

APOCALIPSE

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

The hair disarranged by the wind
Will once again contemplate the horizon;
Infinite humility
Will take hold of the mirrors;
And tears will flow effortlessly
From the mute pain of the basements.
But we will go on with our eyes closed
Though the walls beat against our temples
Because, when a war is lost,
The story belongs to the victors.

"It Rains without ceasing" (2018-21)