

Poetry Series

julio tulipan
- poems -

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A Train Ticket

A train ticket
From a successful booking
To change, and finally to return
The psychological suffering undergone
Know only you
In the people sea
Who understand you?
Who love you?
What can night do
While it's deep?
At native place in dream
But away from it when awake.

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An Acacia Tree At Pond

An old acacia tree
With mottled trunks
Is still flouring with braches and leaves
The water nurtures her heart

While Acacia Bean so beautiful

Silently
She stretches out her lovesickness

Her lovesick arms
Draw a sleeve of clear wave
As if a glass of Spring

Half realm of south and half of north
Care message to each other from afar
At lower part of her, a wave of clean water
Lights her brilliant eyes
Azury sky with white clouds reflected under the water
Breezing
Rippling
The wind's gone away and she is still
In practice by meditation
Acacia Bean lonely for a thousand years
She is scarlet like blood
Holding a bundle of bean, picking a piece
She twists a beauty of autumn
It's only the acacia tree that takes pleasure at pond

17/12/2012

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Feeding One With Poetry

Feeding one with poetry

At night when a light sketched by adept pen
Twists herself with flash, her fingertip
Would get a tiny wound with words
Sitting in her depths to avoid evil, feeling secluded deer sounds
Yet the fresh and soft water brisk to the perfect point. Really
She will not be pushed too far by Peach Flood in March
Neither be swathed aside by silky dress of time
You want to lie down together with the Book of Song
To hatch a sentimental poem
For a man facing night sky to twist light himself
The hungry man in various hurried sea of people
He is willing to lose himself so erects ladders with a torch
Raising him by own to fabled four walls
He wants to put off the tight coat
Fortunately he dreams of a piece of small poem
Opened to smell of flavors of Book of Songs and water sound
He is chewing poetry
Back to his depth
For reconciliation around him

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For Leisure At Nine Dragon Pond

For leisure I went sightseeing again at Nine Dragon Pond
And one more time I drank everlasting spring in the forest
Running streams and high mounts know the dream of mine
It seems that my heart's still kept unchanged as being child

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Joy Of Meeting

Afar swam geese I stare to fly,
Look over the vast sky.
The swift mist past to the far,
My eyes get blurred apart.

The jade flute in blow,
I'm lost in sorrow,
As the fall weep low.
Night moon lonely dreams by screen,
With whom same she seems?

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My Heart

Pure is my heart,
And flawless
Like a clean stream
in the valley.

19/12/2012

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Reject Doomsday

Reject Doomsday

- A rumor has no edge, but it can kill; a proverb has no flower but it can cure soul.

- Inscription

?

A rumor

On December 21,2012

Winter Solstice,

Will be in this century the end of the world;

This rumor-

Is bluffing like something with nose and eyes

?

Some ones

Put off the pretended mask

Some ones

Give the shows away with grim countenance;

Behold

Ugliness challenges goodness in screaming fight

?

The rumor -

Planets will hit the Earth of human

Ridiculous -

It's lack of basic scientific arguments;

Poor -

It's not but the flesh of fool

?

If -

The rumor harms others but not favorable for its self

I think-

It's not only as simple as pitiful

Prophecy -

Is also inseparable from the scientific law

?

However -

The world in endless war

If peace -

Is just an everlasting call of poetry

So -

Once nuclear weapons has been cruelly used
Doomsday -
Will tragically falls upon the human
?
Then -
The war will bury the warriors,
And -
Bring disaster to countless innocent funerary
Friends
To reject doomsday is to reject war
Think -
What kind of human being will you want to do?

20/12/2012

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Seven Word Poem: Tulip

Spring breeze drunken in thousands of cups of wine,
When waking up only the tulips appear at sight.
The flowers bloom sweetly with their slim waists,
Moon-drips-pearls sprinkle on the petals of jade.

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The Business Card

It compresses the globe

Into a small piece of rectangular card

Where any different corners

Follow up to settle down

Wearing different language symbols

In the front

Greeting in the mother tongue

In the back

Speaking English hello

In this way

To tie

You

Me

And him

Together

Written at 111th Canton Fair

April 26,2012

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To Poetry

Her value -
Already exists in your internal body
Her meaning -
Is to gradually release for you
Writing poems -
No needs to use mellow words
For perfect modification
Writing poems -
Simply needs to reveal society
About its truth, beauty and goodness
Writing poems -
Is a Self-Flame
That lights up for the people
And illuminates for the people-
What you see and you hear in the pitch-dark world

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Valentine's Flowers

Written by Tulip

Valentine is too far away for me
For so many flowers just weep
Be merchandised they don't need
And they want nothing but being free

I want to say in my heart I love you
But I can't hurt flowers' soul
So their ever growing rich I hope
Become more beautiful for both

Written by Tulip in Suzhou

on Valentine's Day

14/02/2012

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Deep Touch by the Color

Pure yellow gold

Symbol of the sun

A bold brush represents

Heroine spirit to the finest soul.

Dark blue sea

To explore the infinite

A few touches of brushes

A few strikes show excellence.

Black and white in harmony
Red color contains vitality.
The idea of unique concept
That gives the bright visual sense.

The fountains of wisdom
Crystallization of the talent
That opens unlimited vision
Looking forward to the better life.

Written by Tulip

December 18,2011 at Red House, Zurich

Presented to the owners of Red House
(Appreciation of the modern impressionist painting
at the drawing room)

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