

Poetry Series

**Pablo Conejero Lopez**  
**- poems -**

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## Pablo Conejero Lopez(07/22/1980)

Poet and Vocalist Pablo Conejero Lopez grew up in the Mediterranean city of Valencia, Spain. Due to the professions of his parents, Pablo spent much of the first seventeen years of his life in a small town called Seven Oaks in Kent, England. At the age of eighteen, he went to study acting in London at the National Youth Theater where he started developing his writing skills. Yet, it wasn't until he was 22 that he started considering Poetry and Music as his main vocation. In the summer of 2004, he released his first collection of songs and poems, *Rock and Roll Jolie* (published by The Shakespeare Foundation of Spain, ISBN 84-609-1500-X) . Conejero Lopez also put out two rock and roll albums as the lead singer and lyricist of the highly publicized Spanish cult punk band *Vice & Vanity*. They toured extensively around Spain garnering rave reviews with a three song performance and interview for MTV. They also played well-known American venues like CBGBs 313 Gallery, and the Spanish edition of *Rolling Stone* named their song "I Know Everybody in the City" as one of the best songs of the decade.

In 2006, Conejero Lopez moved to New York City to continue developing his poetry and music. He had his second book, entitled *New Reality*, published through the Shakespeare Foundation of Spain in December 2011.

*New Reality* is a collection of poems and songs illustrated by artist Vincent Michaud. Together they released it at The Hole Gallery on The Bowery with much success including the participation of many friends and artists such as Paz De La Huerta, Coco Dolle and Justin Dean Thomas. This event resulted in the formation of a music project called *Mone* in 2012. Although ephemeral in nature, *Mone* quickly became a mind bending experimental audio-visual act creating much expectation and performing in selected events and venues around town such as *Sleep No More*.

Living in the Lower East Side of Manhattan, he's compiling new work for a new poetry book.

# Estaba Solo

Estaba solo  
de pié sobre el suelo roto  
destruido  
después de la tormenta  
como un dios que tropieza  
entre las ruinas de un templo  
que ya no le pertenece  
ya que nunca fue

Estaba quieto  
paralizado  
bajo las ramas grises  
de los árboles llorones  
derrotado por las lágrimas  
que vibran como átomos  
dentro de mi rostro  
a punto de estallar

A lo lejos se oye  
lo que parece ser el lamento  
de otros dioses exiliados  
que han perdido el juicio  
pero no la eternidad

También puede oírse  
una melodía tradicional de guitarra  
eclipsada  
por el canto mítico  
de los gorriones  
en un parque a lo lejos

Histéricas y reiteradas  
carcajadas de seres humanos  
han invadido esta isla

Se comportan  
como si no sucediera nada

Se comportan

como si la vida y la tierra  
no fueran un regalo divino

Como si no fuésemos todos ladrones  
en una falsa búsqueda  
de placer inmediato

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# Her Body

Her body

stops

The body stops

The ceaseless days

of no humanity

stop

when her body

silent, thinks:

There's no solution

There is pain and hope

if there is

life and humanity

As long as there is life

as long as there are days

and her body

at night

stops



# I Stood Alone

I stood alone  
over the broken ground  
demolished  
after the storm  
like a god stumbling around  
through the ruins of a temple  
that is no longer his own  
because it never was

I stood still  
paralyzed  
under the grey branches  
of the weeping trees  
devastated from the tears  
vibrating like atoms  
within my face  
about to explode

Far off is the sound  
of what seems to be the lament  
of other gods in exile  
who have lost their minds  
but they haven't lost eternity

You can also hear  
a traditional guitar melody  
eclipsed  
by the mythical chant  
of the sparrows  
in a park far off

Hysterical and repetitive  
the cackle of human beings  
has invaded this island

They behave  
as if nothing was wrong

They behave

as if this life and this land  
wasn't a divine gift

As if we all weren't thieves  
in a false quest  
for immediate pleasure

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# Su Cuerpo

Su cuerpo

se detiene

El cuerpo se detiene

Los días incesantes

de no humanidad

se detienen

cuando su cuerpo

callado, piensa:

No hay solución

Sí hay dolor y esperanza

si hay

vida y humanidad

Mientras haya vida

mientras haya días

y su cuerpo

de noche

se detenga

