Antología del
III Festival Internacional de Poesía
"Benidorm & Costa Blanca"

EN CUADRES

(I) CÓMO QUISIERA MIRAR DE FRENTE AL CORRUPTO

Cómo quisiera mirar de frente al corrupto
sin sesgar la mirada.
Invertir los poderes. Convertirlo
en bola de sal, mejor aún
dejarlo maniatado como al fiel Prometeo,
noche tras noche, para ver la marca repulsiva
de su codicia reflejada en su rostro.
Amordazarlo y llenarlo de un temor irrevocable.
Como me gustaría ver la letra escarlata
reflejada en su rostro.

(II) PALABRA DE HONOR

Ya no hay paz, ni palabra,
la palabra se ha adormecido,
se ha escondido sin rastro,
se ha posado en una rama tan alta
que no hallo a alcanzarla.
La palabra…
Esa palabra limpia, de gente de palabra,
llora por los pasillos , pide justicia a voces
por su nombre.
Acusa y aclama. Grita furiosa y renegada,
reclama ser creíble, volver a ser palabra.
Palabra de honor, sólo palabra.

(I) THE SCARLET LETTER

I would wish to look straight the face of the corrupt
without skew the gaze.
To reverse his power. To transform him
in a ball of salt, even better,
tie his hands as a loyal Prometheus,
night after night, to watch the repulsive mark
of the greed reflected on his face.
Muzzle and terrorize him irrevocably.
I would like to see the scarlet letter,
printed on his face.

Author's translation reviewed by Annabel Villar

(II) WORD OF HONOUR

There is no more peace or word,
that word is asleep,
It has hidden without any trace.
I cannot reach it
because the branch on which
it has perched is very high.
That word…
That clear word of honour´s people
cries in the hallways
demanding justice by its name.
It accuses and claims,
it shouts angry and renegade,
it reclaims to be believable, to be word again.
Word of honour, only word.

Author's translation reviewed by Annabel Villar