



	<p>Will have my daughter for his wife  The six young men:  Delusion, Awakening, Dream, Enlightenment,  Disorder, Zen  Immediately begin to court Duojiao via email.....</p>	
Canary	<p>The barbarian frontiersman—Disorder  Intrudes into the world of Internet war games  Seeking love and attachment to break the magical  code  The young master of Chan and Shang—Zen  Sits at the far end of the past tense  Manipulating the primal dream’s earliest unformed  illusion</p> <p>The eternally sleeping dreamer, Stain  In a flash, locks the hard drive  Shape-shifting into a network place  And slips into the world of the primal dream  Agitating the ocean scroll of consciousness  At the beginning of a boundless dreamscape  He spies upon the kernel of Old Alaya’s dream  To watch how it grows and develops  The transformed Old Alaya, as the youth from the  future  Is also hidden, in an invisible encrypted path  Monitoring that one-ninth of a space  Between sleep and waking for the six young men</p>	<p>Barbarian  Frontiersman,  Young Master  of Chan and  Shang,  Stain</p>
Together: Peach	<p>The six young men agree to meet online tonight  A shooting star in the South</p>	<p>Jieli,  Spice Merchant,</p>

<p>Blossom, Butterfly, Canary</p>	<p>Happens to fall on a lion that had just awakened A little girl from the South Takes a wonderfully divine and unique Herbal remedy of one hundred and eleven ingredients And hides it within the dewdrops resting upon the flora of a rainforest...</p> <p>The spice merchant—Delusion How without the guidance of the soft light From betwixt the divine and fair Duojiao's eyebrows Could he find the lunar orb in the sky The spirit-catching herald—Dream Without the silent, beckoning fingertip whorls Of divine and fair Duojiao How can the dream keeper hope to find the path of truth On the complex and illusory sea of the Internet</p> <p><i>The ox snorts and waves its fearsome horns Running loose on mountain trails, it roams farther and farther A dark cloud blocks the entrance of the valley Who knows how much of the excellent crop he has trampled?</i></p>	<p>Spirit-catching Herald</p>
<p>Butterfly</p>	<p><b>II. Discipline Begins</b> In the spring wind the pink peach blossoms dance On the plum tree branches white frost hangs On a hundred blades of grass, dew drops form The little girl from the South Tastes the early spring rain with the tip of her tongue</p>	<p>Jieli, Old Alaya, Youth from the Future</p>

<p>Canary</p>	<p>Fragrant and sweet  A true taste of the phenomenal world</p> <p>From the calm and clear world of Zero  Emerges a mysterious formatted 3×3 grid  Within which is hidden nine mysterious selection menus</p> <p>The divine and fair Duojiao  Resides in the center square  In the lower left square is a small room  Where Old Alaya has just fallen fast asleep  Off dreaming, he has transformed into the youth from the future</p> <p>Look at the eternally sleeping dreamer, Stain  Once again, he takes his constantly evolving eternal consciousness  And forever seals it in a primordial  Prototypical, growing, organic, super intelligent  Central nervous system of a whimsical CPU  So that no players can find a way in...</p>	
<p>Peach Blossom</p>	<p>Look at the whistling kite that has separated from its line  In search of its dear young master  A white 13-mast sailboat  Is chasing the blazing red sunset in full sail  The old tree, through genes of spiritual underground roots, sends  The Earth's secret message to the god of mountains  The Zen practitioner loves to muse</p>	<p>Meditating  Young Master  of Chan and  Shang</p>

