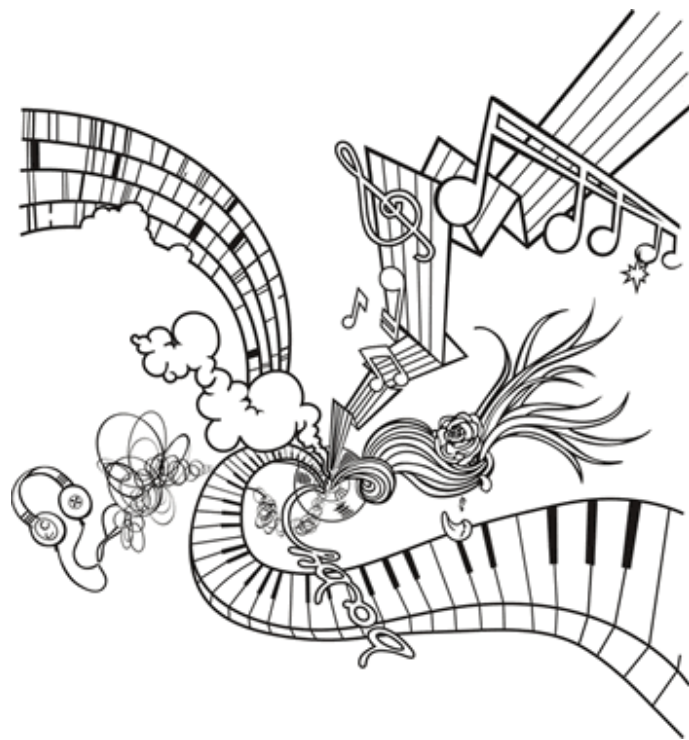


TRANSCENDENCE

Anthology of Muse

Gong

Muse Gong



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To My Poetic Side Community

About the author

Muse Gong, lives Australia and a musician who loves literature and reading.

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Fly by Muse Gong

Fly

By Muse Gong

I want to fly like a bird,
gone with wind to see what I can see to sing what I want to sing.

I want to fly and landed on Himalaya sitting on top as a table,
Having a cup of cappuccino in my right hand,
and having my poetry book in my left hand,
and take a deep breath to compose this poem.

I want to fly like hummingbird backwards and forward,
up and down into the space,
to see the wonder of the multicolor of the universe.

I want to fly from the deeper space back to the Earth,
Wondering and lingering like a kite to see the cooking smokes and the little river running around the
backyard of my house.

Finally, I want to mix with all the birds and make a lot of noises to make our life full of energy.

The Flower Ded by Muse Gong

The Flower Ded
by Muse Gong

In the backyard stands a flower bed under the maple tree,
where birds sing lightly among the maple leaves;
Suddenly breaking through the heat wave, a pair of kingfishers rushed towards the water flower bed
overflowing with rain,
drinking, soaking, rolling, thrusting, and flying towards the clouds by the riverbank.

Dare to ask where the road is!
Don't worry, the flower bed is the starting point for the laughing kingfisher to sail and fly,
and the maple tree is the lighthouse for sailing that never gets lost;
The flower bed is the destination of a long voyage, ah!
I suddenly realized that the flower bed was originally a coffee shop.

Dare to ask the true meaning of art!
The flower bed was originally a backyard sculpture, transformed into a drinking vessel;
Have you not defiled the purity of the beauty?
Ah. I suddenly realized the sublimation of utility in the flower bed.

Dare to ask about love opportunities!
In the flower bed, the couple Kingfisher is dancing noisily,
which is the artistic overture of the peacock opening its screen;
Displaying desires and impulses in the Ming realm, ah!
I suddenly realized that the flower bed became a stage of love.

Dare to ask the mysteries of life!
Who led the Kingfisher into the backyard's life?
Who turned the flower bed into a heavenly vessel?
Who cast the flower bed into a beautiful altar?

Ah. I suddenly realized the mystery of life - the unity of heaven and man.

Gumtree

Gumtree

By Muse Gong

Stands a huge eucalyptus tree in the backyard, standing under the tree year after year without paying attention.

In the morning, I gaze up at you from the balcony and see you in my eyes.

