

Poetry Series

Cui Gya
- poems -

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Cui Gya(28/dec)

A woman who lives in a peninsula city surrounded by blue. She loves to write poetry, she is a designer. So she has a natural affinity for beauty and creating beautiful things.

An independent designer who runs her own studio GYA-creation, a guest lecturer at Dalian Nationalities University, a member of the Dalian Writers Association

An outstanding literary creator who can write in English and translate in French-Sino

The Melting Permafrost

It melted and melted
The permafrost that should not be soft
Wakes up like a zombie
Siberia's secret is being revealed

First the year-round white carpet
It becomes colorful
Then the houses of the Arctic circle
They become collapsed dwellings
And the polar bears
Before they have time to wait for the seasons to turn
Foods is to be scarce and their lives is to be spent
Even our distant relatives, neanderthal
The lion they hide in their dens
Is news to the flexible world
A frozen corpse with its fur still intact

Ice Age strains and dust
It is quietly swallowing all
About modern extravagance and arrogance
In a time when we have not yet awakened
The flowing poison has come

Cui Gya

Geo-Resentment

The thought of Pamir
It seemed like a glimpse into the tears of history
A piece of begonia
Was melted into a rooster

From then on that place called 'Bu-Zhou Mountain'
Is the distance outside the border
From then on ancestors of the Xinjiang people
They were born in a foreign country

Because of the one or two papers' contract
The land was divided up
So a contraction
The shrinking map is left with residual resentment

Hating lingered Qing Dynasty
Complaining about the weakness of the troops in the Western Regions
Blaming Gods for not loving China
Blaming the earth for not connecting the green mountains

The resentment of overturning the plateau
It must not withstand
The geographical temper of The Times

Cui Gya

Riding Elephant Experience

Eight years ago I had an experience
Riding an old Thai elephant
It was very tired
Before loading me
It had carried many people without stopping
It was senile
The skin color on the back was not uniform
And worn out repeatedly
It waded slowly through the mud puddle
Under the burning sun
Holding back to the driver's long whip
Add my weight
Hot miasma
That smoked out its old tears and eye shit
There 's someone who would to take out the camera
To photograph me
I refused
So it wouldn't emerge a kind of awkward picture
On which there were the joyful lady with the depressed elephant
I gently stroked it as I said goodbye
I felt that clearly
It was sweating out
I put back a few tears
Then I Swore
Never ride any elephants again

Cui Gya

Seeking A Living

Once outside the second tier cities
The word 'economy' has to keep up with the benefits
Only in this way can the ripples of life appear
And the essence of life
So like this
Manpower is cheaper than horse power
Coolies are more popular than skillful ones
Even if the road is easy
A man also needs to carry a lot of weight
Copying
Is not a standard print paper
Copying
It is a universal intergenerational life
Unless
Going far away
Unless
Climbing up the ladder of making a living
Going into economic freedom

Cui Gya

No More Falcon

Many places

Are like where I was born

There is no more falcon flying alone

There is no more horses racing

The space of Khitay and Jurchen passive exit

It's no longer grassland, no longer pasture

It's a city full of buildings

History has long been refreshed

There is no more falcon on Yale's shoulders

There is no strong horse under wanggiya's hips

Even the Khitay ode they wrote

For the Tang Dynasty

They also become difficult books for future generations to understand

Who ever thought

Their ancestors

Who used to depend on and worship falcons

Their ancestors

Who witnessed and practiced agile movements

Cui Gya

Pause Key

Dear

I smell a kind of new brand year
It's the kind of smell that you are looking forward
To the end of the new year

I don't think

This is the psychological Moore's law
It is a virtual reunion
That is felt during the festival of staying put

So fast, so fast

The express delivery of spring festival goods
Ordered by family and for family came into the door
Intimate thoughts
It is no longer the same as before
More convenient, more convenient
We have a video connection
There is voice, face and expression
It's faster than New Year's greetings in physics

Once you and those Spring-Festival transportation
This year
The pause button has been pressed

Cui Gya

The Softness Of Spring

The northern hemisphere's warmth
Start melting the glacier
After St. Valentine's day

Look
How soft the running water is
How pink and tender the peach blossom is
What a hippie style of mandarin duck!

Spring and spring's beauty
Are easy to love

Only your softness
It can be dripped into drizzle and long feelings
Sneaking into my heart
The seeds of life
Be awakened one by one
They break through membrane barrier
In this restless spring
Try to experience
The pulse of life warmer than warmth

Cui Gya

How To Spend The Epidemic Year

Because of the epidemic
Today of last year
I gasped for breath with the international aviation seal
Scrambling for time to enter
As soon as the plane climbed from Kuala Lumpur
My uneasiness sank
Successful landing then self isolation
Waiting for ice to melt, waiting for dispersed epidemic
Waiting for flowers to bloom and grass to grow
I often waited breath holding and sigh
Holding my breath for stagnation
Sighing for impermanence
It's been a year of fighting covid19
It enhanced mental endurance
I want to split them into
My own immunity

Cui Gya

The Encounter Of Muse

After the summer rain
The salty and humid air was brewing
An encounter
Once I looked up
And found a pair of blue pupil
Like the torrent of Aegean Sea
Meeting in a narrow place
Since then, you have been chasing the moon for thousands of miles
Wine in cloud-seeing each other
Double wine in mind
You call this kind
My Muse
This Muse dare not grow old
Seeing the years from afar enjoying good time

