



CREATIVE WRITING PORTFOLIO

PlayMe Studio -
Romance

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Unrequited Love and Other Things of Equal Importance

poems by

Alejandro Ruiz del Sol

*Finishing Line Press
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The Most Beautifulist in the World

Holding hands with
the sun and the sand
as backdrop.

*My mind's playing
tricks on me
again, I'm holding
my own hand again.*

Laughing at absurd things, twin
mountains with faces that scold us,
say love doesn't work like sand,
doesn't melt into mirrors.

Then the Safety Harbor pier
when at night the water is
calm and reflects the causeway. We
can watch the streetlamps glisten.

*Is it only me who imagines
this as love? I doubt
that but*

the thought of how fragile
this is lonely to me. And
is where I find myself.

*My hand resting in yours,
your smile is so subdued.*

A Red Poem (Sailor's Delight) feat. Taylor Swift

A cloud that looks blue is truly red.
I recognize this in Taylor Swift. In a hallucination
in a meadow in someplace safe.

Like an Insta poem of only emojis.
26 emojis long to describe
each year I ached from money problems
and for this exact kind of thing that I
cannot find the proper name for.

Artists like us make walls this way.
As we build walls and ask our lovers
to reconfigure the walls and notice
that the walls are actually doors. We

hide in caves and light fires all day
and night to represent our significance
to this world and our dominance
over nature. Like ripping petals

from grown up flowers and rubbing our
fingers clean on our Levi's.

Taylor and I walk down paved roads together.
She gazes into her hands to feel her lumpy fingertips.
I look at the pavement, notice a red puddle, and smile. I wave
goodbye to Taylor and her guitar—
for she moves continuously forever.

I kneel over and look inside. The waters
at the Safety Harbor pier have settled,
I see two manatees floating there, eyeing
real estate for when Florida sinks to
the bottom of the ocean.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow, what will happen
to the doors we opened today?

Tomorrow, I want to eat ice cream
and call it soup. What else can I do

when my body breaks?

Will you marry my hand? Cut it
off and drink my blood? I happen
to be a giver. You happen to be a giver.

To give up my skin to you
when you call me pretty. The words
we said
that cause us to close
doors and wait for tomorrow.

Call
me pretty.

Tomorrow, open a window,
breath in what is there.

This is how we know,
Spring starts today.

Sweet things to say in bed, alone or otherwise

I want to speak to everyone in this bed,
and say, *I love you grotesquely*
But backtrack
and sidetrack what I mean

by love I am like
a young dog mistaking
a shaggy carpet for the wonderful
outdoor grass, although by

this time of year the outdoor grass
is comparable to a tread-bare rug.

The librarian knows I'm an alligator, and now,
this means it's time for bed.
I mean to be heard.

I feel a churning in my belly, my veins pop and
throb—of course I feel anxious.

Of course I am thinking. But not how is wanted.
I want my soul to
command my body.

I want to be the zoo
flamingos thrive in.

I lie as much as I
lie under fashionable oak trees, a
protection from
the water boiled suns of Florida.

I remember these stories
after speaking sweet things
in bed,
alone or otherwise.



Pirouettes and Planets

*This exchange
of visages. Shapes.
The wealth of spinning.*

*Along dizzy excursions through
rocks and mud
and one
and two.*

Intro

Pirouettes and Planets is a collection of poetry designed to explore the relationship between reader and author. This book breaks down into four poetry interactions, allowing the reader to walk alongside the poet to become both reader and author. The four interactions are: 'complete me,' 'grow me,' 'shape me' and 'expand me'. These are ways that we can work together to craft poetry.

The design of this book is a reaction to the theme: pirouettes and planets. That is, our theme explores body and environment. We hope these poems are fulfilling, and that you have fun with the collaborative process. And share your poems with us on social media using the hashtags #complete me and #pirouettesandplanets.

