ZHENG, Min

**Golden Rice sheaves**
Golden rice stands in sheaves

in the newly cut autumn field.

I think of many exhausted mothers,

I see rugged faces along the road at dusk.

On the day of harvest, a full moon hangs

atop the towering trees,

and in the twilight, distant mountains

approach my heart.

nothing is more quiet than this, a statue,

shouldering so much weariness –

you lower your head in thought

in the autumn field that stretches afar.

Silence. Silence. History is nothing

but a small stream flowing under your feet.

And you stand over there,

becoming a thought of humanity.