

Meltsand

Runxi Yu

2024

Contents

1. Leaf	4
2. flicker	5
3. sugar glass	6
4. 独角兽	7
5. 两滴泪水	8
6. 灰	9
7. Smush	10
8. There is no love	12
9. The multiplicity returns	13
10. Sinus beat	14
11. The Onion	15
12. Words and ink	16
13. Orbits	17

A. You, Again

18

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.

13. Orbits

I gaved on that reflection in the mirror
And with a glimmer
A flicker, a sparkle,
Of that fauth that I yearned for,
My heart palpitated and pulsed

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