

SPLIT

In the distance, Bob Dylan sounds in the ceremony of confusion.

One of my shadows wanders indolently across the lawless plain,
Fallow lands transformed into industrial agriculture,
Where new-fangled chieftains buy wills in bulk.

Another stands haughtily among the skyscrapers of hollow words,
Paper fish fattening in the sewers.
Donating their voice to weave a clamour that invades the horizon from sunrise to sunset.

The last one dives into the nostalgic blues of the underground,
Where the times are changing on Mary's farm
And the answer, Mister Tambourine man, is blowing in the wind,
Like a rolling stone that, under a red sky and after the hard rain,
Will inexorably reach the sea.

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