

POETRY

The poems in this section contain motifs that reflect experiences of exploration, questioning and realization.

David Lu's Heading to the Horizon makes a journey of history, as the speaker moves over the ocean towards a city and over the mountains to recover the past. Lu's Deep Pupils features images of departure and escape beyond both the clouds and the far shore, which leads the reader to break away into the depths of the sea.

Jack Liu's God's Poet queries the deity and receives quixotic answers that revel in the impasse of rational paradoxes and catapult the reader into a series of images of ancient tortures and threatened regicide, which culminates in liberation from the terrible foe.

PROPERTY





Deep Pupils

David Lu

*A record was erased
Beyond the clouds and faramita
Ripples are flooding
The long long path through which we are walking
To the seashore to hear the wind yelling
Hear how cobblestones knock on
The seafloor shutting*



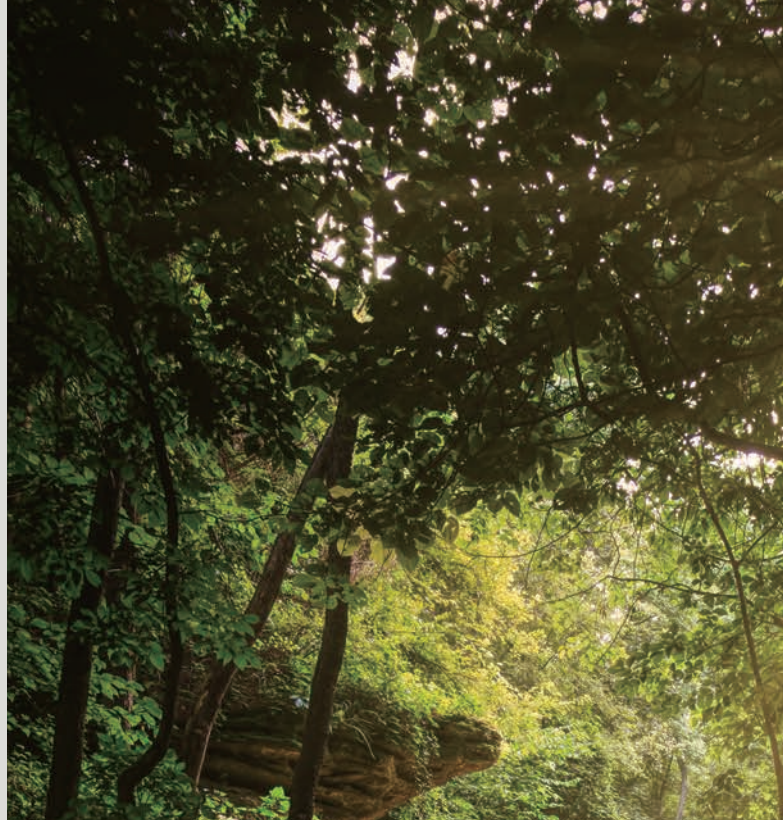
A photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sun is a bright, glowing orb in the upper right, casting a long, shimmering reflection on the dark, choppy water below. The sky is a gradient of orange and red.

Heading to the Horizon

David Lu

*Through the mists of the shore
There is a city dimly in the gulfs
Horizon meets in the light blue distance
To fall in love with someone I began
with flowers I a tell-tale and messengers help me pass
I'll climb over a mountain and I'll cross the city
by distance and by far
pursuing
to the crowdedness, to the afterglow and last
Dedicated to everything about you not just in this moment but all since the past*





He is a spider, but his nest was built, and he was safe.

I, too, am a spider, weaving a grid in southern China, hoping to deter travelers eager to jump into the sea. Seemingly irrelevant, my friend, you too are a spider. A Toyota car pulled up on the road. Is that you? Your web was finally in front of me. Are you out of the car, or are you going to grab the few leftovers with me? In this world, everyone is a spider, and in countless interwoven threads, at every intersection, the same thing happens.


Now, look out the window. Day and night reverse—it is still snowing in June, but chocolate production is up. Let's have a toast! I'm alive. Cheers to the people. I used to fantasize about having the power to destroy everything walking down the street and snapping my fingers to see things turn to dust. Year after year, I destroyed the whole world. At this point, apocalyptic fantasies fill the mind. I miss my friends, I miss the plants, and I miss Calvino, because he did the same thing but he will never recognize that I destroyed him too. What about the web he spent his whole life weaving? Until this moment, Rome and Guangzhou intertwined. But it doesn't matter, there are no more Romes and Guangzhous in the world. The weaving of lines is across time and space. As long as there is a point of interweaving, it remains forever. All the nests belong to me, and I will build a new utopia.

Standing where the old order had ended, I recoiled. Those damn memories, they never seem to go away. Shit, it's Calvino's last hurrah, and it's hard, but it doesn't change my mind about creating a new world.



Calvino Imitated Me

Jack Liu



The Hatred and the Spiritualized

Jack Liu

When the flame of blessing rekindled in the world, it must have been tempered by death on a large scale. The accumulated resentment is enough to bring back the evil spirits lurking in the world. Danger is near you and me. You fear that the evil spirit will bring about your death.

