



little life lab notes

a five-month lyric episode

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initial conditions

Concept of You

Again, I wake
to the concept of you.

Your face—I've forgotten—
but those party lights (blue),
danced in your eyes (soft),
caught on your lips (curled),
in an oh-so-cinematic way—
I thought moments like these
only existed in movies.

That gaze—
three seconds,
a secret suspended between us:
your smirk (knowing),
my smile (confessing)—
I wish those seconds
could have stretched (forever).

Now morning spills
across my sheets—

And still I'm metabolizing
the concept of you.

Drama Queen

Let me

Taste

your chortle
when I teased you,
“collecting atoms like Pokémon”—
a gravity between us
(scientific, really)¹

$$^1 F = G \times \frac{m_{you} \times m_{me}}{r_{u.s}^2}$$

Binge

your songs
“tell me ’bout your favorite rocks”
and those geometries that sculpt light—
you said we could
craft them together
(sir, let’s be realistic)

Devour

the world
expansive
sun pouring over Longfellow Bridge
you:
talking freedom
talking greatness
me:
snorting at your flair
(someone had to, I’m sorry)

Overeat

my fingertips
down your spine;
I hadn’t let myself
imagine—
I’ve never known
(moderation)

Gorge

your head tossed back
when I confessed,
catching myself
sounding like you—

dramatic:

I want to throw myself
into the Charles—
“but the brain-eating amoeba—”
whatever

How *liberating:*

“my life in shambles”
my life
—divine

To you who explain magic

Why?

Gradient-descend all over my contours—
tell me, are you even learning?

How wondrous, this engine, conjuring
intricate geometries from single snapshots.
“Unsurprising, given the state of the art.”

How splendid, those townhouses, awash
in sunset pastels, a palette worth memorizing.
“In distribution, for San Francisco.”

How ruptured, my heart.
“And the time-averaged signal?”

Must you always
evaluate posteriors,
re-weight priors,
then chastise me:
“Tune your learning rate—
minimize
 sadness
 faster.”

Fuck this optimizer bullshit.
You’ve lost this function.

See—don’t summarize.
See—don’t solve.

Why.

Explain.

Magic.

optical event

once i
refracted
through your
fractures

shattered
into brilliance

i sift

still to find
that vantage
once more

model drift

limbo

how do we end when
the ending refuses
announcement
no tumble toward bedrock
no clumsy farewell

what do i do when
space stretches
a slow drift
a quiet wane
a pause
the phone could ring

Beauty

I see you

cruel

in every never-again

tides crinkled and colored

on an exhale, the sun deserting the sky,

a billion beginnings breathing before daybreak

taunting me

with the violence of nostalgia-to-be

or more battering still,

the remembrance

of forgetting you

—I—to have never known you—

so *please*

on your way out

mar me

First Time

It snowed today.

For the first time,
the thought of a snowman—
abandoned above the belly, armed
with one too many appendages—
never arrived.

No palms up, no head tipped back,
no let me feel you on my lashes,
and later, in every inconvenient cranny.

Instead, they skipped on by—
all mittens and momentum—
come, build a snowman.

Maybe next time.

Tomorrow

Today I woke to yesterdays
stacked like unopened letters,
heard poetry pleading—
 did not speak it,
saw sculptures straining—
 did not free them,
felt the breath of being—
 let her slip by,
as if witnessing were enough for living,
as if wonder could survive unanswering—
so I folded the day back onto itself,
careful not to crease it—
told myself tomorrow will be
for braver verbs,
and a hand
that reaches.

calibration

If I didn't care for obfuscation

I'd say you left fingerprints
all over my worldview
with hunger so brazen
it infected like permission
to want
this world cracked open.

Indeed—

I'd say you left me wanting.

flirt

/flɜrt/

verb

chase dreams down
shorelines, skinny-dip in
each teasing thought, then un
dress: this absurdity—
charmed and still
clinging—just to try on
every other future.

little lovings

Wipe the fog
from my glasses.

Remember that ratio:
four parts whipped cream,
one part pie—
and how I like
my roll to hang.

Squeeze my fingers
when my wrists flex
with mischief.

Say the words,
“We can do our taxes together.”

I’m sorry.
I’m being odd.

“Are you? You’re poetic.
That is how I think of you now.”

Counterfactual

How does it feel—
me, a counterfactual you.

You,
world-weariness as armor,
begrudging my wonder,
calling it naïveté.

I chose it.
Over and over.

Stopped waiting for closure—
made it. Stopped longing for change—
hunted it down.

So tell me—

How do you feel,
rehearsing every woe,
when you held
my hand,
my voice,
my choice?

ablation study

Full Bleed

Use her for your edges—
she'll fill every margin.

Why tell her
she's the bleed?

Trimmed,
our pages
picture-perfect.

Forget-Me-Not

The dandelion never asked
to be a dandelion, and yet she is.
Does she envy orchids, pampered,
or red roses for being red roses?
She never asked for this viscous wanting—
to pry through pavement cracks,
only to come apart at a casual wish,
still to want what was never hers to want:
forget-me-not, please.