Cui Gya

Think Of Durant's Fallen Leaves

You're tired of life
Then you want to escape
But you forget that
Wild waves are not in the sheltered bay
Strong wind blows the flighty clouds

Only after the ears of wheat bow
fallen leaves
Will willingly return to
The earth
It's like the ultimate destination of every single life

Winter thinks of autumn
It's because of the earth
It contains epic beauty
The fallen leaves of Durant
Falling into your soul

Suddenly tears fly
Flying to the world where there is no boredom

Cui Gya

Last Year And This Year

It seems to have been winter all the time last year
I was frostbitten by a snowstorm
It was not the north that's cold
It was where there's resentment
There I was
In a daze
Waiting for the breeze of dawn
And snowmelt on sunny days

There are no seasons in the world this year
All the covid information are full of ears
I want to feel some good news
They're all involution
I'm here
Indifferent
Looking at the power of life
Rebirth in spring

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Fragrance Master

You don't have to cross the ocean to find
She's right beside you and me
There's no need to test her olfactory organs
She measures human sensitivity
By the rotation of the seasons
Press conference in late autumn
She spread the fragrance of orange from the South and chrysanthemum from the
North
Chinese prickly ash of the family Rutaceae is decorated in Southwest China
This flavorer is not simple
She doesn't need to be liked by network flow
Nor does she try to test your sniffing
She may be Dionysus
Who uses a glass of red wine
To interpret the smell of tobacco or even leather
He may be Peng-zu
Who turns the pheasant into a pheasant soup
Autumn fragrance
It's not just a woman's name
It's the cosmic intention of this natural genius

Cui Gya

Naked Winter And Stored Liquor

With the coming of the bare season of deciduous plants
Smoke from the ground
All called by the wind
To gathered into a dense cloud
Birds that have not moved south hold their breath
Flying through the gray space
To distinguish the colored fruits and grains
The fruits that have not been stolen
Are collected by the craftsmen of life
They make extraction after fermentation
Making value evolve into another dimension
How many degrees of alcohol
Can get through your two pulse Ren-du?
What kind of flavor
Can give endless enjoyment to you?
Neither a bird nor a bear
The switch between naked and hidden states
It's suitable for both
The flow of the heart makes itself happy

Cui Gya

North And South Autumn In Hu- Huanyong's Line

South Guizhou after cold dew
White trees will face the wind
Reeds flutter
Rocking into Xijiang River on a moonless night
Dazzling and bright
Miao women's silver ornaments and their village lights
Even if there is a millennium of uneasiness
It turns into dew
Settle, camp

Northeast after frost
Falling leaves will fly
High sky and autumn water
Water is moving towards a cold form
Hard as a knife
The bearing of the aspiring youth is sonorous
Withering of the night
It's going to make it through
Anticipated spring ,warmness

Cui Gya

Green Wave Castration

Once green wave
All ran to the golden season
In order to become bypass flow

Those that flow to the yellow system
In the waltz after the wind
They thank the curtain

Those that flow to the red system
Waiting for themselves with the virtue of patience
Become more mature
And more dazzling

Fire in your eyes
It's burning in the blue sky
Without any smoke
There is only the fragrance of plants
And the scent of desolation

In such season
Please don't mistake castration as death

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Walking The Dog On A Full Moon Night

The puppy in mid autumn
Will be a little upset
It's going to be a little uneasy
In order to leave their own secretion
It's particularly excited about a neck rope
It's a conditioned reflex of being pulled out by the owner
Just touching the ground or the foot of the wall
Its limbs are acrobatically transformed into two legged Zen
It sniffs around without raising its head
Every tire is a potential crime scene
But it never stole the moon
Even the rabbit on the full moon night
Will become a God
There's nothing to envy
There's no sixpence on the ground
It continues to reliably
Release of nitrogen fertilizer

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Poor - Remote Township

Through the lonely highway
Arriving at the end of city body
Where hot money has never flowed since ancient times
It's always sparsely populated
Most of restaurants are empty
Characteristic Tourism thoughts in previous years
Giving birth to an antique street
The ancients are gone, the old customs are gone
Grey walls are new
Looking at it, same color with some decadence
Front shop back house and yard
Bare ground
Lying garbage
They have never been classified
Even sulfur dioxide is left here by the air
Shops on the street
Few hosts
Prominent wrinkles
A word talking
The teeth rusted by years
They expose a lifetime of embarrassment
And the dilemma of one place

Cui Gya

The Charm Of Autumn

Season decorated with fruits
It's plump
The ovary of a peanut expands quietly
The cream of female crab grows fat gradually
The baby silkworms needs fattening up
The backtracking of life
Just one seed or egg
They met love
Unlocked the broken wall code
Desire to get fission and, desire to grow
Where to go
Towards a golden season
In a sturdylook
Promoting protein to mature being
That is the charm of autumn

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Autumn Wind Painting

It just comes gently to the face
The sweat on the tip of the nose is gone
It only slightly raise
The silk scarf on the neck flies
The sky is washed by its flow
The sorghum is humble by its blowing
My Havana slippers
Enter their vacation
Your old vines grape
Start picking season
The length of time
It was carved into a color plate
Facing the sky
It's complementary colours of the earth
Fallen leaves
Light yellow, medium yellow, golden and orange
They were dyed into a painting blanket
By the gusts of autumn wind

