

**Touch me with
gloves.**

I am not ready yet

Sometimes wonder if people have this same belief.

It feels like trying to catch a cloud.

I have one certainty
one true fire

When all hope has faded and I can't see beyond pain.
It is the only thing I am sure of and that rocks me back and forth.

I have something to say.

There is something here
That sometimes wants to stretch out of my stomach,
And sometimes wants to sleep like a moulding foetus.

Just you wait.

Dim light,
forced smiles
drink.
Wish to be drunk or maybe only simple minded.
Cigarette shades that fade so quickly and quietly
whispers
your eyes fade away from a conversation.
divert yourself
(always)
don't lose yourself in your head
It's too complicated,
untidy,
and as dirty as this shite hole.
Scout around the red room
imagining conversations.
But this bunch of strangers is your family.
And so you smile
unhappily so.
The corners of your mouth don't rise the right way.

Complain
Procrastinate
Complain
spontaneous energy to fight
(or flight)
but you do nothing
sit quietly
like the rest of them.
you mount together in your unhappiness
and talk of better tomorrows that might never come.
But hope drives you all in the night.

Drink
and look at people.
They don't understand
"all dummies"
they complain
procrastinate,
smile with miscomprehension
and start over.
like you.

You don't move because you can't
remember dreams of being frozen with fear,
unable to scream.
Why have you always reassured yourself by being surrounded?

Anger sublimed into alcohol
and sterile debates
about things you should care about
or so you've been told.
Trick your mind into believing you do.
You don't move because you can't
remember dreams of being frozen with fear,
unable to scream.
Why have you always reassured yourself by being surrounded?

Anger sublimed into alcohol
and sterile debates
about things you should care about
or so you've been told.
Trick your mind into believing you do.

Need for warmth and compassion.

Some people move
and it's so easy
or so it appears.

You were all brought up thinking one day you'd be one stage
feeling the thrill of acceptance and praise.
'You are important'
which means you can't die right this moment
You have things to do and say.
'You are important'
You hate yourself for thinking so
How privileged of you.

Look down at people staring at you with similar discontent
and the usual spleen.

Boredom
energy running out
Lack of,
etc.
Should start again.

Remember you will die
and might be forgotten if you don't.
You should write,
go there, read this
and then
finally
maybe

Rewind
start over
Oh how time flies.

Picture frame not quite straight.
Blurry metro lines and fuzzy sign letters
Passing by, unaware and apathetic.
The shadows squirm.

The souvenir pictures on my phone are blurry.
Everything is turned to cotton, twisted wool.
Half asleep, as if you have just awoken from a dream
Consistently woken up on the wrong side of the bed

The music echoes
Some noises accentuated, others lowered
Distorted hearing and the occasional possibility that
“it” isn’t there.

Restricted blinkers of an eyesight.
You are watching through a filter you cannot ever
completely illustrate.

- dissociation

A snippet of freedom

miraculously letting go of your anxieties and enjoying the “present moment”.

Loosening the strict ties of your niched thoughts
of your loneliness and need for reassurance.

The beat echoes to the rhythm of low self esteem and rigid dance moves.

Their kindness seems hidden behind the advertisement of self.

Let me climb higher than my competitors (*or friends*) so you can ogle at me further.

Let me drink some more to forget the laughs of early years in courtyards fracturing through.

Let me put on this carefully and meticulously thought through ceremonial dress to enchant you.

I wonder how it is I can feel lonely after a three sentence conversation,
asking for a lighter.

Simply too engaged in the repeated patterns of sound to see the intrinsic beauty
and light neighboring you.

Too engaged in this hectic energy to be,
and take your disguise off.

Techno party, stay classy.

As a child I would dream of a hole
connecting my room to my sister's.
Our beds would be on the same side of this wall
and each night we would lay our heads by the hole to talk.
Last night, laying in the same bedroom as my sister
(each on our separate island)
just before going to sleep,
while my mind was still elastic,
I pictured that cubic hole as if it had always been there
And instantly felt foolish for thinking so.

-symbolism

Melt down
mantle piece and chandeliers
cold marble
asphyxiation

Burn.
free yourself from objects,
from hating the ones you love.

Head under water
the one place the noise stop's
and you can breath for a moment,
while you can't.
calm,
like caresses on the back of your forearm
that make your hairs perk up.
silk
soft.

Freed shoulders and back.
peaceful

ultimately simplified movements
dancing bodies

no shores
no deadlines
simple.

I don't want to go back up.
I can't breath either way.

-pool escape

stiff back
lung pain
saliva and gung
go down,
feel it go down
(almost painfully)
cold hands
uneasily moving
something in my back feels stuck.
wish to be liked overrides general goal of being one's self
forget what you think.

There is no time for unhappiness
or 'deeper' thoughts here.
Gotta move or be a mindless sloth
You're the only one that listens yet only go half way
future self, future self, future self

forced smile
stare at the pin board
one shakes you from your daze
'put a pencil in your mouth' he says
teach yourself to entertain
to be polite
might be losing time doing so
but there is no other way
what would you do without company and partial understanding?

your eyebrows frown
'dirty girls be sucking my dick,
you know what I mean?!'
i don't.
yet no mouth will protest

no silence
the music goes on
and on

“THE ASSHOLE POEM” AKA FUCKBOY 101 AND JUSTIFIED ANGER:

You played with the image of the unobtainable boy.

