

Poetry Series

iris shih
- poems -

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iris shih(14/3)

Eternal Gifts

Life ...

What's the eternal right?

As if ... what might...

Teaching ...

Guiding lives

Spontaneously bright

Life ...

Is it an eternal fight?

As if ... it might ...

Teaching ...

Brightening lives

Authentic lives

Be real ...

Be truthful...

Life ...

Shine echoing glorious height

On the top of it is to simplify lives

Never easy but it's not last yet definitely not the least

Teaching ...

All colors of the almighty right

Spilling the sparks of those who creates

In which all higher self crave

Life ... Teaching ...

Spontaneity, authenticity, simplicity, creativity

Leads to all walks of lives

Bonding all dots and forming webs of those walk

Making human beings human beings

As if the torch of light passed by my teacher's saying

To be or not to be ...

Always belonging to one's own free will

As if the almighty god's unique gifts

iris shih

What's Life? What's Might?

Life ...

What's the eternal right?

As if ... what might...

Teaching ...

Guiding lives

Spontaneously bright

Life ...

Is it an eternal fight?

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Mystery Of Love: A Puzzle To Be Solved

Words...

Endless phrases and words

Keep whispering to me

As if saying u love me

Till one day I believe

Words...

Fearless heart and soul I used to be

Yet can't escape from trembling as if it's meant to be

As if saying you love me

Till one day you conquer me

Words...

Priceless lines as if beautiful guides

Yet never too late to be the better man

As if a book of wisdom supposed to be

Till one day I would love to listen willingly

Words...

'Love' is the case you keep reminding me

As if the 4-letter base you would always say

Yet there's still time of being without faith

Till one day the dark shadows buried deep could manage

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The Resurrection Of Painted Skin 2: Desires

Love ...

As if thousand words unsaid

Casted away and chased from those in hell

Love ...

As if one who long desired

Yet, it hurts as if million pins of sire

Love ...

One who once thought its meant to be

Since ... when?

And where it ends?

Love ...

It once tried hard to get

What's yielded is meant to be sad

Love ...

Once one said courage was what it takes

Couldn't feel anything as if blocks of ice that breaks

Love ...

Once one thought it was everything

Yet ... along the evolution of one's end

Revealing one's true self

Love ...

Things belonged to human's herb

As if one and the only one myth that's once heard

Without any forms yet all forms hurt

Love ...

As if candies from one heaven

Which truly reveals to the desire of becoming one's blood and flesh

As if it's not meant to be

But it's meant to be

Love ... Could it be truly heard...?

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The Resurrection Of Painted Skin 1: The Destiny

Passion...

A heart that burns even without any fusion

A princess ...

Whose love was once lost without his confession

Longing to bond as if the final destination

Yet...□

Eyes are blinded as if without vision

Along the naked skins as if irritation

The princess...

Seeking for her beloved one with determination

Feeling so strong that even condemns to death without hesitation

As one's eyes are blind as if love is blind□

For the one man whom she has loved even it bleeds

The princess...

Who hates her identity of being a princess

A warrior as she is

Once lost to fate and destiny

Because of the one she has truly loved

The one and the only one

That breeds the seeds beyond all she needs

The princess...

Being condemned to sentence because of being the princess

Dare to swoop the one of the one who truly is

For the one seed of love that truly grows within

Sometimes getting so lost that she no longer believes

Why me...

Maybe that's the core of oneself who always seeks

The truth ...

That hides behind the eyes

For those who can only see...

Can never believe

The princess...

Truly hate to be called just a princess as if that's not meant to be

Denial ... of the path she is given

Against just for the identity of heaven

For the consolation of one true self
The truth ...
As if ... if there is really the truth
Against all the odds that come along
Upholding her dignity as if her dignified identity
Which unfolds...
As time goes...
As if no demons can be told
For the double blade she's meant to be
To be or not to be
So many things left unsaid
As if the thousands of words any picture can say
No words...
Silence... justice ...
To be or not to be ...
No more words...
Just act

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When Miss Intimacy Meets Mr Sopistication

Hiding behind the little bush was the never-I-could imagine luckiest ambush
There comes the little "him" he crawled he walked as if a little
"me";

One step closer was the big zoom of the vampire baby teeth
Screaming, shouting was everything coming out from a little whitish brown kitty
"Oh my gosh" how could he just be so that cute? !

