

SPIDER WEAVING THE WRINKLES IN MY FOREHEAD

Words never spoken burst into pieces
On the quiet unease that stubbornly lurks,
Inflamed feelings sublimate and disarrange me,
Traces of rain that age does not erase,
Sudden images, crouched behind my temples,
Illuminating the chamber of time.

Now I could run away from the transparency of the mirrors
And immerse myself in the hollowness of lonely pavements,
Hidden behind some smoked sunglasses,
From the old ghosts that whip.

Sometimes I contemplate the firmness of my steps
And I walk satisfied, capable of the greatest undertakings,
Like a haughty kite
Letting itself be swayed by the whims of the wind.

Spider that weaves the wrinkles of my forehead,
Metamorphosis rushing into the abyss of oblivion,
Jubilant in the sunny landscapes of turquoise blue,
Terrified in the cavern by the roar of the storms.

It is not possible to describe the strength of a cyclone
With the emotion contained in a few verses.
I affirm that I practised the art of balance without a net
And I never made a pact with the anxiety of my neurons

"Here again, wherever the Wind Takes us" (2014-18)