

Dead Bird

Selected photos taken in Shanghai, 2020-2022. A collection of poems written between April and July 2024. Released August, 2024

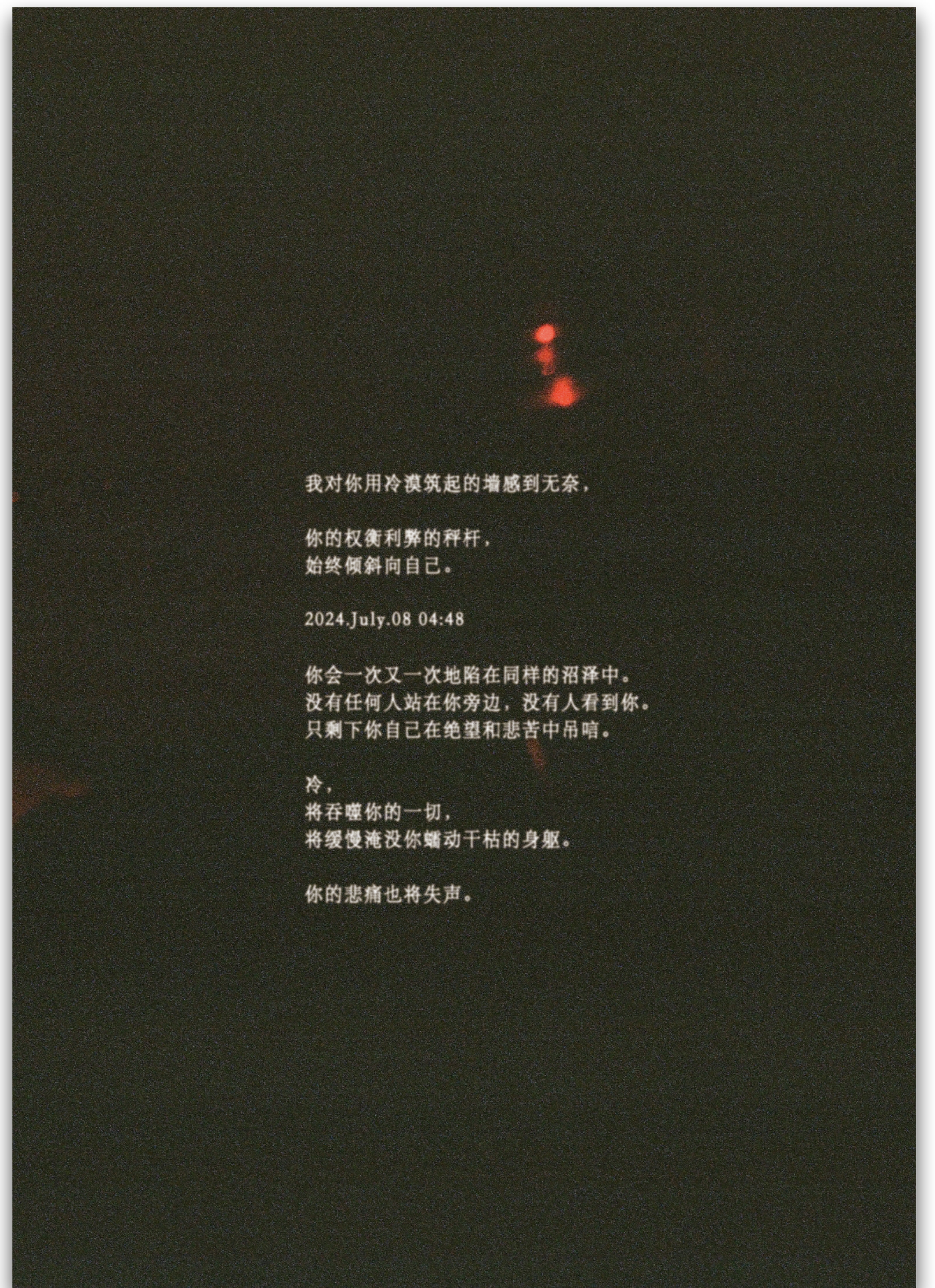
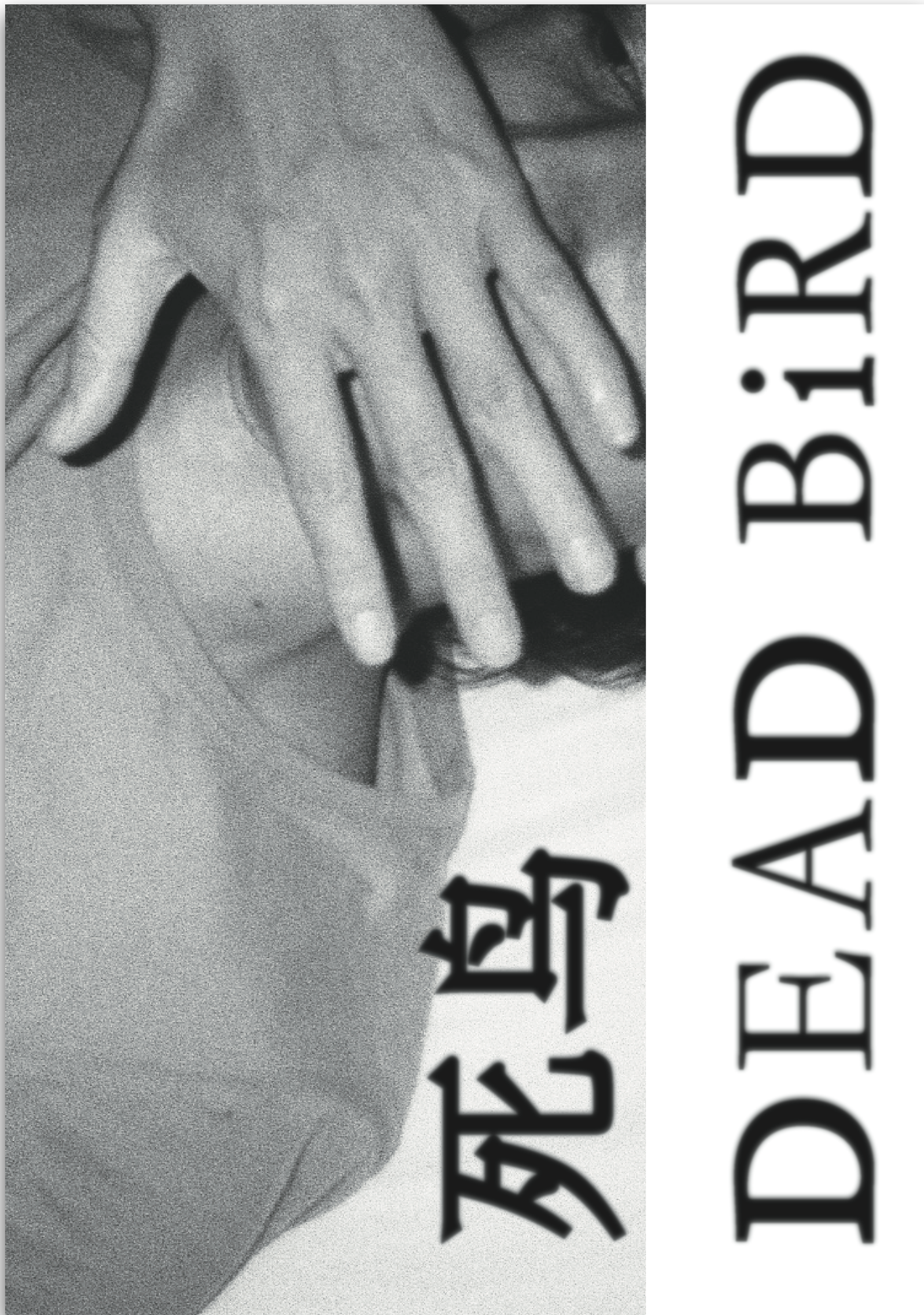
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