

## IN THE DESERT OF OBLIVION

Jara has just left and Elia will soon arrive  
tomorrow basil will reign again in Huesca  
the wind carries echoes of Irish folk

the violin takes over the stage  
with the force of a wild horse

the accordion, a beautiful duck  
bathes its notes on the scars  
that dwell like sighs  
on the ethereal surface of La Estanca

suddenly impetuous the penny whistle  
raises its voice before a devoted audience  
that seeks pleasure and a smile  
to escape a present that sometimes frightens

the humble bass and drums mark the rhythm  
without needing to perpetuate their gaze  
on the narcissistic glow of the enigmatic lady

a song that speaks of a sick woman  
moans in the middle of a full night  
without the burdens of a warm August

playful ballads climb

exiled from time and space

up the amphitheater's steps

my only true love

was actually the third

laughter

the sad life of a chicken in Kentucky

laughter

tripped over the same stone a thousand times

lost his contact lenses

collective revelry

the Taverners in the City of Water

whiskey cider an unknown beach in Asturias

the other left drinking in company breaking glasses

making wishes that never come true

there's no protected viewing time here

cover up your children's ears

if you deem it necessary

communism and social democracy

could have changed the world

made it kinder more generous

but humanity failed again

greed hoards it doesn't share

there was no room for utopia Karl

your laurel wreath withered Edward

rattlesnakes and alligators

watch over the walls of a Florida prison

Twenty-two months of genocide in Gaza

sixty thousand civilians dead eighteen thousand children

more than a thousand in food lines

the sidewalks yawn, the universe is silent

we remain stranded in the liturgy of destruction

and in the desert of oblivion.

Jesús Claver Giménez