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Poetry

Dream - Jack LIU

Good Night - Jack LIU

Obsidian - Tristan LI

Islands - Carol ZHONG

FishBone - Claire SHU

After Class - Shelia BAO

Being in the World - Anita XU





Dream

Jack LIU

It was a beautiful dream
The story took place when the red sun just rose
I still think about it now and then

Wild flowers and weeds grow in cold rain
Breeze dances
Be happy

I keep the sweet memories for a long time
I breathe greedily
with treachery in my arms
But I was still happy

Bonjour
“Hope”

Bonjour
“Future”

I gave up everything running to you
Why
Why?



Good Night

Jack LIU

The great night
The great rain
The great Death
Wave to me in the forgotten night

Countless memories piled up before my eyes

My name is Red
I am an orphan of Asia
I am a nomad in Istanbul
Christmas Eve and Christmas Eve
Where do I belong

It is an eternal ocean
I have seen this land in my dreams
It is a hundred thousand miles below the center of the earth
It hangs in the void of the universe
Will I imprison

The kingdom
The century
The Pope
In the golden autumn
In the snow
On a secret night
There was a rose blossoming in a wonderful and desolate field

The riverbed has dried up
In the pain to find the eternal spirit
To attain immortality through the long night
Her name is Israel
In the letters of marble and Muhammad
There is blood and butterflies in the dream

Obsidian

Tristan LI

Oaks stood silently in the tranquil night

Birds returned to their warm nests

Speechless nature contained exquisite
emotion of every life

I was also silent in the gentle air

Driving a black car on my way home

Isolated feeling suffused my bone

Affection for the life I have made me not
alone

Numerous beloved people would keep me
move on





Islands

Carol ZHONG

I found myself as a jellyfish who lives in the ocean
Small, soft, and flows with the waves to search for an
island

Loneliness as the shadow stands by though marine
lives are around

Approaching to something new and peculiar

Now I can feel my skin and bones

Drip dry the seawater, get obsessed with the mystery
Shall we be the little explorers of this planet?

FishBone

Claire SHU

Felt a sting hidden in the gentleness
Iffy pain that you could never predict
Supposed to be a no-brainer
However, it might still hurt you when you
feel at ease
Basically, considered a pleasant burden
Occasionally becomes the loneliness after
a feast
No one escapes the sting hidden in the
gentleness
Except for those who are restrained
without greed





After Class

Shelia BAO

Sunset with the symphony of cicadas
Uniform buttons roll down on the floor
Mystery pleats under the skirt
Mild wind curls up the heat wave
Exuberant and sticky
Recondite puberty



Being in the World

Anita XU

My wish is being a strong person
Orange-sized body does not mean anything
Unique angle of seeing the world
Small eyes for catching beauty
Enhancing the energy of my body