

AT MIDNIGHT

When the howling wind ceased,
the cries of hatred fell silent,
cracked the darkness
that concealed violence and fear cracked.

We silenced the rumors
from the dark alleyways,
the bots rebelled
on social media.

We buried the weapons,
the cries subsided,
we satiated our hunger,
dreams blossomed.

At midnight,
an intense light greeted
the arrival of a new year.

“For the eternal dust of the roads” (2022 -)