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My Poetry Writing, My Defeat of Illusion

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MY POETRY WRITING, MY DEFEAT OF ILLUSION

A Master's Thesis

Presented to

The Graduate College of

Missouri State University

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Arts, English

By

Binghui Jin

May 2019

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MY POETRY WRITING, MY DEFEAT OF ILLUSION

English

Missouri State University, May 2019

Master of Arts

Binghui Jin

ABSTRACT

Poetry writing is a valuable treasure of literacy. As an international student from China, I created this poetry collection as an illustration of my own understanding, internalization, and admiration of poetic expression in English between American and Chinese cultures. This cultural collusion mainly focuses on human relationships, especially romantic relationships and family love, as well as personal emotions, and the meaning of life. In order to do that, I returned to the work of classic Chinese poets, especially Su Shi, whose work is the basis for my sense of poetry. His poetic style of rhyming and creating images rooted in nature that still reveal much about human life influenced me heavily. In addition to Su's poetry, the critical analysis shown by the renowned contemporary Chinese translator Yuanchong Xu's cornucopia poem and other writings greatly helped my understanding of structure and technique as well as beauty. Finally, the most recent influence on my own poetry is the critical writing of James Longenbach, whose theory lends insight into American culture as it pertains to poetry. This critical introduction emphasizes the influence and inspiration gained from both American and Chinese poets and in doing so, gives insight into the poems.

KEYWORDS: poetry, poetic, international, inspiration, admiration, human relationships

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In the interest of academic freedom and the principle of free speech, approval of this thesis indicates the format is acceptable and meets the academic criteria for the discipline as determined by the faculty that constitute the thesis committee. The content and views expressed in this thesis are those of the student-scholar and are not endorsed by Missouri State University, its Graduate College, or its employees.

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INTRODUCTION

“Life is to chase the illusion, but people who treat illusion as illusion will be in the middle of endless abyss of misery.”

-----Zang, Kejia

In poetry, illusion, either rewarding or destructive, is like a handful of clean water or a misty mirage to a thirsty passenger for many poets. If life is a dream, the illusion is the pillar of the sweet dream; if life is actuality, the illusion is both panacea to current suffering and sugar-coated gallery. In poetry, life is inextricably connected with illusion, existentially or of imagination. For me, an accessible answer for defeating the illusion is to be immersed in poetry. As an international student from China, I created this poetry collection as an illustration of my own understanding, internalization, and admiration of poetic expression in English between American and Chinese cultures. This cultural collusion mainly focuses on human relationships, especially romantic relationships and family love, as well as personal emotions, and the meaning of life. In order to do that, I returned to the work of classic Chinese poets, especially Su Shi, whose work is the basis for my sense of poetry. His poetic style of rhyming and creating images rooted in nature that still reveal much about human life influenced me heavily. In addition to Su's poetry, the critical analysis shown by the renowned contemporary Chinese translator Yuanchong Xu's cornucopia poem and other writings greatly helped my understanding of structure and technique as well as beauty. Finally, the most recent influence on my own poetry is the critical writing of James Longenbach, whose theory lends insight into American culture as it pertains to poetry. This critical introduction emphasizes the influence and inspiration gained

from both American and Chinese poets and in doing so, gives insight into the poems and the appreciation of cultural differences.

Su, Shi

As mentioned before, Su Shi was a major influence on my work. Thanks to the “Poetry Line Filling” part (it is a type of question to test students’ memory ability) in the Chinese College Entrance Examination, which is legendarily the most significant step in Chinese students’ lives, I was “forced” from elementary school to senior high to memorize hundreds of Chinese poems written and come down from the Tang Dynasty (B.C. 618-907) to modern China after the Reform and Open Policy (B.C. 1978-present). To memorize all the printed characters related to poetry writing on textbooks within limited time could be painful, however, that bittersweet experience heightened my understanding of and curiosity for poetry. Five years passed, and I can still remember the ancient Chinese poet who first inspired my life-long enthusiasm for poetry, Su Shi.

Su Shi is one of the greatest Chinese literary artists in ancient Chinese history. Born in the Song Dynasty (B.C. 960-1127) when ancient Chinese culture had reached its heyday, Su Shi created his poems without constraint to express his world values and political views (Egan 100). One of his poetry’s characteristics is to focus on “the beauty of nature” (Egan 58). As Chinese slang goes, “Drink down to vanish the sorrow.” Su Shi wrote down the natural scenery to demonstrate the ways in which nature combined with his “critical evaluation of current political situations implicitly” (Egan 100). In his work “The Charm of a Maiden Singer: The Red Cliff,” he expressed his pathos by saying, “The great river eastward flows; with its waves are gone all those gallant heroes of bygone years” (Yuanchong Xu, 28).

