

朦朧詩選

Mists

Introduction: Into the Mist

Gu Cheng: Misty Mondō

Hong Huang: A Misty Manifesto

New Poets from China

Bei Dao

*tr.* Bonnie S. McDougall

Gu Cheng

*tr.* Tao Tao Liu, Seán Golden *et al.*

Jiang He

*tr.* Alisa Joyce, Ginger Li, Yip Wai-lim

Mang Ke

*tr.* Susette Cooke and David Goodman

Shu Ting

*tr.* Tao Tao Liu

Yang Lian

*tr.* John Minford with Seán Golden

Yan Li, Painter and Poet

*tr.* Ling Chung, introduced by Alisa Joyce



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# Into the Mist



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THE WORD 'MISTY' (*menglong* 朦朧) runs through these pages. Zao Wou-ki's paintings of the decade 1955-64 grow progressively larger, wilder, more faint, more misty, even invisible.<sup>1</sup> The technique of Zhao Zhenkai's long story 'Waves' is characterized by its critic Yi Yan as misty.<sup>2</sup> In Gu Cheng's poem translated here as 'Nostos' we have the line: 'to pass the misty first light of dawn' 渡過朦朧的晨光.

To translate *menglong* as misty is to convey only a part of the meaning. It is a word rich in associations, and to try to define it with any precision is self-defeating. Like so many of the old two-syllable words in Chinese it conveys a feeling, a texture, evokes a series of complex images—the moon about to go behind a cloud, a landscape seen through snow or drizzle; its individual component characters and related compounds (same phonetic but different radicals—sun, water, eye, bamboo, grass) suggest something concealed, a veiled prospect, a hidden light or a half-light, the sun about to rise, a meaning opaquely hinted at, a focus blurred, a state between dreaming and waking, a 'fuzzy' spectrum of values in place of a clearcut bipolarity. In the mist there is a hint of mystery, even mysticism. It is the aura breathed by the mountains in the great landscape tradition of Chinese painting, the luminous cloud of the Daoist immortal, drifting back towards its source, the primordial flux. The French have the ideal word for it: (*poésie*) *floue*.<sup>3</sup>

'Misty' was adopted as a shorthand compromise to denote the new and controversial poetry written in China during the past decade by a loosely associated group of young poets, including

<sup>1</sup> See p. 18 above.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 168 above.

<sup>3</sup> Bonnie McDougall, in her excellent introduction to Bei Dao's *Notes from the City of the Sun* (Cornell, 1983), prefers to reinterpret the word as 'shadows' and to call *menglongshi* 'a poetry of shadows'. Professor A.C. Graham, during a recent visit to Hong

Kong, suggested 'hermetic'—which does indeed convey an important part of the meaning. For the French, see *Doc(k)s* N° 41, Hiver 81/82, edited by Julien Blaine *et al.*, to date the best anthology in any Western language of Misty poetry. As Ferdinand Godard notes (p. 338), the word *floue* conveys well both the 'mists and the diaphanous light' which bathe the poetry.

the seven represented in this anthology.<sup>4</sup> Another expression I once heard applied to this same school of writers is 'edge-ball literature' 擦邊文學, a term taken from ping-pong: the shot grazes the edge and is accepted within the rules of the game, while being at the same time almost unreturnable. By contrast a ball that bounces normally (in a straightforward fashion) can be returned normally, and a ball that lands beyond the edge loses the point outright.

In 1931 Yu Pingbo 俞平伯, the distinguished essayist, poet and scholar of *The Story of the Stone*, wrote an essay entitled 'The Mystery of Poetry',<sup>5</sup> in which he used the term 'misty' to refer to that quality in poetry which defies normal logic, as when an image or phrase leaps directly from the subconscious, without interference from the conscious mind. Inspiration propels the poet along this short cut to poetic achievement, and he is himself often stumped for a logical explanation of what he has written. Yu quotes as an extreme example Xie Lingyun's 謝靈運 dream-dictated line 池塘生春草, of which Xie said: 'These words are not mine; a spirit helped me.'<sup>6</sup>

