

UNEQUAL ROMANCE

Millennia outrages

Furtively show their face.

Nor tears or laments

No words of ritual.

The Crowd in the street

Rejects impunity,

Big terrified eyes

Are consumed by the sight

So much barbarism that lurks

In the colonial bed.

Windy night moans

Dry cries of the slums.

Since man's crawl

Through universal history,

Winds of wrath and oppression

Brings the echo of the tam-tam,

Darkness of hatred and power

Blinds mankind.

The emperor of Rome

Does not rejoice at peace times,

He needs to expand his frontiers

To exterminate his pain.

At the end of the conflict

Lands for the general,
For the troops, waste,
And for the Empire, vanity.

Tell me frankly and nobly:
Is it perhaps disloyal
The warrior's conscience
Blessed on the altar,
If in his longing for wealth,
Under royal protection,
Enslaves the native
With no clemency or mercy?

The scythe returns cruel
Hoisting its icy edge,
The dark dawns,
The cold sunsets.
May it never fall on you,
Love, so much raving!

In Berlin, Viena and Warsaw
Maddened soldiers,
Like mournful vermin
Of voracious appetites,
Tear the tender entrails
Of the Jew's wife,
Drunkenly, vomit their blood
And raise their wine glasses
For the deeds of the day
In the middle of the road.
From the black caverns
Where the outlaw dwells,
Thunderous megaphones

Spread furious hymns.

Millennia-old outrages

Furtively show their face.

Nor tears or laments

No words of ritual.

The crowds in the street

And in Iraq the bacchanal.

Once a docile vassal,

Nowadays he is Satan,

Dictator with two thousand faces,

The pampered Saddam,

Faithful to his master, paralyses

The turmoil of Islam.

He occupies Kuwait with a stern gesture

And a shrewd smile,

The emir's oasis

Wants the guardian for himself.

From laureate strategist

To military humiliation,

The marines effortlessly

Defeat the charlatan,

Agony for his people,

Embargo for the ruffian.

What was before legitimate

Is now vile and illegal.

The satrap's effigy falls,

Empire and capital

Long for the black gold

Of the plundered sands.

Rivers of death flow

Through the streets of Baghdad

“Fullness in the Mirror ” (1993-2005)

Jesús Claver Giménez