

Poetry Series

Xiao Kang
- poems -

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Xiao Kang(1992 01 08,)

Hello! my name is XiaoKang Ma, I am born in ShanDong China in 1992. I am an informal Christian which never be baptized but still believe God. I also like rap, like 2pac and Eminem. Some lyrics of their songs are great with true feeling. I am a shy guy, but wild in writing.

My parents are teachers in a high school when I came to this world.

My father is a poet which be famous in China around 1980, His name is QiDai Ma. His writing brief is "writing for conscience". This is also my writing brief. When I was 7, he became a businessman and My childhood was in a very rich family.

When I was nearly 15, I went to Australia with a dream to change the world.

When I study in year 11, I had organizing a donation for earthquake in China in 2008,

When I study in year 11, I really try, go to bed on 3: 00 am everyday.

But, good time do not last any longer.

In September 2008, my Dad lost in his business and went into jail by set up.

My Dad as an innocence man, my family's asset just go into zero dollars.

So that, I have to change my high school from private school to public school.

Public school's rule is more relax. I can try to get more time to do part time job.

Life likes this last to June 2013.

I had been worked in FISH&CHIPS, House-moving, Butcher, massage, security, garbage classification and bricklayer so on. Someone told me to sell drug or stolen, but I refused.

Life is the best poem for poet. The best gift for poet is suffer.5 years hard life made me knows the society better. I do see the shadow under the light. And I do understand how hard a immigrant try to live, all the good or bad Is the reason why I writing poems. In a bad mood, I have a little bite Bulimic, such as 10 Big Mac in 1 meal or 200 dumplings. but I am diet now.

Actually, I start to write a poem when I was 8.

In Australia, I think here should be a heaven, but not. when I am 18. It's a rain day. I do have a Indian workmate when I was a bricklayer labourer. We are the last two to pick up everything around workplace. He fainted cause of hypoglycemia I know at the end, and I don't know which street and which number it is. So that I ask the people lived around me for help. They just drive out me cause of I am in drity shirt. Then I stand in the middle of the road try to stop someone for help, at least 7 cars drive away with "fucking crazy asian.", until an old lady help me out and make the call for ambulance.

I am very bad talent at physical job.

In Jun 2013, I went to Deakin university. My family start to support me profession is "game design and development"

In 2014, I decided to write all my experience on paper and stop studying in Deakin.

Now I am a visitor which doing investigation about second world war in ShanDong China. Here is some picture when I visited the village. This village is named "Dong Liang Zhuang", mean the broomcorn in East. The villager had against Japanese army with cold weapon, death is 64: 5

2015.03.05

Ax song

Ax Song

My density is chopped up into two parts by an ax.
One part is a clumsy boy like wood.
Another part is the wrong sentence after the flame has burnt out.
In the city the ax tempers itself and obtunds into a hammer.
The hammer melts in love and sharpens like a knife.
The knife cuts open the friendship and becomes confessions in line by line.
Robin's breast is colored by the blood of Jesus.
You can also be baptized, or even grow wings to fly,
But still you can't forgive yourself.
March 21,2017

Xiao Kang

Funeral Of Century(1)

XiaoKang Ma

Section 1

Sadness falls as a meteor
Dry the last drop of tear
Desperation, the iron chains
To tie everyone's throat deadly
Brief tortures brief
There is no place for salvation
On the land abandoned by God
In the East, in the East -
Before A hundred years ago
The wind blows the horn
The crow encourages us to commit suicide
Tortoise tries to wake the land up
He is too slow, too slow-
To find the ear of land
Flood water is coming!
Coming from east of the east
Judgment-Day, isn't it?
To foretell the future
To wait for angry of God
To trouble in huge seas
Now, everyone on this land
Pick up the shovel
Get ready to bury, bury this century
Digging out the truth and false
Never stop! Until we bury ourselves
when the blood is flying in the night
Twinkled is nothing but eye of Satan
Drizzle, Drizzle-
Moisten the thirsty throat selflessly
And expand them inside the chains
Flower breaks off blooming
Grass are ready to be trampled
The sea carries floor water-
In silent tribute with anger and killing
Fly in the sky
Float down the wave

Fell into the ground
A red night, A red night

Xiao Kang

Funeral Of Century(2)

Funeral Of Century(2)

LOL. I hope my english will be better than in (1) .

