

POETRY

Yuan Hongri

Translated by: Wit lee

Transparent Men and Women

Transparent men and women

Men and women more beautiful than colored butterflies

Maybe really a group colored butterflies

Dancing from Zhuangzi 's big dream

But I see cities, crystal transparent cities

Like city's dream, city's love

Through the walls could reach the other shore

Light, may transcend time

Above the sea surface of time, boats of light are flying

On a little island

I see other men and women

This calendar tells us a window

After days are still another days

It is the illusion of days that besiege us

Just as my flesh is my own shadow

Yesterday's leaves and water drops
Pebbles I played with in my childhood
The sun I see for the first time
Those all things are smiling in a house of light

Eyes of men and women
Eyes more charming than the rainbow
On vibrant morning
In intoxicating dusk
Flying water drowned men and women

I found one sun in my own chest
I discovered cities in my head
The water of the past turned into crystal, diamond
There are stars sailing in my bones

Ah, a young girl in dream
Maybe came from some day a hundred years ago
Still I miss that moment
That vision disappeared when I wake up

That momentary smile, how warm it was
Who made you appear in my dream?

I believe in dream, as I believe in the sun
And in dreamland I saw another me

Shadows of Phoenix and Unicorn
Once in dream came down

On the mountain top
I dreamed a house of heaven

Blood is another river
Blood in my body also has its own dream
I set foot on a ladder of days
But on the other mountain
Leisurely I'm flying

Shadows of men and women
Blooms in a smile
The seasons of men and women
Days are like pieces of stones

I opened an photo album sealed for many years
I saw Yellow Emperor rambling in the city
One shadow is among many shadows
On another wild field
Ancient years are shouting and fighting

On grassland all kinds of flowers are laughing
Living in glass I
Don't know their names

Water of yearning, water of sweet and fragrant spring
Fly from inside rocks
A girl is like a colorful flying phoenix

Only dream tells us the illusory of time
Outside time's gate

There is another sun

Who was playing games inside ancient rocks

Igniting gold piece by piece

On pieces of transparent boulders

Drawing seas and cities

I was sitting in a house filed with light

With a picture album hold in my hand

In the buildings of ancient times

Caught sight of the future emperors

Who's blood was the plum flower drinking

Which girl's song was it singing

When I got up

I saw a white jade, glittering its smile

In the age when rock drifted fragrance

Queen Mother of the West was a witch

Tow eyes have intoxicated the handsome and strong MU Tianzi

This is a gold sculpture

But I don't know

Am I in times of heaven or mundane?

On days when Goddess stepped on auspicious clouds

Where am I?

On which star

Still preserves my house of past?

Form east to west

There is a road of gold

Perhaps there is a blonde

To be my companion of tomorrow

The earth is a crystal jade

In lover's mouth

Atmosphere is as sweet as wines

And in one dreamland

I'm still a baby

Every city and county I passed by

Have all left my shadow

Thousand years after they will still be golden and shining

Bread that I eat was my own blood

A girl that I loved once loved me a thousand years ago

I saw in the arms of the rocks

Girls were lying down, cheeks fresh and red

Skins were as transparent as jade

Hieroglyphs and letters

Were glittering and shining on the sun

God is holding a brush in his hand

Waving a pen in heaven

Those cities of gold and silver

In an eye's twinkling flew toward the human world

On the edge of a big river bank
There was one house of mine
A garden yielded full of golden fruits

On the other mountain, red plum blossomed spreading the top
My shadow turned into a Kylin

In the house built with white jade
I wrote down a volume of poetry
Each line of verse is a star in the blue sky

A tortuous, quite and secluded path
Walked through from a garden
The sun shed its golden drizzle

Golden spiral ladders
Was in another crystal sky
I opened my own head
There are more suns
Spinning ,singing

Girl of light, petal of smile
On a lake green-jade-like
Reflecting the red houses
A cluster of green leaves transmit bright red lips

Smiling faces of the alley paved by stones
To where shall it lead me?
Blooming peach tree of early spring

Upon the hillside ,bees of sunlight are buzzing

Through the street of trams and crowd

In front of the glorious and magnificent mansions

Look up forward a piece of crystal blue sky

In the thoughts of white clouds

Is the city beautiful?