His gemmy tiny eyes were saying "You're my mommy! "
"Geeze Thanks God" as if I haven't prayed ever since I last left VC
(my secondary school)

"Off we go" such little baby was wrapped away without one sec of
feeling sorry

Going to the pet shop not to mention to the vet
Never forgetting a shower together was the next step
"Oh bloody hell" he cried he jumped as if a freaking dancing crab
Poor me was the one to fight that ugly every bug pressing each of them to burst
Every since that day I shine I smile no matter where we place our footstep
As if a pregnant woman whose baby has a kitty pat pat
Along every step is he who attracts rainbow laughters
Intervening different dots into lines & never leaving a web behind
If intimacy is what every heart desires
Then why on Earth do we need a sophisticated mind in this jewellery pearl?

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Little Prince

Taming...

Thinking, Pondering, Contemplating

Saddening ...

Sinking... to death is what he has chosen

Out of loneliness

Becos of those grown-ups

Strange ...

Calculating ... sum... numbers

What makes one special out of all numbers?

As if '1+1=2' among those numbers

An '1' is never just an ordinary '1' after being tamed

And this '1' makes all the '1s' special

Laughters, his laughters... his cheers

Yet can be cheerless ...?

Sounding like bells of stars

Shining ... yet ended up sinking

Yet this 'star' where his rose shall be

Making all the stars shining as if syncing

Death ... is what he has chosen

As shell doesn't matter ...

What matter is always invisible

As if the inevitable

Shell... self...

What really matters if it's just a 'shell' out of those thousands of 'shells'

What makes one 'self' matter out of those grown-ups' 'self's'?

Saddening... hardening...

As if truth... which always hurts...

Burying his laughters... which does not matter... as 'shell' eventually vanishes

Its just one day or another

As if it is the choice of the beholder

Don't understand

Why u chose to kill yourself?

Laughter and uniqueness is what you were

Once shone into the light of universe
As if stars on the sky
Millions of stars that shine
You once said u loved your rose
The rose who tamed you
The bond that you lingered to
Didn't you love her?
You could love her for who she was
As if no matter how vain she was
You cherished her, treasured her..
Yet you chose to vanish
Is that really so much to bear?
Out of the loneliness..
That deeply implanted in your soul
Grown-ups? Why care?
As if they also don't care about you
You once said you needed a friend
That's why you ventured into different souls you encountered
Is it really that inevitable?
Is the puzzle really unsolvable?
Don't understand..
Puzzled...
You were the one who shone through the sky
As if millions of stars that shine
To sync, to bond, to tame
You managed to deal with the deepest part of humanity
Yet the final path is doomed to be
Why?
I don't understand ...
As if I really care ...
Pls stay ...
As there are those who care
As if
If there is really an 'as if'...

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Starry Night

Starry night...

As if starry nights

One of a kind

Yet once bonded there will be too many to count

Starry night...

The deepest light in humanity

Isn't it what one truly desires

To be or not to be

To shine or not to shine

As if the one and the only one starry night

That happens at one of the nights

The uniqueness, the thousands of bells that ring.. your heart..s..

Of one's soul

Spontaneous, simplicity, creativity and authenticity

Consolation of the souls that lite

As if ... the starry nights

As if ... the one and the only one starry night

That lite up the heart once lost

Your soul ... your deepest light

Contrasting your deepest desire

Desire...

As what's humanity meant to be

We earn it ... we desire it ...

As if love is meant to be

Starry nights ... Lonely nights ...

Perhaps ... to be or not to be

When what's inside you finally harmonized ...

Finally becoming of what you are meant to be

As if destiny

But never fate

As if ... if there is Really ...?

Comparing the endlessness of such universe

Producing stars, endless of stars

Contrasting how little humans are

So tiny... so small... so not that matter

Yet

What defines humans of being humans

The core ... it does matter

As if ... always matters

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Student Dandelion - Fly High

Dandelions...

Fairy light as if from god blessed heaven
Fairly right as if carefully planned lessons

Dandelions ...

One of a kind for its uniqueness

Students...

One of a kind for their unique diversity

Dandelions ...

Flying high as if their weightless characters

Students ...

Aiming high as if one also deserves better

Dandelions ...

