

*Compassion*



diana dherrera

## *Just human*

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Just human,  
no control  
no possessions.

a bunch of dreams,  
a bit of hope,  
little motivation.

Don't be so uptight  
can't you see  
it gives me a fright?

Slow down,  
go with the tide  
plane, fly high.

## *Flowers*

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My heart is my own,  
my way is my truth,  
I won't pretend to know yours,  
please don't suppose, too.

I am a root of the oak tree  
just as you, just as all,  
but it seems my ways of nurture  
deviate from the norm.

Don't take me wrong  
I know we share this humanity  
but my path is as crucial  
as our journey in mutuality.

I will do things my way  
without your permission.  
I will do things my way  
even without disposition.

I will put the boundaries  
where I need them to be,  
and I will give you flowers  
of my own garden.

So don't get any big ideas  
of your favorite outcome.  
I won't give you any bud  
of what you want me to become.

I love my fair blossoms  
their color is unique,  
not artificial nor dyed,  
I grew them with my tears.

If I ask you for something  
is to be gentle with them,  
they are the fruit of my labor  
my heart in your care.

Do with them as you please  
if they end up in your hands,  
but here is a heads-up  
for me to come clean:

Shall you trample upon them  
you won't touch them again.

*For when we meet*

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*Title taken from a poem of Rosemerry Trommer*

I want a new ritual  
for when we don't agree  
I know it happens often,  
so hear out my plea:

Remember to pause,  
start closing the eyes,  
take a deep breath,  
place a hand on the heart.

Soften the gaze,  
lower the tone.  
Have some water  
and start from the top.

I heard you are hurting,  
but it didn't get through.  
Could you mind repeating  
about your unheard truth?

We can speak slowly,  
take our own time.  
Clear out the schedule,  
get a rain check if it's hard.

Go gentle with the facts,  
don't jump to conclusions.  
Be curious about  
what feels as intrusion.

Strive for understanding,  
brainstorm strategies,  
draft doable agreements,  
honor new boundaries.

If you want something like that,  
please give me a sign.  
I cannot guess if right now,  
you just smiled or frown.

## *A House's Confession*

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After careful consideration  
I've come to realize  
I prefer being dirty.

I do like to be clean, for sure;  
along with the sun baths,  
the echo of your steps,  
the gentle brush of the broom,  
and the orange-scented cleaner.

However,  
against my better judgment,  
I cannot help to be moved  
whenever I hold a fluff of your hair,  
feel the fresh garden soil on the stairs,  
or see a booger drop from the wall.

Ah! Dirt gives me comfort, yes.  
It reminds me that I am inhabited.

Imagine the sadness  
of being removed, for good,  
from your skin or tears...  
Oh! What a cruel thought to have!

Being *spotless*  
scares me.  
the idea of *perfection* ,  
terrifies me.

Hallelujah, things get dirty again!  
I feel reassured  
by such a trivial truth.

I am grateful  
for the testament of life  
you bestow upon me every day.

And however long this cycle lasts  
know it is my pride and joy  
to be the vessel  
of your time.

## *Everlasting life*

*Title inspired by a quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Words  
might not have  
the desired effects.

Actions  
may not bring  
the results you hoped for.

Thoughts  
are no guarantee  
of change.

Forget about outcomes.

What's the point? you may ask,  
but *that question right there*,  
will show you the path of love.

Embrace that nothing is a given  
and you'll be in awe.

Then, you'll act not to be cool  
or praised, but true.

and *that realization right there*  
will open your heart.

You'll have certainty  
that your care makes the difference;  
and that through joy,  
you learn what is worth doing.

And *that trust right there*  
will become your everlasting life.

## *Morning light*

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Like a ginger cookie  
perfectly tucked in  
into its mold.  
The slight pressure  
of the walls  
containing it so comfortably.  
Its form held  
without effort.

There is nothing to do  
but to feel its body tensing,  
gaining strength,  
while the hugging warmth of the oven  
bake its softness, slowly.