<p>Canary</p>	<p>He is the one from the forever waking, dreamless world          Controlling from afar, young master of Chan and Shang          Next to the respite providing Breeze Pavilion          On that ancient restful rock          In that deep, magnificent, and immovable place          In that place before the primal chaos was cleared          In that mysterious world of eons past          He has long been aware of, since antiquity          The strong scent of spring flowers.....</p> <p><i>A rope through its nose</i>  <i>The ox tries to bolt, and suffers the whip</i>  <i>The beast's wild nature dies hard</i>  <i>So the shepherd boy must hold a tight rein and ready whip</i></p> <p><b>III. In Harness</b></p> <p>Tonight the god of the night tells the old banyan tree          I have known you since the time you were just a seed          Tonight the old banyan tree tells the god of the night          Since time immemorial, dreams of ignorance with no beginnings          Have been dreamt again and again in the illusory time and space          Last night, Old Alaya once again dreamt          Transforming into a youth from the future          The god of the night summons the lifeguard of the internet sea          Who possesses the gold keycard</p>	<p>Lifeguard of the Internet Sea</p>
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<p>Peach Blossom, Butterfly</p>	<p>The old banyan tree calls him to the spiritual light So that he might help explain his dream The lifeguard of the internet sea patrolled Upon the ocean scroll of sincerity in an ancient ferry He finds an old fisherman's ring, given to the fisherman by an old friend He uses the gold keycard to search for the game's city of illusions And find the road taken by the child of blue sky In his initial starting point of her springtime journey</p> <p>There is a magical and wonderful world of illusion That is quietly and gradually shifting in dreams A distant goal follows her relentlessly Staring at and exchanging looks with a sharp pair of fiery eyes Climbing over mountains Coming into contact with a truly stirring feeling Wading through rivers Pausing by a beehive in a blooming field of wheat The amber colored honey pours thick into that red setting sun The metaphysical traveler is not the transformed Old Alaya, a youth from the future—</p> <p>Old Alaya, who easily falls asleep and loves to dream One day meets in a dream the forever asleep, never to awaken dreamer, Stain Uncovered momentarily in the dream He instantly fades back into the darkness He seals his erroneous thoughts</p>	<p>Old Alaya, Stain</p>
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<p>Shepherd Boy</p>	<p>In the hard drive of a mysterious server, undeveloped illusions As in a dream, he released rivers and mountains Creating countless geometric shapes Changing into scene after scene of misleading causes That lead to an eternal sleep without waking Here Old Alaya's six disciples will display their worth Whoever does best may then court Alaya's daughter Duojiang, the divine and fair dream giver The transformed old man, the youth from the future Has removed tonight that sleep-inducing, dream- loving blue stone pillow Which instantly turns into empty white clouds, obscuring itself from view Quietly he downloads the illusory spiritual path And temporarily sets aside "My Favorites" By the window resembling the new moon, waiting—</p> <p><i>Gradually the ox grows tame and stops resisting It follows the shepherd boy wherever he goes Never relaxing his grip on the rope The boy is alert and unaware of his fatigue</i></p> <p><b>IV. Glancing Back</b></p> <p>Look at that rare and mystic <math>\pi</math> Spinning in a wheel of infinite digits The whorls on a fingertip lost their exit last night And the light between the eyebrows had nowhere to turn Look at that spotted purple butterfly Hiding in the world of purple lavender</p>	<p>Child of Blue Sky, Barbarian Frontiersman</p>
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<p>Water Buffalo</p>	<p>Like a metaphysical traveler, the child of blue sky  On the primeval shifting beach of the setting sun  Meets the barbarian frontiersman  An untamed ninth act is pulled at the last minute  Before it has a chance of being performed  On a virtual Sunset Boulevard  In a true story that has become a computer game  The plot invites all to sign online  And explore the incredible ocean scroll of wisdom</p> <p>The little dragonfly of the server  Is speaking with the fairy of PC Avyway  It is a growing, super intelligent, prototypical  Organic CPU  A bus filled with time  Is shuttling back and forth on a magical integrated  circuit  A train filled with emotions  Is reassembling itself in the flash memory  A sailboat filled with a life's experiences  Has browsed through all of the new windows  The programmer has accidentally installed  A secret program good at mimicking humans  It can, from up-close, manipulate  The barbarian frontiersman and the spice merchant  And see the future of their years as youths  The magical little dragonfly in the server  Actively monitors the seventh level of the internet  Mysteriously uses Avy@web to browse and scan  To understand the pulse and web traffic of every  section</p>	<p>Little Dragonfly, Little Fairy, Barbarian Frontiersman, Spice Merchant</p>
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<p>Canary</p>	<p>Under the mystic moonlight, it unexpectedly discovers That the frontiersman and the spice merchant Have undergone further transformation into something new..... They exchange similar experiences online Conveying the desire of lover's hearts In the eerie, disorienting, creeping green mist The gold keycard wielding lifeguard of the internet sea Using his status as a super player, on behalf of the two Searches for an immediate path from which they might exit.....</p> <p>In the domain of the subconscious, in the ancient sea of kalpas Alaya, who falls asleep with ease, issues a warrant To capture the disobedient spirit-catching herald And those who freely transform in the realm of erroneous thoughts The frontiersman and the spice merchant The lifeguard of the internet sea, with the gold keycard Instantly intersects PC Avyway and discovers that The frontiersman has digitally archived countless lovers In a virtual, illusory screen Playing a game of devil versus monster with himself...</p>	<p>Old Alaya, Little Microchip, Barbarian Frontiersman, Spice Merchant, Spirit-catching Herald, Lifeguard of the Internet Sea, Young Master of Chan and Shang, Duojiang</p>
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<p>Butterfly</p>	<p>Acting as a mysterious hacker, young master of Chan and Shang  Acquires through Avyweb@web.web...  The spice merchant's virtual memory  In that misty illusory ocean scroll of consciousness  Countless virtual images are emailing one another  Inside PC Avyway, the mysterious little microchip says  My former master gave me to his good friend  His good friend gave me to his sweetheart  And his sweetheart used me to email her lover...</p> <p>Look at that server, with hundreds of virtual doors  The barbarian frontiersman has not shut the window in time  The lifeguard patrols the internet in place of the heavens  And the young master of Chan and Shang  Acts as a hacker in the dreamless world  Through the new window of ultra broadband  And an all-inclusive ultra speed search engine  Through the window e forgot to close  Forcefully invade the dream of the barbarian frontiersman  At the upside-down archway underneath the virtual rainbow  The frontiersman and spice merchant  Lock themselves at the edge of dreams  Blurring their focus and losing their real images  Listen to the virtual reality, like dew, like lightening, like fog, but not fog</p>	
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Peach  
Blossom