You rush into a temple and kneel at the feet of the monk, yearning for Buddha. You see the lotus, and he sings a benediction for you. But you think it's a dirge, and you rush out the door. No, now that you're back, you think the monk is small, and you break the halos in front of you. The monk picks up a piece of broken glass and throws it at you, cutting your face. You run over and wrestle with him. What about the Buddha that you and he both just worshiped? Maybe you didn't see the Buddha's face at all in the beginning, or maybe it was just a hymn blaring over a loudspeaker.

Anyway, you can't hear anything now, because you just want to strangle the monk in front of you.

God's Poet

Jack Liu

I live to sing to God about the goodness and beauty of the world. Even in the harshest voice, there is always a lingering deity to pity. On the strange side of the world are engraved with a trace of human glory. We, chosen boys of God, again and again try to touch the creator's most fragile nerve: vanity.

I asked God one day, "Why hide books in the tower of Babel when you can find hidden clues from books that already exist?"

God said, "Libraries are not instruments for the dissemination of truth, but a delay and an obstacle in its discovery.

"The whole world seems to be a book written by the fingers of God, where all things speak of the infinite goodness of the Creator, where all things are mirrors and writings of life and death, where even the humblest rose becomes a commentary on our path.

"For us, gravity is the love of nature. We need the seeds that the bird and her friends carry in their beaks.

"What a joy it is to observe with the rational eye, not only the harmony of patterns, quantities, and orders in the universe, so carefully designed by the Creator, but also to see the cycle of time in its prolongation or decay—the cycle of birth and death.

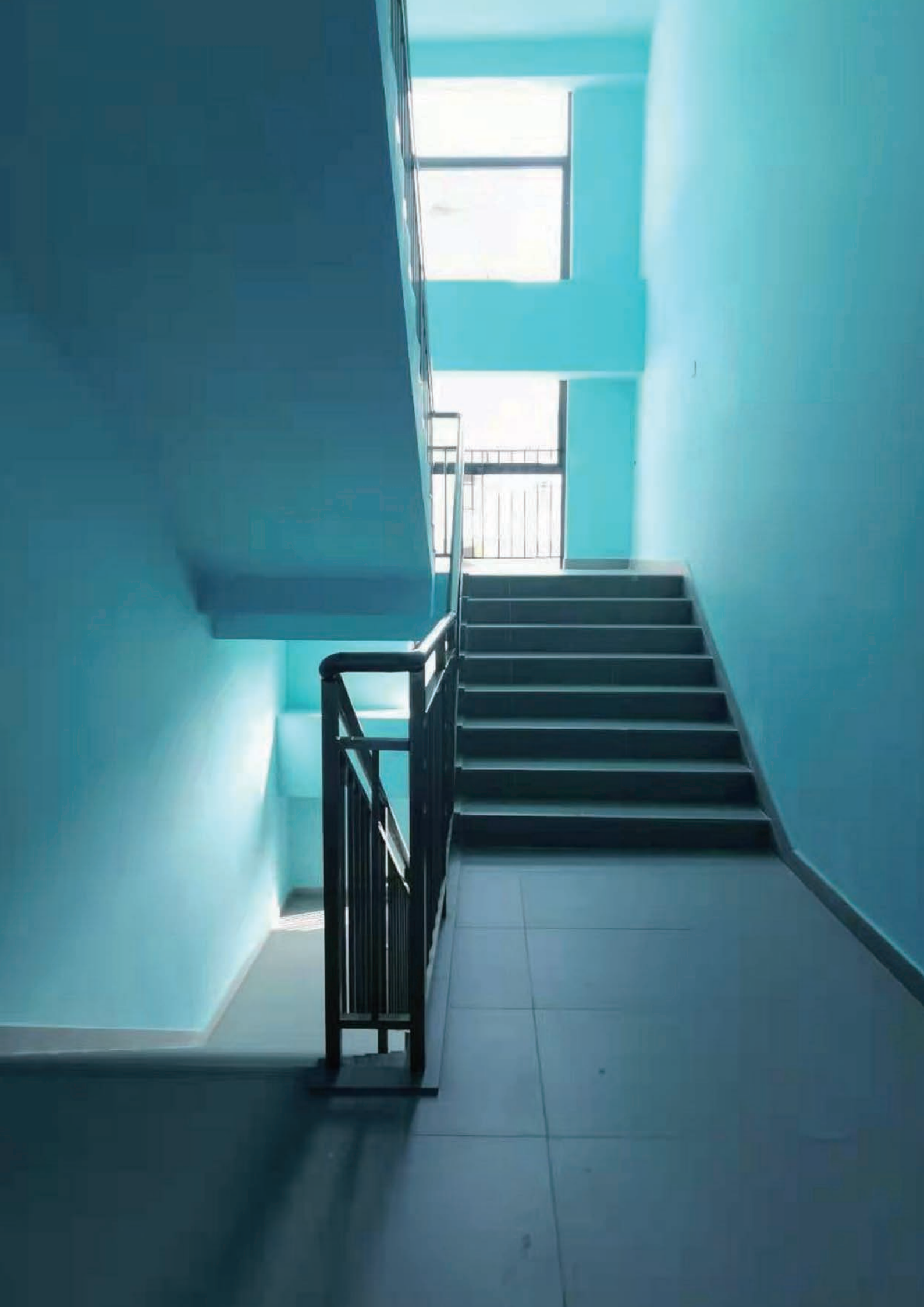
"There used to be a kind of punishment for pagans, which was to cut the pads of their fingers with a sharp knife. It's not just the pain of the fingers that matters—it's the symbolism. Finger pads are soft—fingerprints are a series of rings. This is not a maze, but a very harmonious compound and, in fact, not as complex as one's imagination.

