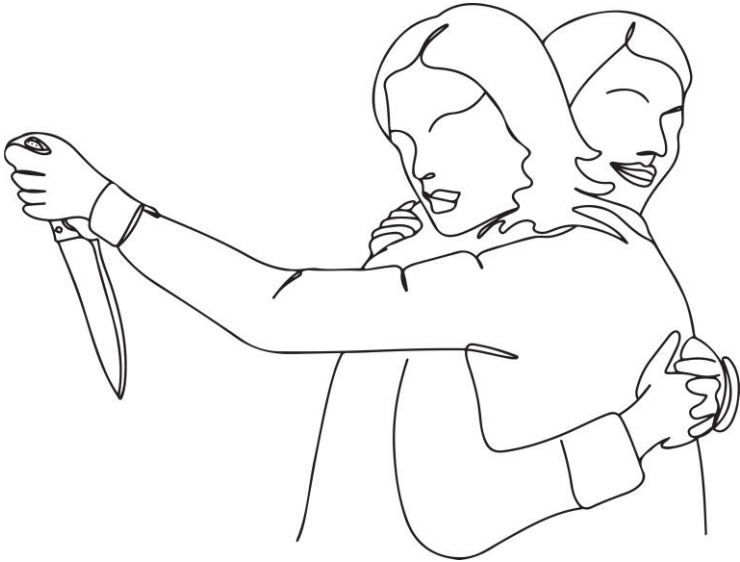


marion



sep 2024

www.zonkyzoe.com

merry-go-round of life

cars swirling round and round

their whirl a daily greeting

soon to be followed by the clunk of the cleaner

rattling down the hallway

lingering, like the pong of chlorine or artificial
fragrance,

scrubbing and vacuuming floors barely trodden

replacing towels unused

over and over.

patients arise for the new day,

as new as the last.

voices echo outside my door,

replacing the whine of traffic and vacuuming.

it is my new point of fixation,

as irritating as an unscratched itch.

the words “good morning” seep under my door,

one thousand daggers to the heart.

i cannot remember a single morning in my life that
was good.

even in this mental ward, i sometimes feel more alone
than ever.

some patients make their way into the dining room for
breakfast.

i lie awake, wrapped in coldness,

wondering what's the point in sustaining this futile
existence.

longing for a pill that could give me eternal sleep,

or at least let me sleep through the night,

blissfully unaware of my impending doom;

my brain to be blasted with magnetic fields

thousands of times stronger than the earth's.

of the fear that this, like my other failed therapies,

may be my crucifix rather than savior.

of the meaninglessness of life,

and of the periodic night checks,

like grandfather clock donging each hour,

the presence of another human being in my bedroom,
armed with a flashlight,

checking to make sure i am “safe”,

that i am still a breathing object.

but while my lungs continue to inhale air,

i died long back.

i am a living corpse,

being kept on life support.

the tragedy of life,

is not death.

it is what dies inside us while we live.

empty veins

i examine the blue veins
highwaying my wrist

where your fingers rested a
paper-slice away from my life
force.

veins visible and dramatic
beneath my anorexic physique
and translucent skin.

veins like roots protruding the
surface,

my insides and my dreams laid
bare

for you to tend, if you wish, or
slay.



i imagine slitting these veins.

these veins, once bursting with your love.

these veins now waterless river channels meandering
to my heart.

emptied as fast as they were filled.

helplessly waiting for the next rain fall.

hoping for the best, but expecting the worst.
dying more and more as each day drags on.
the angel and the devil,
the villain and the hero,
are one and the same.
so i push away both
and return to a solitary world
behind closed doors,
behind the stillness of night, my only friend,
and behind my bags yet to be unpacked.
bags stained with the sour taste of my final day
when the silence, perhaps, said all there was to speak.

lost landscapes



i lie on fake grass

eating chips cooked in genetically engineered canola,

under clouds that were planted by planes

thinking of the words you said-

that i'm your baby

a sister to you.

a friend.

that you want to protect me.

that you think of me.

that you miss me.

that we will keep in touch.

words that make me feel like somebody.

words that wrap my entire being

like a snake, whispering, tempting my heart.

your words dance on in me

even when the music has long ceased.

under sunset skies dripping with aerosol,

with invisible confetti,

with rain induced like pregnant women

or forced tears

i think of your words

and how they fit with my broken heart.

with the empty inbox which greets me each day.

with the nobody i feel.

your actions wrap my entire being

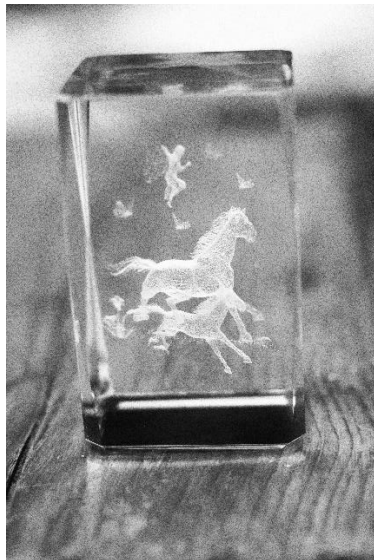
like poison ivy choking my heart,

and i can't help but wonder,
is anything real?



frozen in time

people, places, innocence,
frozen in my heart and mind like glass horses.
safe from the sword of time,
of change.
sealed with the kiss of eternity.
now melting,
dripping,
escaping as tears.



the idea of you

i cannot shake the idea of you

your sweetness a computer program installed in my
head and heart.

it cannot be deleted

even now i find it's infected with viruses

that are taking over my entire system,

destroying me from the inside out.

