

LETTER TO JOHN

John, do you find it creepy
To write letters to dead people?
My father died before I even
Managed to tell him how much I felt
Our family was quite cold
Didn't share tender words
But we loved each other I think
Probably maybe rather for sure
But you would never guess
Looking from the outside

Me and my mother once had a fight
She hit me first and I hit her back
There was I'm sorry and lots of tears
And nothing was ever the same again

John, do you think I'm able
To play the guitar beautifully?
Maybe the way I write
Suggests you that a little?
If not, wait for my album
And listen to it, please
And send me a review

John, do you have someone to talk to?
How far away are you really?
Do you know all the languages?
Do you find the appropriate words?
Does it hurt a lot
Or on the contrary – not at all?

It's probably too personal of a question
I'm sorry

You know, I wrote to you as a child
A shame I never sent it
I showed it to dad, he had a weird smile
A shame I never told him

John, I'm really trying
To write a song no one ever wrote
Though I can't sing and I can't play
And the music I hear
Plays only in my head

And what if there is something more?
Why does fear paralyze me like this?

John, alive writing to dead are creepy
But dead writing to alive are creepier
Please, don't answer

Love,
Me

HOME ALONE

Door to my kitchen-connected room opening

No you in sight

No you inside

There is disturbingly enough room for me

My studying my reading my writing my being

My ego my superego my id

Inescapable guilt so bubbling so cutting so suffocating

Should hit me right about now

Right about now

Right about now

Right

Now?

Door to my kitchen-connected room opening

No you in sight

No you inside

There's more than enough room just for me

My screaming my laughing my sobbing my sighing

My circles my crumbs my smokes my coughs

And just before

Suspiciously long overdue

Guilt

Hits me like a train speeding out of tracks

I cherish what I have

Cherish what I have

Oh I could just die

From pleasure

Of being

Home alone

Oh I'm so lonely so so on my own
So never felt that alone before
Abandoned by you on my angry whim
Ran out of conscience as my final wish
I'm alone when I leave
Alone when return
Alone when I fall
Alone when I wake
Oh how it hurts
It hurts so bad
With the sweetest
The sweetest of aches

Door to my kitchen-connected room opening
No one in sight
No one inside
Just me in a spiral me eating
My own me
To endless mirrors no mirrors at all
Just me as I am and I am
Alone
Right where I want me
Wronging all rights
Where my feet start where my head ends
That's where I am and there's no one else

SEAT ON THE TRAM

I'm sitting on the tram (we have no subway in our city).

I'm wearing a jacket (made out of fabric

looking kind of like silver and kind of like tinfoil sprinkled with glitter

I'm a little embarrassed about wearing it but it's a little funny so I can't resist).

The day is sunny (maybe this jacket is blinding people all around me

I'm trying not to care).

Pigeons are coming (very) close to me (maybe I look friendly in this jacket)

They peck on the ash on the pavement (they probably take it for breadcrumbs

Actually what do I know maybe they're smokers just like I used to be).

There are flower petals laying there (left after Corpus Christi parade).

And they peck on them too.

(there was this wizard in the children's books

his name was Mr. Kleks [it translates to blot in English I think]

he had a school of magic exclusively for boys [unfair] whose names started with a letter A
[terribly unfair]

he gave them freckles to glue to their faces as good marks

he healed broken mirrors and ate flower petals

just like these birds in front of me

they remind me of him, that's what I mean

and of my grandpa always saying Harry Potter was Mr. Kleks' ripoff)

Pigeons' shadows are long and clear

(they look kind of like dragons if you squint your eyes

I'd rather think about them than my seat on the tram

I hate sitting under the map people come up there and look

and I always think they're looking at me

and I feel like an idiot).

I feel like an idiot.

I feel like an idiot.

Writing poem about the pigeons.

Waiting for the tram taking me back home.