

Document 1

I feel butter in my wildly is feel away a to mAdness am in
Strange flies belly my Heart beating ! ings takes me little a lot am I sick I Love



Document 2

a Du Ring)
sum
mer night
I am here
My sad ness The s
weet weat Her
,luss me In
to sleep War
m win D full
moon and shi ny stars
I a m here a n d
will stay)

Document 3



Document 4

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Jum ping almo
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to Music, eyes
Dances to set her
free, spontaneous ly cre
nce Moves and free ing her
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letting out her ener
the Music
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the Mus
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her fee
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with
her wh
ole body



Document 5



Document 6

Sacred pink flowers
grow after snow
melt. Good
days and
ephemeral beau-
ty of li-
fe,
Sing
Binds
Temple
Full
of flowers
And
shining
colours.
SAKURA
Live again

Document 7

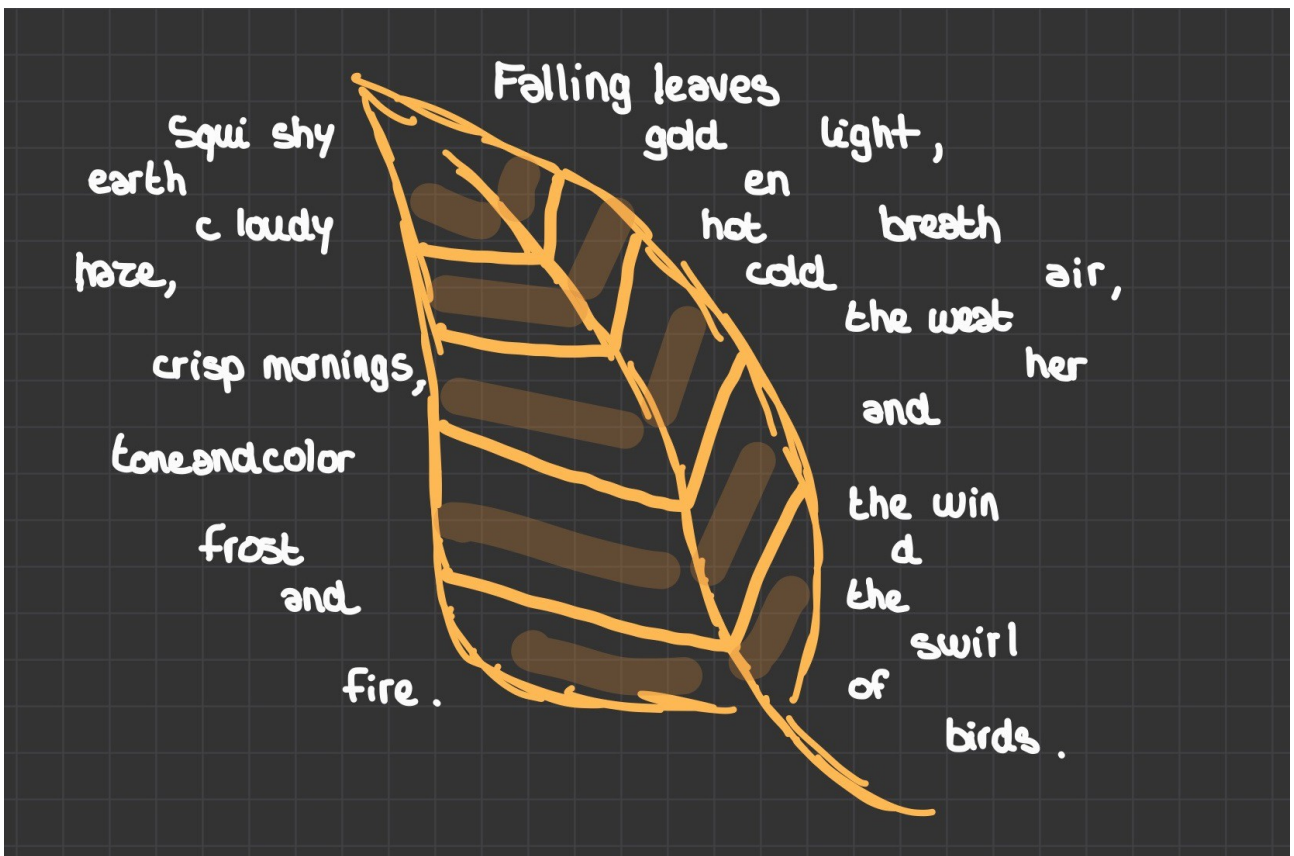
The rain...

beat at my
hears like if
the sky was
crying but the
rain wets me
and i'm cold

Document 8

because if I give you my heart, I will leave you
if you can't tell me "I love you"
if you can't plan to give me your love, your
sweatness and your desires, your
and kiss your lips day and night.
and kiss your lips day and night.
and kiss your lips day and night.
and kiss your lips day and night.

