

WORDS

OF

LIFE



WORLD

Title of the Work PALABRAS DE VIDA (Words of Life)

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PROLOGUE OF WORDS OF LIFE

I no longer look for answers at the end of my life, because they are all right in front of our noses, among weeds and weeds, they are there guiding you like scented flowers to find them.

We insist on creating labyrinths and like mice we run through them looking for a way out. But I wonder, does an ant know what lies beyond its world, would it have the capacity to understand the unknown world of which it is a tiny part?

If it did, what kind of God would it see in me?

A GIANT WHO CAN DECIDE TO CRUSH HER LIFE WITHOUT CONSIDERING WHETHER SHE IS WORTH IT OR NOT. WHAT INFLUENCE CAN HER LIFE HAVE ON MINE? AM I AN ANT IN ANOTHER WORLD I DON'T KNOW?

My understanding of the world through my thoughts is frustrating and often delirious, maybe things are simpler than I imagine, a touch of biology and a lot of perception and emotion are my tools to pass a human time in a delicate and fragile tranquillity, I let myself go with the existence I live, trying not to drown in my existential questions. I let myself be carried along by the existence I live, trying not to drown in my existential questions: what's the point of wasting my humanity complaining about my miserable biological and material condition? I prefer to move on and see with my own experience of being in the here and now.

The letter is word made lines and symbols, it merges with colour and images. Arbitrarily, without rules and on a whim, I designed this little world.

CCHAPTER 1

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MY LIFE A CRAZY ENDLESS SECONDS

THAT GO ON LIKE IN A NEVER-ENDING FILM.

NOTHING STANDS STILL FOR LONG

LIKE A WHEEL THAT SPINS WITHOUT KNOWING MORE THAN THE PATH
BUT NOT ITS DESTINATION.

I LIVE THE SEQUENCE OF MY DAYS, LOVES THAT PASS,

SOME THAT REMAIN TO TAKE ROOT IN MEMORIES

AND OTHERS WAITING TO BE THE PRESENT OF AN ETERNITY, MINE.

IT URGES ME TO SPEAK ON THIS PAPER

BECAUSE I KNOW THAT THE LAST INSTANT

WILL BE LOST IN AN UNWRITTEN VERSE.

WHO KNOWS WHAT MY ANONYMOUS GLORY WILL BE,

MY MOST REAL VICTORY IN A WORLD OF DREAMS WITHOUT OWNERS.

I ONLY KNOW THAT MY VERSES ARE BORN FUTURE POEMS.





CHOOSE

For pleasure

Because I want to

Because it is convenient, positive

Because it is good for me

Because I need it

Because it is good

Because I feel it

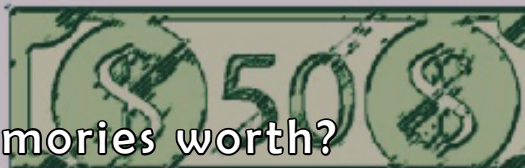
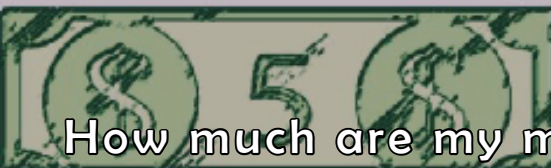
Because I am moderately free

Because I want to be here and not
there

Because I am the way I am, I like it
this way

And change when I need to in order
to be happier

Because I don't have to give up, I
have to choose



How much are my memories worth?

My childhood,

the snippets of the childhood I lived?

My first kiss, my teenage dreams

my first caress, my first sweat.

How much are my affections worth,

the true love

that I found in my man?

the longing of my womb

made seed that begins to blossom

My future old age,

which I hope to achieve.

How much is my life and all of it worth?

my policy says nothing but money.



THE NIGHT ARRIVES,

silence abounds too much

the keyboard sounds intermittently and I listen to you
in your sleep, in the restful sigh of your body
and I'd like to caress your hair all night long
that's still to come.



IF I THINK OF YOU

in the small distance of an instant
the reverie covers your image.

And the desire asleep by reality
is reborn like a PHOENIX
to burn in the sincere fire
of passion discovered in other times,
when the sheets
did not yet have our names,
and the surprisingly tender or alarming cry
or alarming cry of our son
did not lovingly invade
our act of love.

New times that seek to find each other
and they will succeed like every beautiful
story
of love and passion.



DELICIOUS WAR OFFERS YOU LIFE

**TO BATTLE WITH YOUR SOUL IS THE GOAL
TO WIN THE VICTORY OF THE LIVED
INVALUABLE WARRIOR WHO FACES IT
WITHOUT BENDING HIS SPIRIT IN SPITE OF THE WOUNDS.
THE PRICE IS HIGH, THE PRIZE INFINITE
OF LIVING AND FEELING THAT ONE LIVES
OF DREAMING AND REALISING DREAMS WITHOUT FUR-
THER ADO.**

**YOUR NAME BRINGS ME CLOSER TO THE ANCIENT
AND MY HANDS WITH INVISIBLE WOUNDS
CARESS YOUR FACE
IN THAT BATTLE OF SILENT LOVES
AND CARESSES LIKE BREEZES IN THE SOUL.
HE HAS SUPPLANTED YOUR BROTHER ON THE ROAD TO
THE SUN
LONG AND TIRING IS THIS ENDLESS WAR
LAURELS AND THORNS SURROUND YOUR FAITH.
REST IN MY LAP
LET ME ENCIRCLE YOUR FACE WITH MY KISSES
AND BATHE YOUR MANHOOD WITH MY PEACE.**

Do you know why
we love childhood so much?

Because we can speak to little
ones like you with our souls.

Because you
have no prejudice, no malice
or ignorance or fear.

The only fear you have is that you
will not be loved.

and I am sorry to tell you my child
that you will always live with
this fear,
because it belongs to humanity as
a whole.

It is what makes you a human
being.

*How life is so full of twists and turns
that when I reread everything I have written
I realise that I'm taking stock of my life.
And in the end always the same,
I am left with the feeling
of having taken yet another exam
and I ask myself:
Someday I'll graduate from what?
As an incurable fool, an inveterate romantic,
idealistic rocket scientist, neurotic run-of-the-mill
Or what? Oh dear God!
I have no cure anymore.*

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letters has my name that begins
with the Dying of love in every sunset
Tying my Soul to the passionate feeling
Remembering always the most beautiful
taking care without rest of the life
that God has given me.

Eternal in love with the word and the colour
crying many times but even more
laughing sincerely as I walk,
always walking along the uncertain path,
but only mine.

THESE ARE MOMENTS

IN WHICH ILLUSION
FECUNDATES THESE MAGICAL LOVES
THAT ASTONISH THE SOUL THAT HALLUCINATES
A SHARED FUTURE.
THESE ARE TIMES OF CHANGE
PERHAPS OF REFLECTION
AND ANXIETY BEGINS TO ASK ITSELF
WHAT FOR?
WHILE YOU PHILOSOPHISE
AND ENCOURAGE YOURSELF TO LIVE AGAIN
TO BEGIN AND END
TO DIE AND BE REBORN
THE SEASONS IN THE MEANTIME FOLLOW ONE
AFTER THE OTHER.

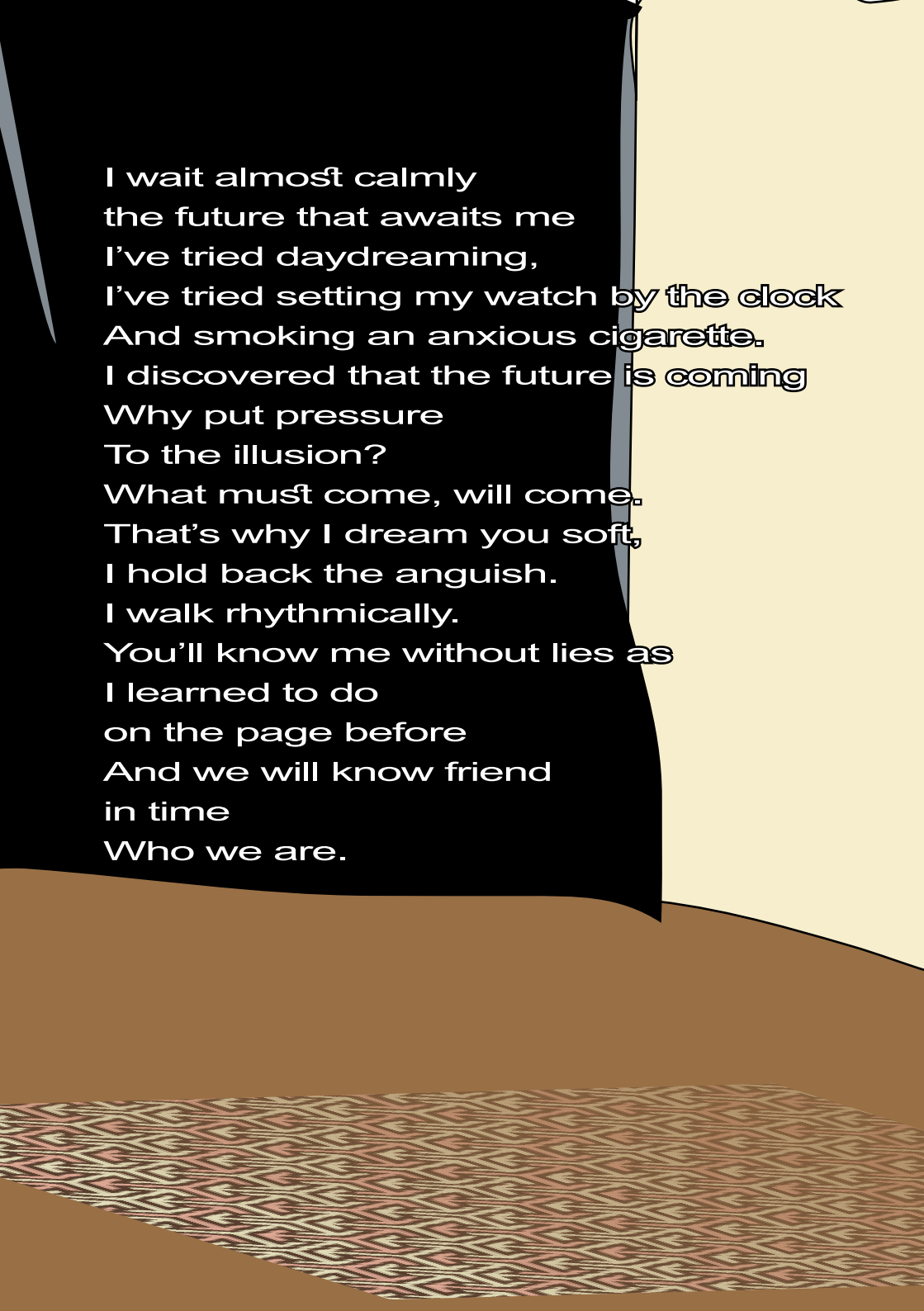
WORDS CAN HIDE
BEHIND THE METAPHORS OF THE MOST EXALTED POET
FEELINGS CAN BE DRAWN ON A YOUNG MAN'S MOST PRECIOUS CANVAS
ILLUSIONS CAN BE KEPT IN A CHEST MADE BY THE FINEST GOLDSMITH
BUT MY SONG AND MY LIGHT, WHICH CANNOT MATCH SO MUCH
MAGNIFICENCE
NONE OF THEM CAN BE HIDDEN, DRAWN OR KEPT.
THEY SIMPLY LIVE UNDER YOUR VERY SUN, THEY GROW IN YOUR EARTH,
THEY SLEEP IN YOUR BED, THEY ARE BORN OF YOU AND ME.

*Silence makes them deeper, more sincere and more real.
there is no fame, money or arrogance that can motivate them
because it is my humanity, everyone's humanity, from which are
born*

*Each verse that my hand has written has been the song of
one who does not have the gift of melody but of the word
and my music speaks of life, the one that I wanted to devour
at every step, achieving only that she, thank God, me devoré*

*It has given me the happiest moments, the eternal instants
the deepest pain, the suicidal hope and the reborn hope
the open and merciless future, the freedom of unconsciousness
the contained delirium, the most diverse loves, the unyielding re-
ality
the silences, the boredom, the weariness, the tiredness, the force
of a hurricane
the grandeur of a mountain, the patience of an ant
the resignation of the monk, the immortality in my son
questions without answers, answers I never sought.*

**So is the light that you think you see in these lines that say
nothing more
but a little of how much life has to tell you,
with your own music illuminated by the light of your soul.**



I wait almost calmly
the future that awaits me
I've tried daydreaming,
I've tried setting my watch by the clock
And smoking an anxious cigarette.
I discovered that the future is coming
Why put pressure
To the illusion?
What must come, will come.
That's why I dream you soft,
I hold back the anguish.
I walk rhythmically.
You'll know me without lies as
I learned to do
on the page before
And we will know friend
in time
Who we are.

Toda la poesía que de mí logra nacer
es simple casi brutal

All the poetry that manages to be born
from me

is simple almost brutal

I don't know if it deserves the humblest
of prizes

or the indifference of a learned critic.

But it is necessary to sing the joy
that is lived

and mourn the sorrow if it is absence.

Don't care who I sing to, or how,

just know that I am here

and I can stop being.

Prizes don't bind me

much less flattery.

I just want to see day after day

the same sky the same earth

AND NOT GET TIRED OF ME OR
YOU.

I'll cry the pain if it is absence.

Que no te importe a quién canto, ni cómo,

I emerge from the flame without waiting for you
to hear my song

I return to myself without haste
and love wears me out like a disease

But she is so beautiful when she is born,
naïve and spontaneous

I look for it in the looks, the hands dream of it
And like an addict I seek to live in her

even knowing that at dawn
will come the cure or slow death.

Unconsciously I walk her earth
and fly from time to time
like a seagull that denies its destiny
and seeks the infinite sea of the unknown.

I will learn, I know I will,
to fly without falling into the most absolute darkness
and in the clearest and cleanest sky to dream
without struggling vainly with the eternal reality.

I will merge my dreams with my safe walk
there where my route I already intuitively glimpse.

Emerging like nameless grass
without caring about the stark rain
of sincere and simple love that finds no warm shelter
without knowing the clothed figure of tomorrow
without fears that stop the heartbeat.

I sense something

There is still time

I don't believe it yet

Something possible

But not yet certain

Still doubtful

Something that breaks

There is still a cure

There is still a remedy

Something in my eyes

Not yet falling

Still holding back

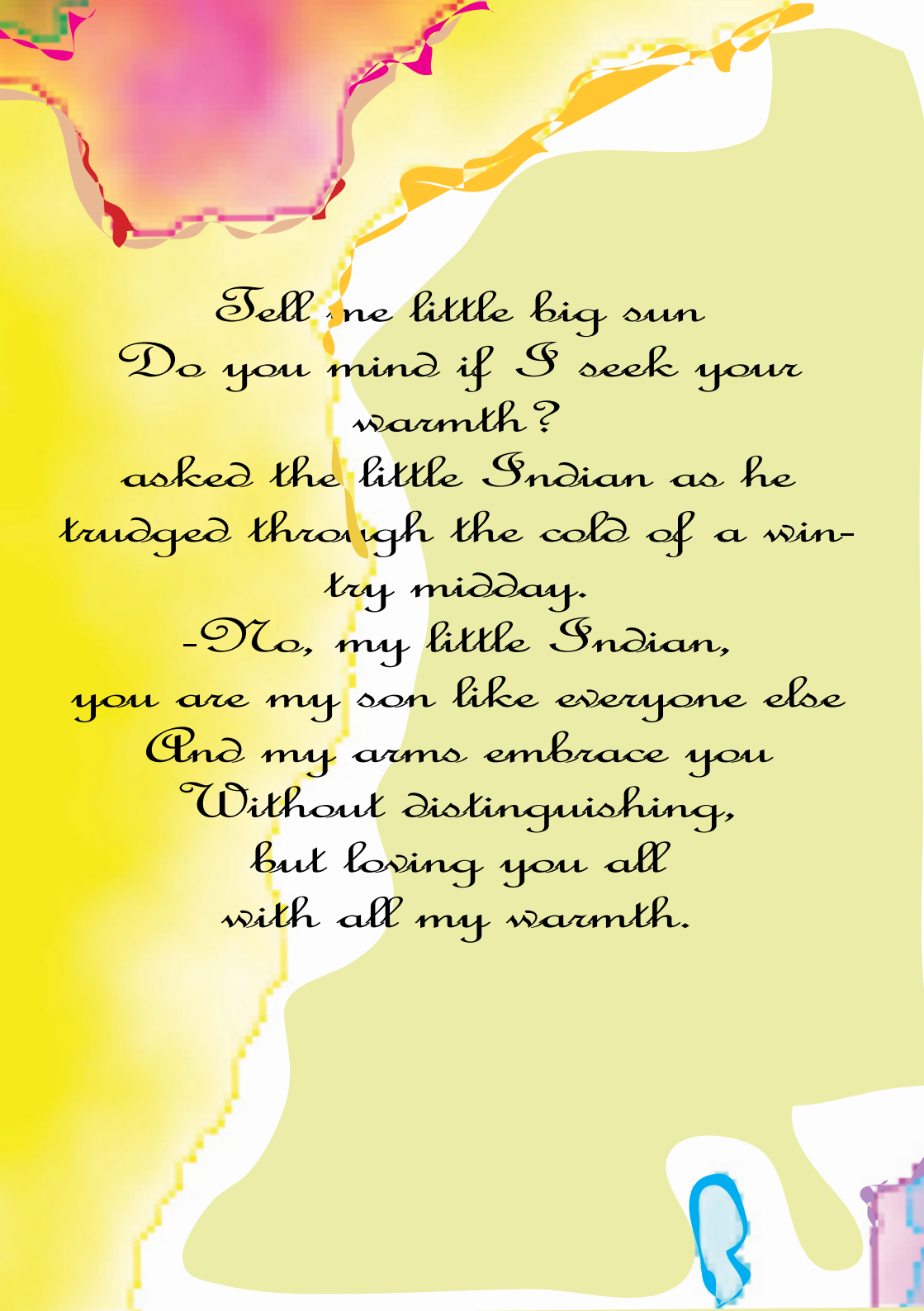
The tear

That still does not flow.

**I learned to walk blindly
through a tunnel of darkness
Looking for a light to guide me
And I found it within me
Today I learn to walk in the light
Seeking to share the same sun.**

CCHAPTER 2

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Tell me little big sun
Do you mind if I seek your
warmth?

asked the little Indian as he
trudged through the cold of a win-
try midday.

-No, my little Indian,
you are my son like everyone else
And my arms embrace you
Without distinguishing,
but loving you all
with all my warmth.

Something inside me is rising

is invisible

it says nothing and appears noth-

ing, but there it is

I feel it beating and growing, I

don't know what it is

I can't describe it.

I can only draw in words the

strange feelings:

to wait without anxiety, without

fear,

vibrating without suffering for not

knowing

fear without fear of dying

tenderness that lives without over-

flowing

love filled with a passion

constant

memories that do not tear

walking to a destination

but with slow and harmonious

steps

Tik Tok of a clock

that doesn't go mad to hear

a faucet that loses

and I don't lose my cool.

I wonder and I have no answer

and I'm in no hurry to get to it,

stranger still not to know

and I don't want the now

right now, the sooner the better.

Making wishes and no longer wait-

ing

for them to be fulfilled.

To ask for miracles

without the delusional hope

to dream and know that I am only

dreaming

to laugh and certainly hear my

laughter

dance and feel my feet happy.

Something happens inside me, and

I'm glad it does.

Night of bars and poetic souls

that seek and find each other in an instant
verses come and go, closing hopes, opening illusions.
opening illusions.

How strange is this detachment in my being
I, always a poet who nurtured tears
from which verses were born
feeling alive in every word in love,
unknown shadows, an emptiness in the heart,
silence without time, an almost distant face
and my phantom cry.

I try to emerge as the phoenix that incarnates me
the one who always saved what little was left of me.
Encounters and misencounters of human beings
in the eternal search for love.

Damned humanity I can't abandon
my feet cling and my hands I discover full
and yet the need for love exists
and my soul suffers for not quenching its thirst.
Time is time and it is so eternal
that this instant is eternity itself
where I wait for a miracle for the first time in my short life
One single one that assures me that it is not in vain
we dream of the most beautiful castles
nor do we love with the purity of an angel
nor invent the most beautiful ideals
that it is not the clumsiness of destiny
that two souls meet in a glance
that the passion of lovers is not incoherence.
A miracle that makes light in my room.

**IF I COULD GO BACK
I WOULD REPEAT MORE THAN HALF
OF WHAT I HAVE EXPERIENCED
I WOULD MULTIPLY ANOTHER HALF
AND A SMALL REMAINDER
I'D KEEP IT IN A CHEST WITH SEVEN
KEYS
WHICH I WOULD THROW INTO THE
DEEPEST SEA
AND THAT CHEST I WOULD FORGET
IN ANY CORNER
WITHOUT PAYING ATTENTION TO
THE HEIGHT
OR THE NAME OF ITS STREET.**

If I were to go back to the old days
I would no longer take stock
I would walk more attached to your beloved body of a
thousand faces
mother, friend, boyfriend, father, lover, neighbour
beloved teachers.

I would be as I am now, unafraid to embrace
to fill with kisses and look at the sweet ones.
I would hold back so much adolescent anger
to enjoy even more the moments of happiness
I'd silence more than one truth to live the moment in
peace.

I would seal the discussions by opening my heart
so as not to hurt by pride pain
and I would live with the full awareness
that the only immortal thing are feelings
and my blood coursing through the veins of another sim-
ilar being
never equal to me.

**I think that this today that I live today
tomorrow will be yesterday, I learn in the meantime
the simple teaching of living today for today
measuring only the consequences
that I can hear and love
of those facts that I don't refuse to live.
that's why I know that tomorrow I will want to live again
the beauty I hold in my hands today**

**and looking for it I find it and I retain the eternal minute
keeping it in my memory forever.
If I were to go back I would only shorten the time it took me
that it took me to learn the most important thing in my life.
But if I were to adjust the times so much, I would be too wise
for so much youth
and I only pretend to be a human being.**

*Seek Far from yourself
where the sunlight rises
between the silence of your soul
and the hustle and bustle of life
the reason for so much absurd sorrow
and the motivation to simply be.
I don't promise eternal answers
but I won't give you a single tear
and that, you will discover, will be more val-
uable
than the tangible gold in your hands.
The path will be like any other
No one will notice the change of your course
Nor ask for the end of it
You alone will feel your humanity.
Seek without courage or compulsion,
Forget in turn cowardice and wisdom.
Be only you in body and soul
banish thought
and the blood will return to your veins.*

**IF DREAMS ARE THE UNDERLYING REALITY
AND MY FEELINGS THE VERY EXISTENCE
INVISIBLE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD
THEN YOU AND I ARE TOGETHER
FROM THE ETERNAL AND THE UNKNOWN.
YOU AND I ARE MILLIONS THAT MAKE ONE
THERE IS NO MORE MATHEMATICS
OR FORMULAS
NO CALCULATIONS OR LOGIC
ONLY THE ESSENCE AND THE BEING.
THE ONE WHO WAS IS STILL IN YOU
AND I AM THE ONE FROM ALL TIMES.**

COURAGE

is also to grow slowly
taking root in the same soil
is to feel the daily warmth
of the same loving hand
is to know how to live
the routine of home
searching, inventing
small and big surprises.
It is to write this poem
that does not seek to stir passions
but to remember
that we are human beings
capable of opening our hearts
and to feel that life has more than just
adventures
necessary and precious moments
as are those of every day.
Courage is a simple word
is to live one's own life
with our own laws.

