

Poetry Series

**C.D. Xiang**  
**- poems -**

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## C.D. Xiang(-)

Nothing scintillates me except for the access of mammoth knowledge.

## A Blunder So Acute.

Legions of embellishments made inroads into savings,  
Insomach as 'tis decent festival  
We splurged  
on interval times avidly.  
Then a plethora of deplorable jargons came wilfully,  
Coarse ones, adverse ones, blasphemy merged.  
This sufficed not, for this is intermediate,  
Yon I abominate,  
A blunder dispelled the thanksgivings.

C.D. Xiang

# A Doubt

Sometimes

the rain plummets

down

like formidable arrows

tipped with perilous, lethal poison

that penetrates

into my skin

Sometimes

technology seems

not to augur well for us

as pollutants sprawl

over the city

swallowing its prestige

much like enemies subjugating

with their swords covered

by grime and deviation

from nature's laws

Sometimes

my doubts are unanswered

cast into oblivion

like a a blast of icy barrage

upon my callow being

as power rises and dominates me

I perish

like the fresh supply of oxygen

after a rain.

C.D. Xiang

# A Panacea For Ache

There's an ache hiding  
somewhere in my left elbow.  
I seek it out,  
lean into it,  
devious ache  
keeps me awake.

And albeit I am haggard,  
now and then, and the words  
may blur, marginally, on the screen,  
and everything is warm,  
soft and warm,  
I cannot sleep,  
not yet,  
later,

sleep

must wait,

but my heart is heavy  
in my chest, and  
it beats  
sluggish...  
and more sluggish  
and slower still,

and time is slow,

and the light is slow,

and my mind is slow,

and so,

I seek out that ache,  
it keeps me awake,  
anew.



# A Wet Dog Shaking Himself Dry

Tailored dresses, tailored skin tight  
glisten under the midnight moon beams  
and car headlights.

Such beateous women shouldn't stay in the rain  
like this - didn't your mother ever tell thee?

Wet cloth clings to warm thighs,  
engendering men to grunt, moan, and snivel  
when they go home, lone, smelling  
their own cologne clinging to their nose...

Putative,

Perspicacious,

Mirths

And Vermilion clothes.

C.D. Xiang



# All Stints Are Like Shingles

i wish to write, of beauty and of you  
but it`s hard to think about something,  
i cannot seem to get thoughts through  
as they all flow back to you

the rivers and streams of my shallow muse  
all creep slowly towards the inevitable  
i guess our minds may be infused  
but my guessing just comes back to you

guessing what your thinking  
what`s on your pretty mind?  
and my soaring thoughts are sinking  
all falling back to you

and yet i know you`ll catch them  
arms open like petals of a rose catching the rain  
the storm of my world is fading, leaving behind a gem  
a gem most precious, filled with the memories you left

nothing more could a life desire  
than to look back upon itself with a smile  
and my world will reach ever higher  
until the heavens await below

and when you leave, my world will fall  
into a heaven of remembrance  
calming a worldly squall  
an eternity of memories is all i require...

C.D. Xiang

# Became A Man

Lone and lost amongst the trees,  
the young one stood and wept.  
He yearned for residence upon his knees,  
in trepidation as daylight slept.

He knelt in wait, but night remained,  
as roaring clouds rolled in.  
The skies became a beast unchained,  
as rain beset his skin.

But in that dark and stormy bind,  
the young one faced his fear.  
When he arose in peaceable mind,  
the skies commenced to clear.

With all the doubt and gloom at bay  
the rays of dawn came down.  
The sanguine light revealed the way -  
A homeward path was found.

A timorous boy no longer now,  
he strolled beyond the trees.  
Singling loud, he basked in how  
he felt the sun and breeze.

His home would welcome him at last -  
His goal and greatest need,  
but if he ran the route too fast  
he'd miss the sights to see.

So knowing now when things go wrong,  
or if he's lost his way,  
to face the fears by staying strong -  
Became a man today.

C.D. Xiang

# Blissful Liberty

My heart  
is caught  
in a fist  
of relentless  
desire  
and yearning  
pry  
the fingers  
away  
and  
let me breathe  
my love will fly  
away  
whilst butterflies  
in a hurricane  
and  
leave me  
free

C.D. Xiang

# Congruent

My appellation be not congruent,  
My jargon be not congruent,  
The world, encompasses of vying, irrevocably,  
All humanity uses jargon indissolubly.

Amid congruent dispositions,  
The lackluster anti-emancipation  
Compelled,  
Obliged,  
Duress hitherto never cease,  
Apprehension  
Of no ease.

C.D. Xiang

# Conservative, To Be Eschewed

Amidst legions of triumphs,  
solely one is productive,  
the others willful,  
solely a segment is genuine,  
the others pseudo.

You opt out one facet,  
you scrutinize it,  
but calamitously,  
for it has a veneer  
which obscured its edicts,  
which obscured its parameters.

C.D. Xiang

# Deference

If I were to cite  
the vales and hills,  
for deference I allude  
mountains and here.

Here are a motley bread,  
and I dispense it to thou,  
whilst I quaff my drink,  
your ravenous trails  
are twofold.

For deference I bestow  
My bread to you.  
Thou art euphoric  
In lieu  
Of deference  
as my sister.

C.D. Xiang

# Deplorable Melancholy

She weeps a melody of wistful melancholy.  
I yearn to help her mend, but join in harmony.  
In minor keys our strains will lilt on magically.

Indifferent life to misery, perchance it sees a beauty.  
One composed of poignant notes; all cries a tone of stories.  
Those told in words but analogs to those we tell in tears.

Glee is dispelled, it renders the misery,  
Admittedly, tenacity wears off,  
And the merriment terminates, we slumbered.

C.D. Xiang

# Descending Into An Icy Tunnel

The task at hand is arduous  
descending into the frigid tunnel  
way below the mirth of revelry  
closer to life and death crossroads  
bracing myself for the inevitable hunger,  
explosives, toxic gases and collapses,  
all because of the much coveted rocks  
that may contain a small fortune  
in gold  
I mumble a prayer  
make a payment to earth  
I want that sweat of the sun  
being dropped into the receptacle  
perpetually lustrous metal  
awaits for me to strike it rich  
even if it means destroying  
myself

C.D. Xiang



# Devolve The Surplus

"If

Studying is victuals,  
Bestow me the surplus of it.