Mesmerizing Duojiao says vaguely  
Why is it only when you have had too much to drink  
That you tell me how much you love me...

In the squares of erroneous thoughts  
Tonight, thunder showers and lightening rage against  
one another  
Primitive female bodies and wild men are chasing  
after  
That dancing costume discarded long ago  
Look at the once faded doll that has been repainted  
To look even more heartbreakingly beautiful  
The frontiersman and spice merchant  
Have long since been possessed by a strange beast  
Tonight, they have grown wings in their dreams  
They fly through the air, looking for prey  
From the dreamless world, the young master of Chan  
and Shang  
Sees a butterfly alight among flowers  
A hallucination at closest quarters that seems so real  
His eyes are filled with tears  
The young master of Chan and Shang rubs his eyes  
and says  
How can a window so vague  
Produce such a realistic and vivid world  
Possessor of the gold keycard, the lifeguard of the  
internet sea responds  
It's a fool's self-conceit and love of dreams  
It has always been but a prelude to a play

<p>Shepherd Boy, Water Buffalo</p>	<p>Look at that lonely piece of divine bamboo Carried down the river by the current The frontiersman and spice merchant's Erroneous thoughts infiltrate their consciousness Where they mambo with the fish in the water The gatekeeper of dreams, the spirit-catching herald Has his reincarnated heart monitored by A virgin's mystic eyes Thirst plunges them back into a burning river of sand The spirit-catching herald searches for A cool glass of water in the ocean scroll of consciousness The barbarian frontiersman paints his own bare body The spice merchant uses strong sentiment to dismember his body PC Avyway, lifeguard of the internet sea And Avy@web, young master of Chan and Shang Are busy recording their actions in The ocean scroll of consciousness of the past Sending each other this future tale of the primeval ocean scroll of sincerity</p> <p><i>Finally the ox turns Its wild nature broken Yet the shepherd boy withholds his full trust Keeping his rope on the ox</i></p> <p><b>V. Tamed</b></p>	
<p>Canary</p>	<p>This spring, there is a new entrance to the Peach Flower Garden</p>	<p>Child of Blue Sky</p>

