

WITH ECSTASY OF MUSINGS IN TRANQUILITY

(A collection of poems with every aspects of life)

Author:
© Su Yun

Printed & Published by



Head Office:

MEWADEV GRANTH ACADEMY

Mohalla Sudamapuri, Jail Road, Near Sahab Talab Banda -
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ISBN:

Price: 299 | \$ 30

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First Edition: August 2024

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Cover Design Source: Images from Google and the Internet

Printed, Typesetting, Cover Design by:

Mewadev Granth Academy, Banda (U.P.)

Dedication

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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MUDFLAT HERON FORAGING

I’m looking down at my forehead.
 For the promise I made when I left the peach grove.
 I will not allow the river puddle to hide the light in its silence.
 Even if it’s late.
 Will come in black
 Consequently
 I’m ignoring the vastness of the mudflats.
 Returning light to the setting sun
 Including what I’m lining up.
 The reason why
 I’m like a shadow.



FALLEN LEAF ROLL

I am silent.
Same as petunias with dead tips
Not in the isolation of a broken spider.
Still weaving time in and out of frost
I'm clear.
In the sparse trails of melting snow
Through the branches
In my eyes.
Wind around the wall
Scratch the snow off the tall trees
Sunset light cut by the railing.
Topography on the corridor
I saw it.
Laughter crowds the stone aisles.
Shaking my stillness
The rush brushes the snow away
I've got a thing for sparrows.
But they were talking to each other at the end of a high branch.
I'm just laughing at the memories
Wait for
I saw a pair of pupils.
There are different scents of the heart
He spied me in the boughs of the holly.
Extract me
He was delighted.
Passing from the end of my dry shank
read
This is the scroll that was dropped last fall.
Promises stored in winter



SAND SHADOW BURNING HERON

In the pond east of the bridge
Clouds gently bounded under the water near the shore
Willow leaves and rushes are swabbed in a quiet manner.
And I
In the desert of Qiaoxi.
The waves are breaking my reflection.
Let it be dispersed in the ink puddle.
lit. Then immerse in the drama (idiom); fig. to soak in the drama (loanword)
In a little afterglow of steam
I see myself in the sunset smoke.
The sunlight comes from far away.
But I'm still like smoke.
It's like you're only allowed to know yourself.
If my soul
Can't handle my spirit.
Then why am I searching in vain?
Suppose it's White Feather.
I can't handle Kouki.
Then I won't give up.
non-abandonment
Out of the muck.
Extract it, scramble it back.
The light that's been hidden.
Wash them down.
Take them back to the light gathering at the end of the peach grove



EVENING IN THE COLD

The streetlights are about to fall.
Scattered at the end of dry branches
and I
And I've just been brave enough to break through.
stretch across the cold sky
once upon a time
I'm the one who's not sure.
Is the cold sky allowed to have
Warm colors like mine.
even more annoyed
I've been on a wild goose chase.
at the outset
I'm only in one light.
Sublimating the warmth and heat of the people
But I've seen the cold.
I've seen old age and indifference.
thereon
I won't allow cowardice.
burst with determination
inattentive to formalities
Because in my humble abode
People need me.
Thirsty for my warm colors
Support out of the cold



SCORCHED LIGHT FLOWER

I used to be so thirsty.
then ask for sth.
Follow his chants
at the present (time)
I shed from his words
Because I found out.
He praises the
It's a flower that shines in the refracted light.
That's me.
de facto
It's me under the vanity of the lens
burn



TREE OF YUBARI

at that time
I'm adjusting my riding speed.
Debris was pulled off the road to make way
I'm pedaling away.
The Last Tile House in a Strange Village
Suddenly holding the wind line
Tipping the yellow tassel
uneven
It's the way the line hooks into the mike.
Will shallow into the ramp
It's connected to another village.
In the folds of the loess
There are only a few types of plants included
The curved slope of the road
It's like a ball of steel falling into a roundabout.
And I'm hanging on by a thread.
Because a tree held me
Dry arms held high
facing the setting sun
respectfully
Even though the creepers of the trunks are adorned with youth.
Not really my own.
Even if the sun sets facing one side
It never fell on him.
But he's for dry skin
Forever young there.