If

Thou art exceedingly, deplorably malicious,  
Bestow me the surplus of it.

If

Thou can grant me any wish,  
Bestow me the surplus of it."

"I can tell

Thou with preaches ad infinitum,  
I can listen  
Within or out of earshot of your inward stances,  
I can be  
The beneficiary, invariably being a refuge of thee."

C.D. Xiang

# Epic Poetry Part 1

'Wow' is a palindrome  
The advent of words  
aid to cushion  
the economic fallout  
they sidestepped the question  
with salary arrears  
noticed a new fad  
he has asked not  
to be prejudged  
his crimson, his maroon eyes  
weighed the odds, then aid icily  
brutish arms are made for crushing  
stout enough to hack through  
they smelled like fetid meat  
the scent must have wafted.

C.D. Xiang

## Epic Poetry Part 2

Three white horses cantered through the ambush,  
slightly serrated on the inside curve  
the deadpan radiant perfection, in the sentences  
synesthetic proses  
Lord Malice could do something nefarious  
His build was slim but strong, like a rapier  
Between these two rode a raven-haired lady  
The craggy piece of the granite  
Drew herself up with regal disdain  
other-worldly watches  
soon they will bed down  
A doe, with a pronounced limp  
And there was a ruddy light  
from stolid glaciers  
A brooding mist crept along the floor  
and a buckskin tube protected his sliver bow.

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## Epic Poetry Part 3

Glamour  
who can resist  
whatever the era from  
ancient to modern it cast its  
fairy spell  
of thousands  
of childhood dreams  
hanging in suspended net of  
balance  
big need for a  
relation, ego and  
doubt forever tilting it on  
both ends  
Waking  
something turning  
like azaleas in March  
delicate among the lions  
dark dreams  
lure innocent  
souls promising joy, blind  
from nothingness they sustain the quest  
alone  
in the sunlight  
holding your dreams  
from framing encroaching shadows  
in love

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## Epic Poetry Part 4

once grand  
she stands, back swayed  
remembering dances  
one two three, one two three, with him  
dreaming  
'all we ever  
do or seem is but a  
dream within a dream...', so said Poe...  
correct...  
what you have learned  
about this paper boat  
afloat upon a paper sea  
and breathe  
your cleansing breath  
that it might fill you up  
so you can float around and watch  
yourself  
fire, like dragons,  
roar like the oceans seethe,  
pounce on targets like a lion!  
Storm on.  
as we approach  
our enemies. Prepare  
to fight, to kill, to maim. We are  
caught in the crossfires, at war  
do not cry child  
angels watch the soldiers —  
hear them sigh, as they spread their wings  
and fly  
we must go high  
bounce off clouds, touch the sky  
the rainbow wants to tell us why  
we cry  
although our tears  
are wasted. Slipping down  
ineffectually they are  
pointless  
to try to say  
empty words meaningless,

for words don't heal, neither do they  
give way  
to this great love  
hear it beckoning you?  
fill your senses, quench your desire  
jump, jump  
up! down! up high!  
next day i got that bump  
in my head! mom's right again, why  
God why? !  
jump, jump —  
the dark fish leapt,  
scales softened for the flight —  
somewhere you soar high and weightless  
homeward  
bound, I wish I  
was, homeward bound—not lost  
endless stream of broken dreams—wish  
I was...  
walking lonely  
as a cloud floating high  
over hills and valleys. I saw  
a crowd...

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## Epic Poetry Part 5

I wandered through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
A mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackening church appals,  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

Here the is Heaven

Fingers glide, smoothing, etching  
chisels, hammers, all moving  
a painters brush dips again  
brought up to the ceiling  
ladders reach to the topmost part  
the last detail not forgotten  
handcrafted glass windows  
shine shifting colors  
across the floor  
each raised to the top  
to finish the masterpiece  
tiny knives cut detailed sculptures  
bringing beauty to life  
sculptures of intricate design  
long thought out and practised  
hundreds of artist work together

to bring one man's visions to life  
finally finished the creator steps back  
the sight, breathtaking  
this time he knows he has created  
exactly what he hoped  
a little piece of heaven  
intricate and beautiful  
so that one could stare at it  
and never want to leave  
for here there is peace  
here there is beauty  
here there is heaven

### Shades of Grey, Fans of Fate

They come here with bowed heads,  
In humbleness  
Seeking for something  
Beyond themselves.  
They keep their eyes glued  
To a marble floor,  
Make the Sign of the Cross  
And send aloof a prayer.  
Have they never seen  
What lies above them all,  
The fans that make the pattern  
That lines the skylight?  
In shades of grey,  
Light and dark—  
So very much like  
What goes on inside—  
The struggle within them?  
Nothing in this world  
Is carved in stone,  
Black and white,  
It's just the way things are.  
The fans' circular patterns  
Tell the tale  
"The truth shall set you free."  
But first you have to look up  
Take a chance and behold  
How the shades of grey



Focus your vision  
Upon the center,  
A colorful prize.  
There is hope beyond hope—  
There is joy beyond tears—  
There is life when death comes calling—  
Shades of grey,  
Wiggle room—  
If you can believe beyond all that you see:  
At the center of the Fans of Fate  
A Prize awaits you...  
Immersed in perfection,  
result of interaction  
between genius and idle hands  
(why would one wonder  
at the beauty of things  
if one was not rendering oneself  
useless?)

There it is,  
up high,  
where human beings are not allowed.  
We were not given wings.  
We were not given anything;  
we created love, and hate,  
and all the shades of feeling  
in between.

We created this,  
this mesmerizing hymn to symmetry  
this sage, century-old, all-seeing circle  
mercilessly judging who is fit  
to look it in the eye.

