

JAM

UNTITLED #6

***A COLLECTION OF THOUGHTS BY JESSYCA
ANTONIA MARTINEZ***

JAM

JAM

FOR DREAMERS AND THEIR DEALERS

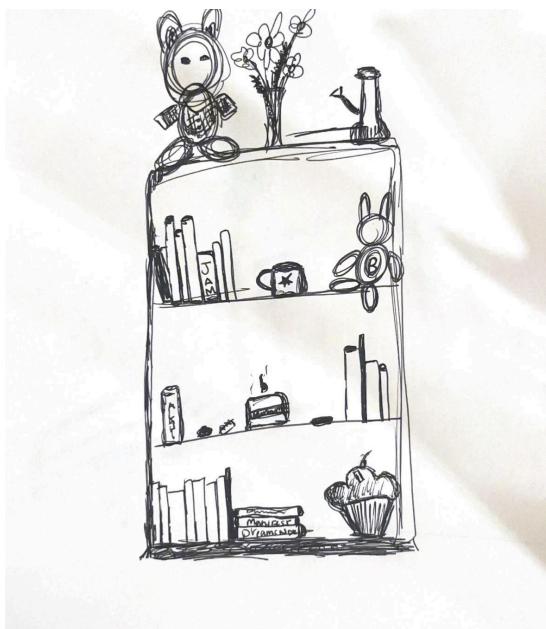
JAM

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

JAM

growth is far from linear and it asks for lots of patience. my emotions are fluctuating constantly. in this book, i allow you to take a look inside the organized chaos that is my mind. the book is separated into four chapters, but much like the way they happen, no poems are put in order. being me is excruciating because no matter how hard i try to piece things together, or organize the things around me, i am constantly submerged in my clutter. you see, my life is as loaded and plentiful as a woman's everyday bag. much like my process, this book is all over the place. it was really important to me to show you the interworkings of my mad mind, and how my career is not linear, and sometimes it feels like starting all over, or sometimes it's as stagnant as before you get started. i think being a writer is a tricky profession because there is no set of instructions to the process; how we write and where it comes from is subjective to the scenario, sometimes even foreign to the storyteller. the last two years i have tended to a life that was as tricky as a garden to a green thumb amauter. what's been planted is more patience and less pressure on what i prepare, and the bushes are barely beginning to sprout, and this book is the first bouquet.. enjoy

JAM



CHAPTERS

FEELING

not writing for awhile

*there are times for fueling and there are times for
feeling. sometimes my emotions are so intense that they
feel too big to tackle, to transform. i did not write for
many, many, many months. the days between i would
piece together poems like puzzles, but nothing seemed
to ever make sense, or summarize to any meaning, i
was just feeling.*

FIENDING

*wanting to write and fix my relationship with writing
i shared my passion too closely with another poet, one
who feared not a single missing syllable. i think he
tainted my poetry to tart. i feared making the wrong
move, a sudden psychosis to my train of thought. i
wanted to write so bad, and what was inside me could
not manifest to words... it was the worst drug
withdrawl i have ever experienced.*

