

Poetry Series

Jonathan Lee
- poems -

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Jonathan Lee(1969)

Author: Jonathan Lee is born in 1969 in Singapore, to an odd-job worker and a housewife. He studied at the National University of Singapore, graduating with a BA in English Literature and Economics in 1993. Subsequently, he obtained post-graduate degrees with distinctions in Finance and Accountancy. He has worked as a senior accountant and finance manager in Singapore for 24 years, and has two grown children. He was awarded a government scholarship to study advanced management and finance courses conducted by the University of Pennsylvania. He has been awarded prizes in poetry competitions in the United States.

A Catch-22 Nonconformist Haiku

My Heaven stretches its arms across the beach and inside the smiles of hippie girls at Karom Beach, their hippie glasses and varnished nails paint a glittering picture of Phuket. Soon the waves become rows of orange cupcakes that appear and disappear near sunset and I continue to daydream...

With a shock, I realize I've been taking pictures of tsunami-stricken spots. And all around those spots, the roots of trees have elongated ears and spidery fingers that clutch at the exoskeletons of crabs, spinning webs of shadows for the living and the dead.

I become stiff, shrunk into a tiny creature and stranded on a giant rumpled beach-chair, which is a thousand times my size. And I wonder why we are still here, frightened of the next quake.

Jonathan Lee

A Different Bloom

I squish the flesh, rind and pulps of an orange, tasting the juice, talking quietly to Bloom, who specializes in probing the psyche. He whispers a few jokes to himself, to drive away a rising lake of gloominess. Someone is kissing his wife in the evening light behind a veil of pink curtains. He turns his head away and says, 'Well, I should be happy for her.'

Maybe he's old beyond his biological age and struggles to be a sort of big-hearted follower of the Buddha. In the meantime, the flavour of his wife's perfume lingers on the tip of his nose.

That night he stays inside a dreamscape, not wanting to wake up too soon, mumbling stories that help him recall the difficult lives of John Keats, Edgar Allan Poe, D. H. Lawrence, Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton and Wilfred Owen.

I guess when we die, we are not really bothered with the question of whether our life has been a long dream. Instead we ask, Did we have the guts to walk along some of the paths lit up by our heart's desire, so that death brings fewer regrets?

Jonathan Lee

A Dreamscape

Inside my Singaporean dreamscape in the dress of a haiku,

there are no blocks of HDB flats and no concrete forest.

Instead I keep walking like David Hockney's ageless figure,

a freak hiker who loves open spaces where no humans live,

and I flail about in the middle of a bottomless river

that runs across a different Grand Canyon that echoes

'The Persistence of Memory'.

Jonathan Lee

A Gleaming Haiku That Rubs Away Its Existence

A warrior slices a grape into two pieces,

spilling blood onto the forehead of a bullfrog.

The frog, flicking its tongue inside a haiku, refuses to budge.

Someone says, Kiss it... kiss the frog...

Can you sense something that blossoms

inside the eyes of Frost and Wallace Stevens?

Maybe they're saying, not all things need to be as deadly sharp

as a sword to yield a slice of the Truth.

Jonathan Lee

A Haiku That Forgets About The Seasons

Can a haiku grow up in a nonconformist season,
not listening to the count of syllables and political slogans,
not heeding the hooks of question marks
and the swords of an unseen samurai?

Did someone call me a haiku hunter who roams
in a place without spring, summer, autumn, winter,
without the moist lips of cherry petals
and without the kisses of a Japanese mermaid?

Alright, I'm a haiku bullfrog who runs away from labels
by plopping into a pond far away from Toyko.

Jonathan Lee

A Haiku That Recalls The Past(Dec 2019)

The bougainvilleas become molecules of memory with red petals.

They run around like our ancestors' blood.

They died here during the War.

The red earth speaks to my fingers

as the soil feeds the brown roots.

Jonathan Lee

A Homeless Haiku Getting Married(Dec 2019)

In the middle of the night, a poem walks into a London fog,
watching a train that runs along a grey track.

Someone cuts the train of negative chugging -
we see Helen Keller lighting up

candles and lanterns in her fogless but darker world.

The starlight that circles the street lamps whispers,

'The world misunderstands us, but it doesn't matter.

It's only between you and God.'

Your eyes twinkle inside a garden of starlight now.

Jonathan Lee

A Maverick Haiku (Doing Reversed Engineering) (Dec 2019)

Something hits the green pond and repeats the froggy plops.

Please don't hear things, unless they are snarling

and pressing on your chest.

Ghosts cannot kill. Your thoughts can.

Zen, banishing thoughts, is kind.

But the thoughts-crammed person jumped

into the pond yesterday. He's not here anymore.

No, I'm wrong. Didn't we see his ghostlier twin jumping

back from the womb of the pond? He's white and dry

and takes up permanent residence

in the brains of the three robbers who robbed him.

He's more powerful now than in the flesh.

Jonathan Lee

A Nonconformist Haiku And Its Brainchildren (Dec 2019)

Kunitz has a whale swimming in his heart, with eyes that talk to

Rothko in an evergreen Garden under the shade of an abstract

cypress that has wings which carry the dragon-like

brain-children of Blake who bury the ambulance men of Larkin.

Jonathan Lee

A Nonconformist Haiku Chipping Away A Gravestone

The gravestones for the Prime Ministers and Presidents seem to differ,

as if there's some divide between the rich and the poor,

between the powerful and the oppressed.

But don't worry. Please tell the Prime Minister,

he too will be gone soon,

akin to so many Generals and Emperors gone

in the past thousand years.

They did not reach the age of hundred.

And in the Death's region, time doesn't matter.

He will have time enough to learn,

how to change the sneers in his heart

into a big-hearted haiku.

Jonathan Lee

A Nonconformist Haiku Encountering A Rothko Canvas (Dec 2019)

A gust of cold wind changes me into an ant
and its tiny footprints crisscross a canvas of Rothko
where the waves at a Tokyo shoreline bring memories
that flash like lightning.

Jonathan Lee

A Nonconformist Haiku Feeling The Heat Of A Live Wire (Dec 2019)

Charles Bukowski is boasting about kissing
tender curls of flesh, and for once, I look away,
cutting up the belly of a bullfrog,
listening hard to the ping-ponk, ping-ponk if its heart.

And then everything stops.

Sooner or later, everything stops.

Charles and I and you will have a nice long chat
under cherry trees with leaves that are tender
like the lips of pleasant girls.

