Snowflakes of Movement Fall on a Still Pig

"No thought without movement is pure thought"

This was something I read online last night

and remembered again this morning

At that moment, I was still

absolutely motionless I was convinced

A thought running fifteen hundred meters won't make it

under three minutes forty seconds

On the wintry earth, the thought imagines a distant race

treading on snowflakes

each step firm

"Three minutes forty-one seconds is ninety points, three minutes forty seconds is a hundred points"

This range and slogan are unquestionably certain, firmness unparalleled Victory, relying solely on its hardness

it's like a balance scale

Phidippides whistles, thought, imagination, walking on the earth

snowflakes engulfing in the way believed by all

the next marathon of victory Inspiration from lucky numbers is temporary for humanity

And Phidippides, motionless before the temple

Victory measures the weight of failure with thought

Victory never stops, failure never moves

Never moves, absolutely still

Victory weighs failure like a fat pig lying on the table And

Phidippides with tweezers, holds up the floating feathers of the heart