

# ***Nowhere Plans***

## ***IN Nowhere's Land***

***By Phillip Gu***



## Foreword

*He's a real nowhere man  
Sittiing in his nowhere land  
Making all his nowhere plans  
For nobody.*

—"Nowhere man", by John Lennon

Though written in 1965, I always feel like this lyric is all about what 21 century people do. Does someone really have a sense of what he/she' is going to do, or whom he/she would become? I believe most of us don't. In that sense, our so-called daily routine, are all vain attempts. We gave them meanings, which they probably don't deserve.

So, forget about your stupid programming project, or lab reports, or other stuff. Problems will sort themselves out, in the mean time better write some poems.

This chapbook collects 15 of my poems. I don't usually write about sublimity, but instead I focus on those bizarre moments, moments that do not belong to this world, moments that only exist in my nowhere land. I explore the twisted ideas, most genrated from my dreams. I record how I look at this world, in my own way, which may be shitty in its form, but hopefully interesting behind the curtain.

*Opportunity's mission*

The rover sees no difference between  
Mars and Earth. The same vast plain  
with some pits at the center and ridges lie far.  
Her internal clock always claim  
that a sol is no different than a day  
except forty more minutes of slack.  
Therefore most of time she rests  
on the edge of a crater. And soaked  
in the dim sunlight just like  
back in Mojave, at dusk. If weather permits a stretch  
she'll notify those remote engineers and  
never use up her cell. Until  
the day when she looked upon  
the glowing dome where she came from,  
it stroke her that Mars is different than  
Earth. It has two moons. One in clear sight  
but the other concealed itself behind  
the approaching sandstorm.  
Soon she felt drowsy underneath  
a sudden dune who promises  
gloomy sleepiness, then tranquil dormancy.  
Opportunity needs a distant dream  
after all this place is not Earthly  
and her cell is now empty.

*Silver lining*

They say every cloud has a silver lining  
But not from above. There's a vast ocean of dust and vapor  
convolving with fragments of thin air.  
You must read that things don't get better here.  
Only in such perspective can you  
understand buoyancy, how the clouds become  
borderless tides. How the sunlight turns into  
the opposite nights. Then if you look down you'd find  
there are no lines. Only discontinuity of waves  
where sailors are granted a peek to Atlantis.  
After that, to return from the stratosphere  
is to claim one will never reach the land.  
Each descend becomes a deeper dive. Now look above  
Do you still see the silver lining?

*Woke*

I often find myself wake up in  
dreams, this time on a flight to Chicago.  
The trip is bumpy and I feel dizzy though  
the world in a bizarre glow. Everyone  
is staring at the window:  
a pale white sky against the dull dark inside  
above which hangs an azure sun. My neighbor  
explains to me that we are flying across a glacial  
or maybe just a vast floating ice.  
Just like those sea fowls, they always  
hover and circle, searching for  
a precious ground to land on or they'd soak  
in the chilling desert.

We must have crossed September since  
aurora starts to gleam,  
but all the ice is melting as if  
arctic does have spring.  
Were I a sea fowl, I'd choose to leave the north  
with the wind, or the turbulence from  
aircrafts that passes by.  
But then inside that aircraft everything starts to  
decompose into basic strings.  
In that violent vibration I woke, and  
feel like something is lost, while something is gained  
it's even better, for one to wake up  
in the middle of a trip; the sun is now turquoise.

