

BALLAD FOR JOAQUÍN SABINA

It devours the night –rhythmic
Melodies, cigarette
At the ready, hoarse voice-
A gentleman with a sad
Figure and uncommon profile.

It could be that we were to live
A hundred years and he, anachronistic,
Would raise his banners:
Life, the left, seduction

Now that the times are
Loaded with quid, people without scruples
And exhausting unreason,
There sounds a poet in Madrid,
A specialist in breaking up
Dusty cobwebs
And creating landscapes where
April never dies,
Where yuppies vomit
Their perfumed ties
And cantinas are forums
Of millenary culture
And of new underground word.

On the other side of the sea
There is a boat adrift
Drunk with dreams and blue.

"Fullness in the Mirror" (1993-2005)