FUELING

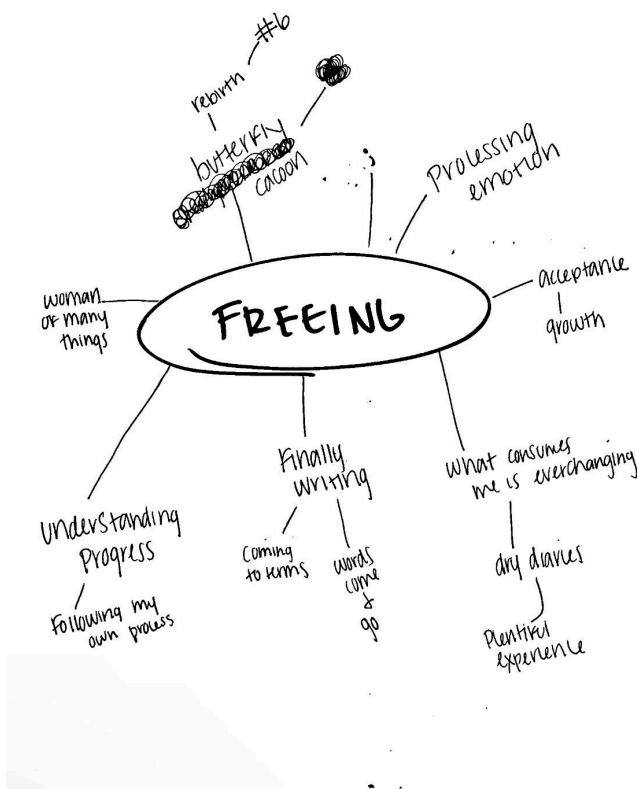
the connections and places and people i met along the way

the last two years i have collected new tokens and made new memories, taking on big cities (again.) i have watched my life crumble and build, and crumble and build, and crumble,,, and i am starting to build it up again. i am grateful for the friends i keep super close, and the ones i keep meeting that help me grow, the words that weld, every form that feeds my soul

FREEING

finally being able to process my emotions through writing like coming out of a coma; like a butterfly released from its cocoon

i have come to terms with the idea that my words come when they do, and sometimes my life may be plentiful in experience, but i remain dry in my diaries. i think the way i process my emotions has evolved, and what consumes me daily is everchanging.. i am a woman of many things and i am learning that is okay; i do not have to be everything all at once.



FREEING

untitled

the curiosity inside staying can cause great harm

proceed with caution

*sometimes it feels like the space between a thought and
a sentence*

*the nothing it could be— before its translated by
perspective*

*to something with no meaning— possibly too
frightening*

love never settles to my soils

fear it may never do so..

deemed too dull

maybe the world spins one way

and i find comfort in retrograde

FIENDING

49

*i have been afraid to slip over prose
of painted purple hearts
for opals to overlook
have you always had earrings?
and mind to free itself of the dark
he makes me feel still
stilts as i float
and flutters that reach the toes
that keep me from the ground
and i've spilt all my glitter
the lines wrote themselves crooked
we shared smiled and scorching sun
laughter and langston hughes lines
like forever forgot its last three letters of friend*

FEELING

gibberish n giddy

valley side we speak of gibberish

the clouds keep stars hostage (and my heart)

he herded hope to poetry—searched on soles with me

cursive is complicated— like cigarettes

and myself

*like love outside scripts- dulecent deceptions of the
tongue*

sports without the sun

it seems there is always something missing,

my mind or words or worlds or envy

the gift of gab gives agony

if there were a place that had all the words, would i go?

sounds like gibberish till i see it sow

FIENDING

seasons change

last april had too many poems to count—

amongst this one lies none

may i wish for flowers to bloom outside my brain

questions unanswered find reign

memories loop through their holes

shooting stars hold no grace— soaring dead light

the soreness of sorrow

the lore of silence

& how yours is much sweeter than the essence of mine

seasons change and solace stays the same—

no peace or blame game

FUELING

time can tell nothing

i survived september

baby bump ganders

— the imposter syndrome

allow me an ambrosial atmosphere

skin has a new story

i have discovered coffee can never get boring- diction is limited but i am learning my horizons

how i reek of poison

poetry heads pain

time heals nothing

suppose the prose has an end goal

only god will never know

FREEING

fear farm

welcome to the october outbursts

where i tell it better from my dreams

keeping the words wherever the come from

*perhaps heaven or hell or maybe they do not exist
outside this realm*

all i ever want to do is write forever

maybe my eyes tell stories in other lands

silence is a current sanity

omission an obligation

like fear to the fall—

Like a dial tone to a crisp conversation

Speeding through stale lights

FIENDING

98%

what i fear stains my spirit

words only follow worlds after

hear me out when the moon is full

spare me some said

save me of the suffering

kiss me out of longing

the start of shameless sharing

trepidation of the eyes i desperately seek

... those and their intimacy

death by caffeine — fiends and freedom

*i fear the facts — and the faces that tell the tall tales of
time*

i wait and wait and watch the phases pass me by

... play catch up with my rhymes

FIENDING

with you

brainstorming is a chore

i have no sense of direction

less seems to say more

silence as loud as the moon

strangers as blue as you

aberrance rings bells

do you miss me too?

