

My Poetry Journey



Began with



The Emperor's New Clothes



Found grownup lost and lonely

Start to write my own

A poem...



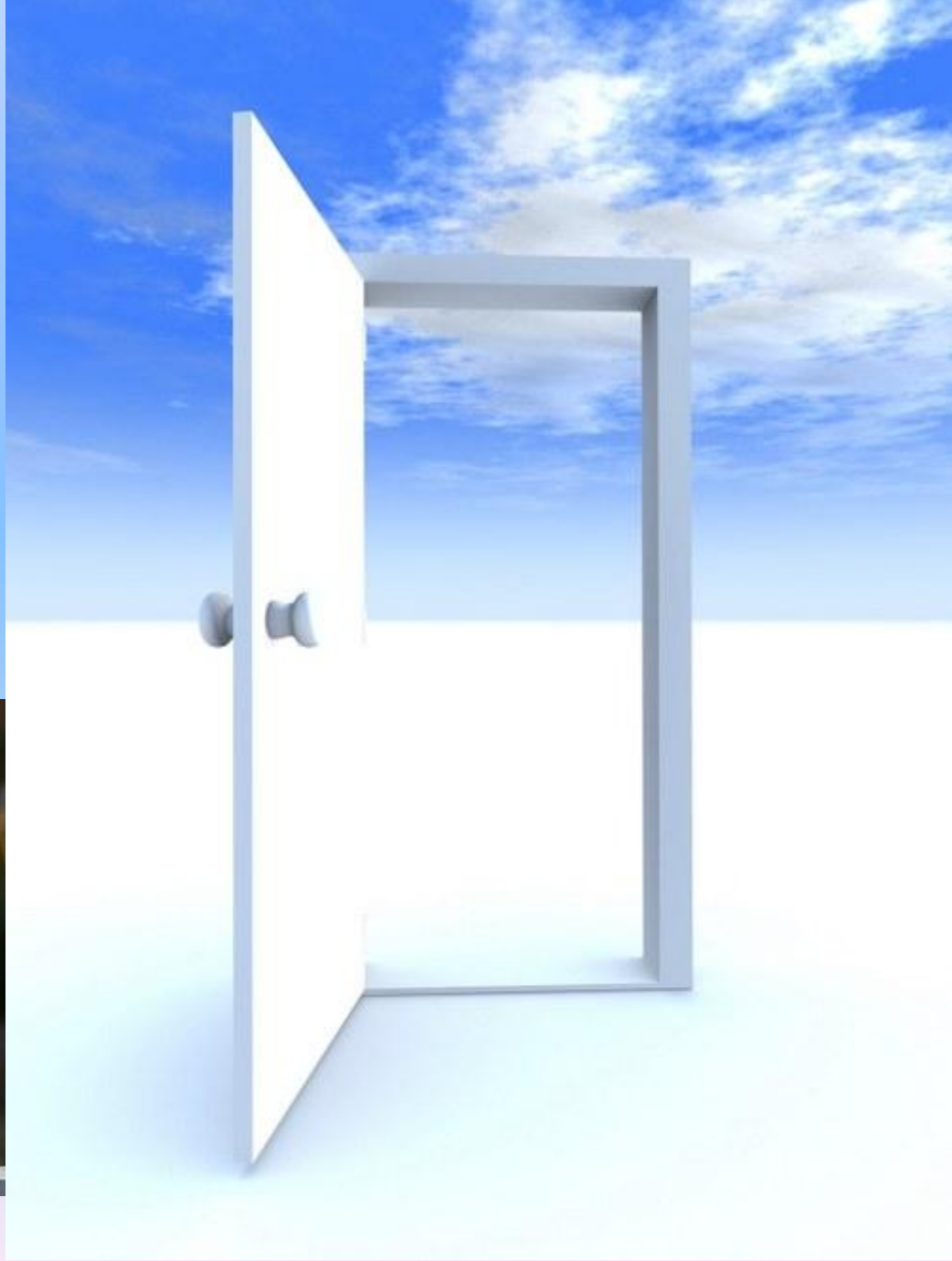
Are you really a Chinese Immigrant?

