

7-3-R One Day Flight

Su 子煊

Seyab	/she	Main character
X	/he	Morph from past presence
N	/she	Morph from future presence
R	/they	Morph from present presence
XRN	/it	Stone
Timmy Tommy	/	Giant

Seyab has one day memory and cannot choose where she wakes up tomorrow.

Snapshots from one day of Seyab.

The order is determined by you.

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1. Marble Blue	00:00
2. Grey Ashes	06:26
3. Black Veil	06:45
4. While Lines	17:05
5. Grey Green	00:00
6. Car Lights	21:48
7. Sand	01:59
8. Come Down Golden Leaves	03:46
9. Two Mornings	00:00
10. Seyab Run!	20:03
11. Fear Anyway	03:15
12. Dirty Dirt	05:18
13. 失语症患者	00:00
14. 7 stones	14:18
15. The Specific Way of Moving	10:03
16. Enlarged Pupils	08:11
17. Faceless 3-5'56"-1'05"-7	00:00
18. One Centimeter Shadow	18:02
19. Long needle	00:49
20. 20/80	21:40
21. Beauty Destroy	00:00
22. Self-governance and Skin Cancer	12:01
23. Hair Hunt	07:52

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24. Pill	23:13
25. Hypothesis: Reality vs. Fiction	00:00
26. Greying Dynamite	13:22
27. The Sender and the Lead	15:15
28. Dream of Dream	04:29
29. Sex without Psychology	27:02
30. Warm Water, Potato and Worm	14:46
31. Injury Three	20:52
32. The Forth	16:14
33. Pink Air	00:00
34. Green Dragon	18:33
35. Diet	19:06
36. Fall	19:47
37. Night Flowers	00:00
38. Moon Lost One Slice	26:39
39. Yellow Train	09:01
40. Lost in Field	11:18
41. A Tension with No Particular Chaos	10:24
42. 4am	00:00
43. New Food Disorder	12:53
44. One Day Writer	01:10
45. Lost Feet	23:31
46. The Same Dream Over and Over	00:00
47. Giant in the Forest	30:87

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48. Epilogue	16:50
49. Epi-computation	05:55
50. Drunk without Yesterday	00:00

All contents were originally written absent of AI, between 2019-2025.

This is a belated gift to my father who passed away on 7.15.2023, in Kunming China.

1. Marble Blue

Sadness is the ocean,
sitting on the boat.
That's only because someone lent me the wind.

Where I rush forward, I leave no trace.
Giant is the marble blue,
ruling my heart that gives no clue.

I try to remember what was before the wind,
as the ocean must have a destination,
when I walk and walk and walk.

My steps are still onboard.
The sparkles lighten up my shoes,
where I see myself shapelessly in that reflection.

Then I realize,
I must be the marble island.
The boat is floating on me.

I try to remember what was before the wind,
as I walk and walk and walk.
When the night comes, that blue is darker.