

# Sometimes I wake up in the Middle of the Night

Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night,

Stunned that my work is not done yet,

Time is ticking,

And my energy is faltering.

My life is a long twisted tale

Whose roots I never found,

Whose meaning has remained incoherent -

Only its music I can hear.

There was my childhood,

Gush with love for life -

Its myriad beauties,

Its scintillating scenarios.

There were the years that passed

When I pursued goals -

Often not eating,

Usually never sleeping

I found heart was the flow of life -

Mind only its guide,

Heaven its only limit,

Work the transforming agent.

But later I discovered heartbreak,

When everything came to a standstill -

Including time,

Eventually everything resumed by itself.

There are things you feel

But do not tell the world,

There are things that you tell the world,

But do not feel.

But now I do not get fazed by anything:

My failures, defeats, heartbreaks, and rejections -

I only want my work done -

Rest is worldly litter.

Give me one moment with eternity

For all the glories of the world,

Let me have a dip back into the purity of childhood -

Take away fire and wisdom of later years.

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