

Shu Cao Mo

from the waters to the sky and back

I want to talk to you about love

But when I see how you love, with such compassionate passion and immediate intimacy,
I know that I know nothing of love

Nonetheless, I will articulate what I can,
while entreating you to tolerate my clumsy attempt

Love writes itself in the stars
in constellation forms

Love is atonement made by one god for the other

and we, the sacrifice.

Love whispers to me,

my incompleteness without you;

a swirling centrifuge of pure love and desire,

of yearning and longing for one another toward

completion, toward a melodic reunion; a dance of reenactment; a present un-locked via time in space

In the swirling waters

when the death instinct is invoked,

when one recognizes one's own insignificance

when one soul is recognized by another

when in solitude,

in discovery of the depth of one's sorrows
in the willingness to dive in, going deeper,
to take one more step,
toward the unexplored.

in looking at the stars together
yielding, turning the neck up
watching, the motion of a full moon
gently, proudly, unapologetically, rises from east to and falls in the west

The moon rarely encounters the sun, But we, never, call upon one without forgetting the other.

Sometimes, when I do see the two hanging in the sky together, I recognize the loneliness of one, in the other.

Tell me when
My heart will drop its yearning
for the heat of the desert
and the petals flowing on the pool
for the skillful maneuvering of
a vehicle, squirming for recognition

You dissolve the aching of my heart's longing, by calling for me the spirit of my brothers. I cry out: I have been waiting for you all these years.

I see lightning across the sky; the next millisecond, it is gone. I can't prove that it has ever happened, to the eyes who have missed it. I see the majesty of nature's creation. I look on, in a state of awe.

I fall away, in my yearning for you,

both of you are parts of me,

and I —

(the same sound in Mandarin as the word for love, in English)

Please continue on living,
and live well,

I wish so so selfishly, because without you,
I would have lost my soul self.

If you don't see me again,

go to the ocean
taste the saltiness of ocean breeze, and
dance to the rhythm of the seagull cooing.

If you can't make it to the sea,
close your eyes,
and see blue.

If you are keen on cross pathing, please let a pebble drop into your heart while murmuring the following words:

"I belong to life.
and life belongs to me."

a child and her mother

How did I become your daughter?
Art is not your forte, physics is your subject.
I am so different from you,
Jarring is our difference,
Unplanned is perhaps this unity
Almost uncanny is our past
Negotiating as I am with it
Sitting in wonder.

Heaven and
Earth,
Nihilates our difference.

Love, a dirty word, born out of
shame, out of an ill-locked marriage web.
Love is what remains unsaid
denying articulation
when a child returns to her moon-shaped cradle.

Love is holding onto her breaths, holding—
one, two three, holding on—
her breaths stopped,
her fists clenched,
as she heard the beating hand
her mother's muffled resistance,
her own heartbeats, loud as drumbeat,
risen up her throat,
and fallen into her mother's heart, unbroken
Love is what remains when a child falls into a coma.

Love is a bucket of blood spilled over and wiped off
from the tips of her man's lips.
Love is a count to infinity, of screams
of muffled shouts into the air,
over and over, that made you forget—
that you had existed.

Love is loneliness borne out of suffering
Love is a tapestry of solitude that wrapped
both her and her mother up,
enveloping as they doze off into the finite night.

Love is waking up and picking up the breadcrumbs
left untouched at the dining table
Love is keeping her mouth shut so her being
light as feather, not a disturbance to anyone around her,
the air, thin and untouched.

Love is pretending that silence is the new normal,
following traces of deafening silence like breadcrumbs,
fallen off the edges.

Love is silence after
fights of the night before,
the day before,
and the day after,
Until tomorrow,
become just another day,
like today, frozen and untouched.

Love is staring into your eyes on the subway,
Into the abyss of dismal pain,
And forgotten which city they were trapped in time,
Which country,
Whose land,
And whose forceful request of silencing us,
We had disciplined ourselves to acquiesce.

Love is for you and me,
Papa.

pain is a web for spiders

It eats me up periodically while I lust after that bloated sensation of bladder convulsion.
My eyes are patched up with cucumber slices and cutting sounds from a chopping board nearby.
Aphrodite dips her toes into a jar filled with blue ink

Eroticism unwinds me, the twisted spider curling, zig-zagging
The willows trees nodding, inviting in the spring equinox,
in Victoria Park, chemi, a la carte,
Dingy cockroaches making a farce in a cursed pandora box filled with Beauty and Justice
Statue of Liberty waves her triumphant torch at the sailors, their boats docked, I leap to her arms
She with her never ending, unbearable surprises
Will build a coalition of with armed workers
Humming, soothing, harmonious schizophrenia

The Will to Power, is the road to Power of Will
My grandfather in the Big Apple,
Was the best old hound dog,
I ever did know.

The spider tells my cockroaches to find the path to free will while I am still in love with you on the
chopping board

A web full of spiders.

a walk on mt. shasta

I am walking out of my father's shadow.

I ask myself, is anything possible?

I dust myself off snowfalls of self-doubts and wrangle myself free from whispers of Fate

I tie my rosary around my wrist,

I start spinning it, so each bean of curse is turning into a blessing.

I am walking out of my father's shadow.

I mull over my rosary starry-eyed,

In the limbo of light and dark, my lips hang on tight to my prayer.

I dust myself off snowfalls of self-doubts and wrangle myself free from whispers of Fate

I step into another trap, fallen but not given in,

I tilt my head and let the sunshine cascading on my left shoulder,

Falling, I am walking out of my father's shadow.

I hold up the mirror called Narcissus

I spit on that mirror

I dust myself off snowfalls of self-doubts and wrangle myself free from whispers of Fate.

on the holy and the chaste

This is a conversation between me and god alone.

No one comes between me and him.

In the garden of Eden, we see our own nudity.

Ashamed we have become.

Of knowing wisdom.

Of knowing good from evil.

Of becoming, mortals.

What do I see?

What do I know?

I see nothing. I know nothing.

Ignorance is bliss.

I am afraid of ugliness.

I am afraid of beauty.

I am afraid of seeing darkness inside of me.

I am afraid of being overcome by grace.

We are no more angels.

Angels do not distinguish between

good and evil.

We are mirrors
of gods.

Innocent, no longer. Fallen, we have.

Belonging.

Dwelling.

Lost a world.

Gained a planet.

Recovering from the trauma of the Copernicus turn,

Too sharp was the turn from Galileo that the anthropocene got dizzy.

Tibetan flowers ceremony.

Look at a flower and then smile.

Think about death and choose life.

I pretend that I have not walked East of Eden.

Through the declaration that, I am.

One day, I killed my Self, like what Caine did to Abel.

I usurped her life, and God become vengeful.

I don't know in which order the events took place.

My days are filled with resurrections of hope.

I take each moment like how a minute ticks,
walking on the clock of eternity.

And your mother never had sex with your father,
is this something that you are proud of Jesus?
For Christ's sake.

When did chastity turn into a poker game for control and/or power?
How did sex become equated with women's loss of freedom?
Plan B is contingency, not an evil, plan
When pharmaceuticals are part of God's plan.

Wearing a cross undoes suffering.
I watch it dingle on the chest of nuns,
It is a deliberate, and perhaps—
divine, choice.

Willingly suspend all forms of disbelief.
Ask not: what is possible for you? Ask instead: what do you want?
Highlight you, please.

Women of innocence wear their hearts on their sleeves.
What size of a suitcase does a man need to put your heart in?