Poetry,

as a methodological
resource in
teaching English

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GCPI Unach

The background of the entire image is a grayscale photograph of a man with a beard, looking down at an open book. Overlaid on the right side of the image is a white rectangular area containing handwritten text in a cursive script, which appears to be in Polish. The text is partially cut off on the right edge. In the bottom right corner, there is a detailed illustration of a black quill pen with a silver-colored, ornate handle, pointing towards the bottom left.

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Introduction

This work has a sui generis origin in its editorial structure. In its first part, it brings together several academic articles related to the concepts of poetry, methods, forms, and advice on poetic writing and translation. While, in its second part, it includes a lyrical, transgressive, profoundly existential content.

This unique style of mixing poetry with scientific articles is useful for unraveling and understanding the verses and especially the English translation, turning the exercise of this work into a transdisciplinary fusion of collective efforts to achieve a poetic-academic goal.

In a globalized world, the Academy has broken space-time, as barriers of distance and communication, adding to the English language as a means of two-way interconnection between universities across the planet. This layout conceived that the poetic and academic contents of this work are from Spanish to English. In some cases, Latin American universities have an outstanding debt with their students regarding English teaching. For the above, this book by academics from the Universidad Nacional de Chimborazo (Unach), manages to contribute one more piece to the puzzle of learning the English language, in an innovative and formative way. Poetry, as a methodological resource in teaching English, is an original and innovative poetic and academic work. The book contains two parts. The first part includes three articles with content designed to become a support, help, and consultation on poetry and its different forms of writing in English. The second part contains 93 poems in English, with high provocative and mystical content, making it attractive to all readers who want to study different poetic points of view. All texts produced in this

book are translated into English, looking in this way, to awaken interest in learning this language, in some cases, and in others, as an academic material to review the literature of William Shakespeare.

In the articles section

Poetry and songs is an article that allows us to see that poetry does not longer belong to an artistic movement, or a scholarly group, emphasizing that lovers of verses, poets, and poetesses are in a human category; however, their creative activity is invisible.

In this layout, enriching thoughts about poetry stand out; however, there is a truth in disguise in our society, which refers to that sizeable human group that ends up demonizing it, without reading or understanding it. On the other hand, there is the social group that loves, respects and shares poetry; reaching an existential imbalance between those who do not dare to study it and who are in the majority, compared to enthusiastic lovers of verses, due to its complexities or simplicities, and who are a minority.

It is worth collecting the positive phrases about poetry as such and also its relationship with songwriting: Poetry is both sensible and rational knowledge. It is taking into account the word that celebrates the fraternal union of the generations.

The terms poetry and songs are literary poems that work with particular individual emotions regarding a specific situation. As a conclusion of this paragraph, we will understand the more we can arrive at similarities than differences between poetry and songs.

The article How to improve English writing through poetry, performs a documented review of writing and its different nuances, such as “creative writing” and how it helps to strengthen the learning of another language. It’s worth saying that writing poetry can be more complicated than writing an essay or a work of fiction.

This second text delves into data on reading through poetry. Poetry then becomes motivation itself, which leads to learn the writing processes from the point of view as a reader or writer.

It is ponderable to highlight the very successful structure to expose the topic and primary objective of the research, which appears in its title. The same contains five subtopics and a conclusion that we point out below: Scripture, Creative writing, Poetry, Reading through Poetry, and finally, by way of conclusion, a review of the different types of ways of writing poetry and songs.

To successfully close this second academic part of this work, we find the article: Poetry and translation. We soak up a cemented conglomerate of exalting concepts and phrases of poetry. Furthermore, what appears at first glance to be a complex challenge is posed, which is to translate poetic texts written in Spanish into English.

The translation itself meets numerous barriers that may seem invisible but real and complicated. Standing up to the many idiomatic expressions known in a language would have repercussions in terms of comprehension and translation; therefore, very particular tactics and methodologies must provide to strengthen our desire for translation.

The article quotes prominent figures who freely supported the translation of texts and poetry to broaden our cultural, literary, and philosophical horizons. These include the Mexican poet, essayist and diplomat Octavio Paz, and the American poet, musician, and critic Ezra Pound. Finally, this text contains a wide range of types of poetic translations, as well as methods for translating poetry.

CHAPTER 1

FUNDAMENTALS

Poetry and songs

Poetry today belongs to a subculture. It has ceased to be part of the mainstream of artistic life to become the specialized occupation of a relatively small and isolated group. As a social category, poets do not lack cultural prestige. However, as individual artists, they are invisible. Poetry is both sensible and rational knowledge (Barry, 1987).

The language allows the understanding and interpretation of the world. Therefore, we approach poetic sense, which is no other than to decipher people feelings, of those who succeed in unveiling what the word presents and hides in its actions: the name or the language that celebrates the fraternal union of the generations. Homer introduces us to the knowledge of the gods, in Greek mythology, and speaks to us of both divine passions and human passions. Poetry gives us conscience and language. The feeling expression within the poetic work has its purpose of establishing a dialogue with the literary field, in this case, the wisdom, and the poetic language. Poetry is, then, a particularly revealing area of literary creation since it fulfils a particular function within human existence when a man adopts it as one of the ways of “reacting” this existence the reality that surrounds it.

According to Harmer (2007)

Writing poems is an activity appropriate, especially for young learners, who are usually not afraid to express their feelings. It is also suitable for adult learners, as it allows them to be more creative with applying other specific mentioned activitiesm. (p.112)

According to Donovan (2016):

Poetry is not subject to the restrictions of sentence and

paragraph structure, context, or even grammar. When writing poetry, it is not necessary to consider all the established rules and that instead, it is unique to create a work of art. (p.84)

One of the aspects that most engages poetic language than other languages is the presumption that the lyric only deals with the emotive and evocative, leaving aside the reason.

Authors or currents that try to divide the knowledge of dual way between natural sciences and sciences of the spirit, including the poetic language in the humanities, that only take care of understanding the reality without that they are allowed to explain it. As a reaction of the spirit, the poetic language is not necessarily accurate or false.

The poet does not choose his words. A poet seeks his language, it does not mean that he walks through libraries or markets picking up old and new twists but hesitantly vacillates between the words that belong to him, that are in him from the beginning, and the others learned in books or on the street.

When a poet finds his word, he recognizes it: he was already in it. Furthermore, he was already in it. The name of the poet is confused because he is not a man rich in words, but living voices.

At first, it seems that there is no difference between song and poetry. After all, there are several different lyrics used in songs that have derived into poetry. The terms song and poetry are literary poems that work with a particular individual emotion regarding a specific situation. Even the verses of poetry and the song lines often follow a rhythmic pattern, giving a sense of melody to the verses.

