

Poetry Series

**Eugene Issaus**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Eugene Issaus()

# 0. Foreword To Poems: Excursions To The Inner Landscape

Life is vibrations  
Catching the pulse of the day  
To eat, to sleep, to walk, to play,  
Reflections at midnight.  
Clearing off the daily bustles,  
Sedimenting the bumping thoughts.  
There the hidden structure comes into light  
New connections forming,  
Conjuring colours along the path.

(June 2004, edited on April 2006)

Eugene Issaus

## 00. Three Poems

### I. To Ashes, or, epilogue of the Flood

To Ashes.

Though my heart is still wandering  
among the thorns being thrown into  
the cold fire.

The fire has not destroyed anything,  
has nothing been destroyed?

The thorns. The Ashes. The freezing fire.

I haven't felt a feeling  
since when? Time has  
lost its power.

Nothing is being created, and  
nothing destroyed—as  
fake as the flood.

The flood that existed only in  
my memory, which is real.

The flowers are beautiful

Where is the flood?

I cannot celebrate my senses...

No! Not Now! Not Ever!

My heart is playing with the thorns  
which crackles in the freezing fire.

It is alone. I am away. Forever.

My heart has not been burnt into ashes.

My soul is torn.

### II. Out of the Story

I was laid in

eternity

I'm living! I can feel...

I live

somewhere  
in eternity,  
which is out of the story known by everyone

Who knows if the trees are green  
Who knows if the sky is blue  
Who knows if I was really  
laid in  
eternity

One more minute, and I'll be out of the story  
Who cares? I'm the story.

### III. The Picture

Nothing is seen from the picture apart from the black colour.  
I said, I painted the whole world inside,  
the whole world of mine,  
all the different things.

But without light,  
all the things in the picture  
are equal.

Eugene Issaus

## 02. Coagulated

Cold breezes from the windows  
when I sit and stare  
the book flip open  
the words begin to fuse  
and my mind starts to blur  
the clock stops, and then reverse  
the second-hand backwards, the minute-hand forwards  
the Earth spins in S-shape

Promised not to be a stone anymore  
and I have to do what I've said  
Why is it the same shameful story?  
I feel like a dummy.  
Just laugh at myself,  
I start to cry,  
but my tears coagulated before they can burst out.

(Apr 25,2004)

Eugene Issaus

### 03. Shame

If face is a mask, I'll tear it down  
and smash it, and burn it into ashes  
till it disappear in front of me forever  
Only if shame can go away with the face  
But it won't.  
Shame is deep inside the heart  
beyond the conscious  
under the conscience  
Shame is a thing that haunts me forever  
Like a dark shadow behind  
Controlling the body and soul  
Being impulsive, or desperate, or both  
Until the shadow drives me to kill myself

Shame is under the mask  
beyond the logic  
or just an unforgivable sin.

(Apr 26,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 04. Exist

Wake up in a cool morning, when  
the mind and the heart slip in quietly  
finding their place and settling there  
Amazingly, they mobilize my limbs

Trotting down the street  
kicking the fresh early wind  
The world shifts behind me  
the people moving like particles

Coming across faces in the campus  
just a stream of fellow homo sapiens  
How come am I speaking to them?  
How come are they responding to me?

i is an imaginary number  
i do not exist.

(May 5,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 05. A Picture Of Sea Battle

A swirl of colours.  
A blue ship attacking a green ship  
A red ship sinking  
The green ship can hardly stand  
The blue ship, fearless  
with its yellow supplement ship  
The water in red and black patches  
White tides splashing all over  
The sky, with yellow and red corners  
The scene is surprisingly bright.

(May 5,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 06. Long Wind (4 Poems)

### I. Long Wind

Long wind in the empty corridor  
silence, but not quiet at all  
faint beam shining through windows  
projections-scattered on the floor

Just walking down the stairs  
when I saw it at the other end  
the distorted thick black shadow  
I startled, and the wind started chasing after me

### II. Life in a swirl

I ran down the stairs, hoping to escape  
almost as close the shadow chased  
Just looking down makes me scared  
The swirling stairs, seemed to have no end

The faster I ran, the faster it flew  
until I was not able to walk a single step  
then I felt the shadow coming from behind  
and it clutched my neck, and I collapsed...

### III. Conversations

The corridor seemed to be even darker  
No more long wind, only soft breezes  
One ghost sat beside the shadow  
Moonlight poured over them both

"Who are you? Where do you come from? "  
The shadow sulked and said nothing.  
"Then why do you keep following me? "  
It paused and said, "Because I am you."

