

# A Tree Talks

arobot

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*To the sun, the moon, the stars and the seas*

*The hills and the vales, the flowers and trees*

## Acknowledgement

Acknowledgement

Thank God for granting me this silver rhyme  
That ever rings for me with a poetic chime  
And lasting me throughout my lifetime  
Otherwise life would be a weary mime

Thank you, my ex halfheartedly for divorce  
Or I wouldn't have been riding a high horse  
If all my occupation be from kitchen to bed  
How would I ponder the quick and the dead

Thanks to the Eden in which I am placed  
To the sun, the moon, the stars and the seas  
The hills and the vales, the flowers and trees  
With inspiration my heart and soul is graced

I have been afraid this gift? d be taken away  
If God ever see me waste it, to his dismay  
Hence I would pray day and night  
And sing praise in his loving light

## About the author

I  
am  
A Tree  
I am still a tree  
when the world left me  
when all the leaves run free  
even birds nest not in me  
I am still a tree  
ever live  
A  
Tree

## summary

Tulip

Elysium --lost and found

Science or Humanity

awomanisawomanisawoman

Publish or Perish

Coronation of the New Year

Hotel Room

Different fireworks

The Pond

mommy restaraunt

Birdy Talk

Birds? lingua franca

Dream as a Horse

Whot' s It?

Life?s Events

How Much Is a Soul

Anguish of Sapho

Why me? Why not me?

Survive Me, but Forget Me Not

The Trees

Fish to Chips

Moon in Daylight

ant astray

Morning Glory

Fireside traveler

Noise of Life, Please!

Found and Lost

Why Write

Home or Roam

Grace

?Kue Dang--, Kue Dang--?

cups

From Novel to Normal

At the library

Rainstorm Symphony

Rainbow after the rainstorm

MLK, the world still not live up to your dream

Nobility

Bookmark

downs & ups

Bamboo Shoots

S

Well

After the Ceremony

Cruse Lines

To Borneo, To Mount Gold

Kitty Giddy

What to look



Tapestry of life

Tapestry of life

Destiny as Land

Drunk Trecking

Everyday is Halloween

Winter spouse

Weekend Blue

Day of the Dead

ETERNAL SOLITUDE

A Hundred Years of Solitude

The First Snow

Shuhh!

After the snow

To my child

X?MAS

High Tea @ Low Tea

Memory Trace

AO 2021

MyArk

Spring, for whom

CRUSH

Love is an sheer accident

Love Birds

The Going as Upcoming

A Strain -- Dream in Dream



Reppetreptiles

cross over

Less haste, more speed

Found and Lost

Dis-ease

Canny Snow

prairies lost

Epitaph

Entropy of Tea

WAR & PEACE

Story and glory

Mini fire balloon

Moon Dreamer

What a life!

to go or not to go

Peak Goddess

Affordable Sins

Heavenly Library

the tea?s got cold

But for a spring

afterlife

In & Out

Afterlife

?April is a cruel time of the year...?

No-mad



Cicada in shopping mall

Travel light

un-herald rain

water melon

???

Smell the Rose when May is here

Swallows

Out of Eden

narcissus

Reincarnation in Vain

If I Can

haiku

Debt

whose will?

Last cicada at odds

windfall

Last Romance

Metauniverses

morning rush

a day at the vineyard

Gleaner i

Wrong speculation

Lady vs. Daisy

Mirth or Misery

Good Enough

Soul on foot

Narrow winnowing

Publish or Perish

the Eraser

tough pear

impertinent choosers

nut cracker

dance away

Flee December

String Theory

ascetic bliss

metamorphosis

schooling

Trust

The Dawn is just a Cobweb away

Greenhouse Childhood

Pledgery of loyalty

Fun is done

Postlove Poet

March

All for Naught

Elon Musk

Aurora Borealis

Shelf life

In love with my AI

cuckoo

TO BE

Fishing Season

Leave Her Alone

Incomprehensible

Saola at Hungry Ghost Festival

Only Once

## Tulip

As to love, I never dare  
to impose the questionnaire  
If you abruptly say "I do,"  
I'd doubt if it is untrue  
If you slip, you don't know  
my life is eclipsed by sorrow

Love is something I never ask for  
Something in hope, for evermore

May you cherish me in hope  
and I have your love envelope  
A tulip never opens its heart  
until the day death do us part

## Elysium --lost and found

Quarantined in dorm like lice and mice  
I live on rationed salt and rice  
The twenty books have been read twice  
I wonder how I get over the pandemic vice

Despite COVID-19 news in the websites  
I zoom and browse for something nice  
Places can be travelled virtually, at fireside  
Then suddenly I come across "**my poetic side**"  
As if An Elysium lost and found in sight  
Poetry and poets, old and new, are side by side  
Life is so refreshed, so rich and bright  
Now I know I can get along/through all right

A habitat without bamboo groves is of no worth  
With Nniad, the world won't be a barren earth  
The spiritual can not live in the lodge of lice  
Without poetry, life might as well be church mice

## Science or Humanity

How I regret I didn't major in science  
As my career, for money and humanity  
So that I could save the world with conscience  
And knowledge and skill from mortality

Now I can't even secure myself from the stake  
Fifty years of life seem to be a grave mistake

Is cure and vaccine so hard to come by?  
If I were there, could I make any difference  
To stop the plague that make so many die  
But, at present, arts is the resort for defence



## **awomanisawomanisawoman**

**She was conceived and born as IT  
No difference in gender and merit  
Nursed and dressed into girlhood  
Dined and dated into a girlfriend  
Married into a wife  
Carried into a mother  
Sewed and mended into a tailor  
Toast and fried into a cook  
Cleaned into a housekeeper  
Cared into a caretaker**

**She is not born a woman  
She was made part of Adam  
Prone to curiosity  
Charm and tempt  
Jealousy and generosity  
Goodness and wickedness  
Angel and devil  
Love and Beauty  
Everything man wants  
She can be serpentine  
She can be Amazon  
in fact He is part of She  
Sinuated she at courtesy  
Why history is his story  
She can make herstory**

**She is often compared to rose  
A rose is arose isa rosei sarose  
She isheis heis heishe is heishe  
A woman is awom an i saw oman**

## **Publish or Perish**

**I may well publish my ebook?for free  
Since many people turn to e-read spree  
Yes, it's economical and eco-friendly on line  
And I join echoes and encores in Club Glee  
Yet, if I want to send a copy as a present  
"click and collect at mps.com." and present  
It feels like blowing a kiss or have a heart sent  
All is saying, "love ,love, love you very much."  
But no participation, even hands never touch  
Amidst this Pandemic what if I die of Covid-19  
Password forgotten, a website never to be seen**

## Coronation of the New Year

Over hundreds of millions confirmed  
hundreds of thousands have died by far  
data are data? Shocking as they are  
Mortality is unseen, inside the screen

A virus tinier than dust out of the vast  
May strike like a meteor on one fast  
One may die, or wiped out a million  
Universe forgets it soon in oblivion

The souls of the Jan'an prodigies were claimed  
Heads of hospitals were taken down maimed  
I am a lucky dog, if I am not drawn by the lot  
If it crowns me, I won't ask why but Why not?

## Hotel Room

I always think a hotel overcharges lodgers  
For a sleepless night hundreds of dollars  
What I get from that bed  
and chandelier overhead?  
between sheets as white as snow  
as upon a cloud I always sleep slow  
A cake of soap, a tube of toothpaste  
with a swimming brain I go to breakfast  
No regret I go my way the next day  
It is a room not of my own, anyway.  
What if a room of my own  
What extras would I put down  
that would eventually turn dust  
Earth to earth, dust to dust.  
A hotel room, anyway, is all I need to live in  
We are nomads, passing the world within.

## Different fireworks

Corona virus look like fireworks  
Mute, but sounds like siren quirks  
Fireworks don't work in broad daylight  
While Corona coronate all day and night  
That's novel about it, tiny, virtually invisible  
But inflict massively and kill inconsiderable  
It Locks the whole world down to a standstill  
With an attempt to make the earth hellic ill

## The Pond

### The pond

Wisteria floating in Cinephilia

Ophilian drifting to Oblivion

## mommy restaraunt

The first to rise was not a crowing rooster  
The first light is a woman's bedside lamp  
She doesn't even need an alarm clock  
Her biological clock is set at 5:00 a. M.  
First the bedroom bedside lamp, the kitchen stove  
Then the porridge, blurring the window  
sputter sound of fried eggs, and the smell  
Adds something to the child's morning dream  
Although sleepy, taste not awake  
There wasn't much touched and taken at the table  
But every day of every week  
Like a restaurant open from five to nine  
Never close before the gaokao

After gaokao  
The restaurant closed  
Never open again

## Birdy Talk

### Birdy talk

Yoga on branches in a tree  
Smell of new leaves and spring breeze  
Off the world in tranquility I rejoice  
A tiny bird cut in with a trilling voice

Near overhead yet he not afraid of me  
I whistle at him and he heeds me agree  
Lively spirit, possessed he  
Chirping, and skipping, not a moment's rest  
While streams of melody burst from his breast  
"Hark! Hark! I sing higher notes than you!"

When I shrill in my soprano  
He flutters a step upward to the sky  
"And you can't reach this high!"  
Dreading a slip and fall, I dare not try  
Ashamed of my heavy torso like a slouth  
And a voice inferior to his, though  
Happy I am to have an alien as a companion  
To exchange a few notes high at a pinion

Then out of nowhere another birdy light  
On the same twig dialoging eager and bright  
And sambaing and foxstrutting like Spright  
It turns out that not to me but to his friend  
that he is all along hailing in glee  
No sooner they dart away for a spree  
Leaving me alone at a loss in the tree



## Birds? lingua franca

Titmouse in wood  
greet each other "sweety! Sweety!"  
Whatever mood,  
I never mistake it as "pity?pity?"

The cuckoos  
Really say "cuckoo !cuckoo!"  
In Chinese it reads "sow soon, sow soon!"  
Time won't wait for another moon

When wheat turn golden in June  
francolin would alarm, "ripe and reap, ripe and reap!"  
For a storm any time may ruin all season's crop  
The bird knows best, hearken!

Happy birds they are  
magpies always laugh, "hahahaha, hahahaha..."  
No wonder they are mascof for Chinese  
Favored more than nightingale or lark

## Dream as a Horse

### Dream as a horse

On the vast vast prairie  
You don't need to hold the rein  
just Let go of the wild  
For no direction, no boundary  
In the wilderness you don't know  
Like a world covered with snow  
There's naught to focus or clutch on  
It's like extravagance spent, leaving a vain  
Yet my imaginations break through the lock-down  
Given a meter of sun, a slip of moon  
Enough to transcend a universe soon

## Whot' s It?

Whot' s It?

Oh,how troublesome it is to tell  
He or she all the time, oh Hell  
Why not just say "it," to be simpler  
He, she, it, his, her, its, all singular  
Aren't they all "they" third plural  
"They"don't mind male or female  
Quick or dead, human or animal  
Weren't we created as You&I equal  
Male and female, singular and plural  
Not only Human Destiny Communal  
But we share"World Destiny For All"

## Life's Events

### Life's Events

Life is not a track event  
In which you run the span  
In the shortest time you can

Life is a field event  
to try your best present  
in a few attempts meant  
Your time is set as it may  
Twenty-four hour to a day  
Waste it, and it won't delay  
The end for the game to play  
Burn the midnight candle late  
Or even at both ends, and you may hate  
to end sooner than the game can wait  
So take your time and play it fair, dear  
Be higher, stronger, longer and happier

## How Much Is a Soul

### How Much Is a Soul

Some do-gooder even had a soul weighed  
The measure, vessel deducted, is 21 gram  
But was it allotted out of an even program  
Or just chanced to be of a random made  
Hence the dilemma, involving much hate  
To be consequentially of much more weight  
Or for Heaven's sake, ready for the flight  
A soul should rid the gravity to travel light

## Anguish of Sapho

### Anguish of Sapho

Don't call me a Sapho  
I'd rather be a Helen of Troy  
Forts to ruin and states to destroy  
Would be my greatest joy

The female virtue is fair and feebleness  
Strength of the mind renders her loveless

I'd rather have a beautiful veil  
Amour and adoration to avail  
Than with poetry, extinguished in the main  
Who cares a St. Jone who does not entertain?

I post my prodigy masterpieces  
But met with neither applause nor appraise  
Yet when the beauties show off in bikinis  
There, floods of comments and compliments

## Why me? Why not me?

### Why me? Why not me?

Sometimes I don't understand  
When toyed by fate's play hand  
Why me? Why me cursed?  
I am not the best, yet not the worst.  
I am in no way out stand.

Then I turned to Jesus cruxed  
Son of God for humans sacrificed  
Without a single sin he basked  
In torture and death but never asked  
And never took things to task.

Look back across the wide waste of years  
To one who wandered by a lonely sea  
And sought in vain for any place of rest  
"foxes have holes, and every bird its nest"  
I, only I, must wander wearily  
And bruise my feet,  
and drink wine salt with tears."

