

COLD IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR

He intended to be authentic.

Since living was like a game
He showed himself to the world in his nakedness.
Under an ocean of smiles
The dream image of Peter Pan
Sank one night

Effortlessly, he understood.

For still in the wind they rang
Old bells, shaping echoes
Of masters and servants,
Divine pharaohs
And tombs of marble, gold and ivory.

He consumed without qualms

“You are middle class”– they assured him-
“Entitled to a single-family home,
A credit card,
And to utter contempt
If someone talks to you about social selection”

He hid his gaze,

When the mercury particles
Showed their predator jaws
On the black cumuli
That snored sleeplessly
In the avenues of the city.

One autumn afternoon,
As politics was a deception
There were no values to respect,
He voted for Don Luciano,
Director of the company
Where his son Manuel worked

He felt the weight of the cold

In his invisible solitude, alone,
In his dignity, histrionic actor,
In his crypt of oblivion,
Enigmatic shadow
Fleeing from the mirror in search of light

“Adrift, Winter Days” (2005-2014)