WILDFLOWERS

Even nature reaches out for freedom.
Her spontaneity is humanly inferior
Because she was born out of the field.
Born next to a vegetable bed.
I'm not afraid to grow like a farm animal.
No one has interfered with her growth since time immemorial
She doesn't mind.
People's involvement
Planning the blossoms as the beginning of her life
And the autumn winds think she's dead.
I'm ashamed.
At least I don't have a date in mind for her death.
live with the bramble branches (idiom); to live with the brambles
lit. brush the white grass and raise your hair
Who'd go through all that hassle to see her?
hasn't
To which anyone would answer in the affirmative
At least she doesn't grow up in someone else's house.
There's no one to trim her.
Anyone would avoid her.
Because no one ever said Chun was her.
It's all I care about.
Green shoots in a flowerpot in spring
But in the field.
She's everywhere.
It's her everywhere.
Notwithstanding this
And she just turned around.
Look at the fields and the crops.
In the playful sway of the wind
Let's just smile.



DEAD LOTUS

The folds of time
Ringed the broken poplars
The white grass eats its own thoughts in the forest.
Twisting and choking the pulse.
I just want to die quietly in the fall and then be broken in the winter.
The dried thorns try to feed on all the micro-filtered life.
At the end is the frozen Gobi.
I've cracked the lotus leaves and broken the locks on my head.
Stubborn out of geometric curved stems
It's also hard to be burned in the cold and destroyed in the sudden wind.
Frozen solipsism
It's a sunset in the shade.
But the angle of view is touching.
I'm still feeling the life in the years gone by.
I touched the light and shadow of the dead lotus.
Quietly and uncharacteristically alive.
Plant yourself in the pale light



IN THE DARK SKY

The dark clouds no longer hide their ugliness from the world.
Fighting against time and the angry wind.
From the return of the sun.
Stained from the white cloud's circumference
The sky has long been disturbed by corruption.
Rishi is even more impatient.
pitch-black aggravation
Ugly leaps into the pond and hits the field.
Silt takes advantage of chaotic pools
A grim and shameful lyric of innocence
How can I fill you with chaos when I haven't penetrated an inch of you?
Head-on collision of rocks
The quiet breath of elm and acacia.
The birds of prey have forgotten to cry.
The evil god is upside down and says that his heart is right.
I haven't touched a feather of your head. How can I make you so afraid?
after the rain comes
They're all echoing oddly.
They're using it to clear their names.
It's good to pretend to be spontaneous after the rain.



SUNFLOWER

dark

The viewpoint is groping at the window
The tiles with snow lying on them are tiny
The shallow imprints made by the snow trails are tiny
The beads on the windows are unrecognizable.
And the dirt and the debris.
Breathing in the humidity of the air
just in the nick of time
There are more than a few that I know of.
gerbera
The buds, the flowers, the seeds are even smaller.
I opened my heart box on a spring day
And every flower in a crowd.
The sunflower can only be trapped by the gaps in the flowers.
I never paid any attention to her before.
I'm the one who won't follow her.
Her seed is either by the wind or by rough hands
Scatter it in a random spot of soil.
I think
It's hard to trace her back.
Until I came to a spring day with snow
The cold caught me in my heart box.
All noble flowers.
Only the sunflowers are hidden in the cracks of the tiles.
I just realized.
This flower that lives in the contours of principles
Except for life and death, it's a strong love.
her favorite
It's the wind that lifts itself up.
The light that touches in the flotsam.

It's a quest to get out of the dirt.
The faint but constant sound of chiseling
She thinks it's a pleasure to meet you in the dirt.
Even in the cracks of the bricks
Even if it's just a speck of dirt.
I don't feel poor.
She loves her color crumbs.
heartily
From the bright
From every inch of its roots
Even if the colors are simple and have no rhythm
But she doesn't need time to specialize in color.
Passionate brightness is the reverence of a lifetime of
I love sunflowers.
Love her young life floating in the storm
Love her green life that doesn't rest in the cracks of the earth.
Love her brilliant colors in the light.
I love her, I love life, I love her passionately.
A lifetime of loving what she defines



OLD BEND ELM

Old Bend Elm reaches out.
Catch the happy breath coming from miles away.
Bid the sparrows rejoice
Placement of magpies to talk about fun too
Words turn into memories from years ago.
Expression at curved stems
I live a few yards back.
Born a clay-loving child discovered me.
They don't care about my ugliness.
Curved arms and shoulders embedded in the earth
Instead, they see me as a shelter from the rain and a platform on
the field.
Climbing up and slipping down the coal pile.
Like a train to take your troubles away
Hook loads of cheer coming your way (stops for a laugh)
I'll make sure they grow up.
Strong enough to leap onto a field in a single bound.
But not yet over
The boy who came here through that dirt road
Wondering how long it'll be before I stop going.



