



Open Letter to Meng Wanzhou

*There is a gentle nymph not for from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream.
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure.*
—John Milton, *Comus*, 1634

I read your post to netizens,
the one you signed “Sabrina.”
Your heartfelt prose perplexes me
Is that how you wish us to see you?
Sentient sprite splashing the Severn
grand robes afloat, rippled reflection
safely indulging all nature’s perfection.
Bathed in opulence, time your treasure,
savouring books from cover to cover.
(Have you read *The Two Michaels* by Kovrig and
Spavor?)

Watching the seasons green, glow, and fade
be mindful, Meng, you have the power to save.
Hear them, Sabrina, hear them and save:
renounce your reflection
admit your connection
advance their protection
Hear them and save.

On the steps of the courthouse
you change to Guanyin
regal demeanor, porcelain skin
cupid bow mouth, deftly arched brow
Why is it you hid such perfection till now?

Most gracious goddess, mercy your measure
do you hear the sighs of the men as they suffer?
the lonely despairing of Kovrig and Spavor?

Recall what the sutra says about you
that one invocation will save a ship’s crew
tossing and turning on violent seas.
I beg, Bodhisattva, grant them your favour:
reverse your direction
forego your objection
relieve their subjection
Hear them and save