Moving along the Edge of Summer

Phan Huyen Thu

Moving along the edge of summer
An early moon bends the first third of the month
Gaudily fawning
vain wild flowers trail the rails of a provincial station
On the roof of a forgotten train car
The odor of sunlight sleeps deeply

Because of an immortal and tuneful ideal
a lovelorn cricket trips over a dew drop
A lizard warrior clucks its tongue and drinks up the night
dreams a thin dream of mosquito wings
Stringing up faith a female spider
clasps a sack of saturated eggs

Having drunk a dream by mistake
My wooden lizard sobbed all last night
Leading itself along the edge of summer
Finding a way to fall.

Translated by Linh Dinh