

Komorebi

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To the light and the the darkness. To you. To me. To all the colours.

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Mozart

Please tell me that the door has locked.

I'll pretend to lose my strength if you pretend to swallow the key.

I like to walk through different decades.

Mozart plays and I listen.

My senses enhance, the minutes go past while I caress the cactus by the window.

Perhaps spines hurt more than thorns.

I observe people from a safe distance but I get distracted tracing up stains left behind by the rain.

The kettle likes to scream.

Yesterday and I comfort each other in the living room.

Afternoons that promised what the outside world couldn't .

Meet me again next year around this time.

I will be slightly older but happier.

Just make me a promise.

Don't start walking away until I tell you.

I'll keep myself captive for a bit longer.

Mozart is playing and I have to listen.

Blind

What can you see when you look into a cracked mirror?

Six of us, sick of us. Many eyes... But the blindest we've ever been.

In the middle

I stared at it for too long.

Until I left the ground. Guardians with satin veils... watching over my first rise.

Were we meant to be found between the pines or was the fog in charge in the middle of July.

Nostalgia. My sight can only bare green and black. I'm telling you. I've witnessed the clock on the wall trying to fight back at times.

Nostalgia. The misery I always desire.

You

A bitter and fizzy feeling rushing through the veins.
Getting infatuated by you once again.
Like a first hit, like the first sip.
The happiest poem i wrote for a while.
I crave it all. The start, the middle and the start again.
A day time fantasy that turned into a restless night.
Pipe dreams in our broken sleep.
If I give up on greed does it mean I get to keep you ?
The last cigarette that lit. When you smiled and you looked up.
I rest my head while I tell stories to my right arm.
I will make sure our ink turns red and our scars don't forget how many times we danced around.
I'll keep feeding this obsession until I can only see a glimpse of you...
Until your face changes and your name doesn't sound the same.
I'll keep loving ...
Loving you until you are someone else.

A dream

I was so close. A silver light covering the whole sky. Where the world stands still and demons in disguise crawl from under the bed...a hand covers my mouth and frightened, I raise above the bed. The window opens, and I am placed over grass. Like a grandiose composition that inevitable flows when the maestro beats time with his baton. My arms and legs tremble whilst I enter the forest. A beautiful symphony one can only hear between a curse and a prayer. Between a bedtime story and 4 am. I can see the way out ,but i'm not rushing. The trees play along whilst I whisper secrets and fables. Where have the wicked angels gone I wonder. The way narrows and becomes opaque. I am only guided by my instinct and the compass of an untold symphony. I am close. As the forest ends, enchantment hits my truth. I see steps trying to reach your room. I know exactly on which side you are sleeping on tonight. I must still be conscious. I never realised how much I wanted us to stand on the grass together. I try to reach the last step so I can finally get you, but my strength becomes weakness, and the night starts sobering up. Where have the wicked angels gone I wonder. I'm roused against my will. We were close...oh so close.

Pulse

"Say it. It is a new day.

The echo must just be in your head. Rivers of boiling blood...was I supposed to feel them all along?

The pillow muffled last night words, or were they swords blindly aiming for a pulse?

Say it again. It is a new day!.

I've finally realised...

I'm the idiot that forgets.

The idiot that makes all of the unforgivable mistakes.

I have started hurting in the most comfortable of ways.

Bubble wrap numbs the pain, while we have fun and the sun decides to abduct us for a day.

Waking up with those angels they teach us not to love. The hugs i didn't want. The kisses that you drowned.

Let me open the curtains...I have heard them say...

It is a new day."

Our Garden

I remember when we arrived and opened the back door.

Tweets and a rusty swing decorated our garden back then.

Introductions...the beginning and the end.

As life went on, days always smelt of burnt butter at 8:00 am.

Our kids jumping and talking to shadows.

Is it better to laugh if you are scared?

They never answered back.

Perfectly framed memories.

A suitcase that hasn't left the house.

Today is different.

I saw the news and they predicted a pink moon.

I haven't slept next to you in over two months.

Thick walls but I can still hear you reading in the night.

Oliver falls asleep.

I fall asleep next.

Are we the intruders we once feared.

Seven rooms we would walk away from.

Seven rooms we wouldn't recognise.

Humanity saying goodbye.

How many hearts ripping apart.

The swing creaking while the cab drives away.

