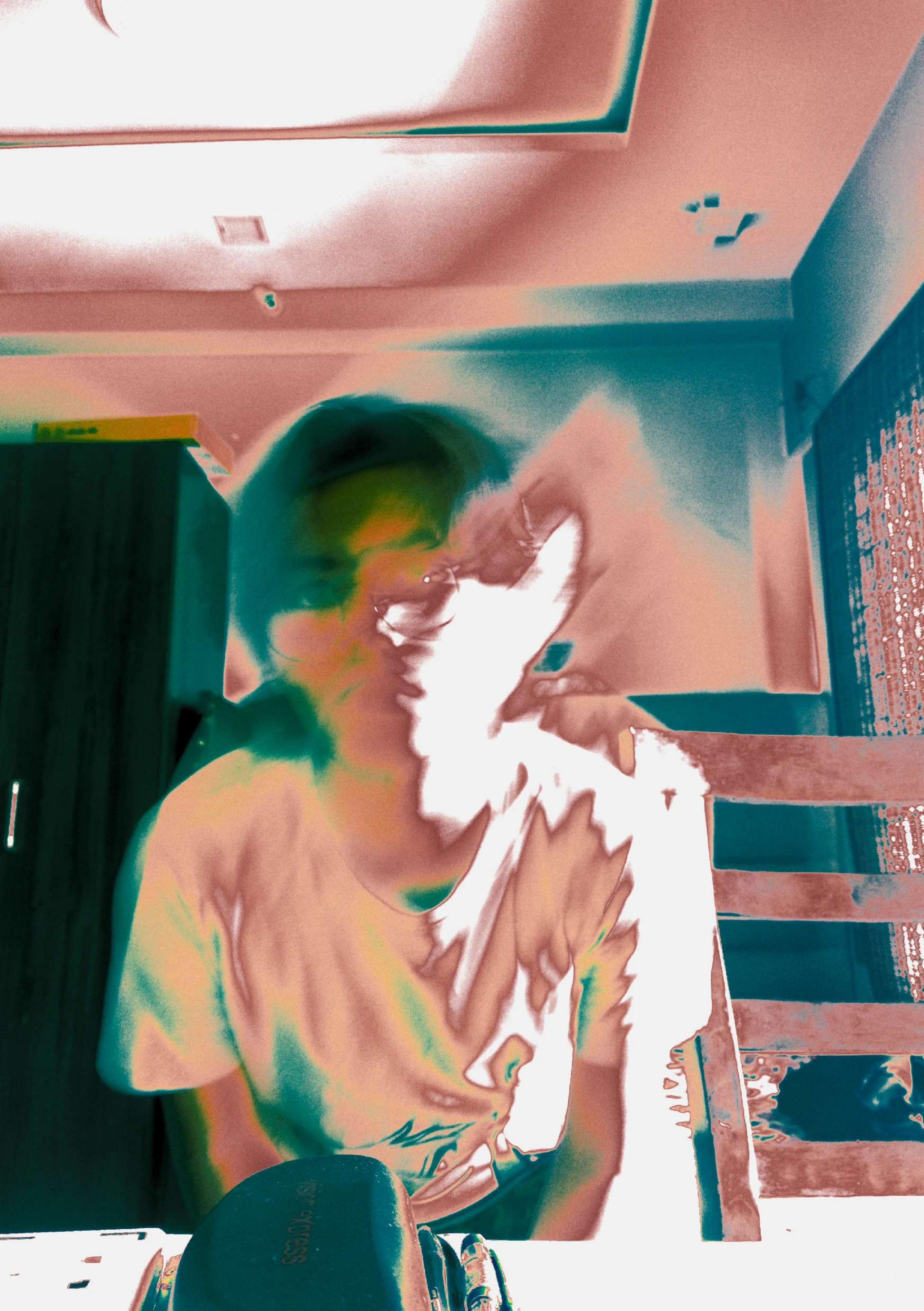


year
about
flux





To Rudra, Abhik and Aryan
Thank for friend

This serves as an archive of things I've made in
the summer of 2023
And some left incomplete

By Parth Joshi

Yes it's a google meet code

bad RELIGION

"I LOVE YOU" SHE SAID, IT WAS EUPHORIC
I WAS DREAMING. SHE SQUEEZED MY HAND EVEN TIGHTER
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO WAKE UP.
HOW MANY TIMES AM I DREAMING?