#### IV. Night Walk—Solitude

Walking on the path alone  
dispersed from the big company  
passing the first lamppost  
the great shadow emerged in front  
slipping gently beside me  
diminished  
disappeared

Yet it comes to me again  
in front of the second lamppost  
I turned around, I ran,  
but the shadow refused to leave  
the faster I fled, the faster it chased

So exhausted that I could not proceed anymore  
I stopped, and looked back  
not a single creature on the lane

Long wind whispering...  
lonely night on endless road  
the shadow was the only one who accompanied me to perpetuity.

(May 15,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 07. Dramatic Recital

Almost more silent than ever  
Eugene slipped back into the corner  
Observing at a defending distance  
when several fellows gathered around \*\*.  
She, at the centre of the stage,  
with a heightened sense of drama  
addressed every audience with her eyes  
then started telling her wonderful experience  
could a gossip topic be such nicely presented  
her hands waved up and down  
her face brightened with zest  
her tone filled with enthusiasm  
the audience, intrigued  
(exchanging jokes and laughing..)

At that moment her eyes met Eugene's  
almost quite coldly  
and Eugene merely retreated

(May 31,2004, edited on April 2006)

Eugene Issaus

## 09. Heat To The Power Of N

Unbearable heat, stuffy and dizzy  
sipping a bit of water in the classroom  
such cool and refreshing  
until I receive something even more refreshing  
red crosses all over the page  
mocking my laziness and stupidity

(June 24,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 10. The Way To Alpha Hall

The alpha hall finally appears within my sight  
That tall brick-red building, spectacular  
Having no idea which side is the entrance at  
I randomly pick one direction and try  
The street comes to an end not far away  
Turning to the opposite direction, the street  
Seems leading me farther and farther away  
A small alley leading to another street  
To the other side of the alpha hall  
It seems closer somehow, yet it has  
no more accesses to the inner buildings

just one street's distance  
The alpha hall stands right before my eyes  
How is that I can never get inside?

(July 30,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 11. Waver

In the center of the vast and boundless ocean,  
Small ship, where do you want to go?  
Struggling between roaring hills and valleys  
Angry waves, swinging it to and fro

Under the dark sky and above the blue sea  
Small ship, what do you wish to seek?  
Sailing for ages, not yet come across a shelter  
Islands either too rocky or barren

Actions, leaving long white lines behind  
And disappears, and forgotten by time  
Yet love and courage is all the fuel it needs  
Traveling with hope, wavering for life.

(Aug 15,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 12. Moonlight River

Black horse, strolling alone, to the river  
He lowers his neck and drinks the water  
Black clouds, shading the rays from the sky

White horse, treading alone, to the river  
She lowers her neck and drinks the water  
Black clouds, fusing the shadow into the night

Gradually the clouds disperse, and the moon  
Shines warmly on the black horse  
It lifts up its head and looks around  
The white horse has disappeared.

(Aug 23,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 14. New Residence

Being kidnapped from its place  
Poor bird—into a cage  
Had not been imprisoned in its life  
It hopped, it flew, and just realized—

Almost frantically it jumped  
left and right and front and back  
almost hopelessly it struggled  
up and down and top and bottom  
and back and front and right and left  
and bottom and top and down and up  
and left, and right,  
and front, and back,  
and up,  
and down,  
It surrendered to reality  
And took a rest at the corner of the cage.

(Aug 31,2004)

Eugene Issaus

## 15. Cinema

Following the audience into the seats  
Lights off  
Adverts stop  
The screen becomes dark and silent...

And still dark and silent?  
Five minutes, ten minutes,  
I look around  
People seem absorbed into the movie  
Eyes bewildered  
Mouth open  
But all that appears to me is just a dead screen

Eugene Issaus

## 16. Secret Garden

Rain pouring onto this narrow street  
In this mid-summer heat-stricken day  
I push my back against the wall for shelter  
-And it moves, and it rotates like a door.

Falling into the other side of the world  
Surrounded by a colourful maze of flowers  
Fantastic colour, amazing sight  
But the way seems guiding me to somewhere

Right turns  
Left turns  
Straight or circular paths  
All leading me towards—the center of the garden.

Seems something nice is hiding underneath...

What is the garden trying to hide?  
It's a secret.

Eugene Issaus

## 17. Half-Past Night, On The Edge Of Mind

The scars have overloaded my heart  
They move onto my face  
Yet when I try to smile at life  
They remind me of pain

Why do they have to be shown  
Why making me ashamed  
Yet when old wound goes, the new one is made  
Another tears for another day

Eugene Issaus

## 18. White Precipitate

Inside this transparent world  
With glittering sun rays  
I see you at a distance  
Pure white existence  
Will space draw us together?

