

Poetry Series

Trino Chan
- poems -

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Trino Chan()

I am an entrepreneur involves mainly in Education and Information & Technology businesses in Hong Kong. I am also a person who is energetic, aggressive, talkative, creative, imaginative and adventurous. I always believe the best things come when they are least expected. Writing poems is my pastime and I started doing it because of a friend who had brought great impact on my life. After all, I am a typical Pisces, and I am a man of sentiment.

In my dream,
*** is a comely girl with
brown ponytail.
She plays piano.
a music aficionado indeed.
She sings hyme,
a sincere and honest prayer.
She is clever,
a dexterous and shrewd girl.
And,
she is a chaste and perfect girl I have ever met.

In reality,
*** is a well-informed boy with
black short hair.
He plays piano,
but not a music aficionado.
He sings song,
it is a school song.
He is diligent,
a hardworking and smart boy.
And,
he is an affable, extraordinary boy I have ever met.

Two of them,
with different characters,
with different genders,
both are special.
Will the destiny draw us together?
God knows.

(15th of May,2004)

Trino Chan

A Charming Tale Of Love, Chivalry, Trust And Hope

Anonymous,
the one who must not be named.
Nameless,
the one who anonymous loves.

They live in two peasant families,
leading a pleasant life respectively,
no one knows where they originated.

One day,
they put on the armours,
picked up the spears,
rode on the horses,
they became chivalries,
a prodigious war will soon be broken out.

Serenity deminated the atmosphere,
two different troops,
two genders,
all were standing aside,
waiting with bated breath.
In the middle of the battlefield,
anonymous and nameless,
aggressing to each other.

Suddenly,
the beaded blood,
appearing on the armour of anonymous,
nameless was hurt,
she flattened from the horse.

Anonymous threw down the weapon
and jumped onto the ground at once,
giving her a hand.

They embraced and kissed,
and the war ended.
Anonymous gave in to nameless finally.

(14th of July,2004)

Trino Chan

A Horse With No Name

A mild breeze is blowing along the vast grassland,
the sun is glowing brightly above the grassland,
a horse is careering quickly in this immaterial area.

The horse has been living here for more than seventeen years,
no one knows where it comes from.
The horse is exceedingly pure,
we can't find any splotches on its body,
living with other animals happily for most of the time.

However,
in this enormous grassland,
there is only one horse,
and thus it finds the life is boring sometimes.

One day,
The horse keeps on running and trampling.
Finally, it comes to the edge of the grassland.
What is surrounding the grassland is just water,
it wants to get through the water and explore its life.
But it can't, because it doesn't swim.
It feels really upset and doesn't run anymore, staying and having a cloistered life there.

Time flies, today is its birthday.
It has already been living here for exactly eighteen years.
It should feel happy but it doesn't,
just staying along the edge of the grassland as normal, waiting somebody.

Seemingly out of the blue,
someone is whistling to it.
It moves quickly off the ground,
a boy is swimming in the water, approaching it.
At this moment,
it feels really surprised and doesn't know how to react.
It walks near the boy like a fool,
letting he rides on it.
Astonishingly,
it feels like full of energy,

and it runs again!

With his encouragement, it becomes brave.
Finally, it gets through the water,
a new world is waiting for it.

(23rd of July,2004)

Trino Chan

After School

Where is the light in the garden tonight?
Students have gone,
and teachers are not here.
I walk around, nobody is here.

The school is in plight of darkness,
I feel forlorn and deserted.

Being an abandoned orphan,
I turn on the lights along the corridor,
they escort me to a better future.

(27th of January,2005)

Trino Chan

Alma Mater

It is a redbrick college,
I have an exquisite feeling on it.
It is a tranquil afternoon,
silence reigns.

I am standing along the corridor,
looking at the garden.
The fountain is flowing up and down,
the colossal fig tree is standing over there.

