The snow began to fall, the train entered the station

The director agreed it should begin like this:
the lens dreams of her riding a dark cloud
back to her home town, her young musician’s fingers
at this moment fasten the reins to the dark cloud,
dreamed by another lens
as steam. The drunk locomotive
plunges the derailed rider into the harbour.
In the steamy bath house she dreams that the lens has opened an unexpected abyss, just for her.

She awakes, she discovers
the world enveloped in steam

Cutting away to a scene of winter swimming
the director hopes the river water can also be seen
in her dreams, changing into the corner of a bathhouse,
the snowflakes just like the steam.
The lens makes her stand up straight
on the bridge that straddles the river, watching
her younger self, with her father,
leaping into the dark morning soaked in its icy water.

The north wind blows, the girl returns home

Three days two nights, the train helps her
find the dark night anew, resting her head on the darkness above the snowy ground.
Back to dreamland, she dreams of her delicate un-swollenred fingers lingering on the piano keys, playing “Even Hong Kong can be like the South Pole, day after day sunlit nights without end”

Sunlit nights, she is awoken by
the poet, those lines of poetry

The director sends her a love letter. She has no way to recall the owner of the crooked handwriting which poet surrounded by
warm water and foam [it came from]
She can only use her fingers to remember
their bodies, maybe.
Occasionally, she permits the verse
to flow into her own body.

Maybe the letter was instead a durian
that arrived with her on the same train, juice
and smell already dried out by the journey

An Afternoon of Self Assessment

One has to accept fact that the leaves fall
in an immutable world, the forest park
again meets late autumn amusing itself
One has to admit a falling leaf,
see its next life in the echoing scream of its descent

The indolent browser
has no intention of opening the drifting leaf;
he expects a later arrival
a more vulnerable alienation
the first snow covering the fragrant corpses

One has to accept
the arrival that no power can stop, and abandon explanation
a palace that receives an untold number of falling leaves
containing an unreckonable death, autumn’s
last sequence

From the trees’ confrontation one studies articulation
I’ve plucked enough deviating words,
verdurous revolutions, delicate setting suns
One has to master acceptance
of purposeless sacrifice in the air
The Story of the Revolutionary Song

Constant poisoned words of approval
Another late autumn, wind and rain, the protagonists drift to the ground

Peel away the eulogies
let youth be weak, in a stupor, dreaming of victory
above the Yellow Sea, youth is
merely fumbling for the
light

Longing to cast an image of the fabulist,
to whitewash an illustration of their early years
the youth is exhausted
The first sentence of
that book of didactic tales

Above the yellow sea, 10,000 meters in the air, the denunciation has long ago digressed

Youth has been delivered back to the womb, in the passenger cabin
suspended, the contrived will to fight
arrested,
the descent the spasmodic sob of those who feel wronged
A Bus: Two Sisters

The older one, she sawed up
his legs. The younger
stuffed him into a burlap bag
and piled it on the porch. In the snow drift
he looked just a sack of odds and ends

The round-faced one opened her legs
like a bird spreading its wings. The long-faced one
perched on the seat, left leg
pressing down the right. Their all-season skirts
as short as the joys of spring

The older one, pinching the wine glass
savors the harvest of the severed legs.
Although it’s not a lot of money, all things considered
she can pour herself a full glass
and cut a few slices of sausage and bacon

The round-faced one looks over the chair beside her.
He will probably be the balding god, arriving
in the deep night. He said, “Let there be light”, and so:
a wig, leather shoes, handbag, perfume, underwear
and a cell phone on which she talks all she wants

The younger one is also learning
to pour herself full, rain-drenched pine
lying in a decaying saw-mill surrounded by chrysanthemums.
She fell in love with a coarse-mouthed model worker.
After he gets off work, he hides his bonus in a sock

The long-faced one, today she’s tired.
Her god isn’t on the bus
She wants to rest, goes to buy a magazine
phones her mother again, and says
a lecturer proposed to me, I’m not sure what to do

The long-faced one only wants to fly a bit longer,
wings of distilled liquor
just spread. The younger one
still wants to fasten on feathers of red wine, and loiter
in the low sky crowded with customers

