

Bees vs. Flies

Within this open bottle
Every bee dies
While charging towards light

but all flies survive
And even thrive
By fleeing into darkness

What
What if the bottle rotates?

Light vs Shadow: A Recursive Poem

I

Was it the shadow?
Was it the shadow beyond?
Was it the shadow beyond the shadow?
Still fell the thick night,
When the heart blocked the light.

Yes, it is light!
It is light within!
It is light within light!
Loud sweeps the morning glow,
Where the mind has no shadow.

II

if only there were still 10 suns hanging in the sky
as in the ancient chinese mythological universe

if only all stars were close, close enough to us
like millions of broken mirrors
put back together around us

if, if only every light on earth were much brighter
or, simply if our eyes were just a bit more insightful

there would be no shadows moving before or behind us
there would be no darkness within or without our minds

III

1. Do not be carried away with so much sunshine
for shadow is right behind your feet
2. Do not be afraid of shadow in front of you
for the sun is arising just behind your back
3. Stand still for a moment or two
and you can tell shadow from light or vice versa
4. Keep walking in your chosen direction
and you will find your way out of the shadows

You Are a Buddha

As long as you can
Go along, or
Go alone
With Karma

As long as you are ready
To accept, or
Give up
Everything, anything

Gathas (4): Elixir for Insomnia

Stop counting ants or elephants
Stop twisting and turning on your bed
But get your entire selfhood ready
To receive, with all your tenderness
The big blue dewdrop from heaven
Letting it melt your brains into a stream
Flow from your head to your toes

Slowly
More slowly
Most slowly
As it cleanses, cooling down
Melting your vertebral column
One section at a time
Until all you brain cells
Become ready to evaporate
Like the dews at the leaf tip
Towards the morning sun

Century Eggs, China: A News Poem

According to recent CNN iReporters, century eggs are one of the most challenging foods they have come across on their travels.

Often served with pickled ginger
As a pungent appetizer
Century eggs have been popular
Among all adult Chinese
For centuries and centuries
Though to their children they taste
More archaic, more rotten
Than they actually sound

Having been preserved in clay
For longer than an old season, these
Devil-cooked black eggs are
Readily welcome
In my native country
Where the older are always better
Mixed black is more attractive than pure white
Where what is ugly
Eerie, stinking
Can be cool, fresh
And damned delicious