In poetry, the poem's appreciation comes from a careful analysis of the words in the poem, including the play on words, the rhythmic scheme, the use of symbolic forms of speech, and the like. On the other hand, a song can have straightforward lyrics, but it is essential to know how the accompanying music is mixed and arranged. It also depends on how the artist delivers the song.

1. Poetry and song are literary works characterized by the use of verses and rhythmic created due to the emotions experienced by the writer.
2. Songs have the presence of the use of elaborated words and the symbolic forms of discourse.
3. Poems are essential because of the verses, sounds, and performances.

It is clear that a song reaches broader sectors of the population, but it can also be that it becomes a doorway to poetry. Benedetti says: "I still write poems by my side, and when I write poems, I do not use rhyme. On the contrary, when I write songs, I understand that rhyme is a necessity of the song and what I do in that sense, I do it specifically for music. As of that moment, the lyrics of the songs should have rhyme" (Anonymous 1985).

As an example on his heartbreak song Serrat, says:

"In their solitude, sitting face to face
at the usual time and the same table
coffee in between, the same couple
of middle age and appearance of kind people.
They have no trace for another play.
The road twisted, the wind turned.

They could fail and resentment.
Moreover, today they are two retreating armies”.

There is an imperfect rhyme in the first stanza, although, in the first and fourth lines, the rhyme is perfect. In the second verse, the rhyme is impeccable. Note that this song is about sadness, so much to forget and nothing to say.

On the contrary, in English, the rhyme does not go according to the consonants, but according to the pronunciation. In his song *Young at Heart* (which has figurative articulation for better understanding), Frank Sinatra says:

*Fairy tales can come **true**, it can happen to **you***
(Fery teils can com **tru**, it can japen tu **yu**)
If your heart is young
(if yor jart is yong)
For it is hard, you will find, to be narrow of mind
(for its jard, yu guil **faind**, tu bi norrou of **maind**)
If you are young at heart
(if yu ar yong at jart)
*You can go to **extremes** with impossible **schemes***
(Yu can gou tu **extrims** guith impasibol **skims**)
*You can laugh when your **dreams** fall apart at the **seams***
(Yu can laf guen yur **drims** fol apart at de **scins**)
*And life gets more exciting with each passing **day***
(and laif gets mor exaitin guith ich pasin **dey**)
*And love is either in your heart, or on its **way***
(and lov is ider in yur jart or on its **guey**)
*Don't you know that it's **worth** every treasure on **earth**?*
(don yu no dat is **guord** evri trshur on **erd**)
To be young at heart
(tu bi yong at jart)

*For as rich as you **are**, it's much better by **far***
*(for as rich as yu **ar**, is mach beter bay **far**)*

*To be young at **heart***

*(tu bi yong at **jart**)*

*And if you should **survive** to a hundred and **five***
*(an if yu shud **survaiv** to a jandred an **faiv**)*

*Look at all you'll **derive** out of being **alive***

*(luk at ol yul **deraiv** aut of bin **alaiv**)*

*And here is the best **part**, you have a head **star***

*(an jiar is de best **part**, yu jav a jed star)*

If you are among the very young at heart

(if yu ar amon de veri yong at jart)

How to improve English writing through poetry

First, we will define the term writing, which means communicating information through the written word or graphic representation of language delineated by Pieczynski Karie, then analyze the fundamental aspects of writing in a given language. So we have, putting thoughts and ideas into words in written form, knowing how to form letters and putting them into words, understanding and using the correct vocabulary, spelling, grammar to convey their meaning, punctuation marks, understanding and using the form appropriate according to the type of writing. For example, texts in general, reports, lists, letters, poems, etc., and the public to whom it is addressed, formal or informal, and finally, the revision and editing of the text produced is considered essential.

According to the summaries of Pieczynski & Lam (2018), “there are three writing types within the teaching-learning processes of a language as a second language, writing for learning a language in general, writing as reinforcement, and writing for communication” (p.22).

Language learning writing includes learning to recognize and form letters and combining them into words. Writing for reinforcement is done in conjunction with lessons that focus on other skills. It includes activities such as copying and transcribing words, sentences, and paragraphs, fill in spaces, write labels or captions, change texts grammatically, write summaries of what has been read, among other aspects, for the development of this skill.

Writing to communicate involves learning to write as a skill. Language learners or learners learn to express their ideas accurately, organize their thoughts in recognizable written form, and write well.

In a potentially intentionally practical writing lesson (Raimes, 2014) he states that spelling, punctuation, that is mechanic, as well as organization, content, style, vocabulary, cohesion, and grammar. Another aspect is the writer's area of interest and the completion of various drafts during the writing process to consider the correction of errors.

Creative writing

According to Harmer (2007), "The term creative writing suggests imaginative tasks, such as writing poetry, short stories, and plays." Therefore, it represents the teaching of writing from all genres of literature, such as drama, fiction, poetry, personal narration, history, and so on.

According to Gaffield - Vile (1998), "Creative writing is a journey of self-discovery, and self-discovery drives effective learning" (p. 31). Creative writing is personal writing, where the purpose is to express thoughts, feelings, and emotions. Creative writing is shown in an imaginative, unique, and sometimes poetic way (Neupane, 2014)

Creative writing is an efficient way to meet an English language learner because it allows you to express yourself, invent yourself, become other characters, live in different worlds, expressing your feelings in writing. Besides, through this type of paper, the needs for knowledge and experience in learning vocabulary, basic and advanced structures, functions, pronunciation, rhythms and also the intonation of words in context can be established; which motivates towards research and deeper immersion in the knowledge of a second language, in this case, the English language.

What is poetry?

According to the Oxford dictionary in Spanish, defines poetry as “a set of compositions in verse by a certain author or period, written in a certain language.”

In the Oxford English online dictionary states, poetry as “literary works in which the expression of feelings and ideas is intensified through the use of distinctive styles and rhythms; collective poems or as a genre of literature”.

Harmer (2007), mentions that writing poems is an appropriate activity, especially for young learners, who are usually not afraid to express their feelings. It is also necessary for adult learners because it allows us to be more creative with the application of other specific activities, which have already been mentioned as well.

Donovan (2016), it indicates that poetry is not subject to the restrictions of the sentence and paragraph structure, context, or even grammar. When writing poetry, it is not necessary to consider all the established rules and that instead, you can create a work of art, something that is unique. But this does not mean that writing poetry is creatively accessible. It can be much more challenging to make a poem than to write an essay or a work of fiction. There is so much creative space, and without any limitation, it can be overwhelming. Therefore, it is essential to consider the basics of poetry for beginning English language learners. Poetry brings a wealth of writing skills and tools, and many can extend to learning other forms of writing. And while poetry may not be a favorite way to write, reading poetry, poetry exercises, and poetry writing are fun and creative ways to improve your writing in any other form or genre.

