

Look what I've got



Aurora Guerra



A seed of writing sprouted in her very early. "Poemas de Navidad" in the elementary school, "Ha nacido una estrella" and "Memorias de un Bachillerato" in the secondary school, while she was still a young girl, secured her first literary prizes awarded by the Instituto Véritas of the Institución Teresiana of Madrid.

Writing was for her much more than a game or a passing hobby. Year after year not unlike a devoted pilgrim she participated in literary competitions and calls in which she would confirm her passion for writing. In all of them she won a prize. She was finalist in several story competitions of Tribuna Médica and received the first prize in the eighth edition for "El día de hoy". She also received the first prize in the story competition of the Asociación de Padres La Familia for "Pichón" and the first prize of the fourth story competition Don Daniel de Rebotica for "Las Manos de Yasmín". Then followed the second prize in the third short story competition Ramon y Cajal of Ilustre Colegio Oficial de Medicos de Madrid for "Tomás y los medios", the first prize in the 2009 story competition of the Medical Economics for "Manuel me mira a los ojos" and the first prize in prose in 2010 of the Asociación de Farmacéuticos de Artes y Letras for "Cancún veinte diez". She received, in 2011, the second prize of the Literatura en Prosa FAES for "Epifanía". However, prose alone was not at all sufficient. Although poetry, her most intimate literary emotion almost always was kept in the corners of her soul, sometimes it appeared in light and also gave fruit: prize for youth of the publisher La Muralla for the collection of poems "Nosotros dos" in Spanish and Portuguese. First prize in the poetry competition of the Asociación Española de Médicos Escritores y Artistas 2007 for "Desde dentro de la piel", the second prize in poetry Antonio Machado 2011 of the Fundación Ferrocarriles Españoles for "Meteoro en la huella" and the second prize of literature in verse of the Asociación de Farmacéuticos de Artes y Letras for "Madrid contradicción", and the first prize for "A propósito del tiempo" of the Asociación de Farmacéuticos de Artes y Letras.

"Mira lo que tengo" is her latest work, a collection of poetry in which each part of the body becomes a game full of fun, sweetness and harmony. Reading these poems is not sufficient. One must live them, act them and sing them. So we all can be more like children, live again that innocence that still continues inside us although we sometimes forget it.

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Dedicated to Sofía, Alfonso and Claudia





Sofía

When you flip your eyelashes ,
the Fairy Fantasy is born .
You fly and make me fly
to the world of marvels .
The word that rhymes with your
name is Poesy .

Alfonso

A little captain ,
a great wizard in miniature ,
a naughty little angel ,
an arsenal of sweetness .
Your smile moves me ,
Alfonso , you , my dearest .

Claudia

Hardly I knew you , yet
I know all about you .
Hardly you smiled to me , yet
you touched my heart .
The world is born in your hands .
Grow up happy , my treasure .

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Edited by MEDA PHARMA, S.A.

Translated by:

Leena Marjatta Siitonen

Printed in Spain

Creative concept and graphic design made by Umbilical

ISBN: 978-84-695-7379-2.

