Pigeons

By Huang Fan
Translated by Huang Fan

I’ve never seen pigeons argue
I only see them soar
I don’t know if a pigeon is naïve or worldly
I just know it has no past to make it toil through life

Maybe they’re the tongues of the air
Lazily expressing cars’ sighs
Maybe they’re lined up on the roof
Vying to perform snow’s wedding

One day I stick my head out the window
And realize their nation is the act of soaring
Soaring makes my silence meaningless
Thank god, they’ve taught me how to talk about nations!

Standing under a flock of pigeons, I think oh
People aren’t even worth one flower blooming toward them

Translated from the Chinese

Source: Poetry (March 2019)