

# Footsteps in the Years

Poems by Guoping

Translated into English

## Preface

In a true and conscious sense, my use of poetry as a means of recording and expression began in 2017. That year in Philadelphia, I met a friend named Yifan. A casual word of encouragement from him led me to fall in love with this way of releasing emotions through language. At the time, far from home and feeling deeply alone, I missed my family and friends thousands of miles away. Carrying this longing, I wrote one poem after another. These words woven from images became vessels for my emotions, and between each line, my restless heart gradually found its calm.

Through these years of intermittent writing, my sensitivity to the inner world has grown ever sharper. *In a flower, in a leaf, a whole world unfolds*—each has become a mirror of my heart, reflecting one emotion after another. In the interplay among these images, they turn into records of specific moments in time. It is precisely through the capture of such fleeting sensations that I have gained a personal experience and understanding of beauty. This is a kind of imaginative resonance born from emotional awakening. At times, these imaginings are romantic—entwined with spring blossoms and autumn moons, with longing that transcends time and space, with the tenderness of a single smile or glance. At other times, they are sorrowful—the fading of youth, the vanishing of youthful dreams, regrets and missed chances, the quiet sighs that surface when looking back. At still other times, they turn metaphysical—an image-based deconstruction of abstract ideas, inquiries into the soul and redemption, the helplessness of repeatedly returning to questions that have no answers. These imaginings enrich the objective world in which I live; they are the fusion of my independent experiences and perceptions, and they mark my existence in this time and space. I am deeply grateful that poetry allows me to turn all of this into lines of words.

In classical Chinese poetry, I am particularly fond of Li Bai and Li Shangyin—their romantic imagination and abstract expression once made me realize how breathtakingly beautiful language could be. In modern Chinese poetry, I have been deeply influenced by Gu Cheng and Shu Ting: the vitality in Gu Cheng's early poems, and the passionate emotions in Shu Ting's works, made me feel that poetry should be a leaping current of feeling, where every image is alive and vivid. As for foreign poetry, I have been shaped by Heine, Byron, and Neruda. Their imaginings of love and freedom gradually awakened my awareness of my own individuality. Within my limited reading, many other people and encounters have also left their mark on my poetic expression over the years. They have been like silent mentors, who, through repeated encounters, pointed me toward the emotional destination behind words. Carrying these shared emotional experiences, I began my own record.

Along this winding road of writing—pausing and moving forward—I have been fortunate to receive help, inspiration, support, and encouragement from many people. In their own unique ways, they opened the floodgates of my emotions again and again, connecting the world before my eyes with the world within, allowing feeling—through imagery—to find its place within the structure of each line. I do not know whether these words fully or elegantly captured the emotions of those moments, but I believe they at least contain my sincerity and a touch of genuine feeling. Here, I offer my deepest thanks to those names now leaping into my mind—my family, the friends who have stayed by my side, the teachers who encouraged and guided me; familiar strangers, old friends who have grown distant, and the many passersby who brushed past my life. *Human joys and sorrows, like two autumns in one year.* I am grateful for every encounter and every companionship along this path.

**Guoping Xu**  
Texas, USA  
2025

When did the wind rise upon the screen?  
Blowing your long hair, messing my dream.  
In sorrow, I think of tears I cannot hold,  
Like fading echoes, past stories in the wind unfold.  
The silent ritual, like a film without sound,  
Your shifting figure, where the past is bound.  
I fear forgetting the moments that knocked on my heart,  
I cannot catch them, but the feelings start.  
In breath, I seem to smell the past, see you there,  
Alone I stand on a dark, secret stair.  
You cannot see, pretending to pass as before,  
From the past so slow, so slow, walking through the door.  
Divergent lives disrupted tracks so many,  
When will a miracle fall, if any?  
I think of farewells, of flowers blooming slow in the heart,  
In sorrow, gazing at the screen, never to part.  
A figure that lingers, refusing to depart.

The sun painted its rims with color so deep,  
Trying to dry the tears that weep.  
Sad things will quietly pass away,  
Dancing sunlight like a smile in the day.  
That is an experience the past has sent,

But, oh but, the password is spent.  
Under the naked sun's glare,  
Receiving tests, again and everywhere.  
They are jumping, skipping high,  
Turning into grimaces beneath the sky.  
Nowhere to escape, I close my eyes tight,  
Sudden darkness, stripped of light.  
I saw those dark eyes stare,  
Seeming to see the color there.

3

Silence in the afternoon, summer's time,  
I sit in a wilderness, void of rhyme.  
Sorrowful moonlight falls on the dust,  
Fate's lonely boat wanders in trust.  
Thinking of shaken memories that fall like leaves,  
I try to grab them, but empty hands imply what deceives.  
Cooking smoke curls, vanishing in a corner of earth,  
Fantasy bubbles burst in the dream's rebirth.  
My hands are empty, not a thought to hold,  
Echoes scatter, in a wilderness cold.  
I sit in the afternoon summer light,  
Silent and still, waiting for night.

4. Wuhan, Another Spring

Spring chasing time's footsteps, wild and free,

Iris flowers spread wings, peeking to see.  
Spring's first sunlight brushes Wuhan's eyes,  
The Yangtze's spring waters carry the years that rise.  
Beneath the Yellow Crane Tower, a new time starts to flow,  
Arhats at Guiyuan Temple, chanting soft and low.  
Saving the sentiments of all living beings,  
Spring, at Hubu Alley and Liangdao Street scenes.  
Fireworks of the human world weave through the rush,  
Spring, on both banks where the river waters brush.  
Reeds sway, telling of the spring breeze's tangle,  
Spring, at Wuhan University, cherry blossoms dangle.  
Lightly drifting onto the shoulders of those who roam,  
Wuhan, another spring has come home.  
In the cycle of seasons, arriving as planned,  
Just like before, quiet and elegant, it stands.  
Wuhan, another spring to see,  
And I, across a thousand mountains, remember thee.

## 5. One Person

One person in the night,  
The road home moving in the light.  
Meeting one person, then another one,  
Strangers with no words when all is done.  
Walking and walking, on I go,  
Hoping to meet someone I know.  
To chat in the dialect of home,

Of our stories, our feelings, as we roam.

As if listening is a release to find,

On the same channel, of one mind.

We exchange words, soft and low,

In a familiar magnetic field's glow.

Telling of the sorrow of being apart,

But tonight, I am alone in heart.

Alone in the room, feeling weak,

As if sick, with no one to speak.

Just one person.

## 6. If I Forget You

If I forget you,

Do not be disappointed, do not be blue.

Busy days require we forget,

Forgetting you is not my intent, not yet.

If I could choose,

I wish you were here, nothing to lose.

Standing or sitting, near me,

I listen to you speak, whatever it be.

As long as it is yours, your voice so clear,

I look at you, seeing you appear.

This concrete you, no need to imagine wild,

If existence is freedom, undefiled.

I hope your appearance is free will's victory,

Alas, this fateful meeting and parting history.

This long string of sighs with no reply,  
This practice of forgetting, painful as days go by.  
Thus, I forgot you, it is true,  
I forgot you.  
Is this evolution's victory?  
I hate such a victory.  
If tears can count as a protest against history.

7

Flying to a foreign land for many years,  
Bidding farewell to the noise, the cheers.  
Farewell to kin, farewell to friends,  
Farewell to familiar places, where the road ends.  
The emotional green is scraped by wind and sand,  
Irrigating loneliness with words in hand.  
In a world of one, conversing with the past,  
Quiet times, a restless soul, vast.  
Seeking a way to reconcile,  
By the river with swans and squirrels, for a while.  
Walking and stopping, alone I go,  
Walking and stopping, to and fro.  
Nature not suited for competition's strife,  
Never doing evil in this life.  
Ideals are still far away,  
Man is in the secular world, night and day.  
A dialogue between a layman and a soul,

Concern in the heart, hard to control.  
The desire to confide, released in text slow,  
Watering roses of fantasy where wind and sands blow.  
Occasionally compromising, occasionally firm,  
Intermittent in one direction, waiting for my turn.  
Looking back at the years gone by,  
Some people, some things, under the sky.  
Sprouting and growing in the heart,  
This afternoon, no wind to start.  
This afternoon, sunshine fills the air,  
This afternoon, I saw them there.

#### 8. Waiting for You, Waiting for What

Waiting for a lapse of time,  
Waiting for a trance, sublime.  
Waiting for a tacit smile to appear,  
Distance is just space's decoration here.  
Eyes have long jumped physical bounds,  
Feeling is the true measure found.  
Step by step, you are drawing near,  
You appear, behind me, clear.  
The air is filled with your scent,  
A light illuminates the spirit's tent.  
Waiting for your appearance to display,  
It is already the first year, first month, first day.

## 9. Blessing

You say this day in the year,  
Is a freeze-frame of seventy-five years dear.  
  
A ritual in solidified time,  
To commemorate this day, this rhyme.  
  
Labeling the ritual with meaning so deep,  
For the rest of the days to chew and keep.  
  
Surprises jump in the repetitive beat,  
This wave-like passion, small and sweet.  
  
Linking fragments of history into a memoir,  
Sending my blessings, from near and far.  
  
To commemorate the appearance of this day,  
Lamenting the passing years, faces turning grey.  
  
Life's journey moves forward, on and on,  
Between looking up and hesitation, dawn.  
  
New life, new opportunities start to emerge,  
In the distance, in the future, where poetic thoughts converge.  
  
Lighting up a new round of sunrise,  
Letting blessings layer with new meaning in our eyes.

## 10. Flying Across the Pacific to Miss You

Missing you, I flew across the Pacific wide,  
Distance is but time and space's shifting tide.  
  
And the distance between heart and heart,  
Is nothing more than you and me, apart.  
  
Missing you, I passed through the Pacific's span,

Time is but a photo album, part of the plan.

And between you and me,

Memory is nothing more than yesterday and today to be.

Missing you, I dreamed of you,

In the dream, no wind from the Pacific blew.

I stepped across ten thousand mountains and streams,

You were right before me, close as dreams.

I looked at you, as if yesterday,

You took me to the school playground to play.

## 11

The first time, cherry blossoms bloomed,

Many of us, in the crowd, zoomed.

There was a name you never said,

Back then, the blossoms were shy and red.

Quietly falling on her shoulder,

The second time, blossoms grew bolder.

Just the two of you,

You called her name, true.

Back then, the blossoms were mischievous play,

Chasing you and her by the lake that day.

The third time, cherry blossoms bloomed,

You were alone, by thoughts consumed.

Thinking of nothing, just watching the flower,

Back then, blossoms mourned the hour.

Beautiful moments like an illusion,

The fourth time, blossoms in profusion.

Cold night winds took them away,

Thinking of time rushing day by day.

Cherry blossoms, falling on the heart,

And now, again, the blossoms start.

Tree after tree,

I thought of you, freely.

Those flowers,

Page after page, hours after hours.

## 12

I think, romance is~

A distant place, a good girl exists.

Red cheeks, long hair flowing,

Thinking of it, with a smile showing.

I think, romance is~

Roads walked, scenery passed through,

I happen to be by your side, with you.

Thinking of it, with laughter ringing.

I think, romance is~

When grievances and darkness strike,

You hold a rainbow, roses alike.

Using a knight's spirit to make me raise my head,

Thinking of it, with emotion spread.

I think, romance is~

When counting your name,

Golden leaves, shaking down the past like rain.

Thinking of it, with warmth to sustain.

I think, romance is~

When alone,

Not lonely, not blue, no sorrow known.

