


A NIGHT OF POETRY AND PLAY



Special Digital
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PREVIEW



*" These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder
Which, as thy kiss, consume "*

A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE



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This is a preview.

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in cooperation with
East West Theatre & Theatre Anon

A Shanghai Poetry Zine

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Demonic Delusion

Michael Watson

You see everything through walls.
It's there, in the distance,
Frantically passing you by.

You do not hear the music,
Just a distorted hum from the future.
Sounds devoid of emotion.

You touch but do not feel.
Grasping desperately, the hands cannot
Caress the gentle flow.

Life's juices are lost on the tongue.
All flavor is dull.
Meaningless drops falling on a confused pallet.
Was it not once sweet?

Fear is all you smell.
Such an alluring scent.
The aroma of imprisonment keeps you Intoxicated in this senseless realm.

A life lived inside Demonic Delusions
Has drained the senses.
Tired and breathless,
The vessel is a harrowing vision of what was.

Frozen

Serena Marlin

The heart grows like a tree,
The leaves made of hopes and dreams.
But if those have died,
Falling away one by one.
The branches bare and naked,
Roots dying a slow death.
The soul freezes,
Winter has come.

Not Your Sonnet

Awesta Zarif

Compare me to a summer's day? Good luck. I am far more than those sunny
skies and white clouds.

I'm not as novel as three months out of the year, my reign lasts through the
storms, the bone-chilling cold, the gray haze that leads to gray thoughts.

Don't misunderstand, I love to be bright and light. But sometimes my leaves
do fall and passers-by step on them to hear the crunch and nothing else.

Crumbled little leaves and feelings.

At times I am reborn like the spring with new songs, ideas, inspirations, a
whole damn new attitude and so what? Equinox, solstice, harvest, bloom, I
am all of it. I grow from a baby bud, I live in the feeling, I get tired, I give up.

Just like that, the cycle continues.

Compare me to a summer's, autumn's, spring's, winter's day. I am all and all
are me, cycle, cycle, cycle.

Forget Me Not

Jai Stephens

I never want to leave...

So I tend to stay, in no dismay,
way past scheduled time...

I never want to leave

Because when you're close to me

I can feel your heartbeat in sync with mine,

I never want to leave,

For you ask me not to go away.

I never want to leave.

Because the angelic air you breathe

While under me is so peacefully sweet

It calls my soul to sing,

I never want you to leave.

Because your kiss permits me to be free insisting that I never stray,

I never want to leave.

So I tend to tempt and tease you

until my love centers your chi (qi)

Because of anticipating uncertainty,

Of our next encounter of pure intimacy,

I never want to leave

Because a part of me wonders

If you'll remember me the next day.

I never want to leave

So when I stay I make sure to show grace.

So every second of every minute

I make an effort to embrace,

And caress the memory of your face.
As indulgent as it seems,
I never want to leave.

Because, undeniably, only the universe knows
What tomorrow brings,
And the mere idea of letting you go
Threatens my very being.



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End of this preview.

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