

CREATURE

In an instant, splendid light
Sacrifices its generous gifts
On the translucent altar of dawn,
So that you, unsatisfied creature,
When the hymns sound heavenly,
Build an aerial pedestal
Where to lodge euphoric your dreams.

Always: a nostalgic image that denies
The transitory stay of tomorrow.

With a broken gesture, trembling mist
Scatters its damp entrails
In the breathless breath of the air,
While you, desperate creature,
Wander erratic, nameless,
Because the soul loses its roots
Navigating confused in the grey restless
Of the threatening darkness.

Never: it was only an eternal serpento
With a neurotic vocation of always.

Without warning, the strong gale

Blows with its furtive gusts
Of heavy restlessness and dull burden,
Then you, stupefied creature,
Knowing yourself a captive of nothingness,
Conspire with passion against the destiny
Of your species and you understand the impotence
That germinates in the dust of oblivion.

Now: in the beautiful meadow, placid,
Beneath the deep valley, resigned,
On the wild mountains, angry.
Or in the hard task, exhausted,
You project the stature of your being
Over the dense diagonal of time

"Fullness in the Mirror" (1993-2005)