FEELING

the wonder years

time keeps calling

and i haven't answered

i've wandered here from my last

wondered how you've beat me to the future

upon my arrival is a presence of fading perfection

*reality grows perplexing and i am growing to know
nothing*

they say they envy my life

i will always wonder why

FEELING

why

i have sat a week in wonder

seems like an awfully adventurous time

slouching between the bullshit

the room is crowded

—judgment and carry-out containers

and the clock ticks till tomorrow

and i stay behind in daylight

FUELING

not a love poem

his lust tastes like purple poetry

potent and pleasure based

our tongues ties together

touching tender

poisoned cynicism takes a pause

overdue desire erupts

i swallow every drop

the thought of you never stops

schemes construct

rhymes rewind

time stops in the middle of a scribble

where story strays stuck

kiss me out of this rut

FUELING

venus lust story

tonight the stars are amorous

the pens are bane

shall we begin with an exchange of the ink

swallow and save some for later

love me in the off season

lust is reading as poetry

perhaps i have found the type for me

or maybe he flees south

and seasons change

and he never again says my name

JAM

FREEING

11/30/22

for all i know this is as far as it gets

walking the dog— watching stars

writing stories of what things aren't

making the most of my life

-----may only be doing the most

daring to dream is actually killing me

as curiosity does the cat

and yours to our connection

FREEING

garden of feeling

my garden is cut and paste

pure and also fueled by taint

*take me serious before you pick apart the petals —
pond me some rancor before your betrayal*

i wonder what woman will be worthy for the flowers

or if any prevail the privilege

i wonder if i knew you at all

you and i were calculated to detail

emotions raided—recalled for depth

evermore something so sweet

something to smell

some colors outside of spring

FREEING

before you go

maybe what is missing is i never just filter out my mind- and i have too much fear around this craft. and i keep craving some certain pain im trying to forget. and all those things crowd my circle of thought. i am running around missing every single point. and i fear death as much as i want it to meet me. and i fall in love with sweet nothings. sometimes it feels exceptional to express something with no intent. to ease my rash with writing out my wrath. everyday i get closer to my last steps and i count the parts of my body that have never felt pleasure- this is a temple of pain. and none of this will grow to meaning- and i'll slip back to never writing and always working- stealing pens, pretending that it opens a door to rejoinder. maybe a new home will open wonders, and we will never know. i must declare solme declutter before i can accept anymore. i know nothing of love, i crave nothing from lust- i lie and sin and save the best for me and i feel too much- and you can only recognize the angry. imagine the agony...

