

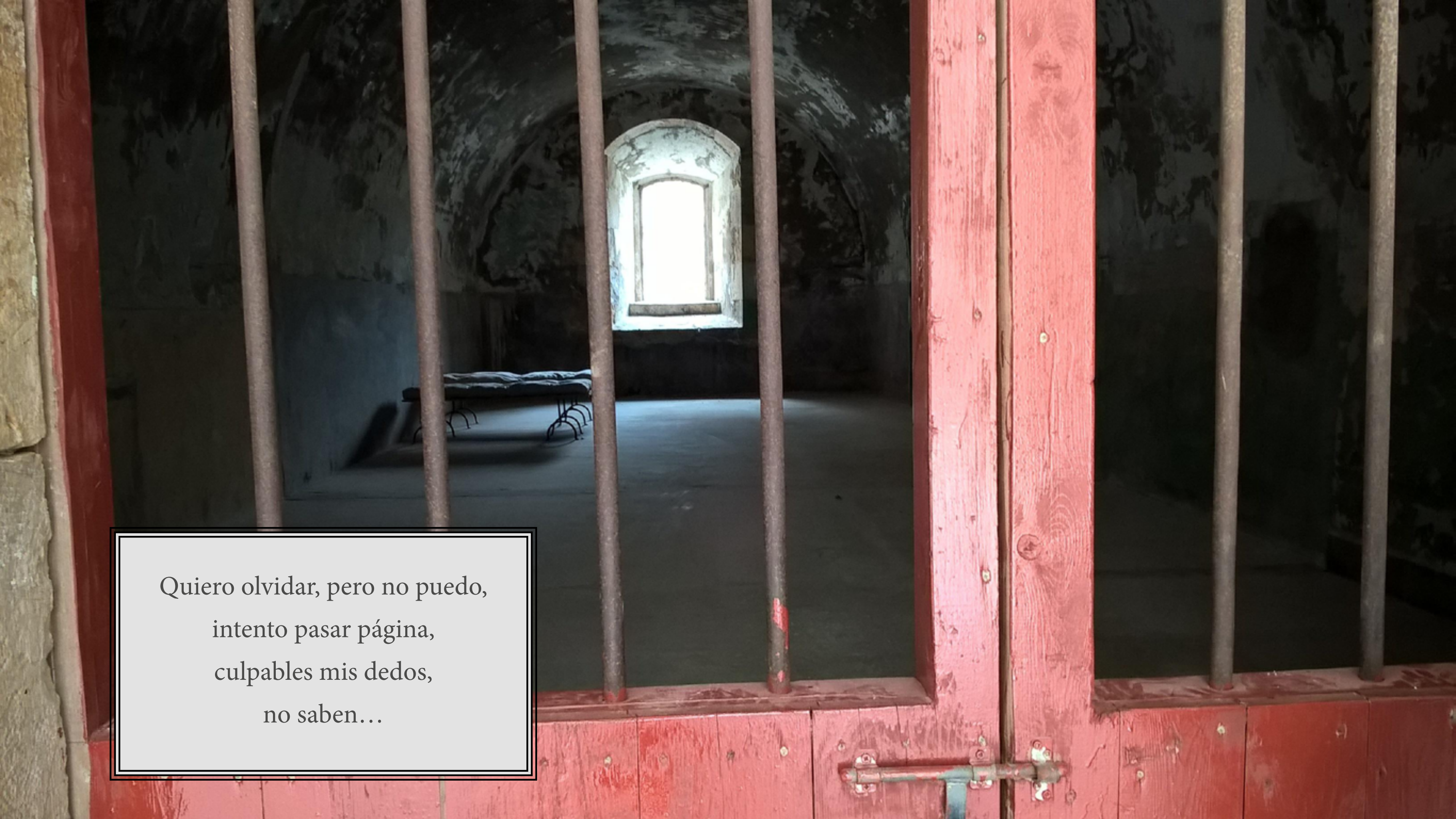


REDIPEROFICIAL

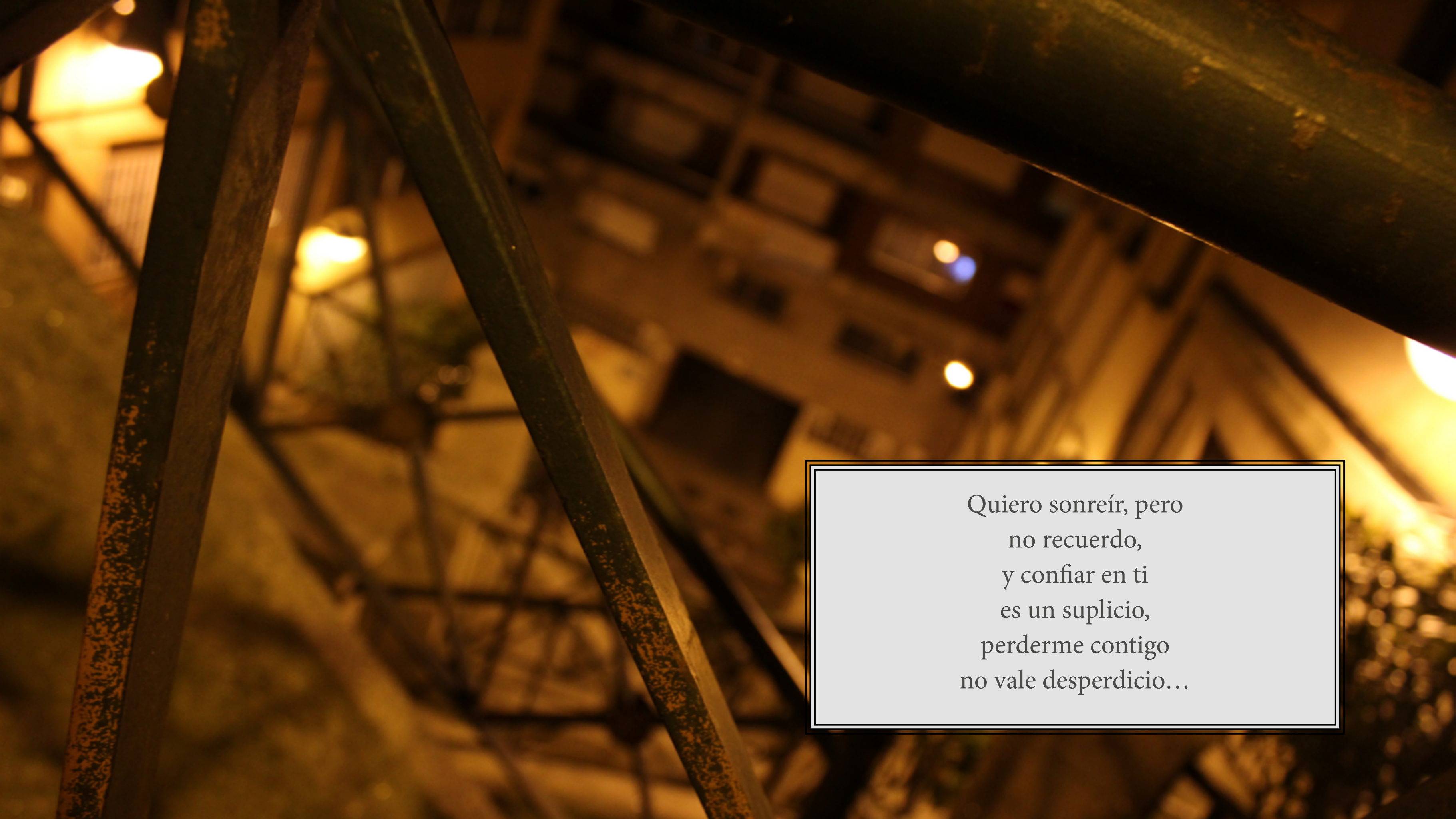




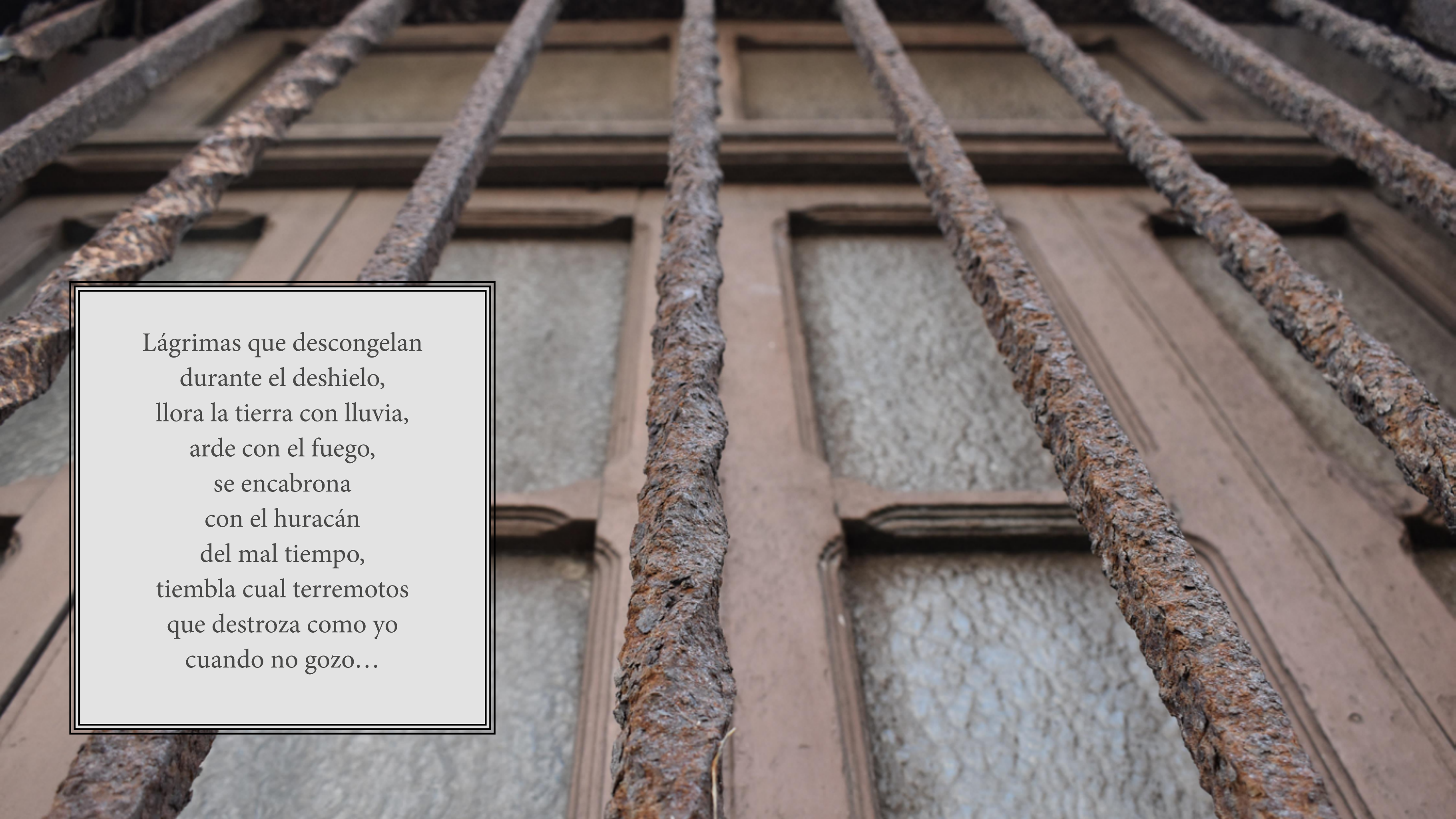
BARROTES ME FRENAN




Quiero olvidar, pero no puedo,
intento pasar página,
culpables mis dedos,
no saben...




Quiero sonreír, pero
no recuerdo,
y confiar en ti
es un suplicio,
perderme contigo
no vale desperdicio...

The background of the image shows several thick, rusted metal bars or rods running diagonally across the frame. They are set against a wooden structure that appears to be a formwork or a scaffolding, with horizontal wooden planks visible. The lighting is somewhat dim, highlighting the texture of the rust and the grain of the wood.

