

**Raimundo Fagner****"Dawn"**

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Dawn in New York has  
Four columns of mire  
And a hurricane of black doves  
Which splash in the putrid waters.

Dawn in New York groans  
On enormous fire escapes  
Searching between the eagles  
For spikenards of drafted anguish.

Dawn arrives and no one receives it in his mouth  
Because morning and hope are impossible there.  
And sometimes the furious swarming coins  
Penetrate like drills and devour abandoned children.

Those who go out early know in their bones  
There will be no paradise or love stripped of its petals;  
They know they will be mired in numbers and laws,  
In games without skill, in fruitless labors.

The light is buried beneath chains and noises,  
Na impudent warning to rootless science.  
And crowds stagger sleeplessly through the boroughs  
As if they had just escaped a shipwreck of blood.

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