

NOCTURNES

The sound of the violin penetrates, impulsive,
and I, defenseless, reveal a strange nakedness
before a relentless north wind that roars on the other side of the pond.
A sea of emotions invades the room
beneath an exotic moon that dances mysteriously.

To be by your side a magma of affection erupting,
and to forget, for an instant, the social problems
of a dehumanized world adrift,
just you and I walking slowly and with the wind.

In the blink of an eye I give you my purest smile,
meanwhile these Caribbean rhythms take hold,
seductive in the night, of the City of Water.

Jesús Claver Giménez