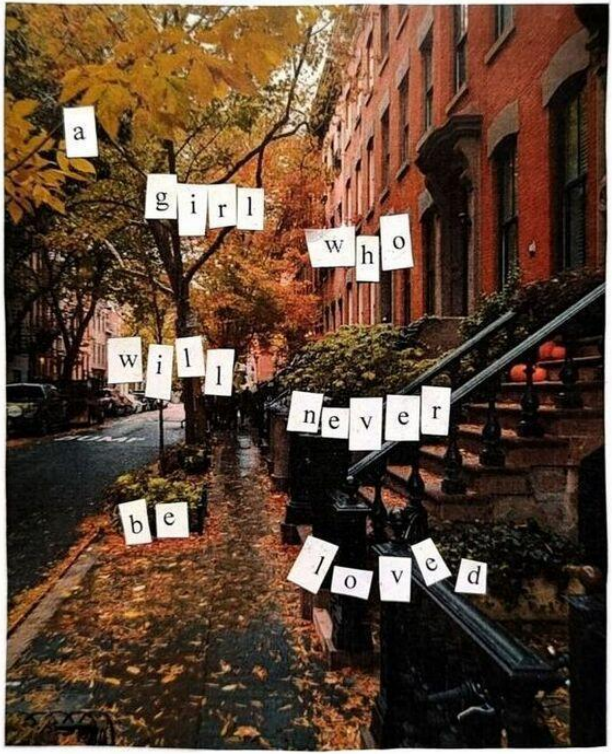
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nastya fall



Nastya Fall
A girl who will never be loved

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Аннотация

НЕЗАКОННОЕ ПОТРЕБЛЕНИЕ НАРКОТИЧЕСКИХ СРЕДСТВ, ПСИХОТРОПНЫХ ВЕЩЕСТВ, ИХ АНАЛОГОВ ПРИЧИНЯЕТ ВРЕД ЗДОРОВЬЮ, ИХ НЕЗАКОННЫЙ ОБОРОТ ЗАПРЕЩЕН И ВЛЕЧЕТ УСТАНОВЛЕННУЮ ЗАКОНОДАТЕЛЬСТВОМ ОТВЕТСТВЕННОСТЬ.

in the ruby depths of the darkest night in august something occured that overwrote everything she knew. the faith, the heartbreak, the lingering questions of what could've happened differently. something transformed everything she'd been. her curiosity. her shyness. her childhood. now she is trying to see into the sky, obscured with clouds. trying to figure out who she is, now that she isn't herself, knowing only one thing — when the elders warn to never say never — they mean it.

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A girl who will never be loved

Nastya Fall

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foreword

the funeral of my old self

when i wrapped up with *sunday hindsight diaries* in december 2023, i never stopped writing. it was something uncontrollable, like water gushing out of a dam breach — a force of nature. similar to taylor churning out folklore and evermore a few months apart, i didn't leave the headspace of melancholy, nostalgia and longing when i finished the first one. i even had more questions. the reason to publish *shd* in that moment was to set a crucial cornerstone. prove to myself that i could actually do this. count as a real writer, like i wanted ever since the first fanfiction idea crossed my mind and my fingers met the virtual page. it felt like a relief — a weight of expectation i could lift off my shoulders. may i enter the world of adulthood and never have the same energy to write again, i would still have fond memories of this body of work i created and a link in my bio to what i can call mine.

looking in *hindsight*, that time appears especially haunting. confusing and humbling, imbued with longing and devoid of loneliness — i can feel it so sharply now. even though i lacked being loved romantically, those months were highlighted by remarkable platonic intimacy. i was strongly connected to my

friends. it felt like we shared the same beliefs and supported each other on a level unattainable to most. honestly, i don't think i will have it in myself to reach this kind of involvement and credence in a friendship ever again. it's one thing i do regret now. junior year in general was one of the most memorable, intense and heartwarming years of my life. you don't understand that, of course, until it's way over, and try to transform your world into something unrecognisable. i didn't understand jobs or money or how i was going to survive after college. all i knew back then was a broken heart and an autumn calling, lingering in the cold evening air. but as the dampness froze into a whimsical pattern on the window glass, i felt that i needed to stop at some point and new years eve seemed like the perfect time to draw the line. actually, new years have always been oddly important to me, i saw them as this hugely abstract symbolic cleansing. a new beginning that we can embark on without carrying old baggage. all the baggage i had was a pen, a pack of hair dye, an agonising pain, a fuel of hatred and a falling out of love i couldn't pretend wasn't there. i desperately needed something to change the course of where i was reaching for inspiration. but 2024 started, days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months and i scrambled to have it in myself to let it go. i realised i had to wait for the fuming anguish to exhaust by itself. that's when i started scheming.

