

CAMBRIDGE I

January eighth two thousand and twelve: heading for Cambridge
And a sleepless night.

Sixty-seven months,
Counted one by one, to remember;
A place to live and tan the skin,
You discovered your brother during a long winter
At eighteen, Burlton Road;
Five years with Lola
Who conquered her freedom;
Seat Ibiza, Opel Astra, Calais, Dukerque, Ryan Air.
Aser, you know the almond tree was
Fourteen hours by car and two long ones by plane.

You had a chance,
You loved yourself, you were loved,
You worked hard and didn't let it slip away.
Your grandparents toast to you
Wherever they are.
Your mother wants you here.

How you grew up, my boy, in those Saxon lands
Where John, Chris and the pound reign and hardly ever the sun!

On the horizon, Fraga,
Andrea's eyes shining on the fog,
The red queen waiting for you.

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