

The Sentimental Revisiting the Seine
(or, I dare not face the truth)

Dear Seine,
I don't know about the right brain of Pachelbel,
But the night I felt up to leave Paris
The cadence of Canon reigned over my whole conscience
And my existence could find no essence but tears.

Will you carry those teardrops forever?
Will a Paillard rise up to add meaning to my being?

I recall the night you revealed yourself,
Your water turned into words,
Made me realize the birth of discourses.
You took me back to the moment of first utterance.
How deep was your love for me Seine!
Still I desired to part
For a desperate voyage.
For the sake of fooling heart
Confusing the will?
Me, still uncertain, Seine!

You remember my screaming voice
Trying to find the rhythm of life?
Oh! how I searched for the phrases
That could bridge the gap between I and them!

The most solitary night, who will know,
You invited the gone greatest legends?
And the unselfish, purest tune they played for us?
It gave me wings of melody; I could fly, I didn't, why?

Is there anyone who'd care to know,
The fullmoon, you were the grand screen
Showing Malick's narrative with Lubezki's subtlety?
Grace to you, I was there; learning the 'Ways of Seeing'.

You did your best for me perhaps, Seine!
But how much of consents crave for truth?
Neither we adore the womb of time.
Was that the piles of data in my head,
Or the ruling visuals?
What disrupted the chemistry in my head?
Do you know? I don't, dear Seine!
Nevertheless, I stand, here I say my love-
I feel so mean for failing you,
So academic for not longing to treasure you!