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

August Requiem

The shrilling of cicadas in August
Ups and downs into a non-stop movement
It's closer
Than the stars in the night sky
Like every leaf
Within reach
Oxygen
My mind wanders in it
Enjoying as seaweed
The sea at night
Regardless of its fluctuation
Whether or not it has a unique rhythm
As long as the heart is quiet
You can tell
Every rest in this symphony
Even all the darkness
With half tone and cool
Love becomes a requiem
It gradually entered the dream

Cui Gya

The Image Of June

Before you know it, you're surrounded by green
Valley after rain
Actinomyces touch the nasal cavity lightly
Playing the fragrance of soil
The atmosphere in June
Showed three signs
Warm wind turns rocky mound into green hill
The crickets are close to the courtyard
Hawks and falcons are more ferocious in high space of the sky
The spirit between heaven and earth will become gentle and similar
Butterflies dress up as flowers
Making petals hover in the air

Cui Gya

The Value Of Heavenly Questions

You were like a one Horned Dragon
Different from the nobles
They inherited the orthodoxy
Unwilling to raise questions to superiors
But you used philosophy
To open the debate of chaos
You questioned the legitimacy of admiration
You questioned the rationality of extravagance of the mad monarch
You questioned the despicable nature of Royal incest
You even queried the reliability of legends
You asked the sky, and you asked the earth
You were the unique question mark of that era
You were the last noble in the early Qin Dynasty
It's a pity to be hurt by black and turbid
So you had to be angry
Sinking with the surging river
Thousand years of water
I wonder if
It cleared away the bitterness you have suffered?

Cui Gya

The Myriads Of Changes In The Sea

I've visited many kinds of seas these years

Color of sea water

Northern latitudes prefer low brightness to equatorial waters

From deep to shallow

There are seals and dolphins chasing the waves

Both sides of one country

Different temperament between Andaman Sea and Thailand Bay

Tides in a thousand-island country

They drive waves of different surges in the sea and strait

The horizon

It conducts different color temperature of east and west Coast

I'm sure all salt I met

They all have different natural attitudes

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Going Back Again

An invisible force
Makes time go back
However people are lost
Their smiles meet Medusa
Their minds are full of bubbles.
That sunny girl is not here
That sonorous guy is silent now
We became Stockholm syndrome
We only see in front of the door
Several stalls
Are like the 1980s

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

My Mother Is Not Just A Woman

The woman who is more and more dozing
Is my mother
The old woman who is walking harder and harder
Is my mother
T The senior cook who cooks worse and worse
Is my mother
But she never felt that she lacked luster
Even if the wrinkles climb up to her face
Her singing
Smashed the difficulties of the years
Her enthusiasm
Resisted the injustice of fate
Her blood
Flow with self-restraint and strength
So she doesn't like to label women
With derogatory words
Between ease and care
She chooses the former

Cui Gya

The Awakening Of The Sun

This morning the sun
Broke into the gap of the curtain
It wakes my dream
And warms my face
I didn't book any wake-up service of its
As usual
It's always the first God to stop dreaming
But it's not loud and colorful
I don't know
Those who are not good at dreaming
Awakened by which one?
I just know
When they're awake
They were asked to dream
Do you dream of the sun
It sends Boston dogs
The dog replaces your single labor force
with an indefatigable horse power?
You said you were the spire of the planet
Congratulations on your overestimation
The sun is waiting for you
To hold a press conference

Cui Gya

The Dough Of Memory

Flowing reality
Always push me to speed up all kinds of steps
Like Chaplin in a suit
Rolling out the dough of time mechanically
Until 2020
I can't roll it It's really soft
But it's like a lost Dali
Who is fixed in the dimension of time
I didn't see any olive tree
But I hear the sudden end of countless lives
And the stagnation beyond geography
Memory
It would rather go through a unique tunnel
Waiting for an old boarding pass
Those years
Time was soft
Chicken-rice and beef- noodles of airplane meal
Inserted my memory through the nasal cavity
That flying lady
During the days of isolation at home
Keep cooking at the same time

Cui Gya

My Goddess

She's not on the mountain top
Or in the temple
She's more than a woman in three dimensions
She's more innocent than suspicion
She's always in my heart
Her idea is more beautiful than her face
Her wisdom is more enhanced than her breast
Please don't forget her
She doesn't need that kind of magnetic field
If her eyes has light
She will look far away
There she is
The sky of mind is cloudless
There she is
The sea of thoughts is surging
She is an abstraction from concrete
She's an icon out of carbon based

Cui Gya

Promising Coconut

When the wind is drunk

It will blow off a coconut with a heart full of liquid

Paaa! A free falling ball

Not willing to be broken in place

It contains the perfection of a cavity

Waiting for people who understand the mystery of nature

He sucked up its sweet juice

Then take the flesh for making it into shredded coconut

The remaining rough skin

Be broken into fine fiber and soil

The seed that cover this layer of coconut fiber quilt

There will be a strong spring

Cui Gya

Tree Burial

I don't like to visit tomb on Tomb Sweeping Day
The places where relatives are buried are very cramped
No more tree space left there
But there are so many open spaces in the world
Originally
Why didn't they go there?
It's said that the king of hell didn't approve
Who wanted you to wait in line for empty cave
If you wait for a sad tree
It gradually thickened with phosphate fertilizer
New green every year
You will see
Another way to settle down
And live forever

