

CITY

My city remembers all my steps
and shares my secrets

Its mailboxes, shop windows,
 , trees and signs
 may seduce your shadow
and lead you back to those last times

In my city
 traffic lights and graffiti
still mix colors and sweat, and
ads still try to resell your oblivion

You may find a butterfly
 that doesn't speak your language,
newspaper rhyming futures,
 figures and steps
 contending for space and time,
wheel-sauruses improving their species
and children singing
 their grandparent's songs

There is a gardener I know;
a census was taken of dreams,
 inhabitants, guns, telephones and such,
animals keep in the Zoo

There is
 a bridge
under which used to flow a river
 now it saves our daily trash

My city always dresses in season,
founded by lost explorers,
it is where my address has its windows,
 a table, a calendar
for me and my dear ones

there are also
homeless mansions,
money without people and
hard working hopes

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HERE AND NOW

It is here again,
preying on my voice's echo
it has lurked in my steps

it is here again
It is, here again

you could call it sadness
but it doesn't

listen to you,
belong to any race, need money,
know anything about beauty,
mercy, confessions or shoes

you can't hide your eyes,
your schedule, or your soul,
nor could you tell a scarecrow

It could weave your "why's" forever
in its everywhere, whenever trace,
and hunger that pries on yesterdays

You might only help yourself
breathing your kindness
cleansing your faith
giving again our last best rest and all
saving your ones that don't become twos

Sometimes,
it just breaks down a branch,
or rifts new roots,
sometimes;
it just shuffles your hopes
screening your truths;
loads your dice, or
trails back your heritage

sometimes, ...
this time,
it is leaving me with your naked you,
swallows all pronouns and
the reasons of my name,
came with its appetite of futures
coloring the same imagination and lies

you can share your daily bread,
your own fate;
you may even sell your luck,
but you can't really share sadness,
it only times its masks

It came to me
It comes and hits

PERFECTION ISTS

Columbus erred twice
so he came upon the new world

My children cheat,
 continue playing,
and get angry when you mistell a story

Some people dream of luck
more times than
their eyes can lie
even more than mirrors know, ...

Some others blindfold their truth,
 try to steer the compass,
and disguise their tomorrows and fingerprints,
mastering hazards, failures and miseries

Someone on his way
saw a number, passing by,
 dragging his double

Mozart did his work,
so did the cook of the court,
never finished his wonder machine
was buried in his Requiem and
an African child insists on his notes

People, called alien,
for having two worlds and no country,
seeded this land with their dreams by heart

A single mother gave birth
to her children and
 their right life;
others believe in movie credits,
computers, and the original sin

. . . though the clock
has again imposed its pace,
time has never junked their souls

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STORY

Once there were guys
who were there once

they stole my money
and sold it with their surcharge,
without bargaining for my effort,
at a wholesale price;
and
kidnapped my hopes,
leaving only my pain
wrapped in a newspaper

they blind colors
sterilizing their blood;
don't wear their own sweat,
nor do they pace their days

They stalk, attack,
forget you
killing their families and all their love
changing their own for yours;

them, then they,
for whom crime does pay
wearing mortarboards,
with their religion of "more-and-more",
use names and lives as dice

Justice,
you are our eyes, our roots,
you are we all!
take off your blindfold
and see how they juggle
your scales and sword,
and they know what,
as well as your house number,
taxes and
forgotten pride

There is always a way

before tomorrow, up to you
outside violence, behind bars
through your heart, in the 'hoods
each morning, across your past
in front of God, beyond luck

There were these guys
who were there once

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(this is a poem from a collection that I had originally written in German)

~~~~~ GERMAN ~~~~~

**PYRAMIDEN**

Was waere die Sonne ohne das Rad,  
einen Tag nach dem anderen, ohne  
diesen Stuetzpunkt,  
den Archimedes nicht sah

der Schatten  
geht nicht weg von der Basis  
dieses babelischen Erfolgs nach  
den zwei sprachen und ihr immer

Die Geometrie under dem Gewicht  
weiss es;  
Ihre Basis war  
ist nicht

Der Stein ist heute Sand  
Pyramiden trachten  
Pyramider sein  
als die Zeit Zeit

~~~~~ ENGLISH (translated to English by yours truly) ~~~~~

PYRAMIDS

What would be the sun
without the wheel,
one day after the other,
without the fulcrum
that Archiemedes didn't see

the shadow
doesn't leave the base
of the Babelian success
of the two languages and their always

the geometry underneath its weight
knows it,
the base was
it isn't

stones are sand today
pyramids strive
to be more pyramid
than the time time

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