Then, poetry writing becomes the art of expressing in verse the thoughts and feelings that a human being has developed as a result of the experiences throughout his experience, and that they constitute significant learning when shaping in poetry.

Reading through poetry

Human beings and nature are sources of inspiration. In each moment of our existence and at each step that we advance, we can feel inspired and that inspiration we can express in poetry, which becomes knowledge.

But to produce experience, it is necessary to rely on sources of inspiration such as poetry. So, we are talking about a proper motivation that leads to strengthening writing processes from the point of view as a reader or writer. According to Coleman and Willins (2015):

Poetry writing gives students the opportunity for freedom of expression, personal satisfaction and a closer connection with their patients, which the more formal approach to reflective writing did not offer. There is a need for students to have a safe and supportive forum in which to express and have their experiences acknowledged without the fear of being judged. (p. 911)

Writing through poetry

Poetry allows English learners to express themselves in other genres as well. Therefore, they must have different models that will enable them to contribute to the learning of writing, since many of them will not be used to this type of paper. We can mention different activities to start developing this skill in English language learners according to (Harmer, 2007)

Acrostic poems

It is good to start writing poems (where you start sentences with the first letters beginning each line when they are read down, form a word that is the subject of the poem).

Poetry alphabet

(One line for each letter) or You can start with phrases to write, such as "I like ... because ..." and then "But I hate ...".

Models of real poems

That they have to imitate so that they become authentic expressions.

Write ballads

Usually written in song format, it can make the classroom a fun place.

Colored poetry

Express all your senses by using this format.

Diamond poetry. Poetry format as the style that has a way to describe. Example "Woman's best friend," so in the audience, someone may be thinking, "How does she know my dog, Cody?"

Write Haiku

A traditionally short format. It was originating in Japan.

Poetry thought wish

Everything in this begins with "I wish ..."

Monster Poems

Write about that monster under your bed or in your closet.

The result of good writing is the connection between the writer

and the reader. For that reason, the writer must consider the audience's knowledge for whom he writes, the medium, feelings, and interests.

The primary goal of good writing is to be able to communicate with readers. Poetic prose helps you develop skills to connect with readers mentally (using language), emotionally (images), and physically (rhythm). Since poetry is like Music means something to everyone, because we will always find a poet who, through his poems, has a specific message for us.

Improving writing in the English language through poetry is a way to learn writing in-depth, in all areas: personal or to publish your results. This writing learning process helps produce better writing. (Donovan, 2016), says, "If your writing is good today, it can be great tomorrow."

Poetry and translation

This article is a compilation of information obtained through books and several articles with reviews and criticisms of the translation of poetry into different languages.

Poetry is a literary genre that considers formal, syntactic, semantic, aesthetic, reflective, and emotional criteria.

Talking about poetic texts and the possibility of translating them presents a particular complexity; to the problems linked to the formal and stylistic resources of the compositions such as metric, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, etc. It is necessary to take into account the complexity of the environment in which the author wrote the work, the components that he used, and expressions in each language that are difficult to translate.

A poem, for example, can be translated into other languages in multiple ways. In reading-understanding-rewriting activities, the translator must capture the author's essence and faithfully reproduce its meaning. From an artistic point of view, only translations that do not "deform and de-functionalize" the original poetic text will be acceptable and adequate, causing it to lose its specific identity of verbal, artistic configuration.

There are two tendencies for translation: linguistic (literal) and literary (free); the methodological field of interpretation divided among these; existing midpoints such as the "fidelity to the sense theory." A defender of the linguistic tendency is the Russian Nicolás Stepánovich Gumilióv in his article "The poetic translations", the origin of this based on the creation of an editorial by Máximo Gorki who wanted to publicize the best titles in universal literature to the new state. But the existing translations were diverse. Gumilióv

and Chukovski published two articles used as a manual for the publisher's translators, specifying the guidelines to follow. The Chukovsky text addressed to prose translators, was expanded and renovated later and, it is still a reference for Soviet translators. Gumilióv's article stays exclusively as a testimony to the first standardized criterion of poetic translation in Russia.

The representative of the literary tendency is the Russian Efim Etkind with his criticism book *Un Art en crise: Essai de poétique de la traduction poétique*, when comparing the works, both of them arise with the same purpose: to establish essential criteria or translation principles that allow the development of the practice of translation with an optimal level of quality, faith in the possibility of translating poetry.

These two texts are from different people. Gumilióv addresses his writing to professional translators at a publisher, while Etkind must compare and criticize his principles to convince readers. Gumilióv says that poetry must translate into poetry without changing the "content" in the original poem. Translators limits themselves to explain the logical- semantic sense of each verse as best as possible. Etkind's audience used to read poetic translations in prose or free verse. His job is to look for examples demonstrating the possibility of doing French translations of the "translation-recreation" type, as he calls "valid translation."

In contradistinction to the principle of the linguistic current: poetry is translated into poetry, French or Spanish literature do it in prose. The basic concept of translators is to separate one work from another. He must also be a poet; for writers, "the secret of translation lies in the strong union of the creative change and the prosaic practice of trade".

Another point in common between the two currents is that the task of translation is impossible without investigative work. Language expressions pose problems of comprehension and interpretation; they are mainly due to the cultural determination they present and that, therefore, require specific strategies when being translated. For Etkind, each poem is a unique expression, and it is the translator who must evaluate the elements that make up the poem.

Gumilióv and Etkind agree on accents, rhymes, rhythms, and stanzas when translating poems. Gumilióv makes a general description; however, Etkind considers all the elements from different points of view; for example, when analyzing a sonnet, he focuses first in the genre, then according to different schools, later as an author and finally as a particular case.

Gumilióv describes the aspects that he considers the translator must consider in isolation, not as parts of a whole. Etkind uses terms such as function, context, genre, composition, and system (text), widely used in literary theory, and, therefore, in translation theory. The role exists at different levels; all the works to translate have poetry as their primary function since we do not consider here university-type translations, which are bilingual and which only aim to facilitate the monitoring of the work in the original version. What, then, must all translations have in stock to perform this function? Well precisely that, to be poetic, not to be informative or explanatory, but to gather the features of all the elements of the text so that they turn out to be poetry.

