

RITUAL

We were abandoned,
Contouring the waistline
In front of the mirror,
When the night came
And we watched the stars go by.

We looked at our profile,
Amazed by so much silence,
From an old pedestal
Set beyond eternity.

Humans, we wanted to drown,
Floating on a glass tumbler,
Riding on a fatal syringe,
The full unreason of asphalt
And we followed our steps
Until we were ecstatic
From so much spinning.

We closed our eyelids
Forgetting the horror
Where millions of eyes,
Unbelieving statues
With long pins,
Decided at their zenith
To pinch their bones,
To maintain the posture of the dying
So as not to certify
That their elder brother,
Hidden after the gods' fury,
Was a living symbol
Of showmanship and treachery.

But we can launch a balloon,
A huge balloon,
At the edge of dawn
To full with green
The planetary desert,
Untie the wind's arms
To scatter the sees
And, once satiated the mouths,
To release the dove,
That dove
So often slain
Over the oceans and the sea.

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

Jesús Claver Giménez