

當魚閉上眼睛

姚風詩集

**when the fish  
close their eyes**

poems of Yao Feng

*when the fish close their eyes*

《當魚閉上眼睛》

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## 喜歡一頭畜牲

在阿連特茹  
看見這匹馬，高貴，強健  
白色的鬃毛，像它的本性那麼純淨  
它靜靜吃著青草  
不時抬起蹄子，或用尾巴驅趕馬蠅  
簡單，純粹，完美的造物  
明亮的眼睛裏沒有摻雜一絲雜質  
除了吃草和奔跑  
它並不思索如何過得更好  
我心生柔情，輕輕撫摸它的皮毛  
在我孤獨的內心，在這易變的塵世  
喜歡一頭畜牲  
比喜歡一個人更加容易



## **to like a beast**

in Alentejo

I saw this horse – elegant, strong  
white of hair, pure by nature  
grazing quietly on green grass  
hooves up from time to time  
or chasing off horseflies with its tail

simple, absolute, perfect creation  
bright eyes show no sign of impurity  
aside from grazing and galloping  
it never concerns itself with a better life

tenderness grew in my heart  
my loneliness touching this

in a world of changes  
it is easier to like a beast  
than it is to like a human

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 葬花詞

爲了埋葬，那些必須埋葬的  
我在花園裏挖坑  
却發現，坑的形狀  
就是一朵盛開的鮮花

**flower burial**

to bury those needing to be buried  
I dig a hole in the garden  
then I realise the shape of the hole  
is a flower in full bloom

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 讀史偶感

夜讀史書，至唐安史之亂  
大將張巡困守睢城  
城中無食  
於是殺掉愛妾  
分給兵士果腹  
眾人不忍  
而張巡高呼  
"諸公爲國戮力守城  
一心無二  
巡不能自割肌膚以啖將士  
豈可惜此婦人！"

讀至此處，我不禁掩卷  
認真打量著  
身邊已進入夢鄉的女友

## history review

*reading history at night,  
concerning the Tang's An Shi rebellion  
and General Zhang Xun's defence of Suicheng*

as there was no food in the city  
he killed his beloved concubine  
to ease his fellow soldiers' stomachs

they couldn't bear this idea  
but Zhang Xun roared out  
'Gentlemen who have defended the city single-mindedly  
Xun cannot feed you his own flesh  
but how could I cherish this lady  
if you were all to starve?'

after reading this  
I close my book  
tenderly meditating on  
my girlfriend  
who is dreaming  
beside me

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 紀念

我把一束花插進瓶子，說：  
你是必須開放的  
花兒低下頭，淡淡地回答：  
我用一朵枯花把你消滅

**in remembrance**

I put a bunch of flowers into a vase and said  
'you have to blossom'  
the flowers lowered their heads, calmly replied  
'one withered bloom, you're gone'

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 午門

從來不喜歡星巴克咖啡  
但如此年代，故宮博物院的選擇  
就是我的選擇  
和一杯粗大的美式咖啡一起  
坐在午門前的星巴克  
坐在歷史的門口  
坐在黃昏中  
看太陽這顆巨大的頭顱  
如何以慢鏡頭的速度滾落在地  
在石板地上塗抹一層血色  
在午門，在砍下無數頭顱的地方  
我想平靜地喝一杯咖啡  
端起來呷了一口，才知忘了放糖



## Meridian Gate

I never liked Starbuck's coffee  
but in this era, the choice of the Palace Museum  
is my choice

with a large mug of American coffee  
sitting at XingBaku Kafei in front of the Meridian Gate  
sitting at history's door  
sitting in the widening dusk  
watching the sun's enormous head  
rolling down in slow motion  
painting the paving blood red

at the Meridian Gate  
where an infinite number of heads were lopped  
I want to enjoy a cup of coffee in tranquility  
when I take a sip, I notice I've forgotten the sugar

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 壞人

我懷疑一些人是壞人  
但依舊把他們當成好人  
就像法律  
在審判之前  
所有的犯罪嫌疑人都推定為無罪  
而壞人  
是那些戴著鴨舌帽  
叼著煙捲的人  
他們在我童年的銀幕上  
作惡多端  
如今，我已長大成人  
已經割掉青春的尾巴  
和天真的盲腸  
因此我受到更多的傷害  
但在我的周圍  
始終沒有發現戴鴨舌帽的人

## bad'ns

I have a feeling some people are naturally bad  
but I treat them as if they were good  
like law before the judgement's given

all suspects were once deemed guilty  
and the bad guys – they're the ones with the caps  
and the roll-ups held in their teeth

on the screen of childhood  
they do all kinds of evil

my young tail's been cut off  
likewise my appendix

yes I've suffered  
but I look around  
and I still can't see  
anyone wearing  
one of those caps

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 景山

夕陽向西山滑去  
暮色使宮殿漸漸遠離  
遊人紛紛下山  
丁香在山坡獨自開放  
暗香浮動  
引我憑欄眺望  
日出日落，千篇一律  
如朝代更迭  
無非揭竿而起  
無非腐敗墮落  
無非再揭竿而起  
我興味索然  
更想知道  
巍峨宮殿，三千粉黛  
美麗的人民  
如何度過  
她們絕經前後的人生

## Jing Shan

sun sliding towards the west mountains  
evening shadows fold palaces in  
tourists leave the hill one by one  
cloves alone blossom on the mountain slope  
their fragrance everywhere  
holds me by the fence to see  
sunrise sunset, by the same pattern  
dynasties alternate  
revolution  
corruption  
revolution again  
I lost interest  
I wanted to know  
the towering palaces, the three thousand beauties  
these gorgeous citizens  
how did they survive  
the change of life?

