

ONLY

NADIM SADAKA

CAN

PART ONE

MAKE

MYSELF

HAPPY

dedicated to my trauma and
my still-healing scars

These writings are about the dissonance that we harbour within ourselves, the monotony of seeking validation for every path we take, and the agony we feel once we realise that we were the one that could've made us happy all along. It's beautiful, the moment you realise that you can run with the wind and crash by the coast and feel like you can raise a toast to the journey you've had. It would be foolish to not admit that you didn't have help along the way, but it would also be foolish to not thank yourself for holding you as you walked to that stage, that next chapter that you once spotted beyond the horizon and thought was beyond your grasp. I could tell you that I'm happy, but that's not true, I've got my moments and so have you, but it's about what you do with those moments that truly matters. I've learnt to say one thing, a single sentence that has shaped the content of this collection, something that I'll hold close forever ...

Only I Can Make Myself Happy.

Nadim Fadaka



how are you feeling?

...

will you be healing?

...

have you been hurt?

...

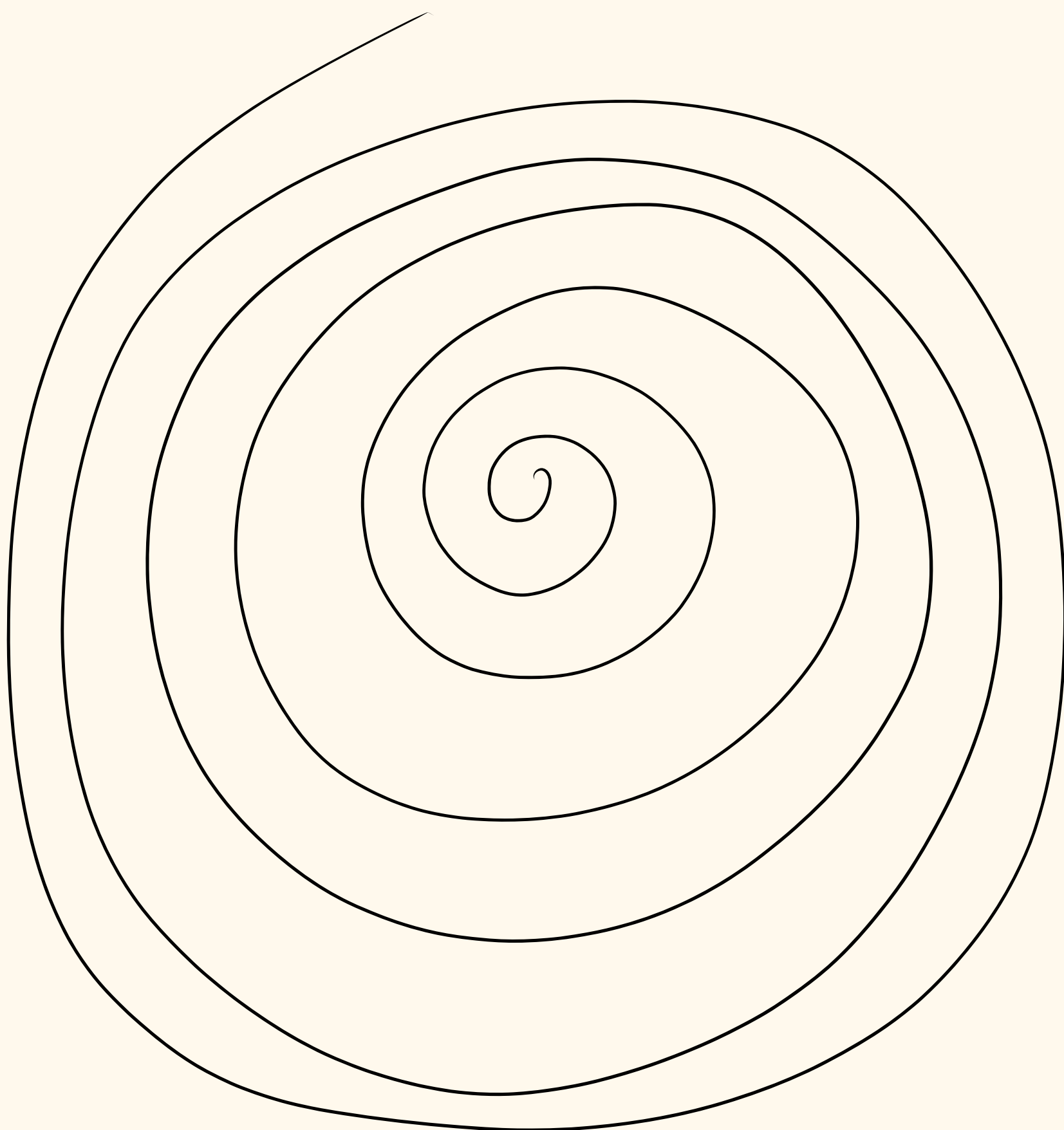
are there lessons to be learnt?

...

if yes, repeat after me:

...

Only I Can Make Myself Happy



PRELUDE

within seconds,
everything you thought you knew could come
crashing down.
the world you once belonged in,
could become nothing but a pile of ashes floating
amongst the unfamiliar universe.
so why do we linger?
why do we continue to trace our finger over the
constellations of the past?
what do we expect to feel when we grate
ourselves against the sandpaper that once tore
us apart?
we're obsessed with overthinking until thinking
about thinking becomes brutal,
a blade that pierces you when you're aimlessly
staring up at your bedroom ceiling at night,
or looking into the eyes of the one you love.
but I get the pain,
I can relate,
because I've come to learn that anxiety doesn't
choose when to strike, it just does.



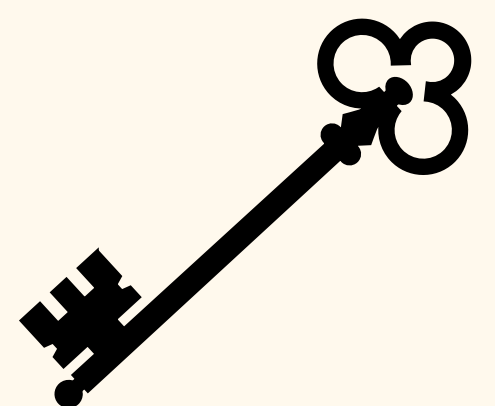
I've been fighting myself for all my life,
holding up my fortress against bitter strife,
pressure that stains my
walls with a darkened colour,
and I can do nothing but
watch as it all grows duller,
feel myself slip through the sands of time,
and commit a first-degree kind of crime,
of just letting my inner child go,
watch him sink into the soil below,
and then I'm left standing all alone.

I've built this castle and
used my tears as the foundation,
I've suffered in silence
because of self-condemnation,
and looked for something to give
me life amongst the endless rubble,
only to lose my mind and start seeing double,
all because the pain is too much to bear,
too much for my kingdom
to stay standing in the air.

SATELLITE TOWER

let's walk to the satellite tower,
let me show you where I planted those flowers,
the gardenias I slathered with honey,
and used to lather my body,
all to attract a swarm of bees with stings for
keys who would unlock every pore on my skin
that you clogged with sin from another
man you touched.
did it give you pleasure to see my pain?
to see me drown in one too many
glasses of champagne?
I sat there,
drunk and alone,
and confided in my reflection in the window,
asking him why he failed to run before he was
swept into a permanent limbo,
a constant state of wanting to love you and
everyone else except myself,
a dark time where I could cry every time
I saw your photo on my shelf,
a dust-coated fragment that asks ...
“are those tears of joy or something else?”.
let's stand by the satellite tower,
let me hold you and remind you of how we fell in
love at the darkest hour ...

those sixty minutes where it felt like every
waking tide and everything serpentine was
against us,
and for many nights,
we felt defenceless.
this was nothing but a
dark and twisted charade,
a miscommunicated game of who gets to stay
and clean up after the other's mistake,
and I guess I won,
I guess I put myself first and
thought about the long run,
and I felt every ounce of freedom telling you this
by the base of the satellite tower,
I feel so glorified telling you that I no longer
needed you to illuminate the corridors of my
lonely heart like a moonflower.

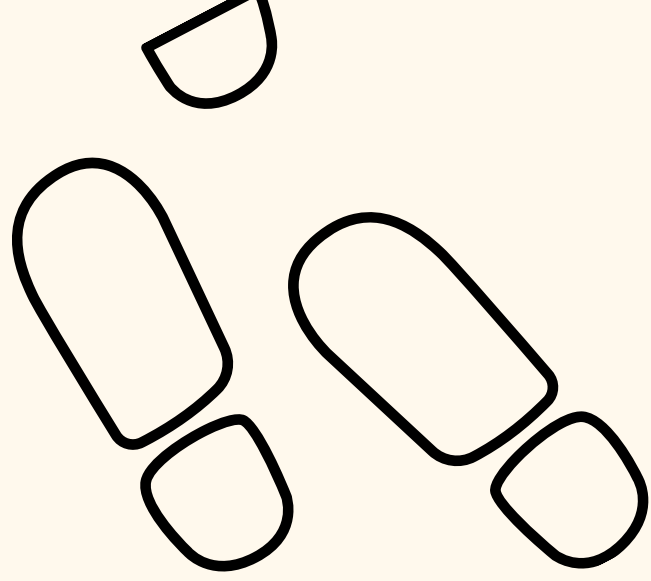


W A L K



this walk of life was meant for
people like you and I,
we were born to try and reach
for the highest point in the growing sky,
aim for everything we wanted,
and wash away anything that's left us haunted,
those miserable words that
fell like a frozen downpour,
and those days that we spent
tracing over a window-frame,
just waiting for someone to call our name,
because hearing it would
remind us that we existed,
and give our mind the feeling
of comfort that it insisted.
we were so broken,
endlessly misspoken,
because we spent our days worrying about other
onlookers thought about our ways,
our unusual methods of being grateful and
surprisngly not hateful about the
things that tore us down.

I want us to walk a thousand miles,
I want us to thank all our trials,
I want us to be who we're meant to be,
strong, kind and loving men,
because that's what makes a man,
not his features or his form,
nor his stupidity to run into a dust storm,
but his strength and appreciation,
for who and what he is,
a bringer of joy and love,
and maybe giving a hug when
it comes to push and shove.
I used to think that this walk of life,
where they said boys don't cry,
wasn't meant for people like you and I,
but we've cried tears of happiness and sadness,
and I think we're just perfect for this life.



BROKEN PATH

when we walk barefoot along a broken path,
who is supposed to feel our wrath?
the pain that we meticulously bottle in,
and rots and ruins until we admit that it's grim.
at what fragment of a second could this
bubbling mass seep
through the weakened cracks,
and pour out like liquid gold onto everyone that
thinks that they're keeping us composed,
when really,
it's been months since our hearts had anything
but a sign that read 'closed',
shut off from the familar and newcomers alike,
not doing what we once did
to keep our love for life alight.
we no longer turn red when complimented,
instead we think "are they talking about me?"
because we view ourselves
as hopelessly fragmented,
and nothing more than he who tried to drown
himself in the depths of his favourite sea.

are we supposed to feel everything
until we can't feel anything at all?
at what point do we stop feeling the need to
constantly take the fall,
be a sponge for the tears of others,
drench up all this pain because we advertised
ourselves as caring and compassionate,
isn't our own pain enough?
where were all these people when it came time
to walk our own broken path?

WONDER WHY?

it's only ever when I glue myself back together,
that you wonder why I was under the weather.
the only hour I ever seem to cross your mind,
is when you paint me as a ghost,
and then you wonder why I do
that for several months at a time.

only now,

my invisibility is permanent.

you'll never see my face again in the sunlight,

you'll never read the countless stories

that I'm bound to write,

and then you'll do what you do best,

and that's wonder why.

you'll ask of me in the streets

because you crave an answer,

you'll search for me in city bars because

I once told you I wanted to be a tap dancer,

you'll try to ring me but my

phone is sleeping in the water,

and then you'll question whether I'm sleeping

with somebody's second daughter,

because in those moments of

wondering where I could be,

you'll try to piece together every loose fragment

of things you once thought you knew about me

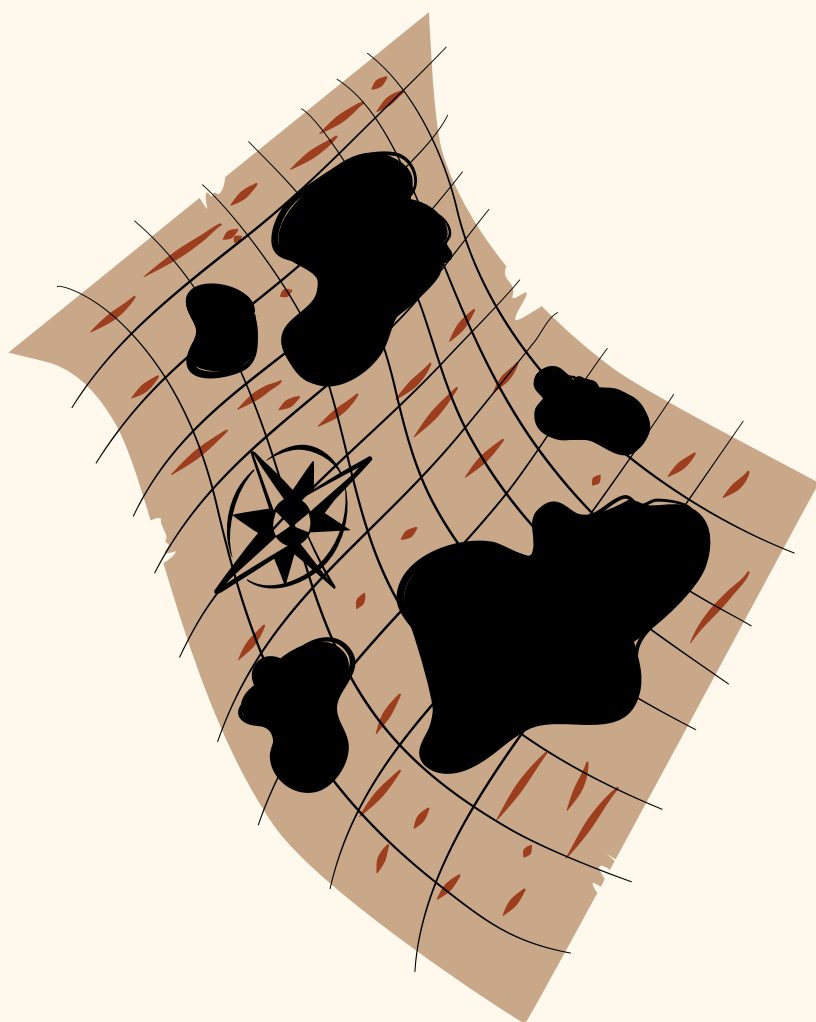


it's like the only thing you remember are the mistakes that I've made, and not my multiple attempts at cleaning the slate, and when I think we've finally moved on, you tell your partner and their friends about all that's happened, like some sort of jewelled piece of folklore, and I'm forced to leave into the shadows. don't bother wondering why I disappeared when you're only going to realise that you were the reason.