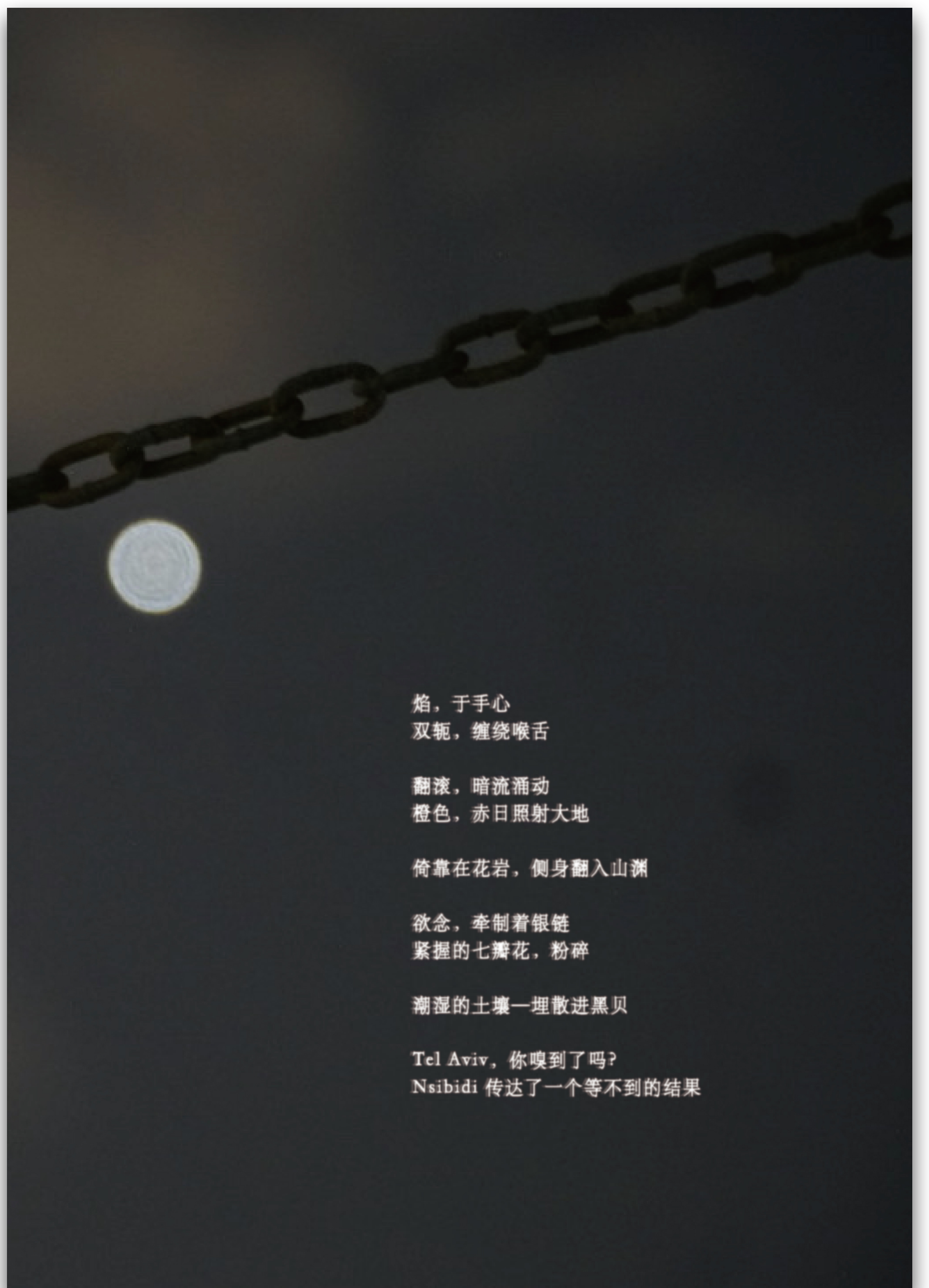
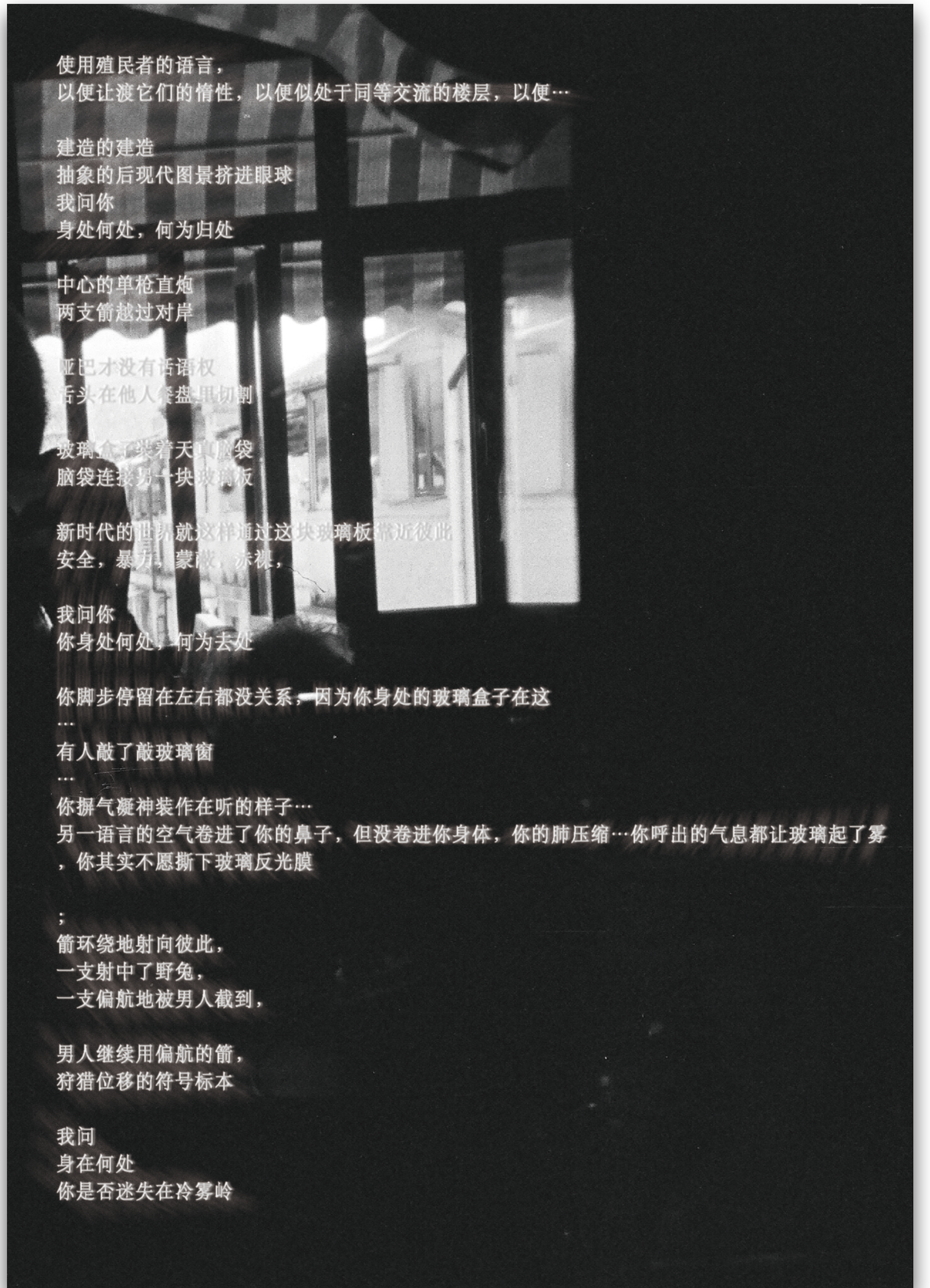
I feel, I feel
Dark and Moody

