

A Sealed Box of Raindrops

Is there really nothing behind this building?
Yes. The fog is clear today,
Unless you want to believe in shapes on other days.
It's simply white backdrop behind your building,
As you can see by yourself.

Is the sky really this dark?
Guess so. The storm consoled it today,
Unless you want to believe in the solar cycle on other days.
It's simply black ceiling above your sky,
As you can see by yourself.

Are these only for today?
Maybe, depending on how pagan air enters you,
How irrelevant gravity erects you,
And how long you lift your eyelids, a little bit,
As you're not exactly in time.

Don't Die, Winged Monster

I grew a broken wing,
From the left of my arse.
I drew a smiling face on it,
Since it exudes some pungent smell,
That presents death as lovely.

I grew another broken wing,
Between my two breasts.
I hanged a bucket under it,
Since it drops too much tears -
I'd think it's just milk.

Dimly shuffling between constellations,
They wave at me, cheering, "flying monster."
One wing heads west, another heads south -
I broadcast laughter from my ass,
And shed rain from my heart.

Dad shot me with his rifle from below,
Said this winged monster is no daughter.
Men shot me with sympathetic food,
Said I am poorly underfed.
I fell in a foreign landscape.

An angel races towards me in bleary eyes,
Cleaving off my wings,
Scrubbing cosmetics on my wounds.
I rise standing without legs,
Now, who is still crying?

A Failed Train Experience

She jumps off from the 36th floor
Arms open wide, to clutch the tail of that flying train.
Rumbling hesitantly, barely with her fingertips,
“Come. Give me your hand,”
A cottony, uncertain, Antarctic dialogue
Starts flooding out from inside her head,
Almost conveniently, as if the world
Had finally been kind to her.

She sits next to a window,
Far from her bowl of instinctive goldfish,
Far from her desk, her wardrobe;
Far from her memory of someone else’s laughter,
Smell, temperature, silhouette, texture,
And linguistic expression.
It’s the music flowing among her neighborhood,
That convinced her when her eyelids are heaviest,
Dropping this one inexhaustible ticket in her pocket
Promised to bring her to a nicer place.

In her childhood princess dress,
She walks tiptoe, shoving between hugging shoulders,
Kissing lips, murmuring mouths, and breathes the landscape
Through her eyes - but not even one deer is out there.
As the bell tinkles, behind that far blue mountain,
Her creation of this human ambience evaporated.
Amid deep-seated and impermeable silence,
She stuffs the ticket into her mouth,
Swallows, and departs.

Hello, hello

Hello, hello.
Milk dripping down from the stars.
Nape up, mouth half-open,
Eyes half-open.
Milk running down my face.
They awaited the shooting stars on the wall,
But I think, the milk is raining they don't feel.

Hello, hello.
It's just a random porn show.
When she's done, I'm done,
The show's done.
Tears sloshing in my eyes.
A distant bleak winter launched around my ribs,
And I think, this is more painful than in pain.

Hello, hello.

Hello, hello.
Why is the edge of the horizon
Seems slightly creased?
Have the rosy clouds
ballooned my eyeballs?
The new world now looks askew,
Like a fat golden coin,
Bald with all the normal flowers plucked,
All the natural children hung.
And then, love burnt alone in factories,
Leaving me laugh in the street.
The dear ash is now radioactive,
Calling people I hate darling.
Still planning for the next good story - the fish are dying
In the foul air of small corpses, you sleep.

Her Glove

I fall into the gap
Between the platform and the train.
Train surging forwards like a tornado,
Dismantling my look for emancipation,
Cutting through my stare of heavy blankness.
Rumbling, rumbling, rumbling,
Until it devours my whole landscape,
Before my very eyes – I feel like
I've died, once.
The distance in between
Is like dust between light -
And I died many times.
I wonder, it's the background,
Or the audience.
Folks disembark onto the higher land above
Safely, formally, and sustainably.
And finally, his wife, in her purple underwear
Dropped her white glove into the gap
When she was boarding the train
On one snowy day.
With now one black glove on my hand,
Still glaring up.