The round-faced one, an impoverished
angel, in the mid-winter of a business trip to the world of men
still must bare her legs. The long-faced one
still wants to put her navel on display, to watch, smile,
exhibit a sample of her benediction

The older one, hearing the tires
outside the window, crushing the fresh snow
just like... Twenty years ago, that
night when she only wanted to phone,
only wanted a night not to let her midriff catch cold

The long-faced one, as if seeing
the north wind grasping a hacksaw, scattering
dirty white sawdust beneath the vehicle window.
The road undulates, business is slack,
twilight years... But there’s comfort in the wine glass

The younger one of course believes
her god, and those who look like him, as well as
midnight passengers of her god’s age.
The money hidden in the sock cannot escape
the bright eyes of one who has conquered love

The round-faced one when she steps over the
odds and ends almost falls; the car breaks
then skids, overturns, and rolls beside the road.
She stands persistently imagining
a bird, how it can disguise itself as sawdust

A Banquet of Knots

I don’t like eating rope
I said, I don’t like it

Is that a dish?
That’s all rope, tail in mouth

I’m very sorry, he fastened his tie
The dish has broken, only a rough sketch is left of dinner

But no wonder you don’t want to taste the secret
His fingers within the coil, gently waving in the air

Extending tongue into snare, this way
No one knows you are tasting the secret

I extend my chopsticks
There is a vortex in the coil, a mouth I cannot see

She uses force,  
grabs the throat of the chopsticks  

She wants to chat with you, he said  
She’s hungry, she thought you wanted to feed her intimate secrets  

Carefully licking his fingers  
he surreptitiously watches the chopsticks, they are already suffocating  

You, have you written a novel? Do you know  
how to weave a story without flaws  

She, an exceptional novelist  
My finger, this is invented by her  

Her head for a time drawn into a story she has woven  
A secure knot tied around her neck, as around that pair of chopsticks  

I feed her my secrets: I  
am a rope whose body has gymnastic skill  

If she is a china dish, I  
can stand straight, and let her spin on my head  

I never expected her to be rope also  
holding tail in mouth, looking from afar like a circular china dish  

She says, come, this is not the first time  
Let me knit a pair of gloves for you  

But it was her first time  
the first time she tied a slipknot  

in her weaving, I go in and out  
She needs a story, I need her  

She asks: A snake needs another snake to hang itself with  
I reply: Life is your invented prisoner  

I ask: How many onlookers do you need to weave into this game of knot-tying  
She replies: Invented, starving banqueters  

I, I don’t want to eat rope  
I said, I don’t want to eat rope anymore  

He raises a finger, imitating a stiff rope  
Afterward it shall once again be suddenly hidden in the palm, exploding with a click of
the fingers

What does this mean? I said
If there is only rope, I’m leaving

It has no meaning, he spreads his palm
She and I, we weave our separate dreams in the same knot

It truly has no meaning. I only heard that
the starving, they have all slipped out of the knotted rope
No Admittance to Minors

Clasping a liquid hand, drifting.
The sea water does not know I am also sea water
its nakedness pushing my nakedness
attempting to wash me up on the shore.

I drift from one self
into another, I clasp
my own hand. I have not forgotten the liquid path
winding around the submerged reef, from Shanghai to Inner Mongolia.

I am stranded on the beach. Waves break,
lapping at my face, as if to extinguish a candle beneath
the water. This is a callow
beach, in my memory a fork in the road never marked.

Red tide. I hear, in the rented tent
a man and woman take off their swimming costumes, using the expression in their eyes
to change the viewpoint. You’re fatter. Yes, and
you are older. When I was young you didn’t see red tides.

Did you spot that bulldozer? And the labourers
shouldering spades, walking up the beach?
Are they hurrying to clear the bathing area?
You are still so naïve, watch carefully

They are loading their spades with film.
With the bulldozer’s every pile of kelp, the camera lens is pushed closer toward us.
don’t forget the kite above your head,
it is nailed to the sky for a purpose, completely motionless.