Cui Gya

Transplant A Pot Of Rosemary

In my room, I have a Mediterranean
Which is the round printed blanket on the ground
There is still short of a dream plant
It likes to face the sea
No need for flowers
Linear leaves
Keeping soft posture
Spreading fragrance freely
Let it stay away from the original ecology
So I don't have to be like those people
Look for the appreciative estate carrying a well on their backs
Then wait for the earthly Rosmarinus
To define which kind of rosemary is the most popular spice

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

The White You Want

You like skin white as fat
Especially the face.
Is almost a piece of white paper
It hasn't been exposed to a few rays of sunshine
The ultimate beauty of women's skin care in advertisements
Such a face
Needs to be coated with a daily dose facial cleanser
Needs a dozen moisturizing mask per month
Such a face
Every wrinkle is a wake-up call
Every dark spot is full of sorrow
For white
Beauty as they define it
How many milligrams of titanium oxide are you separated from nature
How many free years have you bid farewell to summer sky
Even the sun can't find any gap to see you
You are white that's short of iron
You are pitiful and innocent
Because what you want is all white

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

No Corrupt Cloud In The Sky

Different clouds share the same sky
Whether you see it or not
They are all clean smoke
Only the earth produces miasma and smoke
There are only two styles of cloud that are sparse and dense
Leading to a blue sky, a rain outpost
No matter what kind of switch
It's all high
And its flowing is valuable
Quietly flowing through fields and wastelands
Gently flowing through cities and oceans
It will not colonize any sky
Above the universe
It's all there
It likes to be with the wind
By the wind
Giving you a sunny day
All kinds of corruption on the ground and underground
It has nothing to do with it

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Side View Of Special Time

This time I'm not standing on the bridge to see any scenery
You don't have to look anything at the window
I shut myself in my room
To conform to the rules of the world
Everything seems to be stagnant
Silent me
I can empathize with emotional waves outside
Many moments, excitement takes over flexibility
Many days, fear crushes fearlessness
Many nights, anxiety replaces worry free
Colors are no longer bright
Wind and moon no longer flow
Only a few introspection circulate continuously
Humor must come from self discovery
Food must come from one's own stove
Paying for the depression after the Carnival
When we get through the gloom
Time will be fresh again

Cui Gya

Thanks For Farming Civilization

When the sun reaches 330 degrees in longitude
I want to solemnly worship
The farming civilization of the past
And all the creatures
Though they all end up in dust
Salute the first person to develop grain production
He raised his home with experience
Paying tribute to the first group of white friars
They pioneered and nourished mankind with the fruit of industry
From then on, there is surplus grain in barns
From then on, there is fine wine in cellars
My well-off life benefits from your efforts
This kind of bow shadow
Must understand the earth
Must love the soil
No matter where it is
Chinese traditional calendar in the East
About equaled to the edition of lunar calendar in the West
We were grateful to heaven and earth before BC
When we all had the appearance of sage

Cui Gya

Night Talk In Kuala Lumpur

After I left the border

The media has been rummaging a main course

Restricting whole people's flow for fighting the epidemic

Blockade Wuhan City, military control Tianjin

Overseas customs in this year

Also weird

You need to fill out a form to enter any country

Confirming not to pass through Wuhan

Even near the equator

They are also worried about the droplets from Wuhan

Crossing border infection

In these foreign countries

I haven't spoken for days

But this driver is talkative in Kuala Lumpur

He talked about many kinds of Chinese he met

They are difficult to communicate

They dress up as local tyrants

He talked about coronavirus disease

Heaven punishes for some living beings

I put away the high-profile echo

Agreeing with him in silence

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Meditation For Peace

The beginning of 2020
Makes everyone stunned
White pigeons are not circling in Iraq
UAVs collect birds eye view through satellite navigation
Then detonating bombs after precise positioning
Unconventional assassination
That provokes resistance and vibration
The whirlpool of vibration is like a black magnet
That attracting craziness
Time goes back before World War II
The war script seems to have been designed again
To saving the global population and economy on the brink of collapse
Please don't get involved in this play
Stay where you are
Being quiet please
The more chaos outside
The more peaceful you are
It's not a simple balancing act
Just because
If you can't see whose olive branch
You'd better think of a couple of Eurasian couples
"Make Love, Not War"
Present love
Needs us meditate for peace

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

The Internal Password Of Yellow Curry

If a rainy season

I advise you to have some curry

Please don't be surprised

The north is different from Indochina.

Yellow curry is a kind of must food hobby

Coriander, turmeric, citronella and fennel seeds

Spices? Herbal medicine?

