

LOVE OR SOMETHING

PINE CONES AND SHARKS



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee

SPR

Sharing – Love Language

When they asked how my last days were,
I took a deep breath and said
“You know, haven’t been my best. I felt very lonely,
and I know I have many friends but feeling it and
knowing it are two different things, ey.”

It’s hard to explain how proud I am to be able to say
that. Years ago, I would just have smiled and said I
am fine.

What I didn’t say, though, is “I cried in the subway on
my way here because I felt like you hate me,
I cried because I knew I was alone and no one ever
really knew me
I cried because I am terrified by the idea of being
known,
and at the same time being known is what I consider
the ultimate form of showing love
So maybe what I am really scared of is being loved
And i’m not even talking of romantic love,
I am talking about all of them, the lover, the friend,
the parent, the stranger that sees you and smiles
because they liked your tote bag, the cashier that
liked your joke and thinks about how it made their
day just a tad less of a living hell. I’m talking about all
the love i can summon but never really show, like love
languages were all unknown to me, born with
violence as my mother tongue and never able to learn
anything else.
Tell me how you learn love when all you’ve known is
that cold floors are home. The first time my dad

ended a call by saying I love you it felt weird and cringe and we do it every time since but the uneasy feeling of these words rolling on my tongue is still there - see I'm trying to learn but feel like I never actually get there"

What I didn't say was that it is never about the person when I cry on someone.

It is never about them but about me,
how i can't seem to feel love or I feel it way too deeply
How I can't seem to find a way in the middle
When I like someone I want to bathe them in a
thousand suns and sparkles
But I've never been that warm myself.
I am nothing but *a child of winter*
I only feel at home in the cold
So how could I ever make someone feel the warmth
of my summers
When I barely survive those

Sometimes feel like an ice dragon lost in the south -
wings melting, fangs lying painfully around, drooling
and moaning in pain, breath harder and harder as the
heat rises

When i see my lovers staying despite it all I can't help
but wonder

How come you haven't left me yet? What is wrong
with you?

When i see my friends finally saying I had enough and
breaking the bound

I can't help but feeling somehow relieved

Ah, finally they saw. They saw what I see within me, they saw and they did the only sane thing to do, oh, how good for you.

So long, friend.

Interlude – Lost verses #1

There is not a moment in my life I am not aware of our inexorable death and yet I still choose to try like it had a meaning.

Maybe for the sake of my loved ones.

No one might remember us, but they are here and alive. *I don't like the idea of staying mediocre in front of them.*

And I am rambling again, from my abandonment issues I am writing about death and memory and maybe life is just life, maybe the ground is silent and blind and maybe there is a god, but she ain't the judge of me

It had been all worth it.

Noises. Everywhere.
I can tell by her texting style she's crying.
I can tell she's not in her right mind.
Keeps saying how she loves me more than i could ever
love her
Cursed. How could she think so?
How could she not see?
And how could I blame her?
Trying to calm her down
Trying to explain
She keeps saying how she loves me
How it's a burning desire
A supreme kind of pull
An arrow into her heart

Noise goes down
A few hours later
Still texts
She breaks up with me
Explains that she doesn't really love me
Explains that she's just used to me - that it's not love
it's just affection
I'm just a puppy then
Explains she's bored
Oh, a boring puppy then
Didn't even know it was a thing

Still I kept loving her for quite some time.
When love and anger washed away
I sat there
In silence

I still care
I will, always
My love might wash away eventually
But my care never does
I'm cursed to think about her always
And all of the others
See, you may hurt me
You may toss me to die
You may do whatever you wanna do
The me that loves you now will always care

The pain might be scary
But I like it
See this pain,
It's my love, my heart melting, my body aching to feel
your skin again, my brain trying to forget all of the
things I wish I could do for you
My ache is the strongest way I have to showcase my
infinite love
My ache is a box of chocolate on valentine's, it's a
bouquet of roses waiting for you at home, it's a
phone's background, it's jumping in front of a bullet,
it's making a call to cancel a tv subscription so you
don't have to.
My ache is a celebration of the day you were born and
the day you decided to actually live, my ache is a
firework of "I can be happy without you but god help
me if one day I decide to actually leave you."
My ache is the needle doing a tattoo, it's a ceremonial
pain that means all of this matters and isn't senseless.
It takes a lot to carve love into a body but it never
stopped me before so why should it now?