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 情人

在骨灰盒裏  
我的每一粒骨灰還保存著爐膛的餘熱  
鮮花簇擁，對人世我戀戀不捨  
我聽見哀樂沉重徐緩  
親人節制但悲痛地抽泣  
來賓在鞠躬時骨骼和衣服發出細微的聲響  
大公無私，光明磊落，低音的悼詞  
刪除了我一生中的瑕疵  
在悼詞的停頓之間，我更聽見了  
站在最後一排右數第三個女人的低哭  
突然間，骨灰盒閃出火光  
那是我化悲痛為力量  
每一粒骨灰又燃燒了一回

## lover

inside the urn  
my ash still warm  
bunches of flowers  
reluctant to part  
listening to serious  
slow sad music  
the family sobbing too loud  
guests bowed  
bones, clothes rustled  
how selfless, open, above-board  
the memorial speech low-pitched  
all the flaws removed from my life  
in a break I heard this woman weeping  
third from the right, last row  
then the urn burst into flame  
that was my power  
kindled from grief  
that was my ash  
burnt again

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 肖像

走出盧浮宮，我更熱愛藝術  
在塞納河邊，花三十法郎，請一位街頭畫家  
爲我畫一幅肖像，惟妙惟肖  
背景一片空白，我想那是法國的天空  
又走進一家店鋪，猶豫著  
是否花四十五法郎  
買一個羅珂珂風格的鏡框  
禿頂的店員說，沒有更便宜的了



## portrait

coming out of the Louvre  
I love art more  
on the Rhine I give a street artist  
thirty francs to do my portrait  
something exact  
background blank – must be  
the French sky  
in the shop I wonder  
is it worth forty five francs  
for a rococo frame  
the bald shopkeeper tells me  
there isn't any cheaper

– *translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 時間已經用舊

這麼多值得去愛的人  
但我只有一個一生  
只有一個身體  
而我已是一列破舊的火車  
正向廢鐵堆積的地方駛去  
一生多麼短暫,匆忙,盲目  
動物般的生存細節總是把我糾纏  
總是用黑夜去重複白天  
甚至在間隙的陽光中  
也沒有用整個心臟去愛一個人  
時間已經用舊  
許多可愛的生命已拋在身後  
萬家燈火，像片片老人斑  
在我的額頭閃耀

**time has already worn out**

so many people worthy to be loved  
but I am only one – with one life  
only one body  
and I am already a collection of old trains  
moving towards piles of rusty iron  
life is so short, swift, blind  
always entangled in animal details  
the detail of life  
always using night to repeat day  
even in the broken sunlight  
I haven't used my whole heart to love someone  
time has already worn out  
many lives have been left  
lights from all those many families,  
like age spots  
on my forehead  
twinkling

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 遺物

病床破舊，桌子上  
塑膠花沒有凋零，已落滿灰塵  
健康的家屬們，用一道哭泣的牆  
圍著親人  
窗外，木棉花正在怒放  
映在窗子上，像是咳出的一口口血

我們開始整理遺物：記事本、手提電話  
鏡子、梳子、外套、皮鞋、滋補藥品  
其中那塊精工牌手錶，滴答滴答  
仍舊跑個不停

## deceased estate

the sick bed worn out, on the table  
dust covers plastic flowers, won't wither  
a wall of the tearful protects the family  
outside the window, cottontree flowers bloom –  
a mouthful of blood on the glass

arranging so modest an estate: diary, mobile phone  
mirror, comb, jacket, shoes, medicine  
among all these things a Seiko watch goes tick tock

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 黃昏的收藏者

我讚美晨曦，我在驕陽下流汗  
我看見太多的死亡  
在送葬的樂曲中，我習慣了儀式和節哀  
眼睛流出來的  
不再是悲傷，而是一粒粒石頭

此時，河流反光，群山將隱  
黃昏的收藏者，提煉著最後的黃金  
我要去天堂  
天堂在那看不見的地方  
在這夜色中，在這燈紅酒綠的一隅  
是誰在揮霍我的餘生

## **collector of dusk**

I praise the first ray of day  
I sweat under the sun  
I have seen too many deaths  
in the mourning music

I am used to ritual and restraining my grief  
pouring out from my eyes  
no longer sadness but something of stone

at this moment, rivers reflecting lights, mountains hidden  
the collector of dusk is extracting the last gold  
I have to go to heaven –  
a place that cannot be seen  
this night, at this corner of red lights and green wine  
who is it wasting these last of my days?