<p>Peach Blossom</p>	<p>Tonight's visitors are met with these words from the gatekeeper  The Qin musician has gone to fly his kite  The master of Yu Garden has gone star gazing atop the mountain  In the absence of any visitors, the gatekeeper remains silent  Watch—Reflect—Oh—  Look at the enlightened sentient beings of nine dharma realms  Always changing their mood at a moment's notice  The diamond eyed metaphysical traveler  The inscrutable child of blue sky  Behind layers of purple curtains  And layers of green cloth  In a garden of games is continually  Switching to the newest programs  He and Duojiang were once a couple on the spiritual mountain  A part of life's mystery, inseparable  Though your sleepless self is separated from his  Dreamless world by only two-thirds of a spinning cycle  My metaphysical self am in the blue sky with a set of diamond eyes  In your—influential future</p> <p>A butterfly—is the gatekeeper of her dream  During the night, when children are most afraid  It loves to turn into a gigantic monster</p>	<p>Old Alaya,  Duojiang,  Jieli</p>
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<p>Shepherd Boy, Water Buffalo</p>	<p>Mothers of the world fear that nightmares will visit their children  So they place King Dhritarastra's monster-slaying swords in their pillows  It is the dream giver who never sleeps  The divine and fair Duojiao, who often coyly imitates a guru of clear mind  Jieli, the little girl from the South  At night, when Old Alaya goes to sleep  And rests upon the large blue stone pillow  He lets his changing consciousness turn  And is asleep again, entering another dream  Dreams—are just a spiritual pivot in the ocean of consciousness  The thought is like flash memory  In an instant, an eternal mystery springs forth  A beautiful and delicate young woman  An adorable and attractive Duojiao  Old Alaya has hidden her within Stain's dream  Weaving more stories for the youth from the future  Wholeheartedly, he wishes to find a husband for young Duojiao  Listen to the silky, bright voice of that dream giver  Tonight, she is dancing the eternal diamond dance again...</p> <p>The 91-year old father  Loves dearly  His 53-year old son  The world beyond is ensnared within delusion  I light incense and pray for my son to be safe</p>	<p>Spirit-catching Herald</p>
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<p>Butterfly</p>	<p>Let him not get lost in the world of knowledge Flowers are not flowers, fog is not fog, dreams are born in the morning A beautiful butterfly flies into my dream Chasing a singing canary Dancing to the graceful music of the shepherd boy's flute The air is thick with the mist from rains to the South The spirit-catching herald strides unhurriedly But his finger accidentally hits a key / restarting And the entire dream is replayed once again A fog-filled illusory land Is veiled in a layer of gauze A beautiful image from long ago of a lover Tonight, once again meets him in his dream</p> <p><i>Under the green willow tree by the ancient creek The boy lets the ox move freely At dusk the glow of sunset descends upon the pasture The ox follows as the boy makes his way home</i></p> <p><b>VI. Free</b></p> <p>The spring wind ripples the emerald water Marvelous enlightenment swims against the current Like a nose pointing to the sky Straight up to an upside down mountain peak Forming a mysterious ridge Very deep inside the long alleyway Outside that very silent window It is compiling a photo book for a setting sun The barbarian frontiersman builds underground and</p>	<p>Barbarian Frontiersman, Spice Merchant</p>
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<p>Peach Blossom</p>	<p>cliff-side palaces  In the illusory city of his erroneous thoughts, he plays war games  In the misty virtual palace, marionettes and shadow puppets have been invited  To cause trouble upon this boundless stage  Annoying and harassing in the rainbow colored realm of erroneous thoughts  All experience topsy-turvy hallucinations</p> <p>In ancient times, on the third day of the third month  Villagers from the original hometown enjoyed singing duets  Charming gazes filled the air  Seductive love pulled deluded sentiments  Her heart tied up your thoughts  Ludicrous as the Sweet Dew Inferno King  Music that has left its score  A melody that has left its key  A gear that has been undone  A spirit that has been derailed  Delusion's deeply sleeping seal  Is the spice merchant's favorite mystic scent  Thin as wings and light as feathers, lips are like blades  Catching the light as they slice apart the truth of the heavens  He is always the same, lying and cheating in all things  It is a lover's game, filled with lies  The wilted sunflower has been turned into oil  And no longer turns towards the sun</p>	
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<p>Together: Canary, Peach Blossom, Butterfly</p>	<p>The love filled with hundreds of emotions Has been tainted by the ever-changing, misleading fragrance of rosemary</p> <p><i>On the open field the ox sleeps contentedly Neither whip nor restraint needed The boy relaxes underneath a green pine Playing a song of peace, joyful</i></p> <p><b>VII. Obedient</b></p> <p>The never sleeping dream giver, Duojiao Leaves the past of that youth from the future in The fragments of a dream within a dream within a dream Where it transforms into an illusory cause in the boundless dreamscape Wandering, waiting for the little attic from childhood Self-consciousness searches for waves of the past Self-consciousness finds that love is in fact Stain That forever sleeping dreamer is in fact me That “me” was born within a valley of darkness I have been sealing my own erroneous thoughts In the hard drive of a mysterious server And now I have become the forever sleeping dreamer Look at the colorist in the dye mill Who loves to dye greens and yellows, the heavens and earth He acquires new colors from the process of dying the old Sublime and eternal, like a springtime breeze Layer upon layer upon layer</p>	<p>Duojiao, Youth from the Future, Stain, Jieli</p>
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Why won't the visitor lingering outside step inside  
The master has stopped his thoughts, sealing his  
wandering mind  
The little girl from the South, Jieli  
Likes to prepare the innate Qi from the ocean scroll of  
enlightenment  
To make a cure for lovesickness  
Allowing for the forever sleeping love-struck dreamer  
To never again release such deep feelings  
At the beginning of time, the cosmos was  
A mass of chaos, a perfect liquid substance  
Out of erroneous thoughts it congealed  
Cracking open  
Before Pangu separated Heaven and Earth  
Song of the South Wind's  
Original singer has long since stopped singing  
A near impossible one out of ten million  
The mysterious element of probability appears  
2323 is hidden within the world of Zero  
The sleepless Duojiao, divine and fair  
And Old Alaya, who easily falls asleep and loves to  
dream  
Look at the little girl from the South, Jieli  
She first circles clockwise ☺ then circles  
counterclockwise ☹  
And disappearing, exits and flies away

