

## **Dream**

I stop seeing the boy when he fast enters for  
the hole of the stair of his father's.

Time scowls. And it seems to me big and slow.  
And all of a sudden one doubt transparent and conical  
assaults me: that it has been a mere dream the fact I  
have had ever a son.

Perhaps now I'm awaking from a night of ten years,  
from a sleep full of cries and smiles and lights. And  
the real is nothing but this:

an unstable waiting in the seat of a vehicle, in front of  
a conductive steering wheel that ignores its fate.

I can descend, and I make it, I walk until the bell and I  
press it, yes, twice, until I hear the voice, a bit impatient  
because of my impatience.

He says he is coming now.

And he comes. And he smiles. And the dream  
continues.

## **Hospital for dolls**

I do not know why it is not easy  
to learn those things that you already knew.  
You inherited the doll of the mother  
and she was made of porcelain  
and it broke immediately.  
You and your mother warmed and carried her to the Hospital.  
She had the forehead open and the blood was white  
as she was a boiled egg.

You don't know what happened when the doll recovered.  
If you broke she again, or she came back to the  
wardrobe in a piece, or evicted.  
And the case: that forty years later you had forgotten,  
with the new toys,  
that some things break.  
Nowadays, if it does not work, it is launched;  
you buy another one. And even, if she does not work,  
we can hit her until she bursts and so we can substitute her.  
Everybody knows how to do it: the rich man and the poor.  
Still, what is called "to mend", it is only the poor person who  
knows how to do it, though he is a rich one.  
But the question is not about the difficulty being more valuable.  
It is simply the profession you have chosen.  
There are the architects and the creators.  
Afterwards there are those who repair.  
And in some place, maybe inside the poems,  
there must be still the souls of the toys.

***While taking a walk***

(In the style of Carles H Mor)

A says that B is saying bad things about C to D.

D replies that C is saying bad things about B to A.

So, C will know through D that B is saying bad things about him,  
and B will know through A that C is doing the same.

B and C have never spoken to each other. They never will.

A and D will speak about this again.

*To the crew of Alitalia AZ75 flight with destination Rome\**

Flying without wings would seem  
an easy experience only  
if you would train your eyes to see  
a lot, to touch a few.

World is in your hands held by  
God, aerodynamics, while you give  
a cup of coffee to a passenger, you  
smile, you are a Robinson Crusoe in  
an island-cloud, and you simply ask:  
“Look out of the window and write me  
a poem for my next flight”.

\*In English in the original

***Friday or “the alive mule”***

I say to you:

“Do you want to come to eat some beans,  
roasted meat and mushrooms?”

“Veux tu venir à manger des haricots,  
viande au feu, des petits gris ? »

Because you are my French teacher.

And you say: oui.

Then I clean dust from over  
furniture and floor, I pick my dig shit  
from over the grass.

Because you are:

my gardener

my plumber

my (French) cooker

my rhapsodist /my interpreter/

my Che Guevara

my bandit

my pirate

my kiss painter

and fart's

my spirited chocolate

my photo machine

my serial killer //

my dreamer

my driver

my sybarite /*bon vivant*/

my massage artist

my trapeze artist

my reader

my dancing partner

my useful unuseful

my rich poor

my non-stop unemployed.

The forest is Paris and you are

my *propietaire fonciere*

my large state owner.

And I clean all the house and I prepare lunch.

With the fire and the garlic and the parsley.

And I take a shower and I wear my G-string  
although it inches.

And you are late. And I write you an SMS

at three pm. And you say:

it is not for lunch that I come,

it is for dinner.  
And I get a bit angry.  
And you get a bit angry.  
But later we remember the beautiful  
words we have said some other  
times. And everybody whistles:

“Quiéreme como te quiero a ti,  
dame tu amor sin medida”<sup>1</sup>

And I eat alone.  
And later I seat at the Mogambo’s sofa.  
Because you are Ava Gardner  
and me the two black boys. And I write  
poems.  
And some day you arrive.  
Mountain arrive.  
And you are a prophet climbing the mountain.  
And you are  
My Everest. Because of the blowing wind.  
Because you seem a Sherpa.  
And the Sherpa always drives a mule.  
And all mules have their carrot.  
And the mule’s penis goes into the ice rocks  
and melts.

As the secret of poetry is *quo-vadis* life,  
And the secret of life is  
just  
poetry.

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<sup>1</sup> A song by Juan Luis Guerra: “Love me in the same way I love you, give me your love without mesure”