

FAULTY WIRE

TALES OF MY BREAKDOWNS



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee

SPR

The line

I don't deserve the pride.
I keep saying I'm taking care of myself
Keep saying I'll be okay
Hanging tightly to an illusion of recovery as if it was
a fucking medal
i'm still that same kid who wanted a gold trophy just
for attending.

Look at me,
writing about helping, about trying,
Writing and hoping still to touch someone's heart
Hoping to leave something else than burned desires
and messed up memories when I leave

The mirror laughs when it reflects me, it knows what
a burden I am
Something to worry about
- something I never wanted to be.
I know so damn well what it is like
To take care of someone
- how the love turns into worry, the care into
weight, the "i'll be there forever" in "i'd give
anything to run away"

And if I don't perform,
Am I even real? Am I even alive?
More often than never now I feel like I am losing my
mind
Slowly becoming my walls and my sheets,
Slowly but surely losing the last piece of sanity that I
held dear to myself

It's like trying to sleep on a fakir's bed
I pretend everything's okay, I pretend I'll get used to it
But in the end, I am just twitching, searching for a position that doesn't hurt and end up in an even greater pain that I would have been if i didn't try to fight my way through it.

If hell's real,
Then so are ghosts.
Tell me what's worse than just being here, not even able to reach out, seeing life go through you without a care.
I wanna scream "I'm alive"
But am i really? I keep doubting and doubting
Maybe if death keeps occupying my thoughts,
That does mean i'm still real
Or maybe we're just one turtle down the simulation
Yeah maybe if i stop existing, it doesn't mean anything, it's all part of a complicated program on a complicated computer

Lately I've been wondering
Where the line between sane and crazy is
It feels so thin now

The line could be how much ice cubs I need in my hand to stop myself from doing something terrible
How many lemon bites I need in my mouth to bring me back to reality

How many breathing exercises to stop my chest from
collapsing and choking me
How many sleep pills to stop the noise and finally give
up to the night
How many, how many, how many

Interlude - evenings

The nights ain't scary

Nights are calm, nights are steady hours and long
sight of relief

Sleep ain't dying - sleep is living, it's salvation, it's
escape

Nights ain't scary

Evenings are.

Evenings are busy spirals, evenings are realization of
all the work there is yet to be done, evenings are
crying while throwing away the food you took forever
to prepare because the smell is enough to make you
want to throw up, evenings are your body losing
everything to itself, evenings are the feeling of never
being able to come back

Manic phase

Running to catch the bus
Docs half laced
20% battery
And yet I know
No one can stop me now

Hide yourselves
I'll do what i want
And i don't care anymore

Feeling the best i've ever been
There is light in my veins
There are sparks in my stomach
A fucking concerto in my brain
New world symphony
With electric guitars and fucking harmonicas

No one can compare
No one can compete
No one can understand
There are worlds being crushed in my footsteps
I am the more powerful i've ever been
I am movement itself
I am so many things you will never get

Loneliness is your curse
It is my blessing
The beats in my earbuds
10% remaining
I can go till the world end

In between

And what am I supposed to do
When my body becomes a barrier between me
And the world

What am I supposed to do
When my brains locks away my words, hangs the keys
right in front of me and ties my hands
I can see them, reachable
But my veins are empty
My muscles - ice
My mind becomes a prison

I desperately try to get out
To leave this cage
That I carefully crafted
Brick after brick.
What do you call a person who creates a jail and puts
themselves in it?
- a fool.
Or am I just my own martyr?

How do you fight damaged defence mechanisms?
How do you fight yourself?

I wish I knew what to do
I wish reaching out would be an option

But I locked my words away
I locked myself outside of reality
I keep creating stories and scenarios
An inside realm of protection

An inside realm where I'm king
And nothing but what I choose gets to happen to me
An escape.
But how can I make sure to keep the door open?
What do you do when you are stuck between two
worlds
two realities
Stuck halfway - nothing is possible

What is a car with no fuel and a hole in the tank?
- a wreck to be

I am nothing but a ghost
that got assigned a body way too heavy
I am nothing but a ghost
trapped into a world of sensations
I am nothing but a ghost
longing to return to a realm
where feelings only exist as a vague memory
as a vague nostalgia

I am nothing but the wait
Waiting for better days
Waiting for the world to come back to me
Waiting to feel alive again

Interlude - talent

I love re-reading poems and sitting there thinking I can actually create something, you know? That all this pain gets to exist in something bigger than my own little problem, for once. That maybe, if I get lucky, or good enough, someone might read it and find words they've been looking for. That maybe, just once, this pain would be useful.

And you know what, if that someone is me, and just me, it is still worth it. Putting words on my wounds instead of bandaids might not be the smartest way towards healing but hey, what do you do when the doctor tells you "you can't afford the medicine"?

The problem is, there's something about writing sad, or dark, or whatever you wanna name it kind of poetry. This something is a kind of pull. Suddenly the darkness isn't quite as dark because it becomes useful, suddenly the suffering makes sense, and the sky knows how much I love putting meaning into the nonsense of the universe.

Creating art from bloody wounds might be rewarding but so is taking a shower after spending so many days stuck on my bed. If I must choose, I won't be choosing art anymore, I leave that to others, that will do it better, or bigger, really it doesn't matter.

If my talent is borrowed then be it, I would rather be a bad healing writer than a good dead poet.

Bad days and weeks

It's just a bad day
It's just a bad day, eventually it will be okay
Say it again because you know it's true
The void feels endless but it isn't
It's just a bad day
I keep on saying
It's gonna be okay

I don't want to scare you
I don't want you to know how bad it's been
I don't want you to worry

It's just a bad day
But eventually bad day turns into bad week
And bad week into bad month
And i have to realize it's not getting better on its own
Can't seem to sleep at night
Thoughts turning and turning
Thoughts running and running
heart always skipping a bit, stumbling on itself,
running a race I'm gonna loose
It's just a bad night
My flat is disgusting
And my shower has been dry for days
I can't stand my own smell
But the light in the bathroom makes me ache
It makes this buzzing sound and i wanna scream
But i don't have any energy left

Been living off of whatever's left in my fridge
Also lots of caffeine to get through the day
Makes me believe i'll be productive somehow
But i always end up on my bed
Spending hours and hours there
It's just a bad day

Bad day, bad week, bad month
Every time I can breath without this stab in my heart
I think for a second that it's finally over
But the bad day goes on

I wish i had an explanation
I wish i could put my finger down on the map of my
memories and say
"this is what broke me"

Truth is
I'm ill
and that's the whole story
there is nothing else to it
There is no big reason
There is just bad day
And bad week
And no energy
And no tears

Bad day will be over at some point
I just don't know when
I hope it is soon
Because i don't know how much more of it i can take.

Bad day will be over at some point
Just a little patience
It's all gonna be okay.

“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.