

WITH HIS STUDIO IN THE LUGGAGE

It's not about getting
there first, but together,
because the race is to eternity.

The windows of the house collect sunshine and transform it to sprinkle the green spikes with flowers. The breeze caresses the prairies combing and uncombing the smoothness of the stems, and their ostentatious red spots make the fields blush. Beyond that, in between the willows, acacias, and eucalyptus trees one can see the greenness of the savannah extending just to the point where the mountain ridges begin to climb. These appear as enchanted cities in the midst of white clouds that escaped from the blue of the sky.

From the distance come the rainbows, which carried by the sun penetrate day after day with new colorful shades in their sacks, and rejoicing with the walls they embrace this white shirt and welcome me.

Everything remains here, even the things that were thrown out and that I never sketched on paper come back to my memory, because the wish to live in a world full of privileges can not get lost in the skies, in the rivers, in the mountains, in the prairies; there is no crack in this Earth through which they can escape.

El color de los pasos que hacemos

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