Excuse me.. while I sit in our garden for a bit longer...

The coolest night in October

I smelt trouble. Stormy weather. Waiting for you...Sitting in that bench. For a few hours...I loaned you my happy place. I wonder if they grew fond of our voices. Voicemails that failed to remember. But we kept leaving prints and we got to name our secrets. We tried to blend the colours in the sky with our fingers.

If only we hadn't forgotten that blue couldn't be made. Romanticising while we push these splinters deeper.

Until they reach the heart. Let's make it to the heart. Word of honour in the park. As days went past we finally understood. It was never our intention to escape.

The coolest night in October. Will you remember to tell your kids... We once glanced at the infinite.

My crazy neighbour

He would ride bikes to dead-end streets.

Bikes... under clandestine light.

He rarely looked up and when he did, nobody ever noticed.

Limited and suffocating space for him. He always made sure.

Hiding in chaos, safer when the air got dense.

My crazy neighbour with a torch on his head.

What is he doing? I don't even think he knows himself.

Tyres and microwaves. Clutter that weighted so much, the human heart couldn't handle any more beats.

But what if the world was wrapping up. And only the brave, the ones with aluminium masks and forts made out of rubber survived.

But what if we didn't, but he knew?

Stay

"Last scene.

A little past five.

The dying breath of a sun.

Only a table to break us apart.

I lean backwards so their arm can fit.

And I dance. I always end up dancing.

It was me all those years standing and waiting for butterflies to feed of my bare body.

It was me. Dragging chairs and changing shadows.

Day 59. I believe they call it February.

You came by with a thornless rose.

Euphoric butterflies refusing to leave.

Have I told you I'm only comfortable with dull colours?

Stay. Stay and tell me what happens when love goes right."

Dad

I try. You try. We both try. Then there is silence. I have to take my scarf off because I can see July just around the corner. You tell me that depression has you now. And I cry because I don't want it to tint our smiles with a gloomy laugh. It is my favourite picture. The one we took many lifetimes ago outside that stadium in Madrid. I cry for you dad. Always chasing dreams. Choosing to draw strokes in the air rather than holding tight to your stand. I would always pick the beauty of it. You have always given your life a different layer where you could bounce off trying to reach for the bluest sky. Your name wakes me up with a racing heart and draws the curtains when i'm praying late at night. My beautiful muse. The reason I call myself an artist because I finished the first verse of a song. You chased love even if it was scattered in a million broken pieces. Like a riddle on repeat. I promise we will figure it out one day. I cry for you dad. I know you cry for me too.

The Interview

Words are constricting and my perspective is getting interrogated by a black blazer and a copious amount of saliva.

Did I buy a ticket to the blues?

The interview of a lifetime.

I walk in circles as if I am walking towards the sun.

While I reconsider my options,

I rush to run the tap.

The phone rings louder the further I convince myself that I'm escaping.

I soak in warm lavender water until It starts sliding through my pores.

The longer I stay the drier I feel.

Invincible.

A mermaid in the deepest shade of blue.

Moths

Raising to a day that never ceases.
A collection of white noise that soothes my killer instincts.
A different sort of story I got told that spring.
Lay in the bed.
Count the moths flying on top.
The world is crumbling...
Are we the ones falling down?
They tell me that May is arriving late this year.
Fears and tears will be kept inside intimate walls.
Until further notice.
Don't you forget all these insipid words.
I spend my days tracking moths down.
Some are dead, some are hiding in the cupboards.
Five remain on top of my bed.
Reminders of our monotony and darkest desires.
Don't mind me.
I'm just here, trying to fix us both.
The world is crumbling...
and I won't let us fall.

The last sunset

And we are all in line.

Watching the crows pick their branches for a fleeting moment.

Straining our eyes, while we count ships and the years go pass.

How many tales, how many truths.

I've gazed in awe, but now I'm tired.

Just a few more sunsets.

And if I could ask.

For a coat of pink and a dust of orange...

On violet clouds.

The boy

You want to see the world through their eyes thinking they make things beautiful.

You urge your dreams to be full of strokes.

Maybe they'll target a stranger's soul.

Where is the thrive. Where is your art.

Enchanting jealousy.

A reflection that you never got talking.

The boy and the artist.

I shout in every notebook I find thrown around.

People insist in calling it art.

I call it yesterday's stories.

