

**EROS**

=====

***FOIBLES OF THE FLESH,***

**followed by**

***HEAVINGS OF THE HEART***

**and**

***IN ABSENTIA***

=====

**being  
a selection of poems from**

***Lines of a Lifetime***

=====

**BRUNO SCARFE**

***IN ABSENTIA***

=====

## **EROS: *IN ABSENTIA* – A selection**

Absence 1: “Ground strewn with rubble ...” (to Win)  
Absence 2: “Your voice felt close ...” (to Win)  
Absence 3: “A fistful of finely fluted chives ...” (to Win)  
Absence 4: “The ‘you’ I know, I’ll miss ...” (to Win)  
Absence 5: “Ugh! sums it up ...” (to Win)  
Absence 6: “Cripples crowd the towns ...” (to Win)  
Absence 7: “You were starry-eyed and rainbows ...” (to Win)  
Absence 8: “A woman paced the cobbled streets alone ...” (to Win)  
Absence 9: “Recognise me? infant, child ...” (to Win)  
Absence 10: “Are you the beginning of what you’ll be? ... “ (to Win)  
Absence 11: “At home, when she’s around, there’s less of me ...” (to Win)  
Absence 12: “Are you your ‘self’ plus make-up, clothes and jewels? ...” (to Win)  
*Amor de prostíbulo (al Duende)*  
*Apurados*  
*Ausencia 1*  
*Ausencia 2 (a Teresa)*  
*Ausencia 3 (a Teresa)*  
*Contigo (a Glenwys)*  
*El jinete de la Ginebra (a Antonio Núñez)*  
Pity Penelope  
The shout (to Glenwys)  
Torture of memory (to Nanette)  
Trish 1: “There was a smile ...”  
Trish 2: “Beware the lion ...”  
Trish 3: “Above the sea ...”  
Trish 4: “She won’t be turned ...”  
Trish 5: “I saw you seated ...”  
Trish 6: “There was a lady ...”  
Trish 7: “In the foothills ...”  
Trish 8: “You say you can’t ...”  
Wanted, missing (to Win)  
Without you

---

### **Illustrated**

Absence 5  
Absence 7  
*Amor de prostíbulo*  
*Ausencia 1*  
*Ausencia 2*  
*El jinete de la Ginebra*  
Pity Penelope  
The shout  
Trish 1  
Trish 7  
Without you

## Absence 1

*To Win*

Ground strewn with rubble – you know the building site,  
and its grey mesh geometric fence.  
Spaced evenly and facing east on its top-  
most strand, glittering and live ten  
dragonflies vibrate, readying for take-off.  
“Look!” I cried. But your eyes, absent  
could not reply.

## Absence 2

### *To Win*

Your voice felt close and warm and clear  
as it announced "I'll be there, soon!"  
"Soon?" I asked it, "by which you mean  
a day, a week, a month, a year?"  
"Soon! in an hour, or maybe two".  
It spoke on the phone, in my dream,  
from which I woke, alone.

## Absence 3

*To Win*

A fistful of finely fluted chives  
and gay canopies of parsley – some to be left  
with San Pancracio – (you planted them),  
olive oil, pepper, salt and butter, water, eggs  
and bread: a recipe well-tested  
to raise a smile. But I forgot that when you went  
my appetite would die.

## Absence 4

*To Win*

The 'you' I know, I'll miss when you  
come back, for you'll be changed. "Now then!"  
I think you'll say, "I'm gone for less  
than the last time!" ... But if the Dragon tree,  
like Morning Glory, must consent  
to change, to live ... "Well!" you'll say, "when  
I come back, I may miss 'you' too".

## Absence 5

*To Win*

Ugh! sums it up. Has the bed got a bug?  
Where's the mug for my coffee? and why's the jug dead?  
I trudged to the shops and dug in my pocket,  
juggled the bags, lugged everything back –  
and was floored by a rug! Vacuum and socket  
tugged at the plug, the cleaning up made me see red –  
until I thought: “all I need, is a ‘hug’”.





