

Dedicated to Solitude

How pretty you look today, Solitude,
dressed with peace and quiet,
adorned with soothing colors
and a friendly warm smile.

To think that before I went out searching for people
that will overshadow your presence!

To think that before I walked
guided by loved ones that prevented
to fully enjoy your existence!

Now I don't need anyone
to tightly slow-dance a love song,
nor do I look for company to go out to eat,
or to watch scary movies.

And I don't even need a lover to make love,
you and your hands know how to extinguish my desires!
Now I come home early to see you,
alone you and I doing naughty things around the house,
freely playing naked like little girls
doing whatever we want.

When in the evening the time has come
to close my eyes to dream away
I curl up quietly by your side
and sweetly whisper to your ear,
how beautiful you look tonight, my Solitude!

Veinticuatro Horas

Retumba la alarma a las seis y media
ya son las siete y no me levanto
con el pelo mojado y las medias rotas
vuelvo a llegar tarde al trabajo
que trabajo me da soportar
al jefe y sus manias
a los chismosos y sus miradas
y al agua de piringa disfrazada de cafe
el escritorio es una tinchera sin armas
el cubículo no tapa mi cara dormida

y aunque tengo los ojos abiertos
sueño, todo el día sueño...

Salgo tarde del trabajo
en casa de extraños busco a mis hijos
le pago a quien quieren como a una madre
y me pregunto por que trabajo tanto
la cocina me espera con los platos sucios
el arroz me queda aguado
y se me queman las chuletas
no tengo tiempo para comer sentada
porque hay que bañar los niños
y la tarea está incorrecta

y aunque camino tan a prisa
sueño, todo el día sueño...

Decido lavar los platos esta noche
y barro y mapeo la cocina
me acuesto rendida en la cama
y cuando me relajo en mi almohada
se levanta enfermo el mas chiquito
le doy la medicina a empujones

llamo al doctor y no contesta
le canto una nana hasta la madrugada
y con su llanto me desvelo

y aunque todavía tengo pulso
muero, todo el día muero...

Twenty Four Hours

The alarm thunders at six thirty
it's already seven and I'm still in bed
with a run in my hose and damp hair
late to work again
it's so hard to withstand my boss and his habits
the gossipers keeping an eye on me
and the sewage water disguised as coffee
my desk is a weapon-less trench
my cubicle doesn't cover my half-asleep face

and even though my eyes are open
I'm dreaming, all day long I'm dreaming...

I get out of work late again
at a stranger's house I pick up my kids
I pay the one they love like a mother
and I ask myself, why do I work?
The kitchen awaits me with dirty dishes
the rice is sticky, the pork chops burnt
I don't have time to eat sitting down
because I have to bathe the children
and the homework is wrong again

and even though I walk so fast
I'm dreaming, all day long I'm dreaming...

I decide to wash the dishes tonight
and sweep and mop the kitchen

I lay exhausted on my bed
and as soon as I get to relax
the youngest one wakes up sick
I call the doctor and there's no answer
I push the medicine down his throat
and try to calm him with a lullaby
until the morning comes

and even though I still have a pulse
I'm dying, all day long I'm dying...