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Liwei (Crape Myrtle)

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The Spirits from China is ubiquitous in July Alabama,
Its glaring color, to me in the past was too heavy and superfluous,
But is uniquely enchanting now when I’m thousand miles away from home.
White, scarlet, pink, purple, so splendid and vigorous,
There is no paradise on earth equal to a gust of falling petals in the golden sun,
Light and pure as snow;
Warm and brilliant as red wine,
Mysterious and exotic as wreath of Ganges.
By the old stone castle lies Ziwei sparsely,
Companied with blue drizzle and dark green soil,
On the green-lichen hill steps filled with your oriental philosophy and affection,
purely innocent and profoundly mysterious,
Close to eternity and Being.

Why is beauty revealed when it touches the earth after falling?
That light is as ephemeral as night-booming cereus.
Distorted beauty,
what a grievance!
That girl holding lichee thousand years ago is standing under Ziwei as real.