

THE MORNING HAD WOKEN UP STRANGE

Translation: María Victoria Arbués Gállego

The morning had woken up strange,
Relentlessly looking for itself,
As if it were not part of the landscape.
The wallet, the cards, the ID card...
Everything was there.
No, it was not a dream.
Lost in a swarm
Of bricks and concrete, my gaze
Wandered wistfully
Through the mist of the mountains
And the metallic blue of the seas.

Unhurriedly, the afternoon was showing
Its waistline of thick fog.
And the night...
The night was coming inclement
With the profile of a sword.
Suddenly cheers rang out
That broke the lethargy of the balconies
And hands sowed warmth
Through the silence of the cities.
Shyly, the flower of empathy appeared
In the hollowness of the squares
And in the lanes of the motorways.

An intense aroma invaded,
Over the days, slowly,
The corridors in hospitals,
The stretchers of ambulances,
The sleepless nights of the elderly

And the shelves of supermarkets.

After passing through the tunnel
We will contemplate ourselves in the mirror
Form the most infinite solitude,
We will assume the homage ceremony
Kneeling before Mother Nature;
And we will weep restlessly for the absences.
Then, looking at the horizon,
With our hair tousled by the wind
We'll become, at last,
Women and men, men and women
In their full extent, with no ambiguity.

A sidereal kiss will descent to our checks
And, maybe, renunciation will protect us from the cold.

It Rains without ceasing (1918-21)