

WITH A DARK CLOAK

With a dark cloak and a long scarf
The wind moans beyond the window,
My eyes dig, like stiff metal,
Deep anguish and anguish like no other.

My mouth lies for so much silence,
Sinister, extends in unequal struggle,
Towards dawn the irrational night,
Its omens of perfidious minstrelsy.
Aimlessly in this restless slumber,
Sharply, the stillness raises its voice
As the curtains of the puppet show fall,
But, suddenly, the mobile phone awakens me
And, once again, it takes me to represent
Old and new role-plays.

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