

NIMPHS OF THE HIDDEN FUTURE

A hundred furrows in the sand,
Three humble guitars
And several undeciphered orbits

Between the air and the stone,
Where is our way?

Nobody has an opinion, the roulette wheel spins
And everyone seems to be winning
The price.

I have welded, over the eyes
Of the most indolent pedestrian,
Several metal telescopes.
Perhaps my energetic attitude
Can, at some point,
Modify his glass gaze.

Here I am
Trying to break the course of the wind
Because they want your shade,
Your life, your shadow, man, nothing more.

Do not speak!
Do not speak nymphs of the hidden future