

BAD BEHAVIORS

of explaining how I feel and how I think



Save me by PAGNÀ

Porcupines

It was the coldest winter ever. Many animals died of the cold. But porcupines, realizing the situation, decided to group together to keep warm. This way they covered and protected themselves; but the quills of each one wounded their closest companions.

After a while, they decided to distance themselves from one another to not get hurt, but they began to die, alone and frozen. So they had to make a choice; either accept the quills of their companions or disappear from earth.

Wisely, they decided to go back together. They learned to live with the little wounds caused by each other in order to receive warmth from one another. This way they were able to survive.

We weren't as wise as the porcupines and decided to freeze to death.

Remiscent of things that never happened

Come, let's write songs to things that never happened

Shout at the unfairness that this world brings

The distances that transcends everyone's dreams

Two different futures we dreamt, yet none existed

We wanted each other to be someone else and it haunted

Love, only scattered memories appear when I walk the lonely roads

My heart, it is too damaged to see what's in front

Blindsided, by unseen wishes of karma that everyone believes they deserve

Maybe she is hiding somewhere and waiting to see who is worse

A goddess I saw, the ego I couldn't counter

I was not numb enough to keep myself calmed under

I was too dumb to fall in love with a kiss I pondered

Dreams that are broken are the worst betrayal a man can imagine. It doesn't always have to be one person's fault or one specific event, but is generated by a chain of ill-fated events that took place back to back, to a point where even the most vigorous feeling, hope, gradually fades away. That is it, it ever existed in the first place.

Do you know what hurts the most? These poems, everyone except her will find some meaning in them; This love, only her but everyone will understand. Who will she think of when she reads these, if she ever does? Who will fill her heart? I know it will not be me...

I even learned to love loneliness because that was the only gift she ever gave to my heart.

Dedicated to Andrea Calvillo

Luna

The one who gives,
The same one who takes.
It doesn't matter when,
But she will live in our heads
The happiness she brought
Is what mattered the most.
When you look up in the nights
Remember only those
Love is what we all crave
In the sky and in the land.
She will always be there
Loyalty that she carried in.
So even though years would pass
And human nature starts to forget
When you look up to the sky in the darkest night
Sweet Luna will always be waiting there.

Rest in peace that you brought.

Losing someone doesn't designate them evanescent, we were always fortuitous to have them for even the briefest second, it is not about them not existing anymore but is only about them existing in the first place. We are not losing anyone, we are simply returning back.

Even though it hurts now, and it hurts how hard we try to hide it, pain is a debt paid off with time, but memories are not. They are here to stay as long as we are here: Humans, our culture, our conceptions, our passions, our perceptions and most importantly our emotions.

Dedicated to Luna.

The doorway

The one who's brave to peek through the torn doors of my mind shall vanish,

The one who's frightened by the ruins from outside; overtime they shall vanish,

The one who's wicked to come in and decide to break more; with love they shall perish,

In all cases through the cracks memorable souls of flowers for them shall replenish.

It is who you expect the most from, that hurts you the most; and it is who you expect the least, who cares for you the most. A friendship that was born out of nowhere, yet one of the strongest bonds I felt, a saviour I came across, accidentally...

Is it fate acting hysterical, or does every devil come with a counter balancing angel? What would I have suffered if you weren't there, what wouldn't I have suffer if she wasn't? Does every evil naturally bring good, does everything have an opposite reaction just like Newton's 3rd law?

Am I giving everything an inordinate amount of meaning?

I don't believe in supernatural things but isn't this all too coincidental?

Dedicated to Ana Villar

Sides of two

I know what I did was right,
So what are these aches in my heart?
Why do I reject what was virtuous,
How is controlling myself this hard?
Help me to learn about my emotions
You command them easier than me.
It is love and hate at the same time,
Like writing poems, feels ambivalent.
Who will suffer more if I act how I want,
Do you really think you can tame my heart?
Is it only envy that I feel,
Like Cain and Abel, will two brothers fail?
Over just a small flavor, over a girl's flavor.
Will hate punish for what we have failed
Why don't you let me go?
Why don't you want me more?
You can not have everything
Chase who'll die and who you'll fight for
You are a friend's impulse.
The curse it will bring is so false.
It is damned, feelings doomed.
I could also act like how I want.
But then who will I be when I'm called?
One of them? that I hate?
Differences will vanish.
Someone's gotta step up the plate
I will not fall under a desire
It is lust, I will not fall flat
Bring your best weapons,
Attack me from all sides;
Whatever you do,
Only you will regret.

What makes us human is the ability to put ourselves in other peoples shoes and understand what they feel in order to avail each other. Altruism is selflessness and concern for the well-being of others. It is the way we connect and it is what differs us from other types of animals even though they also do it in an unknowing way.

However sometimes, there are some people you connect to a point where you lose the need of verbalizing in order to feel what they feel and suffer what they suffer. Even in a short period of time I was fortunate enough to find this type of bond in a fragile soul that has one of the hardest shells a man can see.