IT'S A BAD RELIGION
TO BE IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE
WHO COULD NEVER LOVE YOU

I WANTED TO TALK TO THIS PERSON
I WENT AHEAD AND JOTTED DOWN THE CONVERSATION
I HAD IMAGINED US HAVING THE NEXT DAY.
I WROTE WORDS THAT WERE ROSIER THAN MINE,
WORDS WITHOUT THE THORNS.
"WHY ARE YOU LYING?" I SAID
SHE SAID "I CAN WRITE BEYOND MYSELF"

REALITY THEREFORE HITS ME LIKE A TRUCK,
WHEN THE ROSYNESSE FROM MY CHEEKS PALE OUT.

WHEN THE WARMTH OF AN EMBRACE LEAVES WITHOUT
PROMISE

I TAUGHT MYSELF TO CHANGE WHO I THOUGHT I WAS
"CHANGE OCCURS WHEN THE PAIN OF SUFFERING IS MORE THAN
OF CHANGE"

I COULDN'T TEACH MYSELF TO LOSE FAITH
WHEN THERE WAS GLIMMERING HOPE I GRABBED ONTO IT
BUT AS LIGHT IS IT SEEPED OUT FROM THE ENDS
PERHAPS I DO COME FROM A LACK
I COULDN'T KNOW WHY IT WAS BAD RELIGION
MAYBE BECAUSE I'D ONLY HAD FELT PAIN EVERY TIME
ONLY WRITTEN WORDS BUT NEVER EXPERIENCED THE
ROSES
GIVEN BUT NEVER TAKEN

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE FEELS LIKE"
I WAS OFFENDED TO HEAR THAT
PERHAPS BECAUSE HE WAS RIGHT
I GUESS I JUST WANT TO SEE HOW IT IS TO BE ON THE OTHER
SIDE
WHAT IS IT LIKE TO LOSE MY IDENTITY
WHEN I DON'T WAKE UP UNTIL IT'S EVENING
WHEN I'M SKIPPING SHOWERS AND SWITCHING SOCKS
SOMETIMES I ONLY FELT THE RIGHT THINGS
AT THE WRONG TIME
THAT'S ONE THING I COULD BE CERTAIN ABOUT WRITING THIS
AS IT IS, I'M RIDDLED WITH UNCERTAINTY THROUGHOUT
PERHAPS ONE DAY I WOULD REMOVE ALL THOSE WORDS.







SENFENZIECKE

The incorrect sentence is

Heimath Heimat und

After both the boasting

The sun is rising and the forest is murmuring. The birds are singing and the leaves are rustling. The air is filled with the scent of pine and the sound of waterfalls. It's a peaceful morning in the forest.

110

Books on flowers

We must look after
people all these

The Great Wall

1996-1997

Integrity

I have a sick fantasy, I don't know why
I actually exactly know why, I just don't know if it's fair
One day if, I'm alive I'll know what it's like to not be myself anymore
And that's my biggest fear, losing identity
You lose yourself once you start falling in love
“Is she good enough for you to lose? I don't like using the word, but lose your integrity?”
You lose yourself the second time when you fall out of love
Either pushed out of it without choice
Or slowly burning away the remnants of what you once felt
What is it like to be blond
I often wonder if I'll “get it” once I know
You don't know until you know, right?
If it's ethereal to be in it
How real will it be when I'm out of it
What happens when your hand leaves mine to never return
Is it all just in my head, was it me who kept it warm
Was it all just in my head? Did you ever feel it
I guess I'll have to lose it again to find out
Were you ever dreamin like I was
Or were your feet stuck to the ground
“I'm still figuring it out”
What's it like to not know if it's the shower or my eyes

Do I scrape at the remains you leave in the void
Or do I fill it with myself again
Will I have self control
Or do I lose my integrity again
“The greatest feeling a young man could feel for the first time, I wish the feeling and the person were still here, taking in the breeze and the drizzle of the first shower of the year”
“I'm just incredibly grateful for what I got to experience”

“Hey man, look up”

he said as I was driving back home,

I was momentarily pulled by the clouds, elevating, the road brought me back to the present.

How much time do we spend looking up at the clouds?

To only see them at their ugliest.

When I flew I felt the loudness they carry, there's worlds on top of the clouds, it's like watching a new sunlit kingdom, impossible to articulate , but if that ever bothered a writer he would stop writing.

I was reminded of that cloudy day long ago , when I didn't know about the kingdoms that exist above us.

“Are you okay? Why are you crying?” he said, I had my head down, I could see my shoes and the droplets falling near them, tears create an interesting pattern through refraction, but that's not something I notice when I'm crying. He asked again. I was on a chair, head down on the table in front of me, at a cafe. Warm lights above seeped in through my sides to lighten up the ground underneath, I wished it was all dark.

