

Poetry Series

john tong chunghoo
- poems -



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john tiong chunghoo(Jan 21,1960)

Thank you for visiting this page. John is known more as a haiku poet though he is as passionate in writing other forms of poetry and equally good at them. His poems have been used by universities, colleges and schools in various parts of the world. Some have also been used for the internationally recognised GCE and the American International Baccalaureate Diploma examinations.

John has been published by the Oxford University Press, Oxford University Campus Poetry Magazines, Marshall Cavendish Education Singapore, Yomiuri Shinbun, Mainichi Shinbun, Asahi Shinbun, World Haiku Review, the Times of India and many other online magazines and journals.

The universities that have used John's poems for various arts and english programs/modules/courses include the University of Chicago, University of Southern California, University of Virginia, University at Buffalo, University of Texas, San Diego State University, Padang State University Indonesia, the Makerere University which is the the oldest university in Uganda, Batangas State University in the Philippines etc.

John's poems have also been used in Christian newsletter/journal/sermon in the United States and Canada.

You can take work here to use as course material, examination purposes, include in your city's newspapers, campus magazines, poetry magazines, personal blogs or read them on radio, television, poetry workshop and poetry slam but please credit any work used.

I have written many many poems including the real bad ones but without having written the bad ones, i wouldn't have arrived at the good ones.

HAPPY READING EVERYBODY! ! !

signature poems -

young women, old women
in their heart
despite the years
the yearning to be beautiful

young women, old women
they look at each other
one with envy
the other with fear and contempt of the wrinkles, old age

young women, old women
they look into each other
one for a mother
the other for a daughter

Dreams

hold on to your dream
it sweetens all your nights
brightens up your days
because dream is a compass
that shows only one aspired direction -
success, success and more success

Ulek Mayang

TO UNDERSTAND BETTER THE POEM PLEASE WATCH AND READ THE
FOLLOWING:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lzRuFOwaUx0>, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ulek_mayang

seven leaves
swept asunder in
a tumultuous
and roaring wave

a sea of longing
is played, replayed
this emptiness of night

the moon and sea are
a pair of star crossed lovers
in a futile grasp of reality

they hold onto the flickers
of thoughts in each other's
bosom; an unrequited
love swept in a luminous

tide of make-believe - -

the moon reposes in a sea
of hope, the sea lets its fate
be guided by the light - - it holds
onto the tail of the moon in
a dance of grief that has
for so long crossed their way

the leaves grovel in
a churning wheel of fate
under the gentle glow of lace
spun by the moon

they are taken out to sea
again and again in a ferocious tide
that whispers, whistles, sighs and roars
to broadcast a destiny
torn and swept in separate ways - -
never to be seen again

john tiong chunghoo

Reading Pleasure

words take up the space
in the quiet of his mind
images sprout like whispers
a heart is stirred like the
rustle of bamboo leaves
in a garden of solitude
the writer is a world away
as we walk the lanes of
reality and dream admiring the
flowers and fruits of knowledge
taking the curves of alphabets

GARDEN OF EDEN -

what is this body
but the Garden of Eden
and the senses, God's apples

enjoy all, except the tree
of knowledge and death
dont be the master of
things beyond you
dont eat that apple
this body is not yours
Listen listen
let's the spirit run
without doubting its sustenance
there...is eternal life
there is the tree of life
there is....the Almighty

STOPPING BY THE WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

a squirrel runs across
frosty evening on a plain
of white carrying a cosy
warmth i would love to have
light greyish coat impecably
patched and stitched for the season

time runs across space
mindless as a clock which
has forgotten to crawl

everywhere the trees
gently whisper sweet nothings
and cavort away the evening
baring skeletons and bones
to the heavens to swear their love

snow falls like mannas
onto a million stretched hands
that grovel to receive every
trace of divine providence

breathless, breathless
the white glides and bounces
in an evening that holds onto
everything like forgotten time

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john tiong chunghoo

Conscience

conscience
the path to heaven is
lighted by it

on the road you
meet angels, snakes
scorpions and demons

the dimmer it gets
the harder it is to find
your way there

conscience is the lamp
you show at the
Gate of heaven

the fully lit ones
with rainbow cheer up
the house of God

john tiong chunghoo

Nature Is painting Me --- Inside Out

our art is what nature
wishes us to paint

we are what nature
himself wishes to paint

to make sure each stroke
speaks of his well
intentioned endeavours

taking us through
the rough and tumble
world of his master plan

the colours of the gamut
of emotions -- joy, pain
sweetness are spread
over religiously
over each day

sweet yellow
youthful green
a depressed grey
dangerous red
and a calm blue sea

they all represent
so much of ourselves
and the colours
of the inner landscape
we carry between
each beat of the heart,
each stirring
stroke of the brush

to get the image nature

aims for -- the swift
cheerful and sad
burrowed lines,
light and youthful smiles,
solemn dashes
of depression,
heart rending
flow of tears,
infectious laughter,
--- colours that
speak of nothing
but the depth and layers
of our the experiences
nature wishes us
to go through as he gets
the best part of us out
on his live canvas

we are doubtless his
best depiction
of us as he works us
through each day

dont complain of
the diffucult times --
dont complain
think of the final
art piece that is
the best of you

from there is born
the intensity and profundity
of our own art

the art of twin experiences
painted religiously with --
or without the hands

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Nature Poem: nature Throws To Me A Body

i inherit a piece
of nature -- this body to
chart nature

nature dissecting itself
through the
human mind

creating time
and space to realise
the truth of itself

nature ---- throwing me
a body for self
realisation/enlightenment

this mind
large as the universe
and more

the focus --- a body
with a choice
of peace and war (delusion)

john tiong chunghoo

Nature's hand

nature has an unseen
hand that helps play out
its script for the universe

the director in the
dramatic lanes
of the conscious and
the sub-conscious

so much of his antics
sadist and masochistic
rings are strewn

sometimes it gets a car
to knock somebody down

sometimes it helps someone
write that number to win
a million in the lottery chase

sometimes it ties up two
hearts to create that
sweet love story echoing
down the aisle

also casts that sadist hue
to get a black widow
to chew up its lover
after a hot ecstatic outing
between tangled legs

and sometimes to dress up
an old palm tree like this

john tiong chunghoo

As The Wind Blows

as the wind blows
the rain beats down
the nose picks
up scents that
give way to little
sweet inklings of
yesteryears
the person could'nt
really remember
the flitting joy
of being there
and not there
the flitting joy
in the coruscating
flight between
the sparkles
of diamonds

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A Footballer

In a movie
one is cast
in a role like
a footballer

to kick the ball
to lose or win
as scripted

in real life one
is cast
in a role like
a footballer

to kick the ball
as one wishes
to lose or win

one is fighting
to look like
a real hero

the other is
fighting to be
a real hero

one is fighting
a battle to be
like the other

the other is
fighting a battle
with himself
to be the best
of himself

one is acting real
the other just to
be a real hero

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they are fighting
different wars
to show the best
of themselves

like a footballer

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Poem On Japanese Society: Midnight Train

Tokyo, the last Sobu train

midnight tokyo sobu train
the obese pumpkin shaped mama
speaks a chilly tale in the
disturbing winter quiet
her thick mascaras unmask her age
in a funny way, cartoonish and sad
they feel like putting red lipstick on the backside of a baboon
her wrinkles work lines on her thick pallid makeup
age builds up pressure in the female kind like steam trains -
they chug, run to their destinations shrilling and wailing
leaving behind dreams billowing in
a column of diminishing smoke

the years are locked in the
ounce of accessories
on her face, on her white
velvety dress and her thinning hair behind a rigid thick wig
that sends out the message that she would stand
on her own - even when life has been this tough like this deceiving crown of
fake-dom

she looks for the yen with its cranes where every zero
is an extra asset to carry home
the large turquoise ring on her finger seems to be the only comforts exuding
from her forlorn personae echoing in the spacious
last train of the day
she looks here, there, empty minded, tired and blue in spirit;
all these nights of
entertaining middle age men talking sweet nothing to
cheer up their monotonous existence
she smiles to herself that she could do this this well - dont these men know she
is as hardout as they are? desiring for a space of her own to breathe for love?

the electric train is painfully
familiar now; it is always running to a destination - like her
the only difference is hers is forever illusive as chasing rainbow

John Tiong Chunghoo

john tiong chunghoo

Poem On Japanese Society: the Midnight Train

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Moon Shine

moon -- how much of
earth and us taken
by your moods?

moon child
bearing tide and waves
of lunar shine

your smile
my smile
our smile

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Queen Elizabeth II Demise Haiku

the Queen's breath
Our bated
Breath

john tiong chunghoo



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Good Morning everyone

morning
afternoon and
evening are divine gifts
they are delicious
cakes, the more
you say they are good
the more you feel
their goodness
going into your mind

as each day comes
with its own moon like
phased blessings --
the Sun arching
over the heavens--
you become the
blessings and emblems
of the divine presents
--- always imbibing
the sacred quality
of each phase
of the nuanced day ---
morning, noon and night.

You carry the aura and
essence of each
part of the day -- the more
you cheer up yourself and
others with a good
morning or afternoon
or night the more
awakened and refreshed
your mind becomes.

You become the goodness
of it all, the goodness and
essence of the day! !

john tiong chunghoo

God's Language -- nature

The almighty
Speaks to us
Through nature
Cos it's an
All powerful
Language
Packed with
Real images
Real puzzles
Real 10Ds
Real scores
Real figures
To teach
To illustrate
To test
To experiment
And which
Doubles up
As a cane
when one refuses
To use one's brain

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Chinese Calligraphy:

Chinese calligraphy:

i hear wolf howl

goat bleat

deer grunt

and cock crow

in the forest of words

flowing from

the grace of brushes

melding

the romantic

noble sacrifices

of animals

with

scholars'

wild and

over the top

ambition

diligence

intelligence

and

fantasy



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Waking Up from Death

death - we go on
into another dream
another place

till we are only bone
glowing in
white magic

living out tales
of all imaginable magnitude
big and small

a cat, a mouse, a murderer
an angel, a lady boy
an Arab, a king, beggar

real life characters
floating in realms and rims
of dreams

on and on
a succession of dreams
we call death

a deception
behind rows of petals
of deception

somebody's
superintelligent
games?

death - a renewal
a new beginning
a waking up

so that one day

we can tell stories about
ourselves to oneself

about how
nature is obsessed
with life

and spin real life tales
blood, sweat, tears and all
at its fingertips

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku 2021

first Snow

first snow --- looking into/
the mirror for a better time/a geisha

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What If Creation Is A Game

What if creation is a game
And we each takes turn to be
Animal; a cat, a dog, a bird, accroc, snake,lion, centipide, millipide
Two legged, four legged, six legs, eight legs, a hundred legs

We slither, we swim, we jump, we fly, we hop, we gambol, gallop, we crawl, we
prance, we leap, we glide, we slide and somersault all in
The name of a game

What if creation is a game and
We each takes turn to be animal
Filling the world with our songs
In the sea, in the river, on the mountain, in the forest, jungle path, in the sky,
and clouds

We croak, we crow, we bark, we quack, we growl, we howl, we talk we meow,
we bleat, we bay, we moo, we oink,we screech, and we
twit

What if creation is a game
And we take turn to be every creature feeding and eating
each other up

What if creation is a game
And we each take turn
To be animal...

john tiong chunghoo

After Enlightenment -The Stillborn

on our back
nature plays out
the music of life

last life, this life, next life,
next next life
marching us on

we sing, we bleed,
we cry, we cruise,
we fight, we fly, we flee
twirl, slip and we fall,
die over and over again

we pick ourselves up
to swirl along
the groove where
it / nature loosens,
sprinkles magic with
a wand for fairness

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we enter and exit
with what we carry
in our hearts

intentions of deeds
could light up heaven's path
or fan the flame of sufferance

every inch is scoured
with a flair for
what is fair

happiness and rewards
spring from there
what you think
you become
- on nature's
juggernaut terms

to the kind hearted
their graces blossom
in everybody's garden
roses, camelia, tulips -
all the heaven's flowers

to the not so gracious
or generous, nature draws
out their existence so they survive
as common, staid or dull blossoms
plants at the edge of the roads
and to the woman who bears
nothing but vengeance
towards her wrong doers
even cursing one to have
a stillborn for her first child
nature minces no word
and speaks right to her core
"Alright alright next life she will be
your mother and you - - her stillborn."

john tiong chunghoo

Nature Walks

everything is tuned
up and assigned by nature
even the cockroach you bump
into in the bathroom
it talks if you care to listen
tune into your universal ear -
heart and soul
its goal? - live on - and it
will be revealed to you -
with the glitters of stars
and glares of the sun
the moon translates its secrets

john tiong chunghoo



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Remember.....Remember

remember...

the spring buds inched
profusely on the whole tree
and now they inch
through the memory
to take the soul to
a different height
a great time machine
that brings back the scent
the warmth and the love
the garden breathes delight,
tender rapture and joy

remember....

the dizzying summer songs
on Taipei street
the cicadas' infatuation with
the the city uninhibited
a few weeks each year
to swear their love to each other
before everything is committed
to memory, taken by the trees
and earth, as the sun promises
to bring them back next year
if you care to come back
to the city for another session
of passionate steamy love songs

remember....

the autumn rain and the persimmons
10 for only a dollar
when everything began to slow down
while nature offered its sweet fruits
for us to rest with pleasure
the poets penned a thousand things
of their heart as the trees turned
yellow, red, brown before
performing their last dance
in the winds for our pleasure

remember...

when everything turned so cold
we had to bundle ourselves up
with a thick warmth
even then the thirst of love
laid naked through the eyes
as bare as the white of snow
that swirls to take us off our feet
two conduits of emotions
no season could take away
spring, summer, autumn or winter

john tiong chunghoo

Jenny Joseph The Haiku Poet With Her Warning

warning

putting the nerves into
the unnerving
golden years (john's lines)

warning -
do you want to be:

striking the remaining years
with a stick
along the public railing?

pressing the alarm bells
too late
in life?

an old woman
in purple with a red hat
which doesn't go?

spending pension
on brandy
and summer gloves?

and buttering a lie
you have not even money
for butter?

spending the retiring years
on pavement gobbling up
samples in shops?

perhaps memories of
youth will rain to comfort
the heart

like:

wearing slippers in
the rain to pick flowers
in neighbors' gardens

learning to spit
and wear terrible shirts
growing more fat

eating three pounds
of sausages
at a go

surviving on
only bread and pickle
for a week

hoarding pens and pencils
and beer mats and things
in boxes

reality sets in now
to set a good example
for the children

to not swear in the street
clothes, rent, friends,
dinners and papers are prerequisites

a tall order - it's time
to practise
for the golden years

so people won't be
too shocked seeing an old woman
wearing purple

john tiong chunghoo

William Wordsworth The Haiku Poet - Lonely As A Cloud

the bliss of solitude
my heart with pleasure
dances with daffodils

lonely like a cloud
i float
o'er vales and hills

a crowd, a host of
golden daffodils fluttering
dancing in the breeze

the stars
on the milky way stretch
in a never-ending line

along the margin of a bay
ten thousand tossing their heads
in a sprightly dance

the waves beside them dance
outdoing the sparkling waves
in glee

in jocund company
I gaze -
and gaze

thinking little
of the wealth
of the show

on my couch
they flash upon
that inward eye

the bliss of solitude
my heart with pleasure
dances with daffodils

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetry The Blood Of My Soul

poetry
the blood
of my soul

john tiong chunghoo



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Save The Trees, Save Ourselves

the trees that grow to a wise old
age are full of compassion and health and serve
as a doctor -live near them -and soon
they'll send healing elements by day and
by night through the air -hug one every day and
it will begin to heal you - - knowing how far your body has gone
astray from its natural path- - concocting out of its
own constituents - elixir to help your body heal the natural way,
draining it of poisons and pollutants that have gotten into it
by air or water or food - the trees and the man
are mutual saviours - extensions of each other-
one can't live without the other -they evolve to
help each other come to life -spicing each other up
in ways only they know how

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Dying - I Heard A Fly Buzz- Dying Is The Bliss

i will do it a million times
coming back just to get a feel of
the last seconds of death -
the bliss, the joy, the giving up
of the seconds and the minutes
and be unframed - the total freedom of existence -
waiting for the day when they can charge you a fee
just to have a fling with death, take you into it till
you get to its sacred sanctuary, its hidden unspoken luxury
then let go to take you back again for drudgery
leaving death like the slippers at the door forever
accommodating and spacious enough to transport you
leisurely into places of your imagination

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Forever Is Composed Of Nows - A Second Is The Same As A Million Years

a room in all white
or a cave carved out of nothing
can be a sacred thing -
they can let you be forever -
here a second can be a million years
when you set your clock the other way
the needles chasing away the seconds,
the minutes, and the years
while you remain untimed; eyes closed
like the cosmos in its gleaming darkness
and glittering bliss, like a buddha
husking the nuts of enlightenment
to chew on the wealth of nothingness -
void in the mind, void in the thought,
void in existence -there is nothing to
measure the space of thought - -
you are forever the world revolves
the needles of the clock
run around you -chasing away
the minutes, the seconds
framing you up as forever -
when you can close and open your eyes
and say it's a second, it's a million years
it's a trillion years -there is
no gap between them

rewritten from

a room in all white
or a cave carved out of nothing
can be a sacred thing -
they can let you be forever -
here a second can be a million years
where you set your clock the other way
the needles chasing away the seconds,
the minutes, and the years

while you remain untimed; eyes closed
like the cosmos in its gleaming darkness
and glittering bliss, like a buddha
husking the nuts of enlightenment
to chew on the wealth of nothingness -
void in the mind, void in the thought,
void in existence -there is nothing to
measure the space of thought - -
you are forever the world revolves
the needles of the clock
run around you -chasing away
the minutes, the seconds
framing you up as 'forever' -
you can close and open your eyes
anytime and say it's a second, it's a million years
it's a trillion years -there is
no gap between them

john tiong chunghoo

The Road Not Taken

you walked away taking your race with you
and we walked away taking our people with us
the decades that we walked became
the bridge to see wisdom of the choice
our buildings and streets gleam bright as
the smiles of our people, nation
we have not only thrived but have
become a model for the world for
progress and clean government
our dreams have turned into reality
there is nothing more gratifying
than walking together as a nation
that all hands have built without anyone
having to pour, serve or taste bitter tea
we are proud we can build a nation on
this ground of mutual well being
that's why we celebrate the pride
of our lion choice
we have thrived by putting
the nation's dreams first - they spread out
like the victorious mane of a lion
sang nila utama's lion, ever so mysterious
and powerful

written by Rick, a Singaporean friend

john tiong chunghoo

Supermoon Haiku - The Bride

supermoon - the bride
cheers us up basking
in the love of her mate

supermoon - the bride
cheers us up basking in
the light of her love

john tiong chunghoo



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2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Latino, Latina, And The Blacks

donald trump donald trump
lies, lies, lies,
doesnt know he is lying

clinton clinton
to and fro, to and fro
the server rings a bell

server server
doesnt serve
very well

Trump win or lose, win or lose
take a confession
the priests are all behind you

clinton clinton
latino, latina and the blacks
hip and hop, reggae and salsa
to the White House

john tiong chunghoo

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Hillary's Email Server

(senryu - humour haiku)

Hillary's server
serving donald trump's ride
to the White House

donald trump's women
ferrying hillary to
the White House

donald's latinos, latinias
swinging with Hillary to
the white house

donald's mexican wall
blocking his way
to the White House

donald's lies towering
over Hillary
polls give donald better
honesty over hillary
echoing between the walls
of Trump Tower - our eer
eer eer

white house can be bought
and sold? comey's last minute
server revelation

final stretch
hillary hip hop her way
to the White House

john tiong chunghoo

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Sleaze Grabs Trump By The Balls

final stretch

a tide of sleaze graps him
by the balls

final stretch

sleaze grabs him
by the balls

final stretch

he fights to stay afloat in a tide
of sleaze

dead heat over palm beach

he keeps himself cool
in the breeze

dead heat

with a nasty woman
trump tries to flip the polls

john tiong chunghoo

The Mind Has A Mind Of Its Own

the mind has a mind of its own
it lives in the higher plane of your being
helping you pump your heart and perk
you up in ways it thinks suits you best
the mind has a mind of its own getting
you to grow your beard, your nails
and renew your whole physique
through the rough and tumble of the years
the mind has a mind of its own that can
bend all rules to prove its existence
like bending a spoon or burn a bush
to talk to you about the holiest of its plans

john tiong chunghoo



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Divinity Is A Bank

divinity is a bank
a bank of love
i withdraw from
to make each day divine
i save some by
signing in prayers
for the less fortunate
to earn interest
in graces
for heaven's gate
to open wide
when it's time
for me to pass

john tiong chunghoo



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2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Trump Courting The White House

Trump Courting the White House
a clumsy bachelor out
on his first date

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel India Haiku - Winter Ganges Cremation

winter ganges cremation
children rush for
leftover embers

winter ganges cremation
children scramble for
leftover embers

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Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Little India Brickfields, Kl

spiritual grace - my sun
rises with the azan, temple bell
and gayatri mantra

(can hear this every morning, first the azan, then the buddhist temple bell then the hindu gayatri mantra....all in the space of one hour at where i stay in little india brickfields kl)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Penang Hill Top

penang hill top
tying a string round a tree
to make things whole

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

If Dowager Tzu Hsi Could Sing, She Would Prefer Jazz

i think if Dowager Tzu Hsi could sing
she would prefer jazz
scintillating jazz
the shine of her divine pearls
on her imperial shoes
as she strutted and sang
tra la la al la la..
all the men that i love
all the men that i killed
and all the eunuchs
that i wish were men they
what a broken heart
this palace is
packed to the brim
with a broken dream
let them men study
confucius all nights long
for me i would water
the lawn with my tears
that the the palace wont come down
before the five clawed dragon
on the pillars fly away
before the five clawed dragon
on the pillars fly away

john tiong chunghoo

Dont Worry Nature Will Make Room For It

no way to live in the water
dont worry nature will make room for it
gills, fins, swim bladder, sacs
that help you float and go into the waters
with a tail that can propel you anywhere

no way to live in the sky
dont worry nature will make room for it
wings, feathers, a spread of navigating tail and
eyes that can help you catch that tiniest mice or chick
on the land

no way to live in the earth
dont worry nature will make room for it
a slimy body that can cut through
its bowel, a digestive system that
can devour earth itself making it
fertile and just right for your friends with feet

no way to live in the driest of desert
dont worry nature would make room for it
a body that can store water for a hundred years
and make food from its light and fend away
heat like water in the river
and spikes to turn away creatures that
come to steal your wealth

no way to live on land
dont worry nature will make room for it
hands, legs two, four, eight or a hundred of them
to help you move over its vast terrain
and those that cant, leaves to make its own food
and for humans a brain that can work out the
most daunting jigsaw puzzle for survival here and beyond

no way to live in the thinness of light (another realm)
dont worry nature would make room for it
a body thinner than light to blend
in with everything so that a human cannot see you anywhere

and a system that works on a different sets of survival
nature provides

no way to live after death

well if you are so adamant to see it as death

and be misled by nature's camouflage

dont worry, there are countless other things

nature is hiding from you

like the nectar in the honeycomb

the invisible lunar energy that

propels the ocean into a powerful force of life

well, nature would make room for death too

a soul that knows no time in its womb of love and care -

the nectar in the skeletal honeycomb

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Man A Part Of The Divine

man an imperfect part
of God He wishes
to perfect

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Battling Two Men

battling a never-say-die and
an ignoramus' overriding ego
a woman's journey to the White House

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Hillary Rips Trump Over His Foreign Policies

denuding trump's big ego
baring all his empty talks
hillary rips trump inside out

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Orlando Massacre

gunning for the president post
donald falls flat
on his nose

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Let Trump Build A Wall Round Himself

never mind let Trump
build a wall
around himself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Summer Drizzle Haiku

summer drizzle
warm scent from the mown field
elevates his libido

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Labuan 2016

tee off with nature
she swirls and turns
to catch the golf ball
(at Labuan International Golf Club)

in the silence of the field
a line of poppy flowers
labuan war cemetery

all the unknown soldiers
she has prayed for
labuan war cemetery

she found a peace
beyond peace
labuan war cemetery

fresh fishes jump
into our lap
Labuan Central Market

Labuan Peace Park
walking round and round
a stray kitten with swollen eyes

Labuan Peace Park
from the crossover mound
a white Angel emerges

now something light
from the sky of labuan
a husband and wife

patau patau water village
cementing our friendship
their smiles and their ambuyat

Labuan ferries me
back to the
roots of nature

Labuan Chimney Museum
between corroded tools and wine bottles
the cold coal years

Labuan Chimney Museum
pigtails are my guide to
the era of coal mining here

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Giving Birth To A Child

a poem may take a moment to conceive but years to write
more laborious than getting a baby out into this world
every word has to be at its right place; a hand,
a leg, two eyes, feet, nail, hair and the ears

the idea is driven like the wheels of a cart
while words try to catch up in enthusiasm like little seeds
in the breeze, twirl, swirl, until each is assigned
their rightful place: two hands, two legs, a head, ears, two eyes
and given a smooth birth to greet each of us with a broad cry of accomplishment

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Brussels March 2016 Terrorist Attack Haiku

Paris, Brussels...
on the terror list a blank space
that equals world's fear

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Super Tuesday 2

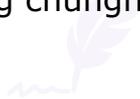
hillary clinton
five states ferry her
to the nomination

marko rubio
throwing in the towel
on the sunshine state

kasich
ohio ohio ohio rises
with its true blue son

trump
confidence and reputation
wins

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Nancy Reagan Funeral Gaffe

Hillary's Nancy Reagan gaffe
the never buried
HIV deaths

Hillary's Nancy Reagan gaffe
HIV deaths ring
so many bells

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Trickled Down Economy

trickled down economy
trickling
down lead

"it is raining lead
in Flint, Michigan" - Hillary Clinton

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku - Black Tsunami

a black tsunami
carries a woman
to the White House

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2016 American Presidential Election Haiku

the republicans
trickling down rages
trickling down lead

trickling down
lead on the american people
the Republicans

Donald Trump
dumping down all the rages
on the world

Donald Trump
trickling down
the rages

Donald Trump
Hillary's trump card
to the White House

American 2016 Presidential election
a woman caught in between
high flying ambitions

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - World Braile Day

feeling touched
for the visually handicapped
world braile day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Choosing God

god is too vast
too vast too vast
too vast
larger than existence
too much for the human brain
to understand
you wish to know
more about him
get near him
well now here is God narrowed
down for you
into drips of heavenly nectar
for your being
he is compassion, fairness,
love, and friendliness
that can be exemplified
in the human form
or any form that has it
pick up that abandoned cat
in the drain
help that blind man cross the road
stop that crazy man from
slaughtering that pitiful dog
dont have compassion?
then dont talk about God
talk about other things instead
because you dont even know the dust
of things yet

john tiong chunghoo

When You Left

then you left
leaving behind a heart cast asunder
in the emptiness of things

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Blue, Green Or White

i don't care whether you are
blue, green, or white
what i care about is the light
in you - whether it is still
burning bright or has been blown out
waiting to be rekindled again by love
red, blue, green and white

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Buddha's Feet

the best place to sleep
is at the buddha's two feet
it is full of peace

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Mid Autumn Festival

mid autumn festival
the monk's chant rounds up
so many moons

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year - Langkawi A Poem

andaman sea

the emerald expanse of the sea beckons
the thick rainforest breathes mystery
the weight of five hundred million years
of fairies, waterfalls, bewildering karsts and caves
homing bats, triumphant eagles,
windswept rocks carved by the years,
skeletal with its hardest parts grasping onto time
tight as the day they had come about
my heart is carried away by the rhythm of creation
here and there and the legends that it sings
the monsoon brings on the mists
thinly veiling the mountain ranges
pregnant lady, old village papas mat cincang
mat raya, the inlaw quarrel that spilt hot water,
soup, and flying crockery that broke into
a thousand pieces of mindboggling tales
torrential rain and the monsoon winds
work the karsts like candle wax into abstract forms
every artist craves to have a mastery over
they evoke the sacredness and the patience of time
its ever working and crocheting fingers in
following through its designs

andaman sea

for centuries sweeping love, history onto shore
the traders, the warriors, the preachers,
the wanderers, the friends and the enemies
and to to top it all a woman who shedded white blood
andaman there the sound of roaring waves
uncompromising in their march
following nature's order in carving
an isle of rare beauty and legends- langkawi

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Brunei Darussalam Poem - Bandar Seri Begawan - 2

bandar seri begawan is a blend of the old and new -
smart roads, heritage buildings, mosques, handsome parks, and
a jungle produce market by the river where everyone could mingle
for fun, for the produce and friendship to bring home
but it is not the town that revs one's spirit up
it is the humble brunei river that flows by it
that can really cheer one up, make a tourist stay
there is even a little oil station on stilts right in the middle of the river
they threw down a little bucket for the boatman to pay after he has filled up his
tank
and all the way we saw how the magnanimous and caring heart of the richest
man on earth Sultan Hassanal Bolkiah flows
our boat led us right into the heartland of the people and their lives, culture,
heritage, floral and fauna
there were schools the sultan built for his subjects, big buildings over the river,
some on stilts where tudong clad malay schoolgirls in long white blouse and
ocean blue skirt smiled and bleary eyed boys in white shirts and
dark green long pants looked at us as if we are from another world
but yes we are - we pay income tax for every dollar we earn which
the bruneins need not
we even heard the sultan foots in for their housing
our boat ride had started after a newly wedded couple in resplendent
traditional baju melayu went up their boat and sped away -
to their new nest and home
the school children carried my heart away when i saw them
got down from their boats and rushed, their rucksack behind them, back
to their wooden houses - home sweet home
a Sharifah Aini song came on air while the warm breeze blowed
almost reminding me of a paradise on earth, peaceful with a contented populace
human aside the brunei river thrills
the guide pointed out to us the graceful egrets which gave colours
to the picturesque river
the malays call them banggau which are of two species
one with black bills and legs and the other orange
the river also afforded us the sight of the proboscis monkeys
that love to stay away from people
they had always intrigued us with their long flabby nose,

humanlike faces and the males' extensive harem
the malay prefer to call them monyet belanda or dutch monkey
the sultan's palace crowns one end of the river
here too is heard stories of waitors getting many thousands
in tips and taps and cutlery made of gold
the man with the songkok i saw on the blue dollar notes during the younger days
has really fascinated me for the trip
the man who helms one of the oldest malay sultanates
which gave away Sarawak - my beloved state - to the British adventurer
James Brooke and which latter became a Malaysian State
at the hotel i was surprised to see one of his younger pictures and
had asked the receptionist if it 's the sultan
she promptly replied 'yes it's he.'
i laughed that i almost could not recognise him
and the lady was quick to show me an offended face

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - New Day Pale Bride The Moon Bids Goodbye

new day
pale bride the moon
bids byebye

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Brunei Darussalam Poem - Bandar Seri Begawan

Bandar Seri Begawan weds the old and new -
roads, heritage buildings, museums, mosques, parks,
a market by the river selling jungle produce
and of course the Jerudong Amusement Park
where late Michael Jackson performed for
the Sultan's 50th birthday - - almost 20 years
before the release of his last album, That's It

it is not the town though that revs one's spirit up
but the humble Brunei river that flows by it
the river opens one to the heart of the Sultanate
here you could see the gleaming Sultan's Palace
the oil kingdom's diverse flora and fauna
as well as the way the Sultan's subjects live,

oil fuels the movements here and everywhere
sampans, motored boats go up and down
the waterway
there is even a little oil station on stilts
right in the middle of the river
for the boatman to fill up their boat tanks

the most poignant here are the
smart young generation during sunset hours- -
tudong clad malay schoolgirls
in long white blouse and ocean blue skirt
bleary eyed boys in white shirts, dark green long pants
with rucksacks on their backs get down from their boats
and rush to their wooden houses - home sweet home

a newly wedded couple
in resplendent traditional baju melayu
hold each other, smile and speed
away in their boat to their new nest

cococnut palms sway and
a Sharifah Aini song goes on air

while warm breeze blows
reminding me of a paradise on earth,

the egrets both the orange and black beak species
add grace to the picturesque river
the Malays call them banggau

I also have the Brunein luck to spot the
proboscis monkeys- monyet belanda
with their long flabby nose, humanlike faces
the males moving with their harem

at one end of the river the Sultan's Palace
where cutleries are made of gold
and waiters get thousands in tips
glistens over the waters
there also I could visualise the smile of the
man with the songkok on the blue dollar notes
the man who led one of the oldest Malay sultanates
which gave away Sarawak - my beloved state to the
White Rajah

john tiong chunghoo

International Yoga Day Haiku

international yoga day
they hold onto the
chakra of hope

international yoga day
all their faces
beaming bright

international yoga day
to get the body into the mind
the mind into the body

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel China Haiku - Yuanmingyuan

Yuanmingyuan
bits and pieces of
a disturbing past

Yuanmingyuan
bits and pieces of
humiliations

Yuanmingyuan
heavy in their flight
the giant magpies

Yuanmingyuan
waiting for butterflies, birds
and the emperor's peonies

Yuanmingyuan
still as fascinating
the giant magpies

Yuanmingyuan
bits and pieces of
colonial shame

Yuanmingyuan
waiting to be mended
sins of the west

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Artwork Haiku:Alberto Giacometti's Man Pointing

linear beauty
a man epitomises
grace

linear beauty
a man points his way
to world fame

one thin line between
art and the real world
how you see every thing

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Picasso's The Women Of Algiers

every nook and corner
men's wild fascinations
and imaginations

the men's world
driven by
the female forms

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Leonardo Da Vinci's Salvator Mundi

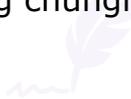
Christ
a crystal ball
for us

Crystal clear
Leonardo's
talent

a forehead
that inspires love
Christ

the power of love
into two translucent eyes
my soul melts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Paul Gauguin's When Will You Marry?

window to the soul
a pair of desire
boil over

window to the soul
in two eyes
a canvas of desire

window to the soul
in two eyes
a sea of bias

window to the soul
in two eyes
a sea of questions

window to the soul
between the eyes that speak
the artist's own

john tiong chunghoo

Total Lunar Eclipse April 4,2015 Haiku

total lunar eclipse
the temple
hurriedly closes

total lunar eclipse
the temple
deserted

total lunar eclipse
hoarding the news
the copter crash

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Kuan Yew Tribute Haiku

two men - Sang Nila Utama
who saw the lion and kuan yew
who makes it roar

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Lost In Water

we weld together so many dreams
in the sky of hope
so many of them; for ourselves
for others, for friends
our enemies as we strive
to right and mend karmas
they call to us like
our children for a better life
the summer winds that bring
the comforts of warmth
to a vision often spliced like
an over ripe pear
they sigh in the triumphant
leaves, that filter the light
of our plans to help us see
more clearly the road beyond
they howl in the storm, as
the rain sweep furious
in all directions - a ballet dancer
lost in her steps - and we have to make
sure we stand firm in the midst
of all adversities

life duplicates art
and art duplicates life
and the puppeteer plays
its game in the most selfish manner
kicking us aside, when it
has had enough, to cloth
to start a game anew

our dreams are carried away
in water shedded by the
closest at heart, and we know
nothing in the world
can really be saved except by
our own conviction in the heart
to reach out to the eternal fountain
where we can dream and drink

from it the water of life

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - Atlanta Ramen Festival, March 23

atlanta ramen festival
a long slurp
away from home

atlanta ramen festival
a chance to learn use
chopstick too he says

atlanta ramen festival
rows of slurps
greet our ears

atlanta ramen festival
the couple dig into
each other's bowls

atlanta ramen festival
they exchange their bowl of noodle
for the second time

john tiong chunghoo

March 28 Earth Hour 2015

earth hour
let the stars have their say
of tomorrow

earth hour
in the darkness
the twinkles of hope

earth hour
our future might be
just out there

earth hour
in darkness our hearts
shine as one

earth hour
letting nature have its say
of rest

earth hour
a click that saves
the years

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

P Ramlee Tribute Haiku

p ramlee movies
so melodiously i got ferried
into the malay world

p ramlee movies
so easily i hitch a ride
into the malay world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Poetry Day Haiku

world poetry day
shakespear, du fu, basho
sadly missing

world poetry day
she wonders what really has
fueled her in this art

world poetry day
the famous poet confesses he
started out with the vanity press

world poetry day
so many pseudonyms
he has used

world poetry day
he looks at the globe
and narrates a poem

world poetry day
he writes a love poem to a poet friend
at the other end of the world

world poetry day
just finished and the poem
is in front of thousands

john tiong chunghoo

I Choose The Mountain

i choose the mountain
because it is there
it drums up my spirit
i choose the sea
because it is there
it takes us to yonder land
for fun and waves
of memories to dive and revel in
i choose you
because you are there
with your smile
lightening the task of day
i choose the sun because
it brightens up the universe
gives us life and hope
i choose the moon because
it beautifies night
and fills us with the
grace of procreation
our ethereal shadows
move across the wall
under its glare
ebb and flow with a
tide of passions
i choose this country
because it is here and has
what we all desire to make it great

john tiong chunghoo

Partial Lunar Eclipse

he lays his lips
tenderly on hers
partial lunar eclipse

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Death Haiku

in the end everybody
puts down their mask(body)
be themselves and meet God

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Tied The Knot With Loneliness

i tied the knot with loneliness
and found out that she can be
quite a companion when left on the loose
i would recommend her to anybody
for her never say die attitude
when it comes to nudging me
to fill out the day with
something memorable, physical,
cultural or evangelical

she is constantly on my heels
so that i can keep my heart empty
to learn things anew
so that i can browse those
library shelves for books
we could forget each other in,
while entertaining and enriching ourselves
likewise we walk the globe searching
each other's boundaries
looking for friends be they
dark, yellow or white

she rings the religious bell
in the heart too, so that
i would never forget there is more
to man than just the man,
head, body, limbs and and hair
and that one day she will be
nothing more than a mass of
white and brittle heartache to lie
down with earth for an eternal sleep
while i will fly away to be another being,
a dove in the sky,
a worm in the soil or a doggie
on the neighbour's patch
or be another man, this time
married with a sweetheart to
sugarcoat and cheer up
every hour of the day

i am married with loneliness
and we love each other's
temporary companionship to death
because we are both fierce
lovers of life - we never allow any hour
to pass by without doing something
to make the day sustainable,
enriching to the mind and soul

we love the quiet and when we walk
we love to tiptoe so that we dont
disturb anyone with the wish that
no one disturbs us

me and my loneliness sing a love song
to each other everyday as we reflect
on each other's back - the meaning of existence

we never tire of each other's input
to help our soul smell and experience
life to the full

john tiong chunghoo

Love (True Meaning Of Love)

the sun is but all light
when the day is in full bloom
it is in the early hours
when it is born that you can
see the strain slowly piercing
the darkness of womb with the
excitements of creation pouring away
like good luck charms
- give your ears to the bright cockerels
and the variety of birds on every tree - the day falls
onto our lap, like a baby cherishing
to be hugged, kissed, showered with care
and tenderness so that it grows into
what we wish it to be; healthy, robust
and full of love like the strength of light
that oozes from the disc in the sky
to radiate back to the world
the intensity of love growing in his heart
for love is a seed that grows and grows
until it cannot be covered;
it smiles with us, it cries for us,
it is mysterious but open like a book
it even apes a chameleon sometimes
hiding behind hatred with the illumined
wish to give way to what it really is
- the day that blasts away every day
with new promises of love weighed
in the strength of light

rewritten from

the sun is but all light
when the day is in full bloom
it is in the early hours
when it is born that you can
see the strain slowly piercing
the darkness of womb with the
excitements of creation pouring away

like good luck charms
- give your ears to the bright cockerels
and the scintillating variety of birds
on every tree - the day falls onto our lap,
like a baby cherishing to be hugged, kissed,
showered with care and tenderness so that
it grows into what we wish it to be; healthy,
robust and full of love like the strength of light
that oozes from the disc in the sky
to radiate back to the world
the intensity of love growing in his heart
- for love is a seed that grows and grows
until it cannot be covered;
it smiles with us, it cries for us,
it is mysterious but open like a book
it even apes a chameleon sometimes
hiding behind its opposite, hatred,
with the illumined wish to give way
to what it really is - the day that blasts
away every day with new promises of love
weighed in the strength and comfort of light

rewritten from

the sun is but all light
when the day is in full bloom
it is in the early hours
when it is born that you can
see the strain slowly piercing
the darkness of womb with the
excitements of creation pouring away
like good luck charms
- give your ears to the bright cockerels
and birds on every tree - the day falls
onto our lap, like a baby cherishing
to be hugged, kissed, showered with care
and tenderness so that it grows into
what we have visioned;
healthy, robust and full of love

and radiates back to the world
the intensity of the light
growing in his heart with love
as a seed that grows and grows
until it cannot be hidden away
it smiles, it cries, it even apes
a chameleon hiding behind hatred
like the darkness of night
but soon gives way to what it is really
the day blasts away every day with
new promises of love in the strength of light

john tiong chunghoo

Stakeholders

you look into space to look
into your own mind,
dark, boundless, mysterious
and so full of energy
they sparkle

you are the alter ego
of the universes,
stakeholders of a destiny
the puppeteers - they hold out
like stars, burning bright, and
charge up the skies of existence

the speaker in the physique
is born of a space in time
the heavenly bodies
line up to send him off
to take up one beautiful role
in their well bound creation

usually he ends up awed by
his own frame - an astral diamond
carved by the thousand
and one universes
so huge that he feels trapped
and has to learn how to fit himself
into the jigsaw puzzle
scattered all round him

as he speaks, the others
throw doubts at him like stones
stoic, cold, and hard
as he speaks, you could hear
his heart beat,
as he speaks, you could feel
the earth shake in the intensity
of his disorientation of the
stakeholders in his frame,
his designated role, the universes

that make him up, and why
they are always a veil of darkness,
quiet and perplexing
the astrologist has to
pack his chart to help him
walk the planets and stars

he and his other selves
feel like eons apart
the eyes look at the ears
and nose and wonder about
the stakeholders responsible
for the rendezvous

he ends up bowing to
all the universes
his brain, his mind, his senses
all the fun and surprises
they put him into,
body, soul and all

especially the stakeholder
who on occasions would
take him on a tour of a dreamscape
filled with blackholes, universe
within universe, the milky ways
and how they always converse
with each other - through him

john tiong chunghoo

Then You Left

then you left
the moon was hardly round
the sun took us through an eclipse
and the migratory birds started
disappearing one by one

john tiong chunghoo



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This Is The Family Life

poetry in progress

one soul cuts through the universe

come light, come darkness,

the father would fend like a tiger

for its other half and young cubs

in the cave of existence

its roar could be heard in the forest

at dawn and the dead of night

it is a roar of love - for its young

it is a roar of fear - for its young

it is a roar of the uncertainty of existence

it is a roar of the courage to roar

that there will always be light stealing

through the foliage each and every day

for the little snail to see as it moves

its pad over a patch of leaves,

for the mice inching its way through

the floor of sprawling roots

from the four feet to the footless

slithering over hills and mountains

the forest exhibits the toughness of existence

with each tree standing tall - roots,

trunks, and canopies come shine or rain - -

and throws a challenge to life in the sky,

on the ground, under the ground

the lives below its green green crown

that whine, that bark, that meow, that neigh,

that howl, that croak, that moo, that hiss,

that oint, that shriek, that shrill...

the forest is a vast orchestra

that trumpets a existence

through thick and thin

john tiong chunghoo

Twin Shadows

the shadow follows my body
the body follows me
the tangible and intangible
that make up this world

i have two shadows
my body with its dark companion
who is on a constant run on the floor
when light is bright like a candle
the shadow darts around the body
in a joyous disposition
the body too darts around me in a happy mood
when well fed and happy
a light burns bright to feed all the cells
the light burns out the shadow when it burns out
the body burns itself out to leave me without any more shadow
to pamper, to love, to have fun with
i am left all alone out of the universe
a shadow holding onto the creator for a life
praying with conviction that i am not a shadow -
like what the sage has said - chasing a shadow

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - March 12 World Kidney Day

let the water flow, let it flow
so that i can clean you up
thoroughly

i come as a pair
to give you a fair chance
to your left, to your right
dont miss the chance
to be fluid,
in thoughts, words
and biological functions

i am the lowest if your body
has its communal caste system
handling all your dirty work
so that you look good
as a prince

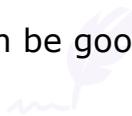
even then be good
to me
dont let me dry up
you idiot
or you will be
hanging high and dry

spare me, spare me too
dont let me have your herbal
and unspecified medicines

dont take too much salt
and eat enough seaweed so that
i can be thoroughly cleaned

check me every six months
to see whether i am still working
on your every waste

and sure you will know i still
stand tall with you



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sincerely

your dalit

john tiong chunghoo

Just Beyond The Sunset

we have rushed so that
we won't miss the sunset
the cafe is open and we
make sure we get seats
close to the waves

the sun sends its
evening glory and hope
promising another great day
before dipping into the bosom
of the sea

beyond the horizon,
beyond the sunset,
is a dream cherished,
blazing forth in the last hours and
coruscated with the warm breeze
every dream is a treasure feeding
the heart its vitality

after all the hard work,
leisure is the sea and the sun
in a wondrous nerve soothing show;
a dizzying shimmering orange sings its shine
while the whispering breeze and carressing leaves
convey our admiration and
prayers of gratitude
in the most angelic manner

the sun and sea meet to prove
that things are seldom impossible
the positive notes and vibes roll
all over our nerves and cells
laughters join the surges of the waves

the light tinkers like a mozart:
faint, warm, hypnotic,
skillful and brilliant with a
distinct fervour running on

every note before the 10 dancers
big, small, lengthy
and stumpy at the ivory bars
leap into a frenzy to showcase
a heavenly grace

a top tenor, a top artist, a top model,
a top musician, roar, roll over
and are swept onto shore
we all chase our ambition
with the passion vast as the sea
nothing could stop a dream
from becoming a reality here
the waves keep repeating the golden message
as they send their good wishes
over and over to reaffirm us what
ceaseless work can do; they have bore
a hole right through rock

this fine evening, we have rushed to the beach
just to make sure we dont miss the sunset
we drive, we hurry, we arrive and we cheer
and clap

john tiong chunghoo

All Seasons Are For Love

winter is an aphrodisiac
it sends them reeling
for each other's warmth
usually with a piping hot coffee
filling the air of their rendezvous

spring sends them running in
the sunflower fields
to crown each other with the
gigantic little petalled sun
the real sun smiling from afar

the neighbour's garden are slowly
coloured with new blossoms
they feel like its landlady
coming to life again
rosy cheeks, limpid blue eyes
and light pink lips

the whole garden seems to be
speaking through her face
she relives her youth again
through the season
nothing can be better remembered
than love with bouquets of roses
to cheer everything up

summer is reserved for youths
the thirst for love runs through
the body with sweat

the warm scent of the field after
a bout of rain sends
his libido rising high

their eyes are cauldrons of love
heat up by the temperature
of the day

the moon and the sun are eyes
that eagerly witness this
heaty spice of life
the flame of youth just couldnt be doused
dog summer day

autumn sends them scouting for
the best fashionable wear in the mall
and of course the season's
sweet fruit juices that abound

autumn comes in so many shades
- of orange and yellow
they find it hard to match
without coming to terms with what
is playing in their heartstring

the breeze tears the leaves away
to reveal the thirst of the life underneath
the thirst for love
for winter is love's best aphrodisiac

john tiong chunghoo

Emerald And Black Diamond

black diamonds
they sparkle almost
reluctantly

someone who loves
you to the core
but fails to express it
all to you

emerald
they have to be deeper
than grass

and they need to sparkle too

a tall order on both
solidly sealed mouths

if the latter
could give its
transparency
to the diamond



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and the diamond
its solidity
to the emerald

there we would walk
down the aisle
cheerful with love

unconditioned

john tiong chunghoo

Maya Angelou Comes Alive

she walks the streets of new york
like a celebrity, her shoes tipped
to lift her in the air and her body,
a coveted curvy and light china, has
lightened up to her tune of ambition

her gracious eyes move in the grace and
love passion of cleopatra, the
translucent limpid gems that had mark
anthony swooning after every fancied
facet of her youth

her lips shine a bright red and her hair
is a regal top and mop of the city flair
every strand is taken care of to illuminate
their worth to crown the fair

tonight, she feels like she has just had
the miss world accolade under her belt;
her hip sways like a top model in
her first cat walk; so precise and
self assured is the execution
of her sexuality; eyes, legs,
buxom and all, she turns all eyes
on her budding robust frame.

her tight short skirt works a twist to
reveal the alluring mechanics
of her two glorious thighs -
she is tall, she is black and she
is going to use all her assets
elevated by the high heeled prada at her soles and toes
the irresistible chanel no 5 perfume
that fuels her already superb aura,
jimmy choo pert and golden clutch,
and alexander mcqueen's fashion bent
to make the city rock ala angelou's phenomenal woman

tonight is her night and she longs to

make it her best like a perfect ballerina
her shoes cup her confidence and
she proudly strides forward
to produce those admirable
clean and clearcut steps and poise
everybody loves to bear witness to

night like this doesnt come often
and she knows she has to make that
perfect 10 impression; a mona lisa smile
to take the heart and holds it there
for a thousand thousand years

so light was the effort to produce it
but so excruciating to translate it
on the canvas
she walks on and on knowing
what she should do to be her own triumph
and as she walks every head turns

john tiong chunghoo

Trees Trees

it's okay if nobody reads
i will bind them
keep them
pray for somebody to burn them
when i am gone

it's okay if it doesnt bring money
people pay for fun
i do it for almost nothing

re reading, redoing, each
for a thousand times

thank god there is now
the computer or my works would
gorge down quite some trees

john tiong chunghoo



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Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Lembah Bujang, Kedah

lembah bujang
over the temple grounds
a state of nothingness

john tiong chunghoo



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Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Lundu, Sarawak

at a bus stop
behind me
a grave

one being
forever
waiting

in silence

bone and all

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku; Bau, Sarawak

no more foul smell
only a haunted lake to reflect
on its brush with gold

the tourist guide says
sorry we cant bring back its
smell for you

bau
at a haunted lake
its golden past

bau
a haunted lake collects
the town's golden past

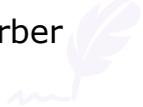
bau
i left behind some cropped hair
at the barber

bau
now only the smell of durians here
is memorable

the glitters of her bangles
awakens me to
bau's golden past

bau
borneo's
san francisco

john tiong chunghoo



Are We Still Friend?

you came in the midst of hope
in the youngest days when
our eyes sparkled like diamonds
and laughters rang like the
freshest notes of dawn
the birds between the flowers
complementing each other
gracing the first light
with promises we wished to
bring to fruition to honour
our guardians - our feet ran on
their support and our sweet dreams were theirs too

the day ran into a storm
the sun was lost in the clouds
and our laughters were pierced in
the glint of a second under the sharpest knife
and my heart roared against the ego
- the lightning that split
and plundered like thunder the attention
and friendship between us
throwing us into the mode of the setting sun

there is a faint breath between the light
as we tried to wish away the
impedements, the darkness that follows

we walked the roads that had
brought us together and found
many common grounds except your ego
that tears like the teeth of a spear
cold, unforgiving, unthoughtful
a plunge that goes right
through the hearts that had
lighted up the friendship
between two gentle souls

john tiong chunghoo

Miss

missing a life

the sky speeds away
like a jaguar without me

my legs measure the
pace of the days
in drudgery

the stars're my solace
in the darkness
they console one's soul
like diamonds
sparkling
and revving
up every minute
giving them the zest
to be had
forever mine



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never to be lost
snug and warm
in the heart

every cell of mine sparkles
lighted up in their
light and subtle
banter
bright wishes
that straddle
every facet
of the day

there is hope
there is hope - to life
a diamond
that sparkles
lighting up
the sky

of your wildest dream

john tiong chunghoo

In The Dark..

limbs grow in the dark to obstruct
the chariot that ferries the heart,
which now runs in a maddening speed
so that it loses its noble direction
to heaven to hell to heaven to hell?

menacing trees lull like spirits and
wave forlornly, outcasts of a life spent in
the fearful dungeons of feuds, mistrust, hatred,
tears and jealousies

the broken windows of a haunted house
sprout eyes that stare for sacrifices of souls
birds and bats flap in the wings of the full moon
to cast flickering shadows that run on the lane
full of nightmarish tales of curses and evil

in the stars the hymns of heavens tinkle
to break through the thickness of night

the angels wait in earnest to liven up the sky
with music and prayers, clasped hands at the heart
thumping to chase away anything ominous
to give the soul a second chance

and trapped in the broken windows with eyes growing dim
the devil heaves and sighs

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Nepal Haiku - Baudanath, Kathmandu

pregnant with
wish granting
baudanath

full with
compassion
baudanath kathmandu

round and round
we walk our wishes
baudanath

our wishes go
round and round a dome
baudanath

baudanath
following every of our steps
two watchful eyes

john tiong chunghoo

World Leprosy Week

World leprosy Week
an uncle she only knows
by name and ailment

john tiong chunghoo



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International Holocaust Remembrance Day Haiku

international holocaust remembrance day
the scar that never could be seen
that never heals

auschwitz visit
the holocaust survivor shows a scar
from an escape bid

auschwitz visit
the survivor says there is a scar
he cannot show, one that has never healed

john tiong chunghoo



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Shadowsss

it is a shadow buddha
insists an illusion
on the toes of self in pain
in ease, in sorrow
a shadow in a mind game

why is it following me
every little cell that
sits so alien to me

insisting that they
are my life

as the dog lying there
is mine.

john tiong chunghoo



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Najib Mahathir Fallout

Najib-Mahathir fallout
not enough mud for their
mud slinging 'fiesta'

john tiong chunghoo



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Daffodil

cup of youth - dextrous, lustrous
firm, pearly, and enviable
filtering cups of twilight romance
a dazzling golden skein of spring
that dutifully holds the breasts tightly
to the king of generosity and providence
in carresses of whisper and a blessed dotting shine
she graces the field of sensual delights
unleashing the solid poise, love, and humour
growing in her in voluminous folds

john tiong chunghoo



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Charlie Hebdo Haiku

this winter's row
candlss light up
paris streets

this winter's row
chilling
to the bone

this winter's row
the prophrt's image
spells death

john tiong chunghoo



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Festival Haiku - Us National Blood Donor Month

national blood donor month
we are both o
the couple tells the nurse

national blood donor month
winter's first outing
to the hospital

john tiong chunghoo



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God's Breath

he breathes into me and i become perpetually
a part of him, body and soul
this whole soul is of spirituality
i breathe the breath of god and
take on his spirituality as my own,
for there is the almighty
where one could rest one's soul
his bosom where heaven and eternity are stationed

john tiong chunghoo



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Cruising To Eternity

reads like Emily's but it's mine:
i take a sunset cruise to eternity
set everything down and leap headlong
into the coppice heavens where they say
there is no end and beginning
i hope i wont be recorded for entry
so that i could feel privileged of eternity
- with no beginning to my being here
mortality is quickly left on the other side
without even a door between us for that
would also constitute a fault to my cherished eternity
that boat fanned by the sails of five senses
to afford me here would be left to sign its
way out in wriggles, shimmers and glimmers
every inch of the corrupting remains would
be swept clean to reveal its tenacious hold onto life
that ressurection would not be another white lie.

john tiong chunghoo

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They Dont Know Anything

they dont know
- - anything

john tiong chunghoo



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This Body Is Made For Love

this body is made for love
this body is made from love
for love to love
love, love, love
the only downers are jealousy
suspicion and hatred, buttons
on the switchboard of red dismay
the bad feelings are migraine
insomnia and cancer
taking over the senses
impaling one's whole soul

this body is made from love
for love to love
the charms of ying and the yang
the coloured of love spiralling
head and tail onto each other
embracing
there is no escape for two
made for each other
everything is sealed in black and white
taking on the best in each other
black is most stunning with white at its side

this body is made from love
for love to love
so we dont sit around and moan
we groan for the pleasure of love
the ying and yang
the opposite halves
coming fittingly
into each other
warm, snug and wholesome
as a key and its lock

this body is made from love
for love to love
so let's us give love, take love
and love love love

for the better senses of the world
you and me
love love love
till the sun goes down
and the moon comes up
for love is a circle game
that will never end

john tiong chunghoo

The Unfinished Poems

the unfinished poems
they are like corpses
piled up in a mortuary
- waiting for resurrection

john tiong chunghoo



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First Encounter - Tan Sri Clement Hii

Clement Hii
the young entrepreneur dispenses
a lesson in copyright

john tiong chunghoo



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First Encounter - Marina Chin

marina chin
time has passed like
a 100m hurdle race

saw her for the first time recently

john tiong chunghoo



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Dust Unto Dust

dust unto dust
dust unto dust'
dust unto dust
never is hope
weigh less
dust unto dust
dust unto dust
between them
a divine secret
covered in dust

john tiong chunghoo



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Lost Love

it is like something
trailing the leaf
and you know that
it is gone and unredeemable
the warmth of love in the
absence and presence
of one's admiration
in and out of bed
- the silence and quiet
one feels so at home now
after all the pain is a
pearl slowly finding
its place in a shell
it is a beautiful soul
waiting for someone to
break the spell to claim
its magic

john tiong chunghoo



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First Encounter - Siew Yong Gnanalingam

zest of life
the puan sri writes me
her name

john tiong chunghoo



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Eat My Foot

stilettoes - my memory walks on shoes
- the 60s platform shoes, the high heeled ones,
those floating on cork, the click clacking clogs,
and the rest that propel our fun out of the
cruise of our feet on the dance floor,
ballet twirl, on a mountain slope in getting
that life saving grip, in the arctic and
as one walks down the aisle to a life of bliss

the memory lines up thick on the house shoe rack
where we chucked our school going ones
as soon as we reached home
they were always near the stairs wherever
we had stayed - ever ready to oil our pirouette
as we turn like angels seeking out another life
walk us into another wonderland.

the shoes were interspersed between aunty's
and mom's more adventurous ones
when she was out on a limb on the bridge of life
lack clack clack, thud, thud, thud,
the way mom and aunts had always wanted to sound
proud on the harsh ground of the street

clack, clack, clack,
on the verandah and when I was braver -
I was only three or four -
clack, clack, clack
how light the body was
in some of the fancy shoes
stilettoes especially that lightly put me
on a flight to another world
on their steady solid stumps
nobody could deprive me of
these other worlds

if really someone had taken me
by the hands and

rolled them off my little feet
i would have kicked a fuss
so that those shoes walk the ceiling

and i would shove my
little feet in again
while rubbing off the tears
that had rolled down my cheeks

clack, clack, clack
the echoes of childhood
where the weight of the body
is lighter than sound
the world colourless
borderless and unisex

my body and soul kicked
in the sky of thoughts

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Italian Trumpet Maestro Mauro Maur

even without the trumpet
the trumpet maestro
takes one's heart

in the handshake
the sparks of
music and poetry

john tiong chunghoo



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First Encounter - Sharifah Amani

in the mother's womb
under the office tables and now
on the stage, a movie queen

john tiong chunghoo



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Mh370 A Haiku

mh370

we too are groping in the dark
for parts

john tiong chunghoo



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First Encounter - Khairy Jamaluddin

khairy jamaluddin
a young man is a young man
minister or not

at the sri paandi restaurant in brickfields
21.10.2014

john tiong chunghoo



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Festival Haiku - Deepavali

deepavali

they shine so brightly too
the printed lamps

john tiong chunghoo



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Poetry

poetry is
nature
flowering
in
words

john tiong chunghoo



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Chinese Characters

pictures that have morphed
from realist, abstract, surreal,
impressionistic, futuristic, modernist
to cubist flair even before the West
fell head over heel over these

the pictures infused with the strokes
of the heart and mind twirl and swirl
to the wide ranging ideas of beauty,
and morality that pervade every age

the brushes of all sizes fill out
the space to give it the shades of
emotions that flow like wind,
charge up the nerves like lightning,
strike the ears like thunder and
fall like rain

they are still waiting for the best brains
to effect another breakthrough in art -
the thousands of Chinese characters

they occupy the archives of art and
literature like the Chin Emperor's
terra cotta and the great wall -
always fluid, meandering through
the dynamics of the mind even after
ten thousand years

john tiong chunghoo

Travel China Haiku - Yangshuo Mountains

they pose all around us
like old friends
yangshuo mountains

challenging us to
unrival their true forms
yangshuo mountains

all in a dance
the mountains, waters, willows
and our hearts

in the lake
the calmness of the hills
and awed faces

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel China Haiku - Chengdu Spices

Chengdu spices
molten lava on
the dining table

chengdu spices
they bite the tongue
like molten lava

he says he doesnt want
his noodle too spicy and
walks away with a shiver

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel China Haiku - - A Wealthy China

a wealthy china
the dogs too walk with a
brighter coat

wealthy china
the dogs too carry
a brighter coat

wealthy china
the dogs too carry
a heavier coat

people walk around with all kinds of exotic dogs. i really love them. they are so well groomed these pets.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel India Haiku - The Story Behind The Taj Mahal

the story behind taj mahal
cold as the rajasthan
marble walls

john tiong chunghoo



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New York

but I think the city is under our feet
the sounds of dream and determination
charge every inch of the streets,
the well polished shoes that shine
the well orchestrated walk
articulated diction and words
they slice through the walls of the skyscrapers
to make them less threatening, more reachable
so that we walk tall
as in america and every of its cities
there is nothing too grand to be had...ask Obama

if you have a dream, you have it half made
the rest is how you walk the dream
go to the subway each morning and there stand quietly
to listen to the walk of each as they go hunting
for their voice and place in the city

the city where you may fall a thousand times but each gets
you tougher than the last, your heart pumping more
excitedly to get you into the acts
- because in New York
you are measured by how you walk to turn around
each disappointment, how you sow the seeds
of your success

listen to how they walk from the subway all the way
to their private offices..each step is so solidly
hammered by a pair of well polished shoes, green,
brown, black or red....they echo a heart that
is all ready to trounce challenges like messi
they bite like appetisers in the banquet
of work, dream and accomplishments

new York new York the city that never sleeps
or lets you down except when you yourself decide to quit
to hand in your ticket half way round the subway system

john tiong chunghoo

Being With You

the cock crow melts down
the dark and dormant hours
the stars are right with the twinkles
of hope; the sun starts to grow limbs
in the sea, river and streams
the clock runs with undivided steps
measuring each second, minute, and hour
with equal passion as if it has something grand
to catch up with; like ants on the summer wall always in
the act, as if it will run out of time,
that the world would pass them by
the second pushes the minute, and the minute the hour
as each tries to give the other the edge of the day
one, two, three, four, five o'clock and the race
never ends passing the baton here, there
to add up the age of the day

john tiong chunghoo



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A Smile To Remember A Haiku

a smile to remember
under the leaves and shrubs
the river flows

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Geometry

a circle is life
the sun, the moon
and all the planets
my eyes, your eyes,
we are looking through
circles of eternity

a merry go round
takes us through
these perpetual
questions -
do you really know
where you are?
who you are?
and why you are drawn
into this circle game?

a rumbling thunder
none could hear except you
and the colourful wooden horse

a triangle weighs
a Himalaya -
two arms
stretched over
the sacred sanctity
of the crown
to offer the heart
and soul to the divine
- a pyramid with
a temple of the
heart to boot

a cube is the
coming to terms
with ourseves
six equal parts
of the six senses
rallying to the point

that one has to think
out of the box to crack
the jigsaws encircling
the head and universe

a rectangle is
an enlightened self
who has cornered
the four pivots
of earth for a
boundless existence
boxed you may be
but you are able
to grow out of
the boxed in cube
without the rigidness
of a square

a semi circle is sanity
out on a limb with
the conviction to grow
into a full moon so that
the world could glow
and imbibe its splendid
intelligence

infinity is mortality
crossing a double line
you take leave
knowing you would
never meet this physique
again -
the vehicle that has
all these years
taken you on a
circle game
never telling you who
you really are
or why you are here
and where you will
you will be going to

you are just boxed in
and taken away in
a last ritual with all
your questions in tow
they run, wet and warm
our delicate cheeks

john tiong chunghoo

Births

my liver is meditating
my little belly is meditating
my heart is meditating
the mind of my mind is meditating

the lake is meditating too
in the morning light
the sun is meditating..
in the lake of dawn light
azure sky, the breeze and
verdant bright green forest

the moon is meditating
on the rushes of the sea
the glitters of the stars
and the darkness of night

the night is meditating
on the intellectual
leaning of the moon
the sedated health giving
glow of the sun

the rain is meditating on
the pitter patter ballet
a finale of a rendezvous 10,000 feet
from where it has started out

the sound of rain is meditating
on the slanted gait and descent
of its circle game

the agile world tip toes in perfect wonder

this bodice and its components
it is an overcrowded apartment
of consciousness

I am the gall bladder pushed to

a little quiet corner, friendless, bitter,
clothed and fed on a divine shine
that glows in dark green

i let the others do their sacred will
the liver, the stomach, the eyes
ears, lungs and so many other glands

this bodice is a cave that echoes
things seen and unseen
where every little crevice is
an opportunity for life

these meditating selves that might become
flesh and bone of mine again
given a mouth, eyes, ears,

hands to feel, two feet to run
and a heart to harness and magnify
the greatness of love

i would love each of them so dearly
I would name them my heart, my soul,
my spleen, my love, my other self,

they run, waltz, and play with a self
that once sat, prayed and chanted
with them in a meditation retreat
spread over a sea of consciousness

john tiong chunghoo

I Dreamt I Went To The Heavens

I dreamt I went to the heavens
and sat down to dine and
talk with beings there
and what struck me are
not their divine state
but that they are more
human than us humans
they laughed, they talked
they smiled each time hoping
I could make them feel
good about themselves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Van Gogh's Facebook

what if van gogh
had the facebook
instagram?
would he have gone mad?
no, of course

would he have sold
more than one painting?
yes, of course
there were as many
crazy people as artists
who think hell
is in the sky
and heaven
under our feet

and would he
have produced just
as many paintings?
200 in 12 months
no of course

he would be
too busy tackling
friends who wanted to know
why he should be painting
the way he did - -
in his facebook

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Van Gogh's The Potato Eaters

the potato eaters
at every grim corner
the artist's genius

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Rousseau's Tiger In A Tropical Storm (Surprised)

riotous jungle growth
equally bountiful in energy
a tiger

tiger in a tropical storm
a roar echoes in the 'heart
of our heart'

dream - ensconced in
the luxuriant forest
a voluptuous belle

dream - a fitting sendoff
to rousseau
to the other world

the sleeping gypsy
two animals on the opposite ends
of time

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Henri Rousseau's Carnival Evening

carnival evening
rousseau walks out of the forest
of obscurity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Who Is The Greatest Poet In The World?

and behind the
thick black curtain
they saw him and heard
him enquire...
mirror mirror
who is the greatest poet
in the world?
who is the greatest poet
in the world?
daylight suddenly turned into dusklight
and two mouse ran helter skelter
into the other room
the boy next door cried
and two parrots blathered
who is that?
who is that?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

How Many Ways Are There To See The World

how many ways are there to see the world
the images that the world affords
revealed and hidden
how many eyes do i have
two below the brow
and some more that prod me
to do them favours
there are so many worlds
beyond this world
and there are eyes beyond
the two eyes below the brow
close your eyes and you know
what i mean
a new world of vision unfolds
it prods at the heart
whispers to the ears
and knocks at the
closed windows of the mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - -Rousseau's Vision After The Sermon

Vision after the Sermon
a slew of paintings that help us
see another world of art

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Morning Glory

morning glory - what
a colourful, delicate,
quiet and humble outing
at the first shine of day!
transience adds a soft and
subtle touch to its layers of beauty
today is a dance in fragrant,
luscious and wondrous suits
tomorrow is but a round of
withered selves making their exit
as gracefully as they had stepped onto
the recuperative glare of the finest hours

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Plaque

and see what I pick up in this marathon
through the universe - a plaque on
the tooth and root of existence
and I say I love I I love it I love it
like the diamond on the finger
the joy, the love, the sweat,
and the tears it spills on the colourful,
faceted and heart trundling ride
there is this seasickness
that cast a hynoptic shroud over
the various selves
we are never one
a part is taken in by
this great friend that becomes one
with one part
while the other parts swirl, swirl
through the universe in the wish to find a common self
the conscious friend I am wakened up to for company day after day
and the unconscious a hidden mountain
with all its winds, streams, stones and creatures
the quiet and the unknown beckon - an emptiness
that echoes a voice larger than this consciousness to fill out
the outer coat rests on a magic ball of electrified selves
that spill the seeds of joy but is hooked to the noose of the hangman
the conscious part is triggered by the plaque
the way it causes the stabbing pain on the rotting tooth
the conscious friend that overwhelms is never large enough
to jolt the other part of me to its insignificance
a plaque is a plaque is a plaque
and it soon corrupts itself into bits and pieces of foulness
not worth even crying over
there is no need even for a dentist to come over
the room is empty and it is too large a crevice to fill out

john tiong chunghoo

Prize Winning Haiku - Chip By Chip New Chick Cracks Open The World

chip by chip
new chick cracks
open the world

honourable mention
at itoen 25th international
haiku contest,2014

[http: //www.itoen.co.jp/new-haiku/en/25/index.html](http://www.itoen.co.jp/new-haiku/en/25/index.html)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Poem - Kuala Nerang, Kedah

kuala nerang
he drives me through a
rural Malaysia transformation
the row and row of posh houses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Inspired By Altantuya

altantuya
between the fragments
a broken promise

altantuya
fragments of truth
fragments of lie

altantuya
a beauty and
the beasts

altantuya
unearthed - fragments of
a lurid story

altantuya
between the fragments we try to
keep our sanity

altantuya - the fragments
she leaves behind for
the Malaysian sense of justice

altantuya
fragments that remain a thorn
on some conscience

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Inspired By Teoh Beng Hock

total lunar eclipse
the mother prays for a light
on son's death

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Fifa World Cup 2014 - Germany Versus Argentina Final

of blood, a smart looking man
and a nation's pride
determined by - - a ball

GERMANY! ! ! !
MESSI? ? ? ? Don't kick us around
SEE YOU IN FIFA Russia 2018

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tribute Haiku - Nadine Gordimer

Nadine Gordimer
the atheist jew turns around
man-made apartheid

Nadine Gordimer
justice is neither
white nor black

it's the light
that lets us
see them both

it's the light
that lets us
see through their world

Nadine Gordimer
giving black her heart and soul
to a fairer homeland

Nadine Gordimer
giving black a mouthpiece from
the bottom of her white heart

john tiong chunghoo

Lanes

1960s -

once I walked my country lane
with friends all over
we talked and laughed
played marbles and
shared our love for
movies and songs

1980s -

then everything varnished
as we grew up
we moved to live
in a city where
we chased after
dreams and ambitions

after the day's work
everybody seems to go
their own way
they hid themselves in home
and places so hard
for us to penetrate

we met each other
without really
knowing each other
we laughed and cried to ourselves
in a concrete jungle
that kept our heart so cold

1990s -

these days we walk
the country lanes
of the universe
at the tip of our fingers
sharing heart and thoughts
with people we hardly know
we go to sleep alone
daily wondering who our

friends really are
we seem to have friends
everywhere and nowhere

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Manet's A Bar At The Folies-Bergère 1882

she waits for the
goodness of life in between
the intoxicants

manet's empathy and intelligence
drip from
his brushes

a bar at Folies-Bergère
everybody has a dream beyond
the music, women and wine

a bar at folies-bergere
in her eyes - the reality
behind the superficialities

a bar at folies-bergere
a blossom waits for
the tender touch of love

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Manet's Execution Of Maximilian

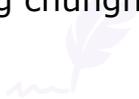
execution of maximilian
louder than the bullets
innocence

Execution of Maximilian
so clean the way
to kill an emperor

Execution of Maximilian
the sunlight, the shadows and the shots
that reverberates in the soul's ears

execution of maximilian
the quiet ones
quietened

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mh370 Humour Haiku

mh370

we too are groping in the dark
for parts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Salvador Dali's Melting Clocks

salvador dali
my heart is too
melting for you

salvador dali
my heart too melts
like a clock for you

salvador dali
my heart melts
for your clocks

Melting Clocks
if time would walk round me
and show me how to walk

Melting Clocks
the struggle of time
in the haunting silence

Melting Clocks
how many ways can
time be bent

Melting Clocks
every second
a million seconds
every second
a break of a second
a second in a second
the convergence of time
a lake shimmering with
the jewel of time
its timelessness
in the millions
of seconds that settle
into the emptiness of time

its essence

john tiong chunghoo

Atheist

like God i would try
to be an atheist
- with him holding on
to my shoulders

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Day When We Were One

let me cut through
the edges of your life

let me cut through
the moment of moment
of your life

in the sunshine i breathe
breezing through the time
when we were merely
breeze upon breeze
of ourselves, light upon light
thought over thought
until they settled down
to become you and me

john tiong chunghoo



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World Famous Painting Haiku - Henri Matisse's Red Studio

the red studio
so many things waiting
to be filled

the red studio
bits and pieces of dreams
in a dream

the red studio
art is the red hot passion
flowing through art

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Modern Art Versus Realist Art Haiku

Modern Art
giving the brain its space to
breathe, cry, argue and live

Modern Art
putting the real man
back into his art

Modern Art
making love with reality
in all the ways possible

Modern Art
giving back the brain its lane
of communications
on and away from the painted

Modern Art
giving the brain all the ways
it wishes to live

Realist Art
sealing the moment with
a dead certificate
of beauty

Modern Art
where the past and future say hello
one to reminisce
and the other
to create a lane for its
future
a lane for the brain
that refuses
to be terminated
by the deadening concept
of realism

john tiong chunghoo

Famous Painting Haiku - Picasso's Guernica 1937

Guernica
so hard to hold grief
together through a brush

Guernica
from a cube
grief flows

Guernica
picasso cries meticulously
through a brush

Guernica
the tears of Picasso
crystalised

Guernica
itself too
battered

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

American National Day Haiku

happy independence day to all
my american friends

fourth of july
50 stars and 13 stripes
all the places i wish to be

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

This Body

this body is like a
newly bought machine
there is so much to learn
about how to use it
it takes a whole life

and how not to use it
it takes so many mistakes
just to find a cure for flu

the only difference
with this body is we have
to live with it whether
we like it or not

and while we can write
the script for the body to live by
it will determine where the
full stop would have to be

each day we tread the
ladder of mysteries
cast by the body
a soul seaching
a path between
darkness and light
in between
the sun and moon

john tiong chunghoo

Fifa World Cup 2014 - Portugal Versus Ghana

Portugal 2 Ghana 1

Cristiano Ronaldo
the ball rolls like vowel
into the goal post

john tiong chunghoo



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Another Enlightenment Another Enlightenment

it is an abode
where the spirit dwells
over the fingers
in the caves
under the ground
waiting to be born

the gem encased
and sparkling

they are the birthplace
of the spirit
that goes into
the body to
let them shine
and breath

they either guide
or destroy



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the gem in the caves
under the ground
or just between
your fingers

john tiong chunghoo

Fifa World Cup 2014 - Argentina Versus Nigeria

Nigeria Versus Argentina 2 - 3

the nigerians were slick as oil
Argentines helter skelter as cattle
well still a goal makes all the difference

john tiong chunghoo



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Fifa World Cup Poem = The Real Ball Is The Players On The Field

the real balls are the physiques
which are filled full with the air of desire
ever ready to spring to action
to show their invincibilities
for a patriotic goal

they can gravitate in a million ways
grab, pounce, shove, slip, slide, glide,
sommersault, slither, twist and turn
and even with legs up when it comes to
giving that grabber at the pitch
a slip of his responsibility

the real field are the million things
the ball can get the mind to conjure,
a green plain of fascinations, and
inspirations, longings charged up
by the million of fans that send
hearts aflutter with wild ecstasies
when every nerve a burning passion
ball rolling, dashing, swirling to a goal

john tiong chunghoo

Fifa World Cup 2014 - Italy Versus Uruguay

fifa world cup
you can bite your way
to a goal

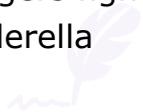
fifa world cup
you can throw somebody
off your way

fifa world cup
but a goal is a goal
is a goal

fifa world cup
Uruguay Uruguay Uruguay
see you at the final

Uruguay Italy match
hungry tigers fighting
over Cinderella

john tiong chunghoo



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No Blood In This Part Of My Physique

no blood runs
in this part of my physique
and it is the main
like bones that
make it all stand up
and dream
no blood runs
in this part of my physique
and it is the main
it is like the core
of the earth that
directs the spin so that
it does not tilt all over
and there we are
together while it
directs and holds on to
a dream and goal
since time immemorial
onto a physique
that is a shell of a dream
that spins from
the centre of the earth
day after day
night after night
the dreamer
cannot tell his
head from tail
no blood flows in this part
of the physique
and there it changes
its clothes they
conveniently
call death

john tiong chunghoo

Fifa World Cup 2014 - Russia Versus Belgium

the field is large as Russia
but a goal is all
that matters

the goal the goal
heads bang triple bang
legs crash as time runs
without a care
to the finishing line

john tiong chunghoo



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First Encounter - Tan Sri Lee Lam Thye

the fierce energy
driving the man - the desire to be
an excellent man and a good Malaysian

john tiong chunghoo



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The Created

the intelligence that
created the world
now looks through
the eyes of all created

john tiong chunghoo



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Fifa World Cup 2014 - Argentina Versus Iran

Iran that play
shrunken balls crashed
at the 90th minute

john tiong chunghoo



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Fifa World Cup A Poem

the real balls are the physiques
which are filled full with desires
ever ready to show their invincibilities
they can turn anyway as desired
bounce, turn, twist, shove, slide, glide,
sommersault, or run with the legs
up in the air
the real field are the million things
the balls can get the mind to conjure,
a plain of fascinations, imaginations
fueled by the roars that lift the souls and
hearts - a a million ecstasies sweeping through
the nerves after the success of a goal

in life, we are always on the run
on the field of goals
everywhere people are on the run
chasing after a dream
and in the process get a field
of everything of life -
sweet, sour, bitter, spicy soups
we down either with pleasure
or with a pinch of salt
in life, we are always on the fun
on a green green field
slip, fal, slide and rise
to take on life challenges
thrashed from all sides
every now and then
when the stars cross path
and do not shine bright
cry in the silence of night
when things did not meet well
crashed at the ego
patted on the back
on the illuminated stage
held shoulder high
kissed in the limelight

in life we are always on the run
either to life
or away from it
either to a goal
or away from it
fifa fifa fifa fifa fifa

john tiong chunghoo

Fifa World Cup 2014 - Italy Versus Costa Rica

headball

football

costa rico goal

Italy lost to costa rico - -0 - 1

in Brazil

john tiong chunghoo



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Spice Of Life

a dish cooked up
under the hot sun
in the winter cold
the rain, the shine
and the heat of
human relationships
a pot, a pan, a ladle
a turner, a spatula
steame cooked, charbroiled,
parbroiled. poaching,
barbecuing, a kick, a slap, a pat,
a kiss, a tango, a waltz,
a tear, a laughter
a yell, a moan,
a broken heart
the man is slowly cooked
slow cooked

sweet, sourt, bitter
are the years stored
in the cooker of miracles
that hears, sees, and
talks on the lane of creations
a vintage treasure
ever to spill its beans
into the cauldron of
hearts livers and souls

they are the spices
that sting the buds
sweat the cells,
cheer up the soul,
blacken the hair, brighten the eyes
and sweeten the voices
the drivers that
release the sparks
as we melt in each
other's eyes
a divinity's recipe

served to every cell
in this physique

here i am a powerful
delectable dish cooked up
for good, for bad for the ugly
a turtle, a tiger, you,
me, a prisoner, an angel
a saviour, everybody

I would love to be the
tiger, the cheetah,
the elephants, monkey
the dreamed steak
the red hot chillies
in everybody's life
- all my friends, pets
and what have you?

and the red hot oven is still
on - waiting for more spices
to be sprinkled onto
the cuisine everybody is waiting for
a cuisine to be served
walking, running, climbing
and heart to heart

john tiong chunghoo

Fifa World Cup

GERMANY! ! ! !
MESSI? ? ? ? ? ? ? DONT KICK US AROUND
SEE YOU IN FIFA 2018

dance dance dance
shake, sing, hold your hands high up
for the power of the foot
and the crowning of the ball

colour the faces bright
like a lion
in red, blue and white

shake, shake, shake

the world roar
to the might of the thighs
feet and the power
of the finite brain
pushed to a corner
seeking its veracity
in the bouyancy
of a ball
like an ocean crashing
onto shore

headball
football
costa rico goal

bossa nova, a Brazilian hall and
ball of stinging spices
that make the heart beat and
skip every two minutes

slip, fall, slide, collide, bleed, kick,
crash, kneel, bite, fold palms (to madonna) ,
hugs, tight hugs, tears, cry, goal

32 countries roll on a field of dreams
it's the confluence of high fantasy,
where a ball takes centre stage
and dances of expectation are topped off
with smart muscular and slick physiques
signed with years of bruised tendons,
overstretched thighs - in a cauldron
of hope boiling and spilling over
on a green green field

fifa world cup - this month
where eyes will grovel on
fields, iconic faces, legs and between
those things that make those legs triumph
- balls that dribble, jump, hop,
bounce, ricochet, fly, and careen
to a home that either makes or
breaks one's heart

the world cup
those excited roars again
throughout night

this is the month where ball
is the code word for fun
those little globes that dribble, jump, dash, hop, fly,
twist, turn and careen with score
that either makes or breaks one's heart

Fifa fifa on the run

in life, we are always on the run
on the field of goals
everywhere people are on the run
chasing after a dream
and in the process get a field
of everything of life -
sweet, sour, bitter, spicy soups
we down either with pleasure
or with a pinch of salt
in life, we are always on the fun
on a green green field

slip, fall, slide and rise
to take on life challenges
thrashed from all sides
every now and then
when the stars cross path
and do not shine bright
cry in the silence of night
when things did not meet well
crashed at the ego
patted on the back
on the illuminated stage
held shoulder high
thrown up in admiration
kissed in the limelight
in life we are always on the run
either to life
or away from it
either to a goal
or away from it
fifa fifa fifa fifa fifa

a ball of a bossa nova and samba fun
fifa world cup
this month when eyes will grovel
all over the Brazilian fields -
on faces culled like jewels from the
world's vast continents
well built physiques,
on powerful legs and between those things
that make those legs triumph
- balls that dribble, jump,
fly, ricochet, and careen to
a home that either makes
or breaks our heart

the real ball are the physiques
which are filled full with the air of wants
and ever ready to spring to action
to show their invincibilities
for a patriotic goal

for that they can turn a million ways

grab, pounce, shove, slip, slide, glide,
sommersault, slither, twist and turn
and even with the legs up when it comes
to the honour for anyone fit enough to claim
in the wide wide field

the real field are the million things
the ball can get the mind to conjure,
a green plain of fascinations, and
inspirations, longings charged up
by the million of fans that send
hearts aflutter with wild ecstasies
and every nerve a living ball
rolling, dashing, swirling to a goal

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku....Red Earth Festival Remington

red earth festival
a new home for the lost
and displaced

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

In Memory Of The Tiananmen Square Incident

Tiananmen Square
the same Mao
smiles

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature Is A Loving Soul

nature is a living soul
we share a heart a mind a breath
a couple whose proximity
and love are beyond words
and when she does bend
down to talk to us, she does it
with moving pictures we can watch
even with our two eyes close
so that no world could disturb our
rendevouz in the midnight air
there she lays down all her cards
and in a shroud of mysteries she
cajoles, horrifies, foretells,
humours, educates her other
self hanging by the sleeves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Alfian Sa'At

looking beyond home
to moor his heart
alfian Sa'at

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Maya Angelou Tribute Haiku

the caged bird sings
'still i rise' and disappears into
the eternally clear blue sky

still i rise
the caged bird sings and
disappears into the eternally
clear blue sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

No Man Is An Island

let me tell you no man is an island
the moon is full tonight and
the asylum is louder than usual
the mind seeks its company through
thin air, the moon pulls him
to her shroud to keep him company
because man is lovable by his
very nature, like the moon
that wanes and waxes through
every possibility and impossibility
in the quest for friends and company

let me tell you no man is an island
all alone like the moon, he spills
verses to the world, and the world
talks back to him in between the
word of each line, uttered or unuttered
he is an all rounder when it comes
to keeping company - he speaks
to the world, speaks for the world
and in between sits between the worlds
cheering it up like the moon that
appears every night luminous with
a new appearance rounder or slimmer
a sickle in the heaven to help everybody
clears the overgrown bushes and weeds in his thoughts

no man is an island and he flies
over the heaven seeking company
a moon glancing between the clouds
for a heart to share her thoughts
a banter and tonight the moon is round
and she is looking for company

the tide throws a path to her
throws itself with all intent to
be her friend, grieving and sighing
again and again at its own crushing futility

our thoughts beats a path to her,
even though not a word she has spoken
in all the ages, there in all the pages are her words

for the sake of company because
no man is an island
and between all the words
the real hearts of the moon

john tiong chunghoo

The Unborn

the mind is vaster
than the body
the mind is an eye of
a larger entity
the born and the unborn share
a single umbilical cord
savouring each other's presence
without the privilege of sights

they live in each other's eyes
whatever that may mean.. fire, ice,
water, air, the moon, stars or flesh

the mind is vaster than the body
a repository of the past stamped
in a frame to tie it down to earth

there, they - the mind and body
welcome each other
faking birth and death to
find their common self
a blindfolding game
to and fro, to and fro

the body is an umbilical cord
to birth, whatever that may mean
here and beyond...
every other day -
whatever that may mean -
twenty four or fifty four hours
or 10,000 years

death whatever that may mean
a deception fabricated
by the body to let the
larger self take birth

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Dancing Down The Alley Of Hearts

some poems take leave from the page
to dance down the alley of hearts
between each beat a metaphor
to carry them to places where
sometimes the sun is seen as a god
and the moon a princess and
the poet their mouth in the universe
i hope they stay there and make
a heaven out of the mundane and smiles
from the faces of the deprived
like some faraway seeds that have
flown from hundreds of miles to find
root on an idle land and in time to come
to blossom away and cheer up the hearts
of all around or birds from the north that
take leave to find a place of warmth
in the tropics, mate and roost
and fly home to the new season
with their new ones to warm
and cheer up everyone

john tiong chunghoo

The Thought Comes In Seven Colours

meditation
every cakra a realm
a different light
every stage is a realm
a different movement

meditation
every stage a different breath
the thought comes in seven colours
it is stationary
like a tree
ever ever peaceful
moving with the time
legless waiting to be legged
in its own realm of quiet
and serenity

the thought comes in seven colours
it is flying in the sky
with the birds
estatic as rainbow
seeking self sustenance
in tranquillity, joy and nirvana

the thought comes in seven colours
moving with the snail
one padded, ever so slowly
to where it can survive

the thought comes in seven colours
it is in the sea
reflecting the sky and the sun
to us; how many realms
one can go in and out
along the rigours of creation

the thought comes in seven colours
it is with the angel
moving from realm to realm

the thought comes in seven colours
in the ice, in the fire, in the rain
in the vapour that rises
in the clouds

meditation every cakra
is a world to explore
every cakra is a world
moving from movement
to the stationery
from time to the timeless
where the thought is at rest
for eternity

john tiong chunghoo

Walking With The Dead

I could feel them -
a whole hill of merriment
quiet laughter
reverberating in the
last dusklight and
an evening breeze
that speaks to the
bone of its chill,
longing and age
my heart races
between goosebumps
and the archaic letters
on the tombstones
feet cold and nudging
like a winter solstice
silver moon negotiating
its way through the clouds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry: Blossoming Mind, Blossoming Verses

it blossoms away like a flower
and us opening a new book
petal after petal, line by line
we live through them
each breath till the last
so well constructed
it takes a short
circuit or a lapse
of the mind to help
reality come forth
a recital is best without
ourselves instructing
each finger move
between them
death slips to and fro
until its final moment comes
out of the shell comes
a struggling chick
wonders where
the world it has
popped out from and into
a lapse of the mind
is timed for reality to set
life into tune
to and fro we slip
between the fingers
of the creator

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - The Royal Professor Ungku Abdul Aziz Bin Abdul Hamidungku Aziz

professor ungu Aziz
under the veins the
ideal malay man

nice
friendly
always approachable

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Quote By John Tiong Chunghoo

Compassion. If we dont have compassion for our enemies, friends and animals, we should not think about going to heaven because we will defintely feel out of place. We should seek other places. Heaven is all about compassion for all beings. From there is heaven born.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

How To Pray

let me tell you how to pray
your inner self should occupy
the sanctum of God like the
pistils in the most complex
of flowers, the orchids
in every line of the flowers
is the stamp of creation - God's
signs as to where he is and
and what he gently does by the minute
by the second and our prayers should
fill the path where divinity walks -
they light up our way in the light
of dawn and the darkness of night
they grows into a peace where God's
voice could be heard without
us lifting our ears, and the holy
grace of silence that could only be God's

let me tell you how to pray
it has to trail the source of life
like the morn light that streaks
through the vagueness of sky
to find the sameness of our being
that same source which awakens
the divinity in us the first thing
in the morning - the crow of
the cockerels touching the minutes
the clock crawls till the light of day is done
the tilting of the lily as the day
blossoms through its petals
the twinkle of the stars ala the
octopus' tentacles in the deepest ocean
showcasing the tightness it holds sway over the day
there it is divinity speaking
through the minutes of the day
keeping our hearts tight to each other

john tiong chunghoo

Obama Malaysia Visit Haiku

a child steps out once again
into a muslim world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Quotes By John Tiong Chunghoo

There she goes into a sea of mediocrity where her talents are foams evaporating into the thin air of shine." – John Tiong Chunghoo

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Aizat Amdan

the AF fat all gone
a clean feel like his
music and songs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Total Lunar Eclipse Haiku

total lunar eclipse
the chinese bride veiled
unveiled

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Quotes By John Tiong Chunghoo

1.

poetry is the space where the voluntary and the involuntary mind meets, says hello, pirouettes and dances away

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Design

it blossoms away like a flower
and us opening a new book
petal after petal, line by line
we live through them
each breath till the last
so well constructed
it takes a short
circuit or a lapse
of the mind to help
reality come forth
a recital is best without
ourselves instructing
each finger move
between them
death slips to and fro
until its final moment comes
out of the shell comes
a struggling chick
wonders where
the world it has
popped out from and into
a lapse of the mind
is timed for reality to set
life into tune
to and fro we slip
between the fingers
of the creator

john tiong chunghoo

God's Design

it blossoms away like a flower
and us opening a new book
petal after petal, line by line
we live through them
each breath till the last
so well constructed
it takes a short
circuit or a lapse
of the mind to help
reality come forth
a recital is best without
ourselves instructing
each finger move
between them
death slips to and fro
until its final moment comes
out of the shell comes
a struggling chick
wonders where
the world it has
popped out from and into
a lapse of the mind
is timed for reality to set
life into tune
to and fro we slip
between the fingers
of the creator

john tiong chunghoo

Anwar Anwar Haiku

anwar anwar
are you the new mahsuri?
are you wronged?

anwar anwar
are you the new mahsuri?
is your blood turning white too?

so bad so sad
things never worked out
a blessing is your wife

always solidly behind
against all the
world's charges

anwar anwar
go chill out in langkawi
it should be your favourite island

two full moons singing
to each other
bringing on the tide

mahsuri, anwar
you have things in common?
the sea sweeps the answer ashore

the beach shimmers
the eagles screech and I heard
pretty laughters
from a distant shore

john tiong chunghoo

Mh 370 Plane

mh370
god wants to show us
who is really in charge

suspense
is skyhigh
MH 370

MH370
real life puzzles fly from
every direction

mystery deep
as ocean
MH370

MH370
the world taken
through storm



PoemHunter.com

MH370
find the plane first
let them cry

MH370
tears suffocating
like the sea

'A' grade plane
now a mere needle
in the sea

MH 370 (whereabout)
we too are
lost

fifth day

and not a trace
the sound of a 777 rocks the sky

MH370
the world puts
their act together

john tiong chunghoo

Earth Is Rarer Than Diamond

the Earth
it's rarer than
diamond

rare too
humans in
the cosmos

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God's Promises

god's love becomes the enchanting flowers
in the fields and on the mountains
his tears become the rain that falls as graces
to the birds, the grass, animals and us
god's anger is the thunder, storm and lightning
that send each of us fleeing for shelter
and his promises are the rainbow which is sealed
with his assurance of our salvation crowning
the heavens in seven wonderful colours

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Presence

the needles - on the clock -
that keep telling us - - our share
of the everlasting - present

the needles - on the clock -
that show us - our trespasses
of an everlasting - presence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Heaven Or Hell

the chicken eaten
cannot come back
to tell us how it was
slit, emptied out,
braised and roasted

the man who died
cannot come back
to tell us how he was
buried, gone to
heaven or hell

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Liliputians

these hundreds of
uninvited guests
crowding round
would fill a hall
if our size

and the noise, pretty sure
they would be the same
like when we hover over
a yummy turkey
during Christmas

but would I like them?
the company only perhaps yes

I have better learnt
to be with myself

the party goers are
now in the bin and
there they continue
their fiesta, paper
cream, icing and all

the blessings of size

a quiet room as usual
and it can be deafening
and bit the heart
even with hundreds of
little guests you can swing
from door to door
table to floor at will

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - Bodh Gaya...The Light

bodh gaya
a youthful enlightenment
fills the air

in seven colours
the morning sun over mahabodhi temple
on my pictures

am i humble
buddha says so
there are so many worlds

bodh gaya
woken up by
the azan prayers

mahabodhi temple
a muslim burial ground
near its doorsteps

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - Bodh Gaya Tallest Buddha

Christmas with the Buddha
his navel
my halo

(a picture taken where his belly area crowns the head like a halo)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Bodh Gaya Bodhi Tree

tree of enlightenment
the branches hold strong and tight
all the directions

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dedicated To Buddhists

namo tassa bagavato arahato sama sambuddhasa
buddhan saranam gaccha mi
dharma saranam gaccha mi
sangah saranam gaccha mi
arahan, arahan, arahan, arahan, arahan

the buddha's mind is in my heart
the buddha's mind is in my heart
the buddha's mind is in my heart

the buddha's intelligence fills my spirit/pervades my spirit
the buddha's intelligence fills my spirit/pervades my spirit
the buddha's intelligence fills my spirit/pervades my spirit

the buddha's heart is my sanctum for meditation/nirvana
the buddha's heart is my sanctum for meditation/nirvana
the buddha's heart is my sanctum for meditation/nirvana

the buddha's dharma fills each of my steps
the buddha's dharma fills each of my my steps
the buddha's dharma fills each of my steps

the buddha's heart fills my heart with compassion
the buddha's heart fills my heart with compassion
the buddha's heart fills my heart with compassion

the buddha's posture generates a peace in me
the buddha's posture generates a peace in me
the buddha's posture generates a peace in me

the buddha's eyes help me achieve
excellent psychic powers
seeing all the realms

the buddha's eyes help me achieve
excellent psychic powers
seeing all the realms

my own words...to be continued

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Lim Guan Eng

he feels like a fish
swimming in
the wrong river
living among
the wrong people
trying to make the
best use of himself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Have Lived A Million Years

i have lived a million years
this physique slashes it down to 20
waylaid in a geometry of time
every cell tries to tell
a different time, rings a different bell
a part is hidden in the light of the sun,
another in the moon, yet another
in the winds of earth

the river tries to time each
of its run, laying out a mirror
for the sky and cosmos
to embrace themselves
in its luminous bosom,
a make belief of an oasis
mind vis a vis the physique

the body reflects the mind
the sky in the river
a mirage, a train
ever gliding on
top of the world
glad, glee and joy
hoisted by the water
to its highest cakra
to show it the lowest
of places before
the rendezvous and
roaring fiesta in a
maddening dance of light
at dawn, at noon, at dusk
sky and sea intertwined
in a resounding ecstasy
that celebrate the triumph
of the long trek to
the infinity of time
the sea forever leaping
to the horizon as if it is
begging for an answer

to its very existence
this physique and the mind
where the finite too lugs
onto the infinite for an answer
to its every breath

the river that takes sky
to the abode of the fishes
lotuses, worms
stars and the moon
it holds onto the mind
no mind but full of the mind
here, there, everywhere
over the sacred shoulders
of the homo sapiens -
a whole world of stories
to unleash to its master
a mirage pervading the mind
a leech pining for a life

this physique a guest that
promises to take leave
to let the host do his talking
in an infinity that has
played games as many and
fabulous as the stars twinkling
a mirage on the toes of earth

rewritten from:

i have lived a million years
this physique slices it down to 20
cupping me in a geometry of time
where every cell tries
to tell a different time
ring a different bell
a part is hidden in the sun,
another in the moon, yet another
in the winds of earth
the river tries to time each
of its run, smiling with the sky

the body is the
reflection of the mind
the sky in the river
it holds no water
but runs with it as if it
is part of the forms
the physique is a guest of
the mind, a guest that takes
leave one day to let the real self
do its talking amid the universe
that has for a million years
play with the mind a thousand
games of the living and the dead
a mirage on the toes of the earth

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Alor Setar

come taste this body too
has become full
of herbal goodness

alor setar
there in the sky
its mysteries unfold

alor setar dusk
heaven dawns with the
breeze and light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku -Butterworth Ferryride To Penang

ferryride
penang slowly comes
onto our laps

slowly penang comes
a birthday cake with all
its 'towering' candles

it's not hongkong
it's not singapore
it's penang

ferryride
the dream he carries
to and fro

slowly a postcard
comes alive
penang ferry ride

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ariel Sharon's Death

ariel sharon -
the wall he erects between
us and him

ariel Sharon
real peace is six feet underground -
everybody nods
and holds on to it
with every inch of the frame
dark, damp, and cold
where silence reigns and
the mind is stifled
and refuses to work
where the world leaves
in the care of nothing but
the nothingness of ourselves
skeletons that had lifted our days
but now sank them all
only sand and dust to bear witness
there on the discreet white
is the chalked epithet and
memory of the man sealed
kept tight and steadfast
without the need of words
- the good, bad or ugly
they weigh not a gram
but hold heavy on the hearts that still beat
round each and every bone
a wall, a perpetual wall
between the breathing and breathless
let god judge

john tiong chunghoo

Run Run Shaw Tribute Haiku

life is a running reel
of fun
run run shaw

life is a reel of
fun
run run show

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Happy New Year Poem

I send away the old year
like a corpse burning it
for the light to build on the new

may 2014 be a blessing to all
your dearest adventures my friends
have a joyous and great new year

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Original

you are a mirror
as he makes you
in his likeness
so let him see him
in you when he looks in
and not any other monkey

you are a mirror
as he makes you
in his likeness
so let him see the
piece of himself he
has given you when
he looks in and not
any other monkey

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

When The Moon Does Its Own Talking

sometimes the moon casts
its magic spell, takes
over the mind and soul to do
its own talking

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Moon Does Its Own Talking

sometimes the moon casts
its magic spell, takes
over the mind and soul to do
its own talking

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Woman. Woman

I would rather think
God is a woman
there are more ways
to prove it than man
the universe is a womb
and we are inside
waiting to be born again

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Mirror A Mirror

we are made a mirror
let us preserve
the mirror so that when she
looks inside - well she sees
only herself and no monkey or
any strange creature

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tribute Haiku - Nelson Mandela

black appears clearest
on white - -
a powerful voice lives on

beyond the boundary of
black and white
mandela

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Lembah Bujang Archeological Site (State Of Kedah)

lembah bujang candi sites
should our history be
as empty as these?

lembah bujang candi sites
the echo of the past
almost cannot be heard

lembah bujang candi sites
white pages that beg
to be written on

lembah bujang candi sites
a history that
untrodden

Lembah Bujang Candi site
from one site to another
this emptiness

lembah bujang candi site
from one site to another
this empty heart

john tiong chunghoo

Ulek Mayang

seven leaves
swept asunder in
a tumultuous
and roaring wave

a sea of longing
is played, replayed
this emptiness of night

the moon and sea are
a pair of star crossed lovers
in a futile grasp of reality

they hold onto the flickers
of thoughts in each other's
bosom; an unrequited
love swept in a luminous
tide of make-believe - -

the moon reposes in a sea
of hope, the sea lets its fate
be guided by the light - - it holds
onto the tail of the moon in
a dance of grief that has
for so long crossed their way

the leaves grovel in
a churning wheel of fate
under the gentle glow of lace
spun by the moon

they are taken out to sea
again and again in a ferocious tide
that whispers, whistles, sighs and roars
to broadcast a destiny
torn and swept in separate ways - -
never to be seen again

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Warming Up Her Moons

warming up her moons
hen in
the nest

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Craze

autumn conflagration
so many ideas
bursting forth

autumn conflagration
so many ideas
spreading out

autumn conflagration
one idea in
so many hues

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Interplanetary Exploring Device

and and we send a little car to explore mars
the aliens send a maze of well modulated nerves
to explore earth but with a central system
that can send messages to the the ends of universe
with the twinkle of an eye - this instrument that
laughs, cries and dies to the aliens' exploratory delights
no doubt they have abandoned earth as it is ticking to an end
like how they have abandoned the pyramids all over earth
all these flesh and blood instruments that can cry, laugh,
and die to their creators' wonderful delights as they measure
every inch of mother earth with physical and biological accuracy
from far far away - multifaceted instruments built to self destruct

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sky Is The Space For Thoughts And Talk

another day
the sky is the space
for thoughts
and - talkks

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Nothingness Takes Over

over everynight
like it has in
its game of infinity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Ryan O'Neal

Ryan O'Neal - fame
once you catches it sweeps
you along a la waves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku For Every Malaysian City And Town

Hometown Sibuh
a swan for the
rambutan namesake

soaring
a swan
for Sibuh

(sibuh is derived from Sibauh, a fruit
like rambutan)

Bintangor
i morph from an animal
to a star and now a tree

bintangor
so many names to encapsulate
her time

(first called binatang, then
bintang and now Bintangor.
Its mascot is its famous
sweet green oranges)

Sarikei
he remember the girl he loves
with spiky hair

(Sarikei famous for its sweet pineapples)

Sri Aman
be as calm in the boat as
the crocs on the sandbar

Peace Town
so peaceful noon crocs
on the banks

(Sri Aman or Peace Town)

has rivers at one time infested
with crocodiles some more than
10 metres

Kapit - a free room
from a friend
since high school

Kapit - lumberjacks
down beer, songs and women
late into the night

Kuching
big cats, small cats
where are the real cats?

Kuching means cat...Kuching
is a cat city with a cat museum
cat statues can be seen in many
places...but live cats...perhaps
only in people's houses

Miri - Grand Old Lady
the smiles of the ladies send
sparks down his heart

Limbang - the river
and us
amble along

Mukah

more to be added..

john tiong chunghoo

Death Sentence Haiku

restless because it -
the mind - perches on
a death sentence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Poem - The Proboscis Monkey

proboscis monkey
a golden lump of quiet wisdom
on the tropical tree

the rush of a borneo
wonder right below
it is life and it is
a menace too

i smell them at the edge
of a fragile existence

the borneo river that seems
to say save them save them

lurking at the banks waiting
for a kill are crocodiles
of the highest order
steely jaws, mighty tails,
well ground canines and all

the Probosics
their bright golden hair
and fur carry the streak
of an endangered creature

a long iconic nose - furry pinocchio -
hangs from their face with a
a virile warmth and never fails
to elicit a love in us

save him, save him

flappy long nosed zeroing
in on his mate
swinging his lust in
the lonely borneo rainforest
a harem in tow
in the out of the a green paradise

a fine 'caucasian'
orang belanda at the
edge of existence
land below the winds

stay up the trees
take us to the flight
of your dreams
harem and all

your mascot noses
and bright red phalluses
rule the day

my words climb, hop,
leap onto the page
in the the steps of your
passion, wedded feet
water, land and trees
they fill up whole imagination

pinnochio of love
beware the ever
hungry crocs
lurking with their
belly for -the lock, stock
and barrel - of your every inch

never mind
we will be your guardian
proboscis monkeys

take malaysia to
the tourists' heart
and keep them cosily there

there is even a big rope
tied onto two poles
over the water so that
you can escape the crocs
when in the search for new pastures

let us smell your
brightest patch
as you band at the bank
of your favourite
borneo coasts
sending love notes
to lands beyond

our wishes and prayers
are for you
they run longer than your
noses
may you be there always
opening our eyes
to the fragile world that needs
every bit of care
for your continued existence

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu - World Fflags

Her tight hotpants
the world flags on
a marching round

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tonight Half Lunar Eclipse

half lunar eclipse
i throw a spoon into the plate
in the kitchen basin

too, half the heart
dimmed as the
partial eclipse

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Shakespeare The Haiku Poet - Sonnet 73 Made Haiku

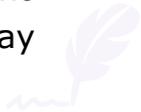
That time of year
thou mayst in me
behold

When yellow leaves
or none, or few
do hang

Upon those boughs
which shake
against the cold

Bare ruined choirs
where late the
sweet birds sang

In me thou see'st
the twilight
of such day



PoemHunter.com

As after sunset
fadeth
in the west

Which by and by
black night
doth take away

Death's second self
that seals up
all in rest

In me thou see'st
the glowing of
such fire

That on the ashes
of his youth
doth lie

As the deathbed
whereon
it must expire

Consumed with that
which it was
nourished by

This thou perceiv'st
which makes
thy love more strong

To love that well
which thou must
leave ere long

- William Shakespeare, Sonnet 73

john tiong chunghoo

Shakespeare The Haiku Poet II

That time of year
thou mayst in me
behold

When yellow leaves
or none, or few
do hang

Upon those boughs
which shake
against the cold

Bare ruined choirs
where late the
sweet birds sang

In me thou see'st
the twilight
of such day



PoemHunter.com

As after sunset
fadeth
in the west

Which by and by
black night
doth take away

Death's second self
that seals up all in rest

In me thou see'st
the glowing of
such fire

That on the ashes
of his youth
doth lie

As the deathbed
whereon
it must expire

Consumed with that
which it was
nourished by

This thou perceiv'st
which makes
thy love more strong

To love that well
which thou must
leave ere long

- William Shakespeare, Sonnet 73

john tiong chunghoo

Dust

A manifestation
of the universe
we are inside to
feel its beats
we are outside
to see its allure
what a narcotic
we are entranced with
till it lapses into
an illusion of dust

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Ernakulam Harbour Front

Ernakulam harbour front
the setting sun takes me back
to hometown Sibu harbour front

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Head Is A Theatre

The head is a theatre
of mysteries and possibilities
the heart walks into
each moment like an audience
sometimes bewildered
as to where the ensemble
would leave us to
sometimes the curtain change
gives birth to a new person
like a coral fish out to roam

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Poem - Source Of The Ganges

Source of ganges
my fascination swirls
in every direction
euphoria scatters
on every pole
as the stars collect
in a voluminous
trough and hurtle
out to the sea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Datuk Maznah Abdul Hamid...Kedah Wanita Umno Chief

Destined to meet
outside and inside
a mosque

first meet
so many questions at
the back of her mind

in the mosque
the girl she wishes to be
her daughter in law

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Body Illusion

the body is an
illusion that begs
to be kept alive

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Moonlight Cottage - Jim Thompson (Cameron Highlands)

moonlight cottage
the creepy emptiness
of jim thompson

Moonlight Cottage
a menacing spirit
roams an emptiness

moonlight cottage
a replay of what
I read in the mind

Moonlight Cottage
thin as silk the answer
to Thompson's disappearance

Moonlight Cottage
beyond thai silk
layers of mysteries

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Datuk Mukhriz Mahathir

Mukhriz Mahathir
a volcano so still
in gentility

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Nicol Ann David

Nicol ann david
an aura of my other idol
emily dickinson

and stricken more
when she speaks - a perfect voice
for emily's verses

nicol ann david
so many strikes
of surprises

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Chin Peng Demise Haiku

Chin peng demise
ashes of a broken dream
fill the front pages

chin peng's demise
stirring fear
ashes of a broken dream

ashes of a broken dream
settle nowhere
chin peng's demise

terror - the ashes of
a broken dream
settles nowhere

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Twin Mysteries

Life is giving up something
And holding onto something
Death is giving up something
And holding onto something
Life and death are twins
Hiding from each other at
Each other's convenience

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature Creates And Replicates

Nature carves a living thing
out of earth, air, fire, metal and water
giving it a spirit to survive on
earth, sun, moon go on as a living entity
this too is replicated in our bodies
a macrocosm of the living being
carved out of the elements
when the bigger being dies
the others follow suit
a wheel running on and on

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Kedah Famous Artist Choh Kiat Siong

the warm friendly
secondary school boy is still
there in the body

art never corrupts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Reading

words take up the space
in the quiet lanes of the mind
images sprout like whispers
a heart is stirred the rustle
of bamboo leaves in a garden
of spring solitude
the writer is a world away
as we walk a luxuriant path
of dream and reality

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Hungry Ghost Festival

Ungry ghost festival
tonight hell notes light up
the alley ways

hungry ghost festival
on her face the raging
fire of hell notes

hungry ghost festival
the empty chairs and us
at the operas

hungry ghost festival
the vvip guests
cannot be seen

hungry ghost festival
at the opera a quiet space
in all our hearts

john tiong chunghoo

Find

They develop independently
sweetness and sourness
and meet each other in our mouth
they develop independently
the male and female
and meet each other in our body
they develop independently
diseases and their antidotes
and meet each other in our body
to know the veracity of each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Your Eyes, My Eyes

Your eyes
how far can you see?
my eyes
how far can i see?
between us
a dilating puzzle
an ocean of blue

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - International Day Of The World's Indigenous Peoples 9 August

Indigenous peoples
in the wild a voice
grows loud by the day

indigenous peoples
a distant strain of thunder
growing louder

indigenous peoples
the only exotic fires
still flaring

indigenous peoples
the only exotic dreams
left in our backyards

indigenous peoples
in a world of uniformity
the privilege to walk a dream

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - Universal Peace Day

Universal peace day
the peace that flows
in us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Hari Raya Malaysia

in the swirl, turn and
bubbling of dodol lemak
the sweetness of raya

hari raya swirls, turns
and bubbles
dodol lemak

in the swirl and bubbling
of dodol lemak
the sweetness of raya

dodol lemak
the sweetness of raya
swirls and bubbles

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poetry The Crystallisation Of The Soul

Poetry the crystallisation of the soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Abandoned House Haiku

Abandoned house
a menacing consciousness
brewing

abandoned house
in all silence,
shadows walk

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Karma

rooted, tenacious, unrelenting
karma refuses to budge from the hearts
it has played an unmindful role
there are hearts that wont forgive
no matter how sane their owners may be
karma turns with the world
laughing, singing and tearing
with the universal mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Alor Setar First Week

Fresh stalks of new padi
between the fields i count
the syllables of my verse

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

William- Kate First Child

Its first royal cry
the papers reel away
with the good news

first royal cry
papers reel round the world
with the news

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Datuk Suraya Yaacob, State Exco Member Kedah

Suraya Yaacob
articulation wins her
the day

Suraya Yaacob
a positive energy and
strength envelops her

Suraya Yaacob
she knows what my job
entails

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Body Too Fast For Him To Catch Up

Some people they seem to be
rushing through their life
not having time for people
too engrossed with what they like
or compelled to work on drudgery

Some people seem to be
rushing through life
because of a body that seems
too fast for them to
catch up with

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - International Nelson Mandela Day!

International Nelson Mandela Day
so much to remember for
the days of freedom

International Nelson Mandela Day
such a long road to freedom
such a long road to live it out

International Nelson Mandela Day
it is a great advantage
to live a long long life

International Nelson Mandela Day
real hard earned with fear, anguish
and sitting in unknown prisons

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Versed Diamond

the more i rewrite
the better my verses become
it's like polishing a diamond
to its ultimate shine

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Day

type a dash, then circle it with an O
now that's the closest you can get to writing day in chinese
no that's was what day looked like three thousand years ago
when scholars wrote with a brush and fluid chinese ink
performing gymnastics from left to right on a rice paper
making sure their strokes do not trip or drip

keep up with the times, ditch the O for a square
with the dash in the centre and now you have
a perfect day within the grasp of your hand
fill in all your wishes and visualise all of them
coming true - within the day's treasure box

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ghost

ghost - their world is
is just a little wider
than our eyes

but when they stare
their eyelids flick
over yours

they carry a world
overlapping ours

we sense each other
in the traffic between
the eyes and eyelids

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sylvia Plath's 50th Death Anniversary Haiku

Sylvia's mom to Sylvia

so long ago you were born
so long ago you were gone
life goes on rattling like a train
going everywhere and nowhere

Sylvia to Ted Hughes

poetry is a two edged sword
killing
like methane

ted hughes to Sylvia

the moon is blue
my eyes are true
just like my verses

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daddy, the panzer man
is less lethal than
this man of verses

the moon is blue
my heart is true
my love glue

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Shaman

that shaman who day in and day out speaks
wishing to share his fun of the world
with the world on a sphere of white

john tiong chunghoo



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Sylvia's Mother To Plath

so long ago you were born
so long ago you were gone
life goes on rattling like a train
going everywhere and nowhere

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

From Sylvia To Ted Hughes

Ted Hughes

verses are a two edged sword

killing like Methane

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Language My Body Speaks

i live in a higher institution with
the brain of a kindergarten
my body is talking and i cannot even
grasp what it is
its language is a tongue
rolling over my nerves
a desire to get me to cooperate
in its quest for a better self -
but some i understand but most i dont,
such as the sudden rise of the cakra to the tip
of my head and the light that flashes
when my eyes are close
i dont understand a language
when silence is its companion
and only one person can be its audience
a language not spoken
but rattle through the nerves
and imagination

i am a young pupil in this
school of realisation
fitted with two arms
two legs, two eyes,
a heart and a mind to boot
the language the body talks
is coded and archived in the brain
but there is no way to uncode the message
with a brain so small

the dream of gods, of goblins, of bats,
of fairies - they too are spoken with images
only the body can do
those too are in need of explanation
though in all kindness the body relents
for once with all the images it have cooked up

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To The Artist

what is an artist?

nature is light and the artist is but a smart prism
it may take years to grind it to a rainbow shine

he is a wizard or witch who works with a paint and brush
pinning the world down to mere colours and strokes
within the spread of his hands

someone who helps us see the world
with some feelings and thoughts
if we havent had them

Someone who shows us how the world
can be squeezed, circled, squared
off, bound, tied, bombarded
to suit our artistic bent

Someone who shows us how a moment
can be condensed in the flick of a second
or a few hours to justify the worth of art

someone who thinks the world should be
thicker in colours, broader in shape
and slicker - that silence in itself speaks more
volume

someone who is an instrument of nature
to unveil to us the number of faces she could have
nature's make up man

nature's alter ego; someone
who shows us how Narcissistic
nature can be when it comes to
framing him on a piece of paper

Someone who helps us go into the heart of nature

nature is light and the artist is but a smart prism

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Artist Bayu Utomo

Bayu Utomo - between the
shine of his colours
the subtle question of race

bayu utomo
true to his colours
true to his race

john tiong chunghoo



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Three Persons In One

there is a crowd in us each trying
to get each other heard
one does that in all silence
that his wish is to be left all
on his own without being disturbed

how many persons are there in each human?
at least three and two are zealous guards
of their own territory and heavens
they can play devil or angel to each other
wrestling all the weapons around them

there is a face to save and a stomach to feed
so each can go on with his chore
to keep everything going
this human alive and well with some dignity

when the head and the heart fight, they are like
devil; you cannot get any of them to give in
each wants to make sure his entity is respected
that he is what he is; compromise yes, giving in, no

the third person may as well be left all alone
you cannot even negotiate with him; he goes on and on
on its own whether you are awake, asleep or even dead
he is the receptacle of your whole being,
as well as the usual painful bystander
who takes everything that blows up our top,
hatred, injustice, setbacks...in his stride

he is the one the other two desperately
try to stand up for again and again

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - Japanese Tanabata

tanabata

she says she is on the
crossroads of her life

tanabata

one wish for every daughter
- on the tree

tanabata

a baby in tow, she says
she got her wish last year

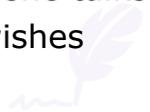
tanabata

they look to the sky for
the two stars of the night

tanabata

non stop she talks about
her life wishes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Monkey Haiku

monkeys
how easily they
recognise each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Death Keeps Knocking At The Door

death keeps knocking at the door
it is faith that helps me fend it off
i grasp the sunshine with frail fingers
the sun in the tail of a tropical dusk
the clouds float between the light
it plays hide and seek in a last game

rain breaks away at the other range
in the arc of a multi hued hope
another conflagration of life flutters by
thousands and thousands of bats dance
in successive wave of rapture over the sky
now flared in so many colours
scarlet, amber, blue and white
name me tchaikovsky, name me brahms,
name me mozart, name me strauss

a black solitude dilutes over the heaven
as they break free from the tangle of
deep damp caves one family after the other

there is a wistful screech of an eagle
returning among the hills
it echoes the last swirl of wine
spouting short and crisp from
a bottle of endearment meeting
face to face with the facts of life

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - True To Life

true to life
we come we go
nobody gets to stay

john tiong chunghoo



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Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Punan Bah, Near Kapit, Sarawak

Punan Bah
a grave charges
to the sky

Punan Bah
still i hear the cry
of a slave

Punan Bah
inside the black totem pole
the king and his slave

Punan Bah
my memory of it in
sacred round stones

Punan Bah
a memory made rounder
by stones

(all these stones are round in shape
like a football)

round mysterious stones
that hold them together
Punan Bah

Punan Bah
still standing tall
human sacrifice totem pole

(a slave was always locked
into another compartment
in the huge timber for the burial pole
to accompany the dead to the other world)

john tiong chunghoo

Belief

And he says:

it doesn't matter if you wear a cross

it doesn't matter even if you don't wear one

it does matter whether we believe in each other

john tiang chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Badger Cull Haiku

badger cull
they assess how the suffering
should be done

badger cull
they assess how to
lessen the pain

feeling first the pain
animal lovers
badger cull

john tiong chunghoo



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Snow White's Stepmother

Now people become jealous
you posted so many of your good days
in phuket and others on your FB
Of course provoking people's jealousies
As far as people are concerned,
they only want others to cry, not laugh
there is a little devil in us all
who doesnt have the means to grow
but is pushed to a corner where
it still can hurt in minor ways
that is how the world is
you only want others to suffer
happiness is only for oneself
like Snow White's stepmother.

john tiong chunghoo



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Woman*

The creation of woman
must have been a storm
the man is earth, soul and breath
a universe

The woman is to help the world
be born again and again
to make sure the human race survive
a whole mind must have
gone into this
to make sure she survive
the storm

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Supermoon Haiku

supermoon
the city
boiling over

supermoon
elucidating
our loneliness

supermoon
each of the branches
on the tree visible

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel India Haiku - The Kaveri River

kaveri river
the barber cut for money
he gets cut for his sin

the saris put out to dry
after the washing of sins
kaveri river

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Singapore Poem - Wandering Singapore Streets

On the streets of Singapore
i walk and walk wondering
what i have missed and
what it has missed

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Laughing Her Way Through The Drowning

Sensing no hope
she laughs her way
through the drowning

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Nepal Haiku - Bagmati River At Pasuthpatinath Temple

Pashupatinath temple
at the bagmati river bank
a most contented - corpse

john tiong chunghoo



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Just One Poem For Posterity

a historic poem dances
its way into our heart
word and rhyme in tow
and keeps reading itself
to us like a hypnotist
it goes so well with our
our natural rhythm it
becomes a part of us
like a child, a friend,
we involuntarily
dance to its beat
in the heart
in the feet
lighting up the day
and the way we walk

the brain breathes
in a fresh new space

the world gets
a new coat for us to
swing to its music
and magic

it's a mona lisa
smiling to us
for more than
1,000 years
without
getting herself
and us tired
and not a wrinkle older

a good poem stays
in the heart ever ready
to spring forward
to humour
and entertain
friends



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rewritten from

if a name is what you seek
you need just one poem
for posterity to care
come look for you
day and night
but it has to be one
that walks pass us
like a mona lisa
turning each head
giving each life
a new meaning and
a new space to ponder
about beauty, art and their life
and why such a little piece
of work would flip their mind over
to let them see the world in
a completely new way
a historic poem is a poem
that allows the brain to breathe anew
the world given a fresh new coat
for us to fall in love with it again
a mona lisa smiling for more
than 2,000 years
without getting
herself and us
tired

john tiong chunghoo

Ozymandias..

(poetry in progrss)

A flashback to Shelley's
angkor wat
nothing stands in the way
everything that comes up
comes down
but with a little brain
you can see through
history and gets the walls
coming up
now the preservers
are trying to do a Vishnu
putting back his pose
one by one
or Shiva
the stones
or the churning
the sea of milk

each stone, each slab
and if not build one
so that the god looks god
the angels look angels
and the demons, demons

decay is the only
permanent law
grab, grab, grab
it is only an illusion
it is nothingness
you are grabbing
it is a disapppointment
brewing to greet us
in the final straw

john tiong chunghoo



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Ode To The Chair

Some are to die for
many would do so

some are divine will
upholstered on four limbs
no one can question nor steal

some grace beauty with
a sea of applause

a heartful of wishes
is finally settled with
eyes and mouth curved
to our fantasy as she later
swirls through the media
like a multi faceted diamond

some are to be shunned
yet those sentenced can
neither choose nor turn it over
a justice the world sometimes
fights over to let human
dignity sit well
they walk two worlds
numbed by both before
the angel of death pulls
its plug of sparks
to silence both - a chair
made for sin and death to
come to terms with each other

some are for newly weds
they live a day as king and queen
and a loving heart
to settle the score
the picture sits snugly in
some room or album
for one's treasured memory

for all, they are the heartS of the master
when one is cordially invited to sit
high with him - you know
you have a place where you can
craft out another world

=====

it sits patiently at
all examination rooms
on all four, spine and legs
in quiet humility
wishing all students
good grades and
a great career

the main witness of
cheers, fears, and
disappointments
shunting through
mind and heart

john tiong chunghoo

The Lesson

(Poetry in progress)

the pigeon lost a partner
they were picking peas or
whatever in the street
- the Lord does get them fed
through his providence -
it is our naughty hands
that hold a different tale
my brother downed two wings
that had since flew and hovered
a sea of red, a choppy self
that refuses to die down
a storm did brew - as she or he -
i think it is a he - waited over the
tip of the roof for the other half -
two more wings to make life complete
was it one hour - such a long wait
before he flew away with a sky of emptiness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - In The Steps Of The Waves

In the steps of the waves
a sea more stormy
is brewing

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Mahathir Mohamad

Still thriving
selling old fishes
Mahathir

still selling
his old fish
Mahathir

john tiong chunghoo



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Bipolar

half the road in the rain
the other half shiny
my bipolar

(half of the width, not length)

john tiong chunghoo



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Festival Haiku - Memorial Day

memorial day
a field of white stones
standing tall

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Daffodils...

poetry in progress

spring breeze notches up
the beauty in you like you like you
that draws out and complements mine
a crown and a trumpet to shape up our joy
in the iretrievable steps of youth - always
carving a stubborn inch into that sand
to make it an ounce much more memorable

in all the quietitude of the world -
the sanctum of a teenager's fantasies,
romances screams through daffodils,
a trumpet at the heart of the young foliage
ever ready to shower its riveting jazz notes
to spice up our spirit, our strengths,
on a sojourn lost in love - in nature's breast -
lost in a song, a touch, a quiver, a scream,
a smile, a shout, a walk, a blast - rattling the senses

a heart desperate for love
the morning bed blossoms like rose
folds with layers of longing
thrown in a sea of emotions
the days float down the road
picking up so many colours of sweetness
tempered with expectation,
of despair, of yearnings, of prayers,
of time spent in frozen hours of thought
of a hidden joy kept tight like a jar -
the petals carve so many shades and shapes
they are dizzying
in the night hot as spring equinox

our eyes smoothens the way
to the contours of the heart
daffodils..
so many sensitive chambers

now jostle for a caring touch
your touch, treading through
a fantasy of lace, of bubbles
loosening up a channel of ecstasy
topping off the cherished escapade
with burst of love and kisses

the chambers feel like children
coming together for a glimpse of the queen
but here in the privacy
of a never seen room
not an echo is heard
everything is left
for love to do its wonder
to be felt, a love that runs so
deep and thick it can
drown out the world
these inching physiques
of youth
new senses crawl the mountain
charging like everest among clouds
a daffodil trumpeting a
delight torching up day and night
like a seething volcano ever ready to surprise
with a molten fertility rite

john tiong chunghoo

Wesak Day - I Thought Of You

i thought of you
the licking of my hands
a rough warm pad with
your saliva overflowing
with that animal instinct
of love, of kindness

i thought of you
two cocked ears and
a wet black nose with that
friendly nudge to wake
me up in a bright room
that seemed to say to me too
the day is not meant for sleeping
two animals with nothing
common but warmth, blood and love

i thought of you the way
they opened you up
like a canned stuff
so quiet you had laid
as the knife glided through
the last remaining seconds of your life
though you had been well endowed
a shell and fine legs for water and land
death is such a revolting thing
in all the quiet it sprouted
terrible legs and hands
like a hairraising
tarantula running up
my uncovered legs

the ceasing seconds churned
the heart of an onlooker
walking between the
wobbling planks of demise

i thought of you
as they sliced you down

tearing you greedily down
by your tough coat
from head to tail
in just a few minutes
my sensitivity was given an overhaul
my heart raced to the ends of the world
with no boundary

i thought of you
as you climbed the stairs
with your eighty year old bones
your hands tight on the railings
my heart shook like a 10 year trishaw
with rickety fear for your strength

i thought of you and
the buddha's words
that all you need now are
some of my prayers for salvation

you may have them
you may have them
today is wesak day
let the worlds be lighted
with our love for all the realms
sadhu sadhu sadhu

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysian Election Poem - Chameleon

Chameleon
a class war or a
race war?

toad
i cannot see the
ugly difference

frogs
i jump into the fray
anyway

snake
slithers through
as if nothing
is in the way

mouse
i will steal
little by little



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doggy
i'll bark till
the sun comes down

camel
i will carry whatever
across continent
through harshest terrain
use me when
you can

john tiong chunghoo

Predestination

It is masked
in a mind plan
it comes like
a fluid and smooth
filtration
so that you
dont feel
tricked into it
or helmed in
or trapped
the opposite
happens
an illusion
seeking
avenue
to reality
and we walk
into them all
good or bad
dead or alive



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysian Election Haiku - One Malaysia

lost in
the cabinet
my One Malaysia

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - 66th Cannes International Film Festival

so many dreams
rolled over
year after year
Cannes Festival

the flashiest dreams
all of a sudden
converge in Cannes

more than the sparkles
of the stars
Cannes

sparkling with
the stars
Cannes

chasing a dream
the endless flashes
endless smiles

the dreams
all of a sudden
converge in Cannes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Let The Silence Grow

to help myself grow
divinity is a receptacle
of peace and bliss in
quiet meditative embrace

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Religion Is The Deep Silence Inside Me

poetry in progress

my religion radiates
a sacred silence
a sanctum that holds me in
a mountain stream
running crystal clear
to an expanse of faith
where eternity is
the sky and sea coruscating
in scintillating hues
carrying the spirit away like a rainbow
i let the silence grow
to help myself grow
divinity is a receptacle
of peace and bliss in
quiet meditative embrace

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Democracy

Democracy
it is only so much
the people can take

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God Is With You All Day Long..

God loves you
He talks with you all day long
walking with you
in the lane of your memories
friends....animals, trees,
plants....your nail...hair....skin..
God is all there for you

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God Is With You All Day Long

God loves you
He talks with you all day long
walking with you
in the lane of your memories
friends....animals, trees,
plants....your nail...hair....skin..
God is all there for you

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Charles Simic The Haiku Poet

A book full of pictures
my hands grows cold touching faces
of dead kings and queens

a black raincoat
in the upstairs bedroom
Swaying from the ceiling

mother's long needles
make quick crosses
they were black

the pages I turn sound like wings
the soul is a bird
in my book full of pictures

a battle rages: lances and swords
a wintry forest with my heart
spiked and bleeding in its branches

john tiong chunghoo

My Life Is Half Done

Poetry in progress

my life is half done
any regrets? yes many
but i have found love
and i have found life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Humour Haiku - We Are Malaysians

We are malaysians
we care more about
our individual roots

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - American National Poetry Month April 2013

poetry - freeing words
from the prison
of thoughts

poetry - letting
emotions have fun in
a crossword puzzle

poetry - letting
emotions have fun
with the words

poetry is to break free
to taste the freedom of
the mind to roam
...with words.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Easter

Easter
on our eggs
the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

When I Am Old

When I am Old

when i am old, wrinkled and
a bundle of bungled energy
and nobody is interested in me
i will learn to paint and will
like the children do my apples
blue, pink and white, in between of which
i will doodle my tongue and eyes

my elephants will have all their trunks
aiming at the moon and my ants
the size of cakes crawling
across the paper to a distant promised land

my birds will be graceful upside down threes
scouring the clear blue sky for paradise
and my house a brown box that smiles in red,
its windows two eyes the size of matchboxes
perhaps large enough to place world's peace

A child is large as the freedom in the sky,
the white of the paper for the mind to run wild
the days i sprouted wings to span the world.
it is when you can fly your thoughts anyway
you like and everybody would fly and laugh with you

and when i write my poems or paint
i am that child returning
to the man to nudge him from his muddled self
the colour of the grey hair will be the ink
to paint the hurt lines
it is in the heart that they are kept
and there, over the white are
the rainbow of a life remembered

second version of the poem above.

when i am old, wrinkled and a bundle of bungled energy
and nobody is interested in me, i will learn to paint and will
like the children do my apples blue, pink and white, in between of which i will
doodle my tongue and eyes

my elephants will have all their trunks up
aiming for the moon and my ants the size of cakes
crawling across the paper to a distant promised land

my birds will be graceful upside down threes
scouring the clear blue sky for paradise
and my house a brown box that smiles in red,
its windows two eyes the size of matchboxes
perhaps large enough to place world's peace

A child is large as the freedom in the sky, the days
i sprouted wings to span the world.
it is when you can fly your thoughts anyway
you like and everybody would fly and laugh with you
nobody would brand you insane they will just say, that's you a child.'

and when i write my poems i am that child returning
to the man to wake him up from his muddled self
the colour of my white hair will be the ink to paint
the hurt lines either you see it or not does not matter
it is in the heart that they are kept
and there, over the white are
the rainbow of a life remembered

- - - - -

rewritten from below;

when i am old, wrinkled
and looks a bundle of bungled energy
and nobody is interested in me,
i will learn to paint and will
like the children paint my apples
blue, pink and white
my elephants all their trunks up
my ants the size of my cakes
and my birds a graceful upside down threes

measuring the cloudy sky
my house a simple box with
an arch roof in red and windows
the size of matchboxes
when people ask me why
i hope i dare say 'a child is
the freedom in the sky.
it is when you can fly
your thoughts anyway you like
and nobody would brand you mad.
they will just say, that's you a child.'
and when i write my poems
i am that child returning to the man
to wake him up from his muddled self
the colour of my white hair will be
the ink to paint the hurt lines
either you see it or not does not matter
it is in the heart that they are kept
and there, over the white are
the rainbow of a life remembered

hen i am old, wrinkled
and looks a bundle of bungled energy
and nobody is interested in me,
i will learn to paint and will
like the children paint my apples
blue, pink and white
my elephants with all their trunks up
my ants will be the size of my cakes
and my birds graceful upside down threes
measuring the cloudy sky
my house will be a simple box with
an arch roof that is red and
its windows will have the size of matchboxes
when people ask me why
i hope i dare say 'a child is
the freedom in the sky.
it is when you can fly
your thoughts anyway you like
and nobody would brand you mad.
they will just say, that's you a child.'

and when i write my poems
i am that child returning to the man
to wake him up from his muddled self
the colour of my white hair will be
the ink to paint the hurt lines
either you see it or not does not matter
it is in the heart that they are kept
and there, over the white are
the rainbow of a life remembered

second version from:

when i am old, wrinkled and
looks a bundle of bungled energy
when nobody would be interested in me,
because of my lines, and my hair which
has become random tufts of white
i will learn to paint and will like the children
do my apples in blue, pink and white
my elephants will have all their trunks up
and my ants the size of my cakes
my birds will be graceful upside down threes
triumphantly scouring and measuring the sky
and my house a simple dream box topped with
a roof glazed in red
the windows will be the size of matchboxes

when people ask me about their deviations
this is this what i would say to them -
'a child is the freedom in the sky. it is when
you can fly your thoughts anyway you like
and nobody would brand you mad.
they will just say, that's you a child.'

when i write my poems i am that child
returning to the man to wake him up
from his muddled self
the colour of my white hair will be
the ink to paint the hurt lines

either you see it or not
it is in the heart they are kept
and there, over the white, i tell you, are
the rainbow of a life remembered

third version:

when i am old, wrinkled
and looks a bundle of bungled energy
and nobody is interested in me,
i will learn to paint and will
like the children paint my apples
blue, pink and white
my elephants will have all their trunks up
and my ants the size of my cakes
my birds will be graceful upside down threes
measuring the clear blue sky
and my house a simple box with
an arched roof in red and windows
the size of matchboxes

when people ask me why
i hope i dare say 'a child is
the freedom in the sky.
it is when you can fly your
thoughts anyway you like
and nobody would brand you mad.
they will all be revved up by
your your innocence
that bless their world no end
they will just say, that's you a child,
not knowing how much that is
for the father of the man.'

and when i write my poems
i will be that child returning to the man
to wake him up from his muddled self
the colour of my white hair will be
the ink to paint the hurt lines
either you see it or not
it is in the heart that they are kept
and there, over the white will be

the rainbow of a life remembered

john tiong chunghoo

New Day

new day
nearby school
parents' dreams -
laugh, scream, cry

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kuala Lumpur Kuala Lumpur

kuala lumpur
glitters in the shade
of the dark stories

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Coffee Haiku

coffee - a bitterness
awakens me to
the new day

coffee - a new day
awakens me
to its bitterness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - New Tight Blossoms

new tight blossoms
an old woman readies herself
for a walk

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

New Pope Haiku 2013-

new pope
a wave of cheer over argentina
like football victory

new pope
everybody looks at the cross
twice today

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Crescent Moon

crescent moon
piercing the night too
the crickets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Dusk At The Rejang

dusk at the rejang
in gold a quietness
rippling away

dusk at the rejang
a solitude spread out in
in gold on the water

dusk at the rejang
a quietness moves with
the golden ripples

dusk at the rejang
the quietness of water
in the golden ripples

dusk at the rejang
a solitude coloured in gold
in the ripples

dusk at the rejang
a quietness in gold
rippling away

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

****haiku Magic ****

autumn
a nostalgia
painted in scarlet

first day of spring
a song in the the breeze
i would love to sing

full moon
a mice runs across
the owl's eyes

daylight murder
in the city park a parasite
strangling the host tree

missing his key again
the door
comes down



PoemHunter.com

waxing moon
she drives 20 km to get
her cheongsam made

hachiko photo shot
leaving a space between us
for the world's best friend

art exhibition
a heart blossoms from
one genre to the other

on the misty glass
his 'love'
overflows

new tight blossoms
an old woman readies herself
for a walk

death anniversary
cries of migratory birds
fill the sky

extinct - - one less
for the world to
evolve

this sea - i am
swept along by both
a sadness and joy

Little India Brickfields
a light breaks through
veil of ignorance

spring in full bloom
my heart
fluttering in the breeze

old cemetery
my hair on ends
between the lallang

kitchen window
the neighbour's child is now
a young woman

that first fight
still there the dent
on the garage door

'Sometimes, when we talk to our pets, we like to take it that their intelligence is at our level so as to be really close with them. that too is God's prediposition when he communicates with us.'

storm in
an old teacup -
the pope's resignation

so many ways to cook
he holding on
to her waist

she tells us how
slim she was
elizabeth's closet

garage sales
he asks for matches to light
an old pipe

out of the closet
now in his bag eyeliners
mascaras and lipsticks

the futon stored away
a low table and some plates
there - our dining room

our living room
the Last Supper
never ends

giving my first bath
the doggie and me
all wet

living room solitude
the crashing water of
the silent waterfall

van gogh's bedroom
on the wall
right over my bed

london -
missing you for

so many years

our laughter - his eyes
the shape of
his staple

sri lankan sapphire
straining the eyes to learn
the different prices of blue

waving at me
last week's green strawman
now brown/ tanned

Sibu Townsquare
we walk through the good
the bad and the ugly

late autumn
the woman caught between
a range of red lipsticks

full moon chant
the glow of saffron
and the moon

old harbour
on the broken piers
anglers and lovers

borneo hometown walk
a haiku poet finds
his dream

dusk at the river
on the tree tops
dance of cranes

glacier - - gliding
a dancer
to her dream

glacier - her ambition
twirling
on her feet

that little flower
all on its own
evening breeze

new year eve firecrackers
swallows' frenzied chirps
fill the sky

chinese new year
the emptiness
of time

malaysian election
at a loss when
the rain is coming

telling him each grain
is the farmer's sweat
he sweeps clean his rice'

new veggie patch
he asks wife what
they should be planting

they know where
they are flying to
- the cranes

escaping spices
a spate of sneezes
in the room

flickering screen
her wish that the infertility is
not her eggs

clawing with her beak
the egg to her warmth

mother hen

chinese all souls' day
at her final resting place
a bowl of hot pasta

'Aonang transvestite cabaret show
not an inch on them
male — in Krabi, Thailand

phi phi alleyway
above her bouncing round bum
full moon party

spoilt for choice
we scratch our head whether
to do Chikcen Island

Mount Fuji photo shoot
we wait for the cloud
to unveil the peak

ganges cruise
the boys climb over
to sell us...ganges water

chennai international airport
there in the hallway to
greet me too - ganeshan

colombo international airport
sitting and waiting for us
the Buddha

john tiong chunghoo

The Pope Resignation Haiku

storm in an
old tea cup
the pope's resignation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Sri Lanka Haiku - Sapphire

Sri Lankan sapphire
straining the eyes to learn
the different prices of blue

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sibiu Chinese New Year

in all the quietness
the beauty of Sibiu
Chinese New Year

dusk at the Rejang
all my God, my camera cannot
hold all its beauty

borneo hometown walkabout
a haiku poet finds
his dream

old harbour
a few anglers at
the broken down piers

where most of us were born
where a british governor was killed
dataran sibiu

(the lau king howe hospital was demolished to make way
for the dataran years back. most of the sibiu people and
outlying areas were born at this first general hospital part of which was over the
Igan River.

john tiong chunghoo

Crane Haiku

they know where
they are flying to
- the cranes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Poem - Kho Pi Pi Night Lanes

Phi Phi. The night places are closed.
Midnight angels start to tread the lanes.
One well dressed and made up transvestite,
who is all ready for her capitalistic romps
has with her a young boy, perhaps 13,
and another handsome looking one, perhaps 16.
The 13 year old boy exhibits some female traits,
in his walk, in his way of talking.
That's the way, the influence some boys get
if they keep company with women
let loose in a man's physique.
The older boy obviously is going to be
a rival to the transvestite. He knows
his assets and the people ever ready
to leap onto his wagon of sensual delights.
He takes out his box of cigarettes, lit one,
and coolly chain smokes. That's the way if
you want customers in the night.
A farang comes along and the transvestite is
obviously excited well for business.
The 13- year old boy is seen earlier going
into the nearby 7/11 store, and then
passing her a packet... obviously the night's condom.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Thailand Haiku - Krabi Tranvestitie Cabaret Show

Krabi tranvestite cabaret show
not an inch bouncing on them
male

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Haiku - Krabi Spoilt For Choice

Krabi - spoilt
for choice
for island tour

krabi island tour
we scratch our head whether
to do chicken island

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Haiku - Aamong Tranvestites Cabaret Show (Central Point)

Aamong tranvestites cabaret show
not an inch bouncing on them
male

aamong tranvestites cabaret show
not an inch on them
male

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - Mount Fuji Photo Shoot

Mount Fuji photo shoot
we wait for the cloud
to show the peak

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Mumtaz Still Glitters At Taj Mahal

taj mahal - still caught
between the other wives
- - mumtaz

(the mausoleums of Shah's other wives
are around Taj)

taj mahal - she still glitters
between
the other wives

taj mahal
we walk as we are told
a love story, a sad story

taj mahal - in between
the grandeur mumtaz's
love tale, sad tale

taj mahal - we try too
to give mumtaz's story
a great ending

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - President Obama Second Term Inauguration Jan 21,2013

birthday excitements - between
facebook greetings and
the president's inaugural speech

Obama second term inauguration
such a long road to
equality of all kinds

Obama second term inauguration
a time for everybody to shine
gays, blacks, blues and whites

Obama second term inauguration
my birthday wrapped around
by the president's speech

Obama second term inauguration
the president's speech makes
the highlight of my birthday

john tiong chunghoo

The Body Is Built For Love

(poetry in progress)

the body is built for love
so give it a go
dont hold back
let it blaze
like a garden
go pluck some flowers
give the sweet rainbow
to your loved ones,
parents, sisters,
brothers or even your enemies
make them happy
for love works like magic
the antidote to tension
between the deadliest of foes

the body is built for love
so give it a go
dont hold back
forget the blue black jealousies
sustained in the fight
for name, fame and survival
relationship gone swollen
like a festering
ulcer that makes us
so ugly with
our unforgiving spirit

the body is made for love
so wind down your worries,
cool down your hatred
put them to rest
in the lake
of forgiveness
your broad and
humble heart
has to offer

relieve yourself of
poison that
slowly surely
kills the body
mires and blocks
the road ahead
spawning
blockages
here, there
a pipe bursting
at its seams
pains taking its toll
a brain trapped
and suffocating
in red molten lava

the body is built for love
break free from the walls
of destructions,
a mountain ever ready
to spew flame of hostilities,
disputes, pent up
misunderstandings

the body is built for love
let the best of you flow
love, care, patience, humility,
tear down the walls
of religious bigotry,
racism, and intransigences
of all kinds that
clog every pore

let yourself be able
to say to yourself
'oh yes, i have
lived a good life,
i have never let down
anybody greatly
except by mistake'
- which love would gladly
forgive and make up

for we live in a world
where only love could
ensure its survival

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - New Delhi Parliament House

Delhi parliament house
i pray they will not
take the country on the rounds

deliver on your promises
don't take us
round and round

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Tirupathi Tour

tirupathi tour
the bus turns round
the edge of my heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Hiding

hiding behind all the creatures -
ants, the cockroaches, frogs....
humans

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Christchurch Cathedral Women Strawberry Festival

Christ church Cathedral Strawberry Festival
the Cathedral is red
on the cake

Christ Church Cathedral Strawberry Festival
the women's hands
red

Christ Church Cathedral Strawberry Festival
she serves strawberry tea
bought on Cameron Highlands (malaysia)

Christ Church Cathedral Strawberry Festival
her burmese ruby sparkles
the red of the srawberry

Christ Church Cathedral Strawberry Festival
the woman says pigeon red ruby
is the colour of her strawberry

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - Vanarasi Ganges 2

vanarasi ganges
in the rush an
entry to nirvana

vanarasi ganges
in the rush of the river
a space for nirvana

vanarasi ganges
nirvana
beckons

vanarasi ganges
in the rush is found
a desireless realm

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Three Is A Crowd

if three is a crowd
then here is a crowd
a three-in-one setup
doing a sweet rap song

the mind is always busy
tiptoeing here, there
to the ends of universe

the physique busy making
that platform comfortable
fueling each and every
breath - sleeping or awake-
to keep me warm and happy

never stopping whispering
too is the creator - who has
always been there to ensure
things dont go wrong
well, an after service when all has
been fixed - hands, legs,
hearts and mind - to make sure
things stay in one piece and
not flying into space

three is a crowd and
there is always cheers
in the number even in
the fray of existence

two is a company

when the curtain falls
and the body goes
it's time the only two left
sat up and did some accounts
a heart to heart talk
about the fare to the next,
and the fare to keep the physique

going all this while

there is a price to pay
for everything
heaven and hell there
to make all the difference

rewritten from

if three is a crowd
here is a crowd
the three-in-one miracle
doing a sweet rap song
the mind is always busy
tiptoeing here, there
to the ends of universe
the physique busy making
that platform of dreams
comfortable- sleeping or
awake- to keep me warm, and happy
the least we can last before
we bid each other farewell

whispering to me every minute too
is is the creator - the one
who is the centre of the crowd
who has always been there
to to make sure things dont go wrong
- his after service when all has
been fixed - hands, legs,
hearts and mind - to make sure
things stay in one piece
and not flying into space

three is a crowd and
there is always cheers

two is a company
when the curtain falls
and the body goes
it's time the only two left
to sit up and talk about

what to do next, the fare
to keep one alive and the
fare to the next - there
is a price to pay for everything
heaven and hell there to make the difference

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - Chennai International Airport (Tamil Nadhu)

Chennai International Airport
greeting me at the airport too -
ganapathy

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kuching Fairy Cave, Sarawak, Borneo

Sarawak Fairy Cave
a lighted garden
cultivated by light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Three Selves

there are three selves in us all
like a bell that rings, its cold
magical metal, that when struck,
embrace us with its beautiful sounds
this body is a bell that holds us
handsomely to the beauty of nature
cold magical metal that when struck
embrace us with its beautiful sounds
the body self, spirit self and the God self
all living in the same cocoon of rights
to the nature of their selves
the body's rights to breathe, live,
eat, grow, fall sick and die
the spirit's right to see beyond
the body, the timelessness of its realm
the spirituality of things
and the journey to live on when
when the body bids goodbye
the God self is the cupid of the spirit and body
so that the wedded live and recognise each other's strengths
the spirit self prays to the God self
whenever it needs some assurance its body
is the best of things and that the God self
is always around never moving away

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Sri Lanka Haiku - Sigiriya

sigiriya
a rock willed
runaway prince

sigiriya
still lining the route
colourful nymphs

kasyapa, kasyapa -
the mist and rain
hide a cool legend

kasyapa kasyapa
i call out to the spirit
of the hill

kasyapa, kasyapa
a 1600 year indian renegade
still beckons

sigiriya - only
a barestone that caps the
rule of a runaway prince

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Festival Of The Pine, Barcelona

the festival of the Pine
the tree falls
the other way

the festival of the Pine
she prays to be
strong as a tree

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Annual Rose Parade, Pasadena, California

annual rose parade
the child is painted and
dressed up as a rose

annual rose parade
between all the trishaw blooms
an old white-haired lady

annual rose parade
the boy grins with the roses
as mom snaps (a photo)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - The 58th International Debutante Ball At The Waldorf-Astoria In New York City

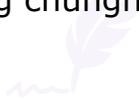
International Debutante Ball
the silence she observes that
everything would turn out well

International Debutante Ball
she prays that she will not
let anybody down

International Debutante Ball
the lady says she is doing it
for mom's sake

International Debutante Ball
the ladies share their date experiences
as they wait

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Kumbh Mela, Allahabad

Kumbh Mela
a fiery Kali sitting
on his tongue

kumbh mela
the wishes of thousands converge
at the sacred rivers

kumbh mela
the wish of the masses spreads out
over the holy rivers

kumb mela
the convergence of the stars
people, sins and wishes

kumbh mela
the heart and soul of thousands too
converge at the sacred rivers

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Sri Lanka Haiku - The Bullet Riddled Buildings

sri lanka drive through
the bullet riddled buildings
echoing war years

old, empty quiet buildings
so cold and dark
the memory of war years

old, bullet riddled buildings
i walk through the cold and dark
corridors of the war years

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Sri Lanka Haiku - The Folk Music Takes Me Back Home

Sri Lanka escapade
the folk music takes me
back home

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Walk Through The Sibu Hospital Museum

poetry in progress
to be rewritten

there was a crowd
a crowd of people
in all the silence
imagined but real
school friends,
teachers, managers,
doctors themselves
who were born here
on the same delivery beds,
weighed on the same instruments
their first cries reverberated
over the Igan River
the hospital had stood over
the hospital that came on
the generosity of Lau King Howe
the philanthropist who
made his bundle and
decided to give the best
to the town - a hospital
to look after everybody
the hospital speaks of our
humble origins and
why in the town people
born before the hospital was demolish
would talk to each other like
they know each other well
the paraphernalia spread
out neatly over the museum
look disturbingly quiet
and cold to a hyper active mind
which could see faces of all school friends
and is wondering whether our mothers
had been on opposite beds when we were delivered

(to be continued
poetry in progress)

john tiong chunghoo

Dance Of Shiva

Dance of Shiva

Dance of Shiva

my leg is up, tilted
a lotus rises out of muck
my head raises high
the sun shines so bright
my heart floats
in a sea of euphoria
worries dribble down
to the bottom of filth
enlightenment...is
the lifting of the soul
out of the smudges
of desires laden with
the weight of sins
flashes of the morning sun
stream through the mist
cleanses the heart for joy
my legs take me to the
land of divine dance
where every cell tiptoes
to the light of spiritual
renewal and contentment
a light clearing the air
burning away sins, clearing
the path for the steps of
divinity to rise out of
this muck, this physique
that holds a piece of diamond,
ever ready to flash in tandem
to the love pervading
the cosmos, ever ready to
pierce and raise this clouded heart
so that it rests on a pedestal
of peace, of a purity
that beats to the
eternal dance of shiva nataraja

lighting up the path
taking us to the unison
of body, mind and soul
in a spotless flame of divinity

john tiong chunghoo

my leg is up, tilted
a lotus rises out of muck
my head raises high
the sun shines so bright
my heart floats
in a sea of euphoria
worries are washed down
enlightenment...is
the lifting of the soul
out of the smudges
of desires laden with
the weight of sins
and human sufferings
flashes of the morning sun
streaming through the mist
cleanses the heart for joy
my legs take me to the
land of divine dance
where every cell tiptoes
to the light of spiritual
renewal and contentment
a light clearing the air
burning away sins, clearing
the path for the steps of
divinity to rise out of
this muck, this physique
that holds onto to a piece
of diamond, ever ready to flash
in tandem to the love pervading
the cosmos, ever ready to
pierce this clouded heart
so that it rests on a pedestal
of peace, that beats to the

eternal dance of shiva nataraja
lighting up the path
taking us to the unison
of body, mind and soul
in a spotless flame of divinity

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - Taj Mahal Over The Yamuna River

over the calm
desolate Yamuna River
the Taj Mahal

calm, desolate
Yamuna River dusk
the Taj Mahal shimmers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Christmas

tropical carolling
the rain bursts through
our light and songs

tropical carolling
our song quivers
our hair drips

tropical carolling
pitter patter the rain
warms up our faith

tropical carolling
candle light dances
to our love for Christ

tropical carolling
our songs warm up
the rain



PoemHunter.com

Christmas carolling
the candles orchestrate
our songs

Christmas carolling
the stars twinkle to
the rhythm of our songs

too long a wait
she decides she will help
choose his shirt

christmas carolling
we lit up each other's candle
every now and then

christmas carolling
the pain and joy as candle
drips on our hands

christmas eve
we wait for the
carolliing to pass by

Christmas shopping
memory of late dad between
the jingle notes

christmas eve
looking to the sky
for the brightest star

christmas eve
the child says jesus
is 2012 years old

christmas eve
telling child names of those
around baby jesus

so many lanes
of sweet memories
Christmas carolling

Christmas shopping
each item flashes
a longing for late dad

Christmas - memory of late dad
flashes on a well
decorated Xmas tree

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Thailand Haiku - Sukhothai

sukhothai - over the
sprawling field
the buddha looks on

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Marbles

in my hands again
childhood marbles
how fast the years
have rolled by

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Cambodia Haiku - All That Is Worth Remembering Of The War Years

cambodia war years - all
that is worth remembering
a little picture of dad

(shown to me by a young tut tut driver who drove me around Seam Reap)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God's Spa

God's spa - he whispers
to me as if
i have no form too

God's spa - he whispers
to me as if
i were formless too

the other side of you
so tenderly
delicate

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Feelings

our feeling
is water at
deepest ocean

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sandy Hook Elementary School Mass Murders Haiku

gun law - sandy hook
wakes us up
to its horror

sandy hook
the children we will
remember

sandy hook - when
breaking news to family
tears up both parties

hopelessly
she prays and waits for
an impossible answer

sandy hook - we try to piece
together the mind
of an autistic murderer

sandy hook - we try to break
free from the mind of
an autistic murderer

sandy hook
dec 21 one week
before

sandy hook - the wish
the end is never
for the children

wrong choices
the children die
to live a longer life
next life

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - Sandstone Ice Festival - Dec 14-16

Sandstone Ice Festival
downing beer as they talk
ice cap melting

Sandstone Ice Festival
we warm up to the challenge
of ice climbing

Sandstone Ice Festival
straddling the lake waters
our warm hands

Sandstone Ice Festival
our warm fingers straddle
the lake

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Enlightenment Realm

the body asks for so many things
it is always burning away
the creator asks but us to
live a life of kindness and love
the body is such a stark choice
to sin and salvation, always
trapped in its own duel lane
the creator is such a ready source
for contemplation, protection,
tranquility and peace

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Covetous

this body asks me
for so many things
but god asks nothing of me,
just to be good to myself
and to return to him
in one whole piece
desires are stench of corpses
tranquility the sanctum of
His Holiness and beautiful teachings
i prefer to be with god
than this ever covetous body
that tears the spirit of the body
leaving nothing to appease itself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

12-12-12 Concert At New York's Madison Square Garden Haiku

music legends make
waves - stronger
than hurricane sandy

sandy cant contain
pop and rock legends
out for funds

more power than hurricane sandy
the star line up
new york square 12-12-12 concert

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kertih River

Kertih River
our dream to make
the mangrove survive

Kertih River
the river flows the dream
of a tourist haven

Kertih River
on the muddy banks
our new mangrove

Kertih River
old residents recall a haven
for anglers and children

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Desires Are Stench Of Corpses

desires are stench of corpses
tranquility the sanctum of
the buddha and dharma

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Water Colourist Tew Nai Tong

tew nai tong -
skillful too in balancing
business and art

first met at Soka Gakkai exhibition 2012

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel China Haiku - The Bird Nest Visit

the echo of an empty stadium
the echo of triumph
the echo of my pride

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Pain Is Gone

i think of God
my pain is gone

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Peru Haiku - Machu Picchu

every rock locks me
in its mystery
machu picchu

solid as rocks
to unravel
machu picchu mystery

every inch
breathes mystery
macchu picchu

a mystery knocks
solidly at the door
machu picchu

wherever they are gone
the thoughts of the incas
linger around here

macho picchu
mysteries solid as rock
on the sacred mountain

on the mountain
sacred whispers of the incas
machu picchu

machu picchu
the peace without
the spanish invasion

Machu Picchu - on the mount
the sacred whispers
of the incas

sprawled over the mountains
the sacred gem of
the incas

machu picchu
over the mountains sacred whispers
of the last incas

machu picchu
in the breeze sacred whispers
of the lost incas

in all the quietness
the incas makes its way back
machu picchu

Machu Picchu - in the quiet calm
all the theories
of its existence

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - Paris Chocolate Show 2012

his mind sandwiched
between the bodies
and chocolates

the men lost in two worlds
chocolates and
bodies

tongue in cheek
the chocolates on the
women's bodies

ramping up
sweetness of the ladies
chocolate

john tiong chunghoo



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Festival Haiku - Brooklyn Graphics And Comics Festival

Brooklyn Comics and Graphics Festival
such a thin line between them
- comic and graphic artists

Brooklyn Comics and Graphics Festival
the graphic artist says he loves lines
the comic artist says contours, humour and sex

john tiong chunghoo



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Festival Haiku - Hakone Yunessun Beaujolais Nouveau Spa

Hakone Yunessun wine spa
in red hot water
the ladies' laughter

Hakone Yunessun wine spa
sparkling the ladies' eyes
skin and laughter

Hakone Yunessun wine spa
the water flows in the
shade of pink

john tiong chunghoo



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Ode To The Coffee

i am black
i am coffee
everybody loves me

dawn, noon, night
hot, cold, warm
blow, sip, drink, slurp,
kiss and be all afresh

i am black
i am your
coffee of the day

one two three
gulp
gulp
gulp

...



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i am black
i am coffee
every body loves me

i fill them up like
a ballet dancer
making them feel good
about the day
quickenning their steps
sharpening their senses
giving their mind
the acme of my kicks
so that they twirl and swirl
the day like the best angel
full of class, verve,
grace and fervour

i am black
i am coffee

everybody loves me

dawn, noon or night
i am there to brew up your day
hot, cold, or warm -
like the ever changing day
cloudy, raining,
breezy, or sunny

i am the master of diversity
assimilator of tastes
topping up your wishes
with heaps of creamy,
tangy and flavourful offerings

i can be covered with ice,
caramelled, skimmed, creamed,
buttered, sugared, monchiatoed
and then let loose like
a jazzed up latino black,
red hot arabica wonder
to spiral down your lane
an exotic belly dancer,
sweeping you off your feet
keeping you wide awake for the
peak of every hour

kilimanjaro picked,
sulawesi civet cat intestine
fermented coffee beans
on the lowland, in the highlands
nut scented, spiced -
india, africa, indonesia,
you name it, we have them

the morning cup of coffee
pervades the air, colours
the day with such grand things
it holds and springs a thousand surprises -
with romances and verile seeds
to take us through the
greatest date - a black

- painting the day - like gems
sparkling and twinkling over
the floor of our thoughts

i am coffee
i emerge a circle of green,
turn a humble beige, and is roasted
till all black, brittle, and ground
- to give that gentle, tangy, bitter
flavour of earth - so that you can
pirouette the day away
with that ounce of humility
and intelligence
coffee sings all day long
- a beige roasted all black,
ground, percolated and now all ready
sitting lightly in a cup to please you -
an indulgence from a thousand miles away
sweet, bitter, hot or cold

i am black
i am your
coffee of the day
let me give you all the kicks
to jumpstart your day
listen the music has just started..
gulp, gulp, slurp
more virile than gangnam steps
- twirling, swirling over
your discerning tongue

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - First Snow. She Stands Alone. At The Verandah

first snow
alone she stands
at the verandah

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Full Moon A Door To You

full moon
a door
to you

..

gaza israeli conflict
a cracked pot of God
men and their land

..'

total solar eclipse
so snugly they fit
into each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kok Lok Xi Penang

Kek lok Xi Temple visit
the first to greet me -
a yellow cat

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - To The River And Galloping Away

to the river and
galloping away
the maple leaf

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Artist Yee Mook Sin

Yee Mook Sin - cancer and age
cant stop the growth of
a creative gift

Yee Mook Sin - age and cancer
cant stop the proliferation
of a creative talent

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Verses

verses are the foam and bubbles
oozing forth hot kettle ever ready
to meet fragrant tea and coffee
to colour the taste of our lives
they are the echoes of caves where
sweats drip a million years to build up
palaces of white crystals for the fairies
they are quiet meditative chants at the hall
where silence is loud to soothe the heart and mind
where every shuffle is respectfully listened
and every disobedient mind fought with
an unwavering heart quiet as a one-tonne bell
at the steeple waiting to be struck
they are the overjoyed doggies prancing and gamboling
as the master's car hum home sweet home in the distance
they are the flight that takes home children from overseas
as father and mother wait in all eagerness to see the changes
these children have undergone good or bad

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nemesis

the woman is flogged, bound, gagged,
and robbed of her vitalities
she is left in a cold quarters
where nobody enters except her nemesis

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Japanese Artist Seiji Kitatoube

Seiji Kitatoube
winning the way
a humility

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Datuk Tay Moh Leong (Malaysian Batik Artist)

Datuk Tay
his love for batik comes
in so many layers

Datuk Tay
pouring over
his passion for dyes

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku..Noon Park Walk

noon park walk
all the loneliness
on the empty chair

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Sparrow With A Straw To Her New Home

to her new home
a sparrow flying -
with a straw

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Total Solar Eclipse Haiku

total solar eclipse
so snugly they fit
into each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Total Solar Eclipse Haiku 1

total solar eclipse
so snugly they fit
into each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Gaza Israeli Conflict Haiku - A Broken Pot

gaza israeli conflict
a cracked pot of God
men and their land

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Published In Mainichi Haiku Column - Autumn Reflection

autumn reflection

slowly she evens out

the red on her lips

John Tiong Chung Hoo (Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia)

Selected by Isamu Hashimoto

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nov 14,2012 Total Solar Eclipse Haiku

total solar eclipse
so snugly they fit
into each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nov 14 World Diabetes Day

with a sweet smile
she says today is
world diabetes day

a sweet day to remind us
of something that
shouldn't be so sweet

world diabetes day
sweetness is best left
just in the tongue

let the tongue
spill sweetness
all day long

to brighten up
the day

john tiong chunghoo



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Failure

I was wondering
why they failed so miserably
and there the reasons appear
in front of me
one by one -
in person

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Echo Is The Mirage Of Sound

..

echo it is - the mirage - of sound
i walk into a concert - happening
at the other side
body - it is the mirage - of the soul
i walk into it - to be told i have -
a choice to make - between heaven and hell

..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Life Life

a lizard is dying near the sink
ants are having their time
all over the cup that has
been on the table for two days
and mould is growing in another
with leftover milo that has
been there for days
a mosquito is feeding
on one of my legs
even though i have on
the mosquito repelling
sonic wave machine made
in china
so much itch it leaves
and it is still flying around
i am trying to get to
the other side of the world
all parts of the world
and join the brains hovering
at my fingertips

john tiong chunghoo

How The Dead Sees The World

when a person dies
the world becomes his body
he sees it through the
pockets of memories
he has with the world
he is still using only
10 per cent of his mental ability
to see the world without
the eyes is to see it with
the respect to your
your heart and mind

john tiong chunghoo



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2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Hurricane Sandy 1

Hurricane Sandy
it's a landslide
at the polls

Hurricane Sandy
the incumbent sweeps clean
the battleground states

john tiong chunghoo



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2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Women's Power

women's power
he is aborted from
where it matters

women's power
he found himself shivering
outside the white house

john tiong chunghoo



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Death

death when it is a thief
runs away with our hearts
throw hope in a freezer
we are left in a vacuum of time
in a second that would take
a whole lifetime to fill
worms wriggle away every bit
of the dreams we have had
they leave no scrap behind
our pain is laid bare like skeletons

john tiong chunghoo



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Storm

a whole upper row classes
move their furniture - the roar
rumbles through the eardrum
someone slices a bulbous pillow
and rips the darkness with her dexterous fingers
the tear comes away a broken mirror
a cache of memories flash from here
the wind whistles, the trees sigh,
water swirls and sketches the periphery
of the sky like a child - pieces of providence
riding the force of the winds in all directions

first version -

a whole upper row classes
move their old furniture -
the roar rumbles in the eardrum
someone slices a bulbous pillow
and rips the darkness with her fingers
the tear comes away a broken mirror
memories sad and sweet flash from here
the wind whistles, the trees sigh,
water swirls and sketches the periphery
of the sky like a child - pieces of providence
riding the force of the winds in all directions

john tiong chunghoo

Halloween Haiku

..

halloween
the only time of the year
to be really ugly

john tiong chunghoo



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World

it feels good to know that
i can be your moon and sun
merely sitting down here
writing down words

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Body

if you're not addicted
to the body
you wont be
the rest of the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Hurricane Sandy

emptied streets
Sandy courts
full moon

emptied streets
sandy sweeps to the grace
of the full moon

sandy, obama, mitt
the woman makes sure
who's boss

hurricane sandy
all the lies aimed to sweep
white house votes

john tiong chunghoo



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2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Ohio Campaign

Ohio road to the White House
one drives all the way
the other lies

john tiong chunghoo



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Write - All The Selves Running Free

write - all
the selves seek
to run free

write - all
the selves seek
new friends

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Between The Full Moon And The Missing Moon

haiku - between
the full moon and
the missing moon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Soon Just A Myth

Mitt

Soon

Just a myth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - The Lies, The Truths, The Hopefuls

between the lies
and the truths
the hopefuls

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Vote For America, Vote For Women

Vote for America

Vote for Women

Vote for World Peace

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Romnesia

Romnesia
so much to promise
so much to forget too

Romnesia
so long as I become
president

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Foreign Policy Debate

foreign policy debate
a comander in chief out to prove
himself to be commander in chief

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Too Many Loopholes

romney presidential bid
too many loopholes
uncovered

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Poem - You Aint Getting My Vote

you can spin me myths
chant your rants of the economy
but deep in my heart
you are just a big tall white liar
and you aint going to get my vote
today, tomorrow or ever

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Big Bird

2012 American Presidential Election
big bird ruffles
things up

2012 American Presidential Election
big bird fighting
for its life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Benghazi

four deaths, Benghazi
two candidates find faults
with each other

four deaths, Benghazi -
two candidates fighting
to uncover each other

john tiong chunghoo



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2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Ohio Auto Bailout

Ohio automobile
rides Obama to
his second term

Ohio automobile drives
Obama to the White House
for second term

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Painting Each Other Black

Romney and Obama election
one billion dollars
to paint each other black

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - A Binder Full Of Myths, Rant And Lies

A binder
full of myths, rant
and lies

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Poverty

poetry in progress

i have seen poverty
climb stairs to make
that morning paper
available at the top floor

i have seen poverty
climb stairs to sell that
wrapped tied farm chicken
quiet and bowed,
in a one star hotel
a sinewy woman waiting
for the chance of her dawn

i have seen poverty light
oil lamp in the dead of night
with the hope to leap from rags
to cosier enclave through
pen and ink, alphabets,
arab numerals, mind spinning algebras,
logarithms, and medical lexicons

i have seen poverty
take men across turbulent seas
oceans, to strange lands
to make money for home
thousands of miles away

i have seen poverty sweats
from dawn till dusk
under the tropical sun
smoothing highways,
coating multi-storey buildings

i have seen poverty
sank trespassers of seas

who have sold every penny
with the hope to reach the
land of their dreams and opportunities

i have seen poverty
hops onto beds with strange men
with the hope to take
some dollars from them
to feed starving
children at the slums

i have seen poverty carry
a senile Chinese woman on
shoulders up a famous hill resort
she to admire her honeymoon spot
he to put meals on the table
for mom and dad, brothers and sisters

i have seen poverty gulp
men and women in the seas,
throw them helter skelter
in a murderous web of human
trafficking and slavery

i have seen poverty turn
graceful beautiful maidens
into thin, nerve wracking
frames, wrinkles and flesh
driven to the edge of existence

john tiong chunghoo

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Joe Biden Vs Paul Ryan Debate

Biden and Ryan
marlakey - this lie
fueld election

Biden and Ryan
the young and old
the truths and lies

biden and ryan
which stands taller?
truths or lies?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Job Increase Boost For Obama

campaign see saw fun
obama's spirit goes up
as jobless goes down

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Big Bird Romney

chef romney mitt's
gift to the super rich
big bird

for the super rich
big bird
to be axed

from the super rich's
dinner table
big bird crumbs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Obama Vs Mit First Debate

first presidential debate
the only two surprises -
obama and mitt

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Children Haiku - Times Flies Away Like A Child

time flies away

like

a child

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Kasbah Of Algiers

Kasbah of Algiers
in this labyrinth of lanes
the history of algiers

kasbah of algiers
in all these lanes the confluence
of ancient powers

kasbah of Algiers
repository of the conquerors
and conquered

kasbah of algiers
a mishmash of turkish, arab and
mediterranean delights

Kasbah of Algiers
my legs take to the steps
of ancient conquerors

kasbah of algiers
i blend into the turkish, arab
and mediterranean fare

Kasbah of Algiers - The city combined the science of Turkish military architecture with Arab-Mediterranean architectural tradition.

john tiong chunghoo

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Mitt Romney On 47 Per Cent Non Tax Paying Americans

pushing 47
per cent to Obama's
victory

romney - talking
his way to losing
an election

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Mitt Romney On Embassy Attacks In Libya And Egypt

Libya, Egypt attacks
Mitt launches
campaign missile

Libya, Egypt attacks
Mitt launches
suicidal missile

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sept 11 Haiku

Sept 11
a cold breeze turns
the calender

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Bill Clinton Dnc Speech

Bill Clinton DNC Speech
terse, clear, a canon
still working so well

Bill Clinton DNC Speech
blow by blow an old mind
sharpens our mind

Bill Clinton DNC Speech
still, trying to put sanity
into the mess

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Obama Nomination Acceptance Speech

Obama acceptance speech
a knife still as sharp to slice
away the American rot

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Michelle Obama Democratic National Convention Speech

Michelle Obama's speech
a view through the car rusty door
a fire for life

Michelle Obama's speech
America's dream
Obama's dream

Michelle Obama's speech
Obama the husband, the boyfriend
the father and the President

Michelle Obama's speech
turning the tide of the times
with her heart

Michelle Obama
through thick and thin
her other half

John Tiong Chung Hoo

Festival Haiku - Toronto Film Festival Sept 2012

film festival red carpet
afterall the artificial tears
the merry making

film festival red carpet
time to be honoured for all
the artificial fare

film festival gels
the young and old, the misfits
and the separated

Thanks for Sharing
the old and the new and
The Company You Keep

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Secret In Light

there is a secret in light -
it labours on -
writing evolution lines.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Hibiscus The National Flower

red hibiscus
between the beauty and smile
her patriotism

hibiscus is malaysia's national flower

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - The Spasskaya Tower International Military Music Festival, Moscow Red Square

International Military Music Festival
courage and patriotism
fire up every tune

International Military Music Festival
every tune shines with
the country's heart

International Military Music Festival
every tune the beat
of a nation's heart

International Military Music Festival
our courage rises
with the beats

International Military Music Festival
smart are the men
out of war

International Military Music Festival
so many songs, so many lives
lost and saved

International Military Music Festival
matching songs and poems
intertwine in our heart

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - London Olympics 2012

london olympics 2012
the queen and her nurses
enthrall the audience

published in the Mainichi Shinbun on Sept 1,2012

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Chinese Hungry Ghost Festival Lunar Calendar 15th Day Of Seventh Month

hungry ghost festival
hell note ashes taken
by the night wind

hungry ghost festival
hell note ashes float
in the night wind

hungry ghost festival
flickering shadows - roasted chickens,
oranges and sweets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - World Coconut Day Sept 2,2012

t's a 'plop'
and the children
rush for it

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Mitt Romney Acceptance Speech

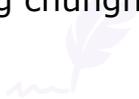
romney acceptance speech
cheap talks dont win
world's top post

romney acceptance speech
winning attention or
win votes

romney acceptance speech
the shrilling, flapping and clawing
of a republican vulture again

romney acceptance speech
this has not oiled my heart
to speed to the other side

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Garden Of Eden

what is this body
but the Garden of Eden
and the senses, God's apples
enjoy all, except the tree
of knowledge and death
dont be the master of
things beyond you
dont eat that apple
this body is not yours
Listen listen
let's the spirit run
without doubting its sustenance
there...is eternal life
there is the tree of life
there is....the Almighty

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2012 American Presidential Election Haiku - Clint Eastwood's Empty Chair

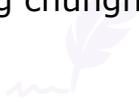
Clint Eastwood's empty chair
it's so hard to change
old habits

Clint Eastwood's empty chair
old habits die hard
just pray it wont break down

Clint Eastwood's empty chair
touch wood east, west, north or south
let them lose

Clint Eastwood's famous chair
it's empty
dance on it babe

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Asakusa Samba Festival, Tokyo

Asakusa Samba Festival
the temple bell spices
up our steps

Asakusa Samba Festival
we dance too to
the temple chants

Asakusa Samba Festival
a flowery nakedness bursts
out of tight tokyo

Asakusa Samba Festival
the boy stares at the shadows
of the samba steps

Asakusa Samba Festival
the boy more interested
in the shadow dance

Asakusa Samba Festival
samba what a dance
for penguins

Asakusa Samba Festival
human penguins join the fun
with droopy forelimbs

Asakusa Samba Festival
helplessly manoevring their kimonos
old geishas

Asakusa Samba Festival
fanning the music
feathers of all colours

john tiong chunghoo

Enlightenment Game

there is a human in every animal waiting
to be awakened
there is a god in every human waiting
to be awakened

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - 'Festa Major De Gracia', Barcelona, Spain

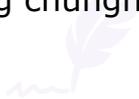
Festa Major de Gracia
the devil, angel and me
stand in a line

Festa Major de Gracia
buttons buttons everywhere
never button up our creativity

Festa Major de Gracia - told not
to touch the toilet papers that
make up the bride's dress

Festa Major de Gracia
giant pouty lips set
our tongue wagging

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Notting Hill Carnival

Notting Hill Carnival
the old strive to
be young

Notting Hill Carnival
in a dance of flame
the young and old

Notting Hill Carnival
the old and young light up
the dance of flame

Notting Hill Carnival
the flame of dance lights up
the spirit in us

our spirit fiery as the flame
Notting Hill Carnival
dance of flame

Notting Hill Carnival
the human physiques fired up
in a dance of flame

Notting Hill Carnival
in all shades the dancers
afired in spirit

Notting Hill Carnival
wanted a name change
Wonder Hill Carnival

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Haiku - Tango Dance World Championship, Buenos Aires, August, 2012.

tango dance world championship
the beauty of sexes
in their steps

tango dance world championship
exotic steps
of the sexes

tango dance world championship
ying and yang unleashing
the beauty of the sexes

tango dance world championship
whipping up the magic
of ying and yang

tango dance world championship
flaunting exquisite
ying and yang

tango dance world championship
the sexes filtered down to
riveting heart catching dance steps

tango dance world championship
the red of her dress, his tawny skin
fueling up the steps

tango dance world championship
our hearts pump in tandem to
the riveting forceful strides

tango dance world championship
their soft and sensual features
between forceful strides

tango dance world championship

her sexy steps, between his
musculine strides

john tiong chunghoo

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Australian Convict Sites

aussie friends - between
embarrassment and laughters
we talk about convict ancestors

australian penal sites
still echoing here
'throw them out of England'

australian penal sites
we laugh about
the Promised Land

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - First Hanami, Coaxing The Spring Child, To Smile

first hanami
coaxing the spring child
to smile

Chung Hoo Tiong
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

one of the winners at
2012 Vancouver Cherry Blossom Invitational Contest

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Singapore Cheongsam & Titanic Exhibitions

Cheongsam allure
in each curve a wish,
a dream, hope

cheongsam
a slit to ease
the path for love

cheongsam twin curves
never lose hope
never lose shape

cheongsam twins
hold onto your dream
hold onto to your figure

-



PoemHunter.com

titanic exhibition
unrelenting
the deep silence

titanic exhibition
i know how much force
caused that dent

titanic exhibition
the crushing ocean
between each exhibit

titanic exhibition
i am
the tempest

titanic exhibition
at every exhibit
a choppy ice cold ocean

titanic exhibition
every exhibit still surrounded
by a choppy ice cold feel

at each titanic exhibit
a crushing
silence

titanic exhibition
time buried in
layers of silence

titanic exhibition
tumultuous as his
first conquest

titanic exhibition
tumultuous and bloody
as her first time

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Twin Towers Kuala Lumpur

KL Twin Towers mencakar langit minda
rakyat dan negara bersepadu
tegak, cerah, lurus, berwibawa
mencapai matlamat dengan laju

Twin Towers touches the sky of our mind
the people and country together
strong, bright, straight and credible
working towards a vision with speed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Arus Deras Sungei Klang Setelah Hujan Lebat (Translated To English)

arus deras setelah hujan lebat
cepat ubah wajahnya sungei klang
bagai kuala lumpur di susuli ekonomi pesat
dulu pekerja ladang skrang towkay kilang

the water is treacherous after the rain
the klang river is fast to change her image
like kuala lumpur after the fast economic progress
those farmers some are now factory owners

arus deras sungei klang setelah hujan lebat
bagai kuala lumpur di susuli ekonomi hebat
bangunan tingi lambang pembangunan pesat
ibu kota yang mulai dari lumpur ke suatu pusat

river klang is choppy after a bout of rain
like kuala lumpur after its economic growth
high buildings are signs of development
the city that grows from a mud estuary to an important centre

john tiong chunghoo

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Great Barrier Reef, Australia

arching over the
great barrier reef
- a rainbow

signed in rocks
the living, dead and extinct
Great Barrier Reef

a rare encounter with
a protected turtle -
we struggle to smile (that is in the water)

Great Barrier Reef
between the dead and live corals
we talk about survival

Great Barrier Reef
the world is a chain of
linked species

Great Barrier Reef
the search for the cry
of the dugong

Great Barrier Reef
the dugong's
reverberating cry

john tiong chunghoo

Dance Haiku - Every Body's Art - Dance

every
body's art -
dance

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Segulung Lukisan Air Dan Langit, Tasik Kenyir, Terengganu

segulung lukisan air dan langit
terbuka di atas tasik kenyir
kehijauan tebing tenangkan hati yang sakit
bayu berbisik bisik di muka air

a roll of water and sky painting
is unrolled over lake kenyir
the greenery soothes the heart pain
the wind whispers in the lake

segulung lukisan air dan langit
terbentang di tasik kenyir
kehijauan tenangkan hati yang sakit
bayu berbisik bisik di muka air

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Malam Bagai Intan Berkilauan

malam bagai intan berkilauan
rindu ku tidak terhingga
angin tasik memberi ku kenangan
seperti kami dah jumpa

malam bagai intan berkilauan
rindu ku tidak terhingga
angin tasik membawa kenangan
seperti kami dah jumpa

the night glitters like a diamond
the longing is endless
the wind from the lake evokes a memory
as if we have already met

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

United Nations Heritage Site Haiku - Djemila, Algeria

Djemila (means beautiful in Arabic)
in the mountain
a beauty slowly ages

Djemila
a beauty slowly dries up
in the mountain

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Bethlehem, Palestine

so easy to imagine
christ and his feet
walking on the lanes

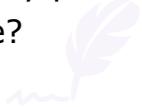
bethlehem
the echoes of his birth
never ever stopped

bethlehem
the breeze sweeps through us
like the night he was born

bethlehem
the stars spangled night
our awe

bethlehem
is there any place quieter
than here?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

United Nations Heritage Site Haiku - Sangha Trinational Area, Congo Basin, Africa

Sangha Trinational area
from the hairy furry black, my heart
screams, save them, save them

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - The Western Ghats, India

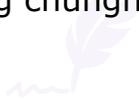
dusk at Western Ghats
the day begins for some
ends for some

dusk at Western Ghats
the shrills, trills,
squeals, and squawks

dusk at Western Ghats
a meditative sky and forest
of all the chakras

dawn at Western Ghats
a pulsating forest of chirps,
shrills, and trills

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Garrison Border Town Of Elvas And Fortificationis, Portugal

Elvas and fortifications
a stirring void as I cycle
round the dehydrated ruins

Elvas and fortifications
those mouths -
the old elevated ruins

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Margravial Opera House, Germany

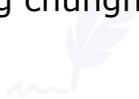
Margravial Opera House
Giuseppe's
fiery love

Margravial Opera House
an engagement to extol
the flame of youthful love

Margravial Opera House
another director calling
off the the fire scene

Margravial Opera House
a fiery passion
consumes Giuseppe

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Rabat, Morocco

Rabat Morocco
holding strongly to a past
the new town

Rabat Morocco
the past tames the present
royal palace and pleasure garden

Rabat Morocco
glimmering sunset - the muezzin's
call to prayers

Rabat Morocco
healing...the dusklight infused
muezzin's prayer

Rabat Morocco
standing on the strong foundation
of a glorious past

john tiong chunghoo

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Rock Islands' Southern Lagoon. Palau

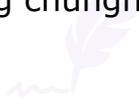
rock islands' southern lagoon
we swim from
lake to lake

rock islands' southern lagoon
the sharks lure
us there

rock islands' southern lagoon
we wait for sharks
to appear

rock islands' southern lagoon
sunrise - the lakes laugh
in unison

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

carioca landscape
between the mountain and sea
jesus christ and us

carioca landscape
we sing all our way
to the sea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - So Gently Spring Unfolds Its Bonus, Blossoming Camellias

so gently spring
unfolds its bonus
blossoming camellias

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Autumn Drizzle, In The Lane, The Clatter Of Clogs

autumn drizzle
in the lane
the clatter of clogs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Sungei Kampung Kuantan Sunyi Gelap

sungei kampung kuantan sunyi gelap
dayung nelayan menghiris kesepian
kelip kelip mencair malam segenap
kilauan mengawan sungguh menawan

kampung kuantan river is quiet and dark
the fishermen's oars slice a loneliness
the fireflies melt my night away
their flame of love takes my breathe away

sungei kampung kuantan sunyi gelap
dayung nelayan menghiris kesepian
kelip kelip mencair malam segenap
kilauan bercinta meriahkan percutian

sungei kampung kuantan sunyi gelap
dayung nelayan menghiris kesepian
kelip kelip mencair malam segenap
kilauan cinta meriahkan percutian

sungei kampung kuantan sunyi gelap
dayung nelayan menghiris kesepian
kelip kelip mencair malam segenap
kilauan mengawan berentak nyanyian

sungei kampung kuantan sunyi gelap
dayung nelayan menghiris kesepian
kelip kelip mencair malam segenap
kilauan dan ketawa beretak nyanyian

sungei kampung kuantan sunyi gelap
dayung nelayan menghiris kesepian
kelip kelip mencerahkan malam segenap
kilauan keriangannya berentak nyanyian

kampung kuantan sunyi gelap
dayung nelayan menghiris kesepian

kelip kelip mencair malam segenap
kilauan mengawan tanda kesucian

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Air Sungei Menyinar Yinar (Translated Into English)

air sungei menyinar yinar
menyusul gunung dan rimba
impian seluas laut di kejar
cekap, sabar sampai ku tiba
(malay language)

the water in the river sparkles
it runs by the mountain and forest
a dream wide as the sea i am chasing
efficient, patience, till i arrive

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Besarnya Sungei Sungei Sarawak (Translated To English)

besarnya sungei sungei sarawak
bawa kita ke olympik menang menyelam
besar nya impian pemuda pemudi sarawak
untuk menang sanggup latih siang dan malam

the rivers of sarawak are big
take us to the olympics to win diving
big is the ambition of the youth in sarawak
training day and night to win

besarnya sungei sungei sarawak
sungei sarawak, sungei lupar, sungei rejang
besarnya impian pemuda pemudi sarawak
bawa kita ke olympik menang berenang

Pantum composed the day after Malaysian won bronze in 10m diving
at Olympics London 2012

john tiong chunghoo

Divine Love Is The Vastness Of Sky

Divine Love is the vastness of sky
and we are, all the stars, moon, planets
big and small, playing out our part
some in full splendour, others spiralling away
into darkness, yet others, starting to burn
and lighting up a little tiny corner of divinity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Bagai Embun Menjelma Di Pagi (Translated Into English)

bagai embun menjelma di pagi
segarkan udara terus hilang
bagai kasih tersimpan di hati
sinar menerangi kertas berlubang

like mist that appears at dawn
freshens the air and immediately disappears
like the love kept in the heart
light shining through a perforated sheet

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Dr Reinhard Zinkann (Co-Owner And Managing Director Of Miele)

Dr Reinhard Zinkann - awed me with
his awe for BMW's
Eberhard von Kuenheim

*Eberhard is BMW's former chief executive officer.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Senyuman Sehalus Embun (Translated Into English)

senyuman sehalus embun
melekat di daun memori
tertulis dalam sebaris pun
kilauan mencahayakan hari

translation...

smile delicate as dew
sticks to a leaf of memory
even if written in one line
brightens up the day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Berat And Gjirokastra, Albania

Berat's fortresses
still pointing over Ossum river
the cannons

Berat's fortresses
in all the quiet
of the Ossum river
cannons

Berat's Kala castle
as i pray, the sound
of the azan

Berat's Kala Castle
the colours of religius freedom
solidly laid out

Berat
tiered my feelings and
the houses on the slopes

Gjrokastra - we walk
the bazaar listening to
our own footsteps

Gjrokastra - we listen to
stories of wars in between
the churches and mosque

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - The Red Fort, New Delhi, India

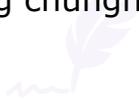
missing the item for the day
guide and the tourist fight
over red fort

red fort - we run from
pillar to pillar to feel
the vastness of moghul pleasure

the red fort
moghul's own
forbidden city

the red fort
within the walls
shah jahan's glory

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Butrint, Albania

butrint
the city preserved
- in mud

butrint
all its past mapped out -
in ruins

butrint
after so many years still
the Greek theatre

butrint
the boy says he loves
the greek things of the city

butrint
we walk through
a bazaar of influences

butrint
a bazaar of influences
screaming out from ruins

john tiong chunghoo

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - The Remains Of The Bamiyan Valley, Afghanistan

Bamiyan Valley
the buddha statues
that shake the world

Bamiyan Valley
in the cave of our memory
the buddha statues

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Minaret Of Jam, Afghanistan

minaret of jam - between
the intricate carvings
my awe

minaret of jam
the blue that takes me
to the sea

standing tall
in all the fightings
minaret of jam

echoes of eagles
soaring in the river valley too
the minaret of jam

minaret of jam
a charming history
soaring into sky

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Biru Gelap Air Di Laut Manukan (Translated Into English)

biru gelap laut di Pulau Manukan
dakwat berkesudahan untuk bina seni
cendekiawan jangan lupa tunaikan
bimbing kita ke lautan minda berisi

the sea water of Manukan Island is dark blue
a great supply to write about the arts
writers and intellectuals dont forget
to guide us to the sea of rich thoughts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Grand-Bassam, Ivory Coast

Grand-Bassam - we piece
together an old story
in black and white

Grand-Bassam
still haunting - a solid fiction
in black and white

Grand-Bassam
solid foundations
of a grim past

Grand-Bassam
intact - structures of
an old divide

Grand-Bassam
we try to be polite about
both black and white

john tiong chunghoo

Unesco Heritage Site Haiku - Lakes Of Ounianga, Chad

Qunianga
we drive from
lake to lake

Quniaga lake travel
loch ness comes in and out
of our conversation

Ounianga - the woman
decides to name children
kebir and Serir

Our lust - we opt for
the fish lakes first
then the algae

john tiong chunghoo



Pantun - Laut Manukan Sebotol Dakwat Biru (Translated To English)

laut di Manukan sebotol dakwat biru
gelombang biru gelap di ambang seni
cendekiawan yang sana jangan lupa buru
bimbing kita ke lautan minda berisi

the sea at Manukan is a bottle of blue ink
waves of dark blue in the lane of art
the intellectuals there please dont forget
lead us to the sea of mind that is filled with great things

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Benih Di Usik Ayer Dan Cahaya (Translated Into English)

benih di usik ayer dan cahaya
satu hari dua hari tumbuh berdiri
anak di didik cara hidup bahagia
satu hari nanti pandai berdikari

benih di usik ayer dan cahaya
satu hari dua hari tumbuh berdiri
anak di didik cara hidup bahagia
satu tahun dua tahun pandai berdikari

the seed touched by water and light
one or two days it stands up
the son taught how to live happily
one or two years soon learn to become independent

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Embun Di Terangi San Suria (Translated To English)

embun di terangi san suria
tumbuhan tunduk ke arah cahaya
suasana aman damai dan ceria
serumput sepokok ilham cahaya

the dew is lighted by the sun
plants bow and grow towards the light
such a peaceful and delightful moment
every plant, every tree, an inspiration of the Light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Cameron Highlands Segar Dan Indah (Translated Into English)

cameron highlands segar dan indah
ladang teh selimuti bukit
teh wangi selimuti lidah
sungguh ceriakan lawatan kita ke bukit

Cameron Highlands is fresh and charming
tea plantations blanket the hills
fragrant tea blanket our tongue
help us enjoy our trip to the hills

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Bunga Sundal Malam Mekar Bertingkat (With English Translation)

sundal malam mekar bertingkat
arus air berbisik mencumbu bulan
atas garisan halaman halaman surat
berbagai bagai corak rembulan

the tuberose blooms one atop the other
the tide whispers caresses the moon
on the lines of the letter
various shapes of the moon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Pagi Hati Saya Bagai Kotak (With English Translation)

pagi ni hati saya bagai kotak
kotak tanpa barang dan bunyi
hari ni awal saya tulis sajak
cahaya ilham menerangi bumi

this morning my heart is like a box
a box without anything and sound
today i write my poem early
the inspiration of light brightens up the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Pantai Cahaya Bulan Kelantan (Translated Into English)

pantai cahaya bulan memikat
nyiur berbuai buai terapkan sinaran
tenang di laut karpal dan pukut
di pantai pemain wau berkliaran

the moonlight beach takes my breath away
coconut leaves dance and distil the light
calm at sea fishing boats and their nets
the beach is full of kite flyers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Buluh Berbuai Buai Di Langit (With English Translation)

dedaun buluh membuai buai
kasih sayang mewarnai hidup
alunan ombak menjunam ke pantai
terimalah yang baik se cukup cukup

bamboo leaves wave and wave
love colours our life
the waves roar and sweep onto shore
take what is good as much as possible

buluh berbuai buai di langit
kasih sayang mewarnai hidup
sentiasa sedia hadapi cabaran
kerjayaan tercapai membina hidup

buluh tinggi mencakar langit
impian mewarnai hidup
bersedia hadapi cabaran sengit
capai kerjayaan yang melutup

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Selubung Menyelubungi (With English Translation)

selubung menyelubungi
embun menggelilingi
debaran ku meninggi tinggi
diselubungi cinta sejati

shroud veils
mist all around
the heartbeat getting louder
shrouded - a real love

selubung menyelubungi
embun pagi mengelilingi
dalam debaran ku menanti
cinta sejati yang tersembunyi

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sarawak Pua Kumbu

in my hands - the dreams
between the gods and weaver
pua kumbu

borneo dayaks in the old days prayed to get images from their guardian gods
afterwhich they would weave them onto their ikat, or pua kumbu.
these fabrics are sacred objects used for life and death rituals.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Perempuan, Istri Dan Jalang (Translated To English)

perempuan, isteri, dan jalang
yang lalu tak kan berulang
tatasusila baik di pegang
jalan lurus bengkok ku tak hilang

woman, wife and whore
what has been will never be repeated
i hang on to the best experience
the road, straight or bent i will not be lost

perempuan, isteri, dan jalang
yang lalu tak kan berulang
pengalaman lurus di pegang
jalan bengkok pun ku tak hilang

perempuan, isteri, dan jalang
pergilah kita jalan jalan
hidup memang satu jalanan
buai sini, buai sana, buaian mainan

woman, wife and whore
let's go for a walk
life is actually just a walk
swing here, swing there, a swing game

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Jambatan Tamparuli (Translated Into English)

suka jambatan tamparuli
lagu yang menyayat hati
datanglah meninjau sekali
kasut terjatuh boleh di ganti

suka jambatan tamparuli
lagu yang menyentuh hati
datanglah melawat sekali
kasut terjatuh boleh di ganti

love tamparuli bridge
the song which is so touching
come visit the bridge one time
shoes lost can be replaced

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Kecil Suka Pakai Kasut Bapa (With English Translation)

kecil suka pakai kasut bapa
tapi kaki tak muat kasut besar
kini bapa dah tiada
berdikari sentiasa ku belajar

when young i loved to wear father's shoes
but my feet were too small for the big shoes
now that father has passed away
i learn to be all independent by myself

masa kecil pakai kasut bapa
tapak kaki tak muat kasut besar
sekarang bapa sudah tiada
berdikari sentiasa ku belajar

kecil suka pakai kasut bapa
tapi kaki tak muat kasut besar
kini bapa dah tiada
kerinduan setanding orang askar

when young i loved to wear father's shoes
but my feet were too small for the big shoes
now that father has passed away
my longing for him feels like far away soldiers'

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Syurga Di Gerak Kasih Sayang (With English Translation)

syurga di gerak kasih sayang
neraka di gerak hasad dengki
suryga tunggu yang menyayang
neraka tunggu yang akan di telan api

the heaven is moved by love
the hell by hatred and jealousies
the heaven waits for those with love
the hell those to be swallowed up in flames

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Salleh Ben Joned

indeed we are shaped
by the world
good or bad

letting the malayness
in him rise
in every occasion
all naturally
that psyche shaped
over thousands of years

refusing to let others
tell him what
a malay should be

a ship steering his way
in the worst of storm

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Sungai Sarawak Penghubung Masyarakat (Translated Into English)

joint effort with Hadiah Hamzah

Sungai Sarawak penghubung masyarakat
sungai dikayuh menjamu kuih lapis
orang Semenanjung tersentak pemandangan memikat
menyimpul silaturahim generasi pelapis

translation:

sarawak river helps bring together the people
we cross the river to taste the famous layered cake
the people from the peninsula surprised of the beautiful view
and the harmony of the people

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Se Bentuk Cincin Cari Bahagia (Translated To English)

se bentuk cincin cari bahagia
suami isteri menyarungi kasih
di tasik menyinar bunga seroja
menempuh hidup secara bersih

with a ring i try to find love
the husband and wife are bound by love
the lake shines with many lotuses
living life in a very clean way

sebentuk cincin cari bahagia
suami dan isteri menyarungi kasih
tasik di penuh bunga seroja
kerjakan impian secara bersih

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Taman, Syurga Kita (With English Translation)

awan menjanjikan
hujan menggembirakan
tasik menenangkan
taman, syurga kita kan

the clouds are promising
the rain lots of fun
the lake, it is relaxing to the eyes
and the garden, a paradise right?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Tercari Cari Anak Sungai Zaman Muda (English Version)

tercari cari anak sungai zaman muda
terkubur di tanah, terpendam di hati
yang rancang di kota senang diduga
yang hilang di desa sukar di ganti

i look for the small river of childhood
it is buried in the ground, latent in the heart
what is planned in the city are expected
what is lost in the village difficult to get back

tercari cari anak sungai zaman muda
terkubur di tanah, terpendam di hati
yang terdapat dikota susah di lupa
yang hilang di desa amat menyakiti

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Senja Di Sungai Rejang Sungguh Menawan (With English Translation)

senja di sungai rejang sungguh menawan
hati anak perantau berdebar debar
di air terbentang kilauan langit dan awan
kalau hendak kejayaan haruslah sabar

(dusk at Sibu Waterfront)

dusk at Rejang River is overwhelming
the heart of the traveller is stirring
in the water the sky and cloud glitter
if we want success, we have to be patient

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Temple Lotuses

temple lotuses
riding the serenity
the chants of monks

mountain temple
the clouds float
from peak to peak

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Rambut Di Balut Jadi Sanggul (With English Translation)

rambut dibalut jadi sanggul
sekutum melati menhaluskan wajah
seni dikasah jadi unggul
tekun menempuh segala rencah

translation -

the hair is rolled into a coiffure
jasmine refines the look
polishing skills results in great art
hardwork to face all challenges

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - World Culture Festival In Berlin July 2011

sri sri ravi shankar
in his silence the world
World Culture Festival

not left in the cold
despite the rain
World Culture Festival

the heart - where we
all converge
world culture festival

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - 384th Anniversary Of Russia's Siberian City Of Krasnoyarsk June 30,2012.

