

TRANSIT

What drought so inhospitable quietly undermines
And withers my entrails?

It is human to look up
And believe that the bird of desire
Still nests in sleeplessness.

I don't wish to mask the erosion
Of dust on the sieve of my skin,
To deny the dreaded decrepitude
Meandering mute towards the decline,
Not even to chase away the certainty
Of bodies full of life.

I intend to hold firm the morning image
Carved by the sun,
To accept the traces crouched
Behind the sterile catharsis of oblivion,
Quench the uncertainty of thirst
And never drown in the attempt,
To renounce to the chains of the perfidious
Mirage of perennality.

When the dawn awaits without fear
The languid decline of night,
I will soberly reach the fullness,
And I will row, erect, on the calm ocean
Of sedimented pleasure;
Or I will dwell in the shadows of the way
Hushing with blue dog's eyes
The drowsiness of the routine of time.

Fullness in the mirror (1993-2005)