

Last Song Syndrome

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Kissing you, kissing me, it's euphoria¹

We're not watching the show, that's for sure, your hand is here,
there, right now, so slowly, I breathe in, some vivid colors
from your laptop keeping us up, falling into the curve
of our necks, anyone could blame us, it's my touch to your
touch that's warmest, I kind of want to shiver, grasp a loose fist
-ful of your shirt, sigh to the moment, for a heartbeat nothing happens,
only a gasp
between us, it's something so infinite about you in a moment dipping forward,
envelopes, tilting my head, dragging my fingers
into your chest, I'm forgetting what I wanted to say, climbing
into your lap, it's all so easy, just the way you sound when I want
to please you, sweet thing that you are,
did you know? I'm so sensitive
to the way you want me.

¹ Lyrics from The Way She Dances by N.E.R.D, from Fly or Die album released 2004

G.U.Y² [content warnings: implied transphobia, implied sexual harrassment]

this guy i matched with on Bumble asked me if i was an “art girl” & i didn’t know what he meant? he said he was shocked that i was so “encouraging.” Strange guy, but I guess he meant well? He just never really stopped talking about his vintage motorbike. Talked to him more—he said his idea of an art girl was: the type of girl who goes to art exhibits, “lik art hoe stuff” & the “crazies and psychos of metro manila”...so I told him I’m a writer. Ghosted him. Deleted Bumble. Started thinking about the type of girl I am anyway, which is pretty obvious at first glance right? Oh you know. Easy to read, easy to bed, you know, the big tits pinay that’s easy all the way ;) But you know after all this time, I’m not just a girl at all. I’m a guy too, so I kind of get it, but it’s not even he or she or she or he to me anymore. Because well, I’ve been a guy in the way that I’ve been a girl so when I’m a girl I’m a guy. For me, there’s no switching between the two. I’m just one person anyway. s/he’s who s/he is yk. At the end of the day, man, I’m just the kind of guy that falls in love with whoever pays very close attention to what I may actually be saying.

Hahaha you’re still staring at my tits though

² Song title by Lady Gaga, from the album ARTPOP, released 2013

Monofobia³ [*content warnings: explicit references to injury*]

Don't feel so good.

11:00AM

it's all your fault

which one?

all of us. Everything stings

This is the phenomenon in which the wound splices through the first layer of the skin (the epidermis) and into the second layer (the dermis) which is white and thick, "Because it is my fault." I don't remember who stood up, if it was I or You or both of us, if there was even skin in this memory. 11:00AM All I know is that I'm used to it. like when I'm laughing, it's all a joke to me. You know it feels like aching, You know that it feels like dying, I know that it feels like dying, so then it's just a diagnosis. but We're not doctors and We can't tell anyone about this. Please don't mess this up. Because we could still be loved. We could still be loved. We could still be loved, We could be normal—you know I remember the exact moment I watched my mother's heart break. I'm terrified so please trust me when I say I never actually wanted to die. I don't want to die 11:00AM. I think you might have carpal tunnel, and you haven't been stretching, so we have to set another appointment, because it's all hurting so much again 11:00AM. Our appointment's next week but why do we keep lying to those we love? 11:00AM don't you get it? Haven't we learned our lesson 11:00AM? We can't keep doing this. Today was good. I am okay. I am hacking at the pages with a pair of scissors and you don't care if it's white or yellow or blue we just need to end it.

feel like passing out. Have to go to the doctor at 11:00AM

³ Song title, from the Athazogorafobia album by Eyelesight, released 2018 by Talheim Records

about melody del mundo⁴

[content warnings: graphic
imagery]

Pregnant, in 2001
she left the band. Well, as the
water in the tummy of the
world already knows⁵, there
are daughters that insist
on being born “—will make
sure this lives and lives and
lives—”⁶ But only the water
in the tummy of the world
already knows,
these are also the daughters
who are worn out “—Five
more minutes please—”⁷
so it will take them time,
from nine months to
over five years for them to
settle into the kind of gut
they must trust. It's as I
always say, patience is
in the hospital!⁸
However still, the water
in the tummy of the world
already knows,

⁴ Former lead vocalist of the
shoegaze/dreampop band Sugar
Hiccup

⁵ “Do you feel me beating? A heart
without a sound,” lyrics from *Womb*
by Sugar Hiccup, released 1998

⁶ “Swirling, dreaming, circling round
and round,” *ibid.*

⁷ “So I drown, suffocate me with
your pain,” *ibid.*

⁸ “Ironic, squirming,” *ibid.*

these may also be the
daughters that exit
as they wish. So surely I
know. I too have negotiated,
this womb is my womb, and
I choose how I keep it so
if anyone would ever
dare to fuck me
without warning I would just
rip it out⁹. And that's all I
know anyhow, that at some
point you will learn how to
drive, and at an even further
point you hate the world¹⁰ as
much as you love a child. That
someday you will wake up
after those five minutes¹¹,
having faith in yourself, that
you may leave me quite safely.
Even then, even after you
have left, even after you can
no longer hear, or see, or
touch, or smell, or feel, or
remember. Even after you
already know,
I will still tell you. You are the
most important thing in my
life¹²

⁹ “Shattered in your broken womb—
oh” *ibid.*

¹⁰ “Swallowed by my lonely hate,”
ibid.

¹¹ “*Aha, aha, aha, aha, aha, aha,*
aha...” *ibid.*

¹² “*Oh...*

Oh...

Oh...” *ibid.*

Poem 58 - 2002 Remaster¹³ [*content warnings: graphic imagery*]

(Or, I've been thinking that the reality of poetry
is that any good poem is just a living thing.
To some, it is the face of a God. To others
it moves like it believes it is so great when
it is only a keen animal that claws at your flesh
when you approach it too suddenly. It is the cat
that screams to you when it is hungry,
that chews your ankle when it is playful,
that offers you the mangled body of a small bird
out of the respect for your patience. It does not
know much beyond what it knows about staying
alive. So it lounges where you wait at everyday,
because it lives there. Sometimes you are not
too fond of it. You may wait some place else.
Though sometimes, you may stay—
having it sniff your knuckle.
Then, prodding into your palm,
it invites you through the truth
of its company).

¹³ Song title from Chicago's album, Chicago Transit Authority, released 1969