gaze upon you
Nostalgically, mythical Bob.
Times had changed.

Bitter litanies you shouted
Against a still and hostile world.
Your torn voice thundered
On the frozen avenues
Of imperial New York.
You see, it stopped raining,
I can't dream anymore.

She'll give you her guitar,
My new marker, me,
So you can blow up the bullring
With your mighty roars
And a fleeting ray of utopia
Over the yawning city
Generously shed its light.
And the silent crowd
Shout at this lunar night,
When, behind your back, the shadows,
On the amnesiac facades
Of the skyscrapers, project
The river of blood which floods
The rice fields of Vietnam.

How many winds must blow
Until we find, at last,
Under our feet, the sane answer
To your questions of yesterday?

By then you, Old Dylan,
Will have buried your bones
Under some dusty and dull
Southern highway.

Drifting, Winter Days (2005-14)

Jesús Claver Giménez