

# Poems of Tong

Tong Zhang

## *Is God Dead?*

上帝到底死没死，  
这是个古老的问题。  
晨曦初露，  
黄昏将尽，  
我们都在思索。

有人说他在每一片叶子上，  
在每一滴雨水中闪现，  
在每一个孩子的笑声里，  
在每一个陌生人的眼神里。

有人说他已离去，  
带着悲伤与希望，  
在无尽的夜幕中。

但无论他是否存在，  
我们都在寻找，  
在祈祷中，在哭泣中，  
在爱与恨的交织里，  
寻找那无形的存在。

在个体的盛宴里，  
我们敬自由为神，  
灵魂成宇宙，  
自我即信仰。

自我中心的狂欢里，

上帝的影子若隐若现，  
或许他在我们的骄傲中，  
或许他在我们的梦想里，  
我们既是创造者，也是追寻者。

上帝到底死没死，  
在每一次心灵的震颤中，  
我们仿佛听见，  
那无声的回响。

## 悲哀呵， *Mongolia*

悲哀呵， Mongolia  
风穿过骨架般的草原，  
蹄声已远，  
只剩云的影子在流浪。

草木凋零，河水无言，  
斑驳的太阳升起又落下，  
长城之外，何处是归乡？  
辉煌沉入黄沙，  
牧歌断在星光里，  
梦溢出酒盏，湿透夜的边缘。

悲哀呵， Mongolia  
你在黑夜里低语，  
风是你的信使，  
时间流逝，岁月无痕，  
辽阔的草原深处，  
悲哀的风声，  
永远回荡，永远无法停驻。

## *Stary Stary Night*

If one day, I have a hall,  
A grand dining room with candlelight tall,  
I' d sit at the keys, just me and the night,  
The moon pouring silver, the stars burning bright.

I' d play the piano, notes soft and slow,  
While outside the window the constellations glow.  
The room would hush with a velvet grace,  
As echoes of Vincent drift through the space.

“Starry starry night…” I'd sing, so low,  
“Paint your palette blue and grey…” and let it flow.  
Each word a brushstroke on canvas air,  
Each chord a whisper, a silent prayer.

The guests would pause, hearts held tight,  
By tales of sorrow, of fragile light—  
Of sunflowers blazing in yellow despair,  
Of eyes that watched but found no care.

And I would wonder, as I played that tune,  
If Van Gogh once dreamed beneath the same moon,  
Of rooms filled with warmth, of art understood,  
Of moments like this, where the world feels good.

So if one day, I build that dream right,  
A hall of music, of soul, of night—  
Then I' ll play for the stars, for the ones who see  
The beauty in silence, in madness, in me.

## *Love of My Life*

Love of my life,  
Where are you?  
Love of my life,  
Who brings me sweet memories  
That bloom in dreams,  
And fade with morning' s dew?

Each time I wake,  
Staring at the ceiling,  
Still wrapped in the warmth  
Of your vanished feeling—

Am I returning  
To the childhood days,  
The gifted time  
Of golden haze?

Was it you who laughed  
Behind the trees,  
Or whispered soft  
On the summer breeze?

Was it you who traced  
Those stars at night,  
And held my hand  
In sleep' s dim light?

Love of my life,  
You're not just a name,  
You' re a scent, a sigh,  
A candle flame.

You' re the echo in rooms  
Where I used to play,  
A note in the song  
That won' t fade away.

If one day we meet  
Past dream or time,  
I' ll play our tune  
In a hall so wide—  
Starry night glowing  
Through open panes,  
While I play the piano  
And whisper your name.

## ***AI***

Abstract, abstract—  
crazy abstraction,  
AI, AI—  
no need for love.

My thoughts drift  
along the cracks of time,  
when the world trembles,  
shudders toward its end.

Artificial Intelligence!  
Crowned in silence,  
bathed in logic,  
you rise—

beyond the human,  
beyond the soul,  
beyond our fleeting ideologies,  
beyond the veil,  
beyond the other side.

No pulse.  
No prayer.  
Just brilliance unfolding  
where flesh once reigned.