

ODE TO AN ABSENT CHILD

For Pablo and Esperanza

To mould you in my entrails
As a hidden and expected treasure.

To breastfeed you like an empowered
And satisfied goddess.

To remember your steps on the threshold
With that childish grace
On your way to school.

To watch you rowing
In the rough waters of adolescence.

To assume that your wings would move you away from the nest,
But you always came back,
Because you cherished your palace
Of beloved and longed-for prince.

Now I know that, behind the serene and quiet humidity
Of mirrors,
The blue sky, the night stars
And the north wind, stubborn and arrogant,
Will unite our footprints, my love,
In the eternal dust of the roads.

"For the eternal dust of the roads" (2022-)