The one you are meant to feel *sacred* if he let's you in.

Like it is a privilege to get *anything* from you that wasn't polished in advance.

You fed me the things I **must** want to hear

And my frail ego took them starvingly screaming “at laaast”.

How come I believed the biggest compliment you could give me was about my
physical beauty? As if it were my worth.

And how,

how did this not alarm me of this superficial fetus of a

“ **r - e - l - a - t - i - o - n - s - h - i - p** ” ?

You hit and ran.

Thinking you would only do this once

When in reality you reverse geared until every single one of my bones was
crushed, publicly arranged them on the sidewalk and smirked.

-“Where does this idolization of the asshole come from?”

The self-hating modern narcissus opens up and we feel *lucky*?

His mask of indifference melting onto his skin cause he thought it would make
him a little bit less dull.

Blended himself into the shallowness of his pack.

You had been warned of his egotism but involuntary saw glimpses of what was
underneath, and that attracted you.

-“All these things he said to you, he is probably saying them to her now...”

(aka “All these things he said to *her*, he is probably saying them to you now”)

Why do we feel like we are *special*, “*not like the other girls*”, when we are given the “*privileged*” glanced interest from the one who never shows his true self?

He shrugged and said he didn’t remember
Like he didn’t tremble when you first talked to him.
Like this wasn’t a power game for him to begin with.

And *I* am supposed to sit here
hating myself, hating the next?
Thinking it’s because I am not good enough?
I am supposed to spit out my beliefs? **Compete?!**

Let me tell you something:
You should be drinking my fucking bath water.
Not the other way round!
You should be the one thinking about how
How this speaks of your relationship with your father,
Freuding that shite up.
(Not me!)

You should be asking yourself “why?”
Why is it that you think you can decorate yourself with a woman?
And how come that makes you feel eeeven lonelier?
Like you are slipping away from yourself, treading water only partially ‘cause
somehow people are praising you for it.

And I am the one who is meant to be feeling ashamed?
Ashamed that I cared?
Solely because you act apathetic while thinking: “that is what “*cool*” men do”.

Let me tell you something:

I refuse to be reduced to the moments I cared for you,
Made the error of thinking that if I peeled off the layers I could see you.

The mask is so tight now, *you* can't even discern the real center of yourself.
Built yourself into a hole where the choice should be and brought me down with
your shallow hollowness.

Let me leave you with this:

Now, I know.

(‘and that’s the sound of me not calling you back’)¹

motherly grip

Don't fed me excuses not to be/live

I do that enough on my own

I am already lying on the ground in a fetus position,

fingernails clawing my scares

scavenging for blood

with self hatred and the vertigo effect that comes from having no fucking clue what to do

with myself,

wondering if it s worth getting up.

'Be careful' you say

'Don't live too much' I hear,

Always fear.

You make me carry debts I am so ashamed of owning

I tell myself I need to remember,

in order not to become spoiled (or show that I am),

can't let the monster out.

look down on yourself

forget - remember

the water tornado goes round.

my self confidence undulates in your hands,

pathetically.

'Please don't step on it' I beg

knees on the ground but you don't see,

huff and call me dramatic.

I scratch your skin
with wit and a smug half smile
(the apodose of my ingratitude)

Played God when I created those puff marks under your eyes,
kept pecking till they blackened.
Your head is held high,
you dare not see.

Sometimes I try
Intensely and ambitiously I crisp my body trying to fit a mold I am too big for
and fall again
Watch you looking into the pit
standing above the bell jar,
'you could of done more of an effort' you say.
I squint my eyes,
blurred vision
Perceive a ray of sunshine on your cheek

"stop feeling sorry for yourself!" you shout
(again)
your words echoe against the splintery walls- as I fall deeper into the abyss
(Watching you caress my sister's head as she cries about yet another boy
While I stare at the wall wishing I could feel)

dare to love

to open

shine

bleed

breath.

you

fast-forward to the end

fuck hard

contract

skin to steel

convincing yourself you don't (care).

treat your body as an island

scream 'it is open!'

so you don't have to visit it

single serving lovers fix,

acknowledge me till the next

stare at the post-fucking flesh you so desired with disgust

Gargantuanly eating

deny the fusion of sex

thump harder

close your eyes

and leave.

read the hand sawn caution in tiny handwriting,

says 'handle with care'

ignoring who left it there.

Once a friend of mine said she saw her voice as a gift
I think maybe she was trying to warn me.
Not to melt

warning me not to scream in the wind

sometimes I take my head off the pillow my mother told me to scream
into as a child
and I point my voice at someone.

It comes out as wind,
when you blow it back to my face

Somewhere around a summer day of perhaps the year 2016. Lois sat on a bench with an old framed black and white photograph of a woman she'd never know that she had just bought for three pounds and thought:

“Today I realized that life is pointless in the best possible way.

We have to die and “recreate” another through our voices who will go on, have more evolved ideas and help the movement of things to be.

