

GINO d'ARTALI  
dichter

Juárez.

Juárez,  
where surrealisme rules  
or so one says,  
pointing out signs  
on rock and bark.

Where I only see  
bloodstains  
of another young life  
smashed.

Yes I do  
visit the ladies bars  
and wonder:  
whom will she marry first:  
the narco or the corrupt politician?  
What difference is there anyway  
both selling opium to the people.

Yes I do  
buy chicklets from children lost  
and wonder if ever it will help  
to chase the bitter taste on my lips  
in fear of finding them  
dead on the street.

Juárez,  
where I live  
and dream,  
or at least  
try to fulfill my dreams,  
however too often haunted  
by the indescribable.

Surrealism?  
Escapism?

Quien sabe!

Me vale madre!