José Luis Trullo (ed.)

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPANISH APHORISM BOOKS

(2000-2020)

English version: Roger Swanzy

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

In 2015 when I decided to launch *El Aforista*, an electronic online magazine specialized in the briefest genre, I did so with the mere purpose of sharing all the readings which had appealed to me with Internet users; in addition, I began to report the creations of contemporary authors and my own publications as an editor. As time passed, the platform grew until it became what it is now: a space in which it is possible to find resources in order to learn more about what the aphorism is, what it has been and what it wants to become.

In 2018, I took another step forward and began to prepare what I called –undoubtedly, in a pompous way that makes me smile now – the *Encyclopedia of Spanish Aphorism Books*; in a periodical way, I included brief extracts from the books that fell into my hands into the magazine. Consequently, it fulfilled a dual function: to promote the appearance of new titles which aimed to contribute, within my meager abilities, the crystallization of a specific aphoristic profile, placing a priority on certain aspects (the most poetic and philosophical) in detriment of others (focused on word play and pure wit). This Encyclopedia would constitute the foundation of what would be launched in in the form of an anthology in 2020: *El cántaro a la fuente. Aforistas españoles para el siglo XXI*, published by the publishers: *Apeadero de Aforistas* and *Thémata Editorial* in the *Gnomon* collection.

In 2021, when the possibility arose to inaugurate a thematic portal dedicated to current Spanish aphorisms in the *Biblioteca Cervantes Virtual,* and by mutual agreement with its technical managers and its coordinator, Demetrio Fernández Muñoz, we decided that due to the extensive range of authors and works that deserved to be included in it, and in order to simplify the management of the legal permissions, it was deemed convenient to select a formula to speed up the preparation process and processing of the materials. Hence this digital edition has been created with a non-commercial nature, for another Encyclopedia of Spanish Aphorism Books, in which they authors would participate who having been previously selected for the quality of their literary proposals, had accepted to assign their reproduction rights to the internet portal. Unfortunately and due to different reasons (which are all legal and reasonable), not everyone responded to the invitation from this editor; as a result, their presence would be recorded in an indirect way, through the link to the original Encyclopedia in the *El Aforista* website. I would like to express my thanks to all of them for their work as well as the generosity towards a genre which in just a few years, has grown from a feisty and undisciplined adolescent into an adult literary proposal, which is truly worth being considered as such by all entities concerned ranging from the University to the network of publishers and bookshops (where a ISBN code still does not exist for the aphorism). I sincerely hope that you will see it one day.

Seville, May 2021

AITOR FRANCOS
Fuera de plano
Cuadernos del Vigía
Granada
2016
60 pages

I suspect that the bathroom mirror is much more optimistic than the one in the living room.

*

Blind is he who is aware of what he does not see.

*

Poetry does not seek mystery but truth: and precisely for this reason, it appears mysterious to us.

*

There words that answer us and we do not know what to ask.

*

Whenever I make a circle, I always want to be outside of it.

*

There are two possibilities of reaching the light, not seeing the light and not seeing the dark.

*
Poetry that says what it is, speculates.

*

There are streets so narrow that one can only rediscover one's past.

Tinta rápida
Trea
Gijón
2019
198 pages

What is impossible is too well done.

*

In music, even the background noise is thought.

*

Light, a question which makes us look everywhere.

*

No one ever completely fails when facing a question mark.

*
A man in a crowd has no country.

*

No god knows how to pronounce his name without saying "I".

*

The premise of art: to make what is invisible transparent.

*

Sometimes what saves your life is falling on a book.

*

What I destroyed remained to take care of the fire.

*

The humility of limits is what we call meanings.

*

Whatever you erase, that is the hereafter.

*

An excess of light causes heteronyms.

ANA PÉREZ CAÑAMARES
Ley de conservación del momento
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2016
79 pages

To hear the harmony of the world, among the voices in the mind, you must seek the one that is silent.

*

Sweeping the corners of the brain, I am surprised to see that they are round: I am the one who adds the edges and the angles.

*

More useful than going up and down stairs is learning how to live in the balance of one step.

*

The body is the last attic that we have left to hide.

*

Invisibility is a superpower within our reach. Its arch-enemy is the ego.

*

We do not lack treasures but islands where to bury them.

*

In order to be fooled, we must always do our part.

*

Among those who predict a catastrophe, there are two types of people: those who are relieved not to be right and those who prefer it to happen rather than be wrong.

*

Behind every provoker there is always a child who cries for attention.

*

Sometimes suffering is only a way to feel self-important.

*

There is a limit to the amount of intimacy that we are able to endure from others.

*

The narcissist cries twice: once for his pain and also for the reflection of his pain.

*

Celebrating matter as if it were a miracle is a direct path to spirituality.

The main problem of religion is that people understand the metaphors literally.

*

When the largest city gets too small for us, it is time to return to the universe of a forest.

*

All ruins are sacred because once someone called them home.

*

Before underestimating what is fragile, we must ask since when it existed and if it is possible that it will survive us.

*

Only what is simple provides us with shelter.

*

I am only the awareness of the miracle that is unaware of itself.

*

If the amazement is authentic, there is nothing that is repeated.

*

Write in order to think more deeply and feel more clearly.

*

The poet believes in comparisons, images and metaphors as a form of scientific knowledge.

*

To write is collide with our limits over and over again. The poet is a moth, words are the screen and the poetry is the light.

*

The voyage of life is always a return.

*

Death resuscitates in every dead person.

*

To live is to rewrite. Writing is reliving.

*

The sensation of eternity passes. But it returns.

Everything which has a price is overvalued.

*

Starting from a certain age, one manages to be happy in spite of everything.

*

To be happy, we need few things, but it is essential that they are not substitutes of anything.

*

A healthy balance between doubt and radicality can keep us forever young.

*

If we overcome vertigo, the lack of meaning would be a continuous fiesta.

*

If we run out of adjectives, then it is high time for verbs.

*

When current events worry me, I take refuge in the present.

ANTONIO RIVERO TARAVILLO
Vilanos por el aire
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2017
95 pages

In certain aphorisms and similar phrases, when someone is asked to say what it means, we are asking him to choose and tear off only one of the branches of a tree.

*

Writing aphorisms is taking notes from an inner master whose lesson we never learn, although we do polish them when publishing them.

*

There will be a day when the only reader left will be signing books for his authors, standing in a long queue.

*

Poetry has no quarrel with insanity, but it is incompatible with nonsense.

*

Poetry is not science. When you believe that you have discovered a formula, abandon it.

*

The novel, regardless of its length, is limited. The poem, even the briefest one, is infinite.

*

Since what gives us bliss is what deceives us. How close they are, almost the same thing, enchantment and embellishment.

*

There are books that take us so far far away; they are more like sails than volumes.

*

When a fool withdraws his friendship, this does not yank but rather adds a petal to the rose of the world.

*

Every time you make an old stew, you light the first fire.

*

Every clock tolls remote hours. None of them belong to us.

*

Whoever reads only those with whom he agrees is reading himself in the mirror. And of course, whatever he sees backwards makes no sense.

Old clocks tick the slowest hours.

*

An inverted chauvinism, that is to say, doubly perverse: thinking that one’s country is the worst in the world.

*

The sins which we least forgive in others are those that we ourselves have not dared to commit.

Desajustes
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2020
108 pages

Blood never lies.

*

Power legitimates deliriums.

*

Intimacy deflates the sophistication.

*

The Product will never be altruistic.

*

Pride makes the victories of reason bitter.

*

There is not enough notoriety for so much demand.

*

Perplexity originated on a deserted island.

*

Laughter calms the predatory instinct.

*

What is simple does not imply an easy digestion.

*

Method allows us to kneel without any worries.

*

The vain subjectivist is haunted by mirrors.

*

Patience is the only Everything that we will be able to savor.

BENITO ROMERO
Horizontes circulares
Trea
Oviedo
2018
84 pages

His life project: to fall in love with everyday life.

*

Every personal goal that he surpassed was rewarded with plastic.

*

His thoughts were so unfair that he did not have any problems of being accepted in any group.

*

He was familiar with people upon the first contact. He viewed them as strangers as he dealt with them.

*

Loving is not just wanting what you do not have.

*

Platonic nostalgia, the silent killer of promiscuity.

*

When words truly say something, the snow bleeds.

*

We have become accustomed to living in the destruction of closed sentences.

*

The purpose of small print is to remind us that infamy overflows the riverbed.

*

Publishing is the best way to disown oneself.

*

Whoever writes to make their readers content is like the student who studies to make his parents and teachers content.

*

To achieve the optimum level of wisdom it is convenient to have stepped in the puddles of at least four centuries.

Advice smells like toilet disinfectant.

*

What is simple is frightening because it was not explained to us

*

Memory is full of empty houses which we hurriedly abandon by jumping out of the window.

*

Cohesion, a silent labyrinth of mirrors and flies.

*

The most difficult thing to accept about common sense is its melancholy hardness.

*

The means to an end: to advance towards something so that you join someone.

*

The true first step consists in leaving behind the first step.

*

In the bowels of a trivial anecdote shines a cosmic perspective.

*

The first one to sit on a rock was proclaimed leader of the group.

*

Few things cause more uneasiness than pencils which allow themselves to be sharpened.

*

"Let’s dialogue", insist those who are desperate to be heard.

*

Growing up is feeling sure about the unchangeable which we rejected before.

*

The day on which the doors of success are closed to physical beauty will be the end of civilization.

*

The truth is hard and black like the dried excrement that we avoid stepping on in the middle of the pavement.

*

The poor feed on the irresponsibility that the rich have stashed in the bottom of the trunk.

We have reached a level of collective meanness that even kindness is regarded with suspicion.

*

At some moment of historical lucidity, the trees will be the ones that must humiliate and condemn the trees.

*

For some people, science fiction is an escape from quotidian realism; for others it is a plunge into quotidian realism.

*

We see the same thing, listen to the same thing, read the same thing, think the same thing, speak the same thing and do the same thing, but we dream about something different.

*

The first lesson that we must transmit is that of *knowing how to lose*. Accordingly, we would be spared the huge dose of unnecessary violence caused by the anxiety for recognition.

*

Behind every impertinence drips the penetrating shine of metal.

*

Human hypocrisy generates an obsession for what is underground.

*

What does not kill you turns you into a bureaucrat.

*

Calm and boredom tell us that we are making progress towards what is correct.

*

The purpose of religions is to overcome the bluntness of reality.

*

Without the persistence of confusion, life would be something else.

*

Obsession about what should have happened is an attempt to cushion the fall with curtains of the abyss.

CARLOS MARZAL
La arquitectura del aire
Tusquets
Barcelona
2013
249 pages

What I am is healed by what I am not. What I am not is not healed by anything.

*

Love is the only state of lacking that is enough and more than enough.

*

A conviction is a calcified intuition: a fossil.

*

Part of the charm of what is small consists in refusing to be big.

*

Without nuance, there is no immensity, not even infinity.

*

Only those who complain about the noise do not know how to perceive the harmony.

*

All the best things are islands.

*

If you want to understand a little more, go barefoot and step.

*

Formulating what is known in a new way is to formulate what was not known.

*

The first time that we had a first time was the last time.

*

I am, in myself, what happened to me, by going through it.

*

Complete happiness has more than two halves.

*

There is a sufficient way to know certain things: halfway.

Wise is also he who finds almost nothing incompatible.

Coherence is also a way of being a prisoner of our own opinions.

*

More than choosing to live, we choose an attitude about what has been lived.

*

No one understands how what has happened to everyone else has ended up happening to him.

*

The art of living is to transform the expectations of who knows what into events.

*

An intelligence which knows how to separate is smarter than a mind that aspires to know it all.

*

Almost everything can be fixed and almost nothing can be solved.

*

In the dark, time goes backward.

*

Being fulfilled is a way that many plans go astray.

*

Writing should be a slippery slope.

*

To live is to rehearse resurrections.

*

Cooling off is the most polite way to let something die.

*

Age consists in making what is sharp dull.

*

There is something in us which seeks us.

*

Thought is the bait: the aphorism comes later and saves the wolf.

CARMEN CANET
La brisa y la lava. Aforismos sobre el aforismo
Libros al Albur/Apeadero de Aforistas
Seville
2019
50 pages

An aphorism has the lightness of a breeze and a lava's fire.

*

In times of crisis, it is wise to think about brevity.

*

Aphorist: juggler of words.

*

Having launched the idea into the air, the aphorist stumbles and picks up successive lives, including her own.

*

The aphorist's skill is juggling with four concepts: the art of nuance, the art of wrapping, the art of finishing and the art of deciphering silence.

*

When it traps you, the aphorism is a liberation.

*

Aphorists are like miners, they extract the noble metals of life.

*

The aphorism is a magnifying diminutive.

*

Silence is an exit which enters into the aphorism.

*

The aphorism is a narrow hallway that our mind widens.

CARMEN CANET
Luciérnagas
Renacimiento
Seville
2018
109 pages

City corners also have a two-faced duplicity.

*

Aphorists are like miners, they extract the noble metals of life.

*

Like bread, life has its own crust and crumbs.

*

We usually say black and white or in color, forgetting that black and white are also colors.

*

She strolled through the rooms of her house; the streets, she inhabited.

*

Every desert of life needs its mirage.

*
Nightmare: when dreams cross paths and collide at night.

*

It seems that when one is very attentive, the eyes open to listen better.

*

The silences that get wet in the rain, get mildew.

*

When skin is well caressed, it has an echo.

*

Tormentous relationships should be split by lightning.

*

Hope: when distance has the color of grass and forest.

*

Desert love: I had a relationship with mirages, dunes and the odd lagoon.

They say that one writes like one loves; then aphorisms intensely love with irony.

*

There are mirrors which do not even say good morning to us.

*

The aphorism is a magnifying diminutive.

*

Thanks to creation, you get a rest from yourself.

*

He was so alone that only he knew it.

*

Melancholy: more than one nostalgia a day.

*

The shadow is the mirror of the body.

*

Silence is an exit which enters into the aphorism.

*

He became a writer while he read. When he wrote, he was a reader.

*

Photography is the insomnia of an image.

CARMEN CANET
Malabarismos
Valparaíso Ediciones
Granada
2016
78 pages

Having launched the idea into the air, the aphorist stumbles and picks up successive lives, including her own.

*

She warned that her lights were low consumption.

*

The aphorism is a section of a perfumed path: those who smell the words, transmit them with aroma.

*

Friendship is a work site. Love, a building under construction and deconstruction.

*

Relationships begin as solids, later become liquids and then become gaseous. Just like the states of matter.

*

I like how scar rhymes with forgetting.

*

Contempt, that disguise of envy.

*

Sometimes, a hot dish is better for the heart than the stomach.

*

Feminity is a weapon that can be misinterpreted. But whoever makes a mistake was already confused.

*

One leaves museums exhausted. It is not possible to visit them one after another. There are too many exhibition halls and not enough wings.

*

Photography cameras and spelling portray us.

*

Autumn is a bad season for melancholic persons: there are people who shed leaves.

*

Sunday afternoons melt into a bitter black chocolate mess.

The biggest pain relievers: ibuprotime, paracetatime and nolotime.

*

Happiness keeps us awake. As does unhappiness.

*

The present is portrayed with the future even though it has passed.

*

Solitude is the last form of love.

*

When we make so many mistakes, we learn how to make better mistakes.

*

The fractures of society are in the outskirts of cities.

*

Life is a rough draft that cannot be corrected.

CARMEN CANET
Olas
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2020
87 pages

The fabric of reality should be a colorful silk with transparencies.

*

Journeys are windows that open the kaleidoscope of foreign streets.

*

From forced smiles, one can hear the fall of imposters' sounds.

*

I no longer want anyone to expect anything from me or expect anything from anyone else. I hope you understand.

*

The wind is an elusive fish. The kite is a hook. The string that holds it, the fishing line.

*

Memory is silvery grey. The present, indigo blue. And the future, green leaf.

*

LAW: the gravity of things can be relative and absolute.

*

Good solitude needs its own space, air and silence. It is its own company.

*

There should be attacks of integrity.

*

He felt so much that he consented more.

*

In love, there is nothing other than the present.

*

The mind that never ceases! Stalks.

DIONISIA GARCÍA
El caracol dorado
Renacimiento
Seville
2011
176 pages

The best strategy is to wait sitting down.

*

The luck of water is to escape.

*

The extremes sacrifice the idea.

*

The joy of life is the joy of life. Everything else is compromises.

*

Rigor does not undermine freedom, it strengthens it.

*

Acting naturally is not noteworthy, the word itself says so.

*

The permanence of the perfect is wearisome, for this reason, nature is wise.

*

When someone wishes to endure, he should not build a monolith in his lifetime.

*

Some acquaintances, terrorists of intimacy.

*

The Athenians were not the most handsome or the tallest. They observed the world and they told it. Now we manipulate it.

*

In childhood, the reading of the Iliad boils down to the horse anecdote.

*

War, as a reference, sets back the future of the ages.

*

Silence carries out missions that are just as important as words.

