WORD AND WARNING

By Alberto Quero

I come here to talk to all those who may want to listen,
to forecast and admonish.

I am a violent survivor.

The lazybones suddenly raided the place I was born in,
and they wanted me to carry a dozen nightmares.
So, I had to flee from a country
that devastated itself,
and erased itself:
suicidal volcano.

The journey has been long
and the shelter was always scarce,
but I did resist,
somehow I managed to.
My feet are still able to walk,
although I once thought I was falling apart,
crumbling I would rather say.
I have juggled,
fighting against my migraine,
against the lies I have been told
and all things harsh.
I have learned to turn deception and emptiness
into a bridge that may be crossed without distrust
I want to think I will never be an outcast again.
not anymore.
I slowly breathe,
definitely.

These are the paths I alone have wandered on.
These are the unnamed melodies that I have sung
in the middle of quite a few lonesome nights.
These are the memories that have remained
through the heat and the crossroads,
in spite of frauds and exiles