

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Projects™

Plein-air

Changming Yuan © 2013



En plein air - "in the open air"

Beside the Ball of Limbo

Your themes are plein-air
endless

entwined and
encircled

Sharpen my pen, Muse
with wit and will
so that

i can
clear-cut

this non-tangible tangle
of sad and stubborn

syntaxes

Viewpoint

no, no, no,
no more do i want to be

a chinaman, brown-visioned

with all my yellowish

outlooks, yellowish sentiments

nor do i intend to be

a red-skinned big-foot

with my ancestors' vast land

all occupied by foreign devils

nor a rising black star

with evil pale-faced memories

nor a big white boss

with all his politically correct dollars

rather, i prefer to be a tiny rock

sitting still at a hilltop, on the roadside

watching, observing, or even

whistling when there is a wind blowing hard

Night Quiet

in the distance are heard some lonely footsteps
wandering beyond the boundary of wild dreams

a dehydrated lamp suffering alone from insomnia
listens attentively to crickets' calls outside the walls

the moonlight crunches under the shoes of fall

birch leaves trembling violently like thin thoughts

only still life can still bear such solitude...

You are really haunted by this letter
Yes, since it contains all the secrets of
Your selfhood: your name begins with it
You carry y-chromosomes; you wear
Y-pants; both your skin and heart are
Yellowish; your best poem is titled
Y; you seldom seek the balance between
Yin and yang; you never want to be a
Yankee, but you yearn to remain as
Young as your poet son; in particular
You love the way it is pronounced, so
Youthfully, as a word rather than a letter to
Yell out the human reasons; above all
Your soul is a seed blown from afar, always
Y-shaped when breaking the earth to greet spring