

Zheng Xiaoqiong (translated by Eleanor Goodman)

## Moth

Our country is like a dream hung high in the dark  
the people's dynasty is still in its pupa, I sink far  
into the body's memory, the mountains and rivers tremble  
in the moth's wings, if the wind blows it ruffles the people like feathers  
in the wind resilient girls endure hunger and humiliation  
the grass bends in the dusk's light between leaves  
soaked in darkness, it turns around silently  
over the water, flying backward, between light blue flames  
you're not a moth, but our country's fireworks will burn you up

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蛾

祖国像一场梦被悬挂在黑暗中  
百姓们的朝代还在蛹中，我沉缅于  
身体的回忆，山河在飞蛾的翅膀里  
颤栗，如果风吹皱鹅毛一样人民  
风中坚强的少女还在忍受饥饿与耻辱  
青草弯曲在树叶间的黄昏一束光  
淋湿了黑暗，它无声地转身  
在水面，逆向飞行，在淡蓝的火焰间  
你不是飞蛾，祖国的焰火仍将你灼伤