

## STROLLING AROUND PORTO ALEGRE

*Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego*

I opened my eyes and explored,  
Firmly, the exact magnitude  
Of the century that leaves us.

I found no sordid images  
Vanished in the realm  
Of irony and drowsiness,  
I did find red blood exhausted  
In the certainty of knowing itself  
Hollow and sterile, without memory,  
In its destiny and in its light.

I searched the sceptical gaze,  
Calloused under the sun,  
Of the homeless passers-by  
Through the impassive pavements  
Of the egocentric city  
That, indifferent, distrusts  
Its uneven silhouette.

I examined the sour countenance  
Of the refugee who, afflicted,  
- The cold echo of his footsteps  
Splashing in the stench  
Of the surrounding filth -  
Returns to the camp exhausted  
And, amidst the nausea, holds up  
The glow of his hope,  
When the black night invokes  
The evil spirits.

I knew about the unbridled hunger  
Scurrying through the dry  
Entrails, orphaned of voice.

I verified the consuming  
Uneasiness of the quiet  
And fragile crystal man.

Of the growing multitude  
Their existential paradox  
I saw consummated, with no return,  
Because irreversible amnesia  
Modified their condition.

Thus, they ride impossible  
For the power of reason,  
Majestic and elegant  
Like fatuous tinsel queens:  
The fetishism of figures,  
The lightness of words,  
The laxity of consciences,  
And the endless agony  
Of the indigenous people of the South,

We have weapons and a beautiful  
Swan that cannot swim.

**Adrift. Winter Days (2005-2014)**