Scattering with light no matter in hell or heaven

Students ...

Learning with rights as if the journey of life long lessons

Dandelions ...

Loved by many as if pure scent where you scan

Students ...

Loved as if one's pure heart belonged to someone special

Dandelions ...

To love and to be loved

One's endless lesson as if every pure soul desires

Students ...

To love and to be loved

One's rainbow spectrum as if everyone desires

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Life - Look At The Hours (15 April 2012)

Dearest,

28 Oct 2005

To look life in the face,
Always, to look life in the face,
And to know it for what it is.

At last,

To know it,

To love it,

For what it is.

And then, to put it away.

Always,

The years between us.

Always,

The years,

Always,

The love.

Always,

The hours.

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Vampire Diary (9 April 2012)

Cloudy ☐ April 2012

Dear diary,

24 hours ago...

24 hours already gone

Lighting the candle of my life time

Burning away without any heartflow

Only one day long

Which is... already too long

Keep touching the email screen

How long ago?

Tick - tack

Ticking, tacking, popping out of my own heart

Is he playing a mind game ...

Come on ... not again? !

Silent dead ...

Tick - tack ... tick - tack

Lost and found

Seconds lost

Wondering what's to be found

Dripping water along cracks of rocks

Floating into river as if the gone of the only one other

Yes maybe ... as if he always says so indeed

A king as he is

has his a heart like a rock?

Has he hung me in the air?

"Yes" or "no" ...

Combining letters of three or two

Asking too much?

Soul floating upon my heart ...

Twisting me, squeezing me, tormenting the little me

Insecurity gives way

(is that the answer?)

At least ...

For one last time

Tell me how you feel?

Let me know what I mean?
What if ...
how about ... what WE mean?

Yet ... the air smells mean-ie
As if the little me alone in this mean-ie room
Upon the dancing of every letter in here
Along flicking the dramatic "vampire diary" fonts
Again ... flashing your signature hidden beneath
Was that you? was that not you?
The signature resembling air of freedom
Just come and go
Which is always your beloved road
Twisting into a crossroads I seem not to know
Maybe one day
Explain it to me in my heart in my soul
Me

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Vampire Diary 3 - Departure

Departure

15 April 2012

Mirror mirror on the wall
Who is so much the same among us all?
Swearing, fighting, complaining, gun shooting
Singing, appreciating, humming, loving, protecting
Dealing the cards between knight or devil
Anticipating, praying, missing, expecting
Heading toward without the necessity of proof
The turtle shoots the prince with her anger
Every time it as fierce as if there is no U turn
The princess on the otherwise is nothing less
Firing with cannons carrying dead silence
That's the way she signs goodbye
'So be it'...

Snow speaks in the air
Death is so much full of the atmosphere
The fairy tale mirror has been broken
Snow white and the dwarf shall be no more
As if the broken of the Shek O rock
Anger departs the two of them
Sourness along the mist has cracked their core
The core of the souls that link them together
Snow white puts on her glass of high heel soul
Continuing her own journey never needing anymore dwarf
Venturing into different souls endeavoring her next show
After all
She is scared of no one as much as how she kills
She is in need of no one as much as how she is surrounded
As for the dwarf
She gives up she tears up she picks up all the pieces of her heart
As her words no longer trigger the dance with the other
She realizes she compromises along the silence of Snow
That her presence is nothing more than a show
Moving on towards another host
Being tired of looking at others' expectation
Forgetting the tides of blue shall be her remaining hope

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Vampire Diary 1

□ Mist April 2012

Dear diary, □

Searching for you in the dark
turning at dozens of crossroads to seek the sparks

Yet...

no matter what worked what's worth and what triggering the barks
your reply of nothing as if me dreaming for a letter of loving
am I really so scary am I too little to be aware?
heart feeling hurt upon the blank page as if your signature
as if there is nothing I shall deserve
is that because I give no way to love game or tact?
if that's it why not let me forget you and then "so be it";
my heart tells me the otherwise
even though reality tells me to be wise
what shall I do according to what I was told?
again the same question pops out yelling for the truth
do you miss me do you not miss me
along your answer of asking me not to ask
as if so many times after choosing "forget-you-or-not";
very soon after people around hinting about not to clear the knot
the one-of-a-life-time lock endeavored by the ever-child ghost
holding the key to my heart
guiding me throughout the journey of my soul
to be or not to be
what can I do
what should I do
missing you every day is very true
so ... please tell me what to do

Me

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My Bubble Love (1st Draft Named Love Written In July 2007 & Then Got Stole Somewhere In 2007! ! ! !)