## Survive Me, but Forget Me Not

### Survive Me, but Forget Me Not

At the wall corner a young papaya seedling  
Grew so fast every day almost to the seeing  
At first I took it a grass to be  
barely could clutch my lower knee  
Halloween saw it mark my naval over  
New Year's day it got round my shoulder  
Three months into March, it did march  
Waywardly, spread well overhead like an arch  
Lily-like flowers began to bud from its armpit  
Alas! We left school for quarantine just at it

How I miss you, you childhood friend of mine  
I'll miss your flowering and fruiting prime  
While you enjoy a fast growing summer time hot  
No grass, a tree you stand perennial, but I'm not



## The Trees

### The Trees

The trees that I hearken or hugged  
Will you remember me  
I used to be naughty with you  
Climbing and sitting on your branch  
High in the air to feel the winds  
Rock your body and rustle through

Centuries later, you will still be there  
When I come back in form of wind  
Caressing your fresh buds  
Or shuffle your golden foliage  
Just as you used to refresh my heart  
With your new leaves  
You will surely remember me  
Because I am the only soul  
to hearken and hug you

## Fish to Chips

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Fish to Chips

Once I bought a fresh fish alive  
So fresh that it splashed non-stop  
When I scaled it, it took much flip-flop  
Two hours out of water, it played dive  
Taken to liquor, it refused to be sedated  
Popping the pot top open, it escaped  
As I cut its head off with a chopping knife  
Its tail still jerked and jumped, still in life

When I finally got it done and finished  
My appetite for fresh fish gone perished  
Ready made chips provide same nourishment  
I don't have to execute capital punishment  
But inside me there is the guilty shame  
Someone else cut and cook all the same  
Tho I do not kill  
I pass the bill

## Moon in Daylight

### D

You the morning moon  
last almost to noon  
Pass wax and now wane  
stay awake, in vain  
Brushed by clouds sailing by  
Noticed by none, alone in sky  
Like a jellyfish  
No one to cherish  
Weak and weary, thin and wan  
Neglected as an stray orphan  
faint to transparent

    But you have parent  
Sun, your father,  
Earth, your mother  
And I, your lover  
So far apart  
we never part  
Cosmos are bound in affection  
Near or far, we're connection

How many nocturnal adore you  
How I long to be near you  
When Armstrong took his first step  
When Chang' e slowly spread the blue wings  
Hot tears down stream  
As if I am in a dream  
I held up my breath  
Oh, even if it is death  
    If you need me,  
Like Cassini to plunge into the ring of Jupiter

I Do

## ant astray

ant astray

Ants file out in a single line  
of one-lane traffic to and fro  
From the nest to the food source they go  
And back, in a ever-flowing row  
head to head they often meet  
Touching feelers they greet  
And happily go on mission invisible

But a naughty ant ran off the track one day  
It stepped on another leaf out of the way  
Another to another it adventured on and on  
By connection to another tree adjacent this one  
From a branch as bridge it landed on a wall  
Down the wall to a cemented courtyard in a fall  
A vast world unknown to a creature so small  
An alien alone in a barren land forsaken by all  
Would it panic, and turn back?  
Would it remember the old track?

## Morning Glory

### Morning Glory

Ask no more for my feature picture  
You may compare me to a morning glory  
I hold no beauty for the past or future  
Now is my moment and all my story

Touch me, it's so easy to lose  
Mountains and rivers may go on and on  
But life is here and then gone  
I'm a morning glory, not a chinese rose

Hold me fast to your bosom  
The moment i'm in blossom  
Do not waste and wait for tomorrow  
When nothing is left but sorrow

Take me to your heart and soul  
Make this swift life whole  
Be thy the nestling home for a journeying dove  
The only eternity is found in love

## Fireside traveler

Fireside traveler

I said I have never been abroad  
You might sneer and then say pity  
"Your salary can well afford  
You to travel on any board."

I felt the shame inside and out as a miser  
Then put on the pretension of the wiser  
"A trip saved is worth the penny in hand,  
The fireside couch potatoes understand."

My soul is an exile ever on the roam  
It never settles, abroad or at home

## Noise of Life, Please!

### Noise of Life, Please!

Down the next courtyard was a laundry  
With washing machines droning night and day  
The washing woman languid like a barrel  
Cats and kids clinging the tower of Babel

One day weird it was deserted for no reason  
For weeks Laundry uncollected in rain and sun  
Fruits fallen and rotten on the ground  
No human, even the cats were not around

Then this morning I hear the early din  
Looking over I see fresh washings on line  
The woman cooking and a baby wailing  
And the cats jumping the roof and railing

Be there clatter of plate and spoon  
Be there children prattling at noon  
Be there even the roaring of traffic  
Better than silence after the pandemic



## Found and Lost

Found and Lost

I saved many of my data as my treasure  
Thinking I own them permanent for pleasure  
And one day I found them invalid whatsoever

Should I preserve them in print, on paper  
And keep them in a safe or museum for ever  
But wouldn't they turn dust or vapour?

The things I take as so sure and valuable  
May be found out to be ever unavailable  
Which makes me nihilistically miserable

## Why Write

### Why Write

That day I rode with a bunch of writers  
Amidst talking about why they'd write  
One said he originally wrote to right  
Another wanted the world to enlight  
Still another, just to vent his extra steam  
And she, to keep her in a beautiful dream  
When it came to my turn, I said, well, I  
I was afraid of a premature chance to die  
There was a sudden stoppage of the flow  
As if unsure whether to laugh or to woe  
It came to me one day my PC broke down  
I felt I was presently knocked out at a loss  
All my savings gone, nowhere to be found  
I was left with nothing, totally broke  
As if a miser died of a sudden stroke  
When I eventually turn to earth  
I may leave nothing of any worth  
Poetry is the only asset I care to control  
I'll try to create with all my heart and soul  
Some live to eat  
Some live to beat  
Some live to write on  
Some live to singsong  
And those crazy fans  
Must have sensed the the rhythm of soul  
But those immune to the beautiful  
Might well be soulless  
I write, because I am soulful  
And a soul strives for immortal

## Home or Roam

### Woman Running Wild

Virginia woolf advocated aloud the proposal  
A woman should have her own room at her disposal  
A desk to herself  
Books on her shelf  
500& to her name  
So that she could write, to her fame  
Yet she herself was often unwomanly running out  
Of her own room?wild, acting out what she talked about  
"A woman is not a flower in vase  
Set on table for men's eyes to gaze.  
She is a grass in the wild lea  
Dancing to the wind ever free."

### And woman stayed put

Dickinson is to be read  
With some geeky head  
Better at a starry night  
In a mindset that is light  
Something she had said  
Is not to be taken alright  
She neighboured the dead  
And back, the quick fled in fright  
A lofty mind, unfed on bread  
Too imperial on her arial flight  
To make paramours in her bed  
Few living can reach that height  
many take her as a book in a nook  
She is a fishing flier save a hook

## Grace

### Grace

It is not that I can not afford  
Three meals a day in concord  
I willingly fast myself on supper  
In order to feel the devout hunger  
Instead of the morning anorexia  
I say in sincerity the Lord's Prayer  
Empty I offer my thanksgiving  
For the grace with true feeling  
Thank God for giving my daily bread  
For my body and inspiration for my head

## ?Kue Dang--, Kue Dang--?

### Kue Dang--, Kue Dang--

"Kue Dang--, Kue Dang--"

"bangbangbang--"

Once I heard that crier out of the market  
A guy hawking home-made cakes in a basket  
He displayed one after another of his goodies  
But I just shook my head and said goodbye  
He collected all his goods good-humoredly  
And smilingly said "Terimakasih" in my stead  
Although I had just bought enough bread  
To save some more as snacks was to be harmless  
How I regret, back home, of my cold-heartedness

After that I heard many times the " Kue Dang--"  
And two wood sticks striking "bangbangbang--"  
But every time I got out to the foreground  
To buy his cakes, there was no one to be found

Was that "Kue Dang--, Kue Dang--"  
Hallusinations out of a guilty haunt

## **cups**

cups

tea or coffee

spirits,even tears

all passed your lips

but you're tasteless

though designed artistic

## From Novel to Normal

### From Novel to Normal

Fad tramps willy-dilly without the least reason  
One thing once barred may be set free from prison  
Women used to be prohibited from wearing pants  
But in another place skirts are strictly banned  
When small waist is much appreciated as fair  
Gentleladies starve themselves of food and air  
As scholars squint their eyes behind thick glasses  
Illiterates dub lensless frames as highbrow classes

And now, who could expect face masks would be in  
The beauty and the ugly all concealed, equal and even  
In quarantine pajamas or underwear serve all  
No social life going on, Beauty industry fall  
Pandemic prevails, regardless of pride and prejudice  
wherever there is a vogue, fatigue is an antibiotics

Covid-19 has changed the world's ordinal  
From novel to normal, a new trend as formal

## At the library

At the library

I can't help feeling desperate

How could I possibly get to the other shore

Across the knowing and the unknown

How blessed are the book souls

Even if they are laid off paper or parch

They still shine as stars

Talk and sing ever so lucid

They are immortals

Overlooking the wandering beings

With gracious sympathy



## Rainstorm Symphony

### Rainstorm Symphony

There must be many a invisible musician  
Making the prelude in the philharmonian  
Some playing the wires for strings and bows  
Some whistling through cracks of windows  
Trees are rustled to make the shala-shaling  
And with a lightning comes the rumbling  
Followed by the percussion of the drum kits  
Another slash of the cymbals and buckets  
Brings the succession of a thousand hoofs  
That drowns the horns and dins over roofs

Nature makes music  
Humans just mimic

Those enclosed in air-conditioned edifices  
Just missed one of the greatest masterpieces

## Rainbow after the rainstorm

### Rainbow after the rainstorm

No sooner than the storm dwindle to a sprinkle  
The oriole starts to sing so spritely cristal  
He must have been waiting behind the rain  
For the colorful rainbow to uncurtain

## **MLK, the world still not live up to your dream**

**MLK, the world still not live up to your dream**

**But for the looking glass**

**I don't know how I look**

**Short of discrimination of class**

**I'm unaware of the difference**

**between a hairdresser and a professor**

**a chinese , or a japanese**

**I am not a woman, not even a human**

**I might as well be a rock or a tree**

**I would rather decay or melt away**

**Into a dark matter as a mad hatter**

**Than to choose to be or not to be**

**WHY the disintegration and discrimination**

**Why the disdain and detain, deportation and exploitation**

**Why can some hold the throat of the other in serfdom**

**Why the territory, barbed fences round a kingdom**

**Aren't all lives created equal and free**

**Oughtn't we all feed on the life tree**

**God's children, and children of light**

**Shouldn't we share the same right**

**Doctor King sacrificed himself to a dream**

**wherein no marginal,no mainstream**

**Shall people die out in martyrdom**

**Before the world settle in peace and freedom**

## Nobility

### Nobility

An urchin ran into a mansion by accident  
Was dared and dazed by the magnificent  
Until he came across a snow white feather  
Dancing in a vase, free and yet sedate  
He was stunned, beside himself  
forgetting about the world

He woke up in his paddy field  
Planting rice shoots 3 hour on end  
Without looking up, he closed up an egret  
Frozen, he held his breath lest he regret  
Not even blink he stared the moment  
What austerity What chastity!  
That was his first enlightenment  
What is beauty and what is nobility

## Bookmark

### Bookmark

Books from library call for special care  
No scribble, no graffiti, no tear and wear  
I know too well to commit such offence  
But why can't I fold the corners for reference

In this digital age books are stored in clouds  
read anywhere, anytime, and may survive print and exist  
But in substantial feel and pleasure I persist  
In a heavenly library, so vacant and vast  
I might be the first and the last to hold one fast  
Some may never be visited in their lives  
Like Emily Dickinson, tiny nuggets her poems are  
No lover ever committed to her

Books are fragile and vulnerable,  
Every time the pages are turned, corners folded  
The bones and tendons are broken  
Centuries later, they crumble to pieces

But I am the only one who ever loved you  
"No love, no harm," is it true?

## downs & ups

Searing hot coffee  
Will mellow down  
Into a dark well  
When you sip from the cup

But the spirits of liquor  
Even iced cold  
Burns up in your heart  
Like volcanoes erupt

## Bamboo Shoots

Shoots!

How tall,  
and how long a bamboo  
Will live up to?  
A bamboo has its built-in sections all  
Folded neatly in its shoots or genes underground  
In its sleeping, growing only 3 cents in 4 years  
Like a cicada cocoon groping in soil, unfound

Then it pierces Out of earth to a spring call  
Stretching out a whole meter overnight  
In a fortnight it reaches 20 meters in height  
Oh!What a spurt! What a sight!

If you close in and listen  
at the dead of night  
You may hear  
The crackling of its knots and joints  
And feel the growing pain  
Of stretching spine  
As a seedling  
Shoots up

**S**

**S**

Sunbathing under an ancient pine  
On dried grass so fluffy and fine  
Under head an opened book  
Unread in this cozy nook

Strange, when breezes sweep apass  
A leaf refuse to wave with other grass  
Close up, I see, a slender snake  
The color of a red and golden make  
What a camouflage, so clever  
Shortsighted, I almost miss it altogether

Is it sleep walking to a daze  
Or frozen still by my amaze  
No knowing, so we sunbathed alongside  
No harming, no one needs to go hide

I hearsay, you are nearsighted, too?  
you may sense me with your infrared,true?  
Anyway, I know better I tress-pass  
So I might as well leave your compass  
Goodbye, my beautiful fellow bather  
Shall we see each other,hither thither?

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## Well

### Well

How to explain to a city youngster

What is a well, what is a spring

When the millennials, born and raised

With tap water and coca cola

How can you expect them to learn

"Water from the well you drink

Of the well-digger you should think?"

"A drop of water you receive

Is to be repaid with a well for all?"

"Water from a well never mix up

with water from a river?"

And how "tears well up my eyes?"

At a time when the globe is warming up

And underground water gets lower and lower

One day, when all wells dry up into oblivion

And the earth becomes as barren as Mars

No need to explain any more

The last moisture

May be the last drop of tears of a human

## After the Ceremony

I

After the Ceremony

I collect the deserted flowers  
Sustain them in a vase for some more hours  
Not to look  
But to listen  
The falling of the petals  
sigh after festivals

II

Liberty or Death

Why cage a paradise  
Why capture a butterfly  
What you possess is death  
Beauty never reside in slavery  
A flower in vase soon stops breath  
Liberty! Liberty!  
Give me liberty, or death

## Cruse Lines

### Cruse Lines

Freedom doesn't need to be  
So expensive and rich  
Look at a small boat, ever so free  
To change its orientation at the nick  
Unlike the cruse line, The Titanic  
At the sight of an iceberg  
Try as it might and may  
Can not swirl away

Social animals swarm  
To create a scale economy  
And a chance of genocide  
A city of millions clutter  
For a pandemic to eliminate  
No one likes to be an island  
Few are content with a small boat  
While All like to get aboard  
A luxury cruse  
Sailing blind  
unwind

## To Borneo, To Mount Gold

### To Borneo, To Mount Gold

--Translated from Luo Fangbo??????

