



CHAPTER II

catharsis without climax

a collection of poems

CATDYA



Foreword

This second chapter serves to contrast the first in terms of both content and form. Although this can be read as a stand-alone, the first chapter introduces several themes and motifs that run through this work as well. Where the first zine took advantage of many visual aspects and liberally used free verse, this collection of poems tries to be a departure from that format (format here is oxymoronic)

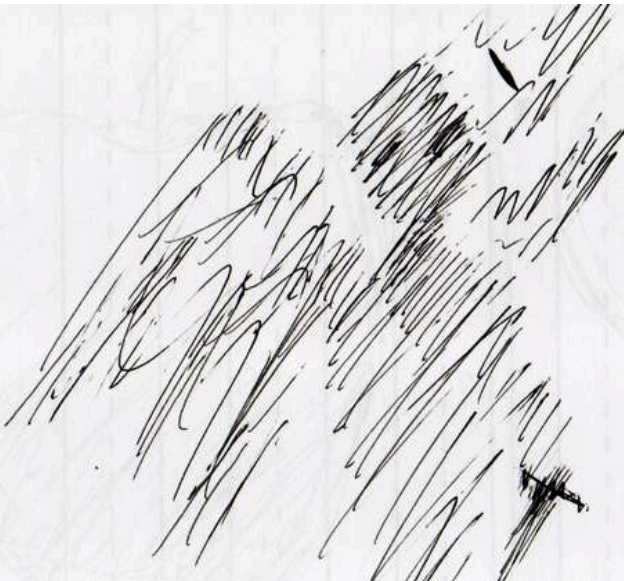
Most of the poems are in chronological order with some changes in position when it felt justified within the story. The dates mark the initial idea of a poem, it may have been edited or changed weeks after the first draft

nd they don't stop coming and they don't
top coming and they don't stop coming
nd they don't stop coming and they don't
top coming and they don't stop coming
nd they don't stop coming and they don't
top coming and they don't stop coming
nd they don't stop coming and they don't
top coming and they don't stop coming
nd they don't stop coming and they don't
top coming part 1 and they don't stop
oming and they don't stop coming and
hey don't stop coming and they don't stop
oming and they don't stop coming and
hey don't stop coming and they don't stop
oming and they don't stop coming and
hey don't stop coming and they don't stop
oming and they don't stop coming and

INTRO

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

20-aug-2022



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

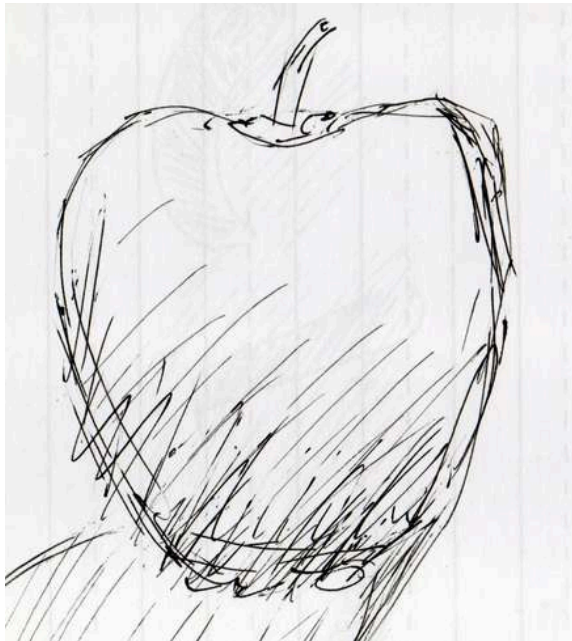
23-aug-2022



UNTITLED I

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

23-aug-2022



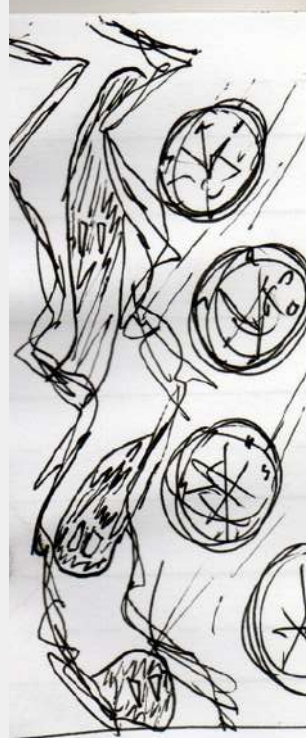
WHEN TIME STOPS

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

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

12-sept-2022



DAWN

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

6-sept-2022



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 jinns have abandoned me
leaving me alone to face who I truly am

12-sept-2022



UNTITLED II

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?



