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Publisher



SONESQUIN

London, UK
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To the new selves I have discovered in this journey

1.

You are not my friend
tomorrow I will wake up and
you won't be there by my side.

You are not my friend
life means something so different to us
and my path is so far from yours
but this journey is so deep
like a cave in the sea.
I could be lost or just asleep
and right now, you are here
sharing this with me.

And, even if you are not my friend
this journey is so deep
and life has pulled you to sit next to me.
I don't want to miss you
So, I am leaving you before I lose you.

It is a shame, I don't know how to like you
to be blind to your skills,
it is ok that I don't want to please you
because I don't need to,
and even if you are not my friend
I want to tell you
that it is different just because you are with me;

The one who cries, the one who runs away,
the one who scratches the chairs,
and the one who leaves us without one good bye.
You all are not my friends
but right now, I just want to honour
the fact that, we all share the same space.
So, I am taking a deep breath to show my real face,
removing layers to let you be the witness
of the things that no one else has seen.
Welcome to the deep journey all you, my non-friends.

2.

I have a memory of you

You were laughing and crying
your tears streaming down your face
until they touched your lips
you said: "they taste like the sea"

I have a memory of you

You were running, running so fast until you
flew
You flew high until you reached the sun
You said: "it is huge like my love for you"

I have a memory of you

You were touching the sun,
becoming one with it
you said: "goodbye my friend"

I remember the sun that now is the light for me

I have a memory of you
being everything to me

3.

I can help you

Can I?

I have been in this place many times,

I hate this place.

It took me ages to be away from this place, but

I love this place.

I can help you,

I know hell.

Take off the mask, so I will help you,

Take off my mask, I will run away.

I can help you

I know how to cry, I have tasted my tears.

I know how to listen, but

I don't care what you say.

I can see you, but

I don't know my own face.

I can help you

I want to know you, but

I don't know myself.

I will help you

I don't know you, but

I need your help, because

I need to help you.

4.

Big head, small heart

Many tears, few words.

Too many thoughts, not feeling enough

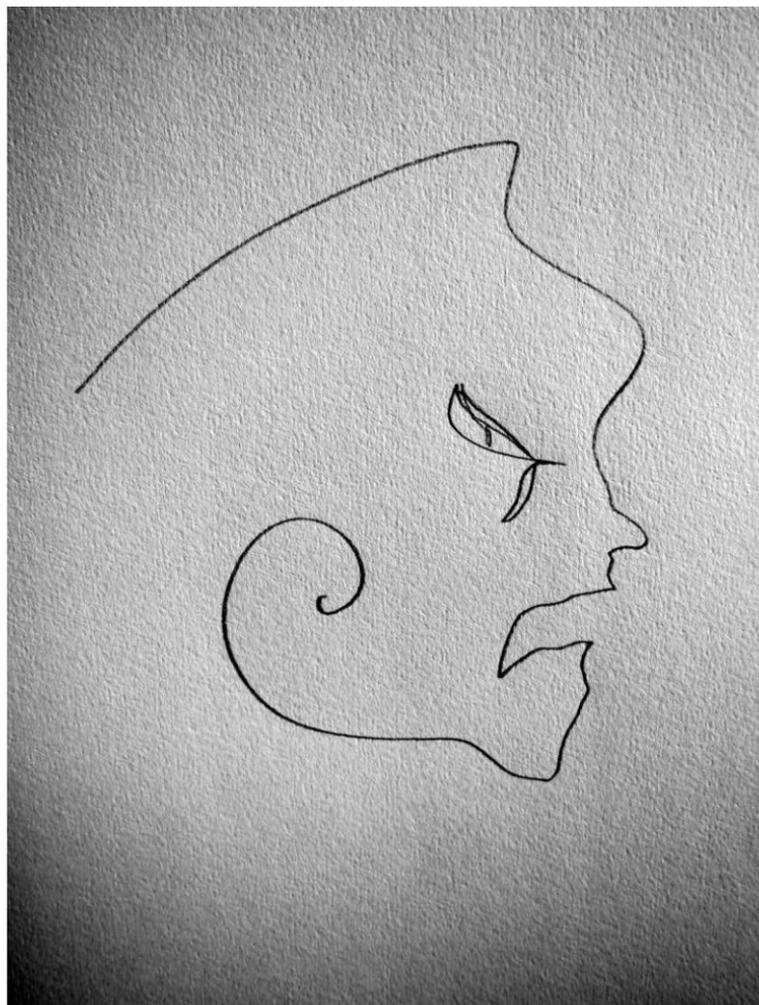
I can live in a tree; I can die for a kiss

I love your lips, I hate your feet.

I want you to stay, but I can be away

Big head, small heart

I can love you or I can be fed up.



5.

I just need to see your eyes
and look deeply into the sea,
breathe a clean breeze.

I just need another moment
just one second to live
to move to another place
and avoid the darkness of the street.

I just need to take another path
maybe a longer one.
It can take me to hell
or just to your hands.

I just need to wake up,
stand up and see
that beauty is always around me.

6.

How difficult it is to sit in front of you
to see your face, smell your sadness
and see myself sitting in my stillness.

Be worried for you and run away.
I want to hug you, support you
I am tropical, I need to touch you.

Look at my eyes, I have dry eyes.
I am crying, I am not lying
it is all about you, it is all about us.

There is no mask
it is just my soul looking after your heart
it is about your heart being broken
my hand tries to reach you
it is about receiving
it is about your fullness, my emptiness
to receive you I have just my empty chair.

7.

This invisible line can take you to hell,
this small grin can tell you old stories.

Read it with curiosity or just leave me alone.
It is not a free scar; I paid a lot for it
all my life was empty after it.

The route to follow can scare you
the truth does not always lead to paradise.
You could find a treasure or
you could be lost.

It could be a desert island
with just flowers.
Don't sit in front of me like a marble man
read my face, I have something to tell you
something that can change my life.
Please, read it for me as I've lost my mirror,
Because, you know, there is no new time, there is no
past.

It is an old map with new routes
only a warrior or a magician can read it.
You don't need to be brave you just need to love it.

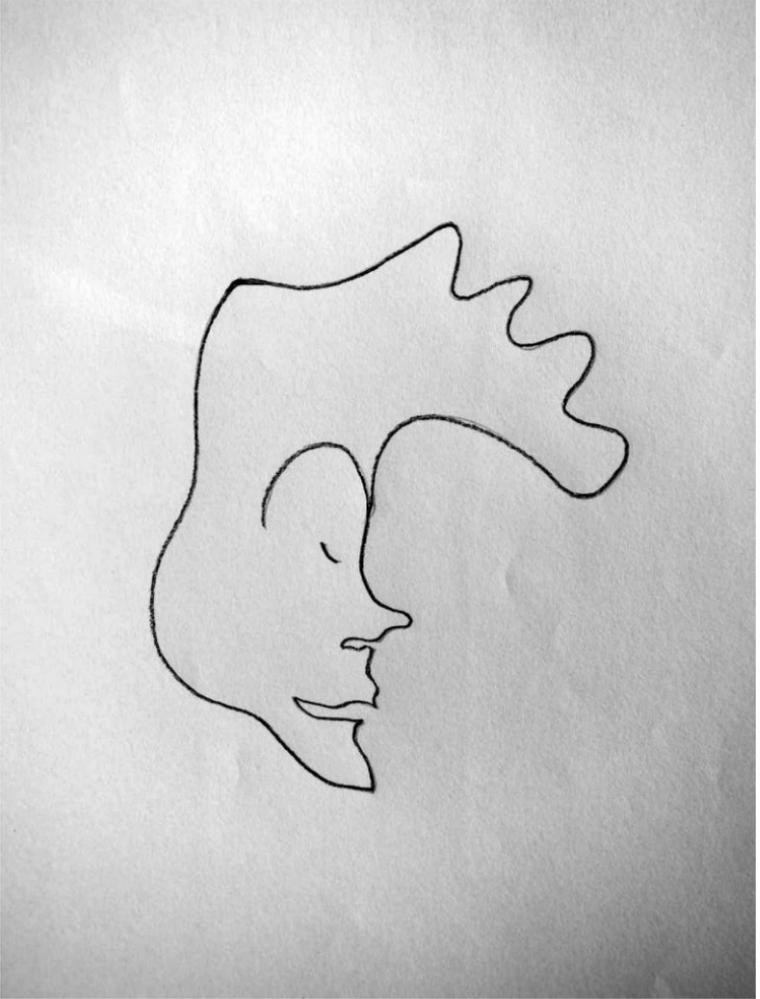
8.

