

**BY THE SEA**

*To my son Aser when he was very young and we lived in Cala Ratjada*

At the seashore  
Blue on blue sparkles,  
My child, among the rocks,  
Warm and pure smile,  
Towards the foam  
Was throwing stones.

“Dad, more stones!”  
And I, winged walker,  
Warm and pure smile,  
Little pieces I reach out to him  
Of illusion and chimera.

**“Dawn Breaks and the Wind Tangles your Hair” (1980-92)**

Jesús Claver Giménez