

PRAYERS FROM A COLLAPSING TEMPLE

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To my muse

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Preface

This whole book actually started as a running joke between me, my muse, and our little circle of friends. We were going through...let's just say, *peak emotional clownery*, enough that a small committee of friends had to step in and supervise the situation.

One of those friends (let's call her *C*) kept asking what exactly was going on. But we couldn't really explain it at the time, for reasons that were less "*scandalous*" and more "*we don't want to drop our emotional tax documents on a minor.*"

So the original plan was to document the chaos in a silly little book and hand it to *C* once she was old enough to appreciate the full saga without falling into the void with us.

But somewhere along the way, my muse looked at me and went, "*Why don't you just... publish it?*"

And honestly? She was right. So here we are: with a version that contains only the parts of the story that are actually meant to be shared, wrapped in poems, feelings, and footnotes. The rest stays with us, where it belongs.

To my muse, thanks for the Blåhaj. I love you.

LYRA PHASMA

Philippines, in her heart. Probably.

November 17, 2025

Acknowledgments

Thanks to my muse for fuelling my literary masochism. Thanks for loving me, even though you don't love me the same way I do.

L. P.

Content Advisory

This book contains discussions and depictions of sexual content, mental health struggles, self-harm, suicide, and substance or medication misuse. The material may be distressing for some readers. If you feel sensitive to these topics, please take care of yourself and consider whether reading this is right for you at this time.

Mind Bologna¹

I am once again engulfed in the flames of literary masochism.²

I am once again drowning in melancholia.³

I am once again yearning for her.⁴

To feel the tedium of daily life, or to feel the fire of bottomless hell that is my mind.⁵

“O, how I long to not be mediocre and to burn slowly and gracefully in front of everyone.”⁶

*What a fool! What a shameless masochist. Parading your suffering like some freak in an old town carnival. What an absolute fool!*⁷

Although, perhaps, someone will come and calm this torrential hellstorm.

Maybe.⁸

Maybe someone will come and disturb the stillness in the eye of the storm.⁹

Maybe someone did come and disturbed the peace.¹⁰

Additional motion in an already uneasy cyclone of gasoline.¹¹

Agitation. Confusion. Irritation.¹²

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT¹³

...¹⁴

Please rest easy, restless thinker.¹⁵ Fret not, apricot.^{16¹⁷} But rot, not “lets knot this knot” will dot the plot.¹⁸ Blot the lot.¹⁹ Shot my shot, but left to rot.²⁰ Got caught.²¹ Fought.²² Wrought.²³ Drought.²⁴ AND NOW I WROTE THIS FUCKING THOUGHT.²⁵

“Im tired.”²⁶

Alright, let me sing you a lullabye.²⁷ Good night, parasite.²⁸ Don’t let the bed mites bite.²⁹

Notes

¹I remember a guy in high school named Lance that used to have an expression "Mind bologna!" to refer to one's self being mind blown.

²"Literary masochism" is what I refers to furthering one's literary achievement to the detriment of one's self.

³I am diagnosed with Bipolar 1 Disorder.

⁴D*****

⁵I forgot what this means, but it ties to the next line.

⁶I do not want to be a nobody. I do not want to die as a boring, lonesome being. I want to die beautiful. I want to die famous. I want to be known, even if that means suffering like hell on earth.

⁷This is my rational mind preventing me from doing such things. This is the rational side of me that is preventing me from posting this poem to places where it can be used against me, or her. But I do not want to be a nobody. I want everybody to know my pain. I want to be famous at the expense of suffering.

⁸She did come. She is my girlfriend, well, at least, at the time of writing. This is referencing the line that I wrote which reads "She is the stillness in my torrential storm. I am the motion in her calm waters."

⁹Foreshadowing ooooooooh...

¹⁰D*****

¹¹I am extremely unstable. Anything that can topple over this veneer of stability will easily do so.

¹²Classic signs of a mixed state episode in Bipolar. However, it is exacerbated by the

situation.

¹³When I was really pissed off with her, I texted her “WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT”

¹⁴A break from the irrational mind, for the rational mind to come in to soothe the restless.

