

CHANGMING YUAN

## Two Poems

### Siamese Stanzas: Snowflakes

with  
as little noise  
as much leisure  
as possible  
you came  
to perch  
at this cold spot of time  
like a pale word  
fallen on the wasteland

merely  
a voiceless being  
never heard  
yet ready to  
herald  
the glaring  
thunder

summer

of

to melt  
soft and quiet  
before you  
vanish  
tracelessly  
in the green  
wind

time

## The Calm Clam

with a bow-wow mouth  
 as big as my bald body  
 both lips thin and hard  
 carved in full eloquence  
 with my tongue grown right  
 out of my heart and soul  
 i am surely meant  
 to be a voice empowered  
 for all around me  
 either silt or sediments  
 shining dull and dark  
 with soiled secrets

i often imagine myself  
 like a free seagull  
 singing at the top tip  
 of a tall coral tree  
 as myriads of grains  
 of yellowish sand  
 are panned or sifted out  
 from the wild waves  
 galloping ahead

yet colour-blind and tone-deaf  
 i am deeply oppressed  
 under the heavy water  
 where sharks and squids  
 keep yelling towards the sky  
 above my blue musings  
 as i withhold my tongue  
 waiting for a sunny spell  
 to translate my loud pain  
 into a muted pearl