## Absence 6

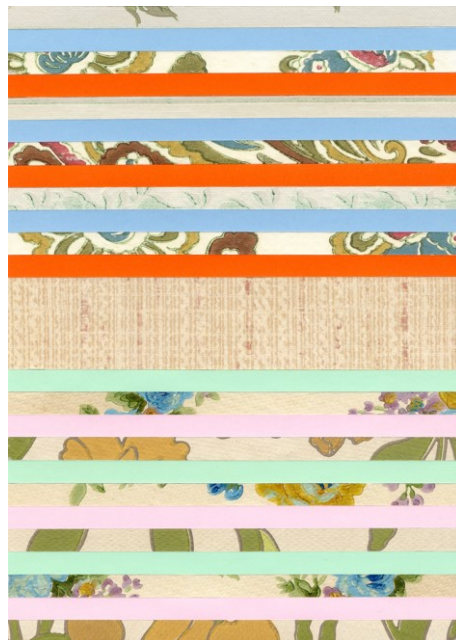
*To Win*

Cripples crowd the towns:  
they laugh and shout, talk to themselves all day and night,  
their dangling left arm counter-balancing their right  
arm held up high.  
Why aren't they shy,  
testing this yoga from the States? or aren't they right?  
– chatterholic clowns!

Absence 7

*To Win*

You were starry-eyed and rainbows – gosh, could you flirt!  
 You hugged me close all summer long – what a comfort  
 feeling you around! and I've been true.  
 But now you're worn, all colour drained, deformed. Have I  
 stuck my neck out once too often? been pushy? rough?  
 frayed your love? Someone, jealous, will move  
 to oust you, steal your place dressed in another shirt.



## Absence 8

*To Win*

A woman paced her cobbled streets alone, voice raised;  
at cafés, odd couples – their food now cold – spent time  
returning calls; whole landscapes came and went while rail  
passengers dispatched platitudes. Streets, meals and rides  
were cancelled (lack of interest), their users absent.  
On the ferry – blue sky, gay waves, salt breeze – I ate  
hot chestnuts, and addressed you quietly with my mind.

## Absence 9

*To Win*

Recognise me? infant, child and grown  
up? student and teacher? dealer in  
books and household goods? artist? poet?  
recognise in me the one who passed  
through Britain, Spain, Germany and France,  
Australia and New Zealand? You can't?  
What am I? wherever have I been?

## Absence 10

*To Win*

Are you the beginning of what you'll be?  
– as seeds are to trees, and trees are to woods;  
are you, already, the beings you'll be?  
Are you the conclusion of what you've been?  
– as mulch is to leaves, leaves once of the woods;  
are you all the beings, still, that you've been?  
Your karma faces you, hangs on your hand.

## Absence 11

*To Win*

At home, when she's around, there's less of me  
as I divide myself to dwell  
on her questions, and share her work and play.  
That's when she's here. But when she's away,  
and I can spend both night and day  
focusing just on me and mine, how come  
there's even less of me, though she's not home?

## Absence 12

*To Win*

Are you your 'self' plus make-up, clothes and jewels?  
plus all the books you read, films you see, and music?  
plus habits, work, address and bank account?  
In short, are you the total of your attributes?  
Some would say, 'no'. But if the absent 'you'  
turned up right now without them, I might wonder who  
she was, and I could miss you.

## Amor de prostíbulo

*Al Duende*

Sin dueña  
ni chicas, ya se  
queda.

En sedas,  
copas, disfraces,  
sueña.

Por la casa  
se mueve  
feliz y cálido  
el duende.  
Cuida, y calla.





## Apurados

Agotado, y con sed estaba  
Lanzarote, y no se contaba  
con los veintidós ni con su amante  
para servir y acompañarle.

El Rey Artús pues, se ofreció  
ponerle algo ‘de lo mejó’.

– ¿Cómo, amigo, callas la sed?  
Recuérdame ya de una vez.

– ¡Coño! ¿Qué se cree?, le contesta,  
¡una ginebra y una siesta!

– ¡Jo’er! le contesta Artús con saña,  
¡la Ginebra está ya agotada!

## Ausencia 1

- Ha sido burdel - me dicen, y contesto
- en su tiempo. – Famosas hembras! - agregan;
- lo eran - digo - pues tuvieron su momento.

