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Introduction

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Old Men Walk Funny (v2)

Old men walk funny with shadows and time eating at their heels.
Pediatric walkers, prostate exams, bend over, then most die.
They grow poor, leave their grocery list at home,
and forget their social security checks bank account numbers,
dwell on whether they wear dentures, uppers or lowers;
did they put their underwear on?
They can't remember where they put down their glasses,
did they drop them on memory lane U.S. Route 66?
Was it watermelon wine or drive in movies they forgot their virginity in?
Hammered late evenings alone bottle up Mogen David wine madness
mixed with diet 7-Up, all moving parts squeak and crack in unison.
At night, they scream in silent dreams no one else hears,
they are flapping jaws sexual exchange with monarch butterfly wings.
Old men walk funny to the barbershop with gray hair, no hair;
sagging pants to physical therapy.
They pray for sunflowers above their graves,
a plot that bears their name with a poem.
They purchase their burial plots, pennies in a jar for years,
beggar's price for a deceased wife.
Proverb: in this end, everything that was long at one time is now passive,
or cut short. Ignore us old moonshiners, or poets that walk funny,
"they aren't hurting anyone anymore."

Just Because, Bad Heart

Just because I am old
do not tumble me dry.
Toss me away with those unused
Wheat pennies, Buffalo nickels, and Mercury dimes
in those pickle jars in the basement.
Do not bleach my dark memories
Salvation Army my clothes
to the poor because I died.
Do not retire me leave me a factory pension
in dust to history alone.
Save my unfinished poems refuse to toss them
into the unpolished alleyways of exile rusty trash barrows
just outside my window, just because I am old.
Do not create more spare images, adverbs
or adjectives than you need to bury me with.
Do not stand over my grave, weep,
pouring a bottle of Old Crow
bourbon whiskey without asking permission
if it can go through your kidney's first.
When under stone sod I shall rise and go out
in my soft slippers in cold rain
dread no danger, pick yellow daffodils,
learn to spit up echoes of words
bow fiddle me up a northern Spring storm.
Do you bad heart, see in pine box of wood,
just because I got old.

Canadian Seasons
Exiled Poet

Walking across the seasons in exile
in worn out house slippers, summer in Alberta prairies-
snowshoes, cross-country skiing winter in Edmonton, Alberta.
I'm man captured in Canadian wilderness, North Saskatchewan River.
I embrace winters of this north call them mercy killers.
Exiled now 10 years here I turn rain into thunder,
days into loneliness, recuperate loss relationships into memories.
I'm warrior of the trade of isolation, crucifier of seasons
hang torment on their limbs.
Ever changing words shifting pain to palette fall colors and art.
I'm tiring of Gestalt therapy, being *In and Out the Garbage Pail*.
I'm no longer an Aristotelian philosopher seeking catharsis.
My Jesus is in a vodka bottle soaked with lime, lemon juice and disco dancing.
Pardon amnesty I'm heading south beneath border back to USA-
to revise the old poems and the new, create the last anthology,
open then close the last chapter,
collected works before the big black box.
I'm no longer peripatetic, seasons past.

Injured Shadow (v3)

In nakedness of life moves
this male shadow worn out dark clothes,
ill fitted in distress, holes in his socks, stretches,
shows up in your small neighborhood,
embarrassed,
walks pastime naked with a limb
in open landscape space-
damn those worn out black stockings.
He bends down prays for dawn, bright sun.

ae reiff

Taliesin Poems

Taliesin poems can be selected from manuscript in three parts, the agony of war, the love of woman and the worship of God. There is in every nation, tactic and technology of war, a silent voice unuttered. They pass from existence with hardly a grave stone, exist for a time in the memories of those who knew them, fathers, mothers, wives, brothers, sisters, and pass to oblivion except they are soldiers, like us maybe, soldiers against death, disease, pain. We celebrate them as we cannot ourselves because they die for the greater good we think. In its reverie the [Black Book of Carmarthen](#) says again and again, “whose grave is this, this one and this, ask me I tell them.” So in the spirit of telling we celebrate one warrior of one battle of one nation. But if he is unknown, how then is he known? We think poetry can tell what can't be told.

