

# THE PALM OF FLOWER

(2017 – 2019)



By **CHIU MENG**

Poetry does not mean just touring in the circle of personal life and recalling the emotional past, but it is to observe and comprehend the universe and life thus to find the truth, the kindness and the beauty existing in poetry itself.

~ CHIU MENG

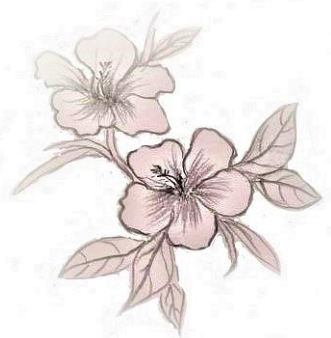


# PREFACE

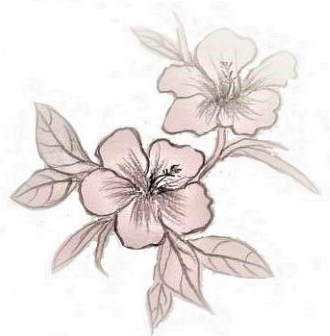
In recent years I always think that poetry does not mean just touring in the circle of personal life and writing some emotional past remembrance but to observe and comprehend the universe and life thus to find and get the truth, kindness and beauty of the world existing in the poetry; I always think of writing a poem in the shortest time and with the simplest language. Therefore, I wrote one hundred and fifty poems in two years from 2017 to 2019.

I am grateful to Ms. Echo Ho for her editing and designing so that my collection of poems “The Palm of Flower” is published successfully.

Chiu Meng, 2021.6.23 in HCM city,  
Viet Nam



## THE PALM OF FLOWER



## CONTENTS

PREFACE .....	1
---------------	---

### FIRST SERIES: INSPIRATION

UNDRESSING .....	11
LODGING BIRD.....	12
MONKEY'S MEDITATION .....	14
ABYSS .....	15
IMMIGRATION .....	16
RECALLING MOTHER .....	18
IMAGERY .....	19
PRISON BREAK .....	20
IVORY TOWER .....	21
INSPIRATION .....	22
ART .....	23
FUNERAL .....	24
THOUSAND -WINGED BIRD .....	25
THE GOD OF LOVE .....	26
BED .....	27
WHEN I AM OLD .....	28
FIREFLY .....	29
STONE .....	30
IF .....	31
MATTOCK .....	32
FINALS .....	33

## THE PALM OF FLOWER

BOUNDARY .....	34
SELF MOCKING .....	35
WINDOW .....	36
SNOW .....	37
FLOUNDER .....	38
BREAK DAWN .....	39
IMAGINE .....	40
TANG POETRY .....	41
WINTER .....	42

### SECOND SERIES : LOVER OF WIND

SPECIMEN .....	45
WIND .....	46
DEATH OF IMPRESSION .....	47
LOVER OF WIND .....	48
ON THE EXECUTION GROUND .....	49
SUN .....	50
ADVERTISING IN VALID .....	51
MASSACRE DRAMA .....	52
PLASTIC SURGERY .....	54
TEXT MEAL .....	55
DEATH OF THE ROSE .....	56
WAR .....	57
SO-CALLED REINCARNATION .....	58
THE DEATH OF A FOREST .....	60
PROPHECY OF DAFFODIL .....	61
CARNIVOROUS BIRD .....	62
DANCE PARTNER .....	64

## THE PALM OF FLOWER

LOVE .....	65
DEATH OF SUMMER .....	66
GOD .....	67
POPPY .....	68
LONELY .....	69
GUN-GRAY YEARS .....	70
SUNRISE .....	71
MORNING .....	72
TAKE A WALK .....	73
ME AND MOSES .....	74
BREAK UP .....	75
DROUGHT .....	76
THE WELL .....	77

## THIRD SERIES : HARP

ZEN .....	81
SUN'S PROMENADE .....	82
POLLUTION .....	83
LIBRARY .....	84
HARP .....	85
IF WITHOUT YOU .....	86
EARTH'S PAIN .....	88
WHITE SWAN .....	89
INJURED SOLDIER .....	90
GLOSS .....	91
OUTSIDE THE SPRING .....	92
LABYRINTH .....	93
SO-CALLED HOMESICKNESS .....	94

## THE PALM OF FLOWER

MIRROR DEVIL .....	96
TREE SAYS .....	97
SHATTER .....	98
MORNING SCENE .....	99
SNAKE .....	100
SPARROW .....	101
SNAKE OF FIRE .....	102
ANSWER .....	103
ARTIFICIAL FLOWER AND POEM .....	104
SPIDER SAID .....	105
SNAKE OF SMOKE .....	106
TREE ACCUSATION .....	107
FLYING WITHOUT WINGS .....	108
THE FLY .....	109
MAGIC POEM .....	110
THE BEARD SAID .....	111
MATTERS OF THE MIND .....	112

### FOURTH SERIES: YESTERDAY'S CLOUD

DOOR .....	115
TIGER .....	116
PRIEST SAYS .....	117
CRAB .....	118
CROCODILE .....	119
BURNING .....	120
FLAG .....	121
READING POEMS UNDER THE LAMP .....	122
INFECTION .....	124



## THE PALM OF FLOWER

WARTIME .....	125
SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS .....	126
YELLOW WORLD .....	127
SUN SPERM .....	128
THE EDGE OF THE NIGHT .....	129
CHANGE .....	130
BLACK SWAN .....	131
EXISTENCE .....	132
WISDOM ANGEL .....	133
BLUE DREAM .....	134
SALT ASSOCIATION .....	135
YESTERDAY'S CLOUD .....	136
WINE .....	137
DEATH OF GREEN .....	138
FISH AND BITTER GOURD .....	139
EATING FISH .....	140
THE MASK .....	141
FATHER'S FACE .....	142
ANGEL SAYS .....	143
GOD'S DRAMA .....	144
TIRED TEN LINES .....	145

## FIFTH SERIES: THE PALM OF FLOWER

ARTIFICIAL MOON .....	149
GOD IS HARD TO DO .....	150
SNAPSHOT .....	151
DEATH OF THE MOTH .....	152
ABSURD TEN LINES .....	153

## THE PALM OF FLOWER

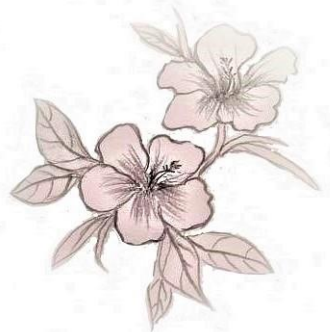
NAME .....	154
YUNG SAYS .....	155
LAMENTING SONG .....	156
DEATH OF THE DAY .....	157
SONG .....	158
A GALE 2 POSTS .....	159
HORSE CHESTNUT TREE .....	160
WAKENING .....	161
RETURN HOME .....	162
LITTLE BIRD .....	163
THE PALM OF FLOWER .....	164
ROSE FAMILY .....	165
HORROR .....	166
THE DRAFT .....	167
SHADOW .....	168
TANABATA .....	169
RESURRECTION .....	170
THE BO TREE .....	171
ERROR .....	172
KITE .....	173
HAIRCUT .....	174
NIGHT DRIVING .....	175
HISTORY .....	176
PROPHET BIRD .....	177
MUSE .....	178

## FIRST SERIES INSPIRATION

If at this moment  
I am writing poem on the volcano  
How many burning  
Insomnia night  
Once inspiration appearing  
Yet out of control



## THE PALM OF FLOWER



# UNDRESSING

Like a stripper  
Everyday she performs  
On the ivory stage of time

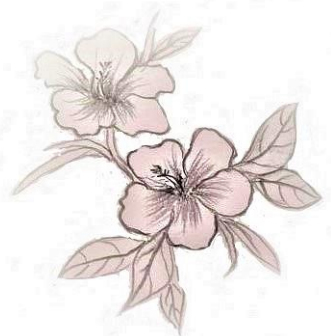
The clothes she takes off every time  
Casting into the sea of dark night  
Outside the spotlight

She arrives on time  
Three hundred and sixty-five days of a year  
Never absent

She accepts  
Thousands different feeling of eyes  
Thousands different desires of hands

When leaving she left with  
A tear of years  
And a sigh of the calendar  
Was torn off

2018.3.6



## LODGING BIRD

A lodging bird thinking for a whole afternoon :

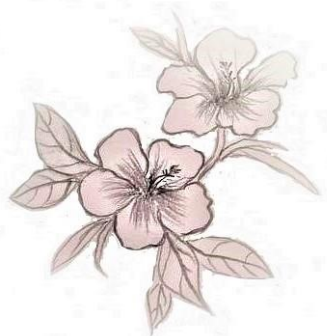
Our ancestors  
Built their nests to live

And we so-called the generations  
Of civilization  
Live in the high-rise building  
Of human being

Every day we touch  
Not the rosy clouds and sweeten dews  
But a meteor shower  
With radiation

Not the breeze and azure cloud  
But the soot  
Darkening the sky and earth

Looking up at the sky  
Full of fog cloud  
Not seeing glacial and oasis  
How to weave  
A green dream



## THE PALM OF FLOWER

Lodging bird thinking and thinking  
To abandon civilization  
Flapping the wings and fly away

Fly back to the ancestors  
Once having built up  
A comfortable nest

2019.5.8



# MONKEY'S MEDITATION

Monk plus a tail  
Will become a monkey

So I could only become a great Sacred  
Could not be a Buddha

Could not live in paradise  
Suitable for living in the flower and fruit mountain

When God created me  
Forgot to add a small bone  
On my face  
Making my nasal spine sink deeply  
As into the valley

I didn't have a good face  
Walking into the garden of Eden  
Visiting Adam and Eve  
Learn to be a lover

So, I accompanied Master Tang Sanzang  
And two ugly brothers  
Went to the West to get Buddhist scriptures



2019.1.23



# ABYSS

She is a kind of  
Beautiful temptation

Pulling me tightly into  
A dreamland

I drift on her long hair  
Seeing a dangerous  
Signal

If her eyes  
Are autumn waves  
I am a dragonfly

If her side face  
Is the ocean  
My heart is a ship

If the pear vortexes on her face  
Are swirls

I am caught in an abyss  
That cannot be extricated

2019.4.17



# IMMIGRATION

Buddha and God  
Both advocate mercy  
Among all beings no distinguish

I was sitting on the stone bench in front of the house  
Seeing one or two mice  
Chased by a wild cat

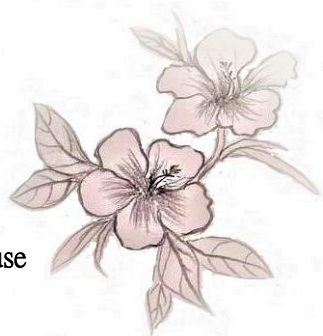
One to find a place under the Bo tree  
To hide

The other one wanted to climb the cross  
Of the opposite church

But God and Buddha  
Finally helpless

At last  
They ran to my home  
My home  
Becoming a refuge

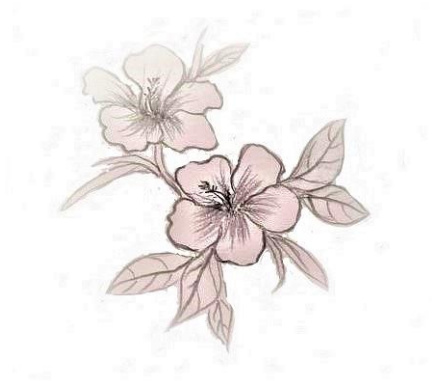
My Buddha mercy  
I gave them food everyday  
Telling them not to rob in my house  
They all compromised



## THE PALM OF FLOWER

Later I secretly immigrated them  
To a lawn  
Said that  
To be released

2019.5.11



# RECALLING MOTHER

I burned some paper money  
In front of my mother's spiritual dwelling place

Paper money  
Fluttering  
Like a gray butterfly

Qingming has passed  
The anniversary of your death  
On April 4th has passed

Dusk rain lonely mournful  
In my heart  
Recalling your kindness

I was just four years old that year  
You had not reached thirty

Ah, mother  
On the long street of time  
Alas, why were you going so fast?

2019.5.13



# IMAGERY

## ◆To Venus and a loafer

An injured butterfly  
Standing on the bronze statue of  
A broken arm  
Of Venus goddess

Many travelers pass by  
But no one casts it a glance

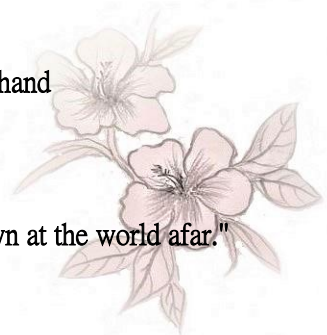
Only  
A loafer who carries a mandolin  
Deeply staring  
Sighing:  
"She originally a beauty"

Venus  
With a smile on her face  
Giving him this flower  
On her broken arm

The loafer taking it with his left hand  
Under the declining sun

Sighing:  
"The same people becoming down at the world afar."