if i was writing so much, then someday all of these poems

would have to be released, right? all of these embarrassing truths and naked decisions, all of my fleeting opinions that i would renounce someday, would be out to the public. it seemed weird to publish a poetry book crying over a guy and then a few years later publishing another with identical contents when your audience expects you to evolve. i could just wait it out and let myself experience life without any standard to follow, but who actually cares when you are young and impatient? i needed a concept. an idea that would turn all this nagging into a depiction of a beautiful journey. my heart kindled up when i got this jolt of drive to search for an eloquent way to frame my moral weaknesses. and after daydreaming about living in new york on a murky late winter morning, i had it. **"a girl who will never be loved"**. brilliant, right? the first few chapters (the time of the coinage respectively) would serve as a reflection of bitter disappointment in love, but as the narration progressed, the heroine (myself) would discover that true love has been just around the corner all along. and the ending, of course, would be happy. it was february, maybe, and i was already toying with concepts i couldn't possibly know whether i could fulfil. but the idea of this, so to say, coming of age collection, touched something in my soul, and i got determined to bring it into fruition. i made a cover variant in free canva and, honestly, it looked horrendous. i wrote notes about chapter names and looked up aesthetics on pinterest. i dissected my life into periods like a historian and scripted a prediction of what was going to happen next. it was promising.

maybe i would meet my love at some uni gathering, we would go out to sunday dinners, make out in libraries, plan our future in grad school together. but what that future was, i didn't know. i couldn't picture anything beyond finals, including the embattled gradschool, and scarcely could imagine what would really happen before them. so i just kept writing, as the first blossoms of spring were bringing motion into my little experiment, finding joy in childlike pleasures, russian songs and former fandoms, burning out and emptying in the dog days of july, feeling like nothing made sense anymore without the constant presence of people i loved, there to entertain me. longing for an emotion intense enough to shake off this opaque, obtuse stability.

and then i met him.

***

i feel like i understand so many things now that i couldn't grapple three years ago, maybe didn't even realize existed. i say it every year so i feel like i've discredited myself, but nothing compares to being free and irresponsible and stupid and i miss it badly. a joyfulness that only a yester teenager can exhibit. an unawareness that gradually washes out until you realize it is completely gone. i wished things changed, so many things did. i lost most of the friends who constituted my whole world back then, the people these pages would been blank without. i made

new ones (and hope to keep making) and we are spending an amazing time together. is it the same as before meeting him? no. but it's just a natural part of the process i don't believe needs fixing. having different priorities doesn't mean i'm broken. growing up doesn't. and i really tried not to punish myself for drifting apart with old friends, even considering all the mistakes i've made, it wouldn't be much different anyway. i am different now. it pains me to read old texts and i feel embarrassed for every word i said. i didn't respond the same way, didn't laugh the same way and couldn't give the same amount of attention. it's vile and despicable, but sometimes i think, maybe that's all i needed to spread my wings? everything in my life that's been overwhelming and convoluted has calmed down and crept back to normal after our great divide. suddenly i stopped struggling to carve out time for every one of my friends, i just started enjoying it. i started initiating more, joking more, devoting more time to physical meetings. there were no more weird comments about how often i mention him in a conversation. maybe i cut down on mentioning or maybe only had friends that aren't intimidated by me having a boyfriend around. you can call me a hypocrite, but i barely dated him for a year. i didn't have everything figured out yet. it's a lame excuse and if you happen to be reading this, i'm sorry. i was so afraid i would turn into this creepy delusional woman that only wants to talk about her man that i didn't even notice i did. but i've changed a lot. doesn't mean i shan't utter his name again. i fear it's impossible, cause he's a part of my

family now — i just hope to sound less obnoxious while doing it. i shouldn't care, ideally, but i'm extremely self-conscious and really bad at letting things go, which you all should be aware of by this point.