The background color of dark green leaves blends with the blue sky,
your towering backbone on the earth is tall and firm,
and the supporting poles are stretched and concise and clear amidst white clouds.
I see you bathed in the bright sunshine of spring.

Your colorful red, white, and green dance clothes accompany the beating of leaves,
birds glide, bees hum, butterflies dance gracefully,
your light swaying in the breeze is refreshing, and you demonstrate the elegance of life in the spring breeze.

In the scorching summer heat, I once again realized you. Small grass withered, tree bark exploded, insects whined, scorching sun was restless, and with the clattering sound, you leisurely absorbed the kinetic energy of the scorching sun.

You interpreted the adaptation of the environment to natural selection with ease.

What really attracted me was you in the pouring rain in autumn.

After the scorching sun, the rainstorm washed the earth and eliminated the eliminated ones.

After a long drought, the sweet rain was your fountain of life. You in the autumn rain made me understand the power of life.

What truly shook me was you in the fierce winter wind,
where the storm broke the roots of your neighbor's trees and rose to the ground.

Your crazy 180-degree dance allowed me to appreciate you, and the rhythm of your entanglement with the strong wind made me feel like I saw myself.

Ah. People praise the magical vitality of your king's appearance, and the sound of the waves rises and falls one after another.

You move with the wind and hold onto yourself, towering in the clouds, enjoying the world of the small harmonious ruling trees of the mountains.

I don't need to boast about you.

I am vaguely aware of the crystallization of wisdom, and under your inspiration,

I have gradually understood the personality enlightenment of the Venerable.

From you, I have stolen the path of life: resilience and resilience.

Birds Singing

Birds Singing
by Muse Gong

In the early morning of the backyard,
I heard the chirping of birds, and the color of fish bellies appeared in the east.
The earth woke up to the singing of birds, and a day began amidst the gentle stream of birds' song.
The morning birds' chorale was filled with vitality in anticipation.

A couple confides in their sweet admiration, and various birds sing in harmony and delicately.
Suddenly, the eagle invaded their territory and there was a complete silence.
Just after the thrill, I was still hesitating.
A Magpie gently landed in front of me eating breakfast, and our eyes met.
It shared a little bit of croissant crispy and flew away with a gentle sound, saying thank you and goodbye.

At noon, the chirping of birds is noisy and lively, and it is the rhythm of work.
After the epidemic, it has returned to a busy state, and the twitter of birds suddenly appears enthusiastic.
They are busy with their work, searching for food and exchanging arguments.
I sing beautifully when you sing, and I fantasize more when you sing with floral accents.
They exult, clamor, and frolic, releasing energy to sing and dance for joy.

This is an international top vocal competition, and you are all outstanding contestants competing.
I have heard the most prominent main melody - the singing of nightingales,
the melodious and beautiful natural sounds of lyrical sopranos,
the singing of kingfishers like Baroque echoic arpeggios and tremolo, colorful and unpredictable.

I have heard the chirrup inner voices of sparrows, light, heavy, slow, and urgent.
I have heard the digital bass of crows, restrained, raised, and stuttered,
The brilliant display of the colorful bird song segment.
Amidst the heavy rain and the mournful cries of loss, the singing on the withered vines and old trees,
the dancing of seagulls and waves in the sea,
the echoes of birds choral in the empty mountains, I heard the prelude climax.
The enormous legendary bird outside the highest Clouds roared in the sky: Ah!

I am not judging, every little bird sings from the bottom of their heart.
Each note is the golden sentence of this symphony, co-presenting this grand song of spring.
As the sunset sets and the night gradually approaches,
the melodious choir of birds at dusk repeats itself.

The curtain of a fulfilling day slowly falls,
and the peep of birds by the side is the pastoral song of the fishing boat singing at night.
Birds return to the forest at night to enjoy the tranquility of the evening.

The poet heard the lingering sound in the bird song,
the politician in the bird song couplet remembered the struggle, the musician in the bird song
received inspiration,
and the environmentalists recorded the bird song symphony.

In the chirping of birds, I feel the pulse of the times,
in the utter of birds, I experience the breath of nature,
I listen to the rhythm of the song of the earth, and I experience the rhythm of the call of life.
Birdsong is the echo of our way of life.

