

PSYCHOSOMATIC

DREAMS

SLEEP

FURIOUSLY

A POETRY ZINE

Table of Contents

Preface	iii
Chapter 1: Goodbyes	1
craving	3
layers	9
why can't we talk like we used to?	11
I	13
II	14
acrostic I	15
acrostic II	16
Chapter 2: Catharsis	18
monster	19
astray	20
a garden	21
when time stops	22
nighttime companions	23
distraction	25
sunrise	26
full circle	27
interlude	28
a farewell poem	29
reflection	31
mirror	32
rainy nights remind me of you	33
tirelessly	34

Chapter 3: Dreams	36
soft	37
8 jan 2021	38
repetition	41
6 feb 2021	42
1 feb 2024	45
the world is her oyster	47
seasons	48
together	49
19 april 2024	50
an artist's woes	51
28 may 2024	52
25 nov 2024	53
complex feelings complicate	54
dependence	56



Preface

This zine is a collection of 3 “chapters” written, drawn, and edited across 4+ years. It touches on personal topics such as mental and physical illnesses. You’ll be able to find artwork, poetry, and dreams within this zine. Due to the wide gaps of time between each chapter, each part will have its own distinct tone that is a leap from other parts.

The first chapter was created mid-pandemic. I was frustrated at myself and at the world. It has a lot of angst, anger, and sadness. I’ve found that poetry was a welcomed respite and a healthy outlet for my feelings and woes. Free verse was used liberally, as well as free-form text formatting inspired by the book *Beats Apart*. It was my second zine ever and the impetus for everything that’s to come. It is about separation and anxiety.

The second chapter builds off the foundations of the first. I’ve constrained myself more using rhyme while getting more comfortable writing poetry in general. More edits were done to the poems and more time elapsed between the start and end of the process. This chapter offers a more solemn version of my work compared to my debut. Less brash and less blurting it out, to say the least. It’s about process, cycles, and acceptance.

Inspired by the artbook *Lovely Sweet Dream*, the third and final chapter includes a dream journal. I've kept one since 2016 and found it apt to include it in the series. This section has me continuing to restrict myself by following a meter and rhyme, the former being more difficult to adhere to—for me personally. It reintroduces color of which the second chapter is devoid. This last chapter, to put it short, is about dreams.

Because of the nature of the passage of time I personally feel like my best work is my latest. Though this does not erase my fondness for my earlier works. This zine should be treated as a time capsule; each chapter reflecting my current mental state at the time. As time went on, I grew alongside my body of work, with it came changes in my style and understanding of myself.

Lastly, the title “Psychosomatic Dreams Sleep Furiously” is a riff off Noam Chomsky’s quote “Colorless green ideas sleep furiously,” a nonsensical but syntactically correct sentence. I find it charming and have put my own spin on it. All details aside, this project has been a labor of love and I hope you enjoyed reading through this amalgam of a zine.

Chapter 1

Goodbyes

2022

satu dua lirik lagu
dua tiga bait puisi
empat baris dari pantun
tetap sulit 'tuk diisi

*one two lyrics of a song
two three verses of a poem
four lines of a pantun*
are still hard to write*

*pantun: a form of oral poetry that often follows an ABAB rhyming scheme. the first half is an opening, while the latter half is the main point or moral of the *pantun*. an opening may look unrelated to the point of a *pantun*, as it is usually fluff so long as the rhyming scheme matches.

craving

my friends
love me

i want to believe that

they won't abandon me during
my worst moments

but why do i keep thinking
that they will

?

why

do i feel the need to outcompete my
friends in everything

?

out of the fear that they'll leave me
when they manage to surpass me

~

the fear of being unworthy of love
unless i am exceptional

?

i do not put this burden of unrealistic
expectations on my friends and loved ones

no matter how much people preach

no matter how hard i try to
convince myself

that we all have our own pace

something in me refuses to
believe that i am not something
greater

that i have failed

i am still

i am kicking myself for not
knowing better

for not having hindsight

for being
w e
a k

im **scared** of pushing people away

with all of my self-deprecating
talk

i dont want them to feel like i
distrust them

i dont want people to push me away in **fear**
they may upset me

i **want** to be **happy** for them

i want to be happy for my own
good

but this gut feeling makes my
stomach turn

envy
envy

how

envy

do i

envy

where do i go
from here

get rid

of it

how do i reconcile

with the fact that there is
no way to undo the damage

that i can't go back
in time and fix
myself

?

i

that the time lost cannot be taken
back

i have to work with what i have

i need to stop

i need to stop

i need to stop

i need to stop

i beat myself up for
the choices i didn't
make

the options i didn't
pick

i regret that i was
not strong enough

the voices are too loud

which ones are mine and
which are lies

i cant differentiate between them anymore

they tell me that everyone will leave

i will be alone

i will never be enough

that people will leave me the moment they become
better than me

they will never come back
i am doomed to rot alone
they will use to them
i will be holding them back
they have no reason to stick around
i will fade into
i will dissappoint them
they will do better without me

i want to feel emotions without the guilt

i want to be loved without feeling like an impostor

i want to be happy with what ive achieved

or rather, i want to be happy about myself,
regardless

i want to stop comparing myself to others

i want to stop treating everyone as a rival

i want to be content with myself

i want to be happy for others

layers

I've crafted myself a grandiose
delusion.

gilded portraits of myself adorned with
flowers I tell myself.

beneath the gold flakes and glimmering
jewels lie, a different portrait hidden
from sight.

an image of myself, hazy,
like fog on a cold evening.