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 默哀

我又一次默哀，又一次  
垂下屬於自己的頭顱，  
是悲痛，但不是力量，這是在遺像前  
唯一可以做的事情

我看見一雙落滿灰塵的鞋子  
我看見幾滴眼淚很快被泥土吸幹  
我看見我的影子像那死去的人  
躺在我的面前

太陽已經站在我的身後  
我看見陰影的位置更加牢固



## **mourning**

done in silence  
over and over

I lower the head  
belonging to me

this is sorrow  
not strength  
but before the dead  
this is all there's to do

I see a pair of dusty shoes  
tears the soil takes quickly  
I see my shadow  
which is like the dead

it's lying before me  
the sun stands behind

I see that my shadow  
is firm

*– translated by Amy Wong and Christopher Kelen*

## 白鴉

看看那些詩行  
多像一條條電線  
上面站著絕緣的烏鴉  
爲了重新命名  
我把烏鴉養在籠子裏  
每天只餵雪白的大米  
我想一直餵下去  
子子孫孫餵下去  
總有一天  
烏鴉會變成白鴉

## **white crow**

look at those poems  
they're like electric wires  
with insulated crows standing on them  
in order to rename them  
I keep crows in a cage  
I just feed them with white rice every day  
I want to continue to feed them  
my descendants will feed them too  
one day  
the black crows will be white

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 沉默

我們終於把沉默  
放在我們中間  
就像擺下一張巨大的桌子  
上面什麼也沒有  
宴會早已結束  
我們再不會面對面坐下

黑夜的靜寂中  
只有鳥兒偶爾鳴叫一聲  
它們也喜歡說夢話  
而我們今夜無夢  
風吹動你的頭髮  
像一聲聲嚎叫

## **silence**

we have finally put silence  
between us  
like a gigantic table  
with nothing on it  
the banquet has long ended  
in the silence of night  
there's only the birds' occasional cry  
they too like to talk in their sleep  
but we have a dreamless night  
wind blows through your long hair  
it's like howling

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 征服者

攀登珠穆朗瑪峰的人  
半路死了好幾個  
幸存的，登上了峰頂  
他們面對鏡頭，揮舞著旗幟  
讓全世界都看到  
他們征服了世界第一峰  
只有被鏡頭省略的夏爾巴人  
默默地站在角落裏  
他們是腳夫，算不上征服者  
只要付給兩千美金  
他們可以幫助任何征服者  
征服珠穆朗瑪峰

## **conquerors**

those who climbed the Himalayas –  
a few died half way  
the survivors reached the peak  
they faced the camera, waved their flag  
telling the world  
they have conquered the world's highest peak  
only the Sherpas, not captured by the camera  
stood silently in a corner  
they are porters, not conquerors  
with a mere two thousand dollars  
they can help anyone to conquer  
the Himalayas

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 六指

嚴格而言，趙四算不上殘疾人  
他的右手無非長出一根六指  
它萎縮，畸形，好似沒有生命  
這是他身體多餘的物質  
也是最無用的部分

每次與趙四握手，我都有這種感覺  
但趙四說，六指和他血肉相連  
也會流血，也會疼痛



## **the sixth finger**

strictly speaking, Zhao is not handicapped  
he just has an extra finger on his right hand  
withered, deformed –  
a superfluous part of his body  
the most useless part

I have this feeling every time I shake his hand  
but Zhao said, this sixth finger is also his flesh and blood  
it too will bleed, it too will hurt

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 中國地圖

我要感謝那個繪製地圖的人  
你用玫瑰的色彩  
描出祖國遼闊的疆域  
用綠色標出高山峻嶺  
用藍色標出河流大海

你在九百六十萬平方公里的土地上  
種下了玫瑰  
黃河洗淨泥沙，長江奔流如碧  
海天一色，沒有污染  
滿目青山，伐木者早已遠去

彩色的地圖，玫瑰園般絢麗  
遮蓋住昏黃的牆壁  
我仿佛看見，可愛的人民  
在水之湄，在花園間  
勞作，繁衍，生息  
他們用透明的汗水澆灌玫瑰  
他們用一生的時間彼此相愛

## map of China

I have to thank the one who created the map  
you used rosy colors  
to sketch out our motherland's broad frontiers  
marked the mountains in green  
and the waters in blue

you planted roses on the  
nine million six hundred thousand  
square kilometers of land  
Huang He washed the sands clean  
Chang Jiang flowed like jade  
sky and sea one, unpolluted  
all we see are green mountains  
I wish the woodcutters away

colourful map, gracious as a rose garden  
covers the yellowing wall  
in it I seem to see, lovely people  
by the waters, in the garden  
working, resting, generation after generation  
their perspiration waters the roses  
each gives a lifetime to love one another

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 三月

又是春天  
我又脫下了冬衣  
我又推開封鎖的窗子  
身體內春雷轟鳴  
田野中小花綻開  
每年的春天  
都在重複中褪去花顏  
但我依舊不知道  
許多小花的名字  
就像從我眼前飄過的少女  
我不知道她們的名字

## March

it's spring again  
again I take off my winter coat  
again unlock, push open the window  
spring thunder rumbles in my body  
flowers in the fields blossom

every spring time  
the loss of beauty is repeated  
I still don't know the flowers' names  
and the girls have drifted out of sight  
they too lacking names

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 車過中原

火車在穿越大地  
成熟的玉米收容了陽光

歲月漫漫  
它們作為種子  
無數次地躺下  
又作為糧食  
無數次地爬起來  
它們像我一樣微笑著  
滿嘴的黃牙  
沒有一顆是金的

## **the train through the Central Plains**

the train passing through the land  
the sweet corn taking in the sunshine

years pass  
the corn lays down many times  
stands up to feed us  
climbs many times  
these kernels like me smiling  
all yellow teeth  
not a single one  
is golden

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 撫摸

爲了更溫柔地撫摸  
我拔掉了所有的指甲  
反正它們也是閑著

你說，把骨頭也剔了  
就是世界上最大的蛆了



**caress**

in order to caress you more tenderly  
I removed all my fingernails  
they were idle anyway  
you said to take out the bones  
my fingers would be maggots then

