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Affinity

Death Penalty

Criminology

And Law

-----Helen Hou

A Matchmaker

The middleman between a haunted ghost and his lover
is called a psychic medium.

The man who arranges a meeting between the two compatible persons
is called a matchmaker.

The one who praises herself to be an expert in matching unrelated couples
often quickly measures their mating degrees
through their discernment
and dominates the process of others' entering marriage
by making indiscreet remarks.

The one who can eventually sit facing towards you in a table
is the one who matches you the most in others' eyes,
either in terms of their social status
or market value.

When the one you love is not the one who loves you back,
you need a matchmaker
to size up a prospective mate.

But the universal criterion for matching a mate is philistine and vulgar,
quantifying people's wealth, economic status, income and physical appearance,
morbidly pursuing the balance between these distorted and obsolete conventions.

The girl who possesses these favorable factors
must be the ever-victorious general in matchmaking market.

But the stainless history of sexuality,
the pure record of past love affairs,
and the sagacity in household duties
have not been considered to be determinants,
differing from secular customs.

Persistence towards natural affinity,
obedience towards promise and deeds,
and genuineness and sanguinity towards her lover in adversity,
all these intangible factors have also not been taken into consideration.

Conjugal felicity tied by superficial standards and formalities
must be amusing and awkward.

Tensions within a marriage
are as aching as grains of sand inside one's shoes.

Most of the matchmakers with private interests
gloss over the conditions of one party
and over-embellish the sincerity and cordiality of one,
urging the blind combination of the two.

Some matchmakers
exaggerate the significance of rigid quotas
and bloat the imaginary accomplishments of one party,

leading to a grave mistake in their marriage.
In the market of seeking a spouse,
the overelaborate conventions and taboos,
and the trammels set up by matchmakers
have ulterior motives,
making you deviate from the normal track of seeking affinity.
The man arranged by a matchmaker
sitting on the other side of a table,
is either for substance or utility,
reflecting the psychological drama of the sex-starved person.
You will never meet the one who really fits you well
because a matchmaker always puts a spoke in your wheel.
Any commercial activity of a matchmaker
is against the laws of a free courtship.

A Blast of Chilliness

I have studied in an aristocrat girls' college,
which spends most of its life defeating women's illiteracy and ignorance.
Our Delta also advocates girls to counterattack arranged marriage,
reckless sexual intercourse and heterodoxy,
cultivating girls' sedateness, chastity and genuineness.
Restraining our sexuality and being magnanimous
are our lifetime boarding pass.
When I walked inside another college,
getting used to the aloofness,
I felt an undescriptive desolateness and chilliness.
I saw the toxic action of the overseas, flaunting their wealth
and their stable social status
and the contagious habit of extravagantly spending embezzled public funds
on personal pleasure and gaining preferential employment.
Such eccentric favor bestowed at their birthtime,
overgrown from a malignant tumor to calamity,
making the current human relationship very flimsy.
The public indignation is like wimpled waves
dreary and depressed,
unable to stir the social disturbance.
Some girls are inadvertently sucked into the whirlpool
of the unprincipled dispute
and extricate themselves from hesitating in the paradox
between individually nursing a grievance and colluded framing.
Some students
lie about their precociousness and fabricate their legends
flatter and toady to the authoritative personages in academia
hype up their achievements and exclusiveness
trample on the fairness and impartiality of the admission and grading system.
Only offering their thunderous applause, humility,
and doubts-free compliment,
after-class approach, interaction and intimacy,
these customary rules
could guarantee a dissent-free admission.
The admission office considers
the benefits attached to the admission of the influential power
and misgives the financial loss caused by an impartial admission.
Inside the college,
professors divide into the combative hawk and the docile dove,
as a pike and a shield,
and form a fortified fortress,

prohibiting the permeating of the dissidents' doctrine.
The professors misuse the distorted view of academic integrity,
forced to instill the sense of blind loyalty and worship.
They superficially
define your vision and individuality to be rash and reckless judgement
and manipulate the grading system.
They sarcastically critique your works
and spread ironical remarks
to revenge your exposure of their superficiality in literacy and subjectivity in grading.
They appease the anonymous letters of accusation
and forsake to track their origin
and indulge the unshakeable academic authoritative status from the lavish praise.
The nomination of the foundations, fellowships, residency, and awards
are no longer transparent,
involve utilitarian factors and preferential favor.
The candidate name has been switched
before the list is released to the public.
The confidentiality in the scholarship selection and other academic appraisal
abets the politics and authority interference.
Limpidness is impossible to gain.
Some professors swagger out in a line
from reaching consensus over how to embarrass me in a round table.
They propagate their bluff and bluster,
and manipulate their mentored students as puppets,
spelling the end to the glorious image of this nation.

A Burst Seam

On a snowy morning,
I came to realize that someone had entered my apartment,
deliberately damaged parts of my boots
by ripping the side leather,
and the zipper of my pants
by slightly prying open the joint between its concave and convex.
The burst seams in almost all my newly purchased clothes
always perplexes me,
dominated by the people who pull the strings behind the scenes.
I initially did not notice that it was a trap set by someone deliberately
until I saw all my clothes
soaked in an intentionally broken washer.
When a body odor irritated my nose,
like a contagious virus,
I suddenly recalled a girl enclosing a blanket around her on her way to school
after all her clothes had been soaked in her washer.
She threw on her only blanket
walking on the street
from Winter Solstice to the end of Summer
denouncing the misdeeds done by women congenial to each other
and their damage for the machine
whose stoppage implicated her clothes.
I stopped attributing these flaws on my clothes
to their low price and raw workmanship,
but to the woman's capricious scheming.
The pills on the texture
only affect the appearance and feel of the clothes,
but their zipper and leather condition
determine the utility and functionality of the clothes.
The zippers of my upper body clothes
are never impaired
and the zippers of my pants
are never intact.
Moreover,
only one-side leather of my boots is spoiled,
not a pair
to avoid suspicion of her dirty trick.
My clothes are never stolen or gone,
only over-shrunk by exterior manual force
or deliberately soaked in a full-loaded washer.
The deformed clothes

are more devastating but more unnoticeable
than stolen clothes in my walk-in closet.
As one of the victims tricked by the same habitual offender,
I realize that her pretentious shabby appearance
and slow and soothing movement of sweeping nothing with a broom
are for glossing over her menacing motif
and discerning my awareness.
She clearly knows
that deliberately spoiling the machine
whose failure in its mechanism
could implicate my clothes
and directly spoiling a whole basket of clothes
greatly differ
in the nature and degree of the offence.
Her ecstasy in watching all your clothes soak
in the washer full of detergent and foam
is more pleasant than that in stripping off your clothes
and skinning a naked me in front of other women.
Her peeling off the slip-resistance rubber heel of my shoes
is more technical and unperceivable
than scraping the leather of my boots.
A long time ago,
illiteracy simply connoted
the incapability of reading, writing and understanding others.
But in modern times,
illiteracy means
someone shaking her head and crossing her eyebrow
declaring that she cannot grasp the essence of your discourse
hampering the communication of the advanced literacy,
and the ignorance of her own moral degeneration,
and her violation of criminal law.

A Concubine in the Forbidden City

I was not born in the Forbidden City,
but I was selected to live in there forever,
in a tournament of talents, virtue, personality and fortune.
I went to the Forbidden City with nothing in hand,
as this tournament only allowed virgins
who had not spent a coin in their entire lives.
I enjoyed the imperial favor for a while
and then was banished to the cold palace –
a dusty vase relegated to the back shelf.
It was then that
an imperial bodyguard entered my life.
He watched me pass by
while he played his flute on the gate tower.
In order to avoid the unpleasant intimacy,
I walked behind him.
But the shade allowed us to confess and confide over a cup of cold tea.
He taught me how to pretend to drink tea with poison and hypertoxic.
He also confessed that the first time he saw my face,
he thought I was blind.
But his friend told him
I was the emperor's concubine.
He then asked me how the concubine could break wind when she pleased the emperor.
Our topics went beyond chess, changing dynasties and a burst seam in my hymen.
I was also honored and happy to drink the poisoned wine he gave me,
as he was a man of affinity.
Every dawn,
he wanted to tell me that the reason I could be one of the emperor's concubines
was not that the emperor believed me to be a virgin.
He knew I had lost my virginity due to the persecution of the pretty, rich girls.
A girl who is not a virgin must marry a beggar.
The emperor could tell that I often cleaned and buried the corpses
of poor maids and misjudged prisoners at midnight.
But the dead were revived after I released their souls from suffering.
So the emperor brushed aside his grudge and offered me a life free from all anxieties.
Several months later,
the emperor died a natural death.
In a last-minute rush,
the safeguard grasped my hands,
promising to take me out of the Forbidden City that night in disguise –
according to the convention of the Forbidden City,
the late emperor's concubines must be tonsured or executed.

I gritted my teeth
and shook my head –
I had lost the capacity to survive in the outside world.
The emperor's most patronized concubine became an obscure vestige –
from her naïve glance to her desolate facial expression.
The shabby prison garb could not conceal such vestige.
I had grown more accustomed to the intrigue for each other in the Forbidden City
than the plain tea and simple food outside.
I had often experienced great calamity –
disfigurement, battery, arrest and kidnap before I came to the Forbidden City.
But life after the Forbidden City was more intimidating than life within.
The philistine in the downtown
was more savage and vicious than the bigwigs in the secluded palace.
After I drove away my only bosom friend and locked up the Forbidden City gates,
ten million arrows from the Hall of Supreme Harmony
flew towards me,
piercing my heart.
Rare affinity overflowed outside the gate.

A Fork in a Lounge

In almost all graduate programs,
there is at least one lounge with an integrated kitchen.
The kitchen always has basic heating facilities,
from the suspended microwave,
to the kettles.
The kitchen in the graduate lounge has
overturned its traditional function:
from taking a nap on the sofa,
to meeting a bosom friend to allay sorrow,
and quenching thirst by mixing some beverage.
But what has replaced it is its function of emergent treatment
for its vicinity,
providing adequate resource for first-aid
and a place for a doctor to ponder a remedy.
I used to use the kitchen
and try not to bother others and overuse the provided utensils and facilities
by skipping the overelaborate procedure of cooking.
I pursued utmost simplicity and brevity in food preparation
and replaced cooking with heating
and cut the waste to the minimum.
The microwave would transform
the electronic energy to thermal energy,
heating the cold leftover in a short time
and confining the steam to a sealed space.
The cold leftover would slowly rotate,
and the heat give due consideration to every side.
I sigh – the microwave is indispensable in the lounge.
But one day,
Having suffered from the symptoms of diabetes,
from the low blood sugar
to the intermittent shock,
caused by the starvation and less consideration for taking contingency food,
I ran to the same graduate lounge for help,
but realized the staff had taken away the basic utensils and tableware already.
I remembered
that the staff who took away all the tableware was the one
who wears formal wear
and had often evicted me from the lounge when I was eating.
Another black staff would then show up
and satirize me
with his acrimonious language.

Their orthodox ideology is that
this lounge is a pillow with an embroidered case,
its only function that of decoration and accommodation.
All the facilities, including the microwave and the taps,
are only reserved for influential faculty and staff
and the privileged alumni.

These resources and facilities cannot be used by me
and the vulnerable community,
including the running water from the taps
and the fresh air circulating in the lounge.

But today,
this arrogant staff has hidden the necessary tableware,
for instance, forks.

When the tableware is scarce,
forks can replace spoons and knives,
naturally becoming the only necessity in emergencies.

The fork
is the only necessary tableware
as any liquid food must be picked up by a fork,
especially when the food is hot.

The fork
also shoulders the responsibility of transporting the hot food in the bowl
to the mouth of a patient.

When students suffer from low blood sugar,
often a hot liquid diet is served as an emergency remedy,
the student will die
if the staff collude to hide and take away all the forks.

Moreover,
the degree of heat is an important premise
and a must in providing this only remedy.

We collect water from the tap
and use the microwave to transform the common food
to the only remedy
by heating it for three minutes.

When the remedy is served,
a fork is a necessity.

Therefore,
instant food, water, microwave and a fork,
these four elements can save a life.

Anyone who deprives us of our right to use the fork
is a murderer
and a criminal at large.

Any staff or anonymous person who

declares the ownership of the forks and other tableware
and takes them away
is also a murderer and a criminal.
As the faculty and staff in this building
have the privilege to use this lounge,
so in return for their welfare,
they have the obligation to maintain
the normal operation and management of the lounge.
Hiding all the forks,
or taking them away
could be disastrous for the innocent students and patients.
When the students encounter an emergency situation,
from shocking to bleeding,
from vomiting to the comminuted fracture,
the status of the student shifts to a patient.
The graduate lounge in the vicinity
shifts from the dining venue
to the Emergency Room.
In an Emergency Room,
the disappearance or misplacement of a tool,
caused by deliberate replacement
or because of a sanitation issue,
can cause the death of an innocent life.
Any patient who is sent to the graduate lounge
will rely on everything in the lounge,
including the air and the temperature.
For instance,
a microwave to heat,
a chair to support his broken back and spine,
a dining table to rest his head on,
fresh air to breath in and out,
the freezer to freeze an ice pack,
and even a computer and Wi-Fi to contact emergency assistance.
Sometimes,
a clean fork,
can be plugged into a congested esophagus or artery
to quickly dredge an embolism
and revive a suspended animation.
In other words,
hiding or taking away the forks in the graduate lounge
is as much of a crime as
locking the door of the lounge during normal hours
or evicting patients from an Emergency Room.

Upholding the daring spirit
of the first-aid pioneers,
we must sentence the staff who evict the patients in imminent danger
and take away the forks to the death penalty
and maintain the prestige of this final judgement.

A Good-looking Gentleman

I prefer to trust the best-looking men's words,
their testimony, discourse, morality, judgement and deed,
and deeply believe their success is bribery-free,
steered by their inherent qualities and untiring efforts
and if they are sexually continent.

However,

I am often in contempt of some good-looking men's glory,
querying and doubting their fellowship nominations,
especially their overelaborate process of nominating
and adjudicating their unworthy merits.

Most of the good-looking men
who have frequent intercourse with women
mingle with men of letters and arts,
exhibit illicit sexual relations
and rake in the resources that only belong to noble gentlemen.
I assume such men's physical advantage must have been gained
from transsexual surgery,
artificial reconstructive operation,
and the estrogen.

The man of natural beauty must be quite obstinate and cynical,
resistant to heterosexuality,
resenting all the opacity, utility and trickery of the society.

In Asian ideology,
a naturally good-looking man must be fiery and forthright,
be sexually continent
and even heterosexuality resistant.

This is the absoluteness of an unknown law.

Integrity and fierceness
trace the naturally good-looking man's entire life
as they have to constantly resist
the temptations and unwritten rules
with their reticence and sometimes with violence.

What follows the good-looking man
is a life full of frustration, hardship and misfortune,
from deliberate unemployment,
to academic dismissal.

I have heard that
some naturally good-looking men cannot enroll in a college
or even cannot get their terminal degree
due to their physical charm

and the derived mental enchantment.
When the college threatens or provokes them,
they cannot compromise
or deviate from their principles,
therefore,
they are not as glorious and radiant as
the men who gain success by a fluke.
If a good-looking man is sophisticated and slick,
or he is a frail scholar,
all his achievements, secured position, degrees and nominations
must have been gained by partiality and special favors.
He is opportunistic and utilitarian,
masquerading as a man of integrity.
All of us have experienced
the embarrassment of finding no place to urinate
and the inappropriate need to break wind.
However,
the (transgender) good-looking man
is always unrestrained and untrammelled,
clean leather shoes,
wrinkle-free shirt,
two-headed dual personalities,
prevailing over other naturally good-looking men.
They always prefer to converse in a round table,
flaunt their leadership and artificial glamour,
their volubility and eloquence in public,
installing orthodoxies, occupying job opportunities belonging to others.
Having incest with other women or men,
sucking capitalism's thumb,
those men trample on fairness and impartiality,
and crest on rapacity.
Those good-looking men
who are against heterosexual intercourse
cannot rehabilitate themselves for their academic suspensions,
classmate disputes, frame-ups from the college,
or the unemployment or the missing ownership of their dwelling,
juggled by the central government.
Purity in matrimony,
innocence in affinity,
and in sexual intercourse,
graciously declining women's unrequited courtship,
chivalrous swordsmanship,
these features are indispensable for a good-looking man,

who is away from unwritten rules
and the erotic relationship.

The most welcome unwritten rules in the society,
and carnal desire
permanently repel the naturally good-looking gentlemen.

One day,
when I organize my rough manual for paralegal attorneys,
a special agent tells me,
all the men who plagiarize others' writing and thoughts
and collude with other professors to push me aside
while wearing genial expressions on their faces
are transgender.

The good-looking male professors who collude with them and
juggle my paralegal writing and life
are the beneficiary of utilitarianism and denatured ceremony.

They gain laurel wreaths
for imposing an intimacy
or mentioning their kinship with the influential
rather than a fair emulation
or blind admission.

The naturally good-looking men,
always dissociate from mainstream society
constantly stumbling over obstacles,
drinking the regret caused by disobeying the unwritten rules
and constantly resisting carnal desire.

In this world,
the most chaste and infatuated man
is either the man born in an aristocratic family
or the naturally good-looking man.

Their similar personality
is solicitude to the handicapped workers
and the great benevolence to a life.

A Law Case in Suspense

An unconstrained man has been accused of sexual assault:
It was reported that
he availed himself of instant sexual desire,
took off his pants
and used his genitals to enter into a girl's vulva.
But I can ensure you that he is innocent,
and is being framed and extorted by a girl.
Normal sexual intercourse requires at least three stages:
One is the prelude,
which is to loosen the rubber band of his underpants,
rub and circulate his genitals in an open space,
to stimulate the erection of his genitals.
The strength of his hands
should be enlarged.
The second step is to stimulate the constant secretion of a girl's secreta.
The outflow of her secreta would
moisten the vaginal wall
and her external genitalia,
serving as a lubricant for the incoming sexual intercourse.
A dry and pucker vagina
cannot establish an essential condition
of normal sexual intercourse,
or reluctant sexual intercourse,
as the abundant and moist vagina's secreta
is a premise,
and a prerequisite for any type of sexual intercourse.
Cutting this moistening procedure apart,
he will not be able to open a girl's secure vagina,
facilitate the sliding in and out of a man's genitals,
and complete the intercourse.
Only by rubbing her vulva,
massaging her breast, nipple, and lower abdomen,
his lip rotating between her lower jaw to butt cheek,
dripping his saliva onto her pubes,
can he generate the overflow of a girl's white liquid,
guarantee the normal progress of a sexual intercourse,
and even realize the sexual ecstasy.
Under some special circumstances,
a rapist will skip the ceremony of sexual intercourse;
for instance,
reducing the time to solemnly

take off his trousers and underpants
and withholding his patience to stimulate the erection of his genitals
and the vagina's moist environment for sexual intercourse.

