

Yu Tokiwa

"Chamomile Bathroom"

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No seet view of what I want today.
No sweet sound of what I want tommorow day.

I drink a glass of tomato juice every day.
And I'm there secretelly in the bathroom at two.

No window here I cannot hear, cannot see just.
A lot of bubbles and the perfume of Chamomiles--!

Attack of a direct sun.
Is anyone decent? I feel.
I don't need my eyes.
How can I make the sound come out.
Just be myself.
Walking around just chasing away.
Gotta get out now.
From the Chamomile Bathroom, tonight.

Is it a simple mind?
Full of conclusions?
If I could only be more simple.
I'd cry.
Tonight.

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