Zhou Yu’s Train

by J.A. Pak

Are we like a poem, a short hand of words curtained together, evoking a mood, but in the end, impenetrable? We follow the clues to our lover's heart and what we find isn't him at all but ourselves. We fill every part of his life, every part of his past and even become his other loves. Do we fall in love to find ourselves, and if we do, feel betrayed and run away?

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