

ADULTERATED PRESENCE

Discomfort towards the premature sore,
Injured faces flagellating themselves in silence,
Tears that never rolled,
Invulnerable immobile frame.

There are those who, in order to sing, need to make people cry.

Somehow it suffers irritations
The private unit looking for crosses where
The 'no' imposes its own law.

And the crowns have an icy steed,
A cheerful sphinx of mortal gold;
Goals, traps, gaps
Arrive firm as the decorated tribute
Of a legend with no end.

Two thousand years: falsehood and delicate controversy!

"Signs of Light and Silences" (1972-1979)