Furniture creaks because trees live in them. So they say.

*

When you write, when you love, when you perform, imagine that it is the last time and your emotion will grow.

*

The night pardons us. We begin to be prisoners with light.

*

I work on my beliefs, just like in the best profession.

*

Near the path, the reeds swayed. The sound, when colliding, difficult to describe. Things in the country.

*

To the twenty-year old teacher who told us about the King of Argos, at the rural school, I dedicate my memory.

*

Dolls have cardboard teeth and silk wigs. They are very scary now.

*

If ideas get old, let them die in peace.

*

What would happen if people refused to watch the royal weddings?

*

It was autumn. The clouds seemed to gallop in the afternoon and I flew with them.

*

People need references, mirrors know this.

*

In spite of our precarious condition, we insist on being futurists.

*

It is incredible that we are not surprised by the flight of a bird.

*

Let’s face it, coexistence is very difficult, but what about loneliness?

*

We are rich in awakenings. Impossible to remember them all.

We are so vulnerable that if we are passed by and brushed against, we acknowledge the incident with surprise and we expect an apology. Founded, however, in fraternity.

*

Those who discover the sea late in life are impressed by its depth.

*

Dying should be easy, the preambles are the worst.

*

Death is a tenant with aspirations to be the owner.

*

Part of the emotion towards what is unknown lies in the journey.

*

If we have not reached a certain degree of tenderness over the years, it is best to leave the field.

*

The universe entertains us, however, it is possible that we leave it with the sensation of not having entered.

*

Writing well does not consist in telling, but in making it happen in the best way.

*

In these times, artists represent themselves in the forefront, instead of letting the artwork go first.

*

Who gave the first kiss?

*

The puzzling thing about the world is that it ignores us.

*

Thinking is not believing but being skilled at pursuing certainties.

*

If fame is nothing other than “being forgotten a short time later”, why waste your life on such a useless endeavor?

*

I am sure that Homer was the boy in his neighborhood who was always singing thesame
song.

War should be a hindrance to keep talking about other things.

*

Experience in itself is a mere support, to the extent that we delve into it, we will be compensated.

*

Nothing of what we think has lost words, but what would we do without them?

*

Keeping one's balance in an approaching death is the privilege of orderly minds.

*

The bad thing is not just leaving this world, but having to announce it.

*

Who remembers the last night of youth?

*

What an obsession with statistics, when the only thing that matters is
that we are one.

ELIANA DUKELSKY
Crianza
Cuadernos del Vigía
Granada
2018
64 pages

Born at the age of five in a move. Hold on to the surname.

*

Uprooting: a fish that gasps below life.

*

Family exiles that imprison each of its members in their own prison sentence.
[Translator's Note: the Spanish word "pena" has a dual meaning of prison sentence and self-pity or lament.]

*

The obsessive wall of uprootedness: to be stateless.

*

The action of idealizing a person resides in the unconscious and painful ideal of leaving him.

*

Profession: perfect.

*

A misunderstanding can shape an identity.

*

Discovering that your platonic love was a city.

*

Who would have thought that in the depth of childhood homelessness, in search of romantic love or in the construction of a second home, the faraway city would hide, intact.

*

Underneath the person that I am, the person who I believe I am makes my path.

*

Persons whom we have offended and who are limited in our mind to the committed offence.

*

Act of invisible love: tiptoeing past the madness of a loved one.

*

People do not want to be understood, they want to be accepted for
what they are not.

The country was the myth that concealed your home

*

Finding a home and being worthy of it.

*

The human being is born in a fantastic genre. Pregnancy is an unbelievable process.

*

Among the waves of this fatigue, I encounter my daughter. I become the sea, my little daughter swimming in the distance. She approaches.

*

We are born due to lack of space. Being born is an eviction.

*

When it is born, the baby builds a uterus around its mother.

*

My daughter and I spent the first month of her life frightening each other.

ELIANA DUKELSKY
La lengua en el espejo Cuadernos del Vigía
Granada
2015
58 pages

Writing: to transform one's own scream into something else.

*

That woman is walking sideways due to a thought.

*

Some people populate their identity spontaneously; others in a meticulous way, as if they were decorating the spaces of a house; and there always those who spend their lives depopulating it.

*

Daffodils want to love each other and they only manage to desire each other.

*

Sometimes thought chokes on a parrot.

*

People should generally learn how to live with pain. We, neurotics, on the other hand, should learn how to put up with happiness.

*

Some men remain trapped by their first shadow.

*

Fear only looks in one direction, if it looks both ways, it would evaporate.

*

We covet the time of fiction in real life.

*

I wish there were music shops which tuned people.

*

Sometimes, the intimacy of a couple generates gestures, words and behaviors of a tender animal. This is the peaceful memory of nature.

*

The climax of the mirror: to be perfect even in the dosage of imperfection.

The cigarette is the required dose of death for anxious people.

*

Past mistakes that run into each like lightning bolts and shiver in shame.

*

The disguise is heavier than the burden that it wishes to conceal.

*

More than at lecterns, political ideology is discovered in domestic attitudes.

*

There are those who ask if the truth is in the language or in the space of mirrors, but: isn't language itself a mirror?

*

We run away from the selves which we keep for ourselves.

*

Suddenly, he was stabbed in the back by everyday routine.

*

The worst thing is not looking back, but forgetting that there is a past every day.

*

Time adjusts us.

*

A part of me suspects the other part.

ELÍAS MORO,
Algo que perder
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2015
148 pages

The knife of what is read opens the wound of what is written.

*

I walk on the snow like a stain on purity.

*

On the branch of my defects, the tip of a virtue, shy and cold, alights.

*

I would like to be immortal, even if were only for one day.

*

Just before wilting, the flower wonders what its fruit will be like.

*

To what harbor of what abyss do sunken submarines dock?

*

In the map of my memory, there are islands of ice that are sinking and melting, slowly.

*

He was so narcissistic that he plagiarized himself.

*

Writing like in silent films: with the essential minimum in order to be understood.

*

Contemplation shelters.

*

The poem is a glow that did not exist before.

*

Do not be confused: in the end, there is always something to lose.

*

To the extent that you become known, you become exposed.

He was so conformist that he resigned himself even to what was evident.

*

The best writer does not tell us about his life but reveals our own.

*

The continual scandal of the obvious.

*

Starting from zero is absolutely no guarantee that we will reach the number one.

*

If you allow your arm to be twisted too much, it is likely that they will end up breaking it.

*

When they are bored, lightning rods dream of storms.

*

Memory is such a weak shelter that it can fall apart at the first recall.

*

We came out of the caves and carry their darkness with us.

*

Since he stopped at nothing, he passed everything by.

*

If you look for symmetry in everything, it is possible that you will end up in handcuffs.

*

What is beautiful is always defenseless.

*

Conscience shatters before the glass of facts.

*

I had a portrait made and it was blurry. I accepted it as good.

ELÍAS MORO
Morerías
Ediciones Liliputienses
Cáceres
2016
56 pages

When we cover our head with a pillow, we accidentally become the ostriches of dreams.

*

Imagination is the diamond of the mind.

*

At night, the sleepwalker rehearses his future as a ghost.

*

Androgynous beauty, resin is both honey and the tear of the pine tree.

*

With his glass eye, the photographer shoots his gaze at a memory which still does not exist.

*

Butterfly and bat: the dance of beauty and the beast in the air.

*

Dictionary: the safety deposit box of words.

*

The bottomless pit is tired of swallowing everything that is thrown into it.

*

In hour glasses, the hours seem to accumulate on the floor.

*

Some dogs move their tails as if they were going to take off.

*

Twilight is the dawn of the approaching night.

EMILIO LÓPEZ MEDINA
El arte jovial
Libros al Albur
Seville
2018
80 pages

A theologian sees ghosts in things, a philosopher sees them in concepts and a man of letters sees them in words.

*

Wealth is a whim. Beauty, a necessity.

*

A good aphorism makes the innocent laugh and makes the philosophers serious.

*

Humor is joy without movement. Laughter is the movement of joy.

*

A work of art is moving; a work of genius, in addition, is shocking.

*

When man discovered music, he abandoned the totem and fetish and conceived Divinity.

*

Philosophy asks what man is. Literature tells us who he is.

*

What is touching about a dreamy person is that he himself is something real.

*

A sense of humor is what keeps us away from madness. A madman has no sense of humor (neither does a fanatic, who is a variation of a madman).

*

When passion screams, logic becomes hoarse with fear... but then the brave tailor of humor stands up.

*

If man’s purpose of life is the conscious search for happiness, then we can say that man is the only animal that lives by and for joy.

El dolor
Octaedro
Jaén
2013
187 pages

No act is trivial, no omission is trivial. No word is trivial, no silence is trivial.

*

In this way, whoever projects his future is someone determined to dominate life... A life project denies chance.

*

Assuredly, an (almost) happy person would be one who enters a good “zone” of interconnections and, above all—if he is a modern stoic— one who touches only the essential points in order not to make other superfluous and, by mere law of probabilities, dangerous connections/links.

*

Living is thus the most versatile art.

*

A man who has not cried as a child will weep as an adult.

*

One is most ignorant at the time of life when one most needs not to be ignorant: youth.

*

Young people are strange; namely, they are strangers to life, they have just arrived. They are young for this reason, and everything human is unknown to them.

*

They will indeed discover that life is a party, but a sad party.

*

Awaiting and saving oneself for the happiness that is to come is a kind of consolation whose earthly aspect is similar to its theological aspect (namely, that theological virtue...).

*

Happiness is so difficult that we are satisfied with its hope. Happiness is the promise of happiness.

*

Man is a child his entire life—whimsical, variable, selfish, playful (his toys: cars; his games: politics and business, ...he also loves to play war)—. There is a time when he seems to become mature, but he then becomes old: namely, even more childlike.

Seneca said that “one must learn to live while one is alive”. These times are so modern with so many techno-axiological changes, they also impose that one must write the script of life while one is alive.

*

Abandoning childhood is to begin to die, since the fight of death with life begins, in which obviously, you will lose in the end.

*

A beautiful person seems beautiful to us the farther away he seems to be from disease. This is why young people are beautiful.

*

Even in its genesis, Beauty appears in a sudden way. Like the artist’s own inspiration, it suddenly appears—suddenly a girl becomes a teen—, in the face of ugliness and degradation, which is slow and very slowly grows during many years, in each of the moments of life she has lived.

*

The only pride and the greatest pride are derived from feeling healthy. In other words: disease puts an end to all pride in an instant.

*

We are all from a unique world, in which everyone believes he is unique.

*

The joy of the happy man recalls the happiness of the fawn on the radiant day when the hunting season closes.

*

Happiness, like truth in relation to error, is only one possibility among infinite possibilities (of misfortune).
It is precisely happiness due to this exceptional nature.

*

If you only knew how many people who made fun of old age, I have watched grow old...

*

God is at the beginning of all joy. The Devil, at the end.

EMLIO LÓPEZ MEDINA
Del amor y todo lo que le es propio
Trea
Gijón
2018
92 pages

Love, due to its own essence, is anti-democratic.

*

Falling in love is obtaining someone's soul either to save it or condemn it.

*

It is not that passions have imprisoned reason. They have released it.

*

Power does not exist in love. Because of this, love is offered and received nakedly.

*

Whoever loves, lives; the loved one only harvests the fruit of this life.

*

Failure to love is a type of illness.

*

The distinction between physical love and spiritual love is a distinction that only those who do not love can make.

*

A great love usually ends by sudden death. A small love never extinguishes not even by exhaustion.

*

Spiritual love is sometimes silenced by the fear of appearing to be a sexual perversion.

*

Whoever loves deeply, fears deeply. How could happiness ever be complete?

ENRIQUE GARCÍA-MÁIQUEZ
Palomas y serpientes
La Veleta
Granada
2015
80 pages

Many believe that it is a poodle; however an aphorism is a greyhound.

*

Write with scissors: read with tweezers.

*

From the moment that your mother dies, death is your sister.

*

Whoever exaggerates has a presentiment that in reality there is much more, but is not able to guess exactly where.

*

Comparisons are almost never hateful, however hatreds are almost always comparative.

*

For the songs of the mermaid, there are the songs of silence.

*

In the mirror, vanity sees envy.

*

Without principles, things start badly.

*

The person who started a fashion did not follow it.

*

Sincerity without intelligence is a liar.

*

Time should prefer progress but it has fallen in love with tradition.

*

The instant is the Achilles heel of time.

*

If the price of being happy is that sad people think you are a fool, it is quite cheap.

Reality is the secret.

*

Love is able to halt time, but when love passes, all time suddenly returns.

*

Thinking means not agreeing with our own ideas.

*

Pay attention to verbs: be eternally happy; be temporarily sad.

*

Intimacy is not what is inside but what is within, whether it comes out or not.

*

I pursue the final point but it eludes me...

FELIX TRULL
La lección de Pulgarcito
Karima Editora
Seville
2019
81 pages

Art is to homelessness what religion is to shelter.

*

Decency is the science of appearances.

*

Permanent innovation is now the new tradition.

*

My red lines are green: as soon as you cross over them, they disappear.

*

One of the most beautiful privileges of the freedom of speech is being able to choose who will not understand you.

*

Happiness is the most refined form of gratitude.

*

Being free means paying the price.

*

All joys have the air of a radiant midday.

*

The worst thing about winning is having to stop playing.

*

To think is to doubt (oneself).

FELIX TRULL
Líneas de flotación
Libros al Albur
Seville
2018
50 pages

I feel persistent breathing on my neck. And it is not plant, animal or human.

*

I like the women that I do not understand. In general, I, the great analyst, adore not understanding.

*

Preparing for pleasure is already half of the pleasure. Or maybe even three-quarters of it.

*

Against the vice of closing, the virtue of reopening.

*

Everything is in books... except you.

*

I am one of those who cast the rod and hide the hook.

*

I'd rather briefly pet the tail of a fleeing alley cat before letting an infamous lap dog lick my hand.

*

With so much flow and going with the flow, everything ends up going down the drain.

*

Plebiscite is everything. Just stepping into the street is a heads or tails gamble.

*

Get out of your comfort zone, in my garden.

*

God gives kisses to those who have no lips.

*

In a world full of seekers, it is normal that no one finds anybody.

*

The good things in life are always found at the end of a stairway. And the better they are, the more steps separate us from them.

The world has agitated us so much, that we only know how to come and go, we never stay.

*

"Only the women who abandoned us are ours", wrote a certain Jorge Luis. I would add: also the ones who even before putting distance between us, turned their back on us or looked away...

*

I am so out of fashion, that soon, I will be vintage.

*

Your calm, my euphoria.

*

Being different does not guarantee that you are right. Neither does the entire catalog of modern virtue: original, weird, unique, rebellious, disobedient or transgressive. Frequently, certainty wears old clothing.

FERNANDO MENÉNDEZ
Artificios
Trea
Oviedo
2014
76 pages

The authentic intuition of the artist is the artwork.

*

Museums collect fragments of gazes.

*

A painting embodies an endless metamorphosis.

*

The sketch artist longs to taste the transitory nature of things.

*

Art seeks the glare of absence.

*

There is a painting that only has to do with what is absent.

*

When I paint, I begin to be who I am.

*

A color remains if it has time.

*

Memory is a ledger for death.

*

It is only as possible that it is tragic.

*

An aphorism fixes the gaze in time.

*

The *adagio* teaches us to withdraw.

*

Silence, like music, is polyglot.

FERNANDO MENÉNDEZ
Splashes
Trea
Oviedo
2013
46 pages

Maps are miniature desires.

*

Where there is charity, there is cruelty.

*

Power excludes everything except for sleepwalkers.

*

The cynical sadness which is left by all dominating cultures.

*

For new rhetoric, new solitary lyrics.

*

Every political view conceals another political view.

*

There are as many truths as there are mediums.

*

It takes time to perceive new horizons.

*

Power aspires to be unspeakable.

*

How shallow it is to aspire to be a half-shadow.

*

Like a bell, the heart rings everything.

*

Happy life moves on without us.

*

Love, one body with two voices.

There is more than enough metaphysics in the bathtub.

*

Only the unknown is immortal.

*

Every age chooses its genuine absence.

*

Existence is not what exists but what remains.

*

God has committed suicide for men.

*

Nothing is blank except beauty.

*

Travelling: moving without arriving.

*

Memories stubbornly make a theater of life.

*

All perfection is posthumous.

FERNANDO MENÉNDEZ
Tempo di silencios
Trea
Oviedo
2018
102 pages

Knowing without worship is superfluous.

*

In every silence, there is a bit of poetic indulgence.

*

The less the word is fragmented, the more it ambushes us.

*

One word can be a bundle of forgotten remedies.

*

Where there is silence, everything is unavoidable.

*

What does not change becomes inaccurate.

*

Silence does not impress with its fragility but with its hospitality.

*

We sink into the folds of each other in order to dream.

*

Watching a cloud pass removes the fatigue from the word.

*

Music, the existential marrow of the intangible.

*

In everything fragmentary, there is something untouchable.

*

Life is a mystery with a future.