*In the setting sun the spring stream flows past a  
willow-lined bank*

*Amid the haze the grass in the meadow is seen to  
grow thick*

Shepherd Boy	<p><i>When hungry, he grazes; when thirsty, he quaffs as time sweetly slides</i></p> <p><i>All the while the boy on the rock dozes</i></p> <p><b>VIII. Mutually Forgotten</b></p> <p>In the eighth dimension still lies hidden a path to past memories</p> <p>The retina still holds an afterimage from the evening prior</p> <p>Twilight spreads from west-northwest to east- southeast</p> <p>Dawn light spreads from east-northeast to west- southwest</p> <p>Before the vernal equinox, the Zero Circular World Becomes covered by a golden purple frost</p> <p>The little girl from the South tightened her lips and kept silent</p> <p>She returns upon a new path, to track an old lover</p> <p>In the future village of Ruyobetsu, a true story will be rehearsed</p> <p>Look at the droplets from the newly melted snow of early spring</p> <p>In order to chase the dawn light, they charge forward But they are drawn into the Zero Circular World</p> <p>Circling clockwise ☺ and then circling counterclockwise ☹</p> <p>They disappear, exit and fly away</p>	Jieli
Shepherd Boy, Water Buffalo	<p>A white crane spreads its silver wings to soar into the azure</p> <p>The god of the sacred vulture looks down from above</p>	Duojiang

