

COLOURLESS MAN

Singing with his guitar
Came the man without colour.
A huge shouting
Interrupted his song.
He was neither yellow, nor black nor white

The jukeboxes became mute
In the realm of alcohol,
And the cars were stunned
From so much stillness.
In the streets you could breath
Some smell of fraternity.

But along came the gentleman in the tails,
Looking haughtily around him,
And he said no: "he has no colour"

Five knives weren't enough.

Singing had come
A man without colour.
His guitar muted under the concrete.

Signs of Light and Silence (1972-79)