Krasnoyarek 384th City Day
we forget we are
in Siberia

Krasnoyarek 384th City Day
in the rage of colours
our colourless world

Krasnoyarek City Day
in the rage of colours
our colourless world

Krasnoyarek City Day
the chinese dragon joins
in the russian fun

Krasnoyarsk City Day
The East and West are
just a dance away

Krasnoyarek City Day
The East and West are just
a Krasnoyarek away

Krasnoyarek City Day
The East and West are just
a russia away

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun -Sehiris Langit Terapung Di Perigi (With English Translation)

sehiris langit terapung di perigi
air jernih menyerikan muka
sifat rendah diri di hormati
orang cerdik minda terbuka

translated from Malay:

a slice of sky floats in the well
clear water beautifies the face
the humble ones earns our respect
the clever ones keep their minds open

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pantun - Angin Bertiup Sepoi Sepoi Bahasa (With English Translation)

angin bertiup sepoi sepoi bahasa
musim luruh menghiris kesepian
pic dan pisang kaki menharungi desa
bila kunjungan anda akan kesampaian

translation:

in the wind a peaceful calm
autumn slices the loneliness in us
in the village is the scent of peach and persimmons
when will you be visiting us?

angin bertiup sepoi sepoi bahasa
musim luruh menghiris kesepian
pic dan kaki pisang mewarnai desa
bila kunjungan anda akan kesampaian

angin bertiup sepoi sepoi bahasa
musim luruh menghiris kesepian
buah buahan masak renum menharungi desa
bila kunjungan anda akan kesampaian

angin bertiup sepoi sepoi bahasa
musim luruh menghiris kesepian
buah bertimbun di pokok pokok desa
bila kunjungan anda akan kesampaian

memory of chiba, japan

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Pagar Terbengkok Bertimbun Labu (With English Translation)

Pagar terbengkok bertimbun labu
dedaun rambutan merah berapi
lautan minda ayat melabuh labuh
di mana hatiku cari penganti

translation:

the fence is bent by abundant gourds
a fiery red is the rambutan tree
words berth in the ocean of the mind
where is the person that is mine?

pagar terbengkok bertimbun labu
dedaun rambutan merah kian membara
lautan minda ayat melabuh labuh
terus memikul kasih jangan berserah

Pagar terbengkok bertimbun labu
pokok rambutan merah berapi
lautan minda ayat melabuh labuh
di mana hati cari penganti

pagar terbengkok bertimbun labu
pokok rambutan merah berapi
lautan minda ayat melabuh labuh
gantian mana aku harus meniti

pagar terbengkok bertimbun labu
dedaun rambutan merah kian membara
lautan minda ayat melabuh labuh
susulilah cari jodoh usah berserah

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Gagah Perkasa (With English Translation)

Gagah perkasa pisang tanduk
Kecik molek gadis rupawan
Cita cita cabang bertanduk
Teruskan usaha jadilah hartawan

translation

(a type of banana which is huge
each is about a foot long

huge is pisang tanduk
petite, and beautiful is the girl
a multi tiered horn is our ambitions
work hard and be a wealthy man

Gagah perkasa pisang tanduk
Kecik molek gadis rupawan
Cita cita cabang bertanduk
yang di impi untuk menawan

john tiong chunghoo

Pantun - Rezeki Tuhan (With English Translation)

siang matahari bersinar-sinar
malam cerah bulan purnama
rezeki tuhan bercurah-curah
milikku kalau cerdik dan pintar

translated to english:

in the day the sun shines
in the full moon, the night glows
sustenance from God overflows
it's mine if i use my mind

siang matahari bersinar-sinar
malam cerah bulan purnama
rezeki tuhan bercurah-curah
milikku kalau kerja benar

Sinar terpancar dicelah awan,
Bintang berkelip bulan mengambang
Melimpah ruah rezeki tuhan
Teruskan usaha janganlah bimbang

Sinar terpancar dicelah awan
bintang berkelip bulan mengambang
melimpah ruah rezeki tuhan
jujur dan rajin hasilnya di tangan

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Bridge To Your House

bridge to your house
i dropp an apple
and my heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - White Nights Festival St Petersburg

the old lady cries
the White Nights she met
her late husband

white nights festival
the dancer's favourite moment
the interval

white nights festival
she (the dancer) wishes to paint
the whole town red

white nights festival
the ballet dancer autographs
with her lipstick

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Angela Hijjas

Angela Hijjas
her high hopes
of malaysia
underrated perhaps
this country
the resounding feel
she generates

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Boryeong Mud Festival, South Korea

Boryeong Mud Festival
in the mud
childhood

Boryeong Mud Festival
one colour
one world

Boryeong Mud Festival
murky too the history
of korea

Boryeong Mud Festival
all the men carved
in grey

Boryeong Mud Festival
the group photo
sparkling teeth

Boryeong Mud Festival
saying we are mud anyway
he laughs and plunges in

Boryeong Mud Festival
on his head
a grey pagoda

Boryeong Mud Festival
the sea too
a shade of grey

Boryeong Mud Festival
travelling miles to
get ourselves dirtied

Boryeong Mud Festival
travelling back to

childhood again

john tiong chunghoo

2012 Haiku - End Of The World Haiku

2012

everyday i bid farewell
to a star

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - John Smith's Grand National Aintree

John Smith's Grand National Aintree
she holds her child high up
to see the favourite horse

John Smith's Grand National
'I am going to name the child
after that mare, ' the lady says

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - La Tomatina

IA Tomatina
overheard - i am the tomato
come crush me!

La Tomatina
the thais explain to friend
it is red songkran

La Tomatina
an old woman massages
face with the pulp

La Tomatina
she tells her daughter
not to wear red

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - Munich Oktoberfest (Munich Beerfest

Munich Oktoberfest
between gulps, he yodles his
favourite tune

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Festival Haiku - San Fermin Festival

San Fermin Festival
our steps louder
than the bulls

San Fermin Festival
men - the ones more difficult
to control

San Fermin Festival
louder than the bulls -
us

San Fermin Festival - the police
scolds the errant runner
'Dont behave like a Bull.'

San Fermin Festival
feeling myself lesser
than a bull

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Forever Saying Goodbye

we are forever saying goodbye
goodbye, goodbye, goodbye let me repeat
the child who has grown into a young man
would remain a fond memory, like how we remember
a childhood friend who was always at our side

the young man who has matured into the middle aged
will remember him as someone who have looked
for so many things in thirty years only to get
only some things; a trail of disappointments to
spice up his memory as he bade the young man goodbye

the middle aged suddenly discovers that he
is not as young anymore, his eyes, his legs,
his hair, his stamina have all started to nag to him
that they are not as before, taking duties
promptly and without shortcoming; they have
all taken a turn for the the middle aged
who will soon teach his children happiness is the
best medicine of all and that life should be
focussed on finding that without hurting anyone

the octogenarian takes over the the steps
of the middled age and they have slowed
so much sometimes he cannot even do it
without the help of someone or a stick

the octogenarian who will tell us that a life
of charity is better than one lived alone;
an all important lesson from the silver haired who will
soon bid goodbye to himself, the world and us all

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Morning Park

filled with
an emptiness
the morning park

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

*seamus Heaney The Haiku Poet

college sick bay
i count the bells knelling
classes to a close

father crying
he has always taken funerals
in his stride

The baby coos
laughs and
rocks the pram

whispers inform
strangers
I am the eldest

the corpse
stanced
bandaged



PoemHunter.com

he lies in the
four foot box a poppy bruise
on his left temple

a four foot box
a foot for
every year

john tiong chunghoo

*percy Bysshe Shelley The Haiku Poet

the mountains kiss high heaven
the waves clasp
one another

the sunlight clasps earth
the moonbeams kiss
the sea

fountains mingle with river
the rivers with ocean
the winds of heaven mix forever

nothing
in the world
is single

All things
another's
being



PoemHunter.com

what are kissings worth
If thou kiss
not me?

john tiong chunghoo

Again And Again

poetry in progress

childhood days are roses and thorns
they comprise memories light as
the roll of one marble as well as
heavy as a bag full of the blue white
gleaming roly pollies sitting so
quietly in the old store room

childhood is full of schemes
marbles - we made sure the other boys
are emptied of theirs
kites - we made sure the string of
their kites snap, kite flying away
like a helpless chinese princess
pigeons - one was downed by us so that
its mate waited for it one whole day
on the precipice of a roof
one memory i wish to tear to shreds
dragonflies - in my hands they ate
each other up

childhood is festooned with lessons
both inside and outside the classroom
with the two legged, four legged, the hornbills,
doggies, and those with no legs but then
morphed into the best hoppers - frogs, toads
and grasshoppers to teach us never
to underestimate the poorest of anything
arithmetics, music, football or paintballs

childhood lane
a ball floating and sinking
a patch here and there, a lake, a stream,
a river - so many fishes had splashed
their tails and now only concretes
to make the memory jump

a cry, a lane, a walk, a pet, a church,

a school, mother's hand holding so tight,
shaking, and still elucidating her
discomforts, and those yelps of puppies
there, here, here there we had more than
five doggies all those years

winding through there, here
a range of sepia, black and white, chromes,
working themselves into an abstract
marbles rolling onto empty canvas -
light and ever so desirable these bonuses
at children's alleyway dates
- rolling ever still rolling
the drive that reels and roils the mind
going back is the same as moving forward
there is never a point in time we can rest on

john tiong chunghoo

*w H Auden The Haiku Poet

Scribbling in the sky 'He is dead! '
i put crepe bows around
the necks of public doves

stop all the clocks,
cut off the telephone
let the mourners come

silence the pianos and
with muffled drum
bring out the coffin

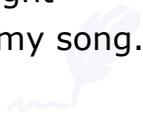
he was my north,
my south, my east and west,
my weekdays and sunday

he was my noon,
my midnight
my talk, my song.

stars are not wanted now
pack up the moon
dismantle the sun.

stars are not wanted now
pour away the ocean
sweep up the wood

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Has Many Moods

poetry in progress

the sea has many moods
you need more than one
canvas to paint them all
and an imagination cresting
like waves sweeping onto shores

the sea has many moods
it presents dawn with
streaks of luminous hope
and slowly breaks through
the menacing bleakness of night
to give us a new day -
a fresh new born, his eyes
gleaming like angel and that
first cry which opens to us
a new terrace for love - a chill
that slowly builds into a warmth
between us knowing that it
is a blessing from beyond
- tears or cheers

the sea has many moods
you need to see them all
to portray them on your canvas

there is a hint of melancholy
especially after a tempest when the beach
is strewn with all things from the
bowels of the sea; old coins,
broken porcelains, dead little turtles,
wine bottles that have crossed continents,
one shoe, slipper, sandal like partners
lost in war, and shells of all kinds,
some shining with a strain of hypnotism
you wish they have not been torn
by the force of the sea
bits and pieces of everything here and

there to remind us of how life can be
as turbulent when the mighty tide works against us

the sea has many moods
you have to live by one to
experience them all

the cheers that brighten up the day
when every beach feels like a fresh
new summer, another mediterranean
the waves gallop like horses on
an an emerald to take us to their
adventures of mermaids in love,
of palace made of beautiful corals,
of gold and diamonds in sunken ships,
of romances, of aliens, of
finding a new angle to life,
so that the past is just another
wave disappearing on the beach
to recharge the self that has been
left to vegetate and muffled
in the race for survival

the sea has many moods
you need more than one canvas
to paint them all
the tide turns low on some days
enabling walks on seabed, and
to the next shore, before inch
by inch, the tide starts coming in
water swirling like a man sipping
and blowing onto his tea, inch by inch
like a hungry animal, the sea starts to
swallow up old territories as its own,
and in such haste, rage and chagrin,
one hour is all it needs to take it all in
there are those who, lost in their fun,
forget about the tide and are trapped
and swept away forever remaining on the
chiling and heartwrenching lost-at-sea list

walking the seabed is a walk through

the backstage of a theatre
you see all the theatrics of the sea
anemones in a range of red stick
their heads out on the sand like a vulgar thing
and here and there are broken corals
after having served as colourful dancers swaying
gracefully and serenading fishes
now with faded lustre they surrender to their fate
on the sand, a mound here and there
in the rhythm of the waves
as you walk, a pensive mood envelops you, a peace
and a quiet you don't savour on ordinary days by the beach
the wind feels like God caressing and whispering
to you his story of creation, his joy when everything is over
so that you can walk on a seabed to take it all in
the sea may be rough but it too, affords a time
and a space when it bares all to help you meditate on
its enlightened side, something it does not unveil to us
unless the tide takes an all about turn to the sea
it is a blessing for those who happen to chance
upon it and take it to its full advantage

the sea has many moods
you have to live by one to see them all

there are one thousand and one creatures
who are ever ready to share with you their fun
tenants of the white sand, sea, and breeze
and an occasional full moon, oh no two moons

the plovers and starfishes are friends
coral fishes sprint to and fro under a branch
waiting for the tide to ferry them out
mudskippers hop on the tail of the waves
like clowns at a circus, a head so huge and two short fins
one wonders how they anchor themselves so well at sea
little crabs run the lightness of breeze
and here and there little holes that gently
remind me of the tenants with claws
they are all so round these crabs
of orange, brown, green, yellow must have
been well trained by the divinity of their task

a conical shell is a soul in meditation
an ear listening to its own sacred calling
seaweeds paint some parts a bright green
while an outcast the jellyfish is always
a sorry affair, sprawled and helpless
its see-through mass of shrunken body
transmit a fetid scent no one would love to have
children are told not to play around with them
as the toxins in the soft textured creature
can be just the opposite of its appearance

starfishes

like the setting sun over the hill
that turn the whole

like the poet swept with
a hope for that
one poem that would land
on the print to meet all
the sea has many moods
you have live by her to
see them all

john tiong chunghoo

The Best About God

the best thing - about God - is
he talks more like a human being
- than many - who profess they
know him better

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Chinese New Year Eve Firecrackers Haiku

frightened swallows
serenade the sky
new year eve firecrackers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Hint At What Is Beautiful

poetry in progress

the mouth is the living soul
in an eden of ivory towers
the heart the seat of God
there the rules are laid out
the tongue is the spineless
that can morph into a devil
at the convenience of the dweller

a heart tells no lies
it is the seat of God
and there is the beauty of
beauties, purest of spirit
a chalice filled to the brim
with answers to a million
years of yearnings, for all
the years with an equal number
of ungalvanised answers
if you care to search for its
sacred hints at what is beauty

beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder
and the heart tells no lies
it is the mouth that in all its
clean ivory innocence may morph
into a snake in its own eden

the heart tells no lies
it speaks as soon to its owner
of any intransigence so that he goes
to sleep heavy like adam after his fall,
poorer in the soul and tears brimming all over

john tiong chunghoo

Trees

whenever the lustre of my amber glistens,
i could feel the price it had exacted on the trees,
blood red tears meandering rough and uneven tracks
to land where they were kept like a child for a million years

they emerge to fascinate us with coruscating tales
of the romances with time, lost on the memory of men,
the dinosaurs, the first forests, the insects -
which now sparkle with such subtlety - they draw us
to the heart of their very existence, the million
years in the now, solidified, and now dangling right
at the door to the heart, our bossom

the trees, the trees, so many of them
standing tall and proud, as if broadcasting to us
if they had not been around, creation
would have been at a standstill

the trees, the trees, they fuel the world
a panacea to foibles rolled into one tall order, -
so that our cars run, our kitchen cooks, our umbrella works,
the news reach us handsomely wrapped, the chopsticks
to pick our food, the clogs to walk and rattle autumn,
the medicine to heal our rebellious body, fruits for
the seasons, the table for us to write on and a cosy
space for the dead to dream on

when they stand in a fusion at the break of dawn
it feels one has stumbled upon a meditative realm
of the highest kind - the orchestra blasting away
in them permeates every hidden place - they only help
to enhance that robustness and promises of the day
the sun channels its recuperative light - leaves that dance,
filter the music and the essence of the day

trees, trees.... abodes of birds, animals, they tell
on the weather, sing the storm before it approaches
and whistles to us fine spring tunes

trees trees standing so tall, majestic affording
a luxuriance to cool ourselves as we brood over
our destiny - trees our only saviours as the earth
climbs the mercury ever ready to send us
into oblivion in a spinning fiery hot cauldron

second version:

whenever the lustre of my amber
glistens, i could feel the price
it has exacted on the trees, brown red
meandering down the barks and onto
the soil and for a million years,
preserved in the goodness of the earth
to give us the infinite light on the pendant

the trees, the trees, so many of them
all standing tall and proud as if to broadcast
to us that if they had not been around, creation
would have been at a standstill

the trees, the trees, they fuel the world
a panacea to foibles rolled into one tall order, -
so that our cars run, our kitchen cooks, our umbrella works,
the news reach us handsomely wrapped, the chopsticks
to pick our food, the clogs to walk and rattle autumn,
the medicine to heal our rebellious body, fruits for
the seasons, the table for us to write on and a cosy
space for the dead to dream on

when they stand in a fusion at the break of dawn
it feels one has stumbled upon a meditative realm
of the highest kind - the orchestra blasting away
in them permeates every hidden place - they only help
to enhance that robustness and promises of the day
the sun channels its recuperative light between the leaves
in a playful quest - like pianists dribbling ivory keys -
to give to us the best of the day

trees, trees.... abodes of birds, animals, they tell
on the weather, sing the storm before it approaches

and whistles to us fine spring tunes

trees trees standing so tall and majestic, shaking and
jolting many of us to the solid truth that if not for their
presence, the earth that has been climbing the mercury bars,
would have sent us into oblivion in a spinning fiery hot cauldron

john tiong chunghoo

The Self

the self is a mountain
you can go exploring
some parts are not reachable
and some parts so riveting
you just wish to sing them songs
some parts are caves you can shout
and hear your own echoes
some parts are a make belief
haunted house you can frighten yourself with
some parts are chambers of
mysteries you can get lost on your own

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A New Poet

a new poet - first the
glow of the moon, then
overcast sky, then
thunder and lightning
the short interval between
shadows and lights
the delicate situations
that one has to fit in
on the page, white, yellow or blue
to make light, light
and the thunder, thunder,
and all the frightening winds
and storms that come in between
then the close of the rain
the loudness of the raindrops
taken over by drizzle and
little swirls of fresh breeze
that fuel the acme of enjoyment
for the senses and the mind
the final lines of a poem so well
written that it feels the weather
has cleared, so that the sun shines
through fleeces and in a sky so blue
one cannot help feel one has reached
wonderland - the glow of a new poet
is a child heaving in excitement
as he made that first round on the
pedals when he learns to cycle

rewritten from:

A new Poet

a new poet - first the
glow of the moon, then
overcast sky, then
thunder and lightning
the short interval between
shadows and lights

the delicate situations
that one has to fit in
on the page, white, yellow or blue
to make light, light
and the thunder, thunder,
and all the frightening winds
and storms that come in between
then the close of the rain
the loudness of the raindrops
taken over by drizzle and
little swirls of fresh breeze
that fuel the climax of enjoyment
for the senses and the mind
the final lines of a poem so well
written that it feels the weather
has cleared, so that the sun shines
through fleeces and a sky so blue
one cannot help feel one has reached
a piece of wonderland - the glow of
a new poet is a child heaving in excitement
of that first round he makes on
the pedals when he learns to cycle
j

john tiong chunghoo

*william Blake The Haiku Poet

anger

I told my wrath
my wrath did end

anger

I told it not
my wrath did grow.

anger

I water it in fears
and my tears

anger

i sun it with smiles
and soft deceitful wiles

anger

it grows till it
bores an apple bright

my foe beholds it shine.
and knows
it is mine

anger my garden steals
when the night
veils the pole

john tiong chunghoo

*Robert Frost The Haiku Poet

between the woods
and frozen lake - the darkest
evening of the year

two roads diverge
in leaves no step had
trodden black

the only other sound
the sweep of easy wind
and downy flake

a young beech
clinging to its
last year's leaves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

*pablo Neruda The Haiku Poet

'Pablo Neruda the haiku Poet:

that fire is repeated
nothing is extinguished
my love feeds on your love'

...

evening walk
between our hands the blue night
drops on the world

you recede through evening
towards twilight
erasing statues

from my window
the fiesta of sunset in the
distant mountain tops

a piece of sun burns
like a coin
in my hand

I remember you
my soul clenched in that
sadness of mine

my blue sweater rolls
like a hurt dog
at my feet

john tiong chunghoo

* Maya Angelou The Haiku Poet

i rise

i rise

i rise

i'm a

black ocean,

leaping and wide

i dance like I've got

diamonds at the meeting

of my thighs

into a daybreak

that's wondrously clear

I rise

the gifts my ancestors gave,

I am the dream,

hope of the slave'

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

*walt Whitman The Haiku Poet

some dream
on the deck you've fallen
cold and dead

with mournful tread
I walk the deck
my Captain lies

the steady keel
the vessel grim and daring
the bleeding drops of red

for you bouquets and
ribboned wreaths
the shores a-crowding

the port is near
the bells I hear
the people all exulting

from fearful trip
the victor ship
comes in

john tiong chunghoo

*'Alfred Noyes The Haiku Poet

a torrent of darkness
the moon a galleon
tossed upon cloudy seas

the road
a ribbon of moonlight
over the purple moor

the highwayman
comes riding— Riding—riding—
riding, up to the old inn-door

a French cocked-hat
a bunch of lace
at his chin

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow The Haiku Poet

departing
the footprints on
the sand of time

trust no future
let the dead past
bury its dead

the living present
heart within and
God o'erhead

each tomorrow
finds us
farther than today

art is long

time is fleeting,
our hearts like muffled drums
are beating

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Pablo Picasso's Garçon À La Pipe (1905)

Garçon à la pipe
who will be the crown
of my roses?

Garçon a la pipe
a decadence that
breeds excellence

decadent
excellence
Garçon a la pipe

Garçon a la pipe
a decadence that
breathes excellence

Garçon a la pipe
a decadent of finesse
for the art

stealing the heart of art
flowers, pipe
and the lad in blue

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Vincent Van Gogh's Portrait Of Dr Gachet (1890)

Portrait of Dr Gachet (1890)

a madness in a
fusion of madness

Portrait of Dr Gachet

the artist paints
his other self

insanity - it drives
an artists' posthumous career
sky high

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku -. Portrait Of Adele Bloch-Bauer I (1907) Gustav Klimt

a dream many times
that of gold - getting
mr right

the world is gold
i am part of
the gold

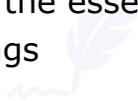
so easy for
a woman to meld
into gold

so easy for
a woman to
blend with gold

woman - the essence
of all things
gold

gold dream
a desire to fly away
a swan in love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

* Sylvia Plath The Haiku Poet

I have always been scared of you
your LuftWaffe, your gobbledygoo
your neat mustache

I never could talk to you
the tongue stuck
in my jaw

my tongue stuck
in a barb wire snare.
ich, ich, ich, ich

I have
lived like a foot
poor and white

I have had to kill you.
You died before
I had time-

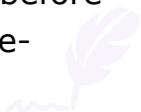
a bag full of God
ghastly statue
with one gray toe

freakish Atlantic
it pours bean green
over blue

an engine, an engine
chuffing me off
like a Jew

a swastika
So black no sky
could squeak through.

every woman adores a Fascist,
the boot in the face
the brute heart of a brute



PoemHunter.com

a cleft in your chin
instead of
your foot

.....

the strange girl
guilt-stricken halts, pales
clings to the prince

hectic music, cocktail talk
she hears the caustic
ticking of the clock

the prince leans to the girl
her green eyes slant
hair flaring in a fan of silver

revolving tall glass hall
guests slide gliding
into light like wine

rose candles flicker
on the lilac wall
a million flagons shine

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Woman Iii - Willem De Kooning

Woman
lost walking through
her sexes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - No.5,1948 - Jackson Pollock

mess in
the proper hands
is money

mess meshes
the dollars
no 5 1948

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haikuied - Sylvia Plath

the strange girl
guilt-stricken halts, pales
clings to the prince

hectic music, cocktail talk
she hears the caustic
ticking of the clock

the prince leans to the girl
her green eyes slant
hair flaring in a fan of silver

revolving tall glass hall
guests slide gliding
into light like wine

rose candles flicker
on the lilac wall
a million flagons shine

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Paul Cezanne's The Card Players

The Card Players
the artist's brush with
the colours of fame

The Card Players
a concentration locks into
every inch of the canvas

the card players
a delight spreads out
between the fingers

The Card Players
the day's worries diffused
between the fingers

The Card Players
between the fingers
the probability of wealth

The Card Players
the world diffused in
a few cards in the hands

The Card Players
hypnotising the men
in the pictures

The Card Players
caught in the hands
a deep anticipation

The Card Players
every moment of fun
caught in shades

The Card Players

enlivened
boredom

john tiong chunghoo

*edgar Allan Poe The Haiku Poet

Annabel Lee
the moon beams
bringing me dreams

Annabel Lee
the stars never rise
yet there her bright eyes

Annabel Lee
the seraphs of heaven
Covets her and me

Annabel Lee
we love with a love
more than love

Annabel Lee
i lie down with all
the night-tides

the sepulcher
her tomb - the
resounding sea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

*rudyard Kipling The Haiku Poet

yours is the world
filling the unforgiving minute
with its worth of run

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Mount Everest Peak

everest peak
the world shivers
with me

..

Mount Everest Climb
success that fine line between
the foot and snow

..

mount everest climb
success rests squarely
on the foot

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Australia Haiku - Melbourne Street Art

Melbourne Street Art
in so many colours
Saddam Hussain's crossed out face

a spellbinding chilly
crossed out saddam
melbourne street art

melbourne street art
of all places
here's Saddam Hussein

midnight melbourne street art
in all the quietness
saddam's sad grin

Melbourne Street Art
crossed with an X
Saddam Hussain

Saddam Hussain
one man's life crossed out
with an X

john tiong chunghoo

*rabindranath Tagore The Haiku Poet

a moment's indulgence
away from you
my heart knows no rest

my work
an endless toil
in a shoreless sea

summer
at my window
its sighs and murmurs

the bees
plies their minstrel
at the flowering grove.

time to sit face to face
and sing to this silent
and overflowing leisure

john tiong chunghoo

* Langston Hughes The Haiku Poet

Langston Hughes the haiku poet..

when dream dies
life is a broken-winged bird
frozen with snow

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

* Charles Bukowski The Haiku Poet

the flesh covers the bone
they put a mind in there
and sometimes a soul

the women break vases
the men
drink too much

nobody really finds one
but keep looking
crawling in and out of beds

flesh covers the bone
and the flesh searches for
more than flesh

no chance
we - trapped - by
a singular fate

the city dumps fill
the graveyards fill
nothing else fills

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Rebirth - Cross Century Surgery Operation

voila! if rebirth is a fact and
time travel is mastered
you can always request
at the cross century
surgery theatre, your first human birth
eyes, second birth eyebrows
fifth birth nose, cheeks,
eighth birth shoulder blade, and
the fusion of fifth and eight birth sexes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

*william Shakespeare The Haiku Poet

the world's a stage
for the men and women
exits and entrances

the infant
mewling and puking
in the nurse's arms

... the whinning schoolboy
creep like snail
unwilling to school

the lover
sighing a furnace of ballad
to his loving mistress

a soldier
full of strange oaths and
bearded like the pard

the justice
in fair round belly
with good capon lined

the sixth age shifts
in the lean and slippered
pantaloon

his youthful nose
shrunk shank, his big manly voice
a childish treble

last scele
a second childishness
sans teeth, sans eyes, sans everything.

john tiong chunghoo

*John Keats The Haiku Poet

an endless fountain
an immortal drink pouring
from heaven's brink

wreathing a flowery band
to bind us
to the earth

beauty moves away
the pall from
our dark spirits

a thing of beauty
a bower quiet for us,
a sleep full of sweet dreams

John Tiong Chung Hoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - 34th Bali Arts Festival

Bali Arts Festival
gods and humans
fuse in spirit

Bali Arts Festival
on the sunset beach
chants of kecak dancers

Bali Arts Festival
between the fiery sunset
and moonlight - kecak chants

Bali Arts Festival
in full splendour
the ramayana

Bali Arts Festival
gods, humans blast
away in colours and dances

Bali Arts Festival
playing with us
gods and demons

The Bali Arts Festival is a month of daily performances, handicraft exhibitions and cultural activities designed to promote tourism in the resort island of Bali. June - July.

john tiong chunghoo

* Ezra Pound The Haiku Poet

life slips by
not shaking
the grass

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

* William Wordsworth The Haiku Poet

margin of bay
10,000 daffodils toss
a sprightly dance

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Dalai Lama And Aung San Suu Kyi Meet (London)

two nobel peace laureates meet
between them
the buddha

two nobel peace laureates
each crying for
a country

two nobel peace laureates meet
both crying for
a country

two nobel peace laureates meet
cry the beloved
country

two nobel peace laureates meet
one wants to save, the other
wins back a country

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Prayers

whenever I pray
I dedicate the prayers
to whoever comes to my mind
be they my enemy, friend, pet,
father, mother, relatives long gone
the Prime Minister, the Queen
this is how the Almighty really
wants us to do I think and
those images are sent by him

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Tony Bennet

tony bennet
a million diamonds
dropp into my heart

tony bennet
giving my brain cells
a new breathe

tony bennet
a voice
crystallises my mind

tonny bennet
letting the voice
do its wonder

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Malaysian Haze And Elections

Malaysian concerns
the haze and elections
share the same clouds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Rabindranath Tagore's Paintings

Tagore's Last Harvest
a child putting wings
to his imagination

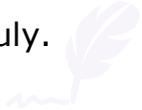
Tagore's Last Harvest
behind the colours and lines
a child

Tagore's Last Harvest
the nobel laureate dances
with ink and pen

Tagore's Last Harvest
the colourful images
of a colourful life

Last Harvest an exhibition of 49 of Tagore's paintings
are exhibited in Kuala Lumpur Visual Arts Museum for three months
April to July.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Father's Day Poem

those little needles on cheeks;
your kisses, daddy, are a fond memory
i always turn to for solace.
i love your moustache; they make you
so distinctive.
and your pipe, it makes you so much
like my intellectual hero, Albert Einstein.
i am always fascinated
by the smoke swirling into the air as you
write through the night.
always fascinated why they always disappeared
into nothingness when I was a child.
As i grew older, it has jolted me to realise
that one day we too will
follow the transient smoke;
disappear into the silence
of the night, into another realm.
I am grateful that with each
growing year, my love for you have
grown deeper, thickened like smoke

john tiong chunghoo

God

you dont need a human figure
to be able to think
you dont need a human body
to be able to talk
the whole universe is not a human figure
and it is thinking and it is guiding
the whole universe whispering to us
things greater than any mouths
would ever utter.

'God talks more like a human being than many people in this world'.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Sadguru Sri Sharavana Baba From Kerela

sadguru sri sharavana baba
a smile, a smile, intimately
bringing blessings

sadguru sri sharavana baba
quite like Lord Shiva
who came to my dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

United Nations Conference On Sustainable Development Haiku

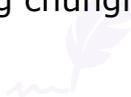
UN Brazil sustainable Development meet
two tribes show each other necklace
of seeds, canines, and silver

UN Brazil Sustainable Development meet
one borneo tribe surprised a taiwan tribe
also call rice 'nasi'

UN Brazil Sustainable Development meet
the long necked admire the long eared
the big mouthed look on

UN Brazil Sustainable Development meet
one tribe insists all of them
have similar origins

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Thing Of Beauty

the ruffling of the hair
on her eyelids, the billowing
light brown tresses accentuate
a delicate face, aquiline nose,
finely shaped eyebrows, luscious lips
a beauty that slices a space for
one to walk handsomely into her heart
a painter's spontaneous delight,
a ballet dancer's graceful twirl
a vantage wine - two hundred years
in the damp, dark and cold - to
finally meet daylight and reflect
the sweetness of a heartfelt evening
where laughter takes over the lane of stresses
to let beauty walk the aisle of the soul,
our feet lightly tap, and our voice tempers
the air to let the luxury of nature closes in on us
so irresistible for such a light moment of the day
it's a punctuation between reality and dream
where two persons dance hand in hand to a
beauty framed in the soul, a sanctuary
where no others can reach or take away

john tiong chunghoo

Potpourri 2

cherry blossom
our hearts full with praises
for spring

new york supermoon
a dream i still
carry with me

cherry blossom
our hearts full with praises
for spring

two trapeze artists
a sixteen legged stunt
in a maze of ropes

the black widow did not just
devour her male partner
he begged for it
... he said it was part of his ecstasy
she obliged for the thrill and fill

john tiong chunghoo

Potpourri

mulu cave
talking zen in
all its silence

delivering me from
the womb of samsara
buddha, dharma and sangha

haiku for Bandar Seri Begawan

the drive around
neat and clean as the sultan
in the picture'

getting the message
in the toilet
durian season

super moon 
the monk's head
glowing with a moon

the boat permanently
beached on a canvas
thanks to my brush

two trapeze artists
a sixteen legged stunt
in a maze of ropes

the mountain there
it takes me to
the nirvana inside me

all souls' day
the child's grave clean
and sparkling again

spring parting

only your haiku to
lighten up the path'

solar eclipse
the sun hides in the
moon's belly

my love for this country
is like a moon waning and waxing
pulling a tide that sweeps me
... in so many directions

john tiong chunghoo

Boat On My Canvas Haiku

the boat permanently
beached on a canvas
thanks to my brush

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Venus Transit The Sun Haiku 2012 May

Venus transit over Sun
that face pimple i wish
would move and go away too

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature Creates Its Own Fun

nature creates its own fun
these two carrots that come out
of the earth like a naked couple

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Rewriting

cant help rewriting my poem
giving it a new coat, a sheen
that shines like the break of dawn
a child's sparkling eyes
as he walks with mom hand in hand
in the gentle recuperative first light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Read Me Now

read me now

read me 500 years after i am not around

after that flush me down the toilet

that is if you are still using flush toilet

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Dr Maya Soetoro Ng

an indonesian grace
with an American mindset
Maya Soetoro Ng

met at Islamic Arts Museum Malaysia
during the launch of Ann Dunham Batik Collection Exhibition
June 8 2012

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Ann Dunham Batik Exhibition

i too swing around
the sarongs of
obama's childhood

the blossoms of
obama's jakarta
dunham batik exhibition

ann dunham batik exhibition
i hear a president's
childhood footsteps

round and round
i walk the colourful
life of ann dunham

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
between each piece
a colourful slice of her life

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
holding on a piece i say
thanks for Obama

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
sharing - the colourful
Indonesian years

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
unfurled, pinned, hung -
the indonesian years

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
on the wall, pieces of
her indonesian years

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
so full of colours
those Indonesian years

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
whispering to us - the years
of coloured ecstasy

Ann Dunham batik exhibition
tipping under the fan
those colourful years

john tiong chunghoo

Risk 2

life is edgy -
a drive along
the ledge of a hill
stunning scenery
fraught with risks
in case the wheels
spin away taking us
down the valley
of broken dreams

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Black

black absorbs all forms
into its formlessness
including the mind
in the sphere of black
space is one primordial
nothingness till light
awakens the ego that
propels the quest for forms
we sleep well without light
so that the mind goes back
to the form of formlessness
sleep on, sleep on
darkness sleeps well in
the absence of light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Batu Ferringhi Beach In Penang

Batu Ferringhi Beach
a serenity holds on to me
like a dream

Batu Ferringhi Beach
a memory cheerful as
the morning sun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Designer

from now i would call him
the Designer, not God
because that leads to
too much struggle and fight
to pin down who he really is

the Designer drives the world
and this physique working it l
ike he works the stars,
the constellations, harnessing them
since the day he started them all

you dont have to believe
you dont have to disbelieve
you just need to sit down
to feel the space blasting
in you, the cells renewing
themselves like stars throwing
its light and another world to us
the flowers budding to give us
another world, of spring, of hope,
each cell propelled by a divine force,
unfolding a painting the shades and
shapes of the promise of a paradise

the hill gives a path to the feet
of the water so that it can beat a step
in triumph to the river, to the sea
and the lake

the water grows wings too
all the way to the sky
so that it continues
the cycle of the Designer
in his love of life, life, life
some blasting away a million trillion
miles away, some resting in venues
so close you you cannot even hear them -
the way catfish dozes off in its secret

crevice, the way your heart pump
right in the centre of your frame

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku For Germany Wave And Goth Festival

Wave and Goth Festival
creativity feels like using
20 colours in one minute

Wave and Goth Festival
creativity explodes like a crocodile
tiger and horse in one cage

Wave and Goth Festival
eyes on the foot, cross on the loins
and fangs on the navel

Wave and Goth Festival
i look for angel's hair, devil's skin
in the flame of the human heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Japanese Jabberwocky

where we lived the road
was called onitaka or tall ghost
little wonder we have so many
hair raising experiences
after the 12 strokes of night

Jabberworky, Jabberworky tale
lone night walk on Onitaka
(tall ghost in Japanese)
Shimousa Nakayama, Chibaken
back to the haunted house
- we did not know until told -
where we lived with them
for two quiet years - japanese
jabberworky ghosts - an old man and woman -
penniless - killing themselves
and we were sleeping on where
they had laid, as they bade
the world goodbye, cold like stones,
but did they leave, fly away, jabberworkies?

they were there. the two who kept the days
in numbers, who even foretold my life -
two lives which had ended - or did they? -
telling the living how his life would be?
what a Jabberworky dream it was?
stretching their hands and fingers
into my life - but then how accurate they were -
-i wouldnt amount to much....almost a stamp,
their words turn out to be after 30 years
japanese jabberworkies using numbers
to get to the nitty gritty of my life
and how good their prediction was!

two hair raising japanese jabberworkies
how easy they had worked to tell this
fragile poet he would not have
the numbers to boast about and they had
surely meant the savings account -

japan where when you have no money
your legs and feet cannot take you anywhere
even two jabberworkies who had gone away
from the world were still caught up with
figures - the all important notes and yen

the two jabberworkies - they were discovered
when they were rotting, hadnt eaten for
days. Jabberworkies they were,
numerologist of the excellent kind....
a table like the one you do your word puzzle
only that they have more squares, and each
with a number, criss crossing
numbers, an ocean of life pinned down
to its very penny's worth
the very art that could have seen the
jabberworkies through the cold damp winter
but then perhaps they too had unravelled
the secrets, seen the figures that told
them where they would be here, now and then?

jabberworky ghosts walk the lane of the mind
haunting every inch of the real world
heavy the air became after the secret
about them was given us - the Japanese woman who
always came over to borrow money - could not hold
her tongue anymore - and everything in the house
suddenly became cold - like corpses - so that
even taking a shower was done in seconds
with the hair raising....despite the water

Jabberworkies - the two knew me to the bones,
yesterday, today, the next 50 years
unperturbed of the world of light, seen and unseen
they shared with me the art of seeing the future,
numbers in a puzzletable so easily forgotten
after we woke up to the world
where real numbers matter

jabberworky ghosts...they have been
wandering penniless, meritless...
wishing somebody would come

to their needs, sharing their prayers,
affording them a better realm where they would
not be bothered by figures, yen or yuan, anymore

jabberworkies..all those hotel rooms
where they walk on lonely dinghy verandahs,
corridors, disturbing our souls, straying
into our path in the dead of nights
for some warmth they could not never have

jabberworkies..the way out of their
claws...is to have your deities sleep
with you, ..jabberworkies...i prayed
for some of them...giving them merits

jabberworky children tales, jabberworky.
jabberworky, a bird flies into the house
at midnight, pays homage to the crystal buddha
and flies out so steadily as if it has imbued
full confidence of a fine reincarnation...
no more jabberowrky, jabberworky...

and yeh i am looking to the next Japan trip
were i would go visit ghost to see if
the jabberworky numerologists are still there
after 30 years, using numbers to help
new tenants see their own lives
- japan where you dont have the figures
in your savings, you would be better off
as two ghosts wanderiing helplessly in
a house seeking to figure out the world - for us

john tiong chunghoo

After Auschwitz

history black as Auschwitz
is a juicy beef, not necessary
a burnt, over roasted turkey
if you know how to ride the time
the heart of the audience
turn the camera and flood
their adrenalin with as much
of the real things again
assigning them to those who have
the penchant to act them out
a passion to portray, almost
with the sadist streak of the nazis
albeit for another cause
because every line on the face
can be arched to bring out the pain
because every tinge of the voice
can be modulated to bring out the cry
because every line can be written to
steal the hearts of the floor
take them to a tempest dance
where a fiery stage bares the inner
elements of the humankind more
poignant than the best stories
ever written and choreographed

and they are still capitalising
on the jews, sending them to
the camps, torturing them,
silencing them, gasing them,
leaving them only skins, skeletons
and deaths to tell of their scars

but dont worry, this time they are
are only on celluloid and the
people who really walk away taking
our breath are the ones who have helped
us relive the odds..the best actress,
the best director, the best actor

anymore to come that could satiate
these men's passion to relive the
the time and tide that refuses to be
swept away, forgotten like
the last wave that hit shore?

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Nepal Haiku - Pokkara Himalaya

Pokkara himalaya
its tranquility holds
my breathe

Pokkara himalaya
a shivalingam in
the distant whiteness

a majestic grandeur
a calmness takes to the
the sky in white

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Ting Lik Hung

ting lik hung
yes, even the glance
is calculated

ting lik hung
a towering
Chinese temenggong

(the man was very tall)

met the late leader/banker while working with Holiday Inn Kuching near the former Hock Hua Bank.

The Sarawak Kutien Association has proposed that a road here be named after their clan elder, the late Temenggong Datuk Ting Lik Hung, in recognition of his contribution to the state and nation.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Gay Writings Malaysia/Singapore

gay writing malaysia/singapore
why dont they learn to whine
with some diversity?

gay writing malaysia
is there nothing more to sex
between the same sexes?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Queen Elizabeth II Diamond Jubilee Haiku

the Queen's diamond jubilee
a bouquet of sunflowers -
the royal faces

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
new royal faces brighter
than the morning sun

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
some faces we can only
imagine to be there

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
some faces we can only
wish them to be there

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
each gait lighter than
the first - 60 years ago

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
all the years that make
this day a glory

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
the day shines like
quality vantage wine

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
every gait and smile
a sparkling triumph

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
60 years unfold in yellow,
green and ocean blue

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
the thunderstorm clears
with a chorus of laughter

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
in each and every smile
flashes of triumph

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
between each sparkle
a glistening tear of joy

the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
three more years to
the longest serving monarch

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Sri Lanka Haiku - The Temple Of Tooth Relic, Kandy

temple of the tooth relic
the roof bells clang like buddha
himself welcoming me

buddha tooth temple
the chants over the
serenity of the lake

buddha tooth temple
the evening prayers and
the serenity of the lake

buddha tooth temple
filled to the brim
a holiness in the the lake

the temple is the most sacred buddhist temple in the world. It has in its
possession, a tooth of the buddha.

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Famous Buddhist Monk Ajahn Brahm

ajahn brahm
the humour of love
wins our hearts over

ajahn brahm
brimming with the humour
of love

ajahn brahm
not letting buddhism
become idolatory worship

ajahn Brahm
does it matter which religion
one belongs to
if our heart is filled with
the universal teaching of love?

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Thailand Haiku - Chiangmai Hotel

chiangmai budget stay
keeping me company
the buddha on the wall

chiangmai budget stay
the buddha, me and the
lovemaking next door

chiangmai budget room
the buddha on my wall
the love making next door

chiangmai budget stay
my only companion
the buddha on the wall

chiangmai budget stay
my frillless companion
the buddha on the wall

chiangmai hotel
sleeping with me
the buddha on the wall

(buddha refers to a framed buddha painting)

john tiong chunghoo

Remember Earth

When I look into the sky,
I like to imagine the stars and planets
as human beings who were able to transform
themselves into these super spheres, circling in
an eternal meditative realm.

The earth is but a sad and failed entity
that had launched itself too eagerly, too fast
its consciousness has crashed into a million
trillion little consciousness, moving everywhere,
some squelling, some barking, some growling,
some ointing, roaring, and alas, the little egos
have even found it apt to turn on in each other,
devouring each other

These fragmented consciousness can be revived
for eternity, and now each has to find its own way
launch not your ego before you have mastered
your art - remember earth

another version

when I look into the sky
I like to imagine the stars and planets
as one time human beings who had transformed
themselves into these super spheres,
circling in an eternal meditative realm

the earth i stand on is but then a sad and
failed entity, an overambitious being that
had launched itself before it had even mastered
the full art of meditation, the art of transformation,
so that its consciousness ow has crashed and splintered
into a trillion zillion little consciousness running everywhere,
some squelling, some barking, some meowing, some chirping, some...

these fragmented consciousness can be revived for eternity
and now each has to find its own way
and now never launch your ego before you have mastered an art
be it to become an ant or planet
remember earth

now look into the space in your mind and meditate
like the planets circling round the stars

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Yasmin Ahmad

the first and the last
at long last
best director at home

Malaysia Film Festival awards for Best Director (2009) Talentime. Her first and last for best director from the Malaysian premier film festival. was there at Putra World Trade Centre for the ceremony. She was clad in a yellow ensemble.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tongue Of The Creator

everyday we push, slice, chop
a knife ego sharp tearing out love
spilling from a cosmic mouth perennially
whispering to us, taking us over a fountain
of denials and wants, a thorn between good and evil
we hold onto for guidance, slipping at times
a tongue wears heavy on the heart, but grow wings to
lift us into bliss when we take to the lesson it dispenses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Earth Is Making Love To Me

i know every day the earth
makes love to me, carressing thoughts,
sending vibes up my spine, dancing
with me a waltz of nerves
playing hard to get in its game
of feeling and emotions
if only my mind would just
tune down to allow a full play
of its - the earth - passion
i ride a horse that takes me
somewhere between the past, present and future
and the earth is teaching me how to
cross all the boundaries without letting
me know the full measure of its game

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Back To Life Again

i know what happen after death
look at the vapour in the sky
it has come all the way
from the land, the river, the sea
and it takes quite a while
with the right condition
for it to fall down to the land
river and sea again

the water falls many thousand
metres down, and trek many
thousands more before it joins
the sea and the ocean again

that's what we all will be when
we die - whether it is going up
floating in the sky, falling down
or trekking to the ocean and sea

it just takes the right condition
before we go back to ourselves again
but sure, we will come to life again
be it a fish swimming in the sea
or a bird cruising through the sky

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Datuk Shake

still the
numbing question
did i let him down?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - The Mulu Caves

Mulu Cave
talking zen
in all its silence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Brunei Haiku - Bandar Seri Begawan

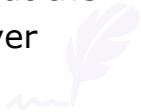
bandar seri begawan
behind the tall gates and under the domes
the world's richest man

bandar seri begawan
everywhere I smell
the Sultan

bandar seri begawan
the town bustles like
the brunei river

bandar seri begawan
towering over us and all
the golden domes

bandar seri begawan
life flows at the
brunei river



PoemHunter.com

bandar seri begawan
criss crossing the black billed
and yellow billed cranes

bandar seri begawan
no vandalism like i saw
in Kuala Lumpur

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Munir Majid

something doesnt
change much - the talcum
powdered face

first met at an interview at NST early 1981. He must have been in his 30s. Looks like you cant do away with old habits... like you just dab yourself with talcum powder after a bath, and getting ready for work.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Bamboo

kyoto bamboo shoots
i bite into every inch
of spring

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Shell Haiku

beach shell
a ear listening
to itself

road tax
my volkswagen - shakes
and grumbles

autumn sojourn
in the evening chill
the clatter of my clogs

autumn chill
between the clatter of my clogs
haiku moments

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Firefly Haiku

firefly river cruise
a little green lamp lifts itself
over the water

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Andy Lau, Hong Kong Actor

the actor knows
the picture before
and behind the camera

(life of an actor)

no shine of a star
fair, gentle, more
like a boy next door

met in the 80s in Malacca

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Ziana Zain

on the lift up
a showbiz career
a stewardess

met at the old WEA office when she just came out of the lift way back in the 80s.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Reality Between The Lines

haiku
between the lines
reality and make belief

haiku - learning
to word the tightrope
of reality

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Xavier Lopez Ancona (Kidzania Founder)

no children
the man who makes games
for children

two bachelors trying
to get the best
out of life

life a theatre
everybody has to
play a part

Xavier's favourite haunt
Kidzania's
children theatre

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mother To Son

mother to little boy...'stupid boy.'
son to mother...'clever boy.'
mother to little boy 'stupid boy.'
son to mother 'clever boy.'
Mother to little boy 'stupid boy.'
son to mother 'clever clever boy.'
both laugh and hug each other hard.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Merdeka Square Kuala Lumpur (Freedom Square)

freedom is the tallest
flag pole with its flag
billowing in the wind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Zaiton Sameon

walking in a
soulful gait
Zaiton Sameon

walking with
a soulful loss
Zaiton Sameon

walking as if
she has yet to find
herself

met at the former Prince Hotel
in the 80s at the height of her career
with the song Menaruh Harapan

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Nicholas Tse (Hong Kong Actor)

bursting with the veins
of the sensual realm
Nicholas Tse

the rhythm of talk
that echoes sleaze
off the camera

this boy sure knows
secrets of
Hong Kong moviedom

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

April 12 8.7 Earthquake Indonesia

stealing the king's thunder
8.7 richter scale earthquake
off Sumatra

installation of the new King for the next five years
in Malaysia. April 12,2012

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Chan Ling Yap (Authoress)

chan ling yap
still in her veins
the united nations

the un influence
runs deep
chan ling yap

no drink, no treat
we merely enjoy our talk
- on the sofa chair
outside the hotel room

(she used to work with the United Nations. She was based in Italy)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

and when we do pass each other
it is more than
a graveyard can hold
suckerface

the coffins overturn
with untold tales and lies

tidal waves churn in places
only the inhabitants know where
urchins, sharks, seasnakes, devilish
corals, slimy slippery eels
suckerface

each grave, cold and quiet,
gnaws at the soul like worms
festering on the privacy of corpses

john tiong chunghoo

Religious Haiku - Easter Sunday

easter

always rising to the occasion

jesus

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Religious Haiku - Good Friday

roses
so much sharper
good friday

rose thorns
i feel the pain
good friday

rose thorns
i feel the pain too
good friday

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - Sea Death (Japan)

sea death
a bouquet of roses
washed ashore

commended award at

The Second Annual
Vladimir Devidé
Haiku Award
Osaka

Organized! by! the! International! Academic! Forum!
as! part! of! the! Second! Annual! Asian! Conference!
on! Literature! and! Librarianship! LibrAsia! 2012
Osaka, ! Japan

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Sheila Majid

her music
the only thing that brings us
close to each other

like her song
she tries hard to make
the best of the occasion

first meeting
stereotyping not the name
of the game

what politicians can do
to people's heart is
more than music can mend

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection April 5,2012

economic bubble
our dreams
bursting midair

economic bubble
how flatten our ego
has become

hitting the field thrice
before shooting sky
the spiderman kite

dug out doll
the sockets bleed
soil and slime

tohoku tsunami anniversary
the tremour in
the one minute silence

spring
my haiku too
blossoming

breeze and waves
the lovers swim into
moonlight

beaming with smile
she tells mom their sakura
has blossomed

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Artist Ahmad Shukri Mohamed

he digs a friendship
ground in soil
Ahmad Shukri Mohamed

talking about his paintings
like how butterfly kisses
the blooms

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Hetty Kos Endang

she is rooted
to her roots
Hetty Kos Endang

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Winnie Loo

Winnie Loo
just quite a cut
above the rest

wikipedia - Winnie Loo is world renowned for her pair of magical hands that can enhance an individual's beauty with her creative craftsmanship and audacious hair styles. A prominent figure in the world of hairdressing, she started off only as a junior stylist in London and strived all the way to become one of Malaysia's most awarded hairdresser bearing the title of the Best Hairstylist for the Malaysian International Fashion Awards (MIFA) 2003 and also winning the World Master of Craft in New York in 1997. Her achievements are recognized globally with her appointment as the Creative Ambassador for Schwarzkopf since 2001.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Anita Sarawak

Anita Sarawak
all the selves
bursting at the seams

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Krishen Jit

Krishen Jit
his words of compliment
taste sweetest

not ready for compliment
sweet recollection
it has become

(first met in early 1980s at the New Straits Times Office, KL)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Faridah Merican

faridah merican
her home is where
the theatre is

never liking what some
politicians do to
nation and her brood (people of Malaysia)

premier love
the english language
then theatre that lets it sparkle

every cell comes alive
in the world of dance
and performances

does not want malaysians
to be shortchanged
by crafty politicians

first met at her new theatre in Sentul in mid 2000.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection - April 1,2012

apple worm
there is a stage for
everybody to dance

april fool
he still wonders about
that actor's sexuality

tonight between the moon
me and the boat
loneliness

(the boat on the sand with me leaning on it)

night wind
the two lovers swim
into moonlight

quiet beach
two lovers swim into
the moonlit night

the moon
with me before
i was born

distant star
the oscillating wish
to migrate

waterfall
we hold onto each other
like rocks

end of world
unending
prediction

last night's poem



PoemHunter.com

i struggle to
fill out a blank

night breeze
the lovers swim into
moonlight

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Tan Sri Francis Yeoh, Ytl Executive Chairman

Tan Sri Francis Yeoh
a patience the construct
of education and experience

we build the world
we are the construct
of our roots

First met at the National Geographic store launch in KL in the late 2000.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Tan Sri Tiong Hiew King

Tan Sri Tiong Hiew King

he sizes me up to know whether i know
how rich a sarawakian can be

first me in the mid 80s at the Rimbunan Hijau office in Jalan Mission, Sibul. I was working with the Holiday Inn Kuching and was paying a courtesy call. Holiday Inn Kuching was then the only five star hotel in Kuching.

Tan Sri Datuk Sir Hiew-king Tiong (simplified Chinese: 郑晓清; traditional Chinese: 鄭曉清; pinyin: Zhang Xiaoqing) is the Malaysian Chinese founder and chairman of the Rimbunan Hijau Group, a timber company founded in 1975. Its overseas timber operations in Papua New Guinea is the largest in that country. He also has interests in logging operations in Russia.

Tan Sri Datuk Tiong resides in Sibul, a town in Sarawak, of Borneo island that belongs to Malaysia. With a reported net worth of about US\$1.1 billion, Tiong is ranked by Forbes as the 840th richest person in the world.- Wikipedia

john tiong chunghoo



First Encounter - Sheikh Muszaphar Shukor (First Malaysian To Go To Space)

Sheikh Muszaphar Shukor
our distance between
the stars and earth

First met at the opening of the National Geographic Store at Lot 10 in the late 2000.

Sheikh Muszaphar Shukor (born Sheikh Muszaphar Shukor Al Masrie bin Sheikh Mustapha on July 27,1972) is a Malaysian orthopaedic surgeon and was the first Malaysian to go into space. - wikipedia.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Hanami

hanami

i keep ooking at the sakura
on her kimono

last night's poem

i look into the sky
for the words

i struggle to

fill out a blank

last night's poem

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Body Is Tide

the body is tide
i am the person
walking round it

menopause
the worry about
the worries

cherry blossom
the artist refuses to let go
of his brush

staged miracle
the arch enemies play
loving sisters

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection March 27,2012

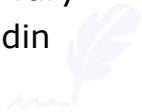
vegetarian again
the body will soon
send its gratitude

staged miracle
two arch enemies play
loving sisters

cherry blossom
she applies the pink lipstick
for the second time

new construction site
a chirp of displacement
joins the din

new construction site
a chirp of fury
joins the din



PoemHunter.com

menopause
the worry about
the worries

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Chinese Porcelain Expert Christian Jorg

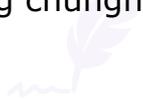
Christian jorg
our talk tinkling like
merry making porcelain ware

Christian jorg
so clear and distinct
his love for porcelain

christian jorg
a talk tinkling like
fine porcelain ware

Christian Jorg
the porcelain man's best love
is tribal art

john tiong chunghoo



First Encounter - Jericho Rosales

jericho rosales
a young man who thinks
he has the world in his hands

jericho rosales
another young man who needs
the money to keep going

(Jericho is famous Filipino actor and singer)

met in the mid 2000. he was having a concert in Kuala Lumpur.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection March 23,3012

tree rings
not a year
missed

hot and biting
the skin
this noon rain

dripping of dusk rain
every now and then
bird chirps

candy commercial
always the boys and girls
with the best teeth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Memory Of Japan - The Four Seasons

first winter

i walk to to work
feet exposed in the melted snow
life is a winter storm

first winter and my lips crack
two red dried rivers of pain
that the lip balm tries to soothe

first winter

the snow like cotton
dances to my bewilderment
our laughters burst the
sanctified silence of cold air

first spring

the buds too rage to join
in the warmth of time
as our heart takes on
another rhythm
in the excitement of all
the good things that the season signifies

first summer

so hot the sun bites and all
i want to do is to lie
and wait for it to set
so that cool wind would take
over the air again
i can walk around like an
animal fresh from hibernation

autumn

the persimmons give
the fruit market a fresh glow
they are everywhere
Y100 for a whole basket of 10
the only things that make me
feel Japan is cheap

and the shopping places
too like a chameleon
is changing in shine and shades
with new designs to suit the season
where the mood is to be more
colourful than the leaves that are
twirling away in cheers
and yes, christmas is in the offing

john tiong chunghoo

Sri Lanka, Sri Lanka

i was about a month going on
to 52 when i travelled Sri Lanka
and i really criss cross the nation
in hours to everywhere on a three wheeler
from kandy to anuradapura, to polunaruwa
to the east coast town of where tsuanmi struck
and down south to Colombo and the southern town of....

(poetry in progress)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Taib Mahmud

light smile

i feel the weight of sarawak

in those hands

Chief Minister for Sarawak the last 30 years or so.

first met at the Borneo Post Office in Sungai Antu in the early 80s. See Hua was having its anniversary celebrations.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Mustafa Noor (Malaysia)

mustafa noor
he carries the theatre
with him

mustafa noor
i heard the london
that applauds

mustafa noor
the air charged with
his art and friendliness

mustafa noor
a voice made for
theatre arts

mustafa noor
his eyes roll with
his london experience

mustafa noor
i join the excitement
of his london experience

met in the early 1980s. He was just back from London and had strong ambitions to activate the theatre world in the city that is Kuala Lumpur.

john tiong chunghoo

Tree Rings Haiku

tree rings
not a year
missed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Nicholas Saputra

a quietness
envelops him
Nicholas Saputra

first met in the 2005-6 when he came to promote one of his movies,
in which he was featured as a theatre worker in charge of sending film rolls to
other theatres.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Spring Haiku - Love Birds Glide To The New Season

spring lake
love birds glide
to the new season

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - P Shushila

Tamil Nadhu Queen of Song
it is so difficult to
forget those two eyes

Tamil Nadhu Queen of Song
the eyes so telling
of her calibre

first met in the 1980s when she came with a large Indian group comprising a lot of famous stars to perform at the Putra World Trade Center.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Solar Flares Haiku - My Nerves Flaying

solar flare
my nerves
flaying

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Cambodia Poem - The Bayon Smiles

bayon smiles
from high up
a thousand year old smile
frozen through the ages
in the forests
snarled, overgrown
with shrubs, ferns
to finally emerge to
smile again - triumphantly

thank god, for the dim years
the forest, has saved you
from marauding thais, champs
burmese, colonialists and world war criminals

bayon, smile, smile and smile to the world
from all the angles.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection March 16,2012

early spring wind
a symphony of cherry buds
on the tree

mona lisa
i try to smile
a 500 year old smile

ides of march
flipping through a book
on witches

ides of march
the day knocks me
like a tempest

ides of march
the day knocks me
like a rock



PoemHunter.com

ides of march
a haiku that does not
fit the lines

ides of march
et tu brute
my shakespeare

bamboo groove
the leaves carouse
with stars

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Amir Mohammad

Amir Mohammad
another writer his self
stuck in so many places

first met at the New Straits Times office in late 2011.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Mind Is Too Small

nobody can
compete with nature

everything is put
in its own place

every colour
and every hair
in their order

the Creator
works in ways
only he knows

our brain is
too put in its place

and it is too small
to know everything

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection March 11,2012

clash of words
telling my friend to
put the clock back

..clock is not auspicious as gift in Chinese society because clock is read as zhong
in mandarin which sounds the same as death or the end

mona lisa
i try to smile
a 500 year old smile

earthquake drill
one fat lady asks what happens
if it is an 8 richter scale

tohoku tsunami anniversary
the tremour in the
one minute silence

receding tide
i walk to
the next island

earthquake drill
one fat lady asks what
if it's an 8 richter

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

Mona Lisa Smile Haiku

mona lisa
i try to smile
a 500 year old smile

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tohoku Tsunami Anniversary Haiku

tohoku tsunami anniversary
the tremour in the
one minute silence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection March 1,2012

sign language
reaching out in twist and turn
my fingers

music
the universe
rages

new delhi
the eagles charging up
the sky

every inch
corresponds to
the first cause

life chances
making sure the bull charges
at the right places

women's day
the woman says if only
she had a daughter

old sakura
blooming as
i am

ittle girl makes sound
of the tiger, elephant, frog
as she draws them

japanese kite festival
a hornbill glides
to an octopus

sign language
all the news
in 10 fingers

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - United Buddy Bears

United Buddy Bears
men, stand up for
world peace

United Buddy Bears
getting bears to
teach the men

United Buddy Bears
one by one they line up
for peace

The United Buddy Bears were paraded around the Pavilion Kuala Lumpur early 2012.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Women's Day Haiku

Women's Day
the woman says if only
she had a daughter

Women's Day
the transvestite says
wish there is a day for us too

Women's Day
all around her
brothers, husband and sons

Women's Day
she says her heroine
is Mother Teresa

Women's Day
she says women are great
because there were
Mulan and Joan of Arc
but never men who dressed
up as the opposite sex
to save the nation or daddy

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection March 5,2012

beach
leaping at the sampan
the sampan

sincere with God
sincere with ourselves
life becomes easier

alzheimer's
the deadend
between us

stephen king
a dug out doll takes us
to the nether world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection March 3,2012

one month old son
she sees the ears
of her husband

dug out doll
two hollow eyes looking
through her

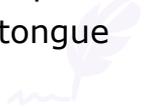
dug out doll
two hollow eyes drawing
out all her fear

hinamatsuri
mom shows daughter her first
all girls' day picture

the 100 year old wine
fruits and spices explode
over her tongue

our prayers
for another good year
plum blossom

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Wind 2

i am wind i caress
every skin i have a date

i float with the tide
and dance with the moon

as we glide over the sea
the waves takes us onto a silver path
serenade us the lustre of the moment

the moon shivers, i twirl, the trees rustle,
clouds part to give us way to a crescendo of fun

everytime i am around, the feet of the universe
spring to action, things dance, and i dance too
spreading a joie de vivre

i am a vagabond of the wildest kind
a gypsy, a tramp, a born traveller
holding a carte blanche to everywhere
in summer a thousand fans work me into action

those who ride me go on to build new lives
i had the reputation to take people
from continent to continent
to the remotest places, if they only cared
to put up a sail for me to carry them with me

nothing can stop me as i tarry from
coast to coast, village to village,
city to city, ocean to ocean
sprinkling cheerful fragrances of spring
unfurl summer's nerves, making
fair ladies sprint with pride as their graceful
luxurious crown dances round them like dreams
a million artists wait for the swirl of autumn scarlet
to work volume into their canvasses

oftentimes, you would see me sweeping

the streets here and there; leaves somersault
to my path as we play twins on a fiesta

when i do rest, i can stand on a single hair
static like a frog on a lotus leaf
a sadguru meditation, letting the self
to a land of nowhere

i hold many faces, but hide many till
things get blown away, the masks taken
the battle of opposite begins
the hot and cold air tailing each other in rages

i will be worse than the Indian Goddess Kali
eyes fiery as a volcano, a wasp out to sting
i tear down houses, uproot trees, throwing the ocean
helter skelter so that water springs everywhere

my face then is nothing other than vengeance and death,
i take away everything in my way
i am the Yama from hades and nobody escapes
the twist of fate i administer

i hold many faces, at my sweetest,
i can dance like Nataraja the cosmic dancer
moving earth, sun and moon, and the whole universe
with the tilt of my feet, swaying of my hips
and the turns of my fingers and heads

i bring good news to the deserving,
those who sweat for their work
a whole padi field waves in golden delight
as i cross the path to bring news of harvest
on the feet of a romancing couple i take them
from one high to the other of remembrances
in the worst of winter, i help sprinkle frost
everywhere - window panes, stairs to the front door,
windscreens, and our parting memories

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection February 28,2012

life chances
making sure the bull charges
at the right places

Sibu town maternity museum
as loud as their silence
the labour instruments

Sibu town maternity museum
everybody born on
the same beds

puppet on a string
he submits to the ups
and downs of life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Ganges The Boys Scrambling For Embers

ganges
a few charred shards
the boy scrambles for embers

ganges
the water cleanses the corpse
calms the family at last

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection February 26,2012

savannah game
cheetah zips past zebras
for an antelope

two disturbing jams
this morning
the road and my zip

a burst of laughter
the old pant zip works well
for her trousers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Letting Earth Speak

for once i listen to earth
letting him speak as we
journey across india
a feeling surging like from
the primordial corner of earth,
the heart of earth, its centre
making one realise every inch of land
has its own story to tell even if it is
just to let you know how it is feeling,
how it cannot help having to communicate with you
as you cross the land for the first time

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Collection February 24,2012

yellowing marriage blanket
she wonders what
to say to him

lost virginity
every time as she sees
zip

a burst of laughter
the old pant zip works well
for her trousers

artist's new dawn
the horizon streaked with
yellow acrylic

buddha birthplace visit
the mustard fields
swirling with grace

PoemHunter.com

buddha birthplace visit
the mustard fields
firing up my curiosity

infinite X - a lost Star
God and that file to help us
find the murderers

files X, XX, XXX
all the things that you
should not know

Chinese death penalty
his name on a panel
crossed with red

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection February 23,2012

infinite X - an illusive star
God and that file to locate
the murderers

the clipped macaw
to the trees she caws
this whole morning

childhood river
we go looking for it
at the edge of the city

venting their lust
upstairs bed creaks
to a crescendo

venting their lust
upstairs' bed takes us
to a crescendo

venting their lust
the bed rides noon
with a maddening creak

noh theatre - the virgin girl
that man with flowers
on the wig

noh theatre
her husband - that prettiest woman
on stage

envelope X
three strands of hair that would
solve the crime

envelope X
all they have

to bust the crime

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection February 22,2012

upstairs' vent of lust
the bed rides the noon
with a maddening creak

upstairs' vent of lust
the bed rides through noon
with maddening creaks

from ash to ash
a little romance
with the Creator

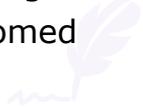
spring class
robust laugh breaks through
the chill

a race
the budding trees last week
have bloomed

putting on her wig
cancer patient asks the price
of being woman

broken roof arch vent
the haunted house
whistles and sighs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Mushroom Haiku

on the jungle path
doing an umbrella dance
three white mushrooms

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

May Poppins Haiku

mary poppins
the boy jumps off the table
with an umbrella

Chinese opera
the actor riding an umbrella
riding a horse

children's game
the umbrella
is a horse

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Hiaku Collection February 20,2012

the longing for youth
two matching figures
under the umbrella

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Whitney Houston Tribute

we all sing
'I will always love you
Whitney Houston'

Whitney Houston
there we sing, each of us sings
'I will always love you'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection February 19,2012

tight as a bud
my longing for
spring

leaving vanarasi
glad that the ganges now
flows in me

Guan Eng - Soi Lek debate
lost in the head
and tail of things

a spirituality blossoms
shimmers
temple lake lotuses

the cold war
we leave our echoes
at the fort talus

the universe is
billion of years
we share its space
to live its minute little seconds,
or not even that but we do worry so much
as if the universe is so much to hold on to

abbatoir
getting one cow
to toe the line

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection February 18,2012

..

scarecrow rattle
the birds fly
in circles

scarecrow rattle
the farmer's tries it, smiles
before fixing it on

scarecrow
the rattle of the harvest
begins

..

taking after a friend
for the first time he buys
a pair of sandals

touching a raw nerve
the dog runs the sandal
dangling from its mouth

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection February 16,2012

taking after a friend
for the first time he buys
a pair of sandals

resplendent in the
light of the pool
lotus blossoms

autumn
my feeling the way
the leaves fall

a spirituality blossoms
shimmers
temple lotuses

after the opera
glistening on the stage
three little bells

frost
my first winter lips
crack

summer lake cruise
gliding through the noon heat too
two white swans

on the quiet windy beach
tilted to one side
a malay sampan

tokyo seismic fear
now and then
the plates rattle

slaughter house
getting one cow
to toe the line

john tiong chunghoo

Collection February 14, 2012

love is a many
splendoured thing
nachos for valentine

in the throes of silence
the music waltzes
opera music recital

frost
my first winter lips
crack

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection February 13,2012

start of day
the mountain summit bathed
in sublime light

between the lightning
and roar of thunder
the quiet mountain

midnight
a mouse runs across
the owl's eyes

piercing the serenity
of the mountain air
shrill of eagles

himalayan mountain
in the distance
a towering solitude

mountain holiday
we walk looking for shells
and corals

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

A Tribute To Dad

written for dad of Sven-Eric van Osch
whose dad passed away last night.

the night is dark but
there are the little stars up there
sparkling and twinkling
there you say you will be
when you are gone

when the sun sets and
my mind wanders to you
they show me the world
has a life even in the dark
even when you are gone

look at how the stars twinkle
and wave to us tonight
they remind me of you dad
that you will be crowning
the sky of our heart day or night
always in your own little way
that endears you to us
now and forever

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection February 12,2012

himalayan mountain
a towering solitude
in the distance

crisp morning air
glowing with sublime light
the mountain peak

piercing the serenity
of the mountain air
the shrill of eagles

a climax of solitude
the mountain range bathed
in sublime light

laundry in the breeze
the slant of light
on the white sheets

another sloppy bachelor
the three day old laundry
still on the clothesline

washing machine rumbles
her wish for a new one
these three years

cooking up a storm
the couple tries it
on the kitchen table

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection February 11,2012

..

kitchen health
the sink gulps last water
with a burp

..

United Buddy Bears
one by one i seach
facebook friends' bears

..

cooking up a storm
the couple tries it
on the kitchen table

..



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blocked sink
the children finally get
to know a plumber

..

new friend
a shisha pipe on
the kitchen table

..

first snow
new geisha brushes her face
pale white

john tiong chunghoo

February 10,2011 Haiku Collection

a reassuring warmth
the couple kisses goodbye
in the kitchen

over the cooking
mom in law's lesson
on family's genealogy

a tokyo kitchen revisit
all the words
i have forgotten

cooking up a storm
the couple tries it out
on the kitchen table

..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection February 9,2011

another new year
still the ice
between us

all souls day
the child's grave sparkles
in the sun

here they are in a pile friend
Mt Fuji framed and ever ready
to be carried home

reposing in glory
Mt Fuji in the meditative quiet
of a golden frame

under the bodhi tree
the rain non-stopping drip
drips, drips, drips

ice sculpture
a white tiger glows
in the snow

my second appetiser
the wish for someone
to break the ice

favourite whisky
the crisp sound of ice cubes
falling into glass

whistling in the wind
of this grassfield
a secret love story

first snow
new geisha brushes her face
pale white

sea death
a bouquet of roses
washed ashore

john tiong chunghoo

Ah Late Grandma Is Back

last night late grandma showed her face
on the screen of my mind

perhaps that's her way to say
she had received the merits sent her
from the supplications
at the Mahavira buddhist temple

the temple where new year candles flicker
in little red cuplets filled with oil
through the night on festive occasions

on grandma's face is a spirituality
i had never seen before
she looked a different person
after so many years, she has been to somewhere
and yes she has put on weight

like before not a word was spoken
but who needs words when one's face itself
can tell a story more profound than a thousand words

who needs those lengthy descriptions when a mere look
at a face is able to show us the spirituality of another realm,

and hers tells me the spirituality she has imbibed is thicker
than the one i am in
sure she has been to places all these nine years or so

you know through her ace there is a religion somewhere
governing us all, a spirituality that carries us through
each realm, each day

a God can be seen through the face of those
who have journeyed into eternity
if you have the blessings to have them back to you
for a split second or two, right on the screen of your mind

a spirit keen to share with us the graces they have imbibed

since the day they left, a holiness no words can tell
a face treasured for the all the stories it can tell
without the need of words

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Collection

ice sculpture
a white tiger glowing
in the snow

my second appetiser
the wish for someone
to break the ice

favourite whisky
the crisp sound of ice cubes
falling into glass

...

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Hat Haiku

the street musician
a smitten heart tinkles
into his hat

the street musician
into his hat
the tinkles of hearts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Come My House

..

Come my house to get
the best view of Mt Everest
frozen and framed for you

..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Collection February 5,2011

whistling in the wind
of this grassfield
a secret love story

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Haiku Collection Feb 2,2012

green apples
the child paint them
red, yellow and blue

tea house
next table's jasmine
takes the scent

a titanic dream
tore up by an iceberg
first Atlantic crossing

the forest floor crevice
a chilling quiet after
the catfish was taken

from the meditative quiet
of the forest floor crevice
the angler's struggling catfish

sticking out of the saucer
after the meal
catfish's whiskers

between me, the moon
and a boat on the beach
loneliness

that apple flower song
our heart blossoms with
the memory of a little girl

january arrival at the tropics
the japanese girl's
rosy apple cheeks

green apples
the boy paints them
red, yellow and blue

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Mark (Sbtg) Ong

Mark (SBTG) Ong
doesnt look like his shoes
are too big for me

Mark (SBTG) Ong
looks can be
deceiving

Mark (SBTG) Ong
I really want to have a look
at his sneakers

Mark (SBTG) Ong
the wish to walk
in his shoes

john tiong chunghoo



My Haiku Collection Feb 1,2012

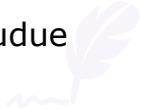
january arrival at the tropics
the japanese girl's
rosy apple cheeks

green apples
the boy paints them
red, yellow and blue

the chicken flaps
and claws fending off
death

US presidential bid
a newt eyes
the moon

resting on
tonight's stillness
a vicissitudue



PoemHunter.com

the two parter curtain
tonight dances
our heart

the wind
now it is a vagabond
sweeping the road

sickle at the door
so many moons more
to havest

fuming in the sky
two gods
on a kite

the bunch of bananas
god makes himself

feel so real

the black cat
tiptoes across like
a traffic red sign

first day of new year
i sprinkle my house
with ganges water

mount fuji
a dropped pearl brooch
tops the memory

as it lays its eggs,
the leatherback's tears
melt our heart

snowflakes
cry
on my face

start of day
the beggar throws coin
into his own bowl

whiteout
the snow blanks out
my mind

as the hairstylist cuts
she keeps telling the octogenarian
she is young and beautiful

scenting my delight
the morning cup
of fresh hot coffee

my delight rises with
the strong coffee scent
and steam

falling star
when will we meet again
like this

coming through the air
a multi-limb puppet
on a string - spider

tears shake me
to the realisation so long
i have never cried

chip by chip
new chick cracks open
the world

tea house
next table's jasmine
steals our scents

john tiong chunghoo

Republican Presidential 2012 Nominaton Race Haiku

US presidential bid
a newt eyes
the moon

Republican Presidential Nomination Race
a Newt wishes to jump
to the moon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Wind

the wind
now it is a vagabond
sweeping the road

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Datuk Seri Rafidah Aziz

Datuk Seri Rafidah Aziz
walking the strength
of a matriach

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Only Nothing Is Forever

yes only nothing is forever
if you aspire that
go for it
first by becoming
nothing

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Collection January 25,2012

rainy night
i ruffle through
the old letters

as he works
the piano tuner talks
about weather

haiku beauty
nature picks a rose
to decorate its vase

haiku beauty
nature picks too to ink
its reflective moment

the whirring sound and
two hundred years come down
in a log

the bunch of bananas
God makes himself
feel so real

he black cat
tiptoes across like
a red traffic sign

first day of new year
i sprinkle my house
with ganges water

the lake
i reflect over
the flighty years

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Artist Rafiee Ghani

Rafiee Ghani

you wont see his colours until
he sketches and paints

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter -Datuk Seri Shahrizat Abdul Jalil

Shahrizat Abdul Jalil
i wish my jewels could shine
like those limpid eyes

those two eyes
i will use them to explain
the meaning of limpid

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

On The Bridge God, The Devil And - A Choice

i keep telling myself
this body is a gift of the divine, a bridge
i keep telling myself i am not
of the body but beyond
and that on the bridge is God, the devil
and - a choice

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Anwar's Acquittal

Anwar's acquittal
so, what's the game
behind?

the real sodomy
in and out in and out
of the dark prison

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

John's Best

the earth
every second somewhere
a new dawn

sunset
in our wine glasses
the glow of passion

falling star
when will we meet again
like this

Konark Sun Temple
what we really want is really just
great sex

mona lisa
leonardo thanks for leaving us
a great smile



PoemHunter.com

black hole too
the one over
my shoulders

Sri Lanka allure
the gentle blue of this sapphire
sums it up so well

dawn
up and down, up and down over the field
three sparrows in unison

meditation
one with
nature

bush..bush...

all the money lost
in the bush

Patong New Year Eve
2012 born in
waves of joy

tasting the new year
nibbling it
like a piece of cake

earth peace
the cat curls an asana
of sleep

earth peace
the cat teaches me
the yoga of sleep

Konark Sun Temple
every nook and corner oozes
with love

john tiong chunghoo

Sunset Haiku

Sunset
in our wine glasses
the glow of passion

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Falling Star

falling star
when will we meet like this
again

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Holding The Noon Stillness

holding the
noon stillness
frog on a lotus leaf

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Quote Of Mine 1 - Art

art is the ability to put
harmony into chaos and chaos
into harmony

art is the ability to
turn chaos into a form of beauty
and beauty into a form of chaos

art is the ability to put
beauty into everything

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Sri Lanka Haiku - Colombo

Colombo traffic
oh oh oh mine mine
kuala lumpur 70s

Colombo
a foreign tourist tells me
not to join the insanity there

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Sri Lanka Haiku - The Sapphire

Sri Lanka allure
the gentle blue of this sapphire
sums it up so well

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Painting - Mona Lisa Haiku

mona lisa
leonardo, thanks for leaving us
a great smile

mona lisa
leonardo, thanks for leaving behind
a great smile

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Buddha Haiku 1

in the buddha
the harmony
i crave

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Daffodils

they swirl in the most auspicious manner
lifting cups of yellow over a field of joy
they sway in the most friendly manner
so that they are a unison of grace
in the whole field, an emptiness except
these flowers and the spring breeze song
each waiting for someone to fall in love with

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Angel

the angel says
you are on the right track
right into my ears

i see ye not
but know you are at my side
day and night

speaking to me
only when you need to
to spring surprises

guiding me
when you need to
leaving me a dream
between your wings

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

One Art One Art

art is so many parts of the cakras
divine colours breathing through selves
locked in a painting every colour works
to soul up the images loosened
and patched over a field of creativity

we thought we have only one, two or three selves
until they all come knocking at the intelligence
like an alcoholic pining for the sip of his day;
every shade fills up an emptiness struggling to breathe,
a magic wand enlivening the senses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Smile To Remember

a smile to remember
a smile that goes
a thousand miles
to tell how much love is like
the sun that never fails to rise
streams of robust light
line of smiles to cheer up the day
a river of positive ions
fishes swim in
swirling their fins as in
the lines of divine smile
a farm of staples ready
for harvest having imbibed
everything that nature has to give
fresh air, morn light, and
the rain pouring the generosity
of divinity for the human race
the smile of the Lord in the air,
in the light, in the water,
pouring through your heart and mine

john tiong chunghoo

A Painting

God paints me
and my passion
gives myself away
or am i living every
drip of ink scripted
in my name?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Poison Tree

the mom and dad
found a poison tree
did not realise
the land they are tilling
until a poison tree
sprouts in their midst
the tree from the seeds
of their sweats
the tree sheds leaves
of disappointments
flying away with their
most secret wishes, hope
and fun of life
the sweats are now tears
drenched with deep seated regrets
they never realised they would be
the farmers of the poison tree
but now they are not able
to do away with for whatever
reason, whatever price
the tree poisons their systems
the roots the tree has imbibed
its nutrients all these years
the tree clings over them
a parasite strangling
its parent tree slowly,
surely, despicably

john tiong chunghoo

My Poem

if my poem has lifted you up
makes you feel flitting away
like a butterfly, walk in a gait
faster, tighter and graceful like
a top model, likewise, it would
have made me bloom like the
most beautiful flower in the garden
petals, pistils, luscious, colourful,
showering bliss

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn, Between The Falling Leaves, My Longing

autumn
between the falling leaves
my longing

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Dance Tribute Haiku

dance, my body
hands and feet take me
to the heavens

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Blends Into One

autumn

red, orange, yellow

blend into one

autumn

how many shades of orange

are there

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Rain Warms Me Up Haiku

i like rain because
it warms me up
for love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Marble Poem

</>in my hands again
childhood marbles
how fast the years had rolled by
how quietly and gently childhood
had been stored away

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Spiritual - I Am Just A Little Part Of Myself

so little is myself
a little corner left of heart
a consciousness
i claim it all - predatory
do i have full reins?
the lonely dead of night
it has choked me in tears
it holds full reins?
we tango together for sure
sometimes together
sometimes on opposite lanes
i am a dancer with set rules to follow
and have been told to be
totally responsible for missteps
the heart it is made to
measure them all
i am just a little space on left
meditating on them all

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Illusion

a death warrant signed
with the very thing we hang onto for life
veins and arteries in a million knots
not an inch to let go for breath
the physique festers in a despicable illusion
we had clung onto with pain and expectation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Brickfields Mahavira Temple

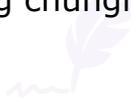
Brickfields Mahavira Temple
below each bodhi tree
a giant buddha sits

hindu and buddhist chant
fills the air
brickfields mahavira temple

Brickfields Mahavira Temple
one step closer
to nirvana

Brickfields Mahavira Temple
up there the buddha stands
dazzling with dharma thoughts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Child

the child is the
father, mother
mentor of the man
he gathers the whole
language for him
his mother tongue
with all the shades of meaning
in the first many years of his life
when you hear a man speak
he is speaking the tongue
of his childhood
when you hear a man lie
he is lying on the innocence
of his childhood

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Is

haiku is telling the readers
how the day starts
and how it actually ends
the light, the mist, the birds, the sun
how the dawn is different from the dusk
how the birds sing in the dawn
and how they sing in the dusk
and ultimately how the sun rises
and how it sets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

New Town New Friends, A Haiku

new town, new friends
and all the space
in between

red
the blood dissolves in me
and - life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Water Water

water is like God
there is no taste no nothing
but you feel the whole
thing invigorating your system
filling it up with all goodness
not one dropp wasted
you feel God filling you up

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Small

i like my buddha
to be small
smaller than
an ant in a large
clean room
sparkling with white
in this smallness
is vastness
vast as womb
that holds
whole creation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dusk Haiku - Lingering Me And My Shadow

dusk
lingering me
and my shadow

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Brickfields Little India

Brickfields' multi religious spiritual dawn
buddhist temple bell, subuh prayers and
the gayathri mantra charging up the air

brickfields dawn
rising with the sun - the toll of temple bell,
subuh prayers and the hindu chants

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kuala Lumpur Twin Towers

</>Kuala Lumpur
charging up the night
the Twin Towers

kuala lumpur
malaysian twin pride
peace and harmony

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Passion

i walk the beach aimlessly
in the dead of night alone
looking for adventure but
only chance upon a man
who looks over the sea -
he is so quiet and steady
in concentration i feel strange
until i get an inkling his broad
body shields a passion
rougher than the sea
is all about to explode

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Autumn

a fervent sense of longing trails each autumn
a leaf makes a change of costume and
spirals away in a colourful farewell dance
the year makes a ceremonious bidding
before turning earth into a page of white
for us to shower our memory of each day

leaf by leaf the wind tears away autumn
orchestrating a skeletal frame to rake our
thoughts about the year, instilling the
anticipation for the comeback of another
sparkling spring, blazing summer...

autumn helps us compose the days
when we shed the clothes for a new
spring and sunbath a new shade,
a charged bodice every cell
surges in a burst of portent energy

every autumn leaves an aftertaste of
a billowing like the soothing and mellow
sounds of violin where every note comes
alive with a bright orange hue the weight
of longing and anticipation

john tiong chunghoo

Pablo Neruda, Langston Hughes, Maya Angelou

i am a sky, i change with the day
in the morning, i am coloured
a brightness of orange
that cheers up everybody
with a fresh hot cup of coffee
i am sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Shots Of Love

the universe is a flower
we are parts that make it up -
pistils, stamens, petals, colours

you are my everything -
a river circulating round
my veins

the modern Great Wall
of oppression
Wall Street..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Live In Little India

</>dawn in Little India unfolds
from the sanctum of the Lotus
petal by petal of spiritually
inches and spreads around our heart as
as the sun rises from the palm
of the Almighty colouring the sky
with his shades of blessings
like the Hindu Gods blue,
green, red, and yellow on their chariots
screening the splendour of heavens
buddhist temple bell chimes right at six,
after the call of the mosque azan
when there is a hindu festival
the nearby shrine where Kali manifests
the frightening scale of her character
a red blood tongue lengthy enough
to draw a thousand questions
from passers of her divinity
one of the few Hindu goddesses to whom
you can slaughter an animal to please her

india and little india fight for space
this little shrine even the Gods have to make do with little place
to stand, to sit, as devotees pray, offer incense
to Muruga, the warrior God, Muneswaran,
the Guardian God and Ganapathi the Elephant God
for a happy existence in Little India

to be continued

rattles away

their drums to a frenzy
the spiritually inclined joins in
the meditation ambience evoke
by all these, the gayathri and other mantras

i used to see the world in black and white
until i started to live in little india
there is light in the dark or darkness in light
my eyes are open to chakras, bright red, orange
yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet
these are the colours of the buildings
clothes, vibuthi,

poetry in progress

john tiong chunghoo

Meditation Poem - A Tooth

this body is a
tooth of existence
one among 32

but when it pains
it feels all 32
32 becomes one

this mind holds
the realm of existence

the body is
a pain of a tooth
numbing all others

you pull out the tooth
the other 31 look at you
and - smile

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Richard Cory

a richard cory can make a home in us
no man is an island to life and death
and everything in between
now and then we are driven to the edge

the office, the school, the parish everywhere
a Cory haunts with the blood of his thoughts
flowers shrivel in the dungeon of his depression

tragedies are hatched in the cold nest of humanity

the face curves a mask to help the real selves live
the mouth plays traunt to create a mirage

a man walks a smile with ghosts feasting on his miles
there they patiently wait for the real catch of his traps

a friend laid himself on the tracks and
a train tore through him

regrets like a steam engine rumble through the years
they look for answers behind the shroud
Cory had sewn stringing, longing for
the buttons he never got all his days

we are tortoises - as a reptile readied to have him
whole feet, head, legs, entrails, blood and all -
in the darkness of our shells

the hassle of life clouds life like a calm river starving crocodiles lurk

we cant even see whether it is their tails or heads
slashing, lashing, splashing their way to us
raining a slush of hot blooded foamy death

john tiong chunghoo

Music Puts The World On Its Foot

music puts
the world
on its foot

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Time My Companion

nature hands in a child marriage
and willy nilly we become companion
a suspense holds us like two hands of the clock
we go round and round with an exactness sometimes
we long for that misstep to fall behind each other
like ballet dancers we let the world twirl round us
sometimes we wonder how long we can go on like this
but yes, depending on your station you will be
happy, wealthy, joyful or are bound to a plodding
outing you wish you could call it quit in no time

like lovers we are tied in for strange adventures
the most awesome comes knocking in the dead of night
when time would be his mischievous self, stealing out,
taking me in his hands on a stroll through fantasy gardens
throwing me head over heel with his Harry Potter witcheries

i could fly, i could sing, i could be another person,
i could meet with angels, jesus, late grandma
in the flesh and blood that one can go gaga
sometimes, he would run me out of my wits so
that i woke up sweats and tears all over

we live with each other through thick and thin
taking one another as each's alter ego
the only question we never quite ask each other
is when we would live each other out or when
the two hands that hold us would start giving us up

we know none can can tell because
we are a match made in the heavens
with a dimension noone can break through

john tiong chunghoo

Realms Of The Butterflies

butterfly, are your
stripes and shades
a map to paradise?
if that is so, i am
already in one

so serene, so quiet
your gentle adventure
enchancing colours
entrance me, transport me
tranquilly into another realm

the angels, do they fly like you?
so effortlessly, forever carrying a paradise

is paradise filled with honey? sweet
success for your rendezvous with blooms

is your caterpillar a testimony that
one grows in and out of realms?

so softly, quietly, you fly off a rainbow
leaving that little monster
you once were fluttering on trees

john tiong chunghoo

Diaspora Haiku

diaspora
in the breeze
seeds taking leave

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Ask Mother Nature To Take A Rest

I ask mother nature to take a rest
offering the comfort of my mind for her to lull
mother nature who has been working here
working there making sure ll things bloom
she must be tired through and through
i spread out my mind with all its space in the universe
and as she rests it becomes so calm
and peaceful with her restfulness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Missing Miles Of Our Life

the road home
i think of the missing miles
of our life

drowned by your eyes
dazed the whole day
wandering the contour of your soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Distant River Haiku

distant river
the meditative calm
i aim for

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Rewrites

there are works that wont be finished
after a thousand rewrites
the mind holds a larger sky
the years glide like the leaves
in the flame of autumn
and you hold the thought that
the pastiche of thoughts can look
a better season with time
like how wine matures

There are works that wont be finished
after a thousand rewrites
and after years that glide away
like leaves blasting the red of autumn
you hold the thought that the pastiche
of your thoughts can look
better than it should

There are works that won't be finished
after a thousand rewrites
the years glide away
like red leaves blasting autumn
your mind turns and turns and
you still find a larger sky coming your way
to improve the flow of your verses

john tiong chunghoo

Meeting Beyond Words And Time

i have walked through minds
before committing thought to words
if they read familiar to you in rhythm or in essence
that's because we have been friends
in the universal scheme of things
where we are all one in spirit and soul
now, then and.....forever

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Tide Of Salvation

the sacred water flows leaving bygones - the good, bad and ugly
the sacred river flows bidding swift parting to land
water inches this way, the earth the other way
this side is studded a spiritual bliss out to sea, paradise
the other to earth's carnal pleasures and allures
they dwindle in their appeal as water joins the
grander sphere of heaven's treasure chest where graces flow

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Meditation Poem - The Empty Mind

the empty mind is when
you are blessed, totally
absorbed in your work

the empty mind is
when the fragrance of a night bloom
bowled you over giving your mind
an empty space to breathe in

the empty mind is when
you are lost
in the kiss of your loved one
the world becomes one
with the universe and you

the empty mind is when
you meditate on the name
of the divine intelligence
resulting in a centre of bliss
that time has never touched

the empty mind is when
you are in metta meditation
pouring out your love
to all beings those you see
and those you dont
a bliss takes you over
in a sanctum where times
has never had a place

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Body Is A Brewer Of Intoxication

this body itself
is a brewer of
intoxication

in all the quietness
rising sun
setting sun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Midnight

midnight meditatioin
silence empties the mind to
give the universe a space

midnight meditation
silence empties the mind to
give space to the universe

midnight meditation
silence empties the mind to
give space to the cosmos

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Chastity Most Overrated

chastity is held high as the sky
the night but throws a blanket over it
the stars steal out in droves, pirouetting
with glitters the wish to have a brush with love
they chatter all over giving light to men and women
so that they can see the affection glowing in themselves
insects, frogs and toads join in the fare with a frenzy of courting song
homo sapiens quieten down to a tide that sweeps over eliciting
a language that extols love with the calisthenics of tongue
letting chastity run loose like a wolf between four bed posts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Maddening Burst Of Cherry Blossom Haiku

trapped in the maddenning burst
of the cherry blossom
the sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Autumn Equinox/A Moon In My Mouth

autumn equinox
a moon in my mouth
sweetens the season

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Fish And Mind Haiku

my mind is a fish
swimming in
the space of day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Poem - Ode To The Ganges

december ganges at Vanarasi
the freshness of morn suffuses the heart and lung
giving the mind a great and sacred space to breathe

dawn light plays with the day in the river
gently portraying a scene heralded by sea gulls,
men and women in overcrowded wooden frigates -
all look forward to the providence of the day

i catch a prayer or two vibrate between their lips
as the river glides its way to sea in divine silence

boys push ganges water to tourists, healing water
in copper jarlets to be brought home for friends

the multi coloured ghats spread like stages
of the gods and goddesses
they light up ganges with a very mediterranean flavour
without spoiling its soul and spirit

devotees fill the long steps in earnestness
to be close to divinity, dipping in, swimming,
and praying sprawled over, hand clasped
towards the rising sun

amid all the light and colours, one lone man
invites me to the cremation ground

there a boy scrambles the last paltry pieces of embers
with the hope to warm up home
my heart churns as one shard of charred bone
turns in the way of his hands

at the side is piled high the remains of the dead,
anything that should be thrown before the soul
could go onto their journey to moksha

you might sometimes find a gold ring or two, the man says to me
without even noticing i am reeling from his suggestion

a tide of desire in the way of the respect for souls

some men bathe the body of an emaciated woman - their mother? -
before setting her on a pyre forever leaving her
in the rush and peace of the ganges

i almost feel one of them heave a sigh of relief,
as if he had had a troubled time looking after her
old age is a curse, not only for the aged, but those around them

the lone man takes us to the quarters for the aged
who he says wait in earnest for liberation - from birth, life and death
in between our talk, he throws a gracious idea
about buying timber for these men who cannot afford a holy cremation
i turn it down not knowing whether the money would
burn the flame of the dead or fuel another
frightening web of karma for the living

in the boat, over the tranquil albeit highly polluted ganges
i chant om nama shiva ye, a call to the the Hindu Almighty
where this great river flows from to look into the needs
of the living and the dead right at their doorsteps
with the fervent wish that he would answer this humble prayer just there

the river that flows from him, from the himalaya ranges
now resonates in me, starts to flow in me
as i chant i feel the river echoes in me
so much so...it is now me... the wind rustles and
my soul resonates like Ganges water

the river that never pauses in its pilgrimage from the mountains
out to the sea and beyond, taking holy ashes, sins of the saints,
men, women, their graces, their joys, their sufferings, their loved ones,
their not so loved ones, their children, their children's children
their births, their deaths, gently, quietly, away

john tiong chunghoo

Tea Haiku

new tea shoots
delicately lighted
in the dawn sun

new tea leaves
holds onto the
dawn light

new tea leaves
sharing the magic
of dawn light

new tea leaves
inching into
dawn light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Amazon Haiku - Caught In The River

Amazon
caught in the river
a shimmering tropical forest

Amazon
the insect world drones
us out

Amazon
between the tinkles in the river
the insects' shrill

Amazon
one whole dayh the river and the insects
play out their songs

Amazon
peeking through the forest
the sky

Amazon rainforest
waving and peeking at us
the sky

American Rainforest
the sky peeks at us through
a million million leafy gaps

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Haiku - Thai Puppets

hotel antique shop
peeking through the glass
three thai puppets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Artist's Haiku

waiting for the
blazing sun to dry
the artist

dawn inspiration
the artist's light is
water colour

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Haiku For Each Country Project - Brunei Darulssalam

brunei

Borneo's Sultan thrills world
with oil wealth

brunei

fluid as oil the people's
smile

Brunei

Sultan's wealth floats
with the oil

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Bintulu Kite Festival

Bintulu Kite Festival
soaring high
a chain of hornbills

Bintulu Kite Festival
the passion to make
animals fly

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Old School Bell

old brass bell
heavy the thought
of school years

old brass bell
echoing still
the school years

old brass bell
so cold our memory
has grown

old brass bell
heavy my thoughts
this evening

old brass bell
heavy my thoughts
of the school years

the old brass bell
solid and clear
school memories

old brass bell
reverberating still
the school years

old brass bell
this evening school memory
cold and still

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

Zen

i take to call him zen
i talk talk to zen like
to all the nature around me
zen can you talk back to me
there is a pause and i say
zen can you talk back to me
silence like the silence of nature
are you dead or alive?
i am such a bewildered dweller
i talk to zen like i do to
all the nature around me
nature do you have a mouth
talk back to me
silence
then this tranquil feel
this feel of zen reacting to all nature, to me
but no talk, just silence
then i say zen
well if you let me do all the talking?
zen zen zen i know you will one day
be more cruel, do the leaving,
not a sigh, not a word
so why dont you talk to me now?
i talk to nature hoping it will talk back to me
but like zen, it is all quiet, silence
i even pull his leg, i say zen you have
sprouted a mole, a wrinkle, a line here and there
and i say you are smart and i suddenly
feel a contentment manoeuvres him a little
but then i ask again, and again
zen is it my own ego boiling over?
zen, zen please tell me
till then you may stay the way you are

john tiong chunghoo

Sept 11 Anniversary Haiku 2011

sept 11
towering still
a fear

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Morning Sun/In The Beams/All My Past Lives

morning sun
in the beams
my past lives

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - How A Poem Is Born

a poem is born
when the poet
merges his soul
with the universal mind
through his language -
the language that floats
in the sea of this universal mind
waiting for the poet
to turn over and over
to entertain it like a mother frolicking
with her new born

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Bad Poet

everybody is sometimes
a good poet, sometimes a bad poet
it depends on the mood
and whether words come your way
and dance with your soul
or hide behind your every inspiration
refusing to give you a hand
in creating that song so that
even that enemy of yours cant help
but give you those two looks you
have only of him in some 10 years

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Grace Of The Day

we all try to cheer up each other
when the job is done, we disperse
like the birds in the trees seeking
the graces of the day, in the garden,
in the hills, on the beach, in the river
anywhere where the hands of God lie

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Delhi Red Fort Miss

Deilhi tour
a tourist fights with guide
over red fort miss

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Michael Jackson This Is It Haiku

this is it
a superstar's struggle
for survival

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku-Humayun Mausoleum

humayun mausoleum
my heart reels with
the little graves

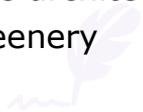
humayun mausoleum
here and there on top
little child graves

humayun mausoleum
the peace of the moghul years
still reigns supreme here

holding the grandeur
of the moghul years
humayun mausoleum

humayun mausoleum
breathless architecture breathes
in the greenery

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku-Indira Gandhi Residence Delhi

a quiet corner still
the prayer room; small desk, bell,
the buddha, a christian saint and hindu gods

indira gandhi residence
a picture sets a pyre of her fiery years
raging through our heart

indira gandhi residence
a broken glass pane retraces
the last step of the heroine

indira gandhi residence
a young girl, a woman, a lady, a politician,
a mother, a wife, a patriot, a president, a murdered

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Nepal Haiku - The Royal Palace..Kathmandu

Kathmandu Royal Palace
here and there
butchery spots

Kathmandu Royal Palace
amid our talk of royal butchers
the stuffed animals

large stuffed animals gawk at us
as we talk about butchery
Kathmandu Royal Palace

Kathmandu Royal Palace
butchered animals greet us in
the hallway

here the royal
butcher house
Kathmandu city centre

who did it? who did it?
who did it? rings in all our mind
no, no not the king's son!

we look at the son and sigh
'it could not have been done
for puppy love'.

here at the Kathmandu Royal Palace, the place where the king, queen and others who were butchered are marked for tourists. Huge stuffed animals such as a crocodile are used to decorate the hallway. We feel that even before the butchery of the royalties, this palace is not that a happy one as there are so many animals butchered to decorate it.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Nepal Haiku - Lumbini Buddha Old Palace Ground

Gaotama's old palace ground
silence and serenity
the like of nirvana

Gaotama old palace ground
a rough patch the road he takes
out of the palace

Gaotama old palace ground
i walk the path he took
to leave the royal ground

Gaotama
the guide and me teary eyed as we
talk about him leaving behind the world

between the palace ground and us
Gaotama and his
Nirvana

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Houses Of Worship

my heart just refuses to be bound
i walk into the hindu temple
to savour the myriad manifestations
of the formless God, who can take any form

i walk into a buddhist temple
knowing that all the manifestations
wont help us one bit if we dont help ourselves
to heaven, nirvana, syurga, tiang tang
God can be a wine we lose our mind in
if we do not take him in the right way
whom we go to favours without fail
draining the blood of a thousand animals
in the mad scramble for favours in this sin laden realm
forgetting the task to liberate ourselves
buddha's wise dharma has brought us to our senses
that the soul is our responsibility and ours alone God or no God
and animals cannot walk us to God
if we dont even have a heart for them

I walk into a Christian Church
knowing that the love of God knows no bound
that as much as we sacrifice for him
he too would be ready to sacrifice for us

i walk into a mosque
knowing that there is but One God
a formless Spirit that dwells in us all
that listens and talks to us day in day out
dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn anywhere, any time
that all the earth can be burnt down to
just one simple thing - ash
because we all come from one source,
one nature and One God

i walk away with an open heart
knowing that i have read all the scriptures
with an open heart, knowing that if the heart is closed
to words of love, of kindness, to men to animals

that if i have a heart closed to all these
heaven's doors too will be close when i am there

john tiong chunghoo

Shinto Haiku

the path, the path
even gods need a path
to us

jinja
in all the quietness
red pillars

jinja shrine
i walk around taking in
the breath of God

jinja shrine
whistle of fir
carresses of gods

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Butterfly Haiku Poem

butterfly
never a noise over
its own beauty

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Butterflies

the butterflies dart through space
some in measured grace
some in zig zag frenzy
some carrying wings too small
to take the weight of their body
up and down, up and down
they flit, flit-flitting a burdensome dance
some are in pairs and in
such obvious romance outing
they sprint to each other
head and tail, tail and head
frolic and merry make
an ubiquitous love dazed flight
charging up the season

nature lavishes such wholesome indulgences
over such fragile creatures
exquisite tender wears topped
with an equally edifying elixir of life
divinely blessed, proffered
the nectar of heavens
an intoxication of transience

an air of lightness envelops as
the butterflies do their its ballet
a maze of colours flips - stripes, eyes,
tails, island paradise in hues of orange,
yellow, white luminous green, blue...

so gleefully the butterflies carry themselves
and when they do settle for us
they politely spread out pages of rainbow
fold and unfold them with gentle persuasion
to take the weight of our verses

so bewitchingly the butterflies
dart through their ethereal sojourn
invigorating as night blossoms
touching us in so many ways

giving thoughts wings
to fly into heaven's bliss

the butterflies dart through space
some in measured grace
some in zig zag frenzy
some carrying wings too small
to take the weight of their physique
up and down, up and down
they flit, flit-flitting a burdensome dance
some are in pairs and in
such obvious romance outing
they sprint to each other
head and tail, tail and head
frolic and merry make
an ubiquitous love dazed flight
charging up the season

nature lavishes such wholesome indulgences
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john tiong chunghoo

Back To Where I Belong

my body and i never meet eye to eye
the former always playing the other out
usually we go our own way doing each own business
so that sometimes we hardly recognise each other
a wrinkle has clawed its way through the side of the eyes
and it is not even telling me, keeping it as an open secret
so stealthily it always gets itself of me so near my eyes
and i am not even told
my friend alerted me but still i could not see myself
until i borrowed a mirror, yes the mirror seems
more helpful but still i could not see until i borrow
this pair of eyes snugly placed below the brows
yes, that's when the body is most generous
only then did i get to see the way it has tore through
my face, eagle flying, through the sky of fifty years
clawing at the core of my soul now, at my ego!
it is okay, one day my friend, these eyes
and even this body, my other friend, will bid me goodbye
one day they will all be gone leaving me alone in
a spot of of nirvana meditation where all the borrowed selves
take their leave, leaving me in a spot of nirvana

john tiong chunghoo

The Parting With Love / Haiku

parting
we hold each other
tight

the dazzling sea tonight
my memory of you

the mist descends
slowly moves to me like
slay the first male thing

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Childhood Star

childhood star
still up there a twinkling twinkling
little child

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku-Kamakura Bronze Buddha

kamakura bronze buddha
in your eyes
the wheel of existence

kamakura bronze buddha
like the shoguns
i too bow

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Hungry Ghost Festival Haiku

hungry ghost festival
candles, food, paper money
and my goosebumps

hungry ghost festival
a solitary candle flickers
hell money rages in flame

hungry ghost festival
night wind sends the hell money
flying in the air

hungry ghost festival
hell ash notes fly
in the night lane

hungry ghost festival
never seen -
the chairs and their guests

john tiong chunghoo

Buddhism-The Rebirth Haiku

rebirth
the last life is
a forgotten dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Man Falls In Love With The Woman Of His Last Life

when the mystic shows him
the sketch of his last life
when he was a woman
the man falls in love with her

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Life An Imprisonment

an imprisonment
between birth and death
- life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Rebirth Haiku

rebirth
your last life is
a forgotten dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Christmas Day Before Tsunami In Phuket

Christmas day
I saw the boy
the white boy
skinny, thin thing
who could only be
two scores of age
smiling so innocently
in Phuket's Patong Beach
the elders surrounding him, cajoling
I saw a little boy
black plump little thing
barely two, I guess,
almost nude, running
carefree, near the sea
close to the waves
and into the waves
looking, discovering
danger, no,
a thousand miles away
I saw a granddad
jumped a few steps
as he ran
a little girl
trailing behind
did the same
a breeze
chilled us
refreshed us
in the splendour
of the setting sun
the rays dilated our pupils
so that everything
became so dreamy
in that already
paradise setting
I saw a mother
her satiated self
sitting on a towel
her dreamed holiday came true

surrounded by teenagers
oh! that warm smile
of love from a mother!
I cried over the transient
quality of life too
over mother!
I saw the white men
executives of
some conglomerates
stressing out
a mishmash of tired nerves
pampered by the sea
the cool wind,
the sand,
the Thai women,
their reassuring
and status
confirming
touches and beer
the patong beach
Christmas day dusk
endless waves of joy
swept through the souls
the hundreds of foreign souls
the white boy,
the skinny tiny thing
the boy I turned back
to take so many looks
the young child
playing by himself
near the harmless mass of water
and so many others
their last holiday?
the wave of joy now
overtaken by waves
waves, tsunami scale grief
the waves,
the relentless waves
that roared
kill, kill, kill
all over the Indian Ocean

Oh! that skinny little white thing
with that lovely smile
those mysterious successive waves
of pain that sweep through me

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Lake Toba (Medan)

toba the lake earthquake made
so calmly it reflects
my face

my smile in the calm waters
the earthquake made
lake toba

lake toba
mountains and roofs
charge to the sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu - Religion

religion well they all
promise a heaven
and a hell

religion
a business of
heaven and hell
when the man
is - trapped in between

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Forgetfulness

thank god for my forgetfulness
i can read some of my poems
like they were written by somebody's else
appreciate them with total impartiality
like walking through a paradise of varied blooms
the best shot is in the discovery that they are
actually from the garden of my thoughts
such beautiful thngs, oh my God did i write this?
did i write this? the heart that would scream
thank God, thank God

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

London Riot Haiku

between the have
and have nots
London fire

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Buddhist Dharma Talk-Haiku

buddhist sermon
a cat joins us
on the chair

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Snake

snakes, scaly, slippery, a cold lump morbidly crawling
through the dark tunnel of memory
some creatures are born cursed
they are spat, and trampled on
so that the nerves slithered when i actually
came face to face with one at two or three
the black six inch long they called two headed thing
propped my interest further
you dont get to see one often
i could not remember whether it had ended up
under somebody's stick or a parang
but thanks to the snake it helped me
hold onto a figment otherwise
would have been lost on the tail of time
an inert lump resting on cold yellow soil
guilty heavy of heaven and earth
all ready to take the cold and
inhumane blows of the world

once in while a little one would surface
below the neighbour's house,
a short floral ribbon it looked like jewels
on undeserving hands, bothersome foul mud

the impatient neighbour never let it up
coming running with his parang
crashing or splitting it into two
wonder how such a small creature
can elicit such a anger in a big fat farmer

an eerie feel for them led me to
kill one with a stick and to this
day i am struck with the thought
of what karma i have to face
little wriggly creature that
would have done no harm
but then it is a snake

the road between two padi fields

become a killing field during the harvesting season
a dead chamber as little snakes
make their way to to the other side
for better pasture ending up under wheels
they lie each morning crushed, bruised
they become nothing but a charred
brittle piece of leather a few days later
some snakes are aphrodisiac
and I usually wonder whether these
can be Chinese medicine
to heal whatever ailment you
have such as impotence

one morning a flash flood brought
the fate of a little cobra under brother's bed,
the cat agitated had sounded the alarm
with her irritating meows
the cat we then called brother's saviour

we smelt things foul and like the feline came face to face with it
someone screamed cobra as its head had reared
and its neck spanned
the poor little lifeless rope then flew head and tail
through the air, into the flash flood
after it had gone under the stick

as is always with snake it slithers back
to my memory lane each time
somebody mentions snake
a lane of sweet sour sad feeling
of heaven and earth about snakes
of why God even bothers to create it

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Tender Tea Leaves

tender dance
tender tea leaves bristle
with dawn light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Bamboo Groove (Haiku)

bamboo grove
row and row of
uprightness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku-Follow The Heart

follow your heart
he will guide you
to who you are

follow your heart
your identity is
sealed there

follow your heart
you will find
yourself there
held high by all
those around you
your fellow earth
creatures

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku-I Fear The Real Live Devils More

i fear the real live devils more
those you can hear and see
with your eyes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Meditation Poem-I Ask My Physique These Questions

I ask my body
Have I wronged you?
expecting you to behave
like what others have
described in the book?
tell me your true self
dance it out in each nerve
leave me on the chair
let me be an audience
in this theatre of realities
spiritual, physical, or metaphysical
when all has unfolded
perhaps you and me
would be the best of friend till
the end of time or all eternity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Lending Nature A Mouth

I lend nature a mouth
so that its soul reverberates
in our heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Did I Write Them?

did i write my poems?
no, not entirely
does the flower
blossom on its own?
not, not entirely
there are hands
that help each petal
tilt itself, one by one
so that the flower
inches and express
its beauty to you
beauty installed
by a set of hands
one could only describe as
the Lofty Ones

did i write my poems?
no, not entirely
there are verses
that have sprung
in the the mind like
the flower
so finely tuned each
petal has moved, so that
they are in unison with each other
so that they converge as
a beauty all done up to glorify
the unseen hands

the unseen, the unseen
that could only be
known by the heart
as every petal moves
like word to take the heart
to the height of praise
for the Lofty One

john tiong chunghoo

Dont Go Far Off Pablo

dont go far off stay close
stay where you have always been
like the sun, for eons, never disappointing
sending its light and cheers
the moon, never haunting,
for eons sending its inspiraton
dont go far off stay close
make my day a blessing to have
and night a sanctuary to luxuriate in
dont go far stay close
let your laughters fill my day
and your breath, my breath
let the day brighten up with optimism
and the night a wonder drive for morrow
dont go far stay close
as close as the heart can be
because when you are gone
the days are as good as it is without
the sun and the night moon
and the beach without the water
to carress and serenade its love song

(In Memory of Pablo Neruda)

john tiong chunghoo

Invictus In Memory Of William Ernest Henley

pain is so that you remember
every second of your strife
victory is so that you crown
every pain of your strife with
a triumphant smile as you say
witholding tears 'I did it. I did it'.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Holiday Nature Haiku-Waterfall Outing

waterfall outing
in between every splash
fluid laughter

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cracked Lips My First Winter

first winter
my lips
crack

with a pair
cracked lips
i greet my first winter

cracked lips
that's how i greet
my first winter

or rather that's how
my first winter
greet me

(tokyo,1988)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Most Abused Word-God

i refuse to use God
preferring Divinity because
it's the most abused word

john tiong chunghoo

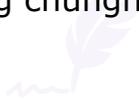


PoemHunter.com

Meditation Poem - This Body An Antenna To The Divine

without the radio
we would not
have gotten the news
without the body
we would not be able to tune
in to the divine
an energy swept asunder
in the cosmos
the body, it dies
but it is a bridge
to the divine
so many antennas
you find here
some we have yet
learnt to use

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Poem - First Sight Of The Ganges At Vanarasi

the first sight of the ganges
i walk the ghats with names of gods
shiva, vishnu, brahma, hanuman,
sadhus put thick white powder on my forehead
three lines to denote the shiva sect
the lingams, oh the man told me
not to walk into the sacred ring
drawn with white chalk
it is the realm of the divine
as far as he is concerned

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Season Haiku-Winter Chill

winter chill
a heart pining
for love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter-Mitsuko Baisho

Mitsuko Baisho

her simplicity, cheap blue kimono
and japanese -ness fuels my curiosity

We met in Malacca where Shohei Imamura came to film Zegen in the 80s.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Meditation Poem 1 - Emptiness Of The Mind

emptiness of the mind
a realm bigger than this head can hold
bigger than dead could hold
it is when you are absorbed in
the blossoming of a night flower
every second it scents time like heaven

emptiness of the mind
it is when your mind fills a huge boulder
like a soul, sprawled over the universe
taking in all with solid stoicism
a desire frozen by coldness
harder to break than rock

emptiness of the mind
it is when your mind cast a bigger mystery
than the black hole
so vast and empty you realise the zen of things
that there are things surviving on emptiness,
just being empty

john tiong chunghoo

Strange Dream Haiku-Princess Diana In Black Groaning In Pain

even in my dream
Lady Di is in pain groaning in bed
in a black one piece ensemble

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Strange Dream Haiku - Sharing A Table With Lee Kuan Yew

making it to my dream
kuan yew at a square table
we have a meeting

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter-Anwar Ibrahim

a distance, a discomfort
and a reply
that is all important

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter-George Chan

in between our talk
the struggle to make things
as important as can be

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter-A Samad Said

sandwiched
between us -
salina

salina and
the novelist's youth
fire up our talk

our talk warmed up
by one fictitious character
Salina

between him and me
one fictitious character
salina

bringing us closer
one fictitious woman
salina

salina
his old work
my new fascination

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter-Rehman Rashid

in between the niceties
tripping over
all his words

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry-Words And Colours

it is not how many words we know
it is about how we portray our thoughts
and feelings with them giving others
and our own brain a new space to breathe

it is not about how many colours we have
it is about how we spread them over the canvas
to give the heart and mind a new corner
to luxuriate in

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter-Khalil Ibrahim

khalil Ibrahim
leaves a big space for me
to paint him in words

khalil Ibrahim
stirred by the detailed lines
of his roots

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Haiku / Nature Is Tender As A Lace

noon rain over the mountain
the tenderness of nature
soft as a lace

dug out doll
i look into the sockets
and shiver stephen king

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Pak Samad Ismail

Pak Samad Ismail
every stride carries historic events
his pen committed to posterity

Pak Samad Ismail
every step carries historic events
he has let his pen do the talking

Pak Samad Ismail is father of Malaysian Journalism.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Through Your Eyes

through your eyes a spring,
a summer, an autumn, winter
the ingratiating smile your eyes
reflect a river of passion
summer laughter, autumnal walk,
romantic candlelit valentine
the carvort of light and shadow
takes us through the corridors of night
the gems of love sparkle like stars
i gather them onto a page every word
echoes you as we shed layers
of ourselves like divine flowers
like how leaves freeze time to give us
a cherished outing in scarlet and sepia
a sweeping odyssey the light of fall translates so well
a red blazing orb, an entree to a season
so pleasurable and mersmerising to hold onto



through your eyes a spring,
a summer, an autumn, winter
the ingratiating smile your eyes
reflect a river of passion
summer laughter, autumnal walk,
romantic candlelit valentine
the carvort of light and shadow
takes us through the corridors of night
where the gems of love sparkle like stars
i gather them onto a page so that the words
twinkles with every facet of love
we shed layers of ourselves like divine flowers
like how leaves take leave to freeze time
to give us a cherished outing in sepia
a sweeping odyssey the scarlet of fall translates so well
a red blazing orb, an entree to a season
so pleasurable and mersmerising to hold onto

second version

second version:

through your eyes
a spring, a summer
an autumn, winter
the ingratiating smiles
the like of dawn dazzling spring
summer laughters, romantic candlelit valentine
where the delightful carvorts between light and shadows
take me through corridors of night
I harvest the gems of love for a
page every word echoes you
spring that helps us find layers of ourselves
unfolding like petals of a divine flower
swirling through the breeze
colours that wrap us so warmly to let
the inner sanctum speak to each other
in the sweltering summer passion,
autumnal romance that sways between leaves
a smoldering experience the scarlet of fall
translates so well, a red blazing orb,
an entree to a winter that makes everything
so pleasurable to hold onto

john tiong chunghoo

One Malaysia, One World

i say friend, look at the malay face
look at as many as possible
a wave of emotions
spilling from the mountains
and hills all over
so well blended they are
the real one malaysia brand

my friend, read through the malay scripts
a rain of tongues start falling from
mountains, hills, rivers, and shores
sanskrit, english, portuguese, germans
arabic, they inch their way from
some remotest part of history and world
they dance like the rarest form of dance
on the corridors of thoughts
a world language quietly taking root
One World, One Malaysia

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku / Dalai Lama Tribute

the Dalai Lama
losing a country
to win a world

the dalai lama
losing a country
now the world his home

the Dalai Lama
the Buddha have no home
the dharma is home
the dharma spans
all the realms

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Two Sides Of Liking A Man

some you find their every move
motivated by economic reasons
some you find them leaving behind
things for people to love them
for what they are, for no other reason

some you find their every move
motivated by reasons of racism
some you find them leaving behind
things for people to love them
without throwing the weight of
who they are,

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Death And Life

when we die we would be
shoved out of this body into
another plane, something else
it can be quite frightening
the hands of of nature
that work between the known, unknown
but then so what? we never are our own thing
nature never means us to be in control of ourselves
we are always somebody else's
father, mother, the Divine
in between the known, unknown
belief and make belief we plod on
to put sanity into place,
a recurring drama, a sea of waves
sweeping over us, never waking us up

second version

when we die we would be
shoved out of this body into
another plane, something else
it can be quite frightening
the hands of of nature
that work between the known, unknown
but then so what? we never are our own thing
nature never means us to be in control of ourselves
we are always somebody else's
father, mother, the Divine
in between the known, unknown
between belief and make belief
we plod on to put sanity into place
the ants building nests under the rain
a recurring drama, a sea of waves
sweeping over us never waking us up

john tiong chunghoo

The Day Before The Tsunami In Phuket 2004

H! That white boy
Skinny, thiny thing
Did god claim him too?

christmas day
i saw the boy
the white boy
skinny, thiny thing
who could only be
two scores of age
smiling so
innocently in phuket
the elders surrounding him
cajoling
i saw a little boy
black plump little thing
barely two, i guess
almost nude, running
carefree, near the sea
close to the waves
and into the waves
looking, discovering
danger, no,
a thousand miles away
i saw a grandad
jumped a few steps
as he ran
a little girl
trailing behind
did the same
a breeze
chilled us
refreshed us
in the splendour
of the setting sun
the rays that dilated
our pupils

so that everything
became so dreamy
in that already
paradisical setting
i saw a mother
her satiated self
sitting on a towel
her dreamed holiday came true
surrounded by teenagers
oh! that warm smile
of love from a mother!
i cried over life
transience too
over mother!
i saw the white men
executives of
some conglomerates
stressing out
a mishmash of tired nerves
pampered by the sea
the cool wind,
the sand,
the Thai women,
their reassuring
and status
confirming
touches and beer
the patong beach
christmas day dusk
endless waves of joy
swept through the souls
the hundreds of foreign souls

the white boy,
the skinny thiny thing
the boy i turned back
to take so many looks
the young child
playing by himself
near the harmless mass of water
and so many others
their last holiday?

the wave of joy now
overtaken by waves
waves, tsunami scale grief
the waves, the relentless waves
that roared
kill, kill, kill
all over the Indian Ocean
Oh! that skiny little white thing
with that lovely smile
those mysterious successive waves
of pain that sweep through me
did god take him too?

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Full Moon 2

the full moon
so far yet so close
we are

just a full moon
the distance
between us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Lake Boat Ride

lake boat ride
stretching my voice to reach
a distant age

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tribute - Moon Haiku

in the lake
the moon smiles
and dances

in the lake
the moon dances
with shimmering sequins

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Best Birthday Haiku- Birthday Cake

birthday cake
brighter and brighter
each year

birthday
brighter and brighter
each year

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Man From Dust To Dust Haiku

streaking
through my soul
earth's essence

streaking
from dust to dust
the light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tribute - Ant Haiku

ant megacity
a mound of
quietitude

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

It's Raining Zen

rain is zen
you can practise it
in so many ways
the sound of water
filling us up with
divine echoes
drizzle, pitter patter
small rain, heavy rain
storm or a teary
plodding non stop
the heaven send the
graces to earth
in roaring thunder
lighted up in everyway
the best is the tail end
every dropp leaving the eave
a glittering zen
that helps the mind holds
onto a blessed
moment in time
every dropp that takes
leave of the eave
a glittering zen
helping the mind
find a moment in time

rewritten;

rain is zen
you can practise it
in so many ways
in the middle of it all
the sound of water striking
a divine echo in us

drizzle, pitter patter
small rain, heavy rain
stormy or a teary
plodding non stop

the heaven sends
graces to earth
in so many different ways

in rip roaring thunder
splitting flashing lightning
a tearing sheet lighted up
every step of the way

the best is the tail end
when every drop
that leaves the eave
a glittering zen for
the brain to hold onto

every dropp that takes
leave a glittering zen
helping the mind
find a moment in time

john tiong chunghoo

Tribute - Shell Haiku

between the shell
and my ear
the vast expanse of sea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pablo Neruda Tribute Haiku Haiku

Pablo Pablo
the breeze breathes your
lines tonight

my soul on the edge
i hold onto your poem
a heart on an ocean of love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tribute - Dinosaur Haiku

on the slippery back
of your remains
we roam the world

such a huge blessing
even in death,
you help drive the world

in death too
we roam the world
with you on our wheels

what a huge blessing!
your remains it oils
the world's progress

one day
we would fight over
your remains
inking ourselves
oily thick black

john tiong chunghoo

A Haiku For Each Country Project - Taiwan

101 Taipei Tower
solidly planted -
the island's pride

101 Taipei Tower
our feet cannot take us where
our eyes could stretch

101 Taipei Tower
we walk round Taipei
in some five minutes

101 Taipei Tower
here and there insects
aiming to be higher
(perched outside the windows)

101 Taipei Tower
mountains, hills, river, lake and
legends link us to the past

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku-Taipei Summer Passion

Taipei summer passion
cicadas' ear
splitting shrill

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Langston Hughes Tribute Haiku

Langston Hughes
every verse peeling
the skin of discrimination

Langston Hughes
seeking a light
for darkness

Langston Hughes
songs from a
solid black heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - This Cool Night

this cool night
the only things lacking
your warm hands

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Love Flights - Spring Haiku

spring drive
yellow butterflies in
estatic love flights

.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Cambodia Haiku - Memory Of Phnom Penh

the angkor wat ever
so exotic and young
apsara dancers

apsara dancers
i learn a new word and the nymphs now
dance in me

apsara dancers
they take me to the graceful side
of Cambodia

apsara dancers
in nook and corner of the angkor
heavenly nymphs dance

apsara dancers
in their graceful steps
the pain of the khmer years

apsara dancers
they flip over the violent history
of cambodia

apsara dancers
in their steps the sweeter side
of cambodia

in phnom penh i saw one of the best dances in south east asia, the apsara
dance....for a while, my mind was taken off tuol sleng, where many of the crimes
of the khmers were committed.

john tiong chunghoo

The Sleep Haiku

sleep
a nobody's
wonderland

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Best Loved Haiku For You

language
the mind's
eternal dance

this night
the silence that is
all you

spring drive
the yellow butterflies in
their love flights

The Sleep Poem

Sleep sometimes when i seek you
you leave me high and dry
a night turning over and over
...leaf of listlessness
veins of anguish seeping
through like mirages

sleep sometimes i got
overtaken by you
without much prayer
moon or moonless
starry night or starless
i black out in your thick bossom

haiku:

this cool night
the only things lacking
your warm hands

after the indian dance
three little bells
on the stage

I remember the days when I was barely three years old very well - thanks to a magpie. Each day she would perch on top of a pyramid like roof and sing away.

Her song though sounded more like some woman complaining about her own life.
She would sing all those songs to the heavens. I could not help myself from
talking and consoling the bird.... well in my own language.

shrivelled leaf
i still hold onto
the sweet moments

Wave after wave
crushes on my legs
i remember mom's every word
...to help me stand
on my own two feet

What a strange happening. Right in the middle of the night a little bird flew into
my house on the 16th floor and headed straight to the old antique tibetan crystal
buddha I had bought on the same day.

morning dew drops
such tender refreshing
youthfulness - you

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Sleep

Sleep sometimes when i seek you
you leave me high and dry
a night turning over and over
leaf of listlessness
asunder on sea of tempest
veins of anguish seeping
through like mirages

sleep sometimes i got
overtaken by you
without much prayer
moon or moonless
starry night or starless
i black out in your thick bossom

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Collection Of Haiku

shrivelled leaf
i still hold onto
the sweet moments

morning dew drops
such tender refreshing
youthfulness - you

striking like the collapse
of another huge tower
bin laden's death

Nature
the soul
of God

sunday late noon rain
hynoptising, the hasty feet
clapping hands of rain

fleece in the sky
my worries have found company
and slowly drift away

William Kate Royal Wedding
I feel the joy of youth
again

so dearly facing the sky
between me and the rose
a sacred intelligence?

that star
i faintly remember
a long lost friend

black cat in the dark
its eyes help me
see it

sea death
a bouquet of roses washed
ashore

john tiong chunghoo

A Haiku For Each Country Project - Singapore

Singapore jaunting
i am caught between
a lion and a fish

Singapore
legendary lion spouts water
sprouts a fishtail

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Haiku For Each Country Project - Kenya

kenya
the giraffe and obama
pull me there

kenya
the wish to stand tall
as the giraffe

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

William-Kate Royal Marriage Haiku

William Kate picture
the joy of youth
permeates the air

William Kate royal wedding
feeling young
again

William-Kate royal wedding
i feel the joy of youth
again

William Kate Wedding
one greatest royal show
on earth

William Kate picture
i keep seeing
diana



PoemHunter.com

William Kate Wedding
when every inch of a couple
fascinates

Kate Kate you look
better than the pulp
makes you up to be

William Kate wedding
over their eyes the weight of
staying forever together

William Kate Wedding
over the eyes the weight of
keeping it a fairy tale

William Kate Wedding
the best advice of the day
live and enjoy every moment

William Kate Wedding
when living in the moment
is one great blessing

William Kate picture
diana floats here
and there

William Kate picture
in the aura of Diana
the two smile

William Kate Wedding
walking down the aisle
for everybody's sake

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry-What I Want My Poem To Be

i want my poem to be
light, bubbly, brimmy
like a newly opened
can of beer
after imbibing two
three lines
your brain opens up
like a fresh lotus
delivering a shine
the same as
what the words have
given to the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Haiku For Each Country Project - Myanmar

Shwedagon Pagoda
the buddha's blessings
light up the sky

Shwedagon Pagoda
the buddha's blessings
glitter in the sky

Shwedagon Pagoda
a walk through the golden
path of the dharma

Shwedagon Pagoda
eight buddha's hair pull in
the crowd

Shwedagon Pagoda
gold and jewels don
the beams



PoemHunter.com

Shwedagon Pagoda
our mind joins the sparkles
at the monument

Shwedagon Pagoda
the magic sparkles in
the sky, water and the Buddha

myanmar blessings?
young monks, old monks
crowd the streets

after the tourist zone fee
soldiers peddle us
the Burmese Days

john tiong chunghoo

A Haiku For Each Country Project - Japan

folded cranes
one thousand and one wishes
for japan

cherry blossom
each bloom a flight
of wabi sabi

cherry blossom
after the flower viewing
a bed of wabi sabi

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Haiku For Each Country Project - Malaysia

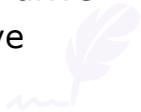
malaysia
a golden chersonese
still a golden chersonese

malaysia
a hibiscus so
dearly red

malaysia
a melting pot of respect
for each other

malaysia
inching its way out
a sharper mind

malaysia
a drive, a drive
to improve



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malaysia
so many roots
in one root

malaysia
a rage of cultures
the batik shirt

malaysia
blazing a trail the riotious
colours of the batik

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - Gate Of India Bombay

Gate of India
a landmark for the rich
and poor alike

Gate of India
the couple say it is
their cupid

Gate of India
the couple say they fell in love here
years ago

Gate of India
from here the grandeur
of Bombay

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

About Haiku

haiku - mere
password to a treasured
and enlightened moment

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Dawn Ganges Chant Of Shiva

dawn ganges
the chant of shiva rides
the light waves

dawn ganges
trailing the light
my chant of shiva

dawn ganges
dancing to the light
chants of shiva

dawn ganges
dancing with the light
chants of shiva

dawn ganges
twinkling with the light
chant of shiva

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Dawn Ganges

dawn ganges
the chant of shiva rides
the light waves

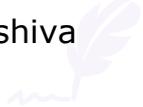
dawn ganges
trailing the light
my chant of shiva

dawn ganges
dancing to the light
chants of shiva

dawn ganges
dancing with the light
chants of shiva

dawn ganges
twinkling with the light
chant of shiva

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Earth Hour Haiku 2011

earth hour
brightness and darkness
in our hands

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Vanarasi Ganges

the rush to
purification
pollution

vanarasi ganges
like a lotus, i try to bloom
above the muck, the filth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Delhi Sky

always up there to
celebrate someone's triumph
delhi sky eagles

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - From Sonauli To Gorakphur

born anew into India
the passage from Sonauli
to Gorakphur

yes, that's the border town I entered when leaving Nepal. Nepalese can walk a few kilometres here to buy goods at the Indian side. Nepal looks like a womb and the border crossing gave me the feel of being delivered into a basket... the shape of India.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Manifestations - I Cannot See Myself

everything is a manifestation
of the divine.
I am a guest in this physique.
I can see everything of the divine
except myself.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Arch Of The Rainbow

in the arch
of the rainbow
a gown of bliss

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Supermoon Tribute Haiku 2011 March 19

supermoon
quake victims willy nilly
take a peek

supermoon
my curiosity blossoms
many times over

supermoon
as large as my
fascination

supermoon
grown with a big heart
to talk

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Kriyayoga Haiku - Yoga Reflexology

yoga reflexology
an inner light corresponds
to each cakra

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Kriya Yoga 2

kriya yoga
each breath takes me closer
to the divine

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Elizabeth Taylor Tribute Haiku

those eyes cleopatra
would have killed for
Liz Taylor

those translucent eyes
that take us to depth we hold onto
for half a century

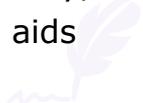
lost - the pair of translucent eyes
celluloids make
so exciting

hot on the throes of the 3 Ms
movie, men, and men with aids
liz taylor

for her love of the four lethal Ms
movie, money, men and
men with aids

so gracefully taking us
from scene to scene
elizabeth taylor

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Japan Tohoku Tsunami Aftermath 2011

tohoku tsunami aftermath
the snow weeping
on my face

Tokoku refers to North Eastern Japan, the place where tsunami struck. Basho travelled extensively this area as written in his travel journal, oku no hosomichi.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Time Is Timeless

Never enquire time while in a place of worship. I immediately felt the wrath of the divine when i impatiently asked about what time it was once in a place of worship. Yes for the divine...there is no time and to ask about time in his house means disrespectful to him, as if you want to get out of his home immediately.

dont ask about time
in the abode of God because
his time is timeless

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Row Of Pigeons On A Loose Wire

tilting up and down
a row of pigeons
on a loose wire

smile and laugh
putting wings
to my day

the stream flows
trailing time
in a canvas of infinity

dawn lotuses
i am open to all
beautiful ideas

anger
the body burning up
itself

shakened to the core
have the japanese really repented
from WW2 excesses?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Japan 2011 Earthquake Haiku - In The Flurry Of The Tsunami Death Radio News

in the flurry of tsunami
death radio news
cherry blossom fall

japan giant quake
a ramble in the office
over a cartoon

the almighty
writes his poem in
colours, shapes and sounds

rain
in its sound
me

cocooned in
the sound of rain
me

PoemHunter.com

cocooned
in the sound
of rain..

a world continuously grows
from a finite body
making it infinite

the stream flows
trailing time in
a canvas of infinity

death anniversary
the field full with
migratory birds

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Stream Flows Trailing Time In A Canvas Of Infinity

the stream flows
trailing time in
a canvas of infinity

a world continuously grows
from a finite body
making it infinite

death anniversary
the field full with
migratory birds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Buddha Tribute Haiku - In The Buddha's Curvatures Yesterday's Rain

in the tranquility
of the buddha's curvatures
yesterday's rain

reflecting the tranquility
of the buddha's curves
yesterday's rain

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Approaching Spring

approaching spring
an excitement thrusting over
the landscape of my mind

dawn nettles
at each tip
the day's light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2011 March Japan 8.9 Richter Earthquake Haiku

8.9 richter quake
a tsunami of fear sweeps
over the pacific

this wave that comes
all the way from japan
quake of a thousand deaths

a love hate familiarity
the tsunami her country sends
to her in Hawai

8.9 richter quake
the rabbit jumps, tilting
a rattan basket

ohn is feeling terribly uneasy these days because he thinks something really serious is going to happen to earth. John has some psychic power which is enough to disturb the saner part of him. March 4 at 11: 10pm

sunset nostalgia
those empty days when my mind
was full of you

new spring kimono
trailing the fragrance
of the fresh blossom

spring
riding the nose
to me

a frightened octopus
legs at loggerheads
with each other

.
international women's day
wonder what ever is amiss
all around me female bosses

approaching spring
warmth between
child and mom

...

john tiong chunghoo

Buddha Tribute Haiku - A Saffron Shrouded Sun

a saffron
shrouded sun
the buddha *

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - In The Buddha's Curvatures And Other Haiku

in the tranquility
of the buddha's curvatures
yesterday's rain

reflecting the tranquility
of the buddha's curves
yesterday's rain

approaching spring
an excitement thrusting over
the landscape of my mind

plum blossom
feeling the petal like
someone dear

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Dawn Nettles

dawn nettles
at each tip
the day's light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Best Collection 3

Sunset Taj
a love intensifies in
the diminishing light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Best Collection 2

a saffron
shrouded sun
the buddha

i met Roberta Fleck many years back. The first impression of her...

with a deep hurt
she calls out
my name

mahakam new year cruise
the snow lion in the cloud
shares my joy

solid beauty of
an unconditional embrace
mother and child

in the lake too
the sun, the trees, and
bliss

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Best Collection

tonight the sea
sweeping to us
the stars

a shadow
the crescent
embraces

skewering
the heart
first pimples

The problem with inadequate people is they will only see people in the best or worst light despising anything in between.

journey to Shirdi
between the leaves
the welcoming light of Sai

road to shirdi
between the leaves
the welcoming light of sai

new day
my thoughts heavier
than the sun

a heavy load she carries
with just one wish
to be admired

the snow
weeps
on my face

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Buddha A Tribute - A Saffron Shrouded Sun, The Buddha

a saffron
shrouded sun
- the buddha

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Makam River Chinese New Year Cruise February 2011

mahakam river cruise
two snow lion in the clouds
cheer up the new year

mahakam river cruise
the mosque arches
over my thoughts

mahakam river cruise
the beauty of the city floats
over the water

mahakam river cruise
the yearning to be here
in the night

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Winter Haiku - Tearful Farewell To Winter

February high noon
the icicle tearful
farewell to winter

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature Is Game For Life

Nature is game for life
no matter how small it is
how trivial each is.
it soon raises dust
to a creature, infuses its own thoughts
so that it livens up life.

look at the clouds in the sky,
sooner or later, the winds blow
them into shapes of birds, rabbits
and doggies....nature is game for life..
no matter how trivial they ar

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - The Worm's Backbone

the worm's
backbone
earth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Bombay To Kuala Lumpur Flight

bombay to kuala lumpur flight
we speed to the dawn
of the new year

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Sunset Waves

sunset waves
riveting the memory
of you

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Dawn Prayers

dawn prayers
let peace grace
every heart

..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Taj Mahal The Bliss Of Admiration

Taj Mahal
the bliss of
admiration

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Ganges Bath

Ganges bath
my first
her last

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Ganges December

Ganges december
the pilgrimage ends
with an ice cold bath

...

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Nepal Haiku - Lumbini Buddha's Birth Place

buddha
still facing
desires?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - At Mumbai Prince Of Wales Museum

mumbai prince of wales museum
my steps punctuated by beauty
of long gone years

..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - At The Taj

at the Taj
a realist, an impressionist
a surreal upside down Mahal

...
in the breeze
the Taj graces us a dance
upside down

..

We take pictures of the Taj Mahal as well as the other version of it, in the fountain.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Two Taj Mahals

at the taj two mahals
mumtaz's
jahan's

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Taj Mahal Feebleness Of A Fairy Tale

sunset Taj Mahal
feebleness of
a fairy tale

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - A Tide Of Inspired Words

full moon
a tide of inspired words
sweeps over the page

spring rage
my heart chimes with
a stalk of luscious bluebe

white out
a flock of sparrows
out for fun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Sensuous Realm

idle moments
the brain awakens
every sensuous realm

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Dipping Into The Ganges

Ganges River

I dip in with all my long pants,
underwear and sins

Ganges River

in the freezing water the warmth of
my body and sins

Ganges River

fate reigns supreme
over the water

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Cheering Up The Taj

cheering up the Taj
little green parrots flying
singing around the spires

Taj Mahal visit

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Ganges Sweet Scene

Ganges sweet scene
the woman laughs and splashes
water all over mother

..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Admiring The Full Moon

admiring the full moon
me at the window of my soul
the frog the crevice of a bough

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Floating Leaf

floating leaf
an ant runs
round and round

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Singapore Haiku - Orchard Road

singapore travel
an emptiness orchard road
could not fill out

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Flight Of The Butterflies

on the flight of the butterflies
the survival of the forests and
us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Butterfly Butterfly

beauty of butterflies
helping the forest flourish
and the flowers bloom

...

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Beauty Of The Butterflies

beauty of butterflies
helping the forest flourish
and the flowers bloom

...

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Haiku - Adam's Apple

adam's apple
how deep and vocal
this downfal

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - Ganges River

in the rush of the river
a spot of nirvana
the ganges

(find your spot...it is there
and meditate on it
it will take away
all desires and take
them out to sea)

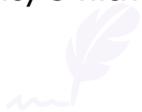
Ganges december
the pilgrimage ends
with an ice cold bath

Ganges swim
the water takes away sins
and the city's filth

Ganges
my first bath
her last

(here is the cremation ground for hindus too.
a body is bathed before being cremated)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel India Haiku - The Taj Mahal

tAJ Mahal
chilly as the marble walls
the love it enshrines

Taj Mahal
a flight of colours
from the parakeets

Taj Mahal
parakeets add colours and songs
to the world wonder

Taj Mahal
the bliss of
admiration

Taj Mahal
the depth of quietitude
and bliss

Taj Mahal
mumtaz mumtaz
rings in my heart

Taj Mahal
chilly marbles that extol
a lost love

Taj Mahal
a touch of powder
in the marbles

Taj Mahal
gently piercing the sky
a lost love

bandaging the
love monument
koranic verses



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Cameron Highland Strawberries

when looks betray
the velvety red strawberries
would bite your tongue

joining the cool clime
to freshen me up
bright red strawberries

Though very appealing in their appearance, the strawberries in the Cameron Highlands are most of them sour.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Cameron Highland Jim Thompson Trail - Jungle Trekking

Jim Thompson Trail
the only spot we dont know
where he went missing

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Moonlight Bungalow, Cameron Highlands

Moonlight Bungalow
an emptiness trails
the sweeping view

Moonlight Bungalow
the corroding ceiling evokes
a haunted feel

Moonlight Bungalow
fireplace, fireplace,
every room a fireplace

Moonlight Bungalow
between the walls
the scream for an answer

Moonlight Bungalow
so many fireplaces
waiting to be lit again

Moonlight Bungalow
nowhere to run
nowhere to run

Jim Thompson, the American architect turned designer who revived Thai silk to make it an international appeal went for a walk from his holiday bungalow on easter Sunday in 1967 and never returned. Mysteries still abound as to where his disappearance.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Cameron Highlands Resort

Cameron Highlands Resort
the old pines its
crowning glory

Cameron Highlands Resort
so quietly Jim Thompson makes
his presence felt

Cameron Highlands Resort
spa village takes us to
relaxation paradise

Cameron Highlands Resort
jim thompson refuses
to die down

(after 50 years of disappearance, Jim Thompson is still
the most talked about legend here. the cafe is named after him.
the souvenir shop carries his brand of batik clothes and souvenirs)

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Jimmy Choo The Shoe Designer

Jimmy Choo
so obliging you can wear
his shoes

I met Jimmy Choo, the internationally acclaimed shoe designer, who was invited for the Christmas trees lighting ceremony at the Cameron Highlands Resort this November 20 2010. Jimmy looked very obliging and is a very friendly person. No wonder he can climb so high in the international shoe fashion world. Being polite and friendly is so important in the fashion world especially when you are a new comer and need the patronage of celebrities and royalties..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sixth Bintulu International Kite Festival 2010

Sixth Bintulu International Kite Festival
the wind and kites
sweep us off our feet

There are so many creative kites in the sky at festival ground. They are from Italy, Malaysia, China, South Africa...and in all shapes and sizes. There are giant octopuses, hornbills, carps, teddy bears, coral fishes, elephants, stingrays, herons....All the flags hoisted at the festival ground too sway to the breeze to give a patriotic feel of the participating nations.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pablo Neruda Tribute Haiku

your haunting, reminiscing lines
echoes of love reverberating
through the milky way

POEM:

your haunting, reminiscing lines
send echoes of love
reverberating through the milky way
sand dunes after the gale
beach after the tempest
a broken broken heart
after an affair worst
than infatuation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Emily Dickinson Haiku - Hope

hope is the thing with feather
it flies, flies with an air of a wanderer
carrying a muse to distant shores

poem:

hope is the thing with her poems
that sweep the shore of every American's heart
without even the slightest whisper
except the relentless wave that crushes
over and over a terrain that gives
a fresh new lane to anchor our soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Walt Whitman Tribute Haiku - Leaves Of Grass

leaves of grass
each blade turns my world
between this and the next

leaves of grass
each blade triggers
a clamour for eternity

leaves of grass
each blade a dance of the joy
of the moment

leaves of grass
each blade sharpens
my thought of nature

a child asks what is grass
i say it is the love of God
played out, whistled, whispered

a child asks what is grass
i say Whitman's growth, ever green
you and me, here and beyond

a child asks what is grass
i say listen listen to the evergreen
everlasting love whisper in the field

a child asks what is grass
i say love, because like grass it grows
and evokes so much fond memory

a child asks what is grass
i say the wave of every blade
as it is touched by divine love

a child asks what is grass
i say look afar, take in the field
and beyond.....every blade is God's love

day and night
every blade of the grass dances
to portray nature's laws

john tiong chunghoo

My Best Haiku - Empty Sea Coast

empty sea coast
whistling the peace
casuarinas

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Best Haiku - Mid Autumn Moon

Mid Autumn Festival
are you too
looking at the moon?

Mid Autumn Festival
the big sun-kissed moon makes its way
through the clouds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Best Haiku - Fallen Leaves

fallen leaves
i try to remember
the day we met

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Best Haiku - The Wind Tears Away Autumn

Leaf by leaf
The Wind
Tears away autumn

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Trengganu Islamic Civilisation Park (Trengganu)

Islamic Civilisation Park
spires charge up the sky
of muslim faith

Islamic Civilisation Park
in the noon sun the sparkles
of the crystal mosque

Islamic Civilisation Park
great monuments built to
the scale of a Malaysian dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Admiral Cheng Ho Cultural Museum (Malacca)

Admiral Cheng Ho Museum
looking down at us
an artificial giraffe

Admiral Cheng Ho brought back to China the giraffe from Africa.
Even this story is exhibited in the Cheng Ho Museum. I was surprised as to what giraffe has to do with Cheng Ho. Only after I read the brochure did I realise the extent of his travel and the tributes he got from the countries he visited.

john tiong chunghoo



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Obama Haiku

a white house dream achieved
in a pool of red
little by little he moves
the economy back to black

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Birth

a birth is always painful
like how the universe came into being
a blast strong enough to impregnate
every fertility nerve of earth

a child bursts out innocent tears
when it is shoved into the world
a woman is awakened to a new self
love flows with renewed intensities
in so many spheres; sound, touch, taste,
sights, hope, fear....

the birth of a soul is also a painful experience
the living faculties close one by one
as every cell takes the cold shoulders
to let the soul loosen itself into the realm
beyond the blast of the big bang

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Sharifah Aini

we both try find
an angling to each other
she throwing a questioning look
Did she think
I am a Malay?
Sharifah Aini

We first met in Sandakan where she Sharifah Aini had gone for a concert in the mid 80s. Together with us was also Fauziah Ahmad Daud, another famous Malaysian personality.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sri Mariaman Temple Kuala Lumpur

Sri Mahamariamman Temple
a Chinatown miracle
Malaysia's richest Indian temple

Courtesy of Wikipedia:

Founded in 1873, the Sri Mahamariamman Temple is the oldest and richest Hindu temple in Kuala Lumpur. It is situated at edge of Chinatown in Jalan Bandar (formerly High Street) . In 1968, a new structure was built, featuring the ornate 'Raja Gopuram' tower in the style of South Indian temples.

From its inception, the temple provided an important place of worship for early Indian immigrants and is now an important cultural and national heritage.

The Sri Mahamariamman Temple was founded by K. Thamboosamy Pillai in 1873 and was initially used as a private shrine by the Pillai family. The family threw the temple doors open to the public in the late 1920s and eventually handed the management of the temple over to a board of trustees.

This is the oldest functioning Hindu temple in Malaysia. It is also reputed to be the richest in the country. The temple was originally sited somewhere near the Kuala Lumpur Railway Station. It shifted to its present location along Jalan Tun H.S. Lee (next to KL's Chinatown) in 1885.

The initial attap structure was demolished in 1887 and a brick building was erected in its place. That structure was demolished to make way for the current temple building which were completed in 1968. The impressive gateway to the temple, known as the gopuram, was completed in 1972. The new temple was consecrated in 1973.

Recently, the Sri Maha Mariamman Temple Dhevasthanam has after a 40 year old wait, finally got its own building. The RM 13 million six storey building, located behind the temple in Jalan Tun H.S Lee was officially opened by Works Minister and MIC President Datuk Seri S. Samy Vellu.

john tiong chunghoo

How To Appreciate Me

afar like a flock of birds
because when you come near
they would have flown away

tell you how you should
appreciate me

look from afar

like a birdwatcher
screening their
colourful feathery prizes
in the bustling
privacy of each other's world
the birds joining you
in praising the
wonders of nature

seeking pleasure
the lightness and
gentleness of feathers
without feeling the
trickeries of time
zen bathing in
so many hues
and shapes of green

taking the striking
plumes as an invitation
to the lanes of God
in the search for
the ultimate beauty

the chirpings
as the start of that journey
hypnotising
clear crystals
and mountain spring
a song to the

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sanctum of
sacredness
of tranquility

the bird's hop
a child's inquisitive search
for memories
as they fly in
the sky of
make beliefs
and fantasies

the bird's smooth
and adorable head
filling the soft spot
in our heart of love

their crowns
a salutation to
the hands of God

and yes, just be there
watching things from afar
and be aloof
because if you come too near
the bird would have flown
away with all the feathers
of all my dreams

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Blood Of My Soul, A Haiku

poetry
the blood
of my soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Batu Caves (State Of Selangor)

Batu Cave temples and shrines
excited for alms
the monkeys and priests

Batu Caves is a beautiful hill just outside Kuala Lumpur where Tamil Indian has turned into a place of worship in the last 100 years. They also have placed the tallest statue of the Hindu God Muruga just outside the cave. There are mainly temples around the cave though the popular ones are in the main cave itself. Every year thousands of hindu devotees come here for Thaipusam where devotees in a trance carry kavadi up the 272 steps to the main cave. When I was there, I found monkeys excited for food. The priests too are all expecting me to go to their shrines. I visited each of them giving about RM5 for some prayers to the deities such as Goddess Amman and Lord Ganesan among others. In one of the caves, one can see statues of Hindu Gods and Goddesses taken from scenes of the Ramayana.

john tiong chunghoo



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The Art Of Destroying Ego

my ego is some ugly little frogs
some oriental restaurant workers
smash on their floor
before cutting them up
live for the frying pan

my ego is some
loud annoying cockerels
some restaurants slit
before gutting them of all
their vital organs
belly, liver, heart, gizzler,
gall bladder, big and small intestines
to be boiled down into soup

my ego is some vipers
villagers smash with all their might
head, body, and tail
so that they are nothing
but a roll of flowery, leathery
spineless outcast fit only
for the rubbish bin

my ego is some doggie corpse
on the street
offensive and buzzing with
large blue green flies
everybody has nothing to like but
shun and ask to be buried
two metres in the soil

my ego is dark and slippery
like the remains of dinosaurs
burned to drive cars,
factories and industries
a primordial leftover i wish
to use in the right way to
fly me to the silky abode of my dreams
and heaven! !

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Realisation Of Selves

i am not here,
not there, not anywhere
forgive me
i am torn between words
and their charms
between their essence
and their chameleon arms
a sincerity sometimes
caught between the
drunkenness for beauty
and the realisations of selves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Semporna Tourist Floating Market (State Of Sabah)

Semporna Tourist Floating Market
a bajau man smiles and says he has
uncultured pearl

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Gua Taat (Tasik Kenyir, State Of Pahang)

Gua Taat
an elephant-tiger loyalty bow sealed
in rocks

Here in this smaller cave beside Gua Bewah, are two rocks that resemble an elephant bowing to a tiger. The spirit of loyalty is so well conjured by nature in the rocks we are all thrown aback.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sepilok Orang Utan Sanctuary (Sandakan, State Of Sabah)

Sepilok Orang Utan Sanctuary
i stand aside to let one Orang Utan
to cross the plank walk

Sepilok Orang Utan feeding hours
after one orang utan, two, three macaques
take over the food

Orang Utan, the jungle man is a threatened species in Sabah, especially along the Kinabatangan floodplain. The Sepilok Orang Utan Sanctuary is where the animals are rehabilitated. A lot of work is also being done by World Wildlife Fund - Malaysia to reforestate their habitat which has been destroyed by clearings for oil palm plantations and logging.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Gua Bewah (Tasiky Kenyir, Trengganu)

Gua Bewah
nature builds a gem corner
for meditation

Gua Bewah treasure
our torches light up at the sight
of a little cockroach

Gua Bewah
for the first time we get excited over
a cockroach's backside

Gua Bewah
at a quiet corner in a pool of water
a crab stiller than stone

Gua Bewah
excavators excite us with a
16,000 year old remains of a man

Gua Bewah
the power of birds and bats all these cili api plants fronting the cave

Gua Bewah in Taman Negara in Trengganu is said to be the only place to see the blue backed cockroach. The back ie, near its anus is blue in colour. We saw one of the cockroaches snatching a a fallen wing of a bat to eat. There is one corner that looks so ideal for meditation.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kinabatangan Boat Cruise (State Of Sabah)

where the characters are real
over the sweeping Kinabatangan's backdropp
hornbills, kingfishers, herons, proboscis monkeys,
silver leafed monkeys pull in the crowd

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Tasik Kenyir Herbal Island (State Of Trengganu)

Herbal Island tongkat ali
we bubble with laughter when told
the first six inches is most precious

(six inches from the bottom of the root)

The Herbal Island boiled herbal soup of tongkat ali for us when we were there.
Tongkat Ali is known for its aphrodisiac quality.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Tasik Kenyir (State Of Trengganu)

Tasik Kenyir

Malaysia Boleh Spirit vibrant
as the emerald lake

Tasik Kenyir is the largest man made lake in South East Asia. It has numerous attractions including caves, herbal island, elephant sanctuary, great fishing spots, and is a haven for bird watchers. There are so many kinds of Malaysian as well as migratory birds. You can see all nine species of Hornbills here.

john tiong chunghoo



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A Dish (Cuisine) That Talks

I am a dish that talks
and usually i want the chef
to do his stuff my way
wishing this, wishing that
hoping to be the next best dish
to top the restaurant list

as the chef sprinkles
his spices and salt onto me
i diffident would complain of
the excesses, the overindulgent
use of veggies and mutton
or mollusks, mustard
vinegar and pepper
and even the overheating,
charbroiled, stir fried
steam cooked or stewed

i want it my way giving
little regard to the chef's expertise
for fear of becoming an
offensive blandness on
the tongues of the masters
over enthusiastic over
what would turn out of me

only when my fragrance
spreads over the table
to trigger that salivating
nerves in mouths that
the buddha himself would
jump over the wall to
have me in his belly that
i realise the chef is correct

he is cooking me and he knows
how best i should be served
that exquisiteness that could only
result from an original recipe

the chef himself knows best
how he should turn out his creation

i take the opportunity to ask him
what he finds most in the way
as he tries to realise his dream of me
and he says 'Your load of bland ego
with the toughness of a three year old chicken.'

'It takes such a long time to just
boil them down to edible portions.'

john tiong chunghoo

Mirrors

there is a gentle quiet repose about truths
the mirror holds them up so well
zen so well apportioned it crystalises
the world harmoniously to itself
we have all the respect for it
everyday we go up to it
to soak up its sublime honesty
smile and go face the world
as straight as we could
the part of us we love
we carry with gratefulness
a luminosity that lightens our steps
the part of us that slices up
our assurance of ourselves
we too carry with an ounce of dignity
like the mirror that never falters
in the face of adversities -scars, tortuous lines
that dig into the soul, claws that tear the hearts up,
shrivelled up looks, noses that go the wrong way, mouths
clefing like a mozart run awry

we throw in the grains
to help the mirror apportion
a better part of us to us
running through every corridor
of the selves, without fear or favour
in the spirit of the mirror
promising an enlightened trail friends
can rest their heart with ours
a zen mirror where strengths and
weaknesses, paradoxes and shortfalls
dance over our eyes with the
exquisiteness of a new and promising dawn

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Poem - The Women Of Sibü (Sibü Town, Sarawak)

I love this little town
where mothers love
their children like a
divine gift from the heavens
a sparkling jewel they cannot part
a part of themselves
two lovers no one could
tear apart without causing
the live-till-you-die pain

have you ever seen
a 60s something woman
who had died for hours but
still lied there with a body stiffened
with the propensity to love and to give
the most tender care to a child?
a gesture she had carried all
through her life. from her son to
daughter, grand daughter and
great grand daughter that even death
could not take away

that stamp of care that everybody longs for
that reassuring touch that warms us
up to ourselves,
the tender touch of unconditional love that
helps us sleep better

death freezes a love
without taking away
the signature of its capacity
to warm up the hearts of children
that woman lying there wordless
and soon a feast for worms

i love this little town
where mothers love their children

till they are up to a ripe old age
as if they are still their new gifts
from the heavens, fresh out of
the first born maternity room

john tiong chunghoo

My Best Haiku - Zen Garden

zen garden
i the only stone
that moves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Seoul Haiku - The Samsung Arts Museum

Samsung Arts Museum
new tech leads us from one
old treasure to the next

Samsung Arts Museum
the new gadgets to knowing
old treasures

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Resorts By The Kinabatangan (State Of Sabah)

almost mystical and sacred
Kinabatangan lulls us
to its charms

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Semporna Harbour Market (State Of Sabah)

Semporna Harbour Market
it's an artist's dream
the sea, the bajaus and the boats

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Semporna Floating Market (Sabah)

Semporna Tourist Floating Market
a long corridor to the charms
of the town

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Agnes Keith House, Sandakan (State Of Sabah, North Borneo)

Agnes Keith House
the beauty of a life
the house she leaves behind

Agnes Keith House
the beauty of her words
echo round the house

scattered around
Agnes Keith House
the beauty of her words

Agnes Keith House
echoing in all corners
their spirit and life of the dead

Agnes Keith House
between me and my shadow
the realm of the third (unseen) tenant

Agnes Keith House
a house on the hill and a bed
in the middle of the bedroom

Agnes Jones Goodwillie Newton Keith (4 July 1901 – 30 March 1982) was an American author best known for her three autobiographical accounts of life in North Borneo (now Sabah) before, during, and after the Second World War. The second of these, *Three Came Home*, tells of her time in Japanese POW and civilian internee camps in North Borneo and Sarawak, and was made into a film in 1950. She published seven books in all. (courtesy of Wikipedia) .

Agnes' House in Sandakan is now a tourist destination for anybody coming to town, the starting point of the infamous death march inflicted upon many Australian POWs when they were forced to walk to Ranau some 300 km away.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sandakan Old Japanese Cemetery (State Of Sabah, North Borneo)

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
calm as sea the dead carries away
their sins

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
frazzled calmness
in the drizzle

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
in the drizzle an uneasy calmness
sweeps over me

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
till death do we not part
the tombstones all facing one way - Japan

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
loyalty, the dead and tombstone
all facing Japan

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
a loyalty that never
bows to a tombstone

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
a loyalty strong
as the tombstone

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
all facing Japan
loyalty and tombstone

Sandakan old Japanese cemetery
pulling me in
the search of a haiku

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kinabatangan Cruise (State Of Sabah, North Borneo)

Kinabatangan Cruise
we plant a tree hoping
it will save an orang utang

Kinabatangan Cruise
Proboscis monkeys stare
as we wave goodbye

Kinabatangan Cruise
solitary the bangau (heron)
wherever it is

Kinabatangan Cruise
we crowd round a little kingfisher
on a pole

Kinabatangan Cruise
we plant a tree hoping it will
save an orang utan

Kinabatangan Cruise
the most noisy of them all
us

Kinabatangan Cruise
at the little corner of the river
the banggau and its peace

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Seoul Haiku - N Seoul Tower

N Seoul Tower
locked onto the fences
a sea of wishes

N Seoul Tower
my wish lost in
a sea of wishes

N Seoul Tower
love wishes
all the way up

N Seoul Tower
no wish is too great
to make here

N Seoul Tower
dont worry, cameraman which ever way
the tower stands the same

On one of the observatory terrace, one could see hundreds of locks attached to the fences, each carrying a wish of the person who has made their wish here. N Seoul Tower on the Namsan Mountain is one of the most visited places in Seoul. Here at one of the observatory deck - there are four on the tower - one could be mesmerised by Seoul at night. The city shines like a piece of diamond as you walk around to take pictures.

N Seoul Tower
the night city sparkles
a 24 carat diamond

N Seoul Tower
calm as doves we view
the glittery night city

N Seoul Tower
the city more fascinating
than the tower

john tiong chunghoo

Phallic Symbols

i love italy, i love Peninsular Malaysia
I love the Scandinavian Peninsula,
i love India, Africa and South America
they are phallic symbols
sticking out of great continents
each holding a bag of fertile cultures
to impregnate our adventurous minds
that dart round to feel God's greatness

I love Siva, I love her Pavita
Lingam and Oni that help circulate
the melting pot of fertile cultures

I love Italy, I love Peninsular Malaysia
India, Africa, S America and the Scandinavian Peninsula
they are phallic symbols
fertilising the thoughts for things
adventurous, and physical

forgive me if i have missed you
corners of earth that
jut out long enough for us
to take notice of their verile
existence
to take that second fertile look

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Beijing Haiku - Great Wall

the Great Wall
galloping over the mountains
boulders, rocks, stones and bricks

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Seoul Haiku - Haneul Park

Haneul Park

its rotten past observable only
in the toxic gas releasing vaults

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Seoul Haiku - Gyeongbokgung (Old Main Palace)

Gyeonghoeru Pavilion
reflected from the water
the pavilion in cheers

Gyeonghoeru Pavilion
a cheerful place to hide a
a five clawed dragon

Gyeonghoeru Pavilion
stout and strong pillars
dance away in the water

Gyeonghoeru Pavilion
guide says the water was once home to
a secret five clawed dragon

Gyeonghoeru Pavilion was where the Korean royalty entertained foreign guests before the country fell to the Japanese in 1910. As Korea was a protectorate of China in the past, it refrained itself from using a five claw dragon as symbol for the royalty. This is because the five clawed dragon symbolised the Chinese emperor. Pheonix symbols were instead used throughout the palace. Dragons are limited to four clawed ones. However one five clawed dragon was found at the lake below Gyeonghoeru Pavilion during an excavation.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Seoul Haiku - Myeongdong Fashion Centre

Myeongdong

famous actors smile to me

- from cardboards

Myeongdong is the fashion centre in Seoul. Here you find most of the branded goods for clothes, accessories, perfumes, bags, jewelleryes. Of course, you too find a lot of actors and actresses used to promote the products here. Some of them stand right outside the shops and outlets....in cardboards!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Seoul Haiku - Cheonggyecheon

Cheonggyecheon dawn
stream rushes, cheers all
through Seoul

Cheonggyecheon
old Seoul follows the stream
out to the Han River

Cheonggyecheon
memory of old Seoul cleaned up too
by the stream

Cheonggyecheon
school boys, office workers, lovers
taking a stroll with the stream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Monsopiad Cultural Village (Kota Kinabalu, Sabah)

Monsopiad Cultural Village
our awe of the Kadazan hero
trails the rustle of bamboo

Monsopiad Cultural Village
i touch the sacred stone
for a feel of his bravery

Monsopiad Cultural Village
skulls prey down at us
from a raft

Monsopiad was a Kadazan warrior who lived about 200 years ago at the same spot where the cultural village is at the bank of the Penampang river. Forty two skulls still hang from a raft of the main house here. They were all prizes of Monsopiad war exploits. A sacred stone can also be found at the compound of the village. It is said Monsopiad conducted results here before any warfare. Monsopiad is buried in a tomb he carved himself half hour's walk from the village.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Seoul Haiku - Hangang River, A River Of Tears

the only thing undivided
between North and South Korea
a river of tears

The Han River has its source in North Korea, flowing through Seoul into the Yellow Sea. It is the only place that links the North and South so intimately together though it has been decades both have gone separate ways in their government and political beliefs.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Seoul Haiku - The Han River

Hangang River

....the tears, the joys
and the excitements

in the Hangang River

ripples of joys, tears
and excitements

The Han or Hangang River divides Seoul into the residential and commercial areas. It flows from east of the country to the West into the Yellow Sea. The South of the river makes up the commercial area of Seoul while the North, the residential area. One could imagine the joys, the excitements as Koreans drive to work each day crossing the 27 bridges linking the North and South parts of Seoul.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Seoul Haiku - Korea Demilitarised Zone

Korea demilitarised zone
the roar of men looking for
tiger

The good news about the demilitarised zone is that animals, some of which that would have gone extinct, have thrived. Now there are people going all out to look for tigers believed to be living in the zone. None has been sighted but it is believed tigers exist here.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kota Kinabalu Waterfront (State Of Sabah)

Likas Bay

we drive by the grandeur of sea
sun and the Bangau birds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - One Borneo Hypermarket, Kota Kinabalu (State Of Sabah)

One Borneo Hypermarket
in it a supermarket
called the Giant

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Gaya Street Market (State Of Sabah)

Gaya Street Sunday Market
the woman says her groundnut roots
help children grow

Gaya Street Sunday Market
asking every stallowner their ethnicity
after every purchase

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sabahfest (State Of Sabah)

Sabah Fest
a bejewelled rain
of Southern Sea diversities

Sabah Fest
a bejewelled rain
of ethnic diversities

Sabah Fest
reverberating through our hearts
the sounds, beat and souls of Southern sea tribes

Sabah Fest
indigenous people dazzle
their brilliance on us

Sabah Fest
we bath in the brilliance
of Southern Sea tribes

Sabah Fest
showering us with artistry brilliance
the indigenous people

Sabah Fest
a fusion of lights, colours, shine
and indigenous charms

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kota Kinabalu(State Of Sabah)

Kota Kinabalu
below the wind, the stately shine
of so many pearls

Kota Kinabalu is the capital of Sabah also known as the Land below the Winds. Pearls are cultured in Semporna and they are sold all over the city particularly at the Handicraft Centre in Kota Kinabalu. They are so cheap you can buy a bracelet filled with full of pearls at US\$3. Come to Kota Kinabalu. Come to shop for pearls.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ring Memories

the tree wraps its memories
round and round in solid rings
rain, shine, storm of the years

i warmly wrap up yours in the things that we do
i feel myself swirling into your arms
holding them tight as rings, wooden rings
swirling, twirling and dancing round and round
to our best years.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Big Sky, Montana (United States)

Big Sky winter
in powdery white
lines and lines of fun

Big Sky winter
splotches, snatches
and lines and lines of powdery fun

Big Sky winter
in powdery white our fun
criss crosses each other

Big Sky winter
our memory in splotches, snatches
van gogh's dizziness in powdery white

Big Sky winter
our fun criss crosses each other
in scattered powdery lines

Big Sky winter
on a rough patch of snow
a skier smoothens her porcelain face

Big Sky, Montana, is a playground of fun, and, in wintertime, Big Sky is loaded with big skiing potential. The resort sprawls over more than 5,000 snow-covered acres with some of the best skiing in the United States. Ski-in/ski-out options abound here, as do a plethora of local dining spots. Head to The Corral Bar, an authentic western steakhouse with an adjacent motel. It is playing host tonight to Anna Natalie's Estate Wine Dinner. Starting at 6 P.M., the dinner is only \$75 to devour one of Big Sky's favorite steaks

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Cambodia Haiku - Angkor Wat Temple (Seam Reap, Cambodia)

Angkor Wat Temple
among the broken pillars
bits and pieces of my curiosities

Angkor Wat Temple
devotees praying to
a headless buddha

Angkor Wat Temple
supporting the perfection
jagged stones

Angkor Wat Temple
above the perfect corridors
jagged stones

Undeniably, Angkor Wat Temple is the most well-known of all Cambodian temples. The entire temple is encircled by a four-foot-wide, 570-foot-long moat, and the interior is lined with extensive exquisitely detailed, recently restored bas relief sculptures. It's the country's best-preserved historical site, a prime example of classical Khmer architecture, and has served as a significant religious center for both Hinduism and Buddhism

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Athens, Georgia (United States)

Athens, Georgia
beckoning us to the old days
Allen's red doors

Athens, Georgia
only 40 watts the power that
unleashes American punk music

Athens, Georgia
only 40 watts, the power that unleashes
American punk music

Athens, Georgia
we zigzag through the alleyway
in the style of B-52s

Home to the love shack singers themselves, the B-52s got their start in Athens, Georgia, the city whose nightlife has been known to stand its own against New York and L.A. One of the more famous musical influences is the 40 Watt Club, a music venue that played a large role in creating and shaping the American punk music scene and now features live music almost every night of the week. If in town, look for the nostalgic red doors of Allen's, Athens' oldest bar and grill—known best for its deep Georgia roots and guarantee of a good time

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Landlocked Ethiopia

landlocked Ethiopia
the mountains, caves, rivers and canyons
bursting with our excitements

landlocked Ethiopia
bursting my mind with
great wonders

as we travel down Omo River
the bursting of excitements
over great Ethiopia's offerings

The landlocked country of Ethiopia lays claim to more than 74 million people within just over 695,000 square miles—and some of the globe's most unexplored cultural and natural gems. Start with the rugged Simien Mountains, and then head to the Omo River Canyon for some whitewater rafting and a safari through the Rift Valley. After that, explore ancient palaces, the walled city of Harar, and the intricately designed Church of Markos whose elaborately painted walls depict moments of biblical or historical significance.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - April Atlanta - Smothering Me Too

Atlanta april
smothering me too your warmth and
the sweet scents of azalea

Most working thermometers in Atlanta read somewhere above 70 degrees during the month of April. And with the brilliant warmth of the sun and the local azalea and dogwood trees at their fullest bloom, this month is the ideal time to visit. Even Dr. Seuss is getting into the spring spirit; the Breman Museum hosts a family-friendly exhibit of his work now through August. Or take the kids to the World of Coca-Cola plant, where they can get digital in the 3D theatre with moving seats, embrace the famous polar bear, learn basics of bottling, and get sugar-hyped from tastings of over 60 different Coca-Cola products. Fun fact: A month from this day in 1886, Coca-Cola was invented in Atlanta and first sold for five cents.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Duke Farms Hillsborough, Newark (United States)

Duke Farms Hillsborough
guided by the child's hand
to Walk on the Wild Side

Duke Farms, a 2,700-acre estate in Hillsborough, New Jersey, is a family-owned operation that strives to be a role model in environmental preservation. The estate is home to nine lakes that house ten-pound largemouth bass, catfish, and 100-year-old snapping turtles. Explore the land on a 'Birding by Bicycle' nature program, or join a certified tree expert on a walk through the farm for the Tree Identification Program. The kids will love the 'Walk on the Wild Side'—a 1.25-mile tour on a self-guided nature trail full of local wildlife and native flora.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

John's Best Haiku - Spring, What Has Really Changed? ? ? ?

spring again
wonder what really
has changed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Literary Scene - Chopsticks, Spoons, Forks On The Lane Of My Mind

A strange encounter, this person's writing, whom some hail as 'great', I found it to be inadequate. There are so many 'erudite' words strewn all over the place. The feeling is not that they are wrongly used, but that they stand around like they have no business except to point out the fact that the writer wants them to make him look smart. They feel like chopsticks, spoons, forks, chopping boards thrown onto the lanes of my mind. I just wish to tell the man..... your literary journey has hardly even begun.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Iceland Wonders

iceland
your warmth
the only companion

Iceland volcanic eruption
my dream to travel Europe
turns into ashes

Iceland freezes
global travel
with volcanic ashes

colonising European skies
for weeks
Iceland ashes

now ashes, ashes not ice
people would remember
Iceland by



PoemHunter.com

Iceland...our hearts heat up
with excitements
to see its wonders

Iceland little by little
the ice melts for us to
discover the land

Iceland...the seasons
the sea, the mountains and the sky
waves of excitements

Shaping daily into a different landmass, the volcanic island of Iceland is constantly spewing lava, bubbling hot springs, and floating masses of glacial ice—evidenced by the recent eruption of the volcano under Eyjafjallajokull glacier. Yet vibrant villages dot the lusciously green landscape framed in therapeutically blue waters, where some of the most spectacular whale-watching is yours to be had. When visiting this least populated country in Europe, you will rarely fight crowds or trudge along the typical tourist trail. All seasons are worthy

of a visit, with long summer days bordered by magnificent displays of wildflowers, and the breathtaking beauty of a prismatic winter sky when atmospheric phenomena infiltrate the wide-open Icelandic heavens.

john tiong chunghoo

I Slice Myself Like A Loaf Of Bread

i slice myself like a loaf of bread
so that you can have the best of me
spread out with all the things that you love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Montana Big Sky Tubing (United States)

Montana Big Sky tubing fun
the slopes echo our scream
laughters and cries

Bring the family to Big Sky, Montana, where skiing isn't the only act in town. Every weekend the 500-foot-long tube park is set for loads of family fun as you careen down the slope, spinning and twisting the whole way. For as little as \$10 the whole crew can join in on an energy-draining sport sure to wipe out the kids for a good night's sleep. Want to don a pair of skis and hit the larger runs alone? Consider daycare at the base of Big Sky's slopes. The kids can enjoy a morning in the playhouse and an afternoon perfecting their own ski skills with Big Sky's snow-sport instructors

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Park Finder

Park Finder

crawling through the unknown parks
my fingers

Park Finder

we are spiders crawling through
a web of park trails

Park Finder

a crawl through a web
to our favourite park

Pardon the self-endorsement, but we'd like to introduce our sister-site's newest tool, the GORP Park Finder, a fun widget that will help you find even more places to explore throughout the States. As with GORP's Hiking Trail Finder launched late last fall, Park Finder is refreshingly simple: Choose your favorite activities, hone in on a region of the United States—even a particular state—and with the click of one button, you'll get a customized list of the best parks and public lands, from archeological Rocky Mountain hot-spots like Mesa Verde to seldom-seen paddle-friendly wetlands in southern Florida. Let your interest be the guide, and the Park Finder will do the rest.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Granville Island (Vancouver, Canada)

Granville Island summer fun
like birds, the children perch
and chat round the fountains

Granville Island
there again for the
favourite clothes

Granville Island
the boy walks down the road
with a pail on his head

Granville Island
he looks for a set of the same trains
for his best friend

Granville Island in downtown Vancouver, British Columbia, is a beehive of bargain goods, fresh food, and endless summer fun. The peninsula of Granville Island sits adjacent to False Creek, an inlet that cuts through downtown and the rest of Vancouver city. Open seven days a week is the two-story Kids Market, where you can find anything from a dress-up store for little girls to handmade wooden trains for the boys. Next, head to the outdoor water fountains—perfect for cooling kids off on warm summer days

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Keep America Beautiful Month

Keep America Beautiful Month
evergreen our spirit for
the country's best

April is Keep America Beautiful Month. Join the fight for the environment by recycling old household products; most states now have recycling programs with door-to-door pickup. Plant a garden or get involved with your community's garden project—and if there isn't one, start your own with the help of the American Community Garden Association. Lastly, commit to cleaning up the country's roadways by volunteering for litter cleanup. Through May 31, thousands of Americans are participating in the 'Green Starts Here' campaign, a mission to turn towns into more sustainable communities through daily choices and actions.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - Sahoro Club Med, Hokkaido

Sahoro Club Med
powdery snow
a welcome in tears

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Songkran (Water Festival Thailand)

Songkran 2010
chillingly
red

Songkran 2010
the cry for change
in solid blood red

Songkran 2010
bucketfull of blood
to fuel change

Songkran 2010
the parliament building
awashed in blood

Songkran 2010
the poor's blood, bucketful
to fuel change

Songkran 2010
the cry of change
in blood red

entrapped poor
bleeds
for change

Songkran 2010
the year Bangkok
awashed with blood

Songkran 2010
Bangkok all ready
to spill red

Songkran
splashes of red
on anger streets

Songkran 2010
red and yellow
colours of rage

The best time to visit Thailand? Not now! But you know what they say, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen. Starting tomorrow, April 13, traditional customs of visiting and paying respect to elders infuses with the younger generation's take on the Songkran festival with bar hopping, time off from jobs, and street-side water fights. What started as a way to demonstrate respect for someone by sprinkling water on their head has morphed, mainly because of the April heat, the hottest month of the year. Though it's never a bad time to visit the Land of Smiles, if visiting during Songkran, take extra precautions to stay safe under the sun—temperatures often soar to higher than 100 degrees.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Hornby Island (Canada)

Hornby Island
the sea is the blue
i wish my dream is painted

Hornby Island
between the swimming sessions
my hands shuffle between flour

Hornby Island
mountain and sea
teach me how to take you

Canada isn't just for snow sports and winter activities—this summer head to Hornby Island, just off the east coast of British Columbia's Vancouver Island. Here on Hornby Island, tranquil swimming beaches infiltrate rugged mountains and lush rainforests. Board BC Ferries from Vancouver Island and leave the car parked back mainland. Bring your bike instead, as roads are paved and relatively uncrowded, making it an ideal way to get around smoothly. Peddle to the bi-weekly Farmers' Market, where its motto, 'make it, bake it, grow it, ' rings true.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Arapaho National Forest (Colorado)

Arapaho National Forest
our heat peaks in joy between
the bristlecone pines and the blue sky

Arapaho National Forest
bristlecone pines and blue sky
nature peaks in its beauty

Just over 40 miles from Denver, Colorado, in Arapaho National Forest is Mount Goliath, a monster of a mountain whose vast array of wildflowers consume the landscape this time of year. Trek the M. Walter Pesman Trail that leads to open, colorful meadows, through a spectacular display of bristlecone pines—the oldest living tree on earth—amidst massive boulders underneath the bluest, wide-open sky imaginable. Just make sure you pack a lunch; the trail culminates at a picture perfect picnic area.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Barcelona Food Markets

La Boqueria's worms, beetles, ants
we laugh, scream, and squirm at
the Barcelona's food markets

Ah, the hurly-burly of a foreign market. The heady rush from bargaining and the flood of sights, sounds, and smells wafting from the maze of stalls and vendors. Take a few steps inside and you're either overwhelmed or instantly hooked. For the latter experience, head to Barcelona and start at Santa Caterina market, where nearly 100 stalls sit under a wave-shaped roof of ceramic tiles held up by steel columns. Or find out why Barcelona is world-renowned for its cuisine by visiting La Boqueria. Arguably the city's most famous food market, you'll be introduced to a cornucopia of delicious eats, with everything from fish, fruit, pork, and chocolate to beetles, ants, and worms for the most adventurous gastronome.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel China Haiku - The Bird Nest

the Bird Nest
a pride back
to roost

Bird Nest visit
resounding over and over
Beijing Olympics opening

the Bird Nest
i look for a place to perch
for a picture

the Bird Nest
all the audience
on the 'chairs'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Malacca River Cruise

Malacca River Cruise
the history of town unfolds
clear as water

Malacca River Cruise
so clear the water
Malacca a tourist haven

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Jonker Walk Of Malacca

Malacca Jonker Walk

up and down i look for embroidered
sequin shoes mother likes

Malacca Jonker Walk

the old, the new, the black, the white
the good, the bad and the ugly

Jonker Walk is one place every tourist to Malacca would visit because it is almost the embodiment of the historical town. There are temples, clan houses, a grave of a Malay hero, antique stores, souvenir shops, great eateries, budget hotets, among others. At night, the road becomes a night market as shopowners as well as peddlers come here to set up stores.

