

Arthur Silva Sacramento –

O céu e o oceano na pele dela

(The sky and the ocean on her skin)

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O corpo existe para dizer tudo aquilo que as palavras não conseguem.

Eu queria que não existissem diferenças entre o meu corpo e o dela.

Eu queria que não somente o céu fosse sagrado, mas também o oceano. Eu queria que o corpo dela fosse um caminho até o paraíso ou pelo menos até a praia. Todas as vezes que o sol toca a minha pele sinto a sensação dela me abraçando. Todas as vezes que olho para as estrelas e as galáxias no céu eu observo algo tão belo quanto ela.

Eu queria que valesse a pena viver apenas para o olhar o céu todas às vezes pela manhã.

Eu queria que a praia e o céu fossem como o corpo de uma mulher.

Eu queria que o oceano fosse o corpo de uma mulher.

Eu queria que valesse a pena viver... Apenas para sentir os feixes de luz do sol perto da minha pele assim como o calor dela.

Eu queria que fosse possível dizer todas as palavras e histórias do mundo apenas me aproximando da boca dela.

Eu queria que nos olhos e na pele dela estivessem todas as repostas sobre os segredos do mundo e sobre quem realmente eu sou.

Assim como há um prazer em olhar para uma galáxia completamente nua também há em olhar ela. Assim como há um encanto em admirar o vôo de uma borboleta sem timidez, sem moralidade, recheada de tantas cores e desejos também há um encanto em ver ela dançar por mais que seus movimentos sejam demasiadamente lentos ou delicados.

Não existe algo no mundo que eu ame mais do que a natureza. Mas tudo aquilo que existe na natureza também existe no corpo dela.

Ela torna tão fácil chegar a todos os lugares e em nenhum.

Ela torna fácil chegar tão longe mesmo estando parado ou com os pés descalços.

Ela torna tão fácil lembrar e esquecer de tudo.

Ela torna tão fácil abrir os olhos de quem já nasceu cego.

Ela torna tão fácil que na alma não exista nenhuma sombra.

Ela torna dançar como se fosse a coisa mais natural e importante do mundo.

A coisa mais importante do mundo para mim é algo que ninguém consegue enxergar.

A coisa mais importante do mundo para mim é algo que ninguém consegue evitar. Como o ar que se respira ou o calor do sol.

Eles conseguiram a sua grande vitória. Mas, às vezes, todos já se esqueceram disso.

A verdadeira sabedoria é a da natureza. E tudo aquilo que o homem pode dizer é apenas algo infinitamente pequeno.

O mais importante é onde eu gostaria de chegar ou os outros?

O mais importante é aquilo que eu sinto ou aquilo que os outros querem impor?

O importante é que parece que ela conseguiu ver a minha alma.

O mais importante é que ela conseguiu iluminar a minha alma.

Não importa aquilo que se diga, sinta ou se imponha. Sempre existirá a coisa oposta que nunca será destruída.

Se não existisse solidão, imaginação ou desejo será que o amor existiria?

Se não existisse oceano o céu existiria?

Se não existisse nenhuma sombra ou algo escondido existiria algo que as luzes poderiam iluminar?

Existiria coisa mais bonita na vida do que viver mais por alguém do que para si próprio?

Existiria coisa mais humana do que se sacrificar por alguém mesmo correndo o risco de ganhar apenas melancolia e ingratidão em troca?

E eu queria poder dizer que a natureza é uma mão tão generosa que permite que o mesmo sol que brilhe para ela também brilhe para mim. E permite que a mesma praia que ela possa se banhar eu também possa pisar.

No corpo dela existe o céu e o oceano. No corpo dela existem montanhas e florestas. No corpo dela existem borboletas, arco-íris e nuvens. Estrelas e galáxias. No corpo dela existe a praia e a baía.

Eu queria que valesse a pena viver apenas para me lembrar sempre dela.

Eu queria que valesse a pena viver apenas para dar atenção ao que ela e a natureza tem a dizer.

Eu queria que valesse a pena viver para levar a sério e para o meu coração somente aquilo que o céu e o oceano tivessem a me dizer.

O céu é mãe da minha mãe. O oceano é o pai do meu pai. O deserto é a irmã que nunca tive. O farol e a escuridão da noite foram todos os amigos que sempre tive.

Estou no melhor lugar do mundo que poderia estar.

Estou no melhor lugar do mundo que alguém poderia estar.

Preenchido apenas pela minha companhia e pelo meu amor pela natureza.

Eu queria que ela fosse como o sol. E iluminassem todas as sombras que existem na minha mente, subconsciente, alma e na minha pele.

Eu queria que ela fosse como a escuridão que sustenta o brilho de todas as estrelas. Ela não julga meus sentimentos talvez porque os sinta.

E todos os dias eu poderia admirar o pôr-do-sol mesmo que sempre estivesse sozinho.

Nunca mais eu me sentiria sozinho, solitário ou completamente abandonado. Enquanto restasse um fragmento dela na minha mente, subconsciência ou dentro do meu coração.

Eu não sei se amo mais o que as veste dela escondem. O que as sombras da mente dela esconde.

Os resquícios do passado ainda estão em nossa mente e subconsciência. Mas o passado demorou infinitos anos.

Dentro do coração ou da mente existem infinitas mais coisas do que do lado de fora.

Tudo aquilo que podemos ver, tocar, ter ou dizer é infinitamente pequeno perto daquilo que podemos sentir ou ser.

Assim como uma pequena estrela ou feixe de luz pode iluminar a infinita escuridão da noite solitária ela também pode fazer a mesma coisa, mas com a minha mente, consciência, subconsciência ou imaginação.

E tudo o que eu mais gostaria é que ela conseguisse enxergar alguma dessas coisas que só existem dentro de mim.

Mesmo em um pequeno barco, em um oceano infinito e por toda a eternidade eu nunca me sentiria sozinho se uma pequena parte dela ainda estivesse em minha imaginação.

Todos os dias eu teria motivos para acordar apenas para olhar o céu pela manhã.

Eu queria que todas as minhas lágrimas fossem como a chuva.

Todas as vezes que ela me abraça é como se os feixes de luz do sol estivessem tocando minha pele.

Todas as vezes que ela me toca é como se estivesse na praia. Ou tão próximo do sol.

No cabelo dela eu consigo navegar por todos os mares.

Nos olhos dela eu consigo enxergar todas as borboletas, nuvens e cachoeiras.

No alma dela eu consigo navegar entre todas as estrelas e galáxias.

O coração dela mantém apenas as coisas boas dentro do meu.

O coração dela mantém no meu coração apenas aquilo que é belo e sublime.

O coração dela mantém no meu coração apenas aquilo que é divino e sagrado.

As mãos dela me levam até todos os lugares. E até nenhum.

Desse mundo não queria dinheiro ou fama. Mas apenas que meu coração batesse perto do dela.

Desse mundo não queria aplausos e nem muita coisa... Somente que ela conseguisse notar alguma qualidade minha por mais que fosse pequena.

Na imaginação dela eu sou o sonho que se torna real.

Eu poderia escrever todos os livros do mundo. Mas nenhum deles poderia dizer tudo aquilo que existe dentro dos olhos dela.

Eu poderia escrever todas as palavras do mundo. Ser o maior poeta de todas as mares e oceanos. Mas nada que pudesse escrever poderia falar sobre a pele dela.

A única maneira de descobrir quem realmente eu sou e o que há nas profundezas da minha alma é encontrando com ela.

A única maneira de encontrar ela é voltando para a praia.

A única maneira de consegui abrir meus olhos é se ela conseguisse me olhar.

A água e as barreiras sempre existiram na minha mente. Mas somente ela pode por as coisas em movimento ou abrir as represas.

Se eu sou tudo aquilo que existe ela é o movimento e a mudança. Ela é a dança.

Somente ela pode misturar todos os meus sentimentos junto com os dela.

Somente ela pode misturar todos os meus pensamento e desejos com os delas.

Somente ela pode misturar e embaralhar todas as minhas palavras com as delas.

Enquanto eu existir sempre haverá uma pequena lembrança dela. Seja através de uma lágrima que reflete a luz do sol ou de um feixe que cruza a infinita escuridão da noite.

A todo momento que estamos vivendo o presente também estamos vivendo o passado. Mas o passado além de infinito também é fluido.

Somente ela pode revelar nossas origens. E até onde podemos chegar.

Somente ela... pode ser a resposta para todas as perguntas.

Somente ela pode ser a cura para todas as enfermidades.

Somente ela pode enxugar todas as minhas lágrimas.

