

Changming Yuan

Winterscape: Crow vs Snow

Like billions of dark butterflies
Beating their wings
Against dreams, or myriads of
Spirited coal spread from the sky
Of another world, a heavy black snow
Falls, falling, fallen
Down towards the horizon of my mind
Where a little white crow is
Trying hard to fly
From bough to bough

Fate Forecast: A Parallel Poem

- Believe it or not, the ancient Chinese 5-Agent Principle accounts for us all.

1 Metal (born in a year ending in 0 or 1)

-helps water but hinders wood; helped by earth but hindered by fire
he used to be totally dull-colored
because he came from the earth's inside
now he has become a super-conductor
for cold words, hot pictures and light itself
all being transmitted through his throat

2 Water (born in a year ending in 2 or 3)

-helps wood but hinders fire; helped by metal but hindered by earth
with her transparent tenderness
coded with colorless violence
she is always ready to support
or sink the powerful boat
sailing south

3 Wood (born in a year ending 4 or 5)

-helps fire but hinders earth; helped by water but hindered by metal
rings in rings have been opened or broken
like echoes that roll from home to home
each containing fragments of green
trying to tell their tales
from the forest's depths

4 Fire (born in a year ending 6 or 7)

-helps earth but hinders metal; helped by wood but hindered by water
your soft power bursting from your ribcage
as enthusiastic as a phoenix is supposed to be
when you fly your lipless kisses
you reach out your hearts
until they are all broken

5 Earth (born in a year ending in 8 or 9)
-helps metal but hinders water; helped by fire but hindered by wood
i think not; therefore, I am not
what I am, but I have a color
the skin my heart wears inside out
tattooed intricately
with footprints of history

Epilogues

Just as both God and Devil are man's incarnation, so are Heaven and Hell both man's construction.

I

From the front yard of a melodious morning
From the busy road of a sweet Saturday
From the moist corner of a heavy march
From the back lane of pale winter
We have come, here and now, all gathering
In big crowds gathering in big crowds
Gathering in ever-bigger crowds gathering
For the boat to cross the wide wild waters
Before the fairy ferry is fated to fall
Under our feet too heavy with earthy mud

II

You may well hate Charon
But you cannot help feeling envious:
That business of carrying the diseased
Across the River Styx is ever so prosperous
The only monopoly in the entire universe
That has a market share
Larger than the market itself
Daydreaming, on this side
Of the river, how you might wish
To be an entrepreneur like him
A success American dreamer

III

Flying between sea and sky
Between day and night
Amid heavenly or oceanic blue
I lost all my references
To any timed space
Or a localized time
Except the non-stop snorting
Of a stranger neighbor

Then, beyond the snorts rising here
And more looming there
I see tigers, lions, leopards
And other kinds of hunger-throated predators
Darting out of every passenger's heart
Running amuck around us
As if released from a huge cage
As if in a dreamland

America, America: A Zeugmatic Sketch

Every time you stage a play or an election in your own yard
You cannot wait to shake hands with your audiences and their wealth
No matter whether it is the passage of a new bill or an old dilemma
You excel particularly at manipulating public will and private property

With your weeping eyes and hands
You keep waging war and peace far beyond your boundaries
While you kill non-Americans and their hope together
To turn all others and othernesses into biblical dust

More often than not, you selfish intentions prove
Much more destructive than your smart bombs
You invisible fighter jets strike far farther
Than your visible arms of peace effort

You are simply too great for a small criticism
Too super-powerful for a weak opposition
Too democratic for a totalitarian competition
And too single-minded for a double standard

Configurations of Cards: A Poker Poem

**how i long to remove all the iron in my blood, and make it a big spike
so that I can drive it into a crack of time**

The Spade

not unlike the proud Prometheus
you stole from an unmapped paradise
the white seeds of peace and purity
sowing them tender and graceful
with softly solid stillness
in a dry and dreamless wintry land
like muted wishes flooring the human heart

The Heart

like a fishing hook thrown into the lake
every nerve getting tight and straight
you feel the sunpainted fingers of serenity
trying to catch misty moonlight swimming like trouts
but each time detouring around your soul
as it takes a prolonged bath
in the spring water, clear and clean

The Diamond

on the other coloured side
of summer stands a lonely being
being alone at the bushy and muddy bank
of a wide but unknown river
looking beyond the blue universe
dying speechless without leaving a will
at the boundary between light and shadow

The Club

despite the absence of
an inspired wind, all
fallen leaves giggle, busy reporting
to their invisible roots

like infants smiling from ear to ear
when recalling all the fun
they used to enjoy in their former lives