

Waking up from an animal state

The fierce sun barked at me. It means that I woke up, waiting in the shattered glasses.
I had the fear of resonance and the regret in the silent crack in my mind.

We shared the blood of masks. We had to show it for us to join together.
It was the promise with the frozen affection but the union of life-saving.

I was born here again when a lady left her life to face herself, her reality.
This place, where it seems real, made me bring out everyone's desire.
I realised that I had finally come to the place again where everyone barked every day.
I had no clear memory of this place, but I could only backtrack this emotion and believe those feelings.

Every light started to watch us as the image of the remnant but had no certain interest.
It was like the text or thought in the animal state. I made the dialogue which no one can hear.
I could catch the dialogue but couldn't feel it. It was like the frozen tears.
I was close to this uncomfortable resonance with the destroyed shields.
It was the place for shelter.

I had no reason to stay here; it was not necessary for me.
However, I already knew that the more I tried to ignore that place, the more I needed to realise that I needed this place.

Everyone seemed to remember me, and I also knew that everyone treated me as a flying piece of paper.
My life had no title, but I titled it every day. I was separated into the cracks of memorial data but collected into the injured action of the physicality.

I met that lady in that place. She left our table earlier; she followed her joy. It was the last memory of that place.
The place was full of lights; it was too bright, and I could see her bleached skin closely even if we were far from each other.
We all hated the shining light, but we also needed the brightness.

I just felt distant from her; I didn't even want to be close to her. Our conversation was like the monologue under the electric waterfall.
She acted like a person who fulfilled the desires of everyone.

I just felt like I ought to talk to her, like the psychotherapist, her friend, or her sibling.
'Hello, how are you? Are you sure about it?'
Also, I just felt that she had no ear for hearing other's noise.
I needed to erase her remnant in my memory; it was like the sound of regret.