

Tongue

— — Nuoran Zhang (Inside Writing)

May my pubis' plant, sweet as spring
May my breasts, fresh as croissants
May the fried egg, velvet as your oral sound
May the Yellow River, be made into wine, moisten my mind

Christie's Auction,
a pair of ceramics from Qianlong Emperor,
are 5 hundred thousand pounds.
I lost the Orient.

British Museum,
Chinese paintings are hidden in the corner, dark as mud
and waiting for me to call a classical dynasty.
But classic can not replace me

For a language to be added to my mind,
do I have to erase the other?

Time waves as seas, dialect tastes as salts
weathered are the old days
into tales
decorating the wares, walls and sleep
of whom;

I got lost in a garden
where each rose has its name:
Free spirit / Southern belle / Norwich / Royal Jubilee / Boscobel / Golden
Celebration/ The Lark Ascending / Princess Anne / Heathcliff / Scepter'd Isle /
William and Catherine / Charlotte / Lady of Megginch / Tranquility / Lichfield
Angel / Darcey Bussell/ Princess Alexandra of Kent / Crown Princess
Margareta / Christopher / Marlowe / Benjamin Britten / Teasing / Georgia /

Belle Epoque / Hot chocolate / Eternity / Blue for you / Silver Shadow / Heart of Gold / Jack's Wish / Britannia / Burgundy / Ice / Singing in the Rain / Charisma / Jerusalem / Dawn Chorus / Winchester Cathedral / Minerva / All My Loving / Nostalgia

The rose of my hometown, Yue Ji Hua (月季花), is not among them, nor did my accent melted by their scent.

Mother tongue was stabbed by a thorn
a blood dropped into the bed
and waiting to break out in a faraway summer

How long will the London's winter last?
Where the distance should be?
Queen Mary's Rose Garden
or Old Summer Palace?

How boring is the tongue, how salty is my brunch
whose tongue?
My tongue
I lost my taste

Whose tongue?
My mother tongue.

My roots will decay,
my flowers blow away.