Y quitándome la razón, azotea  
abajo nos llega, cálida y espesa,  
la fragancia excitante que nos ofrece  
tu muy poco discreta dama de noche.

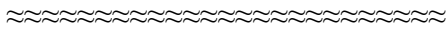


## Ausencia 2

*A Teresa*

Se echó de menos al bajar la temperatura,  
y desde palacio se difundió de inmediato  
la noticia de que se había dado a la fuga  
una chispa locuaz de la fragua de Vulcano,  
saltando de un golpe la franja entre dios y el hombre

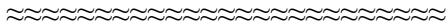
hasta detenerse en tu mirada.



Por el pozo risueño de tus pupilas  
de súbito se extiende una capa fina  
de azabache reluciente, donde gira  
y centellea esa chispa bailarina,  
incandescente.

Y así mandas, desde el más allá,  
una mirada interminable y benigna

rebotante de íntimas verdades.



Siendo dioses, no se afligieron nada al pensar  
en esa pérdida y los vaivenes del azar.  
Tranquilos, pues, juzgaron que ‘ausente’ no es ‘perdido’,  
y que iban a aprovecharse de lo sucedido  
al promover el futuro diálogo visual.  
Con lo cual, bailando, dieron el luto al olvido.



## Ausencia 3

*A Teresa*

Los Tres Pretendientes –

*La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:*

Nosotros somos  
el barro  
barro negro del Mar Muerto,  
la medianoche  
noche sin luna,  
un pozo de mina  
insondable,  
los negros más  
negros de Nubia,  
la tinta  
tinta negra en papel blanco,  
es lo que somos.

=====

*La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:*

Pero ¡venga, vamos!  
Basta ya de tanta propaganda  
rimbombante  
y altisonante.

Faltan detalles  
más probables  
para distinguir entre nosotros.  
Nos toca ir al grano.

=====

*La Obsidiana:*

Soy del volcán  
y soy de piedra,  
puñal de altar  
y de la guerra;

*el Azabache:*

Soy de carbón  
de bajo tierra,  
vuelto en alhajas  
para ganar  
un corazón;

*el Ébano:*

Soy de la selva  
y de madera,  
soy clarinete  
que eleva el alma.  
A mí se me ve vivo,  
delicado,  
bien pulido,  
con aplomo;

*el Azabache:*

a mí resucitado,  
reluciente,  
resistente,  
y ostentoso;

*la Obsidiana:*

y se ve a mí - presa,  
la tez vítrea,  
con caprichos  
peligrosos.

=====

*La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:*

Nosotros somos  
de pura sangre,  
de sangre azul,  
los tres iguales;  
  
de otros entornos  
con otros rasgos  
y desiguales;  
Así, pues, somos.

=====

*La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:*

Escoge, señorita de  
la mirada inolvidable.  
¡Que disfrutes! Y sentimos,  
ya tener que despedirnos.

(¿Cuántas tendrán las pupilas  
hechas tan a su medida!)

## Contigo

*A Glenwys*

Vente conmigo querida  
te lo suplico,  
al chiringuito de Réynold  
el 'Malibú',  
a ver la puesta del sol.

Me da igual ~

que no sirvan horchata,  
chicharones al uso,  
ni pechuga de pavo  
ni jamón de Jabugo,  
cuchifritos ni chícharos,  
chirimoyas cremosas  
(pa' chuparse los dedos),  
leche frita, torrijas,  
ni cuajada con miel,  
y no se halle el anís  
Chinchón dulce (¡sin hielo!)  
auténtico de 'la Alcoholera'.

~ al estar tú conmigo en el Malibú.

Nos pondrán un gin tónico  
(un Rives) en balón;  
más papas aliñadas,  
pez espada y caballa,  
acedías y sardinas  
y más de *un* boquerón,  
albóndigas, pimientos  
asados, croquetas y  
filetes a la plancha;  
nos pondrán carajillos  
de brandy, o café  
y anís la Castellana (en balón).

~ ¡Sin igual,  
al estar tú conmigo en el Malibú! ~

Entretanto chirigotas,  
el chapoteo  
de las olas, la inquietud  
de este levante,  
y el paseo de la luna.

