

saudade by sato masaki by porno graffiti

kat, april 15 2024



This will be a poem about boredom
because I sit with my word processor open
listening to a sato masaki live performance
of the song saudade by porno graffiti
and I know I want to write
but I don't know what to write

sato masaki is all the passion I wish I had
that makes it sound like I loved her dearly
which would be a lie
because I only loved her after she left the group
and that makes it sound like I never liked her in the group
you're always fucked one way or the other

and isn't it funny how I listen to these idols and take them so seriously
when girls like sato masaki don't take themselves seriously
or at least we think she doesn't
because we don't know her
and never will
no matter how much the annoying guy I know on discord thinks he knows these girls
because he gets to go to fan meetings and the rest of us can't
jealousy, jealousy, morning musume sang
and they sang it with meaning
not mocking
but it feels like that now
when I read the title

jealousy, jealousy
as I watch my friends move to their third year of college
as I'm barely in my sophomore year
this wasn't supposed to be personal
but all creativity is personal on some level
like the blood that dripped from my nose before I passed out last month
the blood that ripped out of my nose when I face planted during my seizure
and I came home to a smeared blood stain on the floor that my sister's boyfriend cleaned up for me

I felt drunk that night in the hospital
as I laid in the bed
I have never been drunk
I don't remember the gown being put on me
I don't remember the nosebleed
I have splotches blotted into my memory of EMTs handling me
and being in the ambulance
my mom clinging to me and telling me things would be ok
but everything's blurry at the edges

and all this happened six or so months ago
but I won't get over it I think
because the taste of worry is intoxicating
as I laid in the bed
and my memory was shot to hell that night
I don't remember much
but I remember my mom's panic and worry

and the worst part
is that now
as sato masaki sings words that aren't hers with her heart
that she felt eternity while she was by your side
I don't feel bad for worrying my mom from not taking my meds
and I swear it was an accident
because I had run out
and that's the truth, I have nothing to admit to in this poem, officer!

I felt that eternity that sato masaki sings about
as she spins and flails on stage during the instrumental break
as I laid in that bed
the cannula up my nose like a six year old sticking crayons up their nose
the IV in my arm like that same six year old etching and jabbing pencils into their erasers

I said you're always fucked one way or the other before, didn't I
it's always something, I know
I have two identities that I balance
that I don't want my offline friends knowing about
that I tell my online friends too much about
but both of them will be reading this poem I hope
so it doesn't really matter as much anymore

this poem is still about boredom
I remember gregory and the hawk wrote a song about boredom

and it was shorter than this
she's better with words than I'll ever be
but I won't get anywhere comparing myself to others
but I sound like a poster on a middle school classroom wall saying that

one way or the other, you're screwed!

I laid in that bed and stared at the curtain blocking half of me from the coughs of the ER
and I didn't wear a mask until I realized and begged for one
but before then
I didn't think about that
I only thought about the dread
and the grace with which I wound up in that bed
by face planting on the floor
and somehow not breaking my nose
because I think it was a hard fall

dread and grace and eternity
'crying, smiling, liking, hating' sato masaki sings right now
she left morning musume because of health issues
that people made fun of
but ichioka reina left beyooooonds because of health issues
and everyone cried

one way or the other, you're FUCKED!

I didn't cry when ichioka left
I didn't cry when sato left
I never cry at graduations anymore

but I cried in that hospital bed
crocodile tears it felt like
because it was all my fault that I ended up there

but I cried and cried and I think now
that a hospital bed is from where I lie the most from
because I'm not happy to be there, I think
but an ugly part of me is
and that ugly part grins and puppets me like a sad, fucked up muppet every day

it's from a hospital bed that I cried and begged for forgiveness for fucking up that bad
I don't remember much of that part
it's all a haze
most of november 2023 is

but I think
and this is the ugly part talking
that as much as I say I'm scared of hospitals
I'm not afraid anymore
of the sirens of an ambulance
and the croak of radios from EMTs

sato masaki smiles and bows
but I don't have an elegant end to this poem
I scroll up and realize I was talking about boredom when I started this
I guess in my boredom
I only think about how much I love my misery
and how much it disgusts me