Both are

If it wasn't for the human body to be exposed to cold and dampness

It's not necessary to warm the spleen and stomach

Especially in wet rainy season

It's very meaningful to promote Qi and Blood circulation in the body

Your connection with the outside world

Due to nature

Every one of you

They are all independent natural beings

From grass to herbs

From spices to medicated meals

Not limited to the taste buds

Combination diet in time

It's the internal password of yellow curry

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

The Snowline Of Himalayas

Lu You's poem of yesterday had gone
Flying snow into spring becomes a lonely poem note
Today's happiness is not in singing plum blossom
And those avalanche desires
Linger on and off the snow line
The southern slope of Himalayas can be marked
Helicopter assisted climbing can save effort
Excellent equipment can withstand snowstorm
If we can surpass this kind of white
You' will get mental morphine and pride
Residual pollution
Just leave it under the snow or below the snow line
Nothing is higher than the desire of conquer
It's higher than Everest
The snow line is also forced to rise
The rest of the mountain is naked
Carrying pollution

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Spring Without Stiffness

In a parallel world
A reindeer sniffs lichens in the snow
I'm looking forward to green in winter
Spring can be seen
In any green leaf
Those furry shoots will soon come out of the ground
Magnolia, peach and cherry will get into bloom
Waiting until more green emerge
It's the time when freedom drives away rigidity
When the breeze will tickle your hair
Everything will be soft
Because of spring
It doesn't like Medusa
Because of spring
It doesn't need to be rigid
Look
Seaweed is swimming
Spring insects are Crawling
Wild geese fly freely to the North

Cui Gya

The Season Of Tu-Nan

Staying in the north-temperate region

By the sea

I see

That dark blue and white matches best

Ice crystals fall on the robes of the long night

The spray attacked by the cold then solidified into a static state

Light snow makes thicklove to the earth

Hot blooded me, I think of Tunan

There is no PengBird in the South

But it's a place where you can keep your respiratory tract from getting cold

If I can fly

I dare to live in the spring with blossom

No need to communicate with the long night

Everything below zero

Why should they be calm and restrained?

Season knows the answer

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

The Distant Place Of Little Ice Age

I don't have thought to chase
Fat fish under frozen Chagan Lake
And fearless cold ducks in the Yalu River
Little ice age is coming
Because of the fear of cold
So I want to chase the sun
I especially like to smell it through the media
Green grass after rain
Clothes after drying
Hating
A place out of sunlight
There's always a smell of mold
If the distant place is foreseeable
It must be close to the sun
Then
There will be light in the heart with colour
Being unafraid of
Any debut of little ice age

Cui Gya

Migratory Birds As Me

I've been a migratory bird for years
When the ice covers the earth
The compass of the heart
Is anchored to the tropics
I can't help cone cells' desire for green
I can't help brain circuits' hope for the emerald colored sea
Within 18 degrees north latitude
Heaven and earth are drunk in the dry season with more oxygen
The buffalo is under the bungalow
Wandering
Blackbirds fly from Singapore bay to Malacca in one breath
Frangipani is in full bloom with enthusiasm
Sakyamuni's temple
In golden light
If you don't talk to the night sky
The Imam's prayer will come from the wild sky
Once by the pond
Meeting a gecko singing
Quack-pa, quack-pa
It's complimenting me in Filipino

Cui Gya

The Love Of Honeysuckle

If you want to love
You can't for the purpose of fighting loneliness
To love a relationship
You can become a kind of honeysuckle of the season if necessary
When it first sees the world, it blooms white
When the world sees it again, it is tender and mature
Drought tolerance, shade tolerance, spring and autumn tolerance
It can clear the heat of desire
It can neutralize the poison of thinking much
Honeysuckle's love
Couldn't make you stick to each other
Couldn't disperse the fragrance for attracting butterflies
Its lingering is to see through the color change of heaven and earth
Its love is the material change to save the world
Selfish and habitual being loved
Is not its ultimate goal
Because
It's not human

Cui Gya

Reliable Wind

Please believe in the wind

It's also reliable.

Places with distinctive seasons

Regular pattern and character of wind are different there

Spring is like jumping fish

Autumn is like boisterous horse

All physical beings

Is what the wind would communicate with

Romantic people will turn time into life scenery

Wind chasers used to turn thunderclouds into electricity

Borrow- wind man takes advantage of the wind to have a reserve

But me

I don't care whether the wind is slow or urgent

I don't want to be controlled by the wind

I just want to understand the custom of different wind

My relationship with wind

Is depending on reliable thing

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Cui Gya

Loneliness Is Expensive

A strong pine tree soars into the clouds
That's Vincent's Starring Night
All the splendor
Is hidden behind the trees
It's a high loneliness that time

Loneliness that you say is nothing
It's just the devil of your heart
The world abounds in motley crew
In their Utopia
Not lonely with the body
Although the price of pork has gone up

If you've ever experienced it
Like Marquez does
You will understand it
All respected souls
All dignified solitude
Is expensive.

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Cui Gya

Light Offshore Island

An offshore island in the Pacific Ocean
Is drifting towards us
This is not a dream
But reality.

It's huge
Satellite imaging
Shows it looks like a country
Where there is still growing
Proliferation unlimited

Such an island
No one declares sovereignty
It's light
Light enough to float with currents
There's no need for Columbus to discover
Such new world of garbage aggregation
You don't go there and it's coming here

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Cui Gya

Impression Of Landing

The fall of an apple
Not only enlightened Newton
It also inspired many people's feelings
You once lamented that the sunset had dyed autumn trees
I was surprised at the golden melody
He has examined the air of Yi Jing
Similar cases are numerous
All due to subsidence
The season of fruits and leaves falling
Maybe it's not gravity's wishful thinking.
Otherwise, all things need to be back the earth
For reproducing after living

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Ai Knows You More

I always believe that annualrings will become the disc of life
Key information needs to be input every year
Need no waitting for half a hundred years
You can use the function algorithm
To measure your energy personality
One day
AI pops up an exclusive temperament chart
Where there is what you think and act every hour of the day
It's all about tracking and summarizing cloud computing.
I was shocked into a series of exclamation mark
Big Brother of 1984 is right in front of us

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Cui Gya

Alchemy Of The 21st Century

This ancient profession
Reappears in Hermeticism
In the 21st century, it embraces information entropy.
With new transcendence and possibilities
It surpasses the human expectation of immortality
It goes beyond the chemical purification of base metals
People no longer panhandle gold
Or dig holes in barren hills
Just from God's perspective
Location of copper rich reservoir area by spectroscopy
Then adjusting the shallow crust to a high temperature of 5000 degrees
Cracking
Nature follows your customized periodic table of elements
Fission transformation and upgrading
As a result, gold without impurities is produced.

