

# NONE-SPAC

Falmouth College of Arts

2002

*In the bath thought of those funny sailors  
JoJo's disorder sailing diary*



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*In the bath thought of those funny sailors*

*JoJo's disorder sailing diary*

Day3 Thin cloud Windy

The endless BLUE

At last

Gradually reveal its lonely shadow

Repeat

SAYONARA~

SAYONARA~

Over and over again

My dear "YESTERDAY"

Day102 Thick.fog West-south wind Strong

Touch the eyebrows  
Cannot see through my own image

...^Q^III..

Day9 Clear day Still

Awake and sleep, sleep and awake  
Finding all the clouds unconscious  
Where are the fishes in their dreams?

Day17 Full Moon No start

Long to amble in the garden!

Long to smell the flower's fragrance

Long to lie flat on the soft green meadow

Look at the sky that has no start

Day11. Cloudy Day

Finally locked up the memory  
Lock up all the melancholy  
Lock up all the loneliness  
Lock up my anxious soul  
Especially lock up my rational mind

Day345 Storming-Day

Touch the chest, there are  
Three hearts hinged to the flash  
Interweaved with my tears and blood  
As hard as an armor, naturally  
I doubt what the "heart" really is

Day 654 Very Cold West wind turn North wind

The seventh leaf is still resting on the hanging painting

The stem's sunshine speedily dropping its temperature

The time shroud the stem with a thick layer of frost

If kept on going, the road should be slippery



Day3650 Shower Winter thunder

The cloud masses in the brain expanding like a tumor  
Black hair cascade in the wind like the torrential rain  
The sleeping thunder rushing in close and defeating gone  
' The eyes so dried up not even a sea gull can fly out

Day3216: A deserted island at the starboard Lost control

This is a growing season  
He hears clearly the blue's singing voice  
Coming from the sea horizon and the main yard  
Sprouts the white bud white bud  
Sprouts the withered branch withered branch  
Growing soaring high and tall  
The main yard begins singing loudly in the wind  
The victory of time

Day2870 Numbers getting forgotten Moon light in the direction of 15:00

This is not the filets' season-  
- The baptism was over  
Who bought this picnic box-  
Such a sweet and moist skull  
The pale lips as the swirling cloud  
On the eye' black line still drooping was a line  
The transparent jellyfish  
The time's ants  
How can you not  
Not as happy as before

Day54?? No God Gale coming from west-north

Heard that the wind immersed in the lower deck

Then start telling all the rumors

And some of the great things

You say the ants have corroded the spine

Also bitten the rib in two

Joyfully pattering on the time's drum

You say some people's deep dream

Only with 206 stands can it be propped up

- The too soft body and will

The too greedy eyes, ears, noises and tongues

Always fail to recognize

The boats coming from the distance

Day 916 Compass out of order

The clock still

Oars resting between the knees

All the island reefs seem to be sinking

Day 789 Dry sea Hearing songs

→ Pick a leaf  
Not at the main sail  
But at where it's next to the heart  
Pour a glass of night wind  
Wish tomorrow the happiness

Day1000 Radar out of order

No rainbow no color

Sickness and no sickness

Word and no word

Fog and no fog

Silent and no silent

People and no people

Blue and no blue

Empty and no empty

Choose and no choose

Multiple choices and no multiple choices

Who can answer

Day99 Vague and blurred

Today so mystic  
So oversensitive



Day876/// The sky is weeping still

~||| ^ ^ \*\* ~

.....

Day 4533 In daze

I say, do you know? You'll see the sunset of the end of era!

Cat says: the end of era? Tomorrow's sun won't rise?

I say: don't know, have to wait till tomorrow to know!

Cat says: then sleep first! Everything will have to wait till tomorrow.

Under the cat's gaze, I

Pretend to be deep asleep happily...

Day56 6 days' little lost sailing

Day1 I recall so hard of the dream last night

Day2 walked and walked the rain suddenly stop

Day3 feel the power of wind between the sails

Day4 see a cricket flying in the sky

Day5 holding Miller & Toto's hands and to the supermarket

Day6 the lying bed as if the cloud mass

Nothing happened

God say: about creating, the human being is only an armature

But human being one day saw the light in God's eye

And happily discovered that under the sun

There really is nothing new

Day7865 ~ Fish lying on the cloud

I sail vigorously toward yesterday's promising island

I have two paddles and one is too heavy

Which can measure how strong the ocean current is

How far the seashore is

One is too light it can only chime on the rhythms

When the star light twinkle in the universe

Sailing and sailing

Sailing and sailing

I sail vigorously toward yesterday's promising island

But still circling at the same point

The rose blossomed and withered, withered and blossom

I've never sent it to your hand

Day101 Clear West- north- west Mild

No theodolite

No compass

The South cross star hidden in the cloud

I cannot hear the pray

The old musician keeps on playing the old tunes

Not a singing word

The shells wait by the rock for the boat to sink

Waiting for my skull

The endless beach

Landed on the beach alone and gone away

The sea goat signing all along: "Never again"

Even more tears cannot make the sea saltier

I didn't even find a single pagurian

That day...