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 牧羊人

我，一個糟糕的牧羊人  
始終無法把羊和雲分開  
直到有一天狼來了

現在我知道，雲就是雲  
羊呢  
就是那些骨頭

**a shepherd**

I was a bad shepherd  
still couldn't tell  
sheep from clouds  
until one day a wolf came

now I know  
clouds are clouds  
and sheep  
they are those bones

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 夢境

我抓住你的手  
也就抓住了一個扶手  
時光漫漫  
沒有動脈的手指  
漸漸生鏽  
只有指甲向上生長  
又被剪掉  
這些堅硬而無用的悲傷  
我緊緊抓住你  
向高處走去  
就像一隻風箏  
在一根線的後面擺動  
才能屬於天空

**in the dream**

I hold your hand  
which is a handrail  
time slowly passes  
fingers rust without veins  
only the nails grow up  
they're cut again  
all these hard but useless sorrows

I'm holding you tight  
jerk up like a kite  
swinging at the back of the string  
only in this way we belong to the sky

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 暗

當魚閉上眼睛，大海一片黑暗  
一條條河流  
也被漂成黑色的綑帶

那心中的愛，就像仰望的盲人  
在黑暗中  
才能看見你的容顏

時光發明了短暫  
用來蹂躪美好的事物

你也閉上眼睛  
用所有的鹽，等待兩行眼淚  
而礁石，在黑色的鋼琴上  
彈碎了一朵朵浪花

## **dimness**

when the fish close their eyes  
streams of rivers  
dyed, now black ribbons

the love in my heart  
like a blind man  
looking up in the dark  
to see your face

time is invented  
to torture good things

you close your eyes  
using up all the salt  
to wait for two lines of tears

on the piano  
white keys  
crash  
like waves  
on the rocks

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 與馬里奧神父在樹下小坐

馬里奧神父陪我走出聖安東尼教堂  
留下耶穌仍在祭臺上受難  
我們坐在樹下，風在吹，葉子有了方向  
神父滔滔不絕，滿臉神聖的表情之上  
人間的紅色粉刺含苞欲放  
手指像哥特式的塔尖，指向雲端  
自鳴鐘在那裏敲響了虛無  
信仰與上帝，罪惡與拯救  
在苦難與罪惡的學校中  
我曾背誦這些辭彙，學習批鬥肉體  
在抵達的路上俯首，祈禱，仰望  
如今，死去的人已經死去  
沒有死去的，向我描述地獄  
而天堂，是我已被切除的器官  
沒有的時候，才感到它的存在  
這存在隱隱作痛  
馬里奧神父不知道的疼痛



**under a tree, sitting with Father Mario**

Father Mario walked me out of the St. Antonio Church  
leaving Jesus suffering on the altar  
we sat under a tree, wind was blowing  
leaves gusted one way  
Father spoke non-stop with his sacred expression  
the acne of humans like blossoming buds  
the finger a Gothic spire pointing at clouds  
since the bell knocked at nothingness  
I recited those words  
learning against the body  
on my way I bow and pray  
look up and see  
the dead have passed away  
those not yet dead describe hell to me  
heaven is an organ I've removed  
gone, I can feel its existence  
this is a pain not known  
by Father Mario

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 原地

煙霧掠過，在我心中飄散  
窗前的景物向後奔去  
遠處的高壓線，綿延不斷  
金色的稻田，農民彎下黑色的腰  
看不見他們的面孔  
還沒等他們直起身來  
飛奔的火車，已把他們  
拋在我看不見的原地

## same old place

a mist came floating in my heart  
everything outside window rushed back  
faroff pylon wires stretched and stretched more  
peasants' bent backs dark in gold fields of rice  
I couldn't see their faces till they raised  
up their heads – the galloping train  
had thrown them where  
I couldn't see

– *translated by Amy Wong and Christopher Kelen*

## 瓦礫

塔樓上，自鳴鐘又一次敲響  
又有什麼東西  
像瓦礫一樣  
在我的身體內，被震落，被粉碎  
塵埃，碎片，廢墟  
我的生活忙碌無比

我說的是身體  
而內心，像遇難多年的礦工  
好久沒有被說起了

**debris**

the tower clock  
chimes again

what is it like debris  
being crushed in my body?  
dust, gravel, ruins

life's busy  
it's my body  
I'm talking about

but my heart's like the miner  
many years lost  
a long time since  
last mention

*– translated by Amy Wong and Christopher Kelen*

## 大海真的不需要這些東西

在德里加海灘，大海  
不停地翻滾  
像在拒絕，像要把什麼還給我們  
我們看見光滑的沙灘上  
丟棄的酒瓶子、針筒、衛生紙、避孕套

我們嘿嘿一笑，我們的快樂和悲傷  
越來越依賴身體，越來越需要排泄  
光滑的沙灘上，有我們丟棄的  
酒瓶子、針筒、衛生紙、避孕套

但大海真的不需要這些東西  
甚至不需要  
如此高級的人類

**the sea doesn't need these things**

at the Derita beach  
waves  
roaring in the sea  
say no  
as if they wished  
to give something back

we can see empties, syringes,  
tissues and condoms  
on this fine sand

we smile  
happy and sad  
by slow steps  
in the body  
we need to get  
things out of  
our system

on this beach of fine sand  
there are  
bottles, syringes,  
tissues, condoms

but the sea doesn't need these things  
doesn't even need  
people looking

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 落日

你說，你的生活很完美  
就是內心感到空虛

最後，我們把這個矛盾  
上升到靈與肉，甚至全人類——  
每當我們借用身體，來解決  
內心的問題  
就會遭遇巨大的失敗

世界越談越暗，我們  
還沒有找到替身  
繽紛的晚霞，是落日發佈的時裝  
遮蓋的，是我們的身體



**sunset**

you said your life is perfect  
except for the emptiness in your heart

finally, we enlarge this paradox  
to spirit and flesh, even to all mankind –  
whenever we borrow our body to solve  
a problem of the heart  
we're the big losers

the world gets dimmer as we talk  
we still haven't found a substitute  
for that colorful afterglow  
fashion designed by sunset  
to cover every body