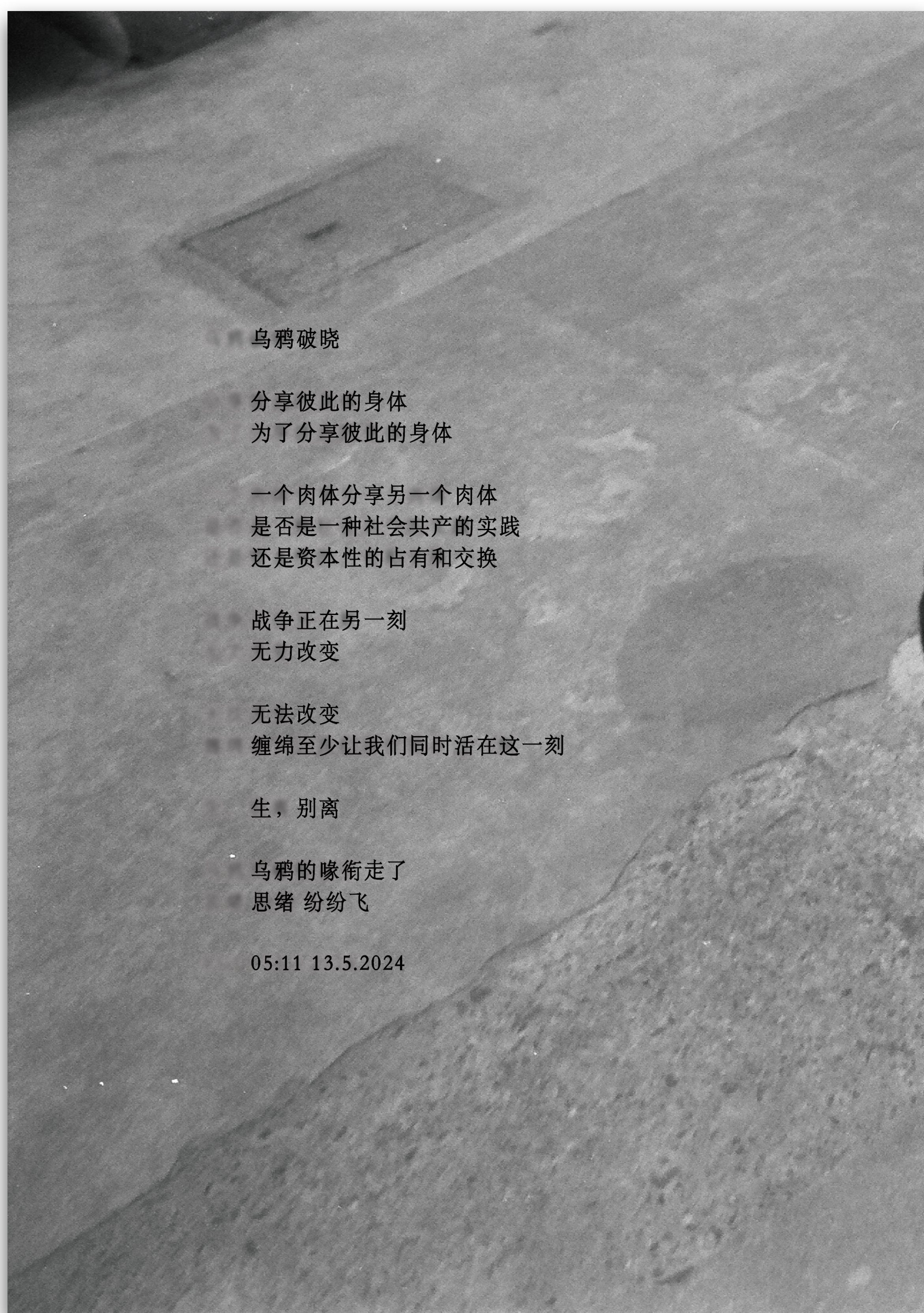
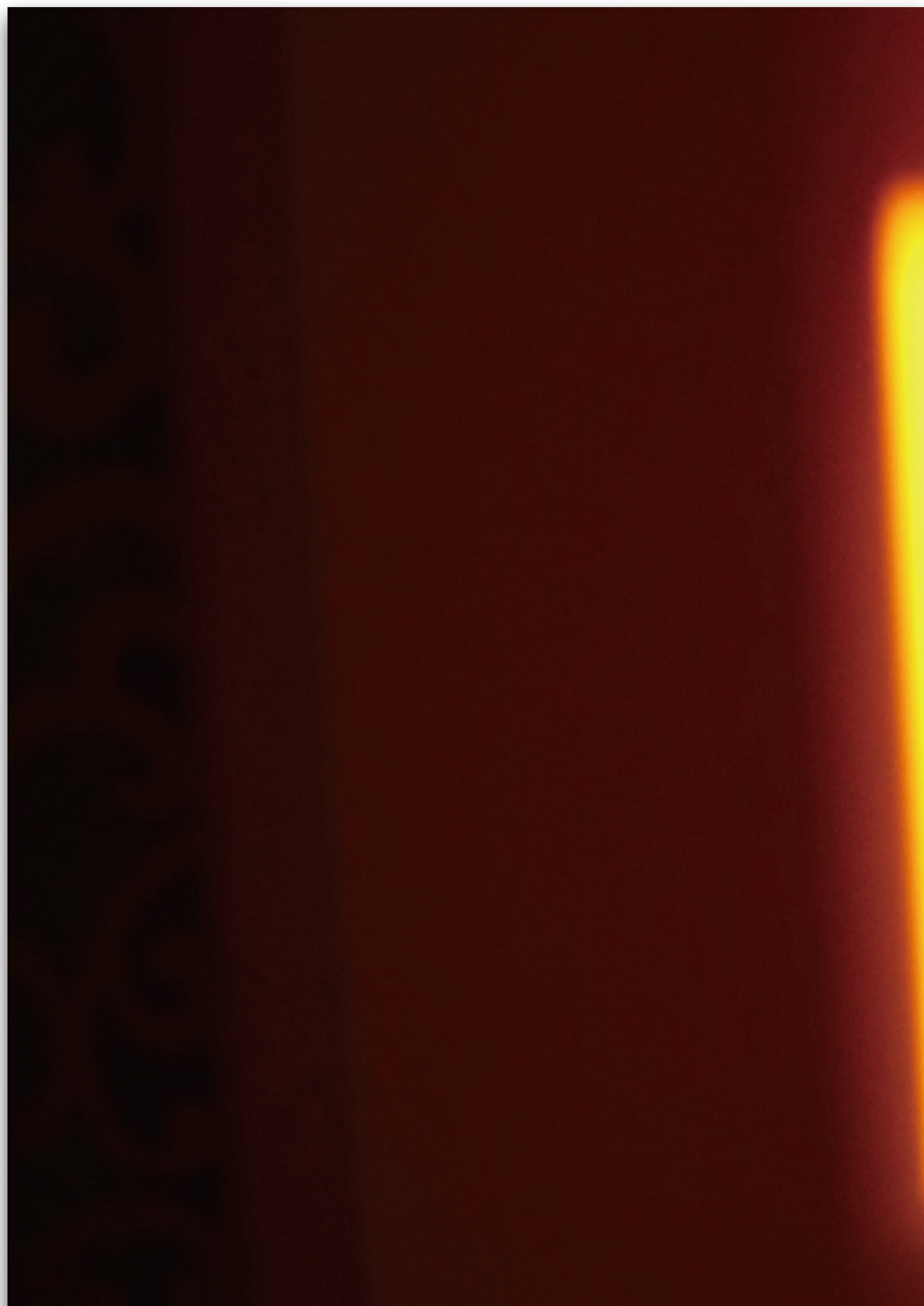
Moss climbs the eaves
Some things begin to change, time
Can you choose your stance?
Shark weapon points at you
How do you evade it?

