



PIOUS PELICAN

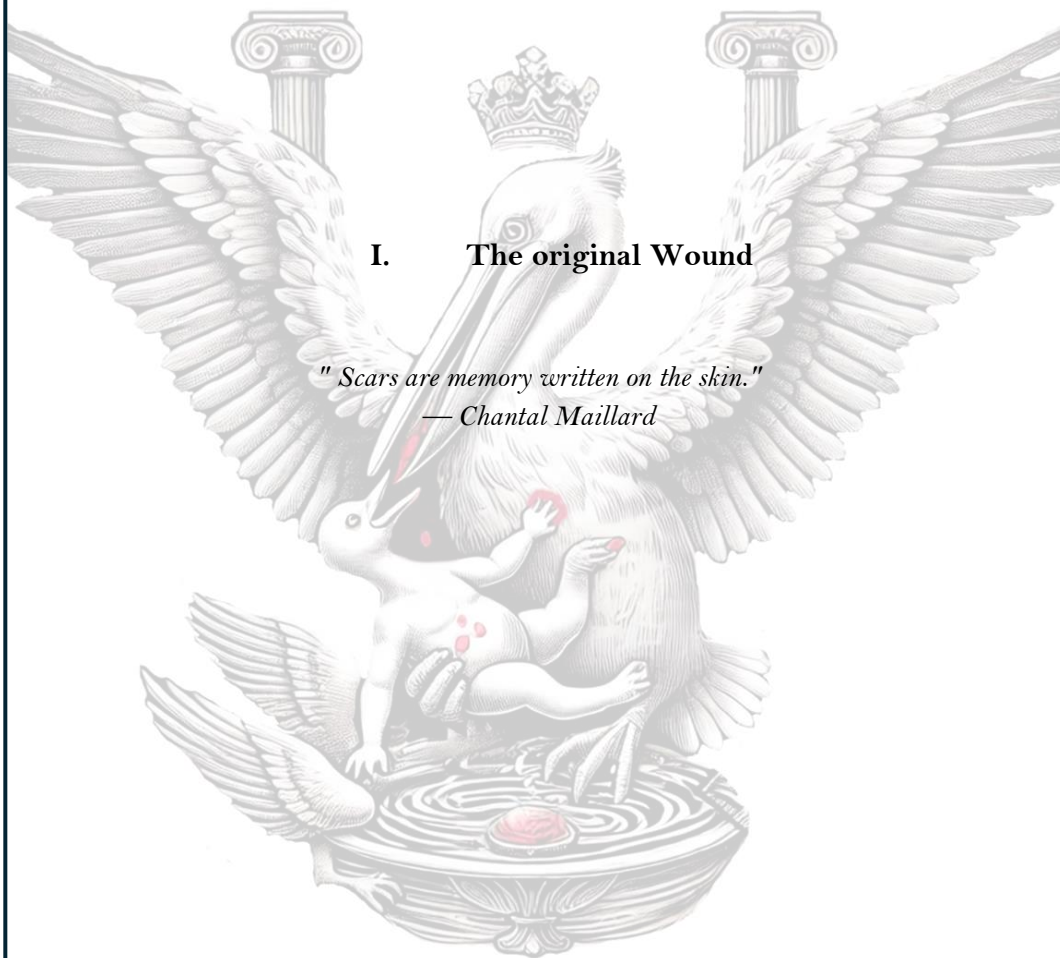
(Anatomy of the Tear and Other Shipwrecks)

Lluvia Fernanda Maldonado Sáenz

ÓLEO SOBRE VIDA

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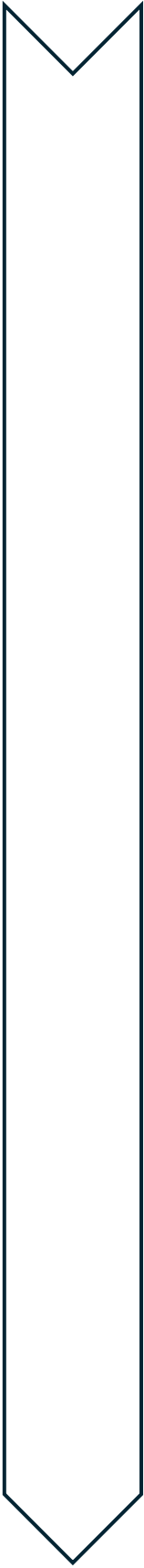



