Life is a salad

This confuses your taste buds

 When mixed with vinegar

So have it with every Yayoi

Exalt the value of the universe

As a salad glorifies your dining table

Worth the visit my visitor...

The last sip of tea is so beloved

That it's romance can't be shared

Last night, last ship was hijacked

Hiccups did not let the last lip complete

Please don't synchronize your memory with tea

Remember me, but after my last sip of tea...

Your surrounding is full of such people who completes my absence and complements my space... Isn't it?

It's not the event that fink pain

These are the open wounds that stink

And pinch with the passage of time

It's not the happening that aches

These are the unstitched cracks that smacks...

Work on your injuries and avoid your soul from paralysis