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## **Can't you see the snow falling down**

Can't you see the snow falling down  
And I'm missing  
you in this town

The stone is running into the rye field,  
swelling heat,  
Leaves arise from my heart and  
fly  
with black ravens. I  
pour my letters onto  
the blood floating  
in the whirl of flood.  
Boats drift on the Huron  
Water and rhythm of words would never sink

My heartbeat is connected to  
you, as the delicate vase  
standing alone on the ground  
What is it looking at,  
the Mediterranean Sea, the ocean pacific  
or her shadow on tile porcelain?

I see the stone is groaning and the  
snow is falling down  
I'm missing you in the small small town  
My days are not beautiful but birds still come  
They fly south  
rest on our stone bench out of my window  
until the river devours the stones and  
kisses their fins on the grass

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## Chicago

She shaved her hair and went to Chicago  
again  
like dew is meant to be with a curled maple leaf  
Her suitcase danced on the gravel  
The leaf was so light that it  
swung on a puff of autumn wind. Again,

the sun walked,  
chased and accompanied her  
through half the country  
They were faster than the  
train putting its arms around the  
eternal green mountains kissing them  
They were faster than the  
albatrosses in the small blue sky finding  
food for their beloved baby bird  
still changing feathers, longing for the  
unbounded sea. The sun

walked until it  
reached the other side of the mountains  
It was always generous and kind  
Even it knows she  
would never head back

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## First Snow

Like a goldfish nibbles my fingertip  
It comes after me when I  
finish a line in an old parchment book, when I  
drink a cup of hot caramel latte  
made by a curly hair, plump barista

She smiles like a flower  
I look through the window for an answer  
only to see  
snowflakes, thousands of them falling toward me from above,  
through the roof  
A snow shower,  
like meaningless alphabets  
my fingers cozily lay at on page seventy-seven

*Grazioso*<sup>1</sup> and *espressivo*<sup>2</sup>  
Every time a new customer came,  
water escapes the tap and the freezing cold  
red apples tango and hug with bubbles without  
fear that they will be gone  
The barista does not smile everyday  
She uses a huge white mask as a shield  
She dances quietly,  
hide her steps under the black apron,  
mask as a shield. Meters of snow are

hugging the soil  
Thrown into the air and disappear when  
asked to do so  
She smiled like the first snow

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<sup>1</sup> Graceful, smooth or elegant in style, used as a direction in music

<sup>2</sup> To play expressively, used as a direction in music

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## Lake in the sea

Look, look into the darkness there is  
a lake in the sea  
Salted with ice and the seaweeds dance  
with cruel hot breeze

A fish is weeping in the sea,  
she looks into the lake with horror  
A tern eaten by a giant trevally  
She sees an unknown fish dancing beneath the  
lake in the sea

A mirror made of water can never be broken  
The lake is swelled up by tears

A six-gill shark lured to a  
whale fall behind the glass  
Crash through the surface, left only  
shattered shadow and a  
wailing whale walking over its head  
What comes cross the mirror never comes back  
She sees her shadow dancing away

Trevallies jump to the sky and she  
dances to the deep  
Tern's feathers shine in the sun  
she weeps by the lake in the sea

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## Embroidery

Below a starless sky stand  
a blue-eye bear and a blue-eye hare  
The hare adores the sun  
facing towards it  
And the bear holds her in its sapphire, its Walden Lake

For a little while  
Lady France decides to braid her hair  
A hare cannot escape  
the long night ahead  
The silk slips through the fingers of jade,  
falls gently onto the lady's lap  
Lady France is braiding her gorgeous hair  
A slide for sunlight and the start for the night  
Darkness gently devours  
the last glimmer in the eyes of the hare  
She cries and the bear still  
looks at the hare

It rains from beneath  
when the lady weeps  
The sun walks under the ground  
It'll never be back  
It'll never reach the hare

The bear has blue eyes, the septa says  
the hare has red ones,  
The bear sees it crying,  
staring through the insurmountable brick wall  
the sun will never be back

She dreams to  
sail  
on the boundless grey grass sea  
How long does it take  
for the forest to meet the sea  
How long does it take for them  
to know each other in the eternal darkness  
Her boat flies to the sky  
the sun now walks on the wrong side,  
the wind sighs, it  
can do nothing but watch and see, until it passes

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a stiffened hare and a silent bear,  
whispers: "the watch begins"