East coast, Tsunami rushed like wolves
Cloudburst was the flag, then
here the ceremony of funeral started
Holy water to wash all sin was the flood
To clean the evil in past
and share the guiltily in future
Righteous were willing to die for salvation
but the Lord lost his patience
Curse falled down with rain to the world

Ancient Civilization, To be buried or submerged
To be baptized the world
Cry and cry, scream again scream
No Noah's Ark to be found

East coast, people still intoxicated
Resentment, To feed the demon stronger
The ghostes drunk like a fish
with the heavy punch smashed they run away
Puppets still not noticed the dangerous
Condor wheeled in the air above the upcoming food
Shrug, dreariness as well as dismal
The magic song flew from faraway -
for last time of the earth
for last time of the day

Ancient Civilization, To be buried or submerged
To be baptized the world
Cry and cry, scream again scream
No Noah's Ark to be found

Xiao Kang

Mountain Is Dullness, Too Late To Shout

Mountain Is Dullness, Too Late To Shout

the mountain top is pared and -
exposes the worn bones on his back
as same as wipping away the memory -
of my childhood in this town
The scorpion hides in hard rocks.
The locust lives in green bristlegrass.
Mountain is dullness, too late to shout
How can you take a ten years cut

Time brings a terrible change here.
The last rotten muscle of mountain -
stay with several people in the autumn of days
Mountain is dullness, too late to shout
It takes ten years to prepare for cry

which covetous man stole your green hair?
I see the murderer, those metallic insects!
They follow the young man betrayed you -
and showed the way to their birthplace.
Mountain is dullness, too late to shout.
How long does it take to be anger?

Xiao Kang

Newspaper

Newspaper

XiaoKang Ma

I never read newspaper but one
in the far corner of square
with fancy pants young men around -
and grey sky on the top
there is not a beating heart -
a haze lay over
'GDP, investment, armament-
concert, lecturer, development '
feeling of security I reading after-
the paper-
which covers on the pauper

Xiao Kang

Paperman (Thin As A Lath)

Would the wind take them far away?
being fragment in anytime –
the paperman, thin as a lath made in glass

the judgement given by doctors –
are excessive weight loss – or –
mental disease
No more food, and no more talk

If the paperman could be written by words
Well,
Is there all "dirty" written –
Under the cover of fat?

Xiao Kang

Parkinson ?????

Parkinson

XiaoKang Ma

it should be the happiest one-
if I can take off my eyes-
to put inside and peep at myself
I give up sense of sight-
but looking for light
I depart from dark-
but assimilate chaos
Mountain is the corpse of giant
Parasite in here-
growing up, going mouldy
I have eaten the fruit of spore
Flyer is leaker-
betrays the loessland and sky
so that barbarism and desire-
across the human world
Road is the tatoo of earth
billion bugs, feasting on the cuts-
until dry the floor water
I hear the tortured scream
an old man, with a branche-
and hand spasm, moving step by step

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Xiao Kang

shadow ??

Shadow

XiaoKang Ma

Light is the eye of God
as a man of sin
my soul can only crawl

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thanks for comments, it will be the best guide for me.

Xiao Kang

Tattoo

To sting deep inside your blood –
Should be the best way to remember forever
So that you will never forget –
The pain from memory
Awake, do not sleep any longer.

Xiao Kang

The Mess World

Notice: Sorry for replying so late. I have something need to finish and the transaltion work will delayed(a publish company signs contract with me about my chinese novel which talk about overseas student in Australia, and I have to finish all before expire time)

sorry for delaying. after I finish the work, I will come back.
thanks for everyone's trust.

XiaoKang Ma

The mess world

Author: XiaoKang Ma

To frame right with the fault of left
the brain was found to be an accomplice in the crime
Desires were holding the pen and reckless-
Even Thousand eyes are staring

The city was a huge light
What I can do was light out
Throw people into the bin
So that would nobody know me
I was had a depraved mind by thousands people's word
They gave me the reason to write
Let me see how dirty under the word(world)

My Lord! I already knew-
My water in my cup were bitter or sweet
It's doesn't matter to be late or early
The holy words only appeared on the ugly and old and yellow book

Closed gently the curtains
Breathe hardly every gap
How and when it became the bond servant of devil
I changed position with myself lying
That's why shadow was not dying in the sun

There is no root of house
But it lived longer than the tree park
Buried self into ground I
And cut my body like a cobweb
From tower top to bristle grass
Growing sense of unease clouded the web

Xiao Kang

The Night Of Prisoner

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The Night Of Prisoner

??? XiaoKang Ma

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The night of prisoner-
is the Graffiti on the walls.
Layer upon layer
fading, to be a net on me
Collecting the words from homie
Only the God knows-
They will be taken and throw in rubbish bin

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The night of prisoner-
is the pray to the Lord.
When will the moonlight shadow see me?
even a drop of dew
or the phones of night insect.
The fallen leaves can embrace the earth
But the only I have -
is half side of bed with crowd

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The night of prisoner-
is nobody's want.
Somniloquist is the only friend inside his mind
Over the boundless ocean
one person -
with a broken buoy
wander alone.

