

OFF THE CHEST

BOILING BLOOD AND
NUMBING CREAM



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee

SPR

Letter to my anger

I don't know where you come from
You've sort of always been there for me
Even when i was happy
You were there, waiting around in the corner.

The thing is,
sometimes you tear me down, take all of my forces,
all of my energy
Leaving me with nothing left
Every little sparkle, you take it from me
You're my wendigo
You never-satisfied eater

And sometimes
Sometimes you give back
When i am so sad i don't see any light anywhere
When i am so numb i can't even feel pain anymore
You give it all back to me
All you ate for so long
You give it back to me

I'm no longer paralysed on the floor
i am moving
i can taste again,
my jaw so clenched,
my body so tense,
i can feel every right of mine that has been wronged
and all i see is red
and all i want is to scream and run
and fight

until there's only the dust to choke me down instead
of tears
and that's all thanks to you
you put your power in my veins
take out the blue inside
until all i see is red

I guess our relationship isn't really healthy
If we were friends, I would have run away a long time
ago
-that's the lesson you taught me
you taught me about boundaries

But we're not friends
We're so far from that
Not friends, not lovers, not enemies
Not family either

You're mine
And i'm yours
Until my very end
You fulfil me
And I fulfil you
You make me walk when I don't have enough energy
to stay awake
You make me scream when life silences me
You.
It's always you.

They say
That a life without you is something to wish for
They say
That a life without you is peaceful

I don't know of any life that is peaceful
A red life of shattered knuckles, a red life that only
ends in screams and blood and tragedy - so they say
or a grey life of bending backs and silence and
forgiving
But I do not forgive,
Neither do I forget.
there is no peace in looking down, no peace in
accepting the unacceptable

Because the only peace there is
has its eyes closed
just like justice is supposed to be
but justice has her eyes wide open
and so do i
I've seen it all, and I know I'll see it again
And it's gonna fuel you, anger,
it's gonna fuel you.

Please, don't leave me,
because if you ever disappear
then I won't be fighting anymore
then I won't be complete anymore

Really, without you, I am not myself.

Obsessions

I've been trying to write about my obsessions for quite some time now

The thing is
When I am in the middle of it,
there is no way to write.
I am so consumed by the obsession, by whatever it is
that fills up my mind
that I feel like I slowly become it.
Like in those stupid tiktoks where people would turn
into bananas and calculators and whatnot.
Except I am the joke, I am the one becoming my
special interests.

And I want to write so badly
But how do you write when the only thing you can
focus on just keeps filling your mind
and your time
and your days
and your nights,
even when you eat, and when you sleep - if you're able
to sleep
it just becomes your life
until the dopamine, or the serotonin, or whatever
happy chemical that is being released runs out
and slowly the obsession turns into a weird dream
you just woke up from
it's like waking up after a day on mushrooms
you know, you fucking know it was real, or it felt this
way at least

but also, you know, it's just chemicals and weirdly wired brains

but also, you know you won't ever live anything like this ever again, sure you can get close, but you won't ever get to feel that exact same feeling or think that exact same thought you had at 2 in the afternoon that felt like a 4am kind of thought and so true everything else felt wrong and also who even care what you might think or feel - you just realized it and in that moment, it didn't matter. It didn't matter that nobody cares, it didn't matter that you are lonely and that you don't have anyone that wants to listen to you rambling about that obsession of yours.

and suddenly your laptop, and your room, and your notes, and your doodles, and everything you own turns into the cemetery of a dead obsession you don't even feel like mourning

How could you grieve when you need to find your next victim already?

Circular Thinking

There's this sound i heard back in the days of my childhood.

I'm not sure I remember it correctly.

It's just like this, a drizzle, a river, maybe there's some spice to it

Everything goes on around me.

Maybe it's just like this

Have you noticed how circular I am? I fall back on my flaws, I fall back on these thoughts, I fall back on my knees and on my words. Everything is where it was supposed to be, maybe? Yeah, maybe it's doom and damnation, maybe it's just like this.

If there's a god above, I think she's angry.

Vengeful and she can't stop shouting

At all the fucked-up things that happens down here

Circular thinking, I always fall back on my knees, circular thinking I always fall back on my flaws. Circular thinking and there comes the anger again. Like a theme to all my songs, like a pattern it's always there. I thought It went away and I lost myself but there it is. Strong and warming. I always go on and on about how cold I am but here's the truth about me: there's nothing as intense as the fire of my anger, nothing as dark and strong and powerful. Circular thinking it's still there. When I lose myself it's still there, when I think I lost it, it's just playing: hide and seek with my mental health. Circular thinking will I ever grow? Am I doomed to fall back on my old

patterns? What is worse than seeing how you fuck up
and seeing you do it all over again? I scream that i am
not my mistakes, I scream that I'm proud of
changing, I scream to the skies and hells that I'm
gonna do better but I'm so tired of that fable. Circular
thinking, I am there again. Circular thinking I'm
always the same. What a fucked-up way of leaving;
Running and running, parkour over the troubles, if I
run away quickly enough maybe the guilt won't catch
me

That's why I can't sleep at night

That's why I can't sleep at night

Give me some calm and catharsis

Give me some calm and I'll fall asleep

Interlude – Lost Verses #2

The thing is,
I am my poetry,
Or I think so sometimes.

