

THE WORD

You rose with millenary effort
From the narrow depth of times,
When from your lineage the root
Suggested its origin on the Earth,
Towards the wind your trembling hands.

You knew the wise antiquity
And the posthumous mutism of stone,
Of your weak sense the restlessness
Before the urgent clamour of instinct,
The certainty of the cold in your freezing
Body because the dawn was hostile,
The Machiavellian magic of fire,
The delicate texture of bone
Under the rough folds of touch,
The trimmed flight of the shell
Lifting the firmness of your neck,
And the handcrafted warmth of the skin.

Tiny amidst the weight of shadows,
The seductive foreboding of the eternal anguish
In your conscience penetrated.
Behind the sacred protection of the gods
You relieved, confused, your anguish,
You appreciated the breath of your loved ones
When loneliness shook you,
You needed the word and its symbol,
As if some volcano of intense light
The hidden enigmas flooded
Without respite, beyond the throats

And the conventional stroke of forms.
A few took possession of it,
With lust they adored its charms,
And, admired, they gazed upon
Its beautiful figure in temples and palaces

Like a great impregnable rampart
Flaunted unmeasured arrogance
Behind the mud houses of the settlement,
The word, arrogant, changed
Into dark silence its faint voice
And, foolish, we inhabited the darkness.

The muffled reading of the psalms
Where the moon with its mantle sheltered
The pious revolution of souls,
The collective use of machines
Which, uncertain, suggested their mystery
In dreary stinking workshops,
The subtle strategy of welfare
To the fertile liturgy of consumption
And the chained advertising,
Tore down the towers of the castle,
Through the centuries, slowly.

In the air still remain
Your doubts cementing the rootlessness.
It, sensual, flirts with its flame
And socialises the ritual of oblivion.

Adrift, Winter Days (2005-2014)