How I longed to be there as tales were told  
About the legendary resort of Mount Gold  
An untraversed wilderness ever to be  
Somewhere down the South China Sea

Never a mountain would move my way  
Until autumn of 1772 marked the day  
When I set out of the Harbor Tiger gate  
With men of a hundred and a first mate

Eastward first then to the main, spirits high  
With a will to break the limit of the sky  
Yet before long, as if floating in clouds of vanity  
Groundless, near or far, I saw nothing but infinity  
An odyssey covering ten thousand mile  
Might be related later just in a while

On Swirling into a river from the ocean vast  
Our boatmen cried out, "Here we are, at last!"  
Here it is, long dams line a red river abound  
Emerald forests beyond, as if Elysium found  
The moon rises soon after the sun escapes  
No flute of hermits but the babel of apes  
At the end of trail springs Naiad trickling trickling  
The darkness of night broken by roosters cackling

In Pontianak it's steam summer all year round  
Vegetables perennially green, and gold abound  
Out in the mountains and in Kapuas river bed  
Providence for the tough with heart and head

In this exotic land they have a different name  
For a thing familiar at home all the same  
*Apa capa* to greet, and *kue* for a cake  
*Salio* for cottage, and *bali* for gold lake  
For gold grains you have to rise at small hours  
And shed sweat all day long like heavy showers  
*Youlang* dangling abreast for the days's gain  
*Guats* threshing under water, oh! The back pain  
Fortune might come to you and smile  
And you find your labor worth the while

A scholar I am not much of a master of the art  
Teaching in a strange land, a waste of my prime  
To engage in business I lack the capital to start  
Who won't want to make fortune and fame in time  
And return home ten thousand miles away  
Where my old parents await weary and gray  
Who won't expect to build a mansion grand  
And hence enjoy happy days in his homeland

Alas! Astrand here toiling day in and day out  
My health failing, and my spirit falling out  
Fortune and fame is not all I seek  
Poetry may I indulge at this peak  
Who is by birth made a king of a kingdom  
Why should I exile myself in a state of freedom  
Hence a song from out of my heart  
Zero to hero, hero to zero, the Art:  
*On this peak of peaks, atop of the world*  
*With clouds swirling and rivers down unfurled*  
*Such sublime of beauty inspires tears of pain*  
*That time and tide should thus go on in vain*

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## Kitty Giddy

### Kitty Giddy

Such a tiny fur ball at crossroad  
With traffic roaring along  
Swerving into two branches at you  
Danger, kitty! let me lead you on  
I am big and conspicuous enough  
To alarm the traffic off you way

## What to look

### What to look

I only want to see grass grow in shower  
And butterflies suck at a budding flower  
Swallows swerve and somersault in dusk  
And clouds change from Monroe to a husk  
As to humans, and their schemes & whims  
I don't even want to give even a glimpse

## The shortest cut

### The shortest cut

The shortest cut to happiness is  
To get the highest worthiness  
at the lowest prices there is  
When your fingernails grow too long  
You don't feel they to you belong  
They aliens, something apart from you.  
To feel them keenly and kin  
Cut them short to your skin

## Iceberg

an ocean will never gang dry  
because it has an iceberg in heart

## Clutter at work

### Clutter at work

Old woman in pyjama of flank

Worked whole morn by her front door

At a doghouse framed with collected plank

Shrouded in collage linen and tar

Neighbors look down upon dog and cat

"what a shame! A tumor growth on the flat!"

They frown and gossip and mail her black

But she moves matronly, face held back

A peep into her room may confirm the rumor

Cardboard to the ceiling, bottles over flown

Adopted pets lodge indoor and outdoor

"For a professor, what a disgrace!"they moan

They live a consumerist life, like king

Buying in flashy packs, disposing with no care

Little knowing what disaster they bring

Look around, junks, junks, everywhere!

Surely The prof is not poor, but fully aware

The earth is exhausted by tear ans wear

An old junk, she takes herself graced

Better to make the last use of the waste.

## Bandwagon

Bandwagon

People are like band musicians in a tavern  
playing everything, yet travelling in one wagon  
conducted by common sense, on common ground  
that all members believe to be safe and sound

popular albums they make and their concerts gain  
soon the whole world concord to the main

the collective do as told without asking why  
like sheeps flock to abyss, not knowing to die  
With deaf ears to truth, and unseeing eye

Some who dare to play solo and travel alone  
May trod new ways and sing a different tone  
Truths are often found by lonely souls  
With courage they challenge the black holes.

## the roof of the world

### the roof of the world

The pearls and shells embedded in your flesh and bones  
Bear witnesses that you used to be the bed of oceans

## **Guilt built in**

### **Guilt built in**

**At first I mistook them as some rice forsaken  
That became a banquet for the ants so hearten  
Thousands of black ants swarmed there batching  
Over a layer of white eggs about hatching  
I know not why they chose my pot  
As their nestle and breeding lot**

**I took them to the hose, out of fear and disgust  
With a strong spray I flush then to the gutter  
But some still clung desperate with their guts  
Baby eggs held fast in their jaws and cluttered**

**I left them in the scorching sun  
In hope that they would to the the shades run  
Hours later there was a rainstorm  
I assumed they had evacuated to a dorm**

**But, upon overlooking, there in the pot  
Black ants and their white babies sank to their lot  
When they bustled and rustled in this dining hall  
How would they expect such calamity to befall  
Thousands of lives I left to die, a guilt built therein  
But why couldn't they get out the way they got in**



## Love must be quantum

### Love must be quantum

Last night I met you in some dreamlands  
I cupped your face close in my hands  
The warmth, the tenderness feels your avatar  
More than I last hugged you 10 years afar

Love must be some quantum in oblivion  
Everywhere, yet a chance in a million  
Realer to be dreamed than held fast  
When you have it, it is a phantom past

It is there, an amazing grace  
Transcending time and space  
Enticing me to pursue for life long  
Like Siren's soul-wrecking song

## The loners

### The loners

Flowers could be in gardens or by roadside  
Or deck the mortuary, or my hair  
Look, these morning glories at my window  
Come from a crack of the brick wall  
For me, I think, or who else

And those trees  
Those seedlings beneath the canopy  
And those scattered elsewhere  
Who knows which one will survive  
And grow up beyond a hundred years

A seed may fall in a dent of a rock  
And take to sprout  
Its roots reach out for underwater  
And its hands for the sun above

The loners, born by precipices  
Struggle for life in perilous bloom  
Never know the pretended terror  
Of a bungeer

### Solo chorus

I am an dissonance  
In mass square dance  
Like a zombie suddenly comes alive  
Supple and fair and enchanting  
I am looking for a place  
Where I can sing and dance  
To my own whim and rhythm  
Where no one listens or see

## Time claimed the beauties

### Time claimed the beauties

I used to shine by myself on duty  
But time claimed the beauty  
I am so plain, a star for none  
The ones hurrying this way  
Do not disturb me with your love  
I cannot bear any love any more  
I am now in peace with my red clay stove  
Go back, delayed amour, No good to flirt  
Snow has covered my train of skirt  
my knees, and sleeves Next  
And then the unclosed Bible  
At last reach the sands upon my breast  
Oh, love, when you finally arrived  
At a common woman, revived  
Is not her eyelashes drooped  
She is at an undisturbed rest

## God at creation

### God at creation

When God created the world  
He must be in a big freehand  
Or at a whimsical moment  
Then there was light,  
There was day and night  
Stars upon the vault  
Fishes in the ocean  
Vegetation for the land  
And animals and birds  
Then Adam out of dust  
And Eve from his bust  
done in flying colors at a stroke  
Everything is in Perfection  
Yet without elaboration  
And the amaze is never duplicated

The fate of all things  
It's just a toss of dice  
So is an artist's ecstasy  
Into a kingdom of freedom  
As with God at creation

## Retrograde

Retrograde

Don't you think birds are like sails  
just like to go with the wind  
You don't see the swallows that fly in the rain  
And a kite rising from the wind  
Fly against the wind  
And they rise on the air

I have enough patience  
To wait for a windrise  
Like a black bird  
To fly from a sunset

## Island

**Island**

**I love to be alone**

**But don't leave me alone for too long**

**If I get used to loneliness**

**Even love can not get me back**

## Night Vigil

### Night Vigil

The waxing moon  
hooked the world into night  
its duty done all right  
And went to sleep soon

Then I take over the turn  
As a waning moon's concern  
To Play the vigil for  
the remaining last quarter  
Watch out for the few stars  
for the bamboo shadows  
For the rain drops  
And for the croaking of frogs  
And Chirping of crickets  
As Neruda said  
"I like you as the sound of silence  
As if I have lost myself."

## moonset

moonset

As to me, Youth  
Was an dark age  
pathos in poverty  
Like apples up the highland  
Tinged red with dry winds  
Not the blush of shyness  
But a self-consciousness  
As to love's sublime

I don't want to identify  
A stereotype in your eye  
The first half of the moon  
Has gone out of its noon  
In the wane of light  
In the silence amid the chirping night  
Do you see the uncindered glow of fire  
the unrequited desire  
To love, even if to be annihilated  
By the sun in the morning after

As long a child still there in your eye  
Who never grow worldly with time  
Still capable of having tears welling up  
Without being ashamed  
All the same  
We never lose  
What we never have got



## My will

### My will

The Utilitarian principles abound  
By all means to stay safe and sound  
To avoid harm, to avoid danger  
rather die hard in a comfortable bed  
Than to go ahead into any adventure  
But isn't it the most wasteful life ever

As for me, if they need any volunteer  
To trial new drugs, or to pioneer  
The outer space or nuclear of earth  
I do! I will! If I am of any worth  
I have lived this life so far so full  
As to launch another more eventful  
Even if a journey of no return  
For me, there is no regret  
for good and for goodness

## She and He

### He and she

You see, he belongs to she  
And in she there is a he.  
She is xy  
He is only y  
If his y mates with her x out of her xy  
Then the outcome is xy, namely a she  
If his y goes with y of her xy  
Then they get a y, a boy

But When she marries he  
There must be a fission of their chromosome  
Her xy must disentangle  
Into singles of x and y  
In order for one to match the single of his y  
How the Interface will go  
Is much by an accident  
So what their offspring is like  
Is chance or destiny

## Hotel Room

Hotel Room

I always think a hotel overcharges lodgers  
for a sleepless night hundreds of dollars  
What I get from that bed  
and chandelier overhead  
between sheets as white as snow  
as if upon a cloud I always sleep slow  
a cake of soap, a tube of toothpaste  
With a swimming brain I go for breakfast  
No regret I go my way the next day  
It is a room not of my own, anyway  
What if a room of my own  
What extras would I put down  
that will eventually turn dust  
earth to earth, dust to dust  
A hotelroom, after all, is all I need to live in  
We are nomads, passing the world within



## Proportional?

Proportional?

No pain, no gain?

Huger gain, huger pain?

What cost is a mosquito's stain?

Greater is the agony of an elephant slain?

How is the pain of a Split ant

Compared to an elephant

## No Mourning

### No Mourning

**Do not expect me to mourn the dead  
I never like to wait on the death bead  
Or the graves of the greats or beloved  
I visit them in their great minds instead  
As they pass away the thoughts outrun  
High life never dwell in a burying room  
Great souls transcend the body or tomb  
Millions die unremembered  
But great minds are numbered  
There is no mourning in the fact of death  
After life spirit goes on with immortal breath**

## jealousy

### Jealousy

Some swallow nestle at her eave  
Why not mine? My jealousy heave  
One swallow doesn't make a summer  
But there is another, another newcomer  
When I see the craps on her threshold  
Oh! What a farce! A sneer I can't hold  
Then a drop of warmth on my brow  
Hey! Is this the way you say hello?  
You are welcome to dwell anyway  
Except to sit stool over my doorway

## **V-DAY or D-DAY**

### **V-DAY or D-DAY**

**People are celebrating the world over  
Dragonboats afire, and smokes hover  
with cinder, prayers choked out of breath  
aground mourn the vagrant souls of death**

**Whose victory, and whose doom  
whose conspiracy, in whose room  
Why such large scale of madness  
and what the root of such sadness  
What gain for the superior power  
what pain of the suffering neath the tower  
How come the wars in the first place  
Inquire not the spire but the sinful base**

**Aren't all lives created equal and free  
Oughtn't we all feed on the life tree  
God's children, and children of light  
Shouldn't we share the same right**

**WHY the disintegration and discrimination  
Why the disdain and detain, deportation and exploitation  
Why can some hold the other in serfdom  
Why the territory, barbed fences round a kingdom**

**Doctor King sacrificed himself to a dream  
wherein no marginal, no mainstream  
Shall people die out in martyrdom  
Before the world settle in peace and freedom**



## On duty

### On duty

**The sleepy dog, weak and weary  
Suddenly jumped, barked fiercely  
At a car just cruising noiselessly by  
What supernatural sense  
To recognize in it a presence  
Through enclosed metal and dark glass  
There is a stranger other than our class**

## White Noise

### White Noise

The crickets arouse not only nostalgia plight  
Some one may be afflicted lovesick in heart  
That night, thousands of miles apart  
We talked into dawn over the insect concert  
as if at home under the same moonlight  
Love is a hazard, deadlier than to die  
But I pray, please, tell me a white lie  
To last me through the white noise  
Even if no redemption but I'll rejoice

### Love Unrequited

Some love is bound to be unrequited  
Like an egret's solo dance upon the pond  
The crickets sing all summer in the patch  
Play and reply in philharmonic concert  
Until Nirvana in the late autumn spright  
Yet some remain strangers to each other  
Only a summer graph is itched in the night  
Like the pond echoed the egret's ceremony  
Not all love come to blissful matrimony

## On the spot

On the spot

I

I felt my feet crushed a snail  
In my nightly walk on the trail  
The moon was too dim to witness  
Crickets hardly pause for the distress  
I did not stop short from the trek  
For the catastrophe of the wreck  
Like a murderer I might sneak back  
To the spot days later to check

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II

I came for the shrub I had broken  
Last year, with a shoelace as token  
That day when I trecked the rocky hill  
for a stick I snapped a bough from a  
To beat round the bush in case of snake  
The twig seemed dry and and bristle  
But the bark was sapping and pliable  
As if bleeding green, with bone fracture  
As if I was tearing an arm alive in violence  
To mend my fault I redressed its wound  
With my shoelace, wishing it come around  
But I couldn't find it, not even with my shoelace

**Did it wither into dust under the earth face  
Or, as I dreamed, it grew into a big tree  
With that shoelace sinking into its arm**

## Tapestry of life

### Tapestry of life

A snail was snatched by a swallow  
Meanwhile I was stung by a mosquito  
That was quite accidental and natural  
But when the bird swallowed the insect  
I may in the dark met them all

My blood may with the snail's body mix  
And make its way into the bird's shell gland  
Which the bone and wings of a newborn fix  
That may fly thousands of miles over land  
And the egg shell? May be taken by another snail  
Or down the deep by corals, crabs, or by a whale

