

Chinese Frogs

*I imagine a beautiful meadow,
And I can see the milky moonlit night,
The frog that hops onto the old stone wall,
I hear his croaking song that inspires flight.*

*But more vague are your frogs in the darkness,
Aren't they frightened to be so far down?
His song, you said, engorged with what they miss:
And endless joy of sky where stars abound.*

*“Matters not if the libretto is true,
I have striven in vain, it can't be done.
God never created a frog that flew.
Must be content with a sliver of sun.”*

*The morning breaks, and our singer departs,
Leaving nothing behind but broken hearts.*