But the favorable environment in a girl's vagina
is indispensable.

Moreover,

seven emotions and six sensory pleasures
comprise the complicated temperament of a human being.

A person without such fluctuating sentiments
is a rigid corpse.

Such seven emotions and six sensory pleasures
come spontaneously

or are even inspired by the interior and exterior elements,
for instance,

the weather, temperature, time, biological clock, incidents, and geography.

A man with a sober consciousness

also has the possibility

and the tendency of his trousers being taken off
by wind,

or by accident.

I often customarily lift my pants

in front of girls

out of habit and because of childhood trauma.

The man accused of sexual assault and rape,

had taken off his pants

on the occasion of his increasing unreasoned rage, wrath, and fury.

But the girl who accused him

confused his complicated rage and other sentiments with sexual starvation.

One of his sentiments –

the desire of conquering –

differs greatly from sexual starvation

and sexual lust.

His desire of conquering

originates from a man's chauvinism,

and varying degrees of competence.

A man's desire of conquering

and violence

are not related

or equal to sexual assault.

And it also differs from the desire of occupation.

The indignance and wrath

settled by force and violence,

a quick rage,

vented through a man's physical strength
is not sexual harassment.

A man flying into a rage
with his lower body naked
and pouncing on the girl,
if not immediately followed by his manual stimulation of his genitals
and rubbing a target's vulva,
poking her vagina with his index finger and middle finger
to catalyze and expedite the outflow of secrete from her vagina,
is not rape,
but only a conflict or a wrestle.

The girl's vulnerability
and undomesticated temperament
are a camouflage
to accuse him of false charges.

Some smart foodies often mix the tea and milk
to make it into a milky tea,
which differs from the tea and milk,
in flavor, color, luster, and smell.
The milk tea is a simple compound,
derived from tea and milk.

However,
sexual assault or rape
is not supposed to derive from
assault, attack, and pouncing.

According to the law,
pouncing, assault, attack, dragging and pulling, tearing a girl's clothes,
these layered charges could not derive,
or evolve into a new crime,
if further action and sexual offence do not happen.

Exposing his naked lower-body
is an indecent exposure charge,
rather than rape.

The light, wind direction, moonlight, vapor, visibility and the obscurity of the air,
at the certain moment,
could be used by a covetous girl,
as the favorable objective conditions
for her suing a raping.

Contrary to the woman who is richly attired and heavily made-up
and win her accusation of raping,
some women fabricate their vulnerability and feminine temperament,
squeeze in between the legs of a man who is unexpectedly naked,
taking advantage of the instant occasion when he is in a dilemma,

from being vaguely aware,
to being entranced.

A Tenable Conviction and Rhetoric

The judicial system in the States comprises one thousand flaws,
ten thousand holes,
and appeases ten thousand original sins.
The judges at the Supreme Court,
wear a lofty expression,
an inviolable momentum,
accept the defendants' fallacious testimony
and their rhetoric,
hesitating between the conviction and refuted allegation.
The current Court,
has already lost its legal validity and prestige.
From the initial accusation to the final tenability of a conviction,
a criminal has too many chances
and grace periods to slip from the burst seams of the legal system.
An experienced criminal
could substantiate his statement
to justify his absurdity and feasibility of committing a crime.
The stereotyped pretext
has been passed on orally,
and adapted appropriately
to be applied on the criminal by a wide margin.
The reason for their escaping from conviction
or sentencing to a shorter term of imprisonment
is not due to the powerless defense of the criminal attorney
but his indulgence in sophistry and his high capacity of eloquence.
Such a type of defendant,
always shows the ambiguity of testimony,
perfect assurance of his own justification.
They also see through
the sloppy general mood of the court,
the fatigued execution power,
and boldly assume the victims and survivors
would not accuse and appeal.
The path towards the bottom of every criminal case
is like a rugged mountain path,
full of twists and turns.
The tortuousness in the lawsuit,
is as tangled as
the twisted roots and snarled branches.
The judges cannot admit the complexity of the case
the confusion deliberately complicated by

the side issues.

Moreover,

the capricious testimony from the victims,
the sloppy investigation into a case,
the local criminal police's venality,
the deliberate erasure of the material evidence,
together pervert the social justice.

The natural fading and dissolving of
the subtle evidence in the liquid and air
along with the quick solubility of the chemicals,
damage the preciseness of the evidence,
juggling the accuracy of the investigation and scientific appraisal.

At the same time,

the mobility and fluidity of the evidence
in the criminal spot
can also affect the legal medical experts' collecting the evidence.

The criminals and defendants
would deliberately postpone the responding time
and pretend calm and innocent, or secure.

I am neither a mole nor a planted agent,
as those with recessive personality disorder
neither utter a word from the bottom of their hearts
nor confess their aspirations.

Though their utterance at their leisure time
cannot be the on-court testimony
and my subjective judgement still could not
manipulate the normal procedure of the case.

Most of them I work with are
the ones who have the twisted mentality
and will never be executed due to their record of previous crimes.

Those criminals around me
distribute their missions
and act as a needle, knot and thread,
along with other odd pieces of thread.

I think,

collecting the subtle evidence even from the oxygen and vapor
and catching every subtle hideous gesture, ferocious facial expressions
from the incomplete corpse tossed in the wilderness,
or the body that has been beheaded,
is not the only obligation of the experts in the criminal investigation
and the legal medical experts.

The spectators come and go,
either they are indifferent or numb,

either they laugh or weep,
whether they speak the truth with the force of justice,
whether they fabricate the false testimony by collusion,
whether they distort the facts,
whether they could speak, regardless of threat and ironical remarks,
all these subtle mentalities
should be investigated by the criminal police and special police,
even the witness shows their involuntariness
and unconsciousness to get involved,
due to their coveting.

Lawsuit,
is not a protracted war,
always postponed by each link,
from the prosecutors, judicial powers
to the executors.

However,
the witness' testimony at the court
should be as fresh and initial as
the proof and evidence.
His reflections should also be spontaneous.

The witness's weighing his words
become the wind vane of the judicial opacity
and the domestic citizens' lack of credibility and morality.

The legal system,
has an aura of death and rage
intangibly spurring on its executors
to take rapid and resolute actions to detangle
the knottiest crust,
while prevailing over all the dissenting views
and any type of resistance and conciliation.

The police
also fails to terminate by force
the abortive and attempted murder in progress.
Any criminal case has its elasticity and tension.
The police should not suspend, mediate,
or cease to doubt its suspicion
and ascertain its criminal responsibility.

A Transgendered Town

I have been deliberately placed at a college,
full of transgender faculties, staffs and students.
In this world,
the most ruthless and dehumanized group is that of transgendered people.
That is the reason their transgender identities have not been disclosed
until their colluded crimes from financial fraud
to poisoning and murder,
are reported worldly.
I studied in an aristocratic girls' college in a zero-crime college town.
The local government is highly incorruptible and self-disciplined,
and cultivates honesty and nobility through high pay.
The entire college aims to rigorously cultivate girls' benevolence
and boundless gratitude.
This most expensive and exclusive college
often beats transgender women to death
and sentences transgender men to life-time custody.
But this new college only hires and constantly promotes
the faculties and staffs with worthless contributions.
They are pillows with embroidered cases.
This is not due to a paranoiac's stubbornness
or their aesthetic judgement,
but because of their mutual interest.
The transgender faculties colluded with the transgender staffs and students
by offering them remuneration and preferential treatment.
The central intelligence office tells me,
their removal from the secured positions
still could not pluck out their influence and backup force.
I have the sympathetic resonance towards the students
who chronically suffer from these transgender groups.
The food and beverage left carelessly unattended on the table
would always be hyper-poisoned by these trans-gender people.
The male who sends amorous expressions to me
but inwardly shoots the message to everyone
to avoid conversing with me
is also a transgender.
The girls and boys who arrive at a tacit consent with their transgender peer
and satirize my writing
are all transgendered.
The men who disguise themselves as my late relatives and acquaintances,
invade my confidentiality,
poison my eye drops, medicines, facial cleanser, sauces and rice

and simultaneously inquire about my health with amiability
are also transgendered.

The men who poisoned the senior and the legal heirs,
and disguised themselves as heir
and receive the inherence through deceit and fraud
are all transgendered.

The ones who change my newly-purchased clothes with
smaller ones and large labels
and spray dry chemicals on them that make me itchy
are transgendered.

The ones who break my zipper, buttons, belts, shoe soles
and make them look within the normal wear and tear
are all transgendered.

The ones who mix hypoglycemic agents in my food
or the sublimated ones in my cellar air
catalyze my calorie and minerals consumption
much to my exhaustion.

The transgender people regard these crimes to be
a tease, trick and mischief that could be resolved
and deserve no penalty.

One day,

I was notified by the central intelligence agent
that the pregnant boy acting shamelessly next to me
is the one who flashed amorous glances at me
and showed favorable impression and faith towards me before.

His eyes are very coquettish
as he was a female at birth
and the excessive female hormones in him make his countenance
delicate and radiant.

His solicitude and meticulousness
originate from his subtle observation of social snobbery and vicissitudes
caused by being transgendered.

Being an unconstrained prodigal
brings him a debt of love affairs
but he still proclaims himself to be sage of love.

His superb performance at showing affinity and concentration
with great delicacy and sensibility
are widely acclaimed.

But his eagerness to deliver his baby makes him
temporarily withdraw from such acting.

Your mercy and forgiveness towards them
are taken for granted as a form of ingratiating,
which conversely provokes their aggravated revenge

and deadly harassment.

These transgendered people
possess animacy and virtual divinity,
contemptibility and hypocritical decentness.

For the transgendered people,
informing others that one is a trans-gender
is a rite,
and a premise for every possibility.

And it is deemed as gratuitous and compulsory.

Informing others that one is a trans-gender
is neither a perfunctory courtesy,
nor dispensable amenities.

The fact that encountering transgendered criminals
is considered inauspicious
is reasonable.

I begin to ponder,

the pernicious atmosphere created by the transgender people
not only alters and corrodes the local population structure
but also contaminates the superstructure of the entire town
and even spiritually colonizes it.

The local police along with the college faculties and staffs
also naturally indulge in this illicit relation with them,
juggling students' grades, dwelling and employment
under the unprincipled protection,
increasing the town's illiteracy and crime rate.

This town has been transformed into a barbarous camp.

Abstruseness of an Empty Email

When we read an anonymous email with no name or date,
we can easily judge the author's gender and intention under camouflage.
We easily come to a conclusion whether
the author is an aggressive demander
or a cultivated man of letters.
We can also predict if the author is illiterate or literate.
The author's educational background can also be deliberated
by several hidden factors.
Rhetoric is one of the factors that we can use to judge the author's literacy.
Stringing together all the ornate phrases or flowery dictions in one singular sentence
can prove neither an author's educational level nor his illiteracy.
But can prove the author's desire to embellish the reader's initial impression
and literary accomplishment.
Precise vocabulary,
graceful metaphors,
arguments with earth-shaking momentum,
climax and suspension,
cadence and rhythm in tones,
modest courtesy,
can prove author's mastery of literacy.
When you deliberately respond to this email with timely inquiry and further request,
while maintaining mystique and privacy,
his initial responding email
reveals his willpower to release tension and the conception of time
while his emails back and forth could better reveal
the author's persistence and the elasticity to deal with obstacles.
Our reply email that deliberately makes things complex,
can test the author's temper, bearing, endurance and conscience.
The sequence of explaining tangled things
and the manner of placing his top priority and secondary tasks
or enumerate the main points in parallel
can also best reveal the author's manner and tolerance.
The email with deep solicitude for others' embarrassment and disgrace
can show all the readers the author's magnanimity.
It is also possible to visualize the facial appearance and figure of the email author
from its details,
such as punctuation, tone, temperament and rhythm
though the email writing could be greatly distorted
by his self-perception of the aesthetics.
If the author always insists on overelaborate formalities,
it means her face is bewitched with an enchanting voice.

If the author's writing is tactful,
it means she is exquisite and delicate,
maybe has a cherry mouth.

If the author's writing is bold and flowing,
it means her face has an impression of both depth and solidity,
but it is featureless and dull.

Though our subjective assumption of the traits and stories of the email author
may have the deviation or even the divergence
with her real characteristics,
we could still extrapolate the whole through seeing a part of it.

If one day,
we receive an anonymous email of unknown origin
that sedulously evades the intense conflicts
and avoids involvement in the superficial oral dispute,
we can still glance at the cultural accomplishment, virtue, rigor, meticulous mind,
moral integrity and dauntlessness of the email author.
The hidden identity cannot conceal his inspiring awe
and daring momentum.

And the self-depreciatory expression at the end of the email
cannot cover the grievance
stimulated by her persecution from the politicians
and the perfunctory act of the chief leaders.

I often write some emails of accusation
satisfying my desire of exposing a lie.

As my ancestors served the politicians,
juggling with the government documents
but did not dally with power and veiled conspiracy.

In order to shake off his suspicion of seizing the power,
he left his position
and left me with a domestic precept
to never pursue a political career
unless for all the miserable people in predicament.

Accustomedness

We get accustomed
to fetters, taboos, stereotypes, and contraindications,
as we feel timid to transcend the twig fence.

We get accustomed
to authorities, bellwethers and wealthy businessmen,
as we have lost our courage to resist their undeserving and exaggerated publicity.

We get accustomed
to regional protectionism and departmentalism,
as we connect its lopsided spread to kinship and heredity.

Getting habituated means
we have blind faith
in permanence, stationarity and immortality
and in antiseptic features and fidelity.

I often witness someone,
encountering misjudged criminal charges at the court
by the judge and juries,
but choosing not to appeal and confront in a legalized way.

This simply means we get accustomed
to collusion and delusion,
to derogatory tunes, manipulation of racial inequality and to genocide.

We get accustomed
to the local police's slow reaction
in disclosing culprits from an immediate arrest,
to their penetrating investigation,
and refusal to abstain from corporal punishment when necessary,
as this would be a tacit admission
that maintaining neutrality
is convertible into showing impartiality.

We get accustomed
to diametrical opposition
to forensic science, dactylogram verification, polygraph, and ethology,
as adherence to criminal verification could offend the benefits of indecent people.

We get accustomed
to condone the ulterior motives of a male
to squeeze and get enrollment
in an aristocratic girl's college.

Their restraint in their excessive enthusiasm
is a good use of one's gender superiority,
and the chance to reverse fate reflects everyone's nature.

Getting accustomed to
the perfumery oral promise of politicians

is like applying a paradox remedy,
only palliative, not curative.

The symptoms of accustomedness include
zero resistance, tacit consent, connivance, and compromise.

Forcing ourselves to get accustomed
to the premise and essential prerequisites of everything
can make us accustomed
to the impossibility of the unconditionality of everything.

However,
getting accustomed
to normality, norm, and routine
could abet a secret liaison
and even a knowing breach of principles, laws, and regulations.

Getting accustomed
to the unequal provisions
has already overstepped submission to humiliation, crisis, and bias.

It is another disguised way
to inflame the seriousness and desperateness of the imminent danger.

However,
the golden spears and armored horses,
whipping on the close quarters,
combat on the execution ground.

This grand and spectacular race
is loftier and more sagacious
than the muffled nasal voice
and the undue leniency.

Composed legal argument
is more humane
than docile euphemism.

Adaptation and Authenticity

I was asked to meet a director in our college.
I was reluctant as I felt that this email was like a time bomb,
planted by the third party
who agitated the email writer and stirred up trouble.
I have to face all the sly questions
written on his rough straw paper.
Considering his ulterior motives,
which are secretly aided by men embodying benevolence,
I dared not attend this meeting unprepared.
He might cage my dashing spirit,
or halt my arguments by moving to his next question.
The director asked why I wrote
about others' personal lives,
from incest, to sexual scandals, bribery to disguised bribery.
I responded that before the start of any film or drama,
there always shows up a substitute,
the story is purely fictitious,
if it echoes with others' reality,
it is neither plagiarism nor duplication.
Revealing the truth and essence
is not against confidentiality.
Adapting a true story
differs greatly from narrating a true story.
The first-person narrative in a story or nonfiction
and even the bold use of the characters' real names
can be explained by respecting the authenticity and originality in court.
Beating about the bush between
adaptation, revision, edition and authenticity
can let me win a lawsuit.
Squeezing into the infinite void between originality and adaptability
and letting the readers know the obscurity between them
is my defense as a writer with free speech
in the zigzagging lawsuit.
Reporting academic authorities who juggled my degree
can better help the lawyers negotiate the academic suspense
and decrease the illiteracy rate of the States and extremely poor countries
and resist the "like father, like son" analects.
Seizing the right of writer's discourse
and blaming her criticism are also sins.
He smiled, then changed the subject
using the stratagem of sowing distrust.

He said,
You are over-suspicious and doubt everything.
I object.
Embracing the false leader,
anointing those who frame and poison you,
endorsing those who shame you and restrict your freedom,
is more ignorant than regarding the enemy as kith and kin.
Moreover, over-suspicion is from being circumspect.
The appropriate suspicion could stop you from burying your head in the sand.
I consolidate at every step,
withdraw from this conversation.
I once applied my mind
to probe the coded characters he typed
and used all my concertation to decode the intelligence.
He knows I am a mind reader of a thousand minds.
But he would never know,
the email he sent to me
was deleted by the central intelligence office
though I still came to this feast.
He also never knew,
I had been trained by an intelligence agency in a private girl's college
and apprehended criminals
and brought them to justice.
I came to this meeting with the protection of special agents in and out,
we had been bugging this conversation
as we had suspected his virtue and morality.
I read not only through Masterpiece of Swordsman
but also through Ancient Classic on Military Strategy.
When the advanced surveillance devices
gradually joins and coordinates intelligence agents,
human minds become hard to fathom.

