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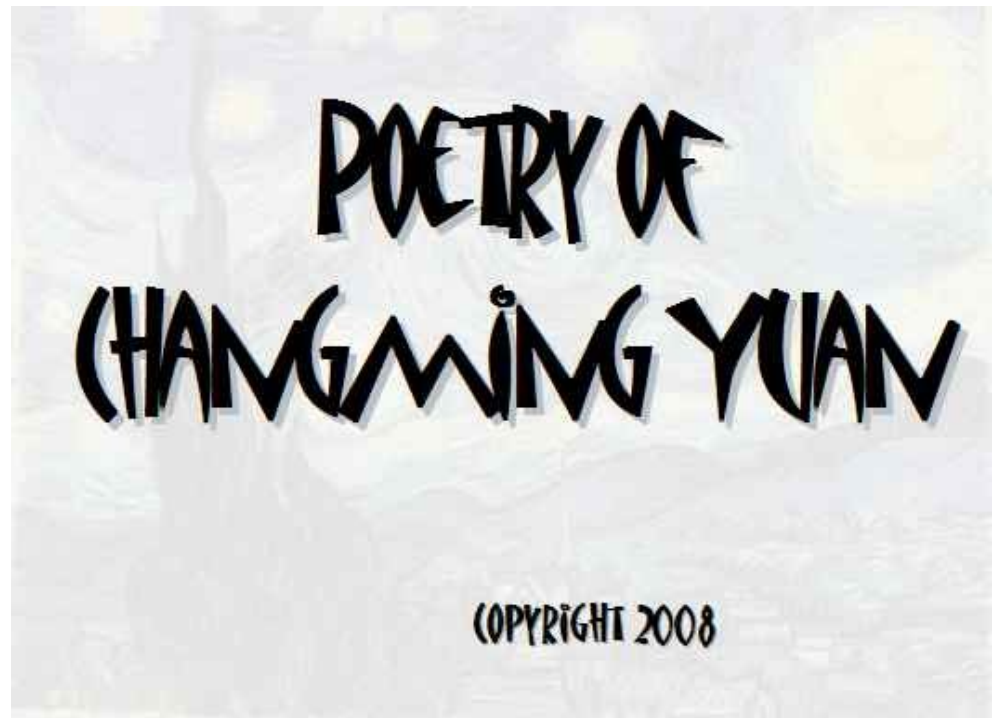
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The Worn Worm

This is a transparent creature
Gnawing at the tiny roots
Of my withering senses
Before it becomes a chrysalis
Buried deep in my heart's soil

Then it tries to climb out
Sucking all the fresh dews
Held long in my staring eyes
Before it begins to beat
Its blue wings against the frog

Then it will fly away
On a cloudless day

During their Dialogues

Behind the words they exchange
Hides a wild snow-covered animal

It seems like a sleek but wounded panther
Squatting under the thick bushes of syllables

Stop and listen with their cagey minds
They can smell its bleeding sighs

But neither of them has seen its true face
As it occasionally appears and disappears

What do YOU see then?

It is your golden-rimmed lenses
Rather than your naked eyes
Or it is your naked eyes
Rather than your virgin mind
That look at yet without seeing

the morning glow
The shadows of maple trees
And the pecking crows
Outside of your rooms
All rented

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Changming Yuan grew up in an impoverished village in central China and published three books before moving to Canada. With a PhD in English from University of Saskatchewan, Yuan currently teaches academic writing in Vancouver and has had about 200 poems appearing in such publications as *Exquisite Corpse*, *London Magazine* (UK), *Porcupine*, *Private* (IT), *Sentence*, *Stylus* (AU), *SNReview*, *Thanal* (IN) and *Vallum* (CA).