

THE CITY

In the distance, the city.

A tremulous neon glow
Unmistakably warns of its presence.
In the middle of the night
Seductive and chimerical
Like childhood memories.

The city in the distance.

The majestic lunar wake
Advances indolently through the asphalt.
On the dark plain
Powerful and resounding
Like storms on the high seas.

The city in the distance.

And here I am, tiny, in front of the cosmos,
Just a mute sigh in time.
How small my world is,
An aseptic bandage
Hides death and denies pain.

The city is approaching.

My father is waiting for me at hospital,
I watch over his complaints and his ghosts.
Gladiator of affection,
An alchemist of dreams I am.
The light of dawn breaks, the doctor smiles
And so do I.

The city moves away.

Some anxiety floats in the air,

I hear Sabina's broken voice

And an invisible bee

Reminds me, woman, of your honeyed lips.

"Adrift, Winter Days" (2005-2014)