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(Hly qo bbox o jyp)

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1988

Sweeping Over the Mountains with the Wind

Lambs are like eagles
often, so often
diving towards the ewes they take as prey.

Naked children run through snow
Their nimble steps like fervent drumbeats
Of the *sunyi* at work.

Hunting dogs hang their tongues
Licking away the gun barrel—
Who knows what will happen when it cracks.

Hunters racing through drizzle and dew
Searching for sacred tracks
In upland pastures;
Only to find the night's dew is the sweat of demons.

Merrily the brook
Carries away the maidens' laments.
No fish swimming there
deep in the flow.
Memories forever clean and white.
Brook stones forever clean and white.

The sun hangs itself in the forest
Green vines winding up the ancient trunks;
The forest laughs wildly with cold wind,
Bird cries piercing as thorny brambles.

The brambles gradually darken
Amidst the mountain chains.
Clouds and mists are stranded like wild flowers,
Yet can never bear fruit,
Drifting endlessly along the mountain springs.

Berries red and big as nipples,
Calling for the *sy hly* bird;
Burning torches held aloft in sunlight,
An endless search,
desperate as the whistling of young shepherds.

1988