Don't worry, all our bodies are transparent
and no way we can bully each other.

The Fires of Purgatory have cleansed our bones and blood.

Jonathan Lee

A Nonconformist Haiku Jogging(Dec 2019)

I slash the tree bark once and seem to hear a scream

that cracks the morning air,

at a corner of MacRitche Reservoir.

The humans around me stare and jog away.

I sense their fidgety legs.

The woods become silent.

The lizards and woodpeckers stop in their tracks.

I slash again with a penknife

and this poem leaps out of the tree veins.

I'm not a law-breaking raccoon, but a love-starved bullfrog.

And now I see that Reality is hiding behind the brittle shell

of a snail. I begin to fondle the feelers of that snail.

Jonathan Lee

A Strange Case

I guessed, no one witnessed his leap of death.

No one saw his flailing arms and his trembling legs. No one heard the quivering scream and the thud of his rupturing ear-bones. Was there a cry of regret in the winds?

I must be wrong. The old crow saw something.

How? Because its grey skin changed colour, from patches of silvery grey to dark blue, and then from dark blue to deep purple and back to silvery grey. It kept changing colour when the shades of morning light warmed its diseased moles, its crop of dropping feathers and worn-out claws that curved inwards. And the breezes befriended it, ruffling and mending its broken wings and blunted beak.

The old crow chewed a grub and swallowed briskly. It gawked a few times, perched on a branch near the navel of an Angsana, perhaps seeing a different micro-cosmos in a gust of wind. Then its eyes gleamed, ready to morph into an owl with a human tongue.

I stared at the stiff, slender body. A young man in his mid-thirties, his slender arms, torso and thighs were positioned awkwardly in a tragic-comic Z-shape, like a twisted scarecrow in a starched, tight-fit 'costume'. It was lying near the rubbish chute of an old HDB flat in Ang Mo Kio, a busy cross point for pedestrians taking a short cut to the nearby eateries. If he wanted to achieve some degree of fame for his final act, he had chosen the right spot. The time was: 7.43 am on 12 August y-five minutes later, more than a hundred people had gathered, some standing inside the void deck of the flat, some along the nearby pathways.

The body's ashen face was bent to the right, his neck slanted towards the ground, part of his face pressed against a puddle of blood, which was dark red. His right eye was closed while his left eye remained half-open, and its pupil seemed to move when dust motes came near to it. I must be seeing things.

Yes, I couldn't forget his 'costume'. A tuxedo, which looked grey and worn, made dusty by the ground. A woolly scarf was wrapped around his shoulders, which somehow suggested that he was attempting to touch the heaven with a daring leap. He wore black buckle ankle boots and an army leather belt that had weapons printed on it, with scrapes that gave it a vintage look. Further he wore a long, brownish wig, the type used by pub singers to signify their status as

diehard fans of *The Turn of the Screw*.

His right hand clutched a painting close to his chest, a sort of collage which was gallery wrapped, about three feet by two. The right portion showed a black-and-white photo of Picasso's *Guernica*, the left showed a photo of Dali's elongated Elephant. The centre resembled Jackson Pollock's drips, with Rothko's immersive colour planes on the flanks that were mixed with images of skinny figures smoking and drinking.

Another middle-aged man, in a blue shirt and brown pants, wearing sunglasses and holding a Samsung cell phone, waved his left arm in the air. Walking around the body, he repeated, 'Please don't call the police or ambulance. They're coming soon...'

The crowd continued to increase. Another ten minutes passed. The stiff body on the ground twitched, trembled and started to move. Our eyes narrowed as he sat up. After resting for a while, the man stood erect, took a bow and said, 'This is a performance seeking your big-hearted support. Please show your support by visiting my website and choose some of my paintings. Purchase above \$100, free delivery... Thank you for your support. Please don't report to the police, but you can circulate this in YouTube and highlight my website. I need to pay my old parents' medical bills and support my child... '

The painter and his friend left, followed by the crowd, his guardian angel in good and bad times. The crowd shimmered with a coat of new feathers. The morning sun did it good.

Jonathan Lee

A Stranger In A Stranger World

Can you feel and touch a voice that's trailing behind
a gray sunray, almost like a twin of e. e. cummings
who weaves strange verses.

Thanks to a stubborn haiku within,
you and I jump over the labels
and see what appears in the dark woods.

Somehow if a single word makes sense,
deep sense that shows how all things
in the Milky Way are interconnected,
you and I are saved.

Jonathan Lee

An Iron-Proud Nonconformist Haiku

Can an iron-proud haiku convince himself
to quietly blossom in the middle of the night
into self-effacing jasmines
that dance in a ripple of laughter?
The jasmines breathe only for an hour
near the flattened peak of a snow mountain.

Watch closely. The ripple is enough to blast
the earth's partying masks
and expose fleeing homunculi and little men.
Please spy on the true self.
Is he half-melting inside a snow flake?
Is he gone before someone can complete this haiku?

Jonathan Lee

Another 1.02 Am

Why are there so many 1.02 am and things keep recurring
inside a string of hazy memories. They seem to happen before.
But I shrug at the notion of being stuck in a multiverse.
There cannot be another me at this moment at 1.02 am
I know Dr Cyril Wong. He's a splendid person.
He penned a well-known poem with a similar title.
And I seem to know Samuel Beckett who nearly lost
his life while engaging in anti-Nazi activities
and saving quite a number of Jews.
And Beckett humbly said, It's part of his scout duty.
Makes me feel that God is resilient and alive,
a suffering God amidst the cruel random forces
He unleashes to subject Himself to a Stringent Self-Challenge.
Is there something among the grey clouds
that move across the sky now to hide the crescent moon.
Who's reading poems via Poemhunter
on the other side of the globe?
Perhaps I should be asking, how come the human mind
can understand a poem and its hidden meaning.
The brightness of the moon is saying something.

Jonathan Lee

Another Poem For You

Somewhere inside is another world,
not witnessed since the Bright Flash or Big Bang.
You and I are stepping into it,
treading the colourful pathways,
catching a glimpse of how the cosmos is being re-made.
You're so near, and I can smell your fragrance.
Our shoulders are touching once again.

Jonathan Lee

Don't Identify With Your Life Story Or This Double Haiku

Your life stories are a series of haiku, flickers and white blotches of mental energy that arise and pass away. Please don't cling to them. They are long gone. You can reshape and remold them.

Yes, reshape and remold them. Smell the nuggets of meaning and let go. Relax, relax and let go. Let the breezes carry their meaning to the edge of the horizon. Our Home is there.

