

207th Bone

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written by Zhou Li

translated by Xi Nan

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Everyone who comes to this world comes with desires. We eat, sleep, fall in love... These are all natural impulses. And what is poetry? I think it is also a kind of desire. In their subconsciousness, every individual desires to be understood and recognized by others. This is probably where my poems were born.

Zhou Li

Translator's Introduction

In this poetry collection written by the Chinese poet Zhou Li (周立), the poems have no title and are only separated by blank lines. This doesn't seem to be the author's deliberate arrangement; he just let the poems be what they are. Much like a person's daily life: every day, week, month or year that passes does not have a definite theme, but this does not hinder every day from becoming every day and every year becoming every year. The days we spend may be happy, depressing, painful, empty, or even despairing. So are these poems; their existence is their meaning. They are not higher or lower than life itself.

It is a personal book, a spiritual conversation with oneself, or short records of life and emotional fragments in the passage of time; it is some secret part of a person, suitable for reading when one feels sad, on rainy days, nights, or when suffering from insomnia—you will easily find resonance. You will see a man's desires, love, confusion, puzzles in life, and even politics. The poems are sorrowful and despairing; fortunately, they are also very light. You can pick the book up at any time, open any page to start reading, and then put it down any time. Perhaps it can also be said that these poems are our "unbearable

lightness of being."

Zhou Li is a poet, of course. In addition, he is a doctor at a hospital, raises more than one hundred tortoises at home, is an insomniac, and is a middle-aged man who has regrets. Sometimes he is just one of many faces in the crowd. He lives in a small town with hills behind it and the sea in front in southeastern China. According to him, it is a magical place, a blessed land, and the frequent surrounding storms seldom affect his town.

The poems use simple and concise oral language. This collection is a modern one and has recorded what is in the process of happening or what has just happened; it is in sync with life. Because of this, the process of translating this book was not difficult for me. But this doesn't mean I didn't encounter problems. For example, the idiom “岁月如梭” literally means “the sun and the moon are like shuttles flying on a loom,” but since it is a fixed idiom in Chinese, I thought we could use a fixed English phrase to express it. Initially I put “how time flies” for the translation. In the end, Zhou Li and I decided to go with the original translation. He wanted its “deeper layer of meaning” to be shown. Similarly, I have tried to remain faithful to the original meaning and mood throughout the book in hopes that you may understand Zhou Li's poems in English as they were originally written

Xi Nan
July 25, 2020

Preface

Fish Lu: Please tell us about your day job first. Do you like your work? Why did you choose this career?

Zhou Li: My profession is a medical worker. For me, this is just a means to earn my living. It is just a job. I use it to get material things and to support my spiritual life as much as possible. The initial career choice was made by my parents. I always listen to them. I don't like this job. There are too many repressive and helpless things in the state institutions, and extremely rational thinking is needed. But I'm a sentimental person

Fish Lu: Please describe your daily life. Are you satisfied with your current living status?

Zhou Li: If you had asked me more than ten years ago, I would have answered: Satisfied, or dissatisfied. But not anymore. Basically, you have no choice: everyday I go to work, get off work, occasionally write poems, and try my best to live as others do. You need to calmly face the various circumstances in life, whether proactively or passively. It is difficult for us to change anything.

Fish Lu: Why do you think you should “live as others do”? Is it because of the pressure from your surroundings?

Zhou Li: After all, life is trivial. You need to have various relationships with different kinds of people, and you can't isolate yourself from the crowd, so it is better to have some commonality. I'm not exactly afraid of pressure, but I also want to be more relaxed

Fish Lu: What kind of person do you think you are? Do you think other people's impression of you matches yours?

Zhou Li: The opposites of many things coexist in me. For example, I sometimes can be very talkative, while sometimes very quiet, a great contrast. I can only keep looking for the point of unity among contradictions. But this point is constantly changing, so my status is continuously unstable and lacks a sense of security. I'm always worried that accidents will suddenly happen and beautiful things will suddenly disappear. On the spiritual level, it is difficult for me to find people who I can communicate with as equals. I think very few people understand me, and I don't need others to understand either. Loneliness is my normal state. Perhaps most of the people I know still have limited thinking: we are not on the same level of communication.

Fish Lu: So you are a person with fierce internal conflicts. Have you ever thought about the specific sources of these conflicts?

