

Like Wanting to Eat Delicious Fruit in Summer

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Preface

This essay is my never-ending journal thought labyrinth of desire, a combination of poems, collections of irrational thoughts, fragmented emotions that we can not trust but it is still real and raw, evasive lies, passages from authors I admired, romantic and sadistic fictions written by me; a surrendered writer, a victim of lust and a human being who has been dreaming to conquer erotic love.

It is written as reflections of my practice; to get closer to love, desire and suffering, however I intended to investigate power thought these topics with my confused mind and I do believe wholeheartedly that when *Love* arrives It will not come with its clarification because *Love* is huge like universe, It soft like a cloud, *Love* looks like my own nemesis, one might define love as a sweet candy. But for me, to love something with all the ability one could think of is to be willingly to face one's own darkness; sinister parts we are all trying to cover, a part of yourself that you are desperately longing to be touch seen and heard.

One thought I can inform you here on my objective of this piece's writing style with you is I want to expand an overlooked possibility, for us to love expansively even though we have been living in a society that is based on normative-conventional morality. I am offering *you* another alternative way to look at Pain and Trauma, more closely. But I am not trying to find an absolute meaning of Love.

Unfortunately, We are all obligated to find the meaning of it, our own definition of *Love* as love *confuses*, love cruel, love Hurts, love gone. *Love* seems stoic like a gigantic statue that looks like it will never be ruined but in the next million years it could become only part of an ancient ruin.

As readers you would want me to feel that I am supposed to take care of you. I wish I could make you feel that while your hands were gliding by mine for moving on to the next page, there is no true direction to engage with my text; words from a sinner, your interpretations are valid, mine too. And I wish I could encourage you to just keep on reading to the next page and maybe you will be done with it .But I hope it opens doors.

It is also written as my confession, my pilgrimage, an artist who is begging for redemption. One may say this could be interpreted as a form of *Self destruction* but for me I am offering you another aspect of it which is *Self immolation*. To purge my soul from sins, to finally be cleaned.

As an author of this writing, I hope while you read these scripted sentences you will feel lost and overwhelmed.

And it does not mean that I am seeing *my* text as a brilliant sophisticated piece of art. It is not. It is dirty, disgusting and compelling. Like I said, it is confusing. It is paradoxical and it is an oxymoron. Also It doesn't mean that I am trying to romanticize *Pain* but I just do not believe that having a positive mind would allow you to investigate love, critically, in order to be able to shift our *Love paradigm*. If one had only the ability to think positively it would be impossible to *think-back* and have profound reflections on our restless mind.

We must willingly endure the profound Pain.

Pain must not be avoided.

Like Waiting to Eat Delicious Fruit in Summer

*It is like reaching for a Touch, like a Thai fighter,
Full of fear but still standing tall,
Like everything I touch turns to toxic, maybe acid,
Like hugging someone long enough,
Like we need more Oxytocin,
Like I was standing there for the last time,
Like to lose lovers,
Like seeing you again when we are both ready,
Like re-learning,
Like deinstalling your mind,
Like an intruder,
Like the first time I spent 25 Baht for Pad-Thai,
Like smoking there,
Like the bus-stop.*

We might start with a question that circles around” what is the definition of universal love?”. I quickly googled and then I got some information generated from websites that said something *fluffy*; it is a profound ideal of boundless unconventional love that extends beyond personal connections.

I am not denying that ideal and I am trying to resonate with it. And there is no way that I could possibly do justice to this within a short experience in life.

What does Universal Love mean ?

I really don't know what it means since they, the people I have met in this life, had failed me. At first they would promise me with so many delightful phrases but when the time passed they break their promises and it hurts a lot. Their words and actions didn't align with each other and remembered that there were times that just waking up also extremely hurt. I just want it to end as something that used to *taste* sweet turns vicious and I still really do not know how. It felt like my soul was broken into pieces and my heart was burned.

What does Universal Love mean ?

