

Distance

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How we live is full of simplicity
But closer to a secret envelope,
Yet hinting at a histogram graph.

Desire is rhythmless calligraphy,
The lyric I listen to is a sad letter
And old. Do we feel better?

Less. So, for all the trees,
And insects and bees,
Let's not dance on the floor.

Our differences are printed
On both sides of a glossy photo paper;
No common address is for those to deliver.

Like the early cosmos, not like a rose flower,
We are broken love for each other.

Shadow

I am a foreigner on the soil
Where I am studying
Foreign Languages and Literatures.
My white hair, brown face,
The image of my life
Are strange to air, land, and water there

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From some perspectives.

My heart bleeds
For my root and route.
The moment I listen to our national anthem,
I feel I am far away from my home.
Some acquaintances are from our continent,
Still, they are different. Life is cracked.
I become a stranger to myself.

The birds I used to see during winter
Are not there. I am a foreigner.
Sometimes, nothing else matters to me;
The more I think to see
The beauty of my life
And my image in the mirror.
I again become a stranger to myself.