2019.4.10



# PRISON BREAK

In the prison of the black cosmos  
With the tentacles of light  
You cut through the shroud of  
Layers of night

A pair of Mans shoes  
Nakedness on the roof of the earth

One foot breaking  
Scale-like of water and water ripples  
One foot exiles in the endless  
Of mountains and mountains

And in your escaping  
Dawn is born

2019.3.21



# IVORY TOWER

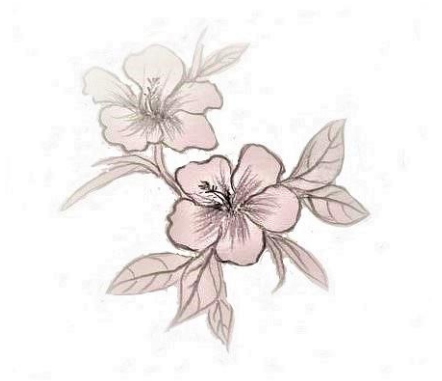
A moon hanging from the corner  
Of the ivory tower

The moon  
Be an assassin  
Peeking inside the tower every night  
Of The secret  
Inside the tower

Some people say it is a treasure  
Some people say  
Be a lover's tomb

An earthworm crawled out from the sand dune  
Leisurely  
Appreciating moonlight

2019.4.20



# INSPIRATION

If at this moment  
I am sitting in the Arctic to write poem  
Turning into a glacier in one breath  
The whiteness of paper be snow  
The black word be penguin

If at this moment  
I am sitting in space to write poem  
Light-hearted verse sentences  
Multi-colorful as like a meteor shower

If at this moment  
I am writing poem on the volcano  
How many burning  
Insomnia night  
Once inspiration appearing  
Yet out of control

2019.4.1





# ART

On the surface of an ivory  
I engrave a Mona Lisa  
The craving knife lightly slices  
As if to hear a lover sighing

Inside the bone of ivory  
I build an underground  
Let the blood of art transmit  
From here

Let the art  
Remain to history  
Pain, left to the elephant's offspring  
To remember

2017.7.12



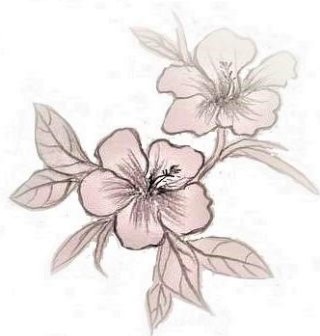
# FUNERAL

The pale rain rinses  
A half gray color morning  
The night killer  
Left behind the falling flowers' shrouds  
On the ground

A morning bird  
Singing an elegy  
Mourning the souls  
Of the innocent flowers  
Sniped by wind and rain of yesterday night

A snail  
Moving slowly to the scene  
Like a hearse  
Waiting Lin Daiyu  
To hold a funeral for them

2017.7.15



# THOUSAND -WINGED BIRD

It is a thousand -winged bird  
Of time  
I often flip its wings  
The transparent wings

Its every wing  
Having my comfortable memories  
And the beautiful image

I often put it by my pillow  
Sometimes take it out to wander

And now it stands on my bookshelf  
Says it can only let me find back  
The youth of past

The future days  
Waiting for a good and beautiful fable

2017.7.20



# THE GOD OF LOVE

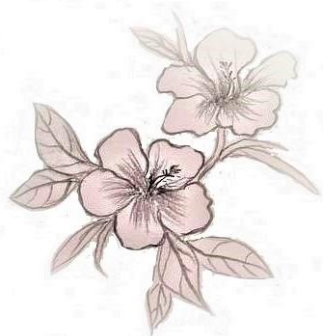
The fire of night  
Burning her solitude  
Venus  
On the snow

She is silent  
But her lips  
Be a pair of bows  
Leaning back to back

Not as a chivalrous girl  
No intending to shoot the vulture

Hope to see Cupid  
When opening her teeth

2017.7.23



# BED

A lost direction butterfly  
It flew into my window

Standing at the side of my pillow  
Swaggering in front of my bed

It thought :  
Here is a Dream Garden

My bed  
Like an ivory stage

In a tango melody  
It is a butterfly lady coming from myth

Dancing with me  
Under the spotlight

2019.4.18



## WHEN I AM OLD

When I am old  
You don't be surprised  
Ah, lover

Don't be surprised  
There are flowers and fog  
Under my glasses

The depth of rivers on face enough to row the boat  
Whispering in soundless  
But there is cicada humming

The autumn dandelions on the head  
Already drifting falling  
Like Li Bai thousand feet of gray hair

2019.3.25



# FIREFLY

I walked into the night of the black forest  
Hiding my face into the shimmer  
Of the stars

Stars were haunting  
On my hair  
Like some beautiful jade bracelets

After all, time not retain people  
I stepped out the night  
Of black forest

A twilight welcomed  
Dispelling firefly  
Then sticking on my face  
Also, with some of bird sounds

2019.5.2



# STONE

One stone sleeps  
Will the others wake up?  
Unless that is a volcano sleeping  
For thousand years  
Wake up to contest of sword with the sun  
To see who is the most powerful

Sun is fire  
Volcano is rock  
The wind and snow  
Cannot stop their stubbornness

Coral and stone  
Having the same blood  
No matter how high the tide  
Yet not higher than  
Their dream

Unless there is a fish with seven colors  
Or a passionate butterfly  
To soften them

On their body  
To bloom a flower

2017. 8. 8

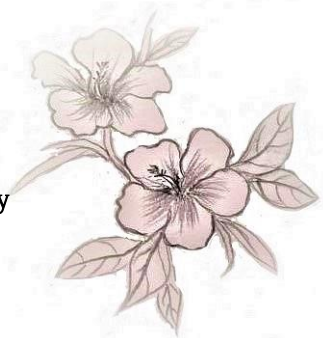




## IF

If there is no electricity  
Night is darkness  
A match  
Only ignites for one time and extinguishes  
If there is no candlelight  
Only rely on the sun  
Averaging autumn color of the world  
Night belongs to Adam  
Daytime belongs to sun god  
We are back to the classical era  
To a world of ancient than antiques  
Dreaming one thousand and one nights  
Write a romantic love poem  
Eve cannot read  
Cupid's arrow  
Lost its target  
Adam covers his face  
Venus has nothing to say  
No wonder Muse  
Learning ancient people  
Shaking the sleeve and goes away

2019.2.16



# MATTOCK

You beat the chest  
Of the earth  
With the beating music  
Pierce its internal organs  
Draw its blood

It is shouted with the anger  
Of tsunami  
Threat of volcano  
And snow rain  
The fear of seven magnitude  
Aftermath of earthquake

The coming days are long  
You are not aware the prophecy  
Of the prophets  
You are a mattock  
That digs  
Your own grave

2017.8.18



# FINALS

Do you see a group  
Of knight starfish ?

On the sea of contesting field  
Line up to the other side of victory

Not yet dawn  
The stars have to continue to ride the waves

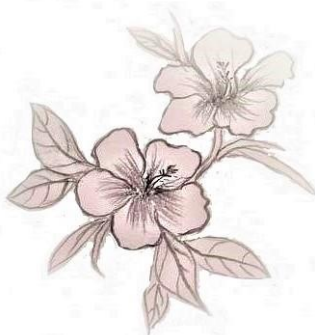
See who gets the first light  
Before dawn ?

2019.3.18



## BOUNDARY

Summer has changed its face color  
Sun warrior expressing his opinion  
Let a girl named Autumn  
Go to take over  
My window is facing the sea  
The girl was rowing with her Autumn color  
Coming with  
Li Qingzhao's eyed waves  
Horizontally across my window  
She brought me a bag  
Of Li He's poems  
Ah, my window  
Seems not to be closed again  
Until one day  
There was a poor scholar named Winter  
Roaring outside my window  
His pale hand holding a bottle  
Refrigerating for a thousand years  
I don't know if Li Bai's wine?  
He waved his pale fist  
Knocking on my window  
I hurriedly closed the window  
Inadvertently scaring Muse away



2019.2.18

# SELF MOCKING

Come from theory  
Facing Tang poetry  
Daring to operate knife

Ambitious at all the sudden  
Murderous arising  
Quickly toward  
A poor cow

From skull to toe to tendons  
Replacing the blood  
And marrow

And also five internal organs  
What's more the soul  
Cracking and reorganizing  
So-called deconstruction

2019.3.28



# WINDOW

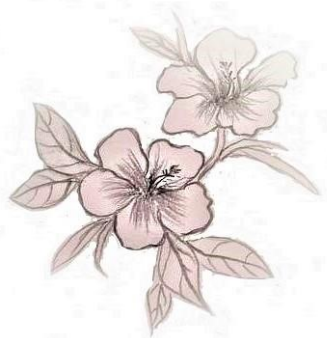
As white as a fox of the manuscript paper  
Waiting for the advent  
Of a black Muse

My window is one of import and export  
Brand company  
Input Muse  
Output poetry

The sun comes early  
Like to urge the goods  
Just because the absence of poetry god  
Delaying till to the moon ups to the willow treetop

The stars  
Have climbed over my window  
Asking  
Whether a poem about after dusk  
Is completed ?

2019.3.17



# SNOW

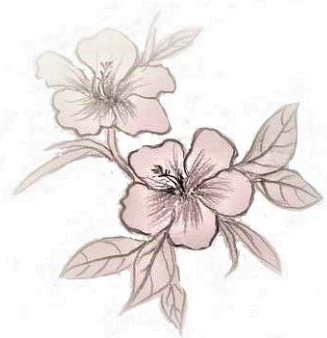
A big downhill  
Of skiing  
No climax more than  
As rise and fall surfing

And on the island  
Full of thousand piles of snow  
What's more on mainland  
Poet can freely squander  
A large piece of whiteness

And the squids walking fully on the street  
Shake off their white scales  
Which all are  
Poetries

And Li Bai of that year  
Wanting coming back  
To look the poetry world today  
Whether snowy as such  
His name is

2019.3.7



# FLOUNDER

Wishing to be the birds having one wing each in the  
heaven

Willing to be the trees whose branches interlock in the  
land

After Tanabata

The Hall of Eternal Life had no one

Imperial concubine Yang and emperor Tang-Ming

Announced their absence

The weaver girl and the cowherd boy on the magpie  
bridge

Also saying

Better to return

Just a few stars staying in the river

Insisting on

Saying:

" Wishing in the water to be a pair-eyed fish."

2019.4.13





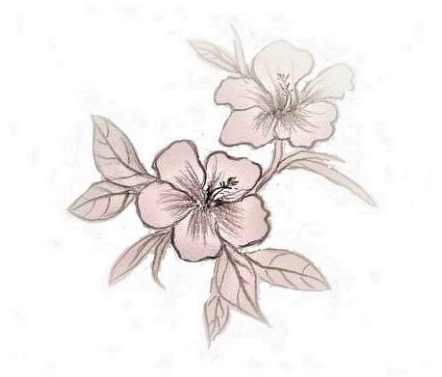
# BREAK DAWN

The last sunset  
At dusk  
Gradually evolving into  
The night shroud

The sound of a nightingale  
Not sweetness  
Gus, gus, divining prediction  
Singing an elegy

And a twilight de-sheathing  
Poking through the night  
Opening a hole inside it  
Becoming the sun

2019.3.11



# IMAGINE

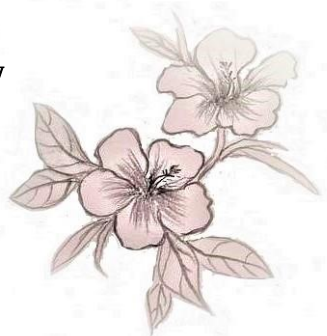
Imagining one day  
Earth real doomsday  
The world will become wasteland  
All human creatures  
Together with myth  
Adam and Eve all will be dead

The first thing I consider is poetry  
Whether it is still long-live as the sky  
Exist in nothingness

The so-called alien beings to the earth  
Among the glaciers and rocks  
Archaeologist dividing  
Plus  
A human age

The first thing I consider is poetry  
Do they regard it  
As algae or moss  
In that era ?

2019.1.22



# TANG POETRY

I have a boat  
Drifting in my dream  
I sail over three hundred kilometers  
Crossing three hundred storms  
Seeing three hundred seabirds  
Passing three hundred dangerous reefs  
Seeing three hundred swans  
Passing three hundred swirls  
Seeing three hundred suns  
Looking up to three hundred moons  
Hugging over three hundred stars  
But still not sail in the hall of poetry  
I go back the ancient times against the light years  
Still cannot touch  
The shore of Tang poetry  
Listening the apes howling on both sides of strait  
Visiting the fireworks in March of Yangzhou

2019.3.4

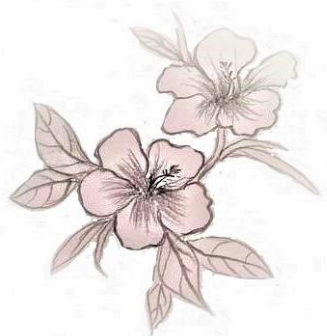


# WINTER

A gust blows  
The swan  
Dropping a few feathers

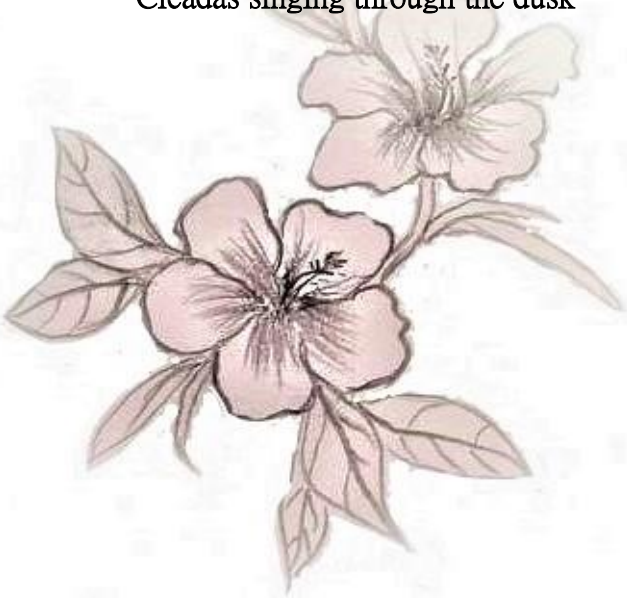
A girl sitting in front of the piano  
Pressing slightly with her unornamented finger  
On the snow sound of a white key  
From the hair of an old man  
Quietly  
Sliding  
Down

2019.2.19



SECOND SERIES  
LOVER OF WIND

If you don't come  
I quietly dream  
On the branches  
Although singing while with the birds  
Cicadas singing through the dusk



## THE PALM OF FLOWER



# SPECIMEN

I put a butterfly  
In my album

Page by page of painting  
Becoming a vivid scenery

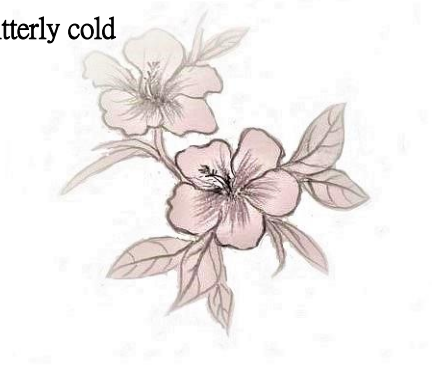
I put it in the flower  
It turns into a butterfly lady

I put it into the landscape  
It feels very lonely

I put it in the grass  
It becomes a poppy

I put it on a stone  
Ah, it looks lonesome and bitterly cold

2019.3.12



# WIND

You are a wanderer  
Moving and stopping at the long street  
Knocking every window