For the translator, "his starting point is the awareness that the text forms a whole, and he must give that whole, in his language, its function, respecting the form and thought". For Etkind, translating verses into prose means analyzing the work; it starts from the base. It must be interpreted the specific gender in the original text (if it is

an epigram, irony, word games, rhythm, singing) to give the same function in the translation. Some words can have different features, Etkind tells us, for example, about phonics (for the phonic and graphic adaptation of foreign words, are considered sounds and letters of mother's tongue).

About metric forms, the "Yambo" (a short and a long syllable), and the "anfibraco" (three-syllables: a long one between two short ones: U_U), must be reproduced directly, but what they want to express, because "in poetry, the meter is nothing more than a very complex element formed by many factors called verse. The translation's job is to reproduce not just an element, but the function of that element: in other words, a whole where the element is the component". The essential thing in art is the original text, the translation of the original poem, not a new poem, for this, the context and time are crucial if the translator does not consider one of these points, there is a risk of placing the latest work in a modern setting.

Unlike the concept "system" defined by Etkind above, another is consisting of "sound" and "sense," each one has its laws, but "they are linked to each other by immaterial and indissoluble dependency at the same time." This is the formula of poetic art, two different systems that make the third.

The rhyme is not a pure sound element, but a principle of composition for the two streams. On behalf of Gumilióv, gender's concept does not exist, even if it is a macro context to sonnets, a higher structure to the text. Gumilióv uses the term in its traditional sense: sometimes, he defines poetry as "literary genre" and poetic translation a "separate literary genre, with laws defined by both: the input text and the aesthetic rules of the output literature".

Etkind differs in the term "output text" because it is unequivocally specific to translation theory, preferring to use literary terms.

Another word in the linguistic field is “context”: it is about the context in which a translated poem appears along with another series of poems. The type of poetry constitutes a context that groups the specific verse. The kind of poetry establishes a set of relationships with other verses of the same type or genre. It will acquire its personality based on its similarities or transgressions to the rule. The context also relates to the era, author, word environment, gaining a poetic character.

These are just some aspects to consider in the translation of poetry. It is a debate that lasts for years. Translators organize meetings to discuss updates methods, adding expert’s criteria that just with experience and years in translation they obtained, exposing their works to the public and specialists, comparing the original texts with their interpretations. Depending on the language, the writing is translating; they transform all the aspects described.

Any variation, however slight: cultural aspects, environment or translator’s knowledge, idioms, infer in the result. Beauty is in the eye of those who perceive it; in our case, in the ear of those who understand it, they will never agree. As a result, the discussion will take much longer.

CHAPTER 2

UNEARTHLY CHILDHOOD

INNOCENCE

Good-natured,
in the brightness of their looks
coldly unfinished.

Queen,
murdered by the mysterious and relative evil
that represses us.

Unfair,
because of the absolute Owners
that hide the corrupted truth.

Incomplete,
because they decided
that we will not be perfect.

MEDICIOUS ASCENDENCE

What happened to those two souls
that for loving and hating themselves
destroyed a third
and abandoned it
ignorantly
in a silent forest,
where love
is confusion and drowning?

INNOCENT DESCENDENCE

When I flood your innocent being with my love,
and feel my energy connected unbreakably
to your precious and wonderful miracle of being,
you will be mine,
you will be life,
you will be my light,
my music.

MURDERED MEMORIES

I killed them!
because it is difficult to find a cure

I slaughtered them with courage,
and while they tormented me,
while I cried of pain and joyfulness.

I destroyed them!
They are like dust!

Life is so unfair
that requires me to live
with the generous but painful
interrogation of the ghost of the past.

Because I know they existed,
and for that reason, they exist.

When did it start?

PERSECUTION

I was running awake
half good and half bad,
completely ignorant
for being ignored

And when the time has come
for the new death,
It appeared!

Normality goes crazy,
relativity suffocates her.

Poor girl!

Poor girl!

ENCHANTED FOREST

It was my enchanted route,
It was my labyrinth of fear,
It was the home of the ducks.

It was the King,
it was the Queen,
It was the right liquid
to burn emptiness,
to build dreams,
to fly!

THE SWING ON THE MAGIC TREE

Majestic mate
that teaches to love,
that connects us with the eternal,
that supplements loneliness

Hold me while I rise
with your loving branches,
connect me with the whole.

Give me life!
Give me peace!

INDECENT GAMES

Have you forgotten who you are?
You are the mixture
product of variant cyclothymic
of goodness and evil.

You are the energy of lustful beings
that are sheltered with your skin
and banish the reason
towards the beyond.

You are perfectly imperfect
and stained black in a dark world.

Have you forgotten who you are?

MUSICIAN'S LANGUAGE

There is something common beings do not understand
and it's the exciting thing that can be
let yourself be enveloped by music,
each change represents surprises
and each rhythm rumbles your inner universe
and it gives you the philosophy of living your way
avoiding, everything you can
make markable damages to seconds and thirds.

WALLS

You cannot love something you do not accept
and your desire to change me are notorious
and chilling.

I cannot be for you the slave of your tastes
saved in your glass box
where did you pretend to hide?
Taking me out of the pleasure of being myself
while your walls crush me.

I am glad to be outside the wall.

HE WAS THE GOD

Sent to kill,
ignorance unleashed
his innocence and humility.

The power did not rip out his soul,
its essence was pious,
His spirit was peace.

And in your cloud of truth
It protected the earth.

And in your cloud of truth
Everyone fell in love.

Sent to kill,
ignorance unleashed
his innocence and humility.

LIGHT BEING

Let the words fade
while you take refuge in the city of calm,
where you swim and you flow in your rivers
and the tree is lord and knight,
the green and the inexplicable colors
they become one
to form the perfect place
where you will be finally protected
of soul killers:
“Your spirit”.

AFFECTIVE LACK

Someone evil
took liberty
to create a beautiful world,
and drew
a strange creature
with a special ingredient:
an empty space.

With the only purpose
to condemn the creature
to a painful and almost infinite search
of what would cure him.

Someone is cruel!

THE GOBLIN

Friend of mine,
she sent you away,
the evil one and her spells,
you were separated from me.

Your last look
I keep it in wisdom
because you are part of me.

I wait for you, my friend,
in the same room
you were my elf
my home
my fascination.

UNEXPLAINED TRAGEDY

Where are the souls
of true parents
from the corner where they gave their lives?

Where are the responsible
of the girl's blindness
that cursed day when the weapons detonated?

Everyone keeps silence,
everyone forgets,
but scars prevail.

Infinite!

Infinite!

THROWING POSSIBILITIES

I imagine you as crazy,
conqueror of the world,
awesome, dreamer.

Or maybe you were a musician,
intelligent, good lover.

Or were you a poet?
that impregnated with letters
in my blood
the virtuous of your hands
and the egocentric of your mind.