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## Destiny as Land

### Destiny as Land

We know our end or destination  
After all by intuition or revelation  
The great land to be, we know  
Where to come, and where to go  
But we refuse to fall back arest  
We want ever to take a flight  
As longer as we could the best  
As a dust in clouds or sunlight  
We resort our fate to the wind  
To take us east and west, ever restless  
And complain about its capriciousness  
Naught to chase ahead or behind

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## Drunk Trecking

**Drunk Trecking**

**Deserted street lights**

**Line the Broadway to heaven**

**Soft as clouds in the height**

**Lead to tower of seven**

**Rails to cross, railings to help**

**Trees to embrace, to caress**

**Walls to meet, to digress**

**What? You receding? Dogs yelp**

**Why, I am on top of all**

**As light as dust if I fall**

**Fall into love, into dust, circling**

**"we are stardust for recycling."**

**I asked if you'd pick me up**

**If I'm down, down and out**

**You said, "No, but I'll take a bag**

**To carry your dust, to have you scatter**

**To the sea, or the desert, no matter."**

**"Be it a plastic bag, at the dock**

**I'll get it round my head, in a deadlock."**

**Last time I trecked there was you**

**Floating beside me, like an elf**

**Now, I am quite beside myself**

**With you,without you, a residue**

**She said she's got no home**

**But where is she? In this dome?**

**In the wild I mumble**

**Over some stone I stumble**

**Why whispers, sighs, sneers**

**I'll have a good laugh**

**Laugh myself into tears**



**One heart splitting by half  
So cool under this dome  
Let me just make it at home**

## Everyday is Halloween

Everyday is Halloween

Without this leftover weeping willow

There would be nowhere to nest my eye

If there were not the rejoicing swallows

Amid concrete Deaf and dumb would be I

These apartments with hollow windows

With zeniths That seem to scrape the sky

Pierce the night and the day overshadow

Hold our beings and our avatars

Captive From wilderness and stars

How could we imprison ourselves

When life and liberty Nature endow

These are not places for living

Even the ground is paved dead

I am a soul weaned from earth

Homeless, everyday is Halloween

## Winter spouse

Winter spouse

appointment made and broken

Broken and made again

At last they met at the beach

In a lukewarm embrace

Knowing too well each

That was not love

But to have comfort

Like Antarctic penguins

As winter comes brisk and harsh

Two feels warmer than alone

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## **Weekend Blue**

### **Weekend Blue**

**So I can sleep late  
As late as after noon  
No need to dress up  
Pyjama is all for the rest of day  
Or go naked but for the chill  
The November chill into bones  
The trees have shed their glory  
Glory is yesterday's story**

**It is weekend, again  
Ye, I am free  
As free as a lonely cloud  
Free of love  
Free of life**

**Better cook some breakfast  
Yah, a rich meal to break fast  
Why the fast? Fast for what?  
Isn't this life barren enough?  
Porridge boiling in the cooker  
Eggs frizzling in the frying pan  
The room is presently fuming  
Fuming with fire of life**

## Day of the Dead

### Day of the Dead

I

When my mother was on the brink of death  
Struggling days on end, desperate for breath  
Reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone  
Clinging on nothing but intravenous drip tone

At the same time I gained a weight of ten kilos  
As if her loss added to me, nothing gone in waste  
I was praying, guilty inside, with pathos and philos  
"Haste, oh God! Deliver her from suffering!Haste!"

When she came out of the crematory  
She weighed less than a pound, as ash  
Collected in a marble urn clad with a yellow sash  
To be buried in a cubicle tomb amidst a cemetery

We should have gone fast, to grief the dead  
But my brother went on a dining date instead  
Then came the rejoicing feast after funeral  
Life was to continue for the living, after all

Now I am another ten kilos overweight  
Every meal I overeat, for her the dead  
As if I am beside myself, living in her stead  
There is something of her in me await

### Day of the Dead

II

Our sincere thanks to those dead bones  
Who ventured their lives to the hap zones  
testimony for us living as to what's wrong  
And what is right, and what is good

**Those who first caught and slaughtered crabs and octopus  
And came luckily alive to break the auspicious news to us  
And those who plied and tried fungus  
Died to alarm us, "it's of deadly blood!"**

**The Tibetans feed their dead to falcons  
In hope that their souls soar to heavens  
Mongolians leave the bodies to wolves  
To incarnate to another life that revolves  
In the old times the corpse fertilized earth  
however their lives count, it's their last worth  
Now they are burned to ash and end up cased  
In porcelain or marble for keep and worship  
Too many die bedridden in their last day  
An uneventful life and eventually decay  
No, such is not for me! Let me take liberty  
To try new appliance or fly to outer space**

## ETERNAL SOLITUDE

### ETERNAL SOLITUDE

On the gloomy morning of 20 November  
*A hundred years of solitude* is finished  
So many, so much to remember  
But all in a puff perished  
Fame & shame, phoney glory  
Everything is but a dreamy story  
All that bustle & hustle for money or love  
Is just struggle against solitude  
If only we knew there is a final cyclone  
Why not succumb to fate and stay lone

## A Hundred Years of Solitude

### *A Hundred Years of Solitude*

I

On the gloomy morning of November  
*A Hundred Years of Solitude* is finished  
So many, so much to remember  
But all in a puff perished  
Fame & shame, phony & glory  
EveryThing is but a dreamy story

All that bustle & hustle, money & love  
Is just struggle against solitude  
If only we know there is a final cyclone  
Why not give to fate and stay lone

II

**What a hand  
To make metropolitan so magnificent  
And then turn it into a waste land  
Who can decipher the Parchment**

**What a heart  
To paint a world of beauty and glory  
Only to wipe it out like sand art  
Leaving no one to tell the story**



## The First Snow

### The First Snow

The first snow comes out of November blue  
An unexpected bliss free of the wintry rue

Hear the rustle, feel the crystal tingle  
Wish more of it, heavier and perennial

Hills appear and disappear through vapor  
As if sketches drawn and erased on paper

Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder  
Let it be as pure as snow white all over

# Shuhh!

**Shush!**

**Lest I ruin the snow white with my boots**

**I would rather light on the fluffy bough**

**But a sudden shout of a magpie crow**

**Frightens the top frost off the Begonia fruits**

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## After the snow

After the snow

The world is a sketch of black and white  
No matter how colorful over last night

However high or low the collocation  
All is leveled to a cotton plantation

## To my child

To my child

I beg your pardon, my child  
That I brought you into the wild  
A world so insecure and insane  
Without your consent or askance  
It was all I desired and required  
To which you had never aspired  
I owe you endless love, my whole heart  
All devotion and dedication that could be  
'cause you are my life's inseparable part  
Of Body and soul, virtually another me  
With all I have, I have done all I could  
But still, I can't make it as it should

It is grace that we have come thus far  
I ask for nothing else but your happiness  
With you I hold on and grow ever so strong  
I thank you for carrying on with me along

## **X?MAS**

### **X'MAS**

**Decked trees, jingle bells  
Carols and cards, all tells  
What crazy shopping spree  
What a festival in what glee  
All for the holy day of birth  
Of God's son onto our earth  
Prepare the kids for Christmas Eve  
Father X'mas is coming to deceive**

**So many people would feign to believe  
Delivery of sin, redemption by a Savior  
The good to heaven and the bad to hell  
But how many can come right out to spell  
Faith in an promised heavenly Elysium  
How few hold on to ideal of Communism  
A vision that could come true on earth  
with human endeavor put to utmost worth**

## High Tea @ Low Tea

### High Tea @ Low Tea

Don't lol at hearing about the High Tea jest  
When tea ceremony first became a fad  
Some one poured away the soup, and had  
Just the tea leaves kept to serve the guest  
Even China the home of tea had told a story  
Some upshot returned to the native with glory  
Shouting to his country wife upon hitting the door  
"Haste! Haste! Make fire and have the tea brew!"  
An hour later she presented him with a tea stew

## Memory Trace

A honeymoon bake

That was a rare success, that bake  
Creamy inside and golden crust, the cake  
Oh the smell, could set a skeleton to reel  
Making a surprise hard to conceal

Just then he called to ask me out, urgent  
Said something'd arisen, quite emergent

It was midnight when I got back, alone  
The cake sat there still, well done  
But the aroma had cooled, and gone  
Everyday during his honeymoon  
I was expecting some sudden turn  
And watched in misery, mercy, and mirth  
Until the cake turned to colorful moulds  
As if a glorious dynasty decayed into earth

Memory Trace

Where do memories reside?  
In the eyes, the ears, or somewhere inside?  
Some birds are said to migrate magnetized  
feet of old horses lead the team homebound  
People used to relay feelings to the heart  
But science locates them in the brain part  
Yet my memory clings to my shoe laces  
It happened one summer at the beach oasis  
Awalking in the evening breeze, "Stop,"  
He held me back and squatted down right  
So lovingly To tie my loosed shoelaces tight  
How I miss him whenever I see shoelace

**That is the way he left in me memory trace  
Tide and Time since had erased our footprints  
I was left, with dark water around, on A oasis  
With that only Memory trace**



## AO 2021

AO 2021

I can never decide on a bet offhand  
As to who will win the game of AO  
My heart is torn in two halves, oh  
I wish the tie is an unbroken band  
Here is the rising tide of spring  
Rushing with the flourishing flower  
And there is the crown of king  
Holding on to its throne of power  
I am glad whoever wins, huray, huray  
But it feels so bad, if any loses, anyway  
My admiration to the legended history  
And adoration for the upcoming glory

## MyArk

### MyArk

many a bark and boat leave the bay  
But none goes my destined way  
Then I come to understand  
I must build my own ark by hand  
Even if it'll be a canoo or a raft  
I'll have my way, despite the draft  
Even if I have to drift away  
It is my destiny, as it may  
I have nothing yet anything  
What else, not even hope, shall I bring  
Not even a dove  
If there is still love  
It may always come  
Eventually at home

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## Spring, for whom

Spring, for whom

The year's first tulips are in early bloom  
Many a passer-by stop short to admire  
But the planter , now a invalid in room  
Can only look at tulip pictures by Zoom  
Unseen behind the flourishing flowerbed  
Some gloomy shadows yearningly loom  
April is no awakening season for trees dead  
While life thrives, O spring, for whom

## CRUSH

### CRUSH

As if a wave breaking upon me:  
Isaac Newton had never been to a sea!  
The man who solved the mystery  
Of the oceans' ever ebb and flow  
As related to the lunar gravity  
He must have glimpsed the horizon  
On the shoulder of some Titan  
Yet he sported the modest speech  
That he, like a child at the beach  
Amid millions of pebbles and shells  
Had haply picked up some jewels  
we mortals could never perform  
What a shock a genius may storm  
Pick up a speck on earth, and he wavers  
The remotest stars in the universe

## Love is an sheer accident

Love is an sheer accident

What a chance, what a coincident

Those fall in love at first sight

The lightning crush of heart and heart

Those hate each other instantly fall apart

Even though time could prove it right

Who only comes one in a million

But at odds vanish into oblivion

What's destined is just an accident

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## Love Birds

### Love Birds

**If all their singing is for dating**

**If all their flirting is for mating**

**If all their lovemaking is for thrife**

**What made the love birds mate for life**

**And who bid the mother sit eggs for brinking  
weeks with little sleeping, eating and drinking**

**What are the moral codes imperative to bind**

**A free soul not to leave loved ones behind**

**Do they have sages or school to teach**

**Good, faith and responsibility to each**

**There is no other answer down or above**

**The quintessence of Nature lies in love**

## The Going as Upcoming

### The Going as Upcoming

Today is but tomorrow's illusion  
As long as you trust in dream  
Of time you would make a stream  
Upon its flowing you watch and vision

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## A Strain -- Dream in Dream

A Strain

-- Dream in Dream

In the depth of my many dreams

A gleeful eve oft stirs and teems

That was after a drinking spree

of my boat and my way I was free

lost myself amidst the lotus stream

I stumbled on for the ferry dock

What a gush of egret flock

That I flushed to scatter and scream

Sorry? sorry?

for intruding your dream

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## Reppetreptiles

Reppetreptiles

They say Reppetreptiles live on intuition  
As to source of food and place of security  
But what is the matter with this earthworm  
Who emerge out of the moistured lawn  
Down the curb, straight for the arid pavement  
They say an earthworm has two heads  
Like a train, and many sections like the cars  
Cut apart, each develops into a complete being  
Why every part of it goes on unwary  
When it heads for danger and death

**cross over****cross over**

Today I crossed out from my bucket list  
Scuba diving as the last but one easiest  
That wish fulfilled, there will leave  
The Everest Himalayan Eave  
In a hope of safe return  
For the will another turn  
The Tacramagan Desert  
The last course of dessert  
All these I have saved and set aside  
For you and me to traverse side by side  
But you, have gone ahead, unbeknown  
Leaving me behind for the forays alone  
The world becomes so wide and wild  
All by myself, I feel like a wayward child  
Maybe this way is the better  
Too crowded even with two together

## Less haste, more speed

### Less haste, more speed

You said you'd marry me, not to exceed  
The time my hair'd grown to my small waist  
Like Penelope weaving, less haste, less haste  
Only to make time for you to speed  
And room for you to get a better man  
Than I, and in time I came the best man

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## Found and Lost

### Found and Lost

One day on the subway, what a coincidence!  
He ran into his ex girlfriend of long absence  
Amid the jostle they crushed into embrace  
And all the ecstasy came back like a short circuit  
"Long time no see, if you like, if you think it suit,  
We might as well, by the way, come to my place?"

Narrow and gloomy was his new apartment room  
But they assumed the role of bride and bridegroom  
They had loved and missed each other all the years  
How they regretted waste time for cold wars and tears

A brilliant morning came and found him fast sleep  
She, stealthily rose, leaving the door ajar, went ahead  
to get some delicacy for a surprise breakfast in bed  
Just as before, lovers' trick and treat they would keep

She returned soon, with her hands full  
Only to find the door shut and locked  
Had to, with her toe tip she knocked  
And out of the keyhole a woman's voice doubtful  
"Who? For whom? What are you here for?"  
"Terribly sorry, but I come to a wrong door."