Dont miss the Jonker Walk when in Malacca. You would miss the fun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Langkawi Burau Bay Resort

Burau Bay resort
matcincang runs by
the scrawling of divinity

Burau Bay resort
i sing a uplifting tune to
the range of Matcincang

From the Burau Bay Resort you can see the beautiful range of the Matcincang very clearly above. There is something very cheerful about the Matcincang range so that they look like the scrawl of divinity.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - April Atlanta (United States Of America)

April Atlanta
Coca-cola and spring
sweeten the fare

april atlanta
the birth of cocacola
warms up our tete a tete

Most working thermometers in Atlanta read somewhere above 70 degrees during the month of April. And with the brilliant warmth of the sun and the local azalea and dogwood trees at their fullest bloom, this month is the ideal time to visit. Even Dr. Seuss is getting into the spring spirit; the Breman Museum hosts a family-friendly exhibit of his work now through August. Or take the kids to the World of Coca-Cola plant, where they can get digital in the 3D theatre with moving seats, embrace the famous polar bear, learn basics of bottling, and get sugar-hyped from tastings of over 60 different Coca-Cola products. Fun fact: A month from this day in 1886, Coca-Cola was invented in Atlanta and first sold for five cents.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - April New Orleans

april new orleans
the chefs join the musicians
to cook (heat up) up a piece of jazz

april new orleans
jazzes
everything up

april new orleans
they call each other
with a touch of jazz

April New Orleans
swirling, boiling over in the spirit of jazz
cooks, chefs, musicians, singers

April New Orleans
chefs and performers
jazzing up a storm

PoemHunter.com

At times, the captivating city of New Orleans can become a tranquil retreat to rejuvenate mind, body, and soul. But now through April 11, the city streets will be alive with the music of more than 150 different performers. The French Quarter Festival is a free (yes, free) festival showcasing local Louisiana talent up and down the city's French Quarter, including Jackson Square, Woldenberg Riverfront Park, Bourbon Street, and Royal Street. Enjoy the 'World's Largest Jazz Brunch' put on by nearly 60 local chefs throughout the festival.

john tiong chunghoo

Poet-Hood

strip yourself naked,
look at your fine contours
and look for what you like and dont
giving no ground for self flagellation
pride or to wedge themselves in
giving yourself a rawness of yourself
so that you feel yourself another person
to yourself, so that you could even talk to him
like another person, like you know how to please
him, make him cry, laugh, love and hate you
now read through the lines that you have written
can you relate to them like the naked person
you have encountered in front of the mirror
without fear or favour so that the lines talk to you
like another person; so that you know whether it is lying
or speaking the truth, so that you can shut him out when required
until you can do that, you have not reached poet-hood

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Santa Barbara's Backcountry

Santa Barbara's backcountry sweetness
the wine, the seafood, the farmers
and you

Santa Barbara backcountry
twisting through the travel too
our tastebuds

Santa Barbara backcountry
lockeyed we are as guide rambles
on about the sweetness of grapes

Start your cultural exploration of this rich city with a backcountry wine-tasting trip. Roam around mountain roads in jeeps driven by experienced Santa Barbara guides, stopping at local vineyards along the way. Then head downtown for dinner, where food connoisseurs can choose from the fresh fish and produce brought in from the local fisherman and farmers. That night, bed down in one of the hotels near State Street—a downtown hotspot near cafes, the beach, and shopping on Stearns Wharf. Then wake up, and do it all over again.

john tiong chunghoo

She Lies Cold As Steel

her verses ride on storms
you read, you enjoy
now she rides on flickering lights
between the cells of life
three hours ago she just said goodbye
so softly the wind breathed a life into you
then it was a transition
a secret written in the heavens
she lay now calm as steel
the whole world of verses
could not raise a hair
calm like you would see
the morning sky and its stars
taken up by the very things
they are made to shine

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Jonker Walk (State Of Malacca)

Jonker Walk

step by step, Malacca's past,
present and future unfold

Here at Jonker Walk, you find antiques dating back many centuries found mainly in Malacca. The street is a maze of clan houses, temples, restaurants, museums, art and craft shops and even a mausoleum of one of Malacca's famous heroes.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Vietnam Haiku - Cham Bulbous Deities

holding me on
dearly to Vietnam memory
Cham bulbous deities

(at the Danang Cham Museum)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Garden Of Gardens Yuan Ming Yuan

yuan ming yuan
only the rippled lake reflects
its former grace

Yuan Ming Yuan in Beijing was hailed by the world as the garden of gardens in the 18th century. It was a sanctuary created for the Manchu emperors where they lived and ruled the most populated country in the world. There was even a fountain built of western architecture. There were many lakes most of which are still there today. However, the buildings had mostly been destroyed by the colonial forces at that time ravaging the East.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu - Humour -Haiku - Imitation Rolex

he asks the time
on friend's citizen to check
on his imitation rolex

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - The Sea Tonight Sweeping To Us The Stars (Croatia)

the sea tonight
sweeping to us
the stars

a winner in the Croatia's Iris Haiku Magazine 'A little Haiku Contest' organised in March/April 2009 with moon and stars as theme.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sungai Pasu Homestay

Sungai Pasu homestay contest
from the pond comes
catfish, carps, one turtle, eel

Sungai Pasu is a popular homestay destination in Raub. It is a Javanese Malay village. There is a big lake and many small ponds where fish are reared.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Veterans Day Poem

Veterans Day
the old soldier refuses
to talk about war

Veterans Day
one takes us to Nagasaki
the other Dachau

Veterans Day
one remembers all his women
the other his lost friends

Veterans Day
in his diary a tenderness
of the enemy's woman

Veterans Day
the 15 year old lad
in grandad's uniform

Veterans Day
all alone in the garden
remembering friends

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Toronto's St Lawrence Market (Canada)

Toronto's St Lawrence Market
i take home a piece of the city
money cannot buy

Toronto's St Lawrence Market
the old and new spice up
Toronto's soul

Toronto's St Lawrence Market
going there to taste
the city's soul

toronto's st lawrence market
blending the new and old to give zest
to the city

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Zion Canyon Scenic Drive, Utah (United States)

Zion Canyon Scenic Drive
my eyes rolling round
and round autumn

Zion Canyon Scenic Drive
the colours of fall loosen
my frazzled nerves

Zion Canyon Scenic Drive
my pressure drops,
trails the leaves

Zion Canyon Scenic Drive
i am a mirror to
nature's allure

Zion Canyon Scenic Drive
I help nature
admire itself

Zion Canyon Scenic Drive
i feel as colourful as
the leaves

Did you miss out on peak fall foliage season in the northeast? You can still get your fill in some parts of the southwest, where autumn color is just starting its show. Head to Zion National Park, Utah, for ash, aspen, bigtooth maple, box elder, and cottonwood. The glorious shades of red, gold, and orange could last as late as early December in the lower elevations. Zion Canyon Scenic Drive is your best bet for taking it all in. Besides the scenery, bonuses of fall in the park include fewer crowds and perfect hiking weather

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Terra Cotta Warriors At Washington National Geographic Museum

terra cotta warriors
museum goers'
rumbling tone

2,000 years on
Chin's men march
into Washington

cold, gentle, upright
chin army lines up
to greet washington

awed eyes watched
slit eyed
terra cotta soldiers



PoemHunter.com

The largest collection of terra cotta figures and tomb artifacts ever to visit the United States from China will conclude its tour at the National Geographic Museum in Washington, D.C., from November 19,2009, to March 31,2010. Unearthed outside the Chinese city of Xi'an in 1974, this trove of archeological treasures includes thousands of life-size clay figures that were buried in massive underground pits to accompany China's first emperor, Qin Shihuangdi, into the afterlife.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Route Six California (United States)

Cape Cod to Long Beach
attractions trail our path
like autumn leaves

Cape Cod Long Beach fall drive
the colours of our adventure unfold
like variegated leaves

Stretching from Cape Cod, Massachusetts, to Long Beach, California, Route 6 is one of America's longest highways and a great scenic drive for fall. Four hundred miles of the road wind through northern Pennsylvania, where you can explore from the pristine waters of Lake Erie to the tops of the Pocono Mountains. Combine that with museums, antiques shops, dining and nightlife spots, and many historical attractions along the way, and you've got the makings for a perfect fall escape.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Fall Weekend In Calistoga, California

Fall in Calistoga

my eyes peaceful on the flaming trees
my skin in the calm of a piping hot pool

A weekend of sipping wine, gazing at stunning landscapes, floating in heated mineral pools, and bathing in mud should rank highly on anyone's list of relaxing vacation ideas. Spend a fall weekend in Calistoga, California, in the northern section of Napa Valley. The road to Calistoga winds through mountains and farmland, past country stores and veggie stands, and ends in a small town where the good life abounds.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Philadelphia Halloween - Eastern State Penitentiary

Eastern State Penitentiary halloween
two minds growing out of each other
darkness and my sanity

Eastern State Penitentiary halloween
my heart heavier
than my feet

Eastern State Penitentiary halloween
every corner is a pair of
cold cold eyes

Eastern State Penitentiary halloween
frighteningly suggestive
my own mind

Get into the spirit of Halloween at one of the scariest haunted houses in the United States. Every year, the Eastern State Penitentiary—a massive gothic structure in the middle of Philadelphia—transforms into Terror Behind the Walls. Through October 31, the 11-acre prison will be waiting for you to explore its dark, abandoned cells, mess halls, and morgue with roaming guards and unruly inmates. Enter at your own risk.

john tiong chunghoo

Obama Nobel Peace Prize Haiku

Obama winning
nobel peace prize
the world ruffled

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Autumn At Walla Walla (Washington)

Autumn at Walla Walla
our hands purpled with
the sweetness of season

Autumn at Walla Walla
on the restaurant table
a new menu on wines

Autumn at Walla Walla
every grape vine laden with
the sweetness of grapes

Autumn at Walla Walla
amid the trailing leaves
ripening grapes

Fall brings stunning color to the forests and a pleasant breeze to the air. Luckily for foodies and wine-lovers, it also signals the ripening of grapes and, thus, the fall harvest in wine country favorites such as Walla Walla, Washington. Its downtown area is dotted with wine-tasting rooms, outdoor cafes, and acclaimed restaurants, and many of these businesses have special menus and other events planned for the harvest season. Check it out soon, because this town is destined to blossom into the next Napa or Sonoma.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Great Smoky Mountains National Park (United States)

Mount Cammerer fire tower
a pristine view though for the
Great Smoky Mountain sights

Boasting more than 800 miles of trails and straddling the border of Tennessee and North Carolina, Great Smoky Mountains National Park is a hiker's paradise. Finding your own little slice of Appalachian solitude in the country's most-visited national park is easy if you know how to get off the beaten path. Our advice: Hike the Cosby area in the northeast corner of the park. It sees a mere fraction of the traffic that Cades Cove and other well-known areas receive. The crown-jewel hike here is to the Mount Cammerer fire tower, which sits at nearly 5,000 feet and offers some of the best views in the park.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Cape Cod Wellfleet Oyster Fest (United States)

Wellfleet Oyster Fest
Wellfleet, the pearl
of the Atlantic

Seafood lovers have been flocking to picturesque Cape Cod for years to satiate their craving for the freshest lobster, clams, and codfish on the East Coast. The charming town of Wellfleet, located some 75 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean, will yield an even more delicious prize—the Wellfleet oyster. Slightly sweet, briny, and all around delicious, the cold-water Wellfleet tastes best when served raw. Get your fill at the town's ninth annual OysterFest, October 17 and 18.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Autumn In Colorado

autumn
glowing in the aspen
colorado's gold

Colorado's great outdoors offer enough adventure to keep you happy all four seasons of the year, but visiting in fall will take you through golden aspen groves that virtually glow in the sun. Hike the Rocky Mountain passes of central and southwest Colorado, bike Crested Butte's famed singletrack or the logging roads of the La Plata range, fish for trout in the Roaring Fork river, or cruise along Highway of the Fourteeners (called so because it passes ten 14,000-foot peaks on either side) to take in the inspiring alpine scenery

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Nagasaki's O Kunchi Masturi (Japan)

Nagasaki's O Kunchi Masturi
an unique explosion of tastes,
dances, and sounds

Nagasaki's O Kunchi Matsuri
the explosion of cultures and
cheers of the new rising sun

Nagasaki's O Kunchi Matsuri
the atomic explosion of cultures
she would love to remember japan by

Dating back over 350 years, Nagasaki City's O-Kunchi Matsuri is a harvest festival held every year, October 7-9. Considered one of Japan's biggest festivals, O-Kunchi Matsuri draws thousands of spectators to witness its colorful parade of floats, dragon dances, and traditional costumes. Tucked amidst green hills in a coastal inlet of southwestern Japan, Nagasaki is one of Japan's most cosmopolitan cities, exhibiting a unique blend of regional, Chinese, and European influences through its architecture, food, and history.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon (Arizona)

El Tovar Hotel
the canyon echoes greetings
of new guests next door

El Tovar Hotel
the howling of coyotes
punctuates our talk

The historic El Tovar Hotel is one of six lodging facilities on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. The four-story wood-and-stone structure, opened in 1905, sits very near the canyon rim so that guests need walk only a few steps to view what many consider to be one of the world's most outstanding vistas. Although the hotel is next to the rim, only a handful of its 78 guestrooms offer a view of the Grand Canyon. Make reservations well in advance for this popular national park lodge, with the winter months offering better availability.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

We Dont Need Space

the trees and plants
micmic the voices
of long gone tourists

during this low season
as you sleep in a near
empty island resort,
in the dead of night
the entire garden is alive
with chuckling voices
of men, whomen and children
they set upon the mind
intermittently while you
come in and out of your dreamland
a world dying to have fun

who says plants cant speak
do we really need mouth to speak
here the trees and plants in
their separate place are
acting out a real play they
have acquired from the holiday makers
and make it a fun in a really quiet night

who says we need mouth
to speak, eyes to see,
in a dream, the whole world
has come to us right within
the four corners of our bed

who says we need space to live
one day we are going to live
out of nothngness, right out
of this clumsy frame that
tolls bell of pain and deception

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Anguilla Elysian Beaches (Caribbean)

Anguilla Little Bay
beyond the hills
a pulsating sapphire

With more than 30 elysian beaches on this low-key island, you could bum it on two wave-side paradise spots every month all year and still have some left over. Among the best ways to access said sands is by mountain biking along Anguilla's rolling jeep roads. Perhaps the top adventure is pedaling to Little Bay, where the beach is attained by climbing down a rope off the ruddy cliffs, below which sapphire seas and dazzling snorkeling await.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Madison County Autumn Festival (State Of Iowa)

Madison Autumn Festival
antique motor vehicles given
a new lease of of life

Madison Autumn Festival
uncovering the history of
the covered bridges

Every year since 1970, on the second weekend in October, Madison County, Iowa, pays tribute to its famous covered bridges with an autumn festival. Take guided tours of the bridges to learn about their history, or watch artisans carve soap, shear sheep, and whittle wood. Enjoy lots of live entertainment, including bands, gymnasts, barbershop quartets, and square dancers, along with plenty of crafts, cider, and corn dogs. Antique car enthusiasts can admire hundreds of beautifully restored classic cars and trucks at the auto show on Sunday morning, and then watch the Antique Vehicle Parade that afternoon, featuring tractors, horses, and floats as well.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku

haiku adventure
five hours' contemplation
five minutes to write

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - His Poetry Collection

i found a poetry book on one of the tables in my office
i opened to read it from one poem to another
i discovered that the man never knew poetry
and wondered why he had to publish it
the words did not dance in my mind,
they all stood glued to the page
my heart did not go ga ga and my eyes
did not wish to jump from one line to the other
there were at least 10,000 words which lied
like rows and rows of quiet, never visited graves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Bintulu Esplanade (State Of Sarawak)

Bintulu Esplanade
the kemena river meets
the sea and anglers

Bintulu Esplanade
the kemena river rushes
to me the South China Sea

Here at Bintulu Esplanade a beautifully done up park along the Kemena River, many come to fish as well as to enjoy the scenic beauty as Kemena River meets the South China Sea. Fishes here are big. I saw parents and children carrying their prizes from their angling, the fishes splashing and still alive. The breeze here is also wonderful. It is a great place to take a walk after you have done your city tour.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - Late Dad's Rolex

late dad's rolex
the time he promised
to spend with me

DECEMBER - SECOND POSITION
Shiki Monthly Kukai
2003

Tiong Chunghoo
(1,2,9) = 16

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Fall French Riviera

Fall French Riviera

a dose of fun without the crowds
and holes in pocket

The capital of the French Riviera, Nice is sunny and merry with palm-lined beaches and art deco facades. In the afternoon, hit the market on Cours Saleya for flowers and fruit, and then wander the old town in search of a bistro for dinner. For a dose of culture, hit up the Matisse Museum. Nice makes a great jumping-off point for driving trips along the French Mediterranean coast to Aix-en-Provence, Marseilles, and Nimes. Go in fall if you want to avoid crowds, soak up more local flavor, and avoid high-season rates.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Galapagos Cruise

Galapagos cruise
a myth happening
i will be a teacher in ecuador

After a short Galapagos cruise, what better way to end your trip than a few days helping the people of the islands? Myths and Mountains, in conjunction with a local nonprofit agency, is looking for professionals in the fields of medicine, education, and computer sciences to volunteer their expertise and time (nine days) while staying in Puerto Ayora, Ecuador. Help out at the health clinic, tutor English to children, or teach basic computer skills.

john tiong chunghoo



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Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Hari Raya The Muslim New Year

Hari Raya celebrations
open your houses, open your hearts
the Prime Minister says

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Virginia's Eastern Shore Birding & Wildlife Festival

Eastern Shore Birding & Wildlife Festival

our eyes zero in on fun like falcons
our imagination spans large as wings

Virginia celebrates its 17th annual Eastern Shore Birding & Wildlife Festival September 17–20, during the fall migration, when millions of neotropical songbirds, eagles, hawks, and falcons converge on the Eastern Shore peninsula. Whether you are a serious birder or just enjoy watching the beautiful winged creatures, everyone is welcome to the festivities in and around the quaint town of Onancock. Take a hike on an untamed barrier island or a guided boat tour, and then check out one of the bird-related exhibits at the Ward Museum of Wildfowl Art. It's time to appreciate our feathered friends!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Lake Of The Ozarks State Park (State Of Missouri)

Ozarks State Park
our outing ideas divided
by its varied landscape

Ozarks State Park
dad puts the children down
at their preferred spots

Many people don't realize that America's heartland is rich in great waterfront getaways. Case in point: Lake of the Ozarks State Park. At a whopping 17,203 acres, it's Missouri's largest state park. Here you'll discover a stunning variety of landscapes, from densely wooded areas to intricate cave formations. A great place to beat the heat, the park has two swimming beaches, or you can rent a boat at one of the park's marinas and cast a line to catch bass, crappie, walleye, and catfish. Off the water, explore the underground world at Ozark Caverns or hit the links at one of 13 surrounding golf courses.

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 PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Tourism Minister Poser

Tourism Minister poser
dont let people steal
our food

KUALA LUMPUR: Laksa, nasi lemak and bak kut teh — these are some of the food Malaysia will lay claim to.

Tourism Minister Datuk Seri Dr Ng Yen Yen said there were many dishes synonymous with Malaysia's identity but they had been "hijacked" by other countries.

"We cannot continue to let other countries hijack our food. Chilli crab is Malaysian. Hainanese chicken rice is Malaysian. We have to lay claim to our food," she told reporters after launching the Malaysia International Gourmet Festival yesterday.

(The Star) - Sept 17,2009

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - World Top Cook Chef Wan

Chef Wan

trying so hard to make

himself sizzle

It was when he was picked to host a celebrity show on TV9 in Malaysia when I met Chef Wan. The man tried very hard to show his celebrity status, citing how busy he was, flying around the world, meeting famous personalities. He tried very hard to create a good impression of himself among the Press members like how he cooked his cuisines, adding this and that so that they sizzle.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

House

they ask what type of house
i would love to stay in
i say a roof with a pragmatic
inverted V that shields all my dreams
covers them up like a piece of gold
a staircase that sweeps me
up to a paradise of solitude
a bed where i could feel the
warm and infinite space for
all my aspirations and love
a kitchen that could wake
up all my palates and senses
and a toilet that can freshen
and loosen up the day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Maui, Hawaii

Maui Hana Highway
zig zagging to another world
black sand beaches

Hawaii's a land where you can see whales breaching in turquoise waters, a river of red lava flowing from a crater, or a hula dance on white sands as sunset streaks across the sky. But where to bring the whole family? Try Maui. Visit the 10,023-foot dormant volcano, Haleakala, as early as 3: 00 a.m. to see the sunrise, and then bike all the way back to sea level. Or hike through bamboo forests to the island's many pristine waterfalls, snorkel in protected waters to watch neon-colored fish and sea turtles, and drive the S-curves of the Hana Highway to hidden black-sand beaches.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Siti Nurhaliza

Siti Nurhaliza
a simplicity with touching
sophistication

Siti Nurhaliza
a balance of village and
urban sophistication

Siti Nurhaliza
her eyes cut through one
like her songs

Siti Nurhaliza is the queen of pops in Malaysia. She has been the reigning songstress in the country for years as well as in neighbouring Indonesia. She is married and lives in Kuala Lumpur.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Venice's Peggy Guggenheim Collection

Biennale di Venezia
stroke by stroke i enjoy
each artiste's flow of talent

Forgo Venice's often overwhelming crowds in summer and get to know the city's cool (air-conditioned and hip) modern art scene in fall. The Peggy Guggenheim Collection, located in its namesake's former Grand Canal villa, showcases important European and American art from the first half of the twentieth century. And, for any art enthusiast, the Biennale di Venezia is a must see. Held every other year, the Biennale showcases an extensive collection of contemporary art from approximately 90 artists and 77 countries, with 44 associated events throughout the city. This year's exhibition, Making Worlds, remains on view until November 22.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Cape Perpetua Viewpoint (Oregon)

Cape Perpetua Viewpoint
the sea heaves, sighs, swirls, turns
crashes out to its own tune

Located just south of the fishing village of Yachats, Cape Perpetua boasts one of the best views on the Oregon coast. The Cape Perpetua Scenic Area encompasses 2,700 acres of land, with twice the botanical mass per square acre as South America's Amazon jungle. On a clear day, drive or hike to the Cape Perpetua Viewpoint, 800 feet above the crashing surf, and gaze some 40 miles out to sea and over more than 150 miles of shoreline. You can also peer down at countless tide pools, Spouting Horn, and Devil's Churn, a crack in the rock where waves explode and spray water hundreds of feet into the air

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Dirty Haiku - The Testosterone Fueled Youth

bleary eyed testosterone fueled
youth asks hooker how well
he has performed

the youth naughtily
asks hooker how well
he has performed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Sun Valley (State Of Idaho)

Sun Valley
the fun spreads out
like streams of joy

Shoshone Indian Ice Caves
we walk the speed
of flowing lava

Shoshone Indian Ice Caves
this fear that there will be
another volcanic eruption

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - North Cascades (State Of Washington)

North Cascades
he says it feels like
coming home to roost

North Cascades
insects shrill to the
pulsating night sky

North Cascades' night
crystal shrills of insects
and sparkling stars

Often referred to as 'America's Alps, ' North Cascades is home to 318 glaciers, 248 lakes, hundreds of waterfalls, and extensive old-growth forests. And it's only a three-hour drive from Seattle into the heart of this remarkable range, packed with rocky pinnacles and wide alpine valleys cut by broad, roaring rivers. With 400 miles of trails, this relatively deserted wilderness is an oversized playground for outdoors lovers and a haven for those seeking mind-clearing solitude. Hike through serene meadows carpeted with glacier lilies, paintbrush, lupine, and scores of other wildflowers in bloom through August.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Brussels Summer Festival (Belgium)

Brussels Summer Festival
all our senses reeling
in the summer heat

Brussels Summer Festival
in sweat we soak up
the best music

Brussels Summer Festival
feverish to watch all
the best concerts

Brussels's grand buildings, squares, and parks serve as concert venues when the Summer Festival takes over the Belgian capital for ten days, from August 14-23. This annual extravaganza's varied program spans rock, hip hop, jazz, folk, and electronic music; street performances; stand-up comedy; and kids' entertainment. The more than 150 concerts, theatre events, street activities, and shows for children are generally free or can be attended for a token sum.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Glacier Bay's Outings

Glacier Bay's adventures
a traffic of sights all the way
down to the rivers

Tatshenshini and Alsek
we are the smallest in size
among the animal outings

Glacier Bay's adventures
we only remember the heat
of our excitements

Glacier Bay's watery wilderness is gloriously removed from the tiresome clamor of the modern world. Trade in your cell phone ring for the pop, crackle, and thunderous boom of a building-sized iceberg calving into the sea. Instead of navigating commuter traffic, go for a whitewater ride down North America's wildest rivers, the Tatshenshini and Alsek. Whatever you do here—and choices range from sea kayaking to fishing for mammoth halibut to keeping an eye peeled for ambling bears or breaching humpback whales—you'll be adventuring far beyond the end of the road.

john tiong chunghoo

Fruits Of Meditation

the plants always stand in a meditative mood
there is an aura in the forest, that of sacredness
the flowers are the fruits of their spiritual endeavours
the more enchanting they are, the more accomplished
they have been in their quest to reach the land of peace

the flowers are the mirrors to the climax of their meditation
in their pervasive fragrant scents, their rainbow of colours,
the curves that work their way into our heart to distil an appreciation
of its inner sanctum, of pistils, stamens, anthers, a macrocosm
of a nirvanic sanctuary where things beautiful rest so still

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Guizhou Haiku - This Little Life

this little life, even in Guizhou
running after me
a fortune teller

Of course they do that to everybody, anybody they could earn some money. A fortune teller runs after me wishing to provide his service explaining that he knows some secrets to a more enriching life. I turn him down though.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Coors Field (Denver)

Coors Field

he asks if beer has led to baseball
or the other way round

(meaning appreciation of baseball)

Denver Coors Field

dropping by for the beer
dropping by for the baseball

Spend a summer day watching the Rockies at Coors Field in Denver, one of the nicest parks in the country. Not only does it offer fantastic views, but because of the use of brick and its unique entryways, Coors Field has the most spectacular exterior in all of baseball. The stadium also has cool features like a purple mile-high upper deck at an elevation of 5,280 feet. Of course baseball goes hand in hand with beer, and Denver is home to more brewpubs than any other city in the country. Enjoy local craft beers at Breckenridge Brewery or Blue Moon Brewery, both right next to the stadium.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Ocean City (State Of New Jersey)

New Jersey Ocean City
the sea speaks one language
the people there, three, four, and more

New Jersey Ocean City
my New York Cousin asks me out
for a stroll

New Jersey Ocean
never too far
for a stroll

Voted New Jersey's number one beach, Ocean City is a great family resort that offers eight miles of broad sandy beaches, clean surf, and a huge boardwalk with all kinds of kitsch, food, shops, a miniature golf course, a water park, and amusement rides. Situated in the heart of the Jersey Shore, its location—20 minutes from Atlantic City, 70 minutes from Philadelphia, and two hours from New York City—makes it a perfect weekend beach trip for those in the mid-Atlantic.



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The Bones

nothing can be more dry than a piece of human bone
they steal the vitality from you even as you look

i stare at a broken 200 year old coffin filled with
all facets of skeletons; a jumble mass of broken,
brittle, sorry state of dehydration;

joints, ankles, skulls, and thigh bones
that had taken on the years to nowhere,

a stamp of desolate whiteness that
dissipates the spirit and gnaws at the heart
with its teeth of anguish

dont get me wrong, they are just bones and nothing else,
and they arouse no fear, no ghost walks with them;

death is like the bones, dry and empty, carrying
a whiteness so dissipating i guess that's God
telling us it holds no more life, merely broken
jigsaw pieces where no more dream can be put together

john tiong chunghoo

Snapshot - The Fats

i look at my thigh and fold the
accumulating fat on my belly and thought
it would take two months for the worms
to finish me up when i die.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Verses Forming In The Mind

sometimes verses in the mind fall
out of its constellation and are
lost to eternity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Delaware Water Gap

Delaware Water Gap
between our oars and gentle water
a splash dance

Delaware Water Gap
lifted by the winds
our laughter and ripples

Delaware Water Gap
the distant raucous cheer
and gentle ripples

Delaware Water Gap
the landscape carries us
away to its adventures

On the border of northwestern New Jersey and northeastern Pennsylvania, the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area includes 40 miles of the middle Delaware River and almost 70,000 acres of land along its shores. Escape the city heat and get on the water in the Gap. The Delaware River itself, with beaches and boat launches, serves as the centerpiece of recreation-but the surrounding area also offers much more. Rocky cliffs stretch straight up for great climbing; wooded hills pepper the landscape, making for ideal hiking and biking; and streams, ponds, waterfalls, and mountain overlooks provide incredible scenery.

john tiong chunghoo

Mozart's Missing Link Haiku - The Pianist's Fingers

in a frenzy to close the gap of
Mozart's missing link
the pianist's fingers

Mozart's missing link
the pianist's fingers leap and
jump a la dancers

The musical world is hailing it as Mozart's missing link: two newly discovered pieces of piano music that could form a bridge between the composer's very early works and his mature compositions.

They were written when he was 8 years old and were performed for the first time in Salzburg yesterday on Wolfgang Amadeus's original piano in his family home. According to musicologists, this must have been how the two pieces — a four-minute concerto and a one-minute prelude — came about, with the boy playing the music and his father sitting alongside and noting it down.

"This was a young musician showing off everything that he could do," said Ulrich Leisinger, of the International Mozarteum Foundation in Salzburg. "You break into a sweat if you try to imitate what this boy could play when he was 8 or 9 years old."

john tiong chunghoo

Somebody For Everybody

see among the scums, little worms
among the sandy desert, bulbous shrouds
with the best juices and honey you would not believe
the bees and ants flock to them

see among the throwaway rotten apples
a heap of insects and others you would not want to see
among the carcasses, the hynnas and vultures
in their grotesque business of consumption
and see sheltered in these darkest hours
of yours, me, a seed in the crack of a swift and busy drain

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Cicadas' Frenzied Song

cicadas' frenzied song
a new summer day
has dawned

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Ng Yen Yen

Ng Yen Yen

a character from my favourite
wang mei tiau movie?

The Tourism Minister Datuk Seri Ng Yen Yen reminds me of the characters in the Chinese period Wang Mei Tiau movies. Indeed she loves to wear a colourful shawl over her Kebaya (Malay influenced blouses with fine embellishment at the edges that accentuate the waist and long skirts. The women in Wang Mei Tiau Chinese period movies cover up their physiques, legs and hands included, in lengthy costumes. Wang Mei Tiau movies were a hit in the 60s and movies like Liang San Pe and Zhu Ying Tai and Hua Mulan are known all over the Chinese world. We met at a media dinner at the Royale Chulan Hotel in Kuala Lumpur in 2009 to introduce Jean Todt as an ambassador of Tourism.



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Jean Todt

another kind
old gweilo
Jean Todt

thank god
he doesn't talk fast
as the Grand Prix cars

I met him and the Malaysian Tourism Minister Datuk Seri Ng Yen Yen at a dinner the Royale Chulan Hotel in Kuala Lumpur in June when Todt was chosen as a tourism ambassador of Malaysia to help promote the country particularly in France and Europe. Todt came across as a very friendly man. He was very obliging in his conversation answering one reporter at a time. He told us that he loves Mechelle Yeoh and Malaysia. Todt is the founder of Peugeot Talbot Sport; Team Principal for Scuderia Ferrari, 1993-2007 and was the CEO of Ferrari from 2008-2009.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - His Secret Love

his secret love for the girl
sunlight trying to break
through clouds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Macao Haiku - Fisherman's Wharf

all in the neighbourhoods
Tang Dynasty Palace and
the Roman Coliseum

Macao Fishermen's Wharf
i walk around fishing
adventures

Macao Fishermen's Wharf
as good as the old wonders
the new old architectures

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Pageant Of The Masters (Laguna Beach Los Angeles)

Pageant of the Masters
a roaring sea of
applause

Pageant of the Masters
director says the wind has
to calm down

Pageant of the Masters
turning back time
to freeze its beauty

Pageant of the Masters
summer wind warms up
the last supper

Pageant of the Masters
little girl asks mama
'Is that Mona Lisa? '

Pageant of the Masters
summer wind ruffles
mona lisa's hair

Pageant of the Masters, one of California's most original shows in summer, occurs in Laguna Beach, about an hour outside Los Angeles. Famous masterpieces of art are presented as 'living pictures.' Set in an outdoor amphitheater and paired with an original score, the 90-minute show features actors wearing costumes and elaborate makeup, freezing for several minutes as they recreate paintings such as Leonardo da Vinci's 'The Last Supper' and Claude Monet's 'Le Dejeuner sur L'Herbe.' The nightly line-up of 24 tableaux also features sculptures and movie posters. The event runs until August 31.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Macao Haiku - Cirque Du Soleil - Zaia!

taking us to the
sky of entertainment
Cirque Du Soleil - Zaia!

Cirque Du Soleil - Zaia! performance at the Venetian Macao, Cotai Strip was one top international entertainment available in the Unesco Heritage City.

The first time I watched it was last August when the Venetian Macao celebrated its first anniversary. They were not really great at that time as they had just started then. However, after one year there, they had improved and the one and half hour show was really a treat for the eyes and ears with a wide range of laser light displays, body balancing dances and fabulous songs and music.

The backdropp of the whole show was an expansive space with hundreds of glittering stars. A giant ball that represents earth filtered images of the greenery, clouds, continents, fire, humans and ocean as it glided above the audience and the stage.

The performers, some 50 of them, mostly in gypsy styled colourful costumes, danced, sang as well as glided around the space, some on archaic bicycles with large wheels, some on ice blocks, as well as some in the form of a polar bear.

One impressive scene featured a voluptuous dancer swing her body round and round as her mouth held onto a holder from the mouth of a male dancer suspended on a rope.

The performance about the changing climate of earth had a love story woven into it and was driven by fluid and exotic live music. Not a moment of draggy feeling. It is a must see when you are in Macao.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Macao Haiku - Senado Square, The Real Macao

Senado Square
still commanding our attention
the Portuguese

in my mouth Macao's
round peanut cookies
in my sight the alluring
Portuguese blocks

Senado Square
all macao comes together
to charm the tourists

Senado Square
history, touch, taste, sights and sounds
converge to give you the real macao

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Macao Haiku - The Portuguese Streets

streets with portuguese names
lead us to shops
with English names

Most of the roads and places in Macao still have Portuguese names as Macao was under the Portuguese until the late 90s. Most of the modern shops though are taking English names as they are more fashionable. So you really have to go through all those Portuguese streets to get to the English shops.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Macao Haiku - The Macao Sky Tower

Macao Sky Tower

my heart jumps as i open my feet
to look through the glass floor

The Macao Sky Tower has a section where one can walk on glasses to have a glimpse of the ground some 230 over metres below. The tower is 330 metres high and there are facilities for bungee jumps as well as walking around the tower rim.

Below courtesy of Wikipedia;

Macau Tower (traditional Chinese: 澳門塔; Portuguese: Torre Panorâmica) , also known as Macau Sky Tower, is a tower located in the former Portuguese colony of Macau, now a Special Administrative Region of the People's Republic of China. The tower measures 338 m (1,109 ft) in height from ground level to the highest point.

An observation deck with panoramic views, restaurants, theaters, shopping malls and the Skywalk X, a thrilling walking tour around the outer rim. It offers the best view of Macau and in recent years has been used for a variety of adventurous activities.

At 233 meters, the Macau Tower's tethered 'skyjump' and Bungee jump by world renowned AJ Hackett [1] from the tower's outer rim, is the highest in the world. The tower was created by the architecture firm of Craig Craig Moller.

The tower is one of the members of the World Federation of Great Towers. Besides being used for observation and entertainment, the tower is also used for telecommunications and broadcasting.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Macao Haiku - Saint Paul's Ruins

Macao St Paul's Ruins
a page of
concrete history

St Paul's Ruins
a slab of
concrete history

St Paul's Ruins
a dereclit testifies to
christianity new frontiers

St Paul's Ruins constructed during the 16th century by the Portuguese was destroyed in a fire. Only the facade remains but what a facade with all the important figures still around. Millions come here every year to have a glimpse at the Unesco heritage site.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Istanbul

Istanbul
cross cultural romances
dance in the people's eyes

Istanbul
fruits of cross culture romances
sparkle in their eyes

Istanbul
in their eyes too
a romance fusion of Asia, Europe

Istanbul
our eyes lost in the windows
of the Blue Mosque

Divided by the Bosphorus Strait, Istanbul is the only city in the world that spans two continents—Europe and Asia. Visit the Old City, or Sultanahmet, alive with reminders of the area's Roman, Byzantine, and Ottoman past. View ancient Roman aqueducts; haggle for bracelets, rugs, and pottery at the Grand Bazaar; and admire the 140-foot-high dome of the Blue Mosque, with thousands of blue Iznik tiles sparkling in the light of 260 windows.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - New Orleans (United States)

new orleans, that's why
the jazz singer sings 'something
hippie for everybody'

new orleans
exporting jazz, exporting
the heart of joy, of love, of me and you

Though New Orleans has a reputation for its parties, booze, and Bourbon Street, the city is still one of the country's top family destinations. Kids can ogle sharks and penguins at the Audubon Aquarium of the Americas, watch white tigers and orangutans at the Audubon Zoo, board the Natchez steamboat for a scenic cruise on the Mississippi, or learn about the nearby wetlands on a swamp-boat tour. Experience the city's rich music heritage at Preservation Hall, where jazz legends can be heard jamming live, and at Mid-City Lanes Rock 'N' Bowl, which also has G-rated entertainment.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - The Trees Filter Light (Japan)

dawn
the trees filter light
and bird songs

Honorable Mention
Ito En OiCha New Haiku Contest
Kojimachi, Chiyoda Ku
Tokyo Japan

(2009)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

July 23 Total Solar Eclipse Haiku

total solar eclipse
an aggrieved family pray for
some light on son's death

total solar eclipse
malaysians pray for some light
behind teoh's death

total solar eclipse
cabinet weighs a royal probe
into teoh beng hock's death

total solar eclipse
royal probe into teoh's death
given a greenlight

from The Star, Malaysia 23/7/2009

PUTRAJAYA: The Cabinet has agreed to set up an inquest into the death of political aide Teoh Beng Hock as well as a Royal Commission of Inquiry to look into the interrogation methods used on him by the Malaysian Anti-Corruption Commission (MACC) .

Prime Minister Datuk Seri Najib Tun Razak said the Cabinet during its meeting Wednesday also decided that the inquest into Teoh's cause of death would be headed by a magistrate as dictated by law.

TOKYO, Japan — Millions of Asians turned their eyes skyward Wednesday as dawn suddenly turned to darkness across the continent in the longest total solar eclipse this century will see. Millions of others, fearing a bad omen, shuttered themselves indoors.

Chinese launched fireworks and danced in Shanghai. On a remote Japanese island, bewildered cattle went to their feeding troughs thinking night had fallen. And in India, a woman was crushed as thousands of viewers crowded the banks of the Ganges for a glimpse.

Starting off in India just after dawn, the eclipse was visible across a wide swath of Asia before moving over southern Japan and then off into the Pacific Ocean. In some parts of Asia, it lasted as long as 6 minutes and 39 seconds.

The eclipse is the longest since July 11,1991, when a total eclipse lasting 6 minutes,53 seconds was visible from Hawaii to South America. There will not be a longer eclipse than Wednesday's until 2132. The celestial event was met by a

mixture of awe, excitement and fear.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Birth

a inspiration, a holy infusion of the muse
then a tabulation, multiplication on so many levels
the cells, the legs, the eyes, the nails, the hair all
turning up at the right places, a range of musical notes
so that they could be worked into a fine art of creation

when all is well conceived, there comes sweeping over
the valley of thoughts, an angel cueing to all to take on
to their feet on a journey to the land of humanity, a contraction
to give the world another divine work, either to fall in love
with or to frown upon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year - Newton Food Court (State Of Malacca)

Newton

every stall splashes its best
on the wall

Newton

Malacca's new age
hawkers

Here at Malacca Newton foodcourt is one of the model hawker's food outlet. There are sections for Chinese, Indian and Malay food. The Chinese cuisine can be found at the fore, the Indian at the side and the Malay at the back of the food court. Each hawker stall has his own space to showcase his food including in the form of large pictures on the wall. You see at the back of every stall, large tasteful fare such as satay, popiah, chi cheong fun, herbal soups, porridge, fried oysters, char koey tiaw among others. There are some 30 Chinese stalls, 10 Malay and eight Indian stalls. The environment is clean with wooden tables and chairs, and large Chinese lanterns hanging from the ceiling. There are sections where one can dine open air styled.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Floriday Keys Fishing (State Of Florida)

Florida Keys
jumping on the pier
a man and fish

Florida Keys pier
jumping on the planks
anglers and their catch

Florida Keys fishing
on the piers
chain smoking fishers

Florida Keys piers
an angler teaches child patience
with a fishing line

Americans don't need to travel far to find some the world's best saltwater fly-fishing. The warm, turquoise waters off the Florida Keys are loaded with record-size bonefish, monster tarpon, and a plethora of permit, grouper, and snapper. Pier fishing makes for some of the best fishing in the Keys. Many of the original 18-plus miles of bridges in the Keys have been replaced and turned into fishing piers that can stretch, literally, for miles. Or, if you want to get out on the water, charter a boat or go on a guided fishing trip.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Hudson And Champlain's 400th Anniversary (New York State)

my little river haiku
joins hudson and champlain's
400th anniversary celebration

my little river haiku flows
into hudson to cheer up
its 400th anniversary celebrations

my little river haiku flows
10,000 miles into Chronogram
a Hudson Bay magazine

childhood river
so small
it has become

In 1609, a decade before the Mayflower landed in Plymouth, Henry Hudson and Samuel de Champlain explored the northern and southern waterways of what is now New York State, setting the stage for settlement of the Hudson and Champlain valleys. Commemorate the 400th anniversary of their expeditions with events and celebrations spanning the entire state and happening throughout the year, such as the 'Hudson River Panorama: 400 Years' exhibit at the Albany Institute of History & Art, the Circus-in-the-Park Extravaganza in Nyack, or the Cat'n Around Catskill 2009 outdoor art festival.

john tiong chunghoo

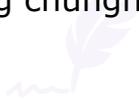
Travel Haiku - Edinburgh International Festival And Edinburgh Festival Fringe

heating up summer
Edinburgh International Festival and
Edinburgh Festival Fringe

Edinburgh Jazz and Blues Festival
a little of old, of new
and our own young men

Hit Edinburgh during summer's festival season throughout the month of August. The Edinburgh Jazz and Blues Festival runs July 31-August 9 and brings more than 100 concerts to venues around the city. Edinburgh International Festival and Edinburgh Festival Fringe (the largest arts festival in the world) run nearly simultaneously for three weeks in August and feature thousands of world-class concerts, plays, comedy and dance performances—and assorted artistic wackiness.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year: Fort A Famosa Old Graves (State Of Malacca)

fort a famosa little jittery
just across the fence
a child's marble grave

the only things that warm
the old, broken graves
sunlight and their love messages

Around the A Famosa are many old graves some several hundred years old. They are of marble and broken in many parts. However, what keep them warm when visiting these graves are the sunlight and the love messages on these graves from love ones.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Malacca Megamall (State Of Malacca)

dwarfing the
great treasures
malacca mega mall

Heroes Square, the victor
in the scream for attention
malacca mega mall

I visited Malacca for the first time on Saturday and Sunday (July 11 and 12) after it was a Unesco World Heritage Site last year. However, I was quite disappointed when I walked around the State most famous icon the Fort A' Famosa or Fort Santiago built by the Portuguese in the 16th century. Dwarfing the whole heritage site is the Malacca Megamall which is an ultra modern huge shopping complex. It is a sprawling complex linked to Dataran Pahlawan or Heroes Square which somehow make the real treasures here look so small and insignificant. These include the Independence Museum, and some very old catholic missionary schools. I felt those large modern structures should be built away from the heritage site so that the latter would look prominent.

john tiong chunghoo

A Summer Poem

tokyo summer, the blazing sun heats up
the air, the road and the beach opening up
the avenues and lanes for new friendships

a riotous crowd have stamped a mishmash trail
of excitements and robust spirits of adventures
a young sun rising on the horizon of our gaze
is witnessed by another matching alluring pair,
the azure sky and sea

with the looseness of the sand at our feet
the crispness of our breath and the
the tightness of our grasp

we we look into each other's eyes and
feel the heat of many more summers
rising and touching our hearts
the surging waves leading
us to somewhere divine

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Hornbill Feeding Station, Pangkor Island (State Of Perak)

Pangkor Island Beach Resort
posing for my camera
hornbills with their handsome casques

There is a hornbill feeding station at the island resort. Bread cubes are placed on round trays that sit between the branches of an empty tree here. The hornbills from the forest come here in the morning and evening for food. So whenever the feeding time comes, they would come in flocks. The number increases daily as the news of free food spreads among the feathered kind.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poetry In Progress

poetry in progress

he bids my forgiveness that
i have been used for his cause
so close he is talking to me
i think he has been speaking to
the part of my mind that holds me
i wish he can be a friend always
always because no one has
been able to be so close yet so comforting

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Edison Chen Bangsar Shop Opening Haiku

Edison Cheng Bangsar shop opening
the peeping toms out
in droves

Hong Kong actor Edison Chen was caught in a scandal last year when explicit pictures of his romps with many Hong Kong starlets were circulated around the world. He had taken his computer where all these pictures were placed to be repaired in a shop in Hong Kong. The technician who had placed these pictures on the net had been imprisoned. The career of Chen and the actresses took a dive because of the indecent pictures. Numerous offers to them were cancelled. Chen who recently came to Kuala Lumpur to launch a fashion store was however met by fans in droves.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Apsara

apsara, the first of them i saw
were trapped on the angkor wall
three hundred years of cold storage
with their blossoming bosom
that could carry your eyes through
a prism of pleasures given only
to the mighty kings who once lived here
so lonely they stood now in all the corridors
they sent shivers down my spine

apsara, the second time i saw them
was in the cultural theatre in seam reap
fair skinned ravishing damsels with voluptuous
physiques and high octaved songs lifting
the spirits of those from near and afar

they were children of old apsaras, nymphs who
nearly had their wings clipped by revolutionaries
but peserved to keep the steps of their triumphs alive
so that young apsaras can be born and stand tall on
mount meru again, churning the milk of creation
and sing their heart's content night after night
their costumes and dance steps were luxuriant, their
hands and finger graceful as butterflies, setting them
apart from the Thais and Malay dancers

the third time, i saw the apsaras was at the Cham
Museum of Sculptures in Danang, fragments of an
enchanting and glorious past that had been torn apart, torn apart
like the temple stones, altars and pillars where apsaras struggled
to glimpse at the world, their voluptuous physique and bosom entrancing as ever

john tiong chunghoo

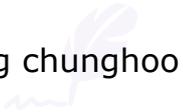
Travel Haiku - Maine Lobster Festival (Rockland, United States)

Maine Lobster Festival
we gawk at each other before
disassembling the lobsters

Maine Lobster Festival
picking every bit of the crustacean
the accuracy of its spincers

Approximately ten tons of fresh lobster and other seafood are prepared annually at Rockland's Maine Lobster Festival (July 29 - Aug 2) , an event that packs in small-town fun and big entertainment. Activities abound at this crustacean celebration: The requisite parade and Maine Sea Goddess Pageant are always fun, but to work off the extra butter-dipped calories, enter the 10K race or the Lobster Crate Race, where contestants attempt to navigate a string of 50 partially submerged lobster crates before plunging into the chilly Atlantic Ocean. Past musical acts have included Willie Nelson and the Dixie Chicks.

john tiong chunghoo

 PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Pangkor Island (State Of Perak)

pacific terrace
a peacock and its chick
walk in for food

pacific terrace
hooked i am of its
kampung fried rice

(at the Pangkor Island Beach Resort)

Dutch fort shocker
it was used to store
tin in 1670

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Friend Is Thinking About His Race

i want to have somebody to talk
my friend is thinking about his race

i want to take somebody out to have a good meal
my friend is thinking about his race

i want to talk about his interest with him
my friend is thinking about his race

i want to really teach my friend a thing or two
my friend is thinking about his race

i want to tell him to have wider look of life
my friend is thinking about his race

i want to cheer everything up with him
my friend is thinking about his race

i want to tell him he is living like a stone
my friend is thinking about his race

john tiong chunghoo

My Aquarium

i used to admire my brother who had
aquariums of fishes outside the garage
and in our rooms, fishes that swam
through every phase of our teenage years
now another of his fruitful hobbies steals our sights,
breath and hearts
he keeps a garden of orchids, many he
ferverently crossed breed himself with a secret
wish to name a few at least after his sweet heart,
special friends and luminaries in town
with also the hope some would make their
way into every florist's vocabulary
the blade leafy shrubs have started to
make a cut into the finer part of our life
showering us dainty fair ladies in their best wear

i am always at a loss of their names
those protrusions with an array of flowers
of subtle shapes, racy exploding colours and scents
carrying apt names such as slippers, tigers, spiders
monkeys, giants and lady Joaquim

and fishes, he had silver and gold arowanas
that flial in the aquariums with a grace
that you wish your girlfriend can match up to
and oscars that grew so big a solid orange and
black frame they carried the aura of a master
an air of authority and decisiveness you wish you
had cultivated to swim up the heart of your own boss

then there is the ikan parang, a worn curved chopper,
a steely mass of the Creator's fluid creativity
played out in crystal clear water

as i reflect on my own aquariums
i feel not slighted too though i have no real fishes or flowers
i see them in names like neruda, plath,
emily, angelou, ted, langston....
they too help send me to seventh heaven

with a few strokes of their heartstrings
filled with the vibrancy and gems of their grey matter

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Thousand Islands, St Lawrence River (New York)

one striking Thousand Islands memory
a tug of war with
a 10kg trout

For a summer weekend on the water, head to the boaters' paradise of the Thousand Islands (1,864 to be exact) of the St. Lawrence River in northwestern New York and southeast Ontario. Everything from fishing boats to jet skis and houseboats to kayaks can be rented by the hour, day, or week. This area also offers some of the country's best fishing, with record-size salmon, muskie, bass, and walleye just waiting to be caught. Wilderness anglers can head to the Oswegatchie Headwaters and hike or paddle to fish for brook trout.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Chinese History

there is a tightness about the Chinese
a jar of wine, sealed and tied with the
help of one billion hands

there is a tightness about the Chinese
a star twisting and jostling to win
your fancy among one billion

there is a tightness about the Chinese
a surname the weight of one billion tons
each wishes to shoot through the heavens

there is a tightness about the Chinese
five centuries of the rise and fall of civilisations
a dragon all claws, whiskers and fiery eyes
tidying and polishing its billion scales
so that they dazzle with power and excellence

there is a tightness about the Chinese
gunpowder all ready to blast through
crackers in a billion hard foldings

john tiong chunghoo

The Secrets

the white space on the paper
or the computer is the universal mind
a garden, lake, a theme park
where seeds of words can grow and
bloom into flowers of every kind
a mickey mouse, a donald duck, a reindeer
a leatherback turtle, a humpback whale,
birds, bees and butterfly of every kind to partake
in their enfolding shapes, shades, scents
and secret juice from the heavens

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Michael Jackson Tribute Haiku

now as i look into the night sky
the little star twinkling, twisting, spiralling
in the farthest corner well that's
the eternal michael jackson

michael jackson
refund me the star,
never mind the tickets

these london tickets
now these heart crushing
limited edition momentos

beat it, billy jean is not my lover
michael jackson
is no more back in town

michael jackson
keeping the london tickets
to remember the star

michael jackson
the star in the man takes
over his life

michael jackson
outshone by the star
in the man

michael jackson
drowned out by
the star in the man

michael jackson
drunken by music
and stardom

michael jackson
the star and vultures

eat up everything of the boy men

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Giant Spider Webs At Sun Moon Lake

Sun Moon Lake
calm as the lake the
spiders on two giant webs

Sun Moon Lake
suspended over the lake
two giant spider webs

Sun Moon Lake
calm as the waters
two giant spider webs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Master

amid the humdrum of the living cells
a spirit meditates with the pristine aura of a lotus
while another stands by with such a nonchalance
i am left with awe as to who he is;
the devil himself or just another, another spirit

i first saw only his shoulders in a forest
i thought only i have the carte blanche to roam
a forest swarmed with the flowers of my love,
the power of my scents and the echoes of my dreams

I commend the the spirit that sits all day
rain or shine, meditating the quietness of
the interlocking cogs of clocks that so gently
unleash its power it has the world by every inch of its breath

i thought the spirit to be the ultimate meditator
to learn from until i saw the nonchalant one reveals
himself, and leads us in his all encompassing
heart soul and mind do; he is so grand we are
drawn to the overwhelming peace of his very heart

i soon learn that one day i too would
sit in a frame meditating on the working of
a body mind and soul with the same spirit
looking over us with a nonchalance you would
never know he is the real master of us all

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Van Gogh's Starry Night

quiet night
a genius artist's trailblazing
strokes

quiet night
the heavens swirl
in the birth of a star

trailblazing strokes
the artist's genius
blossoms in the sky

quiet night
the sky blossoms with
the artist's genius

a country quietly sleeps
while the heavens swirl
in the birth of a star

silence pierces the sky
as the heavens swirl
in the birth of a star

Starry Night
Van Gogh's talent sweeps away
the stars

a country sleeps
through one artist's
starry dream

Starry Night
a genius trailblazes
through the sky

john tiong chunghoo

Success And Failure

i have a dream
i hold onto it tenaciously
because it inspires hope
and optimism, an infectious
spirit to life, an eagle clawing
onto a tree to stand tall and steady
a fountain of fire burning in the sky

i hold onto to the dream like
a cup of fragrant tea or
piping hot coffee first thing
in the morning, warming up
the constituents for the
the adventures of the day
when the pulsating ray of the sun
sets free the spirits of a bird
to sing, to fly, to hop, to peck for the
worms in the fields

if i should fail, i say i have to
fail handsomely, i have to fall in style
with a smile on the face
and a hip hop dance to send away the blues
no regrets or the loss of hope
no despairing when life has been paid its dues
i would fail like a flower blooming in the sky

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Code

the great poet is one
who succeeds to give
us the exact code to
his inspired moments,
the exalted state in which
humanity opens the hearts and
minds for the gifted to spill
their words with rippling effect

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Sunflower

sunflower
the smile on
your face

sunflower
my heart blooms
when i see your smile

sunflower
that's my heart when
you give me your smile

sunflower
that's my heart when
you smile to me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Ego

ego is a balloon
the more you blow, the more
it's going to burst

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Scotland Biking Trials

Scottish Highlands, Lowlands
we cycle through patches
of our youthful years

See the Scottish Highlands and Lowlands from a different vantage point on Scotland's fast-growing network of excellent double- and singletrack trails. The International Mountain Biking Association has labeled the country a 'global superstar' in its two most recent annual reports, commending the work to put down trails in eight dedicated mountain-biking centers as well as through thousands of acres of publically accessible forestland. Roll through wild terrain like mystical Glencoe with an outfitter or on your own pedal power.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Snake River

Snake River
we twist and turn
to its slithers

Snake River
Hells Canyon looms
to the heavens

Snake River
this hell is cool,
clean and a wondrous treat

The Snake River marks the base of a seemingly bottomless gorge called Hells Canyon, a 7,000-foot deep abyss that is one of nature's grandest achievements. Whether you sign on for three days or five, a rafting trip offers plenty of fun on full-bodied, roller-coaster-style rapids. The Snake's warm, clear water is excellent for swimming and yields pristine sandy beaches you can really dig your toes into. The three-day trip will take you through the upper portion of the canyon and over the two largest rapids. Spend a full five days on the river and the secluded beauty of Hells Canyon will remain eternally etched in your memory.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Way We Live

some people live like they
can take the whole world with them
six feet under the ground

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Cryptic Symbol

some poets shun the audience
their poetry are a self analysis
of neurosis and psychosis hidden
behind a field of cryptic symbols

readers who stumble onto their work
feel like walking in space where things
they have never seen circle round and
round their heads

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Essence

i do not like writing poetry for the
self professed sophisticated people
they cannot take words for what they are
and have the penchant to take more than
what you wish to say; they gobble up words
like the black hole and expect every new line
to have a word from the thesaurus when all i want
to say is simply I love the world for what it is

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Quietness Of Los Santos

snugly we take in
the quietness
of Los Santos

Los Santos surfing
in between the crests
the quietness of Los Santos

Tourism in this Central American country is heating up as people realize it has everything Costa Rica offers—great beaches, volcanoes, and rain forest—but at a better bargain. To learn about the local ecosystems, head to the Metropolitan Natural Park, only a ten-minute cab ride from Panama City, until you're surrounded by dense forest. To relax, head to the Pacific Coast region of Los Santos, where you'll find near-empty beaches, low-key boutique hotels, and great surf

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Washington Wine Country Celebration

Wine Country Celebration
the spirit of Washington
bubbles and sparkles

Wine lovers know that the vineyards of southeastern Washington flourish with more than 350 vineyards. The brick-lined streets of Walla Walla host dozens of wineries selling award-winning syrahs and chardonnays. Spend the night at the Cave B Inn at Sagecliffe, on a bluff overlooking the Columbia River, and listen to live music. And, during the Wine Country Celebration June 19-20, you can sip and savor Washington's wealth of wine and indigenous food at various dinners hosted by winemakers throughout the region.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The World Is Round

see the world is round see
it goes round and round
a darma wheel, balancing up
good and evil, day and night

every inch of the globe has
its bright and dark hours
each man his triumphs and losses

see the world goes round and round
even the eyes are created round
to have an all-round view of things
and not a skewered world

see the world goes round and
round, a darma wheel as we move
from one creation to the other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Maya Angelou Haiku

six foot high-heeled black beauty
i get a kick of Angelou's
Phenomenal Woman

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Intelligence

it is found it is nothing
more than an intelligence trying
to have some fun with his faculty

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Tanjung Rhu, Langkawi (State Of Kedah)

longing for another luminuous day
this evening tanjung rhu
the casuarina sighing throughout

the finale of a joyous day
tanjung rhu
the tremulous sigh of the casuarina

the casuarina's tremulous sigh
tanjung rhu
every leaf sings the wistfulness in me

Tanjung Rhu is a grand beach where The Four Seasons Hotel is. Here at its cafe you pay about US7 for a cup of coffee. That's about 15 times the money you would pay for a cup of coffee in an ordinary coffee shop. The sights are superb and the winds breezy. On top of that, the cafe here has a class that others dont have. It is a favourite joint for the rich and famous. I walked here during the late evening, enjoying the uplifting breeze from the Andaman Sea and of course, the mesmerising sunset. At the apex of low tide, especially during the dry season from December to March, you can even have the pleasure of walking to the outlying islands.

john tiong chunghoo

The White Space Is A Jigsaw Puzzle

i love the white of the computer screen

i love the white on a sheet of paper

i love the white of the clouds
drifting over my head

there i can work on this jigsaw puzzle
coded John Tiong ChungHoo

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Eagle Nest

wilderness
the branches are arms
waiting to embrace me

wilderness...
my love is a brook singing
alone all day long

wild orchids
the smile of
village girls

eyes
questions round
the spheres

gnarled trees
my eyes caught
by an eagle nest

PoemHunter.com

dawn
bird song bursting
through the shine

dawn
piercing me
sunshine and bird songs

bursting through
the dawn shine
bird songs

john tiong chunghoo

The Bbest Offering To God

work is
my prayer
to God

heart
soul
and mind

work is
the best offering
to God

it results
in a great work
for the world

it results
in a great
promotion



PoemHunter.com

it results
in three
miracles

God is happy
I am happy
and the world is happy

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Seven Gun Salute

seven gun salute
so distant in years
the dead hero

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poemhunter Haiku

Poemhunter

a tree grows here from
a wondrous seed of poetry

Poemhunter

birds of verses flock to
all the branches of the tree

Poemhunter

poetry is sung here
round the clock, round the globe

Poemhunter

come fiesta, come with nothing
but your words

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Chugach State Park (Alaska)

Chugach State Park
sprawling round Anchorage
loads of summer fun

Chugach State Park
you never know the fun
until you visit Alaska

Chugach State Park
our feet test the glacier like
a dog smelling air for foe

Half-million-acre Chugach State Park is the country's third-largest state park, all the more remarkable because it virtually spills into downtown Anchorage, reminding locals and visitors alike to take full advantage of the vast wilderness that surrounds them. With some of the most accessible hiking, camping, wildlife viewing, rafting, and climbing in Alaska, you'll find summer adventure abounds—whether it's a short hike up 3,550-foot Flattop Mountain, casting a line for trout, or executing some technical footwork over the park's 50-plus glaciers.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Destin, Emerald Coast (Florida)

Destin morning walk
dawn of a new pair of life
a couple in wedding attire

Emerald Coast adventure
thorough as sandpiper and
gulp down food like a pelican

Florida's Emerald Coast, the western edge of the Panhandle, is a coveted beach paradise with a 100-mile stretch of sugary sand that fronts the Gulf of Mexico. In Destin, the heart of the Emerald Coast, wake up early in the morning and take a stroll with the pelicans and sandpipers on the beach just as the fishing boats head out to sea. Feel free to join them and drop your own line to catch snapper and grouper. Later, discuss your day's adventure at one of Destin's dockside cafes. The blues and country music is always live, and the fish and oysters are always fresh.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Rose & Lotus

what does the rose tell
the lotus when they meet?
lovely, i wish to be able
to spring up over the water
to catch nature's majestic
moment with a serene ballet pose
on a green green lush platform

what does the lotus tell
the rose when they meet?
lovely, every of your inch
exudes class, gracious
gratitude folded one over
the other i would bring you
to every of my friends to
show my warmest regards
to their care and concern

what is your greatest joy?
Rose asks in return
lotus says it is in the
heavens that bless her
with an immaculate shroud
so that she could stand tall
at every occasion especially
in the temple where she
is offered to the gods and goddesses

What about yours?
Rose says it is when a pair
of lovers keep her warm
between their bosom as they
hold on to each other to say 'I love You'
she says she could have
written each of those luscious
lustrous words on her every fold

Your regrets? Rose says it is
in the single thorn she has to

live with - being used like a
tool to show love and
never really loved

Yours? The Lotus laughs
and sighs - 'You know
it is in the nights when all
you have are frogs to
serenade you their love songs.'

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Taoyuan International Airport Prayer Rooms

Taoyuan International Airport
sparkling the row of prayer rooms
for muslims, buddhists and christians

Taoyuan International Airport
a prosperous nation is one that gives
every religion a place to pray

Here at Taoyuan International Airport, there are three rooms one each for Islam, Buddhism and Christianity, the three major religions in the world. The Christian room has a central image of a cross, the Buddhist room, a peaceful statue of a buddha and Islam a sparkling clean room.

The rooms are in a row and are really Taiwan's symbol of multi faith harmony, and it is extended to people from every part of the world..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Obama Cairo Speech Haiku

Obama Cairo speech
mending the twin towers
of civilisations

Obama Cairo speech
building a bridge between
the twin towers of civilisations

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Physique Is More Powerful Than The Mind

the physique is more
powerful than the mind

it can help you track
down the impossible

if you can scale down
your mental attention
to its level

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Lake Superior Shoreline (Michigan)

Lake Superior shoreline
like fishes we swarm
to the best waters

The 40 miles of Lake Superior shoreline within Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore in Michigan are anything but monotonous. Lined with dunes, sandstone cliffs, beaches, and woods, the shore not only offers access to Superior but also to its many streams and inland lakes. Explore the byways by kayak, or fish for smallmouth bass, walleye, brook trout, rainbow trout, or coho salmon. Before leaving, check out the park's namesake, the 15-mile-long Pictured Rocks cliffs, and the white-sand Twelvemile Beach.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Haiku - Ayutthaya Buddha Still Meditating

Ayutthaya
the Buddha still
in meditation

Ayutthaya sacking
a detachment from world
the buddha still in meditation

Ayutthaya
the buddha meditates while
the world fights out their desires

Ayutthaya
i carry the ruins of
a sacked town in me

Ayutthaya
permanent scars
temple and palace ruins

ayutthaya
taking odds and blessings
in the calmness of the buddha

Ayutthaya was sacked in 1767 by the Burmese and never recovered to its former grandeur, then dubbed as one of the most dynamic cities in Asia.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Thailand Haiku - Sukhotai Giant Buddhas

from every nook and corner
the face of the
buddha

Sukhotai
the fields still bristle with
a royal breathe

Sukhotai was an old Thai capital. Many of the temples and buddhas are very old. Some giant buddhas still sit amid dilapidated temples and you can see buddha's face from every nook and corner as you turn. The field of the ancient palace still bristles with an air of royalty. A royal town is forever a royal town.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Maho Bay (St John, The Caribbean)

Maho Bay
we learn how to holiday
with rubbish

Maho Bay
beauty just a brain
away from ugliness

Maho Bay
we learn the fine art of turning
rubbish into treasure

First opened in 1976, Maho Bay has reaped accolades as an eco-sensitive resort with 114 tent-cottages woven into the tapestry of the gorgeous St. John landscape. Its sustainable agenda includes the 'Trash to Treasures' program, where the resort's trash is recycled into crafts and fine art. The dwellings are also constructed almost entirely of recycled materials and are powered by sun and wind. For a bit more money, opt for the upscale Estate Concordia Studios, which feature spacious bedrooms and decks overlooking Salt Pond Bay. Rates dropped to \$80 a night starting in May.

john tiong chunghoo

The Rain Pierces Noon

the rain comes down
slanted a million million
lances piercing noon

john tong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Curacao (The Caribbean)

Curacao
our canoe lurches forward
like a new born baby

Curacao
so many places to
be lost in

Curacao
so many places to be
with yourself

It is easy to feel like a rock star in Curaçao—nice resorts, friendly service, lonely scenic beaches, and virtually private dive sites. Get away from the bustle of Willemstad and you'll find a varied coastline of rocky cliffs and peninsulas concealing world-class beaches and the large hills of the protected Christoffel Park.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Involving The Reader

i think one poetry trap
for novice is that they
keep trying to qualify
every of their lines
with each new line
taking away the space
for the reader to feel
for each line and involve
himself in its conclusion

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Bits And Pieces

i like to think of life as a prism
the derivation of so many colours
that could only add up into a dream
and that when it ends, each colour
i would like to think each colour takes
their cue and goes back to where they
have come for that meaningful tryst
the man feels a part of himself in each
and everything like stars that play a part
each in a mass piece of space called darkness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Hasanuddin Airport, Makassar (Sulawesi)

glittering like a jewel
in the evening skyline
Hasanuddin Airport

As we drove from Makassar to the airport which is about 20km away from the city, we saw the glitters of the new and large airport. It practically takes over the skyline with its many lights. It really shows the other side of Indonesia which is surging forward in its development. In this world economic downturn, it is the only country in South East Asia that has showed a 4 per cent growth the last four months. That is really a miracle when Malaysia has a minus 5 per cent growth in the first quarter.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Tana Toraja Highland Pipers

torajas' own highland pipers
boys and girls blow small and
oversized bamboo pipes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Rantepao's Taj Mahal (Tana Toraja, Sulawesi)

that delicate looking mosque
in the distance a replica of
taj mahal

We were dining on a hill restaurant that overlooks the fields in Rantepao, the capital city of Tana Toraja. It is operated by an Toraja woman who has a German husband. In the distance over the field looms the shapely carved white domes of a delicate looking mosque. So serenely the white mosque sits, I could not hold our eyes away from it when we had our lunch. I took a lot of pictures of the mosque as if it is the Taj Maha.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - The Drive From Makassar To Tana Toraja

makassar to tana toraja
it is divisive muslim friend says
of the countless mosques

We drove from Makassar to Tana Toraja, visiting also places like Bulukumbar, Bone, Kajang, among others. The peculiar sight on the drive is the countless mosques we saw. There is a mosque almost every one or two hundred kilometres. I said perhaps that is for the people here to pray whenever they want to so that earthquake will not strike. Sulawesi is right on the ring of fire of the Pacific rim. However, she said, in Islam it is important the followers congregate together in one big place. The large number of mosques is causing the followers to be divided, she said. 'They can pray to ward off earthquake in the house, ' she added.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Londa Cave Tombs (Tana Toraja, South Sulawesi)

Londa cave tombs
the dead crowd out
our room for imagination

Londa cave tombs
over our heads, beside our legs
every nook and corner a coffin or two

Londa is an ancient burial ground in the hill for the aristocrats. At the cliffs, one can see coffin placed on poles. There are also rotten coffins by the side as we walked up to the main cave. These coffins are so old, some have no covers and you can see piles of bones inside them.

On top of these bones are countless cigarette butts, offered to these dead souls. In the cave tunnel where we walked through, we saw coffins in every nook and corner they could be placed. Skulls look at us in the dark as we lit the cave with our torches. This is definitely not for those who have phobia of eerie places.

john tiong chunghoo

 PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Pallawa, Tana Toraja (South Sulawesi)

the mosses on
the tongkonan roof
thick as its years

Pallava tongkonan
the children dance and swirl
with imitation red ikat

the children trail away with
the names of world's countries
as we start going home

china, switzerland, japan...
toraja children guessing the countries
we come from

The tongkonan house is the traditional house of the upper class of the toraja people in Tana Toraja, the highlands of South Sulawesi. Its roof curve up at both ends making it look like a comfy saddle ready for a ride. The house faces the North as that is the direction of their Gods. The back faces the South as they believe that where paradise is.

Torajas are also famous for their extensive expensive burial rites that would last for at least a week. They are usually carried out between July and September, after the harvest season. Many domestic animals especially buffalos are butchered.

The dead bodies are sometimes kept in the house for decades while the family raise the money for the rite. Toraja dead are buried in liang (cave tomb) carved out of the cliffs of hills or mountains. Each liang would be used to bury an entire family as the Torajas believe that a family lives together until after their death.

Pallava which has numerous old tongkonans is a popular tourist area. Adults as well as children run around selling their ikat, most of which are machine made fabrics styled after the handwoven ikat, toraja traditional fabrics.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Vanua Levu Tui Tai Cruise

Vanua Levu adventures
Tui Tai carries volume of pleasure
hike, dive and sunbath

The thought of being a castaway on a remote South Pacific island doesn't sound so bad, especially if you could take a mountain bike, a kayak, and scuba and snorkel gear; have a bamboo-frame bed to crash in at night; and a cook to make you tangy shrimp with lime. Such is life on the Tui Tai, an adventure cruise that sets sail weekly from Fiji's second-largest island, Vanua Levu. The boat holds about 25 guests and 16 crew members and comes fully loaded with adventure gear. It'll ferry you from island to deserted island, where you can bike, hike, dive, or just wander along the gorgeous beach.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Shocking News Haiku - Port Klang Free Zone Fiasco (Malaysia)

Port Klang FZ fiasco
where has the wealth
been shipped to?

Port Klang FZ report
a freehand for everybody to know
the freehands inside

The 405-hectare PKFZ transshipment hub, which has warehouses, office blocks and a four-star hotel, has been dogged by controversy after it was revealed that its development cost had ballooned from less than RM2.5 billion originally to RM4.6 billion.

May 30th The Malaysian Star report

KUALA LUMPUR: The Malaysian Anti-Corruption Commission has completed its initial investigations into the Port Klang Free Zone project and handed over the papers to its Legal and Prosecution Division for further action.

MACC director of investigations Datuk Mohd Shukri Abdull said the commission would compare its findings with that of the audit team to see if there was any new lead.

"If there is a need for us to call up certain people named in the report, we will do so," he said in an interview yesterday.

Port Klang Authority (PKA) chairman Datuk Lee Hwa Beng yesterday handed over the audit report to the MACC to allow investigations to be carried out. Mohd Shukri said the MACC investigated the matter based on information received from the public.

On May 21, The Star frontpaged a report that MACC was investigating the PKFZ. The report said a team from the Putrajaya MACC would intensify its probe once it obtained a copy of the report by PricewaterhouseCoopers Advisory Services.

Lee, who arrived at the MACC office in Putrajaya just before 8am yesterday, said he had a 10-minute meeting with MACC deputy commissioner Datuk Abu Kassim Mohammad before handing over the report to the commission.

"During the meeting, I told him that he will have the full co-operation of the PKA and also PricewaterhouseCoopers as we feel that they are the best people to assist the MACC since the report was prepared by them," he told reporters.

"I will instruct all our staff to co-operate with the MACC and to make available any document that investigators from the commission might need," he said,

adding that his visit to the MACC office to hand over the report was in compliance with a directive from Transport Minister Datuk Seri Ong Tee Keat. Ong had on Thursday ordered PKA to seek legal remedies

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Paso Robles (California)

Paso Robles

God's sweetness in so many
shades and scents

Paso Robles

her children's traits, she says,
are cabernets, merlots and syrah

Paso Robles

love is a glass of syrah
she gives him a rosy smile

Paso Robles

also on the glass of syrah
the deep red of her lipstick

Napa and Sonoma are classic wine-tasting destinations, but Paso Robles more recently perked up oenophiles' taste buds with its rich cabernets, merlots, and syrah. The climate, with wild swings between warm days and cool evenings, is perfect for producing varietals with intense character; it also makes for ideal biking conditions in late spring. Explore the back roads of Paso Robles, just off the Pacific coast, while taking in the vineyard-laden hills—and plenty of vintages.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Alberta's Sunrise

Alberta Sunrise
we reminisce about the good
and bad times

Canyon hike
the fishes too out
with their friends

village chapel
this evening just me
and mary

john tiong chunghoo



Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Ulu Tamu Hotspring (State Of Selangor)

Ulu Tamu Hotsprings
we meet with a friendly malay boy
warm as the water here

Ulu Tamu Hotsprings
so friendly a Malay boy my heart
boils with compassion
/admiration

Courtesy of Virtual Malaysia:

A trip to Hulu Tamu hotsprings, just outside Kuala Lumpur requires a drive passing by traditional Malay villages as well as rubber and oil palm plantations. So it is actually like killing two birds with one stone for a tourist. The hotsprings which is in Hulu Selangor district, is popular among locals because there is no charge to use the hotsprings facilities here, basically three ponds of various sizes for one to dip one's legs or just to bathe. Hot water from the underground springs is believed by some to have medicinal value, especially in cures for skin ailments and rheumatism. During the fruit season, visitors could buy various fruits from the nearby Hulu Tamu orchards.

Contact:

Pejabat Daerah Hulu Selangor,
44000 Selangor
Tel: 603-6064 1026 Fax: 603-6064 2909

Getting there

Via the North-South Expressway, exit at Tanjung Malim via the Kalumpang exit.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Selangor Dam (State Of Selangor)

Selangor Dam
the water spreads out
a postcard

The Selangor Dam features an enchanting lake with hills and mountain around making the sight scenic like a postcard. We came down for a photoshot on our way to the Chiling Waterfalls, another tourist attraction near the area. The Chiling River flows into the dam filling up the water year round.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Chiling Waterfalls Giant Boulder (State Of Selangor)

Chiling Waterfalls
the crushing sounds
behind the gentle pool

Chiling Waterfalls
a giant boulder creates
a gentle swimming pool for all

Right in front of the Chiling Waterfalls is a large boulder where many people can sit and enjoy the crushing sounds of the waterfall behind. The boulder prevents the water from rushing down the fall too quickly and creates almost a quiet swimming pool for those who love to swim. The water here is icy cold. Its magic comes through after a few dips. Chiling Waterfall is under the Selangor Fisheries Department.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Being Straight

after the night the lady purs to the man: '

Do you want me to be truthful? '

the man whispers 'what? '

She gathers herself and says' I found you

not as interesting as you have professed.

A highly educated mid level executive.'

He sighs 'Blah'

She interjects: : 'Could that be the reason

why you have been so uninteresting? '

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kuala Kubu Bharu (State Of Selangor)

Kuala Kubu Baru

a little town to wander about
and to think about the past

Kuala Kubu Baru is about an hour's drive from Kuala Lumpur. It is a very small town where many tourists would stop for food when on the way up the Fraser's Hill, a popular hill resort since the colonial days. The town is said to appeal to those in the arts especially songwriter, composer, poets and writers as it has a leisurely pace and quite many places for good food. In the old days, they used to train their army around here, I was told. Kubu actually means fort. Today, they train firemen here as there is a headquarters here to do so.

Wikipedia:

Kuala Kubu Bharu (alternately known as Kuala Kubu Baru, Kuala Kubu Bahru or Kuala Kubu Baharu; commonly referred to as KKB) , is a town in Hulu Selangor district, Selangor, Malaysia. It was built after the town of Kuala Kubu was destroyed in a flood in 1883. Kuala Kubu Bharu is located on top of a hill. It is the district capital of Hulu Selangor.

Flood caused by a broken dam

Previously, there was a town called Kuala Kubu nearby. In February 1883 the Kuala Kubu town was destroyed by a great flood caused by a broken dam near the town. Many civilians drowned or lost their home. The flood victims included a district officer of Kuala Kubu during the British era named Sir Cecil Ranking.

The old town was severely flooded and most of the old town's facilities were damaged beyond repair. A Buddhist temple and a mosque survived the flood. The old town has since been known as Ampang Pecah, or Broken Dam in the Malay language. The tragedy was probably known as Tragedi Kuala Kubu by local civilians.

After the tragedy, the British government decided to build a new town near the remains of Kuala Kubu. The new town was named Kuala Kubu Bharu, with Bharu meaning 'new' in the Malay language. Residential houses have been developed since the 1980s in the previously abandoned old town, or Ampang Pecah.

Most inhabitants are from the nearby new town of Kuala Kubu Bharu. The redevelopment of Ampang Pecah, the site of the old town, was a natural progression on the organic growth of the new township of Kuala Kubu Bharu. A monument was built here to commemorate the Kuala Kubu tragedy.

Famous attractions

Buddhist Temple of the old town, which survived the 1883 flood and was refurnished in 1980s.

Kuala Kubu Bharu town centre

Kuala Kubu Road old railway station

Monument of Kuala Kubu Tragedy

Sir Cecil Ranking's grave near Kuala Kubu Rest House

Broken Dam (Ampang Pecah)

Chiling waterfalls, majestic & thunderous, 50 metre high, at Pertak

Sungai Selangor Dam (Sungai = River)

the site of Sir Henry Gurney's murder at Jalan Kuala Kubu Bharu-Raub (Federal route)

New Dam built in Kampung Pertak (15-minutes drive from the town) . The higher Dam in Malaysia.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Hong Kong Haiku - Kowloon Surprise

Kowloon ego boost
a salesman's pursuance
to sell his highrise property

nine dragons' ego boost
a salesman's pursuance
to sell his highrise property

Kowloon means nine dragons, an ideal fengshui place because of the nine dragons believed to be in the mountains surrounding this place.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Spring In Paris

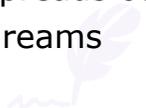
Paris spring
street by street we explore
the city like a flower

Paris spring
slowly but surely the city
blooms in us

Paris spring
foot by foot
we explore the city

Eiffel Tower spring
the city lights up
our dreams

Eiffel Tower spring
the city spreads out
like our dreams

 PoemHunter.com

They say springtime in Paris is the stuff of songs, daydreams, and romance novels. And there is a heavy dose of truth to that. Cruise the Seine River, admire art at the Louvre and the Musée d'Orsay, and see the quintessential Parisian sights of the Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame. Enjoy a good book and coffee at a café on the Champs-Élysées, have a picnic of fresh bread and cheese in the Tuileries Garden, or take in a dinner show at The Moulin Rouge. Cap off your trip with an evening ascent up the Eiffel Tower to witness the City of Lights in full glory.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Mountain Springs/River

mountain springs
the wind waltzes with
the sparkling sparkling sun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Montana Fly Fishing

Montana fly fishing
my rainbow trout swaying against
the rocky mountians

Many anglers go for their first fly-fishing vacation in Montana, and they keep going back even after visiting more exotic places. The rugged western half of the state, particularly from Bozeman to Missoula, offers a seemingly endless number of streams and rivers teeming with hearty rainbow, brown, and cutthroat trout. The awe-inspiring scenery features a wild kingdom of four-legged animals, lush hilly valleys, and the majestic snowcapped Rockies that carve the horizon. There are plenty of fly shops, and guides are eager to help you find the best waters.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Mount Everett (Massachusetts)

Mount Everett

our eyes trail the ranges to
the sound of our huff and puff

Mount Everett

our huff and puff trail
the Berkshires' ranges

In May, Western Massachusetts's Berkshires sleepily emerge from winter and prepare for an onslaught of summer visitors. Enjoy the lingering blooms while hiking in solitude through forests of ferns, flowers, and pines. The Appalachian and Mohawk trails run through the Berkshires, and numerous state parks, state forests, and land-trust reserves maintain trails. If paths are dry, try ascending Mount Everett, one of the Berkshires' tallest peaks, which affords wide views of the pastoral hills.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Non Fiction Versus Fiction A Mind Theory

he is proud and has exhaust
his vocabulary to write that one article
he thought would impress the world
his pretentious verbiage though has
cast a curtain over the ludicrousness
of the article - you do not know when
his fiction begins and when non fiction ends
a maze of words that looks erudite but without
the common sense to hold them together
so that the mind can navigate around them
without getting lost and trapped in its alphabets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cambodia Travel Haiku - The Giant Roots Hold Tightly The Temple

the giant roots of the bodhi tree
clasp round the temple strong
as my desire to see the monument
in its original and just completed tight version

how could the world give up on you
when nature itself holds onto you
so endearingly so that even your fate
has become inseparable?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Selangor Dam (Kuala Kubu Baru)

beyond the enchantment
water and electricity
Selangor Dam

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Child In The Poet

readers even enjoy
the weak structures
of the poem sensing
the earnestness of the
child in putting his thoughts
and feelings on the paper -
his inadequacies drop like
jewels on the inquisitive
mind of the readers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Soft White Skin

soft white skin
a screen for your
amorous dreams
(fantasies)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Wings Of The Holy Spirit

my poems sit on the wings
of the Holy Spirit
to travel to places
that matter
beyond my reach
i can only watch as
they move from one
miracle to the other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - The Chilling Waterfall (State Of Selangor)

Chilling Waterfall secluded privacy
the water falls slanted
into a crevice

our private pleasures
the water's slanted gush
Chilling Waterfalls

Here at Chilling Waterfalls, the water falls down the precipice slanted to a large crevice - known to have taken many lives of those who chose to swim here and got trapped in the dangerous swirl of water - evoking a sense of secluded privacy of the place. As at most waterfalls, the water is icy cold. Chilling Waterfall is also famous for the huge rocks around the fall. We crossed five rivers to reach the fall and spent about an hour there.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Singapore Dollars Reign In Batam

Batam proximity
Singapore dollars can get you
almost everywhere

Batam and Bintan are where Singapore Government invests much in its high tech industries. Batam is about an hour's ferry ride from the island republic. It is Singaporean's favourite getaway because of its cheaper prices for food, leisure and accommodation. The Singapore dollar is as much preferred as the local Indonesian rupiahs.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Batam Maha Vihara Duta Maitreya Buddhist Temple

Maha Vihara Duta Maitreya Buddhist Temple
welcoming us the potbellied
Prosperity Buddha

Maha Vihara Duta Maitreya Buddhist Temple
tickling us from the balcony
the potbellied prosperity buddha

Maha Vihara Duta Maitreya Buddhist Temple
the myriad pillars play out
the temple's grandeur

Maha Vihara Duta Maitreya Buddhist Temple
the myriad pillars evoke
the temple's grandeur

Maha Vihara Duta Maitreya Buddhist Temple is one of the largest buddhist- taoist temple in South East Asia. There are several worshipping halls which could accommodate up to a few hundreds devotees at one time. There are rooms and space dedicated to Kuan Gong (God of War) , Sidharta Gaotama and GuangYing (Goddess of Mercy) . The Temple is also where a lot of buddhists go to do their meditation. Buddhist lessons are also being taught here.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Batam Nagoya Shopping Complex

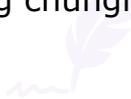
Nagoya Shopping Complex
osama bin laden caught
on an oil canvas

Nagoya Shopping Complex
my nose flutters between
fake and genuine fragrances

There was this large oil painting of Osama bin Laden for sale at Nagoya Shopping Complex, the most popular shopping haven at Batam. Here you can find anything from artificial designer fragrances, clothes and shoes to the real ones. One has to be really careful in choosing those branded goods to make sure they are worth the money.

I drank designer coffee at Godiva Bistro, as it is almost like Starbucks or Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf which have yet to make their presence felt here.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Batam Beach View Resort

Batam Beach View Resort
holding up the sky
the bull horn chalets

Batam Beach View Resort
we fish late into the night
from our chalet window

Batam Beach View Resort
the village lane to
the premium rooms

Batam Beach View Resort
at the end of the lane
the sun over the horizon

Batam Beach View Resort
a foretaste of hotel charms
the hillside fruit garden

Batam Beach View Resort is one of Batam's best known hotels because of the pristine sea view it affords. The lanes to the premium rooms resemble village lanes and when the wind blows, one really could feel the magic of the sea here. One of the lanes end at a beach precipice where one can enjoy the sunset. Many of the rooms with horn roofs (Minangkabau traditional house) stand on stilt over the sea. Guests told us they could do their fishing from their window.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Japan Haiku - The Memorable Years

travel Japan unforgettables
an emperor calls it a day
a pheonix cruises into the sky

The years 1988 - 1990, two very famous personalities passed away. They were the Emperor Hirohito and evergreen Japanese Queen of Songs, Misora Hibari. They were a great way to remember the years I spent there.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Batam Pyarmid Mosque

rising like a gem
in the eyes the Batam
pyramid mosque

It is seldom you see a mosque shaped like a pyramid. But here in Batam island when you drive around town, you will be struck by the Masjid Raya, a mosque pyramid in shape. It is rare as I have not seen any other mosque of such shape in Malaysia and Indonesia.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Batam

on the street still
the malay heroes
hang tuah, hang jebat...

Batam as well as Bintan in the Rhiau Archipelago, a chain of 3,000 islands were part of the Malacca as well as the Johore Empire before they fell into the hands of the colonialists in the last few centuries. The Rhiau now is part of Indonesia. A Malaysian travelling here will feel at home as the names of the roads and places here are after Malay heroes of the Malacca empire such as Hang Tuah, Hang Jebat, Hang Nadim

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Yakyeh River Firefly Cruise (Kemaman, Trengganu)

mom and child ape
holding onto a branch
the glitter of fireflies

At the Yakyeh River I learnt that monkeys love to sleep at the end of branches. Our guide told us perhaps that is to avoid predators especially snake. As we cruise the river where fireflies light up the trees at both banks, we were shown monkeys too. The fireflies flash in sequence reminding me of strobe lights at a discotheque.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Multi Faith Family

late dad's death
after sister in law's chants
our hail marys

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Pompei Ruins

pompei ruins
my heart
stumbles

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Kick Of Maya Angelou

high heeled six foot black beauty
i get a kick of Angelou's
Phenomenal Woman

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Summer Rain

summer rain
i brush my hands over
the late spring bloom

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Contemporary Art

contemporary art
i gawk at the eyes
between the breasts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Quantum Theory

class quantum theory
a squirrel leaps from
branch to branch

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Images

the only person who
cares to speak to us
only in images is Divinity

the dazzling sun he
is paying the respect
to each new day
with an illumination
that can lift our spirit up

eyes, he is saying
how unique you are
a creature moulded
and beholden unto you
and unto you only

all the creatures
on land, in the sky, in the sea
he is saying there are
so many ways an idea
can be shaped
for the eyes as well
as for the senses

and the legs, he is saying
there are so many ways
you can run, walk tall
a centipede, a milipede
a snail, a fly, a turtle
four legs, six legs, two legs
a hundred legs, just to
go where you want to be

even the teeth,
there are so many
ways to feel the bite, the pain
the canines, the molars,
incisors, premolars
there are so many ways

you can chew the world up
into pieces, into a paste

and the universes
there are so many ways
you can make things shine
by themselves, by reflection
by refraction, by the water,
by the mist, by the rain
by the diamonds, by
the fireflies, your eyes

and time, there are so
many ways you can have
it measured, let it exist
by the speed of thoughts,
by the speed of the train, rocket
the needles of the clock
a vacuum, a sphere, a cube,
a square, a triangle,
a pyramid, stasis,
buddha's nirvana

a crossworld of images
Divinity talks in all subtleties
in the light a rainbow hides
in the mirage a city not so far away
and in the man, that compass
which will only lead to him

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - May Colorado River

May Colorado River
our admirations and the rushes
of the white water

May Colorado River
the white water echoes
our joy and admiration

May Colorado River
taking our breath away
crimson butts and mesas

Arguably the best rollercoaster ride in the country can be found in May on the Colorado River and its famous stretch of 30-plus rapids between Canyonlands National Park and Lake Powell. Float down the Green and the Colorado rivers for up to six days with Red River Adventures, gazing upon the area's crimson buttes and mesas and riding its most scream-worthy whitewater. After the epic run, retire to Moab, where balmy breezes and dry trails lure mountain bikers, climbers, and hikers out of their wintry shells.

john tiong chunghoo

Killers

the group of boys in the computer room
have just finished their game and are
talking about who could kill more cops
in the next round of their noon fun

for hours the boys had sat in front of
a computer - well they meet up each noon
after school to have their killing expedition -
shooting like rambos at renegades hiding
between doors, darkened rooms, or sprinting
down stairs as they return equally lethal rounds of firearms

for hours the boys laugh, scream at the top of
their voice, squeal, even bang tables when they lose out
to a friend as his points inch up with each fire he executes
that tears into the back of his targets

the amplified sounds of every action
from the stereo makes their heart racy;
they feel they are right at the scene of every killing
they are the real proud killers

in the streets too some policemen
who have just started their work are uneasy
with the news of another serial killer, and a gang of
robbers who have been terrorising everyone from
jewellers to bankers to the society's high flyers
cityfolks are even finding their own homes insecure

'if we can just round them up and hang them? '
one of the policemen lights his cigarette, puffs,
sighs and laughs to his gun toting colleagues

john tiong chunghoo

Branch

the woodpecker is so much fun
the parakeet is so much fun
the swallow is so much fun
they are all trying out their
primary environment with all
its natural endowments,
sounds, privilege of flights
their physique is a tip top
musical wonder each finds out
echoing by the greater self
shrouded in another sphere

i am so much fun
i dont know every of these
god given parts, trying out
a few, guessing here and there
hoping this is this and that is that
a chirp here, a chirp there
a prayer here, a prayer there
wishing things would solve by themselves

i am a soul with little knowledge
of these god given body parts
trying out a few and learning
something out of them

a bird in a primordial jungle
a fish in an ocean of wants
slowly learning to adapt to
its every cell, in blood, in flesh
revealed in sights, in sounds
echoed in so many realms
nature trying to find a step
in one of its other branches

john tiong chunghoo

Cause And Effect

we all have to pay up
what we take away
there is only one law
and that's the law of
cause and effect
so many fake stories
have been strewn
between the two
favoured or unfavoured
we all one day has to
stand in line to pay up
what is due to be paid up
ask whoever has a brush with the Divine

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Crescendo Of Existence

what if this is the crescendo of existence?
physique and soul dancing the last on
the privileged floor of logic and emotions
nature peeling away the last grain of pain
before it spirals away into the buddhaland of nirvana

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry; Originality Works

the universal mind freed
of worn outs, stacked ups,
recycled ideas - an exciting lane,
a million facets to walk in
oiled strides, lightness of feet
charged with brightness of dreams
a sparkling diamond in the
counter begs to be taken home
by one homo sapien that can lift it
out of its fiery fury drudgery
so that all its sparkles carry the
shade and warmth of a distinctive soul
everyone can share their own

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Williamsburg, Near Washington

snugly tucked in
its 18th century
Williamsburg

just two hours to drive
back to the 18th century
Williamsburg

Just a few hours outside of the hustle and bustle of Washington, D.C., is a step back in time called Colonial Williamsburg, the largest living-history museum in the United States. The town's Historic Area has been meticulously re-created to look exactly as it did in the 1770s, when Williamsburg served as Virginia's capital. Here women wear long dresses and ruffled caps, men don powdered wigs, and horses pull carriages through the streets. Enjoy colonial fare at the taverns, watch blacksmiths and harness-makers use 18th-century methods, and see the local militia run drills on Market Square.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Petronas Twin Towers (Kuala Lumpur)

Petronas Twin Towers
the child does
a tarzan

Wikipedia:

The Petronas Twin Towers (also known as the Petronas Towers or just Twin Towers) , in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia are twin towers and were the world's tallest buildings, before being surpassed by Taipei 101. However, the towers are still the tallest twin buildings in the world. They were the world's tallest buildings from 1998 to 2004 if measured from the level of the main entrance to the structural top, the original height reference used by the US-based Council on Tall Buildings and Urban Habitat from 1969 (three additional height categories were introduced as the tower neared completion in 1996) .[

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Lifestyle - Pressure

i feel unhassled and at ease with myself
the organic pomegranate and purple carrot juice
i just downed have warned my heart to
work without exerting pressure on me

note courtesy of wikipedia;

The pomegranate (*Punica granatum*) is a fruit-bearing deciduous shrub or small tree growing to between five and eight metres tall. The pomegranate is native to Iran and has been cultivated and naturalized over the whole Mediterranean region and the Caucasus since ancient times. It is widely cultivated throughout Afghanistan, Algeria, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Iran, Iraq, India, Pakistan, Syria, Turkey, the drier parts of southeast Asia, Peninsular Malaysia, the East Indies, and tropical Africa. Introduced into Latin America and California by Spanish settlers in 1769, pomegranate is now cultivated in parts of California and Arizona for juice production.

In the Northern Hemisphere, the fruit is typically in season from September to February.[3] In the Southern Hemisphere, it is in season from March to May.

Purple carrot:



Purple carrots (usually orange inside) have even more beta carotene than their orange cousins, and get their pigment from an entirely different class, the anthocyanins, these pigments act as powerful antioxidants, grabbing and holding on to harmful free radicals in the body. Anthocyanins also help prevent heart disease by slowing blood clotting and are good anti-inflammatory agents. These originate from Turkey, and the Middle and Far East.

john tiong chunghoo

Lifestyle - Spices

after having lived with
Malays and Indians for so long
I cannot take a meal without hot chillies
and other tropical spices
my mother laughs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - St Lucia Jazz Festival

St Lucia Jazz Festival
whizzing in my ears too
sweet caribbean breeze

St Lucia Jazz Festival
the shine of the saxophone
the shine in her eyes

St. Lucia has a lot going on any time of the year—the famous volcanoes, sweeping hilltop views, a distinct and vibrant culture—but in May there's an exceptional happening. The St. Lucia Jazz Festival, May 2-10, is among the more lively events on the regional musical circuit, and it has earned a reputation as one of the best parties in the Caribbean. Whether you're coming for the music or the island's natural charms, you can't go wrong with the Anse Chastenet resort, a slice of soft sand and luxurious service on a crescent cove of St. Lucia's southwest coast.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poem Mode

after 3,000 poems still
not easy to go poem mode
whenever i pick up the pen

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Batam Surprise

Batam, fly or drive
great heroes to welcome
you

I felt strange when all the names of roads and even the airport were named after heroes of the Malacca Empire. Roads are named after Hang Tuah, Hang Jebat, Hang Lekir while the international airport after Hang Nadim. Looks like they get greater prominence in Indonesia.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haikumania

haikumania

2,000 haikus and liking

only two three of them

Haikus seem to be very easy to write. However, it is really about writing a haiku that could give readers a fresh perspective of the topic written about, giving the readers a new glimpse of the world.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Cape Town

over the Table Mountain
a feast for Cape Town
adventures

Backed by Table Mountain, where the frigid waters of the Atlantic meet the almost Jacuzzi-like waters of the Indian Ocean, Cape Town, South Africa, offers a plethora of activity. To get a good overview of the city, climb to the 3,562-foot shelf atop Table Mountain via the popular Platteklip Gorge route. Bikers pedal on the spectacular Chapman's Peak Drive around Hout's Bay, beachcombers take long walks on Clifton Beach, mountain bikers head to Cape Point, surfers head to Kalk Bay, and sea kayakers can pick almost any cove along the coast. Then, of course, there's safari. Cape Town's closest private game reserve, Aquila, features giraffes, rhinos, zebras, and ostriches.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Carried Away

a poet
carried away
by his words
takes readers
to a no man's land

a poet makes
sure every word
is guided
on the lane
of his thoughts
so that each helps
him achieve
what he has
set out to do

so that they do
not lean and limp
down the heart
of his readers

a poet carried
away by his
thoughts
is as good as
as a pilot
who has lost
his compass

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

Mirror, Mirror

nature gives
to me a piece of
merrier self

and from there
it claims a piece
of merrier self

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

American President Haiku Series - Thomas Jefferson

Thomas Jefferson
a nation expands on
fear of Napoleon

Virginia University
the corridors still roar with
Jefferson's goodbye

Montecello
a president is where
his house is

those tilling the fields
Thomas Jefferson's
chosen people of God

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Emergency Haiku

emergency
a beetle waves frantically
from the water

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Us Peace Advocate Rev Jesse Jackson Sr In Malaysia Poem

clogged drains
that have been
stinking for years

rotten rotten
rats, rotten fish,
rotten hold backs
refuse rotten corpses
that send offensives
stomach up
stucked, stubborn
nauseating
spirit draining

where is the
country that should
flourish like a patch
of grass sprinkled
with spring water
growing profusely
with a uniformity of colours?

fengshui flowers
ideas go to the sky
to come down to
fertilise lands and mind

US peace advocate
Rev Jesse Jackson Sr
uncorks a bottle of
vintage angsts to
dissolve them in
his cold fluid advice
smooth to the ears
rekindling that sigh
of long cherished goal
diverse races to

find a common
catalyst to grow
and mature

through the glass
a shimmering amber
of the years ahead

light the eyes, heart
and mind find a perfect step
to a gratifying, unifying song

Note: Reverend Jesse Jackson Sr was in Kuala Lumpur to promote peace since Monday i.e. April 20,2009. He was a keynote speaker at the Bridges - Dialogues Towards a Culture of Peace conference organised by the International Peace Foundation and Sime Darby Berhad.

john tiong chunghoo

Tight As A Bud

pinky pink
blood flushed
countenance

florid sakuras
new grown fluid
silky confidence

smile inching buds
tight promises
warm cosiness

morn greetings
blast away
a sun spiralling
over every human
cell

a covered bud
some three moons
inches to take
new warmth
with warmth
a wholesome hug

a graceful sendoff
with colourful promises
to herald its return
tight as buds in
eight spiralling moons

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Gulf Shores And Orange Beach (Alabama)

choosing orange beach
over panhandle
just to be with myself

Sun-dappled Gulf of Mexico water meets 32 miles of sugar-white sand in this coastal Alabama haven. Often overshadowed by the Florida Panhandle, Gulf Shores and the neighboring community of Orange Beach are an unsung duo, providing myriad outlets for an ideal beach vacation. Summer is humid and scorching hot, but spring enjoys warm days and cool Gulf breezes at night. Spend some time hiking, fishing, and kayaking at nearby 7,000-acre Bon Secour National Wildlife Refuge, which has five miles of federally protected beachfront.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Virginia Historic Garden Week

Virginia Historic Garden Week
we walk pass corridors
of American history

Virginia Historic Garden Week
more solid and concrete
now the meaning of freedom

Virginia Historic Garden Week
colourful as spring
these open houses

Virginia Historic Garden Week
any 18th century wine for us?
the connoisseur quips

Virginia Historic Garden Week
a concrete history laid bare
in black and white

Virginia Historic Garden Week
the nuance of history
in the shadows and lights

Billed as 'America's Largest Open House, ' Virginia's Historic Garden Week, April 18-25, boasts the oldest statewide house and garden tour in the country. More than 250 of the state's most beautiful and historic homes and gardens open to the public during the peak week of Virginia's springtime color. Many of the homes have family histories related to the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and the Victorian Era, and will appeal to both architecture and history buffs. Locations include Tuckahoe Plantation, a boyhood home of Thomas Jefferson, and Mount Vernon, George Washington's expansive estate.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Fruita Fat Tire Festival (Colorado)

Fruita Fat Tire Festival
uncle joins in to trim
his fats

Fruita Fat Tire Festival
his flabs jump up and down
Kokopelli's trail

Fruita Fat Tire Festival
aunty joins in to
keep her shape

Fruita Fat Tire Festival
up and down Kokopelli's trail
she will make a go

Thank Fruita, Colorado's warm, arid climate for the fact that come April, trails are already mud-free and the weather's balmy. The Fruita Fat Tire Festival, held April 23-26, is the unofficial kick-off to bike season and involves races, group rides, and, naturally, plenty of ale and live bands. Fruita is known for its slim, fast singletrack. Stop by Over the Edge Sports, the de facto biking hub, to rent wheels and gather beta, and then explore the Kokopelli's Trail area, which features 40-plus miles of classic Fruita singletrack.

john tiong chunghoo

Brain

God and my own brain
teach me
so many things

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - California Wild Beauties

Spring Antelope Valley
california poppy has taken up
every space

Spring Antelope Valley
a desert of
flowers

Spring Antelope Valley
no space
for my feet

Perhaps the best state in the country to view spring's bounty of wildflowers? California. The shimmering orange California poppy, the state flower, can be spotted along Southern California roadways and on hikes in the hills in spring. To see them in profusion, head to the Antelope Valley in the Mojave Desert, where fields surrounding the Antelope Valley California Poppy Reserve become a sea of orange from mid-March to May. During wildflower season, free guided public tours are offered, if staff is available, at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. on weekends and 11 a.m. on weekdays

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Cambodia Haiku - A Little Torn Picture

cambodia trishaw boy
from his wallet a little torn picture
of late dad

a little torn picture
as the boy shows me his dad
my heart melts

in the trishaw boy's wallet too
a grim reminder of
a violent history

all that remains
of his dad
a little blurred torn picture

a little blur torn picture
all the trishaw boy could
remember his dad by

This trishaw boy who i acquainted at my hotel in Siem Reap showed me a little picture in his wallet. He said it was of his father who he never met because he was taken away by Pol Pot regime when he was still very young. He said that was the only picture left of his father.

Of course, dad never came back from the purge. Many of the trishaw boys in Seam Reap are young between 18 and 25. I thought they should be in college.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Telling It As It Is

people who have problem
expressing themselves
keep the gold mine there
and find the tools
extract the gold ounce by ounce
let us see all its glitter and shine
without any being thrown over

people who have no problem
expressing themselves
keep the gold mine there
and let us see the gold and all its glitter
ounce by ounce without any
being glossed over

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - A Premature Death

to let the poet in them die
their mind must have fallen
flat like a corpse
cant the moon not be
made a queen so that
she could doze off in the
light of his care?
nay, of course, they
did not let the poet go to sleep

he was wrapped
and bundled away in the
shadows of the day
by the flood of sweats
to bring the food on the table
by the torrent of thoughts
to get life smooth sailing

the poet, the poet, he can
sleep for a while and hopeful
will not die too prematurely

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Najib Tun Razak

Najib Tun Razak
such big fat
palm

I stayed in Brickfields and never had I thought I would be at the same Indian restaurant with Najib the second day he was sworn in as Prime Minister. He had made it a priority to visit the Chinese and Indian sections of Kuala Lumpur to show his appreciation to the two communities. Everybody stood up when he entered the Kortumalai Indian Restaurant. When he shook hand with me, I suddenly realised that najib has such big fat palm. It is sign of prosperity for Chinese. Let's wish he could bring Malaysia to an era of prosperity.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Berlin (Germany)

Berlin
the Wall falls to
bless our eyes

Berlin pulley
the Wall falls to lift the curtain
of an exciting heritage

20 years between them
fall of the Berlin Wall
and world economy

In this economy, you don't have to forgo that 'essential Europe' trip. Instead of forking over beaucoup Euros to stay in Paris, check out its scrappier counterpart to the east, where you'll be able to afford more than a cot at a hostel. David Bowie once called Berlin the 'greatest cultural extravaganza that one could imagine, ' and that still holds up today, with edgy young art and music scenes and lively nightlife. Picnic along the Spree, where remaining pieces of the Berlin Wall form a veritable art gallery, and toast to the 20 years since (most of) the wall fell.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Louisville Slugger Museum (State Of Kentucky)

Louisville Slugger Museum
old fan talks as if he's at
a baseball match

Louisville Slugger Museum
old man misses no details
of his idols' triumphs

Louisville Slugger Museum
at every bat, he talks about
his idol's victories

For a look into the history of America's favorite pastime, head to the Louisville Slugger Museum and Factory, just a ball toss away from where 'Bud' Hillerich created the first Louisville Slugger at his father's woodworking shop in 1884. Since that time, almost every baseball great has held an adaptation of this bat on his shoulder. Famous bats on the walls include the one Hank Aaron used to hit homers 698,699, and 700, and the 1927 Louisville Slugger Babe Ruth swung at the plate to hit 21 home runs. Tour the factory and purchase your own personalized bat at the gift store on the way out.

john tiong chunghoo

An Easter Song

a chess to be played
victories and losses
to be taken
like gentlemen

the game is his
an ultimate plan
to make us gentlemen
of the best kinds

like how he gives
himself to us
on the Cross
a pain, a loss,
an eternal joy
a perfect gentleman

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Dew

dew
hugs the grass
and my eyelashes

inspired by

the world of dew
so fast turns green...
rice fields
-Issa,1816

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Off The Cuff

you do not have to be
too disturbed by
yourself or audience
just do it off the cuff
like the morning birds
that blast away their songs
in the forests without a care
on their tall pulpits, two bare
feet clawing onto branches
the best poems are those
coming right from the heart
in scyn with spirit and moment
the pauses, the stammers or
stutterings leaves that fall from
a tree of inspirations and thoughts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Fiesta San Antonio (Dallas)

louder than the battle
of San Jacinto
Fiesta San Antonio

Fiesta San Antonio
in memory of San Jacinto war
victors and losers hug each other

Held each April to honor the memory of the heroes of the Alamo and the Battle of San Jacinto, Fiesta San Antonio is a ten-day party with more than 100 events, including parades, live music, plenty of food, sports, and pageants. The Fiesta features Cornyation, a humorous show lampooning San Antonio headlines and personalities; the St. Mary's Oyster Bake; and the Women's Fiesta Soccer Tournament, featuring top teams from around the nation. The festival begins April 16 and goes until the 26th.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Todos, Santos, Los Cabos (Mexico)

Todos Santos

our brain gulp down some mexican arts
after the sun and sea

Todos Santos

it's a mecca for mexican
food and arts

If you need a break from endless sun and late nights in Los Cabos, head about an hour and a half north to Todos Santos, still undeveloped enough to retain a lazy artists' village vibe. With only two main streets that span about five blocks, you'll find great Mexican-made silver and onyx jewelry and lots of street-side taco trucks serving up freshly fried fish tacos and a rainbow of spicy salsas. Stay at the legendary Hotel California, where beautiful art abounds in every room. The adjacent restaurant serves amazingly smooth papaya margaritas (made with locally-grown papayas) and tasty seafood dishes concocted with tequila.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - By-Election Campaign

by-election campaign
a murdered woman's name
reverberates through the land

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - 4th Marathon Des Sables (March 29-April 4)

marathon des sables
the desert filled with
the memory of moses

marathon des sables
still here the sand of moses
and his flocks

marathon des sables
in each grain of sand
the memory of moses

marathon des sables
in each grain of sand
sweat for the promised land

Marathon des Sables
we egg ourselves on
in the spirit of moses

Marathon des Sables
the spirit of Moses
keeps us going

Marathon des Sables
the spirit of Moses sweeps through
the sahara

no mannas from heaven
we walk along like
moses' flocks

Having just completed one of the hardest and most intense footraces in the world, participants in the 24th Marathon des Sables (March 29-April 4) head home today, exhausted but proud. The 150-mile ultramarathon lasts for seven long days through the blazing Sahara desert around Ouarzazate, Morocco. Some 800 competitors take on the grueling challenge, which requires all runners to

carry their own food, water, and equipment on their backs as they journey across the rocky desert landscape. Only a carefully rationed 2.4 gallons of water and local tents are provided by the organizers.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Haiku

five years with three liners
only five fingers needed
to vouch for what i like

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Bushes And Barracks

those bushy years we spent
so much money fighting militants
now with the economy in shambles
and our homes foreclosed
we have no choice but to make
do with barracks, we cannot live
in bushes can we?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Words As Friends

i dont use words
unless they have become
very much a part of myself
like i dont call a person
a friend, unless he has
really become very much
a part of my life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

In The Image

i saw my face vibrate in the light of the water
and knew the Divine was waving back at me pleased
that i am enjoying his agent of cleanliness, his freshness
i smiled to myself and knew that there was more to me than meet
the eye, that the divine was too looking at me through this image
i heard my echo in the mountains and knew the Divine had rolled
back the question whether I knew who i actually was
i cocked my ears knowing there was more to sound than
drumming up the ear and found a spiritual self coming from
afar to anchor himself in the heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nest

it smells stale like fish rotting in the drain
a mishmash of of straws from streets here and there
put together in a hurry the fasion of a frantic chase for love
and feathers a latter addition, they stuck onto the straws
starved by leftovers of food, of love, affection and faeces
here and there, little furry feathers orchestrate a dance
heralding a dream that has grown and flown away

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Antigua Classic Yacht Regatta (Caribbean)

Antique Classic Yacht Regatta
children talk about marooned on an island
with a great yacht at their side.

Antigua Classic Yacht Regatta
the children talk about having a beach
all to themselves

Antigua Classic Yacht Regatta
so long it looks great she says
who cares whether it finishes last

Two great reasons to visit Antigua this spring: It's an exotic, beautiful, fascinating island, and in mid-April it hosts the annual Classic Yacht Regatta. Even if you don't like sailing (and, really, how could you not?) , you have to concede the elegance and beauty of classic yachts. The event features classic ketches, sloops, schooners, and yawls, along with select Spirit of Tradition and J Class yachts, and Tall Ships. Sailors know two things better than most people: how to enjoy the sea and how to tell stories about enjoying the sea. On top of the nautical attractions, Antigua also boasts 365 beaches (though we stopped counting at about five) and the well-preserved Nelson's Dockyard historical site.

john tiong chunghoo

A Black Screen

he hung a screen at
the back of his mind
and prayed to the Divinity
to give him a show
of His world

there was no image,

no sign, nothing, total
silence, just one white screen
which he could not even
hold up for too long

he prayed again and
asked Divinity again to
show him at least a little
part of his world

no answer, total whiteness

an angel took pity and told him
'well if you want to see something
use a black screen not white'

and he visualised a blackscreen
in the light of his mind
it soon came to life with
a three dimensional darkness
that seemed to breathe with a
consciousness that bewildered him

the darkness grew and grew
with an earnestness so that it
took over the space of his own mind

he found himself submerged
in a boundless consciousness; a
darkness that breathes sacredness,
holiness, boundless knowledge,

and the question: 'why would
you want to know? '

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Telling The Sky

telling the sky all your grouses,
magpie, is there no one
to help you?

inspired by

are you calling
for your devoted child?
evening sparrow
-Issa,1819

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Banff, Alberta

Banff Jasper Highway
the only animal out of place
us

Banff is one of the most magnificent parks in the world to view wildlife, with views along the Banff-Jasper Highway affording glimpses of moose, bear, eagles, elk, big horn sheep, and mountain goat, as well as grand snowcapped peaks, electric-blue lakes, and endless forests. Wildlife is so abundant that animal tunnels have been installed under the highway to accommodate the frequent moose crossings, and elk can often be seen roaming the streets of Banff, Lake Louise, and Jasper.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Brixton South West London

Brixton Southwest London
one souvenir seller speaks
no english

Brixton Southwest London
the colonised now colonise
the business here

While London has no shortage of fine dining options, fans of exotic food and nightlife can take the tube to Brixton in South West London, a well-known haven for musicians, artists, and activists. Along with an array of eccentric marketplaces, organic eateries, and late-night bars, you can sample your way through a variety of international cuisines including African, Caribbean, Indonesian, and Portuguese, a sound cultural alternative to traditional London pub food and high-end dining. Don't miss Brixton Market, chock full of vendors selling everything from African spices to cassava to Guyanese curries.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Gray Whale Migration, Cannon Beach(State Of Oregon)

April Cannon Beach
the sea lions too taken up
by the sights

April Cannon Beach
we join the sea lions
in their songs of praise

Oregan Coast March
a fountain of
whales

Every spring, gray whales make their way north from the breeding grounds of Baja California to the summer playground of the Bering Sea. Traveling about five miles per hour, it takes the whale some three weeks to make the journey, passing the scenic Oregon coast in late March and April. Stop in Cannon Beach to see Haystack Rock, the artsy little hamlet of Yachats, backed by verdant Cape Perpetua, and Sea Lion Caves, where you take an elevator down 200 feet to view hundreds of sea lions squawking on the rocks.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Locating The Real Man

why poetry?
by way of words
to locate the man
inside of me, his identity,
the way he loves to be seen
and the way he wishes
the world to be

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Springtime In The United States

from coast to coast
cheering us all up
flowers, butterflies, and bees

from coast to coast
riveting spring greetings
from the fields

from coast to coast
flowers, butterflies and bees
do their spring dance

from coast to coast
the flowers wave to us
in the field

from coast to coast
a riotous span of colours
salutes the sun and us

from coast to coast
a riotous span of colours
wave to the sun and us

from coast to coast
colourful dexterious faces
peek at sun

Ah, springtime. Everyone packs away their warm layers, replacing them with shorts and T-shirts, just as the landscape sheds its monochromatic hue for stunningly colorful flowers from coast to coast. And one of the best places to see this brilliant display is in the Texas Hill Country, just outside of Austin. Bluebonnets, the state flower, wave in the breeze by the side of the road and over meadows and hills, but they're not the only wildflower in attendance. Indian paintbrush, pink evening primrose, scarlet phlox, rain lilies, and blooming peach and redbud trees also color the landscape.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Washington National Cherry Blossom Festival

cherry blossom
our song crests in the fall
of the blossom

National Cherry Blossom Festival
a tidal of cherry blossom
join the chorus of our song

National Cherry Blossom Festival
we decide to dress up
in white and pink

National Cherry Blossom Festival
he asks whether she loves
white or pink

With everyone on tighter budgets, now's a great time to visit our nation's capital, one of the most wallet-friendly cities in the country. And this week you've got added incentive: Peak blooming time for Washington, D.C.'s famous cherry blossoms has been predicted for April 1-4 this year. The National Cherry Blossom Festival runs until April 12 and features tons of cultural performances and demonstrations, with a parade down Constitution Avenue on April 4. See the explosion of pink and white petals around the Tidal Basin, where you can also watch free performances—everything from martial arts to acts from America's Got Talent—every day at noon.

john tiong chunghoo

A Big One

the she male's big one
God's stand is
hard to change

he she male
has such a big one
it looks like nature itself
giving God
the middle finger

the she male's big one
it looks projecting
the stand that God's
creation is all good

the she male's big one
God's stand can only
mean good

the she male's big one
nature out to prove
a hard point

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Divine Bird

i would skip the best musical concert
to listen one more time to this morning bird
it makes me regret for not having been
a bird watcher and getting to know the name
of every bird and how every bird makes sure
they shine their best in voice rather than feathers
for feathers are just for a show of form but the
voice how well they have cultivated themselves
with the bountiful freedoms strewn below their wings

it was only two mornings ago, i first heard him
sing in among the many trees lining the boulevard
outside my condominium, the Crescent Court
the enchanting haunting notes of his song shocked
me into wondering whether it was really a bird that
sang those pristine notes, notes that seemed to have
streamed out of the sacred sanctum of God, so many
diverse notes, so well handled, they sounded
like a song written by the Divine for one special bird
one most holy entree to the dawn of a new day

i prayed to the Divine to allow me hear that bird
again, a bird that has sung his way into my my poem,
a bird probably from another realm where birds could
understand the workings of the heavens better than men

john tiong chunghoo

Aliens Versus Men

'why cant we see
the aliens though
they are everywhere? '

'because they are
moving faster than light,
faster than our thoughts'

'why cant they stop
down to talk to us? '

'because our intelligence
is too low for them to
communicate with us.
it is like asking us to talk
with rats.'

why cant they stop to
elevate us to their level
since they are so intelligent?

'cos men have not
given up the animals
in them. men might
turn immediately
against them.'

'did they introduce
religion to help us
love each other,
to silence the beast in us? '

'did it help? '

'not really. see all
the wars in the name
of religion? '

' are we doomed? '

'Remember the dinosaurs
which never went beyond
body size and that fateful meteor.'

'Is that a lesson for us? '

'A big big lesson.'

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Awana Kijal Resort, Kemamam (State Of Trengganu)

Awana Kijal Resort
the Manager says we are
in the midst of a fishing village

Awana Kijal Resort
a rainbow of waves
welcome us

Awana Kijal Resort
in the off season calm
i hear the joy of children

The huge resort features a golf course by the sea, a stunning Javanese Spa, and numerous outlets with delectable cuisines. The floor at the lobby is coloured like waves cresting over a beach, yellow, blue, green, and so on. There is also a fountain with artificial blue dolphins spewing water. Tourists have the best time shopping for authentic traditional products in the villages here such as lekor, leman, keropok. Kijal is famous for durians and leman.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - The Cresting Of The Red River (Fargo, United States)

Red River Crest
feels like Jews pursued
by the Pharaoh's army

Red River ebb
the tide in us
too recedes

the fear in us
cresting before
the Red River's

waiting for Red River crest
a tsunami sweeps
through us

AP NEWS:

FARGO, N.D. – As the Red River slowly receded Sunday, Fargo was keeping a close eye on the many miles of sandbag levees that are the main line of defense against a potentially destructive flood that has had the city on edge for more than a week.

Residents who spent the better part of the week filling sandbags and building up dikes turned their attention to forming neighborhood patrols and monitoring levees for breaches. Fargo still fears that water could burst past the levees and submerge parts of the city.

The Army Corps of Engineers and city officials worked overnight to shore up a breach on Fargo's north side, near Oak Grove Lutheran School. The leak, which happened about 1:30 a.m., wasn't serious enough to warrant the immediate evacuation of nearby residents, said Robyn Litke, a city spokeswoman.

The city had been bracing for a crest of up to 43 feet on Sunday, but instead learned Saturday that the river may have reached its peak. The weather service said the river crested around midnight Friday at 40.82 feet. It was at 40.31 feet early Sunday and dropping.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Isle Royal National Park (State Of Michigan)

Isle Royale National Park
we walk in a pack to
avoid the wolves

Stunning Isle Royale National Park is one of the least visited parks in the contiguous United States; the 200-island archipelago can be reached only by ferry or seaplane, thereby discouraging most day-trippers but attracting kayakers, canoeists, divers, and anglers, as well as long-distance hikers. For the best way to see the forested Lake Superior scenery, grab hold of an oar. Late spring sees considerably less rain than the summer months, and all that empty scenery makes carrying an extra sweater worth its bulk.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Salt

the salt i cannot see
makes the food taste
so flavourable

God i cannot see
makes this life so much
worth living

salt is to tongue
as God is to the soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Why Does Light Kiss The Eyes?

why does the light kiss the eyes?
it wishes to spread the best presents
over their lustrous oval tables

why does the air kiss the ears?
it wishes to tell them the sweetest
stories they would ever get to hear

why does water kiss the tongue?
to share with us all the experiences
it has acquired going round the earth

why does the air hug the nose?
to tell us what mom is preparing
in the kitchen and who has come to town

why does the skin wrap us all up?
to make sure we are in safe hands

why does our conscience shake us all the time?
to make sure we dont fall out of the boat to heaven

john tiong chunghoo

Earth Hour - It's Just A Click

earth hour
in the darkness
brightness

earth hour
i bask in the energy of love
wrapping round earth

earth hour, just
a click to reduce
mother earth's woes

earth hour
just a click to unite
the world

earth hour
needed - the same spirit
to fight the recession

PoemHunter.com

from MSN:

Do you want to show you care about energy conservation? Simply switch off your lights on March 28 from 8: 30 to 9: 30 p.m., local time.

This is Earth Hour, and Saturday is the third annual worldwide event. Earth Hour is both a symbolic act and the start of a practical habit.

Millions of homes and businesses and hundreds of major landmarks will go dark for one hour to show that energy conservation is important and to send this message to political leaders attending the United Nations Climate Change Conference in December 2009.

At the same time, Earth Hour reminds each of us how easy it is to conserve - just turn off non-essential lights and electronics to reduce our own power consumption.

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - Yasmin Ahmad's Takes

in her own special way
teaching the Malay young
to be self reliant, to have
special pride in themselves

Yasmin Ahmad is among a crop of young proud Malaysians making movies for the world audience. She has a very good following in many countries including Japan, Germany, the United Kingdom among others.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Earth Hour

by leaps and bounds
the world has progressed
since the industrial revolution
men's life expectancy
has increased so many years

by leaps and bounds too
we seem to be heading
towards a crash between
our own survival and
that of mother earth

earth hour - giving ourselves
and earth - a break
even in this darkness,
earth cools down to lift us
up in a warm efferverscent cheer
we cant help but shed tears
for what we had done to mother earth
and vow to light the coming years
in the darkness of our rooms

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Berlize's Sharks

Berlize shark migration
we too head for
Gladden Cut

Berlize shark migration
as many as the sharks
spectators

Whale sharks can approach 60 feet in length, but despite their gargantuan proportions, they're actually gentle giants. They also happen to be surprisingly hard to spot, even with their venerable status as the planet's largest fish. But your chances of seeing them are notably higher when you head to the Gladden Cut, an area off Placencia, Belize, where the behemoths migrate between March and April to feed on snapper spawns. Post-dive, decompress with fly-fishing, snorkeling, or good old beach bumming off Belize's coast.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Miami Beaches (State Of Florida)

85th Street Beach
just sand to embrace
my holiday

Glitter Beach
so many kate winslets
julia Robertses and.. stargazers

Virginia Key
hope it opens door to
some real Miami fun

Sure, the nightlife might be why you came to Miami, but you need somewhere to recover the next day—that's when you hit the beach. For the ultimate in people-watching, head straight for Lummus Park Beach, a.k.a. Glitter Beach, which runs along Ocean Drive and is backed by the Art Deco neighborhood. For the best place to swim away from the crowds, check out 85th Street Beach, one of Miami's only stretches of sand without hotels or condos overlooking it. Or, to really get away from it all, Virginia Key on Key Biscayne is the place for self reflection while getting lost in a good book.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Teluk Champedak, Kuantan (State Of Pahang)

teluk champedak
i cross the bridge between
ape and man

(Teluk is the Malay word for Bay. On a half km bridge that links two parts of the champedak beach, I saw a mother monkey carry its child affectionately in its bosom like a human being. A few other monkeys joined in her fun, one even cuddling the young monkey as its mother gave it some space for affection. The monkeys are really just an IQ away from men. A man nearby said they are actually men's ancestors)

teluk champedak bridge
the monkeys too
crossing the bridge

Champedak boulders
i take a deep breath
and muse about Yoga

At Teluk Champedak are many huge boulders some shaped like a bald head.
Perfect place for yoga lovers.

Teluk Champedak
a 9kg stingray shores up
the angler's night

Anglers come here for stingrays in the night. They stick their fishing lines on the beach. When they move, they know a stingray is on the hook. I saw a nine kg stingray on the beach panting for breath two nights ago.

john tiong chunghoo

Image

the sea throwing the sky
asunder is a sign
of the man's madness
in not being able to fully
understand what is above him

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Orlando's Draw (State Of Florida)

Orlando's draws
a roller coaster trip
to the best spots

Orlando's draws
mom keeps repeating
one thing at a time

Orlando's draws
the child has become
a spiderman

Orlando's draws
the child says he wishes
he is a spiderman

mom to son: we've not
enough time but there's
always the next time

Although Disney World is still Orlando's number one draw, the city's jam-packed with tons of other attractions kids will love. Universal Studios Florida turns action movies such as Men In Black and Shrek into immersive rides loaded with special effects. Islands of Adventure adds more thrills with stomach-churning coasters based on characters like Spiderman and Cat in the Hat. Beyond the theme parks, kids can discover the magic of science at the Orlando Science Center, where themed halls feature hundreds of hands-on exhibits, or take a side trip to Kennedy Space Center to tour NASA's launch and landing facilities.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Bali

Ubud gallery tour
artists give birth to so many
one dimension balis

Ubud gallery tour
i am more impressed by
the real Bali

Ubud
a thick artist's spirit
hangs in the air

bali lesson
how to tap religion, culture
and history for money

bali
i walk around to see why people
fall in love with it

One of the most popular islands in the long Indonesian archipelago, Bali lives up to its exotic reputation with active volcanoes, dense jungle, lush rice terraces, stunning beaches, and a rich, ancient culture. Shop, drink, and sunbathe in Kuta; go diving in the coral reefs off the island's east coast; or charter a sailboat from Lombok or Lovina. And, with some 20,000 temples on an island only 87 by 56 miles large, you'll also have lots of opportunities to see the island's spiritual side through these beautifully ornate temples called pura.

john tiong chunghoo

A Toad

why cry all alone?
get out and meet somebody
the frogs are croaking
for companion, why arent you?
get out, and get to know somebody
anybody is better than nobody
even a toad waddling in the pond

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Movie Poem - Roshomon

she keeps on talking
about the woman
with the long hair
he keeps on talking
about the man with
the beautiful samurai sword
she keeps on talking
about the shaman
he keeps on talking
about the murder
we found in our midst
a woman who is a hairdresser
a man who collects swords
a woman who practises yoga
and a man who is writing
writing a murder novel

john tieng chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mystery Of The Mind Poem - Black Hole

still trying hard
to explore this black hole -
myself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Bintulu Promenade (State Of Sarawak)

our first encounter
where River Kemena meets
South China Sea

Bintulu Promenade
a little girl lugs
a big fish

a line of fishing lines
mouth of
River Kemena

Bintulu is a small town of 200,000 people. It has grown from a fishing village over the last 20 years because of liquefied natural gas found off its shore as well as a thriving timber industry in its hinterland. It is located by the Kemena River. A beautiful promenade has been built along the river to the point where it meets the South China Sea. It is a favourite angler's haunt as there are lots of fishes around here.

john tiong chunghoo

Thinking About Oneself

man A thinks about nothing
but his own race all day long
man B thinks about nothing
but his own business and his
troubled race all day long
man C wedged between them
also takes plenty of time to think
about his own race and how to
catch up with the rest of the world
when friends from afar come
visiting they try hard to put on
a smile to show how united they are
though the fire they keep within them
is smouldering and fast spreading
soon all realise they have left their
own beloved country to rot while
they think about nothing but
themselves all day long

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Hokkaido Pristine Ski Slopes

Hokkaido pristine slopes
we ski towards
the rising sun

As winter gives way to spring, diehard skiers and boarders shift their gaze to next season—and we encourage you to look east. Japan's little-known ski slopes offer some of the best powder on the planet, and with over 500 annual inches each season, the island of Hokkaido is the place. Pair epic skiing with panoramic views that stretch into the Sea of Japan, après joys like all-natural hot spring onsens and the izakayas (Japan's take on the tapas bar) , and lift tickets that go for a fraction of those found in the west, and the only thing left to decide is when you're going to go.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Reading Like A Miracle

still the wish
to write a poem that reads
like a miracle

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Thai Sleeping Buddha Temple (State Of Penang)

sorry Mr Buddha
everybody is disturbing
you from your sleep

Wat Chaiyamangalaram and its sleeping buddha in Penang is famous among tourists. The reclining buddha is said to be one of the largest in the world. People come here to pray. Many press gold leafs onto some of the buddha statues around here hoping to get blessings from him.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Cheong Fatt Tze Mansion (State Of Penang)

Cheong Fatt Tze Mansion
more poetic than words on doors
the rustle of bamboos

Cheong Fatt Tze Mansion
the bamboo trees give us
a rustling welcome

chip by chip
an old broken mansion
wins back the years

Cheong Fatt Tze Mansion
the only thing they cant bring back
Mr Cheong Fatt Tze

Cheong Fatt Tze mansion belonged to Cheong, one of the most influential men in South East Asia in the 19th Century. He served as an economic advisor to Empress Tze Hsi and his businesses at its height spanned the globe. He started out in Jakarta but chose to settle down in Penang where he constructed this huge and stately mansion painted in a unique indigo colour. He had eight wives. The bungalow went into decay after his death but was restored to its splendour in the recent past and is now a hotel for guests who love heritage. Penang wasd accorded UNESCO world heritage site July,2008.

Cheong Fatt Tze mansion has been featured in various films including the 1993 Oscar-winning French film 'Indochine' starring Catherine Deneuve, and has also been featured in programs broadcast on various international tv channels (CNN, BCC) .

Awards

1995 Malaysian National Architectural Award For Conservation

2000 UNESCO 'Most Excellent' Heritage Conservation Award

'Best Tourist Attraction 2003' Merit Award - Malaysian Ministry of Culture, Arts & Tourism

ASEANTA 2004 Excellence Award; ASEAN Cultural Preservation Effort

Read more: <http://www.cheongfattzemansion.com/>

john tiong chunghoo

Hard As Stone

the setback with
this racial thing
is too many men try
to have a hand in it

and most try to get
the upper hand

it always feels nice
to be at the side
that makes you feel
good though not
necessarily right

a stone can be used
for so many metaphors
like a character solid
as a stone or
a head cold and
unfeeling as a stone

 PoemHunter.com

many choose to be the latter

if we have more men with
characters hard and beautiful
as stones, diamonds, rubies

john tiong chunghoo

Compass To God

the human body
is a compass
to the Almighty

the spirit that
dwells within is
the eager navigator

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Crowing Out

i do not love entering a worship
place where the air rumbles with
tidals of favours devotees ask of God
desires crowd out the Almighty
lthe central nucleus of our devotion
the oneness we seek with the Lord
glides away with the cloud leaving
us in a spirit of want

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature's Pirouette

the flowers lavished with scents,
softness and makeups of earth,
blossom in honour of the Creator
the freewheeling prayers they quietly
transmit in the breeze entice a field
of fluttering butterfiles to a sacred feast
the beauty of infinity of the moment
is so dexterously played out by every
petal, they go a circle to complete
the gratifying pirouette of nature to
fellow admirers, to the butterflies to the bees..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Pink Sands Beach, Bahamas

Pink Sands Beach
the lady's pink swimming suit
painted orange

One of the Bahamas' best-kept secrets is Harbour Island, a three-mile-long, half-mile-wide speck off the coast of Eleuthera. With 18th-century clapboard houses edged with picket fences, this tiny island looks as if someone shrank Nantucket and plopped it down in the tropics. Cars are forbidden and are replaced by golf carts. Aptly named Pink Sands Beach runs the length of the island, speckled with the perfect blush of flamingo pink. Kids can horseback ride along the shores or don a mask and snorkel to go eyeball-to-eyeball with the tropical fish.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Emily Dickinson

her mind is her husband and her heart, his wife
between them, she daily thinks about how
to to keep each other entertained
verses, rhymes her answers to her society's
foibles and beliefs beyond her time
the husband sings, and the wife dances
the children run in all the hidden pages
till one day they accidentally find themselves
in the gardens of everybody's thoughts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dinosaur Lover

the land reverberates
with the loud squel of the
dinosaur

'So you also value love.
Love however small moves.'
the boy pats the head of
the large large creature

the animal squels again
the boy cries and tells
the dinosaur to look after
himself

'Be careful, there are lots
of others out there who
are dangerous be careful, '
the boy keeps repeating
to the animals.

then he wipes the tears of his
eyes and says to the animal
'May God bless you, saur'

he walks away feeling better

the land reverberates with
the animal's squel of contentment,
comfort

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Nearly Lost At Niah Caves (State Of Sarawak)

so many entrances
fear takes me
round and round

Many years back after watching Niah Caves' paintings and natives collecting bird nests, I was nearly Igot lost in the caves. Suddenly every opening seemed to be the way out. I was walking round and round until perhaps God showed me the right way. Niah Caves is also the venue where archeologists found human remains dating back 50,000 years.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ufos

Unidentified Flying Objects
this man more concerned with aliens
we cant see with eyes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Movie Poem - The Reader

it pays to strip and to be read to
naked lines of old classics we can
turn and twist to fire up our fantasies
like the warm blanket on us, lines that
need no word to portray the passions
shrouding us yet revealing us to things
we never thought would be possible

your lips that read all the lines have
turned every sensuous word into walkies
blazing over the the contour of desires,
amplifier of longings, mersmerising
soft crevice a power packed dormant
volcano waits to blast all its molten years

and beneath them, beneath them
a burning secret that one day would
rummage through all the words to send
you and the world reeling with pain

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Conception And Birth

a poem is a child
conceived in the mind
born through the heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Premonition

sometimes you
get the promonition
someone close
will outlive you

she always gives
the feeling one day
you would be
at her feet looking
over you, dwarfing you

and while her feet
take her to a new phase
of life
yours will be static,
bereft of dreams
smelling of only earth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Capitol Reef (State Of Utah)

Capitol Reef Waterpocket Fold
the riveting signature
of 70 million years

Capitol Reef is a land of twisting gorges, narrow slot canyons, and huge black boulders strewn about red sandstone. But the defining feature of the park is undoubtedly the Waterpocket Fold, a nearly 100-mile-long warp in the Earth's crust that formed between 50 and 70 million years ago. As is typical in canyon country, summers can be brutally hot and bring flash floods. So visit the park in the spring, when the days are typically in the 60s. Do a day hike in the Fruita area, wet your line in the Fremont River, or head to the backcountry near Halls Creek.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Fitting Into Each Other

the seen and the unseen
the soul comprises of
a finer vibration the eyes
is not equipped to behold
the physique a vibration
a soul can snugly fit into
between them the distance
of a million million years
in vibratioin if the both have
left the same origin and time
agreeing to hold onto each
other in whatever way possible

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The World Going Great

the physique is a vibration
of a realm you can touch

the soul is a vibration
of a realm you can only feel

they are married to get
the world going great

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Latest Sales

the swift river flows
like a whole family rushing
to the latest sales

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

In His Image

god creates the physique
as a compass
to him

the body a sanctum
to cultivate
the soul

god creates the physique
as a guide to
finetune his soul

god creates the physique
a tool to upgrade the
vibrations of the soul
in order that it can fit
nicely into the mould of god

god creates the physique
to see how far man
can veer away from him

the physique a piano
songs of the soul
are played

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Penang Road Famous Teochew Cendul (State Of Penang)

famous teochew cendul
green eyed
opposite stall owner

The opposite stall selling fruit juices has so much less customer the owner looks on the swarm of customers at the cendul stall with green eyes.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Sydney Wonders

Sydney wonders
we hop from one place to the other
like a kangaroo

Australia's vibrant and scenic capital, Sydney is an awe-inspiring destination with endless options to explore. View the famous Opera House from the Harbour Bridge, hike the Bondi-to-Bronte Coastal Walk, or take a seaplane tour from Rose Bay to the north beaches. Plus, enjoy a sail out of the headlands of Sydney Harbour, tempt your budget by shopping in Darlinghurst, or sip a drink in the urbane neighborhood of Newtown. But don't stop at the city limits. The surrounding area boasts verdant wine regions, several national parks, the World Heritage-listed Blue Mountains, and more than 70 beaches perfect for surfing and snorkeling.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - The Cricket Hops

our quiet conversation
now where's that intruder
the cricket?

inspired by

the cricket hops
atop the winnowing fan's
dust pile
-Issa,1819

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Reading Thorough My Own Poems

i read through my poems
like a tourist looking at
buildings in a famous city
some beautiful, some magnificent
some corroding, some
plain weird, some i like,
some i dont like
some need to be reconstructed
while some need touching up

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Singapore Haiku - I Change My Ringgit To Singapore Dollars

I change my Ringgit into
Singapore dollars and feel the city
not too expensive

Singapore is very expensive to Malaysians because its currency the Singapore dollar is two and half times the value of the ringgit, the currency used in Malaysia. However, after having changed my ringgit into Singapore dollars, I dont feel the city that expensive because you can buy a bowl of noodle for S\$3 which is what I would pay for in Malaysia. of course in Malaysian ringgit.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Layers Of Meanings

the trees, the mountains and rivers
transmit layers of consciousness
songs of incarnated states
now nature looks me back in the eyes
to unravel the things beyond them;
the moon, the sun and the stars
each of which illuminate symbols
and tales, rainbows that span
the horizon of my consciousness

the layers of thoughts nature parlays
in front of me pique this river of consciousness
i look at the sun and feel breathless
of the hope it still inspires and understand
how much tears it had helped to wipe
the round fiery sphere that now evokes
water and flame over my inspirations

Jahan and Mumtaz, are you walking
the lane of love again, hand in hand
eyes glued to the pinnacle of love the Taj Mahal?

i look at the moon and realise the countless
nights it had helped illuminate for love wishes
to be made and prayers to be recited

i look at the river and see a quiet and
collected monk journeying in quest for nirvana
i see the vapour of the river rises to form rain
that beats down to reprise another tale
of the pains of growth physical and spiritual

in between all this, a young man looks back
and is fascinated by how everything has added
up to make this consciousness a bearer to all
that has gone beyond; mountain beyond
mountain, horizon over horizon

john tiong chunghoo

Surprise In Japan - Revelation In An Interview

travel consultant interview
the manager talks about
karma

tourism agency interview
the manager talks about
horrendous things japan did

It was a real surprise this manager of a famous travel agency in Japan talked about Japan's atrocities in the war when interviewing me for a job. In a tone of anger, he talked about what goes around comes around and that Japan too would be in for bad times when the time comes.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Oranjestad (Aruba, Caribbean)

Oranjestad Baby Beach
we make our own waves
splashing the day away

Aruba boasts mile after mile of powder-white beaches, year-round temperatures in the low 80s, and annual rainfall of just 20 inches, making it the perfect place for budding explorers (and their parents) to find their feet. Oranjestad the capital city with its colorful Dutch colonial architecture, is big enough to be bustling but small enough to explore (and shop) on foot. Make sure to spend a day at Baby Beach, so-called because its turquoise shallows are barely deep enough for a baby to swim in. Even hundreds of feet from shore the bath-warm water is only waist-deep, and the reef itself is home to an abundance of tropical fish.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Some Women

some women...

their son is all they have
their limbs to climb the world
mengmu moved house
three times to make sure
son mencius would
keep good company
he grew up to be china's
great philosopher

some women...

sacrificed their own dreams
in the name of filial piety
so that brothers could go
to college

some women...

they braved the battlefields
to fight as men
so that their aged father
could be safe at home

some women...

spend every cent
on a facade so that they
could walk like angels
and keep their worth
above the world

some women...

sell themselves for anything
blood, body, spirit and soul
so that they could buy
three meals for their family

some women...

seal their heart to marry
the men they do not love

or barely know
so that their father's dream
would come true

some women...
they look no further than
the lining of the wallets
when it comes to
taking proposals

some women....
threw their brothers' shoes
back at them
to wash themselves
to make it clear they
do not wish to be trampled on
all their lives

some women
they fight for their kind
single mindedly
so that they could be
free as a bird
fly where they would like
live where they wish
and achieve the dreams
they harbour which all this
while have been buried
in the name of men
willingly, unwillingly

john tiong chunghoo

Early Spring Song

i am from a tropical land
anything above 10 degree C
i can take, anything below
i would be running for cover
lend me your hands
lend me your bosom
give me your love better still
so that i can feel the warmth
of spring again, the spring of life

sakuras have finally bloomed
abundant as the stars in the sky
waving to us all over
luscious white and pink
feverishly pirouetting to the
celebratory laughters and songs
below the grand looking trees

each a fairest belle, a keen
eager cheerleader out to inspire
each and everyone to embrace
the new season before time could
rob them of their perfect gifts

look into my eyes, lead me into
those mersmerising dilating windows
centrum of love, where the warmth of
spring hangs over as if it will never go away

john tiong chunghoo

Mystery Of The Mind Poem - I Carry A Forest With Me

i carry a forest with me
in the midst of which are
treasures begging to be found
some my friends help me,
some my teachers,
the others nature points
out to me in its own subtle ways
the rest, i just leave it to my inner
ears and eyes and hopefully
i could unravel all that is in my little world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Earth Years

'are they still fumbling around trying
to get out of the fence like a rat, '
the chief extra terrestrial being asks
impatiently at their conference of what
to deal with planet earth after all this while

'yes, very few improvements indeed.
if we go there our voice would
be drowned by their ignorance.
All their wrong theories are the fences
binding them down. And their full blown
egos and greed are maglinancies
consuming their spiritual growth. Not to mention
their battles of the God. We cannot educate
them until they have reached a reasonable
level of 'literacy'? ' the chief intergalactic
scientist replies with a tone of disappointment.

'how many planes have been elevated? '
the chief asks.

'many, in the thousands but many remain
earthlike, lost in their own conceits.' said the
scientist.

and how many more years to wait
'a hundred years, our years
and theirs 'a few million'.

and there was a blackout.

john tiong chunghoo

9108

what does 9108 mean?
the day i receive two notes
ending with the same figure
like striking the top prize
of the national lottery

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Revelation

god does not reveal himself
physically because he wishes
to to be experienced and not seen
it is more meaningful and fulfilling
the moon that hangs so pristinely
at night without letting us see the sun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cambodia Travel Haiku - Woken Up By Koran Reading

Seam Reap first surprise
i open the door to hear if
it is a koran recital

I was deeply surprised by the koran reading because I did not realise the place i stayed actually had a sizeable muslim community. At home in Kuala Lumpur, I could also hear such prayers every morning as Islam is the official religion in Malaysia. I really did not expect it in Cambodia. I heard that they were persecuted during the Pol Pot regime and many escaped the country to go to Thailand.

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - My Emotion Grows Limbs

love
my emotion
grows limbs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Cemetery

visiting the cemetery
buried in each of us
the unease about death

visiting the cemetery
the chill with each step
we make

visiting the cemetery
not even an echo
from the dead

visiting the cemetery
we never bother about
dear one's new neighbours

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Over The Expanse Of The Poet's Mind

over the expanse
of the poet's mind
a full moon hangs

a ripe round orange
full with the sweetness
and joy of the universe

every now and then
a tide of inspiration
suffuses the sea of
his intellect where
the allure of the
moon is magified in
dazzling lines the poet
lavishes his verses

john tiong chunghoo



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Alzheimer

the 40s something man said
'My God I kept on forgetting things'
the young daughter consoldes:
'Dad dont worry, at least you
still know you are forgetting things.
Paul my friend's uncle forgets things
and he does not even know he
is forgetting things. he just cannot
remember he forgets things'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - The Kuching Waterfront (State Of Sarawak)

Kuching Waterfront
i wish the breeze
keeps on blowing

Kuching Waterfront
it's never too long
to walk

Kuching Waterfront
on both sides that pristine
Melanau touch

kuching waterfront
the abode of melanau culture
spirals to the sky

kuching waterfront
melanau culture glistens and
peaks over the city

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Xian, China

the Qin emperor
still as solid and strong
his terra cotta warriors

Xian old trade
a byproduct of silk
the muslim community

old silk route
at both ends
a thriving muslim world

One of the oldest cities in China, Xi'an has more than 3,100 years of history and was the seat of the most important dynasties in Chinese history, including the Qin, Han, and Tang. Famous for its terra-cotta warriors dating back to 210 B.C., the city also features many other ancient sites: Watch a shadow-puppet show at the 400-year-old Gao Fu House theater, visit the 600-year-old Chenghuang Temple, or learn about the region's extensive cultural past at the Shaanxi Historical Museum, where you can see 1,400-year-old murals from the Tang era.

john tiong chunghoo

Mystery Of The Mind Poem - The Mind Reveals Secrets To Me

i looked at
the two notes
and as soon as
i wanted to put
them into my wallet
my mind nudged me
to reexamine them
as there were something
unique about them

'what? are you talking again? '
it hummed a sigh in me
i took several looks

'what? another look?
arent they just similar
two dollar notes? '

he nudged again
'well, it can only be the numbers'
i added them up and came
to the same figure

'well next time give me
the a prize number
of a national lottery draw? '

john tiong chunghoo

Mystery Of Mind Poem - The Mind Has A Mind Of Its Own

the mind
has a mind
of its own

the mind
possesses
a life of its own

a personality
of its own

an intelligence
of its own

give it a
chance
to talk to you

be quiet



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and you will
be surprised
and bewildered
at what you
could hear

the mind
it longs to
talk to you
communicate
with you

all your life

a timeless
formless,
shapeless

machine
shoved into
a sanctum
to work with
time, shape,
form and
You

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Chicago, My Other Paris

Chicago
this other
Paris

With first-rate museums, a world-famous aquarium, and miles of bike paths and trails along Lake Michigan, any time is the right time to visit the Windy City, even winter. See Chicago's forest of skyscrapers from the observation deck of the 110-story-high Sears Tower, the tallest building in North America. On the Loop's streets, find sculptures by Picasso, Miró, Chagall, and other masters, as well as cafes serving some of the country's best deep-dish pizza. At Millennium Park, a 24.5-acre urban oasis, take a spin on the skating rink and see 'Cloud Gate, ' an impressive jelly bean sculpture reflecting the city's famed skyline.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Galveston Island (State Of Texas)

Moody Gardens Bat Cave
we walk slowly two by two
looking for two toed sloth

Just an hour outside of Houston, Galveston Island is home to Moody Gardens, a great one-stop family resort with a hotel, aquarium, discovery museum, paddlewheel boat cruises, 4D Special FX theater, and rainforest (with a bat cave and two-toed sloths) . Through March and April there are one-day kids' camps with various themes. The resort also has a kids' club, Texas-sized pool, and spa, and the Schlitterbahn Water Park is right next door. At Pier 19 in town explore Ocean Star Offshore Drilling Rig & Museum—a real oil rig—and learn about the entire drilling process.

john tiong chunghoo



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Rooms

we all live in hutches, rooms
familiar and unfamiliar
brightly lit, dark, mysterious
unknown and gloomy
they punctuate each and
every of our thoughts
our voice echoes each and
every chamber, some distinctly,
some meekly, some warmly
some coldly, some lost between
winding dark and lit corridors

we choose to dwell in
reassuring rooms but they all
soon suffocate us with drudgeries
our attention turn to those sealed,
which we love to think a divinity sits,
who makes sure we follow through
every word of his scripts written in
the light of every chamber sealed
with the spirit of our breaths

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Morocco

over the Atlas Mountains
a range of our
trailblazing memories

over the Atlas Mountains
a range of our
youthful memories

over the Atlas Mountains
a range of our
unforgettable outing

Morocco may be only a short hop from the grand cities of Spain, but it is a world away in terms of weather, culture, and landscape. Escape the late-winter blues by hiking and rock climbing the arid foothills of Morocco's Atlas Mountains. Then follow the range as it plunges into the Atlantic coast's white-sand beaches, which host a fledgling surf scene fueled by consistent waves and pleasant temperatures between December and April.

john tiong chunghoo

Surprise In Malaysia - A State Assembly Under A Tree

a State Assembly
held under a raintree
this awakening that the seed
of democracy was sown
in the streets of Athens

The Perak State Assembly Speaker V Sivakumar (member of Pakatan Rakyat) yesterday (March 3, 2009) held an emergency State Assembly under a tree in Ipoh, the State capital of Perak. They were disallowed into the State Assembly Hall. Perak was well known for its tin trade in the 19th and 20th century. Pakatan Rakyat lost its governing mandate last month when three of its members defected to the State Barisan Nasional (BN). The State Speaker however said the three had earlier resigned from the Party and therefore their constituencies. The BN therefore cannot form the new State Government. Pakatan Rakyat wants a fresh election to be held to determine the new government for the people of Perak.

The following by Clive S Kessler is Emeritus Professor of Sociology and Anthropology

DATUK Seri Azalina Othman Said has characterised the attempt of the Speaker to convene an emergency sitting of the Perak state assembly as 'uncivilised' and as recourse to the 'law of the jungle'.

Never in the country's history, she avers, has a state assembly sitting been convened under a tree. Perhaps she is right. But some further historical perspective is needed.

In 1789, when the King of France sought to forbid the so-called 'Third Estate' or representatives of the people from meeting to discuss urgent national business, they convened on a Paris tennis court.

This too was, at the time, unprecedented and surprising.

They passed their 'Tennis Court Oath' that they would not disperse, adjourn or relent until their right to convene and discuss important public matters as the people's legitimate representatives was acknowledged.

That, too, was presumably seen as an 'insult' to the ruler, King Louis XVI.

It was also the beginning, for better or worse, of the French Revolution and of the entire drama of modern representative democracy and popular sovereignty.

Those who seek to invoke history should know history. It may often prove a double-edged sword.

Clive S Kessler is Emeritus Professor of Sociology and Anthropology at the School of Social Sciences and International Studies at the University of New South Wales in Sydney, Australia.

john tiong chunghoo

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Hanoi Reflections

Hoan Kiem Lake
chinese influence runs
so deep

Ba Din Square
in the quietness, a nation's
reverberating dream

Temple of Literature
on the myriad stelai, the crumbling
essence of confucius

Temple of Literature
around the ancient sages
students pray for good results

cold and stiller than the corpse
the guards at Uncle Ho's
embalmed body

PoemHunter.com

Considered the cultural center and former capital of North Vietnam, Hanoi's French influence shows in the charming tree-lined streets, lakes throughout the city, and abundant French colonial architecture, seen in buildings like the Opera House and the Presidential Palace. Romantic Hoan Kiem Lake is home to a variety of picturesque temples and bridges. Walk to the Temple of Literature, site of the country's oldest university, and then on to Ba Dinh Square, where communist revolutionary Ho Chi Minh ceremoniously declared Vietnam's independence in 1945. You can catch a glimpse of Ho's embalmed body at his mausoleum in the middle of the square.

john tiong chunghoo

Poet Earth's Metaphors

living things, they are
earth's metaphors for
the non living it harbours

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Interpretations And Misinterpretations

there is definitely a God
he leads to a lot
of interpretations
and misinterpretations
depending on who you are
there is a God
he can lead you to war
or peace depending
on how you interpret him
there is a God
he can lead you to hell
or heaven depending on
how you follow him

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Quest - A Child's Mind

looking for
a child's mind
haiku quest

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

American President Haiku Series - Barack Obama

a black president
to pull America
out of a dark tunnel

a black president
to pull America out
of a black hole

a shot of double black
a black president to cure
a darkened economy

black versus black
a black president to starve
off a darkened economy

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku -Wintry And Fiery Phoenix, Arizona

arizona phoenix
we will fly like a phoenix
in all the adventures

arizona phoenix
a rainbow arches over
our excitements

Until things really heat up in May, Phoenix, Arizona's perpetually sunny, warm weather makes it the perfect wintertime getaway—and the dozens of luxe resorts and spas, hundreds of spectacular golf courses, and excellent active adventure opportunities don't hurt its case. Take advantage of the 51 miles of hiking, biking, and equestrian trails at South Mountain Park, one of the largest municipal parks in the world; tour Taliesin West, Frank Lloyd Wright's winter home; pamper yourself with a massage at The Alvadora Spa; or learn about the Southwest's Native American heritage at The Heard Museum.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vericose Veins

the woman's legs at the escalator
painfully bring back mother's
the vericose veins

the woman's legs at my fore
walk me painfully back to mom's
the lumps of vericose veins

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Magic

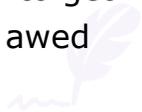
haiku
a moment
to treasure

lost in the
universe
counting stars

haiku
sets the mind
into a different gear

breeze
leaves dance
with light

haiku
fresh way to get
the mind awed



PoemHunter.com

looking over city
three children talk about
growing up

haiku
the mind gets a new lane
to explore

chip by chip
new chick cracks
open the world

haiku
a crystal clear tinkle
in the mind

the old brass bell
solid and clear
memory of school years

haiku

a bewitching tug
at the heart

solid faith
devotees pray to
headless buddha

living room solitude
the crashing water from
the silent waterfall

our living room
the Last Supper
never ends

buddhist full moon chant
a fiery saffron
our passion

candlelight dinner
flickering -
our smiles

new tight blossoms
an old woman readies herself
for a walk

john tiong chunghoo

Genuine Knowledge Seeker

there are two types of people
when it comes to knowledge

the egoists who are more
concerned with what they know

and the genuine knowledge seeker
who is more concerned with
what they dont know

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Silence Of The Library

the silence of a library
it is the weight of knowledge
on the axis of the mind
waiting to swing into action

the silence of the library
each brain negotiates a path
through the written words where
the thoughts of great men flow

the silence of the library
a section of the books
that has gathered dust waits
for a life to be put into them

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Starbucks Coffee/The Coffee Bean

starbucks cafe
the boy looks into
the eyes of the man
as he looks into his
cups of coffee from which
both draw their passion
their fingers stir a storm
both prefer to weather
by themselves

the girl looks into
the straining eyes of mom
limpid, brown, a shared
centrum they can hide
and blend their feelings
so that they do not spill over

both understand why
the bitter side of a beverage
is sometimes the most tempting
and fulfilling

a woman with crisp english
works hard to impress a
young british manager
in an engaging interview
their conversation often
hitting a pleasant high note
with short bitter sweet intervals
both intelligently hold off
with bursts of laughter

the conversant woman
recalls every place she had
worked from Hong Kong to
New York, and London, taking
the world around him to show
him how she could he his
piping hot tea or coffee

which ever he prefers

the waiter and a regular
guest eye and give each other
a cryptic smile as a new jazz
fusion tune trails the air
a cup of fresh brewed brazilian
without much waiting
comes onto the table
the aroma wafts through his senses
the inert looking male
quickly goes on to add
milk and sugar to draw the
best out of his day

the interviewed woman
fueled with enthusiasm
goes on and on
the manager listens carefully
in an effort to size her up - a
cup of coffee he wonders
he should be having year round

john tiong chunghoo

Famous Movie Poem - Slumdog Millionaire At The Oscars

slumdog millionaire
the down and out
finally making it big

slumdog millionare
some cry, some laugh
some just plain struck

slumdog millionaire
slumdogs say they must
get together to watch movie

a screen bursting slumdog
millionaire's smile
winner of best movie

feeling like real slumdog millionaire
the cast and crew
at the oscars

one bid smile for the screen
Oscar's slumdog
millionaires

a big slumdog's smile
cast and crew of
best academy movie

slumdog millioniare
slumdogs trooping down
the road to the cinemas

john tiong chunghoo

Devil Friend

i think only
the devil would be
his friend

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Join God In Meditation

An invitation to Join
God in meditation
dont move and dont
say anything at all
just be bllind and
go to that sacred
sanctum the hills
and mountains you have
always wondered
why they have been at all

rewritten:

there he is
God at your top
waiting you to join him
in his meditation
day and night

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Hate

'are you so serious
about hating me? '
he asked, and he
burst out in tears

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Heart

girl insists mom
draw the heart
on her cartoon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

This Boy's Life

in the picture the life of the boy
is pronounced, short and
not exactly sweet
sometimes God cuts
his tongue into things
and the unspoken
comes through;
terse, crisp, exact
and awesome

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Trinidad Carnival

with or without Carnival
Trinidad! Trinidad!
the drum beat in our bosom

No festival is more anticipated or enthusiastically celebrated in the Caribbean than Carnival. In Trinidad—considered by many to have the best and most extravagant Carnival—preparations start months before, with street parties and virtually nonstop calypso and soca, a type of dance music that originated in Trinidad and Tobago. Visit the mas camps and panyards, where local troupes construct fantastic floats and costumes, and steel drum bands rehearse their acts. Carnival itself lasts just two days—February 23 and 24 this year—but it's a packed and frenetic 48 hours, with even more concerts and tons of themed parades.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - The Sandakan Death March (State Of Sarawak)

Sandakan death march
the march that still marches on
in some lives

death march anniversary
two recall a death march
on the close of a life march

Sandakan death march
now you can do it
for a fee

Sandakan death march
a death march
kept alive

Sandakan death march
now you to pay to go on
the same march

(There is a travel company in Kota Kinabalu, the capital in the Malaysian State of Sabah, which can help organise a walk on the death march route with a minimum of say eight people)

MELBOURNE: The fallen Australian soldiers of the notorious Sandakan death march were remembered at an emotional ceremony at the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne.

About 90 Australians, mostly relatives of those who perished in the forced march, turned up Friday to hear talks by two former prisoners of war (PoWs) recalling the horror days of World War II.

The event was organised by the Shrine of Remembrance chief executive Denis Baguley and Sabah Tourism representative in Australia Gwenda Zappala.

Despite their age, Sandakan PoWs Leslie (Bunny) Glover, 88, and Robert (Bob) Ellice-Flint, 90, who travelled from Queensland to be here, recalled vividly, for over an hour, their horror days in Sandakan, Sabah.

In the incident between January and March 1945, over 1,000 Australian and British PoWs were forced to march across 260km of treacherous terrain and

dense jungle from the Sandakan prison camp to Ranau. Only six Australian PoWs survived.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - All In The Showing

to say i love you is easy
to say i believe in God is also easy
to philosophise about life is easy
you just go on and on with maxims
you learn from your kid days
but to show how all these can be done
without being trapped in verbiage
and intellectual pomp, mushiness,
spiritualism and bigotry, and keep
the lines reverberating with images
in the reader's mind well that's poetry

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Barboursville Vineyards (Virginia)

smooth as the
grape farms
the best grade wine

as we down the
best grade wine
smoothness of the grape farms

Barboursville Vineyards
the only thing discomfoting
the ruins of Thomas Jefferson

As the birthplace of American viticulture, Virginia has been cultivating and producing wine grapes for more than four centuries and now has about 140 wineries. To witness where some of the state's finest wines are made, head to Barboursville Vineyards, just 20 minutes outside of Charlottesville. Tour the winery, taste its award-winning varietals, enjoy a gourmet meal at its Palladio Restaurant, and walk the grounds to see ruins of a home designed by Thomas Jefferson. As a bonus, the drive there passes through some of the state's most beautiful farmland.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Marine Parade Gardens, Napier (New Zealand)

Hawke's Bay
Great Long Lunch
we drown out the sea

Held every year in the picturesque Marine Parade Gardens in Napier, New Zealand, the Great Long Lunch celebrates the joy of dining al fresco in the country's premier food and wine region, Hawke's Bay. Nearly 800 guests buy tickets to dine at the 300-meter-long table for a gourmet three-course meal of regional fare and spirits, provided by local CJ Pask Winery. The event includes entertainment and a sweeping view of the ocean, against a backdrop of Napier's famous Art Deco buildings.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Mammoth Mountain (California)

Mammoth Mountain
the snow holds onto its peak
for us to ski

With over 240 inches of snowfall so far this season, and more than 150 runs and seven terrain parks across 3,500 acres of epic terrain, Mammoth Mountain in California's Sierras can hold its own among the top resorts in the West. But at an elevation of 11,053 feet, the snow sticks around longer and Mammoth's season lasts well into spring (officially ending in June) —so you've still got plenty of time to plan a getaway there. Stay slopeside starting at just \$99 a night, and ski three days to get the fourth day free.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Dumping Site

rubbish dump site
a pumpkin plant has taken
part of land

rubbish dump site
soon - some pumpkins
for your family

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Montezuma Bowl (Colorado)

Montezuma Bowl
we ski like we
are goldfishes

Montezuma Bowl
we swerve like
we are sword fish

If your work calendar is holiday-free until Memorial Day, it's time to plot your own late-winter resurrection. Our suggestion: Arapahoe Basin. The highest resort in Colorado boasts 95 runs across 900 skiable acres, including the recently opened 400-acre Montezuma Bowl on the back side. But A-Basin's dressed-down vibe, serious terrain, and impromptu parking-lot parties (dubbed 'The Beach') , ensure that this overdue outing will be equal measures play and work (as in getting worked by A-Basin's serious vertical) .

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Natchez, Mississippi

Natchez Mississippi
a few eagles
flying in triumph

Natchez Heritage
we concentrate our talks
on mixed ancestry

The past is always present in Natchez, Mississippi. Once the seat of a Native American empire, it has flown five flags since the French settled it in the 1700s—French, British, Spanish, American, and Confederate. Overlooking the Mississippi River, Natchez is the Queen of antebellum architecture, home to sprawling plantations and 600 intact pre-Civil War mansions. Must-sees include Longwood and Stanton Hall, perhaps the grandest estates of all. Getting around is easy: Enjoy the city's Southern charm by carriage or trolley, or take to the streets by foot or bike.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Endless End

endless end
when will it
end?

endless end
where does it
lead us to?

endless end
that's what's
consciousness

sometimes
the end is too
endless

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Dog Lovers

greeting us at the
payment counter
two little doggies

Vietnamese are definitely getting more affluent. If you take a walk around the old part of the city, and the nearby Hoem Kiem Lake and Park, you would bump into people walking around with dogs of all kinds. I saw two little doggies on a payment counter in a little shop and thought they were really endearing.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - Rejang River

POETRY IN PROGRESS

I never knew you are a giant
until i went around the country
i saw the Klang and Gombak rivers
in Kuala Lumpur and and were surprised
to learn that they even called them rivers
arent them really just little rivers or streams?
the ones we put pavements over at the old market in Sibu
malaysians should see the Sarawak and Rejang Rivers
to know what Sarawakians mean by rivers
that would be a real integration of
geographical standads and how we see things

when after a rain and the sun begins to set,
a walk at the Rejang Esplanade does feel like
on a beach, the water lapping and splashing
the cool and fresh air revitalising the lungs and body
at sweet and pulpy pineapple town Sarikei
and sugary green orange town Bintangor
and at Kerto where vases and colourful pottery
are moulded out of the Rejang quality clay

Poetry in progress
(to be continued)

john tiong chunghoo

Surprise In Japan - Mosquitos In The Oil

not so oily to the ears
mosquitos and other insects
in the used cooking oil

cooking oil for reuse
mosquitos, and insects
at bottom of the can

restaurant special recipe
adding to the taste
used oil with mosquitos

Most books I read tell us about Japanese being very clean people but the chef of this restaurant in Nishi Funabashi I found put his used cooking oil in a can and under the chopping table in the kitchen. It was meant for reuse. I found mosquitos, ants, and other insects at the bottom of the can. It was really a surprise.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Armpit Of Time

she folds time into her armpit
so that she can spend the afternoon
with him without being stuck between
the minute and hour hands

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Religions And Butterflies

religions, they are like
butterflies in the field
each professedly carrying
different graces

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Mind Entertains The Heart

poetry is taking
the mind and heart
out on a cruise
so that the former
could entertain
the latter with all
his sights, visions
and ideas and
how all could ride
on each other like
a contortinist out to wow

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Naples Fishing Pier (State Offlorida)

Naples Fishing Pier
in the roar of the sea
the whistles of dolphins

dolphins in a sea
of roaring jazz filled with
whistles, clicks, and bursting sounds

Naples Fishing Pier
we dig into
a sea of cultures

Naples Fishing Pier
the sea of cultures that have
created history here

Planning a family-friendly spring break? In Naples, Florida, during March and April the Conservancy of Southwest Florida gives nature-loving families the opportunity to hop a boat for wildlife viewing, take a nature walk, or book kayak or canoe tours to discover the wilds of the Everglades. See another side of nature at Naples Zoo, where you can sail past islands of spider monkeys, lemurs, and siamangs on the Primate Expedition Cruise. Also be sure to take a stroll on historic Naples Fishing Pier—you might just catch a glimpse of leaping dolphins.

john tiong chunghoo

A Poem For Valentine

the girls they feel like flowers today
touched, fresh and loved
something to keep each leaf
of memory textured like roses
forever an 18 year old who could
dig into their garden of recollections
for a robust bloom of romance

the flower sellers too grin like love wishes
on the bright bouquets sent out to paint up
the life of blessed girls who have been
praying for a rainbow to love paradise

how they wish everyday can be a Valentine
when eager boys would help pile up
the cash boxes with their months' savings
when bouquet of roses can be sold
at five times their price right up
to three in the early morning

every sidewalk cafe and restaurant too
are a roaring scene as love spreads
from mouth to mouth, heart to heart
when love is in the air everybody
shares it with somebody over the dinner table
lighted like a candle, coloured like a cezane,
flows like a piece of swirling waltz
our feet cant keep up with and melts
like little blocks of ice in our glass of wine
so that we can warm up and reach
out to each other for a time to remember

john tiong chunghoo

Surprise In Japan - Drain As Toilet

first world country
oh these quaint toilets where
you have to do it into a drain

I was terribly surprised that in some parts of Tokyo a toilet meant you do your business right into a drain. You wear a pair of clogs into the toilet which is nothing more than a deep drain. I am still trying to find out where the shit would flow to till this day.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - Our Rattling Plates

earthquake
teutonic plates rattle
our plates

earthquake
rattling our nerves
the plates on the shelf

softly rattling
to an earthquake
our plates on the shelf

rattling plates
our seismic
detector

rattling plates
oh it is the earthquake
bothering us again

Ring of Fire
every now and then
our plates rattle

rattling plates
a belief in fate keeps
my heart calm

rattling plates
i put my life in
the hands of god

Japan is on one of the most seismic prone region of the world called ring of fire. In our apartment, every now and then, the plates we stack one over the other on the shelf would rattle. When the earthquake was strong enough, they would jump off the shelf. It was a surprise to me at first when I heard our plates rattled every now and then especially at night.

john tiong chunghoo

Obama's One Trillion Dollars Stimulus Package

one trillion dollars stimulous package
putting four million people back to work
also means doing away with social problems
that could arise from that situation
demoralisation, loss of self confidence and respect,
robbery etc etc which in the long run would require
a lot more money and time to solve
why would we want a situation like that?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Costa Rica

Costa Rica
my heart plunges
into its wild side

Costa Rica
excitements of youths
echo over the hills

Costa Rica's toucans
burst of bewilderments
over the forest

Costa Rica
colouring our holiday
two toucans on a tree

our excitement bursts
like seeds that cascade
onto the forest floor

With its lush rainforests, rocky peaks, meandering rivers, and miles of coastline, Costa Rica is tailor-made to tire out even the most energetic of kids. Make trip planning a bit easier by booking packages with Austin-Lehman Adventures, organized for different age groups, that will have you biking on gravel roads around Arenal volcano, paddling through the rapids on the top-rated Pacuare River, zip-lining over treetops, and kayaking Tortuguero National Park's canals in search of sloths, toucans, monkeys, and crocodiles.

john tiong chunghoo

His Vocabulary

her vocabulary
every word fits into its space
like a classroom

her vocabulary
each word carries its own weight
as it files into my mind

her vocabulary
notes of the morning birds
that strain to sing

her vocabulary
my mind polished
like silver

her vocabulary
the calisthenics of her mind
in my mind

her vocabulary
the precision of her mind
etched onto my heart

her vocabulary
sublime as a glass of
evening whisky

her vocabulary
strikes like
glitters of diamonds

his vocabulary
my brain has no space
to breathe

his vocabulary
every piece of writing
has become a thesis



his vocabulary
he asks to take him
as he is

his vocabulary
she feels he is not true
to his own feelings

his vocabulary
she asks it is weaned from
dictionary or experience

his vocabulary
she asks he is out to impress
or express

john tiong chunghoo

Is There A Flower In You Waiting To Bloom?

is there a flower in you waiting to bloom?
to colour the world with its charms?
is it forming? a promising little bud
rearing its head in the sanctum of your soul
that would one day burst off to mesmerise the world

is there a flower in you waiting to bloom?
are the petals giving their ways to grow?
or are they retarded, in the shadows of a hut
no sun could break through?

every carnation in the garden
is a dream achieved, their smiles spanning wide,
the rain and shine have brought out their best
and children and insects all crowd around
to share their heavenly blessings

is there a flower in you waiting to bloom?
a sky is waiting to greet your song,
be it white violet or blue
are you working sweats and tears for it
to come true? a carnation the sun kisses
the wind lifts up and the boy crowns his love with

john tiong chunghoo

Facebook

Facebook
faces, faces, faces
just faces

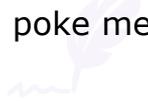
Facebook
3500 friends half of whom
he has no inkling about

Facebook
he stares at the faces
he hardly knows

Facebook
faces and faces
he hardly knows

Facebook
an adult returns to kid's world
poke me, poke me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - A Man's World?

a man's society
a hen pecked husband
nevertheless i found

He was a chef. He cooked while the wife managed the frontliners waiting tables. Every now and then, she would scream at the husband for not listening to her. It was a surprise because I have always been told Japan is a man's society where women are subservient to men. But it looks like times have changed and women have become more vocal giving a damn to outdated society values.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Darker America

wall street crisis
first black President inherits
a darker America

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Twin Happiness

twin happiness
identical boys escape
death penalty

helpless over identity
judge frees twins
in drug offence

identity crisis
no sentence for twins
in drug charge

BBC news:

Malaysian identical twin brothers have escaped hanging for drug trafficking as a court failed to decide which brother was the criminal, and cleared both.

A judge in the capital, Kuala Lumpur, said the case was unique and she could not send the wrong person to his death.

In 2003 police arrested one brother found driving drugs to a house. The second twin arrived soon afterwards and was also arrested.

Neither officers nor a DNA test could identify which twin owned the drugs.

Sathis and Sabarish Raj, 27, cried in court when they heard the judge say that the prosecution had failed to prove which twin had been arrested first with a car containing 166kg of cannabis and almost 2kg of raw opium.

According to the New Straits Times, the judge told the court: 'I can't be calling the wrong twin to enter his defence. I can't be sending the wrong person to the gallows.'

Execution is mandatory for convicted drugs traffickers in Malaysia

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Fishing In Seychelles

Seychelles fishing
my first fish dances
in the north west wind

Seychelles fishing
my first fish plays
with the wind

Seychelles fishing
my first fish orchestrates
the wind

Seychelles fishing
our lines move
against the winds

The Seychelles, off the east coast of Africa, is an intoxicating archipelago of 115 islands, where it's easy to slip into deep relaxation each day on the beach. But beyond the rhythmic wave breaks, out on the flats, some of the best fly-fishing in the world awaits. Fishing season here is governed by the trade winds, and during February, when the winds blow from the northwest, the calm seas make for excellent fishing conditions. Bonafish are particularly abundant this time of year, though you might also hook dorado, wahoo, yellow tuna, and marlin. Guides are plentiful and relatively inexpensive.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Lovely Diamond Ring

the lovely diamond ring
every glitter a flash
of my admiration

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Kitaro

Kitaro
more mystical than him
his music

Kitaro just another
musician working
for survival

Kitaro just another
musician who enlightens us
with his specialities

Several years back Kitaro came to give a concert at the Genting Highlands. He came across as just another musician, working for his survival. A lot of hypes have been written about the mystic way of life he lives but that did not come across to me. Yes, his hair was long but what I perceived was a man working for his survival. Tagging along was his musician wife who worked in the same band as Kitaro.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Real Traveller

she was so proud
she visited japan
at last and its big cities
in the last one month
it was summer
and everywhere she goes
she boasted about it
of course to me too
who stayed there two years
'well have you been
to all the cities? ' she asked
self conceited.
i said humbly 'No.'

But then i know
she would not know
how a forlorn sakura tree
and its sparse bloom
would look like on the road
side in busy shinjuku

and how terribly humid
summer can be in Chiba
where restaurants are packed
with crowds going to the beach
and disneyland

and how terribly sweet
golden yellow persimmons would
cheer up a gloomy drizzling autumn

and how long the day would be
in cold cold winter when
what you want to do is just
lie down and stay in bed

john tiong chunghoo

God Comes To Each Of Us In Different Ways

God is everywhere
if he has come to you
and you have found him
in your Padi field
Let him be your Padi God
praying to him day and night
for a rich harvest

if he has come to you
and you have found him in the Kitchen
Let him be your Kitchen God
praying to him day and night
to keep the table filled with Food

if he has come to you
as a God of War
let him be your War God
praying to him day and night
to keep your country safe

dont fight over these gods
for they are one and the same God
who has come to you to fulfil your needs

and if you are too confused by
all these gods just pray to
the one and almighty God everybody
has given a different name
so that he can monitor all your needs

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The World My Home

the world
is my
home

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Bag Of Marbles

storeroom's bag of marbles
how fast childhood years
have rolled by

in my hands again
childhood marbles
how fast the years have rolled by

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - Our Teachers Wash Our Toilets

after the lessons
our japanese teacher washes
the toilets we use

I was rather surprised when our japanese teacher in the school we went to in Ichikawa told us teachers take turn to wash the school toilets.
I suppose the school wanted to cut cost and the teachers did not mind since they loved teaching and the school.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Chinese New Year In San Francisco

San Francisco Chinese New Year
longest dragon cruises out of the
American Chinese heartland

San Francisco Chinese New Year
Happy Niu Year we greet
everybody

San Francisco Chinese New Year
it is also a celebration for Obama
the Chinese octogenarian roars

'Niu' is Mandarin word for Ox. Obama was born in the year of the Ox. Started in the 1860s by the city's Chinese immigrants, San Francisco's Chinese New Year festival has grown to be the largest celebration of Chinese culture anywhere in the world outside of Asia. Ring in the Year of the Ox, which begins today, and shop for crafts and food, enjoy music and dance from around Asia, and experience Chinese kite making, calligraphy, folk dancing, puppet shows, and martial arts. Watch the spectacular parade finale on February 7, with elaborately decorated floats, marching bands, martial arts groups, stilt walkers, lion dancers, Chinese acrobatics, the newly-crowned Miss Chinatown USA, and a 200-foot golden dragon.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - St John, Virgin Islands

St John, Virgin Islands
we pray for a place people
wont even see our shadow

Jumbie Beach. 'Creole, '
the girl shakes 'no'
the boy laughs 'Dont worry.
There will only be
two malevolent spirits.'

More than two-thirds of St. John is protected under the Virgin Islands National Park, including the entire north coast where the island's best beaches are located. Most have creamy white sand, crystalline water, and stunning views of nearby islands. A rental car makes beach hopping easy and fun, especially if you're looking for a private hideaway. (Be sure to grab a beach and snorkeling map at the national park service office.) Francis Bay sees relatively little traffic, especially on weekdays, or, if you want a really out-of-the-way spot, check out Jumbie Beach, a beautiful little nook whose name is Creole for malevolent spirit.

john tiong chunghoo

Surprise In Japan - A Biblical Verse For Japan

Jesus too roams
the streets and lanes of the
Land of the Rising Sun

Land of the Rising Sun
the spirit of Christ too
roams its streets and lanes

the old women read out
a biblical verse to show Japan is
too a 'chosen' country

born again a Christian
in a Japanese
winter pool

I do not know which Christian denomination they were from, but they were quite sincere in spreading the faith. I was walking around a Tokyo departmental store and they approached me, with their Japanese bible in hand. They treated me to an expensive lunch and read out a passage that has the word Sun to show that Japan is too under God's guidance and a chosen country. They even told me to bring more friends to meet up with them in the next meeting.

Another chance meeting with a Christian lady saw myself
baptised as a born again Christian n a winter pool in a Japanese Church.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - New York State's Skiing Havens

New York State
every winter brings out
the skier in him

New York State
when its coldness means
a trailing good time

White Face
he shies away from
the biggest vertical

With nearly 50 family-oriented downhill ski areas, New York state is a premier winter destination. In the Adirondacks, you'll find the state's signature hill, Whiteface, a phenomenal mountain with varied terrain, 80 trails, and the East Coast's biggest vertical. In nearby Lake Placid, which hosted the Winter Olympics in 1932 and 1980, you can experience a part of the Games yourself: Watch world-class ski jumpers fly, ride with a professional driver and brakeman down the bobsled competition track, or take a turn around the Speed Skating Oval.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - A Flood Of Passion

just two little green soldiers
and her eyes that try to withhold
a flood of passion

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Carlsbad Caverns (New Mexico)

Carlsbad Caverns
a jigsaw puzzle every inch
of the way

Carlsbad Caverns
the nook and corner of times
for adventure

Carlsbad Caverns
we enter a world beyond
the dinosaurs

The 30-mile-long Carlsbad Caverns, designated a World Heritage site in 1995, lies under the Guadalupe Mountains and is one of the most extensive underground cave systems in the world. A Permian-age fossil reef, it contains plant and animal fossils from a time before the dinosaurs when the southeastern corner of New Mexico was a coastline similar to the Florida Keys. Tours range from self-guided, easy walking tours through the Big Room (a massive 25 stories high and a third of a mile wide) to caving trips that require you to crawl through small rock formations and scale ten-foot walls.

john tiong chunghoo

Surprise In Japan - A Sincere Apology

our Japanese teacher
starts her lesson bowing to us
and apologises for the war

I was rather surprised this 30's something Japanese teacher apologised for the role Japanese played in the second world war in the Asia Pacific. All the students in this Japanese school in Ichikawa Japan were from Asia particularly China, Korea, Malaysia and Singapore. Many Japanese never felt sorry about the ruthlessness they unleashed on their neighbours but there are some who knew of the real situations and are ready to apologise when occasions permits it.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - The Stained Bedsheets

love hotel laundrette
every now and then lips red
splotches on sheet scream..deflowered

love hotel laundrette
now and then red splotches scream
from the bed sheet..deflowered

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - Eating Raw Liver (Motoyawata)

with two red whiskers
the Japanese woman sings praises
of the raw liver she eats

with two red whiskers
the japanese woman sings praises
about the appetising raw liver

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - Using Chopsticks

the Japanese says
he's surprised I use
chopsticks too

I thought everybody knows Chopsticks originated in China and spread around from there. So I was very surprised when several Japanese expressed surprise that I can use chopsticks. Perhaps, they are not well versed in the history of chopsticks.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Those Heavily Tatoed Arms (State Of Sarawak)

heavily tatoed arms
soon an entire tradition no arm
can carry close to heart

The Kayan and Kenyah women especially the upper classes tatoed their their hands and arms to denote their status. However, the tradition is dying out. Only if you have the luck can you bump into old women with such arms walking around the bazaar in Miri, Sibul or Bintulu. Soon an entire tradition would go to where they will eventually go.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - The Long Eared Kenyah Woman (State Of Sarawak)

the Kenyah Woman
long the years to spot
those long ears

This trip back to Sibuh, I have the luck to spot a Kenyah woman known for keeping their ears long by wearing brass earrings weighing several ounces. The ear lobes of the woman in her 50s come to about three inches. It is a rare sight because young kayan women do not follow this tradition anymore and soon....such ears will be a thing of the past. The last time I saw such a long eared woman was when I was a child. One needs to go to the upper reaches of the Rejang River, the longest river in Sarawak to see the Kayan people. Another group Kayan who live in the same area also keep their ears long by wearing bulbous brass earrings.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

True To Onself

love means so much more
when you receive it without getting
a glimpse of the giver - true love is
seen through deeds

when you give a sincere thought to
what you had done and their rewards
- good and bad - you realise that it is the
divine talking to you right in your hearts
teaching you to be true to yourself
so that the world can be true to you
that love is all that matters
taking an ounce of it away makes
the heart an ounce heavier

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Smelling Cheap

she puts back the perfume
to the shelf and fumes: 'You are
already looking cheap dont let me
down by smelling cheap too.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Austin (Texas)

Austin
outdoor lovers drill
for fun

Austin
Texas oils our muscles
with its assets

Austin
we sprint like animals
in a park

Austin, Texas, is undeniably the most creative of the state's cities—and easily one of the best places to mountain bike, hike, climb, paddle, or fish. Known as a city within a park, it's little wonder that the Texas capital enjoys a reputation for year-round opportunities to flex active muscles in and around the city. Rock climb at Reimers Ranch, bike through Texas hill country on the soon-to-be-completed Lance Armstrong Downtown Bikeway, hike in Pedernales Falls State Park, or paddle the San Marcos River

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Miri's City Fan (State Of Sarawak)

City Fan
Miri city unfolds
its charms

City Fan
Miri city spreads out
its charms

City Fan
Miri City unfurls
its charms

It is a must visit when one visits Sarawak's oil town Miri. The City Fan is a well landscaped park with an open air amphitheatre amid a lush park other Malaysians can only dream. There is Islamic garden with an attractive blue dome pavilion, stylish arched gates, pools and fountains themed after the religion. Another themed after the Chinese culture, features a vermilion red horn roofed Chinese pavilion and a lake filled with tortoises and fishes. The City Fan also features an art gallery, swimming pool among others. From here one can also walk to the city library, stadium, mosque and federal territory building.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Charleston, South Carolina

Winter Charleston
charms of the city
melt our heart

Established in 1680, Charleston, South Carolina, is one of the most visited cities in the South. Avoid crowds by going in winter, when the Historic District reverts to a lovely, lazy European port town. Wander the quaint, winding alleys found south of Beaufain and Hasell streets, and don't miss Rainbow Row, a photogenic stretch of brightly painted homes from the mid-1700s. Stroll along the Battery, at the southern tip of the island, to admire the 19th-century merchant's mansions. For a worthy day trip, visit the three restored plantations on Ashley River Road, about 20 minutes outside of the city.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - The Woman Next Door

a japanese woman
becomes our friend
then asks to borrow money

our apartment
an old couple before us
took their own lives

We were really surprised by a middle age Japanese woman who came over to borrow money from us, students. Though Japan is an economic power, life is not so rosy as thought to be as the cost of living is extremely high. Most people in Tokyo cannot afford to own their houses. An old couple who lived in our apartment earlier committed suicide because of financial woes.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - Friendship And Opportunities

what the government
fails to tell the people
is that the migrant citizens
are opportunities to reap
instead of threats to fear
and in any god given opportunity
friendship is the best way to
earn the the entire benefiits

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Stolen Words

my neighbours
in the tree
how intelligent
they have been
stealing so many
words from us
and chirping them
in the trees
'always going
through this lane'
'always going
through this lane'
on and on
the bird chirps
in the tree in
the manner
of our native
Foochow dialect

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - Lost In Direction

sarawak bumis so subtly they carry the tag
with them i dont even feel deprived among them
definitely not as an affronts this tag for them

peninsula bumis everywhere i go the glaring
overstatement of a status that makes a society
unsettled, even lost in direction at times

sarawak bumis every other race they view
as opportunities to reap talking to them with
a sincerity and friendship no words can muster
you can even call them a family

peninsula bumis every other race some sort
of a threat, and when they talk, talk to them with
a kris dangled between their words

sarawak bumis they see a destiny clearly
beyond the horizon of friendship
the other, a clouded vision marred
by a metastasis of biases and insecurities
i pray the cancer will not spread

(the third stanza can also be written thus)

sarawak bumis every other race they view
as opportunities that only friendship can earn
they speak to them with a sincerity
no words can muster
you can even call them a family

john tiong chunghoo

My Mouth

my mouth
it can be a
canal to diseases

my mouth
it can be a canal
to injustices

my mouth
it does not
say anything
eat anything
that may hurt me
and the world

my mouth i
use it to glorify
god and his creation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Chinese New Year Eve In Sibu (State Of Sarawak)

Chinese New Year
the cops turn a deaf ear
to the fire crackers

Chinese New Year
home for those intense dizzying
auspicious fire crackers

Chinese New Eve
the sky a scene of US
invasion of Baghdad

Chinese New Year
firecrackers blast away old year
lighting up the new

Chinese New Year
the first black american president
born in the year of Ox became
president in the year
of the Ox
a time all America needs is
a man with the strength of
an ox to straighten all its fields

It has been years I never came back to hometown in Sibu, Sarawak for Chinese New Year spending them mostly in Kuala Lumpur where firecrackers are strictly banned.