I've lived with it for so long,
I've started to view it as the landscape.

no clear memory of the previous road in
front of me.

no longer can I distinguish mirage from
memory.
clouds from cries.
facade from failure.

unlike the paint that can be scraped,
the fog cannot be lifted.

I've forgotten what I was
underneath it.

fog turns to mist turns to rain
turns to tears.

rage stems from envy stems from angst
stems from fears.

why can't we talk like we used to?

the space we once occupied now hosts a new.
your presence feels emptier now than before.
there are no voices to direct me anywhere anymore.
places we called ours, fleeting before our eyes.

I've been waiting for you to say something

the hallways push inwards as my body folds into itself.
air escapes my lungs as my innards contort,
the pressure on my chest.
my vision turns hazy my breathing erratic,
my vocal cords stressed.
i call your name i shout for you but i can't even hear
myself.

We haven't caught up in a while

our routines still burned in the back of my head
a sense of normalcy to hide the dread
as the weight of all our memories slowly diminish
you turn your back and i turn to something unfinished

I hope you're doing well

the sickness consumes what is left of me
metamorphosing loose bits of flesh
its fangs pierce easily
gripping as it refuses to unleash itself
as you peel away the membrane
i don't feel the same
does anyone, anyway?

I wanted to tell
you something

but

i don't know how to
put it into words

I

the food tastes bland
and i hate myself for it

unable to make out flavors
and everything feels boring

i would rather be numb
and get rid of this feeling

but my psyche craves them
i just need to keep eating

II

the slaughterhouse lights
flicker in the darkness
its drains dripping red
sounds of metal heard from within

the knife cuts through raw flesh
sharpened to slice thin
cutting off all sin

the machine, it shreds
meat from bones, clean
organs and guts unseen

I look up to a starry night sky
Wish upon a star up high
We'll always share the same moon
Had I known this was coming soon
the way I would've held you one last time
Time would stop as the world orbits around us
to think I would then only be able to pine
Say it again, one last time, just
Goodbye, I would've said

i look forward to the future
hope you'll be happy
i'll try to stand on my own two legs.
could we have had a better ending?
still, i don't know much else i could've done
love is brittle and shaky.
you should be proud of yourself
the world will keep on turning
same as everyone else. and so should i

**end of
chapter 1**



CHAPTER II

CATHARSIS

2022-2023

MONSTER

pierce your fangs, dark king
drive the hilt ever so deeper
shoot your bullet, sterling
banish away the shapeshifter

ASTRAY

the loose knot has gone undone
the rope frays, begins to tear
the anchor lifts, ship on the run
the sailor heads towards nowhere



A GARDEN

the fruits of the heart taste sweet
the flowers of the sun bloom vivid
the seeds of community grow deep
a life without three is a life restricted



WHEN TIME STOPS

the flow of time comes to a halt like its ink
in a perpetual darkness the mind doesn't think
to confront the condition on the brink

the clock doesn't move, but things gather dust
the days never change, yet iron still rust
the thoughts weigh heavy, a new pen was thrust
and just for a moment, the blues all went hush

sleepless nights where time's at its slowest
trapped in a limbo enveloped in dreams
where reality is tearing at the seams
which is mightier? the pen or the poet?



NIGHTTIME COMPANIONS

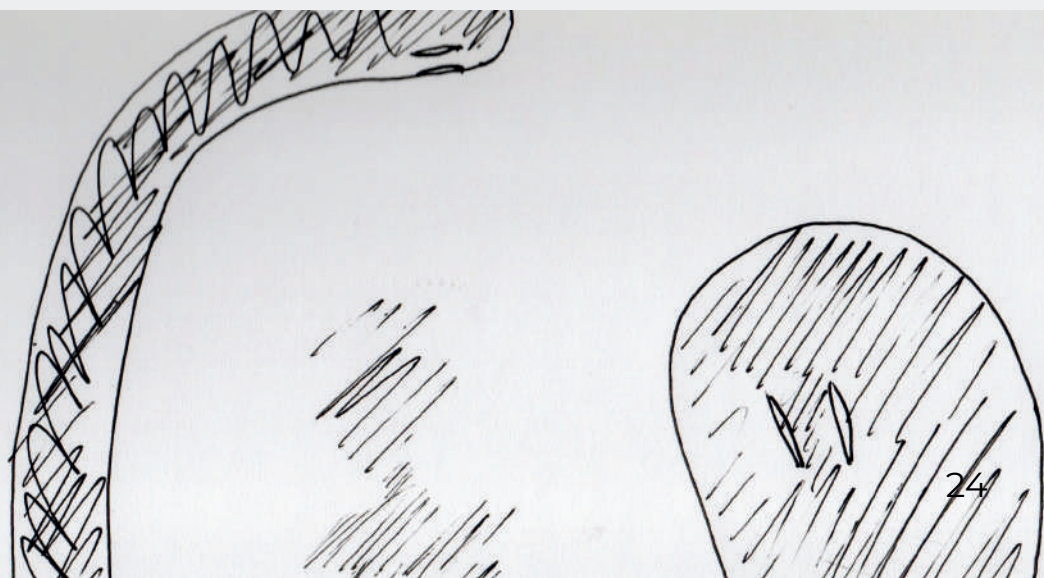
I used to hear voices at night lulling me to bed
in the early hours when thoughts couldn't leave my head
and now the voices are coming from within
an endless rhythm thumping against my chest

the spirits have far left the vicinity
what's left is what's in me
no spirits linger, no spirit within her
only her thoughts keep her awake



yet the laugh of the ghost child felt less haunting
than the constant pressure and ringing
than muted echoes and muffled screams
than endless waves of prophetic dreams

the phantom knocks on the door kept me company
when nobody else was awake at 2 AM
and now even the djinns have abandoned me
leaving me alone to face who I truly am