Is Universal love supposed to be harmless Love, an experience that sounds so positive and mind-levitating, a romantic bliss, an ideology of happiness?

What does Universal Love mean ?

I do not know and I do not think that I could find the answers soon, perhaps I will ever not be able to find the meaning of it in this *lifetime*.

They just get excited being around me for a while then they will be gone. So all I can do is reinvent myself. I was so foolish to think of love as being silent and having a high pain endurance. I was engulfed by fear of losing affection from my past lovers so I did everything I could to please them and also to blend into the social norm. I cannot show them that I was suffocating – *I didn't want to be the killjoy,¹ not to the father, my father or all lovers I have met and I had never been this miserable in my life*

I have to reinvent myself

Now a new problem arises, my fear of losing love turns into a thing that I am personally scared of ; A fear of losing control.

I must reinvent myself

I do not know how and I am so confused, all I need to do right now is to reinvent myself.

Though, I will not stop writing to you. This text will not be my last text to you. *And yes, It is definitely not the first one because you, my darling, have been living in my heart for at least one-third of my life.*

What will you do during the coming Summer?

Picturing yourself sitting beneath your favorite tree, seeking refuge from an oppressive unbearable heat. The air is heavy with humidity, making it difficult to even sweat and your body struggles to adjust. But you do not want to go home, yet. You are trying to read a book but you cannot even concentrate because the glaring sunlight is too bright. Your eyes cannot focus. Now you are trying to put your sunglasses on as you hope to cool-down your overstimulated mind.

You are thinking about buying an ice cream, despite its cost. You know that you are selective about food, too picky with things you have to swallow. It is supposed to be delectable, at least not tasteless. You know yourself very well if you buy a cheaper alternative, an affordable one. it will only leave you feeling unsatisfied and make you feel annoyed even though you feel full.

¹Sara Ahmed, *The Promise of Happiness*, Durham and London, Duke University Press, 2010, p.65

Dear Talking tree,

I am writing to you here as a form of my Master essay. You will never get to read it but if you could, you would not even understand.

There is a boundary, a different sea.

I am hoping that this text will take me somewhere, maybe Berlin.

You know I will do my best.

Making this word our world.

Making this world our own.

Making a space for you so we can leave those boring sceneries.

I will protect you,

I will defend you,

Stand tall and brave.

I will fight for you.

I will,

I will split, projecting my saliva onto their faces.

I have learned it, I am about to be an adult now.

You just have to be near me a little bit more, so that I could see you, hearing you, smelling you

I just want to be near you.

One day if you could come and visit me there,

my desire will be fulfilled.

A dream you might have already forgotten.

I am sitting in a vast space, staring at the center of the sea, floating.

Trying not to make any eye contact so I would not have to talk about what had happened,

Holding space for your voice to fill this void, in the center of the sea.

A voice that can calm me down though I do not have words to describe the tone of it. it was just so

gentle It sounds like a sweet surrender.

Only sound I could recall.

Only you I shall surrender.

I covered it good, too good, good enough to make them suspicious.

Good enough to not let them know.

It is all for you and the father who really does not know how to love her tenderly.

Good enough to recall days and nights we have had.

Good enough so I can be forever your little girl,

Good enough so you will not be forgotten.

Do not forget those days.

I was wondering what my life would be without you. Though I knew I had to keep going, our life would not end there. I cannot stress this enough but I will repeat this again "maybe we can meet at Berlin" Some years during the first week of May. I will not be the same person you have met anymore, you too. You changed a lot and I am still so proud of you. We did grow up but when we were together It did feel like we could be forever young.

While I am writing this letter, you are still walking, searching for the right place to fall, as simple as that.

