

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Gu Xie

1. Burning Down

The window naively opens
The street spirals
Into momentary houses
Waiting in faintness
Fuzzy April comes on time
You've drifted here from an endless river of sleep
Suddenly stabilizing the dashing hour in foam and
The adventure full of loneliness
At a peaceful morning
As if not to look at any jottings
Diffusing enthusiasm can
As in former days
Successfully infuse into each quivery rock guarding hearts
Just as fingers may forget soul
Habits can resist
The entwinement of a thousand year fantasy
Walking along a story mad and sacred
Hanging above the abyss
The world's final stairs
Are releasing you a ruthless and cruel dawn of human nature
No one has ever thought that
A hero will have become an autocrat
A profound ideal
No one has ever thought that, sometimes
Will have made so many innocent freedoms
Blindly sacrifice for each other
History has whitewashed with weakness an injured land
The faith of first love won't tell
The art from an ancient depth
Among kinds of delightful momentum, is hard
To make a forceful landscape
Prophets are as sunken bells fled to the bottom of sea
Contemplation has thus lost its descendents
Time is raised by morbid longing
To throw violently at the fairy tale for balance
Dinner of honor is matchlessly plentiful
People drowned in
Trivial philosophy
Here are tasting alternately

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

The mediocre

Dramatics

Day by day

Beauty and loftiness are nailed

To the course of custom void of love

Enduring with unfortunate truth

The sweep of wind and dust

And watching intently those

Fortunate masks covering a direction

Our pulse is unable

To give off a gentleness of tolerance

The Sharpness of noise is tougher than individuality

By some glorious challenge

It's fighting to the life for children

Having all the strong singers

Indulging in beasts' glowing looks think no more

To come back to the original human place in peace and warmth

Day by day

Monotonousness not heavy

Like the slightest restrained hurricane

Breaks away from the pre-entirety of conscience

Only in spasmodic flowerless days

Without contrast

Wasting sincerity

Verses shining above mountain ridges

Wish not to light for us

Far-stretching vagrant years

Your trivial skeleton

No matter lies down, or

Goes on fabricating pains

In a roaming correspondence of lies

It's unable, at a constellation of superstition

Where justice keeps falling

To find a place for dignity

Sacrificial blood for death and rebirth

Like a frolic between opponent beliefs

Makes the ethic of being alive

In miniatures copying an overall contradiction

Unconcernedly receive the smile of individuals

And the sobriety with its connotation exhausted

In improbity

I've become an unexpected guest

The deep inspiration

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Belonging to the desert temple of us
On the backside of rotten ideas
Needing no supreme expectation
Has also become
An uninvited guest discomposing
The reality
From awake to asleep, from burning to dying
People have been far off in their dream
The passion filled with genius, and continuously
With another prosperous energy instead
Show off an unknown banner to them, and
The doubtful happiness
Suddenly felt
Among crowded last words

Gold bird of century like this
Keeps slipping regularly into the earth's dumb bosom
Imperceptibly and lightly touching those
Faces staying impulsive
Though immersed in mud
The unreal other shore
Can upset
All the stubborn impressions
And can give the stones we summon here
To carve with meticulous care
In a short moment back to
The cosmos' simplicity being open day and night
A human idol, for this
Cannot break through
The resistance of spiritual life
But dedicate himself in turns with one more
Multiplying indulgence
To an expanding weariness
And avenge beautifully
Every irrepressible presentiment
On the barbarity of civilization permanently within
Repeated epidemics come by bursts of attack
Your emotion turns into a stone pillar
Lifted by the overflowing desire for wealth
To heavily insert into
Brief but fragrant blood
Honor is getting dim
In racing

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Conquest becoming dark after its arrogance and extravagance
Only the feeling that cannot be yelled out in heavy mist
And the premature death isolated by nature
Has not yet lost faint
Joy of birth
For this, I am at
A spacious grassland waiting for your arrival
Wish you throw all the way
>From your jail not a bit firm
The vanity tailing you for life, and
The dark experience
Hidden among your nerves
Conveying the original naked soul
Without any disguise
To the source of quality
Where you are discernible
It is clear that how much I believe in fantasy
Whereas you care nothing about
Liberation whatever
A talk on evolution apparently should have long ended
With the curtain of clash fallen
It seems that the inhospitality despising the guidance
Needs not to
Conceive the superiority wandering on the glass
Into an ocean
Yet this is undoubtedly the breath in fire
What the active is just the dawn
That bears the memory of burn
Not meaning that in a still rising exhaustion
You have overcome the decline
Hardly audible to any process
Years is already
Old
In our revolution without inner vision
What you trample over is no more road
Than a sort of warm mire without danger
Forefathers have vainly waited for
The riverbed of life is spread densely
With bright eyes of destiny
Wishing not to yield to the melting
They don't want
Their dreamland awane
To be slowly plated all over with reasonable laws

