

For Armando Fuentes Aguirre

There is in the cemetery of Abrego (Abrega?) a tomb.

If we are able to listen through the breeze that rustles the branches of the trees, we hear this:

They come here, the sons of the sons of my sons

And they place their hands on the stone that has the letters of my name.

They do not know that I am not here.

There are, in their blood, drops of mine.

And I am also in the bird that sings,

And in the little lizard that scampers between the stones,

And in the branch of herb that grows at the edge of the road,

And in the dirt that parts to receive the seed,

And in the water that flows in silence through the deep veins of the earth.

And I am also in the eyes of a child that they do not know.

They come to visit a dead one.

For the life in which I am now, I give thanks.

But I wish them to know that there is no death here, because there is no death.

All in the world is life, even death.

They will know this when they die.

They will know this when they begin to live in another time.

There is in the cemetery of Abrega (Abrego?) a tomb. We will know that it is a tomb if we are able to listen through the breeze that rustles the branches of the trees.

Until tomorrow!