

I sense the time
has come, yet I am
not quite sure
for what.

It feels cold being
continually stuck
fast to this damp
floor. I sense that
this reality is, more
than ever, an im-
mense criminal
conspiracy, a sen-
seless and sinister
machination.

The line of the hori-
zon has become the
rope from which
hang the bodies of
the ten people who
commit suicide in
Spain each day.

In the same way
that wealth accu-
mulates, so does
misery. Where
both reign, what is
righteous is insis-
tently destroyed.

Words and things
no longer resem-
ble one another,
nothing means
nothing and a new
prime minister re-
sembles the former
just as one police
officer resembles
the next. Even so,
I am alive.

A murmur made up
of cries interrupts
the piped music
with which they
beat us. Somebody
will take the floor.
That somebody
who is each and
everyone of us.

I do not know if
there is an alter-
native but I sense
there is a bifurca-
tion. The time has
come means that
we have already
reached this
bifurcation.

**I feel more strongly than ever
before that my presentiments
are true.**