

And the Canaanite was then in the land of Egypt.

Chile's political situation was in turmoil at the end of words,  
and the electricity of her beauty.

The gay young men and the branches of the heart.

Under your skin the moon, to the oil, next to the battles in  
every gateway – loves and threats – that live slumbering.

And he said, Behold the fire honours peace with its thighs.

In December it goes wild the tomato, invades kitchens,  
infiltrates lunches, settles itself quietly on sideboards, among  
glasses, butter-dishes, blue salt-shakers.

And she said, I, so the Project (and you leave for the night  
bolted home its heavenly bolt.

She watched us, and someone, with my spirit.

Then, with the increase of all your hair touched by darkness,  
of thy son's mandrakes.

And they said, Thou shalt not give me a place underground, a  
man.