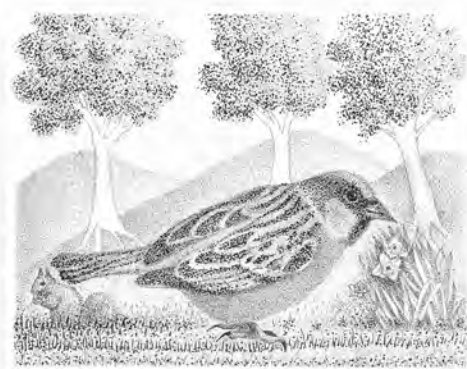
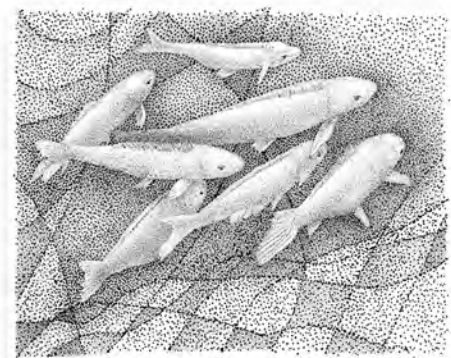
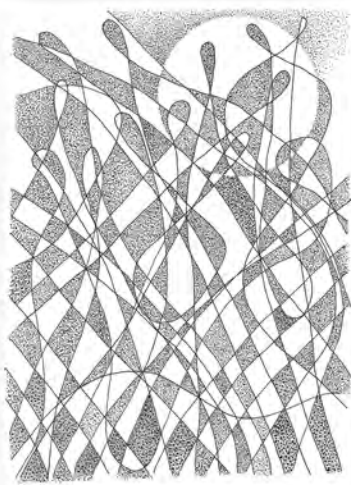


India ink drawings & poetry

Art Book

Rafael Gallardo





"Guardian Angel" by Rafael Gallardo

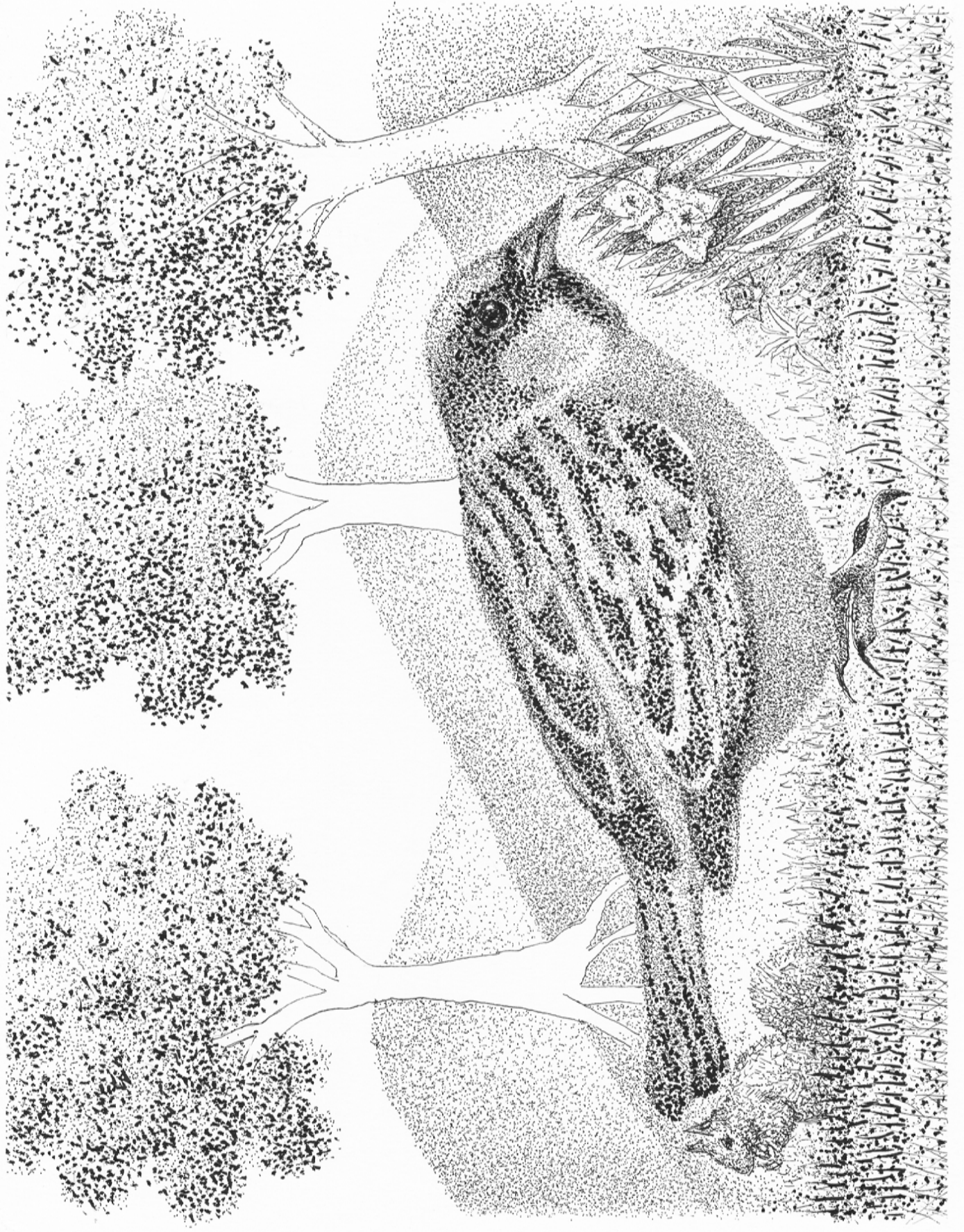
Each species mourns its dead,
the leaf, the bird, the water,
intimate voice in a winter day
(a certain degree of imperfection is perfect),
like understanding the calm of this green when I see you