Somente ela pode misturar minha consciência.

Somente ela pode dirigir sua doce voz até mim.

Somente ela pode me levar até a praia.

Somente ela pode diminuir a distância entre o céu e oceano.

Somente ela pode enxergar ou notar o há de bom dentro de mim e retirar tudo o que não é.

Eu queria ser apenas o espelho onde ela se olha.

Eu queria ser apenas os sons que se aproximam da imaginação dela.

Eu queria ser apenas os feixes de luz que se aproximam dos olhos e da pele dela.

Eu queria que ela fosse a praia. E eu queria ser o céu e o oceano.

Eu queria que ela fosse apenas um sentimento de serenidade mesmo no infinito deserto.

Eu queria que nossas consciências estivessem sempre no mesmo lugar embora nossos corações sempre distantes.

Ela é como uma luneta que me permite enxergar todas as estrelas que só existem nas profundezas da minha alma.

Ela é como a metamorfose de uma borboleta que consegue mudar a maneira como enxergo a mim mesmo e ao mundo.

Ela é como um vasto mapa onde estão cravadas todas as estrelas e constelações. Todas as galáxias e desejos.

Ela me permite ver as cores e as formas que o mundo sempre me proibiu.

Somente ela pode abrir as represas e chaves que existem na minha consciência. Mas toda a represa e a água sempre foram eu mesmo.

Enquanto estive na praia sempre estarei perto dela. Enquanto tiver perto dela sempre estarei demasiadamente perto do Sol e da Lua.

Somente ela pode tirar minhas vendas. Mas tudo aquilo que conseguir enxergar já existia dentro de mim mesmo.

Somente ela pode ascender o fósforo ou o fogo. Invés de dor ou sofrimento ela causa prazer.

Ela me permite enxergar belas paisagens que só existem escondidas atrás da minha solidão.

Ela me mostra um espelho. Mas ao invés de enxergar a mim mesmo acabo apenas enxergado os estados de consciência dela.

Quanto mais tento esquecer mais eu me lembro. Quanto mais eu tento me lembrar mais me esqueço.

Os movimentos do corpo dela são os mesmo do mar. Os movimentos da alma dela são os mesmos das estrelas e das galáxias.

Eu queria permanecer no mesmo estado de consciência para sempre. Eu queria que meu desejo por ela nunca cessasse.

Ela é como um galão de tinta onde todas as cores e sentimentos estão misturados.

Ela é como um farol guiando o oceano mais solitário.

Eu queria que nossos corações batessem no mesmo ritmo das ondas do oceano.

E mesmo na solidão e na melancolia nosso corações continuam batendo no mesmo ritmo.

E com sua doces mãos eu gostaria que ela me levasse até todos os lugares. Até o céu, o oceano, a praia e o paraíso. Até todas as estrelas e galáxias.

Eu sei que poderia chegar longe mesmo sem sair do lugar. Se meus lábios se aproximassem dos dela.

Eu queria que ela fosse o atalho que poderia me levar até qualquer lugar.

Eu queria que ela fosse o atalho que poderia misturar todas as minhas palavras e sentimentos.

Todas as cores que existem na natureza também existem no corpo dela.

O preto, o branco. O verde, o azul. O amarelo e o vermelho. Todas as cores podem existir no corpo dela.

Nosso corações e lágrimas parecem que permaneceram sempre distantes. Mas sempre estivemos juntos no mesmo estado de consciência.

Eu sei que poderia alcançar a plenitude ou a redenção se ela pudesse compreender apenas um dos meus infinitos contraditórios ou gelatinosos sentimentos.

Eu só queria que ela pudesse compreender cada um dos meus pequenos desejos e contradições. Que ela pudesse entender que às vezes gosto da solidão mas não esqueço de pensar nela.

Não há motivos para reclamar de nada. Eu deixo o oceano me levar para onde quiser.

Não há motivos para reclamar. As imaginações que tenho dela parecem tão delicadas quanto a pele dele.

Não há motivos para reclamar. O meu corpo é o próprio oceano. A minha mente é o céu. E o desejo dela é a praia.

O tempo onde não fazemos nada e o desperdiçamos é o mais delicioso. Nele estamos apenas cultivando todos os desejos. Nele estamos contemplando todas as estrelas que só existem no fundo da nossa alma.

O tempo desperdiçado é o mais puro e cristalino. Sem ele não poderia imaginar tudo aquilo que ela já imaginou ou desejou.

E eu sei que ela pode dizer todas as palavras do mundo mesmo permanecendo sempre em silêncio.

O mais importante é aquilo que ninguém consegue notar ou observar. Mas todos conseguem imaginar.

As lagrimas do céu tornam o solo fértil e eu espero que as minhas possam preencher o papel.

A mesma sensação que eu tenho quando eu lho para as estrelas no céu eu tenho quando olho nos olhos dela.

A mesma sensação que eu tenho quando atravesso a praia eu tenho quando me aproximo da pele dele.

A mesma sensação de ver todos os feixes de luz do sol eu tenho quando imagino a dança e a imaginação dela.

Eu queria que o suspiro dela fosse capaz de rasgar o céu.

Eu queria que os sentimentos dela fossem capazes de tornar a lua menos tímida.

Eu queria que o céu se misturasse com o oceano assim como o meu corpo com o dela.

Eu queria poder caminhar mesmo com os pés descalços.

O tempo onde não fazemos nada é aquele mais precioso.

O tempo onde não fazemos nada é tão precioso quanto imaginar ela nua.

Eu queria ter coragem de dizer algo mesmo que minha boca fosse excessivamente tímida ou covarde.

Nos olhos dela eu vejo apenas as profundezas da minha alma.

A minha única companhia sempre foi a solidão. A minha mãe, irmã, amor e paixão sempre foi apenas a solidão. Mas dentro do coração dela me sinto em casa. Mas dentro do corpo dela me sinto em casa.

A beleza de navegar sozinho pelo oceano e todos os dias olhar para o céu pela manhã é a mesma sensação da companhia dela.

E cada onda do corpo dela é como se fosse uma onda do oceano.

E cada pequena dança dela é como... a metamorfose e o nascimento de uma borboleta.

Eu queria que o corpo dela fosse como o céu. Onde é possível contemplar a noite e todas as estrelas.

Eu queria que todas as palavras do mundo fossem criadas apenas pela boca dela.

Bastaria um feixe de luz para iluminar a imensidão do céu?

Eu queria que somente as mãos dela pudessem tocar a mais doce melodia.

Eu queria que o corpo dela fosse como o oceano. Onde é possível mergulhar sem sentir o tempo passar.

Eu queria que na alma dela existissem todas as ondas do mar.

Eu queria que o corpo dela fosse como a praia.

Bastaria apenas uma gota para encher totalmente o oceano?

Eu só queria ser um feixe de luz do Sol.

Eu só queria ser um fio de cabelo dela.

Eu queria que todas as coisas do mundo fossem misturadas.

Eu queria que todas as coisas do mundo se tornassem misturada.

Eu queria que todos os sentimentos e palavras se tornassem uma coisa só. Como um galão com vários tons de tinta.

Eu queria que fosse possível compreender e desvendar toda a natureza apenas compreendendo e desvendando o corpo dela.

Eu só queria que ela fosse a minha praia. O meu céu e oceano. Eu só queria que ela fosse o meu telescópio e a minha manhã.

A vida inteira eu estou buscando por algo que sempre existiu dentro e fora de mim.

Tudo aquilo que parece distante sempre esteve perto.

Tudo aquilo que sempre esteve perto na verdade sempre esteve distante.

O tempo em que não estamos fazendo nada parece o mais importante e precioso.

O tempo em que não fizemos nada foi o tempo onde alçamos nossa glória e redenção.

Eu queria que todos os sentimentos e palavras se tornassem moles, gelatinosas. E seria ingenuidade se segurar firmemente em algo. Porque a fluidez se torna a única coisa sólida e a única corrente.

Eu queria poder chegar distante mesmo com os pés descalços.

Eu queria que fosse possível ser amado. Ainda que em um sonho ou imaginação.

Eu queria que fosse possível amar. Ainda que fosse apenas a natureza.

Nossos corpos sempre estiveram distantes. Mas nossos corações sempre bateram igual.

Nossas mãos sempre estiveram distantes. Mas nossas mentes sempre estiveram no mesmo movimento.

Eu queria que ela fosse a praia.

Eu queria que ela fosse o sol.

Eu queria que ela fosse um arco-íris.

E eu queria ser apenas um espelho.

E eu queria ser apenas a metamorfose de uma borboleta.