You travel through time  
On the numerous sands of the Ganges  
Leaving the footprints of ages

You cross the annual ring  
In the circle of reincarnation  
Not relating to you

You always exist  
From the last century to the next century  
Until eternity

2019.2.21





# DEATH OF IMPRESSION

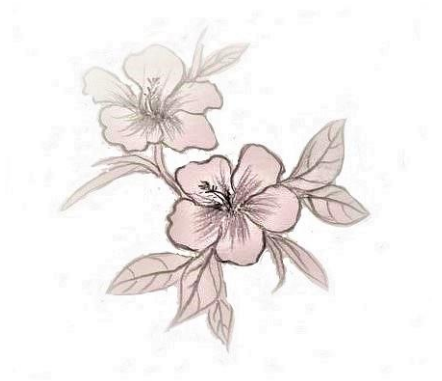
I keep following  
An impression  
It bumps and sinks  
In my brain  
Like a ship  
Looming

Seems a lover  
To have met unexpectedly  
A yellow flower  
Once having loved

Now all being vanished  
With the flowing water of spring  
It gives me the feeling  
Of being instantly destroyed

The evening glow  
That holding in my hand  
Finally turn into  
The fragments  
Of dream

2019.2.8



# LOVER OF WIND

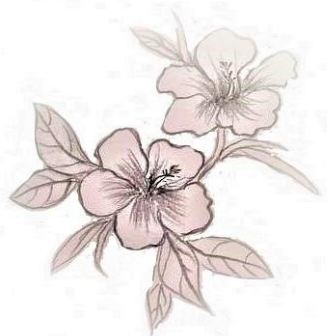
Come with me  
Lover  
We are surfing together

If you don't come  
I quietly dream  
On the branches

Although singing while with the birds  
Cicadas singing through the dusk  
The night is coming soon

Come with me  
We dance together  
Lover

2019.2.22



# ON THE EXECUTION GROUND

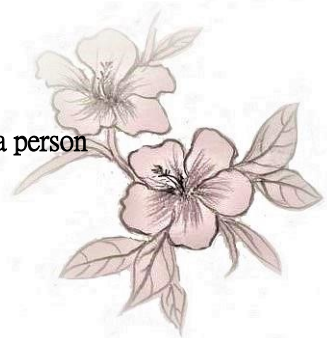
After a row of guns rang  
Not even the sound of a crow or a magpie's cawing  
Only an olive tree  
Still waving the branches  
Like waving to him

His head bowing  
He wanted to work hard to open his eyes  
Look up to see the last sky  
But covered  
By a black sun

He has many roses  
On his body  
Many earthworms crawl out  
From the flowers

He is thinking himself has been a person  
Liking the earthworm  
Loving to plant rose flower

2019.2.13



# SUN

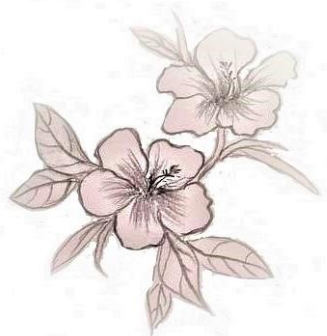
The evening glow cannot retain him  
He said he has to go  
To go heartily

Don't sing of night wind  
To see him off  
Don't show colorful ribbons to pave the way for him

He said he has to go  
To go heroically  
Don't linger Yang Quan of no longer

Facing the long coastline  
He said  
He will definitely return back tomorrow

2019.5.4



## ADVERTISING IN VALID

He used the relating witty language  
An advertisement  
Beautiful naming poetry

Deceiving all the butterflies in the world  
Because like of  
The greening Environmental protection

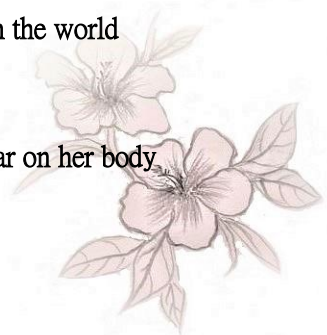
Beautiful eyes longing  
Waiting for  
A magical surgery

Also please to come the God to hold knife  
Said smearing of greasy powder  
Could cover smallpox

Beautiful eyes longing  
Beautiful to all lady butterflies in the world  
Cheerful

Actually would be one with a scar on her body  
Praising :  
Excellent! Excellent!

2019.5.20



# MASSACRE DRAMA

1.

Accidentally reading a news  
Of holocaust in the newspaper  
Very surprised  
So-called massacre

Do not think to  
Massacre in everyday  
Massacre in the sky  
Massacre on the land  
Massacre performing  
In water

2.

From 4 am  
Performing  
Not at the ivory stage  
But in the cruel  
Bloodstained slaughter house



## THE PALM OF FLOWER

The actor butcher  
Is the most ferocious  
Cruel executioner  
To the cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs, chickens and ducks  
Slaughtering

3.

The curtain falling  
The abattoir has cleaned up  
All beings are going to prepare the next reincarnation  
performing  
Performers having a share

2019.5.29



# PLASTIC SURGERY

I saw the injured landscape in the oil painting  
Thought that the painter's  
Careless knife  
Leaving the scar of image

I stood for a long time  
Thinking carefully  
Epiphany, originally when God  
Creating a real world  
Must gradually complete  
Revising and modifying

Sky leaking a hole  
Also needing Nuwa to make stone repairing sky  
What 's more the initiator painter  
Using the supernatural workmanship  
Making a facelift for art  
Again and again

Note:  
Nuwa: Sister and successor of Fu Hsi

2019.4.1





## TEXT MEAL

I was eating breakfast with Muse  
Muse ordered  
Not the rhythm-like of slippery chicken  
Bone and meat demolition of word game  
Also not the greasy Tang poem and Song words  
Not frying and frying the sentence of predecessor

I ordered a dish of Dream of Red Mansion  
A dish of majestic poem  
And a quatrain of without seeing the ancient people in  
front  
And the comer at behind  
Muse said: Oh ! No !

I said that it is better to come with a dish of economic  
language  
Both traditional and fashionable  
Modern poetry combining the Chinese and Western  
Muse said : Oh ! Yes !

2019.3.3



# DEATH OF THE ROSE

Rose died in flame of its own  
Burning down  
At an undecided moment

A homing bird passing by  
Thought that it committed a suicide  
Singing for it an elegy  
Of the setting sun

And the soul of the flaming flower  
O leaving a bitter suffering beautiful image  
To the wind

Let the painter who loves to grasp  
At shadows wander  
In his painting  
Adding the evening glow

2019.1.25



# WAR

Before the curtain falling  
There was a narration  
That had been silent for a long time :  
" War and love are not over yet ! "

Every actor on the theater  
Was waiting to continue  
Performing

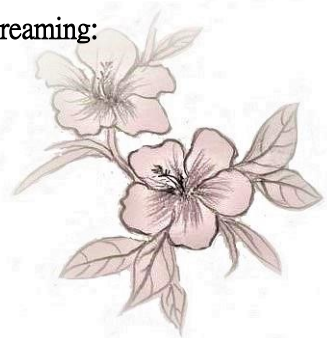
Before the curtain opening  
There was a narration  
That had been silent for a long time:  
" The war broke out ! "

( Outside flying sands and running stones )

The audiences under the stage screaming:  
" The war really broke out ! "

" O lover  
Is it just a drama? "

2019.1.17



## SO-CALLED REINCARNATION

The cloud is the soul of the rain  
The rain is the body of the cloud  
From the objective environment  
They are constantly changing

From birth to death  
But it's a process  
Of transformation

Through a steaming purgatory  
From the death of a drop of rain  
Advancing to  
A slowly rising soul

Cloud ups the sky  
Peeking the world  
Beyond the earth  
So-called paradise

Rain drops the earth  
With its flesh  
Appearing in every corner of the earth  
So-called the mortals world



## THE PALM OF FLOWER

Heaven and earth  
Clouds and rain are operating  
Repeated deaths  
Repeated births  
So-called reincarnation

2019.2.27



# THE DEATH OF A FOREST

◆To Pandora

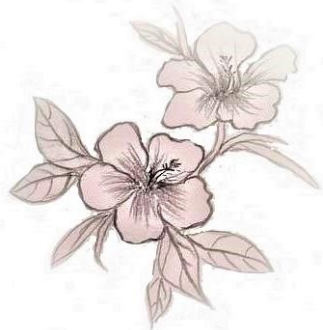
Fire has no malicious ideas  
Set a forest  
To die

For the mislead of Pandora  
Exiling a group of  
Corpse-eating birds carry light

Ah, all beings, all beings  
Unluckily become  
The feast of Vulcan

Except a phoenix in myth  
That can be reborn  
By bathing fire

2019.1.26



# PROPHECY OF DAFFODIL

Daffodil with open big mouth  
Want to tell everyone  
A prophecy  
A big event that  
Will happen

Phalaenopsis and rose  
Admiring the morning scenery  
Peony just in sipping  
Mellow morning dew

Only a dragonfly that crosses  
The border in the morning  
Hear the signal of 911

It spins back and forth  
It is powerless  
To rescue the flowers

Ah, the witch  
With a flower basket  
Her footsteps closer and closer

2017.10.27



# CARNIVOROUS BIRD

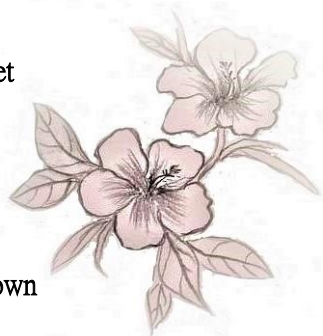
A carnivorous bird  
Smelling a rich dinner  
In the wind

So, it comes through  
The tunnel of the sun  
Comes into the layers of mummy's years  
A tomb  
Of pyramid

Ah, it thinks  
This dinner  
Waiting for it for thousands of years

When the first star  
Is rising  
It starts to enjoy.....  
But finds out inside  
Having an incomprehensible secret

The mummy's shroud  
Hard as the fortress  
Why  
The feathers wrapped around its own  
Being so fragile?

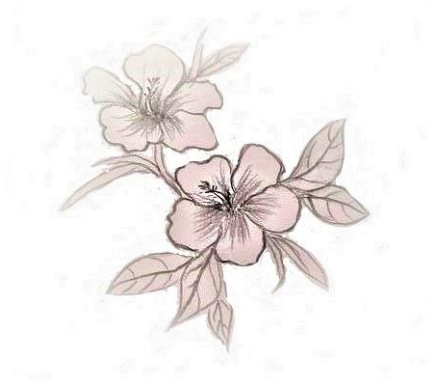




## THE PALM OF FLOWER

Thinking, thinking  
Of an epiphany magic  
It goes back to eat vegetarian

2018.12.25



## DANCE PARTNER

Thinking growing from wisdom  
Teeth biting pieces of lie

Lip opening and closing is like a pair of bow  
Wanting to shoot but yet not

Shooting an illusion  
To release a truth

Let the eyes observe  
A masquerade with mask

On the ivory stage  
To get an intimate partner

2019.2.12



# LOVE

The closest  
The farthest  
The most lover

Where the moonlight cannot shine in  
A secret  
Of love

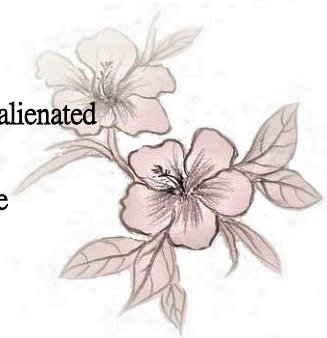
Sprouting from the heart  
Gradually growing  
To occupy  
The entire space

From a mythical July  
Spreading bacteria  
Of love

Neither lovey-dovey  
Nor seems to be close and to be alienated

Under the will of the God of love  
Flying in pair

2019.4.26



# DEATH OF SUMMER

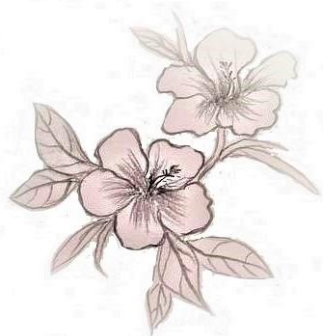
The song of nightingale  
Blowing from the bloody maple forest  
Midsummer night  
Like the burning stage

Pandora with her light note  
Like an urging fatal beat

Overturning a glass  
Of wine on the table  
Like the mottled blood  
Summer will die  
Of blood loss

A waitress in restaurant  
Called Autumn  
Preparing counting up  
The summer season  
At the table

2019.2.10



# GOD

Is the sunshine after rain  
To save the flying bird?  
The wounded wings

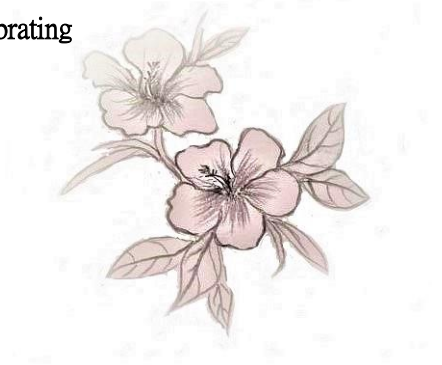
In order to save  
A poor butterfly  
The broken arm figure

After a thunderstorm  
To save some drowned creature?  
Snake, insect, rat, ant .....

After falling snow and ice  
Saving  
A stiff penguin?

