

The background of the cover is an abstract painting. It features a rich palette of greens, from light sage to deep forest green, with hints of blue and brown. The texture is highly visible, with thick, expressive brushstrokes and some areas where the paint appears to be layered or dripped. The overall effect is organic and somewhat ethereal, fitting the 'liminal' theme of the title.

The Liminal Hymns

The Lyric Book

Anaïs Chartschenko

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LYRICS

Refusal of the Call

So I said
I'm fine on a
Mountain of lies
If you wear your disguise
The lie can be flush against
The skin
Blending in
Even in the eyes
So much for the
Window to the soul
I am told
Do you know
I have a mystery
Stirring deep within me
And I shut that whole
Fucker down
'Don't deny your role'
Choose a
New prophet
All the trite sayings are
Saying in my head
You can live through this
Can't you
Sweetie

It is in his hands
But I am here unraveling me
A meat story
I feel and it doesn't
Mean a thing until I
Think it does

Dirty Laundry

I got out of the bathtub
I looked at the sink
And what did I see
But some smeary image
That was me
I used to take a drug to
Enter another space
But now all I have is my mind
And my mind is free
He tried to cage me
He had my hands
He put his body on me
Like a weapon
And I can't understand
Sometimes my memories
Crash into my head
Sometimes my memories
Are memory lands
Where I'd rather be dead
It's a weird thing to be
At war with your own brain
I wait for the electricity
To say if I'm insane
And all of the doctors

And all of the nurses
Put the electrodes on me
I got out of the bathtub
I put one sock on
Then the other
I went to listen to the
Laundry machine
Where at least I know I can
Make everything go clean

Disconnect

Hello
Are you there
I've been looking
At my skin
For your memory
Hello
I know I don't deserve
To hear you
Still I ask
It's muscle memory
Blood pumping
It's hard to love
When all that meant
Is beats on an interior
Record skipping
One step stuttering
Your name
Your name
Your name
Your name
You gave me your name
I'm yours
Hello
I know you're gone

Before the Bed

I'm still not sure
Am I doing this right
Uncork the bottle
And set it on the sill
We will finish it tonight
Unraveling
Skein by skein
Don't start in with the
Boring things
Who cares what's
Your favourite
Colour
Or thing
Listen to the cadence
Listen to the sound of
Words being formed
Being born like a god
In the throat
And I will drown

Dam

I cut myself
A cover story
Lines are patterned
Up my arms in
Vines that grew through you
I cut myself
I needed to feel
More than sinner
Versus saint
I wanted something real
I wanted to feel
I wanted to be human after all
We're only human after all
The skin on my knees
Skinned beliefs
Please don't make me
On my knees
Choose
It isn't so bad
Bleeding isn't so bad
It's holding all of it in
It's holding all of it in
Waiting
Can I come out to play

Can I come out to play
Can I come out to play
I cut myself off
I stopped going
To any other human
For sympathy
Or comfort
I cut myself off
No one can hurt you
If you don't give a damn
No one can hurt you
If you don't give a damn
Dam up my eyes
Dam up my eyes
damn

Delilah

first step
i listened to the rain
your name was
a psalm, a pseudo hymn
alone i sang in sorrow
until
with you
a melody
you heard
first there was the razor
then there was the hand that
stilled the blade
we fell, drained
i still believe we
loved
as best as we could love
as best as we dared
you threw down the first strand
you'll always be my darling
Delilah
you set me free

Ancestry

Still I count your name
Still in a box where all of me remains
I know you can't hear me
What do you say to a ghost
Who carries part of you in their hands
What do you say when you need
To apologize for-
I could kneel a thousand years
I could count all the rosary beads
Running back to your Italian ancestry
I'll be under the weeping tree
Holding court
Holding favors
Waiting to hold your memories
For you
Doesn't have to hurt
If you only pull it off quick
Pull it off quick
Doesn't have it hurt
If you pull it off quick
I've been saying that for years

Dismembered Doll

Don't let me out of your sight
I cut down into the heart of
The matter, the madness
I was a doll for so long
I don't know how to get
Along without the pull of
The string
Baby
Do I need to ask
Do I need to get another
Gas mask on to breathe
I know the answer
I denied it but
One two three
The answer's inside of me
Stop winding

From The Sea

I'm in the past
I'm looking back
Black black black
Curls
How do I know the
Sea will rush in
Base all of me on
Black black black
curls
I eroded
I got softer
I got old
I am my sand, mere
Sediment
In the end
Black black black
Curls

Hill

I'm the one
Who ran up
That dusty hill
Gathering all
The wrong blooms to heal
And I'm the one
Who wandered back
To wine
Then back to water
It is fine
Are you the one?
I'm the one who
Asked before
I'm the one with
Hope choked in
Her eyes
I'm the one that
Wanted more than
You can give and I
Know it's late,
Time I went about
Moving on
Do you remember
When we said yes

Hallelujah
Said stay,
Are you the one?
Hallelujah
I'm moving on

Last Known Address

I mailed my heart in a box
If you would take your time
With the tape
Cut through my hate
Cut through my sorrows.

