[poem] To live is to sing a love song

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i make eggs for breakfast in the morning

i pick three. the other day, my dear friend told me she had five eggs in the morning,

because when i made breakfast for us few days ago

i stirred eggs in fermented glutinous rice,

and i asked her, if three eggs, that is, about one and half for each, was enough —

in a day in life, she would have one meal at home, and one dining outside. I figured that we were alike, and to save up, too. I was open to cook more eggs.

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i cook four eggs each morning

each sharing a quarter of the pan

and add in a drop of soy sauce in the middle

to make them evenly Chinese

for my lover's delight

in a day in life, she would have two meals at home. One after getting up, one at night, cooked by me or herself. I figured we eat different, and we are finding our way.

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you give me gifts at all the moments

I feel your love from the start

you give me gifts

that make me look and see

hidden, otherworldly woods

greens in sunshine

greens in rain

---

now I can finally express my love on a daily basis

with no cringe

(you soothed my stress like a tiger daylily)

sometimes I have a lot to say but I say only a potion

sometimes I have a lot to say but I say only a potion

for i don’t need to scratch my head to come up with something

that is not naturally mine