

WHERE PAIN COMES FROM

POEMS FROM MY BED



Fleeting nostalgia and the smell of coffee

SPR

Careless

I was telling her about my pain
And she asked what i did about it
I said: Well, you know. Trying not to overwork
myself
Something i'm notoriously bad at

She asked about hot and cold and i shrugged
I said: i guess that's a sensory issue for me
I said: i'll still try to use them
I lied.

Deep down I know
I'm not going to
Maybe because actually doing something against the
pain that tears my body
day and night
that exhaust me
and takes the better out of me
would mean that it is not a joke

It's one thing to own it to the others
To talk about it in between two discussions,
to explain that it's not easy and that i'm scared
It's one thing to joke about it
all day long
as if i'm already 90 years old and that in the end
my pain fit my language and my deep love for rituals
and crocheting and hoarding

but see, taking a painkiller, it's admitting
admitting that this is a fight i cannot win

admitting that i can't tough my way out of this one
it's losing

curled up on my bed at 3pm
i should be working
i should be dancing
i should be watching a show
instead i'm twitching in search of a good position
nothing seems good enough to distract me
from my moans and my tears
screaming in the pillow

who am i if i can't be taking care of myself?
who am i when the toxicity in me wins?
why can't i just pop a pain killer and be fine?

when i finally give in it's too late
the pain is there and it won't go away

maybe it's punishment
maybe some part of me wanted it this way
maybe deep down my heart thinks i still deserve all
the sufferings and the silence
maybe my heart still thinks it's my place to take it in
and smile
how do you reason with a broken heart?
how can i teach him that it's okay? that pain comes
without reason nor fate, without justice nor due, that
pain just comes. That pain is an information, a thing
your body does to tell you this is not okay, and that
while we wait for better days, we don't have to suffer
it all.

Interlude - Grass and plane

Grass might be greener elsewhere
But your body will be the same
If your ship is broken
You fix the ship, you don't just change oceans
Pain is pain
10 hours of plane and an awful lot of pollution don't
change that
Pain is pain

Family product

Spending ten days with my family
And getting how they're so many of the reasons i'm
fucked

Like the way
They disregard my pain
The way that if i don't perform, it doesn't exist
What if i don't want to create crevasses out of tears
for the sake of being acknowledged in my suffering?
What if i don't wanna lose what's left of me in a pitiful
act of display?
What if i just wanna be trusted?

You wanna know what my pain looks like?
It's tension in my jaw and a slight grin as i try to get
through the worst of it
It's my frown and my nose wrinkled
It's my tongue, deep in the roof of my mouth as a
strategy to not leave bloody holes in my cheeks
anymore
My pain looks like soreness in my whole left upper
body from the tension it's always in
As if clenching my fist and my arm would make the
sensation go away

Remember when you told me pain was an emotion
And we had an hour long conversation about it
Because i was so surprised that people would think
that
I needed you to explain

You couldn't really. But you were interested in what i
had to say about pain
How it's nothing else but an information
A message that goes through your body
Something that tells your nervous system that an
action is required

Lately i have been thinking a lot about pain and
emotions
And it's getting harder and harder to differentiate

Is it worth the pain?

Here's the thing about chronic pain
You cannot outthink it
But still it's the only thing you're able to think about
It shapes your brain and your thoughts

Pain

Suddenly everything is about it, about what you cannot do because of it, about how people around you don't really get it and somehow you're glad they don't cause that means they don't have to live with it.

Live with it.

Live with it.

What a strange way to say things.

As if my pain was an over invasive roommate that i kept around to pay the bills

Live with it.

It's a way to reassure people, isn't it?

Most days i don't live with my pain, he lives with me.
He.

Who else than a man would feel so comfortable invading your personal space for months and months?

Who else than a man would keep on coming back even though you keep making him go away?

Who else than a man can be so fucking annoying, draining my energy day and night and begging for my attention all the time?

Here's a little fact: in a few months, and after operation and bed rest and re-education, my pain should be gone.

He will not be such an important part of my life anymore.

And I can't picture it.

He's been around for so long I can't picture it.

I can't remember what it was like to just do things and not plan around him, plan everything to suit him or having to suffer the terrible consequences.

I can't remember what it's like to just do things without thinking twice, without weighing it out, without asking myself "is it worth the pain?"

That's not a question that should be about everyday life. "Is it worth the pain" shouldn't be about whether or not i can get a coffee with a friend this afternoon.

"Is it worth the pain" should be a sentence you find in a YA novel with a not-so-complicated love story and magic and swords.

And i know nothing will ever be the same.

It's both a scarring and very reassuring thing.

Nothing will ever be the same.

Nothing is forever.

Not even him.

this city i hate

You say they're amazing,
you say maybe if i didn't live 10 hours away things
would be different
and i'm left wishing i lived in a city i hate

my stupid body
isn't in pain anymore
and it feels even more wrong now

stupid body isn't aching
and i feel a hole in my chest
i'm gonna put your name on it
so that it's not as fucked up as saying
i'm grieving the pain that stole everything from me

and the rage is back
i've played grown up too much lately
trying not to let the pain turn me into a monster
trying not to let the anger out
well, I rolled the dices, didn't i?
placed the pieces on the board
no wonder the rage is back

fuck wishing for a city i hate
and fuck everything else

it would be so easy to put your name on my anger
but that's the one grown up thing i'm still gonna do
i'm not gonna let my rage rob us of everything that
was so beautiful between us

“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.