

ALZHEIMER

Deep the darkness discomforts you.
Perplex by its vast presence,
With no memory, no time, no conscience,
You frighten the night with your palm

In which recondite place of your soul
Do you hide the lucidity of your absence,
You dig the path of decadence
And exchange calm for stupor?

Disoriented in the slow space,
Confused and exposed, you ignore the hollow
Entity of your sullied image.

Trapped in the impregnable shadow
A vague doll-like expression you acquire
By your neuronal chaos devoured.

Fullness in the Mirror (1993-2005)