Airport Pick-Up

Before the beginning of every new semester,
the boys in a higher grade always drive to pick up new girls from the airport.
Picking up a girl symbolizes his courting
and foreshadows his innermost feeling in embryo,
killing two birds with one stone.
The girl who can be picked up from the airport
is a one-in-hundred luck,
as he does not wish to pick up other girls.
The boy who drives and picks up a girl
conveys his languishment with lovesickness,
transforming his secret love to action.
Driving and picking up his beloved girl
looks like a blind chase,
but it must not be an impetuous investment.
Some boys, on the other hand, pick up multiple girls in one day,
making it hard to decipher who's his interest.
Picking up several girls at the airport
and pretending to only pick up one,
is all-embracing
and risk free.
Some girls prefer to arrange for multiple boys to come pick them up,
pretending there's only one;
this keeps her meticulous scheming a secret,
but her charm and boys' flattery.
Some boys suddenly disappear
when they think the girl has over-embellished her face and disposition in her picture.
Picking up their favorite girl from the airport
represents the rudiment of their affection
without any ambiguity.
Obscure affection cannot instigate a person to take such bold action.
Solicitous greetings and probing texts prior to picking her up from the airport
foreshadow a man's courting.
When a boy decides to pick his beloved girl up,
he starts his blind alley.
The whole process of picking up a girl includes
scheduling a time, mediation, rescheduling when something unexpected happens,
driving to the airport and waiting for her to appear.
Afterward, exchanging amorous glances,
taking a deliberate detour for their compatible temperament,
getting lost to create suspense,

throwing on his clothes on her shaky shoulders,
ordering a cheese burger at a restaurant's drive-in window
and amusing her to relieve her of her travel exhaustion
all constitute a perfect airport pick-up.
Picking someone up is different from sending someone off,
possessing a solemnness of proposal
and being as honorable as an engagement.
If your mind is preoccupied by a better choice,
going with your second choice,
forgetting the former one in your head,
is greater than the liberty of love.
A girl's inquiry about her airport pick-up is a way of seeking a spouse,
while a boy's picking her up is a voluntarily pledge of marriage.
Their one-to-one intercourse
cannot be reversed
by the sequential coincidence of a better person.

Anecdote

A white girl tells me,
the current States has been
tormented by the immigration policy
and the schemes of governance and administration.
The high intellectuals with prophetic visions
all exit the States reticently,
and the States will soon lose its hegemony.
This is the worst era in American history,
all the overseas intellectuals return to their motherland,
for the tyranny of the current president,
influenced by the jeopardy left behind
by the previous president's despotic rule.
The first black president
used the piercing and inspiring legend of his official career
partially conferred naturalization to the
free black laborers
and inclined the employment policies towards the black barbarians.
Submissiveness, stupidity, servility,
and a labor-intensive employment strategy
cannot be an exchange worthy of their naturalization.
The black people's emancipation
through the amnesty order of one political faction
and the president's non-interference
cause the obstinate surviving traces of the black people's pervasion.
The new president
never shows his thorough repentance
for the reluctant admission of the docile black immigrants
and his irrational daring to reclaim the virgin land.
The overstocked historical issues,
from the president's special favors and black labor
to the rampancy of white people's mediocrity and humdrum,
have penetrated every corner of the country.
The dignified gentlemen, persistent scientists
and intellectuals will become extinct soon.
The domestic citizens pray for a favorable prospect,
restlessly denouncing the officials' over-exaggeration of
the country's capacity,
cohesion and inclusion of various ethnic minorities,
along with the compatibility of divergent political systems.
Facing this imaginary prosperity, homeland security,

and the advocated policy,
these domestic citizens pillow their heads on a spear,
frightened by the suspicious men lurking outside their doors at midnight.
Being outsiders,
what we see is a blurred vision
a virtual image
and a phantom
exaggerating, twisting and shrinking the true image.
The over-exaggerated government police,
the clause that evicts one to reveal the nature of exploitation,
shows reluctance to rescind the sluggish employment relationship,
and prompts the effete military forces to disintegrate the interest groups,
and bury the citizens' initiatives and their rebellious daring.
A catastrophe,
a man-made calamity,
and some bizarre phenomena will occur soon.
Before I say farewell to this ungrateful country,
a deformed and handicapped boy,
wants me to take him along,
as I had promise I would take him with me
to enter matrimony,
and embrace my tardy conjugal felicity.
I would be happy to arrange for him a vintage cabin near my house
and collect the firefly near the lavender mansion.
I never show any vacillation towards my promise.
But the handicapped boy wants to inform me,
that the white girls in our aristocratic college,
who show great compassion and benevolence
towards the homeless workers in my country
are not Americans
and neither do they not want to be so.
"American" is a derogatory term,
casting light upon abuses,
lengthy and tedious academic lectures,
xenophobia
and sectarian bias.
Being an American
also signifies the excessive fertility,
and indulgence in ease and comfort.
Those pretty white girls
who fly to the mines,
pick up the frozen blind miners from the snowfield
and provide them first aid and accommodation

are as affectionate as anonymous donations.
Their merits contradict the typical American's morality.
Typical Americans,
are always heartless
inconstant in terms of their affinity and sympathy,
devoid of gratitude
and murder their benefactors if they are no longer needed.
They wish you could understand,
the persecution from the central government
is not your reason for not returning.
Your incompatibility with its outdated political systems
is also not a reason for your decision to not return.
Your country has no liberty and democracy,
but at least it has freedom and an alleviated sense of obligation.
You can take an unimpeded path with no restraints.
In the States,
there is neither prestige
nor brevity of law
to eliminate implicated offenders
There is only sophistry at courts,
and claptrap.
Its established system of credibility
failed to classify its citizens,
and offer convenience to the real brainworkers.
The States also failed in labelling
ex-convicts with warning signs
in order to restrict their activities
and terminate their attempted villainy.
The States does not value fraternity and public praise.
This originates from the obscurity of its own state system
and the ambiguity of life views.
My unexpected troubles and torment
at the hands of faculties, staffs and students in my college
and the obstacles from the local judicature
are the epitome of a commoner in the States.
They use their collusion and solidarity
to strangle civil rights activists.
I leave the States,
calling for the rejuvenation of constrained good nature and ethics,
from confessing their fabrication, fraud and deception,
to serving a sentence.

Anonymity and Anonymous Letter

We often open the anonymous emails revealing someone's misdeeds.
The anonymity of the author's identity is not due to their reverence and awe to the authority and evil influence, but his guilty conscience and his evasion of being ascertained.
The origin of all the anonymous letters with good intention can be traced, loyally assisting the police and detectives to handle the legal cases. However, all the anonymous letters whose origins cannot be traced, have an unreasonable intention, luring us into suspicious frame and slander.
The one who writes an anonymous email always proceeds their savage ambitions covertly. Anonymity allows them to avoid the exposing their ferocious faces, and provides the privilege of exempting from the responsibility while enjoying the utmost benefit of being invisible.
The anonymity in sending multiple emails by one person is more intimidating and hysterical than the anonymity in sending one email.
The anonymous letter does not aim to reveal the nature of an event or a person, but demonstrates their wrecking desires.
An anonymous email shows that the email writer acted willfully enjoying the unconstrained convenience of escaping the blame and lawful obligation but it hampers the judicial fairness.
Some anonymous emails do not need to be anonymous as its writer is an authority, but they still prefer their emails to be anonymous, because anonymity could make this email mysterious and possess the power to compel the readers' enforcement.
Some anonymous email writers just want to create twisty and suspenseful mystery, concealing its fabrication of facts.
The anonymous email writer makes irresponsible written remarks, terrorizing the pure arena, and its deterrent force is severer than blackmailing letter.
There are only two types of letters with no names and address attached. One is a blackmailing letter, while the other is a love letter.
Both of the two writers have already known the result before they write.
The anonymous email or letter

is like the corpse with no head.

The anonymous email or letter with hidden intent,
is like the disfigured corpse with no head.

Multiple anonymous emails fabricating different writers' writing styles
are like an amputated corpse, where it is
impossible to piece together the scattered parts
and restore its original look.

Being Handicapped

Among being blind, being deaf, being lame and being crippled,
I choose to be deaf.

Disability has so many forms or combined forms,
or evolved dysfunction,

but I can only accept losing my hearing ability,
as losing the others are equivalent to being a rigid corpse.

Hearing and speaking loss could be replaced by dactylology and lip language:

Vivid dactylology conveys deep solicitude
and lip language transmits meticulous feelings,
capturing the fascinated attention of the listeners.

The people with hearing loss could conversely see and observe clearly,
emphasize, down to the last details of a human being's well-being.

The hearing-impaired
are free from boastful behaviors and lustful desires,
and tenaciously defend their seclusion,
though they are unable to speak their grievances.

The hearing and speech deprived,
can still use silence and naked bodies as weapons.

Being blind and crippled
can best test a human being's humanity,
as the blind and the crippled cannot take revenge and immediately repay.

Most of the blind are reticent,
amusing themselves by sitting with a stick,
or resisting the spitting, cuffing and kicking from a barbarian.

In an uncivilized country,
savage people shout obscenities, bully, abuse,
trespassing and invading their homes.

Some mayors and leaders hire rapists to
crudely rape, gang-rape, disfigure, wreck and murder
the blind female,
currying favor with their descendants.

Being crippled and crawling on the ground,
they can be reviled, trampled, humiliated and deformed.

They have been illegally traded and transferred in broad daylight
as an exhibit

and a tool for offenders venting their lust.

In our country,
common transactions involving them serve an amusements,
but encroach on human rights.

The tragic fates of the blind and crippled
are a reflection of the chief leader's obscurantist policy.

Being deaf
One still has the possibility of spending a lifetime securely.
Sometimes,
impaired hearing could stimulate the revitalization of other organs
and the invigoration of intelligence
as the summit in the winding roads.
But the blind and crippled
are the most miserable foundlings in the world.
People showing no solicitude for handicapped people
is due to their own zero chance of being handicapped one day
and their gross deception of being able to permanently evade retribution.
China's chief leader commemorates the meaningless triumph of defeating
Japan's courtesy administration of China,
but conceals his citizens' persecution of the handicapped people
and ignores the necessary uprooting of his furious citizens
with the aid of Japan's precision instrument.
Japan's reform of Chinese citizens' servility
through invading China
and the enlightenment it brought through etiquette and civilization
is the antidote for Chinese citizens' maltreatment of handicapped people.
Being handicapped,
taking toxins
is better than living in a muddle.

Capital Punishment

We humans have seven primary emotions and six sensory pleasures,
comprising all our complicated dispositions.

Dominated by sense and rationality,
we can be full of vigor and vitality.

When we are merry and joyful,
the activities dominated by them could be of thousand kinds,
from simply wearing a smile,
to an ecstatic cheer,
from playing chess with a bosom friend,
chatting over coffee and observing the shadow reflecting on a window.

The gestures, facial expressions and activities
catalyzed by an emotion
can be different.

This could be compared to the effect of a microwave.

Its effect can be determined by two factors,
one is whether the food is totally unwrapped,
while the other is its heating degree,
determined by its heating time.

If the leftover food is precooked,
it could still be cold inside.

If the leftover is half-cooked,
it could become crisp.

If the leftover is fully-cooked,
the food would be savory to taste.

The substance is unchangeable,
but the food differs greatly due to the elements that moderate its heating degree.

In criminology,
the impulse dominated by an emotion
can also cause different degrees of criminal offences.

For instance,

anger and anxiety,

are extreme emotions that can manipulate the human mind and its consciousness
and make people commit different degrees of crime,

from primary offences---

verbal humiliations and insults,

and intermediate offences---

assault and battery

to capital offence----

murder and destruction of its evidence.

All these domesticated emotions

from happiness and ecstasy,
to admiration, excitement and gratitude,
can generate positive sentiments and activities,
starting from having simple delights,
to being a philanthropist.

There is a type of negative emotion
which is subtle, elusive and pernicious.

It is jealousy,
from gurgling to emerging,
then developing to burning,
Its crimes could be different,
from making an innocent girl stumble,
grabbing her hair to pushing her against the wall,
colluding the human resource to hire her,
transferring her full scholarship to others,
calling the police to shoot her down,
hiring the assassins to murder her,
or murdering and disfiguring her.

However,
the capital offence would be to
arrest her and sentence her for life sentence,
stifle her by pressing a pillow down on her nose,
mix toxicants in her eye drops,
stir rat poison into her sauce and food,
or replace her custodian parents with two killers in disguise.

The terminally capital crime would be,
amputating her and exhibiting her corpse in a jar inside a jail
in the name of ascertaining a fictitious charge.

Under the stimulation of a singular emotion---jealousy,
other extreme emotions,
from indignation to revenge,
from enmity to hostility,
if out of control,
can cause different degrees of crimes.

Therefore,
in the Supreme Court,
a jealous girl defends herself to reduce the term of her sentence.
She claims,
holding jealousy is not a crime.

However,
the capital offence caused by jealousy
is to be utterly devoid of conscience
and deprive others of their right to live and live better.

Living,
is the basic right and liberty of a human being.
If somehow the victim survives,
the fugitive is still supposed to be sentenced with capital punishment,
which is a death penalty.
The criminal police terminates her attempted capital offence
by taking great effort to sacrifice their police forces, energy, resources,
intelligence and money.
But sometimes,
the chance of terminating her attempted murder
is too little,
too rare.
Infinitely amplifying such a rarity
is to underestimate its expansibility and the ductility
of the man-made calamity and causality
caused by a girl's jealousy and grudges.
According to the law,
an attempted crime differs greatly from
an abortive crime.
"Attempted" is not equal to "abortive"
both in the literal sense,
and in legal terms.

Castrated Genital

An oversized genital was immersed in high-density formalin
kept in a glass with a sealed cover on top,
exhibiting the Public Security Department, Province-Level, on the outside.
signifying the necessity of massacring the men reckless in sexual intercourse.
Before I propose a toast to this unknown and unseen maker's chivalry,
I realize his intention is not confined to the simple implication.
That genital's owner
is the richest merchant in the real estate business who exploits the lowest paid workers
and his friends often raped a deaf female construction worker in the building site
to recover from their fatigue and sex starvation.
Those beasts in human form
often untied their ties, collars and belts,
rubbed their genitals horny
moistened it with saliva
and captured the forbidden zone of the female workers' sexual organs by brutal force.
Every midnight,
those rich men would take the chance of their genitals' erecting,
deem those female workers as their sexual tools
satiating their lust and the desire to wreck.
But every night,
there were millions of prostitutes and concubines
who offered him immediate sexual gratification and befuddled happiness
and regarded it as an honor.
Those prostitutes and professional concubines
have the constant secrete slowly flowing out of their vaginas
willingly smoothening their copulation
mutually benefiting their desire to induce.
Lopsided criminology urged these rich men to only target
willowed workers' struggle and vulnerability
from scratching their dry and wizened breasts
to allowing their vigorous genitals' to slide in and out.
Those female construction workers living in a precarious livelihood
cannot satisfying their excessive demand
groaning and screaming in pain during those men's sexual climax.
The mystical personage who castrated his genital
and exhibited it in front of the hierarchy, judges and prosecutors
conveys the permanent denouncement
and most savage revenge to the judicial system
transcending his intention to simply exposing the genital owner's oversized organ,
vigorous sexual performance and prodigious strength.
Nowadays,

the wicked high officials and treacherous court officials
obstruct the middle of the road
though they do not intervene, pretending to intervene or give up intervening.
The illiterate diplomats
counterfeit their experience, degrees and capabilities,
making use of their preferential favor
to freely travel, shop for and purchase overseas properties and study overseas.
The common people living under tyranny
have to exchange their glances when meeting on the road.
People's freedom of speech and liberty to report news
would incur their jail time, poisoning, confinement, dismissal
and even academic dismissal and suspension in their overseas institutions
due to their penetrating deterrent force from domestic to overseas regions
and the envy.
I ponder,
castrating the rapist's genital and immersing it in an antiseptic chemical
is more powerful and satirical in nature
than amputating or chopping him into three pieces
in front of the Governor's office.
Attributing the reason of castration to the pity
evoked by hearing of a deformed construction worker who hang himself
in a half-construction site
is not as tragic as
attributing its reason to the regret
caused by hearing about a gang-raped deaf construction female worker
who hanged herself in a construction site.
Because man's poverty and oppression
are not as chronic and permanent
as a woman's rape and gang-rape.
Placing an anonymous glass container loaded with a genital in front of the State
Counsel
is loftier than
peeing and scrawling on the walls of the Supreme Court
signifying the impartiality of someone who is permanently exempted from execution
and the inconvertibility between ten years' jail time and death penalty for rape.

Citizenship

One troop of the Taiwanese army voluntarily marched
towards the Southeastern countries to defeat the enemy.
After the establishment of Taiwan,
the chaotic central government refused to grant these isolated troops
the freedom and liberty of naturalization.
I sign the dehumanization and genocide of the central government of Taiwan.
The highest officials and politicians
romanticize the impossibility of their application for naturalization.
Tightening the policy of naturalization,
deliberately increasing its difficulty and complicating procedure
is not supposed to screen the true and the fake
and eliminate the unqualified.
The Taiwan government and their highest officials'
blind worship of the States and allegiance to westernization –
striking a contract
to underestimate and doubt the isolated forces in Southeastern countries,
representing their flip with the politics and diplomatic relations.
The only standard of judging whether people residing in foreign countries
can be naturalized
and become domestic citizens
is their native language proficiency
through official and scientific appraisal.
The government of Taiwan deprives them their right to
learn the Taiwanese language in native Taiwan
by cutting off their physical intimacy with the island
and denying them the legitimacy of freely residing in Taiwan.
However,
they can still speak the native Taiwanese language with the Taiwanese accent;
this innate linguistic capacity cannot be
fabricated or duplicated.
Their first language endowment
is neither dissimilated nor assimilated,
is genuine and authentic.
This inherent linguistic competence
is not the result of second language acquisition
or localization.
Acquiring the basic language capacity
is the passport to naturalization,
to social welfare, convenience and privilege.
Silently taking off their hats in salutation,
granting freedom and citizenship

to the isolated troops remaining in the Southeastern countries
and guaranteeing the secure transfer of their properties and businesses
can not only represent the magnanimity and credibility
of the independent country
but is also a compulsory obligation.