DISTRACTION

the psychologist told me to meditate
a counselor said I should relax
no matter how many times I seek to medicate
those methods never put me in a trance

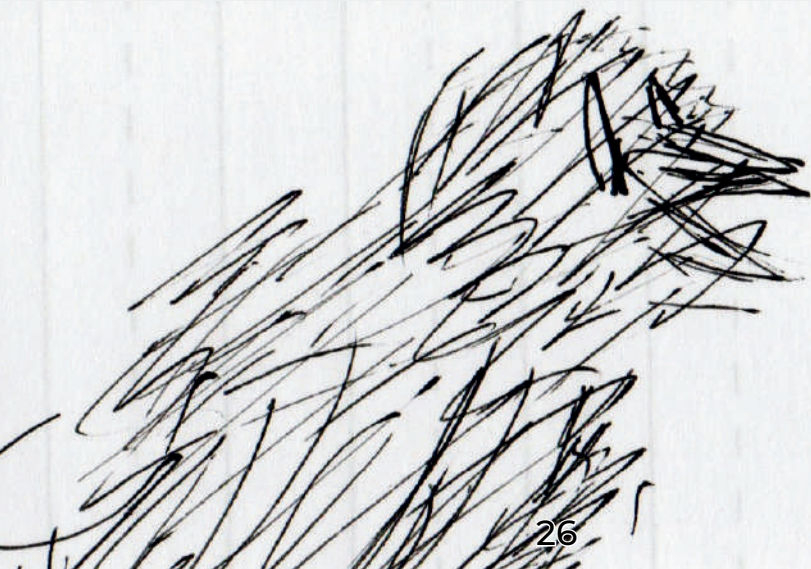
when I sit still, hands to myself
calm is not a word I'd use
when I restrict, my fists are held
my thoughts are anything but recluse


my mind runs wild, it never calms
no matter time, no matter place
my leg it bounces, to fidget my arms
what is left is to match its pace

the rhythmic steps on the burning road
the chaotic drops on my parasol
what's left is me, my bag bestowed
and a pair of some worn out soles

SUNRISE

the church birds chirp away in their merry tune
the sun slowly takes the place of the fading moon
as dawn creeps the bat sleeps in its cave
the mind drifts in and out of a daydream, depraved





I came back to you that evening
I could still see your glimmer in the night
my fingers stumble as I navigate you in the dark
embraced by the city of bittersweet memories

full circle

How much of me is the people that surround me?

I have changed. My friends have changed. They have changed me into a different person. We are still the same people, yet we are drastically different from when we first met

I never had the chance to say a proper goodbye. To force myself to close the chapter. There are too many things that I regret not saying, or not saying earlier

But those regrets come from having those experiences, I wouldn't have regretted anything if I didn't live through the very things that changed me, the very people whom I love and miss. The person I was 3 years ago is not the same person writing this

The places that we used to frequent stay unchanged, but without you, will it ever be the same?

I have lived my life vulnerable to change, letting people in, altering my very being. And when they're gone, I suddenly realize how much I've changed. How much of me was them. They were my identity

Losing them was like losing a part of myself

Heavily inspired by Dan Olson's video essay on Annihilation

21-July-2018

Life is filled with paths of uncertainty; But when you have faithful companions by your side, I hope you will feel at least a little bit at ease.

They will come into your life unexpectedly. You may not realize at first—About how they'll be a huge part of your life. But at one point you'll realize how much they mean to you, And you can't help but wonder what you could've done to make it last longer.

Hold on to hope.

Like a light at the end of a tunnel; She will guide you in the dark. Let her light pierce into the dark corners of your soul; and leave you with a sense of belonging like no other.

Search for happiness.

You must be patient with everything she's going through. Like the sea, she is unstable; For the rough waves and the calm tides are two sides of the same coin; And the feeling of happiness would not exist without the contrast of sadness.



Seek love.

Radiate love like the blinding sun. And like the moon, she will reflect your love back. Turning your love into something so beautiful. And even though she reflects the sun's light Remind her that her own light is breathtaking like no other.

Live your life.

As fate brought you together, and she only comes around once. She's a one of a kind experience, so prepare for the journey she will take you on. But as much time as you've spent together, one day you can't help but to look back at how fast everything went by.

A FAREWELL POEM



REFLECTION

it was six months ago.
the skies were gloomy and the rain unrelenting
the season is back to where it started
now here to finish what I almost discarded

the places all still looked familiar to me
only that I came here for different reasons
back in June, now in December
the city's just like how I remembered

is this where my journey ends?
the same place it started?

mountains scattered throughout sights
twinkling light bulbs from city night life
I stare at the glass pane and my reflection
setting in was my own conviction

the coffee was too acidic for my taste
and creamer could never beat fresh milk
the bittersweet end is finally catching up to me
a lingering note of anticipation and fear

MIRROR

peer into a puddle inverted, a reflection of yourself
a shallow depth misleading, the waters dark as a trench
visions of twisted fate, parts too repressed to surface
a peek into your inner psyche, for what purpose?