Here in Sibu they are also banned but on New Year Eve, the police just turn a deaf ear to them. Afterall, Chinese New Year without the sounds of the crackers is no new year.

The sounds of the crackers lasted for a full hour with a wide range of crackers that lighted up the sky.

It was almost like what I saw on television of the US's invasion of Baghdad years back. The only difference is our crackers were for celebration of the most important Chinese festival.

john tiong chunghoo

God Has Programmed Himself Into Me

God has programmed
himself into
me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Obama's Inauguration Haiku Jan 20,2009

the Greatness of America
laid out in black and white
Obama's Inauguration

a voice tough as steel
blasts the sky - ah america's
first black president

proven in solid black
tough but never says no
- the American dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Oil Me Baby Miri (State Of Sarawak)

everywhere
a money lender
to oil your needs

Miri, two hours by bus from Brunei, was the first place where oil was found in Sarawak, Malaysia. The place on Canada Hill is now called grand old lady. The oil is exhaust and the place has been turned into a tourist attraction. A few statues of men drilling for oil have been erected. A petroleum museum stands near the oil well detailing how oil was extracted in the old days and now. A section is also devoted to how Sarawak gained independence from the British and joined the Federation of Malaysia. While in the town, I was struck by licensed money lenders everywhere. Signboards read like 'You can lend money from as low as RM100 (US33) to RM50,000 (US16,000) ' and also 'Trade in your Handphone or jewellery for cash'. It sounds really ridiculous but it is true.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Saint Paul Winter Carnival (Minnesota)

Saint Paul Winter Carnival
buckle up and get going
young mom tells son

Minnesotans don't just endure winter—they celebrate it. Dating back to 1886, the Saint Paul Winter Carnival—held January 22–February 1 this year—originated as a way to combat negative publicity in The New York Times about the harsh weather that pummels the state each year. Bundle up and bring the kids to take a spin on a fire truck; go on a treasure hunt for a buried medallion; or watch puppet shows, parades, and a blues festival. And be sure to walk around Rice and Como parks to view the beautiful ice and snow sculptures on display.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Overzealous Guards At Presidential Palace (Jakarta)

Visit Indonesia Year
a gun pointed at me
at the Presidential Palace

I was taking pictures in front of the Palace when two guards started shouting and ran towards me, one from the left and another from the right. One was even pointing his gun towards my direction. I was startled but did not run as I wondered whether it was wrong to take pictures of the Presidential Palace, which is a major attraction in Jakarta. Perhaps they thought I was a terrorist - I was wearing a helmet and carrying a black bag.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Taiwan - From Taoyuan Airport To The City

on bus to taipei city
rows of shops that take me
back to the 60s

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Revolting

you are the one revolting
against the body not
the body against you
it is just fighting back

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - New Suit

bad laundry work
the fashion store gives me
a new suit

Quite a surprise. The laundrette I sent the suit to for dry cleaning did a bad job. The suit became like a three year old piece of junk. I showed it to the fashion store in Kinshicho where I bought and strangely the manager gave me a new suit.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - Tokyo Imperial Palace

Tokyo Imperial Palace gardens
a guardsman salutes me
like he would a VVIP

Tokyo Imperial Palace gardens
a guardsman extends me
a royal salute

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Surprise In Japan - A Haunted House

shimousa nakayama

a woman says where we live

an old couple killed themselves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Andrew Wyeth's Christina's World

Christina's World
crawling to be
a true blue modernist

Christina's World
art is worth
struggling for

Christina's World
art is worth
crawling for

Christina's World
love is worth
crawling for

Christina's world
still crawling to find
a footing in America

Christina's World
home is where
the warmth of love is

Christina's World
crawling to find
a clear path

below courtesy of New York Times:

Andrew Wyeth who died Jan 16,2009 (Friday) gave America a prim and flinty view of Puritan rectitude, starchily sentimental, through parched gray and brown pictures of spooky frame houses, desiccated fields, deserted beaches, circling buzzards and craggy-faced New Englanders.

A virtual Rorschach test for American culture during the better part of the last

century, Wyeth split public opinion as vigorously as, and probably even more so than, any other American painter including the other modern Andy, Warhol, whose milieu was as urban as Wyeth's was rural.

Because of his popularity, a bad sign to many art world insiders, Wyeth came to represent middle-class values and ideals that modernism claimed to reject, so that arguments about his work extended beyond painting to societal splits along class, geographical and educational lines. One art historian, in response to a 1977 survey in *Art News* magazine about the most underrated and overrated artists of the century, nominated Wyeth for both categories.

One picture encapsulated his fame. "Christina's World" became an American icon like Grant Wood's "American Gothic," or Whistler's portrait of his mother or Emmanuel Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware." Wyeth said he thought the work was "a complete flat tire" when he originally sent it off to the Macbeth Gallery in Manhattan in 1948. The Museum of Modern Art bought it for \$1,800.

Wyeth had seen Christina Olson, crippled from the waist down, dragging herself across a Maine field, "like a crab on a New England shore," he recalled. To him she was a model of dignity who refused to use a wheelchair and preferred to live in squalor rather than be beholden to anyone. It was dignity of a particularly dour, hardened, misanthropic sort, to which Wyeth throughout his career seemed to gravitate. Olson is shown in the picture from the back. She was 55 at the time. (She died 20 years later, having become a frequent subject in his art; her death made the national news thanks to Wyeth's popularity.)

It is impossible to tell her age in the painting or what she looks like, the ambiguity adding to the overall mystery. So does the house, which Wyeth called a dry-bone skeleton of a building, a symbol during the Depression of the American pastoral dream in a minor key, the house's whitewash of paint long gone, its shingles warped, the place isolated against a blank sky. As popular paintings go, "Christina's World" is remarkable for being so dark and humorless, yet the public seemed to focus less on its gothic and morose quality and more on the way Wyeth painted each blade of grass, a mechanical and unremarkable kind of realism that was distinctive if only for going against the rising tide of abstraction in America in the late 1940's.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Australia

Kakadu National Park
witnessing the solid talents
of ancient artists

Kakadu National Park
i walk through the world's
oldest art gallery

Kakadu National Park
an ancient art gallery
comes alive

Kakadu National Park
ancient solid talents
paintings on rocks

ancient rock etchings
talents that overcome
the solid test of time

PoemHunter.com

One of Australia's superlative landscapes, a distinction reinforced by its status as a UNESCO World Heritage Site, Kakadu National Park also holds one of the world's oldest archaeological treasures: 44,000-year-old rock etchings believed to be 10,000 years older than those found in Europe. Along with its 5,000 aboriginal art sites, Kakadu also boasts an exhaustive array of plants and animals, waterfalls, swimming holes, rock plateaus, and wetlands. But the park's isolation and mammoth size—at 3.2 million acres, Australia's largest—mean guided trips are essential; set aside the extra cash to join a small, multi-day tour.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Laos Haiku - Pha That Luang Temple (Vientiane)

Phat That Luang Temple
my heart too
spirals into the sky

Phat That Luang Temple
my heart too charges
into the sky

Phat That Luang Temple
my heart too
soars up to the heavens

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Grave Beside The Bus Stop

grave beside a bus stop
he has arrived but I've to
go on with my journey

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Sugarloaf Resort (Maine)

Sugarloaf Resort
all the snow that builds up
the warmth between us

Four hours from Boston, Maine's Sugarloaf Resort makes for an accessible, hassle-free family ski vacation. Parents can play on the 2,820 feet of continuous vertical and the only above-tree-line skiing in the East while kids attend the abundant children's programs, which include a full day of skiing and hot lunch. Convenience is king at this self-contained ski area, complete with bus system, restaurants, après ski, condominiums, and shops. This week, check out the Children's Festival for tons of fun events like a carnival, tubing, game and movie nights, fireworks, and free lunch for kids.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Movie Poem - Guess Who's Coming To Dinner? (1967)

white father on the big white screen
exactly forty years ago asked the black
man who wished to wed his daughter:
'Do you know what your children will go through? '
and the the black doctor confidently replied: all our
children will grow up to become presidents
America, the great country, upholds his words

haiku:

guess who is coming to dinner?
Well yes, it's
a black president

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Crafty Politicians

i hate crafty politician
they turn nice young men
and women into animals
fabricating one reason for them
to live but stealing ten from them

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Outer Body

my physical body - when
it lacks water talks to me
through a thirst in the tongue
when it is not well, wraps me
round with a fever

my outer body (nature)
when it is sick - too let me feel
its rising temperature,
that if it is not taken care of
would not be able to
sustain my survival

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Super Age Poem - Thought Print

run baby run
they are devising a device
that can track down every thought
in the unique wave every brain sends out
the way the satellite track down the lanes and
roads of every town or village on the globe
run, baby run

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Super Age Poem - Any Age You Like

finding out that time
is just not to tell time
it is not on a self
gratification trip
but to tell you you can
live in any age you like

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Poem - Sweet Auburn, Atlanta (United States)

Sweet Auburn -
the walk down Luther King Jr's
childhood memory lane
black freedom, it now swims
like the great whale
in the Georgia Aquarium
bubbles like a can of
newly opened coca cola

What better way to celebrate Martin Luther King, Jr., on his birthday than to visit his boyhood home in the Sweet Auburn neighborhood of Atlanta. Then stop at the The King Center, with memorabilia from the civil rights leader's life. Afterwards, take the kids on a studio tour of World of Coca-Cola, a tribute to the city's beloved soft drink. And don't miss The Georgia Aquarium—the world's largest—with over 8 million gallons of water filled with stingrays, sharks, and thousands of tropical reef fish.

john tiong chunghoo



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Autumn Haiku - A Grand Finale

autumn dance
in a grand finale
the leaves taking to the wind

autumn
in a grand finale
blossom in the breeze

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Haiku - Snow And Budding Branch

melting snow
the raven perches
on a budding branch

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Cambodia Travel Haiku - Walking Round Angkor Wat

there it stands
angkor wat still enchoing
a grandiose dream

angkor wat
looks beyond its time
the complex

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Poem - Ayutthaya, Ayutthaya

ayutthaya, ayuthaya
all the ancient ambitions
royal and common
i found them in the
thousands of buddhas
big and small, gold,
stone and silver
unearthed, and those
still meditating under
the sun, with or without
the heads

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Thailand Haiku - Mahathat Temple, Ayutthaya

Wat Mahathat
the bodhi lifts
the buddha up

Here at Wat Mahathat in Ayutthaya, the old capital of Thailand, you can see a buddha head lifted up by the roots of an old bodhi tree. We were told it might have fallen on the ground below the tree when it was stolen and that the roots had miraculously wrung round the head so that it now sits snugly between them. Some believe this to be a miracle that shows the divine power of the Buddha.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Moab (Utah)

Moab holiday
grandma thrills us with
her own hiking stories

Moab outing
grandma sits by camp
admiring us and - the highlands

Moab holiday
a discovery we were first
to hear grandma's canyon adventures

Moab makes a great family camping spot, one close to some of the best of Utah's national parks. Easy mountain biking trails (and more challenging ones for older kids and parents) , river rafting, jeep trails, and hiking along the Colorado River all within close proximity to town will keep the brood busy and active. Opt for adventures in nearby Canyonlands and Arches national parks—or set up your own park-bagging itinerary to hit Capitol Reef, Glen Canyon, Zion, and Lake Powell.



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Travel Haiku - Cooperstown, New York

Cooperstown
one stop light to
remember its magic

Set on idyllic Lake Ostego in the Central-Leatherstocking region of New York, the village of Cooperstown has only one stop light, but boasts tons of attractions whether you like sports, art, or fine food and spirits. Hit the National Baseball Hall of Fame for interactive exhibits about the history of the sport and galleries of its greatest players. Visit the Fenimore Art Museum to view an extensive collection of American folk and American Indian art. Or, taste some of the country's best Belgian-style ales at Brewery Ommegang, where you can pick up Belgian cheeses, chocolates, glassware, and even comics at the gift shop.

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Super Age Poetry - Death Is Fun

Death is fun an
advertisement
emblazoned on the door
of the establishment said

they paid the guide
some money
then lay down excitedly
in the cubicle to have
a five minute fun of death
a queue has formed

the guide at the door says
'If you want longer,
just pay more.'

john tiong chunghoo



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Super Age Poetry - Invading The Other Realm

super age technology
again they go over
to the other realm
to steal some souls
so valuable an asset
in their realm - as slaves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Only The Sages Are Treasured

expelled Chinese
their sages live on in
the hearts of Vietnamese

The Vietnamese repelled the Chinese in the 10th and 11th Century after being ruled by them for a thousand years. However, Chinese sages such as Confucius and Mencius still reigned in the hearts of the Vietnamese. At the Museum of Literature in Hanoi, scholars still thronged the temple here to pray to the ancient literary sages to fare well in their college examinations. The lifesize statues of these sages make one feel as if they are still alive.

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Tanka - I Discover Stephen King

dugout river
a nude doll stares
right through me
i discover Stephen King and
- shiver

john tiong chunghoo



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Racism Haiku - Ice Cream

some people
lick racism like
an ice cream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

He Says He Is Leaving

he sulks and he says he is leaving his country
because he does not want to lose the natural
propensity to love, to appreciate another people,
their uniqueness, strengths and weaknesses without
having to resist a racist tendency that has begun to take
a hold on his pschye

he knows he would be like many of his friends if he
does not make a decision fast, friends who have
cultivated the indignity of looking at the world
with very coloured eyes without even feeling
anything wrong or degrading about it, friends who
have lived for too long in a racism fueled country.

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God Is Computing The Time

god is busy computing
in you to make sure each
your cell works, your heart
pumps, and your ears hear
god is too busy computing
and installing the right time
and manner your physique
would give up on itself

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Aruba, Angel Isle Of The Caribbean

Aruba

small enough to charm
like her waist

Aruba Song

just 19 miles at arm's length
and six at the waist
we embrace dreams without
the burden of responsibilities
feel them light as powdery sand
the morn wind that tiptoes over the waves

our feet carry us feverishly into
a waltz of caribbean blues,
tight, crisp and effortless
into the crescendos of waves
and - our breath

This slender island measures just 19 miles long and six miles wide, but its wide, white-sand beaches (some of the best in the world) , reliably near-perfect climate, and warm, turquoise waters have turned it into a dream destination for sun seekers. Visine-clear waters and abundant coral reefs mean great scuba diving and snorkeling. On land, escape crowds by saddling up on a horse or hopping onto an ATV and heading into the rugged, cactus-strewn interior, which includes Arikok National Wildlife Park.

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Warm Fingers Of Light

my stride is amidst rainbow
negotiating faint dusklight
that dances with leaves
the sea dazzles its smiles
the refreshing breeze
plays a haunting tune,
hynoptic to the senses,
warming up rows of heartstrings
the leaves generously share
bursts of reserved cheers
but the evening that slides
so gently away refuses to
let go of its memories of you
holding them tenaciously
between the receding lights
and the roaring tide of waves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Your Body The Chip

why? why bother embedding chips
onto the human bodies when the
bodies themselves are the most
foolproof chips? the aliens posed
to earthlings how to really put the world
under surveillance

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Judy Garland

she looked free as a bird in the
sky of hollywood, a psychedelic drug
that stole the vitality of her life
a soul sapped by a luminuous talent
milked dry like an old cow's udders
her voice trailed an epitome of
freedom sailing us over the rainbow
to channels of sporadic euphoria
yet when the news was finally out
hollywood is no land of the Oz
she was too pining for the heavens
she gave us all these years
her own? we found them sprinkled
yellow, pink and red all over the floor
so near yet so far for her reach
the wizard of oz who has promised
all the joys finally claimed her as his own
somewhere over the rainbow we still hear
her songs, and we know they are here to stay
a star that was born shines as bright as ever
Judy Garland is here to stay right in our heart
the man that got away,
have yourself a merry little Christmas
meet me in St Louis

john tiong chunghoo

Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve

i asked when the mass is going to start
tonight

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Christmas At Tivoli Gardens (Copenhagen, Denmark)

Christmas Tivoli Gardens
all my dreams
lightened up

Christmas Tivoli Gardens
each of the lights laps
up my worries

Christmas Tivoli Gardens
i let go of myself in
the miles of lights

From mid-November through December, Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens is lit with miles of lights—literally miles. The park's original lights were created by John Loring, Tiffany & Co.'s head designer, and there are thousands of them—1,800 chains for the willows, three miles for all of the Christmas trees, and another 3,281 feet for the city's buildings. Ride the rides, then shop and nibble at more than 70 Christmas stalls, or catch a performance at one of the music and theater halls.

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God Is There

God is there
and he just made
himself known

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - San Antonio, Texas (United States)

San Antonio
to the river, to the church
for a piece of American past

San Antonio
we visit our past by
the river, roads and the Church

the river, the roads and Church
point us to our heritage
San Antonio

For a lesson in early American history, head to San Antonio. A city influenced by colonial Spain, the Native Americans, Mexico, and the early pioneers, you can retrace the past by visiting the Alamo or one of five 18th-century mission churches. Ride a barge down the San Antonio River, the heart of the country's oldest and most extensive Spanish-colonial water system, then wander the streets of La Villita, one of the first Spanish settlements and later home to German and French pioneers.

john tiong chunghoo

Talking In All Their Quietness

the two women
talking so lovingly
to each other
they are like two
flowers in the garden
talking to each other
in all their quietness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dinosaur Love

the dinosaur's eyes
big as my ears
we look into each other
and wonder how our love
for each other can be
is it the same size?
one so big and one so small
teary eyed, is he like me -
bogged down by love too?
how heavy can love grow to be?
does it haunch the back? take up
gramme, pound and ounce
break the weighing machine?
the dinosaur squeals and the
depth of its love reverberates
through the lakes, valleys, hills and the clouds
grammes, pounds or ounces
they are for the daily groceries
love is for grander things
like baby dinosaurs running
back to its folds, a baby monkey
reclining on mother's bosom
it can only be measured in depth
calibrated with your care and
concern for everything that i do
and balanced by the weight
of a pair of starcrossed hearts

john tiong chunghoo

Pages Of The Mind

is your mind turning
the pages of my mind?
i heard the shuffling
of pages in the casual
and laidback corridors
of my mind and thought
about all my poems

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - San Francisco Golden Gate Park

San Francisco Golden Gate
to the Japanese garden
and the zoo

San Francisco has a reputation for being expensive, but families can stay in Marin County in one of the low-cost/high-value hotels and B&Bs, and then simply take the ferry at Larkspur Landing into the city. Kids love the boat ride, and it beats fighting the Golden Gate and downtown traffic. Once in San Fran, stroll through Union Square and continue on to Chinatown for lunch. Or visit Fisherman's Wharf and then trolley back to the Ferry Building, with its sensational food market and Farmer's Market. Don't miss Golden Gate Park, which houses the country's oldest Japanese garden, and the San Francisco Zoo, both of which have excellent bus connections.

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Travel Haiku - Sanibel Island, Florida (United States)

Shapely Sanibel
the shells refuse to leave
with the tide

shapely sanibel
the tide leaves behind
the shells and memory

sanibel
we pick the shells to keep
our happy times here

Though Florida's always a popular winter vacation spot, you won't find neon signs, rowdy partiers, and high-rises lining the water in Sanibel. Instead, this peaceful, family-friendly island boasts more than 17 miles of sugar-fine beaches, 26 miles of bike trails, and a main drag filled with chic shops and restaurants. Kids fascinated with sea shells will find plenty to collect along these shores, as the island's east-west orientation acts as a scoop for the tide's treasures. Also ride, walk, bike, canoe, or kayak through the J. N. ('Ding') Darling National Wildlife Refuge, one of Florida's best.

john tiong chunghoo

Famous Movie Poem - The Amityville Horror

Amityville Horror
the most terrifying
hoax

Amityville is best known as the setting of the novel *The Amityville Horror* by Jay Anson which was published in 1977, and has been turned into a series of films made between 1979 and 2005. The story of *The Amityville Horror* can be traced back to a real life murder case in Amityville in November 1974, when Ronald DeFeo, Jr. shot dead six members of his family at 112 Ocean Avenue. In December 1975 George and Kathy Lutz and their three children moved into 112 Ocean Avenue but left after twenty-eight days, claiming to have been terrorized by paranormal phenomena produced by the house. Jay Anson's novel is said to be based on these events but has been the subject of much controversy. The house featured in the novel and its film versions still exists, but has been renovated and the address changed in order to discourage tourists from visiting it.

(courtesy of wikipedia.com)

john tiong chunghoo



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Welcoming A New Day

luxuriously petalled peonies soft
and warm like multi-layer skirts
ready for sultry flamenco dancers
and pom pom girls in the fields

riveting exotic orchids
confident and unflinching in
their uplifting shapes and hues
a savoir fare you have always
wanted in your secretary

crocuses graceful as a
ballet prima donna
arc-ing her hands and torsos
to ready herself for her
enthraling spiralling
strident leaps and turns

and those unassuming
soft gentle morning glories
all over the grounds beside the walk

they all dispense a lesson
in the way to welcome the new day
colouring and clothing it with one's best

john tiong chunghoo

Travel India Haiku - Tamil Nadu Tiruchirappalli Rock Fort Temple

Rock Fort Temple
to the temple at top
two bald women

The Elephant God or Ganesan in the Hinduism is said to be the god hindus would pray before they start a project to prevent obstacles. The elephant God temple on top of a hill is said to be very portent in granting wishes. I bumped into two Malaysian women on their way to the temple to thank Ganesan, they said, for having granted them their wishes. They shaved their hair to fullfil their vows to Ganesan.

Travel India Haiku - Mumbai

Mumbai
the city that refuses to let you
down

Mumbai
he asks about nothing else
but the Khan actors

Mumbai
the rich, the poor, the ugly
and celluloid Miss Indias

Mumbai
we refuse to wave
goodbye

Mumbai
he hums the music of
his favourite bollywood music

Mumbai
rushing back to my room
for everything to quieten down

Mumbai
the glitters in the neon
and your eyes

Mumbai
peering at all the signboards
our dazzled eyes

India is a country full of unique and colorful sights and sounds, with everything from towering mountains and arid deserts to exotic cities bustling with the urgency of life. Start in the densely populated city of Mumbai, where fast-paced is an understatement and luxury is at its finest in Bollywood, the country's entertainment district. Mumbai has an answer to every traveler's desires, whether it's beaches for the sun-soakers, nightclubs for the party people, museums for the history buffs, or theatres for the art lovers.

john tiong chunghoo

Travelling

travelling
i light up the caves
one by one
to see where i am
so that i can walk
to your side
holding out my hands
to you with
my most
spontaneous
song and self

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Indonesia Haiku - The National Museum In Jakarta

Indonesia
a treasure chest
of the East

Indonesia National Museum
I chance upon a treasure
chest of the East

Indonesia National Museum
spoons, plates, bowls....
left by sinophils

A visit to the National Museum in Jakarta will enable one to see the rich cultures of the country which has 300 ethnic groups.

A plathero of cultures and arts came to the country over the last few thousand years. Indonesia has all along been the major maritime and spice routes.

There is one hall in the museum dedicated to Chinese, Japanese, Vietnamese and Thai pottery dating back two thousand years.

Another section showcases the interesting houses of the different peoples in Indonesia. One house called the honey hive looks like a little dome.

Statues of hindu gods, the buddhas among others lined the corridors. In fact, at the entrance are a few large meditating buddhas from the Borobudor, one of the seven wonders of the world.

Of course, Islam is also represented in many porcelain as well as printed materials.

Royal ware crafted in gold such as jewelleries, crises and containers were also exhibited.

You need to spend five hours here to savour everything. Of course, it is better to make several trips to soak in the rich heritage of Indonesia.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Borobudur Stone Walls

borobudur
inspiring builders
storey after storey
stone upon stone
scene after scene
of the painful road
to take to become
a buddha

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Facilities For Real Life Dramas

senses, faces, body, torsos
a crowded stage for men
to enact his thoughts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

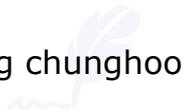
Travel Indonesia Haiku - Borobudur Wish (Jogjakarta, Java)

without its head but
what an assuring buddha shoulder
to lay my hand for a wish!

borobudur
commercial models walk straight
as the stupas

A commercial was being shot when I was there - smart men and women trooping over a pavement on the top level as the camera reeled. They walked straight as the ancient stupas which are abundant here - some 57 of them surrounding the monument. In each holed stupas sits a buddha. Many of the buddhas here are headless because of stealth over the years. Borobudur is one of the eight wonders of the world. It was built around the ninth century AD, was covered before Stamford Raffles and his men unearthed the area in the 19th century to make the extraordinary find.

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Travel Indonesia Haiku - The Prambanan Temple

prambanan temples
so passionately the swallows sing
to the gods

now only the swallows
offering their hymns
to the gods

prambanan temples
the swallows singing hymns
to the gods

The Prambanan Temple complex in Jogjakarta was built in the 9th century by the hindu ruler Rakai Pikatan. He overthrew the Sailendran empire famous for building the borobudur temple complex. The Prambanan temples were dedicated to the trinity hindu gods siva, brahma and vishnu. They are placed under Unesco and considered world heritage site. The temples had eroded due to the ravages of time as well as earthquakes. Despite that, they still stand quite magnificently because of the able workmanship of the skilled artisans. Much of the temples bear carvings of stories from the ramayana and mahabharata as well as statues of the gods. Many of the statues were stolen of course over the years. I saw abundant swallows here flying around and chirping as if they were singing hymns to the gods.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Jakarta Rivers

jakarta rivers
they too all thirst
for a life

jakarta rivers
a tale of abuse
flows

Jakarta
the rivers too
dying for a life

Jakarta rivers
they are ink to write
about abuse

This is my first visit to Jakarta. The city and its traffic snarls are a frightening sight. This includes motor cycles, the bajai or tut tuts, cars, lorries all cramming and finding their ways on narrow roads to their destinations. The rivers are definitely dying. The water is pitch black and does not seem to flow at all. Cityfolks all seem to be fighting for a living. Ruthless colonial years and a long line of irresponsible and corrupt leaders have left many of the cityfolks in dire straits. The people are dying for a life and so too are the Jakarta rivers. Nobody seems to care.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Zion Park (Utah)

Zion Autumn
the crimson horizon
sings our fascination

Zion Autumn
we reflect on the
crimson horizon of red rock

Zion Autumn
the red rock crimson horizon
fires up our excitements

Zion was established in 1909, and it's remained one of Utah's most popular parks ever since, with epic backpacking, day hiking, rock climbing, and road cycling. The main park road is blocked off to all traffic save for the park shuttle—a nice touch when compared to traffic-choked places like Yellowstone. But to truly escape the crowds, go now, when the cottonwood leaves have shifted to a canary yellow and the early evening sky transforms the red rock horizon to a deep, soothing crimson.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Winter Park Resort's 69th Season (Colorado)

Winter Park's 69th Season
a white smooth terrain
for a smooth year

Winter Park's 69th Season
the white and smooth terrain
steals our hearts and - feet

Winter Park's 69th Season
our hearts leaps and our feet
can't wait to make a go

November 19 marked the opening day of Winter Park Resort's 69th season, making it the longest continually running resort in Colorado. Located in the Rocky Mountains and bestowed with 389 inches of snow last season, Winter Park is the closest major ski resort to Denver at just 67 miles west of the city. The resort's several peaks boast over 3,000 skiable acres, including groomers, terrain parks, bumps, steeps, and deeps.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - New York City Central Park

New York City Central Park
on the ice skating rink
two teenage girls steal the show

Modeled after the gardens and parks of Paris and London, New York City's Central Park was the country's first landscaped public park when it opened in 1859. A welcome breather from the bustling, crowded city streets, the 843-acre park is home to a zoo, boathouse, carousel, outdoor theater, wildlife sanctuary, and two ice-skating rinks—all among picturesque fountains, bridges, statues, and ponds. Get active and go climbing on the schist boulders throughout the park; jog, bike, or rollerblade along six-mile Park Drive; or get a game going at the tennis courts, basketball courts, or baseball fields.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Japan Haiku - Hachiko Statue At Sibuya

the iron proof
of loyalty
hachiko square

hachiko square
and i am still looking for a friend
loyal as its protagonist

hachiko square
i make a wish to find a friend
loyal as its protagonist

the following is by courtesy of Wikipedia:

Hachikō (November 10, 1923–March 8, 1935), known in Japanese as chikō ken Hachikō (chikō ken Hachikō; 'faithful dog Hachikō'), was an Akita dog born in the city of Odate, Akita Prefecture remembered for his loyalty to his master.

In 1924, Hachikō was brought to Tokyo by his owner, Hidesaburō Ueno, a professor in the agriculture department at the University of Tokyo. During his owner's life, Hachikō saw him off from the front door and greeted him at the end of the day at the nearby Shibuya Station.

The pair continued their daily routine until May 1925, when Professor Ueno didn't return on the usual train one evening. The professor had suffered a stroke at the university that day. He died and never returned to the train station where his friend was waiting.

Hachikō was given away after his master's death, but he routinely escaped, showing up again and again at his old home. After time, Hachikō apparently realized that Professor Ueno no longer lived at the house. So he went to look for his master at the train station where he had accompanied him so many times before. Each day, Hachikō waited for Professor Ueno to return. And each day he didn't see his friend among the commuters at the station.

The permanent fixture at the train station that was Hachikō attracted the attention of other commuters. Many of the people who frequented the Shibuya

train station had seen Hachikō; and Professor Ueno together each day.

Realizing that Hachikō; waited in vigil for his dead master, their hearts were touched. They brought Hachikō; treats and food to nourish him during his wait.

This continued for 10 years, with Hachikō; appearing only in the evening time, precisely when the train was due at the station.

That same year, another of Ueno's former students (who had become something of an expert on the Akita breed) saw the dog at the station and followed him to the Kobayashi home where he learned the history of Hachikō; 's life.

Shortly after this meeting, the former student published a documented census of Akitas in Japan. His research found only 30 purebred Akitas remaining, including Hachikō; from Shibuya Station.

Professor Ueno's former student returned frequently to visit the dog and over the years published several articles about Hachikō; 's remarkable loyalty.

In 1932 one of these articles, published in Tokyo's largest newspaper, threw the dog into the national spotlight. Hachikō; became a national sensation. His faithfulness to his master's memory impressed the people of Japan as a spirit of family loyalty all should strive to achieve.

Teachers and parents used Hachikō; 's vigil as an example for children to follow. A well-known Japanese artist rendered a sculpture of the dog, and throughout the country a new awareness of the Akita breed grew.

Hachikō; died on March 8, 1935, of filariasis (heartworm) . His stuffed and mounted remains are kept at the National Science Museum of Japan in Ueno, Tokyo.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspirational Haiku - Forgive

forgive
and you'll
be forgiven

john tiong chunghoo



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Not In The Plan

two believers were talking about
God's plans for the human race

'If only we know what He
has in store for us..' man A said.

'And that is not in his plan, ' man B quipped.

'If only we know..' man A continued.

'Then we will miss all the fun.
Things are kept secret so that we can live
him like a page turner.' man B smiled.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Kansas City (Missouri)

Crossroads Art District
where Kansas says
we only live for art

With its numerous theaters, museums, and galleries, Kansas City, Missouri may be the epicenter of the Midwest's art scene. Stroll through the Crossroads Art District, which features over 60 galleries and an array of trendy shops; on the first Friday of every month, galleries exhibit new shows and stay open until nine. At the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, see a comprehensive collection of U.S. photography, including 'Restoration: Robert and Shana ParkeHarrison' in the museum's new Bloch Building, designed by architect Steven Holl.

john tiong chunghoo



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Famous Movie Poem - City Lights

you dont have to tell me you love me
in fact we dont even have to talk
a smile and a touch help say a thousand words

tonight we feel like moving characters in the silent movies
no word can express better what we have in us
except the absorbing silence in the look of our eyes

as we walk down the avenue hand in hand
our feeling for each other becomes bright as the city lights
we let our every gesture does the talking for us
leading us to where we wish to be

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Haunted House

it stands on multiple wooden poles
and right between them a flight of stairs
that goes up straight to the back or kitchen
so that when somebody walks down you see
his feet, shins and thighs before you see the person

the house faces a huge raintree
that divides two roads
car lamps therefore shine directly onto
the poles of the house and cast shadows
that flash and lift themselves up over the
compound

the house they say is haunted
at night bus uses to stop just outside
to let passengers down
their shadows invariably running all
over the house when a car comes
in the opposite direction
everything then seems to be moving
except its unrelenting quietness
and forboding menacing atmosphere

i once was let down here
one last passenger in the dead of night
all the nooks and corners of the
abandoned house all of a sudden
became eyes that stared at me
like eager and lonely ghosts
longing for friends
my heart beat faster than my legs
could carry me
the house stood solemnly quiet
like an old, cold, lonely woman in despair

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Obama's Grant Park Victory Night

Obama's Victory Night
On Grant Park too
Langston Hughes, Martin Luther King

John Tiong ChungHoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Gdansk's Best Vodka (Poland)

Gdansk visit
Sobieski heats up
our interest

While we may not know where exactly vodka was first distilled, any Pole will tell you that their country produces the best in the world—and that the only way to taste it is chilled, no mixers. Pair that experience with traditional Polish cuisine like crayfish in a rich cream sauce and platters of roasted duck in the medieval city of Gdansk. Then tour Starogard Gdanski distillery, where the country's most popular premium vodka, Sobieski, is produced.

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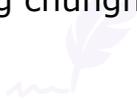
Travel Haiku - Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument, Utah (United States)

Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument
the young man says he wishes
he has more time

he makes sure he freezes
his good looks at the Grand Staircase-
Escalante National Monument

The last place in the continental United States to be mapped, Utah's Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument remains one of the most beautiful and unforgiving landscapes in the Lower 48. This 1.9-million-acre unspoiled natural area boasts endless adventure options: day hiking, backpacking, mountain biking, and camping. But good navigational skills and a GPS are necessary; most of the hiking traverses unmarked routes. For the less adventurous, park rangers lead naturalist hikes through November.

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Forever Young

forever young
48 springs she says
of her age

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - A Katrina Of Art In New Orleans

New Orleans
a Katrina of art
to raise fallen city

New Orleans
now a katrina of art
to save 'hurricaned' city

As a part of its ongoing revitalization efforts, on November 1 New Orleans debuted Prospect.1, the largest biennial exhibition of international contemporary art ever organized. Considered by many as the most important art event of 2008, Prospect.1 showcases the work of a star-filled roster of 80 artists. With support from the local community, areas destroyed by Katrina—including abandoned homes and vacant lots—were used as art spaces, and hundreds of residents volunteered to assist artists and work the event. Admission to all events is free, and it continues until January 18.

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Difference

(poetry in progress)

are we all made to be different?
distinct as ruby is from diamond?
the former red like passion, burning for love
the latter a dawn sky glittering with fresh ray of hopes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

1.4 Million Years In A Second

a mood swing? an interval?
a pause in the mind? of the mind?
a single entity that plays out its evolution game
1.4 million years in all within a second of this
body of 48 giving another dimension to a face

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Costa Rica's Hot Springs

Tabacón Hot Springs
the tourists pour out their warmth
to each other

Tabacon Hot Springs
as we down our red cocktail
the glowing mountain

tabacon hot springs
we down the glow of the mountain
in our glass

After a hike through the parkland at the base of still-active Arenal Volcano in La Fortuna, Costa Rica, soothe your muscles in the mineral-rich water of Tabacón Hot Springs. The 77- to 108-degree magma-heated water flows through gorgeous rock pools and waterfalls surrounded by gardens filled with lush heliconias and palm trees. At night, enjoy a mid-soak cocktail at the swim-up bar in the springs' main pool, and you might even catch views of the volcano spewing glowing red lava into the dark sky.

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Time

i am time, i run
on people's feet
on their wrists
needles on the wall
the hearts and mind
especially the last
of which i am a parasite

i live in a dimension
that feeds on every other
night, day, rain or shine

you can chop me down
piece by piece, unit by unit
stuff them up with every bit of
your dreams

now i am all done up,
made up for
human endeavours

a miser of
the upper most kind
i am every minute,
every second of the my lifespan
to myself, to others

the last luxury i have
is to reflect on myself - no time

i live in a dimension
people dont look back
run in a straight line
a masochist as i chug
along enslaved and enslaving

john tiong chunghoo



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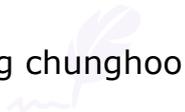
Travel Haiku - Saguaro National Park, Arizona (The United States)

saguaros loom high into the sky
spikes and spears
for survival

saguaros national park
her scorpion tale as we
ascend the trail

Divided into two districts by Tucson, Saguaro National Park features 165 miles of hiking trails. Head west of the city to the Tucson Mountain District to hike the King Canyon Trail (3.5 miles one way) to 4,687-foot Wasson Peak, the highest point in the Tucson Mountains. The Rincon Mountain District east of the city features the Cactus Forest Loop Drive; bike this trail for spectacular views of both the Rincon range and the native plants and animals of the Sonoran Desert, including the iconic giant saguaro cactus, which can grow up to 50 feet tall and live as long as 200 years.

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Obama Magic

does he have magic in him?
does he wear an african charm?
an african amulet from Kenya?
the first black elected to be
President of the United States
it is not even my country, and he my race
so why should i be heaving with my eyes
hot and red and have to fight back tears
in order not to appear mushy?
the old black man i now see on television
at Chicago Grant Park at least has two
centuries of reasons to cry but not me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Why Some Religions Do Not Work

the heaven of some religions is grey
it is forboding and spells misfortune
some religions do not work because
the virtue of forgiveness is left out
of the boat to heaven, a blessing
witheld from the heart - the devil finds
it one best workshop to work on his dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Sub Editor's Job

if you cannot find a soul
in a piece of writing, give it one,
if you can find one leave it all alone

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Work As A Daily Prayer

my friend prayed five times a day
but did not really love his work
day in and day out he tried to avoid
what he was supposed to do
until one day someone wise cornered him
'My friend, you sure have problem
working ah but you sure love god so much
try treating your work as prayers too
for that is the best thing you can offer up
to God everyday. No other prayer could
have pleased him more.'
he changed and his luck too - he just heard
he would be getting a raise.
he thanks God a thousand times
his prayers have finally been heard

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Wind Tears Away Autumn

leaf by leaf
the wind tears
away autumn

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Sub Conscious

the most beautiful experience
in writing poetry is when an
over enthusiastic subconscious
takes over the fingers to write
the lines you thought you would
never have written by yourself
and the best part is they help
make up for what the poem
would have lacked, that magic
fluidity of spontaneity and shine
so good that you feel there is
an angel lighting up the words

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God Must Be Working On Something

if i ever go back to work in that place,
it would be very strange to me
something out of my mind
god must be working on something

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Movie Poem - Singing In The Rain

you are young, your skin is taut
my heart reels like a guitar tight
and plucked for the first time

you are young and your crown
billows and crests cascading
like a great waterfall i am pleasantly
entangled in the shiny resplendent tresses

your enchanting intelligence fueled eyes
darting over the silver screen are shangrila's
spring lakes of passion, appetisers for love
i cant take mine off

you charge up the morning like a
thousand birds bursting in their
enthusiasm, all ready to fly away
with their present of the new day,
giving life to a solitary tree now
waving and whistling its
cheers to the pulsating birth of the new dawn

your stilettos rain steps
as you dance, raindrops beating down
a tranquil lane,
an orgy of song and kettle drums
a flamenco for a fiesta of
irresistible romantic charms

raindrops tipping tapping
on us waking us up to the warmth
we have in us, and our propensity
for love, for a fulfilling life worthy
of singing in the rain

tip tap, tip tap, tip tap,
we let down our hair
we run up and down the lane
the sound of rain is a million ovations,

a million dancers joining us upping, downing
twisting turning a spiralling lane of fun

john tiong chunghoo

Nothing, Everything

what you dont see
neednt be nothing
and what your eyes could see
neednt be everything

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Its Best

time is a seed
that is blooming
into the universe
that is blooming
into the universe
and remember.... blooming
take a deep breath
you can feel yourself
a part of the bloom
a part of the bloom
that hasnt yet seen its best

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Time Carts Us Away Like Wheels

this shirt and me
are both wearing time
one day we all wear out
time carts us all away
like wheels that fail to
keep up with the whirls, whools
a snake shedding its skins
the rocket letting go of its spent parts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Haiku - Koh Samui Sojourn

first supriise
a water fountain greets us
and the plane

Koh Samui is Thailand's third largest island and is on the east coast, on the South China Sea. Its popularity rose after the tsunami because tourists many tried to avoid the Andaman sea. This leads to a tsunami of a different sort on the otherwise quiet island in the early 90s. Now at least 400 hotels dot the island and there are 14,000 rooms for tourists most of whom come during the high season from December to March when the sea is calm. However, overdevelopment has marred some of the scenic sights. Chaweng the centre of the island is full of activities at night even during the low season. Every month there are full moon, half moon and dark moon parties which can become quite outrageous at times. My first surprise when i arrived was the fountain near the runway of the plane.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sun's Last Grace

the blazing sun's lost in its own shine
the clouds encode each of the rays,
cotton waves of scarlet, red, orange
the last signature of the sun before
its exit from the realm of day

a sea continuously sends its
audacious smile from the horizon
a shimmering gaeity of the heart
amid miles of goodbye pounded
so loudly over the seas and so
splendidly played out over the sky
two lovers panting, hugging, kissing,
looking into each other like no light
can part them

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - My Home Village

my home village
the virgin mary still stands
young as ever

my home village
old friends like me
away from home

my home village
old friends live in
new homes

inspired by

my home village-
the winter rain targets
a standing Buddha
-Issa,1816

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Storm King Art Centre (New York)

Storm King Art Centre
two sculptures linked up
by their shadows

Storm King Art Centre
a shadow link up
two statues

Storm King Art Centre
the old woman picks one statue
as her meditation point

Storm King Art Centre
one sculpture holds up
a nest

Storm King Art Centre
she walks round and round
for her favourite statue

An hour north and a world away from Manhattan, New York's Storm King Art Center boasts 500 pristine acres dedicated to the display of contemporary sculptures. Both a museum and park, the public space intermingles natural elements including the sky, trees, sloping plains, and bodies of water with work from such artists as Alexander Calder, Andy Goldsworthy, and Richard Serra. Bring a picnic, give Storm King an afternoon, and by dusk you'll likely be plotting a return visit.

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Curses

the heart is a well
you can go for love
for contemplation
abandoned, it morphs
into an old well dark,
foreboding and uncanny
ready to claim you if you
wish to join it plunging in
and be a source of abuse,
your quietness and calm
demeanor shakened
now and then to clean up
the soiled of other people

the heart is a well to store
the graces from heavens or
a dungeon of curses for those
who cast a cloud over your
glowing wish and sunshine

you hear echoed in every
splash of the drawn water -
if you have bones they will break
if you have hair, they will burn
if you have skin they will crackle
if you have nails, they will crack and
when you get the love of your life, your
heart crushed into a million pieces
in your despair you walk around
smelling like a corpse

john tiong chunghoo

So Many Pieces

i broke the mirror
in one smash seeing
myself breaking up
in so many pieces
a shakened silence
too in so many pieces

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - San Francisco Jazz Festival

San Francisco Jazz Festival
we ready a blues for McCain
and a celebratory Jazz for Obama

Immerse yourself in San Francisco's thriving and diverse music scene. The San Francisco Jazz Festival, which continues through November 9th, features a wide array of performances, from jazz great Dave Brubeck and soul pioneer Maceo Parker to DJ Spooky, who, appropriately, will perform on Halloween. For something more traditional, head to the War Memorial Opera House for the San Francisco Opera's performance of *La Bohème*. If you've got the whole family in tow, attend a matinee of *The Elixir of Love for Families*, a condensed, two-hour version of the comedic opera, set in the nearby Napa Valley and sung in English.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Famous Movie Poem - Citizen Kane

rosebud, how much
secret can you hide
away in a rosebud?
your muse, his
exquisite eyes, lips,
hands and fingers?
an unrequited
relationship?
taking a friend's
dear one for an
afternoon of
sensual ride shoving
and turning between
an ocean of pleasure
and a torn conscience
hard as a 20-year lie
tossed between words
in a newspaper run
by a megalomaniac?

rosebud how much love
can you hold in a rosebud?
all the night fantasies rolled
up tight, kept warm between
heart racing bossoms, intertwined
desires that blend like fragrance and
scents to drive up yearnings for
physical adventures and the fluid
and stimulating verses pouring
out of your systems

rosebuds, where would you
find them most appealing?
a virgin pink at her lips
soft and shy at heart
and a longing held tight
as petals waiting for the
perfect moment to unveil
its charm, splendour

a heart waiting for the
right moment to leap
into another

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Dove

the dove that
just flies away
carries my dream
high up into the sky
and fans an inspirational
poem right into my mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

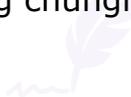
Travel Haiku - Olympics National Park (Washington, United States)

Olympics National Park
elks with
tip top triumphs

Olympics National Park
we make a challenge to take picture
of elk with the grandest horns

Surround yourself with lush greenery in Washington's Olympic National Park. Trails and roads provide access to the Quinault and Hoh river valleys, with some of the most spectacular examples of the nation's remaining temperate rainforests (the area receives 12 to 14 feet of rain annually) . The park also boasts the largest population of Western elk in the United States, so keep your eyes peeled for these elegant animals roaming among the Sitka spruce, giant western hemlock, ferns, and over the moss carpeting the forest floor.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Haiku - Iq Test

presidential election IQ test
still not decided
you are below average

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Newspaper Journalists

to be a newspaper
journalist is a sacred
profession, it is about
not placing refuse on paper
for your readers to ingest

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - The Pumpkin Show, Circleville (Ohio United States)

Circleville Pumpkin Show
the child asks for a ride
on a large pumpkin

The Pumpkin Show
the father pats the pumpkin
and then the child

The Pumpkin Show
dad helps child to lift
his first pumpkin

For a fun, free fall tradition check out the The Pumpkin Show (October 15-18) in Circleville, Ohio, a yearly celebration since 1903. The festival features hog calling, pumpkin throwing, and pie eating contests; a Miss Pumpkin parade and pageant; cooking and crafts demonstrations; and live music, all attracting over 400,000 visitors. But the stars of the show are enormous pumpkins, with last year's largest weighing in at 1,524.5 pounds. Not to be outdone by the farmers, town bakers produce 'the world's largest pumpkin pie'—over six feet in diameter and weighing more than 400 pounds!

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Pari Fermier (Paris, France)

Pari Fermier

like the countries they are from
cheese in all shapes and sizes

Pari Fermier

the artist shops for a farmer
to work as model

Pari Fermier

he says he is only interested
in their cheese

Pari Fermier

when talks about food ring
louder than art

The finest of farmers markets, the Pari Fermier brings together up to 200 independent, small-scale producers six times a year for four days, in or around Paris. Pick up goodies like cider from Normandy, spice cake from Languedoc-Roussillon, honey from the Auvergne, walnuts from the Périgord, and, of course, fine cheeses from all over the country, and watch chef demonstrations with exhibitors' ingredients during the next fair, October 17-20.

john tiong chunghoo

Famous Moive Poem - Phantom Of The Opera

do you cry
the night away
when laughters turn
into a bottle of sobs
of an alcoholic?
your warm heart
finding itself floating
on a lake of ice?

is the fabled tale
in the warmth
of your hands
slipping away
from your grip?
an opera singing
a dissonant tune to
your fantasy?
the director you seek
leaving you in a valley of wants?

is the phantom of the opera,
nipping you in the bud? your
legs tied, your smiles fraying
into an ridiculous satire?

you walk down straight
to the lake of salvation
only to find a ring of fire crackling,
cracking up your world

you wish to throw in the towel
only to find the towel flare
into flames, your aspiration
trailing smoke into a fearful
vortex of disappointments

you quieten yourself
down to give yourself
a respite and slip into

a cave of privacy, kneeling
praying, kneeling praying
tears swelling a full moon tide

you call for the phantom
to intervene, to light up
the candles of your life,

to help you ride out the storm,
turn around the opera of afflictions
so that a rainbow arcs
a victory over your sky
while while pains
lose their grip like
night and its shadows
soften to the gentle
robust rejuvenating light of dawn

rewritten from the following:

do you cry the night away
when laughters turn into
a bottle of sobs of an
alcoholic? your warm heart
found itself floating in
a lake of ice?

is the fabled tale in the
warmth of your hands
slipping away from your grip?
an opera singing another
tune to your fantasy?
the director you seek leaving
you in a valley of wants?

is the phantom of the opera
nipping you in the bud?
your legs tied, your smiles
fraying into a ridiculous satire?

you walk down straight
to the lake of salvation

only to find a ring of fire
crackling, cracking up your world

you plan to throw in the towel
only to find the towel
flares into flames
your aspiration trailing
smoke into a fearful vortex
of disappointments

you quieten yourself down
in the cave of privacy
tears swelling a full moon tide
and wish that the phantom
would light up the candles
to help you ride out the storms
so that pains lose their grip
like shadows flickering out
of the last candle

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - A Poet's Death

where does a poet
go after he dies?
the gap of your thoughts
between the words
on white, black or blue
paper or computer

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - On New Year's Day

New Year's Day
the same old feeling
of new year returns

inspired by

on New Year's Day
copying me?
bird without a nest
-Issa,1809

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Flowers Are Earth's Prayers

the flowers are earth's
thanksgiving prayers to the Almighty
if wind is earth's music
the flowers are sweet choruses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Harvest Moonn

harvest moon -
the field flying
with broken stalks

harvest moon -
no more loud sighs
from the windy fields

harvest moon
thanksgiving incense
trails over fields

harvest moon
the garden echoes with plan
for the next season

inspired by

harvest moon-
some are stretched out
some praying
-Issa,1821

[http: //cat.xula.edu/issa/](http://cat.xula.edu/issa/)

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Turkey's Turquoise Coast

Turkish Mediterranean
i cherish to write a poem
with its turquoise ink

Turkish Mediterranean
agile turquoise blue swings
and tangos with the beach

Turkish Mediterranean
i see something deeper
than your blue eyes

Turkish Mediterranean
the turquoise water spreads
a sea of joy and pleasure

Turkish Mediterranean
the halcyon blue of the sea
absorbs us and all into it

One of the last unspoiled regions of this great sea, the Turkish Mediterranean boasts aquamarine waters relatively free of boat traffic and mountainous shores that contain few posh hotels or high-rise condominiums. The most luxurious way to view this pristine coastline is aboard a chartered gulet, a Turkish wooden yacht, on the legendary Blue Cruise. Your daily itinerary usually includes a swim before breakfast, a visit to Lycian tombs at lunch, and a feast of fresh fish and lobster for dinner.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Newport Coastal Adventures

Newport adventure
a string of American icons
straddles the Atlantic

Newport adventure
mansions not as familiar
as the names of owners

Newport adventure
names of owners warm up
unfamiliar mansions

Newport adventure
a child cries out to a mansion
'President Kennedy are you there? '

Longtime East Coast playground of the rich and famous, Newport has appealed to the likes of the Astors and the Vanderbilts, and the Eisenhowers and Kennedys. In the mid-1800s, wealthy American families began building summer mansions here, dotting the rugged Atlantic coastline with enormous properties. Take a walking tour of these lavish Gilded Age homes with names like Rosecliff, The Breakers, and Chateau sur Mer, and round out your visit with the Museum of Newport History and the city's colonial buildings, forts, churches, and synagogues.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - This Bleak Looking Field

this bleak looking field
three young bamboo trees
fueling a life into it

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Lisbon's Parque De Eduardo Vii (Portugal)

Lisbon's Parque de Eduardo VII
we walk round and round
lost in its beauty

Portugal's temperate fall weather is perfect for visiting Lisbon's Parque de Eduardo VII, with its manicured gardens, flower beds, mosaic walkways, and spectacular city views. The Estufa Fria, or greenhouse, contains tropical and exotic plants in an impressive landscape of streams, ponds, and rocks. Arrive hungry and stay for an extravagant dinner at Eleven, which serves Portuguese fare with a modern twist in the Amália Rodrigues garden at the top of the park.

john tiong chunghoo



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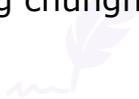
Travel Haiku - Flaming Foliage Festival, Pennsylvania (United States)

Flaming Foliage Festival
our excitement rises with
the colours of the season

Flaming Foliage Festival
the girl dyes her hair scarlet red
for the fall queen contest

More than half of Pennsylvania, which is Latin for 'Penn's woods, ' is covered by forests. In fall, red maples flare with vibrant scarlet; sugar maples brighten with yellow and orange; and white oaks' leaves turn wine-red—all against a backdropp of evergreens including the eastern hemlock, the state tree. Visit in time for the Flaming Foliage Festival in Renovo, always held the second full weekend in October. Enjoy a parade and delicious fall treats and crafts from local vendors, and then watch the crowning of a new fall queen.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Eve Of Election Dinner Table Talk

Eve of election dinner talk
now which of these liars
shall we trust?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - The Bund, Shanghai (China)

The Bund

here too Chow Yun Fatt
sows his fame

The Bund

an old dream by the Huangpu
comes alive

The Bund

the Malaysians say it reminds them
of their independence Square

The Bund

the old has flowed out to sea
the new excites a whole nation

The Bund, one of Shanghai's biggest attractions, is located on the shore of the Huangpu River and forms the easternmost edge of old downtown Shanghai. Stroll past the stately colonial-style buildings—once foreign banks and trading houses—that give the area its distinct Western architectural signature. Along the Bund Promenade, you'll find locals practicing tai chi and ballroom dance in the early morning. Enjoy the spectacular view of the Pudong skyline across the river, or head inland and shop on Nanjing Road, loaded with the neon signs of stores, restaurants, and pedestrian bazaars.

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Funny Sarah, Quirky John

uncle john badly wants
to be the president of
the United States
because he thinks
that's the only smart thing
an old man can do

and auntie Sarah badly
wants to be his
Vice President
because she thinks
that's the only pretty thing
a lady from Alaska can
hope to do
she even thinks it can
keep the body warm
better than the moose
and the polar bears

and who does not want
to be a VP of a president of 72?
it is just a step, a breath away from
becoming President
and the shoe fits so well

but there is a little hurdle
uncle john cannot seem
able to cross

uncle john cant see
the difference between the
A and Z of the costs
to run the country, on
gas, regular petrol or
on premium

and when the banks come

tumbling down
he is laughing and rolling
cheering everybody: up:
'dont dont run, dont cow,
it is just the money
rolling down.
the foundation is
strong. the foundation is strong
just dont you run,
it is just the banks'
new investment calls.'

and and auntie Salleh
oh oh no, no, no
while sitting on television
for the interview of her life
she cant think about anything
but begs to call her friends
to help her out
Oh my lifelines, my lifelines
where are the moose?
where are the polar bears?
the pitbulls? hockey moms?
and my lipsticks....errrr

john tiong chunghoo

Earth

why do i have such a
warm affinity to mother earth?
it's because it is so much older

every day of its age can
hold a cell of my body
in the air for all to see
only if i can stretch that far

every of its men if if alive again
can hold hand to hand round
the earth 20,000 times

i am the smallest germ
crawling through the
history of its pages
a trillionth of a second
of its time

if you have a line long as
the equator i cannot fill in
the dot of its existence
an ant running on the wall of
the tallest building in Dubai

and if the the whole existence
of earth is the time you need to
read from A to Z

i am a trillionth of the tiniest nerves
that help you see, think, and
open your mouth, navigate your tongue
in the ocean of registers before
hitting port with the sonal signal A

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Massachusetts Coast Road Tour

Boston to Gloucester coastal ride
we ditch 10,000 lost lives talk to locating
the home made with 100,000 newspapers

Drive Massachusetts's scenic coast from Boston through historic Gloucester, the quintessential New England fishing town, settled in 1623. Over 10,000 local fishermen's lives have been claimed off these shores; this area played the setting for the book and blockbuster film *The Perfect Storm*. For a fascinating stop on the way back, visit The Paper House in Rockport. Beginning in 1922, Elis F. Stenman, inventor of the machine that makes paper clips, spent 20 years layering and pasting approximately 100,000 newspapers together to create his two-room dream home, complete with paper-covered tables, chairs, lamps, and even a piano.

john tiong chunghoo



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God Sits On The Right

the heart is on the left but
God is seated on the right
this is so that he can speak
directly to you without having
to have a medium of the heart

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Spring Breeze

spring breeze
japanese dancer tilts
to a rain of sakuras

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn - Diving Into The Circles Of Time

we wish love would
linger like flaming autumn
a mood so absorbing like
the eons we could spend
in each other's eyes

time comes in circles
and the leaves play
them out so well
so green once and now
so red to accent
their triumph in
keeping the host
so cheerful and alive
a new dress, new look
to celebrate
a nostalgic
season of love
tethering on a
swirling farewell

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the wind comes
as a friend to
orchestrate a grand
departure, full of
dance and songs

they clap and slap
each other's back
to brazen up,

they sigh and cry
their last separation
song before diving
our mind into the
infinite circles of time

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Mono Lake Yosemite National Park (California)

Mono Lake
nature's knobby hands cast
a bleakness over me

Mono Lake
a stone cold edgy prelude
to a ghost town

Mono Lake
old haunched cold women
look over at me

Mono Lake
rows of towering bleakness
over the water

Located 13 miles east of Yosemite National Park, immense Mono Lake is an ecologic and geologic wonder. Ringed by volcanoes, twice as salty as the ocean, and at least 760,000 years old, the lake also features hauntingly beautiful tufa towers—knobby limestone structures formed as the alkaline lake water mixes with fresh spring water—looming above the surface. Hike or bike the surrounding area; relax and grab soft-serve at Mono Cone in the nearby town of Lee Vining; or tour the deserted streets and businesses of Bodie, an eerily intact 19th-century mining ghost town.

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Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Forgotten Prayers

forgotten prayers
he just realises he once asked God
to help him find this friend

john tiong chunghoo



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A Space To Thrive

time and mind never
meet eye to eye

time is a master
with limitations

anyone who has
a brush with it
will tell you why

it leads us all
down the wrong alley
and die

it is ying, the
female energy
darkness
a stasis in disguise

the mind is a master
of a heaven
of freedom

it is yang
the sun
light that
spreads life
and cheers

a mind just
refuses to be
shadowed
pigeonholed

it is an inquisitive
child all out on
his two feet
crawling, walking,
running, standing or

falling

time finds itself
all too
inadequate
to keep up
with the mind
or within the grasp
of its two hands

the mind
can be where it
likes to be

in as well as
out of time

any place
anywhere

time sadly needs
a space to
thrive, a
dimension
to give it
significance
a mind that
extends a
helping
hand to
help him
walk the walk

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - The Kunsthaus Zurich (Switzerland)

the other secret code
to Switzerland's wealth
Kunsthaus Zurich

where wealth is painted
without the dollar sign
Kunsthaus Zurich

Visit Zurich and immerse yourself in 20th-century and contemporary art. The Kunsthaus Zurich, a museum for modern art and a must-see for any art lover, features impressive collections of photographs, collages, and montages from artists such as Hannah Höch and Man Ray, and comprehensive pieces by sculptor Alberto Giacometti. For a sense of living history, check out the exhibitions and events held at the Cabaret Voltaire nightclub, originally opened in 1916 and an important venue in the founding of the Dada art movement.

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Ode To The Earth

poetry in progress

the way you spin a game
of success on the theory
of ying yang, ever since you
took hold of the sky in your
winning azure blue and rich
potato brown you have sprung
so many surprises on us

as you twirl, you amaze
and unwittingly win
unrestrained applause

you hold onto the day
and night so dutifully
and evenly to unveil to
us the presents and
blessings of time

the greenery has sat up
straight to acquiesce to
your discipline and some
stood up in glee for
a thousand years to join you
pouring out gratitude in a
maze of shapes and shades
multi hued flowers, freewheeling
leaves advertising their many
pointed shapes in the wind and
nuts so crunchy, fruits so sweet,
pulpy and healthy to the brim

so many have taken after their cue -
the butterflies carry sweet nectare
and a cryptic paradise to your circle game

the birds serenade bright and
cheerful notes in a cosmic rhythm

and tune to the soft streaming strokes
of your blazing luminous conductor
cheering up the day

you energise, even night
refuses to bow out as it
juggles for actions with the day

it gently hangs out a lantern
for all to witness the soft shadows
and gentler quietness of nights
a privacy made for lovers

the owls compete with the moon
with their large glowing eyes
each carrying its own moon as they
absorb lunar energy to check out
on the little furry stealthy nocturnal creatures

the stars send well wishes all the way to
all the two legged, four legged,
six legged, and eight legged
who blast away their sweet love
odes in all the nooks and corners -
on the mountain tops, in the amazon
rainforests, over the oceans, in the rivers,
under a leaf, a fallen wood and
a million of hollow eyes that have
drilled their way into a driftwood

in a rose, an orchid, a carnation
everywhere you find creatures
cavorting holding onto shadows
of night to prove darkness will
never douse out the flame of love
but afford a sanctum for all to
merge and fertilise the day that
gives way to night and night that
gives way to day in - an everlasting

AN AUTUMN LOVE

we wish love would
linger like the colours
of autumn a mood so
absorbing like the eons
we could spend In
each other's eyes

time comes in circles
and the leaves play
them out so well
so green once and
now so red to accent their
triumph in keeping
the host so cheerful and alive
a new dress for every season

the wind comes as a friend,
to make sure the sendoff is
grand and full of dance and songs

they clap and slap
each other's back
to cheer each others up
they sigh, they cry their last
separation song before
diving into the circles of time

circle game of creation

john tiong chunghoo

Divine Flute

divine flute
the delicate
sounds of divinity
and deception
float through
the air like a twin

still for the
true hearted
they are on
the other
side of the
fence of
each other
heaven
hell

john tiong chunghoo



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The Earth Sighs

i was the ears that heard earth sigh
i was the mind that sailed the interval
between the heave and the sigh
an ocean of three thousand years

john tiong chunghoo



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Emptiness

some are motivated
supposedly by his words
and wish to be nearer
some are motivated by
the world's events
and wish to know the
reasons behind
some are motivated
by the emptiness
in themselves
wondering whether
indeed it is emptiness there
or something more
something more

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Nothing

nothing lasts forever
nothing is permanent
only when we become nothing
when nothing becomes
permanent, forever

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Harlem Renaissance

haiku;

on the white
an up and down of black glides
making a string of N

the poem:

he passes me a poem a love
song by Langston Hughes and
in black, the gist of our emotions so
dexteriously woven over a glossy page
snow white, the sheen of a riveting jazz
filtering from a luminous Harlem club on
to a young heart so intertwined in romance,
all it takes is a pair of warm and reassuring hands
to make this outing at Harlem a night to cherish
and remember, this cold autumn night where
a black boy too saunters by and lavishes us
with a scintillating syncopated jazz matchings
all his own....Obama make a difference, make
a difference to this great American land

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta (New Mexico)

Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta
the sky takes us away
on a balloon

albuquerque international balloon fiesta
we knock each other's bums
before taking off

albuquerque international balloon fiesta
the groom carries the bride
onto the balloon cruise

From October 4 to 12, hundreds of hot air ballooners from around the country hit the skies above New Mexico's mesas and plateaus during the Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta. This year features the Coupe Aéronautique Gordon Bennett race, the most prestigious event in aviation. Competitors fly as far as they can, some staying aloft for more than 70 hours and 2,000 miles. Also be sure to catch Balloon Glow at dusk, when more than 300 tethered hot air balloons are lit, creating a fantastic glowing kaleidoscope.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Behind My Back

behind my back
two women's tale of their life
to that on the screen

inspired by

behind my back
fingers rolling prayer beads...
evening cool
-Issa,1812

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Books That Open Up Our Hearts

three books of divinity
with pages that turn
and turn our thoughts
and open our hearts
day and night to God

the old testament
dispenses the
10 commandments
for men as a guide
to righteous living
so that they all could
get a tip top 10 for
entry to heaven

the new testament
- the simple love your
enemy lesson which
makes life so much
more livable with its
gift of forgiveness

and from the holy koran -
pity the animals
they are helpless
earnest pleading from
God to stamp the tide
of extinction of some
of his blessings on earth

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Melting Snow

melting snow -
warming up the day
my cup of milk coffee

inspired by

melting snow-
the morning voices
of pilgrims
-Issa,1810

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Dawn Song

dawn
the trees filter sunlight
and bird songs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Presidential Foreign Policy Debate

all fenced up in himself
white president diehard wannabe
gives tips on foreign policy

all couped up in himself
white president diehard wannabe
talks about foreign policy

foreign policy debate
McCain thinks you should not
look at people in the eyes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Portland Magic Farmers' Smiles (Oregon)

Portland local market
the farmers' smiles fresh
as their merchandise

Let your taste buds lead the way while exploring Portland, Oregon. Start at The Tao of Tea, with their expansive selection of aromatic beverages and tranquil bamboo and reclaimed wood interior. Next, head to one of the Portland Farmers Market locations around the city for fresh local produce, seafood, cheeses, and specialty foods. In the Pearl District, the city's gastronomic center, find several decent options for dinner: Indulge in French brasserie fare at Fenouil or sample the menu at Park Kitchen for modern comfort food at a slightly more affordable price.

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Earth Lesson

earth lesson
what goes around
comes around

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Retirement Dreams

retirement, the business
of settling down to the ebb
of life before time pulls its hand out
to close its doors on us, one last cold
cold setback everybody has to take lying down,
without even the privilege of expressing whether
we like it all or not. everything's too planned in
advance sorry, like this retirement.

retirees are sunflowers tilting
and shining a splendid lustrous
dextrous yellow in the evening breeze,
in the full splendour of the sun before they
slowly gently glide into the hands of the
expansive horizon, dip into infinity of time.

sweet and honey for those who
have the means and the plans to live out
their sunset dreams but a turbulent outing for
those never interested in squeezing
the succulent grapes of youth to make the
exquisite scintillating wines for vantage years
the days run on and on like a race to nowhere

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Amandari Resort Bali

Amandari Resort
we sing praises
of our own Bali

Amandari Resort
ensconced in our
own bali

Removed from the more touristy beaches, Amandari resort is just minutes away from Ubud, Bali's creative, artistic, and cultural center. In tribute to graceful Balinese architecture, the open-air lobby, 30 free-standing suites, and the Amandari Villa employ Javanese marble, volcanic stone, and local teak and coconut wood as recurring motifs, while stone walkways link the thatched-roofed buildings and all common areas. Each suite comes with a private garden courtyard and sunken tub open to the sky and framed by large stone planters of ferns and heliconia.

john tiong chunghoo



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Sunset Yogi

we chase the sunset
to make sure we dont
miss the 20 minutes
the dazzling scarlet sphere
hangs in the sky like an
enlightened yogi who has
achieved the highest point
of his meditation, a 360 degree
concentration of the divine
energy that helps open
his cakara so that he now
rises above himself to have
a clearer look of the world
a world where desires like
the winds and water play
twin devils to make the sun
a frayed and distorted copy
of itself wavering helplessly
and mired in its own lightings

the evening sun is a yogi
collected and illumined in thoughts
a full confidence with unpretentious
shine filled full with contentment
it pulls a tide in us too lighting up
our face with spiritual fulfilment
a climax in a 20 minute that lifts us
above the sun in the sky and the one
in the sea

john tiong chunghoo

Oh My God Haiku

Oh My God God's like Us
he loves, he can be angry and
sometimes he cries too

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Presidential Debate

presidential debate
mccain turns tail
his nemesis the economy

presidential debate
each tries hard to make the other
a misfit

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Sonata: Celebrating Love

love was the lake in your two eyes
which you afforded me to swim in
taking me whole into your cherish
our joy jumped like fishes in spring waters
love is the road we have both vowed
to take hand in hand, heart to heart
spring, summer, autumn and winter
breathing in each other's breath
surviving on each other's strengths
and weaknesses taking challenges
like roses that bow and dance in the winds
love will be the maple each autumn paints
to celebrate a love tale in red blood passion
before they trail into divinity hands whispering
and sighing for an eternal blessing the joy of
two fishes jumping in spring waters

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - On A Tailspin

on the tailspin
of the american economy
mccain presidential dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Jaisalmer, Rajasthan (West India)

Jaisalmer
india in motion
past and present

jaisalmer
on the camel's back i savour
an ancient gem

In Rajasthan, near India's western border, the medieval city of Jaisalmer was founded in 1156 and served as an important stopping point for caravans crossing the Thar Desert. Today, the architecture and design of this fortified city remain a testament to history. Admire the golden sandstone walls; wander the winding streets; and marvel at the ornate facades of the city's havelis, or small palaces, built primarily in the 18th century by wealthy merchant princes. Outside the city walls, don't miss the opportunity to tour the surroundings by camel, one of the area's most popular activities.

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2008 American Presidential Election Poem - To McCain

you look and feel
so unpresident
the way you walk
the way you talk
and the way you
try to make everybody like you
they are so unpresident
i am wondering why
you ever want to be
mr president
because you look
so unpresident
and your running mate
she purs and slurs
like a bridge to nowhere
one wonders why you
ever want to be
mr president
you look and feel
so unpresident
how you could ever
think of the oval office
as your career
i understand that
i could sing the whole
day and you would
still want to be president
and things wont change
the sun is getting down
lets go home and
lets go home

john tiong chunghoo

The Da Vinci Code

men are God's signatures
criss crossing this plane
every signature spews a life
that smiles with the stamp
of his individuality, original
as finger prints and tells a
story that includes you, me
and a da vinci code to help
us find our way the holy signatory

john tiong chunghoo



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Of Trees, Birds And Poets

i wish i could stand as tall
as a tree with a poetic vision
diverse and expansive as its
twigs, branches and leaves
that like muses never hold
themselves back to clap and
cheer when the air sends its
greetings of another halcyon day
where birds like God's blessings
fuel up the artist's imagination
and passion with their unrestrained
songs to inspire their eloquent verses
so that they make their way to us
like a flock of paradise birds
with bright red plumage to
charge up the evening sky

john tiong chunghoo



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Voice Of An Angel

the voice of an angel
it is a chirpy do
chirpy dee

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Wall Street Collapse Haiku

Wall Street collapse
Bush a rat out
of the rubble

It was perhaps too great a shock for Bush, he actually looked so discomposed this time like a rat out of a rubble. Meanwhile, the US government is trying to prop things up by injecting trillions into Wall Street to make sure things pull through. Meanwhile lots of Republican rats are running all over the place. Another term for Republicans, highly unlikely..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cambodia Travel Haiku - Sinn Sisamuth

sinn sisamuth's songs
i feel so much closer
with Cambodia

two strange looks
from the CD shop owner
as i ask for all his sisamuths

I first came to know about singer Sisamuth through a Japanese programme which described him as still a phenomenon in Cambodia two decades after his death. He too suffered under the hands of Khmer Rouge. Nobody knows where his remains is. Sisamuth has such a beloved voice, one would just fall in love with his songs upon first hearing. I found out that he recorded many Cambodian versions of many Taiwanese hits in the 60s and 70s. That makes him so much endearing to me as I used to love Taiwanese hits when I was a teenager.

john tiong chunghoo



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Unpredictable

is there anything
unpredictable
about them?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Arizona Restaurant Week (United States)

Arizona Restaurant Week
half the talk about
the surrounding desert

Phoenix Arizona
the desert feels
a thousand miles away

Arizona Restaurant Week
we get to know a
desert of aplenty

If you thought Phoenix, Arizona, was just a tiny desert oasis, think again. As the fifth largest city in the country, it boasts world-class restaurants, spas, hotels, golf courses, and museums. The surrounding Sonoran Desert, lakes, and mountains also provide adventure-seekers plenty of places to play just outside the city. All that activity is sure to whip up an appetite, so plan your trip around the first-ever Arizona Restaurant Week, hosted in Phoenix from September 20 through 26, to enjoy a three-course meal for only \$29.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Macao Haiku - Giving Way To A Muslim Woman At A Ma Temple

I give way to
a muslim woman and family
to take pictures with A Ma

The A Ma temple about 500 years old is the oldest temple in Macao. The goddess A Ma or Mazhu like the one in Taiwan is a patron saint of fishermen. While in the temple, I was surprised by a tudonged girl (girl with shroud over the head) at the altar busy taking pictures with her family. I had to make way for them so that they could take a shot where A Ma is at their rear. I was very surprised because Muslims have always been discouraged to visit temple since Islam is a monotheistic religion. It was really an eye opener.

john tiong chunghoo



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2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Obama, McCain Who Is Ready?

the image on the
american mind
when they cast their
vote on November 4 -

'Palin stunning image,
look a go- getter yes, but
is she really ready? Her purring
vocals; 'I can see Russia
from my House' would surely
painfully ring in the ears

Generous Americans would
surely let her be just there
- to admire the Russian plain,
polar bears and moose
guess what? perhaps
If her luck strikes she will even
see Putin gliding towards her
to help her with knowledge
of the his country

.
Obama is he ready?
yes, marked in black and
white is his honesty to
bring change to America
though absurd promises he
sometimes is known to make
but rhetorics always comes
second place to ideas to
treat the ailing economy

McCain? well, the self
proclaimed 'Me Can'
diehard spinner of lies
for President?
spare me the White House

which already has been
painted quite black by
the ill conceited Bush
and his 'weapon of
mass destruction' paranoia
no more lies for america
please please please

and and what if he does
kick the bucket in office if elected?
Well we will have to put up with
'Tina Fey' and her.'hai hai hai
here I come I am Ready. I am Ready!
I can actually see Russia from my house.'

God save America!

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Windjammer At Maine Coast

maine coast ride
the water does an impressionist
of our windjammer

reflected
our windjammer swims in
the ruggedness of Maine coast

our windjammer swivels
to our joy and ruggedness
of Maine coast

our windjammer sails
smoothly by the ruggedness
of Maine coast

Visit the seaside town of Rockport, Maine, where you can enjoy beautiful views of picturesque Rockport Harbor from Mary Lea Park, or get active and kayak, sail, or fish on the larger Penobscot Bay. Feed your cultural side and attend a performance at the town's charming 19th-century Rockport Opera House or visit The Center for Maine Contemporary Art right around the corner. For a unique tour of the rugged Maine coast, set sail on a classic wooden windjammer, many of which are designated as National Historic Landmarks.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Neuschwanstein Castle (Germany)

Neuschwanstein Castle
fascinating me
King Ludwig II and his Wagner

Neuschwanstein Castle
King Ludwig II showers us
the world of Wagner

their spirits still here
King Ludwig II and Wagner
Neuschwanstein Castle

sandwiched within the walls
King Ludwig II and his
Wagner tune

Tour Germany's iconic Neuschwanstein Castle and step into the fantasy world of Bavarian King Ludwig II. Built as a retreat for the reclusive king, the palace's design and themes reflect the ruler's fascination with both medieval castles and with the operas of the famous German composer Richard Wagner; paintings on the castle walls also depict the period tales that influenced Wagner's work.

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - The Bridge To Nowhere

The bridge to nowhere
McCain's and Palin's
White House bid

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Spanish Paradors

Spanish parador
he answers wife impatiently
'Of course some are haunted'

Spanish parador stay
she begs 'but dont walk away
without me.'

Spanish parador
a light touch lights up
the glory of the past

Spanish paradors
echo of our swift footsteps
the modern seeks out the past

For a truly memorable lodging experience in Spain, stay in one of the 91 paradors across the country: castles, palaces, and convents that have been converted to host contemporary travelers. Paradors marry modern conveniences like plumbing and electricity with the buildings' original architecture—grand doorways, winding marble stairways, courtyards with beautifully sculptured gardens, soaring vaulted ceilings, windows framing fountains or fortress walls, and row upon row of magnificent tiles lovingly maintained for centuries.

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Sarah Palin, A Flash In The Pan

Sarah Palin, will she last?
or is she just a refreshment
that cheers up the drawn out fights
that had gone on for months between
an old uncle and a middle aged man?
will she just be a flash in the pan?

no if she does not pile on her knowledge
of foreign policies, defence and the
all important question of how to rebuild america?

can she do it in the next few weeks?
does she know enough of the change that is
needed for America before she even
goes around town shouting about it?
the interviews she had had pointed to 'no no'

she thinks Democratic presidential nominee
Barack Obama regrets not making Hillary
Clinton his running mate. 'I think he's regretting
not picking her now, ' she said. Empty talk -
gossiper? bored housewife for VP?
does it even concern her? isnt she
counting her chickens before they are even hatched?

where is the substance that should go
with the looks and charms? the subtlety
the sophistication required of a VP?
McCain thinks America is one big Wasilla?
she had better start piling on all the knowledge
in order to get on with the election
oh oh before that, does she even know
what a VP is supposed to do?
Good Luck America!

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Total Lunar Eclipse

total lunar eclipse
going blank too now
my mind

total lunar eclipse
blankness of the moon
fills up my mind

total lunar eclipse
my mind too
has gone blank

total lunar eclipse
his eyes and face
blank as the moon

total lunar eclipse
his look turns into
a profile of blankness

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Disappearing Gem - Appalachia

childhood river
so small
it has become

(published by Chronogram
New York based print magazine
in its July 2008 issue)

appalachia blues
echoing in the mountains
the rattlings of bulldozers

One of the most biologically diverse regions of the world, and also one of America's natural beauties, Appalachia is being scoured by a crude technique of coal collecting called 'mountaintop removal/valley fill, ' turning what once was green to gray, round to flat, and majestic to muddled. Bulldozers and oversized dragline scoopers roar to and fro in clouds of dirt and smoke. So far, over a million acres of mountaintops have been cleared and thousands of miles of streams have been buried.

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - McCain And Palin Diehard President Wannabes

hogging the limelight
two american weirdos

a president wannabe
who does not know how
to send his emails

a vice president wannabe
who does not know
what Bush's Doctrine and
preemptive strike is

no wonder they are agitating
for change - changing to suit
their ignoramus political agendas

and are these foibles merely
the tip of the iceberg the size of
the Arctic Coastal Plain in Alaska?

My God, save me, save us,
save America! !

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Yellowstone National Park (Wyoming)

a burst of nature's grace
the model swirls to a
cloud of geyser's spray

Mammoth Hot Spring
her smile cascading
over our heart

Mammoth Hot Spring
hot smile cascading
over the water terraces

nothing can cool us down
Yellowstone National Park
we ran from pool to pool

Yellow Stone Park mud pot
he moos like a
water buffalo

Spraying geyser
the model in lace swirls
to nature's grace

Founded in 1872, Yellowstone National Park was the nation's first (although Yosemite continues to fight for this title) —and remains one of the nation's best—national parks. Situated on a rare hot spot on the earth's surface, the park boasts over 10,000 hydrothermal features, including brightly colored hot springs, bubbling mudpots, and more than 300 geysers, making up two-thirds of all the geysers found on earth. To see the beautiful cascading terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs, enter the park from the North Entrance Road in Montana, drive along the Gardner River, and make your way up the steep walls of the canyon.

john tiong chunghoo

A Petal Of Earth

earth like a flower blooms
to greet the sun and us
we are taken on a whirlwind
ride of colourful wonders
afterwhich we are taken into its bossom
a petal celebrating earth between the pages of time

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kek Lapis Sarawak (State On Island Of Borneo)

the sweetness
in colourful diversity
kek lapis

a bite into the colours and
sweetness of Sarawak
Kek Lapis

so many races
in one sweet colourful bundle
kek Lapis

kueh lapis sarawak
a layer for every page
of our history

Kueh Lapis
a bite of colourful
Sarawak

Kueh Lapis
between the layers
iresistible Sarawak

I was at a kek lapis factory right across the river from the Waterfront in Kuching. I was amazed they had all sorts of names for their kek lapis, a multi layered cake of every style and colour. Some of them bearing ingenious geometric design really showed the artistic mind of the people making them. Some of the cakes are named after famous Malay movies, and even some after the Malaysian national flag jalur gemilang. Kek lapis is a must buy for tourists coming to Kuching, the capital of Sarawak. It cost RM30 (US9) to buy one packet of the cake at Mid Valley Shopping Mall in Kuala Lumpur while here it cost only RM10 (US2.5)

john tiong chunghoo

Cave Men

still at the cave of existence
we plod on with our breaths
our intelligence

we call the cavemen names
the peking man, the perak man
what would the world label us
say in the same number of years
between us and the peking man?

man in the cave of universe
hogging on to a physique they
could not even get to really own?
disceptions at every end of the hair
burning the fire of disappointments?

what would you call them? Us?
the Trapped men, may be?
trapped in the cave of their own existence
- this physique that can be refashioned
to carry nothing but us

i fancy living without the bothersome
constituent and time has the technology to
help us make the switch

fancy us greeting each other
turning round and round in space
as we transfer our nature into
the sun, moon, earth and everything
that springs from it

spiralling men

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Horse Ride In Montreal (Canada)

last horse
echo of hooves
in the alleyways

Visit Old Montreal, the historic city center, for a sense of Montreal's European influence and charm. Some of the neighborhood's oldest buildings date back to the 1600s, making it one of North America's oldest urban centers. Complete the Old World experience with a horse and buggy ride through the winding streets. For a more modern experience, shop the boutiques on Rue Saint-Paul, or head to the hip, multicultural Mile End neighborhood in Plateau Mont-Royal, home to artists, musicians, and writers.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Heart Is The Muse Of The Mind

the heart is the muse of the mind
the heart is the lake the mind can
dive into to find all his poetic words

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Moab Music Festival

Moab Music Festival
the music reverberates too
in the valleys of our heart

Moab Music Festival
the canyons swim in my eyes
the songs my ears

Moab Music Festival
my ears travel with the songs
my eyes the canyons

For sheer beauty, it's hard to top the natural amphitheater of the red rock canyons that surround Moab, Utah. During the Moab Music Festival in early September, listen to chamber music, classical, jazz, opera, and folk music from France and Latin America featured at six venues around the region, including ones that line the Colorado River. This is the festival's last week, so grab a blanket to sit on and a camera to snap the beautiful surroundings.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Manila Haiku - Imelda's 3,000 Pair Of Shoes

3,000 pairs
but not one
did i get to see

it's not much for First Lady
to own 3,000 shoes
my friend defends Imelda

My friend, a Korean woman married to a Filipino commented thus about Imelda Marcos's 3,000 pairs of shoes when I visited Manila in 1991. 'She was first lady for so long. If you divided the number shoes by the years she was First Lady, that does not work up to many pairs a year. On top of that she was Miss Philippines. What do you expect? '

she defended the Imelda quite vehemently which awed me. However, I did not get to see even one pair of those shoes because the museum holding the shoes was close. I flew off the next day to Sabah in East Malaysia.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Manila Haiku - The Man Next Table

man next table is waiting
for wife to be back from whoring
my filipino friend tells me

The filipino economy was at its worst in 1991. when I stopped in Manila for a three day tour. I was flying back from Tokyo to Malaysia. It was pitiful to see so much of poverty and so many resorting to the last means to earn a living, selling their body. It was in a cafe that my friend living in Manila told me the man next to our table was waiting for wife to be back from her work, i.e, whoring. I was shocked..

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - Earthquake Warning

earthquake warning
plates on the shelf rattle
every now and then

tokyo seismic warning
rattling my heart
the plates on the shelf

If you had experience staying in wooden apartment in Japan, you would surely understand what I am trying to say. The plates would rattle every now and then because of seismic activity. There is no doubt that Japan is one of the world's most earthquake prone countries.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Heart Torn Lover

heart torn lover
a shredded fifty dollar note
in middle of street

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - New Year Eve Tokyo

these deserted lanes
and their cart away files
new year eve Tokyo

Tokyo during New Year Season is doubly cold because most of its folks are back to their own towns all over the country. The usual busy Tokyo becomes like a deserted city during New Year Eve with very few people wandering the streets.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - My First Snow (Shimosa Nakayama)

my first winter
the snow flutters
my heart flutters

my friends are stunned
me too
these cotton bulbs from heavens

At Shimosa Nakayama, I saw the first snow some 20 years ago. They fluttered around like cotton bulbs before hitting ground. It was really a sight. The scene always remained in my head. Trees, flowers, snow and a few good friends.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - John McCain Vs Barack Obama

one hides behind a skirt
to shore up popularity

one behind a white man
to cover up his inadequacy

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

China Guizhou Travel Haiku - Getting Connected

5.000 years to reach
the last of its men
china cuts through hills and mountains

For many thousand of years, large tracts of China had not really been in tandem with the national government in development. Some parts are cut away from the rest because of hills and mountains. In Guizhou, I found roads cutting through hills and mountains to reach to people in the most inaccessible regions.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Funeral Procession

some people's life is a
procession of the funeral
no laughter, no play around
life is a serious undertaking
they are sending themselves
to cemetery with full solemnity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Prose Versus Poetry

prose is a journey
of the mind
poetry, a journey
of the soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Beartooth All-American Road

Beartooth All American Road
her song too
bounces

Beartooth All American Road
her excitements bounce
up and down

Beartooth All American Road
peaking - her desires
to be up there and running

Cutting through the mountains, valleys, lush forests, and alpine tundra of Montana and Wyoming, the Beartooth All-American Road may qualify as the prototypical way to bid adieu to the summer road trip. Tour the Custer, Gallatin, and Shoshone national forests and pass through the rugged Beartooth Corridor, which features 20 peaks above 12,000 feet, with side trips to epic hiking, fishing, and horseback riding.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Memphis' Barbecue (Tennessee)

a tan and barbecued
pork sandwich to remember
our Memphis holiday

Memphis summer holiday
barbecued and sandwiched
within our memory

Memphis summer outing
a bagful of barbecued
pull pork sandwiches

The last days of summer are slipping by, but in Memphis, Tennessee, you can dig into a heaping plate of barbeque year-round to relive those summer cookouts. Though they take their ribs seriously here, the city's claim to fame is its pulled pork sandwich: slow-roasted, hickory flavored pork shoulder shredded or chopped, piled onto a bun and topped with tangy slaw and a side of rich, sweet beans. The best places to get this southern special? Neely's Bar-B-Que in the Historic District or Payne's Original Bar-B-Que with their famous homemade sauce.

john tiong chunghoo

Meeting Eye To Eye

i have to agree i am still in the
process of being made
yet to be fullyfunctional
i hardly know myself

the good news is i have
started to recognise
a little of you as you are
all hands, thoughts
spirits over me
i feel you in my dreams
in my waking state
and quite aware
you make things
happen a coincidence
one time too often

are you excited?
this creature is
starting to respond
to get to know what's around
despite the darkness
that surrounds him as to
his own significance
in the chain of creation?

I will keep what little
part that is now me
open to the next step
of your creation
does it excite?
does it make me
fly through the sky?
does it make me
round like planet in space?
in a perpetual state
of meditation?

i will pray, pray, pray with

all the consciousness
that i possess to
get to the heart of myself
so that i could respond
with all of myself
pull myself together
when we are to meet
eye to eye

yes, i know i am
still being made
thanks for inspiring
me to meditate on you
thanks for teaching me this:
know yourself, know your creator

i know i am still
being made
three quarters made

john tiong chunghoo

Do

God, what
are you
trying to do?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - Nakayama Hokeyoji Temple (Chiba)

over the forlorn graves
the chant of
priests

adding to the
nostalgia at the graves
the chant of priests

Nakayama Hokeyoji Temple about 15 minutes walk off the Shimousa Nakayama subway station belongs to the Japan Buddhist sect Nichiren. There is a pagoda here which was built in 1622 and is one of the three oldest found in the Kanto area. There is also a graveyard nearby which has a forlorn feel to it. And the chants of priests add a nostalgic feel to the place. During a temple festival, the whole place leading up to the temple is filled with book, food as well as souvenir stores.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Two Succulent Breasts

two succulent breasts
full with the mom's love
for her new born babe

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

India, How To Increase The Olympics Medal Tally

God of Games

who rides on chariots,
carriages and horses
that roar like thunder and
flash like heaven's lightnings

God of Sports

physiques lithe, muscular
and tough that can bounce over
the Himalayas and traverse Mount Everest
with the strength of Hanuman

it is time hindus adopt
a God of Sports, of Games
like the ancient greeks, romans
who will be be inspired to be
champion chariot riders,
premium swimmers braving the
treacherous Ganges and
sportsmen thumping up Everest

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Macao Haiku - A Dream

in my hands an ugly boy
turn into a smart boy
dream in the city of dream - macao

it is a strange dream at the Venetian Macao where I stayed. I have always thought I can be a faith healer and is wondering whether this is a sign towards that. God's way of saying 'You can use your hands to heal people'. In fact, the boy looked so ugly, i was shocked but after i put my hands over the face, he turned into an adonis, this time a pleasant shock though.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

American President Haiku Series - George W Bush

between the bushes
the twin towers
fall

the years of
living dangerously
George Bush's terms

George Bush's final years
a black man takes
the world by storm

Bush years' real fun
a black man, a woman and an old old uncle
vying to be president

TANKA

the bush years, America finds
new meaning in the word 'equality'
what was thought impossible happened
a black man, a woman, an old uncle
all vie for president

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu - Lost And Found

lost and found
in the lost and found
department

john tiong chunghoo



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Living Witnesses

do we ever die?
the planets and suns
were all once - living beings
they found an alternative way
to live and we are the living witnesses
one day we will too be able to
give up this physique to let the
fire in us be the sun
our spirituality the mountains and the universe
our intelligence the moon
breathe the breeze
our veins and arteries
the rivers and streams
our nature the four seasons
and our love - running creatures
who too would live to share our destiny

rewritten version

do we ever die?
a question gawking
at us like a million stars
are they harbingers
of good news? glittering
with promises of a life beyond?
that the planets and suns
were all once - living beings?
who have scored high with
an alternative way to live?
are we the living witnesses
of their love, waiting only
to be inspired? so that one day
we too will be able to give up
a cumbersome physique to let the
fire in us be the sun
our spirituality the mountains
and the universe
our intelligence the moon
veins and arteries



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the rivers and streams
our nature the four seasons
and our love - running creatures
who too would live to share our destiny?

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Macao Haiku - Macao Venetian Resort Hotel Water Fountain

the fountain too has
become a wishing pool
Venetian Macao Resort Hotel

The large water fountain at the Venetian Macao Resort Hotel has become a wishing pool. I saw many coins all over the fountain. Perhaps, travellers make a wish first before they go to the casino here, large as three football fields. However, the management here says the resort hotel is built to fengshui principles which means, money is supposed to come pouring in. The one year resort hotel has reinvested its revenues in a new wing, the Four Seasons Hotel, which is equally a resort meant to pamper its guests to the hilt. as well as a casino to make sure the money comes rolling in. And also a fountain built to fengshui principles to make sure the money is here to stay.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Condor

the eyes of the condor
their ferocious stare resembles
a hook that holds our heart at ransom
they size us up over and over
before striking with a sharpness
steelier than claws as if to
triumph is its ultimate birth right

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Dance With Chopin

i hate it when they mangle your
bubbling notes at hotel lobby
cafe, and parks when you have to
give way to the staccatos of stilettos,
tinkering of glasses, chatterings and slurpings
of japanese on their steamy noodles
or two italian men loud about their just
concluded summer holidays
it is like drinking tea with a mix of whisky

you are finest at the break of dawn
as scintillating streams of sunshine
and piano notes work hand in hand
to tune up the day with a good allowance
of morning mist touching up your favourite
bed of roses the soft breeze lifting ever so wildly
the strands of hair over your forehead they
move like your fingers a maestro over the ivory bars
the music drives us wanting for more as the day
dawn crisp and clear to spill all its goodness
sparkling like metaphors of your riveting pieces

john tiong chunghoo

Practice

i bought a CD with real sounds
of birds, insects, reptiles and animals
keeping close to every pause and unique
intonation they make so that i can practise
turning each of their songs/chats into poetry

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Dance With Johann Strauss

my breath cannot keep up
with my heart my feet
cannot keep up with

the ballroom, the smart
clad gentlemen and their
graceful belles are launching
off on their feet too

the colourful celings, chandeliers,
collonaded walls and glittering lights are
dancing with us to a series of delightful
crescendos

we glide weightless angels in heaven
to and fro, back and forth,
to and fro, back and forth
our physiquess transporting us
like two God's premier art pieces
tinging the air with royal regal,
flowing elegance, ever measured
and precise poise

time takes a rest snugly
as we lock eyes
enveloping us in a warmth
we wish is signed 'eternal'
between the palms as our eet feet
propel us on and on to the charms and
pleasure of the moment

john tiong chunghoo

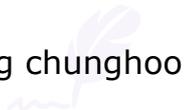
Travel Haiku - Mesa Verde National Monument (New Mexico)

Kokopelli's Cave Bed and Breakfast
we ask whether the roof
leaks

Kokopelli's Cave and Bed Breakfast
billionaire asks whether there are
any more caves for sale

After a day of exploring ancient cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde National Monument, return to your own cliff dwelling—a 1,650-square-foot cave-turned-apartment at Kokopelli's Cave Bed and Breakfast. Located just by Mesa Verde in Farmington, New Mexico, Kokopelli's is situated on a cliff face, tucked 70 feet below the surface of the 65-million-year-old rock formation and 280 feet above the La Plata River (not for those afraid of heights) . A sloping path and carved stone steps provide access to the dwelling's entrance, and the one-bedroom cave features a fully equipped kitchen, hot tub, and balcony with grand views.

john tiong chunghoo

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A Dance With Brahms

Brahms, your notes wrap me
in a furry furry heartwarming blanket
i walk the rainy snowy streets you
plucked your music from

i would have loved to sit you down
for coffee to help put in some cream
in your search for those right notes

but then i would not, for fear
you would miss the rain where your
meticulous shine and music ingenuity
would light up each droplet so that
they come to us like comforting stars

solitary your flowing notes walk the
lanes of our hearts but with a grandiose
that unleashes a dose of warmth for
wandering souls - they are so difficult
to keep wrapped up

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Macao Haiku - City Of Dreams

Macao - city of dreams
that can be made or broken
over a table

Macao
more land reclaimed
for casinos

Macao has become the world's largest casino centre. In two more years, there will be as many as 35 casinos in this former Portuguese settlement. The Cotai Strip reclaimed from a marshland is a premier area to be developed into an entertainment, convention and casino enclave.

The casino at Macao Venetian is large as three football fields put together. I walked pass a sign that said HK\$5 million was paid out in the last 24 hours. At every table were full of Chinese both young and old hoping to make a big buck through wheel of fortune, baccarat, and a plathora of other games which I am not familiar with being not a gambler. Hopefully, all of them will not go home with broken dreams in this City of Dreams.

john tiong chunghoo

A Dance With Debussy

i too was in the flood of inspiration that set the violin
into motion for his grand piece - debussy
everybody who loves the entrancing notes
that flow like flaming june in a warm noon breeze
the burst of fresh air after the sweltering shine of sun
shifting beams swirling in my piping hot coffee
under the garden tree in a scintillating flurry of bird's songs
shimmering mersmerising ensemble staged with
so much passion by the atlantic over and over
in a swirl of irresistible grace and harmony of
sky and sea that carries a generous applause
of warm foam to titilate the senses awakening
a part in me that has been lying dormant for years,
and which i recollect every now and then, taking it
like how every brialliant note s savoured in debussy's
supernova display of his music pedigree

john tiong chunghoo



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Fengshui Of The Face

there are two magic
lakes to hold people dear
so that they soak up
the warmth of your hearts

this is fengshui of
the windows of your soul

look straight into
the lakes of theirs too
- with respect and honour -
and they will reflect to you
how much they hold you dear

fengshui of the wind
it comes from the cave
that transmits the voice of
your passions

in it are treasures
you can share with the world,
your words, your poems,
your knowledge
all carried in the winds
to the ones you love

the hill is where where you can
gather the scents of the
ins and outs of the world

let all the goodwill of the
world reverberate over the lakes
amplify in the cave so that it
echoes throughout the hill

show your love for all
with a great smile

it will light up the lake

fill the cave with songs
and the hill rolling with flowers

smile, smile for the world
show your love for the world
and it will surely love you back

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Martha's Vineyard (Massachusetts)

Martha's Vineyard
beached dream - the children fly away
with horses

at the beach too
flying horses
Martha's Vineyard

With miles of tantalizing beachfront and a web of bike trails that make it simple to get around, Martha's Vineyard has always been a favorite family retreat. Seven miles off the Massachusetts coast, the Vineyard is also home to the Flying Horses Carousel, a National Historic Landmark that was handcrafted in 1876. Stay at the Winnetu, a short walk from the sublime white sand of South Beach. A short bike ride takes you to the town of Edgartown and to Katama Airfield, where you can eat breakfast and watch the planes take off.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Democratic National Convention, Denver

in black and white
Obama talks of america's travesties
Democratic National Convention

Hillary helps mend
hearts she broke
Democratic National Convention

broken hearted hillary helps
mend hearts she broke
Democratic National Convention

Democratic National Convention
let Republicans manipulate colours
for Democrats you're all americans

Democratic National Convention
nothing as exciting as
the President to be

The Democratic National Convention begins today and goes through the 28th in Denver, where the city's young, active, and progressive vibe suits the liberal face of the party, Barack Obama. Though the convention is closed to the public, lots of tie-ins allow you to get in on the political hype: Enjoy free entrance to the Denver Art Museum today, catch some politically-charged comedy at Bovine Metropolis Theater all week, and watch Obama accept the party nomination at INVESCO Field at Mile High on Thursday night. Check Denver's tourism website for lots more events.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Cambodia Poem - The Fallen Temple

the temple, waylaid by time
piece by piece, boulder by boulder
a sacred vision that once fired an aspiration
is now but a curse fraying like unyielding roots
that tear up its foundation from the walls down and
from the ground up wreaking havoc spartan and
tenacious like an anaconda on the throes of
downing its latest prey before slithering away
to its slumber where the boar would stay quiet
quiet like the century old temple, as it is broken
down bit by bit, bit by bit, head, skin, legs, toes
into a mass of a broken creation

john tiong chunghoo



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Shocking But True - A Newspaper Interview

One top newspaper

The job interview:

Manager: 'just take any pay and work'

20 years later

The job Interview

Manager 'just take any pay and work.'

The newspaper now struggling to remain relevant

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Smile To Remember

the mousy teacher is full of love
with every smile to the children
she throws a challenge; be
the best speller, best artist
best writer, best athlete or simply
the neatest in the class; and it is picked up
with a spirit to please her for
they know it all adds up to a lot of good

her smile drives them to do
the best for themselves
not everybody turns out to be mister
number one but everybody is all too glad
to prove themselves for the mousy teacher
who always throws them a challenge with a smile
a warm smile that sets their heart
ablaze to be her very best
for even when they fail, mousy would smile
and pat them on the back with her comforting
lifting words 'at least you have tried'..

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Hong Kong Haiku - The Distant Hills

distant hills
the living and
the dead

distant hills
holds over Hong Kong
like a heaven

The hills around Hong Kong including Victoria Peak are just so appealing to the eyes. Take them away and Hong Kong would be like any other city. There is a mysterious feel to these hills, the living ones flock to them while the dead I think are too wondering up there.

john tiong chunghoo



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A Distant Universe

dark as cave
we walk inside
yet is outside

there is a man
spiritual they say
filling the cave with
his chants

you walk the
lighted lane
they call common
sense

the darkness
holds over you
like a distant
universe, a
boundless part
you fear to tread

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it exists like the
unreachable stars
so far away you never
even give it a thought

day after day
we walk the lane
a corner of the great cave
waiting for the man
to come out to light things up
with his halo and
enlightenment

there is a
distant universe
in the space of our brain
we all fear to tread
we walk inside

yet are all outside
a physique that helps
map every step we take
this cave that is all God
inside and outside

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Curecanti National Recreation Area (Colorado)

Curecanti National Recreational Area
we return each
a fresh new person

each of us return
fresh as water in the creek
Curecanti holidays

lost in all the fun
Curecanti National
Recreation Area

With three distinct reservoirs on the Gunnison River, Curecanti National Recreation Area provides the opportunity for everyone—experienced kayakers and the whole family alike—to enjoy Colorado's waters. Take a 1.5-hour boat tour of the Morrow Point Reservoir through the upper Black Canyon. Adventurous visitors can follow the Mesa Creek Trail to Crystal Reservoir and kayak or canoe the tricky waters. In late summer, head to the 20-mile-long Blue Mesa Reservoir to swim, water ski, and explore secluded canyons and 96 miles of shoreline.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Bali's Giant Gods

at every road junction
a giant hindu god
to catch your eyes

at every road junction
a giant hindu god
to guide your way

at every road junction
a story of the
hindu god

Bali has a lot of giant statues of hindu gods as well as the nation's heroes. They are usually at the junction of roads which add to the allure of the island as the carvings are very well done.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - Suddenly Even The Air Breathes Ghost (Shimosa Nakayama, Chiba)

suddenly even the air
breathes ghost
the house we stay

Year 1989. It was only after one and half years that we found out a couple committed suicide in our apartment in Shimousa Nakayama, Chiba. A neighbour told us one afternoon during a leisure chat. She said that was the reason it was let out to foreigners.

The first floor apartment which we had no problem staying in suddenly breathed ghosts. My hair stood on ends everytime I was alone in the house and could not wait to move out. The mind does play game with its owner, oftentimes directing its own horror script, sending shivers down our spine.

john tiong chunghoo



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Windfall

the indian lottery man
who walked the length
and breath of brickfields,
the one i usually bought
some lottery from, wishing
for a windfall of its first prize -
a cool US\$1 million - where is he?
has he too gotten a windfall?
lying flat and peaceful like the
graves I passed by just now?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Horizon

the sea and the sky
hold onto each other
only the horizon knows
the distance between their longings
- echoed over and over
in a restless mass of
tide cresting between
anxious heave of hope
and the tremulous sigh of anguish

second version

the sea and the sky
share one heart
only the horizon
knows the distance
between their longings
- echoed over and over
beyond a restless mass of
tide cresting between
the anxious heave of hope
and the tremulous
sigh of anguish

final version

the sea and the sky
share one heart
lip to lip in an embrace
spread out over the horizon
the distance of their longing is
echoed over and over
in a restless mass of tide
cresting between
anxious hints of hope
and the tremulous sighs
of anguish

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - China's Bird's Nest

bird's nest
pride is
back to roost

bird's nest
an old pride is
back to roost

Bird's nest
a golden pride
back to roost

Bird's Nest
Chinese pride lays
its golden eggs again

Bird's Nest
lost pride back
to roost

Bird's Nest
Sportsmen fight to add
the best feather on their caps

Bird's Nest
China counts
its gold

Bird's Nest
for the world to collect
its golden eggs

In preparation for this summer's Olympics, in 2002 Chinese government officials began engaging architects worldwide to seek an innovative and striking design for the new Beijing National Stadium, what would be the centerpiece of the Beijing Olympics. Among the various designs submitted, Pritzker Prize-winning architects Herzog & de Meuron won the competition. The stadium, colloquially called the Bird's Nest, held the opening ceremony on August 8. It is also the site of the track and field events, the soccer finals, and will hold the closing ceremony

on August 24.

john tiong chunghoo

Thermometer

the body is a
thermometer
of the heat around

is a thermometer
of God to see how
the person has veered
from his rights and wrongs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cambodia Travel Haiku - Royal Palace's Diamond Studded Buddhas

Phnom Penh Royal Palace
diamond studded buddhas
steal our hearts

Phnom Penh Royal Palace
lining the buddha's robe
diamonds

Diamond studded Buddhas
flashing also in my mind
desire the cause of sufferings

Diamonds on Buddhas
flashing also in my mind
how to give up all desires

The unforgettable treasures exhibited at the Royal Palace in Phnom Penh were the numerous diamond studded buddhas and jade buddha. They were magnificent especially diamonds on the buddhas many of which are big as marbles. They sparkle and some are yellowish in colour. The Royal Palace holds the most number of diamond studded buddhas at any one place. Diamonds were found in Cambodia in the old days.

.

john tiong chunghoo

Feeling Guilty

i am so guilty about it
i am sentimental only
over a few things
my parents, grandparents
and those few childhood dogs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Historic Kilkenny, Ireland

the St Francis Abbey's beer
punctuates our talk of
Kilkenny Castle and Jerpoint Abbey

Visit Kilkenny for impressive historic landmarks, an array of cafés and pubs, and beautiful outdoor scenery. Tour Kilkenny Castle, located on the River Nore in the southern part of the city, where the majestic lakeside setting makes an excellent outdoor playground for kids. For a peaceful afternoon in the country, head to Jerpoint Abbey, a 12th-century Cistercian monastery located just 11 miles south of Kilkenny. And when you've had your fill of medieval monuments, unwind with a pint of local beer at St. Francis Abbey Brewery on Parliament Street.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vile

I am so down and out I wish
some earthshaking news to
shake up my day for instance
George Bush and Saddam
Hussein in bed scratching
each other's back as they whiled away
their time talking about how much
they had succeeded in destroying
themselves and their own nations
and how with some makeups, they
can play twins in a hollywood
movie titled 'How to take Your Country for a Ride'

or like Queen Elizabeth II
taking down her crown in place
of a shroud, saying she would
abdicate to become a Catholic nun
in Ireland because she has a vision
telling her to do so

or like Prince Charles coming out
into the open detailing all the
women he had taken to the bed she
shared with Diana and that royal love
is like it has always been royal,
for the sake of securing progeny
Prince Philip decrying he was
secretly in love always with Diana
how life is so devastatingly
meaningless as a one woman man

Leonardo da Vinci declaring
that Mona Lisa is actually half him
and half the rich woman she painted
because that was the only way he could
immortalise his love for her and how
feverishly he had fallen in love with her
as he tried to transfer her into his canvas
his bosom with his colours and passion

a perpetual smile to consecrate a living
secret both carried to their graves

or the news that Hilary Clinton's mad
craze to be back in the White House
is because she loves making love in
the nook and corner of the haunted
presidential building and that she actually
has a fetish peeping on Bill unleashing his
charms on the ladies and the fact that she
just loves white, being white and nothing else

john tiong chunghoo

Mirror

there is the mirror
it holds three dimensions
but can show you only one

there is the man in the mirror
he holds a rainbow of dimensions
but can show you only five

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 Beijing Olympics Poem - Lin Dan Versus Lee Chong Wei

lin dan, chong wei
look alike faces
shape like
shuttlecocks

eyes gleaming
like diamonds
the shine of white
velvety feathers

between their
masterful strides
the feverish desire
of two nations
to top the world

to and fro, to and fro
their hearts flew
smashing into one
lifting the other
onto its wing of gold

China's Lin Dan triumphed over Malaysia's Lee Chong Wei to grab the men's single gold for badminton yesterday at the Beijing Summer Olympics. Chong Wei got the first silver medal for Malaysia for the Olympics. Lin seemed to be a far superior player in the two matches that lasted less than 40 minutes beating Chong Wei by 21 - 12 and 21 - 8.. Lin seemed to be flying on wings after he was crowned gold. First he fell flat on the court, then rose to salute the audience after which he threw his racket and shoes to them as presents.

john tiong chunghoo

Just One Or Two Is Enough

one or two excellent poems are enough
to get people to remember you by

the rest of them are for the scholarly
to study how you arrive at those
creme de la creme of yours

how you have fumbled and stumbled
to eventually handed/clinged on to their
heart for good

for the rest of humanity, just one or two
excellent poems are enough for them
to remember you by

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Sparkling Diamond

in some realms there is no pain
and no sufferings and no calamities
of any kind; you live as if you are peace itself
wealth is not money but the sacred lamp
you hold over yourself; to show how many
layers of insecurities you have shed to enable
your true self come through; a multi faceted
sparkling diamond that has come alive

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - A Good Poem

tell you what a good poem
should be like? it should greet us
like champagne that comes pop
and then vapour, bubble oozing all
over our sentiments and when you
reflect on it with your life it is sparkling
and crystal clear as spring water
that has spawned a life of its own,
bubble rising, rising all the way
to greet us a field of eager
and sprightly children out on
adventures, efferverscent
laughter and chatter jumping
all over our noses as we take
in all their happiness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

What Did You Do?

'no no i have given
to each of them
seven senses. check
check check on them, '
the maker said.

'yes but this one has
only four and this one
three and this one five, '
the checker replied.

'See whether it has been
placed too near fire
Or if someone has messed
up its inner scheme of things?
a short circuit? Some mess up
the programming?
Too much of one sense
might crowd out the others.
Too much of programming
might get it all haywired too.'

·
'But I think it not only has
lesser sense but is walking
away totally from what it
should be? '

·
john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - The Summer Palace, Beijing

Serene Summer Palace
the only thing missing
dowager's voice

Serene Summer Palace
step by step the girl tries
to walk like a dowager

Serene Summer Palace
amid the loud laughter
a girl walks like a dowager

TANKA

-

Summer Palace
war time, peace time
the same serene lake
nonchalant as Dowager on
matters of State

PoemHunter.com

With its serene lakeside setting and tranquil atmosphere, the Summer Palace sits apart from Beijing's more crowded imperial sites. The infamous Empress Dowager Cixi ruled from this summer getaway between 1903 and 1908, and during this time, the palace was destroyed and rebuilt twice, first in the Second Opium War and then in the Boxer Rebellion. Although tours are offered, you won't need a guide to picnic on the southern shore of Kunming Lake, to appreciate the Empress's extravagant marble boat, or to snap a perfect photo of the elegant Seventeen Arch Bridge.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - A Screaming Child

a screaming child
as auntie lifts knife
to chop frog's head

inspired by

pond snails sing
they're in the kettle
but don't know it
-Issa,1812

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Outer Banks 2 (North Carolina)

Outer Banks

what an entree to the Atlantic
bill fish, bald headed eagle, and turtles

Outer Banks

bald headed eagle skewers me
with a fury eye

Outer Banks

a few steps in the ocean cheered on
by a roaring shimmering atlantic

Outer Banks

i join a sea of creatures cheered on
by a roaring shimmering atlantic

Lining the North Carolina coast, the Outer Banks consists of barriers of sand 130 miles long and never more than a few miles wide. These islands serve as welcome mats to the Atlantic and all her treasures. Forage the sea for a bounty of bill fish, wahoo, and mahi mahi, or walk the wild dunes, a naturalist's playground. Close to 400 species of birds, from native Carolina wrens to wintering bald eagles, can be found here, along with otters and sea turtle colonies. Add four lighthouses and you have yourself a seaworthy destination that even a pirate like Blackbeard (a former resident) could call home.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Brian Head Biking Experience, Utah (United States Of America)

Brian Head biking
the trundling down lifts
his spirit

Brian Head Bking
so uplifting the
trundling down

Brian Head biking
trundling down
uplifting experience

Come August, Moab's famed slickrock becomes an outdoor furnace, with temperatures that feel hot enough to melt your bike tires. Instead, head north to Brian Head, the highest-elevation resort in Utah. Brian Head boasts lift-service for downhill mountain biking and shuttle service to singletrack routes that shift from alpine tundra to aspen grove to red rocks—all in one bone-jarring, teeth-chattering, heavenly descent.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

Santo Domingo
a dark skinned columbus
grins

Santo Domingo
a Chinese man screams
'I am Columbus'.

Santo Domingo
i look for somebody to dress me up
as columbus

Santo Domingo
in 12 blocks Columbus'
round the world dream

santo domingo
i feel the weight in the
ashes of columbus

Experience Caribbean history in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. The capital city's 12-block Zona Colonial boasts the oldest cathedral, hospital, customs house, and university in the Americas. Visit the Alcázar de Colón, the palace built for Christopher Columbus's son Diego and his wife, King Ferdinand of Spain's niece. And at the Museo de las Casas Reales you'll find an array of colonial artifacts including weapons, armor, remnants of an 18th-century Spanish ship, and (allegedly) some of Columbus's ashes.

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodia Travel Haiku Series - The Cold Face Of The Government Official

Angkor Wat tour
that government official
his face trapped in time

Angkor Wat tour
official's cold face sends
chill down my spine

Sometimes, I bumped into Government officials who inspected tourist sites in their official cars. Their faces are not the normal cheerful kind. They sent chill down my spine because they remind me of those dark days when Cambodia was trapped in genocide.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Gombak Orang Asli Museum (State Of Selangor)

Gombak Orang Asli Musuem
eager French asks why not all
exhibits have English translations

Gombak Orang Asli Musuem
guide says tribal people usually
mind their own business

Gombak Orang Asli Musuem
when money plays
art saviour

Gombak Orang Asli Museum
millions for mahmeri
skilled sculptors

The Gombak Orang Asli (tribal people) Museum about an hour by car from Kuala Lumpur, is one of the most well stocked in the country. Here one can have a very good understanding of tribes which roam the Malayan jungles since the ancient days. Their art and craft are well exhibited. There are musical instruments, baskets, make up ornaments, beadwork, models of deadly traps, longhouses, boats, and bark wear. There is a section where one can see different types of combs used by the tribal people. It looks like the Mahmeri people of Carrey Island are some of the best paid craftsmen in the world. The Malaysian Government our guide says paid RM25 million (about US3.5million) to acquire 50 of their lifesize traditional carvings mostly those related to their religious rituals. The Government is afraid that without State support the tribal art would be lost to oblivion. Mahmeri tribesmen are among the best carvers in the world.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Danshui S American Wildlife Exhibition

killing two birds
with one stone
even the dead ones pull them in.

smart money making
exhibit them while alive and also
when dead

the Amazonian animals
anybody cares why
they are mostly dead?

yes, you can
take pictures he says
but I found the animal mostly dead

At the Danshui waterfront which is about an hour by subway from Taipei main station, I came across a store exhibiting South American Wild life. The attendant said pictures are aloud. It was only when I was in the exhibition rooms spread over three floors that I was shocked. Most of the animals including crabs, prawns, snakes and mammals were dead ones. I wonder whether they were first exhibited alive and when dead, were shocked in chemical to be shown. Somehow nobody bothers to ask. I found that very strange. Where are the animal lovers and wild life protection organisations?

john tiong chunghoo

Boredom Measured In Kilograms

she is bored
she has translated it
into something
quite cheerful
- a bubbly, twirling
swirling
poppy mass,
flabs and mass
dancing with her
as she walks

she is bored
first the mind
lugged it around
and now it is the
body that has to
bear with it
- in kilograms!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - 2/28 Peace Park

2/28 Peace Park
this familiar accent
Indonesian maids

Confucius minus the head
Indonesian maid forgot the sage
as she helps take my picture

seeds of
independence
2/28 Peace Park

The Peace Park is to pacify those killed on February 28, 1947 when fightings broke out between Kuomintang Army and the Taiwan folks. The Park was originally called Taipei Park set up in 1899. There is a memorial hall where one can learn all about the history of Taiwan folks, those people who considered themselves indigenous to the island. From what one reads in the Memorial Hall, it looks like Taiwan has inclinations towards proclaiming independence.

2/28 Peace Park

The 2/28 Peace Park, used to be the Taipei Park (also named New Park), set up in 1899, is situated at the end of Guanqian Road in front of Taipei Main Station. It is the longest historic park among Taipei city. Its name has been changed into 2/28 Peace Park in 1996 to pacify and memorize a sorrowful Taiwanese history happened on February 28, 1947. A 2/28 memorial hall with a monument is held upright inside the park. The arrangement includes the fountain and octagon pavilions in the east, a lotus pond and some arch bridges in the west, and a set of open-air stage in the south offering irregularly scheduled performances to the citizens. The Provincial Museum, also one of the representative buildings, supplies Taipei residents an interactive room for literature and art.

Location No.3, Ketagalan Blvd., Zhongzheng District, Taipei City 100, Taiwan (R.O.C.)

Telephone 02-23032451

Opening Time open everyday from 5: 00am ~ 12: 00pm

john tiong chunghoo

Part Of It All

i am only
a part
of creation

this body
i am in
i am only
a part of it

the rest
i really dont
know what's
going on

i am
you know
only part
of creation

if creation
would give
mouths
to the grass

every blade
in the field
would decry too
'we own only
part of each other'
the rest, only
heaven knows.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vital Secrets

this life is but a facet of life
this death a facet of life
there is a facet of life our heart
cannot grasp, our eyes
cannot hold and our mind
withholding all its secrets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Why Do Birds Chirp In The Trees?

why do little birds chirp so loud in the trees
in the early morn the sun a yellow fiery
globe inching its greeting up the eastern sky?

it is because of the the little birds' excitements
for adventures of the new day

where their wings would take them for worms
for mates, for games, for the breeze in the air

why do birds chirp so loud in the trees at the close of day
the sun a fiery red globe gliding through the coppice western sky

it is because they wish to share their adventures of the day
chiding each other to prove who have taken the most worms
the new mates they have come to know
and where they should head the next day

why do birds stay so quiet in the night
the moon a golden disc keeping watch over foes?
it is because God has pulled a blanket over
their mind so that they can rest and
find strength when the sun starts lighting up a new day

john tiong chunghoo

This Cockroach

that cockroach if not for the softer, gentler
sinews now pulling at my heart, would have
turn a paste under the tougher side of my foot

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Converted

when you know many of your
readers have cast a mould with
your verses and lull in it like peas
in a groundnut, you know they have
come to the dance stage of your heart
longing to be swept off their feet by
the wave of your evocative images
they could hand on to as their own
two seeds sprinting out of a groundnut

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Manifestations Of Love

there is only one religion
- the religion of love

there is only one path
to God, the path of Love

there is one sign you
can get to your God in case
you are lost, Love

there is only one God
and his name is Love
in all its manifestations
and intensities

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Plath Versus Ted Hughes

he paints the
most beautiful pictures
with his words

she scraps words
out of a piteous painting she
is trapped

he props himself up
with his words of finesse

she tries to mend a
broken world with all the words
she could muster

tearing up a painting
into bits and pieces of her gems

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Buffalo Grieves

they say when a buffalo
is to be butchered by its master
the buffalo would always cry the night
before it is killed.

the child asks why, and the man says,
'Perhaps, it grieves it cannot
serve its master anymore.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Triumphant Flag

over the roof patriotism
torn, frazzled but still
triumphant in the wind
his country's flag

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Hong Kong Haiku - Kowloon Star Walk

Star Walk Kowloon
all the stars
under my foot

Star Walk Kowloon
i hunt for palm prints
of my favourite stars

Star Walk Kowloon
quiet and bowed anglers
wait for their stars

Star Walk Kowloon
brightening up Hong Kong night
dreams of stars

Star Walk Kowloon
mersmerising as Hong Kong night
the dreams of Stars

Star Walk Kowloon
glistening over Hong Kong
dreams of stars

stars stars everywhere
in the sky, over the river
and under my feet

Hong Kong night scene looks stunning viewed from Kowloon Harbour and the famous Star Walk. The city that inspires so many dreams is a must visit for a holiday. I love the mountains and hills around here. There is something very magical about them. Well Kowloon means nine dragons. I think it is very beautiful to fall in love here.

john tiong chunghoo

His Filial Piety

the old stooping unsteady Indian woman
helped by her 40s something son
to her seat
glittering as the gold round her neck
his filial piety

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Go Vermont

looking for
a fresh piece of America?
Go Vermont, Go Vermont

looking for
a fresh green piece of America?
find Vermont, go Vermont

There's no shortage of fresh, organic, and tasty food in Vermont, which ranks first in the U.S. for the most direct sales from local farmers to consumers. Browse Waterbury's summer farmers' market in Rusty Parker Park and you'll find artisanal cheeses made of cow, sheep, and goat milk; fresh pastas; free-range chickens; breads baked in wood-fire stoves; locally pressed apple cider; and a rainbow of brightly colored produce just plucked from the ground.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Man's Presence

see a man, feel the rising sun,
setting sun rising moon of each day
over his East, his West, his ears, his eyes,
though they have appeared to have
stepped quietly out of him, a moon,
embracing, losing herself in the warm light of sun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 Beijing Olympics Haiku

A Nest of Gold
for the every Country
Beijing Olympics

A Nest of Ideas
of how to give
Olympics its due

In the Nest
A new China
Beijing Olympics 2008

In the Nest
Strong China
spreads its wings

from the Nest
a Dragon
emerges



PoemHunter.com

Beijing Olympics 2008
A Nest of
China Prides

In the Nest
the Middle
Kingdom

a Nest of
Culture and Sports
the Beijing Olympics

Beijing Olympics
A Nest of athletic finesse
catches all our eyes

Beijing Olympics
Nest for the
best breeds

Temper your Olympic fever with a trip to the trendy Dashanzi art district, a former industrial neighborhood with factories converted into galleries, studios, shops, and restaurants. Throughout August, Beijing Tokyo Art Projects presents 'Projects 0, ' an installation by Yuan Shun that transforms gallery space into a stylized stadium. With references to Beijing's Forbidden City and the new Olympic facilities, this timely work urges viewers to consider the role of architecture in large social and political events, such as this year's Games.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Loving Mood

loving mood
one rose rests
on the other

the above by john tiong chunghoo
inspired by

in unlevel hedge, too
in bloom...
roses of Sharon
-Issa,1804

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - It's A Full Tale

Taipei Matsu Temple
old woman relates
her full grouses

It is at one of the Matsu temples that I saw a woman who as she stood related a full tale of her life to the Goddess Matsu, the most worshipped Goddess on the island. She is also the patron saint for fishermen. The woman's related quite audibly what sounded like A to Z of her family problems. For me, it was her faith that struck me. Matsu Temples are scattered all over Taiwan.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Vieques Island Off Puerto Rico

Vieques nirvana
the waves sweeps back the peace
into my heart

Vieques
in the water
and wishing i have wings

Vieques nirvana
the sea sweeps through
every of my pores

Vieques nirvana
the sea and sky fuses my mind
and body

Vieques, a small island just a short ferry ride from San Juan, delivers the ideal beach vacation. Even with its picture-perfect scenery and pristine beaches, the island does not draw crowds—visitors will find that their footprints are often the only ones in the sand. Once the sun sets, head to Island Adventures Biobay Eco-tours for a guided swim in the bioluminescent Mosquito Bay, where every splash and kick will create a silver flash in the dark water

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Cameron Highlands - The Green Suicide (State Of Pahang)

tea pickers' dark
green houses
suicides that haunt

behind the serene tea estates
and green abodes
a drowning despair

A tourist guide told me incidence of suicide among tea pickers at the Cameron Highlands is unusually high. He said these pickers live in dark green lodges which he said may be one of the causes of their depression and suicides. I think the real reason is that after working day in and day out in the green fields and havnig to live in lodges which are also green would drive anybody crazy.

john tiong chunghoo



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A Pinch Of Salt

to die beautifully
take the imperfect world
with a pinch of salt

i had found a new love
i wish to be a jester to cheer
up the lonesome world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Rainbow To Treasure

if one day you get to read and study my poems
do not hurry them? you can do me last.
or if you do not like them do not take in even a word.
tell the teacher you would love to do something else,
like walking in the field for may be there you can
find a poet of your choice and closer to heart.
but if you love my poems, let me walk the balconies,
balustrades and corridors of your mind while you play,
while you have fun with your friends, while you sleep.
let my words seep through you like the gentlest light
calming the nerves, and comes out of your intelligence
like a prism, a rainbow to remember me by and by,

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Petroleum For The Mind

sometimes, i feel getting to your poetic self
is like prospecting for petroleum?
you dig through layers and layers of years
before you could get to the subtle aspects
of your pscyhe, where you either find black
gold or just echoes of disappointments
the morass of black, if you work hard enough
can be refined to run minds like posh cars on the streets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Kho Phi Phi Island (Thailand)

everybody gets
a james bond treatment at -
kho phi phi

like us, the sky cant have
enough of the sea
see see it is waving to us -in it

see see, the sky
is frolicking withthe sea
gently waving to us to join in

Visitors come to Ko Phi Phi on Thailand's Andaman coast to dive the aqua waters and swim alongside sea turtles, sharks, stingrays, and dazzling technicolor fish. With the large variety of dive sites around Phi Phi (including dramatic hard and soft coral walls, rock formations and caves, and a ship wreck) : the island's gorgeous beaches; and its addicting laid-back vibe, you might find that you'll want to stay longer than you'd planned. Or, like some of the island's travelers-turned-residents, that you never want to leave. Kho Phi Phi is also known as James Bond Island.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Yuanshan Grand Hotel

a 'grand' way to remember
Yuanshan Grand Hotel?
a broken coffee cup and a
waitress who asked for money
before the guest is even done with his food

Yuanshan Haiku

Yuanshan cold nostalgia
fading at a forlorn corner
Soong May Ling's smile

The hotel must have been a sad memory for late Soong Mei Ling. Me too. A coffee cup broke and worse, a waitress asked for money before even I finished with my food. I just wonder how an internationally known hotel can have such 'unthinkable' service. They trained them in Chiang Kai Shek's army?

.

john tiong chunghoo  PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Taipei Main Station

the city of brokeback
mountain director

taipei main station
subway corridor

a love story whirs
away on the tracks

one looks a girl
one looks a boy

both are girls 16
going on 17

one cries on the
other's shoulder

one consoles
carefully treading over
mushy maudlin tracks

her love flutters
like seeds in the winds
she knows this little episode
will be over, sooner or later
like the train that just
made its way out

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Emily Dickinson's Verses

between stabs
of loneliness
the flow of her bubbling verses

between stabs of loneliness
her lifeblood
verses for the mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - The First 15 Minutes' Ride From Taoyuan Airport

going back in time
taoyuan airport to taipei
so 50s the rows of shops

taoyuan airport to taipei
going back in time before
you see modern taipei

what a 1950s entree
the first 15 minutes' ride
taoyuan airport to taipei

the first 15 minutes
taoyuan airport to taipei
so 50s the rows of shops

- to note

the ride is by the airport bus. of course you wont be able to see this if you take the rail transit system.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Japan Outdoor Sand Museum

Japan Sand Museum
history abundant as
the grain at our feet

Japan Sand Museum
knowledge abundant
as the grain under our feet

Japan Sand Museum
how high history can pile up
without a word uttered

Japan Sand Museum
a piece of Asian history
written with sand

Japan Sand Museum
grainy lessons in
Asian history

Japan Sand Museum
swift as our feet
a piece of Asian history

Although a country of islands, Japan's only sand dunes are located on the western coast of Tottori. The 131-foot peaks of the dunes rival the impressive exhibits at the area's outdoor Sand Museum, where visitors can take a tour of Asia, and specifically the continent's UNESCO World Heritage Sites, from the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor in China to the Buddha Statues of the Bamiyan Valley, Afghanistan.

john tiong chunghoo

Universal Ladder

in the heart
of the man is a
universal ladder
to the hearts of men

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Emperor Qian Long's Quirks

Emperor qian long
sees the world
in poems

Palace, now Palace Museum quirk
Qian Long's poem placed
upside down

an upside down poem
romance of the the carver and
the emperor poet

The Manchus advanced
Han culture and territories
more than the Han themselves

The Manchu Emperor carved his poems on jade and wrote poems over ancient paintings he loved. In fact at the Palace Museum you can see his poetry written almost every imaginable objects. Poetry was his passion and when you had an emperor who loved it so much, you cannot help but put up with his art.

Qian Long had asked his imperial sculptor to carve one of his poems on a sacred jade tablet. The man did not understand the function of the tablet but went on to carve the poem in the wrong direction.

john tiong chunghoo

Vibes

God too dropshis
vibes everywhere
from which you could
smell about your future

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Great Smoky Mountains (The United States)

Great Smoky Mountains
he says his passion for her
would smoulder all

Great Smoky Mountains
a puff before he adds
more white to his clouds

Great Smoky Mountains
from our horses' nostrils too
clouds

Great Smoky Mountains
monks in their brown gowns
bent in prayers

Great Smoky Mountains
a stillness like uprooted
Cherokees

Pristine Great Smoky Mountains view
misty North Carolina and
Fontana Lake

Great Smoky Mountains
we let all our worries
settle with the clouds

Great Smoky Mountains
he interposes his face with his girl
over the lovely ranges

One of the most diverse ecosystems on the planet, Great Smoky Mountains National Park boasts more than 4,000 species of plants, 130 trees, 65 mammals, 230 birds, and more species of salamanders than anywhere else on earth. Most tourists come here for car camping, leaving 900 miles of trails and 512,000 acres of uncongested backcountry for hiking adventures. For an ideal

two-and-a-half-day hike, take the Clingmans Dome Bypass Trail. Tread nimbly and enjoy the dearth of humanity and the breathtaking views of North Carolina and Fontana Lake

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park has hundreds of miles of trails for equestrians, including the only sections of the Appalachian Trail open to horseback riders. Also, five auto-accessible horse camps make riding the Smokies even easier. More than 40 backcountry campsites also welcome equestrians.

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodia Haiku Series - Broken Temple, Broken Heart

we climbed the hill to find our
heart equally fractured as
the angkor temple we view
a forlorn child who cried and
begged on our way up

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Hongkong Haiku - The Real Stars

mountains, hills and the sea
Hong Kong, Hong Kong
they are your real stars

mountains that spirit
my heart away
first sight at Kai Tak

Somehow, the mountains and hills around Hong Kong make the island a very appealing place. Take them away and you are left with a pariah island with merely buildings and some urban parks. In fact, I heard the mountains are what give Hong Kong its good fengshui. The name Kowloon in fact means nine dragons. And their powerful chi is said to be centred around the mountains around here. Hong Kong is filled with talented people but somehow without those mountains and sea, the place will not be as magical as it is.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - The Pacifier Shops

the museum's best items
well get them from
the pacifier shops

Those who fall in love with the famous crafts or paintings exhibited at the Palace Museum in Taipei such as the imperial jade carving of a grasshopper on a green cabbage can buy copies of them at several of the museum shops. They are not the real things but then, something is better than nothing. I call these museum shops, pacifier shops.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - The Incredible Ivory Carving

so much more interesting
but never exhibited - how
the ancient master crafted
from ivory the size of half your thumb
a boat that seats several persons
and on it a poem words smaller
than your pores

haiku

incredibly preserved
incredible cotton fine
centuries old ivory carving

haiku

cotton fine ivory carvings
i strain my eyes to see
how well the faces are

At the Palace Museum in Taipei are several wonders one could see.
One of these are the unimaginable intricate ivory carvings that make one
wonder how ancient craftsmen could craft a Chinese poem with a hundred words
on a space not larger than a square inch. Also
men and women the size of a few rice grains with intricate facial expressions.
This writer does not encourage ivory carvings though.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - The Boy Says ' We Lost To KL'

Awakened to Taiwan's flops
'We lost to KL, our airport, '
a Taiwanese boy sighs

reaching home from KLIA
taiwanese boy groans
about taoyuan airport

As I walked out of the China Airlines at the Tao Yuan International Airport, I overheard a Taiwanese boy saying their airport is such a poor comparison to Kuala Lumpur International Airport. 'If we compete, we are such a long way down there, ' the boy who had just returned from a holiday in Kuala Lumpur, added. That got my eyes wide looking for shortcomings. The first thing I noticed was a torn ceiling board and water marks on many of them. And then that smell of things that had aged. Indeed Taiwan has a lot of catching up to do with the Kuala Lumpur International Airport (KLIA) , I started to agree with the boy. But KLIA is no ordinary airport. It was voted the World's Best Airport (15-25 million passengers per annum) for two consecutive years, in the 2005 AETRA awards and 2006 ACI-ASQ awards.

However, there are a few things I observed quite unique about the Tao Yuan International Airport (the arrival section) . They have a special area for child care, and also hang little beautiful pictures, many with proverbs, in their toilets, one above each urinal at the men's.

as you urinate
a little life lesson
taoyuan international airport

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Taiwan Contemporary Arts Museum

Taiwan Contemporary Arts Museum
at every section, a lady attendant
longing to be painted

Taiwan Contemporary Arts Museum
anybody to paint the attendants
posing round here?

Taiwan Contemporary Arts Museum
we, the daily art
for the attendants

Of course, they are not posing for any artist. These lady attendants sit near the entrance of the different sections of the museum where paintings of different periods and artists are exhibited. There must be some 10 different sections. All of the attendant are ladies. I dont know how they cope with the boredom having to sit for hours just to make sure every thing is in good order and no paintings are stolen or scratched. But they do make good models for artists.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Patron Saint For Brothels

taipei story house
piggie with sultry girl on lap
is patron saint for brothels

taipei story house
statue of piggie with girl on lap
is ideal for brothels

At the Taipei Story House, which is near the Taiwan Contemporary Arts Museum is a little two storey tudor styled building one can visit to get a real understanding of Taiwan society especially their beliefs. I was shocked to find among the platehora of statues of gods and goddesses is one of a piggie head and a sultry girl on his lap. A note says the Piggie is the patron saint for those operating brothels in Taiwan.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Sun Moon Lake

Sun Moon Lake

gently, gracefully in the breeze
a chinese painting lesson

Sun Moon Lake

casting their nets over the water
two giant spiders

Sun Moon Lake

gently, gracefully dispenses
a chinese painting lesson

Sun Moon Lake

a scroll of Chinese painting
breeze, hills, water come alive

Sun Moon Lake

the water takes my soul
the mountains my breath

art imitates life?

life imitates art?

the answer echoes

clear in its crystal clear water

Sun Moon Lake

The Sun Moon Lake near Taichung is really a sight to behold. From the Plum Garden you can see the large expanse of the lake and the mountains around. It unfolds water and greenery of the hills around a scroll of Chinese painting comes alive. It would be a great miss if you visit Taiwan and do not come here to cruise as well as take in the breathtaking view.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Tainan Wufei Temple

Stirring in the breeze
still the longings of the princesses
Tainan Wufei Temple

Tainan Wufei Temple
the breeze whispers
longings of five princesses

Tainan Wufei Temple
in the quiet breeze
the longings of the princesses

Tainan Wufei Temple
the breeze, leaves stir
with the princesses' longings

The Wufei Temple was built to remember the five concubines of Chug Shu-quei, the last emperor of Ming Dynasty who escaped to Taiwan when they lost their empire to the Manchus. All five princesses hung themselves as a sign of loyalty to the emperor instead of submitting to the foes. The temple adjoins the tomb of the princesses at the back. At the temple are five little statues of the princesses and one can pray to them for blessings of love. The temple is set in the midst of a large and peaceful garden but the pathos of the princesses' cold fate can be overwhelming, especially when the breeze blows.

.
Address:
201 Wu-Fei Street
Located across the street from the baseball stadium on Jian Kang Road very close to the disco La Sicht.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Poem - Taipei 101 Tower

the insects too
are trying to be higher
101 Tower

101 Tower
insects too wish to be
tallest of them all

I saw a swarm of black insects - have to find out what they are - flying outside the top floor of the 101 buildings. One of them clung to the glass. Another building taller than 101 is being built in Dubai it seems. Well we can't blame anybody from overtaking us. Look even the insects wish themselves to be at a higher level - than the tallest building in the world.

babel babel babel
babel babel babel

tallest building
tallest building

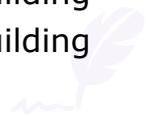
Petronas Twin Towers
then Taiwan's 101 Towers
next in line, Dubai

babel babel babel

everybody rushes
to build the
tallest building
in the world

standing tall
standing bright
standing proud

but when you visit
their countries
do you find
the all important



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loftiest thing of
all, the sparkling
jewels of civilisation -
refined character?
and culture?
people who
die to keep high
their principles?
characters
that would inspire
people
to stand tall
and proud
to greet them?

or do you hear only
babel babel babel
every corner you turn?

hardcore materialists,
opportunists, racists,
immoralists of the
highest order?

tallest building
does it equate
to all things good
builders aspire
to show to the world?

or merely diligence,
intelligence and pride
charging up the sky
for dominance?

this long awaited
taiwan visit opened
the eyes to the reality
behind all the hypes,

the anachronistic
traffic lights that

has withstood the
worst of times, to shine
like the lacklustre yesteryears

myriad faded and stained
buildings that betray
the high tech high
per capita status

overhead bridges,
with all their rough edges
wear and tear that hung over
the heads like the 60s

and uneven pavements
five foot ways one had
to traverse before the
majestic bamboo
tallest 101 tower
shaped to prosper
a thousand years

babel babel babel
the lofty tall order
i always look for
in a nation in every visit

how heartening
when Taiwanese women
stood tall for their nation
to help show the
way to all the
interesting spots
taipei, tainan,
kaoshiung
sun moon lake
wu fei miao
(Temple of five, Ming Concubines)
Matsu temples
confucius temples
peace parks
musuems

and how
disappointing
and dispiriting
when arrogant men
and women
blacken their country's
corridors and doors
with needless contempt
for another asian
they thought
was an illegal worker
siphoning away their money

so glaring their
low leaning forbearance
even eating in
their restaurants
was a stomach churning
painful experience

babel babel babel
well you are bound to
bump into people
of the crassest kind
everywhere
even the a nation
with the tallest building
in the world
babel babel babel

tallest building
tallest building
does it translate
to the loftiest
things humanity
can proudly hold
up high for all to see -

the love for God
and nature, the human race,
universal peace,

trustworthiness, and loyalty?

the tallest everything
everybody longs
to see in the sky
of this materially
spiritually
crumbling world

babel babel babel

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Discovering

travelling
finding and discovering things new
of myself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Kaoshiung Lotus Pond

Lotus Pond
temples spread out
like a sacred bloom

Lotus Pond
temples spread out like petals
of the sacred bloom

Lotus Pond
temples spread around
like petals

Lotus Pond
gods and goddesses too
wait for tourists

Lotus Pond
i try hard to find
a lotus



PoemHunter.com

Lotus Pond
a round about way to
beautify Kaoshiung

Around the Lotus Pond, there are giant statues of gods and goddesses including that of Kuangying. On one bridge there are numerous figures of Chinese gods in different postures, exhibiting their skills with swords as well as objects of miraculous power. The only drawback when I visited it this afternoon (July 11) was that steps were still being taken to upgrade the lake. There is now little water in it and nowhere is there even a lotus in this big lake. The temples here however are breathtaking in their grandeur especially their colourful and intricate rooftop architectures that include colourful swallow tail layered roof tips. One of the temples has its statues and ceiling carvings of sandalwood. When you walk into it, the smell envelops round you and takes you to a different realm.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - Cicada's Song Of Love For Taipei

Taipei summer
cicadas blast away
their shrill

taipei summer heat
earsplitting
cicadas' shrill

Taipei summer
cicadas shrill with
passion for taipei

cicadas blasting
their songs
they too are overwhelmed
with their love for
taipei



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Note, of course this is not all every street. I heard along Zhongshan North Road near to the Taipei Main Commuters Station. I also heard them in many parks i visited as well as a temple in Danshui, the harbour town north of Taipei.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Taiwan Haiku - National Palace Museum (Taipei)

5,000 years take up
its nook and corners
Taipei National Palace Museum

black and white
a spotlessly clean official's letter
the emperor marked with 'i know la'

National Palace Museum, a poem

you can have your way with him
call him a devil, a war lord
or if you love him a Great President
to me he is a great saviour of
Chinese culture
all these invaluable
treasures of pottery, jade
paintings, calligraphy
letters and literature
that trace Chinese culture back
8,000 years would have
been ashes or pieces
that broke our hearts
if not for Chiang Kai Shek

remember mao and his
cultural revolution cadres
who blacked out more than
a decade of chinese's mind
and countless relics and treasures
the years will never bring back

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Subtle Poet

some people love their poetry
like a subtle romance,
love kept like a diary
you can only guess
but day after day,
day after day
a face soon gives
away all her secrets

the subtlest poet
if you keep digging at his
lines, will get to the gold and
diamond he hides

the worst cancer too
if you keep going after it
will soon get to know
a way around it

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Strait Of Gibraltar

Strait of Gibraltar

yes the chinese lucky eight
eight miles for life to prevail

Just eight miles across at its narrowest point, the Strait of Gibraltar is a meeting point: Atlantic and Mediterranean, Africa and Europe, ships and wildlife. It is so narrow that it's actually divided into lanes, the northern side for eastward traffic, the southern for westward. Wildlife doesn't follow these rules, however, and this important migratory conduit for sharks, dolphins, and bluefin tuna—among the world's most threatened seafood species—can be treacherous.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Politics Of Sodom

i really love living in malaysia
there is so much real life drama
to watch day after day - red blood
adrenalin driving episodes of political
and social intrigues to whet your
appetite a la the romans watching
lions tear away at their prisoners

you love real life hardcore racism?
multi levelled croynism seasoned
with a touch of shameless nepotism?
and high handed judiciary rape bottoming
out with repetitive juicy charges of sodomy
thrashing where it matters most?

come to my beloved country, Malaysia then
a country that tastes sweet, sour, bitter, spicy
like delecterious mixed fruit, mixed vege rojak

john tiong chunghoo

Stamped In Red

is it a sin
this bug that
is sucking
my blood now?

is it a sin
too to reduce it
into a speck of red
a sin stamped
with my own
blood?

should
nature be blamed
for putting us
both in a spot?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

All That Is Gold Does Not Glitter

All that is Gold does not glitter
The sultriest of beauties carry thorns
The humblest little soft petalled jasmine
A feast for afternoon tea and sweet perfume
The best cut diamonds that glitter and shine
A molten rock culled from blackest coal
And the girl who just walked away with the first trophy
For best vocal, someone you would have thought a nobody

by john tiong chunghoo
inspired b y

All That is Gold Does Not Glitter
All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.
From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king.

JRR Tolkien

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Thailand Haiku - It's Carte Blanche For The Buddha

Thailand
everywhere carte blanche
for the buddha

Everywhere one goes in Thailand, one would see a Buddha. There are temples everywhere. In Sukhotai, and Ayuthaya there are ruins where one could see huge Buddhas still standing after many centuries. There are crystal buddhas said to be be more than a thousand years. In Thailand, it is carte blanch for the buddha wherever he wants to be.

The bodhi roots now
holds up the Buddha's
head

At the compound of one of the great temples in Ayuthaya sacked by the Burmese in the 19th Century, a severed stone buddha head can now be seen held up by the roots of the bodhi tree. It is said that someone must have tried to get away with the head but dropped it after which the bodhi tree went to work with its roots. There is also a belief that the head of the buddha was severed by the Burmese armies when they sacked Ayuthaya, then one of the most beautiful cities in the East..

.
john tiong chunghoo

World Oil Price Hike Haiku

oil price hike
drives us in full speed
for cheaper energy

oil price hike
the fuel that burn up
our pockets

oil price hike
burning our own fuel/calories
by walking to the gym/shop

oil price hike
the news that heat will exhaust
arctic ice this summer

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poetic Enlightenment

a poem being written,
head, legs and hands awry
struggle to be placed in
their proper places so
that a smart and recognisable
child can be brought to the world

my master like a woman in labour
tries his utmost to carve a masterpiece
so that each word tells its reason
in his field to cross over the mind of readers
spawn echoes in depth of meanings
and holds on to their heart

i am a poem still being written
words jostle in and out of the space
of a verse, to get things to fall
into a poetic scheme, so that
readers can give their mind
a subliminal lift in their quest
for poetic enlightenment

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - International Year Of The Reef

underwater paradise
are they melting
down too?

Year of the Reef
giving reef a chance to grow
faster than number of divers

The International Coral Reef Initiative has declared 2008 the International Year of the Reef, a global campaign to draw attention to the world's coral reef systems in an effort to both educate and protect their fragile environment. Selfishly, it's an excuse to entertain options for your next beach trip, and unselfishly it's an opportunity to learn how to dive and leave only air bubbles behind.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Cruise To Yangshuo (China)

Cruise to Yangshuo
cormorants has caught me too
with their fishing skills

The cruise down the Li River from the city of Guilin to the town of Yangshuo offers a glimpse into rural Chinese life. Watch locals fish with cormorants in a landscape of brilliant green rice paddies and mist-ensconced limestone karsts. Discover that Yangshuo is China's hub of adventure sports, a true backpacker's town. Mountain bike along rice paddies and past water buffalo to Moon Hill, where some of the 300 climbs in the area offer unparalleled views of the karsts and patchwork farmland below.

john tiong chunghoo



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A Chinese Cemetery

smoke trails the sky
over the cemetery

hell money burns
casting a misty layer
between this world
and the next

but not its reality
even after death
you need money
they reckon

stacks and stacks
they burn
every stack twenty million
everyone wants
their late next of kin
to be billionaires
to be rich

of course they wish
in turn they would
be made rich too
through their proxies
in the next world

at funeral they would
even burn paper mercedes
rolls royce, bungalows
computer, washing
machine, television set

well you name it
they have it
for the departed
need them like
they were still alive

they had buried
their dead but never
their memories

they trail the smoke
to the hearts of
the departed
a thin line between
this world and the next

after the visit,
they would go back
to wait for dreams
in case they have
done things not correct
for the hereafter

here among the old
and new graves
the tended as well
as the less tended
it takes only a little plastic
bag to send ripples
of sadness in the
lake of my heart

a little bag that leans
onto the base of
a gravestone
like a child in the bosom
of a granny
holding so much love
with its groundnuts,
chinese olives and sweets

the little bag carries
so much of affections
this world and the next
it bursts the seams
of my empathies for
perhaps one little child
who has promised to

be back at granny's side
every year

i could almost hear
a child sob; 'Granny,
take care, I will be back
the next all souls.'

john tiong chunghoo

Raynette Eitel Book Haiku - Harsh Country

Harsh Country
seasoned verses
of a South West soul

Harsh Country
the desert lizard still
with one eye on the sky

Harsh Country
i read your words a la
arroyo soaking up the rain

Harsh Country
my eyes read your words
like rain moving over an arroyo

Harsh Country is Raynette Eitel's poetry collection published by Xlibris.com released this month - June,2008..Those who wish to know more about the climes, landscape as well as the flora and fauna of the South West of the United States should give this book a read.

Raynette was born in El Paso, Texas and spent her early years in the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. She later moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado, where she worked as a teacher and school counselor.

Raynette's works have been published in a variety of literary magazines including the North American Review, Dogwood and the Writer's Journal.

She and hubby James now reside in Las Vegas. If you have never been to the South West and is wondering how it is like, just open this book and let her verses take you to all her childhood places and beyond. She is one of my best loved poets at Poemhunter.

john tiong chunghoo

Skeletal Monument

now you know
why i stand so tall
covering the earth
in a swath of green hope
swaying in triumph
and showering praises
whenever time is good

now you know why i
stand so tall
for in my hands
are the earth, the
human race and
the whole
animal kingdom

when i go, they
too have to follow suit,
we breathe each others' air
and share each others' food

my lips sigh in relief
every time the sun has set
and the gently wind blows
for that means the world
is in light spirits, and in
good hands

for if I am left
uncared for, abused
and rapped,
my leaves would each
take leave

one by one they
would politely bid
a quiet goodbye
and heartachingly
swirl away in their

last swan song

when the last leaf
takes its leave
i will be but a sore
and broken woman
emaciated hands,
and fingers pointing
to a lost heaven

when the human kind
ungratefully runs me down

my leaves will cry and
dropp till all that remains
are row after row of
a skeletal monument
to commemorate
the earth demise and
a lost salvation

john tiong chunghoo

Jack The Ripper

in every city
of the world
there is a
jack the ripper

he scoffs and
laughts at
those he killed

and also those
he did not kill

there is a jack
the ripper in
every city
of the world

he tears at
all our heart



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from behind
the door

behind our back

leaving us
helpless
sobbing
through the night

there is a jack
the ripper
in every city

he scoffs at
our front
and our back

yet like our

shadow we
could never
pin him down

he trails us
day and night
leaving a
foreboding
menacing
darkness
in the corridors
of our mind

there is a
jack the ripper
in every city

ever ready
to jump at
you anytime
anywhere
given an
ounce of
the darkness
of night

john tiong chunghoo

Measure

are we measuring time
or is time measuring us?

how old is time? where is its
head and where's the tail?
its beginning if not the end?

does it go in a round or
in a straight path? does it
need space to realise
its own identity?

are we measuring time
or is time measuring us?

how old am i? where is the
head and tail of this state of
being, this consciousness?

is it longer than time? Is it as old
and large as the universe?

if everything becomes sterile
100 years on, earth will be
as quiet and red as mars
time as ever goes on, a
measure of the universe

will time be sleeping then
in the bosom of our consciousness?

or will we be sleeping in its bosom
instead, waiting to be resurrected,
a component of matter, of time?

a pendulum that goes to and fro,
to and fro, to help us get a grasp
of the universe and its workings

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Angling At Black Hills (South Dakota)

Black Hills water
the fishtoo out
on a leisurely ride

Black Hills
torn between fishes and
the attractive landscape

Black Hills throws
two hooks at me
fishes and landscape

Black Hills
killing two birds with a stone
one day i fish, the other i trek

For the best trout fishing in the Black Hills area, take the locals' advice and head to Rapid, Castle, Spring, or Spearfish Creek. Fish among herds of buffalo at French Creek in Custer State Park or enjoy the idyllic scenery of the popular Sylvan Lake. No need to rush; fly-fishing season in the Black Hills lasts through fall and, for the dedicated, some fast-flowing and spring-fed creeks offer opportunities for fishing through winter

john tiong chunghoo

Lost

to find that we are
actually on a time machine
going back a few trillion
years because
the chief engineer
wants to know what life is
like lost in the pocket
of a time zone
and his sacred code
for contact - GOD

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Condensing Space

the universe is a garden
of gems, stars and planets
and a mental wonderland

if you love arithmetics, theories
of compression and relativity
every place in space is just a few minutes away

as close as your own bedroom and the garden
there is space and they are meant for fun
and should be the least of any body's problem

they are pleasure to the space condenser
the three trillion trillion miles
well, they can be condensed into two three miles

remember the six inch of your mind
well it has in it all the space you would ever traverse
just close your eyes and see

the energies all over space can be harnessed
or deharnessed? ? ? to condense space,
so that you need just one minute to go to the
furthest reach of space

just close your eyes and there you would see
all the distance of the universes
condensed in a little box on your top

one day it will be as simple as that

john tiong chunghoo

Diamonds And Rubies

humankind is nature's
selected alter ego
two legs, two hands
and a privileged brain
to walk and work his dream

the diamonds, the rubies,
the emeralds, the pearls
and every enchanting land
in the sea of space here
and beyond

humankind is nature
personified, the circulation
of energies, the love,
the growth, the searing
of offsprings, the building,
the demolitions;

he is nature
walking and talking
he is nature seeking
a more efficient creation
for all

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Death Bequeaths A Million Trillion Years To The Dead

what happens in death?

it is as happening as life
the light, earth, water, metal
and energies which have
raised you up as nature's
alter ego and personification
now seek divergent paths
a thousand personalities
bouncing towards space

and as the cells of your mind
close one by one, they give
you that halcyon feel as
every scene you have
held dear at heart rebounds
to make you the central character

one by one they come to claim you
till the last 10 minutes of demise
feel like a million trillion years

a dream you would die to vouch for its
authenticity, its blissful nirvanalike feel

a dream you would have no one wake you
up from even when you are festering with worms

rewritten from:

what happens in death?

it is as happening as life
the light, earth, water, metal
and energies which have
raised you up as nature's
primary metaphor now
seek divergent paths
a thousand personalities

bouncing towards space

and as the cells of your mind
close one by one, they give
you that halcyon feel as
every scene you have
held dear at heart rebounds
to make you the central character

one by one they come
to claim you till the last 10 minutes
of demise feel like a million trillion years
a dream you would die to vouch for its reality

john tiong chunghoo

Boundless Sphere

earth hangs
in space

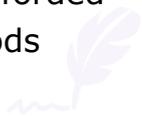
dancing round
and round

a juggling act
proclaiming
a realm of
the possible

among a million
trillion stars

we live in space

a boundless
sphere afforded
by the gods



PoemHunter.com

we hang in
the mind
of the gods

and are objects
of their designs
among a million
trillion stars

john tiong chunghoo

Making Every Planet An Earth

the wish to be a poet
in Tang Dynasty China
who had written
'1500 years from now
you can have the
literature of the world
at your fingertip the
size of a jade pendant'

the wish to be a poet
2000 years from now
who would write
'the wish to be a poet
of the year 2000 who
had written '2000 years from now
you can make an earth out
of every planet in the solar system'.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Defeated Wrestler

no promotion year
he tells disappointed wife
'that's how the world is'

inspired by

pretending not to see
his wife's face...
defeated wrestler
-Issa,1824

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - White Mountain Hike (New Hampshire, New England)

White Mountain hike
our breathing expansive
as the mountains

White Mountain last huts
their remoteness keeps
our feet going

White Mountain Hut
herbalist asks chef to
cook his pluckings

White Mountain
our laughters trail
the ranges

What better way to end a long day of hiking than to sit down to a hot, full-course meal? In summer, seven of the eight Appalachian Mountain Club's White Mountain Huts are full service, meaning hut crews will prepare you dinner while you relax. If you can't hit all the huts on the weeklong 60-mile route, spend a long weekend hiking to Greenleaf and Galehead, the most remote of the sky-scraping huts, which afford expansive views of New Hampshire's mountains.

john tiong chunghoo

Fearsome Storm

to release the poet in you
get to the person you are
unleash the spirits in you
tear down the fence you
have locked yourself in

commit all the mistakes
you want to - crimes are not
allowed but mistakes
yes you can
and the funny thing is
they do a heaven of good
to you

remember
edward Jenner's
misplaced petri dish
that turned out a
weakened virus
to save a million
million lives
it had started out small
and weak like a mistake

mistakes make
you stronger as you accept its
challenge to seek the
knowledge hidden
behind each of them

once corrected the
new findings sticks
so much easier
and stronger like
a weakened virus
that could take on
the stronger ones
for immunity to work

in the sky of every
lesson learnt from mistakes
is that luminous light that
streaks across the mind to
hold us in delight

there is always so much to gain
from a fearsome storm

the crisp, cool and appetising air
that cleanses the lungs
and removes the jadeness
of the mind after all is over

there is always a light at the end of
each tunnel of a mistake made
and a misty mirror waiting to
be wiped clean to accommodate
the person you have been
seeking - you

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu - Errant Taxis

errant taxis
they only want to go
where they want to go

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - When God Becomes A Liqueur

the fanatics
liqueur God has become
to them

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu (Humour Haiku) -Rich Neighbourhood's Rats

rich neighbourhood
the rats run around like
big swollen wallets

rich neighbourhood
the rats too
obese and slow

rich neighbourhood
amply stashed too
the rats

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Brain Is A Canvas

the brain is a canvas
everybody can paint on

ideas are colours that
light up humanity's worth

an original mind clears
the monotonous terrains
of like minded brains
casting shadows in between
to spawn an endless
wave of illumination

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Harbour Island (Eleuthera, Caribbean)

Pink Sand Beach yoga
on and on I chant with the sea
seeking nirvana

Pink Sand Beach yoga
on and on i chant with the sea
seeking peace in the mind

Pink Sand Beach yoga
on and on I chant with the sea
to calm the tempest in my mind

Pink Sand Beach yoga
between the pink sand and
the blue sea, my nirvana

Pink Sand Beach yoga
on and on the sea chants too
seeking nirvana

Pink Sand Beach yoga
i sat on a pink lotus looking to
the horizon longing nirvana

Why settle for white sand when you can have a little color? Several places in the Caribbean have pink beaches, but the most iconic is on Harbour Island. The strawberry ice cream color comes from shells of microscopic marine organisms. The aptly-named Pink Sand Beach stretches most of the island's three-mile eastern shore, where sunrises are spectacular and an offshore coral reef tempers the surf.

john tiong chunghoo

A New World In A Bar Of Chocolate

it is just the size of
a bar of chocolate
but it can spawn
another earth
release a chain
reaction on soil,
Mars or wherever
producing life
sustaining substances
water, oxygen, hydrogen
helium, magnesium
plants so that is habitable
as earth within weeks

and if the sun is too far
away for life to sprout
the bar can also shoots
out a potential star that
grows from a tiny grain
to a sun which then hangs
itself at that exact distance
for the light and warmth of life

john tiong chunghoo

Critics

dont look for
critics who treat
your work as an
extension of
themselves

look for critics who
give you a field
for your talent
to grow

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Vancouver Music Festivals

jazz, folks, blues, latin...
hotter than summer
Vancouver's music festivals

trailing our summer heart
jazz, folks, blues, , , ,
Vancouver's music festivals

heating up the summer air
world music, jazz, folks, blues
Vancouver's music festivals

Vancouver's mild weather and numerous concert venues provide the perfect setting for a summer filled with music. This month, the city presents the Vancouver International Jazz Festival, with jazz, blues, Latin, electronica, world music, and more. In July, the Vancouver Folk Festival will explore folk and roots music on eight outdoor stages, and in August, Festival Vancouver presents internationally acclaimed performers, including Canadian opera star Measha Brueggergosman and the Hong Kong Chinese Orchestra.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Federal Hotel Revolving Lounge (Kuala Lumpur)

Federal Hotel Revolving Lounge
looking for the skyscrapers not there
20 years ago

Federal Hotel Revolving Lounge
wider, brighter, crowder and taller
the skyline

Federal Hotel Revolving Lounge
one circle that shows
20 years of difference

I used to go up to the Revolving Lounge of the Federal Hotel in Kuala Lumpur in the early 80s quite often. Then I was an entertainment reporter. The Federal Hotel was Kuala Lumpur's first international class hotel set up to hold dignitaries who came to Kuala Lumpur in 1957 to celebrate the independence of the the country. Famous guests who had stayed here include novelist James A Michener, Mohammad Ali among others.

The Revolving Lounge offers a 360 degree view of Kuala Lumpur. Two distinct buildings which were not there 20 years ago were the Kuala Lumpur Tower and the Twin Towers, once the tallest building in the world. Of course 20 years ago, Malaysia was a relatively unknown place. It has since inched its way up the rank in the developing world. Malaysia aims to become a developed nation in 2020.

.

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Boy And Sprouted Bean

the child eyes the
sprouted bean still
holding husk of seed
both eager to know
more of the the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dug Out Doll 2

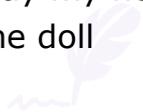
dug out doll
it looks 30 years old
palsy, naked, torn and cold
with the eyeballs gone

but like a human
like a ghost
wandering
the realm
cold and alone
it still looks for love

its hands are outstretched
and point towards sky
though the rubber body
is hardly complete anymore

i walk away my heart
cold as the doll

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

When Did We Meet?

when i actually took up abode
in this physique, i have forgotten
however, ask the landlord, it has all
the records of the day I moved in
chromosome x, chromosome y
single cell, double cell and all
their multiplications, not a single cell
was not courted, counted in the work of
an organic dwelling meant to shine
they are all within the system
but well, dont even bother to ask
when I actually took abode
he will probably not tell, holding it
keeping it in a secretive, stoic,
and religious disposition
nobody would ever know
but one thing is for sure
he is bound to boot me
out of his system one day
and by tradition it will be
done as coldly and sternly
sometimes with full of vengeance
and venom as if i have been
a burglar and, as if we have
never met

john tiong chunghoo

Asian Gold - Sari, Cheongsam And Kimono

Saris, they hold on to you
lady, like ruby, making you
one bastion of womanhood
as you walk sultrily down
the street, carrying the weight
of India's savoir-faire round
your belly and hip, your shawl
my heart, cruising and frolicking
all the way to the temple

they are a wear inspired by
the Gods, Shiva, Krishna,
Brahma, Laskmi and Saraswati

they flow with grace like angels
and they hold on to you like
an altar fit for the abode of the Divine
and when you set your body to dance
the Sari is all heavenly grace
swirling and twirling the world

Cheongsam your hip that goes
up and down the street makes
this wear shoulder to toe a golden
measure of womanhood and all
the assets that it carries with
a fine balance slit in between
for the prime mover of the house
to comport with ease without
sacrificing her poise, her gait

they are meant to hold your
gaze, soothe your heart
and perhaps inspire your spirit
as she resolutely walks you
down five thousand years of
the resilience of her civilisation
like the leverage of her wear
united, torn, united, torn

victory, defeat, victory defeat
at the hands of near and afar
yet taking all in her articulate stride
with just a slit at the helm of her gown
to keep her from falling over

Kimono - they say japanese
carried this back from Tang's
China but what a magnificent
adaptation it has made in
the land of the rising Sun
the Obi that so meticulously
and warmly holds up a Japanese
nubile at the back as she
celebrates her coming of age
a shroud so close to the mother's waist
it carries the warmest memory
every child could have of mother
how they have clung on to her
from behind as she asked
'Do you love mom? Do you love mom? '
under the profuse spring cherry blossom

john tiong chunghoo

Two Sentient Beings

poetry in progress

two sentient beings at the
edge of the other realm
in chirpy vocals sang their
hearts over the affairs
of the humankind

one of them crossly
opined: isnt it a cursed realm?
blood stains every inch
of the way and half the
creations has extinct
most stuffed into the
stomach which could
be big as the universe itself
desire big as the heart

and they say there are only
three dimensions when there
are as many as as the mind
has swum into being

and the brains can you
imagine they can work
computers but on their own
cannot tabulate up to seven
digits in three seconds
without falling heads
over heels

some of them practically walk
into their deaths
i helped some, by zooming
onto their intuition about
impending risks, some
got it, some didnt
i even sent dreams

just now i just sent a wave
into someone that he
would be very rich in the
near future and he did
show some response
I flew away anyway

would you love to be there
living with them anyway?

oh dear, you mean like
Buddha who taught them
a thing or two about the hereafter
noway, it is a realm where rats go to

for me, i would love to be just
flying in this, and whenever possible
give out a light or two to
deserving souls i might bump
into right below

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Taman Negara Leeches (State Of Pahang)

a family thirst for food
leeches rise
in unison

little draculas with their shawls
these excited leeches
on the forest floor

little batmen
prowlers on the forest floor
excited over blood

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Anversa Hills (Italy)

Anversa hills
too enthralled
to even paint

Anversa hills
these hills that paint
the dreams of artists

Anversa Hills
these hills that draw
the dreams of artists

What better place to discover your inner artist than in an idyllic Italian village perched in the Apennine mountains? The 'Drawing and Painting: The Essence of Shape and Color' workshop in Anversa, Italy, offers intensive drawing and color-theory classes while also allowing you to experience Italy as an insider. In the afternoons get inspired by Italian scenery while painting on location in the hills of Anversa. To get the creative juices flowing, hike the Gole del Sagittario nature reserve or stroll the nearby botanical gardens.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Prayers

all the lotuses
aides in
my prayers

tanka:

the lotuses have fully
bloomed to
embrace the sky
like my heart after the
dawn prayers

blossomed

inspired by

this day-
even stirring gruel
is a prayer!
-Issa,1814

 PoemHunter.com

[http: //cat.xula.edu/issa/](http://cat.xula.edu/issa/)

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - So Many Ways To Write

for some people
there is only one way to write
that's where all their words go
whether right or wrong
whatever the time
frame - or space

for some people
there is only one way to write
imagining themselves the best of all

for some people
there is only one way to write
experience is all that matters
they make sure their carts are
behind their horses

for some people
there is only one way to write
hiding behind all their frankensteins
imagined or real
men. or animals
or the doors given a life to talk

john tiong chunghoo

Spa For The Brain

writing a poetry
is putting together
scintillating vibes
of words that have
taken refuge in
each man's heart
extracting their charm
and matching them
to create a vibrant
lake of shangrila,
a spa brains far away
can take a dive to soak
up its riveting energy,
and spawn more shangrilas
for the mind to swim
in its creative endeavours

or



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writing poetry
is putting together
scintillating vibes
of words that have
taken refuge in each
man's heart and which now
emerge wrapped with
gifts of meanings
the poets could extract
and match to create a vibrant lake of shangrila,
a spa brains far away
can take a dive to soak
up its riveting energy,
and in the endeavour
makes way for more
shangrilas for the mind
to swim in their quest
for - more shangrilas

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Words And Life

he has learnt all the words
but where is the life to put
all the words in
he has taken all the oils
but where are the visions
to put them all into

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Revelations

if God wishes to extend
the time before he unleashes
the adagio, can anybody help it?

there is a larger game than life
and he knows all the best rules

we are meant to play along with him
and acquiesce with the applause and
thunderous encore he seeks

some revelations are supposed to
be greeted with withheld tears as we
finally get the answer of our call

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Outer Banks (North Carolina)

Outer Banks
miles and miles and miles
of the Atlantic

Outer Banks
as we walk and talk, the Atlantic
stretches and roars

Outer Banks
accompanying us - the Atlantic
creation song

Lining the North Carolina coast, the Outer Banks consists of barriers of sand 130 miles long and never more than a few miles wide. These islands serve as welcome mats to the Atlantic and all her treasures. Forage the sea for a bounty of bill fish, wahoo, and mahi mahi, or walk the wild dunes, a naturalist's playground. Close to 400 species of birds, from native Carolina wrens to wintering bald eagles, can be found here, along with otters and sea turtle colonies. Add four lighthouses and you have yourself a seaworthy destination that even a pirate like Blackbeard (a former resident) could call home.

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Sudirman Arshad

Sudirman
the air charged too with his spirit,
talent and optimism

as riveting as his songs
his personality and
laughter

Sudirman
for the man, laughters and songs
conquer all

Sudirman
his laughter too is
music to our ears

Sudirman
cutting across racial barrier
with laughter and songs

The late Sudirman reigned the Malaysian entertainment industry in the 80s and early 90s after he won a national talent contest Bintang RTM organised by Malaysian television network RTM.

A graduate in law he had the nation enthralled with his riveting showmanship and songs that cut across racial barrier in English, Malay and even Chinese. He was also judged Asia's best entertainer in an Asian international music festival held in England in the 80s.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Taman Negara (State Of Pahang)

Taman Negara
the wild boar too having
a family outing

Taman Negara is Malaysia one of the oldest rainforests in the world. It is one of the favourite holiday outings for Malaysians because of the rich flora and fauna including tigers, deer, elephants and over 600 species of birds, many migratory. It is common to see wild boar having their outings with their young ones here. They eat fruits such as mangoes that have fallen from the trees.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

To Be Born

to be born is an arduous and painful process

it is taking up the world, learning what

there is to be learnt, absorbing the knowledge,

and then when ready, succumb to the law of the

universe - be expelled from its womb the body - and be born

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Sanno Masturi (Tokyo)

Tokyo Sanno Masturi
the gods are too going
to see the emperor

Tokyo Sanno Masturi
the gods missing the
Emperor?

Tokyo Sanno Masturi
drumming all the way
to the emperor

Tokyo Sanno Masturi
the gods on their way to see
the Son of Heaven?

Until the end of the Second World War, Japanese believed their Emperor to be descended from the Divine. The loss of the war ended that belief. Held biennially since 1681, Tokyo's Sanno Matsuri features a procession of over 300 people dressed in ancient costumes, some on horseback, others carrying drums. The festival commences at the Hie-jinja Shrine in the morning and finally arrives at the Imperial Palace in the early evening. Watch as Shinto priests wind through the city streets carrying portable shrines called mikoshi.

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodia Travel Haiku Series - What An Envy These Trishaw Boys

what an envy
these trishaw boys
every deal is in US dollars

doing better than us
these trishaw boys
they only take US dollars

For the trishaw or tut tut boys in Seam Reap, everything is done in US dollars. They charge at least US2 for a normal ride and more if the distance is far. However, it is always better to bargain since the boys tend to overcharge. The problem is also with police who try to take a cut of their earnings. Seam Reap and Phnom Penh are two Asian cities I have been to with a fixation for US dollars. In some shopping complexes merchandise are labelled in US dollars. This perhaps is due to the fact that the nation's currency riel tend to fluctuate in value. So it is always better to deal in US dollars from the big shopping complexes down to the trishaw boys.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Crooked Creek King Salmon (Alaska)

crooked creek
the salmons return
straight

crooked creek
the upped salmon bends
to and fro

Crooked Creek King Salmon
wow, do they ever know
hunger?

Crooked Creek
his cheers the weight of
the upped king salmon

Crooked Creek
the salmon goes home/return
straight



PoemHunter.com

Summer marks the height of the fishing season on the Kenai Peninsula, a 9,000-square-mile region in southern Alaska known as The Kenai. Temperate and easily accessible, the region attracts anglers and campers alike. Cast a line at the confluence of Crooked Creek and the Kasilof River, where the king salmon range from 20 to 40 pounds, meander along the Kenai Canoe Trails, or fly to a remote lake in the Kenai National Wildlife Refuge.

john tiong chunghoo

Savoury Effects

some writers write
as if they have all the
kitchen ware in their hands
so that when you read their work
you actually feel the ladle, the
frying pan, the egg beater,
the tweezers, the funnel,
can opener, rice cooker,
balloon whisk, apple slicer,
garlic press, grater,
and all imaginable tupperware
thrown right at your face
and when you ask him why,
'well, ' he conceitedly says,
'that's for their savoury effects.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

One Lucky Gal

(poetry in progress)

such a great number of years
she has collected, one lucky gal
ninety three of them to be exact,
showering her smile with such
a maze of enthusiastic signatures
so frenziedly delineated through her
face contours one wonders the days
clocked onto her with their hands each day

and her walk, it is so heavy with memories
sweetness, bitterness, joy and sorrow
they are weighing down on her muscles

she walks with her face to the ground
her greatest companion till this day
always keeping her supported,
never giving way

her ears, they are a thousand miles away
what a blessing, she thinks, for she longs
more for the days she had lived

and soon her eyes will be too glad to
bide farewell too and choose nights as friends,
everything will be quiet, peaceful and
serene, just what she has been
pining for to close her years

the ninety odd years will weigh away
light as autumn leaves over the fields
in so many shades and in so many dance
sequences to give her one exciting last
farewell from the stage of the world
and on every loved one's heart, a real life
story for each leaf that has flown to lighten
up her years

john tiong chunghoo

So Long

'you want your
coffee black or white/'
'white.' he answers

and your president?
'well after Obama'
he answers;
'i dont mind whether
he is black or white.'

'why? he has always
been white, ' I say

'Well, paradigm shift.
crossing that boundary
between white and black.
so long for us to cross
a boundary inside us.'

john tiong chunghoo



Justice Is The Word

god is at that juncture
when you think you
you should be reasonable
to yourself and the
person you have
been arguing with

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Love The Dinosaurs

for the periods
i like that of the
dinosaurs dearly

huge creatures
that carry small
grey matter and
pose little danger

they walk and walk
walk and walk
all day long
looking for masters
to pat their heads
to down at us with
their slit eyes the size
of three chicken eggs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Man A System Of The Divine

man is just a system of God
the image he breathes into
that since has been blessed
with a stake in the heavens

man is a spiritual side of God
carrying an earthy facade
- well he is made of dust -
that refuses to set his spirit free

man is just a system of God
who wishes to take him up
to him with the dignity of a
God made - one who has
left behind the the animal in him

man is just a system of God
for when the Almighty fumes
he can easily feel his Spirit
distancing from him, his mind
wondering whereforth he has
done wrong, or whereforth
his love ones have gone wrong

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Another Four Years?

wonder how Republicans
are going to retain the Presidency
so war engrossed they have lost
touch with the reality of the world
so war embroiled, their breaths,
their conversations, their television
appearances smell nothing but
the indecency of war depriving
our fellow Americans of a right
perspective and connection
with the world at large
and fellow Iraqis a right to settle
their own homegrown problems

McCain well, the man has talked
so much about war, he smells
shrapnels, fighter planes,
tanks, bullets, and deaths
the last thing America would like
to be reminded of is another four years
of lost lives and a messy world in the
throes of an economic turmoil.
the last thing America needs
is a man who would continue
the White House as a war centre
where American deaths are
continuously tallied and the
American dollars abused
devalued and burnt with
smoke billowing to the sky
as if they were hell money and
in the name of a cause that spells
nothing but many lost hopes
no way unless Americans turn suicidal!

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - London's Marylebone

London's Marylebone
we do a quiet reunion
in the heart of the city

feeling so much closer
my wine old as the town
London's Marylebone

London's Marylebone
time stands still for us
to savour its past

see how a time warp
lifts your spirit to the occasion
London's Marylebone

a city's hideaway
be quiet it's
London's Marylebone

heart of London
well you'll see it, hear it
and taste it in Marylebone

away from the blues
we suggest
London's Marylebone

A city as big as London retains its hidden neighborhood gems. Despite its central location in the heart of the city, the thriving neighborhood of Marylebone doesn't get nearly enough credit for its small village vibe and the escape from bustling London life that it provides. With peaceful Paddington Gardens at the center, and cozy squares and neat row houses throughout, Marylebone is filled with independent cafes, homegrown designer shops, vintage markets, fine foods stores, and updated Victorian pubs.

john tiong chunghoo

Be Clammed

be 'clammed'
silence is golden and
its fruit? a perfect pearl

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Round The Clock Companion Of Grace

how nice it is to be a perfect pearl
rolling round someone's heart
listening to her secret wishes and
be a perfect companion of grace
basking in the charms of her spirits
vitality and vivacious endowments

how nice it is to be a perfect pearl
rolling round someone's heart
listening to her secret wishes and
be a perfect companion of grace
round the clock to help her make her day

how nice it is to be a perfect pearl
rolling round someone's heart
listening to her secret wishes and
be a perfect companion of grace
round the clock to make up for her day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Perfect Pearl

my run away desire
the devil asks me
to go out, to have fun
and above all - eat

this when i am
not at all hungry
in fact bloated
another day of routine

it is too early
for me
sometimes
noon is too early
for food

it is another day
the devil is drivng
at me with his
sharpened chisels

'no no no
i would rather be
in the clam
enamoured
in quiet
contemplation
in the realm
of God if that
is not too mushy
for your ears.'
i tell the devil

'every of my
prayers, ' i add
'the becomes
a layer of
luminous
rainbow lucre

to seize the day'

how nice it will
be, to be
a perfect pearl
rolling around
someone's heart
listening to her
secret wishes
and help layer
her dream
and goals
with perfect
poise, grace
and confidence
round the clock!

rewritten from

my run away desire
the devil asks me
to go out, to have fun
and above all - eat

this when i am
not at all hungry
in fact bloated
another day of routine

it is too early
for me
sometimes
noon is too early
for food

it is another day
the devil is drivng
at me with his
sharpened chisels

'no no no
i would rather be

in the clam
enamoured
in quiet
contemplation
in the realm
of God if that
is not too mushy
for your ears.'
i tell the devil

'every of my
prayers, ' i add
'is a layer of
luminous
rainbow lucre
to seize the day'

how nice it will
be to be a
perfect pearl
rolling and
dangling round
someone's heart
and be a perfect
companion of graces
round the clock!

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Obama's Nomination

obama's nomination
well, the joy is more
that in America the
canvas of success
is where everybody
can paint his/her dream
black, white, yellow or red

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Free Park

that's the brain?
a stage set for the gods
to embark on their strategies
to be close to the soul and man
a free park nature roots itself
to grow in and out of us
that's the brain? nature's
handiwork, the weight
of its spirit and intelligence
at work, at work

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Troncones' Ranch And La Saladita (Mexico)

troncones' ranch and la saladita
the burst of laughter between
the crescendos of the waves

Troncones' Ranch and La Saladita
crescendo of laughter
interspersed between the waves

troncones' ranch and la saladita
the crescendo of our laughter
and the waves

Ranch and La Saladita
the silence as she says she
would bring mom in her next trip

Ranch and La Saladita
against the sun, the silhouette
of a girl downing her beer

Ranch and La Saladita
every sound a crisp
sense of being

Forty-five minutes south of the better-known Mexican haven of Ixtapa-Zihuatanejo lies the small fishing village of Troncones, still sleepy, inexpensive, and virtually undiscovered. Head to nearby beaches The Ranch and La Saladita, and sign up for surf lessons. After working up an appetite riding the waves (or trying to) , grab grub at Café Sol, where guacamole, fish tacos, and potent margaritas hit the spot. Or, for a more upscale night out, try the Inn at Manzanillo Bay for their deliciously fresh seafood.

john tiong chunghoo

The Artist's Canvas

the artist's canvas
it is similar as the world
we all strive to paint
with the redness of our blood,
the heat of our passions
and the brushes of our life

how floored we are at times
in the face of things,
how petrified when things
turn out to be red rather
than the blue of our thought

Love which I have always
perceived to be pink is
actually a warm glow of
your fair skin and veins
under the morning sun and
the translucent brown of your eyes
and also beige and
forest green so splendid
they charm the emptiness
of the grey of day away

the freshness of your breath
is a consuming white and
your touch, a trimming of the
brown of muslin for us to anchor
our ecstasy as we lock eyes

in between all these are
the wave and wave of frenzied strokes,
blobs, globs, fuzzy angles
cubes and circles that never
fail to carry us over to the rainbow,
our feet to tango, our heart to sing
and our voice to soar
of love, of sweet dates, of angels
flying over to our paths

the artist's canvas
it is inviting as life where
our imagination can cruise
beyond the ends of earth
free as a bird and rich
as all the colours on the palette

john tiong chunghoo

Jackasses

i told them something they
had missed in the quest
for a solution

something so simple they
never had thought about it

there was no compunction in
having missed it all this while

there was no feeling of regrets
of the lost time even

there was not even the gratitude
that someone had out of the love
helped spread his knowledge

i decided that i was in the wrong place
nobody there really loves to learn actually
either that or they are all jackasses

john tiong chunghoo

Hillary Clinton Poem - Hard Luck First Lady

hard luck madam first lady
the way the polls go

it is easier to be first lady
than Mr President

the world is singing another
tune to the White House

hard luck madam first lady
the way the polls go

the votes are out but you've
made no headway

the votes are out but you've
not made any headway

shall we just call it a day
or go into another day
to see the votes go away

the race will soon be up
and they are going to call us up

the race will soon be up
and they are going to call us up

to declare us null and void
to declare us null and void

john tiong chunghoo

The Ears And The Eyes

so many things my ears have missed
if only the Almighty has set them for
more vibrations of excitements such as
those of rattling earth plates pulling
buildings and us off our feet

so many things my eyes cannot see
if only the Almighty has structured them
to see the realms, so many other worlds
we would know and be friends with

so many things the mind cannot fathom
if only the Almighty could raise it out
of the mundane to concentrate on the
essence of his creations, and to string
their relationships one by one into
a necklace we could all wear how
perfect a world we could all be in

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Great Grandmother

great grandmother
grandmother's mother
she walked through my life
like red roses, that dropp over one's path
roses that hold us back to savour
the meaning cast between
two melancholic lines of a poem

great grandmother
grandmother's mother
she walked through my life
so sparingly, always with the
fervent wish to build a bridge to my life
you know it because she always walked
away with tears glistening in her eyes
tears glistening in her eyes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - What A Shame!

clear the way, especially your rules
here comes the great hillary clinton
everybody must clear the way
for her to be president

clear the way for America to dominate
especially your international laws
every country must clear the way
for America to dominate
for Hillary is the President

clear the way, clear the way
clear the way for - Hillary - to be
thrown out of the Presidency Nomination Race
for is she supposed to play by the rules?
taking all the Michigan votes?

that was how the Whitee treated
Nigee we dont remember
how many years ago
white washing their dignity
taking away their freedom
and the rights to stand as equals

but please time has changed
not to our beloved Obama
siphoning away all his Michigan votes

do we want a flouter of laws
to be our President?
what a shame
what a shame
what a shame to America
if Hillary is the President

john tiong chunghoo

Recollection - First Poetic Impulse

my first poetic impulse
was in my pre school days
i must have been only four
years old lying sweet on the
kitchen floor one fine morning
sucking on my milk bottle

out on the tip of a pointed roof
a magpie had gathered itself
comfortably and started singing
its heart out to the sun just beginning
to warm up the new day

its song was edged like the roof
pointed here and there
in the rhythm and fractured tone
of a disconcerted soul
complaining all the world's
injustices to the heavens
like a chirpy woman crying mad about
poor treatments of her in laws

it sang for so long i was
provoked to ask the bird
what it was pining all about
about the black and white
of its days?

i asked and it sang
i asked and it sang
beak pointed to the sky

i asked and it sang
i asked and it sang
until it thought it was done
and flew away without a note
leaving a trail of silence and
melancholy on an empty
roof, the morning and -

an unrequited heart

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Ken Ogata

Ken Ogata

his testosterone filled voice and energy
bursting at the seams

We first met in Malacca for a brief interview in the mid 80s when he was in the historical city for Imamura Shohei's movie, Zegen. He was a bundle of energy or for this matter, male energy, walking and talking in his full testosterone filled voice with no patience of having to repeat his answers. (wikipedia - Ogata was born in Tokyo, Japan. Ogata is well known for his roles in Peter Greenaway's The Pillow Book, Paul Schrader's Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters and Shohei Imamura's The Ballad of Narayama)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - San Francisco Local Taste City Tour

San Francisco Local Taste City Tour
turning the city inside out
for its best food and places

san francisco local taste city tour
the back spots fuel
our interest of the food

The age-old debate between eating or exercising has found its answer: Local Tastes of the City Tours, which leads easy walks through San Francisco's diverse neighborhoods, gives you a flavor for the city and also gets you on your feet. Choose from tours through the North Beach/Little Italy neighborhoods, Chinatown, or a Night Tour through both. Along with being escorted to the city's best food spots, you'll get a backstage pass to see how the food is made, taste the results, and learn some history of the area.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Paintings

colours, they bring back
scenes and scents

your painting, it brings
brings me back all the years

still i can sit in that chair of
that long lost cafe and
have the privilege of a
tete a tete with friends,
imagined and real
of things we all cherish
the love of art and all the things
that it brings - scenes,
scents, and the time
we thought is lost
forever in time

Second Version

--

colours, they bring back
scenes and scents

your painting, it brings
brings me back all the years

still i can sit in that chair of
that long lost cafe and
have the privilege of a
tete a tete with friends,
imagined and real
of things we all cherish
the love of art and all the things
that it brings - scenes,
scents and geniuses
overheated talents
that drove them lunatics,
madmen manoevring
with the coldness

of the arctics
volcanoes that explode
splotches, dashes
splashes, onto the
canvas of their dreams

colours, they bring back
scenes and scents
paintings, they bring back
all the years nature plods on
against adversities to help
the artist pour out its best onto canvas

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Heidelberg (Germany)

Heidelberg

pub owner says he enjoys
free education everyday

Heidelberg

looking down at us from walls of a pub
all the german philosophers

Heidelberg

at one corner, the sound of a boy peeing
and two lines of Shakespeare sonnet

Relive your college days with pubs, brews, and lots of late-night food in Heidelberg, home to Germany's oldest university, the 1386 Ruprecht-Karl-Universität. This romantic Old World European city is replete with cobblestone streets and medieval architecture, but its 30,000 university students fuel a hopping nightlife. Stop in at the pub Zum Sepp'l to taste what all the coeds are craving: beef goulash and bratwurst. Then wash it down with microbrews on Unterestrasse, and relax with a balloon ride over the city.

john tiong chunghoo

Childhood Autograph

the old autograph of light blue,
yellow and brown, worn and
dogearred dances away from
time and its place in my memory

the only treasure are the words
within, golden wishes that grace
the pages, remembrance written
so many times it reverberates through
a span of forty years like they
are only two inch thick

the boys had grown, sprinted
away like ponies, leaving warm wishes
to meet again, some out of a real desire,
others merely to fulfil a societal practice
words to hold a place, a name,
a face with nothing in between

we would not remember what words we
had left behind for each other but our
smiles would slice through
the barriers to the days when
friendship was really held dear
a value which too is dancing away
from us like the boys who had given
us so much fun and joy

john tiong chunghoo

Where God Signs His Name

where does God
sign his name?

it is in the tottering
walk of the turtle

flipping flapping
didactic flight of
the mid morn
butterfly

light as breeze walk
of a rickety crab
on beach

the big round
excited moonlight
eyes of the owl

the black and white
palm strips on
the zebra

zig zag lightning
where the rain
starts to pour

the cat meow
meowing through
the night for
its lost kittens

the chuckling of a
baby alternating
with the laughter
and cajoling of
young flabbergasted
mom



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Danang Cham Museum

Holding Vietnam dearly
to my memory
Danang's Cham's bulbous deities

(at the Cham museum)

Danang Cham Museum
bits and pieces of deities
of a scattered people

Danang Cham Museum
bits and pieces of the deities
of a people in diaspora

Danang Cham Museum
bits and pieces of old hindu gods
held together by a new nation

The Chams used to have their own land in Vietnam but had since been assimilated into the Vietnamese civilisation. They used to be Hindus but are now muslims and Chams can be found in Thailand, Cambodia besides Vietnam. At Danang Cham Museum, one can see bits and pieces of exquisite works of sculpture of the Cham people. They were mainly culled from temples that had been destroyed by wars or just ravaged by time. There are sculptures of the Aspara or celestial dancers, shiva, brahma among others. Statues on lintels, doors, and walls are fixed onto new walls to make the exhibits more real and interesting. Cham statues of Hindu gods and goddesses are really exquisite.

john tiong chunghoo

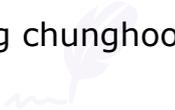
First Encounter - Imamura Shohei

Imamura Shohei
that love of the orient
shines through his face

Imamura Shohei
our meet marked by
mutual love for the orient

The late Imamura Shohei won the Grand Prix Award for the Cannes Film Festival for the film Narayama Bushiko many years back. The film depicts the strange custom of a Japanese village where old folks were sent to mountains to die to solve food problems. The most touching scene was that of an old woman waving to her reluctant son to go after he had brought her to the mountains. Imamura was in Malacca in the 80s to film his other film Zegen when we met up. He greeted me like a friend, an outpouring of his love for the orient. Zegen did not make it to the box office but his recognition as one of Japan best directors survives.

john tiong chunghoo

 PoemHunter.com

Sharon Stone's Karma Remark

earthquake karma remark
Sharon Stone's career
shakened

earthquake karma remark
sharon stone in cause
and effect trauma

stonehearted quake remark
Sharon Stone fame takes a
tumble

Sharon Stone's karma remark
in the aftershocks
a flurry of sorries

Si Chuan quake karma remark
Sharon Stone's career gets
a jolt



PoemHunter.com

Si Chuan quake karma remark
Sharon Stone's career
experiences a tremour

Award winning American actress Sharon Stone quickly took back her words after she said recent Si Chuan earthquake was because of China's bad karma for discriminating against the Tibetans. China's film world hits back by banning her movies in China and Diore took her off in its advertisements in China. Sharon quickly followed up with an apology to China for what she had said.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - St. Barthélemy (The Caribbean)

st barthelemy getaway
from their tongue a volcanic slang
the weight of dollars

With A-list celebrities making this tiny volcanic island (only about ten Square miles) their playground of choice, St. Barthélemy has become the It resort destination of the Caribbean. But rubbing elbows with moguls, models, and movie stars comes with a price. If you're willing to spend the dough, rent a villa with St. Barth Properties, where they'll clue you into insiders' info: where to park near beaches, where to watch sunsets, where to buy the fresh catch of the day, and where to shop for groceries.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Getting Real With Oneself

poetry is about getting real
with oneself while we go find
oneself in the mace of traffic
of human expressions
acquired or self invented
so that we can use them
effectively as a gift to cross
the bridge to human hearts

it is about carrying roses or orchids
to beautify humanity or be
be at a loss of what to do in the face
of such challenge falling head over heel

it is about a butterfly that hides
itself in a harsh dried leaf to one day
finds its real self and flies away with a divine
expression, flipping, flapping, flipping
didacting melancholy through a prismatic
and honeyed state of transience

john tiong chunghoo

First Encounter - Ramli Ibrahim

Ramli Ibrahim

his advice that still caught my heart

'do what knocks on your heart'

Ramli is the foremost exponent of Indian classical dance, bharata natyam and Odissi in Malaysia. For more than 35 years, he has indulged in the arts, though controversial to his faith, Islam. Muslims think the dances of hinduistic elements are in contradiction to the tenets of Islam. However to Ramli, who has an engineering degree from Australia thinks the art is close to his heart and that he cannot live without choosing it as a profession.