I. The original Wound

"Scars are memory written on the skin."
— Chantal Maillard

TEARING



When you see the inevitable and keep going
To scream and have them think you're laughing
To cry and have your tears fall into the desert of indifference
To show your wounds to the ghost of empathy and have them only
 poked by its filthy fingers
When you're hungry and they eat in front of you
 When you give love and receive hate
To cry in order to live and cry because you live
 To smile because nothing makes sense
To fall silent when you finally find the meaning
 To beg the silence within you to last
To jump and not lift your feet off the ground
 To swim through shit
To breathe in words that smell like hypocrisy
 To believe in lies
 To have your truth labeled a lie
To give everything and receive nothing
To be surrounded and still feel alone, thinking of you and your company
To trust the wrong people, and mistrust the ones who deserve it
To understand the double cost without anyone ever telling you
 To be the object of fruitless desires
 When you raped me
 When you forgot me
 To bend just to fit
To dim so you don't perish from my light
 To hush so you won't die
To wake up and think things could still be worse
 To be sure the hole goes even deeper;
 to never know the bottom.
To know that every misery is unique,
 and therefore I will never learn.



The fleetingness of your smile
The volatility of happiness
To uncover a trauma and realize I'm addicted to it
Not knowing how to do it differently
Having everything end the same, in another time,
another place, with other lives and other smiles.
The tearing of seeing myself in someone else's mirror
When you weren't there for me and I was there for you
To know you're being hurt and stay there
When they told me no one would believe me
When they made me ashamed of the color of my skin
The low days
When I wasn't enough for anything,
not even for you to stay.
The rejection
The day you left the house
The day you died
Dangerous drugs, love.
Being without you
Losing myself
The tearing of living
The tearing of existing

ENCYST

Violent gusts lash at memories
A duel to the death under love's pretense
Would it be worth taking the knife?
It was.
It was the will to power that spoke to me.
Vile reality:
The freedom to discern made me change it.
A bloodied face, swollen, bruised.
Fleshly lips poisoned by pain.
Affection for that image,
Tenderness in the memory of blood.
Confusion.
How can that be love?
It cannot, and never will.
Only this: I choose to relive the steps of your violence.
Like a dark prayer.
Cognitive dissonance.
I hurt myself, I choose you, I deserve better.
The groove in the flesh is there — I cut my veins whenever I can.
I need new paths.
I only need the key to change things.
Where is it?
In a corner of my heart,
Hidden in a drawer of old, rotted wood.
Why don't I choose to be happy?



I lick my wounds.
The years go by,
and your memory burrows deeper with each passing day —
that is my true fear.



PUS

The pus seeps out
it's not that bad, I can go on.
What could happen?
Something boils inside me.
Your contempt is lodged deep within;
I wish I could let it go,
but it's already part of me.
How do I go on without this pain?
What a coward I am...
I don't dare.
The end of the rainbow,
the sun after the storm —
they don't exist for me.
The crack is too wide,
the pus has become my blood.
The rot has turned essential.
I can't put the pieces back together.
Only you hold the gold... and the tar.
Go away...
into a mirror.

FLOAT

It's too abrupt, the reminder
I am fleeting
Unconsciousness follows my steps
What am I afraid of?
In reality, it's all simple
I don't know what sparked the wave of my being
Where was the stone thrown that caused the disorder?
When did it happen? When will it settle?
I float in a fantasy
I look at the path I've walked, all painful memories
Especially those that made me happy
The feeling of being used—will I ever be the architect of something?
Please, don't tell me that I control my destiny
Nothing could shatter the magic around me more than that
And nothing could accentuate my misfortunes more than that
The day I break with everything and everyone
I wish I could forget their words and their attempts
What could I understand?
If I'm just floating.
In the finitude of flesh, in the glow of life and the eternity of death.
If other realities are my reflection, then I am nothing
It's impossible for me to live in these times
What are your eyes trying to tell me?
The pain of understanding you
I float in your memories, I'm in your mind,
especially when I couldn't decipher you,
you forgot when we were happy.

