

How the world changes

“Hey grandpa”,
tell me the magical places you have lived,
those that once you saw them,
you can't forget that views,
those that you dive in calm,
which you can't wake up.

“Oh boy”,
I wish you could have been with me,
watching the trees dancing with the breeze,
listening to the flow of the sea,
while you were lying in the sand,
unable to open the eyes,
because of the star that floods in the sky.

Now you only see a shade of grays,
not bright pigments,
you see a layer of garbage that floods everything,
and now, those incredible landscapes,
remain in a forgotten small memory.

“Ey Grandpa” I wish I had ever seen,
the beauty that your eyes have ever lived.