I turn left,
the superbly roman entrance is nearby.
I turn right; the magnificently reddish wall is upon me.
I turn round,
the splendid playground is underneath my knee.
I raise my eyes,
staring into the vast sky,
the shade of brown with a tinge of red and
the sky seems to blend into each other.

I roar,
my glorious school,
my beloved school,
my adorable school,
I love you forever,

glory to our school!

(15th of May,2004)

Trino Chan

Elaine

We met in coincidence.
Internet became the place where we dated.
I was inspired by her poems,
feeling like she was a very pure, sometimes innocent but pessimistic girl.
I had a special feeling on her at that moment.

As time goes by,
that feeling becomes intensified.
I did many things because of her,
and she rejected me heartbrokenly.

Another year has flown away, I am still pursuing the girl,
who just rejected me cruelly for the 2nd time,
before celebrating another year older.

She is what she is.
She likes playing piano.
She likes eating cheese.
She is still very fattish, yet cutie.
She is still keeping a very long ponytail.
She has a beautiful heart and a thoughtful mind.
Yet she has changed,
she becomes more mature.

It is her 19th birthday today.
She reveals that she is confused.
Indeed, something made her confused.
She is called Elaine.
Her name keeps lingering in my mind every day, and every second.
Her feeling is pervading in my heart every night, and every moment.
Is she going to reject me for the 3rd time?
Is she going to reject me forever?
No matter what, I will wait endlessly and see.
I wish, she will be happy all the time.

(13th May,2005)

Trino Chan

Fantasia

The white horse kept running,
without looking back.
The past was disgraceful and lackluster,
no one wanted to recall it.
It ran and ran,
travelling the world in search of love.
It climbed mountains, plunged into cave, crossed deserts,
looking for a moment at the charming vista,
searching for a real companion.

Tonight,
the vast sky was flawless,
there was no stars.
The white horse was standing still,
staring at the darkness of sky tranquilly.
At length,
the moon rose and its polished coin,
though obscured now and then by wisps of cloud,
shone out with serenity, with severity...
Slow wheeling,
like the rays of a searchlight,
the days,
the weeks,
the years passed one after another across the sky.
And the black horse appeared.

(16th of August,2004, inspired at the balcony facing the flawless sky...)

Trino Chan

Hope Or Despair?

It is November,
clamness rules.
After an arduous chase,
the black horse eventually stops.
Still, only its shadow follows behind.

The gigantic tree,
acting like a shadowy shelter,
the black horse is standing underneath,
weeping.

The wind is blowing heavily,
scourging the black horse cruelly,
tormenting it toughly,
a dire punishment.

A precipice is nearby,
the black horse is gawking at the edge of it,
without closing its eyes for a night,
a desperate look.

The sun is rising very slowly,
coming up over the horizon,
shaking out light to the cloudless sky gradually,
the pale white and the deep blue combine and the clouds turn blue.

Leaves on the trees sparkle,
down below a flower shines,
eyes of beasts glitter,
neigh of the black horse breaks out.

The world emerges from darkness,
every cloud has a silver lining,
even a ray of hope,
come on, don't give up.

(18th of August,2004)

I Am Yours, Now

By chance we encountered
On dates we have caught the eye of each other
Now we have become closer
No wonder we want something more
Ignited by your sweet smile and care
Elated by your affection and passion
Chan now wants to be yours

(5th of September,2012)

Trino Chan

Inspiration

It is a normal Saturday,
anonymous is sitting on the same seat,
glimpsing the same scene,
feeling the same milieu,
having a routine travel,
departing for home in a bus right now.

See from above,
it is a busy street.
trams pass,
buildings ahead,
crossovers overhead,
roads are in construction,
pedestrians are walking slowly,
automobiles are moving quickly,
a vivid panorama.

The sky seems saturant,
an aeroplane is gliding,
a hawk is flying around,
a finch is flitting from here to there,
a girl is smiling at me,
and the bus stops,
but my inspiration is keep generating.

