

TO THE WIND IMMATURE

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

To the wind immature our restlessness
In haste we hurriedly hurl old laments
That flood the room in slow circles
Of pride turned to vain virtue

Of a sun pleased with its fullness
At dawn we await vast foundations
That to our so drowsy walks
They imprint jovial and daring attitude

Choleric our dogma we spread
Nightly sobs echoes of doors
That cautious hide fears and oblivion

With our backs to the word we live deaf
And it is hard to agree on open proposals
The agora our forbidden Eden

"Adrift, Winter Days" (2005-2014)