with my close circle renewed, i began feeling more responsibility. all of my new friends had jobs and interviews and rental apartments and taxes and schedules and complaints. i felt a little alien and out of touch with my five weeks of working experience and a monthly paycheck from my parents. small and infantile and unapologetically happy. my main reasoning for this was obvious — i am still a student. but the argumentation couldn't stand the criticism in my own head. i knew other people combined studying and working and somehow got off just fine. but i couldn't. so i got mad at everyone. at myself for never pushing the boundary, never biting the bullet, for being too weak, too craven, too self-absorbed, too sensitive, too cautious. at my parents for helicoptering me and at him for further enabling this behaviour. i never knew, i guess, until now, what real maturity meant and how scared i was of it. i postponed the beginning as much as i could and still wasn't ready for impact. i graduated uni. moved out of my parents house. picked up one fifth of a real job, maybe. i got into gradschool i didn't have the right knowledge for and felt almost as lost as at 17 on the first days of freshman year. questions flooded my brain. who am i really? what is my way in life supposed to look like? this career i am choosing —

is it even the right one? why do i not miss my parents? how to manage all affairs at once when to have a home to keep? is it okay to want to get married already or am i too young? i turned 22 last autumn. this summer i finally understood what taylor meant in “nothing new”.

it didn’t come gently.

but before reality hit me, i got to write the last poems of my fading childhood, the ones with the most yearning and helplessness and plea. living and breathing a real life healthy relationship, not some romanticised bullshit i imagined 3 years ago, turned the sheer concept of “a girl who will never be loved” into a complex, layered body of work. it’s meaning is no longer to break the stereotype and recapitulate the process of finding love, as if in a fairytale happy ever after. it’s giving insight into what loving someone and being loved in return does to the way you think and perceive yourself. it briefly touches on the story of love emerging, but dives more deeply into my fear of abandonment, of not fitting in, growing up and growing old with him. just like olivia rodrigo’s third and most recent record “you seem pretty sad for a girl so in love” (look we’ve even got similar titles!) where she expands on the individual perception of love, not once addressing the love interest directly or mentioning their name. the songs are not about him, they’re about how his love made her feel, depersonalised perfectly enough to make them easy to relate to. she also elaborates on how relationships aren’t a

panacea, something i, too, realised at my own pace. being in love won't cure your insecurities or fix your issues. it will likely bring out the worst in you. when you're building a connection from a place of vulnerability and your partner genuinely wants to know what you feel, you're starting to pay closer attention to things that hurt and offend you. the closer you look into your reactions, the better you know your own patterns, and sometimes it won't matter how nice they are and how well they treat you, it may just not work, because another person can't solve your problems. even a therapist can't, unless you bring in the effort. i learned the hard way that sometimes you feel so wrong and lonely you wish they left because tolerating you is torture. but if they truly love you and accept you unconditionally — it's not. when you struggle with self-control and emotions, you expect the other person to struggle, too, because you can't see yourself from their perspective. if it feels like torture to you, you believe it must be torture to them. but you'll never read someone's mind. you'll never know a thing except they won't leave you and they love you, because that is what happens when they accept you with your flaws and tantrums and ruminations. and it's not over. it's never over. it's an ever-lasting topic that i could say a thousand words about, but not all of them stick to a rhyme. i finished the collection in a place prompting a continuation — a detailed exploration of sharing a home, a heart, a marriage. and though i'm composing this foreword from a heart permeated with doubt, believe me, sooner or later i'll write it. it's just the way i am.

getting knocked off my feet, but standing up again to strike the indifferent passage of time with defiance, glitter and a coke zero.

a girl who will never be loved.

chapter 1. poison

but my head is full of poison and my heart is full of doubt
i got toxins in my bloodstream, you tried hard to suck them out
and it feels like medication, and it's good for me, i'm sure
but it don't matter how your love feels anymore
it will never be the cure

— the cure, olivia rodrigo

"i want to tell you what's been on my mind…"

i want to tell you what's been on my mind,
confess it right to your face.
i'm curious whether you'll be surprised
when you hear the words of hate.

i didn't lie back then, but now i'm in doubt,
i'm falling out of my grace.
i didn't feel this way for all of the time

and now i am getting scared

that seeing your real beliefs and your type
will ruin the pretty days.
i just want to leave you alone with your life,
but i still would like to stay.

09.01.2024

“you trust me enough to show your scarlet wounds…”

you trust me enough to show your scarlet wounds,
i add salt to injury.
i said i’m a deeply kind person, but now
where is my empathy?

i’m sorry you witness how tainted i am
in ruthless ferocity.
it’s all because my feeble heart cannot take
your difference from me.

09.01.2024

“i am already far from things that tantalised me…”

i am already far from things that tantalised me,
mortality of being suffocated.
they’re buried now, instead of my tormented body,
their dolour fake and desolated.

but i’m as far from things that i romanticised,
my dreams of academic validation.
i wish i could get back the faith i lost with time,
this endless chic old money motivation.

irrevocable, like the frankness of a child,
it won’t return it’s incandescent occupation.

i’m doing good, but i’m forever paralyzed
just somewhere at the age of eighteen.

