

Hung Kien Lui

New Seeds

Would a flower bloom
if we disregard the seed?
Would there be beauty?

Plant the seeds that would
enrich the soil and the plants
for a combined growth.

A garden needs all
to be together for all
or it is for none.

One day I may plant
a hope with patience and work
become a new life.

Hands of a Tree

The hands of a tree:
all brown and weathered with age:
Would mine look the same?

My hands are still soft.
There are lines that run through them:
The cracks made by time.

How would I know what
a tree thinks and cares about
the thoughts such as mine?

The tree and I will
go on with our weathered hands.
This is how we live.

Subway Train

There's a subway train
carrying its passengers
to their final stop.

Where are they going?
The crew cares that they arrive
safely in one piece.

What sights they would see
as they past the underground
to the open sky.

A hard day can be
a brief relaxing moment
until home again.