

Let's Have More Poets Like Xie Xiangnan

Tell it to the world
don't just leave it in a drawer
or merely give names to cockroaches

The leaves begin to yellow
in the scene where the streets mate
winter seizes the autumn's hair
entering the body
of the world from behind

Let's have more
more poets like Xie Xiangnan
they don't come from the storm clouds above
but from the belly of the earth
from those workers just stopping for the day
carrying shovels and hammers, from that sloppily dressed
group of men