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Look what I've got

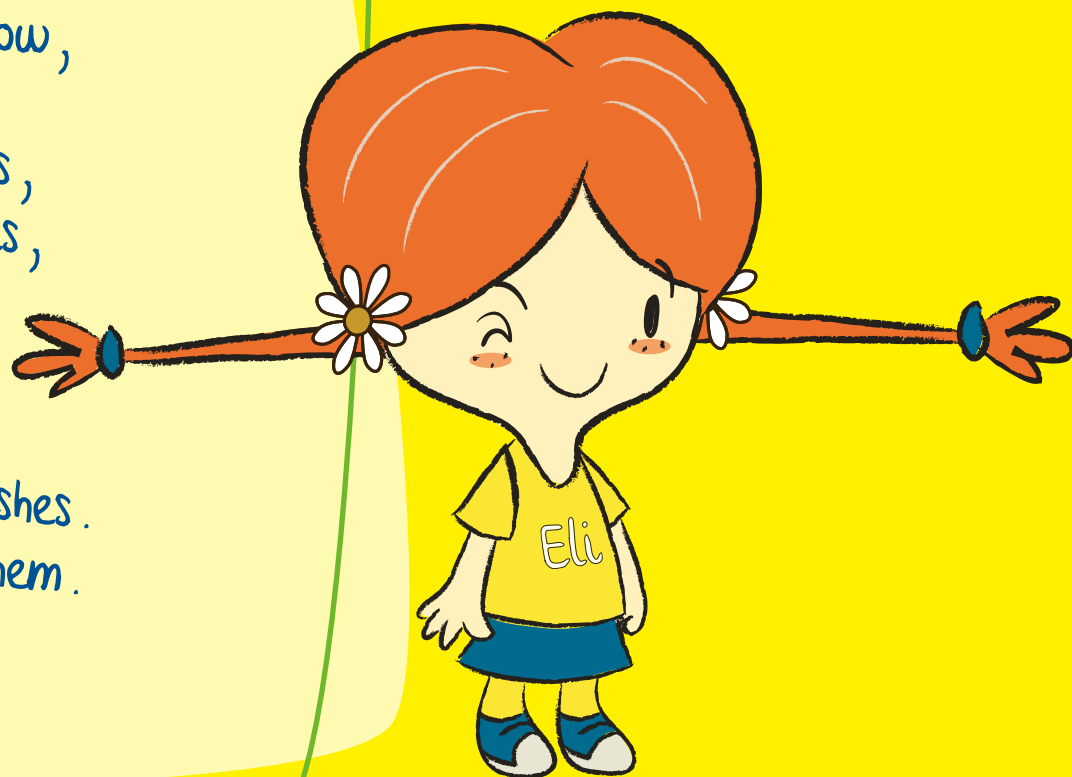


So many things I've got in my body.
I've got a head covered with hair.
Teeth, a mouth that can kiss,
eyes that see,
a nose in the middle;
hands that touch.
I've also got fingers
and two feet that run when I play with you.
I've got a thousand colors: white, rose, black.
I've also got gestures: very serious, with a frown.
Happy, laughing.
I've got so many things all over in my body
that sometimes I think of myself as a dream.

My eyes

Two lights in my face go off when I sleep.
They go on in the morning
and tell me their secrets :
how the sun is in my window ,
how my dog's tail moves ;
they tell the color of oranges ,
and the picture of my stories ,
the face of my parents ,
the smile of my Grandpa .

They're two lights with eyelashes .
They're my eyes , and I love them .





My eyebrows

Only two fanny lines
painted on my forehead.
They've got hair that doesn't grow
and they do almost nothing.
They look like an elevator,
well, they move only up and down.



My tears

Knowing about salt ,
knowing about strawberry ,
knowing about soup ,
knowing about pain .
When I'm scolded for being naughty
I cry very upset
and scream furiously .
But I never cry when I'm happy .

My mouth

How smart is my mouth!
It does what I order :
open, close, laugh, cry,
show the teeth ... not so much!
The tongue out of loneliness
likes walking for a while.
It loves sweets. But, don't believe it!
My mouth loves the cold
when munching ice cream.



My tongue

While I'm thinking
it stays in the mouth.
But if I'm talking,
it becomes playful:
it swims, jumps, plays
and does a thousand things
without any order.
When it's furious,
it becomes long and grows
outside the mouth,
hardly moving
it insults and jokes.
It's truly adventurous.
It does what it pleases.





My teeth

They're white and many,
they're hard and strong.
They bite sandwiches, apples and nuts.
They're always hiding inside the mouth.
They're showing only when I laugh.

My brother hasn't got any.

My laugh

Sometimes I laugh hard : ha! Ha!
I can't stop when mum's tickling my tummy.

My dog has got a laugh
that's original and special.
It moves its tail when it's laughing.
It's so strange. Ha, ha, ha!



My nose



My nose is divine.
How can it be, I don't know,
that not seeing what's on the plate,
I know what I will eat.