*Did I ever tell you that you smell good even though you sweat a lot.
I love to smell you. Your odor.
A distinctive smell of rotted fish, sour and salty
I love everything you do. I love every part of you, especially your dark hair.
You used to have a mustache, you shave it off because your girlfriend thought it looked stupid.
I keep comparing your hair's color to all of the boys I met, to be fair I was lost sometime. There were times that I preferred to be with the blonde guy. He is taller than you, more mature and kind but maybe he is lucky not to be with me because I am such a mess. I am afraid that my old friend will find me here, the friend that is named Infidelity, I am afraid that I will hurt a person that loves me again and again.*

You know I will always choose you.

But I have to break this curse. Here in Stockholm, I have to start my life without you.

You are my nemesis. I am all yours.

Lee

Naraka - नरक - Sea of suffering

I wish I could have the courage to break my-own-heart.

for

him, who would steady my hand when I loosened my grips.

The thrill of it all began when he was lifted, and we fell down the stairs together. you had scratch, I could not, even, stand, head over *Hill*-heels. From then our legs half entered – *Nāra(ka)*

*“As a sweet apple turns red on a high branch,
high on the highest branch and the apple pickers forgot —
well, no they didn’t forget — were not able to reach”²*

Erotic desire is hidden in every gap between text or any speaking word written or spoken by the poorest man up high to the greatest king, it is invisible but yet we sometimes could sense it, like an apple on the highest branch we see it but would not dare to reach because we are all too afraid to fall.

“When we understand love as the will to nurture our own and another’s spiritual growth, it becomes clear that we cannot claim to love if we are hurtful and abusive. Love and abuse cannot coexist. Abuse and neglect are, by definition, the opposites of nurturance and care.”³

I don’t believe that, Humbly speaking, ideal Love does not suppose to coexist with Abuse but, inevitably love coexist with Pain. In this essay I would investigate that maybe there is something beyond Love and that might be: a desire to reach to the unreachable.

Hooks quotes a poem from Saint Teresa of Avila and it said :

“As a woman and a lover, however, I am moved by the sight of my beloved. Where He is, I want to be. What he suffers, I want to share. Who he is, I want to be: crucified for love”⁴

Is this a depiction of love and pain or am I the only one that read a poem from Teresa as a self-destruction in the pursuit of love. To be willingly to love is to be ready to embrace pain since as the women in this text would want to suffer with her beloved. She might even get crucified because she loves to be in love.

This quote can be read as the overlook of romantic love, It lacks elaborations on the pitfalls of romantic and platonic love, overlooked negation’s aspect of painful love. It forgot to give the meaning of Eros. It cannot be useful with its maximum capacity, at least in queer community.

Maybe we live in the world of absolute love that was theorized by the West.

Concept of love might be seen as a collective feeling one could have in their life. But again, the agonizing part of love were forgotten

² (LP, fr. 105a) see : Ann Carson, *Eros the Bittersweet*, Dublin, 1st Dalkey Archive Press, 2022, p. 30.

³ bell hooks, *All about love : new versions*, The United States, Harper, 2000, p.6.

⁴ bell hooks, *All about love : new versions*, The United States, Harper, 2000, p.70.

In my opinion, I don't think bell's book should be named "All about love". I would suggest changing its name to, maybe, "Love beckons" as I interpreted this piece as an introduction to getting to know love. But who am I to judge, I still know nothing about love.

*"The execution itself is like an additional shame that justice is ashamed to impose on the condemned man. It is ugly to be punishable, but there is no glory in punishment."*⁵

Crucifixion is such a violent act of condemnation. No one would argue that it is not painful, hands and feet get nailed, the body will be attached to a piece of wood where they would get lifted then the condemned man was left hanging ominously against gravity. They will face the pain from infected wounds, dehydration and starvation until death arrives. Apart from the physical suffering one has to bear, the condemned man has to carry shameful gazes from people around them. Public execution was once an entertainment that the state gave to its people also a subtle(?) way to internalize the minds that they should behave in a certain way.

As we drive into the positivity of love we somehow forget to investigate on another side of it, the negativity. Despite the fact that I do not agree with having a binary way of thinking. Getting consciously immobilized by a *positive-commodified* love nullifies any possibility to get close to love, our mind gradually becomes a chain of *positivity*. Nevertheless, the sweet wounds exist.