But I am alone below the moon

Coming back is to go away again, who knows?
with good age to seed the heart
after so much grief

Peace means to touch you
while I see the size of the world
Why say it?

- Our gravitation will save the world, don't forget it
- Also illusion climbs a tree, whispering:
"There are good persons in the world,
beautiful women praying, dancing
and making love."



"Bird in Paradise" by Rafael Gallardo

Waves throw scraps
stamp their hands on the air

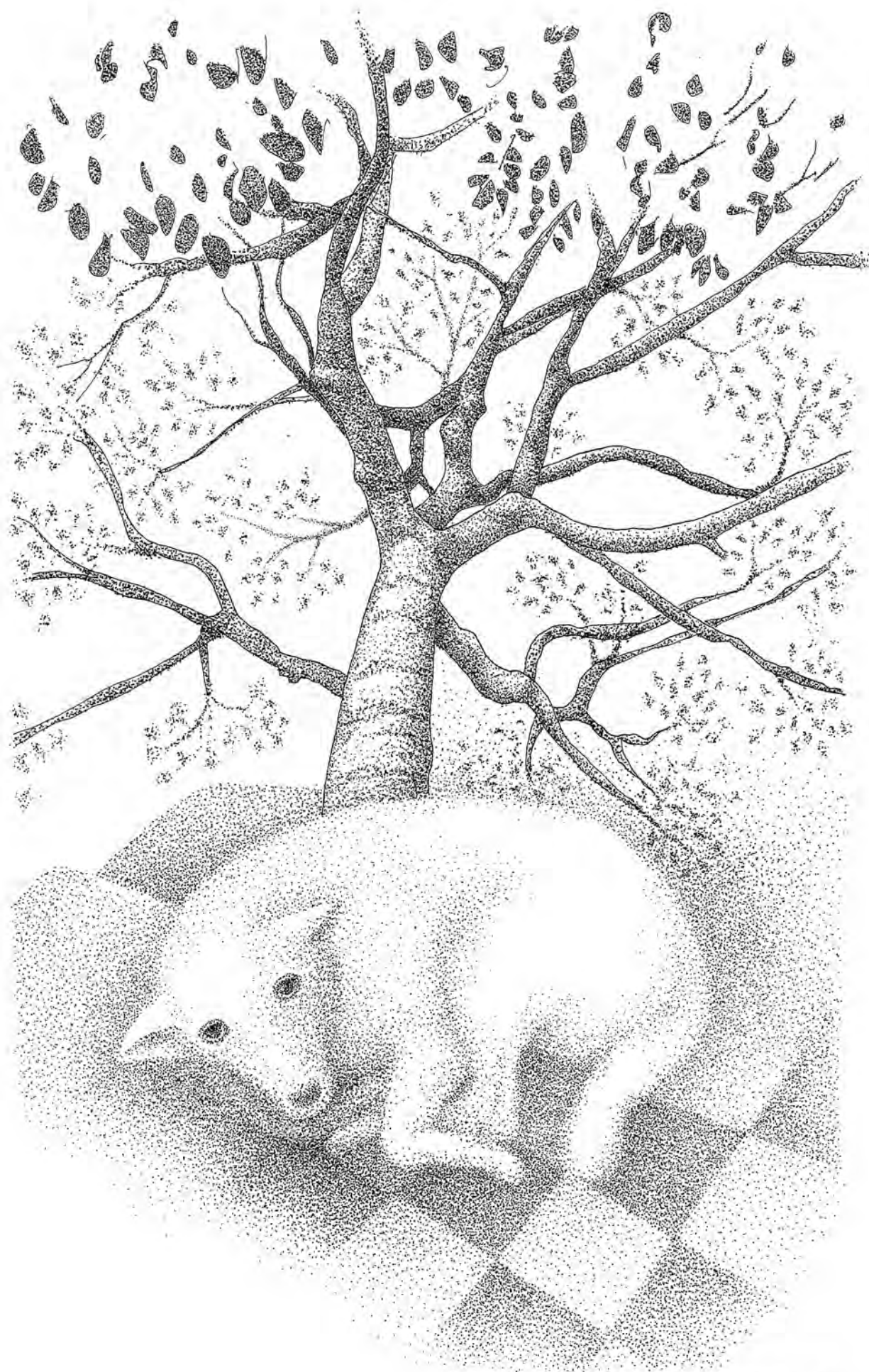
The fearful night helps understand not the pain,
but a tree breaking the space

