CALCÍOBALÍLLA

She,

relentless Nature,

grabs me with her claws,

I feel a rustle in my stomach:

are those roots?

Those are sprouts,

tender Nature

wants me to flourish,

ready to wither

for me.

What a lovely starry sky,

riding the big chariot

I am saved by the light

that burns

any superfluous thought,

makes the brazier burn again,

the ice melts,

the endless winter ends

and he comes out of hibernation

hungry.

And she?

Smiling wistfully

of her renewed solitude,

observe this son.

He is overwhelmed

by the need of death

to ascend,

she cries surprised,

questions him.

"Heart, I am reborn to orbit together"