Jonathan Lee

Dover Beach

Part I

The pebbles have no names or status divide,
and appear religious in their special way.
We shall invite them to our poem.
In turn, they invite us to a spring less touched by time.

Are they siblings huddling together in unity?
Are they another kind of hologram or wisdom stones?
Do they look like crystallized droplets
of God's tears - tears of hope, healing, renewal?

Or do they resonate the birth pangs of human faith
and cruel battles against aggressors at the world's naked shingles.
The waves have dissolved blood, toil, tears and sweat,
becoming prisms that reflect a suffering God.

Part II

Evening comes. The self has become lighter.
Can we invite the pebbles to enquire along with us?
Is the green sea before us an Experiment or an Accident?
Are those seagulls, pelicans and sparrows,
ventures of an impersonal Chaos?
Shall we climb a tree, a hill, to look over the rim?
Or content to be surprised by the glow on our suntanned faces?

Or we enter the thin places between heartbeats,
saying the prayer of Saint Francis, before disappearing ...
We find long-lost friends along the shore,
and we step beyond poem-writing, to peek
into the many-splendored thing -
the ocean with sunlight sparkling on it.

Part III

In the twilight, the sands, waves and beaches

become dressed in shades of gold,
and we appreciate how His Spirit keeps flowing until now,
residing among the hills and mountains,
sustaining us in a quiet way.

When we look back in the direction of the earth,
the morning and evening lights are gone,
the beaches and the waves are gone,
the sounds and furies at the world's naked shingles are gone.

From the Viewpoint of His timeless Garden,
this visible world occupied
a small but crucial part in His Eyes.
The visible world arose and passed away,
like a season of storms,
experienced by Him through His Spirit.

From the viewpoint of His Spirit in the visible world,
space-time events and human choice-making continue,
in line with earth's ticking clock.
We are small but a precious part of His decision
to heighten His Godhood,
by having His Spirit suffer the pains and afflictions
of undergoing cycles of human experiences on earth,
for the purpose of actualizing faith, courage and endurance
which cannot be actualized in a peaceful, pain-free Heaven.

It is His decision to take the Final Test:
His Moral Resolve and Qualities
cannot forever remain untested
and unproven in a peaceful Heaven.
He poured part of His Spirit
into the fragile bodies of His children on earth.
He let His children choose to partner with
and be guided by the Spirit.
His Spirit struggled and suffered together with His children
to work towards attaining a Higher Godhood...

We return to the evening light at the beach,
knowing that we have not lived in vain.
No good intention and effort will be forgotten.
They are stored in His ocean of Remembrances.

Jonathan Lee

Finnegans Wake Resurrected

It's rumoured that the world of Finnegans Wake is nightmarish and messy, crumpled up like a huge strawberry pie, which insomniac children love to dip their thumbs into... until I become headless while mating.

Yes, you read correctly. I become headless while making love. Sounds more surreal and terrifying than the dreamscape of Finnegans Wake...

The fact is: my serious-minded girlfriend licks and bites into my thorax before digging her teeth into my abdomen and into my veins where my nutritious liquid runs pale green. Calm and confident, my girlfriend relaxes before she tightens her grip on me, chewing and relishing my bones, spine, pulsating arteries and entrails. Then her sharp teeth work their way up my neck and decapitate me, tossing my head onto the ground.

By the way, my girlfriend isn't exactly interested in love-making or in the perpetuation of our species. She's probably more intent on satisfying her hunger for fresh cartilage, blood and meat.

But the unthinkable part is that my headless body has a remarkable nervous system where, even without my head and the related neurological mechanism, my male organ continues to function effectively, thrusting and depositing my sperms into my girlfriend's womb.

Yes, your guess is right. I am a praying mantis. Even the characters in Finnegans Wake will find this disturbing, yet amazing.

Jonathan Lee

Glimpsing Silverstein's Truth

Our eyes dark with hunting, we ignore the place
where the sidewalk ends. But the green garden rests quietly there,
even when a samurai pierces us at the red massacre ground.

Jonathan Lee

Haiku Begging For A Moon

Did I regret letting the moonlight burn
my haiku hut, changing it into a strange place
where noises of the world cannot reach?
It's so quiet now, to step inside a moonlit haiku.

Jonathan Lee

Hymn To Something Localised

The evening dusts settle where they like,
except on the evergreen tips of mangrove roots
which are finely concealed and nourished
within the riverbank mud
where finely finned skippers frolick and march
their unique march.
Different haven for different species,
as I do my own style of skipping
among these lines that bear the sort of earlobes
where the flitting of a mosquito can be detected,
and the tinkle of a coin becomes an echo
through the ages as long as someone comes into
this jungle of words, and John Ashbery is once again
doing a painting of magnificent waves and crests
and Henry David Thoreau sings with Emily and Marianne Moore
on a moonlit stairway where the shells and bombs
of the War cannot touch. Join us, join us, they say,
and the soldiers put down their rifles
which curl into mushrooms with spotted colours,
and Alice once again has her feast of wonderland rainbow.

Jonathan Lee

Is Poetry Barbaric?

Blood dripping from the pages of history books,
wartime pictures, dried bones, graveyard stones,
torture weapons, historic memorial sites
echoing the atrocities which occurred at Auschwitz.
Any poems that capture the glimmers and whispers
of a rainbow in another season
will appear naive, escapist, barbaric...
But please e listen closely, more closely.
They were humming, reciting, singing poetry
when they walked into the shadows...
'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not be in want... '

Jonathan Lee

John Donne Of Singapore?

A few friends jokingly label me 'John Donne of Singapore.'

I wish I can qualify, in some small way.

Hope to write disruptive, intriguing poems on

'Why does the world exist? '

'Why do humans exist? ' and

'Why does God allow natural and moral evils? '

Actually, I don't qualify.

I spent more than 30 years trying to peek into the Mystery

and come upon 'God is biting the bullet' theodicy.

The Spirit told me God is unable to create

these missing elements of a Higher Godhood

in His peaceful, pain-free heaven, namely:

faith, love, courage and endurance

in the face of immense pain, sufferings and death.

God pours part of His Spirit into the bodies of human beings.

His Spirit seeks to partner with human beings

to manifest these elements in the midst of earthly trials.

His Spirit speaks to humans via the voice of conscience

and encourages them to follow

the paths of goodness, beauty and truth.

Human beings need to decide whether to follow the voice of conscience.

