

Poetry Series

blond lee
- poems -

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blond lee()

Li Jin-fa(1900-1976) , Chinese sculptor, diplomat and poet.

A Crane

A wounded crane still hankers for exploring,
While its own destiny it keeps ignoring.

When the bird is dying with broken wings,
It outcries: 'What an interrupted soaring! '

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Afternoon

Charming spring and ripples undulated
Bring warmth to the islet desolated,
Animate the ice-cold hearts of ours, and
Rinse our dirt-like souls contaminated.

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Delirium

When women's hearts into wild beasts' hooves turn,
To run away in no time they would yearn.
The echoes of their happy galloping
Only a cock-sure poet could discern.

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God

God in our hearts is found
Like shadows all around
And a voiceless command
Bends our knees onto t'ground.

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God's Devices

This is a Woman and that is a Rose;
Each is the wonderful device God knows.
Roses shed blood on leaves and their secrets
In Women's balmy breasts you shall disclose.

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In My Garden

At the foot of a broken old wall dank,
A snail into crusade-contriving sank;
I led it to where fragrant petals thrived
And with its feelers it gave me a thank.

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Misery

I ruined the flower of my unhappy soul
And sadly wailed in a belowground hole.
Owl's hoots foretold the breakdown of my heart
That only your sweet-toned lyre can console.

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Night's Arrival

Eve comes beneath the darkening firmament,
Preparing its last will and testament.

The winds before decease do groan and moan,
Lamenting that nothing is permanent.

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Random Thoughts

When flowers began to offer drunken madness,
Butterflies could endure no more of sadness.
I felt the warmth of your sweet breath - Oh, it was
The wind caressing soft my face with gladness.

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Swallow-Tails

When swallow-tails clip off my love-sickness,
The flower of Life is budding with quickness.
Let's go to search for our fate's whereabouts
And guffaw at the world's way of thickness.

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The Perfume

Your skin's odor with the perfume blends well
To bring a mix out with a special spell
Which would mislead bees after you to chase,
But, my love, I prefer your natural smell.

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To Li Jin-Fa

Enigmatic as you are, Golden-hair,
We sense your esthetique when you declare
Life is but the goodwill grimace of Death
And you love sutumn dreams and ladies fair.

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Untitled

As onto our feet rotten leaves'blood drips,
So life is but a smile upon Death's lips.
In every tick of seconds from now on,
I'll drink the syrup of my Life in sips.

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X

I'd like to meet my Fate,
But the time is delayed.

I'd like to learn
How it begins and ends,
But the time is delayed..

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