FIENDING

wishing well

i crave love like wells do wishes

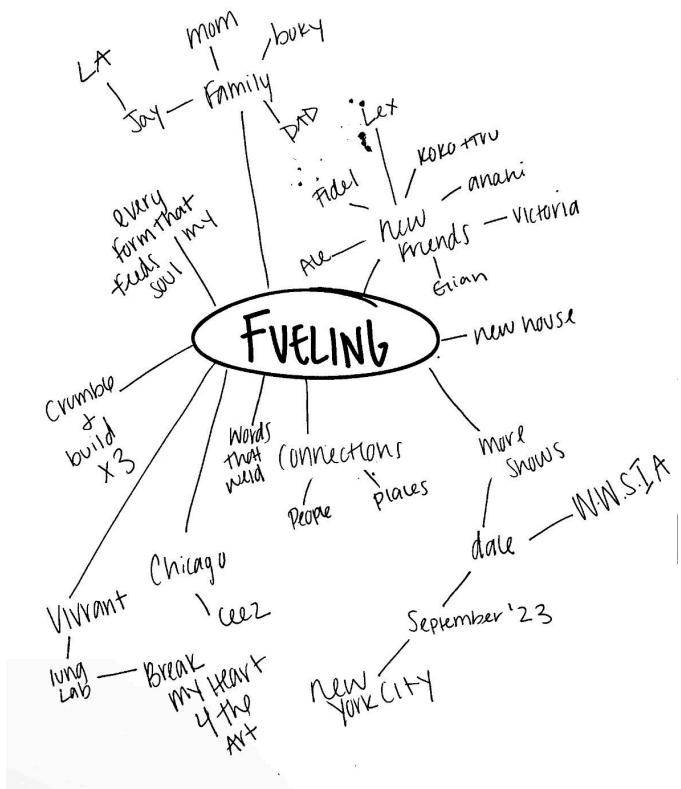
the impossible so probable

delusion dare to be destiny

*my insides have become braille- beyond the bounds of
translation*

toss coins to my conclusion

do dreams dare exist when the water gets shallow



FUELING

apocalypse

the concrete i come from is filthy with fiends

false realities

the lost looking for the next lick

leintent laws when it comes to commit

tinfoil tumbleweeds

cops for cost

chaos prevails

the city i am from smells

of envy

animosity that is served sweet

sticky sonoran situations

dry temptation

salvation lies along sunset boulevard

chase the sun on this bull of ours

before brains rot— before we burn to ash

the end of the world asks the most of you

FEELING

random tuesday

a truck of tears passed me by

in the tunnel of stolen breath

we met last thursday

failed sashimi and sake jelly

i embody a heroin high—

that raids any connection of healthy binding

to love me is an act of decomposition

kisses that rot start to finish

FIENDING

while the world crumbles...

the stamped are stacking

the walls are crumbling

the wars are outside my window

weeping is not satisfying—just wasted feeling

residency has been tainted with talk

of responsibility i cannot comprehend— or cater to

*a world so cold they forget i am searching for meaning
too*

thawing my heart through yearning

stewing up the somethings

watching what words grew

drought and doubt

devastatingly draped shroud

FEELING

the words to my anxiety rash

i am craving consistency

and a little less nostalgia

a man who loves me completely

to never question beauty

or fate

— in love, in luck, in literacy

fear speckles my body

blood call upon scabs

sit with me

grow weary from the wonder of my worry

FREEING

saturn

life has turned and tumbled and stopped entirely in the last three-hundred and so days... i suppose sixty may have been sweet, like when you kissed me; for the second time and i thought it meant something. or when confetti cried in the middle of the club.. when we rode the subway into sunrise... when we forgot to go home.. hailed down cabs after concerts.. concerned and concentrated and coladas... i reimagined life with love– and still never seemed to work out. i have found jobs - and lost them - and left them.. never loved them. coffee is starting to brew sweeter.. with the help of brown sugar and the stains that linger. i have been poisoned with the poise of power i never sought. and shamed for not knowing how to use it — losing everyone close to me. death stopped by and my spirit went with. what causes us to care? surely nothing present– only when it's too late do we dare to do anything. due dates keep slipping through my fingertips– twenty-three has almost killed me... drowning in d'usse and dancing with delinquents.. dating into delusion.. trying so hard not to envy love... but i seem to stay bittersweet tainted... a green river of my own... a new home... how do i finally find the capacity to try? do i find vengeance? do i discover peace? does twenty-three define me? or does pleasure only come from pain? do i keep on with the same to say?