The Spirit can only persuade, but cannot force humans

regarding their decisions. This is the stringent Challenge

which God has imposed on Himself

when He allowed the existence of this imperfect world.

If John Donne were to focus his intellect on these Enigmas,

he would have solved it much faster, probably within days,

while I required more than 30 years.

Thus, I am only a tiny shadow

of a Zen-pursuing 'Done'.

Jonathan Lee

Learning To Be Contented

I was browsing the news reports via Channel News Asia and was shocked to find a news article on a 24 year old girl afflicted with serious Brain Tumour and bedridden, leading a near-vegetative existence.

My heart goes to her and her family.

I begin viewing Youtube programmes that feature the Wonders of the World,

since at the age of 49, I no longer have the strength to visit them, fearing I might be gone soon.

After viewing them, I'm grateful that Youtube has enabled me to vicariously visit them and appreciate their grandeur.

(Dated 9 January 2018)

Jonathan Lee

Love Songs Of A Bull Frog (Centennial 2015)

Let us go then, you and I.

Let us go then, you and I...

For a hundred years, this line echoes

around the rims of the ears of poets and anti-poets,

not because it's true or untrue, visionary or revisionary,

but because I never say 'I am I'

and you never echo you are you.

Did we talk to women smiling over a pantless Michelangelo?

Did we finger-smell a young lady's perfumed lips?

Did we kiss her dawn-colored eye-brow?

Is she the epitome of life warped by cruel random forces?

Please don't rationalize your lust or hide a lurking death-wish.

Just stare at your hypocrisy, dark sexual loves, inner fights.

Better to be a self-critical Socrates than a self-deceiving Reverend.

No mortal can outgrow his last shadows.

But you protest, saying your hundreds of hours of meditation

have buried them under the hefty scriptures.

Sure enough, in the middle of the night,

when we ghost-floated back into half-consciousness,

their greenish, smirking eyes lurch out to embrace us,

kissing us all over again... with the stubbornness
of a poodle. Perhaps this is what makes Eliot an immortal:

The strangeness of life in the form of Mr Prufrock

looking honestly at himself.

(Jonathan / Merton Lee, Singapore)

Jonathan Lee

Memory

The claws, veins and roots of a brown panther dwindled, slashed
and broken by another male, when they fought over a female.

What could compensate for the dark red blood?

When you get the chance to turn grey, teeth half-gone,

will that once-in-a-lifetime glimpse catch up with us

as we fold and roll a cheap cigar,

lying back on a rumpled beach chair,

looking at girls who frolick and fade in the evening dust,

like oysters powderised and blown away by the breezes?

Jonathan Lee

My Mother Is A Good Fish

My mother is a fish, William Faulkner sings.

I ponder from 1 A.M. to 3 A.M.

in some whistling, nocturnal rings of the night,

and I stumble on the history of Evolution -

Sure enough, humans descend from some primitive fish-like

creatures or perhaps aquatic apes.

You can verify with the Wikipedia. No joke.

How learned and therapeutic is Faulkner's insight.

Except that I'm still awake at 3 A.M.

like a fish with eyes that cannot close.

Jonathan Lee

Old Wheelbarrow (On Reading William Carlos Williams' Red Wheelbarrow)

Much depends
on recalling,
seeing
those times and days
the old red wheelbarrow
had provided help
in the weeding
fertilizing
soil spreading
seed planting
strengthening the body and soul.

Today
still wishing
to keep
that old wheelbarrow
dusty
rusty
faded
streaked with mud
blotched with hardened grime,
in many ways
like this old, rough-skinned body,
breathing hard,
sweating,
struggling
to pen
a few poems
before it expires.

Someone
seems
to hear
read
understand
these lines.

Is someone
seeing
hearing
understanding
through
this pair of wrinkled, old eyes?

Jonathan Lee

On Reading The Last Psalm

May She keep close.
Closer than our translucent skin.
She comes from the sky within,
consoling, faceless, but appreciates more faces
than we can see in a lifetime.

Together we go beyond nearby streams and hills.
We rise above the shoulders of cypresses and pines.
Go beyond farms, vineyards, lakes and valleys,
touching the high points of fatherly mountains.
Perhaps unseen aspects of the world find us then,
the genesis of Meaning.

Perhaps she brings us to visit a pearl.
It illuminates riverbeds and yet-to-be-discovered
species, flora and fauna.
They open their eyes, ears, limbs, to become aware.
Perhaps she transforms us into spores.
We travel far on sunbeams.
Or She changes us into breaths of dawn.
We linger above half-rousing saplings
before we come upon a rare find:
the quiet of a lily pond.
We become ensconced in her palms, falling asleep.

Waking up, we become lost in time, a moonlit vista.
It reflects beyond-this-world journey-work.
Her feminine brightness mirrors a childhood earth:
surreal, undressed, pristine in many ways,
lighting up the half-blue sky,
like a huge crystal ball who understands human hearts.

We surprise ourselves by saying:
'That kind of surreality, that crystal ball
lighting up the sky is also down here on earth.'
If we travel on a beam
and enter her Crescent's kingdom,
from there, we can watch our planet
and be amazed by earth's brightness.

When we travel back to earth,
we touch the morning pure
as it spreads across the sky
until we sense the dance of moonlight,
smaller, clearer, touchable,
on our palms.

Jonathan Lee

Praying To A Dog's Spirit

I look deep into the eyes of my poodle,
brown eyes as talkative and piercing as a young boy...
I wipe away cold beads of sweat on my forehead,
grinding my teeth, not wanting to hear
there's dog meat and soup listed in a menu before me,
gleaming on a varnished, mahogany table in a chinese restaurant.

Jonathan Lee

Relax And Release Yourself From Your Life Story

Relax, you can relax, breathe deeply and gently and relax.

Release your clinging to your life stories. They are not your essence.

Relax, smile, and welcome the sunshine into your heart.

Jonathan Lee

Singapore's Underground Man

First Fragment

He goes underground... he goes underground tonight to save himself, with a gulp of whisky, bought on credit inside a half-lit pub. His bony face flushes a bit, his eyes roll a bit, and he's gone... half a deity, who imagines burrowing into the ground, into the hard earth, and he moves below an alleyway, below a roughly carpeted budget hotel near Singapore's Joo Chiat.

Any sense of salvation within the cracks of the earth, within the cracks of each ticking moment? He's unsure, comes out of the earth, shakes away the soot and grime and tries to act young, letting down his long hair from the crown to cover balding patches along his forehead.