DESTINATION NINE

no one ever told me that healing was hard,
but they also never told me
that it would be easy,
they certainly didn't say that I
would have my body and mind to guard,
from the voices within whispering
and telling lies to tease me,
bronze-coated fables about the past and how
good it would be to lay again in a puddle of
tears,
and envelop myself in the pain
that I endured for years.
a part of me doesn't know what
healing really means,
am I just expected to dump my
luggage at an abandoned airport
and immediately feel ten times lighter?
am I expected to just expose my open scars on
my arms to everyone around me
and tell them that I'm a survivor and a fighter?
would that be lying?
have I truly recovered from the drought of
happiness, peace and any other emotion that
crippled me on most nights?

maybe things are better,
but here I am trekking the wilderness,
passing every river-stream and wishing
that I could submerge myself and block
out the voices from amongst the trees.
I've got this map in my hand and one part of my
body is telling me that I'm doing fine,
but really,
I'm relentlessly searching
for destination number nine.



D O W N T O W N

there's no pleasure like a woman's delight
here on this cool honey night,
we were the couple of the country scene,
but the daily paper deemed it 'obscene'
they hid in the bushes and
watched you take me down,
straight to your ripe and raw underground.
an immense satisfaction of
a summer fruit undressed,
with juice that ran like the mountain ravine,
down a mouth that now glistened and gleamed.
people spoke of the honey
that dripped from your lips,
people spoke of the way you threw
me into a sexual eclipse,
and infected me with a sweetness any man of
my innocence would begin to crave,
and made me long for the subtle night
where we'd misbehave,
drench the valley in a cloak of desire,
and gently set my tongue on fire.
there's never going to be anything like
a cool honey night.

B O D Y A C H E

every body ache reminds me of you,
every heartbreak reminds me of the
things we used to do,
your skin against my skin,
your strawberry lips against mine,
sugar dripping from my chin,
this perpetual pleasure should've been a sign,
but I could never really tell how
much would be enough,
it was only really good when your touch became
too much,
a sexual flame that blazed me in places that
were once painfully cold,
a euphoric hurricane that blew into a crevice
that felt like dripping gold.
how did we give each other everything,
yet,
there were moments where we felt so empty and
all we could hear were the drops of rain
plummeting towards the bedroom window.
how did you plunge me into the
pool of your forbidden land,
douse me in the dew of your morning beauty,
but leave me with nothing but an ache
once the sweetness had faded away.

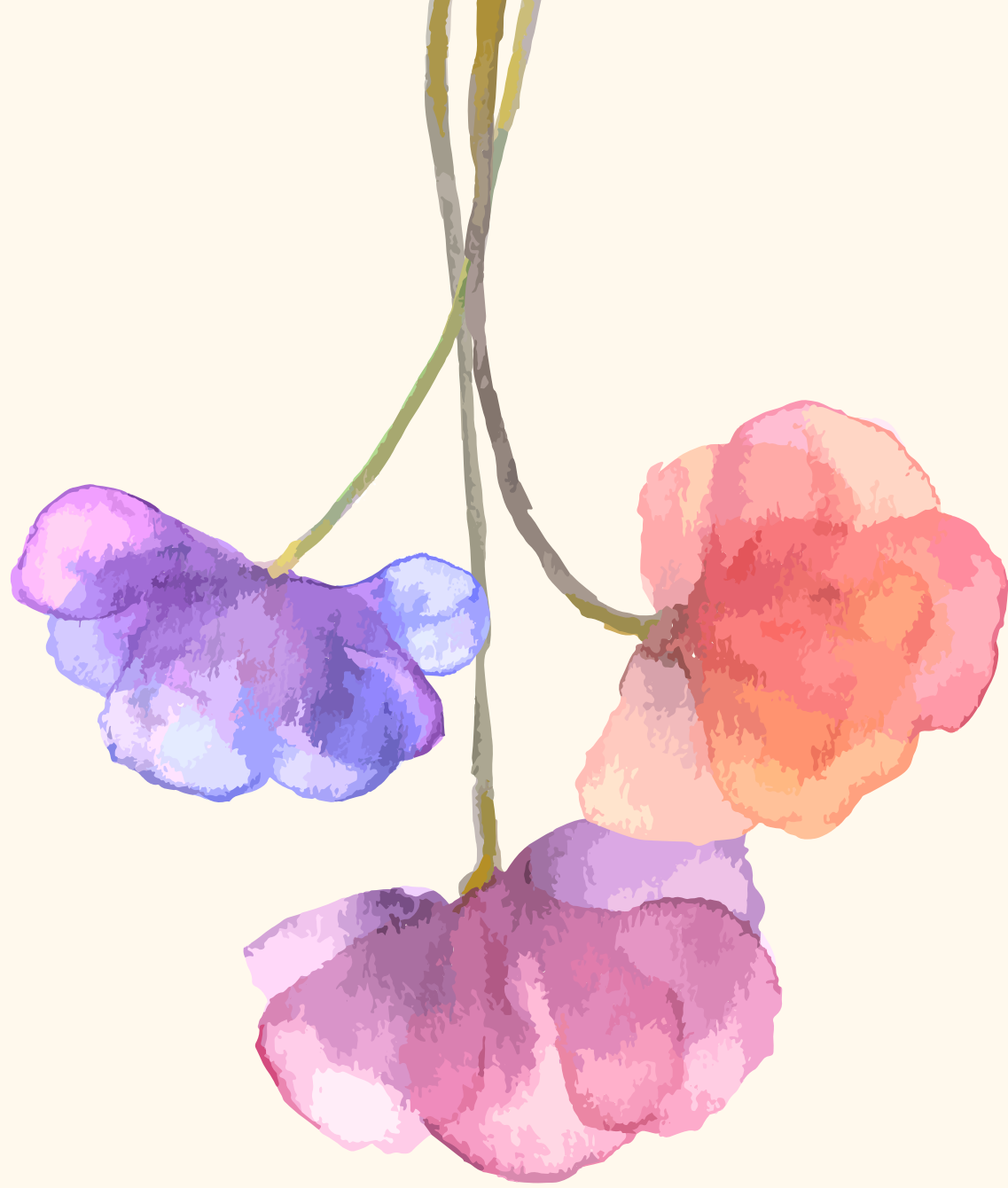
there must've been a point where
my love meant nothing anymore,
there must've been a point where you couldn't
bear to see my clothes on your bedroom floor,
and that point broke this empty locket
of us into two rusted pieces.
tell me why did this happen,
tell me why did you leave,
you screwed my body into shambles,
and left me dead by your backyard tree.
I can't stop thinking about the way
you made my body move,
I refuse to let go of that blissful
feeling of me loving you,
but time and pain makes me question
whether this ache was even worth it.
you carved away a piece of my heart for
yourself and failed to fill the void you left,
it's like you wanted to remember the things we
did but not who I was when we first met,
but how can I blame or judge when the only
reason my body aches is because it misses the
taste of your tongue and misses the nights under
the hotel sheets and misses you on top of me
and tries to find another heart to shoot with a
lovestruck arrow to claim, but misses.

you make my body ache,
harder than a first mistake,
longer than a longing heartbreak,
yet faster than every breath I would take,
exploring every diamond-coated hall of your
hollowed palace.

I shouldn't want or miss this, but I do.

TELL ME YOU DON'T LOVE ME

I was just a boy with a flower in my hand,
wandering along the coastline,
wondering if you'd ever like to dance.
I'd put your hand in mine and
stare deep into your eyes,
and think,
how could I ever have someone like you,
a perfect walking infliction of every swooning
root that grows inside the hallway of my heart,
an indigo night sky brought to life that
speaks in rhythms of silk and whispers drops
of light red onto my cheeks,
and in that moment that tasted
like a slice of heaven,
I realise that I'm standing alone in the water
and I've only made it to seven,
when I've tried to count to ten without
thinking of you by my side again.
this would be so much easier if my
heart knew what you wanted,
so just tell me,
if you're feeling a certain kind of way that
doesn't fit into my narrative,
tell me you don't love me,
tell me you don't want me ...



and spare me having to picture us melting
together in the moonlight,
because there's only so many reasons I can
tell myself about why you never look at me the
way I look at you.

I beg you to drive that knife through my heart
and just tell me you don't love me,
let this fairytale in my mind just crumble, let me
move on and give up hope,
and allow me to find someone else in the sky.
I understand that you might be shy,
but you know I love you,
so why?

ENDLESS AFFECTION

I showered you with endless affection,
a bouquet of singing roses,
and a deep and meaningful connection,
a bond that I polished and shined,
and gifted to you with a glass of red wine,
asking if the time was finally right,
for us to be lovers running into
the forbidden night,
and be the secret we always wanted to be,
that mysterious couple we wanted and
admired and now that could be you and me.
I could show you my safe place and
read you my poetry,
and then I'd take your hand and we'd
run and then you'd notice me,
looking at you like I've never
looked at anyone else,
and then I'd describe to you how my body melts,
when I think of us first meeting and
how far we've come,
and then I'd proclaim my love for you,
pick you up and run into the setting sun.
we could have beautiful things,
but if doubt must cloud our mind,
let's give it a chance and see
what this life brings.

TIME

I used to think that I had a target on my back,
I had to decide in that moment or there
was no chance to escape that.
those minutes that felt like hours where it feels
like the weight of the world is
resting on your shoulders,
and you feel as though you need to say yes or
no and that everything is getting colder,
and all I wanted was for time to be frozen,
and for me not to feel as broken,
because I couldn't decide what
I wanted in my life,
and I'd think,
how can time tick without asking if I'm alright?
each elegant movement moves my life forward,
yet I remain stuck in place,
wondering what personal boundaries
will be broken next.
but time didn't just outrun me when it
felt the need to,
it was something that stole emotions
I didn't even know I had.
it lived on my arm and on the wall of my room,
reminding me that there was always
such a thing as too soon.

HER NAME COULD BE 'SORRY'

her name could be sorry,
and she'd be anything but that.
she wrapped me in the fabric of her story,
and burned down the garden where we first sat,
sitting in silence and watching the stars align,
but I'd lying if I said I wasn't praying for a sign,
something subtle to whisper
that she could be my demise,
but nothing came and I just wish I
had trusted the dying glow of the fireflies,
who once glimmered just for me,
when I was sitting alone on a balcony.
I could call her so many things,
but only a 'destroyer' would be best,
she crushed all my orchestral strings,
and questioned why I became depressed.
maybe I was lost in her daydream,
and maybe this love was a green screen,
and that would make sense,
because she was never what she seemed to be.
an apology from her was like a
rose wrapped in thorns,
it's like she was trying to say sorry,
but she just couldn't take that
bull by the horns.

V I R T U A L G H O S T

oh virtual ghost,
you've watched me cry and raise a toast,
all through the comfort of your quiet abode.
you've seen me break down and get back up,
you've read my lips as I whispered:
'out of luck',
and then shook your head in digital disbelief,
as you felt me reply back to the
people i don't need.
you're a silent shadow that
hides in every frame,
you're no stranger to me falling in love and then
searching up their name,
running through the one-dimensional
timeline of their life,
leading myself down a path of strife.
oh virtual ghost,
how can you remain silent as you
watch me become engrossed?
infatuated with the story of another,
which you know will lead me to smother,
no,
plague myself with wanting to be different,
and slowly evolve into something I
never thought I would be.



oh virtual ghost,
I know you've got hope,
trust in me and my journey,
but why must you hide in the
forest of my screen?

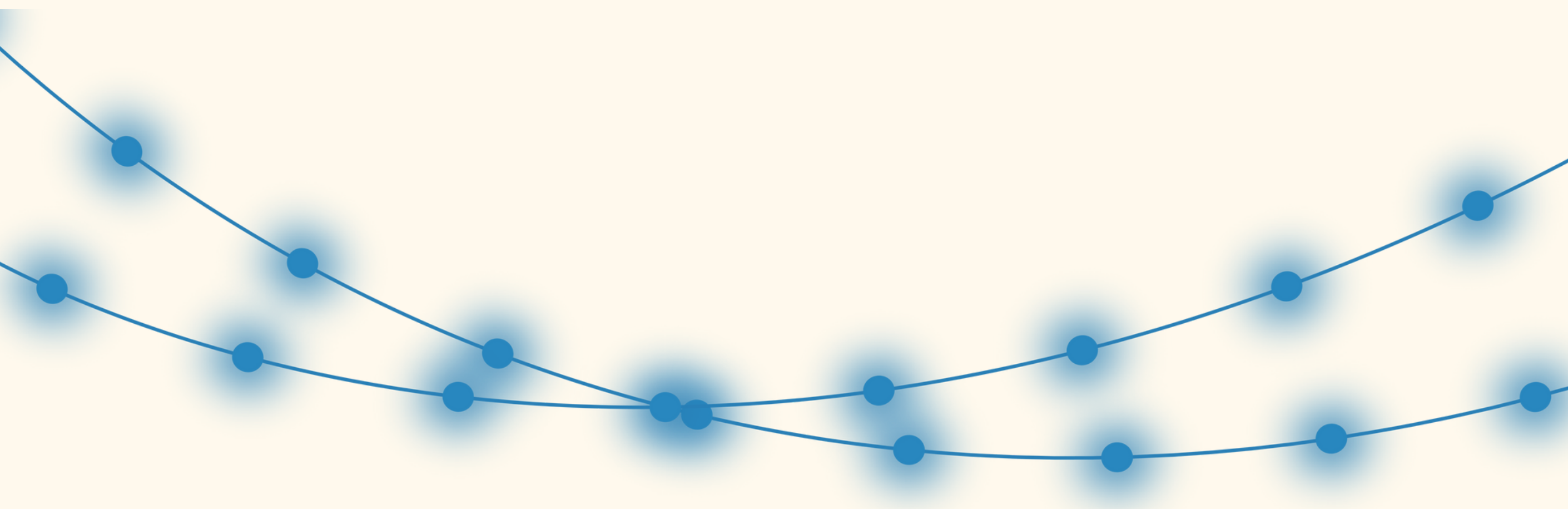
MY
ROOM

I called you up at half past nine,
and said that I was doing fine,
but I could be better because
I've got you on my mind.

'will you come over?' I said,
and you said *'will we lie in your bed and
listen to music until the sun rises again?'*.

we've got hearts made of gold,
and maybe those tales that I told you
were inspired by the time we spent in my room.
you've seen it more than any other human has,
and maybe we should've made a pact,
for you never to ask me if the writing on the
wall had something to do with you.
you've held my notebook and my pen,
and read my words again and again,
making your own notes in the byline,
about how it made you feel.

you've traced your finger over the windowsill,
and asked me if I'd die on that hill,
where I lie to myself for days upon days,
that I didn't think of you in any other way.
my room has a view and maybe that's you.
your raven-black hair glowing in the moonlight,
and your enchanting eyes that make it
come alive like daylight.



you drew a heart into my desk frame,
and wrote your name in many places.
you're the enigma I want to hold forever,
you know I do but how can I tell you ...

ENTERED MY WORLD

I laid the basket with the papers on the water,
and gently nudged it,
watching it sail down the river.
there was beauty to be found in
letting the words I once wrote just go,
there was meaning to folding each
page and watching myself grow,
closing the gate on a chapter that once brought
me peace but called for me to
let it run with the warmer winds,
as for every page that I stain with
one final drop of ink,
a new one is waiting to be transformed,
filled with an effortless retelling of
things that I've felt, seen or heard.
I painted my stories using the finest of brushes,
I wrote about every feeling and
even those countless crushes,
and watched as the light trickled in
and entered my world,
breathing life into what I thought
were broken tragedies,
but were merely desparate infrastructures
begging to see the brink of day,
and feel a revival rise from amongst the rubble.



