

# The Same Moon

Chloe GONG

When will there be a bright moon?  
I hold the cup and ask the clear sky.  
I do not know what time of the year is  
In the palace of wonderland on this night.  
I want to ride the wind to flee,  
But be afraid of the magnificent palace in the moon and the tower of the fairyland,  
Which are too high to stand the coldness there.  
Stand up and dance, enjoying the clear shadow of mine in the moonlight,  
How can it compare with the Midgard?  
The moonlight turns the vermilion loft,  
And hangs low on the carved window,  
Shining on the sleepless self.  
If the moon has no resentment towards people,  
Why is it always round when people are far apart?  
A man will experience grief and joy, separation and reunion,  
The moon will suffer clouds and shine, waxing and waning,  
Such things have been difficult to be ideal since time immemorial.  
I wish a long life to us all,  
So as to share the beauty of graceful moonlight even though we are miles apart.

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This poem “Thinking of You” was written by Su Shi, a famous poet in the Song Dynasty of China. He was drunk on the Mid-Autumn Festival and wrote to his younger brother whom he hadn't seen in seven years. The Mid-Autumn Festival is a family reunion festival for Chinese, but it is difficult for Su Shi and his brother to meet each other for some personal reasons. Su Shi expressed his emotion to the moon, wondering if his younger brother was also watching the moon thousands of miles away. This bright moon is a connection

for people to express feelings. As a result, I couldn't help thinking of people thousands of miles away who shared the same moon with me in the previous years.

Going to college was the first time I left my parents and friends to live alone. It is really a thousand miles away from home, spanning almost the whole China from north to south. The first Mid-Autumn Festival after I left home made me really comprehend an ancient Chinese poem, “Alone in a foreign land is a stranger.” Walking on the road of an unfamiliar place,

loneliness rolled into my face with fear, and cruelly smashed a new label on me: stranger.

On that special Mid-Autumn Festival, I got together with a group of “strangers” who were as lonely as me, and then we became friends. We left home thousands of miles for collage study, and we couldn't go home and get together with our families. So, we had dinner together, and we sang drunkenly, frolicking and laughing on the way back to school. The last activity that day before we returned to the dormitory was to stand on the platform of the library and take a photo with the moon. Since then, we get together and find a place to take a picture with the moon every Mid-Autumn

Festival. Although, we no longer have very close relationships, because we are in different majors. We are busy with our studies and have met new friends. I can't say for sure what makes us stick to it, perhaps in memory of us who was lonely and left home for the first time in the past, but we got together to keep warm and comfort each other. The moon of the Mid-Autumn Festival every year is the connection, which connects us of the past, present and future.

Now we have adapted to college life and have met many bosom friends. Until today, I am still very grateful to everyone who was with me at that time. This is why we still keep the habit of taking photos with the moon during the Mid-Autumn Festival. Also, on that day, I made a video call in WeChat with a group of friends who have known each other for 10 years. After the call, one of the girls said, "Let's all take a picture of moon and send it to the group. At least, we are looking at the same moon." Immediately, the screen was swept by a dozen photos of moons from different angles and places. Although we were scattered all over the country, at that moment, I no longer felt lonely and scared, as if everyone was closely connected by the same moon. Even if we live far apart from each other, we are still shining in the same moonlight, warm and pure.

What I want to express is that for thousands of years, from ancient times to now, covering thousands of miles on the earth, the moon is the same. No matter how far or how long people are apart, the moon is a link that connects people's emotions and thoughts. It's not just the moon. Every flow must have its ebb; the affairs of the world are inconstant and ever-changing, but we can always find a connection point.



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