He's 38. That's politically significant for compiling statistics on the 'under-employed', which means those stuck in the low-income groups. Such groups are growing by the day and remain dismally under-employed, upon scrutiny. And the underground man feels

like a smallish insect, somewhere in a concrete forest.

Calls himself a transgressive beetle-man רררררר

who escaped last week after taking part
in an anti-establishment demonstration
near Raffles Place MRT.

Maybe to play the role of a masked beetle-man
is better than

a dehumanized cog inside a Corporate Machine?

(Never forget... it's dangerous to forget,
there're electronic eyes

and listening devices between these lines.)

At home, he spent what's little left
on making a three-panel painting that sounds
like A Post-Modern Bossa Nova.

The painting gets up early every morning
when the sun rays kiss it,
and it wobbles around his heart,
and his motto becomes: Don't shape these fragments
into a sort of smallish reality.

They contain macro-things
that, sooner or later, change the present and the future.

But he hates the existential facts:
there're only passing, smallish pictures inside
his quarrelsome brain cells.

Second Fragment

Hunching over an ergonomic table at a dim corner in the Underground Einstein Cafe, he tries to convince himself 'E doesn't equal MC squared' since it doesn't take into account the enigmatic Intelligence that keeps everything from falling apart... And he comforts himself with his little breakthrough, as he finds the Superstring Theory or a pixelated reality too abstract.

Ok, back to which reality?

Although secular hope is scanty, the underground man still has a commission-based marketing job, subject to strict three-month probation and stricter sales targets, a job no one wanted... since none can make it. (Don't worry, the electronic eyes and ears will delete this part.)

And he makes a whimper before he howls like an over-sized raccoon, inside the Cafe's toilet cubicle,

'Call me anti-Ismael... and call me Her Man
who harpoons and slays
a different howling whale.'

He shakes its head, almost determined
to go high brow... when he remembers
his literature class girlfriend
who got married to his antagonist
seven years ago.

He was bringing her purple feng shui beads and roses,
bought with borrowed one-dollar coins.

(Did you ask, what type of antagonist?

... The devious category.

That suave casa nova guy
who got his money from his connections
with two flamboyant and rich widows,
and an old, reclusive tycoon.

And he bluffs his bride by marrying her
in an old Irish church,

registering their legal papers
in a country without proper Women's Charter
and forgetting about her after a few seasons.)

The underground man drinks
his psychoactive coffee now and tries to forget her.

Can't spell out the technical names
of illicit chemicals in his coffee.

(Remember, there're listening devices...)

And he goes hallucinatory... morphs into a jealous,

yellowish spider,
a Kletoparasite that resurrects after midnight
inside a dreamscape, the two hooks near his mouth
become his ninth and tenth legs.

Third Fragment

'Buy me avant-garde cocktail with flames, to numb my face that's slapped by
bossy tongues.' Somebody gives him a drink to make him clear-headed, after he
shows off his tattered cash cards, maxed out... in smoky February 2018 space-
time.

(This time, the electronic eyes and ears give up and shut down.)

And he's addicted to Cormac's novels. Perhaps safer to tread inside fictional,
post-apocalyptic worlds where the Internal Security Act becomes redundant?
By the way, how deep is he underground? Measured by the depth of his cup? Is
he drinking Singapore's glazed cups of Blood Meridian? In a corner of a half-
seedy, paper-licensed pub?

(The laminated licence contains the sweat and fears
of a high-ranking officer, who keeps a mistress
with two poodles, two chameleons
and two domestic maids,
one of them is more intimate with him
compared to his mistress.)

Ok, back to which reality?

Does a place become a pub...

when a man's heart turns lustful?

Well, never mind, too late for regrets.

Just pray... and go to the small happy hours,
to pray some more.

But the underground man knows he cannot run away
from the specifics of space-time.

This is a non-negotiable Stephen Hawking's world.

Yet these lines scowl and disobey.

They choose to grunt, cough and spit.

More coughing, choking and pleasurable sufferings
inside the specifics of that half-lit pub.

Is he dazed by aromatic smoke from Phuket's
secretive green palms that sell well in massage parlours?

Or balmy psychedelic tablets which look like cigars
that mix well with hard Russian-sounding liquor?

At a midnight corner of a different Clark Quay,
made half-seedy for aesthetic effects?

And a drunken voice asks,
"Do the girls need sleeker thighs? "
He goes underground not because of that.
But because high-ranking officers get to read this.
It has electoral consequences

Jonathan Lee

Singapore's Underground Man (Part 2)

Once again the Underground Man decides to go underground tonight on 6 June 2018 at 11.38 pm, aspiring to clinch a Minister's pay for this month by diving into the 24-hour forex market.

Soon he begins to pull his grey hair out, squirming, cursing and gnashing his teeth, fighting with nameless forex Raiders, which means Big Fish gulping down small-time guppies. And those Big Fish use all sort of tactics to lure, tantalize, tickle and trap the small fish and then swallow them raw.

The small fish melt in the white-hot flames that burn through the computer screens which blink with Japanese candle sticks. The candle sticks are supposed to secure a golden future for forex players, only to scorch and burn them slowly, painfully, one by one... including the retired Minister of an unmentionable nation, who gulps a handful of anti-palpitation pills and sits near the high-glass windows of a skyscraper.

Did he call an incumbent Minister for anti-money-laundering advice? But the line is flat, and there's a rumour that the Minister has a satori a week ago and has applied leave and gone to the mountains for a retreat. However, while trying to let go in the monastery, the Minister is still hitched in the middle of the night to his laptop which blinks with Japanese candle sticks bearing odd-shaped tails that are supposed to secure a golden future for him, if somehow he can break the key codes used by those Big Fish that swim around a web of Fibonacci lines.

Jonathan Lee

Singapore's Underground Man 2019

Singapore's Underground Man

First Fragment

He goes underground... He goes underground tonight to save himself, with a gulp of whisky, bought on credit inside a half-lit pub. His bony face flushes a bit, his eyes roll a bit, and he's gone... half a deity, who imagines burrowing into the ground, into the hard earth. And he moves below an alleyway, below a roughly carpeted budget hotel near Singapore's Joo Chiat.

Any sense of salvation within the cracks of the earth, within the cracks of each ticking moment? He's unsure. Coming out of the earth, he shakes away the soot and grime and tries to act young, letting down his long hair from the crown to cover balding patches along his forehead.