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

By a sadness from authority
A new-born son
Needs to live on and on
Having just known sunlight strangeness, who still
Wants, in a certain approaching conclusion
To learn how to be nice at dark hour
The disease of foison has been infecting
The fresh body lingering
On the earth not secure
They apparently want to prepare for those
Celebration ceremonies never to stop thus
The their own alleged
Gift to time
Blue starlight has you
Forget the raid on soul
>From all labors
Guarding property whatsoever
To human beings poor in consciousness
May all be
A consolation like breath

The City is still alive
By a thousand year tedious secrets
It keeps on talking anxiously day and night
With our unintelligible eager expectancy through ages
While you are indistinctly feeling
The bless of life
Is no more than perfect noise
Flame is flying
An evening visible to no one
Far on a solitary rock occupied by sages
Now can only burn languidly
The insignificant thinking within infinite cosmos
Now in calling out the fleeing deity
Has also realized
The helplessness of imagination, and
The vacuity rising from vicissitudes of life
Yet nothing contents us
We have many wonderful reasons
To prove
How important
Beneath the sky
The rivalry is

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

That matches existence beyond everyone's alertness
Lovely crystal seems to be
In the farthest place
Flickering
Seized by the predestined rhythm
You cannot for life clear off
The glorious battle
Breaking out in yourself
When primeval disturbances
Keep flowing
Between two busy lovers
The body good at dancing
Is immediately entangled in
The primitive gorgeousness
Incapable of outdoing notions
People test the richness of choice by form
Habits find before humble traces
The echo
That once whipped themselves
Disasters can never tear
The various incarnations missing sins
When you and I approach
The duty enshrined with different implications
All porches of history up to now are
Still giving birth to
Immortality not simple and honest
Reality of friendship
What
Flashes with blessed light-waves of God
With no attachment of astute contract
Has long dried up
In our heart not to throb for honesty
The thunder of material gain has
Gradually broken to pieces
The lonely croon
That still wants in the heaven of reason
To continue self-renewing
A sort of crack in endless darkness
Is enlarging
In the tease of so-called brightness
We are devoted into
While, have lots and lots of you and I
Who are continuously being molded

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

By life-sucking material
Established
>From those atmospheres of no atmosphere
Any eternal itinerary whatever

O, declining tranquility
We are for a declining tranquility
Repeating an empty inquiry
The world's final storm
Via the last inscriptions of human ancestry
Has rolled low and deep towards our
Faith not easily consolidated
All the unallowable cultivations
At the moment they pass the triumphant night
The excellent illusion of which, will then
At the foundation where wishes
And eulogies are looting
Quickly end into a
Resounding air-current
Pre-historical wilds will come out again
All festivals will stop
Performing for us
The duty of singing torrent
Choking decorations, totally
Turn into the demonstration of punishment
No one can break off the erosion of inertia
That has missed the clear instruction of God
You've no power
To repeat your original arbitrariness
Like us you will be
At Azrael's market thumped by Judgment Day
For a still possible halt
Give out several continuous
Oaths on the point of rot
The specimen of hell is reflected into
The ultimate spirit of our thinking and fantasy
Too late for blood
To carry on negotiation
With the dull round-look
On how to discern the truth
Fear controls all the topics
The backside of life
Is driving us, those

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Breathing forms true but confused
To walk from dust to oblivion
And from oblivion then towards
The ashes floating like sleepwalk
The fresh flowers on the earth
Will from now on be added with
Another color
The whole world that surprisingly flopped down
all of a lump in the spring
And was believed forever victorious
Or failed to withstand Nature's adoption
After some ten thousand years, perhaps
Only a few
Wild beasts that never stopped admiring stratagems
would still remember
Human—the name
That was confused with wisdom
But now, do you
Feel that the sacred sea
Is already far off us
And that the exquisite abode
Completed by us in numbness
Is quite like a nestle in clouds
A perfect apple
Because of containing no deep space
Is mournfully cleaved
By your complicated guess
Down the ridiculous fingerprints
One half is safe and sound in your swallow
While the other
In a net of teeming values
Spirals
For the malice not aware of principles
The ancient particles making us
Now will with
A conclusion absolutely not satisfactory
Take back their commitment to the vast meaning
For humanity not only has deceived
Their starting point but has haughtily been consuming
The weight of land needed by time
What we've done is really too light
In the dark core of innumerable sufferings
We fail to presume from comprehension