This poem was written as a gullible and an insane attempt to try putting myself in the shoes of the person, I see closest to myself, trying to understand another wicked mind and an unknowable soul.

Dedicated to Lidia Gómez.
Written as Yeray Sides.

It's so unfair Pt. 2

It's so unfair

You coward bitch

Come down and face reality

It's the fate you have written

It's so unfair

You must be better than us

Yet you feel nothing

Inhumane

It's so unfair

It's not us who make the rich richer

And the poor suffer

It's your understanding of justice

It's so unfair

You created the hell and the heaven

Why don't you let the sword down

And be judged by your own doings

It's so unfair

It's not us who is deciding

I know that you wrote what's happening

Do you have a little equity in your judging

You're so unfair

For making the good ones suffer

And the bad ones happier

Fuck your understanding of karma

Burn in the hell you created

And don't come back, ever

It's so unfair

The things you do

The way that this world brings suffering to the purest and the warmest hearts I have ever seen, which I strictly do not see myself in the list; and seeing the riches the evil gain where it's not only materialistic but in every sense possible has pushed me to believe this god is not mine. Even a lesser being from it such as us humans are more merciful than it. How can an all mighty be this villainous?

Even the worst human wouldn't torture a being that is lesser than himself such as a dog, for thousands of years in eternal flames for its mistake. Even the most stupid human wouldn't expect an ant to pray for him during its entire lifetime. Now imagine the creator of everything there is does that to you, does it sound "good"?

One might suggest a person to not be bad and don't suffer the punishments in the end, but isn't evil engraved in our hearts by the same all mighty, he came up with the evil and then again he came up with the punishments for it. Why am I here trying my hardest to decide what is good and what is bad in my short span of time because of a "monster" that gave this world suffering. Gave people disabilities, put pain into love, put the darkest shadows into the brightest light.

I do not accept and I will not fall.

Dedicated to God

Death

I killed my happiness loving you more than I love myself.
Never expected much from world but wished to save you from suspense.
I always felt sorry that I couldn't be the ideal person.
Yet believe me I always loved you as deep as the ocean.
You weren't just a phase nor some girl to just fuck with.
It was the time I found myself in someones eyes.
I could have died for you whenever you wanted.
Yet you chose to sacrifice me as a demise.

If I continue loving, will she ever do too?
If I wish for her every birthday, will a genie hear me?
I'm sorry for being like this, depressed and melancholic.
But for the hole in my heart I needed something.
And it doesn't look like you are ever coming.
I can not escape.

Should I surrender?
Does this pain ever end.
Its so hard to breathe.
Dust of misery and suffering.
I can not verbalize the agony.
So close to the edge.
I even feel height sickness kicking.

If there is some mystic power

kill me

The irony in this world is at a caliber where a poem that was written for another love fits the other in the most harmonious way possible. However from the first one I have learned a heart slowly but surely gets cold over time and all the suffer gradually goes away, even though your heart is left in pieces.

Now again I have ended in the same place where the pain I feel has become so excessive that I even hate every millisecond of seeing her whereas those same milliseconds were the blessings for my fragile heart.

The only thing I wonder is if I ever will reach a point where it is impossible to collect back the broken pieces and everything turns into dust, forever.

Written for İrem Karakavas
Dedicated to Andrea Calvillo.

Lost

Saved the world but who's gonna save me?
Among the millions yet it feels so lonely.
All the fake smiles that were shown
Is it the fault of the mouth or are my eyes so sore?
Each dagger slowly pressed into my back
With each stabbing I learned to regret
Yet am I supposed to believe everything you said?
Do you think I am a fool who'd fall for that?
I was a fool to love you so much,
I am a fool to keep loving you this much,
I will stay a fool to give you my trust
I don't care and I don't wanna
Closed my eyes, let's take back the time
To times all was fire, one minute to recite
I used to feel heatwaves from your smile
Now I freeze until blankets that drown
Stuck in the past, what changed so fast?
Time only moves forward, I don't want it to end
Will you also change like the weather?
Will there ever be another summer?

Everything is agonizingly moving

The feeling of not belonging anywhere is one of the worst ones out there. Even though you might believe that you are the strongest person; There will be a time where everyone will need to rest their heads somewhere and lean onto something. This something doesn't specifically need to be a romantic relation, however there still needs to be an immense amount of trust that is put into it.

It is disgustingly sickening that I have slowly lost this sense of giving trust to people who are close to me, I cannot stop myself from constantly wondering if the emotions are the real emotions that they feel. And this pushes me to overthink about every small pebble on the road.

Even though it is quite easy to state out this problem, it is not as easy to just solve it since it comes from a deeper part which slowly grew to a point of trouble just like a tumor, not physical but mental. To cut this tumor out there needs to be patience amongst both parties and respect for each other both with their feelings and boundaries, which some people are not willing to put in.

It is so miserable and unlucky at the same time to lose someone so dear to your heart, knowing what you are doing wrong and you are desperately asking for help that they turn their backs to either very knowingly or straight up without a single clue unable to collaborate.

Dedicated to Andrea Calvillo