As many critics have pointed out, this literary mist has a long and rather formidable Chinese pedigree. *The Story of the Stone* itself is surely the *menglong* novel par excellence. Yan Ming 晏明 lists as 'Old-style Misties' the poetry of Ruan Ji 阮籍, Li He 李賀, Li Shangyin 李商隱, Wen Tingyun 溫庭筠 and Mao Wenxi 毛文錫; the lyric verse (*ci* 詞) of the Tang, Five Dynasties and Southern Song; and the modern poets Dai Wangshu 戴望舒 and Li Jinfa 李金髮 from the 30s and the Shanghai Nine Leaves Group (九葉集) from the 40s.<sup>7</sup>

To the Western reader poetic density, found in every period, but most characteristic of modernism, is a commonplace. However we may understand or mythologize the workings of imagination and inspiration, we recognize that the leaps of the 'true inward creatrix' and the transformations wrought in the 'deep well of unconscious cerebration' sometimes entail a degree of obscurity and ambiguity—'like darting fish with the hooks in their gills, dragged from the depths of an unplumbed pool, . . . like birds on the wing and the arrow strung to the bow—down they drop from out of the cloud.'<sup>8</sup> In bodying forth the form of things unknown, logical precision and overt statement are not always possible or even desirable. This is, as Yip Wai-lim puts it, all 'an integral and indispensable part of the hermeneutic habits of readers in pre-1949 China and in the West.'<sup>9</sup> Or, in the words of Havelock Ellis:

If art is expression, mere clarity is nothing. The extreme clarity of an artist may be due not to his marvellous power of illuminating the abysses of his soul, but merely to the fact that there are no abysses to illuminate . . . The impression we receive on first entering the presence of any supreme work of art is obscurity. But it is an obscurity like that of a Catalonian cathedral which slowly grows more luminous as one gazes, until the solid structure beneath is revealed.<sup>10</sup>

In recent years the veteran Chinese poets Ai Qing, Tian Jian and Zang Kejia, with other representatives of the currently entrenched literary bureaucracy, have availed themselves of 'misty'

<sup>4</sup>For the compromise, cf. Gu Cheng's 'Mondō' on p. 187 below.

<sup>5</sup>See his *Zaban zhi er* 雜拌兒之二, repr. 1983 Jiangxi People's Press, p. 15 ff.

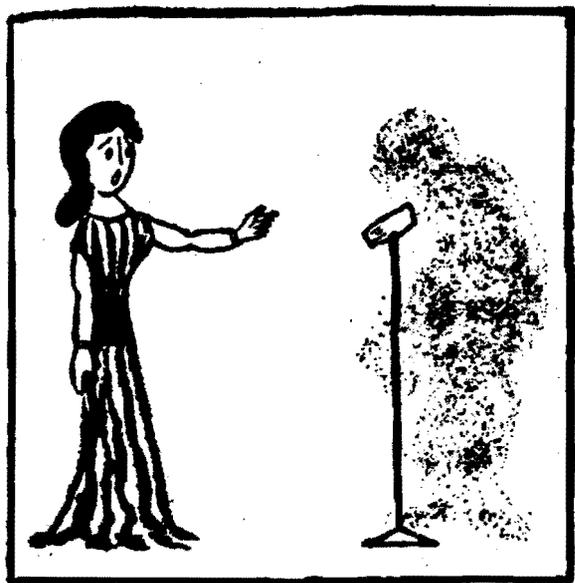
<sup>6</sup>Yu is quoting from Zhong Yong's 鍾嶸 *Shi Pin* 詩品, 卷中.

<sup>7</sup>See his article in *Poetic Explorations* 詩探索 1982.2, pp. 92-6.

<sup>8</sup>Coleridge and Henry James, quoted by John Livingston Lowes in *The Road to Xanadu*, Picador 1978, p. 52. Lu Ji 陸機, *Wen Fu* 文賦, tr. E.R. Hughes, Pantheon 1951, pp. 96-7.

<sup>9</sup>From Yip's preface to a forthcoming book of Yang Lian's poetry.

<sup>10</sup>From Havelock Ellis, *Impressions and Comments*, vol. 1. Quoted in *The Art of Life*, Constable, n.d., pp. 41-2.



