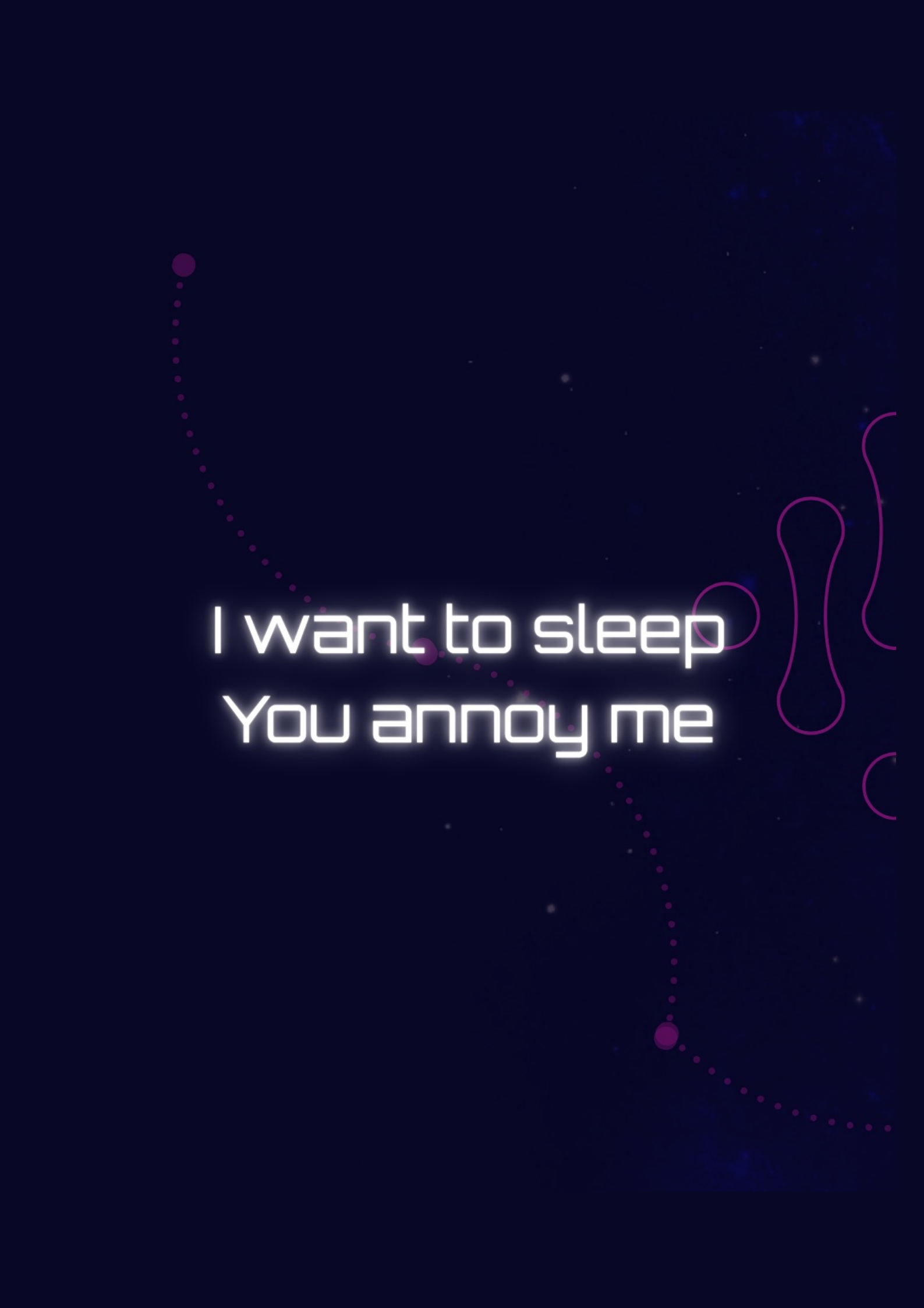