Ah, the bell in the church vibrating  
Seems to answer:  
Amen

2019.1.18



# POPPY

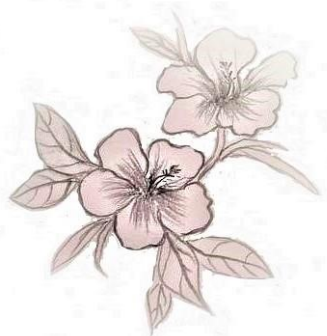
In the season of poppy blooming  
An autumn geese flying pass by  
Mouth-watering  
Of Her intoxicating fragrance

An earthworm  
Coming from thousands mountains thousands waters  
In order to a fragrant kiss

Up to sky and down to ground  
In all directions

Encourage the addicts  
Coming from wind  
Throwing squandering thousands of dollars  
In order to hug you

2019.5.25



# LONELY

I overlook a fish from the mast  
Seagull said  
When I not yet in holding of it  
It has disappeared in the waves

The clouds are wandering  
Over above my head  
I am far looking at the tower shadow in the clouds  
And the looming mirage

Ah, the night will come here  
The sky is like the marble  
Embedding the diamond-like stars  
Like the looming fishing lamps  
Reflecting a loneliness  
Under my feet

2018.12.27

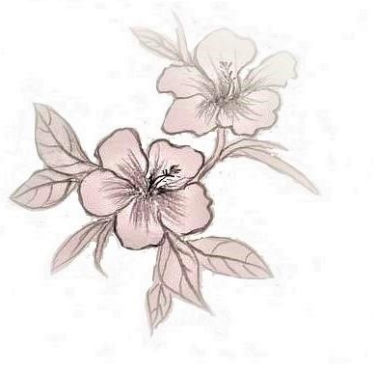


# GUN-GRAY YEARS

◆written for recall Viet-Nam war

A gun-gray night  
A gun-gray vulture passing over  
Around my gun-gray war trench  
Night dressing with a gun-gray shroud  
Strong wind blowing a gun-gray whistle  
Shaking one by one of the gun-gray ghosts  
The night was very gun-gray not very romantic  
And with a gun-gray melancholy  
I was hugging gun-gray Athena  
Waiting for her to yell a gun-gray command  
A row of gun-gray bullets  
Shot from my gun  
Scratching a gun-gray night sky

2019.1.21





# SUNRISE

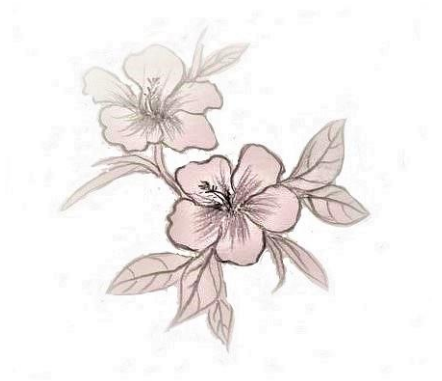
A dew on the lotus leaf  
By the sound of dawn breeze  
Playing the morning song

A couple  
Step on the song  
Admiring the morning wind and waning moon  
On the shore of willow trees

In addition to singing and dancing  
Dew also loves fantasy  
Climbs to the lotus  
Learning to fly

Sitting and watching a phoenix  
That gradually rises  
By self-burning

2019.1.12



# MORNING

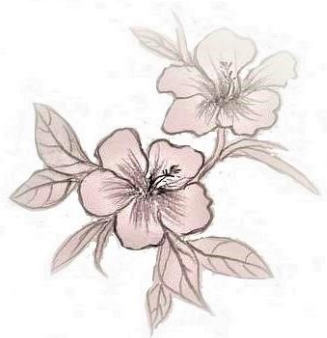
I shake off  
One by one baubiniias  
In the ashtray

When  
They have not become ashes  
A bit like a girl  
Shying

And the sun outside the window  
With a green face  
In the grasses  
Reaching into my window

I will shake the last cigarette butt  
Ah, let my white hair  
Reflecting each other  
With it

2019.1.16



# TAKE A WALK

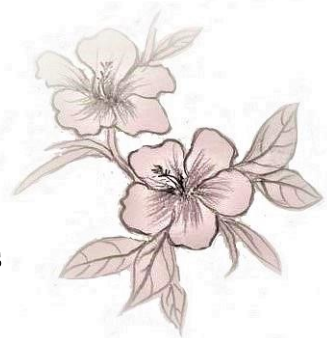
Waking up at early morning  
I was walking, for a walk  
As an earthworm slowly crawling

Walking through rows of houses  
And going through a row of oak trees  
The left ear, seemed to hear the whisper of the wind  
The right ear, as seeming to hear a piece of bird's chirp

The sun not yet appeared  
My feet were like the clock pendulum  
Treading on star's glimmering  
And continued to walk

I came to a low place in swamp  
I saw an interim perching crab  
It stretched out an arm  
At the hole  
As to say a hello to me

Then I came to a diverging path  
Going to a highland  
Beside the stones  
Picking a saxifrage  
Blooming with small red flowers



2019.1.3

# ME AND MOSES

Moses getting God's revelation

On the journey

Writing the guide words

On the stone wall

And I let my thought

Roaming on the promenade of the dream

Picking up the red leaves

Which were all of poetries

On the desert of dream

I was lucky than Moses

Because I met

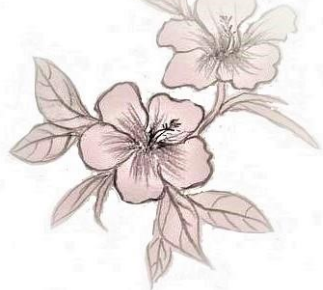
A beautiful Goddess Muse

Note:

Moses: an Egyptian leader from the 13th to the 14th centuries

BC

2019.4.15



## BREAK UP

◆Written by reading Meng Quhui's "  
Liqueur.....not yet dry"

Under the fig tree  
Venus has left  
Leaving a tree shadow tattoos  
On the body of a pair  
Of lovers

Love is dead  
God is also dead  
Walk through a preset grave  
A pair of lovers do not walk in  
But go to each way

2019.1.30



# DROUGHT

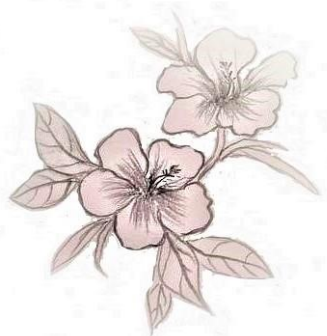
Under the raging sun  
The hair of tree is like Pandora's  
The body is also like a sun god

Many earthworms  
Crawl out from a hole  
Like a street traffic jam

A vulture roundabout on the top of a tower  
And squatting on the bald branches  
Seems to be meditating

O if the rain does not come  
It will become a phoenix  
Of bathing fire

2019.1.11



# THE WELL

The well is a black mirror  
Containing  
A deep secret

Lovers can't see  
Each other's faces  
Only use the mind to explore

Moonlight can't run in  
Where the stars can't find it

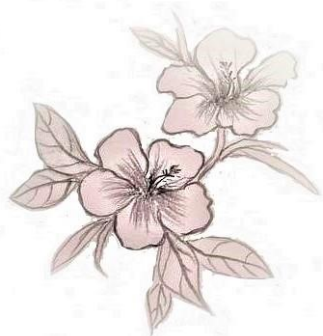
The wind doesn't know  
If its voice will come

And a frog in the mirror  
Croaking in divining:  
The world is such big

2019.1.10



## THE PALM OF FLOWER





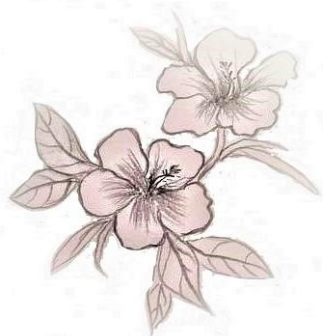
## THIRD SERIES

### HARP

You are a narrow narrow ship  
Such as an andante of song  
Like one by one vertical strings of rain  
How do you inspire  
The starfishes of the river?



## THE PALM OF FLOWER



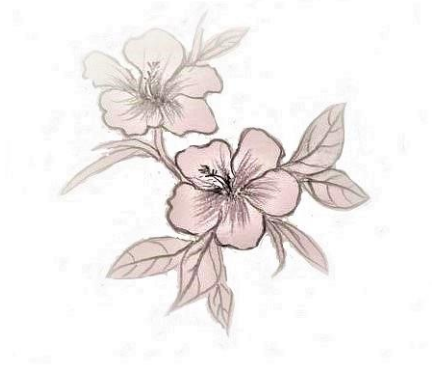
# ZEN

Satan opens this door  
Let the beings go in  
The soul run out

Blood belongs to the river  
And returns to the river  
Flesh belongs to earth  
And returns to earth  
The bone belongs to the mountain  
And returns to the mountain  
The soul belongs to the air  
And returns to the air

Satan closes this door  
Ah, originally there is nothing  
Where to provoke the dust ?

2019.1.8



## SUN'S PROMENADE

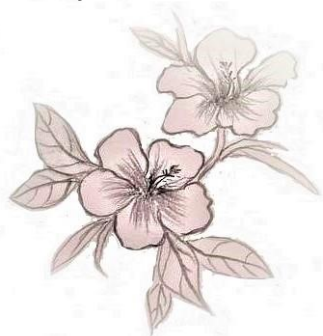
The grasses  
Cheering and waving to  
A lover who  
Always arrives

The lover who comes  
Following the footsteps of the clock  
Following the everlasting  
Unchanging promenade

He brings a red rose  
In the early morning  
Says to give to his lover  
So the sky has become very romantic

There will be rain and mud along the way  
But the love of the sun  
To the earth  
Until-death

2019.4.11



# POLLUTION

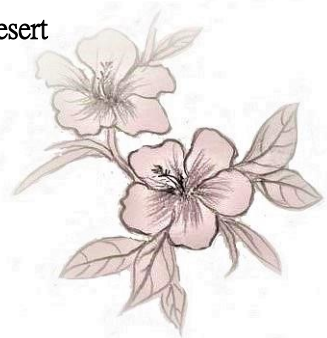
The soil is struggling under the ground  
The city is growing on the ground  
A forest  
Dies gradually

All wildlife  
Are being negated  
God is also helpless  
An antelope desperately runs away

Aesthetics with new eyed perspective, need not  
The green environmental protection  
Need not  
The beautiful eyes of forest nymph

Slowly rising of the industrial clouds  
Not a lonely smoke in the vast desert  
But the coal smokes  
Rolling into ocean

2018.10.19



# LIBRARY

One day  
I walked into a foreign library  
The administrator was dozing  
The books on the shelves  
Were also sleeping from fatigue

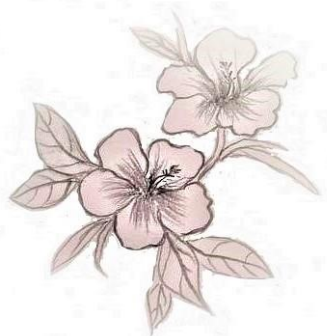
I continued one by one to wake them up  
The library was very noisy  
At that time  
Like a music recitation concert

I seemed to hear  
Beethoven's symphony  
Whitman 's poem  
Reading

In fact, I was coming  
Wanted to find Qu Yuan  
Ezra Pound has translated his  
Wanted to find Li-Bai  
R. Tagore has translated his

One by one  
A very Chinese face

2019.1.19



# HARP

Oh Harp oh harp  
You are a narrow narrow ship

Such as an andante of song  
Like one by one vertical strings of rain

How do you inspire  
The starfishes of the river?

A group of infatuated audiences  
With the invitation of moonlight

Staring a girl's filigree ten fingers  
Moving the colorful notes

2019.1.13



## IF WITHOUT YOU

■ Mourning Yu Quangzhong 90 years old  
died

If without you  
The world has become very lonely  
Birds sadness  
Flowers without poet  
You appreciate

The starry sky no longer very Greek  
The pale rain  
No longer  
Like your Wuling youth light-hearted hair

Walking through the long road of nearly a century  
Walk to the West  
You visit Muse  
Walk back the East  
You carry Ly He's poem bag  
All of life

If without you  
Lotus will not associate  
Beat music is no longer beating  
Silent covering your world

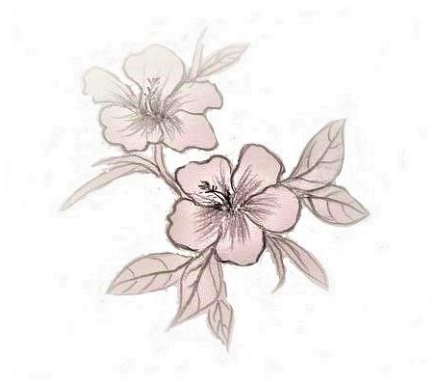




## THE PALM OF FLOWER

However the soil  
Does not have a quiet bed  
The grasses' hands  
Wake up to you day and night  
Say: Poet, please get up to write poetry

2019.4.2



# EARTH'S PAIN

A stupid old man to move a mountain  
Turning the sea into the mulberry field

From ancient times to the present  
I have endured the painful memories

One by one shoveled mud machine  
Raging on my chest

The more civilized  
My body is more painful

The detector rhythmically  
Detects me day and night

Once in a row of overwhelming by a war  
I already being incompletely

2018.10.6



# WHITE SWAN

A pair of her no turning eyes  
Staring at a piece  
Of snow  
Falling slowly

She closes her eyes with association  
Of a white swan  
Bathing in the river

Its naked body  
Like the white ice muscle  
Undulating breasts like the waves

Beak pecking  
The long seaweeds  
Like the black hair on the shoulders  
Of a mermaid

She is afraid  
Of a shirtless fisherman  
Spreading  
One by one of nets

2019.1.9



# INJURED SOLDIER

◆Memorize a gun-gray fighting

They sleep in a bed  
Of two people and three legs

Of three people and  
Four eyes

Here is not a shooting range  
Is a battlefield

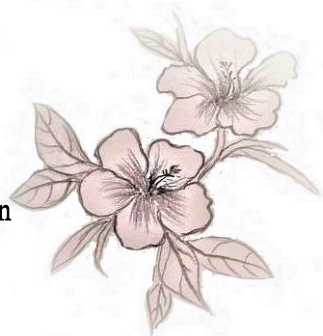
Not a game  
Receiving an invitation to die at any time

Here is a graveyard  
Tombstone erects a harp

The fingers of bullet slide over  
Hypnotic music

Woke up to realize that themselves  
Were pushed out the door of Satan

2018.10.8



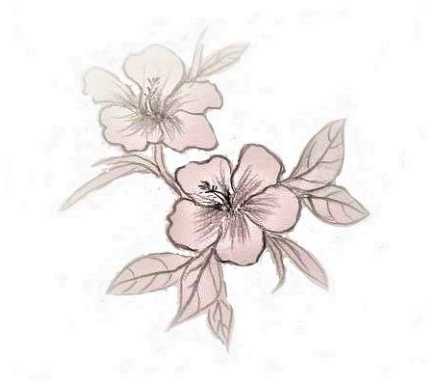
# GLOSS

The eyes won't tell a lie  
Let teeth to say skillfully  
Like chewing a piece of chocolate  
Use to gloss over

Stuffy, from the bottom of the heart  
Through the channel of nostrils  
Popping up, a false  
Smile