He are grand, as grand as it,  
As grand as all the things in every earthly land  
Built by beings such as ourselves.  
We didn't have wings, we created them  
And so we can fly, soaring high  
even higher than the scrupulous, hideous, monstrous ceiling  
envying us with all its feeling.  
all flesh is as light

two thousand golden apples  
are a memory

a cross encircled  
did the unremembered laugh  
Celtic to the last?

grey flowers display  
masons bow beneath the sky  
that their hammers wrought

shield ringed with fire  
eight gates pierced with light above  
what rough beast was made?

pilgrimage ends here  
the century's weary hands  
play a nave of swords

old stone holds old air  
a thousand years of sainthood  
stained glass, empty vaults

shielded from the sky  
this sanctity will survive  
the meaning of god

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## Epic Poetry Part 6

A range of untamed mountains  
cast feathery shadows on the ground  
with a conflagration  
the edge of a precipitous ravine  
moist slate, the outcrop  
the land around them was tan  
travelled here except trappers  
was composed of stout log buildings  
others-made of shingles  
A miser's bargain  
growled, sidling away  
a hulking man  
stated badgering, refused budging  
he proffered the stone  
led up a knoll  
shadows of elm trees

a small shutter slid back for a second  
roots so convoluted  
could have built a bonfire  
beets, turnips

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## Epic Poetry Part 7

His countenance was resigned to  
deep ruts cut into the snow  
steeds whinnied at the noise  
picketing the building and tents  
examining a new latch  
seasoned man in odd trinkets  
he wore a goatee  
a sable at the bottom  
a dagger with a ruby in the pommel  
and set out into town with a cocky stride  
bought a piping-hot cherry pie  
broken off an icicle  
the girth of the chair  
he sipped from a flagon while resting  
gaudy jewels flashed on his fingers  
some small groups of malcontents  
riled the villagers  
he grunted noncommittally as he killed  
they continued d

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the byway  
under their tutelage  
towers were dead!  
Words came like the mournful toll of a requiem  
his insidious words  
tool  
r  
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o  
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## Epic Poetry Part 8

Together they treacherously lured  
in the citadel Iliea  
entered into apprenticeship  
fell beneath the onslaught  
a mournful peal reverberated  
the membrane  
that encased  
transcriptions of ancient texts  
will enjoy some variations  
to be clearly identified with bylines  
lauding the provenance of the material  
appear so contorted  
every part of his body  
seared with pain  
the palm shimmered  
and formed  
a diffused white star  
felt like old parchment-  
velvety  
a reedy tone  
and jabbed its head  
like a snake  
the idea was repugnant  
an ancient sentinel welcoming the new day

C.D. Xiang

# Evincing A Sympathy

A little blonde beauteous in a white tank top and blue jeans  
browses the produce department;  
her soft hands with manicured nails of a shy-blushed red  
grip a dark green shopping cart that perfectly matches her eyes.  
Amongst the luscious fruit she's the perfect peach he expects to pluck.

With a smirk and a swagger,  
he makes his approach,  
with the grapes, bitter tangerines,  
and pristine pears looking on.

After a lime-sour stare, she coldly turns away,  
wheeling off with his pride.  
Amidst the now giggling audience,  
a single bruised banana sighs in sympathy.

C.D. Xiang

# Exam

Looking pessimistic,  
Looking worried,  
Looking fearful,  
Is what I invariably feel,  
When the papers  
Full of brain-teases questions  
Appear on my table.

When the exam starts,  
There is silence everywhere  
As people hang their head low,  
To solve the questions anywhere,  
In their minds.

C.D. Xiang

# Farewell To Me

I can reminisce  
the termination  
of everything.

One  
is the merriments of diurnal layoffs.

Two  
novel person had befriended me  
whilst my plaints induced.

Three  
tomes I garnered for the literary test.

Four  
jangling sounds the clock synthetically engendered.

As four compartmentalization  
Is four journeys,  
I correlates  
My farewells.  
Anon thee shall met anew.

C.D. Xiang



# Fleeting Rain

Before that, it was blazing, torrid and feverish  
Torrents of heat waves came beating upon my cadaverous soul  
Like brittle bones and weakened defence  
Virtually on the cusp of heat stroke  
Then clouds came to form a nimbus  
Obstructing the sun rays and bringing in anomalous breezes  
And zephyrs, the leaves rustled  
Like firewood, a precursor of relief  
Better than human pleasures  
As equanimity prevails  
Henceforth, and the rain came plummeting down  
Splash reflected to my skin  
A barrage of pure water mollifies my wearied body  
I looked up, and saw a majestic phenomenon  
As fleeting as a miracle, an aid  
But I knew it wouldn't be permanent  
Because suffering prolongs  
And to live is to suffer  
Unless ended.

C.D. Xiang

# Henceforth Living

Henceforth not acquainted with,  
Henceforth unduly you are unpractical,  
May I know what bothers you  
For being not tactical?

I do not inflame you for you being unintelligent,  
Nor may ever rain torrents of abuse to you,  
For you are my beloved one,  
I was henceforth with you while you grew  
Each day hitherto.

Henceforth, you are me,  
And I am you,  
By no means we are not inextricably linked,  
As you are my genuine soul like a flow of glue.

Ergo,  
You, my soul,  
Let's reappraise and forgive  
My sins till old.

C.D. Xiang

# I Am Falling Down...

I looked at my marks  
It was such low  
My tears were starting dropp as  
I was literally low...

People were taunting me  
People were avoiding me  
So depressed I was feeling  
And so furious I was feeling  
That I feel like I was falling  
Down and down and down...

I could not have someone to help  
And someone to comfort me  
How miserable I was!  
I was falling  
Down and down and down...

My marks was as if it was posing a threat at me  
To feeling depressed,  
And pessimistic.  
Without any hope,  
I cannot do anything...

C.D. Xiang

# I Am The Night

I am the night.

I am the cold dank mist that rises and chills the bones.

I dwell, tarrying in the slinking shadows and the darkness that creeps into the soul.

I am the pale eye of the moon-shimmering mockery of the life-giving sun.

I am sound that echoes in the vacuum of silence—

Turning that which is so familiar

Into that which is terrifying.

I am the eyes that light up the night-

Innumerable of them-

Ebony, green, blue-

And the deep hue of scarlet like drops of gore come to life—

Nightmare eyes that you cannot turn away...

