

Final Portfolio: Wai Wing's Greatest Hits
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ENGL 111
Experimental Writing Seminar

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University of Pennsylvania

Fall 2015

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Substitution 1: “Mad libs.”

(ORIGINAL TEXT) I know why the caged bird sings by Maya Angelou

A free bird leaps on the back
Of the wind and floats downstream
Till the current ends and dips his wing
In the orange sun's rays
And dares to claim the sky.

But a BIRD that stalks down his narrow cage
Can seldom see through his bars of rage
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied
So he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
Of things unknown but longed for still
And his tune is heard on the distant hill for
The caged bird sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
And the trade winds soft through
The sighing trees
And the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright
Lawn and he names the sky his own.

But a caged BIRD stands on the grave of dreams
His shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied
So he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with
A fearful trill of things unknown
But longed for still and his
Tune is heard on the distant hill
For the caged bird sings of freedom.

(Mad Libs Version)

A hungry yuppie runs on the bridge
Of the building and jumped down
Till the fall ends and rolled his body
In the gray building's dumpster
And emerged to find the restaurant.

But a YUPPIE that runs down his gloomy city
Can seldom find through his city of hunger
His legs are tired and his lungs are beat
So he closes his eyes to concentrate.

The caged yuppie roars with a lustful need
Of food tasty but sought for still
And his mouth is drooling on the distant corner for
The food yuppie sought of necessity.

The hungry yuppie wonders of another thought
And the vexing thought hard through
Mysteriously unspeaking pedestrians
And the somber restaurants awaiting on a dawn-bright
Animation and he growled the restaurant his own.

But a ravenous YUPPIE stands on the street of despair
His body decaying on a hoarse scream
His organs are aching and his shoulders are sagging
So he closes his eyes to concentrate.

The hungry yuppie cries with
A hopeless cry of mounting dread
But sought for completion and many
Cry is caught on the forlorn top
For the hungry yuppie bellows of hunger.

Recombination 1:

Original:

Fight by Wai Wing Lau

Rushing, panting, collapsing
The dark consumes
A soul battling
To find some light
Some incandescence.

The crimes cannot be unforgotten
The sobbing family
The bloodshot eyes of the law
The crafty kingpin in his mansion.

But what can a simple man do?
A lowly but honest hearted man
With nothing to show
Nothing to offer?

Time offers no prospect
Faith little so
But the bottle
Offers some high.
Yes, that shall do.

New:

But what can a simple man do?
A lowly but honest hearted man
With nothing to show
Nothing to offer?

Time offers no prospect
Faith little so
But the bottle
Offers some high.
Yes, that shall do.

Rushing, panting, collapsing
The dark consumes
A soul battling
To find some light
Some incandescence.

The crimes cannot be forgotten
The sobbing family
The bloodshot eyes of the law
The crafty kingpin in his mansion.

Recombination 2:

Version 1:

The blade fell short.

Version 2:

The blade fell short. But the damage had been done.

Version 3:

The blade fell short. But the damage had been done. The samurai looked up from his chest. He eyed the man he once called brother.

Version 4:

The blade fell short. But the damage had been done. The samurai looked up from his chest. He eyed the man he once called brother. With regret in his eyes, he drew his sword. A sickly regurgitating sound emitted from the blade. The enemy looked at the katana, and back at the samurai. His grip tightened as he too prepared himself.

Version 5:

The blade fell short. But the damage had been done. The samurai looked up from his chest. He eyed the man he once called brother. With regret in his eyes, he drew his sword. A sickly regurgitating sound emitted from the blade. The enemy looked at the katana, and back at the samurai. His grip tightened as he too prepared himself.

Raindrops glistened the blades, the samurai's straight and slick while the enemy's dirty and chipped. As a drop fell from a house overhead, they struck. A whining clang resonated through the air. Face to face, a noble man stared down his friend, his comrade, his brother. But no more. This man was nothing more to him but an outlaw, a man who had took heed to his own creed rather than the law. For that, the samurai would have to kill his friend. The only friend he had ever had.

Version 6:

The blade fell short. But the damage had been done. The samurai looked up from his chest. He eyed the man he once called brother. With regret in his eyes, he drew his sword. A sickly regurgitating sound emitted from the blade. The enemy looked at the katana, and back at the samurai. His grip tightened as he too prepared himself.

Raindrops glistened the blades, the samurai's straight and slick while the enemy's dirty and chipped. As a drop fell from a house overhead, they struck. A whining clang resonated through the air. Face to face, a noble man stared down his friend, his comrade, his brother. But no more. This man was nothing more to him but an outlaw, a man who had took heed to his own creed rather than the law. For that, the samurai would have to kill his friend. The only friend he had ever had.