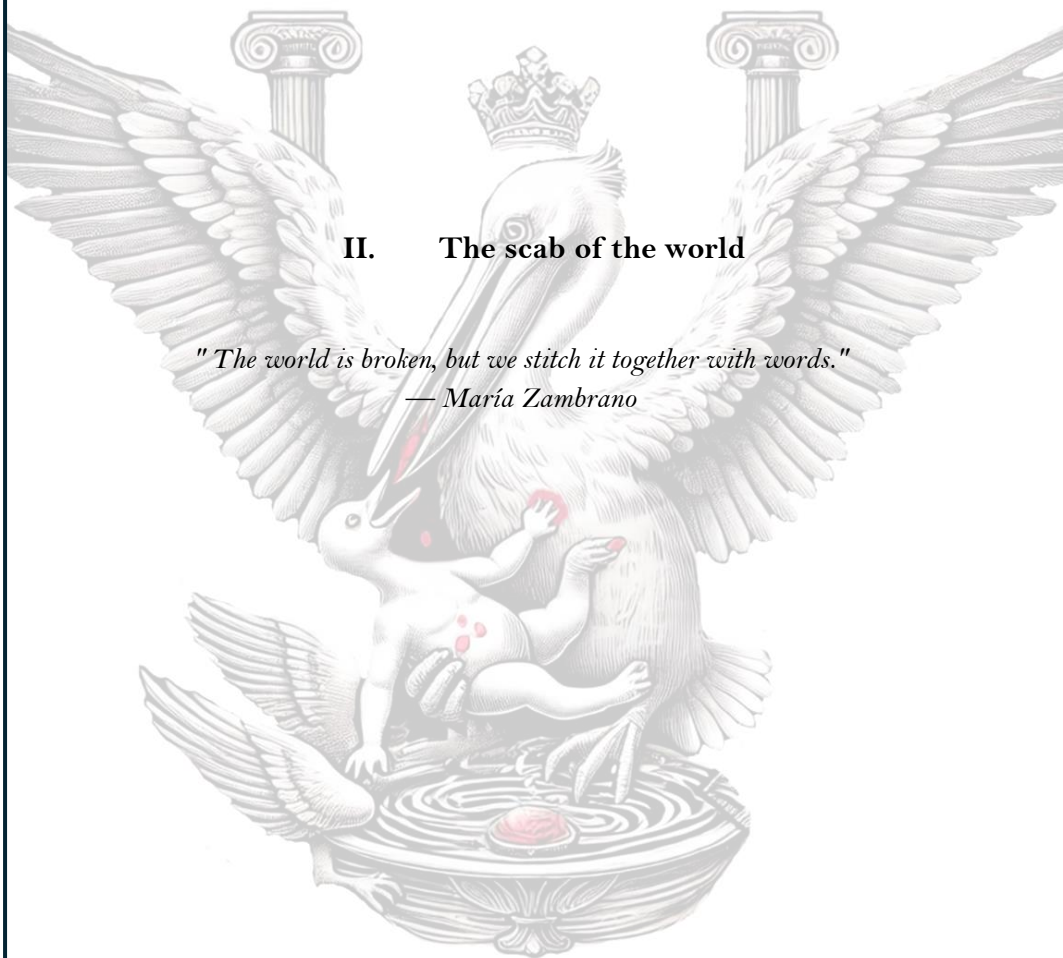


CENTURIES

The emptiness is always there
I walk, and your hand still holds me so I don't fall
The only thing that doesn't fit in this reality is that you are no longer here,
and you'll never be again
Forced to live eternity with your absence
I still can't describe what I feel when I look into my own eyes
Let alone when I look into yours, centuries pass, and I can't forget them.