Zhou Li: I believe that a large part of any individual's

destiny is actually doomed. This is not philosophical idealism. I think the real reasons are also there, but not as important. My father's early death may be one of the reasons. At that time, I was an adolescent and my core values were budding.

Fish Lu: When, and for what reason, did you start writing poetry? What does writing poetry mean to you?

Zhou Li: I started writing poetry about five or six years ago. There was no special reason. I just started to write one day. Before that, I basically had very little knowledge of modern poetry. Later, maybe because of a girl, I then started to consciously write and showed it to her. She was my entire world. Poetry is the natural outflowing of my emotions, meaning that I still have emotions, I'm still alive.

Fish Lu: You are relatively low-key in my impression, and now I also feel that you are a little pessimistic. Does this have anything to do with your experience?

Zhou Li: Yes, I am a pessimist, like the color black. You don't see any shadow in black. In fact, there is a difference between pessimism and negativity or decadence, but many people see them as the same. My experience is terrible, no need to talk about it.

Fish Lu: Besides writing poems, what other hobbies do you have to fill your spare time?

Zhou Li: I listen to some music. I am a friend of many folk singers and occasionally I write songs, too. My dad was a morally lofty intellectual, and I have his genes. I usually spend a lot of time with flowers, birds, fish and insects. I have nearly a hundred tortoises and a few cats and dogs, and so forth. I feel that it is much more interesting to communicate with them than with humans.

Fish Lu: Wow, a hundred tortoises, this is beyond my imagination. Let's talk about your tortoises. Is it usually troublesome to take care of them? How much time does it take?

Zhou Li: Ha ha, if you wish, you can accompany them all day long, feeding, changing water, taking care of the environment and hatching, and so forth. People who don't have pets may not understand the hardships and happiness in it.

Fish Lu: Where are you from? Do you think the interpersonal or natural environment there has an influence on you? If so, what are the main influences?

Zhou Li: I live in a coastal town in Ningbo (宁波), Zhejiang China. People here live a peaceful and mediocre life. They basically have no influence on me. The only thing that influences me is emotion. I am a faithful slave to emotions.

Fish Lu: Can "a faithful slave to emotions" be understood as, like to immerse yourself in your own world?

Zhou Li: No one would be willing to be a slave, but I know for myself that I can't get rid of my emotions, then maybe I should give myself in. Perhaps it will reward you with a piece of candy occasionally. I am a very self-centered person, but not closed. So emotion is the only way out.

Fish Lu: For you, what is the relationship between writing poetry, or artistic and spiritual pursuits, and your daily life and job? Is it possible for them to be in a compatible and harmonious state?

Zhou Li: Spiritual and material things are inherently intertwined with each other. It is impossible for one to exist without the other. There can be toleration, but that's not harmony. Poems are the body and spirit imprisoned by me. I always have to stay with things that I don't like.

Fish Lu: Are there any poets or artists you like?

Zhou Li: There are a few. For Chinese poets, perhaps Wu Qing (乌青), Ren Hang (任航) and Yang Li (杨黎). For foreign poets, I like Philip Larkin and Charles Bukowski.

Fish Lu: What do you usually talk about when talking with people?

Zhou Li: When talking with different people, my state will fluctuate greatly, and the specific contents will be different too. If he or she has an interesting soul, I will naturally talk about something interesting: poetry, love,

politics, worldviews, and the damn life.

Fish Lu: Seems that the topics can be very diverse, and you're a bit cynical. Do the people around you have such an impression, too?

Zhou Li: Yes, they do. There are many things that make me angry. This is a matter of principle. I habitually see the other side of the coin.

Zhou Li's Poems: 2019-2017

2019

A not-so-familiar friend
Suffocated by coal-burning and committed suicide
Female, 28 years old
What she cared for most in her last words
Was her cat
I don't know her pain
Also have no position to express
My grief

The moon is drifting here
Then drifts there
When I look at the moon
It doesn't move
The clouds are drifting here
Then drift there

A cold wave is coming
Heavy snow falls in the surrounding area
This small town near mountains and the sea
Where I live
Stays unswayed
Occasional pieces of snow
Fall only on the roof

After the spring begins
There is more rain
Those underground corpses
Will slowly wake up, too
Every time it rains
I dig into the soil one time
To see to what depth
The rain has infiltrated