He's 38. That's politically significant for compiling statistics on the 'under-employed', which means those stuck in the low-income groups. Such groups are growing by the day and remain dismally under-employed.

And the underground man feels like a smallish insect, somewhere in a concrete forest, in a Resort-Style Red Dot for the Elites and the Rich. He calls himself a transgressive beetle-man who escaped last week after taking part in an anti-establishment demonstration near Raffles Place MRT.

Maybe to play the role of a masked beetle-man is better than a dehumanised cog inside a Corporate Machine?

(Never forget... it's dangerous to forget, there're electronic eyes and listening devices between these lines.)

At home, he spent what's little left on making a three-panel painting that sounds like A Post-Modern Bossa Nova. The painting gets up early every morning when the sun rays kiss it, and it wobbles around his heart.

His motto becomes: Don't shape these fragments into a sort of smallish reality. They contain macro-things that, sooner or later, change the present and the future. But he hates the existential facts: there're only passing, smallish pictures inside his quarrelsome brain cells.

Second Fragment

Hunching over an ergonomic table at a dim corner in the Underground Einstein Cafe, he tries to convince himself 'E doesn't equal MC squared' since it doesn't take into account the enigmatic Intelligence that keeps everything from falling apart... And he comforts himself with his little breakthrough, as he finds the Superstring Theory or a pixelated reality too abstract. Ok, back to which reality? Although secular hope is scanty, the underground man still has a commission-based marketing job, subject to strict three-month probation and stricter sales targets, a job no one wanted... since none can make it. (Don't worry, the electronic eyes and ears will delete this part.)

And he makes a whimper before he howls like an over-sized raccoon, inside the Cafe's toilet cubicle, 'Call me anti-Ismael... and call me Her Man who harpoons and slays a different howling whale.'

He shakes its head, almost determined to go high brow... when he remembers his literature class girlfriend who got married to his antagonist seven years ago. He was bringing her purple feng shui beads and roses, bought with borrowed one-dollar coins.

(Did you ask, what type of antagonist? The devious category. That suave Casanova guy who got his money from his connections with two flamboyant and rich widows, and an old, reclusive tycoon. And he bluffs his bride by marrying her in an old Irish church, registering their legal papers in a country without proper Women's Charter and forgetting about her after a few seasons.)

The underground man drinks his psychoactive coffee now and tries to forget her. Can't spell out the technical names of illicit chemicals in his coffee. (Remember, there're listening devices...)

And he goes hallucinatory... morphs into a jealous, yellowish spider, a Kletoparasite that resurrects after midnight inside a dreamscape, the two hooks near his mouth become his ninth and tenth legs.

Third Fragment

'Buy me avant-garde cocktail with flames, to numb my face that's slapped by bossy tongues.'

Somebody gives him a drink to make him clear-headed, after he shows off his tattered cash cards, maxed out... in smoky July 2018 space-time.(This time, the electronic eyes and ears give up and shut down.)

And he's addicted to Cormac's novels. Perhaps safer to tread inside fictional, post-apocalyptic worlds where the Internal Security Act becomes redundant?

By the way, how deep is he underground? Measured by the depth of his cup? Is he drinking Singapore's glazed cups of Blood Meridian? In a corner of a half-seedy, paper-licensed pub? (The laminated licence contains the sweat and fears of a high-ranking officer, who keeps a mistress with two poodles, two chameleons and two domestic maids. One of the maids is more intimate with him compared to his mistress.)

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And a drunken voice asks, "Do the girls need sleeker thighs? "

He goes underground not because of that. But because high-ranking officers get to read this. It has electoral consequences.

Author: Jonathan Lee was born in 1969 in Singapore, to an odd-job worker and housewife. He studied at the National University of Singapore, graduating with a

BA in English Literature and Economics in 1993. Subsequently, he obtained post-graduate degrees with distinctions in Finance and Accountancy. He has worked as a senior accountant and finance manager in Singapore for 24 years, and has two grown children. He was awarded a government scholarship to study advanced management and finance courses conducted by the University of Pennsylvania. He has been awarded prizes in poetry competitions in the United States.

Jonathan Lee

Singapore's Underground Man 3 (Dec 2019)

Against a glittering night sky
that spans above Benjamin Sheare's Bridge,
I see silvery hair inside your nostrils.
You're getting old. Half a century years old.
Time to let go. And you're a strange Underground Man
who follows me like a ghostly twin,
who likes the sweetness of Chinese lichee
and the fragrance of a fading bottle of perfume
left behind by someone you love,
and the twinkles of mass-printed paintings
by Rembrandt and Matisse and Van Gogh.
All of sudden, you remember that night
more than twenty years ago
when your body felt like feathers
that traveled across the Milky Way
after you did some meditation
based on Jack Kornfield's advice...
Was that the beginning or the end?
Perhaps it doesn't matter.
I continue to do some time travel now.

Can't stay underground all the time...

Jonathan Lee

The Missing Nude Of Francis Bacon

It rests idly, half-twisted,

somewhat weird and contorted

behind a canvas.

Streaks of pink, screaming

another vision.

But goes deeper.

We're always ask by Francis

to go deep.

Beyond the fibres, the shriek, the contortion,

is the tender insight into the human condition,

how we are trapped somewhere in the Milky Way

that has no North, South, East or West,

but languidly floating and slowly spinning

if we have Eyes

wide enough to take in the Cosmos.

(Dated 9 January 2018)

Jonathan Lee

The Road Not Taken (On Reading Robert Frost's Poem)

Two roads diverge in a mellow wood
with rugged paths and uphill roads further ahead
that are dim or half-hidden.
When I try to glimpse ahead, the paths snake away
behind thick bushes and something hisses,
'Wherever you go, there you are.'

When young, no matter which road I took,
reversed, chose another road or repeated the cycle,
I carried a heavy heart of desires.
My feet didn't get to choose.
Rather, some creatures within the heart came alive,
feeding on my prides and anxieties.
Soon they pulled me along
in a secular way in a secular world.

I saw many others choosing highways to the cities,
looking for branded cars, gold watches, silvery mansions.
Some became frustrated when dreams proved elusive.
Some took big risks in speculations -
stocks, derivatives and currencies.
Their volatile prices burdened some with debts.
Even forcing some to take a sad fall
from the silvery windows of high-rise buildings
onto shattered pieces of glass.