Inside this swirling liquid  
Bounded by crystal walls, invisible  
Chaos settling with time  
I see you, at the opposite again  
Yet infinite crystals pass by our sides  
Gently ushering us along our paths

Eugene Issaus

## 19. Gold Autumn Projections

Sun shining through leaves onto the ground  
Gold autumn projections  
Glittering between patches of shades

Lonely wind passes  
Projections distorted  
Like a melancholic stream backward

Eugene Issaus

## 20. Night Walk—solitude

A Night without stars.

One lamp on the way,  
gently shining on us both,  
me and my shadow.

I asked my shadow,  
"will you be with me forever? "  
The shadow answered,  
"You see, I'm always beside you."

Then the road turned into darkness.

The shadow disappeared.

Eugene Issaus

## 21. The Reservoir Of Memory

The open end of mind  
submerged in  
the reservoir of memory  
where I tried to find  
the past you  
but now you had closed it up  
that it only belonged to you forever  
Thus I had to leave, where you once smiled  
eyes behold, in the memory of reservoir.

Thus I had to leave, where I once cried  
heart belongs, to the memory of reservoir.

Eugene Issaus

## 23. On The Train (For A Friend)

The first moment when I step onto the train  
As if you are already present  
The train delivers my body and heart forward.  
Fresh green scenes flying behind me  
I count the schooldays left to hear your voice  
Every word becomes precious  
My mind spinning fast as you come near  
The train slows down as it enters the station

The first moment when you step onto the train  
As if you are already speaking  
The train delivers your body and compassion forward  
Those sweet times flying behind me  
I count the schooldays left to see your smile  
Every smile becomes a gift  
I cast my sight onto your eyes,  
You casually look outside.

Eugene Issaus

## 24. If

If

you can walk directly in front of me  
unfeeling  
and at this moment  
my heart is pumping fast  
my eyes going with your pace  
and you leave  
and you leave an image inside me  
an unfeeling image

If

you can respond to my call  
unresponding  
and at this moment  
my heart is aching (hard?)  
my mind going with your voice  
and it leave  
and it leave a response inside me  
an unresponding response.

Eugene Issaus

## 25. Bless

The crystals left behind  
Glittering before your eyes  
Under the bright sunlight  
Gradually dissolving  
into a gently flowing stream.

Get a sip of the water.  
It's the taste of wisdom.

Wish.

The stardust left behind  
Glimmering before your eyes  
Under the tranquill sky  
Gradually merging  
into a gently caressing wind.

Get a sip of the air.  
It's the taste of hope.

Eugene Issaus

## 26. Beach Walk

Walking on the beach, in a steady pace,  
The dusk, when the night is not far away  
Soft sand lying under your feet  
Early tides washing the shore.

Pick up an exquisite shell  
When you cast your sight on it  
Are you looking at the shell?  
Or is the shell looking at you?

Yet you continue on the morning stroll,  
Soft sand pushing you forward  
Are you walking in reality?  
Or inside a long-lasting dream?

[Awake, awake! Are you awake?  
What is that we have to awake from? And to where? ]

You feel the wind blowing on your face,  
You hear the water beating on the shore,  
What is wind? What is water?  
What is that you can feel or hear?

You see the clouds gathering and dispersing  
You see the sun slowly revealing itself  
A peaceful scene, yet constantly changing  
Why is it constantly changing?

It is said, nature has its life  
Life never stops, nor having a clear way  
Do sense only belong to the living?  
Or life is only part of the senses?

It is said, life only exists if space flows  
Space never ends, nor having a clear beginning  
If it is time which lets space and life prevailing,  
What is time?



### 33. Landscape—countryside By The Sea

After the fog gradually faded, I could see  
In about a hundred steps away from me  
A quiet estate extending towards the sea  
Beyond a long crowded path of trees.

The landscape must be more solemn than usual.  
In the mysteries of the cool damp air  
The houses stayed awake and waited.  
The sea absorbed in deep thoughts.

Eugene Issaus

## 34. The Tunnel Bus

The bus is absorbed into the tunnel  
light arrows flying on my right  
retreating fast, as the bus  
rows from side to side.

Dizzy air running in through the air-con  
Many people ushered into my eyes  
simultaneously, each and everyone  
whom I have seen today, yesterday, or  
even appearing from memory, from  
nowhere, from mystery, began talking in  
their own tongues, in their own speed, in their own  
intonation, purposes, piling up,  
merging together, stinging and squeezing  
my head, so that I virtually cannot  
separate them from one another, nor  
can I understand what they are trying  
to convey, and even more fast spinning  
sounds and images from the bus-TV ...

