

Renunciation



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Circus

Messy hair,
messy room,
messy thoughts.

no clarity around?
what a terrible show!

messy love,
messy trust,
messy world.

no order in chaos?
ha! what a way to promote.

welcome to the circus of mess!
practice is all around you

pick your own trial
much effort, no satisfaction.

we have all that is crappy,
humid, sticky and slimy.

be careful not to slip
into pushing or disliking!

Dare to sink into the mud
let thickness drown you,

stop splitting water from earth!
It's not something to die for.

Deep dive into confusion,
let imbalance carry you over,

surrender to the flow
be humble, no cutting corners.

There is nothing to avoid,
that's how you overcome the flood.

Next trick is to grow,
flowers from compost.

So come to our next show,
we'll be waiting round the clock.

Meanwhile practice riddles,
have fun living on paradox.

Don't forget to tip in your way out
this is not a cheap routine

to find nature's stream
takes wisdom and wit.

*We are the circus of mess,
Its funky, so don't stress.*

Sailing

There's no right way
to explore an unmapped heart.
No navigation guidelines.
No obliged stops.

Broad as the ocean
full of color, full of foam,
but it's not by taking a boat
you'll discover what it holds.

Eyes can't reach the horizon,
no truth is said with words.
It's by being lost in the ripples,
that home becomes close.

How does it feel to be blue?
A playful swirl in the sand?
To be bubbles bursting in rocks?
The tide at moonrise?

How does it feel to visit
profound pits, shallow shores?
To have crabs walking sideways,
currents without goals?

Connect the world below.

Just beware of conditioned signs
they'll say instinct is not enough,
that your map is incomplete,
that freedom is a pipe dream.

So, don't buy any compasses,
they will only distract you.
Feel your way through,
time is not a factor.

Sink, you'll be alright love

Somewhere I belong

After 23 years, I finally rewrote my version of Linkin Park's song

I belong to my grandma's voice,
her easy laughs and cheeky remarks.

To my friends' long calls,
their weird questions and silly jokes.

I belong to my brothers' cheesy nicknames,
the ones that make my eyes roll.

To my mom's cheery hellos,
that ring in my ears even after hanging up.

I belong to the softness of blankets,
where my toes wriggle when I wake up.

To your lingering warmth,
that prevents my days from moving on.

I belong to the family I wish I had,
but never did.

The one I found under a different last name,
in a city I didn't mean to live in.

I belong to the truth of words,
their soothing tone,

the ones that remind me
belonging needs no place,

when we call each other
home.

Contradictions

I am a poet
because I said I'd never be
and if I know anything about me,
is that the never's of my life
don't tend to agree.

I craft rhymes
to bring laughs into the room.
I heard muses play with you
twice as much as an artist,
so I'll humor them through.

I shall describe in metaphors
the inspiration they brought,
majestic odes, sonnets to recall.
Nah! That sounds cheesy as fuck.
How about a pop song to come up strong?

But, last time I was on stage
it gave me the shivers.
I'll crack in the first intermission,
performances aren't something
I can deliver.

No, words are fine.
They provide peace of mind,
if only you assume
nobody's reading them
or leaving comments online.

Cause, you know?
I am easily offended,
that's why music won't do.
I'll be wondering if they are pretending
when they clap to my tune.

Anyway, I'll tell people I'm a poet,
so the rumor can spread.
But wait ! Muses will come
expecting I don't curse, which I do,
thinking I write about love, which I don't.

Maybe I shouldn't advertise.
Honestly, I prefer silly
and cheeky remarks.
Will they find it improper
if I am joking all the time?

Oh well, I'll manage.
Yet, I feel sorry for my musical talent,
it's just that I can't take my piano anywhere,
it's hard to get good credentials, and
pen and paper, I can fit even in my underwear.

Yeah, poetry is perfect for me.
I can invent my own lingo if I'm ever bored.
Cocorrum , anyone? I'll ask with a straight face.
Their confused but amused stares
will be worth the shameless zen.

Or am I overthinking it?
Maybe it's not too late to be a painter.

Just kidding!
Words were my only companions
through life's ruthless conundrums.
I'll stick to them as I live,
as their crazy disciple.

Rest in peace

On hearing  by Sou

It was the sound of the train,
announcing your goodbye
I was petrified when you said
" *I may never come back.* "

You knew what waited on the other side
seashores and story lines,
but never hesitated one bit,
your eyes tender and relaxed.

