

IN BLUE AND SILVER EMBROIDERED

For my son Ricardo, when he was a little boy and we went on holiday to Isla

In blue
And silver embroidered
I long, sea,
Your new dress.

Meanwhile, on the sand,
Rake in hand,
Space happens:
Hole, castle, boat,
Game, murmur, merriment or wind.

Life with strength,
Image, profile and coast.

The almond tree was left behind
Showing its candour
Of stately old manor,
The maddened automobile,
Penetrating noise
Through the immensity of silence.

In this stillness
The horizon is dictating:
Child always, blue,
Symphony, green and silence.

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