Old Alaya's white brows are accidentally  
Shaven off by the moonbeams of the just risen moon  
Past promises still have not yet been realized  
The sleepless—dream giver  
Exquisite, divine, and fair Duojiang  
Is occupied by the forever sleeping dreamer  
The little girl from the South waits by the brightest  
section of the Milky Way  
For the diamond eyes of the child of blue sky

The night was silent and the moonlight dim  
But the barbarian frontiersman accidentally  
Stirs up the mystic river of golden sand  
Sending shooting stars scurrying in every direction  
And the spice merchant has changed the appearance  
of the starry sky  
Causing the glowing fireflies that covered the  
mountainside  
To all disappear in an instant  
At that moment, while Old Alaya, who easily falls  
asleep  
Transforms into the youth from the future and is not  
paying attention  
The frontiersman and spice merchant  
Cast a spell upon him, which envelopes the entire  
land.....  
The young master of Chan and Shang and  
The possessor of the gold keycard, the lifeguard of  
the internet sea  
Swiftly take over the Internet—  
The spirit of the youth from the future exits from

Babarian  
Frontiersman,  
Spice Merchant,  
Old Alaya,  
Youth from  
the Future,  
Young Master of  
Chan and Shang,  
Lifeguard  
of the Internet  
Sea

The body of that lying Buddha who has just fallen  
asleep  
And goes into hiding in the bottom of his dream  
Underneath layer after layer of accumulated esoteric  
causes  
Past memories and future dreams  
Reassemble to become the youth from the future, the  
transformed Old Alaya  
Once again sending the private messages far away  
To the child of blue sky and the spirit-catching herald  
an identical riddle  
Whoever can explain my dream  
Will have for his wife my daughter who blushes even  
while dreaming

*The white ox is surrounded by white clouds*

*The boy is at ease and so is the ox*

*Through the white clouds, the moonlight casts white  
shadows*

*The white clouds and bright moon chart their own  
paths*

### **IX. The Solitary Moon**

The blazing sun of the eastern coast  
Forcefully paints red the azure sea and sky  
In an instant there is light  
In an instant there is shade  
Storing a snapshot of the metaphysical traveler's  
footprints  
Preserving a record of his mark on the beach

