

Lizi (b. 1970, Zhaoyang, Liaoning) worked in a brickyard in her hometown for three years after middle school. In 1992, she moved south to Zhejiang, working in a workshop that made plumbing fittings, and on assembly lines assembling refrigeration parts and manufacturing enamel wire. She is now the head editor of a company's internal publication. She began writing poetry in 2002, and she is the author of the collection *A Rain of Poems at Midnight*, and a collaborative book-length piece of reportage, *Rays of Gold*.

Working the Nightshift

Now, lifting their heads they can't see the moon
and the abstracted morning glories
the women walk quietly on the nightshift
and under their feet is no tangible dew

That breath, those nervous twitches
those bodies that can't tell if it's night or day
run through turbid memories

What can dilute this labor
and ferry them back toward home
what if there were a faint summons
that they could feel, a pair of hands
gently opening a red lacquered door