26-sept-2022

ANGELS

She was all i knew
Her existence was an oxymoron,
An accurate caricature

Through Her i saw the world
To speak when i can mutter no more
To express when my face froze

My three angels were my agents
Feelings i once could not describe
To burn, to suffocate, to be numb

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

part 2

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 look back at how fast everything went by

A FAREWELL POEM



UNFINISHED

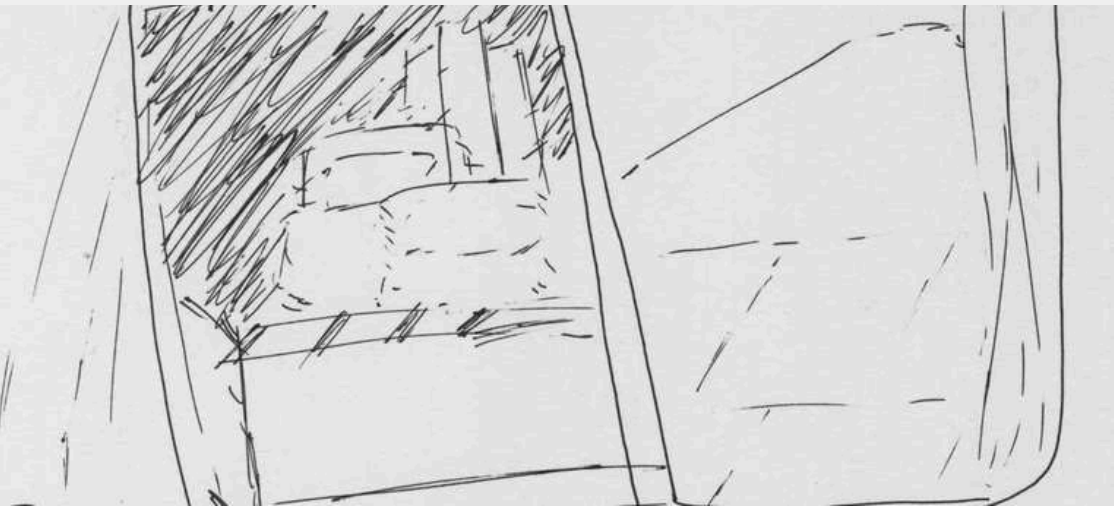
truncated thoughts trot throughout
gauging its gait, gouges out ground
thrashing tirelessly through the nighttime

15-nov-2022

TRAIN RIDE

on the same ride goodbye to greet you again
once abandoned i regained the bravery to face you
a familiar landscape from a land foreign
giving unsure closure long overdue

what a poignant note to end on
a chapter nearing its end
the cast bows, curtains drawn
just for another scene to begin



24-dec-2022

HOTEL ROOMS

it was six months ago.

the skies were gloomy and the rain unrelenting.

the seasons are back where they started

now I'm 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?