RAINY NIGHTS REMINDE ME OF YOU

to me the rain always had a meaning
the night sky that keeps on weeping
you and your rain-soaked socks that evening
and a glimmer of hope just glistening

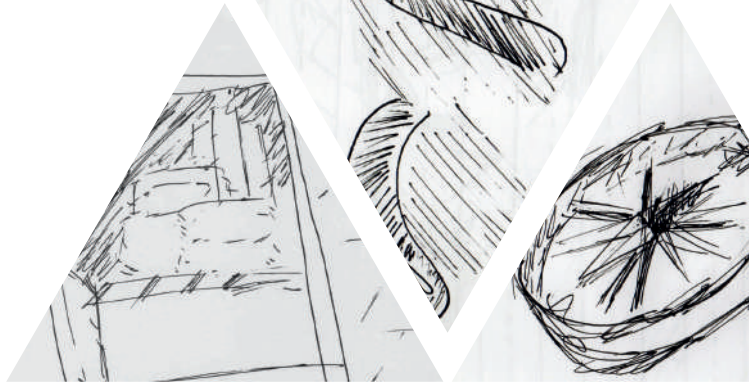
would i be selfish had i asked for more?
to confront god, wailing my woes?
to put my faith in folklores of yore?
all so my years could be spent with yours?

there's little use in hypotheticals
both you and I are skeptical
but, pray, hear my recital
listen to our tales, theoretical

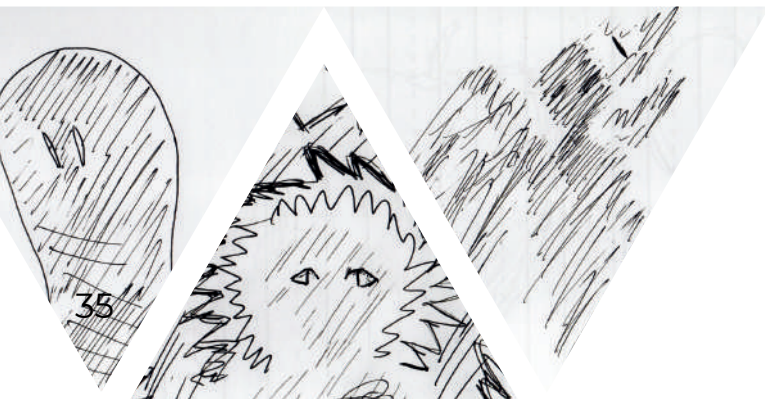
dreams and in-between states
the splatters of ink are now your face
you've never left me in the first place
a placeholder unable to be replaced

TIRELESSLY

truncated thoughts trot throughout
gauging its gait, gouges out ground
thrashing tirelessly through the nighttime
as the dust subdues on the damaged scene
somber silence for what once was serene
but a mundane mirage masking as fine
for this will all repeat, kept in mind



END OF CHAPTER 2





Chapter 3

dREAMS

2025



soft

A hundred years in dreamful bliss, on clouds as soft as you
A thousand scenes within a blink, and I can't pry away
A million yous and without change, await the morning dew
One waking moment by myself, alone as when I lay



8 Jan 2021

I'm with my friends, getting groceries even though we were supposed to go to a different store. We buy canned food and chucked it in a grocery cart. I left a bag on a shelf.

Now I'm in a parking lot for the supermarket. I'm loading groceries onto a motorcycle. The entrance to the mall is a large warehouse containing several big bookshelves, discounted goods, and broken wooden chairs.

I frantically try to find the bag I left in a plastic bag on top of the bookshelf. I'm carrying around heavy cans of food and shopping items. I search around the parking lot to no avail. I feel Dejavu.

I try to find more things but suddenly a wave of people enter the warehouse in uniform. Some of them are my university classmates. They're wearing white shirts, black pants, and a black tie, like if you were going to a job interview. I hear my classmate's voice. I think they're applying for something. There were "hosts" going around with a wireless mic quizzing people around. I'm stuck there, sticking out like a sore thumb. The host asks me questions. I tell him I don't know, I got stuck here. He moves on. The girl next to me chats with me a bit.

A bit further is a guy, someone who knows the place. I tell him I'm looking for my bag that I left behind. He said it's probably gone. I told him outside there was a large metal tree with shoes hanging off them. He said the security guard during the morning and evening are different. Dejavu again. I thank him. When I look back, the people were already leaving the place.

I go out and see two of my high school classmates talking about how to look into the future with technology. They're on a computer, talking, while the others were leaving. I kept searching for my bag

I walk further and see a close friend with who I assume to be his classmate, a girl, doing something, most likely a group project on his laptop. His hair is the same length as it is now, long with loose curls, but bright neon blue. I tried to tap his shoulder but only the girl noticed me. He was wearing headphones but trying to speak to her as well. I leave out of fear I'm disturbing him.

The parking lot shifted from evening to day due to those job seekers. I am forced to give up on finding my bag.