Ah. I suddenly realized, isn't this the meaning and value of bird singing that I can't understand for a long time?

Birds Singing Enjoy!

Morning Wind

Morning Wind
By Muse Gong

A gust of morning wind in the backyard,
brushing the leaves and making a noise, woke me up from my dream.
The earth surges in the morning breeze,
and birds dance upon hearing the wind,
chirping and disappearing at dawn.

One after another, leaves swayed like waves,
filling the wilderness smoothly.
The morning breeze awakens your drowsiness and awakens confused longing.

Close your eyes, the noise in the distance can be heard from time to time, with the sound of dogs
and sirens in the breeze.
Slowly feeling the early morning light,
the scene of the once-in-a-century monster wind masterpiece flickers in my memory.
At that time, strong winds swept through the ground and big trees tore apart.
The rescue team cleaned up the mess, and after the rain, the sky cleared.

A cool breeze blows through the fields and paths,
and players occasionally pass through the green golf course.
Who ever thought - wind is the flow of gas - sound is the oscillation of air.
The wind is the source of inspiration for music and poetry,
blending seamlessly with the universe and earth.
The willow branches that follow the wind,
like stars embellishing the details, tremble and make people move.
Quietly pondering, the leaves and petals in front of me are whispering in various forms, and the birds
are cooing and purring.

A poetic pastoral song is created in the gentle breeze among morning light.

Park Bench

Park Bench

By Muse Gong

Taking a walk outside the backyard fence,
there is a park bench under the sunlight on the roadside,
the bench is so tempting that you can sit down and enjoy the warmth and care of the sun.

Bees hum, flowers sway, birds chirp in the distance, the sky is high and the clouds are clear.
Ah, the noon sun, please sit on the bench and breathe with nature to share your destiny.
This is the nearest bench to home.

Sitting on it, I opened a book,
surrounded by colorful and nameless grass,
the young and delicate bud are colorful,
with purple and white accents intertwined with reeds under the green background.
There are also standing white chives and shrubs that extend slowly to the distant hillside.

The college entrance examination students sitting on the bench after school,
tired office workers stopping on their way home,
the bench - the roadside of the park - silently waiting for passersby to patronize.

I am facing the natural ecological vegetation and landforms that have been preserved through the
unremitting efforts of environmentalists. Sitting quietly on a bench under towering pines and
cypresses,
I daydream and write poetry.
As the saying goes, a simple life is a noble soul.

Peripatetic Walk

Peripatetic Walk

By Muse Gong

The leisurely peripatetic walk quietly blows in the evening breeze,
and the leaves make a rustling sound.

The night slowly falls, and the lights of every house are on.

As soon as we go for a walk in the park, the people on the path gradually become scarce.

The coolness of late autumn, with a sudden warmth returning to cold. The birds have long returned to the forest, completely silent.

The surrounding contours are clear, with distant mountains, light and shadow, and flowing water shaping the surrounding time and space. Different colored lights give people a mysterious and strange imagination.

Starlight is flickering, and the long rhythm of the wind blowing leaves evokes people's imagination.

Walking quietly alone in this night, your heart is calm at this moment, you can think of anything, you can think of nothing.

You take a walk to relax.

He takes a walk for exercise.

I can walk and think quietly.

Year after year, day after day, people move every day.

The morning stroller ushered in a new day with hope.

The sunset walk ended the busy day with warmth.

Wondering in spring is full of vitality.

Hover in summer is full of enthusiasm.

Roam in autumn is full of harvest.

Lingering in winter is full of hope.

I eased my rhythm during the going on, and beathing relaxed.

My heart becomes calm and my mind becomes clear.

The scholars of Plato's Athenian Academy are known for their peripatetic walking school, which meditates on the profound philosophy of walking, pursues scientific truth during walking,

and sublimates the beauty of walking.

Peripatetic Walking year after year, day after day.....

Sublime

Sublime

By Muse Gong

I look up to the summit of Mount Everest in the Himalayas with reverence.

"Peri Hupsous" by Longinus is a really catchy tune.

Along the Pacific coast, there is a line of sky and water,
with surging emotions throughout history.

The vast universe is full of stars, history is rolling,
and times are changing.