the mountain stretched throughout sight

twinkling light bulbs from city night life

I stare at my reflection off the glass pane

only settling in how far I've come

the coffee was too acidic for my taste

and creamer could never beat fresh milk

the bittersweet end is finally catching up to me

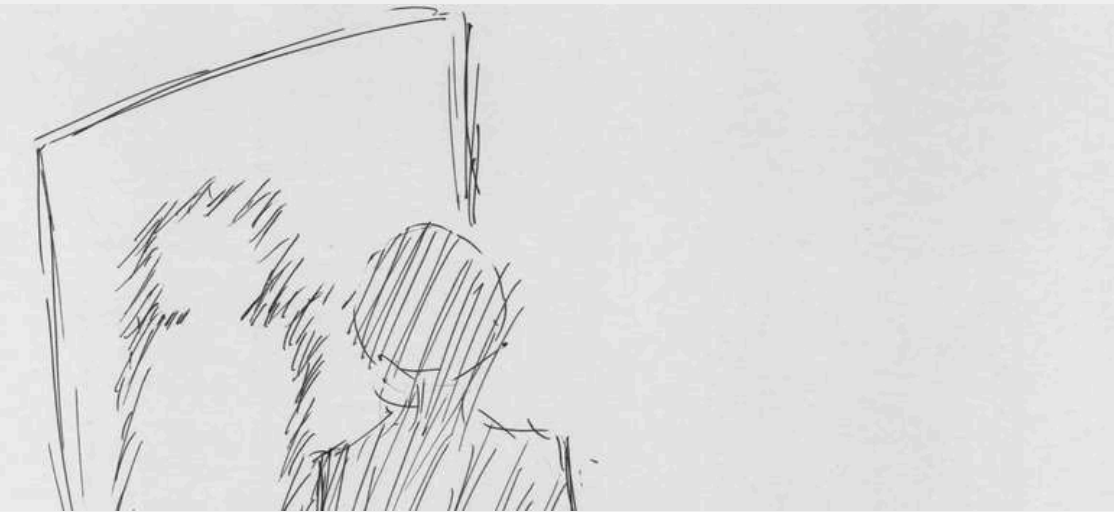
a lingering note of anticipation and fear

25-dec-2022

NEW YEAR'S EVE

For an hour I stood on the balcony that midnight
Watching as the explosions of color pierce the skies
and the loud explosions pierce my eardrums

For a moment, it felt like a monumental change
But it only lasted for a moment
Fleeting optimism whenever the cycle starts over



1-jan-2023

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

14-jan-2023

END OF CHAPTER 2



Author's Notes & Closing Comments

Woop! There's that. I can't be bothered to write an angsty epilogue since, well, this entire piece has been angsty! I'm glad I got to continue writing poetry and trying out different formats. I've struggled a lot through this zine and not just writing it! You could see some gaps in dates between poems, I think that's a neat detail to include. I've left a handful of poems unfinished as scraps here and there. My original plan was to have 3 poetry zines (chapter 1-3) to later compile into One Big Poetry Book™, but I think I might take a break from poetry zines to focus on other projects.

It's always been hard for me to decide when to end something like this. Real life usually doesn't end in a neat fashion and isn't divided into neat narrative arcs. I hope I could write more soon and aim for that end-game Big Poetry Book™ with proper overarching themes ;)

Songs I've been enjoying

- Persona OSTs
 - specialist
 - Dance!
 - Life Will Change
- Clair de Lune - Daniel Olsén
- Moonlight Sunrise - TWICE
- Can I friend you on Bassbook? - Nanahira

Games I Love

- APICO
- Adopt A Boyfriend
- Red Embrace
- Resident Evil 4: Otome Edition [fangame]
- Pathologic Dating Sim [fangame]

Reading recommendations

- Absolutely NONE I've been too swamped with papers I needed to read for my thesis <3

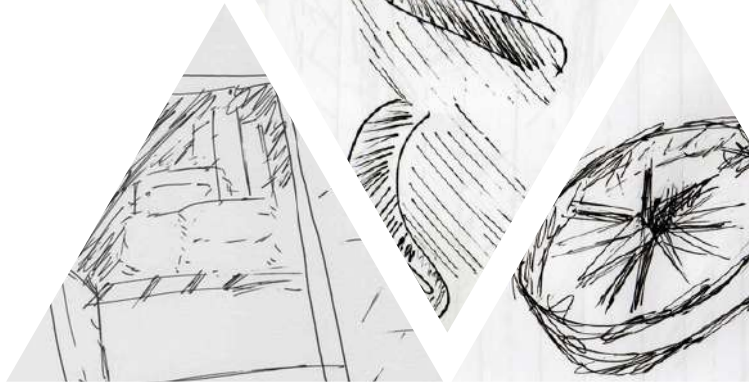
Fonts

Alata

LAZYDOG

Quicksand

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atdya

