



## In Passing

What will happen  
when life overflow  
between the lines of your hands  
if the magician who deluded you  
confused his dreams  
with eternity in his hat?

Under what tree  
can I wait for the moon  
to pollinate your smile  
to not forget  
that life is a promise  
that one day we will break?

What color will have  
the afternoon  
when all of the mirrors  
all clocks  
agree to defy time  
and only reflect your memories?

**To Berta Navarro**

Edgar Bueno

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