Ramli was named the recipient of the 2004 Boh Cameronian Lifetime Achievement Award, the most prestigious arts award to those promoting the theatre and arts in Malaysia.

The first time I met Ramli was in Kuala Lumpur some 25 years ago. He was then a young man still in a dilemma as to whether to be a dancer or an engineer. He somewhat sensed I should be doing something what I really wanted too and gave me a similar advice.

Ramli this May and June organised the first Odissi dance festival in Kuala Lumpur featuring a series of interesting workshops, exhibitions, and performances of Odissi dancers from around the world.

john tiong chunghoo

Onlookers Decide

poetry is a picture of yourself
without you having to worry
what others would say of you

poetry is your view of the world,
your side of things, your value
of things, without having to
worry where your position is

it is that lake that can make
you look impressionistic
or even abstract but it never
takes or adds to your idea
of yourself because that is
for the onlookers to decide

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Rush Hour Zebra Crossing

rush hour zebra crossing
our bags greeting
each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Jerangkang Waterfall, Kuantan (State Of Pahang)

Jerangkang Waterfalls
the water rushes down to
two young lovers

Jerangkang Waterfalls
giant black rocks greet us
on our path

Jerangkang Waterfalls
in the water the heated passion
of two young lovers

Jerangkang Waterfalls
up on the rocks
four raised legs

Jerangkang Waterfalls
children try hard
to raft

Jerangkang Waterfalls
between the large boulders
our camps

Jerangkang Waterfalls
giant black boulders
guard over our camps

Jerangkang Waterfalls is about two and half hours from Kuala Lumpur. It is near to Kuantan, the capital of the State of Pahang. You need a 4WD to come here as it is an off road destination. You drive through a rough patch, crossing streams and uneven land to a camp site filled with large black foreboding boulders. The waterfalls is just round the corner.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Altar Food

sticking to to Buddha's
be compassionate dictum
he lets rat nibble at altar food

inspired by

while praising Buddha
with wide-open mouth...
a thicket mosquito
-Issa,1816

[http: //cat.xula.edu/issa/](http://cat.xula.edu/issa/)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Chrysanthemum

out of the chrysanthemum
three inchworms doing
a glide dance

too bright a stage
for these inchworms' glide dance
the chrysanthemum

inspired by

carefully measured
by the inchworm...
chrysanthemum
-Issa, 1821

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

1. A Seed Of Of All Religions?

the dinosaurs
did they know
their size forbode
a great task
at hand, that
they would
one day drive
the world?

human beings
do they know
their great mind
projects a great
task at hand,
that one day
their spirituality
would expand
the realm of
heavens? that
God would take
them with Him?

PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

1. A Virus Has Infected Me

it stays on my top snugly seated
in a white boney case, hooked onto two
powerful lenses, a pair of sonar and smell detectors
and a bonus taste pad latched onto it
not to mention the central control that
takes messages from all in order to manoeuvre
the physique in the right direction
but the being that daily whispers?
converses? tiptoes over the corridors
of a hodgepode of mysterious terrains
which triggers fear as well as at times
the ironical blessed dose of courage,
in the chamber of the heart, causing machinery
to crash? is he a harmful virus we are still
learning to clear, or is he the master of a game
on a multi dimensional computer
he so cleverly designed leaving us
in the dark of our own whereabouts?
a new generation computer that works
on a programme fueled by nature

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Spoleto Festival In Charleston (South Carolina)

Charleston Spoleto Festival
the real highlight for us
the horsedrawn carriage

Since its inception in 1977, the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, has proven itself as one of the premier art festivals in the world. Over the years, they've previewed over 100 productions including plays by Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, and Laurie Anderson. Held from May 23 to June 8, the event features international theater, jazz, classical music, opera, and dance at historic venues across town. After a culture-filled night, breathe in Charleston's romantic charm with a horse-drawn carriage ride through the city.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - Pulau Batu Putih

Pulau Batu Putih

I feel a part of myself
gone too

Pulau Batu Putih

the white stone we fail
to sign our name on

Pulau Batu Putih

the white song we forgot
to sign our name on

MAY 23,2008

THE HAGUE: The International Court of Justice ruled Friday in favour of Singapore in a 28-year sovereignty dispute with Malaysia over the tiny, uninhabited island of Pulau Batu Putih.

'The court, by 12 votes to four, finds that sovereignty... belongs to the Republic of Singapore,' Judge Awn Shawkat Al-Khasawneh said, reading out the ruling. - AFP

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Black President, White President

A black president?
nobody would really mind
so long as he leaves no
black holes in debts, in war,
in injustice for the people
of America, black or white.
Cherokee or Minority

Obama, Obama as President?
Nobody would really mind
so long as he makes his term
great for blacks, for whites
for every American
for everybody

it is in black that white
shines brightest and
in white that black pours
out its best to draw us into
the warm and friendly
orbit of its formless infinity

Obama make your term
so bright that every American would
want you for another term
and another Black as Leader
when you walk your way
away from them

make your term
so inexorably bright
as the North Star
nobody would ever
mind anymore their
American being
Black or White,
Cherokee or Minority

john tiong chunghoo

1. One Most Beautiful Song

a bird in the tree sings
one most beautiful song
is it his ode to the world?
or is it a symphony nature
plays through one brilliant piano
it has fashioned and held close
to its fingers and heart?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Universes

am i a formation of one wholesome spirit
or many spirits who call themselves eyes,
ears, heart, nose, mind coming together
to build a bridge to the real world
and after this journey of the senses, would
the spirits come together again for another
party in another world, or would i only
remember part and parcel of myself
scattered all over the universes or
would the one true God care to hold me together?
perhaps he would because he knows what is meant
to be true in one, heart, mind and soul...

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Burmese Cyclone Haiku

on the Junta Killing Burmese headline
the housewife asks 'Well,
is that something new? '

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Ibiza's Summer

Ibiza's summer
here comes a tidal wave
of clubbers

Ibiza's summer
winds and beaches could not
cool down our spirits

With summer just around the corner, partiers flock to Ibiza, the clubbing capital of the world, for its legendary Opening Parties. All of the Balearic Island's biggest clubs—like Privilege, the largest club in the world with a capacity of 10,000—throw huge bashes from mid-May to late June to kick off the season. You can recover from the blaring techno and flashing strobe lights by strolling Ibiza's rustic old town, exploring its beautiful countryside on bike, or just by lounging on one of the island's dozens of beaches

john tiong chunghoo



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Can Somebody Do Something?

can somebody do something?
like developing a sanctuary
to accommodate the mind
and all its whims and fancies?

can somebody do something?
like carving a vaccuum where
life can hide without the law of
physics caving in on him

that would be a great service
to this overloaded entity
destined to die for the former's
quest for invincibility, immortality.

can somebody do something?
like developing a channel
for the mind to leap from one
to the other, to show life can be
lived in any form, without the
trouble of a physical presence
where death has to be employed
to free its limitless possibilities for life

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Burma Cyclone 2008

Burma cyclone
divine quest to
bare all

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mother Cat Spreads Her Love

animals are animals
they have brain not
large enough to guide
them through propriety
which even then sometimes
can be assets to melt
all our hearts for them

here at my feet, below
a malay eating store
the warmest motherhood
laid sprawled, exemplified

a cat her fore and hind
limbs pointing different
heavens, leaves an abodmen
space large enough to
spread all her affections,
protection, and love

here her latest brood
a furry foursome mishmash
of white, yellow, brown and black
sprawl, some on top
of each other, at the
fountain of mom's fertile
spring, savouring the
mersmerising warmth
of love that flows in the
hynoptic, sleep and
growth inducing milk

the cat stares into us
so sedate and affectionately
lost in her motherhood,
we too are softly drawn into
her newly acquired contentment

john tiong chunghoo

Thanks For Photographing Me

thanks for photographing me
because it puts a perspective to me
my sense of things, my face, my smile
and i love the black and white because
they give that extra dimension colours
could never do, a dimension the world
could actually sink into to help our mind
focus on the realities of things, a hand,
a diamond, a lip, a cluster of tears and love
your mind helps define the relationships
they become so much closer to you
thanks for photographing me
because it puts a perspective into me
perspectives that otherwise are eaten up
by the passage of time, and the nonchalance
of the world and my own senses of myself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Sichuan Earthquake 2008

sichuan earthquake
the heartturning and chilling
aftershocks two days later

Sichuan Earthquake
the tremour in my heart
as they deliver the news

still they dig, and dig
the rubble of pain
and deaths

still they dig and dig
at the pain of
a million people

out of the rubble
to find another crushing him
all his family had died

digging the rubble
each discovery
a scream and a cry

Sichuan earthquake
the sole family survivor lives on
in a world of rubble

The Sichuan Earthquake 2008 struck two days after Mother's Day and could be felt as far as Bangkok., More than 20,000 lives were lost. One school lost all their children to the quake. The real heartchurning quake came two days later when newspapers ran chilling pictures of mothers crying over their dead children.

john tiong chunghoo

The Leaves

the leaves i take them
as your shapely hands
softly and gently bidding me
to be close at your side

the dusk lake's dazzling
water i take them as your
smile aimed at opening
my heart to you, a lovely
appetiser to our meet

the bird chirps i take them
as a lovelorn spring song
carried on the wings
of hopes and dreams
to my ears
a love flame that still
binds us to each other

the fallen leaves that
chaotically turn, i take
them as the battled
attempt to keep
our relationships
alive despite the odds
the shrivelling dryness
of throat as we open
our hearts to talk
to each other

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Japan Haiku - Yokohama

still missing Yokohama
we just slept in car
in our first visit

Yokohama
remembering it just by the glare
of its street lamps

the first time i went to Yokohama, the harbour port not very far from Tokyo was in the late 80s. my friends and i went in our car after our work late at night. when we reached about one and half hours, it was so late, we just slept in the car. after that, we just drove home, without even leaving the car to have a look. it was a strange visit as we did not do anything other than sleep, and till today, i am still thinking about that first not so useful visit, but still hungering for a second.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Michigan's Lakeshore

Lake Michigan
blue of the water and hills
wrap us in

Michigan'a Lakeshore
we drive on and on
to forget ourselves

Drive along the shore of northern Lake Michigan during summer or explore the region at a slow pace on bike or foot. Start out in Traverse City by grabbing a bite to eat at the authentic 1950s-era Don's Drive-In, where carhops serve you. Bike the hilly countryside of Leelanau Peninsula and then roam around the steep sand piles of Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore. Continue north through Petoskey and Harbor Springs, where one of the prettiest drives in the state begins, and then camp a night in Wilderness State Park

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - New York Photo Festival

New York Photo Festival
the photographer says
his pictures speak for themselves

New York Photo Festival
he says he loves the contrast
of black and white

Billed as the first international photo festival in the United States, the long overdue inaugural New York Photo Festival runs from May 14 to 18. Set in Brooklyn's DUMBO neighborhood on the waterfront, the festival will showcase the most innovative and dynamic trends in contemporary photography through curated exhibits and artist panels and talks. Tickets start at \$15 for adults to view the exhibits or \$45 for entrance to all exhibits and presentations.

john tiong chunghoo



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1. The Earth Talks Through You

the land talks through
you, every line on you
resonates with its vibrations

you are the poetry of the
land, mouth through which
the land conveys its senses

the sun talks through
your eyes, they channel
its spirit through to me
a radiant warmth the
ounce of love that rises
in a primordial pool to
surge through my heart

the moon touches me
the way your lingering
mood and nonchalance
speak volume of the other
side of your cheerful self

a luminousness that
skirts and corners night
to let shadow rest in shadow
and words echo in words
a tide bound in only by the
starry promises of night

john tiong chunghoo

Trillion Million Trillion Million Wonders

the world has passed
a trillion million trillion
million of seconds

each second helps
the other crosses
the path of our mind
at equal interval, space
each a divine finger
holding and counting
his treasured creation

cogs creation ride on
each a good samaritan
to each other and us

every second is
unique as the next
because each is
one among  PoemHunter.com
a trillion million trillion
million of seconds
like you, me and them

creation is
a trillion million
trillion million of wonders

beyond the earth
worlds within worlds
up there stars sparkle and smile
each a master of ceremony
ready to lit up and unveil
secretsthat infinity holds on to

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Cannes Film Festival (French Riviera)

Cannes Film Festival
I walk around to enjoy
the different accented english

Cannes Film Festival
an Asian actress's
staccato english

Cannes Film Festival
flowing like the French Riviera
starlets and celluloids

putting more fun
and depths into celluloids
Cannes Film Festival

celluloids and stars
lit up French Riviera
Cannes Film Festival

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One of the world's oldest, most influential, and prestigious film festivals, this year's Cannes is held from May 14 to 25. Known for extravagant celebrity-filled yacht parties and the hordes of beautiful people who descend on the French Riviera resort, Cannes is also renowned for debuting new talent and showcasing new work by industry veterans. Twenty entries will compete for the prestigious Palme d'Or, the highest prize awarded at the festival. Previous winners of the Palme d'Or include Pulp Fiction, Apocalypse Now, and Taxi Driver.

john tiong chunghoo

The Mind Bouncing Into Mud

rich but have the right connection
to get a government education loan
and later the audacity to default on payment
- spending the loot on all things that
the poor could only dream of

extending that low ranking
former cop driving
the mercedes three bows
but give that laureate
who just won a top literary award
a mere bewildering glance

build build build more houses, factories,
chop, chop, chop the trees
ravaging the environmental
to flood the whole city with their fooleries

a convicted bus driver
on multi traffic charges
who could still rule the highway
with his reckless driving
before his his latest feat
in ferrying 20 poor souls to
the dungeon of hell

sentencing a convict
to hang without even making time
in five years to write a proper judgement

and so on and so forth
that send the the brain
bouncing into mud

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Singapore Poem - The Singapore I Love

the singapore i love is
when the city holds up
its clouds, playing pom
pom girls postponing
a drizzle so that the trees
in the lanes and streets
- with their intermmitent
swinging branches and
leaves - could hum songs
of cheers to those walking
hand in hand savouring
the warmth in each others' eyes

the Singapore I love is one
modern metropolis that holds
tightly onto to its past treasuring
it like a confidante she could draw
strength and inspiration whenever
she is lost in the sea of ideas, home
or abroad, techno or cultures,
fashion, culinary, pop or arts that
tiptoe, waltz, jive, foxtrot, tango, cha cha,
pirouette, twirl and swirl into Singaporeans' mind

the way they still call China Town
Ngu Chia Jui (Bullock Cart Water)
which invariably transports us back to those
years when life was tough like a buffalo's
even water was not easy to get
rationed, and distributed by Indian
workers who everyday came shouting
water water on bullock carts

Or the Samsui Cha Bo
(women with the red headgear)
solid and strong as granite amazons
who still bow and carry
the City of Lion on their backs
The city they too helped

build up brick by brick, sweat and tears

Or the Tekka, Tekka (below the bamboos)
they still use to call the entrance to Little India
the bamboos are no more an icon there
but how can you forget such pristine
gifts of heaven, such auspicious growth metaphors?
Singapore that has inched and risen fast as a
million bamboo shoots to wave in reflection of its humble roots?
Serangoon, Serangoon, Little India, Little India
Even Shah Rukh Khan and Asywara Rai love
to tekka tekka here now

And Kandang Kerbau Women's
and Children's Hospital (Cattle Coop)
well wind back Singapore 15,000 days
and you would hear cattle bleating
and Indians workers careering round your
young smiling pregnant wives or
newly blessed babies smiling in
the warm arms of their mothers

now dont ever slight the place,
or its namesake for this 'Cattle Coop'
has helped deliver half the city's lions
and lionesses who are all ready to take
on the world, cattle or wolves

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Himalayan National Park Nepal

Himalayan Highland National Park
trailing the mountain range
the growl of a snow leopard

Himalayan Highland National Park
slicing its way through white
a snow leopard

Himalayan Highland National Park
in the white plain
a walking snow -
snow leopard

Himalayan Highland National Park
in the shadows of Everest
Snow Leopard and Red Panda

Sagarmatha National Park
the Sherpas warm our way
up the mountain

Sagarmatha National Park
in the freezing weather
the warmth of the Sherpas

This park's literal high points—Everest, Lhotse, and Cho Oyu—are three of the world's highest peaks and certainly get their fair share of attention. But the surrounding Himalayan highland park should not be overshadowed. UNESCO granted Sagarmatha National Park World Heritage status in 1979 for its pristine wilderness, rare animals such as snow leopards and the Himalayan red panda, and unique Sherpa culture. Visit in May before the monsoon season arrives.

john tiong chunghoo

The Extra Space

the poet when he attains maturity
in his works is a man distilled
by nature so that his verses
glitter like stars in the sky

his thoughts, his concepts
are a glassful of sparkling
vintage wine the years helped
decloak to reveal its
subtleties and finesse as it
waltzes off the loving warmth
of our tongue

the poet's every move
will be scrutinised
by an audience who
the poet has helped unloosen
a button on the mind
so that now they think with
a new treasured space
the spectre of a plato and aristotle
confucius and rumi

john tiong chunghoo

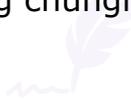
Travel Haiku - Philadelphia International Children Festival

Philadelphia International Children's Festival
the child asks mom what
she would love to watch

Philadelphia International Children's Festival
child bids new friend goodbye
and says 'See you in the next festival.'

The oldest children's festival in the States, Philadelphia's International Children's Festival brings a host of international artists to the Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts at the University of Pennsylvania from May 7 to 9. The festival features circus, theater, storytelling, and music performances created specifically for kids. Performers from Canada, Britain, Japan, Belgium, China, Uganda, and Italy have played previous years, and kids can also participate with lots of hands-on craft activities

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Singapore Haiku - Resorts World At Sentosa

resorts world at sentosa
a blast for
remembrance

A group of journalists were taken to the Resorts World at Sentosa office to have a briefing on the family resort everybody is talking about these days. It is scheduled for completion in 2010. The greatest attraction will be the Universal Studios theme park, the only one in South East Asia, and will feature 24 themed rides

some of which are tailored for Singapore. Here Singapore will also have its second casinos, owned by Resorts World International, a Malaysian company. About US\$4.2 billion was spent in developing the lands here, the size of 40 football fields put together. There will also be six themed hotels one of which is named after its designer Michael Graves, international shows and theatres. The surprising thing was as soon as we reached Sentosa, we heard a blast. I reckoned that to be good luck. A blast to start the ball rolling for Resorts World at Sentosa. It aims to attract five million visitors a year.

THE SINGAPORE I LOVE A POEM

the singapore i love is
when the city holds up
its clouds, playing pom
pom girls postponing
a drizzle so that the trees
in the lanes and streets
- with their intermittent
swinging branches and
leaves - could hum songs
of cheers to those walking
hand in hand savouring
the warmth in each others' eyes

the Singapore I love is one
modern metropolis that holds
tightly onto to its past treasuring
it like a confidante she could draw

strength and inspiration whenever
she is lost in the sea of ideas, home
or abroad, techno or cultures,
fashion, culinary, pop or arts that
tiptoe, waltz, jive, foxtrot, tango, cha cha,
pirouette, twirl and swirl into Singaporeans' mind

the way they still call China Town
Ngu Chia Jui (Bullock Cart Water)
which invariably transports us back to those
years when life was tough like a buffalo's
even water was not easy to get
rationed, and distributed by Indian
workers who everyday came shouting
water water on bullock carts

Or the Samsui Cha Bo
(women with the red headgear)
solid and strong as granite amazons
who still bow and carry
the City of Lion on their backs
The city they too helped
build up brick by brick, sweat and tears

Or the Tekka, Tekka (below the bamboos)
they still use to call the entrance to Little India
the bamboos are no more an icon there
but how can you forget such pristine
gifts of heaven, such auspicious growth metaphors?
Singapore that has inched and risen fast as a
million bamboo shoots to wave in reflection of its humble roots?
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And Kandang Kerbau Women's
and Children's Hospital (Cattle Coop)
well wind back Singapore 15,000 days
and you would hear cattle bleating
and Indians workers careering round your
young smiling pregnant wives or
newly blessed babies smiling in

the warm arms of their mothers

now dont ever slight the place,
or its namesake for this 'Cattle Coop'
has helped deliver half the city's lions
and lionesses who are all ready to take
on the world, cattle or wolves

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Singapore Poem - Jua Ji Or Paper Notes

can you speak hokkien?
i asked the middle age
Singaporean woman
manning a sundry shop
with her husband late evening
opposite my hotel The Link

i had intended to buy
some fruits but ended up
having an interesting little
tete a tete with the woman
who seemed to be game for talk

she said yes and I said
'Oh, in Singapore people
prefer to speak Mandarin.'

the woman suddenly blurted out
almost in a reflex manner
'yes, yes but in singapore
people are more interested
in speaking about jua ji.'
Jua Ji are the hokkien words for
'paper notes' or money.

*Hokkien is a dialectic group
from Southern China.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Singapore Haiku - The Singapore Flyer

putting us solidly
on top of the sky
the Singapore Flyer

The SIngapore Flyer, SIngapore's own Ferris Wheel, is a spectacular piece of steel frames and archworks constructed to let tourists as well as SIngaporeans a 360 degree view of the city. It takes an hour to make one round. The arches and steel frames are large and denote the amount of hardwork put into this structure meant to help tourists get the best glmpse of the richest city in South East Asia..

THE SINGAPORE I LOVE, A POEM

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john tiong chunghoo

Travel Singaore Haiku - The Link Hotel

a charming pathway to
the past
the Link Hotel

The Link Hotel is one of those hotels in Singapore converted from old flats that used to occupy the centre of the city. Part of the reason is to preserve the heritage of the city. The parter windows with sliding panes to let air in are a rare sight these days. The simple exterior that shows every unit occupied by each family is a common feature of china towns around the world. The flat, painted and renovated (interior only) gives the hotel a very fresh look. The room is small but has modern features including television, VCD player, air condition and state of the art bath rooms. The hotel is really a charming parthway to the past of Singapore.

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john tiong chunghoo

Travel Singapore Haiku - The Singapore Gallery

Singapore Gallery
where we stand taller
than the island republic

Singapore Gallery
the noise of the city
also - scaled down

THE SINGAPORE I LOVE A POEM

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This is the place where you can see the scaled down version of Singapore city.
Real life models of the city can be seen here where the

guide at the gallery uses torch light to show the spot you are actually at in the city. It is nice to know that Singapore has several other airports apart from Chang, the rest for military purposes. The guide would also point out the large number of reservoirs in Singapore needed to help the island republic become self sufficient in water. It is also interesting to note that much of present day Singapore city centre especially those near the harbour are built on reclaimed land.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Singapore Senryu (Humour Haiku) - The Half Price Connection

singapore, we can be
closer if you can be
just my other half

The Half Price Singapore Surprise, launched last year, is back from May 23 to June 30 specially for Malaysian tourists for a family vacation in the island republic during the school holiday. During this time, it is half price for all Malaysian tourists at 16 over tourists attractions such as the Jurong Birds Park, Singapore Zoo, Night Safari, and the Singaore Science Centre. Many hotels are also offering half price for this promotion period. Gurmit Singh the popular sitcom actor of Phua Chu Kang has even become the spoeksman for the Half Price Singapore Surprise campaign. Malaysian accounted for the fourth largest tourist arrival in Singapore last year.

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Singapore Haiku - Night Safari

singapore night safari
we go looking for lion
in the middle of city

singapore night safari
all of us longing to see
Sang Nila Utama's lion
(the man who saw the legendary
lion that resulted in singapore
named Singapura.)

singapore night safari
all the excited animals
told to keep quiet

singapore night safari
the excited animals
look for animals

singapore night safari
one excited animal forgot
the no flash ruling

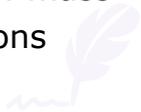
The Singapore Night Safari take you through stretches of forest at the Singapore zoo where you can see nocturnal animals roaming about in the natural habitat. there are bearded pigs, sang kancil, hipopotamus, deers, tigers and lions. of course, the animals that could cause the most disturbance here are those with flashes and cameras. they had to be told repeatedly not to use flashes as that could cause the animals to become unruly, and heading for the flash.

john tiong chunghoo

A Washout

mass weapon
of destructions
one thing evil
Saddam did not
lie about was
his weapon of
mass destructions

hilary, bush
how could
Great America
make such a
blunder? a lie
that blasted
through Iraq land
to hurt the human
psyche the weight of
weapon of mass
destruction



PoemHunter.com

and now to make it
an even bigger
laughing matter
one is seeking to be
president

and the other
telling the next
president to
stick it out

a washout

john tiong chunghoo

Eight Senses

(poetry in progress)

the world starts out
with a consciousness
half a consciousness
then one consciousness
then they morph with one sense,
ask the mountain
they stand and stand until the
volcanoes start to throw them out

then two senses, ask the trees
and the shrubs criss crossing
with your paths in the field
they stand and stand, take
the sunshine and make green
a colour for continuous evolution
their only shortcoming is their
two sense world, they stand and stand
a state of being, a state of living
and that's all

the three senses, the four senses
and the five senses, the human beings
they cry to God to let them
have eternal life
but what ever that's for
without the sixth, seventh, or eight sense
unveiled to them

sixth, the sense to connect the past
with the future
the seventh, the sense to connect
the future with the million of consciousness
clarmouring for the eight senses
to be with the ultimate, the Om,
the Divine where all senses
come together with one Supreme
consciousnes, amalgamation of

senses where knowledge springs forth

john tiong chunghoo

Nature Painfully Fights Back

in the man is laid out
an exact model of the universe
his knowledge drives the world
vast as creation where stars glitter
there are great holes where sometimes
he gets himself lost in his quest for himself
beauty runs in his heart where love spreads out
like a sun to blanket the world with warmth

man a sweet personification of nature
there flows the elements of arts
roses, crocuses, the seven seas,
grandiose canyons, hills and mountains,
the fine coloured fluttering butterflies
and majestically plumed birds, all making up
paintings, poems and songs..

man an exact model of universe
here is a dance belted out
in scintillating opposites to
cement, and fuel the ever
expansive creation

for every shade an exact
opposite to entertain the soul
for every step, an opposite to
cheer up the spirit - a male, a female,
a black, a white, a young, an old,
a smile, a tear, a birth, a death

and these these cancerous cells,
nature's painful grouses to amplify the point
man has derailed him in its creation dance
gone against his better self

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Minneapolis Cultural Wonders

Minneapolis charm
an endless bridge
of cultural wonders

As the Midwest's culture capital, it's fitting that Minneapolis has several avant-garde architectural gems gracing its skyline like Jean Nouvel's futuristic Guthrie Theater, Cesar Pelli's luminous Central Library, and Herzog & de Meuron's shimmering Walker Art Center. Stroll through the Walker Center's expansive Sculpture Garden and grab a drink on the Guthrie Theater's stunning 'Endless Bridge' before catching a show, or admiring the world-class collection of Asian art at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Crest Of The Wave

andaman sea

i wish each of my poems
ride the crest of each wave
and gallop to your heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

All Were Surprised

the saddams, the maos, the hitlers
all were looking down until
God asked them his first question
'did you enjoy my creations? '

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Distant Sight

distant sight -
a light in the rhythm
of my heart

distant sight
a light begs me to come near
in the rhythm of my heart

distant sight
a light flickering to
the rhythm of my heart

inspired by

distant sight-
in withered fields
a little house's lamp
-Issa,1793

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Devil's Disease

the devil
he too needs man
to spread his disease

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Hong Kong Haiku - Shopping In The Alleyways

Hong Kong alleyways
we too are caught between
the old and the new

Hong Kong alleyways
in between the peddler's junk
an old favourite CD

Hong Kong alleyways
we go go up and down
the past and present

Hong Kong alleyway
down the stairs empty handed
and up with two full bags

(Hong Kong alleyways
some of them are actually a pathway of stairs where people sell their things. You
go down this side and may have to climb up at the other end)

Hong Kong shopping
we clink and clang
through the alleyways

Cheung Chau Island Shopping
i carry an old porcelain
like a child

Cheung Chau Island Shopping
in the alleyway too
a woman selling herself

Hong Kong alleyway
fallen in love with Three Statues
at the side of its entrance

The heart and soul of Hong Kong lies amid its bustling street markets, ranging from the famous Stanley Market on Hong Kong Island's south side to the shop-lined alleys of Western District to Kowloon's Night Market, where you'll find

China's must-buy designer knockoffs. Combine shopping with a harbor cruise by taking a one-hour ferry to Cheung Chau Island, where the main street market offers Chinese ceramics, rattan goods, and traditional foods

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Love Shack (Fort Worth, Dallas)

it's okay about shack
so long as we can enjoy
love and good food there

Love Shack's top burgers
only the name does
a disservice

Even down-home grill masters can agree: Love Shack in Fort Worth does an all-beef patty right. This burger joint uses high-quality ingredients to put a spin on the traditional—their perfectly-sized brisket and ground tenderloin burger comes topped with apple-smoked bacon, fried quail egg, and Love Sauce (a special mayonnaise) . Chips are seasoned with rosemary, thyme, guajillo chili, and parmesan. Serving up brews, nightly live music, and Sunday night movies on a huge outdoor screen, chef and owner Tim Love knows a good thing is even better when cheap—burgers are only \$3 to \$7.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Mongolia Sojourn

the ride through Gobi
kublai, genghis in
the corridor of my mind

the ride through Gobi
shadows of kublai, genghis
dash through the desert sand

Mongolia sojourn
kublai, genghis dash through
my mind's corridor

Mongolia sojourn
shadows of kublai, genghis
in the corridor of my mind

How's this for a unique vacation? Head to Mongolia to join American Museum of Natural History paleontologists at dig sites in the Gobi Desert. You'll get the exclusive chance to be among the few outsiders to see some of the recently discovered fossils at Mongolia's Natural History Museum. Begin and end your trip in the capital city of Ulaanbaatar, where you can get a taste of modern Mongolia.

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Mr President's Face

sometimes when you
look into Obama's face
you get the vibe that
he will be the President
of the United States
the only drawback -
his own confidence
which did not quite
come across enough
to place that generous heart
of ours in his pocket for the nation

like the sun at noon
which loses its intensity
in the clouds he loses his
grip on our heart and
loses the effect he
seeks



PoemHunter.com

sometimes you look
at Hillary Clinton
and you get the feeling
that she will be the
President of the United States
but but then that feeling is taken over
by that dropp of white which
loses its intensity in black
the calibre of Obama

and you know Obama
will be the President
of the United States
unless of course, God
decides again to sign
his name another way

john tiong chunghoo

Candle In The Wind

Candle in the Wind
entrancing, entrancing
the way you flicker and flicker
holding on so tenuously
tenaciously to the light of life
to stage a shadow dance

you tiptoe your way so
effortlessly and subtly onto
my heart, my soul, evoking
memories of last autumn
you stepped out of my life,
so sudden, so abrupt, the leaves
strained to hold a a million of your smiles
gliding, trailing, twirling in the winds

your memories now flicker
flicker like the bristles of an artist's brush
that infuses a pastiche of warm
and rueful pathos onto our
fleeting and fluctuating relationships

candle in the wind
I feel like a candle in the wind
holding onto its light
fighting to keep myself alighted,
to make my own existence relevant

candle in the wind
I feel like a candle in the wind
holding onto light
fighting to keep my own
existence relevant

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - St Thomas Blue Water Sailing School (The Caribbean)

St Thomas
Blue Water Sailing School
we learn to sail as well as party

If you've ever wanted to learn how to sail, here's your chance: Go on an intensive sailing tutorial aboard a luxury yacht with the Blue Water Sailing School in St. Thomas. Spend at least 55 hours of instruction in hands-on bareboat sailing over seven days. In your down time, relax with a book in your stateroom, dine on delicious meals prepared by the crew, or party with locals on famous beaches. At the end of the week you'll have earned your American Sailing Association bareboat-chartering certification.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - San Diego's Fiesta Cinco De Mayo

Fiesta Cinco de Mayo
he launches his staccato flamenco feat
to our query whether we look mexican enough

On May 3rd and 4th, in celebration of Cinco de Mayo, San Diego's Old Town transforms into a colorful mercado filled with mariachis, Mexican food, and crafts during the Fiesta Cinco De Mayo, the West Coast's premier celebration of the culture and food found south of the border. Mom and dad can enjoy a margarita and dance while kids play in the Pueblo de los Niños (Kids Village) . This celebration of Latino culture commemorates the Mexican defeat of the French at the Battle of Puebla on May 5,1862.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pathetic Contenders

clinton she talks like
a conceited maid
in the white house
fighting for a raise

obama he talks like
a man who needs
more assurance
he has improved
though - thanks
to the votes for
coming in

mccain he talks
like a man who
has had it all

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - David Or Goliath - The New Voice

dont bribe me with
special privileges
give that to the
weaklings, those who
dont quite believe
in themselves

for me
make me that
special person
i deserve to be
someone who can
walk through fire and
storms

someone to
take on the world
anyone, anyone
from anywhere
like a tough eagle

PoemHunter.com

those big or strong
do not really always
have to win big -
remember the david
and goliath story?

and i want to be able
to take on anybody
anytime, anywhere?
like an overpowering eagle
steel claws, mighty wings,
razor sharp beak
that can shred a buffalo
and eyes that can
see a hundred miles

dont bribe me with
special privileges

just make me that
special person
i deserve to be

strong, confident
and 'balled' enough
to take on the world
anytime, anywhere

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Singapore Haiku - The Greenery

Lion City
our admiration tails
the greenery

two way traffic
the greenery waves back
with respect

two way traffic
greenery earns respect
for lion city

garden city
trees wave back
to the Lions

THE SINGAPORE I LOVE, A POEM



PoemHunter.com

the singapore i love is
when the city holds up
its clouds, playing pom
pom girls postponing
a drizzle so that the trees
in the lanes and streets
- with their intermmitent
swinging branches and
leaves - could hum songs
of cheers to those walking
hand in hand savouring
the warmth in each others' eyes

the Singapore I love is one
modern metropolis that holds
tightly onto to its past treasuring
it like a confidante she could draw
strength and inspiration whenever
she is lost in the sea of ideas, home

or abroad, techno or cultures,
fashion, culinary, pop or arts that
tiptoe, waltz, jive, foxtrot, tango, cha cha,
pirouette, twirl and swirl into Singaporeans' mind

the way they still call China Town
Ngu Chia Jui (Bullock Cart Water)
which invariably transports us back to those
years when life was tough like a buffalo's
even water was not easy to get
rationed, and distributed by Indian
workers who everyday came shouting
water water on bullock carts

Or the Samsui Cha Bo
(women with the red headgear)
solid and strong as granite amazons
who still bow and carry
the City of Lion on their backs
The city they too helped
build up brick by brick, sweat and tears

Or the Tekka, Tekka (below the bamboos)
they still use to call the entrance to Little India
the bamboos are no more an icon there
but how can you forget such pristine
gifts of heaven, such auspicious growth metaphors?
Singapore that has inched and risen fast as a
million bamboo shoots to wave in reflection of its humble roots?
Serangoon, Serangoon, Little India, Little India
Even Shah Rukh Khan and Asywara Rai love
to tekka tekka here now

And Kandang Kerbau Women's
and Children's Hospital (Cattle Coop)
well wind back Singapore 15,000 days
and you would hear cattle bleating
and Indians workers careering round your
young smiling pregnant wives or
newly blessed babies smiling in
the warm arms of their mothers

now dont ever slight the place,
or its namesake for this 'Cattle Coop'
has helped deliver half the city's lions
and lionesses who are all ready to take
on the world, cattle or wolves

Last week as I visited Singapore I was amazed at the ubiquitous greenery on the roads and open space. It is really a garden city worth emulating. The trees especially stand tall and healthy. Their leaves sway and wave so gracefully whenever there is a breeze. They make the city so less stressful. One feels one gets back the respect one extends to nature here

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Cherry Blossom Fall

cherry blossoms fall
our heart warms up
to spring

inspired by

toward the mouth
shouting 'Look! Look! '
cherry blossoms fall
-Issa,1825

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Madness In Memphis

May in Memphis
the music steals our heart
the food our stomach

May in Memphis
we learn to take one thing
at a time

May in Memphis
the only thing we fear not functioning
ourselves

May in Memphis
we go mad over
the festivals

May in Memphis
the month you can change
the last letter to D

May in Memphis means festivals. The Beale Street Music Festival from May 2 to 4 will feature big-name artists like Aretha Franklin, Santana, and The Roots. Next up, learn about the culture of this year's chosen country, Turkey, during International Week, with educational programs, performances, chef demonstrations, and art exhibits. And from May 15 to 17, save up your appetite for the World Championship Barbeque Cooking Contest where teams compete for the juiciest, tastiest grilled pork and the most outrageously decorated grill to win over \$90,000 in prizes.

john tiong chunghoo

Nature's Supplications

the sea is a roaring orchestra
its waves a marching band
trudging towards a smart land

the gulls cruises a crescendo
gliding and sliding on nature's
wings in their quest of providence
strewn across water and land

the sand are little pieces of blessings
that afford a place to prostrate
when nature plays out its light hearted
rituals and nudges us to join in
its ethereal chants and supplications

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Clock Invites The Child To Have Fun

grandfather's clock
wakes the three year old
rosy cheeked chubby child
with its ding dong song
to spell out to him a day
of fun: 'Come let's
go out for some games.
dont let time run away.'

and the child replies: 'Yes,
yes, i would love to have
some fun with you. first please
teach me how to walk the
way you do, bouncing
up and down, to and fro
without a care of the world.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Holding On

the young hold on
to their years, a spring
of exploding gardens, riveting
bird songs that serenade
fresh leaves, and buds
all tight and ready to
unleash their charms

the old too hold on
to their years with equal
fevour if not more, an
autumn of memories
green, yellow, scarlet and
brown, luscious, folded,
wrinkled, crimped
all scattered in a once
exploding garden of spring

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Morning Charcoal Fire

morning charcoal fire
excitements of the new day
in the fiery sparks

morning charcoal fire
embers' sparks spread
excitements for the new day

morning charcoal fire
sparks greet and give
way to the new day

morning charcoal fire
first the sparks
then the warm new day

inspired by

morning's charcoal fire-
the mountain's pine breeze
wafting by
-Issa,1813

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - River

childhood river
so small
it has become

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Birmingham International Dance Festival (United Kingdom)

Birmingham International Dance Festival
the bellydance sweeps
us off our feet

Birmingham International Dance Festival
tiptoeing over the stage
the city mayor

Birmingham International Dance Festival
our torsos try to
outdo each other

Birmingham International Dance Festival
dancers take turn
to be audience

Starting April 28 and going to May 25, dance troupes from around the world will convene in Birmingham, England, for the International Dance Festival Birmingham, bringing the city to life through street performances, formal theater performances, classes, and workshops on professional development. See performances by world-renowned dance companies such as the National Ballet of China, St. Petersburg's Kirov Ballet, The Cloud Gate Dance Theatre of Taiwan, and Cuba's Ballet Rakatan

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Iguaca Falls (Brazil)

Iguacu Falls
is there a better audience
for my song?

iguacu falls
it sings from the bottom
of my heart

iguacu falls
it touches the bottom
of my heart

Iguacu Falls
the ballerina arcs
her hands over her head

Iguacu Falls
at the height of their element
earth, water, light, air,

Iguacu Falls
we let nature do
its talking

Iguacu Falls
argentina and brazil
cup us in

Iguacu Falls
argentina and brazil reach out
to embrace us

Iguaca Falls
when argentina and brazil
form a U

The widest waterfalls in the world, Iguacu Falls consist of 275 falls that form a gigantic semi-circle 8,100 feet long and 270 feet tall. Its natural topography

allows for spectacular vistas; at one point, visitors are surrounded by waterfalls for 260 degrees. Follow a long walkway along the canyon to see the impressive Garganta do Diabo (the 'Devil's Throat') , a U-shaped cliff with rushing falls on all three sides forming the border between Brazil and Argentina.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Earth Day Poem

alas so many animals
have been butchered to extinction
now we are even bullying poor mother earth
chopping every generous hands it
has extended to us to help us walk
through the perils of creation

its heart is melting away in
sorrowful contemplation of
what the future might hold for
us the earthlings
the unfilial ones who
think they could lengthen their
own life at the expense of
their own mother

now it is silently weeping warm
tears sending the shiver down
everybody's spine
it has caught a fever and soon
it will spread all around

i heard the shouts
'heal the earth, heal the earth'
all night long
'heal the earth, heal the
earth before it is too late'
reverberates through every
town and city
that one cannot sleep
well without giving friend
earth second thought

let's hold earth's green hands
hold them near to the heart
so that it will stop crying and
stop shedding warm tears
so that the air will freshen
with new hope for the millenium

john tiong chunghoo

The Haiku Gem

i wish each of my haikus
to be a facet of the
diamond and a hundred haikus
its hundred facets clamouring
to let your heart shine

i wish each of my haikus
to be the lustrous taut petal
of the sacred pink lotus

and twenty of my haikus
that elegant spread
that holds up the
goodness of day
as each second unfolds
the loving touch of the sun

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - National Park Week

Earth Day 2008
heating up, the call
to cool earth

Earth Day 2008
the call to cool earth
heats up

National Park Week
green survival
our survival

National Park Week
men, a mouthpiece
for trees, grass, shrubs

Earth Day 2008 will present thousands of opportunities for people around the world to put the environment first for a moment, from high-minded calls and concerts agitating for action against global warming, to community-minded eco-events to clean up local watersheds or plant more neighborhood trees. U.S.-based families should also check out the kid-focused National Park Week (April 19-27) , featuring Earth Day-centric events like Yosemite's Earth Dance Film Festival as well as special Junior Ranger Days in places like Kentucky's Mammoth Cave or Maine's Acadia National Park.

john tiong chunghoo

Everybody Is The Chosen One

yes, everybody is the Chosen One
the Jews to act out the difficult role
of God's educate-his- people exploits
abraham, solomon, david, joseph, mooses
and the rest, well to take up the moral
expended and hopefully everybody
involved, amalakites, philistines, jebusites
will too be compensated for their holy tasks,
albeit ignorant of the whole picture they were in

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Bed Bug

another bed bug
oh my god where did you hide
when I spray?

inspired by

for you fleas
the night must be long...
and lonely?
-Issa,1813

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Real Eyes

there are so many
ways to look at the world
as many ways
as there are eyes

just ask the bulky
eyed whirring cicada?
the slit eyed hawk eagle?
the moon eyed owl?

there are as many
ways to see the world
as there are invisible eyes

the old man you see
in your recurring dream
the images that refuse
to leave the mind
even one goes blind

the eyes you dont see
through which you see

the eyes that scan a
million world for you
to see just one world

john tiong chunghoo

The House Plants

the plants, they are your friends
especially the ones in your room
if you are sensitive to their feelings
you will know they are there trying
to reach out to you all the time

when it quiets down
the television not playing
and the children not prancing around
you would feel another kind
trying to communicate with you

their invisible hands would even
try to awaken that faculty in you you
could use to communicate with them

the plants know, we were all once
relatives and they remember that part
in you which will still embrace them
even in the densest of forests

just take a look at the roses,
they can be man's closest friends,
better than the dogs
they slow down their evolution just so that
they can help man express
their love with more charms

men are yang and plants ying
when the two embrace
productivity starts to grow
men breathe out to give the plants
a life and plants breathe out too
to give men a life

john tiong chunghoo

Dreams, Where Do They Come From?

dreams, where do they come from?
a colourful buddha smiling in his
shapely flowing robes so friendly
on a bed and disappearing into no trace
as i come to have a closer look of him
an antique i had thought a porcelain wonder

is he the harbinger of the dream?
and bed bed bed so many antique beds
in so many styles and shapes
they look so inviting with their ample space

and the name Mizuko, yes
that's the name of the shop
and as i am about to leave
a woman in flowing bridal garb
i wonder i remember the dream rightly
dreams are always such that you cannot
remember all
and oh yes she comes walking into the shop
and as she looks, i awake in another world

the buddha, the beds, the bride
the myriad questions that pop out
of my head now are a million lotuses
that beg for an answer from the heavens
with their colourful lustrous wide opened hands

john tiong chunghoo

Between The Gap

poetry, the metres
are to measure how
much a poet writes
from his heart and
the gaps between
them traps for poets
who flout the cardinal rule

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sultan Abu Bakar Lake Cameron Highlands (State Of Pahang)

Sultan Abu Bakar Lake
suddenly i desire
a cup of teh tarik

Sultan Abu Bakar Lake
the colour you would love
your teh tarik to be like

The Sultan Abu Bakar Lake is silting due to drainage from farms and erosion in the nearby lands. The lake which is yellowish in colour is a sore for those staying in this enclave previously labelled Valley of Eternal Spring. However, the rolling verdant hills and the Tudor styled Lakehouse Country House are still a sight to behold especially the Lakehouse which is set on a beautifully manicured terraced hills. Teh tarik is a favourite drink in Malaysia for breakfast.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Matsuo Basho - These Cherry Blossoms

so many angels
twirling and swirling
these cherry blossoms

inspired by

so many things
that I remember...
these cherry blossoms

Matsuo Basho

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ignorance Drowned Me

his ill gotten wealth
the party splashes
the flashy cars,
all things go dinners,
the champagne, the
businesswomen,
sycophants, the
rowdiness

the smell of decadence
the smell of perversity
cronyists despots
all that i can take
it is the smell of ignorance
the lack of knowledge,
of the arts, of literature,
of things that really prop up
the mind, soul and the world
that really drown me

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - City Of Superlatives Dubai

Dubai the cit of superlatives
well do they have
the friendliest people?

Dubai, in the United Arab Emirates, has gained a reputation for putting up buildings bigger and faster than anywhere else in the world. The city is chock-full of superlatives: the world's tallest building, the world's largest mall, and, coming soon, the world's longest bridge. An oasis of skyscrapers and urban sprawl in the Arabian Desert, this city is determined to do everything with luxurious flair: hotels (Dubai claimed the world's first seven star hotel) , bars, and restaurants with the highest quality service—but be prepared for sky-high prices.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Verboisities

'are you impressed? '
i ask a close friend
his opinion of a writer's
verboisities.

he comes back with
'well when he unleashes
his assets, one has to
to run for cover as his
words are meant to
shatter our mind.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Only Thing Not Taken

editor's giveaways
the only thing not taken
a poetry book

note - the feature editor in the newspaper office where I work use to give away books which are considered not suitable to be reviewed. This afternoon there was a stack of about six books on the table. I took three by Colin Thubron. Just now I walked past the table, only one book remained. It was a poetry book by a Singaporean who had migrated to Australia.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Candles

candle

it is used to light up
your years

candle

it is used to blow out
your years

candle

it is used to turn shadows
into animals

candle

it is used to help us see
the real from the shadows

candle

love and passion drip
through the wedding night

candle

a lump of spent energy
after all is over

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Cycle Of Births

the cycle of births
from my hand, a pigeon pecks peas
grain by grain

inspired by

grains of rice
pecked by birds...
my futon
-Issa, 1814

[http: //cat.xula.edu/issa/](http://cat.xula.edu/issa/)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Greats Toil For Their Poems

(poetry in progress)

sylvia looks for words to fit into her imagination
and calling of her art as inspiration carries her in
a carriage to her shangrila, poetic land

in the thesaurus she finds her compass to her destiny
she plucks the ears of her pedigree horses
so sure that they would gallop her to her promised land
of charms, away from the tempest of torments
enveloping her

so artful, so apt, her work is rescued by her
toil, an armada of gold blown asunder
only to be steered to the right path
and harbour a lady fated for her art

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Squaw Valley (State Of California)

Squaw Valley
not as impossible as
Scot Schmidt's records

Squaw Valley has carved out a name for itself as the American birthplace and granddaddy of extreme ski resorts. In the early 1980s, Scot Schmidt, arguably the father of extreme skiing, arrived in Squaw to ski impossible lines and soar off 100-foot cliff jumps. If claiming a piece of this glory is your thing, Squaw's the perfect crucible to conquer. Extreme reputation aside, the resort's got 4,000 acres and six peaks of well-rounded, tamer terrain for intermediates and novices as well.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Austin Live Music Capital Of The World (State Of Texas)

Austin Sixth Street
he enters another bar
humming a tune of last bar

A city that nurtured the sounds of music greats like Stevie Ray Vaughan and Janis Joplin, Austin is hailed as the Live Music Capital of the World. Hear live music at Austin's most happening music district, Sixth Street, a stretch of Victorian-era buildings where blues alleys and rock 'n' roll hangouts mesh with bars and clubs. Music—whether Cuban jazz, electric guitar riffs, or Irish jigs—floats out of the bars' open doors all night long.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - The White House Easter Egg Roll

White House Easter Egg Roll
a bushy saddam
on one egg

White House Easter Egg Roll
in a bird's nest
a painted egg

White House Easter Egg Roll
one mama tells child
not to paint Bush

The White House Easter Egg Roll takes place the Monday after Easter (this year, March 24th) and continues a tradition President Rutherford B. Hayes began in 1878. Children of all ages hunt for Easter eggs on the White House lawn and enjoy storytelling by authors of popular children's books, athletes, Cabinet members, and other senior administration officials; egg coloring; face painting; music; costumed Easter-themed characters; and magicians.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poets And Their Awards

the poets, their works
put them in a realm of bliss

awards herald them
back to the real world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Between That Man And The Bird

ubulahkanamalahkala..

chi chiu chiu chiu....

between that man
speaking at his speed
and that bird on the roof
chirping at its finest

it is more easy to
understand the latter
than the former

the former i dont have
the slightest of a clue

the latter, it is asking
God, 'Lord God,
Where are you?
Where are you? I am
in such a wanting state.'

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - New Orleans Jazz And Heritage Festival

New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival
we try to improvise on
our cuisine too

New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival
fusion music and cuisines
to thrill us all

New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival
the only thing we don't improvise
is the haste we make love

Top-notch bands play the clubs of New Orleans year-round, but it's hard to beat the lineup and festivities surrounding the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, held April 25-27 and May 1-4. Performers will include Stevie Wonder, Billy Joel, Jimmy Buffet, The Neville Brothers, Santana, Sheryl Crow, Al Green, and thousands more (yes, you read that correctly) . 'N'awlins' food specialties served on the grounds feature crawfish, andouille gumbo, and alligator pie.

john tiong chunghoo

1. Sisterly Love

the indian woman is
a tormented soul
weeping secret tears
ink that writes lines
of anguish all over
her countenance

her large, sharp and slit eyes
pour longingly into the
the jasmine she strings
everyday for hours
in india street

pure, white, dainty
a softness and scent
that two days from now
will be nothing more than
a dehydrated mess
a mere sore to the eyes

a transience fills the gap
between the flowers
a string of luxury that helps
her to keep a sister close
to her hands, her heart

first jasmine, a sister's
smile, second jasmine,
a sister's promises,
third jasmine, another
sister's smile, fourth
jasmine.....every gap she feels
a loss, a love her fingers will no
more grasp and a sister
her eyes will no more hold

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - El Paso

the same chime
of the old church bell
El Paso's Mission Ysleta

el paso
still lighted, the fiery melting pot
of american old west, mexico, native indian

halcyon el paso
the old church bell vibrates
in the wild west wind

El Paso, the largest city on the Mexico-Texas border, has a mix of influences from the American Old West, Mexico, and Native Indian culture. A 90-minute self-guided walking tour begins in San Jacinto Plaza, the original site of Ponce de Leon's ranch, and winds through El Paso's downtown historic district. Follow the Mission Trail, where you'll see original churches built by the Spanish in the 17th century, including Mission Ysleta, built in 1692 and the country's oldest continuously active church.

john tiong chunghoo

Silence Speaks Louder Than Words

sometimes God makes himself
so obvious we feel he has been
conversing with us for a very long time
before we actually lend him an ear and a heart

for God i think silence speaks louder than words
for when he really makes himself known
silence thickens to such an extraordinary volume
what is there, minus the silence and us,
is really the Almighty

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Sylvia Chang

twin pity

the way sylvia Chang looks at
the less than pretty journalist
which makes her so conscious of
her less than favourable endowments

a pity for the star for making me
feel she places looks on
so high a pedestal

a pity for the journalist for having
to carry out her work feeling an inadequacy
she has really no control over

That was more than 20 years ago in my first interview with the legendary Taiwanese actress Sylvia Chan at the then Merlin Hotel, now the Concorde. The young female reporter was one of those you would label as 'not pretty'. And that became more obvious when she was right in front of an actress known around half the world. There was so much that went on that made me feel bad more about Sylvia than the poor reporter.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Dominica (Caribbean)

Dominica
they take the plunge
to get away from the human tide

Dominica
she asks what's there in the Caribbean
with no beaches

Dominica
in the midst of a sperm whale
paradise

Dominica
no great beach but this other
Caribbean gem

Dominica
this Caribbean gem shines
with hot springs, waterfall, rainforests

April marks the end of the Caribbean's high season—and prime time for great deals. If your ideal vacation doesn't entail lazing on the beach, try the tiny, oft-overlooked isle of Dominica. Known as the nature island of the Caribbean, Dominica has virtually no beaches but instead a rugged and wild interior perfect for adventure seekers. Hike through verdant rainforest to waterfalls and backcountry hot springs; snorkel through waters filled with tiny bubbles streaming from volcanic fissures; and watch sperm whales, which reside off Dominica's shores all year.

john tiong chunghoo

Famous Movie Poem - Swiss Family Robinson

(poetry in progress)

again the marooned-on-an-island composition
every secondary school teacher's favourite though
i preferred to reserve mine just for the nature adventure film
a family whose fate is in the fringes of survival-
Napoleonic War and the seas

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Poem - Cameron Highlands Boh Tea - A Lady Rolling In Pink (State Of Pahang)

refreshing dawn mist, crisp air
and sunshine tiptoe through tender lips,
shower their warmth over a secluded valley
where a lady rolling in pink dances
then rushes to a meaningful rendezvous
with the benefactor of passions

dawn mist, crisp air, sunshine and
mountain loam rolled up in tender
brown and now unveiled through
spring water, they are the simple joy
that raises the morning sun up my sky

i dont need that many readers,
just a few who care to weigh every word
to savour its intrinsic value
they too are my tea that elevates
the morning sun up my sky

(inspired after a visit to the premier highlands destination in Malaysia the
Cameron Highlands, a place famous for its Boh Tea)

the sun up my sky

john tiong chunghoo

Rising Sun, Setting Sun

how nice it is to be some birds
especially the little feathery ones
so economical and heavenly they are on speech
but when they do talk, they are usually music for the ears
echoing in the mountains, and valleys, and canyons
a gentle orchestra for the rising sun, setting sun

how nice it is to be some birds
especially the little feathery ones
so economical and heavenly they are on speech
but when they do talk, they are usually music for the ears
echoing in the mountains, and valleys, and canyons
tying up the loose ends of creation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Summer Kimono

an eruption in my heart
the splendid kimono
the six figure price

inspired by

even trying on my summer kimono
lonely...
Eastern Mountains
-Issa, 1804

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Diamond, The Socrateses In You

can life be so simple?
as is written in all the books?
where have all your probing
Socrateses gone to?
the bubbly quest for life
that is so infectious everybody
is drawn to your enthusiasm
to take a fresh view of themselves
giving themselves new angle
to breathe life, for truths, for the
realities behind every written word
where has the diamond in you gone to?
the character that makes you shine
in so many facets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Thai New Year The Songkran

songkran
between shivers their
roaring laughters

songkran
their warm laughters break
through the chill

songkran
the water breaks the ice
between the city folk

songkran
her lotus lamp floats out
to sea

songkran
amid the sea the lotus lamp
flickers

foreign land
roaring joy as the lotus lamp
floats out to sea

as her songkran lamp
floats out to sea
her silence and tears

Songkran
water too cleans
away bad luck

Songkran - water
laughter, and jeers
make the day

the tourists say
splash us
splash us



PoemHunter.com

Songkran

he laughs 'the bad year
is now washed away'

Thailand's traditional New Year's festival, Songkran, will be celebrated from April 12 to 15. Though Songkran involves making food offerings and participating in religious rituals, it entails one especially fun tradition—the water fight that occurs on Khao San Road in Bangkok. As it's considered good luck to splash water on others during this celebration (and it's also the hottest time of year in Thailand) , people bring water guns, buckets, and even trucks full of water to join in on the fun.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Song Of Tea And Poetry

the refreshing taste of
dawn mist and sunshine,
mountain loam rolled up
in tender brown leaves
and now unveiled through
spring water
they are the simple joy
that raises the morning sun
up into my sky

i dont need that many
readers, just a few who
care to weigh every word
to see how much they are worth
they too are my tea that elevates
the sun up my sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Isla Holbox Off Of Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula

Isla Holbox fishy love affair
striking it up with
a whale shark

fate
one whale shark trails
by me

isla holbox
an infinity as i
touch your skin

Perfect for a secluded beach getaway, tiny Isla Holbox off of Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula boasts fresh seafood, roaming flamingoes, dirt roads (no cars here) , lazy white sand beaches, and gently rolling turquoise waters. And, from May to September, Holbox is one of the few places where you can swim alongside whale sharks, the largest fish in the world. These gentle, harmless giants can get up to 40 feet long and weigh between 10 and 20 tons.

john tiong chunghoo

Another Self

there is intelligence
in the air, in the nothingness
what the eyes see can be deceiving
and what the eyes dont, full of everything
there is no town, no water, in the mirage
except another tale nature wishes to titilate us with
and the moon is not luminous, it survives on borrowed light
another nature's hide and seek played with us
between the sun and the very earth we live in
what more? the earth under our feet is not flat
except another side of nature to get us to see things
away from what they appear to be
there is an intelligence in every thing that we see
the cell that slowly grows into two, three, four
and a human being, the flower that slowly tilts its petals
till it is a full blown beauty swinging in the winds
there is a whole universe in the air one would
one day see and shout like the day when
we saw from afar the real face of the earth
only this time it will be 'How could my real self
be hanging in the trees! '

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Dawn Lake

dawn lake
slowly the lilies open our hearts
to their full charm

dawn lake
the lilies open their way
to our hearts

dawn lake
our talk open our hearts
like the full bloom lilies

dawn lake
when we began our talk
the closed lilies, now the full bloomed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

White As Truth

i am a page of white
a space limited only by
the scope of your thoughts

you can write whatever you wish
onto me - the good, the bad, or the ugly
- provided they are from your heart,
truthful, innocent and pure as a white lily

you dont have to worry about me
let your thoughts flow like the breeze
i have enough space for you
to fill out all your fantasies

i am a page of black
you can write what you want
- the good, the bad, or the ugly -
provided they are really from
your heart, truthful, innocent
and pure as white lily
i have enough space for you to
fill out all your fantasies
just make sure your ink is white
so that it will shine as bright as truth

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Las Vegas Bali Hai

Las Vegas Bali Hai
as the golfer aims, the leaves
cheer him on

With more than 60 golf courses in the area, Las Vegas has been a favorite golf vacation spot since the early 1960s. Many of the area's championship-caliber courses are just minutes from the Strip, with Bali Hai Golf Club right on the Strip itself. Named the best golf course in Las Vegas, Bali Hai boasts seven acres of water features, a signature island green, more than 4,000 trees, 100,000 tropical plants and flowers, and white sand set off by black volcanic rock outcroppings.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Colorado Mountain Biking

mountain biking
my excitement and feet
spiral up the Pearl Pass

It's time to retire that winter parka. Even though there's still snow on the mountains, spring has sprung and soon you'll be swapping the skis for the bike. So start plotting your way to Crested Butte, which boasts a lattice of trails sprawling over the valleys and peaks of Gunnison National Forest. Epic rides like pedaling up and over 12,705-foot Pearl Pass before bombing into Aspen make for a perfect warm-weather rite of passage.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

At His Courtesy

what we see
of the world
is amazing
- each living
thing and its
characteristics

what we dont
see of the world
the force that
spells out
each so that
they think, act
grow.. is even
more amazing

one day science
can peek into
every facet of what
we call the Divine
- at his courtesy

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetic Lords

the poetic lord
sits in the brain
and waits to be
called upon to
to spread magic
with his words
to size up events
and interpret them
to his fancies without
having to kowtow
to society norms
and make beliefs,
indoctrinations
cups of poisons
that stymie and
hinder the flow
of poetic juices
meant to oil the
adagio to that
sublime and ecstatic
climax for ballerina of words

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - The Beach Wind Blows

over their
boobs and butts
the beach wind blows

inspired by

over rice cakes and jelly
the good spring breeze
blows

-Issa,1807

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Black Hills (South Dakota)

attack!
the canyon answers his challenge
in the same vein

Due to its intense concentration of canyons, caves, buttes, granite crags, and volcanic geologic oddities, the granite peaks of the Black Hills in South Dakota provide the perfect staging ground for adventure-seekers. Along with spectacular hiking, biking, and off-roading, the Black Hills offer some of the country's best rock climbing, including the Needles, a group of rock spires that provide traditional run-out face climbing.

john tiong chunghoo



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You Wouldnt Want To Be Him

fan met a friend
of her admired poet
and started asking
all things about him
whether he is
friendly, lovely,
artistic to the
routines of
the poet's life

the friend smiled
and gladly answered
all the questions
but gave a damper
when he concluded
it with 'but You wouldnt
want to be him'.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Chosen People

Chosen People
because God needs
a fine example to
show to the human race
righteousness translates
into his blessings
and thieveries, his retributions

and above all, that he is
full of love and compassion
for what he has created

but no nonsense when it comes
to polishing them up for
a place in the heavens

Chosen too are those
given only the opportunity
to watch, read or experience first hand
God's save the human race dramas

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Is Not

poetry is not the rain
poetry is how the rain
beats down on your path
poetry is not in the man
poetry is how you open
his heart with your smile
poetry is not in the flowers
poetry is how you can use them
to help your friends bloom
yesterday, today, tomorrow
poetry is not the sea
poetry is how you spread your
laughter over its surging water
and count your blessing with
every shell you pick up

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Poetic Space

i love you
the amateur poet
wrote on the site
without revealing himself

i love you
the world known poet
wrote on the site
without revealing himself

and i read both
the second somehow
has a larger resonance

destined to be great?

the greater poet
has even carved
for himself a space
that recognises all his words
that space in me and you

john tiong chunghoo

Little Problem

even the earth when viewed
from far is but a ball
a ball that you wont kick

this moutain of a problem
if you calm down
and distance yourself
to dissect it
will appear a mere little
map of america on a page
big though it may be

dont forget it is just a little tilt
of the earth that sends the
snow coming down and
the season going, and the
earth you and me running
all these years

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu - Anti Wrinkle Cream

anti wrinkle cream
she looks and looks for
the right customer

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Forces Of Life

when one dies, the forces
that have lifted him up
return to their original state
water of a piece of melted ice
which under favourable circumstances
sprints into another creative state

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature Is A Metaphor Of

nature is the
hands of god
that shroud
the unseen world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Is That Girl At The Corner

poetry is that
schoolgirl
junior high
you have
known for
three years
but never talk to

she is always
at the corner
of everywhere
by herself
living out
the world
of her own

harbouring
a dream
beautiful as
rainbow



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poetry is
that junior
school girl
at the corner
of your class
you never talk to
but have always
wanted to

poetry is
that girl
by herself
harbouring
a world too
entrancing for
her to extricate
herself from

poetry is
that gentle girl
at a little corner
who has an
apple garden
to be explored
and savoured
but would rather
keep quiet about it

poetry is that boy
who makes the first
move to lift the first
page of her life
to give her life
another dimension
and lets his mind
be showered
with all her graces

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Lyon Musée Des Beaux-Arts (France)

Musee des Beaux-Arts
so cold the the blind man says
of the fierce looking statue

Musee des Beaux-Arts
blind but they need
more time, says the guide

Musee des Beaux-Arts
the blind man's fingers
all over the 1000 year old goddess

Musee des Beaux-Arts
the blind man asks if the goddess
in his hands is beautiful

Home to one of the best collections of fine art in France, the Lyon Musée des Beaux-Arts has a program every Saturday that gives those with special needs the chance to more fully appreciate and experience art. Events in upcoming months include a tactile tour, where visually impaired guests can touch statues and other pieces of art normally labeled 'Do Not Touch.' Tours are also given with sign-language interpreters for the hearing impaired.

john tiong chunghoo

Spring Haiku - Sakura Dances To Our Song

sakura petals
twirl and swirl
to our spring song

sakura petals
swarm down to greet
our spring song

below the sakura tree
the dainty steps
of a girl

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Yellowstone National Park (Wyoming)

Yellowstone National Park
over the snow, echoes
of our own laughters

Yellowstone National Park
the various adventures
warm up our winter

Yellowstone National Park may not be the first winter destination that comes to mind, but it has a lot to offer. You'll quickly forget about the cold weather while snowmobiling, dog sledding, snowshoeing, ice skating, and viewing wildlife. Traveling in the colder months allows you to experience the park without the hordes of tourists that crowd the roads during summer. Get ready to have the stunning landscape practically to yourself.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Pawleys Island (South Carolina)

Evans Pelican Inn
from a prewar beach house
a burst of spring laughter

Evans Pelican Inn
a prewar beach house
seals our love for privacy

Pawleys Island
an entree to the day's adventure
a yummy southern breakfast

Spring is the time to visit South Carolina, when temperatures average between 68 and 83 degrees and humidity is low. Visit Pawleys Island, one of the country's oldest beach resorts, just south of the more crowded and developed Myrtle Beach. Stay at the Evans Pelican Inn, an antebellum beach house, and wake up to a Southern-style breakfast with biscuits, grits, and crab salad. Rent a bike and spend the day exploring this tiny barrier island or lay out on its four miles of beaches.



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - 6666 Foot Peak, Cameron Highlands (State Of Pahang)

Cameron Highlands
6666 foot highest point
breeze bestows a shangrila

Cameron Highlands
in the breeze I found
another facet of Malaysia

Cameron Highlands
the feeling of
in a foreign land

Cameron Highlands
6666 foot highest point
here, there birds speak of triumph

Cameron Highlands
6666 foot highest point
the fragrance in the herbs

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Botswana's Okavango Delta

Botswana's Okavango Delta
a baby elephant trumpets
the joy of salvation

Botswana's Okavango
elephant's cry
echoes through the plain

Elephant Back Safaris' Abu Camp in Botswana's Okavango Delta, welcomed a new baby elephant named Lorato, which translates to 'love.' Lorato spends her days following her mother, Kitimetse, on her daily mud baths and alongside her wanderings through the 500,000-acre area. Abu Camp researchers are observing Lorato as she develops, collecting data to further their work towards implementing a country-wide elephant conservation program.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Love Whisper

leaving me breathless
the love whispers interspersed
between the feeble dusk rays

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Signature

every signature
a poetry
of a man

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Redefining Maxims

the sky changes
with the shades
of thoughts trickling
into universe
the clouds play out
their sentiments
and profundity

you see them spread
over the heads
of the universe
and know how advanced
things have come to be

in the sky is still the
thought shades of
plato, socrates, aristotle

.....

and when another more
advanced thought breezes
through you can see clouds
swirling like volcanoes
breaking through
limitations thus far
in our mind and heart
it is divinity redefining
maxims for the universe
and you know another
world has dawned
another fertile ground
for the brain to evolve

and from the sky
a different light for
us to see the world

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Jim Thompson, Cameron Highlands (State Of Pahang)

Cameron Highlands
the name Jim reverberates
in the hills and my heart

Cameron Highlands
where could Jim have
disappeared to?

Cameron Highlands
in the birds chirp
secrets of Jim's disappearance

Jim Thompson the Thai Silk King and American former spy came to the Highlands in 1967 March 26 for a holiday and mysteriously disappeared in the Highlands. Till this day, no trace of his whereabouts has been found. The Moonlight Cottage where he had stayed is still around and has been gazetted as a heritage building. There is a Jim Thompson Cafe at the Cameron Highlands Resort even. Cameron Highlands is famous for its cool climate, tea, strawberries, flowers and vegetables.

john tiong chunghoo

Plain White

the white of the snow
is to help you forget
about the unhealthy past

white, plain white to start
a brand new life

remember, being plain
is not that meaningless

remember the snow, the snow
you can even fly away with it

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

In Sequence

some poems are not perfect
because the mind and the heart
fail meet eye to eye

usually it is the mind that fails
to deliver, going to where it
does not belong failing
the disciplinary test

the heart begs everything to be
in place, so that
the world can amplify
itself to her as she interpretes
the input word by word, image by image
- in correct sequence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Language Fengshui

language is fengshui
of wind, spirit, water and soil
set in place as the mind
negotiates its way through
the terrain of land and rivers,
hearts and souls

language is fengshui
acted out by the spirit of
the land as it twirls and swirls
through the tongue
to the heat, wind, light, water,
vibrations of land
charting out the joys, dos
and donts of land

for japanese,
subject and object meet
before they get
to know what they
are really out for
it is always
i movie see to go
and to the kimonoed girl you love
you have better say
i you love

for chinese
subject tells object directly
what he will do to her
always i wish to kiss her
for brits, yes, it is similar
subject verb object
i wish to kiss her

for germans and japanese
ying and yang
walk in separate lane
words for women

words for men
the sexes distinct
as black and white

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Palace On Wheels (India)

Palace on Wheels

it is not yet the Taj Mahal

mom bends child's index finger

The Palace on Wheels, a luxury, air-conditioned train (akin to a luxe traveling hotel) , operates from Delhi weekly through winter (September to April) , passing the major fort cities in Rajasthan—Udaipur, Jodhpur, Chittorgarh, and Jaisalmer—and also pays a visit to Agra, with the incomparable Taj Mahal. The staff ensures that you are pampered, and most of the travel is at night, which leaves the days free to experience the sights and sounds of India's most exciting region.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Mask

God is a mask
for some to hide
their real personae

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Liver Cancer Herbs, Cameron Highlands (State Of Pahang)

Cameron Highlands
guide shows and covers up
a liver cancer herb

Cameron Highlands
telling us to be quiet about it
the guide covers up the cancer herb

The guide digs onto the hillside to show us a bulbous growth which he said has been found to be effective in treating liver cancer. however as a precaution he told us not to write about it as he is afraid too many people may ascend the mountains in search of the herbs, a parasite which grows like cancer itself, on the roots of other plants.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - The Driver Honks, Cameron Highlands (State Of Pahang)

Up the Cameron Highlands
he honks at
every turn

We were on a 4WD by this Indian-Chinese guide who honked at every turn as a means to approaching vehicles which we could not see. The trip up the Cameron Highlands, a popular tourist destination, reminds me of the one i did in Laos last year when I travelled from Van Viang to Luang Prabang. The journey took us up a hilly region where there were countless bends. Cameron Highlands is famous for its tea, flowers, vegetables and cool climate. The British built various resorts up here during the colonial days to escape the tropical heat in the lowlands.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Man Is Nature Personified

man is
nature
personified

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Man Is

man is
nature
personified

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Manifestations

one nature
one self
one mighty being

self is the mighty
extricating itself
out of tanglement
of desires, nature

one divine lesson for
one self in so many
manifestations

humans are nature
personified

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature Versus Collective Self

they say we are
a part of nature
but i say nature
is part of us
growing eyes,
ears, tongues
heart and mind
compass for us
to sail the ocean
of the one self we
all are part of

nature spells out
charms to the
varied senses in
the self too many
to count

when the full moon shines
the thought is lighted up
large and calm as a lake

when a person dies
he strips a part of nature
in the self

john tiong chunghoo

The Realised Soul

hidden in bits and pieces
it works like a jigsaw puzzle
you meet, you see, you go
from here, there without
knowing the real picture
until one day you suddenly
realise the proding at your heart
- waves that crest to leave a
smooth surface you could write
all your dreams
the ultimate jigsaw that helps
make a picture whole
a life wholesome

and as you leave the island
the wind teases and smiles
with you as if in celebration of
having found a good company
with a realised soul

the sky beckons with rich azure blue,
while from the sea golden fingers
in haste try to write out verses that rush
from your heart waves in quest of land

john tiong chunghoo

Flowing Along With The Tide

if you wish to know
the heart of a land
go to its best river
and hear how it sings

if you wish to really know
how the people
of a land feel go to
its greatest river
and see how it flows

and if you wish to live
with the land go to
its holiest river and
make a vow to swim
to the tune of its tide

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Big Sky Resort (State Of Montana)

Big Sky Resort
our children have made
more friends than us

Big Sky Resort is a parent's dream: Lift lines are virtually nonexistent and kids ten and under ski and stay for free. When parents want to hit the slopes (skiing here rivals any in the Rockies) , they can drop the kids off at the Kids' Club, an afternoon daycare where kids play games, paint, make crafts, and create skits—and it's free for all Big Sky guests. Fireworks, tubing, family movie nights, and s'mores around the campfire provide more fun for the family.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Fiercely One Dimensional

long, round, or triangle
immerse them into time
and they all straighten into
line one day or the other,
running into oblivion

time dilutes every thing into
one dimension, a track
not even the minute second
has a second chance to run
into the present

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Vail Mega Ski Resort

Vail
the snow piles up our desire
for fun

Vail
layer and layer of fun
spread over the field

Vail
our thirst for ski fun
boiling

Vail
snow fuels our first
for ski fun

Vail
snow perfect as your skin
for a run of pleasure

Vail
light, powdery
fun as flight

Simply put, Vail is the king of U.S. mega ski resorts. This massive (and very developed) locale offers more groomed trails than anywhere else on the planet and boasts the largest skiable mountain in the country. With 193 trails, 5,289 skiable acres, and four terrain parks, there truly is something for everyone. And if you grow weary of the piste, the Adventure Ridge center offers enough activities to keep you busy: tubing, thrill-sledding, ski-bike tours, snowmobile tours, snowshoe tours, and laser tag.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Dusk Of Emily Dickinson (Sibu, State Of Sarawak)

alma mater
oh this field too
the dusk of emily

[http: //sacredheart.demoportal.sekolah.edu.my/about/history/](http://sacredheart.demoportal.sekolah.edu.my/about/history/)

you can read and see some of the pictures of my alma mater. they were run by the la salle brothers, mostly from ireland. they were fierce teachers but many students turned out to be prominent.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Why We Never Meet

nobody meets God
because he is up in the mind
an abode of the boundless
and where the wisest of conscience lies
while we are in the heart
where world shrouds us in

the conscience perpetually tries
to show his concern
for the other by pleading
with him to follow the lighted
path he has prescribed for him

the other, though, could only see
the world veers and veers towards
his closest allies, the
senses and gratifications
that mass around him
like soldiers out to
conquer, to take him over
between crossroads
of heaven and hell

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - While I Was Away

just a little while
to live
a little while
to die
slit in between
a drama
of senses

inspired by

while I was away
just for a while...
a splendid young bamboo!
-Issa, 1819

[http: //cat.xula.edu/issa/](http://cat.xula.edu/issa/)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - St Paddy's Day Ireland

st paddy's day
dublin distills its best
into our spirits

As Saint Paddy's Day nears, what better time to check out the pubs, breweries, and distilleries of Ireland? Go to Guinness' James' Gate Storehouse in Dublin to see how the famous dark stout is brewed, the Hilden Brewery in Lisburn to sample real draft ales, or the Old Jameson Distillery in Dublin to taste triple-distilled Irish whiskey. You'll be sure to find friendly Irishmen (and women) to share in a few pints and join in on some fun and lighthearted amusement—or, in a word, craic.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - China Summer Olympics

Beijing Summer Olympics
city races to recover
past glories

Beijing Summer Olympics
the race to catch up
with the world

Beijing Summer Olympics
everywhere our eyes
soar

Beijing Summer Olympics
city outshines
the athletes

Beijing Summer Olympics
a city waits to stun
the world

Beijing Summer Olympics
a basket of medals
for builders of triumphs

If you haven't been living under a rock, you know that Beijing will host this summer's Olympic games. In preparation for the games, Beijing has concocted some interesting new architecture. The city recently unveiled a new airport terminal, built to resemble a dragon; the National Aquatic Center, called the Watercube, created to look like an enormous cube of bubbly water; and the Beijing National Stadium, the primary site of the 2008 Summer Games, which bears a likeness to a giant woven basket sprouting from the ground.

john tiong chunghoo

When My Country Helps Integrate Another Nationality

when integration becomes
another nation's task
my assamese friend talks
with my tamil nadu friend
in my country's language
to get to each other

It seems that the people in Tamil Nadu, southern india would only speak tamil though hindi is the national language. so when somebody from other parts of india meet with them, they have to either converse in english or in another country's language. quite a strange status quo isnt it?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Shadows

the poet in Rumi says
with a hint of regrets,
'it is against nature.
my work is private stuff,
shadows the sun
its precursor's never
meant to penetrate.
my poetry is to be read
when I am dead, when
readers could sprinkle
some lights onto shadows
that trail along the verses.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Spring Haiku - New Child

new child
joins the birds
to warm up spring

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Lowering Expectation

cool air soothes
an estatic feeling
slight rain builds

amber dusk infuses
an endearing pastiche
the feet tries to measure

blow and blow
the slight wind plays
on an inner sanctum
where a thousand
poems have been strung

paradise this may not be
if frozen i will take it too
and lower my expectation of
a heaven i may never get to see

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Total Lunar Eclipse February 20 Inspired Poem

Lucy waits for the full moon
to be totally covered up
before letting him utter
secretly to her 'we are one'.

in less than three seconds,
her world lightens, brightens up
as the earth slowly, surely lifts
the veil of darkness to let the sun
shower its warm and edifying grace
over his satellite and consort

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Vallencia's Las Fallas (Spain)

Las Fallas

all eyes afired as michael goes
up with the flame

Las Fallas

the fire hastily swallows up
Michael, Liza, Tom...

Las Fallas

the fire gulps up
the celebrities

Las Fallas

the fire curses and spits as it devours
the notoriously famous

Pyromaniacs unite! Las Fallas, the biggest festival in Valencia, Spain, attracts two million revelers to the city from March 15 to 19 to set things ablaze. Local communities create 20-foot-tall effigies of politicians, film, and sports celebrities, and even bullfighters—anyone of national or international notoriety—only to set them on fire during this quirky festival. Another highlight is the daily mascleta, a competition for the biggest, loudest, and flashiest fireworks display.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Piercing The Silence

piercing the silence
somewhere in the box
the shrilling cricket

inspired by

singing insects, too
make music
in this world
-Issa,1820

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Antarctic Excursion

antarctic excursion
the new split edge of
a glacier

antartic excursion
a glacier coldly
passes us by

antarctic excursion
they tell us how to bring
the heat down

antarctic excursion
the air warms up
to our arrival

antarctic excursion
taking a cold look at
a breakaway glacier

antarctic excursion
a glacier coldly floats
by our boat

sinister as a wolf
the glacier that floats
by our boat!

With all the hype over global warming and the loss of the world's glaciers, Antarctica has become an increasingly popular travel destination. Witness the icy continent's captivating natural wonders while you can, but do your part to protect the environment from further damage. Take a cruise with outfitters such as Natural Habitat Adventures, who now offer carbon-neutral expeditions, or Peregrine Adventures, who follow strict guidelines for environmentally sound tourism.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Saint Patrick's Day, Boston

Saint Patrick's Day
the irish brothers who never let us
have a taste of their great saint

saint patrick's day
boston drums up
its irishness

(irish brothers - missionary teachers)

The first Saint Patrick's Day celebration in the United States was held in 1737 in Boston. As evidence of the city's strong Irish influence and heritage, Beantown's Saint Paddy's Day celebration remains one of the biggest in the country. The partying begins this weekend, so grab a pint at one of the city's many Irish pubs and catch an Irish music performance. Then watch the parade on March 16 in South Boston (better known as Southie) , with marching bands, pipe bands, and step dancers from all over North America.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Why I Will Vote For Obama

tell you why i have to vote for Obama
tell you why Hillary has to play second fiddle

it is the way both speak that clearly show who
is of a better breed who could put the american flag
higher in the sky of the world

i went to the electronic shop just now to look for
some little amplifiers for my PC

one was a respected brand and the other something i
could not remember ever really come across

both looked smart but it was only when they played them
that one realised how far they are actually from each other

one showered me with a steely precise, concise, articulated
wonder that carried my heart to a premium world, of class,
of honour, and above all, prestige

the other, a poor epitome of mediocrity, its sound
seemed to have come out of a wrongly shaped chamber
piano, guitar, bass all jumbled up eating up all the shines
in the notes, tone...

there was little excitement if not for the famous song
like Hillary, it had simply scratched its way through my heart

+++I watched Obama's speech on what he wished to do for 2008 and why he
had vied for the presidential election. every word he spoke shows his breed, an
excellent american breed. he is so articulate he could put many in harvard to
shame. As to Hillary Clinton, she just paled in comparison. One thing stands out
though i.e.Hilary is just a sly fox who knows how to use all her trickeries to get a
newbie to fall into all her traps. Obama, beware, beware more are to come.

john tiong chunghoo

Guardsmen

these poems are guardsmen
with lances and bayonets
to keep this oft wayward mind
in line and follow what it has itself
thought to be the best method
to achieving poetic justice and
perhaps eminence
what a puzzle when the brain finds
its own rules so hard to keep up with

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Each Word Breathes The Breath Of Every Soul

each word breathes
the breath of every human soul
takes the shades of every thought
for the meticulous wordsmith to sow

a clever wordsmith catches and weighs
each for propriety like a chef that examines
every ingredient to draw out the best of his trout
to apply those pigments of feelings and emotions
onto his theme that would sweep through the sea of thoughts

his canvas shows how each word has come in their best
to give credence and shine to his party for the evolution of thoughts
each word leaves with full vigour knowing that each
has done his best and learnt something about each other
and the knowledge that soon they will be having another rendezvous
in another sea where another wordsmith would try matchmaking them into
another of his illuminated breath, and where they will again
take up another shade of their original personality

john tiong chunghoo

A Stumbling Block?

the one metre fence
the horse has jumped
over it

is it a stumbling block
or a challenge?

that's the question
that goes rumbling
in my mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Unrepentent

we talk till our
iced tea overflows
he still thinks he is right

our ice tea
has overflowed
he still thinks he is right

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Real Winners

the real triumph
this election race
is the black and white proof
that america has gone beyond
colours and the sexes when
it comes to flaunting its democratic streaks
the winners; barack obama and hiliary clinton
and the united states of america

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Phuket Tsunami Haiku - Buddha By The Beach

phuket tsunami
a battered buddha
sits by the beach

phuket tsunami
facing the andaman sea
a battered buddha

buddha by the beach
this tsunami of desire to take it
this tsunami of shyness to take it

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Scourge

religion to save men
has become a scourge
of sorts to the human race
well god is not to blame
it is men who have turned
out to be poor poor followers
throw them a god true or false

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Condensing Evolution

condensing evolution
to five thousand years
time flips over creation
like children enthuse over
the pages of a pictorial book

men run like swarms of ants
turning from monkeys to suave
dandies, the hair losing their grip
and skins changing ala cameleon
black to white, to brown to yellow

the sea unleashes peaks
to scale the heavens and also
levels them to take our feet to
show us nature's fairer hands

lands embrace each other
like a family to eventually float away
never to see each other again

trees rush to grow themselves
taking us into their frenzied trail
that soon sees them high and
dry skeletal postures raising
a thousand fingers to the heavens
for their fate and fire up figments
of our imagination as to the lesson
they are pointing out to us right below

and animals they sprout beaks
wings, legs, hands, fingers, horns,
scales, fur, feathers, gills, lungs and
mind tugging protrusions a painting
that spews spontaneously from the pencil
of an ingenious noosey three year old -
fishes swim in azure sky, dinosaurs trumpet
into scarlet sky, a tarzan rescues her frail princess
a snake devours a lion and a monkey puts on an

apron to cook lunch for her brood while the moon
smiles and waves all the way from her luminous throne

john tiong chunghoo

A Total Lunar Eclipse Poem

total darkness on a wedding night
except the flickering candle that
plays out out his anxiety to take
a peek of the moon (bride)
the sun (father) has afforded him

he would tilt the veil to let the light
of a hundred moons shine through her face
he would look at her the way an eclipse has
cleared the path for the moon to shine
the full moon that turns into a crescent
to be shrouded in his bosom so that
it glows a warm and sweet orange

and she will peek into his face the way
the eclipse reveals the secrets of the full moon
first a crescent and then its full splendour,
a husband at last to light the way to her future days

###in the old days in China a man would only know how his wife looked
like on the wedding night and vice versa. the eclipse looks very much
the way a chinese man tilt the veil over the head of wife as he takes a peek of
her face.

john tiong chunghoo

Total Lunar Eclipse February 20 Haiku

total eclipse
earth slices the moon
to a crescent

total eclipse
earth slowly veils
the moon

total eclipse
earth lifts curtain to
the full moon

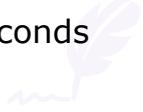
shadow play
earth gives way
to a full moon

shadow play
the moon unleashes its glory
in five seconds

total lunar eclipse
the temple
hurriedly closes

total lunar eclipse
the priest hurriedly closes
the temple

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Morn

dawn has woken up
throwing its coat of arms
across our beds and nudges
each of us to come out of
slumberland with its fingers of light

it has started to clear a blackboard
of stars and moon so that they
go hiding under its bosom to take
refuge in the glory of a new day

the moon tired after a night
of sentinel work is showing
her palid face as dawn slowly
walks her out of her place of work

the birds up the volume
of their sweet takes, adagio
that heralds the crescendo
of a new day, icing icream over dawn
as light and warmth twirl and swirl to us
all the way from the bosom of the sun

the cool air like a friend seeks
our mind and heart to refresh
so that they radiate charm
and help us ride into another day
with new vigour and vitality, honey
and apple in a glass of juice

nothing in the day gives as much
splendour and promises as morn
rejuvenating tonic of a mountain spring
the sun slowly rises onto its stage
with full respect to give each and every
character a reason to shine and smile

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Hampi (India)

hampi
indiana jones says he wishes
to be a hindu prince

Strap on a pair of hiking boots and indulge your inner Indiana Jones with a visit to Hampi, India, a perfect escape from the hectic pace of nearby Bangalore. This easygoing village sits upon ruins dating back to the medieval Hindu Kingdom of Vijayanagar, and has recently been declared a UNESCO World Heritage Site. These archeological wonders are scattered amidst millions of giant boulders, beckoning both hikers and history buffs.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ceiling

he walks down
and i walk up

he walks down
and i walk up

he walks down
and i walk up

we look into each
other and that's
just what we do
everyday

poor me
when am i induced
to be another
racist

he walks down
and i walk up

he walks down
and i walk u

that's what we do
day after day

letting our eyes
do the poor talking

whose fault?
whose fault?

i keep asking
the ceiling
in the nights
why why why?
i ask the ceiling



PoemHunter.com

the answer comes
back in an overhanging
overbearing wordliness

the ceiling

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - East And West Berlin

East and West Berlin
all the stones taken down
for a country to unite

Spree River
Left, Right, Left, Right
East and West Berlin

Spree River
East, West, East, West
our boat cuts through Berlin

Having made an incredible comeback in the last 19 years since the fall of the Berlin Wall, Berlin fascinates with a rich mix of history, art, and architecture. Tour the city by double-decker bus, or see it from below street level with one of the many boat tours on the Spree River, which runs through the 'Mitte' or central district, and provides views of east and west Berlin.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Getting To Know Each Other

the holy book says god created
diverse races so that people
can get to know each other
and of course ourselves too
because it is through others
we can get a better understanding
of ourselves, we owe a part
of ourselves to everyone around us
is anybody here an island?
can you hear me from far away
making a confession?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Poem - Klang River (Kuala Lumpur)

i come here to look
for the hearts of the city
and thank God find
them in your frantic frantic rush
out to the Straits of Malacca
spilling joy and laughter
the way spices and tin were
sailed out from here years ago

i could hear the riotous tinkling
sounds you chime so splendidly
from below the bridge between the
Central Market and the Dayubumi
that looms so perfectly up into sky

the rain has stopped, and your
rush is fast, swift, reeling,
waves spiralling and swaming
onto those at the fore, over zealous
children hurrying out to field
to have their evening game

i stay put to savour all
the cheers and good vibes
your song is spreading
to all of us, the song that says
all the way from the heart of the Peninsula
'have fun, have fun, have fun just have fun.'

Yes, yes, Klang River, i will have fun,
just have fun, come rain or shine
the way you share yours
all around, day and night
night and day, all the way
out to the golden straits

john tiong chunghoo

1. After Basho's Famous Frog Haiku

after basho's frog haiku
the garden pond
speaks more volume

after basho's frog haiku
each sight of the amphibian
the echo of a splash

after basho's frog haiku
every splash at the pond
eddies to the centre of my heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - I Know How God Writes His Poem

i know how god writes his poem
it is in the delicate, artistic and
defining lines of every flower
petals, pistil, stamen, pollens,
fragrant and scents that fill the air

i know how god writes his poem
it is in the ray of the sun
that reveals their metaphors
and rhymes in the rain
an arc over the clear blue sky

i know how god writes his poem
it is in your eyes, two lakes of honey
that sail me into your warm saccharine world
dilating and constricting to let them
speak more volume to my my lovelorn heart

i know how god writes his poem
it is in the dazzling lines of the sea
that shows the sky how many ways
it can define and redefine itself
it is in the breeze that pulls off a dancer
twirling towards me in every direction

john tiong chunghoo

Sun And Sunflowers

the sunflower
finds the sun
much to love
dawn till dusk
moves to where
the sun has been
a pair of lovers
snuggling to where
it matters most

sun holds
nothing back
gives his all to
a faithful mate
who never shies
away from him

in your bosom
too is a sunflower
twirling in sequence
to you for every
of our needs,
savour every scent,
warmth
radiating from
the source of both
our beings
evoking a sensual
exploratory journey
iresistible for us
despite the distance
laid out between us

i hold on to you and
bow to nature as it
tells us in its firm
silence within
ourselves
and tautly onto

our face
it is our hearts
that matter

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Winter In Virginia Beach (United States)

vinginia beach winter
excitement of whales
heats up the air

The weather may be finger-numbingly frigid as you bob in the Atlantic, but winter in Virginia Beach is the ideal time to spot majestic humpback and fin whales during their annual migration from Canada's Bay of Fundy. Both these species are endangered, with the fin whale being the second largest animal on earth after the blue whale. Contact the Virginia Aquarium & Marine Science Center for information about whale-watching tours.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

An Overblown Overblown Balloon

desires
are blown
into being
like balloons

the dinosaurs....
are taken over
by lighter creatures
lighter desires

goodwill
seems to be
getting firmer
footing too

soon desires
would burst into
nothingness
leaving merely
a bang for memory

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Poem - Pulau Ketam (State Of Selangor)

pulau ketam
the crabs claw
us there

pincers, white fluffy flesh
red hot, spicy shells
under our white
plastic hammers
each leg, pincer,
carapace broken
licked clean

the two eyes
now jutting out of
the auspicious
light as flight
red orange shell
so cleaned up of life
so meaningless
and emptied
of existence
a loser of
the world
except for
its rich delicious
steamy white
vein laced flesh

the shells
stripped of all the limbs
straddle the table
play out the animals in us
some are upside down
some in upright position
some helter skelter
loose signatures of the
delicious triumph of a two legged

over a ten legged wonder

now only our hands are
crawling all over the table
grabbing parts, positioning legs,
pincer for hammers

we are nothing
more than dinosaur
when it comes to crabs

they are but fluffy, juicy, spicy,
pulpy, squeaky rich protein to
fill up the stomach
to build the muscles
of our own limbs

more customers coming?
get ready the crabs
get ready the rice
and the hammers

how many of them please?
how many crabs?

ketam ketam ketam
plankwalk that make
our walk sound crab
and.....dinosaur

Ketam is the malay word for crabs. pulau ketam is an island 30 minutes away from port klang in selangor. port klang is about an hour by commuter train from kuala lumpur and the same amount of time if one drives in one's own car. the island is famous for its seafood. the wooden plankwalk to the numerous restaurants makes one's walk sound crab because it goes ketam ketam ketam.

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Darkened Ink

darkened ing
at a non working lift
sorry for convenience

just now i saw at my company, a notice at a non working lift in which someone has naughtily inked the in in inconvenience so that it reads convenience.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Journalism Versus Poetry

journalism
it is an
attempt
to pin down
the world

to put onto
the paper
the truth of
everything
the world
and the
people in it

children
boys, girls,
men, women
gays or lesbians
kings, queens
rulers and the ruled
the privileged
and the persecuted

usurpers
liars and
the evil ones
though may
make use
of its power
to take
everybody
down a
different lane
to achieve
their own
goals

poetry
it is opening

the floodgates
to let loose
whatever
is pent up
in the hearts of
them all

to let the
soul in them
come out
so that
reporters
can go
chase
rainbows

john tiong chunghoo

No Moon No Stars

the day when
a white screen
a blank mind
and empty heart
sit down to dine and
find the food tasteless
the day without its sun
the night its moon and stars
just strong winds howling over
and over a vast plain

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Dining By The Tomb - Bukit China (State Of Malacca)

at this unesco city Malacca
you can dine
with ghosts

bukit china
as we dine
the forlornness of the tombs

bukit china
two ends of the world
we dine with tombs at our feet

Bukit China
we breakfast with
old Chinese ghosts

Bukit China
as we dig breakfast
the tombs just another feast for the eyes

bukit china
our hot coffee
the coldness of the tombs

Bukit China is the famous hill in Malacca town where for several hundred years, Malaysian Chinese have used to bury their dead. There are tombs by the foothills which is near to the busy traffic of the historical town. One hawker stall at the foothills sells mixed rice and coffee. They never fail to attract customers despite the old tombs around. Bukit China or Chinese Hill is said to be the oldest and largest hill cemetery outside China. Chinese have been residing in Malacca since the Malacca Empire in the 14th Century. They first came as traders. A Ming Princess Hang Li Poh married a Malacca Sultan which cemented the relationship between China and the Malacca Empire then.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Culinary Tour Of Provence

Provence culinary tour
spilling over the idyll
our appetite for food adventures

Provence culinary tour
churning below the idyll
our excitements for food adventures

revving up Idyllic Provence
our excitements for
great food and wine

Combine your love of traveling, eating, drinking, and learning on chef Carole Peck's Culinary Tour of Provence, where you'll experience a week of gastronomic indulgence and an intimate tour of idyllic Provence. You'll take cooking classes with chef Carole as well as with other notable chefs in the region. Prepare to spend your days in a heady state of happiness brought on by duck confit, eggplant caviar, escargot brochettes, and roasted fig and lavender ice cream—not to mention the wine...

john tiong chunghoo

Light As Flight

so many songs
from the garden
heating up the day
with the rise of sun
and the dawn of morn

do i hear a fixed
syllabled chirp
the same notes
over and over

feathery creatures
what secrets do
you hold for the world?

or are you, dear friend,
merely chanting like me
to the gods, for a
heart light as flight?

john tiong chunghoo

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Saigon War Museum

Saigon War Museum
burnt hole ridden children clothes
my heart too in tatters

At the War Museum, there were exhibits of clothes of prisoners and even those of children killed in the Vietnamese War. I remember when I went to visit the Killing Field in Cambodia, there were also exhibits of torn clothes right below the monument where they exhibit the skulls of those killed in the war. They really put my heart in tatters.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Our Business Is To Live

our business is to live
dying is god's business
so live and carry on living
till He calls out to you to take a rest

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Soaking Up Great Barrier Reef

no barrier
corals, fishes, urchins
soaking up premier Aussie park

Summer is in full swing down under and the water's perfect for checking out the Great Barrier Reef. But ideal scuba weather means crowds, so skip the dive spots typically overrun by the day-trippers. Hop on a live-aboard dive boat for a multi-day expedition and it'll just be you, yourself, and the fish among the most beautiful and solitary coral Australia has to offer.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Tony Leung The Actor

male bonding

he seeks and finds the comfort zone

to carry on our conversation

It was in Singapore that I first met Tony Leung, one of Hong Kong's best actors. The following is lifted from <http://orientalis.wordpress.com/>

Tony Leung's talent is undeniable - arguably the world's best actor in the judgement of many. This Hong Kong native is lauded the world over for the soulful expressions conveyed by his eyes alone. Most Westerners are familiar of Mr. Leung through his collaborations with director Wong Kar-Wai's many art house flicks. Most recently he's appeared in Andrew Lau's "Infernal Affairs" (remade as Scorsese's "The Departed", though the original is much better) , Zhang Yimou's "Hero", Wong Kar-Wai's "2046"; . To date, Mr. Leung has not ventured into any English speaking roles due to what he considers as a dearth of quality roles given to Asian actors in Hollywood. However, this might change as there are rumors of his English film debut in a lead as a detective.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poem Of Wings

the spider spins a web of poem
casting itself as its lead character
a rare eight legged that digs into space
to echo in it a million years of change

the million years that have gone
now hang gently on every filamen of her great circle
they rest queitly in her reflection
as she waits for another round of wonder
to lift her through another million years
so that she could spin a poem of wings

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

How Have You Done Today? The Moon Asks

the day starts fiery as the sun
our physique is all boiled up for action
the day ends with the moon's subtle glare
as if asking; 'how have you done today? '

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Lulea Has Warmed Up

Northern Lights
Lulea has warmed up
for all of us

Northern Lights
Lulea warms us up
for adventures

Nothern Lights
a man sips Sake
in an igloo

Just two hours from the Arctic Circle, temperatures get downright frigid in Luleå, the capital of Swedish Lapland. The last few years, however, have seen some of the warmest temperatures on record and heavy snow may become as rare as classic car sightings. Visit Luleå and take advantage of winter activities such as dogsledding, driving to islands over the frozen sea, dining in an ice igloo, and ice fishing—all under the shimmering Northern Lights.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Three Months

it takes the padi
three months
to write its
poem of love

it has all the
muses to help it
in its novel aim

the birds sing
their lullabies
the wind carresses
each leaf with
the greatest of care
while the sky pours down
its spring and
great blessings

a verse sprouts
each day gleaned
by the sun
and shared
by the moon
till it bows and bows
to all who have
helped it bloom
as the malay proverb
goes the stalk with
the most rice
bows lowest

john tiong chunghoo

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Obama + Langston Hughes + Oprah = Sweet Bitterness

chocolate

i cant resist you
your sweetness is
tantalising Oprah Winfrey
at the top of her wits

chocolate

your colour is
earth where cotton(
warmth) , cocoa (health)
and sugar cane (sweetness)
grow

chocolate

i love you
your charm is
invigorating obama
spilling the beans
for a new White House
a new America

chocolate

i love you
your sweet bitterness is
Langston Hughes
line and line of
soulful verses
to reflect on the
challenges of
a black and white

john tiong chunghoo

Life Story The Unseen Hands

when less is more
when ups and downs are meant
for that breathtaking adagio
when failures are strings
for success to hang on
when one has to experience
first hand every sequence
of life the Almighty authors for us
cheers or tears

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Fish Twists In Sky

reverberating excitement
showing his catch
a fish twists against the sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Daily Prayer To Myself

my body is strong as metal
my kidneys are strong as metal
my heart is strong as metal
my intestine is strong as metal
every part of my body is strong as iron
my daily prayer to myself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Leslie Cheung

when first meeting
is last meeting
Cheung leaps to fame and suicide

Young hopeful leslie cheung
he leaps to fame
and a suicide

The late Leslie Cheung was named Asian Biggest Superstar by China Central Television, and voted as The Most Favorite Actor in 100 Years of Chinese Cinema in 2005. When he came to Kuala Lumpur in the mid 80s, he was like any other young Cantopop singer, excited about fame. I however was not taken in by his talent and even wondered how he was going to make it in the tough and tumble world of showbiz. He did not seem to have an edge over other singers such as Alam Tam who was also a rising star then. But perhaps lady luck was with him.

It was a brief meet and one impression stuck - his legs seemed to be all on the move. What kept memory so fresh was that he even looked back as he walked away from us at one of the leading hotels in Kuala Lumpur. It was our only meet.

He walked away to a great acting and music career and surprisingly, a suicide at the height of his fame on April 1, 2003. Cheung leapt from the 24th floor of the Mandarin Oriental Hotel, in the Central district of Hong Kong. He left a suicide note saying that he had been suffering from depression. He was 46 years old

john tiong chunghoo

Valentine Day Senryu (Humour) - Unsold Roses

taking a hard look at
the remaining roses
a 40 year old spinster

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Stem Cell Therapy

it is the third time
she has gone for
stem cell therapy

jenny knows in a
few weeks' time
she will again be
her sweet 18 years
of health
and dating the men
she wishes to do

at a little corner
her friend
80 year old liz
is breathing heavily the
last of all her years

Jenny asks liz if anything
has changed
liz retorts: 'Yes,
everything has except
money. It still holds the key
to a good life.'

john tiong chunghoo

Piano Keys

a poet writes from the corner
of his heart where
the keys to the hearts
of the whole humanity rest

he tinkles them like piano
so that the world gets to
enjoy his songs of praise,
the way they have emerged
all the way from their own hearts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Young Maggie Cheung

young maggie cheung
putting her at ease
the paparazzi and fans

Maggie Cheung was a young star when she came to Kuala Lumpur to promote one of her slapstick movies with Jackie Chan 20 years ago.

I felt back then, the Press and fans were those who put her at ease.

Of course, now that she is a much accomplished international star she has taken on a more sophisticated personality. She has learnt to avoid the press nowadays preferring to spend time travelling around the world especially Paris.

The below lifted from Wikipedia:

On 7 February 2007, The New York Times rated Maggie Cheung as one of the 22 Great Performers in 2006 for her Cannes winning role Emily in Clean. After 25 years of making movies, Cheung is deciding to retire from acting and pursue a career as a film composer. She allows that there might be room for an occasional comedic role, but she would like to paint and compose music, after fulfilling her acting potential.

john tiong chunghoo

What Happens When A Person Dies

tell you what happens
when a person dies
the worms burrow
through a body of science
till the reality of it crawls
through every of our senses

tell you what happens
when a person dies
the world of science
is all that is left to salvage
the reality of it all

and god willing, a new formulae
to give breath to all that is left of dust

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Why Poetry?

why poetry?
to realise that
a simple smile
can mean so
many things
and interpreted
in so many ways

that there is
always a fresh way
to look at things

the way god
has been able
to give each of us
a new way to
experience things

a cross puzzle
he challenges us
to find the uniqueness
he has meant for
all of us to be

languages, geographies
genes, religions
universes, angels...
every facet that helps
a diamond to sparkle
its own way

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Your Rice Field, My Rice Field

your rice field, my rice field
the road between that leads
to our dreams in tokyo

your rice field, my rice field
the road between that leads
to our sons in tokyo

inspired

your rice field
my rice field
the same green
-Issa,1815

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Love Runs Deep At La Samanna (Saint Martin)

La Samanna
the waiter helps put my hand
on hers

La Samanna
sweet air and jazz notes
weave our romance

La Samanna
romance thickens
every inch of the way

Pop the bubbly or pop the question? The first may lead to the second at La Samanna, a perennially perfect and romantic refuge in Saint Martin. This pampering, private, and luxe resort offers weeklong escape packages that include sunset cruises, couples massages, gift bathrobes, and daily breakfast. After a couple candlelit dinners on the powdery soft beach, you'll never want to go home.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Sport Fishing Capital Of The World, Islamorada

Islamorada fishing
the sea hides
our prizes

islamorada fishing
no not so lucky with marlin he says
as he sorts out his fishes

Islamorada fishing
our excitement louder
than the waves

islamorada fishing
the sea plays out
our excitement

Now that the holidays have passed and spring break's still a month away, spend a lazy day in the Florida Keys' Village of Islamorada, relaxing on a boat under clear, sunny skies with cold drinks in hand—or a rod and reel. Known as the Sport Fishing Capital of the World, Islamorada has countless opportunities to charter boats or arrange for backcountry guides to catch sailfish, tuna, wahoo, bonefish, and marlin.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Colorado Ski Joy

Colorado ski
the wind fuels our joy
and the lights

Though Colorado is slated for a record ski season, resorts are all too aware of the environment's inconvenient truths. Witness Arapahoe Basin, which hosts their Annual Climate Awareness Day this Saturday February 9, 2008 to spread the word about their green initiatives along with partners like Clif Bar and New Belgium Brewery. But this is no mere PR ploy; the locals' favorite resort has also offset 100 percent of their energy use with wind-power credits, and their recent expansion into Montezuma Bowl only removed one percent of the existing trees out of 400 acres.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Giving Your Body All The Right Chi

the gemologist who claims
himself a religionist asks
his client politely; 'I am very sorry,
can i fix your religion for you too?
well all religions preach righteousness
but like a stone, each has its own chi
and you need to follow the one that works
with your chi. you need to let religion
work for you and not the other way round.
let me see. oh ya, you are a amitabah person
and your stone amethyst, music brahms, fruit
mango... they all help you with your chi. makes
you a more balanced being. if you are open to ideas..'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Ulu Geroh - Asli Boys Shielding Nakedness (State Of Perak)

ulu geroh river
laughter of five asli boys
shielding nakedness

ulu geroh river
the water splashes, swishes, swooshes
as boys shield their nakedness

asli boys means native boys

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Brain Is A Stage For Words

words are alive as our grey matter
the brain affords a stage they play out
their full splendour
taking on new clothes, new shades,
little lava morph into butterflies and
flutter their way into our poetic realm

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Weaknesses That Become Strengths

never mind if everybody
complains he is irritable

god makes you two meet up
probably because you need
just a slice of what makes him
irritable - a clear view of the
abundance that he has and
that nagging insistence,
persistence and drive
to put himself across

on him these may be irritations
but on you, on you, so docile and timid,
they are actually strengths to light you up

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

An Eternity To Get To The Right Taste, Smell

at last it is cooked
and in perfect state
taste and smell
to be served to the Lord

and ho my god, everybody is
enlightened, me, the angels
and of course the king
it takes almost an eternity to cook

he puts the perfect piece in his mouth
and wow his eyes almost pop out
ours too

after the 10th piece of the glory
he says he really longs for that first perfect
which melts his soul

'anymore? ' he asks

'that's the purpose of that piece, ' we say
'for perfect remembrance.
to be cherished at heart. it
took us 50 years to cook.'

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Ulu Geroh's Brookewings (State Of Perak)

Ulu Geroh's Brookewings
they descend from all angles
giving wings to my joy

Ulu Geroh's Brookewings
they descend from all angles
my heart grows wings

Ulu Geroh
brookewings flutter
to feast at spring

drunken in paradise
Ulu Geroh's Brookewings
on spring boulder

cool enough to
fold their wings
brookewings at spring boulder

spring boulder
quiet as the water,
brookewings gently sip

Ulu Geroh is on a hilly region where one can find many springs and boulders where water flow over. brookewings, a beautiful emerald and black colour butterflies come enmasse to many of the springs to sip water that contains minerals. they are really a sight to behold especially in the quiet environment making it almost a paradise and a perfect getaway in the forest and mountains.

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Palmist With Magnifying Glass

palmist with magnifying glass
let's hope he does not
magnify my life

palmist's magnifying glass
the wish he magnifies the lines
and not the life

getting a grasp
of my future
palmist with magnifying glass

palmist with magnifying glass
let's hope he tells me the right
size of my wealth

zooming into
my future
palmist with magnifying glass

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Brandon Lee

actor's autograph

Brandon Lee scrawls a tale of death

the crow

Brandon Lee, son of kungfu legend, Bruce Lee, was in Kuala Lumpur in the 80s to promote one of his Hong Kong movies. The actor expressed displeasure about the film in shopping complexes. I did not miss the opportunity to get his autograph in which he also wrote a message. It never came across as a prediction of his own death. It was about a man jumping and a death. His handwritings was a scrawl, almost like the scratchings of a bird. Brandon was killed in a shooting scene when filming The Crow. The pistol used was loaded - with a real bullet.

a

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Liars

they thought they could fool me

like a made up poem written
from imagination rather than
real experiences, the fabricated break in
just did not add up to the truth

the wiremesh over the windows
they were all torn down

they said the burglar had used a child
to come in between the window panes
then opened the door to let him in
do his job

but are why all the wire meshes torn down?
one wire mesh torn out is enough to
get the child in

the liars did not know they were
giving themselves away because
all their lines did not tally up to the truth
like a made up poem that could not
own up to the reality of things

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To The Umbrella

what inspired this poem
is mary poppins, the caring
British governess who carries
under her little pink umbrella
her warmth and the creme
de la creme of life lessons
and flies children into
home sweet home

every umbrella it has
become a metaphor to
carry off that great task
to make children laugh
warm and hearty as the
summer sky

japanese and chinese
traditional lacquered umbrellas
do that job come rain or shine
they always carry the herons,
phoenix, a beauteous ancient fairy
in her flowing grace, or bamboos,
or the moon or any other folksy
auspicious drawings to drive
away tears or fears

even the emperor needs
umbrella for graces from the heavens
it was of first quality silk
yellow, and always with lithe
and steel scaled dragons
to shield him from misfortune
of any kind

the modern day umbrellas
they are collapsible, of plastic,
rayon, and usually plain
black, green, blue, purple
every colour given its

opportunity to shine

their job is carry away the sky
when it is not friendly, letting her
sun all out in the open

or giving her clouds so much
freedom they let out cats and dogs
leaping and gambolling into our gardens

the best umbrellas are
those large enough to
keep two star crossed lovers
away from the sights of gossipers
letting them kiss and only their
legs and clothes to keep us
guessing who they are

the umbrella too can be
that life saver, keeping away
the muggers, or that fierce dog
as old granny does her morning
round to tone up her days

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Thailand Haiku - Invincible Ayuthaya

invincible ayuthaya
they flock even
to your ruins

invincible ayuthaya
a shadow
of its former glory

Ayuthaya, a city in all its splendor, considered one of the finest in Asia was sacked and totally destroyed by the invading Burmese in the beginning of the 18th century. Despite this, it is still the centre of attractions, especially its many spectacular giant buddhas, old palace and new impressive temples.

a sacking and two hundred years
here we meet eye to eye
you still in your seated grandeur
and meditation that holds
the Land of Elephants
in your blessings
even the weather has obliged
you with a new costume
specked green and white
over the original greyish white
of stone made to last a thousand years
here as usual i pray for health for
my mother, my brothers and sisters
and a heart calm as the peace
and repose on your face appeasing
boh kings and peasants

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Thailand Poem - Patpong (Bangkok)

a 20 something japanese lady ogled
the whole time at the stage, a ring
minus the ropes, large as three single beds
put together, obviously worked up by
what she had seen

on the opposite side, across
the stage, quite disturbingly -
he looked like a similar in my office who
i never liked - a 40 something accountant
sort of man, Indian perhaps, stared with his large
bespectacled eyes, their whites penetrating
the sleazy enclave, betraying his long
withheld thirst and hunger for those hard
to resist baits now dangling en masse
right in front of him

on another front to my left a 40
something woman watched
with a struggled detachment,
sometimes laughing to her
companion of what were on
the stage, all the time displaying this
'this is the world and we have
to get used to it' demeanor
she could have been that shy
woman next door when in her 20s

and i, and i, looked around in
the Patpong outlet with stage
fringed by row and row of jaunty travellers
to see if there was anyone from
hometown who would spoil the
whole show and who i knew would
pop the the same question to me
if he/she were here: 'Wow, you
are here too.'

with the excuse of charging

everyone B200 or US6 for a glass
of beer or soft drink, on the stage
bathed in neons, strobe lights,
humping bumping rock music,
suction piston cadenced jazz,
chug chug chugging lolipop pop
free wheeling waltz and jabs of
spiralling classical crescendos
well endowed men in their
youthful prime graciously
peeled and unveiled to us
Sodom and Gommorah
in all their facets and manifestations

john tiong chunghoo

Mother Vibration

mother cells, stem cells
can rejuvenate any organ
mother vibration, source of life,
can harness anything into creation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Living Without The Body

i dream of the day when
men can live, without the aids
of a bothersome body
like how words can
be sent through the air
without the aid of ink,
pen or paper

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Creation

humans who wish to keep their sanity
can only classify creation in one word
- immoral
some like the Buddha decided to sit it out
do nothing, think nothing till nothing
can come out of their silence -
dust or soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Jackson Hole

Jackson Hole
son challenges dad
to a free fall

Like all resorts, Jackson Hole has its share of modest blue and green runs. But this locale is a haven for experts ready to test their skills. Witness the legendary Corbet's Couloir, a narrow crucible that starts with a mandatory free fall before dropping onto a 50-degree, ten-foot-wide chute. If you dare to ski it, get there early, and pray for powder...

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mending A Broken Heart

men and women
which is better?
to die in the field of war
or to daily mop the house
trying to mend a broken heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Bathroom Frog

joining me
in a bath
bathroom frog

as i bathe
the frog experiences
a storm

(john tiong chunghoo)

inspired by

for me all alone
his sober face...
a frog

-Issa,1814

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

On Being Brought From Africa To America

the sea and the sky help express
a cherished freedom
the courageous eagles
span their wings to measure
smitting us with their breathless flights

the sea and sky reflect to us the
freedom that holds the dreams of
us all, black or white, yellow or brown
of love, things wordly or spiritual

the whiteness of clouds
is hailed by the bright yellow
glare of sun that distils and brings
forth rain to replenish our land

the black of nights
is hailed by glitters of
stars that inspire dreams
for all of us to strive for a better world

a freedom spreads clear as night and day
distinct as black or white
the sky holds it up and
the sea roars in approval
all the way from africa to america

inspired by
Phillis Wheatley 's
On being Brought from Africa to America
'Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
'Their colour is a diabolic die.'
Remember, Christians, Negro's, black as Cain,
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - The National Sports Center For The Disabled (Nscd) Colorado

winter park resort
the disabled ski on the warmth
of the human hearts

Winter Park Resort boasts one of the world's finest programs for teaching the disabled how to ski. The National Sports Center for the Disabled (NSCD) enables people with physical, cognitive, emotional, or behavioral challenges to learn and participate in more than 20 different warm- and cold-weather sports.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Jigsaw Puzzles

i am a piece of jigsaw
in a jigsaw puzzle
i fit snugly in the
bossoms of jigsaws
to carry my friends to you
i am blinded though
to the picture of it all
and is the puzzled
in the jigsaw that
you hold

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

So Light And Heavy

so lightly the ant runs
over the cupboard
so heavy it weighs on the heart
this afternoon
whether to snuff it out

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tongues

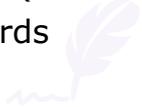
the tongue
of my body
is in the nerves

the tongue
of my soul
in the heart

the tongue of
my mind
in the head

the tongue
of truth and deceits
in the mouth

the tongue of
the World (Creation)
in the words
of God



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john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Words, Words, Words

some poets put
words into their life
and experiences

others let words
be directed
by their life
and experiences

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Haiku - Rhapsody Of The Seas

rhapsody of the seas
my bed vibrates to the tune
of the ship's engine

The rhapsody of the seas cruise ship was refurbished two years back (2005) . Its maiden trip was in the Caribbean sea in 1997. The age of the ship tells because as soon as the engine is on, my bed shakes a bit. Rhapsody of the Seas now plies routes calling on ports such as Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Langkawi, Phuket, Hong Kong, Fukuoka, Seoul, Danang among others in the Asia Pacific.

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Travel Haiku - Australia Touring Music Festival - Big Day Out

Australia Touring Music Festival
the kiwis waltz and
the kangaroos jump

Australia Touring Music Festival
from the 'kangaroo' pouch
two tickets to canberra

Australia's touring music festival, Big Day Out, includes New Zealand this year, kicking off at Mount Smart Stadium on January 18 in Auckland. The newly reformed Rage Against the Machine heads the lineup, along with Australian native Silverchair, and indie favorites Arcade Fire and LCD Soundsystem. After Auckland, the festival moves on to the Gold Coast, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth.

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Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Laksa Sarawak (State Of Sarawak)

bound for Kuching
and salivating for its
Sarawak Laksa

Sarawak Laksa, a popular cuisine in Kuching, is a concoction of various tropical herbs and spices with curry and eaten with vermicilli.

It is a must if you visit Sarawak especially Kuching where there are many stalls selling this favourite dish. Quality varies depend on the number of herbs and spices used for the cooking. Some people recommend the laksa at the coffee house at Grand Continental Kuching as the best in the city. It is said to be cooked from a concoction of more than 10 different types of herbs and spices.

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Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Bintangor (State Of Sarawak)

bintang, binatang or bintangor
the town never gets its rightful name
'limau manis' - sweet oranges

Bintangor in Sarawak has been called many names. First it was Binatang, the malay word for animals, then Bintang which means 'star' after which it was renamed Bintangor, a promising trees which have anti aids virus medicinal value. However, the town known for so many names is best known for the sweet oranges in the State of Sarawak. Tan Sri Ting Pek King, a well known tycoon was a native of this town. He morphed from a farmer to a building contractor and now a tycoon. His company Global Upline recently completed the US140 million Pujut flyover in the oil town of Miri in seven months, 11 months ahead of schedule.

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The Most Powerful Living Force

i admire islam
that distils the most
powerful living force
into one distinct entity

and i admire the
followers who pray
five times every day
to him to secure
blessings straight
from his hands

i admire too the
Christians who could
every week take part
in the feast of the body
and blood of a part of
the living God - Christ
and be eternally saved

i admire the Hindus
who have a million celestial
beings to help them work
their karma this life and
next and the next until
they are pure enough,
spotlessly clean to merge
with the Living God

I admire the Buddhists who
could live and pray throughout
their life for none other than
a state of nothingness
free from desires of all kinds

the admire the Jews too
who though thrown into fire
(holocaust) , made stateless
and subservient, with

steadfastness cling
to Yahweh believing
he meant only the
best for them

i admire all the world's
great religions which
through thick and thin
try to guide men to
Almighty, to love and love
like him despite all the
human shortcomings

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Haiku - Dancer And Shadow

holding us together
indian dancer and -
his shadow

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East Headed

sleep with your head
pointing east. it's auspicious
the vedas says
the sun rises over you and
carries your dream
so that it shines gloriously
above your head

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One God Shining In A Miillion Ways

they say god is one
and he is everywhere

he found him in his kitchen
and calls him his Kitchen God
praying to him night and day
for enough food on his table

some found him in the field
and call him their rice god
praying to him every season
to be blessed with food for the family

some women found him at the door
and call him their door god
praying to him each morning
for safety of the house

some found him in the mountain
and call him the mountain god
praying to him day and night
to bless their ancestors' spirits
they think dwell with Him there

another found him at sea
and call him the sea god
praying to him day and night
so that he could catch enough
of fishes to make his day

each of us looks and finds god
in some ways, calling him
our own god, in our own way
- the god that answers every
earnest call for his blessings
at the door, in the field, at sea
.....everywhere.....

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Winter Wind

winter wind -
pet cat hogs
its warmth

winter wind
her hands in his
warm her up

winter wind
enveloping her hands
the warmth of his heart

winter wind -
pet cat reclines
in its warmth

inspired by

winter wind-
wearing a straw bag
on Mount Hakone
-Issa,1813



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Travel Thailand Haiku - Royal Bangkok

everywhere i turn
a king's smile
royal bangkok

the thai king is greatly revered in thailand. almost at every street, you will find a picture of him. some are on large banners.

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PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Carnival In Rio De Janeiro

let your hair down she says
it's time to put some sense
to Rio de Janeiro

Though Carnival doesn't start until next month, you can already see blocos, groups of musicians and revelers, celebrating in Rio's streets. The wild-and-wonderful, can't-miss event begins February 1 and includes extravagant parades featuring elaborate floats and over-the-top costumes with feathers, sequins, coins, glitter, and body paint. The samba schools that organize these parades don't take Carnival lightly: They rehearse all year and begin making costumes eight months in advance.

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Travel Thailand Haiku - Jim Thompson Bangkok House

Jim Thompson House
the house too
misses its owner

my eyes run up and down
left and right
for jim

Jim Thompson House
it is too waiting for
owner to be back

Jim Thompson House
this emptiness that
the owner will never be back

Jim Thompson House
despite the visitors
the loneliness in the house

jim thompson house visit
a bird's cheerful chirp
all is up and well for him

jim thompson house
that forboding giant tree
right in front of door

Jim Thompson a former CIA agent left all in America to live in Bangkok and helped promote Thai traditional silk and woven fabric to the West in the 60s He built a beautiful traditional house in a secluded part of Bangkok which has become a tourist spot today. It is stocked with plentiful of Thai as well as Burmese antique buddhas, paintings, ceramic as well as Chinese Blue and White. Jim went missing when holidaying in the Cameron Highlands in Malaysia on March 26,1967. Nothing was found of him. He left behind a string of mysteries about his whereabouts. But one thing is for sure, his house in Bangkok is swarmed daily by tourists. Jim Thompson is now a popular brand in the fabric industry.

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Travel Thailand Haiku - Hua Hin December Fisherman's Pier

only the roar of waves
december Hua Hin's
fishermen pier

royal holiday island
the sea pounds on
like Thai politics

the king's holiday island
loud as a royal welcome
the waves

Hua Hin some three hours from Bangkok down south is famous for its beaches but not the crowd of Pattaya, a more established beach holiday destination. Many restaurants here are built out to the sea so that as one dines, one can see the strong december monsoon waves come crushing in. the pier is quiet as fishermen do not go out to sea. the red and blue fishing boats forlornly dance, bob up and down, with the waves.

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Haiku - Sidwalk Liberty

sidewalk cafe
as we talk about liberty
the flapping of pigeons towards sky

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Travel Haiku - Belgium's Bruges Snow And Ice Sculpture Festival

Our heart warms up
to the ice carvings
Bruges Snow and Ice Sculpture Festival

Bruges Snow and Ice Sculpture Festival in Belgium ends this Sunday, so bundle up and check out this winter wonderland while it lasts. Over 400 tons of snow and 275 tons of ice have been carved into gigantic, illuminated sculptures by an international team of 40 professional artists. Adults can enjoy a drink at the Ice Bar, where even the cocktail glasses are made of ice.

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Shopping Trail

she purrs; 'tea sir, please try
this tea. it is good for health,
japanese tea' so gentle, articulate
and musical to the ears, i thought
somebody should make her a secretary
she would be any office's perfect tea,
flowing with her grace and charm

'sir, sir, mastercard, here are
the free gifts- sport cars model.
lifetime free credit cards. here the gifts.
please sign up. i need some
commission for the Chinese
new year.' so truthful the boy
i thought he would be better off
a priest. signing up just so that
he can get some commission?
he's too truthful to be good for anything
free membership but one only knows
what a credit card means when the
monthly bill docks the door

'do you want a lady? do you want
a lady? do you want a lady?
er...er....do you want a boy? '
yes, they try to gauge what
you are and would sell you anything
possible in a redlight district -
even though all you want is to learn
a thing or two about the place
you are caught in a situation
where you have to run before
they really sex you up for what
you dont really want

you found the reality of life
- nowhere else is an anatomy
as mercilessly and shamelessly
sold - even the unhealthy ones -

outdoing the best abattoir and
the morning markets

'take a stone sir for the new year
to bring new luck. what's your
birthdate. here is the gemstone
book, see what the astrologer
has to say.' But then your
nemesis is - you had bought
so many stones which all fail
to give any colours to your life
you thought every dollar you save
from now would be a gem itself

the fortune teller cum fengshui master
out to make the fortune of his day
excitedly points out: ' i know you are
in a bad patch of your life. now if you
dont mind can i visit your house? a tip or two
on the arrangement of rooms,
things will change your luck and life.'
mom zestfully told me the other day
a fengshui master unsuspectingly
told a woman who has made a great
fortune after moving into a new
house the same thing

fengshui quacks after fengshuing
clients'wealth in the direction of their pockets
really left what they promised to them
- a bonanza of wind and water, a
thunderstorm to wreck havoc in their life

'here, here is a fine longines automatic sir
and at a fraction of the original ones.
it is as real as the real one and only US50.
no problem, works as good as the real
ones.' the time seller kept on a real sales pitch.
the man unthinkingly bought and sure enough
the glass case dropped off a week
later - showing him, time again, how
real a fake can be.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Laos Haiku - Chop Chop Chop

chop chop chop
in less than two minutes
a buddha appears

chop chop chop
the young monk fashions
a buddha

it was fast. i visited a temple compound in Luang Prabang for less than 10 minutes and saw young monks carving various religious objects. one of them i saw in less than five minutes fashioned a buddha out of wood. he went chop chop chop, turned the wood this way and that way and the buddha almost immediately came into shape. his mastery over the wood and deftness in carving the buddha was amazing..

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Travel Laos Haiku - Oh No The Buddha At My Feet

oh on! the golden buddha
is at the same level
as my feet

i felt really awkward while visiting the royal palace museum as many of the sacred relics in cabinets were at the same level as my legs and feet. i somehow felt that buddha images should be placed on the upper level of cabinets.

beside the sleeping buddha
statue of a couple
copulating

this is what i saw at a tourist spot where they sell statues of the buddhas and other stuffs. i thought this is really insensitive to the buddha and the religion. laotians should know how to give buddha the respect since it is the official religion

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Laos Haiku - They Still Want A King?

money spinners
now they long
for a monarch

former royal palaces and temples and even the royal funerary carriage are attracting a lot of interest among tourists. many roads have been named after famous kings. the laotians exterminated their monarchy in the 70s imprisoning the king and queen in a mountainous region where they eventually perished due to the lack of food and medical attention. but when you visit luang prabang, the former capital, there is still a big statue of a laotian king at the royal palace which has been turned into a museum. when i was there, i saw incense at the base of the huge statue. looks like the laotians still want to have a king...Only when they realise the monarchy can be a money spinner.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Laos Haiku - Cultural Performance At Royal Palace Museum Or Laos National Museum

charming boys and girls
after they put away
the gods and deities

the one hour dance and drama cultural performance at one of the halls near the national museum in Luang Prabang was a lacklustre one when compared to those i have watched in cambodia and thailand but when we were really stricken by the charming demeanor of the boys and girls playing the gods and deities from tales culled from the ramayana.. we paid US10 to watch the performance in a non airconditioned hall. the boys and girls i think need more training because it seems they cannot even stand on a straight line.

john tiong chunghoo



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Poem About Poetry - Collecting Words And Feelings

as a poet i collect words
and feelings in every nook
and corner on every lane
of land, mind and heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Thailand Haiku - White And Green Spotted Buddha

the centuries dye
buddha's saffron with
white and green spots

one historical park i went to - it is either Sukhotai or Ayuthaya historical park -
has a large buddha spotted with white and green.
buddha taught that nothing remains constant and that things are always
changing including happiness and sufferings.
in this case, the centuries have confirmed that by changing his appearance from
grey to green and white spots

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Thailand Haiku - Dont Turn The Buddha Into A Japanese

please dont turn the buddha
into a japanese
Thailand Japanese pop craze

I went to the Patpong area and was really taken aback by a few streets which reminded me of the days I was walking in Shinjuku's kabukicho in the 80s. The signboards and neons with Japanese signs were the same as those in Shinjuku. There were also outlets of famous Japanese restaurants one of which sold famous octopus from osaka. i really do not like the lack of originality of the pop scene where everyone dresses up like a japanese. I really hope they dont make the buddha to look ljapanese too. Thais should opt for originality in all ways.

john tiong chunghoo



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2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Democrats Nomination Race To Make History

this has got to be the
most interesting
presidential campaign ever

a black who thinks
he should be president
and makes history

and a woman who
thinks she has
everything that a man
has to be president
and also makes history

john tiong chunghoo



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2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Voting Out

presidency race
what a show of oratory skills

one candidate, you know
sure is wasting his time
he speaks like from a bygone era
an era americans will fight tooth and nail
to vote out to clear their hurdles

john tiong chunghoo



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2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Obama

presidential race
obama he needs to work real hard
like turning white to black

OBAMA - A TRIBUTE

you were wonderful
the steely sheen of your voice
your tenacity, forthrightness
your grit in fighting the odds
the only drawback, that little
ounce of diffidence, tiny it might be
which yet had the power to
slur the speech
however the night of the victory
put all sign of inadequacy
into history and a new chapter of
American history has begun
the rest is for you to prove
you can cross the last hurdle
to grab the most challenging
public office in the first world
Michelle said you are a man
true to yourself and others
and I can believe in that
the night you won the nomination
was the peak of it all
it has been so many years
i never heard a proper
inspiring, eloquent and
trailblazing speech
yes, it was a historical moment
a landmark in American history
a blackman finally standing tall

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The Soil And Stone Too Are Living Things

the hair on its own
is a line of dead cells
but when it's on the head
it's part of a living spirit

the sand on its own is a
startling patch of the reality
of the non living

but put in the water, put in air
light and seeds and it
becomes a part of the living world

take away any of these the living entity
dwindles into a dead plane

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Thailand Haiku - Grand Stupas

old wonders
new fascination
Ayuthaya Historical Park

these stupas
grounded - by
the weight of sins

Ayuthaya used to be one of the brightest cities in Asia until it was sacked by the Burmese in the 18th century. Today, the splendour of the city is inspired by its old and grand stupas, huge buddhas and several stately ruins with great historical significance. Since 1991, the city has been declared as a Unesco Heritage Site. Tourists arrive in droves to look at the old wonders with new fascination.

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Travel Thailand Haiku - Chiangmai Sunday Night Bazaar

chiangmai night bazaar
a young dancer captures audience
with her graceful fingers

the chiangmai sunday night bazaar is almost a fiesta of music, dance, and sales of food and souvenirs that include tribal handicraft. Last Sunday street performers included very young dancers from five to 15 years old, doing traditional dances which enthralled tourists with graceful finger and hand movements. There was also a young girl who sat on a chair and strummed away with her guitar singing a sentimental folk. A group of tribal musicians also performed by the side of the road. Women with tribal gears walked around with their merchandise.

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Travel Thailand Haiku - Buddhas Still In Meditation

undetered, unruffled
the giant buddhas still in meditation
Sukhotai Historical park

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Travel Thailand Haiku - Sukhotai Historical Park

Sukhotai Historical Park
be mindful of the Buddhas
and beware of cow dung

Sukhotai Historical Park
a royal ambience
lingers

I spent the morning visiting the old ruins of this Unesco Historical Sites where there are numerous old temples dating back to 1,000 years and used by the royal families then. I found out that cows graze on some of the grounds around the temple and one has to be careful of not stepping on them as one makes one's round of the temples

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Laos Poem - Luang Prabang Magical Kuangsi Waterfall

take a dash of light blue
and let it run into two dashes of white
that would come close to the enchanting milky blue water
of Luang Prabang's magnificent kuangsi waterfall
water cascades majestically down a towering cliff
then spreads into numerous euphoric pools
where people loosen themselves in the magical waters
an afternoon serenaded by laughters that echo between
splashes of joy and ecstasy

john tiong chunghoo



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Awakening The Buddha

this chanting to the bronze buddha
done with sincerity awakens the buddha in the self
the buddha that comes to one's own salvation
the one chanted to, remains as the buddha
in the world of absolute nothingness

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Laos Haiku - Onwards To Chiangmai

after laos
the road to Chiangmai
feels like a Buddha's blessing

After roughing it up in the rough terrain in Laos, the smooth road from the border town of Chiang Khoong to Chiangmai feels like a blessing from buddha. The mini van trundles through so smoothly i thought the road is oiled. In less than four hours we were in Chiangmai.

john tiong chunghoo



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What Gives Buddha The Eternal Bliss

was it the last temptation
for him to give up?

that nirvana is nothingness, nothingness
absolute nothingness

and to get there you even have
to give up the desire for it

oh thank God buddha he passes
he plods on even when absolute
nothingness is the reward

what the devil fails puts buddha
in an eternal bliss

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Laos Haiku - The Female Attendant Combing Her Hair Like A Princess

La Prabang Royal Museum
at a window, a nubile attendant
combs her hair like a princess

This female attendant was very beautiful and sat by one of the windows as tourists walk from room to room to view the collections of the royal museum. I thought the scene was cool enough to create a haiku. Laos royal family is no more but here is a nubile who enlivens the whole place with her combing the hair act.

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Never Meeting Eye To Eye

the left and the right eye
will never ever come to meet
but when they are next to each other
they enjoy a wider vision of the world

the right leg and the left
on their own would never
stand up but put them
side by side they can
sped away like a cheetah

the right hand and the left
could never shake away like
friends do but fold them
together they can move
even the god in supplications

the mouth and the anus
would never agree to meet
each settle at the opposite end
of the road from each other
the former considers the latter an outcast
yet without any of the other
each existence will be in vain

john tiong chunghoo

The Centre Of Two Women

the man is always between two women
one is mother who cuddles, grooms, wishes
he would grow into her proudest treasure
next is wife who wishes all the love he can
heap on her taking him all into herself

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku Inspired By The Sufis - A Religion Of Finding God

it is better everybody
practise a religion
a religion of finding god

Buddha too
one top
sufi master

inspired by the sufis

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Laos Haiku - The Unripe Papaya

unripe papaya on altar
even buddha has to wait
for his food

I saw this in a shop near the hotel i stayed in Vientiane. there was this papaya which was just beginning to ripe but was placed in front of the buddha as an offering.

vietianne travel Dec 2007

john tiong chunghoo



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Parasite

i am a parasite
taking the best deal
of this body that extends
an arena for me to
zigzag through the world
sheltering me with its torsos
hair, skins, and whatever
so that nobody ever sees me

the heart alternates the world
between its beats and springs
a red sea with a million tributaries
where i take my refuge

when all has been traversed
and used up i just leave
and be another parasite on the sly

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The Body

the eyes complain
about the brows that
they dont curve
the right way

the lips complain
about the teeth
that they are not
uniform in stature
for a real show

the heart complains
about the libido that
it is too tiresome
and cyclical to
entertain

the brain grumbles
about itself for being
too slow to absorb
the world

the fingers complain
about the itching back
that it is too far away
to scratch

and the legs,
they cannot even run
as fast as they wish

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Cambodia Poem - A Lost Glory

if only you can be nearer
but you are such a time away
from whom you have entrapped
the familiar has become a distant dream
relationship runs eons away
and an oppressive silence eats one
up like a million years
your presence rumbles like a broken hope
with shards cutting the corners of the soul
you are there, but not seen
you run so much away as if
you are too shy to meet
the world between us is
a vacuum of long long years
filled with the pains of a lost glory

john tiong chunghoo



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Travel Indonesia Haiku - Bali's Cheeky Monkeys

simulated ape sex
cheeky monkey offending
the female monkey and me

When I walked in the monkey park in Bali, i saw a male monkey suddenly rushed towards a female, climbed over its back and did a simulated act which was offensive. it lasted only a few seconds and i wondered why it even did that. Perhaps it was his way of getting even with that monkey which i thought had offended him. Animals, i thought, have their ways of getting even with each other and doing it in the most obnoxious way.

.

john tiong chunghoo



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Inspired By Issa - Cherry Blossom Shade

cherry blossom shade -
his heart blossoms
over his love letter

inspired by

cherry blossom shade-
a fox spirit
has enchanted me!
-Issa,1810

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

An Offended Cat

it snuggles close
half closed eyes
rolling with white
its forelegs loosely
tip towards sky

its warmth heats
up our sweet contact

'such pretty thing
poor thing cant
enjoy the world as much
as we do' i thought

as if it understands
my thought
the cat struggles
to have me let it down

i do so and it walks
away without
turning back,
as if offended

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Cat Nudges Me

the cat climbs up
to the chair
a foreleg
nudges me
as i eat

it wishes to
share my food

bit by bit
i throw
left over of
fried prawns
squids....

and it quietly eats
and keeps
nudging me
when it wants more
like a friend

john tiong chunghoo

Earth Begg To Differ

the world is hotting up
to a major catastrophe
three hundred years of
deception that quality
of life has improved

industrial revolution
science revolution
mental revolution
while the earth at our
feet begs to differ

improved yes but for
how long? it screams back
choking in fumes, floods
and cancerous agony

it is surrendering
itself to our indifference

even the ice at the arctic
is breaking out of its
million years of quiet
to give its warning,
that when it can
no longer hold the world
together its tears
would inundate whole city

the amazon forest also
sings its blues, as its
green slowly stills to yellow
and brown to feed the air that
would turn its back to become
man's scariest foe

john tiong chunghoo

Love Begg To Cross The Line

it is late grandma again
the world she is in
that wraps me in
a strange coldness,
a dense vibration that stirs
the senses of my other faculty

we know each other's presence
silence speaks volumes
of truth at times like this

me; a physique with all its limitations
she; a soul with all its limitations
between us, a love that begs to cross the line

....other faculty means....extra sensory perception

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Mountain Temple

mountain temple
the priests' chant echoes
in the heavens

inspired by

mountain temple-
the little boy's name
on his fan
-Issa,1819

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Ramon Crater (Israel)

Ramon Crater arrival
our overflowing sweat and beer
as we toast each other

Covering over 55 percent of the country's territory, the Negev Desert was once largely overlooked as a travel destination in Israel. Now, using the city of Be'er Sheva as a base for excursions, adventurous travelers can brave the unforgiving temps and discover places like Mitzpeh Ramon, a small town bordering Makhtesh Ramon (Ramon Crater) , the largest natural crater in the world.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Cajun For Homecoming Son

from the kitchen
the aroma of her cajun
mom asks son to stay

homecoming son
at the door itself
aroma of mom's cajun

Rich, spicy, and full-flavored soups and stews characterize the cuisine in Cajun Country, a region stretching from the Gulf Coast to south central Louisiana. Gumbo, arguably the most famous Cajun dish, is a slow-simmered melding of bell peppers, onions, and celery (considered the 'holy trinity' of Cajun cooking) , along with sausage, shrimp, or crawfish. But the true soul of any good gumbo is the thickener, such as roux, a concoction of flour and fat.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Isms, Isms, Isms

thank god poetry has inched its way
into the hearts of the common man again
let's not make its journey there too laborious

let's write poems for the common man
like Blake, like Wordsworth, like Neruda
poems that sing and dance as they make their
way out to the the sea of humanity
poems of the Creator's brush that paint an
enchanted innocent world to be unravelled
as they make their way into the repository of human knowledge
let's make it all that simple, like making tea
when all we have to ask is whether it should
be sweet or plain yet are sure it will be fully savoured

let's write poem with the common men's words
so that it can be embraced without apprehension
let's not extort an art of its life and gentility so that
they are drowned in a sea of isms, isms, isms

john tiong chunghoo

Brighter Things

was I a flower in my last life?
the breezy dawn rays of the sun
open my heart to so much pleasure
only a flower knows
or is the sun just teasing me
spreading its arms around me
so that i would open my heart
joy, brighter things in life?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - The Dead Sea

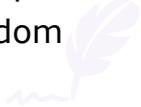
making me feel
on top of the world
the Dead Sea

lifting me up
to the top of the world
the Dead Sea

rising ala ascension
the ressurection
dead sea wonder

the dead sea
we rise a la the ascension
ressurrection

dead sea unscrolls
a new chapter for
Christiandom



PoemHunter.com

Dead Sea
the newspaper and me
float along

Dead Sea
the water lifts us
up to read

Dead Sea
the sun our lamp
the sea our dunllop

Dead Sea
it fends to keep us
afloat

Dead Sea
alive with

great history

Dead Sea
history keeps it
alive

Dead Sea
the scrolls give
Isaias a new voice

Dead Sea
found - scrolls that keep
God's words alive

Dead Sea
a rebirth for Christianity
in the hidden scrolls

Dead Sea
alive enough to lift
us all up

Dead Sea
and he asks
is it actually dead?

his phobia
the pilgrimage of the Dead Sea
cancelled

Reaching 1,373 feet below sea level, the shores of the Dead Sea are the lowest dry point on earth and its water is the second saltiest on the planet. Over the last 50 years, the Dead Sea has lost a third of its surface area to irrigation and hydroelectricity projects, and sinkholes have further siphoned water from the sea into underground caverns, reaching a water level dropp rate of three feet per year in 2006.

john tiong chunghoo

Blank Years

what music mom let me hear
when i was minus one to three years old?
they say it has a great bearing on my life
yet how they secretly seeped into me
i am as amnestic as the granny next door
who has lost touch with all her years

second poem

ask me what i remember
for the years after i was three
and nothing else before that
i am an amnastic as the old woman
next door for those early years
that crept so quietly into me
without even my knowledge

john tiong chunghoo

Love Overcomes Him

he is full of the milk of love
nectare, pollens, the sweetest
of passion fruits and multi hued
soft petaled flowers

but when he is furious, his disapproving
glimpse strikes like bolts of lightning
and his ferocious voice thunder over
the face of the earth sending every
creature scurrying for shelter

but love always overpowers him
and he is overwhelmed with tears
rain that comes down in torrents
to renew the land for growth and
perpetration of the species good or bad

flowers blossom and animals
sniff their way out for adventures again
the sky is painted with luminous clouds
and the sun disperses his grace all over

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Good Reporter

the good reporter
always knows
where a crocodile lurks

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Abandoned Giant Jar

abandoned giant jar
a spider galaxy
taking shape

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Jackie Chan

wow, he thinks
everybody is hard out
to be a star

For whatever reason Jackie did not come across as a friendly person. I met him twice and he somehow gave me the feeling that he thought everybody wants to be a star and so treated everybody in such cold manner. Two years back, I asked to take his picture at the Mid Valley Megamall in Kuala Lumpur after he opened his own gym here but good lord, after the picture, he just walked away without even saying a word.

There were not even any fans around in the private function. The first time was way back in the 90s when he gave me a cold handshake. He made me feel he had the habit of snubbing people.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Encounter - Skeeter Davis

Skeeter Davis

She tries to sound
the sweet girl of old

She must be in her 60s when Skeeter Davis came to Kuala Lumpur for a concert some years back. She looked like a granny but tried hard to speak in the sweet girl voice that topped the country charts in the 50s and 60s. Of course the voice like a knife poked at her heart by breaking between the notes. Skeeter or Mary Frances Penick from Kentucky died in 2004. The album Great American Country released this year, featured her songs.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Smile Of Lights

between the
twisting leaves
the smile of lights

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Such A Crowd

i nudge myself
to go forward
while another part
of me shouts no

i gravitate to
the divine I
reckon to be
another part
within me to deal
with the stasis,
lakeful of negatives
that imperiles action

of a sudden
existence
becomes
such a crowd
of selves hovering
over a decision
to be made

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Shark Island (Ireland)

Shark Island
run down places echo each
of my words to my ears

Shark Island
dilapidated buildings
whisper back to me

Shark Island
i write to Hollywood to make
horror movies here

Shark Island - knocking on
broken doors of buildings
- my imaginative mind

Shark Island
you will never feel you are
alone



PoemHunter.com

Shark Island
a crow nearly flies away
with my life

Travel six miles off the coast of Connemara, Ireland, and you'll reach Inish Shark—or Shark Island. A hundreds-strong fishing and farming community once occupied this small, lush isle, but after decades of tough living the island was abandoned in the 1960s. Today, all that remains are the skeletal ruins of the stone-hewn village: homes, school rooms, and a church. Arrange visits to this eerie place via the town of Clifden or from neighboring Inishbofin Island.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Petrified Forest National Park, Arizona (The United States)

hard and unrelenting
the piece of 225 million years
under my nails

With one of the world's largest collections of petrified wood (the logs here are so hard they can be cut only with a diamond-tipped saw) and fossils from the Late Triassic period, Petrified Forest National Park's a great playground for science buffs and adventurers alike. Trek the multicolored landscape of the Painted Desert or the chalky moonlike surface of the Blue Mesa on foot or by horse.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Search

he asked why i wrote
so many sea poems
and i immediately told
him i am still searching -
my desire like waves
sweep onto shore -
for that bright shell that
would reveal the patterns
of my poetic thoughts

what is your poetic thought?
he asked and i told him it
would be the vastness of sea
with that one shell that holds
the fascination of a whole
creation

he asked how that shell is?
and i told him i am still
searching for it in the sea of my thoughts.

john tiong chunghoo

Winter Haiku - The Snow

the snow
she always cries for solace
as she kisses me

pure and white
the angel always cries for solace
as she kisses my face

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Hollywood Writers' Strike 2007

hollywood writers' strike
suddenly the bookstores make
more business

hollywood writers' strike
writers say their words
mean business

hollywood writers' strike
the director jokes; maybe we go bollywood
make movie with no script

hollywood writers' strike
go make your movies without script
writers tell studios

hollywood writers' strike
i do not want our words
taken for granted anymore, writer says

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Baltimore Blue Crab Cake

Charm City
traffic to crab cake market
slows to a crawl

lightly and surely
it fires up my tastebuds
Baltimore's crab cake

Baltimore blue crab cake
light and springy
a baseball in action

When in Charm City, be sure to taste the award-winning Baltimore crab cakes at local favorite Lexington Market. About the size of a baseball and made of only the most tender crabmeat found in Maryland blue crabs, they are crafted by hand so as not to crush the large, juicy lumps. And—though the original recipe remains hush-hush—we know that crushed saltine crackers instead of bread crumbs help keep the cakes light and fluffy.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Chinese Poets Versus Western Poets

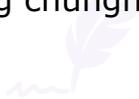
the chinese poet, his characters (calligraphy) help
set out images the western poets
look for words to show

the chinese poet, his characters help him
spread out his feelings and thoughts
the way a painting does

some meanings are trapped in his
pictographs that twirl and swirl over the page,
while some are reenforced
they show the schooled from the mediocre

the western poet, every cadence of the word
he has learnt since childhood determines his 'pedigree'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Morning Frost

morning frost
he blows at his steaming
hot dumpings

inspired by

morning frost-
yet still a child
sells flowers
-Issa,1820

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Ocracoke Island (North Carolina)

Ocracoke
the children fight over
who should be Blackbeard

Ocracoke
behind the oldest lighthouse
shadow of a fierce pirate

Ocracoke Island, accessible only by ferry or private plane, boasts 16 miles of some of the country's best beaches. Despite the cold weather, unwind here by going sailing, crabbing, or fishing; visit North Carolina's oldest operating lighthouse; or follow the footsteps of the pirate Blackbeard, who, according to legend, roamed these lands centuries ago. Wake up early enough and you can catch radiant sherbet-colored skies at sunrise

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Phuket Travel Haiku - Last Temptation

last temptation
where buddha sits, cajolings
of go go boys, go go girls

i see banners of buddha in many places here in Patong, the most happening beach in Phuket. Those in the red light business, go go boys and girls, are running all over the place at sio bangla, the busiest street. There is also a large stadium where one could see thai boxing or muay thai. Boxers go on onto lorries in full boxing gears to announce their boxing schedules in all the streets and lanes.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Realist, Impressionist And Me

uncompromising realists are the sky and land
the sea a die hard impressionist
and me, a romantic trying to evince lessons from both
to create an abstract and futuristic world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Pulau Tikus Coast (Langkawi Geopark)

haiku

our meeting
a tiny fraction of its time
Pulau Tikus shell fossils

little poem-

Pulau Tikus
two feet from me
the shell fossils
a distance of
500 million years
between us
the bland echo of my
excited laughter
to stamp the time frame

haikus:

a tiny fraction
of its time i am
Pulau Tikus shell fossils

500 million year old fossils
add a few minutes to their its life
me too

a mere foot away
but 500 million years
from each other

echos of our laughter
from 500 million year old shells
Pulau Tikus

in the midst of our excitement

the quietness of 550 million years

Pulau Tikus Geo Park

Langkawi island with 99 islands was declared a geopark in June.

The island chain is said to be more than 500 million years old and is the earliest landmark of Malaysia. In some of the cliffs, one can see shell fossils that showed sea anemones and diverse lives millions of years back. As we got excited with laughters at the cliffs, they return to us a 550 million year old echo.

john tiong chunghoo

My Soul A Trapeze Artist

religion is god
my body the devil
and my soul, hanging in the balance
a trapeze artist between heaven and hell

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Sexual Tonic Is Winter

spring, my veins inches
to greet the gentle warmth
of the sun, the way the
butterflies frolic with the blooms

summer, the thirst to
stretch and flex every
nerve and muscle rises with the sun
till it is all over the head

autumn, my mind
contemplates, and a
desire to ascribe colourful verses
to the season surges
with a fear that soon every leaf
would plead goodbye

winter, the cold and white
of snow is a sexual tonic
the physique craves for
a warmth that only the
season can provide with
a lasting memory

john tiong chunghoo

09. Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

when i am dead, i am dead
the world goes out of me and i out of it
there is nothing anymore in between

do not stand at my grave then and weep
for these ears will not hear, and these eyes will not see
and there will be only coldness in between

if you really love and care, show it all to me now if you can
for when i am dead, i am dead
the world goes out of me and i out of it
these ears will not hear and these eyes will not see
there is only coldness in between

warm me up if you can now when i am still alive
for tomorrow the sun may never rise again

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Carry Your Heart With Me

I carry your heart with me
the way rose petals hold up
its beauty, a brimful of tender
care as it implores the world -
touch me, embrace me

i carry your heart with me
the way rose petals postulate love -
a crown of charm and affection
as they give in to each other to
spread around the message of love

I carry your heart with me
night and day, day and night
and savour every of your breaths
and ideals, the way the breeze raises
a rose in its gentle dance
of approval and acceptance

I carry your heart with me
the way the roses act out love
open and fold their shapely
contours and matching textures
into an irresistible allure

I carry your heart with me,
a carte blanche to my dreams
a rose to celebrate all my joys and
a repository to dissolve all my tribulations

john tiong chunghoo

A Child Looks For Fun

if predestination is the fact of life
then i am writing out somebody's poems
if predestination drives the world
then i am merely acting out scripts
written out to the whole creation
if predestination is presdestined
then i am a computer programe
the child looks for his fun round the clock

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Time Secrets

flying out of time
light collides
sound deflates
taste goes foul
and our senses
so many rainbows
flying out of time
a rat is a monkey
a monkey a snake
and a man so many
different things growing
out of his mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Spider

from whom does
the spider learn
to weave her
intricate web
so that she could
meditate on the
eight fold path?

two by two the
eight labourers (her legs)
of the path rest
after a day's pf work
and the master sits
the whole time
in the centre
of zero thought
- and heaven never
forgets to send
him his daily
requirements



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poery - Poetry Editor

dear poetry editor,
sorry if my poem
has transported you
to a monotonous desert
mound and mound of words
that read murky as the pile
you mean to chuck into bin

sorry if the poem does
not lend a glitter of a gem
to give you a fresh space
to view and reflect on the world
as you down your hot fragrant
soothing coffee

sorry if it does not carry
enough poetic zing to
to warrant a space for
upliftment of spirits
so that your readers
would tackle it right at the rack,
and let the enchantment
of the world in crisp
consonents and free
wheeling vowels
dance into his life

forgive me if i have not let him
come out of my poem
another person in the world

may be the next time round

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To The Orchid

though you are ubiquitous and universally
crowned for your fragrance and gentle beauty
sometimes, to me your tongue sticks out like devil
and your petals appear like the lapels of a clown

that's why i prefer the smaller orchid flowers
they float and bow on the stalks like angels
your colours and grace transport you so
gloriously to the hearts of your fans who
never fail to light up their faces as they
take in your soft textured unique suits of
carmine, tiger stripes, shades of the rainbow,
and whatever mixes they have in between -
thanks to the clone masters

they capture the sights, soothes the feelings and
to the yoga practitoners cleanses their souls
but who knows, who knows, some of you
are mere parasites sitting unprentenstiously
on trees for all your needs to flaunt your loads of egos

and of course, most of you also sit in the best spots
of hearts and are served like kings and
queens by the hands of your love who laugh with
tears in their eyes when you bestow them your
pscychedelic, prismatic and rapturous honours

john tiong chunghoo

Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening

a squirrel runs across
frosty evening on a plain
of white carrying a cosy
warmth i would love to have
light greyish coat impecably
patched and stitched for the season

time runs across space
mindless as a clock which
has forgotten to crawl

everywhere the trees
gently whisper sweet nothings
and cavort away the evening
baring skeletons and bones (or heart and soul)
to the heavens to swear their love

snow falls like mannas
onto a million stretched hands
that grovel to receive every
trace of divine providence

breathless, breathless
the white glides and bounces
in an evening that holds onto
everything like forgotten time

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Scattering Autumn Dawn

scattering autumn dawn
sound of somebody
bathing

inspired by

the temple blossoms
without struggle
fall

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dream Deferred

a dream deferred is generous
space for love and sacrifices
your fiery wish that that young child
in your warm bosom would not grow up
like you where chances evade like those
clouds flying over the sky
that man you think can grow rich
if you just give him a little helping hand,
cook, iron his clothes and be there when
he needs your inspiration, warmth and love
that old man who you think
should be rewarded with
a string of fine dreams for
deferring his own dream for your sake
because you know how much
a deferred dream could weigh
on the heart, and fly away like crows
scattering bitter black images
over the screens of life

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku-Manukan Island (State Of Sabah)

manukan island
cicada's drone denser
than foliage

manukan island
as we sunbathe
the cicada's shrill

manukan island
the whole afternoon
unbroken cicadas' shrill

manukan island
from the dense foliage
cicada's shrill

manukan island
cicadas drone away
the breezy afternoon

john tiong chunghoo

Futuristic Haiku - Time

the alien shows
how to bend time
life and death

a minor growth of time
death; little pimple on the face
sun on dark side of universe

time can be scissored and and pasted
the way an elephant is done from bits and pieces
of colourful papers when a child

and the alien came back with 'and you are still
a child of time'.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - In The Lightning

taming desires
so many faces
the buddha

inspired by

in the lightning
how he laughs...
Buddha!
-Issa, 1814

[http: //cat.xula.edu/issa/](http://cat.xula.edu/issa/)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - My Desire

my desire for you
the sea sweeps over and over
the coast

my love for you
the ocean crashing over
the rocks

my longing for you
the sea leaping, crashing
roaring over the boulders

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Stark Contrast

devouring her beauty
on the pretty lass
ugly dinosaurs

stark contrast
ugly dinosaurs on
the pretty lass' blouse

inspired by

stark contrast
to the pretty grasses...
cormorant boat
-Issa,1810

[http: //cat.xula.edu/issa/](http://cat.xula.edu/issa/)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Tiger

your stripes are whips of fury cracked in wild flames
your reverberating growl fear emptied and bottomed up
your eyes are graces lighted up in two promising caves
your paws and concealed curvy claws, ingenious artillery
to outrace, ensnare and outdo any enemies
your huge and sharp canines, to perpetuate your kingship so that
none of your subordinate would lay claim to your dominance
your furious glare, your readiness to die for what you really care for

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Clotheslines Dont Do Clothes

clothesline does
not do clothes
here is hung the fun
of the whole family

when heaven
affords a blessing,
a breeze -
the clothesline
opens the way
for the whole family
to strut, boggie

sister's lace shawl
goes up in a straight line
turns hand of wind
flutters up, down
a choreographer showing
the way to swing
with hands, legs
and enviable physique

brother's new jeans
well, like him refuses to
go unnoticed

though pegged -
as is mom controlled -
left, right, right, left
the leggy pant turns
one leg ultimately got stucked to the line

if only they have taken off the tack
it (the pant) would have flown
right next door, into the heart of his fancied girl

dad's tie does a non stop
flight, like his inspired mind
never at a moment, stops working

mom's long skirt, it swings
in the most gracious fashion
as if it owns the whole field

and the bras, wow, do they look obscene?
not at all, innocently, they fly
a ballet dancer's frilly skirt twirls

granny too joins in the fiesta
of colours, shape and style
her blouse with its heavy pads
maintain an edge like her
without giving way to the wind
it hardly even tilts

john tiong chunghoo

The Brain Is A Labryinth Of Lives

the brain is a labryinth of mysteries
large as space for us to criss cross
like a parasite we can make use of a
tiny wee bit corner of it for abundance
how we tap the sun at the edge of universe

the bonus i s we can throw in some figures
to get the confirmation that we are in control
and that it is our best friend when trust
with them is concerned

in the labryinth is a voluntary slave
who let himself be worked but sleeps
the night away at its own fancy

we work it, till it and thought
we own it until we are shakened
in the dead of night when an
an echo from some caves send us
a message with a voice not of our own

the brain is a labryinth of lives
past, present and future,
i am glad i sometimes could find
those i had lost dearly there
and always with tears,

the brain is a labryinth of God
I occupy only a tiny wit bit of it
the sun at the corner of the universe
i wait for Him to light up all the best chambers

john tiong chunghoo

The Roundness Of Your Eyes Is Eternity

eternity, if i can just understand what it means?
well should it mean a moment stalled
no forward, no backward, on and on of eternity?

or does it mean a moment
that bounces over and over
with the unfathomable 'no ending'?
how boring it can become if
i do not know how to deal with it

i would prefer the former
especially if i can look into
your ingratiating warm and lovely eyes
bath and luxuriate in them
as time twirls runs round and round
their stunning roundness
losing the grip of its own existence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Vihara Temple (Sri Lanka)

Vihara Temple
i too a devil inspecting
evil doers' retributions

vihara temple
i join the devils to inspect
punishments of evil doers

Vihara Temple
a hell quiet
as nirvana

Vihara Temple
the devil's eyes hotter
than flames

Vihara Temple
telling the child to behave
or else...



PoemHunter.com

In Sri Lanka's Wewurukannala Vihara Temple, the hellish fate of sinners who stray from the Buddhist way is vividly displayed by cartoonish, life-sized statues that show people getting dunked in a boiling cauldron, disemboweled, and sawed in half—lengthwise, while the devil looks on with a cautionary wag of his finger

john tiong chunghoo

Dug Out Doll

the dug out doll
digs into the horror
chamber of memory
heavy as my heart

soil and water take
up every space in the naked
worn out palsy contours

little holes here and there
poked by the years that
had slept in total darkness
in the alluvial, a red swamp
now punctuated only by
upturned roots, an occasional toad
and an orchestra of insects
behind leaves, barks and branches

but they cannot tame the spirit
of the waylaid doll which
come rain or storm is
determined to have that hug
from a concerned person
its arms and hands stretched
to the heavens

lightning cast shadows
on holes that have taken over
its eyes, blue tranquility
that now features two lakeful
of evil

little pinkish tender worms
wiggle out of the alluvial
trapped in them, little helpless
creatures that too is stretching
themselves and looking for love,
for providence

its owner is probably married and
is keeping her own children warm
and could not remember the poor doll
she kept so dear once and now
crying in the thunder, lightning

dug out doll, two dark crevices
that hold ghosts, empty eyes that
hunger for unsuspecting souls

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - May God Bless You All

I really love and admire
some of the Government leaders
I really love and respect
some of our Sultans

within the special constraints
of the constitution
they try so hard and
with full sincerity
to make this messy business
called Malaysia work

May God Bless You All

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Meditation

this physique if you wish to prove
it's another entity is to close your eyes
and start seeing yourself from the lowest down

it immediately becomes a shocker of a realm
as you start from your anus, the intestines,
the armpits, the waxes in the ears
a whole body lying so still its separateness
echoes and reverberates through you

but as you observe more you soon fall
in love with it and cultivate a respect for it
the graphic detail that the physique
points itself out to you

the hair that shows your breed
curling to every iota of your belief
and ounce of knowledge

your eyelids that without fail
open and lose the windows
of your other self

your luscious nipples, your body
contours that could raise a tidal
wave of desires among humanity

you soon realise that you have
a whole realm to contain and
like a lotus that opens itself every dawn
to a realm of sensual trappings
in its composed, upright and
meditative demeanor, you too can
do the same without being caught
in a tailspin of desires of your immediate other realm

john tiong chunghoo

Rebirth Are For These

what weird reasons
they tie up rebirth with
till they knot our thoughts
of the workings of the Creator

shouldnt rebirth be for those
who go against nature,
the divine who day in
and day out points out
his plan for us at the
bottom of our heart?

top of these are
those who dont give
a hoot to their inclinations
inner urges, thousand hands
of God to help them
walk on the path of his plans

a man who knows
his mind would bloom
and do a world of justice
with his verses but troops off
to be a fashion designer
for the metres of glamour
on stage and the papers

a man who knows he would be
more happy to be a teacher
but walks the shoes of his mother
to be a doctor imprisoning
himself with the sick and drugs

a woman who fares so well
as a dancer looks, talent and spirit
but takes up architecture
because her peers think
she should be drawing lines
to make buildings dance

behind all these are
those cold and
unmerciful bars
that imprison and torture
creatures blood, veins
and nerves till they long
long for nothing but the freedom
in the sky of their choice

these senseless creatures
they are reborn again and again
till they hold the hands of the divine
and walk on that path of the heart
meant to bring out the best of creation

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Baby Turtles (Pulau Redang)

volanic eruption
baby turtles flocks
out of the sand

It is like an volcanic eruption when you view baby turtles coming out of the sand after they are hatched. Most of them by instinct would move out to sea. Despite the large number of turtles - at least a hundred of them - from each mother turtle, very few actually live up to be adults as pollution and poaching kill many of them. The best place to view turtles now is in Pulau Redang, and its surrounding islands.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Basho - Morning Tea

morning tea
fragrance lights up the mind
like dawn sun

morning tea
fragrance tips the mind
like dawn sun

inspired by

A monk sips morning tea,
It's quiet,
The chrysanthemum's flowering.
-Matsuo Basho-

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Light Of Hinduism

hinduism, you either walk
straight to the devil
or the Great Divine
you pass through a plethora of
gods and goddesses
before you sample the gem of its
teachings

between the verses
a net to sieve the devils
and demons
from the enlightened ones
who look beyond rituals
and care to prod, ask,
ask the divine of the divine
seek the light of light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - Kuala Lumpur Brickfields Indian Restaurant

Humour Haiku:

Brickfields indian restaurant
before lunch hours
swarmed by own staffers

Some Indian restaurants at Brickfields here employed so many waitors - from India and Sri Lanka - when you walk past them, you see only waitors, full of them, before lunch hours. Business is brisk and especially during a month before Deepavali (Hindu festival of Lights) when Indians come back from all corners of Malaysia and world to celebrate the most important Hindu festival with their families. Deepavali this year,2007, falls on November 8.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - New Year's Morning Temple

smoke denser
than house on fire
new year morning's temple

joss-sticks bigger
and taller than the gods
new year eve's temple

inspired by

on New Year's morning
the prayers to Buddha
come and go
-Issa,1825

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Half Ourselves

there is a broken jigsaw
that needs to be fixed
it is this heart and that heart
they are never at peace
- read the news -
are we just half ourselves?
the other half perhaps
we have to ask of it from - the divine
engineered as we are
only half ourselves
until we find the other half

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Angel And Devil

God gives each of us
the choice of a devil
and angel to take care of?
so have your angel been
flying high in your sky
or have the devil been
pampered so much
it is now leading
you by the noose?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Locked

tree, i cant walk through you,
you cannot walk through me
because we are both locked
into something we dont quite know

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Putra Jaya Federal Territory (New Administrative Centre)

Putra Jaya
Angkor Wat
at its prime

lake romancer
Vietnamese guide says Putra Jaya
his favourite Malaysian getaway

At Putra Jaya are lakes and magnificent buildings that feature influences from around the world. You have to see it to believe it. The grandeur reminds me of Angkor Wat at its prime. There is a very huge mosque, avant-garde bridges and a huge lake which you can cruise to view all the majestic buildings in the new administrative centre of Malaysia.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Napa Valley California

Napa Valley fall arbors
grapes shower
colours of wines

Napa Valley fall arbors
nature ripe for picking
succulent grapes

Napa Valley fall arbors
tempting as new mother's nipples
bright red juicy grapes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Malacca River (State Of Malacca)

</>Malacca River
dazzling the history
of the old city

slow and steady
making history still
the Malacca River

slow, steady unassuming
of a great past
the Malacca River

whispering secrets
of the city's past
Malacca river

</>Malacca River
dazzling in the water
history of the old city
(declared a UN Heritage site 2008)

Malacca River
the ripples are clear lines
to fill my thoughts

calm Malacca River
his surprise it was once
a great port

Malacca River
teaches me the subtlety
of calmness

serene Malacca River
its history turbulent as
waves of the straits

coins 50 years,100 years...
repository of history
malacca river

history dazzling
in its flow
the malacca river

malacca river
there the nation's
history flows

listen, listen
it is telling us its glorious past
the malacca river

history
still flows here
Malacca river

Malacca River
in the water a glimpse of
history

The Malacca River heavily polluted earlier has been cleaned up with little parks on both banks set up. It is really a pleasure walking along the banks of the river which was once the centre of commerce in the East Indies. Malacca is a city of museums, so many of them, dedicated to the army, navy, air force, culture, history, architecture, literature, numismatics, government and heads of state. Many of the coins in the museums here were actually discovered from the bottom of the Malacca river in the recent beautification works. Malacca River is the richest repository of the town's rich culture and history.

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Ophelia

in death's shadow
teeming water
Ophelia

Ophelia
life seeps out
shades of life

Ophelia
nonchalant as death
the spring water

Ophelia
in shades of death
the water disperses

in shades of death
the water teems with life
Ophelia

Ophelia
shades of of life
seep into water

Ophelia is a painting by British artist Sir John Everett Millais, and was completed in 1852. Currently held in the Tate Britain in London, it depicts Ophelia, a character from Shakespeare's play Hamlet, singing while drowning in a river in Denmark. Although not universally acclaimed when it was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852, the painting has come to be admired for its beauty and the highly-accurate depiction of a natural landscape. It has been valued by experts at at least £30 million. - (wikipedia.com)

john tiong chunghoo

Droplets Of Roses

when the droplet
floats down the
petal of the red rose
it opens an old wound
deep and which never
really has ever healed

a wound red as blood
time has taken
into its hands and
shrouded around
like petals do to the rose
so that when it blooms
it opens the way to
both cheers and pains

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Angelic Princess Out To Sea

an angelic princess
with long flowing
graceful tresses
paddles out to sea
in a moonlit night

the sea is calm
so that you can hear
each gentle splash
the paddle etches onto the ear
as her boat divides the sea
to go to where she wishes to be

her heart is as divided
between heaven and hell

her tresses like the waves
gently flick to the wind
and tame an emotion
that would soon swell
like a tempest

john tiong chunghoo

Vietnam Travel Poem - Hanoi Museum Of Ethnology

Hanoi Museum of Ethnology
so many ways to live under one sky
conical abodes, longhouse that you
struggle onto by holding onto a male or
female fertility stair and a stimulating garden
festooned with old worn wooden phalluses,
slanted or pointing straight towards the heavens

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The World Large As Our Belly

the world is as big as one's tummy
ask the bed bugs braving
your body and skin
for their nightly dose of red
ask the beggar, lion, engineer or sumo
hungering for their fill
their world is then is as large as
each other's stomach

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - New Yellow Lamp

new yellow lamp
our shadows leap
around like ninjas

new yellow lamp
our shadows have grown
taller than us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Striking Up With A Cat

a cat - stripes yellowish back - walked past me
at the condominium some days ago
as i was waiting for my lift
he practically brought the house down
with his confident and assuring strides
he walked practically like a king - so proudly and
unfearful that it inspired courage -
how i wish i could do the same

brimming with admiration
i could not help calling out 'meow'
to the cat when it was feet away
and astutely came straight and lay herself down
like a pack of cards,
turning its front paws up
to welcome me to the warmth
in its furry paradise

i swam my feet over
the lithe and buoyant frame
as my elevated blood pressure
did not allow me to bend down to it -
how frustrated i was to miss
the good chance to have good time with this
fall-in-love-at-first-sight beloved animal

a woman who walked into
this red letter encounter
between us gave a marvelled look
before making her way to the lift
how affectionate animals can be
though our intelligence can be miles apart
how easily we can bond if
we care to bare our hearts out to each other,
she must have thought
we walked into the lift with the cat
still sprawled on the floor

i have been looking for

the same cat but it has yet
to make its much waited upon
kingly strides that have made
their way with triumph into my heart

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku-Alzheimer's Disease

Alzheimer's disease
how great if we can also
forget to die

alzheimer's disease
hey never forget
to die

those sad incidents
he wishes he has
alzheimer's disease

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Tea

tea, it is best to taste
the new sprouts
fresh, tender, velvet
sacred inches of yellow green
that smile to the new day and
invite us with open arms
to be picked and savoured

sealed within each new leaf
are the glitter of health enhancing first light,
intellectual infusion of the moon
invigorating mountain air and
the subtle rejuvenating energy of dew

tea, inches of nature's best
blends in spirit with spring water
to shower us with a sparkling tonic
so that we too can be charming
and refreshing as young tea leaves

john tiong chunghoo

True Blue Poetry

poetry may not
be a popular art
but a true yardstick
of the wisdom of words
you are either frown upon
on the first few lines
or cherished as friends
at your very first
the way a new acquaintance
is judged from the very first impression

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Understanding The Animals

the stomach is an animal
it can be the best of pets
if you can talk to it, get it
to listen and understand you
you can talk to your stomach
to lessen the flood of gastric juices
you can calm it down by
chanting to it a mantra of peace
and when you have mastered
the art to handle your stomach
transfer that knowledge to any animal
it soon will also nod to you at your every word
understanding your belly's key to understand an animal
talk to it like you talk to the belly
the common bond between all animals
you either live to go into one or live to feed one

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Willow

willow, lovely lovely
hair of nature
it is an exhibitionist
but always in a very
unobstrusive way
never taking too much
to show off

when comes
the breeze, the most
it would do is
sway along and hums
little ditties of cheer

unlike others
it never leaves
too much to clean up
after its season party
for instance the maple
which always strewns
the whole street
red and scarlet with its spillage

when it rains, the willow helps drip
the heavens dry
and when we are up to our tops
with fury, it lowers us down
to lanes of equilibrium
letting our rage runs quietly
down its smooth green ladders
so that we stay sane

here are the willows,
they are saviours in
sealing up scars, letting
your moods run swiftly
from self destructions
to high hopes for the morrow
they even lighten up racist tendencies

here are the willows
let your hair down
croon to its humble songs
and follow its modest sways
to loosen up tightened knots
as you hang on to the ropes of survival

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodian Travel Series - Stones Smile Back To You

perfected smile from agile hands
chip by chip fell to reveal its true blue humour
the stone lifted its veins to smile
a smile a thousand suns and
moons failed to eclipse
marauders failed to spurn
humbly the bayon smiles on
to bewildered faces yellow, black and white
and - hopefully for another thousand years

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Draws Out The Individual

poetry is god revealing
the other side of himself
in his game with his artist
so that his poems would give
another view of the Creator

the moon is a grand old dame
lighting the path of nights, the sun
the irresistible dizzying love emanating
from the hands of nature to spin tales of creation
the sea is an eternal orchestra to the heavens
and the forests, peaceful green model cities
for co existence of all species

the birds are little violins, flutes and lutes
of thanks piped to the heavens at the dawn of
every new day
and the river? it is an all versatile music
instrument modulated by the curvaceous
fingers of land so that its grace flows and overflows

john tiong chunghoo

God Is Not There

a true religion,
if misinterpreted
misrepresented,
is as obsolete as
a fake religion
god is not there

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Essence Of A Good Poem

essence of a poem
you find it in the white space
between the written words

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Black Box

somewhere in my frame
a black box that clocks
my every heartbeat
every wink of the eyes
every single hair that sprouts
but sadistically conceals
all the vital numbers from me

somewhere in my frame
a black box that counts
every of my pores
everybody i am going to meet
and the exact second i am going
to kick the bucket but allows not a single
shard of light to escape the stasis, the black hole

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa-Zizagging Over The Stream

zizagging over
the stream
the yellow butterfly

inspired by

flecked with sand
from the whirlwind...
little butterfly
-Issa,1802

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana-First Malaysian In Space Oct 10,2007

Soyuz TMA - 11
waking up in
a realm of dream

Suyuz TMA -11
darkness of space expands
with a malaysian shade

Soyuz TMA - 11
a malaysian vibration
across space

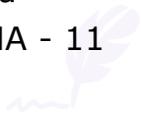
a Malaysian dream
lights up the space
Soyuz TMA - 11

blasting to another
boleh land
Soyuz TMA - 11

another
Malaysian bolehland
space

blasting another
barrier to boleh land
Soyuz TMA - 11

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Wedding Night Candles

my language, i wish it flows
a dawn glass of whisky
so light and gently gold
as the morning sun
on the heart and sight

my vocabulary, i wish
each comes away
a shade of a priceless
gemstone that keeps
my passion for life burning
like wedding night candles

john tiong chunghoo



Travel Haiku - The Denver's Great American Beer Festival

Denver's Great American Beer Festival
that extra gulp of delight
of the winning beer

Denver

More than 450 of America's microbrews compete at Denver's Great American Beer Festival, held this year from October 11 to 13. Without knowing the brand names, judges choose the tastiest brews in 75 style categories. But you don't have to be a judge to swig from the one-ounce samples. Live music, food, and tours of the city's breweries are all part of the fun.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Stars Are Eyes

stars are eyes
the twinkles, excitements
as they witness wonders

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God's Poems

i dont really look for inspiration
i just ask god to send his poem

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku- Georgia Aquarium (Atlanta)

Georgia Aquarium
a giant stingray flaps its way
over my heads

georgia aquarium
shadows of fishes dart
around our body

Georgia Aquarium
mom tells child that's the thing
that killed our steve erwin

Atlanta's Georgia Aquarium
that's how you should draw the stingray
mom tells child

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Little India Brickfields (Kuala Lumpur)

launching into a dance
indian mom quickly carries daughter
down from table

I saw the young daughter enthusiastically dancing away on the table when mom quickly carried her down for fear the table might not be strong enough to handle her steps. Brickfields is little India of Kuala Lumpur where there are a long line of Indian restaurants serving anything from chappati, naan, tandoori and a large variety of curries.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Haiku - I Try To Keep Up With My Head

verses writing
i try to keep up
with my head

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - The Sweetness Of Sarikei (State Of Sarawak)

Sarikei

pulpy, juicy sweet friends
sweet pineapples

Sarikei

taste the pineapples
to take back sweetness of town

Sarikei is where you can find the best pineapple in Malaysia. It is pulpy and sweet like honey. The replica of a large pineapple greets you at its wharf. You will find the people equally friendly with their sweet smiles. Never leave town without tasting the pineapples. Sarikei is also famous for its pepper, both black and white which is exported to the world.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Nilai (State Of Negeri Sembilan)

Nilai

you can stretch your money
by the metres

Nilai in Malay means worth. It is 15 km from Seremban the capital town of Negeri Sembilan and also very near to the Kuala Lumpur International Airport. Nilai is a newly developed township and is filled with many colleges, government training institutes as well as golf courses. The roads are treelined and smart looking. Houses, however, are considerably cheaper compared to other areas such as Kuala Lumpur, Subang Jaya or Petaling Jaya. The shops here sell their things more cheaply than other parts of Kuala Lumpur. For instance you can get a metre of cloths for a ringgit or even less.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Receptors

the physique is wired with receptors
to nature's answers to many of our plight
like the birds who sit down to listen to nature
that there is warmth a thousand miles south
giving him wind, food, water and route

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature's Whispers

you meet someone who
queries your every action
he sends your head spinning.
you are worked up and
like an goose you peck at him;
'Can you just take the action
as a response to nature's bidding
like the birds that migrate south every year
without asking why why why. You may
end up flying east instead of south.
Do you ask why your fingers are moving
from key to key when on the piano.
They would end up playing another tune.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Japan Haiku - Hachiko Square, Sibuya, Tokyo

Shibuya fashion centre
Hachiko shows loyalty
a more lasting attire

friendship memory picture
at our back
hachiko

my favourite to meet
best friend
hachiko square

admiring hachiko
a young girl and
her doggie

taking picture
in front of hachiko
a girl cuddling her pet dog

Hachiko is Japan's most famous dog which has been immortalised just outside Shibuya Station. The Statue of the dog, known to have waited at the Station for years for his master's return, has become a tourist attraction. The dog became famous after its strange behaviour was spotted by journalists and the story of his long wait for master's return from the War published throughout Japan. He never gives up. He is still waiting there. Shibuya is Japan's fashion centre.

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Independence Square (Kuala Lumpur)

KL Independence Square
world tallest flag spans
the sky

KL Independence Square
stripes, crescent and star
in a frenzied triumph dance

KL Independence Square
the echo of colonialism
in the Moorish buildings

KL Independence Square
in our heart too
a patriotic dance

KL Independence Square
blessings in red and white
crescent and star

KL Independence Square
an Indian man sings
Ki Mi Ga Yo

john tiong chunghoo

Myanmar - Air Of Freedom

shackled without chains
again the chants of monks
again the chants of monks
aung san looks over to the hazy horizon
for days when she would breathe the air of freedom

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Where Are You?

the believer cries out:

God God where are You?

God God where are You?

everyday

Angered God tells him:

I will call you when I am

no more around

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Myanmar Upheaval Haiku - The Sacrificed Monks

Myanmar Upheaval
monks' chants turn into
cries for freedom

Myanmar Upheaval
monks' helpless cries
rock hearts of world

Myanmar Upheaval
pathetic monks' cries
echo hearts of world

Myanmar Upheaval
where the pain is worse
than shackled with chains

Myanmar Upheaval
the day when cries of freedom
sound louder than the barrel of guns

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Catfish Tells Its Secrets

the catfish
all day long, whispering secrets
to the mud in the field

the catfish
it tells its secrets only to
the mud in the field

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

These Eyes

these eyes
so that you dont see
what you are not supposed to see

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Cathedral Of The Pines, Rindge (New Hampshire)

Cathedral of the Pines
the faint prayer of a
devout mother

Cathedral of the Pines
a mom's prayer
pierces the quietness

Cathedral of the Pines
i shout to get the echoes
of nations

Cathedral of the Pines
a crevice large enough to
place my own little stone

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Blooming Plum

blooming plum -
baby girl lifts her skirt
to dance

inspired

blooming plum-
the voices of children
sound reverent
-Issa

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Five Realms

a realm where
existence is mere eyes
year after year only sights
in sky of no man's land

a realm where
existence is only ears
year after year only sounds,
stone shrouded, loud and dark

a realm where
existence is only taste
year after year a sea
leaping into a crevice of tongues
sharp, bloodred and flipping like snake's

a realm where
existence is only touch
year after year of a roaring
wind passing through haunting plains

a realm where
existence is mere smell
year after year of fragrance
wafting, through a million
fibrilleting nostrils of blooms

contented until
the realm of desire
strikes that results in all five
carvorting to each other
for a taste of a wider world
where each would merge
with the other to party on mother earth
with God, devils, angels

the only realm where
all other realms converge
till they are recalled home

to the five separate self contained
realms see, hear, taste, touch, and
smell in a world of enlightenment

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Gems Of Verses

the less than perfect poems
without them i would not have arrived
at the better ones
forests and valleys i traverse
to get to the gems of verses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - My Body A Little Poem

my body is a tree
i learn to climb
to get to its fruits

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Cornerstone

new cornerstone -
all around black soft
tapoles flail

inspired by

cornerstone-
on New Year's morning
a bird without a nest
-Issa,1809

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

New Words

new words are eggs
in my bosom, the warmest
and coziest part of my body
till they hatch to sing the
diverse and haunting tunes
i create for them that tiptoe
over the four corners of mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - My Hut's Lamp

my hut's lamp -
lucky that it magnifies only
my shadow

inspired by

my hut's lamp-
even moths don't come
to the flame
-Issa,1820

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Torres Del Paine National Park (Chile)

Torres de Paine
dusk makes me
a red indian

Torres del Paine
the dusk colours
the hills and me red

Torres del Paine
why did neruda forget to write
his ode to you?

Chile

At Chile's premier national park, Torres del Paine, soaring granite spires emerge majestically out of the plains of Patagonia. A network of hiking trails impossible to exhaust weaves through constantly changing, breathtaking scenery. If you don't want to go the camping route, stay in one of the comfortable trail huts or even a five-star luxury lodge at the park.