Can heaven give silent answers?

I'd like to know why man can love even without seeing

Touching or kissing the one who moves his soul.

How is it possible for the heart to be faithful to its only
feeling

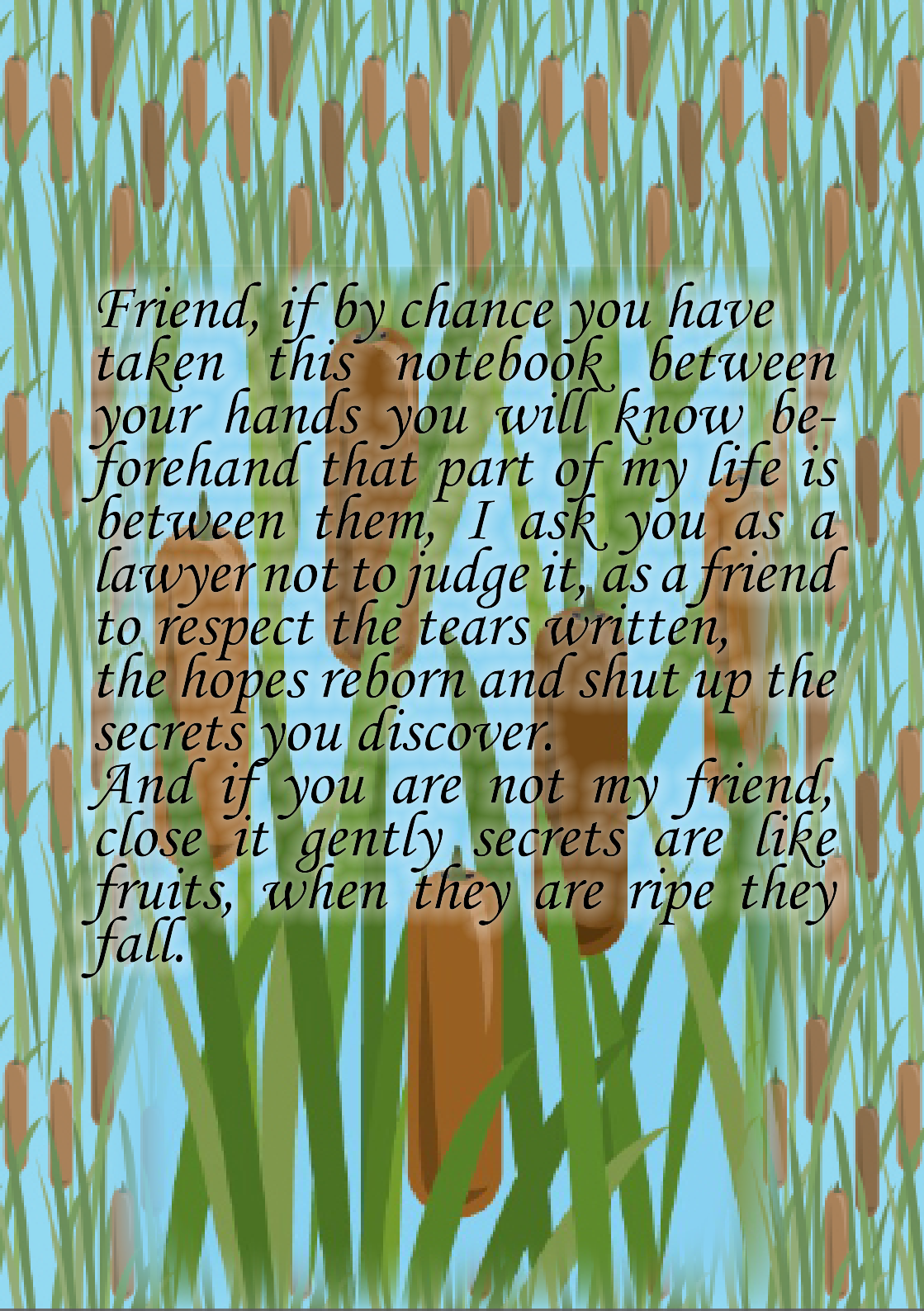
In spite of sex and hands that man does not seek to stop.

What kind of madness is this obsession?

To say to love the one who doesn't accompany us in our daily
steps.

How can I define with words that which I can't understand.

But I feel even when I keep silent without acknowledging
that there is something in me that has no comparison.



Friend, if by chance you have taken this notebook between your hands you will know beforehand that part of my life is between them, I ask you as a lawyer not to judge it, as a friend to respect the tears written, the hopes reborn and shut up the secrets you discover.

And if you are not my friend, close it gently secrets are like fruits, when they are ripe they fall.

if in the shadows i cried for you
and in my bedroom i loved you
it is today when the sun
i'm shining and my eyes are shining
because i walk my own path.
it's today that i realise
of life itself,
that i love my past
but i love so much more
my present.



The flight of a bird resembles my dreams
who knows when my being will rest on the branch
that chooses to tire me
and if the heights will be an unforgivable vertigo.
So I will find pleasure, rest, hunger and thirst
on the man-made roads
In the tortuous mountains that inspire respect.
My flight will never end, only my body
will change the colour of its feathers
and my wings will embrace more stars in the sky.



I took courage from your verses

and I set mine free

I don't care if others

don't cry my sorrow of blue

nor my joy embroidered

of grey they share.

I only wanted in these verses

to find my poetry

that which has neither fame nor letters

because it is a life

and another and another.



Even if I had thousands of lives
I could never be satisfied enough
the sky that covers me and the earth that sustains me.
And not because I am ungrateful much less vain
it's just that I'm so simple that I get confused in my humanity.
I am part of her and she of me
we inherit the same hatreds, weaknesses and passions
ironically treasuring poetry made music,
verses that turn life into a paintbrush
everything we destroy to rediscover it... centuries later.
That's how I am, one more of this humanity
that has everything and doesn't know it because we are still chil-
dren.
Maybe if I had a castle of ice, a sky of dreams
maybe if I did I would wish for the sky that covers me today
and the earth that I walk, offering me its coldness or its warmth.

I wrote a few lines of poetry

at a time I don't remember but not too far away
in it I spoke to you of our ephemeral friendship
that has no bricks
nor bridges nor shared dreams.

When was the moment when I thought you were an angel
without wings?

How could I confuse so many emotions?

If I describe you, you are no more than what you are,
if I discover you by my side I don't know what's going on
I forget the forgetfulness, I remember the memories, I
dream again

the dreams that from time to time come back to life.

What unites us? I don't know and I don't think you do

Maybe the only thing is my unexpected call
like my appearance hungry for freedom.

You are not my friend but I love you as if you were.

If you'd only give a chance my hand I'd give you
the simplicity I honour, the song you lack,

**IF I KNEW HOW TO WRITE MY VERSES
THEY WOULD SPEAK TO YOU OF BLUE MOONS
ON IMMENSE GREEN SEAS
BATHED IN STARS WITHOUT LIGHT.
BUT I DON'T KNOW
HOW THE SYLLABLES ARE COUNTED IN THE VERSES
NOR WHEN A WORD RHYMES AT THE BEGINNING AND
WHEN AT THE END.**

**IF I KNEW HOW TO WRITE
MY LIFE WOULD BE EVEN GREATER
BECAUSE THOUGHTS BECOME ADULT
WHEN THEY ARE CARRIED OUT AND CAN BE COUNT-
ED.**

**BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER
IF SOMEONE KNOWS HOW TO UNDERSTAND
AND ENJOY A MOMENT OF A BADLY WRITTEN VERSE,
A MEDIOCRE HAPPINESS
OR A TEAR THAT FAILS TO BREAK.**

New race finds itself
At the point that is the junction of paths of time,
signs and languages.
Gallop arid lands recall in their blood land-
scapes far from this South.
Semitic hours pass on the saddle of young leath-
er.
New race that when looking at the sea dreams of
having seen it under a Mediterranean sun.
Singing in a language unknown today.

Moors, Turks, blacks, French or English, Catalans or Welsh.
Of you Moor, variable like me in Genesis
You're Turkish, you're black, you're Spanish or like me
Today you are Argentinian and tomorrow who knows.
New race still without a name, without its own unknown
origin,
You remember the mist, a place, an island lost in eternal
battles
Useless as crosses on your back your survival.

Tidy grey streets, superb, superb.
Astonishment hidden behind the ulcer of good manners.
Blue irony I discover mine.
New race your file begins in the New Testament
Like the cover of a book is the fresh earth barely open to other
lands.
It keeps you old pages some written by the open sky and the
true stone
By the absent breeze and the whistling wind, the dry word And
the revénqué pride of its strength.
And by the parsimonious walnut tree the same colour, fruit and

Other pages are interspersed, they are the ones listed here writ-
ten with conscience
By the worked stone and the window painted with breeze
By the grey wind lost in the drawn labyrinth
And the word repeated in Shakespearean verse
By the cane companion of the harmonious gait
And by the most beautiful bird that is the first in the girl's house.
New race thou shalt have an appellation for a time only.
For thy true name humanity, life.
Living wheel, eternal interbreeding Is, will be, was NEW RACE.

If I were to find you again
unconscious rebellion
blind love wanting
without knowing what I want
if I came back to me
to look for that freedom
that I didn't know existed.
I would discover that
I have lived intensely
the tenderness and brutality
of adolescence.
That I have gently extinguished
in its time the onslaught
in my young blood
that there is still of that fire
something more than a mere vestige
that is my present and by which I live.
If I were to go back to the beginning
of these verses I would find
that I am and I am still a living being
a human being who wishes to humanise
himself among so much bestiality.

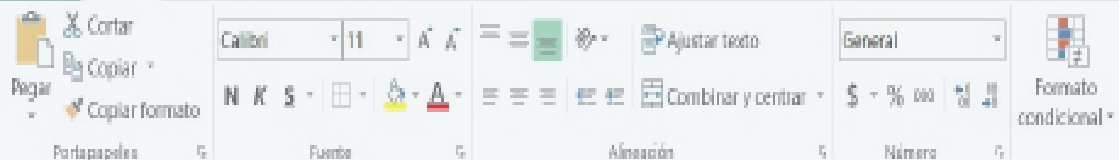
CHAPTER 3

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**TO THE DEVIL WITH EVERYONE I DON'T CARE ABOUT
TO HELL WITH EVERYTHING THAT HURTS US
WITH EVERYTHING THAT BLEEDS US
WITH EVERYTHING THAT MAKES ME CRY
WITH EVERYTHING THAT INVADES ME WITH LONELINESS.
AND WELCOME THE FALSEHOOD
THAT SAVES US FROM STORMS
AND THE COLDNESS THAT MAKES US WEAKLY STRONG
FALSELY STRONG IN THE FACE OF OTHER PEOPLE'S PAIN
WHICH IS OURS IN A WAY.
WELCOME THEN THE DARK LIE
THAT HOLDS BACK REAL HATRED.
AND EVEN IF OUR LIFE
IS A HUMILIATION FOR OUR CONSCIENCE
IT WILL ALL BE WORTH IT BECAUSE
WE WILL HAVE THE RESPECT
OF THOSE WHO DO NOT HAVE IT FOR LIFE
THE STUPID ENVY OF EMPTY BEINGS
AND WE WILL MANAGE TO BE MEN
WITH EPHEMERAL FORTUNE.
BUT WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO LOVE,
WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO BE HAPPY
WITHOUT FEELING SMALL AND VILE.**

*You are amazed at my humble wisdom
which is neither so nor so
it is simply what you see a path like so many
towards a more humane world
is to want to be oneself without lies or labels
it is the possibility of drinking in any glass
the simplicity that gives happiness,
the affection that gives a helping hand
the love that gives me the knowledge
that you are my brother.*

*You are astonished but I am even more astonished
when I see what I wouldn't like and yet it is
the loneliness that inhabits us,
the disappointment that frustrates us,
the ambiguity of so many phrases that hurt us.
I am amazed at the wars we don't dream of
and we fight every day like little lead soldiers
all in a row armed with powerful fears
deaf to so many missiles made words
armoured with indifference in neckties.
I marvel at the sad and the beautiful,
at the dark and the starry night
and of the starry, of the day invaded by sunshine
and of the cloudy day a. to cry.
We are astonished by looking
at ourselves without realising
that to be dazzled is not to live
but just savouring our humanity.*



**Today my
mind is in full
balance**

**forgetful accountant
who loses listed papers
while my heart adds assets
happy memories of archived childhood
dusts off adolescence
and updates friendships.
My eyes struggle with existing liabilities
cry creditors of love
and discover to sadness
unpaid debts.
Today my busy soul
is my only patrimony
on which I count forever
it is the one that balances my assets and
liabilities
because the sum of them is me.
Tomorrow I must present this balance
sheet
without errors in the calculations
without cheating, without lies.**

*To you Death, to you I call
to hear from my soul what I have to tell you.*

*I never saw your face before, I knew you by name only
and when I finally had you in front of me
I understood the hatred that you have earned over time
but also the necessity of your existence.*

*Stay there where you are a few metres from the end
cautious you will know how to win the bet you have with life
to maybe take back a part of my life.*

*But you will never again be able to surprise me in this pain
because you have taken away the most loved,
the most wounded womb.*

*You have earned, damn you forever
the life that gave light to my watery eyes
that kissed my forehead, cared for my cheeks.*

*You took away without permission,
with cunning, offering you sweetly
the hands that sheltered me when the cold was intense
the bitterness that overflowed in my hands
and I could not contain
the truncated hope that didn't achieve another story.*

*That's why today I hate you even knowing of your duty
in spite of imagining that the life
that you took from me loved you.*


I BELIEVE IN YOU AND I BELIEVE IN ME
BECAUSE I WAS LOVED AND I LOVED
I WAS CARED FOR AND CARED FOR
THEY FORGAVE ME AND I FORGAVE
THEY HATED ME AND I HATED
THEY FORGOT ME AND I FORGOT
THEY ABANDONED ME AND I ABANDONED
THEY DENIED ME AND I DENIED
THEY TAUGHT ME AND I LEARNED
THEY LIED TO ME AND I TOLD MY TRUTH
THEY BOUND ME AND I SET ME FREE
THEY DID NOT LIVE AND YET I EXIST
THAT'S WHY I BELIEVE IN YOU,
BELIEVE IN ME.



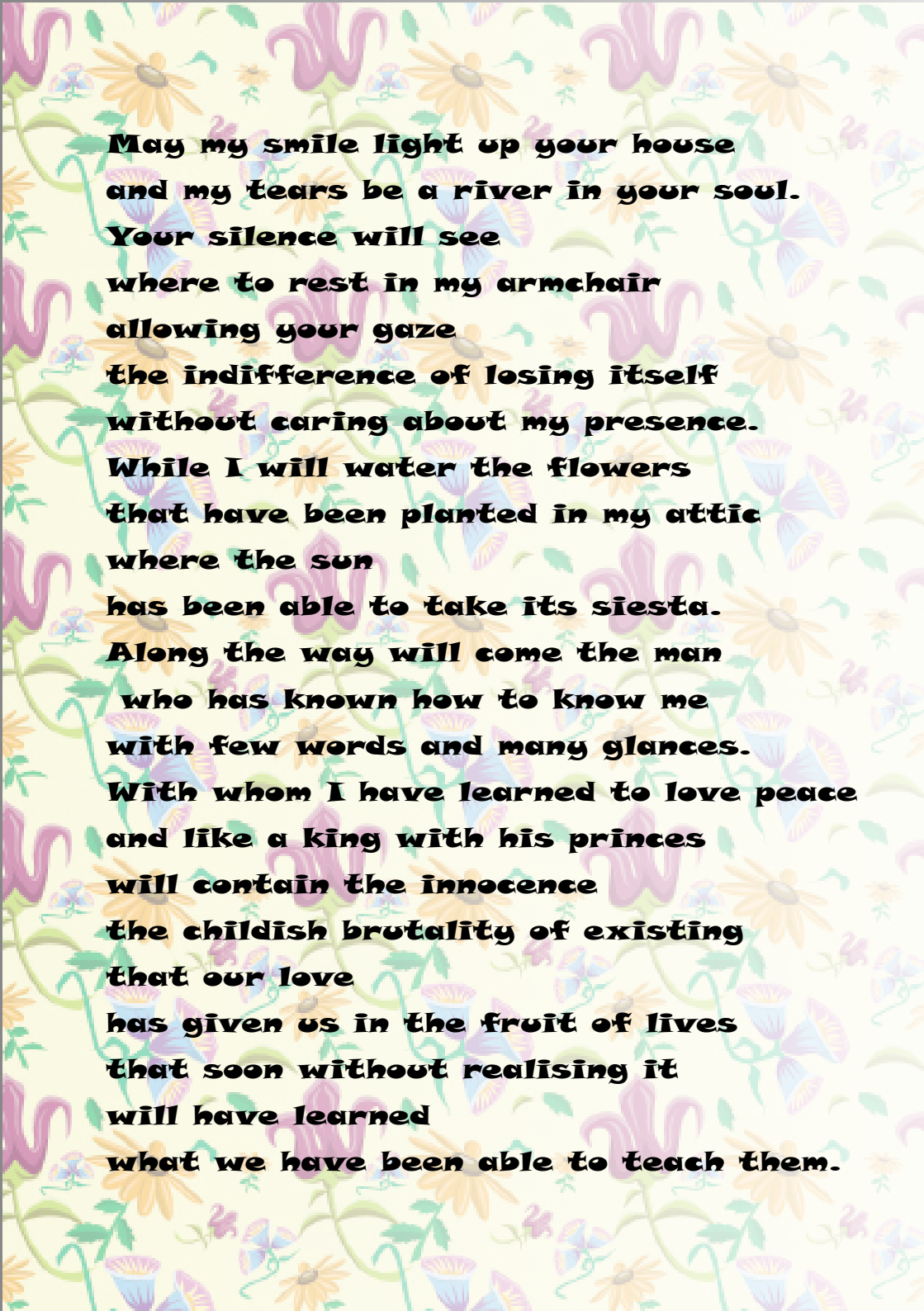
**YOU HAVE JUST TASTED MY TEARS
DRAWN IN COMPLEX LINES
I FELT MY OCHRE COLOURS
ON THE WHITENESS OF THE PAPER
AND YOU ARE AMAZED BY THE SIMILARITIES
DISCOVERING YOURSELF.
DON'T BE AFRAID OF YOUR FEARS
THEY ARE THE SAME AS MINE
IN THAT THE BLOOD
CALMS THE FORCE OF YOUR JOURNEY
BECAUSE IT ADDS TO THE FLUID OF EXIST-
ENCE.
NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO ANSWER
TO OUR QUESTIONS
BECAUSE ONLY WE
ARE THE END OF THE QUESTIONS.
IN THIS USELESS POETIC ATTEMPT
YOU'LL SEE ME AND REAL MAYBE
BUT ONE DAY YOU WILL UNDERSTAND ME
IF YOU MANAGE TO UNDERSTAND YOURSELF.
AND SO YOU CAN ALSO GIVE LIGHT
TO MY SLEEPING GODS
FREEING ME FROM THE UNKNOWN.**



Time mends bloodless wounds
opens to the soul a new trail to follow
and in its parsimoniousness, it unveils
invites you to set sail on a glittering ship
without traces of tides.
It makes us wise for a moment
on the path you have set.
and if it has denied you the most beautiful
happiness
that an instant or a couple of hours brings
his wit consoles you
with a new present.
Like a mirror in front of another
it loses itself in its past
and in its future I find myself
with the only truth that is my present.
child of time will change its name
as before, as always
it will be just another past.
To live it as today
is my greatest respect for life.



River that in its fall found its course
towards the progenitor seas
River that knows at last that its existence is not in vain
despite not yet seeing the salty waters
and like an anonymous poet without glory it continues its course
without others being able to see its greatness, small and modest
that belongs to all the beings that can give shade.
The river confuses its verses in those of the nameless poet
and life in both multiplies in you and in me.
In the light we remain and few manage to see.



**May my smile light up your house
and my tears be a river in your soul.
Your silence will see
where to rest in my armchair
allowing your gaze
the indifference of losing itself
without caring about my presence.
While I will water the flowers
that have been planted in my attic
where the sun
has been able to take its siesta.
Along the way will come the man
who has known how to know me
with few words and many glances.
With whom I have learned to love peace
and like a king with his princes
will contain the innocence
the childish brutality of existing
that our love
has given us in the fruit of lives
that soon without realising it
will have learned
what we have been able to teach them.**

THEY TRIED TO MERGE

in the possible attempt to be
more humanity as radiant sunshine
illuminated its youth
and on roads strewn with fears
they were lost after the future.
She asked without words
to the limited whiteness on her desk
Where will you go little possible love?
Maybe we have lost
perhaps a happiness
by clipping the wings
the wings of affection long before
before it was ripe for the great flight.
Will you regret having taken
that step ahead of mine?
He didn't ask, he just looked at her
knowing perhaps that life was that
an eternal struggle
of encounters and misencounters.

WHEEL AND WHEEL

I CANNOT STOP IT

NOR DO I WANT TO FOR SURE

I BOW TO HER

BOWING TO HER DESIRES

SIMPLE IN SPITE OF HER ROUNDABOUTS.

IT ROLLS AND ROLLS NO ONE CAN STOP IT

THOUGH MANY WOULD LIKE TO.

I STAND AGAINST THEM WRONGING HER

AND HURT HER AS THEY DO

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT YOU CAN'T STOP HER.

SHE ROLLS AND ROLLS LIKE A LOVING WOMAN

INVENTING LABYRINTHS OF LOVE

WITH PAINFUL FAREWELLS

PROMISING HAPPY ENCOUNTERS.

SHE ROLLS AND ROLLS IT SEEMS AT TIMES

THAT SHE IS NOT THERE,

SHE DOESN'T SHOW HERSELF, SHE RUNS AWAY FROM ME

TO THEN GIVE HERSELF TO MY PLEASURE

AND THUS HARBOUR THE HOPE

OF NEVER LOSING HER AGAIN.

RUEDA Y RUEDA DOESN'T GET TIRED SHE'S LIKE THAT

LIKE A WOMAN JUST LIKE ME,

WHO ASKS FOR MORE AND MORE SHE'S LIKE THAT,

LIFE ROLLS AND ROLLS NO ONE CAN STOP HER.



*I would like to make love
to you...*

to life even if it hurts
without being the first love
even if the joy is confused in tears.

