

STRINGS

Writer: D.
Cover design: Fatal Dalliance
ISBN: 9789465122762
© Fatal Dalliance



**It s not about it being good
It s about it being true**

different meat

once again
the men with the giant fish
the bigger the better
their insincere smiles chanting ways of

the undivided attention seekers the lost

the found the resoundingly harsh the predators wrapped in
fake photographs and their mothers and pets to lure back
the death

the never honest about their age and the gaps between our
teeth

fleeting moments come to pass
less and less we read our love on screens now

regaining

my breasts announced themselves this morning

as if to say
we re still here

where have you been
and what were you doing there

healing
the cocoon said fervently

healing from

healing from you

the heartbeat fastened
so the throttling ends somewhere

somewhere has no name
yet

the hands slip further
the days aren t as long

the songs are audible once again

the fingertips grasping around the once formed hand

sending for words
and their meaning to dust
must and will trust again

our mothers they cry

our mothers they cry
in their hands filled with blame

be gentle be cautious be step by step warmer than the former

the well known it wasn't her fault
no

but it wasn't ours either
so then who bears the blame

flame throwers landing at the brick walls filled with
hatred
lanes of dust of the crusty fingers that splattered against
the middle man who ran at the very first chance he got

forgotten the stories and their beloved beginnings

ring any bells
sell the well put rose buds
guts and whatnot

but we were only children
the blame the guilt the shame

love deserves no such name

a soft vastness

Was I actively avoiding the ocean or did the days seize me again?

I feel blessed to be reunited but somewhat out of place. It's probably because the beach is getting more and more crowded. That's it. I feel like I have a crowd. The stares in disbelief. The nosy eyes and their open mouths. It seems impossible to me the day to day difference between the solitude and the bustle that presents itself unto the comfort of the sand. I must will the noise out of my mind.

Because look at the way she is laying there. So strong, so familiar. So reliable. So soft and harsh at the same time. And my body floating in it, as if I had become a part of the vast body of water, and the very fact that it allowed me there. That feeling of belonging and empowerment rushing in. Sometimes I feel like that is the closest I will ever get to feeling at home.

I could leave for weeks on end and there she would still be, still wild, still containing all her indestructible beauty. The sun and moon respectively making her waves calm and then dangerously wild. Yet it makes her all the more divine, all the more trustworthy, for she is so unforgiving. So full of life.
So grand.
So mighty.
So vigorous.

fall into submission

we re so god damn pretty when we don t have a clue

when we fall into the unresolved unfinished unformed
answers
and lay between our pillows muffled

like a caterpillar with its ears closed off

the freedom to surround yourself with strong reluctance
the honesty of the clumsiness humbling my severed heart

the parts non-aesthetically pleasing like the crooked
picture frames
hanging from the walls on my brain

just when the rain starts ticking against the broken
window
then we get ready to run outside
to dance and revel in it

homeward

Home has always been a strange word to me, for I can't truly feel or experience its meaning.

I've never felt it as any tangible place besides my own body. Finding pieces of myself in others might come close to the feeling of creating a home. To take those people into my life and have parts of them planted within me, around me. To expand my branches with every encounter that deepens my roots. To build something resembling a house around my soul. But then again a house isn't necessarily a home. I might find a sense of comfort in living pleasantly and sturdily, but at the same time always miss a sense of true belonging.

The desert floor might have come close to feeling at home, for she felt so undemanding. The same goes for all the beds that weren't mine. They might have felt the safest space to burrow my burdened heart in. For now I rest my head in passing, and let the grass be the grass, the neighbours be my neighbours, the rumbling of my mind rumble until the next wind sweeps me off my feet.

Until the seed lands elsewhere.

Must Capture

He deserved more than a shitty poem on the back of a beautiful photograph.

The lack of space to embrace my real age came to change everything. But the way the hands placed themselves onto the lens. The ways to capture a face and to figure out the parts that remain. That may say something meaningful. He must have read poetry back when he was my age. Must have made love to Parisiens or at least held a pair of loving breasts. Restless nonetheless. The lessons always grabbed by the horns. I yearn for another chance through those doors.

But the forlorn days aren't to be retraced. Perhaps the way the lines allowed themselves to fall was enough to entice the broken mind. And perhaps in time we will find the loose ends again, to regain the chance to another end to that awful poem.

Lonely are the days not spend. Seated beneath the ways to seize at least a fraction of the constellation. Was this the very face of hope we stumbled upon amidst those dark hallways?

But to rephrase means to adjust, to alter, to evolve, to dream where the clouds seem to have evaporated themselves. Stacking the shelves now, filling up the last part of a tied brain. The stained glass teaching me about the deformation of light. The brightness of a doomed future laid bare.

peace piece

the children are playing
playing in the sun of the days
when the sun was alive
alive like the olive tree that
has been standing in my backyard and
after all this time still doesn't dare to bloom
it's been a while now
now I wonder how many more winters
does she hold up
holding the thought of
a butterfly dancing its leaves off on my cheek
my nose bled in the morning and
mother said it was because of the cold
yet it has never happened to me before
cold showers seem to be good
for the mind and the body
the body being forced to grow outside of itself
you should try it sometime
sometime I won't she always says
with that face of her covered in agony
agony stains on the life we live
while awake
awake we are most definitely
awake now - now we are
awake