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London.
A messy month soaked me in.
Under an umbrella I strolled to my room.
Black mold welcomed me.
Hot water missed me not.
“When am I leaving you?”
“Never!”
Big Bang banged
and charmed me with
its royal grace.

Pain

They say it ends -
the pain, the hate, the drama.

- When?

They smile.

- Why you smile?

Oh...

Not until I die?

A toxic slippery tail

A toxic slippery tail slides through my hand,
ShAKES,
covers it with its blame.

So it can shape my mood
So it can shape my mind
So it can shame the people in the way they see me and how they smile.

A toxic slippery tail
TailS
They are everywhere where I go
They follow
They scratch

They seek an opportunity to drop their blame on me as such.

Now I have one too
A toxic slippery tail
I bring a knife
Chop.
It's gone.
I take its feathers to stuff their tails as I depart.

A Funny, Grieving Chore

It hurts to know you are not desired.
It hurts to know you are alone.
It hurts to see someone else crying
when they are on their own.

It aches to feel the pain and suffer.
It aches to know you are not enough.
It aches to see that you don't matter,
especially when the whole world is there for you to grab.

For you, my love, to love and be loved and matter.
For you, my love, to be not alone.
For you, my love, to be desired
and have a shoulder to cry on.

But life just seeks more endeavors
To make us suffer all day long.
So let us laugh when we suffer
Cuz' suffering is not a curse but a funny, grieving chore.

Goodbye, London!

The blood on the walls
The dim light on the pages
Wanna make me blind.
Blinds are dead
No, my head instead.
It is broken, smashed, fractured
With millions of unconnected dots
that make me desperate every time they pop.

"Leave me alone!" I scream at them
"LEAVE ME ALONE!"
They come and go and party in me around me through me
They need the world
They need to be free
Free Me
From me
From endless pages that keep popping up like mushrooms from a printer cuz' it's free.

Endless chats and words of desperation hold no real feelings in.
 Fake smiles, false hugs, and fraud' alarms of care that come out from their mouths
 But my soul is kind,
 "Come, let's party!"
 They all leave
 "Oh, at last!" my soul rejoices
 Alas, all red flags left me
 The saint stayed inside.

He uses stars and words of healing
 To undo the wounds of the past
 The bloody walls don't want the washing
 They liked the dim light
 They stay alone in no connection with the world that has left them alone behind
 Them and me,
 "There is a chance!"
 The saint yells at me,
 "Write!"
 I write, and write and cry and moan and cum inside
 "The healing is done. Now it is in your pykax (hands)"
 And I keep writing, and sending and having the words of praise
 I have to keep going until it is not too late
 To try again
 To attempt to cry
 Over my work that has concluded in three months' time.

And now, the engine's off
 The bus needs no more diversion
 My final chance to see the millions of shattered glasses like my soul before they disappear...

To you, my London!
 Goodbye, my LND!
 Thank you for the suffering!
 The metamorphosis you took me through
 To undo me in you.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTOR

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