All these things form a part of me—

Perhaps, I may not want them, but they are there, nonetheless.

I am your friend and your enemy;

Your ally and a stranger.

I am a wanderer and I am the night...

C.D. Xiang

# I Have No Attachment

I bring down the cup of affectation-  
that is chastity  
I expunge my memories of blunder and abomination-  
that is freedom  
that is emptiness  
But emptiness does not mean void  
Emptiness is something profound  
Where the cusp of a new beginning arises  
An inception to a another detachment  
Of material possessions, of prestige,  
Wealth, fame and glamor,  
The ignorance that induces evil  
A canker that brings doom to everyone  
-stop- I shall not think of it any longer  
Why should I think of suffering  
When I can think of alternatives?  
Is this the end of the world?  
Has the moon I looked forward to vanished  
As I drank a simple cup of wine,  
With the moon accompanying me?  
Have alternatives spurned my beseeching  
And obliged others instead of me?  
I have no attachment, any more,  
As I expunge my memories of doubt and denigration  
I have no attachment, any more,  
From the first light of day.

C.D. Xiang

## I'LI Give

I'll give my father simple greetings,  
An age uncle's-in my book;  
I'll show the children secret meetings  
By ancient lindens near the brook,  
Their jealous torments, separation,  
Their tears of reconciliation;  
I'll make them quarrel yet again,  
But lead them to the altar then.

C.D. Xiang

## In Ineffable Parlance Of Young Or Old.

A poet not unto 20,  
A literati not unto 18,  
A prolific poet not unto 30,  
An ingenious literati not unto 35.

An adolescent being precocious,  
An adult being puerile,  
A teacher being a paradigm of pedagogy,  
A member of parliament being an impetuous one.

A mind wholly developed not unto 20;  
But a mind surpasses the one of a 20,  
An industrious mind being angelic;  
A vital mind relinquishing.

A person, whether old or young,  
Is a person of the evident educated mind.

C.D. Xiang

# In The Face Of Moral Sin

The river flows soothingly yonder,  
The mountains and valleys above have azure skies,  
Intensely confounded and feeling voluptuous,  
For the nifty zephyr is everywhere, aloft and above.

Down therein yonder,  
Strident recrimination hitherto transpire,  
Stringent laws, viz discrimination,  
Therein is the reception of hell.

Stymieing, not minding,  
Affluent people, have auxiliaries, slaves,  
Indigent people are innocent to be slaves,  
Invariably being sold to recalcitrants people.

Intensely confounded, not voluptuous,  
Abject confound, not euphoria,  
Is the world of 22'st millenium.

Reverting to BC is the maiden thing to redress,  
Reverting to be the antiquarian of the past,  
Shall not redress,  
Shall harbour regrets.

C.D. Xiang



# Indiscriminate Gold

Iron grey sky,  
broken by shield of bronze.  
Arising from molten furnace,  
shining gold's conceit.  
Dawn rises, sun sets,  
fool's gold glitters,  
brightly,  
glitters gold foolery.  
Sets sun, rises dawn,  
exults gold's shining,  
furnace molten from arising.  
Bronze of shield by broken,  
sky grey iron.

C.D. Xiang

# Irresponsible Behaviour

Malicious,  
Smirking,  
Despiteful.....

He was the one,  
With all this attitude,  
Jeering around,  
No gratitude  
When someone helped him.

He was the one  
Whom I always wonder,  
Why did he wanted to have this attitude,  
He liked to blunder  
During his examination.

I don't know what is  
His real feeling,  
Inside his heart,  
He tries dealing  
With his problems, I think.  
I wished I could talk to him.

C.D. Xiang

## Just Like A Playwright Knows...

Just like a playwright knows,  
to the demise of his unsuspecting  
audience,  
how his play would end,  
God also knew  
from the maiden day,  
as to what would transpire unduly  
to his 'heroes, heroines and villains',  
in the end of the story; .  
the theme was there,  
, , and discernibly the theme  
is yet not over, ,  
the 'play" goes on,  
irrevocably,  
suspensively,  
to Man's horror,  
to God's nirvana! ! !

C.D. Xiang

# Let This Utopia Touted

Let this Utopia touts!  
The uphill hours  
since I was repleted with tribulations!  
The toil of my sundry cells,  
insomach as I have a repose,  
satiated and radiant I was,  
Now a liberalisation  
which gives a good concession, invariably of  
insipid, uselss, technicalities in life only,  
which I do nothing but trample on, and said  
that my disposition is of the utopia society,  
I was on my feet  
whereof my toes sterilized the footprints of them,  
sleekness, how befitting,  
I felt my intellect,  
the whole aspects of my body,  
let my eyes be not dilated, I shall hear myself within earshot  
drinking an elixir,  
so gratified  
I was to be in this Utopia!

C.D. Xiang

# Let Us Dine

Dining in this festivity,  
Embellishments devoid of iniquity,  
Conviviality, all the way,  
Incessant merriments being swayed.

Let us dine  
and quaff a fruit drink, fine  
Victuals with gluttony.

We exult  
for having a tranquility,  
We recline  
literally against the boat,  
Sending us homeward.

C.D. Xiang

## Look, Stranger.

look, stranger, on this island now  
the leaping light for your delight discovers,  
stand stable here  
and silent be,  
and through the channels of the ear,  
may wonder like a river  
the swaying sound of the sea.

C.D. Xiang

# Midway, Way

My life  
is built on  
red herrings dissensions,  
a house of cards  
carefully crafted out  
of willful denial and partial lies  
with each placard placed  
precariously atop its skewed foundation.

A gentle gust from the vacuous pit  
spitting its bitter indifference  
threatens my sophisticated artistry,  
and in horror of reckoning the possibilities,  
I strive to protect  
from utter wreck my paramount investment:  
that delicate balance of authenticity  
and self-deception

so crucially contrived that is  
self-evident, but nevertheless  
still required for me to have faith.

C.D. Xiang

# Mileages In Sadness

We are crying,  
it's the way we talk—

an old story,  
mothers and daughters  
forced in the same room by repercussion.

