

Distance

There is no cacophony tonight
in this ebony land, only
a lark's melody rising and falling,
only the elegy of the wind.
A crescent rises above shriveled lilies,
and clouds shapeshift, rippling
towards the starry beyond. Perhaps,

in this hour, distant kinsmen
also glance skywards, mesmerized
by moonlight and its shadow, by
blackbirds in rhythmic flight,
by shivering birches,
their ginger leaves swaying
like dancers. Perhaps

they gather around bonfires
to recite jade tales
passed from tongue to tongue,
their thunder voices soaring
amidst halos of smoke,
chanting the names of wanderers
scattered across remote lands.

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