His mixture of references to rivers and passed heroes are fabulous and unique; this collision of images enhances my understanding of the elastic relationship between nature and emotion in poetry writing. What is grand in nature, like the impetuous great river, should be harmoniously bestowed with sublime feelings. Similarly, the tiny and gentle elements in the world should be endowed with subtle and mild emotions. The flowing river reflects the sliding world and its fluidity; this poem reveals a cruel but fundamental truth to me: while nature is moving, the death and replacement of everything on the earth is shifting, too. This is a penetrating sensibility of the universe that demonstrates Su Shi's wisdom as a remarkable poet.

With such a foundation, I wrote my own haiku "Accompany" with a balance of stars (the nature element) and relieved loneliness (the emotion) last year: "From childhood, I was/lonely taking care of stars/from generations." (The syllable structure of a haiku is 5/7/5.) Because of the short nature of haiku, my expression might not be fully understood by my readers, but it is a joy to present my philosophy in such limited length. My intention in this poem is to express that the stars are like human beings: they are born individually but shine together; they are particles in the universe but will be seen one day; they are working in a group, but sometimes they still feel lonely. The one-to-one correspondence might be my best acknowledgement to the ancient poet Su Shi.

Another significant feature in Su's work is his transcendent life attitudes. I have written a poem in my Advanced Poetry Writing class under his influence named "Ask the Moon" by mimicking the initial questioning pattern in his well-known poem "Water Song." In the style of Su Shi's "Water Song," he showed the audience how question patterns could affect the tune of a poem as well as the readers' emotions through the reflection of the poet's sorrow and disconsolateness. It was the first time I read this poem was without any background knowledge

about Su Shi's life experience; I was amazed by its exquisite sentiment: the tacit loneliness, commiserative nostalgia and a sense of relief. The poem follows in *Tang Song Lyrics in Pictures*:

How long will the full moon appear?
Wine cup in hand, I ask the sky.
I do not know what time of the year
'T would be tonight in the palace on high.
Riding the wind, there I would fly,
Yet I'm afraid the crystalline palace would be
Too high and cold for me.
I rise and dance, with my shadow I play.
On high as on earth, would it be as gay?
The moon goes round the mansions red
Through gauze-draped window soft to shed
Her light upon the sleepless bed.
Why then when people part, is the oft full and bright?
Men have sorrow and joy; they part or meet again;
The moon is bright or dim and she may wax or wane.
There has been nothing perfect since the olden days.
So let us wish that man
Will live long as he can!
Though miles apart, we'll share the beauty she displays.
(Yuanchong Xu, 75)

At first, along with my admiration, I was confused about the origin of his loneliness and sorrow in the poem. After searching the poet's life experience, I discovered the context from which the poem was written and understood that his sentiment was derived from his failure in politics and from his broken family. The feelings in the poem affects the imitation and creation of my own poems inherently. I never tried writing a poem by asking a question in the opening and neither tried to mention my family in my writing, as I assumed overly personal information might be cliché and annoying to the readers. I used to expect complete understanding from my readers, but the insertion of family members altered this expectation as I did not have space to introduce the background information.

Even though I had suffered from this misunderstanding of poetry writing, I still attempted to imitate his style of questioning in approaching my conflicted feelings in my poem. I was

creative in two aspects in my poem. First, I asked more in my work, not just the initial one question but a pattern of questions in each stanza. Second, I changed the verse form from a Song iambic verse into Kyrielle, an elaborate French rhyming poetry in quatrains, with each line containing eight syllables.

Ask the Moon

Why do you rotate day by day?
How many dreams that you convey?
Is the Moon Palace pseudoscience?
I asked the quite moon in silence.

Still and hanging on the dark sky,
You are the queen of lullaby.
Do you always show connivance?
I asked the quite moon in silence.

Mellow beams came through the window.
Loneliness reached a crescendo.
May I see you as a guidance?
I asked the quite moon in silence.

You remind me of my mother;
She was like a southern breeze—
Why you two are in compliance?
I asked the quite moon in silence.