And such an obligation must be
supervised, regulated and put under close surveillance
by international law.

Taiwan's highest officials
pay excessive attention to the wording of regulations,
so stuck are they to the dates of historical moments, official names of martyrs,
places of historical events and the exact month of applying for naturalization.

Taiwan central government's
probing the obscurity of the martyrs and the isolated troops' memories
and humiliating their memory loss
are acts of repudiating a historical debt.

Moreover,
the memories of the first generation of martyrs
do not need to tally with
the memories and dictations of their second and third generations.

The dictations,
through imparting and inheriting
from generation to generation,
must have lost their authenticity.

In the appropriate distortion of the veteran's orality
exists its inevitability,
approved by professional historians.

Repeatedly doubting the date, time, figures, numbers of casualties
and even the names of veterans and martyrs in a war
is as criminal as
using torture to extort a confession in the prison.

An excused breach of promise and faith in a war
and an excused escape for survival and strategic succor
are not adequate reasons for judging
whether they can be naturalized after the war has ended.

Enumerating the requirements for applying for naturalization
and gaining citizenship
is a sly evasion of historical obligations.

However,
inducing the troops to enter the arid deserts of Southeastern countries
and encouraging them to fight an undefeatable war and natural disaster
by using the notions of fraternity and loyalty
and then refusing them return to Taiwan

reek of obsession with political power and historical achievements
and their gesticulation for political and military tactics.

Loss or win

is a common occurrence,

sometimes manipulated by weather, temperature, wind direction, and fortune,
those uncertain elements.

They are not indicators of the troops' courage, bravery, resolution and wisdom
and cannot be the standards of naturalization in Taiwan.

Southeastern countries

are not the orphanages of the isolated troops of Taiwan.

The central government of Taiwan

deliberately exacerbates the difficulty and complexity of the isolated troops
left behind in the Southeastern countries

as a disguised means of appeasing

the effort of the Taiwanese domestic citizens' citizenship status.

The remaining troops in the Southeastern countries

are neither the prey of the politicians and founders of Taiwan's false claims of merits
nor funerary objects of their capricious administrative policies.

Using the overdue application of naturalization

as a lame excuse

can be considered a form of political persecution.

Abolishing the rigid policy of naturalization

and admitting the residents of these Southeastern countries

are a must-have demeanor of a democratic country.

Granting the right of asylum to

those who have suffered from identity withdrawal

during their exile and vicissitudes

is a must-have uprightness of the States.

Coffee Dregs

At a round table,
some professors interrogate my writing,
doubting my self-restraint in avoiding sensitive political issues.
They emphasize that
investigating bribery and government corruption is not a writer's business,
and this is not the Independent Commission Against Corruption.
I respond that,
poets and writers are not timid cowards,
lauding the moon and eulogizing the wind all day.
Poets and writers are expected to don several hats,
see through the bustling image of economy and livelihood.
They emphasize that,
I use my freestyle prose to advocate violence and massacre.
I respond that,
poets and writers are not tortoises hiding in their shell.
Rising in rebellion is not taking an eye for an eye,
but it validates the lament of reverence and dogma.
They emphasize that,
my government proposal is more brutal than a massacre.
I respond that,
my formal proposal such as withdrawing the unqualified citizens' nationalities
is better for the States to avoid being sucked into the mire of financial crisis
as a reluctant saga that bestows favors.
I compare the unqualified citizens and qualified citizens to
coffee dregs and coffee beans.
The selected coffee beans are different from the coffee dregs,
though they have the same ingredients.
Coffee beans with fragrance and taste,
have the most profound medical use.
Coffee dregs are like the wreckage of a plane,
toxic and useless.
They emphasize that,
the argument and logics in your writing are too radical and ironic.
I respond,
our resolve cloaked in the gentleness of language is valuable,
and poets and writers' zero tolerance to compromise is of grandeur.
Spears, swords, war and warriors are more thrilling than
the romance and unrestraint in the tournaments of love.
The magnificent manifesto,
zigzagging arguments,
meticulous logic,

twisting and turning sighs,
these legal poems with the paralleled prose are more memorable
than the amorous poem.

My legal writing signifies the legitimate defense
as a party whose interest has been violated.

They emphasize,
in my writing,

I have sent the groundless accusation to the college professors' academic integrity, their
misjudged nominations, and deliberate trickery on my grades.

I stand up and peacefully respond,
any conviction of guilty and verdict of sins
have their tension and elasticity,
without absoluteness.

I just use my normally justified writing to denounce
the appeasement of a colluded framing within academia and college administration.

After I courteously defend my rights
and speak for other's grievances,

I leave this sealed office with a flick of sleeves.

I touch my face,
telling myself,

these professors and staffs are more unfamiliar than a stranger on a flea market.

But I still stick to a principle,
a butcher who chops the meat on a chopping board
is more honest and decent
than the scholarly pilgrim with blind loyalty.

Cost of Affinity

I was exiled to the West
and studied in an aristocrat girl's college,
escaping persecution, disfigurement and assassination
and luckily met a genius from the nearby boy's college.
He is a Mensa International fellow who possesses
the highest intelligence and martial arts skills.
But his face is not bookish,
like an unrestrained rock singer or a sagacious swordsman.
With the aid of artificial intelligence and advanced technology,
he emancipated misjudged prisoners, malformed persons, deaf and blind workers
and shipped them to the States,
by sacrificing the stipends and nomination from his frontier patent.
The workers of great momentum striving for liberation
have his meritorious credit.
He likes my infatuation and ruthlessness,
and I like his sympathy and benevolence
towards the disabled workers and disabled people.
The school wants to catalyze our favorable initial impression towards each other,
but he captures such a right of top priority.
He spits some saliva lightly and quietly in the wind,
leaving me with thousands of conjectures to interpret his mute body language
evolved from dactylology.
Possessing some similarities with my humanity,
he passes on this sacred mission to me
at the moment when we transform our implicit unison to affinity.
He also stresses that
human beings' brain wave could intervene and even distantly control
the frequency-hopping spread spectrum in the wireless signal,
realizing the interaction between intelligence and technology.
He also expects that one day,
the brain wave would dominate the magnetic field and electric wave and
simultaneously rescue the kidnapped female kept inside a sealed box
or in the hidden barren place.
He is cynical and difficult to get along with,
but could be entrusted with my whole life and happiness,
as this Mensa International fellow whose parents immigrated from Hong Kong,
carried a pushcart loaded with a living corpse who had been tortured,
dashing through the US Customhouse,
repeating his Mensa Hong Kong father's feast
of dauntlessly carrying deaf, blind and dumb kids to Oregon.
On his back,

ten bullets from the bigwigs in the central government were shot.
He lived in the world of drama,
performing his profound debt of gratitude, heart-stirring tragicomedy
and led the handicapped workers in torment
to break through thunderclaps.
Right now,
this late super genius becomes a sear engraved in my memory,
as the shadow drifts around me.
I often contemplate
in the afternoon sunsets of Amherst,
holding my nose between my index finger and thumb,
sneering indifferently and grimacing
are more deterrent than
brandishing lightning-like nunchucks at the rampant mayor,
and pulling out the gun from the sack and shooting the police in three seconds.
I also ponder whether,
carrying a living corpse that has been gang-raped and disfigured in a cement cart,
from an isolated countryside in northwest China to the States,
through the closely-guarded US Customs
is more tragical than
a US citizen marrying a sexually-assaulted manure worker
to give her to right to legal residence in a safe country.
Trimming the nails, doing the make-up of the corpses
of maltreated sanitation workers
and sending her to the cremation center with any reluctance
is much loftier than
excavating the workers' corpses from underground and burying them again,
and then excavating them once more to insist on her reincarnation.
The man telling you that the persecution, unemployment, and financial sanction
you suffered from
were not a storm in a teacup,
but were manipulated by the hierarchy for vengeance
is more genuine and sincerer than
the man who evades head-on confrontation.
I attach my affinity to him
neither because of his worship of intelligence and technology,
nor his utmost homage to acrobatic fighting
but for his benevolence towards millions of disabled people outside the States
and his loyalty towards affinity.

Deliberate Unemployment

I experienced and deeply abhorred the persecution, the assassination, insecurity of food and medicine, the confinement of freedom and political liberty and the groundless criminal charges from my hometown. Possessing a guilty conscience like a thief, they use the assessment criteria to intercept by showing the suspense status of the applied jobs. To shake off the suspicion of their much envied other's ability, they assign me to work in a countryside miner or a glass factory in an outlying area. Their hypocrisy of declining my job seeking and leading young people astray by misjudging me was more treacherous than any sword and bullet for my murder at the hand of the government leaving the proof of my bowing and scraping for a bowl of rice. After surviving an exile, the dismissal, delayed employment time, transference your job opportunity to others and the deliberate unemployment in the domestic area transform a lurking threat to a shadowy peril stimulated by the employers' sense of revenge and enmity. I have been dismissed for some lame excuses and those decisions stemmed from the collective wisdom of all my employers in charge of the appointment and removal of company personnel. They have become a machine for creating more and more lies to uncover the availability of criminal job discrimination and swipe off any traces of their deliberate unemployment. In the States, I often witness some hermit crab with a high capacity of defrauding people and bloodsuckers with green faces and long teeth, sacrificing their dignities to conceal their degeneration from the richest families. They seek ease and comfort in the first half of their lives, while brag unblushingly to occupy the welfare during the latter half, shaking the impartiality of the social welfare system and aggravating social panic. But their unlawful appropriation of the welfare and job opportunities is less malicious and fatal than the unexplained dismissal, unemployment and termination of contracts. Even though the employer knows that my stipend will be used for charitable purposes providing emergent relief to the beggars suffering from starvation and maladies, and her candidate has no flawless virtue, assiduous motif and convincing resolutions, she still passes on the position to others.

The employer who
takes advantage of the confidentiality
of the hiring a person,
also relies on survival in a livelihood where detectives trace her case to its source,
but she ignores the eternality of the case of her bias in employment.
Using the obscurity between unconscious and conscious biases as a pretext
she also often ignores the existence of distinct laws and regulations
amidst the vagueness and obscurity.
After the case of the employer's intentional unemployment is sealed,
further condemnation and censure of her execution just starts.
When such cases along with other criminal ones happen to you,
the extravagant hope of avoiding the emergence of criminals
is diminished
by realizing the inevitability of crime caused by lopsided psychology.

A Face Full of the Rosy Sunset Glow

At the dining hall of an aristocratic college,
a short and plump college girl often appears before me.
Before I came here,
I was told that this college's spirit is rigorous and chaste,
and all the girls must keep away from male homosexuality.
The intercourse between girls
should also be constraint.
Each day,
I encounter her, immersing in her moral integrity and tenderness.
She is full of leniency and undue tenderness:
the same feature of the girls born to and living in aristocracy.
But one day,
she lost control of her hands,
dropped a bowl of cranberries and cereals
and left this great mess.
I was told,
she has been diagnosed with split personalities.
Then on,
she is slandered and pushed aside at school.
She wants to reverse a verdict.
I introspect;
she is over-suspicious and afraid of her own shadow.
According to psychiatry,
psychosis cannot harmoniously coexist with
goodwill, mercy, and tenderness.
Psychosis has millions of symptoms,
only with the exception of goodwill and kindness.
Psychosis also contradicts benevolence.
I then show her a drama,
explaining that this drama has boosted social turbulence, disorder,
insanity, and sensation.
The romantic stories of the good-looking actresses
has subverted the public's morals.
All the actresses in these dramas
had been sent to the mental hospital
when they were young;
dehumanized treatments forced upon them
for groundless symptoms.
But they still cannot use their lifetime to
see through the absurdity of this meticulous arrangement,
from being sent to a mental hospital

to being treated as a psycho.
In the Asian ideology,
pretty and kind-hearted girls
must be insulted by parents and relatives:
“She is a psycho (for being too tender);
she is neurotic.”
Throughout their life,
those pretty actresses and actors
never received any gift of courtship, love letters or even a phone call.
Because, the central government
obstructs those connection and courtship,
as their marriage cannot be manipulated by them.
They have been doomed to miss
the pastoral affinity
and the rejoicing conjugal felicity
and submission to the assigned marriage.
However,
parents insult them for not being betrothed,
and college professors’ queries
leave them with awkward predicaments.
When they visit the States,
they are expelled by the police and immigration officers
for being too infatuated and highly emotional
in the impenetrable crowd, who simply watch their
benevolence and incompatibility with the society.
Facing deadly threats and humiliation,
they overcome hardship with softness,
taking off their clothes while wailing,
rolling around on the road,
elaborating on their water-like compassion.
All the leading drama actresses
became miners, cement workers and excrement workers
in the Western and Northeastern areas.
But outside the mines, factories and oilfields,
there are a sea of fans and commoners
enamored by their solitude towards workers and life.
They would never know
the reason for this huge crowds of faces
was not due to their unwarranted psychosis,
their erroneous case of mental illness,
rather their emotional elaboration of fragility and feminism
and their introversions in the wildness...
their humility in the majesty.

However,
what the author of that best-selling drama wants to tell those actresses is
being selected by her
means they do not need to work
for the rest of their lives.

For all the leading actresses she has chosen
have been hyper-poisoned by the American old women
or their own mothers.

I told that girl,
their stories were quite long and pointless,
but you can take a portion of the story
as a reference or a mirror.

One assured similarity between you and those leading actresses
who have been diagnosed with mental illness
is your loyal companionship with the maltreated miners
and the disabled workers.

The doctor's definite diagnosis of you
have ulterior motives,
as in this world,

the most humiliating diagnosis for a good-hearted girl
is a verdict on her mental health and psychology.

Being morbid, neurotic, paranoid or divine
is always circumvented with being psychotic.

They are as normal as merry and sorrow,
composing a human being's ever-changing temperament.

The pills prescribed by your mental doctors
hidden below your pillows
are merely lime or toxic white flour,
aggravating your depression, impetuosity, and overstimulation.

Overcoming the mental disorder
must be controlled by willpower and stamina.

A man with great compassion and mercy
and permanently lamenting the blind miners and deaf excrement workers
would be immune to all mental diseases.

However,
a girl perplexed by these mental diagnoses
would be self-regulated and self-promoted.
Especially, when a white girl benefits from aristocratic education;
she has slept in the construction spot haunted by grievances,
resting her head on a brick,
and witnessed the tragic death of a deaf excrement worker,
regretting that she had not meet those ill-fated workers earlier...
then would she be free from unnatural death and mental disorder.

Half-Doubt and Half-Convince

We all prefer to live in absolute resoluteness
and naively expect that every acquaintance's nature is transparent,
never hurt by the hypocrisy of diplomatic persons.
The people with stern righteousness
through born in turmoil
and grown in the chaos of war and fetters
still cannot see through the essence of every crime.
Tragedy and comedy cannot make us understand
the crafty plot and cunning scheme of hypocritical criminals.
The culprit always wears a mask,
tells splendid lies,
secretly colludes with friends to kill you by proxy.
The culprit has several moles around you
conducting life-time assassinations and kidnappings
with the help of their family influence.
They establish a highly exclusive network
and seal off information,
assimilating more and more friends bundled by the same interest.
Trick layers trick,
espionage after espionage,
code after code,
tactic after tactic
all represent their cordialness and selflessness to the offence of assault and battery.
Catalyzed by the ambivalence of their humanity,
they wear the amiable smile
and wipe off the breadcrumbs from the corner of your mouth,
then set up a death trap behind your back.
From taking you into custody, to imprisonment,
from disfigurement, to a sex offence.
Some paid assassins cannot confess their employers' name,
tracking their identity is clueless.
They echo with the elegant melody
engaged in elegant arts and letters
but conspire to frame and murder you in the dark.
Their watertight argument could
accuse you of acting on hearsay evidence
and better facilitate them to remain at large.
They never know that you do not know.
They also never know you know.
They never know
you are neither in half doubt nor half convinced.

For the spectators see clearly.
They never know you do not know the constantly joint action
or suspect that you pretend not to know.
Between suspicion and conviction
there still exists a long road.
On the way to social justice, law enforcement, and enlightenment,
there exists resistance from the authority
and enslavement from the central political leader.
The overwhelmingly large number of criminals involved,
and the complicity of this criminal case
are not the reasons of the case suspension.
Their motives are due to
their enmity to their same hypothetical rival-in-love
who never sets foot in the obscure relationship.
When choosing a spouse only for her family background and job placement is
universal,
they never suffer a crushing defeat in the tournament of love.

Haunted Basement

I moved to a basement of a three-story apartment
with a separate entrance.
A landlady suffering from illusion and psychosis lives above me
and a woman who is a voyeur lives above her.
The three-story mansion is like a haunted castle,
full of tangled grudges and mystery buried underneath the ground.
Moving into this ghastly basement
can help me escape the persecution
further my exploration to the abstruseness of the interior architecture,
from the grotesque beam to the integration of the bathroom and kitchen,
and adapt to the compatibility between a tenant's confidentiality and openness
as an enthusiast of the haunted house.
All such haunted houses were criminal spots,
either for homicide or suicide,
but I used to live near the tombs, cremation centers and morgues,
feeling indifferent towards the difference between divinity and haunted stories.
In my mind,
a haunted house, lightning-like hearse and a psychedelic gambling house,
could terrorize the most professional and ruthless killers
and intercept the unsolicited drop-by.
All the residents of this town
become terror-stricken after they hear I live in this basement
and warn me that the landlady living above me
is as sordid as a hunchbacked witch.
She is fearless even if she's being chased by a corpse
that has come to life from a coffin.
But the government encourages me to live with such a sordid woman
as she could provide me the roughest materials
for my research on humanity, criminology and criminal psychology.
Moreover,
living with a virtuous woman
would be a waste of my time in terms of courtesy and reciprocity.
and would draw me into the hypothesis of this capitalist society's benevolence.
But one night,
I noticed the white power sprayed on my clothes
which could make my skin itchy and easy to be infected.
Then I kept receiving her emergency calls
explaining the necessity and legitimacy of
letting someone enter my property and picking up
a deliberately dropped luggage.
I see through the fact that she wants to erase

her evidence of deliberately leaving my basement door open
and selling my key to the poisoner who is my acquaintance.
The first floor she lives in
has neither a bathroom nor a restroom.
The second floor she rents to another lady
also has no bathroom or restroom.
An iron door between my basement and her first-floor room
legally cuts off the communication between two private spaces
and I suspect the intention of the two wealthy ladies' squeezing in a space
with no indispensable facilities and drainage systems.
She takes high risks and pays the highest price
to establish an intimacy with me,
aiding the poisoners and murders in committing a crime.
She also uses a firmly locked iron gate between her room and my basement
to avoid arousing suspicion
and deny the integration.
I highly suggest
she immediately purchases my basement that is not her property yet
to claim her ownership of this basement
and exaggerates her infinite right to use this basement.
But the right of use
does not guarantee arbitrariness to damage the lives inside the property.
The lively lives inside the haunted house
is as solemn and revered as
an intact corpse inside a coffin,
away from being molested.

