

MATURITY: EXISTENTIAL POEM

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

Recognise oneself in the mirror or fade into the crowd?

Lay your cards on the table or silence your voice?

To swim against the current or to let yourself go?

Face the storm or hide under your shell?

Break the chains or drag the original sin?

Build the collective self or build the walls of your individuality?

Nothing is eternal, everything changes.

Life is a labyrinth.

The paths zigzag,

A straight line, an illusion.

Know this, opera comedians:

The old lady makes no judgements of value,

But her watch presides the stalls

Hieratic and punctual.

“Through the Eternal Dust of the Roads” (2022 -)