You are the boy that lost his art. And i am the artist that's been told too many lies.

A dame that surrenders

I'll burn my realm and I'll leave before sunset.

Lady on heroin. Would you move...so I can do it?

Just an interlude.

Perhaps she is everything I hoped for on a day like this. On a summer like this.

Tragedy moved in circles I would never approach.

Pleasant clashes that become sore.

Sadness creeping out on any fool that decided rainbows belong in this world.

Building a tale and watching it fall.

A dame that surrenders.

Petals drenched in acid.

I'll burn my realm and I'll leave before sunset...

Terror

What do you know?

If I've closed myself into what I thought was safer.

The chill caressing trees.

And my skin getting me closer to terror.

Playgrounds trying to make it through the nights.

Stimulation that is fading as I write these lines.

Perpetually in love.

Light and darkness and not a single thing in between.

Blades of grass

Winters without intervals.

You were always walking fast.

Enough distance to see you...and Vinnie always on your right.

I never stopped trying to understand you.

Were you rushing. Were you escaping.

Suffocating, toxic, unconditional.

The love you gave me.

Germany 1994. I got lost in the tall grass and I couldn't see you.

The first time I stopped feeling fearless. I was only 8.

Today I'm walking in the fields. The grass will soon turn into hay. My heavy boots crushing blades.

The love you gave me.

The love I will always demand.

Unconditional,

Toxic...

Suffocating.

Green and black

I stared at it for too long.

Until I left the ground. Guardians with satin veils... watching over my first rise.

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Nostalgia.

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The misery I always desire...

A cracked mirror

What can you see when you look into a cracked mirror?

Six of us. sick of us.

Many eyes...

But the blindest we've ever been.

Love town

I started drinking black coffee just to impress you.

So you would think I was uncomplicated but full of interesting thoughts.

You said you hated the hippy streets of Brighton, but like my father, I fell in love with your bohemian ways.

You wore Prada suits and always brown leather shoes. Had an apartment overlooking the Victorian gardens but really, you were just a business man gagging to play.

You liked your liquor. You tasted of dark ale.

And you sketched. With a ballpoint pen downplaying how good you really were. Just like my father.

Your smell of Turkish soap was subtle but it calmed my immature and urgent ways. Otherwise sometimes...I think I would have devoured you.

I daydreamed of comforting hugs, while I wetted your kitchen counter sitting there playing you were the cat.

I've wanted to fall in lust ever since I was 16. Ever since I crashed my first butterfly.

And I do it differently each time.

More vividly, merciless.

Just a bit of fun. Your intentions failed to reach me.

I know you saw me like the strained relationship with your kids. Impotence and football games once a month.

And I saw you like him. Mesmerised by your reading lines. Intoxicated by your old age.

It was love town. For a whole 5 minutes and 10 seconds.

The window

The tone was grey and the hue dark sage.

Elements collided, a precipice so high I was unable to see if the sky could potentially embrace me as gentle as water always did.

The urge to feel solitude when only witches venture outside.

But on this side of the story I sit cautiously on the sofa. Still as i can. After hours. A window and and 11 dying roses.

Because somewhere along the way...my story went dark.

Love

And I would lay in bed while I listened to pop songs and coloured thousand of stories on the empty walls.

Why did I find so much comfort in the horizontal lines that the blinds created when I looked at the sky.

I had seen love. Unquestionably.

But there is this picture of my mum under the tree on Christmas Eve. Her hair is short and I know that it started falling right after my dad left. She looks thin and her smile feels heavy, as if her cheeks could barley hold it in place.

My dad almost drawn in most bars in Madrid.

Many barmen knew our stories while the midnight streets tried to hold him steady.

I have seen love.

Train rides on a Sunday

It was probably the first time I noticed the venom of being a pretty woman. And the rush that I felt while it pumped through my veins.

It was also the first time I kissed a boy. Cheeky Diego with the most perfect eyebrows.

How much does the context influence a moment in time. Perhaps the dense spring air of Quito and the grape flavour bubblegums blended together in a perfect instant.

I don't remember the clumsiness or the nerves. I just remember us beneath the stairs under a black pitch infinite sky.

And the butterflies.

The train rides I did high on mushrooms or the nights when I feverishly looked for the moon. I'm 34 now. I was only 16.

I'm still trying to catch butterflies. And let them devour me. Every part of me. Not much has changed.