

## I WANT TO EMBRACE WITH MY HANDS

I want to embrace with my hands  
Even the last dark corner  
Where bread has its rite and its sign,  
Where the night is more night,  
Perhaps because the eyes are tired  
And the wind drives knots in the throat  
Whose destiny is just to subsist.

In the realm of colour and light-  
Buildings like burrows,  
Submerged in a deep  
Spiral,  
Spinning its clumsy  
Concentric circles  
Of untamed and ritualistic dying-  
Discreet walls,  
The thought shudders  
After trying, ethereal, to leap  
The vault of time.  
And the number is cold...  
And the mass compiles...

However, when at dawn  
The silhouettes emerge, faint,  
When, powerful,  
The sun shows  
Its essence of colours,  
When at nightfall  
The moon emerges,  
Owner and mistress,  
Arrogant and full,  
Then, I want to embrace-

Naïve, the forms-  
With my whole body  
The wise murmur of time,  
Clear and overflowing,  
Without borders,  
Like a spring.

And the number is cold...  
And the mass compiles...

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

Jesús Claver Giménez