

# Fall into sea

Abyssal phobia. Damn it. Don't tell anyone.

Waves, layer upon layer, rise and fall. Like the folds of the world. It's so tight. I can't breathe. Crack, good afraid I accidentally fell in. Is it black? I think the dirt got stuck in there. I'm breathing hard. Really want to, really want to. I hate myself for being too weak. The seam? What about the deal? Why don't you leave it for me? I shout, I am angry I am wronged. I don't believe it anymore.

Drowning in the ocean. So deep, do you really think a flame could ignite water? Stupid, really stupid. I blame the stars for disturbing me with their bright yellow light. What's that? Lantern fish? Cut, big mouth, fangs, gege dada, will kill me. I don't believe it. Turn a blind eye. Green, green! Isn't it hope? I've learned! Green, vitality new life, hope, glorious! I yelled at the membrane. It's so thin. I was like cuttlefish, I would only vomit over and over disgusting black. I hate it. I hate it. I'm too weak.

Sad, I can see that. I still turn a blind eye. It doesn't matter None of it matters. I just want to pinch my nose, hard, and fall. Pain, the original tears repeatedly dozen of my cheek. Black, I'm not afraid. Grab it, grab the rope, grab the cable, grab everything, grab everything. Cursing sharp. I spread my arms wide. Is it cold? Will it hurt? Do you feel tired?

Make a puppet. Don't drop your pearls.

Crash. Over there, over here, all sweaty. Kick, rise, can't stop. Light, light! The light of the deep sea! The dazzling white circle of light, bright, like the New Year was lit by fireworks. Tick-tock flames, little butterflies are flying.

I turn to God, the lights of thousands of homes. Red like the sun, green like a newborn bud, blue like the sky, pink like children do sweet dreams, purple seems to be nutcracker candy kingdom magic ball, orange seems to be the countryside grandma picked orange, yellow like autumn have fallen apricot leaves. Tears began to roll in my eyes again.

I turned my head to see the crows in the old dead trees, feel the heat of the smoke, smell the rice, taste the snow. Snow! The original white halo is snow! It's snowing. I love snow. It is the joy of Beijing's children. The memories came back. The shell was hard enough to knock, and it fell off. I was naked and crying.

White, I'm not afraid of black. I see it. The world is fluid, it's soft, it's dreamy

Deep, ocean, I would like to fall forever