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 秋風

肅殺的秋風，要砍下多少頭顱  
才會放下屠刀  
秋後算賬的大地，一片荒涼

多少野獸無處藏身  
多少人還在忍受

多少目睹枯萎的人  
也在枯萎，心底的荒涼  
像星辰，抓緊了黑夜

**autumn wind**

how many heads will this rough wind of autumn  
take off before it puts down the knife?

the land that squares accounts  
desolate after the autumn harvest

how many beasts without shelter?  
how many men still enduring?

how many witnesses of withering  
are also withering? The loneliness in the heart  
like stars, firm grasp on the night sky

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 是否可以忘記

我又回到了北京  
在夏天，在擁擠的車流中，在渾濁的空氣裏  
但陽光依然明媚  
更多更高的樓宇，讓人顯得渺小  
街上人頭攢動，但靚女何其稀少  
她們習慣美麗地出沒，在日落之後  
我百無聊賴，漫步至陶然亭，我初戀的地方

湖水碧綠，荷花出污泥而不染  
情侶們忙著自己的事情  
我想起在湖邊，微風盈懷  
第一次牽你的手，你閉月羞花，我顫慄如泥  
花與泥，最終都留在了湖底  
如今，岸邊坐滿釣魚的人  
他們聚精會神，沉默不語，像是天下只有水和魚  
心如止水，心如止水  
只有上鉤的魚掀起一圈漣漪

我也租了一副魚具，加入釣魚者的行列  
我也可以平靜，我也可以忘記  
多麼容易，在忘記中釣上這些肥碩的魚  
只是它們和忘記一樣，並非免費

## **forgotten or not**

I am back  
in Beijing again  
in summer  
in traffic  
in the muddled air  
the sunlight is still enchanting  
more skyscrapers now  
everyone looks shorter  
more heads on the streets,  
but less pretty girls  
their custom's to be  
out beautifully  
at night

feeling bored  
I stroll to Tou Xian Ting  
place of my first love  
the lake is green as jade  
lotus clean, clear  
lovers busy with their business  
I remember that day by the lake  
I remember the breeze  
the first time I held your hand  
you blushed like a flower  
I shook like mud  
flowers and mud  
go under the lake

today the shore is filled with people fishing  
they steal themselves in silence  
as if there were only

water and fish in the world

heart as still as water  
only a hooked fish flails

I rent some fishing gear  
join the group  
I too can be at peace  
I too can forget  
how easy it was

I caught a big fish trying to forget  
but neither is forgetting free

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*



## 卡洛斯

平時，他們被生活的沉悶所窒息  
只有在此刻  
當他緊緊地抱住安娜的頭  
才會低聲說出：愛，還有死  
仿佛死，是愛的極致，是天堂的階梯

床單濡濕而零亂  
像海浪，又像是狂風  
他們繼續航行，或者飛翔  
哪怕它們的終點  
都屬於大地



## Carlos

normally, they are suffocated  
by the boredom of life  
only at this moment  
holding Anna's head tenderly  
will he whisper love and whisper death  
as if death were love's extremity  
as if there were stairs to heaven

bed sheets moist and messy  
like waves, like storms

Anna and Carlos continue to sail, to fly  
even though their destination  
is something belonging to earth

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 洛佩斯的葬禮

人人身穿深色服裝，嗓音低沉  
戴上墨鏡，使晴朗的天空變成多餘

死者一身白衣，糾正了生前的污點  
享年八十三歲，可謂壽終正寢  
這，稀釋了眾人的悲傷

神父照本宣科，身體歸於泥土  
靈魂在天國翱翔，阿門  
充滿隱喻的鮮花，圍著墓碑綻放

墓地清幽，花香襲人，壓倒腐爛的氣味  
除下墨鏡，陽光更加燦爛，使我相信  
死亡，就是遷往了天堂

## **Lopez' funeral**

everybody dressed dark, voices lowered  
dark glasses make the bright sky futile

the dead dressed in white –  
rectification for a role in life  
aged eighty-three – so not 'before his time'  
and this dilutes the sadness

the priest said what was required  
that the body belonged to the mud  
that the soul was winged for heaven

amen  
flowers of metaphor  
bloom round the grave

how quiet and beautiful  
the scent of flowers  
overwhelming rotten smells

I took off my dark glasses  
the sun shone more  
which made me believe  
death had gone on  
to heaven

