

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)