

b-sides
Michael Capozzi

b-side

noun

1. the less important side of a gramophone record.

act 1, scene 1
revision.4

at 10:04pm:

(a bedroom with a ceiling fan and four light sockets underneath. only three light bulbs are installed, the socket pointing over the bed is empty. the three light bulbs are glowing different colors at a low brightness: red, orange, and violet. *he* lays in bed with his arm around *her*. a bed sheet that is patterned like a plaid shirt covered *he* and *her's* lower half of their respective bodies, their naked torsos exposed. the bed is four to six inches from the hardwood floors. the walls are red and white, and the ceiling is a white popcorn texture. there are glow in the dark stars placed sporadically along the entire ceiling that light up whenever the lights are too bright and then shut off. there hangs a mural of the map of the world in music notes above the bed. there is a bookshelf on the opposite side of the mural with childhood memories of *he*, magazines from contemporary music, paraphernalia from the wizarding world of harry potter, and books *he* has read throughout high school kept in a vertical stack that looks as if it will fall over. on the top shelf is a miniature bowling pin with a note tied around the neck. the note is made of brown construction paper and has a hand drawn heart on it. the inside of the note reads "merry christmas, xoxo" written by *her*. the television faces the bed, with no sound, and plays a continuous loop of a sunset overlooking new york city that looks as if it's a still image, but moves when you least expect it. five feet from the foot of the bed is a chair with clothes from *he* and *her* draped on top of each other, very sloppily as if no one gave a fuck where they actually landed; jackets are draped around the back of the chair. the temperature of the room is at a constant 68°. the fan is spinning slowly enough that it does not create a breeze, but *her* shivers a little bit as *he* rubs her arm. there is a condom in the trash can which is located two feet from the bed. *he* gets up after two minutes of holding *her* to try and cover it with other garbage so it looks inconspicuous.)

her:

(recording *he* with his iphone and smacking her lips together)
why do you have to put a shirt on? come back in bed.

he:

did you know the first time i saw you i thought you were the most beautiful person ever? i'm pretty sure no one else noticed but i was awestruck and red in my cheeks and choked up in my throat.

her:

(giggles)

you're always red in your cheeks.

(kisses them)

did you ever think this would happen?

he:

(joins *her* in bed)

i always knew you'd be mine at one point in time, i just didn't think i'd feel this happy to ever be with someone.

her:

tell me something i don't know about you yet.

he:

(smirking)

i told you that i'll tell you one new thing about me per month. you'll get too bored of me if i tell you everything.

her:

(grabbing *he's* arm and shaking it vigorously)

come on! you're one of the biggest mysteries but i feel as if i've somehow made it into this little circle of people you trust with certain things. and it's so beautiful yet so scary because i know i'm one of only a few.

he:

that's such a beautiful way of putting it and i guess you're right. don't you feel special?

her:

yes, so please enlighten me with your life.

he:

(sighs)

okay, sit up for this one...

fade out.

her eyes revolve around the sun

i told her i saw it all in a dream,
she told me it was in a place called home
written in silver linings
and golden laces; there's globes in her eyes
(she claims to be extraterrestrial).
she lives by the word wanderlust but lately she seems to exclaim
the lust wandering through the sound waves of my voice
that cut through my throat and sometimes spill out in black ink blots
scattered throughout the streets of kings and queens
(i think she prefers hearts over diamonds).
her hands sometimes tremble but i promise
the skylines of new york city have never looked as beautiful as you.
something about her smile makes my tomorrows
look like childhood.
(my brain is stressing more about the beads of sweat on
my palms rather than the way she bites her lip).
i know you're the furthest thing from empty, but i'm full of you
and i know that somewhere in your fingers,
there's a playlist titled "the night i prayed for four years ago"
you are artwork but speak to me in poetry.

