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A Collection of Poems on Personal Life Stories

Michelle Wang

CUNY Borough of Manhattan Community College

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A collection of poems on personal life stories

By Michelle Wang, Ed.D.

Cooperative Education Department

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**

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)

Image

*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