

TALES OF A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE

FICTIONAL POEMS WITH
REAL FEELINGS



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee
SPR

Warm orange

The leaves on the floor
And the warm orange
A shed of light through the window
Pumpkin coloured hair

They kissed me
A year ago
And I can't forget
What a feeling I got

They left
A year ago
Dead leaves on the floor
Mourning with me their absence
My ukulele is silent
So is my phone
I keep checking
But no sign of them

Maybe they're a ghost
Maybe they're haunting me
Hiding behind my spices
And in my voice that won't sing

The leaves on the floor
And the dirty brown
A shed of light through the window
Our wine turned sour
And I'm trying
To keep our memories from doing the same

the party is not completely over

Let's roll a cigarette
And go on the balcony together
Exchange some words
Exchange some breaths

You've been dancing too hard, my love
Laughing too high,
You've been singing too loud, my love
And I couldn't help but notice

Let's roll a cigarette
And catch a thought
I know a party is only as good as the fine you get from
the police,
As the amounts of complaints from neighbours
But the night is still young
And so are you

We have time
You have time, my love
Let's roll a cigarette
And I'll give you a hug
Hold you tight in my arms
Before you have to go back
To dancing and singing and faking
And I have to go home
The party is not done
but I am

Legends and Boxes

There is a legend
That says that inside the cave
There's a wooden box
The wooden box is closed
Tightly sealed – or so we hope
What's inside should never get out
I am scared
Because I use the cave often
But there is no light in there
I am scared
That one day I'll stumble upon the box
Break the lock by accident
And the world would be doomed
I am scared yes,
But I don't even know if the box is real

Went to sleep at 11 p.m. last night
Didn't feel like it – It's been weeks and I'm still
trying to not think about this
Woke up too early
And yet too late
I need more sleep

There's this idea
Circling around
A kind of vulture
That's still far enough
But keeps getting closer

Trying my best to ignore it

I know I won't like it when I'll taste these thoughts
Trying my best to ignore it
For once I don't want another revelation

It's only a legend, a children's fairytale
And maybe I just imagined the box
Maybe there is no such thing
But I get scared
Every time my thoughts wonder
Every time they get deeper and deeper in the cave
That one day I'll find the Legend way too real.

Jumping above the rabbit hole
It's getting harder and harder
My path is a mine field
I know I'm destined to fall down those caves
I know at some point i'll have to stop running away

Someday the box will be opened
But i'm not ready
Not in my bones
Not in my flesh

Please help me escape
Please help me forget

Interlude - dust and ice cream

Hand in hand
Pinky promise
Bare knees on the pavement
And the dust
Everywhere
Kind of like snow
Almost magical

A lick and a smile
A pinky for a pinky
Strawberry flavour
Ice-cream wonders
Laughing still
Laughing always

Voices in the street
Following
Everywhere yet never seen
A hand on a pocket
Never felt
And the song
 - Magical
Feelings rising in unison
And the voice
 - Magical
A pull
Innocent face
But bloody hands
Innocent eyes
 - They're the ones of a liar

Despite it all
The laughs

Another day, same city
Another kid, similar energy
Heavy steps, not hers
The looming shadows
And the heavy sound of the car's door
Knows it by heart now
Ice cream taste wrong
Has been for a few months
They changed the recipe
No more strawberry flavour

Polaroids of the apocalypse

It's the end of times
And we're both standing on the wrecked ground
Of an old gas station
The neon stopped working, but we paint it blue,
green, red in our minds
We tell stories of phones and notifications
Listening to a noise we never heard before
We used to believe the end would be loud and sudden
But it's taking forever
And in the slow life we have now
In the silence and the dust
We wait

It's the end of the world
And we're running
Hoping for a can or a knife
Oh what we'd give for a stupid car
Even those really ugly ones
That we would make fun of
But there's nothing to be found
A month ago we had a hot shower
What a treat
We can't trust anyone
And yet we trust each other

It's the end of us

And I'm lying on a blanket
Looking at the sky and making up facts about the
stars
Giving them names and stories
I wish I had studied astronomy
No matter, I create a cosmogony on my own
I picture you listening
And replying back
But you're nowhere to be found
And I die a bit more each time I think about your
corpse

It's the end of me
And the earth will reclaim my body
As it was always rightfully hers

“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.