FLORENCIO LUQUE
El gato y la madeja
Karima Editora
Seville
2018
109 pages

Serenity knows about the nothingness of all horizons.

*

Exercise patience with the naturalness with which the wind models the peaks.

*

To have a good sight, you must touch what is invisible.

*

In a parallel universe, will I be as lost as I am in this one?

*

Make friends with the occult: it awaits you in eternity.

*

Listening requires hearing our silence.

*

Disappear into the poem like a pebble in water, while small circles carry its echo to the land.

*

What a liberation to detach oneself from all judgement and wander, alone, only touched by fog!

*

Silence is the altar of words.

*

The tree also has its head full of birds.

*

The poem emerges from an abyss which it cannot evade: the echo of the stone whistling in its fall.

*

The light of music does not cast shadows.

*

Allow the poem to reveal the resurrection of the inert in words.

Loneliness insists on reminding us of the names that accompany us.

*

All acts add a new path to the labyrinth of what exists.

*

It was a mirror so charitable that no one recognized themselves in it.

*

Everything always happens for the first and only time.

FRANCISCO FERRERO
La revolución de la paciencia
Libros al Albur
Seville,
2018
52 pages

The majority of issues test the consistency of our patience, however, patience tests the majority of our issues.

*

You rest when you allow your life to be gently revolutionized.

*

The revolution which has patience is right.

*

Being free is to be a nomad between order and chaos.

*

The thinker who does not suffer from his thought is suspicious.

*

We call the desire that we have not been able to master an impulse.

*

Reflection perceives every part of the world. Contemplation perceives the world of every part.

*

Better to lead a double life than to lead a single life with a double meaning.

*

Behind the method, there is usually a miracle.

*

To play is to be disciplined with joy.

FRANCISCO FERRERO
Un silencio propio
Cuadernos del Vigía
Granada
2019
67 pages

One cannot have a language of one's own without a silence of one's own.

*

For curiosity, which dawns in everything.

*

God is an unrecognized solitude.

*

In spite of your righteousness, one day you will be part of someone else's mistakes.

*

In the voice, thought is out of tune.

*

Regrets are clear skies of wisdom in storms of foolishness.

*

One is always moving, the accident is to remain.

*

The second opinion is the first pretext.

*

We pretend to be temporary in order to withstand life.

*

Games house the longest-lived concepts.

*

An instant, the sermon of eternity only lasts an instant.

*

Monsters are men disguised as gods.

*

Forgetting is an art if what is forgotten has no remedy.

In favor of convictions, reasons become more savage than instincts.

*

Life is always a swing, but you are not always the child.

*

What you uniquely do like no one else, everyone feels like it belongs to them.

GABRIEL INSAUSTI
El hilo de la luz
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2016
76 pages

That incapacity for the trivial in which life takes revenge on the profound man.

*

Write like that organist who practices hard on the keyboard in an empty temple.

*

Faced with a pure act, the petty habit seeks motives.

*

If the imagination does not resonate, it dissipates.

*

There are loyalties that are more frightening than any betrayal.

*

Beauty is a path that pretends to take us somewhere.

*

Life is a game whose aim consists in verifying what the purpose of the game is.

*

The vice of laziness has the virtue that it dissuades us from cultivating other vices.

*

When you see the concept enter the door, reality flees through the window.

*

All art that does not return to life is fatuous. All art that has not gone before is redundant.

*

It is hard to search for those who do not know what they are looking for.

*

Only those who live in thought long for a life of sensations.

*

Levity demands the heaviest of disciplines.

All opinions are respectable except this one.

*

Two supporters with opposing ideologies are more likely to coincide than the supporter of an ideology and a lover of the truth.

*

The project that does not fail is not very ambitious.

*

One listens to advice like someone reading a book that has been underlined by someone else.

*

In love, everything which is not excessive is not enough.

*

In large doses, disillusion is a virus. In small doses, it is a vaccine.

*

Essential principles are those that are difficult to accept in ourselves but which we want to assume in others.

*

The difference between the pessimist and the cretin consists in that the latter is overjoyed to be right.

*

Beauty is a promise that always remains pending.

*

The good master teaches us not to have masters.

*

One of the best declarations of love consists in recognizing that the other has meant the end of an autarchy.

GABRIEL INSAUSTI
Preámbulos
Renacimiento
Seville
2015
173 pages

Intelligence is the enemy of precocious peace.

*

People usually speak with enthusiasm of a world in which everything is possible. I prefer a world in which something is real.

*

Distrust the one who proclaims that nothing is sacred, because he considers himself to be sacred.

*

If I am me and my circumstance, then why do I think that the only thing that I need to change to be happy is my circumstance?

*

Neither like nor loath oneself: the only sanity lies in being a little indifferent to ourselves.

*

We sometimes still confuse whether something agrees and whether it is true.

*

One defect of intelligence is not knowing how to generalize; another, only knowing how to generalize.

*

Interpretation tells us more about who interprets than what is interpreted.

*

For thought, deliberately destroying is much more difficult than improvised building.

*

Of course, I know that from the inside you can see the complexity of everything. That is why I do not go in; I prefer to remain outside with my simplicity.

*

If we see everything in terms of all or nothing, then we will not know what to do with this world: it is not everything but it is also not nothing.

*

One ends up understanding people, but when it is already too late.

With loneliness and companionship, it sometimes happens that one does not know which is the disease and which is the cure.

*

One can live with and one can kill all uncertainty. What is not possible is to live by having killed all uncertainty.

*

The first thing that shows that we are kings is our option to abdicate.

*

The most intense horror, served in small doses, ends up becoming trivial to us.

*

The worst that can happen to a dissident is that the official nature of what he has dissented from disappears.

*

The kingdom of inefficiency is unlivable, but the realm of efficiency is inhuman.

*

Nothing like adversity to verify what we actually think about things.

*

If you do not want to be obliged to carry out your threat, make it a huge one.

*

Distrust produces its own causes.

*

Equanimity is the shortest path to end up being alone.

*

Elegance, all too often, consists in appearing not to understand.

*

He who seeks to win above all, only manages to win.

*

Do I believe in God? Of course, I believe that he exists whether or not I believe in him.

*

Tell me what sacredness was opposed by each age and I will tell you what was sacred for each age.

The obsession for certainty has done us great harm. Almost everything that is worth knowing is uncertain.

*

The modern trend to desacralize what is sacred is directly proportional to the trend to make what is profane holy.

*

The unconfessed aspiration of the nihilist is to destroy the world in a single phrase.

*

Often, the problem is not that God does not exist, but that he does not exist enough; with this evident manifestation, with this instant gratification that is demanded of everything today.

*

Of course, science cannot answer everything. It cannot even ask everything.

*

In some conversations, we do not discuss profoundly in fear of disagreeing. In others, in fear of coinciding.

*

The most legitimate institutions are those that contemplate their own dissolution as their final objective.

*

Soon, only our rights will be recognized without first being recognized as victims.

*

Something has gone wrong when the entire world demands more shop windows but no one demands more room behind the scenes.

*

It seems contradictory, but the acceptance of totalitarianism only requires adopting a partial point of view.

*

Perhaps fanaticism is simply a question of impatience.

*

Travelling is what we do from time to time to enjoy the sensation of returning.

*

Do you do too much? Ask yourself why.

*

There is nothing more terrifying than a crowd convinced that itis right.

JACOB IGLESIAS
Ovejas negras
El Páramo
Valladolid 2018
108 pages

The aphorism is something like a lost sheep. And having herded the aphorisms into a book, they are something like a flock of black sheep.

*

Too soon and too late: these are the only excesses that they will find in his biography.

*

“All the whispers are about me,” stated the suspicious person.

*

It bores you so that you do not have to bore yourself.

*

We are all born on time, we all die untimely.

*

What is the saddest epitaph?: “He never did wrong to anyone”.

*

His mania to correct people plunged him into academia.

*

Few things are more frightening than a big crowd of enthusiasts.

*

One of the reasons that we love babies is because they have not had the chance to hurt us yet.

*

When thanking him, he acquired a debt without noticing.

*

I reproached him for his joy. Not out of envy, but out of disbelief.

*

It does not matter how many years you live, we always die incomplete.

JAIME FERNÁNDEZ
Maniobras de distracción
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2018
107 pages

The pessimist is a spectator. The optimist, the spectacle.

*

The small illusions protect us from the big illusions.

*

Emotions are not to be trusted which find the right words too soon.

*

We drive the vehicle of Reason without thinking that the truck of the Absurd can crash against us.

*
We will be happy in the degree that we set limits on our desires and expectations. Happiness is limitation.

*

Man, due to the mere fact of wanting to be more than a man, loses humanity.

*

Romanticism brought the Self from the front row seats onto the stage. Since then, there has been no way to make it exit the stage.

*

Purposes, like promises, are ruined as soon as they are proclaimed.

*

To look is to decompose what is seen.

*

Forgetting advances without a specific course, like a sleepwalker.

*

Talking with people is a way to spend time. However, one converses with books.

*

The solutions to today's problems are tomorrow's problems.

The crutch of language allows the invalid body of thought to move.

*

Strangeness, that oh so familiar feeling.

Javier Bozalongo
Prismáticos
Trea
Oviedo
2017
53 pages

If you abandon yourself, you leave those who accompany you alone.

*

He who grows up without a past will not be able to remember his present tomorrow.

*

Every morning he asked why. And every night, he asked for whom.

*

The more I remember the less I recognize myself.

*

Forgetting certain kisses takes a lot of memory.

*

Half-truths are shared lies.

*

Only the smart doubt, even when affirming that only the smart doubt.

*

Not all answers find a question made to their measure.

*

How carelessly we affirm ourselves, when we wish to deny ourselves.

*

He who turns out the light is fortunate because he has not always lived in darkness.

Artilugios
Takara Editorial
Madrid
2015
54 pages

The past is rewritten in the future, never in the present.

*

No one remembers someone when they stop being something special.

*

Uncertainty causes brevity.

*

Writing and publishing is the past. Reading is the future.

*

There is no greater eternity than the sphere of an orange.

*

Poetry is written to satisfy the need to write poetry. Simply that.

*

The only thing that we learn from philosophy is that being never is and never will be and non-being has always been.

*

All logic is chaos. And a good deal of melancholy.

*

Hope is a sponge which absorbs all evils.

Concepto
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2019
90 pages

The one who decides is not the strongest but the one who recognizes.

*

In the act of attention, we travel inwards.

*

The axis of life is born motionless.

*

He who has nothing to contribute ends up disclosing.

*

The writer's best friend is the paper shredder or in its absence, the waste basket.

*

Memories are born, grow, reproduce, die and are reborn.

*

He who knows himself a lot ends up hating himself.

*

We never cease to cross the river of the present.

*

In morality, the tree rises up.

*

Like the noble part of literature, the aphorism should be born in humility.

Ética para mediocres
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2020
96 pages

Poetry is the flight from the world to arrive in the world.

*

The mirror of freedom is the window.

*

We never free ourselves when we are watched.

*

Our time must be virtue and humility our destiny.

*

Poetry is the love for the nature of things.

*

The pretentious aphorism is a banality.

*

A sentence is an aphorism charged with fear.

*

Silence in the aphorism seeks other infinite truths.

*

Acceptance is the sustenance of beings, of all beings.

*

The indefinite governs what is governable. The infinite is governed by *no one*.

*

Contemplate, pay attention, understand. The commandments of the law of man.

La alegría de lo imperfecto
Trea
Oviedo
2017
70 pages

What is simple is far from simple, it is incautious.

*

Poetry is not a law; it is the law.

*

A turmoil is a disagreement.

*

Effort is a fig that rots on a tree.

*

Custom is a right, the distance somewhat necessary.

*

The dead are shadows and the living are appearances.

*

A verse is a glass that is stained when you put your hands on it.

*

Denying existence or plurality is a paradox.

Everything has been said, but we have forgotten.

*

He who loves what he does not know is loving something else.

*

He who loves life lives new experiences; and he who does not, seeks them.

*

If language could express everything, then life would not be necessary.

*

The same as Mozart seems like noise to a fly, the cosmos seems random to man.

*

The more my reason believes in chance, the more my heart wants to believe in providence.

*

When good seduces us, it is beauty; when it convinces us, it is truth.

*

What is good is not always useful and what is useful is not always good.

*

Kill a snail because if it is bad, then just do it.

*

Born from love for love. Do not despise it, since it is your body.

*

If man had been designed by man, he would not have ended up being a man.

*

He who trusts in himself and in others wants freedoms; and he who does not, wants rights.

*

The more rights you have, the more duties I have. Your rights limit my freedom.

If Logos exists, the world is logical, although we fail to understand it. If Logos does not exist, the world is not logical, although we believe that we understand it.

*

If he does not steal fire from the gods for men, the teacher is nothing more than an indoctrinator.

*

The opposite of death is not life, but Eros.

*

Healthy natures require few stimuli.

*

He who does not forgive his father believes that his children will forgive him.

*

Having a child is not condemning a living being to death, but saving him or her from nothing.

*

We only felt sorry for the donkey when the truck was invented.

*

The imminence is better than the climax.

*

We all have a killer inside. Ethics disarms him and ideology arms him.

JORDI DOCE
Perros en la playa
La Oficina Ediciones
Madrid
2011
S/P

Make your subtractions into an addition, regardless of how small. The profound vocation of the aphorist.

*

Too many critics approach books as if they were trampolines. Too many critics fall once more into the swimming pool of themselves.

*

Sometimes what is nearest is the most unreachable.

*

The return is always to another place.

*

I do not have my own thought, just like the air that I breathe is not mine. According to where I am, thus I breathe, thus I think.

*

He opened his mouth, stuck his hand in his throat and one by one removed all those that he had been in the past. Afterwards, he remained floating in the air.

*

A thing or a building are ways of enlarging space, to shape the air and make it more spacious.

*

The only mast to which we can tie ourselves is to our own bodies: our loneliness, our pride, our invisibility.

*

The necessity, in an Oriental way, of finding consolation in the petty details. Perhaps they are the only ones that remain uncontaminated throughout time.

*

He locks himself into the shortest possible phrase, and he still has space to take a breath and say another.

*

A country in which no one talks about what they know. Everyone is both a teacher and a student.

*

The best stories demand that we tell them. However they gain strength if we resist a little.

Stroll, so that the incessant chatter of the conscience becomes a background noise.

*

Never being afraid is foolish. Always being afraid is insane. Hence, my relationship with myself oscillates between foolishness and insanity.

*

In art, what one does is just as important as what one firmly decides not to do.

*

Something broke so that these fragments would emerge, but what?

*

He does not think he is better than anyone. Once, he was also a nobody.

*

Words: trains that pass by again and again in front of what has no name.

*

When I do not know where they come from or where they go, how can I claim that these fragments are my property?

*

He is disappointed that the facts support him. He thought he had more imagination.

*

These words, at best: raindrops pattering on a dark gray sea.

*

Do not wield your sincerity like a weapon. I will have to lie to defend myself.

*

It is everything that one cannot choose, and now it does not want to be anything else.

*

Light always hits the target.

*

The strange metamorphosis that transforms a goat trail of writing into a motorway of reading.

*

Not having enemies is another form of loneliness, perhaps the most sterile.

When living is nothing more than the effort to arrange the decadence of different parts of our body, so that they all die at the same time.

*

Nothing happened. Nothing ever stopped happening.

*

Time heals wounds but perhaps at the cost of anesthetizing everything that is around them.

*

It is the same door, isn't it? Why then are we given a different key every day?

*

Phrases like pole vaults, to jump above oneself.

*

Everything flees to another place. And that place is inside us, and we do not see it.

*

What a joy to be everything that no one expected of me!

*

The crowd separates with secret and mysterious unanimity, and in the open margin, a newborn emerges.

*

Always write phrases that inaugurate themselves.

*

Those who fully comply with the order with which they are born into the world. Those who cannot, do not know and do not want to comply with it. Those who try to verify who gave the order.

*

Delve into the stratums of yourself like an archaeologist. But first, you have to let yourself be ruined.

*

Take a close look in there. What has taken the place of the words that you allowed to leave?

*

Your face in the mirror each morning, like a word repeated over and over until it becomes understandable.

*

Do not let the rules hinder you from seeing the game.

Given that there is time, we cannot free ourselves from anything.

*

If I think about it, in reality, I no longer read -or seek to read- anything other than fragments. Namely, I convert everything that I read into a fragment.

*

Beware! My inconstancy is also a method.

*

I've still got things to do, I continue in the hands of time, the inheritances and random things in me that have yet to settle down.

*

Love in the way that the eye loves, leaving the object of its love intact.

*

He wants sentences full of life. But then they return and say exactly the opposite of what he expects.

*

Words are his vines. He moves from one thing to another without touching the ground, without ever setting foot on solid ground.

*

The days are there. It is only necessary to go out and look for them.

*

I do not have secrets: I live in them.

*

Why the blank page? It is the scenario reduced to the minimum expression. There any gesture, no matter how small, is a flash.

*

Do not stop listening, listen with such intensity that at last someone, anyone, feels obliged to speak.

