

WHEREVER THE WIND TAKE YOU

Londres, París, Roma...

Keep the exact rhythm of your walk in time.

Sevilla, Barcelona, Madrid...

Outline the profile of your upright chin.

The brightness on your gaze crossing borders,

Gravitating beyond the horizon,

In a marble instant

Of oceans of hard manes and unbridled horsemen,

Of some sleepless nights,

Of dawns like flowers with no expiry date

Which frantically look for the first rays of morning.

You know the cold texture of snow

And the monotonous cadence of the clock,

That's why, perhaps, you walk to exhaustion

And contemplate unambiguously

Every sunset with a frown on your face

And squinting eyes.

Wherever the wind take you,

You through on the mountain, on the plain, on the the sea...

On my present memory.

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