So, I wonder why *the Loving god* would not save his blood, he chose to sacrifice his beloved son for setting us free from the original sin. The misogyny, where a forbidden fruit was picked from *The tree of the knowledge* by the hand of *Eve*.

Who built Eden ?

Maybe there, where shame was born.

⁵ Michel Foucault, *Discipline & Punish - The Birth of the Prison, The United States, New York, Vintage Books, 1995, p.9-10.*

A poem from my Meow-Meow

*I wished I would not get to write about these things.
a way to Nirvana: An absolute soul-resting.
Let it begin where A heart that has been broken.
It is said that suicide is one of the most deadliest sins ones could commit.
Fancy cheese, she bent, left unfinished.
Laying on green linoleum, backward.
Heavy forehead and that was where my soul collapsed.
ธรณีสูบ⁶
you were sucked-dried.
Climbing pillars.*

Hell and Naraka

There is one difference between Christianity and Buddisim in the concept of hell I want to briefly articulate.

If you fall into Christianity's hell the souls will meet eternal punishment, forever lost, waiting for the arrival of judgment day. On another hand, hell in Buddhism is a temporal state where the souls are experiencing the sufferings as a result of their past negative actions : Karma. It seems to be more painful as you have to bear the torments from sins you already committed in your past life but *it will end*.

สังสารวัฏ: Samsara (Cycle of rebirth)

"body is a prison of souls"

*Just a sip of water,
memories annihilated to oblivion but do not be scared, we will meet again.
As strangers, once more.
Bound by merit and karma, rolls in a circle.
In one of your Infinite lives, you reached.
I shall see you again,
Touching Tree.*

⁶ a combination of a particular earthquake and quicksand in buddhism mythology.

The Hell of Newg-trees

The hell of Newg-trees: Naked sinners climb fiery-iron-thorn-covered trees. The trees are incredibly tall, reaching 16 kilometers, with sharp thorns roughly as long as 16 fingernails stitched together. Yamaraja, the guard of hell, holds a spear, forcing me to climb. Giant dogs, the beasts with iron deathly teeth stand by their side. As I climb, my limbs are penetrated, and the tree drinks my blood while crows eat our flesh.

Yet, I continue to climb, willingly, to you, climbing towards the top of the tree where we will meet again. You will be there, waiting for me, your skin burned by the heated air and the javelin-rain. Mine too, but we will meet again. Then, we will swiftly turn, repeating the cycle over and over, but at least this pattern will not be forever.

As we endure the torment, we are not allowed to die. Our dead souls will keep regenerating the bodies, even though we still feel all of the profound pain.

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Even you fall in love with me, none of this is real : A way to Nirvana

“People have a chance of going to heaven as much as the Horns on a cow, and those who go to hell are as numerous as It hairs.”

From a Buddhist perspective, the pursuit of Nirvana is depicted as immensely challenging. it is the hardest – it is the ultimate endeavor. One must refine their mind and their spiritual understanding to the highest degree. Achieving Nirvana demands profound detachment both physically and mentally from the external world. This detachment involves letting go of all attachments, including loved ones. Letting everyone you love go as Love is a burden of life. Embracing the burden of existence, one must relentlessly scrutinize the mind until reaching profound serenity.

I am addicted to erotic pleasure, it makes my food taste more delicious. I cannot tame my desire. I am possessive. I do not want to follow the morality they invented. But I also do not wish to be perceived as the other.

In this lifetime, I know that I cannot make it, seeing the enlightenment. So I have to come back to this world to bear my torment again, to endure the cycle of rebirth. Ironically, one thing worth mentioning here is that we may return as dogs or any living species. Spiritual influencers often simplify the concept of rebirth, overlooking its intricacies. Some sidestep the intertwined concepts of Karma and Merit, failing to grasp their non-linear nature. Even though It is cruel and unfair, one way I could suggest that will help us to meet Nirvana is just not to love again.

