

黃昏的收藏者

Collector of Dusk

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大地

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
才會低聲的說出：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
哪怕他們的終點
都屬於大地

earth

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

暗

當魚閉上眼睛，大海一片黑暗
一條條河流
被漂成黑色的繃帶

那心中的愛，就像仰望的盲人
在黑暗中
看見星辰的容顏

時光發明了短暫
為了蹂躪美好的事物

你也閉上眼睛
用所有的鹽，釀制兩行熱淚
而一朵浪花，在黑色的鋼琴上
彈碎了大海

dimness

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

the love in my heart
like a blind man
looking up in the dark
to see the star's face

time is invented
to torture good things

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

on the black piano
white keys
crash
like waves on the rocks

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 smiling
all yellow teeth
not a single one
is golden

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
明亮的眼睛裡沒有摻雜一絲雜質
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

葬花詞

為了埋葬，那些必須埋葬的
我在花園裡挖坑
卻發現，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 realize the shape of the hole
is a flower in full bloom

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
分給士兵果腹
眾人不忍
而張巡高呼
“諸公為國戮力守城
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 China 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:
All of you have defended the city single-mindedly
Xun cannot feed you this 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

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

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 Starbucks's coffee
but in this era, the choice of the Forbidden City
is my choice

with a large mug of American coffee
sitting at Starbucks 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

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
是那些帶著鴨舌帽
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 judgment'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
then I've more suffered
but I look around, I still can't see
anyone wearing one of those caps

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

Coal Hill

sun sliding towards the west mountains
evening shadows fold the Imperial Palace 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 people
how did they survive
pre and post- menopausal period

情人

在骨灰盒裡
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

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

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，我習慣了節哀和儀式
眼睛流出來的
不再是悲傷，而是一粒粒石頭

河流反光，群山將隱
黃昏的收藏者
提煉著最後的黃金

我嚮往天堂
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

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?

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

征服者

攀登珠穆朗瑪峰的人
半途死了好幾個
倖存的，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
默默地站在角落裡
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

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
Yellow River washed the sands clean
Yangtse River flowed like jade
sky and sea one, unpolluted
we see are green mountains
and all woodcutters have gone away

colorful 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 after another

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 flower's names
and the girls have drifted out of sight
they too lacking names

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
自鳴鐘在那裡敲響了虛無
信仰與上帝，罪惡與拯救
在苦難與罪惡的學校中
我曾背誦這些詞彙，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

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

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

狗日的糧食

一個農民，在田地裡勞動
他迎著風
往手心裡狠狠吐了一口吐沫
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 laboring 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 dammed grain
that never loved them

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

1968 年的奔跑

我跑了起來
因為我看見一群人
向一個方向奔跑
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

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
曾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

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

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
她像一條小魚奔跑，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 tow-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

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
把一雙手
放在我的心臟的上面
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 struck there
like a dog skin plaster
grip deadly tight
until the strong heart
fails

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

南京

細雨濛濛，我又來到了南京
法國梧桐仍用漢語交談
雨花石似乎已經乾淨
坐在街邊的水盆中，向遊客
睜大繽紛的眼睛

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

Nanking

it's drizzling, here I am in Nanking 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 this city
I enjoy meeting my friends in the pubs
we talk about the country, poetry and women
but neither the descendants of the victims
nor the survivors of the Nanking Massacre
have ever spoken of history with me

遠處的風景

朋友我家做客
他打開了窗子
想瞧瞧遠處的風景
卻碰見一個煙囪
它時而冒黑煙，時而冒青煙
有時還竄出束束火花
像是不肯閉上的眼睛

朋友問，怎麼回事兒
他不知道
那是一座火葬廠

faraway scenery

a friend came to visit
he opened a window
he wanted to see the faraway scenery
but instead he saw a chimney
sometimes black smoke, sometimes blue
there are sparks at times
looks like it doesn't want to close its eyes

my friend asked what happened
he didn't know
that it was a crematorium

永遠活著

從香港到聖保羅，漫長的旅行
飛機，仿佛被剪掉尖爪的大鳥
永遠在星夜裏飛翔

我困坐天空，似睡非睡
仿佛也長出翅膀
不停地飛，不再降落
甚至不會墜毀
這多麼可怕，就像我永遠活著

living forever

from Hong Kong to São Paulo, a long journey
the plane, big bird sharp claws removed
flies forever in the starry night

