

BALLAD IN THE MIDST

A friend died in a traffic accident

May the glimmer of the light migrate
The light into darkness!

May the flower be confused,
For an instant, with the wind!

May the ice force
The unforeseen chains!

May everything be nothing!

May I not be known
By the light, the flower or the ice!

I would like, rotten illusion
Pungent in its essence,
To hear sincere
The words of my absurdity,
To live in silence
With no complaint of torment,
To wander on the plains
Tranquil and ecstatic.

Leave me self-absorbed ghosts,
Cries and voices, leave me.

I want to be alone.

“Signs of Light and Silences” (1972-1979)