THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 3 | 1994

Taboo Words

Dong Jiping

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TABOO WORDS

The eagle's dark shadow kidnaps silence and comes flying. Its slowly-unfolding wings cover the earth with a thick layer of stillness, and fixes the sleepers' postures forever. When the dense fog printed on the paper fills the air, the core of silence sticks in our throats, and we have to speak to our lost friends by chimes of wind passing through willow leaves.

We lose our voices. We can only reach out our hands. We can only let our fingers roam quietly as winter roots in the earth, trying to feel the secret of youth in June. All the afternoon, we have been sitting in a dictionary, attempting to search the never-used miracle. In fact, the miracle is a tree of lightning standing in an open field, which is giving out lightnings, and again struck down by them; the miracle is the ivy that suddenly covers the wall face after a burst of thunderbolt. Our friends—those who are alive in our imaginations—do live inside this wall.

The words that we cannot speak out are stones—the glittering eternal still lives in the sunlight.

Translated from the Chinese by the **Author**