

## Watching the Sea

*by Duo Duo, translated from the Chinese by Gregory Lee*

Having watched the winter sea, what flows in the veins is surely blood no more  
So when making love one should surely gaze on the ocean  
Surely you are still waiting  
Waiting for the sea breeze to blow on you once more  
That breeze will surely arise from the bed

That remembrance is also, surely is  
False images of the ocean preserved in the eyes of dead fish  
Fishermen are surely engineers and doctors on vacation  
June cotton in the earth is surely cotton swabs  
Surely you're all still in the fields seeking vexation  
Trees you brush by are surely bruised and swollen  
Huge rage surely makes you have a future different from the crowd  
Because you are too fond of saying surely  
As Indian women will surely reveal their flesh at the waist

The distance to the place you live together is surely not far  
The distance to Chinatown is likewise surely not far  
Surely there will be a moon shining like a mouthful of spit  
Surely there will be people who say that is your health  
No longer important, or even more important, surely  
Surely it stays in your mind  
Just like that arrogant bomb-casing on England's face

Watching the sea surely uses up your lives  
Stars preserved in the eyes have surely become cinders  
The ocean's shadow surely seeped from the seabed to another world  
In a night when somebody anyhow must die someone surely must die  
Although the ring surely does not wish to be long dead on the flesh  
Shooting hormones into a horse's ass will surely stir it up  
So to arrange tidily is then surely to create disorder  
When a bicycle chain falls off peddling surely gets faster  
Spring wind surely resembles the kidney stone sufferer's tightened green belt  
The taxi driver's face surely resembles stewed fruit  
When you go home that old chair will surely be young, surely

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**I've always delighted in a shaft of light in the depth of night**

*by Duo Duo, translated from the Chinese by Gregory Lee*

I've always delighted in a shaft of light in the depth of night  
Midst the sound of wind and bells I await that light  
In that morning asleep until noon  
The last leaf hangs as if dreaming  
Many leaves have entered winter  
Leaves falling from all sides hem in the trees  
Trees, from the rim of the sloping town gather winds of four seasons--

Why is the wind always misread as the centre of being lost  
Why do I intently listen to trees hinder the wind once more  
Force the wind to be the harvest season's five prized-open fingers  
The wind's shadow grows new leaves from the hands of the dead  
Finger nails pulled out, by hand. By tools in hands  
Clenched, the spitting image of a human, yet spat on by humans,  
Like the shadow of a human, walked over by humans  
There it is, driving the last glint of light from the face of the dead  
Yet honing ever brighter, that light that slices into the forest!

Against the light of spring I enter the light of before dawn  
I recognize the single tree that hates me and has remembered me  
Under the tree, under that apple tree  
The table in my memory turns green  
The splendors of May, bones by wings startled awake, unfold towards me  
I turn around, fresh grass has grown over my back  
I'm awake, and the sky has already moved  
Death inscribed on the face has entered words  
Illuminated by stars accustomed to death  
Death, projects into light  
Making the solitary church the last pole to measure starlight  
Making the left out, left over.

1991