

The old Buenos Aires' shoeshine man

Pietro Grieco © 2005

When he shines shoes
speaks and gestures watermarks in the air
it is habitual that his hands
resemble dreams of dreams unfulfilled.
But, what customer knows or guesses
behind that smile that polishes and burnishes
the tough desires of his memory?

Now, unshaved for days
on the sunny sidewalk of Florida Street
he sleeps. Yes, he sleeps in his summer smile
wrapped by the golden light of the winter sun.

Who is going to ask him shining shoes?

The million people that daily flows.

How? He has an infinite dream!

In it he runs now!

Runs and jumps on a prairie
following swallows and countryside doves,

blue doves
while drunkard orange blossoms perfumes
caress his hair.

Even if the wax melt, the flannels fly
and the brushes walk, who?
But who can awaken him
from such exclusive chimerical treasure?
And I don't even know his name...