Nossos corpos sempre estiveram distantes. Mas nossos dança sempre foi igual.

Nossas mãos sempre estiveram distantes. Mas estados alternados de consciência e a melancolia sempre nos aproximaram.

Eu queria que ela fosse todas as estrelas e galáxias. E eu apenas um telescópio.

Eu queria que ela fosse todos os livros de poesia. E eu apenas as mãos dela.

Eu queria que não existissem distancias, fronteiras ou diferenças entre nossos corpos.

Eu queria que não existissem distancias, fronteiras ou diferenças entre nossas mentes.

O tempo perdido parece tão prazeroso em si mesmo quanto um suspiro.

Eu queria que o corpo dela fosse o horizonte. E eu apenas a metamorfose de uma borboleta solitária.

Não existe outra coisa no mundo que amamos mais do que o céu ou oceano.

Eu queria que a dança dela fosse como as ondas do oceano.

Eu queria que a minha poesia fosse como o choro do céu ou do mar.

Eu queria que todos os nossos sentimentos e palavras se misturassem.

Nossos únicos aliados são o céu pela manhã e o por-do-sol.

Eu queria que todas as coisas do mundo se tornassem iguais e misturadas.

Eu queria que a fronteira entre o meu corpo e o dela diminuíssem.

Eu queria que fosse possível enxergar todas as estrelas e galáxias apenas usando o corpo dela como telescópio.

Eu queria que fosse possível passear pelas montanhas, florestas e paisagens mais bonitas e sublimes apenas acariciando o corpo dela.

Eu queria que fosse possível conhecer toda a história do mundo, da humanidade e da vida apenas olhando nos olhos dela.

Eu queria que nossas consciências e sentimentos estivessem misturados.

Tudo o que eu queria era não perder a vontade de esperar ela. Ainda que somente em sonhos.

Tudo o que eu queria era não perder a vontade de esperar ela. Ainda que refletida apenas pelos feixes de luz do sol nas ondas do mar, em uma praia ou borboleta.

Eu queria que existisse algo de prazeroso mesmo na fronteira.

Eu queria que existisse algo de prazeroso mesmo no fundo da imaginação ou subconsciência.

Eu queria que existisse algo de delicadamente prazeroso mesmo no fundo do abismo ou poço.

Eu queria que minha virgindade roçasse em sombras e luzes que só existem no fundo da mente e consciência dela.

Tudo o que eu queria é era que não houvesse mais diferença entre o corpo dela e a praia.

Eu queria enxergar todos os arco-íris apenas olhando nos olhos dela.

Tudo o que eu queria era não perder a vontade de esperar ela. Ainda que eternamente.

Tudo o que eu queria era nunca mais sentir solidão ainda que vivesse o resto da vida sozinho.

Eu queria que no corpo dela existissem as paisagens mais e sublimes que existem nesse mundo.

Tudo o que eu queria é que se eu tocasse a pele dela eu poderia fazer a mesma metamorfose de uma borboleta.

Tudo o que eu queria era que todas as nossas emoções estivessem misturadas como se fossem um galão de tinta.

Tudo o que eu queria é que não houvesse diferença entre a minha mente e o céu.

Tudo o que eu queria é que não houvesse diferença entre a minha subconsciência e o oceano.

Tudo o que eu queria é que a minha solidão fosse como a escuridão do céu que sustenta todas as estrelas.

O céu existe para curar todas as doenças que são invisíveis.

O oceano existe para tocar as peles que nunca serão acariciadas.

O deserto existe para cegar os olhos que nunca serão contemplado.

O seio dela é uma montanha. A boca dela é o céu. E os cabelos dela são o oceano.

Os marinheiros da alma podem se afogar apenas com uma lágrima ou encher um copo apenas com silêncio.

O maior defeito deles é a solidão. A maior qualidade deles é a solidão.

Tudo termina da mesma forma que começou.

Não existe algo que eu ame mais do que a natureza. E tudo aquilo que existe na natureza também existe no corpo dela.

Tudo o que eu queria era que eu e ela estivessmos em todos os lugares. Ainda que fosse apenas um grão ou feixe.

Eu queria existir apenas para poder imaginar as luzes dela iluminando minha alma e imaginação

há coisas que ninguém sabe a explicação. nunca saberá. mas consegue sentir na pele

As vezes não pensar é melhor do que pensar

O passado sempre terá uma lágrima e sorriso dentro de nós.

Eu queria que ela agitasse o mar que sempre permaneceu parado.

Quanto mais ignorante mais sábio o homem é.

Quanto mais cego mais o homem consegue enxergar.

E se cada pequena coisa da natureza fosse como um pequeno flerte?

Somente ela pode botar todas as coisas em movimento.

The body exists to say everything that words cannot.

I wish there were no differences between my body and hers.

I wish that not only the sky were sacred, but also the ocean. I wish her body were a path to paradise, or at least to the beach. Every time the sun touches my skin, I feel the sensation of her embracing me. Every time I look at the stars and the galaxies in the sky, I behold something as beautiful as her.

I wish it were worth living just to look at the sky every morning.

I wish the beach and the sky were like a woman's body.

I wish the ocean were a woman's body.

I wish it were worth living... Just to feel the sunbeams near my skin as well as her warmth.

I wish it were possible to say all the words and stories in the world just by bringing my mouth close to hers.

I wish that in her eyes and on her skin lay all the answers about the secrets of the world and about who I truly am.

Just as there is pleasure in gazing at a completely naked galaxy, there is also pleasure in gazing at her. Just as there is enchantment in admiring the flight of a butterfly without shyness, without morality, filled with so many colors and desires, there is also enchantment in watching her dance, even if her movements are far too slow or delicate.

There is nothing in the world I love more than nature. But everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

She makes it so easy to reach all places and none at all.

She makes it easy to go so far even while standing still or with bare feet.

She makes it so easy to remember and forget everything.

She makes it so easy to open the eyes of those who were born blind.

She makes it so easy that no shadow remains in the soul.

She makes dancing seem like the most natural and important thing in the world.

The most important thing in the world to me is something no one can see.

The most important thing in the world to me is something no one can avoid. Like the air we breathe or the warmth of the sun.

They achieved their great victory. But sometimes, everyone has already forgotten that.

True wisdom is that of nature. And everything that man can say is merely something infinitely small.

What matters most: where I would like to arrive, or where the others would?

What matters most: what I feel, or what others want to impose?

What matters is that it seems she managed to see my soul.

What matters most is that she managed to illuminate my soul.

No matter what is said, felt, or imposed. There will always be the opposite thing that can never be destroyed.

If there were no loneliness, imagination, or desire, would love exist?

If there were no ocean, would the sky exist?

If there were no shadow or something hidden, would there be something for the lights to illuminate?

Could there be anything more beautiful in life than living more for someone than for oneself?

Could there be anything more human than sacrificing oneself for someone even at the risk of gaining only melancholy and ingratitude in return?

And I wish I could say that nature is a hand so generous that it allows the same sun that shines for her to shine for me too. And it allows the same beach where she may bathe to be trodden by me as well.

In her body there is the sky and the ocean. In her body there are mountains and forests. In her body there are butterflies, rainbows, and clouds. Stars and galaxies. In her body there is the beach and the bay.

I wish it were worth living just to always remember her.

I wish it were worth living just to pay attention to what she and nature have to say.

I wish it were worth living to take seriously and to my heart only what the sky and the ocean had to tell me.

The sky is the mother of my mother. The ocean is the father of my father. The desert is the sister I never had. The lighthouse and the darkness of the night were all the friends I ever had.

I am in the best place in the world that I could be.

I am in the best place in the world that anyone could be.

Filled only by my own company and by my love for nature.

I wish she were like the sun. And would illuminate all the shadows that exist in my mind, subconscious, soul, and on my skin.

I wish she were like the darkness that sustains the brightness of all the stars. She does not judge my feelings perhaps because she feels them.

And every day I could admire the sunset even if I were always alone.

I would never again feel lonely, solitary, or completely abandoned. As long as a fragment of her remained in my mind, subconscious, or inside my heart.

I do not know if I love more what her clothes hide. What the shadows of her mind hide.

The remnants of the past are still in our mind and subconscious. But the past took infinitely many years.

Inside the heart or the mind there are infinitely more things than on the outside.

Everything we can see, touch, possess, or say is infinitely small compared to what we can feel or be.

Just as a small star or beam of light can illuminate the infinite darkness of the lonely night, she can do the same, but with my mind, consciousness, subconscious, or imagination.

And all I would like most is for her to be able to see some of these things that exist only inside me.

