

There Was a Piece of Grass

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There was a piece of grass
where I dreamed
of slanted sky and dancing treetops
Birds sang in the wind
and clouds changed colors with the song
Above the colorful clouds was my throne

There was a piece of grass
where I heard
a crackling sound in my ears
O, what happened
My eyes could not be opened
Were the birds twittering
Were the trees burning
Why there was no sound of rain

There was a piece of grass
where I saw
people smiling, hugging, and cheering
There was a piece of grass
where I saw
people fighting, crying, and leaving
There was a piece of grass
where I saw
people mourning, dying, and being
buried

After the rain
still, there was a piece of grass

還是那片草地
我夢見
傾斜的天空和舞動的樹梢
鳥兒在風中吟唱
雲兒隨著歌聲變換著顏色
彩雲之上是我們的家

還是那片草地
我聽見
噼里啪啦
樹枝在燃燒
鳥兒在嘰嘰喳喳
沒有雨水聲

還是那片草地
我看見
人們在嬉鬧，歌唱，相愛
還是那片草地
我看見
人們在爭吵，憤怒，傷害
還是那片草地
我看見
人們在懺悔，原諒，埋葬

雨後
還是那片草地

Author's note:

The poem is my image of traditional Chinese understanding of “there is nothing new under the sun.” It was written originally in Chinese during a lunch time at the South Hill School in Vancouver, where I was taking English Foundation courses in 2014. I only spent a few minutes completing the poem. The words came out of my mind naturally and smoothly. The moment for me was sacredly silent even though I was sitting in a noisy environment at Dairy Queen; as if time suddenly stopped, as if I was not a part of this world, and as if I was not who I was. It has been said that everything has its season; a time to be born, and a time to die. If everything has its time and place in which I still have the ultimate freedom to choose, I will prefer to stay where I am, letting myself be out of the circle of birth, death and rebirth, not be obsessed with either the beauty of bygones or the hope of hereafter.

*Editors' note: At the author's request, we have published his poem, originally written in Chinese, alongside the English poem he had submitted for the journal. The poem was originally entitled: “還是那片草地”.