

Selected Poems 2013-2020

Mortal

2013

Aesthetics is ephemeral.

Once one gets bored

it comes to nothing.

It's more about seeing substance

than finding meaning.

Aesthetics is mortal.

Interminable Wanderer

2014

Someone told me,

if we spend a lot of our time sleeping,

it means that we don't derive pleasure from life.

I hope to see you at the finish line, My friend.

But how could we get there?

When would we get to the point?

For, Darling, we don't desire any destination.

Common Ownership

2014

One doesn't have to buy an ocean

To enjoy the view

One doesn't have to purchase a mountain

To feel the fresh air

One doesn't have to own the moon

To enlighten the road

La Rosa Azul

2014

Light blue is the scent

Dark blue is the soul

The other in between is not the feeling

Absurdist

2014

What do people pursue?

Why is everybody running?

Though there is no finish line.

Though the track is circle.

Why are they in such a hurry?

After all, we're all going to die.

And we'll die at the right time.

And the time has been set.

A Face of Hypocrisy

2014

Clepe me pharisaic was nothing

Nay, hypocrite was I

Clepe me sadducee was nothing

Nay, hypocrite was I

Smiled when upset I

Frowned when happy I

Hate I with affection

Love I with hatred

Yet different art thou
Go to, go to
For me 'tis
Emptiness hath still in my soul

At Least Not Today

2014

Suppose I die tomorrow
Will I be alright?
No, I won't, Father
For it would be selfish to be gone alone
Yet still
Spending loneliness in paradise
Would be better
Than suffering eternal fire
Teamwise

Never Be Torn

2014

My friend, this you must consider:
Your feeling is not that important to others
It is just an embellishment of this mind
This brain
This body
No more
So the next time somebody cuts your heart
Sew it back
Take a well-sharpened knife
Decide to be the actor
Never die a reactor

What Else?

2014

Assymmetric eyes

Pug nose

Discolored teeth

Fat belly

Short legs

Sharp tongue

Stupid upbringing

Oh, fie!

Something real that makes a woman seem beautiful is

Self-confidence

Tied Up

2015

It seems like we are never going to be apart

At the time I don't want him

I need him

Me and my coffee are destined for each other

I Hope Not

2015

Friends are illusions

So is the family

I'm afraid God might as well

Still I wonder if

They're all real

And instead I'm the illusion

While days are dimming

I start fading

Laughing

2015

I laugh at her for she oft feels bored in the crowd
For she oft be ignorant
For she oft tries defining what friends are
For she oft beanaesthetized
For she oft struggles to live in gratitude
And she oft be unalive
And she is so selfish
And she is as useless as art
But I laugh at her the most for her dry sense of humour
That she could still laugh at her damnable self
In poetic ways

The Substance

2015

Larger meaning starts with a perfect hit,
for human must remain human.
Name it.
Name your purpose.
For you are a free man,
for you are a slave of no man.

Couplets Of The Night

2015

A sociopath walks through a windy avenue
Feet are leading to somewhere possibly new

"You've killed the time, now the time would kill you,"
"Never mind, someday I'd die though,"
A sociopath walks along the railway
Eyes are watching as the dusk casts the day
"You've saddened the sun, soon come the dark,"
"Never mind, I'd wait 'till the moon rises to bark."

Sickeningly Beautiful

2015

Pale is June
Paler than the moon
Still sickeningly beautiful
Was the full moon of June
Made a lady long for old ballads
Made a lady long for the good listener
Little prayers, winds of the nights
Nay, blue moon isn't here yet
Had those longings were blown away
Everything wouldn't have been this beautiful

Ruby Eyed

2015

How could you see an exquisite beauty through those eyes?
For those are wild roses red
For those are fire that rages
For those are blood that's spilled
Assuredly, I could not
For the beauty, mi señor, is my ruby eyes itself

Blue Adieu

2015

I've steeped roses to delphinidine
Now would you tell me
Why still they became violet instead of sapphire?
Alas! You are fair but you are witless
O' my lady, my beautiful bonnie
Let us sing adieu to your dreamy blue
Come dance by the gate of morning glories
For the sun also rises for your ebony heart
For il faut être bête pour souffrir

Not Even the Coolest Poet

2015

With the exception of you,
I'd share a seat beneath this solemn midnight scene to nobody.
Not even to the boy next door,
not even to the coolest poet in this continent.
Not even to that dandy philosopher,
not even to that guy who plays Chopin.
Because even Mr. O'hara's poems
aren't more blissful than the story of your voyages.
Besides, with a friend like you,
even under the starless sky I'd dance 'til dawn.
With a friend like you,
I might sail across Mariana Trench on a cedar canoe.
And with a friend like you,
even the milky way seems not much wider than my vision.

