

The Different

In all those spiral galaxies that are moving further and further away,
There are people like us, or different from us, who are all people nonetheless,
People who think, who feel sadness, joy, pain, something so swift, so brief,
Surely there are people like us who feel the delicate divide between being and not being,
People with jealousies and victories, people who, in the simplicity of an arrival,
Feel the joys that are shared by all like us who know how our chests ache,
Asking the various gods for something different depending on each secret,
Each moment, each time, each place.
In all of them there is the similarity, if they are out there (and surely they are)
And this secret is that of the infinite similarity between what is apparently so different.

Carlos Mota

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