

THEY CAN'T DANCE

Illegitimate presidents, dictators, corrupt politicians,
Yellow journalists, tinsel patriots, unscrupulous shareholders,
horsemen of the apocalypse who don't know how to dance
And do not know the taste of a millenary coffee
In the tumultuous bar of any bar

I wish to bury, love, this piece of history that agonises
Amidst the throes of madness and violence,
Lies that repeated themselves until they seem to be true,
Lost gazes in the new concentration camps
Where, as usual, oblivion triumphs and dignity fails.

The dunes invade under the rigour of their extremism
The eyes lost in the ocean of unconnected words
That try to lighten the heavy burden of their trauma
On the narrow shores of the sea

Money – power,
Money – weapons,
Money – inequality,
Money – misery,
Money – destruction,
Money – pleasure.

The waves lick greedily
The roughness of the piled up bodies
As if an unexpected gift from the gods were gratifying
Their patient and silent complicity.

It is said that information will set us free
But the sewers have spread their wings
And it is nauseating to consult the Internet,
Despite your promises, Toffler, on Saturdays at dawn

When we are victims of insomnia and Prozac.

No doubt, a new day will come
And at dawn we will look at the horizon
With the eyes of an exhausted horse
That will intuit the path to follow
Because it will be impossible to continue crouching,
Like mommies, in the darkness of the attic.

Sixteenth of July, City of Water,
Latin rhythms, my girl smiles,
Imperial moon, two thousand and sixteen,
Money, power, weapons, misery, seduction,
And they, my love, have not learnt to dance yet.

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