SINGS, THE GIRL SINGS!

She dreams,
she says goodbye to the earthbound,
escapes from the fever of her mind,
notes make her live.

The girl plays in the city of unconsciousness!

She is transported to her star
where beings of flesh and bone do not spoil her,
where music is her mother
and she is herself at the same time,
they are one, they are the whole.

The girl plays in the city of unconsciousness!

Evil because of nature,
and angel because of ignorance,
secured between forests and elves

The girl plays in the city of unconsciousness!

Sings, the girl sings
Dreams, the girl dreams
Dies, the girl dies!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

To depend on the snap of the fingers of your thoughts
to blast off and be the whole
or be nothing?
And then swim in the space among Oberon, Mariana and Titania.
What a beautiful mind!
What a beautiful world!

CHAPTER 3

THERE IS A CRAZY THING CALLED LOVE

LET'S BELIEVE

If we hold on for a moment,
if we began to believe a little on “forever”,
if we forget the suffering and remove the past.
We will abysmally conceive the crash of our universes
and we will fly,
love of mine, we will be inherent for thousands of lives!

DRAW YOUR THOUGHTS

I draw your lips
perfect for my kisses
and I immerse myself
through your strangely appealing vibes
in your deep thoughts
questionable of existing.

And I keep drawing your lips
trying to find answers
and analyzing why
you are so compatible with my labyrinths.

CONDITIONAL LOVE

You elevate my existence to a place
poetically constructed
by the imagination of a dreamy girl
that sarcastically thanks humans
for not knowing her.

And for being the privileged monster
that opened the magical portal,
condemns you to perfect life
to love conditionally,
because only if you come from my star, I will love you,
and only if that magic actually exists,
You'll love me!

FULMINING ENERGY

My soul is so empty
that only the sound of your presence
fills my sighs of innocence,
and the girl wakes up excited
because she still looks at your shadow
on the edge of the bed
when I get up.

GESTURE

Let me fly over your dreams,
let me be the goddess who writes your destiny,
melt your mind into my world
and give me your gesture of love:
"Your soul"

JOINED

I live in the madness of belonging eternally
since I understand the language of your pupils,
until you love the language of my hands.

I live in the hope of the existence of magic,
because this world cannot be the whole,
because love is inexplicable,
because the spell has touched us,
now we are enslaved to each other
and we are free to conquer our souls.

MAGIC

You carry me to the supernatural
your eyes erase hell
your energy gives me innocence
and your intelligence eliminates my evil.

The impossibility of having us terrified
as much as the desire to continue,
the powerful force of your lips
it leaves me marked.

Pure soul!
Living soul!

FROM THE SAME STAR

The starry girl, she,
lost in the lie of the non-existence of light
Arriving at the bottom, she found herself.
she would have surrendered to that strange feeling
because when she saw him, their world was dust
they stopped to exist, or perhaps they began to exist.

Their traffic lights were green
the signs interrupted to the farewell
It was them, it was the day, it was the time, their time!
They were infinite beings of the same star
with the goddess music as a seal of souls.
It was perfect magic!
It was magical perfection!

THE WORMS SEPARATED HER FROM HER BELOVED

I do not know how, or who
but someone sawed her soil,
saw her fall and trampled her.
The girl did not reach her rainbow

Worms separated her from her beloved
cosmos dictated its sentence:
“Balance!” He screamed with fury.

Then they caught her,
they condemned her,
They locked her to fit with humans.
Locked in their minds,
drowned by his disgusting thoughts,
crazed by the evil of their souls,
once again trapped by accursed.

She wanted to love them,
she wanted to be the piece,
but she belonged to her star,
her beloved understood her!

She took all the hatred and fury in her hands,
she shouted for revenge,
and hand in hand with the goddess music,
she escaped from heaven
she wanted to go to hell!
she knew that in freedom
there would always be
something better to come!

THE FIRST STARS BEING IN KNOWING LOVE FOREVER LASTS!

Running for your life is the only option
if life is beautiful
I want to live it!
worms hate happiness.

The escape worked
her beloved star found her
time stopped
the seconds faded
and they joined in the end

No one would stop them
and although the cosmic balance will not go away
they will remain,
he says they love her in all their lives,
she handed him hers
and without time and without humans
they could finally be
the first stars in knowing love forever lasts!

Snip, snap snout, this tales told out.
there is a crazy thing called love

WHO?

What I expect:

“My love
come dear
falling in love is my job
I cannot resist seeing your cries
I demand to see you well,
come to my refuge,
by my side
you will finally find
an infinite dream,
I love you”.

What I get:

“If you are crying
writes,
that helps you”.

I do not know who he is,
I do not know

CHAPTER 4

MISANTHROPY

SEARCH

On the road of the dark night
 where your teammates are dead
 and the sound does not show vital signs,
     you look empty
 there is nothing inside or outside
 you forget who you are, and you ended up sleeping in an
     armchair
 homeless, without friends, without love.

But you smile!
 you keep walking down the dark route,
     a route without a moon!
 Defy the cold with the shine of your tears
     your smile reflects sadness
 you do not know who you are
     there is no music
     you have no voice

- "Who are you?" my conscience asks.
     - "I have no idea!" I answer.
     - "Ask yourself!" ... it replies
 - "Good!" I exclaim, "But the answer will be the same,
 better said, the question will always be the same "
     Where is my child?

Child, where are you? Do not hide
     Do not fall asleep, do not cry!
 I want to be your comfort; I want to be your hug.
     little girl
 wake up from this nightmare
     I am your external life

You have slept in this dark valley for years
full of monsters,
full of fears

Easy little
here I am, come to my arms.
Let us start over!
together the monsters disappear
together the fears are shrinking
together we will create the moon!
together we will look at the boreal halo
together we will mark footprints
together, my love! Together!

That is how I look for it
that is how I try to lose my fear
so, I try to answer,
Well, I know perfectly how I am!
What I do not know is: Who I am

HUMANITY

And the gods of dust dictated their sentence
"The energy of your aura will be black, fear will absorb it
it will be dark in the damn forest
we condemn her to emptiness, to madness
To the voices"

Where is her soul?
Who has given them permission to judge it?
To destroy it!
Who has given them the courage to kill her dreams?
Is there still more pain?

She just wanted to live
love and his mind warred to death
with swords and shields
the screams were not enough
the dark had no alternative but to annihilate it
she, condemned to emptiness, to madness
to the voices.

IN SEARCH OF OPTIONS

And what do I do by keeping whole emotions in creating
paradises offered by the Goddess?

And what do I do when the ideas of not moving away killing
consequences and killing loneliness flutter?

