

THE DOVE

When the bells, agitated,
Ring in the wind
Recalling that life is a dove:
The masks will disappear,
The eyes so long fearful
Will shine under the old stars
And the lighthouse keeper will try
To fly over the waters of the sea.
The horizon will be dressed
In a mythological blue
And the hands will seek,
Relentlessly, an arm
Where to dwell.

But since the smell
Of gunpowder and iron
Lingers eternally on the roads,
Since the numbers
Are lost in a lust for power
In the haloes of supermarkets
And in the realm of the banks,
Since the black line
Of hunger and slavery
Continues forever,
The pigeon will have to emigrate.

However, the bells will never be quiet
Where there is a poem ready to be sung.

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