

Jakub Mihalkovic

Songs of Bloom



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To Adam and Jakub

Introduction

When I started collecting poems for this book, I had an idea that I would rework old song lyrics I wrote for my rock band July in Bloom, which I founded with my two best friends in 2014. Although it was never our ambition to make a living with music, it served as an outlet for three early 20-somethings to cope with the struggles of everyday life. We went through breakups, struggles with alcohol, depression, loss, and anxiety so we could understand and eventually accept our newfound self. And as time passed, we became 30-somethings that no longer get together to play music. But I hope these songs will shine through the darkness for someone as they did for us.

Jakub Mihalkovic

This collection materializes not only a period of music and friendship. It reveals positive but also negative memories, situations, events, and experiences, often full of absolute contradictions and constant battles inside (losing a friend, love, hope, visions of the future, problems with alcohol and the old self in contrast to making new friends, finding a new love, the will to live, learning to live with oneself, abstinence and the new self). And this process, this entire protracted adventure, darkness, and light, is captured within these poems.

Adam Hradsky

Finding inner happiness and peace through music and friendship. This for me characterizes a period that wasn't always only about happiness and peace, but also about sadness, hardship, and loss. However, it was inevitably about us, three friends who never gave up their fight with demons and shared their strength. All the more precious and intimate was the music in which everyone expressed their deepest feelings and desires. Our unique personalities fit perfectly into that entity we called a band. It's magical to be part of something meaningful. July in Bloom broke up, but it created something that will last forever. This collection perfectly captures what's hidden between the lines. A deeper emotion.

Jakub Chalabala

Sonnets & Blooms

1.

A blank page is a threat – I delegate my dreams
they'll take the shape of sins and reflect the fear
but it won't be too long before they'll get loose
run amok in the wild and put their claws to use
I've never met you though we share a bond
and I blame you for the evil that's spawned
friends shell-shocked – you're my other half
that you watch my world burn upon your laugh
there are islands of hope in this deep red sea
the agony is a side-effect of us being free
bridges collapse – the quakes aren't of the Earth
weed in stones – destroy it we must upon its birth
a virtue of mine is to admit if I'm wrong
fight ahead required honor all along

2.

Set in my ways – I'm the owner of a blank stare
I trudge through the crowd flagrant and bare
and I feel the need to clothe – maybe even hide
though my skin itches I'd rather pick what's inside
my brain zaps – forgotten memories take form
unwise to act upon it – it becomes my norm
images I recollect – often scary, gray, they're a shade
I squint but the curled-up child seems never to fade
through the distant chatter – senses start to heighten
the grinning kid gives me a book I used to write in
it has a hardcover – it almost feels like a sign
I glare inside with hope and see the first line
 "Will the warm tears melt my cold day?"
 In this instant – I know I have found the way

3.

On a strange summer day – I did what I had to do
the wisest thing I could – I ran from all of you
I know you were right – will you list my wrongs?
Forget the friend and put the blame where it belongs?
I don't need your pity – I decide as I please
in my true fashion – I taunt you and tease
the greatest con artist that you've ever known
I thrive in chaos during the day – at night I lie alone
your look – made of rocks – your fists – forged from steel
the claws tossed me around – ordered me to kneel
in front of the throne – I up my thorned chin
I see myself staring at me wearing an evil grin
 will thy mirror cause the end?
 or will you end your mirror?

4.

“LAST NIGHT, Artist, 20: LOST THE MUSE

said headlines in the morning news

I remembered me and you – a pair of stars

echoes of the howl cemented our scars

We drank to sink low – smoked to get high

could've we not foreseen things going awry?

None of us passengers – but it was me behind the wheel

aiming for a narrow path between the car and a pole of steel

I sniped through it with a little room left for remorse

years would pass until they surface with a force

dear friend, does it haunt you? Do you share?

Dear Lord – how does it taunt me? It won't leave me bare

I wake to see the headlines in the morning news

and grow weary of the same story about a muse