

ON VALENTINE DAY:
THINKING OF MY DECEASED WIFE AND OF SU DONGPO'S POEM

Six hundred and fifty six days passed
Since my wife left this world
And I still miss her dearly
For my love of her will never end.
Now she rests in a beloved land
In a remote grave
Surrounded by yellow sand,
Beyond dark mountains
And deep waters of the seas.

I am thousands of miles away from her,
In a distant city.
Crying over her pillow on the empty bed
I can embrace only her sacred memory.
Yet by her grace,
She visits me sometimes in my dreams
As the frosty wind weeps and sweeps
Through the white nights of deserted streets.

Now on Valentine Day
I reread a poignant poem
By the Sung Dynasty poet Su Dong Po.
It created a bridge to my Valentine.
Almost a thousand years ago,
On the night of the twentieth day of the first month,
Su Dong Po had a dream about his spouse
Who died ten years earlier.
In the dream she sat before a little window
Sorting her dress and make up.
And then the poet and his wife
Looked at each other without a word
And a thousand tears began to flow.

Su Dong Po himself did not think of his spouse often
Neither could he forget, but his heart was broken.
Oh, reading his moving words I understood again
That all love is one domain
And the throbbing past
Is intense present.