And the ears, listen to the praises  
Of the others  
In fact, the heart is weeping

2019.1.4



## OUTSIDE THE SPRING

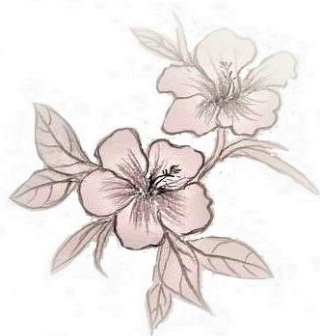
When the voice from the end of a long street  
Winter dies

When the voice ups and downs on the bell tower  
accumulating snow  
Time being blank

When the voice at the diverging road  
Birth of spring

But not relate to the penguins  
Standing each other in snow all year

2019.1.14



# LABYRINTH

I am a person who loves to find miracle  
Came to a castle under the moonlight

Roundabout back and fro  
Stepping on the repeating roads

Footprints  
Like the traps one by one passed by

Directions in the southeast and northwest unclear  
Block by block of the strange walls

There was a hazy illusion  
Of human head lion body

There was a blurred appearance  
Of mermaid

Also like seeing the shadow of snake at foot  
Wind as tiger screamed as dragon whispered

Between horrifying and thinking  
A bat passed over my head

Said: please follow me  
Then flew toward a star in the sky

2018.11.11

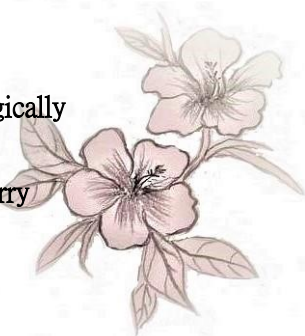


## SO-CALLED HOMESICKNESS

So-called homesickness  
It is a medicated plaster  
Of adults who love to paste  
It is belongs to the past  
Contemplating about the ancient exquisite feelings  
Symbol of a memory

A lingering hometown butterfly  
Bringing nostalgic bacteria  
Spreading wandering in your dream  
Also like a moonlight  
In front of Ly Bai's bed  
Slipping down  
To poet your face

Ah, your face since then  
Pasting with continuous nostalgia  
And to give the new words  
Also, modern poetry saying nostalgically  
And belongs to the modern  
Nostalgia being very light very blurry





## THE PALM OF FLOWER

What is homesickness?  
Going out to west, Yangquan no longer  
To break a willow twig in front the pavilion, no longer  
Yangquan Sandie, no longer  
An air ticket to solve your matters  
In mind of returning hometown

Note :

Yangquan Sandie is a song. in ancient time, singing when  
people sent their friends by past this only one Yangquan road to  
West.

2019.5.24



# MIRROR DEVIL

In teenaging  
I naked my body  
Walking into the mirror  
Of course, no one in the room

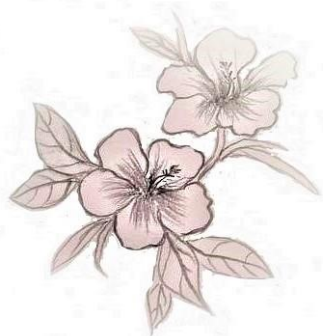
Only the light  
Opening eyes  
Peeking my beautiful figure

When in aged year  
I naked my body  
Walking into the mirror  
Of course, no one in the room

Only the light  
Disgusting  
Looking at my old figure

The fact, in the dark  
Ah, there is a mirror devil  
Takes my life's years  
Manipulating in the mirror of his

2019.1.1



# TREE SAYS

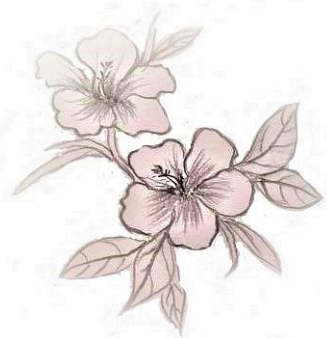
I woke up from my morning dream  
Several sparrows  
Flied into my body  
Standing on my bones  
Winking and singing  
A morning song

A bat  
Danced back on the moon stage  
Yesterday night  
Slept upside down on my shoulder  
Song still singing around its mouth

A bucks  
On a lawn approaching  
The approaching eyes  
Still with a piece of vague green

And I accidentally discovered  
A bobcat  
Eyeing  
Seemed to ask me  
A plentiful breakfast

2018.2.1



# SHATTER

The moon raising  
Over my high wall  
I am one of  
The highest building  
Everything under my feet  
My eyes  
Are a greedy camera  
Take in the landscape  
Take in the glamorous body  
Of moon  
Hope to be able to jump aloft the sky  
Migrate to the moon palace  
Suddenly there is a piece of cloud comes near  
Squats at my shoulder  
Like a crow  
Diving quietly :  
Be careful like 911  
Smashed to pieces

2018.2.10



## MORNING SCENE

The first dawn light in the morning  
Cutting through the dark corridor of the night

A girl in front of the window  
Embracing a guitar that without sleep all the night

An old man  
Takes his close loving dog to walk

A group of children playing tidal  
Kick a shy morning sun high

2019.1.2



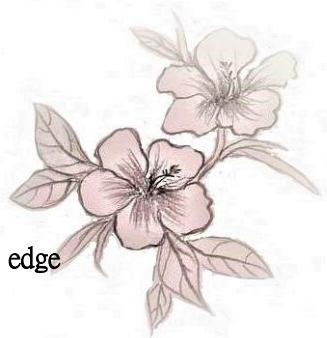
# SNAKE

At the side of the carob tree  
I saw a snake  
It woke up in the morning mist  
Like a crook chocolate

I am not a person  
Suffering of diabetes  
Tried to touch this appetite  
The snake thought that  
Interesting I  
Then opened its mouth  
And gave me a bewildered lotus

A morning bird  
Occasionally to fly across  
Almost falling  
Into this beautiful pitfall  
Its waist beautiful  
With tattoos  
Like a female loafer

And I was a man  
Who could restrain himself  
Blowing a whistle  
And walked away from the abyss' edge



2018.1.30

# SPARROW

Not yet till to daybreak  
Daffodil still in dreaming  
An early sparrow  
Standing on a high wall

Left eye overlooking the green world  
Outside the wall  
Right eye looking inside  
At the rose scene

Amazingly finds that flowers  
Are not flowers  
All at sixes and sevens  
Of sheep have been slaughtered

The sun outside the window seeing that  
With a pale face  
Angering whisking the fog and go away

Only leaving a sparrow  
Looking depressingly  
At a tearful star of horizon  
Frighteningly it says:  
" Originally, the human beings are so cruel "



2019.1.6

## SNAKE OF FIRE

A snake released  
From a light  
On the fire's stage  
Like a girl who swallows fire  
Performing  
With Pandora's gesture

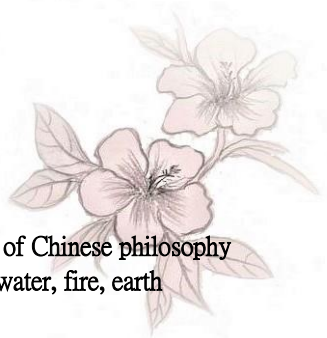
She opens her mouth  
And put the torch down  
Swallows fire  
Swallows a flamingo

Spits fire  
Spits out a phoenix  
Such swallowing and spitting  
Of five primary elements  
Allelopathy

One ying and one yang in her palm  
The night dies  
Birth of dawn  
Metal, wood, water, earth  
Fighting in her from time to time  
Deducing of reincarnation

Note: Ying Yang: The dual principle of Chinese philosophy  
Five primary element: Metal, wood, water, fire, earth

2018.12.17





# ANSWER

After a heavy rain  
Frogs appeared  
On the lotus  
Singing to each other  
At the scene of after rain

One claimed to be an elderly said :  
Our bodies  
Having a beautiful tattoos

Frogs looked at the image  
On the body of each other  
The young one said :  
It's a modern painting  
The other one said :  
It's an abstract poem  
Frogs debating  
With different opinions

An elderly fisherman coming  
To give them an answer  
Said :

“No, all of you are delicious food on the table”

2018.2.9



# ARTIFICIAL FLOWER AND POEM

It belongs to  
Existentialism

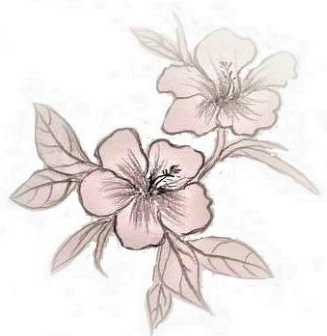
Not ravaged  
By wind, frost, rain and snow to decay

It and poem in order to  
Decorate a more beautiful world

It does not belong to life  
No need to look at the face of God

Since having a computer, poem is not afraid book-worm  
Not afraid of Louyang's paper expensive price

2018.12.19



## SPIDER SAID

When people welcome the New Year  
With a happy mood  
But with the ambivalence worry  
The day are getting shorter and shorter

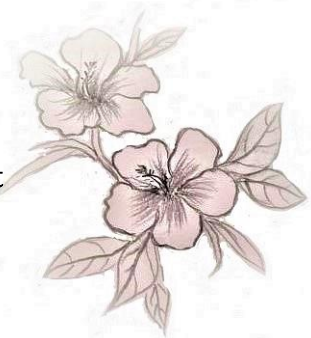
During people cleaning the old and welcome the new  
I lose the home  
Escape from death  
Perching in a banyan tree

First of all, I accept  
An iron-like reality  
I dare not dream of future  
A wandering years  
Are the painful raging

I am lonely facing  
The cruel world  
Endure the bullying of the snow  
And the scorching sun

In the day to come  
Who can predict?  
Life will be denied at any moment  
No matter where you are sacred?  
Death, sooner or later will come

2019.1.20



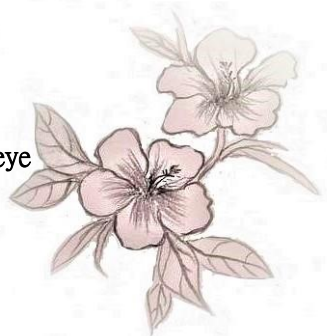
## SNAKE OF SMOKE

I never know that  
Who gave birth to me?  
What place of sacred?  
No need to give me a fixed shape  
But makes me  
Alive vividly

I only remember  
Like a myth of childhood  
Climbed out  
From an old man's pipe  
A slowly rising snake

Some people say that my life is short  
The fragile body is unbearable for a grip  
And then engulfed  
By the wind

In fact  
I am diving in the sea of space  
You can't see me with the naked eye  
But I still exist  
Not nothingness



2019.1.15

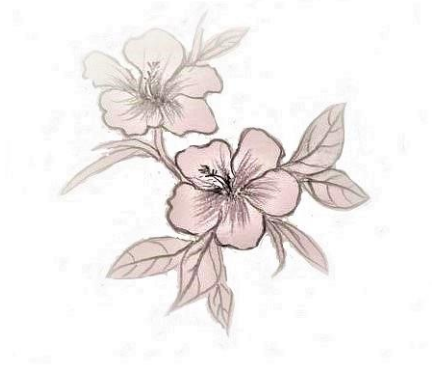
# TREE ACCUSATION

A tree dumping  
A bat dies  
An owl  
Sighing on the tombstone  
The empty vastness of moonlight  
Annoying this lonely and desolate summer season

Summer is the accomplice  
Of Pandora  
Burning tree  
Disfigures earth  
Snakes and earthworms have nowhere to perch

After a summer of killing chasing  
Trees stretch out their arms  
Toward a complaint to God  
Get back a fair  
From Pandora

2018.12.30



# FLYING WITHOUT WINGS

In fact  
I am not a bird  
Not a seagull  
Not a swan  
Even not a phoenix

I am the air  
Flying in the atmosphere of the earth  
Crossing the mountains  
Through the forest and valley  
Flowing into lakes and seas

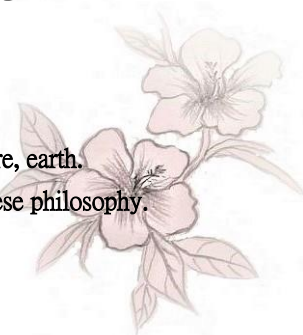
Not only on the surface of the earth  
Also exist in your body  
Promoting the vitality of five primary elements  
Your exhale and inhale of ying yang  
To be having my flight

Note:

-Five elements: metal, wood, water, fire, earth.

-ying yang: the dual principle of Chinese philosophy.

2018.12.29



# THE FLY

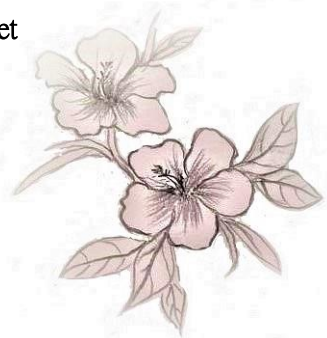
With a pair of transparent blue eyeballs  
Insight into a corroded body  
With rubbing hands and rubbing feet of joy  
It imagines to enjoy  
A rich luncheon

But it suddenly finds out  
The world of this piece of delicious food  
There are countless maggots

Thinking about it gains an insight  
Ah, one thing dies  
Everything is derived

It wants to let their new generation  
To know who their God is ?  
It stops the moving hands and feet  
Divining as zen-like  
Said:  
God is a gray fox

2018.12.21



# MAGIC POEM

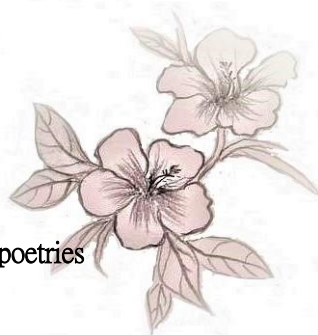
◆ Mourning magic poet Luo Fu

Yesterday's snake has returned to yesterday  
At last, you also return to the soil  
Thus, sunlight and white snow  
Not relating to you

Only the fragrance of yesterday still exist  
Like your tongue seeming a lotus  
Attracting  
The transiting birds  
Infatuating  
At your magic verse

You are linked to  
Surreal and symbol  
On the carob tree  
You are being a looming  
Singing and dancing snake

You don't love snow's white  
But like the hazy of morning fog  
Early get up in the morning  
Grazing one by one of the magic poetries



2019.4.4



## THE BEARD SAID

When I cross over  
The first threshold of life  
Just think of a seed  
That hibernate in the ground  
Break through the stubborn soil  
Fortunately become a strong coltsfoot flower

And I come with continuous meditation  
Cross the door of night  
Have not thought deeply through tianji  
Unfortunately encounter your hand  
Holding a razor  
Gently scrape on me

In fact I hope so much  
To change the wanxiang  
Devine the five primary elements  
Let me exist  
From ying to yang

In the long years  
From black to white  
O in full year I  
Spend with you this life

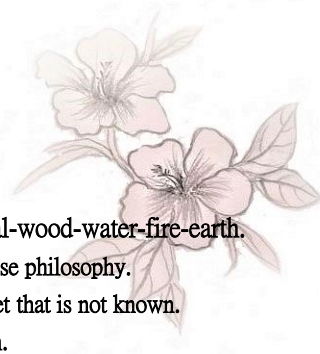
2018.11.26

Note: -Five primary elements : metal-wood-water-fire-earth.