IN THE SNOW

I've tiptoed on the bed more than once.
Checking out the old yard that just blew me away.
Smile gently at the starburst in the furnace
I opened the back window.
Love to talk intuitively with three old fences lined with a tulle veil
The open window reflects my cheeks.
Gradually deepening in the slightest breath of drifting snow
Hands that don't care about the dust that cushions the sill of an
old window.
I can see that.
Time allocates few opportunities for snowflakes.
When they were still in white from the clouds.
You have to force yourself to conceptualize.
It's a good thing that the earth is so dense that it decorates the
branches of the eaves.
And then it fell silent into a strange but destined place.
Time deliberately lengthens the distance between precipitation
and osmosis
But fortunately, all is not in sorrow.
A corner.
Frosty white and sycamore symbiosis
Understatedly adorning the world



BREAKING SCARS

Late fall leafy bottom fermented hedgehog fruit
Enchanting many a passerby.
Including a confused aspen looking for a place to return to
Don't like the sun and the loose caress of the wind
Determined to fly high into the air and not quite into the yard.
Searching in the four realms
The dark interior is the comfort zone.
One by one, two by glass.
In fact, it exacerbates the cracks in Akitsu.
deeper and wider
Only the bluesy moments after the turn of winter can hide the
And it's short.
The sparrow's pitying voice came from the wooden fence
The glass gets brighter and brighter
As if the spotlight showed up his cracks
speak indirectly
Its cloth set proves my existence
It's shattered dip wide open
To prove that you're not a spider in a wooden frame.



BLUES HOUR

Spotted dove balancing on fresh sycamore
Counting his steps
Dried black seed clips and stems and branches
Settle into the stream of years.
A visit from the night
Confuse everything.
After that, it leaves a dust filter on the window screen.
Blues for the Sky
Breaking free of the tiles
Straight up into the sky
Artistic washout of the world
The blue water flows in the tiled flower gaps.
Everything faces the night with cleanliness.
Conceive in the dark and settle down.
Framing the dawn of the nearer and nearer



THIS PINE

The moment you ride by in a car
My consciousness identifies in a stream of uncertainty
Second row within the thin willow curtain
The pine that stores snow on half the wall
Apparently, time has had its way with him.
is it a deal or not?
The south side is drying up and going back to catch up with Autumn.
The east and west sides are slowly accepting the winter
The north face hugs the snow
Because winter is passing.
I've been planting this tree in my pupils ever since.
Planning for the Wheel of the Year
I'm in it for the memories and for the acceptance.
Enjoy and cherish



LOTUS IN THE GRASS

Early spring tune white clouds painted to the lotus pond light
green color
Triggering the silt blackness of greed and the cynicism of grass stems
From then on, the yellow color of the mud was broken all over
the body.
First to fall for impact injuries
shed tears
In early summer the hidden thorns reveal the sharp horns of torment.
Scraping the masterpiece of green algae farming
Stabbing off the rich flow of love of the duckweed
The pond weeps its own filth
Assistance with silt
Watercress chokes everything in the lotus
Covetousness makes the deep green fade away from the branches
of the lotus.
The water fowls don't want to meet here again.
A dragonfly doesn't take a river an inch of water seriously.
Even the wind can't blow it down.
All that's left is the watercress that was mistakenly poured down
by its own greed.
two lumps
Trapped in the silence by my own doubts
the lotus leaf knows
You attacked me with a despicable weapon.
Why should I bother to mix in a permanent response?



ROSE ON THE CLIFF

rallying cry
Tightly bound to the corner of the cliff and shouting
face the gale
Even though the gums are carved with bloody marks
The tongue cavity is riddled with gunshot holes.
Throat spikes and gunstones
make laugh
Redder
brighter and brighter
Enough to shatter the Void.
Dyeing the red wounds of my scratches.