I'm holding fifty-two yellow roses
Covered with a layer of white veil
Outside the church
In a corner
Waiting for you to come
The flowers are a bit heavy
Several times
I wanted to put them down

Smoking in front of a breakfast shop
A little girl around five or six years old
Runs over to the opposite lawn
Takes a piss
From time to time she looks at me
The spring rain in March
At this time, keeps falling

You say, you can go in
It's already the fourth day
Today's color is like a mixture of fresh blood
and coffee
Passionate, and with a ripe scent

Recently went downtown
Found that many parking lots were unmanned
This is pretty good
Unmanned mall
Unmanned hospital unmanned crematorium
And then go to the no-man zone for
Unmanned sex

I really want to jump from
This height
For so many years
What I wanted to do
Was never realized

Came out after watching a movie
It was already late at night
Just now there was sleet outdoors
Now only the snow was left
We went through the streets one after the other
With hands put in
Our respective pockets

The fish in the river are swimming around
I'm still far from the river
But there must be many fish in the river
Swimming around
I don't know whether they're
Happy

I'm already ashamed of
Speaking out loneliness
Pedestrians outside the window turn up their collars
In a hurry on their trips
The weather is still cold
I haven't spoken of
Love for long, either

The moonlight makes shadows
Trees have shadows
I am here, love without shadows
Hate without shadows

Don't like wearing a watch
Especially at night time
The pressing tick-tock by my ears
Will make my heart beat faster
Like someone is warmly inviting:
Welcome to
This wonderful hell

I live by the sea
It is a treasured place
Disasters never happened
Only a heavy rain is remembered in 1997
It kept falling for several days and nights
The water poured into the house
Even now
There are clearly visible marks

The city after rain
Stays still
It doesn't fly up along with
The rising water fog

Anti-theft fence is installed
The sun still shines in
Leaves a few shadows
On my body
Makes me look like
Some kind of striped animal

Every time I see beautiful mountains and rivers
I always feel
A cemetery buried there
Right now the cemetery is clean and tidy
Pines and cypresses are ever green
To look from a distance, they are
Beautiful mountains and rivers

If the doomsday earthquake comes at night
Then the world is a
Huge sex bed

A pile of black plants soaked in water–
First use hard fire to boil it up
Then use slow fire to stew for half an hour
It becomes a bowl of wholesome but bitter medicine
These unknown plants
Go down the throat
Into my stomach
Don't know which season is growing
In my body

Carelessly broke a vase
Sharp shattered glass pierced my finger
Strictly speaking
That was not a vase
When I broke it, there was no flower
Only air in it
I'm wearing a raincoat

So it doesn't really matter to me
Whether it is raining
Just one more kind of
Pattering noise
Makes the world not
Sound that silent now

Keep clenching my fist
And then loosen it
Clenching, and then loosen
I didn't catch anything
Didn't lose anything, either

Before bed
I habitually smoke a cigarette on the balcony
On the right there is the road
Occasionally cars pass by
On the left there is the river. I've never seen
A boat
With a juvenile standing in it

One two three
Sleepless night
I'm neither counting stars
Nor counting sheep
I am counting
The dose of medicine that is
Enough to keep me asleep

The downstairs household
They have a yard full of flowers
I use water
To extinguish the cigarette butt
So that I can throw it further
Not to fall
Among the flowers of others

I want to take some medicine but find
The medicine is out
Can't hear the pills hitting the bottle at night
My heart at the moment
Is empty

The bed takes me to the bakery door
The sunshine is bright
Pedestrians passing by all look at me, say:
What a beautiful girl!
They talk while showering on me
Pink bank notes

Watching fishes by a fish pond
A fish is dead
With its white belly facing the sky
Take another look
It's the illusion formed by the light refraction
Light is ever changing
Sometimes it forms a fish, sometimes a human
And sometimes is those
Indescribable things

Inexplicably want to cry
In fact, many things
Have a reason
But we can't
Walk here and there
On the street
Nakedly anyway

Early spring is a bit cold
Some trees haven't yet grown leaves
Two birds on a branch
Are flapping and playing
They are not chirping

A perfume is placed there for a long time
Never opened
I do not know
What kind of fragrance it has
Also lose the chances to
Infatuate with a certain kind

