My mind is

Neon lights up my mind, she is like a noisy city. Multifarious, crowded, chaotic, orderly. Leech - like reality bit by bit. She lingered, trying to smile. Always in a hurry, indifferent. Doubt, the crooked road is hard. I don't blame her.

My mind is a grand symphony, elegant, sensual, and neat. Why would anyone call her scary? Is that her purple note? Is it her golden, spreading branches? Is it her ridiculous texture? Was it the light from her body? I tried to reconcile with her. But she was so erratic. I can't hold her. She is as free as water. She was wandering about. The icy ripples are her home, the shadows cast by the sun are her friends. She is happy. I guess. She was so strong. The waves could not lift her even if they used up all their strength. Rocking like a tumbler. "But she is not beautiful? "What is beauty? Is it her soft purple shell? Was it her smooth, flawless face? Do I think so? She loved her bruises all over her body, loved the smell of the earth, and smiled at the black spots bitten by insects. The rough water beat against her again and again. Why does it hurt so much? Why me? Swallow the bitter water and face the sun. Nothing seemed to stop her. Was that light really hitting her? I think it's her own light. The faint light woke her from her deep sleep. Despair, bitterness, struggle filled her body. Dragging a heavy body and numb heart. I want to open that pool, take out that light. She wanted to have all the light in the world and see all the seasons. Free to breathe the smell of light, carefree. She wants to be a light. No attachment, no pretenses. She ran hard, hard into the darkness. Repeatedly. Closed eyes feel something. Is the light? Why is that light so bright? Like a burning sun, like exploding bacteria, like a sculpture melting in the oven. Red lava slowly filled the yellow sky. It's hot, but it's worth it.