

The Brightest Dawn

LUCÍA VILLANEA MORALES

Wandering alone through fear-
some woods
I found myself one day.
Moving around on my own darkness
between life and death I was suspended.
The nightly shadow branches out, and
like a ghost,
with no mercy it stabs my will.
On a void I float,
and I experience a sense of no return.
All I see is those bloody eyes hiding
among the trees.
All I can hear is that accusing force
calling me.

A shrill voice commands me not to move.
With movements of despair the death-
like trees

to obstruct my aimless steps intend.
In the distance a dim light I can see.
Never was I told about foreseeing this
light of hope,
and little did I know about surviving
this cold.

And as frightened as I could be
I kept moving forward 'till the edge.
And the dim light in the distance
grew cloudless and intense,
and the sweetest crying of a baby
far beyond the woods was heard.
I looked into his eyes,
and he looked into mine.
I woke up from my nightmare,
and there was nothing but light.

The Paradox of Death

Nothing I know about death
And that's what I know
The unquestionable question
Has always absently remained
And the known secret of death
Is what I am sure I won't know
All those lies about death
Reveal the unique truth
I have to be alive to be dead
And if I die, alive again I will never be.

I am nothing, but everything I am
Can the sorrow make me happy?
All I know is that quietly loud death
arrives
And a bunch of insensitive feelings arise.

I see with no eyes
the close distance
the brilliant darkness

and the bitter sweet of your face
I hear with no ears
the silent scream
the crying laughter
and the piercing silence of your voice
I feel no pain in this pain
the frozen warmth
the dry rain
and the happily grieving tears in
your eyes.
I speak with no voice
the overt secret
the untrue truth
and the unspoken words you heard
me say

This is the true mystery of death
When I die into humid dust I will turn
And nothing more than that.

My Love is a Common Love

My love is a common love;
we are not one, but two.
You are not my King;
We are just two ordinary people
who fight the hurricane.
My love is not like Penelope's love;
Mine is just a common love.

Sometimes I am made of glass,
and so are you.
Sometimes I am made of marble,
and you are too
Sometimes I cry,
and so do you.
Sometimes I scream with laughter,
and you do too.

Here and there I am an impenetrable
wall,
but widely my soul shines for you,

and the *I love you's* that timidly
drift away
are the sparkle of the stars in the sky.
From time to time you are foolishly
stubborn,
But you are like a sailboat docking in
my bay,
and the words that sail from your ocean
are the waves that kiss the sand.

But in the end,
If I had to restart my life,
My love! I swear...!
I would surely try to find you long before
to love you with this common love.