I stand by every word I've ever written,
I mean everything I've ever said,
and while it's hard to see them
dance into the sunset,
a piece of me knows that I'll see them again.

FOUND MYSELF

you've never really known pain
until you've let yourself down,
that suffocating feeling of 'I can do better',
those brief moments where you
lose yourself in a crowded town,
and you ride the night train with
nothing but a bloodstained sweater,
searching for that final piece of hope to
return to the puzzle that you are,
and then you question whether
searching for worth was even worth it,
and this pains you until tears turn to blood and
you've splashed your instabilities
all over the escritoire,
where you trace in ink and blood:
'do I even deserve this?'
our bodies,
they lay dormant until the sun comes up,
but our minds,
they tick sporadically like a
broken watch in a watchmaker's workshop,
and our souls,
they knock on every ivy-cloaked door to
find a place to rest ...



but the only one that answers is the
one that has passed the test,
survived the self-condemnation
and self-depracation,
the one who always come running back
because it can never truly leave,
ourselves.

DRAWING BOARD

we both sit on the same floor,
and a part of me wants to get to know you more,
more than just your name and your pretty face,
and I suppose I need to ask if that
would be okay,
but how can I do that when I feel
ashamed for feeling this way.
am I going too fast and how long
is this fairytale going to last?
I think I'm falling in love with
just the sight of you,
because my heart skips a beat
anytime you come into my view.
why is it so easy to imagine us together?
I see you and I think that you
could make me even better,
but then I remind myself that I've
skipped the drawing board.
I've glazed over introductions and nervously
saying '*hi*' every time we pass each other by,
and I guess I still need to know how
you are and ask about the things you like.
that's when I start to wonder if this crush will
still live once I get to know you more,
or will I throw away this lush vision
I drew on my drawing board?

TAKE CONTROL

if you looked at me for more than a second,
you'd notice that I'm about to start begging,
pleading for you to take the wheel,
to give myself a minute to breathe and
wipe my tears with my sleeve,
because all of this has been so hard
and I can only push myself so far.
it's either me breaking down in the
office of my therapist,
or trekking alone on a path that is so perilous,
there's never been an in-between,
every moment gets worse,
or so it seems.

it's been eight-hundred and sixty-five days and
nights since I thought of myself as anything but
a storm cloud floating alone in the sky.

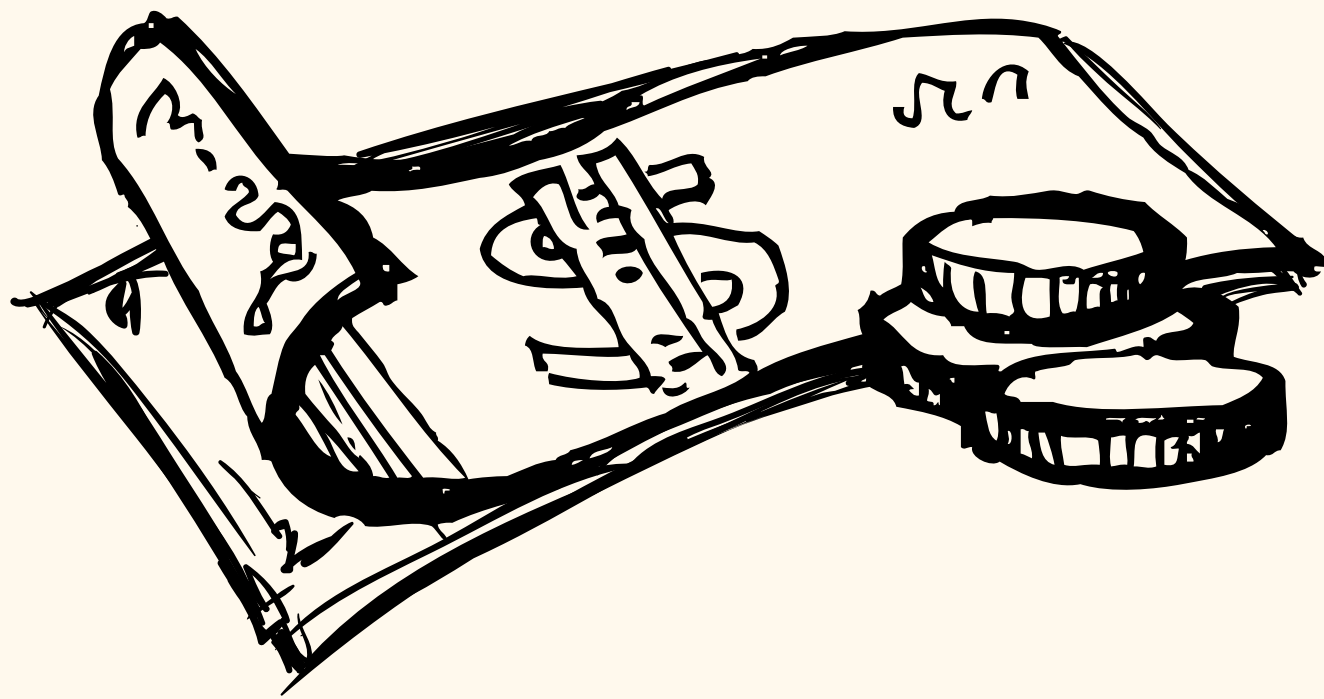
it's been that many days since I began to deny,
and disapprove of anything that glistened,
but you could help me,
you could give me back what
I need to mend myself,
you could take control and give me
what I need to fill this empty hole,
the gaping void in my heart.



things might've not always been
perfect between us,
but you've seen me spiral and crash and burn,
and while you haven't always
been the most attentive,
I guess there's something for the
both of us to learn.

OUTCASTS

this could end badly,
and she knew that I knew that,
and asked if the thrill turned me on,
to which I replied '*madly*'.
we made out in her dad's mustang,
and hid in the backseat when the sirens rang,
and listened as they searched for
the village outcasts,
a lovesmitten duo with nothing but each other
and a pocket full of cash on their mind.
I lit her cigarette and continued
writing my vignette,
recounting when we first met in the
alleyway behind the riverside inn.
it was a warm night,
you clutched the local gazette in one hand,
and in the other,
a half-empty bottle of the finest gin,
and I could see that dried tears had
made their mark on each cheek.
and I simply whispered
'you don't need to feel weak',
and it wasn't long before she had
found a home in my heart.



soon enough,
the 'suspected conman' and the 'broken
divorcee' were the talk of every corner of town,
two citizens that were exiled and
forgotten but made each other whole.
I can see us running endlessly for life,
and escaping the pain.
I can see us laying together by open flames and
leaving no stretch of country land unclaimed,
just two outcasts making a name.

H U M A N

it was a warm summer night,
unlike any other,
and with a chest full of might
I turned to the one I called my brother,
and asked him what it meant to be human.
I was no stranger to an existential crisis,
but this,
this was more than that.
I had questioned so much but received so little,
I had thought about everything until
my mind became brittle,
but wrapped myself in flashbacks of
light to keep me warm,
and safe from the unknown.
I'm scared of what I don't know,
and what I don't know is what it
means to be human,
to be a secluded and selfish being whose heart
only beats when things are good for
him and no other,
whose words beg to kill when he senses
happiness in another.

to be human is to be bold,
to be human is to be the centrefold,
the middle of someone else's life
and their story,
and we can either lift them up or
break them down,
but is that really all it means to be human?
to be human is to have a hunger for romance,
an urge to be in love,
but we often love so much
until love loses its meaning,
and being in love only seems to involve fleeing,
walking away in shame after
someone rejects our name,
because no one is happy with anything anymore,
and they only seem to love you
when you collapse on the floor
in agony because everything is not okay.



SUNFLOWER FIELD

when the sounds of suburbia became too loud,
I packed my things and took
the first train out of town,
and sat for hours with patience
to reach the sunflower field,
ready to let down my mental shield.
I escaped there when I couldn't bear to hear the
sound of slamming doors and photoframes
falling to the floor coming from the broken
couple next door.
I dreamt about every glistening shade of yellow
that swayed in the wind as they
waited for me and my family,
the people that lived inside the
home in my head,
many faces created over many years in
many different places,
figures that could speak to me
when even I couldn't reach me,
and help pull me up from the bottom,
wiping away the dirt on my cheeks and
cleaning up my wounds.

we'd all stay inside the cabin in
the middle of the field,
and waited as the whispers of the
night wind gently revealed,
faded footsteps that glowed at the
base of the sunflowers
from disjointed figures who had
wandered for hours,
searching for a reason to even live,
and resorted to slicing off rotten limbs,
those stained relics that had been
scarred by too many.

I shouldn't need to do that,
remove my marks of imperfection,
I should live with them and allow
them to make me whole.



B L I N D F O L D

I could hear the language of your beating heart
and I was certain that you could
hear the words of mine,
they beckoned for you to undress me,
run your fingertips through my hair,
and give rise to my dormant vine.
all I wanted was for you to trace the back of my
neck and whisper 'I'm all that you need',
you'd be the fuel to my desolate flame
and in my mind you'd plant a seed,
a lush collection of outlandish thoughts.
you pushed me to the floor and
asked me if I wanted more,
more of your heaven and more of your hell,
and I was ready to indulge in the fantasy
that you were beginning to sell,
an influx of eruptive passion and pushing
everything off the kitchen bench.

S L O W M O T I O N

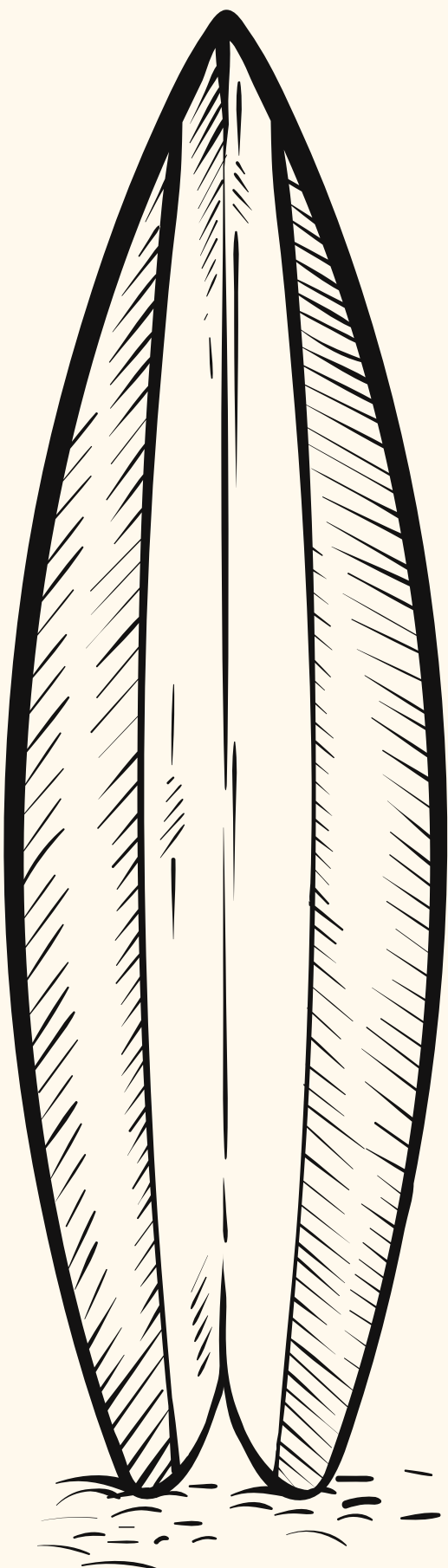
I wish I was brave and wrote how I really felt,
painted a portrait of the
way you made my heart melt,
and told you that you filled me
with a feeling of the third kind,
and sung about the way you
were always on my mind.

I struggle to know why I ignored the truth,
or why I locked myself in a confession booth,
not knowing what words to say,
or the right memories to play,
to remind me that I had fallen in love,
with a girl that thrived on push and shove.

but that's just the story you
wanted people to know,
I watered the other narrative that you sowed,
the one where you mended the heartbroken,
gave a voice to the poorly outspoken.

I didn't believe in love anymore,
but then you skipped along my shore,
and your dark hazelnut eyes
filled what was left of my broken sky.

why can't I admit that I thought
about you on every car ride,
and all the times I was learning
the surf the rough tide,
just to cross your silver ocean,
and admire you in slow-motion.



BUTTERFLY BAY

it's been three years since I sat by the water,
watching the waves come and go,
it's been four years since I caught her,
when she was falling like the final drop of snow,
and it's been five years since we met
at the edge of the butterfly bay,
and six since I knew everything but
somehow nothing but the wrong way,
straight into the eye of insanity.

I've known nothing but broken piano chords,
dust on the doorframe and
crumbled letters on the floorboards,
blissful and stinging recollections of
everything that went wrong
tainted and violent reminders of a
love lost for so long.

she would lose her bearing on many sleepless
nights which turned into living room fights about
me not doing enough when I was the one to
paint her with palettes of heaven and remind her
that she was okay,
even though her light was losing power and she
was slowly fading away like a forgiven mistake.

ETCHED

there were times that I
thought I could see fire in the sky,
and then I realised that it was just our emotions,
ambitions and devotions colliding to thrive,
a sight that only we could recognise,
against the mellow warmth of the sunrise.
you etched yourself into the
kingdom of my heart,
and breathed new life into memories
that had fallen apart,
all with a single touch.
I wish I could better describe the
mark you made on me,
that effortless tracing against my skin,
and how we decorated every last empty corner
with a stamp of our time together.
I feel the need to stop speaking or I might risk
breaking that perfect crystal frame,
because you crawled under my skin
with just your name,
and found a way to make me want you to stay,
spend those long nights with
you by the fireplace.

VALLEY OF BONES

I've watched silently as
I've broken myself apart,
i've held back tears as I've
watched myself take it too far,
destroyed the temple within me,
all to please a greater being,
and I've had to live with the pain as my bones
regain shape and I become
who I've always wanted to be.
I often revisit the valley of bones,
shedding a moment of silence for the fragments
of my body that have now turned to stone,
and will live to break down to
remind me of the damage that I caused.
I suppose it's a miracle that I made it out alive,
but my wounds beg to differ
as they continue to try
to help me see that I'm still climbing out of the
valley of bones that is right in front of me,
and it may be years before
I truly see daylight again.



IN THE DRIVEWAY

it would be so easy for me
to fall out of love,
I've given it my all and you
can't even give me your trust.
but there was something about that moment,
those mere minutes where we tranced
in the moonlight,
that makes me feel as though we're
doing something right,
because even if this is just a
meaningless component,
it's still a piece of the picture called 'us'.
but there is no trust without us,
so how do we keep going and growing,
when there's love to be made on one night,
and the other we're sleeping on separate
sides like secluded strangers,
with only the cold air stroking our skin.
I close my eyes and I can still see your heart
wrapped around mine like an obsessive vine,
so clearly I'm doing something right,
because you're still standing in the driveway,
waiting to see if I'll call you
back in for another hour,
or however long it would last in our minds.

