

This Is Not a Business Book

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This Is a Poetry & Essays Book

My passion is to write poems that reflect strange life circumstances that are most probably common in occurrence but, nevertheless, odd. I also like to reflect on my situation as a forced migrant and the healing journey that comes with it.

- To my parents, who have always believed in me.

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Waters

Waters began with two poems: "The Shower" and "The Bath." My favourite is the latter. I selected four other poems to go in this section.



University of Bristol Botanic Garden - Nikon Coolpix B500

Smoothie

Rarely do I come back this early,
And to drink a smoothie is a rarity.
The subtle movement of my straw
Forms a swirl in my smoothie.
An ideal berry-tasting Sunday,
Where I have nothing to say.

Rain

Window sill, exposed, and my curtains curled.

The rain can't hide, no more.

The rain serves as an excuse or as a means.

There is always that one person who naps on rainy days.

And there is always that person who thinks they are clever,

As they write when it rains.

More Rain

It is the weather that keeps me steady.

Ever so slowly, I get ready, and ever so,

The city lights glow after it pours.

Café

The faint smell of coffee,
Coming from the Italian kettle.
Coming in with loud sounds,
From pots and pans clanging,
To my mum and aunt, chit-chatting.
To my dad on the phone, shouting,
It is just his tone of voice, early in the morning.
I wanted to be elsewhere. I had had it with these people, with them
chatting next to my room and the unnecessary shouting from
downstairs.

The washing, the cooking, the neighbour, the kids and the birds, my
dogs and sometimes the cat would be coming in too, meowing at five,
begging for food.

The kettle would tick, tick.
The smell would kick in.
They would power the blender to blend their powdered milk.
And I always thought everywhere else was the same.
Once out of there, the faint smell of coffee would fade into silence.

The Shower (Rewrite)

Once, this was an empty, virtual page until I started writing on it. Now, it has become a document, met with the words that left my vicious state of mind and moved onto the page. In every word I express meaning, together they will form sentences, expressing, finally, an idea.

After my shower, instead of changing clothes and running errands, I instantly was in front of the screen, recalling the warm water running through my skin, weak spots, and some minor wounds.

In a way, this is another form of damage, writing about how I felt in the shower, before and after it. Now, there is now no place that exists in the mind other than the shower. Every other time, I seemed to exist in clothes, or under the sheets, underneath a ceiling, and sky.

In the shower, rather than comforted by its controlled temperature, it is a confrontation of sorts, a gentle assault on my body where I'm forced to feel what I cannot explain.

The water is released under the pressure coming from the ceiling's pipes. I stand under the shower head without clothes, betrayed by the ceiling's solid appearance, with no sky to look at and no bed sheets to cover with, the water lands on my head.

I am now perpetuating the existence of one shower, not all showers, just this shower I took before putting words into a document. Maybe this will menace the existence of previous showers, yet I'm not sure if I feel threatened at all.

These are the words used for a shower; they were saved in a document, on a device. Here, I only exist in writing and in the shower.

The Bath

Two water bottles, a reflection remains.

On a white wall, they overlap, but their contents don't meet just yet.

My bath is drawn; my body meets liquid form.

How can I feel warm and untouched at the same time?

There is a gap in the drain, now less water remains.

I can see my skin uncovered, but I know that it doesn't matter,

A couple of minutes and it's over, the bath won't last much longer.

I leave the solid empty tub.

On the wall, the bottles remain.

They sat under the light; they travelled and met.

Who would dare to change that?

Placing



Stoke Park Estate in Spring - Nikon Coolpix B500



No Room

Time, have me.

I was once no stranger to you when I lay in bed for hours a day.

The mess conquers, my vision is stuffed.

A minute passed in surrender, and I contemplated another room,

The sight of natural light.

All *stuff* being complementary.

Office

Dear reader,

I have an office job.

I wish writing poetry were my actual job.

Drinking coffee, staring dramatically into space.

I would love it.

I let out a big sigh.

I have an office job.

This Isn't a Break

It's crazy how many things are not me.

I don't fly south, as the seagull above me does.

While sitting outside, I admire the bird's sense of direction.

I've also learned to hate the species as much as the locals.

I couldn't pass up the opportunity to be a part of something.

