

THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE

On the white walls it slides
Reluctantly, a gelatinous clock,
Riding on the back of the horse's rump
Of the huge, dull eyes
Whose immobile mane seems
To stimulate the momentum of the wind.

It is hard to realise that your desires,
Fragile whims of youth,
Were suddenly satisfied.
The world knelt at your feet.

"To win you had to beat them".
It didn't matter why or to whom,
Nor how, nor even for what.
That was the slogan of the times
Of the anything goes here, you're next,
Of the school voucher, social Darwinism
And the vulgar spectacle.

The mortgage, your flat, your contract,
The sudden enrichment
Of some spurious and lawless councillor,
The wink of the department store,
The card runs out at the end of the month,
And in your bones the cold of winter
When it is your six o'clock shift.

Now that you feel like one more,
That you don't drink your life in one gulp
And you accept the acidity of the lemon,
Now that at night you wake up
And the cholesterol goes up a notch,

Now that, laden with baggage,
You cross the bridge, with compunction,
As in Munch's oil painting,
With a roar your dry scream bursts forth
And the bowels of the Earth tremble,
Shattering the pillars of your faith.

No one hears you, there is no time to lose

“Adrift, Winter Days” (2005-2014)

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