Translation Poem

Sliced Forest

On the pathway— silence, but for a sudden fluttering frenzy of wings. This is the route one must walk alone. Cracks and slivers compose the looming structure above and around, in perpetual sway without collapse. The disseminating wall of gold bends and thrusts itself through. Tilting light reveals inverted gravity, a floating castle where all falls into the sky. One turns here. Here, in this seclusion, mourn. Dare to turn up palms to truths dormant in the recesses of the mind. The fractals of self once drowning now bubble to the surface— suspended ancestral skulls on a distant island. Young daylight spreads its fingers over these meaningless awards. How tender is the forest.