

Yi Joanna Dai, Sep 2, 2009
On Woodland Cemetery

Tranquility in white, heaven and earth
Shading across the middle, breaks, connects
Root into the snow, soaking the cloud
Silence, the echo of my voice

Shading across the middle, breaks, connects
Every step into the morning snow
Silence, the echo of my voice
Pine, snow, early spring, too subtle of a fragrance

Every step into the morning snow
Falling, lower, lower than down
Pine, snow, spring, too subtle of a fragrance
Ascending, higher than light

Falling, lower, lower than down
The Nordic rhythm of lines, pine trees, stolid
Ascending higher than light
Secretly caressing the soul of the dead

The Nordic rhythm of lines, pine trees, stolid
Casting threads of warmness, of quiescent passion,
Secretly caressing the soul of the dead
Shadow of the living on the invisible snow

Casting threads of warmness, of quiescent passion
Cold breeze sneaking through my fingers
Shadow of the living on the invisible snow
Heated, bits of sunshine on my fingertips

Cold breeze sneaking through my fingers
Blending into the linear, breaks, connects
Heated, bits of sunshine on my fingertips
Unscented past and uncolored present

Blending into the linear, breaks, connects
Pine trees age, gravestones smoothen in the wind
Unscented past and uncolored present
Floating sparkles of ice, hidden drops of rainbow

Pine trees age, gravestones smoothen in the wind
Something calm and repetitive, Nature weaves
Floating sparkles of ice, hidden drops of rainbow
Insipid as the air, enthused as the obsessiveness

Something calm and repetitive, Nature weaves
Root into the snow, soaking the cloud
Insipid as the air, enthused as the obsessiveness
Tranquility in white, heaven and earth