II. The scab of the world

"The world is broken, but we stitch it together with words."
— María Zambrano



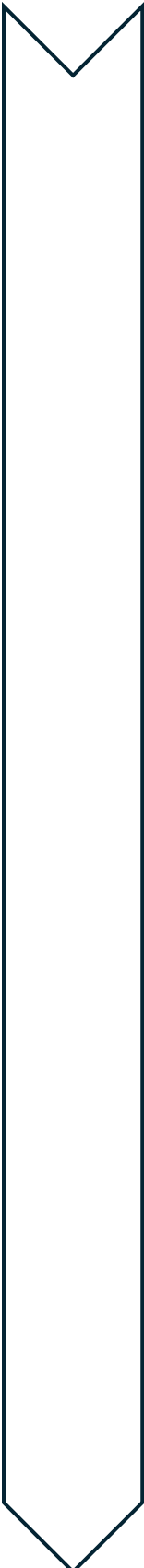


MIX

The weight of your being implodes on mine
I can't bear it
It feels so alien that... it's real
The most real mirage I've ever lived
His burning words on my skin remain tattooed
The brush of his gaze tears me apart
Belief becomes blurry
The narrative repetitive
I refuse to accept this reality
"A sincere affection, nothing carnal" came out of my mouth
Until today, I've never been so dishonest
I can't stand the thought of losing you
And others as well
At least I have something to lose
Some price I must pay
I left at the perfect moment to find the right path

EVENT

It happens in my day. The situation is as follows:
Life goes on, okay? You don't need any explanation other than that.
We are biological beings
Discard the human ego, and you'll be neither more nor less happy
You will just be
And you'll realize that everything happens in perfect synchronicity
You knock on doors, and you don't know who's going to open them
Who will really show their face in the end?
When do you reach the last door?
The same happens with you
You knock on your own door and see your own threshold
Who will open the door?
Will you recognize them?
It's okay if you feel you don't have the courage, whether you do or not, life goes on, so
Follow what's right
Just remember one thing, you can't go back
Nothing will ever be the same, so try to smile, the seconds are like birds
What will your decision be?
It will never be enough, all the love I gave you,
But somewhere, flowers will grow from that.
An idea that can help you right now: we're already dead
The sun exploded millions of years ago
We receive the remnants of its light, breathing its cosmic inheritance
So it's not your fault being a slave to this eternal cycle
Everything around you has a beginning and an end. A perfect succession
You just need to learn to observe the difference
Where do you find yourself now?
Survival has no limits
You know you'd tear your heart out for something you love
Try to love yourself



Follow the beacon that guides you to all the love you know you deserve

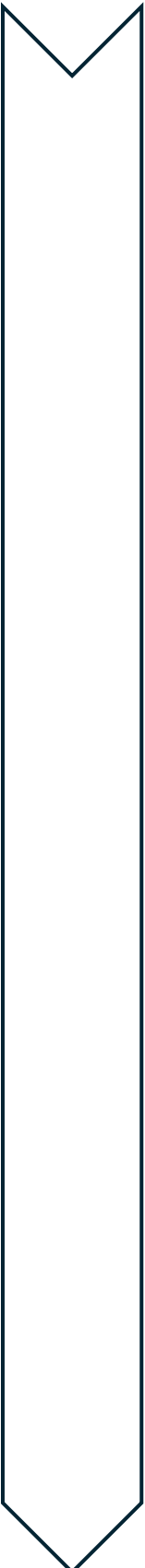
Reality is 1,000 needles piercing every inch of my soul

I believe in words, I don't believe in yours, you're missing the needles

Everything is chaotic because it's in harmony

Pain makes you beautiful

The terrible moment when I left screaming, and you didn't hear.



MEMORIES

Everything that exists is just a reflection of what was and what will be.

Footprints in things and skins, in animals and plants.

