

W O R D S

Words are everywhere.

Words are there when no one speaks or listens.
They are used to be written or to be read.
The individual letters have endless combinations.
They bounce across surfaces from day to night,
patiently waiting to be read and implanted
into our souls and minds.

They are versatile.
You can utilize them however you want
or however you need them most.
They are a guide through which we see physically,
in signs, manuals, and notices, but they are also a guide
which lead us to the enrichment of our minds,
teaching us on different subjects on all aspects of life.

They come in many forms.
Fiction, Nonfiction, Informal, Form,
Prose, Poetry, Speech, Lyrics, Metaphors,
Irony, Fragments, Screenplays, Scripts,
and the list **goes on and on**.

Words are infinite.
They lived long before
our discovery of them
and will continue to breathe
long after we cease to exist.

They frolic in our minds as thoughts
and roll off our damp tongues
like sweet sounds of delicacy
or ambivalent strikes.

Incomplete thoughts or mindless overthinking.

Whether they are
sung,
whispered,
or shouted,
they exude passion words cannot exist without out.

The human condition cannot live without words.

Words in endless languages.
They take upon many roles,
each a unique venture away
from the last language heard.
Words.
Palabras.
단어

They take different shapes
and come in many packages,
they can be visibly open or hidden away.
It's like a fun game of hide and seek.
They find you and you find them.
The deeper you look, the more they appear,
eagerly waiting for your one-on-one
entanglement with them,
inviting you to worlds you can go into,
defying all sorts of laws.

They create stories.
Stories become books,
films, video games,
and the list **goes on and on**.

I discovered words when I was just a baby.
But what I didn't know then is what I know now.
I would fall in love with words
and the many things you can do with them.
A forbidden love.

The comfort they brought me
when nothing else would in my darkest hours.
They eased my anxiety and my depression,
strangers disguised as friends who found me
in my teen years and never left.
I realized words can be a remedy
to even those unwanted guests.

Because in the literary world, anything can be magical.

I wrote and I read and I wrote and I read.
Drunken on the haze of consumption,
I began to lose sight of if what
I really enjoyed meant anything at all.

It was only easy to feel this
sense of perplexity because of the
distrust my family members had
with my relationship with words,
creating an environment of neglect.

An initiation to becoming
a mad woman, a recluse.
Why did no one see
how crucial words were?
Was this passion
for art a disease?

It was treated as one
in a Hispanic household,
where your presence alone
is defying the traditions
held closely to the heart
of some of the aspects
of the culture.

It took me years of endless nights
to finally stop defying my own self too.
It also took me a long time to realize
that it was not the culture itself
which disowned literature,
it was only the minds around me
which did not share the same joy for words
and therefore neglected the unknown.

The solace impending my confictions were words once more.

I decided to stick to words
until the very end.
And it is with words
which have made me find
meaning in life.

The mundane,
the nostalgia,
the memories,
the songs,
the books,

the films,
the philosophical,
the analytical,

and the list **goes on and on.**

I love words and they love me.
They found me.
They came to me
when I needed them.