THE TREE OF THE NIGHT

Black color linked to the gable end of the bank
Unpainted by the colors of the night below
Broken branches scattered by day
Picked up by mud roots in the night
Give it back to the ants and bugs.
Clouds break into scarlet
Cloth that bleeds the blues
Falling branches rubbing in the eyes
weave through isolated leaves (idiom); to travel swiftly
nudge
Even though there is a lonely lamp
Samuel will also go out high to embrace the moon



SUNSHINE

The sun kisses the house.
Caressing the floor.
The floor hides its dirt and dust.
Covering your cracks with tables and chairs
calmly close one's eyes
Accepted with a straight heart
The sunlight brings dark shadows through the wooden windows
With a scar on the glass
Faint undulations
The ring of cloth that transcends the shadow of chaos
and footprint disturbance entry
The Flute Song of the Shallow Wind
be blown out by the sun
blur
The floor accepted.
confusing pattern
The floor accepted.
Shuttling through the unfiltered panic of the screen
Unintentionally fabricated artifacts
The flooring is equally receptive to
It's better than a stiff sole with a wooden seat.
Much softer.



TREE AT THE EDGE OF THE CASE

compose
Start with the leaves.
involve others
From the Gramophone's Horn
Respond again and again.
Scratch the edge of the treetops' wheelhouse
distant root
The junction between mid-air and the cliff
premeditated agreement
Surprise the ambulant
premeditated
Maybe it starts with maturity.
renegotiate cautiously
Maybe it started when it fell off the branch.
Move more carefully.



THE FLOWERS COME UNANNOUNCED

Flowering trees next to the former residence of the literati
only for show
It's the intention of the people who planted it.
gentle and beautiful
It's her intention to keep it to herself.
Whether or not the traveler is stationed
Her flowers are never lonely.
People seek snow and frost
Pure, but with beauty on the roof.
People seek words.
engraved on a copper plate
It's been a long time, and it's got a philosophical ring to it.
A glance from the young
Surprised to be shuttled through the houses
Open up the alleys
To the garden to find her.
She panicked and took away the flowers.
Young people confirmed
The writing on the copper plate
Indeed.
"Murokita, Shizuki Shizuki."



THE NINTH DAY OF THE NINTH MONTH

Snowflakes in the corner of the yard this morning.
I haven't had one since.
Only from the unknown
The cold that comes with melting snow
Ceramic bird on the ridge of an old house
Watching the sun come up
But we can only predict its departure.
Going out in the evening
Saffron from a neighbor's firecracker
It was broadcast to every house on the street.
Along the red rambling edge
They pause in the alleys.
A few feet from the flowers of the dead old man.
Picked up my brother from the market.
Tell me on the way.
Mom told me to buy some snacks.
Except for the ice cream.
But he ate it.
there's also
When I first arrived at the market.
The old man selling ice cream is crying.
Eyes and face red.
put a bold face on it



DEEP PIT

Field's back is pierced
Black bricks to build the walls of the pit
It's stopping the holes from healing.
To testify to the greatness of the chamber.
Elm and Artemisia are full of wounds.
Covering the bottom of the inaccessible
robustness
The flow of water that steals the wheat from irrigation begins
It's a small ambition.
Eventually the gun will fade into insignificance.
Into the jaws of the ever-multiplying gun.



SPARROW

Pecan trees intertwined with fields and canals
this morning
That's where my wife is buried.
Winter brings
Her tortured, twisted life.
Do your best in the spring.
Recovering from last year.
That's it.
I'm going to sink into my memories first.
From the end of Sycamore
From the cracking of the mossy stone
From the droop of the pecan fruit
Her illness.
Fake kisses on her torso
Pierce her soul.
And get drunk.
I'm trying to remember.
Packing Happiness and Hurt
Under the pecan tree, too.



GAZE

Dedicate your eyes to spring.
Lift the hanging curtains of the rear window
Calling the birds with their eyes.
Praise her bright and clean garments
The ancient tiles that witnessed the thunder
Scenery out of the spring moss of the eyebrow buds
Dedicate your eyes to spring.
stand on tiptoe and gaze over the low eaves (idiom); to stand on
tiptoe and gaze over the low eaves
Lure the flowers with your eyes.
Shyness behind the wall
Cracks where rainwater accumulates
You don't open and close for clarity.
Dedicate your eyes to spring.
And the butterflies are coming.
There's still the algae to unfold.
Get out of the house.
They've come to run to your free laughing eyes