10.01.2024

“blood beads on the tip of a dagger, drops of rubies and garnet…”

blood beads on the tip of a dagger, drops of rubies and garnet,
red poppies with petals like velvet, growing in a cursed garden,
the silence of graveyards, uncanny, under the veil of darkness,
the bell of a censer wailing, the old vicar, striding the aisles.

a bold sacrifice for redeeming your promises made to hell.
a pity that demons will never believe you
if you say you didn’t intend it.

10.01.2024

“why does it hurt so much…”

why does it hurt so much,
why does it burn?
the way i don’t know you now,
don’t know you at all.

i’m trying to avoid
your presence everywhere,
but do you think you caught on
my insincerity?

maybe i need a break
to restore my breathing,
to stop being fucking fake
when i am with you.

14.01.2024

“now she is so close to you, the way i can’t be…”

now she is so close to you, the way i can’t be.
if we inhale the same air, i don’t want to breathe.
if we’re under the same stars, i don’t want to see.
she’s doing a fucking great job at replacing me.

you’re born to be drawn, adored, in softest pastels.
if i can’t be yours, is there a reason to stay?
i bet she will give you what i could never give.
a whole fucking world, but it’s not enough,
is it?

i hope you won’t understand how broken my heart is,
i hope you don’t fucking care that i am to suffer,
i hope you are well and don’t think how unwell i am.
i hope you are blind and oblivious
and happy in hell.

19.01.2024

“what would it be like if some words just remained unsaid?..”

what would it be like if some words just remained unsaid?
if i never blamed you for using my loyalty,
if you never told me that it’s gonna end,
if i didn’t swear i could go and die for you.

there are some things that i can’t explain:
how you kinda resemble my favourite youtuber,
the way you look insanely hot in maroon turtlenecks,
the fact that you’re my number one,
and you know that, do you?

maybe, if we didn’t talk, i would never get so upset,
wouldn’t be putting your needs far above my own.
you’re the worst i’ve ever had, boy, yet you are the best.
what would it be like if we never got to say
hello to each other at all?

22.01.2024

“it’s easy to feed off somebody’s success…”

it’s easy to feed off somebody’s success,
not putting much effort into it.
you’re fresh out of fucks to give, as you like to say,
guess i should learn this mindset too.

you think everyone will be this kind to you,
as fucking indulgent as we are?
nobody cares what you want and don’t want to do,
each man for himself is the rule here.

you’re flying cause i haven’t taken your wings yet,
it’s all me, do you understand it?
you don’t deserve a single thing that you get,
i really hope somebody tells you.

25.01.2024

“no matter how hard i try, whatever i say or do…”

no matter how hard i try, whatever i say or do,
it never seems to be enough, never enough for you.
you don’t even say “thank you”, but you take it all for granted.
if i leave it all to you, will you at last be contended?

30.01.2024

THE SECRET HISTORY I

you were always a vengeful greek goddess, but never an angel.
a sanguinary warrior locked up inside a lady.
your boyish features softened by silky locks, blond and heavy,
a halo of honeyed venom glowing around the edges.

we've done all the same, you and i, but where is your misery?
if beauty is terror, then you are the most gorgeous being.
calm, collected and dainty, drinking your soda and whiskey.
how can a thing so atrocious seem, suddenly, so appealing?

by the time you grow tired of this pretending, who will stay with you?
maybe, if we were dating, i'd keep your from all of those secrets.
winter has made you more adamant, but never less wistful.
maybe, if we got married, you would forget about his love?

23.01.2024

THE SECRET HISTORY II

you and your thin cigarettes, your pointed chin,
billowing hems of a coat, a black raven flying.
modern-day dorian gray, onegin eugene,
looking so effortless in your fancy neckties.

you and your white bathrobes, your aunt's country house,
champagne and olives, singing opera while you cook.
rowing the lake, your face dissolving into pale sparkles,
sitting opposite you, i can't help myself but to look.

picnics with figs and pears, driving your old mustang,
you and your little laughs, eyes fixed on the tennis court.
you're mixed of bleach, apple vinegar, ginger and lemon,
your hair is so flamy, yet your blue blood is so cold.

you're made of elegance, prosperity, wit and power,
you and your omnipresent cult of dionysus.
it is your world — and you are happy to devour.

"cubitum eamus?"
"what?"