I want to make love to her
as I make love to you
with sincerity without pretending
Naked with my soul
Lying in your peace
wrapped in the whirlwind of the senses.
And though silence cannot be shared
to know that I am a woman
with life and with you

HERE ARE MY FEELINGS

TAKE THEM OR LEAVE THEM

IF YOU TAKE THEM, TAKE CARE OF THEM

IF YOU LEAVE THEM, DO IT CAREFULLY

WITHOUT HURTING THEM

SO THAT OTHERS MAY TAKE THEM.

YOU SHALL HAVE IN BOTH CASES AN OPEN HEART

WITHOUT FEAR WITHOUT RESERVATION

WITH THE NOBILITY WITH WHICH I GIVE YOU

THE SHADOW OF MY ANCIENTS

AND WITH YOUR SOUL YOU WILL TELL ME

THE COLOUR OF YOUR HANDS

REMINDING YOURSELF THAT WE LOSE NOTHING

LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES

LET'S CARESS THE AIR.

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU TAKE

THEM OR LEAVE THEM THE REAL THING IS FRIENDSHIP

AND THE JOY OF NOT HAVING HURT EACH OTHER.



Poetry that if I think of you you don't bloom on my lips

You will subtly find me

when my voice falls asleep

in the feeling that overflows from my soul.

And I can't rent you I'm not a professional in my art

nor do I seek to be in this world

because I am a survivor

of this war that nobody knows when it started

searching inside the hearts

a sincere verse, a true colour, anything

that sometimes tells us I exist and it is not in vain.

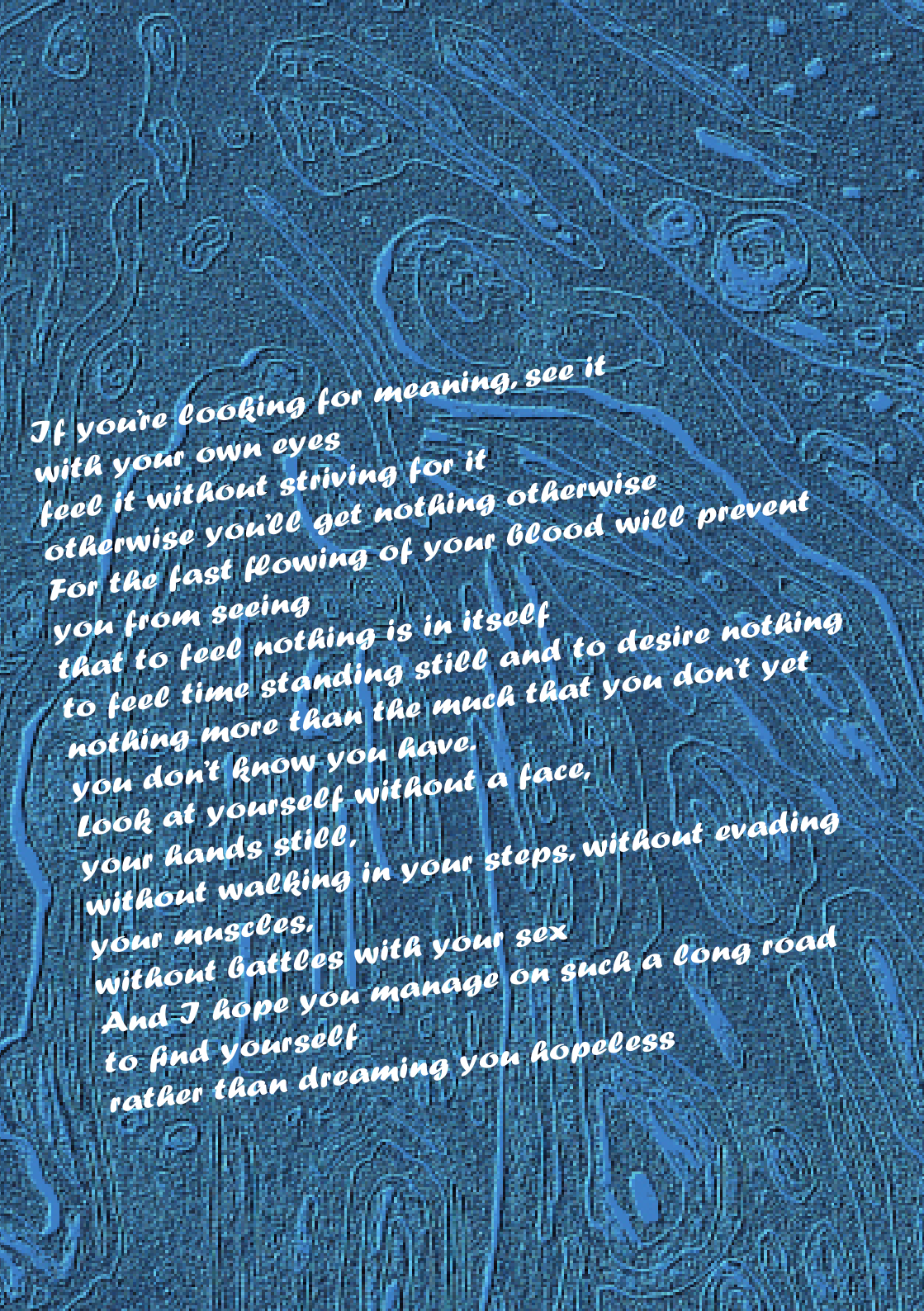
That's why I can't sell you poetry

I can only meet you alone

so that you can help me decipher the beat inside me.

YOU CAN DENY ME
YOUR HEART
AND YOUR SILHOUETTE
HOLDING MY THRESHOLD
BUT YOU CAN NEVER
CAN YOU DENY ME
THIS LOVE THAT LIVES IN ME
IF SOMEONE WERE TO ASK
WHY

I CAN ANSWER
BECAUSE I'VE STOLEN HIS HEART
AND IN RETURN
HE HAS MINE



If you're looking for meaning, see it
with your own eyes
feel it without striving for it
otherwise you'll get nothing otherwise
For the fast flowing of your blood will prevent
you from seeing
that to feel nothing is in itself
to feel time standing still and to desire nothing
nothing more than the much that you don't yet
you don't know you have.
Look at yourself without a face,
your hands still,
without walking in your steps, without evading
your muscles,
without battles with your sex
And I hope you manage on such a long road
to find yourself
rather than dreaming you hopeless

CCHAPTER 4

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THANK YOU ELISEO SUBIELA FOR THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR HEART.

Pieces of my encounter in you
modelled in movements
dressed in harmless madness without simplicity
spun one to the other drinking them in a warm liquid
with anaesthetised passion
the newly created world invades me.
While you play at being thousands
you wander in my poetry
appropriating my search
telling me in another voice that is not yours

**“I do not forgive him under any pretext,
and I am in that I am irreducible
that he does not know how to fly”.**
a wise poet said it.

I tell you instead that your question is mine,
the one that without written words you suggest in the
light that is in a hurry to be a shadow.
Who assures us that we know how to fly?

(Excerpt from the film “The Dark Side of the Heart”
1992)

Calculations so variable that they
fall into the most intimate unpredictability

Unpaved road

that I seek in the walk without

knowing the final destination

Feelings that become flesh

on my feet And I no longer try to deny

Bridges to be made

between my soul and reality

All of them are my today and

I don't really know

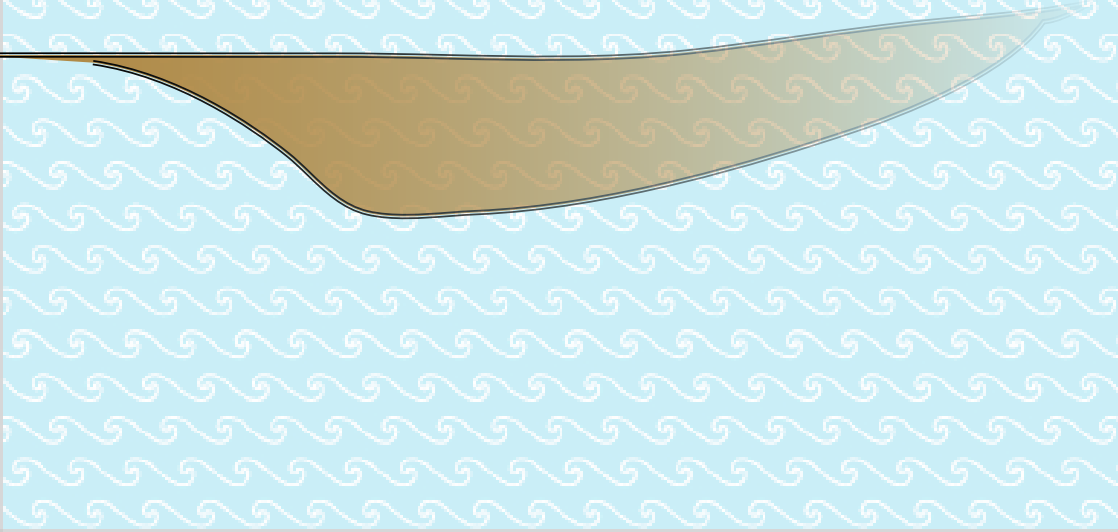
ones will be my choice tomorrow

**If you knew what her eyes showed me
The forgotten tenderness
in the dearest hands
That need for one
responsibility that love gives us
An awkwardness far from us
cared for by the maternal face
And sitting on the television
she looks at me small
with her catlike eyes
her little paws
humanly
rested
And I recognise myself
as yesterday a child
marvelling
by the existence
of another living being.**



*THEY LISTEN TO YOU, YOU SPEAK
TRYING TO SEDUCE TRUST.
YOU HOPE AND WHO CAN OF US
UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DO IT
CLOAKING YOUR ASTONISHMENT IN REASON
AND UNDERSTANDING.
THEY TELL YOU STORIES, YOU LISTEN,
YOU GUIDE THE TALE
COMPLEMENTING STRENGTH AND SOFTNESS
TRYING EVEN WITH BLUNDERS
AND YOU ARE SEEN IN YOUR GESTURES
THAT DON'T PRETEND TO BE THE PROTAGONIST
AND YOUR ANGER CONTAINED IN THE SILENCE
IMPOSED BY RESPECT
SO AS NOT TO SHOUT
- LIVE EVEN IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT
TO STOP THAT IRRESISTIBLE DEATH
THAT DECEIVES THEM WITH A FINAL FACE.
THEY LISTEN TO YOU
BECAUSE THEY NEED SOMEONE TO SPEAK TO THEM.
YOU SPEAK BECAUSE YOU WISH
THAT A FEW CAN HEAR YOU.
THEY TALK TO YOU BECAUSE WE ALL NEED
SOMEONE TO LISTEN TO US*

**My life is a boat today
as yesterday it was a bird.
a tree. a road to be made
and tomorrow it will be what it should be.
My boat is small I am left in the harbor
lost friends. stories.
years that will be memories.
and tears make me slip
I'm afraid to fall as I say goodbye.
But my boat becomes big
when I accommodate projects. dreams
future loves.
they are so ethereal that only tomorrow
they will materialize.
Excuse me I must leave my boat actually
flies at anchor
on an unknown path.**



Today you ask for more
than what is offered
You have lost the reason for my coming.
You want the whole sky full of sunshine
but you don't seem to know
of the existence of the night.
You were born and like a
child you need everything.
There are no times or roles or places,
No secrets and no separate times.
I cannot give you,
understand, what is not in me.
For you who today are two
and you want to share
what only belongs to you.
Today you ask for more,
more than a daughter

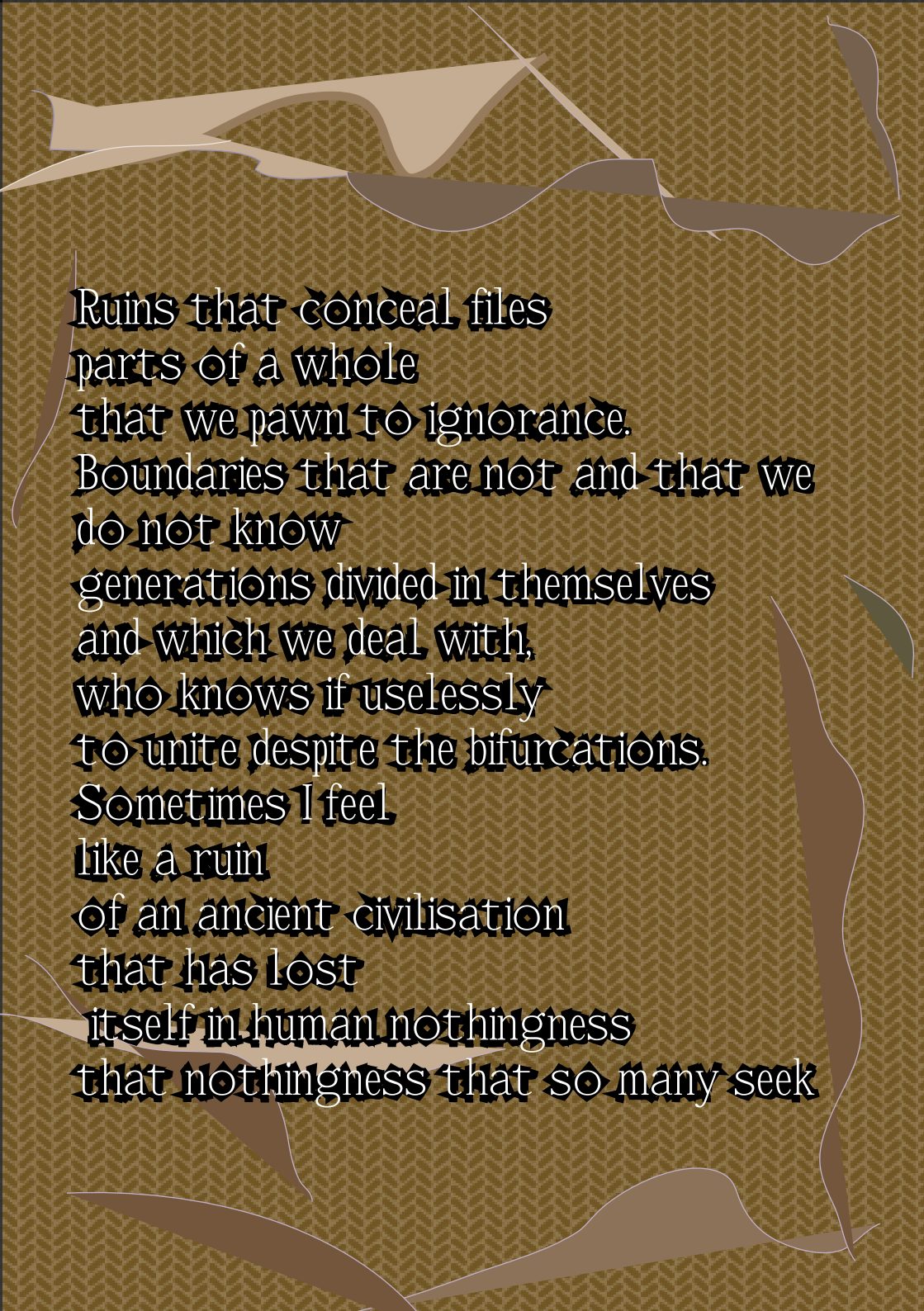
You may find a group of people who think of you in one way and other people who think of you in another way.

and other people who think differently about you think differently than the first group and neither of them can fully describe you as you are or love you or hate you in the same way.

And then you can tell yourself you are truly always yourself.

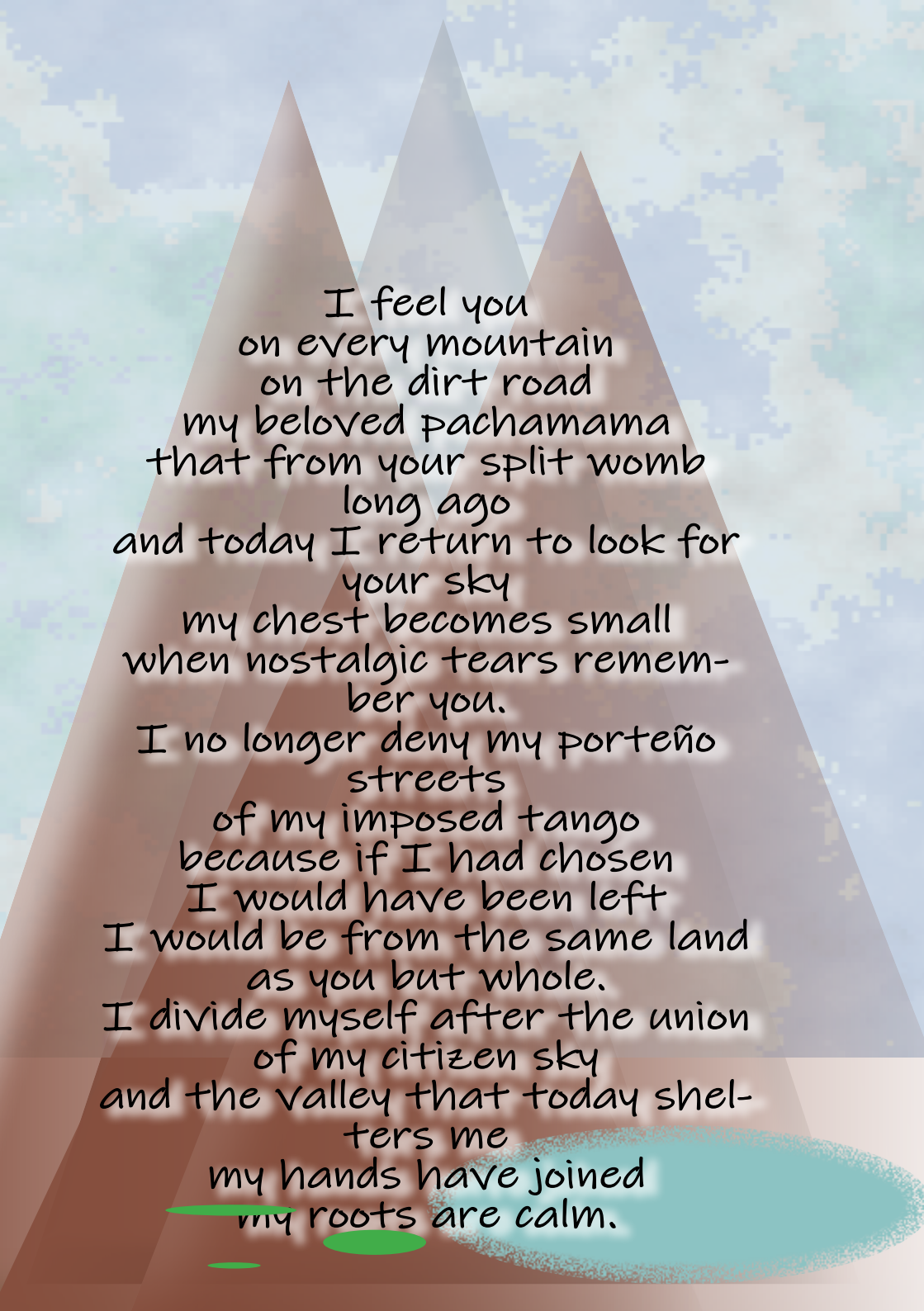
*Today I discovered a lie,
one of many
love does not wait nor is it eternal
no one will love without time or space
unless loneliness
and the need to love
isolates you from the world
But they will still help you
to find someone to love.*

*No love waits without promise,
eternity does not exist for him.
It needs to live in pairs and in one
it dies slowly
to be reborn in two.*



Ruins that conceal files
parts of a whole
that we pawn to ignorance.
Boundaries that are not and that we
do not know
generations divided in themselves
and which we deal with,
who knows if uselessly
to unite despite the bifurcations.
Sometimes I feel
like a ruin
of an ancient civilisation
that has lost
itself in human nothingness
that nothingness that so many seek

Good morning Dream of an instant
What joy in your eyes
though your lips murmur melancholy.
I don't know if you stay, go or are alone
I just enjoy the moment when you come.
Goodnight Dream it seems you're leaving
without a why of another dream you'll be.
Goodbye I want to tell you but I keep quiet
because I feel that another day
you'll come back.



I feel you
on every mountain
on the dirt road
my beloved pachamama
that from your split womb
long ago
and today I return to look for
your sky
my chest becomes small
when nostalgic tears remem-
ber you.

I no longer deny my porteño
streets
of my imposed tango
because if I had chosen
I would have been left
I would be from the same land
as you but whole.

I divide myself after the union
of my citizen sky
and the valley that today shel-
ters me

my hands have joined
my roots are calm.

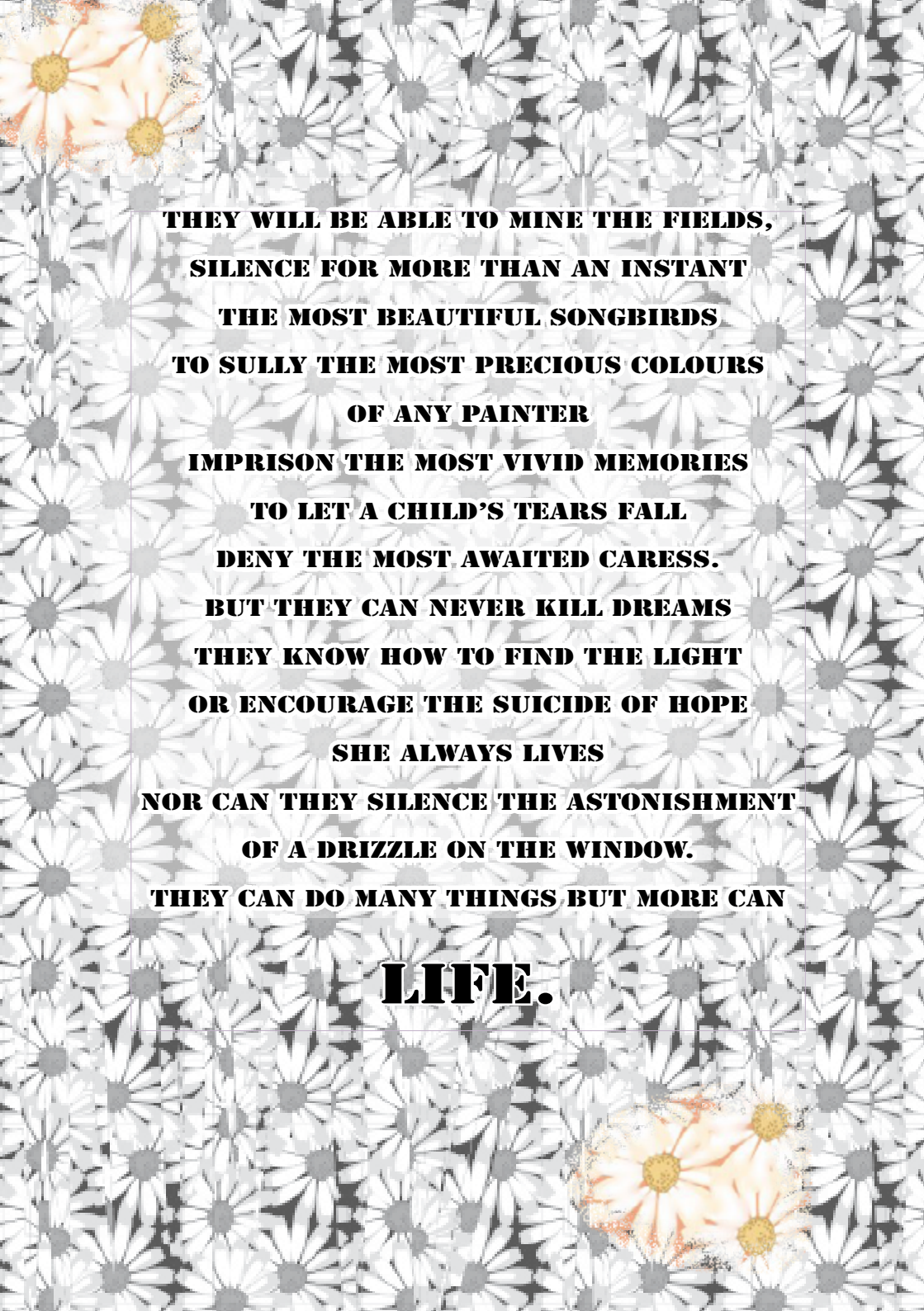
The time has come
and still loneliness does not hurt
though it is, perhaps it will always be with me
despite the beauty that overwhelms me
as I feel the land that will soon be mine
despite the love that once came without warning.
And it will keep on coming because I want to love
it's a journey like this that brings me closer
a little by little to myself
with commanded paths,
with people who are only beautiful
because they are beautiful
like day and night.

