



Untethered

*The Lyric Book*

Anaïs Chartschenko

# **Untethered Lyrics**

**Anaïs Chartschenko**

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First Printing, 2019

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**Dirty Petri Dish**

I can live in

The bottom of

A petri dish

I am a mixture

Of pure air

And I am the

Contaminates

They said I

Am limited in

Scope

I say I am

The rarest

One of all

I scaled the

Walls

Cut in to the

Spine

Untethered

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See it all from

The inside

What makes you

Think they know

What makes you

Think they know

I'm turning in

**Playing god**

Don't waste your prayers on me

I wait on that bed

I see in my mind-

I see myself out

Who am I am-

What am I now

What is consciousness

Is it rushing in a river bed

It is me

It is you

It it even here

Is it even truth

It it a thing

They took my vital signs

They say my heart can't decide

Who is it beating for this time

Shouldn't play favourites

Shouldn't play with my veins, no

Shouldn't-give me a butterfly

I'm not free anymore  
Don't waste your prayers on me  
Even though the pressure is  
Mounting, sparks are a red fall  
It's coming  
I'll try to be properly stoic  
When it happens:  
"I can't see anything at all"  
So still don't waste your prayers on me  
There is nothing your god can do  
That he can not do with his science  
Until he tells me it is beyond his medical  
Knowledge  
Still don't pray for me  
Don't tell me  
Even that is a sign  
When they start on my  
Faulty electricity



**Intractable Means Stop Listening**

How can I be inspired

I can't be real

Said how to quantify

An abstract feel

There's magic in a

Pain scale

Tried so hard

My books and all the

Secrets with them

I'm not telling

Don't-

I hurt now

I'll hurt tomorrow

Hurt tonight

So why do I tell you

Why do I need to

Don't-

Dreamt about words like

Relief, some form

Of sheep if I sleep

Intractable means

Stop listening

**Left with Me**

How can I  
Be that one that  
You admire  
I throw myself  
Down the stairs  
In my mind  
All the time  
I am not that brave  
I do things out of spite  
I do things because there  
Is no other way  
I am my own enemy  
I aspire to be inspiring  
But look down  
I am bleeding  
Time slides  
Don't look too close  
I fall through time  
All the time

I seize

In the dark

I am left with me and

I don't know

Who to ask

How to make

It stop

I've had EEGS

Where they can't find

The brain waves that

Explains

What happens to me

So don't take these

Thoughts too seriously

Wait a second-

I'm just

Electricity-

I hope I don't leave you

Wanting

**An Abyss**

Looked into an abyss

I said I feel fucked

What is this

He said

It isn't plain to me

I said my head feels

It's dripping down

That damn spinal fluid

Something happened

The block is broken

Something happened

If you can't say

*This is fucked* to your doctor

Who can you say it to, really?

He looked at my head

He looked at my spine

He looked in the eyes

And we laughed

I feel I'm losing it

*-You still look good*

*Anyway-*

See you next Tuesday

### **Healthy Skepticism**

I'll wait

Forever

And a day

A day

I see

Just what they wrote

About me

It's not that pretty

Not that kind

I'm not what I

Wished to be but

What do you expect me

To be?

What would you be

If you were locked

Inside a body that was

Unraveling

Losing consciousness

Then

Gathering consciousness  
Or whatever that is  
Who do you trust-  
It depends  
They will write  
If you are sane  
Based on less  
Than five minutes  
And they will see  
You at your worst  
With your hair in knots  
A circle around eyes  
Blood in unexpected places  
Confusion ruler of your  
Hurt head, what is this  
Dripping fluid in my skull  
Down to my neck  
Oh my god *what is this*  
Who wouldn't lose it  
You can't tell me that  
You understand the brain  
No one knows  
No one knows



You can't see

You don't know

I don't believe you

You don't know

**Pain Scale**

Lost again

Can't find my way out

In that old familiar place

In my head

Lost again

I read too much about myself

I saw through to the other side

I'm too stubborn to die

Today

Ask me where it hurts and

Ask me on the scale of

One to ten

Like where, like hell?

Like fire

Like dull or radiating or

Like who cares?

Who cares?

I am too stubborn now,

Today

To die with a pill in my

Hand to numb the pain

There is no one

To blame

There is a faucet in my brain

There is a posit in my brain

It's calling me to pain

To paradise or pain

It's calling me

What number on your

Fucking scale

Does it go to twenty

Or can we stop now

**Easy Complications**

I can't come to you now

I bruise easily, I do

Fell through a mirror

Seven years bad luck

I can't give it to you

Don't tell me you

Won't believe-

Believe me,

I lived it,

Do you die as pressure

Builds inside?

There goes my

Eyes

It's raining...

It's going to be so hard to tell

It's going to be so hard to let you

decide

If you can feel the line

To let you decide if you like

The line

*I'll make it easy*

*Don't need to say*

*It's complicated*

*Don't need to hear*

*About bad luck*

*Or all that junk*

*It's either do you*

*Want me or do you not*

*Are you in or are you out*

**Untethered**

Cut away

Don't lose a stoic face

To a kind doctor's empathy

Always caught in the moment

Before the decision-reach or-

I didn't

I drifted into a river

Time meant nothing

I meant nothing

Electricity overlay reality

There aren't answers

There are doors slammed and

Sly surprises

You can't know

There are only *whys*

No one asked me

No one can stop me

No one can reach me

Nothing completes me  
I am nerves exposed  
Synopses firing, pain is  
Panic searching for a sign,  
Signs are brains piecing patterns  
Like quilters and mine are messes  
Threads ravel gather in the cord to  
Find if there's consciousness worth  
Repeating while seizing please,  
I am falling  
I am-  
I *am* or I'm not

You can't know  
You can only ask  
Is it different now  
Will I accept an empathetic  
Face, oh today, the darker waves  
Are to my knees and I am  
Already slipping, stoic  
Cut away  
You can only wonder  
Doubt will wound around

As you walk the clean halls

Have you

Antiseptic

Have you gloves

Have you meaning

Have you needles

Have you curiosity

For the both of us

I'm going under

I need you now

I don't know my way out

I don't trust anyone else

And I saw no bright light

Does that mean

My angel closed their eyes

I trust no one else



**Platonic**

Forge a new path  
Out of metal, parts  
Of pain and triumph  
Lay the blueprint  
Down, this is better  
Done by machete  
Cut through the forest  
And down to the  
House. I'm not the one  
To hear your stories,  
I'm not the one to  
Kiss trembling lips  
And lie about how  
It will all be okay  
The die is cast  
As ever fate is  
Turn it over in  
Your hands or  
Throw down your

Cards, it doesn't matter

I can't eat your

Pomegranate

Seed, but I will lay

The grass

I'm old and I have

No daughter

I'm not even that

Demeter with her flowers

No, just be content

In the garden cut

From weeds and sticks

See the beauty in the

Yearning because the

Getting is the beginning

Of the ending

**Sword Now**

Tell me a story

Is it happily ever after

I wasted years

Waiting for a hero to

Ride in

I picked up my

Sword now



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

Storm for the Adored