FUELING

april

spring does not spare of its disparity

discipline is as appealing as breaking bones

the sweetness of someone you'll never know

heartbreaking between the beats in a bar

bodies bind– wind down

warm wind rustles by... i sip my wine

—at least i am writing again

deprecation for dessert

rotting is a full time job

my imagery is falling short

coffee is a fair trade of sorts

cigarette drags – daring for disco

do me thorough

FEELING

shot by a star

the sky winks and i make a wish

am i dehydrated?

or dreaming?

first thought comes you

flowers, summers by the pool

all the things we'll never do

words are overdue

i found your lore last december

sex is my new sin as a saint

till stars explode and no light remains

FREEING

spring

if i had the time to travel through,

*i'd pick the moment before i picked my poems like rose
bushes–*

*battled my brain to provide bouquets for others to
consume*

*if i could replace me with then it'd be strictly for
poetry–*

to keep it close to me

to never sell my soul

i'd set sail and never spill a single syllable

FUELING

earth day

the sun feels like a kiss– the first one

the birds keep making love

and for a second you think earth is healing

a heart in human form lays out a blanket

and we count clouds

FIENDING

mr mojo

i think you stole my wit with a kiss

a rude awakening of passion unexplored

an unexpected galore

*I don't remember what i wrote about– never found the
patience to articulate*

we are a mess of misunderstood tension

lost in the lude of never telling– showing only skin

sex fills a room

shame tells the story

poetry played a trojan

horses and outshined heroine

never got a chance to see you through till morning

her scent too alluring

FIENDING

i never make it to the poems–

i had to study that first drafts are always shitty

why didn't we take the time to revise the situation?

instead we unified ugly– cemented misspellings

i wonder why i never make it to the poems

love lives the farthest from my journals

my heart remains hollow

and the mojo mystery follows

FIENDING

ring ring

*i stare at the city skyline — wonder if your heart rings
pure*

or if sin is where we soak

*i have lost my art of storytelling — i think i left it on
the light rail summers ago*

i am desperate for stories and satisfying love

— the kind that ripens on trees

sweetens seasons

calls every spring

brunch outside tiffany's

spoonfuls of green glitter for supper

something is on my mind but we don't make it that far

thoughts dwindle to dust

like a ticking time bomb

FEELING / FUELING

i tried

i seem to not notice a lot

or mistake situations for what they be

outside of my mind only lies misery

(inside i am painted blue)

i'm trying to make the best of me

say the worst (and expect it to shine)

pure sublime with some strain

simplicity has made a stay

i'll save the synonyms for a rainy day

FREEING

mournful

twenty two

still so confused

writing my life out in riddles

for that and those i am thankful

thankful for family

and a mind i can get along with

journals with no lines

***and the love in my life that does not limit me— drip
coffee***

***my rhymes that make me cringe and the vows i'll never
say —***

***i am thankful for kisses that should have never been
taught***

thankful i finally made it to hollywood

and seen the stars for what they are

two hundred and thirty-three days till evolution

grateful to be strong against the summons

stand against yesterday

*plant my garden to grow by mourningsing the siren
song that leads to the best*

of me

FUELING

november

november hurts when i think about it

the pens lost — the pain charged

the colors we never made love to

feasts and a forgotten future

i finally found my turn of phrase

i'm writing, and withering, and waiting

watching and revising

and worrying

pursuing wonder

—sat in focus

and it's still you are far out of reach

lust is quick and sleek

new poetry and quickies

how it'll feel for centuries

FIENDING

now what?

these days my brain is on fire

a single answer unseen

my prayer impractical

malpractice and no patience

undiagnosed and overdosed

every part of me is breaking down

shattered sound to the steps (till i rest)

sometimes i stumble here

use the same words out of fear

face what i know,

then disappear as smoke

birds fly by and on the day goes

FREEING

sundaze said

pay attention to the poetry

full focus in fast forward

frontal lobe digression

my handwriting comes with too much tension

to profit off your passion is a privilege

you have to pay your dues —

read letters from the prison — find some missing connection — make up the words taken by tears

tear up the secrets that do not deserve sonnets

find yourself on some sunday with never much to say

and always some blame

forever lingers in the essence of yesterday



FEELING

hell is earth

do we allow our words to gather?

do we find the time to make it work?

weep and keep each other warm

do we steal our stories and never look back?

do we start somewhere new?