It is raining outside
I get the conclusion
Based on the weather forecast
The app shows
That the probability of rainfall at the moment
Is 100%

Tomb-Sweeping Day, the sunlight is bright
The rain fell the other day
Dried out soon
Sunlight can take away many things
So do you

I see that I killed two big green snakes
I see a pack of black dogs were chained up
I see the newly-peeled bark slowly softening
I see that I am trying hard to join these fragments

When I heard that the *Cathédrale Notre-Dame* was on fire
It was raining at my place
I am far apart from Paris
Water and fire
Are also far apart

To close the window
So that the fallen leaves are not
Blown in by the wind
Just that, in autumn
There isn't only
Wind and fallen leaves

When loosening the soil, dug out an earthworm
The sharp blade had cut it
Into two
They crept nonstop
Crept into the soil again
I heard that after a while
They'd turn into two independent earthworms
And there wouldn't be any
Further connections between them

Ning is getting married
A simple Western wedding
Invites me to attend
I've never been in a church
Only when passing by occasionally
Would raise my head
To look at the top of the steeple
And see if there was a
Crow perched from medieval times

The rain falls into the water
The sun shines on another piece of sunlight
Today I am
Hiding in my own shadow

Light in the underground garage
It is dim
But I can already read the book in hand clearly
Very few people in here
I actually have a kind of
Inexplicably warm feeling

No matter if it is a happy
Or painful moment
She crosses her arms
And puts them on her chest
Forming a
Collapsed crucifix

No sunshine on the balcony
Among the dense and tidy rows of tall buildings
Some are houses
Some are homes
Among those who're walking on the street
Some are people
Some are beasts
I pick up the scissors and cut out
Withered branches and leaves in the flowerpots

Had a nightmare again
I was shouting hard in it
But couldn't make any sound
Why the thorns of the day
Are always
Stuck in the throat late at night

It is not dead yet
In the pool of blood
Continuously twitching
That car has sped away
I watch from a distance
A street cleaner comes
Throws it into
A green trash can

Myself in the mirror is
Transparent and real
Just that all the organs
Have changed direction
Including my
Heart

I wash my own body
Over and over again
Eyes pious
There is a god in the night
I am full of awe
For it

I like you
Also know where you are
But what's the use?
Many years ago
I also saw
Freedom there

I shred the sunshine
Put it into my mouth
A few
Raindrops
Also fall in

All relationships
Originate from love
All politicians
Serve the people

Birds that were born in the winter
Fly over and land on
This summer's shoulder
One bird
Two birds
More and more birds
People walking by don't hear the birds chirping
Only hear
The woods singing

Don't call me a poet
It scares me
I have grown old
Not good enough for beautiful things
And no longer talk about
Love that often
So be it
Full of birds and beasts in my view
Each holding a broom

I like rain
But am seldom in rain
I like you
But seldom hug you

If in a night when
Peach blossoms are bright and beautiful
I open my eyes
Don't know if I would see
One or two peach blossoms
Or countless
Maybe I open my eyes too late
Only see
Darkness

Bees are all over the flowers
Ants walk through the spring
Flying to me

I've watched three movies alone
This month
Stories on the screen
Audience around
And me
Pretty good
Not so lonely
As imagined

That tree grows too fast
Obstructs the sunlight
When chopping it down
I find an abandoned bird's nest
On the crotch of the tree
So strange
For these years
I rarely heard any chirping
In my ears

Next time I won't buy a white car
Although white looks pretty good
When it's clean
It's too easy to get dusty
Even continuous rain-pouring
Wouldn't help
My first car was black
Ruined in
Our car accident

December the 25th
Morning, rainy
A bus stops in front of the red light
On the rear it's written: Her Spring
When the green light is on
I bow my head
Take a bite of
The red apple in hand

Mother's Day
I did not wish mother a happy mother's day
She knows
For these years
I haven't been happy

The road I know gets sick again
Once in a while
It is cut apart
Excavators dig out from it
Reinforced concrete
Unknown pipelines
And then put in other
Reinforced concrete and unknown pipelines
None of them
Are soft

Three o'clock in the afternoon
The sun shines on the lawn to the right
The tortoise is staying still
On the lawn to the left
If I change my position
Then the sunlight is on the lawn to the left
And the tortoise is now crawling towards
The lawn to the right

