




Don't Let Grief Out

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MENG LANG

Wind fills a piece or two of clothing that is not my own,
I've had the breath blown out of me.

All around, people reach out to touch me,
Asking each other,
What miracle is this?

Somehow all form has slipped from me
As if I'm just soul and the crowd so near
There is hardly any separation between us,
Each one holds the grief inside, won't let it out.

不放走悲痛

孟浪

一件或两件异己的衣裳灌满了风，
我被吹得透不过气来。

更多的人从各个方向上伸手摸我，
互相问了问，
这是什么奇迹？

无形之中我已失去了形体
仿佛仅有灵魂在众人面前那么近
几乎也失去了距离，
每个人都护住胸口不放走悲痛。

Translated by J. Latourelle

About the poet

Meng Lang was working at Shenzhen University in 1989 as the editor for the university press. He served time in prison following June Fourth for his participation in the editing of underground publications. He is a poet and an author in the United States and is co-founder of the Independent Chinese PEN Center.