

ZOOM

1

The dawn breaks,
Like an atavistic flower
The day starts.

In the distance,
Orosia and Oturia
Ladies in waiting.

Haughty goddess,
An eagle glides
Solemn and beautiful

And, downstream,
Shows Osan, seductive,
Its aged cloth

2

On these mountains,
Where silence nests,
A voice thunders.

From the darkest
Winter a poet
Brought light

And on our lips
Freedom dressed
Of spring

3

In the retina,

Next to the old trees,
Shade and sunshine.

On the road,
The names, the images,
Like an avalanche

Vitorian raises
The primordial stone
Maria waits...

Piquero House
Of the home idolises
Its ancient flame

On the bench
An autumn sun sleeps,
Tender, the afternoon

And a faint echo
Of muffled voices
Brings the night

4
The dawn broke,
The moon wove the threads
Of my memory

And in Sobrepuerto
Antonio carves the eternal
Dream of the wind