Then the rest of them showed up, it wasn't just him anymore. “Why didn't you answer when he asked?” I couldn't say anything.

“It's because he's not a part of your support system is it? We're all there for each other” she had said. I didn't look at the ground, or the clouds as much as I do.

How much time do we spend looking at the ground, to never observe.

“I can't believe you missed this” he looked in amusement as he picked up a cassette cover, I looked to my side to see a shiny lining travelling far enough for my eyes to not discern. I started pulling the lining to find out what's at the end. I kept pulling the shiny tape as it clumped around my hand . “This is so cool” he found the cassette and the poster on it. I kept gathering more and more tape, “there's nothing at the end” she said, but I already knew that as I was pulling. By the time the string ended I had something more than just lining in my hand, a crisscross of tape and reflected light creating something beautiful.

We chase meaning to not know that we create meaning every moment that passes by.

So when I drove back to my house after that I was reminded of that day when I didn't feel meaning in what was going on.

How much time do we spend thinking about meaning to lose meaning in the present.

I've been walking a lot, many times it's the same walks, every day. Sometimes I only see my thoughts, and the world around me is a spectrum of lights that hit my eye but don't go in. And when the mind is empty there's space for the lights to bounce around in my head, it's a weird feeling, looking straight down the road, everything feels small, and the black and yellow ground keeps repeating the pattern never ceases to exist. When I don't want to look at my thoughts, they don't provide as much as the lights do, I look at the ground and the clouds. When purpose is lost the lights stare back, when my mind is a reflective box, is that what being lightheaded means?

How much do we walk to not look around? When you look in someone's eyes, your thoughts, or your phone. And everything blurred and behind just flows across without seeking your attention. When the ground moves but you don't see the leaves and lizards. When the skies change colour and your only focus is them. Only if they showed you, the walks would feel never ending, and create long stretches in your mind.

OPPOSITE PAGE



The Boobs Man

Uncertainty

We're good at being troubled
I don't know how I feel
I don't show I feel only if you knew how I felt
Is it love to keep it from you?
Do I come from a lack or am I genuine?
I wish I could answer your questions but
I have them myself, and I don't know what to do with them
Wish you were here
And my heart starts bleedin
Maybe it would be easier to see your face if I knew
Maybe I'd know if I could see your face
If you won't, then I will, If you can't, then I will, If you will,
then I will
I hate grey areas, I hate mixed messaging I hate uncertainty
Sometimes, I need a message
I'm not sure myself
Embrace it, or leave
This isn't a, I'm just writing what I'm feeling
So I don't know what it is
I'm gonna do another detour, I'm not writing anymore
And if you wanna make sense, stop lookin at me
I'm bad at keeping my emotions bubbled
I like when we hold hands
I like when you send me the "<3"
Maybe
I just want you to love me back, it's just that I don't know if I
love you
Like I do, not the lasting kind
It's all downhill from here
It's all yellow lights, yellow trees
Yellow, you are almost the coolest girl that I ever met
If you think about it, it'll be over in no time
No time



The image features a woman's face at the top, looking directly at the viewer. Overlaid on her face are five large, semi-transparent text blocks containing the word "FAITH" in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. The text is arranged in a descending staircase pattern from top-left to bottom-right. The background behind the text is a dark, textured surface.

