

Poetry

Beneath the Surface

Lilac Youth

Inevitable In-Betweenness

Sponge

The Eternal Current

The Dilemma of Flying

In the Poetry section, you will see the various forms of our lives and different ways through them. The six poems included, represent the threading of our lucid dreams wherein are a hidden mysterious emotional worlds, youth and faith amidst life's trial, the release of feelings through various outlets uncertainty belonging to inbetweenness, beautiful moments brought by the movement of existence, and a choice of escape through flight. In a lucid dream, we share the same world while grasping at our own unique pieces of life. As you read these poems, you may discover something unseen that lies within each of our hearts.



Beneath the Surface

Andrea Isabelle Andrade

“What’s the worst way to die?”

“Drowning,” without hesitation, I say.

Someone said I’m like water,
exuding calm, an expression that barely alters.

No, this serenity is but a facade.

I’m unpredictable; happy, angry, sad.

Like crashing waves, or the changing tides,
thoughts and emotions slowly trickle down my eyes.

“What lies at the ocean depths?

No one knows, since those that reached met death.”

Lilac Youth

Zoe Lu

Lurking beneath the blooming tree, we murmur in the spring air,

Illusive futures, quiet love, and the sting of defeat

Life’s wounds are clear, yet we still hold our faith—

After the storm, like flowers, we will glitter again.

Cherishing youth, bitter yet sweet, still treasure to keep.



Inevitable In-Betweeness

Hanzhi Xu

I am someone, or something in-between.
May be in between someone or something.
But how are people going to feel such in-betweeness,
since it is so inconspicuous, and so subtle, like a low-saturated photo?

Were choices being made upon choices,
and were new colors being made between existed hues?
Diving into the new lands, inhaling the scent from down beneath the earth,
Is it just an imagination that it is truly new?
Or is it just an excursion to somewhere strange to me, but familiar to you?
Should people be born like this,
should minds grow like this,
just as branches sprout from between their old ones in the tree?

The inevitable “BETWEEN.”

I know it not, strange things, but familiar to me.
Shall I escape from between and be somewhere else?
Strange.
How may I do this?

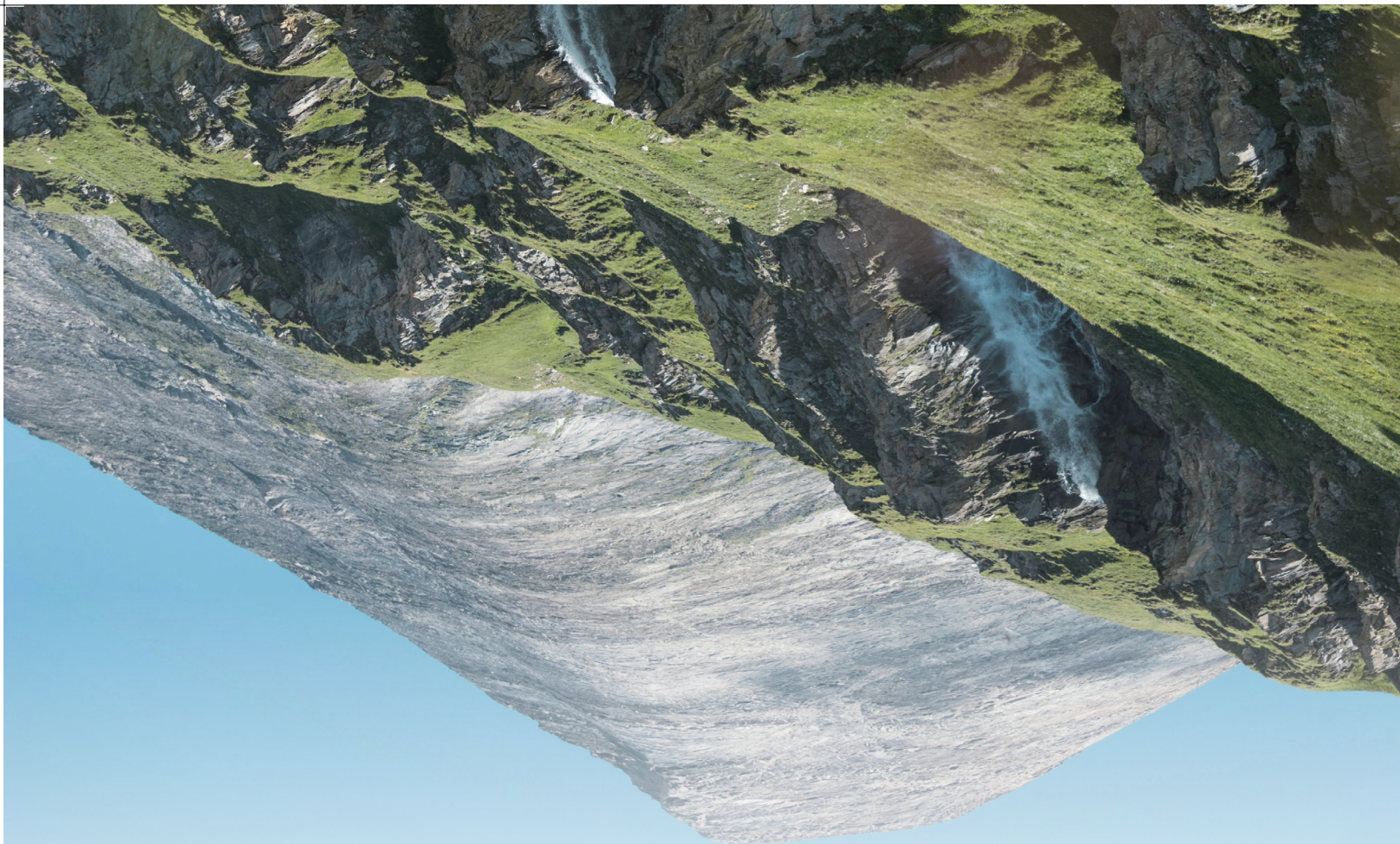
Shall I stay here as I am now?
Maybe, since it seems there is nowhere else to look for yet.
I am born upon many someone’s births.
I will die and become part of many someone’s births

So use it,
that I shall made choices upon choices people have made
I shall find the in-between new colors somewhere in-between, but new..
When I dive into new territories
I gulp for the air of that place
For I shall sense
What I looked for in the breath of its wind
The scent that interjoin the past and where I am

Sponge

Zoe Nong

Strong waves surge; flows of loss overwhelm me,
Pained or not, I absorb all these feelings.
One glance at the sea around me, my body expanded,
Numbness then invades, filling all my pores.
Grasped by someone, water is rapidly squeezed,
Eventually, an outlet is sought, and lighter I become.



The Eternal Current

Muting Yu

Whenever you look
At me, I flow in silence, ever so gently. From towering mountains
To the deep sea, I have caressed
Every inch of dry earth I pass. Praises are drowned in the ebb and flow, leaving only
Ripples behind. In this eternal voyage, my soul remains timeless.

The Dilemma of Flying

Letitia Zhang

Pain arises from the chasm of parting:
I could have soared afar,
Given that there be no warm nest waiting—
Ephemeral, the pursuit of fleeting gusts.
Often, my feathers flutter in the rising dust.
Nocturnes still whistle, for restless wings.

