

Zhai Yongming

Desire

Tonight all the lights are shining for you.
Tonight you are a small colonial outpost.
You have stayed for some time, and melancholy seeps out
From your body, borne on tiny, perfect drops of water.

The moon is bright and clean, a ball of scented flesh
Sleeping sweetly, every breath a seduction,
Nighttime pressed between two days,
And between, the black orbs of your eyes
Still hold their mirth.

Shrinking night, when lips and teeth are no longer
Held together by Heaven, blood flies away boldly like water,
And the walls in the dream go black,
Showing you the shadows of a flood of triangles.

Every pore of your body opens wide
Incomprehensible concepts.
Stars in the night sky flicker inhumanly
While your eyes are packed full
Of the sorrows and joys of antiquity.

Bearing the wounds of perfect contentment,
Your beautiful gaze has the power to summon demons
And make this moment a memory that cannot be erased.

Translated from Chinese by Andrea Lingenfelter