

Zheng Xiaoqiong (b. 1980, Nanchong, Sichuan) worked for six months in a rural hospital after graduating from nursing school, and then moved to Dongguan to work in a die-mold factory. She worked in a toy factory, a magnetic tape factory, and as a hole-punch operator in a hardware factory for five years. She is now an editor at a magazine. Her poetry collections include *Huangma Mountains*, *Collected Poems of Zheng Xiaoqiong*, *Pedestrian Bridge*, and *Poems Falling on Machines*.

Industrial Zone

The fluorescent lights are lit, the buildings are lit, the machines are lit
exhaustion is lit, the blueprints are lit. . . .
this is Sunday night, this is the night of August 15th
the moon lights up a disk of emptiness, in the lychee trees
a light breeze sways an internal whiteness, many years of speechless
quiet, in the evergreen grasses the insects hum, the city's lights illuminate
the industrial zone, so many dialects, so much homesickness,
so many weak and insubstantial bodies placed there, so much moonlight
 shining
on Sunday's machines and blueprints, and it rises
to shine on my face, a slowly dropping heart

So many lamps are lit, so many people pass by
the lamps, the past, and the workstations of the industrial zone
that mute moonlight, lamplight and me
so much paltriness, small as spare parts, filaments
using their feeble bodies to warm the industrial zone's bustle and noise

And the tears, joy, and pain we've had
our glorious or petty ideas, and our souls
are all illuminated by the moonlight, collected, and carried afar
hidden in rays of light no one will notice