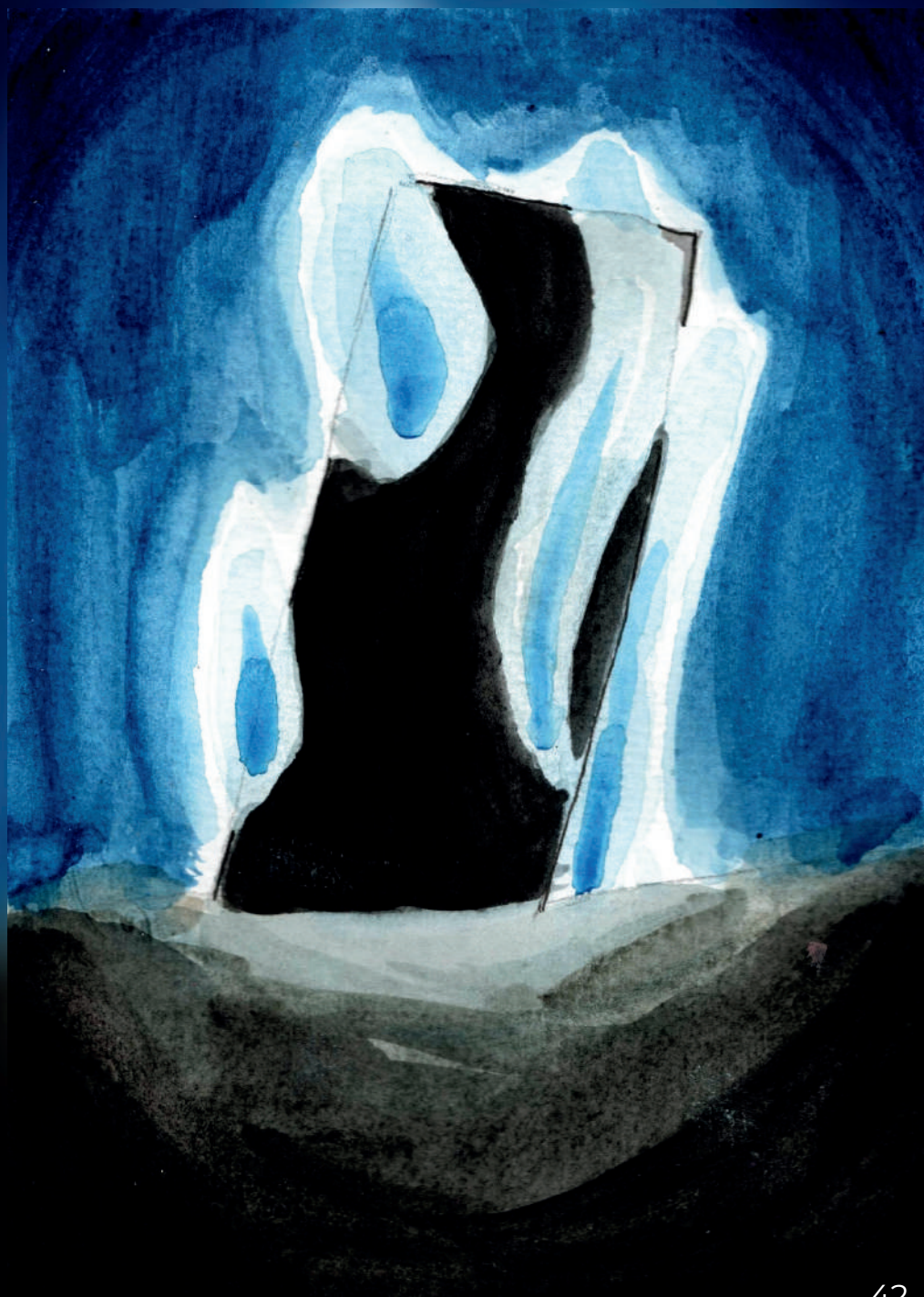
repetition

I looked for your name in the maze of uncertainty
Between nightmares you remind me of me
Remembering memories together, passively
Wondering ifs, what else I was supposed to be

In the cracked mirror a familiar figure looms
The numbers on the alarm clock point to my doom
I've known the puzzle that's on the back of my hand
A twist foreseen I'm unable to understand

Retracing my steps through the endless winding paths
The road breathes, contorts as it is a living thing
Yearns for an ending, to alter the aftermath
I run away from the fears, only beginning

Another time, to tie up loose ends
Another you, to be easily replaced
Burn the knot, so it doesn't come undone
Burn the bridge, you won't be gone for long



6 Feb 2021

I was at campus late at night. Thought of going to the canteen to grab a bite, but chose not to. I found a tent in front of a forest and met someone. I walked back to the canteen, now 6 stories high, lit up blue and yellow. I turned back. As I exited the forest opening, it was almost pitch black dark outside, I bumped into a group of people looking at the sky, petrified. Some military men were also there holding guns.

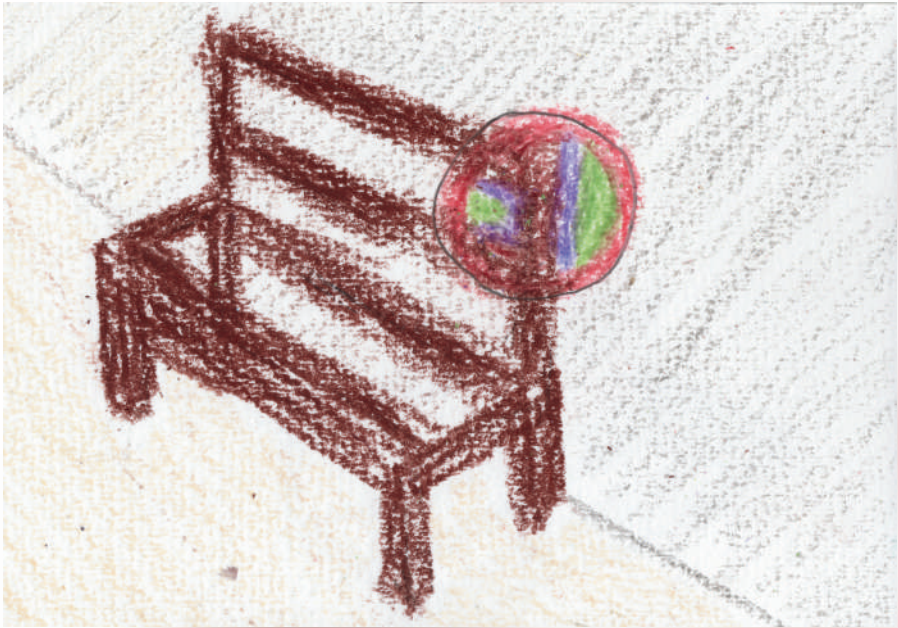
I turned around to see the tall building ablaze with blue fire, tilted. A large thump, an explosion, was heard. The structure's foundation was giving out. Screams were heard as it fell onto its side and collapsed on itself. A burst of fire. screams. horror. People stood back.