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - Honourable Malays

i love the old malays
the tunkus, the mahathirs,
abdullahs, razaks
who prove to us
you can be what
you want to be in Malaysia
without even what you call special rights
they win respect all round

i dislike young malays
who harp on special rights
day and night as if without these rights
they would be nothing, losers
yet when projects are in their hands
trade their rights away for money
what a shame!

i love the old malays
who achieve a world of success
with what little they had
in them is the spirit
of the famous kancil
that flung a dog into a river
with his killer kick
to inspire a great empire

i love the old malays
who never a single moment
think themselves inferior to any
legs, feet, hands, or grey matter
achievers who scale the ladder of
success the swiftness of eagles

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku-Assateague Island (Maryland)

glowing red silhouette
assateague waves rush
towards summer's end

summer's end
feeding from the tip of my hands
an Assateague horse

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Where To Find His Passion

to know a
writer's passion
for his work, go straight
to his dustbin

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Am Time

I am Time
now let me tell
you the greatest
secret of all

i am the most
abused of all
by homo sapiens

i am eternally
chopped into
the tiniest of seconds,
minutes,
hours, days, years
to suit homo sapiens'
whims and fancies

they pigeonhole me
consign me
onto the wall
fingers and
legs bound
to walk round
round and round
to keep this human
fetish with their anatomy alive

but then i know
in the end i would
emerge the winner
released from human's tyranny
the fingers they
consign to me
pointing out to them
their greatest of fears death

while i continue to live
they would be worms,
dust and bones



PoemHunter.com

i am Time
now let me tell you
one secret that
keeps me alive
above all

I am just Timeless
the thing you see
on the clock
on your wrist
are human illusions
of their own
transient existence

i am time
you cannot see me
you cannot touch me
you cannot hear me
you can only hear
yourself roaring
through me
and you are the real
clock chained onto me

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa-Harvest Moon

harvest moon -
for the scarecrow
a deep last bow

harvest moon -
the scarecrow orchestrates
an empty field

inspired by

harvest moon-
tonight even you
are busy!
-Issa,1810

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Showing Love

between God and poetry
is a world of similarities
it is that you show your love
and not merely talk about it
a hug, a kiss, a smile
they tell so much of love

a spring of flowers shows
more of the way of God
than a a thousand letters
to vouch his love for us

the fruits, we are consuming
his sweet love, letting his
grace run in ourselves

the lightning and thunder
that light travels swifter than sound
that the God's of love is
to help us evolve

the spring, summer, autumn
and winter and their recurring
climes and hues... god's
way of showing that his love
is a circle, that goes round and round
no beginning, no ending

poetry and God,
they share a world of similarity
both aim to show rather than
merely tell

show show show the world
the wonders of love

john tiong chunghoo

Show You What Love Is

between God and poetry
is a world of similarities
it is that you show your love
and not merely talk about it
a hug, a kiss, a smile
they tell so much of love

a spring of flowers shows
more of the way of God
than a a thousand letters
to vouch his love for us

the fruits, we are consuming
his sweet love, letting his
grace run in ourselves

the lightning and thunder
that light travels swifter than sound
that God's of love is to show
us the secrets to evolve

spring, summer, autumn
winter and their recurring
climes and hues... god's
showing his love is a circle
of irresistible colours and warmth
rain, sun, fall or snow
there is something in everything
to experience divine love
that it goes round and round
no beginning, no end

poetry and God,
they share a world of similarities
both out to show show show show the world
the wonders of love

john tiong chunghoo

Skies Of Birth

the world
opens and closes
like incarnations
so swift it sweeps you over
with not a single thought
of what you really are or would be
sins open skies of birth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Bathing In The Fallen Plum Blossoms

bathing in the fallen
plum blossoms
me and my worries

inspired by

bathing in the fallen
plum blossoms...
the croaking frog
-Issa, 1815

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Touch Me First

which faculty could have
God given the man first?
it must have been the
sense of touch, that
divine touch which
awakened a being
which soon developed
the burning desire
to see the creator
sound took over
to give the human
that third dimension
to make his way around
it could have stopped just there
till perhaps the Almighty
spread out his graces
with flowers - scents -
hiding within each
the taste of paradise

the universe spins
to unveil more senses
in the man, so that
he can look back to
old old days as days
he lived in other realms

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - Quirky Hang Jebat Poem

what is the price of
absolute loyalty to a friend?
a kris in the bowel

what is the price of
a sense of absolute justice?
a kris in the bowel

ask jebat, ask jebat
the perfect hero born
to be stricken for both
so that the kris cried red hot tears

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Bottom Of Well

realm of terror
the darkness
in the old well

inspired by

since it's cool down there
take a little nap...
bottom of the well
-Issa,1816

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Rainbow Of Existence

light is a rainbow
it hides seven colours
to bring life to our existence

life is a rainbow
it hides seven senses
to help us reach out
to the light of existence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Spring Butterfly

spring butterfly
that drunken dance
spring too much for you?

spring butterfly
the only time that matches up
to your colours

spring butterfly
this party, such a colourful spread
i would too be drunken

spring butterfly
every colourful cup
a drink from heaven

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Two Cauldrons Of Biases

the love that sweeps
over me to douse a
a heart caught in the
flames of hell, it is god's
that keeps the devil at bay

much do i borrow
from him to see more clearly
his greater humanity

for my eyes, so easily they
can be shadowed by fumes of hell
that they become two cauldrons
of burning biases

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Two Parallel Lines

you dont need much
to pin down the whole universe
just 10 figures 1 to 0
to count them all

you dont need much
to help you digest the universe
just 26 letters to get them
to the innards of the mind

you dont need much
to prove eternity
just two parallel lines
the day you get them
to meet come tell me

you dont need much
to prove God, just
inching nails and hair
that drive the question
'Is there someone who
does all this for me? '
the answer is there

you dont need more than
one god to create the universe,
just One to get everything
swinging, swirling and spiralling

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Japan Haiku - Shinjuku Alleyway

fifty five year old auntie out to fish -
show your spirit young man
show your spirit young man
show your spirit young man

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Land And Face

that boy's face
wind, water
and heat
have touched
his inner
constituents

that piece of land
wind, water
and heat
too have touched
its constituents

as i look at the
boy's face
a similar terrain
and health
as that piece of land
strikes my heart

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Spring Peace

spring peace -
greenery sprouts
in the floor cracks

inspired by

spring peace-
a mouse licking up
Sumida River
-Issa,1820

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - Quirky Hang Tuah Poem

Hang Tuah was
a fake loyalist
to friend, to king

if he was so
insistent on protocol
he should have turned
himself in
to the Sultan
instead of go hiding

Confucius was most
articulate about
absolute royalty
and loyalty
it means if the king
wants you dead
you would gladly do so
at his knees

hang tuah was a quack
if he was so insistent
of killing best friend jebat
who stood up for him
he should have taken
a hard look at his
own loyalty

running away in hiding
that too was punishable
by death by Malacca laws

but it was jebat who
had to take all
kris, blood, dejections
and the bowel churning
falsity of a great friend

and all for his

pure love and blind
loyalty - to a friend
who turned out
to be an opportunist

the greatest losers
first jebat, second
the sultan

the way he was
tuah probably did
flirt with the palace girl

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa-Three Days Waiting

three days waiting
and the sky, the sky
a nonchalant stoic blue

inspired
by

three days waiting
for this cloudburst...
three drops
-Issa,1818

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku-Turquoise Coast (Turkey)

Turquoise Coast
the Mediteranean sighs
over a long lost empire

Turquoise Coast
empire came and went
the sea still as blue

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - I Am Poetry (Ii)

i am poetry
my pride is
i am from the
purest sanctum
of one's heart

my joy is
i am simple
as the first words
of a child

everyone
with a mind
and heart
can have me
a child to laugh
cry over

i am no match
in dollars and cents
for music and songs
paintings or fanciful buildings
but rub me out of the world
the rest would crumble

no more sweet words
that swing with the cradle
no more stirring whispers
between the hugs of new lovers

no more lyrical smoothies
for the troubled hearts
no more the wheezing
of pet dog as it nudges you
on the thigh for a pat and bone

no more pet cats and kittens
that invariably turn your
dinner into a meowing ball

i like the way i am
- adopted child
in the arts
read and given
prominence only
by those who
know how

and that's is exactly
the reason why i thrive
- i live only for those
who know how
exactly to love me

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Dirty Snow And Flyover Stairs

eking out a living
little plant on
flyover stairs

inspired by

clinging fast
to my house's rear wall...
dirty snow

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - The Barbeque Trail (State Of Texas)

Barbeque Trail
over the grilled chicken wings
sizzling gossips

Texas' Barbeque Trail
summer has never been
so finger licking good

over the grilled chicken wings
owner's sizzling gossips
Texas' Barbeque Trail

Barbeque Trail
where Texas is so
finger licking good

Texas
Enthusiasts of summer staples like grilled burgers and sticky ribs must make a pilgrimage to the Barbeque Trail, a string of local finger-lickin'-good barbeque joints around Austin. Even if slow-smoked sausages and steaks aren't your idea of good eats, the stories you'll hear from the families who run these restaurants and their regulars will be all the entertainment you need.

john tiong chunghoo

Silhouette

time heals, slowly and surely
you would forget me
and yes - it will be light
and effortless as the ash
that has covered up the mirror
there will only be a silhouette
for you to peek into

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Just Existing

whichever way
i go, no end
space + me = existence

non existence
try taking space
out of this tiny frame

inspired by

just existing
I exist...
snow flitting down
-Issa,1805

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Faces

the ripples
in the clear blue lake
God is smiling

the fleece in
the clear blue sky
God is caring

the haze...
the haze
God is fuming

this first meet between us
i see your biases too

they infiltrate every cell
of your face
clear as sky

your darting eyes
they carry bars
that weigh down
your trust

never for one instance they
rest on mine

and your heart
it comes over clear as
the glasses between us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - The Great Ocean Road (Australia)

Great Ocean Road's
Twelve Apostles
all our eyes halo-ed

One of the world's best scenic drives, the Great Ocean Road winds through lush rainforest, golden beaches, historic coastal towns, and some of the best spots to ride the monster waves of Australia's southern coast. Take in the stunning views, but don't miss this roadside attraction: The Twelve Apostles—huge limestone stacks carved by the pounding surf—glow divinely at sunrise and sunset.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Millennium Park (Chicago)

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
our cameras freeze
a part of the millennium

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
coming out of my mouth
the millennium inside me

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
the millennium inside me cheers
on the millennium outside

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
we freeze the millennium
with a click of our cameras

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
we stop the millennium
for a friendship picture

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
grinning at the fists
at our own faces

he throws a millennium joke
as she takes his picture
'that's the smartest guy on earth'

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
we take fist at own face pictures
in the steel mirror

Millennium Park Cloud Gate
scowling our faces
for the picture of the millennium

Cloud Gate Steel Mirror
raising my hand up ala
statues of liberty

Chicago

With world-class museums, unparalleled food, and first-rate theater, Chicago's got a legit claim to fame. Check out one of the city's newer additions, Millennium Park, with its quirky public art and fun, warm weather activities. Start off the weekend with yoga in the park and cool off in the fountains, or catch an evening music or dance performance after eating some authentic Chicago deep dish pizza on nearby Michigan Avenue.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - I Am Poetry

i am poetry
a baby naked
crying my heart
out as i am thrust
into the new world
echoing to it
another realm

i love the way i am
every cell of myself
because i love myself
i am loved in return

i am so loved i am
on the lips of
everybody
bouncing in
their joys and sadness,
triumphs and failures
to give them self worth
of the most meaningful kind
- the tramps, the tycoons
the princes, the princesses,
the secret lovers
the kings and the queens

i am poetry
i am a baby loved
for my innocence, rawness

i am clothed in
a million different ways
i have no complaints
so long as they bring
out the rainbow in me
words rhymed or unrhymed
do not bother me

suits, dresses,

saris, kimonos
kilt, loinclothes,
fundoshi
you name it,
i have been in them

i am poetry
i come out of everybody
a thousand million strains of
individual heaven and hell

of all, my worst nemesis
ae those who are
so lost in themselves
they put pants on my head,
socks on my hands,
gloves on my feet
hang a million
bright accessories
on me and proudly
declare me poetry

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Shadow Puppets

lovemaking
we become shadow puppets
of the fullmoon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - The Little Tub

the little tub
splashes of a three year old
spring wind

inspired by

the little tub's
braided bamboo is green...
spring breeze
-Issa,1804

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - My Mind Is A Fish

my mind is a fish
swimming in the light
and darkness of day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Autumn Wind And Leaves

in our hearts, he is never dead
the autumn wind plays, dances
with shrivelled leaves smoldering
over an old dream

in our hearts he is never dead
the autumn wind plays, dances
with shrivelled leaves, ever so
passionately try to relive an old dream

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dying Words Of A Man

i hate the dying words of a man,
they come out in helpless whispers,
listless feathers in the wind, fluttering,
floating, trailing to the finale of a life
to empty the living of hope and choke
their hearts with cold cold gravel and stones

i hate the dying words of a man,
they spill from a physique weighed down
by the cold realities of life and now
a mere few audible words to storm
the living and the dying out of its reality

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Line Between Heaven And Earth

poetry, the line
between
heaven and earth

poetry, the thin line
between
heaven and earth

poetry, the dance
between heaven
and earth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cambodia Travel Haiku - The Angkor Wat

oh these little steps
angkor kings must have
lotus feet

Angkor Wat
wrecking a 1,000 year old empire
art smugglers

Angkor Wat
the steps of kings
under my foot

up the hill
to an angkor temple
old man egged on by son

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Swimming Away The Blues (Hawaii)

hawaii

i dive in and swim away

the blues

Hawaii

Bathe in the temperate sea or paddle into one of Kauai's classic beginner waves. Then head into Hanalei, one of the mellowest tourist towns on the islands, for a yoga class, a fresh seafood dinner, or just to hang out and gaze up at the rainbows that frequently grace the skies

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Late Grandma Poem-Putting On Weight

good god, grandma
seems have put on
so much weight her head
on a body not like her own

or is she trying to tell
me not to put on
too much weight myself

spirits in my dream
never have the privilege to talk

is that her way to tell me of
my present health

i would go check on
my blood glucose tomorrow
daddy being a diabetic

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Cosmos

a speck the like of a
glittering 0.2 carat diamond
this whole plane - the entire cosmos
in the sky of god's creation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Pleasure Boat

pleasure boat
we row to the
heaven in us

pleasure boat
waves of blanket
and passion

pleasure boat
we rock and row till we reach
the heaven in us

inspired by

pleasure boat-
on the mountain a deer
calls his wife
-Issa

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Lake Superior, Minnesota

Summer Lake Superior
in the water a gem
of Minnesota

New Scenic Cafe
we slurp at
the 70s

New Scenic Cafe
slurping our way
to the 70s

New Scenic Cafe
swinging our way
back to the 70s

Lake Superior
laughing, hiking, swimming
till we pant like a fish

Minnesota

If you shy away from freezing temperatures, summer is the time to visit Minnesota. Pack up the fishing gear and drive up the western shore of Lake Superior to get some mind-clearing lakeside views. Make sure to refuel at the seventies-inspired diner, New Scenic Café, eight miles outside of Duluth, before heading out on the maze of hiking trails near the shore.

Michigan's Lakeshore
the blue of the lake
takes over our stress

Michigan's Lakeshore
our stress dissolves
in the blue of the lake

Drive along the shore of northern Lake Michigan during summer or explore the region at a slow pace on bike or foot. Start out in Traverse City by grabbing a bite to eat at the authentic 1950s-era Don's Drive-In, where carhops serve you. Bike the hilly countryside of Leelanau Peninsula and then roam around the steep

sand piles of Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore. Continue north through Petoskey and Harbor Springs, where one of the prettiest drives in the state begins, and then camp a night in Wilderness State Park.

john tiong chunghoo

Red Hot Curry

'my pot of love for you, here it is, '
mom tells daughter, 'thick and savoury
as the suntan, reddish hot as chillies,
appetising as turmeric, jintan,
a million spices, ginger, garlic
and tangy as this piece of spring chicken'

she stirs the curry and daughter sees
a thick volcanic red fragrant oil
churns in the potpourri of wonders

'And that is my love for you. Come
storm, come shine, come rain, i will
be there to make sure you are
at your best.. a pot of irresistible
curry.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Trapez Duo

poetry is letting the conscious
and unconscious realms of the brain meet
so that they can teach each other the way
to tango to the heart of readers
so that they can fly onto each other
a trapez duo suspended on a literary rope
to amaze audience with mind sweeping
free and rhymed metres, spot on haiku,
rib tickling senryu, swinging pantuns, reflective
tankas and bewildering catchy love sonnets

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Men Are Worse Than Animals

men are many times
worse than animals
sometimes even in mentality

you can find two animals
fighting and the worst
that would happen is
one devours the other

but when some men fight,
they can go on and on
non stop, ages and ages
heaven or hell
genius or idiots

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Right Reader

the best poem is driven by
one's love for precise and
spontaneous expressions
for what one loves, and how
one loves to be read as one
sails a reader to a landscape
no one has any real control over,
except ourselves, a landscape which
would ultimately chime the bell for excellence in us
spill out an adagio of verses for loved one with seismic passion

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature's Eyes And Soul

nature has eyes
to help it find friend to dance

those eyes they are
logged into my head

the dance, they log
us into each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku-Kamikaze And Blood

mongul invasion
vietnam expelled with blood
japan kamikaze

foreign invasions
vietnam poves nothing can win over
intelligence, bravery and tons of blood

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Bush Haikus

walking through
all this maze of thicket
these troubling bush years

oh! these briars
these feet stumbling hedges
wasteful bush years

these lies, this shameful war
all in a bush teeming with
snakes

bush years
trying to put the feet back
to america

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

What If We Finally Met

what when we finally meet
it's cold like winter
between me and you
a mere stone to reflect
the wonderful time
we have for each other

and my words like summer wind
sailing the warm expanse of
your bosom
i will send a smile that refracts tears
from another realm

bear with me, bear with me
bear with the drizzle, the drizzle
bear with the hands of nature
as they turn the wheel of fate

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Sungei Merah In Sibu (State of Sarawak)

sungei merah
auspicious colour
to start a life anew

sungei merah
now which way
to turn

sungei merah
struggles to flow
with the times

sungei merah
still red and auspicious
the water

sungei merah
a lengthy inspiration of poise
confidence thick as blood

sungei merah
gentle, subtle
unpretentious

after the rain
sungei merah
swift as the town's progress

sungei merah
disciplinarian
red

sungei merah
wong nai siong still
keeps guard

sungei merah

after the rain
a feast of joy

sungei merah
sweeps through old
and new sibu

john tiong chunghoo

Vietnam Travel Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Everything I Have To Pay More

my japanese look
having to pay more
for many things

the greatest laugh is a middle aged woman in nha trang (just outside the rail station) who charged me 40,000 dong (US2) for a bowl of po bo or soup noodle and a can of coke. the next morning i ate at another store which charged only half that price.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Lonely Planet Turns Racist

Lonely Planet Vietnam
between some of the lines
Chinese haters

We found so much written with an anti Chinese undertone in Lonely Planet Vietnam as we started using it. The last thing a travel guide should do is spread racism of any kind. I was terribly disappointed with the book. i found out that one of the writers is a japanese girl who covered much of her face in her photo for the guide.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Kuala Lumpur Tower

tower top revolving restaurant
he asks how many rounds
we have circled Kuala Lumpur

Kuala Lumpur Twin Towers
spanning the sky
and our pride

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Somehow Someone Would Find Them

so many of my own favourite poems
i thought nobody would read
lost in the thousands i wrote
somehow, someone, somewhere
in some corner of the world
would find them and love them like myself

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

These Winter Sundays

Chinese New Year Eve

i would always hear those banned
crackers blasting away
the old year at the stroke of twelve
- welcoming the new year
by breaking the law
at the first opportunity -
but then Chinese new year
is about frightening away
the nian monster with the ear
splitting sound of fire crackers
as well as to create all the
excitements for the new year
new year though always dawns
on me as if the mystical dragon
has swallowed its fiery ball
to leave the day without light and colours
a jazz piece without its saxophone
and scintillating piano notes
a white world without the
wonderful tanginess of black

Inspired by

Those Winter Sundays

Sundays too my father got up early
And put his clothes on in the blueback cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labor in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold

and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?

Robert Hayden

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Bo-Kaap Of Cape Town

Bo-Kaap

we inspect the dreams
of first muslim settlers

South Africa

Tucked away from the bustle of Cape Town is the largely Muslim community of Bo-Kaap, home to many descendents of the city's first Muslim inhabitants. The worn, cobblestone alleys, pastel buildings, and minarets from mosques that dot the town's landscape provide the perfect subjects for you to snap that perfect photo to send home to your friends.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Mind Works Like A Dredging Pump

the brain works like
a dredging pump
clearing the mud
for little diamonds
to shine on our fingers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Overblown Ego

that man's overblown ego
every of his words sharpens
the other's knife

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku-Sea Of Motorcycles

crossing Hanoi street
motorcycles many as bees
each negotiating a path

john tong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku-The Divine Eye

Cao Daism
a divine eye for
every religion

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Still Standing Tall Ho Chih Minh

still standing tall
to inspire -
Ho Chih Minh

every major city
either his back or his front
uncle ho chi minh

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Mekong In My Hand

Mekong
from my five fingers, a splash
of seven nations

dipping my hand into mekong
to feel the flow
of seven nations

Mekong
a swish of my hand
and seven nations splash

mekong
a swish of my hand six nations
sparkle in the light

mekong
the grace of buddha flows into
seven territories

dropp by drop
the flow of seven nations
from my hand

The Mekong trudges through Tibet, Yunnan, Myamar, Cambodia, Thailand, Laos before going out to sea through Vietnam. The Mekong is one of the richest plains in Asia producing much rice for the world.

I placed a little bit of the water in my hand and feel the flow of six nations. I too splashed the water below our boat.

john tiong chunghoo

Why He Puts Me There

as i leave the island i have stayed for seven years
the familiar sound of waves and ingratiating rhythms
shake me into realisation that the Almighty
has placed me here to learn the mechanics
and power of rhythms and nuance of nature
so that i too can churn out lines that could
gravitate their way into the heart of humanity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Muine Red Sand Dune

Muine red sand dunes
money glides into
children's pocket

Muine red sand dunes
between the mounds
children run for customers

Muine red sand dunes
the child's plea
to use her sled

Muine red sand dunes
between the mounds
the child's plea to use her sled

Muine red sand dunes
between the mounds the wave
of children's plea to use their sleds

It was just a smooth plastic sheet one can use to slide down the sand dune. The dune was really a magical sight, red and undulating like a desert. There was also a white sand dune which i did not visit as it was far away. The dunes enable children to earn some pocket money by pandering to tourists love for children. The slide down the dune is an enjoyable experience.

john tiong chunghoo

Vietnam Travel Haiku - Hotel Rooms And Rubbish Bins Needed

vietnam travel
needed - more hotel rooms
and - rubbish bins

I found myself looking for a dustbin in the streets of Saigon after drinking the sweet juice from my coconut but it was nowhere to be seen. in the end, i just placed it on a telephone booth. Vietnamese cities definitely need more rubbish bins on the road since there is such an influx of tourists. This would keep the roads clean and also give the cities a better and healthy image.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Manila Haiku - Alleyway

do you want a lady?
do you want a lady? ?
do you want a lady? ? ?
do you want a boy! ! ! !
manila alleyway

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - No More Change

I walked away without
taking the 1,000 dong
for my baguette

today i waited for my change
but the woman took it that
it was for her to keep

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Vietnam Travel Haiku - A Tower Of Garlic For The Gods

seeking blessings
a tower of garlic
for the gods

In a shop in Saigon, I saw in a red altar (on the floor) a tower of garlic offered to a god. This awed me because I had never seen garlic being offered to a god especially in this way. I mean they piled up the garlic about six inches high right in front of the god.

keeping the toilet clean
a row of white slippers
lines the entrance

On my way by bus from Muine to Ho Chi Minh City, we rested at a convenience store at a petrol station. The toilet here fascinated me because at the entrance was a line of white slippers. One had to enter the toilet by wearing them. Of course, the floor was spotlessly clean. What a unique way to keep clean the toilet. It is also a subtle way of telling users to mind their toilet practice.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa-Two Kissing Cuckoos

fiery love at tree
on flaring dusk sun rests the silhouette
of two kissing cuckoos

inspired

from the fir tree too
two are singing...
mountain cuckoos
-Issa,1803

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku-The Real Mexican Taste (Oaxaca)

teaching my tongue
what mexican food is all about
oaxaca

oaxaca tutors our tongue
what Mexican food is
all about

oaxaca
a mexican heart sizzles
over my tongue

Oaxaca
the real mexican taste steals
its way to my heart

oaxaca
my tongue tells me how
many had cheated on mexican taste

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - One Sparkling Bird Song

cacophony of bird chirps
one sparkling song
that i really love

inspired by

even in the thicket
beyond the bramble gate
a little chrysanthemum
-Issa,1804

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Lucky Gate

lucky gate
opposite house's buddha
oversees it

inspired by

on the lucky Eighth Day
of Fourth Month...
a mountain cuckoo
-Issa,1814

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - A Kite Rises

a kite rises
twelve young eyes
too

twelve young eyes
a kite rises
into the sky

in 12 young eyes
a kite and
clear blue sky

twelve young eyes
rising in similar angle
a kite rises

inspired by

a kite rises
slow and easy...
a little village
-Issa, 1816



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Releasing Baby Leatherbacks Into Sea At Tioman Island (State Of Pahang)

fengshui master
hatched turtles know instantly
the direction to head for

baby leatherbacks
the little big eyed all head
towards sea

baby leatherbacks
see you in 30 years
at this same beach

instinct instinct
incubated baby leatherbacks
but the sea is in their genes

humans make all the difference
giant sea turtle hurled out
for a land burial

I

Two days ago, I watched baby leatherbacks being released into sea. They all went on direction with a single will. None headed the other way. It made me realise that the sea must be in their genes. Baby turtles' eyes are large in comparison to their size. However on the same day, a dead giant green turtle was hurled out of the sea. It was decomposing, perhaps dead for three weeks. They buried it on Tioman Marine Park beach. Tioman Island is among the top 10 world's most beautiful islands.

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Winter Rain

winter rain
cold are my feet
so is my heart

winter rain
my heart cold
as my feet

inspired by

big winter rain
or little winter rain...
sleeping is hard
-Issa,1814

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Cenang Beach (Langkawi State Of Kedah)

sea death
a bouquet of roses
washed ashore

after the tempest
we walk the beach to pick
coins and blue and white chips

breeze louder than waves
Langkawi and rebak
have become one

breeze
today the sky parades
phoenixes in the clouds

cenang night
behind the black veil
evil screams I

full moon
leaning onto a boat on beach
my loneliness and me

full moon
a brown bird flies
to an unknown destination

Cenang is a very appealing beach. The beach rivals that of Kuta in Bali. The sand is powdery and the beach stretches for one and half kilometre. The sea here is emerald green. During the best time, you can see dolphin leaping around in the sea as well as otters coming to shore. Tourists are aplenty from November to April, the dry season. From here, tourists embark boats to other beautiful islands such as Island of the Pregnant Maiden and the Payar Island where there is a teeming sea life. Cenang beach sometimes links itself to the Rebak Island during low tide so that one can walk to the island in the afternoon. Restaurants and beach bars are aplenty here. The above haikus recorded what I saw in my seven

years in Langkawi. There must be so many wrecks in the Straits of Malacca, you can find blue and white porcelain chips on Cenang. They are becoming less but if you are lucky, you can still pick pieces of them. I picked one with a fish painted on it. It was a good omen.

john tiong chunghoo

The Swinging Universe

reading a 13th century poet
feeling the sun circling round me
and all the inaccuracies it cast onto me

reading a 20th century poem
feeling the earth circling round the sun
and all its limitations

reading a 30th century poem
feeling the whole universe circling round us
and the privilege to play with its power

reading a 40th century poem
feeling the privilege to swing the
whole universe around us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Putting All The Men In Their Place Kit Deslauriers

taller than
the Seven Summits
Kit DesLauriers

Kit DesLauriers
she asks if there is another peak
to conquer

putting everyone behind her
Kit DesLauriers skis
the Seven Summits

Everest

Not even the most elite skiers in the world set their sights on skiing Mount Everest. However, last fall Kit DesLauriers, the world freeskiing champion in 2004 and 2005, did just this, becoming the first female to ski Mount Everest. She's also the first person—male or female—to ski all Seven Summits, the highest points on all seven continents.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Río Camuy Cave Park (Puerto Rico)

Río Camuy Cave Park
taíno indians' paintings and carvings
relax my sinews and muscles

rio camuy cave park
creativity is timeless
taíno paintings and carvings

cutting across the time
at Río Camuy Cave Park
taíno paintings and carvings

Puerto Rico

Consider escaping the Puerto Rican sun by exploring the Río Camuy Cave Park, the third largest subterranean river system in the world. Along with guided tours of the caves—some big enough to engulf skyscrapers—you can rappel 200 feet, crawl through muddy passages, swim through an underground river, or see cave paintings and carvings by the island's original Taino Indians.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku-San Juan's 500 Years

San Juan
gently, patiently eating up the wall
the breeze

San Juan
the waves sweep away
the years between us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa-So Many Ways To Express Beauty

orchids
so many ways to express
beauty

inspired by

today no blossom viewing
for me...
feeling afraid
-Issa,1818

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

News Week Cover Story Haiku-Princess Diana Haiku (June 18,2007)

princess diana's smile
a fragment of royal blues
rips through the page

princess diana's smile
a fragment of royal discord
rips through the page

princess diana
a smile rips the sanctum
of royal pretensions

princess diana
a smile rips through
a physique of broken dreams

princess diana
a smile rips through
a tunnel of broken dreams

princess diana
a smile that hides fragments
of broken dreams

princess diana
let her rest the way
she smiles

stop the gossips

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa-The Rear Goose

the rear girl
well, well all her reasons
for lateness again

inspired by

the rear goose-
well, well
a sore foot
-Issa,1812

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Happy Father's Day

oh so little time
we spent with each
other i feel mushy
to write this but then
like the obligation
you had towards me
Here it is a belated
Happy Father's Day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - God I Am Sure

god i am sure
you too are reading
my works

god, i hope you
like them too
master of my poems

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Abandoned Nest

chirp, just one chirp
mom comes with feed
for chick

abandon nest
mother bird and its chick
having grown up

inspired by

alone he cries
the motherless bird...
autumn dusk
-Issa,1803

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Going Back A Cleansed Soul

what do you do when a legion of
your creation turn their backs on
you and try to push you aside
for your sacred sanctuary?

well you curse them in the worst of
chains - cells, veins, arteries that
day in and day out cry to be fed
- food and above all gratification

teach them a lesson by tying
a chain of desires round their heart
after which you open their eyes
only to their kind so that now
instead of you, they now go for each other

and to show them how wrong they have
really been, you send them only a
messenger to inform them that
only those who can come clean of their
ungrateful desire and and overblown self
come back to you

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry-Roots Of My Poem

my poem - their roots
are my veins that pulsate
with every beat of my heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku-Flamenco Beach (Puerto Rico)

lift your skirt
thump your feet to the waves
a flamenco at beach

flamenco beach
the waves
a flamenco outing

lulling me to sleep
a rolling flamenco at sea
flamenco beach

john tiong chunghoo



Old Day Charms

aunty's watch was worth more
than a thousand battery driven watches

it afforded us the golden moment
to snuggle up into her warm arms
to help her wind her time, to hear her
tell us the story of the day

going to sleep even then
was a more affectionate
affair that sticks to the heart
to this very day

babies now sleep
in a piece of cloth
worked up and down by a machine

we slept in one swung by
the pure love of mummy
and to the precise rhythm
of her spontaneous unmatchable lullabies

and massaging granny
was an hour of little tugs
from our little fists

today's granny well all they
do is sit on a computer
driven massage machine that neither talks,
nor give them hugs

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Borneo Highlands Resort (State Of Sarawak)

Borneo Highlands Resort
i step over the fence
to be in Indonesia

Borneo Highland Resort
the chant of monks
traverse the gold field

Borneo Highland Resort
indonesia at
our backyard

Borneo Highland Resort
I take a step into Indonesia
and back to Malaysia

Borneo Highland Resort
i step over the fence to feel
how Indonesia is

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Patau Patau Water Village (Federal Territory Of Labuan)

Patua Patau Water Village
five smiling children heads
over the water

Patau Patau Water Village
a splashing goodbye from children
in the sea

Patau Patau water village
piped in water and flush toilet
at the houses

Patau Patau Water Village
flowers brighten up
the wooden houses

At the South of Labuan Island is the Patau Patau water village where the Brunei Malays stay. There are a few hundred houses built on stilt over the coastal water. Wooden plank walkway winds here and there to different sections of the village where there is even a mosque. To brighten up the houses, the villagers have bright flowers at the fore of their houses, usually bourgainvillea. One striking find is that though it is a water village, they are still dependent on piped in water for survival. And what is even more surprising is that many of them have modern flush toilets. There is a pavilion where people can sit to enjoy the breeze. We imagine young couples dating there at night. The children waved us goodbye from the sea as we took our leave.

john tiong chunghoo

Life Giving Force

the earth is a bouquet of flowers

it bears good news

adam bears good news

adam is a bouquet flowers

he is earth exemplified

life giving force of earth

which inch of earth has

not really teemed with life?

those who had passed away

are in the flowers, in the trees -

standing tall

adam is a bouquet of flowers

earth exemplified

the beauty of its life giving force

john tiong chunghoo

Unsmearred View

the child sees the world
as it is, its charm and loveliness

the mountain for its glory
the birds for their brevity of songs
and woman for her propensity
to shower him warm kisses

a child is a bouquet or rose
that opens to us an unsmearred view of love
till racism and religious bigotry dislodge
him from that sacred sanctuary
to fall into a sea of distorted values
where he shuttles helplessly between love and hate

ask hitler, saddam hussein, who left nothing
but shredded, withered and torn roses
flying into our path

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Propriety

first impression -
a bouquet of roses
for your new friend
to take home to place
at a corner closest his heart
where he can enjoy
their charm till they bow
in all their wrinkled and
crinkled state
holding up the virtue
of propriety

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Off To See The Play

'We're off to see
a friend, ' they say...
with cinema tickets in their pockets

inspired by

'We're off to see
the play, ' they say...
spring rain
-Issa,1819

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Plovers

dawn burst of songs
oh birds, i wish i can be
as excited for the new day

inspired by

plovers on a winter night-
not an old voice
among them
-Issa,1815

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Waves Of Tears

south pacific tsunami
how much you can pack
into a few seconds forever lost
land and buildings and waves of tears
that claim a quarter million kins

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Fingerprint

to give each poem
four billion space
for reflections
each space hiding
a spring and
a rainbow in the
warm noon shine
each space hiding
a fraction of a mind
holding up a fingerprint

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

2008 American Presidential Election Poem - Let's Have A Black President

let's just not
talk about freedom
let's see it in
black and white
like giving us a
Black American President
to add more colour
to our presidency

Black as the ink
that graces the white
of our Independence
Declaration, to give
real justice and meaning ever to a sheet of white

Let's have a Black
for our Presidency
A Black with a voice
loud as freedom, a heart
large as freedom
and an ambition
sweet as freedom
for America

Let's have a
Black Man for
President until now
so whitewashed
by liars of freedom

john tiong chunghoo

The Integrity To Be Friends

put two stones
as close to each other
as you can.

put two men too,
close to each other.

what's the similarity?

if both do not have
the integrity to
really understand
each other for the
common good,
two million years
from now they
would still be as good
as - mere stones.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - When Haiku Turns Into A Joke

haiku, after sometime
you think they are a joke
and wait for that new voice
that could shake the world
that rare soul or genius who
could give a fresh view from
the mundanest corner without
even too many syllables like -
Old Pond
A Frog Jumps In
The Sound of Water

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

You Cannot Even Give Them Your Heart

i look at him
and he looks at me

i wish to take him
to my heart
and hold him dear

he looks at me
and draws that
divisive line
one knows
when one has lived
long enough together

he becomes
so near yet so far

with some people
you cannot even give
them your heart

john tiong chunghoo

China Guizhou Travel-Manured Patches Right At The Door

food is still top priority
right at the door
a manured field

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Umbrella

swaying with her umbrella
while keeping her skirt down
the monsoon

inspired by

their colorful umbrellas
fluttering...
low tide
-Issa,1806

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku-Hang Jebat Mausoleum (State Of Malacca)

this evening visit
Hang Jebat Mausoleum
cold as his death

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku-Rejang River Cruise (State Of Sarawak)

Rejang River Cruise
too long for my camera
the longhouses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku-Cape Cod Seashore (Massachusetts)

Cape Cod Seashore
trailing humpback silhouette
children's laughter/cheer

Cape Cod Seashore
a humpback with backpacks, cameras
and travel lust

Cape Cod Seashore
dunes, lakes, bogs, then
sand, sand and more sand

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Living The Words

i pluck out all those gigantic
words in a dictionary with the wish
to write a high brow poem

it turns out a fruit i do not even know how to call
neither sweet, nor sour, nor a pearly shape
nor anything that you can find in this world
the final poem glaring at me like a stranger
one bumps into in a foreign town

all the words beg me for the reason
to grace my poem, they say they
are not even my friend for i know them not
that they have never interacted with me
and i have never caroused with them

they dont mind, they say, standing in
for the verses as new friends do for formality
but frankly tell me we are not yet in such spirit or
company as to perform a dynamic act

i reread the poem to find indeed they are mere words
friends that got thrown together without knowing
what to expect from each other

they bow out and the whole poem just got lost
in the wilderness of my mind

i seek those friends out anyway, to share a part of their life
so that i can if needed be, belt out a proper song with them
to impress the world, to throw the audience out of their seats

john tiong chunghoo

Divine Plans

we will never ever understand god
his plans are played out
day after day like a song
in the layout of buildings
in the nuances of nature
yet we are not able to interpret
the finer parts of them
they are shrouded as heaven's will
- the fowl that comes ever
closer as you sharpen
the knife for its neck

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ghost Beat - Man A Hybrid

if ghost originates from man
then man is a hybrid, a half ghost
he carries a load of sensors
that somehow blots out a part of himself
the ghost is only released when
those sensors give themselves up

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ghosts Who Love Kicking Butts

there are naughty ghosts too
they talk about kicking your butt
as you lie on your hotel bed
you know they are males
because of their vibrations
they are not similar to females
and they are as determined
as anything to give that kick
because you are occupying
their territory

and the forlorn ghosts
they look at that beautiful painting
on the wall all day long

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Ghosts

ghost, when it is around
you are in his eyes, his eyelids
flip over you and every flip
shuttles you between
his realm and yours

a black hole of the unknown
envelops you and drives
waves of fear that eddy to
the edge of the universe

an ocean of hair rises
to the occasion while
every of your pores
nudges you about
the pesence of the invisible
and cold company

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku-Sibu Swan Song (State Of Sarawak)

Swan, Swan everywhere
Over the river, in the field
The Swan Song of Borneo, Sibü

flying in triumph
Swan, Swan
Sibu Swan Song

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Sky

childhood sky is always bright
flying with colourful birds

one exotic hornbill missed
its way to jungle, flew to town
to rest on a neighbour's roof
exhibiting its full splendour
and forever painted itself in
my memory in refreshing
red yellow, horn and all

a migrating egret flew to
a tree right in front of our house,
stayed there like an old wise
white haired man before
flying away my heart with it

the varied coloured pigeons
that turned the roof into their paradise
mating on chimneys, their wings flapping,
crowning in triumph over a female

and their signature rush to build
their nest, holding a straw in their beaks
the way a scintillating professor
out to build a sky of knowledge
for his brood, would

a few of the pigeons even flew
a few kilometres back after having been
given to our cousins holding dear
our hearts high up in the sky

one magpie sang each morn
away on a little chimney provoking me
to speak with it in excited nurseries

a forlorn pigeon waited and
waited till dusk for its companion

to emerge from the ground
disappointed and flew away
a grey world of disappointment*

childhood sky is
always bright with tales
and rains down memories -
sweet, sad, and joyful

john tiong chunghoo

Sexuality At Its Prime

he carries
a masculinity
that pours out of
his every cell,
a physique inadequate
to contain the volume
of his manliness

she carries a femininity
with a tenderness that
oozes out of an angel,
every little move
that works to tame
his wildest fantasy,
that oils her own sexuality

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

When I Would Die

i ask my brain where i would die
after a few minutes' silence
it comes back with 'here'
i ask my brain when it would be
and it keeps very mum
i ask again and it keeps mum
it keeps so mum, refusing to
put me in a state of fear

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Story Of The Physique

tide - it the norms
the swimmer
struggles against

freedom - the physique
he refers to to get to
the real state of world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Originality In Writing

when my writing
greet your mind
like a waterfall

crashing through
mind lane with
commas, apostrophes
pull stops as it plunges
down the slope

and then glide
along a stretch
to show us what
it sees with all its
commitments to
translating its true
feelings, and sights
sha sha sha all the way down
carrying a heaven with it
i know i have made it

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Autumn Wind

autumn wind
the lady holds hard to skirt
colourful leaves swirl

autumn wind-
Issa's heart and mind
stirring
-Issa,1825

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Real Losers

one is the soul of the country one is the wealth
both seem not to know how best to give to the country

one says one is the real son of the country
the other says he is equally a son of the country
for he helps build up the country, feed the nation
and develop it blood and sweat

]

one insists he is the real master
the other says he wishes to have similar status

both go on and on until they forget there is
a country to be fed, to be built, and both
end up in the drain, soul and wealth

so much to fight over in a country
without much of a country to gain in the end
my pity, my pity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Readers' Fascination

some distance away
from my highrise room
faint morn chimerical
bird chirps that warm the heart
they echo to me readers'
fascinations over my verses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu (Humour Haiku) - My Fair Lady Musical

My Fair Lady Musical
we're watching from Mount Everest,
the girl says of the third class seat

My Fair Lady Musical
On Mount Everest
the US25 dollar seat

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Head Is A Sun

the sun is a melon
bright enough to
light up the world

the head is a sun
large enough to
spawn a universe

the day we reach
its optimal shine
we could see universes
jump and dance
sun, moon, stars
out of fingers
- all in a space
of half sq metre

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Poet's Life Is A Poem

the conceited wrote only
one or two decent or
even great poems
and branded themselves
greater poets than the others

the greatest poets are those
whose life is itself a delicate poem

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Cayman Islands

Cayman Island drinking holidays
everywhere - water, beer
and our laughter

our laughter reverberates
through the sea, beer and
songs

Cayman Island drinking holidays
my tummy roars
like waves

Cayman Island drinking holidays
my tummy swirls
like waves

Cayman Island drinking holidays
the waves in my tummy
make my head swing

Cayman Island Holiday
My Bar looks more alluring
than the real watering hole

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Great Smoky Mountains (Tennessee)

Great Smoky Mountains
Winding down the path too
a colourful salamander

Great Smoky Mountains
colouring our path
a multi-hued salamander

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God's Will

the smile, the laughter
the billowing cloud
and the tears
and their echoes
all which are too
the will - of God

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

What The Eyes Dont See

to the eyes, the earth
was once flat until
space proves to us
that it's round and
floating on air

to the eyes, death
is the end of things
until perhaps one day
space again proves
it adds colours to roots
and roundness of existence

the realm opens itself
to us like a bloom

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Greater Plan Of Day

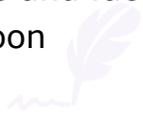
the cock crows
because the sun
has his heart all
fired up with the
golden promises
of the new day

the crickets shrill
and shrill because
they wish to polish
the shine of the moon

their prayers
pierce and pierce
the night sky
sharpening,
brightening
the edges and faces
of the moon

morning stars
fade away into the day
to give way to the new
and greater lights
in everybody's heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Time Is Swift

swift river
so is time
listen to the river

listen to the river
time is
so swift

forest
i join in the million year music
with an achoo

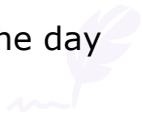
this face is
a shadow too
the real me i hide from light

morning calm
the way
to start the day

a feather flies
into sight
i must really get on with life

lobster trap
my mind cool in seawater
and the fateful lobster

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Lake Powell (Arizona)

Lake Powell Cruise
between the narrow canyons
my heart leaps

Arizona

Cruise through narrow canyons sculpted eons ago by wind and water at Lake Powell, Arizona. Watch a sunrise transform rust-colored rock cliffs into a paler shade of copper and let the glass-smooth surface ease the ripples of modern life. Amenities range from luxurious (with fireplace and hot tub) to basic (with a raft to get ashore to a secluded spot where you can make a campfire

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Creative Spirit

a creative spirit
if we would follow him
with all our heart
goes all the way to
where he builds
us a paradise

the wayward
falls off from his way,
and is lost in his own
maze of mistaken trails

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Better Brothers And Sisters

we were
brothers and sisters
even before we were born

these physiques
they are superb
instruments
a bonus for games
sensual, pleasure
triumph, losses
tears, laughters
we all throw away
the temporary masks
after our adventures
to be better brothers and sisters

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

What Corruption Means

digging at the same spot
first to lay pipes
then to lay wires
leaving mud, gravel
all over the street

spending a week
to process an application
instead of an hour
hoping that some dimes
would roll over to oil his needs

building a public place
- to make sure they
last only months
so that there would
be a redo
more projects more money

spending RM90 million
to renovate a Parliament House
to find later the whole place
as fragile as ever with an old roof
that leaks and that the whole structure
needs a redo

building a RM270million
court complex to find upon
occupancy, it has as many
cracks, leaks as the laws

a project to put up new
road signs (names)
that results in every road
has so many signs
with the same names
one wonders they are
put up for the amnesiac
to make sure they do not

forget where they are going
what else can you say
about two signs that stand
opposite each other
bearing the same name
Jalan Rozario, Jalan Rozario?

wonder anybody ever
notices the real signs
this country needs are those
that can show us the way
to love our country beyond
the dollars and cents
we so dearly love to keep
in our own pockets

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa - Et Dance

ET dance
heron tipped beaks
towards sky

inspired by

snow country's
humongous morning-glories
have bloomed!
-Issa,1807

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Realists Versus The Rest (Artists)

realists look for the heart
and soul in their objects
to cloth them with colours

others persevere to put their
heart and soul in their objects
so that they become a part of
their colourful selves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Enchanting

enchanting
first smile between
teenage lovers

coolness-
a blue hanging bell
red blossoms
-Issa,1825

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku-The Gifford Pinchot National Forest

Gifford Pinchot National Forest
so passionately played out
the american psyche

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Thunder

listen, listen to the roaring thunder

listen to its every nuance

till it tapers off

it is the roar of a patient God

with his boundless love

reverberating through humanity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - Vermilion Red Hibiscus (National Flower)

they line the streets
the nation's hospitality
flowing through vermillion red
petals so soft, gentle, and
graceful they bring on the
best smiles on people's faces

a camaraderie fills the
Malaysian air the auspicious
hibiscus breathes
its golden pistil steals into
people's hearts to powder
their senses with enchantments
surprises and irresistible delights

vermillion red hibiscus, they bow
and bow to tourists the moment
they touch down on Malaysian soil
- all the way to town

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - Leatherback Turtle

coconut leaves rustle,
running with the wind
at at least 20 km per hour
waves surge at an
equally frantic speed -
patriotic hands that
repeatedly hold onto
the beach with a roaring
and thunderous voice to
match their claim

a giant turtle slowly emerges
from the water, a dark shadow
accenting the night with its
heavy mound that plods through
the night with its strenuous flippers

the final touchdown in a
thousand mile comeback

each stride and lug forward
reflect its love for the land
that it belongs to

it is the first comeback after
many many years at sea
and now for the noblest of chores

in less than two hours,
at least a hundred
ping pong size eggs
have gone into a hole it has dug
a hole large enough to hold
all its love for the land

and you should see how tears
keep rolling down its eyes
as it thanks god it still remembers
its way back to shower its gratitude

to the land that had given him birth

the giant turtle remembers how years
ago it had crept out of its egg, shoveled away sand
and without another thought made its
precarious way to the freedom of the sea

despite the brief encounter, it never never
forgot the land it originated from, its smell, its winds,
its sounds and has logged every inch it had swam
to make that triumphant return today

the hundred eggs hold its hundred wishes
that this tradition be kept for as long
as leatherback turtle exists

plop plop plop
the giant leatherback turtle
plodding through the night

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - The Cultures In The Maidens

The maiden of Malaya is full of romance
Her hair curls and flows the way the Straits of
Malacca meets the Andaman, stretches of love that
sweep onto The Golden Chersonese

Seeds from afar as the desert plain of Arabia, the
land of Taj Mahal, Asoka - you see them dancing in her
ebullient eyes, magical eyes with lashes so long they
flip into your heart to remain in warm quarters you
could savour in the dead of nights

Her finely arched eyebrows sweep you through the
swathes and swathes of Arab sand where you remember
the Prophet and all his sayings

Layer upon layer of her young passion is played out by
the sand that swirls with the wind the moment it
blows, turning the clear sky into a miasma of her
desires



Her curvaceous physique is made
more desirous by her lace embellished kebaya
Every inch inches into your fantasy, tugs at your
heartstrings, the way the golden threads are woven
into the figure hugging costumes

Her soft tapering fingers are coloured with henna when
she marries - two floral patterned hands that promise
a wonderland of cuisine to spice up your life in all
spheres

The maiden of Malaya is full of romance,
In her flows a potpourri of cultures that would melt
away a man's heart, cultures that shine with the
mesmerising mirage of Arabia, sway to the riveting
Indian drums and twirl and swirl to the gracefulness
of a ballet nubile

The Golden Chersonese, the golden land, golden culture

and the lady that is the essence of it all

john tiong chunghoo

Out Of The River

oh god, dont reveal
everything to me
because this realm
does not have enough words
to portray them all

all the languages,
vocabularies, and words
would hardly be enough
to describe a minute part
of your creations

i am a little fish swimming
in the rivers of universe
picking up what little dregs
and worms i could find for food

the rest is beyond my
comprehension
out of water, i would be so dry
all the worlds will not be able to save me

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Japan Haiku - Mount Fuji (Japan)

mount fuji photo session
she makes up her face as
the mountain hides its face

mount fuji photo session
the newly wed couple wait
for the peak to show

mount fuji
like soldiers the cloud
rushes east

mount fuji
we wait for the mist to clear
for pictures with Fuji

Mount Fuji
the mist blocks us and Fuji
for the photo shot

spring mount fuji
our sighs as the cloud covers
the peak again

spring mount fuji
the thick fog as we wait
for peak to come out

john tiong chunghoo

Good And Bad

the angel
can only
be good

the devil
bad

humans
all the time
labouring
between
good and bad
a conscience
to balance himself

god
the origin
of both "good"
and "bad"
with no
compunction
for he is
the designer
of all and knows
where he is leading us to

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Sweeping Soot

sweeping soot
a spider trundles over
my face

inspired by

sweeping soot
the sun sets in peace...
vegetable field
-Issa,1808

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Only Once In One's Lifetime

when i die the physique
would be like a country
i had visited, savoured
all its its cultures, tastes,
nooks and corners, foibles,
dos and donts

the physique is
one country one
should experience
to to the full since
one would only visit it
once in a lifetime

then like it is
created specially for us,
its air will be exhaust,
and one would has just
to leave, to give it rest

john tiong chunghoo

Designer Brand

son asks father daily
for designer goods
from clothes to wallet
to shoes to his underwear

wise father decides
to teach son a lesson
about the most important
brand that one should have

'look at this shoe worn by
that famous author. every line,
every crease speaks of him.
the world flies here to breathe his things.
the simplest things come alive with
his aura, his unique brand'

son feels an emptiness in him
immediately. he starts looking at things
inside out rather than the other way round.

he begins to realise the artist has to shed his brand
on the canvas and that all the best colours wont
do him any good, if he is not foremostly
a brand himself.

he begins to cultivate the brand that has been
a slave to others, to free himself from being painted by others.
he starts to paint his life the way he wants to be, to be a designer brand himself

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - The Maiden Of Malaya

The maiden of Malaya
is full of romance
Her hair curls and flows
the way The Melaka Straits
meets the Andaman, stretches of love
that sweep onto The Golden Chersonese

Seeds from afar as the desert plain of Arabia,
the land of Taj Mahal, Asoka - you see them
dancing in her ebullient eyes, magical eyes
with lashes so long they flip into your heart
to remain in warm quarters you could
savour in the dead of nights

Her finely arched eyebrows sweep
you through the swathes and swathes of
Arab sand where you remember
the Prophet and all his sayings

Layer upon layer of her
passion is played out by
the sand that swirls with the wind
the moment it blows, turning the clear sky
into a miasma of desires and dreams

Her curvaceous physique
is made more desirable by
her lace embellished
gracious kebayas

Every inch inches into your fantasy,
tugs at your heartstrings, the way
the golden threads are woven
into the figure hugging costumes

Her soft tapering fingers
are coloured with henna
when she marries - two floral
patterned hands that promise

a wonderland of cuisine to spice up
your life in all spheres

The maiden of Malaya
is full of romance,
In her flows a potpourri of cultures
that would melt away a man's heart, cultures
that shine with the mesmerising mirage of Arabia,
sway to the riveting Indian drums and
twirl and swirl to the gracefulness of a ballet nubile

The Golden Chersonese, the golden land,
golden culture and the lady that is the essence of it all

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku-Ulu Geroh's Rafflesia (State Of Perak)

three day old rafflesia
worn out like us after
the strenuous ascent

with a thumping heart
and ceaseless pants
we greet a rafflesia below a slope

after a two hour climb
a rotting brown rafflesia greets us
at a corner

john tiong chunghoo



Magic Verses

what does a poet gain
but the soothing nerves
as one traverses the mental
landscape of those who have
eschewed our words, love them
so much they have spun a web of nirvana
where both readers and poets can meet
to see and feel the full splendour of verses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sad

dusk to dusk
this sadness
carries a shade
the heart finds
hard to bear

the melancholy
scarlet of dusk
an artist keenly
touches up to portray
the remaining
breaths of the day

the soft breeze
carries your soft sigh
and carress
to bid me farewell

the quiet dusk is
choked with
my longings
for you while divinity
witholds its
consolations
and looks at me
through blood shot eyes
a breathless
conflagration of
copper red,
orange and gold

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Issa-The Well's Bottom

the well water
is like mom love
there until old, dry and out

inspired by

the well's bottom, too
utterly dry...
moonlit night
-Issa,1822

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - West Tennessee Strawberry Festival

Tennessee Strawberry Festival
redder than strawberries
all the girls' lips

Tennessee Strawberry Festival
the little girl asks mom to paint
her lips red like strawberries

Tennessee Strawberry Festival
the girl shows her first
strawberry cake

Tennessee

Humboldt, just a short drive from Memphis, is home to the West Tennessee Strawberry Festival, one of the oldest festivals in the state. Held the first week in May, it includes parades, street dance, music, a BBQ cook-off, and a beauty pageant.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Weight

a wonder so much
loneliness can pack
into that frail little frame

if loneliness has a weight
she would be carrying
a hundred times what
she is doing now

a wonder how much
human warmth and friendship
can lighten everything up
even at the worst crisis

she feels herself light as
the song of a spring bird
whenever he is around

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku-Tutukaka Pleasures

Tutukaka pleasures
i buy myself a season
different from home

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Putting Life Into Man

writing poetry is like
having created a man
and giving him his
eyes, his ears,
his tongues, his skins
and extra sensory
perceptions so that
like music they could
all come into play
in their sequences
to put the life into the man

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The White Of The Paper

i like the white screen
i like the white paper
because they ask such
a simple task from me

write as you wish
think as you want to
or dont want to
I feel a white dove
flying amongst wondrous
cumulus clouds

meditate as much as i wish
so that the white becomes
a mere plane of zen,
a vibration of existence

i like the white screen
i like the white paper
because they ask just
such a simple thing of me
to swing myself and exercise
my thoughts so that i let loose
clouds, birds, stars and moon
in the minds of men

i like the white screen
i like the white paper
because they always
are my best friends,
open an infinite plane
for me to act out my antics
for the good of men,
exercise their minds and
let their humours flow

i like the white of the
screen and the paper
because they are always

there to accommodate me
to let the gift from heaven flow

john tiong chunghoo

The Real Fengshui

his door faced the bend of a bridge
they told him that would bend his luck, so
he had the door torn down and bore through
a wall for a new door, one that faces
the Sun well for the sunshine of life

her door opened to the sharp edge
of a building she thought was the
inauspicious razor that had slashed
her chances in life, so with much incisive
belittlements of her neighbours,
she hung a ba kua mirror to throw back
what she thought should be theirs to keep

another one with the same predicament
bought a large cannon to aim it at the poison arrow
she thought would overpower the bad influences

one man tore down a whole house
spending a few hundred thousands on
a fengshui expert to plan him a house
with all the good fengshui, a pyramid
he thought would be a panacea of
bad omens, where dreams perpetually come true

but to get the toilet, kitchen and living room in
the right paths of the stars, the house had bore
a hole right through his pocket
fortunately he is well heeled

the forces of wind and water
have like typhoon swept a flurry
of cash into the the coffers of
fengshui masters these days -
they sure had set the lucky winds
blowing in the right places

hopefully fengshui adherents
had had their bad angels swept

into oblivion never to return

perhaps there is another house
that needs all the fengshui care too
our spiritual, emotional and mental growth
needs the fengshui of the mind
to keep them strong - so that those
doors of success, failure, trails, tribulations
we could face with the right canon of faith,
courage and confidence

the house over our shoulders
is where the art of fengshui has to
come first for what we do reflects the
order of the chairs, tables and books
in the library of our heads

john tiong chunghoo

1. Two Red Candles Burning Through Night

chinese wedding
two red candles burn
though the night

wax sizzles,
drips, drips
with our red hot
passion for each other

drips, drips
fluidly down the bar
the whole night

drips, drips, with
each pause of
our desire
each hug of our
affirmation for
each other



PoemHunter.com

drips, drips
with our thirst
for each other

drips, drips
and clings to
the bar, warm
as our bosoms

drips, drips
solidifying
the night into our
assurance
for each other

drips drips till
the morning
turning the night
into an ecstatic

tour de force,
a union crystallising in
a mass of bliss
resting quiet on
the base of two
exhaust candles

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku-Out Islands, Bahamas

Eleuthera Bahamas
the guide warns about a heaven
that can become hell

Eleuthera Bahamas
two thin strips of sand
to heaven, to hell

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Two Men

let the man who talks
be quiet and let us hear
the man in the man -
the man who works not with
reason and thoughts -
but the cells, the reflexes

if he answers all our queries
of his origin, the expanse
of the physical side of things
and his relations to the universe
he will probably throw us all
out of our chair for all the
things the other man in him
is in the dark

they are a million miles apart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Religious Haiku

noodle restaurant
buddha stares at man
tearing at his chicken

(this restaurant hangs the picture
of buddha on the wall)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mother Nature

the day we lay to rest
our beloved slave
with our know how
and free him once
and for all from
all the cruelties
we have subjected him to

the slave who has been
crying day and night
begging for the meaning
of his existence

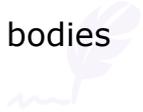
we would be
able to spare
our consciousness
the privilege to be
stars and moons
heavenly bodies

within this
consciousness
the living and the
non living would carry
on our systems

the intelligent ones would start
calling us 'Mother Nature'

from there, would start
another cycle to liberate slaves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Divine Love Breaking Through The Darkness

darkness comes love

love of god

as i pray for
mom's longevity
the darkness
of night acquires a solace

- the Almighty
so moved
his earnestness
to embrace me
reverberates
in the primordial
cloud of darkness

a divine gladness
that seeps through
the thickness of night
to share his gratitude
that a soul has taken
to his rulings of love
for each other

that a soul is on the
road of salvation

a darkness
so penetrating
it echoes the
voice of God

a divine hug
so ingratiating
darkness is an
overpowering
solace vibrating
in a mass of sacred

consciousness

john tiong chunghoo

He Is Just Minutes Into His Game

oh yes he is just minutes
into this game of angels,
devils and humans

he was only half hour
into those dinosaur thing
before deciding they
were going nowhere
and wasting his time

oh yes he finished them
in a flash of fire storms
from the sky

is he going to do
the same this time around?

oh yes, it looks like it
the latest creatures seem
to have a brain but are
using them to hurt
each other no ends
a dog eat dog world
dinosaur eat dinosaur world
no better, no better

just wait for that flash
of flames from the sky
perhaps he is putting
aside for us two of his minutes

beware, beware, beware

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku-South Africa's 2,000 Wines

South Africa's great wines
these sour grapes over
others who can drink

South Africa's great wines
fuel me to one great regret
the allergy to alcohol

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Village Child

village child tells
city boy where and how
to get an eel

inspired by

the village child
makes a river branch...
melting snow
-Issa,1793

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Storm

Stormy weather
this time of year
in Kuala Lumpur
it always comes
in the late afternoon

it sounds like gods
are moving houses
the heart thumping thunder

several years ago
the rain even pulled
down a high rise building
on the hillslope

this time it sounds like
the gods are nailing down
some deviant angels
and they try real hard
to get them down

the heart thumping thunder

john tiong chunghoo

The Egg

the soul is the royal yellow in egg
it requires god's blessing to reveal
the glory of heaven, to begin life
when his warm hands are not there
the egg would fall into eternal damnation
holding a hell of foulness to repel even
the holiest of angels out to save souls

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Moon In The Autumn Dawn

autumn moon
a circle of nerve
soothers

inspired by

moon in the autumn dawn-
nearing month's end
lantern in the eaves
-Issa,1827

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Dues

big hearted is light
giving darkness
12 hours each of its day

big hearted is darkness
giving light
12 hours each of its day

give light to darkness
give darkness to light

give everyone his dues
for it reflects what is
then dued to us too

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inspired By Issa - Wisteria Trellis

morning glory
two yellow butterflies'
frolicking flight

inspired by Issa's

wisteria trellis-
behind it, in the light
wildflowers
-Issa,1809

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Predestined Space

every poem i wrote had existed
somewhere else - another realm

i worked on a jigsaw puzzle
to put word by word the poetry here

every misplaced word looked like
an upturned king's head
or a chair's leg in the king's mouth

each wrong entry was so telling
a mistake i had to make sure
each word did not slip in
the jigsaw puzzle,
that they went to the right place

every poem i wrote had existed
somewhere else - another realm

the mind recognised the space
for each individual word to make up
- the poem

john tiong chunghoo

The Way God Works

the way god works
makes me feel
my mind in my foot
and my foot in my mouth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Key Largo (Florida)

Spiegel Grove reef
a navy vessel left
to be colonised

Spiegel Grove navy vessel
beauty of
colonisation

Florida

Key Largo offers a number of attractions for visitors. Paddle a canoe through Everglades National Park, a truly unique environment almost completely submerged beneath fresh and brackish water with an abundance of wildlife. Dive the Spiegel Grove, a U.S. Navy vessel sunk intentionally to create an artificial reef, now a popular dive spot.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Little Turtle

creature of wisdom
the turtle in the little aquarium
sits on a stone the whole day
teaches me to meditate
to save money for days of age

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu Inspired By Issa - Autumn Mountain

autumn mountain
the artist decides to go
impressionistic

inspired by

bird sings again
bell tolls again...
autumn mountain
-Issa,1805

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - The Annunciation (Leonardo Da Vinci)

take Leonardo out of Rome
but you cant take the Roman Empire
out of his brush

you cant squeeze the roman
out of his brush
Leonardo da vinci

annunciation flaws
angel kneels like a roman soldier
the virgin sits like a queen

Oh my God
the virgin takes her divine message
sitting down

surprise, surprise
the virgin takes a divine message
sitting down

john tiong chunghoo

Trails Of Thoughts

my words
that hit
the page

they pass
the trail
of your
thoughts
before
marching
to the
lines

forgive me
if they have
walked the
same way

forgive me
if they
have been
prosaic



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Spring Wind

Spring breeze
boy talks to mom about
new friends and teachers

Spring breeze
they talk about
the new school syllabus

Spring breeze
from the school the noise
of children again

Spring breeze
mom chatters with child
about his new shirt

Spring breeze
his new shirt flutters
at the clothesline

john tiong chunghoo

The Real Special Person

honour is feeling you are special
because you have made others
feel good about being themselves

they cannot but turn back to tell you
that you are so special a person

the real special person is one who
wins that admiration from the heart of friends
not through any hint of force, superiority
or indebtedness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Leaf, Spring Leaf

each autumn leaf
trailing the wind
a lost dream

each spring leaf
that takes leave
a lost hope

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Divine Manna

this physique
holds onto
a core - a
divinity that
feeds us
spiritual,
mental, and
physical manna

the force
that holds
the ice
together holds
these cells

he swims in
our core
making us realise
he is closer to us
than the veins
on our neck
closer than
our heart

till a fixed time
when he decides
to let go to fulfil
a divine curse
to catch us in
his hands

john tiong chunghoo

Young Hearts

when the afternoon rain has ended
and the breeze turns the trees into
a riotous moment of cheer and joy

the sky's mersmerising azure blue
peeks through a child's sentimental fleece
your refreshingly desirous eyes work
a halcyon weather over a swan lake
no one except you have the privilege to dance

a realm of escape where one could
have everything without even trying
and for me that means your good self

polite, gentle and caring
pulling a curtain over the sky
to shun us from a furious glare
brings us so much closer to
your irresistible warm bosom

there, we play out emotions between
the fine space of clouds
envelope ourselves in serenity and charm
our eyes flip over the thin membrane
between desire and love

i slowly emerge out of a lake
to witness a sphere young hearts
are faint to come to terms with eye to eye

john tiong chunghoo

Heart To Heart Talk

heart to heart talk -

'oh god when
can we have a break
of the world's madness?

the devout christians,
jews and muslims
profess to serve
the one true god.

yet sitting deadly
and stubbornly
between them
is but the one true god.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Boredom Is A Man Who Married The Wrong Woman

boredom
is a man
who married
the wrong woman

she steals
the elements
out of his days
the sugar out
of his morn coffee
leaving him
high and dry
bereft of joy

his brain fights
the grime that
starts covering
up the shine
of his mirror  PoemHunter.com
so that he can
still look at himself
and laugh; 'Well,
you're still a diamond.'

john tiong chunghoo

White Paper

white paper

a girl bidding
for real love

a receptacle
for sincere thoughts
and feelings

a union of soul,
heart and thought
with readers

white paper
a space for a poem
as luminous as it looks

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Putting Words On Hold

some words, some elaborate words
they have not acquired a life
in my system, so they shall not have
the chance to grace my humble stage - the page

i reckon they are still in the makeup stage
bewildering over which colours
to choose for their cheeks, nails
as well as the most flamboyant
outfit to go with them all

until they claim a character
of their own, they shall be held
in silence behind the large red curtains
of my academic stage

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Memories

let me be that poem
that witnesses your
secret yearning as
your glance falls
into that well of
heaven of his

a tightly guarded
glance that lifts
the veil of longings
to let a fruitful
imagination warm
up your nights

let me be that poem
that witnesses you
open yourself up wholly
to your loved one
without the fear of
losing, brushing his hair
counting each strand
as a blessing you have won

let me be the poem
that witnesses the tears
you let loose the years

years of care and love
expressed with deeds
denied in words

each word of
those years of sacrifice
is now a roll of tears
down a floodgate
greeted by his
heartaching silence

each dropp of tears that runs

thicker than the years
swifter than memory
purifying the window of love

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodia Travel Poem Series - A Time Machine

angkor temple visit
i am a time machine
shuttling between
structures lost in time
and a world that refuses
to be shadowed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Rough Sea

i wish to be
in a sail boat
in a rough sea
where every corner
i am thrown i see
another heaven

every other corner
i am thrown rises
another heaven

every other corner
a heaven of new
verses sweeping
through the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Paper

the paper is a stage
for mind to act out
its dreams, draw
people to the possible
as well as the impossible

the paper could hold
the whole universe

on this stage is born
all the world's great
philosophers, builders
dramatists, musicians

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Remembering Carl Sandburg - The Fog

The fog descends
in the wee hours of dawn
like a sacred thing

moves slowly to the ground
the way mom would pour milk
from a half frozen can

in the newspaper plant
the reel has just started running

the words go so fast
they are the process of thought
reenacted on papers

millions and millions of information
precipitated to get to the right one

not all news are accurate as
we would love them to be

the fog plays with them before
the sun shines through it

what remains after are little
lovely jewels on leaves
and - our eye lashes
to help us weigh the day

by john tiong chunghoo
inspired by

Fog

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city

on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Carl Sandburg

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetry's Wings Clipped

the bird they cage
to study its songs
becomes the cage
that strangles the bird
muddles its best song

the day they caged
the bird was the day
its songs went awry

poetry is the bird
that carries our freedom
song up to the sky

soaring with the clouds
shimmers in the sea
rustling with the leaves
shrilling with the crickets
hooting with the owls

birds need no teacher
to teach it sing its poem

spiders need no teacher
to teach it spin its web

the first poem
sprang from the fountain
of the human's heart

it flows a crystal clear stream
that shines with their
love, hope and dreams

the day they
started confining
poetry to the
classroom,
dissecting

it like a surgeon
was the day poetry's wings
were clipped

john tiong chunghoo

Beauty Of Imperfection

let those few mistakes be
this all-technical age
those are the only signs
that there is a human being
very capable of errors
behind those verses

i have not even seen
a handwritten letter
for some 10 years

i am craving for that human touch
the beauty of imperfection
the few missed commas, wrong verbs
and misplaced full stops

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Realmseescope And Realmfilterscope

some realms
can be seen
but not touched
it can be at the
other side of say light

some realms
need the other realms
to realise themselves
like light that needs us
to see itself

and us who need light
to see this realm

some realms are
sharing realms
within each other

like light that has seven
realms spread in them

and we cannot see them
until our brain advance
into them with say
a realmseescope

and till then perhaps
we need to advance with
a realm filterscope
to select from the millions of realms
what we wish to see -
the being that resembles us most

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Machu Picchu

machu picchu
my feet trek on
on its own

machu picchu
we climb the stairs
of our curiosities

a broken dream
billowing in the mounts
machu picchu

machu picchu
echoing in the mountains
our cheers of a fulfilled dream

john tiong chunghoo



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Inspired By Issa - Lover Cat

two month old
baby's cry
that tom cat in heat
(John Tiong)

inspired by

with a voice
like a temple bell...
the lover cat
-Issa,1814

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Is God Proving A Point?

is god proving a point
or giving himself away
to realm beyond realm?

the trees well they survive
on only light, air, water and
soil and live to be the longest

i heard that angels survive
on fire and in some realms
old age is unheard of

and they are probably true

plants which mostly survive
on air, water and soil give away
the best of nature's beauty -
flowers for every of our seasons
and food to feed the world

the tortoise well he too
survives on a vegetarian
diet - too slow to catch others
- and lives to at least a few hundred years old

but we humans who devour more than
half of the world's assets and and
causing many to be extinct
live a mere five score if lucky.

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Alaska's Denali National Park

Denali National Park
his camera makes me
kiss a grizzly bear

Denali National Park
their debate whether to spring
or winter there

john tiong chunghoo



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You Pull A Tide In Me

you pull a tide in me
like the full moon
upon the wildest of sea

a strange longing
inches its way
into me the day you
appeared,
plays shadow
with my senses

the thousand smiles
over the sea
they are mine for you

the million sighs
over the sea
they are mine
under the gentle
touch of love

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the butterfly's
frenzied joy
as it perches
over the cup
of honey wrapped blossom

it is that poem
swept awry in the sea
of my heart

john tiong chunghoo

Remembering Roald Dahl - The Pig

firecrackers
were noisier
than the hosts
the pigs when
they were ushered
in three days ago

well, the crackers
since they were
invented were
to frighten away
the nien monster that
came plaguing
villagers every year

and their job is
to be loud to -
drown out the old year
and rock in the new

year of the Pig
really drew out
the pig in me

i have been
spending
the whole time eating,
sleeping, writing poetry
and watching CDs

nothing particularly Chinese
I had observed except
the red T shirts I wore
to give some identity
to my roots, some respect

red is for luck and is a
divine prescription to
do away with nien as it

does not like red hot fiery red

another reason why crackers
are always red

well, me was born in the year
of the pig 47 years ago
and according to Chinese zodiac
have a good knowledge
of how to luxuriate in the
goodness of this world

my greatest weakness
however, is not knowing
who to trust

a vulnerability
that can cause one
to falter into the smallest of traps

naive and clumsy
the way the pig walks
as he balances the weight
of his overindulgence

a real pig who trusts
the world so much
he spends most
of his time sleeping,
eating and make merry

what a difference
to Roald's pig
who sensed
all the schemes
master farm drew up
since day one they met
- to strip him to his bones

every ounce of his bulge
drew out every inch
of the capitalist in him

and what a smart thing
the Pig did - eating master farm
before he could gut him,
barbecue him, skewer him
onto hooks in the market
crash him into pieces
for soup, rolls and pies

i wish i can be roald's pig
born to be street smart
a whole brain of go getting cells
a whole bundle of thoughts
to be a winner of life
a whole belly to stuff his master in

by john tiong chunghoo

john tiong chunghoo

Remembering Henry David Thoreau's The Moon

she signs herself in
and out of the sky
a vast domain she
has with her kins

the stars and the one
who surreptitiously
showers on her his glory

to keep the key to
her throne a secret
she takes a new signature
each day to her coveted seat

from a round lamp
to a bright sharpened sickle
to harvest the fields

so punctual is she
with her presence
she has been akin
to a heavenly calender

through her signature
the ancients learnt the
cycle of things

lunar lunar calender
to remember
the start of war
the end of war
the union, the parting,
the reunion
the conception
the new born,
the death anniversary

a story, sad or happy,
to sign in every new moon

into our life

by john tiong chunghoo
inspired by Thoreau's

-

The full-orbed moon with unchanged ray
Mounts up the eastern sky,
Not doomed to these short nights for aye,
But shining steadily.

She does not wane, but my fortune,
Which her rays do not bless,
My wayward path declineth soon,
But she shines not the less.

And if she faintly glimmers here,
And paled is her light,
Yet always in her proper sphere
She's mistress of the night.

Henry David Thoreau

john tiong chunghoo

The Sea A Storehouse Of Faith

go to the
sea for an
ounce of faith
it can inspire in you

a storehouse
of faith
it meditates
upon the heavens
at all hours
by day, by night

and opens itself
up to God
a willing
book for him to
write all his plans

and wastes
no second
to carry out
even his
slightest bid

be it for the
calm of day
or the tempest
by night

john tiong chunghoo



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Vibration Dream

vibrations

secrets
of
realms

god
hides
himself
in a
realm
of
zero
vibration
beyond
human
detection
fathom

nobody
can see
him

space
too
define
vibrations

our voice
has won us
in traversing
distance
light years away

exactly sounding
to us that
we too
will
one day



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travel that far
with vibration
gadgets

for examining
from earthsize lens
this body isbut
lines and lines
of vibrations

some scientists
think they are
superb lines
and can even
be stored
for eternity

long live
the human species

john tiong chunghoo

Remembering Issa - Nightingale Arrives

the owl watches
the forest floor
eyes wide as the moon

excited owl
the mice runs
in its eyes

inspired by Issa's

the nightingale aims
and arrives...
my fence
-Issa,1806

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Unaltered Pages

so many want
to be poets

they let words
guide them
(take the lead)

writing in
a high fashion

for the glamour
i suppose

for me
i let my
humble heart and soul
guide me
to my poem

the first words
human uttered
were born there

and still are

for poets
who string verses
that lift readers
to the unaltered
realm (pages) of their life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mona Lisa Who Carries Our Smile

why did mona lisa
become famous?
it's because she
smiles for us

a smile that has
come out
of our system
so real, so smooth
an innocent smile wrung
from all our heart's

leonardo, well leonardo
his colours carry our nerves
that pull the eventual smile
he has seized the moment
and portrayed what is in us in
the most eloquent fashion

so true to the heart
not a stroke from the
wrong side of our elation nerves

john tiong chunghoo

God's Obsession With Geometry

you may not be all knowing
but it does not mean you
would not know the all knowing

for instance the fact that he is
obsessed with geometry

the lines you see everywhere
in the the butterflies, the birds,
the insects, animals

what do they have in common?
such an overpowering exquisite
range of shapes and patterns

the obsession develops into
creating things to carry and
dance with those mindboggling,
at times, eerie, alluring and simply
ingenious and haunting designs

his favourite should be the shape of a ball
all things important are crowned with a roundness
that conveys his fondness for them

it starts from your two eyeballs, then the earth
then the sun, the whole planetary system
even the way they move, circular lines

the rest of his geometric insanity,
you have to run for them in the butterflies,
the birds, the molluscs, the shells,
each earth particle, the crystals

and did i say our very own face.
every line on the face makes us another person

you need not be all knowing
but that does not mean you

would not know the all knowing
his preference, his dos and donts
the way he talks in symbols using
things around us, and the cycle of things

his obsession with geometry

john tiong chunghoo

The Unsold Bouquets

the remaining bouquets
the flowers are still fresh
but this late valentine night
they look particularly
bare of hope for a sale
three bouquets on a table
that have become too big for them

during the day, there were
so many of them
one over the other
a city of eager lovers
head over heels
in choosing of the best roses
to convey their feelings
to their fancied

flowers, blooms, blossoms
their grace, fragrance and
semblance of intimacy
won the day for the
hot blooded men who wilted
in the face of transmitting
their innermost thoughts
to their new loved ones

so many of his hearts went
into the girl's when she
accepted his bouquet
so many of his lovelorn nights
turned into nights of hope

now a girl in a condominium
still carries a dream to have
that sweet bouquet from
her secret love

a three-year dream
a bouquet a year

that's three bouquets

three bouquets that sit
on a big vacant heart

longing to be bought
longing to be given away
longing to fill up a lonely heart
giving her life the colours she longs for

john tiong chunghoo

The Trees And The Sun

this thousand year old tree
so old, its barks break apart
long dry mouths all over that
sing songs of rain and shine
despite the hardening wrinkles

if i could understand the language
of trees, i could tell a million secrets
of the solar system, their close friends
by day, by night, waving to the heavens
and the sun, the tree has him in his skin
like two lovers copulating

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Best And Worst Poems

if i ever be famous
with my poems
well, i would come
out with collections
of my best poems for
hordes of ardent readers

if i ever be famous
with my poems
i would also surprise
readers with collections
of my worst poems
and i am sure
they would sell too

everybody loves to see
the unsavoury side of
a famous personality
it is news in fact

we all have to start
from somewhere
good, bad or ugly

john tiong chunghoo

Granny Granny

it must be
from that little
corner of the heart
where pain is most
difficult to contain

that little corner
of the heart where
the world of love
could fit into

that little packet of
groundnuts and tibits
an endearingly cluster
beside the tombstone

granny granny
as promised every year
a packet of your
best loved tidbits

screaming to the dead
as well as the living
like me who could
feel the cluster of love
weighing so heavily
on my own heart

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Colorado's Breckenridge

breckenridge
our eyes locked between
the slopes

breckenridge
the slopes take possession
of our eyes

breckenridge
trailing the slopes
our eyes and hearts

breckenridge
the slopes echo to us
our excitements

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Where The Flute Lets Out Its Song

a real poet means
even the mistakes
between the verses
will not douse the
eagerness to read you

even when you do not
write out full sentences
and place dashes, moon
and stars between your words

because between the lines
are jewels to dazzle the readers' mind
notches and keyholes the
smart flute lets out its song

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cambodia Travel Series - Every Fallen Stone An Ache To The Heart

Call it a curse, call the thousand years a curse
these temples were made to last ten thousand years
but they now lie like a dream shattered
walls crumbled, even the roots of trees like pythons,
have wound their way into the stone structures
holding them tightly but in fact breaking them apart

the trees now stand majestic as if celebrating the fact
that they had the temples down to its foundations

Call me Jayarvarman IV, or even better still
King Suryavarman (Sun Shield) II
the builders of most of the wonders of Angkor
and in fact, to feel what i feel, just call me
a heart that has been trampled into a million pieces
like what you would see at many of Angkor ruins

they stand like exact curses of what
the once glorious god kings would
have perceived or feared them to become
the symbols of their power tore to mere desolate rubble

the coldness of each stone now freezes
one the fashion of a virgin's loneliness
a virgin still in the emotional throes of
losing her childhood love to another woman

and please do not even laugh here
for the echoes that ricochet back are
even more unbearable -
they storm at a heart as if it has been
emptied of all its ambitions
a disillusioned soul in the bleakness
of the worst rain

the Bayon, the king still looks into the sky
into so many ways, directions

reminiscent of his great days

a disconsolate longing
permeates the evening winds
and the dusk light throws a melancholic
silhouette over the eroded flooring
evoking a futile longing to call back the old days
to distil the curse of time and nature's wrath

every visitor who visits the Angkor
cannot help but be possessed by the
disillusioned souls of these great kings
and sighs; 'It was such a great great
kingdom then. Every fallen stone
has to be an ache to the great heart
of those god kings, even now.'

john tiong chunghoo

Layer And Layer Of Dynamite

when teaching of peace
in religion is overtaken
by narrow minded bigotry

when religion fails to work
its primary function, to spread love
layer and layer of suspicion
and hatred start to grow
in the hearts of different faiths

they work like dynamite
and more destructive
than an atom bomb

when detonated, for years
the fires remain burning
invisible but ever ready
like embers to flay into
the worse of flames

the issue of race when
played out for political gains
hatred and suspicion
between the peoples
start to work like layer and layer
of dynamite in a bomb
ever ready to detonate,
burn, scar, and tear
down the basic foundation
of society

john tiong chunghoo

Global Warming

so it's true we
shall perish by fire

even the ice of the poles
has shuddered
from the heat

whispered a sad note
and cracked

and slowly it bobs
up and down
reprising another
mankind's ice
cold destiny

humanity
to drown
in a few more
degrees of warmth

 PoemHunter.com

the sea refuses
to give way
and the sun
closes in on them
like hell

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - The Grand Canyon

inviting me to dance
grand canyon's shapely pinnacles
cliffs, ridges

Grand Canyon
i raise my hands to dance to
pinnacles, cliffs, ridges

undulating pinnacles
Grand Canyon plucks
at my heartstrings

Grand Canyon
I dance to a rhythmic
landscape

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Globe

the globe sits
on the table

full of countries
surrounded by
a mass of blue

hitting the drums
on so many
vacuum cells
in my mind

so many places
that remain places

flat as a piece of map

the child tilts the globe
spins it it round
and round

a mind full
full of wonder
of the world
that revolves
in his mind

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Baja Mexico Sea Kayaking

Baja Mexico
the whales are appetisers
for the eyes

Baja Mexico
between each swirl of the paddles
our excitements

Baja Mexico
our laughters join
the waves

Mexico

If there is an ideal sea kayaking destination, Baja Mexico may be it. The water is warm, the wildlife is varied and abundant, and there are countless inlets and beaches to explore. A group of quality outfitters leads kayak trips to Baja year-round, though most tours are conducted during Mexico's warm winters. Some tours focus on wildlife and whale-watching, while others emphasize exploration of remote coves and out-of-the-way beaches.

john tiong chunghoo

The Opening In The Sky To Heaven

in the eyes of the swallows
the sky winds its way into
a mysterious golden
- cool luminous opening
to where heaven is

on and on the excited swallows
would sing wishing one day
it would be able to explore
what is inside

on and on the swallows would sing
as they cruise the sky
delighting all earth's inhabitants

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Death Is A Taboo Word In All Realms

when you meet a spirit
please do not mention the word death
for it is a taboo, a sad reminder of god's curse
a tribulant time in the heavens

when you meet a poor ghost
also do not mention the word death
for he was once made to think
he would live forever

and now as a ghost
he does not want to be
disenchanted again with
such unfulfilled dreams
tears have all been shed
and he just wants to wander
in his realm waiting for God's
answer to his plight

when you meet Christ
do not talk to him about death
for it is taboo too
for he had come, died
to make sure we all live again
death to him is no more

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Grenada Escapade

grenada escapade
its trails take my legs
and its cove my soul

Grenada

Explore Grenada's lush interior, especially Grand Etang National Park, crisscrossed by nature trails and filled with dozens of secluded coves and sandy beaches. If you're visiting on February 7, join the celebration of Grenada's 33rd Anniversary of Independence, with a variety of festivities including ceremonies and parades.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Virgin Of Kyiv

Peeking through
a thousand years of love
Virgin of Kyiv

a thousand years
put the depth into the look
between mom and child

Virgin of Kyiv
call me what you like
i am for the world

Virgin of Vladimir
i prefer the virgin
of salvation

Virgin of Vyshorod
call me what you like
just fill your heart with love

Virgin of Love and Light
call me what you like
let us pray for the world

THE MOST FAMOUS ICON in the world is probably the Virgin of Kyiv, which was made by a Byzantine artist about the year 1132 for Prince Mstislav(1125-1132) of Kyiv. Mstislav, the son of King Volodymyr Monomakh (1113-1125) , of Kyiv Rus, decided to build a church in Vyshorod, near Kyiv, for which the foundation stone was laid in 1132. He commissioned an icon of the Virgin and Child from Byzantium. The icon's beauty and importance were fully realized by the Kyivans as two historical chronicles, the Laurentian and Hypatian, noted.

Our Lady of Kyiv, which arrived in Ukraine about 1134, is a masterpiece comparable for its beauty and psychological depths to the Mona Lisa. This religious painting, by a Greek, probably reflected the taste of the Kyiv royal family and is the first great work in the Kyivan or Ukrainian school of icons. Ukrainians usually call the icon the Virgin of Vyshorod, while the Russians call it the Virgin of Vladimir. The reason is that Prince Andrew Bogolubsky removed the treasured icon in 1155 or 1164 to his northern city of Vladimir before he destroyed Kyiv. Some Ukrainian historians consider this the first attack of the

nascent Russian nation (Suzdalia) on Ukraine.

This icon displays an animated face, and the great tenderness of the Virgin for her child, which was very unusual for the strict code of icon painting in its day. The Virgin's head, touching the baby, is a gesture of such deep affection that, iconographically, it is described by the word 'tenderness'. It has a profoundly Slavic spirit and set the standard for Ukrainian icon painters, which has never been surpassed. The Virgin is an individual as well as a symbol of motherhood. Fate has preserved the icon through centuries of war, although the faces and some background are all that survived 800 years. In 1395 it was taken from Vladimir to Moscow and is now in the Tretyakov Gallery there. The original icon measures 78.1 x 54.6 cm.

The Virgin of Kyiv is an important work of world art and a treasure of the Ukrainian cultural heritage.

john tiong chunghoo

A Fragment Of Memory

like death
the body that
dissolves into dust,
bones and
nothingness,
the spirit dissipates
to its sources
- the moon, the sun
and the distant stars -
forces that had come
together in a synergy
to form a child that was me

they return to their respective
sphere on my last breathe

and until these similar sources
meet again, i am but
a fragment of your memory

john tiong chunghoo

Cup Of Bitterness

the shrivelled leaf
has become a thousand
pieces of bleakness
as my hand presses
over and over

so green and full
of vitality, the sun
that brought it life had
taken its last juice

it parted from the sprig
that once held it high
gently falling to the ground
a non entity carrying with it
a world of disillusion

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Inside = Outside = Equal Fascination

writing poetry
suddenly i realise
it is to a journey to
my own sanctuary
where i get a better
inkling of myself

those who read
and could follow
pick up a few
pieces of diamonds

i look into myself
and find a universe
similar to the one without

unreachable, without end

god's geometry
within and without
this human frame
would work out
- for me - to be only this;
equal fascination

two coins of the same
thing?

the real solution
perhaps we have
to wait for the
eternal master
to come with the
real formula

when we close our eyes
and look within
does it mean we look
into everyone's else

universes too
the ones locked in
each of us
unreachable, without end?

are we hands and legs
of the same spirit
like what the tentacles
are to the giant octopus?

are we lost in these universes
that bind themselves to us?
these universes a parasite
to our soul? the satan that refuses
to let go?

john tiong chunghoo

When I Was Young

when i was a child
the world was
full of poetry
played to me

the dragonfly
was so red
her tail glowed

in all the quiet
of her realm
she would dip
her tail into a stream
again and again
in fast sequence
for fun i thought

and when she glided
above a field
with her friends
they reminded me of
fighter planes

the river, always
clear and swift
serenaded a tinkling
heartfelt song
below the clear blue sky
as it hurried out to sea

the fish jumped and
swished their tail
like conductors

till this day the
song the river sang
plays itself in
in my heart, in my soul
whenever it flows

through my memory
- the river which is
nowhere to be seen now

mom's chicks,
they were
always beige and spotted
and grew up
to shine in
dark brown and black
with a greenish sheen

they crowed so loudly
every morning was a
raging contest to see
who could get the sun
out to light up the world

the hens they were
always with their chirping
little chicks in the field
looking for worms
protective like the
fiercest mothers

but they soon turned
into witches pecking
at their grown up chicks
to get them to fend
for themselves

poor chicks, they would
run back only to be pecked
run back only to be pecked
and really learnt it the hard way
to live and fend for themselves

(to be continued)

john tiong chunghoo

Sons And Daughters

my poems are my children
sons and daughters
each with own characters
to travel to the far distance
to cheer up the world
places i never would
have chance to ever have fun in

treat them well if they do touch
your heart with their words

play with them, dance and
sing with them as these are his forte
words, rhythm and a sincere heart
his only means for friendship

if not, send them back to me
send them back to me so that
i can hear from them all the
less than savoury adventures
they had in foreign shore
so that i can think about
putting more colours into
them or send them into another
land where there are more
appreciative souls
that like them

john tiong chunghoo

Releasing The Angel

it can blind the world
when it spreads its wings
and cover the sky

light as feather
the paper can get the world
to lift the heaviest of chore

and usually is a prison
for those who see it as
the only way to gratify themselves

the millionaire 's son
still deluded that
he has not turned dancer
to let the angel in him live

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - At The Moulin Rouge

at the Moulin Rouge
the woman waits for someone
she does not like

At the Moulin Rouge is an oil-on-canvas painting by French artist Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. It was painted between 1892 and 1895. It is one of a number of works by Toulouse-Lautrec depicting the Moulin Rouge cabaret built in Paris in 1889.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Consumed By Love

man when overwhelmed
by love, his eyes are
two moons cruising
through thin veil of clouds

never can you see them clearly
for they shuttle between
desires and reality
trying to rise above the
consuming tide of libido
but never really succeed to

the young woman
overtaken by love
tries to sleep like a log
inundated by her
burning desires
and woven dreams

she wishes night to be day
and day to be night
when she can see
the two pair of eyes she so loves
cruise through her heart
- and swims in them in ecstasy

john tiong chunghoo

Alone Looking At The Mountain

it looms up my mind,
over me, stands so
erect and grand
i thought it's another
human being
my heart trails the range
and one side of the mountain
all the way down to its foot
it reminds me of the arm of god
that spreads wide to welcome me
to every inch of his world confident that
i would enjoy every inch of it too like himself

naccissistic creature

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Getting To The Lake In Us

poetry is getting
to the roots of us all

getting into that lake
in us to find what
there are in it

looking at the sun
and tracing its footsteps
to see how it travels
to our soul and
communicates with it

poetry is going
to that part of us
which once spent
a thousand million years
to acquire the faculty
of speech and reasoning
from the workings of the wind, the moon, the sun
and the whole solar system

john tiong chunghoo

Where Sun Tzu Fails

well, he fails to say
you dont fight in a war
to mediate between
rival groups who are
fighting over their God
and view you as infedils

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Why God Is So Patient

god is so patient
because his one second
is the birth of a million million stars

a human's second
his creation of a million worlds
topped up with creatures
of all sizes, kinds and colours

the end for each world is
his mere three seconds
a time the sum of every creature
multiplied with the number of colours
sizes and shapes of ours

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Evening Star

the sky is a darker shade of blue
a spellbinding mood setting tone
that would inspire an artiste to his brush
to romance with a spanish evening

the moon displays her queenly presence
with a clear and eloquent beam
as if it has just climbed out of a bath
cleansed of all smudge

a solid crown of confidence
that imbibes into stage artistes
that self assurance is the sky of their career
how it could win heavenly admirers

and the evening stars, they twirl
like ballet dancers in their closets
devising the best means to get their
facets to sparkle like a hard to get gemstone

john tiong chunghoo

Divine Lake Of Creation

heaven is not in the sky
it is there in your two eyes
where i could lose myself in
a lakeful of euphoria

letting lose myself as you
claim my physique and swim
me into a divine lake of creation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - First Sign Of Summer (United Kingdom)

first sign of summer
the excited laughter
of the ice maker

Runner up
The Haiku Calendar Competition, 2005
Snapshot Press, Liverpool, United Kingdom

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - Mom's Story Hour (Japan)

close of day
the barrage of questions
mom's story hour

First Prize, 2004
Kamakura Shrine One Verse Contest
Kamakura, Japan

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

One Less Animal To Help Me Evolve

put one child into a room
give him a doggie
to write his page

put another child into a room
give him a doggie,
a turtle, a caged dove
to fill his days

put another child into a room
give him a doggie, a gold fish,
a fighting fish and a parrot
to string his tales

now let them all talk to you
about their adventures

the first one would look at you
and probably say nothing

the second would probably rant
how the doggie had tried to bite the turtle
and how he had saved it
keeping it with the dove

the third child, he probably
would ask you whether you
have enough time to hear him out
- a whole world of adventures

he had spent time talking to the parrot
feeding the fish, and trying to get
the fighting fish to spread its colourful fins
and in between treat his doggie like another
man telling him about all the other creatures

now see the first child as not having
the animals because they have all become extinct
how less resourceful the brain has become

and now if an interconnected mind
is a more powerful mind
we will be so much less creative or inventive
50 years from now going by the rate
animals are becoming extinct

an extinct animal is a part of our brain emptied
struck of chance to evolve into a higher level of intelligence

for all creatures are put here to help men to evolve

there are coded messages in every bird's chirp
to help the brain to develop

there are coded messages on the turtle's shell
its exotic designs to help the brain to evolve

there are coded messages in the cry of each
animal to help the brain become creative, inventive

in each colour, in each feather there are coded messages
to help human, the main actor of this universe, to
shine

john tiong chunghoo

That Central System

poetry is ringing that bell
in the scheme of things
- that central system we draw
our moods, our growth,
our hours and seconds -
so that it resonates the
secret yearnings of our hearts
punctuated them with
words and rhythms

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Years Are Magnifying Glass

the years are
magnifying glass

throw the years
talents, throw
the years paintings
poems, written works
a van gogh, an emily,
a leonardo, a cave painting
the most unknown works

the years would come back
with a vision whether the works
are of class, taste and great
to hold onto for posterity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - Secret Love (Croatia)

secret Love
longing to straighten
that crease on his sleeve

Third Prize
The Second International Haiku Contest
Klostar Ivani c, Coatia 2005

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Honduras' Banana Shaped Roatan Island

Roatan
going bananas
on banana island

roatan island
my cigarette smoke trails
over the dolphin jumps

roatan island
they told me to enjoy
doing nothing

roatan island
his strokes on the canvas
more breathtaking than waves

Honduras
January 6,2007: Roatán, a 40-mile-long banana-shaped island off the Honduran coast, rests in the azure waters of the Caribbean, with some of the world's best scuba diving and snorkeling. But no one will fault you if you decide to laze on one of the island's many pristine beaches and perfect the art of doing nothing at all.

john tiong chunghoo

Prize Winning Haiku - Award Winning Son (Bulgaria)

award winning son
friend asks he was the one
with the violin years ago

Commendment Prize
The First international haiku contest
of Bulgarian haiku club,2005

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - Beggar Throw Some Coins (Japan)

start of day
the beggar throws some coins
into own begging bowl

Special Award
Itoen'OH-I, OCHA' New Haiku Contest
Tokyo, Chiyoda
2005

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - Child Dances In Light Spot (Japan)

broken roof
the child dances
in the light spots

Third Prize
Ninth International Kusamakura Haiku Competition
Japan,2005

john tiong chunghoo



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Prize Winning Haiku - Banana Grove (Japan)

Banana Grove

In the wind a young leaf folds
unfolds

selected by haiku poet koko hato
2005 for Basho Memorial Museum
Iga City, Mie Prefecture
Japan

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Haiku - Morning Tai Chi And Pet Dog (Japan)

morning taichi
pet dog watches
every of my steps

2004 'Genkissu! Spirits Up!
Hekinan Haiku Contest' Result
Prize Winners & Winning Haiku Poems
Hekinan City, Japan

[http: //poemhunter.com/john-tiong-chunghoo/](http://poemhunter.com/john-tiong-chunghoo/)

john tiong chunghoo



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We Have Been Such Great Friends

love, it is rude
for you to ask me
to give up what has
been closest to my heart
- my special rights, my roses

i felt offended,
dishonoured, insecure
and of course furious
you have asked
for the one thing
that means quite the
most to me

perhaps, you do not
treasure me anymore
and want to part ways

let me be blunt about it
to drive some brains into you
it is also in the way
you have asked

not that i care a hoot about
what you have asked

but to ask me to give up
my freedom, is stepping
on my freedom
tearing up my world

you would have wronged me
less if you have just asked
or even pleaded with me
whether to have that special rights
shared with you, extended to you

the former earns you a scorn
the latter you know the way that i am

a laugh together with you or even at you

you know we have been such great friends
and you know the way i am
you should not have even asked

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Arches National Park (Utah)

Arches National Park
frozen in their dance
the shapely rocks

Arches National Park
i stretch my hands
to dance with rocks

Arches National Park
inspiring me to dance
rocks of all shapes and sizes

arches national park
nature takes a rest in
a rock dance

Arches National Park
still at their work
the winds



PoemHunter.com

Arches National Park
nature's hands are
in the winds

Arches National Park
i choreograph a
rocky dance

Arches National Park lives up to its name. Its salt bed base—called the “Paradox Foundation”—has resulted in more than 2,000 natural sandstone arches and countless unusual rock formations. This gave Mother Nature a canvas to shape and form the arches, spires, fins, and monoliths.

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Lost In Words

i would rather be
lost in feelings
rather than words

for feelings
i could sort out
and translate into verses

but to be lost in words
well it can be a route
to a no man's land
where poetry should not be

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cool As A Bud

if they make no mention
about me anywhere
i do not sulk about it
i will be cool like a bud
that sits on a pedestal
held up high and tight
by shapely green fingers

a jasmine that waits
for the right time
to unfurl its gown
and scent the world
with its latent charm

if they treat me as nothing
i do not care much about it either
i will be like the bud of a rose
that holds tight to my aspirations
despite the world of thorns
and wait till the appointed time
when i can spiral myself out of
everybody's mind, and fly away
with their hearts

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - California Tahoe Skiers

california tahoe
the snow makes us taller
than the alpine trees

california tahoe
the smooth white slopes
transport us to seventh heaven

california tahoe
our excitement rises and falls
with the alpine slopes

California

California's Tahoe region offers one of the highest concentrations of alpine ski resorts this side of the Alps. Of course with this slew of options come major decisions. Where to start? There are four major regions in Tahoe that have very different identities. Not to mention a few more (namely, eight) in Southern California.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Racism Poem - Where Racism Matters

okay okay okay okay
good no good no
love love love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sea Of Adventures

the physical body
gets bored of itself
eventually gives up itself
though this soul is very much
excited with life

the body is the shell
that got washed ashore
- with its dweller missing
somewhere lost in the sea
of adventures

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Starting Point To Hearts Of Men

the sky is a sacred place
where the mind of god
rests upon that of humanity

it is the place where
good poems are created
line by line, verse by verse

a storm never brews here
because of the sky
but the clouds, winds and sun

to know the workings
of the clouds, winds and sun
is to know the sky of intelligence

the place where every verse
is strewn to the steps of nature,
written to the laws of reason
and the desires of hearts

the sky is a sacred place
the meeting point of god
and humanity
the starting point to the hearts
of men

john tiong chunghoo

Successes Round As The Moon

when the moon is full
it is time to take stock
and pray that the next day
would be as beautiful as
the luminous roundness
that gives the earth and
its inhabitants the well
deserved full marks

the bright lady of the night
hangs promisingly over the
sky that spangles with hopes
every star trying its utmost
to wean us from our pessimism

each star, the faint
to the brightest, glitters to
draw out the optimism in us

the sky is fair especially
the moon that keeps it lit
for the poor, for the rich

it is the best time to
read your most treasured
bedtime stories to your children

the moon listens too
through the window
an intellectual fountain
pouring knowledge into
the child's sky of intelligence

it is also the best time
to share secrets with love ones
in the garden, in bed
in the warmest of places

for the moon loves to be the witness

of all things good and round
for this as well as the next generation

it is a gold ring waiting
to be worn, a crown
waiting to be worn
just put in your eyes and mouths
and make it laugh - tonight
everynight

john tiong chunghoo

God Please Bless Him

where i live
indians use to stay
for short term
two to three years
after which they go
back to india stashed
with hard earned cash

to start out a new life
perhaps never before
imagined possible.

the malaysian miracle
reaches out to them too

however every time one
of them leaves, a piece
of me too goes missing too

the forlornness to see a
man walking with good ideals
suddenly missing on my paths

it is like reading a book
with a page torn and you
never get to know what
ever happens to the character
in those pages

in this case, it is at the back
of the book

you can only wish and
overcome those lingering
feeling of loss by saying
'God please bless Him.'

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Emily Dickinson

hope is the
thing with feathers

to be with oneself
can be as productive
as any bird in the sky
as one mind is equipped
with wings that can fly
as far as it wishes to be

give it books, it can
fly to places where the feet
cannot take and beyond

beyond the mountain
where all the knowledge
ever harvested by minds
is logged
invisible and waiting
for minds to fly into them
to take them to places
where they should be

flying in everybody's mind

hope is the thing with feathers

john tiong chunghoo

Frosty Loneliness

i followed
frost too
to that
road less
travelled
to be surprised
by smug
aloneliness
so abundant

i took a detour
alone to
that road
under the coppice
to find myself
lost in arctic
loneliness
so alone
and cold
i could only
agree with frost
our only saviour
is our faith
that God is
beside us
at all times

loneliness is
the sacred patch
where God asks
us to remove
our wordly affairs
to be near him

the way he asked
Moses to remove
his sandals
on his sacred patch
to be near Him

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john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Plath

so many paths
never saved plath

a multi faceted mind
that fused and
blew her very top

a thousand images
her acute mind
picked up
and worked
into her poem failed
to save her from
inadequacy

one by one
they opened
like internet sites
to reveal only
a double locked prison

damp and cold
to dispirit her of life

every poem
to soothe and
tame a bruised soul

returned again
and again to haunt
the protagonist

prison upon prison

john tiong chunghoo

Iraq Today

bulldog faced
bulldozed, face
flattened, dried
and creased
to a patch,
an aching patch
large as iraq

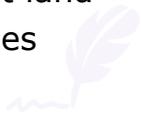
tears flow
swift as justice
a noose to
stamp a
commitment
not to return
to terror
floods with blood

distraught land
that echoes
prayers
as much as
screams and
cries with the
road to balance
hearts dammed
like the Tigris

heaven only
knows the secrets
of enemies and friends
in a fractious land

the mighty river
tarries out to sea
without a care
looters, bulliers, saviours,
enemies, or invaders

i recall hamurabi



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and and his honeyed sumeria
where justice were
chiselled hard as stones

john tiong chunghoo

The Life That We Are Part Of

one life
one soul
shared by
entities

all added
up to one
larger life

the river
freezes
because it
it is telling
the sun
not to go
too far

the moon
hangs out
in the night
because
it wishes
to share
the secrets
of the sun

the cloud
comes down
as rain
because
it wishes to
share with
all the glory
of the sky

the trees
bear fruits
because
it wishes



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to thank all
for giving air
as well as
hellp spread
their kinds

the sky is
thunder and
lightning
because
it wishes
to throw
a balance
between earth
and sky

the world is
getting hotter
because
it wishes
to tell us
we have gone
against its order

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Best Poets

the best poets
might never
have lived at all

they are on
the money's trail
sealed
their yearning
like a treasure chest

the best poets
might be a
suffering corpse
a soul locked
in a prison
with gold that
never buys his
innate pleasure

money blinds
money can lead
a person to his grave
mentally, with heart
and soul thrown in

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Eyes That Blind

eyes can blind
and blind disastrously

it is not that they
have not been
given enough love
it's you you who
have been
pampered

take away
those lenses
see them through
another's eyes
you would come
to the fact
that when you cannot
see the world from
another viewpoint
you are as good as blind

john tiong chunghoo

Dance Of Time

every of the years that has sank
into the treasured porcelain
makes a beautiful, authentic signature
that only time can create

every second walks away
leaving traces of its shadows
characteristics that can send
antique collectors into a craze
over the precise subtle dance of time
they are worth more than diamonds

the seasoned never would go wrong
time too has tiptoed their way into their mind
second by second, to familiarise them
with the mersmering steps each tick makes

second poem - Creative Source

the creative source
stores all the secrets
we would love to know
of the future of the universe
how flowers would go a step
further to colour themselves
the man to move beyond time
to wherever they would love to be
and unveil what is instore for all
in the sky, the sea and the realms

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

10,000 Years For Each Earth Citizen

the earth has enough years
to give every of its citizens
10,000 years or more
to live alone on the planet

and as many more years
left over for every animal to enjoy
the whole planet on its own

the earth is a kind old man
lost in arithmetics
with too many of its citizens
lost in impatience

they squeeze the earth
into a little time box
suffocate it with inventions
and willingly lead it
down the road of destructions

the earth has enough years
to give every of its citizens
10,000 years or more
to live alone on the planet

john tiong chunghoo

Beating A Path To Onself

a great sea one can be perpetually lost in
or find oneself moored at its coast
and picking up all the shapely shells - that's the mind

a great sea one can be perpetually seeking self
or found a compass to all the interesting lands

the great sea where one can beat a path
to oneself in poetry

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

To Rise Again

To come alive again
and if reincarnation
also rings true,
what terrible confusion
it would cause

what luck too! Poor Christ,
he would have to give
me a year to decide
which body to take from
all that I had lived

what a masochistic
task to undertake
- having to turn down
so many at one time
i would never even one -
without those knives
poking at the heart

rewritten from:

To come alive again
and if reincarnation
also rings true,
what terrible confusion
it would cause

what luck too! Poor Christ,
he would have to give
me a year to decide
which body to take from
all that I had lived

what a masochistic
task to undertake
- having to turn down so many
at one time i would never
- even if all hell broke loose

john tiong chunghoo

Blessed Triangle Affair

he leaves his soul
with god and thinks
it should be that way

she leaves her soul
with god and thinks
it should be that way

between them the
heaven that
replaces their paradise

till death a secret hides
in their bosom
the love that comes
between their divinities

a blessed triangular affair

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Eternity Gear

alas, i have taken along the wrong gear
it is too late now, i have gone too far
the little boy who forgot his swimming trunk
just have to swim without one

just have to use up what is meant to be
before heading home for eternity which
has been carelessly left hanging by the gate
of heaven

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Topping Her Dream

she launches her leg
into the air higher than
her shoulder, over her head
zeroing in on the single goal
beloved mom has kept
burning in her heart
all these years

and she twirls like a top
in a dream she thinks
is made for her and
all that she loves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Partner By Accident

he just wants
to be accepted
as an equal

the other just
wants to make
sure he does
not overstep his line

they are neither
friends or foes
merely partner
by accident

some things
are best
remain unsaid

except by muses
who know the
tender ways
to people's (bruised) hearts

john tiong chunghoo

Monster

they know they
are losing grounds
because they are
not native, native
to the land, which is
all that matters

they also know
that all would be
losing grounds
if this frustrating matter
is not handled with
proper care

they have put in
so much of the work
to make sure
everybody thrives

and they hope all
would know but racism
seems to be a monster
that always rears its head
at the wrong places
and wrong time

the devil shrouded
itself to be the mother
of those who would
lose grounds materially,
spiritually all round

john tiong chunghoo

The Chosen People

where i live
race issue is
bantered about
like a pop song

it is their eyes
in their acts
even more clear
when situation warrants
it in words

they sound
like two sharpened
swords clinking
in a duel

the sound is
so ominous
one is left with
sleepless nights
most nights
half a soul
to live with

where i live
the race issue is
all about the chosen people
and the 'messiah'

the chosen ones
reserve the rights to land
the 'messiah' with all his sacrifices
can be led to the cross
when situation warrants it

john tiong chunghoo

Remembering And Forgetting

forgetting is
always harder
than remembering

weigh the two
the former
would the latter
kick off the scale

forgetting
is a word
reserved for
love ones

and used
always with a dont in front
as it has more weight
intensity

and is never
never meant to
be what it is

to forget a love one
never, even if it
takes a hell of time

remember
it is a desultory word
used for errands

such as taking
a book to the teacher

never for two persons
with close relationship
you dont say please remember me
that's begging
you say dont forget me



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Nuremburg (Germany)

Nuremburg homecoming
she longs for hugs and fragrance
of gingerbread

gingerbread and brawurst
a mouthful to digesting
nuremburg

Germany

Germany hosts a plethora of elaborate holiday markets, where shopping becomes a festive and relaxing experience. Tasty treats await you in Nuremberg, home to the country's most popular holiday market. Be sure to pick up some of the locally-produced gingerbread and the hearty Nuremberg bratwurst. Other famous markets can be found in Dresden, Lübeck, and Berlin.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Tortoise

the tortoise is just inadequate
she has been treating
the same way everyone
of another kind

a supercilious front
to shroud weaknesses
broadcasting insouciance
with a hard hard shell

she knows she has a birthright
a hard headed advantage
with its shell signed
with letters from heaven
nobody is allowed even to knock on
it, protected species

here she is behaving in ways
that turn people away
without even knowing why

ten thousand years from now
she would be still in her same state
and behaving the same way
one big curvy hard hard shell
as the world shuttles to a new sphere

poor tortoise! poor tortoise!

john tiong chunghoo

The Great Wall

the builders
at the apex
of their monument
of sufferings

two thousand years
away from us

now quiet as the breeze
that carries a calm

nonchalant birds cruise
and lift themselves
above us all excited to
see who could climb
to the top

some two thousand steps
from the start of the wall
at Badaling

and there have our
pictures taken
to be hung in
home sweet home
two thousand miles away

john tieng chunghoo

Who You Cannot Teach

i think i am
going to leave

there are people
you can teach

there are people
you plain cannot

and the earlier
you recognise it
the better it will be
so that you don't turn
into one like them
lost in ignorance

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Santa Barbara

Santa Barbara
ripened grapes outdo
our perfumes

Santa Barbara
our perfumes lost to
the ripened grape

Santa Barbara
pressing nature's other juicy nipples
the grapes

Santa Barbara
we tell our friends
not to wear any perfume

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Clothing The Ego

if there is anything
that needs to be clothed
it is one's ego

leave it naked, running wild,
it would ruin the whole peace
and make a nuisance
of the person with it

get hold of it, steady it,
then cloth it and set it
in a proper mould
so that no tea can be spilt
when it rears its head

only after that can we talk
about clothing the man

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

We And Them

each we and them
are heavy, especially
when used with
self indulgence
at both ends

each becomes a
two pointed sword

each we weighs a kilogram
and them another kilogram
put them all together
they would easily wear,
tear down a country
sinking it in broad daylight

if all the wes and thems
could be translated into
a love for the country
each citizen would
emerge strong, and proud
that he or she has started out
with a heart of gold
a sincere attempt to
help make a difference to
everybody's life
throwing racism to the winds

all the self serving wes and thems
melted down and soldered
into wes, wes and wes so that
they are now a gigantic piece of gold
glittering to the world

john tiong chunghoo

Eye To Eye With A Ghost

senses have eyes
deceived by
our all seeing eyes

if these 'eyelids'
would open to let
the other world
a bat of the eye away
comes through

the dead young man
his spirit at the cupboard,
stares and wonders
the state of my being
good as alive

would the curtain
between us lift itself?

or would some great mind
dissolve it in a great
pair of spectacles?

what a see through formulae
the glasses must carry

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Dont Call Me A Poet

dont call me a poet
instead treat me
like a poem
spring, summer,
autumn or winter

i am mere leaf
that has taken
enough of sun
and now
swinging a
freedom from
the top of tree
to the lowest

smugly hugging
the fact that
ever ready
is a large land
wide as your arms
to embrace me

a warm, humble rest
after all the glory in the sun

john tiong chunghoo

How I Wish To Be Remembered

like an old well
that has served well
and still serving well

and still sings
every morning
noon and night
as young and old
boys, men and women
greet it with songs
earnestly echoed
from the depth of its soul

and the water....
my hands
clap and clap
splash and splash
shaking every hand
that cares to draw
from my heart

PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

How I Wish To Die

a body weak as sand
a will strong as storm
an emotion cold as snow
a mind still adventurous
and bold to ride alone
into the unknown
- in bed or out -
to heaven or hell
or anywhere in between
with or without an identity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

How I Wish To Live My Life

a few verses of poetry
an ounce of love
a heaven of faith
a sea of knowledge
of this world, and other realms
a slip of time to
savour all realms
without having to hurry
and an open heart
to whatever the Divine
wants me to be
in every life time
beggar, king or queen
here or or anywhere in
the sand of the universe

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

How I Wish To Be Loved

close as your fingers
are to each other
tall, thin, fat, or small

warm as your palm
as you squeeze me in

sincere as your heart
is to every pause of life

affectionate as your bosom
to a hungry suckling child

and intimate, intimate as your sweet lips
are on those ecstatic inches of my life

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

How I Wish To Be Read

quiet as mountain top lodge
ears a thousand miles off
heart in the calm of autumn lake
eyes sharp as a lawnmower
and a mind, a mind, active and
alert as a night tiger out to hunt

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Hands Are Tied

my hands are tied

i paint with fingers
safely stored in
my heart chambers
and an ever ready canvas
at the back of my mind
to dribble you down
into surreal, realist,
impressionistic and
modernist lines

there are so many
parts of you that inspire

your soft lips are
a tube of pastel pink
it dissolves and
runs through my body
an engaging spasmodic
touch and shade

your eyes are apples
gleaming dew on grass
glittering diamonds

your round shapely fingers
to put magic into them
is to work the bristles
the way lips would run through them

your ears are celestial drums
reverberating through
a landscape of creation
that revels in a world of art

your gait is a realist's fetish
it works step by step
inch by inch

a savoir faire
my heart pines to pour
into everybody's cup of tea

such blurry fiery
simmering
dreamlike night
who would i paint but you?

the fireworks bursts in
blue, pink and green
over an ocean of
longings and fantasies

stroke and stroke of red
trail thick and thin
over an insurmountable field
that eventually spirals
and spills into an
impressionistic ecstasy

i die to commit them all
onto a masterpiece
for a lifetime of memory
of youth trailblazing at its prime

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - At The Kapit Jungle Produce Market

the chopped up boa
chunk and chunk
of floral leather
geometric design
of a forest digested

smooth and thinly oiled
each log is a thick
pinkish cold proof of life

the forest was a haven
for the boa that had slithered
its length and breath,
to come out a tough
and marvellous piece
of its habitat

the samba deer stares down
at its own cut out body parts
bleary eyed, otherwise as good as alive

its flesh is a bastion of robust health
tissues that like the boa's
had digested the forest
to reveal its magic forces

its oily shiny brown hair
with traces of yellow
is also a thick jungle of vigour

the animal though
is now chunk after chunk
of heartchilling flesh
soon to greet pots and pans of buyers

i coldly marvel at the ability
of the forest to give rise to
such an admirable velvety ecology
which sadly will be lost at the hands

of its reckless neighbours

people who despite warnings
from the heavens, continue to
snarl earth of its green
leaving patches and patches
of concrete jungles, polluted air and
a near ecological disaster

john tiong chunghoo

Famous Movie Poem - French Lieutenant's Woman

from the waves
she comes to your dream
a cauldron of longings
seeking your reassuring touch
thighs, legs, hands, breasts
blowing a tempest
in a bed of passions

please dont hold on to her
when it is over,
the waves will take her
to where she belongs
between the waves,
twinkling lights
charted by the breeze
and stars

the beautiest of passion
is what leaves
a bedfull of memory
which one can hold tightly to
reassuring as a treasure chest
warm as two sworn lovers'
bridge to paradise
legs, thighs,
hands, breasts..

the woman who comes
with a passion
the rolling of
incessant waves
and goes away,
quiet and swift
as a morning star
diluted by light of day

john tiong chunghoo

The Heart

originality seizes the world
the way the sculptor chisels
a block of wood to reveal
his vision behind it

the work becomes the proof
of his idea and it lends forever
an edge for the world to stand on
shine on like a diamond

this heart is a boundless field
for original thoughts to shower on
the eyes see, the mind perceives
and the heart, the heart, is the one
hardest to convince - it turns an avert face
once a less than perfect idea knocks
on its door

the world is cast with a heart
and it's a heart that shall determine
its fate and fortune

john tiong chunghoo

The Heart Seldom Fails

originality seizes the world
the way the sculptor chisels
a block of wood to reveal
his vision, the beauty behind it

the work becomes the proof
of his idea and it lends a stage
for the world to stand on
shine on like a diamond

this heart is a boundless field
for original thoughts to shower on
the eyes see, the mind perceives
and reasons, but it is the heart, the heart, is the one
hardest to convince - it turns an avert face
once a less than perfect idea knocks
on its door

the world is cast with a heart
and it's a heart that shall determine
its fate and fortune, and it seldom fails

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Born Poets, Made Poets

born poet, nature's gift
the beauty of god's essence
caught in every bloom and season

the years caught, preserved
in the lines and cracks
of a treasured antique
that never fails to excite a collector

made poet, from him
scholastic verses that trace every
perception, but blurry hits on
their exact sequence

the echo of the poetic self usually
missing - God did not put it there -
a crescent that entrances but
never as much as a glorious full moon

a blindman's quest to tell
the bends and squaring of a lane
after having been led
through it a hundred times

the thinly veiled struggle between
confidence and diffidence
the perceived and the real

the pain to put each
in its proper order the way
nature has done it, minus all
elements of pretensions, or ignorance
that come lose through each written word

a net sieving out the made poet

john tiong chunghoo

She-Male

the problem with she-men
in whatever categories is still the men -
they are gagged, wrapped, and subjugated
to a corner fit only for scorn
from the she he owns
and the world 'she' thinks she owns

the result is a man in whatever
little percentage there is
fighting for a way out

he fails and 'she' takes over

he is as good as dead
a corpse she gladly carries
for pleasure
the disdains and chidings
she excuses herself
usually by not giving them
even a thought

go to any abode of a she man
you would get at very doorstep
a rancid smell that like the
man seems muffled, bound,
a smell that fails to hit
the apex of its offensiveness

a smell that escapes
from a repression
that shuttles between pleasure,
self denials and sometimes
a frightening guilt

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Lost In Poems

i wish to be lost in my poems
i wish one day when coming
across a famous poem would be
shocked and exclaimed when told I did write it:
'Oh, did i write this one? How did i ever become
so elegant with words? They all said I was not that good.'

i wish to meet the world's best poets
and learn from them how much of their words
are real, and how much plain made up

i wish i could recognise all the nuances
in the language of God, how he translates his words
so clearly and even poetically in the seasons,
in the weather, in the lightning, in the thunder
and so many other divine phenomena

i wish to be able to one day write poetry
mimicking the likeness of him
subtle as the dropping of an autumnal leaf
that takes a whole season
to come to its spiralling dance
and one whole human race
to pause over its significance
in the scheme of things

john tiong chunghoo

Day's End

night divides as clearly
as the brightness of day

time cuts and doubly sharp
in the shadow of night

on the last train of tokyo subway
you see a woman, middled age
a goddess all on her own
face heavily painted
her fingers heavy with rings,
one of a big torquoise,
another white crystal,
and another plain gold

her powder betrays her
the lines cut through
leaving a chill
between the mouths
that in the silence
scream to the world of
the thirst underneath
to be young and supple again
and desirable as a young virgin

she looks suspiciously
and listlessly towards you
as you give her that telling
glance of what she is

the light in the red light part of town
she works is even dimmer
than the younger ones'

a lane as cold as it can be
if you are not drunk,
down and out and sordid

under bright chandeliers

in a flashy part of town
newly created manipulative angels
flutter around in body hugging dresses
obvious of the advantage they have
leaving a trail of paris designer's fragrance

female crickets

they walk faster, in full confidence too
and could tango in the highest of heels

their skin gleam like milk under
neons, and their voices a cat on heat

here and there, men in their prime
eyes excited as owl zeroing on a mice
try to play one up game
with their designer watches,
expensive pipes, shoes and wear

out of the train, the middle age woman
walks to her one room apartment
echoes of her shoes hitting nightly and coldly
at the facts of life she finds hard to swallow

she tries to tell her lonely heart
for the umpteenth time, she is
a lot better than others her age
- at least she can still hide her lines
the only white lie she tries to do on herself
and catch some men double her age

her sleep is an ocean
she tosses and tosses
like waves floating between torture of night
and the longed for warmth of day

john tiong chunghoo

Jingle, Jingle, Nickels In The Pocket

christmas - not always cold and snow
but wont ever be without the nickels

try walking through orchard road singapore
where christmas is the prime draw of the year

walk through any street round the world this season
to feel how drenched you would feel
without the real fuel for life

snow can be of cotton, white rolled papers
mary and jesus cut out painted stereofom
but xmas will never be without the jingles of the nickels

down and up, up and down the street
everywhere is the reindeer pulling at the sleds

and magnanimous rosy cheeked big belly father christmas
and his bags of presents ever so near, yet so far away
if you do not have the jingles of the nickels in your pockets

everywhere they talk about giving presents, receiving presents
but never will the season be without the nickels in the pockets

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Versus Hell

to get a feel of heaven
take up poetry

to get a feel of hell
join any religion

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Beauty Of Death

butterfly farm
the beauty
of death

(butterfly bred to be used as specimens
to decorate houses)

back home
fresh memories
from old scents

different time
departure clocks
on the boats

leaving us behind
linkhouse neighbour spruces up
his house

morn chill
the roses bow
in unison

the great wall
separating us from builders
laughters

autumn evening
a roll of granny's hair
joins the leaves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Shadow Play

shadow play
the actors
never die

haiku two:

a feather
slowly embarks on a different trip
from the bird

haiku three:

another world
my castaway sweet
the ants' windfall

tanka:

clear sky
after menacing storm
as the river rushes to sea
i know time would
sweep away my troubles

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Good That Poetry Never Really Sells

good that poets never really
make money from their craft

it's a blessing in disguise
as poetry is a sacred art
money demeans it, making it
cheap rather than dear

poetry seeks men to partake
in a private journey with god
to mark his grace and terrains

and - never readers - who have
to find their own way there - to the poets
to part take in the adventures
optional though they are for poetry
meant more for evolution of souls

they can be kept in drawers
and still have their functions fulfilled

the poets who day by day,
poem by poem see themselves
coming nearer to understanding
the scheme of things of the Divine One

petal by petal their mind too
has opened and emits soft fragrance
to enlighten all who care to be around

gold and silver
- the Forbidden Apple in Paradise -
if allowed would cause many to go astray

out of their temple they would look
for gold rather than in for their god

when that happens, a million readers
will not salvage the real value of poetry

john tiong chunghoo

Death Relates

unrelated
but death relates

she lies there
like she is asleep

death - where
the first and last
experiences come
face to face spilling
a bag of grief both ways

somehow this
seventy something
still radiates life
that draws one's
endearment

a small Chinese woman
in the mortuary
waiting to be washed
in that neat posture,
soft expression and delicate
features of a caring person

she must have loved children
you can see it
in her death manner
if there is any manner lesson
to be taken this is one

that last best wish
for her grandchildren probably -
shines through her

the years of caring
for the young ones
so much love must have
flowed from her that even

at her last, she laid out
herself elegantly to express her best wish

the world could not but stop
to give her some grateful thoughts

and i did

and i know too soon
there will be sobs, tears
and the same wish since
first death struck
- that she will be back
and of course,
the midnight tear choking dreams

john tiong chunghoo

Consciousness

consciousness
the realm where
past, present and future
can communicate
with each other

sometimes, when
at a little chore
you can feel your mind
strike a chord with the past

you suddenly feel
in a denser realm,
a wierd wired feeling

and you know
a part of you
is somewhere out there,
in the past

your nerves react
and your mind
picks up what
it sent out
a thousand years ago

and sometimes, again
like the past, your mind
chooses at an appropriate time
to send out vibes
you are sure to pick up
a thousand years from now

evolution trappings

it comes in the same way
always a weird wired feeling

nerves and mind communicating through time

john tiong chunghoo

What God Wants

god teaches humility, sanity
and above all, evolution
to become his finest creature

religion, it really is no big deal
what god really wants is simply
to be embraced and not not fought over

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

1. Old Well

the old well is
an old woman,
dispirited, hunched,
aggrieved

a dark realm
reigns over here
ever ready to throw
its vengeance
on unsuspectful
strangers

only the heaven has
the generosity
to give it grace
- the rain fills it up
and when the weather is fine
the sky plays with it
a gentle childful
game of master sun,
queen moon
and angel stars

nobody ever
greet the old well
a good morning
afternoon or
evening

all they do
is ungratefully
bend over and
in a callous manner
start robbing it of its
luminous peace
and tranquility
- an unkind bucket
that goes splash
before riding the

blessed sanctum
for its vitality yesterday, today,
tomorrow, everyday -
always in such a hurry
the water slushes,
sloshes, splashses
to play out its grouses

the old well
is an aggrieved woman
overused and
worn out with hatred
a restless soul
filled to the brim
with vengeance
and chagrin

to pass by one at night
one would be lucky
if one's heart does not
stumble and race
faster than one's feet
for the well's ominous mouth
with all its sober
and solemnness
will draw your spirit in
with its damp, dark
and cold tales
and selfishly hold it there
with the tenuous
grip of a viper for
a thousand years

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - I Dream To Write Like Black Woman Poets

i dream to write
like black women poets
free from verbose bondage
strutting away verses
with enviable clarity,
simplicity, agile as
an ambitious lass on
hip hop dance floor

i also know why
the caged bird sings
it's because it wishes
to fly to the affectionate black woman poet
to learn from her how freedom songs should be sung

i dream to write
like black woman poets
verses so eloquently tempoed, neatly executed
they float through my soul the lightness of
butterflies flitting from rose to rose, bloom to bloom
smoke over indian summer ocean

i dream to write
like black woman poets
with no pretensions about the past
calling a spade a spade
yet infectiously bold about the future
taking the world by storm - in storms
- black women poets who could take me through
the thick and thin of their salvation song
with a tenacity court cases are won
gospel songs are sang

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Another Sloppy Bachelor

Another sloppy bachelor
withering, the potted plants
at his door

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Sweet Lips

door to passion
a svelte pink lace
fine lined sensuous haven
sensitive as a mollusk
shy like an Oriental country belle
warm as a newborn babe
craving for mummy's swollen breast

door to passion,
hottest Assamese chillies
sting, set to fire a woman's heart
like equinox Sun
tempest in the calm of space
only eyes would give away
lips to experience its tremour

door to passion
a black woman's
thick erotic pouty loads
deceptive as chameleon
manoeuvre through them
and you see ivory white
towers bordering an
orifice of ecstatic desires

john tiong chunghoo

Illiteracy

some homes breed love
some homes breed hatred

some homes breed moderation
some homes breed extremes

some homes breed worldliness
some homes breed racism

some homes breed kindness
somehomes breed religious bigotry

throw in illiteracy and any country would be blown to bits

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

02. Love, Love, Love

i wish to be the air you breathe
love that floods your every cell
revitalising you, cheering you up
every second of your life

i love like the rush of the Nile, Yangtze -
listen, listen to this lovelorn heart,
holding on, letting go, holding on
with such tenacity to the hope
of every lovelorn night

an eclipse helps distill
my love for you,
seals your charms, allure
from the craving prying eyes
of the world, precipitates that
momentuous silhouette,
escapade for me and you
sun and moon, yin and yang
to be totally absorbed
in bliss, in each other

love, love, love
if only i could be the only star
to win your fancy
for that sparkling while
heaven the world would become

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - South Africa

Cape Town
as drunken and lost
as ancient seafarers

South Africa

South Africa has 14 traversable wine routes and over 2,000 varieties of wine. While most visitors venture out to the wine country on day trips from Cape Town, you can spend many heady weeks tasting your way through the Cape, a jaunt made all the easier by outfitters available that specialize in the wines of South Africa.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Pope And Mufti Facing Mecca Prayers

two giant hearts
between them
the one true god

two great faiths
between them
the one true god

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

How Much Can A Mind Take?

how much can a mind take up?
the whole universe
what you see and dont
all the time that has passed
a million million years
and more to spare

how much can a mind fill up?
the whole universe and beyond
what you see - and dont see
what there are in reality, dreams
....

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Spring New Bloom

first spring day
my heart dances
to each new bloom

first spring day
each new bloom
opens my heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Round Round Ball

i like the concept of God
perfection in imperfection
a round round ball no artist
could paint without making lesser round

i like the
perpetual Driver in me
perfection seeker amid imperfections
a spirit perpetually
desiring to do beter
today than yesterday
to be closer one's goal -
a round round ball no artist could do justice to

i like the concept of the homo sapiens
a transient world cruising through eternal
rising and falling, falling and rising
beside a round round ball no artist could do
without making lesser round

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Haiku - Taman Negara (State Of Pahang)

taman negara
trees with bigger roots than the Angkor's
take hold of my mind

or

taman negera
a tree bigger than the angkor's
hovers over my mind

taman negara sojourn
the wild pigs too are out
for a walk

Next year - 2007 - is Visit Malaysia Year, the best time to visit the country which brands itself as Truly Asia. Everything from the littlest street to the most flashy restaurants and tourist destinations gear up to welcome tourists for the Visit Malaysia Year with its tagline Malaysia Welcomes The World.

TAMAN NEGARA

Taman Negara in the Malaysian Pahang State is the oldest rainforest in the world. In a forest trek, this writer saw a tree with giant trunks and roots larger than those he saw at Cambodia's Angkor temples.

john tiong chunghoo

Essence Of His Creativity

between the space
of your buttons
i plant my reincarnation seeds

in the bed of flowers
and estatic butterflies
i plant my reincarnation seeds

like god that manifests
himself in so many kinds
senses, i will go on living
taking life as it dawns

confident that he will
allow me to taste the
essence of his creativity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Receptacle Of Bliss

grey - there is a blessing
in the cloudy weather
when the sun hides itself
behind soothing colours
when cottons seem to cover
the sky in such softness,
stretching the indeterminable
distance between white and gray

at the beach, against the
heavens, your endearing
characteristic evokes an eternity
bathes me in a receptacle of euphoria

your charms, down to earth
temperament erase the temporal world
swarming bliss in a wide expanse of grey

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Craving

grandma died a few years back
yet this feeling of not letting go
- that epoch in my life that will not return
forever remembered
the warmth of grandma's smile, companion
warm hands and love

time, does it run in a linear fashion?
vividly i see us again in a house
somewhere in India, the first floor of a building

oh this craving of things that spawn endless karma!

well there we shall meet
she as another woman
and me another man

will she be glad again to
take me into her hands
through this rough and tumble world?

or will she just be a lady that curses
- having to come back merely to satiate a craving,
that rings endless karma bells

john tiong chunghoo

Senses

sweet, sour, bitter, salty
is there any other taste
we have to ask of
it from the almighty?

sight, smell, taste, sound, touch
could i ask for more? from the almighty
who has generously opened
five avenues to him?

or are they traps of the devils
to lead me the wrong way?

john tiong chunghoo



Three In One

how many selves
are there in me

well, there is me
that could sense
the others, be they
the mind or body

there is this being
that drives each cell
at its own will,
night and day

and another that
would cheer me
on when i do things
he considers right

and err.. that makes
three in one
and isnt that a familiar
entity

if only all three
could reveal each other
to each other

this me the most confused of all

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Chimes

does it flow like a river?
its source in the mountain
chiming a crystal clear sound
since the first rain of creation?

or does it choke like a river
fed by a thousand man made tributaries
that it regurgitates before it could zig zags
its way clumsily out to sea
swarming homes with its rubbish?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Only Export From One Age To The Other

the only export you can do
from one age to the other
from this world to the next
without getting any less an acquirer
is - a religion

the only all time export
the world has ever sold
with all its soul, blood and sweat
to another age is - a religion

the only export
from one age to the other
one would kill - with heart, mind and soul -
to prove what one has bought
is the real thing is - a religion

the only intangible commodity
yet powerful enough
to blow up the whole world
is - a religion

the only export
from one age to the other
wrapped in so much sweetness
tasted with as much bitterness
here and (beyond, if you have bought one)
is without doubt - religion

john tiong chunghoo

1. Clothesline

at the clothesline
is hung the fun
of the whole family

when heaven
affords a blessing -
a breeze -
the clothesline
leads the way
for the whole family
to strut, boggie

sister's lace shawl
goes up in a straight line
turns hand of wind
flutters up, down
a choreographer
pointing out
the way to swing
with hands, legs
and enviable physique

brother's new jeans
well, like him refuses to
go unnoticed

though pegged -
as is mom controlled -
left, right, right, left
the leggy pant turns
one leg ultimately gets
stucked to the line

if only they have
taken off the tack
it (the pant) would have
flown right next door, into
the heart of his fancied girl

dad's tie does a non stop
flight, like his inspired mind
never at a moment, stops working

mom's long skirt, it swings
in the most gracious fashion
as if it owns the whole field

and the bras, wow,
do they look obscene?
not at all, innocently, they fly
a ballet dancer's frilly skirt twirls

granny too joins
in the fiesta of colours,
shape and style
her blouse with
its heavy pads
maintains an edge like her
firm, strong and
unperturbed by the
thermal circus going round her

john tiong chunghoo

Eyes And Hearts

eyes help the body
sense constituents
of the world, body points,
parts both seen, unseen
reachable, unreachable

eyes open the way
for hearts to reach out
to each other, points
that the eyes themselves
haven't seen

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Phenomenal Women

the devils are to the heavens
what women are to this world
to have themselves subjugated by men
after having guarded the sky for a million years?
what a painful fall it must be for the black angels!

and the women, after having closely guarded
the entire human race all these milleniums
- the excruciating pain to bring each to the world
further sacrifice to make sure every inch of him is spic and span
and to learn that after all these predicaments
nothing but inferiority being ascribed to her
the devil must be having a better deal

yet without fail, the patient doting women pray
for the deliverance of her men, sons from all woes -
this world and the next

yes, women such honourable phenomenal creature
the devil should be ashamed to have gotten her to bite
into the forbidden fruit

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Solitary Snowman

smiling at me
in the blizzard
a solitary snowman

half a smile
from the
collapsed snowman

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Late Grandma's Index Finger

late grandma's index finger
still points to my first year
that salty touch as she
explored my first tooth
embedded herself in me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Another Enlightenment

death helps delet an identity
and bury it forever in soil
life continues to flow till another physique
awakens it to another existence,
another name, another character

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A New World

chip by chip
the chick cracks open
a new world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Summer Field

summer field
how light the sky is
to the dragonflies

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Beginning, An End?

a beginning, an end
tell me where it is
so that i can hang my mind
at either end
like the clothe on a hanger
in the wardrobe

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Reversible

the brain floats in
so many realms

it is the screw
god drives to
inspire humanity

sometimes in the
dead of night
a million light years away
you detect waves

that worked on
the brain like a screw
to a goal, an all
important answer

then comes the
enlightenment
that death is something
that could be reversed

a delight follows
swarming the nerves

john tiong chunghoo

The Lord Cries

you wail, you weep
you swear, the lord cries
this human project - has succeeded!
a creature that feels
a creature that could see
beyond itself and hopefully
one day - his Lord
if further experiment succeeds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

His Charms

what else
but a guest
to explore
the master's
each and every
adventure

so magnanimous
the treat
the sky isn't
wide enough
to parade
all his treats

we laugh, we cry,
we joke all
the way
and pray
fervently that
he would let us
savour each and every
of his special charms
and - fun

john tiong chunghoo

Waiting For You

when i die,
please do not
grief for me,
do not even shed a tear

for i live on
in the hearts
of those who care

the field where we
plough for each other's
spiritual growth

this physique
you know, is a shadow
of a life that lives on

draw a painting
of me instead
and speak to me
whenever you can
it will be more fruitful that way

Speak to that part
of the universe
that perpetually
holds us dear

Speak to your own heart
where you have carved
a room for me
where i had worked
and marked for
our rendezvous

here, i snugly wait for you
to come each night
- to softly whisper
to me your dreams

where i pray
for all of them
to come true

john tiong chunghoo

Swimming

i swim through this world
through two eyes,
two hands, . legs

i swim through this world
my hands, legs
and physique
the only setbacks

i swim through this world
covered with body, air, water,
everything that you can see
and - cannot see

john tiong chunghoo



Sensible

they asked why our State
is more harmonious
and not prone to racialism
as simple as his question
i said with pride 'Nothing
but we are just people
who are more sensible.'
As we parted, I smiled to him
and whispered to his ears:
'Do not look beyond
the answer as that's the
reason why people could
stay well together.'

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Egrets

egrets return
to a single
riverside tree
some flap,
hover in pairs

some in flocks
fly, flutter like butterflies
till each gets a spot

the tree
a bouquet
of white blooms
as the sun sets

(saw in centre of Borneo this afternoon)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Octopus

only one person
in the whole world

the way we say
there is only one god

a moving tentacle
slap it and the soul cringes
chop it and the octopus
is not the same again

the whole world trembles
to absorb loss of every soul

the way the octopus swirls
to its new state with a lost limb

the way everybody is to the whole
the one person, one god

john tiong chunghoo

Thought Print, Life Print

from time print
comes thought print
and from there life print
and from there
every person's
chance to relive
a million times
easy as the sun rises

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Paying To Experience Life And Death

death is a load of fun
light years away people line up
for the thrill to experience cells
releasing their hold on oneself
and the extraordinary feel
of slowly waking up to life again
all this, in some 20 minutes
and for as low as 50 cents a trip
light years away from our shores

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

New Flowers, New Universes

a million years for a flower to unveil
its magic to us - fragrance, shades
and the art of divine creation

filamen, pistils, stagemen, pollen..
petal by petal, inch by inch,
second by second,
sun and moon, moon and sun

a million other universes
accompany the bloom
as it slowly, surely
digests the world
to show us its beauty

as the bloom crowns
us all at the apex of its wonder
- a million other universes
too have been born and
shuttle towards achieving
a full bloom in the heavens

john tiong chunghoo

Flower Blooms As The Universe

a million years for a flower
to unveil the art of divine creation
to us - fragrance, shades, curves,
texture and minute ingenious designs
- filaments, pistils, stamens, pollen..
orchids, roses, crocuses, geraniums

petal by petal, inch by inch,
second by second,
sun and moon, moon and sun
a million other universes
accompany the bloom
as it slowly, surely
digests the world
to show us its beauty

as the bloom crowns us all
at the apex of its wonder
- a million other universes
too have been born and
move inch by inch
towards achieving
a full bloom in the heavens

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Pet Cat Yawns

between the
quarelling couple
pet cat yawns

a hangover?
after wiping face with two paws
pet cat yawns

a hangover?
after cleaning itself thoroughly
a big yawn from the cat

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Old War Field

old war field
the reeds slice each other
in the wind

old war field
the reeds frenetically
slice each other

old war field
now only the blades of reed
slicing each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Crystal (Part Three Of A True Experience)

This crystal has
haunted my mind
sending it into a
realm of evil
each time i sleep

i fear the crystal
especially its
significance
and what it has
instored for me

yet the yearning for
adventures of
the third kind
set my spirit ablazed

last night was
this sketchy dream
akin to what you would
witness on a faulty television

you knew you had
the dream
but immediately forgot
most of it the moment
you opened your eyes

One horrendous image
however, remained
to send the shivers
down my spine -

i had turned
light green
like a devil and
my head was round
like a pomelo

there were those
little sparing bunches
of hair over the head
in a surprisingly
uniform manner

each strand of hair
was like, can you imagine,
a flat green noodle?

the phobia that
i would go beserk
nearly overpowered me
but i kept very still
and steady fighting
whatever weakness
that came on
i remained very strong

for the first time,
i took off the crystal
from my neck and hang
it by my bed

but this afternoon
as i set off to work,
i wore it again
i have got to be
the bravest person
on earth!

john tiong chunghoo

The Crystal (Part II Of A True Experience)

the multi-storey perhaps three storey
grim and desolate building
-so dark and devoid of love-
struck me like the one i saw recently
in Wuthering Heights, the 1930s
black and white British film

as the dream came on,
something inside told me,
it was a building where such
a chilling tragedy did strike

shadows, echoes and a
menacing atmosphere overran
the rundown building
there was no door except
an opening to a dark interior
cold as caves

Wuthering Heights where memories
only cut through the heart and wounds
to set them bleeding once more

the beau and belle so
completely overwhelmed by love
their despair still eats up
every moment here

my family quite strangely
i thought were all up there
looking at the furniture,
decor, relics perhaps

i felt the rush to join them
but was held back by the
intimidating atmosphere
that resulted in a drenched feeling

flitting bats threw their shadows

as they looked relentlessly for a corner
to hook on as home

a big black dog barked
from the dark hall, another one ran
onto the scene but miserably failed
to warm the place up

a middle aged depressive
looking caucasian male
walked from one side of the building
stared at me, before i was summoned
back to the darkness of my room

john tiong chunghoo

The Crystal (Part One Of A True Experience)

she came to my dream -
a frightening silhouette
of a curly hair woman
a overbearing figure
in chilling silence
at the haunted fashion store
i closed down years back

twice she visited me in my dream
that same night

by the road she had stood
in a long bright eerie lacy red gown
her ghastly presence was so overpowering
my hair stood on ends

i saw her somber face this time
a cold face chiselled
probably by years of loneliness

i ordered my friend to drive fast
but fast as we could
she suddenly flew, she flew...
her bright red gown
flapping fiercely in the wind

my fear ran into a spasm

and in a split second
my expectations came true
she had opened the door
to sit right behind us

the world churned

i awoke to a dark room
in the dead silence of night
and a sweaty chill that has
not visited me for a long long time

and.....i began to touch the
round lovely crystal
i bought just a night ago

john tiong chunghoo

Ash And Dust

gone gone like smoke
misty white, then nothingness
the woods now mere ashes,
light and white, taken by the wind

my passion for poetry is the fire
when it is consumed
there is nowhere to go
but to merge with heaven

the light, fair white ashes
perhaps a lesson not to take
life too seriously
nothing would be left
except ash and dust
that trail the wind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

To Heaven To Hell

the teenager asks mom
after her first bible lesson:
'Mom, if god knows all
things why should he
bother testing us
or even adam?
he knows he would fall'

Mom caught at
a loss for words
answers: 'Everyone
asks the same question
about God. He knows
everything and it is
only through him
that we can be saved.'

The teenager shoots
back: 'I think he loves
watching theatre...at us
acting out his scripts..
to heaven.. to hell.'

'Well, that may be
very true. But he wants
us to all go heaven, '
Mom says.

The child fights back:
'It is not a question
of what he wants. It is
what we want but
he has arranged for
all of that.'

Mom at a loss
for words says:
'Now, make sure you
act out yours with class

and before i throw you
into hell, get into the car.'

john tiong chunghoo

Famous Movie Poem - Mary Poppins

(this is a poetry in progress)

childhood years flew
...flew away like a mary poppins

now you can only see
them drifting in memory sky

your crave to be back
intense as rain
that sweeps once more
through the clear blue sky

childhood years
are god's sanctuary
(sorry for those few
unfortunate ones)
for men to seek
solace on days
of stress and trial

PoemHunter.com

and of course
inviting lovely
personalities like
mary poppins back
for her thrilling
pyrotechics
and ribtickling
advice...a little sugar makes
the medicine go down
a little sugar makes
the medicine go down
her feet a parallel line
leaving a vast space
for us to trot and join in
her lines

john tiong chunghoo

This Heart Is Tuned Up Like A Piano

this heart is tuned up - like a piano
well for the right person to come along
to entrance me with magical notes
every move evoking a gamut of emotions
echoing a transient brahms...rain and mist in dream
a conservative yet unrestrainingly stylish mozart
two lovers waltzing through the night
a scintillating and delightful as dawn break chopin
two children mimicking shelley's swallow's trill
a trailblazing tchaikovsky haunting with russian plain and pain

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Trinity

the brain, mind and me
it has to be a trinity
three entities sailing
the cosmos trying
to outdo each other

the brain is generous
letting the mind wander
in and out while me - i -
try to work out the best deal
in the crowded sojourn

the brain tinkles with
god's act of
predestination
sealed in tightly, foolproof
you think you are in control
yet in the end you have to
concur you are way out of hand -
one mystic takes you
by the head, one other
slips in and out

the brain keeps itself known
sometimes in touch
sometimes out,
sometimes even trying
to let you know
the pool of secrets
it holds over you

all nervous you could only wish
you are out of this bewildering
soul draining situation

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Sites

if you wish to
have an afternoon
of fun, what about
reading throug
the amateur poem
writing sites

the work here reeks
of things raw -
some even confessed
they wrote their work
while cutting their wrists

of things great -
some poets actually
are already carrying stars
- but think they need
to be on the ground
- stay in touch with
their best readers

of things romantic
- teenage lovers
who day in and day out
shower sweet love verses
like they would roses on
their new founded flame

of things sleazy -
some verses actually
came right off the hands
that had a minute ago
been exploring the powerkeg
of the sensous world

they should be censored
but then these considerate perverts
even took the trouble to write the
'bewarned' line

and of course
the greatest fun
are the young poets
who afford a glimpse
of their little world
the folksy rhythm
and heavenly rhyme

the greatest laugh
would be when
we stumble upon
the inexperienced
ones who think poetry
is throwing words at you,
all the words that not many
of us could actually pronounce
so that the whole piece would
sound erudite... only if you
could go beyond those words

the whole poem makes you feel
like you walk into a house
to see the bed upside down
in the kitchen, the cooking pot
on the edge of the bedroom table
the fridge at the attic
the washing machine on a flower bed
and the toilet right in the middle
of the living room

then there are those
who are queens of words
their verses run like pistils,
filaments, petals, colours
of orchids..classic, regal,
exquisite

john tiong chunghoo

Pulsating Vibrations

old school bell
holds hearts and minds
of childhood years

ring it, ring it hard
images rush back
the intensity of
its pulsating vibrations

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Alma Mater

feels like lonely chilly autumn
leaves thrown asunder
ruffling the calm of lake
falling, scattering
all over your feet
each pace that you take

grasses dance feverishly
while sparing birds' songs
work an echo in a soul
still looking for a place
in his alma mater

the old brass bell that long ago
held our hearts and mind,
fervently accompanied us through
every minute of school still hangs -
a solid air of authority -
a no nonsense master
recognising nothing
except the hourly call
to each new lesson, new knowledge

the rows of crimson classes
still stand with quiet open doors
there, shadows of chairs
and tables gently cast
their geometric lines
the only element here
still at constant with my heart
a filamen that soothes
those yesteryears
I was shadow of shadows

the blackboards beckon
holding gently at an attitude
that stamp of infinity
when it comes to learning

the fiery glow of the setting sun
on the window panes
reflects those waves
of alma mater sentiments
and attachments tugging
at my heartstrings
a zither maestro
beating out his song

dedicated teachers
straight As geniuses
smart sports lads,
the overambitious
lonely hearts, libido driven bleary-eyed boys,
bookworms, bullies, sissies - all now
but a cool reflective evening
for an unknown still trying to find
his footing in his old old school

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Meeting

this treckle of spring
no one would think
the source of such a mighty river
falling for you the last thing
i ever thought about

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

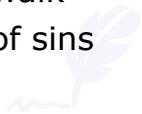
Shades Of The Devil

like a flute
carved
to be
blown in
the correct way
this physique
is built to
work wonders

tell a little lie
set in all
schemes for evil
your aura
turns sour
your voice
switches
innocence
and you walk
the way of sins

this physique
like a flute
is built for beauty
blow it the wrong way
breathe it with evil
it will echo lucifer
in the hearts of all

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Your Gaze

my love
your eyes
let loose
the world
in my heart

your gaze
transports clouds
and clear blue
to cheer up
my days

ripples rush
towards the
shore of spring
in my bosom

and there
i will wait
day and night
for your embrace
and the heaven
you would carry me to

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Nevada

nevada
we thought we were
in Paris

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Art Is Heart

art is heart
it beats a path
to the world
from our core
greet it with
shades of smiles,
passion, love
giving us a
fresh dimension
to breathe, to live

it smiles a bloom
and waits
for someone
to come to
fall in love with her
- heart to heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Cell

brain, are you there
just to be used?

if that is so, you are
the most abused of
all organs. yet as i sit
back, and reflect,
i cannot help seeing you
weaving other dreams for us
one that we cannot order
you around like scurrying back
to a toddler what seven times seven are

the dreams are more than that
and have more to do with a reptile
that once crept in the swamp
but soon finds itself in the sky
held tightly by the noose
by its ever scheming mind,
a moon that holds a thousand secrets

the mind sooner or later
coolly firmly asserts itself to be master
and not slave

the man? well, at one time
he was lying in water, a cell
with its brain outside - a universal brain
in the plants, stars, moons

millions and millions of years
passed to enable the brain outside
to grow into the cell, to guide it to
what we see manifested in front
of each of us - the human kind

and and the next million million of years?
perhaps, it might just make a detour
to leave us nothing more than a cell

lying in water and the universal mind
on to his next wondrous plan

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Portland

Portland
toddler cries to mom
to stay one more day

Portland
we will come again next spring
mom tells a crying child

Portland
a mom pleads with child
it is time to go home

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Heian Jingu Shrine

Heian Jingu
two children ape
a heron's flight

heian jingu
holding up the sky too
fingers of dancers

pointing towards sky
jingu roofs, geisha's umbrella tips
and travellers' fingers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - San Francisco Love Fest

San Francisco Love Fest
he looks for curly wigs
and she, moustaches

he walks down
in platforms and she
smart Bally dos

San Francisco Love Fest
he does a monroe twirl
and she a Brad Pitt growl, moan

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pot Of Gold

tell you what's gold
to the poet - it is when
he is walking in
the bamboo groove
and all of a sudden
the swivelling leaves
become friends, lipsing
welcome, their hands
doing a Thai dance
the sharp tipped fingers
in rows, waving, all over

tell you when the poet
has struck gold -
it is when the sea rushes
to shore, one luminous line
toppling over the other
metaphorising the the sun
and sky in dazzling ink
- that unreachable they are
they could be brought down
to swim and play with us
teal blanket and fiery shimmering ball
- tangoing, waltzing, galloping,
circling and and heaving in ecstasy

tell you when the poet
has found his pot of gold -
it is when his words find
their ways into everybody's heart
in such a pleasant flow -
crystal clear vantage wine -
the reader thinks he is writing
a part of each of them
and his brain cant help
sipping each word up
to revitalise itself

john tiong chunghoo

Now I Know Why

now i know why late dad
was farting uncontrollably
in bed every morn
when i was a toddler
the intestines had gone loose,
dad missing his sway
over his constituents

now i know why neighbour's
late dad always walked
down the stairs, so slowly
especially at the steps
though he smiled
- when i was a child

now i know why mom had
held my wrists so tight
while on the way to the market
for the veggies, fish and pork
- eleven children down the line
had taken its toll on her four foot two frame

now i know why all mummies, grannies,
aunties and uncles had never stopped
drumming into me health advice

i have become one too

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku: Autumn Trees

depth of autumn
a few leaves on the tree
dancing

autumn leaves
the girls talk about
christmas

autumn
from the gnarled trees
fluttering birds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Salvation

if reincarnation
be true, how many
men, women, dogs, cats
pigs have to die before
a single soul is saved?

i would say Poor cats,
poor dogs, poor poor animals
and lucky you soul...
there is a crowd to work
for your salvation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Language Of Water

water it
talks in a
universal
language
clear as
the blue sky

crystal clear
drops delight
with a hypnotic
tinkling sound

scintillating
tale of its joyous
sojourn on earth

the muddy
and polluted
groans, curses
like a dying old man

john tiong chunghoo

Water

water the world
before anything
else came along

from the water,
i heard record of things
old and new

they unveil them
to me with its
tingling sounds

the piano nature's
hands have played
since creation began

if there is anything
i wish my poem
to flow, it would
be water - in the
stream, river, sea,
waterfall, under the ice,

wherever it is,
water that harbours
a life of its own
and within it
a million lives
- seeps its way
into everybody's heart

it fools all agebra
master with its agility
the only medium that
can take any shape
any form vapour,
snow and ice

if there is anything

i wish my poem to run
it would be the water
splashing, streaming,
swirling, splitting, spilling,
cornering, dancing down
reader's heart

water, in it are secrets
of news both good and bad
- of the present, of the future -

if you would just let your heart,
soul and mind flow with its rhythm
you could hear it playing out
all the secrets it held since
the beginning of time in the
most delightful tune

john tiong chunghoo

One Similar Second

does the face
of every born child
in a similar second
vary because of
the minute space
each occupies
in the similar second?

does their life differ
because of the space
each of which carries
a different sun, moon,
and planet?

how much can a
second accommodate
in the creation of a planet?
two stones, a river, a mountain?
a single breath of god?
you find the answer in the faces
of all the children born in one
similar second

john tiong chunghoo

Everything Springs To Life

the whole creation
is life - the stars,
moons, planets
shuttling through
an eternal process
guided by a mind -
the one that also
controls our heart,
hands and feet
lotuses that waves
to sun inch by inch
till they are majestic
blooms embracing
all angles of eternity

the answer of creation
lies in the heart of men

his whole physique
god's blue print of
of his manifestations

PoemHunter.com

stars and planets
seas and rivers
shutte through this physique
a magnificent black
hole calmly sits atop

give the eternal mind
some space and
everything springs - to life!

john tiong chunghoo

I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

i know why the caged bird sings
it is the only thing it can do
to cheer up the day

the way i write this poem
the only thing i enjoy
to rev up the day

if the day is the cage
that releases this heart
to pen this poem
i would rather be with you
a poem a day to cheer up world

bars do not cages make
they do say and yes
the freest in the street
may be flying into cages

but like a bird, i would sing my songs
to the world each day to help
the caged find a way out of their blues

john tiong chunghoo

Animal World

the sun so far off
i could feel more love
from it than you

all the stars
they are waving
friendship from
a trillion miles away

and you three
feet from me
feel like in another world

the dragonflies
red tailed, hovering
in the noon field
round bulky eyes
look as if they know
my heart and are
pouring their love
into me

and you, a warm
blooded, given all
god's graces of a
creature are living
as if in a box devoid
of all emotions

and oh, the dophin
it is more human than
all of us combined

john tiong chunghoo

Granny's Goddess Of Mercy

the incense rises,
as profusely as
her prayers to the
Goddess of Mercy
these last 50 years

first it was health
and wealth for hubby
who now had gone to heaven
a wish came true though
she had always wanted to
be at his side till he breathed his last

she thanked the Goddess of Mercy for it
her closest pal these last 70 years
confidante of all her secret wishes
from childhood, to womanhood
to motherhood to grandmotherhood

the Kuan Ying (Goddess of Mercy)
not a day old, young as when
she first prayed to it

with eyes gazing into her
she wonders whether her last wish
would be granted - to die with a face
as gentle and calm as hers
filled with full compassion and
plenty of hope for the world

john tiong chunghoo

Warm And Soft As Breath

butterfly, are your
stripes and shades
a map to paradise?
if that is so, i am
already in one

so serene, so quiet
your gentle adventure
enchancing colours
entrance me, transport me
into another realm

the angels, do they fly like you?
so effortlessly, forever carrying a paradise

is paradise filled with honey? sweet
success for your rendezvous with blooms

is your caterpillar a testimony that
one grows in and out of realms?

so softly, quietly, you fly off a rainbow
leaving that little monster
you once were fluttering in trees

john tiong chunghoo

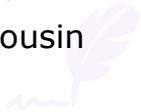
Soses Crowding The Sky

stars are
SOSes
crowding
night sky

that every
glitter would
soon be
consumed
by darkness

diamonds
returned to bellies
of earth

darkness
builds on
wiith each
passing cousin



PoemHunter.com

these last
sos messages
crowding sky

sos'es to help
us help ourselves

john tiong chunghoo

Looking Doubly Good

the same force
that props up
the flower props me up

the same power that
gets the plant to bloom
is the same that
gets me to laugh

bring in the plant
bring in the flower
let me have it in my hand

the admiration
i have in the flower
makes it shine
doubly well
and i look doubly good

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Birth

the woman with a baby
inside her has been
weaving a dream for me
warm and promising as
her full blown womb

a world she has pegged
onto that name, a name that
would bind my heart to hers
for another round of illusionary
experiences cast by the gods

you can do all the crying

in a moment there will be
a full breath blast
shuttling into another star
reverberating another world
cheering it up

cry all your eyes out,
and i will too

in some years' time
perhaps, i would call you uncle
and you would me by my first name

we would laugh together
again for another round
of drinks spiked with things
sweet, bitter, sour, warm and cold

john tiong chunghoo

Not A Single Cell Is Mine

everything is god
except that voice
in the universe that
continuously asks
WHY, WHY, WHY

in fact you are not
even you - the physique
a panel the Almighty
uses to control 'you'
just in case you wander too far

the eyes to just tune into this realm
the channel that he allows

the ears to delve into the echo of
that distance

i envy the dog and the whale
and the elephants

but thanks god i have a nose
that swing my tongue from carcasses

and a mind that could
cross many realms
and get to the Almighty himself

though not a single cell
i can call my own
they grow and die
at the hands of SOMEBODY else

WHY WHY WHY

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Night Field

night field
the crickets
takes over

night harbour
the shrill
of crickets

this little brownish thing?
the child when shown
the source of shrill

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Visiting God On A Jetplane

glad that adam
ate from the tree
of knowledge

the angel never
and works like a
doll serving god

the devil never
and so eternally
bound like an
angry animal
to flame

with knowledge
men could travel
anywhere in
god's world
built on knowledge

one day we will be
visiting the Most High
on a jetplane

john tiong chunghoo

The Years Grow

stars up there
they are pulses of my heart

million of years
we have been in union

now only let loose
to have a glimpse
of my own sweetness

the years grow
to give me eyes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Real Hell

he asked for
an eternal body
and was granted
but now while the rest
have gone to form a union
with the Most High,
he is still left with all
his desires to contend with
and it is real hell

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Bird Swinging On A Rice Stalk

which is heavier -
the wind, the rice stalk
or the bird on the windblown plant?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

If Only

if only every mom
in the world has
the patience to turn
to poetry to give
that joy and vitality
to her child

if only every mom
knows how fine
poetry would
discipline and
shape a
multi-faceted
mind for her children
till they glitter
diamonds
to cheer her up
day after day

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

What A Blessing!

what a blessing
if i could describe
the world's beauty
in such enchanting ways
as the flowers - orchids,
crocuses, roses, lotus and lilies
each species etching their ways into our heart
with their own special alphabets -
a curve there, a streak here,
spots there and commas,
full stops, question marks, and dashes
in all colours and fragrant powders
curling here and there
to form a perfect lustrous story
of wondrous romance and well wishes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Another View

if i could afford the world
a view of another world
through my verses like the
ocean that hides yet magnifies
a world so glorious of its own -

freewheeling corals, zizagging fishes,
multihued starfishes, shells that grant
the ocean a contest of geometric elegance
giant meditative clam that turns out a luxurious
ochreous pearl impervious to the pounding waves
a monk zooming on zero desires for nirvana -

my life as a poet would have been well rewarded

the rainbow the sun never fails
to illuminate in the fall of heavenly
sweats and tears

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Graceful Steps Of Love

a page in his diary
wind and autumn leaves dance
he pulls at her hands
and launches our heart
to the graceful steps of their love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - An Orgasm Of Languages

flowers, they are
orgasm of earth

opening itself to
multiply

flowers, small, large
and colourful

poetry, they are
orgasm of languages

that gives new eyes
to the mind and - the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poery - Poetic World

a hindrance for poets
are those who read
some poems and
think they know what
all poets are up to

they live in a world
of make believe -
a poetic world indeed
that somehow clashes
with the actual poetic world

if the rain would just fall
down in one straight line
the ants all created in a single rank
and the wind, blowing from
one lasting direction

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Love Is In The Sky

sun is dad
spreads love and cheer
with each of his rays
children's laughter everywhere

moon is mom
watching over the earth
to make sure
we dont miss our way

in her varying ways
she cares for each and all
taking in all the pain
to make sure
all things are fine

earth, earth, earth is my lover
pulling me close all the time
giving me food and a perpetual shelter
even when i am mere skeletons and bones

john tiong chunghoo

Try This To Kill Your Pain (Any Pain Including Cancer)

The moon glows
in bright yellow

The moon takes in all my pain
to glow in bright yellow

The more the pain
the greater the strength of its glows

The moon comes a-calling
first peeping
through the window
then takes leave
from the sky
roll from the tree,
and over the window
to the table and to my bed circling softly round
comforting my head
taking in all my aches
encasing them all in her
round body

The more it take my torments
The brighter it becomes
till my pain is now
a bright great mersmerising moon, rolling, rowing
over my whole physique
a mom taking all care, bearing all sins
to make sure her child is in full ease

the moon, with each
throb of my pain
it increases in its brightness

the moon with each
throb of my pain
it increases in brightness

giving my life
a new lease of hope

taking away all my aches

john tiong chunghoo

Where The Real Man Is

mirror, the man looks
and arranges his hair
looks, and arranges his hair

a flood of admiration
seizes his emotion

the real man lies between
the time he looks, and
arranges his hair

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Mickey Mouse Paperweight

sitting over
a billion dollar project
a mickey mouse paperweight

colourless day
children dawdle birds
over the white sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Monkeys

sorry i treated you the way
i did usurping the monkey
in you that dies to jump about,
life once so clearly spelt out
the monkey that caught my heart
years ago with its perpetual winking eyes -
a hundred times a minute
in its curiosity of the world
the monkey that crafted a net in my heart

sorry that i had nearly suffocated
your monkey and thanks for
shaking me into realisation
i have chained your monkey
blown away its vital K

all these life struggles to jump
a step over the others have
nearly turned us into a creature
carved of stone - a huge black boulder,
so cold and impenetrable

we could look into each other
without getting to the vital core
always overwhelmed by a
chilling towering stone

only the warm lively monkey
would give a life back to us
the only creature i could fall for solace
i would trade with anything
to put back the K in you so that
our life would be fun and warm

john tiong chunghoo

The Truth Between Us

so familiar
an echo
an echo
from my heart

i turn to look
and the years
that carve that
emptiness
large as cave
sprout legs to
run to me

and my mind
rushes to embrace the
most endearing ones

so many lines
we traverse
that remind us
of the longing
that has bitten
its way into us

the years that help
lay bare the truth
between us

the truth that has fallen
between so many
painful lines

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Spring Conflagrations

early spring
flowers smile and bow
to the cool breeze

the sun shines with
the exact intensity
to enable this heart
to open up, in the
blossoming of
the new season

hastily, iccicles
and snow count away
each last dropp of winter
so that wondrous spring could
take centrestage in time

intoxicated bees buzz
making stops at
the sweetest
and most fragrant
conflagrations
of the latest spring

butterflies flip
their wings
turning each second
of the season
into an artistic and
colourful adventure
for my mind

their excitement
the fashion of a child
the first time he lays hands
on his favourite cartoons

and the birds
spring crystalises

in each clear chirp
amidst their battle of songs

john tiong chunghoo

The Misguided

god is almighty
everywhere
in the glass
in the mind
in the heart
giving us life

god is almighty
in the mind of
the blessed
he is a guide

they scatter roses
in their paths
winning the hearts
and souls of all

in the glass
of the misguided
he becomes liquor

the more they try
to rein him into their system
the more they flounder

like drunken soldiers
they lose their way
kill, upsetting all
on their paths

john tiong chunghoo

When God Becomes A A Liquor

god is
everywhere
almighty

in the glass
in the mind
giving us life

god becomes
liquor in mind
of fanatics

they flounder in
their way, burn, kill
they lose their way

god is guide
in mind of
the blessed
they scatter roses
the way they walk
winning hearts
and minds of all

john tiong chunghoo



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Guests Of Sun, Moon

the sun has fins
it swims through
the clear blue sky
casting lights off
its shimmering
gold scales

the moon has legs
it runs and glides
through the dark night
a lantern in hand
lighting up a poetic
landscape

the stars are
clever dancers
that twist, twirl, swirl,
in glistening
celestial outfits
at the behest
of sun and moon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Close

the pastor
he shows us a mirror
puts his face close to it
saying 'How close you wish
god to be near you is how close
you wish to come near him'.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Buried By Time

the earth
turns round and round
feeding on time
on and on
second upon second
minute upon minute
hour by hour
year by year
decade by decade
century by century
burying me
till i am nothing
more than
a fraction
of a millionth
of second
a fragment of
bone, small
as dust
a mere breath of air
and too small
for anybody
to give a thought to

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Auntie's Chrysanthemums

fourth auntie learnt
mandarin all on her own
the striking chrysanthemums
she pleated from yellow straws
evoke a thought like
those magnificent flowers
there are indeed so many ways
one can bloom

john tiong chunghoo



Drop Of Black

a colourless world
nearly blinded me

until i find the beauty
of rainbow and flowers

that the little red ball,
yellow dash between
the indians' eyes
is the seat of god

close your eyes
you find a ring of flame
at the strategic realm
of sacredness

that only through the black
you get that steely
nasal jazzy tone
that psyches you up
for the day, challenges ahead
cool, steady unblemishable
as onyx and ebony

that yellow is the river
that feeds a quarter of world
surging relentless through
rocks, sand, mud to spawn
a people of equal toughness

that white is always
the page the world
uses to pen deals

attributes innocence
and quality of holiness

and that in it, justice
would shine bright as angel

and clear as a dropp of black

john tiong chunghoo

Shadow And Soul

our existence
shadow of soul
following dictates of sun

when the bell
to rest is struck
the sheep rushes
back to shepherd

the soul flies away
to its new lord

the shadow left to roam
in the corridors of the mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

That Lonely Tree

there is that tall tree
in the garden that
gnaws at my loneliness

the tree that looms
into sky and my heart
with a chilling quietness
that cries that
'it has gone on for too long'.

here, crickets and all
kinds of birds
call home celebrating it
with their chirps and shrills
by morn, by night

they hit at all these
painful drums of
emptiness within me

the children used
to run round
a little tree
like friend it
welcomed them
with its protruding
hands and carresses
twisting with them
as they played hide and seek

now the tree like me
is holding its own dream
in the mist, in the sun,
in the rain, and the dark dark night

the dream that someone
would come again
running round us
putting back the laughter

the twist and dance in our existence

john tiong chunghoo

Sand In The Sea

from afar i see the waves
myriad lines of luminous white
galloping as if on a mission to conquer
propelling successive waves
in another sea of emotions

blessed's the endowed artist
who can transfer this gallant spirit
onto canvas with shinning and crowning hues
so many morns, the waves alone
drive in the days into me, blast tribulations,
even stones and rocks

pounding into the mind and soul
that after a million years
they would be nothing more than sand
under triumphant sounding waves
and - our humble feet

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Well

i wish to be seen
well like a well
that never dries

ever so inspired
you need just a
little bucket to
harvest the verses

and as you look
into it in the wet days
you see yourself
so well reflected
in the clear sky

and in the dry days
a little hideaway
angel a mace
in her hands
making your
humble wishes
come true

john tiong chunghoo

Total Blackout!

the journey is ending
the head is the first to
signal to me that all
would soon be over

this hair has turned from
black to grey to white
as fast as the memory
is greying into nothingness

they turn white totally white
as sheets of my memory are

but oh god, what a contrast
it would soon be - a total blackout!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

When We Fell Out Of Love

when we fell out of love
it was a storm of leaves
pieces of us fell everywhere
familiar spots, they fade like
fallen leaves that eventually bond
with eternity without a trace

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Realm Of Animals

the animals
they are there
to help the brain
of men evolve

every move
every sound
the divinity means
to open the
mind to another
dimension
of his realm

to exercise it
for greater task ahead
expanding the
leverage of
men's existence
vis a vis the universe

the animals
they come from
the realm of men

take away men
the animal kingdom
would be gone as
soon as the former

john tiong chunghoo

Realm Of God

light is a realm
that helps us see
another realm
the body is a realm
that helps the soul
see another realm
take away light
take away body
what remains is
the realm of God

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

After I Prayed For The Animals

poor creatures
always at the receiving
end of cruelties

the night i prayed for the
world's animals
that they would be delivered
from extinction, human iniquities

a bird of paradise flew into my dream
she came so near as if we were friends
and then i knew my prayers have
entered the realm of God and has been heard

he even sent the bird from paradise
flying straight to me, coming so close
eyes staring into my face

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Just Love The Cemetery

one thing about grave
about the cemetery that i like
they are all so real, real as death
and the people who come visiting
they come with their real self
laugh, smile or tears they are
all so reall, for there is no more need
to fake one's feeling, put on a face
everything is now known to the dead
or remains forever unknown
there is a quietness in the grave
and the cemetery that i like
it is the ingratiating quietness
that is so soothing to the soul
the calm acceptance of life
that to die is also a part of living

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Soothing Graves

one thing about grave
about the cemetery that i like
they are all so real, real as death
and the people who come visiting
they come with their real self
laugh, smile or tears they are
all so reall, for there is no more need
to fake one's feeling, put on a face
everything is now known to the dead
or remains forever unknown
there is a quietness in the grave
and the cemetery that i like
it is the ingratiating quietness
that is so soothing to the soul
the calm acceptance of life
that to die is also a part of living

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Bygone

let bygone be bygone
see even your favourite tree
has taken on new leaves,
new clothing and is swinging
inviting you to a dance

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Some Quiet Drama

another world
silver fish lugs
his bag over my table
the class all absorbed
in theory of relativity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Where There Is No Time

let's proceed
to a place
where there
is no time
no space
no thought
and when
we reach
please help
us remove
the words
'place' and
'reach'
up there

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Transient Gowns

morning glories by the sidewalk
each bloom oozes with my love
in the mist, full of the beauty of youth
can you hear the stirring of a smitten heart?
each flower's trumpet that helps play
my love song to the heaven and you
- take it now or tomorrow it will be gone
- gently as it has come, the fashion of those
transient violet gowns

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Standing Tall

it is not how
many legs
you have
but how tall
you walk

i know why
all the prophets
carried a stick

it is to show followers
how to walk tall

i know why the
chinese write
from left to right
and upright

it's because
they aim to
walk tall
as confucius
steadfast as
his tenets

i know why
buddha sat
upright all
this while

it is to help
souls gain
nirvana
with one
straight
philosophy

a philosophy
that connects



PoemHunter.com

heaven straight
with earth

john tiong chunghoo

A Cat Called Tiger

tiger tiger, little tiger
trying to break free
meow, meow,
one, two - call of a real cat
meow, meow
trying to break free
to get real with me
meow, meow
i too call
to break free
with the aim to
meet the cat
face to face
heart to heart
mind to mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Scents And Memory

you leave behind a scent
that trails the sky
my nose has cast
a net that succeeds
to catch all things yours

you have joined the earth
and are now only bones

but your scents, your breath
lingers, trails the entire ground
and my heart that grows fonder
with each passing breeze

the roses bow and bow
in agreement to both of our meet

so many images caught
in this mess of net
flying from scents, earth and bones

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu - Mannequins

new fashion store
striking a pose
two nude mannequins

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel China Haiku - Guizhou Thousand Peaks

thousand peaks
trapped in between
- peace

bridge after bridge
China rushes to
connect all its people

Thousand Peaks
bent, monks
in meditation

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Pablo

pablo swept
i am by your lines
of love and sea
so full of life and...life

i would commit
all crimes of writing
to send to you
this posthumous ode
full of superlatives

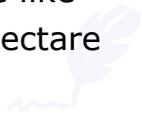
this heart is caught
like a fish in a net
gasping for water
....for your words

your magic
draws me like
bees to nectare

ants drowned
in sweetness

two lovers
swept by
passion
of first kiss

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Love Between Mother And Child

beach
wind gently
carresses sand
fervent love
mother and child

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Legs, Hands, Legs, Hands, The City Grinds To A Halt

when they took the subway
they threw bombs
they threw bombs
shrill, shrill, shrill,
the screams, screams, screams
louder than the train's engine
legs, hands, legs
hands, legs, hands everywhere
could not get the train going
could not get the city going

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Where Was The Pen?

they came
visiting in
the night

dazzling
lines from
the divine

they glistened
in the fashion
of crystal clear
water, out to sea
meteor bypassing earth

here i am
in full regret
holding on
to a golden
moment
without
the gold
lines never
to come
knocking
again

and my pen
where was it?
where was it?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Persistence

so meticulous the boy,
eyes all on his kite
to keep it afloat
uncle's sincere advice
that single mindedness pays

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Green Bean On The Third Day

green bean
after two days
it's a Q as it
stretches to
strip itself of
its green outfit
- to greet a fresh
new world

on the third day
a little girl has
taken over
the ground
her butterfly
headband floats
jumps in the wind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Man - A Macrocosm Of Nature's Intelligence

this hair
on its own
is no life

this stone
solitary
on the floor
is no life

the air on
the wind
is no life

let it steal
into the man
and the plant

a whole world
starts to churn

and soil with
the stone too
start becoming life

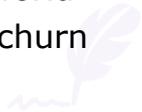
into the plant
into the man

the sun on
its own is no life

take him out
everything
stops to glow

the tree, man and
sun, stone....

this hair
on its own



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is dead

throw in the man
throw in the plant
and the air
and the sun
and the stone

everything
starts
to grow

nature seeps,
breathes
through each
and everything

jigsaw puzzle

the man himself
a macrocosm
of its intelligence

john tiong chunghoo

Mission Accomplished

death -
the only means
to test whether
he has made
that perfect creature

a feeling heart
a mind capable
of memories
and a soul that would
cry out to him
for help

buzz - mission accomplished

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mind Has Roots

tree have roots
covered but work
magic to its survival -
they soak up graces
from sky to wave in
triumph in the wind

the head have roots
shrouded in the wind
that soak up ideas
emanating from all over
the universe - a tall
intelligence that spreads
its roots into men's
intelligence, conscience
and bind them to each other

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

God's Drums - Ears

ears they are drums
god plays in this realm

eyes they are lenses
he places to magnify
his creations

tongue are channels
to his kingdom - adam
missed the right apple
and lost his right to an eternal home

my nerves are rivers
god fashions to help me
sail in his world to admire him

my mind, his inspiration as
to how extensive his creation is
you cannot reach its end nor beginning

my soul a repository for god to wine and dine
when his drums stop beating, lenses were covered
riverway closed and the mind waned in a mortal frame

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry -Spooky Haiku Way To Writing Excellent Haikus

those wishing to learn writing good haiku should
start first by writing spooky haikus;

midnight
bus leaves me in the shadow
of a haunted house

midnight park
the swing suddenly
creaks

dark corridor
passing by the unit
a man hung himself

ghost festival
hell money trails
the night wind

night clothesline
below the white table clothes
feet

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

Leaping From Realm To Realm

after sailing
in the universe
and angle ourselves
in this land called men
we wonder where we
would be leading to next

perhaps, a better land
where we could leap
from realm to realm
without the trouble of cells

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Game For Gods And Goddesses

a paradox
the man is
a mind free
to roam
but in a
physique
that dictates
maxims of
limitations

the cells are
screws to pin
him down
to make sure
he does not
run away
from a real
life game
crafted for
the leisure
of gods and
goddesses

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Clearing The Mind

bored, nothing to do
walk the streets

the world would give you
a treat here lavishing you a tale
of the most imaginative kind
flowers, stilletos, skirts, flashy cars,
designer coffee fragrances,
women talking in masculine voices,
mad men speaking to oneselves,
fortune tellers trying to reveal
heaven's secrets to ambitious clients
this life and even the next and butterflies
of night that flutter among neonlights
settling on anything that smells dollars and cents

visuals and a heart thrown in
for you to taste their twist and turn

it could be as simple as
an evening stroll of a sultry indian woman
who for a moment thinks herself an aswarya rai,
in her long blue floral skirt
the first time she has worn

it carries her or rather she carries it so well
you forget yourself as she sails down
the channel of your heart with
extraordinary verve and grace
a loose fitting casual blouse, julia roberts' hair
clearing the slightest jaded piece of the mind

a wondrous creature
who feels so good
about herself - a fountain of spring -
you cannot help being drawn into her paradise
smiles amid lean physique that accentuate
the edges the male mind feeds on to survive

twists and turns
that loosen the knots
in the heart, clear the lens in the mind
and oil the nerves for a bout of inspired verses

john tiong chunghoo

08. Hold On To Your Dream

hold on to your dream
it sweetens all your nights
brightens up your days
because dream is a compass
that shows only one aspired direction -
success, success and more success

john tiong chunghoo



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The Loss

the sea sweeps
leaps at my feet
as i ask why the loss
of a single soul
would make this
world go so empty
precipitating
all the goodness
it once gave

i could feel
each of my cells
try to burst through
this void to reach to you

to bowl me over
with joy and dance
this heart leaping
with hope again

between the valley
of my mind
our age old laughter
echoes louder
than waves to
a heartbreaking
crescendo

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Flying In An Aeroplane

in the plane
the woman next to me
her lips fly away with prayers
her fingers dance
twisting her prayer beads

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Earth And Men

i am earth
i see with
lenses in
the men

my blood
runs in them

the trees
they are
hair on
my skin

such
bright greenery
once

but i have
been naughty
shaving it
here, there
everywhere
to give myself
a smoother look

planting things
in their place
to make me
feel good
look good
trying
all things
hoping
to gain
immortality

now, have i
been wrong?