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 沙粒

我們在海邊漫步，這大海  
多麼慷慨，用一萬年  
把礁石磨成一粒粒光滑的沙子

你笑著，把一捧沙子放在我的手中  
說，這裏有黃金

大海依舊擊打著礁石  
手中的沙粒，折射出點點金光

我多希望，這些閃光的沙粒  
別從我的手中溜走  
別在須臾間  
帶走我的雙手，帶走我的身體

## **sand grains**

strolling by the shore  
of an ocean so generous  
it gives ten thousand years  
to the project of turning  
the reef into sand grains

you smile, pouring sands through my hands  
saying there's gold here

the sea is still beating on the reefs  
the sand in my hands is golden light reflecting

how I wish this sparkling sand  
would not slip away like this moment  
would not lead my hands  
lead my body away

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 重逢

聽說你已經歸來  
二十年光陰太短，我們豈敢相忘  
而祖國又一次滄海桑田  
你我約會的那根燈柱還在，  
但早已貼滿  
“專治梅毒，一針見效”的廣告  
我還純潔嗎  
兩眼昏花的我，已認不清  
醫生龍飛鳳舞的藥方

摻了防腐劑的罐頭也有期限  
肉體都要腐爛  
我只保留著心跳，這些還未腐爛的魚  
一條條穿過污染的河水  
游向你的懷抱

## reunion

I heard you were back  
twenty years is too short a time to forget  
and time has brought great changes to our country  
the lamppost we've agreed to meet at is still standing  
but now it's covered with ads –  
'pox doctor, only one shot'

am I still pure?  
my old eyes don't allow me to read  
the doctor's hand written prescription

even canned foods with preservatives have expiry dates  
flesh will rot in the end  
I can only keep to my heartbeat  
these fishes yet to dissolve  
swim across the dying river  
to be at your breast

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 玻璃

那些石頭  
要揚棄多少東西  
才會變成玻璃  
它通體透明  
平靜，明亮，無言

窗外，依舊風光無限  
夕陽撞向大地

大海卷起波濤  
玻璃的內心  
隱藏著鋒芒和喊叫



**glass**

some stones  
give everything  
to become  
transparent  
calm bright  
speechless

fabulous view  
outside the windows  
setting sun  
touches the earth

sea curls up its waves  
the heart of glass hiding  
the sharpness, the screams

*– translated by Amy Wong and Christopher Kelen*

## 奔跑

是誰逼著種子發芽？  
陽光和水，都是大地的同謀  
種子裏埋藏的果實  
却沒有爬到樹上  
在最高處，壓低你的樹枝

只有風的馬群，在簇葉中奔跑  
而樹葉與樹葉之間  
只有徒勞的語言，只有空虛  
那顆樹死去了，站著死去  
他的根還緊攥著大地：  
一把灰燼

那就讓馬群在灰燼上奔跑吧  
但要以逃跑的方式

## running

who forces the seeds to grow?  
sunlight and water, they are earth's co-conspirators  
the fruits hidden in the seeds  
they've never climbed trees  
never stood above  
beating down branches

only the wind and horses  
running among the leaves  
and between leaves  
only whining, only emptiness

the tree dies, standing  
its roots still grip the land:  
ashes

then, let the horses run on ashes  
but never run away

– *translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 一聲鳥鳴

麻醉師塞給我一本朦朧詩  
在我不喜歡的詩歌中，女護士迅速凋零  
之後，不知道經歷了什麼  
當再次睜開眼睛  
發現鄰床的老王已去向不明  
代替他的，是一個呻吟的青年

陽光依然明媚，像快樂的螞蟻  
在我的病床上嬉戲  
窗外，一聲鳥鳴告訴說  
"你的器官已被摘除"

## bird cry

the anesthetist handed me  
a book of blurry poems

in the ones I didn't like  
the nurse soon withered

when I opened my eyes  
I didn't know what I'd come through

Mr Wang was gone from the next bed  
in his place a moaning teenager

sun still shone bright  
like the happy ants playing on my bed

outside the window, a bird sings  
"the organ in question is gone"

*– translated by Amy Wong and Christopher Kelen*

## 狗日的糧食

一個農民，在田地裏勞動  
他迎著風  
往手心狠狠吐了一口吐沫  
像是充滿了仇恨  
然後搓一搓雙手，攥起了鋤頭

在一篇作文中，我曾讚美  
農民們多麼勤勞  
卻不知道，幾千年來  
他們熱愛著糧食  
而狗日的糧食，卻沒有愛過他們

## god damned grain

a peasant labouring in the field  
against the wind  
spits on his palms with all his strength  
as if hatred devoured him  
then he rubs his hands together  
and grips a hoe

once in an essay I praised  
peasants for their diligence  
yet I'd never known: for thousands of years  
all they have held dear  
is the god damned grain  
that never loved them

*– translated by Petra Seak and Christopher Kelen*

## 旅途

把身後的影子搓成一根韁繩  
牽著路，這匹老馬  
默默前行  
每天，夕陽都是一次流產  
鐘錶積攢了足夠的時間  
黑夜沒有前方  
只有四周  
一根根火柴從身體中抽出  
在昏暗的牆壁上  
撞破紅色的頭顱



## journey

the shadow behind me, I twined into a rein  
holding the road, this old horse  
went on in silence

everyday's sunset is a miscarriage  
the watch has saved enough time  
in darkness there's nothing ahead  
only around

matches drawn out  
strike each red head  
on the dim wall

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 1968年的奔跑

我跑了起來  
因為我看見一群人  
向一個紅色的方向奔跑  
我不知道  
他們為什麼要跑  
但知道，我為什麼要跑  
因為他們在跑

**running in 1968**

I ran  
because I saw the crowd  
running in the direction of  
Tiananmen square  
I didn't know  
why they were running  
but I knew  
I was running  
because they were

