ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Blue Memois

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conversation starter

we lay by the riverbank, a day after you drew a blank, a week after my heart sank, a month after we rode in my mustang, and a year after we met through a glass of pinot blanc. it was a tingle of dissonance, the second you couldn't put a name to my face, it was the rush of a dying romance, the minute my presence felt out of place. what kind of conversation starter, is enough to express my pain, and the connection it bears to a tormented martyr? it was difficult to let go of the thread that bound you and I together, and I watched in the midst of stormy weather, as the lightning seeped through my brokenness, and I couldn't help but lay emotionless, as there's almost nothing left to lose, except that paralysed vision of you. there's no conversation left to be had, even if I could describe the way I've gone mad, trying to stitch together your memory, and the minute you found out about the death of me.

To Whom I May Concern

it's hard to address this to someone who doesn't exist, it's hard to write this with a clenched and bloody fist, the shadows whisper "there are people who care", to which I reply,

"but they're laughing from upstairs",
kept behind a sealed door,
mocking me with everything I could want and more.
maybe it isn't worth trying,
maybe the best thing I'm doing is lying,
telling myself that everything will get better,
and that I could become a certain kind of trendsetter,
of emerging from a dark and dangerous place,
wiping the sweat and tears from my bloodied face,
and tell the story of how the woods had taken me deep and far,

but fiction will remain fiction,
and I'll remain trapped in this constant addiction,
of 'finding the light',

taunted me endlessly and picked apart at every scar.

whatever that's supposed to mean.

maybe happiness isn't meant for me to feel,

maybe I'm destined to spin alone on this ferris wheel,

maybe love doesn't come at first sight,

maybe it dies after the first fight, and truth be told,

and if it does,

maybe there's no such thing as 'You and I',
like that song I wrote when I was trying to electrify,
resurrect the love story that had been crippled for so long.
to you who has cared to listen,
maybe this is the feeling that I'm missing.

unbeknownst

I would convince you that I was fine, shining brighter than the organs of a gold mine.

I would concoct a deliberate string of lies, anything to make you think I was everything but a frail and dying butterfly, searching for a home in a quaint and untouched garden, telling myself that I would eventually harden.

but unbeknownst to you, everything is not alright. you never did notice,

you never looked inside,
you never even stopped to ask,

why my happiness was like the last drop in a water flask.

I don't expect much,
but maybe just a light touch,
of showing that you care,
because right now,

it feels like you're a stranger at a fair.

white wine

I poured you a glass of white wine, and cautioned you of the 'fine line', the lengths to which I wouldn't go, the places that reminded me of a certain afterglow, the one that trickled from her doorstep, the night that I laid there and wept, and felt like the wrong move in a game of chess, immediately going into a state of distress. I warned you that I had already been played, more than the coastal fishermen, who had believed in the myth of the mermaid. I told you what I had told her, "I'd still love you regardless, even if you sold me at the farmers' market, auctioned me as the finest fruit, one that stayed sweet, even in utter dispute".

my heart had fallen for the fallen,
the woman who threw everything away for a one-night date,
and turned out to be as sour as the jester in a high-school play.
this is only a word of advice,
take it as you will.

another glass?

drowned in disbelief

it's easy to drown in disbelief, especially when you finally have all the things that you need, no longer did I have to plead to find myself amongst the weeds. scattered and lost and soul broken with time, I wish I had followed all those flashing signs, instead of departing into dark hallways, thinking that I would find solace through pain, all I needed was a moment to be alone. but I could've done that on the mountaintop, or even the beachside as I'd soon come to know. it was on the seventh night that I may have found my way in life, I knew what I wanted but not who I wanted, an altered vision of me, or the person I was supposed to be. my poetry had come crashing down like a wave of relief, and in that very moment, I drowned in disbelief, could I finally be free? do I have all the things that I longed to see? was I truly filled with peace? those words that I had written moments before, I had only dabbled in putting ink to paper, but never had I felt like I was on the throne, in charge of myself, and leading the lone. I've drowned in disbelief to this very day, but I just know I've found the way, to live and to breathe,

and to find an ounce of belief every day.

blue, all because of you

goodbye to the memoir that I turned blue with my tears, goodbye to the memory that I latched onto for years.

it pained me to feel this wretched way,

it pained me to beg for one good day,

where my agony would remain in the background,

and the truth would gently bring me back down,

paint me into a piece of abstract act,

and sketch of seed of happiness into my frozen heart.

I looked at my reflection and what did I see?

a teary-eyed and helpless man looking back at me.

