



**Zhang Zhi**

**The Life Boat**

However  
The life boat  
In the end fails to have  
A character carved  
No matter how simple it may be  
In waters  
In your hand today  
Are no longer you yourself  
The former sword  
Has long been lost

The abrasive wheel of time  
Has thus  
Mercilessly  
Worn us down  
Together with  
All the ripples  
All the totems  
And all the names we have created  
Then  
Give the boat up and dive  
On the way downward  
Draw back the spearhead  
Let the blood rust

After that  
It turns into a grain of falling sand  
To confront Death's poisonous teeth

At this moment  
In the azure sky like mirror  
The eagle is stationary  
Sunflowers on the shore  
Advance triumphantly

### **The Dark Sun**

The scarlet springwater  
Coldly flows out of the *Dongxiao*  
Things have no action but they have lives  
Every sound has turned into stone  
Which then has turned into the flow of light  
The memory of wind  
The specters of trees  
And the vacancy of crows

Lo, the powder of dream is dancing against wind  
All that had grown in my heart has died  
And that which has not died is not flying before my eyes  
I've got no finger-prints of the dead  
The sad cry of lovely birds has been sealed up by mountains

The supper of humans  
Is still lies

## Nearly a Eulogy of the Hero

I want to tell you that  
There is a stone sculpture  
Sitting on a concrete bench  
I mean  
Sitting on the concrete bench outside my window  
That is a blind man  
It is said'  
That a bullet of a Vietnamese  
Shot through his eyes  
He is alive  
But motionless  
He reminds me of  
The tomb figure of the Qin dynasty  
The master piece by our ancestors  
That pair of dark holes  
Is like the holes of ice  
From which coldness comes  
Making people  
Uncontrollably shudder  
This guy is quite queer

He chooses to stare at my window  
Rootedly  
And is reluctant to move his eyes away  
As if I were a criminal  
Who am being kept watch on  
Can it be that he bears me grudge  
But I have never known him  
I can't remember  
Whether there has been any conflict between us  
Perhaps  
He only seats himself  
Whether there has been any conflict between us  
Perhaps  
He only seats himself  
Why should I make a fuss  
But he looks  
As if he were the last-day judge  
Can this stone sculpture  
Clearly know the secret in my heart

That is not a good sign  
I can remember one night five years ago  
I penned some pages of Poem eulogizing war  
In the color of the limpid moonlight  
So recklessly  
Is it possible that he has something to do with that  
But I threw it into the fireplace immediately  
I really want to dash out of my door  
To ask the reason  
Or chase him away  
Like shooing away a host of birds  
But is it necessary  
To bully a blind man  
If others see me do so  
They will surely think I'm wicked

The wintry sunlight  
Is shining on his face of bronze  
Which seems somewhat classical  
And deplorable  
The sky  
Darkens  
Unknowingly  
At this time  
The stone sculpture suddenly stands up  
Looking upward at the sky  
And feeling the bald trunk  
Then  
He turns into straight body  
And recedes into a deep lane  
The whole process  
Is almost silent and quiet  
Like a corpse from the nether world  
His slow action  
Makes others tearful

## Order Passed On

—An Exercise in Different Lines on a Piece of Out-of-date News

The regimental Commander to the battalion commanders  
“At eight this evening, the Halley Comet  
Will appear over our garrison area  
This phenomenon only appears once  
In every 76 years. Order all soldiers  
To wear camouflage painting dress and gather on the dill ground  
I will explain this rare phenomenon to them  
If it rains, order them to gather in the auditorium  
I will show them a film about comets.”

A battalion commander to the company commanders  
“According to the Regimental Commander’s order the Halley Comet  
Till appear over our drill ground at eight this evening  
If it rains, order the soldiers to wear camouflage painting dress  
And go to the auditorium in line  
This phenomenon that appears once in every 76 years  
Will appear there”

A company commander to the platoon leaders  
“The Regimental Commander order: At eight this evening  
The extraordinary Halley Comet  
Will appear in the auditorium in the camouflage painting dress  
If it rains on the drill ground  
The Regimental Commander will give another order  
This order only appears once in every 76 years”

A platoon leader to the squad leaders  
“At eight this evening the Regimental Commander  
Will appear in the auditorium with the Halley Comet  
This thing only happens once in every 76years  
If it rains, the Regimental Commander will order the Halley Comet  
To wear its camouflage painting dress and go to the drill ground”

A squad leader to the soldiers  
“When it rains at eight this evening  
Accompanied by the Regimental Commander  
The 76-years-old General Halley  
In his camouflage painting dress and in a car of ‘Comet Brand’  
Will go to the auditorium by way of the drill ground”