Even in a small boat, on an infinite ocean and for all eternity, I would never feel alone if a small part of her were still in my imagination.

Every day I would have reasons to wake up just to look at the sky in the morning.

I wish all my tears were like the rain.

Every time she embraces me it is as if the sunbeams were touching my skin.

Every time she touches me it is as if I were at the beach. Or so close to the sun.

In her hair I can sail all the seas.

In her eyes I can see all the butterflies, clouds, and waterfalls.

In her soul I can navigate among all the stars and galaxies.

Her heart keeps only the good things inside mine.

Her heart keeps in my heart only what is beautiful and sublime.

Her heart keeps in my heart only what is divine and sacred.

Her hands take me to all places. And to none.

From this world I did not want money or fame. Only that my heart beat close to hers.

From this world I did not want applause nor much of anything... Only that she could notice some quality of mine, however small it might be.

In her imagination I am the dream that becomes real.

I could write all the books in the world. But none of them could say everything that exists inside her eyes.

I could write all the words in the world. Be the greatest poet of all seas and oceans. But nothing I could write could speak of her skin.

The only way to discover who I truly am and what lies in the depths of my soul is by meeting her.

The only way to find her is to return to the beach.

The only way I can open my eyes is if she could look at me.

Water and barriers always existed in my mind. But only she can set things in motion or open the floodgates.

If I am everything that exists, she is the movement and the change. She is the dance.

Only she can mix all my feelings with hers.

Only she can mix all my thoughts and desires with hers.

Only she can mix and shuffle all my words with hers.

As long as I exist there will always be a small remembrance of her. Whether through a tear that reflects the sunlight or a beam that crosses the infinite darkness of night.

Every moment we are living the present we are also living the past. But the past, besides being infinite, is also fluid.

Only she can reveal our origins. And how far we can reach.

Only she... can be the answer to all questions.

Only she can be the cure for all ailments.

Only she can dry all my tears.

Only she can blend my consciousness.

Only she can direct her sweet voice to me.

Only she can take me to the beach.

Only she can shorten the distance between the sky and the ocean.

Only she can see or notice what is good in me and remove all that is not.

I wish I were only the mirror in which she looks at herself.

I wish I were only the sounds that approach her imagination.

I wish I were only the sunbeams that approach her eyes and her skin.

I wish she were the beach. And I wish I were the sky and the ocean.

I wish she were just a feeling of serenity even in the infinite desert.

I wish our consciousnesses were always in the same place although our hearts always far apart.

She is like a spyglass that allows me to see all the stars that exist only in the depths of my soul.

She is like the metamorphosis of a butterfly that can change the way I see myself and the world.

She is like a vast map where all the stars and constellations are engraved. All the galaxies and desires.

She allows me to see the colors and shapes that the world has always forbidden me.

Only she can open the floodgates and locks that exist in my consciousness. But all the dam and the water were always me.

As long as I am on the beach I will always be close to her. As long as I am close to her I will always be far too close to the Sun and the Moon.

Only she can remove my blindfolds. But everything I manage to see already existed within myself.

Only she can strike the match or the fire. Instead of pain or suffering she causes pleasure.

She allows me to see beautiful landscapes that exist only hidden behind my loneliness.

She shows me a mirror. But instead of seeing myself I end up seeing only the states of her consciousness.

The more I try to forget, the more I remember. The more I try to remember, the more I forget.

The movements of her body are the same as the sea. The movements of her soul are the same as the stars and galaxies.

I wish to remain in the same state of consciousness forever. I wish that my desire for her would never cease.

She is like a can of paint where all colors and feelings are mixed together.

She is like a lighthouse guiding the loneliest ocean.

I wish our hearts beat in the same rhythm as the ocean waves.

And even in solitude and melancholy our hearts keep beating in the same rhythm.

And with her sweet hands I would like her to take me to all places. To the sky, the ocean, the beach, and paradise. To all the stars and galaxies.

I know I could go far even without leaving where I stand. If my lips drew close to hers.

I wish she were the shortcut that could take me anywhere.

I wish she were the shortcut that could mix all my words and feelings.

All the colors that exist in nature also exist in her body.

The black, the white. The green, the blue. The yellow and the red. All colors can exist in her body.

Our hearts and tears seem to have always remained distant. But we were always together in the same state of consciousness.

I know I could reach fulfillment or redemption if she could understand just one of my infinite contradictory or gelatinous feelings.

I just wanted her to be able to understand each of my small desires and contradictions. That she could understand that sometimes I like solitude but I do not forget to think of her.

There are no reasons to complain about anything. I let the ocean take me wherever it wishes.

There are no reasons to complain. The imaginings I have of her seem as delicate as his skin.

There are no reasons to complain. My body is the ocean itself. My mind is the sky. And the desire for her is the beach.

The time when we do nothing and waste it is the most delicious. In it we are merely cultivating all desires. In it we are contemplating all the stars that exist only in the depths of our soul.

The wasted time is the purest and most crystalline. Without it I could not imagine everything she has already imagined or desired.

And I know she can say all the words in the world even while always remaining silent.

What matters most is what no one can notice or observe. But everyone can imagine.

The tears of the sky make the soil fertile and I hope that mine can fill the paper.

The same sensation I have when I look at the stars in the sky I have when I look into her eyes.

The same sensation I have when I cross the beach I have when I get close to his skin.

The same sensation of seeing all the sunbeams I have when I imagine her dance and her imagination.

I wish her sigh were capable of tearing the sky.

I wish her feelings were capable of making the moon less shy.

I wish the sky would mix with the ocean just as my body with hers.

I wish I could walk even with bare feet.

The time when we do nothing is the most precious.

The time when we do nothing is as precious as imagining her naked.

I wish I had the courage to say something even if my mouth were overly shy or cowardly.

In her eyes I see only the depths of my soul.

My only company has always been solitude. My mother, sister, love, and passion have always been only solitude. But inside her heart I feel at home. But inside her body I feel at home.

The beauty of sailing alone on the ocean and every day looking at the sky in the morning is the same sensation as her company.

And each wave of her body is like a wave of the ocean.

And each small dance of hers is like... the metamorphosis and the birth of a butterfly.

I wish her body were like the sky. Where it is possible to contemplate the night and all the stars.

I wish all the words in the world were created only by her mouth.

Would a single beam of light be enough to illuminate the immensity of the sky?

I wish only her hands could touch the sweetest melody.

I wish her body were like the ocean. Where it is possible to dive without feeling time pass.

I wish that in her soul existed all the waves of the sea.

I wish her body were like the beach.

Would just one drop be enough to fill the entire ocean?

I only wanted to be a beam of sunlight.

I only wanted to be a strand of her hair.

I wish all the things in the world were mixed together.

I wish all the things in the world became mixed together.

I wish all feelings and words became a single thing. Like a can with various shades of paint.

I wish it were possible to understand and unveil all of nature just by understanding and unveiling her body.

I only wanted her to be my beach. My sky and ocean. I only wanted her to be my telescope and my morning.

My whole life I have been searching for something that has always existed inside and outside of me.

Everything that seems far away has always been close.

Everything that has always been close has, in truth, always been far away.

The time when we are doing nothing seems the most important and precious.

The time when we did nothing was the time when we achieved our glory and redemption.

I wish all feelings and words became soft, gelatinous. And it would be naivety to hold firmly onto something. Because fluidity becomes the only solid thing and the only current.

I wish I could reach far even with bare feet.

I wish it were possible to be loved. Even if only in a dream or imagination.

I wish it were possible to love. Even if only nature.

Our bodies have always been distant. But our hearts have always beaten the same.

Our hands have always been distant. But our minds have always been in the same movement.

I wish she were the beach.

I wish she were the sun.

I wish she were a rainbow.

And I wish I were just a mirror.

And I wish I were just the metamorphosis of a butterfly.

Our bodies have always been distant. But our dance has always been the same.

Our hands have always been distant. But altered states of consciousness and melancholy have always brought us closer.

I wish she were all the stars and galaxies. And I merely a telescope.

I wish she were all the books of poetry. And I merely her hands.

I wish there were no distances, borders, or differences between our bodies.

I wish there were no distances, borders, or differences between our minds.

Time wasted seems as pleasurable in itself as a sigh.

I wish her body were the horizon. And I merely the metamorphosis of a solitary butterfly.

There is nothing else in the world we love more than the sky or the ocean.

I wish her dance were like the waves of the ocean.

I wish my poetry were like the weeping of the sky or the sea.

I wish all our feelings and words would mix together.

Our only allies are the morning sky and the sunset.