A past and a present united but separated by their own nature

You breathe that mystery, and time pierces your lungs,

You have death tattooed in your DNA

Since you are born, you decay

All that's left is to cling to the dream, to the days to come

To the surprise that nothing differs,

that the best is yet to come and the worst is here

The symbols are different, everything is upside down

Now gold is not shiny, white is not pure,

Civilization is barbarism, justice is unjust,

Everything is overshadowed by blood

You can't hide

The yoke is there, in everything.

I know, I also feel it in the porosity of my bones,

In the fragility of my dreams,

In the lightness of my steps, in the web it weaves.

What will happen tomorrow?

It's the normal question of someone moderately decent;

Following the daily routine is for the broken-winged;

Premature death is for those who want to fly

Without first learning to walk on water.

You have the right to exist, but not to live,

You know your place wherever you go

The north keeps spitting, but the south no longer opens its mouth:

It's full of dirt and roots.

TIMES PASS

Centuries have passed and everything remains the same
Rigid and horribly similar
The old structures still stand
Painters keep signing with Van Gogh's rejected blood
Writers continue scratching great works and sampling them in AI
Scientists still measure the universe with the same ruler,
While the cosmos shouts equations they don't dare to decipher.
Politicians keep selling themselves for money and power
Let everything be perpetuated, let there still be a tiny clue
Something to cling to, old and ugly forms
Even resistance is the same,
The same discourse everywhere, different words.
Modernity is still opulence and cleanliness
Backwardness is the earth and nature
The same things are still being plundered and extracted
Living at the expense of creative people
Stoning talent
Artists, in misery
Everything varies, yes, but just a little.
The world's dramas for the same old reason:
Going after those who have the resources
People of the future: Keep living in fantasy
People of the present: Things could change
People of the past: Don't give up
Love remains the theme, and hate is what drives society
Other feelings, similar.




MOTHS


They are all moths
That tear you apart
That pounce on you
None forgive the shine
For they extinguish it with their bodies
With their lives, having no other meaning
But to latch onto someone else's incandescence
To another genius
To another luck
To another life
To another misfortune
To another meaning.

¿NORMAL?

I just want to disappear, I simply don't want to mess it up.
Better things are coming, says the popular voice.
This uncertainty exhausts me.
I don't know if it's normal to live like this.
Everything keeps getting worse.
Hypocrisy, a way of life.
My heart tells me something's wrong.
Lies are at the top,
They loom like clouds of remote internet,
As if they were water or air,
The things everyone needs to live,
Great intermediary, its existence meaningless,
It's not normal to live like this.
I live in a world full of emotionally disabled people,
Where the cries of hunger, sobs of violence,
Pain from indifference can be heard,
No one sees or feels anything.
The entire civilization has been built on a constant struggle of egos,
Of all the anti-values that can exist.
We glorify parasites.
Perpetuity does not exist, civilization does not exist.
What is the truth you believe in the most?
Go on, tell me, I want to know the ultimate lie that guides your life
And play with it.
The feeling of reaching the unreal, the intangible, has always been strong.
Ruins of the collapse have been built thanks to the truth of money.

