**Grey Flock of Sheep**

**ZHU Ti**

We are a grey flock of sheep

Grey flock of sheep

Having a grey fate.

Blindly, we run quickly everywhere

Where are we going?

We, we...

We stand still for a long time in the thoroughfare of the times

We dully observe our own trembling fate

We make the utmost effort to exhaust voices

Dusk causes a day’s sandstorm to surge

To praise an open heart

The blowing sandstorm dazed eyes

The blowing sandstorm lost the way.

Dusk in the past was just long nights

The expansive canopy of the heavens without people

Do we trek all night?

Perhaps the road ahead has no oasis

Perhaps there are no water plants

Ah, the sole achieving, suffering sincerely traveller

When you still have not walked toward a level road

Still merely vacillating in the middle road.

Have to bear hardship

Have to bear hardship

But, but

The sun set and the sky is dark

We cannot cover up and restrain our sorrow

In front of our eyes

Is only an incomplete bottomless darkness

Ah, desire for life

Brutal, indignant

Wipe away the tears of filled eyelashes

To the unknowable direction

Stretch out our footsteps

Ah, we are a grey flock of sheep

Grey flock of sheep

Having a grey fate

*XingYa* [Rising Asia], May 1944.

Translated by Norman Smith, uploaded January 2022