How do we sustain romantic desire?
How can we resist it?

I will not go to Hell but I really want to be with you.

Karma and Remorse

Karmic Debts are following me. I may have caused it while I was *surviving* in my past lives, *I am so sorry. So I have to pay the price in this lifetime by loving you.*

She knew he was still the one who had her heart when her phone was about to die. She knew it well, she knew him all too well. He cannot pretend that he won't miss her, she knows. He has all the right to stay, she just wanted to be with him. She just wanted to be near him. She does not understand why she still wanted to be near him so badly even though she was hurt and he knows it. Maybe there is something stronger than love, like desire or a test of pleasure.

Loving him hurts, being apart from him is harder.

He hurts her the most, but she loves him more.

She thought that she knew him best but while she was video calling with him, showing him a fiery coffin. He looks different. He said that he loved her and maybe one day they can meet in Berlin.

Being intelligently antagonistic in love

"You are now sixteen.

Very soon you will be eighteen.

You are not beautiful.

In Azemmour you will be.

I don't want you to become a little housemaid, a slave, a beggar. You won't need those people. Other people. They will come to you, seeking your knowledge, your skills, your blessings.

No marriage will be sealed without you, my girl.

You will be an introductric⁷, like me.

Free, like me.

A queen. Not in the eyes of the others, who are ignorant and will always see you as a prostitute. A queen, because you are the one who decided what you will be.

You will help both men and women. You will bring them together at last. You will introduce them into each other.

You will take cocks in your hands, you will open vaginas wide."⁸

Infidels by Abdellah Taïa is a compelling novel that explores themes of identity, faith, and marginalization. Set in Morocco, the story revolves around Jallal, a young boy growing up with his mother, Slima, who works as a prostitute. The novel depicts the complexities of their relationship and the broader social and religious contexts that shape their lives.

To me this novel is a powerful reflection on the human condition, offering a voice to those often silenced by societal norms. Through the journey of Jallal and Slima, he illuminates the resilience and vulnerability of individuals navigating the intricacies of faith, identity, love and violence nevertheless It clearly illustrates a power dynamic between the lover and the beloved.

I often find myself questioning what it means when someone claims that love holds. Holding what exactly?

It doesn't sit well with me to label couples as beautiful simply because We witness them engaging in affectionate gestures towards each other. Maybe one of them may have completely fallen out of love but they are just being good at pretending. To me, it is as easy as peeling a banana, yet as complex as an art form. To love is like making an art piece, like surviving, like performing to be cared for. I just have to smile gently. Speak about things they wanted to hear, being cute and submissive, pretending to be obedient. However, behind this facade lies a concealed truth, there is a gun I have been hiding behind my back like a Cowboy in movies,

waiting for the trigger to be pulled.

⁷ Female equivalent of introducteur in French

⁸ Abdellah Taïa, *Infidels: a novel*, The United States, New York, 2017, p. 31-32.

Like I am giving HIM a key to my house.

But how does one hold love? Can it truly be grasped, or does it remain elusive, slipping through our fingers like sand?

Whenever I hear others speak of love being about acceptance, I can't help but wonder if they're merely suggesting we allow it to crumble further. It sounds *insidiously-cute* like gray clouds before the storm. I am wondering whether there's another aspect to creating a loving space—a desire to make things better, to actively contribute to its growth and nurturing or should we annihilate love to start to know it from its beginning.

What does love look like, anyway? I really want to witness it, to recognize its arrival when it comes knocking on my door. Yet, it often feels elusive, resembling a scene of bloodshed, a crime scene, or a pointless demonstration for the *rich*.

Martyrs of Songkhon, Christianity ; the foreign religion.

Jesus died for our sin, Martyrs died for their love

My parents used to take me there where 7 people were brutally murder by the police. Why do they willingly die? They could just lie, lie and run away, living their peaceful life. Just lie and run away, I didn't understand but now I do understand one thing that love also kills.