Dreams blend in with reality feeding themselves
with the blood inherited from my mother
held in the vessel that is now my father.

my father.

Catamarca, I loved you
and you were unfaithful
today I have wounds that bear your name
and others too-

I loved you but when I said goodbye
I realised today that I still love you
because you showed yourself whole
just as I show myself,
with your beauties, with your miseries,
with your yesterday
that your children will soon forget
with your silhouettes on the horizon
with a future that will be a grey city.



**THEY WILL BE ABLE TO MINE THE FIELDS,
SILENCE FOR MORE THAN AN INSTANT
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SONGBIRDS
TO SULLY THE MOST PRECIOUS COLOURS
OF ANY PAINTER
IMPRISON THE MOST VIVID MEMORIES
TO LET A CHILD'S TEARS FALL
DENY THE MOST AWAITED CARESS.
BUT THEY CAN NEVER KILL DREAMS
THEY KNOW HOW TO FIND THE LIGHT
OR ENCOURAGE THE SUICIDE OF HOPE
SHE ALWAYS LIVES
NOR CAN THEY SILENCE THE ASTONISHMENT
OF A DRIZZLE ON THE WINDOW.
THEY CAN DO MANY THINGS BUT MORE CAN
LIFE.**

INDIANS ARE NOTHING NOW YOU HAVE LOST EVERYTHING

BUT YOUR TRAPS A HANDFUL OF YOU

STRUGGLE AGAINST THE DEATH OF YOUR CULTURE.

I AM ONLY A FOREIGNER

EVEN MORE THAN YOU

IN YOUR OWN CONQUERED LAND.

THE WHITE WORLD GOES ON

AND YOU ESCORT IT DAZZLED,

COVETING THE BORNEO MIRRORS.

INDIANS WHO ARE NO LONGER WINDOW-DRESSERS

WE, THE CHILDREN OF THE WHITES

WE CAN DO NOTHING AND FEW WANT TO DO ANYTHING

THEIR WOMEN HAVE DEFEATED THEM.

C HAPTER 5

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Words

You unite souls

You separate destinies

In time you are born

You flee disloyal.

Word

Don't overflow uselessly

On my lips

Arises in Peace

and for my love.

**You will discover me in the verses I
have left behind
Disguising me in your
memories
I'll take away the sadness, what made
you ache
Leaving you the instants, the most
beautiful days.
You will no longer hear my words
because I won't have a voice
But I'll leave you my writings and
poems**

**a few thousand photos
And advice that once
disregarded**

**But I will let you hear them in a surprise.
Those days will come when you need
them.**

I leave you some dreams fulfilled

A future with almost no ups and downs.

**Don't blame yourself or feel anguish for
what you didn't do.**

Everything was as it should be.

**I take with me days,
months and years
filled with sweet memories
and sincere words.
Go on with your life ahead**

**With the dreams you sowed, the
future that awaits you.**

I take the harvest with me

Proud to see you

**my greatest delight,
the satisfaction of the task
accomplished.**

**You'll discover me perfect and forget
my imperfections**

**You will see all my successes
built on mistakes.**

**After the tears
memories will remain.**

**Treasure them, be thankful for
for having them**

**Don't be angry because life goes on
around you.**

That's the way it should be.

**I'm off to other adventures.
adventures.**

With my soul in its right place.

**You must illuminate even more
your days
Learn all you can
about life.**

**You'll let me go one day when
you're ready.**

**And there will be peace in your
eyes.**

**After you discover me,
you will discover yourself.**

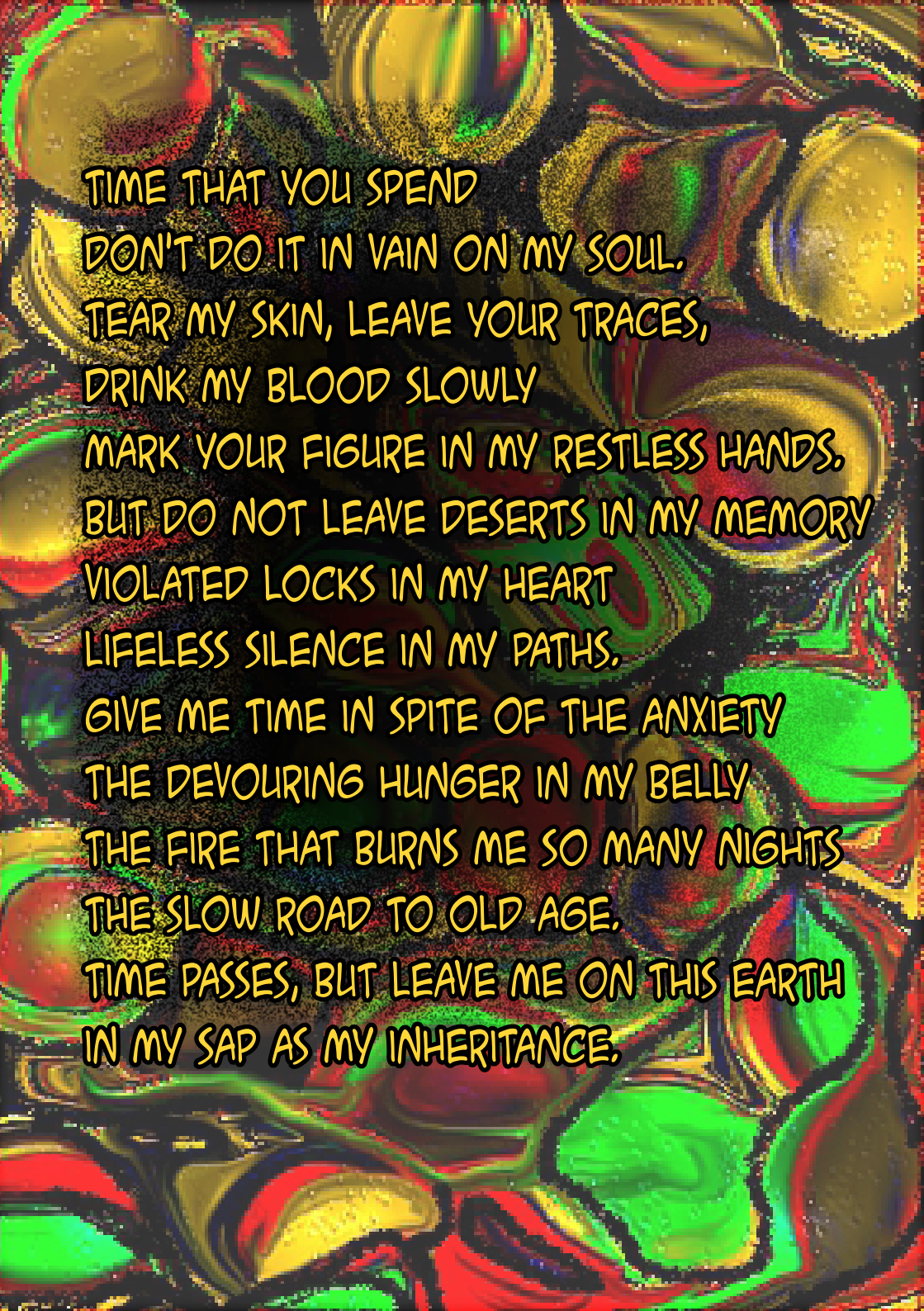
Old age

*I want you to come to me
with your wrinkles, daughters of the air
and the rain
the nights and their days
with your tiredness closed to useless haste
to ideas with a present,
to love without educating wounds.
With your silence that contemplates life
without labels or boxes
with your calm gaze
and your dressed freedom.*



***I want to find myself without stories,
without pasts
without inherited tears.
I want to find myself
in a place in my heart
to greet me in a friendly way
and chat with me
coffee after coffee to keep
what is already worn out from so much use
discover the latent under my skin,
feel my earth beneath my feet.***





TIME THAT YOU SPEND
DON'T DO IT IN VAIN ON MY SOUL,
TEAR MY SKIN, LEAVE YOUR TRACES,
DRINK MY BLOOD SLOWLY
MARK YOUR FIGURE IN MY RESTLESS HANDS,
BUT DO NOT LEAVE DESERTS IN MY MEMORY
VIOLATED LOCKS IN MY HEART
LIFELESS SILENCE IN MY PATHS.
GIVE ME TIME IN SPITE OF THE ANXIETY
THE DEVOURING HUNGER IN MY BELLY
THE FIRE THAT BURNS ME SO MANY NIGHTS
THE SLOW ROAD TO OLD AGE,
TIME PASSES, BUT LEAVE ME ON THIS EARTH
IN MY SAP AS MY INHERITANCE.

Oblivion- **TOTAL**- I turn back

HISTORIA- new-old- BUSCO ALGO MÁS

Go to- **FORGET ME- LIFE**. DREAM

I WANT YOU OUT- TOMORROW

I don't want to talk **NOT TODAY**

I cannot speak- YESTERDAY

I hide my handwriting- **RIDDLES**

Dali -TAKE ME TO YOUR WORLD

Van Gogh PAINT ME WHOLE

Magritte **HIDE ME IN YOUR CLOTH**

POINT ME TO in silence

A door closes

Let the door disappear

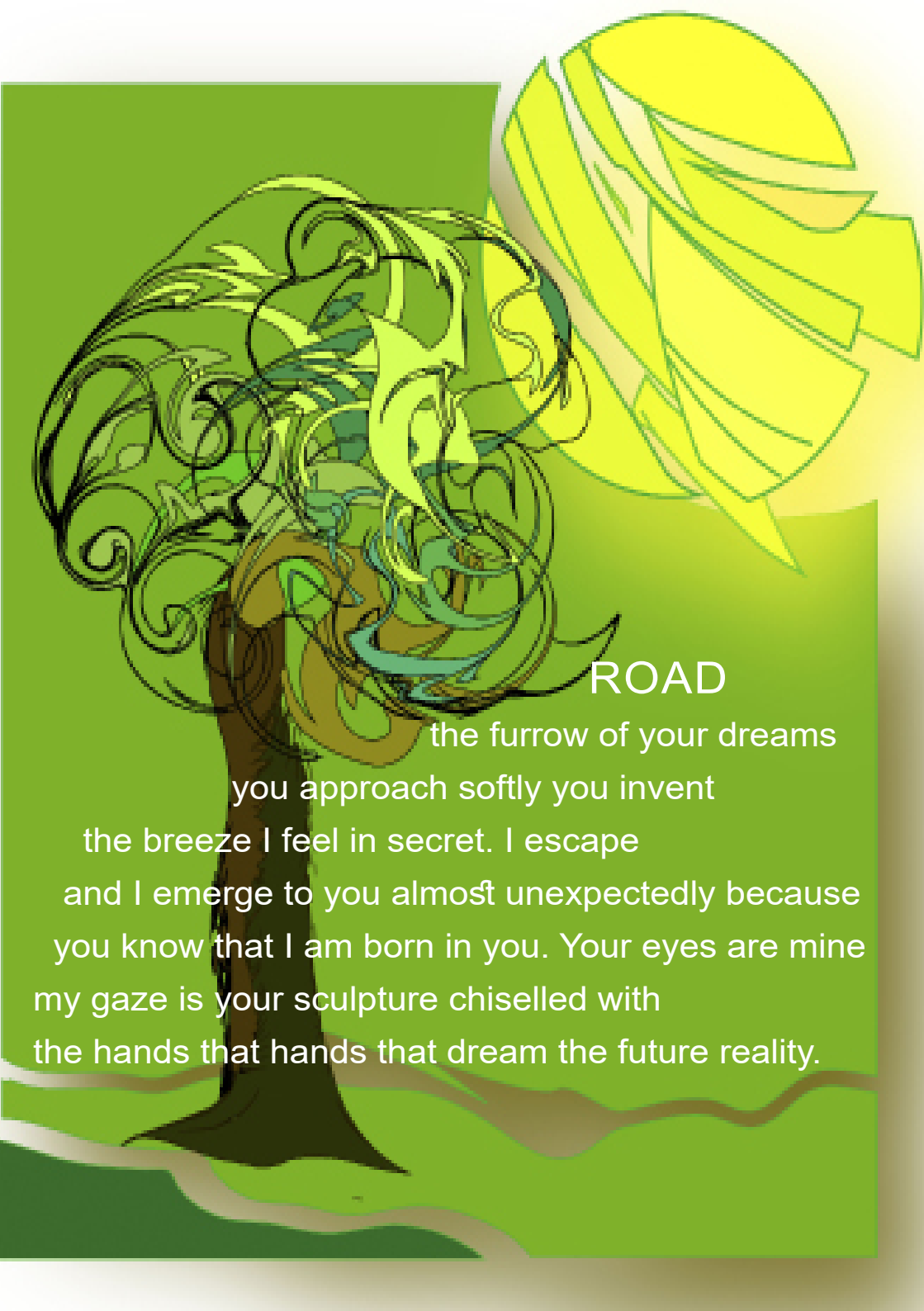
The earth moves

The sky cracks

The roads evade

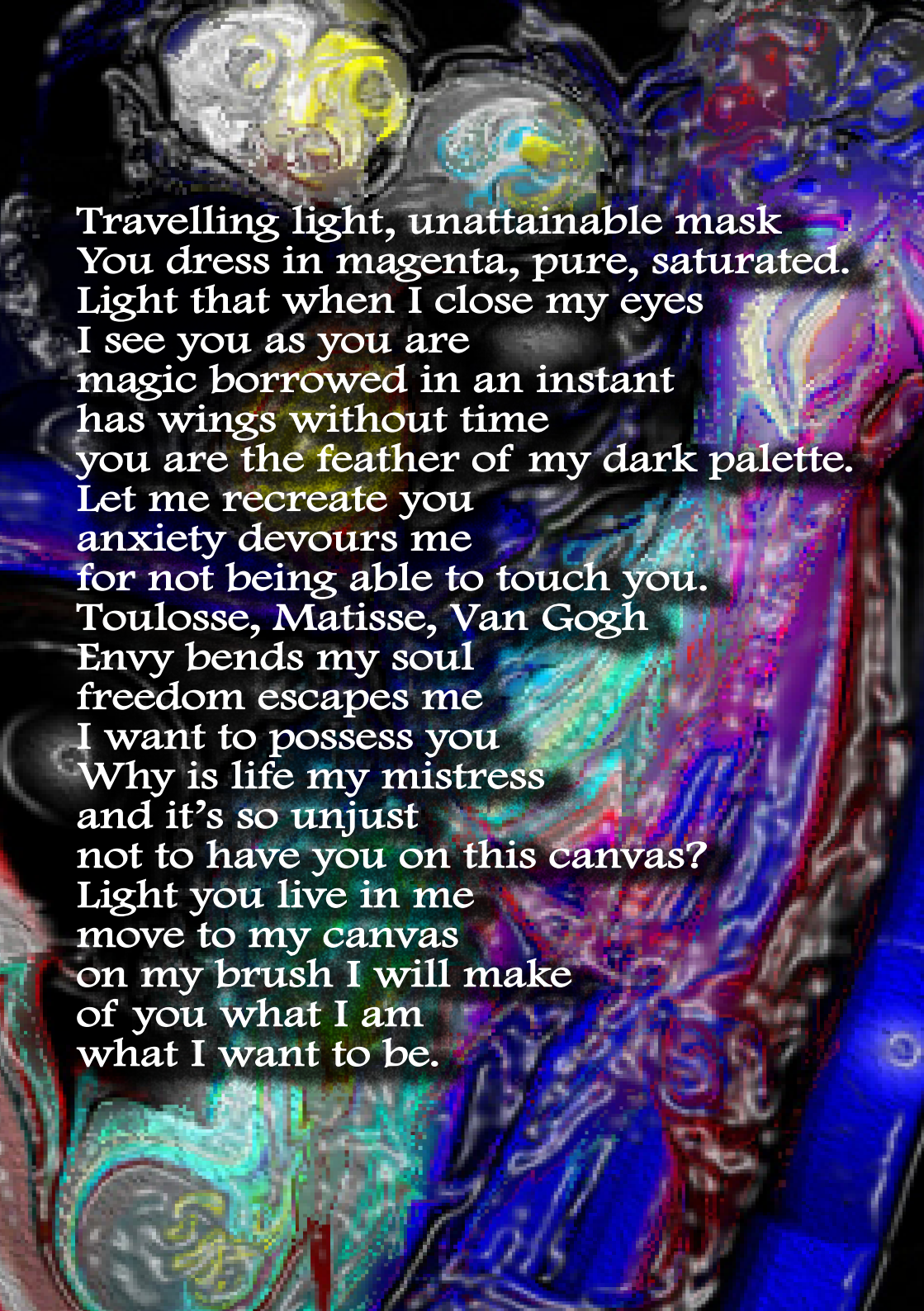
My body trembles.



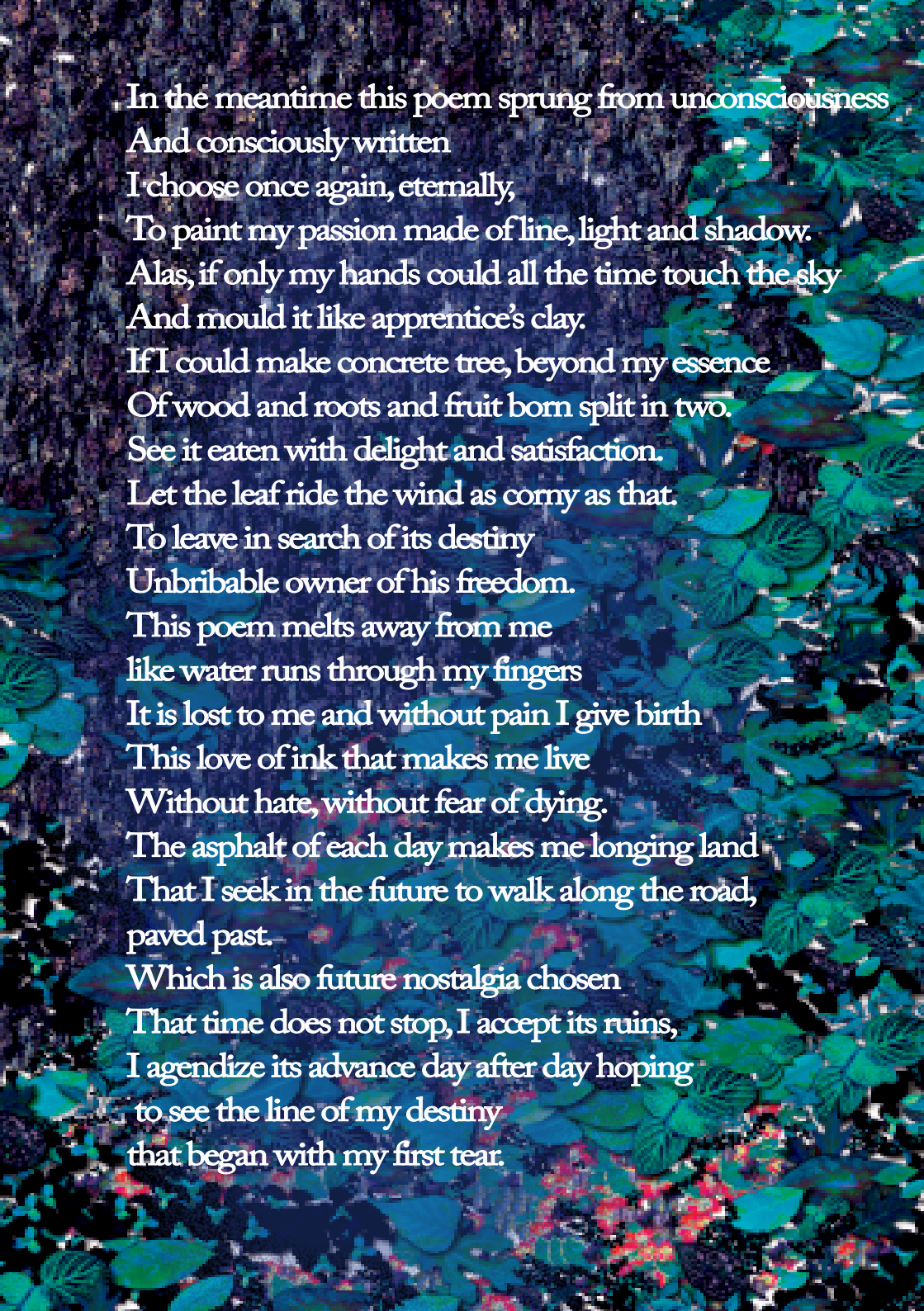


ROAD

the furrow of your dreams
you approach softly you invent
the breeze I feel in secret. I escape
and I emerge to you almost unexpectedly because
you know that I am born in you. Your eyes are mine
my gaze is your sculpture chiselled with
the hands that hands that dream the future reality.