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

The figure of love
The intention of jealousy
Has been all the time confining the pure embrace
Careless days have always been hanging the feeble
Future on our mouth sides needing no sigh
Getting mature is so exertive to you
That a simple game will unexpectedly let you
Believe that
A sort of stimulation, is just
A sort of total abundance
The return journey of life you reject
Will in your right excitement
Free with absurd talking and laughing
Suddenly fall
Like a wall of ice
The ghastly transparency sealing up you
Will get you another opportunity
Of cursing the mediocre, or
Reflecting upon in dying
Why in your own strong body
Are so many blank months
Hard to judge
The finger ring seemingly capable of disdaining all
The muttering or indignant bed
Along with the wine-bottle drowning the realm, and
The jail against angels' ideal
At the roofless night
With you most likely to soon fall asleep
And to completely disappear afterwards
Will all
Now in your numbering never resting
Get dim
But void of reality
The nihility of premise, and even
The intensity of metabolism
Formed by the unreal premise
Finally fail to supply you a sort of
Permanent but balanceable direction
Or even to replace solitude
Letting you in an outlook with patience
Grasp the accumulation of various pains
Big or small

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

I deeply regret not coming the right time
And is deeply touched that
It's just the time
I've just caught up with
The first and last day and night of this century
Blooming with traps
In the hometown with all roses obviously scattered
Our hometown filled for long with ambiguous hostility
Do you really fail to hear
At the end merely with sapless habitudes
A seriously ill poet
Still in a healthy language
Looking up calmly and faithfully at
The greenness of tomorrow
Gushing out of his own delicate pulses
Belonging not simply to himself
Indeed, this sort of soundlessness
And its silent watering of future
On the edge where everything
Apparently should have been deserted
It's really not easy to let you accept what is just
The never vanishing scenery
And what scenery just
The imperishable sign
Not to make us feel old
Which can infuse everyone's bosom with light

The defoliation of order
Is enveloping the indulgent normalcy
What's near bread, is nothing but
The marriage of flattery and asylum
The sports between demagoguery and fetters
The marble engraved fully with laws is broken one by one into
Miniature decorations
Justice is forgotten by
A new empire rushing to purchase luxury
People are being compelled to attend
The delicacies of connotations
With their dimensions manipulated in turns by politicians
The devil with glamour on earth, also in
The prosperity reluctant for us to leave
Resolutely takes a stroll back and forth without any guard
Within the common sense weakening among you and me

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Perhaps everything is for miracle
Only giving up the complete faith, can perhaps
Guide those false vitalities
To a far more honorable square
Sprouting with twigs of merits
However all the travel for onward exploration
Again has lost its
Absolute message
We are born with
This running and converging of misty cause
If one day we unexpectedly leave
The mill of desire
The slowly spreading
Bitter coldness of another perception
Then will probably tell life
What are the factors for decay and death
But now, you
Seem to be only at the extremely careless
Victorious final
Allowing rulers' tide
Penetrate the eardrum
Disguising the predominance on a voyage loath to be instructed
And acknowledging that all musty lilacs
Still give off fragrance
The muddy water of humanity is flooding
The exit of an era
A sort of sentence from humanity itself
Like a lightening will put an end
To our frivolous occupation of Nature
Yet in this scathing verdict
No one has got
Enough testimony to avoid being devoured
To go to court thereby for his constant stupidity
And to push the arm of Azrael away from
Those concepts we've been addicted to
Which we don't know fatal ourselves

Opportunity like childhood and your favorite woman
In your violent performance of
Ceaseless occupation for yourself
Has already withdrawn safe and sound
>From your fingers in rough consciousness
Today we are already out of hearing