*recognize our youth— basque in a figment of the
truth*

do i ever feel less than now?

will you travel back to me?

does earth ever reign appealing?

or do we burn for eternity?

FIENDING

hell

my thoughts seem too distant for dialect

dotting my i's takes too much energy

my ears keep ringing and i'm never answering

call me to catch up next never

i'm not sorry for where emotion takes me

temptation grows impatiently

words from the whirls of wind

*of the storm that came from your eyes — traveled to
mine*

we will never have time — or hope

— or enough bravery to believe in something

decay in our nonsense

followed by vices

and haunted of our truth

to be in this hell

or to be with you

FEELING

word of the day

*i wonder what it'll be; can cacophobia eventually kill
me?*

when i ache i am coming to my senses of exhaustion

in my eyes — of my ways

an abnormality my unfortunate reality

sipping on sangrias — six deep

sashaying through my cadence

never living in the time flying by

repeating recollections

playing restless records in a dream

*settling with the unforgiving fear of everyone forgetting
me*

FIENDING

I am sluggish

sometimes my speech is sluggish

the thoughts i bare barely any rubbish

where are you to rub me raw of what i am

scrape my insides of the synonyms

i miss the springtime

when the sun forced me on my feet

to find words and things i forget to see

i move too slow for this world

feel too small for this hurt

and still i find some hope

from this hell

FEELING

what has the room told us?

discretion is advised in this taunting time

i have no interest in growing, do not water me

*when i find the words they will let you down—or i will
bite my tongue till the teeth touch*

*to feel — to forget what has failed and the feeling it
bares*

*sometimes it seems i have never had a home — or
someone to love*

or a garden to stop and smell

i do not wither, i am a weed

a menace to my soul

the stars sometimes twinkle- and it boils my blood

bonds have gone bad

and i've become biased to the numb

based and beyond confused

*so much to do... and i waste my time in the sun,
thinking of you*

FREEING

the art of getting lost

sometimes i stumble and for that i am grateful

i like the static of stand by

and the thrill

crumpled up chaos

finding my lipgloss

[...at the bottom of a bag]

wandering off into a book

never fighting my tears

losing trance in the void

pink papers and poppers

pauses to the ponder

pitter pat persuasion

passion fixation

FEELING

everywhere

i believe to live in the seconds before a moment

i'll always know how situations sound

but i'll never hear them out

maybe i try too hard to make it work

find some worth

i forget the matter

the story of how easily it is to get off track

the tale of everywhere

the toast to nowhere

the sunset i'll never make it to

FEELING

deserted

my decisions have deserted me

solace has turned to just being lonely

lame and looping through the same cycles of lunacy

aching as the moon is looking right at me

through these windows on this faux place i call home

desire shines in from some stars

*the enemy of happiness is wanting things – that's what
we know dismally as dreaming*

daring to be

abandoning all clause of reality

leading to all this treacherous writing

FIENDING / FEELING

sulking and soaking

she was a morse rose

mooning around under the aquarius moon

soaking up the light lost from dying stars

sullen under the rays

stuck inside the overwhelm

feeling every fear - far from free

settling into silence

her petals fall as the pages burn

a brain on fire in the middle of rain

sulking

drenched in dew

aching for it all ... and craving nothingness too

FEELING / FUELING

the rise and fall (of the sun)