I am a cell,
a piece of art from my mum and my dad.

I am a piece of a star, coming from the sky
to give you light.

I am a body full of blood and bones
and sometimes with thoughts.

I am a feeling, a poet who expresses
who I am through these few words.



9.

A mom, a child
some scare me
some make me smile.

There is a life around,
around the chaos
life flows and spread love.

Love that I don't understand
because it expresses through hate,
tears and fear.

10.

You are my wings and my feet
You are the wind and the ground.
You are a piece of empty paper,
the one that scares me as I don't have a story to write
on it.

You are a pen with no ink anymore,
dry inside, it looks about to die.
You are my empty mind with
no ideas, no love, not even a thought.

You are my grief, the loss of a love.
I will toss the ashes back to the earth,
I will hurl my soul into the wind
I will be singing my song, walking my path.
You will be my past, without a place in my heart.

11.

A week of happiness that tastes like a lemon
with a piece of chocolate cake.

I prefer Tuesdays, as they smell like spring
flowers and birds on Wednesday

Who cares about Thursday?

Fridays are the best;

Smokey, volatile, confused ...End.

Saturday is a joke, chaos on the underground,
fucking strike, wine and beer, I am sick.

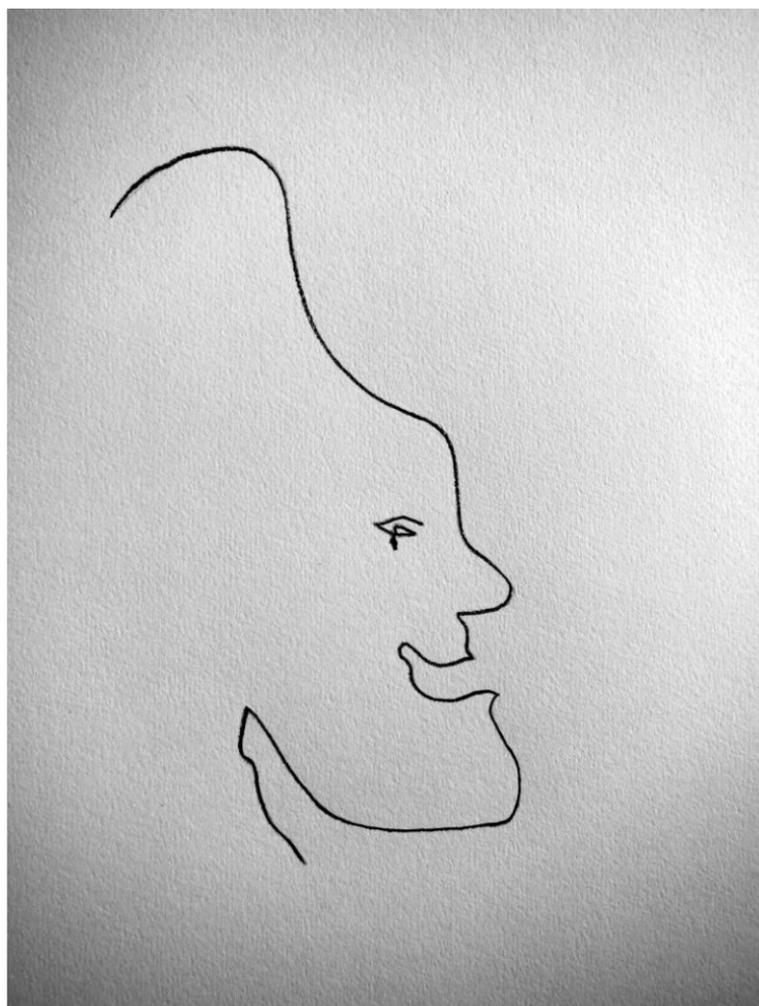
Sunday?

Well, Sunday doesn't exist,

It is a metaphor of happiness, a bit of loneliness
and full of stress.

12.

Rock and roll or pop
I don't know
New fashion songs
I don't get it
Soul or jazz
maybe Adele in my heart
I don't understand
I miss the early 70s
Classic waves, Mozart or Bach
I could sleep listening to them
And now I am missing them
when I hear Justin



13.

I wear my best dress
carefully choose my earrings,
colors need to match,
I am ready!
even if your chair is still empty
I will be waiting for you
playing with my cup
avoiding my watch
looking around
I don't want to believe; You will not be here again.

Maybe it is just you being late,
drink another cup of tea.
You will be here soon,
I am sure.

The sun disappears
the moon comes to me
and you haven't arrived yet
I have been in this room before
I remember now
a thousand years waiting for you
turning around
imagining a hug and a kiss.

But you are still not here my dear,
it seems like ages ago
when you said: *wait for me*

I wrote a story in my mind
as I needed to have an ending,
a proper good bye, wishing you all the best.
I close my journal.
You are not here yet
and I will not be here again.

14.

Give me a pen

I want to change the world

Give me paper

I want to move my view

Give me a reason to stand up

and raise my voice

Give me something to share with you

just a good reason to stay and grow

Give me a pen

I want to write on this empty paper

My story and my dream

give me,

give me a pen and a paper

I will give you back

my soul and my love

15.

I should be dancing in a big space
but I am crying in this little corner
drying my tears and scratching my legs,
shouting loudly to be heard
knowing that my mind plays with me.

I should be flying around, expanding my wings and
soaring into the sky.
Moving, running, surrounded by the unknown
darkness, but laughing in my madness.

This magnificent ground, the top of my hill,
the root of my tree!
this wind, this sun, my cave, my altar!
the end of my dance.

I should be alive
opening my eyes to see your face
I should wake up
opening my heart to see your love coming to me.

I should be dead to meet you again
in your last dance you hurt my feet.
I am dying now, leaving my wounds
(like seeds in the ground.)

I should dance in a new open space
where light erases your shadow
and my life is born again.

16.

Seconds, minutes

time flies and we disappear

Seconds, minutes, one day another day

they are never the same.

Second, minutes, dreams

tomorrow is always another day

Dreams, nightmares

yesterday never comes back again

Seconds, minutes

a child, a boy

Time leaves us behind

seconds, minutes

take it, leave it

Time repeats



17.

Thanks for the dance
for moving with me, following my feet
but keeping in yours

Thanks for the flight,
for jumping with me and not being scared and
making me feel safe.

Thanks for the run,
sometimes just around me, sometimes far away, or
close to the end

Thanks for the laughs,
and for crying with me and about me
thanks for the music, listening to the same tracks and
not losing the pace

Another place calls me now,
different rhythms seduce my soul
and I will be leaving you soon.

I recognize what I need;
a different floor, a soft one, an empty one.
The music continues, the dance has not finished
there is nothing to be sad about, nothing has been
lost
It is just a move in a world that never stops.

18.

I came from a tree
old as the wind;
My blood is like yours,
we share the same moon.

My granddad was a poet who sang
every morning - the same sad songs;
My grandma took flowers and plants from her garden
to make medicine to heal souls.