The illusions cracked.
When pulled along by those creatures,
the roads I walked
were running in the wrong direction.
If I quietly watch the inner circus,
they undress as flashes of mental energy.
Each flash is like a hyperactive puppy
chasing a bone of desire,
biting it, running away to hide,
waiting for the next bone to appear.

Glimpsing their true nature,
I stand a better chance to withstand being pulled along.
Someday we affirm the insights of Frederick Robertson:
'On earth we have nothing to do with success or results,
only being true to God. Defeated when doing right
remains a victory in His eyes.'

Someday we see which earthly road
is more harmonious with this belief,
especially during our last day on earth
when we close our eyes, breathe our last
and take the one road to the Timeless.

Jonathan Lee

Twenty Ways Of Looking At 1.02 Am

The purple and brownish birds sing to the nightingales at 1.02 am

I have been timing it. No mistakes made, except the batteries

running someone's post-operation, atropied heart have run out

and the heavenly lights pour out from somewhere, from everywhere.

Please help, Dr Cyril Wong, because Samuel Beckett once said,

Death is such a long, tiresome business

and the Grim Reaper ain't supposed to appear tonight at 1.02 am.

There are many more ways of looking at 1.02 am

The post-operation patient wants to live long,

to time and record down the slow workings of 1.02 am

and to time and record down the hypnotic rhythms of the vibration

of the voice-box of those nightingales

and to hear and record down the giggles of his young children.

But the cosmic Watch has stopped, for a moment, at 1.02 am

as he read and re-read these lines.

Glad to have struggled and glimpsed some small victorious

moments based on His Grace.

There are only moments. No real 1.02 AMs.

Jonathan Lee

Ways Of Looking At A Blackbird (On Reading Wallace Stevens' Poem)

Twenty grey pigeons, swallowing raw rice, half-staring at me?

Twelve long-necked swans, basking in the sun, ignoring me?

Eight barn owls eyeing me from a forested corner?

Six foxes and six brown squirrels quizzing me?

Five pink beluga whales half-smiling at me

from youtube videos while being chased by a Great White?

Two falcons casting their shadows over me?

Am I a half-whimpering, half-leaping bird caged somewhere

where an assembly of blackbirds has turned shrewd and colorless

in the form of a published poem

and speaks to Wallace Stevens and his intended readers

just one year before his death?

Or is this black-and-white poem muttering to itself

because its rhythm needs to find an owner?

Jonathan Lee

Where And What Is My Essence?

Where and what is my essence? Who am I? Why am I here?

What is here? Why am I stuck here?

Relax, relax. You are not going anywhere.

We are not going anywhere.

There is nowhere we can go.

There is nowhere we can go.

We come from the Source and will return to the Source.

We are part of Cosmic Awareness, which is the Source.

We are part of Its Unitary Consciousness.

It is everywhere in this cosmos. It permeates the cosmos.

We are a tiny pocket of this Cosmic Awareness.

Our brain is like a TV receptor.

When the brain is healthy and functions normally,

it receives the brain waves of this Unitary Consciousness

and 'I' become conscious and alive!

Our duty on earth is to work with the tissues and genetic materials

of our brain, so as to keep it healthy, normal and clear-headed,

by studying, reading, listening to music, going to the beach,

jogging, exercising, working, helping the needy,

so that the awareness is not hijacked by selfish mental energies.

We try our best to keep the mind and body healthy and functional.

We are vigilant against greed, lust, hatred, selfishness.

These are flashes and sparks of mental energy.

They arise and pass away, not something solid or substantial.

When the brain dies or is damaged or shuts down,

we stop receiving the brain waves of the Unitary Consciousness.

We black out. We become unconscious.

We cease to be a tiny pocket of the Unitary Consciousness.

We have returned to the Source.

We have returned to where we come from.

Holiness of ess of of God.

(You may ask: How do you know there is a Source?

I have pondered on this question for 37 years.

From the age of 12 onwards to now, age 49.

I have read hundreds of books and articles

relating to philosophy, comparative religions, the sciences

the humanities and the answer is:

Because you can ask this question.

You are conscious. You are aware.

No one can deny and refute the fact

that you are conscious now, in this moment.

Because you are conscious now in this moment,
although it may be momentary and passing away,
in the least, you are conscious now in this moment.

Which means, there is something, rather than absolute nothingness.

And this something, this momentary consciousness,
is a small part of this Cosmos.

Thus, there is something in this Cosmos.

And this momentary consciousness, which can think, reflect,
choose to be good and conscientious, and experience feelings
in a string of moments, is part of this Cosmos.

There is something, rather than Nothingness.

It is part of the attribute of the Source, of Godhood.

In short, there is something, rather than absolute nothingness.

Moral evils arise when we let our thoughts and bodies

be led astray by thoughts and desires of selfishness,

greed, lust, are flashes of mental energy

that we need to work with, manage, restrain and overcome everyday.

They cannot refute the fact that there is a Source.)

* Postscript:

Readers would ask me: Why use the TV receptor analogy for the human brain?

Maybe you are wrong. The brain cells can generate or produce consciousness as

a by-product of chemical reactions in the brain.

I have pondered on this for a long time. I agree that elementary form of awareness (stimuli - response type of consciousness similar to animals) can be generated by the human brain cells, but they cannot produce the higher level of cognitive and spiritual awareness or give you an example.

Have you ever watched on TV the mathematics competitions of precocious children or adult genius? They can calculate and compute vast numbers of multiplication and division within seconds, much faster than the electronic calculators. Or other feats of mental achievements that show supersonic speed of calculation or observational accuracy. Do you know why?

The brain cells in the human brain cannot work so fast. The chemical processes and activities of the human brains cannot work within seconds to obtain those mathematical results with accuracy.

Similarly, when you have a sudden inspiration that helps you to solve a cognitive problem that you have been grappling with for some time, do you feel that you have worked with some kind of higher level of awareness to solve it.

Because the human brains can receive waves of cosmic awareness and intelligence. They enter or interact with that Timeless zone of cosmic awareness and intelligence, and there our human brains work with the cosmic intelligence to obtain the human brain cells are receptors. They receive and work with cosmic intelligence.

In short, the human brain cells cannot produce or generate the higher level of cognitive and spiritual intelligence, and they cannot produce cosmic intelligence.

And the waves and sub-atomic waves of cosmic awareness and intelligence pass through our brains and bodies all the time. They also pass through the material items in this world all the time. They control this cosmos and prevent the world from falling apart. They give rise to the laws of physics, chemistry and other sciences in this cosmos which apply throughout this cosmos. This is Cosmic Awareness and Intelligence at work in this cosmos.