SWALLOW'S KISS

Spring is here.
The wind went to kiss the door that was opened for her
Flowers kiss those who smell them.
And the swallows.
She's got the whole spring in front of her.
To kiss the dirt, to kiss the poolside
To kiss the shallow grass, to kiss the roof
Kissing the stiles that stopped last year
Kissing the sunset that washed up yesterday
Visiting the flowers again
Whistle by the door.
Meeting with green hair and gray hair



SPRING PRAYER IN THE LONE TREE

As if I were praying with my palms up.
Praying for songs to come from the bottom of the gully
It's as if I'm thinking for the song
Pondering the tune that's been brewing all winter
Across the fields and passes to be cleansed into symbols
Sacred Weaving and Dyeing Forms
Forming cyanobacteria that flow into the earth
Seeking the embrace of a tug of war
And then it spreads out to become a branch of grass on the mountain.
I prayed without ceasing.
Until the setting sun roams around
I'm looking at the corner of the buds on my fingertips.
It's flawless, but it's small.
With years and wrinkles lightly clothed
exclaim
Youth is the best thing on earth.



SONG OF THE SIXTEEN MOONS

I touch with the tip of my pen
Play the song of the moon strings
Blow out the candles of cynicism.
Stop the sudden flame from falling.
Wait until the dew hangs a
Play another string, leave an ink
I've joined it with my blood.
The softness that flows into the brush
How many nights as a fiddler
Adjusting to wind humor
Dispel the Rain's Loss
lit. the moon rises from the source and curves into the Yangtze River
Not the curling up of autumn leaves
Not the same as the whirlpools in the estuary.
It's so spacious and lively.
Filtering out the cloudiness of the night
With the clarity that flows into the dawn
Continuing the Flow to the Piano Player, Piper



SYCAMORE BEHIND THE HOUSE

If you get out of the
Dark green touches the wall
enchantly embroidered hills
The bright flowers are more colorful than the rainy week
Sycamore is just offering a new round of feelings.
If seeking
The Northern Moment Remains
I'm studying in a faraway place.
Surprise Memory Change
There's a unique sycamore tree
Invitation to Green Leaf's Households
Depicting the bones of the wind with four prongs and a yellow core
The aroma permeates the end of the line.
haunt the back of the house
In the hands of the poor



DEAD LOTUS

The folds of time
Ringed the broken poplars
The white grass eats its own thoughts in the forest.
Twisting and choking the pulse.
I just want to die quietly in the fall and then be broken in the winter.
The dried thorns try to feed on all the micro-filtered life.
At the end is the frozen Gobi.
The lotus leaves are cracked, the locks are broken, and the head is torn.
Stubborn out of geometric curved stems
It's also hard to be burned in the cold and destroyed in the sudden wind.
Frozen solipsism
It's a sunset in the shade.
But the angle of view is touching.
I'm still feeling the life in the years gone by.
I touched the light and shadow of the dead lotus.
Quietly and uncharacteristically alive.
Plant yourself in the pale light



JUNE

June falls into the earth from the sycamore behind the house.
Wash the astringent mud from the moss of the tiles.
Loving the earth in the warmth of its back
Love the pond and the cloudy sky
Love between the wheat and the grass.
His love.
It's a green butterfly that falls into the clover.
Whether quiet or flying away
It's all pleasing to you.
If the wind doesn't ripple
Then it's a shade of green.
If you can't control the rain's travels
Then control your expectations of life.
One has to move on.



BOOK ENCLOSURE PAINTING

A few more lines and you'll separate the clouds from the mountains.
They went over to meet the sky that had been theirs for so long.
After the waves of words have flattened out
The sun is beating down from afar.
Tightly woven together with Grapevine's online yarn
Embracing new separations and encounters
A few more pages and you'll be back in the past.
Layers of stones are full of patterns, and the strange color of
pine is blue-green alone.
The windows of a small town open vertically and close vertically.
The long way is joined together.
Last time it was a butterfly, this time it's a dove.
Last time it was flowers, this time it's the tongue of the hat.
The gulping of car tarpaulins startles the drift of green trees
Suppose I ride over there.
I leap from the silence
If I were sitting in the grass
Maybe they'll be lifted up with the words.
The story in the book is beautiful and it was and is
It's sunny under the morning window
It's still in the bookcase.
Here is the totem of self-love fanning out



