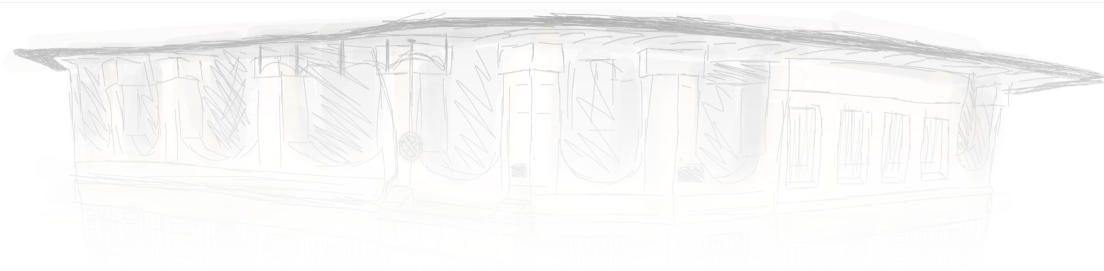


Wiersze z Technikum

shitty poems from my time in high school



Jakub Mlańczak

2024

Procrastination

2021 / JANUARY

Procrastination is a witch
that likes to hide right in plain sight.

I don't know how to deal with it,
no matter if with all my might
I try to push through;
and end it.

It comes right back again
when least expected?
Or not. Sometimes
I know exactly when it will.

It's real predictable, I'd say.
Each time I turn my back I'm slain
by my own expectations.

To Ms. Motivation

2021 / FEBRUARY

My time is running short, my motivation's running dry
I cannot bring it back, no matter how hard I may try
It's all lost

The reasonable deadline's not the issue.
Well, to be honest
The fundamental issue's that I miss you.

I'm told I need to do it, turn my problem into none.
I want my motivation back, I want to be successful!
The current me won't do; my room right now is just a cesspool
of bad ideas, books and clothes all scrambled on the floor.

What do I need to do to better myself? Oh?
Force myself to do the things I need to do, for once?

As if.

Distraction

2021 / Q1

I wake up, not rested.
Try to get up, but I'm bested
by my own lack of will
to thrive, not a thrill.
I strive to get better
'fore I die; a go-getter's what I want to be.
"I try my damn hardest but it's just not me."
~ That's what a voice in my mind is saying.
Constantly. Non-stop, unless I'm playing
games, singing, writing, engaged in a talk.
Or when I simply go out for a walk.
I need a distraction – I tell myself
to get rid of the voice from inside my own head.

Yestermonth

2021 / Q1

The tears of yesteryear,
yestermonth, day
have all dried away

Not a word have I said
Not a sound do I hear:
 "I'm here for you."
 Dread.

I'm fed up with this
red lead thread
words that hollow out my head

Don't you worry for me
I won't end up dead

These feelings I will shed.
 They won't be here forever.

I hope.

I just need to find out how.

Vicious Cycle

2021 / JUNE 10TH

Go to school.
Obey rules.
Waste your time but follow through.
Turn in everything that's due.

Fill the gaps.
In your marks.
Pass the class with high regards.
Leave the school, but come back soon!
To this fate forever doomed.

Cheat on tests. Hide it well.
"Oh, I'd say it's going swell!"

no it's not
nothing is

The Perfect Me

2021 / DECEMBER 16TH

He cooks. Draws. Sings.
Doesn't dance – he swings.
He fills his duties to their full
and from his mouth there falls no drool.
No lust for more – He's happy. Fine.
He does not need to walk the line.
He knows his needs, for him all's well.
If you ask him – it's going "swell."

But that will never be the case.
I worry much about my face.
Proportions. Contour. "It's okay"
they all tell me, but I won't sway.

One look I need, just one raised brow
while on the bus or out in town.
It makes me hear things – "go and drown."

And while it's tragic I'm in the cemetery's books,
at least nobody died from my hideous looks.

Światło mojej przyszłości

2023 / 10 LISTOPADA

czuje się jak latarnia
z funkcją zapowiadania.

noc nadciąga, więc wygłaszam stosowny komunikat
że zaraz zapalę światło.

od 10 miesięcy noc nie nadeszła.
10 miesięcy czekają na moje światło

ale ja jestem popsutą latarnią
i nie potrafię rzucić światła.

Polak Wschodni

2024 / 3 STYCZNIA

Silny będzie Polak Wschodni
jeśli kaczką nie zapomni
– i odbije telewizję.
(jeśli PiS minie rewizję)

Kościołami będziem stali,
mannę z nieba spożywali
jak prawdziwi katolicy,
mordowali na granicy.

Będą auta elektryczne
i fikołki nielogiczne,
trzeba ustnej gimnastyki,
elokwentnej erystyki.

Polskie firmy i koncerny
będą jak szczepy Moderny
walczyć z koronawirusem
(zamiast maską to obrusem).

Polska na przodzie Europy.
Ukry wykańczają stropy.
Gospodarka podupada.
Łamie się sądowa ława.

Społeczeństwo nieświadome
jakie kaczor robił wały,
ale jedno jest wiadome:
pieniądze się należały.