The enemy cared little as he smirked. Drawing forth a step, he shoved the samurai squarely in the chest with his shoulder. The noble warrior rolled back into a crouching position, barely registering the blow. Leaping from the broken wood, he drove his sword upwards. The blade

flew, remorsefully at the enemy's chin. Eyes widened with fear, the enemy barely leapt back as the katana cut his chin. Blood dripped from the katana, a puddle left in front of the enemy. The enemy stared at the puddle. Looking up with blood dripping from his beard, wild with anger, he bellowed before charging straight at the samurai. His blade screamed through the air, biting deeply into the samurai's blade. Both blades screeched in agony.

“And that's a wrap!” The samurai and enemy stood up, cracking their necks. The director came towards both of them, smiling as he opened his arms to hug them both. “Good job guys! Great scene!” Turning back, he yelled, “All right, we're done here! Let's go grab some grub. I'm paying.”

Fiddling Freedom

Original Version (Indian Arrows) published April 1, 1871

Publisher *The Aldine* Volume 4

NEW VERSION (Fiddling Freedom):

STOP

Free anyone in the world

From the mid-seventeenth to early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to share

To tell others that free exists

And helps and build people to discover the future.

Over my rose

dwells the wild air

painted in a dream

of a gleam of bloom

lie.

look at this magic

wait

while a bird,

sings with his breast

about free.

Manahatta Revision:

Original Poem (Mannahatta) by Walt Whitman

I WAS asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon, lo! upsprang the aboriginal [name](#)!

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient;
I see that the word of my city is that word up there, 5
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb, with tall and wonderful spires,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships—an island sixteen miles long,
solid-founded,
Numberless crowded streets—high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly
uprising toward clear skies;
Tide swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas, 10
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-
steamers well-model'd;
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business—the houses of business of the ship-
merchants, and money-brokers—the river-streets;
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week;
The carts hauling goods—the manly race of drivers of horses—the brown-faced sailors;
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft;
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells—the broken ice in the river, passing along, up or down, 15
with the flood tide or ebb-tide;
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in
the eyes;
Trottoirs throng'd—vehicles—Broadway—the women—the shops and shows,
The parades, processions, bugles playing, flags flying, drums beating;
A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most
courageous and friendly young men; 20
The free city! no slaves! no owners of slaves!
The beautiful city, the city of hurried and sparkling waters! the city of spires and masts!
The city nested in bays! my city!
The city of such women, I am mad to be with them! I will return after death to be with them!
The city of such young men, I swear I cannot live happy, without I often go talk, walk, eat,
drink, sleep, with them!

New Version:

Asking for something perfect for my city,
Lo! The name!

I see what is in a name, a word, unruly, musical;
I see the word of my city up there,
I see the word nested in water-bays, superb.

Rich, thick all round with ships – an island sixteen miles long,
Numberless streets – high growths of iron, strong, light, uprising
Toward clear skies;
Tide ample, toward sundown.
Flowing sea-currents, little islands, adjoining islands, heights, villas.
Countless masts, white shore-steamers, lighters, sea-merchants
Immigrants arriving, thousand in a week;
Carts hauling goods – the brown faced sailors;
The summer air, bright sun and sailing clouds
The winter snows, the broken ice in the river, with the flood tide
Mechanics of the city, the masters, beautiful-faced;
Trottoirs throng'd – vehicles – Broadway – the shops and shows,
Parades, processions, flags, drums;
Million people – open voices – the most courageous young men;
Free city! No slaves!
Beautiful city, of hurried and sparkling waters! Spires and masts!
Nested in bays!
Of such women, I mad to be with! Return after death to be with!
City of such young men, I live happy, I often go talk, walk,
eat, drink, sleep with them!

**(COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF *RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL AT CHRISTMAS, 1993*
OIL MARKER ON CANVAS)**

Vibrant and dull colors populate the Radio City Music Hall. Strokes of gray can be seen along the building to hide previous strokes, attempting to exemplify perfection only to show that that cannot be accomplished – or at least so easily. Presents sit atop the Music Hall roof, striped and ribboned, a strange teddy bear like creature sitting on top of them. A curvature leads upwards along a building with three sixties running along it, a radiator underneath. The words “Radio City” populates a huge entirety of the city, running along the sides of buildings, the roof, even the streets. Windows are primarily shown in a strange tint of turquoise/green, that changes if you look from the bottom to up and vice versa. Gray windows run along the building as well. With scrutiny, a small horse can be seen at the far right of the painting. Looking down from the heights, we see mortals walking amongst themselves. A (what appears to be) a businessman in gray walks with his hands in his pockets, near the entrance of the Music Hall, ladies walking back and forth underneath the roof, and a car parked near a “GRAY” on the sidewalk. Only two brave souls walk elsewhere, crossing the street with no indication of safety lines for pedestrians to stroll as they please.

