



FOREWARD

I never envisioned bringing out another anthology so soon but here we are. Life happens fast and we have to stop to make time capsules called memories in forms of pictures or poems or both. Cesare Pavese said 'We do not remember days, we remember moments'. Despite what is written in this collection, all I am trying to convey is that on good days, bad days, even ugly days that had the guts to face you, Carpe Diem my darlings. All my love, Clara.

IN THESE EXACT MOMENTS

MIDDLES

ROME

WHILE LISTENING TO SONG NUMBER 2

IN THIS EXACT MOMENT I

WINE AND WHAT NOT

IN THIS EXACT MOMENT II

AND THE STORY IS BEING TOLD

ON LORDE'S LIABILITY AT 12:37

STRINGS

HEAVY LIFTING

I WON'T BEG YOU TO LOVE ME

IN THIS EXACT MOMENT III

MAYBE I SHOULD CHECK ON YOU

MEAN IT

DON'T CRY

IN THESE EXACT MOMENTS

THEY OWE YOU NOTHING

AFTER NOW

NOT YOU TOO

EVEN THOUGH UNREQUITED

PAGE 115

IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL

63 SONGS

ORDINARY

PAGES SPENT

NEW LOVE

ONE TIME

IN THIS EXACT MOMENT IV

MEMORY LANE

YELLOW.

For every woman I have ever fallen in love with and Robin.

~

Middles

*I used to struggle with middles. Middles of pieces I wrote,
Middles of conversations and events but not anymore because these
Are the parts of the story you get to tell by yourself. That's where the thrill comes to make
the thrill of it all.*

One day at a time

One word at a time

Hell one tear at a time.

One smile at a time.

No hurry to the end, its only ever after.

ROME

I love him so much I want to fix things

Pride asides,, rules aside

Like the intensity of the beauty in Rome

Wild Love

I hope the Universe is taking notes

This is the most love I have ever given.

While listening to song number 2

I realized on that Monday that that was the most love I had ever given. How I realized this? I was loving someone back to life so they could stand on their own two feet

Living,

Breathing,

Strong enough to love me back,

Very terrifying thing.

Lewis wasn't wrong sometimes all you could ever offer was a hold me while you wait type of love. What Lewis didn't however say was that while they held you and waited, your heart was breaking into a million pieces all over the floor and you have to pick it up, stitch it back together so it can love them all over again.

That's what the nights are for

Crying and sewing.

All this why?

Well honey,

Because we are alive.

In this Exact Moment I

In this exact moment, I am staying alive for the plethora of possibilities of what may be, what I may become and not what is or what I am.

Because what I am right now is a really sulky soul and what is is a lockdown driving the whole word crazy. This cannot be it.

Wine and What not

...and when any of the women I have fallen in love with come staggering into my dms with a broken heart to sew, I will bring out my thread box, wine and what not to listen and to mend. No judgement because one will never be wrong for loving.

In this exact moment II

In this exact moment I am relieved that in the midst of all the turmoil my heart is turning through that I can sneak moments like this to write reminding me that I never lost the best version of myself.

And the story is being told

I try as much as I do so when the time comes and the story is being told

From any angle, I wouldn't be caught not trying.

On Lorde's Liability at 12:37

*When Sad music makes you happy, you have crossed the seven seas. Don't loose faith now.
You'll stop walking on water and you may not know how to swim.*

Strings

Is it weird to ask who will write about the writer?

To hope the writer becomes the muse.

To dream the writer is doted on as she dotes.

Because it is magical to possess skills to string stories together but it gets really lonely

When no one feels enough to string even a one line poem about you.

For the Sake of Old Friends

Have you ever realized that there is no accurate word to describe old friends.

*Friends who stopped being friends and some you haven't had time to be friends with
because life is drawing and you're on different pages.*

There should be a word for the sake of the emotions that spend their lives in the page creases

And serve as a bridge for the sake of old friends.

Heavy Lifting

Can I sit down and be in love. Like play that Westlife song and just take it slow and everything will be okay. Just to know that if stop doing the heavy lifting it will not fall apart.