After analyzing Su Shi's "Water Song" and my "Ask the Moon," I noticed self-disclosure is not a priority in all poems; rather, it is the thick and truthful emotions that should be emphasized during the poem's creation. It was Chinese Autumn Festival when "Ask the Moon" was created. Chinese Autumn Festival is one of the most important days for Chinese people who will return home for reunion to celebrate that day. However, on that Autumn Festival I was abroad for study and lonely in my small apartment. Watching outside of the window and staring at the lonely moonlight, I created this poem to express my nostalgia and solitude. As Robin Marchesi says, "Poetry is to do with moments." I successfully did the poem with the moment

even though the feeling was not exciting nor joyful. The first doctrine should be genuine feelings. The dainty silence is louder than gimcrack yelling.

Xu, Yuanchong

In exploring Su Shi's poems, I was impressed by another Chinese scholar, Yuanchong Xu. Xu is one of China's most famous translators and scholars and the winner of the 2014 Aurora Borealis Outstanding Literary Translation Award, which is the highest award given for translation. Xu has translated many treasured Chinese literary works into English and French, and English language fiction into Chinese. His Chinese-English translation work, *The First Branch Blooming on Earth*, introduces *The Book of Songs* to Western countries and the English-Chinese translated fiction, *Cleopatra*, unfolds the myth of the Egyptian legendary woman to Chinese readers.

Personally, I am not an envoy but a receiver of cultures. As I am an international student from China, writing English poetry sometimes means translating Chinese into English. Frequently, I compose my poems in the Chinese language first, then translate the words accordingly into English. Occasionally, I fail in my attempt to successfully translate every word so each is understandable in English. Modern Chinese educator and politician Yan Fu (1854-1921) once stated in his translated book *On Ethics* that there were three difficulties in translation: "accuracy, fluency, and elegance" (27). My translation experience testified to all three difficulties.

To improve the quality of my poems, I have sought help from Xu's translation theory. He claims in his opus *The Art of Translation* that "the noumenon of literature translation is beauty" and "the methodology applied to express this beauty is convergence" (12). In my understanding,

the essence of expression is to match the artistry of poetry writing. Even though the words are toughened, refined, and annealed through translation, its style should be shared at the same time. The translation is not a filter leaching the beauty but an abrader to gloss and refine the play of language. This process is combined with convergence; in other words, the effort to achieve mutual understanding and replicate expression requires both skilled bilateral and cultural understanding. Additionally, Xu claims in his introductory work *The Art of Translation* that the act of translation demands he reach of a level of three similarities: “similar meaning, similar shape, and similar sounds” (22). The operation of finding two words that hold a similar meaning is feasible, but searching for similar shape in sounds is formidable, especially when it comes to poetry writing, which needs to consider the rhythm and sometimes rhyme. By my reckoning, these organized principles are seemingly too general to follow. Theorists are frame-workers for literature, but creative writers are worldbuilders for their written “houses.”

The most apparent and successful application of Xu’s theory about beauty and similarity is demonstrated in my poem “It’s on the Tip of Your Tongue” written after Brenda Shaughnessy’s “I’m Over the Moon.” The trick of imitation not only relies on the form, in this case, the form of free verse and enjambment, but also should be reflected on the mimic of the usage of idiom which is the title. The phrase “over the moon” cannot be just interpreted as a prepositional phrase; rather, it should be recognized as its social connotation which means “ecstasy” or “extreme joy.” It is a challenge to conquer two aspects: show the image of “over the moon” in the poem as well as express the emotion of the idiom vividly and implicitly. Although the process was tough and intellectual, my imitation “It’s on the Tip of Your Tongue” was successful and enhanced my further understanding of the magic of poetry.

The strong scent of tobacco
perceptibly being smelled from your

high profile nose. Your eyebrows are tight,
like letter M, your eyes are melancholy.

You cough and wave hands,
letting me guess the reason for your cigarette.

My reflection of Xu's "beauty" is presented accordingly in my poem. The whole description is framed in a hesitant and unspoken mood, which expresses both the protagonist's sorrow and the writer's curiosity with "scent of tobacco," "eyebrows," and a "cigarette." The three "similarities" theory and its adaptation to cultural elements is exemplified by the sentence.

"Your eyebrows are tight like letter M." In Chinese culture, people use the character "川" meaning river or stream to describe one's frown, but it could be distracting if I rigidly translated the Chinese character into phrase like "your eyebrows are tight as rivers." The letter "M" is more accessible and understandable to my readers, both in American culture and Chinese culture, as this letter is vividly shaped to show the twist.

