

Poetry Series

**Eric Li**  
**- poems -**



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## Eric Li()

Eric Li is a Chinese-Canadian writer and poet born raised and living in Vancouver. He is influenced and inspired by the many authors, poets, historians, and souls he crossed paths with along life's journey.

He delights his poetry often with photographs and visuals, seeing that 'Each poet is a creative director of their own movie that is told in a poem. Poetry is a film for the heart and soul.'

Furthermore, he enjoys inspiration from ' the majestic mystery' of turtles and other silent shelled creatures. He believes their truth can only be heard when he becomes willing with patience and a hunger to understand their whispers.

His journals are reflections partnered with a poetic shadow. At times he also expresses his perspectives by writing quirky poems; however, he explained: ' there is a deeper message if interpreted upon further reads. I often try to have multiple layers of emotions; layers that uncover when matched with one's openness to know who he is. It is in the arts where masks can be created and uncovered to know thy self when eyes close. Writing saved my life.'

Eric encourages all to try writing and find healing in doing so.

# Power To Care

Power to Care

Knowledge is power but where does the knowledge come from?

For me, it started with awareness followed by education and then putting the lessons into practice.

Awareness of dementia began when I contacted the Alzheimer's Society's support line FirstLink. Their workshops and literature educated me. They provided additional support such as check-in calls that helped guide me with confidence in applying what I learned to care for my mother.

Through trial and error I developed the fortitude and strengths of knowledge to navigate my mother's care in the roughest seas to safety.

To have the courage to sit with her through the storms, I am with her.

We appreciate the days when the sailing is smooth, I am with her.

She is no longer alone.

The Alzheimer's Society has helped me build resilience in caregiving and empowered me to navigate the challenges involved. And as a person living with a brain injury I also learned about how to be kinder to myself.

The knowledge and successes I hold today are possible because of their support.

The unpredictable path of dementia can be scary and confusing if walked alone.

Dementia needs not to be dark or kept in the dark as with support and friends in community, life can be colourful.

I have witnessed this expressed in my mother's artwork.

I believe we can activate the hero within us by becoming equipped with knowledge and exercising our power to care.

I have to power to care!

-Eric Li (2024.02.17) revised



# Nong Where's Shim

Nong the Bear  
Sweating the summer  
Chilling the winter  
Bold as white snow  
Cold he is...  
Spring time blossoms  
Taken for granted

Beautiful escapism  
Nong's eyes closed  
Bearing Soju as his  
left hand gang

Where's Shim?  
Shim, Write-hand man  
Shim, Right Pal Bear

If only Nong  
would open eyes  
BEAR witness to  
emptiness...  
in the bottle

Eric Li

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# Balloons

- - -

Balloons

I blew

Balloons

I drew

one eye opened

two eyes closed

Every balloon

Flew

Flew

Flew

- - -

Poem for you, you, and you!

Eric Li



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# Good Morning Ted

Rustling winds  
Where to begin  
Ahh it is Ted  
Found him in my bed  
The pipe was lead  
The bulds L.E.De  
Oooh weee weee  
A spin and a spunk  
The neighbours heard a clunk  
I saw chunks of red  
I saw chunks of Ted  
It was the winds that blew  
It wasnt not me she said  
I giggled and smiled  
The bed now empty  
All mine is fine  
Chunks of Ted what to do  
Baby lets cook some stew  
Chunks of red  
Dont worry folks  
TEDs not Dead.  
He just apple cobbler sticky  
RED! ! !

Eric Li

# Avoiding An Admirable Gift

Awkward I felt to write  
Aware I had to acquaint  
Acknowledge where we are today  
After many gifts we grow

Adapting all the pain  
Adjusting my life

Accepting the gift Avoiding to accept.  
Able or not to let go. An admirable gift.  
???? - I wrote

Eric Li



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# Light Darken Heart: A Pocky Treat

(lighT daRkEn heArT)

Cold in the bitter cold.

Drowsy she walks.

Depr3ss3d

she smok3s per breathe.

8rittle fingers.

nasal knif3s by frosty air.

her l0ngest short lunar travel.

Gold laces SPARKLES black adidas

witnessed by mother m0on.

sh3 delivers a Pocky knif3.

delivery of a message to me:

She loves me.

Eric Li



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# P A I N: ? ? ? ? : We Are Gifted

some'one may have  
some'one may give  
some will offer

so'me t a k e and hide  
so'me b r a g and lie

we all have this gift

so ma n y gifts; so we g r o w;  
in of much...

p a i n  
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Eric Li



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