

Half-Wakefulness

Now that we don't sleep like before,
and in the dark silence we contemplate one another
like some nocturnal specter keeping watch.

Now that the years have aged us
without granting us in exchange any learning.

Now that the years have made us stronger
when we now barely have anyone to defend ourselves against.

By your side I already know I will have new light.

Enigmatic light, so clear and pure

it can only be seen in what it unveils.

The Dream of Peace

(Abu Ghraib)

Through the school's dirty windows
we saw before anyone else
that the soldiers were already arriving.

After so many years of doctrine,
after so many nights with no more light than faith
that desert could at last have an end:
the horizon, a future.

The statues fell
and a deafening noise awoke us:
there came the dog collar
around my brother's neck;
there came the pile of jumbled bodies.

The exposed nakedness of the photographs.
Who made us believe
in this false peace full of cadavers?
In this false heaven of foreign gods?
Who will protect us now from our liberators?

February Reasons

When nothing happens
even the calendars
feel the need
to make explanations.

It is then that February appears.
The cold becomes a horizon,
truces become reasons,
and the countryside is the residence
of new joys.

Neither lived before now
nor lived anew.

A dream within in a hand,
peace in a scarf.

City Without Memory

Do you know the city? You came here some time ago.

You were accompanied by a young poet, a tightrope walker
who later lost his step on the slack cord
plummeting his age against the net,
perverse safety.

Do you recognize its streets? You lost yourselves in them
pursuing verses escaped from dream,
that youth and you, sole shadow
projected by memory,
mendacious light.

Do you remember the station? A worn-down train,
its carriages full, left you both,
in the eighties,
stranded in the middle of a mirage,
false promise.