## El jinete de la Ginebra

*A Antonio Núñez*

Ebrio iba, cabalgando, y cabalgaba  
por tierras que, ondulando, ondulaban  
y despertó; soñando pues, soñó que iba  
escalando los montes de su querida.



## Pity Penelope

I saw you on a gleaming rock  
with eyes that dared  
and lips that mocked.  
You lay there, naked, in the sun.  
You hypnotised me,  
made me run  
into the scowling sea to drown.

But I survived, and fought the waves,  
and crossed that narrow neck of water  
(that sheer-faced wall of stone and mortar  
built by people long ago,  
to keep us far apart and cold –  
so that no friendship should be born).

And so I scaled that gleaming rock  
where you lay, naked, in the sun,  
to clasp you tight, and make you mine.

But that took years, and in the end  
what did I find? I'll never know.  
Your breasts of wine  
and thighs of fire  
drove me so wild – I cried, and cried.  
And when I woke, the rock was bare.  
the sun had long since set,  
and there was silence  
treading damp and heavy in the air.

Is that, then, why those narrow necks of water  
swirl between us?  
(Would that be why such walls of stone and mortar  
built by people long ago,  
still stand, stand  
still, between us?)

Life is a phial of acid disappointments,  
a manacle that binds and locks,  
a cataract that blocks all ways –  
except the long, dry road to home, and obligations.

And, all the while, a siren lies there  
naked, in the sun.





## The shout

*To Glenwys*

There was shouting in the parks,  
in taxis, buses, trains,  
plus shouting in the cafés,  
the restaurants and bars.  
In all my life I'd never known the like.  
But the shouting stopped when  
'she' left to go Down Under  
and silence seemed the sum  
of all there'd been. But sh! Out  
and out largesse sends ... echoes from afar.



## Torture of memory

*To Nanette*

“Did you see us, hypnotised? see us rise, and dance?  
her eyes wide, wide open? her teasing thighs, her breasts,  
exuding fire? see her lips slide open, open  
wide, till you sensed the tongue there, welcoming, inside?”

Then did you see us, overpowered, pause? and kiss?  
But there the scent of gum leaves crushed, scent of honey-  
suckle, feel of silver bark and glasslike spiral  
of the stalk – were ours; ours to find, to dream, and know.”

“Tantalising! and then?”

“We never met again.”

“What? after that?”

“I learnt she loves another man,  
so now the elixir we shared has turned to dust.  
The body’s just a shell. The mind is far away.  
It stumbles day and night through swamp and slime, to grasp  
at paths that crumble, while the kookaburras laugh.”

## Trish 1

There was a smile and it came with  
a country girl whose name was Trish.  
Now country girls who're into books  
may paint away all night and day  
but they're not famous for their looks!

But this Trish here, she had a smile  
to melt your heart at half a mile,  
and though she said she couldn't cook  
a roast, an egg, a slice of toast,  
she was a wizard with a book.

“Why cook?” she said, “when I’ve been taught  
that books are packed with food for thought?  
No need to peel and scrape and stir,  
to scale a fish or wash a dish,  
and handle pan and colander.

No need, in short, to drip with sweat,  
to turn yourself quite inside out  
all full of hope (but can't quite cope!),  
only to hear that dreadful shout  
“What! Is there nothing ready yet?””



## Trish 2

Beware the lion in her lair!  
The Show is done, and so is she!  
She's fast asleep, beyond all care  
and crossing lands across the sea.

In and out and round about,  
dunk 'em in and pull 'em out.

The odd thing is, there's just a whiff  
of ... what on earth? Could it be ... fat?  
It seems to come ... I wonder if ...  
it's something from a greasy vat?

Round about and out and in,  
pull 'em out and dunk 'em in.

And look! Her claws, her nails – I mean  
are clogged with gunge, both grey and white!  
For lions, clean, it's quite obscene  
to treat us all to such a sight!

In and out and round about,  
dunk 'em in and pull 'em out.

Quiet, you children! Not one more scream!  
And cut the television blast!  
– So she can rest and cease to dream  
and wonder will the batter last.

Out and in and in and out,  
round and round and round about,  
you'll get slim ... the others stout!