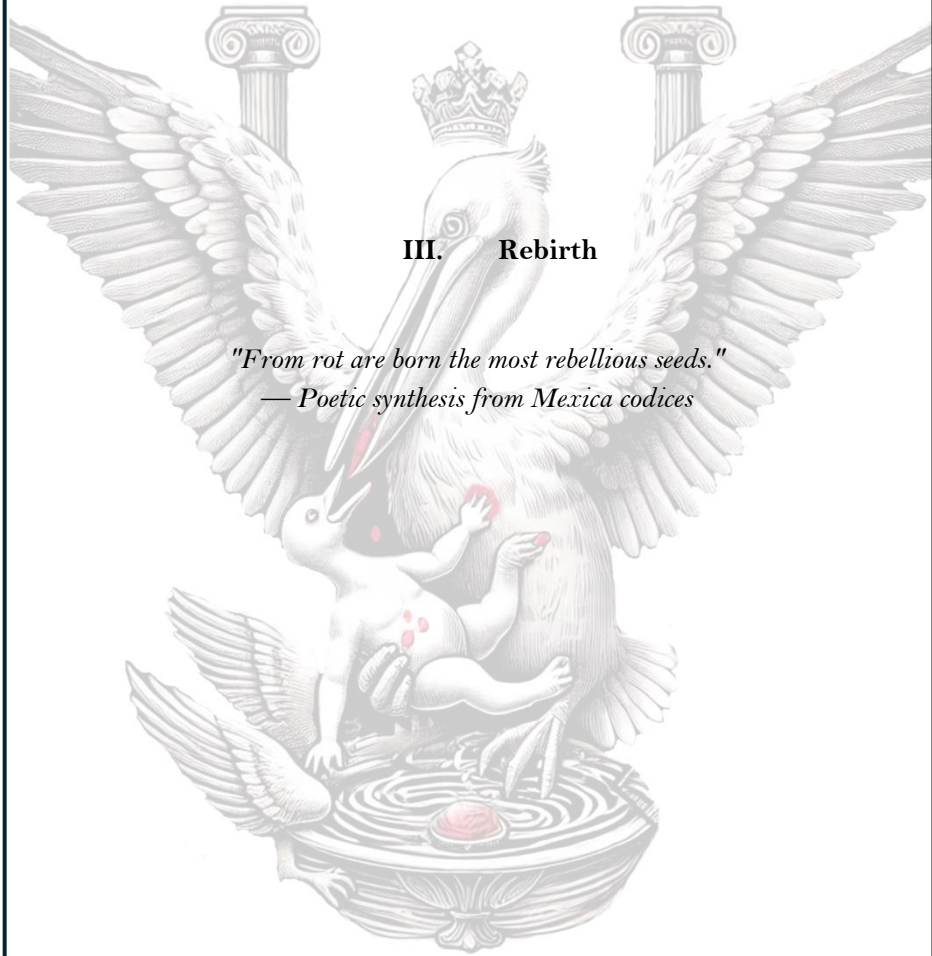


True faith, nature, culture, education,
The feminine, feelings, worldviews,
GAIA,
Simply was set aside,
Simply was forgotten,
Now it's buried.
I find comfort in knowing that, somewhere,
Under layers of asphalt,
A dandelion seed still remembers
How to be fluffy and fly.



III. Rebirth

*"From rot are born the most rebellious seeds."
— Poetic synthesis from Mexica codices*





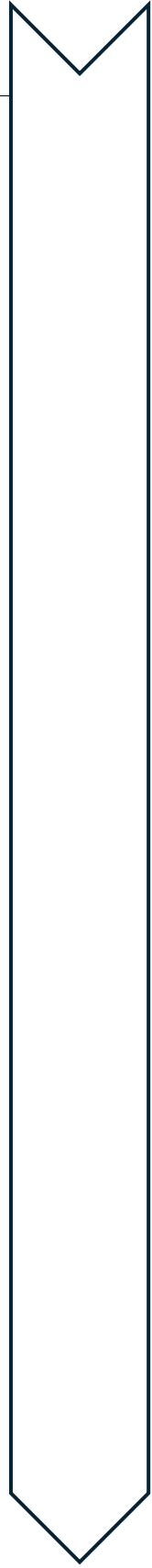
THRESHOLD

The roughness of these layers polishes me
I emerge from the darkness and my being resounds
The veil has been torn
I can no longer hide
The path without direction points to only one thing
I will find the North!
The path toward the sun.