Learning what animals are ok to not like and so on.

Some things I'm sold into seem to be a necessary part of adulthood.

Others I accept as part of my household.

Full of memories and unnecessary sentimentality.

It's crazy how many things are not me.

And they are hard to describe.

And they are hard to accept.

And they are simply not there.

I'm having trouble understanding this metaphor.

If Memory Serves

I know I've been there, if memory serves.

Recognising, but nonetheless, places of derealisation.

The act of going in and out the door isn't enough.

I can't explain the delay in all my actions today,

And I'm sorry that I'm late.

I have been working, putting on my makeup and sorting things out.

I couldn't find my keys. I had a call from my mum;

Then the door wouldn't shut.

Before I left, I felt dishonest.

Launderette

I want to make the best of what I have.

I want to stay here with you, minus the phone.

Here, take it.

I don't need technology reminding me of where or what I'm not currently.

You know what?

I want to drink water from the tap until I become a tory,

Ignore all the climate change signs and deny the science.

Take me to the launderette.

Where all the walls are white.

I can read a magazine and travel back in time.

Pancakes & Wine

Pancakes and wine.

Germany was so nice.

Pancakes and wine.

It was all we needed at the time.

My friends always feed me dinner,

They love a feast and enjoy a drink.

After five years without seeing them,

I arrived in Mannheim for the famous pancakes and the addition of
wine.

This poem is an oath to simple things, like pancakes and wine.

You may think it is because it rhymes or that this is an excuse to have
dessert after nine.

I implore you not to think much about it,

It is just pancakes and wine.

The Shadows

This short section features two of my most recent poems, concluding with one of my oldest. I must admit, I prefer my older poems at the time of making this compilation.



Loverose Way at Night - Nikon Coolpix B500

Nothing That a Hammer Can't Solve

Nothing that a hammer can't solve.

A device cannot flinch. It can, however,

Deviate my attention with a notification.

All artificial nonsense,

It doesn't stop me from wondering.

I want to wonder what it'd be like.

I'm holding the hammer, the most primitive tool known to men.

There's a primatial instinct in me which I'm sitting with,

Even content with. But I contain myself as I contemplate:

What it'd be like to live without contempt for the hammer.

There's no need for context,

You know the content.

This is no contest,

You've held tools in the past,

Don't tell me you haven't thought about it before.

Blissful ignorance,

Air whispering in your ear, uninterrupted.

The weight of your hands, free, as you let go of the broken pieces.

Where do you go? When do you wake up? Who knows?

The hammer goes back into its place,

I grab the device and tap its screen and...

Oh, another like.

What would it be like, indeed?

Social Media

Look what I'm sending you.

Instant messaging and this is you: "Totally."

The totality weighs on me.

My soul moves an inch,

My stomach sinks,

My head thinks.

This thing I'm sending you,

I hope you totally understand.

Dark

So much of me is personal,
Like sitting in this room in the dark
Till he comes and turns on the light:
"You like the dark, don't you?"
I say I don't,
But the most exciting things happen at night (for some reason),
Like him turning on the light.

So much of us is personal.

The Cat Behind Bars

The cat behind bars.

He stays inside and stares at his counterpart.

That day outside, the conflicting sides.

His ears cast the devil's signature figure.

It doesn't help that his prey reflects the light.

Sitting and waiting, it's just a matter of time.

Timing



Chedworth Nature Reserve in Autumn - Nikon Coolpix B500



The Immigrant's Journey

There is a blind spot in every eye,

There is an immigrant walking by.

There is a past unseen by every human passing.

When you are crossing the streets, do you hear different languages?

Can you make out conversations? Or are we all just passing by?

In Greek mythology, Orpheus shouldn't have looked back. Myths always have clear rules and clear consequences. But just like the underworld, the mind is one foggy place. Reality doesn't obey such clear rules. Reality can be a hell of a place.

Blind spots still gather information around us. The sixth sense is capable of looking back without having to turn around. I see trees, I see cafes, I see roads, I see people. But I'm not looking because I know they are not there.

A reconstruction of the world from miles away follows me every step of the way. That tree isn't greyish, it isn't tropical, it has nothing to do here. I will turn around and see an English tree, an English scenery

and hear the cold wind blowing me off, and I'm at peace, walking
back home. I don't look back anymore.