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Memory Of Beautiful Hair

Thousands of my hair
Are never far from you
Thousands of miles apart
It's full of your taste
The smell of the morning is stronger than that of the night
It's strong for a long time
Then become a coffee-coloured memory
Black horse tail that time
Brown beautiful hair this time
Growing longer after being cut
Long hair still looks youth appearance
It touched your arm.
It had stained your breath.
It pulled away every thread of trouble of the years.
But it can't forget
One unique you

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

White Paper 2020 Written To Myself

I want to write a white paper.

To My 2020

I hope it doesn't look like this year

A disgrace makes a person nostalgic

No matter how good yesterday is, it will never come again.

Man has to go forward.

Looking forward to have a fast-forward key

One Enter is the coming year.

It's untitled with white cover

If you unfold it gently

On the title page there is a middle-aged girl who has flowery smile

Lights in her eyes and ideas in her mind

Between the lines of content

It's not procedural publicity.

It's some smart thinking and dreams.

This dream has nothing to do with shortcuts

It's only about the fruits of wisdom's practice.

Continue backward

These are colorful pictures.

Clear, not vulgar, well designed

Avoiding all kinds of tofu-cubes style

A picture here is worth a thousand words.

The future

Really doesn't need so much.

Fragments of language

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Dark Clouds Awaiting Wind

Black clouds gather overhead this year.
They are thick and indistinguishable between East and West
Deep clouds of doubt float
In the western sky
Thick-low clouds
Cover the eastern Sky
Tears of clouds
Look forward to the interflow of wind
Hope that will be accessible
Then dispel
Artificial dark clouds
It
Make people on the ground
With more hope for sunshine
Flowing clouds under the sun
Will bring a blue message
That's new happiness.

Cui Gya

Deformation Of Custard Apples

That year

I was lost on the lakeside of Tonlé Sap

Instant vision of floating house on water

Lacks the fishing song of sunset

A boat selling fruits

Floated in sight with custard apples

I peel the skin like jackfruit

Its pulp is sweet and fragrant

Centuries ago

Shakya Muni after perfume lavage

He must had seen it.

Then the inspiration of natural migration

Was bestowed on temples thousands of years later

That sense of entering the world

Those Angkor-Wat pagoda and buddha

Were manifested by this familiarity and awe

As transformation of custard apples'form and spirit.

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Traces Of The Moon

I used to be a full moon, too
Wearing a Chang'e-look dress
Under osmanthus fragrans, neglected
A passage of light music

With the joy of my heart
Looked at the moonlight in the water of the Huang-Pu River
With the gentle wind
Breathed spicy pepper along the Jia-ling River

Facing a cruise ship on the Pearl River
Listened to the legend of Thress Rams Bring Bliss
Looking up at the stars above Bei-chen Road
Identified the brightest star

I'm afraid of my rich synaesthesia.
Lost and lost
Then I lost to years
So borrow a dark blue shuttle
To weave weft

I lightly jump
To see my reflection in the Bo-hai Sea
Such as snow

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Cui Gya

Faceless Books

I was given two new books.
Then felt the book cover subconsciously
200g coated copperplate paper
One-size-fits-all edge
The book was quickly turned over by me
Except for the title of the book
I remember nothing

Lie down and sleep
In my dream, I perform a face-changing operation on the book
Tools, saws and accessories are complete
According to the procedure of French books
Thicken the spine
Separate the crimping angle
Add a bookmark belt and a semi-transparent page guard
Make the margin of the envelope four millimetres larger

After this operation
It can escape
Sleeping in the corner all time
Or get rid of the fate of selling by weight

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Cui Gya

The Ancient Underwater River Of Xiang-Shui Temple

The Buddha of Xiang-shui Temple
Sits steadily on a hidden river
Blessing all living beings
Throughout the ages
Keeping a secret
The sanskrit voice beside Yaoqin Cave
Is gushing water.
Clear water reflects the sky
Washes and moistens to infinity
It flows by the pool
To meet Laozi's insights
Swimming fish is free by this idea
Turtles are reborn for the idea of kindness
Draw a pair of lots
Best wishes for your future friendship with Shang-shan

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Long Chasing Of The Moon

It won't be long before the full moon
Turns into a monthly shortage
Whatever kind of moon you love
Ancient people know it better than you do
Mayans of the pre-classical age
Picture the moon in 13 cycles
The lunar calendar of Rome
French guys
Still follow the method of biodynamics
Even love there is different romance
Magical feeling is a kind of fate of the moon
Beauty is the jade plate
Waiting somebody under osmanthus fragrans
Needn't get linked with the old matchmaker
When a ray of moonlight appears
Missing turns into a full moon
Then illuminate eternal moon chasers

