

Nature vs. Machine

Blossoms

headed the flowering blossoms
of the season,
vaguely
welcoming the new age of
dazzling white,
fairytale-like

only
to hold on to
that surrealist hardships
of the predecessors
...of for once a humble home.

in the labour of a new spring,
a cyclic work of spitting
delicate saliva in chiffon, angelic

awaiting in silence
the frozen rivers
amongst these forever winters
taking charge of the
wavy flames on candles:

all these years, as they
kick-started, then gone off...
just like mankind,
replacing at once
those evaporated lives, & minds

Me & Mangkhut

That thin sand
spraying, fleeing,
scraped & flapped;
such light sky shuffled in
an uneducated green,
finally still, uncovered...
are the hands once
held straight,
opened
the many
cotton flowers soaked, like brownies,
getting mouldy...& moody?

those dried eyeliners
drawing the remaining eye, out of shape,
on a quirky face
now scarred by the granules,
and dying to
crack like any of those one-bite popcorns

oh sis & bros,
never underestimate her skin of dull bitter-ness
which shelled the fragrance of sweet-ness,
branded right on her most unpredictable temper...

and now just for once, “stop dressing up like Me, Mangkhut!”

(remark: Mangkhut is the typhoon just hit and caused much casualty to the outskirts
of Hong Kong)

Clock

the thorns ticking
the restricted tunes,
rewinding the mechanics of
T-I-M-E:
as they
touched those days,
and silently flew past,
and so did TIME...
going all the way back,
back to me, where I belong

those emptied cups,
clinking the “perfect pitch”
out of my
never-ending dreams——

now ending
just in TIME...
as the last taste of bittersweet
burnt my throat,
while the thorns resumed
their grasp within the glasshouses,
now filled...& ticked again

Sea Flowers

however the wind growls, those waterlilies still float, & float...

riding on some baby greens
yet blading through the winds,
“zz...chop, chop...”
fallen, cut open the
wavy stripes of blue & white
dived and drilled in the largest tub,
heading
deep, deep down...“zz...chop, chop...”
without much notice, rooted

these buried lives seeded in the riverbed,
always dreamt of growing into
a flower,
under the genre of
“modern-day Cinderella”,
budding, building, blossoming
without much notice, still, rooted

until that 1 day, just 1 day,
sewing dense webs of
potentials, however loose,
grasping hands to emit
sprouts of
floral scents, however subtle,
amassing from the predecessors
buds of
enlightened souls, however dim,
without much notice, already grown

again...

“zz...chop, chop...”
without much notice, cycled

Flirt with the Unknown

Me:

that moment when we
crisscrossed,
when there's not even enough
time
to burn a mark---
for remembrance, for celebration...
gone,
just a snap, in the wind

You:

this anonymous
spark of you,
of whichever origin,
unseen,
unknown,
but shined so brightly...just for once
after all, what for?

Me:

embedded the ancient history, dated
all the way back
to the Egyptian kingdom,
thousands years passed, yet again,
like a flip of any lengthy & bulky books,
wishing that
one day, one day...
the long-lost friend named "fate"
would ever bring the two ends of a meteor
back together, reunited...
still, that same star

You:

not knowing any of the meanings in such
cosmic voyages, just to search for

~~Online

maybe the endless Saṃsāra,
trapped in the loop of countless losses~~
missed out

~~Offline

the many possible times of perhaps
nice partners-to-be, stuck~~

Me:

just let me indulge in this
temporary ecstasy ignited
by these our new friendships,
those sparkling flames,
those forever joy
stretched within me,
as the shooting stars flew past
and took care of my burning hunger

You: (un-friended)

The 749th trial

sent back the same eulogy:
looking like a creep, like a weirdo,
trying maybe too hard, just to
look for one true number,
one that believes in fate
on this very phone book...
maybe...the whispers between us
have long been rooted in both our contact lists,
waiting for the courage to kick-start,
as I blinked for that last 1 sec.,
and you gazed back...pressing the key