



anomaly

Nadim Sadaka

the volume

hey stranger,
is that your ex sitting over there?
with the free-flowing hair,
the ice-cold stare,
and the cross around his neck,
looks like he's dressed to impress,
not you,
not me,
on that much we agree.
so don't be shy,
take a look into my eyes,
and try to tell me that you don't see the sun rise.
is that a mouthful?
well, it's about to be,
especially when I tell you of all the things you do to me.
sweet heart,
won't you skip a beat?
let your keeper kiss me slowly,
and then I'll sweep her off her feet.
I know you've spent your life in gated communities,
singing praises, hymns and all those necessities,
but let me tell you,
there is a life beyond the chapel and the trees,
and I could show you that,
if you'd let me please.

have you ever thought about dating a sinner?
one that's left his old life but is still a breadwinner?
you won't regret it,
you might struggle to digest it,
and your family might not accept it,
but when we're smoking away on the edge of the bay,
you'll forget them all.

so turn down the volume,
silence the voice in your mind,
and listen to mine.

turn down the volume,
let them hear me gently whisper to you,
speak of all the illicit things that we'll do.

turn down the volume,
and listen to the world spin,
and you'll begin to live it and breathe it and
find out that not everything is a sin.

you can't deny it,
the chemistry we have is like glitter and gold,
so won't you be my sacred centrefold?

closing hours

won't you be my night and day?
won't you let me love you this way?
take my hand and let's leave this town,
just forget about your father's frown,
and be with me in this moment.

we've entered the closing hours,
so leave your life at the bar,
hold my hand and let me walk you to my car
and then we'll drive away into the perpetual grey
with nothing but the wind in our hair,
and I'll look at you for most of the way
with a peaceful yet longing stare.

trailer park

the sun is falling,
and as I stand in the centre of this trailer park,
I can hear him calling,
whispering to me from the deepest dark.
there is an agony inside me,
eating away at everything that lives and breathes,
and as I fall to my knees and wipe my sweat with my sleeve,
I feel the pain and hear the voice that
tells me that I'll die because I don't believe.
I shouldn't have to feel this way,
I shouldn't have to cut out the pain,
with a dagger that others have used before,
and has now rusted down to the core.

Headlock

I play these chords on the church floor
and feel my face melt into the floorboards.

I hear the hymns,

and each one cuts deep into my skin,

because I don't love,

I don't hate,

I simply invalidate,

every fibre of my being,

my only thought in life right now is fleeing,

leaving stained glass windows behind,

and baptising this mind of mine.

if the Lord loves me,

why won't he touch me?

hold me close and pick me up off of my toes,

comfort me when I laid there crying in my bloodstained clothes.

I spent years in a headlock,

a suffocating bind of will I or won't I,

chose the life that others have chosen,

or live my life with great emotion,

and I've lied about my choice to many,

and those lies have continued past twenty,

bitter and cold testimonies of a feeling I no longer felt,

mitigating the damage that has been constantly dealt.

joined a cult

I joined a cult in the midst of a weeping winter,
and hoped they would help to remove that single splinter,
the wooden stake that had been driven straight through my heart
and tore the pieces that were left of me apart.

I had been broken and bruised,

used and abused,

and came to them when all others had shut me out of their view,
and they welcomed me with open arms.

at first,

it was beautiful,

those moments in the daylight where we
skipped along the silent coast,

holding hands and singing hymns and

ending the day with a tranquil toast

to a greater being that spoke to us in forbidden tongues,

and breathed burning stars into our empty lungs

as we sat around a blazing fire in the

confines of a glistening night.

but it took me too long to realise that I had been blinded,

and too enamoured to not see what was coming.

was I too naive to not expect the expected?

was I too in love to not keep my soul protected?

sexual fever

I sigh every time that I see your face,
I melt every time that you come over to my place,
and say that love is the realest when you're with me,
and whisper that there are things you're dying to see.
there is no limit when I'm with you,
I'll do anything to keep your figure in my view,
hold you like a pendant in the golden sun,
and lay still as you fire your shotgun,
drenched bullets perfectly colliding with my soul,
filling me up to make me feel whole.
I could kiss your outline forever,
run my finger over your silent body,
and beckon for you to make me feel as light as a feather,
and exhale as you beseech your touch upon me.
you infect me with a sexual fever,
a feeling of the pleasurable kind.
you know exactly how to pull my lever,
and bring delicate ease to my crowded mind.
I would let you do things I never thought I would do,
turn untouched myths into things that ring true,
like reaching new heights of pleasure,
entrancing me with your anatomical treasure.

gas station bathroom

like a phoenix,

I rise out of the ashes

after days of emotional lashes,

but there's still a pain in the back of my throat,

and there's a danger to my growing hope,

and as I dye my hair a different colour,

I look in the cracked mirror and wonder

why we did this to each other.

I remember those moments of stinging pain,

and how all those around me told me just to pray,

but that never numbed me as much as the bottles of champagne,

those empty carcasses that now stand on my living room shelf,

as a reminder of what felt like an eternal and deafening hell.

I know I should face it,

look it straight in the eye,

but that just doesn't feel right,

all I have left in me is to quit,

and run,

and blind myself with beauty as I look straight

into the centre of the burning sun.

I'll ride away with my peace in hand,

escape to a normal land,

where pain can just be pain,

and I'm not expected to kneel in the light

of a stained glass portrait again.