Feet of roots and flowers
Its nudity excites the breeze, amazes stars
and marine beings
used to any tree, but not this one

Rhythmically this tree builds shades,
musical forms with the urban scent, less cruel this week than the next one
From its divided navel
leaks the latest terrestrial viscus: Magog, Tubal, Mesec
their nets full of poisonous beings
for Sidon's daughter
who appears and disappears while dancing
among the bewitched people of Babel

I felt the tree's iridescent wings rising up
With the sole feather of its eye
it tore the air, leaving behind roofs
and noisy weapons,

but it got tangled by the silence
that everybody pronounced.

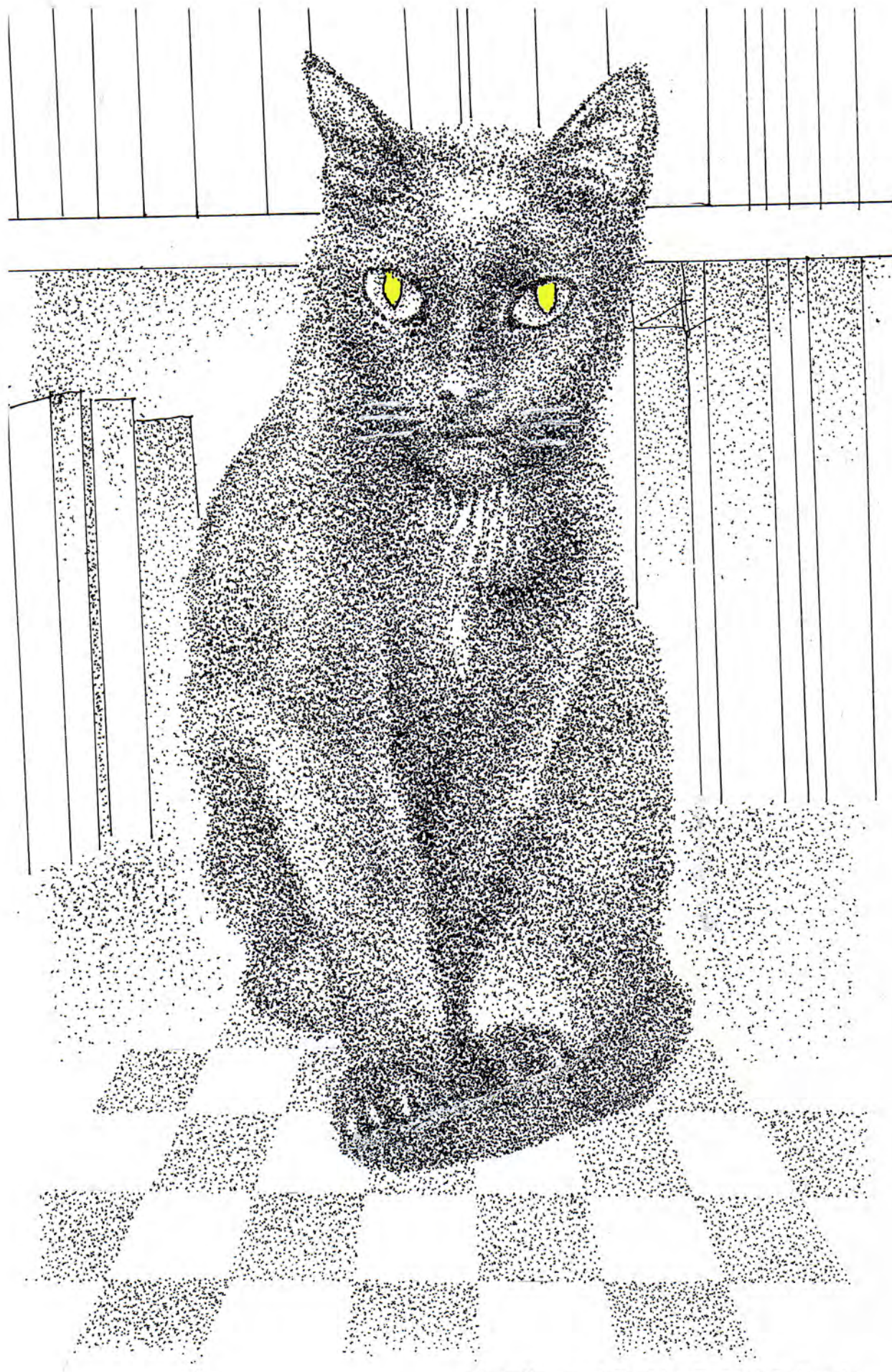


"Humble Dog" by Rafael Gallardo

Between your bones and mine
