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Carp Streamers

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A pair of carp streamers
Murmer a song of home
Shining red and black in the sun
In the blue sea of my mist.

The four-floor apartment house
Promised civilized living;
A dozen unknown lives have no rest
Like goldfish for sale in a glass bowl.

The careful ears on the dry cement wall
Curious eyes on the windows
The square room in the middle of the strangers
So far away from the friends.

Back home, under the gamboling carp streamers
He helped his father in the field;
Mother knitted a sweater by the fireplace.
He hummed country songs with the village girls.

Putting away the minature carp
He looks around the lonesome room.
Stepping out of the deadly house
He would refresh himself for tomorrow.