ME?

Who am I?

Sometimes, in the dark quiet night,

I drop into the world of myself.

Inside of me,

There are crowds,

Crowds, of myself.

Who am I?

Who, in the crowd is “me”?

A Taiwanes girl with great, fresh ideas?

A Chinese hardworking student? Worrying about exams?

Or a teenager wearing tidy uniform, wondering, where is her future?

None of these.

I think, I am the little green man of the traffic lights.

Running, never stopping.

As my time gets shorter and shorter,

I run faster and faster.

But, will I get what I really want?

Will I find myself?

I don’t know.

‘Cuz, I am still running.