

**J U A N I T A
B A N A N A**

**J U A N
J O C O M**

Chapter 01

JUANITA BANANA

JUAN JOCOM

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Thank you! if you have this book, that means you are someone who is now special to me! I hope you enjoy the life and drama of Juanita Banana.

Thank you for Richard and
Destiny for all the help! I know
someday we'll find what is right for us!

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Eruption

She is the volcano that pouts to the cloud. Growing out of the pressure, now she is tall and proud. She swells like the neck of a breathing frog, and her lips they aglow like burning logs.

He's the pebble and the rock that rolls underground. Slowly melting inside her, as he flows through her cracks. He fills and warms her until she erupts. Exploding together, to give way to new paths.

Dear Father!
Dear Mother! Oh,
let's celebrate.
Born is Juanita
Banana, who is
bound to be
great.

Juanita is too scared to open her eyes.

*She can still hear her father.
Under the ground he whispers,
"I want her to be just like me,
And if she can't be, lord, why
punish me?"*

*Her mother stays quiet,
Not changing not moving.
It's the best gift Juanita had.
The comfort of her mother,
The comfort of not caring.*

*Is Juanita ready to see the
colors? To open her eyes,
To see a life full of wonders,
and a world of full of disorders.*



Run Away Runway

And there it is, the first parting of her lashes.

They're so thick and full, collecting all the ashes.

Her fawny legs and licorice-black hair might not be perfect.

But she stands high in heels, for life is worth it.

She walks as pieces of her father falls into her path. Making her question is this creation or wrath?

She cries about it; she feels wrong for her life.

She cries about it, saying "father your rain is not kind."

But now she knows even the coldest stone can snow down to the ground, and someday she hopes that her father will learn how to love.

She cry her
tears, and
rides with the
lahar. She
hide her fears,
for the new
world is not
far.

*Growing up is not easy,
and Juanita's journey is not
breezy.*

*The grey lahar slowly turns into
ocean blue,
and as the waters go deeper the
pain grows true.*

*Juanita notices her body's
changing.
Her chest is getting larger,
making space for something
bigger.
It's blooming, her banana heart.*

*In it, is something warm and
painful.
Will it turn into something fun or
harmful?*

*Should she throw it or leave it?
Should she give it to others or
break it?
Only one thing she knows it's
called love,
And she can't survive without it.*



Sailor

She sails away, letting the wind
carry her thoughts.

She take a look behind the
waves,

And salvation is what her eyes
caught.

It's a wooden ship, big as a
manor.

Its deck is beaming with luscious
flowers.

Juanita swims to it like a hungry
marlin for a tuna.

Hoping he can help her find out
what love is.

But as she gets closer to the ship,
the sailor won't stop.

A collision that's inevitable.

A crash that's unbelievable.

BAM!

**Sailor, she's a
warrior, but
your ship tore
her in half.
Sailor you're a
traitor, always
leaving her
behind.**

*Juanita sinks like a Japanese
warship,
and kisses the seafloor like it's
something to worship.*

*There is nothing more comfort-
able than to what she felt. Alone
at the seafloor, like there is
nothing left. But comfort is not
what she wants, she wants to
rise to the surface and grow like
herself.*

*Like barnacles growing on her,
Is the obsession to find some-
one.
An obsession like a barracuda
and a shark, that is bound to be
together.*



Fisherman

Dressed either hope or danger,
dangling is the hook. She looks
up, and sees a fisherman that
hasn't been shook.

Desperation pushes her lips, and
chance is what she took.

A feeling she has, like destiny
you'd only read in books.

She sings her fantasy,
about someone taking her home.

"Tell me all your problems.
Your crazy little games.
I know that you are troubled,
tied up in paper chains. Show me
where you can take me,
Higher than flying cranes.
You caught me in your line, oh
Mr. Fisherman.
But they say there's too many fish
in the water. Oh why am I the
one who's caught?"

SNAP!

He cut the line
and pulls it
upward.

Oh, for there's
too many, many,
others.

Guess she'll find
another
fisherman.