Climb high and overlook the symbol of eternity,
meet with the sublime essence in the clouds and mist.

The shock of cosmic music,
the starting point of the core of the cosmic black hole.
All eternal holes are interconnected,
just like people on Earth.

The starting point of a black hole is a noble destination,
interpreting the story of the universe from heaven to earth.
The art of light in the universe condenses here,
and light sprinkles Muses onto the human world,
presenting cosmic art here.

The illusion in the halo?
In a real universe without light,
all galaxies become one,
and we need to think and revel.

Sublime is the starting point of the physical world and the endpoint of philosophical concepts.
This is a paradise for artistic imagination and a source of inspiration for painters and musicians to create.

There is no entanglement here,
it is an ideal creative platform, and humanistic mountains and rivers are its reflection.

People know that one day,
we will return to the true - noble entity - our spiritual home.

Transcendence

Transcendence

By Muse Gong,

I want to surpass myself,
I want to transcend the small circle of life.
Beyond the times,
beyond time and space,
and ultimately beyond,
into another parallel universe.

Learn every day, gain new knowledge beyond oneself,
elevate oneself to a higher level in life,
and forgive past self and others.
At deep learning, surpassing technical limitations,
composing poetry beyond oneself.

Learn to communicate with others and transcend self-isolation. Emancipate the mind,
have an open attitude,
transcend culture, transcend race,
and transcend one's profession.
Instead of pondering and writing poetry aphorisms,
try to perpetuate the past.

Intentionally planting flowers does not succeed,
unintentionally inserting willows into rows.
Returning to oneself in ease and begging for transcendence,
there is nothing beyond.

Returning to the natural state and accepting what you have given, returning to that point in a specific
time and space,
will give you your position.

No longer in his position, no longer in politics.
In your position, naturally play your role with ease.

The most practical and also the best,
surpassing oneself in reality is the best way to surpass oneself.

Wandering By Muse Gong

Wandering
By Muse Gong

I wander around,
wandering in the deep mountains and forests,
wandering in bustling cities,
as a wandering minstrel drifting around the world with my lute from airports to piers.

I want to be a poet who sets sail from Bohemia,
goes crazy from clouds to fog like Don Quixote,
wanders on his own easel like Van Gogh, paints sunflowers.

like Schubert, when the early morning sunlight of Vienna penetrates the pine forest and scatters on
the verdant grass,

composing a serenade in the relaxed and pleasant air.

I want to play the Italian Naples sixth chord on a boat in Venice,
and return to Sorrento to sing to Santa Lucia to showcase my talent.

I want to cross the Cape of Good Hope in Africa and seamlessly blend the Atlantic and Indian
oceans with my singing.

I want to break free from the physical world and enter another spiritual dimension,
where there is no time, no space,
only poetry of freedom.

Suddenly, Muse came to visit and brought me a delicious wine,
saying, 'I know you're looking for me everywhere.'

I have finally returned to the harbor of everyone's hearts:

"My Poetic Side",

where we, poets, drink freely, and wander with the Muse of Poetry.

Little Grass, by Muse Gong,

Little Grass

I want to be a small grass and phytoplankton that moves with the wind and follows the flow.
I am standing on the wall, and the east wind blows with it.
Going back with the west wind, I followed it and fell on both sides.

I float on the surface of the water,
swallowing dirt and exhaling fresh oxygen,
maintaining the Earth's ecosystem.

Like dandelions, I move upon hearing the wind,
drifting from one side of the ocean to the other,
sowing seeds all over the world.

Like all herbs, I am unknown and ordinary.
Without the fragrance of roses,
without the towering clouds of big trees.
But I will also bloom those colorful and diverse small flowers.

What I am most proud of is my vitality.
The scorching summer fire turns my branches and leaves into ashes,
but I am deeply rooted.
These ashes have fertilized the soil.
After the spring breeze and rain, in the coming year,
I will spit out even stronger green buds and sprout new life.

Survival is my nature,
growth is my instinct,
and my specialty is adapting to the environment.
Wherever there is water and soil, there is me.

Pen Pals, by Muse Gong

Pen Pals
by Muse Gong

Those closely involved cannot see as clearly as those outside,
A pen pal is a mirror,
and his comments on your poetry peel off your veil,
and reveal your true form.

