

Belief

——Everything is false and may not be seen to be true

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Translated by Bonnie S. McDougall

If trust
Is waiting for a long underground train
The repeated announcement, 'Please do not cross the yellow line'
Is an inert noise not a warning
You obediently refrain from crossing the yellow line
Your fixed gaze seems like a firm belief
In a tranquil empty plot
Not open to doubt (but there's no time for thought)
The train rushes to make its appearance
Whether on time or in time
All doors simultaneously open like a law of nature
Crossing for only a second doesn't count as crossing
Just a swift and direct retreat
This you trust

And thus you wait
As if expecting a long underground train
Harbouring fervent hopes
It's hard to avoid a natural curiosity prompting
A step on the yellow line
Craning your head toward the dark silent cave to seek news
The breeze from the air-con fan rumples your hair
And deepens your long suppressed doubts
'Please do not cross the yellow line'
The repeated announcement seems still to be in force
Its monotonous shallow content
Urges you once again to cross
——an abrupt alert
Two railway tracks stretch along the earth
Like a rusty sword inserted into the earth's lung
A sternly threatening warning

Seems to seep through the bone-chilling air-con
'Do not cross the yellow line'
Before slightly shifting a step you examine with care
A trace of blood
Lingering indistinctly in the ditch below the platform

Like a distant history
Of long-standing TB plus overwork, neither treated nor cured
Under your unintentional gaze
The cave's palate splits open
Coughs out steaming hot, salty
Blood plasma from the scalding earth's core
The station collapsed with a bang
The people waiting for the train have no time to be alarmed
In the middle of the flooding mighty torrent
Cries for help and rescue are too late to be of help
In a trance only absolute extermination
Will create orderly rules
Flooding hopes and despair
If still waiting

A long underground train
Reaches the station
Everyone files sideways into the carriage and becomes
Every tightly drawn face
Without exhibiting expression but confirming
No catastrophe has happened and there are no dead
They coexist simply
Each longing for a short, speedy, smooth and stable
Journey back
What emerges unceasingly from the underground train
Is this
Believing