Mine will be thy sorrow,  
one leaves, one remains to make a family  
from the ruins,  
keeping close her breathing.

I will always come to thee  
in the off hours  
these business trips provide.  
You'll speak about a man you met,  
maybe one you are leaving.  
Best keep everything neat  
and pristine, remain a stranger.

When we meet,  
in my hotel, or dinner  
in a rendezvous with your roommates,  
who, you say, protect thee,  
we will talk or shop. I'll buy  
whatever I think you want.  
Then you say something  
I didn't remember, and it starts  
before I can turn away.

You and I are all the sad movies  
we have watched and vowed  
to stop watching,  
the formula novels we buy  
like nicotine patches.

These are the words that line our faces,  
to be read backwards in mirrors.  
They play in my head,



the engines pushing me through the clouds,  
all the way home—

I'm proud of you. Let me know  
about the new job, text me after the date tonight.  
I'm so happy you stopped smoking, Baby.  
This time I know you'll do it.

C.D. Xiang

# Mourning

Evacuating the vessel,  
moving on to higher planes,  
the soul has no regrets,  
the body no more pains.

Heading toward the light,  
that's brighter than the day,  
the spirit doesn't say goodbye  
before it 's whisked away.

The empty shell discarded,  
is now food for the worms,  
there is no turning back, and  
we all must take our turns.

Looking at the world today,  
if you verily use thy head  
we should mourn the living  
instead of the dead.

C.D. Xiang

## My Saviour.

My savior came in the demise of the night  
I turned my face away  
an angel sold me a song  
about how she went away  
I devolved my wherewithal and my time  
my usurer was invariably too great  
my avarice was my salvation  
my magnanimity was my undoing  
my soul was shattered  
at about eight thirty in the evening  
my reflection felt neglected  
ergo I gave it a kiss  
and then smashed my mirror  
and poured my reflection onto this page  
and now you write so noble  
brings to my eye a tear  
your soul is one that was forgotten  
but every soul finds a home  
as every heart finds a companion  
for this long and lonesome road  
to heaven

C.D. Xiang

## No Model Answers

Such a precocious boy could even snivel,  
Let me tell you, he is overwrought  
Of the predicaments that are all but drivell  
In this society that is rot

Of avarice and enmity,  
Of temptations and competition,  
Of the multifarious and mighty  
Powers concentrated in the highest position.

Thou shall never realise  
That there are no model answers in life,  
That despite scouring for secrets and supplies,  
You won't live for long - your fault becomes rife.

Life is nothing but an arduous road  
To steep gradients and serpentine courses;  
This is when you cannot be wallowed  
In self-pity, doubt and lapses.

Oh, how shall I compare this to a blissful day,  
When the schism between the two seems heaven and hell?  
How will I strive to stand upon shoulders of giants,  
Of this inopportune time since immemorial?

C.D. Xiang

# No Single Element

No single element  
has tantalized and tormented  
the human psyche  
more than  
its shimmering, smooth texture...

it has driven me  
to extremes,  
it fuel wars and crusades,  
girding currencies  
and leveling quarries...

a transcendental epitome  
of beauty, wealth and immortality  
mythological power  
makes it the bedrock  
of everything...

its lustre not only endures  
but grows stronger each day,  
surpassing thresholds  
that we think would stagnate  
concerns for the environs  
don't ruffle the biggest consumer  
orifices, demented beings  
like fodder for riches...

it might be an invitation to destruction  
but everyone is willing  
to accept...to accept...  
deadly

C.D. Xiang

# O, Nightingale

O, sweet Nightingale  
thy voice is a vermilion light  
the darkness grows pale

With you my heart cannot fail  
through the grayness catch a sight  
o, sweet Nightingale

Held dear as the sacred grail  
elixir of my affinity  
the darkness grows pale

When left so alone and frail  
winter winds blow afright  
oh, sweet Nightingale

Shelter me as myrefuge from pounding hail  
may thy warmth hold tight  
the darkness grows pale

Upon our dreams we sail  
bitter storms we fight  
o, sweet Nightingale  
the darkness grows pale.

C.D. Xiang

# Oh! Oh! Oh!

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our life and safeties all!  
A woeful hunting once there did  
To drive the deer with hound and horn  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day!

Oh! Oh! Oh!

C.D. Xiang

# Onset Of The Turning Point

We yearned for perfection with labyrinthine schemes in our hand.  
Our plans were so gargantuan and chimeras were so lofty.  
Our motto 'Never say die' shoved us to continue the journey  
while despaired thoughts clouded the road ahead.  
Many colleagues relinquished  
and many others arrived  
to fill that same empty space.  
In the high and dry situations, there was only me in the whirls of turmoils.  
I still held my my head high  
and stood tall to face the storm.  
I candidly kept my commitments alive.  
Finally sometimes later, that vacant space was occupied  
for long run by an honest fellow.  
Those faint hopes bloomed once again.  
Abiding passion stick with us like an obsession.  
We hankered for no personal benefits  
yet we worked night and day just to accomplish this mission.  
I must say that  
that was the turning point of  
our mission.

C.D. Xiang



# Relish The Idyllic Nature

A tiny shoot  
virtually too compact to see  
virtually too compact to feel  
just commencing  
to gain hold in the damp spring soil.

Touch it gently  
a brush of the fingertips  
coax it towards the sun  
imagine its criterion.

Scour the surrounding flowerbed  
for intruders who would  
magnify the risks  
choke off the possibilities.

Keep the enemies at a watchful distance  
while you nurture this wee one  
gleefully, peaceably,  
literally.

C.D. Xiang

# Repleted With Books

As I hunched those books,  
can thee espy that  
there are over ten?  
The room  
has the environs  
of books,  
principally  
in pen  
of holograms,  
virtually being published  
with euphoria,  
be not insatiable, for this is accomplished.  
Yet another book  
we read tenaciously,  
How we covet the intellect and stratagems  
of the swift time.

C.D. Xiang

# Silence Cannot Tell, Enquiring Tells.

Legions of words, harking back to prolix, run through my head,  
yet not a single one is evinced.  
After awhile I'll speak at last,  
but if you cared you'd simply enquire.

