

1

The proximity between two elements in a parallelogram equals to the distance
between me and you, or me and happiness,
or two walls of a hermetically sealed chamber,
where movement is to be expected but not visible
as the lines stretch their long limbs out until the end of the horizon
where the sun goes home to have a break sometimes
(Everyone needs a break from now and then)
But the lines are never conjoin
and I doubt it will ever

A reminder:

A vanishing point is an imaginary space where two parallel lines meet.

2

The gaping gap between the word spelt G A P and G A S is only one character, the changeability between the sizzling sound wave of an S, dragging out longer than that puff on your slim cigarette and the pursing of lips and the anxious weight of your front teeth on the soft pillow of a P. Between these two sounds, I demonstrate now with my lips; a soft incantation to find the right image to translate them into words for y'all. Where shall we go from here? from words to sounds to imagery and back to words again, using my limited amount of grey matter to conjure something that is there, trapped and sealed between two panes of glasses. A space and a mass that occupies that said space. You may know that it is there and it is common knowledge of its usage in this part of the world but you may never see what exists in between, because your vision will not let you, or let me put it in a better way, you cannot see because our perception is utterly limited. We humans are weak creatures, and that makes us full of fear. Fear makes us desperate and our desperation is spectacular.

3

For the longest time, my perfect eyesight has been the source of both my joy and suffering. The abovementioned joy is to never miss anything, the suffering is also stems from the same quality. I would see things I'm not supposed to all the time; and many times that trait has landed me into trouble. One saucy harmless example is I once saw someone who was queuing in front of me sexting quite actively and that caused a few little chuckles. But also, that time when I accidentally saw my father on a stroll with his mistress, shit I should not have ever noticed. I remember my older cousin telling me "It's probably not him" but that didn't stop me from waking up at 3 in the morning that night to check the laundry basket, and in it was indeed the same red gingham check shirt I saw on that man. I was angry and devastated, I was probably 11 or 12 at the time and that seemed so long ago.

4

Not seeing clearly is kind of a blessing, at this point.

— Punch Viratmalee