But perhaps, it will as well go mad. I mean, who wouldn’t from this shitty situation. Really, who wouldn’t?

¹⁵This is me soothing the restless mind locked up inside my skull.

¹⁶This is the start of a shitty rhyme. This is me telling myself to not worry.

¹⁷Despite all of that, I still get to joke about shit.

¹⁸This means that the end of the relationship with her will be rot. We will drift away from each other. There won’t be a happy ending together with her. It will all end in rot, decay, unhappiness. A lot of unresolved “could be”s.

¹⁹I tainted the canvas of our relationship in a bad way. I fucked up every turn. I was the one who started this shit with her. I was the one who invited her to talk with me sexually. I was the one who asked her “What about antidepressants? You can’t cum with ‘em?” I was the one who first asked her to do horny shit with me. I was always the first one...

²⁰I TOLD HER SO MANY TIMES THAT I *MIGHT* LOVE HER ROMANTICALLY
BUT SHE SHOT ME DOWN SO MANY TIMES BRUHHH

²¹I was caught in this mess. We were both caught—NAY, more like we busted our ass and told multiple people about this bullshit, even to her FUCKING UNDERAGE SISTER?!?!?!?!

²²We fought a lot of times.

²³We forgave each other and bonded once more.

²⁴I’m readying myself for it to go dry and end in decay.

²⁵What the fuck did I just wrote??? This is an outrage! I used her as a fuel for my literary masochism. Why is it so terse, yet so emotionally charged. Nobody even got what anything in this line means, before I wrote a concrete footnotes. How funny.

²⁶After a full-blown maniacal outrage, I often times feel oddly soothed and tired. The outburst just before this line was an especially intense one. And thus, the fictional character that is supposedly mimicking me is now tired.

²⁷Instead of entertaining my horny ass, she sang me a lullabye in orded to make me sleep.

²⁸The parasite is my restless mind; my mental illness; the hypersexuality symptom in bipolar; the bad parts of me.

²⁹Despite all of that, I still get to joke about shit.



Ping. No pong. ³⁰

1000ms input lag. ³¹ Lukewarm coffee. ³²

Conventional knowledge points to me being a miserable being. ³³

What does it take for me to feel *normal* again? ³⁴

I thought I was dead already... ³⁵

Notes

³⁰She's not replying to my messages anymore.

³¹I woke up with my body still feeling sluggish. Whenever I move my body, it doesn't register to my brain until a second later.

³²I can't be arsed to heat up some water, so I had to drink some lukewarm coffee just to not feel clinically sedated.

³³Otherwise, why would I want to sedate myself?

³⁴As in, what does it take for me to not feel clinically sedated? As in, what does it take for me to feel okay again?

³⁵Waking up from an 18 hour slumber—the brain fog, the hazy lights, the metaphysical feeling of being disconnected to one's body—who wouldn't feel like they have died already?



Turbulence

Oh, restless nights
How delightfully despairful you are!
Who am I without you?
Came 3 times
Drank antipsychotics
And we're still here
We're still here...
What is this?
What are we?
Who are you to make me this restless?
I can hear your breaths that I so desperately try to match with mine
I can hear the turbulence in your fan
I can hear the turbulence in my heart
I can hear the turbulence in whatever the fuck this is
Static. Blurry. Unsettling.
You're still in a deep slumber
Blissfully unaware of this worried, turbulent heart
Torrential. Undying. Indentured.

Swing By Often Times³⁶

Sleepy.

Dissapointed yet calm

Tired yet wakeful

Frustrated.

Sedated yet restless

Medicated yet no improvement

I am going mad. I am going mad. I AM GOING MAD!

The thoughts won't stop. The words overflowing and can't be contained.

Alright, let me see you tap and clap. Non-stop hop and plop.³⁷ Flop this rap; scrap that.³⁸ Open shop, then flop or drop.³⁹ Pop top up, unwrap, then write up.⁴⁰ Snap then slap, then mop up the drop.⁴¹ Mishap then nap, stuck in a trap.⁴² Fap fap and fucking fap.⁴³ *And, oh crap! IT WOULD NOT STOP!*

THIS IS MADNESS!!!

...

