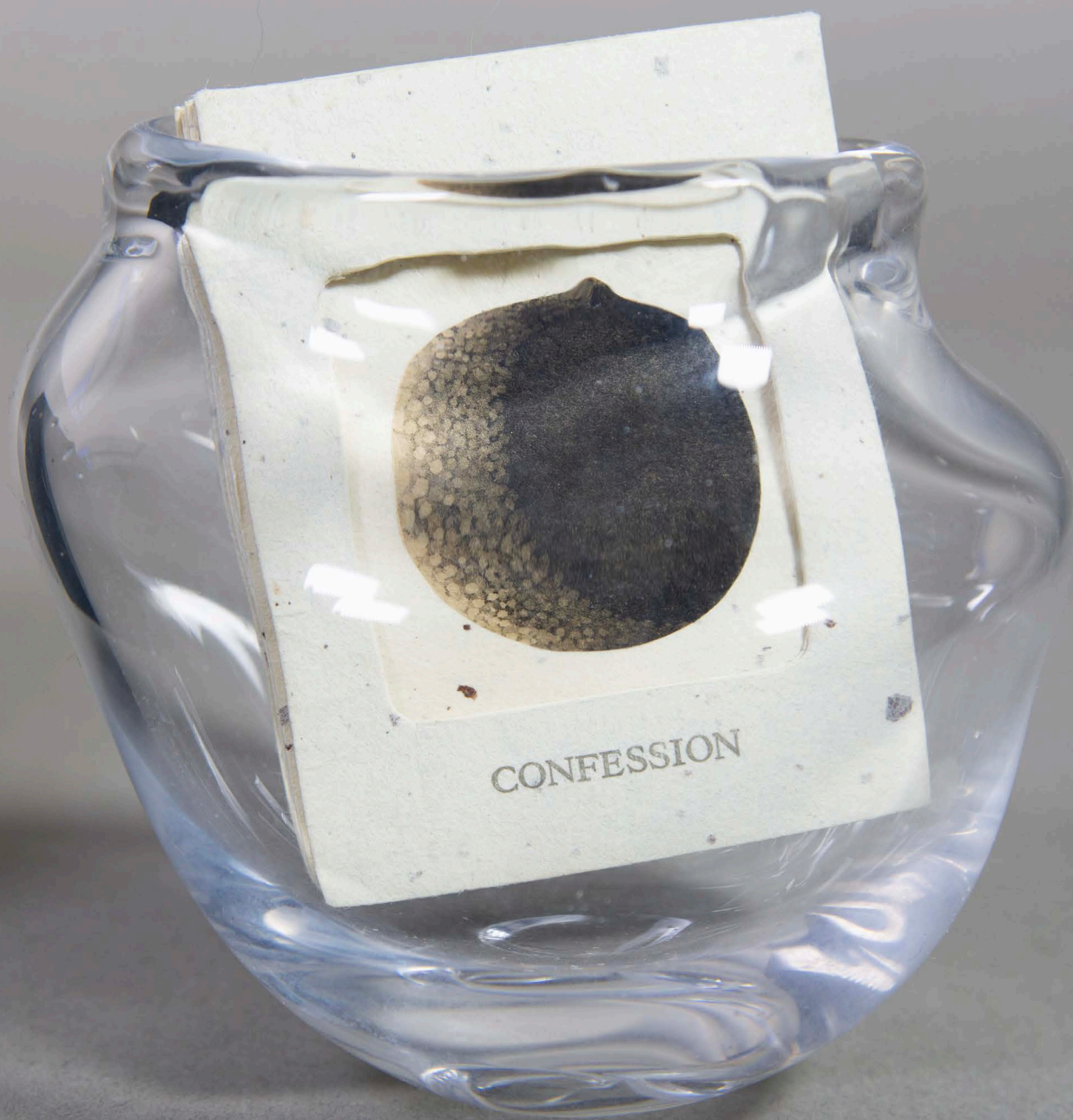


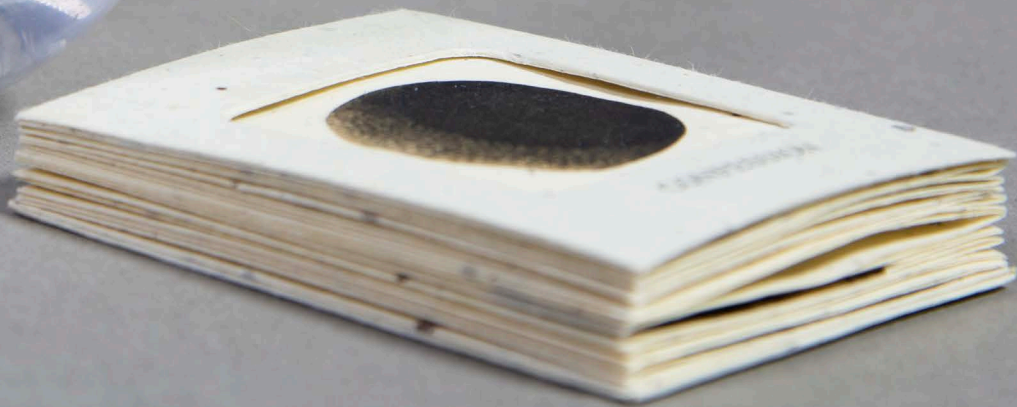




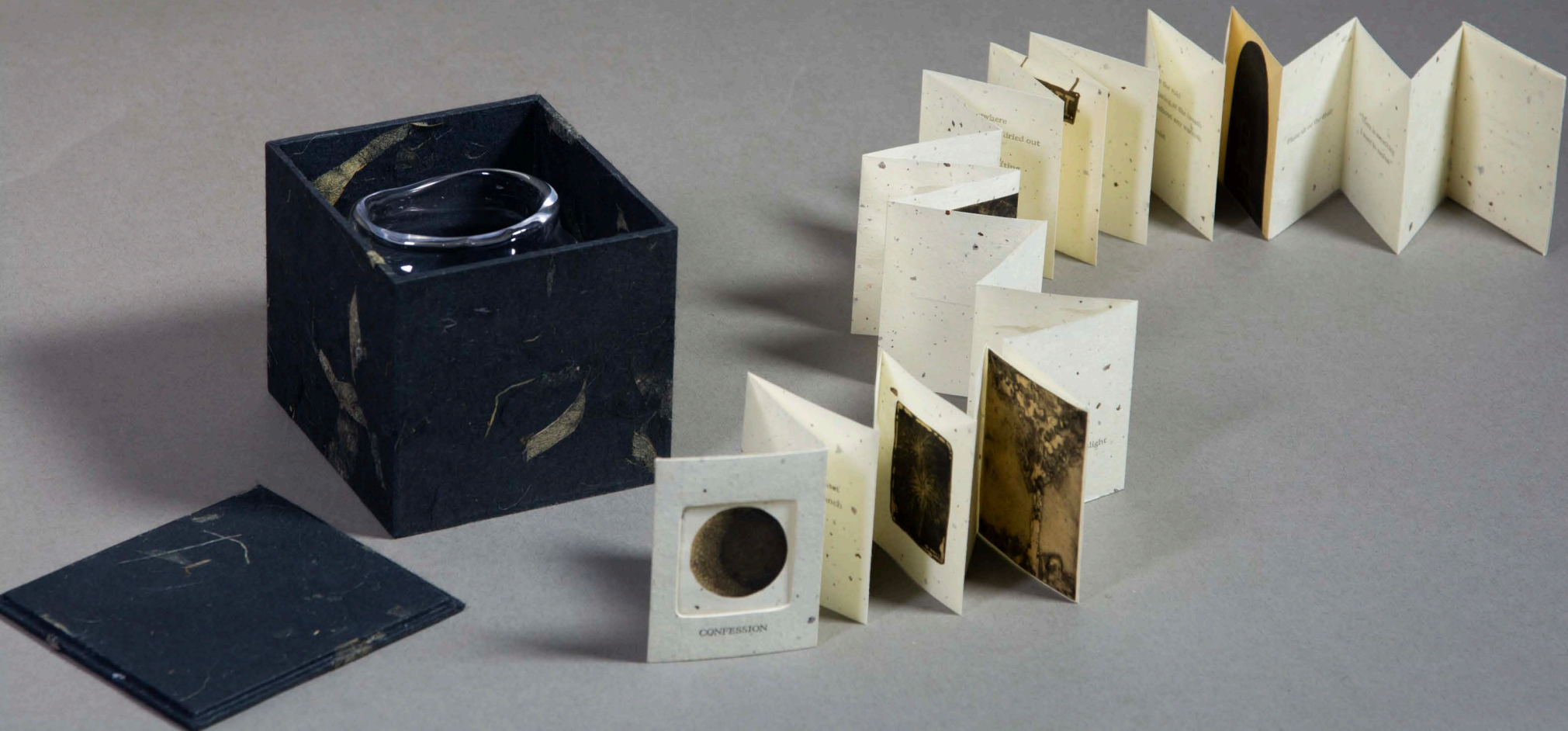


CONFESSION







