

SIN SAQUEAR LA VERDAD

MAMA, ven. Estoy muy solo. Soy un inmigrante
que aun no retornó a su aldea. Ven, llévame a Orozco,
si es que puedes con tus pies. Estás muy enciana,
cargada de años y desgracias,
encorvada de tanta aventura de tu hijo Blas.

Mamá, no hagas caso a nadie. Sentémonos a la sombra
del nogal

y contemplemos la parroquia, la cumbre de Santa Mari-
na, las nubes...

Ven. Quédate aquí
en la tierra,

vamos a no morirnos, madre,

a inventar una perennidad para mí y para ti
soles,

vamos a establecer el eterno retorno para nosotros dos,

te veo con dieciocho años en la romería de Murueta,

rubia como este papel, de ojos claros, serenos
como el azul de la mañana,

eres la más linda de las mozas de la aldea,

déjame que me lleves en tu vientre,

apenas palpitando,

... and the king, who was then in his
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sin imaginarme siquiera todo lo que me va a suceder
en el mundo,

madre de la cinta azul

atada a la pata del corderillo blanco,

escucha, las campanas se derraman sobre el campo,

por qué tanta desdicha y desolación después,

madre, te voy a decir una cosa,

no tendrás ya jamás un hijo de tu hijo,

lo cercenó el bisturí instantáneamente,

quién crecerá entre las tumbas del cementerio de San Juan,

se cortó el apellido que me encomendaste,

arrancaron la hierba de raíz,

mamá, ven. Estoy muy solo,

tantas fantasmas de mujeres que aparecieron en la pantalla,

fulgieron un momento y se desvanecieron,

tu sola permaneces,

tu sola llenas mis manos de versos y de pasquines,

tu sola revisas el marxismo

sin saquear la verdad,

tú sola existirás más allá de mi muerte.

