

LOST FRIENDSHIPS

I PAINTED THE HOLE IN MY HEART WITH
YOUR NAIL POLISH



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee
SPR

I would still calm you down if you called in
the middle of an anxiety attack

I used to find pride
in knowing everybody leaves,
in knowing there's no point in making promises
because you don't have power over making sure they
stay whole.

I used to find pride
in what I thought was wisdom
what I thought was reassuring.
“We're born alone and we die alone”, they say.
I always knew it
I always was fine, alone
and if you're fine by yourself, then there's no need for
anyone else.

What a fool.
I found someone. Or maybe he found me?
- I'm not sure anymore.
It was someone I could trust never to leave, never to
fuck me up, never to hurt me
And next thing you know
I fucked that relationship as well
And he left.
The only one I ever trusted never to leave me left.

I thought I was so fucking wise, I thought I had the truth,

But what I really had were terrible coping mechanisms

What I really had was a shield

- don't trust anyone to stay and you won't get hurt when they leave

which roughly translates to: don't love anyone and you won't end up crying on the bathroom floor, wondering what you did and how to change yourself to become lovable again.

What is the point of a shield so tight it slowly suffocates you?

There is no hiding anymore

The whole world could burn as long as he was there

But he's not there anymore

I was fine, convinced I didn't need anyone

Because everyone leaves.

But I forgot he's someone as well.

I forgot how I am always too much,

Or not enough.

I forgot how hard it is to love me,

how consuming it gets,

and how no one except myself is cursed to stay.

I lost the blaming game,
He left and it's my fault,
I wish I knew better,
I wish I knew how to deal with other people when I
am stuck in the worst part of my brain
And now it's something I have to figure out alone
I can't tell him my process anymore
I can't make him proud when I have breakthroughs
anymore
I lost him and there is nothing I can do about it

Oh how hard it is
To not be my favourite person's favourite person
anymore

interlude - helper, part 1

Please tell me all your secrets
Lean on me, you know you can
I will help you get through anything
Yes, even let you walk on my body if it means you'll
cross back the Styx
You'll see,
My love is constant,
You'll see,
You'll finally be okay with me.

I just need someone to need me
What is the point of being here if no one wants my
help?
There's really nothing like the crushing responsibility
of someone else's life to keep you alive, nothing that
compares, even in the slightest way, to give you that
strength. It's not even a strength actually, more a "no
other choice" kind of situation, a "the only way is up"
kind of living except I am not going up, I'm going in
circles and I don't even see it - a stupid blind puppet
that's walking miles except he's tied down to a
carousel

Bittersweet

It's not the fact that your birthday is still so many of
my passwords
It's not the fact that you are drinking our homemade
orange wine without me
It's not that.

Sometimes the sea is so still it seems like a rock. It
seems like waves are just a mirage, an idea, a figment
of imagination, something that was only made to
exist as legends. But eventually, you notice them.
Eventually, they grow, magnificent and strong. They
grow, terrifying and unstoppable. Eventually they
swallow everything that comes by and leave only
sorry shores and empty rafts.

When the wave takes me and i plead myself to call
someone, to cry for help, to have a friend come by and
sit in silence with me in the dark, i can't bring myself
to put that on anyone. And of course, i think of calling
you. I never do. I never did then, either, so why bother
now?

I used to think missing you would be bittersweet.
Every time i get a bite of chocolate with my beer I
can't help but think I should send you a picture, so
you could share the moment with me.
When I watch a show you would enjoy, i always wish
i could tell you about it. When i tell a story that you're
a part of, I can't help but smile a bit more. I still hope,
every time I think about you, that you are happy with
your life, and doing better than you used to. From the
little I know, it seems so.

I guess I wasn't totally wrong, missing you *is* bittersweet.

Lately, i've discovered something really fun about me.

I didn't think it could happen this late. So long after you parted ways with me, so long after our friendship died.

I am *angry*.

I am so angry right now.

And it seems there's nowhere to put that anger.

it seems i just have to swallow it back again,

it seems it's just gonna eat my guts again.

My tongue tells me my teeth are getting shorter

and i realize how long i've held it back

Thing is, i am not a liar: I do want you happy

It seems i just have to swallow it back again.

Writing about you is an addiction. I keep
saying i won't ever do it again, and i keep
relapsing

i found myself going over the way we would talk to
each other

Poisonous words, acid glares, our lips bathed in
belladonna

- that was one of my favourite metaphors of us,
wasn't it?

I found my old poems books from high school.
Going through them, I smiled slightly,

- Isn't it nice how I've grown since then?

My smile disappeared when I realized how many
poems talked about us

Ridiculous, really. You were living in my head, I
wanted to suppress you and still you are here,
bleeding all over the pages of my notebooks, your
shadow growling at any reader that would open them.
If I were to die today, if someone went through my
stuff, how much of you would they find in me?

It took tears, drunken nights, insomnias,
overthinking, pain and even a bit of a relief
To admit that I was never as bad as you wanted me to
be.

Years to recognize that this was the only domain I was
allowed to be more than you.

You were smarter, and more talented, and more cultured, and richer. You were the protagonist, and i was your Big Bad Wolf.

Oh, how much forgiveness did you buy with gifts? I hated them.

- the meal you got me at my favourite restaurant after i told you i was done forgiving you
- the necklace, right after i went on a trip with someone else. I didn't wear it then. When i found it again, years later, i threw away the charm and kept the chain. For a week it's weight would suffocate me. It's all rusty now, my skin took away its weight, took away its power. It's just another necklace.
- the poster, the cute pen, the book, the dvds and tee-shirts and trips in the mountains...

