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Untitled

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***“Dream, dream, dream!
Dreams that spiral in my head,
Will they ever come true?”***

*Grenades like meteors fall through the midnight sky
Fire and light are dancing
at the edge between heaven and the dark-shadowed side.
I am lying in a narrow trench
staring into the endless canopy upon high
In the pungent odor of gunpowder
memories like illusions with my heart fly.
Whose hairs are as soft as the silks
dyed by the brightest gold reflected by the warmest sunshine
Whose voice is as beautiful as the melody
sung by the most marvelous bird that can bring me light
My love, whose life exists in a far-away land
will I still have a chance to see her gentle eyes?
The sound of bugles ring on the battlefield
waking the tired soldiers with their dreams still in mind
Who would have ever known
the next one running toward the end of his life
If I were also on the list of death
please bring back my soul
to the verdant land of my lovely home
to the sweet dream belonging to my dear wife
The sound of explosion thunders in the air
shaking the ground
with the yell of people in fight*

*In where the crimson dances with smoke and dirt
I see my dream
Swaying in the deep midnight sky*

*Cold wind shakes withered leaves
meandering down the lifeless street.
Feeling chilly air takes away my body heat*

*I lower my head
Letting the endless hunger and tiredness
greedily swallow my conscious mind
Until snow flowers like fairies
jump onto my palm
Surprise flows through my face
Memories stream slowly, passing by my ordinary dream.*

*Winter never became chilly in the South
My brother and I stood in the back yard
Gazing as leaves spiraled off the Phoenix tree
"How amazing would it be to be snowy!"*

"Sister, have you ever seen snow?"

"Me? Yes, when I was at an age younger than you..."

"What did it look like, and how did it taste?"

"It looked like ice cream everywhere and tasted so sweet..."

"Just like the description in the fairy tale we read."

"Wow, I wish I could also see a snowy day!"

"Sure, you will."

*I rise up my head
Thousands of little fairies wearing their white dresses
pirouette in the mid-January sky
Tears like shining pieces of glass drop from my face
Snow blankets the vast earth
Accumulating on the baked-clay roofs and bare branches
Covering all the murky crimes with a pure virgin white*