*"When you are ready, Sisters, go straight to the bank of the Mekong River."
said Mr. Lue, the police officer in charge of Songkhon on Christmas day 1940.*

The same night, Sister Agnes Phila wrote a letter in the name of all who lived in the convent:

"Dear Sir,

Yesterday evening you received your order to wipe out, definitely, the name of God, the Only Lord of our lives and minds. We adore Him only, Sir. A few days earlier, you had mentioned to us that you would not wipe out the name of God and we were rather pleased with that in such a way that we put away our religious habits which showed that we were His handmaids. But it is not so today.

We do profess that the religion of Christ is the only true religion. Therefore, we would like to give our answer to your question, which we asked yesterday evening, which we did not have a chance to respond to because we were unprepared for it. Now we would like to give you our answer. We are asking you to carry out your order with us. Please do not delay any longer. Please carry out your order: We are ready to give back our lives to God who has given them to us. We do not wish to be the prey of the devils. Please carry out your order. Please open the door of heaven to us so that we can confirm that outside the religion of Christ no one can go to heaven. Please do it. We are well prepared.

When we are gone, we will remember you. Please take pity on our souls. We will be thankful to you and will be grateful to you for it. And on the last day we will see each other face to face. Do wait and see, please. We keep your commands, oh God, we wish to be witnesses to You; dear God. We are: Agnes, Lucia, Phuttha, Budsai, Buakhai, Suwan. We would like to bring little Phuma along with us because we love her so much. We have already made up our minds,⁹"

⁹ A response letter of Sister Agnes Phila to the chief police in Songkhon, <https://www.gt-rider.com/se-asia-motorcycling/threads/mukdahan-the-seven-blessed-martyrs-of-song-khon.14773/>, 19th May 2024

As they refused to denounce the belief in god. The days after that 6 persons in Songkhon were killed by the police.

The novelist's goal is to create both pleasure and pain for the reader simultaneously. Let's consider this for a moment. As readers, we often experience mixed emotions, much like a lover torn by desire. Our role as readers allows us to maintain a certain distance and perspective needed for these complex feelings. We start with the advantage of knowing the story will end happily, unlike the characters in the story. This puts us in a unique position where we can see both the actual events and the characters' perceptions of those events. These two layers of reality coexist without merging, giving us a rich, three-dimensional experience similar to that of a lover filled with longing and hope..¹⁰

Preeya: พี่น: The beloved

*My mother made clothes for Martyrs of Songkhon's sculptures,
One day The sister contracted her
She was willingly to make it
I did not understand why my mom wanted to travel such that far; from Bangkok to Songkhon.*

*Just to make them clothes ?
And without getting any money from it.*

I wonder, questioning my own mother's faith.

*She got a splinter from the cross where six martyrs died.
Someone told us that maybe there were blood stains on that piece of wood.
Holy blood but not the holiest.*

I saw it once, maybe twice.

*She told me that she hopes she would take her father to this sacred place but it was too late
He died from Liver cancer. She was hoping that there would be some miracle.
Stopping the pain my grandfather had to bear.
Did faith help ?
At least Morphine does.*

*I have not born yet,
But on his last day
He was high, surrounded by his family but not me.
I was not born yet.*

*We have to visit my grandfather grave on second week of November every years
I tried to visit him every year without hearing his voice.
I did my best picking flowers to decorate his grave.
I did my best Tae¹¹*

¹⁰ Ann Carson, *Eros the Bittersweet*, Dublin, 1st Dalkey Archive Press, 2022, p. 95.

¹¹ Tae : My grandfather's nickname means tea.

Why do they willingly die?

They could just lie, lie and run away, living their peaceful life.

Just lie and run away

I didn't understand but now I do know one thing that love also kills.