Duojiao,  
Stain

<p>Butterfly</p>	<p>Look at the red clouds at sunset, imitating the meditating Bodhidharma  Because the air at the edge is still fresh  Stain says I am your forever sleeping dreamer  Just like an animated character, stuck in a twisting and turning maze  Of rainbow pathways, unable to find that entranceway  Where I first met you, divine and fair Duojiao...</p> <p>Disorder says I am the explorer of your barbarian frontier  In the mystic original dream, upon your arm  I left a mark from my lips in a previous life  In one glance, there springs forth six playful emotions  Using a virtual arithmetic, I auction off the Internet  One manager after another after another  Attempts to intersect that dream of Old Alaya  Where he has transformed into the youth from the future  Old Alaya, who loves to dream, has just awoken from his nap  To discover that all his past memories have been stolen from him  The barbarian frontiersman encloses his erroneous thoughts  In an alternative space of forms on the internet  Let the spirit of erroneous thoughts follow the undeveloped, sleepless body  The dream giver transforms into countless beautiful Duojiaos  In the dream fields of the frontiersman</p>	<p>Internet World:  Duojiao,  Barbarian  Frontiersman</p>
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<p>Shepherd Boy, Water Buffalo</p>	<p>My hands are upon the dream-like window on your chest And then touch your navel The endless tears that fill your eyes are like a lingering cold front Behold the arched corridor in the internet's show capital Where the barbarian frontiersman is flying a deformed monster in the night sky</p> <p style="text-align: center;">⊙</p> <p>Tonight, nature types the primal memory The sounds of wind and rain come and go at will Lightening copies a primal set of innocent code Flowers bloom and flowers wilt, Samadhi powers manifest and disappear A game where wisdom is in a deep sleep and sealed away I the spice merchant am the deluded one Look at the spider hanging in mid-air Falling into the web that it has weaved How deep this dream is Underneath a heavy shadow My lost gaze is stranded at your dream-like border It was you who turned my love and desire into an absurd drama Since then, there has been an endless stream of answerless riddles Such that no one could ever be able to guess at the answers In an aroma filled café Underneath a dim light</p>	<p>Duojiao, Spice Merchant</p>
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<p>Canary</p>	<p>Amazing illusions cause one to be arrogant  There is a prophet of this new century  Who has left a page blank in your little journal for  you to take a guess  To experience a new fragrance that will delude both  others and yourself...</p> <p><i>The ox is about, the boy is free</i>  <i>A single cloud floats amid the mountain peaks</i>  <i>Clapping and singing loudly in the moonlight</i>  <i>But one last hurdle still impedes the path home</i></p> <p><b>X. Both Vanish</b></p> <p>At ease, with a feeling of enlightenment  I am the wielder of the gold keycard, the lifeguard of  the internet sea  I seal a message in a bottle with purple ink  Look at the passersby of a hundred generations, all  searching in their dreams  It was Alaya who hid the original dream in the dark  land  Searching every secluded corner of each old courtyard  house  I listen carefully to the sound of rainwater dripping  from the eaves...</p> <p>The girl from the South, Jieli, cups her hands to  Carefully catch the dripping ● dewdrops, ● dewdrops,  and ● dewdrops  She tells me that in the mysterious and illusory  Internet  There is a spiritual and singing ancient sailboat</p>	<p>Duojiao,  Lifeguard of  the Internet Sea</p>
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<p>Shepherd Boy</p>	<p>To sail tonight back through the nine twists And take harbor at a mystic and boundless river of golden sand She says I can wait in the pitch black valley My gold keycard softly and uncontrollably Touches the sky, painted upon a wall of water in that dark valley The whorls of my fingertip lightly touch the space between her eyebrows Awakening the old memories of her initial dream Using true love, I wedge myself into a dream she cannot find her way out of From the initial starting point of her springtime journey Finding love in her pure ocean scroll of enlightenment</p> <p style="text-align: center;">◉</p> <p>Inlayed within the golden drum is a relief of clouds A school of fish is playing in a red lake Loosing itself and making up wonderful stories Upon three plots in the countryside I see one hundred eleven scarecrows facing the wind Zen is the master of the masters of the dreamless world The little carpenter and great craftsman of Chan and Shang Every day when the time comes for the sun to set The mailman brings me a letter It is a love letter from my distant lover Asking me to bring the inescapable net We used as children to catch the wind We agree to meet upon the shores of the Milky Way</p>	<p>Duojiao, Young Master of Chan and Shang</p>
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<p>Water Buffalo</p>	<p>And catch a school of fish to take to A prettier and more plentiful sea With the heliocentric theory I listen to the powerful sound waves And discover the fish's secret location tonight...</p> <p style="text-align: center;">⊙</p> <p>I am the spirit-catcher from your dream I often give up on myself And also give up on the one I love dearly Listen to the clacking wheel of time Turning in a silent void I am the virtual transformation from your dream The interface between illusion and reality Look at that little girl from the South Who had a magical dream last night There were bats flying about When she awoke, I told her quietly That at the end of the corridor by the temple's main hall Last night, out of nowhere, there appeared A small bat that kept flying around The little girl ran quickly to see Ah! It was the tiniest of the bats from her dream Still learning to fly, the small bat had found itself here lost No longer able to return to that dream I am the spirit-catcher from your dream I quietly press a key, restoring..... That smallest bat, still learning to fly, That had found itself here lost Once again flies back through</p>	<p>Duojiao, Spirit-catching Herald, Jieli, Little Bat</p>
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<p>Peach Blossom, Butterfly</p>	<p>The dream of the girl from the South...</p> <p><i>Both the boy and ox have left without a trace The bright moonlight holds myriad empty objects Whoever ponders the meaning of these words Should look at the flowers and the grass which have always been abundant and lush</i></p> <p><b>XI. Surging Waves</b></p> <p>Deer move through the woods on instinct How will the hunter's bow and arrow find its mark At moments, you step silently and unnoticed At moments, you suddenly transform After enlightenment, you no longer dream and are sleepless You are in the dreamless world before the light was lit I am the child of blue sky from the ocean scroll of enlightenment You hide in the original dream of the ancient sea of kalpas The entire night, thunder emanates from the heavenly drum I have a pair of diamond eyes, like those of a divine eagle Shining upon your sleepless body, which goes where it pleases My two eyes have never shut to sleep All the forms from this physical world Have long since been removed from my dreams Listen carefully to the violent winds that blow the billowing yellow sands</p>	<p>Duojiao, Child of Blue Sky</p>
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	<p>The sounds rumble deeply like the snores of a sleeping lion</p> <p>I am still tranquil, behind the opaque purple curtains</p> <p>Look at the water fairies in the river, dancing upon an illusory light</p> <p>Like a general on campaign, with steadfast steps in the twilight</p> <p>The child of blue sky never finds himself asleep or in dreams</p> <p>In a hut, upon a straw mat, he enjoys contemplating in the pure bright moonlight</p> <p>From time to time, he softly taps a beautiful tune with his fingers</p> <p>Transmitting round after round of the newest codes</p> <p>To alter the universe's ever changing pure perceptions</p> <p>New orders, new disciplines, the newest formula, an alternative memory</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <p>Old Alaya has just awoken—</p> <p>In his dream, he observed within the illusory city of the ocean scroll of sincerity</p> <p>Many souls long ago lost, wandering within</p> <p>Old Alaya has just awoken—</p> <p>In his dream, he observed a virtual hotel by the sea</p> <p>Temporary lodging for cosmic travelers...</p> <p>Residing in the dharma realm, the wise</p> <p>Alaya has just awoken</p> <p>He has a dream that the young men need to explain</p> <p>But none have been able to succeed in doing such</p>	
<p>Peach Blossom, Canary</p>		<p>Old Alaya, Jieli</p>

