

our existence:

Linda Lin

I

Teary blood

drip

what they hide

Burn

Burn

Burn

Incented gleams

drift

Halt.

Light it up.

Light it up.

Light it up.

Lit.

II

Am I the roadkill to your blindness?

Worshipping this potential thing,

at the dawn of our times.

Once or twice,

due to the unknowns of the future

of our future.

Endlessly spinning,

once or twice,

due to the darkness of my mind

of my tenderness.

Effortlessly sprinting,

once or twice  
due to the string of your woe  
of your timidity  
towards me  
once or twice,  
and only me.

### III

I don't want no labels; I shouldn't have to. I won't be needing to. Just a little farther of the distance that I need to reach. A pint of your bliss that I never seem to have access to. The thought of you was consuming me.

### IV

The faint neon lights in the dark,  
the trident-shaped clouds from afar.  
One step,  
two steps.  
Towards the blatant azure,  
hand in hand  
with things that I need to achieve  
and the ways that it was meant to be.  
One step,  
two steps.  
Fleeting through the unconformity,  
fourteen steps at a time  
with time that you stopped to find  
and the ones that they wished to collide.

### V

Puff puff on the leather door handle  
The breeze that was trifle to our existence  
The accolade that was mumbled to your face

The slurs that were yelled against my blaze

Dark portals

Time travels

Incented blood

Drift

Burn

Burn

Burn

and...

poof

here's the light.

## VI

Since when did it become me and you against the world?

"Against the world?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

Perhaps it'd be better if I could be the one to destroy the world.

"Destroy the world, huh?"

"I mean, why not?"

## VII

A shade of gleam filtrated the night. The red and the blue mixed, transforming the visage in front of me to be such a purple color that I could hardly recognize. Particles and particles and particles accumulated. That cluster of particles shifted into a tornado of dust, swirling round and round against us. Sharpened teeth made out of shards of glass, one at a time, prone above my heads, ready and waiting. I stepped a little closer to you. The frigidness of my fingertips could not cease the numbness. I scrutinized your features. So delicately wrong in so many ways that others might criticize for, but not to me. In my mind, unlike the fallen angel that fell from grace, you could be beautiful. You were gazing at the monster. So intensely that I couldn't help but wonder about the location of your empathy. I sensed your gaze. Accompanied by a slight grin, a click of the tongue, a smear on the lips and a tad bit of your taste. There was nothing that we could do. So I leaned softly, against the nature of things, with so much tenderness in your eyes, with so much simplicity in mine. It felt right.

We were surrounded now. Those that existed at the moment. Those that dissipated at our sights. Those that spoke in benediction. Those that ceased to seek alterations.

The esophagus was exposed.

VIII

Drip

Drip

The pin to our needles. So blatantly sharp that we put a pause to our end. The triumphant music from afar began to echo. In such an unnecessarily extravagant way that matters ceased to exist, tuning out the mumbling voices that once or twice, had interrupted that train of thoughts.

Click

Click

Euphoric. That was how it felt. Wiping off the past with one stroke or two, adjusting to the rhythm that the tuba blasted, but no matter how the tuning of every instrumental piece attempted to smudge the glaze that transformed into the flashes of the wounded esophagus, the blaze persisted. A boisterous laugh.

Ha

Ha

A mere duplicate. That was what it was.

Light it up.

Light it up.

Light it up.

Lit.

The throat was cut open.

drip.

drip.