

MIDNIGHT CHRONICLE

From the cellar of memories
Hendrix, Joplin and Jones
Raise my midnight glass,
Hieratic effigies, with no return,
Trapped in the fickleness
Of the moment.

The fog blinded their eyes
When the morning was still sowing
Beams of light on the ears of corn
And the afternoon was only a muffled murmur
Beyond the impossible.

New chords were heard,
The guitars flaunted their metallic waistlines
In front of thousands of passionate youths
Who levitated above the crowds
At festivals

Long hair, pendants,
Bell-bottoms,
Mini-skirts, cowboy boots.
Long skirts, nudists,
Sunsets, communes
Spread their stamp of freedom
On the back of the kombis
On the roads.

Whitish pigeons surfed the skies
Populating with psychedelic dreams
The grey empire of behaviourism
But Sharon Tate's body

Showed the stark countenance
Of hell

In San Francisco love overflowed,
Paris dared to daydream
But Vietnam experienced the longest night
In History.

It Rains without Ceasing (2018-21)

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