“現在請蒙昧派詩人朗誦……”  
 —一九八一年四月廿五武作

*'And now, one of the Misty Poets is going to recite some of his poems for us . . . .'*

CARTOON by Hua Junwu—April 1981.

as a term of abuse, handy for putting down a new development in poetry which they clearly feel to be threatening. But the word itself, with its built-in ambiguity, has rebounded on them, and grazed the edge. For the veil of obscurity implies the hidden light, and for some readers to brand a poet as 'misty' is a recommendation, an indication that his work may contain something authentically poetic. Ai Qing calls the Misties the 'smash-and-grab' poetry camp 打砸搶派. 'They plagiarize my work, then pack me off to the crematorium.' Their work, he protests, is incomprehensible, and does not serve the people. As Zang Kejia puts it: 'They discredit the reputation of contemporary poetry and poison the minds of a minority of the people. The great mass of people abhor such poetry because it lacks the breath of daily life and the spirit of the times. It is a lone, funereal voice, bewitching readers with its morose, despairing tone.' And Tian Jian sums up his attitude in these words: 'If the political and ideological content of the poem is not high there is no further need to discuss it. I advocate writing in the popular style, poems that go out into the people. Can Misty Poetry serve the people? Can it serve socialism?'<sup>11</sup>

Ai Qing's determination to dispel the poetic mists dates back at least to his series of aphorisms *On Poetry*, written in 1938-9.<sup>12</sup> In the present context it has acquired a new significance, and a more strident note, since the mists against which he is now doing battle harbour spiritual pollutants innumerable, among them individualism, alienation, self-expression, even existentialism, considered by the custodians of public mental health to be the greatest threat to the minds of the younger generation. It is certainly a tribute to the continued power of poetry within China that the Misties should have drawn so much of the fire of the Spiritual Pollution non-campaign of late 1983, itself a spiritually degrading spectacle, enlivened only by the occasional Monty Pythonesque absurdity (e.g. 'Tibet's Party Secretary warns the region's largely illiterate yak-herders against the Jean-Paul Sartre concept of alienation . . .').<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> These quotations can be found in 'Misty Debates', *Rolling Stock* 4, 1983, Boulder, Colorado, translated by Debby Davison from Su Liwen's 蘇立文 article in *The Seventies* 七十年代, Nov. 1981. qjz

<sup>12</sup> See Ai Qing's *On Poetry* 詩論, Hong Kong: Cosmos Books 1980, pp. 31-2 and 40-1.

<sup>13</sup> *South China Morning Post*, March 25, 1984. 881

The anti-misty invective is of literary interest only in that it expresses rather poignantly the deep gulf between the embittered older generation of poets, whose own inspiration has dried up, and the new generation, who (after all) are only trying to revive the long dormant creative experiments in which their elders themselves once participated.

More subtle and reasonably argued, within the framework of a more flexible literary Marxism, is the debate between critics such as Sun Shaozhen 孫紹振 and Cheng Daixi 程代熙. Sun, in a controversial essay, has hailed the new misty poetry for embarking on a 'search into the secrets of life dissolved in the heart and mind', for its 'expression of the self', while Cheng has come to the attack, denouncing its petty-bourgeois individualism and anti-rational anarchism. Yuan Kejia 袁可嘉 has adopted a middle (and more academic) position, claiming that the modernist concern with language is at least good poetic training.<sup>14</sup> From the misty camp itself, Xu Jingya 徐敬亞 (singled out as a chief target during the Spiritual Pollution months of late 1983) and Chen Zhongyi 陳仲義, among others, have written extensive and articulate expositions of the 'new poetry', from very much an insider's point of view.<sup>15</sup>

Most intelligent observers agree that the problem with this 'problematic' poetry is not *really* one of obscurity or incomprehensibility. Bonnie McDougall, translator of Bei Dao's poetry, writes that '... any young readers and some older ones... readily supply for themselves the unspoken implications of the sometimes cryptic lines.'<sup>16</sup> In other words, they see the moon through the mist. William Tay quotes a teacher writing to *Poetry* 詩刊 in November 1980: 'Obscurity is partially the result of hiding a strong political content behind startling poetic devices and a special mode of presentation.'<sup>17</sup> The message is clear enough. As Gu Cheng says, 'actually it is not misty at all... Some areas are in fact becoming gradually clearer.' Yang Lian's 'The Torch Festival' is, in Yip's words 'perhaps the most luminous expression of the mental and emotional horizon of the young poets of his generation'; the hidden light casting these poetic shadows 'evokes in the readers' minds certain responses, certain possible directions of thought that they (the critics) cannot intellectually keep under control. Such imagery is, therefore, potentially dangerous.'<sup>18</sup>

