





Roles	Contents	Dancers
<p>Peach Blossom</p> <p>Butterfly</p>	<p>“The sleepless one is separated from the Dreamless world by two-thirds of a cycle. I am in the blue sky with a set of diamond eyes, I am in your influential future...”</p> <p>I. Untamed</p> <p>By the Breeze Pavilion, the waves beat upon the shore Tumultuous Winter plum blossoms invite the peach blossoms to bloom Joyous Thoughts of her are wedged in memory’s sea of dreams Anticipating There is never news from her Waiting Instructions once given are lost... Old Alaya awakes from his nap with a thought He sends private messages to six young men To each an identical riddle— I have a daughter named Duojiao Who is both divine and fair I had a dream this afternoon In which I transformed into a youth from the future And met a little girl from the South She had once indulged my mind  She had once stolen away with my mind  She had once affirmed my mind  She had pledged that we would meet again  Today, whoever can explain my dream</p>	<p>Old Alaya, Duojiao, Jieli</p>

	<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> <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>
<p>Together: Peach</p>	<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>II. Discipline Begins 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>III. In Harness</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>IV. Glancing Back</p> <p>Look at that rare and mystic π 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>Canary</p>	<p>V. Tamed 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 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>VI. Free</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>VII. Obedient</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>VIII. Mutually Forgotten</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 A single cloud floats amid the mountain peaks Clapping and singing loudly in the moonlight But one last hurdle still impedes the path home</i></p> <p>X. Both Vanish</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>XI. Surging Waves</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)