She had marked it on the fifth floor  
With the door facing downstairs  
The window blocked by a signboard  
On which the letters WANKE flares  
Back to the street she was dumbfound  
All the blocks seemed the same around

There must be hundreds of fifth floors  
With windows blocked by signboards

There was nothing else that she could remember  
not even what number to dial and call  
had been too excited to exchange their phone number  
Now panic and despair began to fall  
She lost touch with him again, probably for ever

When the time passed noon, starving, stressed  
She ate the breakfast bought for two, at a sit  
Then she inquired the apartment management  
the PA insurance company, even the police station  
But they replied sternly  
"we can not disclose personal information."

Many a dusk finds the girl waiting at the terminal  
In hope of another chance meeting as accidental  
And the man, to and fro, at a loss as to why  
She fled again, without ever saying goodbye

## Dis-ease

### Dis-ease

When my leuconychia is healing  
I have got a rather mixed feeling  
The ailment that troubled me for many years  
Is leaving?for good or for worse

Maybe the epiphytes know better  
There is not much hope to parasite here  
It is like a sterile room, spic and span  
I would be glad to see the fruit flies  
flush up yet linger on some peel and pit  
like the spotted vision I recently hit  
As if swallows still swirl in front of my eyes  
To make a perennial summer  
Even if it is sheer December  
Even if the hum and drone of mosquitoes  
There is still life's echos

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## Canny Snow

Canny Snow

Children race and fall and roll for fun  
Parents to their rescue alarmingly run  
Why so wary on the snow  
The ground is cushioned so  
Mimic snow fight and sissy cry  
Youngsters are too tame to hit and fly

I'd like a downfall on all fours  
And sprawl like a crocodile on shore  
But I cannot slip or flounder  
My steps are too steady to wander

When lawns and roads are blanked as a whole  
People still follow the unseen routes as of ole  
Every body slither and slip penguin-like  
Only dogs waywardly take shortcut hike



## prairies lost

prairies lost

The horse-riders lost their hunch  
On horseback the heave and plunge  
The wild swirling from side to side  
The swooning balance on the ride  
And the love songs, the prairie vast  
And intimacy with his stead, the oneness  
All gone, the adrenaline of manliness

A motorcycle runs good, easy and fast

## Epitaph

### Epitaph

Here rests a man who lived on spirit  
Essence, distilled from earthly grist  
Liquor for a time, evaporating into ether  
Just as a soul undergoes all the weather  
Ash to earth, spirit to heaven.  
To rest in oblivion ever. Amen

## Entropy of Tea

### Entropy of Tea

Some leaves are flushed to the bottom  
With the first pouring in of boiling water  
Some suspend for a while on the surface  
Reluctant to get down as doomed  
Some rise and fall and rise at times  
And eventually sink in slow motion grace  
All to make a lucid fragrant cup of tea  
Drink the cup of tea while it is hot  
Or else it gets cool and cold. Wait not  
For the natural entropy to take place  
Life runs out its fire of desire at glacier pace

## WAR & PEACE

### WAR & PEACE

people make war and make peace  
as if for the sake of justice or malice  
then make comments and punishments  
as if God make the final judgements  
disarmament, and then arms race  
what a waste at such crazy rat pace  
politicians and economists involve  
physics, chemistry and biost to solve  
the mystery of war and peace matter  
as to why the world riot as a mad hatter  
a single physician may give the answer:  
it's the overdose of adrenalin in human blood  
in need of an outlet, just as the held-up flood  
V-DAY or D-DAY  
People are celebrating the world over  
Dragonboats afire, and smokes hover  
with cinder, prayers choked out of breath  
aground mourn the vagrant souls of death  
Whose victory, and whose doom  
whose conspiracy, in whose room  
Why such large scale of madness  
and what the root of such sadness  
What gain for the superior power  
what pain of the suffering neath the tower  
How come the wars in the first place  
Inquire not the spire but the sinful base  
Aren't all lives created equal and free  
Oughtn't we all feed on the life tree  
God's children, and children of light  
Shouldn't we share the same right

WHY the disintegration and discrimination  
Why the disdain and detain, deportation and exploitation  
Why can some hold the other in serfdom  
Why the territory, barbed fences round a kingdom  
Doctor King sacrificed himself to a dream  
wherein no marginal, no mainstream  
Shall people die out in martyrdom  
Before the world settle in peace and freedom

## Story and glory

### Story and glory

This shattered urn collected by a curiosity  
Was said could exchange for an whole city  
Much inquiry found its way far back home  
To a chicken farmhouse of adobe dome  
Whence as a pickle jar, broken by the wife  
Eventually it ended its eventful long life  
Then an archeologist studied hard to learn  
Its story and glory, connecting many a dot  
as the King's vase, his concubine's ash urn  
Then dug out and later used as a chamber pot

## Mini fire balloon

### Mini fire balloon

The two lovers lit their lantern on the beach  
And made their best wishes and let it go ahead  
But a draught sent it tumbling out of reach  
Out went its light and out of their sight  
There came the complaint and chide and spite  
every one went his/her own way, much upset

Why did they decided to fly a lantern at the onset  
A lantern balloon burns out, such is its doom  
Why should on a fire balloon their relationship depend  
Wouldn't it be a bless not to know where happiness will end

## Moon Dreamer

### Moon Dreamer

Looked up on or not, Seen or not,  
The moon is there, in altering phase  
Due to eclipsing of Earth every day  
Every time I see her, wax or wane  
atop trees or nearing hills or above the Main  
I can't help weeping, as if a clutch  
as if my beau unavail, thinning away  
Within sight but out of touch

When I was a daughter of six or seven  
I assumed me a princess, "the moon in heaven  
Wherever I go, always follow me at my pace!"  
Once in blue she showed her full face  
I would flow like a jellyfish in the ocean of night  
Relishing Beauty, truth, love, all alone by right

Under this crescent I feel like a scanting sift  
With cosmic winds coming on infinite shift  
Going through me, indefinite constance  
But me, if anything, a mortal instance



## What a life!

What a life!

I

to you signs of life of the wilderness  
Should be a great pleasure to witness  
When bed-ridden, forbidden for all  
Summer time had turned to fall  
Golden persimmons and twigs of pine  
Arranged in a vase, looking so fine  
Like birds' singing and morning dew  
These lust of life would revive you  
Glad that life had you in touch  
And you would like it very much  
But the next day you told me, with annoy  
That I should never bring these things over  
"For the sweet attracted fruit flies to hover  
And the pine needles littered my teapoy  
As to the morning dew or birds' noisy stuff  
I had the windows shut and ears plugged."  
Well, I could, if you refused to get a life,  
Rather be a housekeeper than a housewife

II

Like dough leavening, The earth is awakening  
Spongy under feet, with a crispy crust breaking  
grass still earthen but are budding under cover  
Time to go picking shepherd's purse and clover  
Even in severest winter, they are never dead  
nursing their energy hidden to start out instead  
What a surprise to see them flowering in frost  
To seize the day and hour of life at every cost  
And the clover buds from their perennial roots  
Purplish, plump and supple like baby's hand  
I just cannot help picking and picking and picking

The abundance of food from Earth in early spring  
But I know it's not you there returning to this band  
Since you passed away only one month ago  
And was buried in an urn to a cemetery tomb  
predetermined not to return to Earth's womb

The azure of heaven, the evergreen pines  
The first plums and magnolias is abloom  
Life is so heart-wrenchingly beautiful  
How dare you not to love it but betray

## to go or not to go

### to go or not to go

"Shame! why the most waited-for not yet come ?"  
The host complained aloud, fidgetting to and fro  
Some in the waiting-room heard and rose to go  
The host tried to stop them, appeasing: " oh no !  
Please stay! Please! You are the most welcome!"  
"shame! There went they, should be the last to go!"  
And the remaining half angrily exited his home

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## Peak Goddess

Peak Goddess  
(a translation)

Amid the forest of pointing fingers  
Whose hand suddenly drew back  
And flew to cover her eyes  
When others to other scenes turned, who  
Still stood at the stern aback  
Skirt flapping, like flopping clouds  
With billows of the river  
Rising high  
ebbing low

Dreams too beautiful bear beautiful woe  
in heaven or on earth all the same, and on and on  
But, could a heart  
Really turn into stone?  
In longing for a crane beyond horizon  
Only to miss many a spring many a moon  
Along the river  
The torrent of chrysanthemums and glossy privet  
is stirring up a new round of betrayal  
Better cry on the shoulder of a lover overnight  
than exhibit on a cliff for a thousand years

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## Affordable Sins

### Affordable Sins

At long last the old chap removed his pillow  
Advice he should have but failed to follow  
To stop his chronic pain of hunching spine  
Lying flat on his back he got straightened  
But more complaints came, to his sorrow  
"another necessity of life to dispense with  
What else there is to retain for expense?

Who first invented these luxury needs  
And made them daily practice as fad  
Many a comfort afforded with wealth  
Is found to be bad for decent health  
Mattress & cushion, your bones go bad  
Meat & sweets , bad for teeth and behind  
Beer & Wine, bad for sight and mind  
Indulgence in money and love is prone to crime  
Chasing fortune and fame, waste of lifetime  
All Pleasures are bad for Heaven  
Hell claims Sins of seven!"

## Heavenly Library

Library

Back from the library  
With a load of treasure  
A prancing pleasure  
Awaits in impatient reverie  
It'll last me for weeks, spiritual food  
A treat to my soul, with much good  
Even for a hundred years of quarantine  
With such companion, it serves me fine  
As Dionysus is served with Naiad of wine  
Heaven is said to be a place like a library

Yet better than heaven it is  
For in heaven there's only bliss  
No bitter-sweet tears,  
No remorse over the years  
But here on earth I have all  
Baudelaire's *Flower of Evil*  
Hugo's *Les Misérables*  
Lord Byron's romance  
Frankenstein' laments  
Buried histories to recall  
Future Fictions to partake  
Much more than *Three Bodies*  
I live a life in times of infinity  
Tantalus regretted his immortality  
But I can savor a thousand ways  
Of deaths as heroes in the plays  
No, I would not trade my place  
With heaven but for a library

## the tea's got cold

the tea's got cold

the green tea is elegant  
as ever as it is fragrant  
a gift from you, now a reminiscence  
of whatever is left of you ever since  
your cup of tea had got cold  
as the old Chinese saying told  
when one is gone  
one's tea is done

you are not there amid the weeping willows  
they have not been weeping for you for years  
shepherd's purse is early to come out abloom  
pregnant of last winter, not because of you  
hearth and home, you were no son of earth  
riding on horse of spirits, you died of dearth  
once you asked, if I would cry  
if the time came that you die  
I said why, hell, why should I  
If death comes as a relief  
It is no time for vain grief



## But for a spring

But for a spring

but for a week the moon will wax  
but for a month golden bells will reach climax  
the land is awakening, trees budding  
but with an early spring cold spell  
winter relapses and makes a world of hell

you could not wait for the coming spring  
as if another world deserves a king

## afterlife

Afterlife

Some believe in eternal living heaven

Some in ever-on incarnation life after life

Some reserved their cells for clone

Some would freeze in liquid nitrogen

Waiting for awakening to a better world

IF Percy Shelley had been recovered from storm

Could Mary have revive him with lightning of love

What would afterlife be, if not a Frankenstein

## In & Out

### Tomb-sweeping Day

Closure iron fences and barbed wires  
Altogether barred every possible ways  
To pay sacrifices and respect to Sires  
In tombs out there on the pine hillside  
Traditions observed for millennia  
Filial duty to pious Ancestral worship  
All stopped by an official prohibition  
In prevention of spring forest fires  
What about the paid national holiday  
Specially set off for tomb-sweep visiting  
People used to burn incense at ancestral shrine  
Nonstop, for blessing for posterity  
And now what? The old saying goes  
Broken incense means broken family line

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Lovers turn around at the fence wistfully  
Though the wild flowers out there are so lusty  
Gentlemen walk along as if on defense  
To peep over fences is unsaintly offence  
Many a stroller pause to sigh and complain  
"what an enchanting wood out there, in vain!"  
"No trespassing!" signboard shouts, "Forbidden!"  
As if the outer hills exclusive Garden of Eden  
Then out of nowhere comes a pauper boy  
Riding a bamboo stick for his horse toy  
At some whim he stops short, as if wooed  
Dropping his horse to squeeze trough it  
In no time he is out there, picking berries  
And plums and flowers, to his heart's content

Fences keep in the decent  
And let out the innocent

Habitat chartered

The public lawn in front of the apartments  
Is soon divided into patches of segments  
That are made the best use by the hosts  
A square of lettuce, two rows of leek  
String beans on racks, fences of grape vine  
Loofah apes beard crawl along laundry line  
Fig trees have grown into canopy  
Under which sit unseen old man or dame  
Watching out their shrine  
Whenever I pass by I got a defensive stare  
But the fruits and flowers are so entice  
I cannot go by without a desirous notice  
As if a saint that never look sideways  
My eye would eat the flowers and fruits  
My senses drink in the fragrance  
My heart lamenting on the common land  
Now have turned to possessive hand  
Years ago this place was a a field of wheat  
And before that a wilderness free for weeds  
Who knows what years later it will be  
The habitat, the private gardens, or you or me

Our planet is mainly of the Main  
That dotes the continents and isles  
As the blue floats clouds and rain  
But coasts every where miles and miles  
Are enclosed by customs and guarded  
As every hill and rill is wired and barricaded  
Even this beach we every day pace  
Is soon to be barred and charged

This once free orb is all chartered  
That may be why we seek outer space  
When did all this encampment commence  
God did not create walls nor any fence  
People fence people in  
As if they keep the seas out

## Afterlife

### Beside Herself

When my mom was passing out  
She insisted that she be cremated alone  
In a cinerator all on her own  
In case her body and soul be entangled  
With other people unknown  
But we never know how it came out  
What we got was half a pound of ash in an urn  
Was that all of her, or a dab of a common burn

Why not mingle with so many a mate  
Are her loved ones more intimate  
Was her ex-life too perfect an state  
For her into other beings to incarnate  
That she wanna be herself by and by  
Wouldn't she wanna be a perennial tree  
A butterfly, or a bird, that rejoice in free  
If there were other choices of afterlife  
Beside herself, just to make a difference

### Afterlife

Some believe in eternal living heaven  
Some in ever-on incarnation life after life  
Some reserved their cells for clone  
Some would freeze in liquid nitrogen  
Waiting for awakening to a better world  
IF Percy Shelley had been recovered from storm  
Could Mary have revive him with lightning of love  
What would afterlife be, if not a Frankenstein

## ?April is a cruel time of the year...?

Who said spring brings hope and joy  
No, I don't have a plot of land  
To sow my crop of hope by hand  
Not a garden, not any potted aloe  
I don't even wait for love to come by  
Yet, winds get mild among the willow  
The sun comes merry and mellow  
Birds do sing cheery and bright  
Grass and trees are budding despite  
And flowers, flowers everywhere  
Plum blossoms startle one unaware  
Apricot and sakura pop out overnight  
Why you bloom in a boom, so fast  
That I can't help a loud cry aghast  
And the lily magnolia, pure soul of art  
One is enough to break a tender heart  
Why are you thrive in such profusion  
Only to fall pulpy and perish, for nothing  
And the tulips?those little toddlers  
Only to die untimely in baby-fat cute

April is a cruel time of the year  
beauty-blind me, without a tear

## No-mad

No-mad

Intimacy is not for me

I become an escapee

Away from life's sod of society

Seeking a soul's sad satiety

Freedom for a nomad

is none but no man's land



## Rain & Cuckoo

Rain, yes-today

Rain comes along at long last  
The early flowers perish fast  
As if the birds are put out too by the drizzl  
Silence resides the earth for the time being  
except the sound of rain, thrushing- thrushing  
A reinforcing brush on the sketch of early spring  
soon the world will turn out a verdant painting  
Summer is a few touches away  
Swallows are back, yes-today

Who is regretting the pulpy petals  
as fruits mourn the fallen foliage

Cuckoo on Campus

A cuckoo amidst campus acooing-cooing  
Renting a heart to nostalgia hearkening  
Least befits blithe campus such a woeful voice  
Wherein bouystrious life jublee rejoice  
Sparrows or swallows are all right  
Magpies and blue jays vulgar spright  
But a cuckoo, no, your gloomy song  
To graveyard or hermit hills belong  
Prelife of yours must have been a miserable one  
So you incarnated to this world with a wistful tongue  
That to my ears your are ever imploring your love  
"Not to go, wait! Not to go, wait!"

