

Christmas 2002

The snows always come before Christmas,
just as this year,
the child grown and far away—
no need for presents slid under his bed,
no holiday for adults
or Chinese,
but seeing others caught up in the season
makes me glad,
the waiter at the Sichuan hot-pot place
hauling in a Christmas tree,
his arms a roomful of spruce and snow.

Tonight I take my seat
alone, in this corner by the window
and raise a cup
to a music faint and faraway,
to this feeling without words
and to the snow beyond the glass,
falling from the black sky
steadily, swiftly down

until I almost believe in God.

Wang Jiaxin

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