But all the scenes suddenly dispersed—

The bus was softly ejected out of the  
tunnel, returning to the peaceful night.  
Heading home, yes, home-heading.

Eugene Issaus

## 36. When The Train Comes To A Stop

dash

dash

dash

comma

Open Quotation mark

Close Quotation mark

Open Quotation mark

Close Quotation mark

Open Bracket

exclamation mark

question mark

Close Bracket

Fullstop fullstop fullstop fullstop

Fullstop, fullstop: full-stop

Full-stop; full-

Stop... full-stop.

Eugene Issaus

## 37. A Beggar, For Love

I beg for love, and people give me their glances.

From when did I start sitting here?  
I had forgotten.

Who was I before all these happened?  
I could hardly recall. I don't want to remember.

(Thank you, sir.)

As coldly as he spares I nod at him.

Those fellows in their tidy suits rushing around,  
as if generated by a random copy-and-paste.  
I know some of them. They used to know me.

But now, just like being blocked out  
by a large glass screen, I see them  
moving and talking all the way-in silence.

(Thank you, ma'am)

Without a turn has she walked away.

This tunnel is a cosy place.  
A better prison than many in the world.

Is there enough love in the box for me to consume today?  
I did not leave any yesterday. I was not able to.

Oh, that bit of love is not even enough  
to burn my life through the dark night

so I just tear my box, with the love into pieces,  
As my eyes darken and my limbs slacken,

'Tomorrow, tomorrow I shall not beg anymore...'  
...Yes, I hear myself chanting this everyday,

Like an unknown prayer to an unknown God...  
'Tomorrow I shall not beg anymore...'

Eugene Issaus

## 38. Three Stanzas

(I)

I feel the river of notes passing through my fingers  
I delight in the water movements create by the fishes  
I stroll on the meadow which ceases to be silent  
I sigh on the bare wind beyond the hovering air

(II)

Alas, what turmoil has it stirred upon me,  
What regrets slip out from my heart's chambers?  
When the patching shadow is cast on the mountains,  
I look upon the clouds in heaven.

(III)

I see the sparks springing out from my memory  
I hear the crystals of which not yet exist  
The notes never go beyond the piano,  
yet, they linger inside me.

Eugene Issaus

## 39. The White Truck

The white truck didn't run me over  
on the day before yesterday  
while I was crossing a main road  
in quite a broken state.

It slowed down, avoided me and sailed away.  
Imagine the driver watching the slackening  
style of an idiot rambling across his way...

Had it only taken my life on that spot—  
But it left me all intact, reflecting upon my fate.

At times the white truck dashes into my dreams  
just like it dashed upon me on that day.

Eugene Issaus

## 40. I've Got A Character Inside Me

I've got a character inside me  
she has the same age as I—  
she is the captive inside my heart

[And, if you would like to know:  
her name is Cecile Bachesfield. ]

Though she's locked inside the dark chambers,  
she will never settle and keep herself quiet

I can hear her screaming, at times weeping  
I try to stay as deaf as the tombs.

When I was younger, I would find a place  
beyond others' sight, and cry together with her  
Now I just sit beside her dispassionately.

She is violent. She hits and kicks and  
even bumps her head against the walls  
Sometimes I even get frightened by her madness

I try to please her, but it seems that  
she will never be pleased.

I give her time, I give her attention,  
I let her eat as she likes  
(she has a great appetite!)  
I sacrifice my external well-being for her  
Yet she continues to consume me and sneer at me.

Oh I have grown so tired of her  
But can I really live without...  
From don't-know-when has she become part of me  
(with the ambition to become the whole)  
Well she does originate over half of my inspirations.

That is her, all irrational, all impulsive,  
who can neither be predicted nor tamed  
So much energy and time I've spent

just to pull back my nerves altogether

One day she'll drive me wild and insane,  
and run and scream and knocked down by that white truck

It's because she has pulled down the cruel walls of her prison,  
freed herself, and killed her torturer in revenge.

Eugene Issaus

## 42. Blue

Blue, is blue

It is not red nor orange nor yellow nor green colours  
nor violet passion  
nor black nor white truths

None of them exists in the world of blue.

Eugene Issaus

## 45. Night Sketches

There was not a single star in the sky  
which was attentive, or even at its place  
The white wolf was weary, it slacked its legs  
The black wolf howled through the space—

The white wolf started, and fled along the path  
almost aimlessly, almost bumped into a tree,  
The black wolf quickly tracked closely behind  
with tact, with its ears attentive all the time.

There was not a single star in the sky  
there was a moon, and some fluffy clouds  
gathering and dispersing according to the wind  
The moon was stretching its arms and yawning.