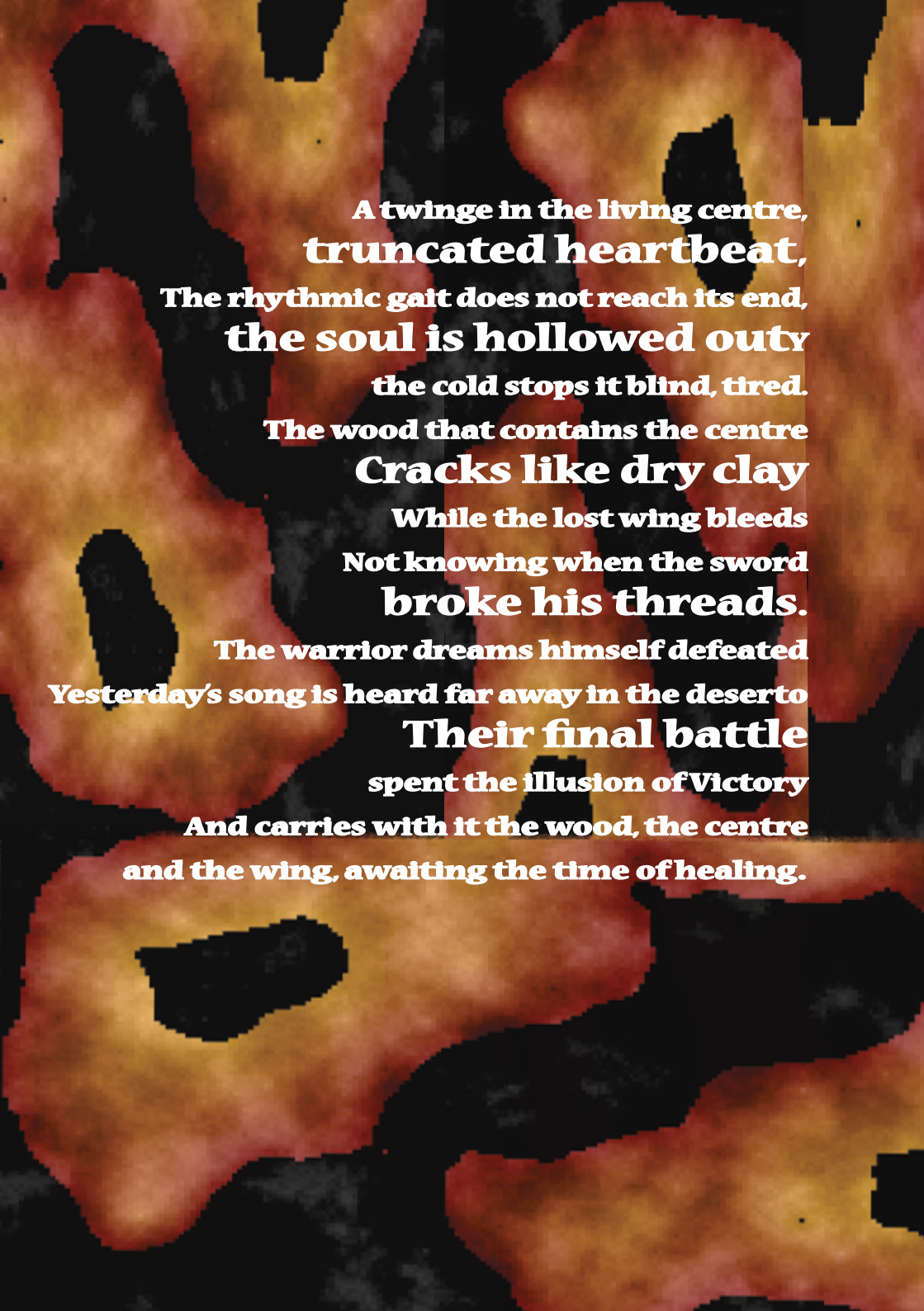
The background is a complex, abstract painting. It features a central figure with a face that appears to be a mask or a stylized, glowing yellow and white visage. The surrounding colors are rich and saturated, with deep blues, purples, and magentas swirling together. There are also bright yellow and cyan highlights that create a sense of movement and energy. The overall effect is dreamlike and surreal, with a focus on intense, emotional colors.

Travelling light, unattainable mask
You dress in magenta, pure, saturated.
Light that when I close my eyes
I see you as you are
magic borrowed in an instant
has wings without time
you are the feather of my dark palette.
Let me recreate you
anxiety devours me
for not being able to touch you.
Toulouse, Matisse, Van Gogh
Envy bends my soul
freedom escapes me
I want to possess you
Why is life my mistress
and it's so unjust
not to have you on this canvas?
Light you live in me
move to my canvas
on my brush I will make
of you what I am
what I want to be.



In the meantime this poem sprung from unconsciousness
And consciously written
I choose once again, eternally,
To paint my passion made of line, light and shadow.
Alas, if only my hands could all the time touch the sky
And mould it like apprentice's clay.
If I could make concrete tree, beyond my essence
Of wood and roots and fruit born split in two.
See it eaten with delight and satisfaction.
Let the leaf ride the wind as corny as that.
To leave in search of its destiny
Unbribeable owner of his freedom.
This poem melts away from me
like water runs through my fingers
It is lost to me and without pain I give birth
This love of ink that makes me live
Without hate, without fear of dying.
The asphalt of each day makes me longing land
That I seek in the future to walk along the road,
paved past.
Which is also future nostalgia chosen
That time does not stop, I accept its ruins,
I agendize its advance day after day hoping
to see the line of my destiny
that began with my first tear.

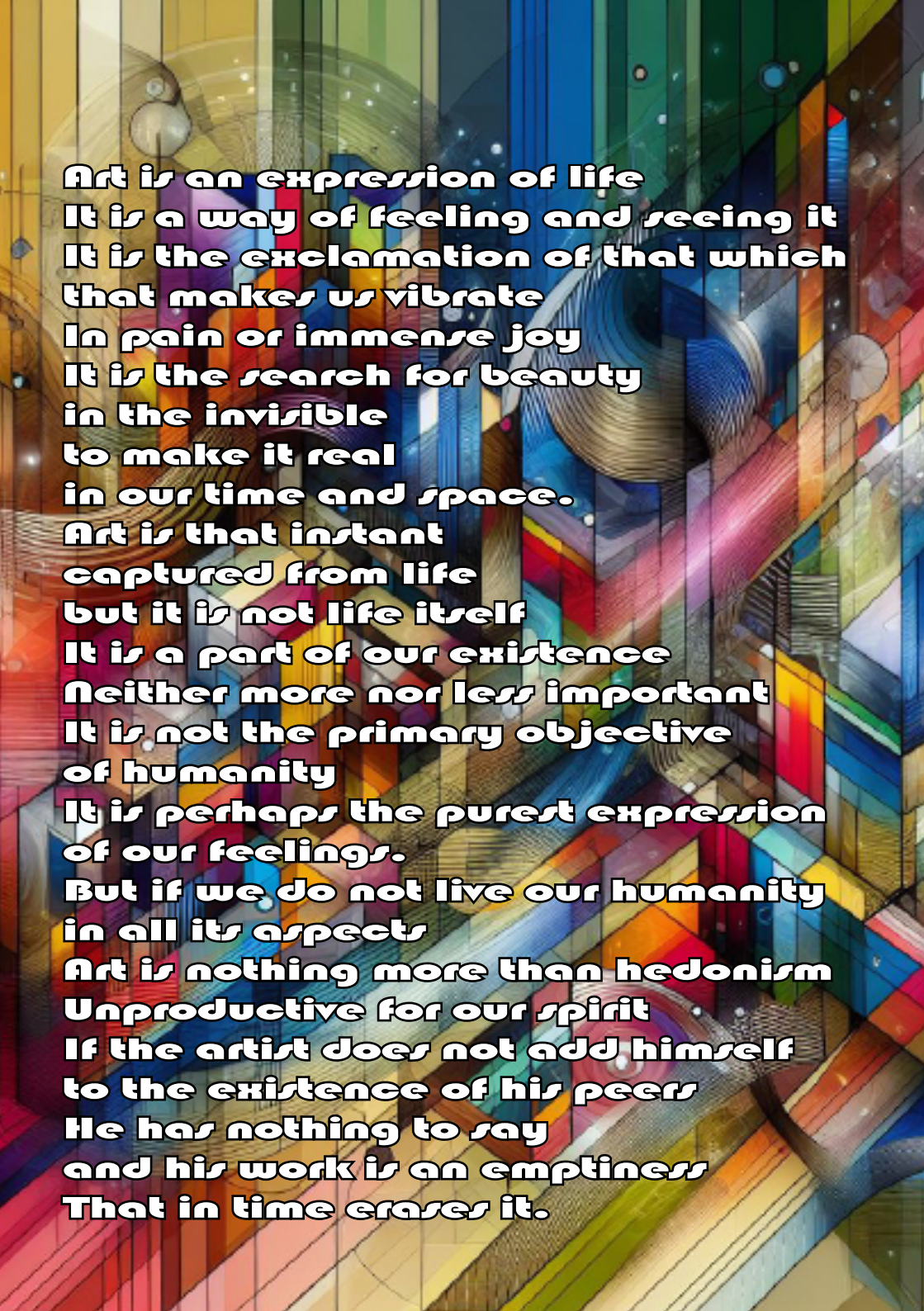
My Life An Incredible Eternity
That Wanders In My Blood
Sap From A Tree With An Infinite Cup
On The Road Undiscoveres
Where Does Happiness Walk?
Its Footsteps Baffle Me And **I GET LOST**
In the Labyrinth
Of So Many **HUMAN IDEAS**.
¿Is My Life Not A Collective Illusion?
How Mine is It?
When I Depend On Other Lives?
How Free Am I?
If I Cannot Share The Same *FREEDON*
Si No Puedo Compartir La Misma *Libertad*
With The Ones I Love
In This I Claim To Be My Life
I Myself Invented And I Declares My Laws
Ad Today I Feel Bound By Feet, Hands
And Heart To Them.
No One Lives Them Or Understand Them
If They Are Only **My Laws**



**A twinge in the living centre,
truncated heartbeat,
The rhythmic gait does not reach its end,
the soul is hollowed out
the cold stops it blind, tired.
The wood that contains the centre
Cracks like dry clay
While the lost wing bleeds
Not knowing when the sword
broke his threads.
The warrior dreams himself defeated
Yesterday's song is heard far away in the desert
Their final battle
spent the illusion of Victory
And carries with it the wood, the centre
and the wing, awaiting the time of healing.**

**BORROWED MAGIC
YOU REALISE
HOW LITTLE IT LASTS
THE ETERNAL IN-
STANT
OF THE GLEAM OF A
GLANCE.
PASSION ESCAPES
FROM YOUR HANDS.
MAGIC LIKE A LIT
THAT BURNS
LASTS A SECOND
YOU WILL HAVE THE
FACES THAT DESTINY
DECLARES TO ME ON
THIS NIGHT.
NIGHT.**

WALKING THROUGH
NIEBLAS LOOKING
FOR BRIDGES
ESCAPING FROM
LOS POZOS
I JUMP OVER
CLIFFS, I HOLD ON
TO A BRANCH
I FIND LIGHT AND
THOUGH IT BLINDS
ME I FOLLOW IT.

The background is a complex, abstract composition of various geometric shapes, including rectangles, triangles, and circles, in a wide array of colors such as blue, green, yellow, red, and purple. The shapes are layered and overlapping, creating a sense of depth and movement. There are also some circular patterns and lines that suggest a dynamic, almost architectural structure.

**Art is an expression of life
It is a way of feeling and seeing it
It is the exclamation of that which
that makes us vibrate
In pain or immense joy
It is the search for beauty
in the invisible
to make it real
in our time and space.
Art is that instant
captured from life
but it is not life itself
It is a part of our existence
Neither more nor less important
It is not the primary objective
of humanity
It is perhaps the purest expression
of our feelings.
But if we do not live our humanity
in all its aspects
Art is nothing more than hedonism
Unproductive for our spirit
If the artist does not add himself
to the existence of his peers
He has nothing to say
and his work is an emptiness
That in time erases it.**

Coloured mornings
in an open sky
that becomes a homeland
In the absent eyes seem to be
the afternoons of mate
In the Indian land
longed-for solitude
that is not a tear
it is the conscience
of my existence
the nights of stars
the dirt roads
lined with shadows
with their mysteries
intertwined with nature.

MYSTERIOUS PATH OF LEARNING TO LOVE
TO LOVE, TO FEAR AND TO LEAVE

THE FIRST THREE VERBS WE LEARN TO CONJUGATE
PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY ARE THE LAST ONES WE LEARN TO USE
TO LOVE- MOM- DAD, YOU'RE NOT THERE. MY LOVE DON'T DESTROY ME
TO LOVE - STRANGE VERB - WILL COME OF PEACE, OF SEA, OF LIME?

LOVING IS ABOUT SILENCING THE IMPOSSIBLE
WHAT IS SEEN IN THE VAIN ATTEMPT TO EXTINGUISH
THE FIRE THAT IS ONE IN SPITE OF ONESELF.

DESIRE - TO BE HIM, TO ENTER INTO HIM AS HE ENTERS ME.
TO VIOLATE - HER SOUL WITH THE MOST TENDER SONG OF MY EYES
WITH THE AGGRESSIVENESS OF THE WATER THAT FALLS LIKE A WATERFALL
LIKE A SHEET FROM THE SEA THAT RESEMBLES OR IS MY BED.
TO FEAR - TO WANT - TO DRINK THE REMEDY
WILL IT BE THE CURE OR THE POISON? WHERE AM I? WHO AM I?
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THIS IS HOW THE MOST FEARFUL VERB BEGINS TO BE CONJUGATED
WHY IT IS UNBEARABLE - TEMER - NO SÉ - NO QUIERO CONJUGARTE
TO KNOW - THE BLEEDING WOUND AND DENY IT WITH THE STRENGTH
OF THE SOUL
THAT FIGHTS THE COLDEST WAR NOT TO DIE IN THE ATTEMPT
TO GO ON WITH LYING FLAGS.

LEAVING- REAL SUNLIGHT ON MY FACE WITHOUT CRYING
ARRIVING- DARK LONELINESS IN MY BED WITHOUT PRESENCE.
TO DIE- TO SLEEP

TO LOVE- TO FEAR OR TO LEAVE
CONJUGATED AGAIN AND AGAIN IN A THOUSAND WAYS
DRESSED IN EACH FACE LOVED OR HATED.
TO LOVE - THE FIRST ROOT FROM WHICH MY LIFE WAS BORN.
LIFELESS IN THE BEGINNING OF NOTHINGNESS.
TO FEAR- THE SECOND ROOT ANCHORED IN TIME
THAT PASSES LEAVING MEMORIES, DREAMS AND HOPES.
TO LEAVE - THE THIRD AND LAST STATION WHICH IS FIRST
IN THE WHEEL OF VERBS.

CHAPTER 6

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**LETHARGY ANGER PAIN
SUFFERING NIGHT FRIENDS
DISAFFECTION FEAR LONELINESS
GOODBYE PHONE REJECTION
SEARCH NOTHING JOURNEY
TASTE OF BLOOD GALL
COLD EMPTY HEART
FREUD DALÍ BECQER
VISIONARY ENLIGHTENED IDIOT
EGO LIGHT LIES
REASON VOCATION PAIN
REVERIES DREAMS
DREAMS ILLUSION
REALITY PASSION TEAR
BORN TO GROW TO DIE
EVERYTHING ALMOST NOTHING
TODAY TOMORROW MAYBE**

Fog rancour silence
The fog weighs and its voluminous confusion I notice the rancour
that arises in the listless silence
It is my anger symbol of my pain,
torment that becomes night among friends
And the lovelessness born of fear recognised in this my solitude
Makes me say out loud - goodbye.
I hang up the phone that rejects my call
In which I sought to possess nothingness
It was a short trip without taste,
the port to which I returned mixed gall and blood.
from the past one from the present the other
my heart is cold almost empty.
I wander through Freudian lyrics,
by the brushstroke of a not so crazy madman
with Catalan moustaches.
I remember the most romantic and famous poems
of an unknown Becquer.
Who Seeks Love is for some
a visionary in the land of utopias
for others an enlightened man who recognises the source
of all that is beautiful and unique
and for me sometimes I'm just an idiot.
It is my ego that pretends to print on the white paper what it
lives.
It is a drop of human light that I sow on my canvas.
It's lies that I tell to cover the weakness of my being.
There are plenty of reasons in my existence
Vocation of being a human being among so much pain.
Sunsets of dreams I would like to share,
dreams I would like to realise.
And the illusion in the meantime hits me again and again and
again.
Reality has so many faces but its passionate effect
of feeling the blood running through our veins tears us apart
at each birth of ourselves.
There is no growth if one does not know the mortuary end.
Everything I accept to see, to touch and to feel I almost say

Again I will not dream the impossible
I won't turn my today
into illusions born in me
Another time I won't fall into the net again
Which is mine or yours. I don't know whose.
Another time I won't play
this deadly game for my heart
This time I hold back to love
Until I find the right balance
Of giving without giving life.
This time I take care of my soul
This time I don't walk in pursuit.
This time I live on
without leaving tears behind.
Another time I depart in peace from
the possible sadness
That surely anxiously awaited me.
This time I know which letter I desire
This time I know what
I'm looking for from love
This time I want to live it differently.

TIME SEARCHES FOR TIME

POETRY SEEKS ITS VERSES

I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR GAZE

THE ONE YOU DON'T GIVE AWAY,

THE ONE THAT HIDES YOU.

THE EARTH SEEKS TO SETTLE

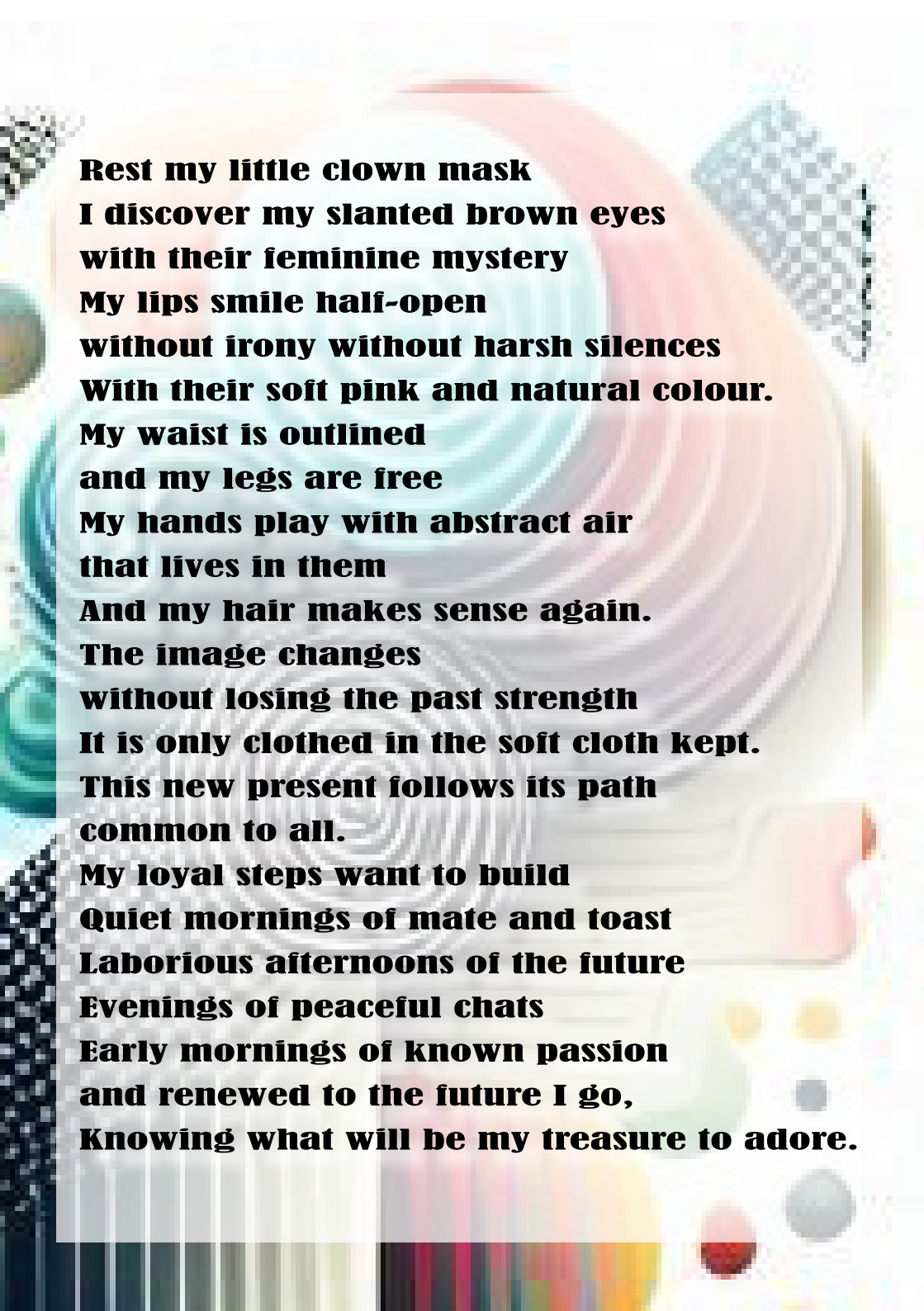
TO REST WHILE THE WIND DOES

NOT STIR IT.

I SEEK TO DREAM

AS ETERNAL IS MY DESTINY

WHILE I WANDER IN THIS WORLD.



**Rest my little clown mask
I discover my slanted brown eyes
with their feminine mystery
My lips smile half-open
without irony without harsh silences
With their soft pink and natural colour.
My waist is outlined
and my legs are free
My hands play with abstract air
that lives in them
And my hair makes sense again.
The image changes
without losing the past strength
It is only clothed in the soft cloth kept.
This new present follows its path
common to all.
My loyal steps want to build
Quiet mornings of mate and toast
Laborious afternoons of the future
Evenings of peaceful chats
Early mornings of known passion
and renewed to the future I go,
Knowing what will be my treasure to adore.**



The art of living

In spite of so many of our own
deaths

The art of loving

In spite of feeling that it is in vain

The art of walking

Without losing the path, pushing
aside the stones

The art of flying

Knowing that we fly and enjoying it

The art of dreaming

Possible things to make real

The art of searching

The most beautiful things, the most
sincere, the most real things

The art of finding

In every little thing happiness, in
every being, the light that illuminates
it.

The art of being reborn

Despite the wounds, the damage of
the past,

Of hands we could not open, of fro-
zen hearts.

The art of singing

Despite the weeping, the silences, the
meaninglessness.