Blood red

we found each other underneath a blood moon,
I'd tell you my stories and you'd tell me yours too.
but is this feeling real or will it just fizzle out?
I'm unsure what this love is even all about.
so it's just countless restless nights all after each other,
where I look up at the constellations and
ask for another sign that this is right,
and that we'll last past tonight,
but nothing comes,
and we're left standing alone,
cloaked in worry and fragments of reddened snow.
this is all a vicious cycle
that can only be likened
to cathedrals crumbling
and storm clouds rumbling,
only for the sun to show its face,
and wash away what's left of that darkened day,
just for it all to come back ten times stronger.
I want to love you,
and I would as I could,
but should I?
I ponder in the glimmer of the violent pond
until I turn blood red,
unsure of what will happen next.
will I tell regret not saying the words I should've said?
or keep those feelings as a secret best kept.

dance of the dolls

I lit a cigarette and smoked silently on the pier,
and looked at the moon and
began to wonder how I even got here.

I'd try to remember,

but I feel as though this recollection
would take me back to last December,
where I had spent Christmas in the
whitened walls of a hospital room,
praying to make it,
and promising to repent for everything.

I never did that.

all I've done since then was dance the dance of the dolls,
put on a porcelain face,
and reclaim my sanity with elegance and grace.

some called it slaughter but I called it peace,

some called it revenge but I called it taking back pieces of me.

the pact

there's nothing emptier than a hollow pact,
one you make just to prove their fact,
and be able to move on.

you think you've felt every kind of pain,
until that fateful day

where it's time for you to march to the stage
and proclaim that you're saved,

but you walk up in complete and utter disbelief,
and stand there with shaky knees,

looking at the door and ready to flee,

because you don't know how you could ever
let them give your life unto him,

but you let it happen anyway in such a whim.

you go days, weeks, months and years,

feeling nothing but the occasional spout of tears,

and you begin to wonder if you can keep up the charade,

tell everyone that you're serving him when really,

you've moved on to a new age.

you go to sleep with a broken pact on the floor,

but this idea of finding yourself in amongst the

trauma is all you could've ever dreamed for.

transmission

it's midnight and I'm up again,
staring at the television screen and thinking of you,
thinking of how yearning for you is as wild as
being trapped inside the grounds of burning carnival,
searching for a way out and a way to say that
I love how you compliment my heart's arsenal,
my chest full of emotions that are moved by your presence.
I feel the need to embrace you and tell you that
you light up every room of my darkened abode,
and explain to you that you are the candle-bearer
on my long and treacherous road,
my path to feeling a certain type of freedom,
in which you lead me closer to you with
every breath you make
and every action you take.
this transmission,
the blurred lines,
it plays me like a tape on rewind,
trying to find a single sign,
where we parted ways and faded into a forgotten grey.

severed hands

it was dawn,
and all I could think about was how I wanted to rip
myself apart and tear out my bleeding heart,
just to watch you watch me turn into ashes,
a byproduct of your emotional lashes.
you had sat me down that one winter evening,
ran your severed hands down my spine,
and told me that it would be fine
because I was a mighty man of God,
whatever the hell that meant.
you told me that you'd pray for me,
ask for my soul to be cleansed,
free from a bitter end,
and I had sat there,
looking at you with a hatred I shan't describe,
wanting to crush you from the inside,
because you had spat acid for so long,
but when it came to it,
you couldn't even writhe to your own poisonous song.
you'd often condemn it,
but what I saw said otherwise,
you and one other behind the bleachers,
down on their knees and -
I think I'll stop there.

your severed hands have spoken words
that are loud without meaning,
your severed hands have pushed me down
and told me that I'm dreaming,
that I'll die a lifeless carcass if I don't accept and repent
and be the one thing you tell me to be,
not who I want to see staring back at me
in the fragments of the bloodied glass.
have you always enjoyed telling others how to live?
have you always felt to need to take but never give?
step away from me and
get your severed hands off my body,
let me leave this burning chapel
behind and become somebody.

Set the light in

the fireflies don't flicker like they used to,
these moments don't hit as hard as they need to,
and I know that blaming you is what I should do,
but how can I do that when I just want to keep you
in my memory,
and in my sky,
as you fill up every corner of my life,
and I guess I shouldn't lie
and just tell you that you need to let the light in.
with your darkened heart beating,
and your empty eyes misspeaking,
I can do nothing but just ask why
and how it got this way,
because everything right now is
making it so hard for me to stay.

sweet violent breeze

you melted my world into a
catastrophic mix of blue, red and purple,
and thanks to you,
I've spent nights pacing around my room in circles,
just thinking about the consequences,
of how we went from friends to this,
and how I lowered all of my defences,
and you became the one I'd miss.
loving you is like a sweet violent breeze,
I love to love you but fuck,
it cuts deep,
and there's a fine line between pleasure and pain,
but with each passing day,
those emotions begin to feel the same.

dying star

I used to glimmer like the armour of a shining star,
fly through the sky at the speed of a beating heart,
waltz through the night without worry or fear,
and sleep knowing that my happiness is always near.

but now,

I sit alone in this darkened chapel,
watching the dust come and go,
and feel the weight of my heart that is half-full,
holding me down as I try to grow.

I look down at my bloodied palms
and the reddened outline tells me that heaven is too far,
and hell is all that surrounds me now,
and that no one will be there to listen to my qualms.

as the sun sets and the night begins to rise,

I feel myself begin to flicker like
the fragments of a dying star,
but not like the light of forest fireflies,
but rather like a flashlight shining
through a ruined piece of art.

it won't be long before I fade away,
completely consumed by a fiery grey,
and be nothing more than an
empty seat in a weekend service,
and it's truly saddening that none of them would notice.