I am partly my mother who is partly her mother and so on (mentally and physically). We will linger in our blood relatives as well as our chosen ones and be ‘peripheral figures’ sometimes without realizing the impact we may have. (Be careful, some words you cannot take back.)

We will all be forgotten and erases and that is fine, it is how it needs to be. In some ways I will always be here and so will my grandmother and her mother, we will just have evolved into another self.

Enjoy what you have here do not miss it for the idea of leaving an image of a “better life” once you are dead. You will not be here to gather the gratification of possible approval anyway. The only things you can leave behind are quality conversations that will echo kindly to your companions. Know that after anyone's death there is still so much to be learned from the departed loved ones.

Houses are built, cherished and torn down. Look at pictures of your parent's youth, the place your grandparents built from nothing, your sister's first smile or chuckle... It may be worthless to some but it is the world to them.

Your sense of importance may be taking up too much space. Consider your life as you would the one of the unfamiliar wonderer that passes your gaze.

Know that everyone has their own realities, stories, evolving memories and niched thoughts to be marveled at and listened to with love and tenderness.

You are everyone and no one. Sometimes this can be the most reassuring thing in the world: the idea that you are simply a piece of meat floating through space. When it is not, turn your back to the stars and stare at the ants on the muddy ground.”

Lois got up from the bench, left her ideas to stand still in the air for the next dweller of the moment. Thought of how much she wanted to share this with her friend Jacob, however pointless it might be and smiled as she skipped away.

Dear J,

I wanna believe the past is just a story I tell myself,
have a healing ceremony
bury me in sand
caress my hairs
kiss my scabs
But you hover a time worn self above me,
say: I have failed you
say: you don't recognize me.

Once I looked into the mirror
not at a reflection but another person.
Dissociation had finally captured me
obliterated me.

Dear J,

My phone is a new nurtured addiction that I hold like a blanket at night
In case he comes
But I don't know who *he* is anymore.
He stole the faces of most of the men in my life.
Fear passing from one to another, looking for its originator.

Dear J,

I am trying to re-own this carcass he stole
adorn it with added ornaments
to appear sparkly and neat
maybe then another man will come to "*save me*" from my fear of men,
the flashes
and the stormy "*daydreams*".

Dear J,

Have you ever called someone your soul mate with shame because you knew these words
would not be reciprocated?

You peeped at me through social media and believe the spectacle
And now, your judgment grew into a resentment that I don't know how to erase.

Dear J,

I am scared.
Of becoming what you said I was
Of being that already.

Dear J,

You are kind of an asshole.

'FUCK ALL THE TIME TO KEEP YOU OFF MY MIND'

WEAR BABY CLOTHES AND LIPSTICK FOR YOU

SHAVE MY IDEALS FOR YOU.

BARCODE MY MOUTH FOR YOU.

FAKE CONFIDENCE FOR YOU.

PAINT MYSELF IN EVERY COLOR FOR YOU

CAN YOU SEE ME NOW?

I TWIST AND CONTORTIONATE IN EVERY WAY

FOR YOU TO GAZE AT ME.

LOOK AT ME!

'FUCK ALL THE TIME TO KEEP YOU OFF MY MIND'

THREE DATES THIS WEEKEND JUST TO GET YOU OUT OF MY HEAD

OPEN, CLOSE AND REPEAT.

BLASÉ

SWALLOW HARSHLY AND MOVE SLOTH-LY AWAY

LINGER YOUR GAZE ON ALL TO DEVOTE YOURSELF TO NONE.

SPLIT YOUR ATTENTION TO AVOID THE TORMENT OF FALLING IN LOVE.

'FUCK ALL THE TIME TO KEEP YOUR OFF MY MIND'

NO TIME FOR TENDERNESS OR SURRENDER TO THE OTHER.

'FUCK ALL THE TIME TO KEEP YOUR OFF MY MIND'

SITTING AT THE DIMLY LIT BAR,

THROWING CONCEALED GLANCES AT MY CELL PHONE.

I SEARCH FOR YOU IN THESE STRANGERS

STILL, NO WORD.

I CANNOT GO HOME ALONE TONIGHT

I NEED SOMEONE TO ANAESTHETIZE THE PAIN

WHILE I CLOSE MY EYES TO ESCAPE

BREATH THROUGH IT

'FUCK ALL THE TIME TO KEEP YOUR OFF MY MIND'

NOW YOU TELL ME YOU ARE NOT READY

NOT READY TO LOVE ME

BUT I HAVE ALREADY RENDERED MYSELF

ALL

'FUCK ALL THE TIME TO KEEP YOUR OFF MY MIND'

EN ATTENDANT LE PROCHAIN QUI POURRA ME FAIRE DANSER...

The waves settle and shrink
Dusk arises
I can now see the horizon line

A voice once told me of the sun
Awakening after night
I did not believe anymore
It hid behind tumultuous thought

I marvel at the beauty of the light
peaking while I swim
body still shuffling through the shrinking waves.

A voice once told me
"When you see it
catch it
don't miss it"

but something pulls me back,
the comfort of knowing the night.

Loïs Soleil