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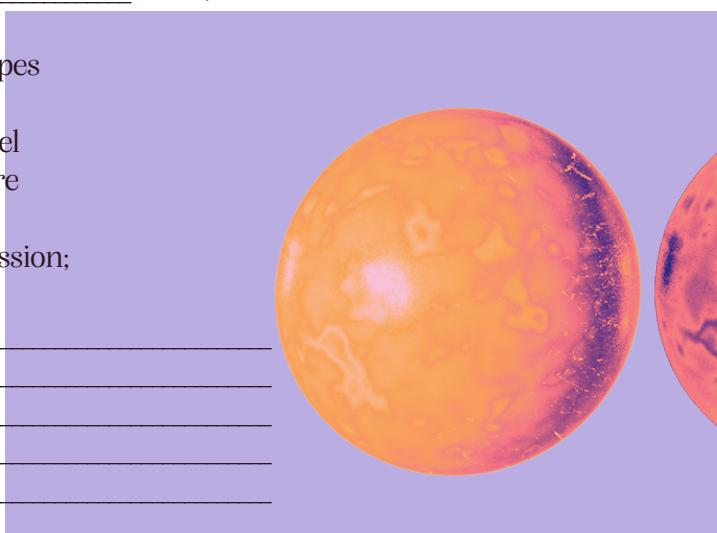
COMPLETE ME

FILL [] IN [] THE [] BLANKS

Oh Jack, Your Strength is Significant

these lavender landscapes
I mean lava rocks but
maybe just a burnt bagel
examined closely, we are

calling it a minor confession;



Tell me again,
remember when you
told me what and how?
I imagine you told me
this under a bagel tree,
and we shared lavender cream
cheese eaten like grass.



Title Me

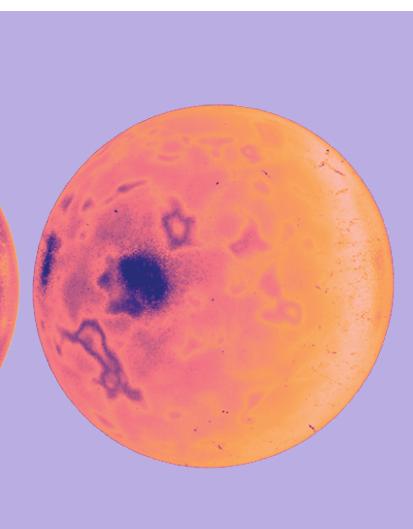
Tonight I'll think of love too much.
Love like attitude, love like I know it.
At the crux of a roller coaster, it'll still be
there,

That I will still be there at the top, this love
in me.
So excited to fall with love, here it goes.

Oh but I forgot to see the clouds,
so grandiose, kaleidoscope,
views through the winds I see.

Words gone. Birds, fawn.
Dear _____,
I am worried for too many reasons.

I'm all fiddlesticks in a row, all with words,
all fiddle
my love—effervescent.



Uninterrupt

Florida

Muddy water crawls
into my socks.

Out my window is the dark.

Up in the trees is an alligator, or,
in fact, could be a crocodile.

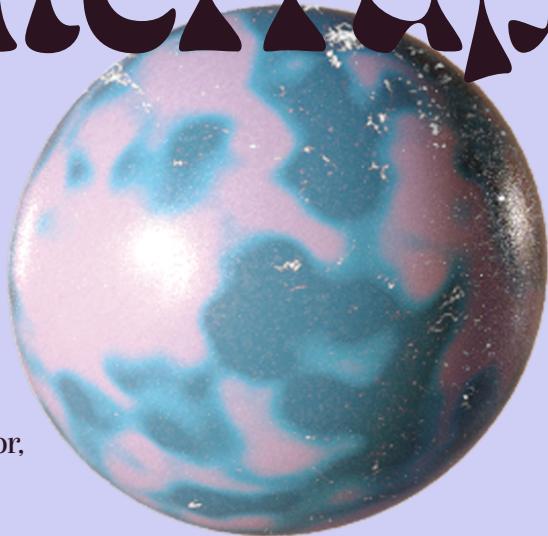
Likely, they are both up there
falling in love. Roses,
tree branches that smell like other flowers.

On this side of the window,
moldy dishes in the sink.

On this side, Yuengling and shitty weed,
everything smells like burnt tobacco.

This side, I grow a flower in a clay pot,
I keep the flower company as it drinks
Mtn dew and eats McDoubles by the
window.

The flower grows well. Gladly produces
a Big Mac, a smell so sweet, like
TRESemme hair conditioner.



Strange Clouds

Ahem, I do believe that you
have
All come here to meet with
me, me!