Some of these poets have been translated into Western Languages (English, French, German, Swedish). But this is the first time their work has been represented extensively in English. The seven selected here cover a wide range of styles. They all published work in the seminal magazine *Today*, have continued to write since the closure of the magazine, to produce their individual *samizdat* collections, and to be published sporadically, depending on the direction and force of the prevailing wind. Jiang He and Yang Lian can be seen as a school-within-a-school; their poetry is longer, less personal and less lyrical, more public and concerned with large philosophical and historical themes, less closely worked, more rhetorical. Yang Lian in his most recent work is exploring a new range of ideas and developing new and more refined techniques, a more individual voice, with which to express them.<sup>19</sup> Mang Ke is considered by many to be the founding father of the movement—his poems published here were written in the early 70s—while Bei Dao, Gu Cheng and Shu Ting have all explored and extended in their different directions the vein of haiku-

<sup>14</sup>This is based on William Tay's paper "'Obscure Poetry": A Controversy in Post-Mao China', presented originally at the Conference on Contemporary Chinese Literature, St. John's University, N.Y., 1982, and included in Jeff Kinkley ed., *After Mao: Chinese Literature and Society, 1978-81*, Harvard University Press, forthcoming.

<sup>15</sup>See pp. 59-65 above for an extract from Xu's essay. For Chen Zhongyi, see the undated fifth poetry supplement to *Hua Cheng* 花城, pp. 179-185.

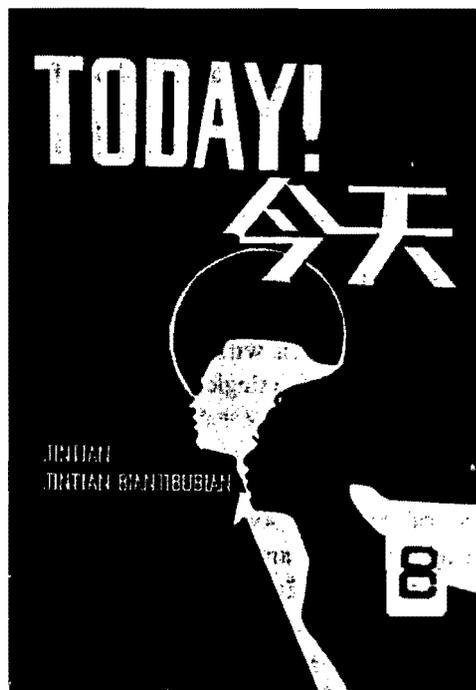
<sup>16</sup>McDougall, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

<sup>17</sup>Tay, *op. cit.*, MS p. 17.

<sup>18</sup>Yip, *op. cit.*

<sup>19</sup>See, for example, his 'Nuo-er-lang' 諾爾朗 in *Shanghai Literature* 1983.6, and also 'Tian Wen' 天問, in *Shi Feng* 詩風 No. 115, Hong Kong Jan. 1984, pp. 11-17.

THE COVER OF *TODAY* NO. 8 (1980), a special issue devoted to poetry including work by Bei Dao, Gu Cheng, Jiang He, Mang Ke, Shu Ting, Yan Li, Yang Lian and nine other poets.



like lyricism that Mang Ke opened. Yan Li has been included as a tangible link between the poets and the more internationally famous art group, the Stars, with which they have such close affinities, and some of whose work we have chosen to accompany this anthology.

The more sophisticated modernists in Taiwan may find the language of these poems jejune. But they should not forget that this is the first real experimentation with poetic language within China since 1949. This poetry has an authentic inspiration and passion. If there is an alternative culture in China today, this is its voice. It speaks for its generation, and over and above that for the rediscovery of the poetic pulse of one of the world's great literary traditions.