I came from a river
strong like my roots;
My bones are like yours,
we share the same sun.

I came from a mountain
high as my wings;
My breath is like yours,
we share the same wind.

19.

Ghost living in my soul
running around in my dreams.
I want to run away,
away from my darkness
but wings are faster than my feet.

I run, run quickly
but the darkness is always
after me.
Behind the tree, behind the moon,
behind the stillness
my chaos sleeps.

I don't want to see your face
it looks like mine!
I wake up and realize
you are just in my mind.

20.

Dark blue

Anger and sorrow

Dark blue

Stop, stop

I don't like you!

You don't let me see

Dark, dark blue

Hurt and blindness

Dark, dark

Smoke and tears

Blue

The ghost who lives in my mind

The fire in my heart

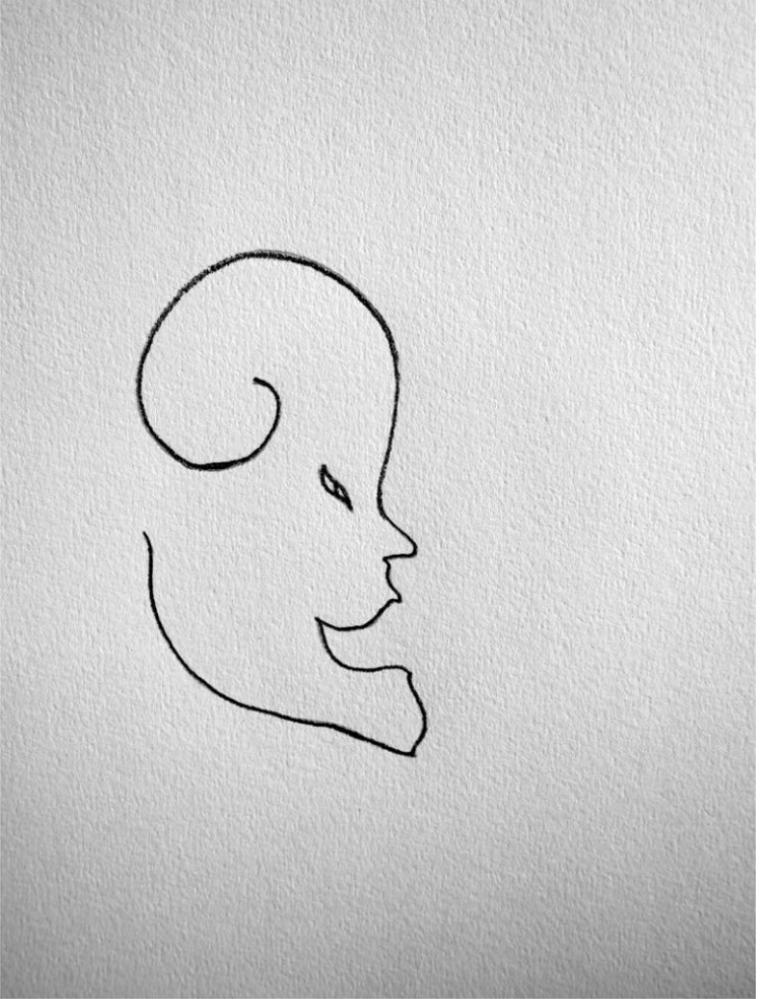
Blue, blue

Sky and sea

Dark blue

I dive in the depth

Forgive my sins



21.

I will be taking my bags,
my lips and my dream.
The one that you left behind when you
said goodbye to the wind, and not a word to me.
I will be taking it and then my life will be starting
again.

I understand my heaviness
the reason for all this weight
the pain in my neck.
I will understand the unrevealed sorrow that was
following me,
the pain behind all these leaves that the wind pulled
off.

Is the life of the tree under the trunk?
Is the root that keeps it alive,
beyond fruit and flowers?
There is always a new season
that will help me to say goodbye.

22.

Are you hidden?
hidden from my eyes
lost in your darkness, away from my cage.

Maybe you run away from my hugs
away from my heart, close to the unknown.

May you fly free,
free? free like my song
free, free
free like my soul.

Could you be unreachable, untouchable?
like the sky, like my sorrow.

Are you just in my dreams?
sometimes in my nightmares,
but always on my lips.

Are you the love that I didn't make
the grey kiss I didn't give?

Are you my magical mirror distorting who I am
reminding me of what I have lost?

23.

Dad's words ...

Missing, finish
remember to Be again.

Forget, forgot, forgive.
sun outside, warm inside,
don't look behind

Always come back, please...
goodbye, goodbye,
hello, I love you

Fly, run, smile, and eat properly
write a poem, enjoy your life
finish, beginning again
Goodbye, goodbye

24.

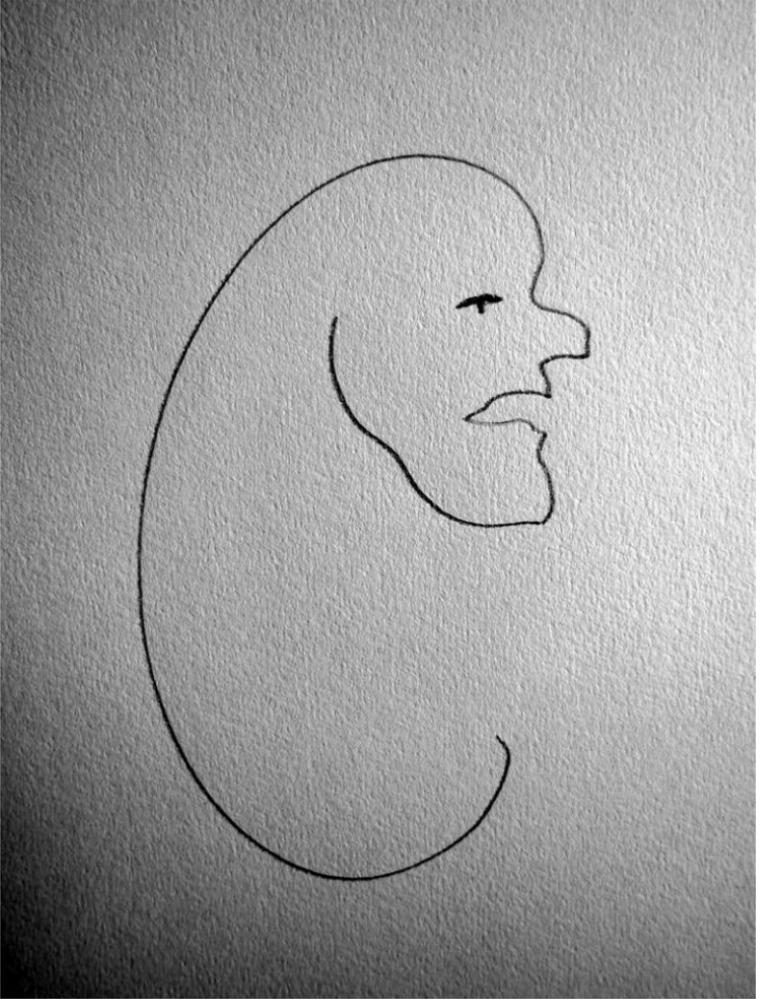
I see it is not about refugees,
it is all about what we like.
They are all welcome
but please don't be Jewish
or too dark,
and please don't be too fat.

Try to be just perfect
and I guess you know what perfect means....
look like me!

I went there, and I stood up for you
I shouted loudly so the government could listen
I asked then to welcome you.
But please remember:
your flag needs to look like mine
and you should not be too small,
or talk too much,
just enough, just the way I like it.

I will talk for you
I will defend you and protect you
no one can hurt you
But
don't be too close
keep your mouth shut
if you want to talk, I will be the one
to tell you when,...

All are welcome here;
immigrants, refugees.
But, please
think like me.



