**Sailing the Sea**

ZHU Ti

We are born on the sea

We mature on the sea too

Children of this sea

All are, he, I and you

Having such a native place on the sea.

(If a wind rises on the sea

If mountainous waves roll up on the sea

Ah, on the sea! On the sea

Ah, there is no quiet and rest to sail the sea)

We do not want to fear

We, we brace our oars

Paddle toward the heart of the seabed

Paddle toward the distant high seas

Before our eyes is twinkling, dazzlingly bright

Shimmers of water

Quivering our hope

In the dark night there are no stars

In the dark night stormy rain blows down everywhere.

The ray of the lighthouse cannot be seen clearly anymore

Tossed toward the far away sea

A scream of longing for life

And an openness, boundless

Hah, pull close the dampened draw ropes

Strap the rope tightly into the palm of your hand

Stir up the paper storm lanterns

Illuminate the rising tide on the sea

On the sea is a sign of death

Group upon group of white sprays

White sprays drive onto the fronts of our garments

Onto the fronts of our garments

Waiting for the glory of victory

Our songs are let out into the open air

We grow up on the sea

Accustomed to the sight of the sea's tempestuous great waves

We are fearless

Stick out solid chests

Accept the agitation of the sea

Ah, my young sea and ocean

I breathe new breath

Forever, forever

From your body

Spread out new hope

New power

Note: In my opinion, writing poetry is a huge job for a person engaged in literary work, especially writing poems in today's extensively unscrupulous atmosphere. I specially cherish my firmly believed views.

 Recently, I read Sholokhov’s *And Quiet Flows the Don*.[[1]](#footnote-1) The proclamation of the poem’s prologue repeatedly aroused my ardent love for poetry. However, I surmise to write a little something about my frame of mind in this way. After a long time, I still cannot write anything. Indeed, there is nothing that I can even give myself to see.

 Perhaps this is finally my unbearable passion for writing poetry! So, “Sailing the Sea” is the harvest of the first lesson of my journey, walking at ease, toward writing poems. For my own unable to be hidden joy, I just add it here.

October of last year, Jilin.

*Chinese Osaka Daily News*, 15 December 1943.

Translated by Norman Smith, uploaded January 2022

1. *And Quiet Flows the Don* was written by Mikhail Aleksandrovich Sholokhov (1905-1984). The work was written between 1925 to 1940. Sholokhov was awarded the Novel Prize for Literature in 1965. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)