

Grasshopper

Between the songs of the wind  
Thinking of nothing  
Desiring nothing more  
Than to make that next step.

I march...

Hope I am in the right direction...  
But it does not matter  
The earth is round

We always end up home  
At the point we started  
Storms do not deviate us  
Nor the rivers, nor the seas  
No broken crevices  
No polar bears.

I don't know where I was born  
But, if I had to make a guess,  
It would be:  
"In the Mind of God"

I don't know when will I die  
But if I have to make a guess  
It would be:  
"In my return to Him"

We love each other like Father and Child  
He has one concern and only one:  
That I Return Home to Him.

Death is a farce because  
It is totally safe!

I walk slow  
Grasshoppers celebrate their songs  
Monotone but perfectly harmonic.

Oh Grasshoppers!  
How innocent you are  
No anger,  
No malice  
Only life  
Only singing

As I child I loved you so much  
And I still do!  
But I don't see you any more  
Because you are not so deranged  
As to live in asphalt's jungles  
You have no bank accounts  
You do not accumulate anything  
Other than your daily meal of grass.

You don't fight holy wars,  
Glorious wars  
Religious wars  
Heroic wars  
Fratricidal wars  
To find out who is the Macho-Of-Them-All.  
"God-by-Usurpation"

You just live in total innocence  
Enjoy the wind and the green grass  
Sometimes you cry in silent pain  
But more often sing in joy  
Of knowing that one day  
When He wishes  
You too my lovely friends  
Will return Home  
Without having gone to a single mass  
A single "glorious war"  
A single communion  
Without any other penance  
Than having lived your lives  
As He told you

No penance for you.  
No Purgatory for you  
No hell for you  
Because the doors of heaven  
Never closed behind you.

You did not leave in rebellion  
God Himself turned the key  
And gave you the freedom  
Of being what you are:  
A humble, simple Child of God:  
A grasshopper!

I wish I were one of you my brother and friend!

Joaquin