A Runner

A runner sits on the hospital's garden bench and hears a woman battling off the hospital staff: "Not again. Get off!" All the yelling was coming from the top floor of the mental health ward. The runner stayed vicariously fighting restraints nonexistent to her. A butterfly stood next to her, practising the art of minding its own business. Flapping about for seemingly the first time.

Pins and Needles

Pins and needles.

My hand and its phone usage.

What's the alternative?

Fully charged.

My head is still spinning.

The current events and...

They keep getting older,

They are getting married,

They are getting spiritual,

They get new cats,

They move out of their flats,

They change jobs,

They change accents,

They text differently,

They dress differently...

I change clothes.

I didn't miss a thing from my dream.

The pocket version of my hometown.

Shorter roads, fewer steps.

I was desperate to do it all.

I could see them all again.

When I closed my eyes.

I couldn't remember a thing anyone said.

I'm at work on time.

Billy Elliot's Father

We are all Billy's father.

Going back to the coal mine,

Face cold as a stone,

And facing the battle all alone.

We may not like to admit that we are his equal.

We see ourselves as the stars of the show.

But no, we are Billy Elliot's father.

I'm sorry. I don't feel sorry for the boy.

Our loved ones may carry a heavy heart when learning about our dreams and hopes.

But, without hesitation,

Everyone expects you to go back to the coal mine.

We are all Billy's father.

The Unmoving

Between 2024 and 2025, I stopped writing poetry and began pursuing other genres. Something happened that changed my writing. The last poem in this book is my final convincing poem, related to an event that I believe contributed to this change.



Stoke Park Estate in Summer - Nikon Coolpix B500

Snow (Rewrite)

A slow man, melting, sitting on the bench of a lonesome park. The meaning of time passes by, and birds fly into the grey sky, and over the buildings that now lack the significance they were built upon.

People flow on the streets like streams of water underneath the concrete. Streams that can only rise to the surface when needed.

As for the man, the bench was fine. Nothing was ever asked of him. Soon his liquid self would succumb to gravity; he would no longer be joining the agitated city life.

Probably the snowman's shortcomings are not limited to the state of his form. We might be short-sighted, but he was never a man at all.

Mountains: Spoken Word Performance

The cloudy city
It ached as I stared
The liquefied sample
Of what it once was

I stutter in my speech
And towards the mountainy land
I managed to mumble my last goodbye
And when the filtered light landed on me
I knew what was known to me then

But now?
You owe me to tell:
What is it I'm staring at now?

To stand in front of an audience
For poetry
I didn't know, I didn't know.

Back then, perhaps, but now, unsure of what stares back.

Moving

My bones stiffened,
As the furniture moved.
An archive of a ghost
On a Saturday afternoon,
Sat at that corner.

This is my corner.

I did pull through, though.
And all the furniture was moved.
The space was revealed to me.
But that corner still speaks to me.

Moving Again

Ok.

What is this?

The flow?

I remember the beach,

And the shore, and the rocks.

I'm sorry,

Move me.

My desk and my things.

I see you looking at the distance,

You see me moving pebbles.

Long gone are the waves that recoiled back and vanished.

Moving pebbles when time kept marching forward.

Sticky: Spoken Word Performance

Casual – When I speak without thinking
I tinker with the words that I think need fixing

Stutter, slightly
Sorry. Is that all I needed to say?
Between us, is performative
Other than the other me sitting or standing

Index finger
Focal to my view
Local to my body
Texting is my new hobby
I wonder how my friends are doing?

I'm outside, at odds with the pale buildings
Reflecting light. All too bright
The cool breeze keeps me buzzing

Why is it so hard to remember last summer?
Why won't the seasons stick with me?

OCD

My inner monologue cut off mid-sentence.

Obsessive thoughts over take-out coffee.

A pretend self-indulgent walk in the park.

Each step carries a persistent itch.

I take preventive, pressing, firm steps.

Time is overt,

And this is my proverb.

Precedence then catches me,

Covering me in scratches.

The surface begins to crack.

And so tempting it is to think, to each their own.

But I guarantee, in this room of five or more.