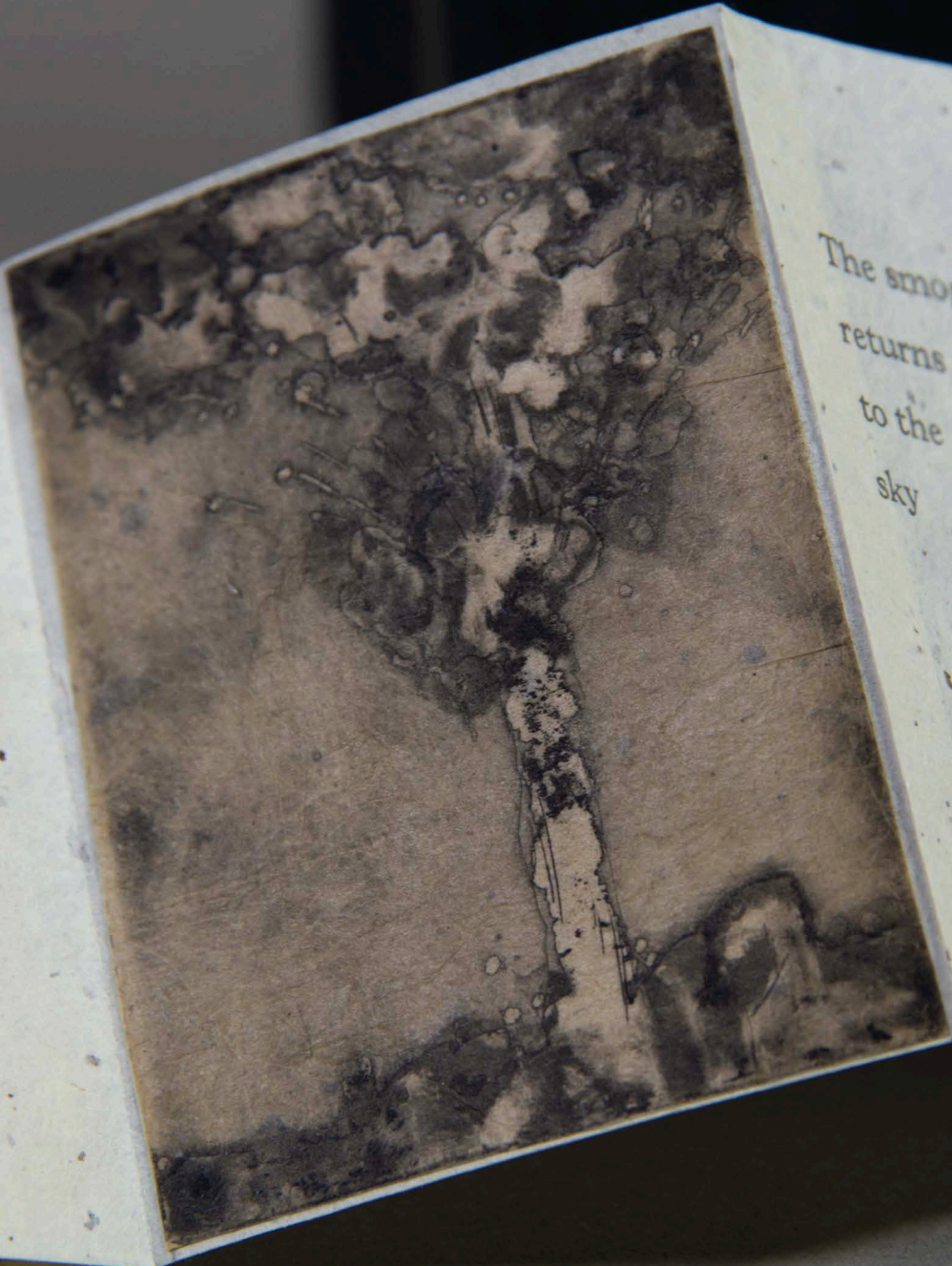


Near to the sunset
I chopped a branch
Fishing for the
moon

The moment I peer
into the fireworks

A bloom
A bloom hits me





The smog
returns
to the
sky

I jump into the water
I feel drunk

Until
the noir firework
buries my body

Like in where
the memory dried out

a mutely drifting
swimming pool



NEXT



