

YOUR CLEAR SMILE

To Aser and Ricardo

Your clear smile,
When you come home, boys,
Floods the hall with fresh aromas,
Generous offerings,
Heavenly fragrances
For the memory of any god.

I know the bird flutters
As it cautiously takes its first flight,
Following the uncertain impulse of the wind
And instinct leads it
To expectantly furrow
Along the mysterious routes of the air.

Dawn breaks early,
Happy eyes before the light,
Hands ready to create,
Beyond the glass
The world's theatre
Rises the old curtain again.

Every day a flame,
Scattered dreams under the shower,
Crackles impatiently behind the threshold,
Your steps to the front,
The mist to the south,
It seduces us, gives us warmth.

Every night an ember,
Bonfire extinguished at dusk,
Only embers in embers on the sofa.

Desire is muted
Where slumber dwells,
Let's feel the fire, time is passion.

"Adrift, winter days" (2005-2014)

Jesús Claver Giménez