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北島詩十首

Ten Poems

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Doubtful Things

The fugitive passage of history
a woman's enigmatic smile
are our treasures
—the delicate patterns of marble
are open to doubt
signal lights in three colours
stand for the order of the seasons
the man who watches his birdcage
also watches his own age
—the inn's red tin roof
is open to doubt
the quicksilver of language
drips from a mossy tongue
rushing in all directions
along the flyover bridge
—the silent piano in the apartment building
is open to doubt
the small trees in the asylum
are trussed again and again
the model in the shop window
measures shoppers with her glass eyes
—bare feet on the doorstep
are open to doubt
—our love is open to doubt

Starting from Yesterday

I cannot penetrate the music
 I can only lower myself to revolve on the black record
 in the blurred moment of time
 in the background fixed by lightning
 yesterday a faint fragrance drifted from each flower
 yesterday the folding chairs were opened one by one
 giving everyone a seat
 the sick have been waiting too long
 the winter shore in their eyes
 stretches further and further away

I can only penetrate the winter shore
 or else, the hinterland
 sending red leaves scattering in fright
 I can only penetrate the dim school corridors
 confronting specimens of every species of bird

The Fable

He lives in his fable
 he is no longer the master of the fable
 the fable has been resold
 into another plump hand

he lives in the plump hand
 a canary is his soul
 his throat is a jeweller's shop
 around him a glass cage

he lives in the glass cage
 between the hats and the shoes
 the pocket of the four seasons
 is stuffed with a dozen faces

he lives in the twelve faces
 but the river he has betrayed
 follows closely behind him
 recalling the eyes of a dog

he lives in the dog's eyes
 he sees the world's hunger
 and the wealth of one man
 he is the master of his fable

The Dawn's Bronze Mirror

In the dawn's bronze mirror
 dawn is displayed
 the falcons gather at a single focus
 the eye of the typhoon is still
 on the shore where the singers cluster
 only a hospital, frozen into jade
 is chanting low

in the dawn's bronze mirror
 dawn is displayed
 from the patience of despair
 seamen experience the happiness of stone
 and the happiness of the sky
 and the happiness of oyster shells that store
 a tiny grain of sand

in the dawn's bronze mirror
 dawn is displayed
 the sail on the roof hasn't yet been hoisted
 the grain in the wood unfolds the shapes of the sea
 we gaze at each other across the table
 and will finally lose
 the only dawn between us

Expectation

No long flights of stairs
 lead to the loneliest place
 no people from different ages
 walk on the same whip
 no tame deer
 roam the wilderness of dreams
 there is no expectation

there is only a petrified seed

even the mountain range's lies
 do not deny its existence
 but the teeth which represent
 human wisdom and violence
 are waiting in patience
 waiting for the single fruit
 after the flower's glitter

they have waited several thousand years

the plaza of longing unfolds
unwritten history
a blind man gropes his way
my hand moves over
the blank paper, leaving nothing behind
I am moving
I am the blind man

Language

many languages
fly around the world
producing sparks when they collide
sometimes of hate
sometimes of love

reason's mansion
is quietly collapsing
baskets woven of thoughts
as flimsy as bamboo splints
are filled with blind toadstools

the beasts on the cliff
run past, trampling the flowers
a dandelion grows secretly
in a certain corner
the wind has carried away its seeds

many languages
fly around the world
the production of languages
can neither increase nor decrease
mankind's silent suffering

SOS

rain beats the dusk
the sharks of unknown nationality
have beached themselves, wartime bulletins
are still the news
you carry a measuring cup to the sea
grief lies on the sea

at the theatre the lights dim
you sit among
the finely sculpted ears
you sit in the centre of the noise
and then you go deaf
you have heard the SOS

Death Watch Night

The small village and the village's skinny donkeys
are tethered by withered trees
the roads of the epidemic crisscross
running towards other districts
a century's dust covers the sky

the death watch monk only faces
things which have not happened

drifting snowbanks
crowd around the fire in the fierce dog's eyes
the window paper has scattered the weight of the moonlight
the door is quietly pushed open
a century's night is so graceful

the death watch monk only faces
things which have not happened

the padlock rattles and bangs
the wooden box hoards the hours of darkness
the old cat sleeps in a stupor
a mask to ward off evil hangs on the wall
a century's dream lights the oil lamp

the death watch monk only faces
things which have not happened

the shrine to the local god at the village entrance
is wreathed in blue smoke
the epitaph gives the stone life
and painless moans
a century's memories arrange swarms of ants

the death watch monk only faces
things which have not happened

A Single Room

when he was born the furniture was tall and grand
 now it is very low and shabby
 there are no windows or doors, a bulb
 is the only source of light
 he is content with the room temperature
 but curses loudly the bad weather he can't see
 hostile bottles stand in a row against the wall
 the tops opened, but who is he drinking with
 he strenuously hammers nails into the walls
 to let an imaginary lame horse surmount these obstacles

a slipper chasing bedbugs tramps across
 the ceiling, leaving behind patterned prints of hope
 he longs to see blood
 his own blood, splashed like the sunset

Bodhisattva

the flowing folds of your robe
 are your faint respiration

on each palm of your thousand arms
 lies an unblinking eye
 they caress the static silence
 making all things perpetually intermingle
 as in a dream

enduring centuries of hunger and thirst
 the pearl set in your forehead
 stands for the sea's matchless power
 that renders a pebble as transparent
 as water

the swell of your sexless
 half-naked bosom
 is no more than a longing for motherhood
 to feed the world's sorrows
 making them grow