ERA

After the old film was infested
We'll all understand.
The lows aren't the 80s.
Growing up isn't a '90s thing.
Success wasn't just at the turn of the century, either.
The age is a wave
It's the composition of our different ages
Some people just go in front of the waves.
Ruthlessly rejected
Someone's going to have to migrate into the waves.
hidden waves
Some people are lucky enough to catch the end of the wave.
Maybe it's been hit to the high bank.
lit. water waves have thousands of layers and an infinite number of paths
lit. sinking and floating in a wave of unknowns
We've covered the reefs of our predecessors.
Each sinking to an unknown reef
We hit the dark valley of our predecessors.
Each stays at an inexplicable height
The age is a wave
A Cycle Interpretation of Waves



100%

There's a group of people who are obsessed with the world of 100%.
They rejoice in the ideal meadow
They can live in the water.
They don't have to care about anything.
They don't have to look for anything.
They live a simple life.
They jumped in brief snippets
Most people live in a world of approximation.
They care about the next bump in the road
They search for eternal souls



BIRDSONG

If mottled is the outline of a river gathering
The shade of a tree is a paper mold printed on a flat surface.
Birdsong is a starry moment of nature
Every frame of the human flow row leaves a flower mark
It can be classified as a masterpiece of birdsong.
Pull the twine hard to tighten the shade net
The fence is tightened with twine.
Only the birds are swinging loosely.
It's comfort in clutter.
Smear the rust from the fence
Hide the crack of the twine.
It's the aloofness of the bright world.
I don't know where they are.
All chirping like algae swirling around the earth
If I had a paintbrush.
I paint strong orchids and weaving grasses.
I paint unknown green trees
This alone refracts the starch of birdsong



SHADOW

We're going to be far away.
From the time I learned to fly high
A solid feather of mine crosses the bare ground
You picked it up with a false body.
We're going to be far away.
From my conscious body skills
I've got a rumble in my ruffled feathers.
You've got the ripples.
Fubuki Green Lake, the closest thing I have to you.
Across the doorstep, I'm hidden in the same world as you.
You're the one who's going to find me in the hot sun.
I'm evidence of people analyzing you in the moonlight.
You are my mark in the light
I'm your metaphor in the dark.
When we meet on the porch with the high windows
Anyone can penetrate time and space.
stay in the world.



RAIN WINDOW

Raindrops, escaping the wipers
Crystalize my window
Through this crystalline veil
I divine my destined path
Rising from the pondside path to the distance
Floating from the lifted wheat stalks to the village
Where churches and ancient houses stand
Where chimes echo and rain-kissed windows glisten
Starting from inside the house
Opening rain-drenched windows one by one
My footsteps unlike droplets from branches
Cannot create ripples in puddles
My silhouette unlike roadside grass
Cannot embrace the rain so wholly
Yet I long to push open one more rain window
Stepping into a new world.



DREAM OF JOURNEY

Even when awakened
I still sway within the carriage
Moments ago
We journeyed away from our destination
No transition from asphalt to soil
No final tree before the turn
Only distant wild grass and patchwork paths
And the simplest things in the countryside
Yellow wheat, dry channels, and sycamore trees
Mountains not chosen, rivers not included
My heart finds peace on this journey
With a trustworthy driver and myself
We have a destined stop
Indeed, we pause in a new village street
Through the shopfronts, I see clearly
Banquets of strangers under the lights
Meeting friends from my hometown
In an instant
We begin our return, I guard time closely
Bidding farewell to friends, offering banquet wishes
And the ordinary fields along the way
Sparkling before my wandering eyes
I strive to memorize all I see
As it swiftly fades into distance
I've always known I'm dreaming
Walking an endless road
Yet filled with familiar matter
Until I open my eyes, beginning to miss
All that I left behind there
Never to return but emerges hazily.



MOUNTAIN TEARS

Behold the unwithered
Not clinging to life through affliction
But growing true to their nature
Should winds assail the slopes
They stand, unwavering shields
Observe the withered
Not untimely perished
But exiting with rhythmic grace
Should rains pierce the soil
They face fragmentation fearlessly
Perhaps a desiccated tree's millennia-old lament
Swallows the mountain's verdant stoicism
Perhaps a lone grassroots future ember
Ignites the ground's seasonal unfurling
Ultimately, your chiseled facade
Erodes, bearing your mournful whispers
Your preserved tears
No longer seek recompense
For the droplets shed adorning trees and igniting grass.