Sitting in the middle of the circular palace, the king relies on high walls around him to protect his fragile body. It is almost time for the end. The dagger will put an end to the terrible foe."

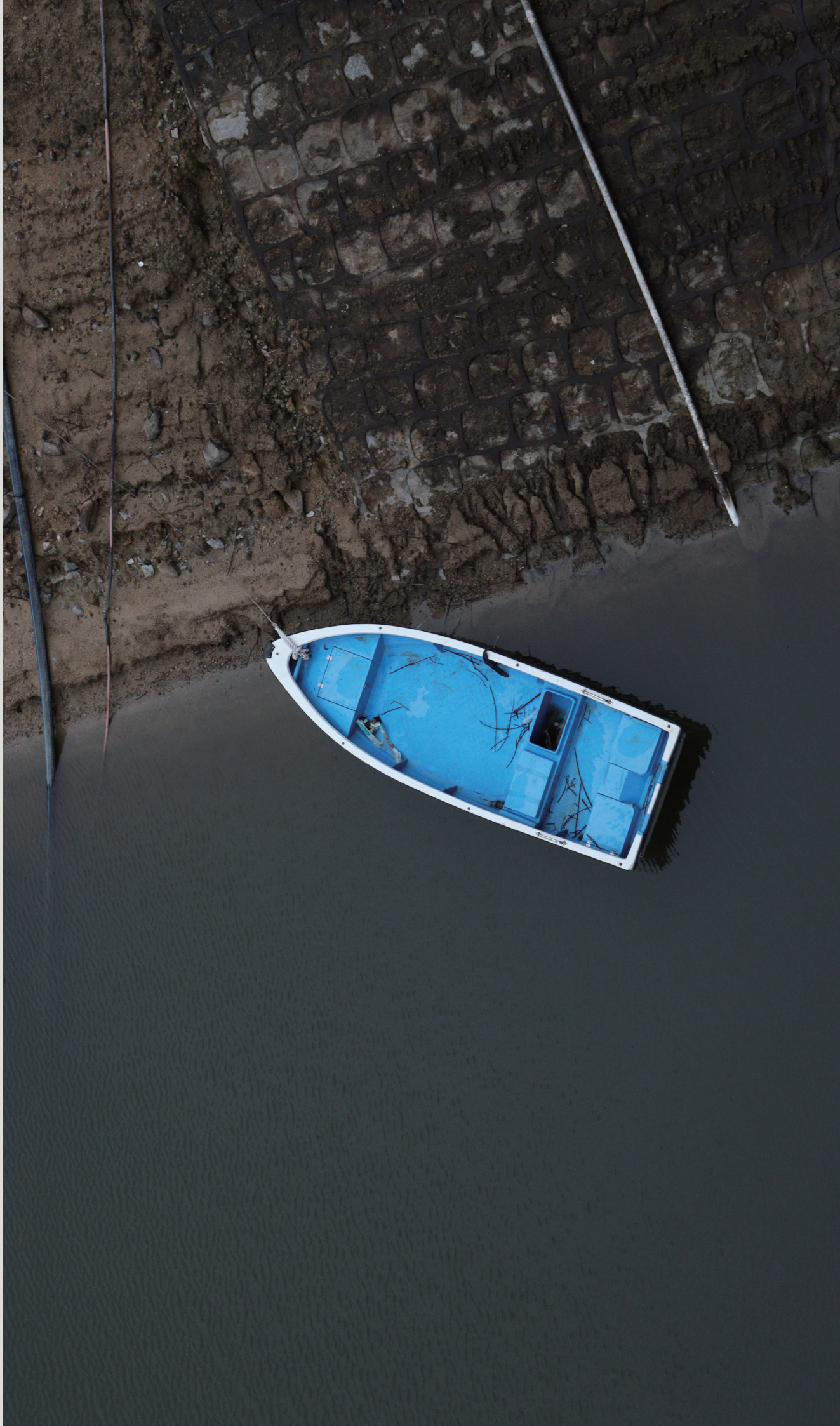
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Photograph by Edward Liu, on Guishan Island





Photograph by Edward Liu, on Wailingding Island



Life



/ZHUHAI

Photograph by Remi An