JOSÉ ANGEL CILLERUELO
Lunáticos
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2017
77 pages

A chill goes up the wardrobe's spine when the curtain's slight movement grazes it.

*

The bird on the branch that sings the beauty of nothingness. Waves that splash the water that the sand drinks. Exist. And in existing, be.

*

Infinity resounds. In the tinkling of the cup when the spoon stirs the sugar in the coffee.

*

I pay attention to the gymnastic instructions of air to the few leaves that still remain on the branches.

*

Someone places their hand on the cold stone and in its coldness discovers a gift that never leaves.

*

Ants and their geometric routes. Spiders and their transparent crossword puzzles. Cats and their ellipses.

*

They grow in the shadow without anyone noticing or discovering them. On the lips they take on color for an instant and then fly away.

*

When he saw who the champions of the moment were, he knew he was the only hero: his ability of restraint. That joy of what does not perish.

*

Thoughts are the commotions that the midday sun has evaporated from the waters of the river.

*

It grows the more you give. The more you give the more intense you feel.

*

Searching for fish among the rocks and finding the silence of the river bottom.

*

Learn the potter's craft: with your hands, mold the clay of time to make days which will preserve the water's coolness inside.

One learns to dream like the wind that agitates what is real.

*

A window is an eye that looks at the landscape from the cyclops's forehead and it is the landscape that the cyclops's eye contemplates.

*

Solutions confirm that they are problems. What can we say about a civilization obsessed with finding solutions?

*

This is the magic of this age: everything exists and nothing is real. Except books, which are real but do not exist.

*

And not even words, after landing on the rug after pronouncing them, manage to remain still.

*

Strolling tames the landscape.

*

Fireflies among the bushes represent the suspension points of the phrases that the day has left half said...

*

That way of scratching silence which causes an avalanche.

*

The most intense form of dialogue that I know, silence. Talking now seems to be a new species in the classification of noises.

*

Words undress those who deliver them in silence.

*

Lessons of the tree: its patient writing in successive rings can only be read in a posthumous way.

*

I try to tie each day to the bollard of an aphorism, but in the end, I lose two boats.

*

A word splashes in the pond of the afternoon. It refuses to be converted into bottled water.

*

There is a book which no one can read, it only allows writing. It is known by the one who writes it, but only while he is writing it.

A flock of noisy words stop in a row on a blank page. Their silence.

*

My way of strolling in the country recognizing flowers is to spend the afternoon reading.

*

How curious: the more the individualism, the less the individual is able to place a personal value on his life experiences.

*

Be still, an option to keep advancing. Advance, a possibility of not moving.

*

How I admire the determination of shooting stars to place accents on the words that darkness writes blindly.

*

On the river bank, I sit on a stone. On my lap, the notebook with black covers where I convert the current into mirages.

*

Seeking the balance between what one understands and does not understand is always in vain. What is understood is forgotten; what is not understood is not remembered.

*

Begin the essay that you wish to write with a sentence of sixteen syllables. Then, with the final point.

*

How can we know anything about space if the known place is not even looked at and the unknown place is not even seen.

*

An aphorism is the lucid expression of a thought able to reveal the phenomenological mechanism of what is real.

JOSÉ LUIS MORANTE
Mejores días
De la luna libros
Mérida
2009
66 pages

An autobiography converts someone else into the main character.

*

Amnesia provides calm to the breath of memories.

*

It was not always past and invisible.

*

Aphorism: the buzzing of wasps.

*

Collapses emit lyrical flashes.

*

Indifference causes a reduction that converts the horizon into a storeroom.

*

Solitude invades the mysteries of the self.

*

Remembering is an exercise of resistance.

*

When I am alone, I am more sociable.

*

They distribute two by two; they take four by four.

*

Writing procreates ambivalences.

*

What does not belong to you is not mineeither.

Motivos personales
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2015
104 pages

Faced with rocks, arguments ask for heads or tails: climb or pass by.

*

Every loneliness is full of encounters.

*

Aphorisms skim the water's surface, like the fragile trace of a truth.

*

For an intimate, personal, direct trust, a somber tone of voice without fuss.

*

Every day, bewilderment, the investigation into the mystery of a changing and fragmentary reality.

*

Doubts: meeting places.

*

In the exchange of phrases, feelings are the bridges of light between two darknesses.

*

Over the years, skepticism changes into benevolence.

*

I dig. I break the wall. Behind the wall, there is another wall. I keep digging.

*

Between before and after, there has never been a chronological symmetry.

*

Nihilist temperaments renounce on principle the minor consolation of uncertainty.

*

Maturity converts desire into a frightened mouse.

*

Virtues are depleted; only defects have the virtue of permanence.

Do not lose heart; the breeze of astonishment touches on every corner.

*

I prefer a blurry reality, glimpsed from a half-closed blink.

*

Unbearable certainty: I know that I have a price.

*

Friendly layout of tradition: it lets us sleep under a roof.

*

Death. Diaphanous darkness.

*

His friendship: a door ajar. One never knows if he is coming or going.

*

Writing measures time with a prisoner's habit.

*

In the half-shadow of the drawer, that thrilling stillness of unpublished texts.

*

Speaking with the book and talking about the book. It is not the same.

*

He struggled with adversity, until they became intimate.

*

The optimist defines chaos as an open narrative.

*

When one asks for imagination from routine, it stammers.

*

The lack of ambition seconded his advances. He achieved everything that he did not want.

*

Literary texts should transmit the strength of a sudden crystallization.

*

Who believes in the itineraries to the places where one never arrives?

When you come back, you never come.

*

We are a version of smoke, spirals in transit.

*

There are ethereal spaces, between reality and the imaginary, where mirages acquire consistency.

*

Late at night, a sleepless vitality asks me how it can begin again.

JOSÉ MANUEL BENÍTEZ ARIZA
Efémera
Takara Editorial
Cadiz
2016
65 pages

Insisting on a disappointment is also a proposal for amendment.

*

Faced with a thick gregariousness, transparent solitude.

*

Woe to those, who merely surround themselves with accomplices instead of like-minded people.

*

In the city, silence is a buzz; in the country, it is an uproar.

*

I could live anywhere, on the condition that I was not obliged to leave home.

*

The most difficult God: the one that those who call themselves atheists must elucidate based on a diffuse notion of transcendence.

*

There are items of clothing that only add emphasis.

*

According to the observer's mood, rain either cleans or ... dissolves.

*

Even between cement walls, there is an instant field when the birds sing.

*

Happy as they say fools are when they are given a pencil. In my case, I would add: and a piece of paper.

*

The fear of the blank page or the blank screen: when you approach a mirror and cannot see yourself.

*

Poems are written to purge oneself of the sin of prodigality which is having written other things.

Write for no one: no other audience pays better.

*

Whoever steals an idea from you -woe to the trust among writers- instead has done you a favor.

JOSÉ MATEOS
Silencios escogidos
La Veleta
Granada 2013
76 pages

Reading well consists in not forgetting that beneath every phrase, every word, there is a promise.

*

To grow in the most profound way, I plant what is brief.

*

Paradise exists. Every time we rejoice, we enter it.

*

Truth is a prison when it is a refuge.

*

Except for man, all things have learned to speak while hiding the fact that they speak.

*

The less I had, the happier I was with what I had.

*

We live and walk among the fog; and if we dissipate it, we dissipate with it.

*

If you see in what is seen only what is seen, how little you see.

*

A great truth is never quite the whole truth.

*

Since no act has an end, all History is impossible.

*

In order to believe in reality, a lot of imagination is needed.

*

Words, outside of poetry: chewed meat.

*

Death is the soul’s change of expression.

Any substitute of God is the devil.

*

Maximum lucidity makes its nest on the edge of understanding.

*

The soul that is grateful, what can defile it?

JUAN KRUZ IGERABIDE
Breviario perplejo
Trea
Gijón
2017
108 pages

Revolution is also the opium of the people.

*

Unanimity fabricates monsters. The inevitable discord that follows brings them to life.

*

To become someone's supporter is to evade greater responsibilities.

*

Everything is a danger, above all complete safety.

*

Indignation is an outburst. If it stabilizes, it is bitterness.

*

This abstract need for human brotherhood and solidarity. That specific need to impose on the neighbor.

*

Collapse is caused more by a vacuum than a push.

*

From cannibalism, we have only overcome the ingestion phase.

*

When someone trembles before you, your grounds also trembles.

*

The avant-garde is usually surprised when it runs into the rearguard's backside.

*

Liberalism is like making a collect call. You may speak as much as you like.

*

First educational objective: exit the educational system unharmed.

*

Universal public education is a major social achievement in prisons.

Illiterate is an insult used only by the functionally illiterate.

*

The obsession to protect children means that we forget to protect ourselves.

*

The perfect crime is to allow the corpse to stay alive.

*

The mouth is a wound whose scar has not finishing healing.

*

An aphorism always falls on edge.

*

A profound thought makes the skin crawl.

*

We die when the emptiness in which we live explodes.

*

Beyond my death is the life of those who survive me. There is life after death. But how alien it is.

*

An aphorism is the sudden appearance of a fish leaping out of the water.

*

The only thing that is reborn from its own ashes is the fire.

JUAN MANUEL URÍA
Dos por la mañana
El Gallo de Oro, Bilbao,
2015
99 pages

Beneath a three-hundred-year old tree, only solemn thoughts are possible.

*

The poem is born where the obvious dies.

*

Patriot: that hooligan with a slightly bigger stadium.

*

The aphorism should be a nomad, lightweight with an indelible track and somewhat rogue.

*

These eternal, suicidal professionals, who will survive us.

*

The literary life was only possible in the age of duels at the first light of dawn.

*

One can be right and absolutely fail to use reason.

*

Good butchers lack a finger.

*

Over the years, one learns to read diagonally.

*

Being able to wander the streets of your city, full of people, like Robinson Crusoe.

*

Humor makes grey matter colorful.

*

And there is no turning over a new leaf, say those who only have one.

*

Wanting to be original is something that is already very old.

*

Age does not cure stupidity; it only wrinkles it a little.

They all shout slogans of freedom in unison and without dissonance.

*

Love is the cynic’s downfall.

*

A good poem will wink at you. A good aphorism will stick its tongue out at you.

*

Culture is not the antidote for anything.

*

The happiness of being called a traitor, by one side and the other.

*

A good epitaph: I tried.

JUAN MANUEL URÍA
La ciencia de lo inútil
Trea
Gijón
2018
76 pages

A definitive thought? Leave it behind and begin to think anew.

*

The distortion is not the mirrors but reality.

I am what I will be.

*

And the wave does not break in vain on the shore without having felt, for at least for a moment, the entire sea.

*

Poetic thought disobeys the subdued word and says yes to what is contradictory, to that which continues to confront things.

*

Rare light and always reborn from the dark poem.

*

Poetry bends language like the gaze is bent (in the light) to outline what it sees.

*

The everyday, in its desire for eternity, clings to language.

*

Intuition is the prelude to truth, a beautiful sketch.

*

I do not understand anything. And a flower is born in me.
And I cannot explain it.

JUAN VARO ZAFRA
Mudo pez en el mar
E.D.A. Libros
Benalmádena
2011
83 pages

The wise man who pretends to be an expert fails.

*

Evil is offered, good is demanded.

*

The opposite of weak thought is soft thought.

*

The wounds we inflict on ourselves for fear of suffering greater wounds never heal.

*

One is born with anger; resentment is learned.

*

Out of every one hundred ugly ducklings, two become swans; the rest become vultures.

*

The bad guys never tire of saying "no"; the worst guys, of saying "for me".

*

“All for everyone” and “everything for all” end up as “all and everyone for some”.

*

Maximum literary evil: convert the source into a precedent.

*

Everything lives in the memory but it is sustained by faith.

*

How hard it is for us to come to terms with the crude gratuitousness of our gratuitous acts.

KARLOS LINAZASORO
Nunca mejor dicho
Trea
Oviedo
2015
92 pages

No one has the right to judge one's neighbor. It is better to directly condemn him.

*

The only thing that is achieved with longevity is to see death up close.

*

One cannot be a good carnivore if one does not believe in the resurrection of the flesh.

*

When one feels a mutual admiration, what one admires most about another is exactly what is not mutual.

*

Eternal life comes to us at every dawn.

*

Only the deciduous ideas seem respectable to me.

*

Virtue consists in righteous fear.

*

Living is nothing but surviving oneself.

*

Writing is not requesting the floor to speak.

*

When the human being glides, the bird hits the ground.

*

Since there is increasingly more freedom, more and more things are forbidden to us.

*

After an especially prolonged agony, he suddenly died.

*

To be a poet is to live on the edge of your seat, but
within.

Synthesis is what is left after barbarism.

*

The lower the instincts, the higher the self-esteem.

*

To have a peaceful conscience, it is best to make sure that no one is watching you.

*

Eternal love is usually platonic.

*

Sooner or later, innocence always ends up making you guilty of something.

*

You must only have one idea about life because if you have two, then you become an intellectual.

*

Everything that we leave for later becomes the past.

*

I am as fickle as a weather vane: I always have my feet firmly planted on the ground.

*

Silence is the mystery that is heard in the echo, that which returns which no one has uttered.

*

In all ruins, there is something that makes you feel at home.

*

We are free: we can be arrested.

*

With age, big vices become small manias.

*

I have a razor-sharp intelligence: I know that I do not have a razor-sharp intelligence.

*

A book never gets old: it dies the very moment that it sees the light of day.

*

Experience teaches you to trip on different stones.

Everything that we lose embellishes Paradise.

*

One day, we stopped beating around the bush and became euphemists.

*

There is nothing more *contra natura* than thinking that the human being can save nature.

LEÓN MOLINA
Mapa de ningún sitio
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2015
74 pages

Maturity contains a slight sadness which sustains joy.

*

Today, thinking above all consists in disinfecting ideas.

*

The poet is horrified by what the philologist knows.

*

Persons who easily get angry provide me with a lot of free time.

*

Life is the digression. We do not know the topic.

*

The novel is the path which goes; poetry, the path that comes.

*

The philosopher ends up demonstrating that in which he believes.

*

The intensity of what is light is the most profound.

*

Nowadays, there are so many roads that it is not easy to find one that leads to Rome.

*

Knowledge that does not occupy space disappears.

*

If a poem starts shouting at me, I do not continue reading.

*

The poet is an exceptional case; he is simultaneously the one who has escaped and been left behind by the pack.

*

Those who tell the truth strictly to the letter, sooner or later, effectively crack the letter. [Translator's note: a play on words with "rajatabla" (strictly, at all costs) and "rajan la tabla" (crack the table).]

If I think in a straight line, it makes me sleepy.

*

The sane man's kite has a short leash.
[T.N.: a play on words with "cuerdo" (sane orcord/string) and cuerda (string).]

*

Those who feel philanthropic in an imaginary society are usually misanthropic in this one.

*

Friends are those persons who we may miss even when we are at their side.

*

Maturity is a flower that grows in the dung pile of disappointment.

*

Any desire is at least two: one to escape and the other.

*

The most solid cooperation takes place between individualists. The rest is soon diluted in effluvia of tenement.

*

A neighbor is a man who lives far away.

*

Rebellion that also fails to reveal what must be accepted is nothing more than resentment.

*

In this life, success and failure are only distinguished in their story.

*

The unbeliever is an unpolished skeptic.

*

Whoever faces life like a problem will have to make do with the solutions.

*

If it can be said in another way, it is not poetry.

*

How many times I spoke convinced of being right. What a nagging memory!

*

Without the ambiguity of meaning, the poet would die of sadness and the philosopher of hunger.

Whoever is gnawed by doubt is killed by certainty.

*

Human intelligence, more than progressing, accumulates. Civilization is a huge overcrowded storeroom.

*

The recognition of a mistake is almost always a tactical retreat.

*

Death does not matter. Dead people matter.

*

The human being is first and foremost a prone being.

*

Certainty is the past; doubt, the future.

*

All thinking is finalistic. Except contemplation, which is synchronous thought.

*

Every day, there are fewer believers; they have found other things even more incredible to believe in.

*

Originality is a machine that grinds up poets.

*

Melancholy, if it does its work well, leads us to joy.

*

Fanatics are stupid people who stumble on a conviction.

*

A person who cannot be alone, can only be with others halfway.

*

To be prudent, one must be brave.

*

No seed of what has been learned germinates until the winter of vanity has passed.

*

There is no art without risk. This does not transform falls, bumps and bruises into an art form.

To seduce is to induce without abducting.

*

What is really painful about death is that the world continues.

*

The atheist who is busy fighting the idea of God is not yet a complete atheist.

*

The truth is nothing special.

*

He who can does not need power.

*

The poem that you reread is already eternal.

*

Forgetting is the stone on which memory is sharpened.

*

From their corner, everyone thinks that they could have gone very far.

*

Creation: the eruption of silence in the noise of our intelligence.

*

He who coexists, exists. He who lives together, lives.

*

Be careful with experience: at least half is literature.

*

The time that passes from one crisis of thought to another is called idiocy.

