



CARVING WITHIN

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Inception

I.

There is a growing feeling
That is whispering something to me.
Words pounding at the door
Breaking a desperate silence
Resting within.
Now there is a chance to reach
Inspiration.
Yet, what did I do?
I have been waiting so long for this insight to come.
Why now?
Where was it before?
Maybe, it was also waiting for me.
A feeling of nostalgia remains after inspiration is gone
Since one never knows when it will return again.

II.

I am writing a poem now,
Yet I am not inspired at all.
I am forcing myself to write now.
I am realizing inspiration will not rescue me this day.
Still, I am here trying.
Is it really worth it to take the long path?
Yes, I believe the action of writing is the quickest way to inspiration.
So, reader, I entreat you to turn the page.
Do carry on reading,
And judge for yourself.

Womb

There was nothing but silence.
Only blackness would resound
Before the first spark of life.
But now, there is nothing but oblivion.

I know I was there somehow,
Being part of the dim spark.
However, I cannot conceive the instant it happened.

The insignificant light burned darkness.

Even now I could expect my memory to return,
Yet I know it will not happen.
Oblivion must be
And there is deaf obscurity no more,
But I.

Us

Love

One word

Contained in millions of images.

Your love

My love

So close, so far

So similar, so different.

Even hatred can be confused with love,

Yet never will they reach

At the same time

The same heart.

Raw meat

Grotesque happiness

Finds its way

In

Blessed vanity.

Selfish altruism

Finds its way

In

Healthy egoism.

Endurable envy

Finds its way

In

Piteous wickedness.

Within

Indifferent people

Life also finds its way.

Something Unfinished

It was one of those nights,
That one walks between slumber and consciousness.

What was that which shook her insides in such a violent way?

She was sleeping then,
And she was forced to wake up.
Emptiness rushed into her body,
Just before the phone rang.

What was that?

That very moment she knew.
She did not need to answer the phone.
Her aunt had passed away.
Last month she had hardly visited her at the hospital.
Now it was too late.
It has been fifteen years since that occurred.
She is not anymore the teenager she was then.

Today, one of those nights,
That one walks between slumber and consciousness.
The same feeling of emptiness is coming again.
She cannot stop thinking of the day her aunt died.
She does not understand why this is happening again.
A song her aunt used to sing hits her mind,
While all the good moments they lived together are recalled.

There is something unfinished.
She had been all these years avoiding her feelings,
Now she knows.

Suddenly, the phone starts to ring,
She breaks into tears.
She does not need to answer the phone;
She has already forgiven herself.

Drops desire to be one

When a gifted drop penetrates
Into one's being,
It finds its identical reflection.
There is a mirror inside people,
And one only has to see himself reflected.

A man beholds the same beggar
Asking for help, day after day,
And he never stops.
The day the man halts and offers his help,
Something changes within him.
He knows he would do it again
Without thinking of millions of excuses
To justify his once dry empathy.

While....

Breathtaking sighs

Evoke

Crystal dreams,

New horizons appear.

Nonsensical echoes remain

Still within,

Making

True wishes

Burn.

However, a yearning

Continues alive,

Fearing,

Yet sighing to evoke

Again and again

The crystal dreams.

Tar

Seeing beyond the sea

It is not easy;

Yet sometimes it seems simple.

A bleeding sea does not let you see beyond.

Go back

As far as you need to see the sea pure.

Even childhood could be possible.

Even though you remember or not,

Once the sea was crystalline;

Free from corruption.

Seeing beyond the soul is not easy today.

It is so opaque that even the sunlight cannot grasp any flash of life.

Lost glee

There it was
lying and suffering,
panting,
avoiding itself and
waiting
to be rescued.
However, it had already been
lost in forgetfulness.
Now, it is too late.
The tragic gloom is already here,
spreading itself through my veins,
breathing
within me.
No one knows
the moment I lost it,
yet I do know
the instant it vanished.
It seemed unbreakable,
eternally durable.
How wrong I was
when ignoring its claim,
without feeling its imminent coming loss,
I decided not to heed it.
Now, I regret
crying in silence,
ashamed of myself.
Now, it only remains
as a far fragile beat,
whose latent echo I can glimpse.
But, this time,
I will not see myself

ignoring again
the ephemeral glee
that once
was lost.