I would turn my face because I thought I wasn't good enough,

how was I supposed to live like that?

that question pondered like a seed of doubt on the back of my mind,

and the worry would eat me away on the inside.

it was time to take action,

destroy that damning distraction,
of having to change to satisfy this siren of the sea,

who did nothing but ruin me.

prism / soaring

eyes that glisten like the inside of a prism,
a mind that is subject to constant criticism.
they tell you to think little and not to dream,
try not to veer off the river stream.

what if we wish to create a fantasy where we belong?

what if our hearts aren't destined for love,

maybe it's meant for the future,

but for now,

they'll soar high above.

why tear us down when you see us reaching for that golden crown?

we'll dance and rummage in the valley,

to the people.

it's quite uncanny.

they're not used to those who look beyond the horizon,
they're used to eternal silence,
obliging to the norm,

rather than running free like a sandstorm.

send to s(urr)ender

you sent me a letter,

stamped with a plea and dowsed in ink,

and wrote that you hoped I was doing better,

but do you remember how you were there to watch me sink?

how can you write that you've missed me for so long,

when you wholeheartedly knew that you inspired the bridge of my song,

the part where I wrote about moving on and letting go,

the part where I sung about the way you latched onto my boat,

and tried to follow me into a new age,

refusing to accept that I was willing to start a new page.

I thought about writing back,

but the only thing that came to my mind was a question,

not a statement,

or a lowly expression of my feeling.

I wanted to know that when my loneliness was killing me at eighteen,

were you a witness at the crime scene?

did you testify that you were trying to help me?

did you testify that you were trying to be by my side?

it's all a transparent lie.

did you even stop to think of all those letters that I tried to write?

the way I tried to express my desire to carry on,

and live not to run.

you expect a reply,

but I struggle to write in rhythm or rhyme.

your letter will burn,

and I'll live to learn.

The Leffers I Tried To Wrife

polar opposites

we are so different,

so distant.

but I find myself drawn to you,

the compass that ticks within me,

points me in your direction.

more and more,

this energy grows,

and this aura flows,

I don't want to describe it,

it's unimaginable,

a feeling so rare.

our hearts have the force of magnets,

wanting to join once again,

even though we are so different and apart.

glazed

there is no use finding myself,
when darkness is all to be found.
my past presents pieces which can be salvaged,

stagnant memories,

meaningful times,

all lost in the rubble.

the only way to describe myself is,

blank eyes,

unfocused,

fractured mind

unhinged.

staring up at my bedroom ceiling,
watching as the shadows taunt me,
tempting me to turn back the hands of time,
and inflict pain and suffering on myself.
these glazed eyes have seen enough,
expressionless and lost,

how can I take this anymore?

trespass

she's an imposter.

an arrow to my heart.

a stinging pain disguised by blinding beauty.

the brass key,

the tainted locket,

and the moonlit eyes.

were you the one?

why does my mind to question it?

why does my intuition keep me up at night?

why linger in the shadows,

when you know I needed you the most?

continue to trespass,

and continue to intrude,

i don't know if I have the strength anymore.

multitudes

my healing comes in multitudes, it hits me all at once. the bountiful aroma, the scent of peace and love. pluck me like a flower, fresh from the field, rest assured, I'll be a sunflower, swaying in the wind, petals flying all around, waiting to be stitched. healing is gracious, a calling made whole. it cleanses our mind, and clears our eyes, finally, it touches our heart. it comes in multitudes, one wave at a time.

through my eyes

for you and for me.

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if you've seen what I've seen,
you would be silent.
if you've felt what I've felt,
you would close your eyes,
and project every last one of your thoughts,
my insecurities are no one's muse,
my story is no one's lesson,
those beady and reddened eyes,
and all those infectious fireflies,
were a souvenir,
of the night you turned and walked away.
through my eyes,
I've seen denial,
I've seen heartbreak,
I've seen what I'm about to see,
a future,
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dear lover

I don't know you yet,

and I don't want to know you yet,

because I'm scared,

scared I'm not the one you dreamt about,

scared that I won't be enough,

to satisfy your palette,

or to quench your thirst for love.

dear lover,

forgive me for the mistakes I'll make,
the words I'll forget to say,
or for my heart that gets lost along the way.

maybe I am lost,

but maybe you'll be the one to help me find myself.

perfection

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they tell you that you're perfect in every way,
reminding you that you're special,
and one-of-a-kind,
just to make you stay.
but deep down,
in the hollowed chambers of your heart,
imperfection resides.
perfection is a poisonous fruit,
an ideal,
waiting to be picked,
and once you've taken that bite.
juice will drip from every side,
trickling down,
and flushing away the mistakes,
the ones we're supposed to make.
we are imperfect,
beings shaped by our wrongful ways,
and maybe it should stay that way.
how else will we grow?
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roots

remember where you came from, the ones who built you, with no instruction manual, just their heart. the ones who kept you warm, when the cold kept trickling in. the ones who held your hand, when you were too scared to stand alone, the ones who cried with you, laughed with you, and paved the way for you. these are your parents. they are the only water, and the only sun, that you'll ever need. hold them tight, and love them till the end of time. honour your roots, and stand tall, like a mighty and proud warrior.

