

Sandglass

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Sand of sandglass is the memory.
Upside belonging to you has flew away.
As the years roll by ceaselessly,
Underside is mine, and brighter day by day.

Approaching the grave,
You forget by degrees.
Hardly can I conceive of
The memory only I possess.



Time flew, and sand flowed.

The early morning in summer,
I beheld a busy figure.
The purple grapes hung there,
And I ran far and near.

Time crept, and sand crinkled.

The droning fan,
The sunken moon,
The sleepy girl,
The memorable all,

Oh! All and all and all
You forget, forgot, and forgotten.

At length, alone I am left
With the memory, and I drift.

Quietly slip away the years.
Still the sandglass rustles.