The Unknown Soldier spoken here is a confederate of Taliesin and Aneirin who appeared or didn't at the Battle of [Cattraeth](#) where 300 mounted Welsh horsemen attacked an Anglo-Saxon infantry of ten thousand. Stanza after stanza of Aneirin's poem [Y Gododdin](#) celebrates them, one thrown here from his horse and speared, another bleeding in the howling dispensary. This is the greatest Welsh poem of all. Whether in this fantasy of the Unknown Soldier Taliesin ransoms Aneirin from his capture is not clear. When is it ever clear who did what, died where? Is it Taliesin who walks the field where ravens croak above blood? Is he the one bleeding to sing this song? No. Yes. What can be known? One thing, they died both known and unknown. I stood in the Roman Camp overlooking the island of Anglesey one winter asking these questions, asked them among the ruined stone encampments overlooking the sea, asked them at sink holes in the ground attributed to Merlin's cave. I asked them of snowy owls that hung in midair, at Old Sarum and a dozen unknown places over North Wales where the mist hung low over mountain lakes where the gorse and bracken shine in winter sun. I took pictures of it and wore it back to the Bandera Pass, pondered it up and down the flint middens, creeks among Madrones.

This pseudo Taliesin, Unknown Soldier wanders the aftermath of battle among the dead. It is a ghastly sight he elegizes of the fallen at that moment and later the rest of his life. Right away we are mystified who is speaking, for if the

unknown has died how can he speak? We have to live with this paradox at first light: “long the days and long the nights I held this image in my mind of red on gold,” so evidently he lives on while flowers and furrows “sweep the valley to a glade.” Upon this ominous glade “thunders one hill” that “rests a back into the ground so still” where the three hundred fell. Viewed from above, “ravens were croaking above blood,” beneath though are fallen battalions, abandoned lances and blades.

The Field

Long the days and long the nights
I held this image in my mind of red on gold,
Blood on flowers, bold furrows
Sweep the valley to a glade.
It is a glade I know, but thunders one hill
That rests its back into ground so still.
Three hundred had fallen of bright Gwynedd’s horde,
Bright battalions with their blue bright swords.
Bright battalions with their blue bright swords!
On the strand white lances, clear mead was the sea!
Flames of shedding blood, still blades by heaps of dead,
Already ravens were croaking above blood.

But if that is the scene and somewhat the speaker, we learn more of him before he does die. At least we know his name; “I who was bleeding,” or, if you like, “I who was bleeding to sing this song.” The line “only three have returned from the battle’s rage” echoes Aneirin’s stanzas. It’s a little simple that there are three supposed to survive among the three hundred, but this is satisfied when all three of them complete the number and they too die. The speaker is the last to go. Again the paradox, if he died then who wrote? So maybe there is room for Taliesin to speak for the Unknown Soldier in both the dead and the living, playing part for both. Whoever “comes at last no more from my grave” must be the deathless persona who dies and lives, like the soldiers who keep dying and being born, revisiting if not the graves, the body of death, but he pays the price because he is “bleeding to sing.” Presumably this torrent has a second act if three are still not quite technically dead at first light of the next day. They “had been given a second day to die.” That is one long battle. It has lasted millennia. Now comes **the**

Unknown strolling like an amputee, “arm and arms,” as though with one arm severed, he yet carries a sword. They say there are apparitions of sight at such moments like. Can Taliesin see what only the unknown soldier can, which neither Taliesin nor Aneirin can say “even more for that battle my pay, as I bend and shake like the corn?” At the end they die together, but there is a sense they were fighting for more than each other, for the survival of their people against great odds, which makes them heroes. If it is Taliesin speaking, the broken bodies on the field are like the broken texts of his attributions, full of emendation, forgeries, epithets, allusions, archaisms and anachronism, so why not broaden the association from the three hundred to include the later Siôn Eos?

Song

Only three had returned from the battle's rage,
Ab Edmund, Siôn Eos were gone
From the bleeding when I sang this song.
We had been given a second day
To die for the battle was long.
Of the three who returned from the battle's rage
To linger until the bright dawn,
There I strolled arm and arms in the glade,
I who was bleeding to sing this song,
even more for the battle my pay,
as I bend and shake like the corn.
Of three who returned from the battle rage
I saw Edmund and Siôn in the sun
When they expired after break of day,
Then I who was bleeding to sing this song
Came at last no more from my grave,
I, Edmund, Siôn Eos are one.
Three had returned from the battle's rage
when I bled to sing this song.

They fought, they died, they were buried. Again comes the deathless paradox to this rite, considered as a cultivator of the soil. As any garden must till, turn, fertilize before planting, the shed blood is barley feed. Taliesin known, unknown participates in the burial “a soft plough, I rend the ground.” His hands make furrows. Though the dead were customarily burned, there being so many, this grave is more traditional; burial as planting is implicit in every muscle twitch, the

reflexive muscle spasms after death, “the grasses, the aired bodies, stir about the break of day.” He calls them **“first flowers” that bloom in “purpled blades.”** The purpose of this garden is that "earth be made sweet." What is made sweet in death and life of their blood has anointed earth. If this is not sweet it is bitter. If the soldier is living and dead, if Taliesin can speak for them both, then their death can be both.

