

## Snake

I

Stand up,

look over there

What do you see?

I see the lake, the volcanoes, the clouds

I see the tree where woodpeckers make their home,

the wind in their wings

Do you see how the mountain rises and falls, and then rises again?

What does it resemble?

The waves of the sea, the undulations of the river,

the tongues of fire

There is the Great Serpent,

- said the Elder, his hand on my back –

Wherever you go, you'll always find her,

ceaseless movement of life.

II

The slight movement

gives way to a redblackyellow glare,

to a sinuous moist skin,

to eyes that don't blink

The body a stone monolith,

the heart a frantic hare,

the mouth dry

in face of the unexpected encounter

An eternal gaze

passes

in

a

few

seconds

What do I own besides this moment?,

asks my death with a viperous tongue

Will any oracle still hold meaning for me?

She continues her journey

and the questions of the Sky

remain like her old skin

now visible in the bushes

**III**

The Elder slides his hand inside my brain

He traces grooves with his precise fingers

Pulls out a black mass

Throws it into the fire

We dance

The roar of ten thousand lions wakes me from slumber

The wife, beside me, sleeps peacefully

Restless I step into the garden

Beneath the full moon, a kingdom of ivory or bone

in perfect silence

Am I the only one awake?

The owl hoots and nobody answers

On the horizon, a fiery column  
announces the cry of the Heart of the Earth  
that shakes even the clouds

The Great Serpent spews fire from its mouth  
A part of me wants to plunge into its crater,  
to burn in it

Humble as one who doesn't own his death,  
I bow and kiss the earth, in gratitude  
before returning to the house,  
to the wife,  
to dreaming