

Verónica Vázquez

I'm seeking for hands a new word
That would plant energy in a force field,
Would render to metal its crown.
I assemble, I classify, I mix,
And start all over.
I tie wires of thought
To fingers dipped in something solid.
I cruise in passion,
Direction is the cruising itself.
Words rain from the palms,
The discarded superfluous
Is once again necessary
Everything changes
Everything remains as it is.