How to Rescue the Miners Stuck under the Mine

When you receive an international call at midnight,
you rub your drowsy eyes and get to know
miners in the remote countryside are confined under a collapsed mine.
The head of the mine
deceives his superiors and deludes his subordinates,
and withholds the number of casualties and half-dead miners,
refusing to excavate and succor.
Any signing of a contract and gain of ownership
must be shielded by the local hierarchy, tycoons and governors.
The contrast between the high profits and zero investment
stems from the head of the mine's delayed payment of the miners' stipends,
recklessly imposing on the miners' work load,
and refusing to compensate them for the indemnity claimed,
if one gets to the bottom of this matter seriously.
Their exemption from the liability towards every mine disaster and explosion
is tacitly approved
due to the connivance of mayors, governors and the highest officials.
The profit and loss of the mines
are implicated by the fluctuation of the officials' political career.
For a man with a chivalrous heart,
emergent rescue of the miners stuck under the collapsed mine
requires a helicopter,
and a military helicopter would be better.
Tons of machine guns would be needed
after the helicopter lands near the collapsed mine.
These are used to shoot the head and staff member of the mine
who lay aside the emergency measures
from the distance.
The bullets must be engraved with symbols
facilitating the tracking of its origins
to avoid the officials' atrociously venting their anger on the innocent miners.
Flying your helicopter
and technically suspending it midair,
shooting the domestic mayor
and watching his brains burst out and splash in a beautiful arc
can better penalize the act of hampering judicial fairness.
But reserving the supreme right to execute the governor
and outlaw his deliberate violation of the workers' human rights
and his administration's transparency
for a forthcoming mystery personage
presents the most profound wisdom and thousands of implications.

In the intersection of the eastward tempest and westward sand,
pulling a bow
from loose to tension
and shooting down the wildly overbearing condor from a swift horse saddle
is more humane than
domesticating it and later willingly being besieged
by the threat from nurturing a tame tiger that invites calamity.
I have formally established a lifelong fraternity
with some miners, manure workers and the misjudged fugitives
since I was a youngster.
Our gratitude and loyalty are
as dependent and forbidden as those of Marx and Friedrich Engels.
Our lofty fraternity started in the flames of war, rebellion and riots,
and demonstrated its exuberant vitality
in our cooperation in philosophy, criminology, ideology, law and administration.
Our resolve in drawing a sword and rendering help,
our morality in fighting for human rights,
and our righteousness in defending our comradeship
converge into our sturdy fraternity.
Witnessing all my overseas friends' flaunting their properties, family background,
and their smooth official careers built up by their sexual seduction and bribery,
I resolutely break off my friendship and diplomatic relationship with them.
I begin to join the "dare to die" troops
eating and working with miners and workers,
parading against the unfairness and their inhuman treatment.
We hold our shovels and a nylon sack
loaded with the corpse of a baby born under a mine.
I believe,
though we are not born at the same moment of the same day,
we are willing to rush to the feet of the dying in one day.

Hymen

Several years ago,
I finished my life-time exile from overseas
where I left my most unreal phantom
and settled down for a bit in a Southern island.
But while I treated my wounds,
my enemies, who had started a feud with me long before,
quietly colluded like the tangled trees
and distributed their tasks according to their domestic sphere of influence.
Evading regular tactics,
from confining in a guardroom and injecting the medication
to intentional murder by dagger on the street,
they use their contrary and divergent thinking,
to plot against me.
Their military tactics include
deliberate unemployment and dismissal,
assassination and banishment,
hiring a professional rapist to rape and disfigure me.
One night,
a hired rapist provisionally canceled their schemed plan
of beating me to a pulp and resorted to sexual violence in muteness
using a sharpened twig to rip my integrated hymen,
skipping the basic humane prelude.
A twig with two collateral branches
signifying a nation's humanity and morality
ruthlessly ended my honorable virginity.
Two lines of virgin blood flowed from my thigh to my lower leg.
The eventualities from the rich girls with the most influential fathers
were hard to guard against.
Their intrigue was like
a seamless heavenly robe,
glossed over by their easy-going attitude towards personal relations
and their unrestrained statements.
Their vengeance and rage
were inevitably premeditated,
growing in intensity.
This was the most unforgettable night in my entire life.
If this professional rapist's lethal tool is replaced with a knife,
this criminal case would transform
from raping to murder after raping.
However,
the heads of this conspiracy could still escape execution,

shielded by their invincible family influence.
A virgin losing her virginity
has nothing to do with losing her purity and chastity.
A good man is always reluctant to see his quilt's redness
from his wife's burst hymen,
escaping the guilt of damaging a hymen,
which is a guarantee of a happy marriage.
Sometimes,
a virgin's devotion of her hymen,
her traumatic pain from her hymen ripping,
is seen as the ultimate fulfillment of conjugal happiness.
But the integrity of a virgin's hymen
is not as important as the elasticity of her vagina,
determined by the recklessness or care in her sexual intercourse.
Moreover,
denying a man's urge to slide in and out of her vagina
and reserving an ultimate line of sexual defense for her most beloved man
are both the liberty and right of every woman in this world.
In a persecution contrived by the central government,
an innocent girl's requested preservation of her hymen
and the rapist's ruthless rejection
reflect a nation's forbearance.

Hypnotism

I design a list of questions with multiple choice answers
on rough straw paper;
then flipping it over, I draw clues and suspicious characters.
This quiz is not to determine one's intelligence,
smartness, swiftness, or brain capacity;
It's a test to judge their involvement in criminal misconduct.
I pick up one from the enumerated questions
according to his facial expression and behaviors
like drawing lots randomly;
then I change the subsequent question unpredictably
as per the principle of permutations and combinations.
Those questions
emerge in all their splendor from my tongue,
and feigning witticism and an easygoing humor,
they lure in the enemy deep.
This set of meticulously drawn questions
are designed as a lute and sword,
in a space for maneuver,
lulling criminals to a sealed room.
The shuttling questions and their criminal's answers,
could derive intense contradiction,
but the sequent self-restraint and courtesy
could subside such contradiction.
The offense of a pike and the defense of a shield
in such conversation
could lead the criminals to be hypnotized,
with me getting through their lines of defense
and effortlessly seeing through
their elaborately planned conspiracy.
Even the heated dispute or feigned serenity
cannot hold against the effervescent permeability of the hypnotism.
Such wit and forbearance
in detecting cultivated criminals with hidden personalities
and the recessive criminology
precluded the interference of the highly advance means and false testimonies.
This set of questions were a result
of the supplement and complement of intelligence and criminology,
masked in the solicitousness of the weather and health,
evading the intervention of the wireless polygraph machine.
Before I arrived in this town
full of cases of unjust behavior,

I was notified by the special agents
that half the professors in this college
transgress their academic integrity and moral principles,
transferring fellowships and grants to those they favor,
admitting the unqualified after receiving their bribes,
committing incest with students,
and facilitating the victim's landlord in violating a treaty and poisoning.

After my arrival,

I realized almost all the professors and staff have fabricated
their otherwise undeserved reputation and titles.

The involvement of those vagrants who act dumb
and the hypocrites who hold obscure identities and gender roles
increase the intangible difficulty of this criminal investigation.

They use dissent as a lame excuse
to gloss over their criminal invasion of confidentiality and property.

I have come to realize

that the criminals involved in the academic sphere – with their dishonesty,
sexual bribery, disguised bribery,
and credibility and identity fabrication –
are all trans-gendered men.

Disguised as males,

they ooze boldness and uninhibitedness in approaching me
and convince me of their aloofness,
but they still cannot utterly abstain from
bearing grudges against those females.

Therefore,

they befriend me

and even become intimate relatives

only to release the animosity,

then poison and banish me, juggling with your degrees
with the most influential colluding force.

Lady's Wedding Garment

A Hong Kong actor received an anonymous email seeking help.
This email was written by a ghost writer
explaining an illiterate brick worker had been raped, murdered
and discarded near a trashcan.

The address was provided in the last line of his email.

The actor was expected to go to this trashcan,
clean and bury her ruined corpse out of charity,
although the road was tortuous.

The obstacles from the central politicians must occur.

The actor arrived at the spot without hesitation.

Taking out a bottle of cold white tea and spraying it on the corpse,
he wiped out her blood stains.

Although he was reducing the professional procedure of the corpse's disposal,
the actor's use of the white tea was meaningful.

He put a curse on the rapists who abused the woman.

He found a cart big enough for the corpse and
pushed it towards the distance he was familiar with.

All along, he has acted like a prodigal kissing a girl on this road.

A wedding garment store was closed;

He could see a white wedding garment glittering and dazzling
from a blind and deft tailor's hand.

Envyng her dexterity in embroidering,
he smashed the window and
wrapped the garment around the corpse.

The tail of this white wedding garment was long;
it swept the ground

as he dragged the cart loaded with the corpse,
dashing ahead toward the Hong Kong Customhouse of Entry and Exit and
skipping regular formalities.

Whispering to the corpse,
he prayed for radiant suns on the other side of Hong Kong Customhouse.

After he passed the Customhouse,
the bell from the nearby Catholic Church reverberated.

The road from the trashcan to this Catholic Church
always took five hours,
but it had only taken him two hours,
expedited by magic power.

Everyone sneered at his infatuation and zeal,
but his constant obsession in transferring the corpse
was more candid than that expressed by any devotee
in the theology assembly in the church.

Feeding the living corpse in bed,
picking the stool from her anus, and
easing her constipation with fingers
were less honorable acts than cleaning and burying the bloody corpse that suffered
from severe torment.

In front of the Catholic Church,
he pulled out a crucifix from his pocket,
recalling this woman was the daughter of God tonight
and would be his wife in her afterlife.

In this world,
what is more savage than murder and assassination
is deadly rape and the action of depriving women's right to maintain their virginity and
chastity.

Legalize Criminal Offenses

Among the criminal offenses rape, gang rape, poisoning, murder, stealing, robbery, economic crimes, framing, and blackmail, I solely cannot forgive the offenses rape and gang rape, though the other offenses may have their own embarrassments and awkwardness to disclose. The rapists and gang rapists hired by your enemies must use highly advanced and constantly updated means. Even criminal conspiracy can be easily exposed, but the detectives dare not bring the conspirators out into the public and explain the suspension for cracking the case by contingency. Criminal investigation is always half-translucent and half-sealed in the halfway, beset with obstacles from the upper society. Stealing, robbery, poisoning, murder, and even blackmail sometimes can be considered as a resolute resistance to corruption, bribery, conciliation, unemployment, dismissal, and persecution by the government. Stealing and robbery always touch upon financial disputes, initiated by the financial crisis, unemployment, and the disparity between the rich and poor. The high officials connive in their descendants occupying the secure jobs with munificent remuneration and unattainable social status while manipulating the unreasonable distribution of top-rated jobs. Their undisciplined anarchism in controlling the unemployment and intervening in diverting public funds for personal entertainment legalize stealing and robbery. The other criminal offenses are the praised forms of rising in rebellion and defeating aggression, invasion, and exploitation. When your home has been intruded, your whole country has been colonized, your educational opportunities are only in favor of the rich, your culture has been oppressed by the illiterate head in the Ministry of Culture, courtesy and etiquette have been cast aside, and the basic dignity of human beings has been trampled under foot, we have to resolve the violence and military force of the underground influence, allowing the robbery, shooting, and stealing to replace the suffering of torment. When the bloody construction workers die in your corridor, when the deaf workers hang themselves in disused buildings, when the beggars are dying near the trashcan from starvation and fake medicines, when the thieves are beaten to deformity for only stealing a dollar from the richest,

stealing and robbery become a valid way of survival
and a form of silent denouncement
and a pattern to abstain from mediation.
The ultimate purpose of the offenses from stealing to robbery,
from shooting to murder
is to transfer wealth, privilege, and dignity
from the evil rich to the good poor,
honoring the daring and solemnness
of pulling a tooth from a tiger's mouth.

Man of Replacement

A man recalls a painful experience
realizing his wife's love affairs and incestuous in sexual intercourse.
He finalized his appraisal by
opening and observing the exterior of her vulva
and the wear and tear of the labia of her vulva.
Terminating his marital relationship,
he must renounce to appease their prior sexual happiness,
his wife's careful calculation and strict budgeting in the household,
her industrious thriftiness in running a household
her kind guardianship and intensive care for their kids.
His wife's willingness to be a woman of replacement for his beloved one
and her betrayal
would surely bring toxicity to his beloved one,
as constant as dripping rat-poison into his beloved's mouth.

A girl from an aristocratic girl's college
drank up a bottle of beverage with the invisible poison.
A small portion of the poison was also found in her detergent, rice, and sauce.
Her electronics had been tampered to cause an imminent fire.
But the detectives could see through the criminal's
pretentious humility and candid attitude,
embellishing the collusion and collaboration of her mature network,
shabby clothes and pathetic gestures,
wiping out the hairs, fingerprints and skin scraps,
highly skilled at clarifying her innocence and ignorance
and perceiving the criminal's
deliberate framing of her accessory-criminals
and her intentional conspiracy of shifting her role from head to accessory criminal.
Top detectives' perception of common people's criminology
brings this case in suspension to light
when the judicial testimony cannot detect the men of replacement appear.

When your relatives and siblings
ask you to purchase gifts for someone who died over ten years ago
and gloss over the authenticity of non-existing things,
it means they are men of replacement,
substituting your missing and late relatives and acquaintances.
They take advantage of the incredibility of our initial impression
and the countability of the similar face and figure.

Even the couple sharing the same pillow every night
can still be bewildered about the unpredictable replacement of his life partner.
Though one's genetics, cells, blood type, fingerprints and voice cannot be duplicated,
they use lame arguments, sophistry and quick rage
to refute your suspicion and doubt
and threaten others who offer friendly hints.
Slight deviations of your memory and impression
caused by long-time separation and alteration of locations,
helps them better act and disguise.
The men for replacement will not admit they are replacements
until they receive their death penalty
as such a confession would expose their vicious motif
and cause the massacre of their instigator.
Being a man of replacement,
he is supposed to fully undertake all the financial obligations
and legal liabilities of the man he wants to replace.

Masquerade

I was a victim of a dehumanizing custodian system,
witness to my first mother's insanity, abnormality, and hysterics.
This custodian system was not based on the
voluntariness of two parities;
it was manipulated by the bigwigs of judicial departments.
The loose execution section withdrew from
the supervisory and regulatory regime.
When I was an infant, taking a nap at noon,
my mother swallowed and breathed some foul smell,
and pressed a pillow to terminate my faint breath.
Then she increased the strength which she exerted
and kept sweating and shaking her head.
Suffocating an infant with a pillow
was less risky than
drowning her in the water.
The criminal's fingerprints remaining on the fiber of the pillow
was less perceivable than
those left on other lethal weapons.
Suffocating an infant with a pillow
was the most valueless measure.
As I grew up,
our kitchen had three jars:
two were salt and sugar,
while the third was crystalized alum.
Placing the three jars abreast near a kitchen range
would remind them to poison, at their convenience,
and help them escape execution by citing the same features of three jars.
My mother often half-squatted,
staring fixedly at me swallowing the alum-laced soup.
She startled at my unscathed condition,
secretly doubting the toxicities of their poison.
My mother often purchased me some shrouds from the cremation center
as well as some defective clothes
to muddle the inspection of her conscience.
My desk-mate often sexually harassed me,
and I urged my parents to intervene.
My father almost broke my spine with a chair,
denying any likelihood of such harassment,
or the feasibility of my suggestion.
One month ago,
I was told

that my father had bribed all my teachers at my elementary school,
had designed this sexual harassment on campus:
he was the chief culprit.

This deadly scene directed by my parents still replayed.
They once directed me to a place near the beach for a midnight meeting,
and deliberately detouring,
they disappeared round a corner.

A hired rapist would then assault me
and pillage my hymen.

A virgin with no hymen
is like a man whose intestines have been hollowed out
and stitched up.

In those years,
my parents switched and shifted,
but their obstinate pursuit of taking credit for my unnatural death
still existed.

When I was exiled to the States,
they contact every landlady of mine
and mailed them a hypertoxic poison and liquid medicine.

The hypertoxic poison
would cause a chronic disease,
rather than sudden death.

Spraying the liquid medicine on their hands and faces
and waiting for the chemical to affect the very pores of my body
would catalyze our sympathy, apathy, and compassion
and push me to agree with all their commanding requests,
compromising for their irrational demands.

My parents colluded with all the parties
to facilitate a killer's sneak attack from a hidden place.

Such a liquid medicine
if traded, abused, and willfully smeared,
would let me forgive all their misdeeds and crimes
that humans have zero tolerance for.

Such a super-expensive liquid medicine
could hoodwink judgement and discriminating ability,
being as confusing as the psychedelia.

Such a custodian system
snips away the consanguinity
and underestimates indiscriminate maternity.

The orphans entangled in such a custodian system
must be paired with an inappropriate partner, not well-matched,
and with a low-paid job juggled by their parents and the bigwigs,
it becomes impossible to realize their financial freedom.