JOHN MINFORD



CALLIGRAPHY of Wang Duo 王鐸, Ming dynasty.

北島

# Bei Dao

Translated by Bonnie S. McDougall

## The Bank

Companion to the present and the past  
the bank, lifting a tall reed,  
gazes in all directions  
it is you  
who keep watch on each wave  
and the bewitching foam and stars  
when the sobbing moon  
strikes up an age-old shanty  
it is so forlorn

I am a bank  
a fishing haven  
I stretch out my arms  
to wait for the needy children's little boats  
bringing back a string of lamps

## Tomorrow, No

this is not a farewell  
because we have never met  
although shadow and shadow  
have overlain on the street  
like a solitary convict on the run

tomorrow, no  
tomorrow is not the other side of night  
whoever has hopes is a criminal  
let the story that took place at night  
end in the night

## 岸

陪伴着現在和以往  
岸，舉着一根高高的蘆葦  
四下眺望  
是你  
守護着每一個波浪  
守護着迷人的泡沫和星星  
當嗚咽的月亮  
吹起古老的船歌  
多麼憂傷

我是岸  
我是漁港  
我伸展着手臂  
等待窮孩子的小船  
載回一盞盞燈光

## 明天，不

這不是告別  
因為我們並沒有相見  
儘管影子和影子  
曾在路上疊在一起  
像一個孤零零的逃犯

明天，不  
明天不在夜的那邊  
誰期待，誰就是罪人  
而夜裏發生的故事  
就讓它在夜裏結束吧

*Six of these translations of Bei Dao's poems are reprinted from Bonnie S. McDougall, trans., Notes from the City of the Sun: Poems by Bei Dao (East Asia Papers, No. 34, 1983), courtesy of the China-Japan Program, Cornell University. For a general introduction to the poetry and fiction of Bei Dao/Zhao Zhenkai, see pp. 122-124. For the poems 'On Tradition', 'The Answer', and 'All', see pp. 9, 59-60, and 62.*

## Boat Ticket

he doesn't have a boat ticket  
 how can he go on board  
 the clanking of the anchor chain  
 disturbs the night here

the sea, the sea  
 the island rising up from the ebbing tide  
 as lonely as a heart  
 lacks the soft shadows of bushes  
 and chimney smoke  
 the mast that flashes lightning  
 is struck by lightning into fragments  
 innumerable storms  
 have left behind fixed patterns  
 on rigid scales and shells  
 and jellyfishes' small umbrellas  
 an ancient tale  
 is passed on by the ocean spray from wave to wave

he doesn't have a boat ticket

the sea, the sea  
 the lichen tightly massed upon the reef  
 spreads towards the naked midnight  
 and adheres to the surface of the moon  
 along the seagulls' feathers gleaming in the dark  
 the tide has fallen silent  
 conch and mermaid begin to sing

he doesn't have a boat ticket

time hasn't come to a stop now  
 in the sunken boat the fire is being stoked  
 rekindling red coral flames  
 when the waves tower up  
 glittering indeterminately, the eyes of the dead  
 float up from the ocean depths

he doesn't have a boat ticket

yes, it makes one dizzy  
 the sunlight drying out upon the beach  
 makes one so terribly dizzy

he doesn't have a boat ticket

## 船票

他沒有船票  
 又怎能登上甲板  
 鐵錨的鏈條嘩嘩作響  
 也驚動這裏的夜晚

海呵，海  
 退潮中上升的島嶼  
 和心一樣孤單  
 沒有灌木叢柔和的影子  
 沒有炊煙  
 劃出閃電的船桅  
 又被閃電擊成了碎片  
 無數次風暴  
 在堅硬的魚鱗和貝殼上  
 在水母小小的傘上  
 留下了靜止的圖案  
 一個古老的故事  
 在浪花與浪花之間相傳