However, by observing my prior work, I acknowledge that the achievement of both "similarity" and "beauty" in translation could be challenging, and there must be a certain degree of loss through translation. Realizing the essential differences between English and Chinese, the infeasible part in Xu's translation theory, and the inevitable loss during translation because of my limited skills in textual English, makes me more cautious about creating my poems through translation.

Longenbach, James

My most recent inspiration originated from reading James Longenbach's critical work *The Art of the Poetic Line*. Longenbach is an American critic and poet whose early and main

critical work takes as its focus modernist poetry, ranging from poems of W. B. Yeats to Wallace Stevens. More recently, his work has evolved into the investigation and exploration of contemporary poetry, particularly on the work of John Ashbery and Louise Glück. He is well-known for the poetry collections, such as *Draft of a Letter* and criticism, such as *The Resistance to Poetry*. At present, he is Joseph Henry Gilmore Professor of English at the University of Rochester (129). His critical scope of poetry is not mainly from the perspective of a poet, but as a scholar of contemporary poetics.

As such, his theories of American poetry literature spur my own meditation on the way rhythm functions in my own poems. He writes, "Poetry is the sound of language organized in lines" (5). This assertion galvanizes me to create poems not only with my brain, eyes and hands, but also with voice. He defines the poetic line as "a unit of meaning, a measure of attention," and lines as "words isolated by blank space" (qtd. in Hirsch 1). Poetic lines often demand an element of story-telling and emotion-telling. The creation of lines also involves the process of incorporating the five senses.

Before being exposed to this theory, I sat silently in my room and faced the computer with no expression and made revisions to my poems. I hardly read aloud when I was creating; it was a little embarrassing to speak aloud my poetic thoughts. Before studying Longenbach, I neglected the sonic element of poetry in favor of the visual. Later, when I revised my poems for my creative thesis, I found myself enjoying the process of reading them aloud. I improved one of my messy free verse poems "One Night at the Barbecue Booth" into a nursery rhyme after discovering Longenbach's rhythmic theory.

Refreshing and aromatic
The breeze seems to be magic,
Pulling me to the barbecue booth in the bystreet,
Though a person on a diet should have more nutmeat.

Busy and in hobnob,
The white hat is making my kabob.
He worries if the booth will be escheated,
While the mixed carbon-lamb smell makes me bittersweet

“My sense of hunger cannot be maltreated,”
I said it to myself noticing the sky flies a parakeet.
The boom in my stomach repeats,
And the desire for the golden greasy lamb upbeat.

Although the creation of the /t/ rhyme is a struggle, it sounds more engaging and purposeful after the revision. As Longenbach proclaims, “The line’s function is sonic” (2). The variety of poetic lines may vary from free verse to haiku to natural rhyme, but the audiovisual effects should follow the lines with variation no matter what the syntax. Longenbach goes on to add that “More than meter, more than rhyme, more than images or alliteration or figurative language, line is what distinguishes our experience of poetry as poetry, rather than some other kind of writing” (3). The elegance of poetry is embedded within the particular sounds from the writer’s experience and chosen poetic devices. What takes root in the reader’s heart is the regularized syllable and breathe when reading a poem. Sharing, understanding, educating, and touching is just as important as heart-wrenching emotion in a poem.

To the Chinese poet, for whom rhyme and rhythm are crucial due to the long-term influence of ancient Chinese poetry where rhyme is an inevitable element in every poem, Longenbach’s theory is comforting and reassuring. Although many American contemporary poems do not necessarily employ rhyme, any iconic poem requires the elements of sound and rhythm. However, beautiful rhyme requires wise application and an accurate understanding of the aesthetics of rhyme. The uncalled-for rhyming line is the postiche operation in a poem as it damages the “line break” as “an inaccurate metaphor,” and clouds the appreciation of the syntax as “where the line ends, the syntax may or may not be broken” (2). Longenbach has written that

“the music of a poem—no matter if metered, syllabic, or free—depends on what the syntax is doing when the line ends” (2). Though complex and challenging, a poet should utilize the principle that rhyme and syntax, in other words, as well as grammatically appropriate content, should be arranged in a harmonious accord.

