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## Until the Stream Takes Its Own Way

It's not a theory of love. It's *love*.

*A confluence of numerous brooks, rivulets and tributaries. Also an avalanche that is made up of mutually conflicting and mutually caring water particles.*

Once I am in love with someone, I shall love them for eternity.

It's extraterritorial; and I'm a bare woman to love. It's how we get Agamben to think of it inside out: politics inoperative, once and for all.

I am a bare woman; I love

Let them keep the same old lines. I'd be full deaf and blind.

Now one new sound should be popularised the most, but not populist at all.

Love

love love.

Dot

dot dot.

Flood?

Dripping, so soft, as the flying of a lost cicada.

2023.09

Hong Kong

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This piece talks back to (2021.09 London):

In spite of all the hurting you had given upon our departing, at the end of the day, it is those, the most loving moments of innocent joy that I recall the most.

Not anything erotic, just that pure, reminiscent smiles of you, just that simple touch, that enduring, silent stare of white roses.

Tonight we do not make love in memories

As if we could just chat like good old friends.

## But shall we?

## It suits a fair night of rain, doesn't it?

So deep like I had to. So unforgettably beautiful like I should have withered slowly in front of you.

Then through the window I saw the gleaming traffic lights, some tramping from city to city. My friend, if only you would know that.

I was sitting on my bed. I was landed. I couldn't help but miss you. - All of a sudden.

All of you.

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