DWARF

The giant and dwarf traverse the tunnel
The giant bows his head
As does the dwarf
Though limited in vision
He fancies his stature immeasurable
Lofty beyond compare
Exiting the tunnel
The giant's destination is strikingly clear
Mere bends remain, he muses
The dwarf laments mountains ahead
Both fall into a river's grasp
The giant must raise his head
The dwarf follows suit
The giant seeks salvation
The dwarf gulps water greedily
The giant swims toward the discovered driftwood
While the dwarf...
Becomes forever the beast fed by his arrogance.



CORNER

From my east-west view of the street
I've long been content with my prayers for the sky
The rainbow I see should stretch far
The sunset I see should glow crimson
When I stand in a corner upstairs
North and south passages unfold
The rainbow spans great lengths
But now sea and sky ripple in concert
The sunset burns scarlet
Yet lingering light dances on hidden currents
Some rejoice on distant slopes
Where I see sandbars
They perceive vast bays
Where I observe still waters
They witness surging waves
From my corner perch
I share post-rain skies with others
Those further from worldly dust
Behold scenes more vibrant still
It's not a lack of imagination
Just an unawareness of the wonders in sight.



LITERATURE - MY EYES

The moment I put pen to paper was only twenty days before my new collection of poems came out, their bodies went from white to coated with embodied meanings, how they were finally assembled I still don't know, but you can be sure that my family and I have allowed these hundred or so poems to remain in a space and time that won't be renewed again, a heaven and a earth that belongs to them.

(i) The dream has no end, the heart has no emptiness.

"Really? That's too excellent", "Write on", "No arts test, no science, stop, too much brain power".

I chose to embark on the path of literature from the age of ten under the influence of the Chinese writer Bing Xin. The first three to four years from the literature, my sky is small, small to no light on earth; my thoughts are big, big to a catch can lead to the sun. My articles embraced each other in the freshness and then disappeared for years. Precipitation, a frown of high hopes that I couldn't shrug off, I held my dreams unobtrusively in elementary school as I moved further and further into the sky! Until the night before graduation, I was quiet, I was happy to usher in an end of my life and a long vacation without homework, but I was confused about the future, the dream of "I will be a writer" in my heart did not move, was I working hard for my hypothesis? Am I working on my hypothesis? Even if it was a fantasy, it wasn't scary, because later I realized that I am now young, and it's not too late to start writing, and youth is my biggest advantage in this age.

Until my first year in middle school, my life's ideals remained in my mind being carried by wave after wave into the sea of memory, ready to be forgotten. The problem was not too big, my ideals were always framing my direction, and the problem was too big, my ideals were always delaying the settling of my feet. If you ask what filtered out of myself, it was a three-day long disconnection, where my cell phone left me with nothing but photos and past tense chats, where I

forced literature into my life. (Literature has since begun to give me the ideal attitude.)

Other people in the eyes of literature has the reality of meaning, I have not got all, indeed the implementation of the “liberal arts do not test, science do not use” quasi-responsibility, thankfully my motives are not this quasi-responsibility (which is imposed on me by others), I do not care about the results. I use my mind with my road, the fact that others have nothing to do. Literature is for filling in life’s gaps, not for building up.

In short, dreams have value without price, and everyone is eligible for advancement.

(ii) Dreaming of struggle, resisting obstruction

Young people’s literature is the easiest to drive, and a proper attainment will not leave a hole in life. There will be good and bad in the way, and my way of doing it is to say, “All should be resisted.”

Books are popular among the public, and everyone cites them; the creation of books is seldom tried, and everyone differs. On the way of writing, other people’s words are the most worthy of my deliberation, “Your use of words is very sensitive, your ability to knock it down is strong, write on” This is what young poets often say to me, and in my heart I hear it broken down into two sentences: not to give up on my studies, and to continue with my literary endeavors. Academics is the foundation, did not walk into my boarding elementary school will not have the ideal of literature, based on this alone I can be disciplined to read for ten years, plus literature, success lies in the integration of literature and academics, because there are ideals and human nature; “you’re too obsessed with, you’re at a dead end,” this is the old-timers often say to me, heard me break down into two words in my heart “Academics are important, suspend literature. But I selective deafness, in my father and grandparents chose to trust the old-timers, my mother unhesitatingly stood by me, and firmly guaranteed to give and spiritual and financial support, which is the first time in my life to ask for a huge sum of money.

