

so often said to be sparkling as in Irish
they are steadier in this photo of old age
after years of clearly looking at the world

my mother and grandmother have eyes
like hers – I missed out
but see them in my daughter.

Lenore gracefully sums up the simple
pleasures which denote the essence
of a life well lived using words from
Lizzie's own letter :

*i am not able for milk work now
i have got an old woman on me
Got to pul in my Hornes
i have not been to the army for 2 weeks
but I am well in my soul
thanks be to God
that we can have Christ at home
(Got to pul in my Hornes).*

This book of poetry which probes
history and myth invites a re-
contemplation of Yeat's poem
Remorse for Intemperate Speech :

Out of Ireland have we come.
Great hatred, little room,
Maimed us at the start.
I carry from my mother's womb
A fanatic heart.

On the one hand Lenore's poems
believe the fact that Lizzie or her
descendants were "maimed at the
start," whilst on the other hand the
source of creation of the poetry itself
attests to the "fanatic heart" and
assures us of its continuity.

Ouyang Yu's book *Two Hearts, Two
Tongues and Rain-Coloured Eyes*
witnesses a crossroads for this poet.

In facing personal challenges, the
poet extends himself beyond his own
reality into the great vastness of the
human void. His expressions as both
an exile and a wanderer stretch the
reader and broaden the scope for
empathy and interaction. He gives us
touches of China as homeland :

the mountain people would light a bundle
of straw and throw it into
The middle
of the house and my dreams were burning
with smoke each night
one stumbling step after another, we
managed to struggle back to the
city
(The Mosquitoes),

as well as visions as an exile, "you try
to recall. all so blurry. lotus leaves"
(Untitled). Ouyang Yu's poems explore
life in Australia through ordinary
experiences but whether using buses
and trains, walking down city streets
or around lakes, the poet's visions are
still those of an exile :

in australia
i am as far from any Australians
as china is from Australia
(Far and Near).

In *The Train*, the poet speaks of
choosing this state of exile "perhaps
it's my will to be exiled / or i'm in love
with my own fetters". His confusion
reaches its zenith in *The DoubleMan*
with "wherever I go / it is with a heart
tinged in two colours".

The struggle that grows within
Ouyang Yu's poetry between his heart

which belongs to China and his
mind which longs to be free recalls
Marvell's *Dialogue between the soul
and the body* :

O who shall me deliver whole
From bonds of this tyrannic soul?
Which, stretched upright, impales me so
That mine own precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless
frame,
(A fever could but do the same,
And, wanting where its spite to try,
Has made me live to let me die
A body that could never rest
Since this ill spirit is possessed.

The following lines from *The Wanderer*
may well be Ouyang Yu's response :

Wherever you go it comes back to you
You are yourself and the loss of you
Hovering around the border and
dreaming of the freedom on the other
shore
You have walked for a long time in the
territory of the heart.

The reader is struck by the passionate
expression of this poet and his ability
to transcend barriers of culture and
language to provoke images of time-
less universal experience.

