

Poem from [New Orleans]

[Tillandsia-air plants-]

[Pontchartrain crossway]

[Bald Cypress]

[Umbrella street]

[Show the big flag]

[Dumaine station]

[Police in New Orleans]

[Town of Jazz]

[Family talk]

[Tradition from Bourbon Street]

[Jazz festival]

[“Save the church street”]

[The road to Natchez]

[Vicksburg]

[Jazz festival]

[Vicksburg]

[Painting-dream comes true-]

[My style]

[*Tillandsia*-air plants-]

No roots in these precious plants

Not much chlorophyll in these herbaceous plants

Taking moisture among leaves Of host-plants

Through symbiotic bacteria

Potent to grow slowly And hanging over

The branches of southern trees

Flowers could not be seen

At this time of the year But invisibly surviving



[Pontchartrain crossway]

The great lake Pontchartrain

Once tremendous hazard to the city of New Orleans

Overflow of water by Catalina

Wiped out the town

The longest road over the lake

Still carries so many vehicles

In and out of town At beginning

the end of the road Can not be seen



[Bald Cypress]

Above the sea level

Bald cypress grows knee

- roots of this giant tree in the

South of new continent

Swamps submerging all kinds of plants

But not bald cypress Sustains strong growth in

such harsh environments

That reason we come to see The real nature



[Umbrella Street]

Oh what a nice place to take a brake

Under the umbrella

Sitting on the chair

Drinking beer and

Chatting all days

Relief from constrains

That why people come to visit

This town



[*The Big flag*]

Memorial tower

In the campus of Louisiana state university

Flag of United States flies in the sky

Gigantic oak trees surrounding campus

Peaceful environment existing

Harsh sunshine drives students to the shade of oaks

Left over is only memorial tower Along with a big flag



[Dumaine station]

Nobody waiting a train

At this lonely station

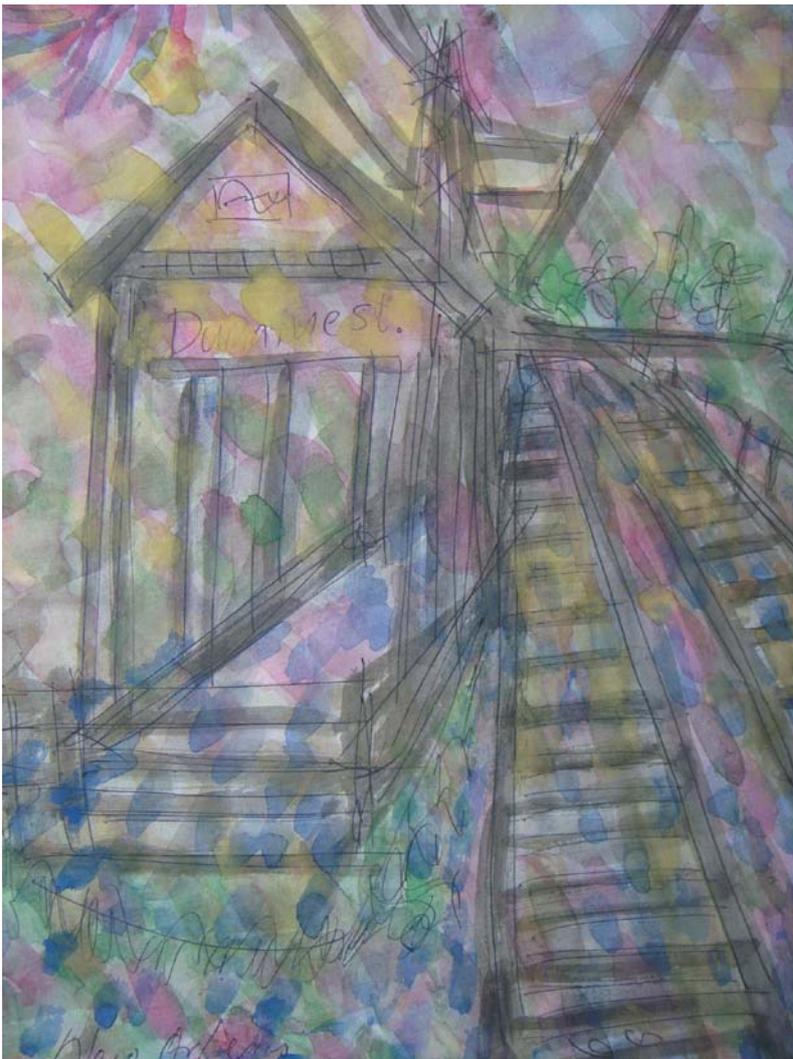
A number of people walk through this station

But not many trains come

Looking over gigantic river side

“Dumaine station” a welcome place for visitors

Around the world



[Policeman in New Orleans]

Walking along the street

Looking for something that happened to be

Nothing more than peace

People come here for silence

Enjoyment of music and cuisine

Big policeman just take a walk As a symbol of peaceful town



[Town of Jazz]

Street of New Orleans

People got here to feel

Freedom in music

Jazz prompted us to fly

to the clear sky of

New Orleans



[Family talk]