STY091207

A Game of blowing bubbles

Children blowing Water bubbles into the air
floating, bouncing, flowing, dancing, fun

Through the ray from the universe

Transparent as it is

Winding the colorful spectrum of lights

      
  
      
 
      

Reflection of

      
      
      
      
      
    
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      
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      
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      
 

Emptiness as it's left

With no trace to be found again

Once in a while

Crystal-clear as they are

Bubbles can regenerate

Who create them?

The Children

Innocent and kind as their nature

Who create the disaster?

      
  
      
      
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      
    

Awaking the Yawns lie beneath the core
the last and the biggest Water bubble
Our planet
the Earth

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Key

Still

Steel

People around are like porcupine

But at least better than durian

Shining soft on the outfit

Calculative and protective in the depth

Different forms and types

Yet far away from genuine say

Telling you to open up

Telling you to aim at the bright

Meanwhile hurting you deep inside

Playing the role of angel and demon

So they claim

How about do a swap

Let's hurt they back and then pat their back

Comforting the complaints

A way of politics

Open your eyes

Search what works

Smile on the outside

Bell of Jokes hung around the coat

Socializing techniques are what to do

Be humble be listening to be gentle

Be respectful be righteous be reflective

Until you find out that's not the currency

Time is a show

Life is a show

speaks what's comfortable

follow the forecomers' flow

or else comes the course of insults around the turning table

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Currency Of The World

Still

Steel

People around are like porcupine

But at least better than durian

Shining soft on the outfit

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My Best Friend Wedding

Since Shuhei the Leo meets his versatile heavenly twins Kayu
His sentiment of an honest heart is filled with passion and Romance
Unfading youth is brightly revealed in their arms of love Indeed
Having bliss is our king of the jungle ever Since
Eternity is meant to be when Kayu makes their life full of ease Tenderly
Inspiring and showering a plentitude of affection and sweet memories Lively
Ever after Shuhei writes "better give than receive" to Kayu as if a life-long Notice

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God, Please Listen...

Thy taught me to follow my faith
Guide my path under the dark
Using my heart as my torch
choosing a different path from others
Why god
Why so many tests, why so many sadness
What's right what's wrong
I walk on the path I choose
With all my heart
Paved by the 5 letter word faith
'return' was pain
Blame, hurt, insult, mind game
You name it
Not rational, not reasonable
Why not an easier path?
Just nod, just yes, or just quiet?
Laugh when you should laugh
Say when you should see
Lie when you should lie
Isn't that what they want
Isn't that what you want
Harmony among us, harmony among them
Or else politics take place under the name of miscommunication
Justice?
A matter of perspective
Or mostly, who is speaking

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Shining The Way Out

You owe me nothing
as if i was nothing before i met you
as a teacher you have tried your best
as you said
i am passionate, yet spoiled
my passion after freedom
my colors for my dreams
vivid, romantic, but not realistic
your words about inviting no more dream makers
rings my bell

the 4 words that you passed to me
authenticity, simplicity, spontaneosity, ...
what's the rest?
my memory and retrieving ability withers
along the soil sitting on so many wars
wars after wars
what leaves me is roars and soars
mind spitting into endless spikes
networking here and there as if theory of broken glass
where am i
where are you
there are times i don't want to know
what's real what's dream
not even one word can grab the hints
who am i
who am i
leaving me questions and questions
reality asks me to shut up
to shut down to be quiet
my body tells me i am eventually tired
yet my mind is restless
my spirit never lets me await
is it because i am bipolar?
my spirit, my mind, connected to my soul
keep telling me i cant fall behind, just can't always be the bottom soil
the kid inside wont let me go
as if the girl inside doesnt want to let you go
what's real what's unreal

who lies who is the most honest
wars after wars
lies after lies
what's left where is the rest
what's inside me is still vivid
that part of me that never hides
and that's what keeps me grow and regrow
it's still too slow i suppose
yet
as if i tell you a long time ago
if there's going to be wars
to live or to die
i am not going to be the who desires to lie
and i am not going to be the one who dies
at least not alone
to fight to flee to be free
if one day i tell you my heart dies along being simplistic
quitting teaching will be the eternity
choose to stay in simplicity
doesn't necessarily equal to naive
while your soul seeks silence
mine, as parts of me have already become yours
still on the way finding the way out
as if a clear reflection of you upon my heart
i am still too young to give up
as if a spoiled student
still dare to ask his dearest teacher
if this teacher will continue his coaching
to his world's slowest crawling creature

