**Chronology of the Pleasures**

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About one month or two ago,

on the walk we take almost every day,

when passing by a well-known bridge in my city,

I noticed, not without some sorrow,

that there was a family living under it,

at a corner they had cleaned on the riverbank.

I was filed with sadness, for they were homeless,

or at least temporarily so,

using the lower part of that framework as a roof.

Yesterday, while walking with my wife, we perceived

that there was something different—a few more people

in addition to the family we were used to seeing.

A couple of bonfires lit better the area.

They seemed to feel very comfortable,

laughing and happy; we even heard

something like a clink of glasses.

My wife was surprised and did not understand,

but, suddenly, I did, and told her:

there is no doubt, they are having guests today

and are having fun.

Then, we became aware that, really, it had been a while

since we enjoyed much the same pleasure.