

HAY días en que la calle es el lugar más desangelado de la tierra.

Sales de tu casa y, aunque la gente no te deje pasar, aunque  
tengas que andar buscando tu sitio en la acera, para ti  
no hay nadie, estás sola y te encoges.

Será que los ángeles también esperan en la cola del paro.

Será que unas vidas valen menos que otras.

Será que dormir en la calle también tiene su gracia.

Será que me encanta desnudarme.

Será que la luz negra ha abandonado el infierno de los moluscos.

Será que el amor en dosis pequeñas es más puro.

Será que hoy no es un día especial.

Será que te has vestido de amarillo.

Será que no hay que abrazar tanto porque el reuma.

Será que, si respiro, tú me odias y, si callo, me obligas.

Será que la cama es demasiado estrecha, que hay demasiados  
problemas en tu trabajo, que el tiempo no da para todo, que la  
brisa me levanta dolor de alma.

Hay días en los que mi cuerpo es el único que se habita  
porque nunca tiene horario de cierre.

**There are days** when the street is the most spiritless place on earth.

You leave the house and, though people don't let you pass, though  
you have to eke out your path on the sidewalk, for you  
there is no one, you are alone and you make yourself small.

Could it be that spirits too have to wait in the unemployment line.

Could it be that some lives have less value than others.

Could it be that sleeping in the streets has a charm of its own.

Could it be that I love to undress.

Could it be that this darkness escaped from the hellish depths of the mollusks.

Could it be that love in small doses is more pure.

Could it be that today is not a special day.

Could it be that you're wearing yellow.

Could it be that hugging each other is too much on the joints.

Could it be that, if I breathe, you hate me and, if I shut up, you make me.

Could it be that the bed is too narrow, that at work you have too many problems, that there is not enough time for everything, that the breeze has elevated my soulache.

There are days when my body is the only one inhabited because it never has a closing hour.