Or what do I do with the colorful butterflies that leave the
Turkish chair to the cerebellum every time I enjoy your voice?

And what do I do with my pupils who miss you until they die
trying to burn every second that curses my day because you are
not there?

CHAPTER 5

FURY

IMPULSE

Tied to condemnation
the lie consumes you
devastating everything
this is the end.

They catch you or judge you
your words suffocate you
the sounds of death are approaching
this is the end

Your weakness makes you a victim
death devours the naive
but the scream of your soul awakes you
come take the strength,
this is the end

You are the chosen one
your destiny is not written
escape from their square minds
take strength,
it's time to finish them

COME DOWN FROM THE HIGHEST

The things that hurt me
for you are Byzantine
I do not exist
I do not care
your ego is so high
that it only matters what you want
it only matters who you are
I can die, I can stagnate
I may not exist, I am insignificant

If I cry, nobody is
if I suffer, I do not conspire
I have always been alone
I will always be
Why do I wait for something from someone to do?

He ridicules me when I am crying
he, "The all mighty",
The Great Lord!
owner and dominant of the truth
Oh, powerful,
tell me when will you come down?
You are nothing

ELECTIONS

It is okay,
let us play to fall in love,
you as the child
and me as the expert.

Let us play to annihilate
all the sensations
to be moral.

No!
Wait!
Better not kill us,
let us play forever
while I consume your purity
and I destroy your imagination without intention.

My child
if I have you
I lose the world;
and it fascinates me to have the world in my power.

IMPOSSIBLE

I have for you
many: "What would happen if?"
in plural.

I have for you
the murky desire
of not staying with the desire
and dedicate my passion to you.

I have the shocks of time for you
that reduces us to what we are:
Disabled beings
that just want
to be loved.

RETORTED LOBOTOMY

I do not know if guilt fulmine me
or if the "it does not matter"
play the fate of my spirit,
but I need the twisted lobotomy
that your lips give me,
or been distracted from your look
and declare me as mad
to not wish you more.
Infinitely!

I WILL DIE

I lose myself in silence,
the madness catches me
of the being that dominates me,
my tears
fade in your breath
and I just want to hurt.

About to say goodbye,
I am about to succumb,
falling is my soul alienated
and forgetting bleeds.

I know perfectly,
without you I will be fine,
I will find my being
falling low,
I will untie your kisses from my lips,
And finally, my love,
I will die!

LUXURY

Passions enter your veins
elixir and uncontrol
temptations and lust
uncover your modesty.

Deflecting your way
you drown in alcohol
destroying your destiny
succumb to temptation.

Fire
you play with fire
your body burns
you want to burn

You get lost in your thoughts
you depend on pain
It does not matter anything
and freckles without control.

Fire
you play with fire
your body burns
you want to burn.

YOU FAINT

Today the sorrow
ask where you are
I look at your name
carved in the crystal.

Silence hurts
today you are no longer
your soul is going
in the air it goes.

You swore before your death
be part of my being
wrap me up with your aura
do not go
do not go.

LAW OF TALION

Febrile curse
sowing when walking
you want to destroy
my happiness.

Damned
I'll see you fall
you burn in your hell
you will be your own judge

You play out there
you burn with your fire
give pain
watering your poison

You have in your voice
snake tongue
walnut brain
blind people.

EXHAUSTION

Fed!
of being reproached for being a woman
that for being nice abuse
that for love to go over ready
that they want to satisfy their needs, and nobody thinks of me,
when I think of everyone.

Tired of begging for love that should be given in abundance,
tired of giving something I need
for not thinking of me,
for wanting the good of all,
for loving unconditionally,
For being enormously silly!

RIGHTS AND INSTINCTS

Don't take me away from the right
to moisten my life with mistakes
Do not assign me perfection
because I am human,
I do not deserve it.

Do not turn me away from desire
That this reality vanishes
because there is something inside my instinct
far beyond my dreams,
that tells me there is a lot to come
and the time of life
it becomes a cheat game of chance.

YOU HURT

I feel your lies in my hands
and I am paralyzed because I do not know what to do with them,
if I kill them and drown them for fear, they will continue to kill
me,
or become fond of and get used to
to the pain that they cause me
because they burn me
and the blisters on my fingers bleed.

YOU PRETEND! YOU LIE! YOU HURT!

You pretend!
Love is nothing more
that a distraction
to deviate me from the absurd reality
in which you only pretend.

You lie!
Love is nothing more
that absolute weakness,
the nakedness before the lethal soul
to deviate me from this absurd reality
where you only lie.

You Hurt!
Love is nothing more
That constant desire
That my voices fool me
To deviate me from this absurd reality
In which everything hurts.

VENGEANCE

I am lost!
I feel that paintings talk to me.

I breathe fear!
I am the black shaken kitten under the table.

The crying does not stop!
Blind love only weakens your inner child.

I want to destroy!
The demon has awakened thanks to the full moon.

I am ready!
Nobody will harm me again.

TWISTED AND PERFECT

I see you surrounding my essence
and I can touch your voice,
I feel your breath on my back
and your hands catching my time.

Your tenderness has connected to my instincts
and love as such manifests itself
in our forbidden desire to have us.

And I miss your twisted and perfect kisses
that will soon come to me
being the sole owner and mistress of your soul.

NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK

I have tried everything
to the point of vanishing who I am
for being the piece in this puzzle
called: "life".

And I have come to the sad conclusion
that I need to be
as far away as possible
of this imperfect superficial system.

HELL EXISTS

Hell exists and it is called Earth
it is called today.

It is called politics
its last name is money
and its honor is kept in banks.

Hell exists in
the human soul
sold by the power
corrupted by greed.

Hell exists
and it is in the voices
that they order you to be greater.

Hell exists and it is called obedience.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS

You walk in the city
and you numb time
you try to kill him
but he is strong and patient
go slow.

You see yourself
trying to pretend
what is one more Sunday
that they are only hours mixed with stories
without telling.

Why
you only walk in the city
and you numb time?

But he is strong and patient
go slow.

DEATH?

What is behind the curtain
at the bottom of the tunnel
when touching the light?

Is there an unknown show to come?
Are there isolated deformities?
Is there a harmonious musical?
Or just penumbra?
Will I be able to know the mysteries
that surround my universe?

Exquisite curiosity
that makes dementia
want to be executed
and that nobody will understand.

NUISANCE

I think I am getting to the point
in which after knowing.

Who I am?

And surrender to the

“Why?”

I start having an inexplicable
feeling bored

What will I invent now
to make sense of my life?