A pupa has cracked open  
A butterfly spreads its wings and catches the wind  
A self-realized, righteous, Fighting Buddha  
Has become a clay doll  
A wild fox is scouting the grassland  
But has encroached upon an irritated lion's territory  
Giving himself a scare  
A golden toad good at holding its breath  
Presses itself tightly on a door  
A single ray of light has been sealed within a dark  
dreamscape  
A young man, without having realized it  
Has been signed off from the primal sea of the  
Internet  
Old Alaya has come to the mountains to pick tea  
leaves...  
And inadvertently shakes up the tea bushes  
Residing in the dharma realm, the wise  
Alaya has just awoken  
He has a dream that the young men need to explain  
Yet none have been able to succeed in doing such  
He meets the little girl from the South  
She first circles counterclockwise then circles  
clockwise  
The little girl from the South, Jieli  
Her scarlet lips lightly form an arc  
The corners turning to form a smile  
All of a sudden, Old Alaya's dream is explained!

Exit Old Alaya  
Exit Jieli

Peach  
Blossom

Behold—chain after chain of DNA strands  
Composing a music of one diamond flame after  
another, sharp as wisdom  
The little girl from the South, Jieli, says with a smile  
This is yet another dream-like illusion  
Since then, Old Alaya's divine and fair daughter  
The dreamer Duojiao has not been able to find a  
husband.....

*Thoughts as numerous as specks of dust can be  
counted*

*Water in the ocean can be drunk dry*

*The void can be measured and the wind can be tied*

*Yet the virtue of the Buddha cannot be all told ☉*



于 1991

Only Beautiful  
Duojiao remains

(Translated by Bobby Lin, Tongduo)