

TOGETHER

I was walking along the path,
The cold wind beat on my temple.

Underground they whispered with fear:
We don't want the guitar to fall silent,
The snow to accumulate on the pavements,
That the windows remain closed
And the rooms unventilated.
Invisible, they adapted to survive.

I was looking up, breathing deeply
When a chasm sucked me in.
I fell into the abyss,
Thin ropes sustained my feet,
Terrified, I cried.
And the thick fog dissipated.

From the skylight they smiled.
I knew then that it was the tenth of December,
Or perhaps the fourteenth of April.
Spring was there.

Eyes cannot dwell in darkness,
They need the brightness of the sun.

It rains without ceasing (2018-21)