THERE ARE NO EXITS

I feel absurdly condemned
to live in a disastrous lie
in which I must pretend that I am happy
for fear of being among four miserable walls.

THE ORIGIN

Wake up from the machines
that they have connected us at birth
or we will be ground beef,
burned brains,
callused hands to work.

Because the systematization
increase the power of the detestable owners
and it immobilizes us.

Because we are part of their monstrosities
and his bloodthirsty experiments.

Wake up from the machines
who controls our universe?
And let us look for freedom
that great desire called: Happiness.

HUMILIATION

The endless struggle of the self against my ego,
and the voices that tell me that he loves me
they make me rise to the highest rank of false self-esteem,
and when love tries to talk to me
I feel bent because it is powerful.

That is when the confusion appears
and I cannot decipher exactly
if it is the pain of crushing my ego
or is it the desperation to humiliate me.

CHAPTER 6

VOICES

FELICIA

Existence is beautiful,
my beloved complements me,
the energy is pure,
time is violet,
music is part of me,
the sky shines,
the questions do not exist,
money is not vital.

SMARTA

You should know more,
eat the whole world,
learn from him,
study their minds,
investigate answers,
do not settle for a perspective,
survive,
breathe,
do not love.

LOVELIE

You are my Oikos,
the most precious thing in my great world,
the most divine of my destiny,
the most wonderful thing about this real dream,
my princess magnetized in the castle,
my beauty of the enchanted kingdom,
you are my everything.

SADA

"I cannot resist being alone
if I end up dying in a depth
with little air,
nobody took pity on this soul
which would never think about hurting.

The unfair balance is just a bad joke
of a macabre God
that sarcastically makes fun of me.
I do not deserve him to hate me!"

UNGRA

The most despicable of humans is:
self-centeredness,
greed,
violence,
ignorance,
superficiality,
love of money,
cruelty,
hypocrisy,
indolence.

Interesting how as rereading these lines
again, and again,
even if I want to escape with all my power,
I come to the miserable conclusion that:
I am,
by most coincidences,
totally and absolutely involuntarily,
a despicable being.

FEARA

What if, after dying?
we come to a world where everyone around us
discover what we really are
and not just what we show that we are?

What if I could no longer hide myself from myself?
And what about if you leave me?
What terrifying ideas!

LUXY

I want to feel your skin on my back,
I want to cuddle your chest,
I want to burn myself with passion,
with your breath on my neck,
talk to me!
beloved, shake my skull!

JEAL

Is he lying?
look at his eyes,
look at his hands,
watch each movement,
think like him
are you sure you know him?
it is 10:45, and he has not arrived,
What do you think he does?
Do you really think he loves you?
What if he just wants to hurt you?
Who do you think he has breakfast with every morning?
Did he arrive home without hunger?
you know that millions of things can happen in 2 seconds,
you know how easy it is to lie for intelligent people,
you know how smart he is,
watch out!
Intelligence is dangerous!

INQUIRE NONSENSE

What happened to your desire to be yours?
What happened to the ones you always tossed without thinking?
What happened to the illusion plant you're letting die?
What happened to the eternal story?
With the beautiful words?
With your wise and timely seducer's praises?
With your love?
You have destroyed my soul!

CHAPTER 7

SACRAMENT

WHO?

Who gave us evil?
Who took pity on us and created love?
Who dreams of existence?
A being that has fun with our problems?
An imperfect who tried to offer perfection,
But was he wrong?
or
Does a simple crazy child dream on us?

WHY?

Because of culture,
because of ignorance,
for being the piece of this game,
because of rejection,
because of fear,
because of distraction,
because of wanting to forget,
because of hatred of their world,
for love of mine,
for revenge,
for perfection,
because of self-centeredness,
For survival,
for escaping the pain.

HOW?

Tying ropes,
complimenting to the square game,
cutting your soul to fit,
waiving your origin.

Or waking up,
being happy,
isolating you from the world.

SYSTEM

And is that you see yourself trapped in yourself,
right on the 6th level of escape
when you try to solve past life problems
and no answered existentialisms
that enlarge the crushing walls of normality,
systematically imparted
under the owners of the world's
convenient perspective.

SOMETHING IS WRONG

Beings try to be protected
under the mantle of gods,
that deliver lasting happiness,
tired of anguish
caused by dark people
trapped by criteria of egotism and distraction.

Power that wants more power,
wealthy people eliminate themselves for more money,
families without a father who fight
for improving their technology,
and others,
that with some luck
they have a father called "internet",
thus, obtaining weak men
that will cause difficulties
and after exploding,
the strong ones will be born,
that will cause better times,
that will sink this dimension
in the universal spiral
and pathetically disconcerting
of the absurd equilibrium
that marks our existence.

RETORTS

Society crushes rough freedom
and recruit new brains to kill,
true happiness has been taken away from us
and they have connected us to the great convenient matrix.

The only thing that disconnects us
it is love,
and if the human would love,
perfect happiness would exist.

HIDDEN TRUTHS

Under the standard morality
of the society
it is not good to hurt people
and lies are bad.

But what causes more harm?
Living in a fantasy?
or
Dying in a truth?

OUR OWN COSMOS

Perfection does not have to be bad,
the complete happiness is desired,
it is got,
but it is incomplete
for having a finite.

We do not want more humans for their evil,
under our own perspective.
we only want goodness
in our soul,
under our own perspective.

we do not understand their minds
earthly creatures,
we leave
towards our own cosmos.

PUPIL

Soul fills with marks,
body suffers from deterioration,
and mind feeds on power.

I am what I learn,
I am the reflection of the whole,
within my time,
inside my space.

I am evil in the depths of black,
I am kindness in the most mysterious of the white,
intense vibrations
connected between and for themselves
in the magic form of the spiral.

I am the contaminated external
I am the internal, maximum,
pure!

THE GOOD OF OTHERS FOR BEINGS OF POWER, IS NONEXISTENT

What else do you want?
they enjoy all the pain of improper pain,
Do you want to win more elections?
Do you want to chastise us for no reason
and with more devastation?
Ahead!
at the end
the power only unleashes reproach

Be prisoners of your own misery!

THE GODDESS

I found the divinity
in the sweetness of his notes
in the magic of its texture
in the pleasantness of its smell
in the softness of his caresses
in the power of his voice
deep in its magnificence

Because I die and its radiance gives me back my life
because the walls collapse when he wraps me
it goes through my veins only by existing
and I go away from of the dust to be “the infinite”

Oh Music!
you, wonderful
you, unique
you, mine.

HUMILITY?

While the world separates you,
while time is in charge of annoying you,
and the obsession of perfection makes you hate yourself
because you hate humans for imperfect, but you cannot avoid
being one,
there is a desperate scream to believe!
to take someone or something that listens to you,
admires you,
loves you.

