

## PROPOSITION

We change the old hope for a new and similar one.

The wind runs through gigantic trees  
in streets that we won't walk through;

Two mouths say the word  
and we find the thing we are;

Two beings find themselves and life stretches out,  
long and stuffed full.

We change the movements that the planets describe  
and in a paper we deposit the laws of nature  
ready for the trashcan.

The planet orbits the sun  
and we, we die so as not to see each other's faces.

*Translated from the Spanish  
by Theresa and Albert Frank Moritz*