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A Portrait of a Poet Getting Newly Old

Changming Yuan

South Granville, Saturday Evening

All construction noises gone. Except fewer
And fewer cars swishing by. A veggie dinner
I watched wolf warriors. She stared at
Her smartphone. No visitor as on every
Other eve. I thought of making love
I want. No! She is no longer a woman
Let alone mine. No internal communication of
Any kind. So aged we can no longer go to bed
Earlier or later. I wandered awhile online
Trump again. Doklam standoff continued
No fire between Guam and NK. No body
Contact either. No more. The bed is too small
For two big different dreamers. However
Always too large for a small stanza

In the Year of the Rooster

This is not really Chinese zodiac
But born in a year of the rooster last century
I was fated to crow aloud to summon
The first morning glows above the

Rice-fields, constantly pecking here and there
For a seed or a pebble bit within the walking
Distance of my grandma's straw-roofed
Cottage, ready to put up a chicken fight

With my fleshy crown standing up straight
Although never able to fly higher than a broken
Fence, since my body was winged
With more fat than feathers

Only after I died did I manage to travel afar
To an exotic land, when my naked being
Was minced and served for a minor course
In a recyclable plate as in this little poem

Hiking in the Forest

I stepped aside to let the cyclist pass
You are welcome! I said. He actually
Had said nothing, but I assumed he had
Said *Thanks!* And a light feeling swept
Through my heart, *You are welcome*
As I continued to follow the trail
Into the depth of Pacific Spirit Forest
Each step trodden on the leaves
And a breeze blew through the komorebi
You are welcome in this kingdom of trees, the
Whole natural world I was in, together with
All my heart and soul. *You are welcome*
To share the tranquility of an unmanned realm, where
The entire physical world wraps itself up
In me, and beyond all roads. *You are welcome*
To penetrate my private moment of space and, in particular
You are welcome to cut short this line of thought

Father Knows Why

You know well where your son lives
You forget his address, and each time
Your birthday approaches, he forgets to call
You. He is simply too exhausted by his job
Too occupied with his own family affairs, or
Too busy hanging around with his pals, while
His baby daughter spends all his money
Saved to pay his mortgage. You miss him
A lot sometimes, but you don't want to go
To California, or near where he dwells. You
Know you always could—there's even no need to
Apply for a visa; there will always be plenty
Of time for travel. Your father came to visit
You only once. That was a trip from the other
Side of the world, to Vancouver, Westside.

To Be Continued: A Portrait of a Poet Getting Newly Old

Born with half a dozen defects and deformities
But always trying to be a damned perfectionist

Never able to pass any English test in a Chinese high school
But managed to obtain a Canadian PhD in English literature

Growing up in the lowest physical conditions
But having the highest quests for spiritual life

With much fewer needs for money than a true puritan
But working like an unserviced coin-making machine

Deep in love with nature
But prisoned in a big city

A man of few words by nature
But making a living by teaching

Enjoys expressing himself most
But has few readers or listeners

Cherished a young dream about becoming a political leader
But living a self-exiled marginalized life most of the time

Never really cared for by any human
But full of love for other fellow beings

Changming Yuan
edits *Poetry Pacific* with
Allen Yuan and hosts
Happy Yangsheng in
Vancouver. He has pub-
lished over 1,409 poems
across 41 countries. Email:
changmingyuan@gmail
.com