

THE DISINHERITED

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

To watch your gesture eagerly,
Analyse your soul in depth,
To show the fickleness of your judgements,
I want to explore you in your nudity,

If I could hear a slight lamentation, maybe
I could believe in your dignity,
If I could sense a symptom of anxiety,
Perhaps I would understand your immaturity.

We beg for indulgence from sunrise to sunset,
Yet unaware of our sins,
We find disdain for our impotence.

For your humbled children marked
The gods never had an audience
And without remission we were outcast.

Adrift, Winter Days (2005-14)