Meat Me

I'm off on a
journey
rue all those
who would
stop me
I begin to peel
back my skin
scale down
the walls
down the well
Reflect the stars
what do you see
cells
carve up the
meat what is
the meaning of
me
I am on a journey
rue to those who
try to stop me
“did you take
your pill?
Let me fill your cup”

Personal Mythology

i've been counting down my
memories
I hold them
i don't want to
forget
the way the this world
fades
on me, oh my
with a slip, a seize, bye
i slide through time
i am my own fable born
she came in the form
of an orange peel
lodged into my
throat until
my grandmother snaked
her finger in-gasp
breathing-
there is another memory
that's
catching in the quick
i am six or seven
there is the
immortal soul

i have screwed up
i am not worthy of it
how?
skip ahead
i learned to snake
my own finger down
my throat and pull out
the poison
pull out the amens
i'm real cause i'm here
i'm real cause i'm here
or am i
i'm still here
or

The Other Side

Said she was sorry
She couldn't do a thing
She didn't know what
To do
On the other side
Of the door
She said she heard
Me scream
She said she almost
Ran out of the house
But she just stayed put
On the other side
Of the door
She said she almost
Found the courage to
Dial 9 then 1...
But the other one was
Caught in her throat
While I was
Revised
On the other side
Of the door
I don't want to think
About what could have been

If she'd done
The thing she'd thought of doing
Instead of nothing
And I'm not here
To point
Fingers or lay blame
Because the only one
Who is to blame
Is not where she stood
It wasn't her
It was him
On the other side
Of the door

Into The Cups

line up all your familiar friends
in order of sober to not so
I will bring sense and order
I told you; I've got you
who is going to be the savior tonight
I am dying all the sheep white
face it alone at your own peril
into the cups
I could stare until the stillness
Sacked me between the eyes
As if in defiance of my washed hands
At the magical thinking state
Delight in my worry as I tumble
It round wondering who said it
First was it the stuffed bear and if so
Do I need to count in order after all
One sheep lead the next sheep then
Off the cliff to pig's feet, after a few
Too many the inky depths are murky
Did this come from my carefully
Crafted coloured disaster fable book
Or is it simply a disordered mind ordering
Itself through space and time, expand the
Breath, observe the riddle, I had too much

But not nearly enough to confront the
Raw wounded parts of me I severed and
Kicked into some wrong hall to claw the
Walls and cry for the other parts of me
Left shivering, is this a whole self or is it
Splintering? In the light of day I'm sure
But certainty has a way of making monsters
In the night when Insomnia curls up and
Spoon me tight. I close my eyes again
To watch the play of colours cross my eyes
Is this another mirage of a miracle
A rainbow to mock the ark I built and
Then shoveled to the back of my
Consciousness in case the water comes

Kinsey Scaled

It begins
Our story
An attempt
One touch
One misery
I wept
Wiping my face
Inept garden games
X and Y meet
In the bushes
Don't fear science
Don't fear desire
Wrapped in
Experiments
Wrapped in the flag
Of nations waiting
To be claimed
It's okay not to
Feel the same
It's okay to step
Down the wrong path

Tomorrow

had to make amends with
someone that took time away
and dark stains
are signs
It's not easy to admit
the reddest ones were mine
rains scatters the image
of the world that's coming down
they say the world is ending
they say it's ending soon
so bow your head
but then again i'd like to take
this moment to sin
to sin
to touch what isn't mine
to take all of this
and hold it in both hands
to taste it in my mouth
will there be tomorrow
will there be tomorrow
will there be tomorrow

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Anaïs Chartschenko hails from the Canadian wilderness. She has come to enjoy such modern things as electric tea kettles. Her published works include:

Bright Needles
The Whisper Collector
The Weightless One
Perfect Break
The Liminal Hymns