

Echo ZHANG

Since Then

You have been enjoying staring blankly, still
with your back against the moon's smooth back.
In the cool turbid dream, you lie down.

You grope his index finger.
You grope the star that dug into you.
The blind fingers are hastily reading
The dark night, or his eternity.
"Learn to forget tomorrow.
Learn to refuse naiveté.
Forget the moon's white shoes."
You pull the sun down and say: NEVER

Don't hold his hand.
He needs to go back home
with a embrace of starlight.

The lake from next winter
will send forth a tree with cold, cold fire,
will soak your white shoes.