Eugene Issaus

## 48. The Chant. From The Beginning Of Time.

In this castle I listen to the echo of the winds  
winds that had blown away time  
winds that had blown away  
miserable time and hope

I am alone now.  
The winds do not step into the castle  
The echoes of winds  
fill the castle with emptiness.  
Slowly, the cold stones awake.  
They began to sing a chant from the  
beginning of time—

'God commenced "Let there be light"—  
and light appeared.'

'God was pleased with what he saw. Then he  
separated the light from the darkness, and he  
named the light "Day" and the darkness "Night".'

'Evening passed and morning came—that was  
the first day.'

Then which day is today?  
How many evenings passed before the mornings came?  
Yet how many will still come after the mornings?

For a hundred-thousand times, had the stones  
witnessed sunrises and sunsets  
Sun warms them up and night cools them down.  
Rain makes them wet and wind blows them dry.  
Yet they had never counted the days.

Eugene Issaus

## 49. Three Poems

### I. To Ashes, or, epilogue of the Flood

To Ashes.

Though my heart is still wandering  
among the thorns being thrown into  
the cold fire.

The fire has not destroyed anything,  
has nothing been destroyed?

The thorns. The Ashes. The freezing fire.

I haven't felt a feeling  
since when? Time has  
lost its power.

Nothing is being created, and  
nothing destroyed—as  
fake as the flood.

The flood that existed only in  
my memory, which is real.

The flowers are beautiful

Where is the flood?

I cannot celebrate my senses...

No! Not Now! Not Ever!

My heart is playing with the thorns  
which crackles in the freezing fire.

It is alone. I am away. Forever.

My heart has not been burnt into ashes.

My soul is torn.

### II. Out of the Story

I was laid in

eternity

I'm living! I can feel...

I live

somewhere  
in eternity,  
which is out of the story known by everyone

Who knows if the trees are green  
Who knows if the sky is blue  
Who knows if I was really  
laid in  
eternity

One more minute, and I'll be out of the story

Who cares? I'm the story.

### III. The Picture

Nothing is seen from the picture apart from the black colour.

I said, I painted the whole world inside,  
the whole world of mine,  
all the different things.

But without light,  
all the things in the picture  
are equal.

Eugene Issaus

## 50. Our Heart

Our heart is a jigsaw puzzle  
in reality, only half of it

To find a great friend  
is to find a missing piece  
which fits somewhere inside  
your heart  
it fits  
and will never change  
nor fade away

Eugene Issaus

## 51. On "bridge Over A Pool Of Water Lilies" By Monet

Transparent Bridge

Between

Faith and reality

Across

People's dream

Time is frozen on the bridge

In the dream,

Memory

Reflects the trees, the grass

And leaves and water lilies and the bridge

Memory

Begins from inside the trees

And ends at reality

When the wind comes in

Eugene Issaus

## 52. Seek (On Arvo Pärt's "spiegel Im Spiegel")

I. A river flowing across the grassland  
I was walking  
no, hardly felt that I was

Soft grass like a green carpet  
Was it real

There were trees around  
but far away, far away on  
the horizon  
no, they were emerging  
from below

The trees were identical

II. A river flowing across the grassland  
I was walking  
no, hardly felt that I was  
walking to its origin  
from where

to its origin  
from where the world had begun

III. A river flowing across the grassland  
I am walking

I am carrying on my arms  
a basket of stones  
of various sizes, colours, and shapes

Every now and then  
I drop a stone quietly  
beside the river

One, two, three...

IV. For how long have I been walking?

And I never count the stones

V. A river flowing across the grassland  
more narrow it becomes, and its  
branches emerge from the horizon  
beneath the trees  
the branches merge

The scene repeats itself  
like a dream

I am part of the dream

VI. Where am I?

I look at my basket  
Only one stone is left

VII. A stream flowing across the grassland...

As I bend down to place  
the last stone beside the stream  
it disappears  
leaving behind a sand path  
(and the stones I left on my way)  
celebrating its memory

The shade of the trees on both sides  
silently covers the sky

VIII. When the morning comes again  
you will be free

(Feb 15)

[Note: written on a Chamber Concert on Feb 10 by Ensemble ad Infinitum]

Eugene Issaus

## 53. Would You Rather

You nearly lived  
a book  
in the midst of flood

(and then somehow you're saved)

Your tears are dried  
by the days  
which fade your heart away

if you were to choose again  
would you rather  
live a rose

Eugene Issaus

## 54. The Path Of Lights

The lights delight my eyes  
yet they confuse my shadow

Eugene Issaus