

Gacela Of The Dark Death

I want to sleep the dream of the apples
To withdraw from the tumult of cemeteries
I want to sleep the dream of that child
Who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas
I don't want to hear again that the dead do not lose their blood
That the putrid mouth goes on asking for water
I don't want to learn of the tortures of the grass
Nor of the moon with the serpent's mouth that labors before dawn
I want to sleep a while
A while, a minute, a century
But all must know that I have not died
That there is a stable of gold in my lips
That I am the small friend of the west wind
That I am the immense shadow of my tears
Cover me at dawn with a veil
Because dawn will throw fists full of ants at me
And wet with hard water my shoes
So that the pincers of the scorpion slide
For I want to sleep the dream of the apples
To learn a lament that will cleanse me of the earth
For I want to live with that dark child
Who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas