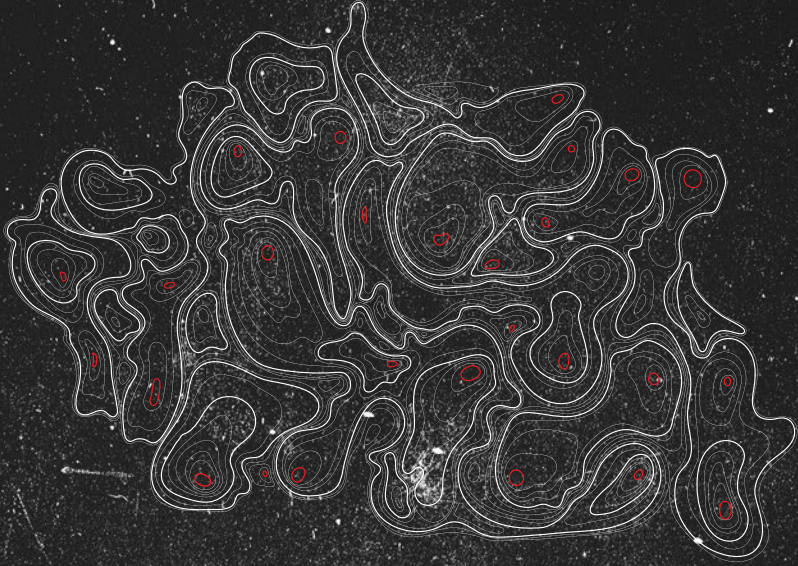


NADER DAGHER



AMENTAL JAM

THE EXQUISITE FEW

This book is dedicated to everyone suffering from any kind of mental illness. This is to all of the **misunderstood**, the **misheard**, the **mistreated**, and the **exiled**.

This is a trial of expression,
this is a homage to buried emotions,
this is the final fit,
this is a universal sigh.

This is a mental jam.



PART 1

THE SHIFT



THE DAY

You wake up one day,
on the wrong side
of the wrong bed;
This is just a phase,
a phrase you'll repeat,
on and on, inside your head.
The bed is made
but the mattress is broken,
a thousand sharp words,
swallowed and never spoken.

Things are no longer
what they used to be,
less pleasure, less hunger,
and much more in everything you see.
This is just the start,
of the endless end,
an exquisite piece of art,
and scars that will never mend.

Hold on.



FOUR WALLS
A RUSTY OLD SOUL
AND NOTHING.

THE CHANGE

You reach a point where you lose the sense of feeling. You spend your days trying to figure out where to go and what to do. Nothing seems satisfying anymore, and everything has lost its meaning.

It's been a while since you last missed someone.
It's been a while since you last hugged your mother.
It's been a while since you last had a good night sleep.
It's been a while since you last enjoyed a meal.
It's been a while since you last felt alive.
It's a one-way maze, and you're right at the center.

Hold on.



YOU ARE DIFFERENT,
AND THE DIFFERENT
WILL ALWAYS RISE.

THE NIGHT

The monsters
of the night
are back
and I,
confused
and unarmed,
lay there
thoughtful,
hollow
and sleepless.

The monsters
of the night
are back
and this time,
they have made
an eternal shelter,
inside this
trembling head.

Hold on.



THE MOUNTAINS AND CLOUDS
MAY BLOCK OUT THE SUN,
BUT NEVER CHOOSE ITS FATE.

THE ROUTINE

Here come the morning blue skies,
it's time to face the day,
rub the sleep from your weary eyes,
and keep your mind at bay.

Here goes the alarm and its screams,
a warning for all the things to come,
shake your head and bury all the dreams,
stand up and pretend you're not numb.

Here comes the day and its dirty fights,
a memory of all the wars you have won,
come out of the darkness and into the light,
the ruthless inner battles have begun.

Hold on.



REALITY DIGS OUT.
THE DEEPEST HOLES
IN BROKEN SOULS.

THE COMFORT ZONE

As the holes get deeper,
and as the climb gets steeper;
as the emotions start to go,
and as the yes turns into a no,
you will find yourself
in an ever shrinking bubble,
of comfort and warmth.

Countries turn into streets,
and streets into buildings;
buildings turn into houses,
and houses into rooms.

And on a dreamy Friday sunset,
you will find yourself,
curled up in a u-shape,
lifeless, pale and blue,
escaping all the surreal things
that your brain utters to you.

Hold on.

PART 2

THE ELEMENTS



THE BATTLES

Between the gentle break
of an indigo dawn,
and the forced awakening
of a yellow soul,
I wait and fear
the return of the day.

The soldier is set
and the gun is loaded,
chaos invades my head,

The battles have resumed,
inside this fading mind,
no enemies in sight,
and no prisoners left behind.




THERE ARE GAPS
THAT YOU FILL,
AND GAPS THAT FILL YOU.

THE VOID

Staring into the blankness
of this familiar ceiling,
projecting the thoughts
brewing inside this head.
The days are swift
and the nights are long,
and in between
the will to move forward
and the weight
of this heavy boulder,
a painful emptiness
has called this heart
home.

Home is where
the heart is,
even if that heart
beats with no purpose
at all.



TO SURVIVE,
YOU NEED TO LOOK UP
AS YOU TUMBLE DOWN.

THE DISORDERS

The silence of a blank ceiling,
interrupted by distant sounds of horns,
penetrated by squeaking, old windows,
accompanied with chaotic thoughts of existence,
distorted by the ticking of a wrist-watch,
replaced by mechanical noise from a nearby fan,
befriended by the sensation of a beating heart,
synched with bone-crushing feelings of solitude,
mutated by the beeping of some car alarm,
mixed with screams of an angry neighbour,
associated with voices and inaudible echoes,
combined with deep desires of unconsciousness,
united with flickering lights of a digital screen,
tied with recurring flashbacks and bitter memories,
broken by gut-wrenching remorse and indecisiveness,
suspended by an involuntary surrender to sleep,
penetrated by squeaking, old windows,
interrupted by distant sounds of horns;
a blank ceiling, is never silent.



HORIZONS REMIND US
THAT WHAT WE SEE
IS NOT ALL THERE IS.

THE DESPAIR

Sunlight no longer
brings happiness,
and the breeze no longer
caresses this face.

Nights no longer
carry the burdens,
and music no longer
takes them away.


Trees no longer
shade the pain,
and clouds no longer
cuddle with sun.

Mirrors no longer
embrace my reflection,
and eyes no longer
know the difference.

Heart no longer
beats for a reason,
and skin no longer
waits for your season.

Brain no longer
enjoys a good sleep
and eyes no longer
without a daily weep.

I, no longer,
can make it through,
that's all I've been trying
to say to you.



ALL SUNS ARE STARS
BUT NOT ALL STARS
ARE SUNS TO BE.

THE PARTING

Lately,
the only sound
I've been
hearing,
is the sound
of my heart
beating in the pillow
through my ear,
like miniature
explosions
of destruction;
my hands
tucked in between
my legs,
like I went back
to the safety
of the womb;
my eyes
swinging
between sobriety
and delusion
like a man
on the edge
of his life.

PART 3

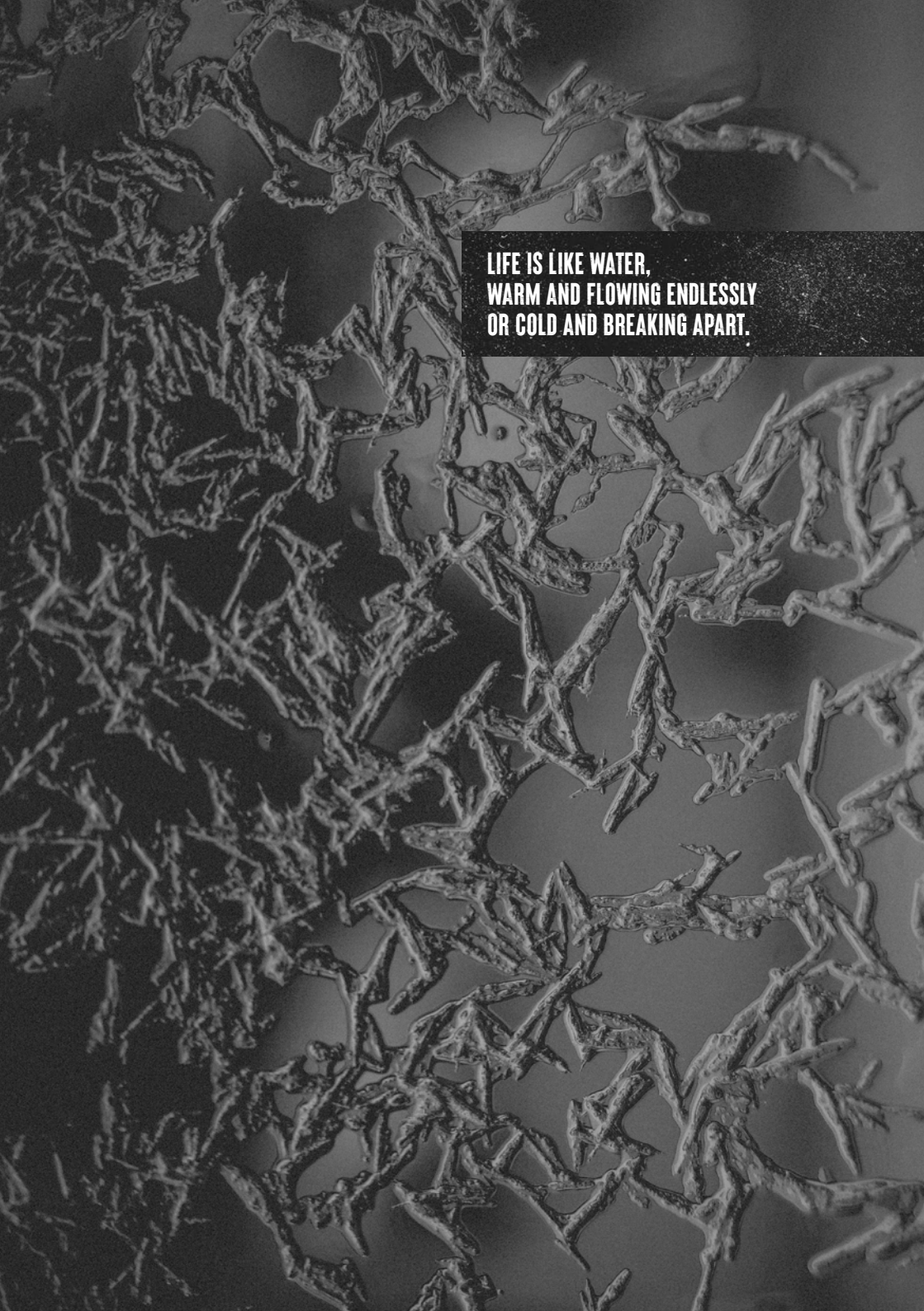
THE FALL



THE TUMBLE

Tiptoeing,
and continuously tripping,
an iceberg,
that's always tipping.
A spoken word,
from the distant past,
a verbal sword,
that forever will last.
A pair of legs,
too weak to hold,
and shivering hands,
colder than cold.

This is the end of the line
where light ceases to shine,
this is the end of time,
for everything I called mine.



LIFE IS LIKE WATER,
WARM AND FLOWING ENDLESSLY
OR COLD AND BREAKING APART.

THE BREAKING

Piece by piece
and hole by hole,
discard the peace,
end the fall;
word by word
and pause by pause,
abandon the herd
increase the dose;
pill by pill
and night by night,
embrace the ill,
the unknown knights;
lie by lie
and day by day,
unleash the cry,
applause the play.

This is the breaking
after the fall,
this is the aching
behind the wall.




BE BEAUTIFUL AND TOUGH,
LIKE A FLOWER,
AND ITS CROWN OF THORNS.

THE SCARS

Like an unwanted notebook,
your dirty painful words
stretched across my skin,
inside out, and deep within.
Cold and blind judgments,
you so confidently threw,
"Stop doing this to yourself",
you thought you really knew.
Bloodless scars you left on me,
with your nose up in the sky,
What's it like to be like you?
An ignorant who can't even try.
How harsh is it to exist in pain,
when all the heads around you
believe not in an ill brain?

You will sleep and you will wake,
you will bend and you will break,
but these scars will always remain,
to remind you that you are,
exquisitely insane.



BIRTHED IN THE DEEP,
AND DEAD IN THE SHALLOW;
POOR, POOR WAVES.

THE CHAOS

He's saying things
he wants me to believe,
he's saying things,
and he wants me to leave.
He lives up there,
where all the fears bloom,
he says he cares,
yet he keeps me in my room.
He says he knows me,
he says it all the time,
he tells me I'm phony,
not even worth a dime.
He's been staying around
for quite some years,
always making sounds,
which only I, can hear.

Don't give in
to his soothing talk,
his skin is thin,
and he cannot walk.
Don't give in
to his witty charm,
all he can do,
is cause a fake alarm.



THE DAY STRETCHES,
WITH THE COMING OF THE MOON
TO ACCOMPANY THE AWAKE FEW.

THE WAKEFULNESS

Light,
no longer
means day.
Night,
no longer
takes you away.
Beds,
no longer
bloom sleep.
Pillows,
no longer
hear you weep.
What was once
a temporary
escape,
is nothing more
than
a cassette
on loop,
of ideas
and wonderings,
with eyes
wide open,
and fears
wide awake.



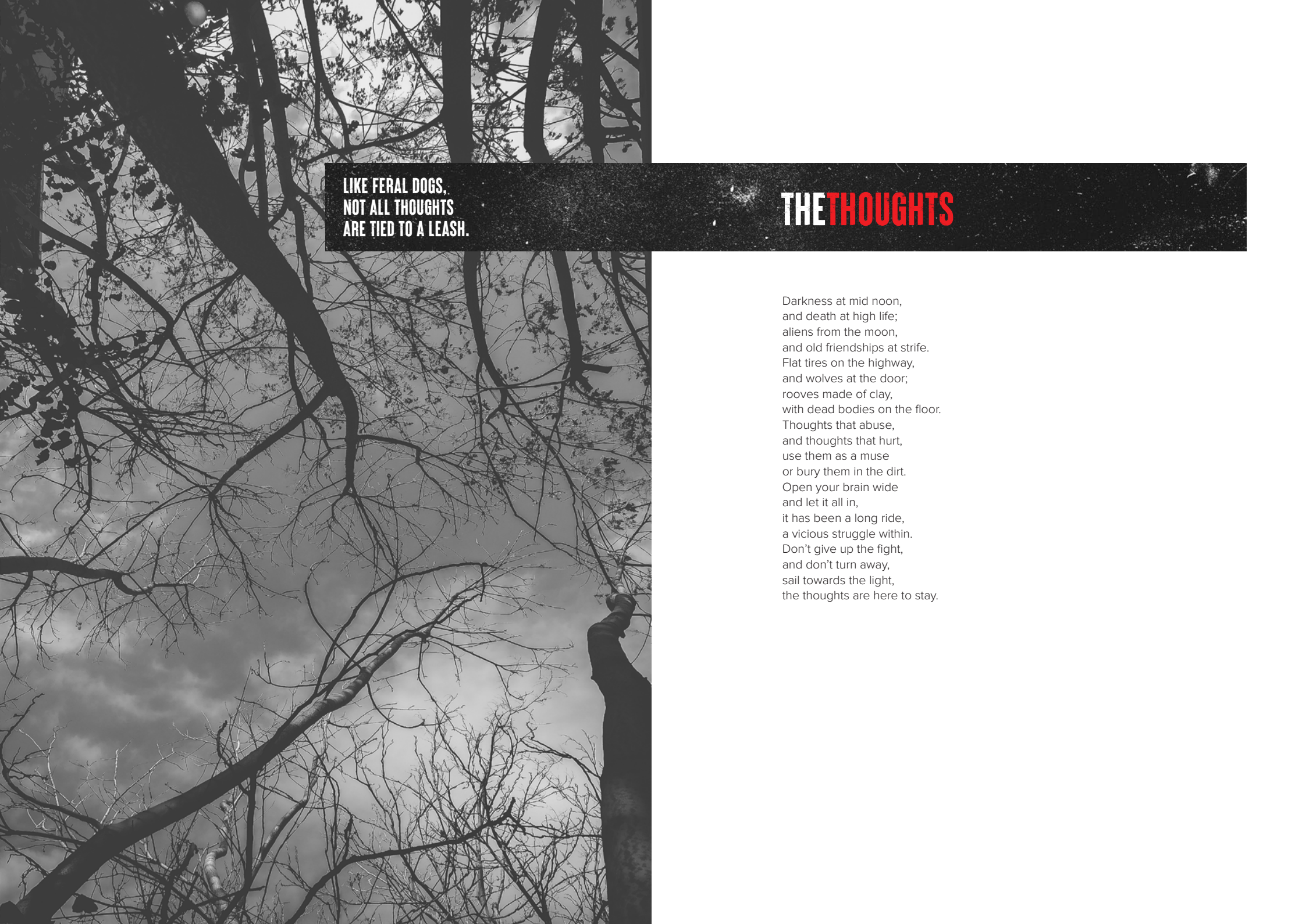
PART 4

THE REALITY



THE HABITS

Hello old friend,
welcome again,
please do come in
and make yourself at home.
Hello old foe,
it's been a short time,
why don't you come in
to keep this self at home?
Do not say
and do not speak,
do not stare
and do not peek,
for you have become me
and I have become you,
a habit, old and deep,
a harvest, you sow and I reap.
Hello old me,
welcome again,
why don't you go out