## Trish 3

Above the sea, below the snow  
I know a dish in Omeo,  
no 'use-by' date to seal its fate,  
it's in cold storage waiting for  
a bear to try the freezer door.

Sweet as heaven, oh what a dish!  
(I wonder if it's known as ...?)  
Though frozen solid, it has hopes  
a bear may get to know the ropes.

Some cinnamon would do it proud,  
and nutmeg too ... (is that a crowd?)  
Then serve it warmly on a bed  
of roses, rice, and featherdown  
and watch the bear go off its head!

## Trish 4

She won't be turned, she won't be moved,  
she's staying put right where she is:  
– a rusty nail, a threadless screw,  
where life's quite flat, where there's no fizz.

The timber's warped and full of holes,  
the catch and hinges long since gone.  
It's lying there beside the road  
not worth a mention in a song.

She won't consider something new,  
she'd rather die than be pulled out:  
– a rusty nail, a threadless screw,  
where life's a desert, life's a drought.

But wait! That wood's still got a role.  
Why not tell Ted (and watch his face)  
it's right for his Benambra home?  
– as kindling for the fireplace.

Might she, maybe, reconsider?  
Why become a fire's dinner?  
That wood's finished, done for, dead –  
I've something better, here, instead.

## Trish 5

I saw you seated at my desk  
here in Cadiz all gaily dressed  
while my computer blinked and whirred  
you smiled a smile which seemed absurd.

This desk I have in southern Spain,  
right cheek by jowl with Africa,  
is more a table – old and plain,  
fantasising licks of lacquer.

You have the desk in Omeo,  
above the sea, below the snow  
wrought of iron, native timber,  
fossil marble from Benambra.

Far away (it's called 'down under')  
you got loaded in a laptop  
blunder, transferred and then dropped off –  
it's enough to make you wonder.

I saw you seated at my desk  
here in Cadiz all gaily dressed  
while my computer blinked and whirred  
you smiled a smile which seemed absurd.

## Trish 6

There was a lady of the hills  
whose life was filled with endless thrills  
from Monday through to Sunday night,  
from crack of dawn to close of light.

Weary comes as weary goes,  
spare a thought for tired toes.

She had two earrings in her ears  
(just one in each one it appears)  
which is where earrings tend to be  
when not flushed down the lavatory.

Weary goes as weary comes,  
spare a thought for tired ....

Earrings, though, all have a penchant  
(earrings here can be quite trenchant)  
for kitchen sinks in need of plugs,  
for rubbish bins and deep pile rugs.

Weary comes as weary goes,  
spare a thought for tired toes.

Grass clippings can be welcoming,  
fresh flower beds most promising,  
bonfire ashes can camouflage,  
like garden refuse by and large.

Weary goes as weary comes,  
spare a thought for tired ....

I wonder if her earrings are  
deep in a drawer or in a jar?  
Undamaged still or nearly dead?  
Or ... in an ear that's on her head?

Weary, weary is this song  
and the earrings worn and gone.



## Trish 7

In the foothills of the ranges  
where people camp or fish or ride  
while others settle for a drive,  
you ... stay home, to dodge the dangers.

Dangers? A snake might share your bed!  
A cast gone wrong – you'll fall and drown!  
Your horse might bolt and bring you down!  
While hairpin bends ... all claim their dead.

Oh home, sweet home! A chair, good cheer!  
A bag of chips, a pint of beer,  
TV – or, in your case (and mine)  
the PC, biscuits and some wine.

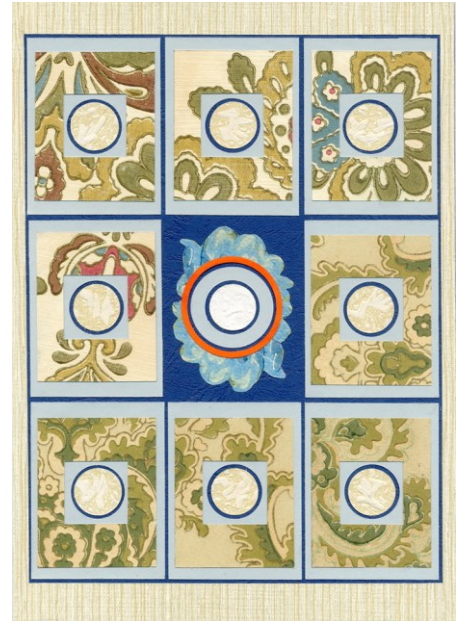
What's that sound? The garden growing?  
Time to run and do some mowing!  
But gosh, it's cold! You'll have to find  
more wood to keep the fire alive.

