

IN GREAT ORBITS¹

In great orbits, today,
A shadow invades me,
It freezes my breath
And it spreads itself.

But it cannot be cracked
This moon into a thousand pieces,
It cannot come fierce
The eternal night
Because I want you
To fill with your gazes
This air that we breathe;
With smiles, silence and fuss
The space,
Throughout time, built

Fill with my arm
Your waists, forever,
I long for.

Throwing— look at it!-
I intend
Out of your shoes
Any vague, brutal cloud,
Weighing on your temple
Like a cold, dark stone,
Ready to burst
The last glimmer of reason,
Beyond
Defined fear.

I want your looks,

Silences and waists.

I want your fuss

In the bonfire of winter,

I don't want the sun

To remain forever frozen.

"It Is Dawn and the Wind Tangles your Hair" (1980-1992)

¹I wrote this poem thinking of my wife and children during Cold War times

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