Xiao Kang

Torii In Chinatown

You were here in Pan time
The age of mine is too short to you
The language confused me here
To be traditional or simplified?

The piers of Torii,
How long have you been here?
Does someone put the newspaper here everyday?
Does someone rip up them here everyday?
We are not living in a ignorant age
But we are the most barbaric people

The road under the Torii –
Never choose the passer
No matter Red? Blue or Green
your eyes covered all the colour
even the pellucid dust –
becomes a monochrome effect

Do we grow up under a conspiracy?
Torii is just a beautiful dream never comes
Stepping over the Torii
I don't want to make a choice here
My only right to choose indecision-
With the price to be a "spot"

(explain: first part talks about Chinese language, TaiWan/Hong Kong are(using traditional Chinese, but in main land, we are using simplified

Second part talks about the group of Chinese which against "government in mainland", they put newspaper in Chinatown everyday. And someone from mainland will rip the newspaper when they saw it. Anyway, talk about politic.

Third part, talk about politic part, red in my country, blue and green in TaiWan. My second- grandfather is a brigade commander, after 1947 they lose the war and run to TaiWan. the dust means people, they always been brian washed.

Last part, I hope I didn't make mistake in grammar, my choice is a colourful

rainbow, but not single-colour.) □

Xiao Kang

transaltion ?????????

translation for:

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Transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

transaltion: 50??

transaltion for

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translation For Abegail Kyla Bilan

The Technology Of Poets

I am a student of yesterday's virtues,
A dreamer of today's creations.
Someday, I'll be a great statue,
Of poetry's modern satisfactions.

My buddies call me conceited,
But I never fail to express my words.
A young writer of whom you inspired never forfeited,
Because my wordy shouts are tons of swords.

Come on! Challenge my brain!
Tomorrow, your blood in your vessels will drain.
I am proud to broadcast my best,
'Cause it's my catalyst to meet success and the rest.

Hello paper and pen! I am here!
A proud and educated one to conquer no fear.
For I stand to learn,
And tomorrow, I'll change the world from what I earn.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translation For Mapung Madura

I (don't) Love You

I don't love you as the mountains
who looked down, stared out to the villages
that terraces.
praising the Lover

I don't love you as the birds
gathering and whistling
flying-cut in half
singing the song of worship

I love you without to be
the mountains and the birds
only love as presence
so I love you because of you:

ran to me while i step to you
so warmed, till my heart beating in your chest
sweating from my skin pore

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transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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new year

firecracker exploded under the pillow

the fire is bouncing

burning the leaves of dried mistletoe

scorch silent night

single women awake,

walk through a long hallway

towards the cemetery.

she ever left hope

out there,8 years ago.

Mistletoe leaves exploded under the pillow

the smoke rising from the grave

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transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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You is Me
(for my Wife)

I am the man
who be bold to revoked
own heart
made it as Arrowheads.
I Dashed it
with a Bows
of my Ribs
It's hurtle
breaking
windshield of city bus
of Jakarta

I am the Man
who became the heart in Your Heart

???(???)
transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translation For Marisa Eutsler

No privacy, No trust

Privacy invaded
Life spread out on the floor like carpet
Plots planned to destroy my youth
Loyal to not one promise made

Lies and fear
Unknown lurks in the shadows
Questions of whether it's worth it
This life, this gasp of air, unworthy

Hide behind walls
Crawl upon dusty floors
Avoid spying eyes that whisper in the dark corners
Feeling the need to run

Am I safe?
Secretly they search and rummage through belongings
No space to call my own
No help to call out too

Alone in the deathly silence of the earth
Windows boarded
Sunlight banished from existence
No peace in this homely war

They think I can't here their complaints
The things they say, the untruthful secrets
I can't trust anyone
Not one soul, not even them...

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Scary Story

What's that I see from afar?
A candle lit up in the night
There it sits in a glistening jar

Filling the water with light.

Walk up to its glory
And smell its lovely scent
Here let me tell you a story
Of a man who came and went

The one person I speak of
Is not a man but a coward?
He did not believe in such love
That I claimed had flowered.

Every morning was the same
He always avoided my eyes
Felt as though I were to blame
For his embedded lies.

When I asked how was his day
He said he's got to go
I begged and pleaded for him to stay
But he trudged out into the snow.