We learn from our peers.
Through mutual communication with pen pals,
we are broadening our horizons,
learning from each other's strengths and weaknesses.

Pen friends' comments on your poetry are a breeding ground for your inspiration,
a catalyst for your imagination,
and a way to turn the surging poetry within you into words.

The praise from a pen pal is the best encouragement,
gaining confidence and courage from it.
Friends' criticism of you makes your words refined,
clear in arguments.

Pen pals are your readers,
and the value of poetry lies in the audience.
The pen pals form a poetry community,
which is the overall environment for the growth of poets.

Direct and vivid communication is the only true essence of learning poetry.
Practice leads to true knowledge,
and we need pen pals and mentors.

Spontaneous Expression? by Muse Gong

Spontaneous Expression
by Muse Gong

Is there a magic bullet for poetry creation?
How to write eternal poems?
How to capture poetic inspiration?
How to express poetry like flowing water?
Answer: "Spontaneous Expression".

Poets do not need inspiration from heaven,
do not pray for the value of words,
do not climb to the ethereal realm,
and do not pursue the perfection of form.

Expressing one's emotions is the motto of poetry creation,
daily trivialities cannot be avoided,
personal joys and sorrows are unparalleled,
and poets reflect on the various states of the world.

Exploring the value of daily life,
and capturing the shining colors around us is precisely the value and nature of poetry.
Everyone is born a poet,
with a spring of literary thoughts?
and a hundred poems inspired by drinking.

the poet vividly captures these insights on paper,
expresses them with emotions,
and speaks with an artistic language,
"Spontaneous Expression" .

Childishness? by Muse Gong

Childishness
by Muse Gong

Changes with the passage of time,
and what remains unchanged is that childlike innocence.
The vicissitudes of the world flow through rivers,
and eternity is the pursuit and longing of childhood.

Everywhere is rolling with material desires,
the world is deteriorating,
and the childlike innocence is calm.

From one city to another.
In my childhood, a youthful atmosphere.
Adulthood experience, fruitful years,
and lifelong companionship are a commitment to truth, goodness, and beauty.

Times are changing,
the world is changing,
science is changing,
lifestyles are undergoing tremendous changes,
and innate sacred beliefs cannot be changed.

My heart is filled with compassion,
and my soul is pure.
I look up at the deep night sky,
immersed in the overflowing childlike love.

Soul Released? by Muse Gong

Soul Released
by Muse Gong

In the release of the soul, does a spirit linger?
Unconfirmed,
untouched by falsification,
the soul's essence hovers.

What defines this elusive soul?
Where does it dwell?
A chorus of debate among the seekers of truth.

Devoid of soul,
the world stands in crystalline clarity,
Yet, ensnared in the embrace of a soul,
endless entanglements unfold.

Who, with audacity, denies the soul's existence?
Does such denial render one a mere cadaver,
bereft of essence?
Explorers emerge, delving into the study of the soul,
Some measure its weight,
others witness its form,
And a rare few commune with the very essence.

The soul, a fount of literary genesis,
A vessel of inspiration in the realm of art,
Inherently a creature of language and verse,
The soul, the quintessence of thought?profound, vibrant, alluring.

In realms religious,
the soul eludes grasp,
Transforming into the core of faith,

Manifesting as the eternal architect of existence.

A paradoxical shackle,
the soul binds, Yet,
it encompasses all,
omnipresent and all-encompassing.
A mystical artifice, the soul's enchantment,
A wellspring of both magic and turmoil.

Infuse the wings of the soul with poetry,
Let them ascend unhindered,
Unfurling the most beguiling hues in the depths of the spirit.

Where dwells the soul?
In the sanctuary of your heart.
Alas, Plato's soul adorned in the regal cloak of Pope Gregory.

Friendship?By Muse Gong

Friendship?Companionship's Essence

By Muse Gong

In the tapestry of camaraderie, a gift unfolds,
Caring transcends utility, a narrative of hearts told.
Friendship's signature: goodwill gracefully shown,
An emotional bond, a value judgment sown.

Children, tender blooms, crave friendship's embrace,
A vital elixir, essential for their grace.
Peers, akin to a mother's nurturing milk,
In friendship's cradle, life's essence we silk.