There was a 2nd fire at the school. A large explosion was heard and the fire doubled in size. The room on the 1st floor was bursting with flames. People ran with fire on their heads, blue flames enveloping their faces, black gaping holes where their mouths and eyes ought to be. They ran to the room with the bigger flames, likely to get it over with quickly.

People stood by and watched. Some victims would try to jump out of the building, but they got sucked into the flames by a magnetic force. There were too many souls to count. Their ghost forms floated towards the skies. Their phantom bodies swarming like insects.

When the fire was over, it was the crack of dawn. The place turned into a floating market of sorts. The air was solemn and foggy. I couldn't find the tent or place I visited before. Some children are sleeping on floating rafts as my old elementary school teacher looks over them.

I kept walking in the other direction but the land wasn't there anymore. What were campus grounds turned into a body of water with some wooden buildings and rafts.



1 Feb 2024

I was MC-ing for a runway show at my old school, but I didn't know what exactly I was supposed to be doing. At some point the show was paused because someone was supposed to go up next but they were nowhere to be found. There was a big dance number coming up, and people were arguing whether we should skip this person or not. Frustrated, I got up and walked away

Meanwhile, Brian David Gilbert has a pregnant wife. She and her mother was talking about how hot the weather's been getting lately. The monsoon season has been pushed back.

I stumbled across a museum of some kind and saw scribbled Sanskrit names on one of the benches. Using infrared lenses I could magnify the text and get translation. It lines up (poorly) with the anglicized name given. She? was supposed to walk the runway? Who knows.

Brian shows up and I instruct them that they need to finish this "ritual" to bind them even more than wedding vows. They do just that. We race back to the school, magically transporting, and they kiss on the runway. There was rain instantly. The people were rejoicing. The drought is no more. The sun was out, but it was lightly raining.

the world is her oyster

her ego is frail, an old cautious tale
unable to tell, for her what is well
to do and to meet, a frightening feat
she burrows inside, the edge of defeat

tis grandeur she seeks, a splendid facade
obscures what she did, or maybe did not
all crumbling down, all costing her look
with apathy rife, was all that it took

and so fawn'd in place, and yet not to please
of feeble account, one never at ease
for she wants the world, but none what's inside
for she lives her own, until her demise

seasons

Pink blooms scatter across the streets
As storm clouds roll in from a distance
Equals from walks of life gather
A result of mysterious systems

Whirlwind storms and tumultuous floods
Dark nights and lonely days
Seeking shelter under the same roof
For when the rain stops, we part ways

The morning sun scorching already
Rigid winds, clouded and grimy
Radiating warmth, pulling like gravity
A breath of fresh air, a remedy

As supple as honeydews in season
Like mangoes saccharine to the pit
Self-indulgent, something to call my own
With all the love that comes with it

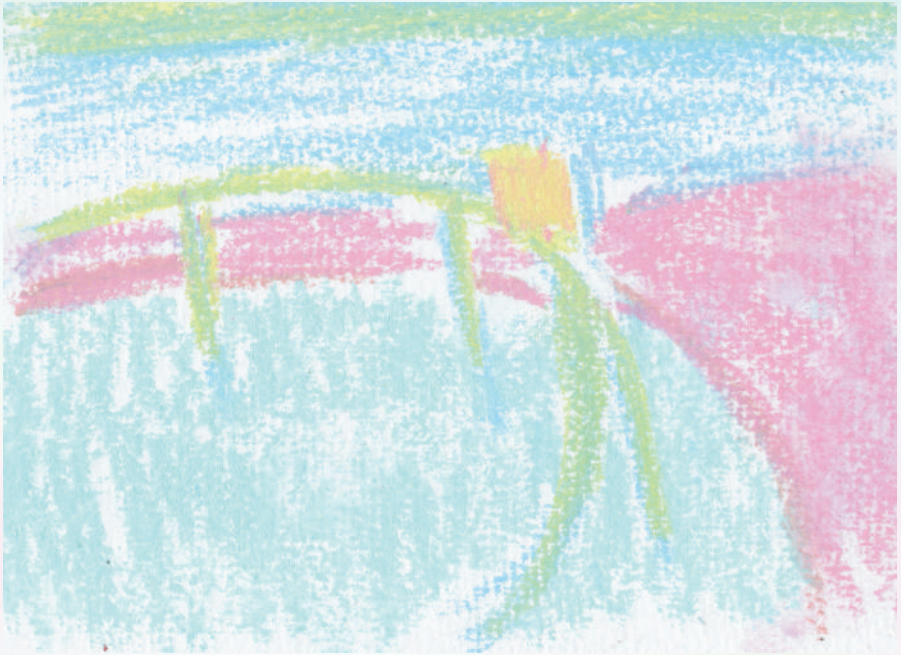
The fruits overripened, tender and dark
Imparting a bittersweet rot
To ponder a decision, a choice to part
For the feeling's now fraught