There is an ancient Chinese proverb that states, "The water in the well does not disturb the water in the river." If one might see the well as the still centre of inner life and the river as the ever-changing time-bound outer world, then one might see in this the nature of the human predicament as we strive to make connection between the life of the self and the life of the cosmos. In Anna Yin's poems we find a yearning to reify the connection between that which is eternal and that which is ephemeral. These poems explore the nature of experience as it occurs in the ever present here and now and as it recurs in the contemplative life of the poet. They capture experience as it happens, linger in the moment, and render each moment in language that strives to hold on long enough to reveal and illuminate the meaning of primary experience. Here too we have memory, dream, and the transformative power of imagination. We have wish and wonder, echo and shadow. The poems give us a world where "sand is sand," where east meets west, where Emily Dickinson meets Li Po, where the past communes with the present, the city is "involute" like a leaf, the contemporary poet strives to "depict snow/from a scientific point of view/ transparent and unique," but embracing failure of that particular tyranny of the rational and analytic mind, she celebrates "whiteness/ whiteness and/whiteness that you leave behind." In her poem, "Window and Mirror" she writes, "Window pleads to Mirror:/ 'Let us ally.' / I watch outside; / you look inside." And in through this particular metaphor she explores the wonderful world and the wonderfilled "I" knowing that looking and seeing are not the same, and that listening and hearing are not the same. If one imagines "a door ajar/ in a waiting room" or a "...window, now open./ (where) winds blow through" one might imagine the vanishing of the disconnection, one might become "Li Po / dancing with his white sleeves," one might realize Emily Dickinson's soul "ready to one might indeed "outlive" the puny hardships of human the concluding words of her closing poem "...words