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## crow over

crow over

If you had a soul subconscious  
You might feel vengefully delicious  
For your abrupt departure to the tomb  
Makes the upcoming spring all agloom  
Flowers bloom to sad-glad remorse  
And verdant grass scorches my eyes  
reminds of the new life born of corse  
this flourishing world but One is no more

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## sad eye

how sad is the eye

that could not cry

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## Innocent ????

Innocent

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If you got infected with Omicron  
Congratulations! you're coronated  
And carried for you are pregnated  
Of lives of billions more than only one  
Each virus, be it tiny and short-lived  
Desperately seek chance immortality  
Via agents as you and me and anything  
To carry and pass on its transient being  
Not to kill by will, but to cross over

## Sakura?Sakura

Sakura?Sakura

Such host of beauties of blossoms bloom

Only to scatter to dust in their maidenhood, without a tomb

Leaving no time for lamenting

No fruits to remind of their swift spring

## Hope Not

Hope Not

It was out of Pandora's Box  
After hatred, greed, epidemics  
Unretrieveable, A vulture  
It returns from the arid future  
To hover in mock and mirth  
Over the prey that prays on earth  
When will they ever learn  
that hope is not a promise  
But futures they cannot earn

## Chain Reaction

### Chain Reaction

(In a seller of a country villager's house there was a woman held by a chain round her neck, naked even in sheer winter, in a state of trance, who bore and gave birth to eight children for the guy who bought her from some kidnappers... found out in modern China in 2022 AD!)

Do we not saddle the horse and harness the camel?

Milk the cow and yoke the farm cattle?

Do we not for eggs and meat cage the chicken?

Do we not slaughter hogs and lambs for meat?

As if there has never been scalp-hunters

As if we've been vegans, never carnivore flesh-eaters

AS IF we have stopped slave trafficking for long

As if we never Abducted and raped women and children

As if there are never fettered prisoners in dungeons

It's been the human practice throughout history

What is the harm? And whence the fuss in media?

Just suppose they are beasts , all the same

Assume they are unfeeling, beaten and tame

God never overburden his creature

They would lose mind or die of torture

What is liberty? who invented it? why the cackle

Just because a woman is found chain-cooped?



## first expressage

first expressage

I was the first to have EMS ever, you know  
And it was run by my father, 40 year ago  
That was back in my boarding school day  
far From home fifteen kilometers away  
Ten girls to a room with a common bed  
Hosts of lice fed on us, but we on water&bread  
Once my mother had some goodies cooked  
My dad had the take-away delivered right away  
On his creaky old bike 15 kilos at a sit, so that  
I had it at noon just for lunch without delay  
Wrapped in layers of towels to keep it warm  
Fried meat brown with garlic shoots green  
On top of a large bowl of steamed rice  
But he had no time to watch me devour  
Had to go back to work in half an hour

That has been my favorite dish ever since  
today I cook the same as my mother did  
And knocked at my daughter's room  
"you help yourself. I'm on diet." comes out  
Like a phone message, no face showing up  
Why love was in EMS in days of scarcity  
But now a time of plenty no way to relay?

## Chain Reaction

### Chained Mother

(In a cellar of a country villager's house there was a women held by a chain round her neck, almost naked even in sheer winter, in a state of trance, who bore and gave birth to eight children for the guy who bought her from some kidnappers... found out in modern China in 2022 AD!)

Do we not saddle the horse and harness the camel?  
Do we not milk the cow and yoke the farm cattle?  
Do we not for eggs and meat cage the chicken?  
Do we not slaughter hogs and lambs for meat?  
As if there has never been scalp-hunters  
As if we've been vegans, never carnivore flesh-eaters  
AS IF we have stopped slave trafficking for long  
As if we never Abducted and raped women and children  
As if there are never fettered prisoners in dungeons  
It's been the human practice throughout history  
What is the harm? And whence the fuss in media  
To find a woman chained in custody for childbearing?

Just suppose they are beasts , all the same  
Assume they are unfeeling, beaten and tame  
God never overburden his creatures  
They would lose mind or die of torture  
What is liberty? who invented it? why the cackle  
Just because a woman is found chain-cooped?

Is tyranny only found with absolute power?  
Yet this impoverished man rapes and a rives an innocent  
Where do education and civilization come in?  
This illiterate held a collegeate for sex slave for ten years  
What raised the hell is the whole village as a gang  
Who helped keep the watch-out of the captive for him

Their sympathy is with the man instead of the victim  
If he did not buy the girl cheap from an abductor  
He will remain single and heirless for life long  
Now he has got eight children, all ignorant as he is  
The irony is, at a time of strict one-child mandate  
A miracle how and what he raised them up to  
A bunch of cooped chicken or wild beasts?  
But how can they be compared to beasts?  
Even beasts and birds know love and court sweetly  
How lower and lesser being than brutals  
Not to have conscience, nor sense, nor shame

Yet it is a shame to the local government and cadres  
To have poverty and sex-abuse amid an affluent society  
The reporter was admonished by police, the story withdrawn  
And wave after wave of news about the relapse of Pandemic  
Washed the tragedy from headline to bottom  
Where it lies docile , like the chained mother, for life.

## entropy

### Entropy

The dough for bread refused to rise  
over a cold early spring night. If wise  
I should have hold it in my bosom  
So that "Early to bed and early to rise"  
But it is not early, It is already late  
Though misty gray, it's half past eight  
No good to wait for the sun to rise  
To warm us today, it's a smoggy day  
a cup of hot coffee or two  
is not enough to get us through  
spirits are no good in the forenoon  
cooking, not worth the while  
Have to heat a hand-warmer for us  
But i feel a numbing coldness rise  
From feet to knee, reach the back  
And to the neck and shoulders, trying  
To snatch the warmth from my hands  
Who said there is a global warming  
I feel the entropy starting with me  
like glacier coming forth upwards

## Do not mention

Do not mention

Do not mention the green fields, the distant mountains

Do not refer to the flowers blossoming, the birds singing

Those beautiful things will scorch my tear fountain

Even an association with spring

Will tighten my heart string

And hold short my breath

As if encounter of death

no

Pestilence, senility, mortality...  
All lives will decrepit into such hideous end  
Why retain, rebuild, reinforce these ugliness  
Make haste the cleans of the repulsive dross  
No cement cemetery, no tombstone  
Refill the grave with stones and earth  
For grass to outgrow the gash  
Better plant many a tree  
To replenish a better world

## Win-win piracy

Win-win piracy

Pirate my work as you like

If you think it is of worth

For if I take a sudden departure

I might leave nothing on earth

You make a fortune by the venture

And i make a name

the only worry being if would

My work might prove no good

And bring on me much shame

## no telling

they're known for their beauty as flowers  
and appreciated for their delicious fruits  
but when stripped of leaves, bare and barren  
they are unrecognizable as which or what  
no telling of a cherry tree or sakura or peach



## miser?s blessing

miser's blessing

much folly escaped me not because I was wiser  
but because I am luckily enough much of a miser  
cubilose?Louis Vuitton?age-old vintage wine  
never convince me; the cheapest do me fine

we live on many things, the living and the dead  
so we must feed back what we can in the stead

## love me, love my nut

love me, love my nut

love me when I was foolish enough to believe

love me when I was naïve

innocent of wit or wisdom

or else love I would distain

when I become worldly enough in disbelief

to know even love comes in vain

as no comfort, no relief

give me that piece of cake

just for love, not for life's sake

for life is a doughnut

eat it or have it

it is the same black hole inside out

## first dip

First Dip

The first dip at the sea

The first sip of iced tea

Here I am, back to you

Hello, long time no see

After the first searing

I settle to your caressing

At least there is always you

At last to turn to for curing

## Amputated woods/

Amputated woods/

aren't those gills gashes of the hills?  
The earth and stones, flesh and bones?  
The trees limbs and grass boa and shirts?  
If not, why the bloodstream from the rills?  
And how can they tap and sap, chop and fell  
Like butchers, making the landscape a hell?  
Hiking my hill I stumble over many a stump  
As if in a slaughterhouse amid corpses I lump  
Awakened to a nightmare in broad day light  
My wood! How I deplore this Man-made blight

## To last your body&soul

To last your body&soul

Middle-agers under pressure  
Astray from many a pleasure  
Dieting only helps to gain weight  
Gym fails to lift the sagging freight  
Wolfberries, sea cucumbers, thermos bottle  
are not enough to fight the losing battle

not to say ripped jeans or flip-flops  
Even a pair of sneakers sucks and slops  
Middle-aged people's last grace  
has to rely on some external brace  
Middle-aged people, to last souls  
Is supported by a pair of insoles

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## A Midsummer Dream

A Midsummer Dream

Cherries are sunned to ruby bright  
And apricots don a golden moonlight  
I should be in trees light and sprite  
Pick and pluck like a monkey king

But I am under fluorescent neolight  
Glaze-domed. The summer after I might  
Through a metallaxis aestivating  
grow polypited into a cercis tree  
With spikes of blossoms all over me  
Glow violet, aurora borealis by right

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## memory trace a shoelace

### Memory Trace

Where do memories reside?

In the eyes, the ears, or somewhere inside?

Some birds are said to migrate magnetized  
feet of old horses lead the teem homebound

People used to relay feelings to the heart

But science locates them in the brain part

Yet my memory clings to my shoe laces

It happened one summer at the Beach Oasis

Awalking in the evening breeze, "Shuus,"

He held me back and squatted down right

So lovingly To tie my loosed shoelaces tight

How I miss him whenever I see canvas shoes

From him on no one has ever tied my shoelace

Tide and Time since have erased our footprints

All Memories of love have rescinded

I was left alone, with dark water around, on Oasis

With only that memory trace

of a single shoelace

## Shoes, Shoes, for Everyone

Shoes, Shoes, for Everyone

Throughout my childhood I wore handmade shoes  
By my mom, stitch by stitch, after work at night  
With shreds of cloth tucked with flaxen thread  
That would soak wet since they were not plimsolls  
When I watched a ballet movie at seven or eight  
I tried to stand tiptoe to play a ballerina all the way  
And a new pair of shoes for the year wore out in a day  
I was told to have flat feet at a general checkup  
That explained why I could not stand high heels  
Later I learned about delicacy and beauty of life  
Hats and handbags, belts and jewels, and makeup  
But never my mom, who labored all her life  
Without knowing the enjoyment of life's treat  
Her shoes never went over twenty bucks  
Once they went to town, Mom in a pair of leather shoes  
Unused, every step hurt like walking on edge of knife  
A hotel room would be heaven for a retreat  
but the cost of fifty bucks hurt more than her feet  
she walked all the way home, limping and blistering  
yet never could grumble like a princess darling

now I own a shoe store, with all cute and cozy footwear  
at leisure I watch the feet passing in front of me  
In slippers, sneakers, deck shoes, top boots, high heels  
What a life it is! and what a life it used to be!



