

## **CONFINED SPRING**

I look at the irises and I look at them again...  
It's spring, but...  
the essence I can not rescue.

The freedom to run, to walk,  
to touch and to give is alibi.  
So the spring did not permeate me.

Feelings contained,  
because it is time to make us strong.  
Despite being vulnerable and fleeting, like spring.

RITA PONS ORTEGA