

## **NOW THAT THE WORD IS SO BAROQUE**

Now that the word is so baroque  
That is hard to decipher the inscriptions of the tombstones  
And the headlines.

Now that the smile is so hypocritical  
That even one-year-old babies have grasped the usefulness of its essence  
And practise it when loneliness discovers dark areas  
Inside their cradle.

Now that the lie hides its countenance  
Disguised as post-truth by the hotels and the pavements  
And what is not named does not exist.

Now, I'm saying, allow me to recite to your schizophrenia  
My last hallucination:

White the mountain  
Which originates the flowing of the river.

Sincere the language  
That undress the soul.

Warm the silence  
That welcome the restlessness of the others

And the clean gaze,  
To weave a horizon of our own.

**Here again, wherever the wind takes us (2014-2018)**