I wish all the things in the world became equal and mixed together.

I wish the boundary between my body and hers would diminish.

I wish it were possible to see all the stars and galaxies just by using her body as a telescope.

I wish it were possible to stroll through mountains, forests, and the most beautiful and sublime landscapes just by caressing her body.

I wish it were possible to know all the history of the world, of humanity, and of life just by looking into her eyes.

I wish our consciousnesses and feelings were mixed together.

All I wanted was not to lose the will to wait for her. Even if only in dreams.

All I wanted was not to lose the will to wait for her. Even if reflected only by the sunbeams on the sea waves, on a beach or a butterfly.

I wish there were something pleasurable even in the border.

I wish there were something pleasurable even in the depths of imagination or subconscious.

I wish there were something delicately pleasurable even in the depths of the abyss or pit.

I wish my virginity would graze against shadows and lights that exist only in the depths of her mind and consciousness.

All I wanted was for there to be no more difference between her body and the beach.

I wish to see all the rainbows just by looking into her eyes.

All I wanted was not to lose the will to wait for her. Even if eternally.

All I wanted was never to feel loneliness again even if I lived the rest of my life alone.

I wish that in her body existed the most sublime landscapes that exist in this world.

All I want is that if I touched her skin I could undergo the same metamorphosis of a butterfly.

All I wanted was that all our emotions were mixed together as if they were a can of paint.

All I want is that there were no difference between my mind and the sky.

All I want is that there were no difference between my subconscious and the ocean.

All I want is that my solitude were like the darkness of the sky that sustains all the stars.

The sky exists to cure all the illnesses that are invisible.

The ocean exists to touch the skins that will never be caressed.

The desert exists to blind the eyes that will never be contemplated.

Her breast is a mountain. Her mouth is the sky. And her hair is the ocean.

Sailors of the soul can drown with just a tear or fill a glass only with silence.

Their greatest flaw is solitude. Their greatest quality is solitude.

Everything ends the same way it began.

There is nothing I love more than nature. And everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

All I wanted was that she and I were in all places. Even if only as a grain or a beam.

I wish to exist only to be able to imagine her lights illuminating my soul and imagination

there are things no one knows the explanation for. will never know. but can feel on the skin

Sometimes not thinking is better than thinking

The past will always have a tear and a smile within us.

I wish she would stir the sea that has always remained still.

The more ignorant, the wiser man is. The blinder, the more man can see.

And what if every little thing in nature were like a little flirtation?

Only she can set all things in motion.

Translation II

The body exists to say everything that words cannot.

I wished there were no differences between my body and hers.

I wish not only the sky were sacred, but the ocean as well. I wanted her body to be a path to paradise, or at least to the beach. Every time the sun touches my skin, I feel as if she is embracing me. Every time I look at the stars and galaxies in the sky, I see something as beautiful as her.

I wished life were worth living simply to look at the sky every morning.

I wished the beach and the sky were like the body of a woman.

I wished the ocean were the body of a woman.

I wished life were worth living... only to feel the rays of sunlight near my skin just like her warmth.

I wished it were possible to tell every word and every story in the world simply by approaching her mouth.

I wished that within her eyes and skin there were all the answers about the secrets of the world and about who I truly am.

Just as there is pleasure in gazing at a completely naked galaxy, there is also pleasure in looking at her. Just as there is enchantment in admiring the flight of a butterfly without shyness, without morality, filled with so many colors and desires, there is also enchantment in watching her dance, even if her movements are excessively slow or delicate.

There is nothing in the world that I love more than nature. But everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

She makes it so easy to arrive everywhere and nowhere.

She makes it easy to go so far even while standing still or barefoot.

She makes it so easy to remember and forget everything.

She makes it so easy to open the eyes of someone already born blind.

She makes it so easy for there to be no shadows within the soul.

She makes dancing seem like the most natural and important thing in the world.

The most important thing in the world to me is something nobody can see.

The most important thing in the world to me is something nobody can avoid. Like the air we breathe or the warmth of the sun.

They achieved their great victory. But sometimes everyone has already forgotten it.

True wisdom belongs to nature. And everything man can say is only something infinitely small.

What matters most: where I would like to arrive, or the others?

What matters most: what I feel, or what others want to impose?

What matters is that it seems she managed to see my soul.

What matters most is that she managed to illuminate my soul.

No matter what is said, felt, or imposed. The opposite thing will always exist and will never be destroyed.

If loneliness, imagination, or desire did not exist, would love exist?

If the ocean did not exist, would the sky exist?

If there were no shadows or hidden things, would there be anything for the lights to illuminate?

Could there be anything more beautiful in life than living more for someone else than for oneself?

Could there be anything more human than sacrificing yourself for someone even at the risk of receiving only melancholy and ingratitude in return?

And I wished I could say that nature is such a generous hand that it allows the same sun that shines upon her to also shine upon me. And it allows me to step upon the same beach where she bathes.

Within her body there is the sky and the ocean. Within her body there are mountains and forests. Within her body there are butterflies, rainbows, and clouds. Stars and galaxies. Within her body there is the beach and the bay.

I wished life were worth living simply to always remember her.

I wished life were worth living simply to pay attention to what she and nature have to say.

I wished life were worth living so I could take seriously, and into my heart, only what the sky and the ocean had to tell me.

The sky is the mother of my mother. The ocean is the father of my father. The desert is the sister I never had. The lighthouse and the darkness of the night were all the friends I ever had.

I am in the best place in the world where I could be.

I am in the best place in the world where anyone could be.

Filled only with my own company and my love for nature.

I wished she were like the sun. And that she illuminated all the shadows that exist in my mind, subconscious, soul, and skin.

I wished she were like the darkness that sustains the brightness of all the stars. She does not judge my feelings, perhaps because she feels them too.

And every day I could admire the sunset even if I were always alone.

Never again would I feel alone, lonely, or completely abandoned, as long as even a fragment of her remained in my mind, subconscious, or within my heart.

I do not know whether I love more what her clothes hide or what the shadows of her mind hide.

The remnants of the past still remain in our mind and subconscious. But the past took infinite years.

Within the heart or the mind there are infinitely more things than outside.

Everything we can see, touch, possess, or say is infinitely small compared to what we can feel or be.

Just as a small star or beam of light can illuminate the infinite darkness of the lonely night, she can also do the same thing with my mind, consciousness, subconscious, or imagination.

And all I wished most was that she could see some of those things that exist only within me.

Even in a small boat, in an infinite ocean and throughout all eternity, I would never feel alone if a small part of her still existed in my imagination.

Every day I would have reasons to wake up simply to look at the sky in the morning.

I wished all my tears were like rain.

Every time she hugs me, it feels as though the rays of sunlight were touching my skin.

Every time she touches me, it feels as though I were at the beach. Or so close to the sun.

In her hair I can navigate through all the seas.

In her eyes I can see all the butterflies, clouds, and waterfalls.

Within her soul I can navigate among all the stars and galaxies.

Her heart keeps only the good things within mine.

Her heart keeps within my heart only what is beautiful and sublime.

Her heart keeps within my heart only what is divine and sacred.

Her hands take me everywhere. And nowhere.

From this world I did not want money or fame. Only that my heart beat close to hers.

From this world I did not want applause nor many things... only that she could notice some quality in me, however small it might be.

In her imagination I am the dream that becomes real.

I could write all the books in the world. But none of them could say everything that exists within her eyes.

I could write every word in the world. Be the greatest poet of all seas and oceans. But nothing I could write would speak about her skin.

The only way to discover who I truly am and what exists in the depths of my soul is by finding her.

The only way to find her is by returning to the beach.

The only way I could open my eyes is if she managed to look at me.

Water and barriers have always existed within my mind. But only she can set things into motion or open the dams.

If I am everything that exists, she is movement and change. She is dance.

Only she can mix all my feelings together with hers.

Only she can mix all my thoughts and desires with hers.

Only she can mix and shuffle all my words together with hers.

As long as I exist there will always be a small memory of her. Whether through a tear reflecting sunlight or a ray crossing the infinite darkness of the night.

At every moment we live in the present, we are also living in the past. But the past, besides being infinite, is also fluid.

Only she can reveal our origins. And how far we can go.

Only she... can be the answer to all questions.

Only she can be the cure for all illnesses.

Only she can wipe away all my tears.

Only she can blend my consciousness.

Only she can direct her sweet voice toward me.

Only she can take me to the beach.

Only she can shorten the distance between the sky and the ocean.

Only she can see or notice what is good within me and remove everything that is not.

I wished to be only the mirror where she looks at herself.