Forest flames engulf and devour
The cyclical nature, another restart
Let the sun wash away the smoke
Graft what is left of the charred barks
Plead only the sweetness remains
For memories too bitter for this heart



together

O! false-figure, thou whisk me away into the dark night
Keeping me awake as coffee green-bitter
On my toes and high alert, thine hand clasping mine
Were I to join thee, t'would be a never-ending slumber



19 Apr 2024

There's a section of the top of a tree only viewable on special occasions. There's a rail track going around the scenery and that special tree. I get on it. The guys go up first, followed by the girls. The track is open and we have a pretty flimsy cart that's more like a magic carpet if you think about it. During a sharp turn our weight distribution fails and we fall into the river below us. We stand on the foundation of the tracks while the guys come back from the other direction (it's only one track and it goes both ways) to get us onto rafts.

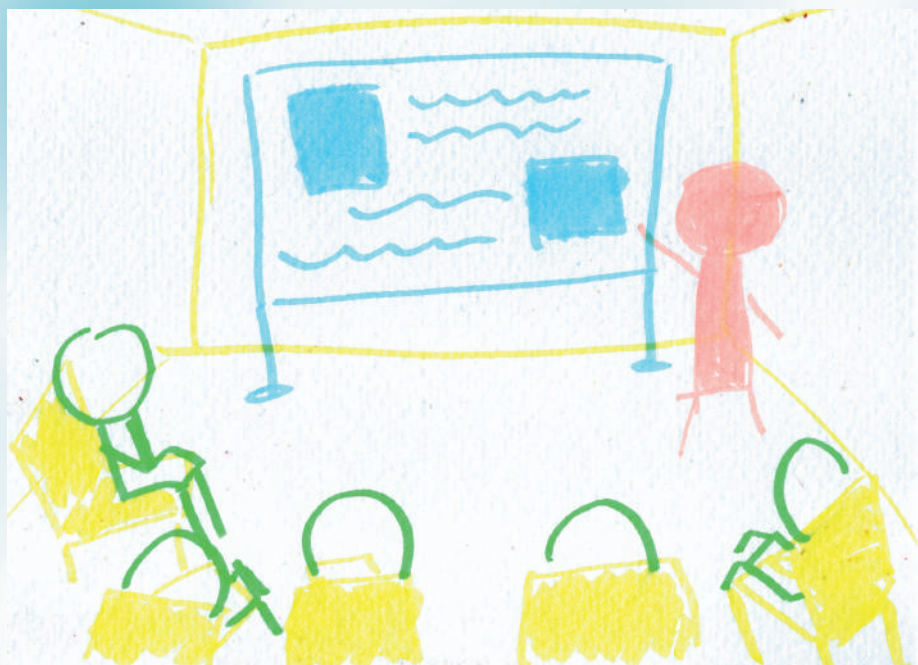
an artist's woes

monotony, a life of glee
unwillingness, a tragedy
a hermit-lived, what else to be
a bad routine, repeats with ease

unable to, completely break
free from restraints, I myself made
a gilded cage, a ruby lock
an artist-starved, is it enough

been driven mad, what I could have
it's jealousy, not my own path
but what it is, seems so sublime
but what is theirs, and what is mine

it's all a blur, I wish I knew
what I am for, and what I do
the truth is this, I fear myself
failed certainty, all that is left



28 May 2024

I am back in campus to watch my batchmate deliver his thesis defense. We're all sitting circling a room. Some people brought a meal to eat. I asked for some rice crackers and my former academic advisor scoffed at me because I actually needed to get permission to bring something to eat in the room. There were multiple students and professors. The one presenting prepared an essay-length powerpoint and we all sneered. So he just skipped all the bulky theory and went straight to analysis.



25 Nov 2024

I'm the last person on earth, but the entire world was chasing me, even into the sea. I'm swimming deep into the ocean with a swarm of people following me. As I reached the ocean floor I use my teleportation gadget to be transported back to my house. My brother was there. The neighbor's kid didn't believe I was back home.

I catch up to one of the last trains heading to what's supposed to be my direction, and I congratulated them for being very late. Then suddenly an ex-friend, distraught, brought a gun to kill me. She tried to shoot me point blank but the gun jammed. Someone else took the gun from her hand and tried shooting her but it jammed again. Only on the third try did the gun go off on her.

There was a grandma with a special open-air carriage for her wheelchair at the back of the train. Tom Scott is there and trying to avoid a grandpa, so he gets on the "accessibility" carriage and released the lock that connects it to the train.

Tom and his team, in wheelchair seats and in astronaut costumes, roll onto the beach and point to a takeoff base nearby. He and his crew will be on a multi-day mission on the ship. The ship had shuttles to take them to the space hotel (his words).

