



January 18th, 2022  
The bog is bogged  
Robbed of water  
Left high and dry

Chile dries  
The planet dries  
Only the bog, the brooding  
mossy soul, the icy moss  
can hold the future  
the future water

March 2022  
Waters make bogs  
And bogs make waters

If one goes, both go  
Hand in hand  
Like two punished girls.

October 23, 2022  
I felt the mourning of the waters chucao  
the woods, the chucao song  
the river rotting and  
the waters due to salmon farms

I felt them and worked with  
the pain of extinction

And the poisoned waters  
asking to be restored

Only our tears, water  
with water can repair  
the decay, to  
begin the new  
action

To repair, care  
and love the waters

The song of the last chucao  
calling  
its forest torn  
fading  
chucao song

The call  
of the waters  
leaving

We are leaving,  
they said,  
we are leaving  
this debased  
earth

Rumor # 7

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