

The sky turned purple again, trying to hide its illness of being color-blind.

And in the purple dust, old people singing lullaby.
Again and again and again and again and again and again and again.

I just sat there and waited.
Waiting for the laughs, the mockings, the scarisms, and the racists.

I saw tenderness waves making love.
Saw animals losing their bones.
I don't dare to tell you that I saw it all.
So silently I put the other end of the needle into my eyes.

I also don't dare to tell you that I'm walking through a forest where
every single tree is made of you.
But I could not see your face.
So I chopped off the whole forest to salute to your tears and vomit in
the rotten roots.

It's the red that won't wake me up.
Her voice trying to pull up the last thread of the destined shoelace
forgotten in the mist wanting to say it all.
I am again dancing in the balance that could never be found.

Fulfill me, fulfill my desire to fall.
Fulfill me, fulfill my desire to fall.

Tia Yoon

*A Used Love Letter Is Still Created by Me and
I Can Always Give It to Another Witch.*

*Try to speak, not scream, but speak, until it tears off every bit of your
weak skin.'*

Her sound echoing from the eternal womb rising as the black hole of a
sinking piano.

Dancing with me.

Full of possibilities.

*"You can relax now, my doll, lay on my stomach with the frozen wind
in slow motion"*

"But....How about the blue?"

Cut!

The director whispered before the sound of thunder.

<YOU>

You frowned in piles of hair.

You talked of those first times.

Each of them with an old song.

You sewed your mouth and wrote them down in oceans of fear with
your eyes.

Yes, yes I can not read any of them at all.

You are magnificent.

You are magnificent.

You are magnificent.

Of your small death.

Tia Yoon

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