

Poetry Series

Yuxin Wu
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Yuxin Wu()

Crepuscular

You learn perfecta from the night,
I come then you gone.
Drain the anisette over the desk,
You wake and I depart.

Yuxin Wu

Life Is Lemom

Life always embitters a lemon,
makes you give up then it can laugh.
Green on a branch, lemon is yours,
hides inside the bitter life.

Far you look at
the lemon of life,
you cry;

Sage comes, says:

“Go and praise its smell.”

Yuxin Wu

Slow Down

Slow down, slow down.

Slow down for a blinking star,
Propose an evening with graceful curve,
Neatly create the shape and tune.
Keep all dreams in one box,
And wait time to stop...

Moon lulls a branch of nightingales,
veils the secret in their dreamland.
Sliding the star but
slow, very slow...

Yuxin Wu

Springsnow

Spring snow comes through the air
like feather bugs, soft and small.
Blinks the crystal on slim branches,
grin the lace dress over quiet mountains...
Upon the bridge near the willow,
the face of girl white as snow,
the lovely springsnow.

Yuxin Wu

Tavern

Down the alley, inside the pub,
two men drink and tipsyly laugh.
Again yell for three bottles full three cups,
share their story with shadows on floor.

"I have a good wife and two sons,
they made laws and don't allow me to come..."
"Ah you own a wife great so much,
drink for another cup,
she will beat you with deep deep love."

Orange dim light swaying on the wall,
snugly the white rose leans in her vase,
moon is in the midair but stars disappear.

Slow Jazz floats softly in the plate and up their face,
clupea pallasi laying silently as a beauty.
Lemon pieces send forth a delicate scent,
like the quiet perfume spraying from a nymph.

"Do you breathe the smell slight in air?"
"It sleeps on my skin and whistle with subtleness."
"What's the secret you heard from her lip?"
"She said..."

High up the alley, outside the pub,
purple sky murmuring with a lovely half-moon.

She said, sweet night, love is you.

Yuxin Wu

The Soul

Grievance is raised,
burning fire up to the sky.
Look at the purple red;
Look at the blood-stained cross;
Look at the eyes of psych.
Then remember never pray to God.

Yuxin Wu

To Teacher

I remember that you wear
a lilac dress coming towards us,
with tenderness and a loving smile.

Down your sunshine under
your mild eyewe bud.
Together always we bath in
the golden rays of the morning sun,
within the airthe tinges of spring.

O industrious gardener! Water us!
The bush will bloom and
the field will turn green.
Spiritus of you.

Yuxin Wu

??????????????

???

???????????

?????????

?????????

???

???

???,

?????????

???

?????????????

?????????

???

??.....

Yuxin Wu

???.???

?????? ?????

???????????

??????

???? ????

?????????

???

???????????

Yuxin Wu

????? ????????

?????

???????

?????

?????-

?????????

?????????

????? ??????

????? ??????

?????????????

"????";

?????

?????

?????????

Yuxin Wu