

## The Young Martyr

Penumbra

I remember  
Your heavenly face underwater  
Admiring its whiteness  
Under the moon rays  
And the life going out  
Of your magnificent wounds  
Wraps up of red your naked flesh

On your pearly nails, the subdued light  
Gleam under water in a deep silence  
And your veins, in a complex network  
Draw on your skin tree roots

You who sleep for ever  
In your cold shroud  
Shall the disgrace fall on  
Your holy misfortune

Which sentences for its crime  
Your suicided spirit  
And puts on its face  
An accusing appearance

You, who sleep for ever  
In your cold shroud  
Shall the disgrace fall on  
Your holy misfortune

Your dark hair, as an oil slick  
Stays on the surface, refusing to sink  
It tries to make believe of a last hope  
It dances on the waves, unlifed, unlifed