

The Periphery

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Like a tomato hiding at the edge of the steelyard, he was always
lying down. Something flashes, a warning or a swallow, but he
doesn't move, keeping watch over little things. The second hand moves
to ten o'clock, the alarm fades far away, a cigarette
goes too, carrying along a few pairs of distorted blue handcuffs.
His eyes, clouds, German locks. In short, what wasn't there
was gone.

Empty, expanding. He was far removed, but always
on some periphery: a gear's edge, the water's edge, his own
edge. He looks time and again to the sky, his index finger pointing up,
practicing sickly, wild calligraphy: "Come back!"
As expected, all those deformed things returned to their original shape:
the windows in the new development are full of evening wind, the
 moon brews a big barrel of golden beer
The steelyard, tilting violently, there, infinite,
like a calmed lion
crouching beside a tomato.