

Ouyang Yu

On How to Write a Forgotten Poem

a poem came to me
over lunch
but i forgot to put it down

it was too late
by the time i was washing my feet
at 12 midnight

i can remember the arrival of the poem
even the belated realization of its disappearance
but i can't recall what it's all about

except the feeling it was good when it came to me
my mouth was full of food
my hand busy with chopsticks

i must have swallowed it whole at some stage
if it's a pearl
hopefully I'll find it

when i next open my bowels

“I love sleep”

I love sleep knowing it is politically incorrect and culturally inappropriate
 To say this but I love sleep not caring whether someone is going to bomb
 The rialto tower or the Sydney opera house I love sleep at 46
 For I don't remember anything about myself or what I do I love
 Sleep lingering in my bed with a bit of dream here and there but nothing substantial
 To merit a mention I love sleep years ago in Wuhan while I was working
 As a lorry driver in a shipping yard I had a roommate who loved sleep
 The only two things he did was go to work in the factory lifting things and come
 Back to sleep in our three-bed room “I love sleep” he said one night as we stood
 On the bridge across a nameless creek that ran into the Yangtze River
 “for I dream of things, beautiful things that you will never see anywhere in the world”
 I began to know that he was an orphan that he had nowhere to go on weekends
 Things like that and I felt sad kind of for him and for myself I love sleep
 And when I do so I know am wasting my life knowing that I am wasting my life
 Anyway even if I do not sleep I cherish the time immediately after I wake up
 For I hear the birds calling out to each other among themselves I do not hear them in
 Sleep I become wordy soon I'll stop I love sleep I dream a little although I don't recall
 Anything this morning I went to a friend's house to interview him he had a beautiful
 House that cost him nearly one million dollars off record he talked about his plan
 For afterwards he said he would love to lead a *xianyun yehe* life
 I shared his view although I know our would be different
 For that kind of life of *leisurely clouds and wild cranes*
 I love sleep correct me if I'm wrong for in sleep I am equal to anyone
 Without a fight