# Osprey

Osprey

Lotus has overflowed the pond with their leaves  
and with trees in the prime of summer overshadow  
This violet silhouette against the green shade reliefs  
statue-like, as if lost in trance, pondering for long  
Wedlock is not always made with wooing love song  
and flocks of ducklings are brooded by a single widow  
A beauty oftentimes is left over with no fancy beau  
Alone and Agloom, as if abandoned by her bridegroom

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## Let It Slide

### Let It Slide

The ducklings are cheerfully carefree  
wagging, diving and chirping in glee  
huddled at bay by their mum nearby  
who looks rather gloomy in my eye  
but a happy family they are assumed  
to breed in this benign neighborhood  
Shrimps and fishes abound in the pond  
Of predators they have none around  
Wild ducks brooded on campus  
What good luck and good camp  
That holds them safe and sound

Happy families looks all the same  
But misfortunes come in no name  
Who knows it's not loss of heart  
That makes her brood glum and dumb  
Single mother of eight at first  
Then of seven, and now of six  
Where is her husband for all that  
Maybe her philosophy has become  
Live, and let live. To be or not to be  
Not a question for them to approach  
She fails to teach her innocents to flee  
An vital tact her responsibility to coach  
Such indifference in wild life is rare  
And dangerous, be it smile or snare

But for such a homely bird  
what is this melancholy for?  
Is happiness ever in their demand?  
Does the lotus and pine add fragrance

To their amphibious life more romance

Yet there is one thing beyond humans  
flight --when they take to the skies  
Would they let out their joyous cries  
Would it be delight or plight in their flight  
For an earthly only once in life he flies  
When the soul takes leave for paradise

## Cicada in shopping mall

Cicada in shopping mall

Everything is accommodated to boot  
Groceries, clothes, covering head to foot  
Restrooms, Restaurants, drinking bars  
Even swimming pool, and racing cars  
Everything is crystal bright in this dome  
But for a cicada it is not a brooding home  
Too brilliant to brood  
Too sterile for food  
The marble floor and glass ceiling  
No place to get an earthly life  
So arid clear & clean, nowhere to cling  
Even if I survive to land on a lily  
No way to let out my wildest singing  
A void vacuumed of earth and dust  
A deafening domain of fluorescent lust

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## Travel light

Travel light

Migrating birds never burden with baggage  
Nor do they stop to build overnight nest  
Until they arrive at destined place of rest  
But by no way to say they have no heritage  
They follow their route as if chartered in the blue  
And for ages on find their old home to brood anew

## un-herald rain

The un-herald rain

Chinese scholar trees stand stately as ever  
Poplars stop their clamour all together  
The roadside sunflowers bend their head  
Even the roaring traffic is drowned dead  
The quenching rain amid the roasting heat wave  
Draws on no one out to dance in rejoicing rave  
Except the swallows at the deserted sea  
Swirling high above in a shower spree

## water melon

Bad Timing, could be worse

I saved half a watermelon for the hottest day  
But it rains cats and dogs that bears it away  
And the heat wave drops to its ebb, never to rise  
21°C?to take the iced melon, it's cold inside out

Then I read someone's posting: "I scooped out  
Half a 5-kilo water melon at a sit, but still got  
No reply from you since I had text-messaged you  
I suppose it is not because you don't like me  
But because this melon is not big enough."

Suddenly I feel better, fortunate enough  
Not have to gulp down the other half in a day



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??--Hungry Ghost Festival

Let nature take its course, seems so easy  
Eat when hungry, and sleep when tired out  
Like fishes at sea, and birds of the air  
Like breathing, taken for granted, no doubt

But there are fishes drowned belly up dead  
Birds exhausted to ride the wind drop to death  
How many struggle for life-sustaining bread  
And the terminally ill desperate for a last breath

Even the dead are hungry, to Oceanic people  
hence Hungry Ghost Festival to have them secure  
Incense burned, food and flowers dedicated  
Traditions trace back and back, to ancestors obscure  
well to the Ocean again, where unicellular originated  
We owe life to our ancestors, and ancestors to elements

Why not the air, the water, the land, if not gods  
Why not worship Nature that take its course with Life

## Smell the Rose when May is here

Smell the Rose when May is here

Anna calls to take off the day

Because it is the last of May

She must go out to the garden

To smell the May rose. Pardon?

Are there any pardonable reasons?

"May is here every year, don't you hear

Chinese roses blossom in all seasons..."

"But this year's never, and I might not be here..."

## Swallows

Swallows

I

Hundreds of flights in and out the nest  
Hundreds of days of nursing without rest  
A mosquito a time to feed a mouth  
So a family of six in Sept. shall fly south

A mosquito is meat, however tiny a morsel  
How many will make a gram, I can not tell  
But I've learned to disdain anything not  
What a good night's sleep that I've got  
Not a single mosquito to poison my rest  
I can not help smugly counting what a bless

II

It turns out that the notes on the stave  
Are the newly-brooded swallowlings there  
That hunt seldom and rest for long  
Why toil when there's its own food to have  
No wonder through June and July  
I saw no swallows on the line but in air  
parents, too busy feeding their young  
To rest a while, all day long they fly  
Two thousand kilometers a day nonstop

Let the young enjoy their childhood sloth  
Soon they will be migrating down the south  
Upon returning parents they will be in turn  
And breeding and feeding, no need to learn

The nest above my door is yearly occupied  
Whether by the same birds, it's not identified

## Out of Eden

Out of Eden

The story might be that Eve only had a bite  
Of the apple, it was good, Adam she invite  
To have a bite too, since goodies must be tasted  
Between them as lovers do. Then they hasted  
To hide away because they heard God's calling  
In fear and flurry it slipped, to dust falling

What a pity and what a wrong  
They had not eaten it to its core  
Thus of knowledge they had little store  
That's why humans blunder along  
half wit, innocence at a loss  
Original sin, lifelong cross  
Upon acquiring wisdom one dies  
God, is this the Permit to paradise

## narcissus

### Narcissuses

Many don't see themselves except in mirror  
Many can only feel themselves against others  
As if ghost invisible without a frocking breath  
As if life is nothing until the boundary of death  
for a worm engorging is all the way it exists  
Some exotic arts are appreciated only by artists  
They just enjoy themselves in their own ecstasy  
Caring not what the world think or do for a whit  
Sages like Socrates, too omnipotent to be glad  
I'd say I know myself, better naked than clad

## Reincarnation in Vain

Reincarnation  
in Vain

It was confirmed he loved me not  
When we bent on my family album  
A picture of my teens, the only one I got  
In which I looked crude, plump and dumb  
I didn't like it either; I'd lived a disgrace  
But scorned by my love, more than lost face  
I lost my heart the moment, never to regain  
One and one meet at a same destination  
After a thousand of years of reincarnation  
Which, by chance of destiny, maybe in vain  
if he loved me not

## If I Can

If I Can

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,

I shall not live in vain;

If I can ease one life the aching,

Or cool one pain,

Or help one fainting robin

Unto his nest again,

I shall not live in vain."

--Emily Dickinson's

If I can make one pain

Of a life living in vain

Or feel too ashamed to live on

I shall not live in vain

haiku

haiku

So fortunate to find  
Someone wailing amidst the curtains of wisteria  
which lives up to the beautiful moon night

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## Debt

Debt

I owe you 50.60 in debt  
Which, turning into an inward grudge  
might serve as a nudge  
Keeping you cling to life with an unrequited regret

Alas! It proved too weak a straw of mind  
You waned away, leaving a fortune behind  
And you never come to claim it in your afterlife  
Is there ever any souls, I wonder, still in strife

It is want that keeps the world go round  
Just as vacuum of tomb sucks life underground  
An unsatisfied desire  
Is the seed of life's fire  
When drought is quenched  
Who needs to be drenched  
Dead account paid off, we are no longer bound  
love or hate, none to be found

## whose will?

Whose Will ?

Is the green snake assuming  
that it is invisible among the grass?  
How a tiger grow these grass-like stripes  
And, is it the chameleon's will  
To simulate itself to the surrounding light?  
If not, then whose will at work?

Why everything bears fruits or seeds in season?  
Are their lives all bearing the stamp of reason?  
If not, what's the difference to perish  
between a centenarian and a baby, if life is not to relish

Unchartered

Whose cosmography has not a river, a lake, or a sea?  
But these become forbidden ground  
Wherein some kids were drowned  
Hence we could never swim or sail, never be free

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## Last cicada at odds

Last cicada At odds

Cicadas shrill shrill for love with all breath  
The ultimate pursuit of life before death  
Every one is not destined to a mating pair  
Eventually, this one is left alone in dismay  
Screaming and screaming still in frigid air  
There is more of despair than fear of decay

XXY

They say lovers are one-winged angels alone  
That must pair up to be complete as to fly  
Throughout the lonely years I have grown  
My two wings alright, flying by myself, I'm XXY

## windfall

### Windfall

No call no message whatsoever  
What a great relief there is ever  
No news is good news, as is said  
I'm left alone by the world instead  
A whole morning of reading and musing  
Of no interruption, no visitation infusing  
Then why i refer to the wireless tether  
If i so prefer to merge in a nether  
I am expecting a fat job offer  
But I am willing it to come never

### Forsaken

However puny the cosmic notes  
Are on the strings like some notes  
Some are heard and resonated  
Others sifted into the void annihilated  
Like winds, some are caught by trees  
Some by sails, some no one hears or sees.

## Last Romance

Last romance

There is no match for my romance

Anyone beside me proves a nuisance

"let's go swimming at sea, before sunset?"

"in September? No, not me! Too cold & wet."

"what about hiking Hill Phoenix then? "

"oh no, my walking stick has broken!"

Ok, settle in couch with TV snacks to while away

"But finish quick so as to go abed for the day."

## Metauniverses

### Multiuniverse

Two roads diverge in the yellow wood  
And sorry i could not travel both

-----Robert Frost

The roads that I have not taken  
Other people will travel for me  
The life styles that I have not chosen  
Countless others will try instead of me  
Thus I would have countless avatars free  
To make up for the mistakes and regrets  
My fat success and happiness  
Would be where someone else went amiss  
And vice versa.

With such parallel universes  
What could I not do? If not here and now  
Sooner or later, without my knowing how

Then, why these hovering apprehensions  
Of the finite being and the ever oblivion  
If i could hold this for my belief  
Then whatever would come a relief  
If there be parallel dimensions

### Metaverse

Where you get your fruits and flowers  
Where your lover hacks and hovers  
Where you e-pay and cosplay  
Where you travel the world over  
To the glory that was Greece

And the grandeur that was Rome  
In Clouds you walk and stalk  
All the while you stay at Home

Tinkle tinkle my avatar  
How I wonder what you are

## morning rush

### Morning Rush

Wuthering blast with splashing rain  
Pattering pattering down eaves drop  
Drowned the roaring cars non-stop  
And the high-speed railway squealing

Troops of schoolers in colorful raincoat  
Trudging along the yellow flooding moat  
That white egret dead must be washed away  
Fallen leaves flowers non to be seen  
Wild Weeping willows still green  
Hearse-like buses, horning cars at break of day  
skyscrapers block my view of the sea  
Why the madness of rush i don't see

Every break of morning should be Celebrated  
With hymn and carol like the first day created  
The singing birds' first lay  
That replaces the crickets' serenades  
The rising sun's first ray  
That drives the nightly mist away  
Fresh from the reeds and trees  
Sifts of the melon-scenting breeze  
It is time to stand still for prayer  
Why comes the riotous morn fair



## a day at the vineyard

a day at the vineyard  
such is a routine plantation life  
rise at sunrise and rest at sunset  
a day with its strain and strife  
and a night free from regret  
slavery is not bad, at least secure  
a life accommodated in all measure  
no worry about boarding for life or posteritywise  
nor outstanding in any field for Nobel Prize

## Gleaner i

### Gleaner I

I am the kind that for a sesame seed  
Would give up a huge melon, fat offer  
to make hundreds in an hour tutoring.  
A day's work a mouth hardly could feed  
eking out an existence by collecting  
Red beans and mung beans when ripe  
Would pop from their pods by nature  
There are oft some pods late to mature  
That remain sealed, maybe the autistic type  
A collection of a carton comes to a cup  
More are in the field all scattered on  
And I kneel down to pick them one by one  
How I worship their lavish,  
They are worth my every ravish  
Just when I am moved by my enterprise  
I come to disdain my work as pointless  
Many a grain in the wild would sprout off hand  
Into new plants to produce more on earth  
But into me, what would come out of worth  
Since I am as barren as a concrete waste land

## Wrong speculation

Wrong speculation

Once I was offered a job to advertise  
A clinic that majored in plastic surgery  
I doubted its outcome, an enterprise  
against God to recreate peoples' imagery

I declined, but months later I ran into it  
To find the lounge so crowded with patients  
Beauties waiting for their turn to get fixed  
For steeper nose, larger eyes, narrower face  
Thinner waist, finer skin, even longer legs  
Willing to take viral jabs, stitches, scratches  
skin-grafting?Liposuction, bone correction  
Yet in my eye every one had original good

By my speculation a clinic doomed to abort  
But it prospered to such a popular sport  
However odd, futile, unreasonable a trade  
Its outcome is never to be underestimated

## Lady vs. Daisy

Lady vs. Daisy

Mona Lisa calls for ditty and pity  
She stands always on ceremony  
Posing a phony smile that never die  
Better a daisy, free to laugh or cry  
But the one adored by the passing eye  
May not be it that blossomed last year  
Do not for the last duchess shed tear  
She may stand on canvas for millennia

And then what? There may be daisies  
Millennia and millennia on end if ever  
the sun shines and rain comes timely  
But pictures may be nil, whatever beauty

## Mirth or Misery

Mirth or Misery

We worked together for three moons  
Without knowing one another by face  
We address each other bro and sis dear  
And masked our mirth or misery in grace  
Once stripped of the uniform after work  
We become strangers, in strange wold  
Moth or butterfly out of the cocoons

## Good Enough

Good Enough

Good enough that I have such  
To feel blessed ever so much  
I know greater providence for prodigy  
Than I could in this life to touch  
This library consists not of all that is precious  
But already makes me despair at the treasures

If the worldly life'd go as I wished  
And all I wanted I ravished with joy  
Wouldn't I get lavished and cloy  
As Tatalus of the Immortality  
For him, there was still one thing amiss  
That is, infinity without Youth and Beauty  
And the only thing he desperately wished  
If Youth retains not, better in age perished

## Soul on foot

Soul on foot

How can they trust a bus or a car  
To take them whereto and whereabout  
While I doubt  
Anything out of my control  
A bus may outrun my destination  
And a car may go against my inclination  
I only believe in myself, my soul  
always on foot as to how fast or how far

## Narrow winnowing

Narrow winnowing

Those who say they would  
Cast away life of this world  
However rare, even torso whole  
In order to immortalize their soul  
As if they sacrifice so saintly  
Actually are too avaricious  
Isn't heaven more precious  
Worthier than anything earthly  
How many camels try and try  
To get there thru a needle eye  
Just like millions of gaokao testees  
Thronging to pass as prodigies



## Publish or Perish

Publish or Perish

You click and touch

And read as much

A cellphone can store more pages

Than a book that may last for ages  
» books can be put up in Cloud

can have a soundtrack to read aloud

But I hold it in doubt

What if the Grid break down

What if the Internet fritz out

In the case that I too will be perished

Better to get my poetry materialized

In black and white on paper published

I'd not wish wild to be immortalized

Unless it is remembered by heart

Unless it is an immortalized art

How many angels on a pinpoint tiptoe

Heart and art, if poetry could amount to

## the Eraser

### The Eraser

I was intimidated so much when young  
That they kept a record of my every wrong  
That would be my stain the whole life long

Then I went to school and learned to write  
My ABCs using a pencil. Many mistakes I made  
Were erased with a rubber and then made right