On the Death of Three Hundred

There is a harvest in a cutting down,
In the shed blood of the speared hero,
There is a redding of the land
Before green graves under sod.

Gold the heroes of valor, gold,
Directed to heaven, not strangers,
Wise men, they leave a country,
Dropping like fruit from a tree.

I am rich in cultivation,
A soft plough, I rend the ground,
The grasses, the aired bodies,
Stir about the break of day.

No sparing of the vine nor branches,
So outstretched the whitened lances.
An ardent star across the lightening field
No trembling saw that lofty hill concealed.

First flowers on these mountains
My wealth, the treasured sun,
The purpled blades shed blood.
No piercé then would not be pierced again.
Now earth, be made sweet by this barley feed.

There is a controversy of the Four O'clock. What is it anyway but a late bloomer, flowering at four PM. Oh it may be five or three to take the metaphor as a life, but

it is not early, no. Late blooming plays a sacrifice that simultaneously prolongs and shortens life. The bloom “that died alone in the sunlit plain...will not return alone.” It will propagate “by bloom from the root, or in beds from seed begun.” This becomes the sublimate “crimson head in the spring- brightened loam.” Death “only increases their yield.” So the flowers have been covered in blood again in the battle for life, for beauty and for death.” I lay on the bloody field, it was I who bled.”

Four O'clock

Alone by bloom from the root
Or in beds from seed begun
There is a crimson head
In the spring-brightened loam.
Here's a bloom that died
Alone in the sunlit plain,
But it will not return alone
When sun warms earth again.
They feel the fallen spring rain
Who the ground concealed,
Twice-new, the air they regain,
Death only increases their yield.
The blood of the wounds of the world
Thus the red flower shed,
“I lay on the bloody field,
It was I who bled.”

The cycle in this way completes the meditation of red on gold, regains the air from the sun warmed root. The poems of the Unknown Soldier, buried as it were in the Welsh countryside, connect Taliesin's meditations with the entire Welsh nation, connect even more the Unknown Soldier everywhere to that myth in every country and in each person. They are all unknown. The songs give **no explanation** for being than that they are battles in the earth, but the Unknown Soldier found in the medieval manuscript with the *Hanes Taliesin* is also a transformation of the living joined there with the praises of Jesus, full of craving for God. So the plant, “though you know me not,” as unknown as the soldier, grows nearer to “where my Lord his veins let flow.” That he bleeds “with him for he loves the world,” repeats, “He loves the world with his own shed blood” all of which in this produces “these seeds he would sow,” the redemption of the world.

Plant

I live among you though you know me not,
But knowledge came to me found out of doubt,
Hear, see me on my stem, I have come out,
For now I rise and bloom while you're about.
I could but now receive you for I grow
Nearer to where my Lord his veins let flow,
He has me but he will not let me go.
I am undone yet he shall be my Lord,
He has into my life his water poured
That I bleed with him for he loves the world.
He loves the world with his own shed blood,
He has given me the way that I should go,
He has taken away all of my will and He would
That I scatter these seeds he would sow.

Thus the three themes, the agony of war, the love of woman and the worship of God are found together with the dozen historical elegies that originate in the Sixth century. Although Taliesin invokes bardic traditions of which Caesar wrote in the conquest of Britain, tales of transformation should not be mistaken for reincarnation. Likewise seekers of anonymity in the mask of Taliesin who added mystical religious work to the traditional nucleus should not be taken for the original. Biblical and prophetic subjects, mythologies, riddles, proverbs, elegies and praises appear in the ninth century Taliesin saga alongside the twelve elegies. The thirteenth century *Book of Taliesin* survives only in the fourteenth century *Red Book of Hergest*, which is the main source of the fifty-eight poems attributed to Taliesin. The songs of Taliesin have been attributed to various authors from the sixth through fourteenth centuries and beyond. Evidently this is still going on.

John Ladd

“#WHATDIDIDONOW?”

A Play in One Act

by

John Ladd

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CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

THE GAL

THE GUY

SETTING

An interior atrium space in a corporate headquarters, museum or other large venue. It is the evening of a rather large reception and dinner party. Dinner is over, and the guests have settled in for a combination of after-dinner drinks and mingling.

AT RISE

Enter from stage-right, THE GAL. She has a drink in hand as she walks the stage, examining what would be the art on the walls, throughout. After a sufficient amount of time, enter, from stage-left, THE GUY, also with a drink in hand. THE GAL notices him, suspiciously. He, however, seems surprised to see her.

THE GUY

(walking up to THE GAL)

Hi, there!