他沒有船票

海呵，海  
 密集在礁石上的苔蘚  
 向赤裸的午夜蔓延  
 順着鸚鵡羣暗中發光的羽毛  
 依附在月亮表面  
 潮水沉寂了  
 海螺和美人魚開始歌唱

他沒有船票

歲月並沒有從此中斷  
 沉船正生火待發  
 重新點燃了紅珊瑚的火焰  
 當浪峯聳起  
 死者的眼睛閃爍不定  
 從海洋深處浮現

他沒有船票

是呵，令人暈眩  
 那片晾在沙灘上的陽光  
 多麼令人暈眩

他沒有船票

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## The Old Temple

The fading chimes  
 form cobwebs, spreading a series of annual rings  
 among the splintered columns  
 without memories, a stone  
 spreads an echo through the misty valley  
 a stone, without memories  
 when a small path wound a way here  
 the dragons and strange birds flew off  
 carrying away the mute bells under the eaves  
 once a year weeds  
 grow, indifferently  
 not caring whether the master they submit to  
 is a monk's cloth shoe, or wind  
 the stele is chipped, the writing on its surface worn away  
 as if only in a general conflagration  
 could it be deciphered, yet perhaps  
 with a glance from the living  
 the tortoise might come back to life in the earth  
 and crawl over the threshold, bearing its heavy secret

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## 古寺

消失的鐘聲  
 結成蛛網，在裂縫的柱子裏  
 擴散成一圈圈年輪  
 沒有記憶，石頭  
 空濛的山谷裏傳播回聲的  
 石頭，沒有記憶  
 當小路繞開這裏的時候  
 龍和怪鳥也飛走了  
 從房檐上帶走瘖啞的鈴鐺  
 荒草一年一度  
 生長，那麼漠然  
 不在乎它們屈從的主人  
 是僧侶的布鞋，還是風  
 石碑殘缺，上面的文字已經磨損  
 彷彿祇有在一場大火之中  
 才能辨認，也許  
 會隨着一道生者的目光  
 烏龜在泥土中復活  
 馱着沉重的秘密，爬出門檻

## Chords

The trees and I  
 formed a close circle around the pond  
 my hand dipping into the water  
 disturbed the swifts from slumber  
 the wind was all alone  
 the sea very far away

I walked into the streets  
 noise stopped behind a red light  
 my shadow opened like a fan  
 footprints askew and crooked  
 the safety island all alone  
 the sea very far away

A blue window was lit up  
 downstairs, several boys  
 strummed guitars and sang  
 cigarette ends alternately glowed and darkened  
 the stray cat all alone  
 the sea very far away

As you slept on the beach  
 the wind paused by your mouth  
 and surging up in silence  
 waves converged in a gentle curve  
 the dream was all alone  
 the sea very far away

## 和弦

樹林和我  
 緊緊圍住了小湖  
 手伸進水裏  
 攪亂雨燕深沉的睡眠  
 風孤零零的  
 海很遙遠

我走到街上  
 喧囂被擋在紅燈後面  
 影子扇形般打開  
 腳印歪歪斜斜  
 安全島孤零零的  
 海很遙遠

一扇藍色的窗戶亮了  
 樓下，幾個男孩  
 撥動着結他吟唱  
 煙頭忽明忽暗  
 野貓孤零零的  
 海很遙遠

沙灘上，你睡着了  
 風停在你的嘴邊  
 波浪悄悄湧來  
 匯成柔和的曲線  
 夢孤零零的  
 海很遙遠

Sleep, Valley

Sleep, valley  
 with blue mist quickly cover the sky  
 and the wild lilies' pale eyes  
 sleep, valley  
 with rainsteps quickly chase away the wind  
 and the anxious cries of the cuckoo

Sleep, valley  
 we hide here  
 as if in a thousand year long dream  
 where time no longer glides over the blades of grass  
 the sun's clock is stopped behind layers of clouds  
 no longer shaking down the evening glow or dawn's  
 first light

The spinning trees  
 toss down innumerable hard pine cones  
 protecting two lines of footprints  
 our childhoods walked with the seasons  
 along this winding path  
 and pollen drenched the brambles

Ah, it's so quiet and still  
 the cast stone has no echo  
 perhaps you are searching for something  
 —from heart to heart  
 a rainbow arises in silence  
 —from eye to eye

Sleep, valley  
 sleep, wind  
 valley, asleep in blue mist  
 wind, asleep in our hands