From the dunes running toward the waves
a naked boy, clasping the string of a drifting kite.
His manhood sleeps in the sea breeze
like the kite in his hand, suspended in the air

An observational composition tripped him,
the boy fell, choking on mouthfuls of seawater. The sea
this theme is too broad, too cumbersome, even a plastic bag
blown by the wind becomes a leitmotif.

His mother tried to sell me corn, in her pocket she held an
announcement from the evening paper soliciting articles. She couldn’t see me
but insisted on declaring to me: it’s getting windy.
Yes, the wind. Few people can ride the wind you know.

The sea breeze was cut to shreds by the wheels, a bicycle with 28-inch tyres
charging into the rough draft of the composition. She, youthful, grasps his young waist, sitting behind him she cries out, be it at his rushing into the sea, or at his attentions bestowed before the gathering darkness.

In the sea water, he clasps her hand drifting. He points to the kelp on his head for her to see, this part I can describe: the night swimmers can barely raise their heads to breathe.

The sand is also good, she raises her head and squeezes her body into another bold motif. The first thing she prepares is the midday background: his fingers hold the sand imitating the draining grains, heaps upon her body those most romantic treasures.

The sand clasping my hand, drifting. The sand does not know I am not sand. But I have already sunk into the concept of the beach, pushed by the sea breeze clasping the hand of sand, plotting a composition.

Let’s go out, don’t stay in the tent all day, I want to go in the water, we should wash. No, I want to bury you, let the sand cover your intimate secrets, then go together to eat seafood.

No, I don’t want to eat seafood, last year it was here that I ate oysters, I almost couldn’t get home after. On this stretch of beach, everywhere there are coils of kelp, rubber, soap bubbles, and that greenish black stuff of a child never to be born!

Mother, the kite has come down! It’s already been in the sky for a long time, it’s surely tired so we should let it come to earth, I’ll make a castle for it.

She, youthful, helps him dig a youthful city moat. I have slid in the ice-cold gap between her toes, clasping sand, drifted in her sometimes open sometimes closed palatial chamber. His youthful hand weaves a wreath of kelp, he resolves to surpass the boy whose manhood drips, and in her name construct the grandest castle, moat and monument on the beach, even an imagined underwater emperor’s mausoleum.

The waves lap at my back, pull away my hand that clasps sand. The mother who has sold all her corn grabs the boy’s clutched hand. She uses the evening paper to box his ears:
The tide is rising, and you’re still playing!
People only live once, the grass and trees die every fall.
Only a few get an opportunity, are lucky enough to ride
the swelling ocean, eh?

Death clasps the hand of the child, drifting.
The mother clasps the boy’s hand, using all her effort to swim toward
the shark nets. Don’t be afraid, use your body as a kite.
Carefully observe your own feelings, when you sink.

Clasping a liquid hand, the kite
drifts toward me as I lie on the sea bed. I ride the liquid
bicycle, skirting things that have already happened, delivering to him
the collapsed source material in the waves.

On the sea bed another beach accumulates. Never was a man born
that mentioned their next life between the lines: that is
a dark stretch of waterway, on the bank only air
soaks up the slow time, he doesn’t know at all

You are also her him. He clasps her hand
and he spreads out a map – You’ve never been to Inner Mongolia
The road sign dissolves at the fork in the road, your last drop
of liquid inspiration, crosses the surface of the sea, dripping into another drop.

I turn towards a place it is not worthwhile
to go. The sea water discovers I am also sea water.
Its nakedness pushes me to digress. I am clasped by a liquid hand, drifting.

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Translated from the Chinese by Jiang Bin
Dropped into Wilderness

They say, you have to come into contact with mother earth
That is to say, temporarily touch the root of things

Embracing chicken duck pig dog, you shrug off the air
sunk in the mountain track

Yet it is only three days, the root of everything continues down
You cannot catch up with the nervous shoots

The air entangles your swollen feet, three days just gone
and the stones in your rucksack have again become balloons

They say, in the end, you abandon mother earth
For three short days, the sky felt like it was not a vacuum