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Cui Gya

Flower Energy-Language

A world is in a flower
Every petal's edge
Is part of the Archimedes curve
See it
The Creator's mind
Is written on it
Flower energy varies with seasons
In summer, blossom in different colors for beauty
In winter, seeds fall into soil with convergence
Humanities is carried by flower language
Peony of the Central Kingdom
Implicates wealth and success
Golden lotus under the four-sided Buddha
Expresses holiness and dignity
Orchid of Singapore
Means excellence
Cornflower of Germany
Means a humble encounter
Rose of Britain is love
Pays tribute to Greek classics
Although everything is changing in the world
Each flower has its meaning
Only fragrance meaning remains

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

The Soul Of Teacher

The size of a classroom can be ignored
But there can't be no teacher
Teachers need not know everything.
But they can't instill all idea from the beginning
Keep talking about the old truth and old cases

If you have the spirit of spring and autumn in your soul
Please reserve a place for Greek civilization in your perception
If there is a demarcation line between liberal arts and Science in your mind
Please accept all into your study container
If your theory is well-versed
Please accept the test of practice.

Exporting culture is your duty
So you need to be liberal and elegant.
Wish you
Be connected the past with the future
Teach students in accordance with their aptitude
Light of your soul
perhaps
Is the combustion aid for another torch.

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Old Rattan-Root

Inhale a hint of fragrance
Then taste a little pungency of black pepper
You predict the wine is from an old rattan
The survivors or ancestors is indescribable
The weight of years depends on the rear of the tongue.
If it is superficial
There is no vertical thought
Deep thought is easy to touch underground
Secrets of time will be opened one by one
They can also cause phylloxera
Hope wise old rattans
To learn Kapok trees of Angkor Wat
Their roots bulge out of the ground
Transverse re-associating
Growing the appearance of roots on the ground
Grasping the sunshine
Climbing wantonly
Growing down to earth

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Sharing Is Better Than Possession

Initial sharing

Comes from an open source dynamic encyclopedia network

Then spiritual flight begins with experience

During that time, I had never heard of Out of Control

It has always been believed that the masses should play the role

Of the flow which is the strongest under the sky

Decentralization

On what basis?

Science and technology in the future of mankind

Unlike today's forest jungle?

All kinds of giants in history

They took a lot of energy

Then their lives were cursed by resources

Resources of this planet are limited

Survival and development

That promotes new ideas

Sharing is better than possession.

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Cui Gya

The Era Of We-Poetry

I'm glad
That my love for poetry began after 2000 A.D.
Homer's song is the first epic
Ancestors' poems of Qi-Lu disappeared without any trace
Only the classics of Tang poetry and Song Ci are immortal
Wine cups over the years
I salute Li Qing-zhao
Lamenting the loneliness and sadness of her
There was no group of We-poems that period
But this time, the tribal flow is heavy
No longer have to sing and shout to the river and sea
When the tide of thought springs up, there is no pen to write
There is no need to be together anymore
I'm here overseas
You're there in the country
Writing or reading a poem
It's not absurd
The era of We-poetry
Traces of flying will also remain for a long time.

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Cui Gya

Beer Blossoms

A large glass of beer blossoms firstly
White florets in foam layers
Don't rush to define the release of carbon dioxide
To see it's creeping and scattering.
It's also covering lightly.
Isolating the golden liquid from the outside
Too fast oxidation
Makes taste change
Have a first mouthfeel smoothly?
Then bitter and sweet with freshness
Instead of bland tasting
Dry heat does not interfere with taste buds
More hops blossom
More obvious the wheat flavor
Raw wheat cannot be replaced by other fake materials
Otherwise
Sour flowers are perishable
Leading to disorder of purine metabolism in vivo

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Cui Gya

Disaster Of Animal Extinction

The brain of grain burns much desire
Blue planet vanish some hope

That time maybe was called Wild Age
Dodos flied above the Indian Ocean
They often compared their wings and flying to helmeted hornbill of Malay.
The terror bird of New Zealand had not yet found human terror.
Australian hyena
Would rather to wander alone.
African sunshine Made quaggas' fur sleek
West beaver couldn't discern crops sprinkled with pesticides
Rhinos couldn't understand high prices of rhino horns

Later they could only die one by one
Because human needs were not the wild
Opening up and developing virgin soil
Waves of revolution
Was higher than front wave

To drown their intelligence.
To destroy their diversity.
Leading to the disaster of wild animals extinction

How did human beings change after a couple of revolutions?
They become desolate and anxious.
The environment of human is going to be collapsed.

Cui Gya

Thinking And Sighing About The Rush Of Time

If you will bow your head
You can find a slacker in a busy background
If you would look far
You can see old landmarks in traffic.
If you look up
You can perceive the permanent sunshine energy
It could have been like this all the time.
Years are quiet
But you can't make time just stay for you.
Because the sun also has its shadow
Days and nights pass by like a fleeting show
All life exists in the right circumstances
Giant baby can stop growing psychologically
But there is no complaint about aging.
Enjoy rapid change
That is not a kind of Stockholm syndrome
Since Moore's Law was discovered
Most of the world's people have given up the constant lingering

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Cui Gya

Hometown Is Blue

No matter where your hometown is
Its color is very important
If there were no Blue
There would be no uniformity of the sea-to-sky
If there were no Blue
There would be no the concerto of seagulls
Blue is like mutual tone of Yin and Yang
Not all music can be called "Blues";
Blue is like the glory of the planet.
Not every are of the earth is so beautiful.
Is surrounded by blue curves
It's a landmark for me to look back at my hometown
It's my soul's wandering anchor
It must be an endless view
It must be surging waves
It's essential to my heart
The blue of hometown gives birth to thousands of fantasies
The blue of hometown doesn't make you aged easily

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Cui Gya

Pandora Section Of History

In the era of theological hegemony
Copernicus' heliocentric theory is a challenge for Rome
The authority of the Holy See turned into darkness
Indiscriminate punishment was continuous
And personal victimization

In an age of sacred science
Colonial resources were drained by British productivity
European new nobles were extremely dissatisfied with the old ones.

