

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Austin Chung: Three Poems

Austin Chung · Saturday, July 6th, 2024

### Unaware Choice

One dreary afternoon,  
when the sky begins to spill,  
Finally, a name feared,  
the slit-eyed phantom, blooded tears  
one who brought death to many,  
frees itself of spite, embracing  
the warmth of humanity and vanishes

*What existed for him on the other side?  
Perhaps a world where the sun gleams  
overhead, with children beaming  
When the fog dissipates, all that remains  
is sparkling dew on plants and webs  
Where even the lost, the poor, and the vulnerable  
Look back on their journey and sigh,  
A house on a hill, the world forever still  
on a moment of paradise.*

Yet as the warmth continued to grow  
The light continued dissipate into air,  
the dull, gray city deteriorating into  
cracked black terrain, fluttering sparks  
of orange spill out from the fissure underneath.

The warmth grew until it scorched  
Brimstone stretch endlessly into the darkness  
perhaps remaining spiteful  
would have been a better choice.

\*

### From the Passing Breeze

— after “From the Sustaining Air” by Larry Eigner

from the passing breeze

an epiphany

There is vibrancy in the grass  
and a halo, wavering iridescence

summer’s searing heat

The following futures

When sprinting, I look to the kind blue

The passing breeze

a moment of sanctuary

The fading childish spark, I smile wistfully

\*

## Nostalgia

Leaves sway with the beat of silence.  
Flowers bloom with complete innocence—  
petals stretched out towards the sky,  
feeling the brilliance and warmth of sunlight.

All this beauty is just a fantasy—  
a piece of film stuck in the past.  
The skin of water from the shallows,  
brightened picture of shadows.

I’m not there, in the photo.  
I wasn’t beautiful as a fleeing butterfly  
stuck in a maelstrom of eminent flies—  
instead, painting my future with pastel lies.

There once was a time  
when I could’ve been there—  
embracing and enjoying the brightest lights  
now stone cold, without a tomb.  
Diminishing fireflies make my home.

This entry was posted on Saturday, July 6th, 2024 at 7:39 am and is filed under [Poetry](#).  
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