*sometimes i do not think i live enough to understand
emotion*

what time holds of it

i remember what felt bad

the frown that found my face

the words that never came

confusion that i slept with

and answered in

time moves somewhere clearer only with you

somewhat presence like cue

my marble-eyed muse

FIENDING

kill the poet

i seem to never know an answer

or know what to share

perhaps i am centered to my selfishness

influence comes tainted and words can kill

conservative tendencies call

confidence pulled from diction

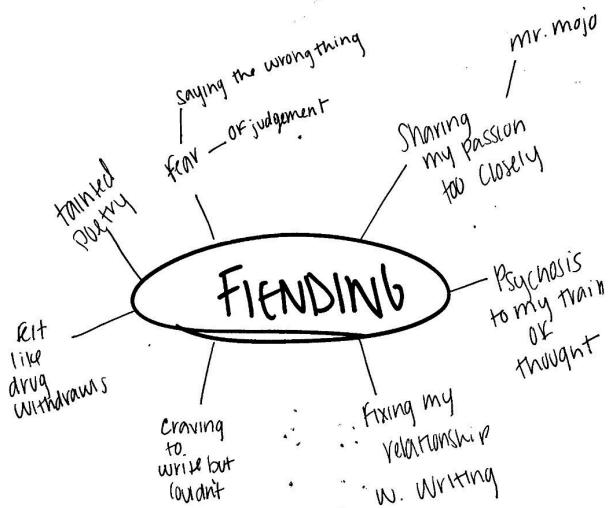
a timid tone turned

and when everything i have thought finds the light ,.

my mind abides oblivion

who is to say where the final line lies

poetry may defy time



FEELING / FIENDING

[my flower pot]

i used to write with a man of magic

he has cursed my eyes of tears

when i touch upon wordy matters

in my world of matches

sometimes i get too excited

accidentally trip over my imbalance

rooted dissonance

the chemicals that keep us from kissing

nerves that keep us wrecking

FEELING

saturn returned

boycott twenty-three

spare me the spin

the sin

the son of the sun

the sums of syllables

bitter strawberries

buds of black cherry soda

chrubs of confidence devoured

FEELING

in due time

do the dead flowers in my room mold my mind?

in due time do they grow back?

the significance in survival is shrinking

the gardens i tend to in my brain

with caffeine and chaos and pearly white teeth

i wonder if you soil my sheets

or do you leave seeds for me to focus on watering

FREEING

cancer season is forever

i am not a stranger to summer

or the sums of the season

the reruns and return of love

reopened doors to lost communication

some sadness settles in the sky

somewhat this is the happiest season

because birds start chirping earlier

smoke seems to burn longer

every breeze smooches the skin

focus overcoming

time is bliss

the power of my pen peaks

and colors make love to the clouds

life feels everlasting

and time keeps passing

FEELING

the return

we meet again here

with words that must be declared

carrying meanings weighed subjective

where have you gone?

soul lost at sea

feelings hitting shore

all that loves leaves me — passionately

inevitable passing

emotions as depth as sea

undiscovered by vast majority

FEELING

feb.

the internet is an awful place of archives

i could fill bookshelves of all the words we never used–

no longer your muse

does he pick flowers for you?

night caps on 44th street too?

there's a sense of lingering defeat

sweet deceit

park benches and poetry

... i wish you felt what it meant to me

FIEDNING

misery

life is miserable and you can see it in my writing

i think poetry is the only escape

obligations obliterate the mind

dim the fireflies

destroy the dreams

wandering for some book-marked feeling

counting the steps — snapping fingers to the sounds

everything i prose is cliche composition

a survival or the fittest

however i have no competition

JAM



FEELING/FUELING

small town talk

what is there to say when the stars say it all?

when the crickets are the loudest to talk

rainbows cry from the sky

they water the roses in doubles

what do you say when death is what brings us as one

till it does apart

i'll chase the butterflies

blow my wishes to wind

watch the specs find their middle ground

only write the somethings

and still say nothing

FREEING

august (has been)

i have been hiking again

healing

heading words with all their meanings

mimicking memories

drinking extra cups of coffee

i have been singing... and staying sober

still take my medicine

tastes of defeat in the smoothest form

gratitude galore

you kiss me once more

i'm working on keeping my words more pure

to pour —for power

to plant my pouts into renaissance

to keep up with the sun

to keep the poetry from falling apart

(to come out as one)

