

THE MORAL OF THE STORY

Translated from Chinese by Michael Wu

Once upon a time, I was tucked in bedtime stories
When I was too young to know what they really meant
My parents taught me to self-reflect
Through classes, through lectures, through exams
Yet I never truly learned how to live
Until I experienced bitter love, until I experienced bitter regret

It's easy to be mature, it's easy to be honest
But it's never easy to live up to our ideal image
Growing up's a funny thing: there's nothing else like it
You can't reason out of your own pain

Some romances are simply meant to be
No one can avoid becoming a memory
We learn as children to be patient; Rome wasn't built in a day
But when will I finally accept that? When will I finally understand?

It's easy to be mature, it's easy to be honest
But it's never easy to live up to our ideal image
Growing up's a funny thing: there's nothing else like it
It's hard to picture until you go through it yourself
We all hear the same stories, the same lessons that are told
Yet we never learn until the knife cuts deep
How naïve it was, that dream of living honestly
Eventually we'll realize what Aesop's fables really mean

Growing up's a funny thing: we choose our own adventure
And as I chronicled my journey, loving to regret was the moral of the story



Stop If Oncoming Traffic
by Evelina Groll