

4th of May, 2010 Hong Kong

A ghost of tide

Like a waterfall of warm density
the formless fluid arises within
foreign form.

The opportunity of possession
and ownership
is the cause
of fearful hunger
of emptiness encountering
the true nature of movement.



Escape in the beauty

There is no other way
for the spoiled seed
to run and cover its guilt
but to escape.

How can such violence exist
but from an ever present
careless beauty all around!

Violent thoughts

Imprisoned memories
like music for music hungry ears.

With the force of the wild wind
howling through the corridors of a thirsty heart,
i discover the pain of satisfaction.

Intuition

My butt is tired of sitting.
Yet my body is working
from the depths of devotion
to support unconditionally
the weight of the decision.

Overflow

Even when you leave me stranded
with my blindness and selfishness,
you shine on me
with the grace of a loving madman.