Implications

Poetry writing, to some extent, is misty, dimly discernible, and nebulous as the images and senses created could only be reached with the readers’ relation, resonance as well as imagination. However, it also contributes to the existence and long-lasting generations of poetry that such elements in poems could be illustrated, elaborated, and furthermore, passed from generation to generation, helping people appreciate the erotic and aesthetic grace and style in different eras. With the inspiration and influences from all the great poets and scholars, my poetry path started with my native language, built with multi-cultural strategies, and further developed with authentic American poetry writing style theories. They are all stubborn and persistent weapons for me to not only fulfill the aesthetic appreciation but also refine my weapon to defeat the illusion.

“Life is to chase the illusion. People who treat illusion as illusion will be in the middle of endless abyss of misery,” Zang, Kejia wrote.

Luckily, poetry is my weapon to defeat the illusion

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DEFEATABLE ILLUSION

Ask the Moon

Why do you rotate day by day?
How many dreams do you convey?
Is the Moon Palace pseudoscience?
I asked the quiet moon in silence.

Still and hanging on the dark sky,
You are the queen of lullaby.
Do you always show connivance?
I asked the quiet moon.

Mellow beams come through the window.
Loneliness reaches a crescendo.
May I see you as a guide?
I asked the quiet moon in silence.

You remind me of my mother;
She was like a southern breeze—
Why are you two in compliance?
I asked the quiet moon in silence.

Clerihew

Vampire Count Nicholas
reads carefully an atlas
in his search for a blood-intensive area
with delicious, enchanting aortas.

Diamante

Emotion
Giddy, Itchy,
Biting, Surging, Wandering,
Anger, Disgust, Fear, Joy, Sadness
Babbling, Sneering, Whipping
Picky, Snatchy
Feeling

Nights without a Roommate

Don't look out of
the window where
a squirrel
is glutting himself
with hazels.
The rustling
behind the shutters
will make you mull.

Never pay attention to
the tick tock from
the neighbor's microwave.
She might heat up the milk
to poison the unrequited lover.

No, there is no one
trying to unclench the door.
It is not a rabbit, a giant ant,
nor a hungry lion.

Just pray for the coming
of the dear roommate.
Just pray for a good sleep
in the night without
a roommate.

Only unconsciousness is the cure to fear.

Poppy

Scent
of your
fragrance blooms
in my nose
reminding me of
the day I was in a
field of opium poppies far
away from the boisterous world
with you, my dear Poppy who was like
the poppy in the soil of my heart.

Palm Tree

Don't be curious
about my hometown.
I used to live far away
from Jamestown.
After cleaning the stove,
I start my stray rove
for Indonesian clove
in refreshing mauve,
for Reykjavik's gleam,
glittering and a gleam,
for the *palm tree* in my dream
calling me to be the sunbeam.

An Incarnated Blue Whale

I was a blue whale,
eager to isle.
I was giant and lonely,
Waiting for shrimps' company in a while.

I swam through wonders.
I saw the abyssal Eden blur.
However, the ocean was too silent,
No creatures for me to brunt.

I loved the sunny day in Mediterranean;
I loved the Siberian bun.
I loved the algal weed under my belly
As well as the freshly fishy auras.

I was looking for starry skies,
Putting the shining into my eyes.
I was looking for a universe
Where my loneliness will get reimbursed.

Past

The cream has run out
as well as the sugar.
I have become used to
drinking espresso.

Is luxuriant imagination
beneficial or harmful?
It tasted bitterly sweet
in my mind.

The silence has lengthened,
then the kisses stopped
that I had been as used to
as crying, as loving you.

Is endless tolerance
beneficial or harmful?
It smelt sweetly bitter
on my tongue.

The relationship between us
is like Legos,
untenable but daedal.
Racking my brain, I built it
like a home,
but it came apart
in the next second.

Dim

One day
I find you are
no longer glistening
like a luminous star withered

into
a small
particle in
vastly huge universe,
then I try to recall the glint
on you

when it
was the first time
I saw you. Suddenly,
it occurs to me that
the blink was not from you but from

my eyes.

Possession Contributes to Loss

Eager to catch the
inspiration, but I just
come up with banal words
for my torso.

Lost in missing you,
but I fail to find my
atman, becoming stranger
to ego.

Prepared to kiss good-bye
every fantasy in my life,
but you accidently appear again
in a bistro.

In My Wonderland

An Arabian jasmine
is leaning on the butterflies;
An orange kitty
is stimulating catnips.
The desert
is decorating the cacti;
The tranquil ocean
is sailing on the ships

The Home button
is dancing on my thumb;
I am
fading the memories of thee.
My lips
are a fresh plum dying
While you
are missing me.