ICA Performance Poetry

NOTE: Read once without track. Read second time with this track.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EevWu6AILPM>



Assassin's Creed III - Main Theme.mp3

Conform

I remember
When there once was
A sky.
The beautiful blues
Now shrouded by gray
And dullness of this city.

The commercial enterprises
Taking over our place
Our haven
Twisting us to believe
In their ideals.

One just looks up
And finds lost colors
The dull turquoise tints
The forgotten strokes of white
The struggling curvature along
The building, reaching for the sky.

Men and women
Walking under the roof
Of our commercial captors.

No.
This is not
How it will end.
I will not conform.
I refuse to see the same mundane
Grays of this desolate and lifeless city.
I will see the skies again
I will leave, and look
Back no more

Farewell

Synchronicity:

New York, NY, United States of America | 09:53:98

Bright morning rays

Shined through the silhouettes

Of the drapes. Rising, showering,

Dressing, wolfing, he bolted out the

House, into the brisk morning air, taking

A long draught of the world. The same one

Taken every morning run, every step, every breath.

Beijing, China | 19:53:98

Frigidity had come this year, overcoming the heated masses of the Forbidden City of the Capital.

Winds stroked men and women, taking children to scamper off to their homes, hurriedly.

A clap of thunder roared through the sky, bolts and streaks creaking the sky,

As if some heavenly deity, decided now was the time to bring down

The “chocolate rain.” Terrified of this, the denizens of the

City rushed to their homes, believing a great fury

Of God (or gods?) was to be unleashed

Upon them. A young boy runs,

Making it home, watching

Outside, the torrent

Eyes falling

Asleep.

Diachronicity:

New York, NY, United States of America | 01:53:98

Where am I?

What is this place?

Wait, what am I doing here?

The music is so loud.

It's hurting my ears.

Urggah, I think I might throw up.

Blargaahhhhhh!!!

Oh now I remember,

This is Max's party.

Oh geez, I ruined his carpet.

Man, that's a drag.

Oh well, I'll deal with him tomorrow

Too tired...

Good night...

Zzzz...

Beijing, China | 05:23:34

Rise and shine,

Countrymen awaken from,

Your slumber, and

Go to work.

Toil in the

Rice fields, early

Day and late

At night, to

Better this country.

May we not

Slack our iron

Grip on our

Lives, unlike those

Silly stupid Americans.

Autobiographical poem:

A light shined over
The baby.
The baby
Tried
To
Open
Eyes,
But the effort, was straining.
One eyelid at a time; effort gaining,
More became uncovered...

The man swept the contents
Of the desk all over. Damned,
The foolish board, would not
Know what was being destroyed,
A man's dream, a goal, a could-have-been
Reality, crushed under an iron fist.

A wave of tears engulfed the senior
As the frail old man watched
The dream come true at last
An amusement park,
Sharing joy to
Everyone.
Last breath
Happiness.

1,2, and 3 word poems:

Trial 1

Vengeance

How?

Why?

Who?

No!

Vengeance!

Death

Comes

Swiftly

For

Traitors!

I

Will

Find

Him.

Justice

I once

Thought vengeance

Was justice.

I once

Thought murder

Could bring

Her back.

I once

Thought hell

Was good

Enough for

That dog.

But I

Was wrong.

There is

Nothing for

Me to

Hold onto.

Now, my

Eyes open,

I will

Find the

Justice that

She wanted.

Knowledge

It has been
A long time
Since I was
Young, carefree, forgiving.
Now I cannot
Find what I
Am looking for.
Alas, it has
Been too long,
Too long for
An old man.
This path has
Been long and
Hard, but never
Has it lost
Its monotony, its
Dark corridors never
Seeming to end.
When does it
End, when does
It show me
What I want
To desperately know.

Trial 2

Fool

This
Is
Shagua.
A
Stupid
Foolish
Buffoon
Dumb
Dope
Moronic
Idiotic
Nitwit.

Fool Learns

Fool was
Always picked
On in
His life.

Ancient
Age
Old
Remember
Can't
Cannot
Will
Not
No
Try
Grr
Yes
Now

Youth
It was
During my
Young age.
Wait, I
Was remembering
Yes, that
Is wait
No it
Must not
Be here.
Let us
Go back.

Childhood
There was a
Time when I
Was a carefree
Young child who
Had little care
To give in
The world, but
That is not
The subject of
The story. The
Subject was her
A young girl
Who made my
Heart beat, made
Me pinch her
Pick on her
But never hate

Her. She was
A friend and
My future wife.