*But there is too little time to
waste,
And she's too sad and tired to
wait.*

*Juanita walks on the ocean
floor,
To get out of the blue and into
the open shore.
To give love and see what is in
store.*

*It took her a life time of a
tortious to make it in land.
But she makes it, and climbs a
mountain with bare hands.
Ahead of her is a valley, with
kingdom full of new men.
She wanders to a cliff, looks up
and wonder,
"Will giving my love to some-
one's going to make me stron-
ger?"*



0

THE FOOL

♄

The Fool

How can you compete with a
castle,
If you are just a jester?
How can you speak like a king
and dance like a queen,
if you are just a jester?
How can pull out a sword and
fight off a dragon,
if you are just a jester?

Are you destined to be juggled
by the things you try to juggle?

A cursed bag of wind,
She swirls around,
Putting faces to faces.

A fool with cats and dogs for
tears.
she walks as her smile whispered
fear.
Oh, poor Juanita walking too far
off the clear.

The knights of the
kingdom watches, As
she laugh and fall of a
cliff. They call her bol-
locks, Oh yes, she can
hear their riffs. She
jests. She jests. she
jests. “He won’t be a
kingdom, without a
fool like me.”

*She lands on branches,
Ripping her white dress.
But still she continues,
Into the town she marches.*



The Town

Its wall is impenetrable like
crocodile skin.

Not letting anything much inside
it, unless it's from within.

The town's people are kind,
but new ideas would make them
lose their minds.

People have their own homes,
but no one is more homeless,
than people who don't know
where to go.

And a roof made of bricks is
useless if you are still cold.

Juanita looks to her right.

Boys and girls are starting

to fight

Juanita looks to her left.

There's too much

shouting without much

depth.

Is this how the world has

become?

It's either be killed or

have a gun.

*When life and love turns pale,
She remembers an old gold tale.
When confidence is not looking
fair,
She knows she'll need her previ-
ous hair.
El matadora is her name.*



El Matadora

She dresses her skin in blood,
Dodge the horns of life like it's
the truth.

She caresses herself and laughs,
And wait for a stab on her back.

Ornament her neck with swords,
For nothing goes deeper than her
words.

Chase herself like nothing hurts,
And let this rampage run its
course.

How do you stop the bull?
When you're the bull charging to
you?

How do you stop the bull?
El Matadora, tell her what to do.

El Matadora, you
used to be so
proud.

At the middle of
the stadium,
along with the
crowd.

El Matadora,
oh I miss your
mouth.

*Juanita continues to wander,
and finds a garden.
Filled with roses and carnation
that has harden.
She met new friends, but she
doesn't trust them.
They smell like the men, that
bring her problems.*



Beekeeper

She's a bee and they're the
flower.

Their colors bent the wind of life
And carried her wings lower.
Their eyes playing with her eyes,
Like the legs of the bee collecting
pollen of a flower.

It has been the sweetest dance
she had ever tasted.
But life is a beekeeper,
It comes in as soon as she
collects her honey words,
That could have saved her many
winters.

But it's alright, back in her hive,
Although her flower friends, are
not more than five.
But there is a mystery wiping
them out.
Flooding Juanita's cell with terror
and doubt.

Is it nature?
Or is it them?
Is it the
temperature
that's wilting
them?
Is this torture?
For having
friends?

*Every one slowly withered away,
Roses and carnation found a
new garden.
Even her friends failed her.
Instead they sent someone to
cut her.*



Telephone Man

She didn't pay the bill.
She didn't seal the deal.
But she is acting up
Like she know what is real.

Don't want to talk about it.
Don't want to think about it.
Just tell her when it started,
So she know when to end it.

Mr. Telephone man yeah,
she can see you coming.
He's bringing all his scissors,
bolt cutters clipping wires.

Connection's
disappearing.....
Oh,
Mr. Telephone man,
she knows.
She sees you
coming.

*Once more, poor Juanita feels
defeated.*

*Alone again,
Is there even a place she fitted?*

*Should she give her love away,
would that make things better?
But a new hope has come alive,
Will a rope make things higher.*

*A huge rock at the town center,
and at the bottom she sees a
belayer.*

*A rope and a harness,
Is this what going to save her?
She clips her to the rope and,
and again she is a believer.*

Belay on!



Climber

Her finger tips are telling her that
he is a liar.

While her chalk is all used up,
and her shoes are flat as a tire.
She is too scared to give herself,
too hurt to hold another rock.
She knows it's coming; she knows
she's going to drop.

