

ENDLESS CANTABRIA

Walking under the Picos de Europa
Amidst the melodic murmur of the waters,
The pleased rictus of the lips
And the majestic foliage
That spreads, generously, everywhere,
Admiration and silence.

From the Bajo Cinca, with a mask,
The mobile phone rings affectionately:
We are leaving now, drive carefully,
We love you, a hug.
Internet moves forward exhausted,
Crawling through the Hermida gorge,
Limping through the mountains of the Liebana Valley
Cheese and cider land, a natural paradise
Where to celebrate every sunset
With the faith of the cave man.

San Vicente de la Barquera is watching,
Oh! It's looking at us!
Through the bridge four jockeys ride
Dressed in silver and gold.
Photos with a smile and soul.
The splendour of the estuary
In their saddlebag they are carrying.

Like a ship adrift
The beach of Gerra lulls us
In a perpetual swaying of fine sand,
White foam and quiet horizon
With the flavour of a village

Eight o'clock in the morning
Fuente Dé wakes up.
Unaware of the cold, ethereal whip of the roads,
Shadows with the eyes of mountain goats
Watch over the silhouettes cut out in the wind,
Cloaked spectres,
That have been crossing the crags, daily,
From the very old times.

"It Rains without ceasing" (20018-21)

Jesús Claver Giménez