可疑之處

歷史的浮光掠影
 女人捉摸不定的笑容
 是我們的財富
 可疑的是大理石
 細密的花紋
 信號燈用三種顏色
 代表季節的秩序
 看守鳥籠的人
 也看守自己的年齡
 可疑的是小旅館
 紅鐵皮的屋頂
 從長滿青苔的舌頭上
 滴落語言的水銀
 沿立體交叉橋
 向着四面八方奔騰
 可疑的是樓房裏
 沉寂的鋼琴
 瘋人院的小樹
 一次一次被捆縛
 櫥窗內的時裝模特
 用玻璃眼珠打量行人
 可疑的是門下
 赤裸的雙腳
 可疑的是我們的愛情

自昨天起

我無法深入那首樂曲
 只能俯下身，盤旋在黑色唱片上
 盤旋在蒼茫時刻
 在被閃電固定的背景中
 昨天在每一朵花中散發幽香
 昨天打開一把折椅
 讓每個人就座
 那些病人等得太久了
 他們眼睛中那冬日的海岸
 漫長而又漫長

我祇能深入冬日的海岸
 或相反，深入腹地
 驚飛滿樹的紅葉
 深入學校幽暗的走廊
 面對各種飛禽標本

寓言

他活在他的寓言中
 他不再是寓言的主人
 這寓言已被轉賣到
 另一隻肥胖的手中

他活在肥胖的手中
 金絲雀是他的靈魂
 他的喉嚨在首飾店裏
 周圍是玻璃的牢籠

他活在玻璃的牢籠中
 在帽子與皮鞋之間
 那四個季節的口袋
 裝滿了十二張面孔

他活在十二張面孔中
 他背叛的那條河流
 卻緊緊地追隨着他
 使人想起狗的眼睛

他活在狗的眼睛中
 看到全世界的饑餓
 和一個人的富足
 他是他的寓言的主人

在黎明的銅鏡中

在黎明的銅鏡中
 呈現的是黎明
 豬鷹聚攏唯一的焦點
 颱風中心是寧靜的
 歌手如雲的岸
 祇有凍成白玉的醫院
 低吟

在黎明的銅鏡中
 呈現的是黎明
 水手從絕望的耐心裏
 體驗到石頭的幸福
 天空的幸福
 珍藏着一顆小小沙礫的
 蚌殼的幸福

在黎明的銅鏡中
呈現的是黎明
屋頂上的帆沒有升起
木紋展開了大海的形態
我們隔着桌子相望
而最終要失去
我們之間這唯一的黎明

期待

沒有長長的石階通向
那最孤獨的去處
沒有不同時代的人
在同一條鞭子上行走
沒有已被馴化的鹿
穿過夢的曠野
沒有期待

祇有一顆石化的種子

羣山起伏的謊言
也不否認它的存在
而代表人類智慧
和凶猛的所有牙齒
都在耐心期待着
期待着花朵閃爍之後
那唯一的果實

它們等了幾千年

慾望的廣場鋪開了
無字的歷史
一個盲人摸索着走來
我的手在白紙上
移動，沒留下什麼
我在移動
我是那盲人

語言

許多種語言
在這世界上飛行
碰撞，產生了火星

有時是仇恨
有時是愛情

理性的大廈
正無聲地陷落
竹蔑般單薄的思想
編成的籃子
盛滿盲目的毒蘚

那些岩畫上的走獸
踏着花朵馳過
一顆蒲公英秘密地
生長在某個角落
風帶走了它的種子

許多種語言
在這世界上飛行
語言的產生
並不能增加或減輕
人類沉默的痛苦

呼救信號

雨打黃昏
那些不明國籍的鯊魚
擱淺，戰時的消息
依舊是新聞
你帶着量杯走向海
悲哀在海上

劇場，燈光轉暗
你坐在那些
精工細雕的耳朵之間
坐在喧囂的中心
於是你聾了
你聽見了呼救信號

守靈之夜

小村莊和全村的瘦驢
被幾棵枯樹拴住
瘟疫之路縱橫
奔向他的鄉

百年的塵埃遮蔽天空

守靈的僧人祇面對
不會發生的事情

飄移的雪堆
圍繞惡狗的眼中之火
窗紙分散了月光的重量
門被悄悄推開
百年的夜多麼輕盈

守靈的僧人祇面對
不會發生的事情

掛鎖叮噠作響
木箱攢下黑色的時辰
老貓昏睡不醒
避邪的面具在牆上
百年的夢點亮油燈

守靈的僧人祇面對
不會發生的事情

蹲在村頭的土地廟
青煙繚繞
碑文給石頭以生命
以無痛的呻吟
百年的記憶佈下蟻羣

守靈的僧人祇面對
不會發生的事情

單人房間

他出生時傢俱又高大又莊嚴
如今很矮小很破舊
沒有門窗，燈泡是唯一的光源
他滿足於室內溫度
卻大聲詛咒那看不見的壞天氣
一個個仇恨的酒瓶排在牆角
瓶塞打開，不知和誰對飲
他拼命地往牆上釘釘子
讓想像的竊馬跨越這些障礙

一隻追趕臭蟲的拖鞋踐踏
天花板，留下理想帶花紋的印跡
他渴望看到血
自己的血，霞光般飛濺

菩薩

流動的衣褶
是你微微的氣息

你揮舞手臂的手掌上
睜開一隻隻眼睛
撫摸那帶電的沉寂
使萬物重疊交錯
如夢

忍受百年的饑渴
嵌在你額頭的珍珠
代表大海無敵的威力
使一顆沙礫透明
如水

你沒有性別
半裸的乳房隆起
僅僅是做母親的慾望
哺育塵世的痛苦
使它們成長