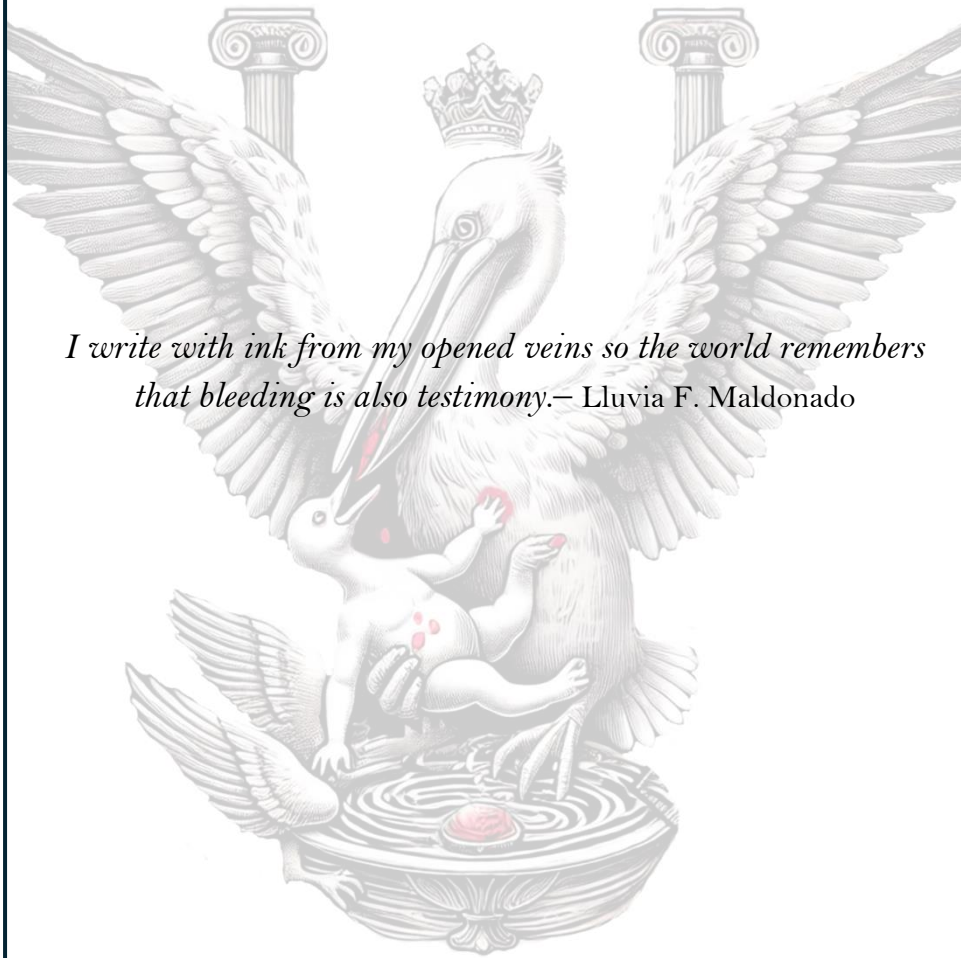


SEVEN HEADS

Rain is my name



*I write with ink from my opened veins so the world remembers
that bleeding is also testimony.— Lluvia F. Maldonado*



Epilogue

This poetry collection was born from a wound that chose to become word.

PIOUS PELICAN is not a scream, but the echo of what remains after: the tear that becomes embedded, the pus that turns into ink, the shadow that learns to dance beneath the sun. Here, pain is not redeemed; it is transfigured. Each poem is an act of poetic anatomy: dissecting memory, intimate shipwrecks, the scab of the world that both binds and breaks us.

I write from the womb of what hurts, but also from the certainty that even rot carries seeds. The references to Mexica codices, the quotes from Maillard and Zambrano, the verses that oscillate between the visceral and the cosmic — these are not embellishments: they are traces of a search. One that asks: how do we heal in a world that glorifies wounds but despises the wounded?

This collection offers no answers. It is a fogged mirror, a handful of soil with roots, a map of scars that — perhaps — someone will recognize as their own. If, in reading it, you feel something inside you unravel or rebuild itself, then it will have fulfilled its purpose.

May these verses — torn, embedded, reborn — find you where you need them most, and accompany you like a borrowed heartbeat: not yours, but alive.

Thank you for holding these wounds. They are now yours too. Return to the beginning. Scabs and scars always hold another layer.

— *Lluvia Fernanda Maldonado Saenz*

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