





Analects  
**My father's  
notes**

*By: Augusto Dalmau*

In a black leather suitcase, which probably my father, Don Sixtilio Dalmau, carried with him to meetings and work sessions, I found a series of manuscripts of great value because of the content. I quickly was able to identify his handwriting, a little rough but clearly drawn.

When reading each of the pieces, I discovered with great emotion another virtue of my father's, a man that devoted his life to the promotion

of education and touristic services in Peru. Through his verses I was able to understand the magical relationship between him and this marvelous country, a place as big as his love for the homeland, and as cozy and warm as he was with his family and friends. That is the reason why I want to share with you part of his intimacy turned into a verse, a glimpse in the soul of that man that fought tirelessly for making the existence of Le Cordon Bleu University come true in Peru.

***Augusto Dalmau, Vice-Chancellor of  
Le Cordon Bleu University***

Photo: JNF / Le Cordon Bleu University

**Minute snippet**

I have witnessed the birth of river waters from a high source  
and seen them glide as a crystal clear laughter  
through the spiny ladder of a reddish hill  
—perhaps dyed by the blood of conquering warriors,  
of swashbuckling knights, of those,  
the brave and fierce who fought  
for the chosen one of their hearts—  
and swerving like a wounded snake,  
fall at the feet of the petrified pillar  
and after thinking about their routes, consulting their fates,  
randomly continue, stumbling and jumping.

I have seen them happily outwitting the sharp-hipped rocks,  
like a child mocking the danger in his hand.  
I have seen them smile at the logs that run through their drops and hurt their flesh;  
and with a panting heartbeat they carry on down their steep path,  
facing unknown mysteries.

Later on, rest invades their mind and their body is flooded with sweat;  
and quietly, as if they were lost, realize their track,  
and in lazy manners stretch their arms in vain  
to play with the hills that imprison their bed.

They did not look back during the course,  
and late, very late, almost late at night in their lives,  
they understood their remoteness  
when feeling the kiss of the sea on their lips.

I have seen them in their crazy adventure  
resume their journey towards their safe destiny;  
and I have felt them tearing their guts out  
and hitting their temples in a futile struggle  
as they tried to push away from their trail those grayish masses  
that hampered their majestic walk.

And I have cried as I feel their soul in mine.

And I have cried after learning of your disdain;  
And told me that tree, whose shadow I abused and  
from which my nervous hand  
plucked that piece of life to play impatiently,  
to cry, to increase the waters of the river  
and I have not done it;  
I do not want them to drink from the bitter tears of my hidden pain.

And I have seen the waters endlessly go on.

Written by: Sixtilio Dalmau Castañón