the writer's block is over

i've been dipping into my memories like pockets and
bank savings (i think i'm going to run out
when the sun sets). she whispered in my ear that
this was her song (she sometimes plays it in her
head when we talk) and then mouthed lyrics
while she undressed herself like an act of contrition at 3:42am.
she told me this is all mine and i get whatever i want but
(there are starving artists in the back corner of my brain that need to eat)
she was quick to grasp how sometimes my words are more
powerful written down than soft spoken in her mouth
while she's on top of me saying my name as if
learning it for the first time.
(i never thought i would fucking do this)
i told her about how my mind does 95 on the 95 yet i've evaded
tickets like diplomats (i still don't know how i do it) but i promise
she fell in love with that. (how many more memories do
i have left until god hates me?) my parents used to warn me
that objects in the mirror are closer than they appear
but i haven't been this far away from myself (from her)
and sometimes i tell her that this is all a dream and i
am nothing but the representation of her 6yearold marriage
fantasies (i swear to god i was going 65 but the devil on my finger
told me that my heart doesn't beat slow anymore like it used to).
sometimes i wake up at 5:12am hoping that this was
all an illusion (an allusion to something else).
these red walls aren't anything, but my
fingers are the only thing keeping me alive at this point.
(i used to drive through streets hoping that i would end up an angel)

i knew exactly
how this one would end but when
did it even start?

i sometimes forget this even happened

we swapped cigarettes between our lips like freshman secrets,
she told me this was only for a light.
she whispered in my ear that she has god on speed dial but i wasn't
an emergency, rather a miracle.
she grabbed me hand over hand over hand
and dragged me through rooms with
satin leather couches and persian rugs and childhood memories.
she undressed herself on top of me (almost as if she planned this in her mind over and over and
over)
she threw her clothes on the floor with the
rest of her worries and untold thrills.
i spelled her name perfectly in cursive with my tongue in between her legs ; i spoke sonnets
in the moments she lost her breath.
i was so surprised god didn't hear her prayers
with a set of blue plastic rosary beads
shaking on her bed post like an 808 drum.
she screamed fuck while we fucked
(i wish there was a more eloquent way
to describe how my fingers were shaking without rhythm yet somehow she sang along)

i spotted her across 72nd street
wearing a red flannel and
jeans that ripped right below her knees.
i fell in love with the idea
she called herself queen and
managed to smile with only the upper half
of her mouth, slightly biting her lip
as if she was nervous but excited to tell
you about how she sees stars revolve around your head.
i told her years back about how he was just a
phase yet i was a lifetime
while she laid her head on my shoulder to the
rhythm of subway tracks at 72mph.
she wrote about me (i hope) on her palms
with a pen, she called it her very own style of
palm reading (i call her my future).

act 1, scene 2
revision.3

the next morning at 7:35am:

(the bedroom is dark. the shades have been closed since the night before. the sun is peeking through the closed window shades, casting little shimmers of light onto the mirror, and onto the bed in the reflection. on the night table next to the bed, *he's* phone is vibrating and playing "the less i know the better" by tame impala at a medium volume. the lights have been on since 6:50am but neither *he* or *her* is aware that they shine brighter than the sun outside. *her* moves slowly closer to *he*, as there is a slight gap in between them. the phone is ringing louder, and *her* moves her head closer to *he's* arm almost as if *he* will muffle the sounds. *he* gets up after a minute and goes to the bathroom, leaving *her* laying in bed underneath the plaid sheets. the bedroom is still as messy as it was last night. *he* returns and opens the door. *her* is scratching her eyes as she just wakes up. *her* smiles as she catches a glimpse of *he*.)

her:
(while yawning)
so where did she go?

he:
she left me in a different country. sometimes i really think that i was the one who left in this situation; i felt like an escapist, although it never really was my intention to leave the country and expect this to happen. i couldn't keep a grasp on my reality when she said that to me.

her:
but how could she just one day just tell herself "i'm done"? i feel like that's a huge decision to make and leave it in a text that she probably knew you wouldn't receive since you were halfway around the world. i just don't get why these things happen to you; you're one of the most caring people i know and you deserve the best person out there, maybe it really is me who's lucky.
(giggles)

he:
is that your toothbrush next to the sink in the bathroom? i swear it wasn't there last night.

her:
yeah, i figured i'd leave a toothbrush here, if that's okay with you?
(smiles)
are you scared that i'm moving too fast for you?
(in a baby voice)
is little *he* scared of me?

he:
all i'm saying is that i've been heartbroken too many times to put my heart back together. seeing that toothbrush makes me believe this is a sense of permanence, and i have no opposition to that.

her:

get back in bed with me and i'll show you the other beauties of my permanence.

fade out.

she loved me to the
point where i didn't know who
i was anymore.