THE GAL

(stepping back, guarded)

What does that mean?

THE GUY

(at a loss)
Ah, well-

(pause, then slowly)

it's just the way it sounds-

(pause, then quickly)

actually, it's short for- "Hello."

THE GAL

(snorts)
What? Do you think I don't know that?

(pause)

Are you insinuating that I'm stupid?

THE GUY

(flustered, confused and apologetic)
No, no- I'm sure you knew what it meant, I was just trying to explain.

THE GAL

(smugly)
Then, I'm right- you do think I'm stupid.

THE GUY

(shaking his head)
Hey, I don't even know you- I've never even seen you before- I mean, I have no idea what you are.

THE GAL

Is that an insult?

THE GUY

Look-

THE GAL

(interrupting)
Why are you looking in my eyes?

THE GUY

(slowly)
Ah, because we're talking- and-

THE GAL

(interrupting and emphatically)
DON'T LOOK ME IN THE EYES!

(pause)
IT MAKES ME FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE!

THE GUY

(nodding)
Okay, okay-

(pause, then)
-so, you close friends with the hosts- Chris and Susan?

THE GAL

You're looking at my shoulder!

THE GUY

You said not to look at your eyes.

THE GAL

BUT NOT AT MY SHOULDER!

THE GUY

(stammeringly uncertain)
Ah-h-h-

THE GAL

(smugly and self-righteously)
I- find that offensive.

THE GUY

(thinking so as to try and regroup)
Okay, okay- how about I just stand alongside of you and-

THE GAL

(interruptingly defensive)
AND WHAT?

(pause)

What! So you can get closer to me and try to physically intimidate me?

THE GUY

No, no- I'm just trying to establish some grounds on which we could simply talk.

THE GAL

(snickers, sarcastically)

Is that what they call it now?

THE GUY

(uncertain)

Ah, well-

[THE GUY pauses long enough for a thought to come to him.]

So- o- o-

(pause)

What would you call it?

THE GAL

(with certainty)

A subtle, unwanted, sexual advance.

THE GUY

(incredulous)

I'm sorry?

THE GAL

You should be.

THE GUY

(nodding slowly)

I- see-

(pausing and preparing to change the subject)

Ah, would you like another drink- or maybe get you something from the snack table?

THE GAL

(laughs)
Oh, that's original.

THE GUY

I'm not trying to be original, just polite and considerate.

THE GAL

What? Why? So you can drug me?

THE GUY

Drug you?

THE GAL

Yes, of course- why wouldn't you?

THE GUY

(in disbelief)
With the wine or one of those stupid little cheese cubes- maybe even one on a cracker?

THE GAL

(self- confidently)
I'm sure it's been done before.

[THE GUY shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders and takes a drink, all while walking the stage.]

THE GUY

(returning to a near proximity of THE GAL)
You know, I think I saw a colleague of mine in the other room-

(pause)

I'll be back in a while.

[THE GUY slowly moves toward stage-right.]

THE GAL

You're trying to pressure me, aren't you?

(pause)

You want me to feel guilty-

(pause)

bad-

(pause)

doubt myself so much that I'll be so uncomfortable in my own body

that- that-

(pause)

I'll-

(pause)

-I'll give in.

THE GUY

Give in to what?

THE GAL

To-

(pause)

to-

(pause, then stammering)

to you and- whatever comes next!

(pause, then in a rising crescendo)

Come-ons; put-downs; sexual jokes; propositions; coercion;
suggestive-

pervasive, offensive,

(pause)

THE GUY

(interrupting)

What!?

THE GAL

(becoming hyperexcitable)

Patriarchal, male-dominated, oppressive, child-bearing, house-
ironing, washing, absurdly sterile possibility of a life- if only for one
and-

cleaning,
date- with you- and-

THE GUY

(interrupting)
Hold that thought-

*[THE GUY pats his clothes searching for his smartphone.
Finding it, he takes it out and looks at the screen.]*

(to THE GAL)
Had it on vibrate. Wait a second, I've got to take this-

(answering the phone)

Hello?

[THE GUY makes believe he is engaged in a phone call.]

Yeah, hi.

(pause to listen)

Are you serious?

(pause to listen)

When did that happen?

(pause to listen)

Okay, don't do anything. I'll be right there.

(to THE GAL)

Look, I've got to go-

(pause)

ah, a buddy of mine needs my help.

THE GAL

(shocked)
You're going to go?

THE GUY

I have to-

(pause)

sorry.

THE GAL

(surprised and indignant)

Sorry?

(pause)

You son-of-a-bitch. Who the fuck do you think you are?

(pause)

After tying up my time- wasting my time- you're leaving?

