PCA

Fuck ppl with hand sanitiser
Ppl that just need to organise ur desk
Im talking bout premonitions
like if this don't happen someone will die
And I saw the knife drop before it did
So now it will

I have a small gift of sight - vision, divinity and a large gift of panic

Good things, fingers, eyes, necks, kittens, glass, myself

List of things I avoid staring at sometimes just in case

Sometimes I know whats gonna happen and scared it'll b my fault

Did I do that? Did I jus do that right now?

I dont rmbr

Don't feel like i can trust my memory

I'm guilty for visualising violence I cant help it, Its my mind

Its not me

How can I trust myself not to do something stupid, Impulsive if i've done it 1000 times in my head Sensation that i'm a bad person i'm really bad

Thats why my parents left me
No one knows this
Everyone knows
Cause it is terrifying to confront

Impossible to hide I shudder when I touch people praying nothing bad happens

BP JASAIJAC KAHLIA

FUNK

The nights were filled with clammy hours in these old country pubs drinking sour cranberry juice with ice and lime before I dragged my self injury onstage

I had breasts too full to bind inside

I was full of fear with desperation to recover Those weeks I was so young around 20 sometimes desire was too much, too apparent

People can always tell when you're vulnerable.

When you draw red on your face to look attractive they scream louder so it sounds just like applause In these venues I lost words to crazy drunken ears

In these nights i'd be dolled i'd still feel ugly.

With that funk band that wanted more than cheap nights to sing

I prostituted my voice

My Monday evenings to trick myself that I was almost flying it was hard because I felt I didn't matter

> My poems disregarded. This old man tapping his knees and playing his keyboard

Always would have me at his in the evenings In his living room, pints of tepid water

Hiding vocal strain

Ignoring tension

I would cry all in the day cause I was broken In the night my eyes were black like frozen terror

Things you hold onto so as not to kill your passion but really I was reaching out for hidden shelter

I couldn't stand masculine energy anymore 5 men and myself under every show - red lights

One day my father came to see us, late I told what time I was starting, 9pm

I sang all night to the empty windows
Waiting

When the bassist felt my body inside the venue Sickness told everyone that I was better leaving

The percussionist held my arse after he hugged me Before the show I had to vomit in the bathroom

These nights were filled with gritty secrets

Ones I can't explain

Things you don't wanna associate with what you love

If I sing I don't want no-one to annihilate my talent my naivety my world

BY JASMINE KAHLIA

TALISMAN

for K, for A for N, for another K.

Frankincense, Rosemary. Onyx, Gold. Rose, Geranium. Resilience, Healing. Strength, Brilliance. Love, Kindness.

You really fucked me over u know I was doing everything for us. You broke my trust

I don't forgive. I'm not a fuckin forgivin person. Thats ok

I hope you suffer I don't care I'm not sorry if I cannot be accepting Cannot be accommodating

you are not my predecessor

I can never understand why you felt like I
was
something with unrelenting generosity
I gave you like I give always

I cannot carry you on my neck you reciprocated catastrophic health Sadness Had me double checking myself

I cant b strong knowing you'd attack me freely
Unsurprised you've done all this harm
You wasn't worthy
You didn't earn this love and purity I gave

You stole from me but please remember
I am divine
I will not disintegrate

You stole from me but please remember I am existing, still.
I am protected.

You steal from me.

Have my curse I don't curse many but you are marked

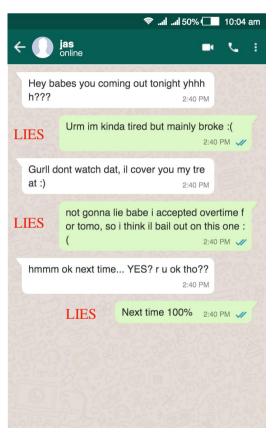
You stole from me Took my gold but man, Please know

You stole from yourself

Frankincense, Rosemary. Onyx, Gold. Rose, Geranium.

Resilience, Healing. Strength, Brilliance. Love, Kindness. You stole from yourself.

BY JASMINE KAHLIA



TAG TEAM

I didn't sleep last night. Insomnia is now a friend to Anxiety. They teamed up against me.

I stayed up, trying to come up with solutions to my problems
But
They were all dead ends.
I smoked like half the pack of fags.
I'm gonna end up with cancer one day.
Cant even take care of myself.

Only 2 hours left till I need to get ready.

What the point in sleeping now? I guess il try have an early night tonight.

BY JUJU GUYYER

THE DATE

I had a date set. I really wanted to go. The thought of holding hands and that end of date kiss Filled me up with smiles and butterflies. The "what ifs?" Ruined it all Thoughts of journey, eyebrows and not looking on point. My low bank account balance. What if I'm not really what she expects. But she bought the tickets. I don't want to waste her effort. Clocks ticking. Im rushing to get ready. Wasted time thinking. Fuck it! I'm going. Im going to bed. Im sorry.

I can't make it.

BY JUJU GUYYER



JUJU GULPER. JASMINE KAHLIA OKIGINAL ZINE 2019