The art of being

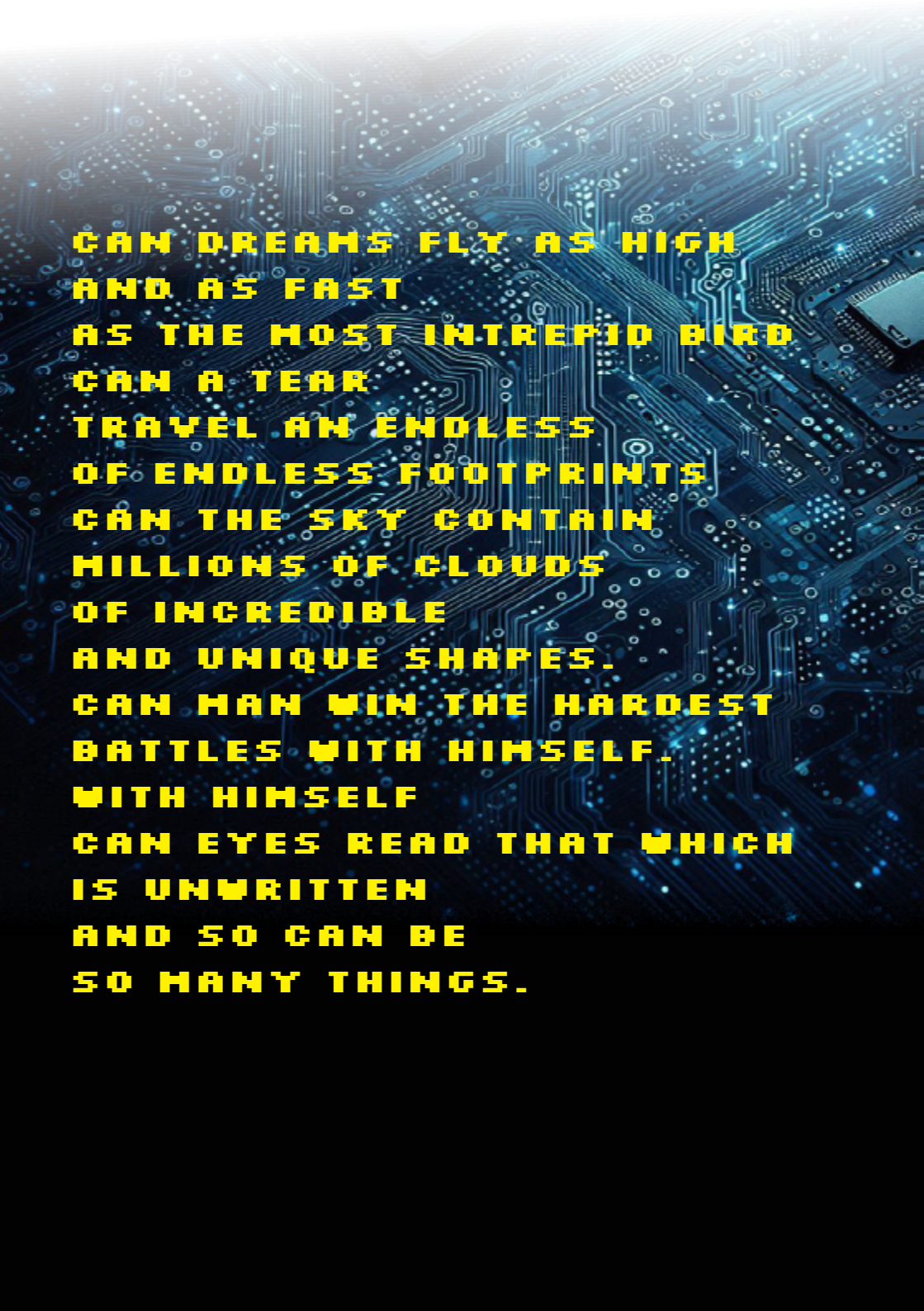
As human as possible, feeling, think-
ing

Suffering, enjoying, being passionate,

Loving, hating, living, dying in every
tear

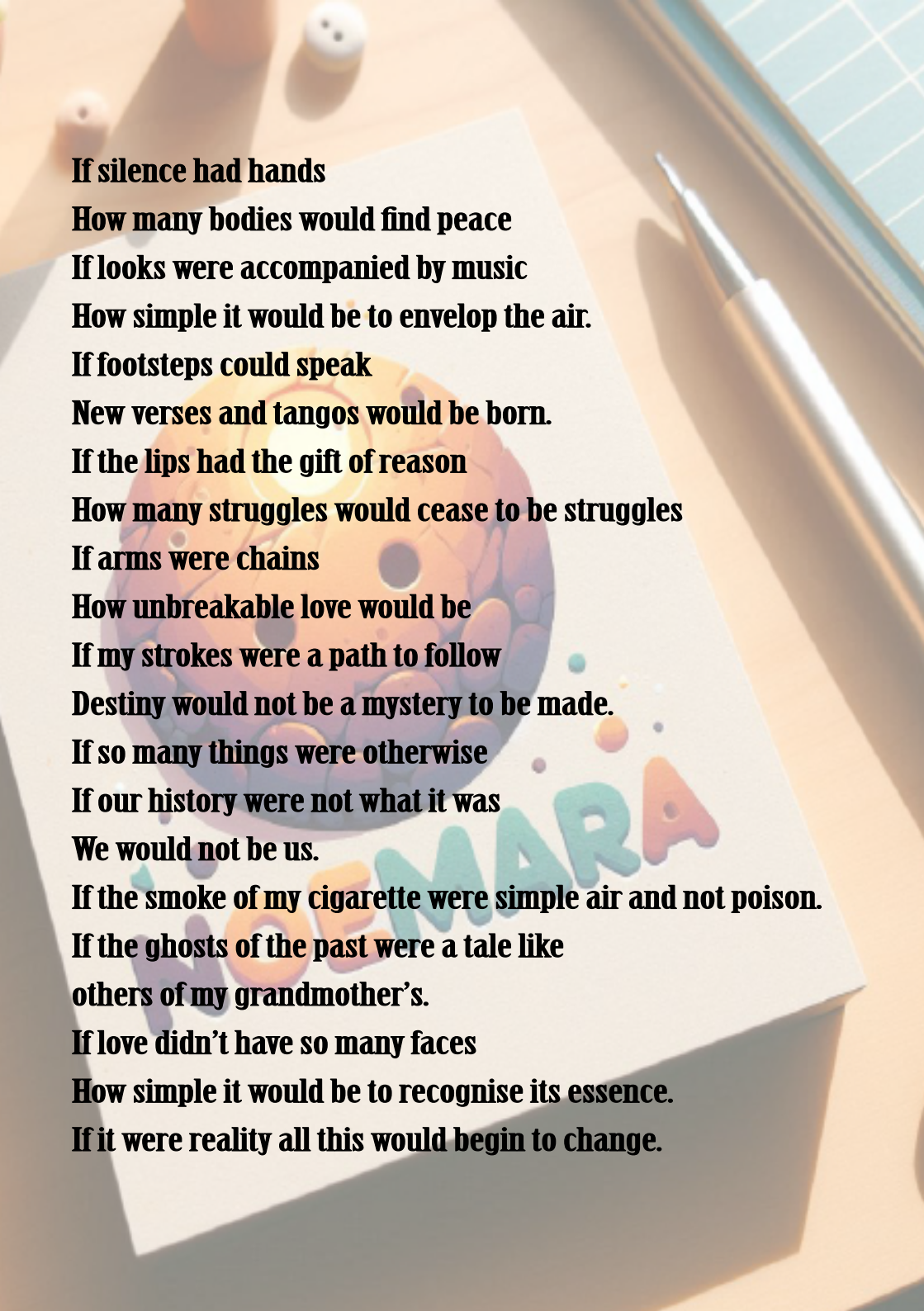
Reborn

LEARNING



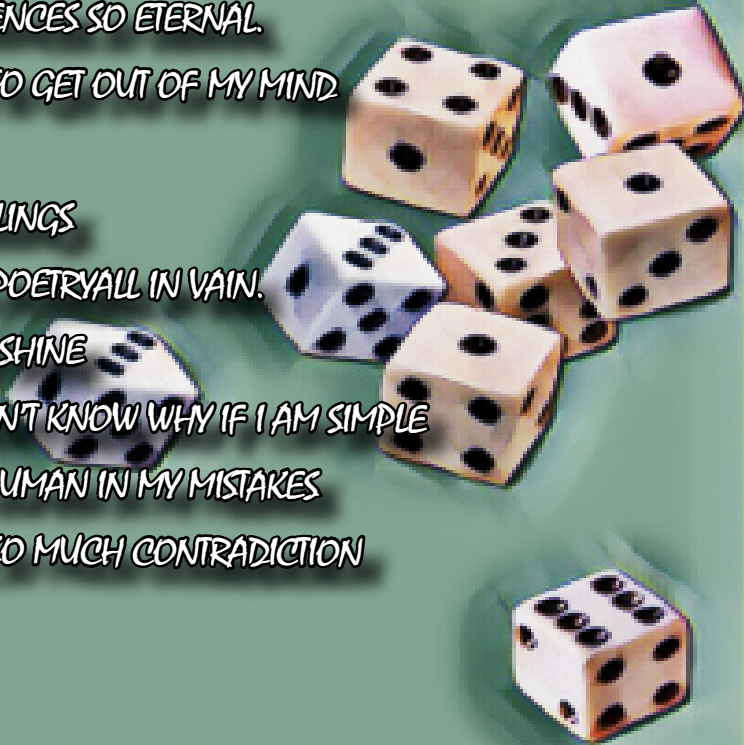
CAN DREAMS FLY AS HIGH
AND AS FAST
AS THE MOST INTREPID BIRD
CAN A TEAR
TRAVEL AN ENDLESS
OF ENDLESS FOOTPRINTS
CAN THE SKY CONTAIN
MILLIONS OF CLOUDS
OF INCREDIBLE
AND UNIQUE SHAPES.
CAN MAN WIN THE HARDEST
BATTLES WITH HIMSELF.
WITH HIMSELF
CAN EYES READ THAT WHICH
IS UNWRITTEN
AND SO CAN BE
SO MANY THINGS.

Dreaming the most beautiful dreams
To think that it is possible to make reality
the path of imagination
To feel the colours in my fingertips
To believe that moments of happiness exist
To live the longed-for minutes in the present
To recognise that they are still today
To choose the furrows of the soul
and the remedy for its cure
To write the blank sheets of paper that trap us
To lay the wandering heart down to rest
from the dust of the road
To build the words that sincerely express the emotions
To drink the still water of the pond to quench our thirst
To sleep the disillusion in the worn out bed
of searching without peace
To light the fire in the awaited winter
leaf leaf of the grey almanac
Water the ashes where the phoenix will be reborn
Throw into the void the dissatisfactions of the unwanted
To caress the desired body in the glances
To penetrate my body with hers a thousand times more
It is to try to return to the first formula
the meaning of life.

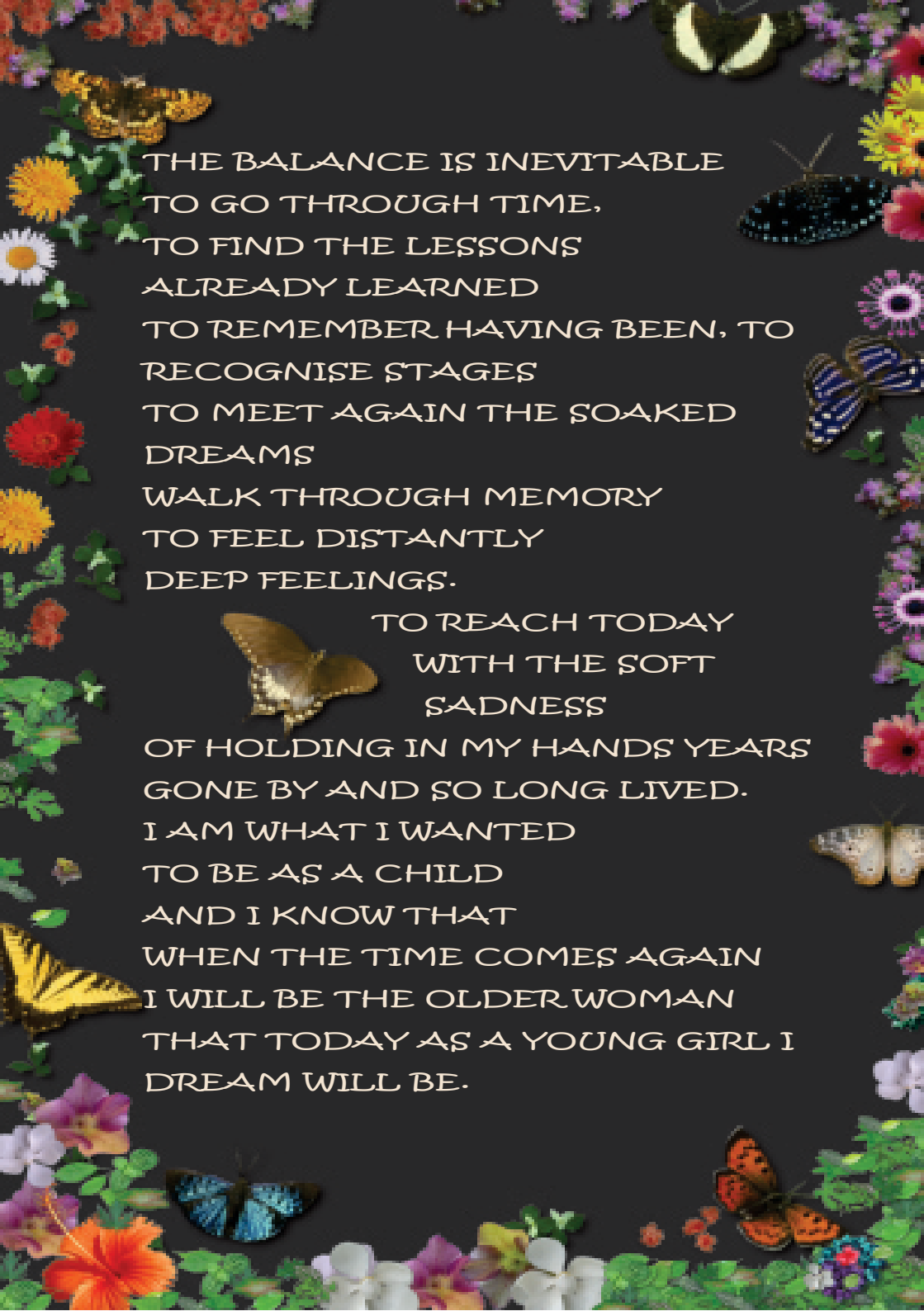


**If silence had hands
How many bodies would find peace
If looks were accompanied by music
How simple it would be to envelop the air.
If footsteps could speak
New verses and tangos would be born.
If the lips had the gift of reason
How many struggles would cease to be struggles
If arms were chains
How unbreakable love would be
If my strokes were a path to follow
Destiny would not be a mystery to be made.
If so many things were otherwise
If our history were not what it was
We would not be us.
If the smoke of my cigarette were simple air and not poison.
If the ghosts of the past were a tale like
others of my grandmother's.
If love didn't have so many faces
How simple it would be to recognise its essence.
If it were reality all this would begin to change.**

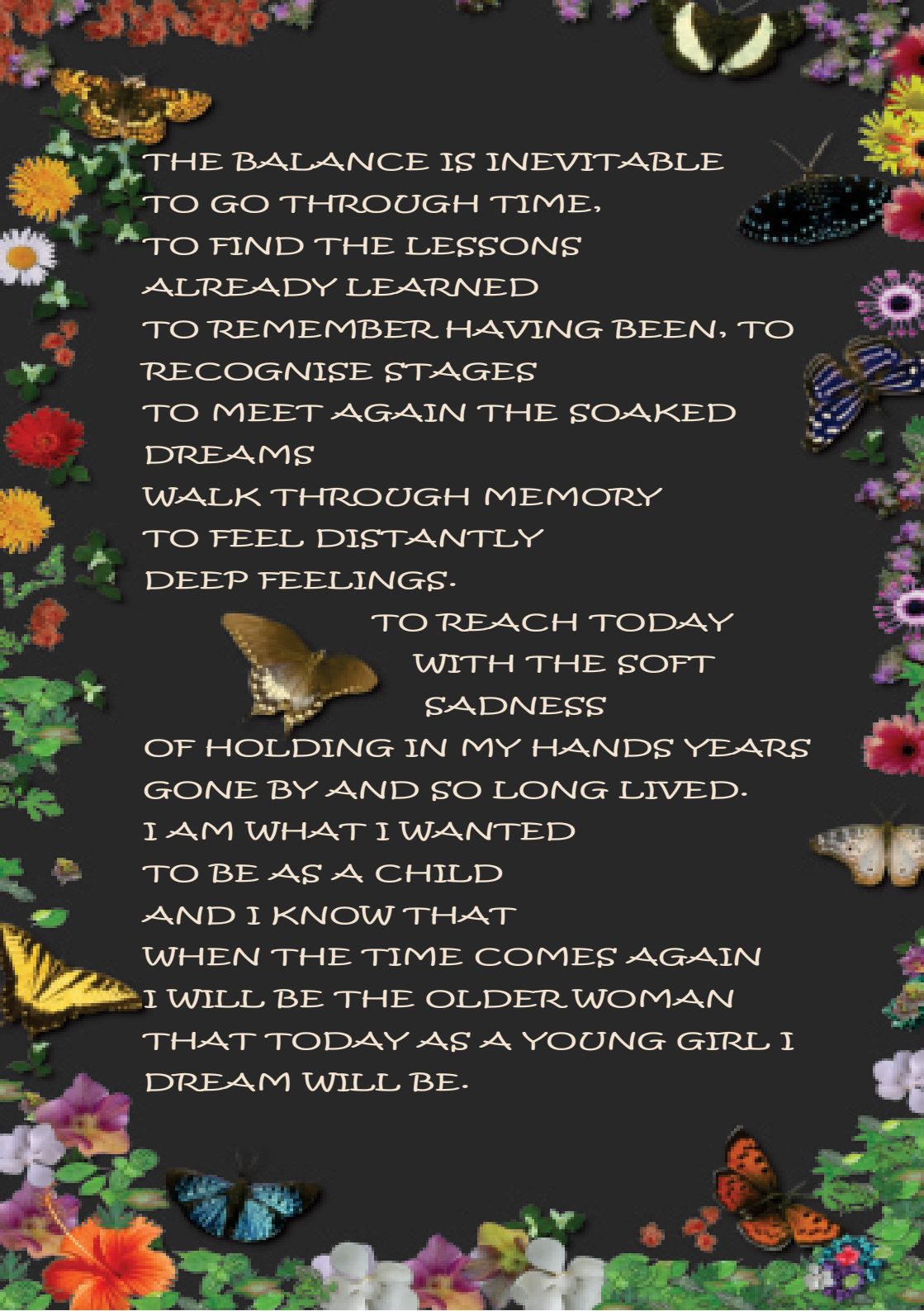
I'VE WANDERED ROOTED IN MEMORY
WINNING AND LOSING IN EQUAL MEASURE
GAMBLING ON UNCERTAINTY IN SEARCH OF SECURITY
LOSING MYSELF AND MANY FINDING MYSELF.
I'M ONE OF THOSE WOMEN WHO GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT
TO LOVE OR HATE WITHOUT FURTHER ADO
AND I DON'T DENY MYSELF
ALTHOUGH SOMETIMES MY FREEDOM HURTS ME
AND MY DEAR ABSENCES SO ETERNAL.
I'VE TRIED IN VAIN TO GET OUT OF MY MIND
IN THE CROWD
TO SILENCE MY FEELINGS
IN PAINTINGS AND POETRY ALL IN VAIN.
IT IS MY NATURE TO SHINE
I PERMANENTLY DON'T KNOW WHY IF I AM SIMPLE
AS A LEAF IT'S SO HUMAN IN MY MISTAKES
I THANK GOD FOR SO MUCH CONTRADICTION



In the distance you will recognise the time and in the word the feeling.
In time you will recognise yourself
You will know your limits and your finiteness
The essence that you have is not yours, it is of your gender
And you will value every minute turning it into eternity.
You have taught me so much and you don't know everything I don't want:
The incomprehension of acknowledging the feeling and while hurting it
The pity of being what we never wanted and survive
The disappointment of believing love capable of healing
any wound by making us better
The lie to the one who loves us well
The meanness of not repressing what hurts
us and plunges us into meaninglessness
The hidden thing that cannot be shown because no one
Can't understand such useless loneliness
The unlove of hurting oneself and the others
willingly and unwillingly
The vice that gives us more of what we least need
The promiscuity of selling ourselves for a couple
of notes in the heat of the street
of the one who lies A minute of pleasure.
You taught me in all this time
What my truth was, my passion, my love
The truth of every day that where I'm free to be myself
Learning from my mistakes looking for a new way
To live every tear and every laugh with all sincerity.
Giving a tender kiss, letting myself go in a sea of caresses,
shouting out injustice
To fight for something even once a day every day.
The truth that's my people, My roots, my friends, my love
To live with them and learn to bear the wrongs,
to laugh at criticism
And to take every piece of advice and not lose it

The page is framed by a lush border of various flowers and butterflies. On the left, there are daisies, red and yellow chrysanthemums, and small red flowers. On the right, there are purple and pink flowers, and a blue and white butterfly. At the bottom, there are white and pink flowers, and a blue and black butterfly. The background is a solid dark grey.

THE BALANCE IS INEVITABLE
TO GO THROUGH TIME,
TO FIND THE LESSONS
ALREADY LEARNED
TO REMEMBER HAVING BEEN, TO
RECOGNISE STAGES
TO MEET AGAIN THE SOAKED
DREAMS
WALK THROUGH MEMORY
TO FEEL DISTANTLY
DEEP FEELINGS.

The page is framed by a lush border of various flowers and butterflies. On the left, there are daisies, red and yellow chrysanthemums, and small red flowers. On the right, there are purple and pink flowers, and a blue and white butterfly. At the bottom, there are white and pink flowers, and a blue and black butterfly. The background is a solid dark grey.

TO REACH TODAY
WITH THE SOFT
SADNESS
OF HOLDING IN MY HANDS YEARS
GONE BY AND SO LONG LIVED.
I AM WHAT I WANTED
TO BE AS A CHILD
AND I KNOW THAT
WHEN THE TIME COMES AGAIN
I WILL BE THE OLDER WOMAN
THAT TODAY AS A YOUNG GIRL I
DREAM WILL BE.

Freedom that I've defended
you so much by bringing you
into my life

In my time, my dreams, in my path.
Freedom that I have shouted you mine
To everything around me.

Today freedom you chain me to you

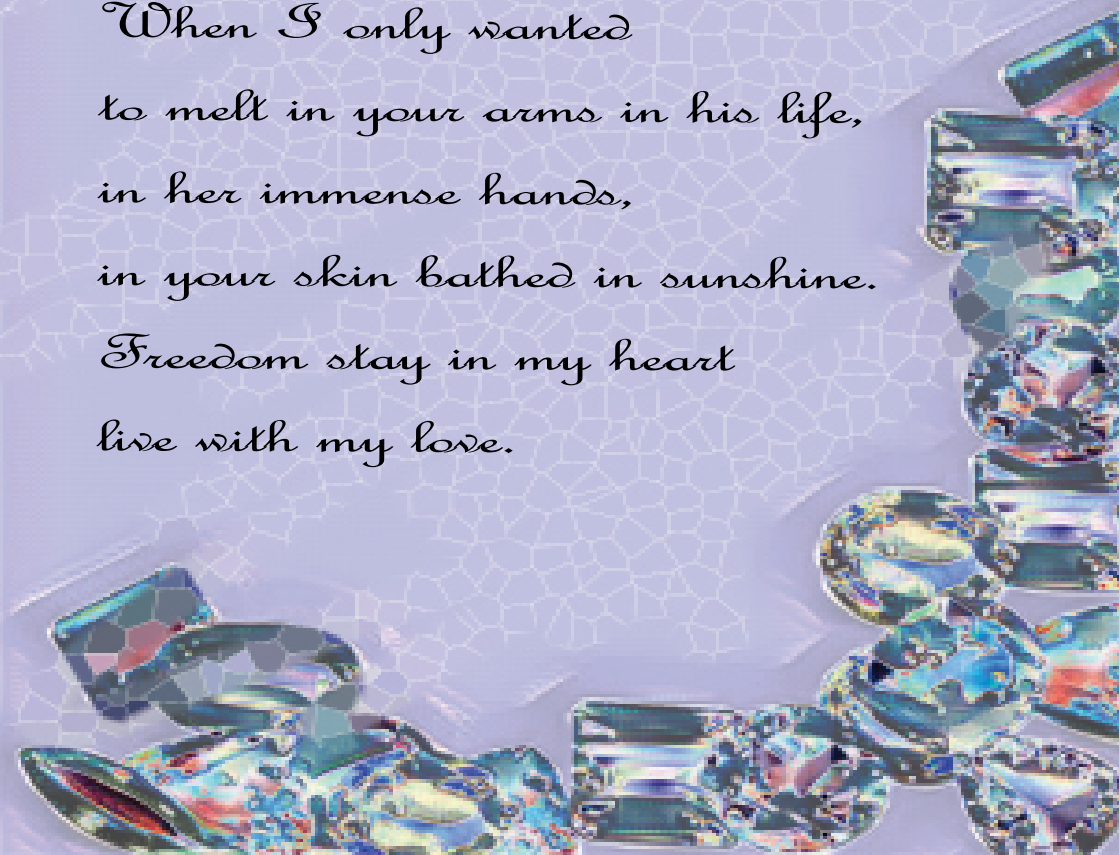
When I only wanted

to melt in your arms in his life,
in her immense hands,

in your skin bathed in sunshine.

