

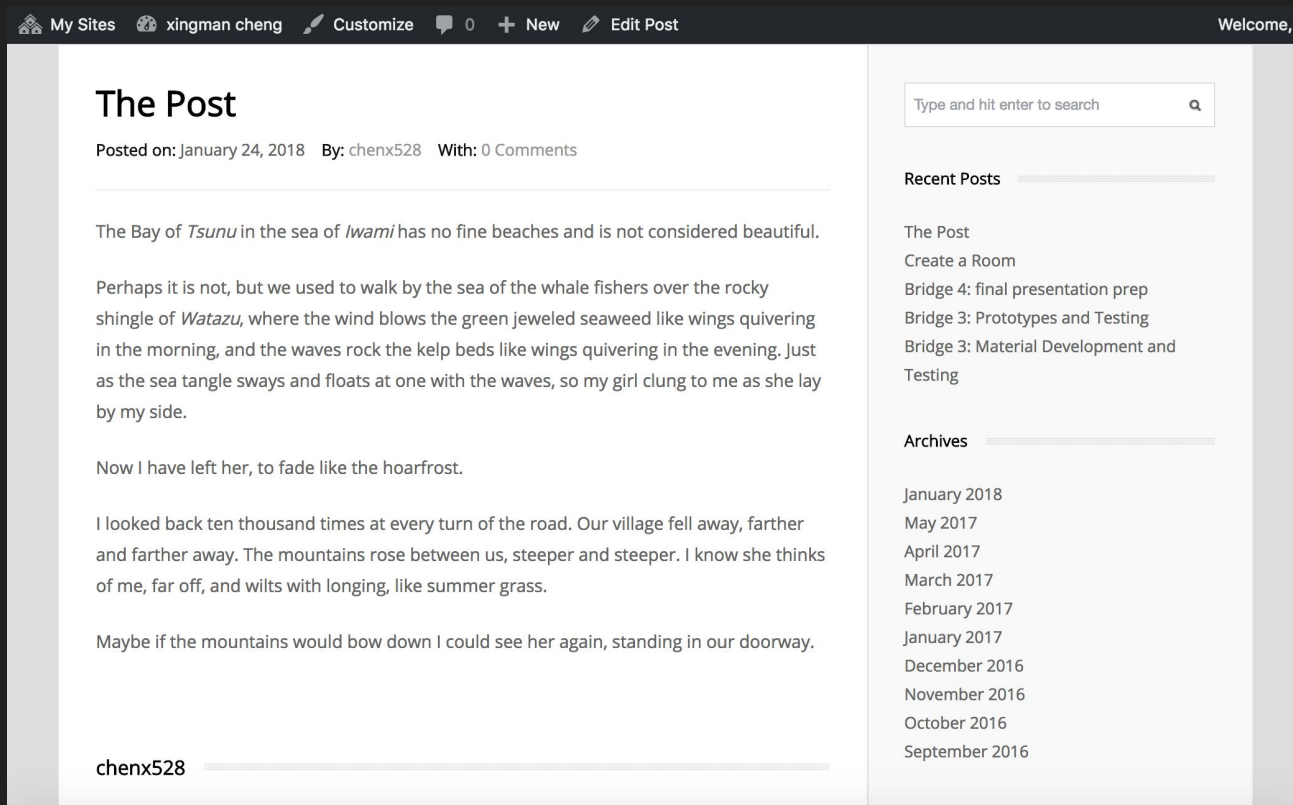
The Post 2.0

Xingman

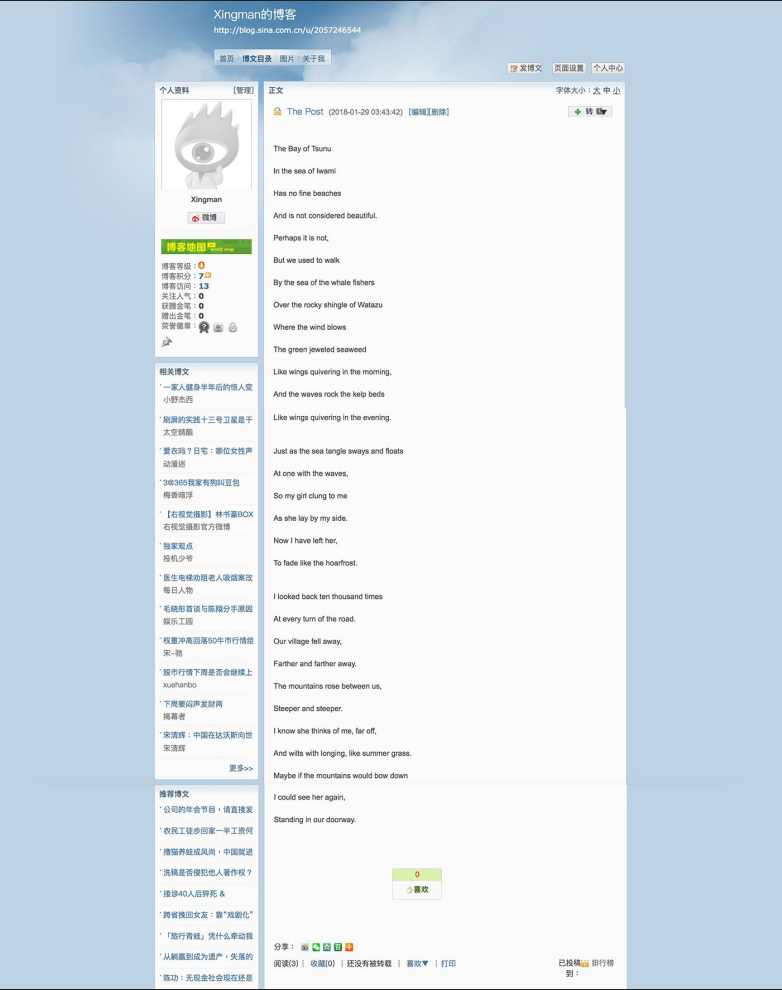
Content:
Untitled Poem by Hitomaro

Intention:
Hide its existence, make the content as
“invisible” as possible

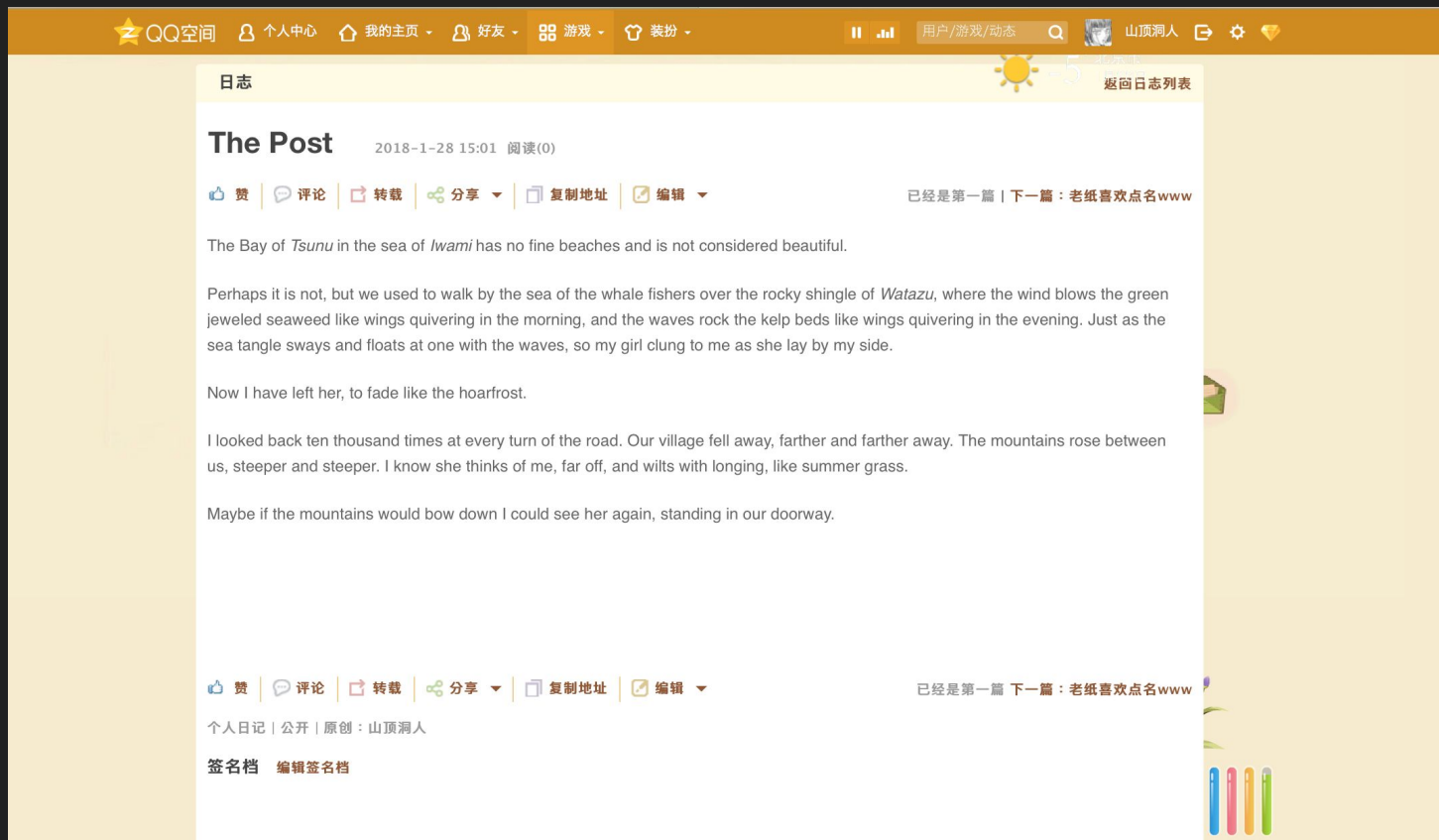
Platform 1: Parsons Learning Portfolio



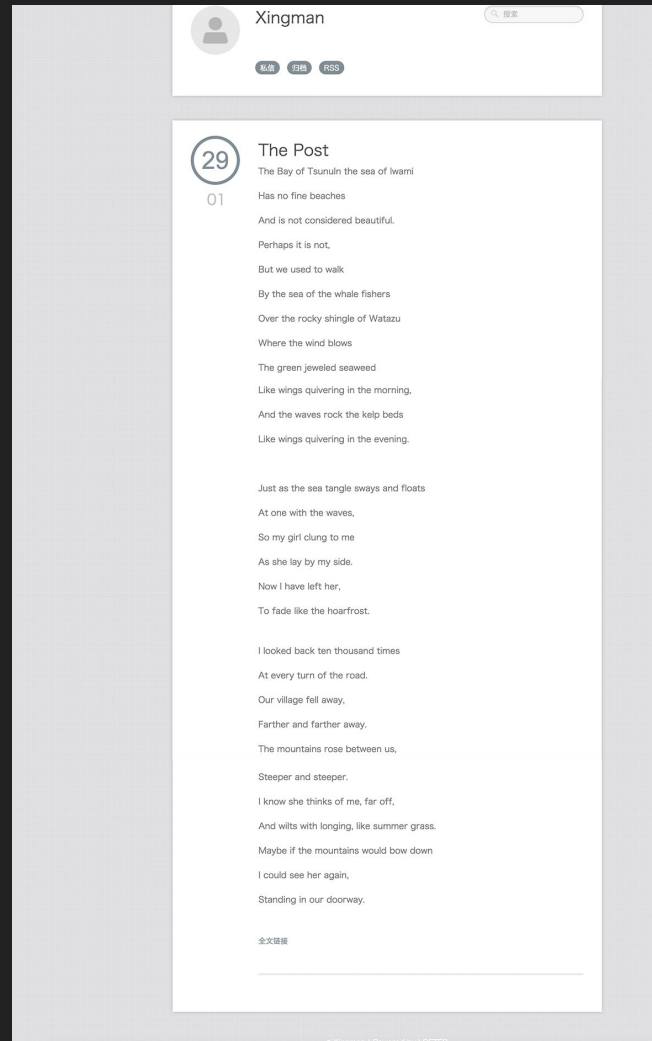
Platform 2: Sina Blog




Platform 3: Qzone



Platform 4: Lofter




Platform 5: LiveJournal

LIVEJOURNAL

FIND MORE ▾

FRIENDS FEED

SHOP

XINGMAN — YOU ARE VIEWING YOUR JOURNAL

CALENDAR

xingman

RECENT ENTRIES

FRIENDS

PROFILE

ARCHIVE


TAGS



MEMORIES

January 28th, 2018, 04:14 pm

The Post

The Bay of *Tsunu* in the sea of *Iwami* has no fine beaches and is not considered beautiful.






  LEAVE A COMMENT

January 28th, 2018, 04:13 pm

The Post

Perhaps it is not, but we used to walk by the sea of the whale fishers over the rocky shingle of *Watazu*, where the wind blows the green jeweled seaweed like wings quivering in the morning, and the waves rock the kelp beds like wings quivering in the evening. Just as the sea tangle sways and floats at one with the waves, so my girl clung to me as she lay by my side.