Watching small ants chase a beetle in a fight,

Accompanied by dusk, and rosy twilight.

Thinking of it, with peace in sight.

I think, romance is~

In the box of memory,

Many stories to see.

Lightly clicking open,

Filling the room with wonder spoken.

Thinking of it, with excitement high.

I still think, still think...

Romance is~

Time pulling me back to the present eye.

Thinking of distant places,

Thinking of lost traces.

In the call of the sea of people,

We gaze at the ribbons in the sky.

With silence,

With tears,

With cheers,

With passion nearby.

Thinking of that year on the white sand,  
I was a youth, ideal, grand.  
  
Walking carefree in beautiful time,  
One of thousands of possibilities in rhyme.  
  
Remembering seagulls chasing waves that day,  
Blue sky, white clouds, in display.  
  
Silhouettes crossing to and fro,  
I took my small lens to record the show.  
  
Thinking an instant is forever and ever,  
Swaying time took the youth's endeavor.  
  
I wear silence, pretending to be mature,  
Fantasizing about the bird, free and pure.  
  
Life overlaps heavily before my face,  
Lines of task lists flashing in the space.  
  
I hold a pen, typing on the keyboard,  
Typing on keys, typing my imagination poured.  
  
I think of that year on the white sand,  
I saw a youth chasing the land.

What a beautiful day,  
Returning from far away.  
  
Familiar shadows swaying before my eyes,  
I see smiles, like bright sunshine skies.  
  
Holding the key of memory tight,

Lost in thought in sentences light.

That was a cozy afternoon, or maybe,

Or a busy morning, busy as can be.

In the combination of distance and time,

I crossed mountains and seas in rhyme.

High above the night sky,

Lighting up stars in dreams, way up high.

Is that distant imagination?

Or a wild guess in lonely duration?

I push away the hazy sleep,

Combining again and again at the screen deep.

Where will these jumping thoughts lead me to?

Closing eyes, I chase voices through images new.

Melodious melodies drift from a distant coast,

Like the smile of little stars, the morning's host.

I saw a smile,

As if seeing the brilliant sun for a while.

## 15. Sending to You

Sending you a poem,

Sending you my thoughts to roam.

Missing you, us together,

Time compressed into a dot, light as a feather.

I gaze in condensation,

Dear ones, in my station.

We were once together,

Common topics taking flight like a feather.

In the falling leaves, one by one,

Outlining leisurely figures in the sun.

In the disturbances of thought,

In the gaze of my silence caught.

Watching an interaction of yours,

As if we are together, opening doors.

Communicating about tacit understanding,

Like one of infinite possibilities landing.

Destined to bloom in silence,

A pure white flower, needing no appliance.

## 16. Strange as Shadows in the Night

In a long gaze,

Familiar with each other's strange ways.

I think of sunshine,

Think of familiar people, fine.

I naturally appear,

Me, in front of you, here.

I think of many words to say,

Like rain falling on the lake, grey.

Bubbles following bubbles,

Like laughter ringing, forgetting troubles.

Me, familiar with you,

We stand, true.

Walk forward,

Walk forward.  
As if this is the familiar track,  
The road we walked, looking back.

17

Sitting, in the photo of time,  
Dear friends, sitting in rhyme.  
Blue sky with clouds after rain,  
Green leaves hanging on the high tree again.  
We sit, the calm lake lying still,  
Words in poetry rising in the picture's will.  
A record, a gratitude,  
Flowing in the narrow frame's latitude.  
Like the look of tourism,  
Stretching from this moment to this prism.  
Here, we sit,  
Using posture bit by bit.  
Painting the photo into a memory,  
A kind of look, for us to see.

18

Meeting you was an accident,  
It seems accidents are also meant.  
It seems the arrangement is here and now,  
You appeared alone, taking a bow.  
Unexpected enthusiasm like a fire in the night,

You crossed lonely walls, height by height.  
Facing its solemnity, its smile,  
The balance in the heart seems to shake a while.  
Shaking that corner of the world you didn't note,  
Bits of time connected into a long story wrote.  
You tell me the scenery in your eyes along the way,  
I imagine the passwords in the lines you say.  
What is unseen became the final destination,  
Thinking of your hesitation in first standing station.  
I saw a figure in the high sky,  
You said it was a special arrangement nearby.  
I said it was an accident meeting you.

19

Marked time moves to this month, this moment,  
In expectant imagination, we meet again, intent.  
Small space, songs and prayer,  
The journey is long, then short, seemingly fair.  
We speak for a while, stop for a while,  
Like the wind blowing outside the window style.  
Sometimes it comes, sometimes it goes,  
Sometimes in long silence, it slows.  
Recalling this instant, that change,  
Like jumping at the origin of memory's range.  
A flutter of a neuron,  
Ignited the awakening of notes in the air, drawn.

Silence fades, time and space switch,

The car is moving, we are talking, rich.

Speaking of the dots ahead, dots,

Today, now, this moment, lots.

Smoke of memory rises before eyes,

I heard a smile in my ears arise.

Familiar voice beating the heartbeat,

It seems distance is a retractable ruler to meet.

A turn of thought like a line on stage read,

Many, many years ago, like a dream spread.

Passion ignited the hormones' incite,

In the years of youth like a free horse in flight.

Engraving time into concentrated marks,

Waiting for a new remembrance in brewing sparks.

Now, present, past,

It slowly lands before my eyes at last.

In the blurred mist,

Transforming into the look of the past list.

Footsteps overlapping footsteps,

Figures side by side, depths.

Sunset connecting sunset,

Sound after sound, not done yet.

Whispering in my ear,

As if a small bird before me, near.

It looks at me, humming a song,

The song curls, dreamlike and long.

As if you are in front of me,  
Today, now, this moment to be.  
  
So is this departure?  
  
So is this return, solely?  
  
The building is such an architecture,  
Remembering its appearance, for sure.  
  
If, if, start all over again,  
You point to the building in the rain.  
  
Saying that very long ago thing,  
  
A trip,  
A recording.

20

Goldfish is a golden imagination,  
Cobblestones smooth like time's pace in station.  
  
Golden fish swim in imagined years,  
It seems life is this swimming fish that appears.  
  
It seems the swimming fish will become,  
A continuous postcard that will not fade, or succumb.  
  
In golden memories.

21

Long tree, palm tree,  
It has its name, free.  
  
It has its look,  
On a small island nook.

Eavesdropping on the dialogue of sea and sand,  
Watching the contest of sun and night over land.

Watching the flow of guides and tourists,

It stands silently, in the mist.

Using its name, using its look,

Decorating a corner of this island book.

Long tree, palm tree,

Do you know, or see?

Someone, raised a lens high,

Someone, wrote words under the sky.

—For you.

22

Lights in the building gaze at the night,

As if to sleep and sink into dreams bright.

Hanging stars and infinite possibilities in the dream,

In combinations and transformations, a stream.

In activations and imaginations, deep,

Decorating the silence of this night, the beauty of sleep.

23

What to use to describe scenery so fair?

Give it sea, blue sky, green mountains, high buildings there.

With the witness of the rising sun,

Describe this joy that lingers, never done.

Like music composed of jumping characters,

Like poetry composed of changing images as actors.

Like this picture in the sea and sky before me,

Different colors in the picture to see.

Different colors of the seawater,

This is the color seen before eyes, pure.

Thinking of the color in this change,

The color of mood in this beating range.

The jumping color in this smile,

The color frozen before eyes for a while.

Like it would escape in a blink,

The color of the sea in this lens link.

White clouds covered the sun's eyes,

People turned into their own shadows, wise.

The sea breathes calmly with waves,

Many traces left on the beach, in caves.

Is that the edge of imagination?

Time flaps its wings in duration.

In an instant, heaven and earth go,

The sea is a sky without edge, so.

The sky is a sea without edge, blue,

They fulfill each other, true.

It seems eternity is,

Using your blue,

To return my blue to you.

In mutual gazing,

Achieving between heaven and earth, amazing.

This picture that never fades.

24

A tree like a house,  
Packed into your small lens, quiet as a mouse.

Like Plato's cave,  
In the world of ideas, a wave.

A ray of light,  
The world unfolds in sight.  
Like the oncoming rush,  
This painting in the image, lush.

25

Falling from your womb,  
Pain and crying echo in the room.  
Physical separation, cruel yet tender,  
You look at the heartbeat beside, pure splendor.  
Your blood, your flesh, your spirit,  
Flowing in the silence of time and space, near it.

The ark of fate sails towards the vast,  
Brief gathering seems to predict separation fast.  
If eternity is a moment of embrace,  
It seems separation is eternity in a space.  
A willful small boat docked in the bay,  
A storm broke the rope of forever that day.  
The small boat wanders in the boundless sea,

What to use to find, find the way home to be.

Romantic imagination carries the sound of wind chimes,

Wind and rain fluttering, small boat drifting times.

How hard to try to find,

The rising sun pushed away the fog of the mind.

A beam of light shines into the boat's heart room,

Brief tenderness sways beside, chasing gloom.

Like the appearance of love at the start,

Like the soft call back then, from the heart.

As if right by your side like before,

Like before by your side, forevermore.

Like you bowing to kiss,

Love passed on love, simple bliss.

Using your blood, your flesh,

Your life after life, mesh.

Eternal——

Soul.

## 26. Send You a Poem

Send you a poem,

It must be reserved, rational, like home.

Like the laws of physics,

Walking in predetermined logic's mix.

Just like the sun, moon, and stars,

Transforming from this end to that, no bars.

It seems law is the hidden riddle,

Send you a poem, in the middle.  
It must be vivid, flowing free,  
Like a smile in youth, wild and glee.  
Imagining in romantic ideals,  
Just like water drops on green leaves, morning reveals.  
Dancing in the rhythm of the breeze,  
It seems beauty is simple repetition, ease.  
Send you a poem,  
It is about the past, present, future to roam.  
Just like a road walking forward,  
In the endless time and space of life, stored.  
In a moment full of poetry,  
A look back to see.

## 27. Send You a Poem

Send you a poem,  
It is not so gaudy.  
Just like the blue sea,  
Calm and elegant to be.  
Send you a poem,  
It is not so gorgeous.  
Just like the beating breeze,  
Lightly and quietly, at ease.  
Send you a poem,  
Present and future.  
Flowing in time,

Changing in distance, in rhyme.

It seems eternity is change,

Send you a poem.

Using simple images,

Composing clumsy blessings, pages.

This code in the old days,

Deciphered the poetry in life's ways.

Send you a poem,

It appears naturally.

As if face to face,

Words turn into sound in space.

It seems memory is originally,

Just such a poem to see.

28

Thinking of meeting familiar friends,

Thinking of words accumulated, making amends.

Thinking of occasional gatherings in lonely days,

Sunshine begins to jump before eyes in rays.

Amidst the cheers of green grass,

Using a pure joy to pass.

Looking forward to a planned reunion,

You finally appear, in communion.

Your voice appearing,

Your figure appearing.

My familiar memories appearing,

On the burning timeline of the past, nearing.

Turning the blurred front gradually into,

A clear mark, true.

In the topic arriving late,

Pulling emotions full, creating fate.

Crossing from past and present to future,

Imagining in expectation and hope, for sure.

This beautiful flower blooming out.

29

What a beautiful day,

The sun is still here to stay.

I am also still here,

Watching a speck of dust in time, clear.

How it falls on the scale of distance,

A butterfly flapped the distance.

Images rushing to the face,

Beating on the chest, in place.

About hope and waiting,

Voces, and words, creating.

Transforming into the sun,

Burning the entire time and space, done.