(7th of August,2004)

Trino Chan

Learn To Be Lonely

(the last poem written for cheval blanc, and from now on, ultimately, I gave her up.)

From summer to winter,
For days and months,
I try to throw away the strength of feeling.

In space a piano placed,
Imagine your fingers sail through the keys,
I feel that I am kissed.

In deep night,
With feeble light,
I echo your name in memory tight.

On the bed,
Lying with weariness, hopelessness embedded,
I still like to dream of you.

Over the rainbow,
Here comes my shadow,
But you never follow.

I understand.
What's lost is lost.
I wish you a merry Christmas.

(15th of December,2005)

Trino Chan

Let It Be

I sing a song
and let it fly.
I let it flow into your glittering eyes.

I whisper a poem
and let it float.
I let it pour into your pure heart.

(7th of September,2004)

Trino Chan

Orchid

Here is a secret garden,
just a line separated from the reality.
It is compelling yet mysterious,
no one has entered the garden for many years.
However, there is the one and the only one,
who is curious for everything.
I enter the garden solitarily.

I stroll in the garden,
here are myriads of flowers, trees and butterflies,
bringing an aromatic smell everywhere.
I take a seat under an immense tree,
seeing a sparrow alights on a branch,
feeling the impeccable environment.

Serenity reigns
but a little sound impair it.
Somebody is singing.
It is a beautiful voice,
touching my heart as it sings out the melancholy melody.
The sound comes near and near gradually,
eventually a girl appears between two thick trees.
She is charming,
dressing in pale white.
She is clasping an orchid,
swaying it.

I am mesmerized at the moment,
I pursue behind her.
I smell the aroma of the orchid.
It is so sweet and fresh,
I am led astray,
she disappears.

Only the orchid is left,
I pick it up.
It is so fragrant yet mercurial.
I blow it into the sky
and let it fly,

flying away.

My beloved orchid,
I won't touch you again
until I really fathom you,
I love you.

(11th of September,2004)

Trino Chan

Shadowy Nocturne

It is midsummer,
and the nights are hot.
Black horse is strolling along the lake,
trying to delve into another world.

Black horse is rather sad tonight,
the white horse is not following behind,
no one chats with it,
no one plays with it,
only its shadow follows it.

It stops.
looking at the lake quietly.
The moon,
falling on water,
makes it white, inscrutable,
giving the shadow a burnish and a silver plating.

The black horse,
it can not spend its life chasing after shadow,
no matter it is an anguish or elation,
it must have a brave act,
telling the white horse what you feel.

(17th of August,2004)

Trino Chan

Sound Of Freedom

Starry starry night,
it is a sweltering summer night.
I lie on the grassland,
counting the number of stars.
The boundless and endless universe,
there are countless stars,
flaring and flaring in the darkness.

My heart is beating,
the wind is breezing,
I feel like bracing.

A flash of inspiration,
I feel rather free,
indulging in having a relaxation here.

Suddenly,
a meteor streaks across the vast universe,
an ominous silence.

I stand up,
back to the reality,
I read the newspapers,
I listen to the radio,
I watch the TV.
Orators flee from the suffocating climate,
their voices disappear for breather,
where is our freedom?

Still here,
approaching and accosting,
it is nearby,
keep insisting!

(18th of May,2004)

Trino Chan

Star

Beauty or beast,
Poor or rich;
just look up and you will see,
there are always stars every night,
smiling to everyone.

Keep it tight and safe,
believe it with faith and say:
I trust you. I can make it.
A spell is made,
the promise will never break,
it will guide you to the bright.

Do not have to envy the others,
Do not be afraid of the darkness.
You've got your own star,
sparkling wherever you go,
accompanying whenever you exist.

Do not hesitate,
Do not groan,
Because you are not alone.
As long as -
you grasp the star you belong.
As one together,
shinning blissfully forever.

