

REWIRED

DOWN BUT NOT OUT



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee

Rocks

there's a rock in my shoe
Has been there for months
another joined it about a week ago

little inconvenience
would take three seconds to solve
but here they are, still

there are rocks in my life,
rocks in my brain
rocks in my house
not that much energy to solve it
i rather just get used to it
get used to the little cuts and the little pains

over time i've grown to like it
little rock that lives in my shoe
rent free and warm,
nice airbnb

there's a rock in my shoe
and i love it
little pains throughout the days
little secret traveller with me
i like to imagine it happy when i go out of my room
i like to imagine it proud of me when i walk the extra
mile
i like to imagine it comfy between my toes

there's a rock in my shoe

About life and about myself

It is so hard. To learn.
Learn who you are,
And learn to be okay with it.

I used to be the quiet girl
The living mystery
The never talking too much,
The what could be going on her mind
The cautious, the always ready
The always thinking ten step ahead type of person
And I loved it

I loved being a mystery
I loved being the hard to make laugh person
I loved being the no one really knows them
I loved all of that about me
But truth is
It was not me
It was a protection
How can people criticize you
When they have no idea who the hell you are
And truth is
It also hurt
It felt good, sometimes, but
At the end of the day,
It was painful
Because I had no idea who I was either
I was a mystery to myself

But when you start to recover
You start to discover yourself

You start to discover what lies behind the illness

And I became way different
I became loud, noisy, the one you can always hear,
anywhere you are
The one who laughs too loud, all the time,
The one who speaks quickly and makes weird
comments
The one who always has an opinion
I am clumsy, always falling, because I can always get
back up
Because I learned there's nothing better
Than overcoming what you thought was impossible
I became worthy of myself
I know my strengths,
But it still feels so weird
To look back and see
How different things were.

I still miss it.
I miss it so much it hurts sometimes
Being a mystery
Being this thing people get attracted to
Because they want to solve it so badly

The thing is
There is no love in solving an enigma
Once it's solved
There is nothing left to discover
And people move on

Deep down i know it
It's not worth it

But I miss it, still,
I miss the interest people showed
I even miss it when they left
Because at least there was a reason
The mystery was lift

Now,
When they leave,
It's just like that
There is no greater reason
And that's the hard part of it all

I know who i am
I know my worth
But I don't have any way
Of explaining why people
Act the way they do
-like people
With their flaws and their weirdness and their
clumsiness,
Being human, making mistakes
I miss the explanations I created to make myself feel
better
That's the thing about recovery
Accepting that sometimes life is just life, nothing
more,
It's hard.
And it's painful.
And it takes time.
But i get better at it,
Everyday.

Interlude - time

take me in your arms
whisper to my ears
“you still have time”
untie my nerves
tell me about the mornings ahead
and the coffees
and the long nights

tell me i'm not doomed
tell me i can take a break
tell me i still have time

to be alive

Late summer and tipsy rides home in the subway
Finally being able to breathe as the heat goes down
And this feeling
A few nights already

Oh to be alive

Sure recovery is hard
Sure depression feels like an endless battle
But the smile on my friends' faces makes me bring
home a kind of warmth i wish i knew before

Oh to be alive

I know the great battle
I've fought it before
and my sword may long to collect dust
but my hand knows it's gonna have to wield it again
i know sweat and tears are not done with me
I know pain is not done with me

But in these late nights
i remember
Something a life I didn't quite live know
That being alive isn't so bad after all
That the wonder of breathing is amazing

Oh to be alive

The universe makes no sense
But yet it exists
And so do i
I am trying
And weirdly it's enough

Oh to be alive

I'm falling in love
With the world around me
If that's not the greatest victory of all
Then i don't know what is

Interlude – lost verses #5

Breath in, breath out, and remember
The night might be dark
But it ain't forever.
The sun is already rising somewhere
And it will soon shine on your heart again
It will soon bathe you in all its warmth
all its glory
all its aliveness.

routine

I do realize
that it sounds like the most boring thing in the world
but skies do i love predictability

As a teenager i hated routine
I dreamed of big cities and some luggage never
unpacked
I dreamed of new tastes
A life where today and tomorrow would never be the
same
Where nothing would be predictable

If only i knew then how i would come to love the
ordinary
The mundanity of my life
The monotony
These dreams came from a backpack of fire
From a load on my shoulders
I was way too young to carry
Of course i was scared of the day to day

Why wouldn't i be when the day to day was barely survivable?

Oh how i love the predictable

Of course change is great and ineluctable
But how comforting is that feeling i get
When people are predictable
When you hear a story of a friend
And it just makes sense
It's true to them
The world is finally calm
And everything is where it should be

To sit back and smile
To be able to say "that's so you"
If to be known is to be loved
Then pattern recognition might be my strongest love language

And maybe i think about mundanity the way my grandma thinks about god
Maybe there's an idea of meaning in watching all of her grandchildren building their life slowly but surely
And yes my family isn't the most functional family i know
But still we make it work
And my grandma built something big and beautiful
And she gets to sit back and watch
And that's probably what it feels like
To have faith rewarded

“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.