

Perfect

The summer breeze hit my face. I was waking again in the living room, where no one regrets. Regret for the past was useless in that place, but I had no reason to stay there anymore. Anyway, I was staying there without any renewal of the beginning.

It was almost suicide, but I killed a man, and the living deaths of innocence inside him, and the children shared his name without any loving depth of silence.

It was exotic. We were killing their time and their right to pursue plentiful emotions for the rest of lifetime, but not all people need to have that responsibility. Their life would probably reach any end soon, as I was thinking, while I kept justifying myself about the passing day. The man maintained his tranquillity and seemed like hiding his nervousness to protect his child, his innocence, and the name of a family. That's right. I need more detail on this statement.

His home was full of discomfort and inconvenience. The things that he pursued conflicted with his life of illness or illness of life. His gentle smile as the father of humans intended to exile me from his home, protect his quality of life, make up his fear, and save their time for regrets.

Regret had no reason to be repeatedly chewed in this living room, as all the memory had no reason to be ruminated. All the objects supported their power of integrity to erase every syndrome of chaos. The time was being simple and singular. All singers were falling in love with the nonsenses, and no one hardly shared the time of nuts. 'No one desire to get out of this room. All the standards of normalcy that people talk about stayed in this room; it was like a small city.

He noticed that I would kill him sooner or later. I had no evil heart, and I was supposed to be the visitor as the name of a new friend, but his surprise drew a horizontal line between us. I was being a stranger again, and everyone started to feel strange about me.

(I thought that all people could be a welcomer.)

I had no reason to kill him, but I did it for him to match his last piece of the upcoming future as if someone told him it was destiny. I accomplished it and wrote the last page of his book.

I did not intend to shock him, and no absolute power couldn't sustain him in his home. He wouldn't necessarily fabricate every his spoken word by destiny, as the eternity of silence.

After a while, I recognized the fresh air from coast coming through the window and realized today was the end of summer.

I wanted to stay in this serene but should get out of there.

I was descending the stair to go upstairs to get out of the no one's future.
I made an excuse to pretend that I was not in the place of no one's space.

I was sceptical of everyone who passed me, and at the same time,
I felt free from everyone on this street.

And when I saw the sunless morning through the window,
I realized that I had killed the part of my past, my friendship,
and my authority of living.

It was the bruise of buds which erased the expected future by ignoring it.
Nothing left in this world, even if everything had possibilities, and I knew it.

This feeling was like cinnamon juices, which have a romantic flavour with a disgusting taste.
Flavours are fascinated with the sweet sound, but
if someone drinks it, they will notice that the taste will bring them bad memory. That's the
sound of their smile
and the sound of cosy voices.

People usually say in fashion to be the one who hasn't lost the wind of change.
But no one has delved into those possibilities. The thing in common is that we don't take
any action, but they distinguish between them and me by saying something repeatedly.

So, no one actually knows about that change, or if we are all full of confidence to know
about the change, then we would be late for expecting it, as I am continually making an
excuse.

I was visiting that contagious summer again through my memory as the time machine
to erase the feeling of guilty. I felt the cosiness of the breeze through the window, and I
could feel it was the temptation of warmness. All the cold and cynical responses provoked
people's loneliness and were finally isolated by all their fragile hearts.

That's why their life needed the fabrication to breathe normally as the feeling of warmness.
Normalcy is close to warmth, and if you decide to retain your coldness, you have to struggle
with feeling of dislocation all the time. No one wants to penetrate it.

The thing they need was the warm blanket from the morning to the daybreak, the fragility
of the innocence, probably, as he was living in the tallest cake in my brain.

'I am your fake insight, your tallest skyscraper of fragility. When you cut it like cutting your
finger, you will finally realize that there was nothing inside.'

'But you would desire this blank cause are fall in love with the soft melodies addiction.
Sponge cake and marshmallow. But I know you wouldn't cut this fancy building, and you
would pile it up high again as you did for the rest of your life, even if you notice that every
single thing is empty by your emptiness.'

So, I made the perfect excuse for my last night's murder. I was like the sunlight to melt it down, all the stairs and rooms to break down your illusion of claim. The fact that I killed him never changes.

I was like the bug who crawled up the window without wings. It couldn't go down the skyscraper, but it was buried under the soft layers of the building with a ridiculous cream when I stabbed his skin at the top of the building. I couldn't go down, fly away, and fall to the street.

The last death was at the friendly tombstone, tasting various sweets, and the place where I woke up again was the world like the sponge cake again. A world like that was composed of life as a sponge with touchable faces.

That's true. 'I had to kill this man to encounter the blank area in his body, his empty heart, empty organs, and his shallow blood vessel!' He had no blood to spill out; his life was like the soft milk bottle hanging upside down in midair or like the aluminium can.

His skin was like a cartoonish sponge. I was obliged to kill him to escape that fragile living room, the floor in the skyscraper, all the big windows, and my yesterday nightmare.

But his emptiness escapes from his head.
Where is your emptiness?