

# INK SMEARS

**Re:Vision** by Qui-Shawn Tien Tran

Written and Re:Vised from September '21 to December '21

Debuted alongside Professor Ben Doller at UC San Diego

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**Ink** *smears*

On the side of my palm

A continuous flow

Pen on paper

Idea maker

In the walls of my mind

I get in the zone

*I write* and *I write* and *I write*

*Write* like I'm runn-ink out of time

Rhythm and words keep me aligned

Rhythm and verse play in my mind

Scribbles of ink flow from the sky

Onto sheet, scrap, screen, paper

Anyth-ink will do

I denotate, ink-vestigate, elaborate

my moods

Never quiet

Never quite *through*

Til my pen *bleeds*

from its last vein of dark-ink'd blue

I'm writ-ink down every thought

and word I th-ink I can use

So if a hurricane takes away  
the house **I** live in and pray  
**I**'m load-ink myself with pens  
Keep-ink my troubles away

Cause pens  
are power  
with prose

Perspectives  
Magnified with a look-ink glass  
Look-ink real close

If **I** was miss-ink the fountain of ink  
or the ball point nib  
**I** might run ext-ink

Capsized from the ocean of words,  
The waves of spirit in my head

Cause  
From th-ink  
to ink  
to pad

Writ-ink gets me looser than my k-inks or any new fad

From th-ink  
to ink  
to pad

**I** draw my creativity, wherever it's at

From th-ink  
to ink  
to pad

I amplify my authenticity, with a degree of showmanship

From th-ink  
to ink  
to pad

I prove myself, make ink-finity my limit

Pen and paper can tell a story all by itself  
from tall tales to legends to mythology, it's all written down

The storyline interweaves with history

History is ink-fused with mystery

And the artfulness contains boundlessness

If we listen to its soliloquy

Pen	and	Paper
Canvas	and	Ink Chamber
Cave walls	and	Bright Dyes of Cherry
Fluorescent screen	and	Cursor Bl-ink-ing

Whatever you call it

Whatever you use

It's filled with spirit

It's part of the muse

Pen & Paper

Tells a story all by itself

When I let it	I surprise myself
When I expect it	I criticize myself
When I forget it	I find myself

*Qui-Shawnt-jen-ran*

**TWENTY TWENT-INK ONE**

# SELF-HELP

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what's

a way to calm my mind?

what's better?

an honest look in the mirror.

what's better than

wasting my time on an  
anime binge?

what's better than a

time to clear out the cynical cobwebs and  
dreadful doubt in my head?

what's better than a *self-*

reflective time to sit down and look at moving clouds?

what's better than a *self-help*

buffet of my favorite fried foods?  
falafel, fries, a  
furious feast

what's better than a *self*-help book?

a pen and paper

because everything seems to align *itself* better

when i inscribe my intention in letters

*self*-respect and love come

from penning personality onto

blank pages

not from

wasted pages

of toxic

positivity.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Zui-Shawn Jen Fran". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right from the end of the name.

**2021**

# Re:VISION

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blood - can you *Recognize* me as your blood?

branch - a branch on your family tree?

boy - a boy with whom you grew up

fond - and still carry with fond memories?

world - will you *Allow* me into your world?

passions - to meet the passions that you keep?

actions - a list of actions you wish to take

achieve - to achieve your deepest dreams?

discomfort - could you *Investigate* your discomfort?

reach - why i'm kept at arm's reach?

wonder - i'm willing to learn what you wonder

reaching - what's keeping you from reaching me?

soul - do you still *Nurture* your own soul?

listening - even after you stopped listening?

healed - i've healed to accept you, my forgiveness is true

ready - and I'm ready to believe

in our new odyssey



**2021**

# WATER

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## I

Rise and rush

Water running rapidly

Striking surface below

## II

Static buzzing below ear

Never ending clear

Bends blue or green or grayscale

## III

Koi afloat among ripples

Dodging rocks from infants

Comets of another world

## IV

Bridge over troubled blue

Golden bath in noon

Purple hue ensues in evening

## V

Warping waves whitewater

Twister can never be put to sleep

Raging since, until infinity

## VI

Never runs dry yet wanes

Nakedly shining in sun or drowning in rain

Movement never in vain



## VII

Along night's edge  
Still water runs with might  
All other sound deaf

## VIII

Along earthen ashlar  
Sneakers tread the rocks  
Wandering to gaze reflections of a star

## IX

Wave of a cascade  
Make a fly dance  
Shimmering blue burps

## X

To winter is to death  
Crystals capture moments of movement  
Freeze like diamond

## XI

My curious eyes admire  
The cycles of life  
Inside the rise and demise of

# **WATER**

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Zui-Shawn Jen". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

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# EDIT

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Not lens nor screen nor zoom can capture  
What buds within to flourish freely  
The arrow to the heart is faster  
When speaking, sharing, talking with glee

To change all looks, to capture fiction  
Direct and cut and morph mistakes  
In viewing, edits swarm my imagination  
Not all ideas see light of day

When all is said and finalized  
The archive lives in no real place  
Creation, sharing, finish line  
But the Artist goal is endless chase

Yet this is what I choose to do  
A clip to cut, to edit, to share my view

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Qui-Shawn Tien Tran". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right from the top of the "n".

**2021**

1QAZ 2WSX  
3EDC 4RFV  
5TGB 6YHN  
7UJM 8IK  
9OL OP

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1QAZ 2WSX 3EDC 4RFV 5TGB 6YHN 7UJM 8IK 9OL oP\*

*it's not what you look at that matters, it's what you see - HDT\*\**

The *Keyboard* is a near-perfect, universal design we take for granted every day. This poem and poetic form takes inspiration from the infinite words I can compose whenever I see a keyboard. It's one of the few things I can fully visualize with my eyes fully closed. Keyboards are efficient, practical, and the playground for many of my poems. Every single word, new and old, can be composed with these sets of notes. It's an art form we all have access to, if we *choose* to see it in that view.

*Keyboard Form* aims to create an image from groupings of characters, starting from top left slanting down onto the next and the next and the next and the . . . well you know what's next.

\* Sing aloud

\*\* Henry David Thoreau

1 pine tree lunging in winter sky  
Quills of quiet contemplative revolutionaries  
Applaud for the applesauce  
Zeros, following commas, following zeros, following commas

2 chainz, dangling from neck  
Waters, dancing over a dam, earth flooding wet  
Snakes, chambered like pistols, missile strike at the ready  
Xanax, crushed, consumed.

3 triangles, golden triforme  
Elephant makes friends with mouse  
Dog jumping to retrieve green ball, safe in it's maw  
Crab pinching and ripping at collard kelp

4ward movement, sprint or run  
Ravens cascade upon tombs, blocking sun  
Flavors of birthday cake mint, chocolate, rum  
Vaseline for a burn or paper-cut on thumb

5 points make star  
Triathlons test strength  
Galleons of gold lie within your heart  
Before you quit, look back at the joy you've made

6 sticks burning like log fires  
Yellowstone, Redmountain, Sweetwater  
Hollow like tree after flame  
Nuke destroys nature, poisons falling rain

7 heavens and 7000 different gods  
Under starry sky we are united  
Jaded as we are  
May humanity see each other as sister and brother

8 auspicious shades of red  
Infinite space is our origin  
Kerosine flame lights us all the same

9, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no  
Only you can choose how your body lives  
Love is a goalless practice

o more reasons to keep writing  
Perhaps you'd like to be trying this?

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Zui-Shawn Jen". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending to the right from the end of the name.

**2021**