

Ode to the Moon

By Jiachen ZHANG

I met you from the shadow of phoenix trees,
from the squeak of an old lounge chair,
from grandma's stories and songs long time ago,
along with the lovely dew on flowers shining bright like stardust.
You hung in the sky high above,
round as a spotlight, casting cool, silver light over us.

I recognized you through the mountains of books, tides of stress,
through my bloodshot eyes,
through the white, silk curtains
dancing with breeze like a feather.

You looked back silently,
like a huge gloomy teardrop, roused my sorrow, hesitation and fear
buried deep in my heart.

I found you above the hustling and bustling dark crowds,
above the dreamy golden light of the Bund,
above the haze of scarlet-gold black tea,
with the refreshing aroma tickling my nose and the beats of jazz.
You danced in the velvet blue sky,

illuminated by the fancy golden world,
witnessed every blink of the time, absolutely silent.

You are the silver bow of Artemis,
as well as the jade palace where the fairy had been prisoned for
thousands of years.

You are the gorgeous mirror reflecting the beatific scene of the reunion
of the family,
as well as the cold, fierce blade that pierced the heart, causing shiver and
awe in the dark medieval European woods.

You are the witness of history,
as well as the monument of chronicle, without any words engraved on
you.

Though the black hair would be painted white by time, the loved ones
would be separated by death, the songs and legends would be blurred by
history;

Though the ocean would drain, the mountains would corrode, the arrow
of time would be gone with the wind,
you are still there,
watching without a word.