I think of the past,

It is not far, not vast.

Rehearsed again and again in my mind,

It seems today the final ritual will be signed.

But years have passed,  
Time does not turn back, fast.  
I drew a tree hole in memory,  
Stuffing my sun, free.  
Into this darkness, deep,  
I think of beauty, think of itself to keep.  
In the deep consciousness of existence,  
I seem to see.  
See hope,  
Blooming in expectation, creating scope.  
This is truly a beautiful day.

### 30

I chase the direction of the wind,  
Beach, seawater, sunshine, green leaves pinned.  
It is the meeting in expectation,  
It is the background in imagination.  
I chase,  
It flies over the wall of reality, apace.  
There are songs there,  
Like wind chimes casting magic in the air.  
Imitating the shape of the wind,  
Ding-dong, ding-dong.  
Just like the joy in expectation,  
Thump, thump.  
In the secret corner of the heart,

Playing a great aria, a start.

Accompanied by secret variations,

Like complex changes represented by tears' stations.

That is a pure wind,

Close your eyes, your smile pinned.

Is the only, only,

Password.

I chase the direction of the wind,

Past imagination.

Like boiling hot blood,

Is it the resonance of beauty,

Or the resonance of heart.

In compressed time,

Bursts of laughter blew in rhyme.

Hovering in my ears,

It seems the present is right in the past years.

Selfish wind, willful wind,

Always gentle, always strong, pinned.

It seems to connect this hopeless time and space,

These points without boundaries, in place.

How hard to try to get close,

I chase the direction of the wind.

Right in the heart at this moment,

Countless guesses.

Waves one by one,

Converging into the shape of wind, done.

Towards the dam of emotion,

Lightly patting.

Lightly leaving.

Turning back,

Looking forward.

It has never broken,

Every minute and every second.

Chasing the direction of the wind,

Chasing its trajectory.

31

Thinking that I am just you,

A cloud in the white clouds, floating through.

A drop in the seawater,

A leaf in the green leaves, to stir.

Thinking I am just,

Your simple image, trust.

In the emotional world,

As an encountered, unfurled.

In the background of existence,

An enrichment of experience.

Thinking,

Your heart holds,

Dazzling stars.

I am on the earth,

Thinking you are a star in the sky, of worth.

This strong dislocation,  
Brought many guesses in creation.  
Thinking of the surprise at the corner,  
Thinking of the miracle of turning head, closer.  
And you finally passed by unaware,  
A figure of the setting sun, bare.  
A heart stuck in the dust,  
Thinking of this drifting past, trust.  
The heart seems to be,  
Covered with falling flakes of sad snow, to see.

## 32. Transcendence

Yesterday's world covered,  
Soul breaks free from flesh, discovered.  
The Way became flesh, turned into the Way,  
You rode a donkey in the human world, rushing day.  
New covenant nailed on the cross,  
Pouring faith with love and forgiveness, no loss.  
In the invisible dimension,  
The door to the new world opens, in extension.  
What is there?  
Flying angels,  
Free souls.  
Love is like air,  
Pure, simple.  
God of creation,

Looking at the paradise in eyes, elation.

Looking at the original appearance,

That is the original soul's adherence.

Lightning tears the sky,

Blood washes away sin, by and by.

That night of that night,

Like the world of yesterday, in sight.

A soul shouts,

Transcending beyond the naked eye, no doubts.

The spirit begins to vibrate,

At a speed of imagination, great.

Transcending the existence of flesh,

The contract of the new world falls, fresh.

What is that?

Love begins to relay,

Above the spirit.

Passing in the new world,

Faith built a ladder, unfurled.

What is waiting?

Is that the original paradise, dating?

### 33. Redemption

The cross stands before others, tall,

Flowing blood washes away the ghost of sin, all.

Light of love penetrates the boundless edge,

Golden clouds split, like a pledge.

As if it is a supreme ritual,  
As a witness of the soul, spiritual.  
Crowning the glory of this moment,  
In the kingdom of faith, intent.  
seeds of hope break shell and reborn,  
Among all living beings, heaven and earth adorn.  
With a pure compassion,  
With a humble fashion.  
Soul pardons soul,  
What is eternal life, what is eternity's goal.  
Miracles flash in the abstract record of text,  
In pairs of amazed eyes, perplexed.  
Faith passes on faith,  
Love passes on love.  
Can the soul be liberated?  
Where is the final destination situated?  
Close eyes, bow head to pray,  
Whose gentle voice came from the cross that day.  
That power to heal all wounds,  
Who gently stroked the human heart, making sounds.  
The moment they silently whispered,  
Writing down repentance, hope, and love, heard.  
The cross stands in front,  
Seeming, seeming to reflect in their hearts, a font.

Meeting at the intersection you mentioned,

Waiting at the intersection.

Waiting for an expectation,

Expecting a time and space,

Meeting.

Did you prepare,

Full topics to share.

One by one lining up along time,

Are you still thinking, in rhyme.

What is on that menu to see,

Do not rush, take it slowly.

Wait for time to brew,

Wait for emotions to prepare, new.

Wait for this minute and this second,

Wait for this instant to bloom about, reckoned.

The flower of meaning.

35

Sweet, sweet,

Long, long.

Smile.

Just like a magical spell,

Making eyes lose their way, fell.

You in the maze of the heart,

Walk and walk, walk and start.

Again and again, again and again,

Emotional probing like, when.

Weak current,

Do not understand, do not understand.

Behind this, behind,

Is there your answer to find.

In the imaginary world,

You jump out of your own maze, unfurled.

With a brave heart,

Approaching the center of this magic art.

You hope to meet,

Meet a.

Sweet, sweet,

Long, long.

Smile.

36

Back then you held her hand,

Waves of emotion brewed in the heart's land.

Beautiful dreams painted the deep night in color,

Moonlight swaying, duller.

Gentled your face,

Breathing with a call, in space.

Her name connected to her figure,

Stroking on your chest, with vigor.

Like holding her hand,

Now you released her hand.

The past beats on the heart wave by wave,  
Gentle night, your gentle eyes, brave.  
  
How far to go in the dream,  
How far, how far to see her face, it seems.  
  
Silence outside the window painted the whole earth,  
Thinking of her name, her figure, of worth.  
  
You touch your chest,  
Thump, thump.  
  
Just like back then you held her hand.

37

I think of the past at this moment,  
There are people missed in the past, intent.  
  
Thinking is a successful verb,  
It makes my heart at peace, superb.  
  
Makes me feel you are in my heart,  
I think of the future at this moment, start.  
  
Future also has people to miss,  
Hope is also a tempting verb, bliss.  
  
It gives me imagination,  
Imagining you are right by my side, in station.  
  
I think of this moment at this moment,  
Tomorrow there is that fixed talk show, bent.  
  
At this moment,  
I have no inspiration, no mood, to say,  
Say that long string of foreign words, today.

I do not want to speak, do not want to speak,

I only want to——

Miss you.

38

I wait at the intersection,

Waiting in the early morning section.

Under the green tree,

Sitting, waiting.

Familiar friend appears,

At the moment recorded in text, clears.

I imagine in trance,

That distant place, perchance.

Bird's song is accelerating catalysis,

Vortex of time and space brewing a meeting, bliss.

New emotions placed in old time,

Friend, you finally appear, in rhyme.

You finally appear,

At the boundary of my imagination, clear.

Is that the intersection we agreed upon?

I have already forgotten.

The background of that moment,

I have already remembered.

The turn of that moment.

39. Quiet

Sitting watching the fountain,

Like a painter, facing a mountain.

Imagining putting this moment into a painting,

What color should be used, waiting.

What to highlight,

How emotions flow, bright.

Who is remembered in the heart,

Subjective consciousness flows, start.

In the painting,

One person talking to the present view.

Water column gushing up,

Strong emotions, new.

When did they brew?

What stirred up countless waves in the heart?

Why use this thick warm color, start.

What does this combination of lines mean?

You stare at the painting before the scene.

Why sigh deeply, long?

The moment you bow your head, wrong.

What did you think of?

## 40. Memories

Memory carries subjective choice,

Pulling me back to Boston miles away, a voice.

I am in front of you,

Just like before, true.

The time of making a cup of hot tea,

Narrating these flowing years, free.

Footsteps still those footsteps,

Voice still that voice.

Even the smile is like back then,

Habit is a linear transformation, when.

Sitting, using inherent patterns,

Discussing, experiences within range, turns.

This logical thought,

Like a flowing river, sought.

Slowly coming, quietly flowing,

Years are originally like this water going.

Continuity is the attribute of eternity,

Jumping is the restlessness of a wind, certainty.

Imagination, it stretches to the far away,

At the unknown end of the day.

Breeding pure curiosity,

At the shining place of human stars, viscosity.

Exploring this infinite possibility,

I sit, in front of you, with agility.

Listening to you speak, of this world's,

Various causes and effects.

Thinking of the direction memory points,  
Beautiful expectations like stars filling the sky's joints.  
Like your old smile,  
Decorating every minute into flower codes, in style.  
The trajectory flowed by this happy warm current,  
Painted how many beautiful todays, recurrent.  
Seeing a white horse galloping on the grassland,  
Seeing an eagle soaring in the blue sky, grand.  
Seeing ants walking by the roadside,  
You are still in my heart, smiling like a flower inside.  
Beautiful figure decorating the moonlight,  
Old days carry warmth and light.  
Thinking of you and me meeting in a corner of earth,  
Thinking of the direction you and I point to, of worth.  
I quickened my pace,  
To catch up with this rushing shade, in the race.

42

Thinking of this lonely weekend,  
Time is but the dimension of memory to attend.  
Precipitation is the only center of mass in the heart,  
Swaying from early morning to dark night, start.  
How is the taste of missing brewed,  
Until an image appears before my eyes, viewed.  
Until it will never dissipate,  
Until time condenses into a point, fate.

Merging with the center of mass in consciousness space,

At that time, never to separate, in embrace.

It seems forever is just left hand and right hand,

It seems in this lonely weekend land.

Someone is by my side,

We sit, listening to a favorite song, wide.

Talking about that very long ago thing.

### 43. Praise

I write down praise,

This lingering sound from the heart raises.

Curling in my heart from time to time,

That is the imagination about holiness, sublime.

It transcends spirit and soul,

With an abstract shock, making whole.

Immersing in the human heart,

As if an instant is forever, a start.

As if forever is just in an instant,

I write down praise, constant.

This habit out of instinct,

With the witness of blue sky and white clouds, distinct.

Praising this harmonious and peaceful home,

As if everything was destined to roam.

As if destiny is everything.

### 44. My Hymn

I imagine a beam of light,  
When you awaken, bright.

You say, let it come,  
Smashing the chaos, to succumb.

All things have a shape,  
You follow your own mind, no escape.

Wrote down the earth and sky,  
Painted mountains and rivers, high.

You said there should be stars and day,  
You said there should be birds and beasts at play.

You looked at this original world,  
What else did you think of, unfurled.

The light of love began to wander,  
You followed your own appearance, yonder.

We appeared on your canvas,  
Love looking for love, pure bliss.

Soul looking for soul,  
Holy Spirit walking in the human world, whole.

Need to use heart to find,  
You nodded, kind.

Under the green apple tree,  
The world carries a few points of shyness to see.

Shaking time turns the past into history,  
Trials again and again, mystery.

We are all searching,  
Under the temptation of material and desire, lurching.

In the wandering of confusion and bewilderment,

In problems with no visible boundaries, permanent.

We are searching,

Oh heart,

When will you give up restlessness, start.