ivory | 8.20.16

i've had my chance all night to talk to you
and deep down i imagined us
going off the deep end. we sat above water
under pale moonlight (she knew i hated the ocean
but she brought me there anyway because she saw
waves as constant reminders that things were
going to be okay and that we're okay but we're not okay).
lately, it seems that the summer
isn't really summer anymore and this may have
been my last time around (i was never really around;
i think i need to grow up). we were kids shining
underneath spotlights as if everyone was watching
us but really she held my hand so soft and
kissed my neck just the way the i liked it
and she listened she listened she listened to all of my
demons and i only created more for her to be
afraid of. my voice is embedded in the vinyls you
played while we sat together on your bed but
the needles just don't pick it up anymore.
i'm just so fucking tired of pouring myself into broken glasses.

she was the only
person who i thought i could
love more than myself.

ebony | 8.20.16

it started off slow. it started with a simple walk;
she took me hand over hand onto the pier
(i never liked the water but something about this
sounded calming like my mother's voice).
she rested her head on my shoulders
she traced my beauty marks along the sky,
i saw constellations in her dimples,
her smile,
her everything.
she was as constant as the waves behind me.
i told her i was as constant as a northern star
(i'm losing track of everything around me)
and we said okay and it was okay and i think i'm okay but he's not okay
and we kissed and we kissed and we kissed
and the taste of mint watermelon reminded me
of summer (i once told her about how there was still 499 days left).
i haven't been this open in a while and
i'm so fucking tired of pouring myself into broken glasses.

a-team

my city reminded me that it's 4.am but there are
too many ideas running through my mind and
i don't dream anymore, or at least
i don't think i dream anymore.
she showed me how she wrote about the
world around her (i revolved around her).
my feet were moving too slow for my mind to understand
that i was walking towards her but
she held a leather-bound journal with a
running header of "why today?" above her
red and blue inked thoughts.
(she once showed me a drawing of us
holding hands and i haven't been the same since).
she asked me for 20.more.minutes but at the rate
my heart was beating i think i gave her an
extra hour or two (i think i left at 2.am) and it
was hard to confess it but i think she left my car with more than
a taste of my cologne on her lips.

she asked for me in times of need

** written alongside 17 – youth lagoon**

i was seventeen when it all happened and my
mom said my stomach would be infested and my heart
would feel lighter and my eyelashes wouldn't stop vibrating
like piano chords in mozart's 5th symphony.
i fell in love with 808 bass kicks and
i tried my best to sync my footsteps with the beat;
i tried my best to sync my footsteps with him;
i tried my best to fit my hands in his.
we blasted the radio in the car and we never
really had a destination on our mind
but i know we were on each other's mind.
something about him reminded me of my favorite song;
i wanted to never hear about the ending and i would recite poems into
his veins when i heard the first
signs of progression from his voice.
he played me like a record over
and over;
and over;
and over;
and over;
and over;
but i think there's a scratch in the vinyl and it's stuck on repeat.
but i think there's a scratch in the vinyl and it's stuck on repeat.
but i think there's a scratch in the vinyl and it's stuck on repeat.

redbone

10:04pm

i called and hung up the phone before you could say hello.
your voicemail was pre-recorded and i cried when i heard your voice.

3:09am

someone else called me and offered to hold my head on theirs, i said yes.

it's been seven or eight years since my first kiss
so i apologize if i still consider this practice. i carry
pieces of you with me everywhere (my friends find it
funny when i tell him i get contact high off pictures of
my ex-girlfriends). she exclaimed how she was ethereal but lately it
seems like i'm the ghost in this relationship (i've been
moving in and out of state borders with her name
engraved in my teeth, i really tried my best to hide it from my mother).
her hands somehow fit perfectly in mine and when she's
upset, i tend to remind her how her birthday falls so close enough
to mine to call her my present (she called me her past, i swear).
i carry pieces of her with me everywhere and i think
i've fallen in love too many times (i lost count after four,
five, etc.) to want to pick myself up anymore.