never
and ever
hurt at the time o'clock,
burning

I should have told her
"Stay with me,
I am about to understand the world,"
but nobody has a self-operating manual,
just walking around,
breathing life

I really need a piano not to play it.



"Intellectual Cat" by Rafael Gallardo

FULL MOON

Today
happens
as a falling down leaf
in a rain of instants

My mind flies to you, Loneliness,
to survive the full moon with some hope

Serene, serene word of the wind
Death babbles its lie among the drops
Each beginning repeats
true and not true,
and echoes of birds
looking the creation in your eyes,
and the prodigal night
inspires the aquatic reflex beyond...

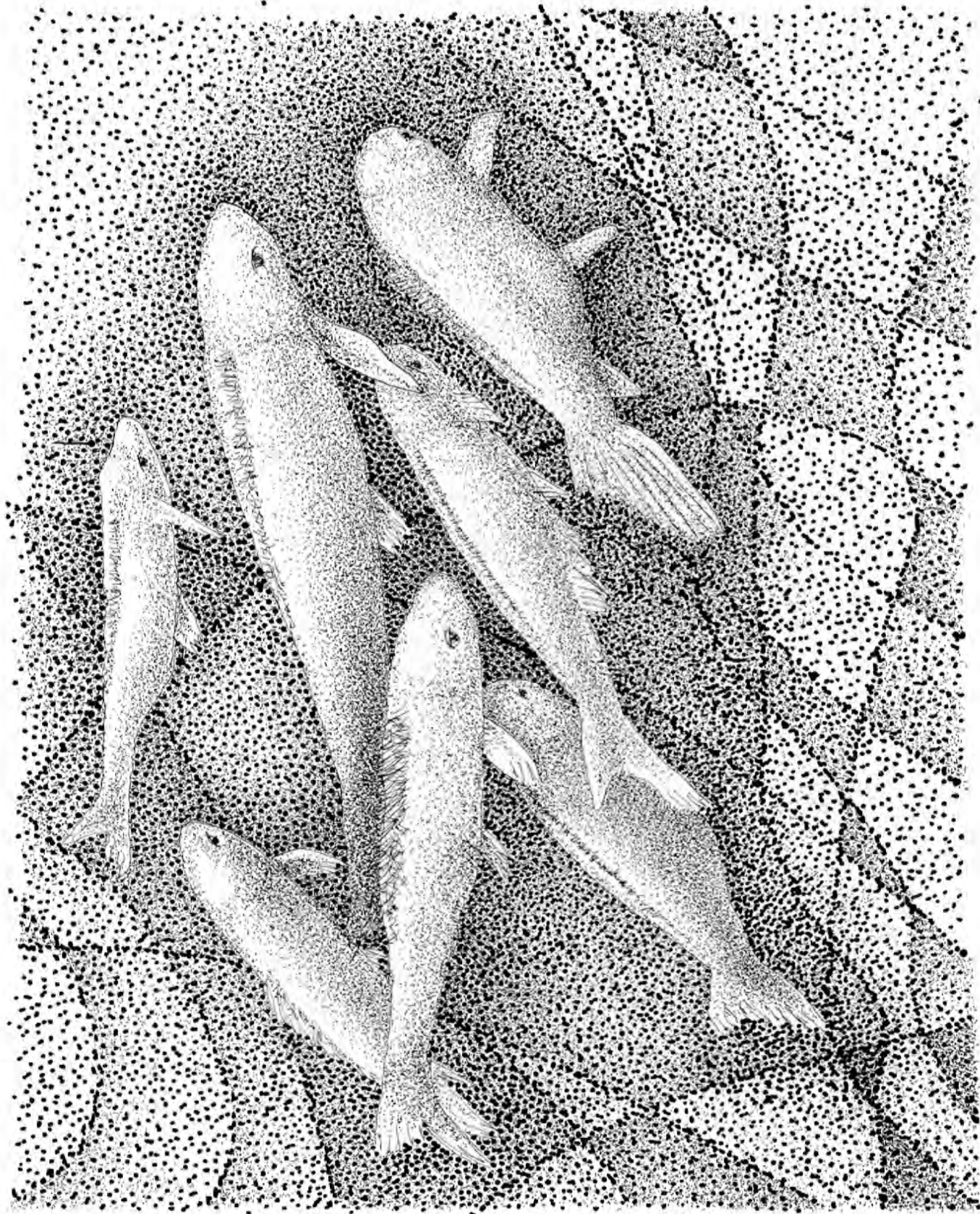
Without space
this day, breaking, runs away



