

César Vallejo Will Never See Winter Again
(Paris in two voices)

FIRST ACT:

Old Vallejo:

This city doesn't know my name. I look at her and know it looks at me. Everyone walks nameless.

The buildings still remember the years of the black death.

Do I exist or am I a failed dream by Eiffel?

Young Vallejo:

I listen to the voices of my ancestors, some sound like my own, others make me realize that every word I say was thrown away by hundreds, perhaps, thousands.

Everything is born from an internal emptiness that lets me be free like one:
man and artist

SECOND ACT:

Old Vallejo:

I don't know how many times I've died. This body is failing me: my cough is dry, the words are escaping me. Maria Rosa went into the jungle. My homeland was lost forever.

I try to write my memories. I suffer from exhaustion, I fight, I take the bait to tempt the words.

Everything is futile.

Young Vallejo:

It's useless to write the same thing over and over,
I don't know anymore when I give life and when I'm mutilating.

THIRD ACT:

Old Vallejo:

Am I alive? Did they save me at the charity hospital or is this the outcome of faith?

Am I in a nightmare? The news is announcing the Second Great War of this century.

I'm sure I won't see it. My body is shutting down and soon the undertaker will bring me candy.

Young Vallejo:

Yesterday I walked around an unknown city. I got to a grave. I felt ghosts that forgot their names:

refugees, migrants and gypsies. I walked to a stone that said:

J'ai tant neigé pour que tu dormes

-I've snowed so much so you can sleep-