What did the awakening of the soul see?

What was the very beginning to be?

We walked too long,

We forgot the way back, wrong.

Thus, history records paragraphs of your words,

For people not to forget again, like birds.

Waiting and hope,

They are inside, giving scope.

#### 45. Encoding Mood

I, you, and he, are busy,

Busy with one problem after another, dizzy.

Looking for one answer after another,

Data is still this data, bother.

But functions change again and again,

Trajectory of motion jumps out of visual dimension, when.

Transforming, compromising, searching in complex space,

It seems the final solution is an accidental encounter in place.

It seems meeting is an optimistic law,

It seems law is passing through millions of careful adjustments, raw.

I decode within the allowable scope,

Probing the direction of the heart again and again, with hope.

Whose imagination appears again and again,

I hold the index of emotion carefully to verify, when.

This complex dimension often confuses me,

Watching the night under one person's gaze, free.

Bringing dreams to the intersection of the maze,

Probing again and again in the haze.

Is this a definite solution?

Just clouds of doubt often appear in pollution.

Disguised expressions add heavy shackles,

It seems meeting is millions of transformations, tackles.

It seems transformation can find the final home,

It seems this home is this initial meeting to roam.

46

Meeting a little magpie,

Jumping, on the branch high.

Singing melodiously, in the forest,

In every green place, at rest.

Dancing.

Along this feeling,

Looking for the modification of text, healing.

Modifying back and forth,

Some details, of worth.

Language is powerless to correspond one by one,

This detached clarity, done.

Like wind chimes hanging from the eaves,  
Responding to an inadvertent crispness, leaves.

Like a drop of water sliding off a leaf,  
That feeling of an instant is ethereal, brief.  
Hazy and full of spirituality,  
Responding to this feeling, reality.

Using expression, using voice, using text,  
Using sensory signals to convey, next.

The symbol shaken in the heart this instant,  
Then, then.

A lively little magpie appeared before eyes,  
Little magpie.  
On the branch, jumping,  
Singing, this moment's,  
Response.

#### 47. Today

A corner of the circular corridor,  
A group of people surrounding like a circle, or more.  
Words running towards me one by one,  
That is God speaking in the Bible, done.  
I get closer and closer,  
Like a cautious little squirrel, no poser.  
Quietly approaching this human food,  
Cars outside the house running without stopping, rude.  
Dazed, I saw someone staying in my heart,

I am not sure why I think this way, start.  
It seems I saw myself, it was originally me,  
Long red and green lights stopped the rush of cars to be.  
  
I stand at the crossroads, wait,  
I am not sure why I stay here, fate.  
  
It seems I heard a heartbeat, it was originally me,  
Does anyone understand, it does not matter to see.  
  
Blur of consciousness also confuses me,  
I get closer and closer,  
Cars are moving,  
My heart is beating.

#### 48. Waking Up

In the old days,  
Often thinking.  
  
Thinking of family, thinking of friends,  
Thinking of past things, where it ends.  
  
Thinking of me in past things,  
Thinking of affection.  
  
This inheritance from ancient genes,  
Continuing life generation after generation, scenes.  
  
Thinking of friendship,  
This intersection of distance and time, trip.  
  
Common interests filled the lonely years,  
Thinking of love.  
  
Countless nights I slept on it, no fears.

Red roses blooming in dreams,

In the mountains where larks sing, it seems.

Gentle wind shaking the drooping willow,

Lover, walking gently in front, below.

I follow her figure,

Where there are stars and moon in the dream, bigger.

Alas, speaking of this,

I walked very, very far, miss.

I write down affection,

About passing away, always making people sad, reflection.

Is growing up learning helplessness and farewell?

I write down friendship.

About friendship, always so natural to tell.

You appeared from many years ago, I still remember,

The fleeting years we chased at dusk, ember.

I write down love.

This gentle verb always intoxicates me again and again, dove.

Is it romance out of imagination?

Or the prank of hormones, in station.

Thinking of it,

Life, seems to be pasted with patches of sunshine, lit.

I thought of your smile,

It is hazy and illusory, as if carrying a hint, a while.

This password in emotion,

I guessed again and again, with devotion.

Game of love,

Back and forth we are always,

Tireless.

Later,

One opportunity after another.

You appeared in front of my consciousness,

I close my eyes.

Heard breathing,

It connects all the past into a line, wreathing.

Hope and love are always there,

Leading me closer again and again, fair.

I try to discover, write, and praise,

This power detached from the mortal world, raise.

I bring time,

At the intersection of forking paths, in rhyme.

Looking for your hint,

The password in this hint.

Is there also love, friendship, and affection,

I look for in a distant foreign land, direction.

Looking for a self-consistent me.

#### 49. In the Name of Love

I carry the sin of desire,

Walking in the human world, painful fire.

Images of temptation fall again and again,

Walking on the road of the human world, when.

I saw conceit,

Sometimes also anger, heat.

What blocked my eyes,

I pray for your forgiveness, rise.

Soul begins to awaken,

Silence of dawn breaking, shaken.

A bird call in the forest,

Is it your Holy Spirit, best.

Gently, gently,

Descending in the human world, intently.

I look for my eyes,

I look for my soul, wise.

The lake surface is like a bright mirror,

It makes my heart calm, clearer.

I listen carefully,

Waiting for a complete dawn, freely.

## 50. Mood

Distance between text and text is so near,

One line is yours, clear.

One line is mine,

We go back and forth line by line.

As if you are right in front,

Communicating sentence by sentence, hunt.

But my voice cannot reach,

Long distance is mountain after mountain, breach.

Wake up,

Hope always lingers in the heart, cup.  
As if colorful clouds floated from the distant mountain top,  
Open eyes and see a rich future, never stop.  
And imagination is but temporary energy supply,  
Walking all the way will approach all the way, by and by.  
Text line after line,  
One line is yours,  
One line is mine.  
Do not know, I also do not know,  
Crossing this line, this line.  
How much more road needs to be walked, so.

### 51 · Alone

Morning and night,  
Daybreak and light,  
Between them the switching of scenes,  
Searching for hidden details in between.  
As if I could feel my blood gently flow,  
As if for a second the air froze so slow,  
As if time and space briefly stood still,  
A sudden romance running through my will.

Where awareness quietly starts,  
I hear your voice inside my heart.  
In thoughts' imagination you rearrange,

Your figure flickers, appears, then changes.

Ripples of thinking in silence,

Toward distant places my visions lean.

As if the future were only this sight—

One shadow beside another in light.

As if whether sunrise or sunset's gold,

So long as two figures their warmth can hold,

Day and night no longer matter to me,

Time just dissolves in "you and me."

## 52 · Going to the Market

We agreed on an hour, a minute, a place,

A fixed little crossing, a familiar space.

We agreed to go wander the market aisle,

Two of us walking that short, short mile.

The buildings are still the ones we know,

The footsteps familiar, the voices low.

On the road to the market the world moves on—

Cars move ahead, red and green lights run,

White clouds drift slowly across the sky,

While we take those short steps, you and I.

So short, so short, that market-bound way,

Yet how many times have we walked it this way.

Again and again at that promised time,

At the crossing—we meet, just on the line.

### 53 · Rain in Memory

One day, in memory, rain softly fell,

An autumn-colored spell.

A green line stretched toward a certain point,

Nearby we searched, joint upon joint.

Rain soaked the uneven street below,

And soaked our footsteps, fast and slow.

Time held warmth inside its frame,

Wet faces like light makeup's flame,

Like the moon hung over autumn's crown—

These trembling memories drifting down.

Green meets red at the waiting place,

Orange points where home has its face.

On the road, on the road we stand,

Topics jump like holding hands.

Time slips quietly out of sight,

Green turns orange in fading light.

We wave goodbye, again, again,

Waving softly toward "see you then."

54 · Pacific Wind

You stand against the Pacific wind,  
Blue like a child who dreams within.

It lifts sea-flowers, one by one,  
Singing beneath your feet a song  
Of ocean wide and heaven blue,  
That drifts to where old dreams come true.

Figures sway in the sunlit crowd,  
Familiar scenes grow warm and loud.  
From the first to the now we stand,  
A long, long road in a single glance.

You stand again in Pacific air,  
Wind on your brow, through your loose hair,  
Waves on the heart begin to bloom—  
A future imagined, drawing room  
From here to where all flowers rise,  
Where distant dreams awake your eyes.

55 · I Hear Your Voice

I hear your voice—  
A secret wave,

Across all time it softly braves  
The walls of space,  
And pulls me back  
To ancient rhythms, lost old tracks.

I hear your voice—  
I see your form,  
A firework burst in silent storm.  
When brilliance fades,  
Wonder remains—  
A miracle beyond all names.

I hear your voice—  
My heartbeat answers,  
Images bloom like shifting dancers.  
Does that wandering wind that sighs and sways  
Blow me into your thoughts someday?

Autumn afternoon—I brew my coffee slow,  
At the platform where we first said “go.”  
You faced the east, I faced the west,  
Both of us searching for love’s address.

Fate’s small gears pulled us face to face,  
Life’s long journey found its pace.  
You keep your secrets in hidden seeds,

I keep my poems, my fragile dreams—  
Those wavering years that drift and sway,  
Blown by winds from yesterday.

56 · Texas Sunshine

Texas sunlight rocks and sways,  
Blue shadows gather in quiet haze.  
Speed and time conspire once more  
To stretch all distance shore to shore.

A mirrored lake in heaven's arms,  
Ripples testing hope's soft charms.  
We stand beneath the burning sky,  
A frozen frame as time walks by.

Step after step along the way,  
This endless road delays the day.  
We walk beneath the Texas sun,  
And into where blue heavens run.

57 · Your Name

They sing your name with endless breath,  
In mind, in soul, in life and death.  
You answer with the morning dew,

With sunlight washing doubts from view.

You sow free love on mortal land,

Your name engraved where crosses stand.

Blood-red faith in ancient light,

Guides them through eternal night.

They walk by belief, by unseen roads,

To the healed garden where angels glow—

Golden light beneath apple trees,

Eternity in one soft name: Thee.

In the crowd's loud closing sound,

Thoughts retreat, time slows around.

In endless silence under sky,

A shadow flashes—then stands by.

Like autumn meeting falling leaves,

A promised hush between two beats.

Bell-wind rings through frozen air—

Is this the signal waiting there?

I step toward you in layered dreams,

Nearer, nearer—then the crowd returns.

I stand alone, I stand and sigh,

When did this moment pass us by?

59

I miss you thousand, thousand times,  
Like raindrops from the eaves in lines,  
Dripping through my worried days,  
Through crowded streets and winding ways.  
  
You stand before me—clear and bright,  
A soul's own lightning in the night.

So is this you? Let me come near,  
Let me pretend I don't yet fear,  
This sudden grace, this shining sign,  
This beauty born of doubt and time.

Is this truly you I see?  
Let me measure silently  
The long, long years from heart to heart—  
Am I still that waiting child,  
Counting raindrops in the dark?

60

The night's cold layers fall away,  
Loneliness scatters into day.

From heaven's edge a whisper flies,  
Burning the chest with sacred fire.

The traveler lifts his past once more,  
No longer walks the road alone.  
He looks up, smiles, nods in light,  
And feels that shared, familiar beat.

61

Chaos once wore disorder's crown,  
The abyss whispered darkness down.  
But God awoke—  
And power broke.  
Wind grew ears, and light grew eyes,  
Love swept the soul to open skies.

Color filled all earth and sound,  
Seasons turned to sacred ground.  
We hold hands, bow low, and pray—  
Are we drawing near your ray?