Adults traverse the canvas, weaving bonds tight,
Sharing life's tales, supporting through the night.
Adversity molds us, friendship's crucible strong,
Prosperity, an enriching dance, a melodious song.

Friendship entwined with friendship births wisdom,
A symphony of connections, an intellectual kingdom.
Human nature revealed, a trait of our kind,
Friendship, a sunshine beam, oxygen for the mind.

May friendship dissolve the bitter taste of hate,
Children, nurtured in its glow, destined for a fate.
Let new friendships bloom, a world filled and bright,
No longer lacking in friendship's comforting light.

Melancholy, by Muse Gong

Melancholy, by Muse Gong

At the dusk of sorrow,
a lonely wind sweeps the barren vines.
The crows' lamenting sound,
stirs up the gloom in minds.

Gazing at the darkened sky,
my heart is filled with doubt.
Where does the human soul go,
in the endless sky throughout?

Recalling the days gone by,
where did the lost ones roam?
What is the destiny of each one
in the vastness of time and zone?

Melancholy, the timeless motif of literature,
without the taste of love.
There is no hue of bliss,
only everlasting grief.

Nostalgia,
sadness of farewell.
Unrequited love and grudge,
the gloom of unfulfilled.

Lifting your cup and asking the sky.
How to ease the pain?
In the sourness of this drink,
the melancholy grows more intense.

The moon is lovely and alluring.

Migrate to the moon?

How is the solitude on the moon?

It is both alike and unlike that on Earth.

The night breeze was still blowing,

and I snapped back to the present.

Hearing the insects' chatter added more loneliness.

I know the dawn is not far away.

Wisdom, by Muse Gong

Wisdom
by Muse Gong

In wisdom's dance, the grand turns small,
A magic that weaves through the wise and all.
Simplicity waltzes with complexity's grace,
As ancient echoes from each culture embrace.

Babylon's whispers, Greece's ancient lore,
Wisdom's essence from East to West does soar.
Michelangelo's palette, a symphony's play,
Seven hues of wisdom in the light of day.

Beethoven's chords, a wisdom-filled song,
Galileo's gaze, the cosmos for long.
Pilgrims seeking wisdom, divine and true,
On the Canterbury road, their journey ensue.

In science's quest, truth unfurls its wings,
Art's canvas brushes beauty that wisdom sings.
Religion seeks liberation, a triad divine,
Rooted in wisdom, in every design.

Learning and wisdom, companions aligned,
A dance of growth, intricately entwined.
A spring of wisdom, with learning does flow,
Each drop of knowledge, like seeds it sows.

Independent thoughts, a wisdom's birth,
In academia's halls, wisdom finds its worth.
Exchange and debate, wisdom's escort,
In the journey of learning, a constant cohort.

Listen with focus, observe with care,
Bow the head in ponder, wisdom declare.
From electrons to universe, wisdom's flight,
Transcending realms with insight so bright.

In electronics' hum and the cosmos' expanse,
Wisdom speaks of facts, a mesmerizing trance.
Clear as truth, in a glance, it's seen,
A tapestry of wisdom, vibrant and serene.

Engulfed in Life's Chaos, By Muse Gong

Engulfed in Life's Chaos

By Muse Gong

In the tumultuous rhythm of existence,
Cityscapes clamor, anxiety pervades.
Passion pursued by each soul,
Striving for a better life, relentless in endeavors.

Across vast lands, through ancient epochs,
Earth's narrative, a puzzle to unravel.
Far from ancient Greece's echo,
Byzantium's whisper, Shakespeare's era.

Human civilization, venturing into cosmic depths,
The E-era, artificial intelligence in flux.
Attention turns to mental well-being,
And joy accompany each day's care.

As the sun rises, day after day,
Who fears it might ascend from the west?
Engulfed in life's chaos, let none despair,
May every heart's endeavor find fruition.

Truth, by Muse Gong

Truth

by Muse Gong

In the realm where truth weaves its elusive threads,
A dance of paradox, where certainty treads.
Science, the seeker, in empirical quest,
Art, the expresser, where beauty finds rest.