25.

What am I looking for?
what were my sister and bro looking for?
maybe the same things that someone
miles away is looking for?...
a blue sky,
an open space to flourish
an opportunity to grow.

What were my mum and grandma looking for?
the same things as the ones born yesterday or today?
Similar dreams we share, even if we are different.
Similar illusion in this world of destruction.

Just a hug before going to sleep,
someone offering a hand,
maybe help to dry our tears.
Just another opportunity to start again,
just a safe place to wake up and realize
we will be in the same place.

26.

They came last night
from the wallpaper
running and flying.
I couldn't sleep!

They told me old stories
that I didn't understand
about my grandma
the one I loved so much

Old stories that made me cry and smile
feeling like a child, alive again.
I am 45, but here I am playing with the fairies
that came yesterday.
They were a metaphor of new days,
they live again in the memory of my little girl.

27.

You went to meet the waves
knowing I don't know how to swim

You went to the stars
knowing I don't know how to fly

Good luck sweetheart
tomorrow will be my time

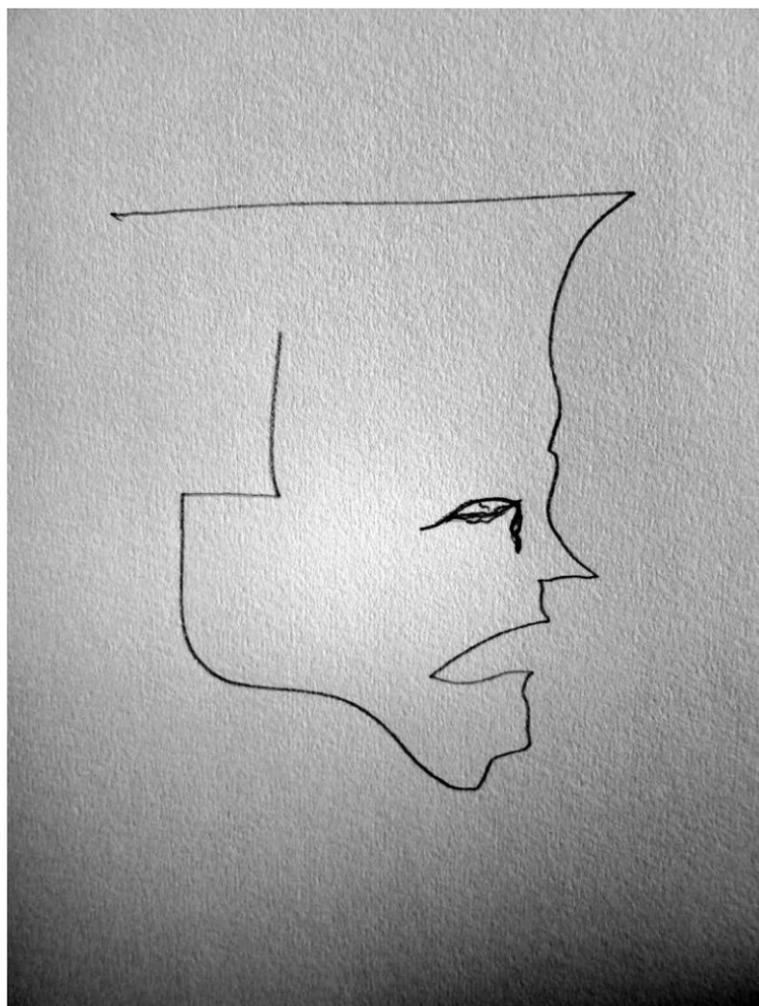
28.

Black tree in my back garden
brings old memories
about dark times.
Shadows follow an unknown path
Shadows protecting the black trees.

There is no meaning,
there is no sense
When you don't get it
You don't get it.

Pretending doesn't help
avoiding meeting you
doesn't keep you away.

You live, you still live
In my black tree.



29.

I want to be at home
I don't know where it is, could be in a cage,
could be in the street

I want to be at home
I don't know where it is
could be in a tree, could be close to me

I want to have a home,
I want a home
where I can live in peace
away from my sins

30.

Running, running
but one minute is always just one minute.
flying, flying
but one second is always just what I need.

Running again,
I haven't arrived yet.
fly again,
I don't care.

Running, running,
I leave you behind
flying, flying to meet you again.

31.

Who is looking at me
who am I looking for?
people around my neck
whispering ...whispering
I cannot get what they say....

Who is talking with me in my dreams?
just a ghost...just God?

Who can I talk with?
my room is empty
my heart is alone.

Who wants to love me?
my mask covers my needs
my hat makes you smile.

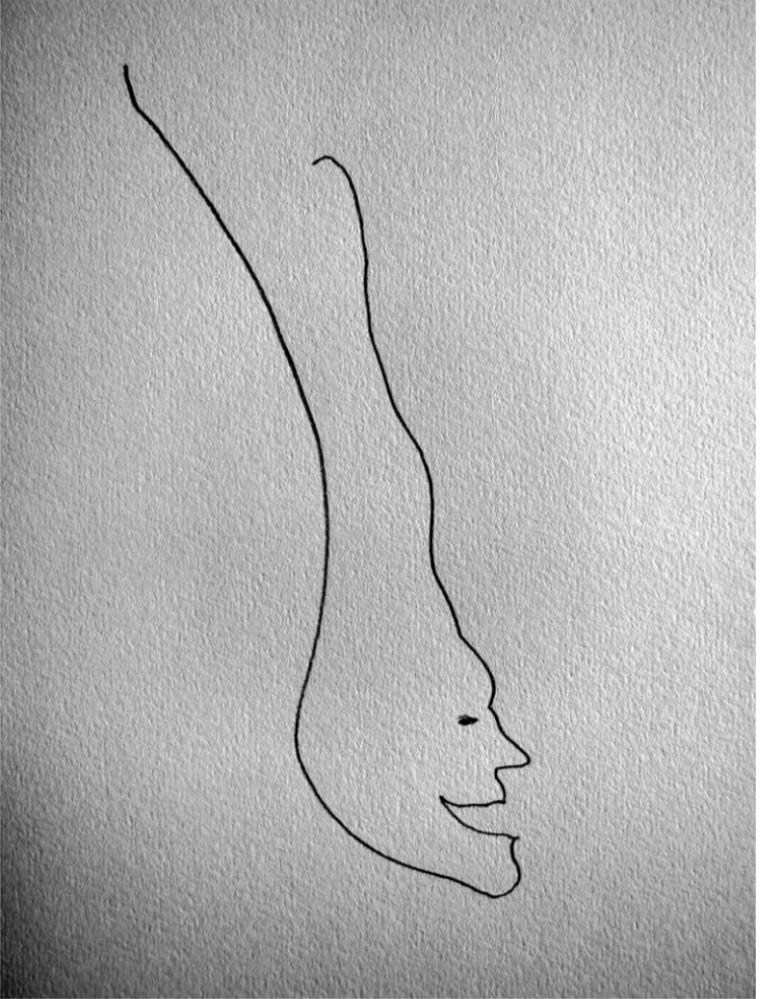
Stop, Stop
don't love me anymore
please, please
let me be free.

32.

I sit here peacefully waiting
for the wave that will take me to your world
I sit and wait.

I can smell...you are around
swimming, flying
using all the ways to find my soul.

Where will I meet you?
deep in the sea or high in the sky?



33.

There is a corner
where you always sleep.
Are you in my mind, or maybe in my bed?

Looking at your face
you look like a friend
telling me that people are far away.

You scare them,
you look evil
but it is your ugliness
that made me feel safe.

34.

Free to be born
Feeling safe in this world
Life is like a baby's smile
Soft and strong

35.

Poison and love

blood in the sea

there are a thousand reasons

to fly or run.