Dirt

2015

They said it was a good day to live

But I was pretty sure it was always a good day to die
They sought the purpose of living
I said the life itself is a purpose
And though they said the street were paved with gold
I tempted not
They judged me like a dirt on a curtain which had been settled for decades
Well, I wouldn't deny
But, dear friend
It hurts me immensely
To know
How shallow and meaningless
Either your mind
Or my existence
Is

Thomas

2016

Whoever above the universe might be laughing at me
But people, these people are laughing at Thomas
As if the joke was really on him
As if it was funny
As if there was a Thomas

There is a single truth
I've come to know
No matter how I struggle and strive
I'll never get out of this world knowing the truth
If there is truth

The smoothest cut is the sharpest knife
Deaden one's curiosity
Deaden one's unbridled mind
Kissed by over confidence
Lulled by naivete

I do not dare a second to laugh at him

If there was a Thomas
Don't laugh at him
For he was me
He was me

Misguided Guy

2016

Don't say you're hurted,
When you're just being sentimental.
Don't say you're getting used to,
When you're just dying or getting numb.
And please, please, please, don't say you're growing older,
When you're just growing colder.
Because you often say you're being an adult,
But all I see you're just being dull.
You say, from your dreams, you're waking up,
But all I see you're just giving up.
Now if you say that you're living a life, a life like that,
Deep poignancy is all what my heart feels.
But lately you tell me you're falling for me,
Ah, tantalizing is the thrill of the chase.
Don't fall for me,
Don't fall for my arrogancy.
At least as long as you can't define love,
Like I define humanity.

Note To A Friend

2016

I like you a lot as a friend because you are pretty bright
Because eventhough you don't shine, you reflect the divine light of the god you worship
But lately you told me that some birds aren't meant to be caged
Like some other are meant to be

I tell you I can assure you that it should be no bird
No bird, my friend, is meant to be caged
It's just some of them are too scared to be free for they've been caged for too long
That they can't imagine what's the real meaning of freedom
As though if they stay in that cage they're gonna live forever
But us, let us fear nothing
Not even the deathliest death
Let us not forget, let us bear it in our mind
To never ever give in to this kind of life they give up on

But We Are Not

2016

If we were immortal
We'd stay up all night questioning philosophy we don't even understand
And while you were seeking the meaning of life
I would have spent my life learning the method of turning water into wine
But we are not
So all I do is drinking everything halfway
And all you do is staring at the further star
Starving for pie in the sky

Unreliously Rebel

2016

I won't pretend that I like Sinatra, not even Presley,
Not even Mister Mercury at the very.
Whether the day is light or wistfully hard,
I'll sip my coffee from the gloomiest cup.
Foresee my fortune, I'll embrace jinxes,
Calling them by their proper name: life.
Preach me success, I'll spill failures over my youth,
Leaving none for the future.
Ask me to run, I'll fly.

Pray me to leap, I'll somersault.
I'm so rebel that no boss can handle,
I will not comply.

Pine

2016

Just because this room has no clock on the wall
Doesn't mean that I'm playing in search of lost time
And thinking of why Julian Lage entitled his melodies
With phrases as if they have lyrics
Makes this scoliotic mind even frantic
O' how I ineffably pine for Salome and Vera
Had we meet in someday's afternoon
I'd spend the night quenching my thirst with seclusion
And in the quiet morning I'd be drinking warm latte
. . . Alone

Rather Than The Best

2016

Ask no question,
If you haven't been ready for truth.
Everybody is a scoundrel,
But I'm playing it bad.
I am the scoundrel of scoundrels,
And rather than come to heel, I'll stand before madness.

"Give me love,"
Sing those who are craving for copulation.
And I've been wondering:
Why can't these moth-brained beings
Just word it blatantly?
Lust...

O' you, misled lovers,
Is it true that love is the best of things?
But you know what you desire,
So call it by its proper name.
We know, one doesn't always want the best,
Sometimes you simply want a thing.

Gardener

2016

I want to grow an extraterrestrial rose garden
Where dreams and facts collide
And the petals are fulfilled with delphinidin
I want to be an extraterrestrial gardener
For god himself was once a gardener
And earth was his fertile land
Wary be you in my garden
Wary be you when the leaves drop dew of absinthe
Wary be you, but bottoms up, the old green fairy comes!
She laments, "it's not that easy being green,"
Fie, how should I reply?
It's even harder to be blue

If Ever

2016

If ever this life brings you bored
And you already long for me, my friend
Play a ballade and meet me at solstice
I'll edify your mind and pour you a glass of superstition
Assemble a paper plane
Then fly with me across the equator
There'll come a bittersweet reality

When we see
That our road is not too long

Lonely

2016

The earth is lonely
The girl is ugly
The boy is grumpy
The cat is filthy

There was a time when
The girl was pretty
The boy was happy
And the cat was dandy

But this earth
It seems like it was
And will always be
Lonely

Some Orange Afternoon

2016

There was a girl who lived beneath the ocean of clouds.
She said that she had no friend,
But all the triflers kept coming for her.
Amidst the flock of lovers,
Listlessness was all she felt.
She was an ingrate and yes, she was fine with that.

So came the summer and so as the autumn.
Still all she could think was to flee from that city of grey,
And its triflers.