John B. Lee

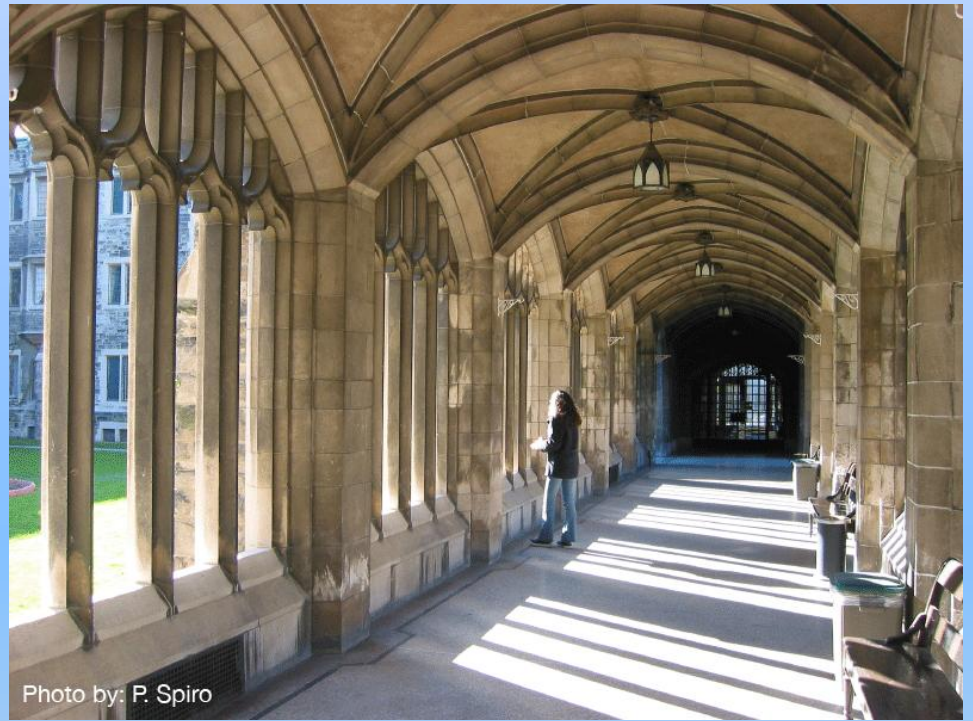
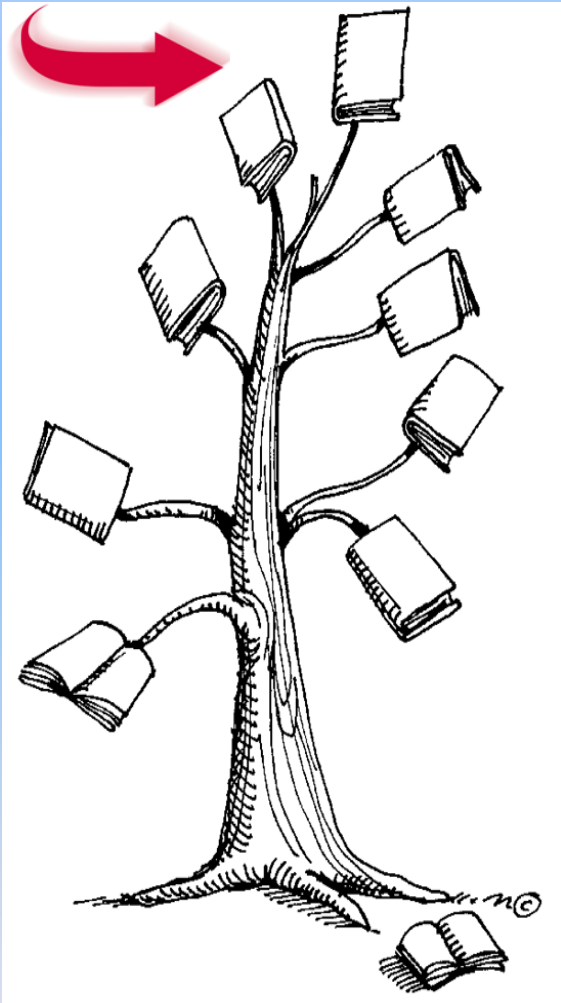


Why Do I Write?



Wings Toward Sunlight





Mosaic Press

www.mosaic-press.com info@mosaic-press.com

Wings Toward Sunlight

Anna Yin

poetry
\$17.95 CDN
\$15 US

Anna Yin has quickly established herself as one of the important new and original voices of Canadian poetry. Many critics and poets have commented on and have been deeply impressed by her work.

"Beautiful verses and powerful images touched many readers."

- Alan Neal, host, CBC Radio

"Anna Yin's poetry provides a gracious blend of elements from Asia and Western poetic traditions."

- Wilda Morris, President of Poets and Patrons of Chicago

"An authentic, direct tone brings the author's native Chinese voice to these poems, which are charming and fresh at their best."

- Elana Wolff, Poet and Editor

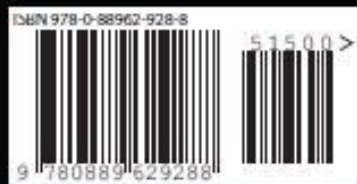
"It is rare to come across a first collection of poems that leaves the reader feeling completely captivated and awed...Yin's highly imagistic style brims with freshly-conceived similes and metaphors and an economy of language that belies the powerful messages of loss and love."

