

1976

## Clear and Bright: In the Grave

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Rather than suffer that terrible affection  
That murderous excess of care

The ornithologist Schüz once overheard a young penguin crying out in  
despair:

Why wasn't I born a stork?  
Mother would eat me by mistake  
And I could have some peace

*Translated by the author with John Batki*

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CHENG CH'OU-YÜ ( CHENG WEN-T'AO ) /  
TAIWAN

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## Clear and Bright: In the Grave

I am still drunk, and the quiet night flows within me  
As I stop up the ears, myth echoes around in my body  
A smell of blossoms percolates through the skin  
At this moment of ultimate beauty, I accept their worship  
Receiving the sacrifice of a thousand streamers

Stars droop down in string, stirring up the wine between my lips  
Fog is crystallizing, as cold as the prayerful eyes  
So many so many eyes stream fast on my hair  
I must return, to do something with these plants growing on limbs

I have returned: I have always been a stretch of blue hills

## Pagoda for Urns

The Dead sit quietly in a small chamber in the matless pagoda  
When spring wind rings the wind-bell