

Tang Yihong (b. 1970, Yilong, Sichuan) left for Shenyang to work in construction before graduating from middle school. In 1994, he began working in a shoe factory in Guangzhou. He then went back to construction work, living in places like Shenzhen, Dongguan, Foshan, and Beijing. The unstable lifestyle interrupted his poetry writing for many years, until he began work in a shoe factory in Wenzhou in 2004 and picked up his pen again.

November 8, Beside Su Xiaoxiao's Grave

Many lean in close to her
to take photos, as though leaning in close to their own woman
I also take a photograph
on that five hundred year old pink bed
she sleeps sweetly
I don't dare wake her, worried she'll open her mouth and say—
husband, silver coins.
Today prices are rising, and her status would surely rise with the tide
a working stiff who can't even make bus fare
I'd never get that much money
the most important thing is that when we take a photo together,
 I suddenly feel
I'm going behind the back of my assembly-line wife
and having an affair
she was a famous courtesan of the south
and when I think of the others
I take my unfair wages and my bus fare back home
and blow it all at a cleavage-filled 'salon'
I righteously stand up straight—
What's there to fear? It's just a photo with the dead