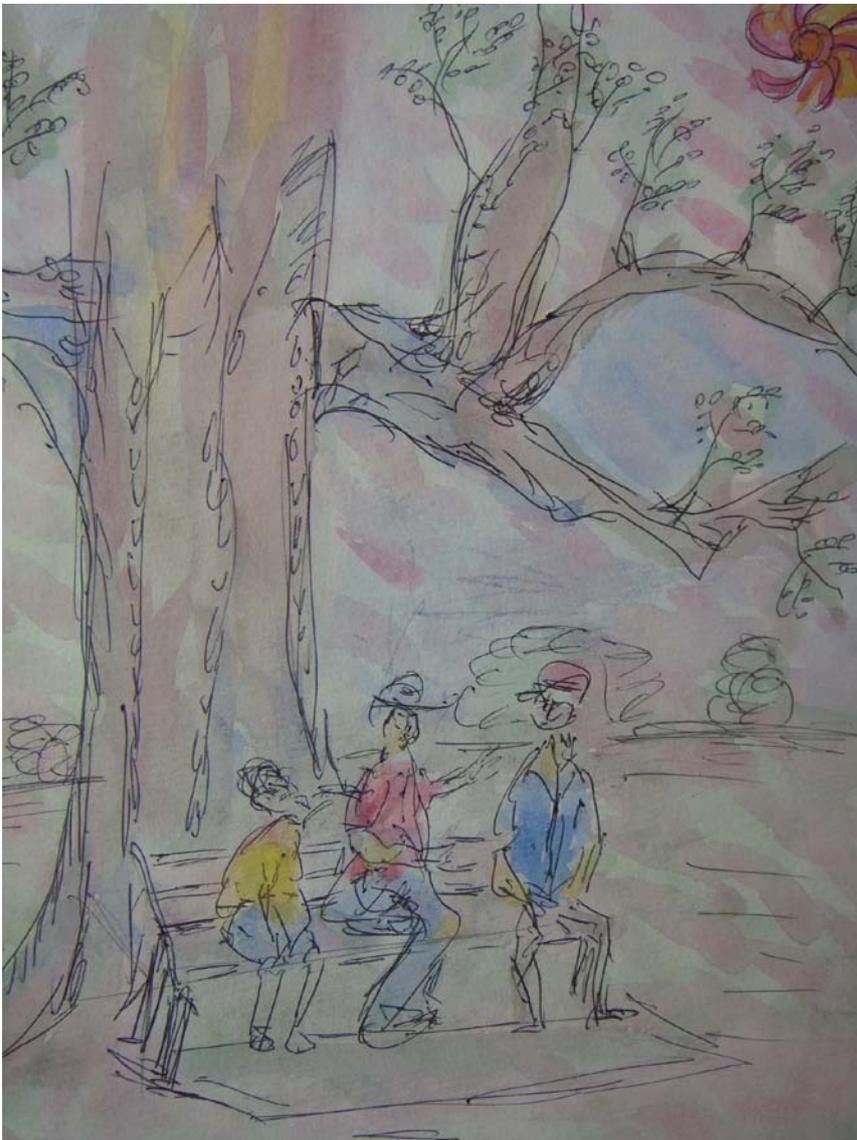
Family talk under the oak tree

Time is free

Talk is borderless

unification in the family talk

under the old oak tree Time is a gift from God



[Tradition from Bourbon Street]

At night Sounds from street

Voices from bars People took a walk

Looking for a place to receive

Heart hearing music

From this street in New Orleans

People got tired from work, sick, troublesome,

And more Came to Bourbon Street at night



[“Save the Church street”]

In the state of Mississippi

Small town where highway 61 runs through

People there show sign of protection saying

“Save the church street” Beautiful oak trees

along the road of street Known for many years

That is a church street Nice to slow down the car

To enjoy such conservation For generations to generations



[The road to Natchez]

Way to freedom Way to wild life

Straight to heaven Toward Natchez

Freedom from past The road to Natchez

The road from Natchez The road for freedom

For all men kinds



[Vicksburg]

A little town called Vicksburg Where civil war was ended

Historical symbol of America

A numerous memories found in

Everywhere in the town Now some season

Casino hotel and a number of churches

Welcome people



[Jazz festival]

Gospels, blues and authentic Jazz

In the main tents, New Orleans Jazz festival

Thousands of people come from all over the world

Enjoying outside stages where simultaneous play of a day

Exaggerating sounds and local foods

Entertains guests Sitting on chars they brought

Dancing as a common custom of this festival forever



[Painting-dream comes true-]

I have done nothing this week Except for drawing

Water color painting on a white paper

Filled with memory and passion Good or bad doesn't matter

Imagination reflects all kinds of

Possible targets for a drawing

Concepts and rules no longer exist

Reality is not just a copy of objects Color added and mixed

Creating unexpected world of Painting Dream comes true



[My style]

It's my style To do not stay on a track

Unusual manner Unexpected matter

Everything is all in same

Difference is in a manner to express

To draw to speak To show fashion

My style does not follow any of these

Hopefully free from any constrains and rules

Only God provides the world Where my style exists