NAKED FLAME

I desire you and your burning touch
I want to love you until the heat
becomes too much,
combusting my cold heart into burning pieces,
welding me into an obsessive
cycle that never ceases.
I remember the first night
I laid eyes on your body,
little did I know that those red hot edges would
throw me into a state of unending melancholy.
I wish you would leave my
mind the way you entered,
but I know you can't do that peacefully,
you'll raise hell and leave
behind a trail of flames,
and you'll take the burnt pieces of my heart as
well and leave behind all your names,
the ones I made just for you.
you are so bad for me and
I blame you for each tear,
but the shadows know that I think you're only
good for me when you're a naked flame,
spreading her wings all over me,
and intensifying something that
has taken long to settle.

RED VELVET LACE

anyone with eyes could see that you
deserved to be immortalised before you die,
your potrait deserves to be hung up
for all the people of this world to stand by
and bask in your divine glow.
you're like a sculpture who
drove their sculptor insane,
trying to perfect you and your body frame,
but eventually drowned in
a bath full of champagne,
with his last breath and word being your name.
will that be me?

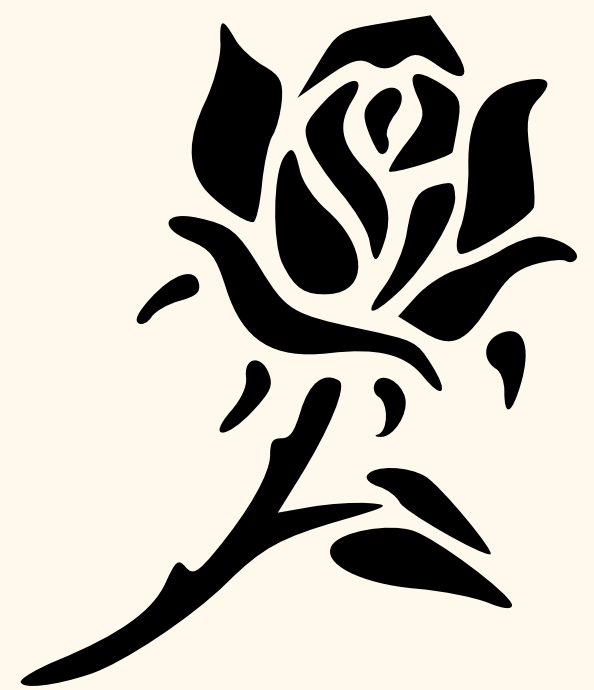
I seem to crave every word that you speak
and follow your voice to a mountain peak,
and see your outline amongst the clouds,
and hold your hand in busy crowds.
but loving you is dangerous,
because flashbacks of you are sending me
to emergency rooms because
it's killing me to keep thinking of you
and your body that's wrapped in red velvet lace.

YOUR FAVOURITE CASUALTY

dear lover,
you're a murderer,
the way you slit into the fabric of my heart,
and watched the blood seep out into your arms,
leaving me to die on the side of the street,
the same one where we said we
loved each other in my car's backseat.
all that time we spent looking over the horizon,
gone within seconds,
all those memories that kept
our love alive and rising,
destroyed with a single message:
'we're done' ...
you threw my world into a darkened eclipse,
and left me standing alone
in the pale moonlight,
you left me longing for the taste of your lips,
and stained my vision to see
only colours of twilight.
how could I have not seen the ever-so-glaring
tragedy that was about to befall me?
was the sight of buried bodies in your backyard
not enough to convince me
that you were a killer?
a slayer of innocent hearts?

I never thought I would go out like this
taking my last breath as you
put your hand into his,
and held my mutilated heart in another.
but I'm curious if I was your favourite kill,
because I made sure to die
silently as you bathed in the thrill,
watching me collapse and fade away.
being 'the one' is the least honour you can give
me in the hours after my final day.

sincerely, your favourite casualty.



B R E A T H L E S S

why oh why does life have to be this way,
I'm spiralling out of control and
watching myself go astray,
veering off the yellow brick road
and down a desolate path,
where the consequences will only
creep into view after the aftermath.

am I the only one looking
for a minute to breathe?
am I the only one living by
the skin of their teeth?

am I the only one searching for inner peace?
and am I the only one fighting
my inner chaos without a mouthpiece?
living without slowing down is
most certainly reckless,
and it's most certainly leaving me breathless,
gaping for air that'll fill my lungs,
and bring things to a better halt,
especially when life is moving to
the beat of heavy metal drums.
going fast is overrated and outdated
and sometimes fucking complicated,
what if I just want to take things slow?
living day by day and accepting that
sometimes things will go astray.

SEVEN HEAVENS

my younger self,
where have you gone?
have you left this earth and joined God?
I think you might've because I woke up
this morning to find a hole in my heart,
and it pains me to think that I may need to live
knowing that we're worlds apart.
I should've held you tighter,
brought you in from the cold,
but I never was a fighter,
I just let our connection unfold,
like a ball of string unravelling into the abyss,
each thread tearing away
another piece of what us,
and led us to this,
this moment where I don't know where you are,
and I blame no one but myself.
I need you again,
I need you as my friend,
my inner voice that once spoke to me,
and told me to get away from the deep
and swim back to shore,
how could I have not seen that you were
everything I've ever needed and more?
I can't live without you so I'll
cross seven heavens to find you.

SAFEKEEPING

I want to keep this memory of us alive.
collect our ashes and store them in a locket,
do everything to make sure that
the story of us will survive,
but it's hard to safekeep and I can
do everything but promise
that we'll truly live on like our favourite movie,
because things might get worse
before they get better.
in the meantime,
let me remind you of those crystalline times,
those precious moments that
I wear around my neck,
those peaceful moments of sleeping in the
countryside and being awoken by wind chimes,
but trying to capture and safekeep all of this
might leave me an emotional wreck.
this is the act of safekeeping,
it's when you love someone so much
that you stop them from leaving,
exiting you and taking your story with them,
leaving you in a state of temporary mayhem.
you might be gone but what do I call this?
who's on my call list?
I can't think of anyone to speak to but you.

PATIENTLY WAITING

I'm patiently waiting by the old oak tree,
I'm patiently waiting with my engraved ukulele,
your initials carved in like a forgotten tattoo,
all the things I do make me think of you,
and when my friends have left me to cry alone,
I'll sleep in the burning bushes,
and feel the pain cut right through the bone.
I've been patiently waiting
for this tragedy to subside,
I've been patiently waiting to
look every one of them in the eye,
and ask how they let me get this way,
How they stood there and watched as my
happiness went up in fucking flames.
I was there to catch them when they fell,
I was there to console them when they were
going through hell,
but there was silence when I was drowning
in my own darkness.
I'm patiently waiting for my ride to arrive,
it'll take me somewhere south,
away from the misery,
and to a place where the people do shine,
and recognise that I do exist.

WANT YOU IN EVERY WAY



they're calling it an obsession
but I'd rather call it a confession,
a long-awaited revelation of where I lie,
currently stargazing on a rooftop alone,
but I'd really like to be laying next to you
and sleeping side by side.
but alas,
this is all a dream that tastes like strawberry
liquor but feels like a thousand cuts,
it's good until the climax
where everything falls apart.
it's safe to say that I don't
think of you as a mistake,
I've sketched us and labelled you
as 'the one who got away',
ran away from me and my uncertainty,
leaving me standing alone in the doorway,
but I swear to you that you're
more than just a painful memory,
and yes,
it's been two years since you skipped
away into the sunset with another man.

but even with this,
even with us being worlds apart,
and even though you've now got a boyfriend,
I still want you in every way,
I still want you at the fall of night
and the break of day.
that's one way of telling you,
or I could tell you that I know you're seeing
someone but that someone isn't me,
and I promise that I could be more
than he could ever be,
and after that I'd let out a sigh of relief,
because there are so many ways to
tell you that you're the one I need.
but what I need to do is skip the sugar
coating and strip this down to the core,
because what we had was more
than waking up the next morning,
and thinking about the night before,
what we had was more than what I lost,
and what we had was more than what I tossed,
left to rot against the backdrop of our first dance
and the fiery foreplay of our dying romance.

DO YOU
EVEN
KNOW ME ?

I dare you to tell me that I'm all a lie,
I dare you to try to pathetically justify
every miserable sentence you
stabbed into my side,
because you pushed me until the edge was
the most beautiful thing in my life,
a silent free fall into a clear pool of resurrection,
and even with all my scars that
I kept on me like a pocket knife,
I still found that to be a chance at dissection,
cutting myself up into pieces that
each cried a different tear,
and rearranged all my defences to
each face a different fear.
you acted surprised when you saw
me dancing around freely in the streets,
why? do you even know me?
did you think I'd stay a broken man forever?
you clearly underestimated me when I told you
that I'd tip over for now but come back
stronger and strike you down,
all without making a single sound.

you used my instabilities to make
yourself appear within the cracks,
when really,
you were drowning in your
own puddle of insecurities.
you were a fucking mess but you had the
intelligence to give me hell?
look where that's gotten you,
bitter and bruised as you watch me breathe
from beyond the burning trees,
all from your torn-up carseat.

HOMEWRECKER

(SO I'VE BEEN CALLED)

this used to be a fairytale,
but now, without doubt, without fail,
it's not the same as it used to be,
because,
it was once a case of 'once upon a time',
where i wanted to find your
forested tower and climb,
to reach you and only you,
and fend off those who dared
to speak ill of your name,
but now,
it's difficult to publicly proclaim
that we once shared a heart
that has now fallen apart.
it used to be you and i,
but that was before you messed it up,
and now it's just i.
oh no,
does that not sound right?
it sounds a little bit like our love life,
a fight over here and a fight over there,
i came to discover that you
were anything but fair.

that's when you left me a note at my door,
reminding me that you were
all I used to care for.

so I've been called a homewrecker,
why is that the case?

it is all because I wiped that
pretty smirk off your face?
just by telling you that you
didn't do it for me anymore.

but let me ask you,
how does it feel to be dealt
the damage that you deal?
so I've been called a homewrecker,
but whose home did I wreck?

the one that I built for you?
the abode that I painted with my
blood, sweat and tears?

that used to be a place for us,
but just like the note you left at my door,
that matter is long gone with the wind.

I still have hope that you might accept
your fault and take the fall,

but then again,
that would so out of character for
someone who only wanted to take it all.

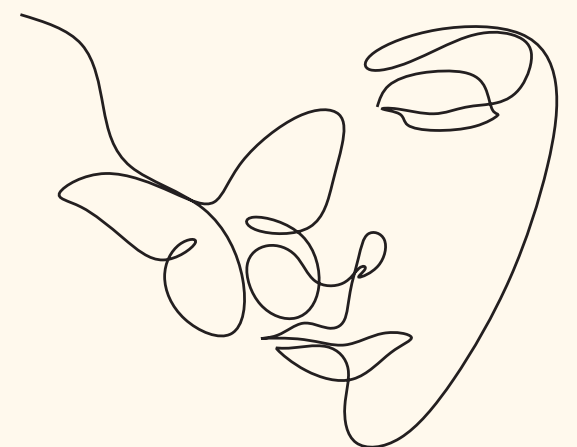
APHRODITE

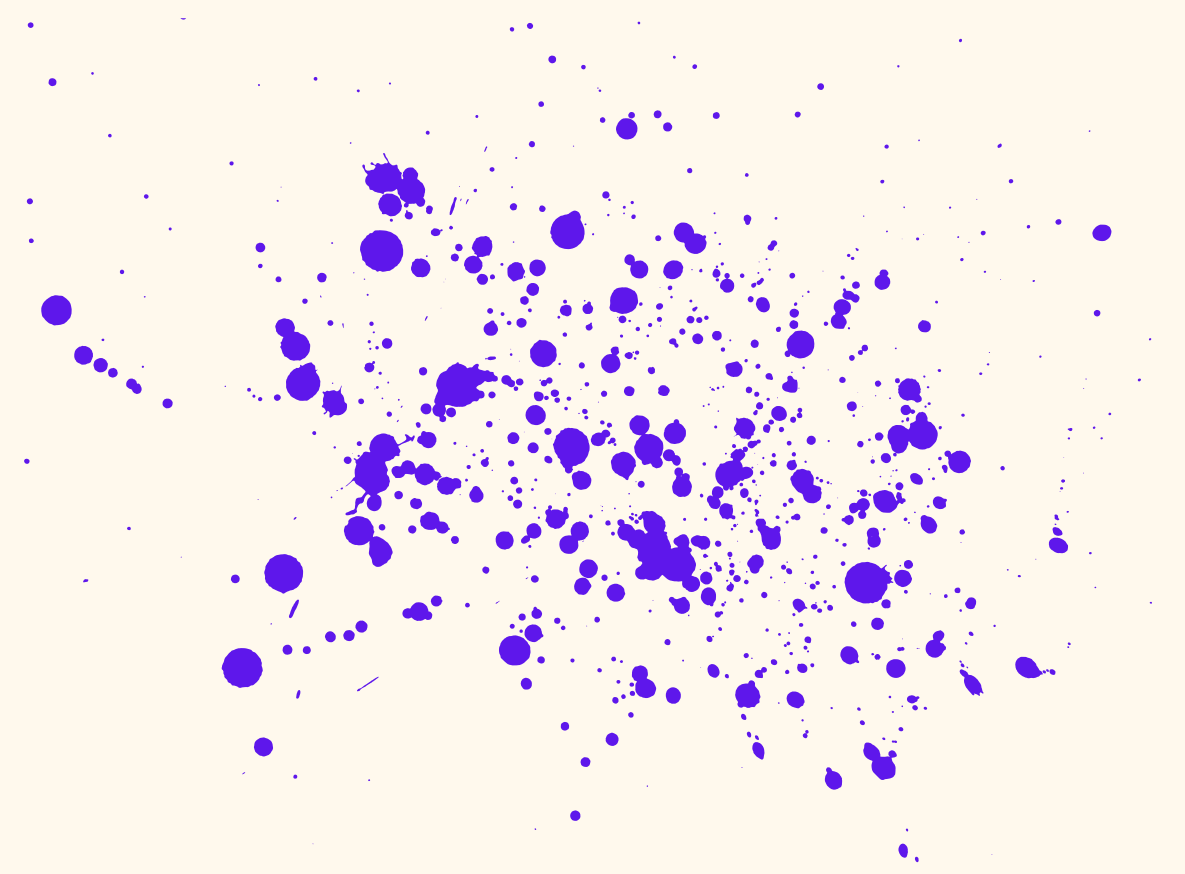
I said I wanted old-school love,
not just one night of mimicry that
felt like heaven above,
and as you whispered ‘I want that too’
I felt our hearts become one instead of two.
aphrodite,

I wish there was something that I could say
that could completely frame just how much
sweetness fills my lungs every time I speak
your name.

you remind me that love doesn’t
always have to be a loveless mystery,
and that my future doesn’t always have
to be dictated by my loveless history.

you painted a colony of stars
into my empty sky,
and proved that it was possible to be loved
even when you’re just ‘the nice guy’.





