

SO LONG WAITING TO SEE THE LIGHT

So long waiting to see the light
that our eyes have grown accustomed to the darkness
and we have forgotten our essence
on the inevitable path to blindness.

The Big Bang, an explosion.
Humankind, a chance occurrence.

The world, a poker table,
where the dispossessed play
with cards of bitter gall and sour lemon,
beneath domes of soulless dollars
that lordly traverse the weariness of the sidewalks,
the vertigo of the skyscrapers
and the silent anxiety of the basements.

Here we remain, as we have for centuries,
trying to disguise our cruelest instincts
with the halo of rational beings
created in the image and likeness of the gods,
capable of inventing new languages
that reconstruct our image in the mirrors,
eternally, without shame and without memory.

"It rains without ceasing" (2018-21)