

# Meltsand

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# 1. Leaf

I am

fluctuating

between two extremes

one extremely sticky spongy

with its childish desire to be seen

to be heard

to be loved

to drain

one extremely dry and separated

with its sublime illusion

distancing itself from everyone

distancing itself from the “other”

distancing itself from the “self”

deconstruct

reconsolidate

## 2. flicker

i am a flickering lightbulb  
willing to go out any moment  
evaporating off my tungsten  
they diffuse across the vacuum  
and tarnish the inside of my glass

### 3. sugar glass

lungs filled with pyro i press my finger against  
my

forehead

fall, dissipate

i become transparent, i become a glass grenade

i wish that a coat of sugar could

turn me into

sugar

glass

glass with harmless little fragments

sharp at a glance but blunt as you approach

## 4. 独角兽

有时候，玻璃独角兽会碎  
但是祂的本质还在

那只角撞碎在地上，  
破碎支离，折射着烛光，  
在血肉模糊的身体上  
闪耀着无畏的寂静  
分崩离析，那沉醉中的时间

一口气吹过，  
蜡烛灭了，而碎渣仍闪耀着  
空气虚掩着烟雾和废墟  
唤醒那种沉溺，  
又浇上些许棉花

有时候，玻璃独角兽会碎；  
但是祂的本质还在。

## 5. 两滴泪水

两滴泪水，  
一滴流下我的眼眶，  
缓慢腐蚀着脸庞。  
使疼痛开始变得粗糙，  
细感  
渗透，氧化。

两滴泪水，  
一滴浸润我的心灵，  
彻底席卷了大地。  
使痛苦开始变得卑微，  
愕然  
却没有还原。

## 6. 灰

光明瞬息即成灰，  
强寒黑暗摧心深。

星火闪耀，破碎支离。



## 7. Smush

Begone the shallow fears and  
Behind the unveiled face  
There exists a skeleton  
Consisting of two hundred something bones  
Skull cracked and shredded  
Pinkish tissue irritably hopping  
Oozing out of the seams  
As if someone had dumped  
A jar of red watercolor  
Mixed with fresh lubricant

Bubbles of thoughts and memories  
And desire and living and haps  
Slowly emerging from the cerebrospinal  
Goo, forming the occasional grid that  
Seems to resemble a plate, a bell jar  
A jar that I could see through, a jar  
With a sharp unicorn's horn stucked  
Hastily on top of it with  
Cheap glue and duct tape  
And the decaying flesh  
Fills the jar.

## 7. *Smush*

Rotten, with its lurid colors  
Decomposed aimlessly,  
shedding fragments onto the  
glass and cotton jar wall

I carefully wrap the jar in an  
opaque paper box  
then another stainless steel box  
then another matte wood box  
then a gift wrapper  
Shiny, but covered with soothing colors  
I print a sticker in 12-point Century font:  
“Life”  
and stick it onto the wrapper.  
Here you go. Your gift.

## 8. There is no love

$\nexists$  love

But actually,  $\exists y \in \{x \mid \text{love} \setminus x\}$ .

Would your response to “do you love me” be the same as your response to this question?

*Perhaps. I guess.*

## 9. The multiplicity returns

May the ashes of my heart drift gently into the abyss of memory, and let that memory consolidate. A bright dot embellishing that unicorn's horn. Then that glimmer of light shall decay, vaporize, and taint the glass walls of my body. Gently running a cloth under my skin, I wipe away every atom. Every, single, one. I stare at the cloth, with rainbows seeping into its fabric, assimilating into my body yet again.

# 10. Sinus beat

When my last sinus cell fires,  
I shall still be alive.

When the door shuts,  
The lights switched off,  
The candle goes out,  
The unicorn shattered,  
The tuplips shiver in the austere cold,

When my chest wall collapses,  
When the last drop of blood is pumped through my aorta,  
I shall still be alive

# 11. The Onion

I peeled the onion  
A layer shredded  
Sent to oblision  
Yet I dreaded  
The heart of  
The warped  
Onion

With tis stained magenta glass surface  
Amalgamating with every droplet  
Of tears  
Into each word engraved in my sight  
I dropped the onion  
Destitute of hope and love and faith  
I walked away  
I turned back  
I picked it up again.

## 12. Words and ink

It is, I suppose, a particular kind of catharsis. The kind that lets me grasp my chest and squeeze the blood out of it and experience some sort of, well, exhilarating pain. Pain that feels like it could transcend my physical existence, my experience of being part of a society, and the limitations of being a human being. It's a powerful form of escape, one that I fear when sober, but cling on to when desperate.

# A. You, Again

ADRIENNE RICH

Some nights I think you want too much. From me. I didn't ask  
to parse again your idioms of littered  
parking lots your chain-linked crane-hung sites  
limp once more your crime-scene-festooned streets  
to buildings I used to live in. Lose my nerve  
at a wrong door on the wrong floor  
in search of a time. The precision of dream is not  
such a privilege. I know those hallways tiled in patterns  
of oriental rugs those accordion-pleated  
elevator gates. Know by heart the chipped  
edges on some of those tiles. You who require this  
heart-squandering want me wandering you, craving  
to press a doorbell hear a lock turn, a bolt slide back  
—always too much, over and over back  
to the old apartment, wrong again, the key maybe  
left with a super in charge of the dream who will not be found