I shall let that conceit lead
me.
Lead me. Lead me into a
meditative
State. Where I can tell you
all, individually,
So in other words, where I
can tell
Y'all.

oted

I Am An Egg With Wings, Someday

A sad song took me from home/I followed/it lives in my bones/knots my bones/it tightens/my couch spins/I can't make it to bed/my couch spins/small birds spin above my head/make a nest on my head/produce stars shaped like eggs/stars with wings.

Someday/I'll be a bird/drawn on a twig/bobbing my head/and singing about love.

If I'm just kidding/tell me what I mean/what I'm alluding to/what I'm getting at/someone in your painting is hiding in the shading/someone is living there in a nondescript portion/where eyes only wander to fulfill the image.

Imagine yourself falling asleep/and waking up in the same moment/imagine dreaming of blankets and pop tarts/imagine that first time you fell in love/the first time you felt fond for two birds flying in tandem on a blue road up above.

Someone is calling themselves a freeloader/which is a shame/if they announced themselves/no one would call it freeloading/they would call them pretty/say they've got a body/say they're someone/at least.



DOG POLICE

Written by

Alejandro Ruiz del Sol

2.

INT. LC POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Natalie and Richard are met with high praise by their colleagues and superiors. Natalie sighs and slouches over her desk and takes a sip of sparkling dog water. Richard is standing nearby.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Surrounded by other dogs barking loudly, Natalie drinks from a dirty water bowl.

INT. LC POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Natalie bunches up her paw into something like a fist. She pours some coffee into her water bowl, making the water slightly brown. Sergeant McKay approaches.

SERGEANT MCKAY

I know you're shift is about to end, but I have another mission for you.

SERGEANT MCKAY (CONT'D)

We just got a tip about a con man stealing money from hardworking rats.

Richard and Natalie look at each other in disgust.

SERGEANT MCKAY (CONT'D)

I need you two to park outside this address and figure out how he's been lying to these poor rats!

EXT. CRIMINAL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Richard and Natalie trade sips from a thermos of hot coffee. Using a pair of binoculars, Natalie sees different people coming in and out of the house. They come in with a BAG OF MONEY, then leave holding loose BARS OF GOLD.

RICHARD

Something's happening in there, but I don't know what.

NATALIE

Whatever it is, it seems pretty popular. Think he knows every customer?

Lavalamp by Alejandro Ruiz del Sol

Interior//3rd floor apartment bedroom//Evening

Robert is on the floor, leaning against the bed. Lazlo is sitting on the bed, texting his friend Dana.

Gameplay #1 The player can choose how Lazlo messages Dana, and how Lazlo communicates his exhaustion. Below is a sample dialogue from the branch:

Lazlo: We finished moving. Well mostly, lol
Dana: I'm glad you made it safe.
Lazlo: Yeah... mostly safe. There was a zombie here when we walked in. Robert pushed it into the closet next to the front door.
Dana: Oh really? lol
Dana: Are you serious? Was anyone bitten?
Lazlo: We're okay, we already called an exterminator. They're coming tomorrow morning.
Dana: Take a picture of the zombie if you can lol

Robert just cleared out a space on the night stand next to Lazlo, and is now unboxing a lava lamp. They are having a discussion about the zombie in their living room closet.

Gameplay #1 The player can decide how vague Lazlo's approach to the problem is. Will Lazlo confront the problem head-on? Or will they go for a more round-about technique? Below is a sample dialogue from the branch:

Robert: ...it's temporary. We can fix it, tomorrow morning. When I get off work.
Lazlo: You're right. But are these zombies going to change... things?
Robert: Yes, I think so. It could possibly change the most important things.
Lazlo: Temporarily?
Robert: Temporarily.
Robert: Ugh, look! This lava lamp is dead! See how foggy it is?

Robert cracks open the dead lava lamp and takes a sip, passing it over to the Lazlo.

Gameplay #2 Lazlo balances the bottle close to his lip, so he doesn't drink too much. If Lazlo loses balance, the bottle will spill on his face.

Characters smile at each other and laugh. Robert throws away the mostly full bottle. Robert walks out into the other room to work.

Robert: I'll be in the other room working.
Lazlo: I'll try and get some sleep.