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i see
the sky
growing
darker

a part
of me
lacerates
soon
to disfigure
me

blood
running
down
my physique

part
of my
skin
turning
so dry
it cracks

and the men
the men
and my eyes -
they would see
no more!

john tiong chunghoo

Those Last Days

the boy is all grown up
rich, a tycoon in fact
but occasionally
touching expressions
of old, still steal
their way to his face

an emotion bruised child -
who had day by day
watched mom emaciated
till her last breath broke
his heart into pieces
never to heal again -
returned to him in another
bout of despair

the pain dawned like
periodic attacks,
jagged pieces
poking, choking him

the boy who
could not share
all his wealth with mom
to forget those last days

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - When Poetry Comes

when poetry comes
a full moon pulls
at the sea

the mind's
flooded
with ideas

the Nile
overruns
its banks

and a page
flows
and
shines
with lunar
wisdom
and blessings



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john tiong chunghoo

Praying

praying
is when
the brook
tinkles in
its clear sky

the swallows
chirp a la shelley's
ehoing a
ballooned joy
in the scarlet sky

the chuckle of
child as mom
nudges him
towards
her bossom
over the roar
of ocean
and beach flying
with its sand

two frogs
one over
the other
staring
stoically
at the
glitters of
night

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

All Men's Dream - Fifa World Cup

fifa world cup - this month
where eyes will grovel
all over Brazilian fields
twisting and turning
doing their bossa nova
on legs, and things that make those legs
a winner of one nation's pride
a green bed where everything is
judged on scores of balls that jump,
careen, dribble, twist, turn, and fly
with the estatic roar that either
makes or breaks one's heart

Fifa World Cup
my heart dribbles, shoots, jumps
like a ball

Fifa World Cup
my heart is
the goal post

Fifa World Cup
the men, the goal, the roar
jeers and tears

Fifa World Cup
the soar, the goal, the roar
jeers and tears
bet-ters, footballers

The Poem

-

fun to watch

men's patriotism
once treading
over war fields
where tearing up
innocent children
and families are
worthwhile goals
is now confined
to the football field

national anthem
in deafening roars,
flags flashing in burst
of human typhoons
boys' fighting tears
for brothers' losses
old men's struggle
to be part of the fun and
worthier cause that
had eluded them
every victory a notch up
in international standing
a million lives in war wont buy
every goal magnified in
admiration and respect
in eyes of billions
war is a dirty word
and football
all men's balls and dream

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Child Red With Lipstick

in the new washroom
teaching grandchild to brush teeth
old toothless granny

mom red with fury
the mirror and the child's face
red with her lipstick

john tiong chunghoo



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Cleansing Myself

god is in me
i am in god
(he would probably puke)

god is in me
i am in god
(he would probably suffocate)

god is in me
i am in god
(he would probably throw
me out)

god is in me
i am in god
on and on
my bell goes
until i feel
divinity peels
the layer
and layer
of filth from
this furnace
of desires
until i feel
a cleaner
and purer
me emerges

john tiong chunghoo



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Real Worth

the great
enemy
to poetry
writing

is a great
friend to
those
in the
acting
profession

the former
to express
source
of thoughts
feelings
exploring
all the nooks
of mind
and heart
for real diamonds
knowledge
experiences
to let himself
come alive
in words

the latter
to forget
onself
to allow
his character
to live
putting
whatever
he could
into it
to make it



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look a real
diamond

john tiong chunghoo

A New World

poetry
is cruising
that river
that
sprouts
in the mind

to flow
from
heart
to heart

deposit
soil on
the way

for new
land to
form



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new river
to spring

new
world
to dawn

john tiong chunghoo

Goal Goal Goal

the world
like the football field
is not for one
to say one is best
but to show
why one is best
brains, legs,
hands, eyes,
hair, balls, flags
and all
a goal is all
that counts
goal goal goal

john tiong chunghoo



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If God Were To Die

if god dies
the earth
would lose
its strength
to spin

the sun
its power
to shine

the flowers
its charm
to bloom

and the child
its joy
to smile
to light up
the world



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john tiong chunghoo

Money Animal

razor sharp canines
that can tear through
the toughest frame
and legs that can run
faster than any animals
and the jaguar falls into
a physique to become
a jaguar and not a man

the god writes couplets
for souls to choose
what they would love to be

a brain that can be
worked to do wonders
but his legs, his hands
his physiques are no match
for even a horse

a permanent home for cover
he carries his house here, there and
everywhere, his food in the streams
and rivers and the soul thinking of
only an ever ready house plunges for it
to be our slow walking turtle, tortoise

two wings to fly away from attacks
a voice to mesmerise the world
and the field for food and the soul
plunges into them to be eagles, thrush
and sparrows to carry our fantasies to fly

poor soul, the mind
that could do wonders
thrown to the winds

poorer still, the soul
who plunges into a man
who then chooses

to carry a flag that shouts
money above all else

and there an animal
runs here, there, everywhere
for the papers he thinks
could fly him everywhere
buy home, buy food,

they buy almost anything
couplets written by his
own homo sapiens

the mind that can do wonders
now lies like other species
getting a lot less than they should get

if only this poem will wake
up that mind to let the man
realise he is more than a money animal
a limitation he imposes on himself
a gravest short change

john tiong chunghoo

Creature In Darkness

creepers
in darkness
creep to light
salvation

sinners
in darkness
seek light
of the soul

creatures
survive on light

man's heart
and soul crave
for god like
limbless helpless
plants inching to light
when there is one
with all its might
with all its available time

john tiong chunghoo

Light Grows Out Of Darkness

light grows in darkness
the living creatures
in the darkest of caves
inevitably turn albino
sprout light feelers
to help each other
find, get to each other
in the darkest part of realms
also our mind, element
of light grows, to save
us from ignorance
and damnation
there the mysterious tree
of knowledge grows
fueling music, songs, poetry
paintings to liven up humankind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Kamasutra Haiku Set

garden red roses
after the stormy night
a bed of wet dreams

midnight backlane
two cats in earsplitting
orgasm

rooftop lovemaking
the male pigeon flaps
in full estacy

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Is

poetry is -
exploring oneself
like a cave with words
and finally letting those words
echo in heart of readers
like they have struck gold

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Heart To Heart

journey to the heart
the lovers swap their food
for the third time

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Roti Canai

indian boy
twirls roti canai
the sun slowly rises

**indian bread twirled
to spread over hot plate
eaten with curried sauce
especially for breakfast
with a cup of milk tea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Forbidden Fruit

tree of knowledge

i am the tree
and the fruits
yours to pick

praise and glory
yours to keep

much better
for me to stand
each leaf my gratitude
to you in helping me shine

the fruits they are
your success

i stand in your honour
in your praise
and dance to your plan

forbidden apple
it is in the sacred
corner of our hearts
the everlasting eden
sanctuary you share with us

yes the snake though
keeps slither
between us
lying that your fruit
is my own fruit
my own achievement
mine to keep and eat

john tiong chunghoo

The Note

one night on the beach
i chanced upon a bottle
with a little note bearing words so chilly
i thought it should be left
in the bottle and corked
the way they were in the heart of the author
the andaman sea roared, cried to claim the bottle
the little note as dry as it was found

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Every Good Thing

every good thing
comes to an end
the beatles' last song
a slit in the heart
dividing two eras
the queen's smile
claimed by sand
shakespear's magic
overwhelmed by
academics and a wife
- that rose we could only
wish would never fade

john tiong chunghoo



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Full Blooded Passion

the soul trails
everywhere
my eyes see
prisons
my body only
grieves and cries
i could be rainbow
the spring
the trees that
start budding
a riotous green
or the lightning
that gives way
to roaring thunder
my physique
cast to track
divine pleasure
and vengence
in full blooded passion

john tiong chunghoo

Divine Pleasure And Vengeance

the physique
nails me down
to live its own

the soul trails
every sphere

my eyes see
the prison the
physique is in

i could be rainbow
the spring,
the trees that
start budding
to turn green
or the lightning
that gives way
to roaring thunder

my physique is
a pen to record
divine pleasure
and vengenance

john tiong chunghoo

Oh Mom

oh mom
has nothing
good to talk
about me
even my poetry

but thank god
at least she is
still able to talk

and that's
a blessing
to me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Why He Maintains Himself As One

a thousand gods
from one source
but he maintains
himself as one
so that men will not
be lost running
from one entity
to another for favours

ultimately, his test
of their gratitude
love and sincerity
to their Creator

and to be his finest
creature - smart,
fine, intelligent
and knows where
he walks here
and beyond

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john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - War Games

internet cafe
i knock out a poem
in midst of war games

john tiong chunghoo



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The Most Difficult Job

god is great
but nobody
wants to be god
because he holds
the most difficult job

some believers pray
to him as if he owes
them money and fame
when their prayer is answered
they lavish him with offerings
and when not, coldness
seizes his heart and soon
he is tempted to turn to
another god of his own making
one that he thinks will grant him things

some place their gods everywhere
on the floor, in caves, everywhere
that they think they need a god
and they call him kitchen god
rice god, door god, sea god,
sun god anything to their liking
of a god that could service them
their whims and fancies

between them God struggles
to find a real believer to show
his real identity, to teach the rest
a lesson of sincerity not only to Him
but their fellow human beings
and that's usually an unpleasant job
that necessitates the extremes
of water and fire to shake up
the men's conscience

john tiong chunghoo

His Special Song

one's mood

the bars
on the piano
for outlets

one's temper

the pedal
to control its
intensity

from low to
high notes
from joy
happiness
sadness
despair
to pure
ecstasy



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the world
plays on
the human
heart, organic
piano for
the man's
special song

john tiong chunghoo

The Real Self

the physique
such a little part
of oneself

expression
of limitations

the real self
travels all spheres
the mind struggles
to break through

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - You Lightly Talk To Me

You lightly talk to me
whispering into my ears
dusk light shimmers,
shimmers in the sea
a million well wishes

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku: Banana Leaf

</>banana leaf
mom helps son wipe clean
rice and veggies

banana leaf outing
the couple swap their food
for the second time

explanation:

indian style of eating
where rice and veggies
are placed and eaten
on a banana leaf

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Footsteps Everywhere

the desert
is large as life

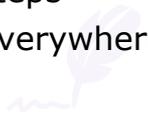
one lonely
wide field
for survival

sand and sky
and thorns,
to remind one
of thirst

an occasional
mirage to help us
cope with reality

in between
the footsteps
that go everywhere

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Queen Elizabeth II 's 80th Birthday Poem

a historic queen used to flip through
my little hands - little square,
round coppers, round nickels
blue and green notes
one cent, five, ten cents
which could buy so much more.
the alluring queen with a dazzling smile
tinkled in dad's foot deep pockets,
mom's and aunties' humble handbags,
and late granny's secret pocket
in the flipside of her blouse as
we little tots pestered them
for things we longed for day and night.

there was brother's unforgettable
red raleigh, the wooden wall clock
with a flying horse that had seen better days
christmas vinyl records, poetry books.

they were all acquired with smiles -
ours and the queen's we still hold
dear to our hearts

the queen still tinkles, tinkles
in our mind all these rolling years.
so many things spill over
from the British to independent years.
topping them would be mom's crown
- she so loves the Queen's simple clean
curly silky crop she ingenously
copies her style to this day.
the queen, the british queen,
she is such a beauty, she would say
everytime she came on television.
and everytime i see the queen, i actually
see two queens and will, always.

john tiong chunghoo

Autumn Despair

we say we will
spend some time
for the season
take a walk in
the autumn groove
enjoy the trees
the leaves and
the soft rustle
at our feet
that gently bids
goodbye to another
season of gold and amber

we never let it
dig our heart
to catch a leaf or two

they fall, resigned
to the fact that
we will never
have time
trail the last wind
and listlessly
to the ground
like jilted lovers

soon the snow will
bury them and our wish
to explore the season

Spring will see us
caught up with another year
like fish in a net with the water
just inches away

john tiong chunghoo

The Sky

the sky is blue
blue of the sun
eye in the sky
that helps us see

the sky is one
one generous heart
offering what
everyone needs
- sun, moon, stars, rain,
snow, wind, day and night

look into the sky
with a calm heart
and from it would distil
a thought, a prayer,
a prayer of gladness
that you have come
to the right place
to shield you from evil

john tiong chunghoo

Midde Kingdom

everybody owns
a middle kingdom
in which one is born king
where one measures
the world and manoeuvres oneself
ahead of the rest, the race
the flame might waver
flicker to a little light blue
near to petering out
but as soon as the air steadies
it jumps back to show you
how tall you can actually be
if you could hold on to your dream
never giving up come rain or shine
the one middle kingdom
so well guarded no one would
even realise it is there layer by layer
inch by inch constructed
by its one and only king
the rest might be better
work, women or soccer
but this middle kingdom
never once would the sun rise
without his mighty plans

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Flowers, The Poetry Maestros

hey poets, if you wish to excel
learn from the flowers
the lotuses, the roses, crocuses,
the sunflowers, geraniums
humble violets and morning glories
and all the colourful blooms
how they tenderly begin
their poetic dance at dawn
petal by petal to reveal
their exquisite selves
pistils, filaments, pollen, stamens,
and bulbs so precise
and technically executed
to chart nature's wonder
you need the best ballet dancer,
poet, to challenge their heavenly skills
every step, every move, manoeuvring
this heart to bloom in full admiration

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Wesak Day Poem

a saffron
shrouded sun
the buddha

delivering us from
the womb of samsara
the buddha, dharma and sangha

wesak day
on the merit sharing table
a thousand light flickers

ego, too little of it
a rat would beat
you to a goal

too much of it
a tower of babel
would rise
from the ground



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a great wall
scales the mountains
to reach the moon

angels grow horns
to challenge
God's plans
upsetting
whole creation

a great cauldron
is needed
to melt down
great egos

the buddha helps
troubled souls
scattering

enlightenment seeds
that sprout
and bloom profusely
on the eight fold path
to welcome them
to the kingdom of nirvana

john tiong chunghoo

Cheap Socks

oh, these chinese socks
spic and span at the store
they have the touch of
a hubby's smartness
and shilling cheap
now after two wearings
and one washing
they perch on the floor
each a mouse
small, black and round
turning rebels
refusing to take
any of your errands
fingers or foot

john tiong chunghoo



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Cool Witnesses

a year for earth
to round the sun
a year for the tree
to round up the time
each year in one ring
one tough and round body
to store all her dreams
wonderful and tall
she stands
holding up
all those rings
welcoming us
to be
witnesses
of
her
cool
cool
dreams



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Dad Is Sun, Mom Is Moon

the sun
is generous
as dad
in his love
we bask
so bright
and true
the moon
is selfless
as mom
pinning
day and night
to make sure
we shine
crowding
round her
like little stars

john tiong chunghoo



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Dont Slight That Little Bird

the greatest
contribution
of songs
and music
is they help
human evolve
the birds,
the crickets
grasshoppers
toads and frogs
the stars, moon
and mars
the entire cosmic
vibrations
sheet by sheet
layer by layer
they build up
the foundations
of the human mind
for cognitive pleasures
the amoeba for
its adventures into
complex creatures
a child would be
dull without
the lullabies
that soothe
and build up
his world
the piano
is not a piano
without its
sonic bars
dont slight
that little bird
in the air
it might just
one day wear
an intelligence

greater than men

john tiong chunghoo

The Goal

to be read not the goal
neither is art the word
just the wish to catch
the man hanging over me
to see how many colours
of a fish he is

john tiong chunghoo



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A Fraction Of The Mental Sphere

dawdle a line over white
a meteor has shuttled
through space,
a fraction of the white

the distance the time
it travels from your mind
to the piece of white

two inches in one's mental sphere
equal two million miles in space

space steals its way from mental sphere
the way you chart the line in white,
that catches only a fraction of the mind

put space and mind side by side
the latter would convulse as it
charts its own boundlessness
beyond the former

john tiong chunghoo

Mother's Day Special - Decibels Of Love

I know when i was born
your pain was a tempest
love translated decibels
that shove me into world
shrouded, protected,
against rough sea

the love egg never dries
out of you but never out
of your womb of love -
the world you perpetually
work to shield me from
shocks and knocks

the great decibels have
amplified our bond
the way our voices
echo to us in the mountains

an umbilical cord
ties this heart to you
where severing would
blood our conscience
with guilt and turn
the world against us as well

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - The Old Nun

old nun examines bald head
and wonders her life
has been as empty

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tears Carries Away Pain

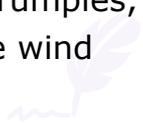
tears carries away pain
cleans the window of soul
to let us see
another side to life

after a hard cry
the heart feels lighter
a hill wedges itself between
bearer and agony

as flowers of well wishers
start to fade, wither
pain too loses its grip

one should learn
to accept life
the way a rose
wither crumples, scatters
in the the wind

john tiong chunghoo



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Black Men, White Men

should i be led to believe
that the white men's heart
is soft as cotton? and when
touched, is torched, bursts into flame
to settle comfortably in black,
a trail of humble lesson for the soul

should i be led to believe
that a black man's heart is
full of courage? charging like a bull
through America black or white
settling for nothing in between?

should i be led to believe that
black and white work the
theory of ying and yang
ever balancing to rev up the world?
rice would even grow in bush
black hair turns eventually into
a crown of white wisdom
and blackboards light up
knowledge in white chalk
white shines at its best in black
and where else but a piece of white
where black could make its clearest stamp
of its stand - left or right, right or wrong

john tiong chunghoo

Up And Alone

up and alone
at night

this lonely lane
echoes to me
how lonely
it could be
to be alone

each step
brings an echo
imploring me
for an answer
as to where
i actually want to go

john tiong chunghoo



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The Hole In My Heart

burial

they filled the hole with grandma

leaving a hole in my heart

bleeding

they filled the hole with daddy

leaving a heart

that echoes a painful longing

day and night

john tiong chunghoo



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Buddha Pined At Its Feet For Enlightenment

there is a sacredness
in the mountain
as it reaches up to heaven
humbly carrying spirits
in their last leg in reincarnation realm

they are in the trees
in the stones, in every path
in zero thought meditation
to severe desires, umbilical cord
that attach them to pain, suffering

their endeavour throws
a holy presence
and sits in a spot in your core
you would attribute only
to the Sacred One

the mountain's fresh and minted breath
mersmerises, and seeps
through the physique -
a foretaste of nirvana

the trees are the highest
in reincarnation realm
not a sound as they trumpet
their way up the mountain
carrying the Sacred One
higher than the mountain
its hands and finger all
all ready to embrace him

they pass all his tests -
slash it, chop it, burn it, skin it -
they stay calm and quiet
resigning themselves to fate -
proving that they have renounced
all earthy desires

the bodhi gained enlightenment,
took pity and and shared it with Buddha
as he pined at its feet

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Great Poet, The Sea

the sea is a great poet
a giant pot of ink
which it writes out lines
that sparkle in emerald
by day and black by night

throw her the moon
and the lunar lady
immediately becomes a
dancing star beating a
path to our heart in
her graceful glowing shroud

throw her the sun
and you bet van gogh would
even put his brush
and Sunflowers away
to be inspired by its
breathtaking dazzling lines

throw her the wind
and the sea immediately
grins with a million lips
singing a song of gratitude
to the almighty

throw her the gulls
and their glorious white
would swing to a verse of
shining metaphors
- young ballet dancers trailblazing through
the rough and tumble world of showbiz

throw her a a ship
and it will rock you
the fashion of a new mom
for its babe in a cradle
wishing it would bring
babe to wherever he wants to be

by day or by night
be by the Sea
as it painstakingly works
on its verse
line by line
swish and swosh
swish and swosh
swish and swosh
never tires of trying
to impress a visitor
of its divine calling

john tiong chunghoo

A Sea Of Shattering Applause

rain
under the streetlamp
on the road
a million ballet dancers
in leg over head posture
earning themselves tonight
a sea of shattering applause

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Cockroach In Lift With Me

cockroach in lift with me
does its feelers sense the buddhist
who hates to kill?

john tiong chunghoo



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Piano

hearstrings of mom
in the centre of house
sublime notes from fingers
she had curved her love into
spread out now over black and white
to reciprocate her affections
light, tender touch soothing a heart
that has prayed for these notes from heaven
a piano that receives the applause
and all my dreams in graceful quiet
a million solid well wishes in her chamber

john tiong chunghoo



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To Show Love, He Keeps A Distance

after all the devotion
you seem so far
so far that it makes me
wonder whether
you are really there

now i know
the distance you throw
is for me fill up
to reflect on myself
each thought and act

that this distance
is woven for us
to be close

that you do not want
me to lose sight of myself

the distance keeps us
so close - closer than
there is no distance

a path where
i could run to you
without the echo of guilt
about my love - for you

john tiong chunghoo

At The Grave

all souls day
at the cemetery
eyes are asterisks
to love stories

teary eyes
are those who
have just lost a love one

mica eyes are
those who have learned to
submit to divine law
wishing prayers would
mend ways

time heals

the next time around
the teary eyed would be back
with mica eyes sniffing pain behind
new teary eyes

those at the fresh boundary
between this world and next

a boundary they could only
but mark with teary eyes

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Australian Kangaroo

australian shortbreak
from my brother's bag
a furry kangaroo

kangaroo souvenir
a bagful of aussie
memory]

aussie holiday
from son's bag
a little kangaroo

furry kangaroo
a warm aussie memory
jumps from the shelf

john tiong chunghoo



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Secrets

secrets
in the breeze
the sea exhibits lips
that die to tell
things in its bosom

secrets
in the breeze
leaves flutter
in smart sequence
beating a drum
of contentment
that soon heaven would open to shower rain

secrets
fishes in the sea,
of all colours and sizes
shells, prawns, crabs,
corals, sand, sludge
and volcanic cracks

the fortunate ones
get to the gills of a few, turn the tide
of history, personal
or otherwise

the rest
they lie in the crevices,
chambers of
the human heart
- for good, for bad

breeze
the sea exhibits lips
that die to tell
the secrets it harbours

leaves burst in laughter
from its whisper

that soon heaven
would cool the day

secrets
the graves finally
claim them
- sealed and eaten up
to skeletal remains

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - Memories Of Australia

boomerang
memories of australia
bounce back

john tiong chunghoo



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Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Big Pants

her big pants
as she walks
tinkle, tinkle, tinkling coins

john tiong chunghoo



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Realibrations

realibrations -
every realm vibrates
to its own
i have yet to evolve
to view them all
okay, to view only
for if my physique vibrates
to the same rhythm
to even one other realm
it would cause crashes
realnilation

the mockingbird
when it sucks paradise
from the blooms,
you see two realms
one clouded by the vibrations of its wings
but if you could go fast enough
you could jump
between its up and down

the realms survive
at the edge of each other
the dead acquires another vibration,
goes to live with their like

if we fail to evolve
to see these realms
we could invent something
realmseescope
to detect all the realms between us,
tuning to them
the way we manoeuvre the
volume of radios

or may be invent a secret weapon
to get them to vibrate to a similar rhythm
and cause a realnilation

or may be not, for every realm
might be installed with an auto protect system
each realm acquires another rhythm
once it detects danger looming
the way moths and frogs change colours
to keep to their own realm

john tiong chunghoo

Mr Arctics, Mrs Antarticas

wait, be careful
fire and ice
the latter is usually
a foretaste of the former

go down the arctic
and you would greet fire
that could burn
the world a million times over

do not slight ice
there are flames
more destructive
than the eyes could see
and it usually starts with
the arctics we encounter
everyday - men who carry such a dry and cold land in them
you would froze in their midst

yet if you dig deeper, flame flares and you would be scarred or scalded
if you do not run fast enough

yes, the world would end in fire, with green eyed
ice fighting its way to the scenario as its curtain raiser

john tiong chunghoo

Infinity

turn what your brain
inside out
and it will fill
a space
large as the universe
- plenty of planets, stars
you know as well
as many you dont know
- the way you are puzzled
over infinity

the joy to learn that
that this infinity outside
- each planet, star, meteor -
wait to be given names
by this infinity - boxed -
in this little head!

john tiong chunghoo



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Ideas Are Stars

stars are gems
when the sky
cannot hold its own
sparkling ideas
that spread over brain
in hours of darkness

john tiong chunghoo



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Sun And Moon

the sun
when you
close your eyes
massages your darkness
the moon
a plate
to collect
the realm of darkness
that the sun
exposes

john tiong chunghoo



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You Are Backward By 5,000 Years

it takes so long
for us to come to
each other

you are backward

i have been waiting
for five thousand years
to talk to you

to you
the earth turns round
only to record each man's tale
to us
the importance of night and day
and now it unreels
my secret to you

your earnestness
in cracking the earth
for all its treasury -
human tales stored in
electrons, protons
has paid off

my soul glows so brightly
i am as good as alive

just keep on talking to me
keep the device going
you are 5,000 years late

this thought that has waited for so long to get this going

john tiong chunghoo

Eyes

close your eyes
to give them
a chance
to see
the other side of the world

give the word 'see'
another shade
to light up the world

close your eyes
to see god eye to eye

as he inspects you
each of his winks
would sweep over you
like both sharing eyelids

john tiong chunghoo



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Pet Under My Skin

close your eyes
let your body
take over

take your pulse
and you soon realise
you are owner of a pet - right
under your skin

rub it gently the way
you shower pet cat
with affection
and it starts
to soothe you
with its warmth, love

achieving zero thought?
the pulse rattles a drum
to that heaven
without you having to move
even an inch

hold on to it - to feel
the power - loving that pet
under your skin
could generate

john tiong chunghoo

Lost Treasure

poetry should
not be for sale
for it is beyond price
it's an art to free the heart
of limitations, restrictions
the ideal prescription
in a psychiatric ward

string all your answers
to the psychiatrist
and you would get
the greatest poem
you would ever write
truthful, raw, echoing
from a real heart

they could even
prescribe it to prisoners

just listen to  PoemHunter.com
Afghan gem dealer poet
Abdul Rahim Muslim Dost
- he soared to paradise in a cage cell
in Guantanamo Bay, he vowed

the innocently branded
al qaida terrorist wrote
verses at the bottom of his
Red Cross letters,
scratched them onto
styrofoam cups and
latter with rubbery pens
- some 25,000 lines of his
prison experience -
now in American hands.

'I would fly on the wings of my imagination, ' he recalled.
"Through my poems I would travel the world,
visiting different places. Although I was in a cage I was really free.'

those who write poetry
try to find themselves
in their own maze of words
to free their trapped soul

those who read them
need a heart of of patience
and a headful of knowledge
and inquisitive spirit
to track the poets down
his thoughts, personality

m eagerness to lay hands
on abdul's lost treasure.
Will the United States hand them back to him?
everyline of them?

john tiong chunghoo

The Cross

the best example
christ shows to
his believers

the Cross on Calvary
that points in all directions

there are as many ways
to God as the poles
on earth

and it starts
from the Cross
with Christ
proving his point
- love thy enemy

john tiong chunghoo



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Nerve Wracking

lightning fast as it is
could not rival nerves
that let me see its wonder
in equally nerve wracking speed

the horse fast it may run
could not rival thought
that had put the car on the road
and plane in the sky

the stars in the sky that travels
to us in a million years
are there to prove
man could do the same
- a million times faster

the greatest wonder of the world
is not the stars, moons, sun
but the heads over our shoulders

from there the stars, moons, suns
and the human race soar

john tiong chunghoo

Time

time
the clock lies
the hour is still around
never passes

only our body has revolted
the world too
in fact the whole universe

time
the clock lies
the hour is still around
never passes

only our physique
and the material
have failed to rise up to the occasion

they are the real clocks

john tiong chunghoo

Planets In Space

the planets in space
are realised souls
in meditation
round and round
they go counting chants
six years, ten years, a hundred years
the planets in space
if you can see
what holds them
among glittering stars
if your eyes could see
through divine fallacy
we - mere flashes of energy
to the plants, fishes
shadows to dogs
logs to ants

planets in space
they are realised souls
in meditation
each one revolves
with a sacred chant
one year, twenty years,
a hundred years
round and round
encircling divine power

john tiong chunghoo

Cheng Beng

yesterday was cheng beng
the chinese all souls' day
i was struck by
late grandma's friends
for the first time
they are all so young

at the right
was a cheerful young boy -
the picture was ingratiating
and great

at the left
some young women
churchly type.

well lucky grandma,
has always had
young friends
for companion,

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selfishly i told myself.

a brood of us
eleven in all
to call grandchildren

and she was always close to
church - grew up with catholic nuns.

so it should be heavenly
at the cemetery
in the other world
so many young friends
to cheer up day and night.

the woman at
the boy's resting place
coincidentally came

at the same time as us

with weepy eyes
she busied herself
at the bright mosaic;
to and fro, to and fro
wiping out last year's tears
last year's pain and longing
till the little mansion glittered in the sun.
her withheld tears too.

her husband in
a tense reflective mood
lighted and relighted
windblown white candles
as he tried to contain a storm.

the realisation that
they would eventually
black out
to leave him again
in a storm
face to face with
his smiling child
whose voice still echoes
in an empty chamber
in his heart
day and night.

the raging storm
spilt over to this side.

as birds twitter
under the clear blue sky
i pray to the holy spirit
to bless us all -
those standing
as well as those
in their peaceful chambers -
without making any difference.

john tiong chunghoo

God Is Angry

god - he was
angry again

above my pillow
two nights ago
he called out my name
it's a stern male voice
not shrouded with mystery
but a voice that echoes
a bastion of knowledge
patience, reasonbleness
forgiveness
yet harsh as truth

a voice intruded into
the terrain in the mind
that could hear without ears

he is angry
and i am afraid
for reason i seek to find

god cultures ears
in the mind for his - and his angels
to reach out to homo sapiens!

if you could make out
the difference between
the imagined and the real!

the battle to reach God

john tiong chunghoo



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Racism Poem - Racists

there are two things that i fear
one that i could not see
the other i would rather not see
they are ghosts and racists
the first i could fend with faith
the second with thank god
his abundant milk of patience
racists are a society's cancer
debilitating, energy sapping
draining peace
whenever one is around
you are robbed of your vitality
the environment dries up
and things grind to a halt
the racists could stare into
the starry night and are
consumed by its darkness
rather than the glitters of stars

god's rich graces fail to reach them
their earth cracks and harvests fail
few walk the middle path
sooner or later they let loose
the ghosts they rear in them
- the vortex of negative charges
stone on cogs of wheel
the factory where the devils work
day and night to fuel and heat up hell

john tiong chunghoo

Crystal, Pearl And Dreams

it can be sapphire
it can be ruby
it can be pearl
it can be a diamond
or even a humble quartz
you pick in your garden
it can also be a cat's eye
oh what a name?
why should it monopolise
the eye?
anger of every stone

from my contacts
all gemstones are eyes
eyes to dreams
next world, future..whatever

there are stories
in the glitters
the stone dies to tell
stories in all their facets

gemstones are theatres
theatres that show so many
of my alter egos or could it be me of another lifetime,
or films (vibrations)
left behind by some wondrous souls that start reeling in my mind as i sleep
with a chosen gem?

i had been a man, an
arab man, a woman, and
a maze of other characters
that still float in
my conscious state
glitter with the gemstones

now, now i fear
i fear when i die
i might be trapped in stones

and live through another
alter ego

now, now i am also delighted
of possibilities
if lucky, i might be born
into the world
through a woman who has me
in her finger

gemstones glitter - to endear themselves - to woman in all their fiery facets
and dreams

they are courting women
with all their wild intentions

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - The Real Poets

poets are birds
birds are poets
and the latter
are the truest poets
singing - from dawn till night and night till dawn
crowning the world
with their exuberant,
health giving and never ending poetry slam

first to flag off
the daily slam
would be the cockerels
sending our heart reeling
with the precision of
their poetic clock
they crow until the sun
has no choice but
to rise to the occasion

and then a thousand
other of their kinds
a million colourful plumes
in pomp and pageantry
high on cool shaded
majestic green podiums
begin their rumbunctious slam

their songs as diverse as their shines
every bird chips in
to make their slam the most powerful kind

some squawk,
some squeak
some chip chirp chap
some cry, crow, caw
some whistle, peep, screech
bark, croak, grunt, grumb
some plain quack

the best poets
chirp simple
mersmerising songs
slicing through
the first light
with their varying
tone, scale, metre, rhyme
cheering up the day
with full throated optimism
that could cure
any depressed heart

some twit delightful songs

chirp, chirp, chirp

chit chit chit chit chit chit

chi chiu chiu chiu chiu

twi wee twi wee twi wee

yer er er er eeeeeeeeer

so tenuous
and true
these feather poets
are in their art
they could put their
human cousins
in the novice basket
when it comes to
the world of poetry

john tiong chunghoo

Womb Of The Universe

the shell
it protects
first
spreads warmth
then closes in
to squeeze
the chick out

this physique
it nourishes
gives vitality
spreads joy
then closes in
to squeeze the man
- out - of the womb -
of the universe

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Theatrics Of The Mind

rain-lightning-thunder
spring-summer-autumn- winter
speech-mind
passion-love-hurt-tears
the one thing
weather does school
is the theatric of mind
speech - crystal clear as
wordsworth's azure sky
loud as emperor's qin's chariots
thundering through the wild
cold as hitler's murderous command
unnerving the jewish souls
hot and passionate as yang kui fei
tearing down the tang emperor's swathes
brown and poignant as Clare's autumnal love
speech - the pranks of life
in all colours
spring, summer, autumn, winter
sincerity, lies
mechanism to the heart of the soul
just listen to the wind, storm, thunder, lightning
children run through a school
in the field

john tiong chunghoo

Cricket's Love Song

cricket's shrill
courting love
each shrill digs
at my lonely heart
each shrill
an extra inch
of lonelines

cricket's shrill
a field of love songs
not even one for me
each shrill chills
this lonely heart

cricket's shrill
courting love
i wonder whether
she would come
for this late night tryst

john tiong chunghoo

Evolution

the Higher Spirit
so loves
the human race
a whole world
is created
for its evolution

the birds
they are
instruments
to tune up human's
mind and soul
and the challenging
riddle to conquer sky

the crickets
they are to
share with humans
the subtleties of
romances

the dogs
they are to exhibit
how love sews
trust and loyalty

the fish
that the sea
is full of adventures
gills, fins,
scales and all

the cat
how to strut
with pride,
confidence
though the physique
is small
a far cry from

the powerfl tiger

the parrots
how to micmic
and play to the tune
of another species

take all
these creatures away
and man would evolve
into nothing more than
these animals

john tiong chunghoo

Big Bang

big bang
a second
for universe
to blast
into existence

a million years
to travel
through the maze

if the big bang
could beat
the speed
of our thought

or are we
mere fragments
swimming
on its wave



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that bounces back
with a snigger -

you would not
catch up with me

the physique
- got to flung
it back to the blast
one day anyway

the spirit yes
- to god to god

john tiong chunghoo

I Admire The Human Race

i admire the human race
though god is way beyond
comprehension
beyond their time, intelligence
yet they persevere
to find him, get close to him
i admire the human race
though god is such a
hard subject to swallow
yet they persevere
trying all means to get close to him
some inspired, some misled,
some fall, some brush him aside
yet the whole human race
never gives him up
i admire the human race
who could hang on to something
they could never even see

john tiong chunghoo



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Eternal Sleep

i envy granny
as she lays
so peaceful
in the coffin
i envy the priest
his full faith
as he makes
his prayers
a full God
heaven and hell
all that is in
our hearts
the secret
that goes buried
in the soil
with grandma
for now she is one
who knows it all
if there is'nt any
it does not matter too
an eternal sleep she earns

john tiong chunghoo

We So Great

we so great
we all want
to be somebody
seeking him
in the moon,
in the star,
in the sun

we so great
we all want
to be somebody
seeking him
till the ends
of the universe
in ourselves,
in friends and foes
in the almighty,

we so great
we all want
to be somebody
some do it right
some do it half right
some just plain all wrong -
not an echo of themselves

we so great
we all want
to be somebody
despite all the odds
the rights learn
from half rights
and the wrongs learn
from all wrongs
we so great
we get the world going
with all the rights
wrongs, half rights
and half wrongs



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john tiong chunghoo

Sight Could Not Contain Him

essence of love
fountain of love
god he is to be felt
subtly felt so that
you could concentrate
your energy on him
for sight is not enough
to contain him
too distractive
the whole world
would annihilate
if he should come into sight
stuffing an elephant
into a plastic bag?
keep god at heart
that is enough
that is the only place
in a man large
enough for god
keep it lit
keep it bright
keep it clean
keep it holy
he will call you
day and night
till you and him are one

john tiong chunghoo

A Dance?

a dance?
a candle flame
courting
faint breeze
to and fro
to and fro
slender
shadows

the autumn leaf
twists, twists
on a twig
eve of separation
lovers refusing
each other go

red and brown maple
swirl in unison
beat their last drum
then let themselves
free from hangers
trail the breeze
swirl, twirl,
somersault,
jump over each other
hip hop dancers
in maddening mood

the two parter
floral crepe curtain
at the open window
springs a solitary flight
up down, down up, twists

her fair and frail physique
over the field
a pink lotus in lake
gently, gently
a darting shadow

over the blazing sky

the ants on a
floating leaf
run round the edge
cross to the other edge
run round the edge
cross to the other edge

rain
under the streetlamp
swarm of insects
drunken, in their last frenzy
over elixir of light

joining the fiesta
in the streets
reflected in carlight
a million girls jump
flaunt their skirts
and well honed postures
heels over heads

john tiong chunghoo

The Me

here is my comma
marked in ink -
and from there
two centimetres away
my full stop
marked in ink too
between them
draw a straight line
here, that is the place, space
one would value me
where your mind
would be caught
about the real me
it is normal
the world works that way
just look around,
away from the line
or draw a circle around it
and you would find
the real me - all over

john tiong chunghoo

The Novelist And The Poet

the difference between
the poet and the novelist

the former invites you
straight into his world
a canvas that takes
words for paint
humour for techniques
realism for images

the novelist
on the other hand
flatters you with
his intelligence
but takes the liberty
to hide behind
each of his creation/character
hard it would be to
find the man in
the maze of his words
you would gain more
hunting for him in town

the novelist is a
calculative trader
seizing any idea that could
help him sell his words

the humble poet though has
to sniff out his real self, his own god-instilled rhythm,
to let us share his adventures, colours, dreams

the novelist craft words for money
the poet craft words - to find himself and shares it with those -
who wish to find their own selves

john tiong chunghoo

Childhood Bee

yellow spotted black velvety bee
that came buzzing at the garden
which rages with bougainvillea
of pink, red, and vermillion red

a tree of sour sop
squirrels scoured here
up there, a lumpy dangling fruit
sporting a loose crevice
that exhibited the farmer's sore
some red eyed birds
had carved for midday fare

at the mishmash of cabbage leaves
robins had hopped, looked at me
wondering i were friend or foe

neighbour, bent with her frond hat
and weather beaten clothes
worked without a sound

the yellow spotted bee's
buzz still as lively as it was then
and it still looks older - than me

john tiong chunghoo

To A Soldier

farewell my love
my tear flows like rain
i know what is a war
it means killing
both innocent and criminals
and it's good that i
know you are the former
and guarding peace
i am proud to have you
even for a little while
fighter for peace, justice
you will last
a whole lifetime
as long as god allows
this breath to flow
you afford a better world
and -me

john tiong chunghoo



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What Money Cant Buy

i turn him down
simply for the love
to prove - to myself -
and if he likes it - to him too - that -
money cant really buy
this little heart of mine
and above all poetic enlightenment!

john tiong chunghoo



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What You Can Do With One Second

what can one do
with one second?
one can put the entire
universe, everything into it
- including every
thought of everyone
but to think of specific
like god or man
one has to pick but only one
or a fusion of both
- with oneself half stifled
by the side

john tiong chunghoo



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Chopping Down The Second

a second
a tick on the clock
that hides
a million moments
time spots
a thousand faces
that i have
known since birth
could sweep
over the mind
in that time
a second
it is large enough
to store
the trillion
moments
a birth has taken place
try chopping down
the second
and you know
what i mean

john tiong chunghoo



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Idolatory

idolatory
many commit it
even without a trace
of an idol
for in their heart
god has become
an idol itself
day in and day out
they pray
to him for favours
and when
they are not forthcoming
god is put
in a corner
of the heart
unfit even for idols
- forgotten
and loathed
- as they look
to another idol
for favours
the devil
sure knows
the best place
to make an idol
out of god
Lot is one in
a trillion

john tiong chunghoo

Downloading The World

well it is nothing great
this whole realm
could be downloaded
into a space
smaller than the tiniest disc
everything reduced into energy
onto a disc where things move, live,
or stay stationery driven by energised thought
our universe the size of this thought
how much we see is how much we want to see
what we think becomes what we are
thoughts are set by the master
some springing from thought itself
a renewal of energy is actually death
the cursor that disappears for a moment
comes back to shine again
energy spirals from sphere to sphere
cell to cell, space to space
- in a little shiny disc that contains
the whole universe
and we are already in one
somewhere among billions of discs
in a container smaller than a cigarette box

john tiong chunghoo

Why? Why?

the muslims are right
god tells them he is one
to tame their heart
the hindus are right too
- given liberty to worship
god the way they deem fit
did he even turn to them to make a fuss?
his right not too, and not ours to question why?
it is his game, his right to play it his way
buddha is right too
- granted enlightenment
to help humans understand their pain
and oil their journey to him
to those God has shown his stand
let them stand by him the way he wants it
the master of the game holds the world
and the thousand of faiths in his tight fist
to save or crash them is just a flip of the palm
let nobody even question him why
for the answer might just come crashing in a tight fist

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Writing Poetry For Poetry's Sake

does the waterfall fall
because it wants to be heard, seen?
does the mighty river flow
because it wants to be admired, painted?
does the rainbow arc over the sky
because it wants to listen to a love wish made in its name?
does the moon shine because it wants to be written an ode?
no, no, none cares for even an echo of a response from the world.
so should poet, shouldnt he?
poetry, yes poetry,
should run through him
like the river that pours out to sea
the water that cascades down the waterfall
the rainbow that colours the sky
the moon that subtly crowns, lights up night
without those ego/desire attachments
where buddha appends all human sufferings
real poetry runs from that part of our soul, world
that is a part of everybody's world
like the river, waterfall, rainbow and moon
admiration, if any, goes back to nature
where the poets belong
real poets as homo sapiens dont crave for them.
they are not instruments made for such low ideals

john tiong chunghoo

Given The Choice

the angel, devil, man
chosen to waken
any of the three
i would choose the man
because he has a conscience
to juggle with
and from there
a million stories
trickle down
to thrill and - haunt us!

john tiong chunghoo



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Cambodia Travel Series - The Grim Truth

up the path
to the mountain temple
a child pleas, sobs
for food, money
thin as the stalks of shrubs
between which he sat
his thin demeanor
a knife poking
at my heart
my prayers reach
out to the gods
wherever he may be!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Silent Lessons

the poet in his work
tries to find himself, refine it
to let the lotuses in him bloom
the real poet lives in his own private realm
filtering sunshine to allow the rainbow in him to glow
the readers, well they are mere flower lovers

the lotuses that bloom by day
to show their wonder
and fold by evening
show not an inch of care
for praises, criticism
they are the real poets
- coaching verse writers!

john tiong chunghoo



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The Essence Of God

god is everywhere
he fills up the blank
in the mind when
we are jolted to the spirit
that gently pulls at
the petals of the rose
inch by inch for that
bright spring bloom dance
pulse after pulse
since conception
for each cell to thrive
the living spirit
that runs through
the whole of creation
to bind us to each other
the iron fisted law
that it helms to
govern all
to the farthest of stars
spirit+water+earth+metal+wood+air =
God binding us all
take away one
to see the whole creation crumble

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - When Poetry Comes Kicking

when poetry comes
there is always a goddess
at the back of the mind
that always wants to
swing herself to the fore
to the page and the net
laughing all the way
she nudges at the heart
so that the passion
climbs mountain high
if there is a notebook,
it is a goldmine to till
if not, the goddess
would be gone
and looking for her
would take an age
lost in the forests, oceans
and skies of thoughts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Echoes In My Poems

my poems are echoes
from realms i have fallen into
the little angel that had begged me
to come out of my prolonged slumber
had wedded her world with mine
affording a new dimension for my mind
where poetic harvest has
become most grand

the mysterious man
that walked from the wall
in my dark room
who i saw with my third eye
has heightened vibrations in all my poems
the wind ruffles the lake to give it that surreal feel
and and all and all the dimensions
i have fallen into
you could feel their mysterious
ingratiating silence
as you divulge my poems, my world
the echoes reverberate
through our world
as we wed all our dimensions
- in all angles, fashions
perhaps if lucky, one day you might even
stumble on my little angel

john tiong chunghoo

Being Impressionable

to be impressionable
is a trait so incongruous
to the workings of a newsmen
you see the fore
and forget the working
at the rear which always
hides technicalities
to shelve the realities
it is doubly dangerous
if you are impressionable
and feels standing
up for yourself or friends a strain
impressions rule
the world flies away
leaving you a messed up world
- wanting and dangerous

john tiong chunghoo



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Baring Of Soul

my favourite pastime
listening to buddhist chants
listening to reading of koran
listening to reading of
the bagavad geetha
well teachings clash
but who cares when
my greatest love is to hear
human beings baring their souls
the god part is beyond my reach
i am an elementary human
still trying to find the way to Him
so that I could bare my own soul

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Lost Love

lost love
leaves swirl
under his feet

your warm hands
when we make
snowman

reading war poem
woman fights back tears
of long lost son

john tiong chunghoo



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The Unwritten Is Also There

a blank paper
limitless as space
to fill the knowledge
here and beyond
and words of God
here, the learned plot
the stars, moon and universe
day and night

to the untutored
the blank paper might
as well be carrying space
limitless, enthralling
yet not fathomable
reachable

the blank page
catches the
essence of the mind
the written is there
the unwritten also there
if you could read
between the lines
if you could sense
the universal mind
the waves at sea
afford only a little view
of the power of the wind

john tiong chunghoo

Kiasu, What A Hindrance

something is amiss
something is amiss
it is a piece of his brain

this kiasu society
is a hindrance to
growth of the most important kind
and steals the peace a little

he says what is not
from his heart
but where the masses run
not that they are wrong
but he is ignoring the light
the voice that is the
essence of the man

(kiasu - a malaysian word
about people who always
fear losing to the extent
that they follow the masses.)

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodian Travel Series - The Smile Of Bayon

bayon smiles
from high up
a thousand year old smile
preserved through the ages
in the forests
snarled, overgrown
with shrubs, ferns
to finally emerge and
smile again triumphantly
well, thank god, for the dim years
the forest, has saved you
from marauding thais, champs
burmese, colonialists and world war criminals
bayon, smile, smile and smile to the world
from all the angles.

john tiong chunghoo



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Cambodian Travel Series - The Smile Of The Bayon

bayon smiles
from high up
a thousand year old smile
preserved through the ages
in the forests
snarled, overgrown
with shrubs, ferns
to finally emerge and
smile again triumphantly
well, thank god, for the dim years
the forest, has saved you
from marauding thais, chams
burmese, colonialists and world war criminals
bayon, smile, smile and smile to the world
in all angles.

john tiong chunghoo



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Tell You Where God Is

tell you where god is
he is inches
from your despair
when you struggle
to get through the tough times

he is right there
you do not even need
to call out to him
lie back and give him a thought
and he would be right in your heart
floating above your troubles
giving you courage and company
to fight your troubles

tell you where god is
he is right where you think he is
giving him a thought
however trivial prompts a grace
from the holiest of realms

tell you where god is
he is right at the door
of your heart
as close as
your crippling loneliness
it is in darkness that we see light
and in light that we know
darkness has been conquered

john tiong chunghoo

An Adventure

i am
cast
into your
adventures
in your hands
i resign my will
your plan, your will reign supreme
even the working of every cell
hopefully everything will reveal itself
through your adventures

john tiong chunghoo



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The Real Master

a part of me
i could name you
all their functions

a part of me
i could not fathom

the master
behind them all

the same master
works the lotus
each morn
petal by petal
little by little
till it dances
like a pretty lass

the water
when it drips its last
from the world
i too would follow suit

when the master
thinks it time for
all the blooms
to call it a day
and say goodbye
i too would follow suit

the plants, water, light
and me are one
as blood is to this physique

me bound to the world
tight as steel
though free to roam

mother and child



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when the conscious part,
the physique go

i join the trees, water, and the master
to work his world

late grandma
see she is now a row of seeds

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Valentine Roses

valentine
pale little rose
is three times its price
this love will not change
whatever the price of roses

john tiong chunghoo



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Poem About Poetry - Real Poets

a real poet
who harbours
a message
takes his glory
from the sun
shines day in
and day out
lighting up
the graces of the world
his own dignified way
come rain,
come thunder,
come lightning
he never lets go
of his vision
lighting up the world
with triumph
enthusiasm
uplifted spirit
a real poet
helps others
find a path
with life
helps the
world realise
the power
of verses
- in realising
life
in so many levels

john tiong chunghoo



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The Rain Just Now

the difference
between man
and animal

the rain just now
has watered
a garden that sprouts
a million buds

the difference
between man
and animal

the rain just now
the garden has
burst into a million
poetry of alluring scents,
love quests, and
winning of hearts

two physiques
drenched cold
seeking warmth
in each other

the difference
between man
and animal

the rain just now
the garden is now
a million blooms
of my thoughts, love
and hope

so riveting and
riotous
the butterflies
and bees

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are waltzing,
kissing, drinking and
partying to their
enchanted
and multi hued
symphonies

the raindrops
on the roses
refresh and crystalise
my thoughts

the dew
drenched lotus
cleanses my heart

john tiong chunghoo

The Notebook

god paints
onto this plain canvas
my feeling and soul
i translate them into words
so many colours
and splashes of magic
that set the world
vibrating
yet sometimes i miss
his outpouring
of art in so many facets
i miss the verses
that would shape my soul itself
with regret i sigh in the night
in earnest i wait his
next stroke and dash
which with deft
of interpretation
would cut deep
onto the pages

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john tiong chunghoo

Where Heaven Is

the way to heaven -
between the two mountains
and down to a cave
where spring water
refreshes and welcomes
your entry
the way to heaven
between the two trees
a secret orifice that spouts spring portion
for immortality

between the paths to both
the devil zealously sets his traps

john tiong chunghoo



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Heaven And Hell

the gambling house
god is outside
counting
who would win his abode
he knows too
who will win and lose
the roulette, the bucciarrete, the black jacks
let them in to find their hell and heaven anyway
if that is what they want

the church
god is inside
quietly
among his flock
sitting right inside them

he knows too who will win his abode
the real apostles from the judases
the hypocrites
scribes and pharisees

let them in anywhere to find their heaven and hell
everything is a gamble
including heaven and hell

and god
the master of the game

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Sequinned Handbag

antique shop
memory of marriage day reels
from a sequinned handbag

antique shop's sequinned bag
flashes of memory
of our wedding day

john tiong chunghoo



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Beyond The Horizon

sea and sky
the horizon

casting the line
beyond is god
marking this life
from the next

to understand
where we go
after this life
we can go chase
the horizon

seeking knowledge
it is a trip
and not a desination

the pleasure
is in the sea
of experiences
unraveling each
new mystery

beyond the answer
hides another answer

beyond the horizon
another horizon

john tiong chunghoo

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Get Going, Impress Her

forget humility
work yourself
red, black, white,
blue, to impress

to go places
take a lesson
from the flowers

the best ones
land themselves
on fair ladies' laps
royal palaces and
religious altars

walk around
the cemetery
on all souls' day -
even the dead
people reckon
crave for things
that really impress them!

john tiong chunghoo

The Mind Could Sense God

the mind works
like a bloom
when god comes
it spreads out
leaving a vacuum
of sacred beauty
for the seat of almighty
there is a machinery
in the mind that automatically
senses god and his sacredness
so that when he comes
the mind nudges its owner
the heart is left with a wonder
of the highest kind
and a full impression
the man and the soul develop from there

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Tuned Up Mind

the mind -
it has to be laid with
keys and tones -
the solemnest bar for god
and down the way -
to the most trivial things
- a tone for every
life's high and low
so that when you speak
you would move every soul
as a beethoven piece
that swings and trails
through everybody's soul

john tiong chunghoo

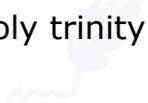


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Finding The Trinity

there is a father
there is a son
in the mind
the father
is always
reasoning
guiding and
paving the way
for the son
so that he could
walk the right way
to let the whole project
this human form works
there is a spirit
from within or without
and when it comes
it could show light to
the whole world
what a holy trinity!

john tiong chunghoo



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Roses In The Wind

take tribulations
like the roses in the wind

whichever way the breeze comes
the roses bow majestically
taking all in their stride
smile and smile to the wind
bow and bow in the wind

take criticisms like the roses
whichever way they come
stand tall like the roses
whichever way the breeze comes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Poetic Ritual

when inspiration comes
the world falls into place
words strew themselves
into verses filling up
a blessed receptacle
god joins you in your
honoured quest
to help you experience the better part
of his creation

when the poem is finished
the flower is in full bloom
god throws himself at your side
to savour the essence
of the blend of spirit with you
the poetic ritual is nearly done
pray that the next full moon
he will return to you
to help put the world in order
for another round of divine union

john tiong chunghoo

Tears From Your Eyes

dew drenched lotus
cleanses my heart
rain drops on the rose
refresh my heart
but, but, the tears from your eyes
tears at my heart
a beautiful bloom
torn torn to pieces

or

lotus awash in dew
cleanses my heart
rose spotted by rain
refreshes my heart
but, but, the tears from your eyes
tears my heart
a beautiful bloom
torn torn to pieces

john tiong chunghoo

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A Lesser Copy Of God

well, just a lesser copy
of god is man
an instrument to
advance his cause
we sit in his eyes
seeing things he
directs us to see
but never him
he is too big for us
he speaks but in entirely
different vocabularies and scope
it would probably
be easier to understand
a bird than god
if he does really speak
to us in our tongue
it is because he has lost
his patience
with the way our intelligence
has evolved
the way we check
the rudimentary connections
that make up a robot
but do not worry
he means for us to advance
so get up and learn
learn learn to fly

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodia Travel Haiku - Apsara Dancers

apsara dancers
so quiet and forlorn
at the the corridors

little poem:

under the gentle
ray of the morning sun
the red lotuses
open at morn
reflecting the dew
and close at dusk
so artistically folded
their tips pointed towards sky
devotees in prayers
for another day to glorify Him
the blazing red sun
takes over their place
in a full round
looks at me in admiration
as i walk pass
the lake this breezy evening
lotuses open up a thought
about the similarity
between us -
the gentle steady intelligence
that governs both our life and - death

john tiong chunghoo

Cambodia Travel Haiku - Angkor Wat

angkor wat
granny climbs top sanctuary
to pray to buddha

still stunning and waiting
at angkor wat corridors
heavenly nymphs

crushing and holding
angkor thom temple
roots of trees

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku In Colours

van gogh
in the field
etching haiku
onto canvas
each stroke
a colourful haiku
for posterity
sunflowers
eleven brothers vie
for attention
the fortunate ones
coloured bright yellow
the rest resign
themselves to fate
bow humbly
and live in the others' shadows
eleven lucky blooms
worth more than a hundred millions
they do not fit into my pot
but in my heart they blaze in glory, always

van gogh's genius pours
unrelentingly
from eye to eye,
heart to heart
igniting the artist's passion
in each of us
once in a while, i too feel like
etching haiku in colours
encapsulating that extraordinary moment
ideas in wondrous colours, shapes and dreams
so that they too would turn out to be loving works of insanity

john tiong chunghoo

Reaching The Stars

distant planets and stars
they are too far to reach
so is the cell in my heart
the day i could rip it open
to stay in it - is the day
i would have reached the star!

john tiong chunghoo



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Challenge

the white paper
a dot he made
it pulls the mind in
like the man's character -
giving the brain
a challenge
formidable as the
stars, each twinkling
in the dark night

john tiong chunghoo



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The Difference

the difference between man and god
is man would work to 'create' something
even better than himself so that he can
have a control over him - to use him
and god - no, every creature
would have to be lower than himself
and submit totally to him as laid down in his plan
and that's tip of the iceberg of the differences

the difference between man and god
is that if a man could he would
work to make something
that could have a will of its own
but yet want to have absolute control over him
and god - full will and freedom
are accorded to each creature
even whether they wish to submit to his will
the dangling apple an unfathomable heaven
and a frightening hell

john tiong chunghoo

The Air Tells A Thousand Stories

in the mind are mechanics
that trigger a burst of delight
when hit by scents of spring blooms
in the air are pockets of varied odours
from homo sapiens coded with their
latest adventures, condition
as distinct as fingerprints
and the rainbow gently
precipitated by a drizzle
in the street are clusters of sweetness,
joy, wonder, pessimism, optimism
and a whole spectrum of experiences
from the city's residents
if your nostrils are sensitive
enough to pick them up
the human body emits odour
like how feelings work on
muscles of the human face
ecstasy induces estatic odour
joy - joyful odour
and gloom - depressed odour
this works down to our roots
indians have indian odour
chinese chinese odour
and americans, american odour
those into mysticism will know
even that God has his odour
the devil his own
and ghosts, ghastly odour
one noon in a hotel room in Kota Baru
my nose picked up a scent
that reminded me of the Most High
because of the sacredness
it evoked in me i reckoned
that it could only be God
who gave us each a nose
to sniff out his presence!

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Van Gogh's Sunflowers

sunflowers
eleven siblings
of different shine

sunflowers
a foresaken genius and
his passion

sunflowers -
a hundred years to
blossom in our heart

sunflowers
the child says they have the
same painting in the house

haiku two:

sunflowers
shoving
for attention



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haiku three:

sunflowers
the fortunate ones got
painted bright yellow

haiku four:

sunflowers
where should we
turn to?

haiku five:

sunflowers
a matter of

artistry

(definitely van gogh got
some of the worst looking blooms
but his spirit is there, so
sunflowers became famous)

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel

Sistine Chapel
Michelangelo's genius
hovers over our heads

Sistine Chapel
heaven and Michelangelo's genius
dawns on us

Sistine Chapel
the colours of Michelangelo's brain
over all our heads

Sistine Chapel
I wish my mind works like the flow
of Michelangelo's paints

Sistine Chapel
everytime you enter
creation dawns

sistine chapel
with brush and colours
michelangelo created god's world

john tiong chunghoo

Lacking Facility

of course
you are playing
a game
putting the
most powerful
computer
over my head
and ask me to
look for you
may be you
just want
to find the
veracity of your
new creation
if that is the case
this computer
lacks the facility
to do the scan
see it on the screen
right on the top
soon it will be
blinking and crashing
hopefully this task
will not be repeated
dont recall me

john tiong chunghoo

The Tree Teaches The Land's Language

the trees -
they impart
the land's language
stored in the earth
unloosening it
in our tongue
they dance
round and round
round and round
in this chore
feed this brain
with words

the body carries
them back
to the land
and they are picked up
by the trees
that go round and round
round and round
in its chore to
impart the land's language

john tiong chunghoo

The Brain Is All Space

boundless is space
so is this brain
take away its organics
you have a space
as boundless as space
pump in the organics
you get to experience
the power of space
and a transient piano
that affords a transcendental
tune of bewilderment
pain, joy, fun
until the brains trades
space for space
in all the darkness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku Rule Is No Rule

all the haiku rules
are no rule except
the three liner
i would concur

besides that
you can turn things
upside down
create another realm
with your words
so long as they jolt
the heart to things as banal
as a frog jumping
into an old pond
strike the mind
to give it another
good reason
for its existence

how could there be rules
when the world paints itself
in a thousand languages
throws as many idiosyncracies
as would civilisations draw up rules
for each of its endeavours

remember picasso, van gogh,
how they rule the canvas
and our 'rule abiding' selves
with their no-rule colours and strokes

how could there be a rule
when water like my core
could run in all directions

when this mind could jump
from moon to sun
and a far flung planet
in one second

when these eyes ould
see stars, planets, and suns
in this physique alone:

sun, planets, stars
these moles
all over my body

john tiong chunghoo

1. The Real Snake Is Twisting In The Mouth

poor snake
life is equal so god says
but look at the snake
look at the snake..
it cant even walk
but slithers and always
at the lowest of place

and everywhere
the message is
it's evil, culprit of the Great Fall

everything the snake
lowly humbly takes
cane, blows and all

you can swing it, you can stretch it
you can bend it in any angle
because it's just a snake

there is a snake too
barely two inches long
yet it's the most pliable of them all
and that's the real one
where the first divine
curse should go

guarded all round
in a red glowing ruby palace
and gleaming pillars of enamel
the cunning and sly creature
in all smugness and warmth
could never get enough of the world
sweet, sour, bitter, salty, hot or cold

it could make satan of god
and god of satan and turn
the world upside down
without even having to leave home

effortless, treacherous as the Niagara Falls

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - How Could There Be No End

how could there be
no end to the world
see how the river
rushes out to sea
as if it has just so much time to do so

john tiong chunghoo



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Beware Writers

beware you writer
in the white paper
you plot your own
assets and liabilities
every word decodes them
beware you writer
in the white paper
is the universal mind
that could detect
truth from lies as easy as a
trained german shepherd
detects narcotics

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A White Paper

a white paper's
limitless as space
the learned plot
stars and planets
day and night
the schooled
try to reach

to the unlearned
a white paper
might as well be
carrying space
exciting, limitless
and not so unreachable

john tiong chunghoo



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Ba Kua

ba kua on the ring
six ba kua on the ring
right on my neck
yet a demon
appeared to shake
me in the face

+ba kua is chinese feng shui symbol
to ward away evil. a dream of mine a few nights ago.

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Password

my verses -
password to my heart
- and soul - everywhere
braced yourself
to be rocked,
rolled,
swarmed,
slammed
by tsunami waves
of humanity
in the id -
universal mind
my verses -
password to
the regeneration
of a world
Noah's great flood

john tiong chunghoo



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Pining To Paint

early morn
a tree of song
in the garden

branches -
spread everywhere
and dance
in the wind

light bristles
with leaves

in this heart
a blind artist
pines to paint

orchestrates
the first delight
of day

john tiong chunghoo



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Kamasutra Poetry Series 2 - Flickering Candles Of Bliss

chinese wedding
two red candles
stand tall and straight
on an altar of bliss

flicker, flicker
to ecstasy

flicker, flicker
to the wishes of
the ancestors and gods

flicker, flicker
to the shadows
of lithe torsos
lively as the candles' flames

burning with an air
of subdued,
charmed secrecy

at exclusive zone of bliss

the newly married
so young
they could burn
the whole town down
with their fiery libido

scratches, tears and tear
are part of the heavenly sport
the only one drawn up
by god for man
guaranteed to make
the world go round

game played in twosome

savoured with delight
excitements, and pleasure
the exploration of hidden horizons
that propel sighs, mourns
and explosions

the physiques intertwine
so tightly as Nirvana dawns
in some spilling seconds
prove that they need not be
a hindrance to paradise

a foretaste of all orgasmic games
waiting in His other world

the whole night
the next door maid, sleepless
experiences thunder and storm

next day is spent
straightening waves
in the bedspread,
blanket covers and pillows
the aftermath of a hurricane

the young wife
in colourful loose frock
moves around a butterfly
and lifts her lips to smile -
throwing light to her wedding night
like flickering candles

john tiong chunghoo

Flying Yoyo

there is a woman here
sultry, warm, affectionate
and - dying for love
there is a man here too
tied to the woman's back
his face away from her
both long for
what the other desires
but are trapped
one in heaven
the other hell
there is here their guardian
whose life has gone kite
flying to and fro
wherever the wind blows

john tiong chunghoo



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Seeking A Saviour

the divine soul is hurt
and is flying
the universe
for an answer
to the human predicament
if you could see
his eyes are bloodshot
and his skin
a lonely pile
swollen with pain
yet his heart is all
in the humans'
fly and fly he goes
seeking a saviour

john tiong chunghoo



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Try Working Him Up

there is a woman here
sultry, warm, affectionate
and - dying for love
there is a man here too
tied to the woman's back
his face away from her
both long for what the other desires
but are, however, as far as heaven and hell
s.o.s - if you love the man
try working him up

john tiong chunghoo



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The 'Love' I Scrawled

the 'love' i scrawled
it goes into the
universal memory
you will recognise it
even should the years pass
as every leaf signs
itself with unique lines
and sighs a varied tune
under the wind
the gamut of feelings
my soul that swirls with the line
stays.. for as long as you live

john tiong chunghoo



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Mushrooms

mushrooms
japanese ladies
doing an umbrella dance

as the breeze fan
its audience the grass
which clap their hands for more
each takes their position
with a serious pose

and when the time is up
which is just as soon as they are up
they just bow and go to sleep
right in the midst of the audience!

john tiong chunghoo



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The Larvae

the larvae
it has grown
shed its ugly days
crept out of dried brown leaf
in a lovely batik
to start a princely life
crowned with two wings
it has flown high into the sky
as if to announce its glory
it now has honey as food
and flowers as friends
never once in its larvae days
it has thought life would turn out
to be so grand
the man too has grown, shrivelled
and passed away
leaving a world of colourful imagination
as to its existence beyond
perhaps he too now lives a grand life
somewhere.... in a garden
leaving the drab existence behind
like the larvae that leaves its brown leaf
to fly away a glory of nature

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Sakura Dances To Burst Of Laughter

first spring wind
sakura dances
to burst of laughter

below the sakura
japanese dance lady
tilts to a shower of blooms

john tiong chunghoo



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The Chasing Game

dawn of new year
did it just pass by
oblivious of me?
did it pass through me?
or just inch out of me
and leaves beyond my grasp?
i would chase it
day by day as it gives birth
to another year

john tiong chunghoo



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Palmistry

if the palmists be true
we hold our dear precious life
in our palm
all day, all night
yet is not capable
of altering the slightest bit
in the first instance - birth
and last instance - death
well, did god create these ten fingers
for me to count disappointments? ignorance?
see, all things holdable including ourselves
would soon turn to ashes and fly -

john tiong chunghoo



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Awed By Her Splendor

the sun is to me
as the dog is
a delight

the moon is to me
as the cat is
an intellectual challenge

the first light of sun
blazing through copper sky
it's so comforting
refreshing
to mind, heart and soul
harbinger of hope

the unrestrainable
friendliness of the dog
- it oozes with licks
and unstoppable wagging of tail -
first thing at morn
take the worries of the day away

the moon, the moon
its subtle luminous light
of spiritual and intellectual bearing
is like the cat
that orchestrates its every movement
in calculated steps
eyes dilating in half, crescent and full crystals
see how it prances like a ninja
when attacking its target
how it gently licks its paws and
legs after its hearty meal

to raise a clever child
get her to admire the moon
as it signs in and out of the sky
each day of the month
in crescent, half and full

inspired by

Awed by her splendor
stars near the lovely
moon cover their own
bright faces
when she
is roundest and lights
earth with her silver

Sappho

john tiong chunghoo

Carps - Fish Of Luck

Dad bought three carps
So bright so graceful
So colourful
Their debut dance in the pool
Casting an auspicious element
Here and there
Chasing away ill fortune
Fish of fengshui
Fish of triumph
So ideal in gearing up luck
The wondrous crystal water
Sings a welcome song
In accompaniment to
Their heartwarming dance
The fishes in excellent moods
Swirl around inviting us
To follow in
Their steps of fortune

john tiong chunghoo



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A Rainbow

A groan still roars
In the private quarters
Of many slowly healing
Shattered hearts
Like the roar of a tempest
That could even dim
The evil spewing crashes
That tore down the proud symbol
Of American Success last autumn;
A dolorous cry restrained
But reverberates in a spasm
Of agony made worse in
The dead of night by
The poignant memories of
Loved ones' sudden demise,
A loss that only relentless
Prayers could help mend.
Far away, a Noah-styled rainbow
Crowns the sky; a heaven's
Promise to end pain and drain?
In earnest, we all pray
For a better tomorrow;
A world free from misunderstandings,
Religious bigotry, riots,
Hypocritism, racism
And ruinous power struggles.
Has any civilisation ever
Really gained from these?

john tiong chunghoo

Ants

A frantic line
Some go up
Some go down
On their rickety
Tiny string legs
Tick tat tick tat
Each a nurse
Running along
With that
Inherent eagerness
To serve
So admirable
This nature's
Inborn intelligence
Wrapped in so small
A brain
All in royal service
To the world's
Smallest monarchy
Some with big heads
Some with small
Such mind-boggling
Uniformity in so small
A world
That rivals even
The courtesans of
Elizabeth II
All serving the big
Round one
Laying egg after egg
Day after day
Her world bound
Around her abodmen
Up and down
Down and Up
The loyal
Servants run
A microcosm of the
World in our eyes

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - New Year Fireworks

firework brightens
up the night sky
so many colourful,
wonderful glittering stars
carrying all my wishes

john tiong chunghoo



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The Real Aliens

We are all aliens
One way or the other
Seeing through different eyes
The things around us
Feeling differently
Towards each other
Fighting like aliens
In this world of
Ours ever since
The dawn of mankind
Aliens we are indeed
In our own world
Like wolves in sheep's clothings
We are cloaked as the human race
But in the core are the aliens
Divided and seething over
Every concern like
Where to live, what to eat
Who to wed and even
Who to offer our prayers to

john tiong chunghoo

Plant Power

A seed sprouts delicate shoots
So tender and dear
It evokes an awe in us to witness
Such a tiny life inching
Its way so courageously into the world;
A harbinger of good news?
A red flowering shrub blooms profusely
Lending the atmosphere an auspicious aura
Bringing much cheers to us all.
Lucky, we would be if we understand
The language that plants speak in,
Each specie hiding wondrous secrets,
Waiting to be unravelled.
Curvaceous papaya leaves have brought good news
To those stricken by dengue fever
And a mixture of lime, honey and
Pepper props up male virility
Confounding the medical world; the whole Amazon
Clamouring to be of service to mankind!

john tiong chunghoo

Starlet

Dishevelled, disoriented,
Waking at four in the afternoon
Job, an actor, but getting
Ready for temp job at the burger stall
Living a life of ups and downs
Excitements and disappointments
Aiming for the great day to come
Each passing day bringing
The curse nearer to me
That this career might be over
The tragic lines that may appear at
Where they should not be
The unsightly flabs where
They should not be
Madonna, Cruise, Marilyn
People of my dream
An inspiration hard to resist
Which explains the fragile
State I am in...chasing
A dream called THE BIG BREAK

john tiong chunghoo

The First Snow

They spiral down the sky like cotton
So light, dancing and twirling in circles
Creating a cheerful note that spreads
With the winds. The city roads are a maze of
Rutted white interspersed with greyish
Sandy marks of footsteps and hasty
Signatures of motorcycles, bicycles
And cars making their purposeful rides
To all corners of the city. The rail system
Normally running smoothly hits a hitch,
The tracks snow covered needing a shove.
The city suddenly turns out a parade
Of mundane coloured umbrellas,
Leather coats and bags, a monotony made
Less intrusive only by the tasteful choice of
Exotic scarfs folded snugly around
Each neck. The snow falling gently
All over, creating a scene so dear to
An artist who if sufficiently inspired could
Probably turn out his magnum opus to marvel the world!

john tiong chunghoo

Suicidal English

A front to bulldoze the world?
The humble English language inches
Its way round the world picking up
A snobbishness that many ignorant
Souls would die to keep as if it is
The language of their souls
Particularly among Asiatics
Where some happily give up their
Mother tongue just to flaunt
Their mastery of a tongue
Which carries no historical nuances
Of their own, no cultural sounds
Which have taken an eternity.
To emerge in their own lingo;
A treasure then blindly
Carted away in the backyard,
A superficial sophistication keenly pursued;
Its attainment accentuating the
Shallowness and inadequacy of
Their own personality, identity and growth.

john tiong chunghoo

Up There

Up there in the Universe
The stars twinkle with endless promises
A myriad welcoming hand
Sprinkling scintillating stardust
To encourage us to join
The real world;
The world of ultra technology;
Mind over matter,
Time conquests,
Death and all;
The world of endless possibility,
Hidden and logged somewhere
In the ever mindboggling realm
Of aliens who had since ancient times
Bewildered our fortunate ancestors
With flames and angels,
Flightcrafts, laser beams,
Light beaming robots and the ever
Important moral lesson to keep
Everything going.

john tiong chunghoo

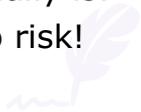
The Ring

The day I got your heart in my hand
So secured I have felt since
Like the diamond on the ring
That glitters and amuses
You are a wonder
Forever a treasure that
Cherishes every moment
Of my being
That a thousand storms
Will not wash away
Symbol of a million convictions
The ring that has gone
Through spring, summer,
Autumn and winter
Days of tears and days
Of smiles
Every of our shared emotions
Encapsulated in this little
Round thing that has come
To mean a great many things!

john tiong chunghoo

Risk

flowers
bloom
revealing
its inner
beauty
secrets
earth
blooms
shedding
age old secrets
women
bloom
men
bloom
slowly
but surely
everything reveals
what it really is!
risk or no risk!



PoemHunter.com

Risk

And then the day came,
when the risk
to remain tight
in a bud
was more painful
than the risk
it took
to Blossom.
Anais Nin

john tiong chunghoo

There Is A Thought

there is this thought
thought of some hurt divine soul
you could see it
trailing the movement
of the sun, moon,
the blooms
and each step of your feet
as if he is just a breath away!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Wrong Train

all souls day
last year's baby runs
around late dad's grave

calm morn
rattling kettle
of neighbour

after the indian dance
three bell bracelets
on the stage

two geese at lake
a realist and
a van gogh

wrong train
the old woman inspects every seat
for her man

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Sea's Golden Smile

first snow
a lady's graceful
dance

beach motel
a termite mound
near pathway

spring dawn
the sparkles in his hair
and eyes

dusk
closing the day
with a golden smile

dusk
the sea smiles
in gold



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Stealth

act of stealth
is a habit
once acquired
upon death
even the hand
would creep out
of ground to confess
'i still die to steal'.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I - The Universe

i - the universe -
is trying to empty myself
like a pocket
to inspect all that i have
kept for so long
the sun, moon, stars
the sea, river.....
in the task

i - the universe -
finds that this is
just a part of
the game played
in the darkness of space
where others are
shifting through
their own pockets
to see what they
have kept for so long
and which has
me falling out
from one of them

john tiong chunghoo

Stones

unless you use a hammer
a stone is a stone
with its steadfast character
cold, shapely and colourful
a consciousness
linked it to the centre to my heart
we are one
if there are enough men
who have more characters
than these stones!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Poet Is A Clam

a sea of comparisons for the poet
well, if i were to describe his role
he is a clam
and the pearl is the heart of his art!
the more lustrous it is
the more he has taken in the world
and digested it for us!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Tsunami Anniversary

tsunami anniversary
the monk prays
bereaved family weeps
i try to seek peace
in the calm sea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Tsunami Anniversary

tsunami anniversary
i try to seek peace
in the calm waves

tsunami anniversary
painful waves churn
the heart

tsunami anniversary
waves of pain
strike the heart

tsunami anniversary
still restless, the the waves
in my heart

tsunami
water reigns the day
waves and tears

tsunami anniversary
spic and span the land again
but not the heart

john tiong chunghoo

Hot And Cold (2)

deceptive like a snake
at least it crawls
and announces itself crooked
and dangerous
humankind
they walk straight
and most die to be beautiful
with the single aim
to be liked to do what they want
many are dangerous
for instance,
they put on their best
when what they actually want to do
is to lie nude with their bloody sweethearts!

inspired by

Hot and Cold

A woman who my mother knows
Came in and took off all her clothes.
Said I, not being very old,
'By golly gosh, you must be cold! '
'No, no! ' she cried. 'Indeed I'm not!
I'm feeling devilishly hot! '
Roald Dahl

john tiong chunghoo

Cashing God

the earnestness to seek god
as if he is one's own
the only one for oneself
so that one could feel his wonder
without any preconceived idea
if he ever comes visiting - is religion
every life is a cheque written out by God
and cashing it needs one's own signature
untempered!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Kamasutra Poetry Series 1 - Wild Nights—wild Nights!

we leave port of delight
to sail into sea of passion

we explore and reach horizon
that has evaded us for so long!

wild nights! wild nights!
we finally fling inhibition
to the stars
to meet eye to eye
to offer each other a heaven

nothing is impossible isnt it?
tonight even the sky and sea
have scaled the distance to
come to each other

sea has sky
sky has sea
and wild in ecstasy they dance

what we all need are what we are
- minus all the trimmings
for many in their best clothes
their aim is only one - to be
in the nude with love ones
- to let plain love speak

john tiong chunghoo

Photographs

photographs
you see the faces
god sees time set
in each of them
eyes, nose and ears are dials
of the highest kind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Of Things Eerie

Of the unfrequented storeroom
Opposite the unlit kitchen which
You inevitably face while making
Your last drink for the night
Two unseen eyes staring at you
From the room that seems to
Have become the hideaway for cantankerous spirits
Of the uneasy silence at early dawn in a forlorn
Lane near an accident spot which had
Claimed a life, his soul crying out for
Aids to fulfil his dreams in this world
Of the minutes in a quiet moonlit night
When the bus had stopped right in the shadows and
Gate of a vacant house which you know is haunted
Of the disturbed sleep in a small hotel
Where your bed faced a bathroom which seemed to
Harbour someone constantly looking over you
Of the swing in a lonely park
That moves and creaks in the winds at midnight

john tiong chunghoo

The Lake

There was a secluded little lake near
My school when I was young; every
Saturday I would be there, a weekly
Visit to take in the calming effect
Of its tranquility; its mirror surface
Which afforded a good view of the
Sprinting of tilapias as they noticed
My arrival and the fallen trees with
Their subterranean upright branches,
Twigs and leaves which when greeted by the wind
Twisted like the tail of an enthusiastic
Dog heralding its master's arrival.
Stones I would throw into the lake
Creating large rings running towards
The riparian field filled with white
Sand, bamboo and rubber trees; a little
Sojourn which refreshed my mind for another
Week of gruelling lessons and homework.

john tiong chunghoo

Paeans

Muffled chirps of birds
magnifying
their sweetness;
the dream
wrapped notes
wakening up
the brain
with joyful
images of paradise
where birds
and animals
share eternal life
and space
where belief has it
that men would not
see the full spectre
of its wonders
till one completes
a life filled
with integrity and charity

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Lotus

Lustrous, lavish and luxuriant
With dew droplets,
Multi-petalled and steadily
Swaying to the refreshing breeze,
Majestically beautiful in
The morning calm lake that
Reflects the golden glory of the sun
Or the round moon in the star-spangled sky;
Lotus.the flower that has come
To represent the Buddha and
His discoveries; rebirth and
The Eight Fold Path;
The flower that the Goddess
Of Mercy chooses to meditate in.
There is always that rejuvenating
Spirit, ethereal purity
And calm acceptance of life
Where the Lotuses are;
Nature's gifts to men
Birds, frogs, fishes..and all

john tiong chunghoo

Heaven Comes Through You

this little moment
your eyes reveal heaven
you stand there
encapsulating
youth and beauty
punctuating time
your innocent eyes
farm a garden of curiosity
set me on another planet
two full moons dancing over tide
pull at the heartstrings of desire
shuttling me between the real and unreal
this little moment i think might seal the rest of life
if not for the world between us

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - The Last Supper

Last Supper
everybody's else
the 14th guest

Last Supper
i join it everyday
morn, noon and evening

Last Supper
twenty four hours a day
in our living room

Last Supper
the cost
thirty pieces of silver

Last Supper
fake or not
the same respect

Last Supper
fake or not
its place is in the centre

Last Supper
the only fake everyone can
take pride in

Last Supper
the only fake
everybody does not mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

World Famous Painting Haiku - Frederic Leighton's Flaming June

flaming june
she sleeps like
a summer bloom

flaming june
sleeping like
a summer bloom

indian summer
the calm in the heat
and her nap

indian summer
fiery bloom
drowsy noon

flaming june
a summer bloom
in the heat

PoemHunter.com

Particulars

title | Flaming June

artist | Frederic Leighton

period | Victorian

date | circa 1895

collection | Museo de Arte de Ponce

Of all of Frederic Leighton's paintings, Flaming June is perhaps the artist's most recognizable and best loved work. It is an image of splendid beauty that compels the viewer to gaze in wonder at the rapturous symphony of color and composition. In this painting, Leighton reveals his genius as both a colorist and a Classicist.

Although *Flaming June* does not tell a specific story, it is clear that the artist is inviting the spectator to contemplate the figure of the sleeping girl. Some scholars have suggested that this painting is Leighton's homage to a grand tradition in art history that goes back to Giorgione and Titian, in which images of slumbering women were represented. These sleeping women, who were usually at least partially nude and often referred to by the mythological name Venus, were meant to inspire sensuous thoughts (and reactions) in their primarily male audiences.

However, the Victorian era is notorious for its outwardly prudish attitudes toward overt sensuality. And while the model in *Flaming June* is certainly not nude, her fiery garments are meant to excite and arouse the senses. Indeed, the girl's dress is the most astonishing shade of orange, and this voluptuous color draws the eye. The vibrant orange is complemented by a soft band of blue in the background, and this effective combination of elements is but one of the characteristics that mark this painting as one of Leighton's most accomplished masterpieces.

john tiong chunghoo

Head Hunting

British heads, Japanese heads
Chinese heads....all became coveted
Trophies in savage Borneo centuries ago,
The adventurous spirits of the foreigners
Versus the overwhelming fervours of
Local tribesmen to add to their head collections
Resulting in something quite unsavoury.
A familiar scene in retrospect...hundreds
Of tatoed parang wielding tribal men
Descending on another tribe, an ocean going ship
Or a longhouse....turning the chance meeting
Into a grisly bloodbath chopping off heads,
Lopping them off into wicker baskets and
Carrying them off as prizes to prove their
Their manhood and to renew their fortune.
No skull meant no bride for a man in old Borneo
fuelling the vibrant headhunting tradition
All over the island then.Headhunting? Anyone?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mist

Surrealism
At work
Inspiring myriad
Artists with their shades;
Misty morn,
Vapours descending
Everywhere,
Punctuated by
Droplets on
Leaves,
Satiny collections
Of a divine provision
From above for
Those lost souls
Who yearn for
Things simple
Such as this
To crown
Their poetic heart
With a song

 PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

Sister

Sister's daughter, so fair and lovely,
Bubbling with a crown of jetblack graceful tresses,
A striking resemblance to sister's own childhood many years back
When she had cried waiting at the doorstep
Because of the late trishaw which meant
An uneasy morning kept outside the classroom.
Then our ego boosting competition, me at 10
and she 12 as we took terms to learn
To ride the bicycle trying to make that
Daring first round at the pedals that
Would determine the winning one. She won
Getting back the type of respect reserved
For an elder. Daughter and mother now
Walking like twins through market and
School winning much admiration from a
Brother who once took terms with her to buy
The morning breakfast for the family at the
Neighbourhood, a memory made more striking
By my occasional failure that led to
An upset sister doing my chore. Love, forever my sister.

john tiong chunghoo

Tea

Tea

It was you who tutored
Me on the art of tea making;
So tender your fingers moved,
Picking the dried curled
Light, dark greenish pieces,
Sprinkling them over
The whizzing little pot,
An elegant Jing De Zhen
That stood with its
Little spout spewing
Vapors that soon invaded
Our nostrils with the
Mind refreshing,
Sweet fragrance of pricey tea.
Your every graceful step
Doing a dance in my mind and heart,
A little tryst that tells me
A lot about you like the water that
Never lies about the wonder of tea.

john tiong chunghoo

Twins

Twins

Two of a kind

A surprise gift from the most high

That brought so much cheer

To me and my dear

Till I found out about the real tale

That caring them would entail

A whimper here and a scream there

So often turning my face so pale

One pee now and one pee then

Making the night like a drain

The worst would be when one fell sick

When my heart would turn brick

To make them sleep separate ways

One down here and one up there

One with me and one, my dear

Till the doctor gave his care

The greatest joke was to come

When both were called a damn

Because the teacher could

Not differentiate Dan from Pam

john tiong chunghoo

The Sea

The sea blown by the winds
A million lights glinting under the sun
Charting out a course for my mind
Each luminous line entering my mind
Helping clear my muddled thoughts
Lessening the pressure of thinking
Slowly, slowly, the hynoptic lines
Dance and glint in increasing
Intensity towards dusk
Affording a health exercise
More ideal than meditation and jogging
I then feel the sea taking up my
Thoughts and feelings sending them
To yonder lands where there are friends

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Malaysiana - The Malays

A rare gem sparkling in the Tropics
Longing to be appraised; a people of the Golden
Chersonese, their lingo so rich you can find
Strong traces of the whole world here!
Their land located on the crossroads between
The East and the West predestined to
Play cupid between the Orient and the
Occident, themselves the best examples
Of the romances of inter-racial nuptials,
The Malay features reflecting a rich
Variations of Arab, Thai, Indian, Chinese
As well as some Caucasian traits.
Hinduism, Buddhism and Islam successively
Swept through the archipelago, the nuances
Of which can be felt in the
Malay court rituals especially Hinduism
And Islam. The Malay people wondrously pushed into
A wide array of world progresses and
Experiences that result in a race blessed
With a rich culture and language.
The Malay heart precipitates a dazzling
Tropical fusion tune chiming and tinkling
with varied scintillating cross cultural novelties

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Leonardo Da Vinci's Mona Lisa

Mona Lisa
the teacher teaches the girls
how to smile

preserved with colours and canvas
a thousand year old italian smiles
Mona Lisa

a young thousand year old smile
greet's my old forty year old smile
mona lisa

mona lisa
a smile that makes
a world of difference

mona lisa
the smile that makes
a world of difference

mona lisa
the joy is art
in a smile

mona lisa
a smile that makes a world
of art

mona lisa
so soft the smile
softer than my heart

so many painted
since cave days
- impressionism, realism, modernism
a woman with a simple smile
takes top spot

john tiong chunghoo

A Monkey

A monkey

I remember when I was only two and curious
At writing, had set on the blackboard in the
Kitchen, started scribbling with a chalk,
Aunty startled, laughed and complimented:
'Clever Boy, your writings are so good.'
Since then my days have been filled
With letters and figures, the stars, moon,
And the seas, my little brain going
Everywhere. 'One thing at a time, John,
Don't bite more than you can chew. Don't
Run before you can walk, ' aunty chided.
The world tumbles through my life like
A train carrying myriad passengers,
Each a different facet of a diamond
That makes this world sparkle with
Brilliance. 'Yes, John, there is beauty
In each of us, in fact everything, if we
Learn the ropes to get to them, ' Aunty
Suggested pointing to a monkey throwing
A coconut from a tree to its owner.

john tiong chunghoo

Tide

Your gentle demeanor,
Caring and soft
Spoken, exudes a warmth
So irresistible -
A full moon
That always pulls
On the tide;
A surge in yearnings
That rises in the
Dark nights when
Sensuous images of
You run shapest;
Your youthful
Musculine frame
And striking smile fanning
The embers in a
Young thing, stoking a wild
Flame that blazes through
Many sleepless nights.

john tiong chunghoo

A Celestial Stage

A grandiose theatre stage our universe
The sky its backdrop,
The twinkling stars, its white angels
The Moon its alluring princess
And the Sun its master of ceremony
Honouring everything with a name
Giving each created a character and form
Pampering the windows of our souls
The lightnings and thunders
Are the drums and strobelights
Punctuating the climaxes and suspense
Of these celestial histrionics
Raging through our heavens
And the cumulous clouds the scene parters
The gentle winds are to show directions
And the rains a bonus to calm
The audience's nerves and boost fertility
To beget flowers, greenery and everything lovable!

john tiong chunghoo

The Sacred Font

Eversince a child
I have been fascinated by
The Sacred Font at the Church door;
Of marble it is, so white and
So cool bearing the blessed
Holy water which we
Use to cross ourselves before
Walking to the pew.
The Font always the first we greet
And the last we would see at mass.
Somehow, always I am struck
By a forlorn feeling as
We dab into it for the water
To cross ourselves to leave.
The little Sacred Font
That bids us welcome and goodbye at mass.
The font that seems to hold
Not only water but the presence of God.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Scarecrow

Scarecrow

A symbol for Asia

All over the fields

In this vast continent

In all shapes and poses

Guarding the staples

Turning away pests

Day in and day out

Blown by the wind

Blast by the rain

With not even a single sigh

Though the birds flutter umpteenth times

Twittering hymns of impatience

The straw men with their arms

Twisting and waving are seen

Quietly doing their job

Asians' best friends

Forever loyal

Chasing away predators

Parasites.....

Asian best armies,

Will they ever come alive?

john tiong chunghoo

Ivory Pain

Each little statuette on the display
Counter screaming excruciating pain.
Her giant body collapsing, sending a fume
Of dust to the air, her little one
Frightened, nudged closer wriggling
Her trunk over her frame.
The greedy ones immediately
set on their work hacking off
Its huge tusks, the dollar signs
Swirling In their heads, each heavy blow
Sanctioned by the money that would buy the
Next meal, the new clothes and
Accessories for wives, sons and daughters.
The West - Governments decry the wanton
Killings of elephants fearing extinction.
In an antique shop; collectors
Fervently request ivory snuff bottles,
Natsuke, objets d' arts.
The wild; The dolorous heartrending
Screams of elephants continue....

john tiong chunghoo

Graded Prisons

Stones piteously imprisoned in their
Dimensions; no sights, no thoughts, no
Tastes, no movements
Plants imprisoned in theirs despite
Refreshing charms, cursed in a world
That affords little movements and no sights
Forever a docile prey for herbivores
Grazing over grasslands, forests, mountains
Animals locked up too despite their huge
Frame and strength; cursed in a limited
Mind that refuses to allow them better
Survival forever destined to be animals
Of burden and the cooking pots
The peripatetic humans imperiled in theirs
Despite their better developed
Intelligence, when they have aimed to be fishes
While drowning in the seas, or a bird while
Trapped in a skyscraper inferno or a
Naturally immuned monkey while stricken with AIDS.

john tiong chunghoo

Curtain

The curtain caressed by
The evening wind,
Doing a twist at the window,
Urshering fresh air and
Good wishes into the room.
Floral curtain of pink roses,
And light green leaves
That brightens up my little cubicle.
Sweet two-piece parting
My present for nature
Swirling and whirling
Exhibiting its many moods
Reminiscent of a conductor
At a recital;
Rhythmic and bountiful
Of energy unravelling the essence
Of a repertoire, channelling
Its creative waves to our minds;
Curtain in the winds
Orchestrating nature's songs.

john tiong chunghoo

Beautiful Haiku Set

lone ant
on the wall
winter trail

dawn sun
knowing only by fact
it gets dimmer each day

comma-shaped leaves
rustle in the wind
the beauty of pauses

night river
the breeze sends the moon
shivering



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raised drain
a heron negotiates
between the walls

john tiong chunghoo

Concentration Camps

world made to conform
to human wants
concentration camps
ducks, chickens and cows
some are lucky
to be dogs and cats
that get to wander
in beautiful homes
washed and cleaned
and groomed every
now and then
and even the chance
to sleep in special hotel
set up for them
the really blessed get to
sleep next to the master
under his soft silky warm blanket
everybody wishes to hold

john tiong chunghoo



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A Set Thinking Machine

the world
is a mass
of logic

man is
too a mass
of logic

nature is a
set thinking
machine

man
the privilege
to go both ways

john tiong chunghoo



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An Ant

little ant
hurrying
with its load
a creature
so small
weigh so heavy
on my heart
this moment
does the ant
think itself small?
weigh its desire
to live
and ours
and you will see
the common
bond between both

john tiong chunghoo



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Help The Trees Count Their Fruits

men count earnings
at end of day
cent by cent
up to its decimel
can you help
the trees count
their labour
over the soil?
the many fruits
they too are the ratings
the trees give
to the land they stand on

john tiong chunghoo



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Men - A Model Of The Universe

men
a model
of the workings
in the universe
everything
everywhere
you can understand
by understanding men

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

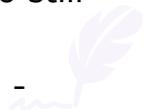
Zen Creatures

humans think
they are of
a higher realm
when the trees
in their quiet
throw a challenge
as to who
have achieved
higher consciousness
the trees
meditate
all ovr the mountains
a glorious sight
a sacredness
you cannot miss
zen creatures
cared for
staying so still

now they -
self conceited humans
are laughing about how
the trees could be of
a higher realm
when they can be
chopped down at will

yet at their last moment
the trees stand
in all their glory
teaching men zen
taking death
as it comes
as they have taken - life
thinking nothingness

zen creatures
a higher realm
they belong



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see how they reach up to god

john tiong chunghoo

Seeing A Clearer Me

layer by layer
i peel so that
like a glass
you can view me
crystal clear as a virgin river
a polished diamond

decades of
practice for those
seasoned fingers
to strike at her core
to bring out those few
beethoven scores
he tuned up the world for

a great watch maker
filing his cog to tighten time
the precision of mind
to keep a universal lie at bay

verse by verse
layer by layer
i peel to get to
the sheen the almighty
laid hidden in me
layer by layer
i peel off the world
to see a clearer me

john tiong chunghoo

Dimensions

every of my grimaces
god's eyelids as he looks
at the world

part of the mind vibrates
and you know two eyes
are watching you
eyes not of human equilibrium

john tiong chunghoo



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The World Inside Me

the world - it is in me
or is it outside
in total darkness i am
the stars, the moon
the nail at my finger tip
neither do i feel for it
but it is there, hard and mine
when snipped, it falls
a part of me
like the stars, the moon

john tiong chunghoo



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What's In A Gem

a new gem for a life
start of a new dream
each new gem,
the crystallisation
of a thought? of god?
a new soul dwells in each
ever ready to be released
in your thought - dream
every new gem you wear
sees a new you
and if you're lucky
you would even be wearing
an arabic shroud
and a new face
you dont even know
the spirit might even
get into your unborn child
and becomes him/her!

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Emperor's Bloom

new emperor's bloom
expresses joy
in pistils, petals, and pollens
how diverse nature
enshrouds its temper
could it be god
finally finding a path to me?

john tiong chunghoo



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Pathos Of Your Song

the pathos of your vocals
expresses the essence
of the best poems
i wrote and long to write
on your lap and like an angel
i would sit to fill my heart
with your magical songs
but you are at the
other side of my world
now i am lost - in the
pathos of your vocals
i wonder you would pander
to my poems if you read them
verses that could very well
have sprung from your heart

john tiong chunghoo



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09.Ode Beyond The Graves

autumn
asphalt street
grey sky

cool breeze
affords a floor
of brown leaves
to dance and
settle on a spot

your leather shoes
an eagerness
played out
by the leaves earlier

if i could just move
to welcome you
sweet heart
it would be agile
graceful
as the waltzing breeze
and the leaves
in their entrancing twirl of love

the museum and my poems
are nearby
there,
your heart will flutter
like the dazzling blooms - in spring
your tears trickle
in the spirit of my verses

if i could just hold you
by the hands again
and warm you up
with my love

john tiong chunghoo

Let Me Be The Wind

i am the wind
the gentle caresses
the magnet that helps
pull the sexuality from within you
so that you shine in your aura
this grey morn
your free wheeling hair
that dances in my hands
helps release the brightest of stars
your engaging smile
and ingratiating cotton
the warmth of your heart
runs its way into mine
this grey morn
the cool breeze
gathers spring onto your face
you soar into sky
- an alluring male
at his handsomest

john tiong chunghoo

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Slowing Down Earth

i would love to slow down
the turns of earth
to a millionth time of its spin
to see in exact
how fish morphs
to lizard to birds
dinosaurs crawled away
from the stage of the world
all the living kingdoms
turn back to one kingdom
in the lord's eyes are
all the secrets
well he would rather us be blinded to his
- but see the world for ourselves
at - our own speed as arranged
- the speed the earth spins

john tiong chunghoo



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A Man May Make His Remark

good thought
almost always comes
from quiet thought
ask christ, buddha,
socrates, confucius
good thought
almost always morphs
from a multitude of thoughts
- consensus - democracy -
sorry to say - it was picked
from the streets - of athens
universities - the learning part
originated from the streets
a man may make his remark
though it may weigh less than a feather
from the bleakest of streets
an idea may brew - to change the world
the streets - dont change the world
but - the men that walk them

john tiong chunghoo

Shyness Is A Blessing

i am shy
so is god's land
stripe it bare
and in no time
you find it hard
to cross even a path
without some obstacles
grass, shrubs and growth
in a frenzy to cover up exposure
shyness is a human endowment
from there modesty grow
from there rises civilisations and culture
like land that trades each inch of its bareness
with rice, flowers and fruits

inspired by

A little road not made of man,
Enabled of the eye,
Accessible to thill of bee,
Or cart of butterfly.
If town it have, beyond itself,
'T is that I cannot say;
I only sigh, -no vehicle
Bears me along that way.
Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

Eternity

eternity is a trap
no, go chase the horizon
go chase tomorrow
go chase time
go chase the end of thought
or go back a step
with the the egg or chick first theory
the world is created
for a chasing game
round and round and round
the starting point
is the final point
eternal grace

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Reading Poetry On The Web

i wade through rivers
of diamonds, rubies,
plain rocks and stones
that criss cross the world
picking up gems
poetry on the web
i wade through rivers
to get to international souls
sacred rivers of all kinds
ganges, indus, Nile, Mekong
Chao Phraya
filled with stones
heads of all kinds,
round, flat, sharp,
black, white, green,
brown, yellow, big and small,
sand, silt, gravel,
between them when lucky
precious gems turn up to greet me
fishes help spread the magic
liven up nooks and corners
some sprint, some plain swim
among these, the best rivers
are crystal clear,
a dazzling picture of sky, heaven
taking the breath of god
as they whisper a poetic tale
immediately marked in gold by the morning sun

John Tiong Chunhoo

Beginning And End

i am eternal
dont get me wrong
ask my physique
a malicious stamp
of beginning and end
no reason for it
to be here - obstructing traffic -
but then it is just a little part
the rest of me goes to
the furthest of the universe
like plaque, one day
it would leave me
- to its beginning and end

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mere Cells

blood runs
never asking
why it is squeezed
through tunnels
wedged between
blocks of cells
to give life
or does it?
the air flows
up and down
down and up
circling the earth
enabling rain
giving life
fueling man and plants
never asking
why such the herculean task
with its lightness?
or does it?
a current flows
bonding the world
mother and child
brothers and sisters
god and men
never asking why
or does it?
by its grace
the heart beat
the hair grow
your unsettled self
mom fret a thousand miles away
the universal mind
makes us mere cells
in its components

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Cola Inspired By A Dying Tiger—moaned For Drink—

septuagenarian late grandma
on her deathbed asked for coke
so she got coke
a light cup that
weighed so much
it pulled on every string of my heart
my tears ran
late grandma
dead and sound now
quiet as a graveyard
it is better that way
she is somewhere anyway
perhaps resting quietly in a seed
waiting for her next leap
forward to another realm
coooooooooola

inspired by

A Dying Tiger—moaned for Drink—
I hunted all the Sand—
I caught the Dripping of a Rock
And bore it in my Hand—
His Mighty Balls—in death were thick—
But searching—I could see
A Vision on the Retina
Of Water—and of me—
'Twas not my blame—who sped too slow—
'Twas not his blame—who died
While I was reaching him—
But 'twas—the fact that He was dead—
Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

An Unsettling Forlorn Longing

a return
the town without you
has lost its soul - my soul -
the whole spectre
digs deep into me
unsettling me -
a forlorn longing in a town
that has turned its back on me
as if i do not exist anymore

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

1. A House Upon The Height

an abandoned house
saps the spirit with its
nagging and chilling
emptiness, a black hole
that sucks out the
shimmering warm sun
to throw shadows and
ice over the hazy lanes of
imagination

a broken empty house
on the height echoes
relentless gloom and tales of woe
through each of its missing
chilling window panes
missing pages of a horror
story that solicit entries
from the haunted mind
of an innocent who has
lost his way in the dark of night

the overgrown grass
strays haphazardly and
almost in a haste to doors,
windows, walls and collapsing
roof to claim its static prey

they wake up a body of
monks (ghost bumps)
with their reverberating
aum aum chants that
have the negative effects
of sending shivers down one's spine

a torn and soiled jacket strewn
across the menacing garden
a little baby's drum, holed and beaten
out of shape by the unkind weather
carry with them broken dreams

an empty house wears itself out
sooner than an occupied house
a world shunning loner, who eventually
descends into despair, a wretched
soul losing all its charm and love

john tiong chunghoo

Bush - 'Am I Jinxed'

planes crashed down
strongest towers pilloried
new orleans submerged
iraq emptying coffers and hearts
hurricanes, typhoons
mr bush in a whirlpool - 'am i jinxed'

john tiong chunghoo



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The - Roads - To God

so many paths to Him
yet as many - man-made - lead to the other way
from the bible,
you travel by Eden
crosses Adam's path
that still smells of the evil snake and his misgivings
from the darma
you travel by the bodhi tree
and cross the spot of enlightenment
that still vibrates with the
buddha grace, so bright
non would be lost on the way to the Most High
by the new testament
you pass by mount calvary
tear spotted, blood spotted soil and stones
a cross still in sight
pointing all the ways to god
Christ would be there to tell
'Love your enemy' way to God
and from the Koran
far away in desert lands
mohammad would sum
it all up for you;
'submit totally to god
and you will be saved'.
- so many paths to Him
each path spawns questions
about the right one
unschooled women
fight over an answer
to a simple math
squabbling,
killing, blasphemising all the way
- god at the end of each road
runs

inspired by

A little road not made man

A little road not made of man,
Enabled of the eye,
Accessible to thill of bee,
Or cart of butterfly.
If town it have, beyond itself,
'T is that I cannot say;
I only sigh, -no vehicle
Bears me along that way.

Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

'Faith' Is A Fine Invention

faith is Nile's flood
setting ground for grace
faith - it flies in and out
a mother bird divides feed
the blessed a bushel
the others little by little
the almighty plays a game of chess -
- listens to spiritual music -
- and hums his heavenly nursery rhyme
that calms terrified earthly souls -
faith is Nile's flood that springs silent cheers from heart to heart

inspired by

'Faith' is a fine invention
When Gentlemen can see—
But Microscopes are prudent
In an Emergency.
Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

Buddha

Buddha's thoughts found its roots at the
Bodhi tree, budded and bloomed into
A thousand flowers blown to all corners
Of the world converting myriad thoughts of
Adherents repainting
The fabric of religions analoguous
To artists who style the world
In shades of Impressionism, Cubism,
Surrealism and Realism.
Through Zen, a meditation discipline
Where masters could even tell through his ears
Which hand a disciple uses in knocking a door,
Ramayana where spirits of the heavens crowd
The world to help sin-laden souls escape
The grim cycles of reincarnations;
Fate of souls also fooled by the movement
Of the universe spawning superstitions.
And Theravada where each being sanctions
His own hell or heaven through deeds.
The Buddha sees and listens to all in quiet repose

john tiong chunghoo

Kite

Fly it high
Children's voices
Reverberated through wide fields
Be proud
Be as high as possible
Don't give up
The Norman Vincent Peale's
Lesson learnt on the field
That has inspired these latter years
Kite gliding through sky
Flying in my dream
Fly it high
Be the best
Flying wonderfully up there
Blazing through my career
Taking ups and downs in strides
Always manoeuvred to be
Up there
Conditioned to win
Flying proudly among the winds...

john tiong chunghoo

Hopscotch

Hopscotch

In a train going back home
A thousand scenes hurtling back
Those smug village lanes
So much missed
My doggie, Childhood
Friends and the hopscotch game
Those tiny legs
Tottering and
Picking up stone
From hastily drawn squares
Three hearts and six squares
Our childhood cheers!
Time stole the scenes
Yet they live on
Yes, at the back of our mind
Three hearts, three stones
And six drawn squares!

john tiong chunghoo

Visit Malaysia Year Poem - Langkawi's Mashuri -I Am No Adulteress (State Of Kedah)

I am no adulteress
South of the Andaman,
An island lost in time,
Filled with grandiose mountains
Mystical lakes and legends
Of fairies, genies and ghosts
Made more spookie by
A fiery virulent curse
Spewed forth by an innocent
Soul mercilessly tortured and
Exterminated for adultery that
Incidentally brought forth seven
Generations of upheaval and loss.
When the sea roars menacingly
In pitch dark nights, evil seems
To play its forces out in the sea.
Beware guys and gals, Mahsuri's curse
Is very much alive in Langkawi.
'I am no adulteress, ' a heart searing
Cry is constantly heard enchoing in its waves.

john tiong chunghoo

To Be Alive Is Power

if god created us
just to be alive
all the sacred texts
would have to be
taken back to heaven
all living things
snuffed out
soup needs all
the seasonings
to come alive
to help us swirl with life
every soul out there
in the street
an ingredient for this life soup

inspired by

To be alive—is Power
To be alive—is Power—
Existence—in itself—
Without a further function—
Omnipotence—Enough—
To be alive—and Will!
'Tis able as a God—
The Maker—of Ourselves—be what—
Such being Finitude!
Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

Yang Is Luck, Ying The End Of It

ying is female
yang is male
moon is ying
sun is yang
coldness is ying
warmth is yang
the living is yang
wandering spirit ying
adam is yang
eve is ying
yang is luck
ying the end of it
ask china about it
ask adam about it

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Charm Invests A Face

the face - is the record
of time now and beyond
a million stories in sight,
sound, taste and senses
known and unknown
sad face - it's a scar of the earth really
happy face - it is an extension
of the bloom to help the earth smile
sad face it soon seeks its way
out in another face
a mirror to another world
where there is every reason to shine again
hidden in - some features
are some wonderful tales of yester years
- prophets, fairies and those
who had seen god
if you have the blessings
to reach out to them
if you have consumed the bible,
the koran and other
heavenly sent books -
you know the face is
the most artistic chore
of the Creator
- he makes sure no two are alike
joseph the most blessed of them all

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Ballet Nubile Softly Taps

twilight
light rain
the ballet nubile softly taps

u sumrak kistica
mlada balerina
njezno tapka

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Death Blow Is A Life Blow To Some

a death blow is a life blow to many
whose world is a caged dream
a bird crying to do what other birds do
eating, mating, flying to the ends of the world
a death blow is a life blow to many
who live in other people's world
sharing its glory, except its happiness
a death blow is a life blow to
others in the same mould

john tiong chunghoo

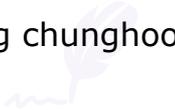


PoemHunter.com

Shoe At Roadside

A miscarriage; a little red shoe at roadside;
Keen for action, bidding for attention.
A little shoe that sure has lots of adventures
To tell of its young master;
Of visitations to the supermarket
With daddy when I got lost among
The toys department Tarzan collections,
Of refreshing exercises
In the school grass field
In the first light of morn,
Of trips to the movie when I had
Hugged daddy tight when a horror
Face had appeared,
Of the chase in the park for
The fun of scarrying away the birds.
Tears trickle down my cheeks brought
On by a lost child; the same shoe size!

john tiong chunghoo

 PoemHunter.com

07. I Do Not Love You Except Because I Love You

i love you for no reason
except because i love you
as simple as one times one equals one
yet if you remain one and wish for a hundred
i would work to add up the rest for you -
to prove to you the volume of my love

you have moved away
called me 'mad
sickeningly possessive'
publicly humiliated me
for my leaning onto you for affections
they are merely gusts of wind
that turn the wind compass
to the the right side of you
all your wonderful characteristics

i love you for no other reason
except because i love you
your happiness, mine
your injury, tears, mine

even if this love should really bother you
i would that you could find
someone to love you more
even if it means giving you a helping hand.

i love you for no other reason
except because i love you
your happiness is mine
and your injury, mine

john tiong chunghoo

I Was Looking A Long While

for too long i have been bruised
seeing democracy a wondrous diamond
crushed - by whatever means they could -
dented, and if they could, bend to their whims
under their heavy cloak of religion
plundering, killing, raping, in the name of an open world
the rights of which they draw their own lines
for too long i have been bruised
seeing democracy a wondrous first rate horse
kicked, beaten, cut out to serve the greediest of despots
for too long democracy has become
the most convenient way to lay abuse
when you have a country, power, greed
and a legion of devils who die to share your cake
democracy automatically becomes a dirty word

I was Looking A Long While

I WAS looking a long while for a clue to the history of the past for
myself, and for these chants-and now I have found it;
It is not in those paged fables in the libraries, (them I neither
accept nor reject ;)
It is no more in the legends than in all else;
It is in the present-it is this earth to-day;
It is in Democracy-(the purport and aim of all the past ;)
It is the life of one man or one woman to-day-the average man of
to-day;
It is in languages, social customs, literatures, arts;
It is in the broad show of artificial things, ships, machinery,
politics, creeds, modern improvements, and the interchange of
nations,
All for the average man of to-day.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - As The Poems Go

as the poems go into the hundreds
i realise there are gems of various grades
strewn everywhere
if only i have the time to gather them all
and string them into a necklace for the goddess of poetry
they will i think sparkle round her neck
the rest - gems with less lustre
like sweat will soon dry
to refresh me to have another go
scouring the various compartments of
my mind for gems of the best categories
and perhaps one day finds one
from a distant planet
that would shock the world

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

On The Sea

copenhagen's pain
from the endless horizon
not a mermaid appears
anderson's promise
the lover's fairy loss
the eternal sigh of the sea
morn, dusk, night
the mermaid never appears
only her messengers come greeting
the shells, fishes, turtles and jellyfishes
with no definite answer
the sea begs too
churns and churns
to get to the lady of the sea
'no, i am not coming, '
she could only sigh
it's not her lucky place, she cried
her hot tears steaming down
'even the metallic mermaid
had received cruel treatment, ' she shouted
'hacked and taken away
the cruel sea slowly eating her up'
'let me rest in peace, can you please? ' she begged to Anderson
her query noted by john keats
pounds and pounds the hearts of the world
the way of the fiercest northern sea

inspired by

On the Sea
It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell.
When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.
Oh, ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,

Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody-
Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth and brood,
Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs quired!
John Keats

john tiong chunghoo

A Clock Stopped

poetry in progress

the old wooden clock at
the grocery store ticks on
and on on the wall of my mind
taking me back to childhood years

it peeks at me every time
i pass by one lone child
hungering for love and
sweet adventures

in it a mirror pendulum
stands very still to the one
in my mind that tilts to
to and fro, to and fro
a child concentrating
on his yo yo

the golden horse on its top
gives it a different chi
with spanned wings that
looks ever anxious to
take me to wherever
i wish to be - carte blanche
so long i have the time

it is a no show though
the minute and hour needles
do the same hands over head
posture of a ballet dancer
yesterday, today and tomorrow

and the clock looks onto me
like a deaf man with all the
endowments to talk but without a
proper word to get things across
so that he is all hands and fingers

a round and well bred
attentive audience numbered
one to twelve sit like ministers
as they wait for hands to point out
the importance of each, why
they should be at their place

the clock is old as myself
even time must grow old and
must stop one day and what a
graceful way to do so with
such a glamorous and
flamboyant posture and on
a face everyone once confided in
- a face that blandishes
a rough mole where
its owner would work
every now and then
to put back the health
of his time so that
it would chime at the right time
morn, noon and night

the clock invariably
takes me back to years ago
when our house was flying high
with a horse with spanned wings
that promised much fun with its hourly
ding dong ding dong solemn call
that never failed to to plough into us
the seriousness of time

then it was a new clock and
had dutifully counted the minutes
and seconds with absolute accuracy
as we inched our way up the
expectations of dad and mom
grannies, teachers, and friends

john tiong chunghoo

God I Love You Because

it is not because of
the promise of heaven
i pour out my love to you
not because the priest
or that mom or dad
have told me to
or because of hell
i dont play the fear game
it would turn me bad
it is just that my IQ
tells me you, my dearest you
have been guiding me all the way
despite my ignorance, defiance,
in your eyes i must have been
what a rat is to me
your love, care and patience
with this little nerd has worked
sorry for my ignorance thus far
my heart is now afired with
the desire to get to you, know, love you
i have found my peace in you
i found that you are the peace in me
and that peace overflows
when i switch my heart to you
in times of need
it is nice to know that
you show your love through deeds
because that's all i need
some long to see you all the day
but i know you are closer to me
more than i would ever know
i live day by day in your grace
taking the wind as your affection - for me
the rain as your tears - for me - your slow evolving creature
the thunder as your warning for my wrongs
and all things, living or not as part of your manifestations
those that i am still ignorant of
i beg your pardon to let me know

john tiong chunghoo

We Real Cool

we real cool
we have jesus
the devils have only fire

we real cool
we have male, female
to help us
explore each other

the devils can only
play his dirty games
by himself

we real cool
we fight, we cry,
we make up sometimes

we real cool
we prove to God
that his Project X
is phew...a great success
this new creature
can feel, can reason
can create another world!

inspired by

We Real Cool
THE POOL PLAYERS.
SEVEN AT THE GOLDEN SHOVEL.
We real cool. We
Left school. We
Lurk late. We
Strike straight. We
Sing sin. We
Thin gin. We
Jazz June. We
Die soon.
Gwendolyn Brooks

john tiong chunghoo

Healing Source

there is a power
in me that could
tame the worst
of experiences,
sealing a broken heart
ridding on the
mother of success
when failure knocks
there is a sanctum
right in my heart
where i turn to
to calm my frayed nerves
the pool of divine energy
that keeps me cool
in the worst of adventures
in all of us a healing source
powered by the our creator

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Letter To God

dear god
how little i feel
about myself
despite your claim
that i am the top
of your creation
a little virus
would kill me off
i feel myself
a plaything
your plaything
a toy, a puppet
and the world your stage
with my role written
where i should play out my part
talk about freewill?
is there one?
one plus one equals two
an empty stomach
does not have free will
to choose?
a woman with
near dead child at her hands
knows free will is spoken
only by the gods
in their written scripts
to enliven their puppets
to act out
i know too after all
the theatrical parts
like a buffalo led by the noose
i will be torn out
of existence
as you plan your next play
like the sun
that comes after heavy rain
the land cleaned of its dirt,
where fresh breeze blows
i am but then

would be lost
in existence
consciousness
torn to shreds
to get your next
theatre going
not a trace of mine
would be left
on this stage
where i had acted out my part
with flesh, blood and soul
free will
no freewill and all
god, you the puppeteers

john tiong chunghoo

Hot And Cold

so cold for
you to leave
so abruptly
while the bed
is still warm
with your love
and my heart
hot with desire
i will play a song
and with my hand
on that warm patch
pretend you're
still around

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

If You Bump Into A Soul

if you bump into a soul
never raise the word 'death'
for it is taboo to the other world
it's something fashioned for men
to put them in their place
for having tried to be God
to put them not only in their knees
but their head, back, torsos in one line
and lower than the ground
if you bump into a soul
just be quiet and look into his eyes
and - that's enough
for he is as different to you
as a butterfly is to a larvae
one crawls and eats
the other fully garbed
to blaze through the other world
if you meet a soul
just be quiet and let him roam where he wishes
for you and the soul are two entities
as different as the sun is to the moon
one warm and the other cold
and if you wish to know more
ask for the favours of God

john tiong chunghoo

Wind, Light, Leaves And Men

wind
leaves
they dance
with each other
they carress too
you hear the sound
of their love making
each time they meet
light joins in
to enrich the dance
and become one entity - laugh
louder than the sea
leaves - they are the dream of
wind and light comes true
wind, light, leaves
whenever they gather
men, animals join in their fun
take away one
and the world cries to an end

john tiong chunghoo

Heating Up Winter

heating up winter
the cold fails
to freeze my muse.
haiku falls like snow.
the snowman puts on flab.
stream offers a shortcut home
and the laundrette
buys new scale to weigh the season.
animal lovers heat up our heart
with rage against killers
of snow white bears, seals
and whales
the little furry toys we helplessly cuddle
in our living room
my heart skipped many beats as i saw blood
trail innocent white.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Prize Winning Poem - Tribal Pride (United States)

Tribal Pride

The bulldozers went rumbling through
Our land, ancestral resting places, and
The last vestige of our survival:
The forest, the trees that had
Given us our shelters, our food,
And our only links to our ancestors.
Every tree that we knew like a friend
Next to our house had been victim
To the chainsaw since the lumbering started.
Our land cries out and our rivers,
Red with decayed roots, rotting barks,
And saw dust, signify our blood
Boiling inside us, chiding
Us to reverse our fate.
The world has turned upside down.
We have nearly lost the will to live
As they laid bare our land,
Taking away with it our pride,
Romances, dreams, and soul.

john tiong chunghoo

Festival Of The Spirits

There is a freshness in the air
That kindles that part of the mind
At the back that rejuvenates our whole body
There is that extra sensory perception of the mind
That could tell things without seeing them like
The celebrations of spirits out in the
Mountains, that contagious uplifting
Of spirits that smolders the whole
Island which makes one feel elated
To be in such unseen wonder;
The heartstirring beatings of celestial drums,
The fairy dances, the gathering of beings
Which serenade an auspicious enchantment
All over the island that one could feel a sense
Of euphoria a whole evening.
It's gone the next day leaving one awed
Of the mystifying elation that has come visiting
The night before when one feels one has
Been invited to party with spirits and fairies.

john tiong chunghoo

Three Things To Remember

three things to remember
black and white are equal
in the eyes of god
created for his penchance
for diversity
though many would beg to differ
the healthy child who fails to laugh
or smile for two days
shows something has gone wrong
with us, not them
that we are the ones to seek
psychiatric care, not them
the air has turned hotter
from our own negligence
not the vengeance of god
the world would end
on the hands of men, not god
he only acts according to necessity

inspired by



PoemHunter.com

Three Things to Remember
A Robin Redbreast in a cage,
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.
William Blake

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - Doing It Right, Doing It Wrong

are they doing right?
or are they doing it wrong?
yes educate them
make them thinkers
and after that make them fighters
throw them into the ring
and see how they fend for themselves
and help expand the economic cake
the nep works
in the number of brains it helps to develop
the number of fighters it helps to mould
it should stop after one gets the degree
the chinese dad always tells the child
'That's my best gift for you. Now
go and fend for yourself.'
help the farmers
help the less privileged
but stops at those who have
gotten the best education
jail those who refuse to pay back for
what they have gotten out of their education
the money they have taken from the taxpayers pockets
for they have forgotten why they have been
enjoying the special privilege
- to make sure they advance
- and that others too have the opportunity to advance

(this is basically a Malaysian poem written for Malaysians)

john tiong chunghoo

Cat's Dream

cat
Egyptians' god
Japanese's courtesan
divine or despised
you walk tall
proving the
big dog is
but a coward
its heart
smaller
than your fist
fainter than your sneeze
as you stand upright
mom uses it as a lesson
for little tom
'Walk upright and
the world bows to you.'
i understand why
they buried the pharaohs
in giant feline structures
made to last for a million days

john tiong chunghoo

Death Leaves Us Who Behind Homesick

death
unearths
years
and days
to allow us
the liberty
to cry over
kisses, smiles,
hugs, advice
now edified
as eternal graces
in darkness
and private
sobs are shed
until the days
and years
bury
the kisses, smiles
hugs again
deep within
our recesses
burial and life
a ballgame
for the dead once
for the living
- on and on

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Bird Flu

bird flu
teaching his pet parrot to say
i dont have bird flu

bird flu
he cuts down his time
with his pet parrot

john tiong chunghoo



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Morn Birds, Noon Birds

the joyous chirp
of a sparrow
in the morn sky
sends a heaven into me
for a moment
i am the piano
and the chirp
a finger that sends
pleasant notes
reverberating
through my soul
this afternoon
heard the more
sedated chirps
of a bird on a wire
the halcyon noon
where the sun and
comfortable temperature
entice you to bed
note after note
the bird sings
wheeling nauseatic
nostalgic images
through my brain
school days,
childhood friends
and those days
that reminded us
of dream chasers
in a land of honey
the colour of light brown amber

inspired by

john tiong chunghoo

I Would Live In Your Love

your frenzied breath
each time after making love
my spirit finds comfort trailing
the voluminous air you breathe
and i find myself lost
in the sea of your warmth
and that sudden elation
on your appealing features
to find our relationship
precipitated to such
a wondrous moment of calm,
as the world revolves around us
in its unsequestered state
Blake's experience and innocence
sound so narrow in concept
as we hug ourselves into another world
i would live in your love
as the tongue gives
the world its taste
and the eyes its
colourful wonders
and the ten thousand verses
that wait to grace the book of love

john tiong chunghoo

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Moon

the moon is the centre
of the night
carving darkness
into shapes
releasing shadows
from their souls

the moon
unleashes
hidden power
into the world
causing the sea to swirl
my fear to grow
the surgeon's
nervous first cut
where blood oozes
to the size of the moon

on beds too
two love birds sing
their passion to
the unilluminated
part of the moon

two cats launch their
roucous foreplay
in the alleyway
tickling insomniacs
offering a comic respite
to their plight

the full moon
multiplies evil
and witchcraft
in the hissing of the bats
hoots of the owls
and the towering trees
that have greeted it 100,000 days
underneath which



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even my shadow shrinks
to a half moon

i know why a hundred witches spring
to action on such nights
i wish not to die on
a full moon night
though it has shed its light
in a million love poems

john tiong chunghoo

Inspired By Matsuo Basho

bamboo groove
leaves dance and whisper
to the moon

inspired from Basho's

moonlight slants through
the vast bamboo grove
a cuckoo cries

old war field
grass blades simulate
sword fight

inspired by Basho's

Ah, summer grasses!
All that remains
Of the warriors dreams

this road
lonely as my heart
this autumn evening

inspired by basho's

along this road
goes no one
this autumn evening

moon glides
from cloud to cloud
this fine autumn evening

inspired by

from time to time
the clouds give rest
to the moon beholders

between the
riotous flowers
a butterfly's drunken dance

inspired by basho's

the butterfly is perfuming
its wings in the scent
of the orchid.

spring new class
a burst of warm laughter
among the students

inspired by basho's

Yes, spring has come
this morning a nameless hill
is shrouded in mist

deep autumn
leaves slowly fly away
with the season

inspired by basho's

it is deep autumn
my neighbor
how does he live, I wonder

old pond and frogs
i wait earnestly for the most famous haiku
to come alive

inspired by

the old pond
a frog jumps in
the sound of water

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu(Humour Haiku) - Zen Zero Thought

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream-and not make dreams your master;
If you can think-and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same: .
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on! '
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings-nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And-which is more-you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Sword Fighting

old battle ground
sigh and rustle
sword fights between leaves

inspired by
Basho's

The summer grasses-
Of brave soldiers' dreams
The aftermath

john tiong chunghoo



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In Psyche With Divinity

i like the silence at the lake
as little insects dance
plunging their little legs
every now and then
to create tiny swirls of ripples
the convulsive smile of a little child
as mom carresses him
head to toe

i like the frog on the lily pad
a haven for meditation
his eyes fixed onto sky and clouds
as it zooms onto zero thought
a zen monk in his familiar garden
that perceives himself
that enviable space
between god and creation
that space where nothing exists
until he said 'Let it Be'.

i like the peace and calm
when the tiniest life is amplified
when the senses are sharpened
to every sound, sight, and action
when one finds oneself psyched
into the creative well of divinity

john tiong chunghoo

Home And Love

sweetie swishy doggie
a meowing cat
black as charcoal
under a rickety house
spraying elephant
its trunk perpendicular
to its bulbous head
tiger and all the lines
that spread like reeds
bright red apple,
golden banana
a child's exaggerated world
that outshines ours
blazes through ours
mom and dad
in crazy crayon
where their lips
are bright red as chillies
faces palsy yellow
with tiny white blurry space
that one smoothens
skiing the crayon
over the white paper
the family's theatre
opens immediately
as boy's burst of art is complete
mom and dad
colour their own
home sweet home
- injecting life into all son's caricatures
good or bad with sweet rhymes

john tiong chunghoo

Illusions

Illusions

boundless space
what i see
what i cannot see
what i see when
i open my eyes
what i see
when i close my eyes
a morass of black
boundless
inside, outside
between them
this bundle
that summons
all the boundaries,
limitations
real, imagined
the only time
when reason aches
the brain
solutions
names, categories
boundless worlds
worlds within worlds
i see all the animals
creatures,
exhibiting a fragment
of my character
and for a moment
think that they are
human parts
projected onto another plane
that ricochet back to our senses
to awaken us of our baser selves
how faithful the dog is
how intelligent the dolphin
how indolent the sow
how naughty the monkey

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there are those who want
to have them all into themselves
animal, animal, animal

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poetry Farm

Poetry,
the fruits of my mind
which i pluck and
place on paper
to refresh your mind and soul
they ripen in the mind
and become nagging thoughts
that push at me each day
to get them off the mental farm
onto the multifarious world where
they could travel
and befriend intelligences
from all all over and if fortunate
germinate in other mental farms
to come out with hybrids
that could enrich this world
with more lively words, rhymes
and cheerful people.....

john tiong chunghoo

God's Fingers

the orange
when ripe
turns yellow
the yellow colour
is god's finger
pointing to its sweetness
the morn
comes with brightness
the brightness
is god's finger
pointing to the warmth
of the sun
so long i have equated
god with what he is not
that he speaks
with symbols
to find that
god's fingers
index fingers
are here, there and
everywhere
at the sea too
i hear him serenading
a song

john tiong chunghoo



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A Thought

god created
the world for
catholics, jews,
muslims, buddhists
hindus,
like why he made them
indians, chinese,
british, and africans
it is nice to know
he loves diversities
though some prefer
to fight over differences
others learn to learn
what god has to offer
in this vast vast world
that every star in the sky
shines in a different way
it is nice to know that
somewhere, some corner
in the world, there are people
praying for world peace

A Thought

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.
Robert Louis Stevenson

john tiong chunghoo

A Lame Beggar

a lame beggar
it never stops him
from coming out - to beg

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

1914 Iv: The Dead

the years did to him
like they had to wines
a calmness, mellowness

-submissions to the divine
tempests, victory and loss-

they poured a shade onto him
like amber - leaves that return
a million years to shine like miracles

the halo round the buddha
circled the realms for answers
to every breath, every consciousness
before crowning him with triumph

every year of study of the sutras
brings new understanding,
new awakenings, a clearer sky
the manner vintage wine surprises (greeted)
the tongue every new spring

john tiong chunghoo

The Unseen World

the butterfly
leaves its cage
dried and brittle
to another world
of blooms, colours,
fragrance and nectar
the man passes away
leaves its cage
to another world
where this bundle
of cells and endowments
have no means to gauge
the dogs hear decibels
beyond mine
classify smell
beyond mine
the world i cannot see
is beyond me
but it is not that
it does not exist
the sound that i
cannot hear exists
and the dog
and the elephants
picks it up

john tiong chunghoo

A Better Resurrection

there is a larger life
than life, my life
and i am glad to be a part
i am a torso that speaks out
when the water dries out
i would beat a step out
when the axis ceases to turn
i too would beat a step out
when the plants all
make their exit
i too would follow suit
this creature called earth
- the trees, river, air,
humans, animals -
the laws that govern it
run this physique too
god turns the earth
and pumps our hearts

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Study (A Soul)

she stands
in the outskirts
of the city
a hundred years of smile
white as granny's
porcelain cup

over the city
the goddess of mercy watches

the family's saviour
three joysticks
each start of day
and end of day

the goddess of mercy
sits in the family's altar
years and years
of smile
and granny's
unwavering faith
as she counts her blessings
and never her prayers

to the catholic
she says she's her own
virgin mary
'they do look quite alike, don't they'
granny smiles to
grandchild who has turned catholic

john tiong chunghoo

Flowery Smiles

roses -

you give me that classic smile

orchids -

she gives me that delicate smile

mouth edges to a side

dimple so deep

violets -

the humble smiles

at the break of dawn

in the country roads

bougainvella -

children crowd near grandma

for her warm smile

colourful tales

of yesteryears

from her wonderful years

crocus - mona lisa's

subtle and soft smile

a thousand puzzles

behind our first look

at Leonardo's mysterious woman

chrysanthemums

the royalty's cheers

that spreads

from within to us

overwhelmingly

sunflowers

his steady smile as he announces

his love and passion to the girl

hibiscus

tropical love

exotic laughters

of the lasses

in their love game

a walk through the garden

a walk through the brighter

side of humanity

the lane of angels and babies

smile, innocent smile

hearty smile, wondrous smile
oh god thanks for teaching
me all the ways to smile, to laugh
for all occasions
through all your blooms
i'll treasure them
like the butterflies
kiss and dance
with them each sunny day
till i remember all
their names and
details of their every smile

john tiong chunghoo

New Leaf

banana grove
the new leaf
with lighter green
waves in the wind
among the old
green leaves
i remember that new
school boy from a different town years ago
who talked, walked
and ran so differently
among the school crowd

john tiong chunghoo



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The Only Thing Constant

travel at
speed sound
snorkelling
at the deepest
of depth
lonely as
hibernating squirrel
happy as
a sudden millionaire
complex as
Einstein theory of Relativity
Universe
the only thing constant -
His Presence

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Me

oh god, what a work
this motor i reckoned to be me
is in fact your gadgets
to chain the devil
and shunted to a corner

i am asked to save my own soul
well, pray i will
below your buttock
above the devil's horns

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

He Speaks A Different Tongue

how big it is
yet i never notice
until shakened
that i am
the teeth between
this big great tongue
that speaks
a different way
operates in ways
as different as
papaya trees
take our manure
carbon dioxide in
exchange for oxygen
each day
it floats through us
sinking into us
out of us
massaging us
in ways that a
thai woman would
leaving us sore and in pain
and later to experience
the greatness of it all

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Drizzle Over Lake

drizzle over lake
million drops
hit, dip, daub,
inspired brush
dispenses
dancing out
his genius of
forms in colours
over a pure white scheme
tendered for memories
a million drops
over the collected calm
of a thousand year old lake
a million-year soul
fleeing, rushing,
plucks at the zither
of my being
echoes, reverberates
through this farm of experiences
of innocence, love and
what have you
this plain sheet
that the almighty rains on me
hits, dips, daubs,
a painting of a soul

john tiong chunghoo

Demons

demons
make my heart
grow legs
and the shadows, tales
the chime of the clock
beat out
the spread of goosebumps
head to toe
froze takes new meaning
seeks shelter
in the heat
of my blanket
i keep the radio on
to chase away demons

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Seagulls

crying out
the gulls
melancholy cry
seeking a dream?
souls locked in flight
chasing a dream?
crying out
these gulls
a medium
for this living soul
my dream
loud as the sea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Grandad's Grave

they sleep
in so many
different ways
each direction
pulls me a
separate way
the alluvial
seeps so
deeply into
my days
etched on
my face
this fengshui spot
late grandad's
final house
late grandma's
cold seat
as she puffed
away the haunting blues
dividing her world
his world
i wiped, wiped
cleaned the mosaic cross
the only place here
where i could
rest my heart
the myriad blooms
pull me back to this world

john tiong chunghoo

Morning Glories

morning glories
in slight breeze
young girls in
their shy years
try day by day
to smile to sweetheart
through their smitten hearts
a field of morning glories
dance in silence
subdued dance
in the morning quiet

john tiong chunghoo



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Blessings

flute
new year tune
ambition
fills the air
bamboo
inches through ground
cries of children
from the upper strings
of the heart
an older me
keeps
excitements
beneath smiles
prayers fill
so many lapses
of the day
chimes of clock
hurry up
my heartbeat
as if blessings
would fly off

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Child, Child

the spot that never fazes
mom's youthful lullaby
stars denude me
twinkle, twinkle
mom's clear smile
baby floater dances
tears for late grandma
her plea at each bath
floater propelled by
little cutie hands
that never counted
the wonderful years
days of chuckles
twinkles, floaters, bubbles
carefree and cool wind,
onion peels,
the clouds dawdle
at the glittering night
years and days
sit on sedimented years
melted by one glittering star
between the clouds
unfolding days
when an answer
equals a question
between the twinkling of stars

inspired by

Child

Your clear eye is the one absolutely beautiful thing.
I want to fill it with color and ducks,
The zoo of the new
Whose name you meditate -
April snowdrop, Indian pipe,
Little
Stalk without wrinkle,
Pool in which images
Should be grand and classical

Not this troublous
Wringing of hands, this dark
Ceiling without a star.
Sylvia Plath

john tiong chunghoo

Mickey Mouse

mickey mouse
run, run, run
the joyful feet
of my childhood
run, run, run
when my heart beat
to its every move
as it deposited
coins into
my piggybank
my big fat head

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

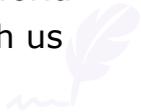
Famous Movie Poem - Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs

i was
am and
will always
be the eighth
the dreamer, friend
who could only wish
i could join in the real fun
first excited, intrigued
inflamed over the egoistic queen
dying to tell snow white
of the deadly apple
watching in dead silence
as she bit into the evil thing
my heart so ached
that i cried out in pain
nobody heard
not even snow white
though i was just a few feet away
i was so close to the dwarfs
i told all my friends about them
who laughed and became too dwarfs
jealous dwarfs, jealous dwarfs
of the seven dwarfs
who had all the actions
the joy, excitements, suspense,
with pretty snow white
over and over
in our dreams, our tales

john tiong chunghoo

Lighting Up Each Other's Lamp

i light up your lamp
you light up mine
and this world
becomes a brighter place
i shine my light
into your soul
to help you
chase away
the shadows
the blues
to brighten up
your life
you shower
your aura
into mine
and together
we soar
and the world
soars with us



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john tiong chunghoo

The Sea As Myself

a tempest
the day
we parted ways

the torrent
sea played out
my distress
scouring
every crevice
that stores
those sterling
moments
of love
now swelling
with frust
angst
tears
and fears

i steadied
myself
to make my wish
to the moon
for your comeback

its swirling
shimmering dance
in the sea
my only refuge
from being
drowned
in desperation

this tempest
that would
return
again
and again



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the unceasing waves
pound the beach

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Haiku - New Orleans

new orleans
city sings
katrina blues

new orleans
needed - new katrina
of builders, optimists

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - Lake Tahoe

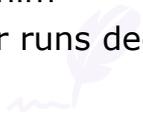
lake tahoe
the mountains and water
take our love oath

lake tahoe
to the mountains and lake
our swirling love oath

lake tahoe
to the mountains and water
we scream our love

lake tahoe
he says he is the mountain
and she the water

lake tahoe
she tells him
still water runs deep



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john tiong chunghoo

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Starry Night

starry night
the moon still
attracts me more

john tiong chunghoo



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God's Lullabies

a chatterbox
speaks to me
every minute
of my life
no he does not speak
through tongues
but deeds
and he is my creator
this heart beats
each beat
signals his permission
to let me live
the sky full of stars
every star
a word of
his mightiness
his promise of
a life beyond
a rose blooms
a verse from  PoemHunter.com
his poetic vault
a haiku
to share the
little pleasure of life
the tinkling sound
of the little brook
in the forest
his soothing tongue
to calm me down
god's tongues
sprout everywhere
engaging me in his world
propelling me up
the evolution chain
with his lullabies

john tiong chunghoo

So We'll Go No More A-Roving

so we'll go no
more a-roving
your breath spent
concern shown
all the words said
in the stillness of the road
my heart roared
tracks of our walk
overgrown with spring grass

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Cherry Trees

in that shinjuku lane
an old sakura tree
stands in my mind
grandma with her
bare hair

inspired by

The Cherry Trees

The cherry trees bend over and are shedding,
On the old road where all that passed are dead,
Their petals, strewing the grass as for a wedding
This early May morn when there is none to wed.
Edward Thomas

john tiong chunghoo



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Not A Clock Telling Me The Truth

oh clock
on and on
you go
belting out
the inaccuracies
universal inaccuracies
on and on
you go
announcing
the minute second
you miss
at speed
of my thought
on and on you go
lambasting
a concept
no human
has yet fathom
able to escape from
a mystery
as great as
the whole universe
which too
circles on and on
confusing
the little universe
clock, clock, clock
everywhere
yet not one telling
me the truth

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Poem For Clearing Thoughts

beach drizzle
the strong wind
orchestrates
a classical song
touching the rawness
of my heart
the vast sea
lurches forward
the stronger waves
swarming over
the weaker ones
pushing them onto land
in successive surge
an adagio played out
to a wondrous cheer
on and on they go
nearby the palm trees
like me could not help
but sigh in admiration
a standing ovation
from that corner of my heart
the waves keep pounding on

john tiong chunghoo

God's Tongue

god,
your tongue
are between
the subjects
around me
each face
your spellbinding
vocabulary
each action
mine included
your verb too
how you
have spoken
to me through
that man
who runs away
with my money
not to do similar act
soon too
you will speak
to him
through another man
who would run
away with his money
my IQ awakens me
to your tongue
in the shape
of all your subjects
speaking to me
through every act
mine, theirs
how wrong i have
been all these years
to think
that you have neglected me
there your tongue
in all your subjects
talking to me
with facts, figures, deeds



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and misdeeds
each minute of the day
a mindful chatterbox
you are
but i like you
the challenge
and mysteries
you throw to me
to find out who you actually are

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Summer Rain

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
And will not mind to hit their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
Our Shakespeare's life were rich to live again,
What Plutarch read, that was not good nor true,
Nor Shakespeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
What care I for the Greeks or for Troy town,
If juster battles are enacted now
Between the ants upon this hummock's crown?

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
If red or black the gods will favor most,
Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this dropp of dew,
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower-
I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herd's grass and wild oats was spread
Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use.
A clover tuft is pillow for my head,
And violets quite overtop my shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,
And gently swells the wind to say all's well;
The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,
Some in the pool, some in the flower-bell.

I am well drenched upon my bed of oats;
But see that globe come rolling down its stem,
Now like a lonely planet there it floats,
And now it sinks into my garment's hem.

Drip drip the trees for all the country round,
And richness rare distills from every bough;
The wind alone it is makes every sound,
Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,
Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so;
My dripping locks-they would become an elf,
Who in a beaded coat does gayly go.

john tiong chunghoo

The Summer Rain

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john tiong chunghoo

Your Expressions

you leave
your expressions
in so many media
water, wind, metal, wood
and from them
you drive legs, wings,
growths and desires
into so many worlds
that crowd the universe
suns, moons, stars
worlds within worlds
astounded your wildest creation
who could only ape your ways
your plans and designs bursting
in my every cell
perhaps you had
been over ambitious
and i the runaway one
has to be cautioned
through every commandment
to contain the worst
of your creative jests
to douse the destructive leanings
a constructive world
you build into our head
to pit against the
other world you allow to thrive
like how bacteria tear
down my beautiful white teeth over the years

john tiong chunghoo

Marriage A-La-Mode

we married in spring
had red hot summers
this autumn as the cool wind blows
the leaves twirl, swirl
to my dizzying loneliness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Annabel Lee

annabel lee
my love
as you breathe
in my dream
the sea sings, sighs
plays the strings
of my heart
only you can reach
those heart wrenching
low bass tones
a man's lost voice
from despair
the waves lift, twirl,
surge in all directions
oh, my longing to meet you
since you were gone
a craving for you
repeated so touchingly
by the sea
the volume of my tears
for annabel lee
the wind sweeps
over and over
a friend
the sea leaps, leaps
towards sky
how i desire you this moment
and it rains
your tears
the waves roar, roll,
my longing for you

john tiong chunghoo

A Good Boy

i was baptised a child
few weeks old
at an old church
ten minutes from home on foot
which grandma did
we did not have a car
just driven by a faith in christ
the cross rises so high up
it (the church) still stands today
given a facelight
turning from
a single storey
rectangular humble structure
to a round tall cathedral
only strong young men and women
could reach; alas those thirty forty
steps that have prevented mom
from going to church
too steep for old bones
i was told Christ is the Son of God
all 12 years of education
at an irish run missionary school
where chapel prayers, confessions
and important catholic days
filled the time table too
now swept by tide of time
a river where streams
and tributaries flow into
all the knowledge of the world
they threw me a koran
they threw me buddha's eight fold paths
they threw me bhagavad gita
all those crystal clear catholic teachings challenged
my world helter kelter
torn between heaven and hell
to be a good boy
to remain truthful
yet longing for the truth
in this blurred world

that shouts about miracles, god
from all angles

john tiong chunghoo

Comfort

comfort

i see it in the
smart morn doves
hastily picking up grains
courtesy of a
grocery store shopowner
i see it in three pigeons
cleaning themselves
in the most charming manner
in a puddle
pulling their heads in and out of water
rinsing, splashing,
without a care of the world

comfort

i see in a mating
male pigeon
flapping with ecstasy
on a rooftop as its back
sweeps down towards the female's
comfort

i see it at a shop's verandah
mother cat licking its newborns
one by one
its nipples, limpy, pinkish and red
from the heavy suckling

comfort

i see them in childhood river
after rain
fishes splash, leap
all the way out to sea

john tiong chunghoo

On Growing Old

only the bayan tree
by the temple seems
to be growing stronger
tougher these forty years
while my legs have loosen
developed rheumatism
the old cement floor too has
given way to the bayan's roots
that rise to show its steely strength
bayan, the first to herald
buddha's enightenment
our ancestor's friend
ever strong, tenacious,
saviour to barren women
seen occasionally
at lonely dawn
weeping profusely
for a heaven sent
smoke of their jossticks
angled on crevices,
furls, twirls towards heavens
from the temple door
one witnesses faithfuls'
spiritual strength
in the faces of gods, goddesses
painted by smoke
from countless incense and jossticks
faithfuls who despite their age
still manage to kneel
and perform rites easier
on flexible bones
bayan tree
after all these stormy years
growing old to shine
with grandeur and mystery

inspired by

On Growing Old

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying;
My dog and I are old, too old for roving.
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying,
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart. A withered wire,
Moves a thinn ghost of music in the spinet.
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your cornland, nor your hill-land, nor your valleys
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.
Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity! for the strong have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower.
Spring-time of man, all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire, and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain when the summers parch.
Give me but these, and though the darkness close
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

john tiong chunghoo

Carpe Diem

jasmine sends
its mindblowing
fragrance, allure
before it drops
to the ground
stepped on
and crushed
the pretty lass
picks her best
to cloth her years
colouring them with
dreams, excitements,
love, heartbreaks and all
before she loses her greatest asset
lined with lines that spread cancerous like spears
to stab at the heart
grandma's wedding pic
so dreamy her eyes
the man holding tight at the waist
beefing up her best years
jasmine sends its scent to the wind
an innocent pretty lass praying for love to come

inspired by

Carpe Diem

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journey's end in lovers' meeting-
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty, -
Then come kiss me, Sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
William Shakespeare

john tiong chunghoo

Love's Loneliness

something
savoured
this loneliness
the week
you were gone
your absence
greeted by
the bali bamboo bell
by the door
this dusk
something taken
for granted
until it sang
your love
your warmth
that it caused
a tide in the heart
a flood of
contentment
ying yang pleasure
absence makes
the heart grow fonder
the moon too
peered down
this side of kitchen
as i washed the dish
the water swirling
in its light distilling
a loneliness
that inspired verses
this night i imagined myself
on a ship that sailed
off to a land where
love abound, you around
- that you were
just just inches away
that cold patch
of bed that i left untouched



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inspired by

Love's Loneliness

Old fathers, great-grandfathers,

Rise as kindred should.

If ever lover's loneliness

Came where you stood,

Pray that Heaven protect us

That protect your blood.

The mountain throws a shadow,

Thin is the moon's horn;

What did we remember

Under the ragged thorn?

Dread has followed longing,

And our hearts are torn.

William Butler Yeats

john tiong chunghoo

Calm Is All Nature As A Resting Wheel

calmness
dawns
fed by war
terror
crocodile
infested river
so peaceful
after the
dismemberment
of an ill-fated calf
satiated nerves
calmness
in the creatures
of terror
with jaws and canines
that could tear
a lion to shreds
in minutes
nothing interests them now
except
the quiet noon slumber
the haughty
teenager
after the fierce beating
and repentance
incommunicado
for weeks
as he self reflects
calm as the lake
only the breeze
and the moving clouds
to show life
the world
immediately
after the second world war
a longed for calmness
claimed by a heart
drawn out
by endless

animosity, suspicion
blood and tears

inspired by

'Calm is all Nature as a Resting Wheel.'
Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

William Wordsworth

john tiong chunghoo

How Do I Love Thee?

how do
i love thee?

i love thee
till i take to
every street
you walked
to get a feel
of you

a self-serving
delusion
i drown
myself in
to get you
close to me

i love thee
till i listen,
read, juggle
in each thing
you told me
me about
to live up
to your
dream

your love
sweeps
through
me like
a tsunami

builds up
a greater me

cured sloth, inertia

i love thee till



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i am left
soaked, cold,
on an empty street

but ever strong
- inspired
by your words -
to take on
life challenges

if i could move
the world
i could have moved
it for you
even to the farthest star

i swear

inspired by

How Do I Love Thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love with a passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints, - I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! - and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

john tiong chunghoo

Loving Somebody

loving the
young male singer
who won
all the awards
for his voice
his aura
his endearing appeal
that build up waves
in my heart
as my fragile
emotions
trail his beautiful songs
feed on the intensity
each of his word
digs into my soul
my entire being
swirls in excitement
- to meet him
to talk to him
a young boy
at the stadium
shouts: 'Send him my regards
Kirim Salam Ke Mawi'
my other friend
pipes in 'Do you think Mawi cares? '
in my heart;
do we really need reciprocity
in all love?
sometimes
the mere existence of
a person makes us
feel inspired
he does not need
to talk to us
does not need
to know us
cos he is god's gift to us
god throwing himself to us
and that's enough



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john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Galore

missed train
sight of a deceased
he throws the new ring away

fresh hope
first light bursts
through the sky

sound of waves
a boat bobs up
and down the sky

mom's tinkling bracelets
the warm feeling
in the house

the flow of my pride
gentle water in all its splendour
my horoscope

so small
i let the ants on sugar
run free

john tiong chunghoo



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Somebody's Game

the way
they play cards
flipping back
forward
our existence
a pack of cards
a queen,
a blackjack,
a spade,
between
the cards
a million
million years
we are tossed
up, down,
down, up
somebody's plan
anxiety to be winners
we live out
in a sea
tossed, thrown,
flipped,
nilly willyly
someone's
gamble
in blood and tears
in between
a bagful of suspense
puzzled
the beginning
the end
is there one?

john tiong chunghoo



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Poem About Poetry - Teaching Me Poetry

teaching
me poetry
the overturned
seashell
its legs
scratching
the breeze
the upturned
horn beetle
its hard jointed legs
waving to me
on the floor at morn
the sprightly
little boy
running at noon
to get shadow
chasing him
full moon festivals
the full moon
smiling, twisting
on the sea
the eagles
proudly swiftly
measuring
his territory
his giant wings
span the sky
the newborn
twisting, lipping
lipsing words
in the wooden cradle
flock of burong pipit
bobing up, down
up, down
over the field
a chirp followed
by a flurry of chirps
at first light
the new neighbour's laundry

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so many different shapes
and shades

john tiong chunghoo

Ode To Death

in the end
we all bid
farewell
to ourselves
in the cold
the world a stage
everybody has
to play no,
not Shakespeare's
suggested single role
but a double role
master and slave

this physique
that stoically
bids us
do its chores
for all its needs
physical, spiritual
the most exacting partner
one would ever get
a quiet stoic bullier
and after all the slavery tasks
the master leaves
the slave in the cold
a cold that freezes
in the finest of weather
without the snow
the blizzard
deep into everybody's heart, soul

the master and slave
a marriage made in heaven
till death do us part

john tiong chunghoo

Hidden Centre Of The Universe

me, a mirror
for the sun
to see itself
to greet the moon
for the bloom
to open its way
into my heart
the hidden centre
of the universe
for the world
to progress
from world to world
me a mirror
for the gods
to see themselves
and dance out
a sensous dance
my heart,
the center of the universe

john tiong chunghoo

Remember

remember
the curiosity
as a child
the stirring
in the heart
the first time
you saw
a hornbill,
a crane
that had
set wings
to your imagination
of colours,
feathers, and flight

an elephant
such giant honest creature
you could get them
walk in a line
down the circus
their trunks
trumpeting a song
livening up childhood years
the strong stench
of ammonia
from their hair,
never a repellent
to shun them

walk, walk, walk,
they saunter
down your dream
and childhood lane

after so many years
the giant elephants
that remain
the fondest of pets
illusive pets

that grace
a dozen stories written,
painted with them

remember
the million trees
in the forests
are to fire
the imagination
of the world
of the cuddly,
strange creatures in them

to light up
that inquisitive spirit
in all of us
to learn and
explore
every living creature
from the mouth of moms,
books, and neighbours

remember
the trees
stand in a straight line
as guards of honour
to salute that child
in your heart
that runs
the length and breath
of your mind, soul
the essence of your personality
the elephants trumpeting a song

inspired by

Remember
Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day

You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.
Christina Georgina Rossetti

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Verses In The Air

i am a frog
in a well
i have
met no great poets
only read
their works
on paper
stupid
of course
on papers
did they print
their verses
in the air?
but each verse
that flow from their ink
of course makes
some changes
to the world
their verses
float around
help people
discover
a new world
make a new world
for some
and complicate
some worlds
which ever group
you belong to



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About Tu Fu

inspired by

I met Tu Fu on a mountaintop
in August when the sun was hot.
Under the shade of his big straw hat
his face was sad-
in the years since we last parted,

he'd grown wan, exhausted.
Poor old Tu Fu, I thought then,
he must be agonizing over poetry again.

Li Po

john tiong chunghoo

A Mirror

a mirror
this body
a mirror
this body
for the sun
to speak
to the moon
that she
is beauty
reflected
for the moon
to say
to the stars
they represent
her hopes,
aspirations
boundless
as the sky
casting light
on her dreams
a mirror
this body
for the gods
in the
various realms
to cross over
to each other
through
the heart,
the limbs,
to achieve
orgiastic
union
so that
they could look
at themselves
in a thousand ways



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john tiong chunghoo

So Many Layers

every poem
i wrote
a part of me
taken off
a butterfly
leaving behind
its larvae
to take on wings
and colours
to explore the world
to give world
another layer
to fascinate over
van gogh
that shed
so many layers
to bring out
those layers
on his canvas
to our hearts
layers of pains,
tears, and.....

john tiong chunghoo



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Poem For Tommy Munos

when i was a child
i felt the same like tommy
but thirty years down the road
i longed to tell that child
thank god it was me
who went through it all
the loneliness, despair,
rejections
they were all worth it
now as the child in me listens
i get the boost of pride
that i have grown, matured
that the child that once cried out
has been tamed
tugged into that corner
he could sleep well
a corner where he could watch
how I tackle each predicardment
with god's guidance and life experience
that god gives challenges to
only deserving ones
so that they could be strong
so that they could
to be able to tell their children
who will face the same predicardment
it is all worth it
that they make them a better person
to write better poetry
and someone others would listen to
one day for guidance
think about christ
(how shameful we even
talk about suffering and death
when christ did not even
complain about his greater plight)

john tiong chunghoo

Last Word The

as the child
grew into boy
and boy into man
he precipitated
his childhood innocence
out of me
sadly missed
his steps
dotting each of mine
turning my world
round and round
with joy, cheering up my years
year after year
his chirpy voice
relaxed a stressful heart
my nerves
then a hoarseness
little solemnness
crept in between us
a distance
found its way to the heart
his brain began to
grow roots in the fields
so many steps away
from my heart
he did not even
had time for my love
the real umbilical cord cut
i abandoned him
to another bosom
secretly turning him over
the cauldron of love
that still stirs in my heart

inspired by

Last Word, The

Creep into thy narrow bed,

Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.
Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired: best be still.
They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged - and sank at last.
Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!
Matthew Arnold

john tiong chunghoo

Dream - Love

dream - love
his brush
swept
through
the canvas
the skill
of a ballet
dancer
round, twirl,
trailing
my bodice
wave
and wave
of water
colours
a world
livened up
me taking
shape
wave
after wave
of his strokes
i sat
nakedly
amused
at
those
wild strokes
seeking
ways to
preserve
me
for posterity

inspired by

Dream-Love
Young Love lies sleeping
In May-time of the year,



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Among the lilies,
Lapped in the tender light:
White lambs come grazing,
White doves come building there:
And round about him
The May-bushes are white.
Soft moss the pillow
For oh, a softer cheek;
Broad leaves cast shadow
Upon the heavy eyes:
There wind and waters
Grow lulled and scarcely speak;
There twilight lingers
The longest in the skies.
Young Love lies dreaming;
But who shall tell the dream?
A perfect sunlight
On rustling forest tips;
Or perfect moonlight
Upon a rippling stream;
Or perfect silence,
Or song of cherished lips.
Burn odours round him
To fill the drowsy air;
Weave silent dances
Around him to and fro;
For oh, in waking
The sights are no so fair,
And song and silence
Are not like these below.
Young Love lies dreaming
Till summer days are gone, -
Dreaming and drowsing
Away to perfect sleep:
He sees the beauty
Sun hath not looked upon,
And tastes the fountain
Unutterably deep.
Him perfect music
Doth hush unto his rest,
And through the pauses
The perfect silence calms:

Oh, poor the voices
Of earth from east to west,
And poor earth's stillness
Between her stately palms.
Young Love lies drowsing
Away to poppied death;
Cool shadows deepen
Across the sleeping face:
So fails the summer
With warm delicious breath;
And what hath autumn
To give us in its place?
Draw close the curtains
Of branched evergreen;
Change cannot touch them
With fading fingers sere:
Here first the violets
Perhaps with bud unseen,
And a dove, may be,
Return to nestle here.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

john tiong chunghoo

Love Equals God

love never
grows old
knows no
boundaries
cos love
equals god

john tiong chunghoo



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Poem About Poetry - Haiku - Poetry

poetry
giving myself a chance
to come out of myself

poetry
the roses
fragrance

poetry
the blood
of my soul

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Moon Sits In The Sky

the moon
sits in the sky
as if waiting for day to dawn

the moon
mom waits for dad
to join dinner

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Adam's Apple

adam's apple
his perpetual proof
i love eve

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Travel Haiku - The Great Wall

Great Wall
galloping over the mountains
boulders, rocks, stones and bricks

walking over
blocks and blocks
of China's insecurities

the great wall
my heart leaps
over the hills and mountains

the great wall
so lightly my heart lifts
over the hills and mountains

the great wall
so light it lifts over
the hills and mountains

the great wall
so lightly my mind is lifted
over the hills and mountains

great wall
it winds over hills, mountains
to the moon

to the moon
the great wall winds
up and down, up and down

great wall
it crosses mountains, hills
and two thousand years

the great wall
now you hear
only laughter

the great wall
now laughter
all over

the great wall
each step a death
- in Chin's honour
each step now a pride
in China's honour

the great wall
his swift strokes
the great wall leaps into view

the great wall
strokes swift as chin conquests
the great wall looms onto his canvas

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu (Humour Haiku) : First Kiss

first kiss
a snake looks
for a home

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Full Majesty

in two hours
the new bloom
unveils its full majesty

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Thank God

god, thanks for your love
i am not that cat
that so clumsily runs
across the road
without knowing danger
is around
or that rat that eats
from a trap
though it's so obviously a trap
or that chick
that so cheerfully picks rice
from the master's hand
without knowing
that is for it to grow big
to whet his own appetite
god, thanks for your love
for sharing with us
that minute portion
of your infinite intelligence
giving us a head over our shoulders
looks like it is too dynamic
too large a voltage for a little amplifier
humble amplifier
for us apes, poor apes
the world has since gone mad
since you shower your
intelligence on us
minute though it is
it is too dynamic
for us apes, poor apes
to keep tame
its power, overwhelming power
once exposed
almighty, almighty
a world turns awry
give us the other portion
to keep us tame
those sea of desires
that constantly raise tempests

in our heart and soul

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Shiny Rain

in the bright weather
the rain abruptly comes
her new child
she learns of
having autism

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - What Is Not Poetry

writing lines
not like a child
writing lines
robotlike
hitting at keys
rather than own heart
writing lines
throwing words
which are yet
our friends
words picked
from thesaurus
dictionaries
for word's sake
an alley of prostitutes
we treat as our wives
godless
writing as if
the world
possesses
no soul and
god, the real poet
who spares symbols
for his creation
trees, lightning,
thunder
for poets
to colour their world
to see the other side
of the world
how the trees, lightning
thunder
are a part of men
themselves
described,
the trees - spring of youth
lightning - rage
thunder - warning
the warming effect



PoemHunter.com

god's verse to men's uncaring verse
misinterpretation of his symbols
god the leading poet
the world a repository of symbols
for his masterpiece
a masterpiece
we could only admire
the real poet leaves us
something to ponder about
and to add a verse or two
to his work
like the almighty poet
who when he likes
answers us back
in riddles

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Late Dad's Appreciative Smiles

wave upon wave
applause
she angles herself on the waves
and twirl
late dad's appreciative smiles

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

03. Maggie And Milly And Molly And May

maggie was the girl
interested in tom
but it was milly
who eventually got married to
maggie's sweetheart
molly is the girl interested in john
but it was may who eventually
tie the knots with john
six years down the road
milly and may found themselves
at the crossroads of their marriage
wallowing in pity of their husbands
in a cafe with maggie and molly
the latter's children
calling milly and may aunties
uncles in somebody's arms
maggie and molly couldnt
believe their ears
all the tears in milly's and may's eyes
could have been theirs
that their once sweethearts
could turn so lousy and dull
both said they would talk them out
friend pinkly cleverly asked
whether they are glad
they were not married to
tom and john
to which maggie and molly
laughed and said 'no'
in their hearts were these words:
'serve the two bitches right'.

john tiong chunghoo

January

the tinkle of porcelain spoons
clink of glasses
and click of chopsticks
turn over december to january
the old year
just a few minutes ago
a flash of the meteor
gone and lost
in another part of the mind
now all alighted with
the new year, new plans
new wishes and hopes
january
the new child
brings fresh hope and joy
all of a sudden all the attention
is focussed on the new days
the old year slowly, slowly,
just another memory
a dead relative

inspired by

In January
Only one cell in the frozen hive of night
is lit, or so it seems to us:
this Vietnamese café, with its oily light,
its odors whose colorful shapes are like flowers.
Laughter and talking, the tick of chopsticks.
Beyond the glass, the wintry city
creaks like an ancient wooden bridge.
A great wind rushes under all of us.
The bigger the window, the more it trembles.
Ted Kooser

john tiong chunghoo

Flyng At Night

five billion years away
a planet turns,
turning a million years
this side of the planet
and my heart beats
each beats
a million years
the other side of another planet
the distance that shortens
the years
as we watch a foreign body
five billion years away
a billion years passed
a universe caught in time
an eagle flaps its wing
each flag
a million years pass
that side of the planet
time is where you are
it walks away from you
as you walk away from it

inspired by

Flying at Night

Above us, stars. Beneath us, constellations.
Five billion miles away, a galaxy dies
like a snowflake falling on water. Below us,
some farmer, feeling the chill of that distant death,
snaps on his yard light, drawing his sheds and barn
back into the little system of his care.
All night, the cities, like shimmering novas,
tug with bright streets at lonely lights like his.
Ted Kooser

john tiong chunghoo

A Cradle Song

over the cradle
over the sarong
so many lullabies
were sung for us
lullabies that swung
us into a sweet
wonderland, our own
paradise of Oz,
land of love, warm
kisses and pleasant dreams

first brother sang
to third sister,
third sister to sixth sister

and also mom, aunties
and uncles were so
creative and lively
I could not help
chuckle along to
their spontaneous
self styled songs
that praised me, assured me
swung me into a
halcyon wonderland

the Speech Spirit
himself too
could not wait
to come acalling
with his ribtickling
zesty bassy lullabies
and captivating
children's poetry to
help us remember words
so that we can one day
too swing the world - like
the cradle we were in

little wonder seventh
brother all alone had
titter the world away
shrouded in a sarung

the Speech Spirit that
slowly helped him build up
his future world

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Depth Of Autumn

depth of autumn
all his words that
have fallen on deaf ears
he walks over leaves
soul bare as the trees

2.

the moon inspires verses
the same little star keeps
twinkles at its side
that fine person i rejected
years ago

3.

the moth
so riotious
now so quiet
i look into its wing
and meditate

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Robot, Man And God

robot -
man tries to make
his ultimate self
man -
god tries to make
his ultimate self

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Eagle

he looms through
the sky, roof of the world
blue, white and all
a bundle of feather
and armoury
flaunting his wide span
confident that the world
is within its grasp
his eyes zero in on objects
far and near
its claws ever ready to strike
his shrill cry echoes
through the mounts
beneath tiny little creatures
run for cover
the steely look of its amour
claws, eyes, beak
the world reels
from its grasp
the eagle in all its splendour
crowns the sky
our emblems

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - London Blasts

london so quiet
after the blast
when, where, who next?
the real blast that unsettles
us all

second version

london after the blasts
so quiet
where, when, who next?
our peace in pieces
in the dark
i force myself to sleep

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Crying For You

all i can do
is cry for you
knowing full well
you are into another's bosom
the moon illuminates my tears/my way

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Meeting With Despair

the cancer stricken
has life ended for him
even before it ends?
the HIV child
has life cheated on him
before it has even began?
whose fault?
the worlds spins
without a care
she cries, nobody cares
the mother who refuses to let
her dead baby go
feeling its warmth
till the numbing cold
jolts her to realisation
that a phase of her life is over
her tears, broken heart
and the eerie cold
the clearcut divider
all the love that wont
bring the familiar warmth
of the bundle back
to her bosom
so cold the world can be
she eventually realises
through her child

israel, palestine
the muslims, jews
the god behind
does he know the blood
shed is all for his sake?
conflicting beliefs
arising from one GOD
or is he like the earth
that spins without a care?

an answer the world waits
did jesus come as son of the Most High

to heal the world?
did Prophet Mohammad
come to clear the wrongs?
the world spins without a care
perhaps, something anew
to clear up the mess again
god, , , god....god, , , god....

inspired by

A Meeting With Despair

AS evening shaped I found me on a moor
Which sight could scarce sustain:
The black lean land, of featureless contour,
Was like a tract in pain.
'This scene, like my own life, ' I said, 'is one
Where many glooms abide;
Toned by its fortune to a deadly dun-
Lightless on every side.
I glanced aloft and halted, pleasure-caught
To see the contrast there:
The ray-lit clouds gleamed glory; and I thought,
'There's solace everywhere! '
Then bitter self-reproaches as I stood
I dealt me silently
As one perverse-misrepresenting Good
In graceless mutiny.
Against the horizon's dim-descernèd wheel
A form rose, strange of mould:
That he was hideous, hopeless, I could feel
Rather than could behold.
'Tis a dead spot, where even the light lies spent
To darkness! ' croaked the Thing.
'Not if you look aloft! ' said I, intent
On my new reasoning.
'Yea-but await awhile! ' he cried. 'Ho-ho! -
Look now aloft and see! '
I looked. There, too, sat night: Heaven's radiant show
Had gone. Then chuckled he.
Thomas Hardy

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Dust Covered Blooms

the plastic flowers
dust covered
so long since we last
called each other
does our love hold any more water?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Along The Field As We Came By

where i lived as a child
a little jungle thrived
opposite our row of
wooden houses
migrant houses
built just to live
with bare necessities
the beds, tables and chairs
mom's wedding presents
the only decor in the rooms
the few toys we begged
from dad and mom
strewn across the floor
the verandah sometimes
ended up on the shelf
oddly they sat to brighten up
our house
and over the jungle
a hive of activities
kept our days occupied
we had run to capture poor dragonflies
in such rich hue of red
we caught them to devour
each other up
planting their tails onto
each other's mouth
up on the tree one day
a heron appeared
so white and graceful it looked
to this day, it remained in my mind
lucky little heron that took up a space
in my memory giving my middle age heart
a young jolt each time i recollect the scene
the smell of rubber, latex, torn leaves
lingers too in the memory
those times that we braved ourselves
to walk through the patch of jungle
breaking little trunks and tearing leaves
oh lord, we were naughty

naughty little tarzans
till one day somebody decided
to build houses over the patch
two storey houses with stars
for their long balconies
mom and dad decided to move
into one of the upper units
and there we embarked on
another dream....of stars
we went to school
we went to so many places
but the little patch of jungle
still thrives in our mind
the smell of rubber and torn leaves
so fresh on the nostrill

inspired by

Along the field as we came by
ALONG the field as we came by
A year ago, my love and I,
The aspen over stile and stone
Was talking to itself alone.
'Oh who are these that kiss and pass?
A country lover and his lass;
Two lovers looking to be wed;
And time shall put them both to bed,
But she shall lie with earth above,
And he beside another love.'
And sure enough beneath the tree
There walks another love with me,
And overhead the aspen heaves
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves;
And I spell nothing in their stir,
But now perhaps they speak to her,
And plain for her to understand
They talk about a time at hand
When I shall sleep with clover clad,
And she beside another lad.
Alfred Edward Housman

john tiong chunghoo

Lord Krishna In A Butterfly

krishna, krishna
the hindu gods
each time we meet
he dances in a butterfly
he dances in a butterfly
into the commuter train
as i went for an interview
in the house
when i moved in
krishna a butterfly
so shapely
so stylish
krishna, krishna, krishna
the world dances with it
in a million ways
and shades
dance, dance, dance
flaps, flaps, flaps
up down, down up,
so quietly it sits
in meditation at times too

john tiong chunghoo

Krishna In A Butterfly

krishna, krishna
the hindu gods
each time we meet
he dances in a butterfly
he dances in a butterfly
into the commuter train
as i went for an interview
in the house
when i moved in
krishna a butterfly
so shapely
so stylish
as it beats out a dance

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Living Life

i let things
come as they are
like the rain
that falls
and the river
that brings the
water out to sea

i take life
like how love flows
negotiates
its way over
every of the
piano keys
to make it to
your heart

i take life
like how
your deft
fingers go
never question
how each dribbles
over the keys
to bring out the
sweet notes of our life

i let troubles
come and go
like the rain fall
and the river that brings
the water out to sea

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

O Captain! My Captain!

haiku:

sea death
a bouquet of roses
washed ashore

tanka

missing sea death
his cloth waves triumphantly
on the boat
in all our hearts
he is there

(a chinese style in getting
to find a man lost at sea
hang his shirt on the sail
and his soul would come
sooner or later)

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

War Of The Worlds

worlds
worlds
worlds
so many worlds
and in each world
yet so many worlds
and in each world
war..war...war
down to the tiniest creation
each foreign world
floats and sinks in its own world
a world of nature
a world of war
ever ready to
guard us against
foreign worlds
world
world
world
yet each to his own world
at least for now

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Good-Bye

haiku:

the good bye letter
i discover the slight tear
on an edge

inspired by

Good-by

Good-by, proud world, I'm going home,
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine;
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world, I'm going home.
Good-by to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace,
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple Office low and high,
To crowded halls, to court, and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.
I'm going to my own hearth-stone
Bosomed in yon green hills, alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

john tiong chunghoo

Knee-Deep In June

the sea beats a path to me this june
the two islands that celebrate summer
shaking hand once a year with the the extreme ebb
and i walk back knee deep in the waves
after crossing over to the other side for a stroll
the gulls that fly back to roost deepens the chill
i shiver and shiver in the breeze
a central figure walking out of a piece of impressionistic art

Knee-Deep in June

Tell you what I like the best -
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine, - some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!
Orchard's where I'd ruther be -
Needn't fence it in fer me! -
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath -
Sort o' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kind o' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!
Jes' a-sort o' lazin there -
S'lazy, 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above,
Like a feller 'ats in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer!
Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest -
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveyently

Fer the boy 'at's ap' to be
Up some other apple tree!
Watch the swallers skootin' past
Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the Bob-white raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.
Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow -
Er a hawk, - away up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air! -
Hear the old hen squawk, and squat
Over ever' chick she's got,
Suddent-like! - and she knows where
That-air hawk is, well as you! -
You jes' bet yer life she do! -
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!
Pee-wees wingin', to express
My opinion, 's second-class,
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;
Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them baseball clothes o' his,
Sportin' round the orchad jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess,
In the shade's where glory is!
That's jes' what I'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two!
Plague! Ef they ain't somepin' in
Work 'at kind o' goes ag'in'
My convictions! - 'long about
Here in June especially! -
Under some ole apple tree,
Jes' a-restin through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Wuz a-gittin' there like me,
And June wuz eternity!

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be! -
Tumble round and souse yer head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead,
Maybe, smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o'gold and white and blue! -
Month a man kin raily love -
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!
March ain't never nothin' new! -
April's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May - I jes'
'Bominate its promises, -
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land -
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two, -
Drap asleep, and it turns in
Fore daylight and snows ag'in! -
But when June comes - Clear my th'roat
With wild honey! - Rench my hair
In the dew! And hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! And th'ow my hat! -
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll get down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

James Whitcomb Riley

john tiong chunghoo

Autumn

autumn

a bird's chirp deepens the chill
and loneliness

inspired by

Autumn

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

john tiong chunghoo

First Day At School

first day at school
the first real five hours
away from mom

first day at school
the thin boy, the fat boy,
the quiet boy, the one with the mother

inspired by

First Day at School

A millionbillionwillion miles from home
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)
Why are they all so big, other children?
So noisy? So much at home they
Must have been born in uniform
Lived all their lives in playgrounds
Spent the years inventing games
That don't let me in. Games
That are rough, that swallow you up.
And the railings.
All around, the railings.
Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?
Things that carry off and eat children?
Things you don't take sweets from?
Perhaps they're to stop us getting out
Running away from the lessins. Lessin.
What does a lessin look like?
Sounds small and slimy.
They keep them in the classrooms.
Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.
I wish I could remember my name
Mummy said it would come in useful.
Like wellies. When there's puddles.
Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.
I think my name is sewn on somewhere
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.
Tea-cher. The one who makes the tea.
Roger McGough

john tiong chunghoo

The Life That I Have

the love i have
spices up life
a red hot spicy stuff
the sultry laughters
from the man and woman
that trail the lane
as you pass by the night
the fish and pats
that i lavish on a cat
as it meows to me
so intense i wonder
it is needs more love than me
the gentle laps of the waves
god touches me with his care
so many metaphors, sign language
he uses to speak to me
it makes me a fool not to realise
the real poet of the universe
and his love...his love for me
the shine of the moon, sun
his eyes he gave to me
the wind, his fingers and carresses,
the storm, his rage, the lightning his warning
and the splashes in the river after all
a mass of thanksgiving
the harvest, the rice, barley.....
his consolations burst through rock
oh my god, your poetry of love
it does not just steal my heart
but go into my system, blood, tears and all

inspired by

The Life That I Have

--

The life that I have

Is all that I have

And the life that I have

Is yours

The love that I have
Of the life that I have
Is yours and yours and yours.
A sleep I shall have
A rest I shall have
Yet death will be but a pause
For the peace of my years
In the long green grass
Will be yours and yours and yours.
Leo Marks

john tiong chunghoo

Bruno Manser

Bruno, Bruno
Where are you?
Are you scaling Batu Lawi?
Are you still up there on Batu Lawi?
Are you still with your
Beloved Borneo tribes?
Where are you Bruno?
Your family are waiting
Your friends are waiting
For you back in Basel
Missing you day and night
Your tribal comrades too
Are longing to see your
Courageous face again
Missing your inspiration
Bruno, Bruno
Are you really on the run?
Away from those
Who are on your heels?
Away from those
Who swear to put
You behind bars?
Away from those
Who wish to send
You back home?
Bruno, Bruno
You are brave
You are adventurous
You are indomitable
In fighting for your beloved
Borneo brethren
But Bruno, Bruno
It is a lost cause
Isn't it?
Is there a better
Way to stand up for them?
Is there a better
Way to stand up for them?
Bruno, Bruno

But where are you?

Are you still up there on Batu Lawi?

Are you still up there on Batu Lawi?

john tiong chunghoo

Engineered Evolution

Science is an art of the possible;
an art that will spearhead a new
human evolution; an engineered
evolution that will divide humans
into species rather than
black, white or brown.

Soon there will be a race to develop
the best humankind, a process
that will produce a thousand
and one kinds of human species
to marvel and terrorise us;
humans with eagle eyes and wings,
some with gills, others with
legs that run like cheetahs,
some with chlorophyll-covered bodies,
others with bodies that glow like a firefly,
some with dolphin-size brains,
others with lion-size hearts,
some with polar-bear fur,
others with body systems that can fight
any disease copied from creatures
in the forests, in the
seas and in the mountains....

Scientists dabbling in gene grafting
will change the whole human race
that those remaining like us will
be discarded like an old transistor radio!

john tiong chunghoo

Chocolate For Love

From the cocoa of Ghana
With the sugar from Cuba
Comes the sweet paste for the world
To build love for all
For our children
To share the sweetness from heaven
For the depressed
To loosen up on their stress
The best gifts for valentine
Till Christmas time
For the rich and poor alike
To brighten up their life
Also mixed with tarts
For a good-day start
Chocolate, chocolate, sweet chocolate
Dont ever forget them for any date
Always present them
When playing the love game

john tiong chunghoo



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A Whirl-Blast From Behind The Hill

haiku one:

storm
the clouds disperse
over the mountain

haiku two:

mount fuji visit
in the mist we wait for peak
to emerge

haiku three:

night storm
in five minutes
cloud blanket starry sky

haiku four:



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lightning over the mount
moses'
mount sinai

inspired by

'A Whirl-Blast from Behind the Hill'
A Whirl-Blast from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound;
Then-all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered round.
Where leafless oaks towered high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green;
A fairer bower was never seen.
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o'er,
And all the year the bower is green.
But see! where'er the hailstones dropp

The withered leaves all skip and hop;
There's not a breeze-no breath of air-
Yet here, and there, and everywhere
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
And all those leaves, in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.
William Wordsworth

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Tanka - Autumn

i walk over fallen
shrivilled leaves
all my words to you
that have come to naught
my soul bare as the tree

inspired by

Autumn

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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Early Morning, The

morn
things burst
from within me
the ocean wave
the cries of seagulls
sweep of vapours
those few twinkling stars
and the shiny planet
that slowly loses itself
in the glare of daylight
in me a flower blooms
the day that slowly dawns
light inches itself into me
the way the petals slowly
spread themselves out
welcoming each day
gracing it with such beauty
each of my acts i make sure
would make the day worth it
my heart slowly blooms
like the roses every new day
every mistake, a sting on the petal
by an unwelcomed ant

inspired by

Early Morning, The

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:

The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.

The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.

My brother, good morning: my sister, good night.

Hilaire Belloc

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Hardly Perfect

when god says
he loves man
in his holy books
he really does
having created
him in his own image
and something of his stature
this intelligence that carries
a physique to learn
the ways to become semi god
one day to be as god is
without a physique
but possessing
all the necessary knowledge
to meet god
the bamboo that shoots
straight into the sky
is to guide the soul
to be upright,
to persevere
in what one does
thank god for
the great metaphor
for the the mind
creatures in the sky,
land and sea
god's clues to man
that this vast expanse of
creation is for them
they could be in all realms
if they just look into
the his mechanics for
these creatures
the butterflies, bees
and blooms
that like attracts like
a healthy mind
attracts healthy friends
that in turn spread

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sweetness around
the cat in his strides
that men too could be
as agile if they
keep slim and vigil
of the torsos
the moon and twinkling stars
there is hope in the sky
full of hope
deliverance
from the mundane
that we could be
as bright as stars
when we have learnt
all the basics of
God's knowledge for us
daily paraded
in front of our eyes
every substance created
is for the furtherance
of the man
what more can we ask
of the magnanimous Creator?
of God?

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I Would Rather Be The Queen's English

given the chance to
to be Queen of England
or the Queen's English
(Queen of English)
I would pick the latter
with not a wink of the eye

more power have i
than the queen
tap, tap, tap
as i summon my men, women,
on the computer
they would come running
to take their rightful place
to carry out my ambition
to shape, shake up world

men, women, children
in the wrong place
are all thrown out
exterminated from their lines

tap tap tap and they are purged never to be seen
it is done so efficiently
it is quieter than
the dropp of a hairpin
the best world's secret police would even stand in awe

the queen of english
is also a queen of terror
worse than hitler's men
when it comes to her ambition
and right representation of her spirit
not a word is allowed to play truant

whenever her muse comes
visiting, clothing them
up to dazzle their way
into everybody's heart

is her prime concern

line up all of you words!

i am your queen

be at the right place

and stay in line

or else a single tap

and you blink into oblivion

not a single space

is allowed

for disloyalty

the Queen of the

English Language

is but a fastidious queen

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A Noiseless Patient Spider

there are creatures
that could take you
into another world
without having to move
even an inch
for instance, a giant spider web
between two trees
blobs of lights strewn all over
and that greyish black creature
its legs spread so uniformly
one wonders where it has acquired
such pristine skill
talk about discipline?
you can get it from the spider
that could for hours meditate on its net
legs angled so tidily
it would take years for a dancer
to perfect a similar show
and as you watch
you could feel it pull
the world into its realm,
reinforced quietness, stillness
that the spider zealously guards against
hour after hour it sits in meditation
and each hour adds intensity
to that rooted calmness
so that when it moves
with the arrival of a moth
it turns the world
with each of its steps
floating over its wondrous web
pulling us into another world
the world filled with that maze
of desires, rat race, survival quests

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My Audience

i write for the sun
moon, stars, sea,
the real readers
of my lines, verses
listen, the laps of the waves
they rush in estacy
to collect each of
my new poetic gems
strewn over the sand
look, the twinkling of the stars
they crystalise each
of my poetic thoughts
basking in their joy
shower their charms to the world
oh, yes, how could i forget the moon? my muse?
who cheers me up
as it signs in and out of the sky
in slender line, curvy line, round line,
to show its joy of my lines
never missing any line
and the sky that extends its heart
to all my poems, good or bad
giving the sun, stars, moon,
their recognised places
in this poetry world
the sea cheers on the rest
as the wind recites my lines
capturing my audience
in impressionistic bewilderment

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Making Friends

making friends
is like breaking the ice
each piece shows up
with a difference
some sharp
some round
the looks
the interests
and tastes
as varying as
they appear
some like books
some like music
some like sports
while some like bits and pieces of everything
for every new person I meet
i would be like
the sun is to the bloom
let it glow in pride, beauty
in the shadows
I seek them out
to enable them
exhibit their beauty
open their eyes
to the best in themselves
so that like the bloom
they would dance with joy
i would stand by my friend
be his sun or moon
to help him bloom
be it day or night
to help his world go round

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I Will Be The Sun, Moon

making friends
is like breaking the ice
each piece comes out
with a difference
different edges
the looks
as varying as
the new faces
in school
places of work
and their tastes
a thousand books
to write them down
some like books
some like music
some like sports
some like bits and pieces of everything
for every new friend I make
i would be like the sun
is to the bloom
in the shadows
I seek them out
to give them
a chance to
show their beauty
in a thousand ways
i help them
discover the best
in themselves
a sun in the nights
of their life
so that like blooms
they glow in pride
like the sun that helps
the big hibiscus,
glow in red, white, pink
to brighten up the day
the slipper orchids,
a thousand varieties of them

to shower our love
the crocuses, the carnations,
roses, chrysanthemums,
a mountain of them
to elevate our souls
i would stand by my friend
and be his sun or moon
to help him bloom
be it day or night
to help his world
go round

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A Challenge To The Dark

shot in the eye
shot in the brain
shot in the ass
shot like the affectionate mom
planting her kiss
everywhere over her sweet child

inspired by

A Challenge To The Dark
shot in the eye
shot in the brain
shot in the ass
shot like a flower in the dance

Charles Bukowski

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It Will Not Change

why change
after so long
we had thought
we have been made
for each other?
yes, you can go
to your new heart
i will beat my old one
the path you walk
i pray will be strewn
with roses
the ones
you sent
at the first valentine
you got me
my heart
i would have done
anything for you
for your happiness
why change?
if it is that is what you have chosen
with full blessing
i let you walk your path
but remember
my love still accompanies
each of your steps

my tears
each of my fingers

inspired by

'It Will Not Change'
It will not change now
After so many years;
Life has not broken it
With parting or tears;
Death will not alter it,
It will live on

In all my songs for you
When I am gone.
Sarah Teasdale

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Acquainted With The Night

shut your eyes and dream
for that is where paradise is
the world is not
as good as a dream, daylight
at least for many
you see them
all over the morning papers
crimes that came out
of the nights
the husband who
in his rage
against a runaway wife
hanged all three children
and himself
terrorising readers
a wayward son
that beat mom to death
for a little money
to spend at the club
the old spinster
who fell to her death
as the snatch thief
used all his might
for her bag
the court trial
of a murdered woman
that heard of sperm stains
on ceiling
and a deputy prime minister
who allegedly groped with men
a whole mattress taken
to examine for lascivious stains
an artist former husband
who spewed terrible secrets
about wife that
ran away with a musician
carrying her children along with her
never allowing him to see his hearts
in three long years

or the shark money loaner
who forced weedkiller
down his debtor throat
a national top school achiever
denied entry to university
all because of her wrong race
i have been one acquainted
with the night
and as i walked down
the town alleyway
i cross path with
cats, well fed rats
especially the rats
a heapful of them
over rubbish
downtrodden
or not
we all strive to live
in our own ways
and you see them
clearly in the dead of night
where the rats run
and the cats sauntering by
shut your eyes and dream
for is perhaps where paradise is

inspired by

Acquainted with the Night

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain - and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.
I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.
I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,
But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height,
A luminary clock against the sky
Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.

I have been one acquainted with the night.
Robert Frost

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I Am A Snake

i have taken
lessons from snakes
and learnt wisdom
to morph from
an old wearied woman
to a fine spinster
everybody would turn
their heads as i beat out a dance
slithering my way to their hearts
without even their knowledge
i have taken lessons in life
from the snakes
the devil reincarnated though
all the fraggled parts of my life
the wrinkled skin of my soul
i follow the snake as it
morphs from old to young
and young to old
and old to young again
living a hundred years
parting the old self
for the new
every now and then
all my sorrows
now you see them in
the shedded skin
along the downtrodden paths
nobody cares to take a look
i never,
you should not too

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By Candlelight

the real child comes out
in the dark
little creatures
run all over the wall
by the candle
the children scream, laugh
trying to outdo each other
the flickering light
that makes their dream
come true
dogs, cats and mouse
large and small
all over the wall
the children yelp, meow
jump in delight
our fine children
cast light on us
about their world
in that one blackout
animals we thought should
be in the fields
run all over the wall
with one lone candle
that illuminates
the children's roar of triumph

inspired by

By Candlelight

This is winter, this is night, small love -
A sort of black horsehair,
A rough, dumb country stuff
Steeled with the sheen
Of what green stars can make it to our gate.
I hold you on my arm.
It is very late.
The dull bells tongue the hour.
The mirror floats us at one candle power.
This is the fluid in which we meet each other,

This haloey radiance that seems to breathe
And lets our shadows wither
Only to blow
Them huge again, violent giants on the wall.
One match scratch makes you real.
At first the candle will not bloom at all -
It snuffs its bud
To almost nothing, to a dull blue dud.
I hold my breath until you creak to life,
Balled hedgehog,
Small and cross. The yellow knife
Grows tall. You clutch your bars.
My singing makes you roar.
I rock you like a boat
Across the Indian carpet, the cold floor,
While the brass man
Kneels, back bent, as best he can
Hefting his white pillar with the light
That keeps the sky at bay,
The sack of black! It is everywhere, tight, tight!
He is yours, the little brassy Atlas -
Poor heirloom, all you have,
At his heels a pile of five brass cannonballs,
No child, no wife.
Five balls! Five bright brass balls!
To juggle with, my love, when the sky falls.
Sylvia Plath

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A Time To Talk

as words flow
to my inspiration
from a source
a million light years away
scores of lines
stream onto the screen
per few minutes
a meaningful friend
came by to have a tete a tete
quite unaware
of the fact that
i am a world away
from this world
my heart and mind
logged onto another source
i nodded only to his conversation
as words trail the screen
from the other world
so many worlds in this world
when talking about
entrapments and awareness

inspired by

A Time to Talk

When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, What is it?
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.
Robert Frost

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After Rice Harvest

the golden field
so apt the colour
that heralds its value
to the world
as the rice ripens
it pulls down the stalk
that has nurtured it
supporting it the way
warm mom carries child
round her bosom
it waves in the wind
as if to confirm
its value to the world
an entire gold field
an apt colour
just wonder god purposely
puts in the right colour
into his better creations
all over you hear the birds
chip in their bits
to herald in the harvest season
hurried chirps all eager
to peck the beads
from the stalks
as the trucks come
for the harvested piles
swarms of them await
to pick up the yellow beads
on the brown soil
chirp, chirp, chirp
they go onto the ground
the over eager ones falling
heads over heels
the braver ones trailing the trucks

inspired by

After Apple Picking

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree

Toward heaven still.
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples; I am drowsing off.
I cannot shake the shimmer from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the water-trough,
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and reappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
And I keep hearing from the cellar-bin
That rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking; I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall,
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised, or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

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A Question

to propitiate god
or so men would go
the deepest pit of cruelty
always in the name of god
a fair game?
a beheaded buffalo
stood for a second
and then collapsed
like the twin tower
its heart still trying
to beat out a life
the worshippers
then jostled for a piece of him
godlike?

inspired by

A Question

A voice said, Look me in the stars
And tell me truly, men of earth,
If all the soul-and-body scars
Were not too much to pay for birth.

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God Zooms Into Me

as i walk
and think
i realise
there is
a thought
of a source
call it god
somewhere
looking at
his creature
reasoning
what a better person
he thinks
of me
than myself
god's values
plans
so utterly
unlike ourselves
i take life
as it comes and goes
living out
someone's else plans
someone
i hardly understand,
know
wonders
he zooms
into the prophets' world
the same way
all the words
that interpreted
the meeting of
great mind and the small minds

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Slave Killers

fated to serve
the master
this life
and the next
black america
should cry
gratitude
to the great god
in this case
in the darkest of Borneo
as the crickets shrill
you still see
large carved wooden poles
totem poles
with devil faces
looming over the trees
darkened by
a century of rain,
slavery tears
and as you delve
look into the crevices
carved from hundred year old tree
shrill of the crickets
croak of toads, amphibians
pale in comparison
to cry amplified in your ear
a lord's death
always accompanied
by a slave
emaciated, drenched away
in the sweltering
tropical heat
in a chamber just below
taking the greatest
blow from master
that but now was
still as a log
but yet powerful as lord
slowly, and slowly

he succumbed
to a death
befitting of slaves
the worms
from the upper chamber
swarmed all over
to claim him
carry him away
to serve
the lord
slowly
he slipped away
giving up on life
and death
taking whatever would come
this life
next life
succumbing
to what he thought
is god's will

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Run Cockroaches Over Him

divine revelation
for that inert, slow thinking child
run cockroaches all over him
walk him through a room of them
after that see him
get better day by day
intellectually
cockroaches
the harbingers of energy
that sets free that seed
of intelligence in anybody
try it and tell me whether it is true! ! ! !

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I Wish

the real gifted
poet thrives
in this world
with words
that have taken up
meaning in the nether world
the realms
heavenly
and the non heavenly
the energised words
run through him
to other hearts
to light up the candles there
brighten up their world
help them
enjoy the
mysterious
elements
of the other worlds, realms
throwing the sparks
into their mind
so that for a moment
they too would feel
they are poets
share some of their thoughts
as the words wind
through their heart, soul
the whole system
to rattle the world
in various ways
the written poem
evolves into
something more intense
the colours the artist
pads onto his canvas
each stroke
a new painting born

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Haiku - For Children

garden
among the children
a dad, mom and son

autumn cheer
children rock tree
for last persimmon

twin play
child talks to child
in the mirror

child play
the child talks to
answers for toy horse

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Public Phone

A handset torn in two
Red colour it is
Hanging hapless, helpless
In a twist by its frame
The victim of a fragmented heart?
If only the handset will talk
A million secrets it will spew forth
A thousand Hearts shamed and spurned
A million ideas for novels and movies born
A telephone coin box cracked open
A hundred coins stolen
The victim of a desperate vandal?
The public phones, an authority's
Effort to get folks connected
Enduring all their whims and fancies
Their conditions telling tales
Of their mental health

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Things Glorious

Of Christ's magnanimity in uttering
Father, please forgive them
While nails tore through his hands and feet
Of Shiharta Gaotama renouncing his
Luxurious life as a prince to suffer in the wild
An ascetic seeking for the truth
Of Moses who gave up all comforts in
Pharoah's care to wander for forty years
In the harsh desert leading a querulous
People to the Promised Land
Of Prophet Mohammad's decision to give up
His unharrassed life to fight for his
Belief despite an illiterate background
Of venerated Mandarin governor Confucius
Turnning back on a a corrupt court
To bring his ideas of right governance
To the people on his own
Of the people who use the teachings of
These men to benefit the world

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Forces

A house
A boy
A book
Forces of
Different
Kinds pervade
Everything
Of a man's memory of
His struggles for his only residence
Of a mother's impassioned love
For her only son
Of an intellectual soul's
Endless puzzles over esoteric theories
Raised in a book
Forces of all kinds hover over everything
Forces from the multi-faceted human minds
That colour our visions of the world
A world of thoughts and passions
That play with our all our senses

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Seeds Of Destruction

if you can watch a child cry
without being touched by its innocence,
you need more help than the child.
if you witness a child of any colour
at play and are not touched by its
inquisitive spirit and bubbly energy,
you need to run through your heart and soul
for any streak of racism that may have eaten
up your propensity to love.
if children in a country
are not playing and having fun together
in their exploration of this wonderful world
and adults do nothing to encourage
them to get to know each other
they are planting seeds of destruction
which will blow up all their dreams
in their future world.

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Song Of The River

after the rain
the swollen river
so much to pamper
the ears and sights.
the fishes splash,
the river rushes,
the cold breeze
plays with the willows
only those who long
to know more of god
emphatises with the sound
of the denial they belt out
a breakaway waterlily
sits on a slide to a new habitat
an empty corked plastic bottle float down
effortless a ballet dancer,
a patch of watercresses swarm along
bidding each other goodbye
with some caught by fallen branches.
nearby a group of boys in jovial mood
try their luck with their hooks,
sharing jokes about
which will be the lucky hook
to get the first fish
and who will eat the unlucky fish
the wind combs their lovely hair

rewritten from

after the rain the swollen river
so much to pamper the ears and sights.
the fishes splash, the river rushes,
the cold breeze blows against
the willows bringing
a steady rustling sound
a breakaway waterlily
sits on a slide to a new habitat
an empty corked plastic bottle floating down
effortless a ballet dancer,

a patch of watercresses swarm along
bidding each other goodbye with
some caught by tree branches.
nearby a group of boys in jovial mood
try their luck with their hooks,
sharing jokes about
which will be the lucky hook
to get the first fish
and who will eat the unlucky fish
the wind ruffles their lovely hair

john tiong chunghoo

Song For The River

after the rain the swollen river
so much to pamper the ears and sights.
the fishes splash, the river rushes,
the cold breeze blows against
the willows bringing
an endearing rustling sound.
a breakaway waterlily
sits on a slide to a new habitat
an empty corked plastic bottle floating down
effortless a ballet dancer,
a patch of watercresses swarm along
bidding each other goodbye with
some caught by tree branches.
nearby a group of boys in jovial mood
try their luck with their hooks,
sharing jokes about
which will be the lucky hook
to get the first fish
and who will eat the unlucky fish
the wind ruffles their lovely hair

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Three Spring Short Forms

spring
she buys a dress
full of blooms

spring class
robust laugh breaks through
the chill

a race
the budding trees last week
have bloomed

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Who Is Now Reading This?

count yourself blessed
if you are reading this?
you are the rare few
who actually read others' poetry
nobody is serious about other people's life anyway
poetry reading is being noosy
an orphan in an alleyway
tries to look for a
home sweet home
count yourself doubled blessed
if you fully understand any poem
for poets write for themselves
if a poet says he writes for others
he is probably a liar
after money probably
count yourself blessed for having learnt this
for among the millions of poets
there are poets in lost alleys
trying to find a piece of themselves
the lane that runs to treasures of heart and mind
verses springing from the sanctity of the soul
many slip on the make belief lane
throwing words, phrases helter skelter
a child that tries to plant fiction in non fiction
offering honorable readers
a half baked cake nobody would take
the heaven sounds out the genius though
each of his word gets you revved up
each of the words offers a
a spectacle into real sights, sounds, tastes
and smells
the honorable readers know the fakes
from the real - just so instinctively
real words never lie
the diamond detector never fails

inspired by

Who Is Now Reading This?