I figured out
His passion was fake
I cried with a shout
And went down to this lake

The sky turned dark and scary
The water as high as the fright
That came from the dead prairie
And afar I saw a light.

I picked up this very candle
The thing I cherish most
These words may be too much to handle,
For I am a ghost.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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The song of a prisoned girl

The song of a prisoned daughter
Is not a pound of a drum?
But the fast heartbeat out of fear

The song of a prisoned daughter
Is not the strum of a guitar?
But the demons within her mind

The song of a prisoned daughter
Is not a smile upon her face?
But thousands of tears falling like rain

The song of a prisoned daughter
Is not the joy in her voice?
But the pain in her movement

The song of a prisoned daughter
You see, is not a song at all
It's silence.

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Xiao Kang

Translation For Pijush Biswas

Don't Be Upset

Ever, if comes darkness in life
Don't be upset even for a little bit
And, always keep it in mind that
Forever darkness is followed by light.

Life is fraught with dangers and difficulties.
Sometimes it's shadow may pervade you;
But it is not to be worried.
Wait for a light of new morning.

You must see after the night the day come,
Or, a rolling wheel of two different tastes.
The same may occur in life too!
Sometimes happiness, sometimes sorrow
Sometimes friendship, sometimes fight- -
A strange motion to life may come.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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life

Life is like frozen ice
Its body is hard and chill
Life looks priceful and nice
When all demands come out to fulfil
Just as water get solid shape
When coolness comes to tip.

Life is like a fragrant rose
Its aroma spreads all around
When gets it nourishing dose
Just as rose needs love unbound,
To keep its beauty on
From dawn to dusk, on and on..

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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To India, My Mother Land

Mother, I'll make for thee a hut, a nest of peace,
Where only the happiness will be dominating
Where everyone will be affectionate to others
Where no mists of doubt will be densified
Where one will rely upon another
Where faith will come out to love
And love will reach to perfection.
Mother, let me know how to make thee smile
Let me know the secret of joy and happiness;
If ever I get the chance to touch thy unseen feet,
I must prove myself as thy obedient son.
Mother, let me fly upon the wings that never I had,
Let me seek utmost perfection in works at thy inspiration.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Aanuoluwa Adebajo

A Silent Heart

Though the heart burns with a flame
That is visible for the eyes that knows love
Though the heart bubbles and gives a pop sound
Loudable for a ear that listens to the sounds of love
Though the heart has a voice
That only love hears
Though the heart speaks
Yet to those who believe in the power of love
Though the heart dances
Only to the rythmes of love
Though the heart sings
Only to the melody of love
Yet a heart seems silent
To those who never care to listen
To those who do not believe in the existence of love
And to those who cannot see the beauty of love
A silent heart
A quiet soul
Yet it speaks
Yets it cries
Yet it whimpers
But only to those who care to hear its voice

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Transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Gajanan Mishra

A BANANA TREE

A banana tree is
Troubled by a mad elephant.
This is the poem
Please understand
And control yourself.
Give all protection
To the banana tree.
Control the elephant
If you can,
Read my poem.
Take it in to consideration
The time and the situation.
Control yourself and
Expand not anything
Without knowing.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Not easy to understand

Not easy to understand love,
Not easy to go on the path of truth.

Still we love each other,
Lovingly we are acting
Throughout the life.

In the deeper recesses
Of our own consciousness
Truth is being revealed.

Love cannot be interpreted
By us at this time.
And we do admit
We are our own enemy.

We are against us
And causing harm to ourselves.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Not empty

No one is empty here,
But full in all respect.

The earth and the sky
All are bountiful to us.

No one is barren,
Fruitfulness is there
Everywhere always.

Sing and dance
As you like
This is the perfect time.

Open market system
Is here, find.
You are to satisfy
And judge yourself.

Steering is there,
Hold it.
Light is there
See it.

It is you to rise,
To rise and rise.
You are to ride,
Ride the time.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Godfrey Morris

Gambler's Delight

The price to play is steep indeed,
but reward to be had is more desirable.
Greed is the drug that feeds all inhibitions;
a gambler's reward is the only route to his plunder.
Though constant failure looms, pursuit insist
for one more try, a mighty blow to turn an endless tide.
One to forgive all previous misgivings.
Bit by bit the future hangs in the balance.
The dream lies high for that one thing, an endless prize.
Though it may never arrive, in the end,
wishful thinking is the gambler's only true delight.