she's mine

she fell in love with my words around a year ago, or maybe two. she fell in love with the way i write without capital letters and have this common theme of being bipolar when i speak in parentheses. she always asked when i would write about her (my writing isn't effervescent; rather, immortal in some sense because i can't help but still have nightmares every now and then). but i swear she'll tell her mom and dad one day that she fell for a poet, an engineer, a musician, (or whatever the fuck i wanted to be that week). she fell for a boy who wrote about, or thought he wrote about, her feelings better than she could describe them and she even recited the lines about a girl who took me down by the water in pale moonlight, but she called that night a blue moon (not because we were both a little drunk, but because everything was just a little perfect). she told me with her eyes she wasn't ready but maybe i'm just fantasizing of the day she will be.

this one wasn't supposed to be true

she kissed my broken lips at 12:00am
(i'm not sure if they were cracked because
i was drunk or because i smoked
a menthol maybe 34 minutes prior)
and whispered to me that 2017 was her year
(it was our year, but really just her's)
with an attitude that read "fuck what everyone thinks"
in times new roman size 9. she wrote / emailed me letters
back in summer.2015 and i told her how incredible
i felt having her at my fingertips but i really couldn't control
the fact that i was at hers.
i was at hers last tuesday and the night
before that she held me so gentle and
swore by her fingers interlocked in mine
that she was ready and the look of excitement
in her eyes slightly mimicked mine because
she had a glister in her dilated eyes
when she revealed pieces of this mystery (at least that's
what she called us) to someone else but now they know
and i'm not even sure if i know what they should know and
sometimes i cry at night because what's keeping me
warm is the fact that you won't be next to me in the morning.

drafts of something she begged for

it felt so wrong but
my mind told me yes whereas
her lips taste like lust

her lips tasted like
lust

it was so wrong
but her lips tasted like
lust

intoxicated
off of her breath but she still
tasted like lust, _____

i swear that i was
intoxicated off of
her breath and

i swear that i was
drunk off her breath and her deep
moans of my name

i was drunk off of
her breath and her subtle moans
of my name that night

i swear that i was
drunk off her smile and deep
moans of my name

i swear i was drunk
off her smile and subtle
moans of my name

there was a rhythm
in her smile and

i swear i was drunk
off her smile and subtle
rhythms in my name

this is more than "like"
i just can't write the words to
describe it just yet.

this is more than a
like, i just can't write the words
to describe it yet

this was so close to
being the best thing i had
but i'll never know

she was so close to
being the one person who
actually got me

she was so close to
being the one thing that i
loved more than me

*she was the only
person who i thought i could
love more than myself.*

i wrote this one for you

she associated certain songs with
us and this relationship (i don't know if i hear
them the same anymore).
she called me the moon and i called her my sun
(i could have sworn that one of my first writings
was about this but i guess everything comes full circle).
it was an album you weren't too familiar with, kind of
similar to my lips and maybe
i became too complacent with the fact that
you smiled at my apprehension to do all of this in the first place.
i don't think i ever sensed a feeling of guilt in your eyes
(she called this her best birthday present ever).
(tears were streaming down her face, but waterfalls
were coming from mine)
recently, i've been too nervous to say hi, not because you'll
ignore me but because the butterflies in my stomach
are still learning to fly.
i believed in something that wasn't as
constant as the waves behind me that night.

act 1, scene 3
revision.1

one week later at 11:04pm:

(they both lay together in *her's* bedroom. the walls are white, or so *he* remembers them to be that color. there are pictures strung along every wall, some frames are empty because they had *her's* ex-boyfriend in them. there are candles dimly lit throughout the entire room, it gives an almost romantic, yet satanic, mood throughout the night. the nightstand next to *her's* bed has an empty glass with wine stains, and a half empty bottle of a seasonal beer that *he* was drinking. there is a television to the left of the bed, raised upon a black television stand. the television is playing a show that *he* and *her* have been watching together for the past forty minutes, it's entitled "the bachelor". *he* and *her* are cuddled up close together, but *he* is on top of the bed sheets whereas *her* is underneath.)

he:

how do you enjoy this show? it's like the complete opposite of what women preach about how they should be treated.

her:

you don't understand, it's just so amazing how girls will act over one guy, it's like social engineering to a point where it's entertaining.

he:

(looking around the walls of barren photos)
what happened to the photo of us you hung in the middle?

her:

i took it down, i feel as if these walls represent the permanent things in my life, such as family and friends that i've known since childhood.

he:

(stays silent)

fade out.