Strings of grapes
They are green now
In a few days
They will turn purple, then black
And be eaten by someone
Some will fall to the ground
Become sweet jam

When the rain just started
It was not big
I could easily
Walk through the raindrops
Before they fell on me
And raised dust

If you sit still in a car
With windows closed
Rain keeps flowing down the glass
Then the world at the moment is like
A huge water curtain theater
Mass background actors
And a handful of leading players
Are standing on the highest point of the stage

A busy day in the sun
To build a cover
For the ripening grapes
I feel my shoulders burning and sore afterwards
I am used to shade
Feeling somewhat uncomfortable
So much sunlight suddenly pouring down

On the way back
Wind started to blow
More and more black clouds came
Rain also fell down
Not long after
Into your black camisole
Exposing your
Shallow cleavage

I have never seen
Dandelion seeds
Flying
Even if they flew past before my eyes
I wouldn't know
These are dandelion seeds

Unknown weeds
Overgrown on the tomb
Paper flowers
Fall to the ground

The lake water outside the window is moving
Because there is wind
In my eyes
Tears are also moving
There isn't any wind

I did not eat today
Just had two cans of beer
A plate of pistachios
There were many pistachios
With some salt sprinkled on them

I step on withered leaves
They have no bones
But are making sounds like
Bones cracking

I've been enjoying talking to myself
Since I was a child
When I was talking
I was actually carefully listening

A tomato is lying in the plate
Next to the tomato
There are two apples
And at this time, I am on my way to the kitchen
To get a knife

Awakened by a somewhat sad and shrill voice
Listened carefully for a few minutes
Couldn't tell what was happening
Fell asleep soon
When woke up again
The sunlight was dazzling

A fly in the room
Is flying around
Hitting the glass from time to time
It has a golden head in the sunlight
Keeps hitting the glass

The camellias in the yard
Are opening petals one after another
Spring will be very long
For now I won't
Think of how they will look
When the petals wither
One after another

In the dark night, all light
Is invaders

My naked shell curls up in the blanket
My clothes and my soul
Are hanging on the clothes rack
From time to time
They sway

I bow down
Sip the spring water from the mountain stream
Birds' chirping comes to my ears
The moonlight shines on your nude body

That room is
Different from the other rooms
It has dark red curtains
They are almost never opened
One day they finally opened a little
Oozing in some light

Pick up a fallen leaf
Use half of it
To cover my eyes

Tourists are packed in the park
I am holding a book
Walking through the crowds
The wind opens the book
Making rustling sounds

Mist around the streetlamp
Forms a light halo
It just rained in this early autumn night
A bit cold
Tell me, does this view
Look like winter

I've been lying on the sofa in the living room
The entire day
The bamboo mat from summer is still out
Today's weather is pretty good
Except for warmth
Nothing is left on it

The apartment corridor is equipped with
A row of voice-activated lights
Above them it is a layer of glass
I raise my head
Continuously walk round
This way
The starry sky won't go off

Right after opening the door
Sunlight followed into the house
I quickly closed the door
What I need is
Just an empty house

Many leaves are floating on the creek
Their colors are dark and light
Maybe have fallen down
At different moments
They just float on the water like this
Wherever the water goes
They go with it

So winter comes
Finally I can put on that
Black down jacket
I flap my arms hard
In the cold wind
Imagining I am
A flying angel

Sky is grey
Sea is blue
I leave home
To go to free
A captive fish

How to describe the fallen leaves in the wind
Trembling, struggling
Like at the moment of orgasm of our
Involuntarily
Convulsing bodies

I desperately cover my ears
The sound of rain is getting fainter
The crying sound is getting louder and louder

That red leaf
Suddenly falls to the windshield
I brake the car sharply
It falls down right in front of my eyes
The sunset at this time
Is shining on the river

I'm cutting my left wrist
Very carefully
To guarantee that the power of each cutting is
Just right to tear the skin
Let it seep bright blood drops
Instead of
Mutilating it into a pulp

I want to jump into a
River that is broad enough
Let the body rot
Let my loneliness permeate the whole river
And every thirsty passerby
Will become as lonely
As me

Today we have this year's
First snow
Want to go out and have some food
But I'm afraid of
The coldness outside
If you want the warmth
Then do not go out

I haven't actually seen a crow
Just repeatedly read about it
In books
As time passes
A kind of mysterious religious feeling is formed
I know I won't
See you and a crow
At the same time

