

YANG JIAN

*Translated from the Chinese by Ye Chun and
Gillian Parrish*

IN THE PARK

In the park,
cicadas cry ceaselessly,
like errors stuttering in the ear.
Sadness is so wrong.
After he understands the changes,
he won't feel troubled anymore....
Cuckoos call in the woods—
why not stop,
since his body is melting,
his body is melting.
He'll shrink into a little flower
by the wall.