

Poetry Series

Donnie Wang

- poems -

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Donnie Wang(24th, Dec.1986)

Miss You

Sleeping over a rainy day,
Though could cure all the pain.
Rainwater overruns the entire city,
Barely washes you out of my brain.

Drifting in the emotional rapids,
Up and down, fast and slow,
Fleeting before my eyes,
Are the pieces of precious memory.

The sun emerges out from the clouds,
Light warms the land,
In the form of evaporating vapor,
Vanish the rapids.

I have been scoured out of shape,
Every corner lies part of my body.
Time and space refresh,
Over and over.
You find a piece of crystal,
Sparkling by reflecting the sunshine.
That is my broken heart in shape of,
"I miss you! "

Donnie Wang

My Saviour

Like a stray tiger,
Was me running in circle in the boundless forest,
What I needed is a way out,
And I was growling for it.
Like a blade of bright sunshine,
Was you piercing through the heavy fog and darkness,
What you gave is hope.

Time fleets by,
Since I was trapped in this vastness,
It is like a prison I can never break,
Until that instant you sparkled before my eyes.
Never before was I heard by anyone,
Even I broke my voice from shouting aloud for rescue.

Fog is melting, dark is weakening,
You spread light and warmth to every corner,
To me,
Road becomes smooth,
Vision appears clear,
Fear goes away,
Hope emerges from bottom of my heart,

How I wish you could accompany me all the way to victory,
How I wish I could be striving with you focusing on,
How I wish our souls could be beckoning for each without an ending,

I should be living in a place where people know my name there,
I should be living in a place where some one sees through me there,
Where the place is is the place where your footprints left.

I am running out from the forest of puzzle faster and faster,
Pull up the curtain,
Our show is about to start...

Donnie Wang

Sparkle Of Our Love

—To my one and only girl...

—My love to you is growing every single instant...

You said I am a jerk,
And I admit it,
For it is because in front of you,
I don't have any secrets,
Then it is you,
Who makes me who I am...a jerk to you...

You said you are nonconductive,
And you have no electricity across you body.
But, you know what honey:
You are just like a glass rod,
I am the piece of cloth,
Hence, I can make you electropositive,
By rubbing you,
Then we are both attractive to each other,
When the moment we meet,
Current generates and runs all over us,
You are in me, I am in you,
After a certain period,
There is harmony to the surroundings,
We are dynamic inside,
Steady to the environment,
We have made a perfect bond to the world.

Yao,
There is undeniable geographic distance between us,
But I feel so close to you,
Gap can be filled,
Separate sides can be bridged,
Physical distance counts the minor,
Spiritual closeness means the critical,

So,
My lover,
Wait for me, wait for me there,
The journey has started,

I am on my way to you...

Sept.20th 2009

Donnie Wang

Summer

Summer is the warmth of the first thread of sunshine in the morning,
Which wakes me up from a fuzzy dream.
Summer is the first grain of the sweat,
Streaming along upon the ragged shirt from a peasant's forehead.
Summer is the first shout of resolution from an athlete on training at the track.
Summer is the white skirt on a comely young lady,
Which is flaunting along with the breeze visiting us now and again.
Summer is the "Bang" when somebody unscrews a bottle of PEPSI.

Summer is you and me lying on bed nakedly with all the lights off,
Guessing what is on each other's mind.

Summer is you and me walking on the beach barefoot,
Feeling the tender touch from the warm sand.

Summer is the sexual urge between us,
Which surges more and more eagerly.

Summer is your crystal juice shot out overwhelmingly,
Which is as hot as the weather.

Summer is me sitting alone before the computer screen,
Staring in absence of mind at the floating clouds around the sinking sun.

Summer, summer, summer is fucking hot!

25th May.2009

Donnie Wang

To Take Or To Die

I am a senior student in an university, I am gonna graduate this summer, but as the pain in the neck, I got no job in the bag, So I am a little sad and get losing my confidence. It is harsh, but I have to make a leaving by take the job I dont even seems no atternative, is there?

Drowning in the swamp of self-accusation,
It is doomed.
I am struggling for help,
So furiously, so hopefully,
However, not from anyone else, but from myself.

With locking mind in the fairy-land,
Where I am the only resident,
I set myself secluded,
But stay aware of my dream.
Never thought so stranded ground that
I would step into.
Individualism, uniqueness, idealism,
Are what I have been searching.
Nevertheless, at the fork, beneath the footprints
Is the realism that I abandoned.

The harder I scrabble, the faster I sink.
I am dying.
By my ear resounding a voice,
So annoyingly, so frantically.
"Take me, take me, I can save you"
I look around, look around, look around,
O, it comes from here,
The extending vine of realism,
Shouting aside at me.
What should I do?
Take it? or
To die?

Donnie Wang

We Are In The Same Wavelength

The wave from my fiery heart,
Never found an echo,
Until I met you.

You knocked the door of my soul,
In softness and eagerness.

I answered it and
Greeted you into the deepest part of my inside land.
You lighted up my hope,
Evacuated away the solitude,
Loading in my heart before.

I am desperate for one closer step to you,
Hoping I could get a touch to your soul.

But in fear of acting hastily,
I have to slow down the pace,
Because I could not afford losing you.
I am look forward to some day,
We can dance upon the same beat.

Donnie Wang