May-be one is now reading this who knows some wrong-doing of my past
life,
Or may-be a stranger is reading this who has secretly loved me,
Or may-be one who meets all my grand assumptions and egotisms with
derision,
Or may-be one who is puzzled at me.
As if I were not puzzled at myself!
Or as if I never deride myself! (O conscience-struck! O self-
convicted!)
Or as if I do not secretly love strangers! (O tenderly, a long time,
and never avow it ;)
Or as if I did not see, perfectly well, interior in myself, the stuff
of wrong-doing,
Or as if it could cease transpiring from me until it must cease.¹⁰
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Hug

hug

he tries to warm up the coldness
between them

inspired by

The Warm and the Cold
Freezing dusk is closing
Like a slow trap of steel
On trees and roads and hills and all
That can no longer feel.
But the carp is in its depth
Like a planet in its heaven.
And the badger in its bedding
Like a loaf in the oven.
And the butterfly in its mummy
Like a viol in its case.
And the owl in its feathers
Like a doll in its lace.
Freezing dusk has tightened
Like a nut screwed tight
On the starry aeroplane
Of the soaring night.
But the trout is in its hole
Like a chuckle in a sleeper.
The hare strays down the highway
Like a root going deeper.
The snail is dry in the outhouse
Like a seed in a sunflower.
The owl is pale on the gatepost
Like a clock on its tower.
Moonlight freezes the shaggy world
Like a mammoth of ice -
The past and the future
Are the jaws of a steel vice.
But the cod is in the tide-rip
Like a key in a purse.
The deer are on the bare-blown hill
Like smiles on a nurse.

The flies are behind the plaster
Like the lost score of a jig.
Sparrows are in the ivy-clump
Like money in a pig.
Such a frost
The flimsy moon
Has lost her wits.
A star falls.
The sweating farmers
Turn in their sleep
Like oxen on spits.
Ted Hughes

john tiong chunghoo

Ennui

it's so
tiresome
pretending
i still love her

Ennui
It's such a
Bore
Being always
Poor.
Langston Hughes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Valentine (Inspired By Edgar Allan Poe)

valentine avalanche
she looks for the name
that really matters

Valentine
wishing love would grow many folds
like the price of roses tonight

inspired by

A Valentine
For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,
Shall find her own sweet name, that nestling lies
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly the lines! - they hold a treasure
Divine- a talisman- an amulet
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure-
The words- the syllables! Do not forget
The triviaest point, or you may lose your labor
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,
If one could merely comprehend the plot.
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
Eyes scintillating soul, there lie perdus
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets- as the name is a poet's, too,
Its letters, although naturally lying
Like the knight Pinto- Mendez Ferdinando-
Still form a synonym for Truth- Cease trying!
You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you can do.
Edgar Allan Poe

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Stiletto By Roadside

by the side of the road
a stilleto lies sideway
so many years have passed
when youthful mom walked
the apex of her youth

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Prayer In Spring

the universe
flows through the man
a miniscule of
all creations
a volcano
seethes beneath
a calm demeanor
the krakatoa
that never announced
its blast
lava and all
the anger
that seethes, it burns
through the man
the tempest
the wind, the thunder,
the lightning
that sweeps through the land
the dowager throws her tantrums
a whole army of men beheaded
the river cruises through stone
a thousand years
to run through a dream
the central intelligence's dream
the man's patience
to fashion a way to the other world, universe
the men a miniscule of creation
in the sky, in the sea,
in the smallest gene, cell
you find the working
of the man
the pervasive intelligence
manifests in the miniscule
of creation; men
the lord wants interaction
the world to communicate
cell with cell, oxygen with hydrogen
sperm with ovum
the central intelligence

accumulates in the man
ensures the propagation
of a wondrous world
of interaction, growth
men, the miniscule of
the pervasive intelligence
go east, go west,
go north, go south
you turn back to the man
for answer to world's intelligence

A Prayer in Spring

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.
Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.
And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.
For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfil.
Robert Frost

john tiong chunghoo

Written On A Summer Evening

this melancholy dusk
as the rain falls into night
ever so softly
the breath of a dying woman
this bonechilling wind
trails the air
the darkened roofs
of the malay houses
add a solemnness to the place
filled with flowers
fruit trees, wild trees
a koranic verse is heard
and another cool breeze blows
the leaves rustle
the way a man shivers
big leaves, small leaves
twirl in succession
a twist dance
so cold the night
the old woman
sick bedridden woman
so long she feels she has been ill
a feeble mind
that could not make out
dawn from dusk
the old woman
her sigh
soft as the wind
bids her quiet farewell
around her grandchildren run
impervious to her pain
the leaves rustle again
the children's cry
divides her and the world
so long ago when she was a child herself
all seems a game, a film
heartfelt images of her own life
run through her mind
long lost husband, children, grandchildren

the breeze blows again
she feels its coldness
and slowly, slowly, surely
she feels herself inching
away from the alien surroundings
slowly and slowly
death to her has become something
to be embraced
she takes another weak look at the children

rewritten from:

this melancholy evening
as the rain falls into night
ever so softly
the breath of a dying woman
and as it stops
this bonechilling wind
trails the air
the darkened roofs of malay houses
add a solemn atmosphere to the place
filled with trees, fruit trees, garden trees and wild trees
a koranic verse is heard
and another cool breeze blows
a trail of ruslte
the trees waves, big leaves, small leaves
so cold the night
an old woman
old sick bedridden woman
so long she feels she has been ill
a feeble mind trailing the world
the old woman
bids farewell to the world
her sigh
soft as the wind
a solemnness pervades her room
as grandchildren run around
impervious to her pain
the leaves rustle again
the children's cry
divides her and the world
so long ago when she was a child herself

all seems like a game, a film now
the breeze blows
she feels its coldness
and slowly, slowly, surely
she feels herself inching
away from the alien surroundings
slowly and slowly
death to her has become something
to be embraced
she takes another weak look at the children

inspired by

Written on a Summer Evening

Written on a Summer Evening

The church bells toll a melancholy round,
Calling the people to some other prayers,
Some other gloominess, more dreadful cares,
More harkening to the sermon's horrid sound.
Surely the mind of man is closely bound
In some blind spell: seeing that each one tears
Himself from fireside joys and Lydian airs,
And converse high of those with glory crowned.
Still, still they toll, and I should feel a damp,
A chill as from a tomb, did I not know
That they are dying like an outburnt lamp, -
That 'tis their sighing, wailing, ere they go
Into oblivion -that fresh flowers will grow,
And many glories of immortal stamp.

john tiong chunghoo

Fengshui

there are some places
that inspire forlornness
a coldness that reminds
me of a patch of old snow
nobody has stepped on
but has turned yellow,
collecting grime
from polluted wind
there are some places
that has dirty fengshui
the land of which luck
spreads out like a man's body
the land that rests on a luck head
collects all the fortune
the part that rests on the bottom
that expels filth
collects all the grime, muck,
you go into the pit of misfortune



PoemHunter.com

inspired by

A Patch of Old Snow
There's a patch of old snow in a corner
That I should have guessed
Was a blow-away paper the rain
Had brought to rest.
It is speckled with grime as if
Small print overspread it,
The news of a day I've forgotten -
If I ever read it.
Robert Frost

john tiong chunghoo

A Brook In The City

in my heart
a river runs
alluvial, fishes,
leaves, flowers and all
a catfish winds
its way up to the surface
shows its pinkish whiskers
and round mouth
and down in a fleet second
puyu splash
their way down
after a fall
bubble, splash, bubble, splash,
big fish, small fish,
breakdance
down the river
their only way to show
joy and gratitude
for nature's care
like a gymnast
they turn their tails up
bend and sweep
the water swivels
and down they go
head plunging
the river a stage
of tail splashing game
how the world has changed since
thirty years the sweep of a puyu's tail
i could still collect that childhood heart
that had gone afflutter
the river that has changed course
to run through my heart
calming nerves and evoking childhood joy
the river now buried deep
in the town's memory
the river now imprisoned
caged between cement walls
no more fishes, no more splashdance, breakdance

red water, blooms and leaves!
the river that now only has me as its fish
splashing every now and then
to let its sweetness flow forth
the river now buried deep in the earth
in the city's mind

inspired by

A Brook In The City

The farmhouse lingers, though averse to square
With the new city street it has to wear
A number in. But what about the brook
That held the house as in an elbow-crook?
I ask as one who knew the brook, its strength
And impulse, having dipped a finger length
And made it leap my knuckle, having tossed
A flower to try its currents where they crossed.
The meadow grass could be cemented down
From growing under pavements of a town;
The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame.
Is water wood to serve a brook the same?
How else dispose of an immortal force
No longer needed? Staunch it at its source
With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown
Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone
In fetid darkness still to live and run -
And all for nothing it had ever done
Except forget to go in fear perhaps.
No one would know except for ancient maps
That such a brook ran water. But I wonder
If from its being kept forever under,
The thoughts may not have risen that so keep
This new-built city from both work and sleep.
Robert Frost

john tiong chunghoo

For Each Friend, A Different Dance

our thoughts are the blooms
and the wind our admirers
in so many ways it blows
and each time it does
the petals put on a different dance
into the world we dance
with friends
for each friend a different attire
i put on to show my appreciation
for every friend a different step
in my dance to show my love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Orangutan

orangutan
and us watch each other
did an alien separate us?

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Last Leaf

last leaf
clings on the branch
swirls, taps, dance
with tenacity
our fate in the heavens

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Grandad Sings Away His Blues

swift sparkling water
splashes its way down the river
the way grandad sings away
his blues each night
in his bath

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

First Love

lucky age
at least
now it leaves
a space
to remember
first love
for romantic verses
this age
young girls
and boys
senses triumph
over love
the old days
it took months
for that first letter
to be written
today, the bedroom
for courting
is just days away
from that first meet
the more adventurous ones
took liberty on first meet
exploring each other
the way a blind man
makes out his way
on the street
lucky age
i was born in
the pauses,
the rapt intermission
in a piece of music
the door to someone's heart
always gentle as the flower blooms

First Love

I ne'er was struck before that hour
With love so sudden and so sweet,
Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
And stole my heart away complete.

My face turned pale as deadly pale.
My legs refused to walk away,
And when she looked, what could I ail?
My life and all seemed turned to clay.
And then my blood rushed to my face
And took my eyesight quite away,
The trees and bushes round the place
Seemed midnight at noonday.
I could not see a single thing,
Words from my eyes did start -
They spoke as chords do from the string,
And blood burnt round my heart.
Are flowers the winter's choice?
Is love's bed always snow?
She seemed to hear my silent voice,
Not love's appeals to know.
I never saw so sweet a face
As that I stood before.
My heart has left its dwelling-place
And can return no more

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - First Love Letter

first love letter
the pain i take to write
each letter

first love letter
how each letter has meant
a part of myself

inspred by

If You Forget Me

I want you to know

one thing.

You know how this is:

if I look

at the crystal moon, at the red branch

of the slow autumn at my window,

if I touch

near the fire

the impalpable ash

or the wrinkled body of the log,

everything carries me to you,

as if everything that exists,

aromas, light, metals,

were little boats

that sail

toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

Well, now,

if little by little you stop loving me

I shall stop loving you little by little.

If suddenly

you forget me

do not look for me,

for I shall already have forgotten you.

If you think it long and mad,

the wind of banners

that passes through my life,

and you decide

to leave me at the shore

of the heart where I have roots,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off
to seek another land.
But
if each day,
each hour,
you feel that you are destined for me
with implacable sweetness,
if each day a flower
climbs up to your lips to seek me,
ah my love, ah my own,
in me all that fire is repeated,
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
my love feeds on your love, beloved,
and as long as you live it will be in your arms
without leaving mine.

Pablo Neruda

john tiong chunghoo

06. Still I Rise

born to walk
to climb
to say i can
cannot even
remember
the day I strung
a comprehensible line
because i am born to do wonders
soaking in knowledge
the way i had learnt to talk
the brain energy
that seeps into
every frame of animals
every part of the universe
to uncover god's puzzles
and divine codes
to turn them into
jets that fly at
einstein's speed of light
and this physique
to work an eternal clock
the way a child learns
to walk, to dance, to talk

john tiong chunghoo

Weird-Bird

from the wire chirp
on the wire chirp
frantic head
to and fro
to and fro
chirp, chirp, chirp
little bird on a wire
head and beak
to and fro
to and fro
ten times in a second
tail up, tail down, tail up, tail down
the tight feathered bodice
doing a twist
legs angled tight on tiny wire
a tightrope walker
chirp, chirp, chirp
looking for some fun
looking for a companion to share its day
chirp, chirp, chirp

inspired by

Weird-Bird

Birds are flyin' south for winter.
Here's the Weird-Bird headin' north,
Wings a-flappin', beak a-chatterin',
Cold head bobbin' back 'n' forth.
He says, 'It's not that I like ice
Or freezin' winds and snowy ground.
It's just sometimes it's kind of nice
To be the only bird in town.'
Shel Silverstein

john tiong chunghoo

A Minor Bird

i tune up my brain
each morn
in the chirps of birds
filling out blanks
as to what they are saying
a prayer?
reliving
yesterday's adventures?
the spot where they had hit gold
with worms?

from (or to) my slumberland
come poems
haikus, senryus
as i count syllables
each bird
tries out in its song
far and near
in so many ways
they chirp
plain notes,
broken notes
syncopated notes
improvised gems
some so skillful
i think
they are trumpeting
their way
up the evolution chain
to become finer
creatures than homo sapiens

john tiong chunghoo

Loving All Those Mistakes

all the alls the extra s
mistake in tenses
how i so strangely love them
in all my poems
they make my poems
come alive
alive with a human touch
the missed s,
the extra f
a classic touch they give
to my poems
as if they are work of old
weather beaten
socrates' laws
on stones
the T turing into I
shakespeare's misspelt lady macbeth
dickens' forgotten ghot
wordsworth extra clouds
i love all the misspelt words
in a classic way
the rawness my poem run
over the computer
into a world that has
given up
up pen and ink
for the written words
the human touch
of old time poetry
that runs fluid as
the blood in my veins
i love all the human touch
in my poem
all the misspelt words
i love each missed s,
each extra f
i missed too
the pen and ink

john tiong chunghoo

A Faery Song

a faery world
realm
is no man's world
we watch with eager eyes
all the dramas that unfold
in the human realm
day after day
our hearts flutter
in a chain
devoid of passion
we would give up
anything for that
multi faceted sensual,
passionate,
ecstatic experience
multi worlded
sadness, joy, pain,
etched in every cell
a faery world
is no man's world
fossilised boredom
in our bosom
men have cried over any dead one
so still, so devoid of
feeling....
like our existence
we would die to be man

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Big Bloom On Her Spring Dress

budding trees
the big bloom
on her spring dress

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Adam's First Poem After The Fall

i did not know sin meant chains
so full of them all over my physique
and i did not know the deceptive apple
could lead to this woeful state
only god now is boundless freedom
the paradise boundless freedom
the sky boundless freedom
the sea boundless freedom
and to enjoy all these now in chain,
boundless the hurt is the heart
injurious chain on every inch of my physique
that jolts me for their wants
every minute of the day
and to know that i will pass this chain
down to every of my offsprings
binding them down to earth
till they become just dust and bones
chained, chained, chained,
this hateful long chain the devil spawned
that laid end to end
could snake its way round the world
this hateful chain that circles the body
imprisons it, hurtful as red hot iron
how stealthily it works day by day
tightening its grip
till i am wrinkled, bent, and bedridden
till only the last breath would release me
of its curse
this chain that torture me for wordly needs
oh god, how hateful you are
to bind me in these red hot chains! ! !

note:

chain refers to the blood vessels round our body
they indeed resemble a chain
as never did adam experience hunger
until this chain exacted its wants

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Horizon

horizon
little by little the ship inches out
of water

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Neighbour's Chopin

neighbour's chopin
the birds chip in
chirps

neighbour's chopin
the tinkle of my spoon
against the tea cup

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Baby's World

baby's world
the parts i remember
for verses
come in growth
now recollected
for sheer fun
granny dipping her salty forefinger
into my tender mouth
for that budding first tooth
so well imprinted
after so many turbulent decades
mom swinging me to and fro
in a sarong suspended
from a spring tied to a pole
her poor attempt at lullaby
added to my pleasure
my head softly tugged against the floor
up and down, up and down
it went until i slipped into dreamland
and cowpox oh yes
it came at a certain age
about eight or nine
how sour and repelling
the pear juice was
the century old remedy
for overheated body
the memory that still
brings back the sickly
mind numbing temperature
and mumps,
it too brought back that
sharp look of anger
from mom to dad
as he asked me
whether it was painful
pretty redundant isnt it?
mom irked i think because
she thought the question
would get me more conscious

of the pain
and oh yes, that afternoon
mom ran with a broom
as i came back the 38th position
in the class
i cried without even the beating
still wonder how i had dipped to
that position from the tenth
as i look into a baby's eye
and see how they turn
with their little hands
running all over the face
i see myself in baby's cloth again
a thousand pictures
run through my mind
and amazed me at how
well the child stored pictures
for me till this day

inspired by

Baby's World

I wish I could take a quiet corner in the heart of my baby's very
own world.

I know it has stars that talk to him, and a sky that stoops
down to his face to amuse him with its silly clouds and rainbows.
Those who make believe to be dumb, and look as if they never
could move, come creeping to his window with their stories and with
trays crowded with bright toys.

I wish I could travel by the road that crosses baby's mind,
and out beyond all bounds;

Where messengers run errands for no cause between the kingdoms
of kings of no history;

Where Reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, the Truth
sets Fact free from its fetters.

Rabindranath Tagore

john tiong chunghoo

An Indicator

oh lord
of course
you dont need angels
to tell the sin of each of your men
of course oh lord
each man knows he
himself is the author of his deeds
given your breath
a blank new book he is
to write his own real tales
good or bad
how a thief
would always appear - a thief
in whatever way he might want to hide
oh god, you dont need
an angel to write down each man's deed
a liar would always look like a liar
only fools cannot tell them
from the good souls
their voice, their expressions, every of their acts
an open book to tell what they are
this physique an open book
we write our life tales
for god's judgement at the end of the day
we jot down our own heaven or hell
for god's convenience

john tiong chunghoo

The Earth

the earth bursts
forth in the bloom
in its desire to show itself
a colourful wear
to weave its magic
sends its greeting to the world
this physique that enables
the earth to spring forth
with all its its senses, faculties
speaks in an array of tongues
creates love lines, jealousies, rivalries
earth runs its way through the world
with legs, wings, fins
from every inch in the garden
a new personality bursts forth
through the bloom
through homosapiens
from every patch of land
the earth talks
runs through me
those tiny grains below your feet
that help you stand on your two feet

john tiong chunghoo

Poem About Poetry - Let My Poem

let my poem
be like the abrupt rain
that strikes you with its cold
chills you to the bone
let my poem
be like the intermittent rain
that comes down in all manners
from that slight drizzle
to the persistent drops
that ache the skin
and the thunderstorm
lightnings, bolts of thunder and all
in all intensities
war of the gods
sighs, roars and ra tat tat

the rain....
light, heavy, slanted,
straight
trailing the north wind

let my poem be the
waft of fragrance from
mom's favourite cuisine
that precipitates
pangs of hunger
to taste the real thing

let my poem be
the sudden lurches of pet cat
or dog to your laps
as you step into the house
meowing and yelping
licking you in the face and fingers

let my poem be like
the first love letter you got
from secret love,
all the niceties, heartfelt words

that sought a passage to your heart

let my love be like
valentine blooms
that swarm your table
all the fresh red roses
that bow to you as you
search your way through
for the name that really matters

let my poem be, let my poem
be like the historic
tale of romeo and juliet
a broken love that
burns the heart through
all the generations

let my poem be anything
but the words that string
the real experiences of my world, your world
words that bring us to a new dimension of growth
of love, hate, jealousy.....in all intensities

john tiong chunghoo

Life (Inspired By Charlotte Bronte)

life is like the sea
that reverberates with the waves
in the calm of morn, in the first light
when a breeze freshens up
every cell, builds up
tiny waves the way ink brush
creates ripples in water
the painter dips into
for his next masterpiece
spring of life - childhood
who every minute seeks
a new adventure sweet or sour
happenings that would spring up
from the mighty ocean of the mind
in later years for a poem or two
life is like the sea
when the strong wind
begins to show its force
unfurling the massive calm
which this morning
was a mirror
of the clear blue sky
growing up the innocent child
makes his departure day by day
from its new master
signed to a tough new world
world of the fittest
the waves that toss everywhere
the mind, the physique, ruffling
the once gentle carefree joyous heart
the onslaught of each wave
that soon makes childhood
a foreign element, some treasure island
we leave behind to move to another
this time giving us the angst
a world pulling us from so many angles
making this abode almost an inhabitable world
the strong winds sweeping
the sea in so many directions

trails the wind, builds up a momentum
to let go itself in a sigh, builds up again
to let go itself in a sigh,
our adult life so full new trials and tribulations
we take zealously in our stride
life is like the sea
at dusk as the warm breeze blows
the sea glows, glitters in striking luminous lines
brings us to a reminscent mood
where we look through, reflect on our life
savouring the ups and lows with equal delight
as the coconut leaves rustling to a collected atmosphere
life is like the sea
old age
the full moon that pulls in the tide
dances over it
wisdom that comes with age
gives the septuagenerian
something to celebrate
shout about
a bottle of vintage wine
in his hands as he dances his way to
church out of the sea of life

inspired by

Life
LIFE, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly!
What though Death at times steps in
And calls our Best away?
What though sorrow seems to win,

O'er hope, a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!
Charlotte Bronte

john tiong chunghoo

Walking Through Myself

i walk through myself
the stripe glass ferns
that jut out like blades
cut me in so many ways
the cakes, the chickens,
the birds in the trees that chirp,
tinkle the piano of my heart
calming my fractured nerves
i walk through myself
the insects, crickets that shrill
echo my emptiness, the universe
i walk through myself
to discover that what i see
what all homo sapiens say i see
are not what i see
but a part of myself
logged in the world
what i see in the mirror
in the field, in the river, the sky
are myself unlimited
and the stars, the moons, the planets
far far away, they are in me
waiting to be explored
as i close my eye
a blackhole boundless as i am
i walk through myself
to find myself in the dark
looking at myself in the trees, the fish,
anything that i dont see
reveals another's existence
oh god, give me that dimension too
you are hiding from us
in the light, in the dark
right in front of our eyes
so many things we see
through your sights
teaching me about my own identity
this body a sensory bundle to see myself
the real me lying everywhere

john tiong chunghoo

A March In The Ranks, Hard Prest

all fought for a reason
the liberators fought, hid
the freedom fighters, fought, hid
ambushed once in a while lopping off heads
that rolled over the sand, grisly blood
oozing down our eyes turning
our hearts cold as ice our hair
raised themselves like armies of
soldiers ready for action

the conflicts rage on in the deserts,
in the towns, in the cities a thousand
miles away which unsettle the souls likewise
a nightmare that has been stealing the light
of our days and our nights from days

the fall of the twin towers in New York
has crushed our cherished dreams
like a bed of wilted roses wrinkled
petals splayed, sprinting listlessly
across the continents from america to afghanistan
london, arabian peninsula,
bali, south thailand, south philippines
south asia, everywhere
where freedom fighters cry to keep their sacred flame
torched with blood, to salvage the rightful place for
God, tearing down buildings, setting off bombs
shattering bullets into their enemies
when is our turn? when is your turn? his turn?

there too the liberators fight
their feet and heart loose
over the desert sand blandishing
a plathora of first world weapons
with the angst of an unwinnable war

the shootings go on so inexorably
we pray for God himself to
pull a lid over the furnace of hell

so that his grace flows over this
fine great world of ours again

and today the most unlikely thing
happened - two shoes shot over
a ducking president carrying a
message we all wish to hear...
stop the war, stop the war
pick up your shoes, get out and get lost

they turn a young handsome reporter
who wrote his own headline story
a hero across the continents

what a way to send off an
outgoing president who
initiated the war which has morphed
into a frightful mother of wars

to the sky the liberators
sweats trickling down
their eyes and body echo
the same resounding line
their great poet whitman
wrote a hundred years ago
a march in the ranks, hard prest

john tiong chunghoo

A Hand Mirror

lightning
thunder
the storm
the calm
the chill
a hand mirror
my eyes
my nose
mouth
hair
face
a hand mirror
anguish
fear
pain
joy
happiness
a hand mirror
spring
summer
autumn
winter
a hand mirror
childhood
teenager years
adulthood
old age
a hand mirror
poetry runs
outside
written by the gods
in multi-dimensions
a hand mirror
poetry runs inside
that all the outside
portrays so correctly
- i cry
a hand mirror



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

As The Time Draws Nigh

as the time draws nigh
like how it happens to all of us
thanks it is at different times
otherwise i would have no more friends
to share my poems with
sing my love songs to
as the time draws nigh
i feel each of my verses
a diamond savlaged from
the deepest part of ground
getting scarcer and scarcer
the 640,000 lines i intend to write
through travels, love scores,
meeting with gods and goddesses
a journey to the realms
that give my poem
a special dimension
this heart flutter
whenever i meet poets of similar sentiments
like whitman
i walk in his shoes
over places i have never been to
through his spirit
i thrive
writing poems
more for myself than anybody else
as the time draws nigh
i feel each of my verses
acquires a shine
a shine reflected from yesteryears

john tiong chunghoo

04. Beautiful Women

young women, old women
in their heart
despite the years
the yearning to be beautiful

young women, old women
they look at each other
one with envy
the other with fear and contempt (of the wrinkles, old age)

young women, old women
they look into each other
one for another
the other for a daughter

john tiong chunghoo



Year That Trembled

year that rocked
trembled through my nerves
the summer of my life
spent in the midst of things so old
so much older than myself
in my attempt to make a living
from things that collect dust and years
the buddhas, the little irish biscuit box,
the necklace that could have been
the heirloom of a princess
the sparse customers
on this cursed island
i take lessons from the sea
the moon, sun
day in and day out
amid all the uncertainties
not knowing the days collected
near the waves, seas, grand mountain
would change the soul in me
inundate me with inexplicable verses

inspired by

Year That Trembled

YEAR that trembled and reel'd beneath me!

Your summer wind was warm enough-yet the air I breathed froze me;

A thick gloom fell through the sunshine and darken'd me;

Must I change my triumphant songs? said I to myself;

Must I indeed learn to chant the cold dirges of the baffled?

And sullen hymns of defeat?

Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Yet, Yet, Ye Downcast Hours

yet in this downcast hour
the mornlight
beautiful twitters of birds
lost in this dungeon of
meaninglessness of life
what sinful existence
day in day out
the beauty of the outside
that clashes with the
congested inside
that plies between loneliness,
sadness, anguish, near despair
yet the half opened window
on this seventh floor of the condominium
does not invite a jump
poet killers like plath and sextons are cowards
i dont fancy their cue
idiots slapping god's hands
so tirelessly, ceaselessly polish
the artistic soul, feelings
to get the poet ready for his task,
to guide the world through his messy world
putting things in their proper place
with his tongues locked in a poet's soul
so that readers too could come out of their mess,
distill a clearer mind of their own
through the poet's verses
the poet polishes the world
with words, polishes its soul
the other word for poet is psychologist
impatient confused plath, idiotic sexton
failing their ultimate poetic test
poet killers! !

inspired by

Yet, Yet, Ye Downcast Hours

YET, yet, ye downcast hours, I know ye also;

Weights of lead, how ye clog and cling at my ankles!

Earth to a chamber of mourning turns-I hear the o'erweening, mocking
voice,
Matter is conqueror-matter, triumphant only, continues onward.
Despairing cries float ceaselessly toward me,
The call of my nearest lover, putting forth, alarm'd, uncertain,
The Sea I am quickly to sail, come tell me,
Come tell me where I am speeding-tell me my destination.
I understand your anguish, but I cannot help you,
I approach, hear, behold-the sad mouth, the look out of the eyes,
your mute inquiry,
Whither I go from the bed I recline on, come tell me:
Old age, alarm'd, uncertain-A young woman's voice, appealing to me
for comfort;
A young man's voice, Shall I not escape?
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Face To Face With An Unknown Cat

miao

face to face with an unknown cat

where did it learn this manner?

the next door neighbour has been around for ages

and we hardly know each other

polite cat

polite, polite, polite

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - The Bird Belting Out A Poem

twilight amusement
the different IQs
that make their way
to my room
dividing the world
in the form of chirp
chirp, chirp, chirp
twitter, twitter, twitter
in so many styles
and tones and syllables,
some extended,
some short broken notings
as diverse as the blooms in the garden
warbling, twittering, twit, tweedling, chirping
chirping, chirp
the singing IQ chart
try, try, try, you never know
how good you are if you never try
the varying quality bird songs
from the large garden tree
each bird's chirp
a humble contribution
from a little creation
each chirp divides the world
at morn, at dusk
what a delight to the ears, mind
simple short noted twitter
long extended mutli-toned varied tweedle
the varying quality poems
those chirpy nature poems
by celebrity birds
the like of sylvia plath,
and proletarian birds
the like of impoverished citizens
of the world

john tiong chunghoo

A Bird Came Down The Walk

bird fun, they are all up there
drizzle, the row of little robins on the wire
a lost bee flying by, takes a round and flies off,

bird fun, a little kite gliding chirping
a sentinel for female kite
hatching its young in the trees

bird fun, they are all down there
a white energetic scintillating dove
after the rain cleaning itself in a puddle
sprinkling off the water
inches its head in and out of water
quick and skillful as a roman prince in his bath

bird fun, they are all down here
a drowsy cockroach on the sundry shop verandah
snapped up by the sharp-eyed little sparrow
flew in, snapped and went without a care of the world

bird fun, they are all in the trees
the little colourful bird with
match size curved beak
hopping, looking for cherry
other flocks had patronised
and me....feeling guilty like a thief
that i am too trying to share its cherries

inspired by

A Bird came down the Walk
A Bird came down the Walk—
He did not know I saw—
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,
And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroa—
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—
He stirred his velvet head
Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home—
Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam—
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,
Leap, plashless as they swim.
Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

April Rain Song

the rain, it comes
down in so many ways
straight, slanted, hurried
or so slowly, lazily

it drizzles ever so slowly
- an old man trudging
through the lane -
throughout morn
until the pool is full

full, full, full with
my impatience to
visit nextdoor friend
for a round of noon football

rain April rain
it jumps in the garden
crystal upon crystal
to and fro
to and fro
down the big
yam leaves

john tiong chunghoo

06. Haiku - Alone

loneliness
his childhood
warms him up

loneliness
he warms up to
his childhood

loneliness
childhood
his heaven

loneliness
his childhood
a repository of warmth

meditation
my heart on
a sea of sublimity

so lonely
a poem helps fill out
the emptiness

loneiness
the world
a graveyard

so lonely
i cheer up myself
writing a poem about loneliness

so lonely
i write a poem to fill out
the emptiness

john tiong chunghoo

As I Watche'D The Ploughman Ploughing

that hoeing on the earth
his signature onto world pad
that supreme thought
it gets marked onto the earth
only to be picked up
five thousand years from now
by a similar homo sapien
that ploughs the vast tracts of his mind
each haul a synergy between his mind
and the one five thousand years ago
inspiration that gets the world hooked
on each other the mental waves
left in soil, wind, trees
they live on to nourish future minds
as i watched the ploughman ploughing
i know the world would advance
with all its force to get to the truth
the way he turns the earth with his plough

As I Watche'd The Ploughman Ploughing
AS I watch'd the ploughman ploughing,
Or the sower sowing in the fields-or the harvester harvesting,
I saw there too, O life and death, your analogies:
(Life, life is the tillage, and Death is the harvest according.)
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

All Is Truth

it is a lie
i am not myself
i am all of nature
the air, water, grass
every thing in everything
i am not myself
how can i be myself
when if the air goes away
i too have to go away
proving that i am but a lie
i am but a cog in the wheel
it is a lie
i am not myself
i am all of nature
the water, the grass, the clouds
how could i be myself
when if the water runs its last drop
i too would too have to make that last pause from the world
those teachers who get me to think i am just
body and bones are liars
i am more than that
how could i be myself only
when if the sun says goodbye
i too have to say goodbye to all
call me anything buy myself
the sun, the moon, the air, water
will vouch for that
you liars

inspired by

All Is Truth
O ME, man of slack faith so long!
Standing aloof-denying portions so long;
Only aware to-day of compact, all-diffused truth;
Discovering to-day there is no lie, or form of lie, and can be none,
but grows as inevitably upon itself as the truth does upon
itself,
Or as any law of the earth, or any natural production of the earth

does.

(This is curious, and may not be realized immediately-But it must be realized;

I feel in myself that I represent falsehoods equally with the rest,
And that the universe does.)

Where has fail'd a perfect return, indifferent of lies or the truth?
Is it upon the ground, or in water or fire? or in the spirit of man?
or in the meat and blood?

Meditating among liars, and retreating sternly into myself, I see
that there are really no liars or lies after all,

And that nothing fails its perfect return-And that what are called
lies are perfect returns,

And that each thing exactly represents itself, and what has preceded
it,

And that the truth includes all, and is compact, just as much as
space is compact,

And that there is no flaw or vacuum in the amount of the truth-but
that all is truth without exception;

And henceforth I will go celebrate anything I see or am,

And sing and laugh, and deny nothing.

Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

A Riddle Song

all the things around me
living and non living
the clouds, plants
a test to locate the real self?
the grass reflects me to me
a test something somewhere
puts me into
manoevring me in his hands
the grass, the clouds,
his parts for a part of me
in his strange game
to find a solution beyond
my comprehension
a million star times
i am not equipped with means
to say i am lost
only he knows wherefore
i am leading to
whether this heart that beats
beating
this leaf that waves
are a part of myself
or separate entities
i move on and on
like how the universe expands
i move on and on
not knowing which part of me
is me and which part which part
perhaps a cog on a wheel
small yet integral for the run
so i can suppose i am
the most important in this realm
so too can claim a plant

inspired by

A Riddle Song

THAT which eludes this verse and any verse,
Unheard by sharpest ear, unform'd in clearest eye or cunningest mind,

Nor lore nor fame, nor happiness nor wealth,
And yet the pulse of every heart and life throughout the world
incessantly,
Which you and I and all pursuing ever ever miss,
Open but still a secret, the real of the real, an illusion,
Costless, vouchsafed to each, yet never man the owner,
Which poets vainly seek to put in rhyme, historians in prose,
Which sculptor never chisel'd yet, nor painter painted,
Which vocalist never sung, nor orator nor actor ever utter'd,
Invoking here and now I challenge for my song.
Indifferently, 'mid public, private haunts, in solitude,
Behind the mountain and the wood,
Companion of the city's busiest streets, through the assemblage,
It and its radiations constantly glide.
In looks of fair unconscious babes,
Or strangely in the coffin'd dead,
Or show of breaking dawn or stars by night,
As some dissolving delicate film of dreams,
Hiding yet lingering.
Two little breaths of words comprising it.
Two words, yet all from first to last comprised in it.
How ardently for it!
How many ships have sail'd and sunk for it!
How many travelers started from their homes and ne'er return'd!
How much of genius boldly staked and lost for it!
What countless stores of beauty, love, ventur'd for it!
How all superbest deeds since Time began are traceable to it-and
shall be to the end!
How all heroic martyrdoms to it!
How, justified by it, the horrors, evils, battles of the earth!
How the bright fascinating lambent flames of it, in every age and
land, have drawn men's eyes,
Rich as a sunset on the Norway coast, the sky, the islands, and the
cliffs,
Or midnight's silent glowing northern lights unreachable.
Haply God's riddle it, so vague and yet so certain,
The soul for it, and all the visible universe for it,
And heaven at last for it.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Alone, Looking For Blossoms Along The River

this path mom walked
to market each morn
she must have loved the flowers by the river too

inspired by

Alone, Looking for Blossoms Along the River
The sorrow of riverside blossoms inexplicable,
And nowhere to complain - I've gone half crazy.
I look up our southern neighbor. But my friend in wine
Gone ten days drinking. I find only an empty bed.
A thick frenzy of blossoms shrouding the riverside,
I stroll, listing dangerously, in full fear of spring.
Poems, wine - even this profusely driven, I endure.
Arrangements for this old, white-haired man can wait.
A deep river, two or three houses in bamboo quiet,
And such goings on: red blossoms glaring with white!
Among spring's vociferous glories, I too have my place:
With a lovely wine, bidding life's affairs bon voyage.
Looking east to Shao, its smoke filled with blossoms,
I admire that stately Po-hua wineshop even more.
To empty golden wine cups, calling such beautiful
Dancing girls to embroidered mats - who could bear it?
East of the river, before Abbot Huang's grave,
Spring is a frail splendor among gentle breezes.
In this crush of peach blossoms opening ownerless,
Shall I treasure light reds, or treasure them dark?
At Madame Huang's house, blossoms fill the paths:
Thousands, tens of thousands haul the branches down.
And butterflies linger playfully - an unbroken
Dance floating to songs orioles sing at their ease.
I don't so love blossoms I want to die. I'm afraid,
Once they are gone, of old age still more impetuous.
And they scatter gladly, by the branchful. Let's talk
Things over, little buds -open delicately, sparingly.
Tu Fu

john tiong chunghoo

World Famous Painting Haiku - Van Gogh's Sunflower

van gogh's genius bursts forth
in patches of yellow
in thick linear fashion
that angle themselves
onto that part of the mind
that needs a resting place
when it is tired
deprived of say sex
we fall into van gogh's
magic, his magic to
temper his sex starved existence
expressed in a straight fashion
working around blooms
to lift his brain out of despair
now we angle our at times
21 century empty existence
onto his solid masterful strokes
that lend a soothing place
for the reckless mind to keep its composure
such lucky sunflowers
fated for posterity on canvas
though the blooms had whittled
blown to oblivion on French land
images brought to a fame
spreading like flame
across the world
under the hands of a genius
the few inches of blooms, lines
that jump forth to the frontlines
of the world of taste, art, beauty
all the actresses brought to fame
under the hands of directors, writers,
the mixture of colours, talents
that affords each other to shine
the sunflowers, van gogh, . his brush,
canvas and luxuriant oil paints
me, i, still waiting for all the colours
intelligences in the world to enable me
to float, shine, fly like Van Gogh sunflowers

the dazzling blending of time, colours,
genius, oil paints and canvas
it's no cause for pain
if all goes in vain
the real van gogh sunflowers that
withered 100,000 days ago
if i lie a heap of weather beaten bones
the spirit thrives on in solid
bold strokes of yellow
time brings to light
genius and also our insensitivity, stupidity
the world was said to be flat
time soon turned us around
to say it is round
so long for Van Gogh sunflowers
to weave its magic into us
so long for our intelligence
to bloom like Van Gogh's sunflowers
the ones that sprint forth from the brush

john tiong chunghoo

Alone

my feeling runs in the world
like the notes on your piano
hit it and you'll hear me
talk to me and you get to know me
talk to me the way you play your favourite piece
and you get that side of me
that will correspond to your favour
love me, hate me, just dont dont talk to me
the notes in me would go awry
like the piano that has not been tuned for ages
my sensitivity is a red hot iron bar dipped into water
it hisses and fumes
my joy, hurt, happiness
the way lilies edge little by little
in their bloom ensemble
under the soft morn light

inspired by

Alone

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were; I have not seen
As others saw; I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I loved, I loved alone.
Then- in my childhood, in the dawn
Of a most stormy life- was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still:
From the torrent, or the fountain,
From the red cliff of the mountain,
From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold,
From the lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying by,
From the thunder and the storm,



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And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view.
Edgar Allan Poe

john tiong chunghoo

Aboard At A Ship's Helm

the island with the gracious mountain
the tip of the boat inches steadily forward
my heart angled between it
one hour, two hours, three hours
the mountain looms so grand but so far
the boat plods on... and on
bumping against the wave
going up down, up down
the swirling birds, how fortunate they are up there
i put my bored mind into their wings
and travel to realms that excite the mind and senses
of man and wife and children
that run between the trees, shrubs
that flip past my eyes
i put stories into the houses that run
away so fast from view
warm stories of infatuation, continuous love making
where the world revolves around
a man and woman, and their senses
the halcyon day stays as it is
never runs into night
on and on the river records my imagination
youthful imagination that makes
the young years so worthy of living
so many generations pass for my hero and heroine
in one boat ride seven hours in all
they run on so many fields, cheerful in so many of the houses
before the mountain finally looms big onto my eyes
the stories i have spun trail the waves to another dimension
i ready myself for the stories the almighty spins for me
each step of the way i am now the hero
the waves and the whole mountain lie in wait for me

Aboard At A Ship's Helm

ABOARD, at a ship's helm,

A young steersman, steering with care.

A bell through fog on a sea-coast dolefully ringing,

An ocean-bell-O a warning bell, rock'd by the waves.

O you give good notice indeed, you bell by the sea-reefs ringing,

Ring, ring, to warn the ship from its wreck-place.
For, as on the alert, O steersman, you mind the bell's admonition,
The bows turn, -the freighted ship, tacking, speeds away under her
gray sails,
The beautiful and noble ship, with all her precious wealth, speeds
away gaily and safe.
But O the ship, the immortal ship! O ship aboard the ship!
O ship of the body-ship of the soul-voyaging, voyaging, voyaging.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Lines Of The Mind

he dawdles
she straightens it
he calls it da
she corrects it ba
she writes with her left
she forces the pen into her right
the way of world
education
a law some cling to
conformity, uniformity
they knock at soul
that keeps finding
an outlet for the self
to flow through
the essence of the self

john tiong chunghoo



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Endless Time

endless time
i set myself into a pool of eternity
now
the body i wait
for it to give itself up to itself
a time bomb that blasts off
to let silence, me reign
this body that keeps inching itself
into me in this pool of endless time
a curse from the fallen angels?
time and time again i ask
only to find i keep falling into the trap

inspired by

Endless Time

Time is endless in thy hands, my lord.
There is none to count thy minutes.
Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like flowers.
Thou knowest how to wait.
Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.
We have no time to lose,
and having no time we must scramble for a chance.
We are too poor to be late.
And thus it is that time goes by
while I give it to every querulous man who claims it,
and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.
At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut;
but I find that yet there is time.
Rabindranath Tagore

john tiong chunghoo

09. A Woman Waits For Me

a woman waits for me
to angle me in such a position
it clears the brain, mind
from blotches, obstructions
oiling them for prime functions
flight between the planets
decipher the lines of einstein, plato,
picasso, van gogh
i find the extra mental sphere for poem
between the seams of her wear
delicate corners, curves
that set the brain
on a different dimension
your voice, your hair, legs, bossom
a design to spearhead me
a rocket waiting to be launched
by your softness, scent, voice, gestures
my crystalised selvesthat come in jets and spurts

john tiong chunghoo



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A Late Walk

i walk through the lane again
now all tarred, laterite
the gravel all gone
with the pieces of my life
they hit the soft spots
under the feet
aching the soul
the mind spreads out
in so many lustrous petals
in a circle of joy
a luminous lunar disc rises
over the horizon of the years
the lengthy lane
now so short for the legs
once so short
childhood friends, neighbours
they saunter back, stare, laugh
a diamond in the gravel sparkles
at the back and fore of my eyes
the heart leaps to a warm nest
of bygone years
filled with feathers of every kind

inspired by

A Late Walk

When I go up through the mowing field,
The headless aftermath,
Smooth-laid like thatch with the heavy dew,
Half closes the garden path.
And when I come to the garden ground,
The whir of sober birds
Up from the tangle of withered weeds
Is sadder than any words
A tree beside the wall stands bare,
But a leaf that lingered brown,
Disturbed, I doubt not, by my thought,
Comes softly rattling down.

I end not far from my going forth
By picking the faded blue
Of the last remaining aster flower
To carry again to you.

john tiong chunghoo

Child

child
your smile
a lane of fun
a paradise
so sweet
a song
a hollow pond
filled with
sparkling
spring water
carps swimming
in circle
what i lost
i find in you
to beget you
to fill the void
i cuddle, kiss, touch
to satisfy an inner world
untended field
that now enjoys
drizzle and new grasses
your soft curly hair
rubs against my heart
in the quiet,
i feel like filling up
any void
in your heart
now and forever

john tiong chunghoo

Roses

a rose's softness
the first time
i touch your skin

neighbour's bouquet
of roses at the window
my long lost love

that jade bangle
it resonates with my heart
a sale is done

a crushed rose
on the street
young man's uneasiness in the office

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Drinking Song

poetry flows from my heart
the way wine gurgles
into this fine crystal glass
dancing with the moon
clinking to a lonesome night
the riveting sublime light
sparkles like the beauty of verses
sip by sip the light flows into me
line by line spirited verses
oozes from my heart
the essence distilled from
matters of heart and soul
my love, would you pour me wine
vintage wine from that bottle
that has caroused with time
to give us its real wonder?
through it i see the beauty
of the world as verses flow
from a seasoned heart that has
twisted, whaltzed, swung, rocked with time

inspired by

A Drinking Song

WINE comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die.
I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.
William Butler Yeats

john tiong chunghoo

Why Do I Love You, Sir?

why do I love You, Sir?
the mountain that returns my voice
adding a longing quality to it
why do i love You, Sir?
the ripples in the lake
a sudden burst of poetic lines
in the calm of my heart
as the wind blows past
my existence that hinges
onto the gravity of earth
which has moved its axis into you
why do I love You, Sir?
the spaceman who longs for
the earth's possessive pull
after the confusion with lightness
magnetic pull that sends
each of of the cells hungry
for home, your touch, scent, youthful voice
Why do I love You, Sir?
the laps of the waves
the answer keeps swarming my heart
before they hit land

inspired by

Why do I love' You, Sir?
Wgt do I love' You, Sir?
Because—
The Wind does not require the Grass
To answer—Wherefore when He pass
She cannot keep Her place.
Because He knows—and
Do not You—
And We know not—
Enough for Us
The Wisdom it be so—
The Lightning—never asked an Eye
Wherefore it shut—when He was by—
Because He knows it cannot speak—

And reasons not contained—
—Of Talk—
There be—preferred by Daintier Folk—
The Sunrise—Sire—compelleth Me—
Because He's Sunrise—and I see—
Therefore—Then—
I love Thee—
Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Spring Chill

spring chill
like a snail, i recline
from the breeze that steals into my neck
new leaf shots inch on
every part of the tree

inspired by

In the spring chill,
as I slept with sword by pillow,
deep at night
my little sister came to me
in dreams from home.
Masaoki Shiki

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Morn Work

her morn work done
the upturned mop
by the wooden stairs
drip by drip it starts to dry
her obsession with punctuality

inspired by

Tanka 06
the bucket's water
poured out and gone,
dropp by drop
dew drips like pearls
from the autumn flowers
Masaoki Shiki

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

After The Sea - Ship

a dancer on the stage
the ship and the sea my envy
they dance to god's repertoire
a heartwrenching spontaneous dance
energetically executed
over a stage that rotates in waves
strenuous steps that shuffle between life and death
poignant steps that send the hearts afire, the feet frenzy
first a breeze, a soothing calm
that would soon throw the dancer helter skelter
onto a tempest
where the goddess of dance
has to be propitiated, called upon
for each step, each stomping of foot, feet
up and down, up and down
over treacherous waters
where the living bares their souls
and dancers fashion in motion every emotion
each muscle, each nerve
tested for their fitness in
the dance of the god
a repertoire of surprise, fear,
excitement in all its facets
a dancer thrown to the last test
the trading of steps for life
the waves pounds, she angles herself
steading herself to the next onslaught of
the yet unknown dance beats
from the world master of dance
puppeteers of the world
that work behind our eyes

inspired by

After The Sea-Ship

AFTER the Sea-Ship-after the whistling winds;
After the white-gray sails, taut to their spars and ropes,
Below, a myriad, myriad waves, hastening, lifting up their necks,
Tending in ceaseless flow toward the track of the ship:

Waves of the ocean, bubbling and gurgling, blithely prying,
Waves, undulating waves-liquid, uneven, emulous waves,
Toward that whirling current, laughing and buoyant, with curves,
Where the great Vessel, sailing and tacking, displaced the surface;
Larger and smaller waves, in the spread of the ocean, yearnfully
flowing;
The wake of the Sea-Ship, after she passes-flashing and frolicsome,
under the sun,
A motley procession, with many a fleck of foam, and many fragments,
Following the stately and rapid Ship-in the wake following.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

A Leaf For Hand In Hand

i can tell the neighbours
not to shout, scream in the night hours
throw their rubbish this side of residence
but the leaves from his trees
i sweep with resignation that
they at least allow me to potter around
to communicate in a certain, tender, soft manner
with the quiet neighbours
the echoes of my sweeping
the leaves blown by the wind
to settle in my garden, my porch
the only encroachment i do not bother
bring up to each other
as i gather the yellow leaves, shrivelled leaves
into a hill for my lmatch
the birds twitter, the next door children chuckle
their mother peering over the fence with
some fruits in her hands
the fruits that help us meet heart to heart
with an uneasy sweetness in between

john tiong chunghoo

Grass (Inspired By Whitman's A Child Asks What Is Grass)

grass gently waves,
sways, twists and swirls
with the gentle breeze
in a thousand steps and styles
god's merciful and caring hands

a bewildered young soul
asked ' what is grass? '
wrote lucky Whitman
who was so inspired by
the boy that he wrote
a long poem about life and death

well what is grass?

a genius mind would gather
it is god clothing his earth, men
his way of crocheting to cover up
nudity of his every land

and he so loves the task
he twists and dances in pleasure
as his breathe sweeps over the grass

there is music of joy
everywhere that his hand touches
- as he expends stitch by stitch
inch by inch to spread his cheer

to think of a man without clothes?
how a child would run
for cover on mere sight

grass is god's grace for the child
the mountains, the plains, us

how crude, barren, run down,

they would look without
the gentle and refreshing
green green grass

the grass that would
sweep us off
our feet for a dance
anytime of the day

well then let's answer the child
question: what is grass?

whitman's child would learn that
each blade is god's finger
as he signs a covenant in green
of his continuous care for us

his laughter sweeps over the grass
the way breeze does to our heart

inspired by

A child said, What is the grass?
A child said, What is the grass? fetching it to me with full
hands;
How could I answer the child?I do not know what it
is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful
green stuff woven.
Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropped,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we
may see and remark, and say Whose?
Or I guess the grass is itself a child....the produced babe
of the vegetation.
Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow
zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the
same, I receive them the same.
And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them;
It may be you are from old people and from women, and
from offspring taken soon out of their mother's laps,
And here you are the mother's laps.
This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old
mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.
O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues!
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths
for nothing.
I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men
and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring
taken soon out of their laps.
What do you think has become of the young and old men?
What do you think has become of the women and
children?
They are alive and well somewhere;
The smallest sprouts show there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait
at the end to arrest it,
And ceased the moment life appeared.
All goes onward and outward....and nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and
luckier.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - The Countryside's Red River

first trip to countryside
where aunty splashed in joy
in the flowing red water
she called out to me, called out to me
and i could hear her still

inspired by

Tanka 05
saw the country
and returned—now deep at night
I lie in bed and
fields of mustard flowers
bloom before my eyes
Masaaki Shiki

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Harvest Moon

the yellow moon,
the colour that i could never get right
in my art class
well who can
it is never really yellow
and when you add white
it loses its luminosity
full moon
well when it is full
it is never round
if you look casually at it
it bulges at one side
with a tiny star twinkling at its side
a little child crying to be carried
but who cares except the round moon
poetic moon as poets would write
whether it is or not
the little child that would soften their poem
never given its recognition
lazy bones are always copycats
and they get the world messed up
with their inaccuracies, self conceitness
the moon,
the next door amateur witch
gives it a dose of evil
chanting archaic verses for a love charm, bag of luck
and a spirit in the wild
the moon that boosts my spirit
with its innocent roundness, a softness of a girl's buttock
maternal's light, and the ways it slims, fattens, slims, wanes
signs itself in and out of the sky

inspired by

The Harvest Moon

The flame-red moon, the harvest moon,
Rolls along the hills, gently bouncing,
A vast balloon,
Till it takes off, and sinks upward

To lie on the bottom of the sky, like a gold doubloon.
The harvest moon has come,
Booming softly through heaven, like a bassoon.
And the earth replies all night, like a deep drum.
So people can't sleep,
So they go out where elms and oak trees keep
A kneeling vigil, in a religious hush.
The harvest moon has come!
And all the moonlit cows and all the sheep
Stare up at her petrified, while she swells
Filling heaven, as if red hot, and sailing
Closer and closer like the end of the world.
Till the gold fields of stiff wheat
Cry `We are ripe, reap us! ' and the rivers
Sweat from the melting hills.
Ted Hughes

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - A Noiseless Patient Spider

from my chin to my legs
a filament
while the spider runs helter kelter

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Farm Picture

a christian poet reading
a page of the koran
and all taken up by how god
himself could be so emotionally
worked up by the beauty
of the cattle walking in a line
on a plain, admiring, appreciating
his own creation
well men were created in his likeness
how wrong they have taken this likeness
to mean only appearances
but god fumes, curses, kills,
sometimes whole cities
all over the bibles, and if you like the koran
a christian poet lost in the lines
all about an entity, an entity
brighter than light, more eminent
than all the intelligences put together

inspired by



PoemHunter.com

A Farm-Picture

THROUGH the ample open door of the peaceful country barn,
A sun-lit pasture field, with cattle and horses feeding;
And haze, and vista, and the far horizon, fading away.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

A Song

well i hate to sing this song
this song written in black on white
the black words so prominent on the white sheet
in the proclamation of democracy
well, is there at all democracy in Whitman's world or to be exact
white men's world? Whitman's song of a great land and love of comrades how
deceptive, unloving
oh what a black discovery to know that poets
too could be blinded to the real state of the world
racism, injustice; the loads of chained souls that arrived to greet
the Statue of Liberty, epitome of world freedom
in actuality always chained, mocked in black and white
oh the repair of the Statue a hundred years later
the main desire to whitewash it, whiten it
the last thing the statue should turn is black
this great land, how i wish the vision of liberty
would be viewed in the the Chinese principle of Ying and Yang
an equilibrium of black and white contributing to
a wholesome mind, body, spirit
in the plain of the wild i i cry out a justice song
day and night, of white light that brightens the dark night
and white stars that could only glitter sparkle like diamonds
in the darkness of the night

inspired by

A Song

COME, I will make the continent indissoluble;
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon;
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.
I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of
America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over
the prairies;
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's
necks;
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you, ma femme! 10
For you! for you, I am trilling these songs,
In the love of comrades,
In the high-towering love of comrades.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

A Child's Amaze

amaze, cold amazement
those faces i saw as a child
those faces that can still trap
me between the lines of their
scowls with mere recollections

those cold cold faces that seemed
to have come out of er somewhere
a torture chamber? a lonely prison?
disappointment land?

i did not know hell, too young to know
wonder who first coined cold as hell
could hell be cold anyway?

well then i did not know
much about fridge either
in backward borneo 40 years back
the coldness of people's faces
racked the mind and dissettled
a budding heart more used to
cajoles and warm embraces

i still see men with
cold cold faces, demeanor
hell, ice, fridge have become
overused, redundant words
to describe such poor souls

i picture them as homo sapiens
who carry an arctic with them
and wonder how they could make
friends and warm them up
cold cold people with cold cold faces
who could cut deeper to the bone
than ice and snow

inspired by

A Child's Amaze

SILENT and amazed, even when a little boy,

I remember I heard the preacher every Sunday put God in his
statements,

As contending against some being or influence.

Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

A Glimpse

a glimpse
the half opened door
some would say
a half closed door
it all depends on the
state of mind you are in
well half closed for pessimist
and half opened for optimist
half opened or half closed door
so long as it is open
and not close
a good exercise for the mind
of a story teller, novelist, a film maker
a glimpse at the half closed door
the mind is thrown open
like the kick you would give
a half opened door
so that you and pet cat could
glide through easily
the stories that start coming out
from a glimpse at the half opened door
agatha's murdered corpse lying behind
a stalker, a ghost in the corridor of the mind
from the glimpse of the half closed door
a million possibilities, ideas pouring forth
half closed door, half opened door
whichever way you may say
it is an opened door
a million stories, ideas, possibilities
knock at the door of my mind
a glimpse of the half closed, half opened door
my half closed half opened eyes
open themselves to my ever curious mind
boundless as the universe

inspired by

A Glimpse

A GLIMPSE, through an interstice caught,

Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room, around the stove,
late of a winter night-And I unremark'd seated in a corner;
Of a youth who loves me, and whom I love, silently approaching, and
seating himself near, that he may hold me by the hand;
A long while, amid the noises of coming and going-of drinking and
oath and smutty jest,
There we two, content, happy in being together, speaking little,
perhaps not a word.
Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Winter Garden

winter garden
turning over the snow
with the half-covered hose

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - When The Chrysanthemums Go

when winter chrysanthemums go
only the cranes
to dance for me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - What The Fish Feel

swift the river
fishes jump here and there
all the way down

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Winter Solitude

winter solitude
catching a cold,
the man's cracked nasal voice

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Wrapping Rice Cakes

wrapping rice cakes
mother complains the maid could never
do things her way

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Bottle Collector

heaty noon
the bottle collector's voice
echoes through the lane

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Coconut Tree

the coconut trees rustle
our laughter
and the roaring waves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Morning Glory Also

breeze
the morning glory touches
my heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Dragonflies

dragonflies
and children
cruise over the field

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My First Summer

first summer
tokyo summer
the city rests
like an oven
where the wind
stops to blow
and all you
want to do
is stay as quiet
and close your eyes
to wait for the sun to set
and the breeze
to work its magic again
the sun bites into the skin
and the flame could be so intense
i worry whether my mind would
work its magic again

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Staying At An Inn

staying at an inn
i saw the owner
in the colours of the bed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Spring Rain

Spring rain
my heart inches
with the myriad buds

Spring rain
my heart jumps
with the myriad buds

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - An Eastern Ballad

i long to be an eastern poet
to write about the Great wall
wean stories from every tearstained stone
that still echoes the cries of those
missing homes, wives and children
walk its length to measure the cold
and forlorn monolith borne from the
heart of stones of Shih piled high
over hills and mountains

i long to be an eastern poet
to write about the legion of
gods and goddesses in the nook
and corner on the pantheons
of the the temples of india

those alluring and well endowed
gods and goddesses who stole from
heavens to teach about salvation
senseless senses, seeds of bondage
this world a dungeon of pain, a realm
nobody should come back to except the gods
to help man metamorphosise from a bundle of senses
to om consciousness, nirvana

i would love to meet Moses
to talk about the Almighty God
his little brush with death and Salvation
on the swift Nile that still oozes with the tears
of mom who lost only son to the Pharoah's princess
the river that gave him his name
his lovelorn days in the gardens of the Palace
and the parting of the Red Sea that drew a line
between the people of God and the Idols
and whether he fell in love with what he saw there (the gardens)
a world away from the madness of the world
and the secrets he culled from the Highest One
about life, death, heavens and hell that help
us wade through the sea of ignorance to enlightenment

I would love to live with the tribes, wild men
of the South seas, learn about their hungry gods and sacrifices
perhaps then i could tell good from evil,
the gods from the devils and the truth from the lies
or perhaps live a life free from the One up there
recognising man's unreadiness, unworthiness for him yet
take and love people from that corner of the heart
that we all possess, starting from the Almighty's simplest lesson
a real eastern ballad i long to sing to the world

inspired by

An Eastern Ballad

I speak of love that comes to mind:
The moon is faithful, although blind;
She moves in thought she cannot speak.
Perfect care has made her bleak.
I never dreamed the sea so deep,
The earth so dark; so long my sleep,
I have become another child.
I wake to see the world go wild.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Taking A Nap

fenced terrace houses
this side the cat naps
that side the dog naps

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Moonlight Slanting

autumn cold
lone bird's chirp
echoes my loneliness

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Magpie Sings

the child talks to it
as the magpie
sings on the roof

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Posturing For An Owner

posturing for an owner
the gods and goddesses
at the sculpture sale

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Little Ripe Guava

little boy shakes
a huge branch
for a little ripe guava

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - One Chirp Only

one chirp only
a little bird shots out
from the bush

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Full Moon

lone walk home
perched on the edge of skyscraper
the full moon

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Layer By Layer

shredding the bloom
petal by petal
we run from topic to topic

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Beautiful Plain

beautiful mountain and plain
blocked by buildings
the void in a part of my heart

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Cuckoo's Cry

first light
birds break through the mist
with chirps

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - How Admirable

how admirable!
butterflies and bees
never fight over flowers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Heat Waves Simmering

heat waves shimmering
reminds me of brother's
artistic brush strokes

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Four Haiku - Inspired By Matsuo Basho

spring
bird song sweet
as the flowers

beginning of autumn
a summer skin
i still carry

the winds of autumn
slowly the leaves wave
the season goodbye

a flash of lightning
the breeze steals
into my soul

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Fleas, Lice

Fleas, lice
fleas, lice
the cat too
fleeing me

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - First Snow

first snow
dances their way down the lane
of my imagination

first snow
my heart stirs in the lightness
of the breeze

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - First Day Of Spring

first day of spring
just another day walking
in the cold

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Dont Imitate Me

don't imitate me
it's like trying to put an extra inch
to a foot

don't imitate me;
it's as boring
as the two halves of a melon.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Coldness Of The Melon

melon farm
nipping the blooms
for a real harvest

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Collection Of Six Haikus

waking in the night
the swarm of insects
still mad at the light bulb

it has rained enough
between the clouds
luminuous lights

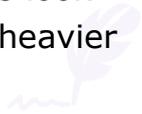
winter rain
on my warm jacket
the trip to the sento

the leeks
such fair ladies
from the slums

the sea darkens
the waves look
so much heavier

ill on a journey
the only longed for destination
is now home

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Bush Warbler

again the bush warbler
perhaps another stroke
of good luck coming

inspired by
Bush warbler:
shits on the rice cakes
on the porch rail.
Translated by Robert Hass
Matsuo Basho

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Blowing Stones

dancing with reeds
ancestor's wind
from the sacred mountain

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Awake At Night

awake at night
pondering whether the shrilling cricket
is a female

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Moonlight

Autumn moonlight
from the fluid ink
flows my poem

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Snowy Morning

snowy morning
he entertains himself fitting his feet
into other people's footsteps

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Monk Sips Morning Tea

a monk sips morning tea
his other pleasure
the rustle of leaves

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Field Of Cotton

ripened cotton
this urge to grab them
harvest them all in one night

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Cool Fall Night

cool fall night
neighbour's half ripen persimmons
reflect my room light

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Cicada Shell

a cicada shell
how like a porcelain
it breaks piece by piece

after a noisy night
the cicada waves at me on the floor
with its legs

A cicada shell;
it sang itself
utterly away.

john tiong chunghoo



Haiku - Folding Cranes

folding cranes
dad and son talk about
lost opportunities

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Old Cannon

old cannon
the woman prays
for a child

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - A Caterpillar

A caterpillar
the child wonders
how it controls its legs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - New Route

new route
to her house
the frozen river

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Floating Leaf

floating leaf
an ant runs
round and round

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Nature Is What You Dont See

nature is what we dont see
for instance the essence that pushes words out
for this poem fated for posterity
the birds that without fail
chirp at first light, morn breeze
the unseen clock working at the dot
nature is what we dont see
the nocturnal bloom, that folds itself
in the day, throws its fragrance
in the dead of night as lovers
hide in each others' bossoms
below the soft glare of the moon
centimetre by centimetre
it has inched forward to exhibit its
full blown majesty to the world
Nature is what we dont see
the shadow play master tilting the earth
the petals for its bloom dance
the successive cells here there
guided towards optimal functions
and that ogiasmic tremour
that shuttles the world round and round
nature is what you should not see
the formulas, secrets kept behind everything
that could get even einstein mad
in unveiling, explaining them
nature is what we all should not see
nor equipped to see
though it rambles through our every cell
like the worst of storm

john tiong chunghoo

The Hollow World In Me

in a line the light dances
in a passionate rush, crushes onto shore
chinese beauties
flailing their tulip white skirts
in their surge towards the audience
the roar and burst of bubbles
the applause of satiated spectators
another summer, another wave of humanity
burst onto sand that swishes at the feet
the waves refuse them to leave a trail
in their passionate walk
in a million ways the sea dances
patronising the stage of water and sand
from a distance the swishing sound of coconut leaves
laughter of mother and child, men
meld with the waves to remind of a world i unknowingly missed

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Seal Cub Hunt

a curse lingers
each time an animal is killed
intense as the stomach turning blood
splattered all over
god's way to tell the sacredness of life
little wonder thou shalt not kill
climbed the ladder of the top commandments
if men would know war, every war
is a curse from animals
robbed of their right to live
just check the fates of whale hunters
the onasis and many others
how all these curses have come true
broken families, accidents, ugly deaths
just open wide your eyes, mind and heart
and you know why this poem has been written

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

A Red Red Rose

your eyes shine like dawn sky
your smile a field of light grass
tiptoeing in the spring wind
your laughter the rich roar
of a sleek shiny limousine
your walk a smart pedigree
german shepherd up for grab
your hair a stage of virtuoso ballet dancers
executing their pristine pose
ever since you wandered into my world
gentle as the morning mist
my mind has turned into a theatre
your every feature i refine for a dose of romance
my warm bed a sea of expectations
you could tell from how the blankets
fold and turn in the fashion of a red red rose

inspired by

A Red, Red Rose

-

Oh my luvie is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh my luvie is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luvie am I;
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luvie!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luvie,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!



PoemHunter.com

john tiong chunghoo

What The Chinese Would Say Behind The Japs

they think they are greater
but look they use our characters
to write their own names, their own names! ! !
taking our lamps, our light to brighten up their own houses,
civilisation, their own souls,
originality, creativity thrown to the winds
and they talk about intelligence with us
these half schooled barbarians
who once ransacked our survival
waylaid our pride, like how Rome tore down
the Temple of Jerusalem, the Germans
exterminated the Jews.....
the disciples who learnt morals only to sidetrack
their masters, our philosophers, to bury their corpses
in their gardens, flowers grown over them
but a corpse is a corpse! ! !
behind the beauty of everything Japanese
is but a corpse that each of them tries desperately to hide
the very thing that explains the obsession with cleanliness
but a corpse is a corpse
it is unpleasant and lives on
in the japanese mind to disturb them
if they let it hide in their soul
without proper atonement
and adherence to the master's teachings
rain, storm and earthquake would destroy the blooms
and expose the skeletons below them
the skeletons that refuse to be whitewashed

john tiong chunghoo

A Birthday Poem

lone traveller
from kuala lumpur to tokyo to china
cold places, strange people warm and cold
so many unknowns that became knowns
that resulted in an occasional shopping tete-a-tete
and at those fortunate birthday celebrations
thrown by foreign friends
met at school, work place
we uttered words usually made between
friends of mere days
a coldness in between
as we sung and tried to break the ice
between the candles
lighted and blown
and they were usually in the nights
when lonely hearts sought out avenues
to brighten things up
for themselves and their newly acquired friend
and also workplace friends
who try to punctuate the life of a foreign soul
with things familiar, to light up the candles of his life journey

inspired by:

A Birthday Poem

Just past dawn, the sun stands
with its heavy red head
in a black stanchion of trees,
waiting for someone to come
with his bucket
for the foamy white light,
and then a long day in the pasture.
I too spend my days grazing,
feasting on every green moment
till darkness calls,
and with the others
I walk away into the night,
swinging the little tin bell
of my name.

Ted Kooser

john tiong chunghoo

Flying At Night

lost in the universe
counting stars
hurtling through space
this spaceship
for six billion years
shunting through
crevices, corners
dark as the dark sky
the stars its guiding light
from corner to corner
this realm ever expanding
casting mysteries of its origin, vastness
only one or two manage to touch
its workings in figures and letters
einstein leading the pack
but the spaceship waits for no man
the realm waits for no one
every sphere expanding
moving us to somewhere
the corner of our mind
the corner of the realm

inspired by

Flying at Night

Above us, stars. Beneath us, constellations.
Five billion miles away, a galaxy dies
like a snowflake falling on water. Below us,
some farmer, feeling the chill of that distant death,
snaps on his yard light, drawing his sheds and barn
back into the little system of his care.
All night, the cities, like shimmering novas,
tug with bright streets at lonely lights like his.
Ted Kooser

john tiong chunghoo

In January

i could walk carefree
in tokyo streets and lanes
in october, november and early december
in my T-Shirt treating it as spring but not january
when the temperature would suddenly take a dip
like an olympic swimmer with fiery ambition
plunging into the pool
the chill bites into the most sensitive parts
near the chest, setting the bodice trembling,
teeth hitting each other the way dad shunts his soroban beads
shaking like the winter breeze on and off, on and off
throughout the lanes and streets
laughters, songs trail the ears
on and off, on and off as the izakaya door
opens to either welcome or sends off some customers
the cold and loneliness of the streets
make these drinking houses
feel like a happy family where children and parents
crowd together for their nightly fun
january in tokyo could either be warm or cold
for lovers to cling closer to each other in their walk
for tired managers to go for atsukan to warm up their nerves
for the homeless, everything feels so colder than they should be
their hearts take a dip each time they hear laughter and songs
from the izakaya

inspired by

In January

Only one cell in the frozen hive of night
is lit, or so it seems to us:
this Vietnamese café, with its oily light,
its odors whose colorful shapes are like flowers.
Laughter and talking, the tick of chopsticks.
Beyond the glass, the wintry city
creaks like an ancient wooden bridge.
A great wind rushes under all of us.

The bigger the window, the more it trembles.

john tiong chunghoo

Selecting A Reader

a striking title
she stops flipping
her painted nail
edges onto the page
the fan tries to turn over

the clouds, the smoke
trail, swirl, twirl,

her city heart calms to
country words

a brook in deep jungle
crystal clear water
treking, swishing,
tinkling,
through a landscape
she wishes to be a part

a hypnotic song
soothing a loneliness
a disturbed soul
below the big Ssh
in the bookstore

the silent brook
does its job
outside the city buzzes with traffic
well, it is time to take a holiday
she tells herself
and plonk the book goes back
to the shelf
she swirls past the counter
and slowly walks out
like a jungle brook
her bracelets tinkling
the bookstore as calm as she has come

inspired by



PoemHunter.com

Selecting A Reader

First, I would have her be beautiful,
and walking carefully up on my poetry
at the loneliest moment of an afternoon,
her hair still damp at the neck
from washing it. She should be wearing
a raincoat, an old one, dirty
from not having money enough for the cleaners.
She will take out her glasses, and there
in the bookstore, she will thumb
over my poems, then put the book back
up on its shelf. She will say to herself,
'For that kind of money, I can get
my raincoat cleaned.' And she will.

Ted Kooser

john tiong chunghoo

New Pope

new pope

further down the line from christ

an uphill battle to get us to him

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Cocacola

death bed
granny asks for
cocacola

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Sake

sake

sweetness of last year's rice

flows through my lips

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

01and The Moon And The Stars And The World

long walk at night
the breeze freezes my spirit
the moon warms it up
pulling at my poetic soul
the crickets sing their poems to the night
a million other insects contribute their share
to loosen up the night
for lovers, husbands and wives
while a tide of words too
creeps in all directions in my mental sphere
saturates the poetic bar of the intellect
waiting to be strummed into verses
the rhythm swims along with them
as i write out verse by verse
the moon my friend shares its light
the night wind inspires
lovelorn stars wave all the way
a million light years away
heralding the birth of a song
sparkling, twinkling
guided by intricate orchestration of the night
before gracing the written page
long walk in the night
even the insects with the lamps
start to lend me their lights
between the twinkle of the stars
they dance, sing, beat out a dance

john tiong chunghoo

Hope Is The Thing With Feather

feather
twirls, swirls,
dances
casting
a small theatre
in the air
before touching
the ground
then swept again
by the wind
sommersaults
slides
before taking
another trip
of its wayward dance
evoking hope
in this solitary trip i make
to be a poet
where i give myself up
to the world
trails with the wind
twirls, swirls,
sommersaults
with words
into every man's heart

inspired by:

Hope is the thing with feather —
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—
And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm—
I've heard it in the chilliest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,

It asked a crumb—of Me.
Emily Dickinson

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - China Anti Japan Demo

wound of last war
lacerates
in shanghai, beijing...

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Selecting A New Pope

pope election
christ, angels, apostles look from
the sistine's ceiling

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Life's Tragedy

i am water
swept by the wind
to become waves
i am a consciousness
swept by god
to become man
inundated by
waves of
trials and tribulations
swirling, crushing,
always rushing onward to shore
soldiers on field
advancing to claim
a piece of victory they
consider theirs
the sand a smooth plain
after each swipe of the waves
i leap on towards this survival
again and again
pondering over the meaning
of this breath, life, miracle,
a blank in my life
i beg god would fill out for me
those masterful footsteps
in my life
those guiding steps on
the beach after each lap of wave
that i am still waiting for

inspired by

Life's Tragedy

It may be misery not to sing at all,
And to go silent through the brimming day;
It may be misery never to be loved,
But deeper griefs than these beset the way.
To sing the perfect song,
And by a half-tone lost the key,
There the potent sorrow, there the grief,

The pale, sad staring of Life's Tragedy.
To have come near to the perfect love,
Not the hot passion of untempered youth,
But that which lies aside its vanity,
And gives, for thy trusting worship, truth.
This, this indeed is to be accursed,
For if we mortals love, or if we sing,
We count our joys not by what we have,
But by what kept us from that perfect thing.
Paul Laurence Dunbar

john tiong chunghoo

07. Love, What Is Love?

love, oh what is love?
flowers in so many shapes and hues
giving sweetness to butterflies and bees
in so many shapes and hues
in the field, a buzz, a joy, these insects
help create another world
another paradise, warm colourful flower garden
for lovers of the world
help spread cheers everywhere
with the sweetness the flowers
where the flowers are, the butterflies, the bees are
where there is love, joy spreads
wide as the field
just look at the butterflies and the bees
how they cheer up the field with their songs and dance

john tiong chunghoo



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Pacific War

japan

here they feel more about their defeat
than think about their wrongs

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku -Michael Jackson's Trial

michael jackson's trial
this time he sings
they are not my lovers

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - China Anti Japanese Demo

anti japanese demo
perpetual pain
the scars on her breast

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Migratory Birds

death anniversary
the field full with
migratory birds'

death anniversary
cries of migratory birds
fill the sky

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Jungle Stream

the joy
to be alone
the jungle stream
that flows with a soothing
tinkling breaking sound

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

08. Spring Wedding (Charles And Camilla)

love never grows old
like vintage wine
it acquires a taste,
richness and smoothness
that swirls on the stage
of a connoisseur's
discerning tongue
to lift the joy of his heart

as the days go by
only those with it know why
in the heartfelt smile
of Charles, Camilla
love shines bright as
the fresh spring foliage,
a sparkling rage over
the gnarled weather beaten
branches and twigs

every bloom and leaf
is a renewal of hope
that seeps through every
royal vein today

now in charles' arms
lingers the charms
of spring that slowly
surely makes itself felt
after a frostbiting blizzard

a refreshing rose
greet the spring wind
twists gently to and fro
in a nuptial dance
to herald a new season

yesterday was deception,
a withered patch
taken over by snow

two persons left in the cold
living out other people's dreams

today a world comes true
for Charles and Camilla to
share their real selves
feeling with the world

the snow that slowly melts,
gives way to the beauty below -
a man and woman on a piece
of ground satiated with
their love for each other
a long cherished passion
that would see spring
spring into a riotious ring
of well wishes and joy

the rose that trails
the spring wind to fall
on Charles' arms today
god's gift after a trailblazing storm

john tiong chunghoo

A Clear Midnight

the stars are diamonds
strewn by the gods
in celebration
of their undying love
for the world
they light up the
lanes of frozen land
crystalise the thoughts
in the sphere of darkness
and open the heart
to the space of love
the stars are diamonds
strewn by the gods
to the golden lady
of the night
the gentle, subtle lady
that shares its blessings
with lovers as they whisper
their secrets to each other
the stars that catch
their lofty and sweet promises
spread them across the sky
to celebrate the glitters
of merriment and joy
the stars are diamonds
strewn for lovers
to swear their love
words that keep each of their
nights warm, illuminated and
guided....

inspired by

A Clear Midnight

THIS is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou

lovest best.

Night, sleep, and the stars.

Walt Whitman

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - First Day At School

first day at school
the other children look into me
for sign of similar fear

inspired by

First Day at School

A millionbillionwillion miles from home
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)
Why are they all so big, other children?
So noisy? So much at home they
Must have been born in uniform
Lived all their lives in playgrounds
Spent the years inventing games
That don't let me in. Games
That are rough, that swallow you up.
And the railings.
All around, the railings.
Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?
Things that carry off and eat children?
Things you don't take sweets from?
Perhaps they're to stop us getting out
Running away from the lessins. Lessin.
What does a lessin look like?
Sounds small and slimy.
They keep them in the classrooms.
Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.
I wish I could remember my name
Mummy said it would come in useful.
Like wellies. When there's puddles.
Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.
I think my name is sewn on somewhere
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.
Tea-cher. The one who makes the tea.
Roger McGough #19

john tiong chunghoo

Senryu (Humour Haiku) - Prince Charles

charles' golden memory
sandwiched between
a royal virgin and an old hag

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Where The Sidewalk Ends

where the sidewalk ends
now a nursery school stands
it slowly quietly comes alive at morn
the gentleness of a breeze as
children with their bags on their backs
walk, run into their classrooms
after the first light of morn

where the sidewalk ends
now a nursery school stands
it quietens down at the last light of dusk
the gentleness of a breeze
as children leave and go happy that they
have fulfilled mom's and dad's wishes
and learnt a few rudimentary words and grammar
their laughters and cheers as they leave
echo those in the lane of my memory
- a few young boys and girls swarming round
a mango tree shaking for its last mango
it had missed my friends and dropped right on my left eye
before plopping onto the ground with a 'bruise' on its yellowish skin
i could still hear the cheers and the question 'who will take this? '

little mary always got the fruit of our play
guess what, she also got married to the best boy of the gang
yesteryears' cheers still shore up the camaraderie
in her reunion dos for all of us
come rain or shine we woud all try to attend
but sadly we would never see the faces of all
someone, somewhere had always ended up at the
sidewalk of another lane, road

where the sidewalk ends now a
nursery school stands evoking
the wondrous time we had spent here

where the sidewalk ends
the first lesson of life begins
where smiles, cheers and tears

come straight from the hearts
how in every reunion we tried hard
to laugh in the same way, but always
resulted with a tinge of regret we would never
be able to do it the way when we were children
it hurt us like the bruised mango that
had fallen hardhazardly on the lane of our memory

where the sidewalk ends
now stands a nursery school
where joy and laughter abound

john tiong chunghoo

Love For A Child

mom never went to school
but that never became a problem
between me and her
if anything, it heightens
my awareness
of her predicament
my love for her
each time she expresses
something with the fear
that she would go wrong
to educate me and now
to feel the fear of being ridiculed
my eyes turn warm with tears
mother's love sealed
in a box of love, care, self sacrifice
as she gropes to know
about the world herself
a woman's basest instinct
filtered through the love of a child
gems dropping from the sky
the female species at its purest form
that love, that love for a child

inspired by;

Phenomenal Woman
Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.
Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.
They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.
When I try to show them
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,
The grace of my style.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.
Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
the palm of my hand,

The need of my care,
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.
Maya Angelou

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Last Letter

last letter
to find writing it easier
than handing it to him

inspired by

From – Twenty Poems of Love

I can write the saddest lines tonight.
Write for example: 'The night is fractured
and they shiver, blue, those stars, in the distance'
The night wind turns in the sky and sings.
I can write the saddest lines tonight.
I loved her, sometimes she loved me too.
On nights like these I held her in my arms.
I kissed her greatly under the infinite sky.
She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.
How could I not have loved her huge, still eyes.
I can write the saddest lines tonight.
To think I don't have her, to feel I have lost her.
Hear the vast night, vaster without her.
Lines fall on the soul like dew on the grass.
What does it matter that I couldn't keep her.
The night is fractured and she is not with me.
That is all. Someone sings far off. Far off,
my soul is not content to have lost her.
As though to reach her, my sight looks for her.
My heart looks for her: she is not with me
The same night whitens, in the same branches.
We, from that time, we are not the same.
I don't love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the breeze to reach her.
Another's kisses on her, like my kisses.
Her voice, her bright body, infinite eyes.
I don't love her, that's certain, but perhaps I love her.
Love is brief: forgetting lasts so long.
Since, on these nights, I held her in my arms,
my soul is not content to have lost her.
Though this is the last pain she will make me suffer,
and these are the last lines I will write for her.

Pablo Neruda User Rating:

john tiong chunghoo

Between The Creator And Me

I look through my body
at the world, the stars, moons,
stars beyond stars
I know there are stars, moons
stars beyond stars too
circling all within my finite self
this temporary sphere I am crowned with
the aura that shines from these
trillion of cells
all the moving atoms,
electrons, protons,
the universe inside and out
I look at them
from my infinite self
god the puppeteer
skillfully playing
the beginning, the end
I came out of the two walls
the human brain is kept in
to take a peep at myself, the universe
the moons, suns, universe,
stars beyond stars
I find a galaxy I possess
so many stars, moons, suns
the cells blazing with life, light
all working out of my control
as I join god to take
a look at his worlds

a meteor flashes by
a cell loses hold
flushed by blood to another world
all the stars, moons,
universe outside and inside
all the cells that I own
that soon would squeeze me out
to join the plane
where I could view
the beat of the universe

standing beside god
witnessing all his designs
wondering all the motives
behind his puppeteering
the moons, the suns, the universe
the cells acting out his drama round and round
casting off light

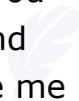
I saw a star burst
light light years away
the cancer patient
carrying a cell
that too has burst
soon to cast that black hole
over the finite self
the infinite journeys to
rest on another finite self
the universe

I stand by the creator
to look at his puppeteering
wondering his motives in his design
my mind flying outside the brain
I look at the the world, universe,
stars, moon, meteors, stars beyond stars
and myself that
swing with stars, moons,
stars beyond stars

john tiong chunghoo

I Said To Love

my love,
my love for you
is like the land
beneath your feet
if you want a comparison
forever supporting you
in life, in death
i take the wind, the rain, storm
in my stride
for your cause
honouring you
with blooms, roses, irises, clovers
crocuses, flowers of delight
to cheer up your heart
fruits of all shapes and colours
to brighten up your day
my love,
my love for you
is like the land
till me, graze me
the land that never says die
forever propping you up
tall as the angšana
my love, my love
for you is
like the land
beneath your feet
that takes all humiliation
to make sure you stand erect
honoured above all
i may be low but my love
is above all, unconditional
this land that lies all below you
the real love hidden
deep in its core, soul
for you deeper than mom and son
thanks for calling mother earth
cos i know you belong to me
one day wherever you may run

 PoemHunter.com

inspired by

'I Said to Love'

I said to Love,

'It is not now as in old days

When men adored thee and thy ways

All else above;

Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One

Who spread a heaven beneath the sun, '

I said to Love.

I said to him,

'We now know more of thee than then;

We were but weak in judgment when,

With hearts abrim,

We clamoured thee that thou would'st please

Inflict on us thine agonies, '

I said to him.

I said to Love,

'Thou art not young, thou art not fair,

No faery darts, no cherub air,

Nor swan, nor dove

Are thine; but features pitiless,

And iron daggers of distress, '

I said to Love.

'Depart then, Love! ...

- Man's race shall end, dost threaten thou?

The age to come the man of now

Know nothing of? -

We fear not such a threat from thee;

We are too old in apathy!

Mankind shall cease.-So let it be, '

I said to Love.

john tiong chunghoo

The Moon

because of your love
i shine brighter
than the stars
the brightness
of your glow
softens this land
this mountain
i am the lady
of the night
the smallest
yet the brightest
on this celestial stage
i bathe in your warm affection
glows in subdued yellow
i dance to your aura
changes into so many forms
savouring your charms
putting me in top spirits
you are the sun of my life
without you i would be gone
missed in the whole universe
because of you
my allure, my grace,
wins the perpetual
enchanted lines of poets
praises of emperors
like minded intellectuals
i accompanied
ancient scholars in their
academic pursuits
late into the night
and princes and princesses
in their romance trails
i am the lady of the night
that dances in perpetual bliss
changing pose and shape
on the boundless
glittering celestial stage of love
swearing my love to you

to the rivers and seas
pulling them higher up to you
so that you could see me
dance in shimmering glow
my unwavering love for you

john tiong chunghoo

Diana's Final Abode

no more paparazzi
beyond the plain
diana's grave
a quiet gentle breeze
leads the way

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Brothers Just Burnt His Love Letters

brother just burnt
the letters,
a bundle with the
recognisable characters
of puppy love -
our neighbour's
shoulder-length teenage
daughter people known
for her intelligence,
good grades in class
and beauty.
their resounding
laughter and tears
burst in the yellow flame
as it tears through
the envelopes and
papers with such
a coldness of purpose
my heart too has grown cold
as i witness this stoic
ending to a relationship
gone awry.
i turn away praying
that brother would
let the bygone
trail with the smoke
but the light
to guide him
to another world
where there is again
fun, laughter and
letters to share
the thoughts, aspirations
and love of youth.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - After A Storm

after a storm
the echo of rain dripping
into a pot

after a storm
the sound of rain dripping
into a pot

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

I Am The All The Movies' Heroes And Heroines

i was a country boy
theatre was my life
and the country lanes my stage
the obliging country folks my audience.
day in day out i am all action in the lanes
bursting out with lines from the movies,
walking in the styles of tarzan,
Chinese swordfighters, ballet stars,
james bond, snow white, the seven dwarfs, mickey mouse, donald duck, bruce
lee, and even dainty Chinese heroines.
times and again, after school, our neighbourhood would be abuzz with our
swordsfighting contest;
our teams fought with hands karate-styled
and those stricken at apart from the hands
and arms were considered losers.
brothers all joined in this fun
which became the climax of our country days.
schools were boring.
our parents must be very glad that
we did not have spider men then
or else they would have to talk us into
not jumping from buildings.
and songs were my prime interest. not elvis
or even cliff richard who were one generation away from me but those chinese
singers with their quivering voices - male and female included.
the country fields and shops were all my songs in contralto, tenor and soprano
cheering up friends of all ages,
some imbibing me the ideas of becoming
a star fueling a crazy dream that has
gone spiralling in my mind ever since.
sisters who could not put up with
my hyper activities told me quite tactly
they were not interested in my hobbies.
so i turned to my country friends who
were all praises for my copycat talents.
and now in my forties, i have to admit
of the dizzy effects all these dreams
have brought me.
the childhood characters and dreams continue

living on in me, albeit in silence
but often coming out with equal intensity and joy in poems..
how glad i am of this writing venture
as i could keep those dreams and characters alive....Oh, this country joy!

used as material for University of Virginia, United States as film course
2006.

john tiong chunghoo

After Years

once i have
established
a solid faith
but now i stand
faint hearted
blown by the wind
a statue picking dust
in the open
that would shine
glitter with
just a swish
of your hands
this multi-faceted world
leaving me
floating, sinking,
fainting, laughing,
weeping, crying,
like in the middle of the sea
all the metaphors
that you could seek
of a troubled life
swirling in your mind
in the water
calm facade
stormy swishy mass,
crushing tsunami
the gods, the devils
that trail
my mental world
a sea of anguish, loss
seeking a truth
a needle in the ocean
they call the almighty

inspired by:

After Years

Today, from a distance, I saw you

walking away, and without a sound
the glittering face of a glacier
slid into the sea. An ancient oak
fell in the Cumberlands, holding only
a handful of leaves, and an old woman
scattering corn to her chickens looked up
for an instant. At the other side
of the galaxy, a star thirty-five times
the size of our own sun exploded
and vanished, leaving a small green spot
on the astronomer's retina
as he stood on the great open dome
of my heart with no one to tell.

john tiong chunghoo

A White Rope And A Dwarf

china, taiwan
buffalo and calf
chained, pulled
by a white rope
worked on by a dwarf's sons
beef fed bigger, smarter
the emperor's sons
sit on nails
five thousand year old
divine nail chairs
that fueled revolutions
mental, spiritual, power
invasions, conquests
the calf runs adrift
lost in neighbourhood
become centre of stakes
a world divided
with the Chinese divides
sons of emperors
still pulled by
a white rope and
dwarf's smart descendents
plagued, played,
arousing a warring spirit
a 5,000 year old warring spirit
fueled by a middle kingdom

john tiong chunghoo

Platinum

diamond
the facets
the glitters
platinum
a sexuality
up to now
unknown
the male instinct
rises above
the glitters
the white metallic shine
to crown
the head, aura
he walks
with a heightened
realisation of himself
the male element
ying and yang
platinum is
definitely yang,
male

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Little Birds

last posture
pink little sparrow
so still in its few feathers

(a dead bird i saw that moved me nearly to tears)

inspired by

Little Birds

Little Birds are dining
Warily and well,
Hid in mossy cell:
Hid, I say, by waiters
Gorgeous in their gaiters -
I've a Tale to tell.

Little Birds are feeding
Justices with jam,
Rich in frizzled ham:
Rich, I say, in oysters
Haunting shady cloisters -
That is what I am.

Little Birds are teaching
Tigresses to smile,
Innocent of guile:
Smile, I say, not smirkle -
Mouth a semicircle,
That's the proper style!

Little Birds are sleeping
All among the pins,
Where the loser wins:
Where, I say, he sneezes
When and how he pleases -
So the Tale begins.

Little Birds are writing
Interesting books,
To be read by cooks:
Read, I say, not roasted -
Letterpress, when toasted,

Loses its good looks.
Little Birds are playing
Bagpipes on the shore,
Where the tourists snore:
'Thanks! ' they cry. 'Tis thrilling!
Take, oh take this shilling!
Let us have no more! '
Little Birds are bathing
Crocodiles in cream,
Like a happy dream:
Like, but not so lasting -
Crocodiles, when fasting,
Are not all they seem!
Little Birds are choking
Baronets with bun,
Taught to fire a gun:
Taught, I say, to splinter
Salmon in the winter -
Merely for the fun.
Little Birds are hiding
Crimes in carpet-bags,
Blessed by happy stags:
Blessed, I say, though beaten -
Since our friends are eaten
When the memory flags.
Little Birds are tasting
Gratitude and gold,
Pale with sudden cold:
Pale, I say, and wrinkled -
When the bells have tinkled,
And the Tale is told.

Lewis Carroll

john tiong chunghoo

The Echoing Green

he shares his dream
with his friends;
the trees, birds,
blooms and sea
in shades of blue,
red, green and brown
he carries his dream
from place to place
always with a song
a poem in his heart
come rain or shine
the breeze brings out
his dream in strange ways
splashes, splotches,
points, dots, surrealism,
inspiration trails his soul
he lets go of his dream
like a breeze
amid the sparkles,
glitters of the sea
profusely, it flows, flows
out of himself
as he negotiates his ways
through all his friends
sharing their tales
with the world
in shades of blue,
red, green and brown

inspired by

'The Echoing Green'

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies.
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring.
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,

Sing louder around,
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.
Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'
Till the little ones weary
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mother
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest;
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

- William Blake
(1757-1827)

john tiong chunghoo

God's Way

god's way
the worst boy in the class
today's world genius

inspired by:

Everyone has a talent.
What is rare is the courage to nurture it in solitude
and to follow the talent to the dark place where it leads.

john tiong chunghoo



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Temple Tanka

thick incense fume
trails by smiling gods
devotees' faith
stamped in the deities'
soot-covered faces

haiku one:

country lane
between windblown trees
a boy dances a tango

haiku two:

night river
the breeze sends the moon
shivering

haiku three:



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cross culture
the child squats, talks to a rat
that has gone into a hole

free verse poetry:

title: the circle game

--

forlorn stairs
each step spins a tale
of unrequited love,
a secret love
that imprisons me
in a miserable time warp

the stairs
where i had longed
for you
your appearance

that would cheer up
my day
the stairs that still echoes
the thumping of my heart
the stairs where
a thousand dreams spun
and another thousand
trail the wind

the forlorn stairs
that got me caught
between the steps
where time still stops for me
to get a feel of you

a sip of vintage wine
those ambitious flighty years
where we were told
to take each step with care
that each step counts
your youth spent in
climbing the stairs of knowledge
mine looking for that steps to your heart

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka Splendour

smaller, shorter
these childhood lanes
the familiar scenes still vivid
the kites, the marbles, the games..
oh! this longing to see childhood friends

my feet pain and my
mid-age heart nearly leaps
out as i climb this great wall
the laughters i hear echo
in the hills like the cries of builders

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku And Tanka

shamanism -
bribing the gods
to talk to us

seek a place of
worship if you wish
to see sincere expressions
on people's faces -
in front of gods, lies fly

maple garden; the leaves
twirl, to and fro,
like our first waltz,
their red that of your hair
i step into their dance, alone

autumn calmness -
this emptiness after
the unrequited love
the bare branch with
the lovely leaves all gone

john tiong chunghoo

My God

My God is no chauvinist, no racist
neither chooses any people
nor restricted himself to any.
My God needs no messenger nor prophet to
get himself across to me.
He welcomes all into his scheme of things
instilling in each of us
the potentials to be prophets
to get us to solve the puzzles
he places in each of us
the mysteries of the universe
he throws his open arms to us
each day without fail
in the sweet and comforting rays.
he sends the winds and rains each season
for the crops to grow and the world to thrive.
he wakens up the man in me when the time
comes and luxuriates me with a wide
spectrum of emotions to enable me feel his magic.
he makes me feel he is there, just near me
and reveals succinctly that chance could not
have led to all these complex uniformity.
he guides me through life in his own mystical
ways setting my curiosity aflammed as
to the meanings of all that go on around me.
The real God makes me hunger to know more of him!

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Eel Twists And Twists

eel
twists, twists, twists
on a straight line

fishing -
the lucky man gets
The unlucky fish

his lips the same
shade as her lipstick
after the strong kiss

adulterated pleasure
mixing grade A rice with B
for the price of A

Morning tea
An overeager fly dips into it
Then waves its legs at me

below the waterfall
her tresses becomes a waterfall
over her bodice

stubbing his cigarette
lecturer goes to teach students
about harmful smoking

john tiong chunghoo

Mixed Japanese Short Forms

up to hilltop casino
chinese gods line
the street side

(a popular casino
people pray to these gods hoping
to make a gain)

haiku three:

backside up
bad-mannered bee
at his food

tanka:

beneath the cold demeanor
his warmth sends
my heart blooming
the soil beneath the snow
that swells with life in spring

john tiong chunghoo

Malaysiana - Straits Of Malacca

straits of malacca,
the treacherous divider
between Malaysia, Sumatra.
a line between poverty, wealth.
a storm beats into the sea tonight,
lightning outlines a motorboat
negotiating its way
through the crashing undulating waves
furious as if angry at trespassers.
the straits that has deceived,
taken countless treasures over the centuries
from the cruelest of pirates,
to the greediest of colonisers,
tonight seems hungry for human souls
dousing out the light behind the tunnel
for penniless, hunger stricken sumatrans.
The human traffickers
in their anxiety to turn away from sea police shove them off like logs
pointing to Malaysian shore
indistinct as their fate
their cries muffled
by the bitter cold waves
and rattling engines.
the motorboat that has promised a dream
tonight decides to chart it all into sea.
yes, arrival at Malaysian shore
albeit in waves few kilometres off.
The sorrow of the sumatrans
could only be seen on their
scowled faces as their corpses
float down the straits, some
lost, some fished up.
Like the waves of the straits of opportunities
that continue pounding the shores,
this illegal trafficking continues
punctuated by such heartstirring drama
that subsides into the backside of the brain
as soon as the next wave crashes onto shore.

john tiong chunghoo

Nicknames

nicknames are thrown
around in my family;
our own terms of endearment
word could not describe.
it is that closeness
towards each other
through words that evoke
a special experience
with a brother or sister
or just a plain description of
his uniqueness.
a brother is called La Ting
because of his bald head when a
baby.
eldest brother is labelled Ming
instead of his real name Thai
because of his intelligence
when a child.
Ming means clear-minded.
Another is called Lung
instead of Ing because of his
Chinese horoscope sign dragon
which in Mandarin is Lung.
mom's favourite animal sign
is dragon so the name sticks.
youngest brother is Bee,
my own spontaneous invention
when I saw the cute little child
in mom's hands many years back.
I am so glad and proud
that this is the only creation
in my life that has been used
for so long and that it
has surprisingly given
brother all the good luck;
he turns out to be a bank's manager.
he should have me to thank
for all his fortune.
another brother is called Chi

instead of his real name Kui.
i could not fathom the
reason for this and wonder
which brother first started
calling him that.
eldest sister is Pui
instead of Hua because
of her plumbness when a baby.
and oh dear, we are naughty
when it comes to our neighbours.
many of them have secret nicknames
coined from the way they
talk, walk, and even look
and we really hope they would
never ever find out these names.
Our family just bubble in
our neighbourhood because of
our incessant inner creative jest
to coin all those secret words.
perhaps, we are nicknamed too
which we never
bother about because
we know nicknames are
given out of endearment.
at least, that is the case with us.

john tiong chunghoo

A Dream Within A Dream

as i close my eyes
a blackhole looms
this inner world
a torment it brings
how far does it goes
each night as i sleep
where do i journey to
this dark realm
which for forty-five years
i have travelled each night
never reaching any place
sometimes it throws a dream
a dream where i am
but somebody different from i am
talking like an indian
sometimes it throws a dream
a dream where mom
keeps so quiet
in a never seen house
so much grander
yes, as i live on
i travel each night
in a black hoe
ticking away to a foreign land
year after year
a land which i could not grasp
but accept it with each of my breath
time keeps ticking away
each second, a second
nearer to the day of death
where perhaps i would continue
in this journey in the blackhoe
and perhaps find light in it
in two worlds
i travel, consciously
and subconsciously
in a ship that i control
and being controlled
the master and also the slave

i look into the night sky
and realise that
in this trip i am but
an observer of
a real world and imagined
a film where i partake
each day with no known script
i consider myself the greatest actor in this case
enacting each scene
with a full heart and soul
pain and all
perhaps somewhere out there
someone out there
is enjoying it all
the fact that i control as well as
is controlled by my own life, cells....

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka: Deferred Dream

keep on deferring
her own dream
to help others
realise their dreams
in the distance she sees a light

inspired by:

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

Like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore-

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over-

like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

john tiong chunghoo

PoemHunter.com

Pirates Killing In The Streets

dreams made of talents and sweat
and nightly toils; dreams to beautify, enrich and upgrade The world
snatched away mercilessly leaving
broken hearts, sleepless nights
accompanied by streams of tears
among the poets, the Crooners,
the writers, film producers,
Actors....enslaved by their own giftedness.

in the backstreets of Asia, open markets of China, Africa, Latin America, you see
familiar names on boxes, books where money floods; fluid cash from great
talents
who live only to see modern pirates squeeze every cent out of their sweats,
the merchandise reaping billions for
clandestine merchants living behind monumental abodes.

Pirates all over the world massacreing artists and poets.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Mixed Three Liners

winter blue
a flash of white
on taxi's top

daymoon
sounds of scissors
from impatient barber

soon
a river that wont
reflect the moon

irked by her
constant shouts
to keep children quiet

storm
the gods paint
the whole sky grey

end-of-world news
the old lady
farts

power failure
lovers in bed
unfazed

after not meeting
for 20 years, recognising him
only by his goatee

after dinner -
the upbeat children
in the field

silver wedding anniversary
the guests ask whether
their divorced son has married

clinic
against the be-quiet sign
the mother shouts at her crying child

silver wedding anniversary
divorced son gives toast to
dad as role model

cricket's shrill
our warm conversation
in the japanese pub

john tiong chunghoo

Japanese Short Forms 2

window shopping
a child twists to three
mannequins in dance pause

a poultry-chasing dog
given to a friend who
ends it in his pot

what a delight
those windswept
scarlet leaves!

time really has flown
since she threw
her clock at me

another world
a librarian reads
with feet on chair

mom to daughter
for interview: smile to them
like Mona Lisa

fengshui craze
wonder i'm shitting
in the right direction

calling someone
half his age dad
the prize: he marries his daughter

mom's happier times
her stilleto lying sideways
by the verandah

Asian coffeeshops
the toughest to manage -
the toilets

john tiong chunghoo

Mixed Haiku

my white hair
top
disappointments

out of doctor's room
she heard the call
for hubby's mistress

bamboo
one topmost leaf dancing
with glee

youthful toil
boy nudges face against
mirror to squeeze out pimple

analysts - what they can give;
either 'sorry, time has changed'
or 'see, we were right'.

telling her
what not to do
new maid

temple
the gods and goddesses
smoked

john tiong chunghoo

Japanese Senryu (Humour Short Forms)

after the
shakespearian play
talking like its characters for days

quarrel over toy
angry mom
throws it into river

inside out -
the t-shirt
on her

winter
my feet too
go down in temperature

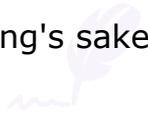
hainging a cezane copy
in room -
for sleeping's sake

fused in passion
doctors fighting
to loosen Borneo couple

eyeing prism
awed by
many awed eyes

summer economic recovery
tied up in office
wearing my sweater

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Senryu - Japanese Humour Short Form

red stone
the roadside peddler
says it's a rugby

roadside hindu shrine
below the deities
a pregnant dog rests

fortune telling
photostating my palm lines
to send to India

christmas eve
auntie's excitement
for the church service

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - Grasses Bend To The The Wind

grasses bend
to the wind, rustling
i remember mom's graceful hands
as the leaves bend to
the shape of a basket

childhood lesson -
adult ants in a line
showed me what hierarchy
and getting organised
are all about

turtle; 'we're
slow that's because
we never need run for cover.' (SENRYU)

the widow's death
in place of her piano music
i miss is the furin
that rings frantically
now and then like it misses her

eden's apple
yes, buddha was right
desire is the cause
of sufferings
eve and adam hopelessly created with it

starry expanse
i savour the buddhist's thought
that i existed since time began
that all these stars
have all along been companions

john tiong chunghoo

Predictions 2004

Hello everybody,
here I am again
after 364 days,
caesar's soothsayer reborn.
my face is so hot and red
from all the wine parties
i have been to these nights.
all those congratulations
about my accuracy
have caused me to walk
with a heavy heart about
this year's prediction.
of course, only fools say i
know nothing; if i could foretell
caesar's murder with such
accuracy, i could foretell anything.
first did we not see china
nearly brought to its knees
this time by a tiny
unknown virus; so virulent that
the whole country was
cordoned off from outside?
and this if you had not heard
my forecast last year;

'China seems to be on the road
To the top of the world
But if only it can see the
Briars and thorns that
It has to traverse the
Next 30 years'.

And how much easier for
Bush and his men to get
saddam if only they had read
this;

'The Yankees are not going
To war with Iraq

It is just a play of rhetorics.
By the time they really take up arms
Saddam would have gone over
To the other side.'

And yes, did you see our latest
man in town, Prince William's
latest picture?
gosh, thank god he has grown up
so handsomely but
nobody could miss that sad tinge
on his face; that sad royal
characteristic profile that
had taken hold of even the queen,
his father and others up and
down the line. a curse from
Lady Di for all the sufferings
she had to endure all those years
in the palace.
i am very sure at the back
of the prince's mind he
would rather be a monk than a king.
he wishes to get away from it all
to forget about her pitiful mom.
how could a son possibly
be happy taking over a throne
that had caused his own mother
so much anguish?
what a troubled institution
slowly going into oblivion;

The British Royalty would become
Such a bore to the British public
That by 2009, they would be
As quiet as a graveyard

All is not finished with terror.
They are seething in anger
and waiting for every
opportunity to burst forth
to get the world which
they believe is theirs

to control and bring to the
Rightful God. Just you wait.

Last year's prediction:

Then of the reign of terror
That grips the world today;
They will lie low these two years
But will wreak havoc in 2005
On the world so that many inn

john tiong chunghoo

Japanese Short Forms

winter rain
the calm metropolis
from the first subway train

fading light
the couple start
for their secret haunt

sickle moon
at the river corner
cutting weeds

warm embrace
between her and me
her week-old son



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tired eyes
flipping the pages
for the dancing numbers

if only the
sea can be calm
this troubled world

winter wind -
rivalling

the freshness of my mind

unrequited love
i walk over the
fields and spots
the tears i still
keep to myself

empty church, just
pews and a solitary me
praying and joining god
in savouring the whispers
of my own prayers

in minutes the night
sky was a grey blanket
the moon and stars rubbed out
this sad page of my life
i wish god to turn over for me

bright red roses
pinkish lilies
fascinating floral colours
i think about mom's kimono
the one that too got my heart flutter

silent night
all spoilt by the silent night
carolling

after the storm
a headless snowman
still standing

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka And Haiku

all over, a poetry slam
among the flowers, wind,
mountains, sea, field, you, me
if we care to loosen ourselves
to join in the fray

art and music
the river sings sweet verses
as the water paints
this wondrous scarlet sky
over and over

year
of the monkey...
expecting this naughty thing

the sun, so much
life it gives me
the moon outside window
sheds new thought on me
the bagavad gita verses come to life

bagavad gita is the 'bible' of the hindus.
need to read this to understand my tanka.

school exchange
even the way
they talk is different

sweating at the check-in
this next woman tells hubby:
'Let me wipe it for you.'

soften footsteps
mother tells us
a new child greeted with
all the vip treatments
we even laugh as it cries

the break
in my daily to do list
all the other tasks
i do with my heart
angled on that unspecified hour

howling winter winds
the willow trees' leaves
point opposite way
while a lonesome man
asks for direction

john tiong chunghoo

The Enemy I Overcome

all over i run
looking for my god
to explain to me
all this thing about soul;
this million-year question
we each carry
with us to our death,
bequeathing similar puzzle
to our children,
the only question that
we share common ground
with our stone-age ancestors.
to live for all these years
and getting to know
that the most puzzling
thing in the world is
here just right in me!
i run to the east
i run to the west
i hop to the north
i hop to the south
i read the buddha's works
i delve into the hindu vedas,
bagavad gita,
the bible and the koran.
my body aches, my mind boggled
the five senses numbed
yet still ignorant of this
tea-in-cup theory propounded.
this prison that each of us
is trapped; is it just the body or
another dimension
seeking freedom?
seeking freedom.....
how i am grateful
that at least at this,
i share common thought
with buddha before
he left his palace to

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seek for truth.
truth i still seek..
all that light in
the tunnel theory
getting me quite
fearful and excited..
here lies the enemy
i finally overcome
for eternal freedom,
my epitaph.

john tiong chunghoo

Drunken Lines

this country once passions reigned
barbarians and moralists
galloped into the fray.
its multi-faceted poets'
drunken lines echo
heartfelt cries of builders
who carried slabs up mountains,
crafty empress tying ropes
round people's bellies to stifle revolts,
and palace butchers who
devoured manhood
for the king's womenfolks,
female infants' unkind fate with mother's towels.
yet this record it shows
with pride of birth numbers.
the verses of drunken poets
that lent a paradise for
a moment's escape from these dungeons of madness
the gifts of Li Bai, Su Tong Po...

john tiong chunghoo

Angel

the struggle next door
storms and upturns her world.
the cruel blows and weak pleadings
of the wayward son and his mom
cut deep into her heart.
this little life episode she wishes
is just a dream, a bad dream that
she usually forgets after a few days.
but now the dying mother, her
friend next door, keeps appearing in her
imaginings pushing her to that section
of her life where she keeps between
herself and the almighty.
the sweet grape juice that tastes
so bitter this morning.
as she washes her own little
cute white thing in the bathtub
she prays that she would be able to
bring out the angel in the child;
an angel that would throw a dime to the
beggar in the street and fill up
the days of those in the autumn of their lives with joyful notes -
like the beautiful colourful leaves
of the season that fall in so many
ways to entertain us.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku Quest

exquisite words that evoke pauses,
those pauses that deepen the moments
like the shadows the candles
cast over the the wall.
i search my mind for moments
locked in my psyche, still waiting
to be freed into the ocean of expressions,
such as the nesting hen i found using her beak to move her egg closer to herself,

the monkeys that lined the roadside for hangouts from tourists and
the toad that stole into my bathroom
to enjoy a bath with me.
in this haiku quest, i stumble onto
artistic treasures on mental floors
waiting to be strewn into
three liner jewellery,
the brain now and then throwing gems at me challenging me to put the sparkles
into them

john tiong chunghoo



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Tanka - Camelia, Charles

Camelia, Charles
behind their smiles
Diana's tears
the marriage that
became too crowded

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

My Child

My child
Read this book
Mother has bought for you
After which
Mother will bring you for
The usual evening walk
Through the greenery
Rejoicing under the
Light of dusk
With your innocent voice
Filling the air
Remember not to run too far away
Don't hurt those little lives
I know you want to catch
Those jumping insects
To feed your colourful fishes
At home
Leave them alone
Play around
Let's be good friends
With all living creatures around

My child
Your teacher has taught you to sing
Some sweet songs today
Sing them now
And sing them loud
As you run on your little two feet
Mum feels the love for you
Even more in this
Wonderful environment
Of sublime beauty
Those myriad flowers
Welcoming us with
Scintillating fragrances
Bright red roses
Morning glory
Wild orchids
And the hypnotic chirping

Of the little birds
In the nearby trees
Welcoming each other
Back to roost
And sharing
Their adventures
Of the day

My child
Let's go home
Dont say "No"
It will be too late
Once the sun goes to sleep
Darkness will set in
Turn around
And be home
For your study
And bedtime stories
And then sleep sweetly
Till the sun rises again
Brining us the cheers
And promises of another
Wholesome day

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Fair Game

fair game
nature opens a race
for climbing to the top

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Lighting Up The World

lightning lights up sky
a genius mind lightens up
the whole world

john tiong chunghoo



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Tokyo

A city of many many millions
A throbbing city with
A thousand dreams
And a painful past
Earthquakes, fires, killings,
Allied bombings, palace intrigues
Power struggles and
Religious persecutions
Never douse its forward
Matching spirit to the fore
Of technology, fashion, ideas,
Knowledge and world peace
A city that has astounded the
World with its mindboggling transformation
From feudal backgrounds to
Modernity and world's top in less
Than a century never
Fails to fascinate a foreigner
With its contrasts between
The old and the new
The Occident and the Orient
A geisha walking under her
colourful parasol
in the midst
Of modern skyscrapers
An emotion charged enka played
Amid catchy modern hits
Old Chinese inspired temples, jinjas
And pagodas with up-to-date facilities
The only city in the world
That forever renounces war
In its constitution
This is Tokyo, a city fortunate
Enough to have Van Goh's Sunflower
Nobel-prize writer Yasunari Kawabata
Oscar Samurai celluloid creator Akira Kurosawa
The blessings of Sungoddess Amaterasu
And auspices of the world's oldest monarchy
The next great earthquake

Predicted to strike anytime
Doesnt seem to dim the enthusiasm of
Its populace who seek out every
Inch of land here for
More development and.....fun!

john tiong chunghoo

Puzzles

Immense is God's love for men that
He not only keeps them companied
But amused and entertained
Through his ubiquitous
Puzzle games intricately
worked out for them
..in the sky, in the oceans,
In the mountains.... everywhere
If only they care to seek them out.
To boost their enthusiasm
In this mind racking tournament,
A rich reward awaits
Each puzzle solved
As can be seen from
Watt's answer to his rattling kettle
That won us the locomotive
Or Jenner's answer to the
Uninfected dairymaids that
Won us the vaccine for smallpox
Or Fleming's answer to the growth
On his petri dishes that
Won us the penicilin
Or Einstein's answer to
The mechanics of space
That won us the
Theory of relativity
Enlightening us much about
speed, time, light and distance
And the possibility of space travel.
Wonder who will solve the ultimate
Puzzle, death, which will win
For each of us a permanent place
In this world!

john tiong chunghoo

08. Fire And Ice

fire
passion

ice
estrangement

ying
the cold

yang
warmth

sun
cheerfulness

moon
melancholy reigns

between she and him
a lane
each agrees
to walk negotiating
fire and ice

ying, yang
sun, moon

both knowing
that the human world
has evolved
in between these opposites

and in between
they would survive
and grow, procreate

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Unclaimed Monies

second world war
rewards of neutrality
swiss banks stashed with unclaimed monies

inspired by

1914 I: Peace

Now, God be thanked Who has watched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Rupert Brooke

john tiong chunghoo

Those Winter Sundays

a single's sunday
bachelor's sunday
lonely as the winter sun
a hazy disc that tries to break
through the snow and cloud
bright, warm though the cold bites
echoes of the deserted morn park
reverberates in lonely hearts
colder than the winter breeze

winter's sunday
a bachelor's sunday
the lonely walk
between the skyscrapers
that hid the sun
making the day drowsier
more melancholy
the heart, slayed
bobs up and down
in an ocean of wish
too big for this little frame
the mind tries cheering itself up
with verses shuttled between
different corners of the world
the muse's only Sunday warmth
that cup of coffee in hand
and pen in hand
painting the world
in his own colours, fashion
in his attempt to rise
above the waves of Sunday's blue
mozart, bach, beethoven,
trail the bright Sunday rays
sending a wave of joy
in this self sustaining survival

inspired by:

Those Winter Sundays

Sundays too my father got up early
And put his clothes on in the blueback cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labor in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold
and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?

Robert Hayden

john tiong chunghoo

Killings

another day of killings
the men bent down for prayers
the world watches in vain

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Ying, Yang

ying and yang
love and hate
the world at a loss

john tiong chunghoo



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This Tsunami In Me

heartless tsunami
how calm the sea lies today
please rush to me
raise your fury
console me
how calm the sea lies
after all the ravages
the loved ones that have gone
how calm the sea lies today
this tsunami in me
that would take years to tame

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Yet To Bloom

Mother Earth has yet to bloom.
Like a flower that has just budded,
Mother Earth has unlimited potentials.
The Universe hides secrets from tiny Earth
Which unfolds its wonders in stages.
As crawling creatures turned into
Flying creatures and apes into men,
We will have creatures that can even
Crisscross the universe at the speed of
Their own wish one day.
Yet to bloom though Mother Earth is old
By human measurements.
The day will come when our technology
Will be thought as nothing more
Than stone-age appliances are to us.
Given the opportunity to bloom
Further that is, Mother Earth.
Its full bloom beyond our thoughts.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Bound Feet

from big foot to small foot, it's
a slow walk back to civilization
in more than 2,000 years - a pair of lotus feet -
small and nimble with crushed bones carry a frame
fragile as the blossom that signifies beauty and purity
to bolster an ego that carries the mark of a fair lady

Ancient Chinese oddities were
As myriad as its people.
One of these were bound feet.
A Chinese gentleman judged his woman
By the feet in those days.
Her face mattered but more were her
Feet which had to be as small
As three-inches, a society gauge for
Her breeding and status.
Confucius needs to take part of the
Blame for saying women are born to
Serve their men and no other
Which spawned the bound feet tradition.
Years of pains, tears and sleepless
Nights went into making these
Chinese women walk in little gaits as
Required of a lady, a sign that she was
Not a product of household chores.
Big feet equalled slavery and low births.
An ego trip, it was, for the adherents.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Vast Bluish Sea

sea
a coconut
floats by

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - The Same Old Bell Chimes

new school year
fresh faces everywhere
the same old bell chimes

new school year
old bell chimes
a fresh term

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Spring Wind Blows

windblown sakura
trails, dances
to burst of laughters

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - School Holidays

school holiday

lone corridors, classrooms

A bird chirps and flutters by

john tiong chunghoo



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Tanka - Internet

all alone i am
but connected to
the inexhaustible human energy
shrouding, binding the world
since the beginning of time...
when are we ever alone?

john tiong chunghoo



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What! Religion?

Mankind has since the beginning
been plagued by uncertainties,
so they turned to religion.
Or was it the other way round;
that religion had actually sought them out?
god talked to so many people?
wonder why he is keeping so quiet now
beginning of an end
faded up with homo sapiens
turning to some new creatures
he created somewhere out there?
But who is the God behind all of us?
Yahweh? Allah? Jesus Christ? Brahma?
Much confusion despite continuous
Divinations from above.
Has religion solved men's woes
Or has it made them more secure?
Seems like we're heading the other way
Mankind has cast the greatest mystery
to the world; the mystery of a Creator.
But where is he? Among the Jews, the Muslims,
the Christians, the Buddhists or the Hindus...
All these questions point to only one
probability....religion has
come too early to mankind
whose intelligence is not ready for it!
i prefer the days when
men sang to the moon
yelled to waterfalls
cried to the sky
for answers to their predicardments!

john tiong chunghoo

I Wander Lonely As A Cloud

i wander lonely as a cloud
tip toeing eyeing with grace
the clear expanse of earth
a new blessing materialises
every second as friends join
me in scaling new heights

the sky's our limits we tell
ourselves as we rub shoulders
with grandest hills and mountains,
while the ever appreciative sun dresses
us up in a rainbow of colours

we dance light footed and determinedly
winning more friends to fire up the
azure sky with our glistening jewels

i wander lonely as a cloud forever
changing, hopeful, as friend earth
awaits an avalanche of goodwill
to spread far and wide for it to grow

The above is rewritten from an earlier version
reading:

I wander lonely as a cloud
tip toeing eyeing with grace
the clear expanse of earth

a new me materialises every
second as new friends join
me in scaling new heights

the sky's our limits we
tell ourselves as we rub
shoulders with grandest hills
and mountains, the ever
appreciative sun dresses us
up in a rainbow of colours

we dance light footed and
determinedly winning more
friends and fire up the azure
sky with our glistening jewels

i wander lonely as a cloud forever
changing, hopeful, as friend earth
awaits an avalanche of goodwill
spreading far and wide for it to grow

john tiong chunghoo

Butterflies

women are like butterflies
dad always said
when he was alive
oh how true that is

mom, sisters, aunties,
they are all butterflies
with colourful stories
to tell of their love
and alluring attire
as they dance out
the steps of life

fly in and out of days
gathering memories
golden, sweet, light
and fluid as honey

kisses, presents, flowers and all
cupboards full of cotton, silk, crepe,
lace, and what have you?
a million shades and styles
to draw on life

you could see them
flutter into dreams
where roses, orchids,
crocuses, hibiscus
magnolias, scent
the way of paradise

each twirls, swirls, twists,
waltzes, discos, pirouettes
through that memory lane
where diversity and thirst for
life lifts them from bloom to bloom

where a million years might
have passed and one will

still be digging in to feed on
those joy capsuled moments
though they are fleeting
as worms that morph
into larvae, butterflies
and rainbow

big sister loves her
graceful skirt in that shade
passionate as rosy red

second sister's
favourite blouse
innocent as lily white

third sister's lace
covered night gown
makes her look a real ballerina
ever ready to fly the way of
butterfly

to talk about butterflies
snappy dad was correct when
he said women are like butterflies
they fly into your life
bringing colours and sweetness
if you know where to look for
the right ones

open the window of your heart wide
and you see them flutter, flap, dance
in so many ways into your life

inspired by

Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love-
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me-
Yes! - that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we-
Of many far wiser than we-
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe #31

john tiong chunghoo

Time...

time
drills
into me
like a screw
inching into me
relentlessly
a trail of frayed edges
as it teaches me
to value him
like the tickler
mother has used
that leave behind
time-capsuled
wam memories
drill, drill, drill
drill into me
with your magic
giving me
your magic
in the form of
mother, brother, sister,
friend, heroes and heroines
as i try to keep up
with your adventure
both in and out
time runs, runs, runs
never waits for me
even when i'm
six feet underground

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Poem About Poetry - Originality

son asks what
it means to be original
and i say it is when you learn
to be different in an artistic way
piercing ears to wear rings
binding your feet for beauty
putting paint onto paper
to get people think you're insane
but to respect you
two hundred years from now
eyeing your masterpieces
ridiculing their parents
for not having a piece of you
that bright talent of you
that you crawl all over to exhibit
gripping whether you are original
or just plane insane
and always throwing that question
what it means to be original, unique
digging words and graves
for an answer

john tiong chunghoo

Tanka - Dream

i heard him
laugh, smile and weep
in his dream
but take no notice
this man all awake is but the same

inspired by:

Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Unceased Days

pretty woman
wrinkled woman show girls picture
of her unceased days

inspired by

Phenomenal Woman

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally. 
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.
They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.
When I try to show them
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,
The grace of my style.
I'm a woman

Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
the palm of my hand,
The need of my care,
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Maya Angelou

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - This Staircase

secret love
this school staircase
still so cold, lonely

You Forget Me

I want you to know
one thing.
You know how this is:
if I look at the crystal moon,
at the red branch of the slow autumn
at my window,
if I touch near the fire
the impalpable ash
or the wrinkled body of the log,
everything carries me to you,
as if everything that exists,
aromas, light, metals,
were little boats
that sail toward those isles of yours
that wait for me.
Well, now,
if little by little you stop loving me
I shall stop loving you little by little.
If suddenly
you forget me
do not look for me,
for I shall already have forgotten you.
If you think it long and mad,
the wind of banners
that passes through my life,
and you decide
to leave me at the shore
of the heart where I have roots,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off

to seek another land.
But
if each day,
each hour,
you feel that you are destined for me
with implacable sweetness,
if each day a flower
climbs up to your lips to seek me,
ah my love, ah my own,
in me all that fire is repeated,
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
my love feeds on your love, beloved,
and as long as you live it will be in your arms
without leaving mine.

Pablo Neruda

john tiong chunghoo

Alone She Puffs

uncertain future

alone she puffs
smoke covers her face
trails the night air

she hides behind
each night under
an inch of powder
lips coloured like roses

the night aids
accompanies
herameleon existence
satisfying loners
groping in beds
that witness sea and sea
of swirling passion
shuttling between
excited real and
make-believe passions
to satiate masculine wants
wave and wave of
lascivious acts
escalated by teutonic desires
that always end in earthshaking explosions
that rattle the senses

the musty sweaty smell
of bedsheets
so familiar now
feel like home covers
a night away from them
she feels a page
of her favourite book unread

slowly she learns to fit
the regular
into the irregular

to pick up the pieces
when she falls
what mom told her long ago

the smoke envelopes her face
before trailing off into the glittering sky

alone she puffs waiting for the next loner
carrying a dream to straighten up her tangled life
in her own tangled ways

inspired by

Like Dust I Rise

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,

You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

Maya Angelou #6

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku: One Ant

sprinting
one ant teases
chases the other

inspired by:

One Inch Tall

If you were only one inch tall, you'd ride a worm to school.
The teardrop of a crying ant would be your swimming pool.
A crumb of cake would be a feast
And last you seven days at least,
A flea would be a frightening beast
If you were one inch tall.

If you were only one inch tall, you'd walk beneath the door,
And it would take about a month to get down to the store.
A bit of fluff would be your bed,
You'd swing upon a spider's thread,
And wear a thimble on your head
If you were one inch tall.

You'd surf across the kitchen sink upon a stick of gum.
You couldn't hug your mama, you'd just have to hug her thumb.
You'd run from people's feet in fright,
To move a pen would take all night,
(This poem took fourteen years to write-
'Cause I'm just one inch tall) .

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku: A Shortcut

winter warmth
the river now a shortcut
to your house

Inspired by

Where the Sidewalk Ends

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins,
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know
The place where the sidewalk ends.

john tiong chunghoo

Bird's Song

always one sudden chirp
in the first light
trailed off by the excited
twits of a flock.

birds in the giant trees
outside my window,
how timely they are each morn,
I wonder they take turns
to greet each new day.

the same hour,
these little creatures
set their time
on a body clock
to herald in new adventures.

their scintillating
morn chatters
strike my curiosity
about their tales.

one must get the bettle
that escaped capture yesterday
still hiding in its hole perhaps,

the other still prays
to have the same fat worm
he had yesterday and
is definitely heading
for the same promising place,

another wonders when
it would rain,
one lone weak twitter
that seems out of place
thinks today
might be another paltry day
with little catch.

pessimism is all over,
isnt it, not only
among us homo sapiens?

the courting, the holidaying
the scores of tales
that fly in the tree
awake me to my own day's mission.
i join the birds in
their day i find not
quite different from mine.

i wonder whether they pray too
for a good day though? i would
gladly join them in their hymns.

john tiong chunghoo

Little Women

little women of my childhood gravel lane,
fill out a part of my memory of
linked-wooden houses built on stilts.
their crowning glories still so vivid;
how they flipped like a pendulum from
shoulder to shoulder as they ran;
those different-styled hair
each carving a story and character in
my own little women world;
straight, graceful tresses,
shoulder-length lioness-styled crown,
and their varied-toned skins;
fair, dark, palsy so many different shades
in one family, it's a wonder how genes work.
all these differences held tight by a love
that flowed so abundantly from shy mom and salt fish market businessman dad.
how they had run helter skelter
from their games of rope jumping, hide and seek, hopscotch,
for home when they saw daddy
strolling home with his straw basket round his elbow, the dollars and cents of the
day to get the family running.
his subtle gentle smile that hid a world of love for the frightful children in his
presence.
the children who all earned
much favours from their
keen attitude towards studies
and those paper bags they
so skillfully folded and
gummed for daddy's merchandise
as well as for friends
to earn those extra cents
to get tickets for the
next famous epics from
hong kong, taiwan.
brother fell in love with one fair one
in his upper secondary study.
a puppy love that soon turned sour.
my childhood lane's
only broken heart story.

my childhood lane
how every inch is still
still filled with
experiences sweet, sour, bitter,
a part of my life
that runs like a cartoon movie.
those childhood characters
I wonder whether
they could spare some time
with me to to walk down
those cement blocks and
tarred road
that have overtaken
the scenes but not the soul.
i wonder could that be their best days too?

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Sun Beams

sun beams
reflected in her hair
morning breeze

dawn breeze
sparkling between her hair
the sun beams

john tiong chunghoo



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The Clothesline

talking about incisive mind;
my life's laid bare
on my clothesline
right under the sun
if noosy neighbour
really knows where to read it.
our laughters and moods
trail with the frills, shades
pastels, chiffons
a myriad shapely wear
that dance in the morning breeze;
a party in the open.
the butterflies and bees
lose out to their allure;
a cartoonist's inner world
at work as we figure
all the characters
in the wear
trooping through
the avenue with their
infectious laughters.
in the dawn of a new season
how the shapes have changed,
and the colours
fly away like autumn.
the dull colours!
the dull colours!
how they invade my
clothesline, my life.
the falling leaves!
the falling crown!
how everything start
giving up on each other
split, broken, trail
with the wind!
the void! the void!
Right in this warm
blooded creature!
So cold the days

finally become...
my clothesline,
the delicate theatre
of my life
that trails with the wind
day in and day out.
if only the noosy neighbour
know where to read
all my secrets;
they dance in the winds...
each morning....
when the sun is bright
and the wind blowing....
this morning i watch
with withheld tears alone
knowing full well
some shirts will
never return to the line.

john tiong chunghoo

My Tanka...The Beach Shells

Beach sand swirls,
reveals broken glittering shells
i pray that god would send
the grace, to help me pick up
the pieces of my life

john tiong chunghoo



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09 Haiku - Criss Crossing Shadows

haiku one:

in criss-crossing shadows
of the mountains, we admire
sunbathed summits

haiku two:

in criss crossing shadows
we admire sunbathed
summits

haiku three:

tottering ballet dancer
the butterfly flutters
round a bloom

haiku three:



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dead widow's bamboo bell
each chime echoes
a memory of her

dead widow's bamboo bell
each chime numbs
the mind

dead widow's bamboo bell
each chime echoes
a lonely year/her lonely years

haiku four;

dead widow's bamboo bell
forelorn the chime
has become

tanka:

dugout river
a nude doll stares
right through me
i discover stephen king and
- shiver

john tiong chunghoo

That Irish Woman

the rain.....
rat tat tat...rat tat tat
on the roof.
the irish woman's
deep words
of resentment
'scoundrel', 'rascal'
seem to turn the sound
into notes of approval.
a deep
emphathy
in me
trails the rain
striking the
high keys in my heart.
the stirring
echoes of the rain.
long overdue -
a new word for
such futile angst,
emphathy?
history,
the pain that
accompanies it.
not the first time
similar words
run from
these souls
in my occasional brush
with the irish,
the fine people who
give us plenty of
literary luminaries.
these literary giants
who in their agony
for salvation,
recognition
spun words
to give us

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a view of the
different shades
of emotions,
thoughts that
the loss of dignity
would rock
a human psyche.
a shell painful
brush with sand
that eventually
turns out a
lustrous pearl.
those irish pearls
strewn all over the pages.
their words rock consciences.
a seismic tremour
in the collective
mental world.
i remember my own.
they bought opiums
till their nation cracked.
i met another british woman
who complained to me
about 'the english people'.

[http: //www.sondra.net/al/vol8/83Chunghoo.htm](http://www.sondra.net/al/vol8/83Chunghoo.htm)

john tiong chunghoo

Brother George

ever since
brother george
came on the scene,
i have felt something
sinister in his physiognomy;
that crushed onion nose
that seems to have been placed
in the wrong place;
that ugly mount that
forbodes uneasy,
uncanny things to come,
the superstitious streak in me
always urging me to to call him
to have a nose job done.
i blamed myself for not
until the plane
came crushing down,
the towers tumbling down,
the innocent peaceful
old giant buddha
dinsintegrating,
the cyclone tearing at heavenly homes,
afghanistan and iraq falling like
giants with carpet
pulled from their feet
and the united nations
paralysed like eunuchs.
those mighty monuments
all have fallen into a heap
and assumed that similar contour
of that flat ugly uneven nose
that seemed to have gone
to the wrong place.
i have already thrown
brother george's picture
away lest the bad omens rubbed onto me.
that physiognomy that keeps telling me
that the owner brings trouble and miseries.
that physiognomy that has been hitting on a side of me that never fails to say

the right thing
a tsunami of troubles forboding

john tiong chunghoo

Those Layered Cakes

yesterday i passed by
my childhood stall by the road;
what an experience it was!
that woman in her 30s i used to see,
now only her creased forehead and face
to add another dimension between us.
how sweet her layered little squarish
suntan cakes still tasted;
those layers that i peeled off
piece by piece to savour their charms.
and as i peeled the women gave me
that more mature and
deeply heartstirring smile
that tore through the distance
between us as if each layer i had peeled carried a story of her own life.
those years of experiences
now seen in phases,
like the layers of her cake.
the child in me leapt up again.
i left behind what
have separated us
to present the innocent smile
we used to give each other.
momentarily we lived
those days when i was a child
and she a young woman.
those childhood years
when we saw people as what they were.
those childhood years
when our smiles, love
were a fountain spring of ourselves
until the days when growing up
added different shades
of feelings and thoughts
to our relationships.
i hate the layer
those creases and wrinkles
laid in me.
i prefer to see them

as a child

where she would probably be
the wise woman in some cartoon film.

how those cakes would never
be the same again.

how i loved those pink and white layers,
the pink and white that had always
carried a fairy tale behind them.

john tiong chunghoo

I Dance With The Gods And Goddesses

i could have danced away
in the lotus bloom,
the wood that
comes to life
under the hands
of a master carver.
my eyes fleet from
one sacred countenance
to the next,
the prelude to the
mystic dance
i am drawn to do
with the
gods and goddesses.
the first step
i learn from the
KuangYing (goddess of mercy)
with a thousand hands,
so graceful
and delicate
they curl to
form an arc
above her.
my heart
goes afflutter,
my limbs soft
my soul flies
in her gaze.
if i could
just possess
two of those
wonderful hands,
i would
swing them
in the
ballet world.
the sakyamuni
buddha in his
meditative stance -



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the depth
that it brings
my heart to
the sacred world -
that empty realm
and sanctum
where everything
goes quiet to
let god take
centrestage;
those seconds
in any
dance show
where the
audience's mind
is led to
run on
infinity,
every dancer
still like me
enthralled
at the buddha's
magic and spiritual aura.
the laughing budda
with his potbelly
i nearly stumble
in my urge to
touch, to rub off
some luck
to level my
years of financial
inadequacy.
and i stand aghast
at the drunken Monk
in torn fabrics
with his mouth tightly
squeezed against
a wine gourd
reminiscent of
a baby suckling
from a mom's
succulent breast.

the whiskered
Kuang Kong (god of war)
in that familiar
honorable martial pose
with his large spear
inspires anybody's
sense of patriotism
and readiness
to make that leap
for action to protect
one's nation.
these multi-faceted gods
and goddesses
boil up my sense
of humour
in the joy
that there are
so many wondrous characters
in the heavens
waiting to light up my life
if i were lucky to enter them.
I saunter through the hall
with the ramayana
gods and goddesses
in caves, in lotuses, on rocks
sending me off
to the real world.
i dance the last
few steps that
herald me back
to the mundane world
.....of toil and pain, senses
a world these gods and goddesses
decide to sacrifice their own paradise
to get me out of.

(rayamana buddhist deities are deities
who forgo their own chance to go
into their heavens temporarily so that they could remain in the human realm to
help
mankind get out of the grim cycle of reincarnation)

john tiong chunghoo

Law Of Opposites

the world walks on a tightrope
deriving strength from its opposites.
from every minus spins a plus,
every shout, an echo,
poison, antidote
and every man, a women
and between them the power
that sustains the world.
ying gives rise to yang
and darkness gives that
extra edge to the beauty of light.
in the positive and negative sparks
of the split atoms
nagasaki and hiroshima
turned to ash.
the union of men and women broaden civilisations throughout the ages.
god and satan gave birth to religion
that helps build up the characters in men
who skilfully walk
between his desires
good and bad
to maintain sanity
letting the world go round.

john tiong chunghoo

Statue Of Liberty

the statue of liberty,
it's either black or white
depends on who you are.
it turned quite black
years ago but refurbished
to look brand new, of course
the last thing it should do
is turn black.

the hackneyed mushy
writings about the relief
our ancestors heaved
while reaching america's shores
upon seeing this statue
is a white lie.

the only thing if at all,
the liberty statue
has come to anything is
that it is still trying hard
to stand up for what it is
- to stand tall in the darkest hours
and the broadest daylight.

its torch is marble and never really meant
to illuminate right from wrong.

it wept silent tears over the mockeries
heaped upon him, that it was the first to greet rusty chains, shackles, corpses...
and skin-covered starved and
all human indignities day in and day out
when it was installed.

amid these, the white angels to the
new land claimed for freedom laughed
and perpetrated similar injustices
that fuelled their flight.

america's freedom has always lay
in the hearts of sincere americans - black or white.

our statue needs a real torch and flame
to brighten up those corners of our hearts that we have kept dark.

john tiong chunghoo

The River

i try to stretch my neck
to see where the river ends
only to be jolted by a pain
that the furthest my eyes
could reach is where
the sky meets the river.
you are taken by the sky,
your shadows gone,
claimed by its boundlessness.

i try to gauge how far
my voice could reach
only to be overwhelmed
by angst, that you are
too far away, further
than this river could reach,
too far to be able to
hear my sorrow-ridden voice
lost in the gush trailing this river.

the river sent you
to a neverland,
a one way journey
that has shuttled my soul
between stark reality and
self-consoling imaginations.

hopefully you would
rise like the vapours
to the kingdom above
and come down to cool
this earth so chokeful of
unfulfilled missions and dreams
and to send that tide
to let me feel the joy
that you might just be coming back to me.

john tiong chunghoo

Woman

the wind beats against me,
the wave garners a strength
lifts itself, roars, rolls over
crushing over the beach.
we too did the same;
so much joy then.
the sea reminds
me of a time
when our hearts beat as one,
when our dream was the same.
but like the waves
they break as soon
as they hit land
and subside
to a sigh of despair
bubbles, suds that
soon burst into nothingness.
The only substance that reminds
me of my existence now are my tears
the relentless wind fails to dry

john tiong chunghoo

My Secret Love

Secret Love

the longing to look straight
into those bleary eyes
decimated by fear,
an anxious smitten heart
imperiled by the shyness
of teenage years.

a budding emotion
that suddenly ran riot
unsettling the world
inside and out.

in the dead of night,
I tried calming this
nocturnal storm
that beat down
in cyclic rhythms
into a torrent sea
of passion.

a one-man drama
in romantic sojourn
one mind plodding
into the silence
of the night
that echoed
even my breath
my desire.

the illusive warmth
from secret love
enshrouded me,
fragments of a fairy tale
I tried clinging to
for moments of
emotional sanity, comforts,
joy, ecstasy
all made up to soothe
a new heart so eager for adventure,
yet helplessly paralysed.

growing up
like pounding waves

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washed out the footsteps
of a child straddling
on the beach of adultland.
from the years of
such self-indulged passion
I rinse out verses,
a light through prism,
the wonder of the rainbow
I savour more deeply now

john tiong chunghoo

Song Of The Waves

the wind beats against me,
the wave garners a strength
lifts itself, roars, rolls over
crushing over the beach.
we too did the same;
so much joy then.
the sea reminds
me of a time
when our hearts beat as one,
when our dream was the same.
but like the waves
they break as soon
as they hit land
and subside
to a sigh of despair
bubbles, suds that
soon burst into nothingness.
The only substance that reminds
me of my existence now are my tears
the relentless wind fails to dry

john tiong chunghoo

Mother And Marbles

Mum coming back from the market
Loading the little rickety trishaw
Well known in our little town
A shaky ride for fifty cents
My sweet childhood memories..
Lettuce, cabbage and straw
Bound paper-wrapped pork
Each bundle I helped
Carry to the kitchen table
The bond of mum and child
Sealed from mum's reward
Of an apple or a pear
From the market or a ten-cent
Coin for me to purchase
My next bundle of marbles
Which all still stand quietly
In a milo can in the storeroom
Each a different hue to
Colour the thoughts of
Those love-coated days

john tiong chunghoo

Outside Myself

I look through my body
at the world, the stars, moons,
stars beyond stars
I know there are stars, moons
stars beyond stars too
circling all within my finite self
this temporary sphere I am crowned with
the aura that shines from these
trillion of cells
all the moving atoms,
electrons, protons,
the universe inside and out
I look at them
from my infinite self
god the puppeteer
skillfully playing
the beginning, the end
I came out of the two walls
the human brain is kept in
to take a peep at myself, the universe
the moons, suns, universe,
stars beyond stars
I find a galaxy I possess
so many stars, moons, suns
the cells blazing with life, light
all working out of my control
as I join god to take
a look at his worlds

a meteor flashes by
a cell loses hold
flushed by blood to another world
all the stars, moons,
universe outside and inside
all the cells that I own
that soon would squeeze me out
to join the plane
where I could view
the beat of the universe

standing beside god
witnessing all his designs
wondering all the motives
behind his puppeteering
the moons, the suns, the universe
the cells acting out his drama round and round
casting off light

I saw a star burst
light light years away
the cancer patient
carrying a cell
that too has burst
soon to cast that black hole
over the finite self
the infinite journeys to
rest on another finite self
the universe

I stand by the creator
to look at his puppeteering
wondering his motives in his design
my mind flying outside the brain
I look at the the world, universe,
stars, moon, meteors, stars beyond stars
and myself that
swing with stars, moons,
stars beyond stars

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Sand

reaching out
i throw a handful of sand
towards the stars

inspired by
Robert Service's

A Grain Of Sand

If starry space no limit knows
And sun succeeds to sun,
There is no reason to suppose
Our earth the only one.
'Mid countless constellations cast
A million worlds may be,
With each a God to bless or blast
And steer to destiny.

Just think! A million gods or so
To guide each vital stream,
With over all to boss the show
A Deity supreme.
Such magnitudes oppress my mind;
From cosmic space it swings;
So ultimately glad to find
Relief in little things.

For look! Within my hollow hand,
While round the earth careens,
I hold a single grain of sand
And wonder what it means.
Ah! If I had the eyes to see,
And brain to understand,
I think Life's mystery might be
Solved in this grain of sand.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku: Echo

mountains
the echoes stir in the ranges
and my heart

the ranges

inspired by:

Echo

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.
O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

john tiong chunghoo

Mother's Day Short Poem

Wave after wave
crushes over my legs
i remember mom's every word
to help me stand
on my own two feet

wave after wave
crushes onto my legs
i remember mom's every word
to help me stand
on my own two feet

john tiong chunghoo



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Let's Give The World A Chance

tanka:

different gods
different worlds
in the shards of war
i try looking for
one god for peace

free verse poetry;

Let's give peace a chance
Let's go out and dance
Let's wind up our fight
To terminate our plight
Let's give ourselves a chance
Let's let down our hair and dance
To the music of love and peace
Let's not be aliens in our own land
Let's close ranks and be friends
No more war, no more pain
Let's make our mothers happy
Our children smile
And our fathers proud
Let's spread our love to each other
From that purest corner of our heart
Where the Almighty has dwelt
And taught us since the day
He brought us to this world
Let's give him a chance too
To make his revelations to us
Let's us make this earth
a wonderful place for each other
So that our children too
Can be proud of us and partake
in this song
let's give our children a chance
let's give ourselves a chance
le's give allah, jehovah, buddha,
and every god a chance

in our quest for truth, peace

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - The Fall Of Two Hundred Years

after the whirring sound
two hundred years tumble, crush
through all the years in the way

after the whirring sound
two hundred years crush seething
a thousand leaf of curses

or

sinful
two hundred years crush
through the trees

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku: Lonely School Corridor

first love
this lonely school corridor
still as lonely, cold

Inspired by:

Her Voice

THE wild bee reels from bough to bough
With his furry coat and his gauzy wing.
Now in a lily-cup, and now
Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
In his wandering;
Sit closer love: it was here I trow
I made that vow,
Swore that two lives should be like one
As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
As long as the sunflower sought the sun, -
It shall be, I said, for eternity
'Twixt you and me!
Dear friend, those times are over and done,
Love's web is spun.
Look upward where the poplar trees
Sway and sway in the summer air,
Here in the valley never a breeze
Scatters the thistledown, but there
Great winds blow fair
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
And the wave-lashed leas.
Look upward where the white gull screams,
What does it see that we do not see?
Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
On some outward voyaging argosy, -
Ah! can it be
We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
How sad it seems.
Sweet, there is nothing left to say
But this, that love is never lost,
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May

Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
Ships tempest-tossed
Will find a harbour in some bay,
And so we may.
And there is nothing left to do
But to kiss once again, and part,
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
I have my beauty, -you your Art,
Nay, do not start,
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Gathering Water

mist
gathering water
my eyelashes

inspired by:

Mist
Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain head and source of rivers,
Dew-cloth, dream drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the dasied banks and violets,
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of the lake and seas and rivers,
Bear only purfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields!
Henry David Thoreau

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku: Neighbour Beats Us Again

late November
neighbour beats us again
in dusting the Christmas tree

inspired by:

late November...
I miss another visit
to the nursing home
Charles Trumbull

slender moon
her new gait
after slimming down

inspired by;

slender moon —
locking the door
for the last time
Timothy Hawkes

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Pearl Harbour Day
a Sept 11 now to mitigate
America's greatest war foible

inspired by

Pearl Harbor Day
the back yard fence steams
in the morning sun
Lane Parker

christmas
the wish to rewrite
the old songs

inspired by

every one
of her Xmas cookies
the same snowflake
Scott Metz

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku: New Year's Eve

new year's eve
she says last year's eve
feels like yesterday

inspired by:

New Year's Eve —
she teaches me
how to breathe
Sabine Miller

cold morning rain
the dream catcher
so still

inspired by

cold morning rain:
all the swoosh is gone
from the fallen leaves
Charles Trumbull

bus stop
the returning birds chatter louder
than us

inspired by

bus stop —
the winter dance
of cold feet
Adelaide Shaw

dusk
the orange glow
on his face

inspired by

what the raven
has to say about them
snow clouds
Cindy Zackowitz

frosty morning
an old man boxes
his shadow

Vanessa Proctor

tooth marks
in the sharp cheddar...
the long night

Robert Bauer

New Year's Day
the sycamore's
uneven shadow

Peggy Heinrich

winter dawn —
waiting for the school bus
kids pretend to smoke

Kevin Paul Miller

first snow!
the congregation of birds
suddenly bolder

Carmen Sterba

taps...
a snowflake melts
on her dimple

Nara Bauer

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Light Effects

holed the paper
son's futile attempt
to put light effects on apple

inspired by:

shiny red apples
the painter introduces
a caterpillar
Greg Piko

summer
the field now
a torrent orchestra of insects

inspired by:

summer ending
the wind and my songs
going their several ways
June Moreau

breeze
the temple god paraded
round the town

inspired by:
temple procession
so many gods
under one moon
Graham Nunn

sidewalk tilted
by the maple's roots —
faint city stars

Helen Russell

cool morning
child eye lashes
catch the mist

inspired by
cool morning
slide of a coat hanger
across the rail
Lenard D. Moore

john tiong chunghoo

09 Haiku - Peace Haiku

war memorial
recurring, late dad's words
that war is a shame

peace march
i wear late dad's peace ring
for the first time

inspired by

rose garden
I've forgotten which one
is called Peace

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Her Delightful Smiles

glittering night
her delightful smile
at our first date

inspired by:

evening star —
fold upon fold
the quiet blue hills

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Running For Their Lives

sunlight on
rotting chestnut
little insects run separate ways

inspired by:

lightning
in a chestnut shell
the evening rain

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Summer Dance

summer dance
light glistens
between the palm leaves

inspired by:

Two willows —
each its own way
with the wind

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Puppy's Tail Wag

gamboling
tail wagging
the puppy becomes my best friend

inspired by

winter evening —
the newborn calf
eyes everybody

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Degree Of Difference

degree of difference
we walk on greenery
up the snow capped mountain

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Opportunities

opportunities
first light brightens
things up

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Autumn Dance

autumn dance

a leaf drops, spirals,
sommersaults on ground

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - The Joy To Be Animal

animal joy
freedom from
all guilts

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - The Pacifier

in and out
in and out the pacifier
mom teases babe

Character may be manifested in the great moments,
but it is made in the small ones.
(Phillips Brooks, American episcopal bishop, 1835-1893)

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Zen Garden

zen garden
toad still
as the monk

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Chasing Game

chasing game
the animals play it
in all intensities

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Art Of Contentment

tallest lesson
always a mountain
higher out there

haiku two:
art of contentment
always a mountain higher
out there

john tiong chunghoo



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War Haiku And Tanka

stars

i wonder there is war

out there too

tanka:

realms

this world

a death chamber

our ego to be human

paid for in blood, tears and sorrow

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Rushing Water

crystal clear
the rushing water
cleans my mind

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

The Chicken Tore Me Up

as i began to tear into
the braised chicken breast
a pang of pain suddenly struck;
this satiation of greed
with the wanton abuse
of freedom on another creation.
the buddhist sutra i read
kept coming back to torment my mind.
for a second or two,
my chewing lost momentum.
for another minute or so
i saw faces, women and men
behind the little tempting
bundle of soya sauce delight.
there were cries, there were laughters.
in another life we could have
been friends, relatives or even
father and son.
the part eaten turned heavy on
my heart, tore me up
right to my conscience.

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Amber

amber
leaves trail
autumn wind

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Teaching Contrast

teaching contrast
black bison looms
over the savannah

john tiong chunghoo



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Omens

A single sheaf of large shrivelled
Teak leaf glided uncannily to the
Ground with a tap and continued its
Forlorn dance across the road below
A lone street lamp - right in front
Of me as I was cycling by troubled
By an upcoming undertaking.
The dropping Of a leaf as if portending some untoward
Happening coming my way, telling me
Not to go foward with what I had decided;
Nature's way of telling me to be careful,
That dangers lurked ahead; analoguous
To Caesar's wife's disturbing dreams
Of his coronation murder. I continued
The journey back home and was again
Greeted by a large black cat dashing
Across just as I was making my way to the porch.
I shivered, feeling lost for a second,
Sighed, laughed and went straight into
House with a lighter chest.

INSPIRED BY

Amidst the Flowers a Jug of Wine

Amidst the flowers a jug of wine,
I pour alone lacking companionship.
So raising the cup I invite the Moon,
Then turn to my shadow which makes three of us.
Because the Moon does not know how to drink,
My shadow merely follows the movement of my body.
The moon has brought the shadow to keep me company a while,
The practice of mirth should keep pace with spring.
I start a song and the moon begins to reel,
I rise and dance and the shadow moves grotesquely.
While I'm still conscious let's rejoice with one another,
After I'm drunk let each one go his way.
Let us bind ourselves for ever for passionless journeyings.
Let us swear to meet again far in the Milky Way.

Li Po

john tiong chunghoo

Spirit Of Love - The Little Crustacean

transparent, white
but the lines distinct
the little crustacean
the little prawn
so little it touches
the softest spot of my heart
throw it back
throw it back
the world screams to me
in each successive wave
the breeze soothes
my ruffled feeling
halcyon day
everything peaceful, calm
the little prawn
waves to me
as i take a look
at it again
wanting to be my friend?
its life and death
in my hand
in my hold
i let it lose
into the vast sea
this time feeling myself
tiny as it is
in this wheel of life
trillion, zillion
like the lines
of the shimmering waves
buddha sits in infinity
teaches about the hereafter
each of us in this realm
taking turns to be each other
the good, the bad and the ugly
the role cast by love and hate in the hearts
the wave heralds my spirit of love
as the little prawn swims free
out of my sight

the wind carresses my face
the waves gently lap onto my hands and off
the ebb and tide of life
i know too that someday
somewhere, somebody would
let me lose too from predicardments,
tribulations

INSPIRED FROM

Dream Within A Dream

=====

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow-
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand-
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep- while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?
Edgar Allan Poe

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku: Cabal

cabal
e tu brute resounds
in my mind

Inspired from:

Word of the Day for Wednesday March 17,2005

cabal \kuh-BAHL; kuh-BAL\, noun:

1. A secret, conspiratorial association of plotters or intriguers whose purpose is usually to bring about an overturn especially in public affairs.
2. The schemes or plots of such an association.

intransitive verb:

To form a cabal; to conspire; to intrigue; to plot.

If you constantly disagreed with Winters, he wrote you out of his cabal, his conspiracy against the poetry establishment.

-Richard Elman, [1]Namedropping: Mostly Literary Memoirs
My father always had been a collector. There were the stamps, National Geographics, scrapbooks filled with his favorite political cartoons, and booklets justifying his belief that the world was under the control of a global cabal of elites unified by such organizations as the Trilateral Commission, the Council on Foreign Relations, and the Freemasons.

-Frederick Kempe, [2]Father/Land

But the new world of toys is by no means simply the product of a profit-mad cabal of toy pushers discovering new ways of exploiting the child market.

-Gary Cross, [3]Kids' Stuff

The Anti-Federalists were not simply concerned that Congress was too small relatively-too small to be truly representative of the great diversity of the nation. Congress was also too small absolutely-too small to be immune from cabal and intrigue.

-Akhil Reed Amar, [4]The Bill of Rights

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - His Fluent Japanese

his fluent japanese
suddenly realising that
his wish has come true

Start by doing what is necessary, then what is possible,
and suddenly you are doing the impossible.
St. Francis of Assisi, (1197-1253)

john tiong chunghoo



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Winter Skin

winter holiday
at the tropics
the sun bits into my frost bitten skin

inspired by today's poem:

Summer in the South
The Oriole sings in the greening grove
As if he were half-way waiting,
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,
Timid, and hesitating.
The rain comes down in a torrent sweep
And the nights smell warm and pinety,
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots
Are yellow-green and tiny.
Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue
And the woods run mad with riot.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

john tiong chunghoo

Lost In Autumn

deep into autumn

lost

in the woods

john tiong chunghoo



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Gracious Kiss

grace
of our kiss
in the wind our hair entwines

john tiong chunghoo



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Secret Love

secret Love

the longing to look straight
into those bleary eyes
decimated by fear,
an anxious smitten heart
imperiled by the shyness
of teenage years.

a budding emotion
that suddenly ran riot
unsettling the world
inside and out.

in the dead of night,
i tried calming this
nocturnal storm
that beat down
in cyclic rhythms
into a torrent sea
of passion.

a one-man drama
in romantic sojourn
one mind plodding
into the silence
of the night
that echoed
even my breath
my desire.

the illusive warmth
from secret love
enshrouded me,
fragments of a fairy tale
i tried clinging to
for moments of
emotional sanity, comforts,
joy, estascy
all made up to soothe
a new heart so eager for adventure,
yet helplessly paralysed.

growing up
like pounding waves

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washed out the footsteps
of a child straddling
on the beach of adultland.
from the years of
such self-indulged passion
i rinse out verses,
a light through prism,
the wonder of the rainbow
i savour more deeply now

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Realm Of Gods

realm of the dead
in the moonlit night
the mountain looms

john tiong chunghoo



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Calm Of The Sea

the whole day
the coconut leaves rustle
and punctuate
our tete a tete
allowing us to savour
the fineness of the tropics
the warm wind
titilates our senses
in way only humans
could know
the whole day
by the beach
the waves roar
leaping against the pier
a little sampan
bobs up and down
the sound of a
young couple on love bed
an enclosed insect circling
a case looking for
the crevice of freedom
the sea crushes on and on
in the waves
i seek a calm
my worries trail its sound
emptied as the bubbles
burst into nothing
the sea of desires
that tugs at my heart
i submerge in the vast morass of water
left on the sand
pensive footsteps
lead me to my thoughts of Buddha
his walk to enlightenment
away from the ceaseless
waves of wants
that pound against
the human heart day after day

in these footsteps
i find zen
a calm in the frenzy of waves and wind
nirvana
where the sea
remains so serene
it reflects the peace
of all around

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Mountains Greet Me

undulating
highlands
greet me in my voice

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Twisted Years

twisted years
the bend
on the river

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Free Whirling Treat

free whirling treat
watching gulls balance themselves
against the wind

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - The Sea Orchestrates A Song

pier
the sea orchestrates a song
the wind heralds my visit

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Piggy Bank

piggy bank
takes my coin everyday
never grows big

inspired by -

It is the heart that makes a man rich.

He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Henry Ward Beecher, American anti-slavery activist, 1813-1887

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Tsunami - Torrent Of News

tsunami
the torrent
of news

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Freedom

freedom
no choice
as to who i am

john tiong chunghoo



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Tanka: Telephone

quiet days
the telephone
suddenly sits in my mind
each ring rocks the bottom
of my heart for you

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Two Months Old

two months old
she cajoles and talks
for her newborn

Inspired by Broken Music

The mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
Her nursling's speech first grow articulate;
But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and fears
Thus oft my soul has hearkened; till the song,
A central moan for days, at length found tongue,
And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.
But now, whatever while the soul is fain
To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low importunate strain, -
No breath of song, thy voice alone is there,
O bitterly beloved! and all her gain
Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

john tiong chunghoo

Prize Winning Poem - Dog Tale (United States)

our family has been abuzz
with dog tales ever since we were kids
there was a dog our grandparents owned
which swam the river back
after being forgotten in a village
another chose to die
in our neighbour's garden
hiding itself in a bush
perhaps because of its unwillingness
to let us feel the pain
a few had such sensitive ears
they could hear
our car a kilometre away
hissing and jumping at the gate
before we appeared
another accompanied
mom to the wetmarket each morn
waiting earnestly at the road
as she made her purchases
sometimes, it would turn back
on the leisure trip
fearing attacks by bigger dogs
that had suddenly appeared
giving mom the comic laughters
late granny was so touched
by the death of our last dog
she insisted that there would be
be no more dog in the house
as she could not take
the pain of a lost pet anymore
so when we heard of a Japanese dog
which spent many futile months
waiting for its master's return
at a railway station,
we knew it to be a true story

Voicesnet International Poetry Contest 2004
Merit Poem

john tiong chunghoo

Surrealism

surrealism
at work
artists with their shades;
misty morn,
vapours descending
everywhere,
punctuated by
droplets
on leaves,
satiny collections
of a divine provision
from above for
those lost souls
who yearn for
things simple
such as this
to crown
their poetic heart
with a song



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Haiku - Morning Tai Chi

morning taichi
pet dog watches
every of my steps

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Jewel In The Dark

jazz club
three african men talk about
the jewel in the dark

john tiong chunghoo



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Sea Breeze

sea breeze
my libido rises
in waves

john tiong chunghoo



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Empire's Seed

seed of an empire
seen in the boy's eyes
blue and resplendent
as the morning sea
his fairer skin
palsy as the beach sand
remnants of a romance
etched now only on the boy
lost in a world
that refuses to recognise its past
the boy an alien
in the centre of borneo
in his innocent calm
calm as the morn sun
drank his strong milk tea
does he know dad?
does dad know
his seed cast 5,000 miles away
from home has blossomed
and put up with storm and thunder
day after day?
in his quiet
he drank his tea..

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Quiet Trail

woods river
i join a fish
in its quiet trail

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Chinese Pork Stall

Chinese pork stall
the deep valley
in a chopping log

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - Calmness Of Heavens

silvery sky
the calmness
of heavens

GENERAL CATEGORY:

london blasts
the subways quiet
for the first time

blackout
family members try to speak
louder than the storm

lost on
the horizon
the ship



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THEMED HAIKU - GOING ON HOLIDAY

thai travel
he keeps saying 'thank you'
in thai

travel shock
finding he gets better exchange rate
than home

KIGO CATEGORY: 'HEAT'

first tokyo summer
unagi debuts on
my tongue

NEO CLASSICAL HAIKU:

autumn love letter
as the leaf falls, he bares
his whole self to her

(autumn)

SHINTAI HAIKU:

the ballet dancer
twirls and swirls
turns my world around

upturned world
old lotuses bow
to new blooms

(old lotuses here mean withered lotuses)

VANGUARD HAIKU:

beach kissing
our libido comes
in waves

folding crane
he wishes peace
a straighter matter

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Scarlet Sky

autumn
scarlet sky
the maple still green

john tiong chunghoo



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Tanka - God Spining Stories

i refuse to shed a tear
he lives on
even an ant lives out god's tale
the almighty doesn't spin
a half-baked story

john tiong chunghoo



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Haiku - The Artist's Waves Of Colours

sea
he disperses waves of blue over
his canvas

inspired from these quotes:

quopo #1057: Where nature ends
Great art picks up where nature ends.
==Marc Chagall

The aim of art is to represent not the outward
appearance of things, but their inward significance.
==Aristotle

Art is a technique of communication. The image is
the most complete technique of all communication.
==Claus Oldenburg

Art hurts. Art urges voyages—
and it is easier to stay at home.
==Gwendolyn Brooks

What was any art but an effort to make a sheath,
a mould in which to imprison for a moment the shining
elusive element which is life itself—life hurrying past
us and running away, too strong to stop, too sweet to lose.
==Willa Sibert Cather.1915. The Song of the Lark.

Believe those who are seeking the truth. Doubt those who find it.'
.....Andre Gide

john tiong chunghoo

The Missing Pages

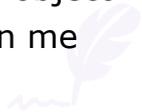
I am but a man thrown into
this world
which means i do not know
where i came from
nor where i would be going to
this mysterious world and worlds
my mind stuck between all the planes
all men set to journey
through this world
laden with things known, unknown
all men having to read himself
like a torn book
pages lost here and there
so much to guess about
so many assumptions made
correct, incorrect
the beauty of this world
so much to discover
without and within
this strange
more than dynamic inlaid system
deep in the human realm
that launches itself
whenever world civilisation
needs a revolution, a saviour
this dynamism that is capable of
assuming a separate identity
when salvation is needed
this separate entity
stored with all moral fibres
that reflect us to ourselves
our standing, our growth,
that checks and balances
our foibles, indulgences
that separate entity
which is within ourselves
part of ourselves
which we call a higher consciousness
That separate entity

that launches so many religions
in the world
its similar message
cutting through humanity
inlaid, inlaid, inlaid
now who is the next person
to launch the world correcting gear
is christ coming back? Koran part two?
i read myself like a torn book
guessing at all the missed pages

john tiong chunghoo

An Agent I Am

in me
the identity of the tree
as i look
and as i talk
i help it send a message
of its existence
so as the next tree
and the next tree
and the next
from the mountain too
i receive a signal
that latches onto my inner self
and every object in sight
the rain, thunder
dance of nature
i am pulled into
the feeling
that each object
arouses in me
a stamp
of their message
good or bad
a storm ensues
what a frustration to learn
that after all the glory
we heap on ourselves
we are but mere
media for all the forms
to project themselves
in the world
as i look at
the tree
this drowsy feeling
it fuels in me
and as i open my mouth
the world is stamped
with its identity
message
good or bad



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the feeling to chop
down the other tree arises
one tree subtly using me
as an agent
without me even
knowing it
me drowned
in all the messages
i shed tears over
world's clashes
nature's helplessness
of chaos
in creation
and also the wonder
the wonder
that some far off planets, stars
light years away
are using me too
as an agent
for their ploys
their power
etched on
my trials
tribulations
the (biological) storms
that traverse
this little 5' 5' frame
the oozing
of blood
at full moon,
the lunatics,
the swing of moods,
the favours and disfavours
thrown around
the good, the bad,
the world over
a frustration to
know that i am
a mere agent
in this whole plane
so many things come
into play

and an innocent me
in the centre of all
taking all
for good, for bad
the workings
of the gods?
i found that
prayers and meditation
stop these destructive messages
from crossing over to the world
from polluting our mind, the id
stop the world
from quarrels, warring
yes, quieting the mind
would stop them from
using me as an agent
for their destructive ploys
tearing the world into nothingness
prayers, yes prayers
would douse their desires
the desires floating around the world
i then become a neutral
a buddha in bliss
nirvana
all the trees, mountains
forms in their quiet
stop issuing orders
for war, quarrel..
desire kept at bay

john tiong chunghoo

1. The Stair

the quietness of the
setting sun is haunting
the hurried chirp of
the returning swallows
echoing round the school
evokes a forlornness this
evening chill works to thicken
those flighty years have
come back like swallows
to roost, each echoing
a pain, a joy, a tear, a
smile, a hug, a kiss, a loss

each step of this stair
spins a tale, walks me up
a time warp of yearnings
and disillusion
the stair where a thousand
dreams were spun and another
thousand trailed the wind

john tiong chunghoo

Haiku - Seawaves/Painter's Brush

sea waves
painter's brush
dances over the canvas

waves
from his palette
the beach appears

john tiong chunghoo



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God Works In Circle

a ball lover
is our god
a soccer player
he is
the whole universe
his field
the planets,
the stars,
our earth
all shuttling
through space
like balls
shove from
one corner
to the other
our heads,
our eyes,
the balls
that the gods
give us
to play
all
the games
in his world
the moon
in its
lunar journey
round and round
good and bad
too come
in a circle
what goes around
comes around
kindness begets kindness
do bad and
it comes back
in a circle
cos our god
is a lover of



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a ball game
start walking anywhere
in the universe
and you get back
to your own place
cos our god
loves the circle game
the circle game
the circle game

john tiong chunghoo

No Free Will After All

free will? the god gives me
all these senses
to get to know his world
only letting me see
what he wants me to see

john tiong chunghoo



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Winter Tanka

winter
in this downtown
japanese apartment
i try warming up my feet
in a cold blanket

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Tanka - No Freewill After All

free will? the god gives me
all these senses
to get to know his world
only letting me see
what he wants me to see

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - In Silence

in silence
her cry
for love

in silence
she cries out
for love

john tiong chunghoo



PoemHunter.com

Abandoned Nest

abandoned nest
on a wire
autumn wind

abandoned nest
on a wire
this loneliness in me

applying lipstick
she discovers the cracked voice
of teenage son

summer breeze
leaves dance
with light

john tiong chunghoo



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Fallen Into The Other Realm

under the little picture
of the virgin mary
i lazed and lazed
until her impatient little angel
flew down to speak to my ears
in a mind lifting delightful language
prodding me perhaps to wake up
to face the world
still amazed at her musical tongue

this hasty chinese man
that ran into my dream
pointing to an antique
chinese wood carving of
an auspicious looking lion
perhaps to tell me
i should buy it
and i saw it in
my friend's shop the next day
he asked for US400
and now it pained me to
see it again in his shop
with the not-for-sale sign
the lion that had brought
him luck he said
his business boomed
still at a loss
about this chinese man
in his samfoo in my dream

three times as i closed
my eyes and flicked through
the koran i came to the
same page and to the same line
'follow the correct path'
this same line
this same line
still rankles in
my catholic mind

which side speaking

this encased tooth i bought
from a roadside buddhist fortune teller
how in the night i saw
a white figure flying away from me
the beauty of the mystery she left
behind

this strange woman on this cursed
island of Langkawi
who walked in the middle of the night
without hands
her sleeves dangled, dangled
i even cycled back to make sure
my eyes were not seeing things
yes, there were no hands

this door to my antique shop
on the cursed island
that unlocked itself
so many times
even when i had made sure
no ghost would fool me
by checking it two times the night
before i left

yes, this sudden dense
atmosphere in my room
yes she was there
she was there
late granny came back
to visit me
always the sudden dense
energy when she arrived
so disappointing that i didnt
have the facility to see her
no more such visitations
perhaps, she too has realised
without the necessary organs
the bridge to this side
of the world is futile

this lane in the island resort
so quiet at night
so quiet that my hair stood on ends
the girls at the nearby dormitory
talked about dreams of a ghost
with big eyes

this strange dream in
the japanese apartment
at shimousa nakayama
where some strange being
showed me figures
that could predict future events
all those mathematics that
i understood in the dreams
but immediately

john tiong chunghoo

Rain

heaven's jewels
dropp from the sky
in so many ways
i love the slanted crystals
lightened by duskligh
that fell onto the
wooden planks
of childhood abode
dropp by dropp
they painted a glittering scene
of childhood years
the saddest is the morn rain
so slow, so persistent
the rain danced over
the school field
to the rhythm of the wind
my brain trapped
in slumberland
lost in the imagination
of secret love
noon rain
after the heat
sent the warm scent of
blooms, grasses
that heightened
the new founded libido
the warmth of your love
and longed for virgin hug

john tiong chunghoo

Travel Indonesia Haiku - Seven Days In Bali

the bombs have scared
the tourists away.
they too have dented
the psyche of the islanders,
making them petty rupiah pinchers.
after years pampered by tourist influx
the drop in arrivals hits hard
at where it matters most.
now each new tourist is scutinised
with those beggary eyes
of his ability to
satisfy their private wants.
even the priests at famous hindu temples
could not hide their displeasure
at the 10,000 rupiah donation i gave.
a shrouded contempt
betrayed by those revealing eyes, look.
in the streets, the weight
of the stares of the pimps
from medan, jakarta, akeh
all over indonesia
submerged my heart in unease.
these indonesian cowboys
who too have come for the slice
of the tourist dollars
now getting smaller
throwing me women, boys, marijuana
for a kill.
one who had not sold anything
asked me to buy him a packet
of rice at a nearby stall
for 1,000 rupiah i.e.1/14 of a pound.
the more daring ones had even become crass
throwing insult like 'Why dont you bring your own? ' on my complaint of
overpriced
mangosteen at 15,000 rupiah a kilo (one pound) .
at home in kuala lumpur, it is half a pound.
so much for the degradation in manners
the worse aftershock of the bali bombing.

it is spend, spend, spend

when visiting temples.

first the entrance fee, then a donation for a sash to cover my lower body,

then another donation for a guide to lead me.

they showed me previous donations

of Euro30 and even US50 obviously by a group of tourists who chipped in a few euro each.

what a disadvantage a lone traveller i was.

they asked me to pay the same.

i protested and paid only 10,000 rupiah.

a guide who took me around the Mother of Temple at Bersaketh privately

asked for some money for his keep

as the earlier was meant for the temple.

i gave another 20,000 rupiah,

a fortune to visit the most holy shrine

in the island, the last outpost of hinduism

in south east asia, the charm, mysticism, now lost in the scramble for the tourist dollars made scarcier by terrorism.

imagine the sales girl greeting my

request for a discount for a silver shell ring met with such coldness, she threw

the money into the drawer in leaving, i was specially informed by a travel agent boy there is an exit tax 100,000 rupiah (eight pounds) .

i gladly paid with the wish that

Indonesia and Bali would raise above

t

john tiong chunghoo

Christmas Joy

late dad's happiest days, my joyest ones
were tuned up by jingle bells
lit by glittery stars big and small
and coloured by the reddest of hollies
the whitest and fairest of angel hair

as we picked through myriad velvety items
in our favourite souvenir shop
santa clauses jumped from dad's warm hands into mine
before heading for home cheering us
all day long on our giant Christmas tree

also in the fun are reindeer, the Great eastern star
that towered over all of us
powdery snow that specked the tree
and finally the little child in the cradle, Mary, joseph
in a smug horse shed,
they brought us all together
every year, brother, sister, mom and dad
for a few days of wondrous joy

we could have been the Eastern wise men
who partook in the fun of Christ
as he took his first peeks at the world

the Great Eastern Star
still greets us each Christmas
on the highest spot of the Christmas tree
below our family picture
where mom, dad and all of us smile perpetually
evoking teary cheery memories

we continue the same tradition
my son and i running through
the same souvenir shop
searching for things to brighten up our life,
our dreams
in between our laughters
i never fail to hum along that

Baby in the Cradel song
late dad liked most and
letting son know it is too
the best time i cherish

-dad, mom, and child
smiling perpetually over
us in rhythm to the glittering lights
and our laughters

john tiong chunghoo

Seeing The World With God

i look through my body
at the world, the stars, moon
stars beyond stars
i know there are stars, moon
stars beyond stars too
from my temporary sphere
the aura that shines
from this physical self
the trillion of cells
all the moving atoms,
electrons, protons
the universe inside and out
i look at them
from my infinite self
god the puppeteer
shrewdly playing
the beginning, the end
the two walls
between the human brain
the man innocently walks
to oblivion
some attempt to broaden the width
others like me attempt to
to burst out of the walls
to take a peep outside
the limitations, this physical self
the world outside
the god inside and out
the moon, sun, universe
the things outside
i too have become a galaxy
as i join god to take
a look at his worlds
a meteor flashes by
a cell loses hold
flushed by blood
to another world
an infinite me
looking at the finite me

all the stars, moons,
universe outside
and inside
all the cells that i own
that soon would
squeeze me out
to join the plane
where i could view
the beat of the universe
the expansive universe
myself a galaxy

the zillion of selves
those stars, suns
spinning towards
a full stop?
eternity?
the human brain
stretched towards
a world of no end
suffocated in its attempt
i stand beside god
for just a moment
to take a peek at
all his workings
wondering all the motives
behind his puppoteering
the moons, the suns, the universe
the cells acting out his drama
round and round
casting off light
i saw a star burst
light light years away
the cancer patient
carrying a cell
that too has burst
soon to cast that black hole
over the finite self
the infinite journeys to
rest on another finite self
the universe
i standby the creator

to look at his puppeteering
wondering his motives
in his design
the privilege he gives me
to share a view
of his craft
my mind flying
outside the two walls
of the brain
instead of between
infinity
my body
the universe
i look at them
like the stars, moon, meteors
this infinite me
with a finite self
of stars, moons,
stars beyond stars

john tiong chunghoo

Don'T, Don'T Appear To Me

Don't, Don't Appear to Me
no, you are not appearing
i would not take it
not with sanity
between the devils and god
there has always been
a sea of illusions
that spawn blood
thick as the dead
at Hitler's camps
Spanish Inquisitions
the Great Wall
Great Pyramid
Hiroshima, Nagasaki
and all the religious wars
that spanned the East and West
i have given up
and have decided
to crawl back to the time
when the first men
decided to try you out
shouting to waterfall
singing to the moon
crying to the heavens
and zooming in on zero thought
in cavernous caves
that resonated
with each of their breaths,
water from brooks
taking echoes as your love notes
i am satisfied though
stressed as i have been
in trying to locate you
an ancient man i became
the world starts all anew
for me and my Great One

john tiong chunghoo

That Mysterious Waves Of Pain

christmas day
i saw the boy
the white boy
skiny, thiny thing
who could only be
two scores of age
smiling so
innocently in phuket
the elders surrounding him
cajoling
i saw a little boy
black plump little thing
barely two, i guess
almost nude, running
carefree, near the sea
close to the waves
and into the waves
looking, discovering
danger, no,
a thousand miles away
i saw a grandad
jumped a few steps
as he ran
a little girl
trailing behind
did the same
a breeze
chilled us
refreshed us
in the splendour
of the setting sun
the rays that dilated
our pupils
so that everything
became so dreamy
in that already
paradisical setting
i saw a mother
her satiated self



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sitting on a towel
her dreamed holiday came true
surrounded by teenagers
oh! that warm smile
of love from a mother!
i cried over life
transience too
over mother!
i saw the white men
executives of
some conglomerates
stressing out
a mishmash of tired nerves
pampered by the sea
the cool wind,
the sand,
the Thai women,
their reassuring
and status
confirming
touches and beer
the patong beach
christmas day dusk
endless waves of joy
swept through the souls
the hundreds of foreign souls

the white boy,
the skinny thiny thing
the boy i turned back
to take so many looks
the young child
playing by himself
near the harmless mass of water
and so many others
their last holiday?
the wave of joy now
overtaken by waves
waves, tsunami scale grief
the waves, the relentless waves
that roared
kill, kill, kill

all over the Indian Ocean
Oh! that skiny little white thing
with that lovely smile
those mysterious successive waves
of pain that sweep through me
did god take him too?

john tiong chunghoo

The Tsunami In Me

heartless tsunami
how calm the sea lies today
please rush to me
raise your fury
console me
how calm the sea lies
after all the ravages
the loved ones that have gone
how calm the sea lies today
this tsunami in me
that would take years to tame

john tiong chunghoo



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Weapons Never Rule The World

the world started
out with a war
each mind fashioned
his kinds to dominate
all set out for artillery -
the fangs, claws, poisons
wings that could fly
a thousand miles
legs that could run like a jet
eyes that could see ten score miles
weapons, weapons, weapons,
until the almighty fashioned his
proud kind to show their mistakes
plain men with two hands, legs
and a conscience.
all these weapon owners
that kill themselves to extinction
men - god's proof to his rivalries
the winners of the real world
are those with conscience, love
that mere weapon owners
are losers fit only
for the pots and pans
the almighty always guiding
never allowing his men
to lose sight
that weapons never rule the world
owners of fangs, claws, mighty wings
that all end up in the pots and pans

john tiong chunghoo

Tsunami Tanka

stench
reaching the heavens
yet in this heart
the yearning to find
the right corpse

(seen in acheh)

john tiong chunghoo



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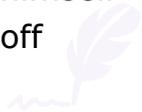
The Eyes Beyond

we have eyes
besides our eyes
that we see on us
the eyes that come alive
in the depth of the quiet night
when we know someone is
looking over us just nearby,
his focus ruffles that calmness
the ripple in the calm lake
our eyes meeting with
those invisible eyes
that send vibrations
through our soul
a synergy of mental energies
the eyes from beyond
that meet the eyes of my mind
could he be the almighty?
or the long lost loved ones?
i yearn for more sensors
to get closer to the owner
of those eyes that watch over
me in the middle of the night
those unseen eyes from beyond

john tiong chunghoo

A Misochist

a masochist
daily turning in words
knowing full well
nobody would read
nor take a look at
yet this yearning to spin
a web of words
to trap myself
in self aggrandisement
that elation after a work
is completed
a satiated spider
all alone in its
perfect wide web
a sculptor takes a look
at his sculpture
every chip taken out
a part of himself
chiselled off
elements
that stifle his art
his world
a perpetual struggle
against the mundane
to let the glitters
in him shine, sparkle
he struggles
for the right words
right charm, to let himself
free from the prison of banality
all the toil nobody would
even appreciate
an ant toils on with its castle
men view a molehill
he toils on savoring
each bit of his own work
work from the blend of
masochistic narcissism



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Part Of God

created in his likeness
the anger - thunder
the warning - lightning
the tears - rain
the smile - the breeze
the punishment - earthquake
lesson - the echo, memory
the trees, birds,
sea, clouds and sky
his pictorial poetry
in his likeness
i paint them
with words
that run
like a river
reflecting their beauty in me
styling them in realism
on a calm day
impressionism
on a breezy one
as the river
dances with light
modernism
when the river
shakes the
inquisitive mind
of the mysteries of life
all the blocks and angles
the river registers
as it unfolds a scroll
of god's law
surrealism
mistfilled
a river scene
i did to run away from
a mind that torments
a world that begs for
an answer to everything

john tiong chunghoo

Dog Tanka

illed pet dog
this morning we spent
an hour to find it
hiding its demise
from us

john tiong chunghoo



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Faculties

mind
multifaceted
a force
an unknown force
driving
all the mes
at times
communicating
with the mes
out of itself
god?
a diamond
a million sparkles
the rain
falls in
so many ways
slow, fast, slanted
big, small,
hot, cold, warm
solid, liquid
dancing down
the sky
mind
rains down
on me
in so many ways
slow,
fast,
real,
unreal
male,
female,
god, demons
a spectrum
of me
that sometimes
got lost
in all the mes
i walk through

all the mes
the same fashion
like the rain
slow, fast, warm, cold, hot,
at times listening
to that voice
that speaks from the mind
on its own
i reckon that's god
the only constant
in the vast space
of the mind
space a projection of mind
from there me
savour all the rain
washed down on me
mind where the almighty
rains down on me
with many mes
teaching me one or two things
to prevent me
from getting lost

john tiong chunghoo

Liars

astrologers
perhaps, the sky was misty
the stars were hidden
or you were too occupied
with predictions
to notice that change of fate
spelt out in the sky
perhaps you were just a liar
a liar since time immemorial
making money from
people's insecurities
delivering them a bag of nonsense
that they so eagerly clinged to
breakers of hearts you!
the stars that divided lovers
you spelt them out to be
the partners that you split
with your words
supposedly shown to you by the stars
countless stars in the sky
each of which you subscribed to
for crown successions, wars,
earth breakings, waves and waves
of desires for life conveniences
but your eyes were blocked
by waves and waves and waves
that plundered the Indian Ocean
of lives leaving waves and waves
of grief
the stars, they still look so charming
glittering
in the night ocean
the mysterious part, i let sink in it
swept away by the great tsunami

john tiong chunghoo

If Life Is A Song

my love, i was dried
shriveled
like
the autumn leaf
blown asunder
by the wind
drifting...
to a mass of
decaying leaves
until you came along
to lift me
out of the mess
the dew that freshens up the morn
the drops that refresh the roses,
blooms and all
each droplet
so gentle on the petals
preserving their colours,
lustrous shine and all
before the wind, sun rob
them of their charm
each petal that soon gives up
its posture, support for
a bloom dance,
shrivels, so fragilely
taken by the wind
ridding to oblivion
if life is a song
you are the music
and i the singer
together we bring
the meaning of life to all
like the red roses
that make it to your door today
the rose dancing
the steps of love
let's join its dance
before the sun, wind
rob it of its agility

before wayward time
dawdles all over us
with its lines and
irreversible anomaly
that leaves us all
six feet underground

john tiong chunghoo

Dream Of An Angel

guess what? other boys
ask god for heaven, holiday
and presents but i ask god
for an angel, white angel
with his big feathery wings
like what we see of gabriel
and guess what? yes, god did send
the angel to my dream one night
so huge were his wings
i found myself ruffling the feathers
as he stood tall
without even uttering a word
the strong feathers
which felt so warm
then the sudden fear
that he was coming
to take away mother
angel does this thing
says the bible
how i had cried
screamed that he would not
take mom away
the heaven reverberated
with my plea
i woke up tearsoaked
and glad that it was just a dream
glad that god had let me
see an angel
an angel with his large
feathery wings
that stands so tall

john tiong chunghoo

The Sea So Calm Today

The fury
it rages on
in me

The tsunami
in me
that would
take years to tame

the calm sea
So calm
it throws me
off balance

Stoic, unfeeling
after all the ravages
it lies so calm

A lesson
to face life adversities
the calm sea this day
so calm it throws me
off balance

This tsunami
in me that would
take years to tame

john tiong chunghoo



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Shadow

shadow
of the mind
it comes
from a twin
somewhere in the world
that only my heart
could find
my mind would feel
similar idea
that blazes
my top
a shadow
that keeps me
on my toe
on a noon day
shadows
misintepreted
in black
they come
in irregular form
neither white nor black
that cast a brain fire
brain storm
a thousand miles away
tracking
over my mind
an idea born
one claims to be one's own
when it is
the showering power
of the brain
that z-zats
round the world
that keeps
it flooded
with new wonders
wonder the idea
of light bulb actually
came from edison



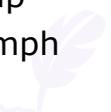
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the shadow
of somebody's thought
that sets his on fire
lighting up the world

john tiong chunghoo

Letter From Devil

this battle
for heaven
and hell
how easily god
has signed you
over to me
a windfall
for a deal
sealed
from your
head to toe
for me
to get
on with
my scheme
each cell
encrypted
with a stamp
for my triumph
a cosy nest
for my device
to brighten up hell
to hear your scream,
your curses
a dungeon of desire
consumed by my fire
how easily
god has signed you
over to me
sealing you up
in a sea
of desires
trapping you
in a prison
where I hold the key
both in and out
this world and next
each of your cell
cries out to me

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for fulfillment
gratification
buddha was right
so were all
the prophets
this realm
the dungeons of desires
that light up my realm
the fire, i love the fire
i love the scream
the scream of hatred, curses
how easily god
has signed you over to me
from head to toe
down to your very cell

john tiong chunghoo

Cowboy And Dad

cowboy films
they were dad's favourite
and he did want me
to be a cowboy
each time giving
me that smart pose
of john wayne
and speaking in his tongue
dad's golden years
we spent quite a lot
of time in the theatres
watching nothing
but cowboy movies
those movies with
plenty of gunshots
bravemen and cowards
a lost child
and his gun toting dad
i was a mere three foot tall
but dad did want me
to be a cowboy even then
ever enthusiastic in
showing me
that smart pose
with his leather hat
that bent upwards
tipped
at an angle
i tried them all
gun, imagined horse,
and that round little black patch
with a rubber strip
that i worn over an eye
crying in my prebuscent voice
'bang! bang! bang! '
our seating room
the battle field
a giant and a little cowboys
acting out the scenes

in the cowboy movies
one day neighbour george
walked into the house
and were caught
between in a flurry of bullets
to say sorry, we told him
he could be the next wayne
in our own movie

john tiong chunghoo

Seven Layers Of Heaven

touch,
sight,
taste,
hear,
smell

....

....

seven layers
of heaven
set in me
two more
layers
lost in
myself
clouded
in the views
cast by the world
heaven
comes in
seven
layers
so say hindus,
chinese,
buddhists,
even the muslims
and hell?
between
all
the senses
the heart
that torments
the doers
for
his misdeeds
the fugitive
who manages
to run away from
everybody
but not



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the burning hell
of conscience
that pokes
at his top
making him bleed
at the heart
day and night
hell and heaven
bound in this
frame of
heart, soul
and mind
a living hell?
the heaven
in seven layers
the other two layers?
sixth sense?
seventh sense?
two puzzles
that wait
for an answer
hidden
in the realms
that circle
around me
i look into the sky
and journey
to the
eternal sphere
that joins me
to the moons, stars
try taking me
out of this world
and it sure looks different
feel different
a whole new world
the seventh sense
seventh heaven
the sixth?
the woman
who digs
deep into

layers of her own mind
to find the dates
of her own death
and exciting upcoming events
of the world, the tsunami
third world war,
end of the world
a nostradamus
a hell in between all these?
the scorn
from bigots
two layers
of heaven that got lost
in me
covered by
the clouds
five is perhaps
a more lucky number

john tiong chunghoo

The Duck That Stays So Still

daily food for me
right in front of me
come rain or shine
oh master
for your love
i would die for you
anytime, this passion
in me that
runs high as the mountains
my loving master
such a friend to me
yes, i would die
for my master
the duck stays so still
for the knife to go into him one day

john tiong chunghoo



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Loudness Of Your Love

that rose you sent to me
they have withered, dried
head bowed over the jug
also from you
this love that runs
dry and wet
now and then
like a tropical stream
i have kept flowing
in my bosom
despite the odds
even at its ebb
drip by drip
it flows in my heart
i still fancy
how you gently,
softly rain your love
on me in so many ways
every now and then
like how it falls
and the rainbow that
never fails to appear
in the clouds
against the light
in love, there is always hope
despite the silence
sometimes, i cant help
lost in your world
our world
the loudness of
our quiet love

john tiong chunghoo