

Hope

It's a raining spring night,

Heavy drops pouring down from the sky.

I look out of the window, under the streetlight,

The seedling I plant is overwhelmed by god's cry.

Closing my eye, I saw the last twilight of 2020,

beautiful but bitter.

Recalling the past year, I saw all of the troubles and surprises,

illusory but real.

Athletes faded away from sports playing,

Friends grew apart by the distancing,

Teachers could not see our faces smiling,

Students sat in front of their computer complaining.

Next day, sun shines through the cloud and the trace of the storm have gone.

Opening the window, I see that sapling again.

After the baptism of rain, it pulls out new branches.

We still have hope...

——Yongzhe Wang