

SUMMER

Only hot pursuit can ripen
This green olive called summer.
Astringent, beery, a bubble . . .
It splashes swimsuits of every
Color up and down the beach.
The cross goes into exile
Once the heart is exposed,
Too impatient to wait for fall picking,
Salted bitter with seawater.

translated by Edward Morin, Dennis Ding, and Fang Dai