

'The Nature of Praising' by Eric Wang

The message is clear –

Radiant ray of sunshine, falling through the gaps
of a plumage of leaves, no surface left in the dark.
Glowing droplets of happy thoughts; something to remark.
Not one bit of happy is forgotten, nothing does it lack.
Like the cheerful sunflower with golden petals on its back,
listening, to the mellow melody of the park.
With its natural flowing curves, leaving a stark
crisp silhouette against the sun's daily lapse.

A euphony, it seems, but is it a euphony inside?
Nothing would ever tell us, what happens within.
In the eyes, the colour? Or in the sweeping stride?
The smoothness of strings, in a layer so thin?
The defining feature of [this]; unable to decide.
Something lies beneath; all we see is the fin.

In the disorder of life,
order isn't usually found.

The shifting of
 worlds,
The only haven is the ground.

Uncomfortable, happy thoughts,
in shards all over the ground.