?????(serious one)

Translation: XiaoKang Ma

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??? (funny one for Gambler's Delight)

translation: XiaoKang Ma

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why i write

My child you ask me why

And so I give a sure reply

The reason why I write you ask?

I do so to unveil a mask -

To state a claim my dear

And dry these noble tears at last

The reason why I write

Is to be free -

As that young lad's kite

To flee from charmless grips

And stray from harm's lustful flight

You ask me why I write today?

I do so that you go away!

To a place, within my space

That way I'll have a worthy say
I write my dear to tell a tale
Of places that I once had sailed
The promises that were never had
The eluded dreams that made me sad

The reason why I write a verse
Is to soothe this soul I thought was cursed
To trod with care through lonely roads
And pray my troubles be reversed

The reason why I write to you
Is so you 'll see my point of view
That in all things, there is a verse
A spring that takes away all thirst

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transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Gulsher John

CANDLE IN THE WIND

In a dark gloomy night
And the around was blessed with fear and fright
Rain, lightning and thunder storm
snatched away the sweet night`s charm

A child of ten and two
Was dressed in red and blue
Lapped by a mother tight and close
A last hug of her dear son, she knows.'
In her tender but shivering arms,
Try to make him calm.

Her love Faith and tears
All were melting in despair
Helpless to ease her child`s pain
She prayed but all in vain.
The mother was sure
That her son`s curse will never be cured
And he will never see and hear
The next rising sun and the morning cheers.

In his meek broken voice
The boy stated last his choice
'But why heaven cursed me so?
Like storm engulfs an exhausted dove
Did I do any wrong that much? '
That spared my soul for devil`s touch? '

'I just followed the butterflies
And echoed the singing birds cries
Wandered around the daffodils and lilies
And was friendly with every living species
Loved the colors of rainbow
And always versed in a gentle lingo, '
Then why my cursed not ceased?
Deprived from all fun and feast'

Ah! His poor broken heart mother
Kissed him hard and Burst into tears
'O heaven send thy mercy
Spare my child from such harsh tendency
He is just two and ten
And never did any sin.
My heart is bleeding
And you're even not heeding
Bless his soul and ease his dying breaths
Be kind O lord! In these hours of death.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Into the Wild

Gulsher John

The sitting sun, wrestling
with the clouds, and
kindles the sky
with pale reds; and snaps
her glory, loitering in the wild.

But i see winters in
her smiles, often synced in tears.
O, this world is like a belly
of beast, spouting acid
into love and peace.

The time crept by
slowly, still her innocence
trances my dreams. And I
can hear her whisperings endlessly
walk on the barren moors.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For John Westlake

I Have A Very Bad Stomach

I have a very bad stomach
it would rather be in a bed
instead it's inside my body
waiting impatiently to be fed

I also have a terrible ear
it won't listen it would rather swear
but that is not the worst thing
unfortunately it's one of a pair

My left arm is not what it should be
it is more weak than strong
my funny bone keeps trying to tell my wrist jokes
but is always getting them wrong

My hair is apparently thick
it got thrown out of school
now it wants to cry again
because my eyes called it a fool

Apparently I have a dirty mind
you got to be having a laugh
mine loves to clean itself
and fall asleep in the bath

My memory is random and crazy
it seems to go now and then
it won't let me ever remember
now what was I saying again? ?

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transaltion: Xiao Kang Ma

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My Cat

Sitting on the fence
my cat looks round
looking for any prey
she gets up and stretches
a rabbit moves and the cat jumps

A flash of black and white
a rabbit's scream
the cat holds it down
the dog comes up to see the prey
both cat and rabbit run away

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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There was a girl with a broken heart

There was a girl with a broken heart
her confidence had been torn apart
so in time she felt she'd lost her soul
and in her life was one big hole

And then one day she met a man
and things with him did not go to plan
she offered her love and life that he might stay
but instead he just turned and walked away

Left her to drown in a sea of her own denial

from then on everything seemed to be a trial
every day she screamed and cried
every night she prayed that she might die

Then one day I found her pleading
on her knees in an alley with her arms bleeding
she'd cut herself on both her wrists
but suddenly her life took a better twist

I helped her up and took her in my arms
promised that I'd keep her safe from harm
said I would help her smile and laugh
and so set her future on a much lighter path

So I took her life and rebuilt it anew
and so in time her confidence grew
she relearned how to love and how to care
knowing that for her I'd always be there

Then one day she found another
who asked her out and became her lover
they married in style the following year
now she has no need to fear

She had a shattered life and broken soul
now her husband's love has filled that hole
when last we met she said she'd never forget me
she'd remember forever the one who set her free

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Juwun Daniel

if I die young

If I die young, bury me in satin,
Lay me down on a bed of roses,
Sink me in the river at dawn,
Send me away with the words of a love song.
The sharp knife of a short life;
Oh well! I've had just enough time,
And I'll be wearing white when I come into your
kingdom,
As green as the ring on my little cold finger
I've never known the loving of a woman,
But it sure felt nice when she was holding my
hand,
There's a girl here in town, says she'll love me
forever;
Who would have thought forever could be
severed by,
The sharp knife of a short life
Oh well! I've had just enough time.

