

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# My Dear Lover

My dear lover,  
where is the best place to install you?  
In time?  
Will it bring you away, disregarding my shout?  
You had better install me in your cart,  
Like two gears on the horse wagon,  
I can run together with you,  
With the dust following the vehicle,  
The sound of our bell  
Can be heard throughout the journey.

Without lamp, what can we do?  
In darkness, two gears can tightly hold each other,  
Like two bodies warming each other?  
Even if the land is cold and does not have emotion,  
My dear lover,  
Is every inch of your body without my grateful tears?  
If seeds are added,  
Your whole body will fully bloom flowers,  
and I believe  
it will not wither even if in the winter.

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# The Person Has The Pitiful Thought

People have pitiful thoughts  
Tomorrow grain admits the warehouse today  
The lock must be solid  
The night must be black  
The thief cannot find the path to enter the gate  
Yet the thought can  
Weighed up myself and the grain everyday  
To see it is lighter or heavier  
It is the same grain  
Yet the bone is getting older

Human thoughts have not weight  
Only the grain in the warehouse has  
It is heavier than the bone  
One person cannot carry it  
You must drive a large cart  
To pull it to your village  
A gale suddenly blows your village  
You cannot flee  
If you want to die  
You must die in front of that pile of grain  
Likes a worm's corpse.

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# Wood Going On Emaciated

Wood going on emaciated  
Night, more rarefied  
My dream lightest  
Even ants could lift it up  
Hunger most simple  
And understandable to any animal.  
Even at deep night  
Its body will keep turning over  
As if worried for memorial one loss

My neighbors,  
no one woke up.  
Even starving,  
He uttered shout only in a dream  
Bickering at daytime  
Spittle splashed on the ground was dry thoroughly  
All was in the air.  
He only saw a mask dimly  
His laugh  
Was a wry smile.  
But no one had seen  
Only I  
Picked up and made it in a sentence.

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