I hated *them all*. I hated them because i knew all too well what they meant.

I remember when I started putting boundaries down and you would still choose to cross them, over and over,

and over

How every one of them felt like I was betraying you

- betraying myself, how am i supposed to protect our friends if i'm not willing to be your emotional punching bag?

And yet, I am tired of playing this game of the blame

i feel so responsible right now - i'm not stupid or
proud enough to pretend all the wrongdoing were
yours

truth be told i am tired of this constant dissection of
our relationship i keep doing
truth be told *i am tired* of writing about you
i have no idea why i keep doing it

interlude - helper, part 2

And when i'll be breaking down
When the pressure turns me into the clearest
diamond
I'll be shouting again
Screaming from this weight that isn't mine to carry in
the first place
A self-appointed Atlas
Desperately trying to let go
While perfectly aware he'll never be able to

Tell me what is wrong with me?
I'm begging to be a helper but I can't even help
myself.
What a pitiful hero i make
Who would ever read such a sorry story?

birthday

i missed your birthday
it was yesterday and i didn't realize

not the days before,
not yesterday.
i missed your birthday

i've been catching myself thinking about you lately
feeling guilty like a kid caught stealing candy
i've been picturing you dead
trying to reason with myself
- Why does my mind always go there?

if i could take all the pain and heartbreak at once
would i take it? would it be the end of me?
or is it worst this way? touch by touch, wave by wave
one moment i'm fine and the next i'm trying to
remember how to breath
if i could take all the pain at once
i'd have taken yours
and that's maybe the saddest joke i've ever heard

i missed your birthday and it's not like it means
anything
you didn't send a message for mine this year
and i couldn't help but notice

i am an archaeologist
watching for traces of you in my life
always more subtle
covered by dirt

stupidly fragile things
that i have to manipulate with the utmost care

interlude - helper, part 3

I guess I'm being a bit overdramatic again,
It's just that it's complicated
Tell me, what's the point of being alive,
When there's no one that needs you to be there?
I grew up with someone needing me like you need air
to breath
I grew up learning love equals responsibility
I grew up learning how being a good friend only
means feeling crushed by the weight of someone
else's illness
How could I ever break down if you already got all of
the place for it?

Archivist

Bitterness, memories and the smell of coffee,
Two step forward one step back is still growth
- I have to let go

This picture of us hidden in my pantry
- I have to let go

This book we bought together and you never read
I'm happy I have it
You would have thrown it away
That's what you did when you burned bridges
- Everything out
The mementos, the shared things, the messages
- Everything out
The nice words turned sour
And the name – censored
Our tattoos – covered
And our flat – forgotten about

I should let go
You're a crime scene cleaner
And I'm an archivist
I don't throw away artifacts
Or burn scrolls
I keep them
Nicely packed and arranged
Locked away for safekeeping
I've always taken pride in my past
Victors get to write history
And archaeologist get to look for the truth
I'm not a sore loser

I'm just trying to be true

I should let go

I should stop summoning you in my writing

The other day, as I took the subway

I saw a shape

A big black coat and a cane

With short dark hair

I forced myself to walk by

- Eyes on the monitors

Two minutes until the next train

I went to the other end of the platform

- Eyes on the monitors

And stared

One minute

Zero

I went into the last compartment

Maybe it wasn't you

But I didn't want to find out

- I have to let go

Poetry and grief are two different things, but they feel
the same to me.

the sun is shining through the class window

The sun is up and so are my hopes. I wish you were there with me, but i'll go on, i always do. You remember those nights on the balcony? You were crying and I gave you my hand to grab and smash between yours. You were gasping for breath, and I was smoking after the worst of it. It was just slow talk about cities and dreams and about tomorrow's breakfast. The sun is shining through the class window and for once I feel like I can make it. Your absence is a hole in my chest and I'm starting to be okay with the fact that it might never really be filled. The thing is, i don't want to fill it, it would be so wrong. How am I supposed to recreate a similar thing with someone else? I don't know that they exist. I don't know that it is even a good idea. See our relationship wasn't as good and healthy as we believed it was. The sun goes down and I'll keep going. I don't do as much as I want to do each day, but I still do enough. My therapist would be proud, or so I hope. I might have burnt myself out a few weeks ago. My body surely took a toll. Covid didn't help. The sun will soon go down and i still miss you. I'm so angry at you for the lack of answer, for the constant ghosting. And I don't want to send a message because i still remember how you spoke about the friends before me; how you sounded so disgusted and tired and how they were all the worst; you were never at fault. And I know I have my faults too, I have way too many, but god so did you. The moon will follow, and I might dream of you. Every time I wake up with a sour taste on my lips. Tomorrow is another day and

I'll keep trying. I'm building myself a life without you
and it's weird and improbable and yet it works.

helper, final part

Truth is
I've already retaught myself
It's been years and I'm still reminding myself
everyday
That all of this ain't love
That all of this ain't sane
But I find it hard to really understand at night

Truth is
Now that I am not a forced-helper
I have to face the fact
That my life has no meaning anymore
That I don't have a purpose or a drive or whatever it
is
That gives sense to waking up every morning and
checking my phone

All these words to say
I'm glad you like me
I just have a hard time understanding that
sometimes
People just like each other
That friendship doesn't have to be more than that
That friendship isn't more than that

“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.