



portfolio

sebastian oliver - writer & artist

hello, i'm sebastian, and i like to read. i also like to watch films and look at paintings. sometimes i like to do these things myself. i think it's important to me that i write and try to make myself vulnerable, untangle my thoughts and such. it's also important because i have things to say that i think are important - things that can make us feel less alone. david foster wallace said books are the way in which we combat loneliness. but there's also a line in his unfinished novel, the pale king, that goes "how odd, i can have all this inside me and to you it's just words". i hope that i can weaponize my words to help other people in this way, and not just myself.



'the house in our heads'

may. 2022



there is a house in my head and when
i go out and look back i still see
myself in the window so i can't look
back anymore and i can't look
ahead because your faces are only perfect mirrors.

so i want to leave and i say i must go back to the
garden and bandage my specters but
no one can hear me when my language is
vivisected memories remade into an image i
do not know.

no one can hear me when i speak in skinned
-selves reapplied like makeup but never washed away
so they layer each time until i am
red made violent and contorted like
a crushed-up poppy stuffed inside and
force-threaded through the eye of a needle.

then i realise i am just shattered
glass on this side of the
window and i'd rather be the me that looks out from
the other side because being trapped in the house
in my head is safer than being trapped in
a hurricane of glass.

there is no calm before the storm but rather

calm or storm
and a storm is only as strong as the damage you allow;
calmness is only as soothing as the flooded
corner of your mind's room.

so i wandered back into that house and
called it home and made it calm by imagining
calm things like a dog who didn't deflate in my arms when the
needle went in
and an undecorated beside table without words like
sunday. monday. tuesday. wednesday. thursday. friday. saturday.

i shoot a kind of heroin in my dreams.
cowering in the flooded corner of a room in
my head's crumbling house.
where time is not a march,
but a shrinking circle.

