

WE COULD

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

We could watch,
From our high towers,
At dawn or dusk,
The endless wanderings of millions of beings
Around the protective blades of Eden.

We could listen,
Without needing headphones,
The impossible death rattle of the cluster bombs
And the subhuman wailing in basements
Where compassion never nested.

We could touch,
With the softness of our hands,
The texture of the scars of hatred
And the bones of starving children
Who dig their eyes into the earth
Tired of so much staring.

We could appreciate,
If we dispensed with the air fresheners,
The intense decomposition of the corpses,
The gunpowder that chases you, traitorous, through the streets
And the presence of napalm under the rubble.

We could taste,
In our luxurious restaurants,
The invisible menu of the families
Who have spent the night on edge,
Fearing the dry echo of a knock at their doorstep.

We could open the windows wide
And shout to the four winds,
Until the light blinds us.
However, the thunderous silence with its powerful claws
Flies over the empire of darkness.

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

Jesús Claver Giménez