[THE GUY slowly walks toward stage-left, the exit.]

You're not going to get away with this!

(pause)

Come back here! You can't just walk off like that! I'm going to harassment complaint with HR!

report you! I'll file a

(pause, then shouting)

Do you hear me?

(pause, then louder)

Answer me!

(pause, then louder still)

You're committing gender bias! It's called discrimination! This is *psycho-logical* abuse! You won't get away with this! I have my rights!

(pause, then screaming)

I HAVE MY RIGHTS!!

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN

END OF PLAY

Golden Paradise

By Chinese Poet Hongri Yuan
Translated by Yuanbing zhang

Gold birds, ah!
Flew above my head
A golden ribbon
Spreading out to me from the sky
I saw the golden mountains
Smiling at me in the distance
The layers of airy pavilions and pagodas
Standing in the purple-red clouds
The gardens in the sky, ah!
The exquisite pagodas
The bridge of golds and gems ah!
Arched across the vast expanse of the Milky Way
I saw a giant
Waving to me in the sky
Stood on the propitious clouds
Shining millions of rays

The huge figure ah!
Like a high mountain
The golden dragons!
Fluttering around him

A round of sun, ah!
Shining above his head
The golden robe, ah!
Burning in the halos

I saw his magical eyes
And couldn't help thinking of the remote past
Ah, hundreds of millions of centuries ago
We once got together happily

You were both my great teacher
And also my close companion
We created together

The countless heavenly paradise

Your golden smile, ah
Made my heart beat lightly
The glistening tears ah!
Lingered in my eyes

Your holy hands of giant, ah!
Hold tightly with me
You dressed me a golden robe
Which was embroidered with dragons and phoenixes

The words of gold, ah!
Flew in your breast
And turned into the mysterious light
Shining in your eyes

I understood your gleamy words
And my heart laughed brilliantly
A round huge sun
Burning over my head

You opened the city gates of gold for me
And watched me crossing the huge garden
A lofty palace
Shone in front of my eyes

In the transparent white jade railings
Carved with the beautiful patterns
The steps made of the rubies
Reflected the smiling face of the sky

The huge column of gold, ah!
Carved with the wonderful flowers
The layers of eaves were high above the sky
Like the golden birds spreading in the clouds

A holy old man
Stood majestically in front of the palace;
his body was as transparent as the flame
Sending out the resplendent red light

Your bright eyes, ah!
Contained the purple-gold flames
There are golden dragons
Circling around the golden staff in hands

Your high forehead, ah!
Rose like the mountains
The layers of purple-gold flames, ah!
Wreathing around your body

The golden lightnings, ah!
Shining in your bright eyes
I saw the rounds of sun
Burning in your head

You opened the door to the palace
And took me into it
A huge palace
Smiling at me in the sky

I saw the books of gold
Arranged in walls of the palace
The lines of gold words, ah!
Shining the charmingly light

The holy old man, ah!
Let me sit in the palace
To read the books of gold
And drink the good wine of wisdom

He raised the golden staff in his hands
Sent out the golden lights
The huge books of gold
Flew into my chest

The lights were shining before me
And I saw another sight
The countless gold giants
Flying lightly in the sky

The multi-coloured transparent sky
Many airy pavilions and pagodas
And the happy girls
Dancing and singing in the sky,

A young giant
Hold up the sun
In a transparent mountain top
Sending out the bottomless light

An old man with gray hair
Stepped on an auspicious cloud
And stood stilly in the sky
Smiling at the giant

A huge golden mountain
Which was transparent and gleamy in flames
Turned into a palace
And a exquisite gold pagoda

The young boys and girls
Riding with the colorful husbands and wives
Shed the multi-colouredflowers
And which turned into the Gardens

I heard an intoxicating tweet
A huge phoenix
Carried a roll of golden books
Flying towards me from the clouds

The lines of mysterious words
Like the stars
Arranged into the singular figures
Shining before my eyes

A huge white crane
Turned into a young girl
who opened a treasure casket
While flashing a golden sword

A round piece of jade

Carved with the dragon designs
And there were the lines of words
Flashed the dazzling light

An old man with gray hair
Rode a kylin
Which flew leisurely in the sky
Carried a sword on his back

A huge sun
With a golden palace in the central of it,
revealed a young Prince
Reading the golden books in the palace

A huge mirror
Flashed in front of my eyes
A bolt of lightening
Awakened me in my dreams

I went back to the palace again
The magical old man
Still held the golden staff
And stood in front of my eyes

The golden books, ah!
Still shining on the walls
But the words of gold, ah!
Singing exactly in my chest

The huge golden statue, ah!
Flashed the dazzling light
The holy old man, ah!
The kindly smile appeared on his face