Along the street of billboards and neon lights

Big trees covered with green hair

Enable me miss the distant mountains and the clear springs

Children's smiling faces are no unfamiliar

Black jade eyes, pink lips

At this moment, men and women flow stream endlessly

It was fashion and vanity that noised the street

I planted myself here

Left a thousand shadows

To cultivate a thousand gardens

To pave the gold onto road like the stones

Let every stone melt into crystal

In wind language there were sounds of stars

Rocks and pine trees of distant mountains

Poetry rhythm of the sea

There were underground buried dreaming words of ancient people, blooming red flower

And there were remote poems I eager to go back

Every single green tree beside the street loves us

Under the hot sun, wordless green shade

Every flower has its own language

People with crystal eyes

Will see flower's smile

Ah, every time the sun rises

We all woke up from death

The dead us, where have been kept?

Do not belittle a stone

It hummed the song of universe

The young girl's smiling face of the very days

Turned into a white cloud

Upon the mirror face of the sky

All the saints could be seen

I was silent in the fire, went through

The flame of men and women

In the high streets and back lanes of cities

Wind of time blown colorful flags

Under the blue sky, river of life is flouring and rushing

I tried to open the memory door

On another planet

Leisure and happy time

The night of death subsided

And on the red clouds of dawn

Golden smile face of the sun

The initial men and women

Men and women without names

Men and women created God

The initial poets were a couple of lovers
When the blood started to sing
I heard the language of the sun and stars

On some wonderful and joyous occasions the sun smiled outside the window
A young girl walked into your window
Her eyes are two stars
Came from ancient space

How transient this prosperity in front of us
This street, city of labyrinth
The old man sitting on the street playing with chess
Still missing the house of gone away

The young girl of that very year was still walking past the street
Only turned into a transparent shadow
Tomorrow is in white clouds' hometown
Tomorrow's sun is still smiling and silent

Every moment of mine is departing me
Big birds of time were darting in the sky
Brightly coloured feathers
Glitter in the sky, knowing nowhere to leisurely fly down

In a palace
I'm an old man, sitting on golden chair
Missing me

I walked into a stone
Saw another sky
On a vast sea
There was an island of peach flower

Days of riding a Phoenix
Where are my companions
Walking on the street of Wangfujing
I miss the Yellow emperor riding a dragon up to the heaven

Light is my only food
Light of the sun, moon, and stars
Became my bones

Ancient Greek and Rome
Is now in front of me
Poems of Homer and Sappho
Turned into my sweet spring

Many countries I travelled
Flying in the space-time of words
A thousand years and ten thousand years
Made me lament: transience

And now every drop of blood today
Is all a ruby
Every inch of the land I've stepped on
Is all ancient gold

Whose jade body am I walking on?

Ancient sweet and beautiful songs
Enables me fall in love with the ancient girl

In a transparent jade
Will your laughter be preserved?
Sometimes on one star
I saw your beautiful face

Ah, golden words
Stars of east and west
How many poets' kingdom they have entered?

Strings of shining glorious names
Engraved on the chest of the sun
Upon the ocean of the sky
How many happy gardens are there?

I'm just fluttering away
Making a temporary farewell from the mundane world for a millennium
When Sappho returns again
A new song must be chanted

Days of labyrinth in front of us
Time played the strings of the sun and the moon
Words flied from the stars

I walked into the days of phantom overlapped
I can't tell the past from the future
Now I'm alone and unconventional
And under the sun I lost the shadow

Is this body accompanied me
The narrow boat of time?
Above the waves of the Three Gorges
I galloped forward

Understand the songs of green shade
Drink a wine of silent time
A golden daisy
During my mid nap
Turned into a girl

Poplars and willows on lake shore stand by each sides
Are they still waiting
The lovers strolling in the evening?

The sunset is waving a handkerchief of twilight
The light of love
Is soaring in the clean breeze

Pairs of star eyes
Where are they twinkling today?
On whose forehead they are inlaid
Singing and chanting to me now?

I stepped across the gates of light
Having no idea where to wake up from drunken sleep
In the labyrinth weaved by the light
Drink up the sweet wine of words to my heart' content

Those golden smiling faces
Come from east and west
In the kingdom of poetry
Bosom friends and partners everywhere abound

I lingered about in day times
Opened doors and windows in the wall of light
Had a sweet deep sleep in the white jade case
Dreaming of my own footprints
Radiating golden light in the sky

Loneliness became God
Will loneliness hear the words of sky?
Swim across the long river of shadow
I'm a shadow forgetting himself

In a house by the street
What kind of time there have been ?
Every day on the earth
Flame of time, burns endlessly

Let red lips of lovers fade
Black hair run into dust
Smell the fragrance of the mud
Whose love do you think and recollect?