“FALLING!”

“I got you!” His palm hugs the
rope,
And that's all it takes,
To fix her trust that is broke.
Maybe he is a different kind after
all.

“Climb on Juanita! Climb on!”
She tells herself, as she makes it
to the top!
The sun welcomes her, as she
puts on her crown.
But when she looks back to the
town he is all gone.

Another
case of
another,
disappearing
one after
another.

*Everyone felt like they were
Casper, except they are not
friendly.*

*Even a heart of a banana,
knows how to be lonely.*

*Her banana heart peels off its
layers, and beating is barely.*

*She'll need all the prayers, so she
kneels down and says,*

"Please help me."



YES



NO



ABCDEFGHIJKLM
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ
1234567890



GOOD BYE



Made in Holland for S. J. J. Speijer, N. O. N. S.

Paranormal Expert

She's not a paranormal expert,
But she sees ghost.
Humans do it way better,
Pretty faces as their hosts.

No name carvings on their grave-
stones,
While they lure her closer
through their phones.
Inviting her to their bedroom,
eating her at their homes.
Only leaving behind her left-over
bones.
The impossibility of their sweet
presence.
Paranoia torments her for their
absence.

**Not
goose-bump but
inadequateness.**

**Not
cold-sweats but
restlessness.**

**That's what they
make her feel, for
their lack of
sentences.**

She wants to get away from the town.

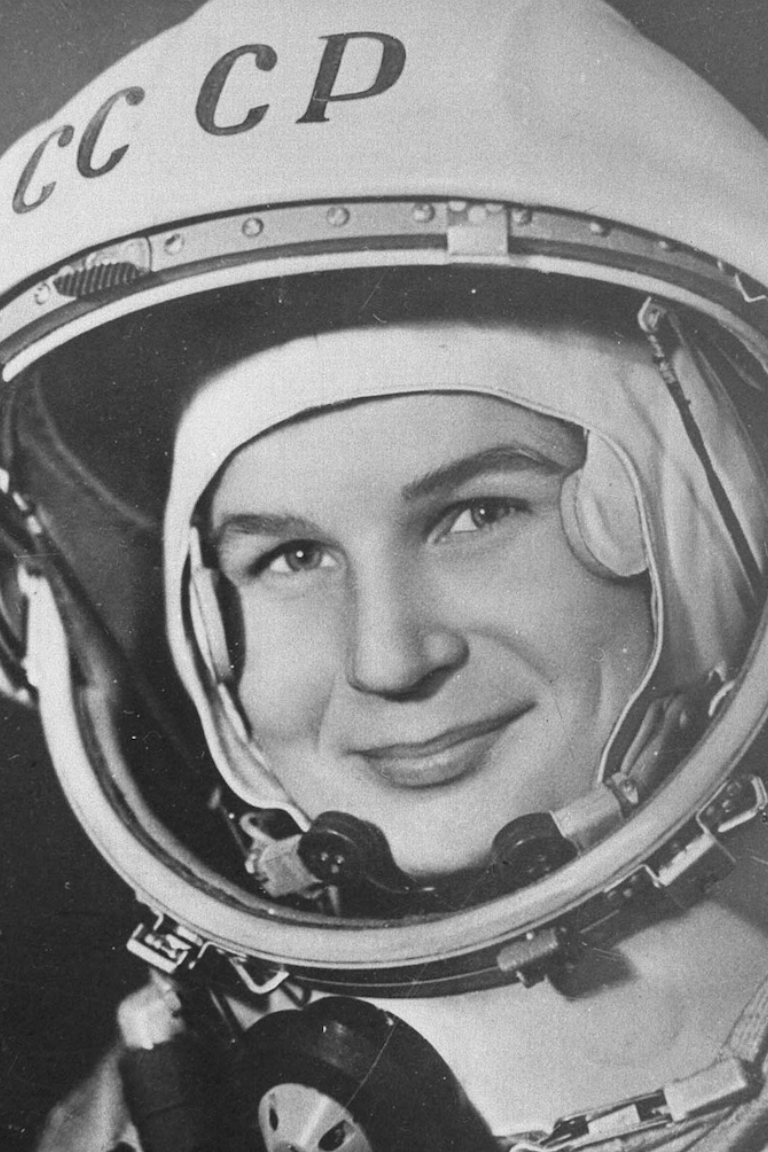
*All exhausted with this cycle.
That goes around like a merry-go-round.*

*With all of the scraps of metal
she finds she builds a rocket,
And grabs all her broken pieces,
and keeps them on her pocket.
She wants a new self; she will
break but a renewal will be
worth it.*

*She counts from one to seventy-seven.
She closes her eyes, waiting for
heaven.*

Blast off!

