

IT IS FOOLISH TO BELIEVE THAT MY POETRY

It is foolish to believe that my poetry
Leave its mark beyond the window,
There was never any reluctance within me
But simply deep and cold emotion.

Dollars are the measure of worth,
Anonymous and of urban quality
Behind his anxiety the citizen emanates
A certain candour and unholy passion.

I do not engrave my words on the wind,
Nor do I seek to shape consciences,
I am, however, a grey mass in movement.

When I look at my shoes smiling
Unbridled I look for new breath,
Like a spider, thus, my being I weave.

"Fullness in the Mirror" (1993-2005)