

## **CLOCK**

The light is there, caressing the night,  
While thousands of beings roll and roll  
On the black asphalt of the big city.

Perhaps the snail stops its rhythm  
And the puppets raise broken  
The old crystal clock

And yet...  
There is a lighthouse over the sea waters  
Which embraces the whale in all its immensity

There is a faint sparrow's song  
Lost in any thicket,

And the breeze blows,  
It blows and blows incessantly.

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