

THE JOURNEY

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

The shadow was approaching,
Nothing could stop such stubborn determination,
Voracious predator at the break of dawn.
Your eyes foretold it,
They knew it was inevitable
That opacity of the day.

Withered avenues.
The broken machine of your worn clock
Was shedding shreds of weariness
And the touch of the air hurt like contempt.

With regret in the tedious,
You reviewed the fragile inventory
Of your being through time.
Prostrated before an altar of ashes,
The god of disconsolation penetrated
Merciless into your conscience.

The words,
Ghostly ships in the fog,
Sank without a trace
In the ocean of your nausea
And you reluctantly rejected
The flight of any blue bird
That tried to glimpse new frontiers.

When the night withdrew its clock,
Faint flames of relief,
Stubborn as you were

Building tunnels in the nothingness,
Pierced the intense cold
That surrounded your absence.

You opened your ice-covered wings
And hour later you would discover
The shine of your gaze
Through the warm hospitality of the mirrors.

It Rains without Ceasing (2018-21)

Jesús Claver Giménez