



On this planet

The afternoon rides on
His silver snail
On dissected paths
By summer dust
On a planet that doesn't tastes
Like almond nougat
Where wars do not seem
Threats but promises
Where watches are built
With turtle shells
Indifferent to time

The snow of the mountains
Melt like sherbet
Melt into tears
Nestled in the moss
Who suffers from asthma
And the sweat of the rocks
That became addicted to sun

You have to make the bets
Very cautiously
Because, in this casino, good sense
And sanity look at each other
Out of the corner of their eyes
From their opposite trenches

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