The indoor temperature is eight degrees Celsius
Three degrees outside
Ten degrees below the thick leaves
My body temperature is thirty-seven degrees
No fever

Often feel dizzy in recent days
It comes and goes, like ocean waves
When the waves overturned that boat by the beach
Ah—I
Finally throw up

I wear that black dust coat
Occasionally change
The inside shirt
If I don't talk
No one knows that
I have two identical
Black dust coats

You sent some tea leaves from afar
I brew some up
In this humid and cold weather
Stir it gently with a spoon
Producing a vortex
The little vortex
Makes me
Want to jump in

We haven't seen each other for long
You say, yes
The weather is too cold
And women are made of water
Will freeze
You take off the black coat
While talking
Showing your rainbow-colored sweater

Cloudy day, light rain
I bought an axe online
Recently there's always something
Flashing in my head

Today there is sunshine
Really rare
I mean it is rare that
I am in a good mood
And this has little to do
With the sunshine

For some places
It is impossible to go back again
Like Huoxian Town
Like paradise
Thinking of those times in Huoxian
Feels just like paradise

Winter
Leaves fall
Hair grows long
Walk out after the haircut
Remember an important thing
I should wear a warm hat
So that my bare veins
Do not cramp
In cold nights

Near the end of the funeral
Firecrackers
Are set off
In the sound of firecrackers
A black wild cat jumps out
From nowhere
Staring at me
On its chest
There's a white crescent

What can I do
On this gloomy afternoon
The world is constantly repeating itself
On the west-facing balcony
One bird after another
Flies back to the nest
One after another
Car
Runs by the zebra crossing

I called Little Huang
It then
Runs to me
Lying on its belly
In both of our eyes
There is a moon
They're both very kind
Christmas Eve
Dreamed that I had
Received a lot of
Red apples
I took a bite
Of
Each of them

Tear off the hangnail on the ring finger
Paint on red
Nail polish
I watch the wound
Become a solid blood scab
My gaze slowly
Becomes softer

The first time I woke up
It was one o'clock in the morning
Still far from the dawn
Drank a cup of coffee
Wanted to put some sugar in it
Didn't find any

We've talked a lot
Work, life
Helpless confusions
And at this moment
The weather outside
We
Coincidentally
Did not talk about love

It is bitterly cold
I put a hot water bottle
Between my two legs
It is a rose-colored hot water bottle
What needs to be warmed in winter
It is not the heart
But the desire

You want to have a cat
Black
Not the kind in pet shops
Those docile cats
I think about it—
Let's go tramping then
Tramps
Will meet
Tramping cats

The cold in the south is everywhere
Whether it's the living room
Kitchen, bathroom
Or the single bed
The cold in the south
Is everywhere, like your
Love

You want to eat grilled fish
I take you to eat
Freshly killed fish
With all kinds of pretty spices
The iron plate is emitting white steam
Accidentally eat a wild pepper
Mouth feeling needled
Take a look at you opposite
My heart is needled, too

The rain and the glass window
Having been talking
The sound is sometimes loud, sometimes small
This evening
The rain has also talked with
Many people

Want to drink watermelon juice
So I make a glass myself
I put the green peel
Black seeds
And red pulp
All in
Red fruit juice is produced
The green and the black
Are unrecognizable

I like raising some
Flowers, birds, fish and insects
They don't speak
I think we are
Alike
Actually they can also speak
Just that I
Couldn't understand

I didn't go in
Because I was afraid
My wet-look
Would make your heart ache
You knew that I wouldn't bring an umbrella
And you saw
It was raining outside the window

I know smoking is not good
Just that the empty feeling in my hands
Will make me uneasy
I also see that
Many years later
On a windy and snowy night in Yan Village
A dying patient of chronic bronchitis
Struggling to sit up
Trying hard to cough out
The long-held bubbles in their chest

A lot of rain in the south of the
Yangtze River in winter
Heavy rain, medium rain
Small rain
Continuously raining
Every drop falls on the ground
The world does not need too many sceneries
As long as there is rain
If there is also, you,
Would be perfect

You put on bright lipstick
I eat it
Slowly, slowly
Rouge D Armani Matte Lipstick New Year's Premiere
Red lips ignite your colorful life
Baby, Happy New Year