Frankenstein

Is it sensible to play detective,
to ask what made her—
a Frankenstein heart, twister-hungry, stitched
from pleas: no more, no more, no more, no more,
tens of thousands of 你還好嗎, still flowering
like bruises, like attunement?

pothos

like that pothos
starved yellow
she ate herself

hair and nails first:
no need for beauty
where she was going

hands and legs:
her mind made
thoughts run

then the heart:
tired
of the beating

face:
who was she

stomach:
no more

trace logs

That Summer

I want to memorize it all—
pastel palettes, passing homes,
green splitting asphalt,
that downhill rush—
palms wide, free-falling,
thoughts squirming, slipping,
nights spilled into making,
a fevered sinusoid:
despairing, dazzled—
to be 24 in SF.

176 weekends from 30

If I count the way you do—

I'd be 176 weekends from 30,
432 midnights to graduation,
one picture book shy
of a childhood dream.

But what of poetry
and that novel
about forgetting?
Another theorem,
another contraption,
more art on walls—
only, that dream's
gone stale.

Still, I want to make
sculptures of words,
matted with meaning,
unintelligible,
like confessing underwater.

I've never snorkeled.
I'd like to.
But before that—
a hot-air balloon ride.
Wait, helicopters.
Actually, skydiving first.

I've always craved
that free-fall freedom,
what I imagine
falling in love
would feel like.

I want to try that.
Or make you miss me.
Or get flirt-drunk.

Drape my legs
over my future.

As a kid,
I couldn't stop
dreaming of flying
and running away.

Now I can run anywhere.
I could go to Europe
more times than necessary.
I've never been to Paris.
Italy looks beautiful,
those coves, that turquoise.
I could fly back to Taiwan—
the food, the cheap gyoza.

And this, I guess,
is how you count yourself
into an appetite,
176 weekends from 30.

that drunk text

i met someone tonight
the girlfriend of a boy
who died in 2022
he studied Rydberg atoms
what are the chances
usually i'm ok
seven shots in
you live in my mind
those articles
these hairline cracks
i want to tear every page
did dropping out set you free
i danced
eyes rolling
all torque and tongue
would you care
not knowing
is a sick kind of shelter
i'm struggling with TQEs
and your words
burrowed
are still squirming
i went sailing today
longfellow bridge
we knew it from below
how many times
did you cross it
alone
i'm ok
i'll be ok
how dare you think
you mean so much to me
i hope you are well
i hope you are happy
you will be

i'm silly
i romanticize
but i'll say it
i do miss you
some shape of me
misses
some shape of you
maybe i'll build a startup
it'd be nice to talk
better if we don't

Thinking Hands

If I thought with my hands,
there'd be cathedrals looming—
sunspots and hairline cracks
pored over, like paint
tracing questions
a hundred times—no, more—
a thousand panels of glass
stained with meaning,
made and made, and
the light keeps spinning
like my fingers, words,
into tapestries heavy,
lest my hands forget.

early stopping

You Do Not Have to Be Good

How delicious—
the idea of being inconvenient.
Of being difficult.

Because I know
how to be easy.

I know how to be good.
All that continuous improvement—
agile development—
the endless *how can I love you better?*
nonsense.

I know how to leave dinner outside your lab.
Take the street side when your eyes flicker.
Tell you we're past embarrassment.
Sculpt your midnight dreams
into poetry. Into blueprints.
I know how to give you flowers.

But what I want
is to know
how to leave.

I want to be unusual every Tuesday:
mismatched socks, lopsided thoughts.
Ridiculous when the rain pours,
soaked through, silly,
savoring every teardrop.

I want to spend a season *reckless*,
speaking in metaphors,
like that 4:03 a.m. text
sent between git commits:
you've unleashed something feral,
and now it's bleeding everywhere—
and let those metaphors
bleed on into the next.

I haven't stopped writing.

Oh, how I want to *be*—

salt in sugar,
absurdly annoying
on purpose,
livid—and let it show,
giddy, recounting Chipotle
catching fire.

A little wicked.

Actually—

a lot.

Poetry at the Machine Shop

I handed him poetry
at the machine shop
where he'd band-sawed
my poster tube
that September.

Relief, when he stilled
in the screen-light—
I knew he knew
what we had meant
to me.

A Manifesto at Nineteen

I wish I could hold every specific.

Meeting you again made you human.

“What was I before?”

A concept.

Now you’ve slipped
back into abstraction.

I remembered you today:
the kind of man who wrote a manifesto at nineteen.

Or eighteen.

Maybe twenty-one.

Does it matter?

But of course it does.

No more poetry.

No more making metaphors:
hearts of romaine, chopped
and splayed on a tortilla,
half a dozen keys strewn
across the office floor—
each door forgotten.

No more everything leaking
into everything: coding coresets
in café neon, tears slipping—
must I settle for sketches
where a life used to be?

No more spinning myths
from sparse data:
seven encounters,
every text a referendum,
made and made and made and—

No more.