In a flash,  
the unwillingness to move,  
becomes a relentless urge  
to participate in life.  
It can no longer wait  
for its fragrant scent  
to fill up the room,  
nor to bring joy  
with its small red jelly buttons  
and thin frosting lines.

It wants to be held  
with a tender  
childlike smile.  
to give its warm,  
buttery skin  
to the eager fingertips.

But most of all,  
it longs to be kissed  
deeply, entirely,  
perching its cinnamon whiff  
softly, in the corner  
of your lips;  
only to leave  
tiny crumbs  
behind.

*Nothing breaks even*

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not a cup  
nor a cookie  
nor a heart.

we tend to break  
without knowing  
in how many pieces  
we've shattered into;

nor we care  
when the pain  
floods us  
like the rain  
floods the land.

How could you split  
joy and sorrow  
by half? Balance out  
every tear and laugh?  
Fit experience  
in the precise  
shade of gray?

I won't hold my heart  
responsible for breaking  
only, in even parts.

Happiness doesn't mind  
having so little,  
while despair has so much;  
and neither do I.

'Cause even a minuscule speck  
of gratitude accounts for  
the insurmountable grief;

and while they won't be  
comparable in size,  
my heart knows  
how to see them as a whole.

## *Beauty*

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*"Real beauty is in the clear open light of the nonjudgmental heart" — Abhirupananda*

Like a craftswoman;  
giving judgements  
the shape of people.  
Each virtue and flaw  
more refined, more exquisite,  
with every time we meet.

Recreation  
by the vicious cycle  
of dissatisfaction,  
a solid figure emerges.  
An illusion  
befitting my worldview;  
a monstrous masterpiece.

Ah! what an unskillful artist.  
Is that all I want to bring into this world?

Close your eyes.  
Breathe as the mud rises  
and covers every inch of your body.  
Let it out to dry,  
harden and crack,  
for the buried core of light  
shine upon you.

Capture beauty  
beyond opinions.  
Glimpse wisdom  
beneath conditioning.

Now open your eyes,  
what do you see?

*When you ask me how I can love you*

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I love you  
not because you are whole,  
or unafflicted.  
It is not by denying sorrow  
that I find beauty in this world;

but by witnessing  
your desperate strokes  
in this ocean of change.

The disorienting doubt,  
the smooth shore of clarity.  
Being half-drowned in pain,  
lost by grief or the flimsy  
joy that comes with the sun.

I've felt compassion  
by carrying you outside,  
vulnerable, messed up,  
holding your death weight on my back,  
for you to submerge the next day.

I've been humbled  
by the trembling in each hug,  
the uncertainty in every kiss,  
yet the fierce resolve to be here.

I've come to understand

we do not choose to love,  
but are inspired to do so;  
and you have inspired me,  
to love you.

No, not by your virtues,  
but by the grace  
with which you struggle.

It has been by what you call  
your futile attempts,  
that I've been drawn  
to care, to hold, to love.

So, I ask you in return,  
how could I not love you?  
The one that has given away completely.  
How could I deny you?  
The one that protects through an open heart.  
How could I forget you?  
The one that doesn't yield to time.

I cannot find any reasons,  
so I would stop the questioning.  
Sometimes the simplest answer  
turns out to be the most true.

## *Belief*

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A house full of boxes  
compartmentalized neatly  
into tiny rooms.

Librarians,  
vicariously updating  
the last belief system  
to remain consistent.

Too much energy  
into having an opinion  
about everything.

Too much striving  
on creating new  
and fancy labels.

Too much harm  
inflicted  
by a craving heart.

how tiring,  
how painful.

As I get out  
the house crumbles down;  
watching the sunset  
the best use of my time.

## *Revolving door*

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I want to say yes  
and make the first move,  
even if I am doubtful  
or considered a fool.

Forgive my clumsy intentions  
feelings are not my strong suit  
but I yearn for connection,  
so pride is no longer the tool.

I know if I skip this chance  
you won't call me insensitive,  
but I want to risk delight,  
have moments I'll be grateful for.