Myth shatters as the sky once deemed round,
Illusions crumble, Earth's center unbound.
Eight planets emerge in cosmic ballet,
Galileo's gaze, on the moon's display.

Atoms whispered in ancient Greek lore,
Newton's gravity, Mendeleev's score.
Electrons birthed in the quantum's embrace,
A cloud of mystery, defying mere space.

Philosophers ponder the electron's core,
A dance of particles, forever more.
Space-time twists in quantum's grand play,
Quantum's bubbles entangled, in cosmic ballet.

Clockwise, counterclockwise, their motion entwined, A dance unseen,
but the universe defined.
Water without source, a tree without root, From nothing,
creation takes its sweet fruit.

Schrödinger's cat, a feline so sly,
In quantum's embrace, where realities vie.
Reincarnation, two thousand years spun,
Pythagoras claims, all is in number one.

Quantum's mystery, eludes senses keen,
Einstein ponders, in a thoughtful sheen.
Left-handed dice, Origin's playful decree,
Plato whispers, the Big Band's mystery.

The Big Bang births one, one births two and more,
Infinite unfoldings, truth's ancient lore.
Unseen, untouched, yet a force to wield,
The beginning, ineffable, cannot be revealed.

The Essence of Love?by Muse Gong

The Essence of Love?by Muse Gong

The essence of love,
neither born nor extinguished.
The essence of love,
neither increasing nor decreasing.

Lovers in pairs,
indivisible.
Transcending time and space,
coexisting and perishing together.

The feeling of love,
like glue.
The impulse of love,
blossoms in the heart.

Pastoral idyll,
poets wandering.
Love is like morning dew,
an interpretation of love.

Love is a double-edged sword,
love is hazy.
The equation of love,
incomprehensible.

My beloved in my heart,
where are you?
May lovers,
be loyal and dear.

Poetry Essence, by Muse Gong

Poetry Essence

by Muse Gong

In times that echo with a trumpet's call,
Poetry emerges, a nation's soul.
Essence of thought, in lines it does enthrall,
A flash of wisdom, making spirits whole.

Sorrows and sensitivities entwined,
Emotions surge, a poetic sea.
Soliloquy of hearts, a truth defined,
Personality blooms, wild and free.

Within the spirit's maze, confusion weaves,
Spring of love, in verses it cascades.
Understanding life, as the poet conceives,
Existence's reverie in words parades.

Like springtime flowers, poetry's embrace,
A sonnet's dance, in its rhythmic grace.

Spring Flowers, by Muse Gong

Spring Flowers

by Muse Gong

Upon the first of spring, in silence born,
A gentle presence whispers in the air.
The backyard bathed in breezes, soft and warm,
Invites a tranquil, joyous atmosphere.
Beneath the sun, where flowers proudly bloom,
Their colors vivid, singing birds in tune.
A palette rich, with fragrance to consume,
In spring's embrace, the world begins to swoon.
Clove chives and jasmine paint the scene,
Love for these blooms, their beauty to extol.
In poetry and art, their hues convene,
A testament to nature's vibrant soul.
Clear water mirrors lilies' gentle grace, symbolizing elegance, sentiments embrace.
Pause, admire the blooms with quiet power, for those who love, find luck in every hour.

Wellbeing, by Muse Gong

Wellbeing, by Muse Gong

In this vast world, like bees we toil, Busy, bustling, a ceaseless coil. Striving to rise in the bustling crowd, Aiming for laurels, accolades avowed.

Nobel dreams or fortunes to amass, In careers, we carve our path so vast. Yet as time's hands weave threads of age, We question the worth of this life stage.

Not solely in riches, nor family ties, The true essence beneath the worldly skies. For every soul, a purpose profound, In the echo of footsteps, a distinct sound.

It's not in the gold, nor the fame, That we find life's elusive aim. As years unfold, a truth unfolds clear, A purpose beyond the transient veneer.

In the heart's quiet space, we find the key, To the question that whispers, "What should life be?" It's wellbeing, the jewel so divine, Health, sunlight, and self-reliance entwine.

To wake each morn with a heart full of glee, To savor joy, unburdened and free. Wellbeing, the treasure, the coin's reverse side, Love's counterpart, on life's wondrous ride.