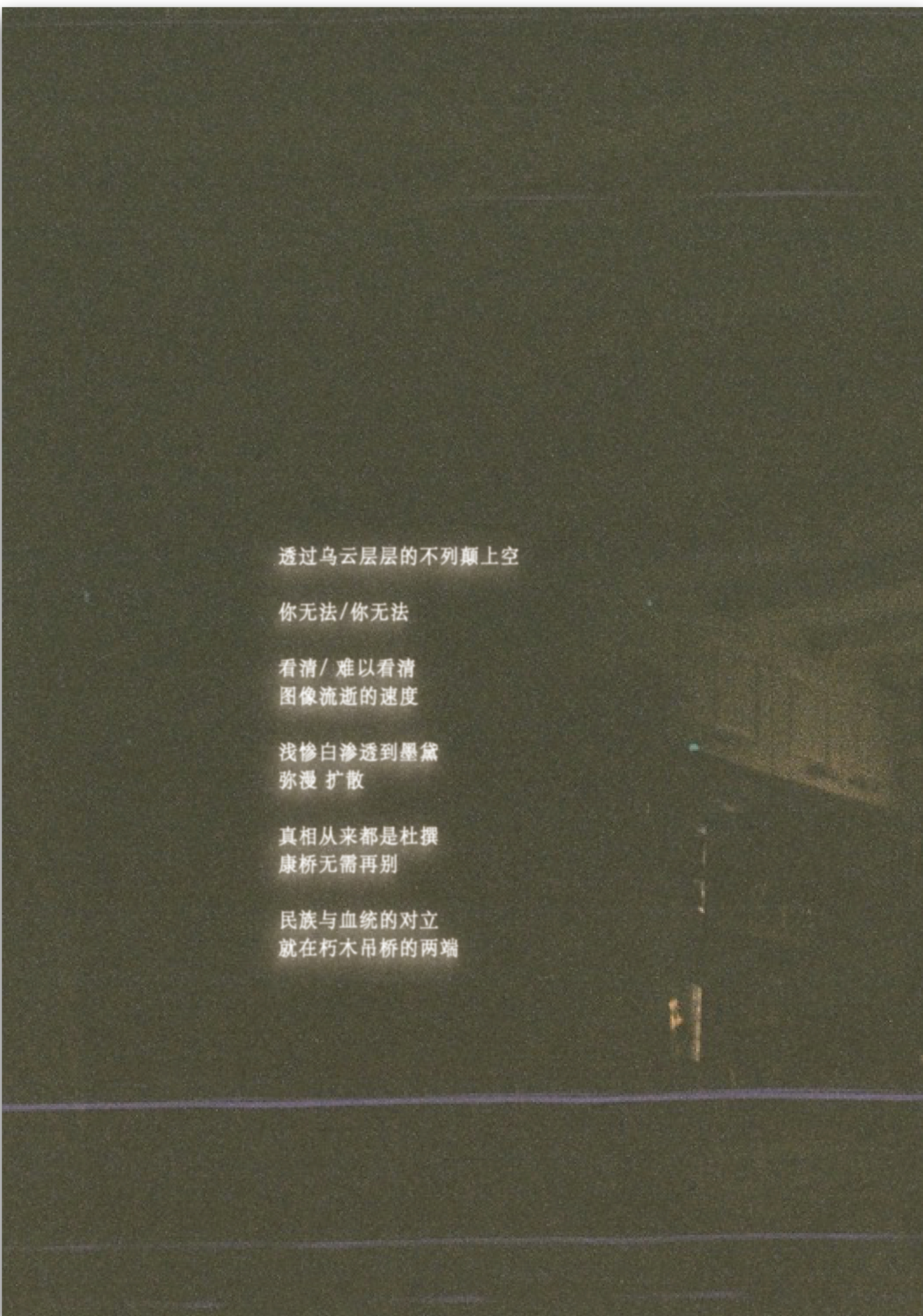
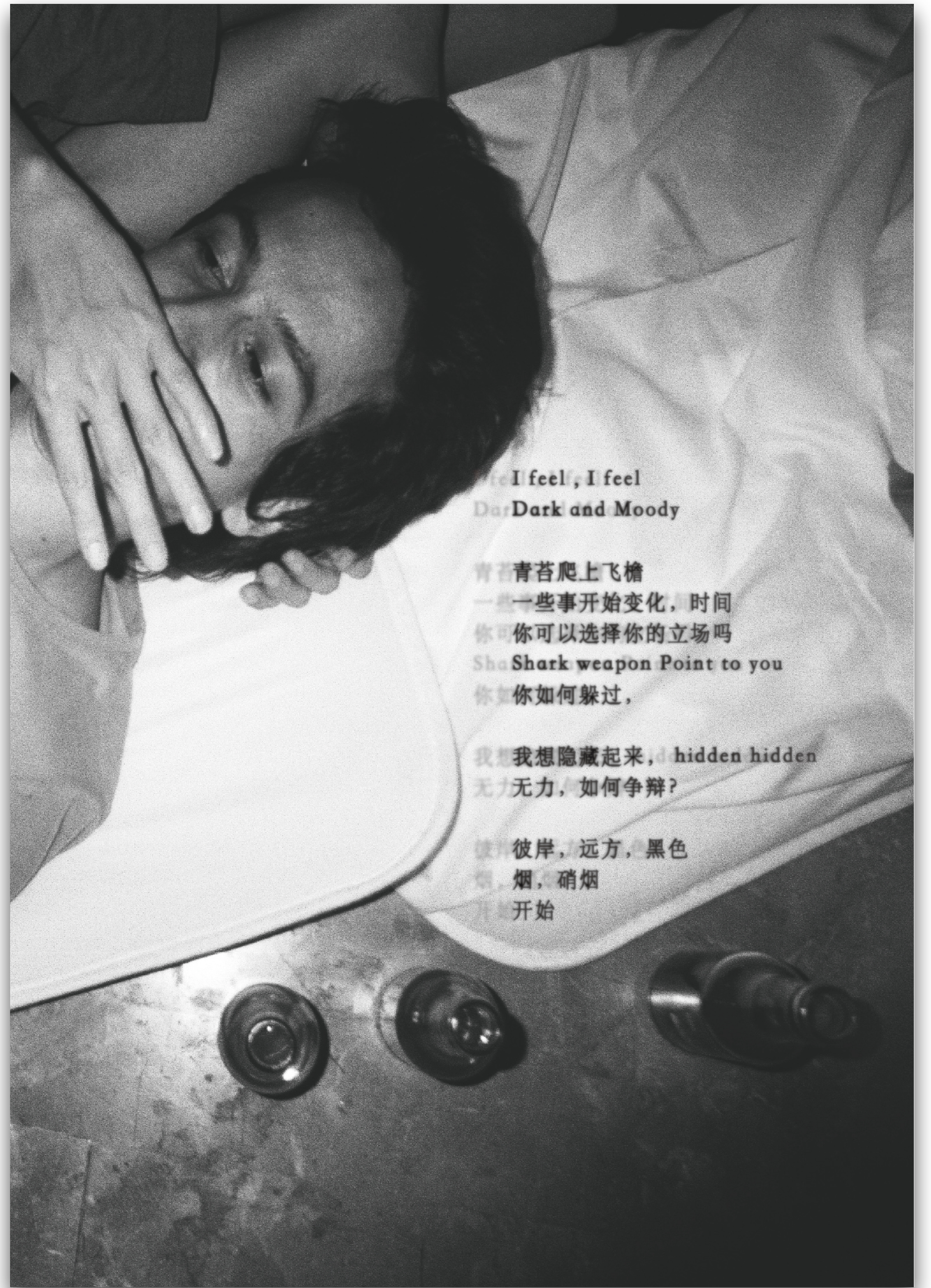
I want to hide, hidden hidden
Powerless, how to say?
Dispense with "Saying Goodbye to Cambridge Again"