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 想起父親

想起父親的時候  
已經下雨了  
泥濘拖住了鞋子  
我感到了沉重  
在父親面前  
我只有彎下腰  
才能撿到一塊石頭  
我把石頭放在墳上  
石頭下壓住一張紙  
紙是白的  
上面什麼也沒有寫  
下山的時候  
天已經全黑了

## **thinking of father**

I thought of my father  
it was already raining  
the mud dragging my shoes  
I felt heavy  
in front of dad  
I had to bend down  
to pick up a stone  
I put the stone on the grave  
on a sheet of paper  
the paper is white  
nothing written on it  
I walked down the hill  
the sky was already dark

*– translated by Jenny Lao and Christopher Kelen*

## 聖像巡遊

混在信徒之中，目睹耶和華的血  
從十字架上流向人間  
我，一個來自異國的異教徒  
也相信了人類的原罪  
相信誘惑的蘋果  
會在我的赤裸面前墜落

抬著聖像的信徒緩緩走過  
街邊的人群也靜靜散去  
我來到自己罪惡的中心  
槍殺了所有前往沙場的士兵  
我命令我的罪惡  
只傷害我自己

## **procession**

among the followers  
I witnessed Jehovah's blood  
it dripped from the cross onto humans  
I'm a pagan from a foreign country  
I also believe in original sin  
the temptation of apples  
fallen before my nakedness

devotees holding sacred statues  
passed in slow procession  
crowds dispersed in silence  
then I came to the core of my sins

who killed all those soldiers  
sent into battle?

I gave orders for my sins  
to be only self-harming

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 身上的雪

披上皮大衣  
即使趴在地上，也不像狼  
我像綿羊一樣睡著了

夢中走近你  
狂吃身體上的青草  
雪越下越大  
但落在我身上的雪  
我一點也看不見



**cloak of snow**

putting on a fur coat  
not even crawling on the ground  
makes me look like a wolf  
I look like a sheep when I'm sleeping

I came to you in my dream  
and gobbled up the grass of your field, your body  
the snow got heavier  
but I couldn't see  
the snow coming down on me

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 那血是我的

燈散開白髮，紙  
更加蒼白  
我寫不出一個字

蚊蟲隱形飛機一般  
嗡嗡作響  
我分不清它們的雌雄  
但不能不關心生活的痛癢  
必須聚精會神

啪啪啪，我打在  
自己的臉上，大腿上  
或者其他舉手可及的地方

那血是我的  
哪怕我無法留在血裏  
也要留在身上

**the blood is mine**

a lamp scatters  
    white hair  
paper is paler  
    nothing to write

insects like  
    stealth bombers  
male? female?  
    I can't tell  
but the itch means something  
    I have to concentrate

I hit my face  
my legs, anywhere  
    I can reach

the blood's mine  
even if I can't keep it in my veins  
it'll still be on my body

*– translated by Amy Wong and Christopher Kelen*

## 詩人的午餐

在法羅，六個國家的詩人  
坐在大海邊  
我們用詩句歌頌大海  
用牙齒  
把一條大魚剔成大海的胸針

## **the poet's lunch**

in Faro, poets from six countries  
sat by the seaside  
we used poetry to praise the sea  
we used teeth  
to turn a big fish into a brooch for the sea

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 檸檬

走進院子，就像這個季節  
走進了檸檬樹  
金色的果實，緊緊抓住陽光  
如你小小的乳房  
不會飛翔

是的，它們很小  
但畢竟是你的乳房

## lemon

I walked into the courtyard, in this season  
I came to a lemon tree  
fruit to sunshine holding tightly  
like your small breasts  
can't fly

yes, they're small  
after all they're your breasts

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 蒼老

我和兩歲的女兒來到海邊  
她是第一次看到大海  
對她而言，這不是海  
她還不知道海這個詞  
大海，只是很大很大的一盆水  
她掙脫我的手  
快樂地向大海深處奔去  
頭髮飄動，在陽光中燦如王冠  
她象一條小魚奔跑，大聲喊叫  
竟沒有一絲的恐懼  
是啊，她還沒有開始學習恐懼  
而我，一個已在恐懼中學習半生的人  
站在陽光的後面  
感覺一下子就老了  
大海波平如鏡  
折射的光芒都是蒼蒼白髮



## **long in the tooth**

I came to the seaside  
with my two-year-old daughter  
this was her first time seeing the sea  
it wasn't a sea to her  
she didn't even know the word  
only a big big pot of water  
she took her hand away  
ran happily to the deep deep sea  
hair waving, shiny like a crown  
like a little fish running, shouting  
not even a little afraid  
yet to learn  
me?  
I've known fear half my life  
back to the sun  
feeling old  
the sea a silent mirror  
reflecting light – all silver hair

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 心病

我的心臟健康強健  
寂靜的時候  
能聽見它蹦蹦直跳  
但總有一種力量  
把一隻手  
放在我的心臟上面  
就像一貼狗皮膏藥  
死死咬住不放  
久而久之  
健康強健的心臟  
終於成了一塊心病

## **heart disease**

my heart healthy and strong  
when silent  
I can hear it beating  
there is some power  
places a hand over my heart  
it's stuck there  
like a dog skin plaster  
grip deadly tight  
until the strong heart  
fails