and find yourself a home?
Because old habits die hard,
and I, I'm not ready for death,
yet.



LIKE FERAL DOGS,
NOT ALL THOUGHTS
ARE TIED TO A LEASH.

THE THOUGHTS

Darkness at mid noon,
and death at high life;
aliens from the moon,
and old friendships at strife.
Flat tires on the highway,
and wolves at the door;
rooves made of clay,
with dead bodies on the floor.
Thoughts that abuse,
and thoughts that hurt,
use them as a muse
or bury them in the dirt.
Open your brain wide
and let it all in,
it has been a long ride,
a vicious struggle within.
Don't give up the fight,
and don't turn away,
sail towards the light,
the thoughts are here to stay.



TRUST WHAT YOU KNOW,
ANALYSE WHAT YOU HEAR,
AND WEIGH WHAT YOU SAY.

THE FACTS

The earth still spins,
and the moon still shines;
losses more than wins,
and signs between the lines.
Old friends have fled,
couldn't bear the dark;
hours spent in bed,
a flood without an ark.
Words have become few,
expressions even fewer;
while some remained true,
the rest turned bitter.
The thoughts have grown,
and the sleep has awakened;
the feelings have all gone,
and the bones are breaking.
The facts have become heavy,
and the path, cold and cruel;
The mind has grown ready,
and the heart became a fool.
The earth keeps on spinning,
and the sun rises still;
the world keeps on sinning,
with those who fell ill.



**AN INCH OF RAIN;
A BLESSING FOR THE THIRSTY
AND A CURSE FOR THE DROWNING.**

THENORM

Woke up at dawn,
to the screaming
of my sober thoughts;
my heartbeats
in my pillow,
like I'm finally
letting go.

