

Zheng Xiaoqiong (translated by Eleanor Goodman)

## Time

In the village where I've lived for six years, in the lychee grove  
the mountain stream shines on my truncated youth  
the hardware factory's drowsy dream  
leaves Silver Lake Park, heading north  
I polish a migrant's sighs  
and my own closer Huangmaling dialect  
in the shade of banyan trees, the blazing industrial zone  
turns brighter and brighter in the minds of the workers  
past events fall from memory, wet  
with grief, and the lights show the wrinkles slowly forming at my eyes  
a lonely bird hides itself in the darkness of the lychee grove  
the darkness overwhelms the red of the lychees, and the dark branches  
turn even darker, the birdcalls have faded, and here  
the roar of the hardware factory continues its banging unabated  
my worker's number is 231, when I take the blueprints, there in the darkness  
in the midst of forgotten time, I see my youth  
wriggling away through clean, transparent grief  
withering in the vastness of my country

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## 时光

居住六年的村庄，荔枝林间  
溪水明亮，变短的青春  
五金厂里惺松的梦境  
出银湖公园，向北  
我打磨着异乡人的叹息  
自己更近的，黄麻岭的方言  
榕树荫里，灯火辉煌的工业区  
在打工者的头脑里越来越亮  
一些往事从回忆中掉了出来，它们潮湿  
忧伤，灯火已照亮眼角渐起的皱纹  
孤独的小鸟隐没在黑暗的荔枝林间  
黑暗正漫过红色的荔枝果，深树枝的颜色  
更深了下去，鸟鸣已消逝，哦，在这里  
五金厂的轰鸣不停地锻打着  
我的工号：231，当我拿起图纸，黑暗中  
我看见青春，从遗忘的时光  
透明的，干净的忧伤间蜿蜒而去  
消逝在祖国的辽阔中