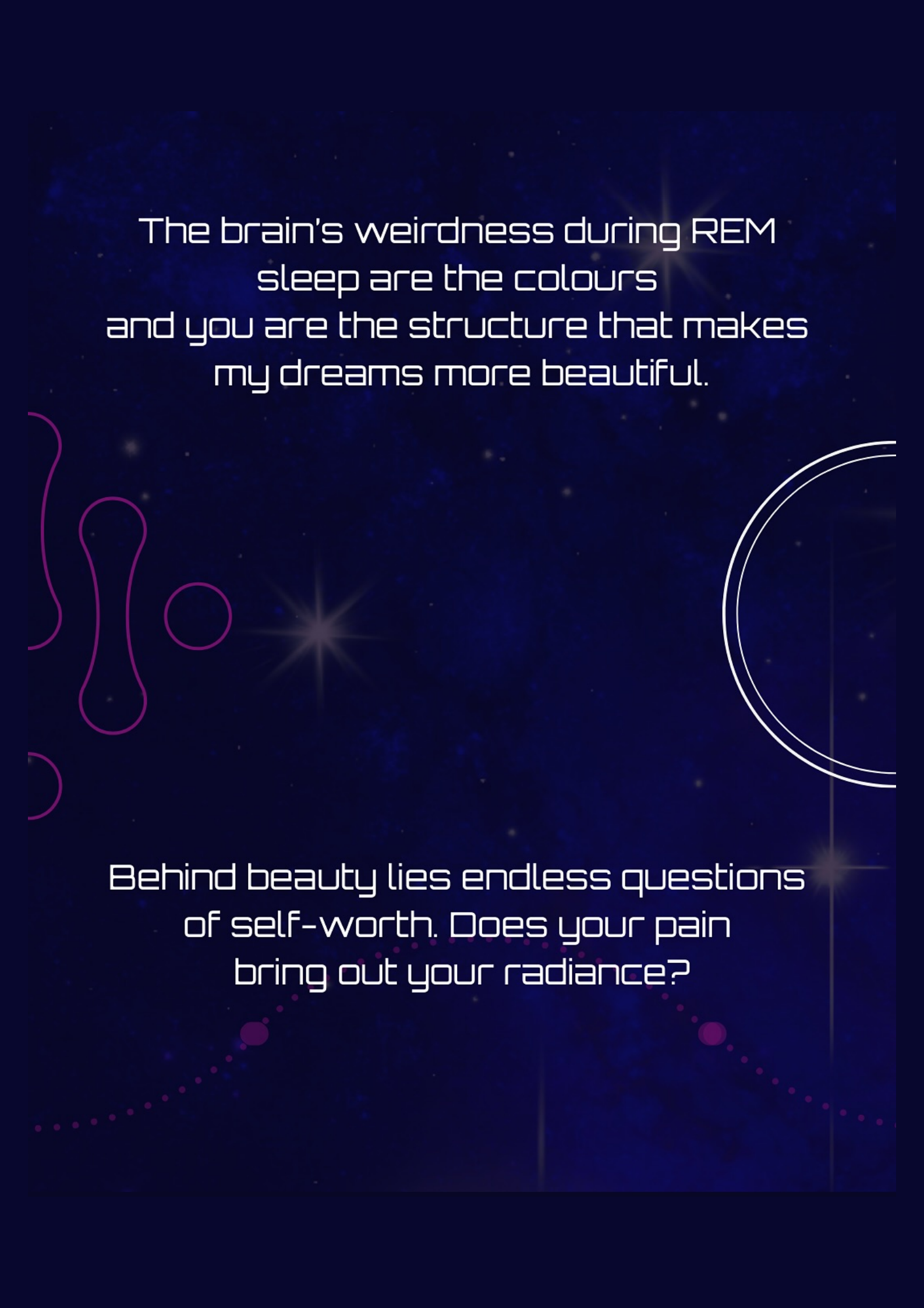