When mowing, mind your back and toes,  
grit in your eyes, dust up your nose.  
The wood's wrong for your fireplace?  
Well chop it then, but turn your face!

And how's your e-mail getting on?  
Five paragraphs, my goodness! wow!  
And more to come, you say, right now,  
packed tight with news, and things gone wrong.

But God! oh no! oh no! oh no!  
Was that a flicker of the light,  
or are you not computer-bright?  
Your letter, gone! oh what a blow!

Flick your hair from side to side,  
take a leap and toss your cares,  
toss a pancake, flick the chairs,  
take a cartwheel for a ride.  
Everything is as it is,  
God knows why, 'cos that's his biz.



## Trish 8

You say you can't resist me  
as you listen to your geese,  
smell the green grass freshly mown,  
know your beauty hasn't gone.

"I must walk the dogs" you say,  
"make a drink, file things away,  
but in Spring I promise you  
all your wishes will come true."

Sensible? Of course you are!  
and I'll love you though you're far,  
check a tear and grit my teeth,  
drive off thoughts of age and death.

She says she can't resist me  
as she listens to her geese,  
and the fountains of the park  
splash and echo in my heart.

Wanted, missing ...  
*To Win*

The wardrobe's  
full of shirts she's pressed,  
the fridge –

butter, milk,  
home-made bread: he's fed  
and clothed.

But bed's a grave,  
and silence  
attends at table.  
Where's desire,  
now she's away?

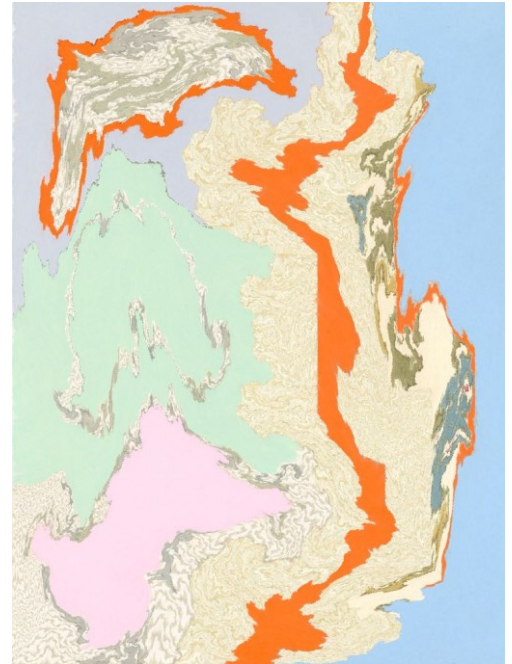
## Without you

Days, like snails, have crawled across  
the acres of dishevelled grass  
that are my garden.  
Like snails.  
And each has left a track,  
as though to show beyond a doubt  
that it has passed.

Grass? Did I say 'grass'?  
No, not acres of dishevelled grass,  
for grass is green,  
and green is hope.

Days, like snails, have crawled across  
the sandy windswept shores  
that line my life.  
Like snails,  
they wanted water,  
and sensed the presence of the sea –  
which then receded.

Night fell, as they lay there, and gasped –  
all caked in grit,  
all dry,  
all desperate.  
And days, like snails,  
were empty shells that littered the lonely shore.



## Notes

### THE POEMS

#### ABSENCES

Cadiz 2007

Series of 12 poems to my then wife Winifred Ann (Jodell) or 'Win', absent from Cadiz on respite care work in England.

##### Absence 3

It is a Cadiz custom in small businesses and at home to keep a statuette of San Pancraccio handy, with a vase of parsley in front. He stands for prosperity, and employment in particular. When things don't work out he's put in the fridge, *castigado*.

##### Absence 4

The 'Dragon' tree, from the Canary Islands, can live hundreds of years. There was a magnificent specimen just off the plaza de Mina.

