

*Lurking (Intro)**[Low Moon, Walking]*

*I wander...  
 drift...  
 circle this courtyard,  
 again...  
 and...  
 again.*

*I heard,  
 a symphony  
 of insects.*

*It's the waning moon.  
 A Baroque garden,  
 a a a a a alien soil.*

*(bark!)  
 (bark! bark!...)*

*(somewhere, they are calling out to something...)*

*A low, uncertain Voice:  
 What are they saying?  
 ..I don't know....* “ ”

*I lurk*

*while I walk.  
 I walk*

*while I hide.*

*A kind of s\_t\_e\_a\_l\_t\_h\_.  
 A slow surveillance.*

*(darker)*

*I'm a sniper.  
 I lie down  
 in the dust*

*of the yard.*

*I wish I were*

*A night-seer.  
 A night-watcher.*

*Able to see  
 what the dark*

*refuses to speak.*

*Vehicle passes—  
 I cannot tell  
 if someone  
 is inside.*

*Occasionally,  
an ideal is filled with its honey.  
For a sweet breath.*

*Then,  
another random day arrives.*

*The bored sun spreads across the land,  
the wilted moon hides behind the brush.*

*A sour wind,  
carrying something dead,  
or dying.*

*The firefly give me a kiss,  
then give me the bites.*

*The mycelium softens,  
spreads,  
rots in silence.*

*Ants and mole crickets are busy  
for climbing the peak  
to achieve their life purpose.*

*Life hands me a bitter succade.*

*I lift a stone  
and throw it  
into the gorge.*

*No echo returns.*

*This is a garden of rot.  
Still breathing.*

*Tasting the air of miasma.  
Still here.*

*And somewhere,  
The flute is calling.  
Kaval decided to blow the whistle.*

*Silk Tree in Ruins*

*The albizzia tree blooms in the loess pile.  
The broken glass is covered with dust.*

*Humans retreat in a hurry.  
Lives return with vigor.*

*The quiver of history is inserted into the bricks and earth.  
The building is empty after people leave.*

*[Memory Loop]*

*..Language.....  
is broken.*

*Air,,,,,  
doesn't move.  
It hangs.  
It waits.*

*Frozen memory.*

*But tell me???  
Was memory given to me  
from the future?  
Or did it already happen  
before the past even began?*

*HOwwwwww*

*Many TENSES in ur language?*

*Why is it  
that all my memories  
seem to come  
from what has not  
yet happened?*

*// pause //*

*If I drop a stone  
beneath the mirrored lake,  
is it myself*

*Can we excatly-  
-shatter ourselves?*

*// pause again //*

*So that.....*

*Why do people argue?  
Why do they—  
need*

*debate  
to be right?*

*Midsummer Reverie**[Voice/Body Loop]*

*Who says sound is not a sculpture?*

*Lie down.*

*Sit.*

*Breathe—*

*...breathe...*

*Liquid air*

*enters*

*my lungs.*

*It expands.*

*Expands.*

*Expands.*

*// silence //*

*Now—*

*Imagine me:*

*melting*

*smooth*

*surface.*

*No feet.*

*No fiction.*

*No form.*

*I am dust.*

*I am drift.*

*I am sand*

*falling sideways.*

*Here—*

*Time folds,*

*slips,*

*returns,*

*a loop,*

*again.*

*We are now*

*in Section Four.*

*The first drum*

*strikes.*

*And still—*

*I*

*do*

*not*

*hear*

*it.*

*Counterpoems**(1)**A spider caught a honeybee.**She wrapped him gently**Her silk glinting, thread by thread.**She kissed his body.**He calmly watched himself being drained,**Then left behind a husk, awaiting to wither.*

*Counterpoems*

(2)

*A realist caught an idealist.**He wrapped her gently**The blade of lies glinting, edge by edge.**He kissed her body.**She was forced to calmly watch herself being drained,**Then left behind a husk, awaiting to wither.*

*[Nightmare Loop]*

*If sleep won't come,  
If the starry night  
presses too close.*

*Just at the edge  
of skin,  
the edge  
of breath.*

*The Alter was walking:*

*If I  
touch my skin...*

*Peel it\_  
\_Like cicada shell.*

*Like  
shedding  
what  
never  
quite  
fit.*

*The skin,  
fuzzy like velvet,  
scaled like silence.*

*The Sleeper was talking:*

*When you cut away  
each piece of me,  
my blood  
runs green.*

*My pupils  
are pink-brown.*

*Like dusk.  
Before thunder.*

*My skin:  
is a fluid.  
Shifting.  
Unheld.*



*Cricket Symphony*

*I swallowed a black moon.*

*In a foreign land,*

*What all I see  
on the barren soil  
of a far far place.*

*Rosy twilight shrouds  
forgotten socialist constructs;*

*Souls  
Be trapped in midway,*

*Starlight  
Hasn't stopped the fortune.*

*The towering monument  
is an adoration of so-called power,*

*Yet all I see  
are the ideals  
long since fallen.*

*I wish one day, it  
won't bring back  
those shadows  
in the salted wind and waves.*