*

We only know how to walk in circles because we love the return. And the one who goes the farthest is the one who seeks the greatest return.

*

In the forest of memory, I am the fog.

*

The decadence of a system is recognized by its insistence.

Aphorisms are the “guerrillas” of thought.
[T.N.: “Maquis” were rural guerrilla soldiers who continued to fight after the Spanish Civil War.]

*

What is demonstrated loses interest.

*

There is a bastard rebelliousness that needs rules like charity needs the poor.

*

Only the slave expects to find his freedom in laws.

*

Missed opportunities are the fictions of memory.

*

The first condition to believe in something is that it does not exist.

*

To regret what you have failed to achieve is to regret what you have.

*

Everything in youth that urged you to desire, in maturity insists that you be grateful.

*

Hope flourishes in an environment with low probabilities.

*

It does not matter that life wounds you, the alternative is that it
kills you.

LEÓN MOLINA
Tirar la piedra y esconder la mano
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2019
120 pages

Beauty always comes from afar.

*

Haste is lovelessness.

*

Science studies repetition. Poetry, the uniqueness.

*

Poetry is a sunken ship that navigates.

*

Remember, poet, language is part of our ancient savage nature.

*

The gaze is essential in order to write, although looking does not require the eyes.

*

I write in order not to forget that it will be forgotten.

*

Reading is walking. Writing is crawling.

*

The abundance of quotes is a sign of rigor (mortis).

*

Every philosophical system is a long journey that departs from one aphorism and arrives to another. Very frequently to the same one.

*

The aphorism does not aspire to truth but to meaning. It is irresponsible and beautiful.

*

Every sunrise is a small Big Bang.

LORENZO OLIVÁN
Dejar la piel
Pre-Textos
Valencia
2017
220 pages

«A system of thought» is an irresolvable paradox. True thought leaves all types of loose ends. It debates with itself and refutes itself.

*

A crowd of persons inhabit my soul and each of them, in turn, enjoys the possibility of being many others, and so on until madness.

*

I have nostalgia for everything that I am not and regrets for everything that I have not done. I am all those things that deny me.

*

The mask only sticks to our own skin when it is already in an advanced state of decomposition and cries out for the mask.

*

I write to know myself better, but the more I write the stranger the person who speaks in me appears.

*

I prune all my ideas so that they will blossom later in others with new branches.

*

What tells us best? In which words will one be more at home? How much closer to the lips will they be to pronounce them? What part of language is almost in some way your own flesh?

*

Look at the tree here stripping its bark to get a little higher up.

*

Silence encloses you and always leaves you defenseless at the gates.
[T.N.: a play on the word “encastilla” which means to enclose but also hints of a “castle” hence the reference
to gates.]

*

You look in circles. Increasingly more closed or open? Will their own form influence your concentration? How do they manage to besiege reality? How do they surrender it?

*

It is as if, when we are asleep, our head thinks at the same time with our whole body and, when we are awake, it thinks only from the neck upwards

Sometimes one feels when creating that existing has been thrown into being and is already a spokeless axis.

*

In writing and in art in general, the hours of groping and searching are forgotten faced with the instantaneousness of the discovery, which concentrates in itself a form of a vaster time that I do not know.

100

MANUEL FERIA
En ascuas
Self-published
Santa Cruz of Tenerife.
2017
71 pages

To safeguard the delicate cosmic balance, shadows move at the speed of light.

*

I am burning to know if I am a trial or an error.

*

If the soul does not speak, nothing is said and if nothing is said, why talk.

*

Passion is that annoying emotion that hinders us from enjoying love.

*

Joy approaches, suffering unites.

*

The loved one is one of the forms of God.

*

Others are our true measure of time.

*

May no religion steal your body or any ideology rob your brain.

*

What will artificial intelligence learn when I pronounce the word “love”?

*

At a funeral parlor, we all appear to be creditors.

*

The Lord said: Grow and multiply! And we grew and multiplied... the chaos.

*

At the beginning of our life, the end is very far; at the end, the beginning is very near.

*

Some set the bar so low that instead of jumping over it, they force us to stumble.

101

95% of your beauty is dark matter.

*

Learn to think; everything that they teach you is already known.

*

In order not to agree with anyone, he continually changed his opinion.

*

Chance is destiny’s apology for not assuming its responsibilities.

*

No one is alone if they are at peace.

*

Faith is the intelligence of the heart.

*

The fossil record is full of the kings of creation.

*

When intelligence fails to strive, beliefs are entrenched.

*

The use of reason is achieved and lost with age.

*

The future is a set of pasts to be used.

*

Gender equality must not be so important when evolution has not paid attention to it in the least.

*

Everything decomposes, but only the light does so in the most sublime way.

*

We are better defined by what we have too much of than by what we lack.

*

The soul does not exist but it is inherited.

*

I am to the extent that I cannot be.

102

The effect does not usually have a good opinion about the cause.

*

Reality is the dream of things.

*

What is forgotten is fed with memories.

*

In science, we usually pay more attention to small coincidences than to big discrepancies.

*

Immortality is death without limits.

*

For now, eternity is the past.

*

Certainty is only the most improbable doubt.

*

In the end, life is what remains of a desire inside a dream.

103

MANUEL FERIA
Verlas venir
Self-published
Santa Cruz of Tenerife.
2015
71 pages

All the stars of the firmament do not allow us to do what a simple candle does: read a book.

*

One cannot escape from oneself without falling into the other.

*

In old age, miraculously, we almost do not need to look in order to see.

*

At the edge of the abyss, one step back is a major advance.

*

Every flower has its distance.

*

Pain owns what life ends up abandoning.

*

In the beginning, there was nothing; later, everything was uncertainty.

*

Knowledge occupies the same place as ignorance.

*

If I am not inside myself, no one can fill my loneliness.

*

Commitment without work is a sterile fruit; work without commitment is torture.

*

Reality is a train and you are the rails.

*

Seeing it coming is not enough, you must also know how to dodge ontime.

104

MARIO PÉREZ ANTOLÍN
Contrariedades
La Isla de Siltolá
Seville
2020
139 pages

The gentleness with which the snow falls freezes time.

*

The trap of ideologies consists in passing off as enunciative what is, for the most part, emotive.

*

The abyss is closer and I cannot manage to touch it.

*

The world is also nourished by non-existences. Without them, nothing would be complete.

*

I am an agnostic who likes prayer, for this reason, I read poetry.

*

Art reaches where philosophy does not arrive. The entelechy comes to the aid of scrutiny.

*

I believe in a God that still has not created anything, generatively unpublished.

*

Everyday life calms the frenetic pace of discoveries.

*

If the moon falls, the hole that it would leave in the sky would not be filled by darkness.

*

The secret is the refuge of truth.

*

One step below pride, we find arrogance.

*

There are only moments, moments that do not form time.

MARIO PÉREZ ANTOLÍN
Crudeza
Trea
Gijón
2018
133 pages

My aphorisms are like miniatures in a huge drawer.

*

The shadow unites what the light separates and the wind tightens what calm loosens.

*

The important things that happen to us always end up in laughter or tears; the trivialities in a frown or a chat.

*

As much as I loathed my innumerable abominations, they set me as straight as my intermittent righteousness.

*

What are we? Failed attempts that insist on restarting until achieving transitory and precarious results.

*

The current notoriety makes us relevant even though we are clearly insignificant.

*

I care more about making spaces inside of me in order to fill them with knowledge than the knowledge itself.

*

Self-discipline and rigor, regardless of the results, should be the only social yardstick

*

There are landscapes that are not measured in meters but in minutes. Colossal weather left them without extension.

*

My days are salt crystals on an increasingly thin layer of ice.

*

The minority writer is satisfied with the appreciation of a select audience. He wants admirable fans.

*

For me, the abyss is in the heights. I plunge upwards.

Oscura lucidez
Baile del Sol
Tenerife
2015
167 pages

There is no subject without subjection. We are someone because we are trapped by something.

*

We feel admiration for the creations that make us complex. The pride, for example, of having made a calculator and the consequent deception of not being able to calculate like it.

*

Getting old means ceasing to ask questions for which we do not have the answers.

*

The lie is nourished by bits of truth that have been appropriately misplaced.

*

By magnifying the ravings of the mad, we shrink the coherence of the sane

*

A moment before becoming a presence, it is possible to choose the path of the notorious or the path of the sublime.

*

With age, our desire to please others decreases in proportion to our desire not to be bothered increases.

*

Plenitude obliges us to splurge so that decrepitude soon forces us to skimp.

*

We spend half our lives, when it is time to boast, disdaining and the other half, when it is time to resign ourselves, recovering what we have disdained

*

My most outstanding achievements have taken place after aimless ramblings.

*

The stonemason could have neglected the workmanship of the highest reliefs and ornaments of the cathedral, since practically no one, in his time period, was going to look at them closely; and yet he did not, because his purpose was that they should be seen, not from the earth, but from heaven by the one Eye that scrutinizes every detail.

Certain disgraces are so inconsolable and inexpressible that neither words of encouragement can comfort, nor the most compassionate tears can relieve. Faced with these blows of destiny, it is only fitting like Niobe t
o transform oneself into stone and mineralize the soul.

*

I write these things so that they do not remain inside to damage me and so that others, having read them, will suffer due to letting them in.

*

Who has not shown bravery in a fit? However, we do not say that he is brave because of it. Virtue is distorted if it is not founded on perseverance and thought.

*

Only children and kings are allowed to win. Perhaps this is because there is very little distance between maximum power and maximum weakness.

*

Freedom is underused by someone who is content to be oppressed in order to be free. On the other hand, freedom expands when someone makes a sacrifice in order to defend so that even those who do not deserve it may have it.

*

One of the structural problems of politics is that those who decide do not suffer the adverse effects of their decisions. He who does not deprive himself should not order hardship.

*

The insistent thrust of the waves pushes back the adamantine resistance of the cliffs. The all-encompassing softness that moves wins out over the cranial rigidity that emerges. Erosion is the tense contact between brutality and its disintegration.

*

What are we? A few events that let themselves be trapped by the attention of a few observers. Just that and maybe not even that.

MARIO PÉREZ ANTOLÍN
Profanación del poder
Los Libros del Lince
Barcelona
2011
201 pages

Evolution involves convulsion, for this reason, it is not possible to perfect oneself without destroying oneself.

*

Good creation requires pain. There are truths that we only understand by suffering them.

*

Most of the time, security boils down to a demonstration of trust in the errors of others.

*

With the first lie, childhood ends; with the first nostalgia, old age begins.

*

Providence reveals its great wisdom every time that it takes opportunities away from us that would have ended up as fiascos.

*

Despite our insistence on removing the dust, it is a lost battle. Everything will eventually be settled.

*

The peaks will be razed to the ground; the chasms will be filled. What is excess for one is a lack for the other.

*

Consumption mitigates our dissatisfaction. In a community of happy people, there is no way to increase sales.

*

I manage to discover myself by means of the estrangement that liberates what I am not within what I will be.

*

I write so that others fall into my madness and I will get rid of it.

*

History is full of pointless grandiose events and trivial crucial details.

*

Progress, without anchors and supplies, sooner or later becomes a return; and, based on its coming and going, it ends up having the immobility of a fossil.

He who ignores the law complies with it; he who prescribes it infringes it.

*

Be aware that no matter how distrustful you are, you will always open the door to the wrong herald.

*

Until it becomes a custom, any precept's days are numbered.

*

In love, absolute surrender is the condemnation and the reward.

*

Nothing is so powerful that it allows the disobedience of its inclinations.

*

Increasingly fewer have more and even more have less, and this will continue as long as we can accumulate what we do not manage to use.

*

When words are not enough and concepts are scarce, the musings of borderline understanding appear.

*

Love anesthetizes the side of our ribs through which the sword of indifference enters.

*

The best novel is one that uses the reader’s memories as an essential part of the plot.

*

Genuine freedom consists in breaking the cycle: not having to finish so it is not necessary to begin.

*

There is no better way of acquiring fortune than by accommodating the desires of the powerful.

*

He who wishes know the foundations of some principles must ask this question: Against whom were they conceived?

*

We do not usually detect our mistakes until someone takes advantage of them.

110

MIGUEL ÁNGEL ARCAS
Los tres pies del gato
Trea
Gijón
2019
71 pages

Truth: a light split into two darknesses.

*

One departs from innocence.
One arrives at ignorance.

*

The gaze,
a boomerang of light on things.

*

Fear invented mirrors.

*

Chance, where freedom and the rule are the same thing.

*

Make noise, get silence.

*

Reality is the fiction that still has not been told.

*

God does not exist but he persists.

*

Joy: the almond of living things.

*

Truths are always penultimate.

*

Every paradox highlights a freedom.

*

When I think, my heart watches.

It is not possible to turn your back on what surrounds you.

*

He who remains silent acquires the value of his secret.

*

Appearance is the carelessness of the eye.

*

Wisdom is the art of surviving oneself.

112

MIGUEL ÁNGEL ARCAS
Más realidad
Pre-Textos
Valencia
2012
65 pages

Wind will carry away the words but it does not destroy them.

*

One always returns to another place.
One never returns from the same place.

*

A stone breathes for your touch.

*

Desire is even stronger when it hangs from a thread.

*

The green sprout of ideas is more preferable than the dry trunk of conviction.

*

Faith unites.
Knowledge unties.

*

There are truths which are inhuman.
They help you to know but not to live.

*

Speed shows us that there is no destination.

*

Attentive indifference, how terribly cruel!

*

Falsifying reality proves to be more dangerous than falsifying the imagination.

*

Nature never fails.

113

Inertia is the choice of idiots.

*

Truth, at minimum, leads a double life.

*

When we lose,
we lose more than we have.

*

When one looks too much, one does not see too much.

*

Eternity has its days numbered.

*

What you possess makes you disappear.

*

Intelligence tends to conceal itself,
foolishness tends to joyful expansion.

*

A memory, a tree among the fog.

*

Darkness is a corpse, and you do not know whose.

*

I like not being who I am not.

*

Sometimes, being honest is an act of silent vanity.

*

Thinking: to recognize uncertainty.

114

RAMÓN ANDRÉS
Los extremos
Lumen
Barcelona 2011
67 pages

The tragedy of the artist: wanting to be accepted by a world that he rejects.

*

Coherence is a sin of vanity.

*

We leave the world with more job skill than experience.

*

The insane desire to seek the truth has ousted wisdom.

*

The brain has a margin of error, the heart, no.

*

The fear of being supplanted assures our place in the world.

*

What would heroes be without their raw material, death?

*

Pain: to have a heart made of knots and by hand, climb up them.

*

Logic has its share of superstition.

*

A night spent awake is more blinding than the light in any given morning.

*

Large fissures start with great convictions.

115

RAMÓN EDER
Aire de comedia
Renacimiento
Seville
2015
116 pages

The small abysses are the most dangerous because they are the ones that we fall into.

*

Publishing the praises of fantastic and peaceful places contributes to their destruction.

*

If you want to be the boss of something, you must accept having superiors.

*

How difficult it is to forgive those whom we have offended.

*

Those who believe that they are fortunate, to a certain extent are.

*

Life in its best moments is kitsch.

*

There are secret sadnesses at weddings and secret joys at funerals.

*

Some are so optimistic that they give us a headache.

*

The truth can only be told by means of exaggerations and omissions.

*

Seduction, also in literature, consists in not showing everything.

*

Very intelligent people are fooled like children.

*

Even the best doctor is a bit of a veterinarian.

*

Paradise is a certain personal past mythologized by misfortune.

For dreamers, their house is a nest, for realists, it is a lair.

*

Failure to value the good things of life is a type of stupidity.

*

Howling laughter makes us think that some type of State is necessary.

*

What has happened to us is what we think has happened to us.

*

There are issues in which we would like to be simultaneously in favor of and against.

*

For those who have travelled little, the few trips that they have made seem mythical.

*

Life, from time to time, bribes us with miracles.

*

Dandelion therapy: contemplate its flower until we make peace with the universe.

*

Some cannot accept the truth because it hinders their ideology.

*

He could not imagine the Hereafter as anything but the here and now without pain and stupidity.

*

Memory can convert the abundant coal of a memory into a small diamond.

*

Writing is a way of paying debts.

*

A balanced life is one which gives the brain what belongs to the brain and to the heart what belongs to the heart.

*

Hallucinatory realism is the style that perhaps best reflects life.

*

One must be brave to radically change one’s mind.

117

Transforming a personal misfortune into a happy phrase is the privilege of aphorists.

*

The calendar is sacred, the clock diabolical.

*

An entire day ahead, and an entire lifetime behind.

*

It is good to insert the "I" in aphorisms in order to know that someone is talking to us, not frigid wisdom.

*

There are days when we leave the house in an epic way and the street is epic.

*

For he who leads the life of a monk, everything is temptation.

*

Joy converts chaos into a cosmos.

*

We are living in a delirious era, like all other time periods.

*

The gifts that we do not give end up ruining us.

*

One must have good eyesight to see the bottle half full when it is half empty.

*

The aphorism must imitate the stars, which appear to be tiny and yet are enormous.

