

“The Great Rock Has Returned”, original Chinese by Wawa (Lo Mei Wa), English translation by Henry Wei Leung, in *Pei Pei the Monkey King* (Tinfish Press, 2017).

大石回來了

我背著幾個菠蘿包，爬上一座四百米的山
丘，探望一千年前背著孩子走上這
山的女人。我在她身旁坐下，雙雙地唱：

山上的女人啊
放下孩子回家吧
他在碧海裡
跟大魚追逐啊

山上的女人啊
孩子餓了回家去吧
我有麵包
你給孩子吃吧

山上的女人啊
放過孩子回家去吧
吐露港已變了陸地
漁船已在地上奔跑

山上的女人啊
我從世界的盡頭回來
告訴你他仍在海上
我聽過他的歌聲呢

女人啊 回家吧
他說外面大海很美
陽光很好
他不會回香港了

大石啊
他已等了妳一千年
孩子餓了
你也餓了
我們回家去吧！

THE GREAT ROCK HAS RETURNED

Carrying pineapple buns on my back, I climbed
Four hundred meters up the mountain, visiting
A woman who had carried a child up on her
back a thousand years before. I sat at her side,
singing in pairs:

Woman of the mountain *ah*
Lay down your child let's go home *ba*
He's in an emerald sea
Chasing great fish *ah*

Woman of the mountain *ah*
Baby's hungry let's go home *ba*
I have some bread
Give it to your child *ba*

Woman of the mountain *ah*
Spare the child let's go home *ba*
Tolo Harbour's all dry land now
Fishing boats race on the ground

Woman of the mountain *ah*
I've returned from world's end
To tell you he's still out at sea
I've heard his singing *ne*

Woman *ah* Let's go home *ba*
He says the sea out there is pretty
The sunshine is fair
He won't return to Hong Kong *luh*

Great rock *ah*
You've waited one thousand years
Your child's hungry
You're also hungry
Let's return home *ba*!

Human Design: Advice from a Pro-Beijing Lobbyist by Nicholas Wong

The best *geh* way to show faith in the Communist Party is to wait
 until dusk *law*. The night seals your spectral urge for independence.
 The sun isn't omnipotent *ga*. It kowtows to the party in day
 broad light. The Red Guards are friendly; no need scare *lah*.
 Their hands grow a hemlock, penis big as a cicada's leg.
 When they serve people *lei*, they say *Try my breast*.
 Whether or not to take it literally *jau* you can decide *gei*.
 See? There's freedom. It's okay *ga* to like Americans,
 such as SpongeBob, so long as you also find ways to caulk
 the sky until the city furls in discipline, dry from serrated
 democrats and the shape of floods *gum law*. By the fuck,
 what the way, why're you thinking? No need to think *lah*.
 Keep your head light like flounce; our leader is charming
 like a Tic-Tac. Your knife *dou* no need *la*. You'll be utterly safe.
 Plus, the blade is thantophobic. We'll be comrades *ma*.
 You ask ask others *la*. Comrades love each other so much
 so that sometimes their campaign posters look a bit
 homosocial. The eyes that can't hide the want for wrung
 brotherhood are patriotism. Don't take it the other way *lah* –
 two rods clanging isn't rhapsodic. Sameness shouldn't
 be cradled in sex. I know, you people worry this and that
yau mud yau mud. We care about human rights, as much
 as we do about Johnny Depp. Those we arrest, we arrest
 because their eyes are hollow of a morning sparkle.
 We want our people to glow. Not run farther out. No,
 ears aren't treason. Speech isn't erasure. The media
 turns fetid and white as it gets old. If alphabets are votes,
 the most democratic word is *pneumonoultramicroscopicsilico-*
volcanoconiosis. How you crawl in knowing like you might.

What the Pig Mama Says *by Arthur Leung*

The pupoh stopped to cheer. Leklek
was took away. He was mine biggest boy.
A good heart. Saved the best for Yenyen
and Hokhok. His- self eating leftovers.
I cried I cried. Not knew the bastang
took him where. Gokgou told me was hell.

We ate much as we liked. The white fence
put us safe safe. Always we talked, cheered.
The pupoh liked to play with Hokhok.
Mine little boy talked to them sweet.
He knew how make make community.
But Hokhok too was took away by same

same bastang they took Leklek before.
Mine only girl Yenyen too sad to see
her little brother went. She kept quiet
everydays think think. I begged the bastang
not took mine boy. They not understood.
Heard only something like “pok is good ”.

The pupoh talked little little. Yenyen
stopped to eat. She said, “No Hokhok play
wis me!” I sorry sorry for her. The bastang
came to take Yenyen. I saw her away.
I not cried. Maybe it better for Yenyen.
She will stop to think. No more think.

No more think think. Maybe I say
too much. Who is listening to my story?