You said: "Let the hero die,
he has become a burden.
I pray for you to remain sane,
no shackles, be remorseless."

Would you laugh at me
if you saw me all broken?
I'm not the hero anymore.
Can't help but miss you, as always.

You said: "I will scream
for your heart to open,
bang the doors until they fall,
wood is all rotten."

Fixed on winning,
I couldn't see the blessings of loss.
The scars that marked my life
have slowly been forgotten.

And you said: "_Fake goodwill
is better than true hatred_"

So, hoping it's not too late,
all you cared for, I shall protect.
Life is not that long,
so I'll try for your sake.

Shinyū

My mind
is the friend
I didn't know I had.

A demand,
long gone forgotten,
prelude for its demise.

*You shall be
in charge
of my happiness.*

The beginning of chaos.
An endless search for calm,
solace and delight.

I watched it spin around
trying to fix and plan,
rehearsing without results.

Convinced that peace
could be produced,
thinking your way through.

Until the futile attempts
provoked inner contempt,
frustration and rage.

How did a simple truth
ended up being veiled?

Oh, my mind,
I am truly sorry.
You did cared.

But let me tell you something:

Moments happen just once,
and only once can they be lived,
as they fade.

No memory can evoke
the freshness of now.

No joy can be found
in the word happiness.

There's only here.

So please,
unload your burden
and sit with me.

This time as friends,
not foes in the journey.

Pause for tea and cookies,
Let the breeze mess your hair.
Catch the wind chime's note,
soothe with the tree's sway.

Notice the day
comes to its end,
thank its finitude.

Be at ease,
my mind.
Be at ease.

Maybe then,
we can start
all over again.

Fracture

If we are fractured,
let us stop pretending
beauty is to be whole.

Let us not be ashamed
of scarred flesh.
Let us not be repaired.

If we burn in fear,
let us shout in disbelief,
cry for what we've lost,
be consumed by grief.

If we are to become dust,
let us be carried by the wind.
Settle in the floor,
heal what was torn.

For then,
if we are able to be reborn
we'll come into the world
in the form, it needs the most.

Folktales

There's an ancient tale
passed down
by word of mouth:

"You are worthy if..."

The overt enchantment
for acceptance.

Curse of the ellipses
bore as a stigma
in the child's forehead.

The hanging axe
that waits to be released.

Rewrite

On hearing 亂亂亂 by Asian Kung-Fu Generation

As the shredding guitar
gives way to the energetic melody,
the husky, earnest voice
shouts at me: *rewrite*.

It's resonant pitch
pins me down,
as the echoed wisdom
pierces my heart.

亂亂亂, it repeats.
Not like a command
questioning my skill,
but my grip.

An aspiration that conveys
complete surrender of all ifs.
The raw hint of the choice
to reshape our missteps.

Shatter harmful lies
with every drum strike,
cathartic insights hype,
with each electrifying cry.

Spring back to life
as a leaf craving for light,
give it all you've got;
Love is the only way to *rewrite* .

Conditioning

The sting of rejection
spreads the poison
through my limbs
that spring into action.

Not going home

On hearing Not Going Home by Great Good Fine Ok

The rage and sorrow fade
with every lash of my hair
on the deserted freeway.

Finally, unconstrained
the strands rise to the sky
defiant of the road ahead.

In the old convertible car,
half-deafened by the roaring wind
I scream at the top of my lungs:

*I would love it if you noticed
that I'm not going home.*

I push the pedal to the floor
feeling exhilarated,
as I shed this tattered skin.

Nowhere to go,
no one to become,
but to sing, sing, sing.

I am no one's daughter,
no one's lover,
just the one who flies,
light, light, light.

If such a thing as home exists
*I would want to roll the dice
for a chance to take the whole ride.*

Your smile on my mind
a pumping blaze in the heart,
while I drive, drive, drive.

Christmas Eve wish

Paraphrased from a dharma talk given by Gil Fronsdal

- **fool:** one who harms oneself and others.
- **anatta:** you are what you do, only for that moment.

If you are a fool
may you become wise
in this next moment.

Let the ink sink

This is not the day I die,
or become.

Not the day to rush,
or perform.

It is the distant plane,
that threads the clouds
in its ascent,

which inspires me to marvel,
to be, to rest.



Thank you for reading

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

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