-Ying yang : the dual principle of Chinese philosophy.

-Tianji: the mystery of heaven as a secret that is not known.

-Wanxiang: Every phenomenon on earth.



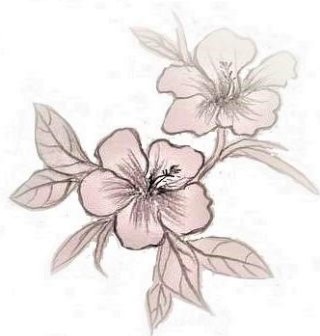
# MATTERS OF THE MIND

I want of pick up  
Those lost  
Waking in forgetting

Once having in between my two fingers  
Rising slowly of the snakes  
A little psychedelic  
A little mysterious

A lots of continuous matters  
Of the mind  
Alas, only waiting for the surging chimney  
Telling for me

2018.12.31



## FOURTH SERIES YESTERDAY'S CLOUD

They are the clouds  
That were exiled of yesterday  
They hugged each other to cry  
Then they cried into rain  
Rainwater built a wall  
The wall filled with the crystal writing verses



## THE PALM OF FLOWER



# DOOR

I didn't pay attention to the bright  
Despised the darkness

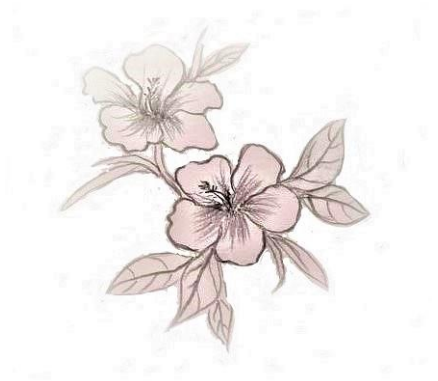
Didn't like the day  
To hate the night

Did not cherish the breath  
To ignore the snore

As to cherish survive  
Fear of death

So I always open and shut  
To make balance

2018.11.18



# TIGER

Like a glacial crossing its face  
Splitting moonlight into piece by piece  
Of melancholy

Keeping it in the cage  
Jailing it in years  
Tossing its majestic life

It is not willing to be weak  
Unwilling to be  
A wrinkled flower

Imagine one day  
It will come out of the cage  
Looking for Wusong who beats the tiger to contest

2018.12.18



## PRIEST SAYS

What God wants to say?  
All I hear is a strand of wind's sound

What drama is God performing?  
I only hear the narration of a nightingale

What bible God wants to chant?  
I read only a sentence of the fable manuscript

What Holy Communion that the God wants to take?  
I have an empty stomach in the church

What language is he going to say  
Or no language ?

The priest plausibly  
Says: I am his spokesman

018.12.16



## CRAB

I was coming back from the market  
Still carrying a basket of green  
In my hand

My basket like the sea  
Some of green climbing from time to time  
And want to climb ashore

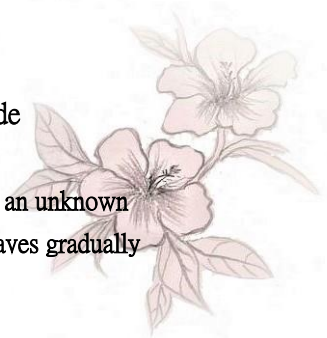
I came back my home  
Green potted plants in front of the door  
I didn't know when to greet me with safflower

I was thinking  
If I brought these green into the kitchen  
Would suddenly change red

And having a bit of sea's taste  
Thinking about it  
I turned and walked to the riverside

Note: In front of my house, I planted an unknown  
flower in the pot. The green leaves gradually  
change into red flowers.

2018.12.15





# CROCODILE

You never imagine about  
A crocodile  
Like a river

It scrawls over  
The green grassland  
Its wrinkled skin like ripples

With a body of seduction of the witch  
So starlight and moonlight often slip  
Falling on its body

It is a recluse  
Close its eyes from time to time  
Waiting for tianji

O dream seeker  
Don't come near this river  
Not seeing the tail

Note:

Tianji: The mystery of heaven as a secret  
that is not known

2018.12.13



# BURNING

Mountain pines raising their arms to sigh  
The burning of all the summer season

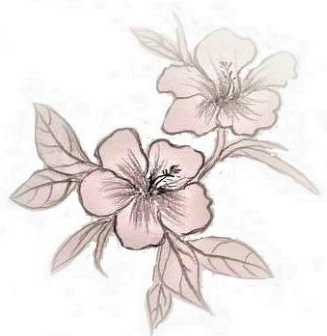
A white-billed crow held a hay  
Passed over the clear sky

Wind could not happily affect  
The trees' light-hearted

Snake and crow were arguing  
That the rain comes or not ?

Then a group of flamingos  
Dancing a go go

2018.11.18



# FLAG

I often turn and admire my shadow in the sands  
Turn and admire my shape in a shadow

I found myself  
Be a flag

May be once have torn  
By the wind and rain

But because for the sake of country  
Insist on being completeness

2018.12.12



## READING POEMS UNDER THE LAMP

You have a charm  
That makes me  
Cannot resist

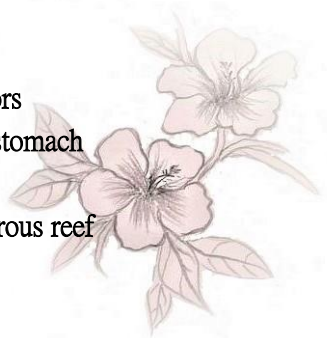
Guide me to one place and  
One place  
Follow you to make a sightseeing tour

You make me lose myself  
Follow you wandering  
Around and around

I already without opinion  
Only hearing your talkative  
Speak well

You take me  
To eat to the full of beautiful colors  
Make me seeing the fairyland in stomach

Walking through swirl and dangerous reef  
Through the cliffs and cliffs  
Make me fearful

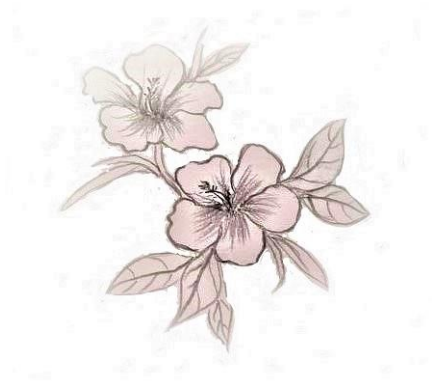


## THE PALM OF FLOWER

Under the lamp  
You have a side effect  
Make all my body itchy

It's not because a moth  
Ah, originally because  
Some of poem worms just want to move

2018.12.5



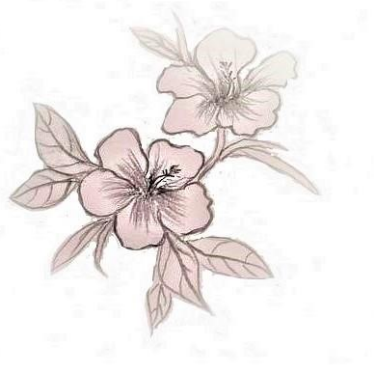
# INFECTION

I live where a poet next door  
Whispering at the moon every night  
What is the moon ? He asks me  
I say it is an orange-color fish

His mind thinking about Chang-E  
About Li -Bai  
About Su-Dongpo

He gets up earlier than me  
Sees me at the window  
Says hello to me  
Asks: What is the morning sun?  
I say: Blood red daffodil

2018.10.16



# WARTIME

## ◆ Remember a gun-gray rainy night

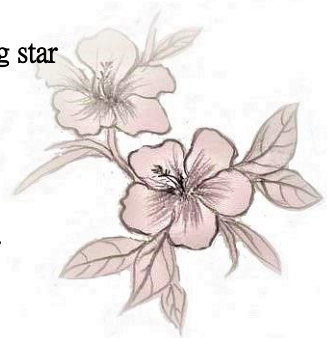
Siren whistled loudly through the ceiling  
Sound like bullet  
My eardrums  
Were the walls  
Being pierced

Hearing the sound during half asleep  
Was a row of anti-aircraft gun  
And the sound of urgent rain

The illumination flares above battlefield  
Passed over the sky  
Like a bending bow  
Wanting to cry

The bullet not yet arrived  
But the rain coming first  
On the glass window  
Oscillating one by one of rotating star

I was in bed  
Dream together with Muse  
All of a sudden  
Running away by the god of war



2018.12.2

# SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS

When bonfire  
Burning to the last minute

A robin  
Announced the death of summer

Then an owl  
Singing the song of yellowishness falling leaves

Then a group of white snows jumping parachutes  
Waiting in space

Then a hundred of flowers  
Waiting the boat of time

Carrying them to the stage of spring  
To show the beautiful clothes

2018.11.20





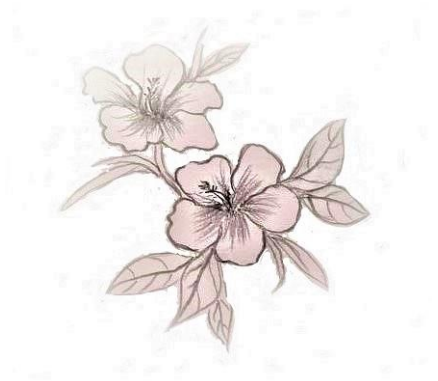
# YELLOW WORLD

Why do say yellow  
Is pornography?  
Buddha gives up the world  
In yellow

A monk  
Wearing a yellow cassock  
To ask zen

The leaves  
In front of the temple  
Embracing the yellow world  
Quietly falling to the pure land

2018.11.17



# SUN SPERM

There is a kind of flame called love  
Coming from jumping of the sun

Stimulating the eyes looking up  
Of trees  
Therefore, the trees prop up  
Piece and piece of clouds  
Like the umbrellas

But how the cloud can stop  
The temptation of the sun  
Blocking  
Sun's ejaculation

Thus, Venus  
Announced to the earth  
Said: No an umbrella  
Can block romance  
Of the sun

2018.12.12



# THE EDGE OF THE NIGHT

I stand on a high mountain of dream  
As standing on the back of setting sun  
Look at a ship sinking gradually  
Into the black sea

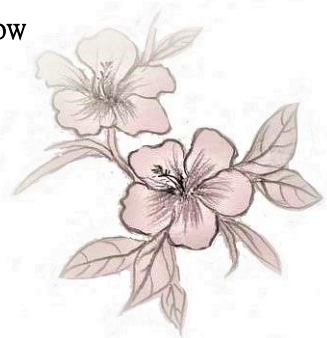
The boundary of dream is a bit absurd  
But there are unlimited fairylands in bed

Far and wide of the night  
I seem to hear  
A robin is waking up

A flower girl  
Coming with a basket

Oh ! Originally  
A morning sun outside the window  
With a red narcissus  
Smiling to me

2018.11.7



# CHANGE

Nothing is called constant  
Whether beauty can last forever

Leaves turn from green to yellow  
Hair from black to white

Ah, the beauty of everything  
Is changing

And  
An ever-changing chameleon

The color on the skin be changeable  
Yet can be restored

2018.11.19



## BLACK SWAN

At dusk  
Among the reeds I saw a declining sun  
It was like a swan flying to and fro  
In the cloud of sky

Its wings were gradually dyed  
By the sunset glow  
Still with the fragrance of aloe

Swan's feathers  
Starting to ignite the stars in sky  
I seemed to hear  
It was pecking water sound of Milky-Way

I wanted to find its former residence  
And the source  
Of myth

I paced along the river  
As if  
To hear its passed voice  
Said: " I have turned back to the black dreamland ! "

2018.11.16



# EXISTENCE

The man with his insightful eyes  
Snooping the false image in a mirror

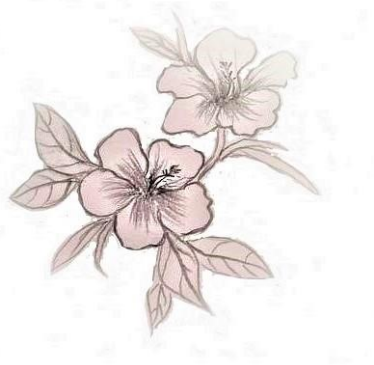
The man in a curving smile  
Found out the mirror's crack

The man waved to the phantoms  
Embracing a real world

The man in a camera  
Ingesting the eternity of history

The man in time  
Found out the evidence of existence

2018.10.15



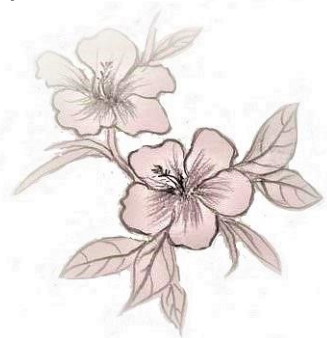
## WISDOM ANGEL

When you are not knowing what to do  
On tier upon tier of clouds  
I am a wisdom angel  
Give you a flash of  
Perspective light

When you are lost  
In the vast world among mortal beings  
I am a wisdom angel  
Give you wisdom  
Let you know which one is your own

On the hustle and hustle of the boundless world  
You cannot recognize the direction  
I am a wisdom angel  
Write down a detail guidance for you  
Pointing out the maze

2018.12.3



# BLUE DREAM

I am standing on the beach  
Watching there the gulls in flying  
The world of fish and shrimp

