

FOURTEEN MONTHS

Always by our side.
What a vacuum you left!
You shrank our hearts.

For the sea of memories
Your wake navigates night and day,
Eternally, restless, like a sidereal light
that were fleeing from dark matter.

Feline with erect profile,
Cunning hunter.

Brown kitten of tender eyes,
Swan neck
And stiff cotton little ears.

Aomame looks for your shadow,
Rem follows your footprints,
They feel, not understanding, the ethereal weight of your absence.

Perfidious, the black asphalt
Raised the edge of its scythe
When in the spiral of your life
Dawn still reigned
And noon was just
A rumour off, without specifying.

Maybe Mom Luna is sad
And the stars will not align again.

Perhaps everything has been a bad dream
And every night, in Pachamama House,
Aser and Andrea will open your pâté tin.

Fourteen months, Takeshi, fourteen no more.

"For the eternal dust of the roads" (2022 -)