62

Suppose there's you.  
Suppose there's love.

Suppose I stand where you now stand.

Suppose our hands in twilight meet,

Suppose old stories wake again.

If I stand now before your eyes,

As if those yesterdays arise,

We touch once more what once was true—

One story told, again, again, of you.

63

Relation—you abstract design,

A blackened knot of crossed-up lines.

We search for meaning, search for who,

In finite worlds that chase the true.

You wander still, you doubt, you wait—

Who is it you call “fate”?

Yet sometimes it feels you never left,

Sometimes it feels like love is kept—

As if there's you,

As if there's love,

As if no distance stood between us.

64

Through walls of dark we peep and stare,

Desire coils, a hidden snare.

Like cornered snakes that stare and feed,

On restless proof of frantic need.

A mad dog spins with swelling dream,

A ghostly face flashes and screams—

In some dark plot a snake once lay,

Waiting for a darker day.

#### 65 · The Fish

A fish within the water wide,

Drifting where no borders rise.

Where is it going? Dream or fate?

A scarlet flame inside its wake.

Lightning splits the clouded sky,

Tearing doubt in half nearby.

In endless staring—what was found?

Only the echo of the unknown.

#### 66 · Northern Lights

I lift my gaze toward northern glow,

A trembling light the mind may know.

Time is the scale of living breath,

Space—each meeting, near to death.

Suddenly I close both eyes,  
A polar blaze in frozen skies.  
  
One day, one year, one lingering face,  
Still circling through memory's space.

67 · Captain, My Captain

Captain, my captain, you stand on the deck,  
With iron in your eyes and time on your neck.  
  
The sea lifts waves to strike your heart,  
You raise the sail—you choose your part.

The horizon pulls your dream so far,  
Freedom the color of who you are.  
  
Storms demand you turn back ashore,  
But starlight fossilizes fear no more.

At dawn the sun touches your face,  
Your tiny ship in endless space.  
  
Is that romance, or helpless dream?  
  
I touch the edge of daily time  
And think of you on my small screen.

68 · The Lonely Bird

A lonely bird on a branch,

Singing imagined melodies,

Expecting eagerly,

Like a volcano brewing.

It seeks a distant response,

Like a wind chime waiting for a breeze.

It watches the other branch,

A shadow not returned,

Night veils dreams,

Yesterday's song echoes.

Morning sun tears the dark curtain,

A sudden birdcall appears—

Waiting for you, waiting for you,

Waiting to be seen upon waking.

In a closed circle,

He became his own king,

A burning candle illuminating part,

As if each life holds its own candle.

A gust extinguishes the flame,

Loneliness raging in darkness,  
Eyes wide, lost,  
Doors open, light appears,  
Love's story now visible,  
He sees his shadow, finds hope,  
Metaphor still sought,  
Believing tomorrow brings clear skies.

#### 70 · A Message

A sudden message arrives like a burst of spray,  
Exploding the surface of everyday.  
Wave after wave the past is thrown  
Back to my eyes—we walk that long road alone.

With dialectic minds we split each question wide,  
Into layered dimensions side by side.  
We trade our thoughts, our proofs, our tries,  
And taste the many flavors of life as they rise.

In quiet hours, when loneliness wakes,  
I think of the years that silently break—  
How once we gathered, shoulder to shoulder,  
Watching day after day grow softer, older.

## 71 · Wandering

I wander the wide, wide human land,  
Unable to grasp where I truly stand.  
Like an object turned to a useless display,  
In a fractured instant, I lose my way.

I see a pair of searching eyes—  
They are my own, beneath the skies.  
I roam through nights where darkness lies,  
Seeking my soul, my broken why.

Across the past, the now, the yet-to-be,  
I build small bridges back to me.

## 72 · Seattle Night

At Seattle airport, night holds still,  
Inside the cabin, waiting—waiting again.  
Waiting for doors, for crowds to spill,  
Waiting to meet a stranger's land.

Plans sleep quietly in digital lines,  
Dreams weave images, hopes, and signs.  
Place by place becomes what's near,  
Then we turn, then we disappear.

Seattle whispers in gentle light:

"I was on your road tonight."

73 · Alaska, Autumn

Time set in autumn Alaska,

Sun reluctant, clouds float.

Starting along damp roads,

Foot of the mountain,

Unknown expectations sway,

Tall peaks stern, glaciers gentle.

Step by step we traverse,

Through trees, streams, gravel paths,

Measuring mountains with our steps,

Approaching glaciers,

Silent tenderness,

Promises long held,

Life's colors etched in this meeting.

Mountains below, face to face,

Distance close,

Embracing breathtaking beauty,

Capturing you in the lens,

Memory of our encounter.

Clouds reclaim sunlight,  
We bid hurried farewell,  
Writing meaning into life's album,  
Waiting for time's brewing,  
Remembering that moment,  
Gazing at each other,  
A look that lasts forever.

#### 74 · Forgetting

I had forgotten you—until you came,  
A shadow crossing my time and frame.  
I thought your outline was my own,  
A dream I dressed in cloud and stone.

But quick steps pulled me back to ground,  
Real faces gathered all around.  
In their sunlight, I saw again  
Myself, my life—so clear, so plain.

#### 75 · Seasick

The ship climbs waves,  
Up and down, rocking, swaying,  
Like a crowd pressing forward,

Moving with wind between sea and sky.

A towering wave lifts the ship,  
Power released above like toys,  
The proud vessel rocks helplessly.

One aboard rides the rhythm,  
Food churns like a storm inside,  
Rising gases, gurgling, bubbling,  
Responding to waves,  
Awaiting final command.

I sit, rocking with the waves,  
Mouth slightly open, voice bursts,  
The sky tears, wind and rain drift,  
Waves clap, celebrate, vent,  
The ship stubbornly moves forward,  
I watch wave after wave.

#### 76 · The Lonely Hill

A lonely little hill drifts into endless sea,  
For thousand years the waves have kept me company.  
I speak with sky, with clouds that come and flee—  
Why are you always so elusive to me?  
One breath of wind reshapes your face and name,

I start my tale—you're gone in sea and flame.

One sigh dissolves in corridors of air,

Sometimes seabirds land, so light, so fair.

They whisper secrets, sometimes sing in play,

Their living beauty pulls my dreams away.

I hear a heartbeat dancing in their song,

I hold myself as freedom pulls me strong.

It feels like wings grow wide from my own frame—

Yet still, a lonely hill, I stay the same.

Fixed in the earth, a dot of quiet blue,

I paint the ocean with one drop of me and you.

## 77 · The Sea

Mist coils around the mountain's peak.

White threads weave like layered clouds.

Below the mountain, the sea embraces the hills.

Blue melts into blue like flowing crystal.

Outside the window, from the boat, I watch mountains and water.

The moving landscape streams past my eyes.

Lonely feelings ripple and spread within my heart.

I wander here alone, like a single dot in a painting.

Drifting at the vast edge of the sea, I cannot find the figure I have lost.

A corner of the sky is torn open with a hole.

A powerful beam of light shines between sea and sky.

It sways before my eyes like a melody,

A tune that soothes the soul and gently smooths the rising waves.

Warm golden light reflects on the surface of my emotions.

As if softly comforting the lingering past in my heart.

I call out quietly, and a reflection appears before me.

Is that me? He gazes back at me—lonely, yet gentle.

## 78 · The Crack

A crisp sound falls suddenly,

Scattering deep within the human heart.

It is a crack that cannot be repaired for a long, long time,

Fermenting and brewing inside the fissures of time.

I see a face as numb as a dead tree,

Cracks crawling across wrinkled skin,

Like bark covering a cold, indifferent face.

I see ugliness,

Like the blow of anger striking the chest,

Releasing a sulfur-like stench before my eyes.

I close my eyes and wait

For a gust of wind to bring redemption.

## 79 · Take Your Laptop

Take your computer with you,

Travel, go see the world.  
When you are puzzled, ask it,  
"What is the name of this unknown flower?"  
The world is vast, information is being filtered.  
The answers you seek unfold on the shining screen.  
A node lights up in the web woven by memory,  
Waiting for that moment, that thought, that second when you remember.

Take your computer with you,  
Wherever there is internet, you lock onto the world.  
Flowing answers scatter into every corner.  
Soul greets soul in the darkness of night.  
Starlight sways in the silent wind outside the window.  
It feels as if the world circles right around you.  
It feels as if you are no longer lonely, inside the connection.

Take your computer with you,  
As if carrying your entire world.  
You lightly tap your fingertips,  
As if magic is changing before your eyes.  
As if within the connection,  
We are right here,  
At this time, in this place.

I wait for you at the place we once agreed upon.

I wait for your spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

I wait for your past to bloom before my eyes.

I wait for your smile to light up my world.

I wait for you in the future I imagine.

This is what we said—

That we would be together.

Waiting in the silent corridor,

I see no figures, only emotions.

Memory feels like a journey of shifting time and space.

It feels as if you are right before me, as I take your hand.

It feels as if you once spoke to me, about those people and those things.

It feels as if I am listening to a concert inside moving images.

You said we must wait for tens of millions of years to refine true love into gold.

I wait at our promised place—thousands and tens of thousands of years.

A gust of wind sweeps away the yellowed leaves beneath my feet.

Only the silent stone keeps me company in loneliness.

And so another day has passed.

A day has passed, without sound or trace.

Within silently flowing time,

I fall asleep inside unknown awareness.

It seems that life itself is a kind of waiting,

Seeking reconciliation with the self within waiting.

But oh restless soul,

Those tireless eyes,

Whose dream are they truly coveting?

And so another day has passed,

Like a silent negotiation.

Between time and consciousness in confrontation,

Thought and emotion brew a quiet conspiracy.

The scenery along the way keeps shifting and flowing.

Those tireless eyes,

Why are they still searching?

Must they wait for yet another dawn?

82

Crossing mountains from afar,

The edge of the earth shrinks into a corner.

A solitary figure drifts with wandering thoughts.

As if distance were only a dimension of imagination.

One foot stands in the present of time,

One foot steps into the fading past.

Between them twists a thousand tangled thoughts.

Facing the lamp, I ask—where is this place?

Mountains pile upon mountains, encircling the sky.

A tiny figure threads between earth and heaven.

One color changes into another,

Chasing sunlight in disguise.

Turning over month after month, year after year.

How many roads come from far away?

A long corridor connects both ends of time and space.

One end is the past, one end is the future.

Facing the figure again, I ask—at what moment is this?

83

Standing in the distance, between mountains,

Mountain after mountain leans together like a painting reflected in my eyes.

A figure flashes past like a beam of light.

That beam ignites the whole current of thought.

Across countless miles of thought, I see one figure.

Is that you?

Drawing closer, watching through a camera,

Searching whether that light still exists among encircling mountains.

Among countless backgrounds, I look and sense.

Why does the light in my eyes beat inside my chest?

Placing myself among the mountains,

As if stillness could freeze all thoughts,

As if in that stillness you would respond

To the promise between us.

I call your name.

At this very moment, it feels as if you stand before me.

From the distance, from between the mountains,

From the lens of the camera,

Your face flashes past.

84

Wildfire cuts through your memory,

A single burning image.

Flames ripple through time,

Through layers upon layers of stories,

A turning face dissolves into disappearance.

At the end of blackened ash,

A white butterfly

Flaps across the scene before my eyes.

Between mountains and waters,

A smiling face blooms like a flower.

85

You say narrow space

Makes emotions overflow.

Sensitive seeds will grow,

Testing the edges of boundaries.

