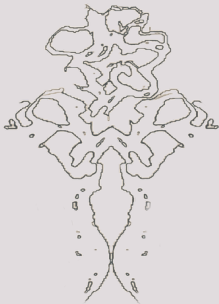




《Soren 刘》



<transit null> <soren liu>

<html-garden.neocities.org> <peabrain press> <2024>

manifesto of the ornament



anyway.

i am the accessory.
i wear myself: i am my decoder
phone case, the collage of
references and recontextualized
kawaii done just right.
i am decor down to a sellable
craft.

i wield myself,
make myself useful
for a second.
i sell myself,
spreading my legs and mind all
over the internet.
i can lend you ornament but
i am the coveted
your fashion does not change as
fast as my moods,
and so i pass myself around.

i am from nowhere in particular.
to put it simply, i'm from an
unreachable future, and that's all
you need to know.
to satiate your curiosity, i'm
made and remade in china
so it doesn't matter where i'm
<originally> from - it follows me
wherever i go.

i am proud!
no one else will feel pride for the
knock-off!
i am tired!
who wants to outrun desire for
you?

i know i look fucking gorgeous
around your
neck
i hope you feel the weight
i hope i dig into your skin
make it hurt, make it scratch
i hope my metal clashes
with your acid
your burning sweat
make it itch, turn green, and leave
a rash.

i know they won't find anywhere
to put me once the season's over.
i'll linger in the back of this thrift
store
for a while
discarded only to be cycled
through again and again.
i'm lucky they designed me pretty
enough to make you beautiful
and wise enough to make you
smart.
when i put descartes before the
year of the horse.
i would not be if i was not
pretty.



transit iii

IN TERMS OF TRAVELING HOME
WHICH WAY ARE MORE EASIER THAN PEOPLE
DO THEY TAKE THE SAME FLIGHTPATH AS I
DOING
OR A DIFFERENT ROUTE??

WHAT CAN TRY ITS BEST
TO TRANSLATE A LAST DITCH EFFORT
DISPLAY OF LOVE

THE TRAIN RATTLES AND JOLTS
THE GROUND LIVES AWAY AND THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT TO HOLD EXCEPT A STRANGERS
LOOKING TO END / COMING HOME
AFTER A LONG DAY
MIND TOO OLD TO DREAM

ALWAYS ON A FLAME ALWAYS SOMETHING
NEW

ARTIFICIAL INSPIRATION
BURY MYSELF IN THE HOME I WANT TO
TEAR OUT

女娲补天

did you know?
there's a hole in the center of the universe
it's growing bigger and bigger
and no one knows where it goes

between my legs, the hole in the center of the universe
connecting everything, everyone you know
has been there or is going there
<!--not you though, don't worry-->

my grandmother is <god>
she works in mysterious ways
weaving divides between family

perhaps she thinks she's just patching the holes in the sky
not knowing that i am the hole in the center of the universe
she falls off piers and crashes cars into lamp posts
she dances while everyone starves
her two braids in an old photograph, her big underpants, falling into
the bushes beneath her window

did it really happen or was it just
something i was afraid of becoming?
maybe i gave birth to her, if i'm the hole in the center of the universe
and she, the pit inside the heart<h>

waste not want not

it all becomes junk so quickly

more shit to throw out

i won't follow it, wherever it goes

it's like throwing away a little part of me,

i tell myself,

and not the guilt

sorry i couldn't keep you

keep you useful



from california, with <sober>

the cars on the 73 glitter, flicker beautifully.
like they're more a part of the nature than the people walking their dogs.

at least you can see the labor
unless it's a <self driving tesla>
whoever can afford
the 7 dollar toll
cut through the rolling hills of drought.
california dream

the fruit of my leisure labor
rots away behind plastic wrap, untouched
gates with access codes that you can push open
wide open at night once the contractors and deliveries are done <!--?-->

these parks are too expensive of a hobby
so we all live vicariously.
trying to touch the glass that's right in front of me

remember:
they sell tequila baja blast freezes on balboa island
cars are jet blue glittering pink neon green
high school english american dream unit
everyone's coming home with their degrees
diploma i just barely earned yet can't read
written in dead language like my name below it

再见再见

erase her from the internet
and shed no more pleasurable things
again does forgive me if/you
for a name that only ever gave me half protection
simulation of a simulation
she, aka, homegrown, half there half here, in between
but I am there

and I hope she still haunts me
but only me and me alone
no mispronunciations that edge just too close
just took the new name over and know
but they already know now

and I'd rather they know the truth than
some backhanded "compliment"
being seen the right way - the vague way
or made in china and proud of it, bitch.
instead of giving over that first name and tucking the last into
love, toilet, I'll drag your mind back out of the gutter
after drowning you in the outside of a first name you can't pronounce either

I want the backstrokes carved into me
keep it, keep that knife
and stab her in the back,
one - 4-two-3 man remove and jilt
me and me
I greet her with a smile in the mirror

she knows I am no man
but I am not her either
as remember the times we had together and the life we shared
sing that and loved loved

催眠曲

I'm the best ex-girl.....friend in the hole world:
if i die a thousand little deaths i'll put off thinking about the big one.
interpersonal exchanges can be merely one of fluids
but we don't come apart in the same way

i'm turning a song i wrote about you into one about me
it's always been a song no one wanted
my hair is a synthetic i can't wash out this time
no stains: neither red nor teal

so sing to me from the afterlife
<if> purgatory is the spring of nineteen
<then> ambiguity is the closest fags like us can get to heaven
i was once a rotting girl
and that bitch loved miserably
but we won't speak her name anymore



the secret of <peabrain> is that although the brain is only the size of a pea, it holds infinite wisdom that comes with any cat-like curiosity, though it may kill us

