

Lili,

A branch fell from the tree in my room today. Cherry blossoms bloom. I look out the window to see them, and instead I see you looking back at me. How the sun keeps me alive, I wonder how lights make the reflections in my window bloom and blossom like this. Flowers of glass, sweet dripping with honey. Oozing flowing

84:28 "Warm, damp air rises as the earth heats up
84:32 "At high altitude, it condenses into small droplets
84:37 "This creates these beautiful clouds
84:42 "To the quiet rhythms of nature...
84:45 "they dance silently above our heads
84:49 "Often we overlook their beauty
84:59 "As they dance higher...
85:02 "they silently turn into hail...
85:05 "and return to earth through the clouds
85:09 "During their plunge...
85:11 "they shed their positive charge and form a negative-charged front
85:22 "The two opposing forces...
85:25 "are attracted towards each other
85:28 "It grows irresistible
85:30 "In one flashing moment, the two violently reunite
85:34 "That makes: thunder
85:39 "It's believed that thunder created all life on earth
85:44 "400 million years ago,
85:46 "a bolt of lightning created the first amino acid,
85:50 "the origin of life
85:53 "That was the beginning of everything"

I drowned in rain and thunder that day. I watch you walk away towards that bus stop. I can't make it up my stairs. Your warmth, and caress evaporates from my body.

[Since this point, he has been unable to store new memories.]

A delicate paper crane nestles in my hand.

I still hear the bus driving away everyday. Years pass.

133:37 I never loved anyone else.

[8:31 AM: Now I am really, completely awake.

9:06 AM: Now I am perfectly, overwhelmingly awake.

9:34 AM: Now I am superlatively, actually awake.]

The doorknob rattles in my audible memory.

A bolt of lightning strikes a wooden house, setting it and all 67 starving mothers and boys and girls inside ablaze. Where might they run to? Careful not to overcook the meat. Perhaps they'll wait for the fire to die, for the sweet glint of rain to come drizzling down, to quench their dry, burning thirst. Hands covered in ash grasping up at the air. Heart-eating. Thirst for life, for sweet flesh—for tenderness.

89:44 Look this way!

89:46 Let Daddy videotape you

89:51 Still crying...

90:09 Look this way...

90:13 The eyes...

90:20 What? You're moved?

90:24 Suddenly it all seems...

90:26 so cruel

A rose's thorns splinter and shatter, their precious bodily fluids depleted. A symbol of decay, of unrelenting morbidity, the [fickle] promise of youth.

133:37 I never [*really, completely*] loved anyone else.

133:37 I never [*perfectly, overwhelmingly*] loved anyone else.

133:37 I never [*superlatively, actually*] loved anyone else.

The metal sockets clink together in a pithy song.

How they dance this mechanical dance, how well-rehearsed, how automatic. The short flicks and clicks of metal. An etude. Muscle memory. For them to separate us again, how easily they took you from me, tore you from my arms. Did I fight back? How did I do, Mom?

Please stop yelling and

hold me. I want to quit piano.

My fingers can't play anymore. [Brittle] Promise of youth.

[On 27 March 1985, _____, _____ in early music
contracted herpesviral encephalitis, a herpes simplex virus that attacked
his central nervous system.]

I think of you everyday of my life, you know?

142:11 She did not leave any messages.

I wouldn't know how to live on. I'd fall apart.

[_____ developed a profound case of total amnesia as a result of his illness. Because of
damage to _____, an area required to transfer memories
, he is completely unable to form lasting new memories – his memory only lasts between 7
and 30 seconds.]

That day, I waited and waited. You never showed up.

I waited because I knew

I'd be ruined if I didn't see you.

[_____ spends every day "waking up" every 20 seconds, "restarting" his consciousness once
his short term memory elapses (about 30 seconds).
why he has not seen a doctor, _____ he constantly believes he has only recently awoken from a
comatose state. _____ in discussion, _____ able to provide answers to questions, but cannot
stay in the flow of conversation for longer than a few sentences
_____]

It is not that I had nothing to say to you, but that everything I have to say, you must already know.

[He greets her joyously every time they meet, either believing he has not seen her in years or that they have never met before, even though she may have just left the room momentarily.]

and i return to my room and the red lights ebb and flood in once again through the window ,

A bird. Something to kill and eat for lunch. Bird of prey.

Perched in The Persimmon Tree of eden. Predator of wide-eyed girls and the naive

clipped wings of an angel, eyes burning

the last golden leaves, Glimmering over The horizon

, pulp Glimmering like Fire.

Twisting the tendons with your spoon

hair shimmering, suspended in Heaven's Light

tendrils of the sun licking the empty space outside, reaching for the lights breathing in and out,

A glow of the heart. The red tender caress of Death

Where did you go, Mom ? where did you go. ..

Do you forgive me ?

Tingting, please

don't worry about us. 不要再担心了. you are still watching over us, just how
you used to. I wish I could eat your 炸酱面 just one more time. I'm sorry how things turned out
. Not just the past couple of days . I've felt so far away from you and
disconnected, and have been trying to adjust and take care
on my own. It has been a hard month I know your room is small, but
try to rest, and take care of yourself. We all miss you so much, everyday. I still remember how you
cared for me our last summer together, the tears I shed. I will never forget your words to me.

You have been so patient with me and so kind. these discoveries
only come through being ,
in life. I saw something in you and your heart. felt
something rare special in your company. felt I was truly
with the person in front of me. vulnerability beyond stories of the
past. through immense pain, still
kind. A special glow in your heart shines radiates, for loving, losing, and
continuing again to love. A wisdom I feel with you always.

I don't feel this with anyone else
all the details. in your poetry, your music,
the songs to sing. listen words and feelings—
everything. rare and beautiful. All draw me to you.

When you ask me , I want: real special connection
to share my life with someone who cares about who I am,
the things I feel, the things I want you to want me, to be with me. I want intimacy,
warmth, affection like you, who understands me,
be close to without fear to hold
you the comfort with my body when we lay together, when you touch
me across
, music, movies,
food walks [in THE PARK] bike rides [in THE PARK],
places, photos, the world. I want to be
with you.

If only i had told you then, not just that i could not have written

it if i had never met you —

that you

inspired every note

—

Every tap of my dancing feet

My vision blurred by your faint light
gleaming

From april's shimmering spectres, murmurs of the night on display
just for us,
Just for you.

As if a display case to hold your porcelain smile
Glass and all, reflecting, projecting, likening my image with your own
Linking them in an inseparable dance. Torment—

eternal,
everlasting love