

Gao An

**POEMS REVISED FROM AN OLD NOTEBOOK  
FALL, 2022**

LET US LIVE THIS DAY

Where do we go  
To find a place apart?  
Golden string of a  
Violin.

Two cats snuggle  
Beneath the  
Twilight where they sleep.

Was it hard  
Everyday?  
Time passes,  
You practice

Luminous how not to dwell  
& feel the pulse of  
Air beneath blue  
Lightning. Remember  
The freckles of yr girl.

We wanted to wander,  
To see the glassy sheen  
Of a December when  
We remembered what  
Love was—. Were you?

THE TWIN RIVERS

The twin rivers,  
Warble  
Of lost songbirds  
Sound no longer  
Mockery no longer.  
The duration  
Of nowhere,  
The sisters of  
Forgiveness.

Man of music  
Child of untrod roads  
Blue  
Or green.  
Time here  
Time gone.

Shakespeare; an old friend  
Is regrettably overlooked—.

The Engineers all gather  
At the pub. They  
're the only ones  
Who can afford it.

Nothing to do—,  
But nothing-doing  
Somehow wrong.

Were you conscious of your conscience?  
It tells you that you're free.

NOTEBOOK POEM NO. 12

Blue of wave's shimmer;  
The chair in which I sit—  
More or less comfortable.  
Cherry blossoms, real or  
Fake. I think of glittering  
Gold; the golden dust  
Which graces her skin.  
The world is created; the world ends.

What, in God's name,  
Happened in between? Forgive  
Us father for we  
Have sinned. The  
World is created. My girl  
Sits beside me as I write.  
So light her tender  
Touch upon my skin.  
The touch of her  
Childlike fingertips is misleading;  
For it doesn't tell one of  
Her strength.

I go down. I go up.  
Did she think I had forgotten?  
Sparkle of waves across  
The bay. Leaves of gold  
Beneath her heartbroken eyes.

REVISED POEM 09.27.2022

My thoughts were turning into gold  
On a rainy eve.  
I longed for another  
I could hold  
In the dim lamplight.

I closed my eyes & made a wish,  
Saw a picture of yr face.  
Looked up & thought how  
Wildly the moon 'd made my heart  
Race.

PINE GROVE HAIKU 09.24.2022

1.)

First days of fall,  
Nothing mattered  
But  
A Gratitude for  
All that was,  
& all that couldn't be.

2.)

Joys of yesterday,  
Sweet quietude of now.  
No one 'll tell me  
What to do today.

3.)

What matter if yr bones  
Ache a bit as summer turns  
To fall, & a mother  
Turns to her child?

4.)

The poet wanders along  
A road.  
He walks alongside thought  
& a thought walks  
Alongside the clouds.

5.)

Standing by the pine grove  
Stately pines stand proud.  
Yr hand moves slow, or fast  
But who could tell the difference?

O, MEADOWLARK

Rain-soaked evening.  
The poet at his desk  
(O lamp of green...)  
Is in some lonesome study.

He seldom talks,  
He seldom reads.

The 11<sup>th</sup> hour comes  
& the only thing  
That's real is her.

The silver-winged hawk.  
The rippled pool;  
Cool blast of wind  
& intermittent musings

Of a meadowlark.  
& there is the poet!  
He doesn't work—.  
He wears no watch,  
For there is  
Nowhere he must be.

But when he hears her weeping,  
A string (in his heart) pulls taught.

NOTEBOOK POEM #11

Just listen Sailor; loosen up yr  
Shoulders. Take in  
One deep breath  
Now take another.

Look directly up to the  
Highest point  
& do it again.  
You'll find yr beginning  
To feel a little better—.

The taste of oxygen  
You haven't tasted  
In a while. Or  
Was it the scent?

(Of oxygen I mean,  
Of course.)  
But along w it comes  
A memory of youth.

First crisp crackle  
Of an autumn leaf.  
But you forgot  
One thing; to relax!

POEM REVISED  
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We dreamed, & when our dream  
Was done I thought  
It must've happened  
To someone else;  
That I was not the only one.

How brief it was, when  
All was said. Thru  
What dark corridors  
We'd all been led—.

So, you asked me,  
“If you had the  
Chance, would you  
Do it all again?”

& never had I to think less  
Before I answered then.



REVISED POEM #3

09.27.2022

You look at me & see  
Something aside my face  
What meaning forms,  
& how did we find this place?  
What we learn, &  
What holds true thru  
The years.  
You looked unsure;  
Cut yr hair w shears.

What now, that we've done it all before?  
It was only a moment 'till  
I saw yr figure vanish thru  
the door.

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A VOICE OUTSIDE

The evening sky  
Burning rose. If  
No one listens  
Then focus on yrself.

A pleasant memory  
Is enough for you now.  
In milky twilight  
Breathe deep  
For time & tide  
Swell. Yr limbs  
Are strong  
The wine; dark as plums.

They walked away from you  
When you were in distress.  
Now you wait & ponder things  
Throw yr dice  
Upon the board.  
& although you are a ghost, I wonder if they'd notice  
You were gone.