The layers of purple-gold flames, ah!
Surround me all around
The stars with much light, ah!
Shining in my body

I saw a huge golden crown
That few out of the old man's hand

And turned into a sun ah!
Which embedded in my forehead

Suddenly a flash of lightning, ah!
Went into my eyes
I saw a gold pagoda, ah!
Shining in the sky

A golden giant
Stood with smiles in front of the pagoda
A gold garden
Embraced the golden pagoda

The holy giant
Took me out of the palace
A white crane was called in
And flew to the sky with me

It was like a white light ah!
I came to the pagoda in the twinkling of an eye
The huge pagoda of gold, ah!
Was higher than the mountains on earth

It was more than ninety thousand floors
The height of each floor was ten thousand meters
It was like a universe
Containing the countless worlds

The countless suns, ah!
Shining on the floors of pagoda
The multicoloured stars, ah!
Constituted these wonderful designs

The countless dragons, ah!
Flying around the huge pagoda
The lines of wods of the stars
Shining in the transparent walls of gold

The golden giant, ah!
Wore the diamond armor
Smiled at me briefly

And opened the door of the pagoda for me

On the huge door carved with gold
Mysterious patterns were convex and concave
Like the countless stars, ah!
Spinning in the golden space

A golden palace, ah!
Were full of wonderful giant flowers;
The huge gold tripods
Burned in the raging flames

The giants were sitting
On the purple-gold pavilions
They smiled at me joyfully
Like the long time parting families

The golden winding stairs
Coiled round the columns of the palace
Like the huge golden dragons
Flying into the sky with their head held high

I saw a huge ball
Which was in the middle of the palace
Like a clear and transparent crystal
Rotating the golden pictures

There seemed to be countless worlds
Fashing leisurely in the crystal
The golden paradises
Made my eyes drunken

The wonderful bells
Suddenly sounded in my ears
The giants that were sitting
Sang the thundering songs

The songs were like the golden lightning
Shining in my body from all quarters
My heart was empty suddenly
And saw the things of billions of years ago

Originally I myself built
The huge pagoda of gold
The lines of stars on the golden wall
Just were the poems that I had written

The smiling giants ah!
All of them were my former partner
The huge crystal balls ah!
Were a golden universe

The golden pagoda with more than ninety thousand floors, ah!
Contain the countless the times and spaces
Like a golden staircase of time ah!
Linking up with the countless heavens

Into the stars that had been turned by time ah!
It's the sacred words
Each of the golden poems
Created a paradise

The huge golden tripods ah!
Burning the flame of time
Smelted out the countless stars
Forming the universes

The countless giants were sitting
On the transparent pagoda of gold
The light of their songs
Turned into the rounds of sun

I saw the crystal sky, ah!
Rotating outside the golden pagoda
There seemed to be countless golden pagoda
Shining in the sky

I seemed not to exist
And turned into the boundless light
The countless huge pagodas of gold
were just in my luminous chest

The countless giants who were sitting up
Smiled at me on the golden pagoda;
Their dazzling smiles, ah!
Flashed the golden eternity

3. 22. 1998

黄金乐园

远红日

黄金的鸟儿啊
在我头上翻飞
一条黄金的飘带
从空中向我展开
我看到一座座金山
在远方向我微笑
一层层的亭台楼阁
矗立在紫红的云间
一座座空中的花园啊
一座座玲珑的金塔
黄金和宝石的桥梁啊
横跨 辽阔的天河
我看到一位巨人
在空中向我招手
站立在祥云之上
闪耀出万丈光芒

