

The Village of Wind-Gliding Fish

1.

Are you back, my dear son?

Weary and worn out, better put down your knapsack.

Chasing idealism, running around unceasingly.

Rest here, lie down. You're home now, sweetie.

Back from the big city with dazzling lights and glamour.

Behind a high building, filthy wastewater, rotten odor.

Mommy knows you have seen the gray world,

Daddy knows you have been badly rocked by life twirled.

Leaving fresh from a pure white sandy beach,

You drew your route with independence complete.

Your intelligence and knowledge breed the ideas you have reached.

Like the North Star that gives directions in the middle of the sea deep.

2.

Are you back, my dear son?

Awfully fatigued, return to the sweet, soothing lull of the wave's glee.

Keep all the queries which make you waver and worry

in that knapsack you carefully carry.

Karl Marx, Mao Zedong's Selected Works,

Karl Jung, Foucault, Che Guevara,

Slavoj Zizek, blah, blah, blah...

The collision of the heavenly horizon from within.

Making a journey from the peninsular around here,

You soared in search of a new ocean of ideas,

knowledges, and insights.

You have high hopes and big dreams to find afar.

3.

Are you back, my dear son?
 Your youth looks so heavy and weary.
 Though you are brainy and mighty,
 Revise your route if the golden dream looks dim and glimmer.
 While chasing idealism, searching wherever,
 Hold tight to the old books, light whatever.
 Memorize poems of revolution from the fading text.
 You look confused, disoriented and perplexed.
 See people with different opinions as opponents.
 Call people with contrasting thoughts by your newly invented names.
 Hunt and track down each and every one all the same.
 What kind of idealism results in this end game?
 Leaving fresh from a pure white sandy beach,
 You turn into a person of fierce and fury.
 Aiming for acceptance of diversity and equality,
 You have taken a contradictory path. A tragic irony.

4.

Welcome back to the bosom of the peninsular,
 with a village, in some places of which there are flying fish.
 Soaring and gliding above the waves, the wind amidst.
 Beyond belief but visible to the eye.
 You may dream of becoming a flying fish, to reach the sky.
 But you must know how to decode the puzzle on the line.
 Just open your heart and mind wider than before,
 You may, then, reach the skyline as you have long aspired.

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