

A note from Liu Xiabo

by Roberto C. Garcia

I rewrite Charter 08 in daydreams— its 978 characters are now
3,190 words in English, — words in French,
— in German. Despite what's happened I'd write it again.
So many of my friend's interrogated
So many casual hits on the internet
So few cries of outrage
So few cries

I think about the weight of those words—how they are silenced
by the weight of stone, by the weight of 11 years in a Jinzhou
prison cell,
weight of compressed dark stone in angled 8 by 10.
Such unforgiving measurements
Such unexceptional inches
Such utilitarian feet
Such a primitive scheme

I can think of anyplace, my mind is like air, it passes through the
stone
of my skull, stone of this prison, stone of humanity's heart—easily.
I think always of my beloved
My resolve is blood for our beating hearts
My resolve is not the green beast, pride
My resolve turns prison stone to clouds
My resolve undoes China's blindfold

