

## GLOOMY TIMES

There are voices that proclaim,  
People who listen,  
Weary waits,  
Presumptions, gestures and words.

So much walking forward,  
Lost our way,  
It will be inevitable  
To recompose this worn-out puzzle.

Again  
To speak silences,  
To break down barriers,  
Create the world  
Because this god  
In original sin  
His omnipotence has erred.

In the meantime, my children,  
Precious pearls  
Ready to leap into life,  
Are struggling between appetites and desires.

But life is ours!  
Open borders,  
Immense sea.  
Ours regardless!

Decadent huge volumes  
Threaten the path  
With closed nights,  
Thick with fear, with millennial deficiencies.

Person, understanding, horizon.

Machine, manipulation, wall.

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

Jesús Claver Giménez