

Written in Chinese by Ouyang Yu
Translated in English by Ouyang Yu

TO MY CONTEMPORARIES

in a displaced space
we quickly mature
and rot

we remember the face of tomorrow
but do not know
do not wish to know what yesterday is

we cast our language in the shape of an ibm or macintosh
on which to key in
the images of postmodernism

and the untranslatable messages within our heart
we are performing super-highly difficult stunts
in the great loop of love-making

feeling sad that no-one is there to judge
and applaud
in the mirror framed with only space and time

we watch ourselves
and the overlapping shadows of our selves
listening to that unexplainable chuckle in the depths of the universe

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