Jonathan Lee

Where Is God?

Where is God? (Finding the Presence of God at age 50)

As I reach my 50th year in 2018, I look back at my relatively long life with all its ups and downs.

Born in a poor family in 1969 where my father was an odd job worker (and most of the time unemployed) and my mother was a housewife (who also came from a poor family and worse still, she was an orphan and adopted and worked like a maid in her family) , I struggled and studied hard during my childhood and adolescent years. Further I was born with poor health and anxiety complex and seriously underweight and suffered from fatigue symptoms.

At the age of thirteen, I started to read the Bible and other religious books at the library seriously, trying to find the meaning of life. Thus, I have been exploring and searching and looking for the meaning of life for more than 35 years.

After two and a half years of National Service, I studied at the local university, and started working as an accountant at 25 years old. I worked long hours, with irregular lunch, and even worked during the weekend. After working for 24 years, my health broke down. I suffer from digestive illness, breathing difficulties, fatigue syndrome, and I need to take a rest.

Apart from walking exercise, I visited the public library and read religious and devotional books. Gradually I am convinced that God allows suffering on earth because He is determined to manifest qualities which cannot be found in a peaceful, pain-free heaven.

What are these qualities? They include faith, courage and endurance, in the face of deep sufferings and pain and death on earth. These are the qualities which cannot be found in pain-free heaven and which God is determined to manifest as part of His valuable experiences as a morally tested and proven God.

Thus, this world is a stringent Self-challenge created by God. And the Random Cruel forces that assault this world is permitted by God so that we humans need to partner with the gracious Spirit to bring forth Faith, Courage and Endurance. In this way, God experiences and manifests these qualities on earth through us. This is the way He seeks to reach a Higher Level of Godhood. I call my view: 'God is biting the bullet theodicy.'

At the human level, God has given each of us free will and moral awareness (conscience, the ability to understand right and wrong) . This basic moral awareness and feelings of sympathy are present in normal human beings. But when a person chooses to ignore the prompting of his moral awareness and conscience (which is the voice of the Spirit) , and commits wrongdoing due to greed, anger, lust and desires, he harms others. This is criminal wrongdoing. He should be duly punished according to the laws of the country. This is moral evil, which includes crimes, robbery, rapes, murders and all sorts of criminal wrongdoing committed by rogue soldiers. And the evil deeds committed by political authoritarian, despotic leaders who launched aggressive wars on others.

There is also natural evil, due to natural laws of physics, such as accidents, earthquakes, disease outbreaks, floods, droughts and famines. Many of these natural evils are beyond the control of humans. These are controlled by Random Harsh forces of nature which God did not intervene in many instances.

To a significant extent, this explains why there is so much pain and sufferings on earth, and why God did not intervene in many instances. For example, armed conflicts in different parts of the world. More than 700,000 suicide every year on earth which means on average, there is 1 suicide in every minute. 35 millions have died of AIDS and another 30 millions are infected with and suffering from AIDS. More than 10,000 children died of starvation and treatable diseases every day. Deaths due to mass shootings in the United States. Millions are suffering from poverty and malnutrition presently in the world and in the past many icking and exploitation of many young women for illegal sexual services in different developing countries, particularly in Asia. More than 100 millions died during the First and Second World Wars (including the spread of the deadly Spanish Flu during the harsh wartime conditions in First World War) . Millions died during disease outbreaks, earthquakes, famines and floods in the past 5,000 years of human history....

Why did God allow natural and moral evils? In every instance of human sufferings, pain and death, the Holy Spirit of God seeks to partner with each and every Human to struggle and manifest Courage and Endurance. In this way, each Human, regardless of whether he or she is aware or not, is working with the Creator to enable God to reach a Higher Level of Godhood. In my view, this is the Larger Purpose behind the existence of this visible world which is filled with deep pain and sufferings, as well as faith, courage, endurance, love and compassion.

From this perspective, we have not lived in vain. Our pain and sufferings on earth have not been in vain. We have partnered and worked with the Holy Spirit

to contribute to God's efforts to attain a Higher Level of is a Larger Purpose and Meaning of our lives on earth.

When we listen to our conscience and moral awareness, we have chosen to partner positively with the voice of the Spirit within us. In this way, we choose to do a few good deeds in our lifetime on earth that enhance the well-being of , we have manifested our faith in God, our courage and endurance. Our compassionate intentions and deeds will live in God's Memory.

Collectively, in partnership with and guided by the Holy Spirit, the good intentions and compassionate deeds of humankind work towards God's intention to achieve a Higher Level of Godhood. We have not lived in vain. Our lives on earth have meaning and purpose at this Higher Level.

Best Wishes

Jonathan Lee

Where's Happy, My Poodle?

Where's Happy, my poodle that leaps, rolls and sleeps
near my feet for eight years.

She's gone. And eight years feel like a long out-breath
that drains away and goes quiet, for a total of ten seconds.

But the lizard that shares food with my poodle
rushes around my toes. Is it the same lizard?

Are the energetic fingers that cuddle the ears of my poodle
the same fingers that I'm staring at now, which seem wrinkled
yet unable to let go, and they even start to talk.

Jonathan Lee

Willpower

I hugged my young child closely.

Tears dried the dirt

darkening the corners of my eyes.

She quietly, starkly pierced the dagger

into her stomach, deep, deeper,

muttering small screams

as blood spread and blossomed

in my palms, body and face.

I pressed my lips

against her shadow of death.

The rogue soldiers shouted and cursed.

One of them plunged his rusty bayonet

into my thigh and slashed the side of my body.

I shouted in pain before I lost consciousness.

I crouched over my quiet child.

She refused to be raped.

Jonathan Lee

Yet Another 1.02 Am

What? Another 1.02 am

Maybe we should feel lucky to have another 1.02 am tonight,

because more than six thousand people die every hour.

And more than 100,000 people die every day around the globe.

Not everyone has the chance to have another 1.02 am

Please go deep into each moment, especially 1.02 am

It symbolizes our entrance into another dimension.

Something serene and quiet in the middle of the Night.

Strangely, something angelic seems to appear

as if there are rings of dark light across the glittering sky,

the same sky which Van Gogh painted.

Jonathan Lee

Yet Another Haiku That Is Not A Haiku

The jackfruit flesh is strangely sweet

while the pomegranates taste bitter.

Are you sure you can obtain such taste in Heaven?

Jonathan Lee