i'll never be a good teacher

There are those I write about
These long poems full of blood, sweat and tears,
full of red knuckles and complicated feelings
These verses I write endlessly,
About hate and shame, about these ghosts that walk
with me
About relationships that ended too early or too late
About missed occasions, old times, about things that
were never supposed to happen

And then, there are those i never mention
These lovely and warm souls around me
My words dance around them in the dark
But they're never on the spotlight
They are on my walls and screens,
They are on my phone and mind
They are those i wish i could capture with my eyes
Burn the memory in my brain
So that the scar would stay there forever
So that i could never forget

There are so many things to say about them
about the easy feelings
about the little joys and the warmth
about the evidence
Maybe i should write about that
But i don't know how

I don't know how to explain the evidence
I don't know how to state something so logical to me
I've always been bad at it

The way my math teacher would always complain to me

- you can't just say that it's there, you have to prove it

That's why i'll never be a good teacher

I don't know how to explain what I never struggled to understand

I don't know how to make you see what I see with my eyes closed

I can only tell you about blood and sweat because I had to question those.

You

I see you everywhere I go
In my playlists and in my makeup
I find myself looking for you in strangers
When i spot your hair
Or your freckles
I see you

My high-school sweetheart
I think some part of me still aches for you
I think some part of me still hopes for a drunken text
Maybe that's what healing my inner teen looks like
Looking for you anywhere i go
Looking for the peace we built together
Looking for the morning coffee and music
Looking for the happiness
It still resonates in me
That sentence on the sofa
"oh how wrong they were about you. How could they
have not known how easy it is to make you happy"
For the first time i was with someone
And i didn't felt the need to change myself
I wasn't a big bad wolf
Or a scary bogeyman
I was just another queer teenager
With some hopes and dreams and a more than decent
amount of lostness

I look back and i sigh

Oh how proud i am
Of seventeen years-old me
You were trying to do the right things
And sure you messed up a lot
But that's the thing
You were just a child
And still you were trying

Interlude – Lost Verses #3

It was the nicest music I ever heard
My head against your chest,
I thought for a second I found myself there
And I didn't want to ever listen to anything else.
Do you have any idea how your calm and steady
heartbeat
Was the most comforting thing in the world?

Pieces

What you gave me is what I love most about myself.

I still roll my cigarettes like this guy I knew used to do.

He was that kind of warm orange that seemed well grounded.

Yet his mind was flying higher than any bird could.

We had the longest talks even though we barely knew each other.

With him, time would stop.

When I swear in French I can hear my grandmother's voice echoing mine.

Every time I open a bottle of beer with my lighter I think about this friend that was the only one who actually taught me how to.

I put milk in my coffee sometimes because of that Hungarian friend that made me try and thanks to her I've grown to love it.

I wish I could explain how much of my brother is in my way of banging my head when I hear a song I like.

How we have the same sense of humour -terrible and kinda broken, but still it always makes me laugh.

I wish you could understand how so many of the things I know come from my dad. How I both hate and love that about me.

Once, a stranger told me I was quite manly. Not in the way I looked but in the way I talked and behaved, in

the way I carried my body across the world. He meant it as a flaw but I never felt quite as seen as that day.

Once, a friend showed me how you're actually supposed to do a push up. I can't quite do them still but I'm trying every day.

Once, a crush took me in their arms and for the first time I felt small but in a good way. I carry that memory like a tattoo on my skin.

Once a teacher told me how you're actually supposed to read an academic paper. Once a musician taught me how to throw a punch, once an ex taught me how to do my makeup, once a lover taught me how to play ukulele.

I do so many things because of so many different people.

There are so many pieces of myself that have been borrowed and I wish I could one day explain it all. There are so many pieces of myself I wish other people would borrow because it would prove that I am not a ghost, not a mirage. That I am actually there. Not just a collection of memories, a collection of others.

But there's something about all of these pieces, all of these little things that aren't quite me. They are the things I love the most about myself. The testimony of the love I have to give, the legacy old friends gave me without even noticing. All of these little habits, little skills, little beliefs are a nostalgic sign, a little voice that says to the people around me "I see you, and I love you, and a part of you will always walk along with me, and that is all I could hope for."

What you gave me is what I love most about myself.
It will stay here, cherished, a witness of the times.

“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.