

THE WATER

The monsoon has drunk all the scents of the daybreak
and it is calling me.

It is begging me to leave the towers
and the nights that cry when someone goes away.

It is begging me to come
and make a small rowboat of fine wood
And get to know the essence of the water
that has no reason to be anything else but what it is.

To be water is a blessing.

You are somebody's need,
the drop and the strength that conditions.
You could never be created from stone
or the paper that can withstand anything.
Your journey would never come to an end,
but it wouldn't be a journey of suffering anymore.

Water doesn't have the weaknesses
that drag it into the four walls and colour it dark
It doesn't breathe, it has no master, it doesn't turn back.
It only awakens the silence
Passing by the sleepy, the mute and the humble.
Its aria is the prayer of the workers on the dry fields of the East.
I would go. I wouldn't come back to be a craftsman again.
I mend other people's thoughts
and sometimes strengthen mine when I'm asleep.

I tie together two ropes that long to separate
But I'm not as strong as a word first spoken anymore.
To be water is a blessing.
I could, for the first time, stay indifferent
Without feeling that time is pressing me and that I'm growing older.
I could, be I worthy of it, remain the being I am forever
Who doesn't have to understand the fires
of others that are spreading wildly.

I could, but I have no right to trade my life for eternity.
Every morning I leave the place where I was previously sleeping
Happy to still hear the call, but not respond to it.

In water and in wine alike, I am a drop and I can disappear.