My shoulders hurt.

I won't beg you to love me

I won't beg you to love me

Oh

Wait

I will

I'll beg you nine hundred and ninety nine times

And when its getting to the thousandth

I'll clear the message trail

Then beat my chest proudly,

And say

I won't beg you to love me.

In this Exact Moment III

In this exact moment,

I feel nothing is real

Nothing is worth anything

And I'm really alone

I hope this moment passes.

Maybe I should check on you

One more time

To count as trying

Maybe you've changed your mind

Maybe reset your heart

Maybe if I remind you with this text

Your heart will stop

Then restart

To love me right.

Mean It

I'll come around if you ever want to be in love

Well that's bull

A load of it

I hate you

Don't call me

Wait

Call me

Beg me to be yours

Unashamedly, Unapologetically

But

Mean it

Please?

No?

Okay.

Don't Cry

Don't cry

Hold it in

You're stronger than that

Your head is spinning

Your World is falling apart

And no one can hold you

Because they warned you

This isn't even the kind of sadness you find comfort in

This is the type that ruins you

So fuck the first line

And cry.

They owe you nothing

Honestly

You can do everything for a person

Love them

Help them

Choose them

For them to stay

But they won't

You can't make them

And the clownery

Of it all

Is they owe you nothing

Wonderful isn't it?

After Now

What's funny is that after now

All your life is made of

Is a bunch of memories

Depending on aesthetic value,

Some hazy, some clear as day

So take pictures

Time postcards if you will.

Not You Too

So I had an argument with God

I asked him about Romans 8

The coming Joy

When is it getting here

I think he left me on R

Even Though Unrequited

I feel we get to experience some kinds of love

Even though unrequited

So we know how to feel and in my case

Have something to write about

Page 115

Page 115 put my thoughts to ink

Without a dent in anything

It's not the love we mourn

It's the time we spent building the love

That we know we will never get back that we mourn

So for what its worth

Let me bury my dead time

Wear black

And for as long as I need

Mourn.

*In the midst of it all
I found myself dancing
I wasn't gone completely
A tad buried
But a light
Still shining
A house
Still burning.*

63 Songs

I want my playlist back

The one I made for the love of my life

That is

Who I thought you were

Please piece back those sixty three songs

They were meant for so much more

Than splitting

In a messy divorce

Ordinary

Nobody wants to be ordinary but for whom was the word made

I feel the only way one can be extraordinary and hence unforgettable

Is in the way they made others feel

Who they made laugh when they were crying a river

And who they held when their world was crumbling down

It's in those moments they become heroes and hence

Extraordinary.

Pages Spent

I used to be a big reader

Still am

But I fear I grew up too fast and stopped dreaming

I failed Winnie the Pooh

Now I'd randomly be lying in bed

And remember when I read a book

How excited I was

Tears, smiley, heartbroken for the art

I want all that bac

I want a refund

On all the pages spent

Just so I can read my favourite book again

Except for the very first time.

New Love

I wonder if I'll find new love

Or

Will it be

A

Lipstick on a pig

Type of

Rekindling old love.

One Time

One time for good measure

I'm thankful for the arts

I'm thankful for the aesthetics

The love

The pain

For you

For me.

I hope that we never forget

How lucky we are

To be alive.

In This Exact Moment IV

There will be bad nights

There will be bad days

But as for right now

In this exact moment

I feel okay

I feel healed

I can see colours.

Memory Lane

So it's time to pack my things and leave

Memory lane

It accommodated me

For the time

I was found dressed in black

Thank you time

For seeming to slow down

Its someone else's turn

There's always a soul

Lying blatantly to another

I'll make space

So they can mend their heart

I'm sorry it happened.

YELLOW

Close the door on your way out

Old friend,

This is the end

I loved you

And because you didn't love me right

I left you

To mend the heart you broke

Yeah it still works

I won't leave the stick in the door

For you to poke your head back in

I'm wearing yellow today

I'm off to find new love.

★

Clara, x

