

Satoshi Iwai

Shell

Since I was born as an only oyster in this apartment, my bed has been a pile of transparent impassiveness. Don't try to look into my mouth and find the deformed moon in it. You will cut your finger with my jagged smile. You had better mind your own translucent business.

Every morning my mom scratches the mirror with her words. My dad walks into the refrigerator and doesn't come back until the evening. The clouds of chilly evening look like my sisters, though I have no sisters. The sisters must feel no pain, and their eyes must smell like a wet dog.

All through the night, I hear the drainpipe groaning behind the wall. Anyway, dirty water has somewhere to get away to. The God lowers his voice whenever he gets tired of eternity. I feel sorrow whenever I think of eternity, even if the heaven is not what it used to be.