Everything is colorful and transparent
Every stone keeps its own memory
A pile of shattered stone statues
Smile at me in the sun

Maybe we'd known each other a thousand years ago

Blood of stone is golden and transparent

Time flower is gold and precious stones

Where are the charming figures today?

Left rolls and volumes poetry of light behind

Those shadows are still brilliant

Vivid and bright-colored as ever in transparent words

A withered flower has a beautiful memory

An instant bloom embraces eternity

Memory walks to memory, where shall we go?

The first drop of water turned into an ocean

All things I witnessed come from the past

Tomorrow will born in my palm

By whom the chess pieces of the stars are driven?

In whose eyes the earth is also a chess piece

I watched my own life on the earth

Drinking water, having meals, heart full of yearning

Another me perhaps always keep me accompany

Only he knows my secrets

Words I said may have been said

Roads I traveled may have been traveled

I seem to be repeating one by one the me of the past

On my tired days, eager for fall down and die

Like zhuang Zi, became a free butterfly

As soon as I wake up, I see the sun

Auspicious clouds spread their fragrance beside me

Rivers flowed out from the embrace of the mountain
Again back to the ancient sea
My memory ocean maybe is just ahead

Where is the time hidden exactly?
Come with no sign and go with no trace
Upon the mirror surface of time
Only see my own shadow

My songs can be heard by the stars
Walk on the city street
White clouds walk with me

I walked into a church
Caught a sight of Jesus holding a baby in his arms
God stands in heaven, waits and watches us

My god is myself
I sat in the heaven, looked at myself
A big seven-colored bird
Spread the wings of sky
Watched me walking on the earth

Death' black night curtain
Covered heaven of gold and silver
At this moment where do I live on earth?
Drink up all this glass of wine
Blood of time is brewed into nectar

No time for hesitation and hovering
Not to be sad in the face of heaven
What cannot be retained is the shadow one after another
My songs are a paradise that will not wither

Who is not hungry and thirsty in city desert?
Colorful sand and gravel accumulated into time
Flame refined out transparent bones
Drink the bright jade body
More brighter and glorious than diamonds

In pavilions of sky, read volumes of golden books
In time and space labyrinth, write volumes of poetry

In the world of mortals, who is my bosom friend?
Caress a street tree, listen to the whisper of the green leaves

Transparent crystal world, countless brilliant smiling faces
Open the wall thus can walk into
A house full of laughter

Tomorrow is just a landscape
Long has been hanging in the balcony of sky
The sun walked forth and back in the sky
Made tomorrow's lunch prepared

Let me sit down and caress the time's silk
Cut it to make you a new dress
Walk into the bosom of the sun
Through the flame

And turn into a beam of pure light

Glass of the blue sky, melted in the flame

You will see the young girl singing on the star

Garden of earth blossom once again

The human world is full of transparent butterflies flying all around

Labyrinth city, colorful river

Wind blows flags of dream

In whose blood the ancient song is sounded?

The Hurrying footsteps beat the drum for an expedition

Those eyes glistening starry bright

Seems contain ancient sweet spring

A seed of gold

Is sprouting on your palm, full of bloom

About the Poet

Yuan Hongri (born in 1962) is a renowned Chinese mystic, poet, and philosopher. His work has been published in the UK, USA, India, New Zealand, Canada, and Nigeria; his poems have appeared in *Poet's Espresso Review*, *Orbis*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *The Stray Branch*, *Acumen*, *Pinyon Review*, *Taj Mahal Review*, *Madswirl*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *Amethyst Review*, *Fine Lines*, and other e-zines, anthologies, and journals. His best-known works are "Platinum City" and "Golden Giant". His works explore themes of prehistoric and future civilization. Its content is to show the solemnity, sacredness and greatness of the human soul through the exploration of the soul.

About the Translator

Wit Lee, whose Chinese name is Li Hui, and whose pen name is Muzihuixin. She is a female poet born in Jining, Shandong province, and now lives at the foot of Mountain Taishan. She is an editor of the *Taishan University Journal*, and a member of the *Taian Writer's Association* and *Taian Poets' Association*. She has published many poems and one poetry book: *Beyond Time*. She may be contacted at 3112362909@qq.com.