

Where the Clouds Entering

Cassie Ding

The quiet wall, so white

Stuck with the afternoon light

A door without a handle

All that was once firm and illusional

will be crumpled into a ball

This is my personal religion. My god is a disease; I want to get close to her, but only in a way that is like a disease. And this disease is contagious, manifesting as hysteria, a desperate need to break free from... Hope is the surrender to this disease. Please, God, inhabit my body, not by force. She injects all knowledge into my unconscious. The heart is the center of paralysis. Every nerve is an impulse: the impulse to constantly lick with a rounded tongue, and the impulse to crush it with long teeth. I cannot leave my body, nor can I leave God: a child is born, a girl dies. The child is born with its thumb in its mouth but never wails loudly.

Trees on the Highland, Quiet and Few Words

What you can see—

I cannot contain

thus my heart cracks open, eye bleeding

once exposed to light, they become stubborn

Hard bark—

entangling the wrinkles of the lower robe This narrow and sunken space

neither black rain nor sunlight finds a space

Roots, of the round shield—

docile and blind, pierce through decaying days

encircling the birthplace, coiling out its own grave

Facing the pale face of the sky

No one knows the stirring within the winter, the branches devoid of leaves

dampness of the resin quickly dissipates Like matters beyond the gaze,

slumber remains as usual—

How can a flesh express existence? — a small step

a large step

along the rhythm of an accordion,

pedestrians— birdlike instincts

rush back & forth,

scattered by the roadside shapeless feathers

above narrow stretch of sky

A red balloon tied to a child's bicycle basket, drifting with the wind

swaying and flying—

growing up, maturing

That patch, fire clouds carrying summer sudden thunder,

Light sweeps across the sea, touching in the dark

Ears, linger, spiraling into the wake of a car—

with a tremble of a sapling sprouting.

Voice

chased out

to the accordion, to footsteps, to the sky, to the flow of cars—

fish and fish

dispersed by the currents

departing like the tide—

And the long-stretching

branches of a cedar, hold fast, never lost—

Shoemaker

The street brought shoes I brought boxes
turning, in humoral immunity
decomposable — back to where lands grow
until it turns pus—
exothermic, stores shrinking

chipmunks
jumps on the boxes, and meals repeat—
time bating, secrete their essence
from its drain: first, then second, and a third breakfast— femme fatale
seized by the soul-grabbing crone

No blood, lymph, or flesh's tone
in breathing air, but what? — makes it thick
little prefaces sings like a brief theory
“poof” then “poof”
"Poof", said the prefaces again, into air.

Just like

nearby groups is the store. store is sensationalistic
store is in the corner,
chilly wind and hard loaf attain purity
a store open, however.

Pay attention to the corner,
the corner is the most cunning command of
all— "Brrr", said
the corner, "brrr" and then "brrr"
everything new, starts with 4 corners again—

Careful. Careful. Careful.

Don't fall on the edge of Pain. No sleep. No one.
deliver yourself. naked marks.

Don't turn your head towards East.
efface moonlight. land's plot.

Don't peak at the unformed infant.
Go. now.

Don't tangle up the veins. No tongue. No kisses.
propped elbows. have hearts.

Beside the River

That silence, the water's light ripples

Distant wave dots

trembling

close behind the eyes

Ducks dip into the water, piercing the hollow. Water

Breaking into pieces

those shadows we didn't bring during the day

folded

Bit by bit

Stuffed into my eye sockets

a touch, a release, your quiet lips

roof of your mouth holds the suspended clouds

warm and flat

Reflection converse, how they hate you

turning the shadow under your chest into an abyss

The river of Providence flows

Two clashing dead angles, absurd, unhurried

i consumed your oxygen

you stranded beneath my eyes

Time Around

Spring wastes too much blessedness,
I was to forget myself. needle quilts
to the resting birth——
shall I renew my vows?

Swaying sunlight——I make a wish alone
following the sunken palm, quietly
at the moment a wish congeals
Late April leaves nothing behind
blown out in a puff——fingers interlocked
gray smoke of the thinnest ice, pollen flying
Which piece do you want to take away? ——Before After

Outside the candlelight, away, peel away the outermost layer
those bodily memories that increase with each passing day
I search for the temperature of my own blood——the stream startles me

Continuously lingering in the remnants
I do not want to go on
Pale and unpleasant wakefulness——flowing
flowing, flowing

In the everyday Moments like seed sprout Mundane is not so mundane The telephone rings
and a Voice speaks of Laundry The price of bread A child's loose tooth Among spilled coffee
and missed buses Mundane flirts with Profound The market is a Theater of tomatoes and
apologies Old songs hummed under breath An old man recounts his youth with a melon in
each arm Each melon a sun Each word a well to let the day in What is repetition if not the
texture of insistence What is insistence if not the ambition to see?

Where the Clouds Entering

I can't contain¹

Voice. Chase out²

Counted, mapped, see³

“poof” then “poof”⁴

Coasting without brakes or surrendering control—⁵

But dust, dust, dust⁶

Careful. Careful. Careful.⁷

Speaks of Laundry, the price of bread, a child's loose tooth⁸

“never”

changes my face⁹

What is repetition if not the patience to observe?¹⁰

Lunch knows no such pretensions¹¹

Are you hearing while you're listening?¹² I was to

Forget myself¹³

¹ Cassie 2024.01.31

² Cassie 2024.02.08

³ Loss Unseen (2024.02.26)

⁴ Shoemaker (2024.03.03)

⁵ Cassie 2024.02.08

⁶ Cassie 2024.03.30

⁷ Careful. Careful. Careful (2024.04.02)

⁸ Cassie 2024.04.22

⁹ Poem for a Blue Page (2024.03.11)

¹⁰ Cassie 2024.04.22

¹¹ Lunch is not Dinner (2024.04.23)

¹² Cassie 2024.03.30

¹³ Time Around (2024.04.28)