

## ODE TO THE TREE

Righteous majesty, you impose  
Silence in the cemetery.  
Relentless watcher, you look out  
The limits of the plain.  
Mute, you keep the secrets  
Of paths and fields.  
Under your shade you shelter,  
Majestic since long ago,  
The decadent existence,  
Breathless, of the old man.

Faint silhouette of light,  
Sullen symbol of the dry land,  
Arrogant. your destiny  
You face helplessly  
When, as the night emerges  
The flock returns to the fold  
And threatening winds  
Strange wailings wail  
That pierce icy blades  
In your worn-out heart.

Paradise in your eyes,  
The distant horizon  
Blue carpet suggests  
Over gentle waters and lakes  
Where to redeem sorrows,  
Among bucolic meadows  
Where to break the shackles  
That to pomp and pageantry  
Subtly bind us,  
Without conscience, alienated.

Present image the passing  
Of the years betraying,  
Hieratic like a god  
In firm forged metal,  
Meekly submitted  
To the apathetic mandate  
Of the haughty general,  
Who, with his golden power,  
The cycle creates and destroys,  
Impassively, without rest.

Nourished with your spoils  
From arcane times,  
Adam despised your dwelling place  
And our memory we lost,  
In a hard spiral of excesses,  
Consumption, fatigue and chaos,  
After eternal youth  
Greedily riding,  
Amnesiac and petty,  
Aimlessly we wander.

Since the revolution  
Of the oxygen dean  
In the Faculty of Air,  
Tenacious silent lover  
To the glimpse of rain,  
To its humidity clinging,  
With the anguish of a captive.  
Engineer and craftsman  
Of the redeeming breeze,  
Ethereal, unshaped,  
That at the zenith of summer  
Fascinates with its touch.

**“Fullness in the Mirror” (1993-2005)**