

my hair is let down  
and i feel like forgiving

a poetry zine  
by jay dye



0.

hi.

this is my poetry zine. it's called my hair is let down and i feel like forgiving. i wrote most of it in 2017, but a couple of poems date as far back as 2012.

themes include: mental illness, anxiety, ocd; loving yourself, loving others, forgiveness; the search for meaning & truth in this wild & crazy universe, the absurdity of human existence, moments of peace & clarity in the eternal entropy; and probably some other stuff too.

if you are unsure how to read poetry, here is my advice:

1. read a poem
2. read the poem out loud
3. think about it for a bit
4. abolish the gender binary, destroy capitalism, meditate for a bit, love your neighbor like yourself, stop eating meat, plant a tree, listen to some music, take a nap.
5. read the poem again and see what you think.

if you like this zine, you can find more of my art at [jaydye.org](http://jaydye.org).

thanks for reading!  
-jay

1.

when I close my eyes  
to see you in my mind

I clear my throat six  
times and hum a  
low note for  
three seconds  
until I feel  
safe

you don't  
count your blinks  
but I do and let me  
tell you why I love you.

2.

while downing his  
boyardee brunch  
one day he watched  
a housefly repeatedly  
slam into the same  
spot on his closed  
window seventy-  
seven times, and,  
instead of reaching  
for the flyswatter  
like usual this  
time he just  
opened the  
window.

3.

I will find peace, I will find love  
I will finish my search for truth  
I will win my fight, I will sleep at night  
And I'll lose my fear of death I tell you

4.

Because I could not stop for Life  
She kindly passed by me  
Her hand held out for just herself:  
false hope of company

I did not see her come this way  
nor did I see her go  
Her passing presence did not stir  
nor startle; 'twas unknown

My cheeks were white, my eyes turned down  
caught thinking about Hell  
My soul was null, my mouth found full,  
my story couldn't tell

And so I sat, the earth turned flat,  
while waiting for Her call  
My ears were deaf and eyes were blind  
mind stolen by the fall

'Til horse hooves pounded up my way  
My neck chilled by a breath  
I turned around – He stared me down –  
“Hello. My name is Death.”

5.

I want you to spend more time  
singing to music. do you even  
know what your own voice  
sounds like? record yourself  
speaking, singing, and making  
noises, then listen back to the  
recordings until you no longer  
think your voice sounds strange.

I want to emphasize again just how  
beautiful it is to be alive.

there are not many beings  
capable of life at the current  
moment, really. it's incredible  
how lucky we are to have eyes  
to open and brains to think,  
to be able to experience emotions,  
even sadness.

imagine a being incapable of  
experiencing sadness. it is a  
being also incapable of  
experiencing happiness.

to have an emotion -  
or to have no emotion -  
truly incredible!

truly incredible to have  
a concept of emotion at all!

in a short while I am going to  
walk to the store and buy hand

soap. it is a beautiful day out  
and there is peace in the air.  
I am wearing three blankets,  
my feet are in socks,  
my hair is let down  
and I feel like forgiving.

8.

Have you ever seen  
the clouds during a  
good sunset? Watched  
the sky turn colors  
and waste away into  
nothing, night.

I love you blue  
and orange and yellow,  
reds and purples and  
great great greys.  
I love you clouds  
and water and air  
and great dead stars  
in the sky above.  
I love you wind  
and sand and surf,  
and, dearest reader,  
I love you.



11.

I am so, so thankful for my friends.

It is good to have friends who accept you  
for you.

Even when I don't accept myself, they are  
there for me.

They make pleasant sounds with their mouths  
and I remember that I am human, too.

A human is a wonderful thing to be.  
We can express our gratitude in thousands of  
ways.

I could say "thank you" every day for the  
rest of my life  
and it would still not capture the gratitude  
in my heart.

How wonderful! Do the bees say "thank you"  
like this? Do the pigeons? Do the fish in  
the sea?

I think, perhaps, the dolphins do,  
but they alone share in this delight.

I love my friends! I love my friends!  
And you, my friend, are loved.  
Yes, you - you're my friend, too,  
and all my friends are loved.

12.

the vase full of sunflowers wilted  
in its own sweat  
like fighting a blanket  
in the california summer

13.

no longer speak

when I reach  
your abode  
you smell of  
loaves of bread  
and melancholy

when I am gone  
and you don't  
exist I speak  
into being  
your true self

it is a hawk,  
your self, and  
it circles my  
body for blood,  
burning sun.

it is a hawk,  
your self, and  
I watch you fly  
away a hundred  
times over,

it is a hawk,  
your self, and  
when I collapse  
it will return  
to feast

us two mortal  
beasts. Then  
we'll be together  
as one, and I'll

14.

why his face just there right now -  
did you see it? - the jubilee -  
I deeply sympathize.

his tail flick left for lucifer  
and right again - the pause -  
severely mechanical -

hear that metallic heart  
thumping with the precision  
of an angel's bowstring -

each screech as silent  
as my own - the thing's gone  
busted - the jubilee -

and yet I hear him  
grinning softly in my eyes  
- I weep for you.

15.

maybe I should have held your hand  
a little longer last time -  
last night before you left -  
so I could linger on the creases  
in your palms

maybe I should take my temperature  
each day to prove  
I'm a little colder all alone -  
standing in the sunshine -  
thinking simple thoughts

her tongue tastes sour  
and coarsely textured when she  
chews it every hour numb besides  
and begs herself to stop  
but - still -

the outside air is poison  
and kills her when she breathes  
and so she holds her breath  
all day and night and  
month and year

until the dead fish reach the surface  
of her great stomach's pond  
and - when she breathes -  
the wind it roars -  
and trees crack to her whim

16.

Another new year  
on this wonderful planet,  
this dying planet.

I am now taking  
antidepressants and I  
feel a little warmth,

a little light in  
this old clunky brain of mine  
I forgot I had.

Now I don't shiver  
when I leave the house at night  
or in bed alone.

My little self has  
returned – before I grew wise,  
before I grew old.

I can once again  
breathe with incredible ease,  
filling full my lungs.

There has never been  
a better moment than this,  
the one we are in.

Say hello to your  
friends for me, say hello to  
each and every one,

and tell them all I  
love them very much, with all

my meager power.

Tell them that I wish  
them a wonderful new year  
of healing and light,

a new year of life  
and peace in living, peace in  
being human, peace.

17.

the sun has lost all its spots today.  
the wind does not blow.

i wish not to wake from this dream,  
for i am breathing so pleasantly.

my hands lie perfectly still  
upon my seated lap.

my chair has decided to grow again,  
planting its roots deep into the ground.

i think nothing in my simple  
stupid dumb little monkey mind.

in front of me, the ocean  
pounds endlessly at the shore.

i wish not to wake from this dream,  
for i am breathing so pleasantly.

18.

i guess i don't  
really think about sex.  
i just kind of look  
at people.

some people are pretty.  
some people are nice  
to look at.  
I like to look at  
some people, and  
others too.  
most people are  
good to look at -  
most girls, and  
some boys too.

it is fun to  
look at me.  
i look at me  
in the mirror  
and think, wow,  
that's me, a  
whole living human  
able to do whatever  
i want.  
i can do it  
perfectly, immediately  
and exactly how i  
want it.

i do like my  
legs, i think,  
ignore my stomach but  
the rest is ok.

i wish my hair  
would grow out  
already and cover  
my ears and face.  
i wish my tailbone  
didn't protrude so far  
and my toenails grew  
in straighter, but  
i am ok.

that's it.  
the end.

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jaydye.org  
ghostprincess.xyz