

## El Búho

Blanco White

In the night I hear them call, Move in the dark, their shapes unfold,  
In these eyes I quiver, darker still In closed doors. Don't speak like you were there,  
One is here, I feel its stare Rumoured still, and hidden by the sightless Who have seen

If I lay my head down, Don't blame the light's power, Or those who claimed it from me

This time I'm torn, please wake me if I lose that face. Search in these eyes.  
There's still fire in the darkness And rooms of light

Still I dream in greens and blues, Days that break and skies that move,  
Memory's eyes that quiver, Bound in spheres of milk and glass. Don't speak like you were there,  
One is here, I feel its stare Rumoured still, and hidden by the sightless Who have seen

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