

DAWN

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

Old frontiers open

The shadows persist.

Early in the cornfield

The indigenous woman sow corn and yucca.

The African holocaust will drag its chains

Beyond the snow that populates,

Shamelessly our entrails.

Looking at their hands with rage,

The displaced look for land

On the fertile plains, the inclement high plateaus

And the generous rivers, cradle of their ancestral lineage.

The rice paddies are swaying in the terraces

The mother smiles, the child dreams.

The grandmother does not cry

But she does not forget either.

She remembers the famines, the cries, the horror...

When the blood flowed like a spring

Among the stupified silences

Of Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam.

And time goes by, time goes by.

Dawn, love, returned.

It Rains without ceasing (2018-21)