complex feelings complicate

rip a hole out from my throat
break my fingers at the joints
introduce a brand new growth
just to make a salient point

dirty laundry's all to see
soaking hands until it prunes
self-destructive tendencies
righteous purpose gone askew

bloodied tears that never dries
visionary from my dreams
on this canvas I will lie
as they fight to keep it clean

dependence

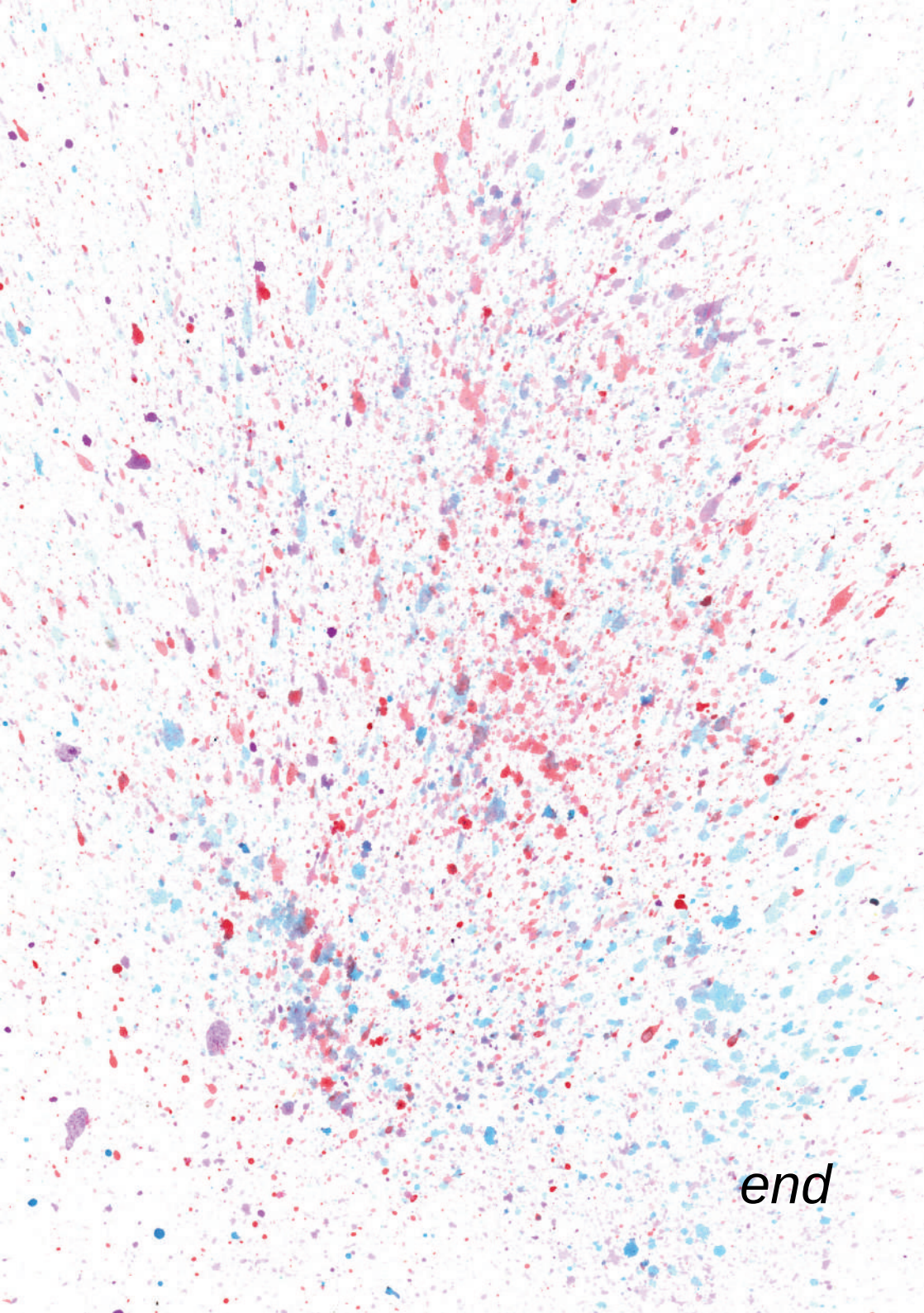
feelings adrift as they follow the moon
pacified methods preventing my gloom
struggles dissected by tip of a blade
praying my heart out for desperate aid

tears that are placed on a small petri dish
given a corner to call my own niche
listened to me as I lied down and lied
taking myself as the need to rely

bright lights fluoresce off the sterile white walls
I've little to prove, if any at all
lacking the power to regain the drive
hoping they've got the keys letting me thrive

for vials of angst I rip myself bare
for nobody knows I'm barely there
pouring my heart out at meek observation
only to end up as bad reputation

pages and pages of dull information
I wish that I could be just a bit brazen
constant the heartaches from wasted potential
while I deny myself something essential



end

Credits

All art was done by me, with help from Clip Studio Paint's and Canva's assets for digital works. The traditional art featured here used a plethora of mediums including watercolor, chalk, ballpoint pen, crayons, colored pencils, collaging brochures, and gem stickers. Thank you to everyone who listened to me talk about this project and gave feedback. Special thanks to Van for her design feedback. And thank YOU for reading through this zine!

Mentioned works and inspiration

Beats Apart - Alanda Kariza & Kevin Aditya

Lovely Sweet Dream - Hiroko Nishikawa

Poems - Elizabeth Bishop

The Vampire Book - Sally Regan

Sayonara Wild Hearts (game & album)

Cadmium Colors - Jamie Paige ft. Kasane Teto

Fonts used:

Alata

LAZYDOG

Quicksand

Montserrat

Glacial Indifference

Anonymous Pro

Special Elite

Arimo

THE ABRIDGED EDITION

This poetry zine is a collection of three smaller zines, each with their own theme and style, now called 'chapters.' I've selected works that best reflect the overall feel and direction of the zine as well as edited some earlier passages. There is art, poetry, and a dream log.

In this debut print zine I explore themes such as isolation, mental illness, envy, and dreams. A mix of styles both poetic and visual were employed across the three chapters. This zine has a little bit of everything and a lot of myself.

