

THE AGE OF THE MAN

Having ploughed the sky with guitar of entrails and black veins
Having lumbered the sea from waves and foamless birds.
Having brandished the fire in forests and amazonies
Having sown asphalt, maimed mountains of artificial acids and cables with no destination
Having pulled apart the son from father, the man from the woman and the poor from the rich
Now I spread my wings towards a planet of hard and fried rocks.

I, the man, look at my work in silence, lost and nailed.
Floating within a universe of opium
And I look at what I have done with hangover shame.

Having the compass manipulated
Having truths and dogmas lied
Having lights and flowers singed
I close my eyes to find any oxygen and to forget the tomorrow.

And even so, naked, I hope
The single thing remaining to me.

And I resume the way
And I return to the shovel
And I go back to the cycle of the river
To walk on, to irrigate, to believe.

Hence, we are nothing, but an unconscious machine of hopes.