aphrodite,

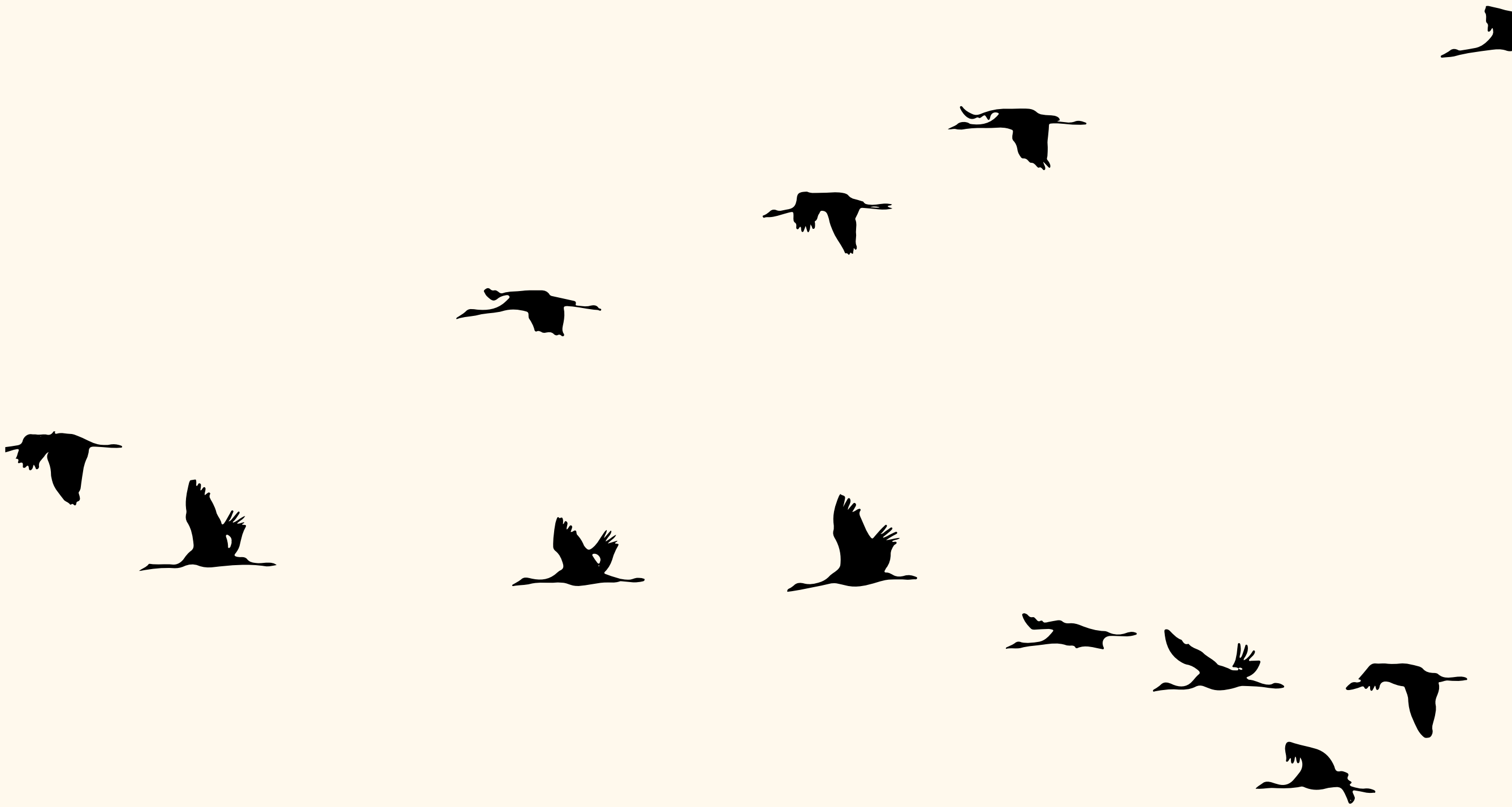
I wish you could feel the feeling I felt the
moment I stepped into your crystal lake,
engulfed myself in you and leaned back as
that moment became a keepsake,
something I could think of when
I was alone under the sheets.
you showed me a world like no another,
one that lived and breathed bleeding colour.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT

pink champagne and a yellow tint,
this vintage love was my favourite stint,
because everything we've ever had,
the pleasure and pain
and leaning against a window-frame,
was enough to make a grown man mad,
and obsessed with the feeling,
of the hot summer nights that had
our fair skin revealing,
glistening goosebumps that
shone in the pale moonlight.
it's time for us to both admit that
you love my two fingers
and I love the aftertaste that lingers,
the delicacy that sends me into
a state of writhing passion,
one better than the comedown of
a midnight old-fashioned.
but you should know,
it's not your fault that I don't
take you like I used to,
it's my fault because I became obsessed,
a mad man,
dying for the next time that I'd
become entangled in your touch.

HOW TO LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND

I was eighteen when I survived,
picked myself up off the bathroom floor,
and questioned why I was even alive,
after I had tried to end my life minutes before.
I was nineteen when I started to heal,
see the world in a different view,
and felt feelings that I never
thought I would feel,
like peace, tranquility and prosperity too.
I was twenty when I found myself,
learnt how to be proud of who I was,
that young boy who was smiling in the
photo-frame on the wooden shelf,
the one who has grown up to be proud of
his wounds covered in faded gauze.
I'm now twenty-one,
and I've learnt how to leave it all behind
and run freely into the setting sun,
but I shouldn't lie to you,
none of this has been easy.
there have been nights where I could taste the
salt of my tears and mornings where I've been
beaten up by all my fears ...



and that broke me in more ways
than I could ever describe,
but as I said,
I've learnt how to leave it all behind,
let the past live in the past,
and looked to the future steadfast.
nothing is worth me running my
fingers over the scars in my skin,
it's bound to lead me down a dark rabbit hole,
one where I'll stumble and fall and drown in sin,
and wonder why the bells refuse to toll.

TELL ME YOUR FANTASY

what is it you truly desire?

is it my hand over my heart and a
promise to set your lips on fire?

is it the atmosphere of a blistering first crush?
that innocent moment where I see
you and I begin to blush?

tell me what you want,

because I used to be able to read
you like an open book,

but now I swing aimlessly on a grappling hook,
flying from building to building,
trying to find a rooftop where we could stare at
the night sky and I could feel like I belonged
in your eyes, your arms and your silent heart.

it's difficult,

not knowing what you crave,

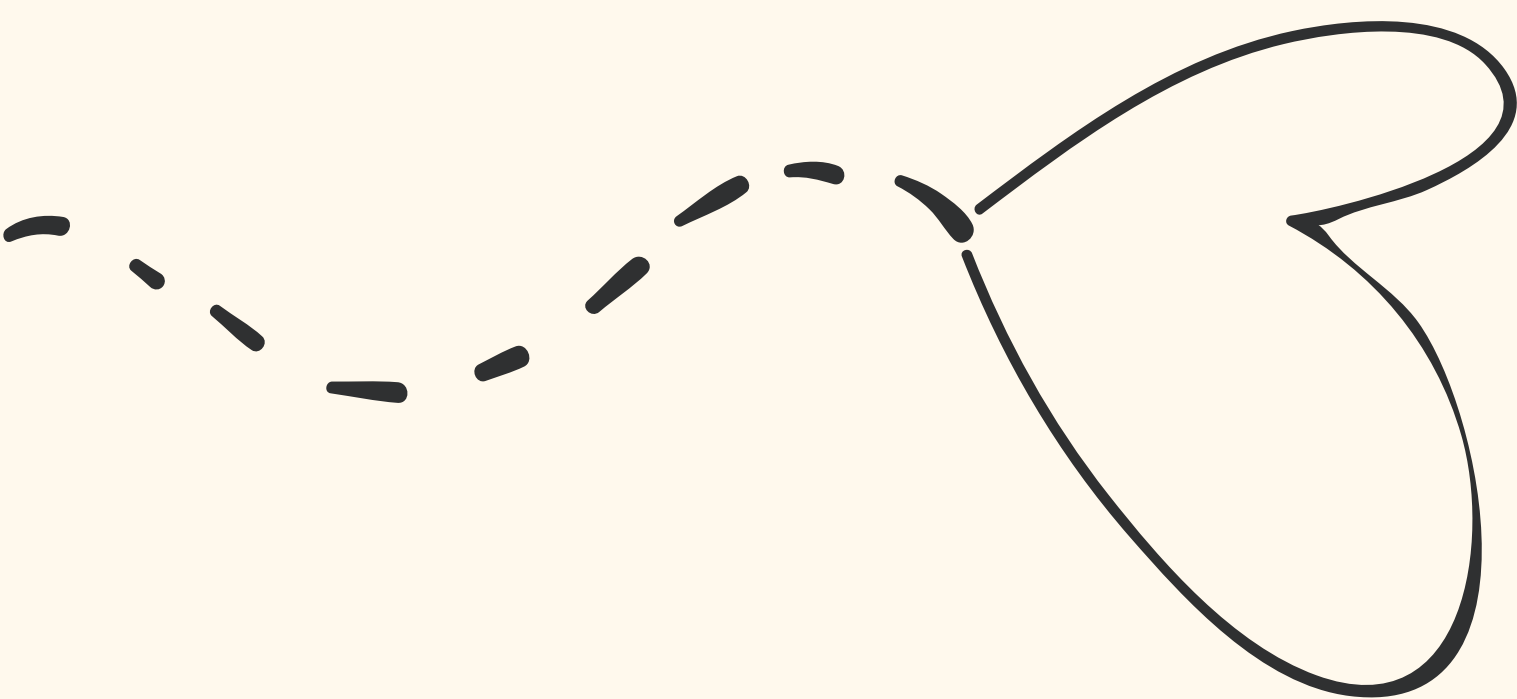
but a part of me loves the intrigue,
and so I refuse to turn a new page,

all because I'm determined to prove to my
friends that what you're doing

is not a form of deceit,

you're just trapped in your very own wonderland,
where you've got your fantasies

and I've got mine ...



except I tell you what I want,
but it's nothing much,
it's just your undying love.
tell me your fantasy,
name your price,
whatever it is,
I'll oblige,
I'll cover you with gold and
bathe your state of mind
in water from the highest spring.
I can do all that and more,
and so now I'm standing at your door,
refusing to sleep until I know what kind of man
you want and what pleasure you speak of when
you echo that word across the hall.

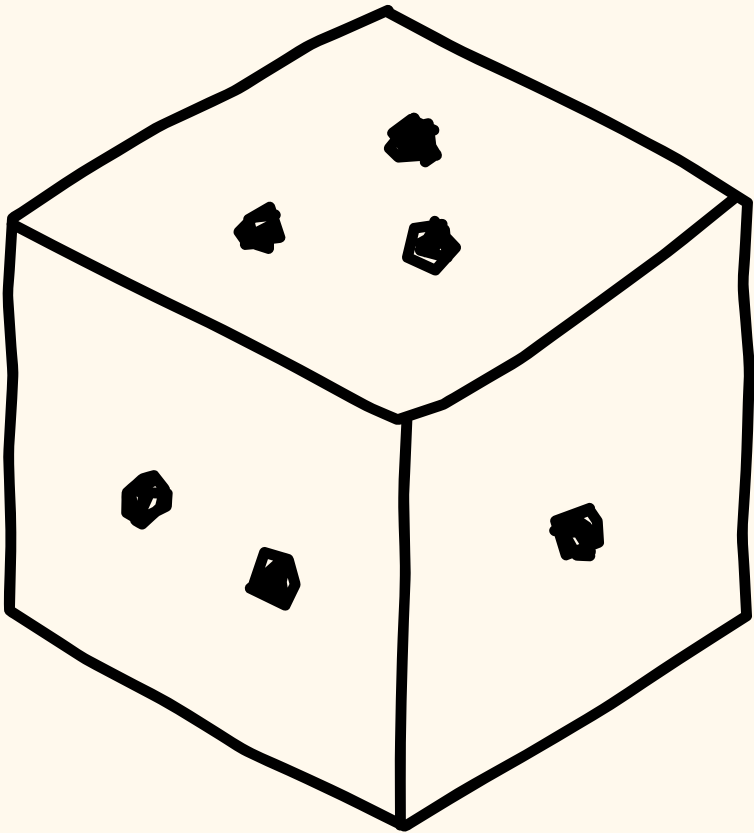
ATTENTION SEEKER

you always were an attention seeker,
one foolish man's words could
make your heart weaker,
and then you'd lose your bearing,
but you'd come back swearing,
proclaiming that you'd grow thicker skin,
and not succumb to the gluttony within.
but when I gave you attention,
you always started off by calling it something,
what was it again ...
a cliched convention?
a typical tale of the friend falling for a friend
who was nothing like him.
but it was more than that,
it was more than me throwing
myself into combat,
engaging in battle to secure the
things that you desired,
even when I knew they would
leave me uninspired.
maybe I was an attention seeker too,
maybe I wanted to be recognised for
all the things I did for you.

N E W Y O U

tight jeans and slicked-back hair,
leather jacket and a cold stare,
you say you care about the status quo,
but do you even know how that story goes?
you'll fit in for a few seconds,
and then begin to slowly lose your essence,
you'll get the validation you seek,
and that changes the way that you speak,
you'll be the person that you
tell people you always wanted to be,
but is that true,
or are you lying to yourself and the family?
this is the new you,
you've got to get used to it,
so see this chapter through,
don't say you miss your old self
because I'll just tell you I knew it,
I could tell that you didn't like this
version of yourself,
it kills you,
because you know that this is not
who you were supposed to be.

you weren't born to be a character tragedy,
a pathetic mismatch of confused traits,
you were born to stay focused on reality,
not to be obsessed with who was looking back at
you in the reflection of washed dinner plates.



WHAT I SEE IN THE MIRROR

it's five in the morning and I'm tired of mourning,
consoling myself for the death of my former self.
I used to look in the mirror and what did I see?
a broken, tear-ridden boy staring back at me,
riddled with thoughts of immense fatality,
and living in an unimaginably warped reality,
filled with a lack of rhythm and rhyme
but filled with self-inflicted crimes.
I used to imagine a smile on my face,
only to feel ten times the pain,
knowing that it was forced and I was far from
being happy, content or whatever the fuck was
the opposite of feeling like a waste of space and
an emotional wreck.
I need to accept that he's gone,
and that I've changed,
because I'm better than he was,
I'm older and stronger and wiser,
and he was weak,
chasing faceless figures that simply didn't exist.

DEEP WATER

I used to think that I could never break apart,
have an arrow fly straight into my heart,
feel the weight of every action I had taken,
but I had never been more mistaken.
I was wrong to assume that I would
never find myself in deep water,
that I could never be the victim
of emotional slaughter,
or hang my self from the arms of an old oak tree,
but I had never been more naive.
when it was time for me to be
beaten and bruised,
hurt and misused,
I crumbled like a tower of cards,
and fell into no one's arms,
drowning alone with a heart to atone,
I had never felt so worthless before,
I had never broken into
tears on my bedroom floor,
it was all so foreign,
and painful,
and revealing.
I could come crumbling down at any second,
and I just had to accept it.

I just had to accept that I could wake up and find
myself in the midst of deep water,
try to bring myself back to shore
only to end up in a darkened corner,
calling for God to tell me why
I always felt like I wanted to die.
I know what pain tastes like,
and feels like,
and how it wraps you with
thorns and will drain you dry,
I know it all too well.