Day3443 Blue clear sky West-north-west Strong wind

There has been a lonely boat fitfully sucking the rain and the beacon's light

What really is the value of love? ---

Who is to judge?

They would say

Many years ago...

There has been a lonely boat fitfully sucking the rain and the beacon's light

Then ---

The pearl-pick girl in disordered bury-hillock discovered the human shape's debris

A glimpse of the last pigment still can be seen -

Come and go in a flash

Will she carve and polish it even more

Threaded a string of necklace hanging on the neck-

Missing it only when the incense burns?

Day2407 Benthoscope- sinking 3:00pm

If that glorious beauty is the only thing that can recognize the world  
Then who can take away that submerged water-pressure?  
The utmost balance inside and outside the eardrum?  
And that boiling desire of the bubbles in the veins?  
At the breathing point the sun is shining down from the ocean  
Passed through the algae forest  
On the level sand bottom another type of light responds by lip language  
Do they know her soft lighting  
Is able to stand the pain of being seen through?

Day1967 Sea foam Dark sky

Stubbornly on the water-line resisted the wind

Persisted making a line of footprints

I look at the allure swoon of the sky's nest

The sea gull soaring into the sky carrying the net

I see it plunged down again

Fallen into a morning dew of the blue rose

Ah! —

In your hand there is no

No

Rose....



Day724 Lost in sailing again Power shortage

I never met her  
She wears a transparent lacy nightgown  
Youth slips down from the smooth shoulder  
The tidal water at the ankle peeping the knees' above  
Sprays occupy the legs and disperse  
    -- Fishes leaping  
    Crabs moving fast  
Sea gulls travel through the night mist  
My startling searching in the vast seashell-sand for a complete seashell  
Between the seaweeds aground I glaced through yesterday  
    At last  
The seashell's corpses gradually broke and complete  
  
Piling up into a graceful line

Day~ ^ ~

My pupils exposed  
The great egret picked them away  
I gaze into the distance  
Stretched the shadow into a long, long finger  
Keep on stroking the beach till the mist gradually inflate  
Conceal the already sparse start light  
From a distance I see the girl is also boarding under the shining searchlight  
Passes through the dark wood grove  
The tip of her shoulder vanished into the dim light in the path of riverbank  
I don't think I've ever met her

Day333 Polaris Very bright

-I wait for you -  
Wait for the Neptune's peaceful feast  
- I look at the island floating up  
Name and fame sinking into the ocean  
The flying fishes chant of nothingness in the mirage  
Knowledge's sprays batter at the boat  
Speeding forward's boat can cut through the skin of the sea  
But cannot cut open the coconut's pressing desire have the refreshment in heart?  
I need a pair of the deep sea's eyes

Day888 Clear day Nice day

So I thought of you again

The deep sea's fish

Your big eyes, sharp teeth, and in the cold light's life and death messages

In the almost freezing degree's cold

No need for the hemachrome to transmit heat energy

Persist supporting the soft flash continually to grow

So

I will only wait for you

Wait for the Neptune's quietness

The tender feast

On the beach

= Day290

A boat is going around the left knee  
The rampant corals sea-area is entering  
- But here is not peaceful head down  
-- Try to blow out a celestial

Day 678. Torrential rain. Billow

My fingers are also floating above the sea.  
Discover the deep blue islands  
Just when you found the paradise bird it's already distinct  
I ask now how much does my human body worth.

Day980 East-north-east Strong wind

The museum collects no more the story of Noah's ark  
Even all the animals are on-board  
Even aground for 99 days and nights  
Still don't see pigeons deliver the trendy branch  
The missing root's flower

Day491 West-south-west ???

Pretend to be a paradise bird pretend to be the Tertiary's giant salamander

Trade in four legs for two wings trade in a transparent dusk

- To buy a deep blue sea



Day667 West-north Blue whale

There comes a boat --  
Brimming the news of hope  
Yet,  
Stretch the wrinkly seabed,  
As if an only awoken old cat tilting up its ancient head  
Plug out the cat  
Squeeze me out of the bathtub  
Squeeze out of the journey

Day1/2X

Wash up this blue bathtub  
Clean up these squalid words  
Every bubbles has an endless imagination.  
So that my poem and my painting are born

Day 675 Near the equator

The Coke and ice cube love to play on the summer's tabletop  
And the rule of game is £ 99 to buy the youth  
Plus £ 3 more will speedily be sent to the heaven  
Don't forget to buy the time that has sunshine

Day6666

Loneliness has failed in battle in the equation no. 34

- Day3/4 -

This is my game every line and paragraph is a wound  
Every sentence is to store energy preparing to fight  
In the country of no language and no word  
I run like an alien and silent as a rock

Today the Day

Two cats are sitting on a same corner  
I spit the silks clinging firmly to the vast emptiness  
Clap on yesterday's water sound that was gone today  
Tomorrow I'll still light the cigarette that isn't lighted tomorrow

Day1/4

In the bathtub is the Amazon River's red piranha

Day • • •

If I can live in my own world  
Cannot see the world outside  
It maybe another type of blissfulness



Day

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