

Classic Poetry Series

Hai Zi
- poems -

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Hai Zi()

The Shades

In the shades

I have three agonies: Drift. Love. survival

I have three happinesses: Poems. Throne. The Sun

Hai Zi

The Sun Of Arles

Down to the South
Down to the South
There's no spring or lovers pulsing through your veins
Not even the moon
Not even bread
Not even friends
Only a group of starving children
Consuming everything
Oh, Van Gogh, my thin brother
Fir and Rye
Belched recklessly from underground
Or it is you
Belching the unwanted life
In fact, you can light this world with one eye
But you used your third eye--- The Sun of Arles
It burns the sky into a rough river
It burns the earth till it starts to swirl
Raising your yellow twisted hand, Sun Flower
To invite all those people
All those people who pull the chestnuts out of the fire
Do not draw a Christian olive orchard any more
Draw a fierce fire
To take the place of the old man
To purify the life
My red hair brother
After drinking the vermouth
Set your fire
Burn

Hai Zi