Crescent Spring

The sand of desert
surrounding the crescent spring
carries bell ringing.

Belle in Nature

A geranium
shivering under the sun
resembles a belle.

Competition

In the big garden
flowers fighting for the Queen
as spring comes gently.

Accompany

From childhood, I was
lonely, taking care of stars
from generations.

National Day Scene

(After A.R. Ammons' Winter Scene)

Chinese National Day is a legal holiday with a week break for people out of work. During this week, the scenic spots nationwide are full of visitors, making the trip more intensive than workdays.

There is now not a
room amid these crowds:

except when an old man
sweats, frowns, and

suddenly, faints:
then every visitor

is in shock and
breaks for his swoon.

It's on the Tip of Your Tongue

(after Brenda Shaughnessy's *I'm Over the Moon*)

The strong scent of tobacco
is perceptible to your

high profile nose. Your eyebrows are tight,
like letter M, your eyes are melancholy.

You cough and wave your hands,
letting me guess the reason for your cigarette.

Birth and Lie

A boy is told he is made of mud,
not from the California Redbud.
He never washes then
speaking time and again
that he could vanish with a flash flood.

A Party

I see a cemetery stands
like fairylands,
no dust, no pain,
no lust, no bane.

It holds a party for all souls
but one soul strolls,
aimlessly walks,
lambently gawks.

Samsara is nothing to me.
Rather, it's glee.
I jump into
the new adieu.

I am awoken by a beam of light.
Spermatocyte!
Karma happens.
The life burgeons.

Forgiveness of Spring

I came to the river to smash the
ice, spring hurt with blood and tears
on her face but heard no sobbing.
I thought she was angry
but winter jasmines
tell me that she
just forgave
me right
now.

What I think when I am something of an insomniac

The Home button truncated my power.
The altitude stress lacks a signal.
Where is my azure silk Zara blinder?
Why was I born from womb but not axil?
Mulan is the only Disney killer.
Her sword reminds me of the ferule.
Is there any soft sheep on the Cyprus?
Do they count human beings when sleepless?

Quinzaine

I am packing my baggage.
Where can I go?
Will you come?

One Night at the Barbecue Booth

Refreshing and aromatic
The breeze seems to be magic,
Pulling me to the barbecue booth in the bystreet,
Though a person on a diet should have more nutmeat.

Busy and in hobnob,
The white hat is making my kabob.
He worries if the booth will be escheated,
While the mixed carbon-lamb smell makes me bittersweet

“My sense of hunger cannot be malnourished,”
I said it to myself noticing the sky flies a parakeet.
The boom in my stomach repeats,
And the desire for the golden greasy lamb upbeats.

Miss Her

She loses her weight,
but my miss is inversely
proportional to her flesh.

She increases her weight,
so, I blow more kisses.

Rolling by

I was fond of your face and the fleet of time
It happened quickly without rhyme and reason
The tree engraved with our names was in rime

My love will never freeze in any season
But yours was falling down as a filemot flag
Though tall and stubborn, it withered, the aspen.

I am roaming about on the pillow's crag
Anxious, lonely, desperate, without a mate
In anacatesthesia, I am a stag.

Rolling it by? I'm in the memory's strait.
How can you and the aspen vanish? A spate.

Tanka

Snow-covered mountain,
pungent, piercingly cold
air in the forest,
I am faced with—as the cloud
murmurs a lullaby.

So-Called Soulmate

You were the mellow wind in spring;
I was the kite chasing your breath.
You were the chain embracing the handle like a coiling;
I was the metallic speth.

If you were the second hand pursuing the time;
I was the gear behind singing a lullaby.
If you were a drip of blue ink dropping at nighttime;
I was the visible scratch shaping a butterfly.

But you choose to be ordinary,
and I followed your signal and became a mundane person.
My commonplace is a corollary.
As long as who you are, I have no conversion.

You are not born with the trait to love me.
I will never again be your lover.

Chinese Auspicious Couplet

All Seasons Peace

Warmth
Arrives
Grows
Hearth
And
Home

Spring
Reaches
Burgeons
Safe
And
Sound

Senryu

“Hey, I am pregnant.”
are the last words spoken
between him and him.

Perfume

I
can seal
my ears but
cannot escape
the smell you left in the air with perfume.