

## 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 de 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