

Nuño Aguirre

ACACIAS

I am.

Only I am.

My roots are the world.

I'll stay watching the fight of mental deer.

I'll stay watching the fight.

I'll stay watching.

Inside. The immensity

of eyes shut.

Without eyes.

Inhalation.

Exhalation.

Shavings from the tree of air.

I'll stay watching.

I'll stay watching the fallen leaves.

I'll stay watching the fallen leaves

become an idea.

What about the ash?

The boundaries of the inside.

And inside, the boundaries of the world.

The ask me about myself: I
answer without myself.

Afterwards, meticulously,
I remove the tiny flowers that grow up in my beard.

There is existence.
Is there existence?

.That's fine.
For now
let's explore this step.

And the floor?

You ask me about myself. I
answer without myself.
So that your existence doesn't drag me
to the liquid shore of the river.

And we run aground.

There is a body, here, sitting,
just like there is a mind, somewhere there, floating.
There is an intermittent gravity trying to tie them
together

There is consistence in the watching silence.
There is slowness.
There is space.

Balanced.

I don't need any support.

The column of air.

The column of air.

The column

of air.

The column of

air.

Rowboats pass by.

The water agitates

and then calms down.

Floating.

Floating under the river.

Like sediment.

Face up

watching the rowboats pass by.

Sitting on the shore,

without blinking,

he who dreams the rowboats

remains.

Tangled in the insistence of thoughts.
Unable to fly.
Face up, waiting for the grace.

The pain of a body is in its bones.
The bones only exist in the mind.
The pain of the mind is in the mind.

Ignoring the insistence of thoughts.
Following the cloudy trail of the idea of flying.
Face up, absorbing the rain.

Let's leave the body alone.
Let the noise propagate through the nerves,
let it reach the centre of serenity.

It is of no importance.
Only I am.
The rest appears.

The wind combs the acacias.

The gaze liquefies thought.

Breathing

extinguishes.

The wind combs the acacias.

Wind with acacias.

The stroller adds the thorns, the brightness

imposes movement to the air

surrounding the acacias.

Breathing is an accomplice.

The gaze is active.

The wind combs the acacias.