Y O U S A V E D M Y L I F E

I was drowning,
and you gave me your hand,
I was crying out for help,
and you took me to your favourite woodland,
showed me how to breathe amongst the trees,
and scream out to the skies above from a
forested mountainpeak.
I needed a shoulder to lean on
and you gave me both,
I needed somewhere to belong,
and you drew me a different world,
a gaping horizon to run through,
and feel the sun, wind and rain caress my face.
I wanted to matter,
and you showed me that you cared,
you put your arm around me,
and held me tight at the autumn fair.
you saved my life,
in ways I can't even begin to describe.

S M O K E

with a drink in one hand and
a cigarette in the other,
you said that we needed to be
there for each other,
and stay afloat if one of us was to drown.
it was admirable,
the way you spoke about yourself.
it was mesmerising,
the way every eye on the street
would look in your direction.
you were older but saw me for me,
saw past my fragilities,
and helped me conquer my insecurities,
and that made me happy.
there came a point where I
stopped seeing you as a friend,
and more like a brother,
that moment when I knew we had
so many more days that we could spend
riding down the highway together.
we would sit at our favourite quiet bar and you
would smoke and tell me one of your many stories,
and I would just sit and listen and think about how
one man could be the star of
so many hometown glories.

I
H A T E
Y O U

do you really think that you're special to me?

do you really think that you're

still the star of this movie?

you're only fooling yourself,

thinking that I still have our

portrait hanging above my shelf.

you said that lies don't hurt as much when

they're half the truth,

but I'm not lying to you,

there are no holes in the story

when I tell you that I hate you.

I despise your presence and every

little thing that reminds me of you,

and I hate the way you smile

and the way you talk,

because you only ever stood for every downfall

that sent me into a mental shock.

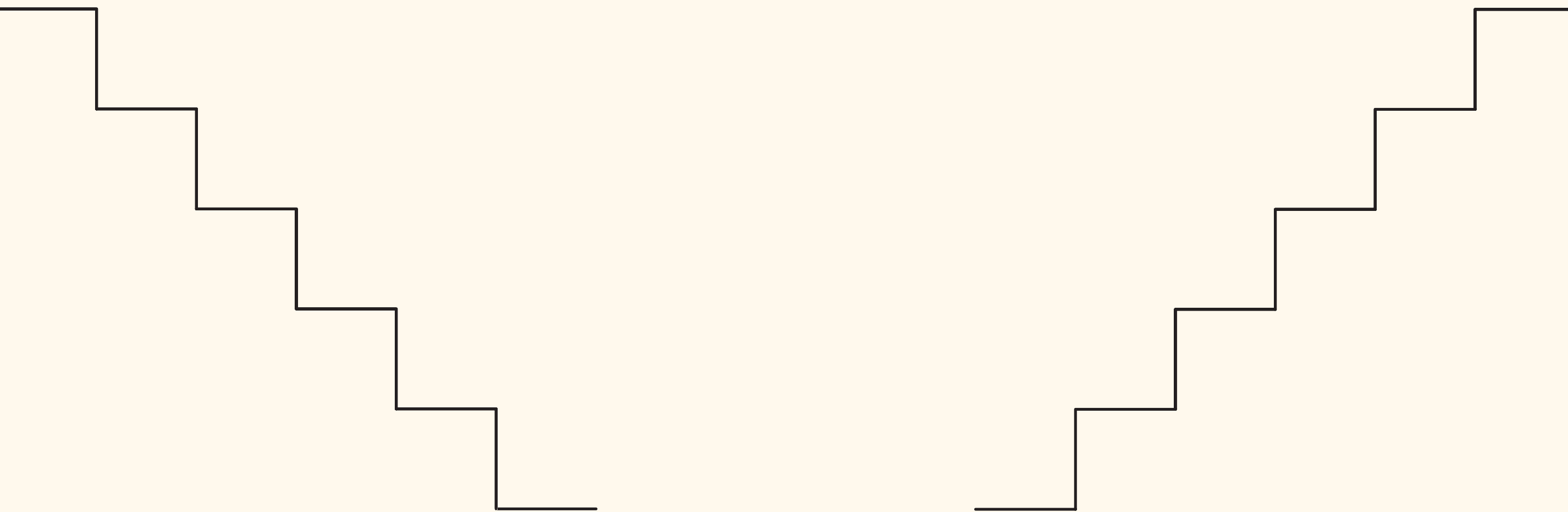
HELP!

he's standing in the distance,
unaware that I gravely need assistance,
or potentially ignoring the fact,
because it wouldn't be the first time that he's
committed such an act,
heard my plea for help,
but left me to fend for myself,
could this time be different?

A S C E N D I N G

D E S C E N D I N G

we went from ascending to descending,
standing up to backwards bending,
just to reach the crater of this earth,
and feel a certain kind of warmth,
because we couldn't give it
to each other anymore.
we've become detached,
saying 'i love you' only when the moon is blue,
we used to have a connection
with no strings attached,
but now we can go without seeing
each other for a day or even two.
we used to run up the stairs of
the apartment hand in hand,
and present our presence in
midnight bars with a slow dance,
but now we walk alone,
disconnected with jagged hearts of stone.
we used to have it all,
but now I feel as though my sky could fall,
because you no longer fill the clouds that I see,
and I've already begun to feel like a divorcee.



we went from ascending to descending,
being proud to just pretending,
that we've still got that love
that we had at eighteen,
when really,
this show might just be the death of me.

ENOUGH FOR YOU

I've given everything just to call you mine,
I've given everything just for
you to whisper goodbye,
and leave at the dead of night.
what did I do to deserve this?
what did I do except shower you with bliss?
I've broken myself and used my shattered pieces
to fill your self-inflicted imperfections,
I've tortured myself for not stepping up and
mending any and all of our growing
disconnections,
and I've measured my love in a golden cup and
watched as it gently overflowed,
but that still wasn't enough for you.
I've dedicated every passage
I've written about love to you,
and thought of you as the flame
that's kept me alive,
but it's pained me to wonder if
you've ever felt the same.
I used to think I was the star in
every corner of your sky,
but I'd be surprised if I even occupied the
cobwebs hiding at the back of your mind.

I'm starting to accept that I never
was or never will be enough for you,
so tell me why I can still see your
face in the corner of every city crowd,
and why I still save you from every
cottage in a burning town,
and tell me why my heart still beats for you
and why this one-sided love is so painfully loud.
maybe I made a mistake,
I could've picked any poison in this world,
but i chose you,
like a forager in a field,
I plucked you like a weed from amongst the
flowers that drifted away with the wind.
I know I did my part,
I know i was enough,
and everyone is telling me that I need to let go of
the things that are hurting me the most,
so why am I still holding onto you?

NOTHING MATTERS

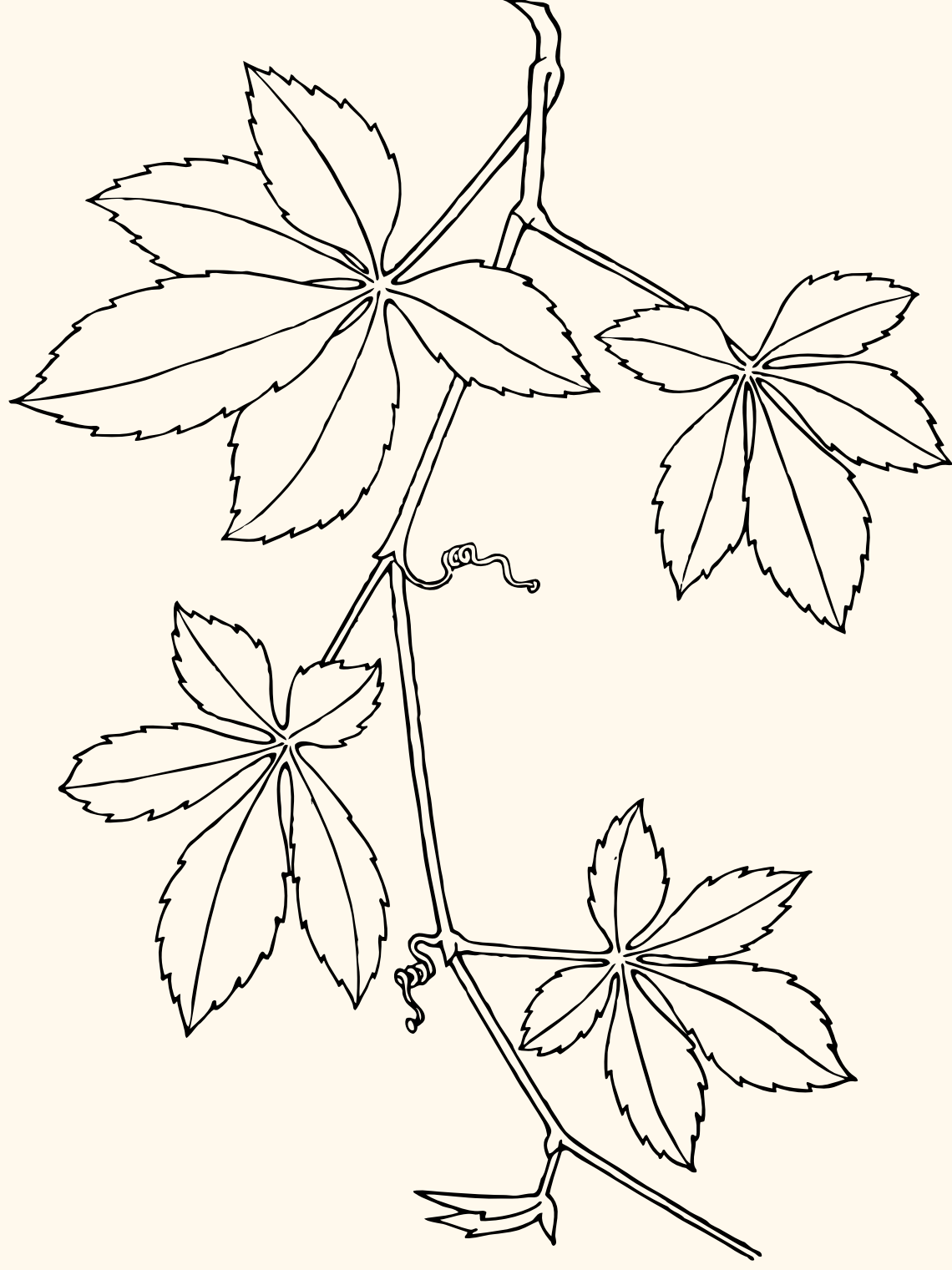
my pen is dying and the air is cold,
and I can feel the wind
brushing against my skin
as I raise my arm to pour another glass,
and permit my sanity to unfold.
I sit in silence and listen to the
sound of ink dripping off the edge,
each droplet reminding me that
all my words have fallen off a ledge,
leaving me with nothing but the brutal
sight of an empty and lifeless page.
I've left the front door open because
nothing matters anymore,
a stranger could walk in and
I'd invite them to throw me on the floor,
choke me to death and leave me to rest,
because maybe the sight of my
soulless body will leave me feeling blessed,
give me a story to write about.
I'm trapped in a room void of inspiration,
with walls that no longer ooze imagination,
fantasies to help me escape the burning truth,
metaphors to hold my hand as
I jump off a crumbling roof.

PURITY

when we were born,
pieced together by love,
we were doused with purity,
and filled with feelings of simplicity,
because nothing had ever felt so innocent to me
like those moments that I held you in my arms.
I had never kissed anyone the
way that I kissed you,
and in those precious moments,
I realised that the stories of true love were true,
and from then on,
all I wanted was to sleep by your side
and hold you close through
the cold winter nights.
we were so pure,
no other pair shone quite as bright as we did,
nor did they hide in the places that we hid,
like your family's beach house,
doing the most illicit of things.

HOW DO I LET YOU GO?

it's the hardest thing,
knowing that we've gone from
everything to nothing.
I'm partly to blame
but that doesn't mean you're free from shame,
because you dealt me just as much
pain as I dealt to you,
but it's impossible for me to forget
the time we had,
and for those years,
I still stay glad,
glad that I met you and knew you and loved you.
the more I think about you,
the more I realise that it's difficult to let you go,
because you once helped me
water the seeds that I sowed,
the ones that have now flourished into me,
the person that is blissful, happy and free.
I would spend so many nights asking
'how do I let you go?',
and for the longest time,
I couldn't find an answer,
and maybe that's because I still
wanted you around.



I'd be lying if I said I didn't want us to
stand by each other again,
and continue to grow into strong
and loving men.

I COULD'VE LOVED ..

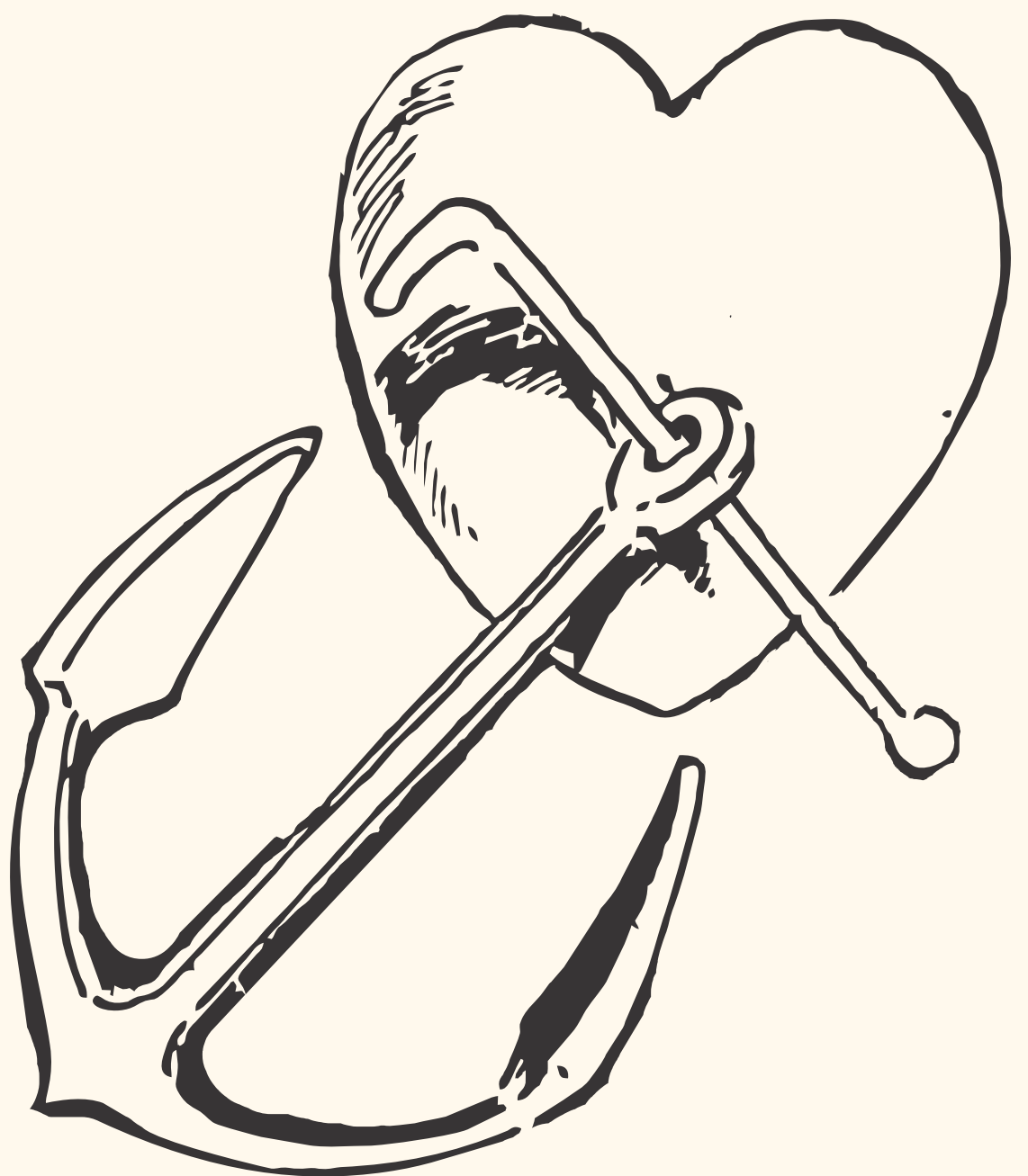
you're sat across the room,
drenched in intrigue and filling my view,
and I begin to wonder what it
would be like to love you.

you've got that look of high ambition in your eye,
with a golden glow running down your face,
so put that lipstick on my tongue and
tell me that you're worth my time,
because all I want is a small taste,
something to convince me that you
might be the one to ruin my life.