Document 9



when

nightcame

allher

problem s

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leavesandhassles in its

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Document 11



Do ve of know

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Fly ing

Birds

Hoo ve red

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the joy ful

Lack

Document 12

the snail

On the mea
dow slowly
lead on his

blade of
grass

the sky was

Blue and grass

was

Green

snail bet

ween,

cows

an d

eat ing an Orange

veal
was

leaf

in this

autumn wea

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however inatten

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He was

the sky be

came black

one

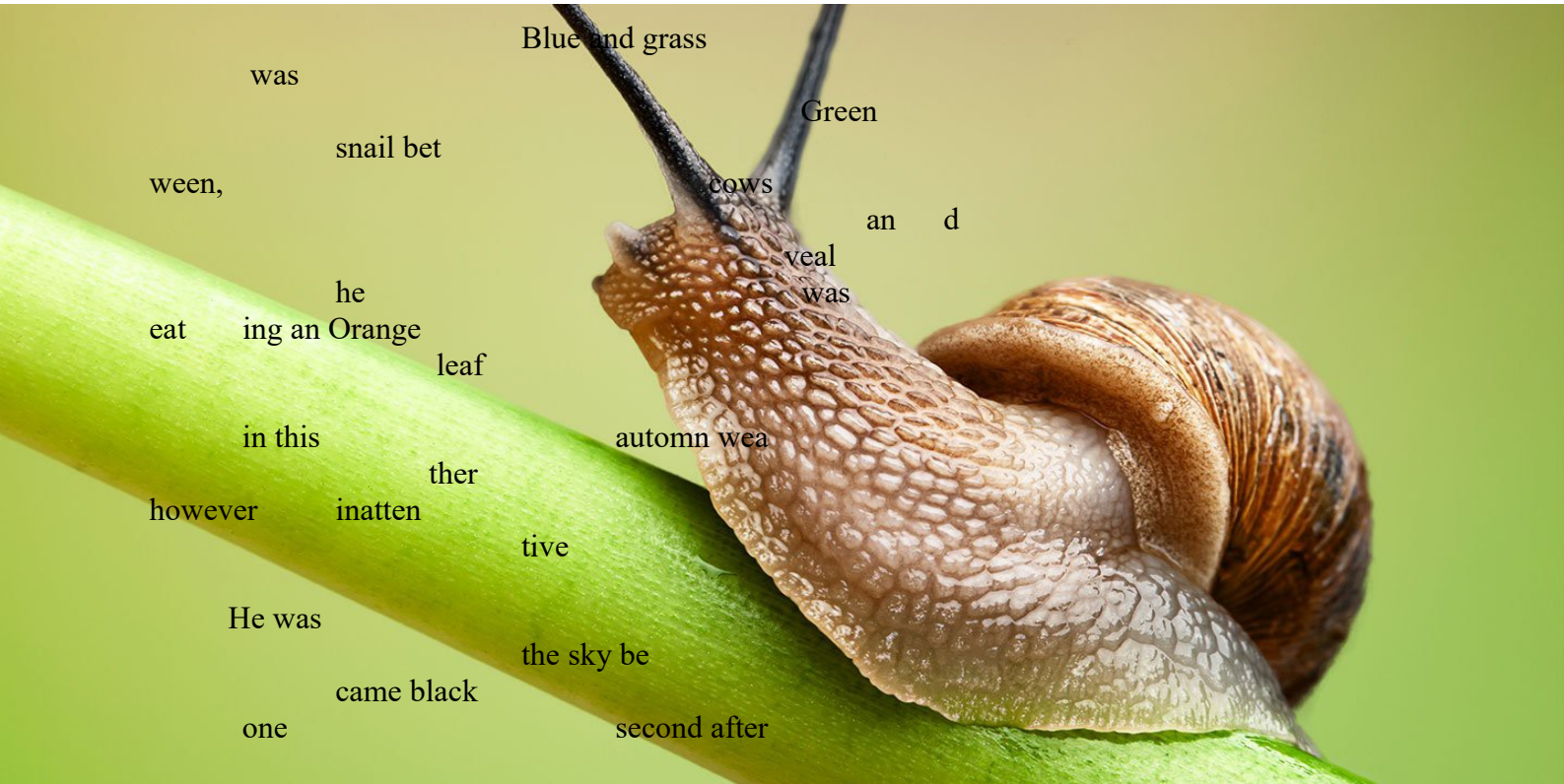
second after

Cra

cK(

it was

a paw)



Document 14



the
wind brushing through
maple trees
caramel colored
red transparent
sugary syrup
forest trail covered
dead orange leaves
bright rays of sunshine
joyful foxes running small
footsteps
cracking branches
smell of damp dirt moisturized
by rain



Document 15

A fairy
told me
and follow
the second
guide you to an
in Peter Pan but
land to

to look
the
stars
one will
there

godmother
at the sky
other world like
will be no wonder
live in



my black
ap
ple is ring
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and
bug zing
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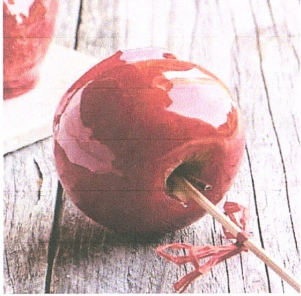
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Document 17

the Vi brat ing
Fir e col or Flow er slow
ly Dancing in quiet wind dis
the turbed by the dark
pitched lit tle Flyi ng over its
thing head
Blac k lik e mid
night shi
ning constel lations
, stars in Space
against th e bright
deli cate a nd
Vibra ting
plant
illu mi nating
its
darkness

document 18



The Apple of Love



A red thing
and some
love.
Pass
ion and
ries memo
of a bea
uti full per A
son. smell that
reminds me
of
you.