

JIYOON

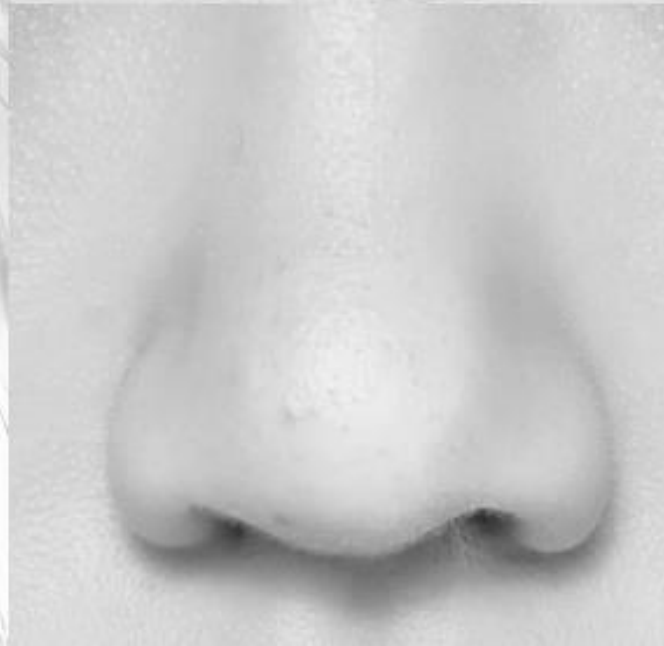
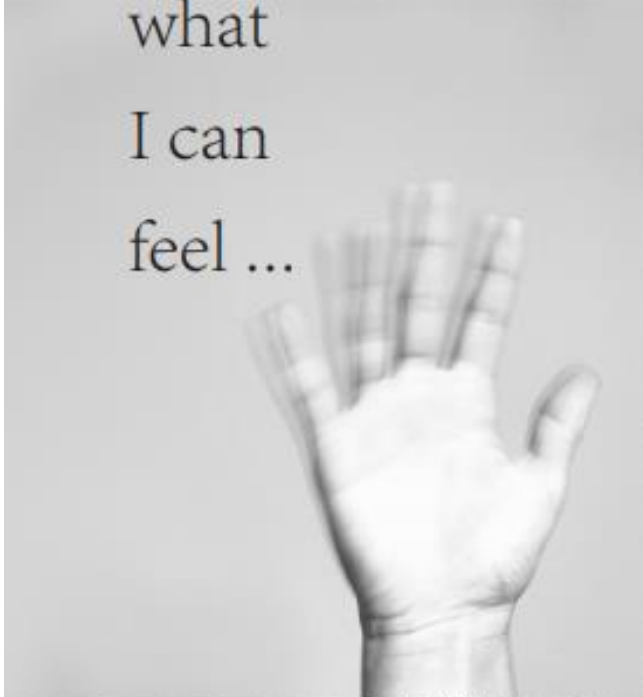
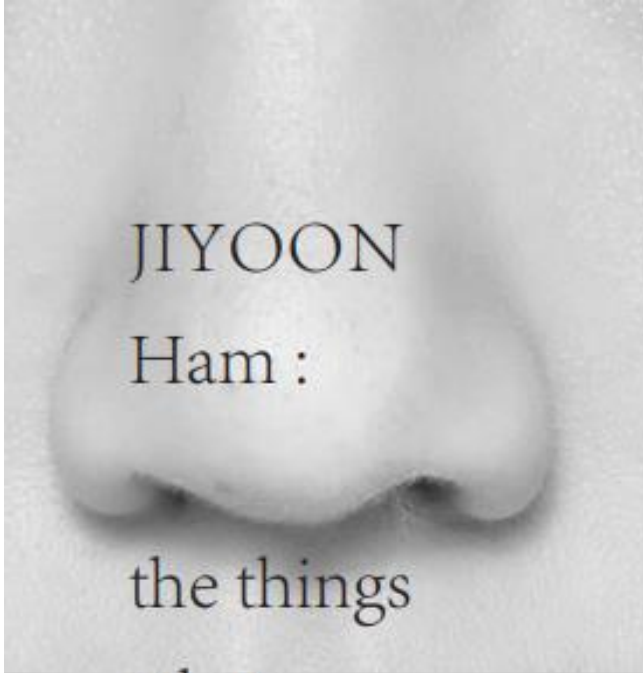
Ham :

the things

what

I can

feel ...