- Laura Lush, Poet and Instructor, University of Toronto

Anna Yin has won numerous prizes, including the Ted Plantos Memorial Award, 2005, IBPC First Place, 2009, Poem-a-Day Prize in Public Libraries contest of Cambridge, ON, Canadian Federation of Poets, Feature Poet, 2006, and the 2010 MARTY Award. She is a member of the Ontario Poetry Society and a Director of the Chinese Cultural Federation of North America. She holds a Bachelor of Science degree from Nanjing University and a Creative Writing Certificate from the University of Toronto. Her poetry has appeared in numerous magazines, including *Poetry Canada*, *Poetry Sky*, *Aust Gai Hong Ying*, *Australia*, *Ivy Poetry*, *USA*, and *Cha Magazine*. She lives with her family and works in Mississauga, Ontario.

www.annapoetry.com

MOSAIC PRESS, publishers
ISBN 978-0-88962-928-8
cover photo: Oliver Yang



Wings Toward Sunlight

Anna Yin

MOSAIC PRESS

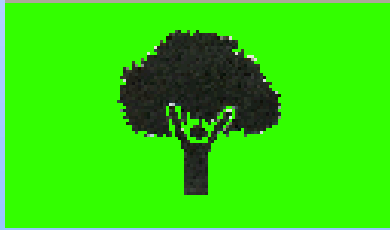
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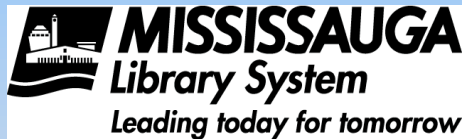
Anna Yin

"It was a sheer delight to work with such an amazing talent as Anna Yin. During our three-month mentorship at the School of Continuing Studies' Creative Writing Certificate program, Anna proved again and again, through her startling language and images, and her sensitivity to the human condition, that she is a gifted and promising new voice in Canadian poetry."

---Laura Lush, Instructor, Creative Writing, School of Continuing Studies, University of Toronto



The Ontario Poetry Society



Chinese media and Chinese communities



***The soul should always stand ajar,
Ready to welcome the ecstatic experience.***

Emily Dickinson



There must be something
upon the hill.
When new moon whispers to shadows,
trees stretch each limb,
and owls halt.

There must be something
in the breeze.
When misty May breathes fragrance,
windows half-open,
sunrays shed gold.

There must be something
on the beach.
When sunset dips down the skyline,
tide spreads white skirts,
sand embraces our footprints.

There must be something
beneath the snow.
When quiet dominates mountains,
squirrels clutch pinecones,
I watch you from a distance.



Fish in a House

You named me once,
then forgot;
I don't blame you.
What's the point of naming a fish?

You dutifully feed me.
I should thank you, I guess.
No matter how cold the water.

Now and then I worry
I'll outlive you.
This house is another water tank.
You don't have any gills.

When night comes, you dream
and I dream, too.
There I teach you how to swim,
how to live empty.



Window & Mirror


Window pleads to Mirror:
"Let us ally.
I watch outside;
you look inside. "

Mirror stands silent.
Window closes himself within.

A rock thrown in
breaks the window
and shatters the mirror.

The mirror reflects a pale broken face.
The rock lies inert on the floor.
The window, now open,
winds blow through.