As if a compass were spinning and spinning.

What sound, what image suddenly appears?

The scenery moves, and I begin to wander in thought.

Where reason cannot see—

Is something moving there, flooring the accelerator wildly?

In the back seat of cramped space, silence falls.

Is there any boundary at all? The compass keeps turning, turning.

86

Keeping distance from strangers,

Friends rest in my palm like falling sunlight.

Look at those palm lines like tracks of longing,

Carved year after year on the great tree of memory.

Growth is round after round of farewells and yearning.

Why do strange landscapes make me think,

Again and again, of familiar friends?

Lonely footsteps thread through the scenery.

I think of friends—this deep, deep solitude.

I lift my head, my thoughts pause.

Friends appear before my eyes, one after another.

87

Go to the distant place, go to the distant place,

See your scenery, and leave behind

Stories and footprints.

Search through the deep alleyways of memory,

Paste postcards of landscapes,

Marking one wandering in time and space.

Go to the distant place, go to the distant place,

Cars race on, clouds drift on.

What is moving? My heart thumps, thumps.

A small carriage, distant thoughts.

Unhurried, unhurried we go.

As if travel itself is slow, very slow.

Slowly watching, slowly watching,

Returning little by little into the present through anticipation.

88

I hear a calling voice,

Crossing a crossroads.

What kind of voice is it,

That matches inside my memory?

Its frequency, its volume, its tone are searching,

Searching for traces inside memory.

Is it you?

The voice I hear  
Breaks through the bonds of distance.  
At both ends of you and me,  
A connection is built.  
Will it find you?  
I turn around to search.  
Is there a figure I have missed?

Cars surge through the crossroads.  
I cannot find you, cannot find the voice.  
At which direction did it lose its way?  
The sound dissolves into the silence all around.  
Images in my eyes switch frame by frame.  
Where is the voice I seek?  
Time walks on without a sound.  
In the silent moment, I turn away.  
Yet the voice lingers endlessly inside my heart.

You believe this world is arranged by Him,  
That all things grow in order—  
Sun and moon, stars, mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas.  
You believe in this singular great power  
Passing through the human world.

Soul responds to soul.

Prayer is a form of dialogue.

Through ritual, through records of a thousand years,

You say this is reverence toward Him.

Even love needs ornament—through language and form.

Amid swaying light and shadow,

Within the tangling of song and echo,

It rises into a response of faith.

As if beauty were simply the scene before our eyes.

In a foreign land my soul examines itself through me.

It feels as if something is rushing toward me.

Like restless loneliness tossing and turning,

I think of faraway places, as if the past returns.

You say—this too is His arrangement.

90

Walking along the streets of Bethlehem,

I hope to meet the God foretold by prophecy.

As if seeing Him would be proof of truth.

Carrying the courage to chase and seek,

I search for the imagined self-concept.

I am a traveler, a passerby,

One glance among countless hurried lives.

I question, then I search.

I search, then I question.

Within repeated denial and affirmation,

Within repeated struggle and reconciliation,

I look for the words of prophecy.

Yet it seems I have lost my way.

Yet it seems I am still wandering.

91

The cross stands in the human world.

The swaying bright moon casts down silence.

The earth sighs once.

The Son of Man prays through the boundless night.

On humanity's final night, He gazes into the distance.

A distant light nods gently—a kind of mutual understanding.

Flesh nailed upon the symbol of the cross,

Crimson blood sweeps across like a raging storm.

Reeds of the world sway in every hidden corner.

The bright moon pours gentle light into the darkness.

The shadow of hope moves across the vast human sky.

Great love awakens upon the standing cross.

Through blood and flesh it seals a covenant with the world.

As if eternity were right before our eyes.

Morning dawn opens its eyes.

Human life bustles on.

A gentle light touches the wounds upon the cross.

As if heaven opened a door once more.

As if hope drifted down again

Upon this clamorous human world.

92

I recall, from many years ago,

A leaf that fell softly.

Wandering through boundless memory,

Like lonely starlight waiting in the night.

A dream drifts in unexpectedly,

Triggering a flood of memory.

I remember that fallen leaf from long ago.

It rises lightly now,

Just as lightly as it once fell.

Familiar scenes render one silent.

As if eternity exists within a single instant.

Memory freezes at some second, some minute.

I gaze upon the tracks of this long journey.

When did the leaf drift onto my chest?

93

That day I crossed nine layers of mountains,

To see what lay at the end of the distance.

Imagination drove away layer after layer of mist.

Some things hide in the heart and become stories.

Silent landscapes shift through time and space.

As if waiting itself were a great force.

That day I crossed nine layers of mountains,

As if something were guiding me forward.

High mountains stood before my eyes.

Turning back to look at road after road already walked,

So many figures have come and gone.

Thinking of farewell feels like forever.

In sorrow, I spoke to the mountains alone.

That day I passed through nine layers of mountains,

To see what lay beyond my guesses.

Across thousands upon thousands of miles of change—what is it?

That day I held a code of certainty,

Following a certain route, stage by stage.

I waited again and again at certain places.

Yet when did nine layers of mountains grow inside my heart,

One mountain after another?

Standing outside time and space.  
The hazy is the beauty of uncertainty,  
So winding, so twisting,  
Impossible to guess, impossible to see clearly.  
As if imagination were the essence of travel.  
As if travel were to verify one's imagination.  
As if stepping into this definite time and space were called home.

I spread open my atlas of maps,  
Calculating between dot and dot,  
The differences between one image and another.  
And then I take up imagination again.  
As if I had grown wings myself,  
Flying and roaming between pictures.  
As if I had returned to childhood once more—  
Hearing my father say he would take me to a park tomorrow.  
I imagined so far, so far,  
Until it finally appeared before my eyes.

My thoughts pull me back into the present.  
I see the busy words in the group chat.  
Each jumping expectation seems already  
Marching forward step by step from a thousand miles away.

Distance stretches beyond a thousand miles,

To a place close to the ocean.

Imagining one encounter with nature.

Glaciers dress the land,

Springs play upon their surface.

Sea and sky share a silent blue understanding.

Travelers store beauty within their eyes.

Looking back upon the long road of life,

So many, so many landscapes

Are turned into images inside memory.

Waiting for one quiet moment in the future,

When I will recall and say:

Long, long ago,

In a far, far place,

There was a figure at the edge of the world,

Writing a song of praise.

## 96 In the Name of Love I

I stepped into the part and mistook it for the whole.

Blazing sunlight gathered into a single point.

My field of vision began to shrink, the distance blurred.

I felt the night grow cool.

As if something were knocking on my heartbeat,

Once, and once again, like whispering to itself.

I saw only the part—one lonely figure.

What can save this stubborn limitation?

I sought independent will, writing indexes with reason.

Lines of code circulated and optimized within my thoughts.

The instinct of the part kept pulling the distance back into sight.

In an isolated kingdom I enjoyed a solitary carnival.

When all the blossoms fell, boundless melancholy buzzed like a fly.

Morning birds cry in the forest, leaves sway softly.

I step upon the footprints hidden in the wind.

As if I hear a calling.

This marvelous instant pulls me back to long-forgotten times.

What tenderness is this? I bow my head in silent awe.

As if love has leapt beyond the part, as if love has expanded.

Within infinite echoes, a sun rises in the distance.

Like a smiling face drawing my sight far, far away.

I break free from a part, in this moment when the soul seems to lift its head.

## 97 In the Name of Love II

The sky is torn open with a wound.

Tears flood one corner of the earth.

Burning heat extinguishes into darkness.

Death casts a sinister smile over all beings.

Love triggers the switch of pain—where are you, my dear?

Let me touch you one more time, hold you one more time.

Just like the day you called me at the doorway.

One single wave of the hand became eternal farewell.

My child, where are you?

Let me find you, let me kiss you once more.

Just like the way you slept on the bed long ago.

One single separation became final parting.

My dear ones, where have you gone?

Candlelight in the dark night sways.

Silence responds, pain spreads.

Suffering fills the world—death blows out hope.

Heaven above, heaven above, have you seen this?

Close your eyes, close your eyes—my heart trembles.

Love surges again and again like waves of the sea.

Starlight taps against the depths of memory.

Prayers gently wipe the wounds.

Love calms the sorrow of the soul.

As if death were only a brief farewell.

We respond with hearts, we mourn with song.

As if everything were arranged.

As if arrangement itself were everything.

Then—will we meet again?

My dear, my beloved.

You have flown up to the sky.

Then wait for us, wait for us a little,

Just like long ago,

Long ago at the school gate,

We once waited for you.

\*\*98 In the Name of Love III

—In Memory of the Children of the Texas Flood\*\*

Mom, today I am in heaven, and in heaven I miss you.

I did not cry, I only miss you.

The angel said he would wipe away my sorrow,

But in memory your figure still remains.

So I miss you, searching for you in the long corridor of time.

I see your smile, you wave and call my name.

Sunlight flickers, chasing my steps as I run toward you.

I reach for your hand, but both my hands are empty.

You disappear into the distance, I cannot reach you.

Mom, so I call your name.

I miss you, just like before.

The angel says, after I wake from this dream you will return.

Like love—it may be forgotten but never vanishes.

So Mom, I am about to fall asleep now.

Mom, in my dreams I will find you.

You said you love me and would watch me grow.

I said I love you, just like I loved kissing you.

Mom, today I went to heaven, and in heaven I miss you.

Heavy sleep covers my eyes.

You once said Mom also lives inside dreams.

Mom, I will find you in my dreams.

### 99 I Call Your Name — For My Son

I call your name.

I call for your response.

I once counted every second of time,

Across thousands and thousands of miles, thinking of you.

Recalling your figure—it feels as if you stand right before me.

As if we once ignored the time that lay between distance and us.

Your single smile left a long trail inside my heart.

Through the long nights I brought you into my dreams, as if eternity were beside me.

Dreams bloomed in some year, some month. I stood before you.

Together we spoke of forever and ever—words as hot as the sun.

As if they would bloom instantly into beautiful flowers—expectations of the future.

The transformations of life tangled our decisions into complex variables.

Distance began to ferment. I searched for our dream through repeated wandering.

Language wore thin through endless repetition until gaps appeared.

I wait for your echo within repeated calling.

Is that once-burning passion still as it was before?

You answer me—one word for ten thousand years.

Like the word “forever,” you appear before me.

Crossing the entire Pacific Ocean, I call your name.

I call for your response.

As if behind and beyond all of this

Are the words I never finished speaking.

As if those words are the long reflection you left in my heart

From the very moment we first met.

100

I hear we are to part, to leave.

So many words of farewell rush out from the dictionary of emotion.

I choose them one by one, matching them with you again and again.

Through silent years, we once wandered together.

Sometimes you told long stories.

Sometimes I spoke of quiet feelings.

It felt as if friendship were a defenseless castle.

We walked in and out of each other's lives, journeying side by side.

In this vast, lonely night,

We walk along empty roads.

At the crossroads we say goodbye, waiting for the next dawn.

Time walks on in silence.

Looking back, you and I stand again at another crossing.

You say you will leave, on a certain month, a certain day.

I count the days before my eyes.

These walking years are like the changing faces of the seasons.

Quietly they turn to the page of farewell.  
Along the tracks of memory, I see our footsteps—  
Step by step, we once wandered together.  
Wandering at the ends of the earth in this very moment.  
Farewell—may all your hopes come true.  
Farewell—may we meet again in the days to come.