There is no toll to be paid,  
just the resolve to go forward,  
build the capacity to grow,  
and cease to withdraw.

Open the door  
to the myriad of outcomes,  
face the uncertainty  
of unexpected encounters.

Sparks of intimacy,  
embers of courage,  
kindling the fire  
with truthful proposals.

Love,  
even when it's tough,  
when loved ones are gone,  
or is just plain awkward.

Be love,  
through acts and intentions,  
prioritize presence,  
no matter the tension.

Say yes,  
so when your time comes  
you know for sure,  
love shared was also given.

## *To my heroine*

*response to a poem from Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer*

Her name was the Word Woman!  
She didn't rescue me from a burning building,  
nor return my stolen purse,  
heck, she didn't even bring my cat back;  
but she saved me alright.

It happened in the kitchen;  
I was shredding carrots at full speed,  
chopping garlic, crushing lentils,  
forgetting about love.

I was about to pull out the cumin  
when she smacked a poem right into my ears,  
and with just a few lines,  
my eyes lit and I burst into laughter.

I do not recall turning off the heat on the stove,  
but I do remember bending out of the pang  
only a belly laugh can bring.  
I remember how naturally,  
the laughs transitioned into wails,  
and how the tears gushed out the pain, joy, and longing.

It felt as if I was being shoved out of the road  
before a car was about to hit me,  
only to be carried to my garden's window  
to admire the white blossoms swaying softly,  
on the unusually warm winter breeze.

The lemon tree was bathed in the last rays of the sun,  
a swarm of bees posing swiftly on the buds,  
packing pollen into their baskets,  
extracting drops of sweet nectar  
while their tiny legs assisted the flowers to bear fruit.

I was met by life;  
beauty pouring through all my senses.  
My heart expanding at every beat.

Her voice, the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation technique,  
the balsam over the wound, that slipped right into my soul.

## *Untitled*

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300 years  
have passed,  
you were as old as time.  
Your leaves dropped  
every winter, your flowers  
were received with a gasp.  
Strangers joined  
under your blossoms,  
sharing the shade with the grass.  
What a colorful image!  
All realms mingling  
without spite.  
How I long to remember  
morning dew in spring,  
the rooted stillness,  
the language of the wind.  
How I long to recall  
the thread between lives,  
the web that connects us all,  
the heartbeat when you were I.

## *Kindness*

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To me, a hero/heroine is someone who loves.

One that brings tears of relief,  
smiles of wonder,  
eyes filled with delight.

Someone who unites,  
weaving us into life  
through such honest words.

Someone who cares,  
and cradles a heart  
as if one were holding  
the whole world.

## *Nothing but "buts"*

*Dialogue with the muse Touya*



D: I don't know what to do.

T: Be yourself, love.

D: *But*, I don't know who I am, only who I want to be.

T: That's not a way to live. Could you picture me trying to be a

willow instead of a peach tree?

D: No! You are astonishing as you are, don't change a thing, please!

T: That's what I am trying to tell you.

D: *But*, I stammer and ramble. I don't have clarity or structure in my ideas. I hate it.

T: Do you think I organize my petals, brush my leaves, or polish my bark? I let them be, love. I follow the path of life and channel its energy through me.

D: *But*, you look gorgeous, I couldn't find a fault even if I tried.

T: That's because you see me with the eyes of love. You find beauty in

every scar, genius in each broken twig, care in fragile buds. That's how

you should look at yourself.

D: *But*, I can't.

T: Practice, little one. Practice.

D: *But*, how?

T: Practice isn't always so straightforward. Soften your gaze and you'll perceive the subtleties of nature.

D: *But..*

T: See through, my love. See through. Learn to find kindness in all of

what you think of as your shortcomings, and you'll find grace.

Remember, nothing in nature is wasted.

Lie back, and see how each part of you belongs to the whole.



*Thank you for reading*

If these words touched something in you,  
your support allows me to continue on this path.

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