

Eyelashes are lingering

over the corners of this long lost bar

Up in the mist

of Korean town

souls smell like fuck

and pain,

down the sharpness

of the crazy morning hour

Wetness is leaking

through the drunkenness of our breaths

And it's yellow,

and superb,

the color of the night

Imaginary words

are crumbling up my chopsticks,

thinking of where the whole universe

may have imploded

and how the lines of stories get strayed

in what we are



The air is black and thick

over our skins in this forgotten place

crossed by thoughts

that take any shape

and then become triangles

At some point I almost forget

the stench of fried oil haunting around

in this considerate corner

patiently pampering us

with a sour touch

along the edge

of the dark

lost in water

and cigarettes and purple sand

over chicken and mayonnaise

a shadow calls me back

to finally open my eyes...