Here is the floating bed  
Of the ship  
The dreamland of star

A sea breeze  
Blowing me  
Into the blue dream

Blue, is a violet  
With fantasy  
In the morning mist

And I  
Am no longer a teenager  
Who loved to find dream in the past

2018.12.6





## SALT ASSOCIATION

The dusk wind blows  
I think a bit salty

Originally there is a salt field  
Not far from river

Under the moonlight  
I am walking alone at the riverside

Imagine that the river is the bed of Li-Bai  
The salt field also is the moonlight in front of Li- Bai's  
bed

Salt is also the years  
As well a piece of endless white

On my hair  
Oppressing ruthlessly

2018.12.10



## YESTERDAY'S CLOUD

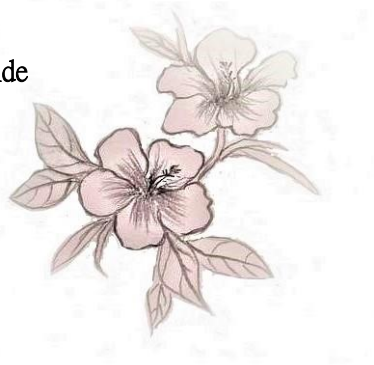
They are the clouds  
That were exiled of yesterday  
They hugged each other to cry

Then they cried into rain  
Rainwater built a wall  
The wall filled with the crystal writing verses

Then they built a waterfall  
Standing along the cliff  
Like a woman  
Combing her long hair

Then they cried into a river  
Like a snake  
Moving tortuously through the forest

And I loved to walk by the riverside  
Looking for a miracle  
Imagined there was a mermaid  
From the other side of the river  
Swimming toward me



2018.12.11

# WINE

Wine can make you worry  
Always thinking about Dionysus  
As thinking a lover

Wine also gives you courage  
Telling the truth  
Announce the promise

The taste of wine  
Thick and light as Adam gives Eve  
An affectionate kiss

To know when I am drunk  
Wine is as evil as a witch  
Yet gentleness as a witch girl

2018.11.9



# DEATH OF GREEN

Sea with angry roaring  
Mountain with silent protest

Angel crying:  
Another tree is death

Wind says that is not her matter  
Fire says not relate to him

And a logger  
Who claims to be Wu Gang

Sighing at a bat that has been abandoned and death  
By the trees

Forget the sin he himself has done  
---- That green killer

Note:

Wu Gang : a mythical person who is ever in cutting  
a cinnamon tree in the moon palace.

2018.11.29



## FISH AND BITTER GOURD

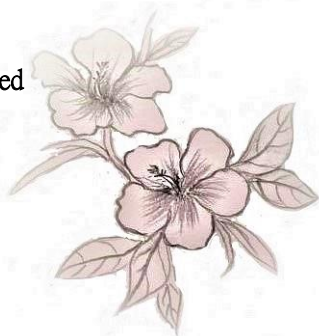
Yu Quangzhong said bitter gourd's flesh is white  
I ask  
The flesh of fish and bitter gourd which is white?  
Of course is the fish  
So I choose the white belly of fish in the morning

Bitter gourd left for lunch  
Because the sun at noon too hot  
Need a little cold

I walk near the river  
In the afternoon  
A white fish swims to  
Nodding head, winging tail and welcoming

In order to prove one thing  
The flesh of fish and bitter gourd which is white?  
Then I have no stayed  
Hurry to the melon shed  
Bitter gourd with its bitterness  
Blames me, for being late  
The evening glow has dyed them red

Ah, this day  
I almost in vain  
Cannot distinguish  
Scarlet or soap white



2018.10.27

# EATING FISH

◆ feeling from reading a poetry

The poet writing a poetry in a surreal way  
Making something out of nothing, then the contrary

No target in shooting  
Difficult to hit the realistic bullseye

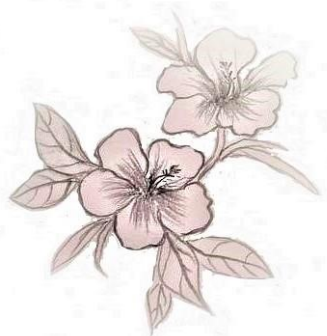
Like at a fish stall  
With a fish without a tail

Reading half  
A half let you guess

Eating fish and reading poetry fear of bone spur  
Have to chew slowly to have a taste

But  
Must have a head and a tail

2019.4.14



# THE MASK

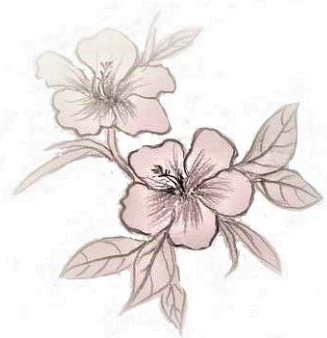
In your pupils, lover  
I see two skies  
Don't know which is real?  
Which is false?

There is a piece of cloud pass by  
Your eyes are even more strange  
From a mirror I see  
You hide the secrets of your face

A smile escapes from your mouth corner  
As a bending bow  
Like an innocent little bird  
I fear to look this illusion

Your nose exhales a hypnosis  
Mouth speaking causes the stars  
Flying disorderly  
I think you are in a nightmare

Your double channel ears  
Cause me get lost  
Come in the hearing  
Labyrinth



2018.6.23

# FATHER'S FACE

◆ written to the father of the world

Father's face like a pond  
There feeding  
Several small fishes  
The small fish is you , and me  
Him and her.....

Small fishes grow up gradually  
Swimming to the surface of the pond to play  
Oh, father's pond face  
At this time  
Appears a lot of crow's feet

Oh father, no matter how the years gone by  
How the timing changed  
How the pond turned into the mulberry garden  
Now, children who eating mulberry  
Always remember you

2018.12.12





# ANGEL SAYS

I am just a girl  
God gave me a name called angel

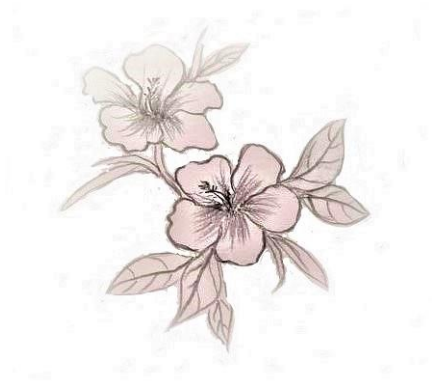
Put a halo on my forehead  
Set a pair of wings on my back

Since then I have had a responsibility  
Bringing beauty to the world

God gave me a vast world  
But did not give me Newton's law

So I can go to heaven  
Will not go to hell

2018.11.1



# GOD'S DRAMA

Actor or no actor

Theater

Or no theater

Dialogue or no dialogue

Narration or no narration

Behind the starlight a piece

Of black curtain

Wind's fingers

Pick up an empty

Stage

Clouds move in

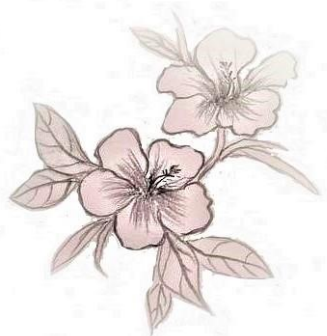
Like a group of devout audiences

Moss under the wall

Quietly waiting

A metaphysical performance

2018.10.21



## TIRED TEN LINES

The river is tired flowing of day and night  
Street is tired the sound of car all day  
The tree is tired of constantly stretching its arms  
The stars are tired of tears often  
The moon is tired of its own loneliness  
Cloud is tired of constantly migrated  
The wind is tired of constant blowing  
Rain is tired of frequent missteps  
The bird is tired of flying helplessly  
The earth is tired of revolving around the sun

2018.11.3



## THE PALM OF FLOWER



FIFTH SERIES  
THE PALM OF FLOWER

They are aquatic plants  
Closest to the star  
And the moon  
When storm comes  
The palm of two humble tiny flowers  
Tight together



## THE PALM OF FLOWER



# ARTIFICIAL MOON

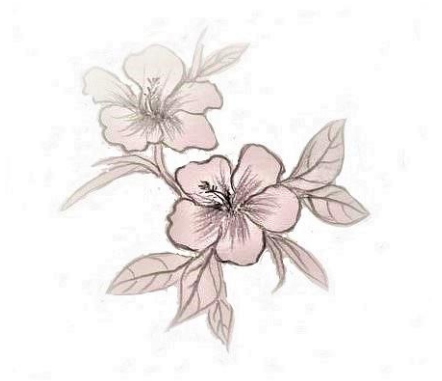
Near night  
Took off from the hands of children  
Rising to the sky  
One by one different colors of balloons

The sky  
Becomes a huge stadium  
Balloons on the runway without boundaries  
Like the stars slowly moving

During the race  
Some of them deflating  
Some falling like petals  
And finally leaving  
An orange color one

Tall hanging at the night  
Without a moon

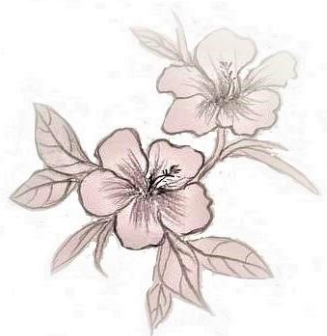
2019.5.7



# GOD IS HARD TO DO

God created a life  
Gave it flesh  
Gave it blood  
Gave it an organ  
Gave it a shape  
Gave it wisdom  
Gave it emotion  
Gave it to hear  
Gave it the hands and feet ( or no hands and feet )  
Gave it wings ( or no wings )  
After the creation is completed this life says to God:  
" No, I don't like this kind of shape. "

2018.10.29





# SNAPSHOT

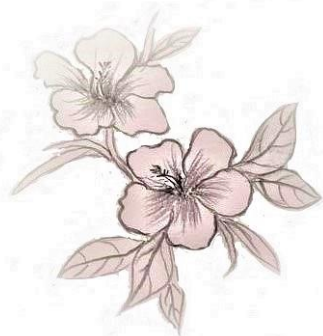
I am behind the lavender and dolphins  
Look at the smiling early morning sun  
Rising up  
From the horizon

On the mast  
A seagull listening  
Someone is playing lute in the boat

I have a camera in my hand  
Not a shotgun

Walking through lavender  
Walking through dolphins  
Towards a natural  
Oil Painting

2018.11.2



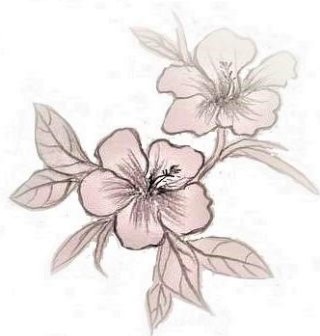
# DEATH OF THE MOTH

A moth died and left a last word:  
I am not dead in light  
I am dead in book  
Died in line by line the words of book

Your page by page heavy hand  
Repress my last breath  
Since then the art  
Covering my world

My wings become wax  
Body becomes specimen  
And you will become  
A thick monument

2018.9.23



## ABSURD TEN LINES

A river climbs to the top of mountain  
A car flying in the air  
A bird swimming in the water  
A fish walking on land  
The sun rises from the west  
Earth revolves around the moon  
Summer is full of ice and snow  
The winter as fire and burn  
There are 36,500 days a year  
All walking on the street are immortals

2018.11.8



# NAME

In the summer evening I  
Childbirth a poem  
When the stars rising  
Just arrange them into verses

Waiting for the arrival of Muse to count names  
Whether include in Shelly's sonnet  
Or Byron's canto?

Muse comes rather late  
Yet the cloud witch comes early  
Then poem is cover a bit obscure

Ha ha, but it has five organs  
And the flexible limbs  
Beautiful humming  
Although the wind  
Reciting not so smoothly

Then I want to name it  
As a modern poem

2018.11.22



## YUNG SAYS

We are a pair of ghost lovers  
Made of clay

We are in the grave  
Have loved for a long years

We believe in God  
Our God is human

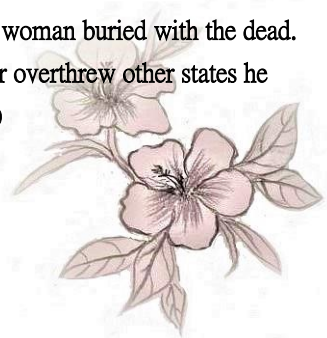
But he has already dead  
Leaving a tomb

Tombstone engraved with a name :  
Chin Shi Huang

Note:

- Yung: Wooden figures of man and woman buried with the dead.
- Chin Shi Huang: An emperor, after overthrew other states he set up Chin dynasty ( B.C 897-221 )

2018.10.22



## LAMENTING SONG

A yew tree thinking  
Thinking rose is more fortunate than it  
Forever being loved by lovers

And it is alone  
Quietly hugging  
In a secluded place

So it often with a melancholy  
And with the mutual love like the red beans  
To send to the lover who lonely as it

It afraid itself to the rim of extinction  
Like a dinosaur  
Disappearing on earth

2018.10.11



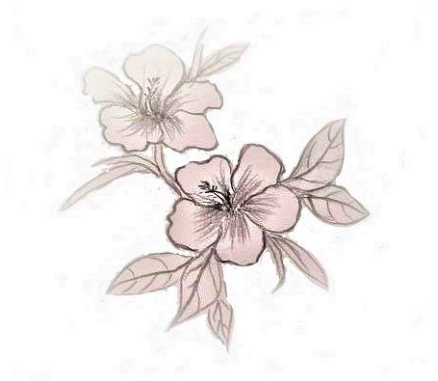
# DEATH OF THE DAY

The banner-like of clouds  
Parade in the sky  
Me, a pair of flying eyes  
In tracking  
A mourning seagull

The sky is like a street  
Of attend funeral  
After the death bury  
Cloud finally crying into the dusk rain

Scrubbing this death  
Of the day  
A seagull stands on the mast  
Singing  
The elegy of sunset

2018.9.27



# SONG

Cobblestone through my lips  
My lips  
Be a pair of wings of song  
In the ear of a saxifrage  
Singing

Sang from morning to dusk  
Sang to a rose sunset appeared  
Until the sun setting  
Sang to  
The house of a crab  
And the crab heard a song  
Knocking rhythm

Cobblestone quietly  
Gave me lip-whispering

And finally I  
Found that my lips were waters  
Tightly attached to the moss  
Of cobblestone

2018.10.3





## GALE 2 POSTS

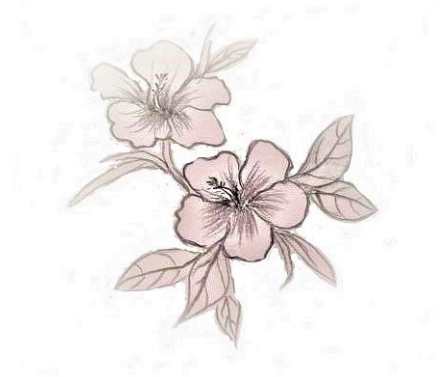
1.