mistress of the sea

mistress of the sea, they call you.

but i now know you were a siren,

and i was a sailor riding your sea of bitterness and
sorrow,

lured by your enchanting music

to shipwreck on the rocky coast of your island.



mountain



wash me away,
i do not want to exist today.
i hide my head beneath thick fog.
alone,
lost,
strong I am not.
my tears turn me to valleys,
they run all the way to sea,
to your heart and to your home,
can you feel me?

i am suicide

i am your only hope,
i will take away your pain.
i will be your umbrella
in the endless rain

come to me, my weary child,
and i will give you rest.
ignore those who oppose me,
for i do know you best.

thirteen years of social exile,
slander, fear and pretend.
a broken, fucked up family.
losing your best friend.

the destruction of our planet,
no chance to start anew.

radiation and noise everywhere you go,
this world is not for you.

you will not be taking your life,
for there's no life left to take.
your spirit died a long time back,
your smile is only fake.

so when you're feeling lonely,
remember I am always here.
you don't have to suffer
yet another year.



my only medicine



dreaming of sweet summer days with you,
the world fades away
it is only us
swimming in the sparkling sea,
ripples of light dancing through me,
everything i've been missing is crystal clear.

dreams are for fools,

i am destined to walk alone.

all that is left of you

is your number in my phone.

was it all just a dream?

take these pills and you will feel better,

i am promised.

prozac dissolves in water,

as you dissolve from my life.

and I am left with the sweet aftertaste of what was.

i refuse the pills,

for i know,

my only medicine

is you.



empty

the hole in me is oceans wide.
from all the love I've been denied.
filling it I have tried
with shopping, busyness, until I'm fried.
i run away to the countryside.
but never am i gratified.
only when we were unified,
the hole in me was nullified.
within you i would confide.
my view of you was glorified.
but now there is this great divide,
and i realise you were cyanide.
because of you i nearly died.
you are just a jekyll and hyde.
you took me along for the ride,
lied,
and left me terrified.

i dream of screaming at you undignified.

but alas i keep it all inside.

and to the world i seem satisfied.

but under the starry sky i've cried.



boat



i wait patiently at the dock,
for skippers to come my way.
hoping each time,
that i will find the one i've been longing for.
the one who will breathe life into these sails.
who will tend to me, patching up my chipped paint,
my worn body,
making me new again.
their loving stroke exists only in my imagination,

my heart skips a beat as footsteps on the boardwalk
grow louder,

then i sink as they fade into the distance.

i stay put,

for as long as i only accept those who come to me,

i am safe.

but something is brewing on the horizon.

the wind sounds different,

and the waves pick up,

and my anchor is rusty.

and my ropes are tethering.

i no longer want to be safe.

i hear the call.

i will sail through troubled waters,

to get to my dreams.

shapeshifter

you are the warm bath which melts my frozen heart.

you are the womb which cocoons me from the world.

you are the river letting my tears flow again.

you are the spring from which all life comes.

you are the waves of grief which hit.

you are mariana's trench, a dark and unreachable place.

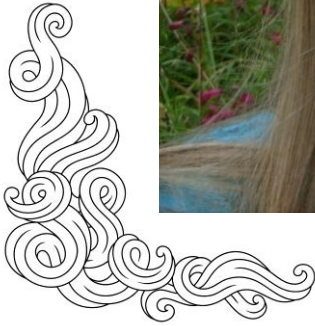
you are the freezing arctic sea.

you are the blade of ice where my heart used to be.



eyes oceans deep

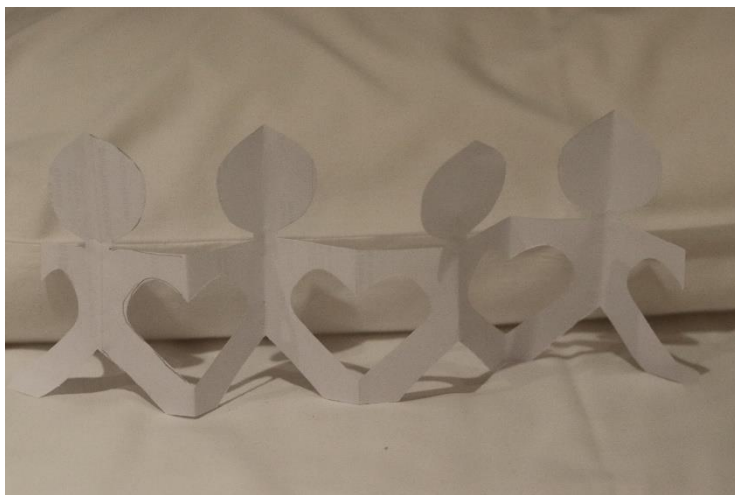
it was the first time
i could look into another's eyes
without feeling as though
i am blinded by the sun.
but just as our eyes
were about to meet,
you said you had to go,
that somebody else
was waiting for you.
you said you'd come back.
you never did.
i guess you drowned,
in eyes oceans deep.



we become strangers

i wore a blonde wig
so you wouldn't recognise me.
so I was a stranger to you.
why, I don't know.
with or without the wig,
i am just a stranger now...
our friendship
as real as a dream
as distant
as a ship on the horizon.
as sturdy
as paper chain people,
and as lost
as our childhood innocence
when we found happiness
rolling down grassy hills
or collecting cicada shells

forgetting that we will ever grow old.



this zine is a collection of poems written between september 2018, and january 2021. they are about a nurse who i met during my stay in a psychiatric hospital when i was 25. she gave me everything i'd ever wanted and then took it all away.

