

BLACK ON BLACK

The dark-skinned black man, with his fingers,
Plays his old kettledrum on his own,
An eternal, distant, tribal song
Between his teeth, nostalgic he whispers.

He preconceives, under his first bridge
The immense harshness of fairy tales,
And there will be hordes of skinheads
Following his nightly pauper's footprints.

Look, nigger, Africa is a muddy place,
There are passages to Paradise,
The vultures in the cornfields proclaim.

Your sweat as cold as metal and ice,
Little bread, long hours and disdain,
On its throne, big capital thrives.

"Fullness in the Mirror" (1993-2005)

Jesús Claver Giménez