

03

SPIRIT

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I am dissolving
Yet, I am not a shadow,
I am not formless,
I have my shape, a little figure.
I coil,
I tangle,
I crawl on the floor, on my bed,
Yet, I am not a smoke
That is rising upwards
Or melting into the pot of clouds.
Zero is a number
So does the silence
A mild sound,
This is not a blank diary
Alas!
It is our eyes that fail to read words.

The more I walk, the more I feel
The sensation of not being
Under pressure
Imposed by wind or crowd;
I like a spirit



Exist and not so exist,
I encounter
The oscillation of my aura
Like a flame of a candle
Like a flicker of hope
In half daylight or at night;
Spirit-
Only be felt
Through senses,
My apparition: Ghost alike.



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