Suddenly the darkness, Fear and loneliness
makes you take refuge in the only being that would give
everything for you!
that is when you understand that
you can be your own God.

SOCIAL STRUGGLE

Thousands of years has been fought
by leaving the imperfect square,
but the media has been corrupted
and there is no place for more truths.

Only art will save us!
but as it exists
it's part of the systematic figure,
and this, at the same time,
becomes corrupted art.

THE "NICE" CITY

After so many debts
poverty and "pelucones",
greatness continues
of the governors

despicable tyrants
playing to have power
prisoners for the money
lost in humanity.

In that park
the lions died,
the cow was kidnapped,
Riobamba was spoiled
three million times

despicable tyrants
playing to have power
prisoners for the money
lost in humanity.

I AM NOT A CHAIN

Your behavior is detestable
yes, after burying your claws in other grounds
you have the strategy of showing your anger.

What lack of humility,
What happens?
Do you despair to know that you cannot play with me?
neglect,
You can be free to keep burying your claws
Come on!
Flying!
Get out of here!

DEPRIVATION

Pretend that your soul is easy
forget the scruples
and continue on the path of seduction
try to forget the human emptiness
lacking expertise to do it

Search everywhere
what I do not have in my universe
pretend that everything is different
forget that the change here is relatively impossible
and continue on the path of disappointment
try to forget the human emptiness
lacking expertise to do it.

FIGHT

In the exquisite of living
There is a flaw:
"The desire for more",
"The nonconformity".

That disastrous part
Invented by your mind
that does not let you give the existing value
to everything around, you
and hinders true happiness
that wants to give you a touch of magic.

Eliminate compliance!
Defer it from mediocrity!
And live!

Enjoy what you have
and if you lose it
fight for it,
You do nothing by crossing your arms!

CHAPTER 8

WOMEN

VENUS

Predestined to be hurt by a society
that has punished us to the stove
to stop the outbreak
of our conscience
and keep us trapped in the second place.

Let's raise Venus
to be free
and take off
with our magic.

True magic!

RUN TO THE HILLS

Flee to infinity
or they will get you
they will urge their lives
and they will reach you.

Do not resist,
keep going!
do not miss,
just listen!

Flee to infinity
or they will find you
take your sword
and it will collapse.

Fight to death
for your freedom
love until tired
and you will wake up.

Awake!
behind the curtain!
between universes,
there's nothing good!

WOMAN

The personality of a witch
reflected by notes
that give you the breath of life,
they lift you up,
they encourage you,
they talk to you.

You accelerate,
stop,
you change,
smile
you cry,
you have fury
but sweetness,
It is your essence forged with music.

What an admirable song!

MAD

Madness is the beauty of being you,
the failures of the alternate realities
they show you the irony
to pretend that you belong here.

And you decide to sing,
laugh, and feel,
because you are magical,
why did you disconnect,
because you are the peace you need.

Or decide to cry,
hate and get angry,
because you are free,
because you forgot,
because madness is the beauty of being yourself.

I DECIDE

Today I go through life
breathing and smiling,
today I look at my divided sky
that the storm will end.

Today I conceive that fear evaporates,
and says goodbye with a disguised:
«see you soon».

I for now
I will enjoy the condition
in which fate has decided,
because fear will return soon
and when that happens
I will be ready to fight,
and I will win!
I know I will!

TIME

Goes by,
slightly cruel,
slightly perfect,
passionately enemy,
ironically friend.

Goes by,
opportunely judge,
carelessly affective,
greedily fast,
unfortunately, essential.

FEMININE

I am a being of unrepeatable light
I am the gift of the mysterious white
I am the radiance that the nucleus needs

I am life
I am peace

I am dreams and forgetfulness
I flow in sweet rivers and salty oceans

I am conscience
I am freedom
I am a woman.

CONTROL

The force is with me,
I feel his authority,
with touches of music
your energy in me will inhabit.

The spell begins
and I can achieve
if I propose,
the moon reach,
be part of the whole
and be the owner of the world,
the universe of the mind grasping.

I DEMAND MY FREEDOM

If there really is a God
Is it a malevolent God
Who invented pain?
Or it is a very good one
what do I believe in love?

What strangeness is God?
perfect?
strong and negative response
because he was definitely wrong
by creating incomplete and corrupted beings.

Neither "almighty"
because you cannot delete
the evil that I indirectly believe.

If you exist,
Let me be free!

APPETIZING MINDS

It is exquisite
savor spiral minds
where you can dive
and flood you in delicious ideas.

That delicate sweet
that appears when everything flows
and you embark on learning
in the cooking state.

WE SHOULD...

We should all be happy
like a fairy tale
in which magic exists,
love is real,
loneliness is song and sap,
the animals shine
and the stars sing the anthem to the universe.

Politics is just an invented word
by a madman with power
without money and territories
we would be pure souls
we should be happy souls.

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**UNIVERSIDAD
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Gestión del Conocimiento y Propiedad Intelectual

POETRY, AS A METHODOLOGICAL RESOURCE IN TEACHING ENGLISH ; se publicó en el mes de agosto de 2021 en la Universidad Nacional de Chimborazo.

Poetry,

as a methodological
resource in
teaching English

This work has a sui generis origin in its editorial structure. In its first part, it brings together several academic articles related to the concepts of poetry, methods, forms, and advice on poetic writing and translation. While, in its second part, it includes a lyrical, transgressive, profoundly existential content.

This unique style of mixing poetry with scientific articles is useful for unraveling and understanding the verses and especially the English translation, turning the exercise of this work into a transdisciplinary fusion of collective efforts to achieve a poetic-academic goal.

In a globalized world, the Academy has broken space-time, as barriers of distance and communication, adding to the English language as a means of two-way interconnection between universities across the planet. This layout conceived that the poetic and academic contents of this work are from Spanish to English. In some cases, Latin American universities have an outstanding debt with their students regarding English teaching. For the above, this book by academics from the Universidad Nacional de Chimborazo (Unach), manages to contribute one more piece to the puzzle of learning the English language, in an innovative and formative way.

Poetry, as a methodological resource in teaching English, is an original and innovative poetic and academic work. The book contains two parts. The first part includes three articles with content designed to become a support, help, and consultation on poetry and its different forms of writing in English. The second part contains 93 poems in English, with high provocative and mystical content, making it attractive to all readers who want to study different poetic points of view. All texts produced in this book are translated into English, looking in this way, to awaken interest in learning this language, in some cases, and in others, as an academic material to review the literature of William Shakespeare.

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