

**EDDY ZHENG**

## **Shakedown**

Rubbing the photo on my white cotton shirt attempting to remove the dirt, I ask myself: “What did I do to deserve this?” Though I expected to find my cell in total disarray after the search, I still was not prepared for what I saw upon entering the cage I call home. A tornado has swept through my world. The mattress, sheets, and clothes are draping slovenly over my steel bunk and locker. The letters from family and friends that help me survive in prison are now scattered on the concrete floor, and the books that teach me to treat others as I want to be treated hide beneath the debris of this man-made disaster. Just when I think this is the extent of the damage, I find boot prints on the innocent faces of my infant nephews.

## Nature at Play

Mt. Tamalpais disappears  
 slowly in front of everyone's  
 eyes. The morning traffic jams the  
 congested road that not even water can leak  
 through. The road spreads its limbs flatly to accommodate  
 the dead load of metals and flesh.  
 The ferry tickles the tranquil bay leaving  
 a trail of white bubbly waves behind. While the  
 wind yawns out a howling cold breath, seagulls and  
 little black birds extend their wings for a warm up stretch.  
 The trees stand silently bathing in the sweet mountain dews.

Mt. Tamalpais sits firmly in deep meditation.

Inch by inch the clouds creep around the  
 mountain and blankets it. The sun escorts  
 the clouds by beaming its ray as a guide.

Mt. Tamalpais sits firmly in deep meditation.

Just as the mountain is about to be consumed, the sun  
 vanishes. The milky white clouds panic and transform into  
 gun metal gray. It backs off from its attempt to conquer.

Mt. Tamalpais sits firmly in deep meditation.

The strength and serenity of the mountain  
 inspire the clouds' creativity. It spontaneously  
 starts to decorate the mountain and blue sky with its flexible  
 and fluffy feature, creating a post card for millions to enjoy.

The clouds unite as one with Mt. Tam.

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