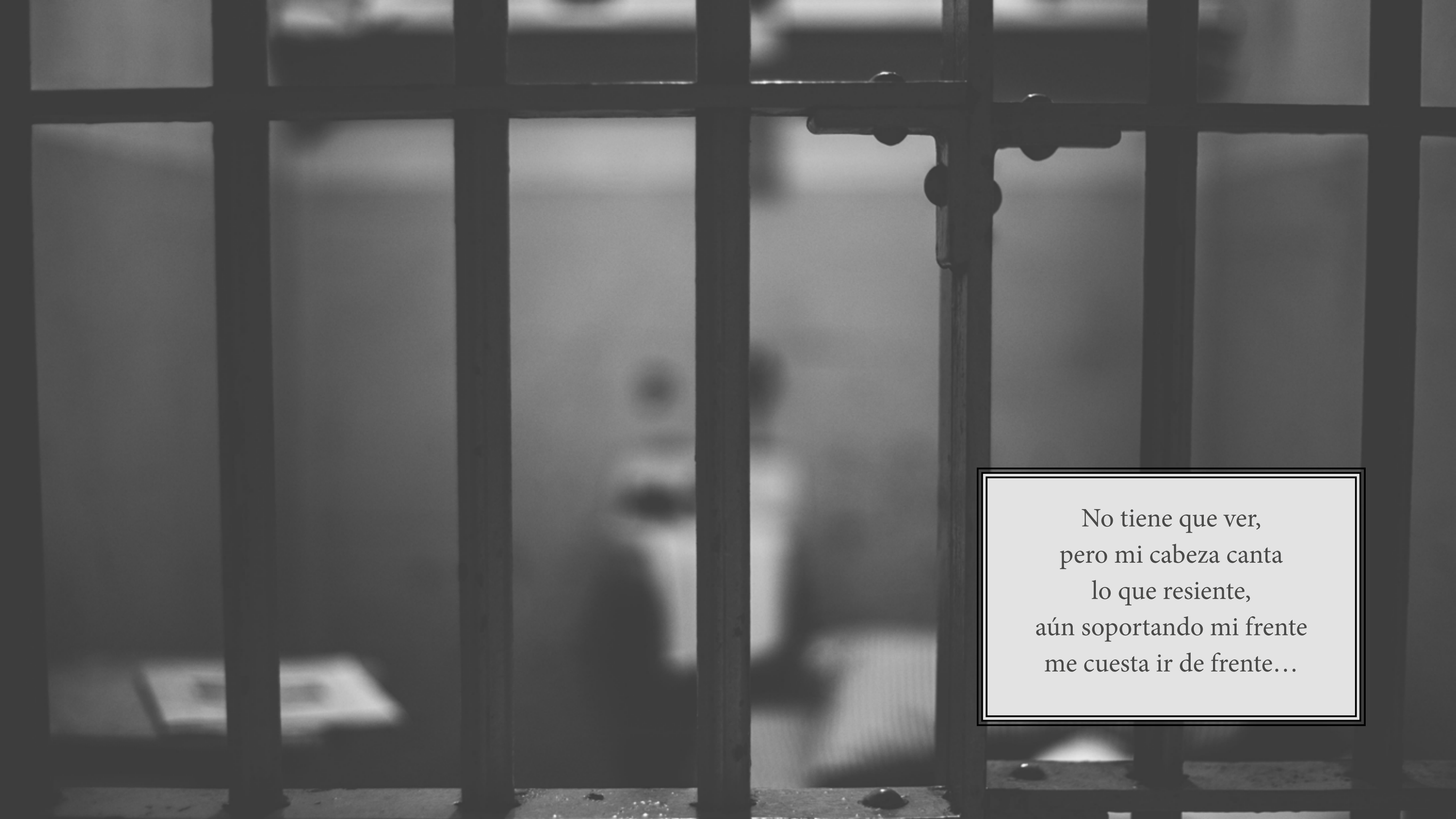
Lágrimas que descongelan
durante el deshielo,
llora la tierra con lluvia,
arde con el fuego,
se encabrona
con el huracán
del mal tiempo,
tiembla cual terremotos
que destroza como yo
cuando no gozo...




La losa rota,
apagadas las farolas,
en la calle mierdas de perros,
y árboles, contenedores
y paredes como sus meaderos...

A black and white photograph of a hand holding a rope, with a text box overlaid on the left side. The hand is in the foreground, holding a rope that runs vertically. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a boat's mast and rigging. The text is enclosed in a double-lined rectangular box.

