

If I could Write Poetry...

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FIGURE 1 | Journal page (Gonzalez-Bea, 2018)

I

If I could write Poetry, I would write about the wonderful things inside my mundane routine, when I go out and about on my daily walks.

II

The peacefulness in the horizon, before the rain strikes again ... (*los matices de los colores en el cielo mientras las nubes se preparan para desprender agua*)

III

The sense of warmth and security I get when I greet the same old lady, whose name
I don't know, but I see her on these mundane daily walks.

IV

She doesn't know of course, but I admire her striking red lipstick and the stinky aroma
of her flowery perfume.

She doesn't know of course, but she reminds me of the cemetery, and of all the people
that I have loved and have now passed away.

She doesn't know of course, but she reminds me of how much I have been loved ...
She reminds me to live in the now and to wear that red lipstick ... because one day,
I too will smell like flowers.

V

I would write about the endless amount of rubbish that I collect @ the beach as I
swear at those that have littered it ... but rubbish that makes me feel useful and gives
me purpose for that mundane moment.

VI

If I could write poetry, I would tell you about the type of people I see walking
along the beach, often looking miserable and nostalgic as they stare deep
into the horizon.

A misery and a nostalgia, so familiar to me, that draws imaginary lines of connection
in the sand between us all ...
They don't know of course.

VI

I could tell you about the lonesome guy that feeds the pigeons and seagulls everyday,
and anxiously awaits for the next passer to quickly gift them with a "good
morning".

VII

I could tell you how lonesome he seems, but how content he looks as
the birds anxiously wait for him to gift them with their presence and with a "good
morning sound".

For in their eyes and mine, he is the caring man that feeds them, when no
one else does.

He cares enough to greet strangers and gift us with his lonesome presence ...
He doesn't know of course.

VIII

I could also tell you about the strange creepy bearded man that chooses to sit next to my bench as I sit here to do these journal entries.

IX

A man that looks creepy only because that's what society taught me about strangers that sit next to your bench.

X

But a creepiness that I secretly like, as I imagine him feeling safe, warm, connected and reminded to live today and to continue to find his purpose, when he finds me – this strange woman doing artwork at the beach sitting in the same bench, as he goes on about his daily mundane walks.

XI

They don't know this of course, perhaps one day I will tell them ... in the meantime I'll tell you about it, my loyal and always available creative journal friend.

About the Author

Daniela is completing a Post Graduate Diploma in Arts Therapy at Whitecliffe College of Arts and Design. She was born in Chile, brought up in New Zealand, and is a qualified Social Worker with counselling and group facilitation training. Through the PGDip, Daniela has had the opportunity to rebuild her relationship with her long-lost childhood friend 'Art' whom she abandoned when she thought she needed to call herself 'a responsible working adult'. Now that they have re-connected and accepted each other's worth, they are determined to not lose sight of each-other ever again.