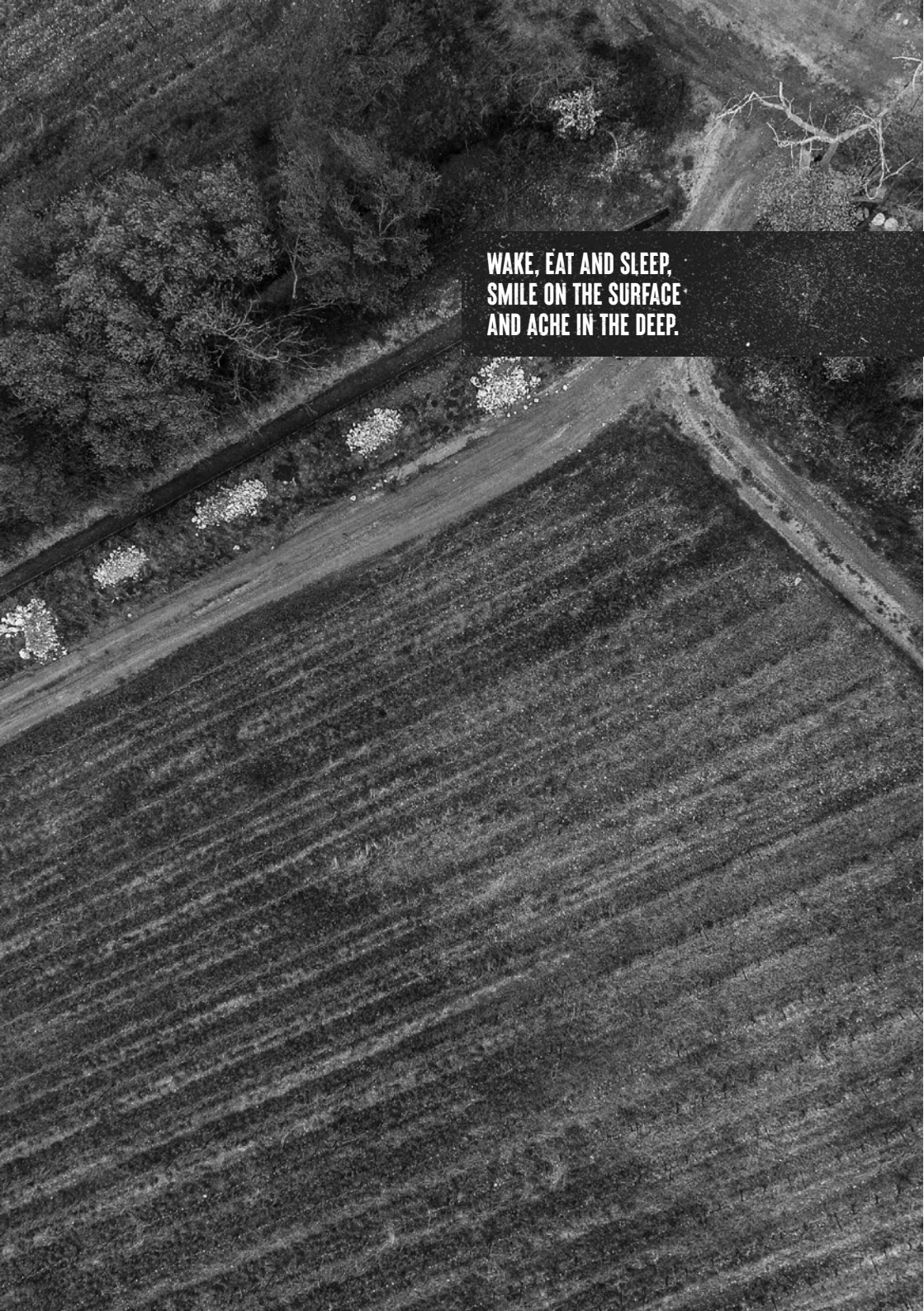
Woke up at dawn,
with a weight
on my boney chest;
my eyes
on the ceiling,
like I'm ready
to leave the rest.

It's become a habit,
a field of clouds
before the storm.

It's become a habit,
an uninvited guest,
we like to call the norm.

Woke up at dawn,
dreading the breaking
of the day.

Woke up at dawn
with so much to hear
and very little
to say.



WAKE, EAT AND SLEEP,
SMILE ON THE SURFACE
AND ACHE IN THE DEEP.

THE LOOP

The hands of my watch,
have shed
their relative honesty,
and now,
time passes me by,
like my slowly fading
sanity.

The cigarette
in between my lips,
has called the latter
an eternal home;
the colored pills
in my palm,
a handful
of painted stones.

The coldness
of the bedside wall,
has dug its way
to my aching bones;
The slow passing
of the day,
has become a loop
of all that is
unknown.

THE RATIONAL ANTHEM

There is a delicate balance
that governs all there is,
the knowledge brings pain
while ignorance bring bliss.
A fragile delicate balance
keeps you and me alive,
for after every lift-off
comes a harrowing dive.
The rational brains
juggle the extremes,
with a smile on their face,
they fall apart at the seams.
There is a delicate balance
which you all try to avoid,
acting happy all the time
has never filled any void.

AMENTAL JAM