Gently flowing stream . .
bloopy water souds . .



The smell of leaves burnig,
trips to the local apple orchard,
planning the Thanksgiving meal.





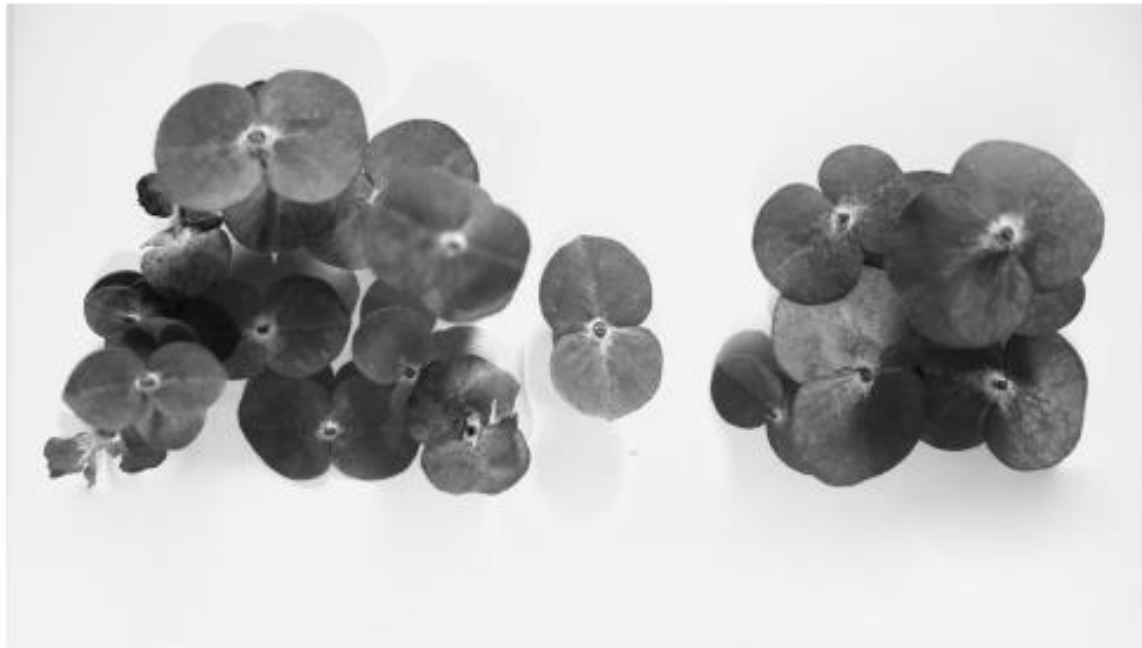
It tickles me,
but it is soft.

I can feel it passing by my cheeks.

It seemed like it was passing by for a while
and then came back with the smell of autumn.



"A clear, beautiful transparent bird's song, as a jingle bell rings."



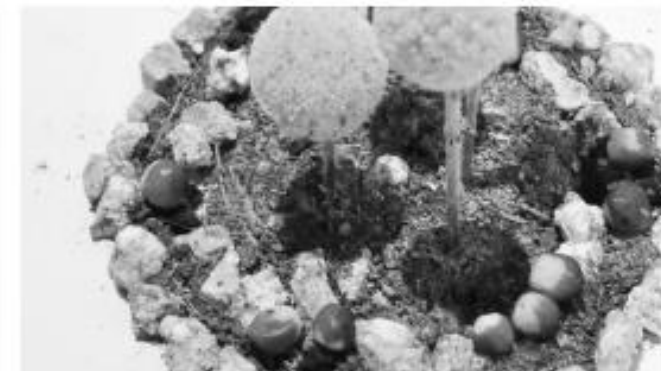
A moist, soft muddy path
like a blueberry cupcke soaked in milk.



Wake up in the mornig and lie on the floor
enjoying the sun.

The energy of the sun gradually seeps into my body
from the back of my neck to the tip of my feet.

The pores open and wake up and move.





4:00 a.m
cold and still
and the cry of the cats.