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Starlight - Wounded

Simplicity of the starlight glimpse
The word that reminds me of him
The only him who can hurt me deep
Be rational, be sensational, be imaginative
or whatsoever that I know
Behold afar he is no longer the man I know
No matter how badly I want to know
As if the venture of every piece of white snow
Ultimately corrupting every bit of my soul
Melting down and cracking into all the wounded holes
All the words he sent were just a show
Sometimes I know
there is no chance we get back to starrng blessing road
To be tender to be a lover to be simple girl
Who once cried over the spill of my little blue bird
Who never thought for a second about what's really worth
Before chasing after a too-complicated-for-her man
A man a teacher or a love affair
For sure heartbreaking glasses are all over there
Along the milky way pitched by skylight stars
Shining at the path where the two of them are apart
Be simple is the word where he rings my bell
Yet contrasting what he really is and the hurts of his spells
Wondering how long it takes to play the forget-me-not game
Upon the net of such sophisticated plans
Leaving her alone in the mist of uncertainty and a lonely road
To rest to retreat or to behold
Where can she heal from all those wounds?

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Love

R..e...l...a...t....i...o...n...s...h...i...p....

The lovely magic R "lightly" sitting on a 12-three-letter ship

Sailing over different oceans if not sea

South China, East China, Mexico Gulf, Pacific

Among all these

How many colors can you see?

How many of those stories can you believe?

White, black, brown and yellow

Among them how many of them do you meet?

As god says we are all unique

Yet somehow someone sees the same stories

Unfolding one and the only one belief at last if not the least

Slowly but surely eventually

What do you believe?

Looking for the ultimate "truth"

As if something purest born inside a test tube

Staring through the artificially man-made glass

Asking for the precious ingredients from Einstein

Unfortunately $e=mc^2$ is not the formula

Fortunately our greatest scientist needed not to socialize

Turning one's head to another end

Standing one of the most self-contained princesses

Upholding the truth of the 4 famous words

Namely simplicity, spontaneousness, creativity

Sadly speaking the last one has been forgotten

As if a long gone "once-upon-a-time" fairy tale

Tailing ripples of hopes as if sweet talk to an innocent child

Patting upon the dwarf's head sitting on an unbelievably speed-challenged turtle

Wondering if such is the facet of any reality tales

Swimming aimlessly in the Pacific Ocean

Unfortunately one is nothing rich like oil

Yet not sure if sharp or yet to be

Needling tiny little thread of some bottomline nets

Slowly and surely mirroring how others penetrate

Contrasting someone's saying of believing in other's "good"

As if the bet between the god and the evil
In which the 2 are so keen on teaching the primary kid
So much work of planting some multi-facet seeds
Among family, among friends, among colleagues

Happily seeing the image behind the happy-clown-twisted mirror
Namely reality and humanity
Network? Position? ... if not value
Or according to one's judgment
It's just all about money
Behind the lovely curtain of mankind
Reality... that's how we call this
Then things will be very easy
As everything is just mathematics, if not mechanics

R..e...l...a...t...i...o...n...s...h...i...p....
The word commonly spoken yet not so much valued
Wondering if there are really twelve ways to understand
As if once in a while the interpretation of SBA
The lovely magic R ending with a P
As much as curious as a cat or Peter Pan
For once thinking of revenge or mirroring back
For another sec dreaming of letting go saying what the heck
Neither way nor it releasing what's hidden in depth
Wondering what to trust upon the road of tests
As if the lovely clink-clink sound of the water bubbles
As the adult keeps asking the kid why keeps blowing
If all the bubbles are destined to be breaking
For such saying reveals nothing philosophy
As if the strong stick to believe in hope
Or the fragile calls the taxi to frail
Sailing in the boat for the life long direction
Writing the tale that unfolds self assertion

iris shih