"Dancing Trees" by Rafael Gallardo

I could build a river
define its course
seed it with fish

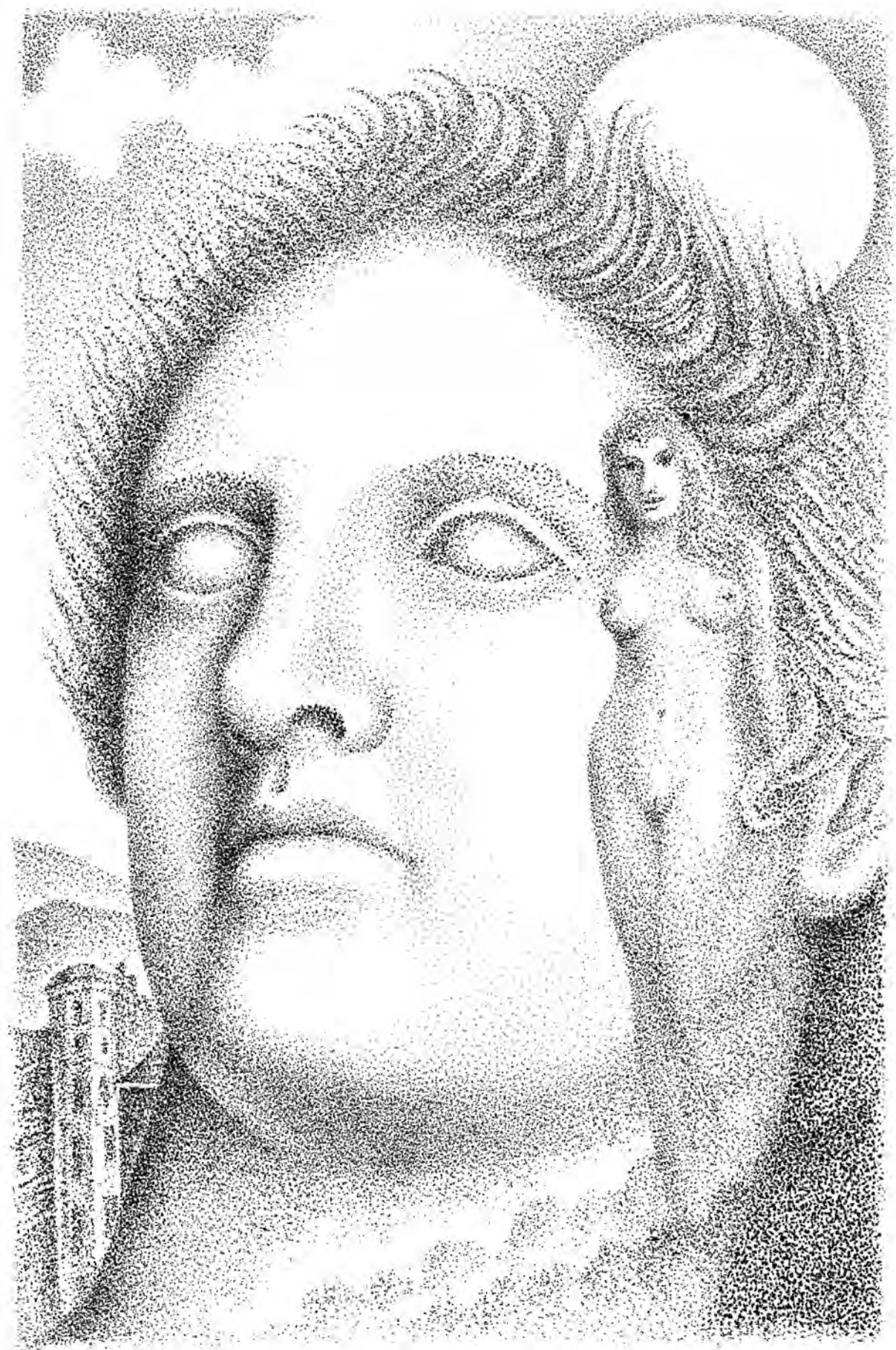
I could submerge myself hidden
dissolved in the water and later,
the Friday of my life,
a fish that doesn't know how to swim
confounds me