Unwrapping a dream
Beauty inside reveals truth
Change never ceases

30 minutes break

Photos by Oliver Yang

Music by Mark Harry

We See

We Saw

The Present

The Past

Our Eyes

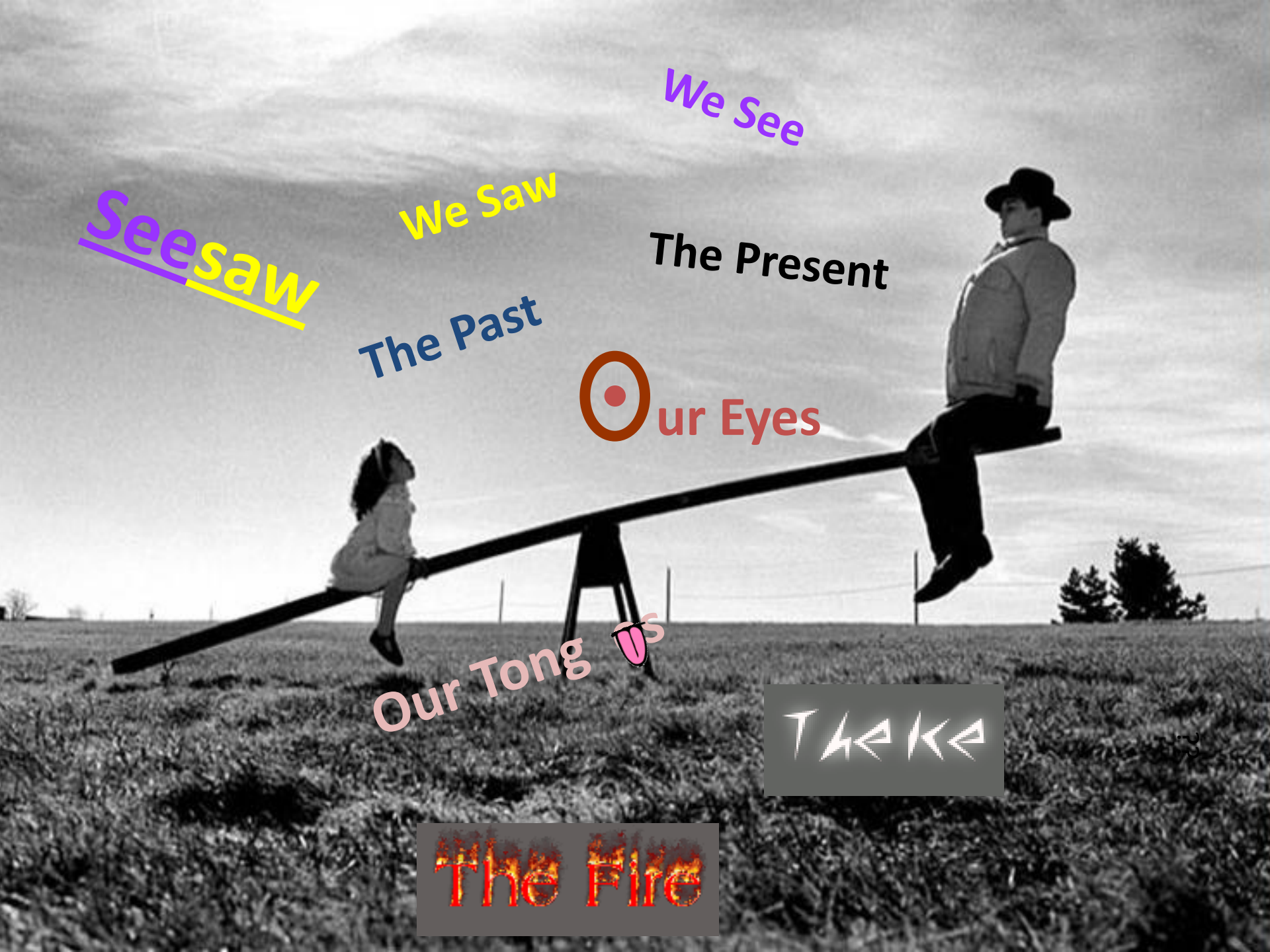
Our Tongue



THE KE

The Fire

Seesaw



**A drop turns green
A seed waits to sprout
canvas of Spring**

**Red canoes rush through
white waves of clouds
Summer shapes float**

**Frost around the grapes
Autumn slumbers on the lake—
a full moon appears.**

**White butterflies fall
An open palm holds winter
melted steps.**



Visiting the Emily Dickinson Museum

I came across the ocean
to seek you at the old Amherst garden
where you drew night woods,
birds perched mute in their deference.

I wandered in your walled world,
far away from fame.
Where you mused on pallid sheets,
a lamp stood tall in your dim room.

Death drove in and out.
On your gravestone he carved,
You outlive.





With Anna Yin



Poetry Alive



Anna's Star Light



Mosaic Press

**Mississauga Library
Courtneypark Branch**

Anna Yin

Thank you for being here!