

## Matt's Apartment

Connecting the tiny chip to his nauseating brain, he vanished into sleep. He didn't mean to disappear. Taking leave of the world,  
he connected the tiny chip to his head. It isn't that he had no will to live.

While I was fixing my sight upon his tear, it had neither joyfulness nor sadness from his eyes staring into the air. I watched it as the coolant,  
or a matter of degree, it salinated solution in his body.

His tears were being cold, and I sent farewell to the days I had missed  
the fragrance of human on him, and the window that irritated my eyes  
stimulated my emptiness as the big and small bubbles of his scattered tears  
evaporated into the air. What was my emptiness made up of?

His little chance of survivability. My lack of ability to take out the chip from him. My identity bordered on ignorance. His apartment  
where no one reached out. His voice of closed eyes. The light extinguished the darkness.

To whom should I sail my following way? Should I follow the shadowy grief after all those resolute voices?

If so, I should make some incredible voice to veil my sorrow and depression. In all his daydreams, selfishness prevented me from soaking into that dried  
and warped creature.

The emotion that cut out that moment vanished, and  
the ignorance was amplified.

The fright impulse. And the memory of that stubborn man.

His high-pitched voice. My hatred toward that unfavourable man.  
About his values, linked in his brain.

Certain noise in a silent room.

The scattered emotion as dust and the leftover of that human.

Suicide in this age, is like another murder.

I dedicated my value, reborn afresh,  
and reversed the ceaseless voice.

While he was absent in Matt's apartment, Matt raised himself.  
All the moments were completed by the sole last motion and extinct.  
For leaving the last sense of loss, for much of the day,

he had spread his numerous tumults.

The hatred of myself who couldn't yearn for his noise that wouldn't be  
surrounded in my ear, collapsed with the following hatred that I had tolerated  
the discomfort about him in the past  
and the following hatred that I couldn't evoke any sorrow for him.

Thinking about lots of salinity left in his body,  
I wished that his tear was never ended.  
And, I had nothing to feel.

Noise existed with noises.  
Silence existed with silences.

Without any relation, in the fading memory of 'Matt,'  
I left his nasty apartment, where finding peace without him.

Now he existed between death and life.  
I left as the sole witness who no one would call to mind.