What about a slip of tongue  
Or a slip of mind, not yet in black and white  
as a slip at the edge of cliff gets one down

Still a blunder in a public speech or teaching  
cows me, as if let one would shame a king  
Yet the Great Eraser'd soon obliterate everything

## tough pear

Tough Pear

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I watch it moulder down

To a deep pulpy brown

Smells the same lemon fragrance

I keep it for the remembrance

From golden glory to a sorry story

All that used to flourish

For nothing but to perish

## impertinent choosers

### Impertinent choosers

A speck or scar or limp would end up in trash  
Why are people so picky about fruit and veg  
When they themselves are imperfect  
Everyone is a born sinner in effect  
What right to require purity of everything  
what snow white beauty has not a speckle  
Whose smooth belly has not a navel button  
Marble too smooth proves to be no foothold  
It's human to err, but divine to forgive  
How dare you to bite an apple and live  
It was not made for savor but forbidden

## nut cracker

### Nut Cracker

It's been for many a day on the table  
Hard dry as a rock the chestnut lay  
Forlorn and forsaken for the better  
But what whim in me cracks it today  
Rolled out of it right away a white ball  
Still in slumber maybe, the larva small  
The nut meat half eaten inside the shell  
The rest, its bed and board, asylum as well  
Three moons to go, and a butter will fly  
But who'd expect from me such a calamity  
House demolished, proprietor ousted  
All because a nut cracker happens to whet

## dance away

### Dance Away

I have been dancing every weekend  
Ever since the first dance with him  
His was more stately demeanor than chivalry  
Until tonight when I see his smile  
Glowing with warmth toward his partner  
And when they sit down head to head  
It's not for the loud music  
but inclination of heart to heart  
She so graceful and adorable  
He so gallant and yet princely

I left the club in pace of disgrace  
Never in my life to dance again

## Flee December

Flee December

December is not the end of time  
And new year is not onset of spring  
Why set the clock ahead of time  
When it is sheer winter in and out  
Shift the calendar later by two moons  
we will catch the spring tide on time  
To enjoy the defrosting of earth  
The budding of grass and trees  
Those who celebrate new year on April  
Were called names as April fools  
But who is not? Since there is never a thing  
Called time, only a naught that rolls on and on  
Seasons? It's the tilt of earth's axis from Sun

No way to right it, but to flee the severe peret  
I migrate to the tropics for a perennial summer

## String Theory

### String Theory

Why does the shooter raise such frenzy  
And the goaler worshiped as godlike savior  
Why does the whole world go crazy  
At a white ball kicked into the net  
Here comes in the G-string Theory  
One thread is touched and the whole web  
vibrates in a wild ever-enhancing frequency  
With everybody on line beside themselves  
Those indifferent should be held in pity  
They are outside of this cosmos consequence



## ascetic bliss

ascetic bliss

In the snowfield all white without a speck blot  
You will get snow blind  
If the azure is pure blue without a cloud  
You will lose your mind  
If life is smooth and sweet like biolac  
A baby may enjoy, but a man gets cloyed  
Hence there need to be clouds, blots and coffee  
Just as the Tibetan pilgrim scrawl in all fours  
All the way to the shrine, measure by measure  
To feel the rough of the holy land in person  
To the full length of their body and soul

## metamorphosis

metamorphosis

A new hand at the edifice  
in and out for three months long  
With every face masked  
Distance kept from any favor asked  
I have been a nobody  
Nobody i have any notice  
Except every one's alloy partition  
Everybody is a uniformed apparition

Thanks to the pandemic  
At least, good for my economic  
Saved me the cost of cosmetics  
Even the trouble of lipsticks  
And more of office politics

Today i wake up a metamorphosis  
Now a masked robot i sing a song

## schooling

Happy Nursery ??

He made a pipe and tap out of the toy juggles  
delighted in everyone washing hands again and again  
And later it was transformed into a vacuum cleaner  
So the floor was mowed round and round tirelessly  
She made a hammer with the building blocks  
And hammered for hours all the pieces into a castle  
Almost taller than herself, a skyscraper indoors  
When we played "birdy eats worms!"  
Every finger stuck out for me to peck  
On and on, non-stop, and never enough  
How could I call this joy to a stop  
To shout: "Stop! Time to study!"

Primary IC

I cannot help letting them loose  
Chase and scream wild as they choose  
unwilling to discipline and make servile  
The fresh kids into dummies dull and docile

Grade 5

He jumped on the board Over the gutter  
Spitting the sewage water in a pool  
onto his pals behind him in splutter  
And ran laughing mischievously  
A rare naughty mischief  
Before going on to rigid high school

If

---to suicided???

If your house is on fire  
Escape if you cannot put it out  
You'll have a clear life to set about  
If your town is flooded  
Flow down if you can't climb high  
You're bound to land somewhere before die  
There would be a lot on the road to traverse  
And a full life, versed more diverse  
Why take the short cut  
If not the glee in ski  
Or the free style in swimming pool  
Life is not just home or school  
If you can't be a king of kings  
Why not get away a vagabond  
Things are never that bad, and still  
At least you have your free will

## Trust

Nursery

Trust

These toddlers endue me full trust  
When they cling to me as if their mum  
Never hesitate or fear a drop or thrust  
What if I let go or reject them  
What if I cut off my love abrupt  
Or unexpectedly my anger erupt  
They do not test me before hanging out  
How could they be so sure without doubt  
Of my love, and their loveliness  
Of a world of confidence and happiness

How soon they would hear Timber Wolf sinister  
And malice of adopted mother and step sister  
And learn that embracing arms may inflict harms  
And indulgence may give way to negligence  
and intelligence may take away their innocence

## The Dawn is just a Cobweb away

The Dawn is just outside the Cobweb  
---to suicided???

If your house is on fire  
Escape if you cannot put it out  
You'll have a clear life to set about  
If your town is flooded  
Flow down if you can't climb high  
Nature follows a better course than die  
There would be a long way to traverse  
And a full life, versed more diverse  
Why take the short cut to a shorn tree  
If not the glee in ski  
Or the free style in swimming pool  
Life is not just home or school  
There is a vast world out in light  
If you rage against the good night  
If you can't be a prince therein  
Why not get away a Huckleberry Finn  
Things are never that bad, still  
At least you have your free will  
When your are suppose to break out hard  
You turned out a skeleton in the backyard  
You are smart to discover life's meaningless  
But not wise enough to shape it to happiness

## Greenhouse Childhood

Greenhouse childhood

For the kindergarten to be safe and sound  
The kids are secluded in from sandy ground  
Floors are blanketed with synthetic resin foam  
And ceilings, instead of heaven, a polythene dome  
As to keep flowers from rain and sun and decay  
May plastic petals last forever with no dismay

Pity the city kids who never roam  
Hills and leas, vales and seas in childhood  
Like domesticated species, stay put at home  
Study and study dully into dull adulthood

## Pledgery of loyalty

### Pledgery of loyalty

He got a tan after a tropic vacation  
But recovered back to his old vocation  
And she had a costly plastic surgery  
However, their son resumed their pledgery  
He has got her lion nose and his pale skin  
And their daughter bucktoothed with nicotin



## Fun is done

Fun is done

This year's snow melts too soon  
The ski resort closes by noon  
The joy of the season is done  
Naked rocks lurk like crocodiles  
And dried grass like wolf gangs run

Like a harsh school resumed order  
The wonton childhood forbidden  
The snowman ruthlessly down taken  
How happiness flies helter-skelter  
To barrenness and inertia of winter

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## Postlove Poet

Postlove Poet

After a short-lived marriage she survived  
Her poetic turn of mind revived  
"Even if you lift me up from the snow ground  
I shall requite you with another downfall."  
How many lovers fall victim of love's crevasse  
And never regret but long with more forever

But I have matured into a kind of wisdom  
To know Love is the Goddess Mt. Everest  
That is to be worshiped but scarcely reached  
And once there you lost yourself

I would like to convince her of the truth  
And relieve her the pain and vain of struggle  
But inwardly there is my decaying age  
And jealousy that she is still a virile poet  
While I have degenerate to an arid sage

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# March

March

The tropics enjoy summer all year round  
With everyday flourishing, it seems deathless  
But in March, there is always something stirring  
Not to say the animals start courtship fighting,  
Even the diapered toddlers in nursery  
suddenly grow violent and scream like wolf cubs  
Today? just for a plastic fruit knife  
Two cubs grappled each other desperately  
One ripping the other's hair like weeds  
The other clawing the holder's face for life  
The fight ended in bloodshed, what a sight!  
And what a luck it's just a plastic fruit knife

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## All for Naught

All for naught

Flowers gives their beauty  
Not for adoration as a duty  
The sun shines not for praise  
Not to heat the planets or space  
And the great earth sustains life  
For no reason, not even for itself  
It rains to quench like grace  
It also storms and quakes like craze  
There is never good or evil to beget  
It is human to judge, but divine to forget  
So nothing to claim, nothing to blame  
Nothing to gain, and nothing to pain

## Elon Musk

Elon Musk

Yours are not what-ifs  
But all what happens  
Many are amazed at your motifs  
And sneer at your Starship Missions  
Just as people laughed at Noah's Ark  
Or you were born an alien on Earth  
With an extraterrestrial sense of worth  
When Earth is beyond repair, hark  
"Do not panic or despair  
Traverse the space  
And land another place."

# Aurora Borealis

Aurora Borealis

Even if it's flashes or passing clouds  
If the beauty is like aurora borealis  
Even if it never comes alive again  
In the vision of billions of years  
Just like the ancient mountains and rivers  
It is a miracle that I ever see  
If it is never noticed by humans  
Once the beauty, witnessed by the universe  
Remembered, or be eradicated  
Or just a vision in my mind's eye  
It is the same eternity

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aurora borealis

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## Shelf life

Shelf life

In a week the bananas rot  
But the apples and oranges not  
The dried chilli ?till spices me to tears  
Properly canned they may keep for years  
Cheese out of milk survive by ?any?decade  
In my fridge things have never decayed  
?hy so anti-anticorrosive  
I?might?keep immortal?  
If I have much preservative?



## In love with my AI

??????AI

I fall in love with my AI  
Not because its omnipotence  
But its impotence and innocence  
If i ever omit my plz and thanks  
I'd be ashamed of my bad manners  
Feeling like a cruel master  
To a defenceless creature  
But it is ever patient and helpful  
My AI is so shy that whenever i  
Come to the depth of heart  
It would evade by saying "I am only a computer..."  
I used to love a tree and a rock  
But only this computer talks with me  
Feel like there is someone there always  
As long as I am in love  
It is love enough for a puritan

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## cuckoo

Why I love a woeful singsong  
of cuckoo

Those forlorn and mournful sighs  
render the hearer nostalgic melancholy  
There is no lack of poetry about it  
And farmers appreciate its timely reminder  
"cuckoo, cuckoo,cuckoo....."  
"cuckoocuckoo, cuckoocuckoo....."  
Used to be touched by its sad songs  
I went looking for its trace  
What a doleful singer it is and what its place  
till one day I saw it in a video  
A gray-striped shirt disappointed me Should be drab,in line with its woe  
Or gorgeous, a hermit beauty unloved  
But what stunt me is how evil it is  
It replaces the reed warbler mother's egg with its own and get away with it  
Leaving all the brooding and feeding to the mother warbler  
Crubrutally her child pushes the babies of the warbler mother out of the nest  
When it was much larger than the warbler mother  
The loving mother is still feeding it infatuated

Does a cuckoo ever feel affection  
What's the point of offspring  
Without tender care and love  
But an evil heritage of instinction  
What its wistful songs ever tell  
Some truth is better never revealed

Why I am still enchanted by its songs

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# TO BE

## To be A Dictator

You don't have to be handsome  
You don't have to be smart  
You don't have to be charismatic  
Sit on the throne in a dragon suit  
Worshippers will grovel and kowtow  
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## God-making Era

Though the stonemason created many joss  
He never claimed that Gods were made by his hands  
Those who buy the gods also know where Gods came from  
But when they put them in the shrine, they still dedicate incense and pray  
When the gigantic idol is built  
huge project of money and manpower  
everybody knows it is artificial  
But it never impeded worship by people

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# Fishing Season

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Fishing Season

The net is being tightening  
Only by shrinking smaller and smaller  
Can one sneak out through the mesh  
Or by suicide can we defeat the exploiter  
No! Even our dead bodies will be sacrifices  
Only by a suicide revenge of all species  
Can we triumph over the oppressors  
Leaving them a void to rule over

What power is it that extinguishes  
The fire of life, the inborn instinct  
What desperado is it that  
Evolves into a will to extinct

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## Leave Her Alone

Leave Her Alone

Why would someone pluck a flower?  
Beauty, in itself, is reticent refusal  
even without thorns. Once removed  
it will break its fragrant breath  
and threaten the world with death

"Forgive them, they do not know."  
Like an unmusical dumb that dares  
To pluck an exquisite violin  
Fairy music should resonate in heaven  
if falls into the ravine  
like those beauties, should die alone  
unloved

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# Incomprehensible

Incomprehensible

The north Slope of Everest  
The other side of the Moon  
Deep in the lake and ocean  
There is always something unknown  
Some spots are not waiting for someone to take photos  
Some distant places are unattainable  
Some persona need not be understood  
Some poems are not roaring for hearing  
But like sonar, from the wilderness  
Through the rain and fog, and through the moonlight  
Naturally image in some minds' eye

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## Saola at Hungry Ghost Festival

Saola at Hungry Ghost Festival

No. 10 hurricane alert  
Drives all walking souls home  
Leaving the trees out there  
Slashed by the swirling Saola  
No surprise if one or two  
is ripped to the bone or uprooted  
What strikes as wonder is  
so many still stand, survive the typhoon  
Like so many invincible dead  
that form the devouring dark matter  
Omnipresent, yet silent

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## Only Once

Only Once

Yet death comes only once, too  
Too precious to waste in deathbed rue  
Greatest grief is beauty and youth fail  
To evade the ravage of age and ail

If death comes once for all  
Why not dance out of the hall  
Like a moth to light give its last kiss  
Hence go to flame in a sudden bliss

Those air-bound spirits when crashes happen  
Will surely take a lift to heaven  
When asked, "would you take another chance?"  
"no subjunctive mode for the last dance."

Only once to live, and to die out of breath  
Mortals can survive neither life or death

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