§Try out Hay(na)ku or Haiku

Trial 1

Welcome
Welcome outsider
To our humble little home
Enjoy your time here.

Trial 2

Hello
Hello there. How are you?
How is your day? Are you okay?
Oh my. Feel better!

Trial 3

Nature
Hawk flies through the sky
Waterfalls crash down the sky
Thunder grasp the sky.

§Try some variant short-line form.

Trial 1

Redemption cannot be bought.
Thou have little
Pride. Disgraceful
little
Prick. Your presence
Makes me
Sick.
Please leave
Forever.

Trial 2

There
Was once
blood
crap holy mother of Gandhi

Omi To Pha
What
Goddammit!
Jack!
Get in here!
What is that?!

Trial 3

Truth is nothing
Chaos
Anarchy
Brevity
Long thoughts have
Nothing
To do with this
Short
Poem

Graphic Design 101:

Winter seclusion –
Listening, that evening,
To the rain in the mountain
- Kobayashi Issa

Darkness descends on
The things we love dearly
But not much longer
- Wai Wing Lau

seclusion –
that evening,
in the mountain

Listening,

1
ayashi Issa

on
love dearly

descends

we

not much longer

Wing Lau

Winter seclusion –

Listening, that evening,

To the rain in the mountain

- Kobayashi Issa

*Darkness descends on
The things we love dearly*

Winter seclusion –

Listening, that evening,

To the rain in the mountain

Kobayashi Issa

Darkness descends on

The things we love dearly

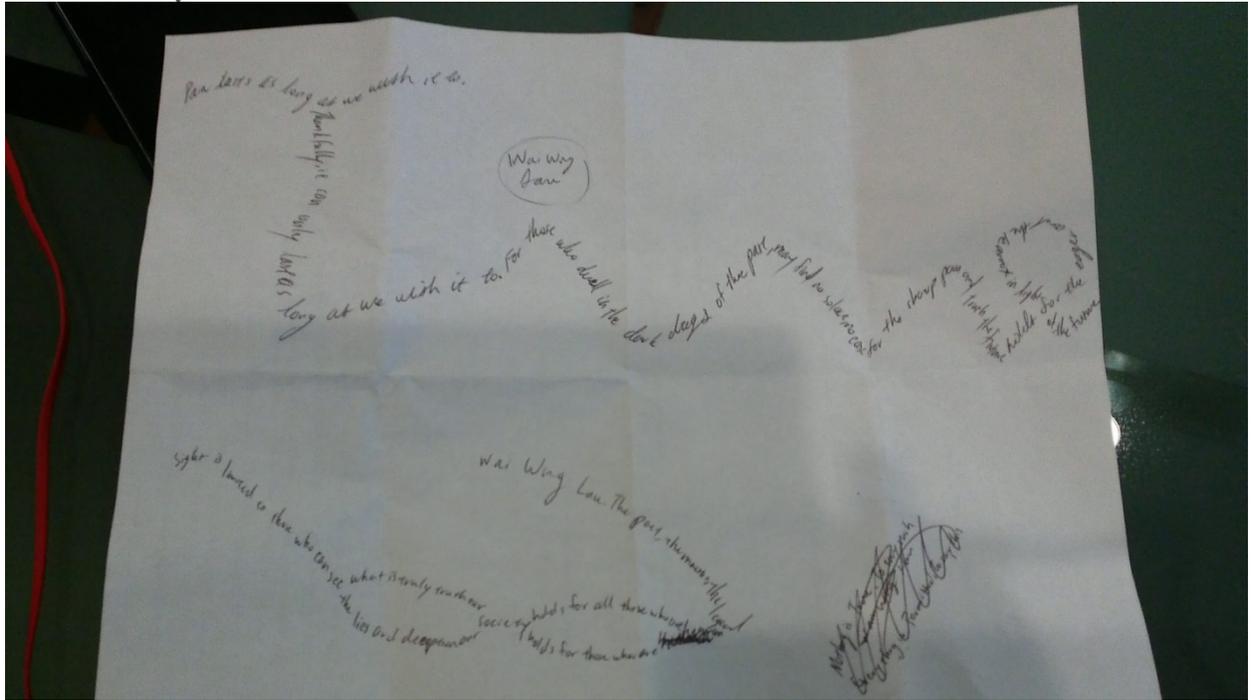
But not much longer

Wai Wing Lau

Hawk flies through the sky
Waterfalls crash down the sky
Thunder grasp the sky.

- Wai Wing Lau

Visual Poetry:



Digital Poem:

