

Penumbra, The Young Martyr

I remember
Your heavenly face underwater
Admiring its whiteness
Under the moon rays
And the life going out
Of your magnificent wounds

Wraps up of red your naked flesh
On your pearly nails, the subdued light
Gleam under water in a deep silence
And your veins, in a complex network
Draw on your skin tree roots

You who sleep for ever
In your cold shroud
Shall the disgrace fall on
Your holy misfortune

Which sentences for its crime
Your suicided spirit
And puts on its face
An accusing appearance

You, who sleep for ever
In your cold shroud
Shall the disgrace fall on
Your holy misfortune

Your dark hair, as an oil slick
Stays on the surface, refusing to sink

It tries to make believe of a last hope
It dances on the waves, unlifted, unlifted