

## Poems by Yuan Changming

Bamakoola

While all my fellow humans hope to  
Enter heaven after they die, I am alone  
Living in paradise already:

An earthly realm I have built myself  
With the light from Lapland, where the setting sun  
Shines with the morning glows above golden snow

The air from Shangri-la, where the yin  
And yang are in pure and perfect balance with  
Each other in every grass, every cloud

The water from Waterton Lakes, which  
Reflect the mountain of trees as clearly  
As the mountain reflects upon the clear water

That's all my spirit needs, not the fragments  
Of the meaning about Eden long lost  
But the whole backyard within my solitary heart

iHooyeau

granting Darwin was right  
it did take as long as one million years  
before apes became what we are, gradually  
and passively, with the help of our environment  
however, with our own intelligence  
and technology, we are going  
to evolve into iHooyeaus suddenly and  
actively, in a matter of just one generation  
or two, a new species that will consume  
lunar energy instead of sun-based foods  
each living in a unique virtual  
reality, where multiplication is achieved  
sexlessly via logic rather than through  
love, where each individual lifetime is  
expended within a tiny chip

so, are you happy to be the last humans  
or the earliest iHooyeaus?

## Winter View

Like billions of dark butterflies  
Beating their wings  
Against nightmares, rather  
Like myriads of  
Spirited coal-flakes  
Spread from the sky  
Of another world  
A heavy black snow  
Falls, falling, fallen  
Down towards the horizon  
Of my mind, where a little crow  
White as a lost patch  
Of autumn fog  
Is trying to fly, flapping  
From bough to bough

Natural Confrontations

*1/ Plum Blossom*

Without a single leaf  
Grass-dyed or sun-painted  
To highlight it  
But on a skeletal twig  
Glazed with dark elegies  
A bud is blooming, bold and blatant  
Like a drop of blood  
As if to show off, to challenge  
The entire season  
When whims and wishes  
Are all frozen like the landscape

*2/ Eddy*

A gossamer-like breeze  
Left far behind  
By a running dog  
Tries to strike  
The stagnated twilight  
Hanging above the whole city  
Before the storm sets in

*3/ Seagull*

As if right from heaven  
A snowy seagull charges down  
Trying to pick up the entire ocean  
With its bold beak  
As the tsunami raises  
All its fierce fists  
In sweeping protection  
Against earth's agitation  
In foamy darkness

Destiny Defined: A Chinese Calendar

- Believe it or not, the ancient Chinese 5-Agent Principle accounts for us all.

1/ Water (born in a year ending in 2 or 3)

*-helps wood but hinders fire; helped by metal but hindered by earth*

with her transparent tenderness

coded with colorless violence

she is always ready to support

or sink the powerful boat

sailing south

2/ Wood (born in a year ending 4 or 5)

*-helps fire but hinders earth; helped by water but hindered by metal*

rings in rings have been opened or broken

like echoes that roll from home to home

each containing fragments of green

trying to tell their tales

from the forest's depths

3/ Fire (born in a year ending 6 or 7)

*-helps earth but hinders metal; helped by wood but hindered by water*

your soft power bursting from your ribcage

as enthusiastic as a phoenix is supposed to be

when you fly your lipless kisses

you reach out your hearts

until they are all broken

4/ Earth (born in a year ending in 8 or 9)

*-helps metal but hinders water; helped by fire but hindered by wood*

i think not; therefore, I am not

what I am, but I have a color

the skin my heart wears inside out

tattooed intricately

with footprints of history

5/ Metal (born in a year ending in 0 or 1)

*-helps water but hinders wood; helped by earth but hindered by fire*

he used to be totally dull-colored

because he came from the earth's inside

now he has become a super-conductor

for cold words, hot pictures and light itself

all being transmitted through his throat

## Forty Three Word Idioms

No ass without passion  
No art without startle  
No belief without a lie  
No business without sin  
No charm without an arm  
No character without an act  
No coffee without a fee  
No courage without rage  
No culture without a cult  
No entrance without a trance  
No epicenter without an epic  
No Europe without a rope  
No freedom without a reed  
No friendship without an end  
No fundamentalism without mental fun  
No heritage without a tag  
No glove without love  
No ghost without a host  
No groom without a room  
No infancy without fancy  
No inspiration without a ration  
No kid without id  
No life without 'if'  
No malady without a lady  
No manifestation without man  
No mason without a son  
No millionaire without a lion  
No nirvana without a van  
No passage without a sage  
No pharmacy without harm  
No plant without a plan  
No prevention without an event  
No product without a duct  
No recovery without something over  
No restaurant without rest or rant  
No sight without a sigh  
No slaughter without laughter  
No smile without a mile  
No splurge without urge  
No spring without a ring  
No substance without a stance

No think without ink  
No truth without a rut

## Pendulum

hung never too high  
from the frictionless pivot of nature  
fate is a weight  
that keeps swinging  
from yin to yang  
or the other way half around

between day and night  
between ups and downs



Defiance

With the cage tightening, and  
Despite my wounded wings

I am still free to try  
Trying harder to fly

Flying up so high  
Higher than the sky

Beyond this universe  
Locked inside out

## Birds of Varied Feathers

Come, come  
You peng from the Zhuangzian northern darkness  
You swan from the Horacean meadows  
You pheasant from under Li Bo's cold moon  
You oriole from Dufu's green willow  
You dove from the Dantean inferno  
You phoenix from Shakespeare's urn  
You swallow from the Goethe oak or  
The Nerudan dense blue air, you cuckoo  
From the Wordsworthian vale, you albatross  
From the Coleridgean fog, you nightingale  
From the Keatsian plum tree, you skylark  
Form the Shalleyean heaven, you owl  
From under the Baudelairen overhanging years  
You unnamed creature from the Pushkinian alien lands  
You raven from near Poe's chamber door  
You parrot from the Tagorean topmost twig  
And you crows from among my cawing words

Come, all of you, more than 100 kinds of  
Birds from every time spot or spot moment

Come, with your light but strong skeletons  
Come, with your hard but toothless beaks  
Come, with your colored feathers, and flap your wings  
Against Su dongpo's painting brush strokes

Come, all you free spirits of nature  
Let's join one another and flock together  
High, higher up towards mabakoola

## Rock vs Waves

Hard, cold, firm  
As apathetic as time itself  
You hold your position  
Against countless attacks of surging billows  
That keep pounding your naked chest day and night  
Like fate knocking at the Beethoven's door

You will never give up your effort  
Or you would collapse into sand