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REVISITING YOUR FACEBOOK PROFILE

just saw your facebook profile pic
guess that's how pretty you were on new year's eve
very pretty

what is that fluid of dark emotions that rises fast from my chest, strikes hard against the inside of the top of my cranium and splashes to sting like acid throughout my entire brain, face and head
is it "i miss you, why are you not with me, i'm in your city now, just call me, alright, stop being difficult, stop playing games"

or is it "why couldn't i control you, why can't i control you, you are a random factor i can't petrify, a person who is like a force of nature, it scares me, makes me feel ugly and useless, but i thought of you so much i can't stop"
or is it "i've put too damn much into you by thinking constantly of you for more than a year, i'd be better off spitting on the volumes of diaries with your name scribbled in them with notes like 'had sex with y, thought of you', 'had sex with x, thought of you', 'i'm hollow and i've had it, wonder what you're thinking' and 'if i don't write back now, but wait a few days, you'll write me' to 'i want to write you, but i know you'll write me if i just wait three weeks, or more, i've held out before'

or is it time to face it, i put too damn much into you, you're just a cute girl with fantastic lips, charms and wits
you won't make me happy, if i can't be happy on my own

i'll still be me inside a relationship

i'll still feel blindfolded, weighed down and anchored to myself, to confusion, to laziness, to bad planning, to lack of planning, to lack of courage, to lack of goals, to lack of trust in others, to slowly thinning teenage hubris

did i put too much into you?
i should've only put into you what i put into others,
what i'll put into future you's
six erect inches

BAND PHOTO POEM

my nephew is almost two
he pointed to an old photo of my old band that's hanging on the wall in a guest room at my parent's house
"ins", he said, (which is as close to saying my name he gets) happy, giggling
it's me almost ten years ago
not so terribly broken hearted
not so disillusioned.
in the picture i'm smiling
in that picture we're all smiling

out partying yesterday
met my high school sweetheart
we started hanging out, at parties with mutual friends, the last few years a couple of times a year or so
noticed for the first time yesterday i had reached the point of not feeling anything old, not anything of all the years
of heartache i carried with me when she left that awkward teen relationship.
i told her she was pretty, she told me i was too. we were talking by the wardrobe at this bar, i had my hands placed
at her hips, when i noticed i held them, moved them around a little, flirtatiously, i remarked on it out loud, removing
my hands. not sure if she minded, difficult to say, she's always been prone to being physical, and maybe a bit too shy
for her own best, maybe she just didn't react to me semi-groping, rather forgetting it than mentioning it.

so over her, i came around on the other side, ready to start hitting on her again (casually, not with any intentions
what so ever)

on that promising spring day we had that photoshoot, she was behind the camera somewhere, smiling with the rest
of us, i guess

i'm trying to think of anything good i've learnt during the decade that's between these two points on time

i think i was maybe better off creatively then, having experienced so little, my imagination was free, and didn't need
to be based off reality, like it's now

then again, i believed one got what one deserved back then, in the sense that talent in itself would come through,
that success was always attached to talent, like a tail

now i know success is the sum of hard work,
networking.
being limited, focusing, becoming very good at one single thing

i was pretty depressed when that picture was taken, that smile's just a facade
it was an awkward teenage thing, first serious relationship for both of us,
with some good laughs, some good sex and some supposed higher understanding and appreciation of each others
real personas, in there too

i had high hopes for all my friends then, their promising future
now i have high hopes for working hard to achieve something that hopefully can pay some bills

i think it's also that when i meet her now, i don't have to put up a facade to her, trying to sound more happy or
successful, i'm just comfortable about knowing she knows me, probably better than most people, still now, after a
decade apart

maybe that's sad -
that either means
relationships cant go deeper than two feet or so down into the soil, like ours did,
or that we actually had some kind of working mental connection, on the same wavelength

she was a good high school student, hanging out with some creatively active, cute guys with nerdy tendencies

now she's a well-educated workaholic, rich enough to be right wing, living in a posh area of stockholm, successful,
physically fit and easy-going, having set sunday dinners with her workaholic boyfriend, the same guy's she's been
with since we broke up

i was a great high school student, got a descent scholarship, had a descent band, had some creative talents and facial
acne

now i'm an octopus with many weak arms, my talents are the same, as unpolished as they were ten years ago, didn't
focus enough on any of them to have achieved anything worth noting. my greatest failure however, is the failure to
attain an acceptable level of feeling good,

and maybe even worse, i did "follow my heart" at every turn, or at least i always assumed i did, and it could never
make me happy

my nephew is euphoric:
i'm smiling, squinting at him from an old photo
i'm smiling, right next to him, holding his little slip-proof socked feet in my hands
he likes my funny faces
he can almost say my name

HOW IT WENT DOWN WHEN I INITIATED AN INTERNET CONVERSATION WITH HIS
INTELLIGENT/FUNNY/PRETTY LITTLE SISTER

First,

the meat on my right big toe was soft and very loose around my nail

then the entire toe just fell off

I sat close to, holding two girls, initiated sex, but it fell through

I wrote about it to my friends little sister

She suggested I came by to do her laundry, get her breakfast by 9 am tomorrow

She's a five hour train ride away, so I wasn't gonna make it

I wrote her brother, asking him to leave a package with breakfast for her, just before nine

He wrote back that he wouldn't, actually he just wrote "What, you muppet monkey"

I replied: "But that would make her happy"

The conclusion is there are some things potential lovers would do that brothers wouldn't