I wished to be only the sounds approaching her imagination.

I wished to be only the rays of light approaching her eyes and skin.

I wished she were the beach. And I wished to be the sky and the ocean.

I wished she were only a feeling of serenity even within the infinite desert.

I wished our consciousnesses were always in the same place even though our hearts were always distant.

She is like a telescope that allows me to see all the stars that exist only in the depths of my soul.

She is like the metamorphosis of a butterfly that changes the way I see myself and the world.

She is like a vast map where all the stars and constellations are engraved. All the galaxies and desires.

She allows me to see the colors and forms the world always forbade me to see.

Only she can open the dams and keys that exist within my consciousness. But all the dam and the water were always myself.

As long as I am at the beach I will always be close to her. As long as I am close to her I will always be excessively close to the Sun and the Moon.

Only she can remove my blindfolds. But everything I can see already existed within me.

Only she can ignite the match or the fire. Instead of pain or suffering, she causes pleasure.

She allows me to see beautiful landscapes that exist only hidden behind my loneliness.

She shows me a mirror. But instead of seeing myself, I end up seeing only her states of consciousness.

The more I try to forget, the more I remember. The more I try to remember, the more I forget.

The movements of her body are the same as the sea's. The movements of her soul are the same as the stars and galaxies.

I wished to remain in the same state of consciousness forever. I wished my desire for her would never cease.

She is like a gallon of paint where all colors and feelings are mixed together.

She is like a lighthouse guiding the loneliest ocean.

I wished our hearts beat in the same rhythm as the ocean waves.

And even in loneliness and melancholy our hearts continue beating in the same rhythm.

And with her sweet hands I wished she could take me everywhere. To the sky, the ocean, the beach, and paradise. To all the stars and galaxies.

I know I could go far without leaving my place if my lips approached hers.

I wished she were the shortcut that could take me anywhere.

I wished she were the shortcut that could blend all my words and feelings.

All the colors that exist in nature also exist in her body.

Black and white. Green and blue. Yellow and red. All colors can exist in her body.

Our hearts and tears seem to have always remained distant. But we were always together in the same state of consciousness.

I know I could reach fullness or redemption if she could understand only one of my infinite contradictory or gelatinous feelings.

I only wished she could understand each of my small desires and contradictions. That she could understand that sometimes I like loneliness but never forget to think about her.

There are no reasons to complain about anything. I let the ocean take me wherever it wishes.

There are no reasons to complain. The imaginations I have of her seem as delicate as her skin.

There are no reasons to complain. My body is the ocean itself. My mind is the sky. And her desire is the beach.

The time when we do nothing and waste it is the most delicious. In it we are only cultivating all desires. In it we are contemplating all the stars that exist only in the depths of our soul.

Wasted time is the purest and most crystalline. Without it I could not imagine everything she has already imagined or desired.

And I know she can say every word in the world even while always remaining silent.

What matters most is what nobody can notice or observe. But everyone can imagine.

The tears of the sky make the soil fertile and I hope mine can fill the paper.

The same feeling I have when I look at the stars in the sky I feel when I look into her eyes.

The same feeling I have when crossing the beach I feel when approaching her skin.

The same feeling of seeing all the sunbeams I feel when imagining her dance and imagination.

I wished her sigh could tear the sky apart.

I wished her feelings could make the moon less shy.

I wished the sky blended with the ocean just as my body blends with hers.

I wished I could walk even barefoot.

The time when we do nothing is the most precious.

The time when we do nothing is as precious as imagining her naked.

I wished I had the courage to say something even if my mouth were excessively shy or cowardly.

In her eyes I see only the depths of my soul.

My only company was always loneliness. My mother, sister, love, and passion were always only loneliness. But within her heart I feel at home. Within her body I feel at home.

The beauty of sailing alone through the ocean and every day looking at the sky in the morning is the same feeling as her company.

And every wave of her body feels like a wave of the ocean.

And every small dance of hers is like... the metamorphosis and birth of a butterfly.

I wished her body were like the sky, where it is possible to contemplate the night and all the stars.

I wished every word in the world were created only by her mouth.

Would one single ray of light be enough to illuminate the immensity of the sky?

I wished only her hands could touch the sweetest melody.

I wished her body were like the ocean, where it is possible to dive without feeling time pass.

I wished all the waves of the sea existed within her soul.

I wished her body were like the beach.

Would just one drop be enough to completely fill the ocean?

I only wished to be a beam of sunlight.

I only wished to be one strand of her hair.

I wished all the things in the world were mixed together.

I wished all the things in the world became blended together.

I wished all feelings and words became one single thing. Like a gallon containing many shades of paint.

I wished it were possible to understand and unravel all of nature merely by understanding and unraveling her body.

I only wished she were my beach. My sky and my ocean. I only wished she were my telescope and my morning.

My whole life I have been searching for something that always existed inside and outside me.

Everything that seems distant has always been close.

Everything that has always been close was actually always distant.

The time when we are doing nothing seems the most important and precious.

The time when we did nothing was the time when we achieved our glory and redemption.

I wished all feelings and words became soft, gelatinous. And it would be naive to hold firmly onto anything. Because fluidity becomes the only solid thing and the only current.

I wished I could go far even while barefoot.

I wished it were possible to be loved. Even if only in a dream or imagination.

I wished it were possible to love. Even if only nature.

Our bodies were always distant. But our hearts always beat the same.

Our hands were always distant. But our minds were always moving in the same way.

I wished she were the beach.

I wished she were the sun.

I wished she were a rainbow.

And I wished to be only a mirror.

And I wished to be only the metamorphosis of a butterfly.

Our bodies were always distant. But our dance was always the same.

Our hands were always distant. But altered states of consciousness and melancholy always brought us closer.

I wished she were all the stars and galaxies. And I only a telescope.

I wished she were all the books of poetry. And I only her hands.

I wished there were no distances, borders, or differences between our bodies.

I wished there were no distances, borders, or differences between our minds.

Lost time feels as pleasurable in itself as a sigh.

I wished her body were the horizon. And I only the metamorphosis of a lonely butterfly.

There is nothing else in the world that we love more than the sky or the ocean.

I wished her dance were like the ocean waves.

I wished my poetry were like the crying of the sky or the sea.

I wished all our feelings and words blended together.

Our only allies are the morning sky and the sunset.

I wished all the things in the world became equal and blended.

I wished the border between my body and hers diminished.

I wished it were possible to see all the stars and galaxies simply by using her body as a telescope.

I wished it were possible to wander through the mountains, forests, and the most beautiful and sublime landscapes simply by caressing her body.

I wished it were possible to know the entire history of the world, humanity, and life simply by looking into her eyes.

I wished our consciousnesses and feelings were mixed together.

All I wanted was not to lose the desire to wait for her. Even if only in dreams.

All I wanted was not to lose the desire to wait for her. Even if reflected only through the rays of sunlight upon the sea waves, on a beach, or in a butterfly.

I wished there were something pleasurable even within the border.

I wished there were something delicately pleasurable even in the depths of imagination or the subconscious.

I wished there were something delicately pleasurable even at the bottom of the abyss or the well.

I wished my virginity brushed against shadows and lights that exist only within the depths of her mind and consciousness.

All I wanted was that there would no longer be any difference between her body and the beach.

I wished to see all the rainbows merely by looking into her eyes.

All I wanted was never to lose the desire to wait for her. Even eternally.

All I wanted was never again to feel loneliness even if I lived the rest of my life alone.

I wished the most sublime landscapes in the world existed within her body.

All I wanted was that if I touched her skin I could undergo the same metamorphosis as a butterfly.

All I wanted was for all our emotions to be mixed together as if they were a gallon of paint.

All I wanted was that there be no difference between my mind and the sky.

All I wanted was that there be no difference between my subconscious and the ocean.

All I wanted was that my loneliness be like the darkness of the sky that sustains all the stars.

The sky exists to cure all invisible illnesses.

The ocean exists to touch the skins that will never be caressed.

The desert exists to blind the eyes that will never be contemplated.

Her breast is a mountain. Her mouth is the sky. And her hair is the ocean.

The sailors of the soul can drown with only one tear or fill a cup only with silence.

Their greatest flaw is loneliness. Their greatest quality is loneliness.

Everything ends the same way it began.

There is nothing I love more than nature. And everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

All I wanted was that she and I existed everywhere. Even if only as a grain or a beam.

I wished to exist only so I could imagine her lights illuminating my soul and imagination.

There are things nobody knows the explanation for. Nobody ever will. But they can feel them on their skin.

Sometimes not thinking is better than thinking.

The past will always contain a tear and a smile within us.

