

## OLD FURROWS

In the old furrows we walk on  
Without even appreciating  
A single crystal lagoon  
Where love is the flight of the dove  
And hope a real thing.

Yet we have weapons  
And a swan that cannot swim.

Therefore, we keep on walking  
Along the old furrows

Our eyes have lost the horizon  
And the blue of the sky  
Is no longer blue  
But hardened grey

Because of this, because of all this  
Can some verses be written?

Because four wheels and a mule  
Are nothing,  
Because the pain of untamed hunger  
Spreads under the clutches of technology  
And we have sold  
Our senses of vanquished civilisation.

Because of this, because of all this  
Is it possible to write some verses?

**"Dawn Breaks and the Wind Tangles your Hair" (1980-1992)**