The order Passed on  
Regiment X, US Army, 1910

### **The First Draft on the Motherland**

There are always some mouths  
Or a crow  
Habitually taking in its mouth  
A colorful chicken feather  
Flies up to the cloud  
And gives a meaningless cry  
To the void world—  
“the motherland now is in need of you”  
(’Tis always the motherland that needs us )  
Then  
Some birds’ motherland  
Suddenly turns into  
The motherland of tens of millions of birds  
As if whores  
Have thoroughly remolded themselves  
Overnight  
Then  
We have to unconditionally  
Hand over our warm blood  
We have to regard our lives  
The only private property  
As a straw  
And casually throw them  
Into the colorful flames

When the time of peril has passed  
What the motherland  
The motherland that we love as dearly as  
Our lives rewards us  
More often than not is not garden  
Nor the azure of the sky  
Cages, police dogs  
Bonds, high walls...  
Always unmasked

( Satan is with me)

Then

The motherland of tens of millions of birds

In a wink

Has changed back into some birds' motherland

Then

We, these extra

Sons and daughters with all out feathers pulled

Again, have to

Crawl and crawl

On the muddy and

Like shameless dogs—

O, Motherland! My dear Old Mother

### **Birds' Language**

Birds' cry cannot be higher than the sky

Just like human beings

Never able to see themselves clearly

Those pupils, bones and blood

Hidden in the concrete

No longer wake

Even if I say the world is like a picture

Even if I put up a sign to purchase testimony

Even if I hold babies' hands

And gaze at the newborn tiger

Even if every day we read aloud

De *luxe* name, fairy tales and birds' language

Who can believe from tonight on

Eagles should fly downward

Star light never dims

Or, snowflakes are lit for warmth

In the days when the land is covered with incantations

The moon walks together with the corpse

A-l-a-s

## **Flight, Surpass Wings**

When living, he soars in cold sky  
Washes his wings in clouds  
Opens his bright eyes in pursuit of meteorites  
And drinks the limpid rays

When living, he directs his ears to the human world  
Takes varied amorous feelings and moonlight  
When living, with the sharpness of thunderbolt  
He twist off the neck of night...

Some day, I will turn into  
A thread of cloud in the vast sky  
No longer a lightning. But I  
Will never repent, never beg to resurrect

When living, he flies  
Which is the eternal motif of the eagle

## **The Domsday**

These years  
You peddle yourself to the world  
Like a politician  
More like an old hand in love affairs

These years  
You and the world flatter one another  
Like a pair of actors  
More like a pair of gays

Oh, these years  
You sleep together with the world  
But you have known nothing about the world  
Oh, these years  
The Aeolian bells in heaven are like a drunkard  
Limping along the tunnel of time



## **A Poem of Fourteen Lines: To the 16-year-old A Wen**

Taught by your parents  
You began to work as a prostitute  
When you were quite sixteen, you say

Pressed by the life in reality  
I began to work as a poet  
When I was quite sixteen, I say

Now still sturdy your little breasts  
And also famous I am as a poet—  
You can't comprehend the great changes in my heart  
While I fail to make clear your burning beauty

It is not so much to say you are opening freely on the bed of the country  
As to say you grow silently in my poem lines  
Whose heart is blown away by the nightly wind in June  
Your hollow eyes will not hold the fiery sigh

## **Rising**

You are aloft, evil, elegance and gloomy  
Like a snow leopard, like a crescent moon  
My witch, my Mona Lisa  
In your melancholy and mysterious eyes  
I'm willing to be gracefully cut by your knife  
I'm willing to turn into a pile of ash  
Pillowing the green hills and rivers alone  
Listening to your wordless repent  
M, I'll stand in the hell or heaven  
To see how you draw back the cutting edge of your red lips

No, in the centre of the storm of time  
I, a free poet  
In the instant of falling, will die without a burial place  
If I refuse to rise

## **King Wu cut down King Zhou**

—An ENTER Practice of an old Story

That year, before King Wu attacked King Zhou Regime  
Some one reported to him:  
King Zhou of Shang Dynasty is tyrannical.  
The civilians are complaining.  
Shall we attack him now?  
King Wu said: wait!

Later King Wu was told again:  
is King Zhou is brutal  
The civilians complain no more  
they shout abuses  
Shall we attack him now?  
King Wu said: wait!

Later King Wu was told again:  
now some noblemen, rich people, and elites  
leave Shang to seek refuge with vassal states  
and change their nationality  
Shall we attack him now?  
King Wu said: wait!