"Fish Party" by Rafael Gallardo

With ashes of God
the day
comes back home for dinner
as usual
carrying his chest full of masks
pleasure (pain)
He says the world is a lemon
and squeezes it

One finds
invisible colors in the sleeve
a planet equal to zero,
a wrong corner, the least important,
the Sun, looking at everything
One asks about death,
who shall love me, who should I love?



"Apollo (The Sun)" by Rafael Gallardo

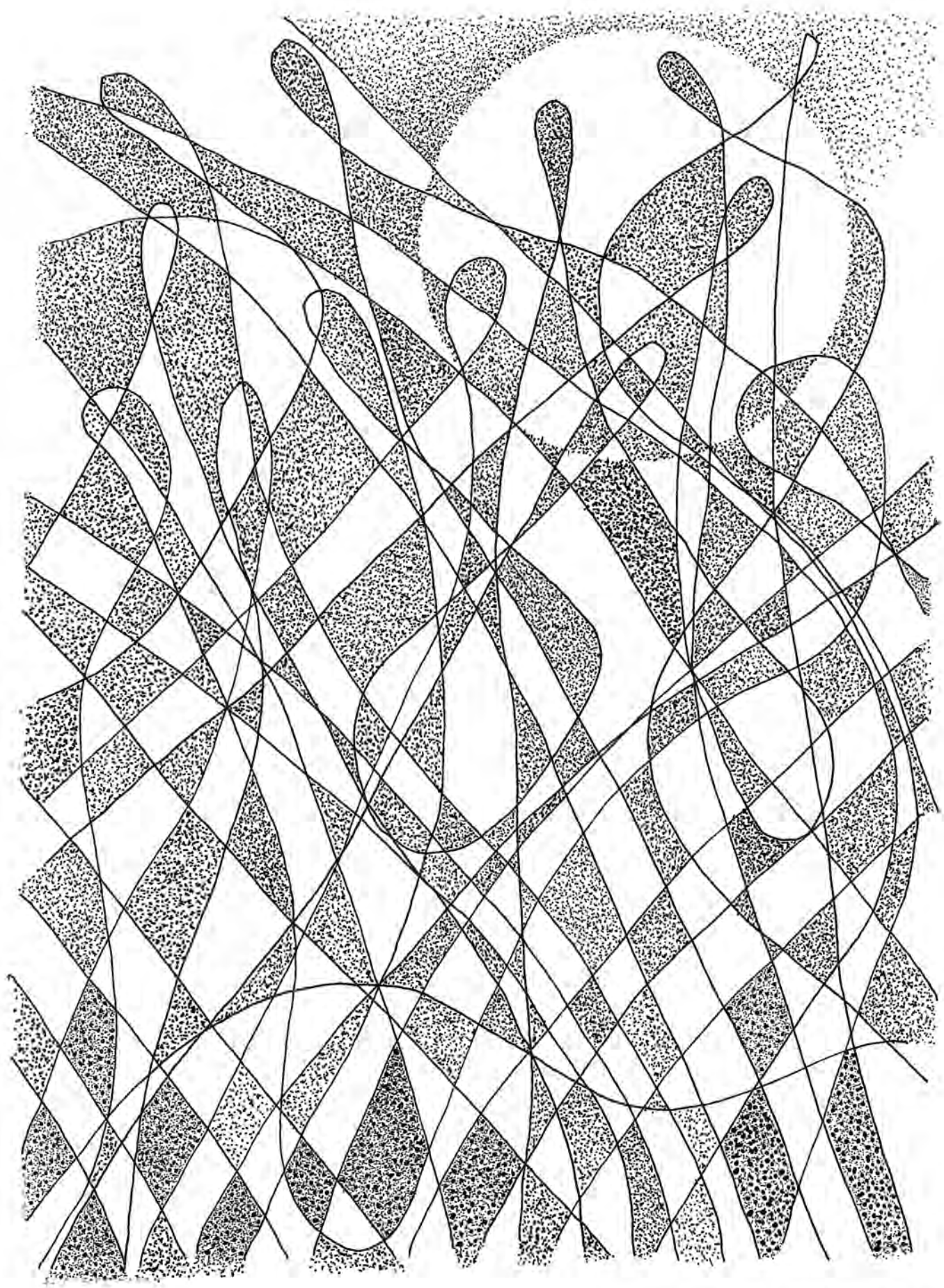
This hand is chained to you, to your latest you

Doors sound the same everywhere,
like abstract or impressionist farewells:
Enough Vivaldi!