Instead I choose to keep my peceable thing,  
and instead let the silence speak.  
You barrel on with quickening pace,  
while I nod and smile to fill the vacuum.

A thousand words whirl through my mind,  
but to expostulate would be unkind.  
In the end I may speak at last,  
but if you cared you'd simply ask.

Slowly in your words I've drown  
and realize that you're winding down.  
As I prepare to open up,  
I realize that my mind has shut.

No more words are there to find,  
but you don't seem to mind.  
Maybe someday I'll speak at last,  
but if you cared, you'd simply ask.

C.D. Xiang

## Squalling Whilst No Hues

Demise of cries! Inward being incessant,  
Convalescents being brawny now,  
But melancholy itself avow  
That its prowess being not quiescent.  
Whilst all merriment being a bedrock,  
Suddenly a raft of bombshell disclosed at one o'clock,  
Devoid of clemency it miffed  
All and sundry, being swift.  
Squalling, no one preempt to snivel,  
For gore unbridledly is novel,  
Languorous and ultramarine hues,  
Deep in the abode buried,  
The sun abated,  
With no productive ruse.

C.D. Xiang

# Sullen

If I speak,  
thee digress.  
I was enraged,  
and thee kept sullen.

My colloquy  
Had lost its vitality,  
For thy dissension  
Had been a catalyst.

Thee said  
thou art preeminent,  
I quoth  
that I vetoed,  
But the wholesale delusion  
Cannot be eluded.

C.D. Xiang

# Sunlight

Warmth pours against my face  
tingling throughout my skin  
there seems no escape  
from rays piercing like a knife  
lancing my eyes  
fire burning down my back  
sultry breath on my neck  
if only the clouds would come  
blinding Apollo's eye  
so I may once more take breath  
and escape this opprobrium  
so I may once more take tranquility  
and escape this gaudy thing.

C.D. Xiang

## Sunlit Dust Motes

Sunlit dust motes within  
windswept snowflakes without  
a yard of moss invaded lawn  
layered over with snow  
harks back of a time once spent  
in despair, intuiting life's transience.

C.D. Xiang

# Taste Of Fall

The taste of Fall  
blesses the arid air  
In silence stands a sentinel  
awaiting the smokey aroma  
Crisp and cleansing will it be  
Clear and star-spun like old lace  
A touch of ice upon the tongue  
reminds of embraces long ago  
like this gentle season arising comprising out of the west impossible blue  
so perfect a hue so fine caresses  
once upon this season's change  
so perfect your hands upon my face  
my hands on yours gentle as snowfall coming soon  
Breezes turn chill barren the  
Trees  
Mists arise in evening remind  
Anew of the pure tenderness we shared on the eve of Fall

C.D. Xiang



# Taste Of Symbolism

Sauntering through a smoggy sea  
scrubby sand sticks to my sweaty skin in salt.

A raving blast of sultry wind  
suffocates my dusty countenance  
and stuffs my soaking eyes with soil.

And I snort.

My dry tongue strangles in a ruby mouth  
and I swallow the crumbled bits of a cracked palate.

So I collapse.

My nose is glued  
with the smelling stench  
of a foul-faced earth.

I behold.

C.D. Xiang

# Teardrops Fall

Teardrops fall  
inexplicably like rain  
Holding me glued  
like that time  
on a weird summer's day

I look up at the sky  
and saw the  
little droplets of rain  
falling inexplicably  
like the teardrops on my face

C.D. Xiang

# The Abstract Home

Serene steps, toes sink in sand.  
Waves wash clean what were antique worlds.  
Hark, forwear, behold, and breathe; In love, out life.

All is still but calls of hills, walls that rise in mist.  
All settles over serene scenes, a calm respiteful dream.  
Go, look, and see; off land, on seas yonder.

Wind that will not wither rolls.  
It cools all fires, caressing cares, cold is seems.  
Don't be, just go; Out doors, in me.

Senses stir, sights will blur.  
In distant traces lines lead on to nothing.  
Don't go, just be; Bereft of fear, with me.

I follow where the nothing lives,  
Comforting and frightening, enveloping and free.  
In darkness where the light will blind,  
I've found my place in blissful mind.

A minuscule spot, a place all mine,  
Of shapes and colors, tones and lines.  
The edge of life, of love, and dreams,  
A place, it seems, for those divine.

Leave, Let go, literally move on.  
Don't be with me, and I'll be fine.

C.D. Xiang

# The Divine King

A potent, dynamic and robust creature  
Of prodigious intelligence and wiles  
At his fingertips, day by day,  
His endowment is evinced  
Through his words, his actions,  
His flattering and weapon  
Wielded with his hirsute hand,  
Emblazoned with intricate gold carvings,  
Lavish with plaudits and admiration.  
For eons, he will never perish  
And be emasculated, everlasting feats of tricks  
Shall dominate forevermore, impeccably.  
No one can outclass his wit,  
For all along his rivals defeat  
No one but themselves, hapless;  
Fearing the king, with utmost dignity.  
Though I yearn for dominance  
I continue to live, without prominence.

C.D. Xiang

# The Little Chicks

Minuscule, dainty, flocculent and docile  
Creations of the sun and beautiful sunflowers  
Scent of fresh milks and esters  
Flavorings of rose and chrysanthemums  
With a gait that ensues admirable gazes  
And a pristine temperament far from humans'  
Soft and yet gleeful, brittle but determined  
A tiny animal that soars from the status quo  
Giving novelty to the prosaic, mechanized world.

C.D. Xiang

# The Morning Wind

There's more to music in this early wind,  
Awaking like a bird refreshed from a sleep,  
Looking out of the window so deep  
In amazement of the beautiful scenery.

C.D. Xiang

# The Nice Potatoes

Those scrumptious, brown and baked things  
Heavy with contents, filled with juicy marshmallows  
Replete with a sense of satiation  
Like a cream from a vanilla ice-cream  
Those are versatile, dynamic and eatable things  
Pliable to your wishes, whether you want it  
To be baked, cooked, fried or steamed  
An assortment of dishes are made from these  
Luminaries praises its simplicity  
Commoners gloat over their harvest  
Of cash crops - potatoes  
Though they grow in dark undergrounds  
Unpretentious, reticent and meek  
Waiting for farmers to pluck and eat

C.D. Xiang

# The Satanic Horns Upon Their Heads

They are not  
what thee precieve, are putative;  
these small creatures of  
Earth,  
Full of  
ugly pretence and  
innocent puerile stances.