Still later, King Wu was told:  
The civilians are speechless  
They pass by others in street with lowered heads  
fear on their faces. They no longer complain  
nor shout abuse, also dare not conversation. King Wu  
pounded the table and stood up. He ordered the immediate to attack King Zhou...

As a result, wherever King Wu's army went  
Shang's civilians and soldiers just capitulated  
all those noblemen, rich people and elites left Shang  
and joined crusade against the army of King Zhou  
Hence Shang Dynasty fell apart  
and King Zhou set himself on fire and died.

## In Memory of a Butchered Chicken

Yesterday afternoon  
I went out to buy a chicken  
In the farmer's market  
It is moist all around the ground  
In the air  
The smell of rotten vegetables filled ...  
The chickens were put into  
A big wire cage by a chicken trafficker  
Beside it was a hair removal machine  
Their feather on the ground around it  
When I approached to the cage  
They crowded around in horror  
I pointed one of them I wanted to buy  
Ask him to weigh it  
When he reached  
His hands stuck with a few pieces of feather  
Into the wire cage  
Faced with the extinction the chicken  
Was actually motionless  
It confirms  
A familiar Chinese idiom  
—Dumb as a wooden chicken  
After weighed  
He held  
A gleaming knife  
Aligning it's neck  
To force a touch  
A surge of blood  
Was instantly gushing...  
Immediately  
The chicken  
Was thrown into the machine  
And then  
He fetched a scoop of  
Scalding water pouring down—  
It screamed again and again  
That also sparked those chickens in the cage  
A scene of screaming ...  
Whine  
Weakened finally

Until it disappeared in the chilly wind—

He had

Already opened

His machine to stir...

After a moment

A naked chicken

Right under my nose

Was chopped into pieces

At the same time

The chickens in the cage

Had also calmed down

They

Began pecking at the feed

Feeding by their master

Some began to smooth their feather

Some crowed

Some were fighting for food

What a peaceful and happy scene it was

As if their fellows' fate

Did not link together with them at all

Just now what had happened

Also seemed to be a nightmare

Now

All was calm again...

NEKOPIRATI

## **Dreamland**

Last night  
On my way home  
I found a little lamb  
Kneeling  
Beside a barbecue stall  
Of shashlik  
Watching the barbecue being burned  
On the fire  
The little lamb cannot help shedding tears  
One drop after another drop  
From its eyes  
“Mom, mom,  
They, they, they have roasted you ...”  
A little mouse  
Suddenly runs  
Past here  
While the lamb is sobbing  
It gives the lamb a dirty look:  
“Weeping, weeping, and weeping,  
What are you weeping for!  
That is my mom ...”

## **The Earth Where We Are Living**

Under each inch of earth  
A pile of white bones  
Are  
Slumbering

When dark night  
Has turned off  
All the lights  
Suddenly  
I see  
Heaps of white bones  
Like  
One after another  
Huge

DIOGEN pro culture magazine & DIOGEN pro art magazine -ISSN 2296-0929; ISSN 2296-0910  
Publishers online and owners, Peter M. Tase and Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc  
E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>

Phallus  
Growling  
From the dim and distant  
Starry sky  
Invert-  
Ed  
Down-  
Ward

Chongqing, September 4, 2013

### **Why is it still not daybreak yet?**

At dusk on Aug. 24th, 2013,  
In Fenxi county, Linfen city, Shanxi province  
A six-year old boy  
was doted hallucinogenic drug  
And taken into open field by craft  
When he was playing outside of his own house.  
And his eyes were bodily gouged out.

The six-year-old boy  
Only six  
All of a sudden lost  
His innocent eyes  
No, No  
At that merciless  
Bloody moment  
All the men became blind  
Right, all of us are victims  
And also murderers—  
We are just  
Reels of high-grade cloth  
And sheets of mean bathroom tissue  
Drifting about  
in this troubled world...

Days passed  
The boy whose eyes were bodily  
Gouged out

DIOGEN pro culture magazine & DIOGEN pro art magazine -ISSN 2296-0929; ISSN 2296-0910

Publishers online and owners, Peter M. Tase and Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc

E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>

Is still lying in sickbed in the hospital to this day.

Unable to feel any ray of light

Surrounded by endless darkness...

On every of these days, the boy has kept asking his mother:

“Mom, why is it still not daybreak yet?”

...

Does the boy really just ask his mother?

No, No,

He actually, in the name of us—

These blind men

Asks this fucking world

Why is it still not daybreak yet?!

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