

# Meltsand

Runxi Yu

2022–2024

# Contents

|          |                    |          |
|----------|--------------------|----------|
| <b>1</b> | <b>Leaf</b>        | <b>3</b> |
| <b>2</b> | <b>flicker</b>     | <b>4</b> |
| <b>3</b> | <b>sugar glass</b> | <b>5</b> |
| <b>4</b> | <b>独角兽</b>         | <b>6</b> |
| <b>5</b> | <b>两滴泪水</b>        | <b>7</b> |
| <b>6</b> | <b>灰</b>           | <b>8</b> |
| <b>7</b> | <b>Smush</b>       | <b>9</b> |

# 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 stuck  
Hastily on top of it with  
Cheap glue and duct tape

And the decaying flesh

Fills the jar.  
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.