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

The sincerest warnings from deity
That has ever halted at the rest place of history
At the moment of breathing as in the ancient
We are apparently
Spread everywhere with lofty family trees
All the living
That can only keep standing by a sort of brightness
On days and nights
In an attempt to employ
The bronze arrogance long hidden
Are imperceptibly running up
The limitless precipice
For where their own golden center really is in the sun
Our bevy of pitiful lovers of future
Below the hurrying new moon
Suffer from insomnia
Innumerable times for an aureole beyond recognition
And also keep trying repeatedly
For heaps of times in the apparently unawakened space
To work out a sort of details enabling us to get closer to fantasy
Busyness, conceals like this
The no kindly emptiness
Tradition like this
Erodes the tenacity of health
Descendents in their fathers' delicate earnestness
Hard to digest
All over with cold bones can only
Through extravagant talk
Resolve the icy-cold height
Away from life
Yet speed is like
A hungry king
Who, by soundless roars is cutting out
The human uncontrolled eclogue
And putting tiredly
Our extremely vain
Hardships floating about
Into the water not moved
Hardly had glittery life started its independence from a womb
When death followed
When jasmines unaware of truth
Within your visible distance
Leisurely wave their simplicity as ever

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

The gate of years is
Slowly closed up towards you
Little by little, you feel the sky already nonexistent
All the experiences are like a
Short game of chess
What you defeat is just
A mother who never knows what atrocity is
While growth, this uncalled-for award
So naturally inundant
Towards everyone
Is but a proof of their being in this world
We should say that death cannot be counted as an accident
The never missing
Absolute being of intrepid destruction
At every moment
With your whole body being twisted with forbidden fruit
Soon after your first appearance in this world
Sat opposite
On a no violent mission
To your breakthrough always filled with profanity
No matter how your claim for being
Or even your love for gallop
Are full of constant sentiment
Because life and death
Appear to us a sort of fairest hatred
The music of your harps copying ancient philosophers
Which has not yet flied enough, will finally
Drop into the vast darkness
Not caring reconciliation whatever
Yes, no one can rejoice himself
Over his walk out of samsara with deliberate steps
Even if the conceivable next life may
Truly be engraved with
The legend you and I are vibrated with
Yet tomorrow's sunlight
Today shines no more
On the roof of us still shaking
In prosperity
The sheen of calamity
Bright as stars falling
Suddenly descends from heaven
While we are for promise
Binding or unfolding the adornments of myth

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Brothers are just immersed in manufacturing
The wings enabling themselves to rove the vastness
The exhausted woman was just about
To greet in temperature
The weightless social machine
When hijacked
By this immense fright
To an invisible funeral
Too late to refuse
O, you don't understand
Why bump can make without phrasing
A distortion to our sobriety
As we are so far unable to know that
Misfortune sometimes goes as far to be
A sort of esteem
For our successful surmounting of humiliation consciousness

The bone ashes of humanity
Serene like leaves that cannot speak
Are quickly accepted
By the simple but strict land
Totally with the dry and cracked
Burden before their death
Because of a strong resounding clank
Along with the taste of scorched meat, and
The once combated salt
The tacit race that once kept tame and mature in wars
The souls who meet within the clay
where their footsteps are hard to germinate, though
Have dropped the howled teeth
And the armors of liberty long at feud
They still wish to delicately wave
The unforgettable comparison of beauty
>From the desperate situation with each of their stories far off
The bird daring not to face the humanity
Even from the hereditary memory
Is swiftly roused by a sort of misery rolling by
And returns again
On a morning with twigs hung all over with another greenness
Although the precious stones deep in coldness
Infinitely pile up before us
On the dead cells too arrogant to have a speech
Yet the hovering thing possessing ravines for life

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Still wants to take a look for a short while
At the cosmos' obituary
Romantic as ever before
With the self-restraint he himself doesn't know much about
The overturned city is as still as a mural
Scattered loblollies, are dimly
Swaying with lots and lots of inverted reflexes
Of banners and flags
The men blind to the will who once
Kept thinking of conquering the outside
After meals and drinking
Are now joined to water and clouds
As if with
No trace of resistance to Nature
The wheat they concern about, and
The key preparative to all creatures
On the occasion of approaching
A sort of crumbly laud
Grow ashamedly with
Mildew and rust vestiges
All at once on the back they fail to understand
Firelight rests as it chooses
Not all the ideas
Have spawned the invocatory mistakes
The only spiritual travelers in this world
To restrain the fishiness
And stored all the time by God
At the small room disliked by hunters
With the nobility of gradually growing grey hair
Direct their own instantly aging embrace towards
All cores of love-sickness
Still disliking the singing