She wanted to live forever but be it not their forever.
Trifling triflers... they were all sad.

Some orange afternoon,
Overriding the sky of red.
Leaving behind her English garden,
She found a boy who played his soul out of harmonica.
Overshadowed by an old oak tree,
Never would she miss anybody.

By The Pond

2016

The sun wakes you up
Pries into your dream every single dawn
When it knows assuredly that the morning
Doesn't seem oracular
You wonder why the time is infinite
And so you hope your footsteps are
Happiness elapsed and you've decided to pass it by
You said you don't know where to go
But for me it's crystal clear
You're going onto a particular direction
Unintendedly intentional maybe
So walk, friend, at least while you have the energy
Wander somewhere, roam everywhere
And if you've eventually got nowhere
I'll be daydreaming by the Walden Pond

The Sun Doesn't Shine

2016

If you were a star, you wouldn't reflect the beam that comes
Because for you, others are superficially extraneous

And you huddle up on your own psychedelic universe
If you were a rainbow, you wouldn't refract that dispersed light
Because all things' end is in yourself
Nothing on earth can force you to intertwine
Still if you were a sun, you wouldn't shine
Because you are old and impermeably dark
Yet sometimes I wonder if it's me the one who's blind

What I See

2017

You don't understand
You have let your soul be taken away
By things you proudly surmise will relieve you
Know this
In your own pomposity
It's even harder to realise
That you've been delicately robbed
I'm sorry I can't help you
You can go on and have another
Just don't die
Don't die before me

Would You?

2017

Even if they weren't made for one another,
Toast and jam are fit together
But these two: truth and happiness
They rarely get along with each other
Now you, a pile of flesh and pride
I ask you:
Would you give up
If the only thing that leads to peace of mind

Is believing?
Or would you carry on
If the only thing that leads to the answers
Is an endless agony?

Fist On The Fortune's Jaw

2017

Tiptoe on the sill of the window
Follow the trace of the sphynx cat's paw
Cloaked in leather of a mad cow
Poisoned by an old forgotten saw
Hovered over by the wind blow
Scratched by a bald eagle's claw
Drifted along the southern sea flow
Grazed by a great white's jaw
Burnt by the hope of the morrow
Swallowed by personal law
Chase a dream through the midnight's glow
Overreach the trick of destiny flaw

Poetically Mumble

2017

Starring at the sun's stare through my round spectacle,
Foolishly wonder if there is a wisdom or a bit oracle.
Oh, this town often makes me chuckle,
Still my loins are quite crumbled.

How many miles of thread have we entangled?
In the end, days will always break my knuckle.
Knowing this place is not a republic Plato'd assembled,
Would it be that wrong to hope for a miracle?

Ah, conformity is not a beast my soul can handle,
But jinxes are all that I will tackle.
Time will always do belittle.
So don't be a square nor rectangle.

Quick, just blow the candle,
And be ready to fracture an ankle.
There's no time to chew what's on the table,
For sometimes I rhyme, sometimes I rebel.

Water on Earth

2017

Droplets of rain which gods weep
Waterfalls which valleys wail
Wellsprings which mountains stream
The rivers which far lands cry
To seven seas, to the ocean
Thither is where they're all flowing
O' mother and father, friends of mine, foes, and lovers
To the ocean is where they're all sailing
While the two percent of earth's water
Are frozen up in glaciers
Where I, and some other strangers
Are alienately looking at the horizon

Universal Child

2017

I'm a child of the universe
A soul floating underneath the atmosphere
A thin spirit drifting over the sea
I'm the flesh trapped in a certain dimension
A dweller of no land

A citizen of no nation
I submit to no custom, to no tradition
No tribe, no race, no ethnic, no clan
No superstition, no religion
I'm no one's daughter
I'm nobody's lover
I'm a slave to no emotion
I'm in all, I'm in no thing
I belong to nothingness
I belong to allness

In Real Life

2020

In real life we don't have a narrator
We catch a train and sit alone
We won't say hi 'cause we've got phone

In real life we don't look up
Greens and seas are all on the screen
And plucking a flower is a lame scene

In real life we bid a friend goodbye
Doesn't matter if we still have something to say
We think, "well, maybe another day.."

In real life, we wake up, go to work, go back home
And we repeat the seemingly aimless cycle over and over again
But it's okay

Salary Man

2020

What am I?

I said I wanted to be someone, a rich man
I could have been a dentist, an underwater archaeologist, a nuclear strategist
But I once overheard a tradesman asking for the price of a stairway
"No such thing as stairs," answered the girl with the golden eyes
I giggled along and changed my mind

Now what am I?

I said I wanted to be someone, a bigger man
Well, I could have been a poison master, a wild flower gardener, a god's story teller
But no, I'm just a salary man
Still, can I be a dancer?
So if I can't afford being useful, I can be happy

No? So what am I?

I'm but a story of accumulated choices
Dissolved in untraceable causes-and-effects we call coincidences
And sometimes fate, or destiny
For all the tricks we don't understand, we call magic
But eventually, all is systematic