On the other side, afar, black
Smoke, gunpowder
Lies at the both ends of the totting wooden bridge
Begin









Using the language of the colonizers,
To transmit their inertia, to seem to be on the same level to communicate, to...

Constructing constructions
Abstract postmodern visions press into the eyes
I ask you,
Where are you, and where is your place?

The center's single gunfire
Two arrows cross the river

The mute have no voice
The tongue is sliced on other's plates

Glass boxes contain unenlightened mind,
It connected to another glass panel.

The new world's proximity is established through this glass panel
Safety, violence, blindness, nakedness,

I ask you,
Where are you, and what is your destination?

Your steps may pause left and right, but the glass box you are in remains here
...
Someone knocked on the window...
...
You hold your breath, pretending to listen...

The air of another language enters your nose, but doesn't enter your body.
Your lungs compress... the breath you exhale fogs up the glass.
You are reluctant to tear away reflective membrane on the glass wall

Arrows circle and shoot at each other,
One hits a wild rabbit,
Another veers off course and is caught by a man.

The man continues to use the wayward arrow, Hunting the shifting symbols of specimens.

I ask,
Where are you? how to find the way to..
Have you lost yourself in this Cold Mist Ridge?

Through the layers of dark clouds over Britain

You cannot / you cannot

See clearly / hard to see
The speed at which images fade

Pale and sickly white permeates into deep ink
Spreading Diffusing

The truth has always been fabricated
Dispense with "Saying Goodbye to Cambridge Again"

The opposition of nations and bloodlines
Lies at the both ends of the rotting wooden bridge

Raven at Dawn

Sharing each other's bodies
In order to share each's bodies

One body shares another body
Is this a practice of social communism
Or capitalist possession and exchange?

War happening in another moment
Unable to change

Cannot change
Entwining at least allows us to stay in this moment together

Life, separation

The crow's beak carries away my
Thoughts, flying away

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Blood-red, shrouding dreams
Shadows forming pairs
Hastening steps

Swallowing down your story
Orange and green intertwine

If you were to recognize me again
If we were to meet once more
At which crossroads would it be?

I am hopeless in the face of the wall of indifference you have built.

Your scale of weighing pros and cons
Always tips in your favor.

July. 08 04:48

You will sink into the same swamp over and over again.
No one stands beside you, no one sees you.
Only you are left to mourn in despair and grief.

The cold
Will devour everything about you,
Will slowly engulf your withered, writhing body.

Even your sorrow will fall silent.

I feel, I feel
Dark and Moody

Moss climbs the eaves
Some things begin to change, time
Can you choose your stance?
Shark weapon points at you
How do you evade it?

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Powerless, how to say?

On the other side, afar, black
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Flames, in the palm of the hand
Double reins, entwining the throat and tongue

Rolling, dark currents surge
Orange, the red sun scorches the earth

Leaning against Granite, turning sideways into Axis mundi

Desire, restrained by a silver chain
The tightly clasped Trientalis, shattered

Moist soil—buried, scattered into black shells

Tel Aviv, can you smell it?
Nsibidi conveys an awaited but unattainable outcome