A Collection of Poems on Personal Life Stories

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A collection of poems on personal life stories

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Black Resume

A color of BLACK
covered on a piece of paper

The paper
is
crying

I am
WHITE and PURE

The cruel Black

S-T-I-C-K-S

The paper
FIGHTING
SHOUTING

begging
tearing

surrendering

The color of BLACK
Never wash away

The color of WHITE

Fading away in the dark, dark BLACK

(Note: A reflection on my resume. The poem was written on 9/20/09, 1:50AM, 27', Music: Wild Horses)
What’s behind…?

What’s behind…?
A question that leads to a secret connection
A question that reveals a colorful mask
A question that elicits a deepest self

What’s behind…?
Connection – a joy or sorrow?
Mask – a destiny or surrender?
Self – a comfort or struggle?

What’s behind…?
An old memory reviving
A need for embracing support
A journey of searching for light
An answer echoes in What’s behind…?

(Note: “What’s behind…?” has been my inquiry for 15 years. I see the world as a theater. People wear masks and play various roles on this big stage. I often get lost in colorful masks. A desire of searching for authenticity in human relationship never stops. The poem was written on September 6th, 2009, 10:16PM, 2’, Music: Yanni; revised the last sentence on 9/19/09)
An image comes from a story --
A story lives in life itself

How the story begins?
What's in the story?
Who's playing in the story?
When the story ends?

An image comes from a place --
A place that welcomes freedom

How the place creates?
What's in the place?
Who's travelling by the place?
When the place closed?

An image comes from you and me --
We, travelers passing through unlimited space
Images flying among clouds

How the image shapes?
What's in the image?
Who's leading the image?
When the image dies?

(Note: We all have images that come readily in mind. How does the image begin? Where does it come from? When does it end? More importantly, what does it mean? What's behind the image? The poem is written on September 12th, 2009, 12:51AM, 1’30”, Music: Butterfly)
Encounter

Under the dark sky -
who comes in a mysterious night?

In the past five hundred years -
we once came across

After fifty decades circling and waiting -
we finally met

A longing desire -
holding that thinnest thread

For life -
the thread draws infinite circles

In second -
circles lost into spacious sky

Tears crying -
a shortest visit

A mystery -
hidden in five hundred years ago

(Note: The word ‘encounter’ reminds me of a Chinese folktale and a quest to know why some people are in my life and then gone. The poem was written on 9/20/09, 12:51AM, 20’, Music: Wild Horses)
Connection

A promise

of being connected

A blissful joy

in long waiting time

A promise

connects

a trusting heart

A trust

broken

in forever silent night

N

O

W

A promise -

…a dying dandelion in cold winter night

(Note: A reflection on human connection and how tender and delicate human relationship could be – A phrase of “Thank You” creates distance in human relationship. Staying connected is a way to say Thank You. In any relationship, I often wonder about “where is authenticity?” Authenticity does not come from a rational mind and habitual behaviors but a sincere heart. Where is our childlike nature? The poem was written on September 27, 2009, 19:37, 1’15”, Music: Along the High Ridges)
A Garden

Where are you?

Your princess is
looking for you tonight
Can you hold my hands once more?

Please stay with me

Let me hug you one more time
Can you hear the calling from a broken heart?

Can you come to me tonight?
Let me see your warm, warm smile

Three hours crying in your favorite garden

Please bring me back - - -

Our best time when you carried me on your bike
Our best time when we watched stars in long dark nights

Our best time when we shared our little secrets
Our best time when you warmed my cold, cold hands

Death is what I look forward to

Cause I could find you in another world

By then, I’ll be with you forever

No more tears in your favorite garden

(Note: The poem was written for my father whom I love the most in this world on his birthday in his favorite Chinese garden at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on November 14, 2009.  Pride, Ego, Struggles……Daddy and I went through similar life struggles!! A BIG SIGH!)
A Dream in 20 Years Time

Time as wind blowing between leaves

A long, long time ago -
A mistake led to an unreturned road
Life became a discordant melody
A longing desire in thousands endless nights
A place that brings me light
10 years - - in darkness
Becomes my forever wound
Regret and hatred live in between my breath
With a strong will for a brand new life
BUT… life cannot turn as I always want
Darkness never let me free
10 years - - struggling
Death becomes part of me

With a dream that never dies
I am here

The place that was with me for thousands nights
With content and gratitude
Death as wind blowing between leaves

(Note: Reflecting on my relationship with resume’s contact information and a dream that I had for years. The poem was written on Sunday night, 10/18/09, 11:24PM, 17°)
Feeling and Thinking

Thinking –
destroys the beauty of Feeling

BUT

Without Thinking –
Feeling has no meaning

Feeling and Thinking
like
Black and White
Yin and Yang

They seem contrary

BUT

Behind the contrast -
an energy of balance flows in-between

In truth –
Feeling and Thinking
are complementary
in
whole-person learning

(Note: Inspired by Franz Kline’s “Black and White” paintings, Chinese “Yin and Yang” philosophy, and more importantly, our dialogue. 11/28/09, 10:26pm, 2’54”)