So put on your best, boys and I'll wear my
pearls
What I never did is done
A penny for my thoughts, oh! no, I'll sell 'em for
a dollar
They're worth so much more after I'm a goner
And maybe then you'll hear the words I've
been singing
Funny, when you're dead how people start
listen'n.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Talking To The Moon

At night when the stars light up my room,
I sit by myself talking to the moon;
Trying to get to you,
In hopes you're on the other side talking to me too.
Or am I a fool who sits alone talking to the moon?
Oh!
I'm feeling like I'm famous,
The talk of the town,
They say I've gone mad
Yeah, I've gone mad.
But, they don't know what I know,
Cause when the sun goes down
Someone's talking back

Yeah, they're talking back I know you're somewhere out there
Somewhere far away;
I want you back,
I want you now.

You're all I had,
Do you ever hear me sad?
Oh
'Cause every night I'm talking to the moon
Still trying to get to you
In hopes you're on the other side talking to me too
Or am I a fool who sits alone talking to the moon?

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Lubinda

50 years ago...

50 years ago...
a nation was set free
from the shackles
of colonialism
a nation was born
our oppressed ancestors
couldn't even dream
of the freedoms
that we have today

50 years ago...
the ideals of self-rule
and self-governance
were just a pipe dream
but they spoke of it
as if it was a reality
i guess they were convinced
that one day
Zambia would be set free!

50 years ago...
our ancestors saw
it fit to take up arms
against colonialism
so we owe it
to the brave men
who risked their lives
to liberate the nation
because they envisioned
a time when their
children & children's
children would be free
Today, as we celebrate
our golden jubilee
we must commemorate
the sacrifice of those

who struggled for our
independence
we must remember that
without them
we would couldn't even dream
of self governance!

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Major Elazia

Watch the World

I watch the world in helpless consternation
Not from a moral high stool but from a mind hanging
Dangling imaginatively in the emptiness of the skies
From a high cliff in the bare mountains the desert stretches far
Far, far and wide below in the foothills
I witness empty souls of men being dragged
To meet their final destiny in the hands of captors

I sense the desperation of the victims,
Who have been left to roast in the desert sun and sands
While the world is beyond their reach,
A world they live in yet it can't help them out
I can sense their screams and pain in death
The masked men bring an end to innocent lives
The world helplessly searches for a clue
A clue hidden high up in the beams of the skies

But the world has ears stationed in outer space
These eyes are used only discriminatory to aid the privileged few
Those who pose meaning to the muscled men of the world
And so, the innocent die, branded as dogs
The world fails to help.
And the Merchant of Death have beheaded more
While silence and condemnation does nothing

The cry is unheard by the ear but felt in the heart
The pain does no physical injury but mortally affects the survivors
And yet, the innocent are gathered to work in the frontiers
Where they are left as helpless victims of the merchants of death
Who care not your faith but your submission to them
They attack no mercy even from their kind who question their ways

So the world keeps watching
As the merchants of death take control of Mosul
Burn victims alive from Jordan,
Terminate innocent lives in Kenya,
And wrecking havoc in Maiduguri and Kano in Nigeria
The world must resolve to work with a final push
A have a lasting outcome that protects all.

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For y

A Good Family in a Bad City

Once there was a good family
in a very bad city

they sought comfort
in a hard environment

some kids were great
a few were challenging

a new land sought
an old one left behind

milk and honey found
all bitterness vanished

then...

Love was lovingly given
love was accepted and extended

love spread quickly
love's peaceful warriors expanded

lovingly was a new generation raised
all loved each as themselves

what was wanted
was always given

love conquered all softly
atonement restored

LOVING ONENESS
the reality
is here

or there?

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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I live like a dog

UP out of the slime of human existence
I live like a DOG without resistance

I see, hear, smell and sense what is NOW
Much more than the frog, Man or cow

I live like a dog, right here and now
Some might say my talk is Bow-Wow

I don't study the Moon, Sun nor tomorrow
No Time, always timeless
no time for yesterday's pain, sorrow

Now I'm aware of all that IS
I'm changing my name, more fitting it is

Ruffus Barklay Wagner or Rex for short
I'm here for the petting, the food and sport

That is all

out of doors
no walls

not even
cat calls

Ruff is my life
Wag in my game
Rex is my name
BOW-
WOW
insane?

