**A Blade of Spring Grass**

**Ke Ju**

**Zero**

I endure my tears.

I say… I am spring.

Are you a blade of spring grass?

**One**

As if I just thought of it.

As if I walked out of a lengthy deep nightmare, again I am under these sparkling stars and fireflies. In the dark of the moonless night, I use my hand to feel myself again. My side is neither cold flesh nor blood…

But from now on, I am a soulless man. I haul my carcass and walk toward tomorrow.

I cannot hurt myself with petty thoughts again.

I will not look at others’ extravagant feasting and revelry. I shelter in gloomy feelings and savour my youth.

I must conduct myself thus.

No pain, no joyful days; this will forever be my abode forever!

Life accords no great expectations to imagine. What can I ask to help my life?

I am a person deserted by life!

**Two**

Of what do I think?

With little knowledge I ask myself.

Did my thinking cease?

Am I wasting my time?

But of my faraway thoughts, I will never forget one memory. It is like a stone around my neck. Little by little, I discover that I have no strength. Stubbornly and greedily I memorize the joy of my memory.

**Three**

Do not talk about being alone!

Although pining for a person can make you feel alone, such loneliness is not the source of sorrow…

I do not need you to say it… loneliness tortures you too.

You must treasure the feeling of being alone!

Among all the stars, one star I specially love. Among all the stars, that big star I do not know the name of.

Among all the mountain ranges, between the mountains, I select a sorrowful, single pine growing on a stone.

I touch the reddish-brown colours of the pine bough. Look at the gradually growing pine.

Look, the pine has grown so big.

This remarkable result!

**Four**

I believe your words:

We cannot be forever together. This is our fate.

We also cannot ever forget. We cannot continue to look toward proverbial tomorrows.

It is hard to answer your query.

Are dreams lucky?

Are tears lucky?

Perhaps, we cannot still reconcile ourselves.

We cannot still discover ourselves.

We are merely among the ugly, pointing to ourselves, criticizing ourselves.

I do not have the energy to hasten the spirited power of love. It is dreams you spoke of.

It is tears you spoke of.

It is fate you spoke of.

It is the confession you spoke of.

All of it makes us rebel against this life’s luckless designs.

You said: You give me all of what?

You said: You hearten this person who admires you and then are melancholy …

You said: You are in my heart, as a deity.

**Five**

Unforgettable July, it provides me many memories.

After one night in July, you wake me from deep sleep. After a long quiet night’s warmth, you and I are the same, like a ship chased out of the door of happiness, wafting around this bright starlit street.

In the evening’s breeze, your whisper is like a stream, we forget that this is the once a year Valentine’s Day.

The constellations. This night they shine on pedestrians’ foreheads.

The moon shines on the flowing water.

Outside of the lucky door of heaven, we use our grandest serenity to sing our youth. With joy we present loved ones with a little prayer and blessing.

The night gradually thickens around our bodies.

This night, I lost my usual deep sleep.

I hate to hear that harp and its passionate melody! I fear my feelings will be tortured.

Another July night. I hold that same old feeling as I start to walk toward that familiar street.

In vehicles, passengers also go home to sleep.

Quietly, the bells ring on horses’ harnesses, tinkling as they go home.

The doors in every home close. Above the brick buildings, a layer of lonely starlight rests, telling me – are visitors fewer this year?

Then in the night a car comes from the south, bringing me unease!

**Six**

Who knew years go by so fast? Speechless from my numb emotions, deserted by the sun and deserted by life forever. The heaviest hurt makes me forget the pain!

Before my deepest despondency, I accept the alluring temptations of death.

In life, I am lodged in the last line and there discover my pain. My pain derives from you!

Your friendship is spring.

I am a spring blade of grass.

For a blade of grass to grow, spring cannot quietly slip away.

But how many springs does this endless desolation have? You say! How many springs are there for you?

Your trust is indestructible. Come to claim your life!

Spring cannot be dead.

Spring exists for you.

We cannot just stop in time and desolation. Perhaps we can throw away time and desolation, but this is no reason to make you and I a tragedy.

Ah, you and I are not forgettable!

**Seven**

For your sake, I will bear it and do my duty, to be near to you.

Ah, you are a ray of light in my life!

Melancholy is the blue sky’s big sea,

Melancholy is the blue sky’s dream.

You and I have immeasurable melancholy. We put on very light wings and tap our heads for luck. We beg at the knocker of the door of happiness.

I know. You know too.

We are left outside of the lucky door.

I bear my tears.

I say: I am spring.

And you are a blade of spring grass?

27th year (in the Republican calendar/1938) Spring / March

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