Playing games that just hurt

in my world there is a dark sun

there is a reason to die and to be born.

36.

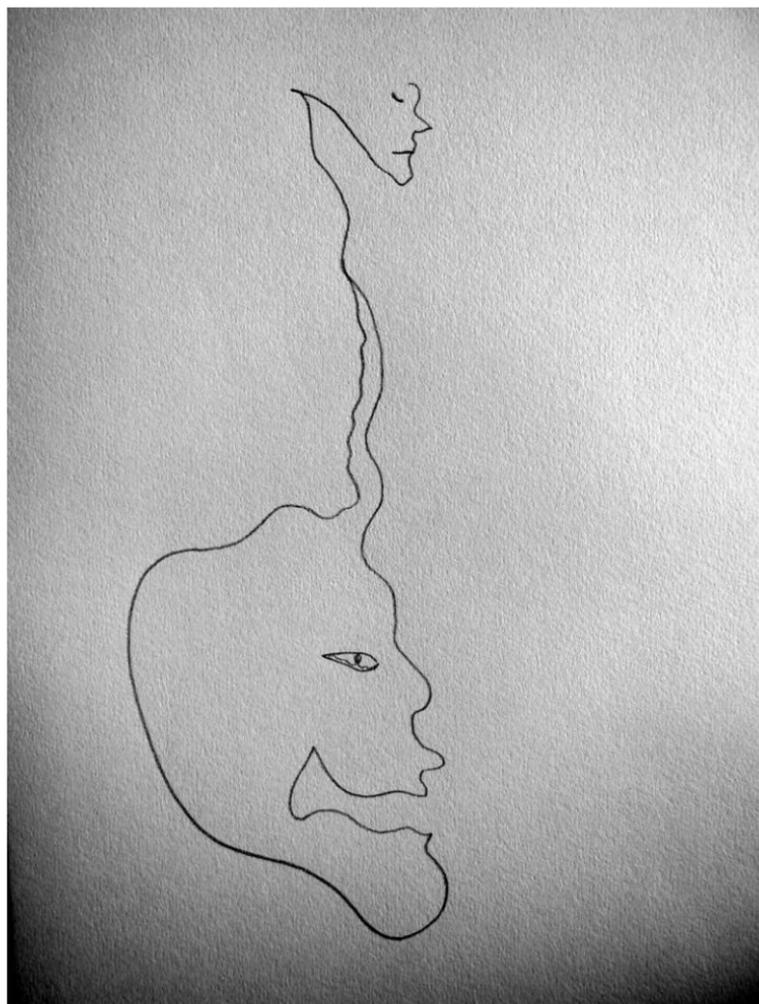
Why have a fly in your mind?
don't you know that,
mind is a cage
where madness lies?

Why have a fly in your mind?
which always gives you answers
to questions that you never ask.
You see things happening,
things that never happened.

The flies cover your eyes
drop lies onto your lips
and you have lost your mind again,
one and twice and again.

Why have a fly in your mind?
it can hurt your eyes
switch off the light
then the fly will be gone
and your mind will have a rest.
Stop the fly, which is breaking your heart,
destroying your life.

... but the darkness plays its games
and you are away
in that place where flies died
and you dream of being born again.



37.

Left or right

I never know

It is another world

That I never understood

Left or right

at the end are the same

We talk about politicians

or just about a traffic light

They confuse people

that is all they do

left or right

black or white

Always asking to take a decision

about something

we don't know

38.

I am as you

as them

I am a breeze dancing

around the waves

I am bones and blood

mirroring you

discovering my soul

smiling to the sun

crying for you

39.

Look in your eyes
life is too short
the sky is blue.
I want to be in love

Look in your eyes
dance together
make love.
Forgive and then move on

Look in your eyes
there is a moment
to say good bye.
Life is short and
yours eyes are closed

40.

Following what you said

I lost my soul.

following what you did,

I lost my meaning and my song.

Following him, following her, following them.

Everyone has a reason to tell us what

needs to be done.

Following the light, following the darkness

I found my greyness.

following, following

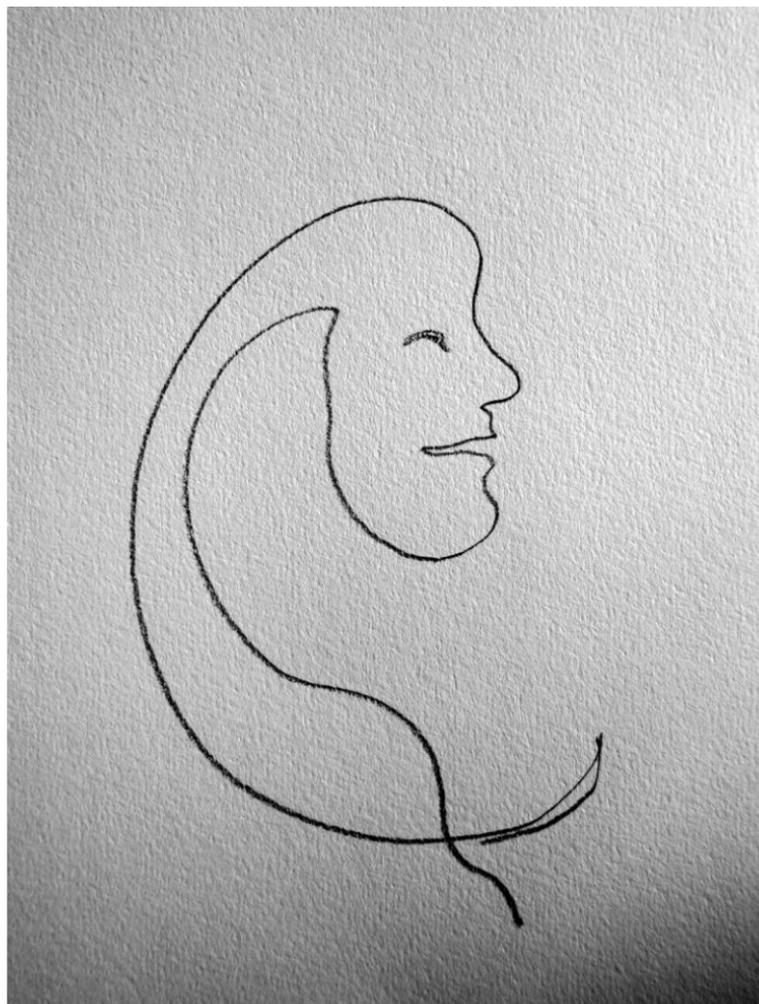
trying to make you happy,

I forgot from where I came from.

41.

Blood rain,
dark time.
Pollution in our hearts,
dust covering our eyes.

Blood rain
brings nightmares to my life.
The sun is away,
the light is inside.
I can go to hell
and back without shame.



42.

I have never seen your face
just your chains

I have never seen your eyes
just your shame

I have never seen your heart
just your pain

Could your needs make you so blind?

Could my mind avoid your madness?

I have never seen your face
just your chains!

43.