*

Not knowing exactly what others think of us makes life livable.

*

The ugliness of the world struggles with beauty and loses.

*

We believe some things simply because they were explained poorly to us.

*

The excellent aphorism begins where it ends.

RAMÓN EDER
Ironías
Renacimiento
Seville
2018
224 pages

Life, properly understood, consists in forgetting the unforgettable days.

*

Character is shaped on Sunday afternoons.

*

When I hear it said that a book is very profound, I always think that the person who says this has not managed to reach the end.

*

When they are bad, books are very expensive, and when they are good, they are a bargain.

*

He drowned in a glass of water and talked about tidal waves.

*

I do not know if God exists, but I am certain that he insists.

*

Failure to give a gift on time can end up being very costly.

*

Against the pathetic, I want to but I cannot, nothing better than practicing the elegant, I can but I do not want to.

*

The more you know a person the more mysterious he seems.

*

Blasphemy is to pray backwards.

*

There are persons who have an infallible bad taste.

*

Joy makes us invulnerable.

*

It is convenient to have notions of navigation, even if you live inland.

Poor health makes us see things that good health concealed from us.

*

For the people who are two-faced, we must look at them sideways.

*

One must not be envious, but if no one envies you, this is suspicious.

*

Only the most positive people can visit the most negative people without getting contaminated.

*

Life is exceedingly rare because no two days are alike.

RAMÓN EDER
Pequeña galaxia
Libros al Albur,
Seville
2018
50 pages

In every book of aphorisms, each aphorism is a brush stroke whose whole shapes the self-portrait of the author.

*

Books of aphorisms please us because there are at least several on each page that make us smile.

*

The challenge of the aphorism is to write a small great phrase.

*

Aphorisms without a point are like puritanical necklines.

*

The writer of aphorisms, if he is careless, can end up becoming the wise man of the almanac.

*

The “glass of cold water” aphorisms can be very good.

*

Generally, the writer of aphorisms does not have any choice but to polish a semi-precious stone, because he does not have a precious gem to polish.

121

RICARDO DE LA FUENTE
Andar en la niebla
Cuadernos del Vigía
Granada
2017
77 pages

Passion when it grows up wants to be tenderness.

*

Completely accepting oneself is a surrender.

*

It is a good idea to save part of enthusiasm for the winter.

*

A capricious person is a short-flying enthusiast.

*

There is no donation that is more gratuitous than giving time to time.

*

Experience means that each day requires less to invent it.

*

The heart and the mind understand each other behind our backs.

*

Walking in the fog sharpens the vision.

*

Every day, the future changes us.

*

In order not to have bad memories, one must have good forgetting.

*

The needs that we do not create also portray us.

*

More frequently than being a rebel without a cause is being a rebel without an effect.

*

If you return the same as when you left,
then it was not a trip.

122

There are those who put themselves in your place, but only to displace you.

*

Our posture when facing other people's problems is frequently an imposture.

*

A lucid resentment is not within everyone's reach.

*

We pay attention so that people return it with interest.

*

Those who collect grievances do so to show us the photo album from time to time.

*

The shavings of an iron bar continue to be iron.

*

One also writes against oneself. And sometimes, the best pages.

*

Do not say in two lines what you cannot say.

*

Aphorist: a hunter's instinct, a fisherman's patience.

*

Learning to read takes decades.

*

The therapeutic effect of writing would be complete if so many did not subsequently insist onpublishing.

*

If you want to truly praise someone, listen to him.

*

Happy phrases tell everything except the secret of their happiness.

*

The aphorism is also the ambush of an idea.

*

An inspiration also involves knowing how tointerpret it.

123

For someone who does not know where we are going, we are going too fast.

*

Pariahs know what science ignores: invisibility exists.

*

For the pessimist, the misfortunes which he feared and did not happen do not count.

*

Denying reality, you defend yourself; denying imagination you attack yourself.

*

The problems that have no solution envy those that do, and vice versa.

*

Boredom is artophagous: it feeds on itself.

*

The math does not add up: few affirm to be ungrateful and too many claim
to be victims of ingratitude.

*

The fate of the indecisive person is to die at a crossroads.

*

He signed up for a course on eloquence to perfect his silences.

*

The straight word is the shortest distance between two boredoms.

*

Overfishing with social networks is a threat for the relationship eco-system.

*

We come from, we live in and we are going towards uncertainty.

*

What will happen to the dreams that insomniacs save?

*

If nothing matters to you, why do you insist on proclaiming it?

*

We have everything that is necessary, except the awarenessof
having it.

124

Every one travels at the speed of their light.

*

Omnipotence also has to be able to not be able to.

*

The will of God competes with chance, and loses.

*

Say “you are right” as an escape strategy.

*

All mirrors are rear-view mirrors.

*

Thinking about the possibilities that I had of not being born brightens my day.

*

My circle of friends is a polyhedron.

*

I will exchange three solid storylines for one-fourth of an intangible style.

*

To get revenge on my mirror, I place it in front of itself.

*

I distrust the generosity of those who set an example.

*

I write with my whole body. For this reason, I find ideas that I do not have in my head.

*

I wanted to get lost with you and I find myself lost in you.

*

You are the best thing that has not happened to me.

*

In the crowd, I feel like one less.

*

Your memory is making me forget you.

When I talk to myself, uncomfortable silences also take place.

*

I enjoy the books in which I discover something about myself that
I did not know.

RICARDO VIRTANEN
El funambulista ciego
Amargord
Madrid
2019
133 pages

My kingdom is of this world. Hardly an almost empty room.

*

In front of the abyss, the glow of a candle.

*

In every beginning, there is a remorseful ending.

*

We must not lose sight of that shadow that rises at dawn with us.

*

In every limitation, there is a hopeful outline.

*

It is the past that we do not lose sight of when we feel finite.

*

The fanatic is astonished that truth is vulnerable.

*

I think, then I give up.

*

To write is to distance oneself from what we write. To go ashore in another place.

*

A word is a mirage. A poem, an oasis.

Laberinto de efectos
Amargord Ediciones
Madrid
2014
94 pages

The soap bubble explodes in the air, but still floats in its thought.

*

Men shout to reclaim the caves.

*

Minutes laugh at the hours.

*

Bulldozers seem like something from the Pleistocene.

*

The snail looks at the spiral stairway with skepticism. It does not see itself in this position.
[T.N.: snail and spiral stairway is a play on the Spanish word “caracol” (snail)]

*

The passer-by observes the sky and thinks he is an angel.

*

Although it may not seem like it, everything is a novelty in quotidian life.

*

The poet looks inside himself like the cook gazes inside his pot.

*

A former love sways for a lifetime in the tiny spider webs of the subconscious.

*

Borders long to become states, and states long to become islands.

*

In every limitation, there is a hopeful outline.

*

Full of himself, the solitary man arrives at loneliness.

*

The bonfire that you light at night moves your ancestors.

Form and substance are on each other’s heels.

*

The treetop boasts of its height, but it longs to be a root.

*

It is not that pessimists lack an inner light. It is that a shadow has become entangled in their guts.

129

SERGIO GARCÍA CLEMENTE
Dar que pensar
Cuadernos del Vigía
Granada
2014
60 pages

If you weep for what is lost, the tears will not let you see what remains for you to lose.

*

There are trains that pass once in a lifetime that it is wise not to take.

*

Ignorance is preferable to an answer that arrives too late.

*

Betrayal makes us unforgettable.

*

There are things that are invisible until they disappear.

*

Good poems are arrows that upon hitting, reveal the bull's-eye of the target.

*

It is very common to see people fight for what they do not want.

*

It is not believable that you do not permit doubts.

*

Frequently, we owe the worst of ourselves to the best of ourselves.

*

One should not let oneself be extorted by one's own ideas.

*

The depth of the gaze is obtained in the abysses in which we have had to descend.

*

We confuse truth with the dust that it raises in its escape.
Every day has its irreversible joy.

130

Life is an obstacle course whose finish line is a cliff.

*

Those who fill their mouth with words usually get indigestion from the deeds.

*

Hell is more tolerable if they cover the windows that face heaven.

*

What worries him is not knowing who he is, but one day, discovering what he has been.

*

Living is a sublime defeat.

*

There are moments of lucidity that inaugurate an endless darkness.

*

Frequently, we owe the worst of ourselves to the best of ourselves.

*

It is impossible to advance towards death without a certain sensation of immortality.

*

By making ourselves small, we make our world big.

*

There is a dirty curiosity, which untiringly seeks out the defects of others.

*

He thought that he was very special for following the current against the tide.

*

We writers often commit the dishonor of signing that which was dictated to us by a shadow.

*

Losing the ability to admire is a clear symptom of old age.

*

Sometimes, clarity arrives when the darkness has already abandoned us.

*

It is notthat time heals everything.
It sweeps away everything.

131

Only that which threatens us a little is worthwhile.

*

That happy moment upon awakening, when we still do not recognize ourselves.

*

It is prodigious that something exiles us from the center of the world.

*

The crowd always walks towards a mistake.

*

We live on our knees because standing up gives us vertigo.

*

For every coordinate, a doubt.

*

The aftertaste of freedom that leaves an unfulfilled expectation.

*

Apparently you always have to be yourself, even when you're a complete moron.

*

A good objective in life is not to become someone.

*

Those days in which the only company that we can tolerate is that of a blank page.

*

Enthusiasm can also cause tragedies.

*

To arrive is to get ready to leave.

*

In order to be faithful to ourselves, how many times have we betrayed?

*

The radiant condemnation of passing blindly from one moment to the next.

*

With acceptance, we conquer what is invincible.

132

Why travel if we are always somewhere else?

*

The more it was known, the less it was recognized.

*

The freedom of the one who refuses to make excuses for what is excusable.

*

If words corresponded to deeds, we would not recognize this world.

*

Suffering makes us feel frighteningly alive.

*

Few would bear the solitude of living with complete honesty.

*

There is no such thing as a serious paradise.

*

We reduce time into units, but it is even smaller than that.

*

A sweet revenge: may the evil that is done to us makes usbetter.

SERGIO GARCÍA CLEMENTE
Mirar de reojo
Cuadernos del Vigía
Granada
2017
54 pages

The strongest joy is that which has no roots.

*

Give a right to an idiot and he will believe that he is a divinity.

*

Free acceptance is like building a nest with your crown of thorns.

*

My mistakes look down on me.

*

The only usefulness of a certainty is to serve as a target for the arrows of intelligence.

*

Chance is so generous that it sometimes puts an intelligent phrase in an idiot's mouth.

*

Of the light, we only see its shadows.

*

There is no love more blind than self-love.

*

Some things are unspeakable, but they are also not content to remain silent.

*

When we embrace freedom very strongly, we run the risk of strangling it.

*

Complicity makes us believe in the music of the spheres.

*

What would become of others without our imagination?ç

*

Ideologies are the shrouds of ideas.

TOME II

ANA URKIZA
Un hermoso lugar la felicidad
Trea
Gijó
n
2018
99 pages

"Tomorrow" is an infinite word.

*

Silence is the beginning of thought. Do you hear it?

*

Often, we would prefer not to see than fail to understand what we see.

*

To innovate is to copy in a way that has never been done until now.

*

Sometimes, life goes on a search for us and does not find us.

*

I found perfection and I did not recognize it. It was very changed.

*

Reality is very clumsy; its dreams break.

*

Human beings have two ways of approaching the world: either by being pitiful, or by feeling pity.

*

No one is as close as the one who is somewhere else.

*

Tomorrow will be another day less.

*

Art is not created to understand, but to express what is not understood.

*

The biggest changes are caused by the revolutions that we provoke in order to remain as we
were before.

I adore holes. Those magical units of time and space.

*

In the end, we all arrive to the past.

ANDER MAYORA
El
páramo
Trea
Oviedo
2018
158 pages

By bestowing the world with spirit, we raise the vertical bridge that saves us from shipwreck.

*

This surprise of knowing each other, this amazement of not being found, this astonishment of meeting
again.

*

Living is a big yes that martyrs us, a torture that we admit, an exercise to which we can only say a
prayer.

*

Our soul is like the bird that, unable to fly, jumping from branch to branch, refuses to succumb.

*

When I shut up, I will have found it.

*

Maxims, sentences, aphorisms, fragments: leaves that have fallen from the tree of our impotence.

*

Only inexhaustible ideas can feed us throughout our entire life.

*

Existence: a fire that we cannot tame. Everything burns.

*

If money is the lifeblood of civilization, the rich are only clots.

*

Only through the eradication of our inner whims can we advance towards the radiance of a mighty truth.

*

Revolution is the politicization of illusion in its two meanings: as enthusiasm and as mirage.

The impossibility of an answer is the perennial torch of religious questioning.

*

In the nest of our head, we do not know who lays the eggs nor when they will hatch.

*

The spiritual supermarket has the founder of a religion in each customer.

*

Contradiction makes us true. Non-contradiction only makes us coherent.

*

Being faithful to oneself is being faithful to what one inherits.

*

Real explosions come from the collision of invisible ideas.

*

Novelties are the food on which forgetting is nourished.

*

In fear of the truth, we shield ourselves with mere opinions.

*

The inflated balloon of certainty is deflated by the accurate shot of doubt.

*

Modern world and ancient world. Who is the caterpillar and who is the butterfly?

*

The truth that binds us the most is the truth that most frees us.

*

Seasons are the analogical image of the perennial succession of our inner life.

*

It is enough to decipher ourselves in order to decipher the world.

*

The fragment is the language of those that hardly speak.

When it involves living, deception confirms the rule.

*

The note is a pearl for the lazy and a whiplash for the impatient.

*

The truth is the order damaged by the disorder of speeches and opinions.

*

Asking reason to correct reality is like asking a branch to correct the trunk.

*

Words are alienating: Who has not felt the center of the world when uttering them?

*

All desire is nostalgia.

*

Spirit is the water that flows in us: it cannot help but break through.

*

The vitality that I seek is not that of one who rebels but of one
who accepts.

ÁNGEL DE FRUTOS SALVADOR
Puentes en el desierto.
***Afuerismos*Junta de Castilla**
y León Valladolid 2007
118 pages

Alternating current of the verb: What heads! What tails!

*

No one has found what you have lost.

*

Dreams: awakened knowing.

*

Poetry reveals what is alien to oneself.

*

Unconsciousness: logic of what is missing.

*

Speaking needs the gaze's pause.

*

Prometheus stole words from the gods: they
revoltedagainst him.

*

With the words that you judge, you will be judged.

*

In writing, it is one thing; when published, it is another.

*

Listening creates speaking. Silence, the writing.

*

In courtly love, God became woman.

Words can say anything.
They mean something
else.

*

How alone the living remain without the
memory of the dead!

*

Words know; they were born knowing.

*

Your forgetfulness does not forget you.

*

Lovers do not need to find each other but
to
get lost in each other.

ÁNGEL GABILONDO
Por si acaso. Máximas y mínimasEspasa
Barcelon
a2014
209 pages

Everyone is a word to come.

*

Being born takes an entire lifetime. Getting old does too.

*

Although it frequently dawns, it is rarely daylight.

*

Sometimes it is more difficult to arrive at the beginning than to the end.

*

The secret is not to arrive.

*

Desiring is to confirm to what extent someone is someone else.

*

Patience is a way of anticipating oneself.

*

A deep malaise is one that cannot be reduced to its causes.

*

Beyond saying the opposite of what one thinks, lying is to live the opposite of what one says.

*

When everything is solved, to a certain degree, we are finished.

*

Feeling is a way of having to see.

*

In case of doubt, not everything
is going badly.

In spite of everything, it is easier to be someone than to be nobody.

*

Every isolated thought has a certain degree of misdirection in it.

*

With you, I say “with me” better.

*

A child is the most other that one does not have.

*

Generalizing is an unsophisticated way of being wrong.

*

The best thing that one has cannot be said, but it is heard.

*

Always when I see you, it seems that one way or another, you
areswimming.

*

He who commands does not always give the orders.

*

Words are not things, but they do indicate where to look for them.

*

Everything and nothing meet at some point.

ANTONIO CABRERA
Gracias, distancia
Cuadernos del
VigíaGranada
2019
95 pages

The pleasure of solitude, like all pleasures, insists on being communicated.

*

I walk, therefore I abandon.

*

Pursuing an idea, at most, one captures a reality.

*

Aphorists do not play any instrument. They vibrate their particular tuning fork in intervals of silence.

*

What is beautiful is discovered by its mere presence; what is good, by its reverberation.

*

Boredom is a dune.

*

Everything that is said about the world, the world dissipates it.

*

The wind scatters what is indeterminate.

*

To a certain degree, music has an aquatic nature: it floods the soul with slowness or with liveliness; or it
makes one dive underwater.

*

Getting bored: a way of crawling.

*

When I pay attention I don't put anything in, I let something be put in.

*

We are all threatened by our virtues.

A bright and wet morning is equivalent to a new-born truth that still trembles in the speech.

*

Depth is promise. It can only be a promise.

*

Full emptiness: what is distant.

