

WHERE YOUR MEMORY DWELLS

To my mother

Where your memory dwells,
I will ride on my memories
And, together, from the balcony of dreams
We'll drink a toast to the other side of the sun.

Sometimes the morning showed its knife-like profile
And there was no air to breathe,
Then you would dispel the black clouds
With your arms and your tears,
Wrapping my child's body
That zigzagged between the sheets
Like an agonized fish in a net.

The echo of your determined steps,
From the most tender age,
Erected the fortress of your being:
In the field, in the orchard,
In the grocer's shop
When you bought groceries having nothing to buy them with,
In the long corridors of hospitals
Tireless companion for the umpteenth time...
Christmas Eve, Christmas, the children, the grandchildren,
Mother on your pedestal.

"Thank you very much, I'm fine" you said
While your feet were slowly devouring you,
Until, one Thursday, the fourth of September,
You walked along the shore
Without looking back.

Where your memory dwells
I will fill the room with affection

And my gaze will sail gratefully
Through the intangible ocean of the clock.

“Here again, wherever the Wind Takes us” (2014-2018)

Jesús Claver Giménez