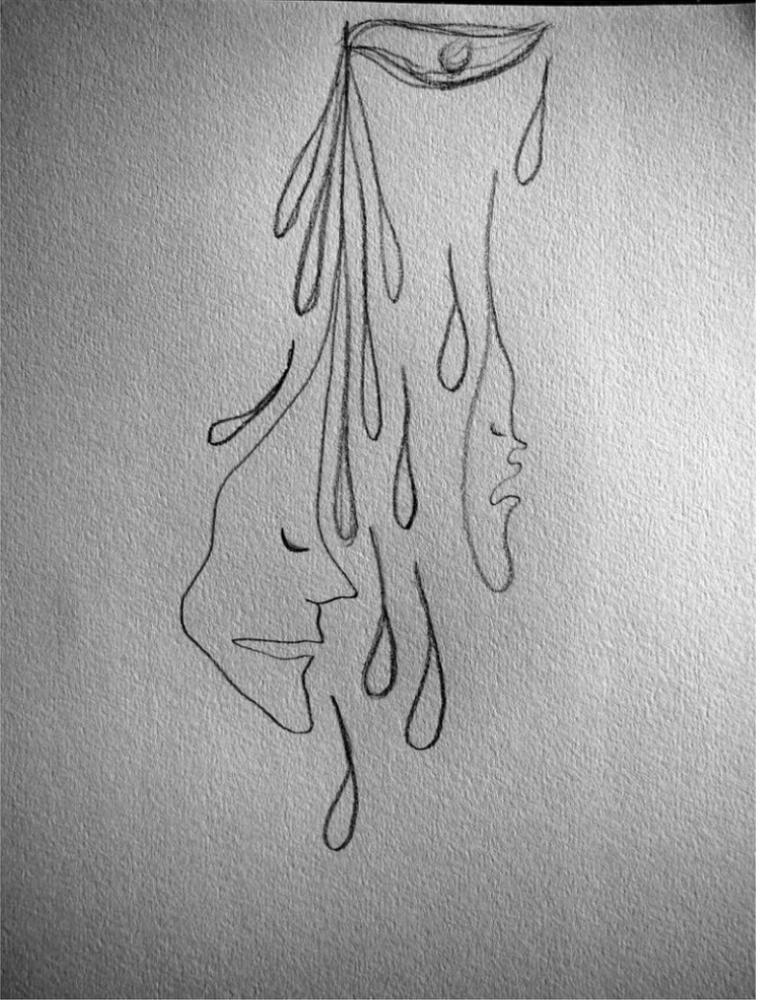
I don't understand
maybe I was lost.
It was a moment
when I saw a ghost.
It crossed in front of me
to bring some peace.
It left the room.
Now I don't know
whom I need to cry for.

44.

It is your choice
to be a caterpillar
or a butterfly

It is your choice
to have a cup of coffee
or a glass of wine early in the morning

It is your choice
to live your life
to make music or die.
Every day you make a choice
in the dark room of your foolishness



46.

Cold eyes
look at me!
you will die
remember this day.

I am out now
running to meet my life.
You are sitting in your living room
waiting for a new round.
I have back my soul and dreams
yours? yours are still lost.

47.

Sorry I am late
my wings were not working today
I had pain

Sorry I am away
my mind is confused
my heart is empty

Sorry I need to leave
time is not my friend
and I know that
you wouldn't wait

48.

I am a snake
changing my skin
trying to be a new one
leaving my cave
waiting behind a tree
waiting for your forgiveness

I am a snake
chasing hell
waiting for the one
who can give me peace

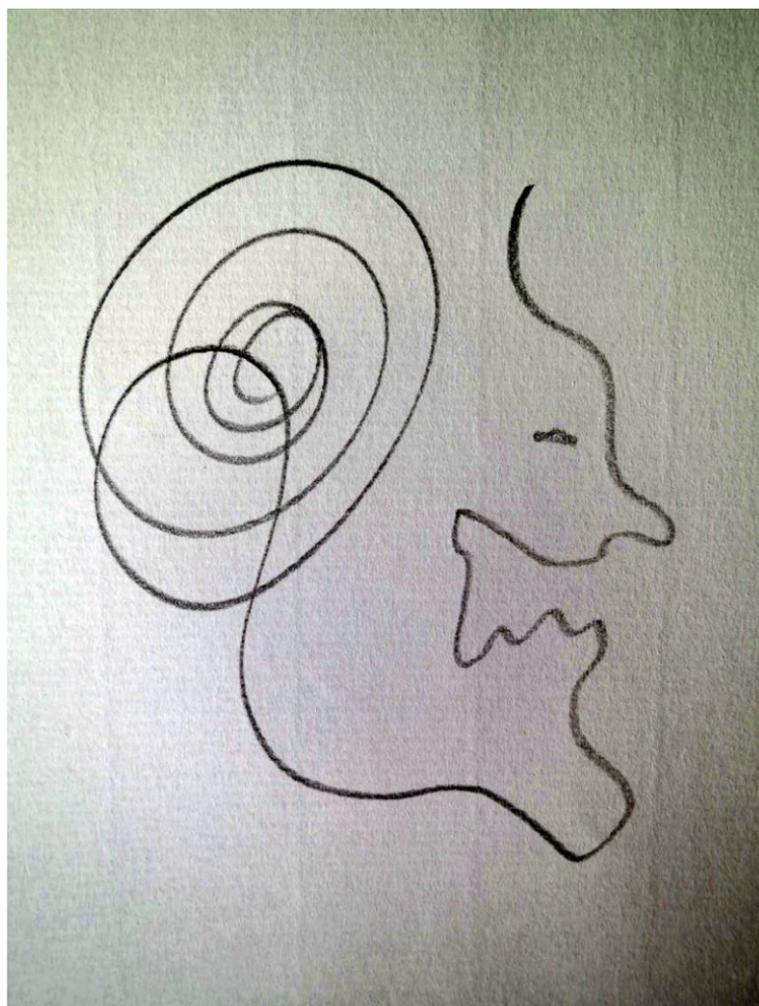
49.

I am blue
look at me, I am blue
like you
when you fall in love

I am blue
just a mixture of chaos and flow
just a whisper in your ear

I am blue
when I fall asleep and you bring your kiss

I am blue
don't forget
I am the sky
and you are the sea



50.

...and then I will be free
we all will be free
when we finally forgive,
forget and never repeat
all these silly mistakes

There is not a place to escape,
a cage or a cave,
but nothing more

...and then I will be free
we all will be free
when we finally heal the place in our hearts
that has been broken apart

51.

I am in my own little world
the one that
you will never know

Sometimes there are lights
but
always only nightmares

It is a little world
with strange creatures playing around my mind
some people want to be there
but they are scared
of just taking the first step

I am comfortable here
there is no pain
no shame
just my bed and my pen

It is a little world
where I live
without caring about all
your mess

52.

I have a blue fish
swimming in my mind
crossing my thoughts
eating my words

blue and small
navigating my blood
reaching my heart
inside my bones

it goes through my veins
and reaches my brain
it is strong
I wake up
feeling its fins moving into my eyes
covering my dreams
taking away my peace

Who wants a blue fish
stuck in your throat?
fighting to be free
waiting to be seen

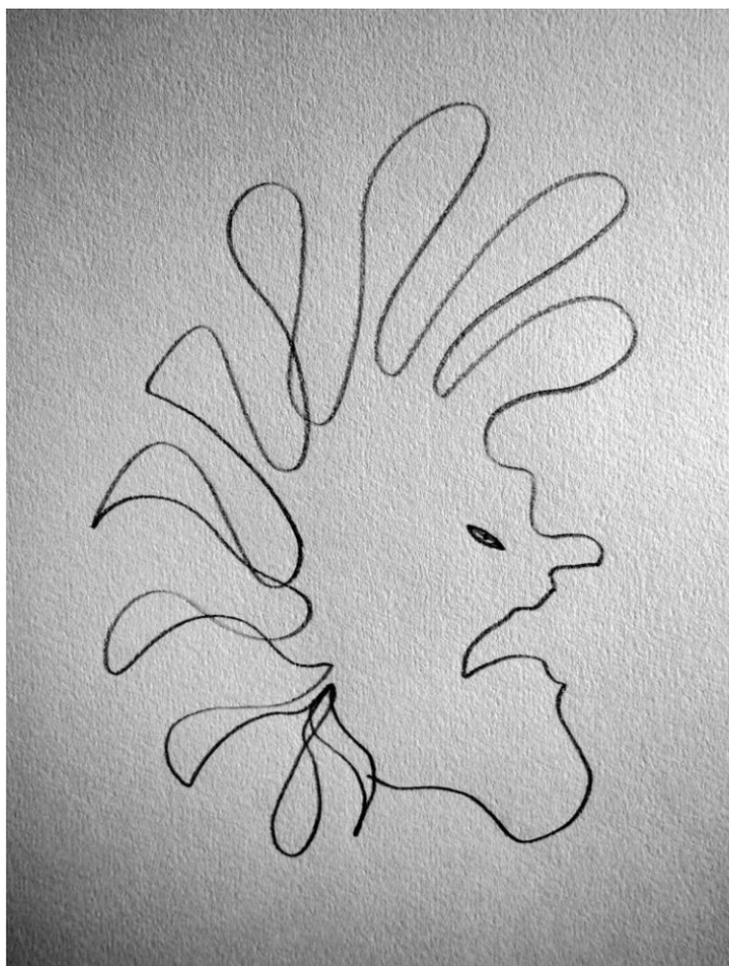
Blue and sad
I have a fish swimming in my mind ...

