

BLUE BLACK RED

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

The flames ride rampant,
Blind to the pain of the Amazon
While the great city wanders
Haughty, indifferent to the gases
That, shamelessly, spread their fetid breath
On the bus shelters,
Where the sleeping buses
Will depart for the suburbs
And hours later will come back
Anonymous to nowhere.

Eternal youth the gods
Promised, faithful in their sanctuaries
With faith we keep the commandments,
Though the CO₂ rises triumphant
And merciless to its throne,
Far from the birds' anxiety,
From the chronic blues of the maquilas
And the noise of the aeroplanes.

From the soft touch of the snow,
A cry runs like lightning through
All the corners of the planet,
Greta, a cyclone that drags millions
Of youths to the heart
Of the boulevards.
On Wall Street the big shareholders
Look sideways at their portfolios
And the grown-ups suddenly
Dislike mirrors.

But Mother Earth calls out
Her people on full moon nights,
Davi Kopenawa and Berta Cáceres
Smile behind the cane fields,
And the indigenous children, placidly
Dive into transparent waters
Where beautiful nymphs sing
On large water lily leaves.

Blue. Black. Red.

Like the distant mountain where the river starts.
Like food sovereignty, small local businesses
And renewable energies.

Like the melting of the Poles and the plague of polyethylene.
Like the sleep-deprived freighters and tankers
That throw their faeces into the oceans.

Like all the blood spilled in the extinction of species.
Like mineral extraction in the Congo
And the schizoid disease of the Mediterranean.

And Green Peace is still going through,
On its old cane leaning,
The inhospitable routes showing
The disorders and outrages
Of our fatuous reveries.

“It Rains without ceasing” (2018-21)