

AND THE FLAGS ARRIVED

And the flags arrived.
They invaded terraces, streets, stadiums...
A unanimous shout rode
On the rump of the air.
Strident sounded the trumpets,
Low thundered the drums,
We were the chosen people,
We had to protect ourselves from evil.

The disinherited wandered, like shades,
Beside us.
Strange beings,
Imperceptible to the light,
Peoples from other cultures,
Carrying mountains of tinsel,
Dragged their feet along the boulevards
With their eyes exhausted of so much looking.
They clustered in the squares
Waiting for an anonymous van
To buy their hands for a day,
VAT free and wholesale.
Bittersweet breaths paired
In forty square metres of sweat and stew.
At times, they gazed into the void from their cells
Not understanding the barbaric separation of their offspring.
And the NGOs offered solidarity
At a bargain price.

We were on the moon
While the night caught with its mantle
The coloured neon of the cities,
Words fell silent

Under oceans of silence
And the blood froze
On all the roads and paths.

The gods will move to another paradise
And, once again, they will abandon us to our fate
In the midst of the tempest

“Here again, wherever the Wind Takes us” (2014-2018)

Jesús Claver Giménez