

I WALKED ONE WHOLE NIGHT WITH MY  
EYES CLOSED

The Milky Way was dying to sleep over the wheat for just an hour,  
just an hour in order to forget its wasted journey,  
to forget the last echoes of nameless souls of heroes revived by air.  
I already know how to escape those dark towers that will ask the  
dawn about the origin of my crib.

It's me,

I'm the one who follows the aerial route of his blood without  
wanting to open his eyes.

Birds are born that run the risk of dashing themselves against  
the nearest stars.

My feet have shown that if there are stones in the sky, they are  
practically harmless  
there where my hands choose the shade of guitars to rest in,  
where my hair still remembers the weeping of willows when rivers  
run dry.

Tomorrow you shall hear me say that there still exist heights  
where ears can discover the trail of a leaf ten centuries  
dead and the veiled name that floats downward from vanished  
voices.

Now I no longer have to prove the earth is round.