

MY NAVEL

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

I inhabit anxiety
This silent night
Where anguish rages
And dreams fade away,
Like cotton clouds,
Before the igneous glow of my entrails

I discover the stupor
This uncertain morning,
Collateral damage on the airwaves:
Dead people in the ditches,
Some refugees weep
And others... keep quiet.

When memory forgets
Utopia dresses in mourning,
Lunch, series and siesta,
Great offer of the day,
Three for one,
In the supermarket of the soul.

I live the boredom
This afternoon so long,
Though my body drowns,
Little by little, without effort
In the gentle waters
Of my navel