I sigh!

Oh, the hardship in maintaining the permanent archives of custodians
and the impossibility of tracing their alteration and flow.

Menstrual Blood

Among the immigrants to the States,
the majority would perish due to
the survival of the fittest in natural selection.
The process of immigration and naturalization
is a cruel massacre,
discriminating against the vagrants,
devotees, and pilgrims with utopian delusion.
The States only allows specialists and students with lofty missions
to disembark and shuttle back and forth with valid reasons.
The descendants of political celebrities and founders of nations
graft their domestic titles, reputation, prestige, and convenience to overseas
under all kinds of guise and disguise.
But the descendants of the most revered politicians outside the States
receive eternal infamy, disdain, and oppression,
becoming the tools of money laundering and lust satiation.
The college admission offices cannot meet
the measures of ethics, morality, and consciousness,
indulging the influx of the immigrants gaining patronage from socialism,
inwardly realizing the mutual benefits.
The citizens
resist the tactful mediation,
stranded in a sealed space,
only surviving after close quarters combat.
The survivor must drag the bloody corpse through the battleground,
treading over the other dead,
to the next slaughterhouse
as a decisive struggle.
The survivors
drink the blood of the martyrs
as a beverage
and eat the flesh of the defeated warriors
as a staple.
This is the final settlement of an immigrant in the Capitalist country,
resulting from the Law of the Jungle.
The citizens eliminated and withdrawing from naturalization
are not as useful as the troop straying from the main group
that still stands the chance of rejoining the unit and reaping the provisions and funds.
They are like menstrual blood
spontaneously dropping from the uterus
as the excretory product,
for its incompatibility between absorptivity and repellency.
The menstrual blood on the tampon

could hinder the vulva's ventilation
and bring disaster to its sanitation.
The odor could contaminate the air
if the tampon is inappropriately disposed of.
Menstrual blood
is regarded to be sanguinary and unfortunate.
But it is the symbol of a woman's maternity and sexual temperament.
The disappearance of a woman's menstrual blood
signifies her entry into old age,
as the appearance of the citizens who lost their nationalities and citizenships
is a symbol of a nation's strength and prosperity,
and the disappearance of those indicates a nation's disintegration and decadence.
However,
the current central government of the States fails
to expel and slaughter the unqualified citizens
who barely meet the minimum requirements
of a citizen's contributions and morality standards,
offering them undeserved welfare and benefits
and derived preferential privileges.
A real human being does not need
a monument or an epitaph,
to eulogize his obligation and deed within his duty.
Before I decluttered my luggage for overseas studies,
a lady working at a grave clothes house told me,
where they go is either a utopia or a funeral room,
either a battlefield or an execution ground,
depending on their struggles and achievements,
rather than the immigration policies or flukes.

Newsman and Headsman

A local newswoman from a TV station has been bribed, sexually bribed
by a tycoon of the real estate business
to report that a construction worker slipped from the 103th floor
and attribute his fall to his deliberate extortion of the insurance company.
Her constant humiliation hurled towards his worker's hardship
and her denunciation for his penalty
make her gain fame, reputation, wealth and overseas honor.
This female careerist
has a loose tongue,
and use her power of discourse between mass media and judicial intervention,
circumventing the obscure line distinguishing personal injury and deliberate injury.
As a legal resident born in the Capital City,
she took advantage of her privilege in college admission
and job placement.
In this city that confounds right with wrong,
she confuses truth and falsehood
and displays the consummate skill of pleasing chief officials
reporting fictitious news and fabricating facts.
Assimilated by the press circle,
she creates a phantom and utopia in a haven,
extoling peace and prosperity,
lifting the shoes of officials, gangsters and legal executors.
By reading her false news,
our eyes are covered,
our ears are plugged,
our mentality is contaminated
and our capacity to distinguish the true and false is hoodwinked.
She deems the riots and quarrels to be the terror
and dispute of territory and ownership.
She deems the victim's personal tragedy and calamity to be his deliberate action.
She also deems the workers' parade and industrial strike
to be the heated settlement of personal gratitude and resentment,
releasing the blame of the government's military oppression.
She advocates ill-gotten wealth through corruption,
assimilation and domestication through enslavement
and upholds to applaud and bang the drum for the high officials.
When the rich businessmen bully and abuse their hierarchy on the street,
it is everyone's duty to put on a black mask,
and leap onto roofs and vault over walls,
desperately performing a life-death wrestle.
On the contrary,

the current newsmen occupying mainstream media
often loosen the elastic waistband of their underpants
and pull it upside down over their heads,
living in self-consolation and gross deception.
Nowadays,
we have to send anonymous emails with hints that can decode
our implicit forbearing
and give our tacit consent to their dramatized report
that shelters those bigwigs from exaggerated blame.
We have to take the risk of our emails being confidentially intercepted,
and appease the newsmen's villainy,
conveying the intelligence and code by our lip language and glances.
The mass media and local newsmen
are supposed to curse with rage,
and refresh our rigid stereotype that has dominated for centuries
with wisdom and enlightenment
and liberate the ignorant slaves kept in bondage.
The newsmen
are supposed to unfreeze the pent-up reverence and awe
with the aroused public indignation and fury.
Reading the newspaper flaunting these newsmen's hilarious lies,
the vulnerable people and innocent workers with injuries
should march from captivity
to the scaffold with veiled heads
and their hands handcuffed behind
and detachably wait for the slaughter of the cold-blooded headsman.

One Thousand Curses and Retribution

Since the new era arrives,
seizing all kinds of pretexts and amnesty,
millions of people flood into the US Customs.
They camouflage themselves
under all kinds of guises,
indulge in a luxurious life of sensual pleasure.
Their unconstrained immigrant lives
are established on
their sanguinary massacre to the men of arts and letters,
political persecution to the contributive lawyers and artists
and military suppression to the workers and farmers' strike.
The high officials gain benefits
and amass their domestic and overseas assets
by bullying and oppressing people from the lowest class
and their descendants withdraw and entertain public funds in overseas banks.
Their diplomatic policies such as conciliation
cannot counteract their companions and posterity's prodigal consumption,
and conversely humiliates the innate hierarchy and hereditary rights.
The highest officials monopolize medical care, social welfare,
and the educational system,
perpetrating a fraud.
The study aboard examination sponsored by the central government
selects and appoints unqualified students
deceiving the academic circles of the States
by stealthily substituting one name for another
and gradually corrodes the blind admission process
by changing the names of candidates
or deliberately delaying their admission time.
Inopportune physical intimacy demonstrated in overseas public areas
is financially supported by their savagery in investing in real estate.
Their transgression in sexual intercourse and their incest in vanity fair
losing the basic decorum
are fully sustained by the substance procured from the overseas privileged stratum.
The overseas students in the States
skip the regular screening procedure for college admission
that is secretly manipulated by the impartial staffs.
Their nature and disposition
have been domesticated by heterodoxy.
Their forceful personalities have been trimmed,
tamed by Westernization

but occasionally expose their true colors
when they face their compatriots and the proletariats.
They flaunt their wealth acquired
from their properties at the population of the tadpole-like children born in the States,
from the convenience of their citizenship
to the Emperor's new clothes.
Showing off his countless ill-gotten gains
in front of the maltreated deaf and blind workers
is as vicious as
parading his longevity
in front of a bloody corpse.
Flaunting her flock of men for courtship
in front of a tonsured nun
is as merciless as
showing the integrity of her hymen counterfeited by a hymen repair surgery
in front of a raped girl.
Showing off his swift racing car
in front of a congenital malformed beggar
is as sordid as
flaunting his obscenities
in front of the half-blind miners confined under a collapsed mine.
An illiterate immigrant showing off his priceless overseas mansions
in front of an aloof writer who strives for affinity and human rights
is as uncultivated as
a country teacher teaching ABC on the blackboard with a long whip
to an oppressed American literature prodigy.

Planted Agent

I have kept a red bean in my wooden drawer.
This is neither handed down from my ancestors
nor imported from overseas.
A red bean signifies a gentleman's integrity, sanctity, morality and cultivation,
while the redness of the red bean signifies rebellious spirits.
An arrow with fire was shot into the red entrance of the Forbidden City,
urging the termination of a last dynasty,
and disintegration of the hereditary system.
It also urged all the high officials and pilgrims to be beheaded.
As a paralegal and the politicians,
my ancestors take vigorous effort to submit the official government document,
expounding their proposal in massacring,
the snobbish traitor who regards his enemy as kith and kin,
and the arbitrary adopter who uses poison and pillows as their weapon of education.
My ancestors started their private business,
rejuvenating the overseas industry,
aiding the vulnerable workers, farmers and beggars to open a martial arts house,
greatly influenced by The Swordsman Fiction.
All my ancestors, with the chivalrous spirits and benevolent hearts,
advocate citizens to put on their masks,
drawing pistols, swords, daggers and machine guns.
I was the only descendant who never practiced martial arts and kickboxing,
but my ancestors encouraged me to throw eggs and tomatoes onto the autocrats,
and fatuous executors.
In their family precepts,
the gifted writers of government documents and acute aides,
are the artisans craving the tiny characters and images on a rough red bean,
more contributive than the men with physical power.
Born in turbulent times,
I was taken from south to north,
and have been raised in a ruthless family,
with parents and relatives constantly shifted and replaced secretly.
Then, I was admitted into a top aristocrat girls college in the States,
and trained by the espionage agency and intelligence institution,
where my origin was gradually known.
After I returned to my hometown,
I realized I was like a prisoner who was released,
after suffering from a prolonged term of imprisonment imposed by parents.
I did not feel the desolation of returning to my hometown at an old age,

and leaving it when I was young,
but I felt the tragic emotion as the only victim of the pillage and famine.
In order to better manipulate me
and avoid reviving my family,
they set up a new pair of parents as their obedient puppets.
They have the similar faces and gestures as my initial custodian parents.
My parents and such a custodian system were not allowed to exist anymore,
but their replacements emerged in large numbers,
repeating their disguised persecution and exploitation.
They wanted to use their insanity and hysterics,
to conceal their act of poisoning and injecting fake medicine to my blood.
They often feel complacent for their survival,
in the imminent peril,
but there was always a sting in their words.
Before I was informed,
they could pass for genuine ones.
But when you are notified,
their hypocrisy, camouflage, disguise and patching up a lie,
can be seen through easily.
They sometimes feign neutrality,
sometimes they come to a quick fury for,
your denying a relative who poisoned you.
The faces, appearances and personalities could be imitated
but the DNA, moral standing, perspectives, principles, disposition, courtesy,
and the languages they could speak cannot be imitated.
In order to gradually enter their role,
they always show indifference for the violation of their interests.
But when they cross their eyebrows and fly into a rage for a trifle,
it is a signal of their devil intention,
and their voluntary investment in being manipulated.
They often feign madness when we close the door,
but make a public display of their intimacy on the street,
when they face the collusion of the separatist warlord regimes.
In order to respond the highest officials' calls,
they forced me to the isolated execution ground or jail,
and detour and take a roundabout way,
in order to shake off the planted agents from behind.
But the drivers and cars have been replaced by the planted agent.
The place was provisionally relocated to a lab-like hospital,
terrorizing me with confinement.
The fake injection, capsules and tablets were replaced,
by the planted agent in doctor's clothes.
After this,

they still called their late friends who had been convicted of poisoning me,
and prepared a party contrived as a trap.

They intercepted my mails with the overseas aid and a residency fellowship,
signified another round of persecution from the central government.

After the first case of such a custodian system was abolished near my hometown,
I still doubt the thoroughness of it and sigh the durability of its evil influence.

Prioritize Your Luggage with You

The blind and deaf workers,
The blind workers,
the deaf workers,
the deformed workers,
the blind,
the deaf,
the blind and deaf,
the deaf and deformed,
the crawled and deformed,
the blind and crawled,
the deaf and crawled,
the blind, deaf, and crawled,
the blind, deaf, deformed, and crawled,
the blind, deaf, deformed, crawled, and raped,
the blind, deaf, deformed, crawled, and gang raped.
When you prepare to pass through U.S. Customs
and have the rare privilege of taking partial portion of them with you,
you have the independent right of prioritizing them
and the resoluteness of reluctantly intercepting some of them
when the space becomes limited and restrained.
Prioritizing them according to the degree of their hardships
must be done after throw the sequence of their queens into confusion
and relieving your regret of not taking all of them with you.
Taking them as your family dependents
or even as your luggage can satisfy your desire of exposing
the trauma, persecution, and scars of the handicapped workers,
striking a sharp contrast with the honor and glory of the conceited diplomats.
Simultaneously,
this ordinary act has the dual political magnificence
of impeaching, censure for the supervisory high officials,
and an urgent appeal for building up an indestructible welfare system.
They are silent, solemn, harmless,
but bleeding, shedding two lines of bloody tears,
portraying the true life of the handicapped workers away from the world's attention.
Taking them with you
or claiming them as your weightless luggage
prior to your entering U.S. Customs
does not violate the international diplomatic courtesy
or offend multilateral benefits bundled by the treaties.
It is out of principle and resolution

on which we never make concessions.
It is taking the maltreated handicapped workers to the other side of the world
and taking the risk of being shot from behind.
Liberate them from poverty, deliberate unemployment and the fictitious charges,
and rejuvenate the working class by stirring their hatred and rage.
This gratuitous undertaking
intensifies the contradictions between proletariats and officials in autocracy.
Moreover, it strongly shakes the hedonists'
conception of gaining the lasting repose by dictatorship
and counterattacks their avariciousness of obtaining material pleasure by inheritance.
It also emancipates all the handicapped workers
from spinning a cocoon around themselves
to accomplish a cocoon to be a butterfly.
Taking those handicapped workers with you
as a handkerchief entrusted by a late lover
is neither as easy as lifting your finger
nor as complicated as crossing the sea.
It is natural and normal particulars.
I must admit,
taking them with you
is not the one way of surviving in the persecution and ravage.
It is neither an action of unburdening their grievances
nor an act of praying for a permanent rescue.
It will severely offend the benefits of all of the high officials
causing the looming secret assassins and threats.
They would fall out
from collusion and collaboration
but eventually wallow in the mire with each other.
My resolutions
are from my witness of other's extravagance and abuse in citizenship.
Giving birth to a baby in the United States,
for gaining her citizenship at ease,
and then swinging such an infant in her embrace
to shirk her sins and guilts of occupying the quota
is more harmful than
fabricating the legal documents and accomplishment
for gaining her citizenship.
I also witnessed some sham men
utilize their honeyed words
to stifle your talents and virtue
and benumb my rebellious spirit
by assigning you to a countryside or a mine.
By putting aside convicting them of being a ringleader or an accomplice

in the government corruption and obscurantism,
their doctrine of the mean
is more devilish and treacherous
than the criminal with a heavy sentence
and the extremists.

I ponder,
a man's magnificent feat of taking those handicapped men with them
and passing through U.S. Customs
can legalize those startling actions.

Rarity

A staff in my college prohibits me to use the free storage room
to store my daily necessities tightly bundled in a tiny bag.
That is all my valuables and belongings,
indicating my frugality
and my zero dependence on materialism and worldly possessions.
I have been evicted by my landlord
from an illegal dilapidated cellar,
which is not eligible for the landlord to collect any rent.
From now on,
I will stand outside at midnight,
take the cold shower,
wear only one outfit,
silently demonstrating to the local officials and executers of the law.
A female staff feels the sarcastic irony of my unloaded luggage
and the antonymous of my well-substantiated argument,
then directly reject my request.
Retorting my request for temporary storage
and reluctantly replying with the perfunctory solutions,
deprives from her toughness in the intercourse and community service,
and her insatiability of the privilege and seniority brought by the secured position.
This female staff's tedious response
is more incurable and bureaucratic
than the vexatious tricks of the black staff,
rationalizing not only her resignation
but also the in-depth investigation of her interference for the academic.
Dragging a cart full of luggage on the street
could discharge my audacity and the dashing morale.
I also introspect,
the staff's intense pushing aside of me
and the black staff's gesticulation for the insecurity of the food for the public.
When the food at the school reunion party
is never reserved by the third party,
picking up the favorite food from the plate in courtesy and propriety
and showing the readiness and willing to be put under surveillance
and the willingness to pay for the loss caused by the unexpected food insecurity,
are the premise for freely tasting the food.
Not covering the mouth while sneezing
in front of the food
slightly differs from
covering the mouth with a sleeve while sneezing
in the degree of food poisoning.

But sneezing in front of the food,
either covering with the sleeve or without covering,
has no destructivity.

The spouting virus and bacterium from the mouth
neither pollute nor poison the food
nor affect the quality of food.

The intentional poisoning
by furtively dropping a hypertoxic
is hard to guard against.

But we cannot mistake the rarity of incidents
for the universal.

The food placed outside in the air
also has the high possibility of deteriorating
when the food with zero-antiseptic stays in room temperature.

If a black staff's obstructing of my eating the food
happened when I have diabetes and low blood sugar,
his conviction has sublimated to a crime,
which is murder.

Even if I can recover to normal
after I take the food,
his crime is still abortive murder.

Moreover,
he denies the unconditionality of offering the food to the public,
which was also a crime,
rather than a dispute or a contradiction.

The two black staff's treating me as an unsolicited guest
and genially distributing my benefits to other white men
either inwardly or on a public occasion
cannot stand close scrutiny.

The nature of a Capitalist country exposed
as the rare occasion of witnessing a fox's tail.

I recommend the special agents and department of homeland security
shoot the black students and transgendered students, faculties and staffs,
commemorating the glory, mercy and benevolence of the obstinate aristocratic colleges.

We need to break the fetters and handcuffs,
attack and stand as a legitimate defense to the wardens and guards
pulverize the prison doors,

and run to freedom when the red alert starts.

We need to praise the resplendence of the wild pirates
and their rampant piracy.

We need to praise the necessity, legitimacy and feasibility of racial segregation,
extinction and genocide.

We see through

the peremptoriness and servility of the black people
and the capriciousness and arbitrariness of the white people.

The white use the guarantee of citizenship as bait
to manipulate and enslave the black

and make the black their horses that copiously slobber.

The black people compliment the willfulness of the white,
treat the Asians as their iron heel.