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translation: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Nishi Kumari

1. Beauty

Beauty, I ponder who are you?
Are you the drops of the rain which relieves the thirst of the earth?
Are you the sunshine spreading diamonds in the rivers apart?
Are you the rainbow reciting the rhythm of happiness in the sky?
Are you the stars brightening the night like pearls scattered so high?
Are you the melody in the chirruping birds at the break of the day?
Are you the tears of the bride hidden within her reddish veil?
Are you the vermilion adorning a woman's head?
Are you the never ending hope in the lover's heart?
Are you the sorrow of separation or the merry of unison?
Are you the celebration of triumph or the building strength in failure?
Are you the fear of a bloodcurdling nightmare or the decoration of a morning dream?
Are you the wishes for the loved ones or the innocence of a child's imaginations?
An emotion, an expression, a scene or a shadow, beauty!
I ponder again who are you?
I yearn an answer which I may never know as you as you are so undefined.

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Transaltion: Xiao Kang Ma

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Different Shades Of Tears

Round like the broken pearls of a beautiful chain
Oh! These precious tears drips down the ripples
of the eyes
They speak the words which the heart cannot express
The priceless crystals so pious yet
so filled with secrets
They speak the sadness of a daughter's separation
but burst out as the happiness of a bride
They speak the merry of the uniting souls
but weep in the pain involved
They speak the solitude of a stranger
wandering in the Arabians
They speak the sweetness of a new born baby
and as the innocence of a child's heart
They speak the agonies flowing through the
lovers's veins
They speak the treachery how weakness steals
the strength
They speak the beauty of the clam rivers
and the shadows in a moonlit night
They speak the tranquility of a mother's lap
and the melody in a mysterious music
They speak the torture of a prisoner
and the terror of a victim's mind
They speak the silence of an ominous nostalgia
and the cold touch of death
They speak the regret of an undesired guilt
and the apology of an unforgivable fault
These bestowing beads of tears all of them
different as the multiple hues of a rainbow
Each tells a touching tale of undefined
words

You Made Me Know

I was the unfolded mystery of unknown words
 You came and assigned the meaning to it
 I was a stranger wandering around so lonely
 You came and made me acquainted to myself
 I was an uncherished song swinging around here and there
 You came and made me realize how beautiful it is
 I was a sadonist staring myself as the fading fumes of a candle
 You came and made me embrace with the lustrous light of it
 I was the incomplete end of the sweetest story ever told
 You came and made me knew that the end does not exist
 I was lost in a world of my heartily imaginations and dreams
 You came and made me believe that they are meant to be real for me
 I was a tiny bud afraid to blossom in this barbaric city
 You came and made me feel chivalric and free
 I was the one, who used to look at the sky as a white space
 You came and made me see how curious and colorful it is

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Transaltion: XiaoKang Ma

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Xiao Kang

Translations For Safin Junayed Rouf

first love

'I can't do this anymore, ' she exclaimed
As she walked out the doorway
Never to return or show her face
Those were the last words she ever said

What should I do? What happens next?
All these thoughts raced through my head
As past memories came from the dead
I stared blankly not knowing what else to expect

I saw her belongings scattered around
All placed in their assigned spot
But now no more to be sought
I looked around for something to pound

First love gives you the strongest kick
Causing you to do some unusual things
We believe ourselves to be immune to pain
But love makes us feel it over and over again

First love is something that never truly fades
It's memories, in your mind, forever etched
All those events continuously replayed
A renewal of companionship, something farfetched

This betrayal brought out a different being
Something that I couldn't control
Something that couldn't be intervened
I lay helpless as it slowly ripped out my soul

In the end I've become an empty shell
Walking aimlessly in this living hell
My trust in love now in eternal doubt
Life is now something from which I'd like an out

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translation: Xiaokang Ma

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Never to betray

Tears of blood escaped my eyes
As I slowly fell, waiting for my demise
My vision blurred by the vibrant sun
I'm overwhelmed by the sins I've done

I watched him try many a times

Reverently trying to cross boundaries
Us humans have been assigned
But to no avail were my cries

I begged and begged for him to cease
To rethink his thoughts on humanity
But all he did was stare into my eyes
And offer me glory that I couldn't deny

Hidden in the shadows, I reluctantly complied
Never hindering from the orders I was assigned
For that was the destiny that had fallen upon me
And I accepted this, as hard as it had been

My one and only oath was never to betray
And to end any who wished to disobey
Even if it may be my one and only friend
I will not thwart from the path I've been given

In the end the choice proved too severe
I was unable to carry out or persevere
My task was to kill all those who betrayed
But instead my friendship made me hesitate

In the end I carried only one regret
As I slowly descended onto my shallow grave
It was a burden I now had to carry eternally
As death became my only true escape
From the fact that I knew about it all
But chose to do nothing and instead die for no cause.

