

What's On
Your Mind?
Volume II



BY SOBJOB

CW: self deprecation, sexism, racism, homophobia

This is a compilation of poems that I've written and some photos I've taken over the past few months. It's currently April 2020 and we're undergoing a global pandemic. Some poems were written before this all started and some were written at the start of when it really hit where I'm at right now, so-called "vancouver", which is the settler colonial name for what actually is the land of the Squamish, Musqueam and Tsleil-waututh.

Volume I was more of a spontaneous creation, when folks around me were making zines on their computers while I didn't have access to one. I wrote it on paper and turned it digital for black dot distro. I currently have access to a laptop so I'm typing Volume II up.

This is what has been on my mind !



I have these thoughts that crawl into my mind
Scratching their way in with their claw-like fingers
They try to tear me up inside
Devour any sense of self worth
But maybe we shouldn't even be measuring ourselves highly
Maybe we should burn our measuring tapes
Start a metrical fire to keep us warm
That version of myself I should push in as well
To feed the flames, keep them alive
A self sacrifice
for a new wisdom of what it means to be an



I don't need to be good at anything
I don't need to be worth anything
In order to do it

This was what I had been waiting for
For you to spit the truth
Into their eyes
They're trying to rub off the goo
And the lies

Do I believe in forgiveness
As the stamp of change?
I believe in the forests
And the mountain range.
They give such a clear view
Of all the beings cleared by you
But my wiring is too divergent
I can't help but fail
To obey you.

When I was 15
I used to write songs everyday in my bedroom
When I used to get so lonely
I would smoke the heck out of music

Now I'm almost 20
I'm still a sad enbo
But I don't have as much time to process everything that's wrong
Because my world spins me around
Hangs me upside down
Then she runs to kiss my lips
And I'm filled with ecstasy
As we fill our pockets
And they light up like fireworks

Oh shit
I shouldn't write about my vices
I shouldn't dare immortalise that consuming temptation

What the fuck is a gigabite
I was thinking like Descartes
Then I started feeling like
I just wanted to feel
When I listened to my gut
Instead of that white man
Everything came together
I'm a mutt, a witch, an antifa super soldier
I smashed your patriarchal, racist
Pseudo facts and logic with only a hammer



Old name peels off my skin
I feel raw before your gaze
We are so fucking gay
We grew up with it spat in our face
We turned the word into something
great

We live below expectations
We're in the gap between dusty misery
And sweeping everything under the rug
I still sneeze quite often
It manifests in meltdowns



This zine was made on the stolen land of the Squamish, Musqueam and Tsleil-waututh. As anarchists, we should be opposed to all axes of oppression, and as settlers we must work to dismantle our position and the settler colonial projects. Destroy them.

#RESPECTINDIGENOUSOVEREIGNTY

#DECOLONIZATIONMEANSNOSTATE

#PROTECTTHEYINTAH