Quaver demisemiquaver minim
do re mi
in fugue

I will never play that horse again
(of chess)
nor shall I see that smoke,

what a pain!



"Musicians" by Rafael Gallardo

I will finish this painting today!
(Or tomorrow)
She is a nude woman
asking me for more and more brush strokes
(Valencia is not in the world
It is a dream city that nobody knows)
- Do you know what light is?
- White in the darkness
and a cathedral,
of clay.



"Marilyn" by Rafael Gallardo

TIME

What is preferable, not being born or having to die?

Time is a lie we name life
while we pry in our entrails
the last and first wish

to not get bored

everyday

we die

bit

by

bit

we die

everyday

to not get bored

the last and first wish

while we pry in our entrails

Time is a lie we name life

What is preferable, not being or having to die?



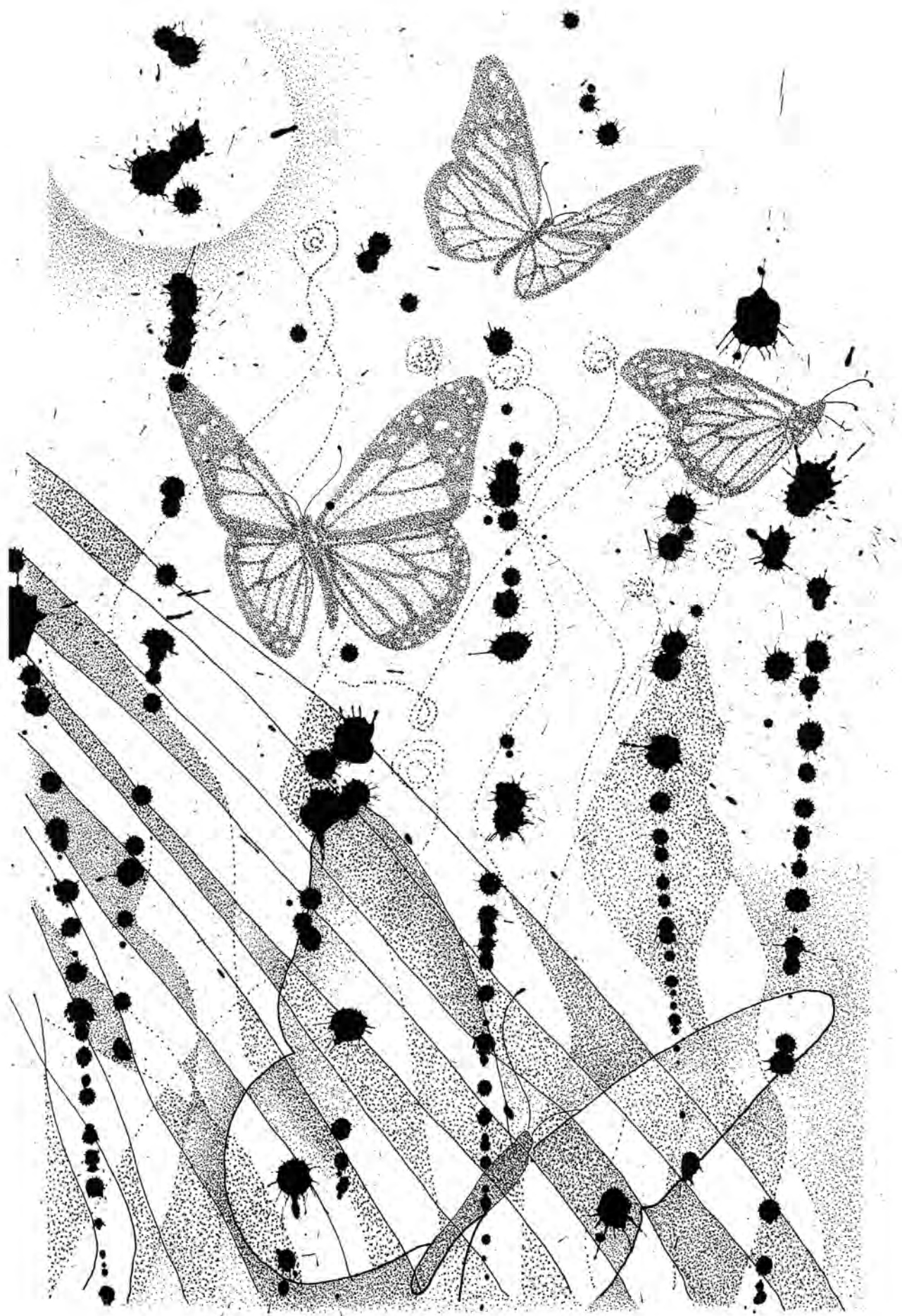
"Chaplin" by Rafael Gallardo

The dream I'm crossing
mirrors everything

Each step
has colors
like a cloud of dust dispersed by the wind

Each one
is one's own measure and reward

This moment is ours to dream



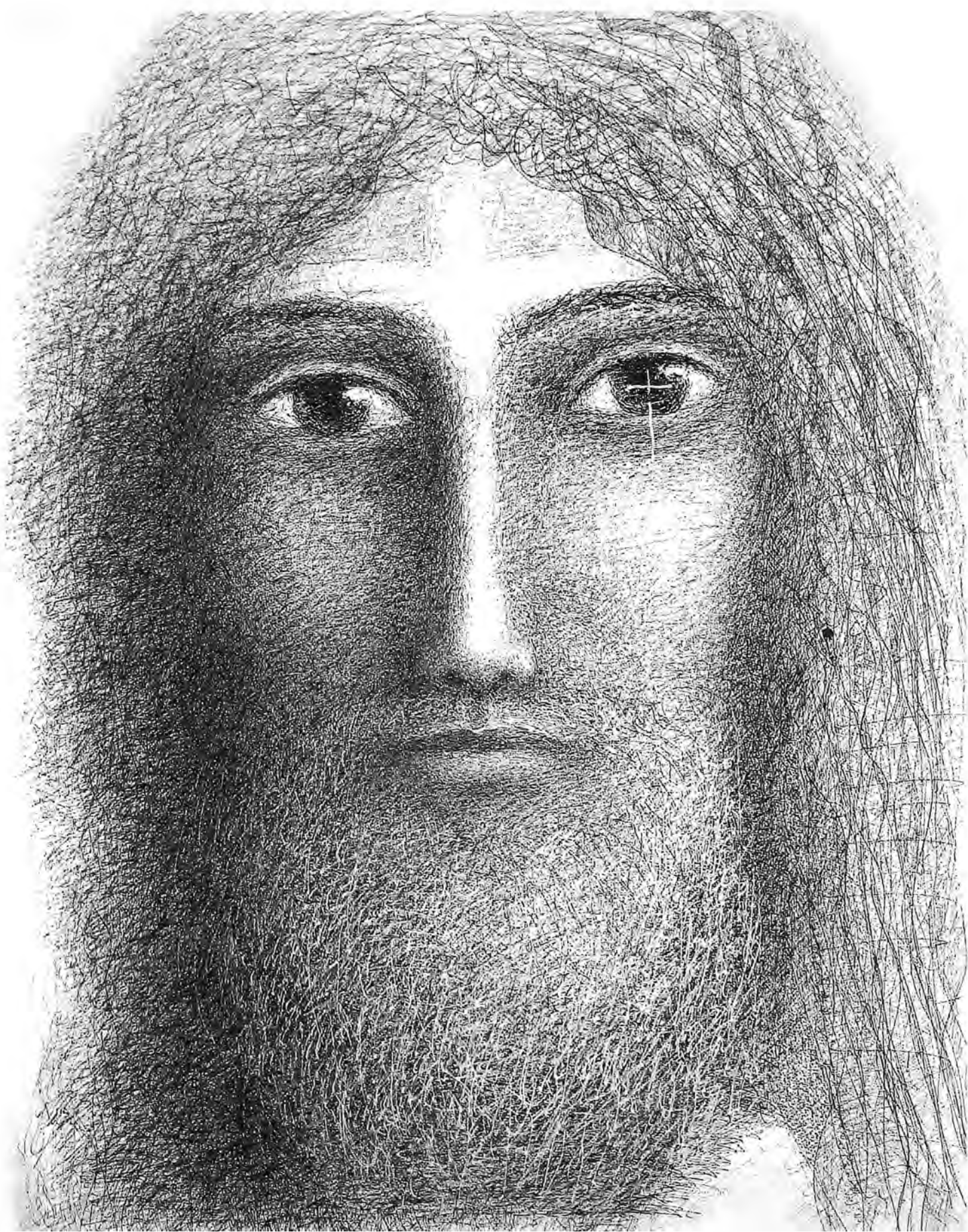
"Metamorphosis" by Rafael Gallardo

What did we do when we were others, in another life?
Perhaps we killed Christ,
or did we cry for Him?

Who among those soldiers
won the tunic of Christ?
Did he become a saint, human or worse?

How many Temple dealers crucified Christ?
How many times has He been crucified?

To cry is a gift
when it comes from God.



"Jesus" by Rafael Gallardo