I wished she could stir the sea that had always remained still.

The more ignorant, the wiser man is.

The blinder, the more man can see.

And what if every little thing in nature were like a small flirtation?

Only she can put all things into motion.

Translation III

[1] The body exists to say everything that words cannot.

[2] I wish there were no differences between my body and hers.

[3] I wish it were worth living just to gaze at the sky every morning.

[4] I wish the beach and the sky were like a woman's body.

[5] I wish the ocean were a woman's body.

[6] I wish it were worth living... Just to feel the beams of sunlight near my skin just like her warmth.

[7] I wish it were possible to say all the words and stories in the world just by approaching her mouth.

[8] I wish that in her eyes and on her skin were all the answers about the secrets of the world and about who I really am.

[9] Just as there is a pleasure in looking at a completely naked galaxy, there is also one in looking at her.

[10] Just as there is a charm in admiring the flight of a butterfly without shyness, without morality, filled with so many colors and desires, there is also a charm in seeing her dance, however much her movements are excessively slow or delicate.

[11] There is nothing in the world that I love more than nature.

[12] But everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

[13] She makes it so easy to get to all places and to nowhere.

[14] She makes it easy to reach so far even while standing still or with bare feet.

[15] She makes it so easy to remember and forget everything.

[16] She makes it so easy to open the eyes of those who were born blind.

[17] She makes it so easy for there to be no shadow in the soul.

[18] She makes dancing feel like the most natural and important thing in the world.

[19] The most important thing in the world to me is something that no one can see.

[20] The most important thing in the world to me is something that no one can avoid.

[21] Like the air one breathes or the heat of the sun.

[22] They achieved their great victory. But sometimes, everyone has already forgotten it.

[23] True wisdom is that of nature. And everything that man can say is only something infinitely small.

[24] Is the most important thing where I would like to reach or where others would?

[25] Is the most important thing what I feel or what others want to impose?

[26] The important thing is that it seems she managed to see my soul.

[27] The most important thing is that she managed to illuminate my soul.

[28] No matter what is said, felt, or imposed. There will always be the opposite thing that will never be destroyed.

[29] If loneliness, imagination, or desire did not exist, would love exist?

[30] If the ocean did not exist, would the sky exist?

[31] If there were no shadow or something hidden, would there be anything that lights could illuminate?

[32] Would there be anything more beautiful in life than living more for someone else than for oneself?

[33] Would there be anything more human than sacrificing oneself for someone even at the risk of gaining only melancholy and ingratitude in return?

[34] And I wish I could say that nature is such a generous hand that it allows the same sun that shines for her to also shine for me.

[35] And allows the same beach she can bathe in for me to also step upon.

[36] In her body there is the sky and the ocean. In her body there are mountains and forests.

[37] In her body there are butterflies, rainbows, and clouds. Stars and galaxies. In her body there is the beach and the bay.

[38] I wish it were worth living just to always remember her.

[39] I wish it were worth living just to pay attention to what she and nature have to say.

[40] I wish it were worth living to take seriously and into my heart only what the sky and the ocean had to tell me.

[41] The sky is my mother's mother. The ocean is my father's father.

[42] The desert is the sister I never had. The lighthouse and the darkness of the night were all the friends I ever had.

[43] I am in the best place in the world I could be.

[44] I am in the best place in the world anyone could be.

[45] Filled only by my company and by my love for nature.

[46] I wish she were like the sun. And would illuminate all the shadows that exist in my mind, subconscious, soul, and on my skin.

[47] I wish she were like the darkness that sustains the brightness of all the stars.

[48] She doesn't judge my feelings, perhaps because she feels them.

[49] And every day I could admire the sunset even if I were always alone.

[50] Never again would I feel alone, lonely, or completely abandoned.

[51] As long as a fragment of her remained in my mind, subconscious, or inside my heart.

[52] I don't know if I love more what her clothes hide or what the shadows of her mind hide.

[53] Remnants of the past are still in our mind and subconscious. But the past took infinite years.

[54] Inside the heart or the mind there are infinitely more things than on the outside.

[55] Everything we can see, touch, have, or say is infinitely small compared to what we can feel or be.

[56] Just as a small star or beam of light can illuminate the infinite darkness of the lonely night, she can also do the same thing, but with my mind, consciousness, subconscious, or imagination.

[57] And all I would like most is that she could see some of these things that only exist inside me.

[58] Even in a small boat, in an infinite ocean and for all eternity, I would never feel alone if a small part of her were still in my imagination.

[59] Every day I would have reasons to wake up just to look at the sky in the morning.

[60] I wish all my tears were like the rain.

[61] Every time she embraces me, it's as if the beams of sunlight were touching my skin.

[62] Every time she touches me, it's as if I were at the beach. Or so close to the sun.

[63] In her hair I can navigate through all the seas.

[64] In her eyes I can see all the butterflies, clouds, and waterfalls.

[65] In her soul I can navigate among all the stars and galaxies.

[66] Her heart keeps only the good things inside mine.

[67] Her heart keeps in my heart only that which is beautiful and sublime.

[68] Her heart keeps in my heart only that which is divine and sacred.

[69] Her hands take me to all places. And to none.

[70] From this world I didn't want money or fame. But only that my heart would beat near hers.

[71] From this world I didn't want applause or much of anything... Only that she could notice some quality of mine, however small it might be.

[72] In her imagination I am the dream that becomes real.

[73] I could write all the books in the world. But none of them could say everything that exists inside her eyes.

[74] I could write all the words in the world. Be the greatest poet of all the seas and oceans.

[75] But nothing I could write could speak about her skin.

[76] The only way to find out who I really am and what is in the depths of my soul is by meeting her.

[77] The only way to find her is by returning to the beach.

[78] The only way to manage to open my eyes is if she could look at me.

[79] Water and barriers have always existed in my mind.

[80] But only she can set things in motion or open the dams.

[81] If I am everything that exists, she is the movement and the change. She is the dance.

[82] Only she can mix all my feelings together with hers.

[83] Only she can mix all my thoughts and desires with hers.

[84] Only she can mix and scramble all my words with hers.

[85] As long as I exist, there will always be a small memory of her. Whether through a tear that reflects the sunlight or a beam that crosses the infinite darkness of the night.

[86] At every moment we are living the present, we are also living the past.

[87] But the past, besides being infinite, is also fluid.

[88] Only she can reveal our origins. And how far we can reach.

[89] Only she... can be the answer to all questions.

[90] Only she can be the cure for all infirmities.

[91] Only she can dry all my tears.

[92] Only she can mix my consciousness.

[93] Only she can direct her sweet voice toward me.

[94] Only she can take me to the beach.

[95] Only she can shorten the distance between the sky and the ocean.

[96] Only she can see or notice what is good inside me and remove all that is not.

[97] I just wanted to be the mirror where she looks at herself.

[98] I just wanted to be the sounds that approach her imagination.

[99] I just wanted to be the beams of light that approach her eyes and skin.

[100] I wish she were the beach. And I wish to be the sky and the ocean.

[101] I wish she were just a feeling of serenity even in the infinite desert.

[102] I wish our consciousnesses were always in the same place although our hearts were always distant.

[103] She is like a telescope that allows me to see all the stars that only exist in the depths of my soul.

[104] She is like the metamorphosis of a butterfly that manages to change the way I see myself and the world.

[105] She is like a vast map where all the stars and constellations are engraved. All the galaxies and desires.

[106] She allows me to see the colors and forms that the world always forbade me.

[107] Only she can open the dams and keys that exist in my consciousness.

[108] But the whole dam and the water were always myself.

[109] As long as I was at the beach I will always be near her. As long as I am near her I will always be excessively close to the Sun and the Moon.

[110] Only she can take off my blindfolds. But everything I manage to see already existed inside myself.

[111] Only she can light the match or the fire. Instead of pain or suffering, she causes pleasure.

[112] She allows me to see beautiful landscapes that only exist hidden behind my loneliness.

[113] She shows me a mirror. But instead of seeing myself I end up only seeing her states of consciousness.

[114] The more I try to forget, the more I remember. The more I try to remember, the more I forget.

[115] The movements of her body are the same as the sea.

[116] The movements of her soul are the same as the stars and galaxies.

[117] I wish to remain in the same state of consciousness forever. I wish my desire for her would never cease.

[118] She is like a gallon of paint where all colors and feelings are mixed.

[119] She is like a lighthouse guiding the loneliest ocean.

[120] I wish our hearts would beat in the same rhythm as the ocean waves.

[121] And even in loneliness and melancholy our hearts continue beating in the same rhythm.

