

NONE-SPAC

Falmouth College of Arts

2002

In the bath thought of those funny sailors

JoJo's disorder sailing diary



JO HSIEH

8 Avon Court Keswick Road London SW15 2JU
Tel/Fax: 02088710326 e-mail: jo_hsieh@hotmail.com

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
...^o^ III.5

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 flesh
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 patterning 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

Day 99 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 stars 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 pagutian

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 star 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

Day678. 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 awaken 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

Day675 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

Day 666?

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

• • •