巨大的身材啊
像一座高山
一条条金龙啊
在身边飘飘

一轮太阳啊
在头上闪耀
金色的长袍啊
在光环中燃烧

我看到他那神奇的眸子
不由想起久远的过去
在亿万个世纪之前啊
我们曾在一起欢聚

你是我伟大的师长啊
也是我亲密的伴侣
我们一起创建了
无数座天上的乐园

你那黄金的微笑啊
让我怦然心跳
晶莹的泪水啊
在我眼中萦绕

你那神圣的巨手啊
和我紧紧相握
你为我披上了一件
绣着龙凤的金袍

黄金的词语啊
在你胸中飘飞
化成了玄妙的光芒
在你眼中闪放

我听懂了你那光芒的词语
心中灿然欢笑
一轮巨大的太阳
在我头顶上燃烧

你为我打开了黄金的城门
目送我穿过巨大的花园
一座巍峨的金殿
闪耀在我的眼前

透明的白玉栏杆啊
雕刻出美丽的图案
红宝石砌成的台阶
映照出天空的笑脸

巨大的黄金的圆柱啊

刻满了奇妙的花卉
一层层凌空的飞檐啊
如云中展翅的金鸟

一位神圣的老者
在殿前巍然站立
身体透明如火焰
发出灿烂的红光

你那明亮的眸子啊
含着紫金的火焰
手中的一根金杖啊
有金龙环绕盘旋

你那高高的额头啊
像山岳一般隆起
一层层紫金的火焰啊
在你周身缭绕

一道道金色的闪电啊
在你的明眸中闪耀
我看到一轮轮太阳
在你的头颅里燃烧

你打开金殿的大门
带我向殿内走去
一座巨大的金殿
高高地向我微笑

我看到一部部金书啊
在金殿的四壁内排列
一行行黄金的词语啊
闪耀迷人的光芒

那位神圣的老者啊
让我在殿内端坐
阅读那一部部金书
畅饮智慧的琼浆

他举起手中的金杖啊
发出一道道金光

那一部部巨大的金书
飞入了我的胸膛

我眼前光芒闪耀
看到了另一幅景象
一个个黄金巨人
在天空飘飘飞翔

五彩透明的天空
一座座亭台楼阁
一个个欢乐的少女
在空中起舞歌唱

一个年轻的巨人
手托一轮太阳
在一座透明的山巅
发出万丈的光芒

一位白发的老者
脚踩一朵祥云
在空中静静站立
向着巨人微笑

一座巨大的金山
在火焰中透明闪光
化成了一座金殿
和一座玲珑的金塔

一个个少男少女
跨着七彩的鸾凤
洒下了缤纷的花朵
化成了一座座花园

我听到了一声醉人的鸣叫
一只巨大的凤凰
衔着一卷金书
从云中向我飞来

一行行玄妙的词语
像一颗颗星辰
排列成奇特的图形

在我眼前闪耀

一只巨大的白鹤
化成了一位少女
打开了一只宝匣
闪现出一把金剑

一块圆形的玉器
镌刻出龙的花纹
还有一行行词语
闪出耀眼的光芒

一位白发的老者
跨着一匹麒麟
在空中悠悠走过
背上一把宝剑

一轮巨大的太阳
中央一座金殿
一位少年的王子
在殿内阅读金书

一面巨大的镜子
在我眼前闪过
一道闪电
把我从梦中唤醒

我又回到了那座金殿
那位神奇的老人
依然手持金杖
站在我的眼前

那一部部金书啊
依然在四壁闪耀
可是那黄金的词语啊
就在我胸中歌唱

那座巨大的金像啊
闪出耀眼的光芒
那位神圣的老者啊
面含亲切的微笑

一层层紫金的火焰啊
在我周身环绕
一颗颗光芒的星辰啊
在我的身体内闪耀

我看到了一只巨大的金冠
从老者的手中飞出
化成了一轮太阳啊
嵌入了我的前额

倏然一道闪电啊
化入了我的眼睛
我看到了一座金塔啊
在天空闪耀光明

一位黄金的巨人
在塔前微笑站立
一座黄金的花园
怀抱着这座金塔

那位神圣的巨人
带我走出了金殿
召来了一只白鹤
载我向天空飞去

仿佛是一道白光啊
我转眼来到了塔前
这座黄金的巨塔啊
比人间的山岳还高

大约有九万多层啊
每一层高达万米
仿佛是一座宇宙啊
包含了无数个天地

无数颗太阳啊
在一层层塔上闪耀
五光十色的星辰啊
构成了奇妙的图案

无数只龙凤啊
环绕着巨塔飞翔
一行行星辰的词语啊
在透明的金壁上闪耀

那位黄金的巨人啊
身披钻石的铠甲
向我微微一笑啊
为我打开了塔门

黄金雕刻的巨门啊
凸凹着玄妙的图形
仿佛无数个星辰啊
旋转在金色的太空

一座黄金的殿堂啊
开满了奇妙的巨葩
一座座巨大的金鼎
燃烧着熊熊的火焰

一座座紫金的楼阁啊
端坐着一个个巨人
向我欢喜地微笑啊
仿佛是久别的亲人

一座座黄金的旋梯
盘绕着殿堂的圆柱
像一条条巨大的金龙
昂首向天空飞去

我看到一个巨球
座落在殿堂中央
像清澈透明的水晶
旋转着金色的画图

仿佛有无数个世界
在水晶内悠悠闪现
一个个黄金的乐园
迷醉了我的双眼

一阵阵奇妙的钟声

在耳边倏然响起
那些端坐的巨人
唱起雷鸣般的歌声

这歌声如金色闪电
从八方向我照耀
我心中顿然空明
看到了亿万年前

这座黄金的巨塔啊
原是我亲手建成
那金壁上的一行行星辰
是我写下的诗篇

这一个个微笑的巨人啊
都是我当年的伙伴
那一颗巨大的水晶球啊
是一个金色的宇宙

这九万多层的金塔啊
包容无数的时空
像一条时光的金梯啊
通达无数个天堂

时间化成的星辰啊
是一个个神圣的词语
每一部黄金的诗篇
创造出一座乐园

那一座座巨大的金鼎啊
燃烧着时间的圣火
熔炼出无数颗星辰
构成一个个宇宙

这座透明的金塔啊
端坐着无数个巨人
他们的歌声的光芒
化成了一轮轮太阳

我看到了水晶的天空啊
在金塔外旋转

仿佛有无数座金塔
在天空中熠熠闪耀

我仿佛不在存在啊
化成了无际的光明
那无数座黄金的巨塔
就在我光明的胸中

那无数个端坐的巨人啊
在金塔上向我微笑
他们那灿烂的笑容啊
闪耀出金色的永恒

1998. 3. 22北京

Bio:Hongri Yuan, born in China in 1962, is a poet and philosopher interested particularly in creation. Representative works include Platinum City, The City of Gold, Golden Paradise , Gold Sun and Golden Giant. His poetry has been published in the UK, USA ,India ,New Zealand, Canada and Nigeria.

Post Scriptum

John W. Sexton

High Horse

cut along the stars
return the night
with your answers

witch's pet
the ouroboronic puddy tat
coughs itself up

inside the pewter pig
nothing
took up everything

a gift for Emperor Vlad
tea girls tattooed
in willow pattern

what we mean
by catching moonlight ... the mountain path
forks off into sky

cut-up the bullet's trajectory ...
William Burroughs
folds back to Joan