“nothing”

31.01.2024

THE SECRET HISTORY III

it was the end of everything — the great decline,
the fatal flaw that killed the souls inside of us.
the fatal flaw i couldn't recognise — so young and wild —
has got me marked, like cain for his own brother.

i merged into them five — aloof and melancholic,
believing that i found my place in old convertibles,
in drinking scotch under the evening gloaming,
devotedly translating greek philosophers.

it was a blink that had my happiness decided,
but all that i could see in my head until now —
the hours of the night in empty moonlit libraries
and poems on the margins of feeling alive.

31.01.2024

“i’m tired of aching and dreading for you, saying a prayer every day…”

i’m tired of aching and dreading for you, saying a prayer every day:
let the whole world be the kindest to you
and please be okay, be okay.

i’m tired of catching a glimpse of your eyes
only to face all your pain.
let me just try to help you to be fine
and please be okay,
amen.

01.02.2024

“i don’t wanna know if you’re joking, i don’t care…”

i don’t wanna know if you’re joking, i don’t care.
did it stop hurting or am i deceiving myself?
i’m so sick of seeing your face gleaming with glee.
baby, you’re full of shit and you blame it on me.

you are so funny, trying to provoke counter hits.
if you are so short of attention, go to a shrink.
i’m not here to solve your problems, like you are a kid.
talk all your shit if you want, just not about me.

08.02.2024

“send me to hell — i’ll come crawling…”

send me to hell — i’ll come crawling,
cause here, on earth, no one needs me.
tell me whatever you want to,
you know damn well i’ll believe it.

nobody does it quite like you,
coaxing me into dependence.
did you just go and gaslight me
or am i losing my selfness?

and now that i cracked your armour
you found someone new to beguile.
you used to say that you love me,
was it a lie?

12.02.2024

“you’ve always been like that, right?..”

you’ve always been like that, right?
so i shouldn’t be complaining.
but here i am, on the war path,
i’m fighting against you again.

why are you smiling at me,
grinning like nothing happened?
taking away all my dignity,
then saying i’m being dramatic.

of course, i was wrong to appease you,
giving you all my solicitude.
cause i can’t stand seeing you fail,
but also can’t stand your indifference.

it’s your life, not mine, to intrude,
i’m sorry i’m trying to fix it.
~~i really wish you didn’t need me~~
i really wish i didn’t need you.

21.02.2024

“remorse always appears out of the blue…”

remorse always appears out of the blue,
when i’m falling asleep.
i’ve done so many awful things to you,
but you are still with me.

i bet you love me more than i can tell,
more than you’re used to show.
you know my life without you’s worse than hell,
so i won’t let you go.

i want to say i’m sorry i’m like that,
and you let a smile slip.
can’t promise i’ll indeed behave myself,
will you still be with me?

27.02.2024

“i miss the time when i was so naive…”

i miss the time when i was so naive,
i thought i couldn’t live without you,
cause now i know i’d thrive away from here,
my selfless passion running dry.

i guess it’s fine to leave some things behind,
once you know they grew out of use.
the good can’t last, belonging in the past,
it’s no more rewarding to you.

i know i let you down, i didn’t mean it,
but can you side with me for once?
when you put it like that, i’m feeling guilty,
don’t i deserve a second chance?

why can’t i give up this urge to save you,
when you seem to never care?
i’d fuck myself up just to heal and help you,
and you’re acting so unaware.

can’t stomach the words “you hurt me”,

we used to be nice to each other.
thought i couldn't live without you,
unburden me,
save me the trouble.

06.03.2024

“i’m not like you, nor will i ever be…”

i’m not like you, nor will i ever be,
i’m vitiated.
it’s fine, not being as much libertine,
why does it make me angry?

it’s fine, i have other priorities
and tons of inner hatred.
what would you feel if you were just like me,
emasculated?

what do i have to do to make myself
want other people?
how do i tell you simply having sex
won’t really fix you?

if you were mine, you would not have to starve
for resolution.
i would not have to curse myself out loud
for lacking fusion.

why do i even need to be in love

to feel my skin blaze?
i guess it used to be much easier
in my teenage days…

i know someday they'll come around and sparks
will fly between us.
until it happens i hope you shut up
about your wishes.

27.03.2024

“i pick something out to watch, you say you hate this show…”

i pick something out to watch, you say you hate this show,
i try to laugh it off, leaning into your side,
you move away, and the sweat on my hands feels cold.
do you hate me too? i would ask, but i choose the quiet.

you don’t tell me you love me in grocery store lines,
you don’t tell me goodnight when we’re in the same bed,
you are frowning, but don’t confess what’s on your mind,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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