I want someone to ruin me,
but in a good way,
make me grin in delight and run
out of words to say.

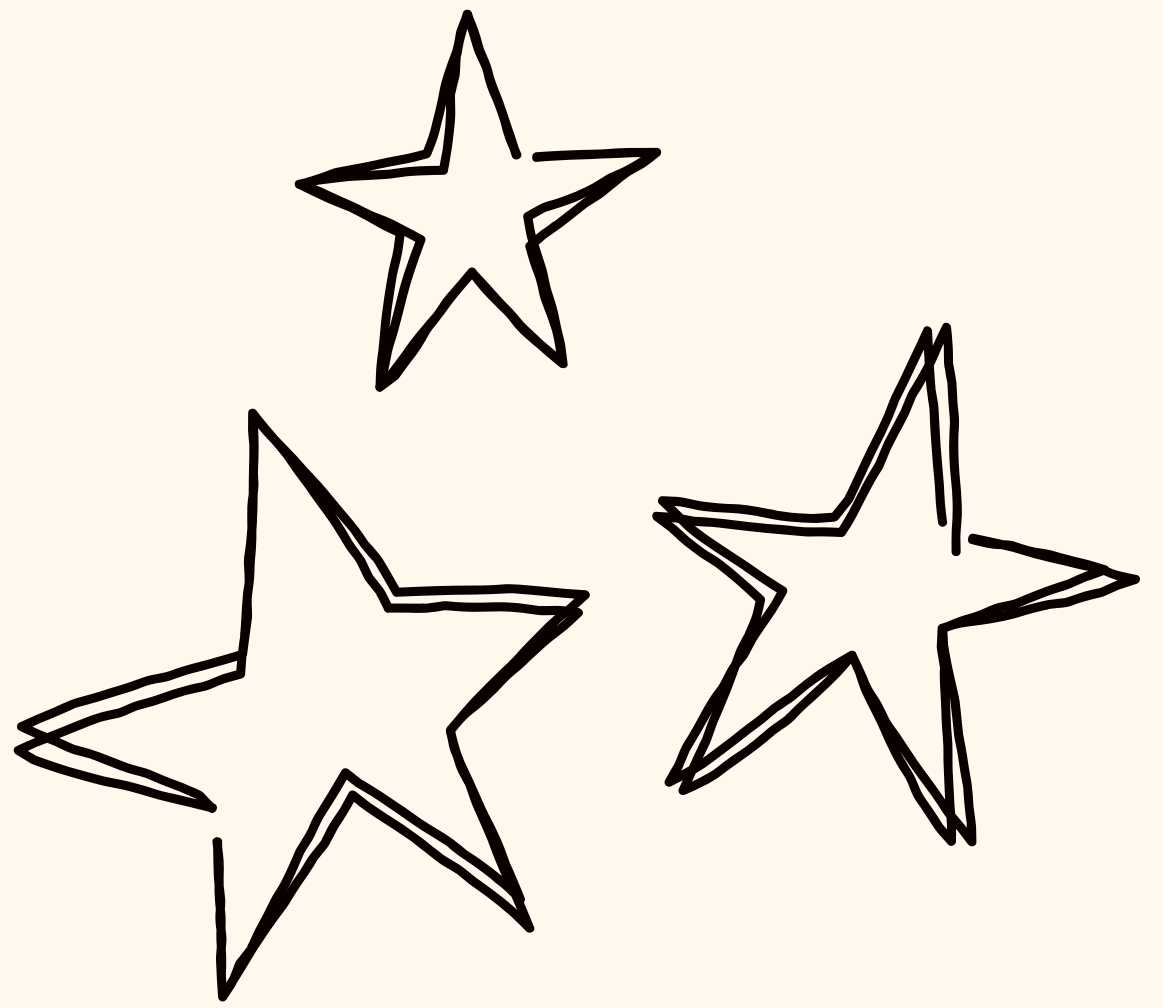
just looking at you,
makes me think of the time that
we could've spent,
racing down the highway
with your hand in my lap,
and you would be my map,
your perfect smile would lead the way.

I could've had you,
but I ended up with her,
and then she fucked me over,
but that's just how things always were.
there is so much agony in me right now,
and I feel like the stomach of a storm cloud,
just knowing that I could've loved ...



.. S O M E B O D Y L I K E Y O U ..

am I dreaming or is my heart truly bleeding?
aching in pain because I'm
thinking about the way
that everything might've turned out
if I had just met you at an earlier point in my life,
because I wouldn't have run off to Spain with
who I thought would be my wife,
only for her to sleep with a local,
but wait,
a local in the sense that he was my best friend,
a fool that was dear to my heart.
you're just sitting there,
yet, you're drawing me in,
pulling me by my hair,
and going straight for the win.
you know exactly what you're doing
when you bite your lip,
I swear you're basically saying '*why don't we
skip the conversation and go for the kill*'
and this fantasy is giving me a fiery thrill,
a desire to take a chance on loving you,
because I might've always been
looking for somebody like you.



to the other one,
the one who was supposedly
the girl of my dreams ...

WHY DID I EVEN LOVE HER?

I often get asked why I fell in love with her.
what it was about her that made me draw stars
into my night sky and filled me like
sand to an hourglass.

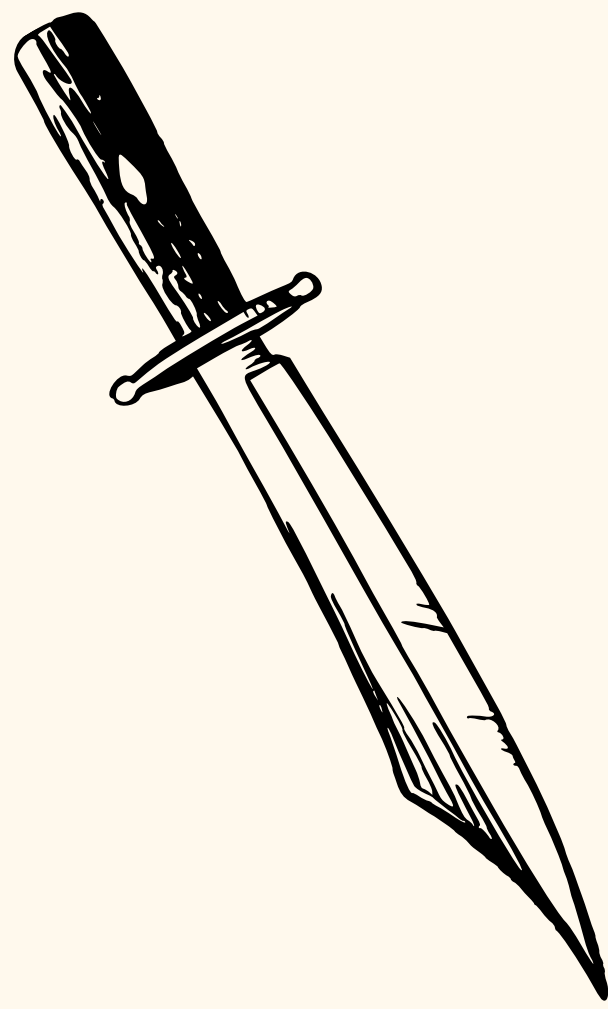
I could never tell them the truth.
the one where I realised that I had
fallen in love with the idea of her,
rather than herself.

I was infatuated with the construct that
she was too good to be true,
she was a perfect portrait on paper,
sketched with soil from the earth,
pure and whole,
but the inside of her labyrinth was
riddled with nothing but darkness.
there was so much to satisfy a longing desire,
but there was so much to be desired,
and that confused me more than anything.

I wondered,
why did she breathe life into her
own artwork and then turn and walk away?
the idea of her existing and being real was
more appealing than the eventual truth.

Serial Heartbreaker

let me take you back to the murder scene,
the day I set this love alight with kerosene.
you were a serial heartbreaker,
and I was just an innocent stargazer.
they called us ‘the perfect match’,
two star-crossed souls,
without a caution of the catch,
that one would kill the other,
become a deranged and deprived lover.
if only it was a noir film,
and not a reflection of reality,
because I’ve lived every day and night anxiously,
not knowing when you’d shatter my heart next.
you smiled when you held that carving knife,
and threatened to cut into my life,
rupture the feeling of leaving,
halt the process of my grieving.
you froze my heart just so you could keep it,
break it whenever you didn’t need it,
label it as an antique,
and store it away.



how could I live like this and call it love?
you're a serial heartbreaker,
brought to me by a universal matchmaker,
'fate' ... as they called it.
I didn't deserve this twisted fantasy,
it was nothing more than an ancient tragedy,
a tale that couldn't stand the test of time.

L I G H T N I N G S T R I K E S T W I C E

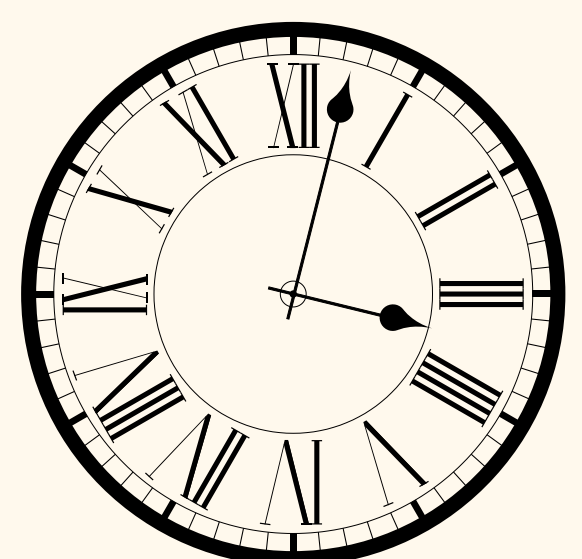
so you've survived,
re-emerged from the heart of the sea,
but you should know,
you're not as free as you think you might be,
because lightning can and will strike twice,
even after you've set foot into paradise.

you painted an image,
a portrait that you,
the fractured and scarred being,
did not need a village
to raise him up and give him life,
convince him to put down that knife,
and finally see a therapist.

so keep that in mind,
the next time you joke about suicide,
because you may think that you're doing better,
but you know that it wouldn't take
much to drag you under the weather,
and put you right back in the hospital room.

CLOCKWORK

you put us on pause to ‘figure yourself out’
and left me wondering what our
love was even about,
when I was the one who
supposedly ‘*made you whole*’,
was that even the truth or
did you lie to get control?
I did so much,
took bullets to the chest to protect you,
and I guess you just preferred
another man’s touch,
but I wonder if he would do the
things that I used to do.
we should’ve worked out,
everyone told me that we were
a match made in heaven,
and for a while,
I believed that too.



it wasn't long before each of
my expectations began to shatter,
like the one where I wanted this
love to move like clockwork?
broken into pieces,
and after a year,
none of this mattered,
because you did everything possible to send
me into an emotional and physical frenzy,
yet,
I still stuck around,
and it's so hurtful to see you
running off into a distant crowd,
ignoring me standing alone without
a hand to hold.

FOREVER DROP

it's the fifteenth,
a week after it happened,
seven days after I thought
I would end up beneath
the soil of this blistering earth,
and as I lay in the grasp of these four walls,
I watch as everyone comes and goes,
yet,
time has never felt so slow,
and I can't do anything but ignore these calls,
because the only voice I want
to speak to is the one in my head,
tell them how I'm really feeling
as I lay in this bed.
I look at the bandages and think,
will I ever be the same again?
will I ever be more than that fragile friend?
the one who tried to meet his end,
but was saved in ways he can't comprehend.



I'm really not sure
that I'll be able to forget that night on the shore,
lying emotionless on the rocks with my clothes
soaking wet and full of immense regret,
it's a memory that only serves to haunt my mind,
but don't get me wrong,
I'm happy that I survived,
it's just that I can't help but ask myself,
will I ever truly get better?
or will tears forever drop because I can't stop
thinking about everything
that's happened to me.

CITIZEN'S COURT

I seem to be surrounded by
those who like to judge,
condemn me for being hateful and
holding an iron grudge,
but all they do is speak,
and if they went through the things
that once made me weak,
they'd be silent,
or they'd applaud me for standing my ground,
I'd take either over their demeaning frowns.
it's so draining to be tried in the citizen's court,
but I'm sitting back and letting
the evidence speak for itself,
to show that fire was really thrown at my fort,
all while I sat inside,
being strangled by the arms of smoke.
I shouldn't need to explain that I've been hurt,
torn apart to pieces and left to be
alone on some patch of dirt,
or need to justify why I feel the need to hate,
because no, I'm not going to contemplate
giving them an ounce of forgiveness.
they're dead to me,
but that only means that their words are still
very much alive in the back of my mind.

FORGIVE BUT NEVER FORGET

I remember the way you hurt me,
I remember it like it was yesterday,
the simple way you deserted me,
and now you expect forgiveness and for me to
tuck that trauma away,
but please,
lower your expectations.

you dealt your damage and walked away,
but two days after the agony and the pain,
you expected me to turn a new page,
and not to think of you as
some sort of bloodstain,
a blistering reminder of how I was shattered,
cracked into a million pieces,
even after I gave you all of me.
everyone talks about forgiveness,
saying it's important to make up,
but the thing about forgiving,
is that it's easier said than done.

even if I was to find forgiveness in my heart,
I could never forget all the
things you've done to me.

BATTLEFIELD

 this love is a battlefield,
I am your sword and you are my shield,
and we fight for what we know is right,
 us,
because what started off as an innocent crush,
 is now a full-blown suckerpunch,
a blow to anyone who thought that we
 weren't good for each other.
I would do whatever it takes to
 protect your name,
 step out into the battleground,
 declare my love for you and pound
my chest and deflect all shame with my blade.