##### Absence 8

The ferry was the *Adriano III* which plied between Cadiz and the Puerto de Santa María, a forty-five minute run.

#### Amor de prostíbulo

Cadiz 2004

Set in our house (called a *finca* in this part of the world) in calle San Dimas. It used to be a brothel, and more recently was a boarding house for students of the nearby Medical Faculty. It was the curious welcoming atmosphere which pervaded the run down building that prompted my purchase. The house has two addresses, the original one for its entrance on calle San Telmo.

#### Apurados

Cadiz 2001

Los otros (veintidós) – los ausentes –  
son los doce pares, menos él  
aquí padeciendo mal de sed  
y mal de amores, Lanzarote.

#### Ausencia 1

Cadiz 2007

The reference is to a flowering bush planted on the *azotea* (roof garden) at San Dimas 10 by Win, absent in England at the time of writing.

#### Ausencia 2

Cadiz 2007

On a gaze from very close friend Teresa who ran the Q & Q bookshop then situated in calle San Francisco, as we shared a drink at the nearby Senátor.

#### Ausencia 3

Cadiz 2007

(As per previous)

#### Contigo

Cadiz 2012

While the fare at Reynold's *chiringuito* was alright and the venue fine, on Glen's arrival everything changed and seemed suddenly quite wonderful. It was our first evening together at this beach side *chiringuito*.

#### El jinete de la Ginebra

Cadiz 2007

Prompted by a late night conversation and literary duel (over a gin tonic?) with my friend at Carina's other premises, the 'Jambalaya' in calle Sagasta.

<b>Pity Penelope</b>	Auckland	1967
Penelope, off-stage.		
<b>The shout</b>	Cadiz	2012
<b>Torture of memory</b>	Melbourne	1970
<b>TRISH</b>	Cadiz	2010
Series of eight Australian ballad style pieces, inspired by and dedicated to the still far away Patricia Leon who ‘inherited’ my bookshop in Omeo, Australia. She could turn out a fine ballad herself.		
<b>Trish 2</b>		
There are lions ... and the Omeo ‘lions’.		
<b>Trish 4</b>		
Ted was an elderly Benambra character ... eccentric, unwell, a bit on the nose, and able to be quite friendly. He was known for his high profile scrap heap of domestic and farming equipment, stuff in general ... and for hitching a ride.		
<b>Trish 6</b>		
(See also ‘Giftshop blues’, Eros <i>Heavings of the heart</i> )		
<b>Wanted, missing</b>	Cadiz	2004
The time Win went sight-seeing to Granada.		
<b>Without you</b>	Auckland	1967

## THE ILLUSTRATIONS – see ‘ART WORK’ for general information

POEMS	ILLUSTRATIONS – title, and ref.
<b>Absence 5</b>	<u><i>Papegados</i></u> <i>Fantasia ‘Flor, protagonista’</i> / 1:09 (‘twist’, courtesy Frango)
<b>Absence 7</b>	<i>Sobrecubierta 2 ‘Lomo con ladrillos’</i> / 2:23
<i>Amor de prostíbulo</i>	<i>Fantasia ‘Gloria se descubre’</i> / 2:01
<i>Ausencia 1</i>	<i>‘El burdel de la calle San Telmo 6 a pleno rendimiento’</i> / 2:12
<i>Ausencia 2</i>	<i>Retrato ‘Teresa’</i> / 2:08
<i>El jinete de la Ginebra</i>	<i>‘El viaje irreal’</i> / 1:16
<b>Pity Penelope</b>	<i>Fantasia ‘Rosa y Celeste, protagonistas’</i> / 1:02 (‘twist’, courtesy Frango)
<b>Trish 1</b>	<i>Sobrecubierta 4 ‘Lomo de tejido basto’</i> / 2:25
<b>Trish 7</b>	<i>‘El avatar Sai Baba y los devotos II’</i> / 2:20
<b>Without you</b>	<i>Retrato ‘Alaitz’</i> / 2:05 (‘twist’, courtesy Frango)
<b>The shout</b>	<u><i>Cristaletas</i></u> <i>‘Cristaleta 6’</i>