Alice. The articulation of misery.

I have long give up thinking of Alice as an enemy, but a part of myself, much like how one treats a knife cut. The early source of annoyance would turn to a later source of identity. Or should I say, Alice is a counter identity. Wherever I go, Alice would wait. If I was to dine, Alice would stay in hunger. If I was to stop at the street lights, Alice would cross. If I was ever to sleep, she would be awake. However, if I were to sleep, Alice would exist no more, and neither would I. Therefore, I can’t sleep.

Alice. The word rang in my head now, how many times has it been?

It was an intrusion, uninvited guests too grateful to leave, and I the humble host too timid to ask her to.

It didn't start this way, then again, what misery ever revealed itself upon first meeting. It is only behind the smile of an angel that the wings of devils sprout forth. Such a smile it was, I still remember now, how she studied my art with an interest which resonated with my heart beat.