

# 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)