*

Mystery only wants to exist as mystery. This is why it is inexpressive and it is confused with the present without denying it.

*

There is something there, at the bottom. But before that, you must go through layers and layers and layers and layers and layers of air.

AZAHARA ALONSO
Bajas presiones
Trea
Ovied
o2016
45 pages

I look for words in the dictionary like someone who seeks shelter in a jungle.

*

A writer who chooses his topics is nothing more than a chronicler.

*

The final digestion will not be carried out by us.

*

Wishes are finished: there are no longer any shooting stars.

*

We must write in ascending order, to bounce out of the abyss.

*

Infringing the presumptions about oneself is the only progress of age.

*

Philosophize by naming things and keeping quiet.

*

We need vacations from people to conquer philanthropy.

*

It is false that one day we shall leave this world. We will be, in the end, sediment, its sediment.

*

Write and read: victim and executioner.

*

The desire to live manifests itself in a strange willingness to get up early.

*

Technology makes solipsism extroverted.

We write half-truths because we do not have the strength to read them.

*

Matter crystallizes in unwritten words.

*

Refinement is the obedience that remains.

BENJAMÍN PRADO
Doble fondo
Hiperión
Madrid2014
115 pages

Having memories does not mean having a memory.

*

Greed is the dregs of desire.

*

Sometimes the treasure unearths you.

*

In love, what is not a cloud is simply smoke.

*

Not giving up is the only triumph possible when you are losing.

*

Chaos is the sum of your order and mine.

*

Sometimes, luck smiles at us; other times, it only shows its teeth.

*

90% of neutral people are on the side of the strongest.

*

There are words that dodge what you want to say.

*

Life is more or less hard depending on what you hit it with.

*

Evidence is facts that have been separated.

*

What no one is looking for ceases to be lost.

Some people consider themselves tall only because they never look up.

*

What the envious person sees when he looks at you, he looks more like himself than like
you.

*

The first time that you let yourself be humiliated, you lose your last opportunity to be respected.

*

What you sink will wait for you at the bottom.

*

Fear is possessed; cowardice is chosen.

*

Unmanageable is only he who wants nothing.

*

Try not to have more pride than what you can swallow.

*

When I do something new, I return to my former self.

*

Dignity is not lost when you fall but when you leap.

*

Sometimes you must be very brave to say what everyone knows.

CARLOS CASTILLA DEL PINO
Aflorismos. Pensamientos
póstumosTusquets
Barcelon
a2011
189 pages

The aphorism concludes. The aphorism commences; it does not end where it concludes.

*

Do not show off. Let others discover you.

*

Old age begins when there is no project.

*

Intimacy exists to relax from other forms of life.

*

Happiness is the opposite of what is demonic, which means, evil.

*

Elegance involves temperance in everything, from waking to sleeping and everything in between.

*

What we imagine reality to be is reality. If not, where is the other reality?

*

Great writers teach us to read the world.

*

You cannot live "well" if there is something that hinders you from respecting yourself..

*

Speaking, one can speak to oneself, but writing is always writing-to-someone.

*

One tries to fix the other but their selves overtake us.

An atheist is a believer, but in the non-existence of God. What a logical disaster!

*

Wisdom lies in the good use of what one knows, not in the quantity.

*

Happiness is not idiotic calm but controlled restlessness.

*

Everything always remains to be done, because it is always being done.

*

Life can only be accommodated if the one who lives it manages to discover what his morals
are and adjusts to them

*

The rational: there is nothing conclusive; therefore, nothing is guaranteed.

*

To live is to accept the inevitable defeat.

CARMEN CAMACHO
Zona franca
Cuadernos del
VigíaGranada
2016
91 pages

For certain things, it is not bad that God exists.

*

In all closed eyes, I inquire about myself.

*

The exiled admire those who have fled.

*

In the rear, silence has a room for lost objects.

*

Not like fists: truths like the fingertips.

*

The exception is my habitat. I care, above all, about not belonging.

*

The number of nobodies is dwindling,

*

When a certainty comes over you, sit down and think until it passes.

*

Few things are more naive than rationalism.

*

Contentment views the bathtub as an opportunity to go to sea.

*

The authors of aphorisms have everything to learn from wasps.

For the jasmine, my hair is eternal.

*

Every submerged body experiments.

*

Due to so much walking, I have maps on my feet.

*

To serve, one must serve.

*

Strange world, in which differences appear increasingly alike.

ENRIQUE BALTANÁS
Minoría absoluta
Comares
Granada
2010
72 pages

If stones could talk, they would give very hard speeches.

*

The principled request of all conservatives: “Things are the way they are for a reason”.

*

The blasphemous polygamist: three different wives and only one true love.

*

Rethinking the eternal: a task that lasts an eternity.

*

Adultery is generally not an equilateral triangle.

*

I start thinking about the shrews so that the poultry, unsuspecting, will approach me.

*

When the Devil has nothing to do. But the flies do not get nervous: the Devil is never lacking for work.

*

Kant had the philosophy of a bachelor: for him, indeed, the thing itself was impenetrable.

*

Dark centuries: yes, all the centuries before electric light. Especially at night.

*

The sun rises for everyone, but not everyone gets up at the same time.

*

I like women so much, that I have taken a perpetual vow of chastity.

*

In the house of the lonely, the mirror is the only thing that tells them good morning.

In reality, the mirror has suppressed time and lives in a perpetual now.

*

Looking sideways in a mirror, is this not spying on oneself?

*

Ellipsis is the eraser of Rhetoric.

*

Erudition is nothing other than the evidence that forgetting exists.

*

The faucet drips because its prostate is out of order.

*

We, the descendants of the Romans, write in Arabic numerals.

*

To practice free love, one must first free oneself from love.

*

The batteries of the clock are depleted with time.

*

In the sun dial, time politely stops a moment to allow a cloud to pass.

ERIKA MARTÍNEZ
Lenguara
zPre-
Textos
Valencia
2011
77 pages

What does the hook want?

*

Every runner would like to dodge the finish line.

*

A bare wall offers the most fertile landscape to our imagination.

*

We are able to feel with every part of our body. We would like to be able to think in the same way.

*

In the air, there are three types of passengers: those who distrust machines, those who distrust humans
and those who distrust metaphysics.

*

Resentful and nostalgic, civilization builds a small city inside each forest and a small forest inside each city. This exercise is infinitely repeated within each person.

*

The urgent crack of the shell robs those who are about to die of their sleep.

*

Forgive like someone replanting a forest.

*

The friend that you lost is the most implacable judge of our conscience.

*

Children walk towards us, and away from us.

*

A father and a mother are a debt that make us rich.

Emancipation begins after the discovery of our inner tyrant.

*

Feminism is a relay race without a finish line.

*

Immensity can emerge from just one centimeter, from a clitoris, from an aphorism.

*

A precipice is an inner peak.

*

The reader covets that outburst.

*

What poet pronounces the word politics without blushing? What politician pronounces the word poetry? Writing: to work the blush.

*

The sea is an inner monologue.

*

The secret that most weighs upon us is the one that we do not have. We invent secrets to survive.

*

An autobiography is a very sophisticated hide-out.

*

A long convalescence engenders novelists. The proximity of a catastrophe, poets. What hole do aphorists come out of?

*

Everyone falls. The height remains only in some.

*

Art deviates to reach the center.

*

All rats die. This aphorist will die. Therefore this aphorist is a rat.

Only youth is daring enough to write aphorisms, only old age is sufficiently wise. Aphorisms are an impossible genre.

GREGORI LURI
Aforismos que nunca contaré a mis hijosLa Isla de Siltolá
Sevill
e2015
112 pages

All youth aspires to freedom, by generously surrendering to a dominant and unifying idea.

*

The opposite of emotional incontinence is respect.

*

No one is sceptical when caressing a human being.

*

In politics, every absolute reveals a pathology.

*

Why is dialogue useful? To discover how attached we are to our prejudices.

*

We value a comforting prejudice of our own more than a disturbing argument from others.

*

Books, films, philosophical systems and people who completely understand each other... are a littledisappointing.

*

There is only one way of understanding the other: being the other. But sometimes, the other does notunderstand himself.

*

Thanks to the fact that life drags us along, we do have to constantly think about where we are going.

*

The world is a tale of survivors.

*

Reality tends to perch on our desires, parasitizing them.

*

Frequently, the left only seems capable of defending what it sympathizes with.

I know myself more with the "I know" of taste than the "I know" of knowledge.

*

He was such an atheist that no god believed in him.

*

Reality: what there is no way of detaching from the sole of our shoe.

*

Every time that we throw reality overboard, we have forgotten that we are wearing it around our necks.

*

Sometimes, truth is the voice of fatigue. We grope blindly and where we no longer see anything, we think
we have found something.

*

No one is excited with more sincere intensity by the signature of a painting than a pretentious person.

*

The art of a time period measures the exact distance between the city and the forest. For this reason, itinevitably has the stature of its woodcutters.

*

There is something hygienic about hypocrisy in social relations. Sincerity tends to get infected.

*

Wise is he who chooses his prejudices.

*

Getting drunk on virtue, now that is onanism.

*

If I were not afraid of misinterpreting myself, sometimes, I would dare to believe in what I think.

*

An undeserved happiness is an offence against ethics.

*

Prudence is the art of administering the truth bearable by others. Happiness, the art ofadministering the truth bearable by oneself.

Sometimes, the rule has to disguise itself as the exception in order to be respected.

*

Man is rational only when he has no other choice.

*

Our eyes and what we see are bound by the yoke of what we are.

*

The worst thing about unhappiness is that it leaves stains difficult to clean. On the other hand, the marks
of happiness go with anything.

*

Everything relevant happens in a moment, from the first to the last breath. Only what is inconsequential seems to float above the flow of time.

*

Educated people only kill each other behind their backs.

*

Politics is the art of choosing who will suffer from your good intentions.

*

Life is a fragile attempt to be entertained while waiting.

*

Melancholy is a passion that conspires against the therapy of forgetting.

*

Our laziness frequently saves things by allowing them to linger in their fragility without having to justify themselves when faced by our wishes.

*

Hope weighs upon the insecure like a crippled tyrant leans on a frustrated and vengeful slave.

*

If we cannot rest from ourselves, what a burden we would become for everyone else!

Our essential prostheses are made of tradition. That is why every revolution soon becomes conservative.

*

We will never know the deaths that are caused by the battles that we do not fight.

*

Thinking is always going against oneself.

*

The question about why is always the first consolation.

*

He who lies to himself always finds reasons to believe himself.

*

The world in which we live is a response to the way we live it. We live it as we illuminate it.

*

It is not possible to be happy without shrinking reality a little.

*

Culture is the irony of nature.

*

At the beginning of all philosophy, there is not *logos* but an act of faith in *logos*.

*

The city is the place where anything can be believed... for a while.

*

We always obey, but we seldom know why.

*

To feel on the side of the good guys, there are many who need to feel guilty for the evil of others.

*

Some discover their rights in everything that others deny them.

If you have seen one non-conformist, you have seen them all.

*

Every healthy and intelligent individual is little afraid of himself.

*

The passions that we control best are the ones that are left behind.

*

The mystery of life is based on our inability to accept its transparency.

JAIME SÁNCHEZ MARTÍN
Anfiaforismos
La Isla de
SiltoláSeville
2016
40 pages

The aphorism is the fifth ingredient of a Four Seasons pizza.
*

Against thirst, water. Against vice, the aphorism.

*
I think, therefore I aphorism.

*

Jump into the pool! The aphorism is the life jacket of the dead.

*

In the myth of the aphorism, there is no cave.

*

The average reader is not a reader.

*

I once cut an aphorism and it bled novels.

*

The lack of love is what makes us write aphorisms.

*

Close the window, an aphorism is about to escape!

*

When time passes slowly, the aphorism is eternity.

*

So much fits into everything, that nothing fits in an aphorism.

JAVIER SALVAGO
Hablando solo por la calleLa Isla de Siltolá
Sevill
e2016
72 pages

There are many know-it-alls and very few profound wise men [T.N.: play of words in Spanish: “sabihondos” (know-it-alls) and “sabios hondos” (deep wise men)].

*

Everything that is exaggerated is suspicious.

*

There are certain things that young people will never learn; because when they learn them, they are no
longer young.

*

In order to lose your mind, first, you must have one.

*

The most beautiful flowers display their colors and perfume in order to seduce an insect.

*
An aphorism
laid out
in a whimsical
way
in short
lines
is
not
a
poem.

*

There are three ways to be invisible: be infinitely big, be infinitely small and not to exist.

*

When someone asks you to be realistic, they are asking you to accept what they understand as reality.

*

No one is innocent, even if proven otherwise.

We probably do not have what we deserve, but we assuredly have what we search for.

*

An anti-people system will create anti-system persons.

*

There is a solution for every problem. Okay, but there is also a problem for everysolution.

*

All lapidary phrases are debatable, including this one.

*

How long
life is –complained
the butterfly.

*

The problem said:
–When faced with a solution, I multiply.

*

One cannot judge this life without having lived others.

*

The rain reminds us that we come from water and we are water.

*

There are people who confuse flying high with climbing.

*

How enthusiastically and joyfully do we fall into all traps.

*
The enemy of life is the fear of life.

*

That devastating feeling of walking as if one has been abandoned by God, even if youdo not believe in God.

*

Everyone thinks that things are much better and much worse than they really are.

The most useful function of clothes is to make what they cover more interesting.

*

We know something about what awaits us when we are born crying.

*

How many gods have we created since we killed God.

*

I distinguish between life, which seems immense to me, and this dreadful lifestyle whose sole purpose seems to be to earn money to be able to consume what they serveus.

*

Poetry, just enough. Literature, the minimum.

*

We are our own predator.

*

Life is a bubble of eternity trapped inside a capsule of time.

*

Merciful, time flies when we get old.

*

–He intensely lived every minute of his life. –How tiring.

*

The history of humanity is the history of inhumanity.

*

Poetry, another word that must be disinfected.

*

Courage is a headlong rush forward.

*

It is not that we change over time but that over time, we become who were truly are.

For eternity, everything is present.

*

The most intelligent thing that you can do in this life is to leave it in time.

JESÚS MONTIEL
Silencio
casiTrea
Gijó
n
2020
36 pages

Love fills the day with crucial moments.

*

Words are stones but they were once birds.

*

Too many people ask based on the answer.

*

Forgiveness as a weapon of mass construction.

*

I do not do anything: I take care of importance.

*

Every day is my first obstacle.

*

No one is thankful for the light if they have not been in the dark.

*

Not to escape from reality: I write so that reality does not escape me.

*

One never lives in chronological order.

*

I can fit more and more life into the word yesterday.

*

Happiness demands a neighbor.

JORGE WAGENSBERG
A más cómo, menos por
quéCírculo de Lectores
Barcelona 2006
215 pages

Truths are discovered; lies are constructed.

*

What is possible is distilled on what is probable and what is probable drips on what is
real.

*

Concerning reality, nothing is less reliable than a truth that does not change.

*

Beauty is the inner intelligibility of things.

*

An intuition that can be expressed is already knowledge.

*

To start a work is to begin to leave it unfinished.

*

What is improbable amazes everyone, what is quotidian only astonishes the genius.

*

The secret of changes consists in the part of change that does not change.

*

A superfluous innovation is a solution without a problem.

*

The aphorism is the most scientific of the literary genres.

*

When one gains space or time, it is almost always at the neighbor’s expense.

*

Educating is not filling but igniting.

Falling in love only lasts a little over two years if it is not reciprocated.

*

The human being is individually smart and collectively stupid.

JOSÉ ANTONIO SANTANO
Estación
SurAlhulia
Salobreña
2012
110 pages

Every day, I propose to change my bad character. However, only the days change.

*

If books are life, why do there seem to be so many corpses?

*

Sadness always accompanies me. Is it perhaps my true guardian angel?

*

Faith does not only move mountains, it also destroys them.

*

The days pass and I do not find myself in them; I am the shadow that sustains them.

*

Let's go back to the genesis of everything and we will find nothingness and emptiness.

*

Now is not the time for lamentations. We lose what we have not known how to love until the end of our days.

*

I always believed that winters made people strong; now I know that it only makes them cold.

*
He forgave the lovers as he plunged from the thirtieth floor of the Paradise Apartments.

*
Wherever they are, all executioners are the same and the victims are different.

*

If the truth exists, why does the night conceal it?

*

After one storm comes another.

Ten days after my 48th birthday, I learned the true pain of the vanquished.

*

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I have seen myself in the mirror and I did not like myself.

*

At night, all men are fools.

JOSÉ LUIS GARCÍA MARTÍN
Todo lo que se prodiga
cansaLa Isla de Siltolá
Sevill
e2017
154 pages

Houses without a cat have no soul.

*

Such close people, the enemies.

*

Wherever I am, if I feel good, I am at home and in the center of the world.

*

Those who think wrong and their guess is right are wrong.

*

Such a little thing, happiness. A hand in my hand.

*

Poets say nothing new nor anything that has not been said before.

*

Whoever rests on our shoulder supports us.

*

For the good disciple, there is no bad master.