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 進香

每登一步  
山頂的寺廟  
就放大了一點  
終於看見  
暗紅色的大門  
緊緊關著  
不知道和尚是否還在  
但在八月  
寺內的桂花  
一定開了

**offering incense**

as I climbed  
bit by bit  
the mountain top temple grew  
till I saw  
the big, red door  
dark, closed

not sure if the monks are still there  
but it's August  
the sweet osmanthus inside  
should be in bloom by now

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 南京

細雨濛濛，我又來到了南京  
法國梧桐仍用漢語交談  
雨花石似乎洗淨了血跡  
坐在街邊的水盆中，睜大繽紛的眼睛

我喜歡南京  
喜歡和這裏的朋友聚在酒吧  
談一談祖國、詩歌和女人  
但這些南京大屠殺倖存者或罹難者的後代  
從未跟我談起歷史

## Nanjing

it's drizzling, here I am in Nanjing again  
the French phoenix trees still chat in Chinese  
rain flower pebbles look clean  
sat in the pots on the street, opening their eyes wide

I like Nanjing  
I enjoy meeting my friends in the pubs  
we talk about the country, poetry and women  
but neither the children of the victims  
nor the survivors of the massacre  
have ever spoken of history with me

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 植物人

人從地上站立起來  
就開始用語言命名大千世界  
玫瑰花開花落  
不知道自己叫做玫瑰  
君子蘭也不知道  
自己和君子有何關係  
此時我遠離語言學和植物學  
無言地坐在老張的床邊  
他渾身插滿管子  
像一株茂盛的植物  
我轉移視線，窗外的樹  
已經伸展所有的葉子  
在玻璃上投下快樂的斑影  
我最後看了一眼老張  
他睜開了雙眼  
但他什麼也沒有看見



**vegetative man**

humans are meant to stand on the ground  
they use language to name the world

roses blossom and fall  
they don't know why they are called roses

nor does a gentleman orchid know how best  
to deport himself among gentlemen

I keep as far as I can from linguistics and botany  
I sit by old Zhang's bed, speechless

Zhang's sprouted tubes everywhere,  
you could say he was flourishing

I look out the window – trees, leaves all over  
cast happy shadows on glass

I see old Zhang open his eyes  
there's nothing he can see

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 狼來了

狼來了  
羊們都沒有跑  
他們停止了吃草  
排成整齊的隊列  
像一壟壟棉花

狼嚎叫了一聲：  
天氣真他媽熱！  
所有的羊  
都脫下了皮大衣

**the wolf's coming**

the wolf's coming

the sheep didn't run  
they stopped eating the grass  
formed up a queue  
like cotton wool

the wolf howled at the flock  
'it's hot as hell, this weather!'  
all the sheep  
took off their coats

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 福爾馬林中的孩子

在病理室  
看見你坐在福馬林中  
冰冷，浮腫，蒼白  
卻沒有腐爛的自由  
嘴唇微微張開  
還在呼喚第一聲啼哭  
緊攥的小手  
抓住的只有自己的指紋

你沒有腐爛的自由  
你讓我對生活感到滿足  
呵，自由，腐爛的自由  
我畢竟擁有

## **the child in formalin**

in the ward  
sat in formalin  
cold, swollen, pale  
but freedom undeterred  
your lips slightly opened  
tears beginning  
holding only your own fingerprints

not knowing freedom  
you have none to lose  
this shows me that  
I must be satisfied  
possessing only  
freedom's decay

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## 《在聖瑪麗婭醫院》

從白色的被單中，你向我伸出一隻手  
它修長，枯乾，塗著蔻丹的指甲  
像梅花，把冬天的樹枝照耀  
這些指甲，這些花，你一次次剪掉  
又讓它們一次次怒放

它們，位於你生活和身體的邊緣  
但總是這麼潔淨，這麼鮮豔  
哪怕在這所  
和國家一樣混亂的國家醫院

抓住你的手，感到褐色的血管隆起  
血液蠕動，從紅色的指尖折返  
記得你在書中說，在死亡的肉體中  
指甲是最後腐爛的物質

## at St Mary's Hospital

under the white covers, you give me your hand  
it's slender, dry and those Cutex nails  
are like plum blossoms, shining in winter branches

these fingernails, these flowers  
you have pruned one by one  
letting them blossom again and again

they are at the margin of body and of life  
always clean, vivid, even in this state hospital  
which is as messy as the country

holding your hand, I feel the blood rising  
drained from the red nails  
I remember in your book you wrote  
how on a corpse the nails are last to rot

*– translated by Agnes Vong and Christopher Kelen*

## **Books by ASM**

### **Fiction Series:**

story circle manual

Legend of the Chinese Zodiac - Jenny Oliveros Lao

Ah Xun's 5 Destinies - Hilda Tam

man, god, ghost - Amy Wong

Cherry's Diary - Cassenna Chan

The Ice-cream Formula - Elisa Lai

Hidden Treasure - Juliana Ho

Crayon Tales - Carol Tong

Lotus I Love You - Jodie Leung

Climbing a Tree for Fish - Lili Han

a map of the seasons - Kit Kelen

a wager with the gods - Kit Kelen

### **Classical and Contemporary Poetry Series:**

Meng Jiao: bird in an empty city

NaLan Xingde: tryst

Li Yu: song of the water clock at night

Xing Qiji: clear echo in the valley's depths

Kit Kelen's Macao - Christopher Kelen

when the fish close their eyes - Yao Feng