*She'll come back, and wish for
her fshooting-star self,
Of something beautiful
Of something great.*



Astronaut

She propels into the empty cold,
breaking herself into pieces to
survive.

She falls apart, so a part of her
can land on the moon.

She now sits there, afar from their
light.

She now sing there, aloud for her
heart.

But she'll still be watching.

Admiring the beauty that they all
left.

They owned
her and her
orbit,
but for now,
she will float
with her
own beat.

*She takes all the time she needs,
And let gravity slowly do its
deeds.*

*With her is a new kind of
positivity,
Oh, this warmth can't be
compared with any beauty.*

Self-love.

*While on her way down around
the clouds.*

*She met a woman who had
uncovered her shrouds.*

*She's a pilot with her engine
sound.*

*She is gorgeous and happy,
Her hair smells like crowns.*

*She makes Juanita feel so
strong.*

*She makes Juanita see what's
wrong.*

*From now on she's taking
charge on her story.*

*No need for somebody,
To narrate her own glory.*



Pilot

I want to fly.

I want to be the pilot of this evening.

Bower birds in twilight,
I want to build a home a
decorate it.

I want to stay high,
I want to slay the dragon of the evening.

I will trade my arms.
I want to have the armor and
defeat it.

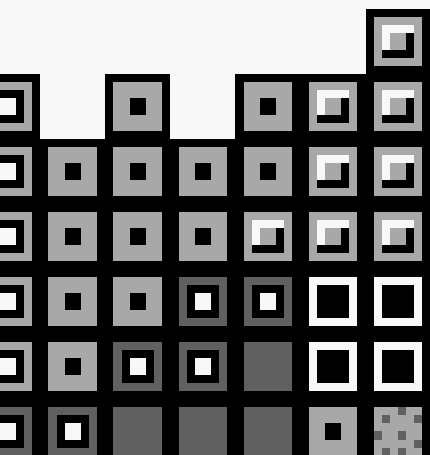
I want to be the only one.
I don't need a once upon a time.
Not too late to begin my life.
Spread my wings as I fly
good-bye

I want to see the
world. I want to hear
it. I want to breathe
with fireflies in the
night.

The comfort in my
eyes, I want to feel it.
Let the world revolve
and give birth to
sunlight,
And see it with eyes
open wide.

*I wish I was as kind to myself the
way I was kind with strangers.
This love that I've been giving
out, I'll finally keep her.
And let my banana heart, keep
all its layers.*

*She feels strong and new,
Tightening up all of her screws.
She rejoices. Celebrating her
own home.
This new found hope, just need a
new song.*



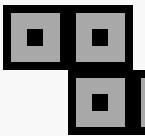
SCORE

13

LEVEL

LINES

1



Gamer

I sang along with his songs,
Dance to the sound of breaking
bones.

I gave my all on my own.

I want myself back, because I am
all alone

Now I sing along with my songs,

I Shout it out to a mega phone.

I hold my doors, on my own.

I don't cry now, because I am
fine alone.

Space Invaders and
Pacman

Mario, Donkey Kong,
Rockman.

Ol' old games are oh
so fun, my life is better
now you're gone.

Space Invaders and
Pacman.

Mario, Donkey Kong,
Rockman.

You're a gamer not a
man, it's not
game-over when
you're gone.

*Now complete once more,
Juanita continues with her
journey, there is nothing more
compelling than the thought of
knowing that yourself is enough.
Where will she wander?
What new place, new wonders?
For now, she will render all the
things that are not tender, as
she takes a bath to the river.*

I wash myself
into the river
of time.

And as the
river changes,
the river
changes my
mind.



J U A N I T A

B A N A N A

Juanita Banana is a collection of poems that tells the story of a young girl, that is created by a volcano. She embarks on a journey looking for an answer to an old question "what the hell is love?"