

The road and the load

by Alberto Quero

I remember some lack of mine, hidden deep,
so much that I thought it was going to be endless.
A slow memory of those instants persists, sharp,
and yet less complicated.

Not so long ago,
a mixture of tiredness, and fear
used to hide under my bed
It did hurt, as I came to realize after much agitation.
Despised by the common people whom I lived my youth among,
I was at some point overwhelmed by them,
by their anger and their abject stagnation.

However, I remained still beyond their screams.
I realized I had only been looking for the lies of the world,
and for its emptiness.

So, I suddenly decided that the fabrications of the crowds
were not meant to erode my confidence.

Let the world disappear, I then said to myself,
and dropped my lingering rage,
my many masks.

I dared to quench my wrath and the urgency
that had so far imprisoned my heart.
I also listened to the words of the wise,
and trusted them,
because I still worship what comes from above.

I longed for a departure,
an escape.

I certainly hesitated:

I can open the door, any given door,
but every now and then

I wonder where the paths may lead to.

So, that one was the stratagem:

thanks to my suspicions,

I discovered that I was tied neither to the places I wanted to leave behind,
as they are flat,

nor to the alkaline crowds that inhabit them.

Anyway, the departure finally came
with all its vertigo and all its darkness.
It was the antonym of the surrender
the hordes wanted

and the tears they expected from me.
What will define my days from now on,
only the fulminating vertigo of exile?

The wandering, I answer myself.

A tremendous prayer has remained,
almost forgotten,
waiting.

I seek an everlasting cleanliness
and shelter within my transformed will.

Now I forget, peacefully:

I go unharmed and light, knowing how to wait,
and choosing not to fear
because I have learned to persevere and refuse.

Meanwhile, I walk,
steadily,

for no land can be eternally sealed.

I am building my own destination.