

WHEN BREATH IS SILENT

By: Ruby Chen

Loss arrives without a sound.
失去，是无声的。

The void—so quiet, so cruelly real.
虚无，静默而真切地存在。

Fear rises like a tide, endless, nameless.
恐惧，朝我无止境地涌来。

How do I close my eyes?
我如何闭眼？

How do I breathe?
我如何呼吸？

How do I remain?
我如何存在？

Tears are what's left when the heart is ground to dust—
眼泪是心的碎片被反复碾压出的汁水——

a fluid confession of what cannot be said aloud.
诉说着人不愿吐露的秘密。

Time becomes a blade, trimming away my edges.
时间化作利刃，割断我所有的棱角。

Every wound breathes in the open air—oxidizing, trembling,
eager to destroy itself.
我的伤口全部暴露——氧化、疼痛、自毁。

Yet at the hour when night can no longer bear its silence,
my eyes open again.
却又再黑夜无法忍受的那一刻突然睁眼。

**Tears are what's left when the heart is
ground to dust—**
眼泪是心的碎片被反复碾压出的汁水——

Everything remains—hushed.
一切，原来都是缄默的。

**I mocked myself for grieving,
as if sorrow were a performance.**
莫非悲从中来，皆是逢场作戏。

Even loss cannot correct what's wrong.
失去也无法改变错误。

I tried to balance guilt with my own suffering—
我试图用自身的痛苦，抵消道德带来的折磨——

a foolish exchange, a quiet cruelty.
这是一种愚昧的交换，一种安静的残忍。

I mocked myself for grieving, as if sorrow were a performance.
莫非悲从中来，皆是逢场作戏。

But when life departs, can it ever be pretend?
然而，当生命逝去，又怎会是假？

Everything remains—hushed.
一切，原来都是缄默的。

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