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The Artist

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The Artist

You've already cleansed my brush with your tears
 So that tonight I am able to paint a full pond of misty rain.
 In the fragrant corner of my heart,
 You've also sculpted an everlasting lotus that will never fade.

Our floating life seems dreams, my love.
 What is real? What is emptiness?
 Where are we going? Where are we from?



A Mountain Road

I seemed to have promised
 To be with you,
 Walking up that lovely mountain road.

Where, you said, a meadow was fully grown with new tea plants.
 Where there were also thick, delicate acacia trees.
 To you, I seemed to have made that promise
 In a distant spring afternoon long ago.

But tonight, under the lamp
 Combing my newly graying hair,
 I suddenly remembered those promises
 That I could not fulfill—
 Those unexplainable sorrows.

On that mountain road,
 My youthful one, are you not still waiting?
 Still anxiously looking,
 Towards the path from which I was supposed to come?

