

a poetry zine

EMOTION

by coco

fear
frustration
envy
regret
love
loss
loneliness
ambiguity
advocacy
freedom

Part of being human is the hundreds of emotions we feel daily. Sometimes when we are hit with pain, depression, frustration, we wish we didn't feel. But without these emotions, we would never be able to absorb the moments in our lives— good or bad. Emotions are raw, they are fascinating, and they manifest themselves into our words, our actions, our art. Just like my emotions, these poems flowed out of my mind like an open faucet. I hope you can relate.



fear

painfully breathtaking

tightening my chest

perspiration streaks

visions flooding

my imagination

anything can happen

pain

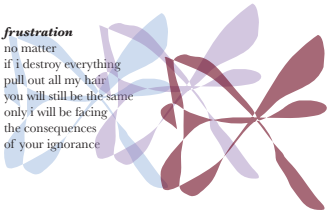
confusion

apprehension

the Unknown

frustration

no matter
if i destroy everything
pull out all my hair
you will still be the same
only i will be facing
the consequences
of your ignorance



enzy

i am constrained
by my own
skin

why did i
have to be
me

no matter what
i could never
escape

no matter how
i struggle
i won't be

you

regret

you say you hate me
for what i did
i didn't do anything
i tried my best
to be
what you were looking for
well i'm not
and
maybe that's why





love

what does anyone know
about love

we sacrifice

we fall hard

we explore

we have faith

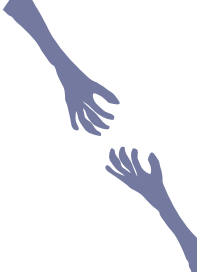
yet

we end up

broken

loss

nothing is permanent
except for
losing you
no amount of smoking
and drinking
can bring you back
but maybe then
i can join
you



loneliness

i turn my phone on
only for the same still screen
to shout in my face
mock me for all the unanswered texts
that i sent
i walk silently
floating past laughing
groups of girls
i feel
they are talking about me
but i know
they are not
there are more important things
like the lipstick
she is wearing

...

my fingers type vigorously
my ringtone becomes
engrained
like a melody
we talk about things
like rocks skipping on the surface
of water
i walk side by side
my girl friends
my cheeks sore
from stretching my face
with fake laughter
we are side by side
but i am miles away





ambiguity

why do i

have to say

what i want to be

where i want to live

who i want to love

who what when where why

why can't i create my own

labels and definitions

instead of being

just another

societal robot

advocacy

My words swirl in the air,
flow out like a stream,
rippling with fervor and clarity

My fist is clenched,
thumb in front

My tears accompany my
flowing words

My throat scratchy

My face burnt

I weave in and out your ears

You scoff

Yet I'm not done

I'm never done





freedom

living in my headspace
those nearby are accessories
i am the subject
who paints her own reality
handed different palettes,
some bright some dark
like day and night
i create art

drained.