

SUMMARY

Believe me, it's just a poem
Showing stolen images
From the unsheltered consciences
Of the city that pales,
When Sunday kneels
Before the fury of the clock.

I can doubt the nobility
Of the speeches with the smell of mothballs
That, rhetorical,
Before teatime, throw
Feverish praises to the inaccessible
Busts of metal,

Or question the vehemence
Of stultified memory
In the gazes that get angry
With insolent boys,
Where the night disguises itself
In the wildness and alcohol.

And to demonstrate the unpunished abduction
Of the word and its symbol
On the brutalized chessboard
Of universal chess.

Or to remember that that about Iraq
Was wrong from the beginning:
It was an orgy of power
between the arrogant leaders
Of the irrational fundamentalism
by the oil of the gods

anointed, they were visionaries
in possession of the truth
And they were to save us.

No, don't fear, these stanzas
Sleep the sleep of the just
In the gloom of the attic,
At the return of the irresistible
Frenzy of the weekend.

Sometimes I can sail
On the intangible ocean
Of muted passion,
Where the abysses devourers of light
Are hidden,
And dive there, invisible
In the hollow of my grief.

Or, pleased, to enjoy
In the evening strolls
Of the warm wind that caresses
The pleasant echo of your voice,
Inseparable companion
On the asphalt roads
Between tints of neon,
When the calm of my being
Filters, without pause, the timeless
Essences of pleasure.

No, do not fear, these stanzas
Keep silent with decorum
Over the shady garden.
There will be no place for lyric poetry
In coffee gatherings

"Adrift, Winter Days" (2005-14)