The river at our altar-like end
Tolerantly opens out
And by the commitment of washing the historical lead poison
Completely off the spring
Heavily separates from the clear water surface
The fossil reflected with human splendid passing moments
All the concrete impurities
Then like idle timid roots
On an exile night
With the fetters eventually shedding off the purpose

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Quietly abandon
The meaning of a thousand year watch
Followers stop looking for food round the position
Their shoulders that have shouldered all kinds of directions
Or because of being tortured for times
By distance and maxims
They take out by themselves
The expectant nerves that should have long collapsed
In their indignation at the failure to arrive at
The garden filled with a bright tomorrow
Everything thus does begin
To lose all of itself
Until the stale emotion
Can see no more
The claws of culture
Till the heroes bred by stubbornness
With restrained tears renew one by one
The missing of humanity already forgotten
A sand-ridge overlying a race
Will then at the very moment before our underground shadows
Encounter a thorough threatening from time
Allow future notes draw
The strength not to ever move
Out of our spiritualism
Still standing respectfully as before
Though under the Nature's control
The modern nightmares
Always having our hands for touch locked, eventually
In one more tumble as we know
What future to take a step to
Start the preparations in succession for detoxification
For humanity's breakout
A new examination, will
Come out in season
The shallow companions
Forgetting for crouching in the past nourishment
To mutually anatomize themselves
Before you reach
The distant molding off time and space
Arrange well for you
A cradle for all to value from now on
And for the aged
To return to lightness

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

But now, you must
Conduct yourself well
Among treacherous meteorites
In the apathy surrounded with ignorance
Without the illumination of your things
You can only go on
Floating alone on the comprehension
Till the human enjoyment of liberation
Is no more an impulse
Aesthetic judgment, not just for the sake of
Pride in embarrassment

O, look
How weak it is
That the destiny of all the flesh
On the plain of endless coolness
Is radically walking to and fro
All their beautiful coats
That have rushed through the forbidden areas
Are so fine
As to be a curio-like evening paper
While its continued implication
Is not attached with much extensive roots
Food, is still the topic
They can not forbear, as
Besides the nourishment by certain fixed harvestry
What aftertaste
Can the presents to the mountain people associate
With the approaching death sooner or later
Your change is always so late
That the cheeks sound asleep
Are tracking even in daytime
The cumbrous somniloquy
Endangering your actions
Because of the interior night
Long hovering over the heart
Too many God's chosen
Can hardly witness
The dustless vestiges of truth still existing in
This world this surroundings this nearby of you
Lie down like this
If standing can only attain
The snuggling up to the well combined past

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Let's lie down like this
The stone tablet is a sort of most outstanding patience
May we, all
Move as lightly as butterflies
In a flash of losing ourselves
And in an inquiry of the reason for an overthrow
Go back to the lost
Dedication

By sitting up alone and straight in meditation
I have stepped over
The terminal doorsill
Clutching all the fruits
The shadow I leave you, will make
The touching sorrowfulness
Still struggling in fog
On the occasion of its craziness' anchoring
Deeply realize
From some abruptly interrupted nourishment
That suffering is just a distillation of fight
While as long as your back, can still
Bear the ancient pooriness
And the latest worries
The intrinsic harmony
Will just
Belong to you
And without experiencing all the swift changes of the world
Your eyes can walk through
The impressions deep and serene to each century
And easily feel
Outside a country
The reality of thought
Shining gloriously at all time, and even
And the never appeared
Nature's art
That can calmly accept the misery as ever
Though it has passed through the spiritual burning-down
Never existing in reality
For sure human beings will still have
Another spring
Or still myriads of
Unexpected warmth
Daring to brighten

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

The skulls of us that have suffered nemesis
But when this accurate signal
For the moment still by your side standing
On this day
Fails to figure out the weight of you
We all can only stick to our guard
Of each other's kindling easy to be denounced by the outside
And make the wait
A complete theme
In the long impossibility of rescue
Paying much attention to the weight of giving, letting
All the winnings
Stop disturbing our
Spiritual inventions
With their evenness waiting to be deepen
You let go of the curtain together with me
Just thinking that nothing
Has ever happened in this world
That you and your friends are already out of work
And that they are withdrawing themselves, one by one
>From the performance they were originally addicted to
Our strong chaos
Needs to exaggerate a sort of esthetics with an unclear appearance
No more by disconsolate revealment
Embrace is all the time motionless
All the delight, like
Evil magic
Will finally abridge each other's instinct of' gathering together
Only into a heap of
Vague rocks
Let go of the curtain
You and I will then gain lots of
Best and strong implications beyond material
We grow up in silence
And start our journey together indoors summoned by souls
Recalling souls
The human village, the
Very pied village
That cannot retain the difference
Though arranged alongside with perfectly round respectful praises
In a shape of lyric steel
Yet after all it does not break away from
The abrasion of foreordination

