



They climb through an aerial root hidden in the  
undergrowth.  
There are rocks of all shapes.  
They walk all the river imagining their destination.  
The blow changes the order of things, but they will all  
remain there, in other places, but there.  
When they're thirsty, clouds drink from the river.

Not all the rocks are swallowed.

With patience one gets to the road.  
One rests in the shade of the mango tree, the other one  
next to the coconut palm.

There are many reasons. At times the effort is banal, at  
others an act of atonement.  
The plan changes and the question arises, while  
working on what is going to take place.  
The invariable transforms.

Sacrifice will be worth it.

Pablo Guardiola