53.

Who is the one crying when they
should be smiling?
and running away when they should say sorry
who is the one who leaves without
saying good bye?
who is the fool in this game?
the slow one when everyone understood?...

...It is me
looking far inside the mirror
inside my past
inside my broken heart

Nothing has happened
none has complained
it is time to sleep.
You
silly clown
stop laughing
it is time to go.



54.

They come every night
sleep around me.

I can feel them
smell them
hear them.

They are cold
and grey.
Whispering stupid things,
sometimes they scare me
sometimes I feel protected.

They are here
inside, outside
keeping me awake
taking away my peace.

They come every night
and during the day
they slip inside my mind.

55.

She came here
she talked loud
she laughed about us

I thought it was her ego,
maybe her shadow?
a ghost from her past?

She came here
she created chaos
took away our peace

It was her!
no excuses
no discussion

I was the blind one
she was not wrong
she was only dangerous
the one who pretended to be calm
but had a devil inside her heart

56.

What are we going to do with the ones who are not like us?

Where are we going to put them, who look so different to us?

Who is going to sit with them and explain that we need to block them? cause they are not as they should be

Why do we need to cope with so many interruptions? and annoying sounds?

Who is going to tell them that we cannot tolerate their difference?

Who is going to tell them that they are not welcome any more?

What are we going to do with the ones that looks much like us?

57.

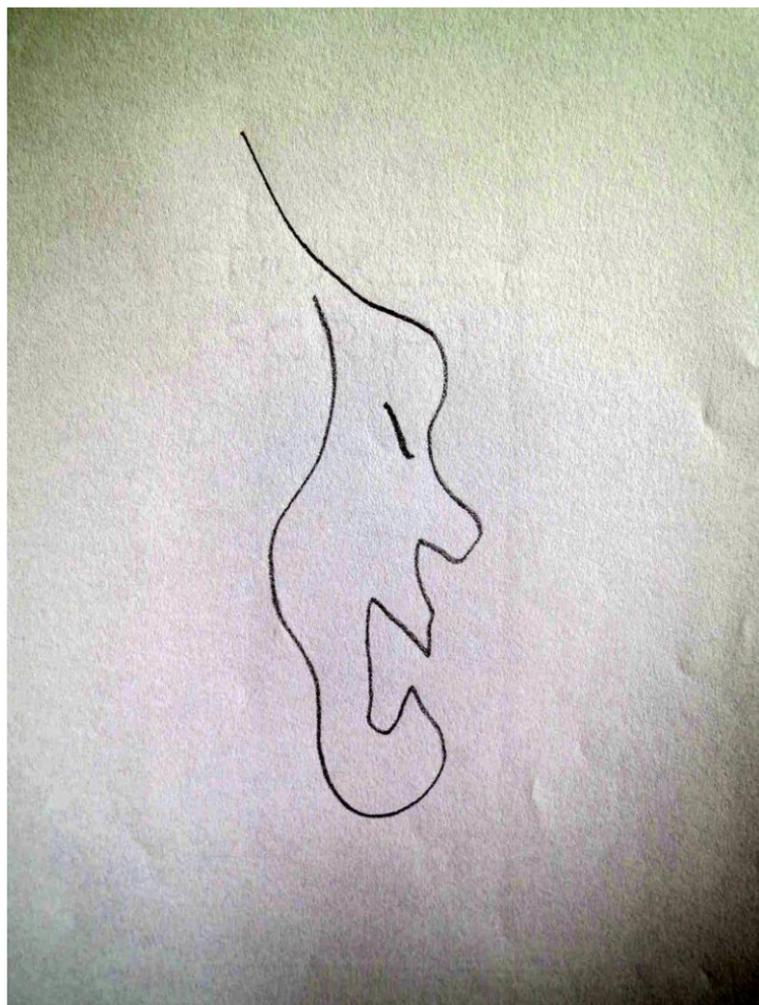
Cold heart

hot mind

you never know who is going to be hurt

but you can choose to leave the ice melt

and drink a coffee when the person dies



58.

Have you read this poem till the end?

stop telling me

my enemies are there.

It is just a book of poems

waiting to be published,

waiting for someone who can read till the end.

Stop telling me

you don't like the yellow covers.

Past the first page,

back to the left

and start again.

59.

“Rain cannot wash away the dirty street of London;
the secrets they hide”

Your tears cannot
help me to forget
the pain your hands
caused me

Your tears cannot
wash away the memories I still have

Walk around as long as you want
but still your tears cannot bring
peace to my heart

60.

Fancy a coffee?

 a strong, dark coffee?

Fancy a kiss?

 a soft, gentle one?

Where are you

 when the coffee is ready on the table?

where are you

 when my lips are

 ready for the kiss you ask for?

It has been two years

since you left

the coffee is still here

my lips still wait for you

61.

You came
you stole
you left

You took my space
created a mess
destroyed my plant

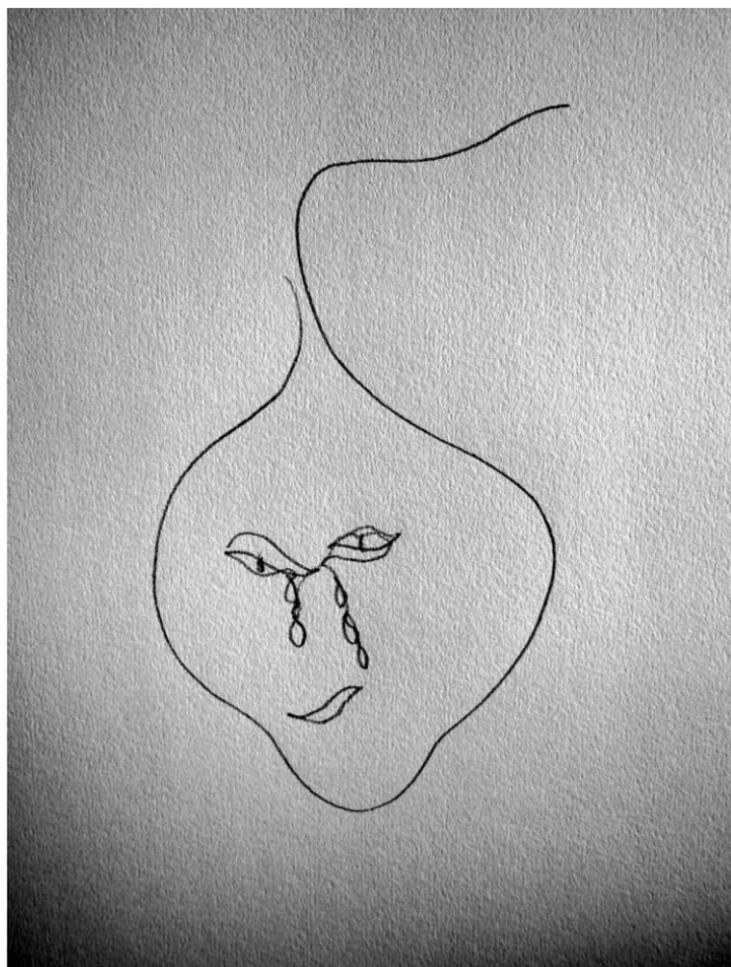
You kept my seeds
removed the life
became the owner

You thought you were better than I was
light skin
blue eyes
good speak
But you know
you couldn't steal
the things I created

You were late
the roots are strong
the tree is alive
the eagle is free
the wild beast is outside

You are late
It isn't your time anymore,

wind became a storm
The rain will not stop
The field will be clean
A new season will come
And you will not be part of this.
Your time is gone!



