

## Evening

The trees are dark ruins of temples,  
seeking excuses to tremble  
since who knows when—  
their roofs are cracked,  
their doors lost to ancient winds.  
And the sky is a priest,  
saffron marks on his forehead,  
ashes smeared on his body.  
He sits by the temples, worn to a shadow, not looking up.

Some terrible magician, hidden behind curtains,  
has hypnotized Time  
so this evening is a net  
in which the twilight is caught.  
Now darkness will never come—  
and there will never be morning.

The sky waits for this spell to be broken,  
for history to tear itself from this net,  
for Silence to break its chains  
so that a symphony of conch shells  
may wake up to the statues  
and a beautiful, dark goddess,  
her anklets echoing, may unveil herself.