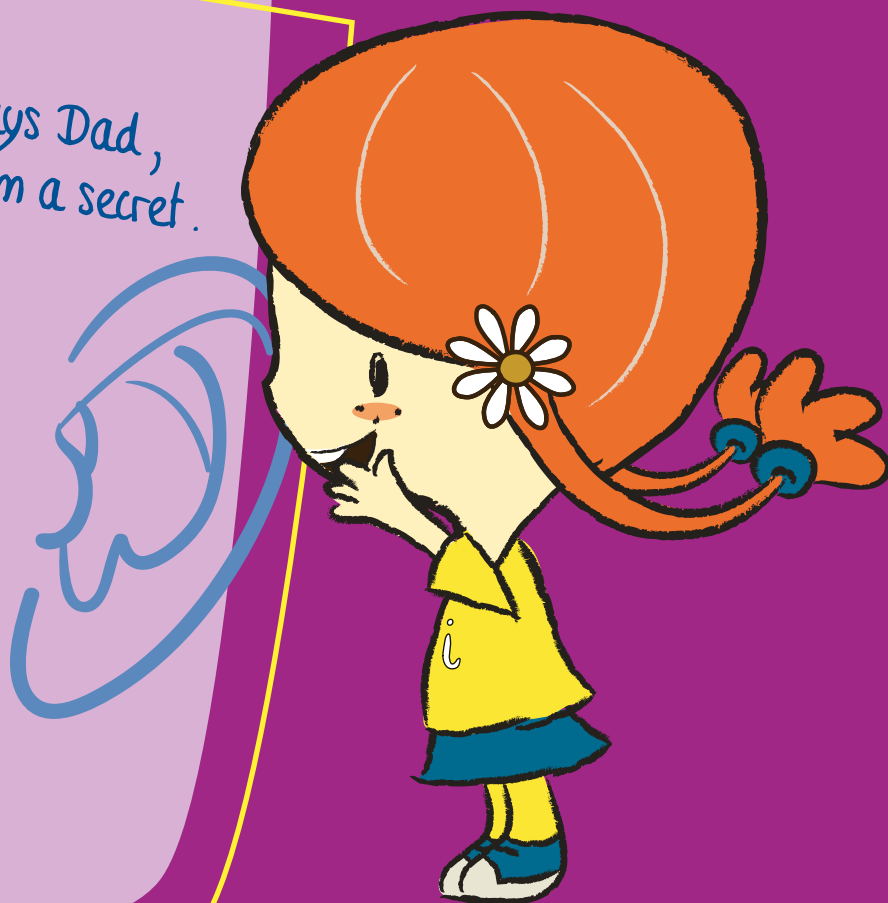
My nose is proud
as it always likes being the first to show up
and the last to go away.

I don't know if it likes this
or if it has to do this:
my nose never gets tired
and never stops to smell.

My ears

'Say it into my ear', says Dad,
when I'm going to tell him a secret.
Round, wavy,
small, normal,
it seems like a picture
painted in the sea.

It's always at peace
since it's very formal.
You know something?
I've got another one similar.



My hair



My hair is quite short.
My friend's hair is long.
Mum has got strait hair.
Dad's hair is curly.

Their colors are different :
blond , brown , chestnut .
My hair moves in the wind
when it's well combed .

With a comb and a brush
I can make my hairdo
and play with the fringe
by placing it on the other side .

My neck

With a scarf and with a necklace
my neck is dressed up
for a walk.

My neck carries the head
and makes it turn
to left, to right,
forward and backward.

It stretches itself and gets much longer
when it likes knowing something.



My arms



When I bend down
they touch the floor
and if I stretch myself
they reach to the sky.

When I open them
I'm big and strong,
and when I close them
I become small.

I really like them!
With my arms
I can give a big hug
to those I love.

My hands

I'm now saying hi!
With my right hand,
and looking to the other side
I see my left hand.

My hands help my arms
to carry the bagfuls of toys
I get at Christmas.

My hands are full of fingers
to help touching the locks of hair
and my Mum's face.



My legs

- Come, my child, come.
- My legs don't want to come.
What can I do?
- Put toys away.
- No, not today. They don't like at all
to be picked up.
- Come, my child, come.
- My legs don't want to come.
What can I do?
- I've got a sandwich.
- Well, then I'll come.
- But ... the legs?
- They want to eat.