*

There is no desire without hope.

*
Success is the most pleasant form of failure.

*

There is no life so brief in which eternity does not fit.

*

If you do not know that you know nothing, then you know nothing.

Impossible loves are those which never disappoint.

*

I am only interested in the authors who, believing that they are telling their lives, tell my story.

*

Without literature, the world would be illegible.

JOSÉ MANUEL CAMACHO VÁZQUEZ
Excursos
La Isla de
SiltoláSeville
2015
102 pages

Everything is natural, or everything is a miracle.

*

Matter is a dogma of faith, a seat for wobbling bodies.

*

An unmeasured extension: this is either God or love.

*

The eternal rebirth of love which is expelled in its dawning: this is the gasoline of the mystic.

*

It is simple: God is precisely the absence of God.

*

Only in a loving way can nothingness be understood.

*

The aspiration to inhabit contains the firmament.

*

A religion that conceives God as non-relational; a creed that immolated itself in its origins....

*

Our insignificance is a type of tenderness which the whole gives to us.

*

A whole sea fits inside us in which we are shipwrecked.

*

Is Paradise true in its imminence or in what is irretrievable?

*

Solitude is the embrace of God.

The contours of things are made of piety.

*

Our finite nature gives every event the density of eternity.

*

Mankind? Something trivial which hurts.

*

Threshold: poetry.

*

Distance yourself from those unable to stay sober, because they contain nothing.

*

To name is to postpone.

*

With the word, we excuse the obscene presence of things.

*

The true poet always returns empty handed.

*

The diary is an unholy genre: it persuades whoever exercises it that they are the author
of their solitude.

*

A great style must know how to conveniently combine two fundamental truths, namely:
I am the universe and I am nothing.

*

A relative opaqueness makes the happy ending of existence possible.

*

Not content with all its pillage, this age also wants to steal our solitude.

*

Every liberation constitutes, in a nutshell, a new tyranny.

I cannot imagine a clearer sign of apocalypse than the proliferation of poets.

*

Every present is mythical.

*

Only *chiaroscuro* makes conscious life possible; pure lucidity disables to the point of paralysis.

*

An absence is a mirror at the wrong time.

*

Delay the day long enough for the answers to set sail.

*

The duty of the poet is to set his loneliness on fire.

*

Nothing is more objective than profound subjectivity.

*

The moralizing tone of certain natural phenomena is like an inverted eye.

*

Simplicity is the placid pride of nature.

*

Something intimate is humbled when someone understands us.

*

Enjoyment: sensitive nostalgia for the condition of thing.

*

Wherever one comes across affirmations, one seems to find oneself in the Atapuerca
cavern of thought.

*

No matter how fragmentary our thoughts may be, suspicion will never cease to weight
upon us.

KARMELO C. IRIBARREN
Diario de K.
Renacimient
oSeville
2014
199 pages

What is important usually happens before our eyes, but incognito.

*

Beauty is unfair and necessary.

*

Right there, where the river becomes an estuary, what happens?

*

Intimacy is like the universe, it has no limits: everything is a passionate search and discovery inside it.

*

Love lifts you up and then lets you down.

*

For those of us who lack imagination, the only thing left is everyday life as it passes by, which means an inexhaustible gold mine.

*

At times, aphorisms are mirrors that we would prefer not to look into.

*

The prose of life is full of poetry.

*

Watching it rain on the sea makes me think of you.

*

If you saw me from the inside, you would see yourself.

*

Aphorist: trapeze artist.

*

The butterfly has an ancient way of flying.

Pretending, people understand each other.

*

To miss something that has not happened, that assuredly will never happen, is –in some
sick way– what makes it almost real.

*

No one ever returns the same.

*

One can also become a slave to the fear that one causes.

*

There are women who never end.

*

I have spent my whole life approaching something which never stops moving.

*

The roles I could have been do not forgive me.

*

There is a type of wisdom that is only reached by those who know how to look.

*

It takes years and hard work to completely fail.

*

A little modesty adds an unknown ingredient to love that makes it irresistible.

*

I enjoy watching people stroll by at a certain distance.

*

There are hopes that hinder you from living.

*

Doubt is a door a jar.

I do not like to close the door on anyone, but I prefer the world to stay outside.

*

When you are only one who is admitted, the best thing to do is to leave.

*

Being modern is very old-fashioned.

*

Love, if it exists, resists.

*

To go far it is not necessary to move too much.

*

Whatever you do, you will end up having cracks.

*

The centuries capitulate, but the grass never stops growing.

*

Science advances unstoppably, but at the moment, God resists.

*

We are who we are, who we could not be and who we did not want to be.

*

Dreams start to become small the day after they come true.

*

He mingles among the people so that it looks like he is also going somewhere.

*

Lost illusions are always found by someone else.

*

What a desire for life is inspired in us by love. In this aspect, it resembles thecemeteries.

Write so clearly that it arouses questions, doubts.

*

While we live, eternity is dressed in routine.

*

We live because others die.

*

He who takes himself too seriously becomes a prankster in spite of himself.

*

Aphorisms are like the close-up film shots of intelligence.

*

The future has a prestige which the present continually denies.

*

Living is forgetting the immediacy of the catastrophe.

*

A bunch of irrelevant events shape a unique life.

*

Only those who travel a little really travel.

*

If we lived longer, we would do everything much, much better and much, much worse.

*

Posterity, what an ancient thing.

*

People are defined by what they do not have.

Luis Antonio Guichard
El silencio se corta con tijerasLa Isla de Siltolá
Sevill
e2016
107 pages

Walking is the only way to measure absence. Stopping, the only way to return home.

*

I was on my way to myself, but I stopped to rest and awakened here, with you.

*

Melancholy has been missing for several days. It is walking around out there missing
itself.

*

Love is essentially a subversive and destructive force. Magnets prove this. They unite
by colliding. And if not, they are not magnets they are something else.

*

Friend: that person with whom you talk, regardless whether present or not.

*

Love shows you what you are: nothing, pure desire, a vacuum to be filled.

*

Women: licking honey from a sharp knife.

*

It is not possible to read in the dark nor is it possible with too much light.

*

Yesterday, I lost an idea. Let’s respect a pious line of silence for it.

*

Mystery is the neighbor of stupidity; love, the wall that separates them.

*

When he awakened, the fragment was still there, still refusing to become part ofanything.

*

There are three moods: animal, vegetal and mineral.

Yes: what is open at two exits.

*

White: a color that still has a remedy.

*

Forgetting is the mildest and most humane form of violence.

*

Children are the only reliable proof that time exists.

MANUEL NEILA
Pensamientos de intemperieRenacimiento
Sevill
e2012
144 pages

The main work of a writer is his life. Whatever he writes, he always ends up sketching the image of his face.

*

The arrogance of banality is the acid that corrodes the pride of the poetic.

*

Unveil, by means of the word, what precedes and what follows the words: transcribe the report.

*

In the degree that we leave childhood, youth and maturity behind... we come closer and closer to our ancestors.

*

The irreverent, the demystifiers and the iconoclasts, alas, also have their limit: self-respect.

*

It is easy to judge someone for what they do: what is difficult is to judge them for what they voluntarily cease to do.

*

There are a few evergreen books... and many, many books like fallen leaves.

*

The unexpected happens at every moment. But we are rarely there to verify it.

*

Sensations are encoded messages that each of us must learn to decipher in our own way.

*

One must walk with lead feet if you wish to capture thoughts in flight.

*

Only the art of the fugue and fragmentary thought are able to combine what is fleeting with what is recurring.

The opposite of what is commonplace are not clever ideas, but truths that no one wants
to hear.

*

Excrementing societies are necessarily and inevitably excrementing societies.

*

Rationalists are usually sceptical or dogmatic, depending on the emphasis that they
place on their contradictions.

*

What an aphorism says is the tip of the iceberg whose submerged part corresponds to
what it suggests.

*

If the "benefit of the doubt” did not exist, where would some rich and heartless people be?

*

The poetry that does not begin with song, celebration and praise is born with its days numbered.

*

True poetry is able to harmonize handcrafted modesty and scientific pride.

*

A sentimental education, properly speaking, cannot have any other aim than to learndisappointment.

*

In the forest of letters, what is important is not the search but the wait, since the aim is
not the finding but the coming.

*

When the house is in flames, a manual is useless, but an aphorism may save our life.

*

Evil and death, when viewed in a new light, are easily understandable; whereasgoodness and life are enigmatic and inexplicable.

*

There comes a time when we cease to differentiate between young and old and start to distinguish between the living and the dead.

MIGUEL CATALÁN
Suma breve
Trea
Gijó
n
2019
253 pages

The memory of what is good is a reflection. The memory of what is bad is a stain.

*

The dreams which do not come true end up becoming a nightmare.

*

The aim of the social contract: to benefit everyone by detrimenting us one by one.

*

Whoever fails to see the flash of lightning trembles at the crash of thunder.

*

Useless trips.- Those who have nothing inside themselves, find nothing outside.

*

At the end of history, it turns out that the book of destiny was blank.

*

The artist achieves something only when he strives to do what is impossible.

*

The mirage reflects the desire of those who believe they are looking outside themselves.

*

The maturity process begins when you admit that things are happening to you whichpreviously only happened to everyone else.

*

The present is so soaked in the past that by the time it dries up it is history.

*

That progressive who began to feel like a conservative as soon as he obtained themajority.

The aphorism is a fulgurite, that small fragment of earth melted by lightning in milliseconds.

*

The open flower is so shameless because it does not know that people are looking at it.

*

Love is blind; hate is cyclopean.

*

Tired of his epoch, he visits Ancient Times in search of novelties.

*

To the wary eye, everything is suspicious.

Javier
Bozalongo
Prismáticos
Trea
Oviedo
53
pages

If you abandon yourself, you leave those who accompany you alone.

*

He who grows without a past, tomorrow will not be able to remember his present.

*

Every morning he asked why. And every night, he asked for whom.

*

The more I remember the less I recognize myself.

*

Forgetting certain kisses takes a lot of memory.

*

Half-truths are shared lies.

*

Only smart people doubt, even when affirming that only smart people doubt.

*

Not all answers find a question made to their measure.

*

How carelessly we affirm ourselves, when we wish to deny ourselves.

*

He who turns out the light is fortunate because he has not always lived in darkness.

ROBERTO HERRERO
Abrir la ventana está sobrevaloradoTrea
Gijón
2019
67 pages

On the balcony, curiosity transforms us into gargoyles.

*

In photographs, besides being there, the difficult feat is to appear.

*

When solitude involves two, to look at each other is to measure the universe.

*

I like to imagine that confession includes the sound of footsteps.

*

Skin is paradise. Hell, knowing that caresses will never be good enough.

*

Loneliness ends up making clocks look like masks.

*

Next to a happy person, we are moths.

*

There are explanations that require an autopsy.

*

Seeing her naked made him believe in evolutionism and creationism at the same time.

*

Time is carved up like an animal after the hunt, however in the morning, we discover its breath on the windows.

*

After days of silence, days to translate it.

*

One must be well versed in mystery in order to breathe amidst so much explanation.

Everything that we kill leaves a ghost.

*

We remember more about what we are not sure that happened.

*

One of the first symptoms of defeat is the suspicion of joy.

R**OGER SWANZY**
La gota infinita del deseoAmargord, Madrid
2018
60 pages

Holy darkness, embrace us and carry us to dawn.

*

How many lives fit inside a life? How much desire fits inside a drop?

*

Like the light, the gaze knows its destiny before it departs. The irresistible temptation to return to our origin.

*

Black and white photos make us dream of the absent colors.

*

Enclosed in their perfume, it seems like the flowers devour us alive.

*

Men love breasts because they have seen them from the inside.

*

There is always music in the air. And love slips through our fingers.

*

The imagination cannot avoid creating and recreating what we see.

*

In the naked image, fascination hides in plain sight.

*

Photography reveals our dark faith that we are able to capture the light in its infinite repose on the body.

*

In the dark, we all have the same age.

SIHARA NUÑO
Enormidad
La Isla de Siltolá
Sevilla
2018
67 pages

The world is bigger. Never forget that.

*

Anything can fit into the enormity. (Even when there is no place).

*

Succession of ideas: a drop of water falls ... the world explodes.

*

I think in order to be wrong and find the particle of god: poetry.

*

There are meteorological phenomena that only occur in the body.

*

Tired of swimming against the current... they began to dig.

*

I reserve the right to certain fears.

*

How many shores has the sea seen. How many failed suicides.

*

Humidity: a restless little girl who sketches in the corners.

*

In case of silence, break it.

*

The spin cycle of the washing machine reminds me of the next thought.

*

Write something about honesty; do not do it, to be honest.

TIRSO PRISCILO VALLECILLOS
Homo Pokémons
Trea
Ovied
o2017
126 pages

One must be brave to omit everything that you want to say.

*

Words always end up getting cooked in someone else's oven.

*

Poetry can make glass break with a single silence.

*

The world is each person.

*

Some lies are urgent truths.

*

Many mirrors are puddles: some, bottomless.

*

They say that everything is a big lie and they want us to believe them.

*

Loneliness means not having anyone to say sorry to.

*

We are the only herd in which everyone goes their own way.

*

Sometimes, when our feelings come together, they rumble.

*

Whoever demands eternal love, ends up begging only for an instant.

To say that love is for our whole life only proves that we have several lives.

*

No one returns the steps that you take.

*

Balance is not a state, just an instant.

*

The labyrinth cannot escape the human mind.

*

There is no crack that supports roundness.

*

Life is travelling to Itaca and ending up in Rome.

*

Dreams always come true, even if it is in other people.

*

Neophilia is the fifth horseman of the Apocalypse.

VICENTE LUIS MORA
Nanomoralia
La Isla de
SiltoláSeville
2017
80 pages

They do not grow, but they fall. The well-known phenomenon that men get smaller as
they grow older is not because they are old, but because they are sunk.

*

Writing well without publishing is something both beautiful and terrible; it is like a violinist who performs his best solo on the peak of a deserted mountain.

*

We are a stack. Just the ones underneath, bearing the weight of the others.

*

Stress does not entail leading a bad life, but about how stress leads you to it.

*

The dead man that you see is not dead because you see him: he is dead because he does
not see you.

*

Philosophy is the profound reason of things; in other words, becoming aware that things have no reason at all..

*

For a bird, the size of the forest is the single branch on which it may perch at a givenmoment.

*
Fragmentary literature is vertebral: perceptible protuberances joined by the spine ofmeaning.

*

Demolishing an ugly building is create a beautiful collection of rubble.

*

The transition from e-mails to a handwritten letter implies that both people are willing to get their hands dirty for, with and on each other.

*

We, male children develop our personality against the father. Females, in spite of the
mother.

Much is asked of the intellectual: that he coldly and ruthlessly analyses the world around him and, at the same time, in his creative work, he tries to reconstruct it with affection and human warmth.

*

What does what we do really do?

*

You can tell that life is getting worse when you grow up and discover that the summers
are increasingly shorter.

*

The soul that interests me the most is the one which pulsates in the word *calm*.

*

In a country immersed in civil war, you know who the real intellectuals are: they are the ones that both sides undoubtedly want to kill.

*

Fireflies, little rebellious days.

*

Literature is the only career that is sustained by immobility.

*

Life is old. Every book is new. For this reason, I live my life reading.

*

Those who wish to follow their footsteps and return to the past collide with who they were.

*

Guilt is circular.

*

Freedom is that no one can be included in a you.

VICTORIA LEÓN
Insomnios
La Isla de
SiltoláSeville
2017
68 pages

We know that time follows in our footsteps and yet even so, it sometimes catches up
with us without us hearing it coming.

*

In reality, we are that which is older than ourselves in us.

*

At times, when light suddenly floods everything, we do not seem to know where to hide.

*

Of all the injustices that can be committed, perhaps the worst is derived fromconsidering the weak as strong and the strong as weak.

*

Courtesy is a guardian that almost always protects us from ourselves.

*

There are exciting routines.

*

Certain things must exist simply so that we never stop looking for them.

*

There are encounters that forever divide any road in two.

*

Everything that is vulnerable ends up covered with sharp edges.

*

Good misanthropists have a busy social life.

*

If we really think about it, the rarest prodigies are those that happen every day.

*

Nothing is more ours than what we know will never be ours and, even so, it will stay with us forever.

Sometimes a shadow takes away our fear to see the dawn.

*

Of the mistakes that are made for a good reason, one can at least feel some semblance of
pride.

*

There are keys that open doors that no longer exist.

*

Words neither create nor destroy realities. That we think otherwise is nothing more than
a rhetorical achievement.

*

We are all someone, regardless whether or not we know who.

*

At times, we chase in order to stop running away.

*

How unconvincing the superlative degree turns out to be about everything.

*

True joy always comes and goes without making noise.

*

Everything which is truthful is silent.

*

Few things are as difficult as rebelling against subtle tyranny.

*

Sometimes we think in company. We always feel in solitude.

*

At times, life gives gifts. In reality, very few. In these cases, it is fitting to be cautious and thankful. And remind those who stop expecting this that it happens.