FAITH

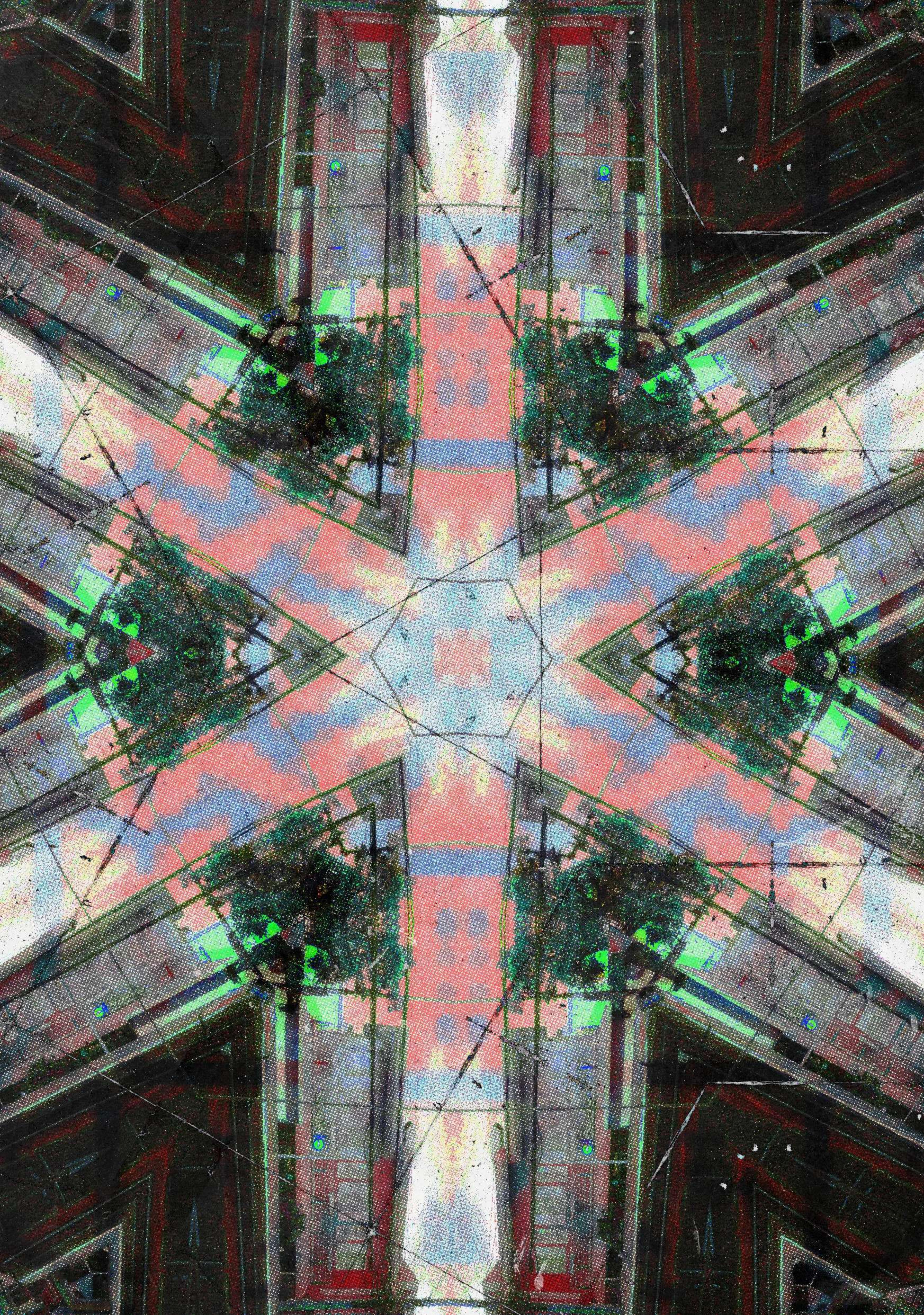
FAITH

FAITH

FAITH

FAITH

Is it love to keep it from you?



"Why are you- ?"

STOP ASKING ME WHY

Is it uncertainty that makes us cry?

When we don't know

When heartstrings snap without ends meeting

The end of an era and new beginnings

Overwhelming unexplained emotion

Articulation is futile

So actions start making sense

Reminiscing of the times I did without knowing

In the rear view mirror it starts coming together

Or maybe it's an illusion of understanding

When things are far enough they appear so as one

In my own way I know I can't process it

It clips through like audio, feelings become gibberish

Scratches and scribbles and screeches

I CAN'T WRITE WHEN I DON'T KNOW WHY

I DON'T KNOW WHY I CRY

ISN'T IT SILLY TO WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING YOU CAN'T WRITE ABOUT?

SILLY GIGGLES AND PEBBLES

SEEING YOU MISERABLE MAKES ME CRY

I CRY WHEN I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I LOST

I WISH I COULD REMEMBER YOUR NAME

HOW MUCH OF MY CHILDHOOD CAN I NEVER REMEMBER AGAIN

WHEN A MOVIE CAPTURES IT WITHOUT MEANING TO I CRY

I WISH YOU DIDN'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE

HOW MUCH OF FRIENDSHIP WOULD I NEVER EXPERIENCE

WHEN IT ENDS WITHOUT CLOSURE I CRY

LIVING THROUGH THE SAME HELL EVERYWHERE

HOW MANY DIFFICULT REPEATING HOURS WERE THERE

WHEN I CAN'T COUNT I CRY

I CRIED WHEN I HAD TO WRITE 1-100 IN WORDS, I WAS 8 YEARS OLD

I CRY EVERY TIME YOU DON'T SAY IT BACK

AND ALSO WHEN YOU DO

I CRY WHEN I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY I'M CRYING SO I CRY MORE
ONLY IF I COULD EVER BE SURE
PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOU HIDE DEAR BOTTOMLESS PIT
I KEEP STARTING INTO YOU
WHERE LETTERS START FLOATING, COLOURS BECOME SQUIBBLES
LIGHTS START BOUNCING IN UNKNOWN WAYS, THE WORLD BECOMES
SMALL
I FEEL MY FACE GETTING MOIST, AND MY HANDS GETTING WET
IF I COULD EXPLAIN WHY, I WOULDN'T CRY