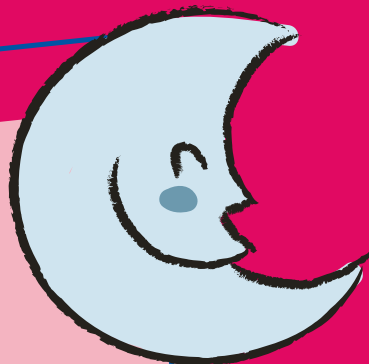


My feet

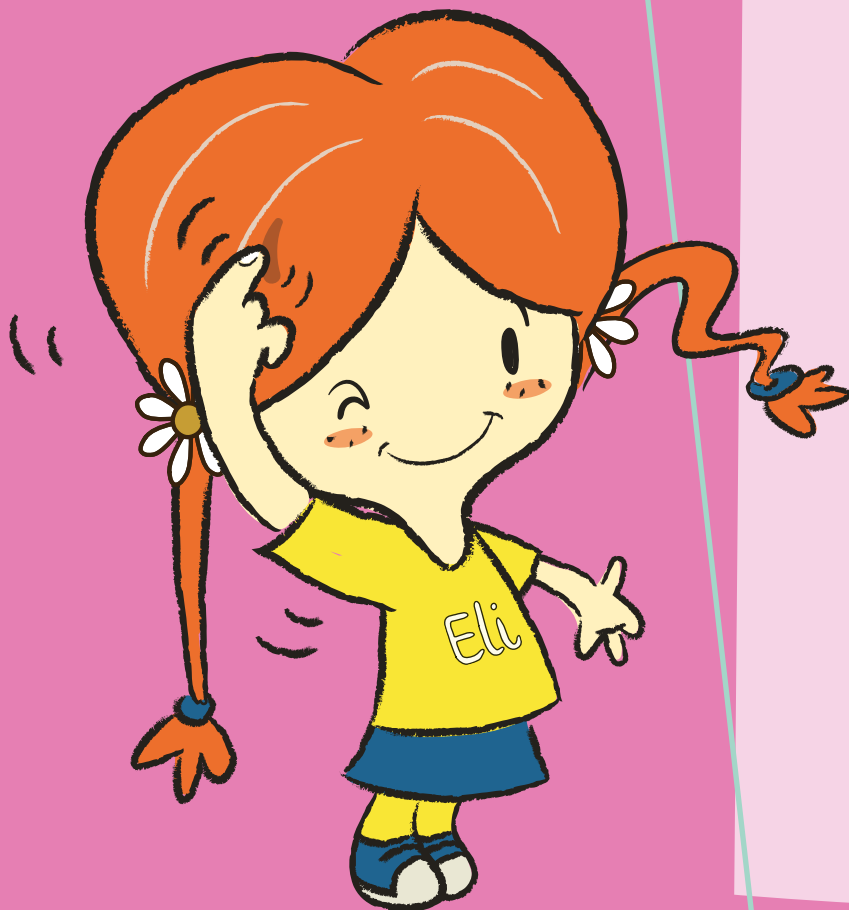
I've got one foot that goes forward
and another foot that follows after.
At times they join together
and then I can jump.

With my feet I run and can dance, too.
Shoes or slippers I wear for walking.

If I get up on my toes
I can almost touch the moon
that's on the sky when I go to bed.