I am imprisoned in the sky
asleep awake
wings seem to grow on me
I keep on flying, I won't ever land
not even crash
so terrible, as if living forever

阿拉法特的孤獨

沒有巴以衝突的時候
阿拉法特很孤獨

他那個空姐出身的嬌妻
喜歡住在巴黎

鋼筋水泥砌成的官邸
長夜有些難捱

他除下方格子頭巾
一個人在上面玩國際象棋

每一次廝殺
他都殺死了以色列的王

the loneliness of Arafat

when there is no conflict between Palestine and Israel
Arafat is lonely

his wife, who was an airhostess,
loves to live in Paris

a residence of steel bars and cement
the long nights are hard to endure

he takes off his checked head-dress
and by himself plays chess on it

every slaughter
a king of Israel

鹹魚

鹹魚如何翻生
你曾經在水中翱翔，尋找那根銀針
曾經許下海枯石爛的誓言
曾經跳出水面，俯視大海

如今，你懸掛在太陽下
風，抽幹你身體中的每一滴海洋
命運強加給你的鹽
醃制著大海以外的時間

但你不肯閉上眼睛
你死不瞑目，你耿耿於懷
你看見屋簷的雨，一滴滴匯成江河
一條鹹魚，夢想重返大海

Salted fish

How can a salted fish come back to life?
Once you plied the water, sought that silver needle
You made an undying oath, vowed love till time's end
You leapt from the water, surveyed the ocean

Now in the sunlight you are suspended
Drying in the air, the salt can't be helped –
out of the sea time pickles

Till death you will not close your eyes
You witness the raindrop and
its fellow raindrop meeting on eaves at last
O fish, you wish for your home in the sea

狼來了

狼來了
羊們都沒有跑
他們停止了吃草

排成整齊的佇列
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

為大平煤礦死難礦工而寫

一具屍體抬出來了
又一具屍體抬出來了
再抬出來的，還是一具屍體
烏黑，但堅硬，像劣質的煤塊
你們，即使在爆炸中
也沒有感到溫暖的你們
被送進了爐火熊熊的火葬場
黑色的煙霧

把下過地獄的人送向天堂
而在人間，寒風逼近，能源短缺
火葬廠
被納入國家的供暖系統

for the miners who died in the Taiping mine

one corpse brought out
then another
another
black but hard
like worst quality coal

even in the explosion
these bodies felt no warmth
black smoke
brought these souls
from hell to heaven

in the land of the living
a cold wind has come
resources are lacking
we always need more

the crematorium has become one of the facilities
which keeps our country warm

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

在瑪麗婭醫院

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 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

老馬

習慣了車把式、行人和汽車
也就習慣了不再奔跑
毛皮像一塊黃昏
骯髒，鬆弛，已接近黑夜
金屬的馬蹄
使沒有草的路更加漫長

我坐在縣城嘈雜的小酒館
看著你使盡力氣低下頭
把大車拉上了斜坡
卻不懂用你的語言喊一聲：
老馬，進來喝一杯吧！

old horse

used to handlebars, pedestrians and cars
used not to running
dirty and flabby
skins like the dusk flayed
close to black night
the metal horse's hooves
make a grassland track much longer

I sit inside a noisy pub

you're there, head lowered
you've brought the big carriage
right up the slope
I don't know how it's said
in horse, but what I mean
to say's just this: 'old horse, let's have a drink'

母親

老狼撕開叨來的羊
肉給兩隻狼崽子吃
自己吃骨頭
夜深了
狼崽子鼓著小肚子睡去
老狼戴上花鏡
在月光下用羊毛紡線
心裡盤算著
如何用一隻羊的羊毛
織出兩件毛衣

mother

the old wolf
ripped apart the hunted sheep
gave her two cubs the meat
she ate the bones
it was getting late
the cubs slept after dinner
and the old wolf put on her glasses
under the moonlight
she spun the wool
she thought
how can I knit two coats

from this one sheep's wool?

Translated from the Chinese by Christopher Kelen, Agnes Wong, Jenny Lao and Hilda Tam

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