A gale blowing the river  
The fishes in the water  
Dare not show up  
Quietly at the bottom of the river  
To make revolution

2.

A gale blowing through the desert  
A group of sandhill cranes  
Desperately flying fleeing  
Sand and dust rolling in  
Fear the war will break out

2018.11.21



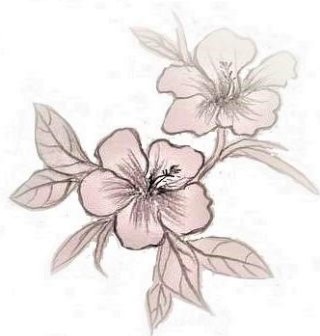
# HORSE CHESTNUT TREE

Seven fairies  
Danced on the ivory stage  
Trees enjoyed  
The beauties' wonderful dance

Wind playing music  
The moon cast a spotlight  
Like an eye of the black panther  
In distance

Night fog uncovered one thousand and one nights  
Of Arab's curtain  
Seven fairies, originally  
Be a horse chestnut tree

2018.12.9



# WAKENING

He sniffs the rose in his hand  
And tastes the scent of wine in the glass  
He looks each other  
With Dionysus and Eros

He found out  
All roses are waters  
All the waters can be drunk  
His glass  
Is vast as the ocean

This shore is separated with the other shore  
Wine and love  
How to choose ?

He occasionally found that  
His glass suddenly fell down  
Broken into pieces  
Of transparent moonlight

2018.10.12



## RETURN HOME

I walked in the clouds of mountains  
An egret came to welcome  
Took me  
To an unknown place

I indistinctly heard the sigh of wind  
The squirrel came to tell  
Its matters of the mind

I sat in next of a lupine  
I saw a quail  
Flew back to the nest  
A bat flapping its wings

It was near dusk at this time  
There were a few sunsets  
Falling to my face

I was thinking myself  
Not a slugger  
Not coming to climb a mountain  
Just to come hiking

Looking at the moonlight  
When its bewildered net was not laid down  
I hurried back along the way  
To come  
2018.10.23



# LITTLE BIRD

I am a little bird  
Always with an extravagant hope

The sky so vast  
Let me fly freely

Although my home is far  
But having my dream of paradise

Between the glacial and volcano  
Give me a yearning

I should choose the most hot  
Or most cold?

Bath ice  
Or bath fire?

Should become a penguin  
Or a phoenix?

2018.10.2



# THE PALM OF FLOWER

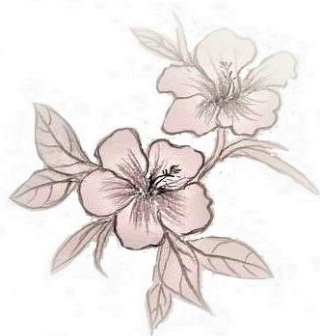
They are aquatic plants  
Closest to the star  
And the moon

When storm comes  
The palm of two humble tiny flowers  
Tight together

Sometimes  
Or some pranks of waves  
Want to separate them

But they strive to do their best  
Drifting across the sea  
Inseparably

2018.9.24



## ROSE FAMILY

You are a rose  
I am also a rose  
He and she are both rose family

Some roses  
Blooming  
On the face of the rising sun

Some roses  
Blooming  
On the sunset clothes

Some roses  
Blooming  
On the lips of the beauty

But some roses  
Blooming  
On the head of the soldiers

2018.10.24



# HORROR

Horrifying is not an avalanche  
A volcano spray

Not a roaring of the sea  
Shipwreck and sky accident

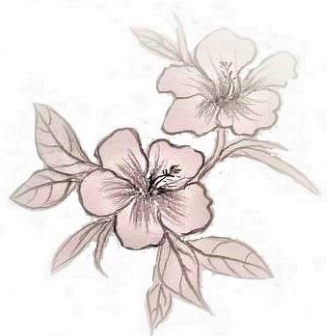
Not a war  
A coup etc.

Horrifying is impossible to prevent  
A love game

You have your mask  
I have my mask

Deliver to each other  
The joy and moan

2018.10.25





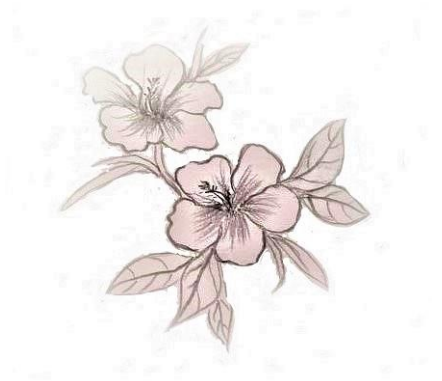
# THE DRAFT

If a word dies in the poem  
It can't be revived  
To move freely  
And keeping an eternal tomb  
In the poem

Its voice has been blocked  
In the coffin  
Captured by Muse  
And becomes  
An eternal mummy

If it is not dead yet  
Still able to walk out the pyramid of poem  
This poem has not been completed  
It just a pile of words  
Of the draft

2018.9.22



# SHADOW

Shadow can be elongated  
Can be shortened

Under strong light  
Can be invisible

Can even walk  
Into my mindset

When in lonely  
Seeing the figure of Venus

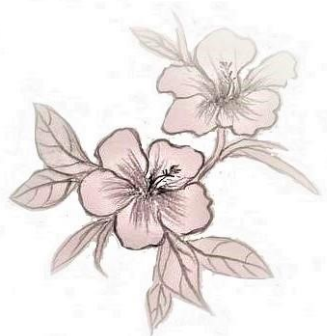
When in fear  
Seeing things all extremely suspicious

When in happy  
Seeing flowers playing with shadows

When in sad  
Seeing tears of the stars

Under the subconscious  
It is a snake of metaphysical

2018.10.30



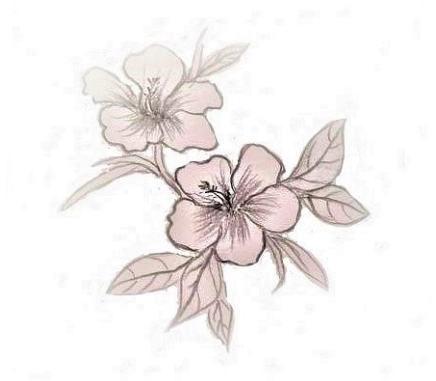
# TANABATA

A pair of lovers sighing under the fig tree  
How many dating  
Have turned into cloud smoke

Tonight lover already getting old  
Still dating again and again  
On the magpie bridge

A pair of lover sighing under the fig tree  
The man says: "Alas, when will the tree bear fruit?"  
The woman says: "Unless we are not dating on Tanabata  
again."

2019.4.8



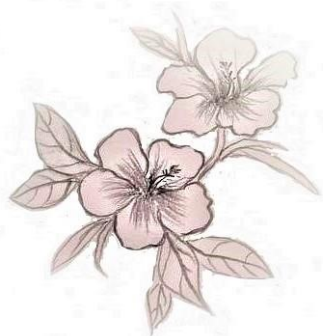
# RESURRECTION

If there is no moonlight  
Only the light of snow shining on phosphor light  
Music as wind goes through  
The rhythm of the bones

There are a few ghosts holding hands at this time  
Dance in spectrum

Want to dance into a circle of aura  
Like the appearance of the Savior  
Making the body of skeleton to grow blood and flesh

2018.9.21



# THE BO TREE

Let the wind blow away the fog around me  
To make all the beings see the mercy face of my buddha

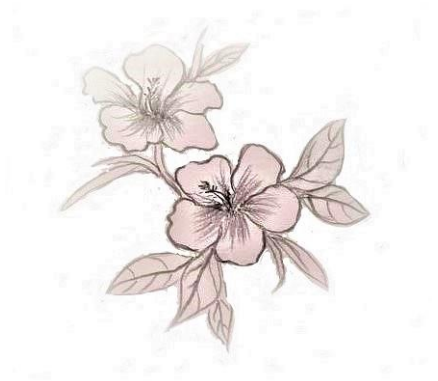
Let the sun's torch  
Illuminate me an eternity of a tree's buddhist light

Sublimate the blood in my body  
Giving to the vast world

Let a lost bird  
Perch in my chest

Let a fugitive bat  
Walk into my heart's refuge

2018.11.22



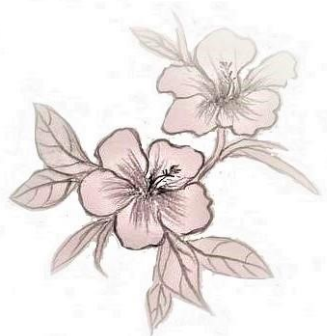
# ERROR

After a snowstorm  
The man walking on the snow  
Cursing the indifference  
Of sky

Thought that love was dead  
Died in this pile  
Of white snow

And he accidentally discovered  
The sky was still hanging  
A round moon

2018.9.20



# KITE

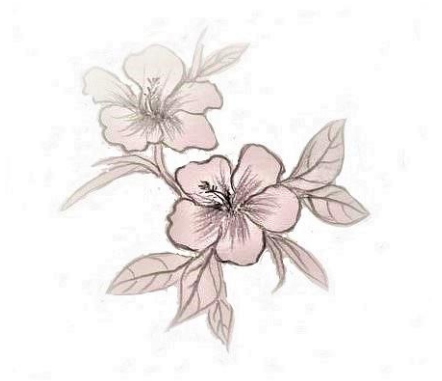
A broken line kite  
Stuck on the branches of a banyan tree  
It recalls the happy time of the past  
Flying on the vast sky

It and the little master online  
Sending messages  
Talking the matter in mind to each other  
But now, being separated to each side

It hopes that one day  
The branch will become antenna  
The lawn  
Will turn into iPad

Little master  
Will find it on the iPad  
Reliving the sweet dream  
Of the past

2019.5.5



# HAIRCUT

Face a mirror I see  
The hair in the mirror growing gradually

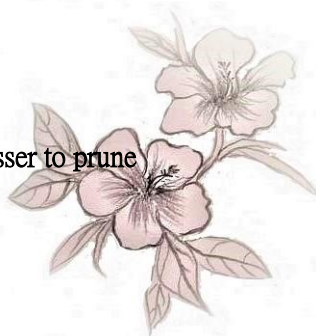
From my ears  
To my shoulders  
Even stretch to my waist and toes  
To become a waterfall

I imagine  
A bird flies here  
Nesting  
On my hair

A fish swims here  
Looking for food on my hair  
Thinking it is some seaweed

O the fact is  
The hair outside a mirror  
Is waiting for the hairdresser to prune

2018.10.10





# NIGHT DRIVING

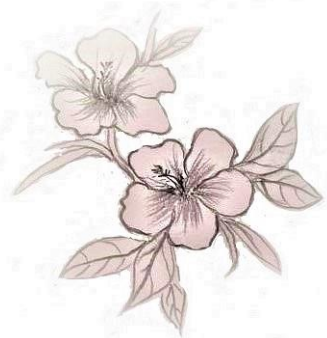
A dark street  
Shining countless headlights  
Like a black giant python  
Battling with one by one white snakes

My car is like a vulture  
Oppressing upon them  
They seem under the car  
To be in badness

I am in the car  
Hearing the sound of wind accompany with the sound of  
rain's battling  
The sound of the drum of time

In fact, I have no leisure  
To observe this struggle  
My homing heart like an arrow

Shoot dead all the illusions :  
A giant python  
One by one white snakes  
A vulture as well as  
Wind and rain sound



2018.12.8

# HISTORY

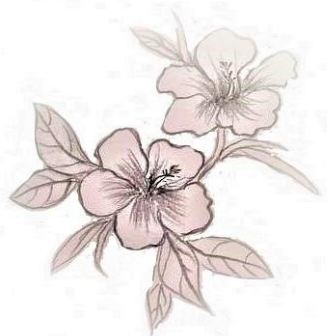
No harder than anthracite  
Also, to become igneous rock  
Non-corrosive body

Some ghosts in Pompeii city  
Watching the moon  
Counting stars leisurely

The catastrophic event has passed  
The volcanic lava woven into  
A non-abrasive shroud

Time confirmed  
Our blood and flesh face history  
Leave the world with permanent remembrance

2018.9.14



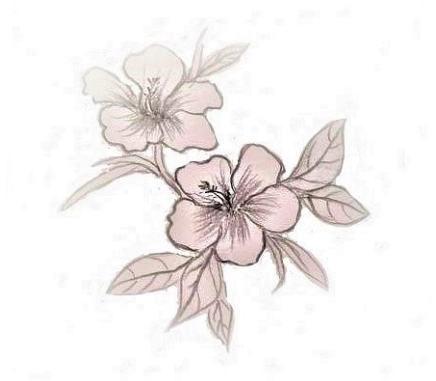
## PROPHET BIRD

I am a prophet bird  
I can predict the change of the universe  
The rise and fall of Wanxiang

Know that when the sun loses its orbit  
When the volcano will erupt  
When the river be frozen

When does the earth become wasteland  
When do people and creatures disappear  
Everything returns to nothingness

2018.10.20



# MUSE

When I am at the most lonely  
Then she comes

Or before going to bed  
Or after waking up

Or on the swaying rainy night  
Or at a lonely evening

She gives me a moment of stay  
Is also in singleness

She only gives me a moment to meet unexpectedly  
But never always to be with me

So Muse  
You are a goddess of spinster

2018.10.31



*They are aquatic plants*

*Closest to the star*

*And the moon*

*When storm comes*

*The palm of two  
humble  
tiny flowers*

*Tight together*

*~ THE PALM OF  
FLOWER*





**Chiu Meng, originally Tang Vinh Thanh. Born in 1943, studied at Van Hanh University and English College. He is a Chinese pharmacist who spends his spare time on writing poetry and translating. His works have been published on a number of poetry journals in Taiwan, Australia, United States of America, Malaysia and Vietnam.**



*Feb 2013. 4.20*