

## FOOLISHNESS

After eating the Mentos  
you gave me, somehow  
I got a hole in one tooth.  
It neither ached, nor tingled,  
but like a child I couldn't stop myself  
from exploring that black hole  
with my tongue.

Eventually,  
this bad habit of mine grew fixed,  
and, when the hole was filled,  
I deeply resented my loss.

It was like a green orange  
bursting with a bang before me —  
that sour Mentos flavor  
was something I could not easily forget.

怎让我生得，  
如此眷恋。

站在你身后看太阳，  
总觉得这世界太小气。  
任性地，  
叫我连影子都抓不住。

我哪是在看太阳呢。

离别那天，  
微风不小心掉到地上。  
啪唧。

声音清脆。  
帮我把所有不堪和卑微  
都找了个借口。

我在看你。

That decayed tooth is not you,  
so how is it that I feel  
such deep affection?

When I stand behind you  
and gaze in the direction of the sun.  
I always have this feeling that the world is mean.  
Willfully it stops me  
even from holding on to shadows.

How could I have been looking at the sun?

When we say our good-byes,  
the breeze — not looking where it's going —  
plunges to the ground.  
Crash.

Such a clear, crisp sound.  
Help me find an excuse for all that is  
of unendurable and petty.

It's you I am looking at.