

R's Everyday Life

I was escaping my reality and my dream. Finally, I found a small hole in the floor. I was starting to dig the hole and encountering the amount of fragility that she left in his room. All the objects covered their weakness, and the smell of perfume still lingered on the ground floor. That made me encounter my fragility, the things that had made me escape. I was running from my surroundings, but I encountered myself in this room. My anxiety of relationships and my pioneer of darkness. No one wants to know my dark side, and I'm far from everything.

And suddenly, I observed the sophisticated corner in her room, which could absorb every her feeling. Every time she put her consciousness on that wall, she felt her ignorance. The room had nothing for replying to it through the echo. Her voice had an invisible resonance. After he evaporated in his room, she left that room as well.

No one can realise that I was concealing in this room. No one remembered this room, and no one understood what made this room as the room. I hope no one remembered me at all, my face, my facial expressions and every my stupid words.

As time passed, the room had no door, and only the hole in the ceiling could connect me to the room; someone who was full of confidence couldn't find that tiny hole in the ceiling. Only those who carved the hole in their heart could finally find it. I needed the shelter to disappear from all the things subject to me.

As time passed, the room had no odour, and every sense vaporised easily, and I couldn't make any clear memory in this room. It reminded me of the things I left behind. I had no new sensations and repeated association with the departed sensation. Senses from the past seeped into this room again. All marks were oriented to the trace of cancellation and rotated the resonance of revelation. This empty place gradually resembled me, the software which couldn't be upgraded and activated the outdated memories.

The last memory of that colour is like seeing her putting memories inside her head through the mirror. I was anxious to be the one of her cheap memories or the one of fallen past on the floor, which can't be included in her mirror of the past.

I wasn't in the centre of people and attached to the corner of the space. I wasn't sure if I could be a step ahead of that unexpressed feeling. It was lingering on the fragments of the room. I was afraid to get close to those who were afraid of themselves.

I watched the crumbling forms but couldn't get close to anything, and her identities in her room avoided me.

I couldn't hand over the questions to the things of vanishment. I couldn't detect their reason for vanishment as well. The blurred images stare at my ignorance, which combines my disregard for fragilities and my anxiety of being disconnected.