

[Home](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Spring 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Mail](#)

THREE POEMS BY HANGMING YUAN

COPYRIGHT 2007

My Crow

as an ancient Chinese saying goes
crows everywhere are equally black
but this one in the backyard of my heart
is as white as a summer cloud
i have fed him with fog and frost
until his feathers, his flesh
his calls and even his spirit
all turn into white like winter washed

my crow's wings will never melt
even when flying close to the sun

Directory of Directions

North: after the storm
all dust hung up
in the crowded air
with his human face
frozen into a dot of dust
and a rising speckle of dust
melted into his face
to avoid this cold climate
of his antarctic dream
he relocated his naked soul
at the dawn of summer

South: like a raindrop
on a small lotus leaf
unable to find the spot
to settle itself down
in an early autumn shower
my little canoe drifts around
near the horizon
beyond the bare bay

Center: deep from the thick forest
a bird's call echoes
from ring to ring
within each tree
hardly perceivable
before it suddenly
dies off into the closet

of a noisy human mind

West: not unlike a giddy goat
wandering among the ruins
of a long lost civilization
you keep searching
in the central park
a way out of the tall weeds
as nature makes new york
into a mummy blue

East: in her beehive-like room
so small that a yawning stretch
would readily awaken
the whole apartment building
she draws a picture on the wall
of a tremendous tree
that keeps growing
until it shoots up
from the cemented roof

Night Quiet

in the distance are heard some lonely footsteps
wandering beyond the boundary of wild dreams

a dehydrated lamp suffering alone from insomnia
listens attentively to crickets' calls outside the walls

the moonlight crunches under the shoes of fall
birch leaves trembling violently like thin thoughts

only still life can still bear such solitude...

Copyright 2007, Changming Yuan. © This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws.
It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.

Changming Yuan grew up in a remote Chinese village and published several books before moving to Canada. With a PhD in English, Yuan works in Vancouver and has had over 100 poems appearing in *dANDeIion(CA)*, *Kritya (IN)*, the *London Magazine(UK)*, *Porcupine (US)*, *Private (IT)*, *Stylus Poetry Journal (AU)* and others.

Email: yuans@shaw.ca