Letter to my fear

It took me quite long to remember you.
Oh, i always knew i wasn't really courageous,
i just never quite needed to fight you

so many years i spent
thinking, what's the worst that could happen?
and embracing the outcome

Back in those days,
You didn't have much on me
When someone's okay with death
there's just nothing left to fear

I realised lately
That's not true anymore
I don't wanna die and that's the weirdest feeling of all
i'm trying to remember what it was like when i was
kid
and i can't find any memory where you were here
this feeling
this urge to breath
this passion for life
this very human and normal fear
to finally give in to the endless night

Now, i'm scared when my breathing gets laboured
for the first time, i've been uneasy when facing
heights
i can't just laugh anymore when a friend drives
carelessly

I no longer feel pulled to the water when i walk on a
bridge

all of these fears are very new
and very disturbing to me
it's uncomfortable

I try to explore the uncomfortable

fear, you're uncomfortable and new and weird
and while i've always been good with weird, i'm
famously bad with new

Eight.

I don't do silence anymore. Silence is depression, silence is ache, silence is accepting, silence is false calm, silence is breath short and feeling like throwing up. I don't do silence. My life is noise. It's music and TV shows in the background. It's laughing loud and speaking even louder, it's telling everything that can be told, it's rambling about anything, even the littlest things, especially the littlest things. When a boy kissed me after I said no i stayed silent. When I turned violence against myself I stayed silent. When i went to my first therapist I stayed silent. But I learned better since and I don't do silence anymore.

Definitions

Home is dried flowers and punk music blasting; home is blue marks in the bathroom and smells of freshly cooked pastries. Home is the warmth of the blanket and the static noise of the tv, it's little notes in every corner of the kitchen and the loud bass going crazy, it's a laugh coming from the heart and an unfinished poem, it's a song waiting to be dueted.

Guilt is a necklace sitting at the bottom of my cabinet. It's iron in the mouth. It's always there, it's a weight on the shoulders, it's the book in your backpack, it's a folded picture hidden in my library, it's the letter you were never able to throw away, the contact you can't delete. It's the knowledge you'd answer if they called at 3am. Guilt is a witches' black cat, it's a familiar you go everywhere with. It's a ghost haunting your dreams. It's the dizziness that takes you after going on the ride. It's the price.

Grief is your longest friend. It's a hole in your heart, it's like taxes. Every time without fail it comes and there's no escaping it. It's looking for the bird that used to sing to you in the morning. It's making your coffee in silence knowing nothing is going to fill the void. It's echoing your memory.

Cooking is healing. It's taking care of a child that was never seen. It's taking a time that was never yours. It's the YouTube video in the background and a sip of wine. Cooking is sacred. It's the secret you can't quite share. It's the anguish, the moment of truth when the

spoon meets your tongue. It's the school of feelings.
The joys and disappointments.

Nights are shapeshifters. They're for lying under the blankets and hoping to find sleep. They're for untold secrets aching to escape from your grasp. They're for 3am cigarettes on the balcony when everything keeps you awake. Nights are for writing the truest of poems while knowing you'll have to give them a good, hopeful ending in the morning. Nights are for brutality. There is no kindness in the night, there is only rough truth that makes the ears ring and the skin crawl.

Nights
are full of wonders.

The kind you'd imagine someone finding a body has. Nights are lying to you. They make everything too bright or too dark. They're for epiphanies and self-hatred. But they are also for lovers to breathe and dreamers to invent. Nights are only good because the sun comes up. I only love the nights because I know they'll leave me once again.

Anger and I

Anger and I is a story as old as the universe
Anger's always been my thing.
She's my realm and my birth right.
He's my power and my strength.

Anger is the most honest word i have
To capture who i am

My anger is teenage me discovering my masculinity
It's unapologetic and untamed
It's unkind and edgy
It's run and sweat and scream and kick
But never shed a tear
Anger is big shoulders and dark eyes
Anger is clenched jaws and quick feet
Anger is safe
It's the brotherhood
It's knowing you'll never be a prey
Or thinking so at least
Anger was claiming my title
Call me big bad wolf and make me one
At least i'm not the black sheep
At least i'm safe in the pack
Eating the scraps I could have been

My anger is what's most masculine within me

My anger is young adult me moving into my first flat

Figuring out the world wouldn't forgive me
For wanting to soften my claws
It's profound and deep
It runs in my blood from woman to woman
It's rage, it's red marks on my friend's lips
It's knowing better than to throw a punch
It's dreaming up a murder while pouring the
camomile tea
My anger is finally blocking that guy's number
Figuring out *i was really just a prey* to someone i
considered a friend
Figuring out i let him get away with way too much
Anger is knowing in my flesh i was right not to let him
stay the night
Anger is that fact getting confirmed by another girl
two weeks later

Anger had to learn how to stay quiet
Stay in check
Anger is sisterhood and over vigilance
Anger is walking with my keys in my fist
Anger is texting "home and safe" as I lock the door
Anger is knowing no matter how hard you try you'll
never be safe

My anger is what's most feminine within me

I used to turn my anger into harm
Into weapons and armors
Into a mockery of a function

From the men in my family

I've learned to turn it into sports and jokes
Into a kind of grind that keeps me going
From the woman in my family
I've learned that anger is a secret
You never say the name
You smile and say stressed, say sorry, say tired
Anger isn't a feeling it's a flue

Eventually i've come to know
Anger isn't fuel, it's not a mood stabilizer
Anger isn't grounds for compost or foundations
Fuck jokes and fuck secrets
I'll turn it into art
I'll take what i've learned to shame into myself
What i've learned to fear and respect
And i'll plaster it everywhere
In my poetry and my songs
In every daydream and sleepless-night

We'll go and we'll talk
And we'll make the world bright
Anger and I

“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.