Anger ignited two world wars

In the time of hot war
Many fruits of science were forced to be used for military choice firstly
Mutually destructive hostility prevented the masses from living
Elites were killed, culture was destroyed

Subsequent cold war
The East-West road become a graben
Which one was the peak of a powerful country
Which could be overthrown in an instant

History is a mirror
Who walks ahead
Who must be at risk like Pandora

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Cui Gya

On-The-Spot View Of Occupation

If I were a journalist

I'll go to explore communication psychology

In order to enhance on-the-spot reactivity

Never fabricate facts unconscientiously

If I were a scientist

I will stick to every experimental process

Reasoning after empirical evidence

Never speak lightly about the reasonableness of second-hand conclusions

If I were a doctor

I will compliance with medical procedures

As well as inspire patients with warmth. and encouragement

If I were a material producer

I 'll respect product quality

Never make consumers suffer losses

If I were a cultural producer

I'll accumulate steadily then express

Never make non-material without quality

Innovation and philosophy

Can't be unsustainable

Whatever job one does in his life

Ethics in which morality is integrated into profession

The field of quantum vibration

Needs to be proved with genuine talent and real practice

Cui Gya

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Cui Gya

Green Soul In The Sky

A lively soul

Would rather be back to Babylon

Where there were plant towers in hanging garden,
matched by arch doors

Men and Gods had been marvelled by that brilliant beauty

After AD, it disappeared with no ruin left

An old soul

misses its Maya God

Tropical rain forest, Amazon river

Transportation and the trade between obsidian and oriental
turquoise

Was instantly destroyed in one day

A green soul

Cruised on Dutch Indian ship

To witness travelling over continents to thrive and to live

Roofs of London wereturned ad mini Kensington's

New century, green fans are there following

A beautiful soul

Loves planting work upto the sky

Making high landscape by vertical stretch

Skyscrapers of Lion

City have painted the capital green

Constructing the future, when the color green coming

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Cui Gya

The Interaction Between Empathy And Tolerance

The human race begins to be afraid
That exponential progress of artificial intelligence
However our sense of superiority
Will be defeated step by step
Then we should be eliminated
What things of human nature is valuable
Before this day comes?
Emotion
As long as the biological nerves are not cut off kindness and love will be both
there
Through the dark
There is a line which has two ends
They are empathy and tolerance
They interact with each other in the same frequency
Affecting the concept of humanity
Making a hope of being born as a human being

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Cui Gya

High Wall Is Ineffective

There always have been walls made by people in human history
Even if the sandalwood wall of Solomon Temple was as strong as iron
It was still burned by Romans into a broken wall
No matter how high the wall of Troy was
In the end, it couldn't compete with the buried Trojan horse
The Great Wall, which was built in the Spring and Autumn period
No matter how long it was
It's still flattened into a great hometown without any distinction between inside
and outside
By Kublai's strong cavalry brigade
Even in the fall of the iron curtain
It willed not stop the flow of free will
So we saw the fall of the Berlin Wall
It just like a firewall that couldn't be separated from the virtual private network
Don't build walls for yourself in your lifetime
Thoughts need to fly more than your body
If you still believe in the future
Remove those physical walls which block liquidity
Futhermore remove the wall of heart
To reserve some space for meeting the sun

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Turning Time Into Klein Curve

A person's life

It's a time merger from birth to death

So limited

Some people live infinitely.

They don't compete with vulgar people

Their wisdom and philosophy are boundless and far-reaching

They are not obsessed with limited goals of life

They set up the trajectory of life with alternative thinking

They have no lifetime bottlenecks

Death is only their physical silence

A point

That extends to a new dimension

Like Klein's long neck in four-dimensional space

Then, it continues to expand.

Like a proliferating cell

In short, a life in the past

That becomes countless lives in the future

Such a life curve

Is connected by the beginning and the end

With a lot of capacity

Like the fireworks spread across time and space

It is a sustainable spiritual legend

Cui Gya

Pyramids Are Not Linked To Scaffolding

The Pyramid is not like the Babel Tower
Which symbolizes the chaos of the universe
They correspond to heaven and earth with right direction of four sides
Square cone structure of hard stones
Are spread out on the banks of the Nile River
For more than 4000 years
They were engraved with oracles and watches
That's the galaxy out of the sky
That involves three stars of Orion and the origin of human species
That's an unscrambleable cosmic code
Those years of that age
There was no any scaffolding on the ground
Man had not yet known how to make iron
Only ancient Egyptians regarded meteorites as God's grace
Later
Napoleon marveled at it
Because it's beyond human imagination
It's mysterious and infinite
It refers to wisdom
But not scaffolding

Cui Gya