(11th September,2006)

Trino Chan

Surrealist

It was a scorching and drowsy summer,
anonymous was wandering at home outside the balcony,
spending many idle hours just sitting in the sun.

Suddenly,
he stood up.
He stared at the door as if waiting for someone.
It had been a few minutes' time.
straight, he stood upright.

Out of my expectation, he walked,
towards the door and opened it.
Another world, no one knew where it was.
It was a beach.

Anonymous strolled along the serene beach,
so silent.
Suddenly, he stopped.
He stared again,
it was a bottle this time.

The bottle was floating on the sea,
anonymous picked it up and noticed that
there was a paper inside.

That was, a frazzled and worn paper,
with a group of numbers and a few words:
'028964,
You were born in February and you are Pisces.
You belong to the sea and you will never forget the day of 6-4'
Surrealistic phantasy, anonymous loves it.

(9th of May,2004)

Trino Chan

The Bicycle

(A memorial poem for the 19th day of every month)

I stop riding my bicycle suddenly.
I look around,
The seat behind is still empty,
With no one sit on it,
With no one travel along with me.

Leaves are brown,
my shadow narrower,
and the sun is in the west and round.

I ride on my bicycle lonely.
With my feet on the pedals,
With slow speed and silent breeze,
I am weary,
keeping on groping the answer.

I find a car.
With two seats,
and a streamlined shape.
With inner decoration and a lovely engine sound,
I sincerely hope that I can sit next to you,
forever young.

I knock on the car door,
But you ignore me.
You decide to drive the car away, with no return sign
Why?

And now,
We have been apart for four months.
Yet, the knocking sound is still lingering in my mind.
I know, I know you are pretending to be fine.

Away, I'd better ride away.

(15th September,2005)

The Blur In The Droplet

I used to travel between brightness and darkness,
from the optimistic hope to the pessimistic despair,
just keep going nonstop.

It has been raining continuously for several weeks.
Still,
song is sung by the same voice,
thing is seen by the same eyes,
mind is still occupied by the same feeling.
It is normal at all,
but the same flower that smiles today,
tomorrow will be dying.

It rains again.
The droplets keep striking me in a pulsating rhythm.
I don't care,
I just believe in hope,
stubborn but determined.

It rains heavier and heavier,
the sky is getting gloomier and gloomier,
the droplet becomes bigger and bigger,
I get into a tram.

I don't know where to go,
I don't know when the rain will stop,
I don't know what the situation is now going,
I don't want to get off from the tram.
I am laying in the darkness to survive,
expecting the rainbow to appear,
praying for the brightness to come.

However,
the brightness I am longing for will never come again,
never again,
it is never again.

I never realize.

(1st July,2005)

Trino Chan

The Fig Tree

Look outside the obscured window,
there is a fig tree.
There is no roundness,
no fruit in it.
The wind scrapes,
and the leaves shed.

Winter comes.

The surroundings is so silent,
the air seemed frozen.
there is no moon,
congealed to the stillness of glass,
spreading over the vicinity.

The sky seems saturated,
turning to grey gradually,
here and there.
Snow begins to fall,
a flurry of falling flakes.
The fig tree is softened with a thick vestment of snow,
it is pale white,
seemingly waiting for someone,
a mirthless wait.

(25th of August,2004)

Trino Chan

Typhoon

In the boundless sky,
two different types of air mass,
waving their dreams in the sky.

In the fullness of time,
the cold air pushed into the rear of the warm air,
a wave developed.
Warm air advanced,
it rode over the cold air.
The pressure falled,
turning the tropical depression into a typhoon.

It brought unsettled weather and strong winds,
the warm air and the cold air separate eventually.
The typhoon turned back to an anticyclon,
flowing its air away from the centre,
moving slowly,
remained stationary for days.

Now, the cloudless sky,
with little or no rain,
remaining the warm air and the light winds,
breezing quietly,
waving its own dream,
waiting for another conglomeration.

(27th of August,2004)

Trino Chan