

BITES OF ME

SWEET MEMORIES AND ORANGE SLICES



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee
SPR

Our little house

I don't have no home to come back to

The bugs that fill my lungs are the same swarming
all over the floor of my bedroom

This is what spring is like down here

No pretty flower blooming, genuine and kind

Only flies and millipedes making their way into
the world, their way into my breath

Winter is home. Winter is a sacred loneliness
everyone understands, it's the excitement of a kid
seeing snow, the soft caress of melancholia and,
above all, calm. None of that hyperactivity of
summer days, no pressure to go out, when the
night sets so early and surrounds my shoulders
like a blanket I know I have all the time in the
world, I can finally breathe.

Winter is home, and despite all they say, so is the
cold.

Now my friends are scattered over Europe

And I can't seem to remember how I used to do it

I was longing to come back, longing to find those
friends I left in a pink city that never seem to fall
asleep - not in the scary way capitals do, in a
sweeter way where you could walk outside and
talk all night and never be cold, where you could
chill on a sofa and only realize that time has

passed when you feel the sun finally waving a
“good morning” to you -
And while I am happy to be with them again

I can only think about how the kitchen of our little
house in Bifrost will miss us

I can only think about how there is no one over
there to buy 5 bottles of milk a week

How there is no one to pour the milk in the coffee
and to laugh while singing to the same ten songs
on repeat all day and to finally go out for a short
“prison walk”, because you know, who wouldn’t
lose their mind a little, lost in the middle of
nowhere?

How the windows must miss the smokers’
discussions, how the walls are now just as sad and
empty as my heart feels. How this is just a pretty
way of saying *I miss it*, how a house doesn't miss
anything but I do. I really do and there is nothing
to do about it except ache and, eventually, get
over it.

I’ve spent a year with my life in boxes and
suitcases,

And now that it is time to unpack it all,

I can’t seem to remember where everything goes.

What am I supposed to do with baggage I forgot
existed? It’s everywhere and now I’m crowded, no
room to move, only old memories looking at me
and waiting for something,

- anything.

A yellow-souled-girl

When I look back on my poetry, it always strikes me.

How every damn poem is about me.

How every damn verse is the same,

An endless lament, an endless road of self-contemplation.

Sometimes, I wish things were different, that my words could be used in another way.

I would love to depict to you the beauty of life or how much I love this friend or how a warm heart could save a life, but it doesn't work, my words are just stuck. I only seem to arrange sentences when I make meaning out of the ugliness. I don't have the power to give you the beauty that already exists in this world.

My poetry is a state of my mind

It's the testimony of my demons,

The testimony of the worst parts of myself,

The proof that even in the darkest place of my head

There is from time to time a little sparkle

A little light,

Just enough air to makes this breathable

I am afraid, often

That I am a monster of egocentrism

That I am nothing but selfish thoughts,

Like every damn thing revolved around my well-being

Especially when I look back on my poetry

I would love to be that kind of altruistic person
Who always puts others first
Who always waits for the late one
Who always gives up their peace for someone
else's comfort
But I find it harder and harder to see it as a good
thing

Media, society, everything that I have seen and
heard has romanticized that kind of persons -let's
be honest: that kind of girls
The yellow-souled-girl who doesn't speak up, who
gives up her seat, who has the warmest smiles and
enough heart to take in the worst of the world and
give it back better, who agrees with her man and
silently wakes up an hour early to make him
breakfast without expecting any recognition.
I cannot help but think about it every time I talk
about my boundaries,
How it is not just a kindness to myself but also a
fuck you to a society that never showed us any
respect.
We've been taught since birth that a good girl sits
still, that a good girl only has value when she is
the kindest she could ever be, that a good girl only
has value if the man that takes her by the waist is
a good man

Maybe that's why I've always raised myself like a
boy.

I didn't want any compliment the good girls had, because I never wanted to give up my seat, I never wanted to let you have more cake if it meant I had less, I never wanted to be called pretty when the boys were called strong, I never wanted to hear "he likes you" when I complained about being picked on.

When I was 4 or 5 this boy from my class bit me. I don't really remember the blood or the screams. I don't really remember how it all happened I don't really remember the look on the teacher's face when she took my arm and got me away to patch up my skin.

What I can't seem to forget, though, is the name of the bully.

What I don't forget is the layout of that classroom and how sunny that day was

What I still feel is his teeth deep inside my arm and the marks staying for days

I remember running my fingers on the blood crusts and praying for an occasion to do exactly the same thing to him while perfectly aware that I was expected to forgive him because he's just a boy, because he didn't know better, because he got to learn, because lord knows boys will be boys

How come a 4 or 5 years-old girl knows biting people is not normal? How come a same-aged boy can't grasp that?

I also can't help but remember, a few years later, that conversation in the kitchen. Talking with my

dad, and him making me repeat again the same thing he told me so many times. Making me repeat that he didn't care if I got in trouble, that if some kid would ever punch me I had to punch them back with all my strength because that's the only thing bullies understand, so he said.

I wonder if my dad was mortified when he found his kid going home with a bloody arm carved by a boy's teeth.

I wonder what he thought when he realized I did nothing about it, that day.

I wonder if he gets a sense of pride seeing me today, seeing this person who refuses to be a gentle punching bag, who refuses to be made of kindness, who built walls for themself.

