

I AM POET.

a zine by
ADELLE WOODS

I AM POET

words
as sharp
as a shattered
moon
are lodged
between my
ribcage.
midnight ink
flows from
my veins
as I bleed
the words
onto a page.
I am poet,
proficient
in the art of
drawing blood.

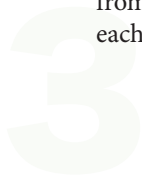
I wear
affliction
best
under
grey clouds
pinned to
stormy skies.
with my poems
weaponised,
I march on
into the
underbelly
of anarchy.
(I like to
pretend
my words
will turn me into
a martyr).

do you hear
my voice
echo
over the
horizons
as earth
fractures
underfoot?
do you feel
my words
worm their way
into your skull?
I am poet;
annihilation
is what I
do best.

a poet
has the ability
to tell the
same story
a thousand times
but still
draw the breath
from your lungs
each time around.

I am the
daydream
that night time
always
fears
(and I
fear myself,
like any artist
must).

I am poet
and my heart
is taped
to the planes
of my skin.
the turmoil
writhing
within me
is never a
secret.
I do not hide
my true nature
and I do not lie
when the truth
is breathing
down my neck.



(I have learnt
it's better
to comply).

people leave,
but words
never do.
they smother you
until you're afraid
of the very air
you need to
breathe
to survive.

I am poet
and waging war
with words
is how I
have
always
survived.

(but survival
always costs
more than
it's worth).

**my softness
is not a metaphor
for weakness.
I'll leave daisies
in your hands
when no one
is looking,
but I'll burn you
to the ground
once you betray me.
and the truth is,
betrayal is inevitable.**

caution tape

CAUTION TAPE

lay your head
in the crook
of my neck.
rest here awhile
before you realise
your fatal mistake.
I am not a girl;
just a wildfire
with human skin.

they tied caution tape
around my neck
and strung me up
against the night sky.
I didn't fight it,
didn't even flinch.
when you're born
in a world
such as ours
with a body
such as mine,
you come to expect
this kind of cruelty.

my softness
is not a metaphor
for weakness.
I'll leave daisies
in your hands
when no one
is looking,
but I'll burn you
to the ground
once you betray me.
and the truth is,
betrayal is inevitable.

the caution tape broke
from around me last night.
for the first time
in a while,
I walked
the city streets
with my arms
stretched wide.
don't fret,
I am not
a threat.

not unless
you try to shove me
into a box
I was never meant
to be kept in.

touch me
beneath my chin
and all you'll feel
is softness.
that is all I want;
to be soft
in a world
of jagged edges.



I am beautiful
and I won't allow that feeling
to be ripped from my hands
this time.

the mirror is a liar
but so is my head.

I am beautiful
no matter if the loathing
feels more comfortable.

the years i spent at war with
an enemy none other than
myself

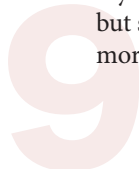
a few words
feeling

THE YEARS I SPENT AT WAR WITH AN ENEMY NONE OTHER THAN MYSELF

over and over again,
I chant that I am beautiful,
but the mirror always disagrees.
I've been tucking away
the feeling of loathing
into my back pocket
to pretend it isn't there.
but it always is,
creeping into the light
so that the shadows disperse.
I am reminded again
of this reality we live in.

I never understood the saying
'beauty is pain'
until I clawed my way
up the mirror
and met myself in the eye.
I think I've forgotten who I really am
without the distaste for myself
reflected in my own eyes.

my body is my home,
but sometimes it feels
more like a war zone.



the word beautiful
feels like a grenade
on my tongue.
there is blood
blurring my eyes,
blood that is
completely my own.
a loaded gun
has been placed
into my hands
and I'm told
to hold my fire
until I'm sure
it's worth it.

I grew up believing
that love meant freedom,
but what of self-love?
I was never told
I'd go to war
with myself.
I was not aware
there'd be casualties.
I was always told
I couldn't love myself
too much,

but loving yourself
too little
is far worse.

I am beautiful
and I won't allow that feeling
to be ripped from my hands
this time.
the mirror is a liar
but so is my head.
I am beautiful
no matter if the loathing
feels more comfortable.
I am beautiful
and my body is an alter
worthy of the king above.
I am beautiful.
—and so are you.

10

**I don't know who I am
without the sun on my
skin.**

**I don't recognise myself
in the absence of
warmth.**

**so, I peel the clouds away
from the rising sun
and bask in the daylight.**

the art of staying warm

THE ART OF STAYING WARM

I watch as the morning sun
splits the sky in two
and the moon fades
into the shifting clouds.
another day
breathes down my neck,
but I no longer flinch
as it draws near.

when I wake,
the mirror is waiting
upon the wall
to tear me down.
now, I meet myself
square in the eye;
fearless
and far too used to
falling.
I'm not afraid
of the imperfections
I notice anymore.
I can't be
when I have
so much to lose.

I don't know who I am
without the sun on my skin.
I don't recognise myself
in the absence of warmth.
so, I peel the clouds away
from the rising sun
and bask in the daylight.

when the moon appears
amongst the scattered stars,
I will be ready for the cold
as long as the fire within me
still smoulders.

will you love me
at my worst,
even if my worst
means

I shatter in your
hands?

will you love me
even when the sun
goes down

and all that's left
is the fallen stars
on my skin?

will you love me
for me

even when I become
your worst enemy?

when a home is a
person

WHEN A HOME IS A PERSON

I've never found peace
whenever I split myself open
and look at my insides.
all I see are fractures
that have never
had the chance
to mend.

but you hold peace
in your sun-soaked eyes
and you never hesitate
to give it to me.
I think I've found a home in you.
will you let me stay?

I think love
is just a metaphor
for being lost
and that the sky
is just a metaphor
for that melancholic sadness
we all feel.
we can't erase
these marks
we bear,
but that doesn't mean
we're damaged
beyond repair.

I could drown
in the oceans
within your eyes.
I would never feel the need
to gasp for air
as I went under.
I see you
even in the
murkiest of waters
and I've never been afraid
of a little blind darkness.

will you love me
at my worst,
even if my worst means
I shatter in your hands?
will you love me
even when the sun goes down
and all that's left
is the fallen stars
on my skin?
will you love me
for me
even when I become
your worst enemy?

you don't need to be afraid
of the jagged edges you see.
all I want to do
is make you whole
with the pieces of me
I no longer need.

15

I have been
sleepwalking
upon this earth
for so long that
I've forgotten
what being awake
truly feels like.

is the sky still intact
after the countless storms
we've all endured?
what do your eyes look like
as the sunlight gazes upon
you?

is there still a promise of
peace
written amongst the stars?

sleepwalking

SLEEPWALKING

a rising sun
is supposed to mean
a new day.
a clean slate.
an opportunity
to leave behind
the many mistakes
made under yesterday's
darkness.
but my eyes closed
and I can't seem
to wake up.

I'm not sure
I even want
to open my eyes.
I hear the world
is painted a shade of red
that resembles blood.
violence lurks
behind closed doors
and slinks
through the shadows.
hatred slays hope
and pain burns peace.

I know that humankind
fears the dark,
yet they should fear
themselves
far more.

I have been
sleepwalking
upon this earth
for so long that
I've forgotten
what being awake
truly feels like.
is the sky still intact
after the countless storms
we've all endured?
what do your eyes look like
as the sunlight gazes upon
you?
is there still a promise of
peace
written amongst the stars?

coax my eyes open
so that I may see dawn
once again.
let me breathe knowing
that I am more than just
a shadow on this earth.

let me sleepwalk
into the light
so I may shed
this vicious darkness
from my bones.