Don't worry, this is just the beginning

Sex was a way to connect with both the physical body and the continuation of the species. It was used as a benchmark for discipline and regulation. This is why, in the nineteenth century, sexuality was scrutinized in every detail of people's lives. It was examined in behaviors, explored in dreams, suspected in minor oddities, and traced back to early childhood. Sexuality became a marker of individuality. Additionally, it became a focus of political actions, economic policies, and ideological campaigns aimed at improving morality and responsibility.¹²

Confession has played a crucial role in the construction and regulation of individual identities, especially in matters related to sexuality. I see it as a pilgrimage toward purity, it's not solely about exposing one's deepest shames but rather an opportunity to engage with confession's transformative potential, cleansing the soul of sin and embracing *renewal*. When one surrenders control of their confessed sins to the confessor, it's *akin* to an act of self-immolation. This surrender grants the confessor authority over the confessed sins, determining their fate for absolution or condemnation. Essentially, confession embodies a profound exchange, a transaction of intimacy, trust and power between confessor and confessed. It serves as a journey toward liberation from the burdens of guilt and shame, offering a path toward spiritual renewal and redemption.

¹² Michel Foucault, *The History of Sexuality Vol.1: An Introduction*, The United States, New York, Vintage Books, 1990, p.146.

Hello Father,

I need to tell you something. I do not think that I would want to move to Berlin anymore.

There is no reason to be there, although I am still searching for a solid reason to stay here, and I have not found it yet.

What should I do, Father?

Do you think that I am too naive or too foolish for pursuing false promises?

Father, do you think that I believe in romantic love? I am not even sure what universal love means. Is it an ecstatic connection, a gentle touch, fury, or something deeper?

Deep ?

Letting them move their flesh in and out or halfway, *gently*.

Hey Father, do you think I have been with too many people? Ah, I mean sleeping with them. I won't answer that, but what's your impression of me? Would my actions disgrace you? Should I stop, or do you want me to continue? Should I move differently, or try something new?

Or do you want me to ride you? Oh, you are sweating, it drips to my back! I hope you are not going to have a heart attack.

Let me give you some advice – move your hips more gently. Maybe we should find a new angle. Slow down a bit because now I do not feel comfortable at all, feeling like I am going to shit myself but I know my body very well.

I knew something was wrong at the secret entrance of the chapel. The door is jammed and the key somehow looks strange. It cannot be opened easily. Father, we need lubricant, we have to find someone to fix that door. Maybe we could ask the Carpenter. He helped me fix it last time so I moved my head toward his ears, told him a secret and allowed him to taste a miracle of the chapel. He slowly drew his hand to my forehead, placed another hand on the *locks* then bent over and closed his eyes.

He tried to draw a slow breath though it became strained again, his body started to tremble. He lost his balance and nearly fell. Then he bent down again and brought his head close to mine. I gave him a sweet smile, acting *a little* bit *shy*, then he stayed for *a little* while.

I am sure he can fix it.

But this time the chapel wouldn't allow him to enter,

He wanted to break it by force. Though I insisted that he had to be so gentle with it, no one could break into it without my permission.

He was frustrated, complaining about his thick Tulip-like masterkey, and he was hoping that he would impress me after showing me his flowery key. So, I said 'wow that's interesting!'

What The Fuck, Father. Do I need to scream?

Ah, shit! I have to make an excuse for things I have said, that it is not a message of ideas that I am transmitting to you nor a memoir and it is a text that was not intentionally written to depict a shameful act of sodomy or any sexual penetrations. No, I am well aware of that. I do not want to commit any sins as I have to guard the chapel.

I just really love to please them, father. So I have to find a way to open that door again. I forgot the interior of the chapel but I remembered that there was a coffin of Achilles and a tiny confession booth with two chairs and the smell of something *unholy*.

*Thanks to my sweet Preeya C.
You are my resilient,
I am your legacy.
I will love someone wholeheartedly like you do.
I will make delicious foods and full of neutrinos meals for him like you do.*

*Thanks to Prasert J.
I really miss catching butterflies with you.*

Thanks to all the beautiful friendships.

*Thank you to my Capital T.
We shall meet again soon.*