

Two Poems

No Difference

Shuguang Zhang

Opened the window in the morning
I received, from the mountain
A piece of dim white in the distance

I don't know how to tell you
In my letter, what they are
A crowd of bloomed jasmines
Or covered snows on the peak

But whatever they are
In a viewer's eye
There was only a piece of white

1985

Translated by Dylan Lee