KNOCKONWOODGRAIN



[https://
parthjoshioriginal.
github.io/](https://parthjoshioriginal.github.io/)



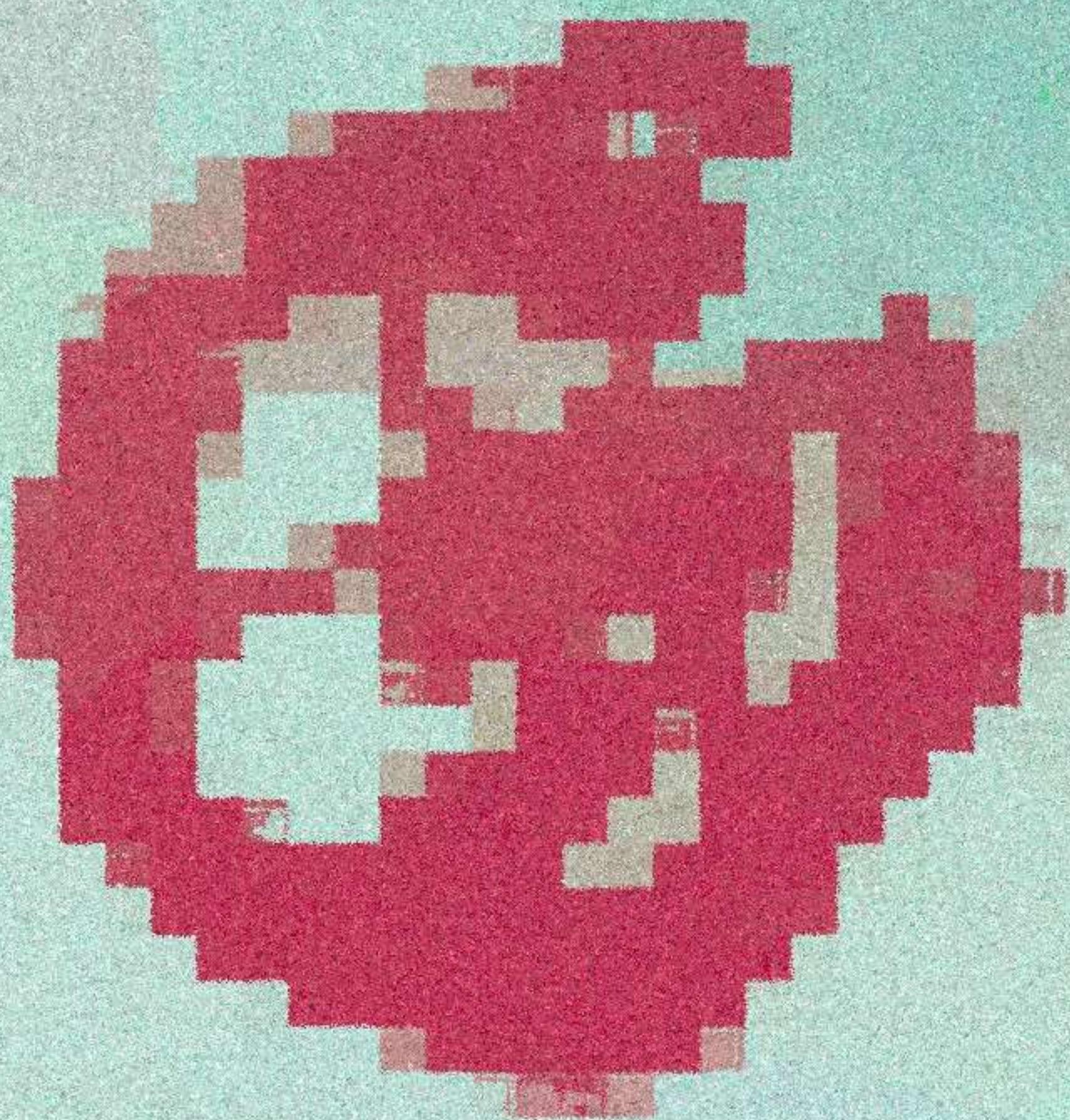
EN
EN
EN

What Is a Radiohead

YOU DIED
YOU DIED

EXPEDITION
EXPERIENCE





work
about
you