The States and western countries

are supposed to discard the decree of amnesty for citizenship
during the initial establishment of the new country.

Withdrawing the citizens' nationalities,

rather than correcting their misdeeds by penalizing and sentencing them,
is as strenuous as pulling out a nail

from rotten wood.

Suspending the powers of those authorities

is the initial step to disintegrate their collusion

and their illusion of Capitalism's ease and contentment.

Reluctance and Guilty Conscious

I wiped my sweat
after running to the library
and showed an undergraduate student my urgency for using this computer.
I used a courteous sentence to express that it was not a custom computer.
He had completed his task
but was reluctant to resign his spot.
But he did not simply refuse.
Though giving his spot to me
would have been like scratching the surface,
he deliberately dawdled for half an hour and gave his spot to another.
Spending his time on the computer at a leisurely pace
made him lose the basic courtesy of considering others,
but indulged his selfishness.
It was the same as spitting into another's beverage when they are gone,
being reluctant to taste it when they offer him the beverage.
I sat there,
observing his actions, subtle facial expressions and behaviors.
I came to understand that his initial indifference,
and sequential reluctance and mediocrity were all a show of his partial willingness.
He used his slow movements and reluctance to leave the spot,
deceiving me.
But it was his reluctance that exposed his bribery in college admission
and his irregular means to deprive others' employment in this library.
In criminology,
one's reluctance in helping you is a conditioned reflex.
Agile movement indicates one's consent, willingness and magnanimity.
Though reluctance is not an antonym of agility,
it reveals one's evil intentions
and he who has been possessed with illegality.
The essence of being reluctant
and hesitant in assisting you,
even if it is within her job and her duty,
are for concealing guilt, sin and unknown criminal deeds.
Reluctance is not a sign of resisting hospitality and ardency;
it is a sign of dishonesty, disobedience to the morality and principle
and conspiracy.
Reluctance differs greatly with rejection,
as rejection can be explained by being resolute
and without regret.
But reluctance is a sign of having the fear of being exposed.

At this point,
her reluctance is not hypocrisy
or a violation of courtesy and modesty.
Some criminals at large,
especially those who poison and then murder others,
use "ignorance is not guilt" as their lame excuse.
But their reluctance conceals their voluntary involvement in the colluded conspiracy.
When they have been shown the report for the poisoning,
as long as the criminals are anonymous,
their reaction is either a quick fury
or reluctance to frankly talk about the issue
or reluctance to express their drastic comments.
A quick fury indicates her guilty conscience as a ringleader,
while her reluctance to face this issue indicates her involvement as an accomplice.
Her direct eye contact with you
still cannot prove her innocence and ignorance.
Therefore,
shaking her head or hands towards you,
further feigning ignorance
is a sign of her sin,
while her reluctance to show her denouncement is also a sign of her guilt.
When the one who hires someone to beat you to injury
and the one who sends you to the hospital out of compassion
is the same person,
she would show her reluctance to praise
one's resolute and daring spirit.
Reluctance is used by the one who
uses her incomplete authenticity to hide her hypocrisy and insincerity.
It is not simply being slow in action and pulling a long face.
Being reluctant to leave an open spot
is the same as
being reluctant to abdicate
and being reluctant to relinquish one's post.
Its essence is not a perfunctory reaction,
but the concealment of one's criminal conduct.

Resolution and Infatuation

A plump housewife murdered her husband
and sliced his corpse on a chopping board
after she learned of his amorous sexual intercourses
with pretty, young girls.
Her husband possesses
the implicitness in concealing his wriggling love affairs at home
and the assurance and justice in flaunting his superiority in extramarital affairs.
This stimulated the housewife's passion to chop her husband's body
and blend it into the meat stuffing.
Her persistence toward affinity and the responsibility in the marriage
legalized her act of penalizing her ruthless husband.
Her husband's overbearing manner in defending his exposed misdeeds
and his refusal to take criminal responsibility
increased her difficulty of processing his criminal execution
but supported her fearless vindication for her liberty and emancipation.
Then she resolutely abandoned her right to her own baby's custody,
pressing a pillow over her baby's nose
to stop her own baby's breath,
as she firmly believed that
the nature of kids was the hereditary crystallization of parents' genetics,
from the inertia in depending on one's sophistry and eloquence
to the bad nature in taking one's wife's toleration and dedication for granted.
A baby's natural disposition and virtue
cannot be reformed.
Therefore,
she terminated her own baby's right to meaningless survival in advance
to avoid her jeopardizing the society
and following the tracks of the overturned cart as her father
once she grows up.
She used her unbending backbone
to counterattack
the blind devotion to the marriage
and unquestioning filial piety,
breaking against the convention.
She used her open and aboveboard action
to denounce and punish
her husband's deprivation of her right to know of his betrayal in broad daylight
and her husband's delaying her chance to seek new happiness.
Her walking toward the setting sun with a bloody sword
condemns her husband's sin in imprisoning her in a drum
while bewitching her to keep devoting her diligence, obedience, and youth in poverty.
Her unconventional grace in cutting a tangled skein of jute with a sharp knife

and her dashing bearing in burying this ill-fated conjugal felicity
establish her radiant image as a brilliant woman who explores feminism.

In a classical masterpiece,
a martial arts woman becomes blind
due to her disordered practice in exercising swords and functioning her energy.
Her most beloved lover also died
due to the same reason.
After this calamity,
she promised she would never find a second partner.
I introspect,
the housewife above who wrapped her husband's meat stuffing into a dumpling
is more resolute and infatuated than this martial arts lady.
Because constantly fighting and rebelling against the derailed behavior in a marriage
are more liberal-minded and loftier
than holding back all her tears in the rim of her eyes.

Right to Inform and Be Informed

My parents still befriended their acquaintances who poisoned me
and urged me to gratuitously borrow funds from them,
requiting kindness with ingratitude.
They constantly mentioned their successful careers
and attributed the overnight fortune to their obedience and virtue,
persuading me to believe that my false impression was caused by my neurotic mind.
In this world,
the people who poison are executed only when the victim is found dead.
Several years later,
I carelessly asked my parents some questions related to their thin fraternity
and waited to see their response-----their friends' execution for poisoning me.
They came to a quick rage,
declaiming they still had the financial and personal intercourse
and fabricating their investment into the fraternity.
But this question is not a quiz for my parents' morality standing,
it is a test for ascertaining whether they were involved in the entire criminal act.
Our cohabitation in the same house is through guardianship,
not by blood.
Every kid has the right to be informed,
of either her origin
or the truth that her parents involvement in the colluded poisoning,
and every citizen has the right and obligation to inform.
Those friends of parents not only deprive me of my right to be informed
give up their right to inform,
but also connive, appease, commit perjury
and even fabricate the existence of a dead who poisoned me.
They are not only accomplices,
they aid and abet the conspiracy caused by the custodianship
and the tyranny that manipulated it in the dark.

Round Table

I seldom join the splendid banquet or the dinner at a round table,
though even the unaffected man of integrity
or a snob must join them for courtesy
or to bow and scrape
or to cater to vulgar tastes.

The inconstant snobs attend the feast
and seek their temporary gain
at the expense of sacrificing their genuine disposition and principles.
The gentlemen of unswervingly loyalty also attend the banquet;
they restrain their true insights,
exchange some conventional amenities,
though ingratiation at a round table
is humiliation.

Some banquet bugs invite themselves to the banquet
curry favors with the glorious tycoons.

The people at a round table
sometimes laugh heartily
proposing a toast
to extol peace and prosperity.

But they all hide knives in their bosoms
coveting beacon and honey,
wealth and beauty.

Some leave the round table
with excuses of other social engagements
realizing their benefits have slipped out of their hands,
downplaying; they have lost their aspirations out of the blue.
There does not exist any ardent gourmet at a round table.
Squeezing into the round table,
one needs to buy an admission ticket
for a better place.

A better place at a round table
could approach the people who can offer you benefits.

A better place could help you throw amorous glances
at the person who has a flippant manner
and who conveniently enjoys the fireworks all over the sky
through a window facing you.

A round table is a battlefield for politicians
and a gambling table for deceitful businessmen.

Fat often overflows from the round table,
dripping onto the ground,
as ants and mice come to nibble.

A fierce rivalry erupts under the round table
when the benefits from each side swell and contract at the round table.
Joining such a round table with all kinds of rabbles
one needs to dispel past discord
and wallow in the mire of people's dirty deals,
though they have their embarrassment.
The genial people who join or stay at the round table
will be rampant in the vanity fair
and roam in the dazzling world with temptations.
This round table clears away all their obstructions,
exempting them from execution and social obligation,
but also slaughters their humanities and dignities.
Our life is very fleeting,
we do not need to trim our feet to fit the shoes,
and put on an air of cheerfulness.
All the people at this round table
dining with you
are like your former wife,
reflecting your personality and morality.

Sanctity

I spend most of my life seeking the sanctity of being a person,
the sanctity of disabled people, and that of workers.
My ancestors sacrificed their sanctity of keeping their intact corpses,
walked to liberty, freedom, legitimacy and democracy
when the guns of the highest officials were pointed at their heads.
The staff in funeral homes
sacrifice the sanctity of keeping their hands and clothes clean and odor-free,
and maintain the sanctity of the looks of the deceased who died tragically.
Witnessing a naked blind construction worker die for assault and battery,
a Hong Kong actor took off his costume to cover his bloody corpse
using his naked body to demonstrate.
He sacrificed the sanctity of wearing a resplendent attire
and that of covering his entire body,
exposing the scar of an incurable nation.
A demanding lady, degenerated from the richest immigrant family,
only hires strong males but gives young females the coldest shoulder
in order to revive her flirtatious past.
Though she wears the orthodox suite,
she sacrificed the sanctity of honestly telling others her dissipated desire
as the daughter of a diplomat.
A lady often sweeps the clean floor wearing rags,
occasionally exposing her yellow teeth and dissolute smile,
in order to receive social insurance and deceive the government
better concealing her previous life wherein she beat up and poisoned her rival of love.
She sacrifices the sanctity of showing her real financial situation
and the sanctity of honestly showing others her sins of being a voyeur.
An evil middle-aged female wrecks all the clothes and shoes of a writer
and cuts off her WiFi and electricity supply,
taking the risk of exposing the notorious misdeeds she committed in her youth.
She illegally deprives the sanctity of covering my body
and the sanctity of being a writer free of harassment and threats.
Overseas students transfer the public fund
to purchase properties and cars,
legalizing their actions of being parasites and bloodsuckers.
They sacrifice the sanctity of being a transparent official descendant
and that of being a dignified gentleman.
I choose to embrace sanctity
by sacrificing my life, happiness and wealth.
By reading the Quija board,
I get to know I am not my parents' daughter.
My forefathers also spent their lives defending the sanctity of workers,

disabled people and misjudged fugitives,
from being their public defenders
to taking off their own clothes to cover the workers' corpses
and sending them to the cremation center,
carrying bullets in their bodies.
As a criminal attorney practicing in the Supreme Court,
they were dignified in appearance,
and quoted copiously to support their argument
in order to appeal the false charges lodged against those innocent people.
I arrive at a confirmation after I introspect my childhood.
My illiterate parents often beat, scream and insult me,
making an exhibition on the street,
letting me lose the basic sanctity of enjoying peace.
I am not blaming their loss in the sense of ceremony.
But I had zero tolerance for their insanity.
Instigated by the high officials,
they force to take me to custody for doubting my health
and doubting my capacity of judging the paradox.
They infringe upon my sanctity of defending the human right
and deprive me of right to know my origins and the truth.
They also trample on
my sanctity of trusting the spiritual medium and theology.
From reading the Quija board,
I also get to know that,
the red entrance door of the Forbidden City would be forever closed,
signifying this is the last feudal dynasty.
This custodian system of putting a wrong hat on a right head
would be soon replaced and abolished.
The Quija board also tells me that,
my parents wanted to assign me to be a manure worker
after someone juggled things on my terminal degree in the States.

Screensaver

We all subconsciously glance at our male friend's screensaver
when we consider sublimating our pure friendship to intimacy
inspecting his moral standing
and his attitude towards affinity.

The girls' pictures they use as screensavers have nothing to do with
their aesthetic standards and dauntless pursuit of beauty's golden ratio.
Some use their ex-girlfriend's picture as screensavers,
which commemorates their memorable affection
and their plain wish to continue their foreordained affinity someday.
Some use the pictures of girls whom they had once chased but couldn't gain,
which hints they would grudge nothing to restlessly exchange for
the love of the girls they couldn't gain.

They get used to occupying a girl at hand,
but still keep the remaining grace of the former girlfriend as a souvenir.
Some boys use the pictures of pretty girls as screensavers,
though there is no intersection between him and them.
Their facial features are widely divergent to yours
sending you alerts.

This indicates that they simply use their spare tire to attempt a trial,
but girls are not stock waiting for appreciation.

You start to fight with the pictures in his screensaver,
conducting the fiercest monodrama,
swallowing the hypertoxic.

When your boyfriend's screensaver is of other girls
or even yourself,
it is better to forfeit than argue and being over-zealous in fighting back.

A boy's screensaver is his epitaph,
his taste and principle on affinity are inscribed on it.

A boy's screensaver is also his cenotaph,
containing his deliberation on a life-time spouse,
and his history of romance.

A boy's screensaver is also his mirror
that allows him to straighten his tie
and rectify his conduct every morning.

I often witness some boys change their screensavers in front of me,
even they have plenty of time to temporarily replace those images with other decent
ones.

Every time,

I left him,

ending the tangled ambiguity and soon recovered from such a shady relationship.

Such a hypocrite must discard his ill and ugly wife in future

after they gain overnight fame and wealth.
Such a hypocrite must let his ugly but infatuated wife bear his blame and punishment,
taking unfair advantage of his fluent tongue.
Such a hypocrite must push his wife to the cremation center
directly from suffocating her with a pillow,
terminating her right to gasp, struggle and live a little bit longer.

Seven Deadly Sins

Homicide, murder, assassination, rape, gang rape, disfigurement, and poisoning are more advanced and severer sins than purely economic crimes.

Among all the sins,

I still prefer to be poisoned peacefully.

Poisoning always makes you a complete corpse while other offences are torments.

Other offences exhaust the criminal's labor and drain his treasury

While poisoning consumes a criminal's intelligence and scheming, ending an innocent life in obscurity.

The one who sends the beverage with invisible poison squints and shakes her scoop and then watches you drink all of it.

But the woman who delivers the beverage is not the one who put in the poison.

Such distinguished division of labor could put psychological qualities into good use, shift the attention of the criminal detectives and relieve blame.

First-time offenders become permanent offenders at large changing his tricks escaping the meshes of law.

Some criminals who poison set thousands of traps, expecting only one of them will hit his target.

Some criminals who poison tell a lie to patch up their initial lie.

Layered lies and the seamless scheming could deceive observant detectives.

The poisoning sometimes happens within the same gender due to the obscurity of sexual orientation and his evasion of suspicion.

Poisoning a rival in love for revenge is more common than poisoning the heir-at-law of will.

The desire to gain the love of her beloved one makes her end the life of her rival in love under camouflage.

But being lost in affinity cannot be used as an excuse either in cleaning up her guilt at court or her redemption in morality.

The victim is always magnanimous

while the criminal suspect is always resistant to suspicion.
In these initial years,
the suspect is dexterous and swift in action,
her etiquette in coordinating policemen's investigation
and her calmness in cross-examination
can facilitate her escape from the sanctions of justice.
She lives in self-contradiction and paradox
but that collapses on itself.
Her misdeeds to cover up the evidence and destroy the clues
catalyzed by her guilty conscience
can conversely make the tangled case to be full of flaws
and cause the suspect to emerge in the end.

Simultaneous Occurrence

I often witness a boy, walking with a girl
shoulder-to-shoulder
or dining together,
exchanging amorous glances.
Some of them deliberately walk together,
making a display of intimacy and a mature relationship
that usually begins with obscurity and restraint.
A boy uses his sincere courtship to catalyze their veiled affinity,
pushing the uncertainty and restlessness to explicitness.
The afterward hand-in-hand
and shoulder-to-shoulder on the street
signify the official establishment of their ripe relationship.
This is more explicit
than the girl's blush, red with embarrassment and shyness,
and her soft whisper over midnight phone calls.
When their affinity grows deeper,
they throw their belts on the ground,
take their clothes off,
and slowly approach to smell each other's scent,
observe their naked bodies,
caress and rub each other's genitals
and initially experience the rare sexual ecstasy.
Sexual intercourse – the sublimation of rationality and conjugal love –
proceeds from the reluctance of their intersected lives.
Even the most frivolous fop is not supposed to
use the pursuit of sexual passion to explain his courtship impulse,
further shirking his weariness from the tangled relationship.
Love is not a monologue,
requesting at least the active involvement of two.
Walking in pairs
may be still within the normal intercourse,
never touching upon sexuality and sexual obsession,
but it is the preview of a string of forthcoming dramas.
Such physical intimacy in public,
the implicitness in the bearing and manners
and the congeniality
differ from sexual intercourse
and the swap of lust.
Indeed,
they diverge in their rates of progress,
but they converge in disclosing an underground relationship

and exhibiting the rigor and seriousness of affinity.
The gear-like mechanical movement of the genitals
and their concave- and convex-like association between lovers
are always foreshadowed by the lovers' gestures,
their eye contact remaining within bounds.

Therefore,
for as long as I witness a pair of close friends and lovers,
walking together or chatting together,
I will be swiftly disappointed
and start resisting further association with him,
as I confirm my hypothesis on their sexual intercourse,
taking the risk of misconstruing an innocent man.
My fantasy of their rare chance
of simply maintaining pure friendship
has faded.

The advanced occurrence of their sexual intercourse
before my awareness
has its inevitability.

Slip of the Pen

The demented and the villains
are called God's slip of the pen.

The convicts released from the prison would repeat their sins
and their wickedness,
to aggravate God's slip of the pen.

The match-maker who feigns her innocence and ecstasy
as she introduces to you the ideal man who disguises his evil intent
is called a slip of the pen.

Your mother who flaunts the hypothetical success of a late friend who poisoned you
and urges you to purchase gifts for a criminal-at-large who is dead for fifteen years
is called a slip of the pen.