“Hey, here’s a magic pill for you. It will cure all of your bad parts.”⁴⁴

Even me being a bad person?

“Sure!”⁴⁵

So when? When does it kick in?

Dude, sedatives kick in 5 minutes after taking ‘em

So where’s the magic gone?

Impatient.

When?

When do I get to sleep?

When can I feel normal again?

When do I get to feel okay?

WAHA

make it stop, please

please...

Notes

³⁶This refers to my bipolar disorder that comes with extreme mood swings. It is a word play on the phrase “come by sometime.” “Swing by often times” also refers to my plea for help to other people to come by and listen to every worry I have.

³⁷“Hop” as in jump out of seat and do whatever to soothe this restless soul, then plopping my butt back the seat ad nauseam.

³⁸This is a shitty poem. Someone described this part where the words breakdown into a shitty rhyme as an “Eminem rhyme scheme.”

³⁹I often come up with crazy, unvalidated business ideas that I often recruit and involve other people on. Which then turns into an embarrassing turn of events when what I promised to them and my prospective clients could not be met.

⁴⁰It refers to “popping the top of my skull up,” as in to open up my feelings, often to the world, to then write about my feelings.

⁴¹I often get so angry that I just snap and hurt somebody. Then I have to clean up the mess that I made. Often times, the attempt to fix things up will only worsen the situation.

⁴²I abuse medication a lot. I drink meds that I am not supposed to drink. In a confession that I did to my doctors, I told them that I wanted to induce a coma, just so that my mood will regulate over the span of few days. But I have controlled myself by only taking a few medications that has sedated me for 18 hours.

⁴³Endless masturbation. Nymphomania and hypersexuality brought to yours truly by mania.

⁴⁴I was recently prescribed with Cariprazine.

⁴⁵Like a Christian, I was promised the promised land. I was promised a time where I would

be stable. Where I would be normal again.

5

Flame

I can't match your breaths after all

I wish I can command your body to slow down your breathing

Even at sleep, you still feel agitated

I cant help but also feel the same

I can't match your heart after all

I don't know what you want from me

But I do know what I want from you

And I'm not asking for a lot

Actually, maybe I am

After all, my ex said that I was high-maintenance

I can't match you after all

This ever-growing ache in my heart is swelling up

I wish that I could be of service to you

I wish that I could be there for you

They say that you can't get happiness by chasing it

But by being in service to others, we can get it

Then, why is my heart aching?

Erase the doubts

Fuck, then “love you”

Then go back on doubting once more



Said 1432⁴⁶ at 5:16⁴⁷ with

2^8⁴⁸ letters

Notes

⁴⁶Stands for “I Love You 2” or “I Love You Too”

⁴⁷This poem was written in November 10, 2025 5:16 AM

⁴⁸The number of letters in this poem is exactly 256, or 2^8

Roasted Garlic & Ricotta

Many a promise broken

Many a time this heart was broken

Many a month has passed

Oh, magic pill, where hast thou magic been?

When would this end?

Tortured. Fettered. Indentured.

It should end soon!

It should end soon...

...

We rushed to a place with

Dim fluorescent lights that illuminate misery

Even that of *the thing* behind my skull

Talked to a lot of unfamiliar faces

The plea of help was so loud, yet so silent

-

“What’s the chief complaint?”

I can only sleep from 1-5 hours at a time

Irritable. Agitated. Restless.

MAGIC PILL, MY ASS!

-

Was that problematic?

“Not really.”

She smiled at me, reassuring no one

Not even herself

Was given the promised land, but not quiet so

And off we went to a yellow glow

Full of celebration and happiness

Oh, the garlicky goodness of unsure tomorrow

horrible, horrible. horrible. HORRIBLE HORRIBLE HORRIBLE HORRIBLE
HORRIBLE HORRIBLE HORRIBLE!!!

And oh, wouldn’t ya’ look at that: 5mg and still couldn’t sleep

More than 20mg and I’m finished—

By my doctors, or by the grim reaper, I wouldn’t know

I’m still trying to find the right dosage

To peacefully slumber for days on end

But not eternally so

Perhaps, it would be better

If it did...

Bibliography

[PLACEHOLDER: Fifi]