101

In the season of blue-cap flowers  
I see you, kind and natural  
Interwoven memories, shared interests  
Indexing our way forward step by step  
Words follow words  
Time follows time  
We use our footsteps to record  
Each encounter of thought  
Those words falling into the heart softly spring up  
I see the reflection of your emotions  
Stretching life's expectations and melancholy  
Into one flashing moment after another  
At our feet, blue flowers wave in the wind  
  
Within the shifting frames  
I see a small wooden house  
We sing, beautiful melodies

Echoing all around  
    Thinking of you standing beside the sound  
    Loneliness feels like a piece of sugar that can melt  
        I cut away decorative, blurry words  
    And use simple nouns to sing the truest song with you

    Clues of memory keep surging forth  
    I stare at the words on the screen  
        Following your images  
    Passing one station after another

## 102

    Searching the keywords about you  
    Within the web woven by memory  
        I see an ordinary afternoon  
        In the corner of a small room  
    Introducing the three ultimate questions of philosophy  
        Your name quietly imprints into my mind  
        Packing your past and present into storage  
        We share together, understand each other  
        Line by line, the words coil within our hearts  
        As if I hear the voice of heaven whispering softly  
        We answer this moment with resonance of thought  
        You tell your story, each spark of insight like a flame  
        Hanging star-like light upon the grassland of thought

We ponder eternity,  
About love, about suffering,  
About this everlasting hope  
Points of the future begin to awaken in the heart  
I hear your sincere response  
Like existence itself, truly shining  
So what kind of arrangement is this  
That you appear before me  
I speak to you, as if  
You also speak to me

## 103

In the dense weave of time  
I often forget you  
As if seeing is existence  
As if existence is distance and nearness  
Following the program of time step by step  
As if a machine performs its mission  
As if the mission is fixed movement within time

Yet I often think of you again  
Within the silent trajectory of life  
Thinking of you feels like seeing you  
Distance disappears within the heart  
Time freezes into an instant

An instant feels like eternity

You stand before me

I gaze upon all of you

The past unfolds one by one

Within countless tiny seams of time

I think of you, of each

Wonderful moment of soul awakening

As if meaning is the flash of revelation

As if life itself is your scattered light

104

Chaotic days begin to clear

Within the past surfacing before my eyes

A figure sways in the sequence of memory

Days beneath blue sky and white clouds drift by

In silent and peaceful years the figure walks alongside

Like wind whispering softly in my ear

A familiar voice engraves your trajectory

I think and seem to see you sitting before my memory

You speak to me, and I listen with abandon

Again and again those moving images of you

Your dark eyes flash with amber light

I gaze, as if drilling into your heart

In this luminous world

I find your smile

This enticing beauty feels like eternity  
Within boundless, vast space and time  
With you, inseparable like shadow and form  
So is this real?  
I open my eyes  
Open my eyes, search for you, see you

105

The sun's blazing fire burns within the chest of sunflowers  
That is memory flowing for millennia striking time again and again  
As if holding hands is the only seductive answer of victory  
Between our minds flows the echo of happiness, love beating with the heart  
The boundless sea of clouds transforms into the lover in your eyes  
Your smile feels like love, this abstract idea brushing your lips  
Countless images fly toward you like beautiful butterflies  
You recall day or night, your dialogue, a gentle rose  
As if beauty is thinking of you in the heart, then seeing you appear  
Repeated seconds bring dull complexity  
As if moonlight dissolves into haze and loses its trace  
As if one fire burns all things, all imagination  
As if wandering is the distant, seductive call of freedom  
  
A lone soul wanders through the human world  
A torrential rain extinguishes the blazing sun  
In the night I hear a single sob

I think of a pair of dark, shining eyes  
Along the long corridor of time  
I wave back at your wave  
Your smile answers my smile  
A gust of wind passes, the past echoes by my ear  
As if the shape of love opens its eyes and begins to wake  
I see a red rose  
Burning within a gray frame  
I see what seems like eternal light swaying  
Those blurred yet fiery scenes of long ago  
As if time strikes my chest again and again

## 106

In the afternoon standing in a corner of the room  
A shadow sneaks into my heart  
I see a pair of glowing eyes  
Like distant, blurry stars in the night  
I dive into the memory of time and space  
Rain falls in the mountains, the road is slippery  
I hear footsteps  
Heavy again and again, layered upon layer  
Like a glowing lake surface, layer upon layer  
Thoughts like lingering smoke in the wind of past events  
I turn back, strong light awakens me  
In the corner of the room in the afternoon, I see a figure

I see a figure wandering in the corner of the room

107

Signals arrive on time

Your shining screen

Thousands of words you thought over for a long time

Tongue upwards, you lick your lips

A dry throat emits a quivering sound

Irregular vibration triggers a jumping wave

You adjust your expression, facing it with imagination

Binary appears on this virtual end

Planned tone, calm, excited, passionate

Like the sea lingering over the sand

You lightly pat his sorrowful heart again and again

In the peaceful moment, a consensus seems reached

Like shaking hands, nodding, like pondering and savoring

This compact sequence of question-and-answer exchanges

A satisfactory solution unlocks new expectations

You slowly exhale, as if sunlight outside

Shines into this frozen room, and you sitting within

108 – Flower Language

Rose

Red, red roses bloom, bloom before the table

I think of a red, red face

Under the bustling bridge

I see a red, red face

Waving, shouting, like a gust of wind by the ear

A gust of wind shortens the distance between us

That day the blue skirt swayed between us

Like my chest stirred by the wind

Red, red roses bloom before my eyes

I wave, respond, like that gust of wind blown past

Step closer, I see that smile blooming in the wind

Crossing the distance in the bustling city

Daisy

White petals circle yellow buds

That image pulls me close to memory

I instinctively grab the drooping willow branch

June's season, busy and chaotic

The joys and sorrows of the past sway intertwined

Faces brushed by wine

I see a figure in the corner

As the third party in the story

I draw with a pen

The noisy sound fades

A moment of a pursed smile

Ignites the sun burning for ten thousand years

Baby's Breath

Tiny, tiny

Fine, fine

Like countless rays of sunlight

Dancing before my eyes, dancing

Passing through long corridors

The sound of wind chimes echoes in the bamboo grove

Like the secret laughter of stars

Like the bouncing of piano keys

I recall one flashing image after another

Appearing like elves before my eyes

In the empty long corridor

Pulling me to reveal each answer

At the very end

Stars bloom in the sky

That was long ago

Carnation

In the name of love, loving your love

Passion, an undying spark

Your face emerges

Often gathering strength in my imagination

Silently, quietly  
Watching from behind  
As if revisiting the responsibility of history

Wearing simple clothes, you appear years later

I long to, like before  
Hide behind you  
You say old, old for a long, long time  
I say you are still the same as before  
In your face hides your unchanged appearance  
I long so much  
To stand behind you once again  
Listening to your long story

### 109 – When You Are Sad

When you are sad  
For example, clouds cover the sun  
For example, tears streak the face  
For example, time pauses its breath

When you are sad  
Is it cold rejection extinguishing passion?  
Is it familiar faces disappearing in the crowd?  
Is it ideals and beliefs covered with dust?  
You gaze at yourself

When you are sad  
It feels like you are my reflection  
The shape of sadness pierces my heart  
Like withered petals  
Mourning the betrayal of leaves

When you are so sad  
Is it your sentimental nature  
Or the fickleness of life?  
When you are so sad  
Is it proving the futility of existence  
Or that nothingness is the full meaning?

On that night invaded by sadness  
I toss and turn by the dark bedside  
As if hearing the lament of waves  
Lingered in my mind  
Thinking of you when you are sad  
Why do I, for no reason  
Uncontrollably  
Tremble along with my heartbeat at night?

109 – Forget

Forget the flame

Forget the face

Forget the windy days

Forget the colorful sunset

Forget the heartbeat passing by

Forget the confusion of words on paper

Forget the wandering figure

Forget the meaning of a string of symbols

Forget all beginnings

Forget entangled emotions

Forget the imagined waiting

Forget the impulse of silence

Forget the memory falling before your eyes

As if this is a law of nature

Like apples freely falling

As if it was always meant to be

Do the palm lines hold a password of forgetting?

At the moment of focused gaze

Time crawls over dust like spiderwebs

The calm lake presses layered dreams

Recalling the flickering flame

A pair of bright eyes

On a windy day  
The sky filled with colorful clouds  
Someone, someone, someone  
Appears in the blurred drunken vision  
Forgetting is too far, remembering is too near

### 110 – A Friend

A message passes through the changes of time  
Crosses the trials of space  
With old thoughts  
Appears before my eyes  
  
The memory can opens  
A familiar shadow emerges  
With a warm ritual  
Flashing past yellowed pictures  
Seeing youth, dreams, endless possibilities  
At that time, the moonlight pouring down is intoxicating wine  
  
Intoxicating people  
Now scattered where?  
Looking back at time  
Years fly, seas turn to mulberry fields  
Yet those autumn leaves  
Still carry the old faces year by year

Best wishes, best wishes

May beauty last long

### 111 – Today's Weather

Today's weather is so specific

Blue sky, white clouds, sunlight, and spring breeze

Today's mood is so abstract

Distance, ideals, meaning, and reflection on existence

One mood follows another

Sudden loss, sudden happiness

The smiling creek passes through glittering sunlight

In calm days, sitting, watching, thinking

A phantom often appears in my heart

Swaying, guiding me along

Across grasslands, forests, mountains, and seas

Why is the journey so arduous

Ahead, sparkling smiles

Pass through glittering streams

Today's weather is so concrete

Windmills turn, the lake shines

Today's mood is so abstract

Unexplained looking up, unexplained looking down

Sitting heavily at the center of the world

Fantasy in my own kingdom

Chasing one distant place after another

This swaying shadow

Are you real or illusion?

Appearing and disappearing so

Where will this unpredictable track drift?

Today's mood is so concrete

Get up, brush teeth, eat, smile at the mirror

What are these? I know

Today's weather is so abstract

Outside the window, breeze, sunlight, green leaves, rippling lake

What are these? I do not know

## 112 - Memory

Memory drifts like smoke in the sky

Tracing back to the corners of yesterday

A faint laughter, a fleeting glance

Hidden in the folds of time

Footsteps echo in silent halls

A fragrance lingers, sweet and pale

The wind whispers your name

As if all moments were never lost

Memories are threads of golden light  
Weaving hearts in unseen patterns  
Though years pass, though seasons fade  
They remain, glowing softly, in my mind

### 113 – Night Walk

The night falls softly on the streets  
Lamplights flicker like distant stars  
Your shadow walks beside mine  
Silent steps echoing on the pavement

Cool air brushes against my cheek  
The river hums a lullaby  
Each corner carries a story  
Of us, of moments never told

In the stillness, I hear your breath  
Mixing with the night's calm tune  
A journey without a destination  
Yet the heart feels perfectly home

### 114 – Silence

Silence spreads its gentle wings  
Over fields, rivers, and empty rooms

No words are needed here

Only the heartbeat, slow and true

A single candle flickers in the dark

Casting shadows that dance with time

I listen, not for sound, but meaning

The quiet holds a thousand whispers

In silence, I find your eyes

In silence, I find my soul

All that is lost returns

All that is broken glows anew

## 115 – Letter

A letter folds between my hands

The ink still smells of yesterday

Every word trembles with longing

Every line, a pulse of your heart

I read, I reread, the paper crinkles

Like memories pressed under glass

Even though distance stretches far

This paper carries your voice close

I fold it back, place it in my chest

Let the words warm the empty spaces  
Time may separate, yet cannot erase  
The inked love that softly whispers