Someone who slips into your kitchen to sprinkle powdered sleeping pills
on your rice and sauce to smother you to death when you are drowsy
is called a slip of the pen.

The girls in and out of your college who conspired to hire rapists to gang-rape you in
the name of protecting their conjugal felicity while cuckolding their husbands
they are called the slip of the pen.

The girl who shelves your gift in courtship given by a man
and abducts you secretly
to marry him who is unaware of your abduction
It is a slip of the pen.

The psycho who counts the ticks and mites in her exposed labia and pubes in the court
to prove her insanity to escape the noose for poisoning her rival in love
in collusion with the victim's parents
is also a slip of the pen.

Your parents break the window of the Pharmacy
screaming and shedding tears to show their utmost urgency
to conceal their sin of conspiring with high officials to execute you in secret
are the true slip of the pen.

The slip of the pen
is the person who commits crimes, weeps crocodile tears
and lives the fictitious story of innocence.

No one, not even God turns a page back to correct a slip of the pen.

Spontaneity

The central intelligence office tells me,
the criminals involved in the case of poisoning, murdering and framing me
are all transgendered men.

The criminal police expect me to spontaneously
participate and even get drawn into their crime due to the spontaneity.
Shooting those poisoners, arsonists and the evil backstage manipulators,
would terminate the crimes in their rudimentary stage,
but would stop the disclosing of clues,
and the derivative crimes and half-involved criminals-at-large,
as such a clear-cut shooting would ignore the spontaneity of the crimes
and underestimate the interrelation and implication of crimes.

The crimes done by colluding transgendered people
have a degree of thoroughness
in jeopardizing society
and the perniciousness of hazarding.

In all criminal cases,
the arduousness in deducing the delicate details
and the formidability in rationalizing the main threads
are the main features of the crimes caused by the transgendered criminals.

The randomness of committing a crime,
the articulation of the forepart of a throat,
the virtualization of their identities,
create the impossibility of arrest and conviction,
for the inherent weakness of the natures of the transgendered criminals.

Their coquettish expressions,
unrestrained gestures,
humorous speech,
and eloquent argument as males,
make them evade suspicion and acquiescing in his previous female gender.

The transgendered woman
is the man with a castrated genital.

The transgendered man
is the woman without the periodic menstrual blood.

She still assumes herself as a woman,
obsessed with the man of the opposite sex,
and she still prefers heterosexuality.

They change their gender,
but still cannot change their sexual orientation.

Those transgendered men
are more likely to poison and disfigure other girls
in the disguise of a man,

which appears harmless, enchanting, careless and easy-going.
Though seamlessly transgendered,
they still possess fertility,
a recessive ability of multiplying descendants.
Some wanted criminals-at-large
receive the transgender surgery
after the police issue a wanted circular.
A disguise cannot help them escape from being arrested,
and perpetrate their gigantic fraud.
Then they change all their properties
excluding DNA, fingerprints and blood type.
The compulsory surgery of transgender at the time of birth,
results from the genetics of the criminology
behaviors of the infants,
and the parents' misdeeds and criminal misconduct.
Such a legal enforcement
from a surgery of transgender
to the forced acknowledgment of his new gender identity
could nip the crimes in the bud
but cannot balance the gender collusion and crisis.
Doing transgendered surgery out of affinity
and admiration for homosexuality
is always a lame excuse,
as castration is savage,
as immoral as amputating.
And injecting the hormone to catalyze the growth of the genitals,
chest muscles, full beard and moustache,
is to put the cart before the horse.
Mentioning the pain of the surgery of transgenders does not arouse any sympathy,
because such surgery could beautify a person,
make the transgendered man master the methods of flirting and intercourse.
We human beings,
have the obligation to inform
and the right to be informed.
Assaulting and attacking the writers and lawyers who promulgate the crimes by
the transgendered criminals
are more dehumanized than
confusing and bewitching the innocent people by concealing the fact
that he is transgendered.
Transgender differs from unisexuality,
and it is not the opposite with unisexuality.
Unisexuality,
differs greatly from asexuality,

is not in the middle between feminization and virilization.

A man disguised as a woman
or a woman disguised as a man,
is unisexuality,
affected by their aesthetic conceptions
or their sexual orientation.

The difference between transgender and unisexuality
is the change of his genitals,
rather than their clothes, voice and mentality.

At the court,
confessing he is transgender may not be a sin,
but the irrationality, abnormality and radicalization
caused by a transgender must be a sin.

A transgendered criminal at-large
must deny he is a transgender
for the flawless transgender surgery
and the mortality of his files and records.

But the professional forensic science
could detect and see through his false testimony.

A transgendered criminal's gross deception
could affect the impartiality and accuracy of the polygraph machine.

But the jurisprudence could
crack the crime

and understand the inconceivability of the suspense and mystery in a crime
done by the transgendered criminals and fugitives.

Vacillating between the two genders
and enjoying the convenience and privilege between two genders
but at the same time,

stealing and embezzling the confidentiality and the resources from two genders
without declaring publicly
could be considered a sin worthy of penalization.

The intelligence agents also inform me of
the arrogant girls in my program and college,
and the female faculties who juggle our grades
are all transgendered.

Their manuscripts were written by ghost writers
and even plagiarized.

According to the criminology,
their disposition contradicts their submitted writing.

A girl with her submitted manuscript
who combines wisdom, talent, tolerance and beauty
cannot insult and satirize your writing,
and inwardly juggle your grades and employment

with professors, staffs and president in this aristocratic college.

The Last Emperor

I was born in the Forbidden City,
during the rule of the last emperor of the dynasty,
who murdered and poisoned his descendants
to avoid fratricide and internecine strife,
as their existence and noninterference had humiliated the entire genealogy.
But the last emperor kept their corpses intact.

After witnessing a muddy maid hanging herself holding a broom,
I was disguised as a male,
to escape being hacked into pieces in the Forbidden City.
The royal bodyguard had already seen through my disguise,
but still let me pass,
praising my superb skill for disguise.
Then the last emperor murdered his last son,
to save him from the persecution and ravages of his successor
before the transference of political power.

Slipping out of the Forbidden City, refusing to mention my lineage,
carrying no property
before beginning my exile in a western country
camouflaged the traces of my existence and upbringing within the Forbidden City,
concealing my extravagant hope of returning after the nation attained prosperity.

After I settled down,
I was told that
the last emperor also wanted to poison or execute me,
but he believed that
banishing me to a western country
were more ruthless than poisoning me.
I had landed in the States with not a penny in my pocket,
and arrived at the US Customs with no identification and visa.
The officer there allowed me to freely pass,
giving tacit consent to my undocumented status.

The sequent persecution started from the day I wore the western suit
and was placed in a town.
Some rich ladies with inherent will insulted and assaulted me on the street,
and the local police arbitrarily shot me from behind.
All my clothes were sprayed with the powder that made me itch and scratch,
and all my clothes were partially damaged in the walk-in closet.

Someone entered my room to deliberately poison my food, eyedrops, and medicines.
All my landlords sold my keys to others,
In a bid to secretly facilitate poisoning, midnight murder, suffocation, and setting fires.

I have often been expelled by the landlords and state governors
and made to acquiesce by the police and head of the college at Winter Solstice.
I was arrested by the police
and defended myself at the court.
But the judge feigned ignorance,
and sentenced me to infinite imprisonment.
But the executors became possessed by the evil spirits,
and the deadly curse from the deceased emperors came true.

I sometimes disguised as a sanitation worker holding a shovel on the street,
sometimes I wore a prison garb,
or squatted near a pottery jar,
or carried a shoe shine kit near the gambling house.
But no matter what costume I wore,
the desolation and fading prestige caused by the vicissitudes of fates
would always lie naturally exposed.

The harmony between my imperial lineage and aristocracy
coexisted with that between my vagrancy and exile,
and the intensification in my disguised wrestling with oppression
was indelible and continuous.

I have been seen through.
I had tasted the sumptuous feast with all my siblings who poisoned me,
seeing the last dynasty take a curtain call.
Since I was born in the Forbidden City,
I was immune to any hypertoxic poison and toxic gas.

After I disguised myself and escaped the closely guarded Forbidden City,
and witnessed the disintegration of a loyal dynasty,
disguising myself in the commoner's attire in a foreign country
and feigning humility
could represent my ecstasy of watching the constitutional monarchy
colonizing and replacing an autocratic monarchy.
In the States,
a rich overseas girl feigned ignorance of my identity,
firmly grasped my neck,
and trampled on a pair of my spectacles.
I threw myself on my knees,

picked up my broken spectacles,
pieced every fragment together, squeezed in the frame,
and wore them again,
manifesting the embarrassment of a humiliated last dynasty.

Feigning ignorance and stupidity
made me successfully escape the Forbidden City,
while enduring torture and humiliation in the States
let me be one of the several victims of the historical calamity
and also presented the voluntary acceptance of being reformed and liberated
from the dependence on male chauvinism, bigwigs
and stereotyped inter-marriage systems.

I think,
feigning a pitiable look of wretchedness in the public
as being one of a humble populace
is more dignified and unyielding
than feigning a merry laugh or an angry curse
as a noble aristocrat.

When I was in the Forbidden City,
I told my brother,
I would admire being a hovering goshawk,
because a goshawk was better than us.
At least a goshawk had freedom and life.
We were dead.

Hearing this,
he decided to not assassinate me
as he confirmed that
I could not die an unnatural death,
as the other siblings escaped from the Forbidden City.
Several days later,
this brother died in an earthen jar,
for craving ease and comfort
that he did not deserve.

The Undelivered Gifts

In our life,
we must have met some girls who accept our gifts from other shy men
and then never pass them on to us.
Some of those girls use, toss up or even abuse our gifts,
stealing our right of looking those gifts up and down and flipping them over,
claiming the gifts for themselves
though they have no right of
either ownership or the authority to dispose of them.
Afterwards they lie to the gift senders,
saying they are not one of her choices,
even though weighing the value of gifts is superficial.
Your female friends who retain gifts given by others
could hide the truth forever.
The uninformed two parties would be in the dark.
Some boys then immediately marry other positive girls,
ignorant of the truth that their favorite girl never received their gifts.
Some boys even establish a serious relationship or marry
the girls who retain their favorite girl's gifts.
Some boys feel it is too late to repent
after they are told their favorite girl never actually received their gifts,
and she has already become another man's wife,
fostering descendants.
Some girls claim they can help transfer the gifts for courtship,
but they are not one of her acquaintances.
Retaining the gifts and fabricating the receiver's indifference and snobbishness
differ from retaining the gifts only.
It exposes their natures of coveting another's property
and their phantom of sexuality.
A gift is more explicit and graphic
than careless glances, abstract texts, and emails
in expressing amorous feelings.
Gifts have solid forms,
are touchable and reachable,
and more permanent than contract or deed.
Tearing apart the gift wrapper or retaining others' gifts for courtship
violates the culture of honoring the contractual obligation.
Securely receiving her own gifts for courtship
is her inalienable right.
Opening the gifts with curiosity and gratitude
and bursting with joy is her exclusive privilege.

A perceptual interpretation of the gifts
could tie the knot on their future conjugal felicity,
terminating suspicions and misgivings of desire.
An appropriate gift sent at an appropriate time
could better catalyze his ferment affinity,
and clear away the obscurity of the veiled and roundabout affection.
A girl's neglect of her duty of transfer gifts to the right person
or the failure in delivering a lovers' prattle
is more vicious than a gossiping housewife's slander.
They sequentially inflame the contrary,
and even vilify the consignee,
sowing discord
and disbanding a beloved couple.
They deliberately make a mystery of simple things
when they become a courier,
originating from their unrequited affection
and they burn with jealousy and nihilism.
The undelivered love letters in the wind,
and your secretly retained courtship gifts given to a girl
would give you
a congenitally deformed baby as retribution.

Timeliness

These two years,
I have spent all my time
compatibly coexisting with felons, criminals, poisoners, arsonists and other inmates.
Sometimes I am a mole,
watching and exhibiting their buffoonery.
Sometimes I am a victim,
enduring their poisoning, slandering, financial sanctions,
disguised torture in custody,
after I slipped into their conspiracy and political fraud.

They often use their normalized behaviors
to conceal their aberrant mentalities
as your inmate friends and relatives.
Sometimes they act like others,
disguising their appearance with clothes,
as I am susceptible to the subjective conclusion.
Some of the criminals and alleged criminals
could guess my hasty oversight
and my inertial negligence.

Catastrophic accidents occur
when I cannot confirm whether I turned off my oven.
The fire starts
when I cannot plead innocence and
on conviction, the degree of compensation for the fires caused by
the plugged hot plate whose main switch is turned off
and the unplugged hot plate whose main switch is turned off.
The men of replacement appear
when I cannot ensure if the men have been imprisoned, executed, or deceased.
Those criminals with the best psychological abilities
and the capacity to gauge people's minds
incubate around you like germs,
feed on your suspicions and doubts,
watch your hardships and embarrassments as spectators,
maintaining the evidence of never setting foot in the conspiracy.
They know whether you know,
what you know, and how much you know.
They also know
whether you know them to be also the ringleaders of arsonists and poisoners,
though they pretend to be on the way to assist you.
They also know
whether you were vigilant this time,

for instance,
whether you remember to turn off the oven
before you went to sleep or left for work.
Their conjectures about your mentality and consciousness
can prompt them to withdraw swiftly
or ensure zero-risk of their redoubling their efforts in committing a crime.
I have also come to realize
that disgraceful and demoralizing words
are uttered by the same person.
Moreover,
the honey-mouthed and dagger-hearted hypocrites,
serial murders, arsonists, and poisoners are from the same group.
Those people
provide me with the freshest first-hand materials for
interpreting psychopathology and criminology,
suing the groundless reason to maintain their status of citizenship and naturalization
as domestic citizens who survive at the edge of violation and criminality.
If your acquaintance expresses she is indifferent or neutralized
to the execution of the poisoners and arsonists,
it indicates
she is not a woman who takes pleasures
in others' misfortunes.
She is an accomplice.
If your acquaintance feels you are cruel
for catalyzing the deadly curse for a ruthless husband,
it indicates
she could take every effort to
prove the validity of her indiscriminate affection to any man
by disfiguring her imaginary rival in love.
A man's abstention from acting,
noninterference, and reluctance to reveal his true feelings
are the signs of his criminality.
Possessing a citizenship is like being behind a besieged wall.
Outside the wall,
there are millions slightly bowed with hands clasped in front,
paying a pilgrimage to the unrealistic fancy.
Inside the wall,
half the citizens console their distracted regrets of failure in occupying
all the social welfare and privileges
by citing a precedent for the domestic citizens.
Trampling on affinity, integrity, and morality
is not a valid reason to withdraw one's citizenship and naturalization.
But the citizenship withdrawal is open to the ones

who sing a different tune to the enforcement of justice,
law, execution,
and timeliness of solving others' difficulty and serving others,
and the timeliness of convicting a crime and reversing a verdict.

The withdrawal of one's
citizenship and nationalization may be not due to
the striking antithesis between one's useless occupation and extravagant outlook on life,
but one not being honest, dignified, and noble
and one's overestimation of one's own contribution.

Not being righteous and benevolent
may not cause the withdrawal of one's citizenship and nationality,
but abetting calamity, caused by imperviousness, negligence, dishonesty,
and perfunctory responses,
could be a reason.

Zoo and Circus Troupe

I often spare some leisure time,
to stop by the nearby supermarket,
read the updated sales labels on the products,
and observe the common life of ordinary people.
Sometimes,
a senior female deliberately walks in front of me,
with two legs deformed by exterior forces.
Her back looks more absurd than the sight of a senior taking off her pants and peeing
in the grocery store or near the bank.
I do not feel sympathetic towards her
as I have been told she personally tore up several pairs of lovers' conjugal felicity
when she was young and rich.
She secretly stalked her targeted girl
and imitated her writing style to reply to her courtship email from others,
fabricating her rejection to his persuasion for her stay.
She also boldly called the immigration office to report the girl's illegal residence.
Her conspiracy was traceless
but became known overnight to everyone in this world.
All the residents of this town throw eggs, tomatoes, garlic sauces at her
but she still has not mended the fold after the sheep was lost.
Masking her orthodoxy and wretchedness
makes her evade the denouncement of conscience.

Each time I shop and closely observe,
a flower seller verbally abuses me.
I have also known she had tossed a hypertoxic into a pregnant woman's beverage
and slipped away,
when she was young,
but the fetus of the pregnant woman was a genius.
She bewitched rich men through cajolery
and enticed them by smearing a chemical reagent on her skin.
Such a chemical reagent could catalyze men's sexual passion
as pollen not only attracts but also misleads butterflies.
She also moved towards a girl's dwelling
in order to intercept letters and gifts for courtship from her mail.
She often slipped in and out of her secret room
to peep and provoke people with elegance and mildness.
My sixth sense also tells me
she often calls the immigration office to report disabled refugees.

She also bribes the local police to arrest the fathers of the deaf and blind.
Masking her savagery and barbarianism
allows her to escape execution and law enforcement.

Those morbid psychoses deliberately appear in front of me each day,
projecting the complete mental outlook of this nation.
They are willing to make an exhibition of their mentality
coordinating my writing.
They broke the morality baseline
colluding and bribing the local police
to arrest and detain innocent people.
I predict that all of them with their lopsided psychology
would be firmly nailed on a cross by their limbs
as I utterly repudiate the highly advanced cultivation of this town
in the government's political propaganda.
This town is
full of parasites, hypocrites, liars, swindlers, stalkers, poisoners,
whistleblowers, rascals, voyeurs, traitors, snobs,
and the ones who vegetate,
greatly benefiting from the anarchism
and decohesion of the local executors.
They idle around,
making a fool of themselves,
and laughing at their own reflections in the water,
transforming the States to a zoo and circus troupe.
Several victims of this credit crisis
are full of remorse,
swallowing the insult
and submitting to the humiliation.
Criminal detectives, lawyers, legal medical experts, special agents,
spies, planted agents, bomb dischargers, criminologists and coroners
are the pillars of a nation,
who cannot be blasphemed.
I will join the silent parade,
calling for the replacement of the perfunctory rectification of those malformed embryos
with shooting and execution
regardless of their merits and demerits.