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

And after all in sustaining with gradual perplexity
Also notices on this happy land chosen by itself
Appearing a crack
Hardest to heal up
The viscidty of season has already tightly sealed
Your phrases about to revolt
Each time when you slip into a sort of edge
Since your abruptly towering body
Needn't long before count on mother milk
Now at this tortuous dak
Where you can let your life
Bare its sweetness
Why bother yourself about
Exploring a sort of profession
So sonorously senseless
Give up the reluctance to leave
You will like me
Possess poetry, and
Philosophy

For the whole century
The high forests
Have been missing us
And among less and less luxuriant greenness
They are holding high the eternal heaviness
And the modern anxiety
From the boundless blood pool before the roots
They heard a death dialogue
Touchingly given by
A sort of grandeur
The distant slave of religion
Is employing its own rules of law to calmly build a nest
They do not know up to now, that
No one can steal the permanent laws
From all the abyssal things
Merely by brave tillage
Laurels fall to the ground one after another
Disturbing the forever self-contained beetles
To twiddle leisurely with the disorderly value
The yardstick sinking and floating, is flirting
The trips
That can't meet in balance
You and your compatriots are near at hand

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

But hard to
Walk hand in hand out of
Numerous books ignorant of future
The war last night and the diplomacy this morning
Are still looking for a sort of public enemy
To set off their own vigorousness
Industry is an excrete of special arbitrariness
To guide us, in
A contrastive prosperity
To the slow oblivion of moral
Accompanied by a gradual memorization of
Such heavenliness as that of steroid
You already don't know cotton and
Daisies fresh as ever
Even on Sundays
The essence of doubt filling my bosom
And the aberrant clues on the skin dreaming
To pass to the alike
Are all shifted off
By the flourishing schizophrenia reason
Certainly antipathetic to you
This is the gulf between us
And the fence for humans to experience the isolation
You'd like to be in a corner
As a happy dead man
While I am thinking at all times
Of how to act well in my life as a
Humorous bedlamite
In a spacious fault of reason
To help the East and West free off idols

Yet it's too late
Like the air of Cretaceous
We are getting gradually thinner
The doomsday lightning, is chasing not only
The lackadaisical bread
But the pressing contemplation
Road signs in idle talk, will be
Broken into scorching starlight
The coolness usually on the plateau
Will suddenly pierce our uniform intimacy
Lacking in defense
Various original intentions are hard to accomplish, as

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

All the chastity hidden in black agate
Can never bring back to life
The meaning of standing towering
You've experienced the life within your sight
And have had an agora
And the moist in pouring out yourself
We need not keep on sipping
The sharp sword shaded on the lost shore
And difficult to return to its keenness
Nature with the revelation not as that of the falling sky
and sinking ground
Has picked the humanity's helmet in occult thinking
Sending forth infantility
Those men
That keep hoping for faraway humble abodes like in a dream, you
Really ought to come up suddenly
With a vision overlooking a large maze
In the eternal self-deceit
About to be squeezed with graves
When a poet so deep as to have no neighbor
With igniting passion, encourages
Your solitary travel in a staggering way as if individually
To unload the nostalgic baggage
And to pluck together
The hope ahead never to die young
Farewell, is no longer a sort of silence
It will let us see with reverence, many
Sketches as if to the previous age
Just as the snow ground behind us
Hardest to look lucid

Gu Xie a member of the Chinese Writers Association, was born in Shanghai in 1960's. He started his literary career at the age of 14. After graduation, he worked successively as a road builder, warehouse keeper, journalist, literary editor, editorial director and chief editor. He is the author of six collections of solo poetry: *Selected Poetry of Gu Xie*, *Tai Ji, £" the Supreme Ultimate £©*, *State Symphony*, *Steps of Guangzhou*, *Pudong Symphony* etc with over twenty long poems published at home and abroad. Gu Xie has won many poetry awards.