

COMPILATION AND HOPE

So much waiting that
The roads be ravaged
By the violent hurricane;
So much waiting that
The seeds be withered
By the untamed blight;
So much waiting that
Our footprints be erased
By the full unreason.

Have we not strayed
In any room
The essence of our sign
Forgetting its voyage
Behind the atomic bandage?

Because I am afraid of the blind man,
Dark and impossible in front of the causes,
Flying wild banners
With thick cloth of accomplished facts.

For I fear the deaf man
Incapable for anguished cries,
Quadraphonic to thunder and roar.

For I fear the man mute and untouched,
Polite, ceramic or ivory,
Sailing unstoppable in his destiny.

When huge walls divide us,
We must grow wheat
On the temple, poets,

Of the flabbergasted entourage.

I ache for the lucky star,
The north-south distribution,
The east-west ray
And, above all, the agony
Of the great words,
Repeated until they become invalid,
Perhaps to prove
Of history the last antechamber.

“Dawn Breaks and the Wind Tangles your Hair” (1980-1992)

Jesús Claver Giménez