My nails



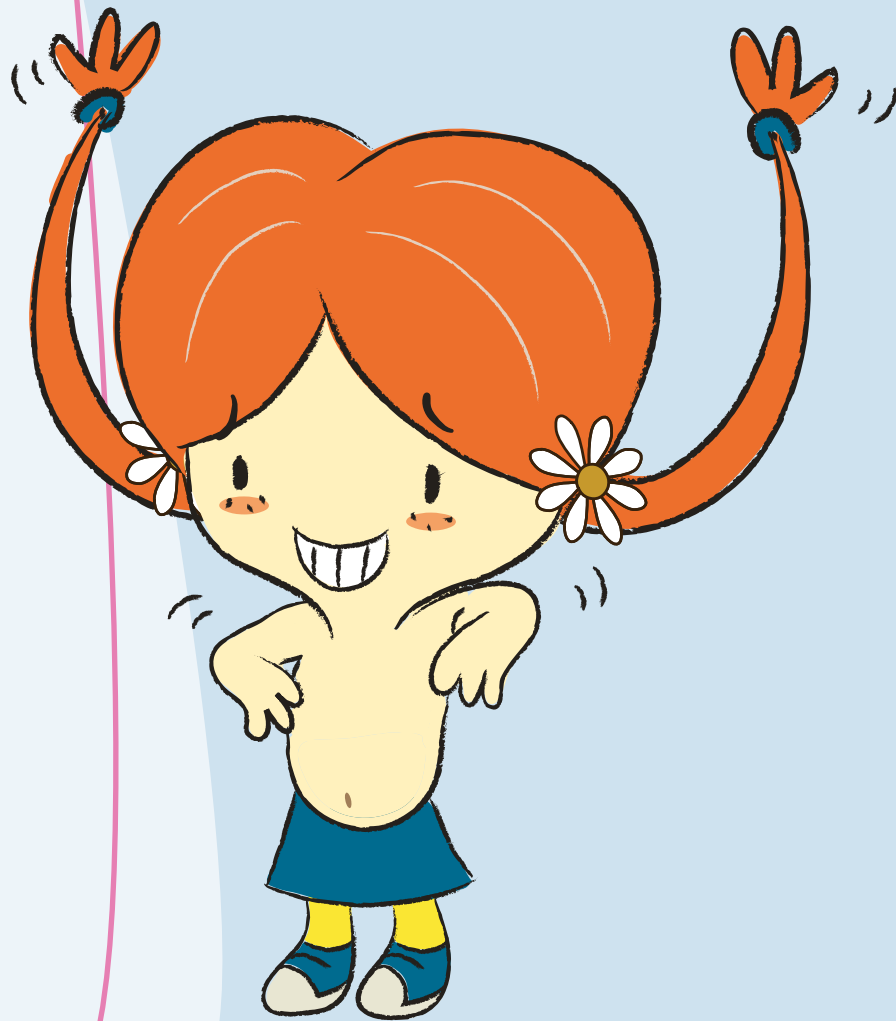
One, two, three, four, five ...
and I stopped counting,
because with both hands and feet
they're twenty. Not more.
They're hard, flat and strong.
When I get an itch on my head or back,
my nails start scratching
and turn my pain to pleasure.
More, more, more!

My tummy

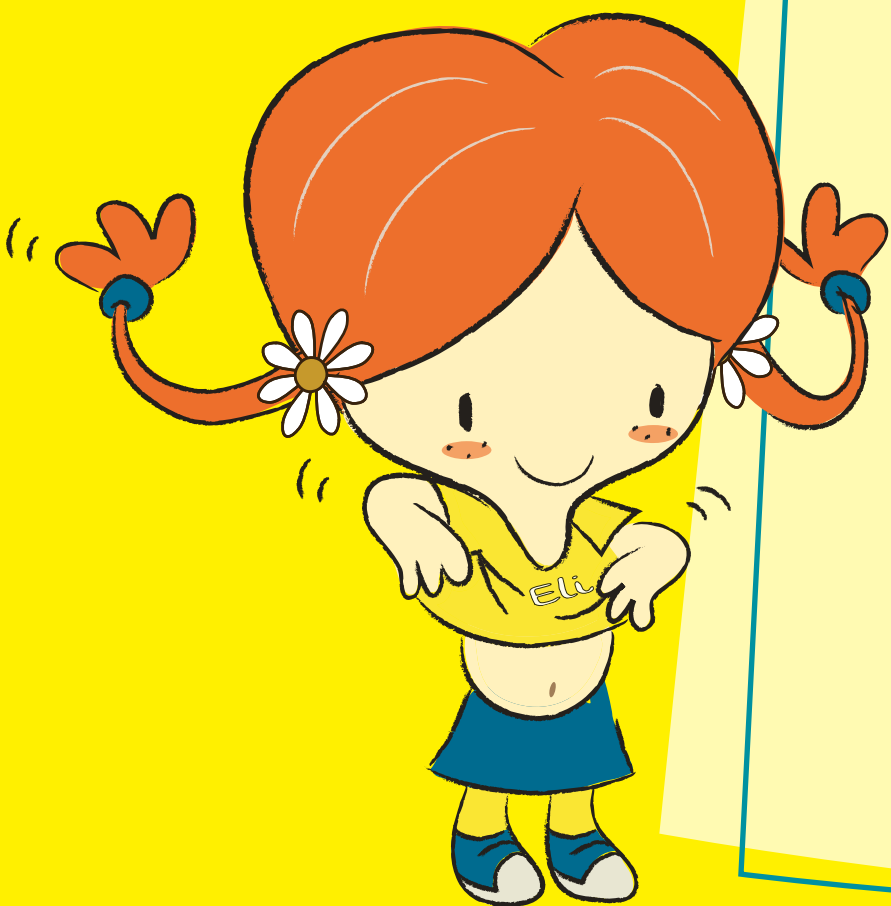
If I start playing, I eat a lot of sweets.
But candies' feel bad
because they dirty my tummy.
So says my mum.