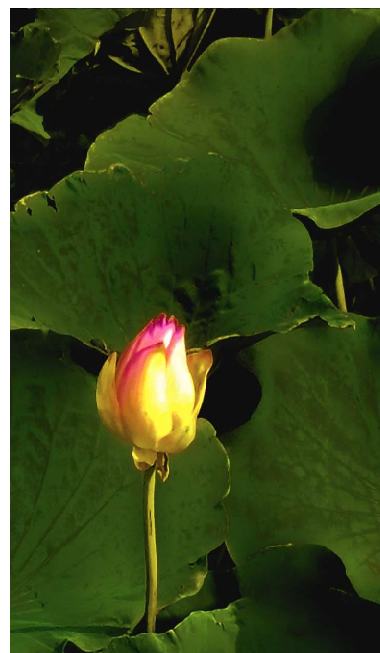
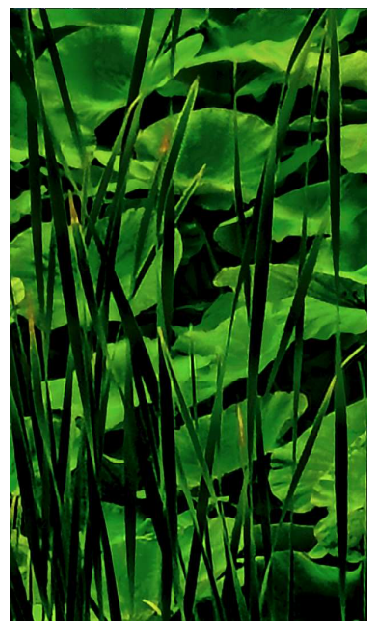
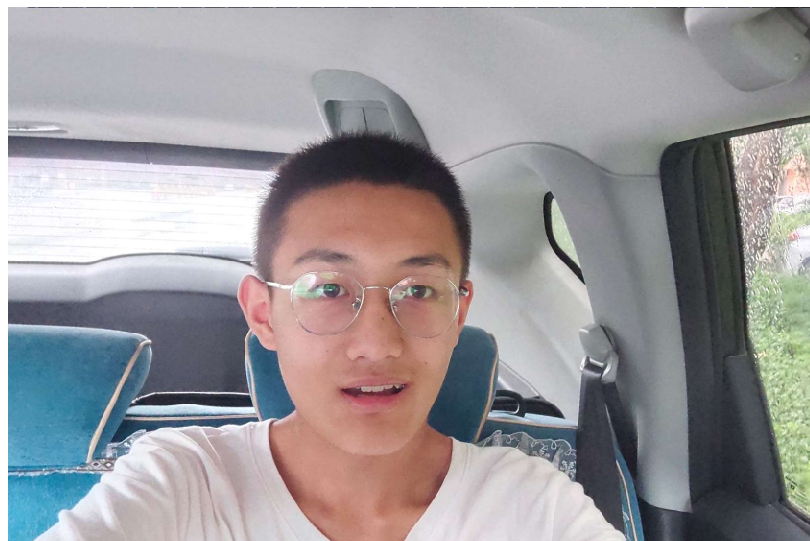
Literature through life, good thing I have three inches of tongue, convinced the family, harvested the start-up capital. Along the way, I

have been killing with a sword in hand, I have been on paper magazines on bilingual publications, and my works have appeared in foreign journals, but I have a wild go to be going to add to the rift valley of my book publishing. I had to lay the foundation for myself and my family when I could borrow my parents’ money, and books were the best way for me to leave the world with an image of myself as someone who wasn’t outwardly confident.

Literature is my advantageous skills in the human world wandering, in my foundation for their own, in the world under the AI active out of their own square there is always a variety of unsatisfactory, the beginning of 2023 I am still proud of their own day to send out more than 70 emails of the achievements of the beginning of 2024 I have to be from the foreign press to send out a day of 150 emails! The result is all rejected, this block I have been overcoming, others asked about my achievements, I said: “someone recommended”, in fact, I stay up late at night searching for my own summarized mailboxes, learn to send mailboxes by myself, I never ask for a Bole to find me, with me as a close friend, so as to help me into the upper reaches of the river, I’d rather be from the mud mayfly chrysalis, I’m a Bole myself, and others are only cooperation! I would rather be a nymph in the mud!

This is me. I came from dead leaves and grew in the sea!

About the Poet -



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