

THE PAST STILL NEEDS ME

By Hua Xi

In a dream, rain ran past me.

Half-shouting, half-stumbling. Tripping over its dress of rain.

Beauty always seems to rush straight through me. On its way to someplace else

Years ago, a younger, more innocent rain
fell across the doorway where my mother lingered, carrying laundry.

Behind her, cherry blossoms boomed across a cave of pure sky.

Which is how I remember it.

Which is maybe how it happened.

When I look back for too long, the beauty is gone.

In a dream, I walk across a plain carrying books filled with flowers.

People in books carry tulips and secrets and handwritten letters to each other.

Maybe my life is trying to tell me something. These days,

I want to wander. But the past still needs me.

How could I ever leave?

Anyways, a boat is no good in the rain.

I fill my useless boat with useless wildflowers. Sail uselessly across the sea.

When Ulysses asked for wind, it's because he knew exactly what he would be lo

My journey is this child made of rain. Already lost.

When I come back to life, I hope to be more than our suffering.

Like, my god the storm is so shimmering, incredible and glad. I want to break

Over everything.