

EXODUS

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

For centuries the wind showed
From the steep, quiet mountain ranges,
Penitent, haughty anchorite,
Through these valleys, now barren,
Its angry predator's jaws.

Immersed in an ancient ritual,
Behind the curtains of the little windows,
As evening fell, the villagers
Gazed at the dusty trail
That, dragging its enigmatic waist,
Fled beyond the horizon.

Dull glances of sad eyes,
Tense gestures, fearful chamois
Before the uncertain line of time.

Where was the laughter, the weeping,
The platonic loves, the dreams,
Secrets, pacts, promises,
The crystalline water of the fountains,
The summer baths in the pools,
The square with its benches and its nights,

The snow piled up on the gates,
The school with its children's games,
The warm fire in the homes?

Listen to the heartbeat of the earth
New troubadours of its hope,
Guests of the neon empire,
Children of yesterday, grandchildren of tomorrow,
Mother Nature claims you.

“It Rains without ceasing” (2018-21)