I know he's scared sometimes. That my walls are so high it's impossible to climb them up, to reach me down here in the pit, that even if someone does they still have to fight their way through the jungle of my fears.

Maybe *I* should be proud. Maybe I am too centred around myself but at least now no boy could bite me and get away with a mouth full of healthy teeth and a bruise-less face.

Two

Some days I'm more old house than I am human.
My joints crack like an ancient wooden staircase,
and my body is aching most of the time. My attic
is full of un-useful and tired memories, and there
are lots of well buried secrets in the backyard. I
had so many sprains that I know by heart how to
recognise them I carry with me in every house a
box full of splints just in case - just because I know
I will need them. When I go to the doctor to get
my sprains look at, they always ask me "how can
you know for sure it's not broken", and I laugh, I
also had my fair share of broken bones, I guess
what I am trying to say is my body is like my mind
- i might be recovering but i also get knocked
down every so often.

interlude – lost verses #4

I am looking for every little smile, every little
laugh
I am looking for the coffee in the morning,
For that meal you're so eager to eat,
For the first sip of a shitty beer you're sharing
with your friends
For the drunk words, the clumsy words, that feels
so true and so weird,
But that makes the people you care about laugh
I am looking for that unexpected text that makes
you smile out of nowhere
I am looking for bites of happiness

Open letter to the little girl i never was

You never seemed to like skirts and i get it
They're impractical
Did you started hating them before or after the
first boy that made a game out of seeing your
underwear?
I can't quite recall

You were not found of dresses either
Except for the yellow one that would float with
you in every step you'd take
It was cute and you felt like a summer breeze in
it
Warm and loved

When was the first summer you spent in tight
jeans and doc martens?
Everyone kept asking if you weren't exhausted
from the heat
and you said it was fine
It wasn't but you didn't care about it
As long as no one could see the hair of your leg,
As long as no one could point out the fat in your
thighs
It was fine

And your mom
She was trying her best but it was never right
She kept wondering when you would wear
makeup,

kept wondering when you would like dresses and
skirts
when you would finally give up this brutal manly
way of handling yourself that you had
You carried your body into the world as if you
were ready to punch your way out
and you were
your knuckles tight and your muscles tensed

It's funny
the day you started to love how manly you were
was the first day you didn't felt like a clown when
putting on mascara
The day you accepted that femininity didn't mean
weakness
didn't mean scared and fragile
didn't feel wrong
was the morning after you felt right in your
masculinity

Do you remember that promise you made with
that friend and lover you had?
You loved him the way kids love each other
Unapologetic, kind and genuine
You swore that if a fairy would come up you
would both wish to exchange bodies. So he could
be a little girl and you could be a little boy.
Truth be told, you never really wanted to be a boy.
You wanted to play with the ball, to be called
strong or smart, to feel powerful and brave.
Today all of these things i feel in my body
and in my mind,
you'll understand with time

Five

Ask me about my French and I'll tell you how I don't have that much of an accent; how the south that was supposed to sing in my voice didn't seem to stick, how it's probably for the best because when you talk like my folk talk no one takes you seriously. I'll tell you how when I get really angry or really wasted suddenly every word of mine is slipping, singing, how the accent takes over my body, how the little south-countryside girl is taking my place and she is so angry no accent would make her a laughingstock.

Six

Ask me about my English and I'll tell you how the TV shows and YouTube got me that mashup of an accent. You can hear the last show i binged in my way of talking but if you do really pay a close attention you might get how i always seem to mix up my h's. How this stupid letter always betrays me and seem to scream "this a fraud, don't fall for it". Ask me about my English and I'll tell you about language trauma, how a whole language can fuck with your mind, how my most interesting poems are always in English because French isn't fit to tell what i want to tell, how my words are always more free in this language I don't really master.

Deciding

I once heard about the song singing in the rain
And decided that skies crying would birth my smile
That I would be that person that's dancing while
drenched in the sadness of faceless gods

I once went to a friend's house
And discovered they had snacks lying around just
in case someone wanted some
I ran to the supply store, got some for my flat
So that they would have some there too

I once saw the lightning painting complicated
patterns in the night
Discovered how the noise and the light made
everything suddenly beautiful
Discovered how something so terrifying could be
soothing every torn nerve of mine
And decided that now every thunder would be my
happiness, gave up on my fear

There are so many things about me
That I wish I could change but are still there
And yet, there are also lots
That I got to decide
And I am grateful for that

It's small and nice and kind of beautiful

“Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee” is a self edited zine project centered around thematic compilations of poems I wrote. Born from the desire to share my words with anyone interested, it is a very modest project I deeply cherish.

These poems are, as poetry often is, deeply personal. I write about a lot of subjects, including and not limited to: mental health related struggles, death and oppressions. While it is not my goal to make anyone feel uneasy, please be aware that some of these poems have precise depictions of intense feelings, dark thoughts, mentions of aggressions and stressful situations.

If you are going through a hard moment, please reach out to your loved ones and/or any help available to you.

My poetry comes from my insides, from the most vulnerable and honest part of myself. It's visceral, it's untamed. These zines have poems coming from my mental breakdowns as well as my most euphoric moments and compile about 3 years worth of writing.

Thank you for reading.