U N F A I T H F U L

you came to me in the calm of a storm,
laid in my arms because you wanted warmth.
you wanted peace and I gave you pieces of me,
and then you repaid me with fucking infidelity.
you always said that my love
for you was like a fantasy,
that it was too good,
so why is it that this is the way you treated me?
I was faithful to you and only you,
I proved that by turning your darkened sky blue,
and loving you in ways that you
never thought you could be loved,
but I guess none of that
mattered in the long run,
because you showed me just
how unfaithful you could be,
by sleeping with somebody else's son
at the foot of our favourite willow tree.

NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE

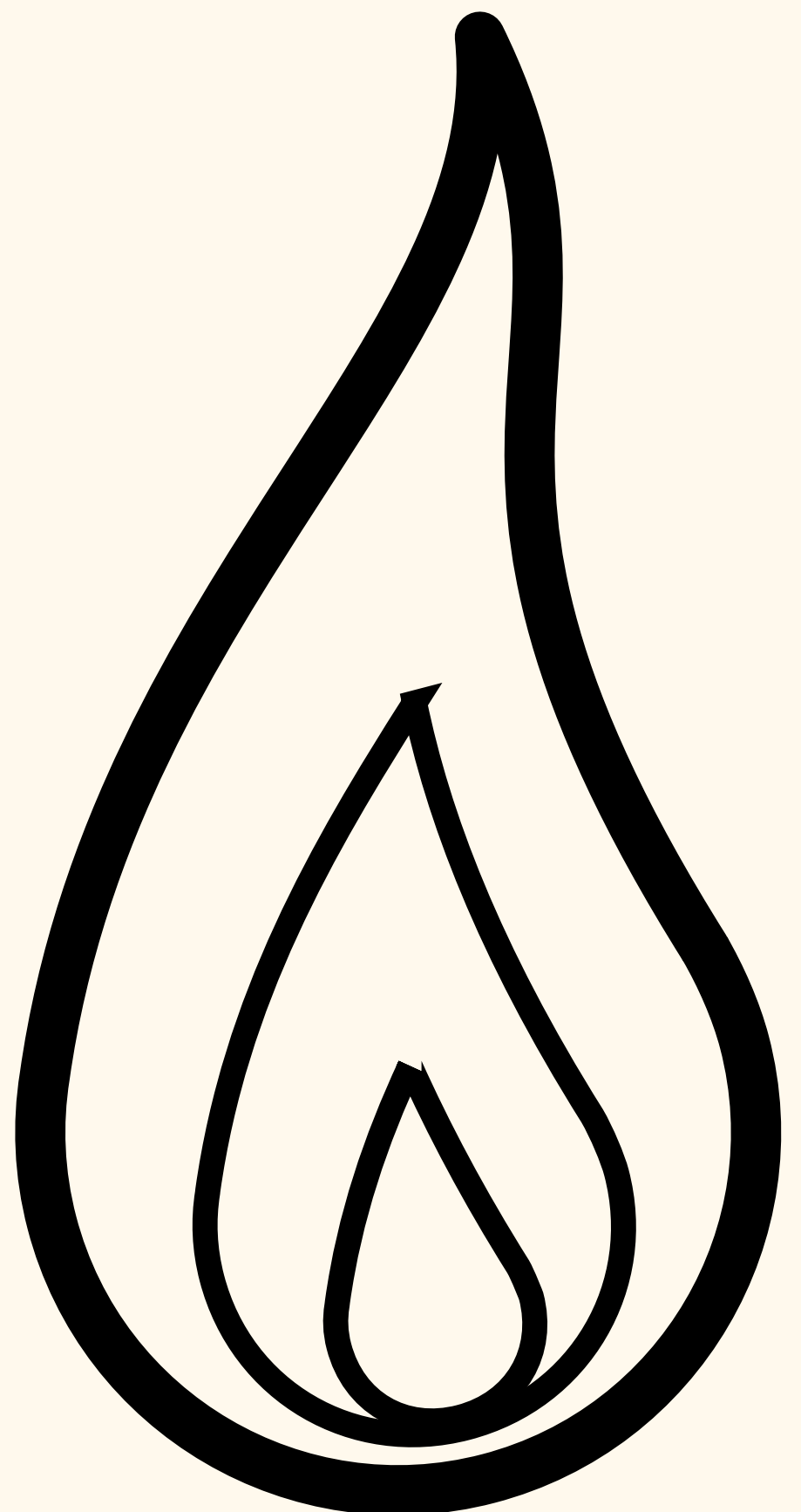
I'm sitting on the balcony,
with tornadoes spinning around me,
crushing everything in their path,
but I'm the one who's got the last laugh,
because I've got nothing left to lose,
and I've thrown away my running shoes,
as I think that there's no point in me
trying to escape anymore,
I'll always be haunted by those
nights on my bedroom floor,
trying to speak but I've got no words to say,
I can only scream for all the
mistakes that I've made,
and that pains me more than the
tip of any razor blade.



KNOW YOUR PLACE

you chose to walk out and leave me,
you chose to say those words to deceive me,
make me think that I still
had a place in your heart,
when you really only loved me
so that I could play the part
of the one caught in your crossfire,
your illustrious yet poisonous touch.
it's been a year since that day,
and by now,
I hope you know your place,
because I no longer think highly
of your presence or your face,
as it only reminds me of the
pain that you pricked me with.
you used to inspire the words of my poetry,
but I guess you still do,
because this one is all about you,
but one thing's for sure,
I write to tear you down,
rather than lift you up,
and I'm certain that this is bound to make you
combust ...

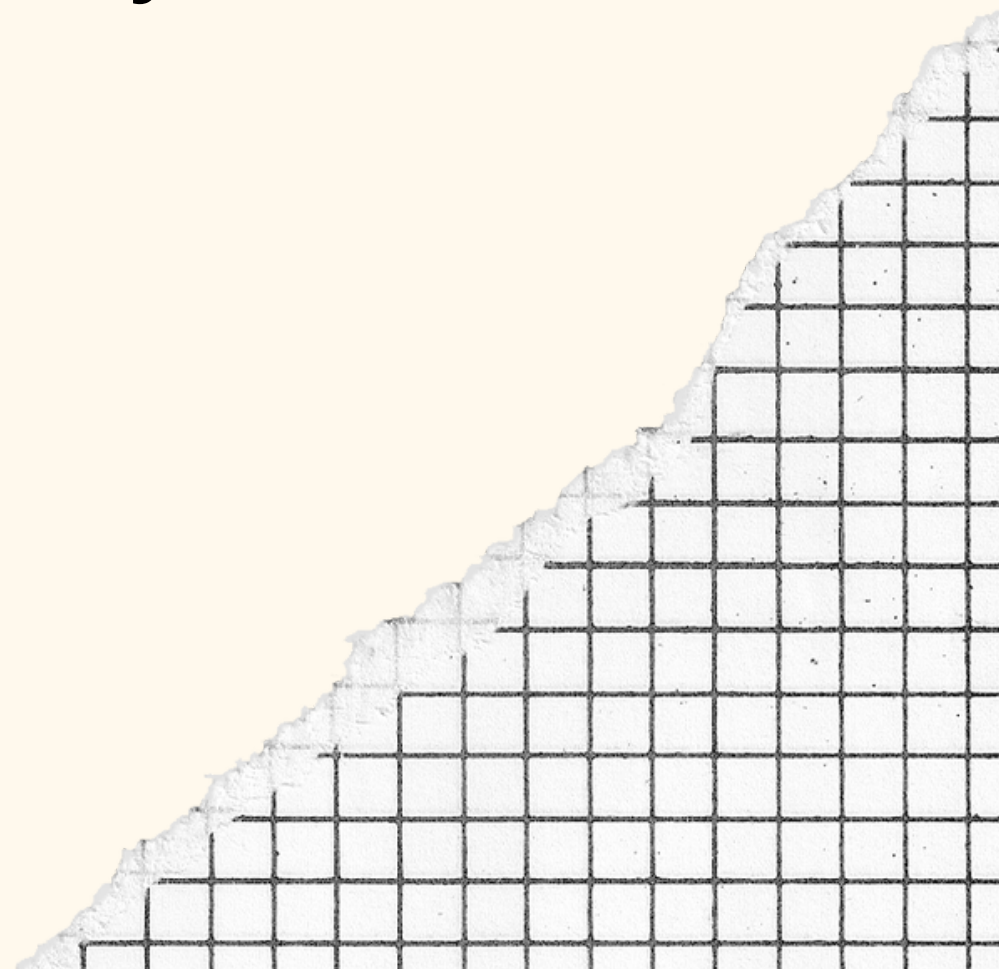
ignite your rage because all
you ever wanted was a clean slate,
a perfect record to wave around
like a jewelled crown,
and so these words will truly make
you the talk of every town,
that's all you ever wanted,
right?



M A N I A

I'm losing control,
smashing my head against a brick wall,
and slashing my knuckles
just to watch the blood pour,
because it brings me comfort
to see myself bleed,
each drop reminding me that
I've finally been freed,
every shackle loosened,
and now I can end myself,
because everything is starting to feel like hell,
and I'm deep inside a dark and manic phase.
I'm spinning in spirals so please,
tell me what the fuck is happening,
because I'm losing my mind trying to look for a
sign that I should even continue to be alive,
and that's when I start to wonder,
will anyone even care that I'm gone?

I'm clearly having a moment,
but you,
you're standing over there and watching like my
breakdown like it's some sort of
sick scandalous affair,
but seriously,
are you enjoying the show?
why don't you come over and
slice me open and take my guts as a token?
you can show them off to all your friends
and maybe you can invite them
to this one-man show,
and they wouldn't even miss a thing,
because I've yet to rip my fucking face off,
and wave it around for all to see my brokenness.



7 : 3 4

it's 7:34

and your clothes are still on my bathroom floor,
but that doesn't bother me,
because you lying in my bed
gives me all the peace that I need.
I still remember the night before,
it was all a whirlwind after you
came knocking at my door,
saying that you missed me,
and it didn't take long for us to skip the
conversation and head straight to devastation,
giving the neighbours something to remember.
you're so bad for me,
but that doesn't seem to stop us
being tangled up in sheets,
is my self-control this weak?
must I listen every time that temptation speaks?

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

I'm at your doorstep again,
standing still and counting to ten,
thinking if this is the right decision to make,
because loving you was once
one of my biggest mistakes,
but why do I miss you then?
why am I ready to give this another chance?
when I know that all I'm going to
say is here we go again.
here we go waking up in your bed,
and here I go making you seem
better in my head,
when really,
all you gave me was really good sex.
I know we'll kiss and make up,
but then we'll fall victim to our usual cycle
of fighting and crying and screwing
ourselves into a spiral,
a well-known emotional trainwreck.
I'm so confused,
I want you but not the luggage
that comes with you,
not the headaches and the feelings
of not knowing what to do.

M A D M A N

four bullet holes and my love is
still as strong as the first,
four instances of ‘we need to go
our seperate ways’ that did nothing
but strengthen my thirst,
my hunger and longing for you.
I must be delusional,
because you put salt in the wound,
yet I’m still falling for you,
falling off a skyscraper,
and straight into your view.
I must be a mad man,
I must still be trapped in that first dance,
spinning around in an endless trance,
because I can’t get over that
precious feeling of two-sided love,
where you gave back what I gave back to you,
wrapped it in your aroma and told me that you
cared about the things I would do.
I must be obsessed,
because seasons continue to change,
and I keep telling myself that
I must love you the same.

DRIVING TO BREAKING UP

salt air and a stinging wound,
I wish my downfall could've been you,
because you'd break me down,
just to build me right up,
I wish we could drive forever in my pickup truck.
I miss your body in the passenger seat,
your smile might've been my greatest feat,
because every mile was a sign of the times,
that the feeling of love was rare to find.
our connection was the constellation
that filled the sky,
declaring my passion for you is
my favourite battle cry,
and when we pass each other in the city street,
every other false love in my life
becomes more obsolete.
I can't help but write myself to sleep,
feed the narrative that I refuse to weep,
be filled with regret over what I should've said,
and lie emotionless in this empty bed.
I wish I could tell you that breaking up in two
minutes was better than being all alone,
I wish I wasn't reminded of your voice
every time I picked up the phone.

RUN LOVER RUN

I'm done with you and your apathy,
damn you and your senseless fallacy,
and the way that you think
that I still want you around,
even after I watched you watch me break down,
seep away into the hardwood floor,
how could you even think that
I would want you any more?
I am not your drug,
I am your walking misconception,
you say that you love me,
but that is your own perception,
a very bruised one that
will only wear you down,
and you'll feel the sting of it as
you bury yourself in the ground.
I need you to run,
I need you to leave and let me breathe in peace,
for me to think about how
I let you do those things to me,
leave a bruise bigger than
the rest on my scarred chest,
and defile each and every
memory I've ever had of you.

I need you to take your things and go,
staying here will only fill
me with worry and woe,
but you'd like that, wouldn't you?
because you always did know how to push my
buttons until there were no buttons left to push.
there really is no telling what
I'll do to erase every trace of you,
I might burn our house down,
and watch as every part of us is
engulfed in a flame and gone forever,
or I might just simply sit
back and watch you drown
in that painful feeling of missing
me holding you together.
I bet you think I can't cut you out of my
life the same way I stitched you in,
and for that,
you'd be wrong.

run lover run,
for it won't be long
before your regrets find you,
even as you try to escape into the setting sun.

MUST'VE BEEN REAL

you've buried me more times than I
did to the feelings that weighed me down,
that used to be voluntary,
but now you do it when you fill
my eyes with tears.

I used to willingly give you my broken bones,
only to watch you store them in a chest,
not the chest that contained your heart,
not the one that i used to place
your memories in,
but the one you kept hidden under
the eighth step of the staircase.

it's like you were embarrassed by the way you
vandalised my sculpture,
this body and mind that I strengthened for you,
but were too scared to admit it,
fearful that you'd be shunned by
the reflection that saw in the mirror.
you're conscious when you need to be but
unconscious when it comes to me.

you never quite understood the
damage that you deal,
like that time you smiled at
me on our train ride home,
because who could ever recover from
‘you don’t mean the same as you used to’.
it’s like you kept a quiver in the
back of your heart,
and struck me down just for the
thrill of seeing me fall apart.

DEAD ENDING

I just want a dead ending,
I'm so sick of lying and trying
and crying and fucking pretending,
that everything is just fine,
when really,
I'm dying on the inside,
and balancing on an uneven line.
I'm gripping to my sanity
but running out of hope,
holding for dear life on a burning rope,
and watching my insides
spill out into the darkness below,
feeling myself become oh so shallow.
I don't need a happy ending,
I've tried to give my story one but
was met with doom impending,
threatening to strip me naked
and leave me exposed,
ripping open haunted wounds
that were once cleanly closed,
like those of me crying at
four on the bathroom floor,
with blood running down my wrists,
and tears falling down my face.

I don't need their kind words or complete love,
I just need something quick to help me get rid of
the tension that is ripping into my skin and
leaving me writhing in an empty bathtub.
I can't help but feel the feeling that
I may be all out of healing,
all out of a will to keep going.
it would be so much more easier
if everything just ended ...

just like that.