They have been  
bestowed upon  
as holy and angelic  
- but trust them not;  
indeed,  
Underneath their  
covering layers  
Of smiles,  
Lithe laughter and  
falsity,  
do you not  
behold?

Alas, for you  
then, my crony;  
you are caught in the  
deceitful web;  
their living domain of  
terror.

See, now!  
Cast the light upon them,  
let the darkness fade, the  
veracity disclosed;  
see not the horns of the  
Devil strapped on their heads?

Have faith in them not,  
they live  
For intolerable mischief;  
Deceiving the world



so that they, themselves  
are inimitable.

They know not boundaries,  
nor ramifications.

For they are  
what they are;  
as children.

C.D. Xiang

# The Veracity Of The Sentiments

Veracity, veracity,  
The designation shall not be morbid,  
Veracity is the bedrock of anti-decadence.

Veracity, veracity,  
Thou art not a sesquipedalian,  
But engenders me to be of paramount vitality-being sedate.

Veracity, veracity,  
Sentiments, views, perspectives,  
Some concurs to be rectitude; some rebuffs and the deplorable hatred,  
Proliferates.

C.D. Xiang

# The Wilful Termination Of A Wasteland

Into my asinine mouth there came  
inadvertently the polluted air, the wasteland where

I stand, greasy and with diaphoresis  
through the mist, in solitude.

There was no valleys, no refuges or escapisms  
to tell a redress from the catalyst.

Morning fog thick as an oblong book  
exacerbates my spleen in its burgeoning growth.

Demises relishes a man, I  
was like a decrepit one, going to leave and to the inferno.

Phosphorescent glows are looming, to explode  
overhead and the like, diminishing the wasteland and me.

--Copyrighted--

C.D. Xiang

# The Wine And Eyes

In december it rains  
the wine glass stands still  
duped by those crystal rain drops  
the wine becomes those drops  
those drops metamorphosed into wine.

Those eyes are still-  
wide open, not haggard,  
dupped by those rain drops  
the exigence dispelled  
the wine and those eyes are one-  
demise is impending.

C.D. Xiang

# The Wordless God

The world is immense  
and like a word that is still growing in the silence.

.....- Rainer Maria Rilke

In the East, behind the mountains,  
the Mute God, a single tongue of light,  
blubbering to be heard in the silent morning.

One by one the prairie flowers took form  
in the empty sound, with the colors of intention,  
waving and crouching among the tuft grasses.

In the brightening air, heaven's hyphen circled  
above and before us and we stopped, conceiving  
this is what binds the earth and sky as one.

A red fox crossed the deserted road and barked,  
the hawk declared itself. Listen, you said, the wind  
came through the car window like church whispers.

On a bicycle, a man passed us singing, then silence.  
I asked, who speaks for the Mute God here — hawk,  
wind, fox or man? Where is the high and guiding drum-fire?

The ravaged beauty of the cities, asks for you  
to speak, in the clusters of silent sorrow, the prayers.  
In the face of a gray frieze a kestrel builds its nest alone.

The carillons ring, a frail wail rises over the cultured trees,  
the mountains below, the curve in space, one of many,  
the wave form of voices within voices, the sound and the hearing.

C.D. Xiang

# Theoretical Imagination

Future is just an imagination  
Growing in its expectation  
But sometimes it diminish like a bubble  
And there's no body could handle

Reality is literally a thinking  
With bitterly choices making  
But sometimes it brings you delight  
Falling flowers it's just like

Past is just a lie  
In forgetting it slowly die  
But sometimes it becomes a devil  
Like a skeleton always around you

Love is just alone  
Two fleshs are just upon  
With souls meandering around  
For its freedom ground  
But sometimes it bursts out its desire  
Like a thirsty traveler needs his pear

Poetry is just a rubbish  
Full of thoughts' garbage  
It gives off terrible smell  
But sometimes in lost you can't tell  
It deprives your spirit like poison  
And can't breathe without oxygen

And life is just life  
Always a passenger in time  
Like a man from young to old  
Feel he's lost too much gold

C.D. Xiang

## Think(Humorous)

The creases on my forehead deepened as  
I furrowed my eyebrows and frowned.  
I stared intently at the question  
More precisely, about the question of crowned.

I was puzzled for  
The question was-What is the meaning  
Of crown? Is it cleaning,  
Learning  
Weaning?

I slapped my head  
I am literally dull  
And brainless!  
I felt like chopping my skull!

C.D. Xiang

# Thou Made Me Believe

I am stuck on the words Eternal Flame.  
It tears away everything else.  
You are truly a poet, my love.  
Your words tear away everything else.

'What Is There,  
To Believe In During Life,  
Nothing Lasts,  
Aside From Strife,  
Life May Perish,  
Life May End,  
Our Soul We May Give,  
Our Soul We May Spend,  
But Our Love,  
That Eternal Flame,  
Will Never Dim,  
Will Never Change,  
It Will Forever Last,  
When All Other Lights Leave,  
For You Light My Life,  
You Make Me Believe.'