But my tummy is clean.
I look at it in the shower
and I see it's round
and almost spotless.

Sometimes it tells me things
making noise without stopping.
I think that then it says:
'your mum is right!'



My navel



On my tummy is a button
like the bell on my door.
It's round like sun
but when I press it,
it doesn't ring.

When I go to an excursion,
I like to lay on the grass,
cross my arms
and pull up the shirt.

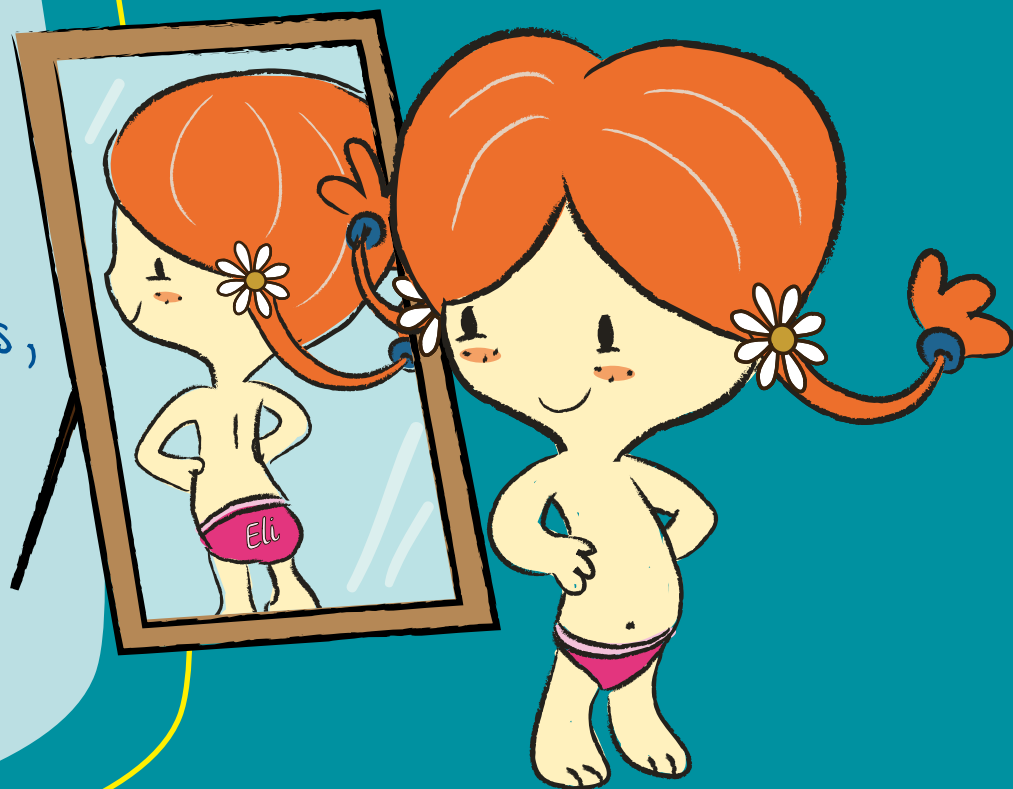
Uh, what a fright, what a shock
if a sheep comes near.
It wants to lick my button
that it likes better than grass.

It always goes with me
when I'm walking,
but to see it I look in a mirror.

It's very big and soft
although it's got bones,
and it itches sometimes,
when I'm restless.

Mum caresses it and also kisses,
but when she scratches it,
it feels better than heaven.

My back



My bum

Nobody takes notice of it,
because it's in the back,
or says its name, because it sounds bad.