Freedom stay in my heart

live with my love.

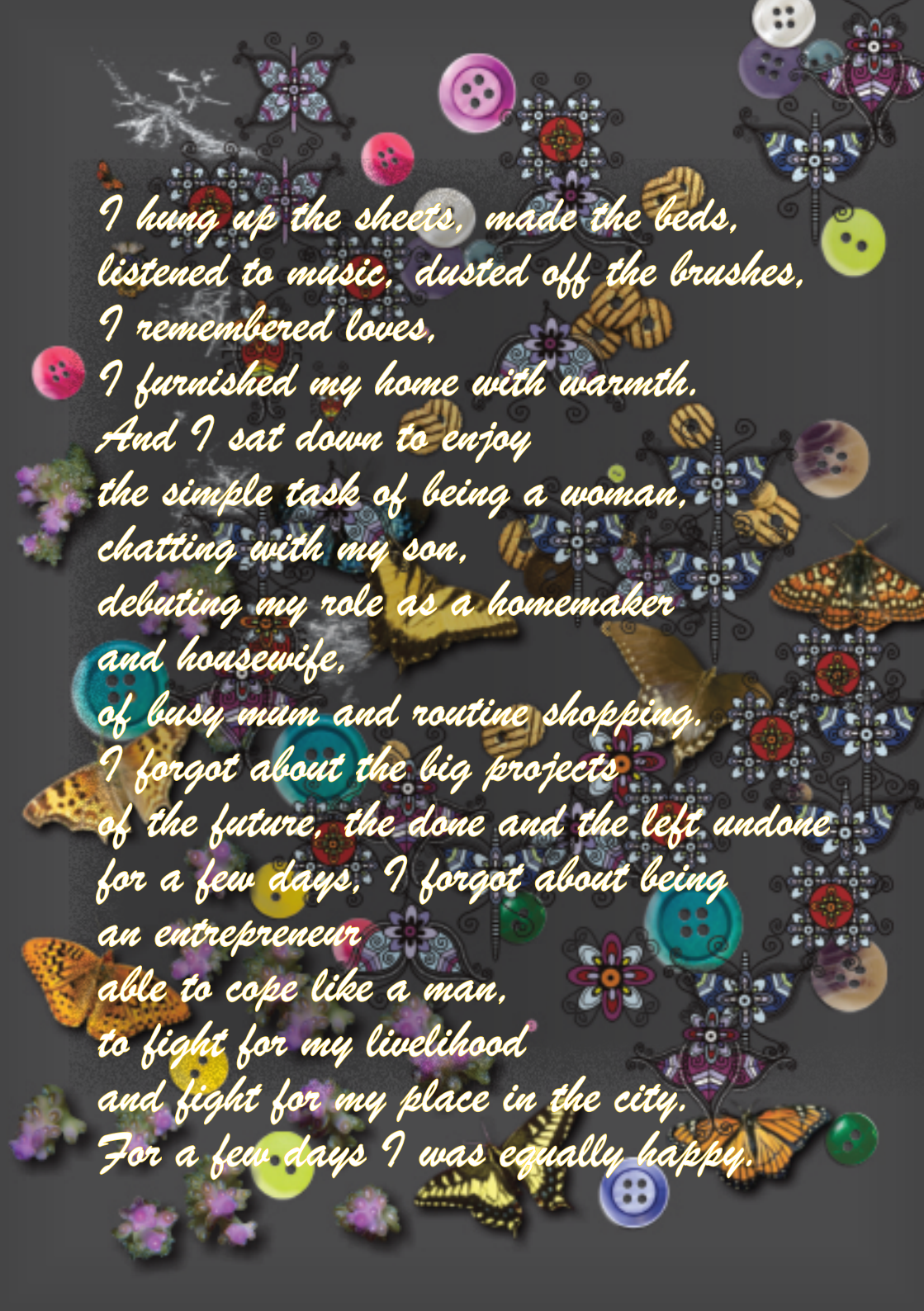


**I'm looking for a love that reflects
With the tranquillity of the known
And without the scare of adventure
Falling in love with the routine
Of familiar kisses
And the predictable embrace
With the certainty that there is a future
Immense, human,
Of misencounters and encounters sought.
What is love if not loyalty
Of being pure in every glance
The frankness of being
One and two at the same time
The greys to shade them in every anger
To remember that love exists
In spite of the tears
Of words spoken without thinking
With forgiveness on the lips
Without losing the will to love
Falling in love every day
Of the being that grows by our side
And not knowing how different
From the one we knew long ago.
Searching for the reason before midnight
That warms our souls
To never deny a kiss
To leave old age in her company
Longing together for the peace of a home
A life of two
Sustaining the humanity
of our children
those of our womb and those of our soul.
Loving simply one love.**

The years will pass and in my words
will die little by little
Silence will be more present
And innocence will cease to be poetry.
Endless will be the wait
For a verse difficult to be born
So wounded am I in dreaming
That life becomes too real for me
To weave melodiously
Feelings into words,
To reflect illusions
As dreams are drunk
And walk in peace towards
my determined destiny.

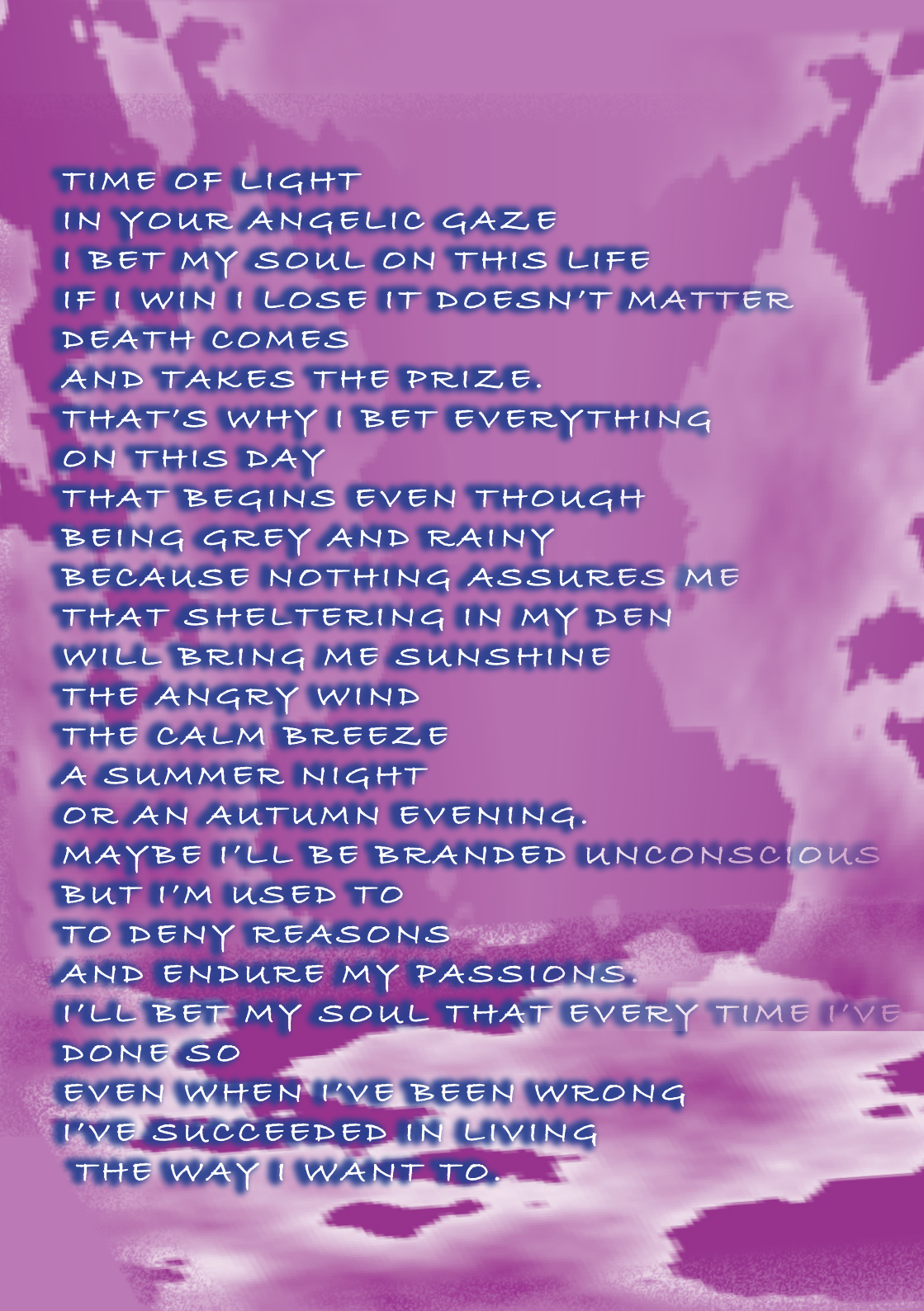
CCHAPTER 7

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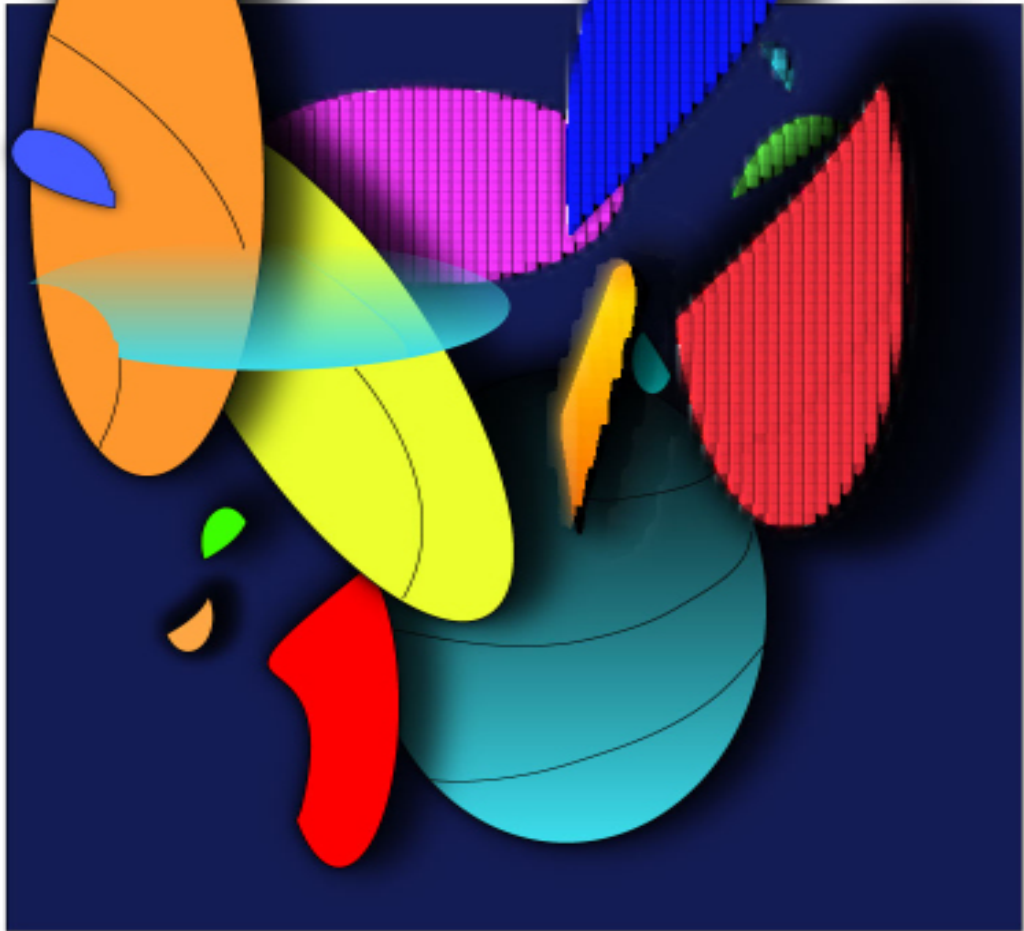
*I hung up the sheets, made the beds,
listened to music, dusted off the brushes,
I remembered loves,
I furnished my home with warmth.
And I sat down to enjoy
the simple task of being a woman,
chatting with my son,
debuting my role as a homemaker
and housewife,
of busy mum and routine shopping.
I forgot about the big projects
of the future, the done and the left undone
for a few days, I forgot about being
an entrepreneur
able to cope like a man,
to fight for my livelihood
and fight for my place in the city.
For a few days I was equally happy.*

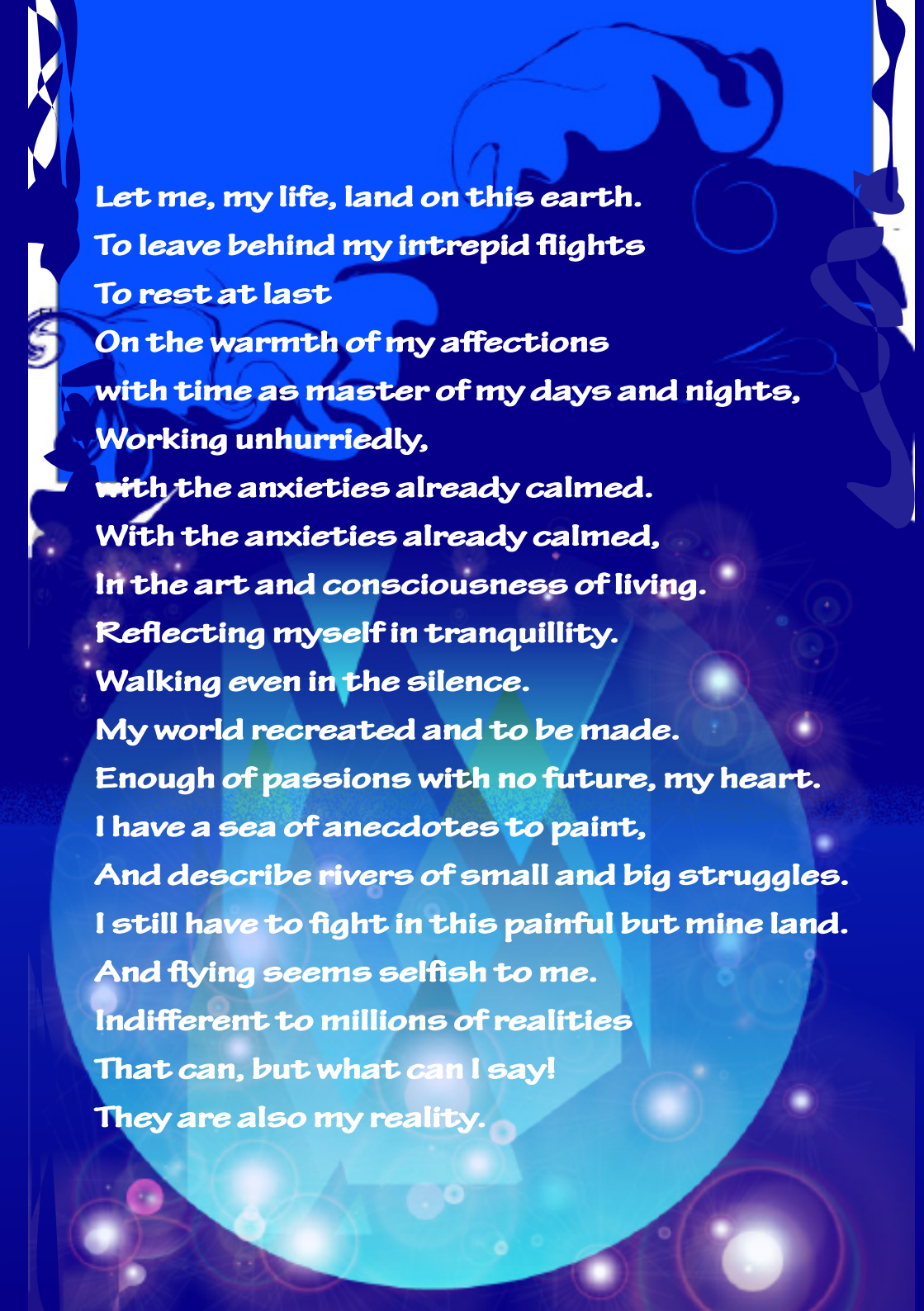
**Today is eternity and I let fatality die
Your hands in my lap are enough for me
And your absent silence invaded by life
It's enough for me to know that I'm by your side
While my hands cover you with warmth.
Today it's time to see your childhood
Holding back future memories
That will die with me in my old age.
That old age that I long to give you
Keeping you from crying over my closed book
Or my unpainted pictures.
Life is not indebted to me
When you hate me or love me
Because in the choice there was no doubt
I wanted you to be here today
Sitting on my legs
Enduring challenges or lost unconscious
In sweet kisses,
Pulling my hand demanding my looks
Looking for words in me to questions
That you still fail to say.
Pure times, Unique, ours,
Until the day comes when your flight travels
other roads
And you look for a woman's eyes
Though you never forget the eyes of a woman
The one you call mother.**



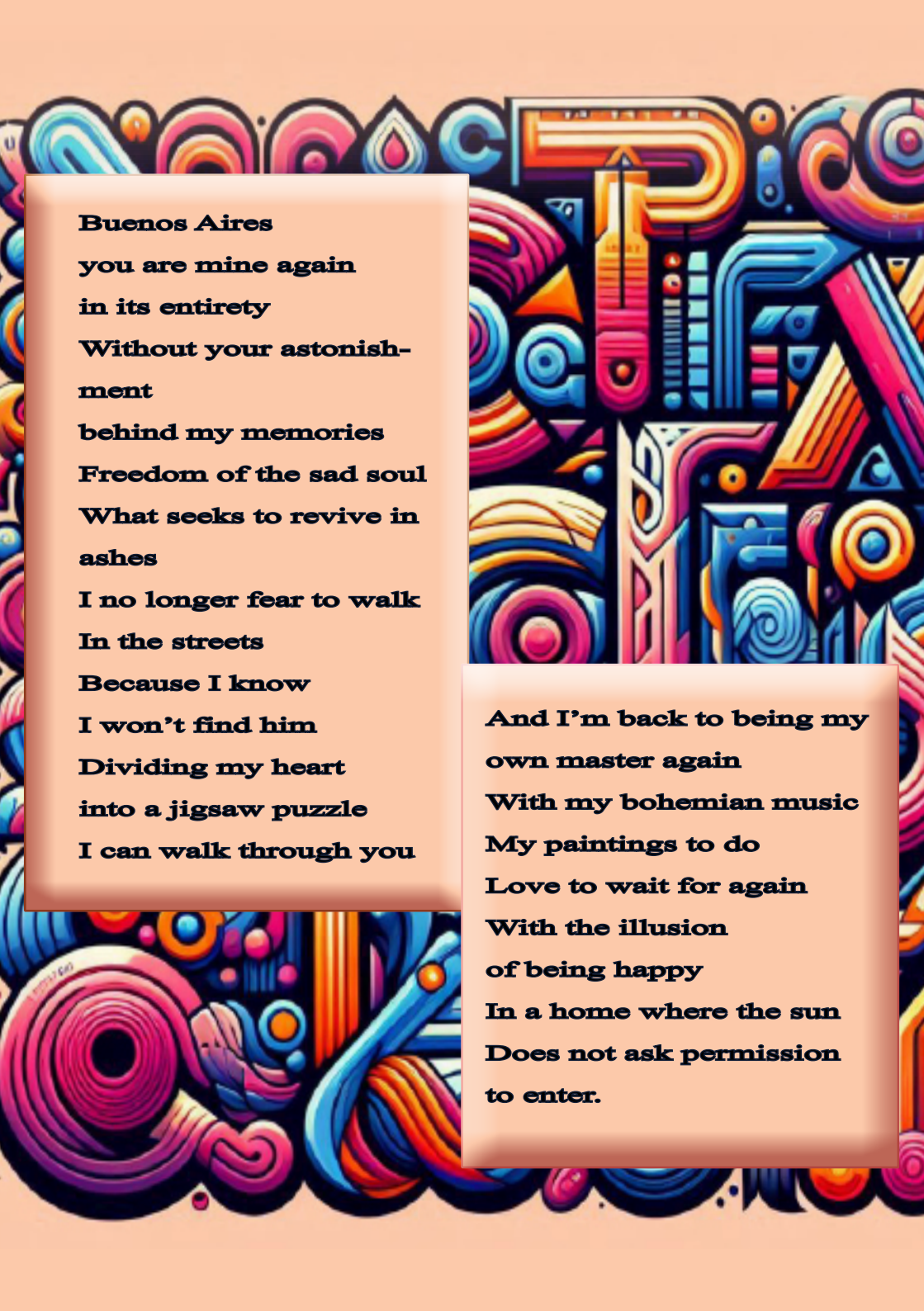
TIME OF LIGHT
IN YOUR ANGELIC GAZE
I BET MY SOUL ON THIS LIFE
IF I WIN I LOSE IT DOESN'T MATTER
DEATH COMES
AND TAKES THE PRIZE.
THAT'S WHY I BET EVERYTHING
ON THIS DAY
THAT BEGINS EVEN THOUGH
BEING GREY AND RAINY
BECAUSE NOTHING ASSURES ME
THAT SHELTERING IN MY DEN
WILL BRING ME SUNSHINE
THE ANGRY WIND
THE CALM BREEZE
A SUMMER NIGHT
OR AN AUTUMN EVENING.
MAYBE I'LL BE BRANDED UNCONSCIOUS
BUT I'M USED TO
TO DENY REASONS
AND ENDURE MY PASSIONS.
I'LL BET MY SOUL THAT EVERY TIME I'VE
DONE SO
EVEN WHEN I'VE BEEN WRONG
I'VE SUCCEEDED IN LIVING
THE WAY I WANT TO.

