

## Night Sky in Menggan

I want to lie again on your mysterious chest  
slander, hatred and disgust, river of troubles  
tonight, let these inexplicable feelings suddenly cease forever  
Hometown deity, let me be the night sky's faithful son  
Hometown deity, let me someday become, in the poetry realm, to have nothing but poems  
sleepwalking over countless waves that break  
I have cried tearlessly here  
because I feel that I have forgotten my ancestors' traditions, their faces  
Oh, let me pay the price of sorrow  
from the night sky of dreams, childhood sighs cut across  
in Menggan's night sky  
stars are inlaid with streetlamps  
under Menggan's night sky  
there is a wandering heart, worrying again  
there is a pair of deep eyes, waiting  
(indeed, these are all a mother's worries)

let me tear into and conquer  
not forsaking Zuying's footprints  
let me find everything within your realm  
let me finish eating 819 eggs  
let me finish drinking 819 cabbage soups  
let me finish cleaning up 819 potatoes  
drinking's whistle  
mountain's loyalty  
tiled house's silence  
empty pockets' genealogy  
and a barrage of silent stones when the pine needles fall into the valley

## Sorrow

In night's depths, I woke up without reason.  
The muntjac deer behind my house refreshed me,  
my mother once said: when these deer howl in the night,  
a village person's soul must be like a shooting star,  
on the small path far away from home, embracing heaven's dawn.

This morning I wish to return to the scream of last night's deer,  
as the heart's sorrow cannot help but be stirred.