heart to break

I was given this heart, made for you to break. so, shatter it into a thousand pieces, it'll sting, feeling the shards prick my skin, but I'll live. time after time, I've had a heart, given to me for someone to break, and each time, I was given a new one. I should feel lucky, but how can I? when the only way I fall asleep, is to the sweet sound of asking myself, what's the point of loving, if hurting is the only thing I feel?

a sweetened view

we used to meet by the cottage,
on warm and dazed evenings,
where the sun and the stars would intertwine.
it was a fever dream,
a rush of happiness I wanted to last forever.

now,

the cottage is empty.

but our names still inhabit the front door,
once engraved with a rusted nail.
our voices no longer echo,
they no longer fill every crevice,
of this wooden monument,
that we once wanted to call 'home'.

now,

I wait by the river,
holding a handful of dandelions,
wishing and waiting for you to emerge,
to manifest.
any sign will do,
something little or large,
anything to comfort me.

. . .

a butterfly lands on my hand, cloaked in a dreamy shade of blue.

take me with you,

cover me with your wings.

take us home.

dance away dry your tears, wipe your scars, hold your other half, and dance away the pain. two figures, waltzing into each other's hearts. the music strikes a familiar chord, of the day they met, on a cold wintery evening. the day they promised to uplift each other, tap into each other's potential. dancing away, no games left to play, just the two of them,

holding each other tight.

loose love

hanging by a single thread,

slowly losing grip.

those final days,

we lost our way,

and fell.

maybe if our rope was stronger,

we could've made it to the top.

hand in hand,

heart with heart,

our connection could've held us.

but it didn't,

from the day we met,

we hung onto a single thread,

believing in loose love.

imagine

peace,

recollection,

and meditation.

all three,

felt at once,

lying in a stretching field,

surrounded by the sweet scent,

of a honey stream.

no worries to be had,

no thoughts to be touched.

only the flowers would sing,

and the gentle wind-bells would play their melodies.

the moonlight would caress your cheek,

and the raindrops would fall,

ever so silently.

imagine.

this hurting is too much

a second past midnight,

and I've made a decision.

I'll leave your portrait behind,

move away.

because the idea of loving you was better than the truth,

that my heart was fragile,

and tinted,

and blind.

i was clouded,

many nights lost in the sky,

looking for a planet,

where it could've been just you and me.

no voice telling me 'turn back',

just the trust in my blindness,

i would get past all that.

excessive hurting

there was no reason to feel agonised,

torn apart,

belittled.

maybe it was my expectations that took heed,

and injected me with these emotions.

the excessive hours,

spent pondering,

on where it all went wrong.

that's what hurts the most,

the time lost.

waterfall

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we spent hours by the waterfall,
sprawled on the wine-stained picnic blanket,
and drew pictures with our eyes.
a falling star,
a hidden clover,
and a beating heart.
the times we spent,
lost,
listening to the stories the river told us.
the warnings it whispered,
as it went raging over the edge,
almost inviting.
my waterfall,
my escape,
the lucky star that will mend my heart.
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edge of denial

stop.

think about what you've done,
who you've lost,
the pain you've dealt,
and the pain you've felt.

stand there,

grasp your letter,

the memoir to your future self.

what do you aspire to have?

happiness?

meaning?

life?

you can have all that and more,
the only thing stopping you is you.
if you think nothing will change,
the only thing you're doing,
is hanging off the edge of denial.

step into the shadows, hide your bloodied lip. the one anxiously bitten. you fear what you cannot see or feel, the unknown. it suffocates you, not knowing what will happen next. your intrigue led you down a damp and murky path, one you barely survived. where were all your friends? that's right, they abandoned you, because they told you to be brave, face yourself, but deep down, they feared themselves, and the reflection they saw. listen to me, take a deep breath, and put on your mask.

put on your mask

hide your fears.

complete me

a glass heart,

waiting to be glued together.

struck open,

memories oozing out.

are you satisfied?

you destroyed me,

and left,

leaving the hammer behind.

a stained relic,

a reminder.

all that remains is a scar,

an engraved epiphany.

i can't be completed,

if there's no one strong enough to complete me.

falling

dropping,

then falling for all of eternity.

is that how we end up after being shattered?

maybe we don't need anyone,

just ourselves,

but if we're lost on the inside,

who is going to catch me?

i can't keep falling.

the letters (for you & for me)

dear me,

you've grown.

you look in the mirror,

and see a brave fighter,

a positive beacon of light and peace.

time has changed you,

shaped you,

made you.

mend your heart,

by loving yourself,

always and forever.

stamp this letter,

mail it to a destination unknown.

patience,

there's always been a shadow holding your hand, it's up to you to find someone to fill that void.

this are the letters,

for you and for me.