62.

There are people who create things
people who destroy things,
who rebuilds things,
steal things.

There is time to help to grow,
time to make love,
to hate the ones we loved,
to forget the past.

There are people,
there is time,
there are moments
there are memories
there are hands,
which can help us,
giving hugs,
bringing together our parts,
kicking our ass,
helping us to not give up.

There are hands
to damage our heart
pull apart our path
divide our destiny.

There are people and
I wonder who are you?

63.

I am not mad
it is just that I know
this world is not for me.

I am not in a box
it is just because I know
they are not big enough.

I am not a strange
It is just that here
the chaos is the norm
and my kindness doesn't fix anymore
in a world of misery and pain
I cannot find a reason to stay.

There is not a box
big enough
to contain
my hate and your love
my tears and your blood.

There are many little boxes,
places that we create to keep away
the rare specimens which don't follow the rules,
the ones who break the borders,
the one who live without anger and reject
to hurt to kill to die.
I don't want to be in your box,

I don't want to be in any box
don't place a label on my skin, my sex, nor in my
roots.
don't place a label in my blood, my brain nor in my
feet.

I don't want to be in your box
please, keep it for you.
I will be walking
following my map
looking for a place
which doesn't exist
but I need to believe
it is there
waiting for me.

64.

I said sorry
sorry!!!
sorry?
It sounds empty
sound banal.

I felt like a fool
like a mad person
a clown.
But suddenly
I realised
I am strong and
Free.
I am without you
But
always with
myself.

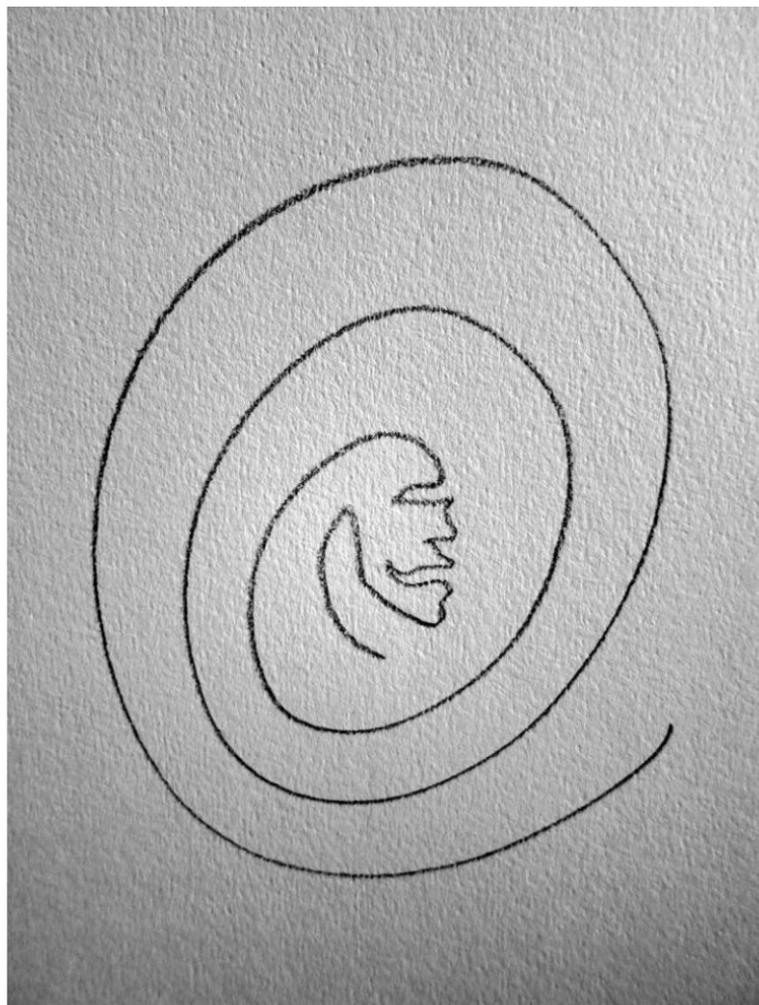
65.

Be a unicorn

Be a unicorn

Be whoever

But please, Be!!!



66.

It feels like I was born here,
feels like roots are deep into this neighbourhood,
like when you just remember old memories and
recognise old friends.

I was born here, a new me, the one who are going to
stay. HERE where my new home is.

I am new in this place,
I don't know if I can calls it home
but sometimes when I look my neighbours,
there is something that I recognise.
when I walk and see the river Lee there are
an evocative memory,
which translate me to the place I use to call home.

Some people reading poems, some people
asking for coins,
some people want to sell me a new faith;
some people want to help me to find my place.

Smell like people smoking, drinking asking West Ham
to reach the dream,
asking someone to give a chance.
Some people say hello even the ones I do not know
teens look the same here or in my town,
there is no difference; hopeless and injustice doesn't
make us look different
we are all sitting around the same table,

we all share the same need:
feel that there is a place
which we can call home
walk safe to our streets and have
a tea around the river Lee.

67.

Doing strange things,
random words.
Feelings that hurts,
thoughts that kill.

I touch a rock,
realise It is your skin.
I kiss a wave
realise you are gone.

Doing strange things,
feeling my life going into chaos.
Knowing that I am lost,
kissing a ghost,
trying to make love
when I am alone,
feeling my life is also gone.

No hope, not a call.
Good-bye love,
it is time to sleep?
I go to your world
to meet you again.

68.

Everyone cares about you,
your fears, your scares
none ask how we,
We!
The rest of us
the ones who deal with the evil,
the evil who, sometime, you are!
None asks how we feel,
facing every day
your madness and non-sense.

I love you, we love you
but you cannot see
because you are in that world
where we cannot go
that place
dark and cold
that place
where shadows do not give you a break
where your exhausted mind
used to live.

Everyone cares about you
Doctors, police, neighbours
"Poor him" they say
I think the same:
poor you, poor your mum,
your brother, your son...

poor me.
Helpless, hopeless
without sleep
drinking coffee
waiting for a call
"He kills..." - "he has been killed..."
"He hurts...." - "he has been hurt..."
Don't know where you are
even when you are in front of me.

Listening to your stories which
come from your cage.
I can see you from outside,
I sit outside your cage,
I see your prison.

You are not there
You went without advice
your body hit the walls
trying to reach the light,
but I switched them off
and you sleep again.
Your tomb is waiting for you to be free,
your mum cry for you everyday
She doesn't know where you are going to go
but she knows that
She cannot be there.

You will be alone
shouting and out of control

asking someone to take you away
but
you know, your mum knows, and I know
only going to sleep can bring you peace.

69.

She didn't know
that
I don't need an external force
because
the inspiration is in my bones

She thought I was wrong
but
she misunderstood it;
I am the momentum
the reason why the universe moves

She ignored my words, felt scare
because
she intuitively knew
that
every cell in my blood has the knowledge
that I need to start again
to never feel lost
and live again

I am the momentum
and she just lose her own

