

Monitoring — Gianna Han '25

It knows that I tend to cling like it's monitoring me...
The sun says its love displays like the spring rain, giving life to the grass,
Like a touch of coolness given by the evening wind in summer,
Like the fragrance of sweet-scented osmanthus in autumn attracting bees,
Assembled to the fragile snow falling under the bright sun in winter.

Yes, how unselfish the sun is,
But your love with the sharp edges of a triangle,
Is it as beautiful as a stamen on a tree?
Or as ice-cold as a nameless rain on a sunny day?
It always seems to have a grudge against me.

You have the highest status and you are the primacy;
Thou art the author of the light of the moon.
But when I came to you,
You burned me to ashes conventionally.

Poem description: In some unequal marriages, the man sanctifies himself about how selfless he is, how much he loves his wife, which is really just rhetoric about domestic abuse. My poem satirizes the man who is abusive in his marriage and calls himself love, single-minded, and all the things he does in life is for his wife... but the so-called love in which all is talk and no effort. Under such a marriage, the woman is called the cause of everything wrong, but in every word and deed, they suffer oppression and unbearable harm. The poem is a way of speaking about women's voices. — Gianna Han