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A lonely life is what I lead

With no goals to achieve

It is one filled with mediocrity

A life signified by it's modesty

I walk this earth unwillingly

Carrying a load forced upon me

It's wieght something I can bear no more

I search the earth for one last score

Anything to make me feel complete

But fate has only provided me with a backseat
To a journey that will hopefully provide a cure
To reduce the constant pain I have to endure

From time to time I find myself
Curled up and wallowing in regret
I start to think of all my past mistakes
How everynight it makes my heart ache

Love is what had lead me astray
From a path that was far more gray
Now I have no middle ground to fall upon
All I have is myself to hinge on

As I scour the wolrd, far and near
I look for that one chief thing
To help me bear all my suffering
But ironically it is my darkest fear

I now stand with a choice to make
Whether to accept or refuse
A decision I can never retake
And one that I mustn't abuse in an way

Wrong and right now look the same
No longer can I differentiate
But I still happen to believe in myself
And that I made the right choice

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Xiao Kang

Two Bricklayers

I knew two bricklayers
One named Jack –
Another one named Wang
Jack is Aboriginal, East North Aussie
Wang is Immigrant, West South Chinese
They became very good friends -
Working with whites together

Wage are not all
Something they want to improve
Jack said: Aboriginal is not robber on street
Wang said: Chinese doesn't build building with tofu
The best brick works are built by their hands
Even the white Boss pride of them

Day after day, Sun rises and down
Jack is alcoholic –
Because he can not find his parents
Wang is chainsmoker –
Because he missed his family far away

Jack is the stolen generation before –
Cursed all the hands try to catch the baby –
Who said "this is the law"
Wang is a middle school teacher before –
To gamble everything on a good future –
Now he is working like a hard labourer

Jack keeps family-seeking.....
Wang keeps money-saving.....
Year after year
I left Australia

The last time I saw Jack on the street –
An angry man wears a flag –
Ask for everything to the passer
He said: " apologize can not heal all hurts"
"Look at the captive people in forest"
"no freedom, no ID and no respect."

The last time I chat with Wang on Internet –
A young father with first baby –
Prepare everything for the new life
TV said: " earthquake, earthquake, earthquake"
I made a call, it said: " not exist, not exist, not exist"
The earth said: " Tofu building, Tofu building, Tofu building"

Xiao Kang

You Still In My Mind

you still in my mind

When I was thirteen
we were deskmates
with innocene and young
I sat in left
and you sat in right
I liked you but shy to say
although the school rule not allowed to love
But you still in my mind

When I was fifteen
I went to Australia
with a dream to change the world
I stayed in South
and you stayed in North
I liked you but told you in wrong way
although you thought I was joking
But you still in my mind

When I was seventeen
a nightmare destroyed me
with poor house and inferiority
I became a bricklayer labour
and you became a university gril
I liked you but no brave to say
although I lay on the bed like disability
But you still in my mind

When I was twenty
the lowest point came to me
with fail and cheat
I start to be a incomplete Gangster
and you start to be someone's grilfriend
I liked you but hide to say
although I avoided to chat with you
But you still in my mind

Now I am twenty-three
I had to come back
with rebuilding my home in another town
I told you 'I love you but I have nothing'
and you told me 'It doesn't matter' with tearing
I liked you and told you all of mine
although the story are not ended here
But you still in my mind

after 10 days, we break up
there is no argument between us
but your parents disagrees with us
Why? I even told you all of mine in truth.
just because my Dad had been framed
and your parents regard me like a jinx
you said 'I am sorry, let's break up! '
which the sentence I can't believe
But I still remember you

Time is the best medicine
To heal the hurt of bleeding heart
I find poem, and I find the Lord
The Lord is a God of few words
'forgive, forget and rise' there are-
all he told me
But you still in my mind

To meet you is the blessing from Lord
To know you is the blessing from Lord
To hold your hands is the gift from Lord
To break up is the better arrangement from Lord
I still not find an eraser
which able to rub you off in my memory
so that you still in my mind

Xiao Kang