

Poetry Series

Sugar Wong
- poems -

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Sugar Wong()

Debt Of Love

If you owe, ask for a debt of love.
Debt loved very splendid.
Our Life is short, infinite.
Do not wait for slow, time to leave out.

Sugar Wong

Me Myself

Don't walk in front of me,
I may not follow.

Don't walk behind me,
I may not lead.

Walk beside me,
And just be my friend.

Sugar Wong

Net Love

Now I appreciate the love, I hope everyone can choose their own path of life, my life right now through a number of things. But also be a dream as when young generation. Wake up when faced with reality. We do not know how to deal with it.

I think people were persecuted like heaven, I can just self-indulgent to float to the tides. I believe that no one will love managing their own.

Love nothing fixed, no reason, no rules, no any phrase that comes to define love. If love is very much more happy, the last is very much a suffering only Quark. People who dare to love is to dare to walk by. But I still could not do it.

Net love our knitting to weaving detail. I am a fish can not escape to, then I feel the pleasure to visit in the mesh with my own love. But it has now filled with distress....

Sugar Wong

Plenty Of Love

Time can not go back.
My love may not be returned.
Although today you may not see me in the eye.
Please know that my heart was given to you.

Of only a few times that may experience.
Like full moon and star look sparkling.
Meaning is much left.
Plenty of love, to love you again.

Sugar Wong

Secretly Sent

Back into the sun set horizon,
Bird flying to secret cloud,
Squirrel burrow into less frequently,
Hear cricket, sing loudly.

Amid in the night,
Only Stars and the moon, my friend,
And light candles to light the flame,
Voice flute, make my heart feel lonely touch.

Sound played the sad music sad cord,
This is how thousands of grief-talk,
Asked me, to help console,
Waiting on my mercy, care be.

Can not try to sleep, lie down to sleep,
Because my heart melt, as wax is forged,
Be secretly sent to, the owner of flute sound,
Wants to help console, to depression, isolation, away.

Sugar Wong

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The Fate

The bound form from the other slow,

Step with the changing time shift,

Fate brought us together to meet,

Make my day... well with you.

The binding comes with time,

Term contracts with meaning,

The good feeling with the heart,

My love is possible... with you

Sugar Wong

True Love

Back ground of every love song,
The truth more than one love story,

Love Song, song by song
Sing among the love and the imagination town,

Previous love pass not far,
New love be behind

Be happy or suffering,
Love song, song by song

Where is love? ? ? ?

Sugar Wong