- Be careful, you little one!
Don't turn around more.
Don't touch the box.
- Is it made of glass?
- I'll whip you for making a racket.
- Then I'll get bored ...
I'll go and sit down,
because I've got a bum.
And no more talking!



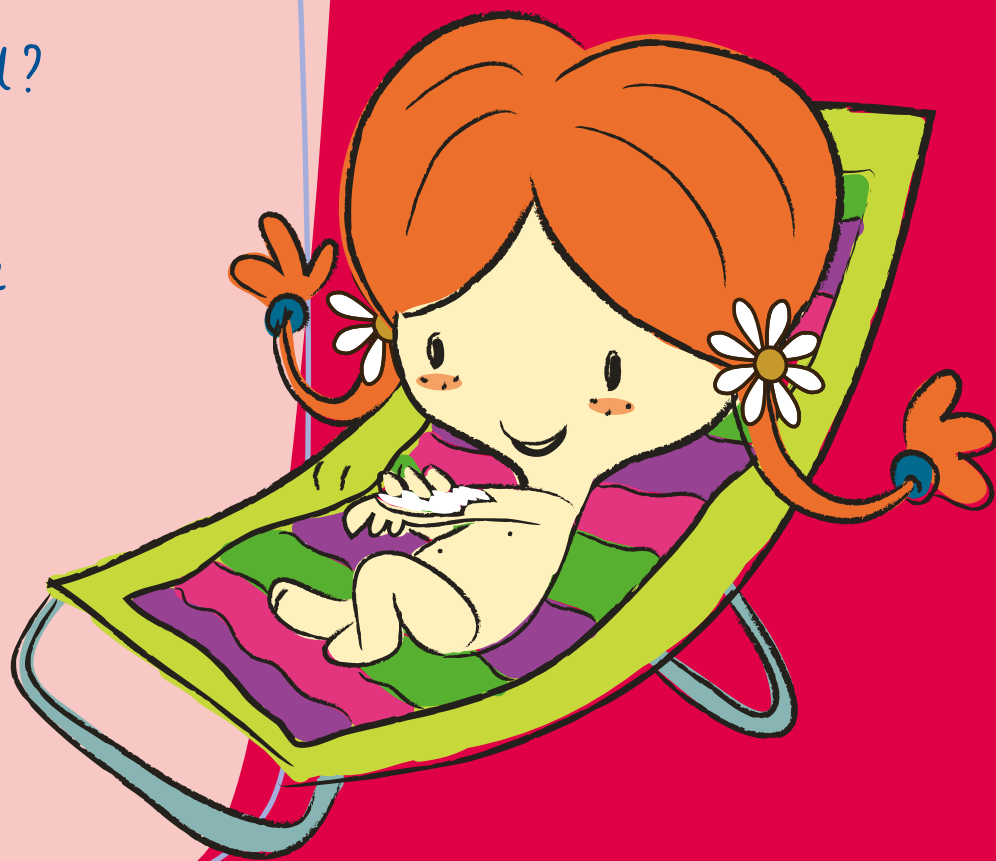
My skin is soft and rosy
of silk and candy.
When I walk in the sun,
I get very tanned.

When I feel hot, I sweat.
I'm burning, firesquad!
What happens when it's cold?
I turn into ice.

From outside you can't notice
what I'm keeping inside:
the brain, the tummy,
the heart, the bones ...

My skin is my clothes,
the best I've got.
Both by day and by night
I always have them on.

My skin



Look what I've got



Initiation

- Dear child, what would you like to do with this book?
- Well... see pictures, listen to and read poems and learn many things about my body.
- But do you know what is a poem?
- Well yes. It's ... some words put together so that when you read them it's like music although you don't sing them.
- You're a very clever child. Really, I think you're a little poet, as big as the biggest giant of the world.

What for are these explanations? Children surprise us more than any unmasked mystery or any recently discovered invention. Children appreciate all, discover all, are worthy of all. Even so, I have modestly dared to compete with them by filling their mouth and their soul with words, familiar or new, words that can dance on their lips and in their eyes; words that can be a friendly travel company when learning about their body's secrets and, what's most important, words that show how in every small or great thing resides beauty – if their heart only knows how to find it.

I don't know which are more beautiful: poems or children.
In some way they might be the same.

Aurora Guerra