

Sha Huang – Three Poems



Feature Poet

Those losses, Inevitable or by Chance

Mom's old cat died
He died of old age at our old house in Chengdu
I remember that cat
He came in when Dad passed away
With long white hair and a bad temper
he used to purr on Mom's lap

Mom's voice was trembling
How many losses, inevitable or by chance
are we experiencing in this long life?
Old toys, a lost umbrella
teeth, hair
something, someone

Journals, pictures, gravestones ...
Fallen leaves
they are still part of the body:
fertilizer, birthmarks, scars
another eye, another ear

They are now silent
We, irresistibly, keep growing
sprouting, blooming
listening to the natural instinct

Bonfire, fireflies

After ink in the dusk cooled down
we started a bonfire on wet grass
Burning moths darted up
from their old destiny

In the shadow of bushes
fireflies were taking deep breaths
on and off
They only have several short nights
to love and die

Everyone was silent

In the distance
the crowds were cheering
while sparkles of fireworks
sprinkled from the top of the trees

April

April was growing from inside

Blue touched waving arms of trees
Birds unfolding their wings

A rotten trunk embracing newborn mushrooms
Inch by inch
mosses took over shadows' realms

Swallows dancing above the river
Sometimes they dived to kiss the water
In a blink they were up in the air again----
love, how graceful and restraint

The river walked with us in silence
Clouds finally revealed their ribs

A metaphysical conversation

“Nothing is permanent”
I know what you may say
“Everything is just quicksand
Constantly, wind changes its shape
Be rational and detached
As a traveler

don't be obsessed
don't get addicted”
But why not?
If we are doomed to board this train

and rush into a destination unknown
Why not open your window and every pore?
Let in wind and light
Invite all sound, all color
They will run in your blood vessels
Crash and collide
Sprout and bloom
Bloom and fade in a second
Even though that's true
Every blooming reminds you
“At this moment
here I AM.”

Walking at night in the Mountain

Dusk came in
Patty fields hid their green jades
Forests took back birds
The gold at the tip of grasses grew dim
Newly built tombs at the corner
became invisible in the shadow of the mountain
When frogs' song flooded
Fireflies lit up stars inside
Along the river, all over the fields
tiny lightning on and off, in silence
Finally, stars showed up in the sky
in order to echo
their brief reflections in the world below

Sha Huang grew up in China and writes in Chinese and English. Her poems appeared in more than 30 literary journals and anthologies in China and the U.S., including *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Verse-Virtual*, *Trouvaille Review*, *The Wild Word*, and *Chinese and Western Poetry* (中西诗歌). She has a bilingual poetry book *October Fruit* with the Milky Way Publishing (银河出版社) in Hong Kong. Her work was rewarded the outstanding translated poem in the third Flush Poetry Festival. She is Coordinator of Asian Studies and Associate Professor of Chinese and Interdisciplinary Studies Department of Foreign Languages - Interdisciplinary Studies Department at Kennesaw State University.