

IT HAPPENS

A vast stillness knocks at my window.
There is no wind to lull the trees,
No voices, no laughter, not even sighs,
Out there, in the square.

It seems as if the night had raised
A flag of extermination.
How much melancholy the inert stone gives off!
I cling, like a castaway, to the green expanse
That still dwells in my entrails.

But, today as yesterday,
At dawn, at midday...
The fog rides mighty
On the rump of the air.

It will end this lunar winter,
Where rancour and scream
Fight fiercely, body to body,
Against pain and empathy,
Shuddering the steepest corners of the soul;

And I will wear my best clothes
And I'll wear the smile of the weekends
And I'll keep, deep inside, each of the footprints
That spring leaves in its wake.

Because to live, even if autumn comes,
Is the truest fantasy
I could have ever dreamt of.

It Rains incessantly (2018-21)