### 116 – Rain

Rain drips on the window pane  
A gentle rhythm, soft and calm  
Each drop a tiny story  
Of sky, of earth, of passing time

I watch the world through water-blurred glass  
Trees sway, streets shine, reflections dance  
Somewhere in this endless falling  
Your smile appears, fleeting, yet bright

Rain cleans the dust from the heart  
Washes away yesterday's ache  
I breathe in the petrichor  
And feel your presence in every drop

### 117 – Empty Street

An empty street stretches far  
Only echoes answer my steps  
The pavement glistens after rain

Shadows fold like quiet secrets

Windows close their eyes

Doors sigh softly in the wind

Even in emptiness, I feel a pulse

A hidden story waiting to begin

I walk slowly, tracing my thoughts

The city sleeps, yet I am awake

Every corner whispers a memory

Every shadow holds a dream

### 118 – Candlelight

Candlelight flickers, gentle and warm

Casting gold upon the walls

Shadows sway, like dancers in a dream

Each flame a quiet promise

I sit, hands folded, watching the glow

The world narrows to this small circle

Time pauses, soft as a sigh

Moments linger in the amber light

Even the darkness seems to smile

With every pulse of the flame

Candlelight keeps the heart awake

Holding hope in gentle flames

119 – Farewell

Farewell drifts like autumn leaves

Carried on winds that know no end

I turn, and see your silhouette fade

A chapter closes, yet lingers within

Words unsaid hang between us

Softly, like a melody unfinished

I take a step, you take a step

And yet our paths are tied in thought

Farewell is not the end

But a promise in quiet tones

A bridge between yesterday and tomorrow

Where memories bloom, never gone

120 – Winter Morning

The frost glitters on the window

Sunlight cuts through icy air

Breath clouds swirl, a fleeting dance

The world awakens, crisp and bare

Footsteps crunch on frozen ground

Trees wear crystal crowns of white

Even in cold, warmth remains

A heart alive, shining bright

Winter morning carries a hush

A gentle peace, a tender glow

I sip the light, I hold the quiet

And let the day slowly unfold

### 121 – That Day

That day, the brace ached in my chest

You said you'd run to catch the stars

You ran fast, chasing the sky

The stars chased you, a burning spark

Passion blazed across the evening glow

The sunset blushed, a crimson sweep

I watched your hurried steps

As time turned, as stars moved on

I remember that fleeting shadow

Footsteps beneath the open sky

I wanted to speak, but words became

A sky full of stars

Blessings, blessings  
Only in nights like this  
I fill your bedside with constellations

122 – Scattered Pages

Scattered poems, lost birds  
Crossing paths, vanishing scenes  
Tea left to steep, never the same  
Tall trees cannot reclaim old heights

Several encounters  
Not all birds share one forest  
Several meetings  
Not all hearts walk the same road  
Dust drifts, clear water flows  
Perhaps a shadow walks  
After pages forgotten

123 – Night's Tail

The night drags its eerie tail  
Silent in the waiting void  
Glass light flickers, lost and dim  
Dreams blur, distance unseen  
I close my eyes to find a sigh

The night reveals its tail—  
That ambiguous sound too long

124 – A Woman’s Glance

A woman’s glance  
Drifts onto another’s lake  
Ripples rise, trembling in the mind  
Like a flame shaking in the dark  
Gentle time freezes before my eyes

A woman’s glance  
Burns the castle whole  
Tearing the sky like waterfalls  
Unrestrained madness  
Shakes green leaves from every tree  
In burning dreams, rustling  
Like eternity, or like ruin

A woman’s glance  
Freezes memory to store  
Recalling yesterday, today  
Stars seem to open eyes  
Sighing, swaying time  
Turns away, far away

A woman's glance  
Colors collide with inspiration  
Blank space painted into art  
Because, oh heart  
That glance stretches long, long

125 – Southward

Heading south, ripples greet like time  
Heading south, wind whispers by my ear  
Like an unseen painting  
Brushstrokes leap in rhythm  
That afternoon, time unfolded  
Like this frozen frame

Strange scents lure in water  
Sirens' songs rise from the sea  
Temptation thrills with impulse  
Crabs lose their way on familiar paths  
Brief waits, a wind stirs the shore  
Silent reeds seem distant guests  
A fleeting reunion in a foreign land  
Joy spreads in sunset's glow  
Distant light fades in sleep

Outside, damp wood claims territory

Yet fire shies away  
Facing cold wood, you close your eyes  
Has time never arrived, or  
Has your heart long grown cold?  
Passion rises, yet the courtyard fire dies  
Oven snaps, familiar scents align  
Fragrant oils intensify  
Night's drama heats  
Playful as raindrops, uninvited guest

Waves rise high, then fall  
Long history melts slowly  
Seagulls lift heads  
Whose steps do you follow?  
Horizon blurs hope  
Yet shimmering waves exist  
That poetic afternoon  
Gazes across the boundless  
Dreams grow intoxicated

Oh, oh  
Who calls me, over and over  
Time shrinks again  
I look out, awaken myself  
Oh...  
I have returned home

126 – Little Daffodil

Little daffodil, first impression

Romantic, simple, like a line

Its end seems hidden in the heart

Past lives, present lives

Daffodil rests in shadows' embrace

Silent, gentle

Quiet, shallow

A backward glance, a smile

Was there a promise?

Past lives, present lives

Palm open, hiding a sign

Or a clue, perhaps

Romantic, simple, endless

I gaze at you, distant

Echoes, one by one,

Softly swaying in my heart

127 – If Never Met

If we had never met

No entanglement would remain

Glass clinks, brief joy, eyes closed

Pride's soul sinks to dust

Thorned roses, intoxicated pain

Language forms a maze

You leave, I follow

Clock awakens the sun

I see you, recall you—

Maze falls, petrified heart

Wounds have scarred

Yet, meeting you

I am no longer myself

### 128 – Appearance

Intersection, traffic lights, jump

Appear, walk through, lights

I remember that look

As before, I sat

Sweetest smiles brewed

Melted into sugar, your appearance

I grasp the leaves

As before, I imitate

Lost memory, bitter

Chasing you

A thousand years, a fleeting moment

Traffic light pulses

### 129 – Hesitation

Walking hesitantly  
Along the misty East Lake  
Hoping for a bright sunny day  
She carries cherry blossom romance, magnolia calm  
Walking by the gentle willows  
Hoping to hold a simple hand  
She holds soul-touching tenderness, eyes that see through dust  
Walking in misty rain  
Encountering a different vision  
Heart breaks, clearing haze  
East horizon peeks  
Wind, rain, sunshine

### 130 – Fallen Leaves

Fallen leaves, autumn's memory  
Past events, rising smoke  
Looking back, shadows approach  
Moments blur, blur, moments

I hide in a single bed  
Stars glimmer warmly  
Brother's melting ice cream  
Buried deep in memory  
Flowing spring water

Accompanies brother's laughter

Crisp and bright

I smile foolishly

Growing, growing

Tiptoeing, I glance

Into dream's depths

Stories abound

Each holds a taste

A taste called solitude

Bitterness floods

Seeking, seeking

Two together, not alone

Love's magic, fireworks bright

Frolicking deer chase moonlight

Beautiful moments, like scattered stars

In dreams recalling you

Ignited fireworks, time rocks

Dear, you are before my eyes

Father's white hair, another taste

From now, effort is no longer comfort

Maturity sparkles, touching past flames

Past like smoke, leaves, and you by my side

No tears, no sorrow

Golden sunlight, apple's smile

Hope appears, fleeting as blooming moments

## 131 – Sorghum Field

In the sorghum field, Mo Yan's lines  
Imagination stretches in slanting strokes  
Red calls,  
He pops out, beats drum  
Father drinks heartily  
Recalling that ambiguous sorghum field  
Whispering wind, dripping sweat  
Children spin little tops  
Scenes shift quickly  
He chases son, telling of his youth  
Sorghum field, giggles  
Son asks mother: What's in the sorghum field?

## 132 – Lost Key

The lost key seeks an answer  
Questions every passing touch  
Dust rises, bringing doubt  
Hesitant shadows like wind on a lake  
Noisy sounds blur determination  
Answer—does it still linger in the wind?  
  
Key wipes morning dew  
Sunlight smiles, tempting hope

Flower blooms, you smile too

The distant flower seems to break space

For a moment,

Key turns back

A small boat sings alone

In that instant

The answer drifts

Within the heart

### 133 – Spring Key

Spring arrives, I lost the key

I cry, like poisoned silkworms shaking heads

I still cry, like mad winds tearing

Lost sky silent like snow

My key vanished with a sigh

Recalling this sad past

I cry, like spring rain now

Drizzling, unforgettable grief

I still cry, yet fear

I hide in time's dark room

Recalling the lost key of spring

### 134 – Moonlight

Walking under vast moonlight

Lotus blooms, awaiting someone  
A shadow sways on the lake  
Silver earth adorns a face  
Oh, behind, cocoa laughter  
I forget—was it tonight or yesterday?  
Seems before my eyes  
Yet suddenly in my heart  
Oh, behind, forest echoes

### 135 – A Woman’s Gaze

A woman’s gaze  
Burns sunlight under grapevines  
Fiery beauty of volcano  
Silent beauty of stars  
A suffocating gaze  
Spreads spring dreams

A woman’s gaze  
Stirs history’s dust countless times  
Restless nights among woods  
Through time’s reeds  
A signal awakens drowsy stars  
Heart, when did you grow restless?

A woman’s gaze

Proud flowers envy  
Wind chimes play disorderly  
Stirs a sleeping forest corner  
Heart, when did you bubble?  
Since a woman's gaze  
No more day or night  
Ah, that woman's gaze  
Too long, too long—

136 – Afternoon

I remember that afternoon  
Sunlight charming, bewitching  
Father stood on the roof  
Looking for a lost cat

I don't know  
If the cat was really there  
Maybe, yes  
Behind the painting

People love hide and seek  
Cats too, unpredictable  
I wonder  
If a sound in the distance  
A cat's meow

Brings me back to before

I remember that afternoon

Father's lonely shadow long

Roof in slanting sun

Night's touch approaching

I close eyes

Thinking I saw the cat

### 137 – Blue Sky

The sky is blue, calm

Gentle like the sea

A few seagulls chase

That blue, first dream

Silent, cold

A few more seagulls on the roof

The sky stole their blue

Under cool hues

Seagulls once had warm dreams

Flying or pausing

Between motion and stillness

Beats a young heart

### 138 – Crying Dreams

As cries tumble down  
Dreams begin to spin  
Innocence paints the world  
Then, pure as blank paper  
Beautiful hearts, innocent light  
Thoughts far, roads long  
Nonlinear time leaps  
Through bouncing seasons  
Later,  
The world reveals sharp teeth  
Young dreams like ancient walls  
Shattered fragments, pale, piercing  
Retreat, hiding in your castle  
Dreams like wind-blown candles  
Flicker yet refuse surrender  
I recall dreams' gentle corner  
Hope sparks warmth

Thought's light begins to grow  
Though raging winds howl  
Rational thought gains wings  
Fragile dreams  
Flicker across the heart  
Hope's peak appears  
Recalling gentle corners  
Dreams distant, yet warm

139 – Colored Wind

She is good, alternating in others' tales  
He must be bad, only then she appears  
    Black night, he holds a stick  
        Challenging the sky  
    This fool faces void repeatedly  
        Wants to light a gust of wind  
            A colored wind  
                Despair replies silently  
            Reply is helpless struggle  
                He bows, fate—  
            Suddenly dust rises