

PAST CONTINUOUS

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

Silent gale,
The drowsiness of the August siesta was penetrating
On the beaches of the south.

Army adrift,
The hikers were taking the northern forests
Exploring their self.

The light was invisible gold,
And the windmills were besieging the bull skin*
Of rural Spain.

Parricides without entrails,
Deranged mothers who were devouring sand
On the seashore

Cumbre Vieja volcano and the COVID,
Indifferent, our narcissism were throwing
Into a well of humility.

From an archaic universe,
The pastures of bushy beards were returning
Haughtily to Kabul

With open hearts,
Afghan women in the streets were shouting
Their ancestral condemnation.

Country and blues lyrics
Had not yet forgotten the bitter
Spring of Vietnam.

While the children were wandering
Amidst the desperation of the crowd,
Zaki's chimeras were falling off the plane,
Ilaya was chaining herself at the university,
Nadia, once again, was disguising herself as a man
And Nilofar absorbedly gazed at the Bizcaia
Bilbao Arena.

Congo, Sahara, Ukraine,
Nicaragua, Kurdistan, Palestine, Ethiopia,
Honduras, Yemen, Syria...
Blood, pain and silences,
But in the streets and squares of the north love songs
Were triumphing
If a minstrel were to recite

These verses to us, maybe we would flee from the cave
To feel the rain

*bull skin is an expression used to refer to Spain, due to the shape of the country.

“It rains without ceasing” (2018-21)

Jesús Claver Giménez