The background is a dark blue gradient with scattered white and light blue dots, resembling a starry night sky. A series of purple dots forms a large, open, U-shaped arc that frames the text. To the right of the text, there are several thin, purple, hand-drawn style lines, including a vertical wavy line and a circular shape.

I want to sleep
You annoy me



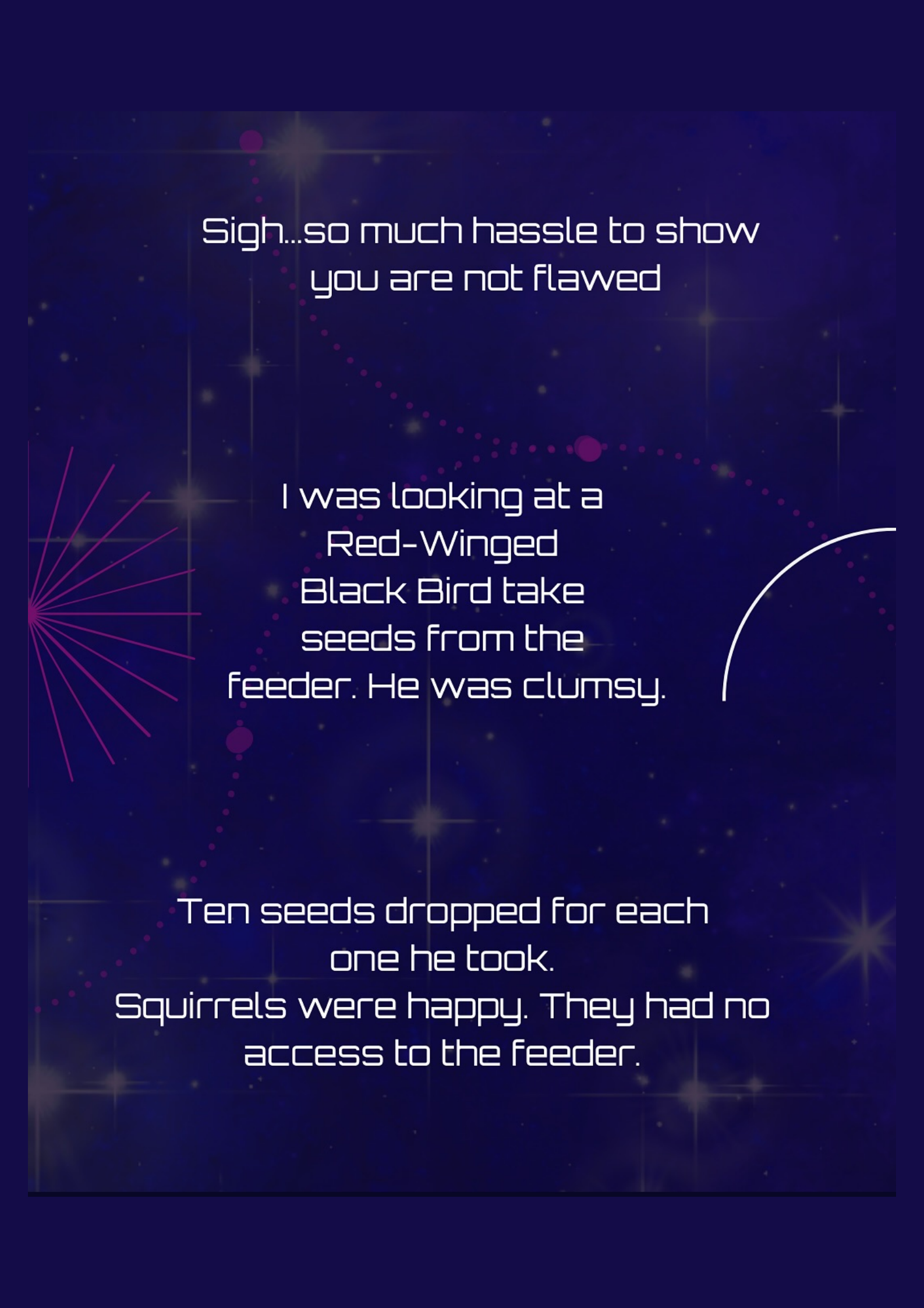
The brain's weirdness during REM
sleep are the colours
and you are the structure that makes
my dreams more beautiful.

Behind beauty lies endless questions
of self-worth. Does your pain
bring out your radiance?



I'm a tailor. I'll cut down the social
fabric and unravel
the strands interweaving the world,
to sew back a tapestry of you.

