YOOJIN LEE

I want to draw you as a ground-hovering line that links the word base to the word 'element'.



The line flickers because there is a pointy bump in the middle of it made of city. Some people name this bump metronome, some sound out the digital, others see melt.

Your 24 hr inbetweeners, the liar-lie-hers- plugs on fires, and my New Yorkers call the bump a state of being.

All day I wonder why Boltzmann's arrow only points one way.

split in me again. again. until you reach the 200 word count limit...