Tidal flow

In the shore of silence
I just need a dream
To change my inner world.
When silence becomes illness
My soul cries.
Full of hatred
A breath emerges
From inside.
No silence but brutal noise breaks the air.

Feelings cannot be reached now.
Pain is necessary to confirm my fears.

In the shore of silence
I believed I needed a dream
To change my world.
But then, I realized
Feelings alone cannot change things.

Dreaming pun

Imagine being a wish,
You wouldn't have to desire.
Imagine being a desire,
You wouldn't have to wish.
Thirsting to be a desire.
Hungering to be a wish.

Just now,
Stop imagining.
Mourning for hope.
Crying evermore.
But crave, yearn, wish, desire,
Ache to be only
Yourself.

CARVING WITHIN

Going deeply into one's conscience
Farther than anybody can ever reach
 Following one's heart
 Without attending to cold reason
 Ignoring others' imposed beliefs
Trying to comprehend life's realities
 Finding finally one's truth
 Without restrictions.

Pounding Essays

I.

Reading is the mirror of writing.

When we read we perceive the essence
of what once were reflections of a thought.

It is an infinite circle.

It is the chain of human language.

Through reading, the stream which meanders
discovers a new brook in each individual.

Thoughts trapped within the sheet of paper
become objective,
waiting to be filtered and transformed
once again by the reader
into their own subjective thoughts.

I am reading.

Words turn into images in my interior.

They recreate inside me.

I try to discover the idea dwelling in every word.

It is then when the end becomes beginning
and the words return to their most primitive stage:
thoughts.

These now belong to me; they are part of me,
they are real.

Through reading, the thoughts of the writer
regain life again within each one of us,
and are revived with the aim
of finding a new becoming.

The music of the composer is reborn in the performer,
in the same way the eyes of the spectator
capture the image of the painter.

II.

Speech is the real sound of our thoughts.
We can speak almost as fast as we think.
Perhaps, this makes it even purer than writing.

Listeners filter the sound of our words through their reason
and judge the content of the message
that we transmit to them.

For an instance we have power over who listen;
we can influence them.
We can all be prophets in our way.

When we speak, thoughts become protagonists.
They guide our words and
we decide which of them we want to free.
The power of speech is almost as intense as the one of writing.
The difference lies in that words vanish,
do not last; they are limited by time.
They only exist in the mind of who listens.
Words discover the person who is talking to us.
just like music transports us immediately
to the state of mind of the composer

I am listening.
Words are generating in me new thoughts
that interweave with my very own.
Together, they contribute to my personal experience
creating a new starting-point.

III.

Senses are an open window to the world.
When we are born,
we all have the window wide open.
Knowledge passes through it

and awakens our sleeping consciousness,
life finding its way through us.
Our future will depend on
whether the window remains open
or if, on the contrary,
we close it with the passage of time.

Open Window

Imagine a whisper caressing your skin
While light lets you see
And sound makes you hear.
Imagine an aroma invading your senses
While a flavor becomes part of your memory.

Touch

Sight

Hearing

Smell

Taste

Feel now that there is
No skin to sense
No eyes to see
No ears to hear
No nose to smell
No mouth to taste.

Can you imagine now?

"Carving Within" is a profound journey through the intricate labyrinth of human emotions, skillfully penned by José Luis Socías Mut. This collection of evocative poetry transcends mere words, delving deep into the heart's recesses to unearth the raw essence of love, loss, identity, and self-discovery. Each verse is a masterpiece, meticulously carved to evoke a visceral response, resonating with the reader's innermost feelings. Through vivid imagery and lyrical prose, this book takes you on a transformative exploration of the human experience. "Carving Within" is an invitation to introspect, a mirror reflecting the contours of your own emotions.