

SOINLOQUENCE

Isaac Zhang

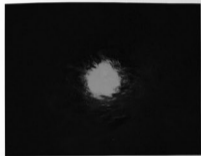


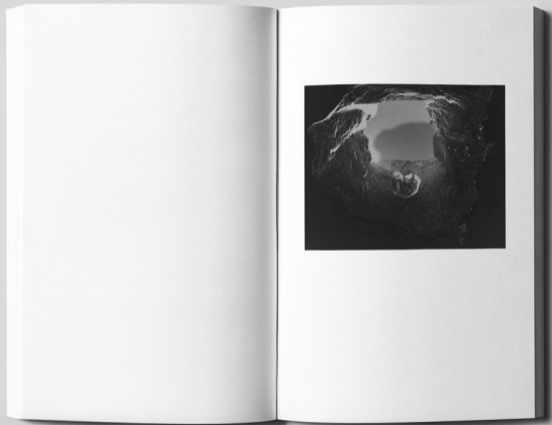
N^o one in this planet can escape
the ultimate fate of death.
In the ~~_____~~ torrentially flowing
ocean where for many night the giant
remains too deep slumber thousands of
figs are widely open, thousands of minutes
are awaiting fear.

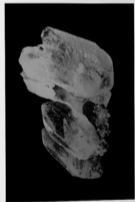



weeping into the cold stream in an unknown night
is my last poem to you...











caption: "The artist's hands are shown in a close-up, focusing on the intricate details of the pen and the paper. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the skin and the metallic sheen of the pen. The overall mood is one of concentration and precision."

