Chang'e

In the beginning,
I was darkness and you were light
and beyond us was the vast carpet of night,
beneath us was the earth,

and destiny was pulled
by the gravity of our motions:
light shields darkness shields light—
the immortal fragrance of our collision
pervaded the calm of moonlight breeze, and
beneath us was the earth,

round and rough, an abrupt growth
in the sullen vacuum of the universe.
In my sleep, I dream of earth,
Wilderness of beauty in its chaos and its lushness,
the rough soil, the scent of grass

From above,
my fingers pluck a song
at the strings of a zither
and its music whispers its way
into the ambiguous mass of smoke
beneath us, the earth.

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