I got used to.
To missing you
and I can't live
without your
absence





Let me, my life, land on this earth.
To leave behind my intrepid flights
To rest at last
On the warmth of my affections
with time as master of my days and nights,
Working unhurriedly,
with the anxieties already calmed.
With the anxieties already calmed,
In the art and consciousness of living.
Reflecting myself in tranquillity.
Walking even in the silence.
My world recreated and to be made.
Enough of passions with no future, my heart.
I have a sea of anecdotes to paint,
And describe rivers of small and big struggles.
I still have to fight in this painful but mine land.
And flying seems selfish to me.
Indifferent to millions of realities
That can, but what can I say!
They are also my reality.



**Buenos Aires
you are mine again
in its entirety
Without your astonish-
ment
behind my memories
Freedom of the sad soul
What seeks to revive in
ashes
I no longer fear to walk
In the streets
Because I know
I won't find him
Dividing my heart
into a jigsaw puzzle
I can walk through you**

**And I'm back to being my
own master again
With my bohemian music
My paintings to do
Love to wait for again
With the illusion
of being happy
In a home where the sun
Does not ask permission
to enter.**

I HAVE SEEN IN YOU
WHAT I WANTED TO SEE
JUST THE LIGHT I NEEDED
TO BELIEVE.

I SENSED YOUR SHADOWS
BUT I FORGOT THEM
AND I DON'T REGRET IT
EVEN THOUGH I'M SORRY.

YOU WERE VIBRANT,
ENERGETIC,
EMPOWERED
BUT WITHOUT THE
TRITE

SORORITY
THAT IMPOSES US TO SEE
THE OTHER AS AN EQUAL.
NO.

WE ARE NOT EQUALS, WE
NEVER WERE.

I FLEW LOW TO THE
GROUND

SO AS NOT TO GET
BURNED BY THE SUN AT
NIGHT

I HOPED TO FLEE
IN TIME

FROM YOUR ANNOYANCE,
FROM YOUR LACKADAISICAL
POWER

OF SMOKE, MONEY
AND WHO KNOWS
WHAT LONELINESS TOO.

Two wolves running, which one nobler
which one more eager for the prey
wolves waiting for the right time
for the somersault

Two wolves dressed as lambs
fight a similar battle

The bird pierces the sky, it is the prey
coveted

Dangling fetishes don't break spells.

There's a destination at the end of every road
It won't be the helpless bird

It won't be Los Lobos so fierce

They will not be able to stop the flight

They can't fly so high

They only leap with their claws
clawing at the escaping air

Two wolves take turns waiting each in their
marked territory

which one more helpless in spirit which one
more terrifying

The bird rocks on the branch in abstraction

Measures the space calculates the breeze

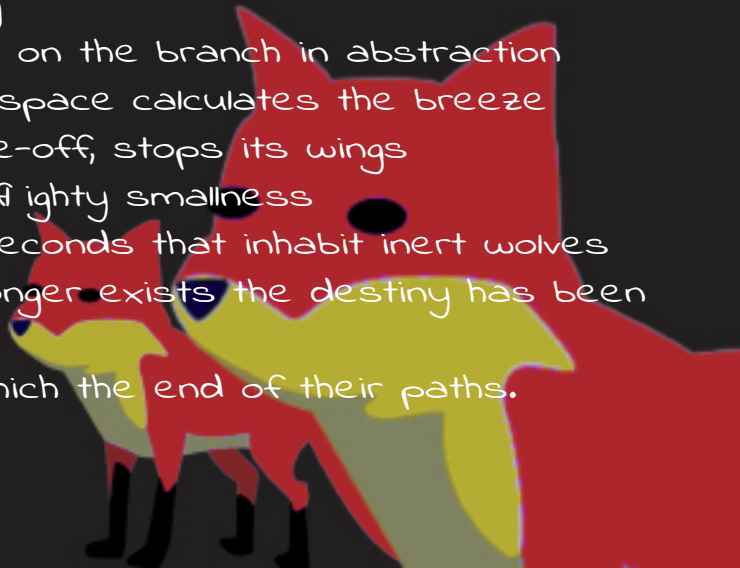
Threatens take-off, stops its wings


Surprises its flighty smallness

Crosses the seconds that inhabit inert wolves

The prey no longer exists the destiny has been
fulfilled

Two wolves which the end of their paths.





**NO ONE SEEKS WHAT HE HAS
WE ALL MOVE OUR MINDS TO WHAT IS DESIRED
HE WHO HAS IN REALITY DESIRES
HE WHO DENIES KNOWS THE TRUTH THAT CONTAINS
WHAT IS UNWANTED
HE WHO DEPARTS DOES NOTHING ELSE
THAN TO GET SOMEWHERE ELSE
HE WHO IS SILENT GIVES LIFE TO SILENCE
WHILE TIME REPRODUCES THE FEELING
HE WHO SEEKS TO STOP TIME
SEEKS THE ROMANTIC ETERNITY OF THE MOMENT
HE WHO CRIES SEEKS THE PEACE OF PURE EXPRESSION
WITHOUT CONTRADICTION THERE IS NO STRUGGLE NOR
VICTORY OF TRUTH
NO ONE CAN AGAINST HIMSELF
FOR THERE IS NO MORE DIFFICULT OPPONENT
THAN THE MIRROR IN WHICH WE REFLECT OURSELVES.
POETRY EQUALS MUSIC
AND SO MAN
IS EQUAL TO HIMSELF.**

How do I make the world non-hostile to me and recreate my own world where I can
recreate my own world where I can take refuge in myself?
I find this reality unbearable, this reality that attacks me mercilessly,
Invisibly, silently and without stopping.
How can I escape from this siege created around me?
This one that I myself, brick by brick, have built
denying me another peace, once so much my own.



Stop this relentless spinning!

I want to get off!

*...to write verses, to look at the world from afar,
to regain the certainty that something eternal lives in me.
How can I stop fighting a war I didn't choose?
That of being the same in what I want,
to be different even without originality
with no one listening to my words
or marvelling at my shadow.*

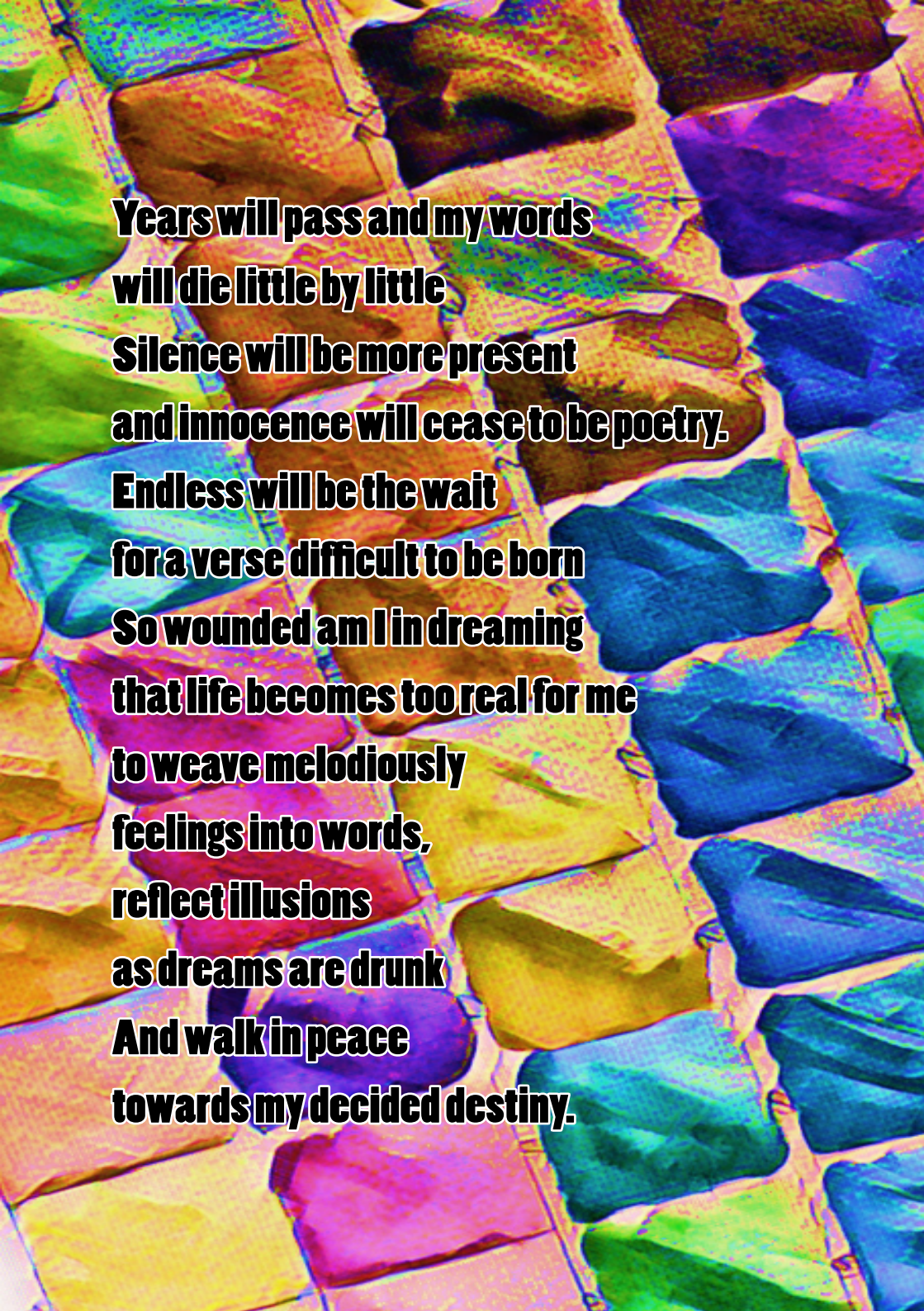
Let the world go on without me! Please!

I YIELD TO YOU MY LITTLE PLACE OF FAME AND FUTURE GLORY
THE BEAUTY THAT MY YOUTH TOOK, AND EVEN MY NAME,
MY DEEDS I GIVE AWAY, AND TAKE WITH ME:
MY DEFEATS LOVED, BUT MINE AS MY SILENCES;
MY DREAMS, MY POEMS AND MY DRAWINGS;
MY AFFECTIONS OF BLOOD AS OLD AS WINE
AND OF THE NEW HUNGER OF LIFE.
I KEEP FROM THE WORLD TO SUBSIST HONESTLY,
MY MATE, MY BOOKS, SOME SONGS, MY MORNINGS,
MY DAYS AND MY SHADOWS.
THE DEAD I HAVE BURIED AND THE LIVING I HAVE BEGOTTEN.

I PROTECT MY SOUL FROM THE MISERIES OF OTHERS
AND I FIGHT WITH MY OWN, WHICH I'LL NEVER EVER OVERCOME.
I BREAK THE TIES WITH THE IMPOSED REALITY!
LET THE WORLD RUN - I'M GETTING OUT!
WITHOUT PRIDE, I SWEAR IT, WITH THE MOST SINCERE HUMILITY.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW VULNERABLE I AM.

**DON'T BOTHER ABOUT ME, LEAVE ME ASIDE,
PLEASE!
BECAUSE ONLY THEN WILL
I REGAIN MY FREEDOM TO BE MYSELF.**



**Years will pass and my words
will die little by little
Silence will be more present
and innocence will cease to be poetry.
Endless will be the wait
for a verse difficult to be born
So wounded am I in dreaming
that life becomes too real for me
to weave melodiously
feelings into words,
reflect illusions
as dreams are drunk
And walk in peace
towards my decided destiny.**

Something of me stayed in your
agenda
the one you don't care about
but you drag it along
like *a huge stone*.

Perhaps, you saw the hope, the sun,
the roads to travel
that you will never walk.

You close your eyes and in the face
of every fear

you remain silent, undaunted
by the inevitable
tired of centuries of walking
as an automaton

looking for respect, love and freedom.

You deny disguising REALITY,
love and friendship.

only time and old age will remain.

but i leave behind

the first image of you

the most beautiful you gave me

the rest is WIND AND SAND.

GOD

*help me to be humble
and accept fate
give me your peace
make me an instrument
of your love
I don't know who I am
or who he was
And yet I wonder
if in truth this love
Will be lost in infinity.
Is it worth gaining wisdom
At the cost of so much love
and suffering?
How benevolent
is ignorance at times
and at other times how cruel
to question and understand.*

***The last great gesture of love
towards our children
is to keep silent, without reproach
without reproach or complaint,
with loving patience
and the ineffable wisdom
of earned old age.***

***Who can deny them
to live their own mistakes
to walk the paths they choose,
dare to dictate their destinies?***

I do not dare

***I am neither judge, nor God, nor party
in this matter of their lives.***

***They have a right of their own,
as I had over my life.***

***I chose, I decided, I denied, I took, I took
away,***

I gave as often as anyone.

***I repented, I blamed myself
and mourned my mistakes***

I enjoyed and toasted my successes.

***I loved, I hated, I forgave and I was for-
given***

so many times that I lost count

***Who am I to keep score
of their lives?***

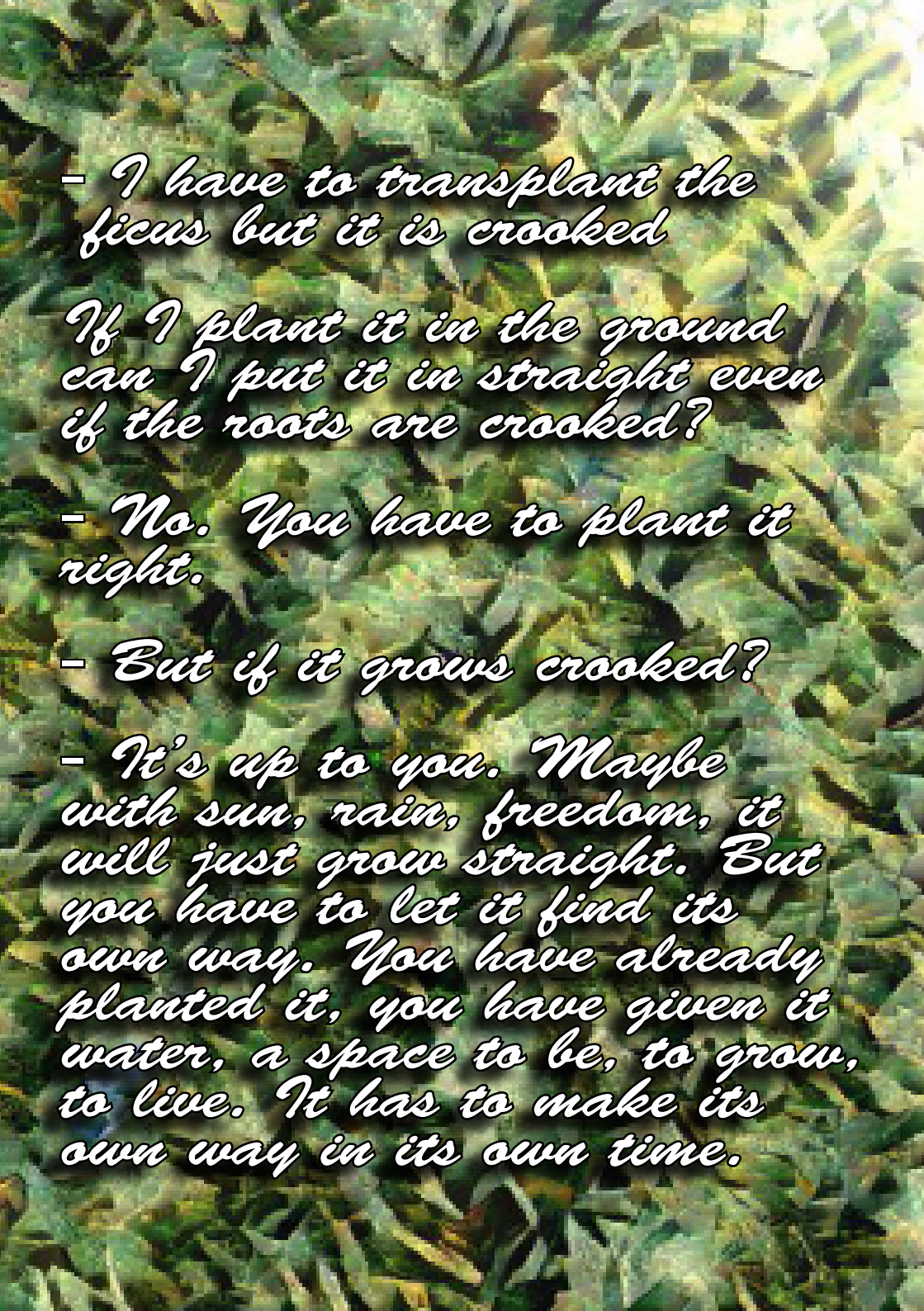
***Living one's own life is hard enough
let's be kind to ourselves***

***let's not give ourselves more work
than we deserve.***

I imagine having the saddest death. In the solitude of myself
Surrounded by beautiful memories that hurt for being so.
Deserved absences and other ungrateful ones
Transparent and beloved presences
Deep silences and in the distance the barking of a loving dog
I watch a sad movie of my life
with attempts to be fantastic and romantic
Often successful and other times impossible to remember.
With distant children that life gave me
Busy with their lives, busy with their hearts,
walking an eternally human path.
I dream of closing my eyes softly without surprise
imploring to have the peace that comes from the task done
and the smile of one who loved and was loved.
I wish, no matter who, would hold my hand
And bid me a loving farewell.
And think in that instant that it was not in vain to live.
To have no regrets or guilt
Because I've already asked
And gave all the forgiveness.
In my last breath
May hope
Follow me into the beyond
And my faith sustain me
Even without a body.
Burn my bones
my flesh, my blood
May there be nothing
Nothing of me remains.
All that I was
may it be ephemeral
like a perfume
And some poem
resound
in an unknown soul
That's enough
to leave.
Time, fly, hurry

End the ordeal once and for all,
The soul is old and tired
It needs to rest from so much feeling.
While the old tree bears little fruit
And its leaves dry up,
its bark darkens,
its roots dry up.
I fear it will fall by surprise
Stay just far enough away
So as not to be hurt by its death
And be thankful for the time when it bloomed
Providing shade and freshness.
So I stood on my own roots
And grew with nature's whim
I was not a cherry tree nor a carob tree
I was just another small tree
in the immense forest called humanity.

What secrets death hides behind its veil.
A month, two months, your absence is lingering
Tears already have visiting hours.
I look for you, I miss you, I find you, I reinvent you.
I seek to control eternity, mould it like clay,
move the stars trying another destiny,
I rummage through history for myths
and legends to make you immortal.
And I lose my humility trying to convince God
to keep us together even in death.
If the love that is born on earth dies on earth,
I deny my mortality and plead with the universe
for our immortality.
And yet I fear losing you, not being able to find you
in the immensity of the heavenly realm,
That your love belongs to another
and I have to deal with it without time or space
aching in the loneliness of loving you forever.
I ask for freedom for your weary soul
but my heart does not desist from tying you in chains to me
because tied to you I want to die
and live a thousand times for eons.
If I have to come back to life
I wonder how I'll do, even if I forget you
my soul will always remember that it lived
a great and unique love.
I will love knowing that you are not you
but an involuntary reflection of my heart.
I'll know without knowing that it's not the one I loved,
Unsatisfied the heart will have an emptiness impossible to fill
and if I find you unaware of the past,
I pray to have the same will that I have had to wait for you
to see you, to fight for you.
I beg you to feel me, and without knowing why
your soul is certain that I am the one you were waiting for.



- I have to transplant the ficus but it is crooked

If I plant it in the ground can I put it in straight even if the roots are crooked?

- No. You have to plant it right.

- But if it grows crooked?

- It's up to you. Maybe with sun, rain, freedom, it will just grow straight. But you have to let it find its own way. You have already planted it, you have given it water, a space to be, to grow, to live. It has to make its own way in its own time.

Charper 1

UN LOCO SIN CESAR DE SEGUNDOS en que elijo EL VALOR DE MIS RECUERDO.
mientras la noche llega.PIENSO en la guerra que es la vidaY LA INFANCIA en las vueltas
que damos ENTRE LETRAS Y MOMENTOS ocultándonos entre ellos.
ESPERO que la poesía surja AÚN EN LA CEGUERA.

4¹⁻¹⁹

Charper 2

DIME que hay dentro mio EN ESTE BAR DE POETAS. vuelve atrás, BUSCA LEJOS en los
sueños con el CORAJE de preguntar AL CIELO como un amigo DESDE LAS SOMBRAS
cúal es el vuelo QUE DEBO ANIMARME a vivir entre miles de vidas. ESCRIBÍ UNOS
VERSOS como SI SUPIERA esta NUEVA RAZA rebelde a la que pertenezco.

2¹⁻³⁷

Charpero 3

AL DIABLO CON TODO LO MALO déjame la humildad y que MI MENTE acepte
LA MUERTE pero creyendo aún.

SABOREANDO MIS LÁGRIMAS que el tiempo ES UN RÍO iluminado que SE FUNDE
en la rueda del amor. AQUÍ TIENES MIS SENTIMIENTOS y mi poesía AUNQUE ME
NIEGUES. si buscas ENCONTRARÁS EL SENTIDO,

3⁹⁻⁵⁴

Charper 4

AQUELLA VIEJA PELÍCULA DE LOS OCHENTA que me hizo calcular las variables DE MI
VIDA . si pudieras escucharte VERIAS EL BARCO QUE SOY y no me pedirías más de lo
que hay TAL VEZ encuentres una mentira O RUINAS QUE ESCONDEN un sueño tras
montañas y caminos. EL TIEMPO en aquella Catamarca DONDE LA VIDA de los indios
SE HA PERDIDO.

5⁶⁻⁷⁰

Charper 5

WORDS ONE SOULS, you will discover me in old age, they are STORIES and with the passing of time THE FORGETTING will be total. THE WAY WILL BE a dream OF LIGHT ARISING from the unconscious in an UNBELIEVABLE ETERNITY of the living centre of LENDING MAGIC.

AMID FOGS art will be tomorrow THE WAY to learn to love.

7²⁻⁸⁷

Charper 6

THERE IS NO GRAIN NOR BURN NOR PAIN, fog, rancour or silence THAT MAKES A DREAM IMPOSSIBLE . time seeks time TO REST AND LIVE AGAIN TO FLY AND BE MORE BEAUTIFUL. silence will have hands AND MEMORY ROOTS . in the distance THE BALANCE will be good, FREEDOM will be in hearts LIVING WITH LOVE which will be reflected in spite of everything IN LIFE ITSELF.

8⁹⁻¹⁰³

Charper 7

I HANGED eternity with its TIME OF LIGHT getting used to it and ALLOWING ME in this BUENOS AIRES to see RUNNING WOLVES looking for I don't know what in their TURNING

INCANSABLE AND HOSTILE the years will pass and SOMETHING INSIDE ME asks GOD FOR HUMILITY to give THE LAST GESTURE OF LOVE in spite of death and its secrets.

1⁰⁵⁻¹²¹

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