

Poetry Series

**Jone Guo**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2013

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Jone Guo(1962)

Jin Zhong (? ?) is the pen name of Jone Guo. He was born in Harbin, China, in 1962. He went to Beijing Foreign Studies University in 1986 as a graduate student majoring in English and American Literature. In 1989, after the Tiananmen Massacre, he went to hide. In 1991, he successfully escaped to the US for political exile. Jin Zhong currently lives in San Diego, California. His works have been published in China, USA, and Europe. He is the translator of Anne Sexton, Brodsky, and Marriane Larsen. He also translates his own poems.

Jin Zhong is also a painter, and healer and therapist.

Contact: poetryabvechina@

# Art Piece From Orient

Clouds of colors  
Like curls tied up with golden cords  
The sky inlaid into the realm  
Sapphire in a dream

One thousand li  
Running around the vase's body  
But some distance between the two hands

A figure of such perfect craft  
Is it for retaining water  
Or holding flowers  
Or just a quest for some dark emptiness  
Of secret

The shimmering brass  
Wearing enamel silk  
The shoulders now cool to the touch  
Once came from the burning flames  
Of Phoenix Nirvana

So deeply integrated:  
Turning it a bit  
It will be another view  
Turning it more  
A bamboo flute starts to play...

Jone Guo

# Del Mar, For Lorca

Wander, carrying my own heart  
It's a glass vessel  
Filled with ocean blue

Poet, why are you in grief?  
That tyrant, on his tiger-skin couch  
Still looting and killing your entire village?

- - Wander, carrying my own heart  
It's a glass vessel  
Filled with ocean blue

Poet, why are you in grief?  
See how the sky is roving  
How the ocean has gone in exile

- - Wander, carrying my own heart  
It's a glass vessel  
Filled with ocean blue

Poet, why you are in grief?  
Has your love departed  
And left this boat, empty, rocking with tide?

- - Wander, carrying my own heart  
It's a glass vessel  
Filled with ocean blue

Poet, why do you stop your feet?  
Gold shatters  
On this wound, joining the ocean and land

- -Goddess, your highness, that is my heart, it broke  
In my eyes, everything is filled with grief  
Grief you won't be capable to explain...

Jone Guo

# Independence Day

Independence Day

Not the roses that fill the shops  
Not the bouquets  
Dyed red and blue  
No. Not the plastic stars and stripes  
Held in those vases

I will roam into the wilderness  
Into the blooming meadow  
Spreading over fields and hills  
One black vehicle of a shining spirit  
Driving through the city and  
Broader daylight  
A brush dipped with ample black color  
Stroking across the canvas

Independence Day, 4th of July,  
Unfolding like a great book at the middle  
Summer's prime begins  
Those daisies are in their ultimate blossom  
For their white, yellow and reddish brown  
After that the ocean, in its deep hue  
A flag fluttering

Independence Day

I bend down to collect my first daisy  
Where the seas end  
Land starts

Jone Guo

# January San Diego

The sun is rising:  
The light that rolls out the morning

All tears  
Have fallen into the ocean  
The sky is abandoned  
That palace with all doors and windows  
Throwing outwards

Wisdom, shooting up  
From the disordered Spanish fountain  
Love, a mast  
Broken in half in the boat  
Over the ocean

The purple flowers  
Dazzle the whole view, like blood  
Oozing out from the hill slope  
A giant tree, the Bird of Paradise  
Some other form of flower  
Excites the madness of the giant wind

The road of solitude continues  
To cruise out from solitude...

Jone Guo

# Morningside

The birches open their eyelids

Like a new page of the calendar

The light of life awakens

On the window-panes

Wild daisies, miniature of the sun

Sprouting from the soil

Are commemorating the glory of their past

The wind is on—its sound

Is the sound from the growing trees

The Knight of Time

Now is on the horseback of the road

The road sign, his sword engraved with a name

The river runs peacefully

It has carried the night afar

And announces the arrivals

Of these cloud-white sails

Jin Zhong 2000

Jone Guo

# Silence

Silence has leaves  
Silence has ears, it has  
A dawn trapped in a square  
The streets have no messengers  
The houses have wrapped up  
Scattered dreams

The fingers do not touch  
The sea has no sails  
Silence is within the crystal or without  
A fruit hangs in the space

His face has been pointing to one direction  
Behind him it has been the silence of a forest  
A mirror is thin yet bottomless  
The fading moon as floating ice in a glass

The book with its arms spreading out  
Has stopped on a certain page  
- that story has ceased to tell

and the look in his eyes  
Is like this city, entirely halted  
Like its love, completely washed away  
by a severe storm

Jin Zhong 1993

Jone Guo



# Sketches From City

## 1. ADDRESS

Carrying with me  
The deepest affections  
I start to look for you

## 2. SORROWS

Tiny flower petals  
Scattered everywhere  
Each one of them  
Filled with blood  
That light-purple

## 3. TOUCH

The sun descends  
It rests on my shoulders

The sky melts

## 4. ROADS

A song is sung  
It spreads to all directions

## 5. SPRING

A violin, so warm

## 6. CITY

Two people  
All alone

Come together

## 7. POETRY

The sunlight, having traveled far and wide  
Comes down into this human world

## 8. TREES

He breathes

His breath, spreading like roots  
His eyes, piercing the darkness

## 9. FUTURE

Each year  
At the Day of Pure Brightness  
That same group  
Will return to this suburb  
Where tree branches just starts to sprout

They will sweep their own tombs

10. HOPE

A vast stretch of homeland  
Slowly, unfolds itself:

Her fury  
Her tears  
Her fresh flowers

1990

Jone Guo

# Stay For The Night

Night. In the lamplight  
A tiger is crouching  
Speechless

The Pacific overflows with darkness  
It's like the edge of the world

The city, a record  
From the pinnacle of a church  
Slowly, unfolds its starry light  
And those stories of farewells  
Ups and downs  
The tune of a flute  
Brings here some distant rumblings  
From the dim mountains

Those musical notes: her eyes, lips, hands

Water  
cascades down  
Like wide glass walls all around

God, with sadness  
Lives

Jin Zhong 1993

Jone Guo

# The Mill

The mill of dusk has stopped  
The water that remains is all black  
No matter what it contains

Memory has been ground into fine powder  
And collected into some old pottery jars  
To feed the animals, those dependents of your life

Solitude has a shell of a certain shape  
Like the roof, like some cotton comforter  
Or this thin, perfect and complete skin

The time at this moment has chosen to be speechless:  
Shut the eyes, close the book  
Only to keep this dim yellow light  
running down from its oil lamp

Jin Zhong 2007

Jone Guo