

TRAPO

'La Copla' is a cocktail bar

La Copla sounds like the blues
Of late sunset.
Tra-po, from my greyhound eyes,
Radiates fragility and empathy.
I caress his muzzle and his stiff ears.

He did not know the rigours of frost
Nor did he bark on bitter moonlit nights,
He did not run after the hare in the moors
Of hidden Spain,
Nor was he cruelly sacrificed
On the mounts of oblivion.
No.

Lying on his sofa he evokes
The ever-present companion
Of his happy childhood days.
Black as the shine of the humble blackberry,
White as lily petals.
But she went the other way,
Unhurriedly, slowly,
Like all that is loved,
Like everything that passion embraces.

Tra-po neither dreams nor begs.
He only keeps silent and watches.

La Copla closes its doors.

Through the olive groves of Úbeda
Brings the breeze
A tender ballad.

"It Rains without ceasing" (2018-21)