  LEAVE A COMMENT

January 28th, 2018, 04:13 pm

The Post



Now I have left her, to fade like the hoarfrost.

  LEAVE A COMMENT

January 28th, 2018, 04:12 pm

The Post



I looked back ten thousand times at every turn of the road. Our village fell away, farther and farther away. The mountains rose between us, steeper and steeper. I know she thinks of me, far off, and wilts with longing, like summer grass.

  LEAVE A COMMENT

January 28th, 2018, 04:11 pm

The Post

Maybe if the mountains would bow down I could see her again, standing in our doorway.

  LEAVE A COMMENT

Platform 6: Myspace

What's the latest?

Brooklyn, NY

0/1024

Post

Hide Filters

Find & Invite Friends

Maybe if the mountains would bow down I could see her again, standing in our doorway.

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

I looked back ten thousand times at every turn of the road. Our village fell away, farther and farther away. The mountains rose between us, steeper and

Show more

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

Perhaps it is not, but we used to walk by the sea of the whale fishers over the rocky shingle of Watazu, where the wind blows the green jeweled seaweed like

Show more

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

The Bay of Tsunu in the sea of Iwami has no fine beaches and is not considered beautiful.

Xingman Cheng
1 min ago, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

Now I have left her, to fade like the hoarfrost.

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

Maybe if the mountains would bow down I could see her again, standing in our doorway.

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

I looked back ten thousand times at every turn of the road. Our village fell away, farther and farther away. The mountains rose between us, steeper and steeper. I know she thinks of me, far off, and wilts with longing, like summer grass.

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

Add a comment...

Perhaps it is not, but we used to walk by the sea of the whale fishers over the rocky shingle of Watazu, where the wind blows the green jeweled seaweed like

Show more

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

The Bay of Tsunu in the sea of Iwami has no fine beaches and is not considered beautiful.

Xingman Cheng
1 min ago, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

Maybe if the mountains would bow down I could see her again, standing in our doorway.

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

I looked back ten thousand times at every turn of the road. Our village fell away, farther and farther away. The mountains rose between us, steeper and

Show more

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

Perhaps it is not, but we used to walk by the sea of the whale fishers over the rocky shingle of Watazu, where the wind blows the green jeweled seaweed like wings quivering in the morning, and the waves rock the kelp beds like wings quivering in the evening. Just as the sea tangle sways and floats at one with the waves, so my girl clung to me as she lay by my side.

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share

Add a comment...

Now I have left her, to fade like the hoarfrost.

Xingman Cheng
just now, Brooklyn, NY

Comment Share