No shoes carry more mud,

Than mine.

When Birds

When a bird flies over my window,
It darkens the room for milliseconds.

Thoughts such as:
Have I gone blind?
Has my brain ceased working?
Flash till the light comes back.

Last night, in the absence of birds nearby.
In the darkness, it was as if I had gone blind.

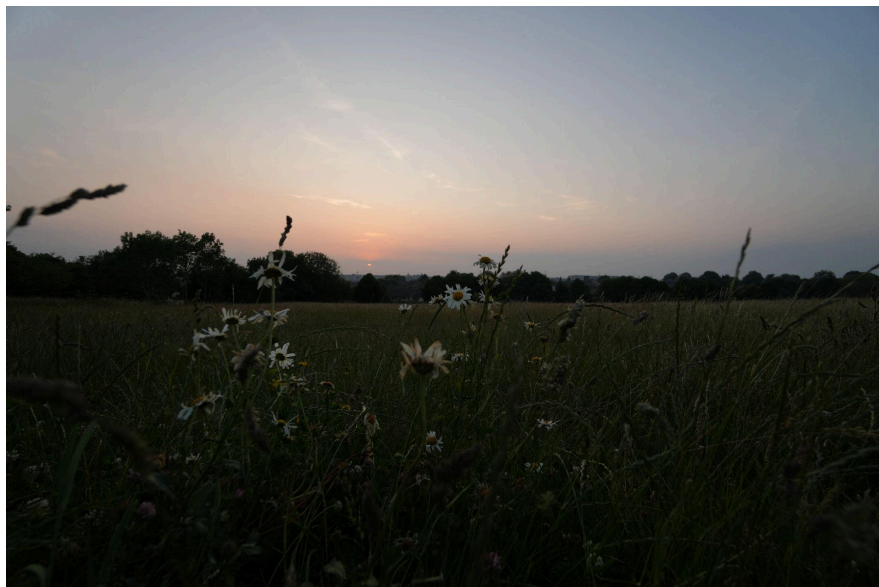
Words had deserted me.
I began kicking and pulling,
Undrowning myself out of the bedding.

Was someone next to me?
But who could it be?
Are we both drowning?
I cannot see.

"What are you doing?"

I begged you for forgiveness,
And you went back to sleep.

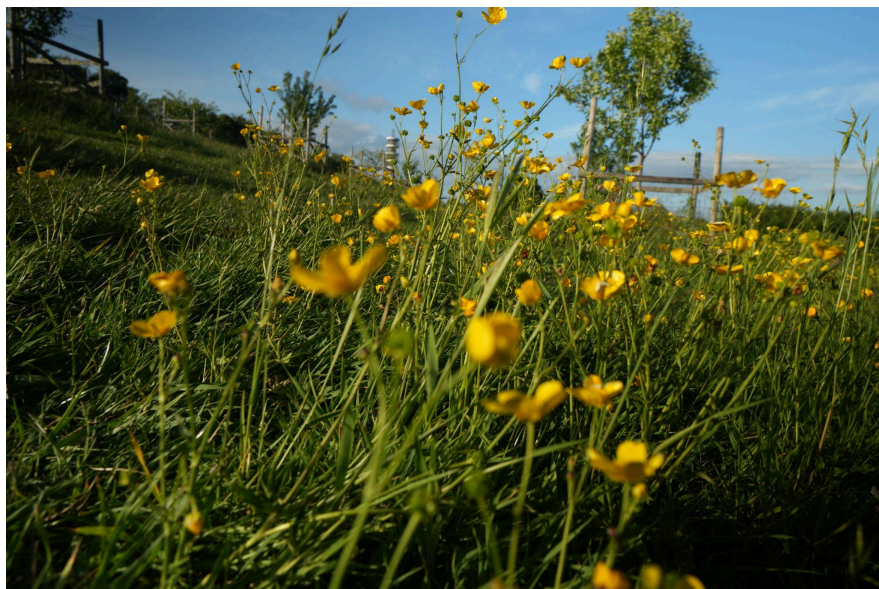
Daylight has come,
I don't know what to say or do.
As there are no longer words to read.



Summer Solstice in Stoke Park Estate - Sony A6700

The End

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Purdown in Spring - Sony A6700