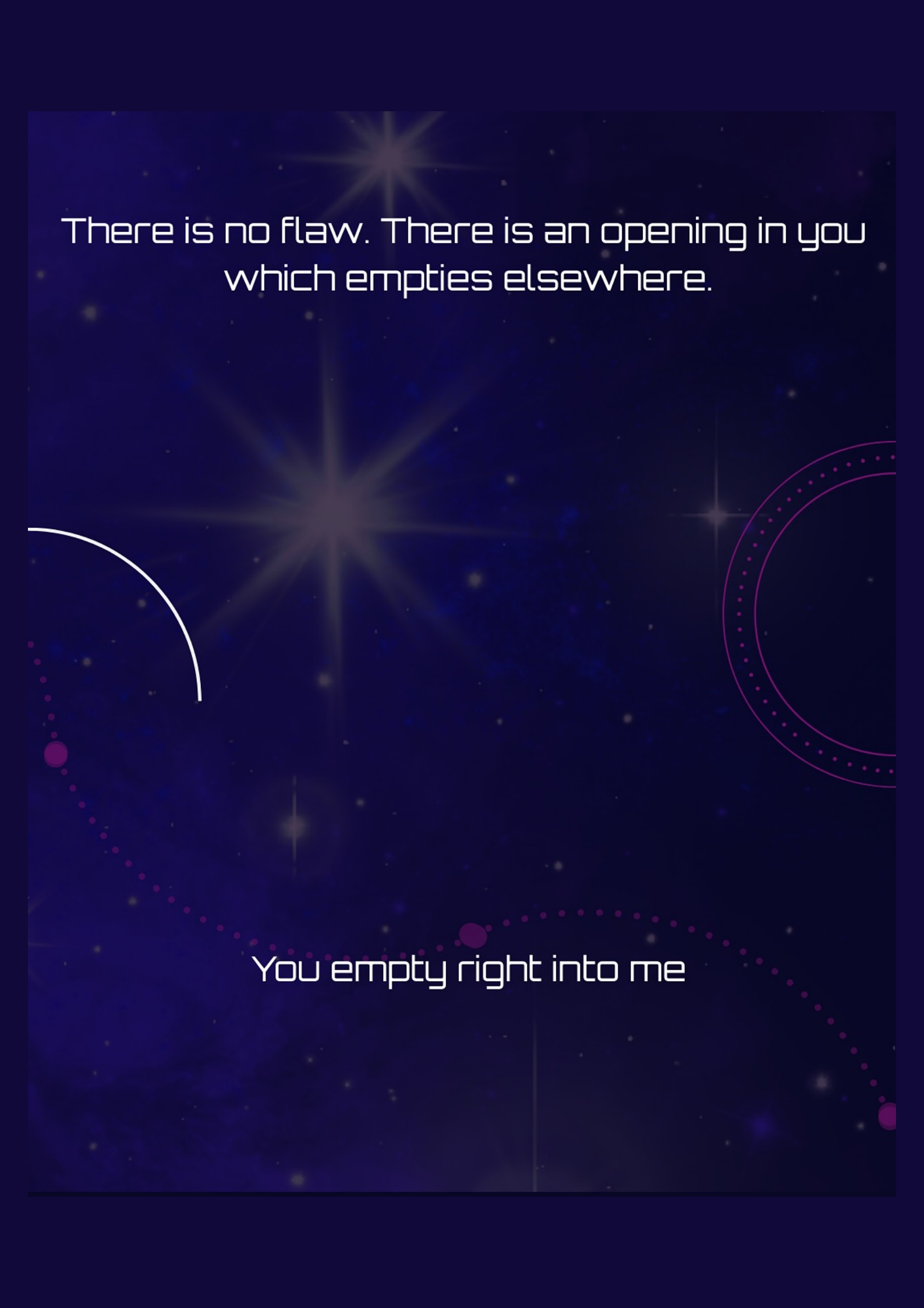
My costume will be a work of art.
It will be you; the standard
of beauty that cuts across
ages, culture, and mind.



Sigh...so much hassle to show
you are not flawed

I was looking at a
Red-Winged
Black Bird take
seeds from the
feeder. He was clumsy.

Ten seeds dropped for each
one he took.
Squirrels were happy. They had no
access to the feeder.



There is no flaw. There is an opening in you
which empties elsewhere.

You empty right into me

I bitterly admit Plato was right.

When I look at myself, there is lack,
when I see you and me, I see whole.