soldered to its elegant suitcase ...
snail neither leaves
nor arrives

The Elon Musk ...
new Martian brothel

to celebrate space pioneer

zero-gg ...

come down

off your high horse

Solid Cough

Fr Drawkcab ... take
the first lefts away
from the living impatient

goes up with his ship ...
the captain's life force
is fed to the soul drive

ah, ink blot poetry ...
no need for words
we see the mind

in owl's solid cough
a brief history
of the recently dead

Celebration Hymnal
66: 6
"Bide the effluent of Babylon"

we innocents ...
sleep is deep under a quilt
stuffed with angel's feathers

dadda bear too tough,
mamma bear stringy, babba bear
mmmmmm ... Mouldylocks

S&M Binder ...
inside the kryptonite clock
girl of steel wound tight

then the Eye of Tallow ...
we bathed
in that gaze

A Lost Word

guard dog
with fifty anuses ... nothing
disturbs the Privy Council

foetus princess rules
from the womb ... Lord Chamberlain
interprets the kicks

biotech telekinetic frogspawn ...
spots in your eyes
then you croak

widgeon a lost word ...
tree arrays take notation
from the night sky

a gale
to her stride ... those
high-heeled coracles

whistle-talk
through massive teeth -
earth opens at our lisp

we kept the breath
of the last polar bear ...
no way left to say snow

the cell inside us ...
abstract spiders
spin their webs in our minds

just enough ink
in the finger ...
mene mene tekkel upharsin

cured a giant's skin,
pulled it over Athens ...
the sky beats with weather

That Strange Myth

through the window
in the invisible house ...
nothing is so clear

a pall of drool ...
the black dog
in room thirteen

one-hundred-eared Burt's
hundred wicks ... the last living
earwax chandelier

with dice
of six blank sides ... a game
not left to chance

sing again that strange
myth from Old Earth ... the dog trapped
in a sheet of glass

lunar-forming stations
spew out curd oceans –
soon the moon of childhood

no shred of shirt
just lip-marked flesh ... the harpies
wait in turn to kiss us

asbestos lingerie ...
won't light his fire but
will take his breath away

spavined Chollima
herded from the skies ... brushes
graze paste-pot pastures

cuckold clock ticking again
the Minator
follows the loose knitting

Swallowed Whole

Googweh cannot accept
your thrall right now ...
when the phone went God

recall ... at Lucifer's
nine-billionth name
the stars came on one by one

the purest, purest relic ...
the golden tongue
doesn't wag

measuring cape
and speak-your-weight shoes, check ...
little Miss Wibble wobbles

the marzipan Trump ...
bitterly vile
but swallowed whole by millions

still pointing at what?
in its cloth the childhood
vestigial finger

screams, delight ...
little Victor's
toy concentration camp

out of his head ...
the brain in the bottle
bobbed inscrutably

death sentence:
the eyebrows of the Dictator
are two colliding trains

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