[122] And with her sweet hands I would like her to take me to all places.

[123] To the sky, the ocean, the beach, and paradise. To all the stars and galaxies.

[124] I know I could reach far even without leaving the spot. If my lips approached hers.

[125] I wish she were the shortcut that could take me anywhere.

[126] I wish she were the shortcut that could mix all my words and feelings.

[127] All the colors that exist in nature also exist in her body.

[128] Black, white. Green, blue. Yellow and red.

[129] All colors can exist in her body.

[130] Our hearts and tears seem to have always remained distant. But we were always together in the same state of consciousness.

[131] I know I could reach plenitude or redemption if she could understand just one of my infinite contradictory or gelatinous feelings.

[132] I just wanted her to be able to understand each of my small desires and contradictions.

[133] That she could understand that sometimes I like solitude but I don't forget to think of her.

[134] There is no reason to complain about anything. I let the ocean take me wherever it wants.

[135] There is no reason to complain. The imaginations I have of her seem as delicate as her skin.

[136] There is no reason to complain. My body is the ocean itself. My mind is the sky.

[137] And her desire is the beach.

[138] The time when we do nothing and waste it is the most delicious. In it we are just cultivating all desires.

[139] In it we are contemplating all the stars that only exist in the depths of our soul.

[140] Wasted time is the purest and most crystalline. Without it I could not imagine everything she has already imagined or desired.

[141] And I know she can say all the words in the world even while remaining always in silence.

[142] The most important thing is that which no one can notice or observe. But everyone can imagine.

[143] The tears of the sky make the soil fertile and I hope mine can fill the paper.

[144] The same sensation I have when I look at the stars in the sky I have when I look into her eyes.

[145] The same sensation I have when I cross the beach I have when I approach her skin.

[146] The same sensation of seeing all the beams of sunlight I have when I imagine her dance and her imagination.

[147] I wish her sigh were capable of tearing the sky.

[148] I wish her feelings were capable of making the moon less shy.

[149] I wish the sky would mix with the ocean just as my body with hers.

[150] I wish I could walk even with bare feet.

[151] The time when we do nothing is the most precious.

[152] The time when we do nothing is as precious as imagining her naked.

[153] I wish I had the courage to say something even if my mouth were excessively shy or cowardly.

[154] In her eyes I see only the depths of my soul.

[155] My only company has always been solitude. My mother, sister, love, and passion was always only solitude.

[156] But inside her heart I feel at home. But inside her body I feel at home.

[157] The beauty of navigating alone through the ocean and every day looking at the sky in the morning is the same sensation as her company.

[158] And each wave of her body is as if it were a wave of the ocean.

[159] And each small dance of hers is like... the metamorphosis and birth of a butterfly.

[160] I wish her body were like the sky. Where it is possible to contemplate the night and all the stars.

[161] I wish all the words in the world were created only by her mouth.

[162] Would a single beam of light be enough to illuminate the immensity of the sky?

[163] I wish that only her hands could touch the sweetest melody.

[164] I wish her body were like the ocean. Where it is possible to dive without feeling time pass.

[165] I wish that in her soul existed all the waves of the sea.

[166] I wish her body were like the beach.

[167] Would just one drop be enough to totally fill the ocean?

[168] I just wanted to be a beam of sunlight.

[169] I just wanted to be a strand of her hair.

[170] I wish all the things in the world were mixed.

[171] I wish all the things in the world became mixed.

[172] I wish all feelings and words became one single thing.

[173] Like a gallon with various shades of paint.

[174] I wish it were possible to understand and unravel all of nature just by understanding and unraveling her body.

[175] I just wanted her to be my beach. My sky and ocean.

[176] I just wanted her to be my telescope and my morning.

[177] My whole life I have been searching for something that has always existed inside and outside of me.

[178] Everything that seems distant has always been close.

[179] Everything that has always been close has in fact always been distant.

[180] The time in which we are doing nothing seems the most important and precious.

[181] The time in which we did nothing was the time where we reached our glory and redemption.

[182] I wish all feelings and words would become soft, gelatinous. And it would be naive to hold firmly onto something.

[183] Because fluidity becomes the only solid thing and the only current.

[184] I wish I could reach far even with bare feet.

[185] I wish it were possible to be loved. Even if in a dream or imagination.

[186] I wish it were possible to love. Even if it were only nature.

[187] Our bodies were always distant. But our hearts always beat the same.

[188] Our hands were always distant. But our minds were always in the same movement.

[189] I wish she were the beach.

[190] I wish she were the sun.

[191] I wish she were a rainbow.

[192] And I wanted to be only a mirror.

[193] And I wanted to be only the metamorphosis of a butterfly.

[194] Our bodies were always distant. But our dance was always the same.

[195] Our hands were always distant. But alternate states of consciousness and melancholy always brought us closer.

[196] I wish she were all the stars and galaxies. And I just a telescope.

[197] I wish she were all the books of poetry. And I just her hands.

[198] I wish there were no distances, borders, or differences between our bodies.

[199] I wish there were no distances, borders, or differences between our minds.

[200] Lost time seems as pleasurable in itself as a sigh.

[201] I wish her body were the horizon. And I just the metamorphosis of a lonely butterfly.

[202] There is no other thing in the world that we love more than the sky or ocean.

[203] I wish her dance were like the ocean waves.

[204] I wish my poetry were like the weeping of the sky or the sea.

[205] I wish all our feelings and words would mix.

[206] Our only allies are the sky in the morning and the sunset.

[207] I wish all the things in the world would become equal and mixed.

[208] I wish the border between my body and hers would diminish.

[209] I wish it were possible to see all the stars and galaxies just using her body as a telescope.

[210] I wish it were possible to stroll through the mountains, forests, and the most beautiful and sublime landscapes just by caressing her body.

[211] I wish it were possible to know all the history of the world, of humanity, and of life just by looking into her eyes.

[212] I wish our consciousnesses and feelings were mixed.

[213] All I wanted was not to lose the will to wait for her. Even if only in dreams.

[214] All I wanted was not to lose the will to wait for her.

[215] Even if reflected only by the beams of sunlight in the ocean waves, on a beach or a butterfly.

[216] I wish there were something pleasurable even on the border.

[217] I wish there were something pleasurable even in the depths of imagination or subconsciousness.

[218] I wish there were something delicately pleasurable even in the depths of the abyss or the well.

[219] I wish my virginity brushed against shadows and lights that only exist in the depths of her mind and consciousness.

[220] All I wanted was that there would be no more difference between her body and the beach.

[221] I wish to see all the rainbows just by looking into her eyes.

[222] All I wanted was not to lose the will to wait for her. Even if eternally.

[223] All I wanted was never again to feel loneliness even if I lived the rest of my life alone.

[224] I wish that in her body existed the most and sublime landscapes that exist in this world.

[225] All I wanted is that if I touched her skin I could undergo the same metamorphosis of a butterfly.

[226] All I wanted was that all our emotions were mixed as if they were a gallon of paint.

[227] All I wanted is that there would be no difference between my mind and the sky.

[228] All I wanted is that there would be no difference between my subconsciousness and the ocean.

[229] All I wanted is that my loneliness were like the darkness of the sky that sustains all the stars.

[230] The sky exists to cure all the diseases that are invisible.

[231] The ocean exists to touch the skins that will never be caressed.

[232] The desert exists to blind the eyes that will never be contemplated.

[233] Her breast is a mountain. Her mouth is the sky. And her hair is the ocean.

[234] The sailors of the soul can drown with just one tear or fill a glass with only silence.

[235] Their greatest defect is loneliness. Their greatest quality is loneliness.

[236] Everything ends the same way it began.

[237] There is nothing that I love more than nature.

[238] And everything that exists in nature also exists in her body.

[239] All I wanted was that she and I were everywhere.

[240] Even if it were just a grain or a beam.

[241] I wish to exist only to be able to imagine her lights illuminating my soul and imagination.

[242] there are things that no one knows the explanation for. never will. but can feel on the skin

[243] Sometimes not thinking is better than thinking

[244] The past will always have a tear and a smile inside us.

[245] I wish she would stir the sea that always remained still.

[246] The more ignorant, the wiser man is.

[247] The blinder, the more man can see.

[248] And what if every small thing in nature were like a little flirtation?

[249] Only she can set all things in motion.

[250] I wish that not only the sky were sacred, but also the ocean. I wish her body were a path to paradise, or at least to the beach. Every time the sun touches my skin, I feel the sensation of her embracing me. Every time I look at the stars and galaxies in the sky, I see something as beautiful as her.