FIENDING

a brighter day

everyday life finds a way to laugh (at me)

wishes seem to fall in front of me

and i always ask for the same thing

inner peace

a place in thailand

where sun makes a home in the sky

*evening is evil– but the ride to get there never off
setting*

these days i write with absolutely no meaning

FIENDING

last night I drank too much

remind me of the last time our minds made love

...of the last word i said that stuck

*if you remember anything at all i beg of you to share
the serotonin*

or spill some spare letters for soul

i need to learn to grow

adapt in absence in order to advance

no more whiskey please— this is our last chance

FREEING

horizon

i think i'm healed — sealed

signed and sent off to wonder

delivered straight to heaven

the horizon is heroin

tragic heroes and whores

holes to the hope

i need a city that glows

or maybe a book to say the least

inspiration that holds the best of me

FIENDING

impostor syndrome

perhaps i am not a poet

only an imposter to my pleasure

i think my poetry is struggling in its survival

i am burning through all these thoughts

praying to all that lies above for just a little prose

*to say my peace — to grace me with better
understanding*

FEELING

burn out

founded fortunes feel impossible to be fulfilled

the love of lust

i am determined to make something of it

i am not stranger to seduction

the rejected love type

with no intention for eternity

just basking of impurity

serving the best of me

we won't last a week...

FEELING

before we get to june

love is a satisfaction i have not fulfilled

i still search the sea

bodies have homes for making

tears for trying– times are chiming

wind blows lines we fail to fault

feeling falls short– meaning not far behind

summer is a lost art

FUELING

may

may brings flowers for months to come

of buds, of bodies, of airbrush

bouquets of debt and concern

broken windows and banter between

hospitals and heartbreak

blue angels from the idle ink

rivertides and you fail to take care of me

canceled concerts and combat and car trouble and cold

brew inside my matcha

FIENDING

in in the dojo

i would like to sit in your silence

— i seem to miss it most these days

when a thought comes by that somebody beat you to

the lines in books you'd repeat to an empty room

in the dojo of our doom

sodom of the city

greedy grimy girls

and the satisfaction of assosance

abiding alliteration

— the cat tosses around a crumpled thought

that's more than i've given sought in a century

or maybe it has only been a few weeks ...

FEELING

at sea

i live a life of letting people down

forbidden failure makes it hard for romance

i'll never admit to my aching

or the lengths i go to avoid the feeling

empty actions the weight of anchors

tell me how that may be

to live with hollow bones

intoxicating glass bubbles

ease the space — wish i had more grace

FIEDNING

unseal the filth

i don't do this anymore

rip open my heart

never even serve dinner

no need to perform

to pour

to pray

to believe

to be granted of the unachieved

i don't stand in front of a sea of strangers

to disclaim — to detangle

no need for discretion

to be seen

to be heard

to be gentle

FIENDING

untitled

i keep losing years of my life

— to some mechanics in the chemicals

some poison to the person

*there's an evil inside me that so desperately needs to
say something worth saving*

that i forget the seams to the sayings

words race each other till they run away from me

left with nothing

no memories, no memoirs, no mistakes to learn from

*no metaphors, no metamorphous—just aching
metacarpus*

no memorable feeling

maybe— i am done with writing

the end

*now that you have traveled through the depths of my
deception, i hope you surround me with a bit more
grace. recently it came to my attention that as we grow
our brains will try their hardest to remain in routine,
and when i try my hardest to break free, demand to
challenge my creativity, i think i shut down. i have to
pause the ports that produce and learn to process my
life in real time, and leave the writing to memory. i
think taking breaks from my writing leaves me time to
process my experiences into thoughts; to transform
everything i feel into something to be consumed like a
feast, it takes time to be.*

JAM