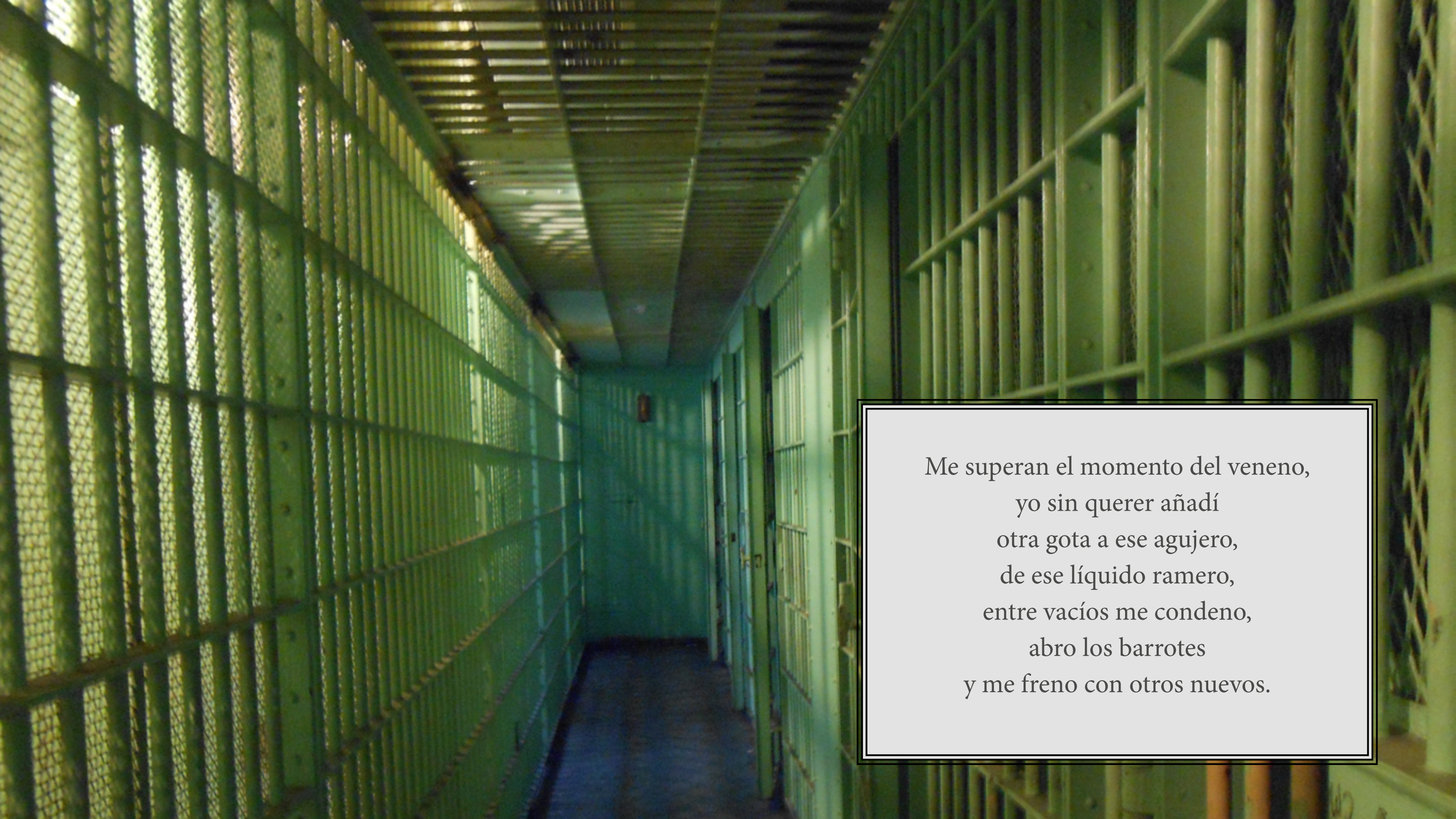
Qué es la vida
si no pasar el rato,
hasta que la muerte
te reciba bienvenida...

A black and white photograph showing a person behind vertical metal bars, likely in a prison. The person's face is partially visible through the bars, looking directly at the camera. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

No tiene que ver,
pero mi cabeza canta
lo que resiente,
aún soportando mi frente
me cuesta ir de frente...

The image shows the interior of a large, circular prison building. A central staircase with a metal railing leads up to the upper levels. The walls are made of brick and feature arched windows and doorways. The ceiling is high and has a complex metal structure with a central skylight. The overall atmosphere is institutional and somewhat somber.

No me molan las frentas,
supongo que escucharon,
pero no entendieron,
que sufro la superación
como vital reto...

A photograph of a prison corridor. The walls and ceiling are made of metal bars, creating a grid-like pattern. The floor is dark and polished. The lighting is dim, with some light coming from the ceiling. The perspective is looking down the corridor.

Me superan el momento del veneno,
yo sin querer añadí
otra gota a ese agujero,
de ese líquido ramero,
entre vacíos me condeno,
abro los barrotes
y me freno con otros nuevos.

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POEMARIO

Tienda



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Donar



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