C.D. Xiang



# To Entreat For Help.

I hanker  
for you  
to help me  
find  
this  
tear  
being lost  
in  
that ocean  
near that  
bridge the  
one he last, I  
cried when  
we donned  
up for the  
band and looked  
like  
condescending winners  
the night he  
sang to me  
held me  
close and his  
warm breath  
low in my ear  
was a newly wrapped  
box of chocolates  
and we were ten again  
I want  
the tear  
back that drifted  
down his face  
onto  
my lips onto  
his  
finger the first one  
that plashed into the  
bay  
followed by  
the others and the

kisses and the  
rainstorm it was the  
loveliest rainstorm  
and we were the only  
ones who kept on  
kept on dancing  
we were the only  
ones years later we  
danced when he came  
home after a long  
day  
excited exhausted  
and i couldn't remember  
my name (except that  
it ended with his)  
but i could remember  
still how his mom  
was so groggy in the recovery  
room and how her eyes  
looked into mine  
from a space  
called forever  
I'd never seen eyes like hers  
before  
and he looks at  
me listens to me he's been  
listening all day making  
music all his life  
laughter and warm kisses all ours  
he still takes the time to hold  
my hand and laugh and boss me  
around i ask him, too if  
he forgets it  
was the tear  
that preceded  
the roar when he lost  
his mother  
the tear that preceded the  
fire  
my tightened chest  
which couldn't hold any more  
emotion or air

so tight from all the  
living loving I want to  
find that tear it  
sparkled like a  
diamond his  
love our life.

C.D. Xiang

## Too Much

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.-Great God! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

C.D. Xiang

# Travelling

You had your baggage ready  
reminiscent of your school days  
but tenfold heavier than that  
it shall never arise  
the problem of your affluence  
as your jubilant steps touch upon the soft  
and comfortable ground, much like a regal luxury  
you recall your laws learned in that big book  
of physics, of aerodynamics, that imbued the plane  
installed with seats so exquisite and delicate  
that of yore you will never know  
when you will consummate your hankering

Hours pass by

in the technical and complex bird  
unswayed by air resistance  
by its tremendous thrust

Time passes

you saw white cottons intact  
with a majesty of pristine beauty  
where deities revel in

Up above

you realize  
that life is fleeting  
but the universe remains to stay  
unfathomable by the dwellers below  
in that godforsaken chaos.

C.D. Xiang

# Twilight-A New Day

Spread my wings  
and fly away

Shed a tear  
and hide away

Close my eyes  
and dream a new day

On my knees  
begging you to stay

If I could breathe  
I'd run away

Never a word  
I can say

Spread thy wings  
and carry me away

Together we will enter  
a brand new day

Thee always know  
the words to say

From this world  
you'll hide me away

I know in your arms  
forever I'll stay.

C.D. Xiang

## Two Sentimental Perspectives

1.

Now the confines of time,  
Demise twirled life like balls of twine  
In that moment of darkness fine  
Demise sipped the liquor of sweet wine.

2.

Insomach as the escapism is relishing,  
I shall not relish this momentum,  
This singularity  
Cast me adrift.  
The moment of momentum,  
Cast me  
To drink  
A wine  
Yonder.

C.D. Xiang

# Untutored, The Limpid

Perpetuating the vanity,  
So raise with an ovation!  
Let people glorify thou  
With a lucubration!

Neither thou nor me,  
Can be proverbial,  
But with this scope  
I instigate you to applaud.

So puckering my visage  
I felt astonished.  
Sun and Moon eschew  
The stupendous time.

C.D. Xiang



# Visualization Beforehand

Perceiving, wherefore garners the remedy,  
Beforehand, visualization of comedy,  
Inward feelings metamorphosed into private feelings,  
Visceral evocativeness, nifty visualization induce to no minds reeling.

C.D. Xiang

# Whence Dust Buries!

They are now the forgotten,  
treated no better than children,  
watching with sad eyes  
and wondering how this happened.

There was a time  
when they were regarded  
as sages; the wise men  
and wise women.

Once they were listened to;  
treated with respect  
and dignity, for their experience  
and commendable years.

What has come of those days?  
When now they are ignored;  
laughed at; humored.

An age that regards itself  
as civilized; far advanced,  
walked over; steps on;  
brushed aside a generation.

A generation once heeded,  
now wheedled away, over the years  
they have become what we made  
them; expected of them.

A pest; a nuisance;  
infants in diapers;  
invalids needing to be  
waited upon.

Former leaders of men,  
speakers of truth,  
and holders of wisdom.

This is what they have

been reduced to,  
the forgotten ones  
watching with sad eyes.

C.D. Xiang

## Winter's Loving

Winter's breath tingling through my hair  
felt upon the flesh as it stirs the air  
ghostly caresses emerge from the fog  
tantalizing touch quivers down my spine  
bedded down upon the once virgin snow  
icy fingers stroke with a chilled tongue kiss  
sending forth ripples of shivering  
which vibrates right through the very bone  
frozen to the core, left quaking inside  
yearning not for warmth, craving only for  
my lovers cold touch, as winter takes me  
cloaked deep within his invisible mist  
together we ascend into darkness  
until he is again stolen away.

C.D. Xiang

# Woe

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into our world, and all our woe.

C.D. Xiang

# Woe, To The Ineffable Catalyst.

I peruse the tome,  
The hackneyed lethargy I exudes  
Is irrevocable.

I repose, solitary,  
But the mirths keep me awake.

Ergo I get up,  
Being melancholy,  
And pour a cup of water,  
Thereafter slurping it.  
But being lone,  
I could not relish the putative taste.

I feel indisposed,  
But those mirths is eternal,  
Those tormentors,  
Is full of hatred.

This is ineffable,  
And I retrace my steps  
To the catalyst.

C.D. Xiang

# Wronged

Acute ties  
Despicable lies  
All believed from angel eyes

Veracity mistaken  
Heart misplacement  
Hear the world's worst understatement

Sheltered feelings  
Partially appealing  
Out of mind to start the healing

Ceaseless cries  
From blatant lies  
For all of this, I begrudge apologies.

C.D. Xiang

## Years 2008 And 2009

O, alas, 2009 ensued,  
I smoulder the hatred,  
I had taken umbrage,  
The contemptuous 2008, the impending 2009.

I entreat thee, year 2009,  
Be within earshot, for I hanker for preaching,  
And preaching till thee can have an ardour of humanity,  
To love humanity, and to annihilate recalcitrant sinners.

I behold at the azure skies,  
How picturesque, sensual, voluptuous, I conceived  
As the zephyr transpires,  
As the peceable moment, solely for that moment.

Hankerings for liberalisation,  
For liberty,  
For levity,  
For glee.  
Ultimately, it is for one and all,  
Reciprocity, as it is embedded in us,  
Rendering aid, as it is the panacea of depression.

C.D. Xiang