睡吧，山谷

睡吧，山谷  
 快用藍色的雲霧矇住天空  
 矇住野百合蒼白的眼睛  
 睡吧，山谷  
 快用雨的脚步去追逐風  
 追逐布穀鳥不安的啼鳴

睡吧，山谷  
 我們躲在這裏  
 彷彿躲進一個千年的夢中  
 時間不再從草葉上滑過  
 太陽的鐘擺停在雲層後面  
 不再搖落晚霞和黎明

旋轉的樹林  
 甩下無數顆堅硬的松果  
 護衛着兩行腳印

我們的童年和季節一起  
 走過那條彎彎曲曲的小路  
 花粉沾滿了荊叢

呵，多麼寂靜  
 拋出去的石子沒有回聲  
 也許，你在探求什麼  
 ——從心到心  
 一道彩虹正悄然升起  
 ——從眼睛到眼睛

睡吧，山谷  
 睡吧，風  
 山谷，睡在藍色的雲霧裏  
 風，睡在我們的手掌中

## A Toast

the cup is filled with night  
 without lights; the room floats in its depths  
 the dotted line along the asphalt road stretches to the clouds  
 without rising currents of air; think of  
 yesterday, searching for peace between flashes of lightning  
 swifts darting in and out of the turret  
 without being stained by dust  
 but rows of guns and bouquets  
 formed a forest, and took aim at the lovers' sky  
 summer is over, and red gaoliang  
 comes along a line of bobbing hats  
 neither cheerless adulthood nor death  
 may be averted; the darkness of the night  
 is so tender in your eyes, yet who  
 can stop the trains heading for each other in the mist  
 from colliding at this instant

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## 祝酒

這杯中盛滿了夜晚  
 沒有燈光，房子在其中沉浮  
 柏油路的虛綫一直延伸到雲層  
 沒有上昇的氣流，想想  
 昨天，在閃電之間尋找安寧  
 雨燕匆匆地出入城樓  
 沒有沾上塵土  
 而一枝枝槍和花束  
 排成樹林，對準了情人的天空  
 夏天過去了，紅高粱  
 從一頂頂浮動的草帽上走來  
 不幸的成熟或死亡  
 無法拒絕，在你的瞳孔裏  
 夜色多麼溫柔，誰  
 又能阻止兩輛霧中對開的列車  
 在此刻相撞

## You Wait for Me in the Rain

you wait for me in the rain  
 the road leads into the window's depths  
 the other side of the moon must be very cold  
 that summer night, a white horse  
 galloped past with the northern lights  
 for a long time we trembled  
 go, you said  
 don't let anger destroy us  
 leaving no way of escape  
 like entering the mountains of menopause  
 at many corners we took the wrong turn  
 but in the desert we met  
 all the ages gather here  
 hawks, and long-lived cacti  
 gather here  
 more real than heat mirages  
 as long as one fears birth,  
 and the smiling faces that do not don their masks in time  
 then everything is connected with death  
 that summer night was not the end  
 you wait for me in the rain

## 你在雨中等待着我

你在雨中等待着我  
 路通向窗戶深處  
 月亮的背面一定很冷  
 那年夏夜，白馬  
 和北極光馳過  
 我們曾久久地戰慄  
 去吧，你說  
 別讓憤怒毀滅了我們  
 就像進入更年期的山那樣  
 無法解脫  
 從許多路口，我們錯過  
 卻在一片沙漠中相逢  
 所有的年代聚集在這裏  
 鷹，還有仙人掌  
 聚集在這裏  
 比熱浪中的幻影更真實  
 祇要懼怕誕生，懼怕  
 那些來不及帶上面具的笑容  
 一切就和死亡有關  
 那年夏夜並不是終結  
 你在雨中等待着我

## The Host

the neglected guest has gone  
 he left behind disastrous news  
 and a glove  
 in order to come knocking at my door again  
 there's still no way for me to see daylight fireworks  
 a dance tune strikes up  
 the moonlight streaming from the mill  
 is filled with hints of a dream  
 let us have faith in miracles  
 a miracle is that nail on the wall  
 my shadow is trying on  
 the clothes dangling on the nail  
 and my last chance at luck  
 between the two knocks on the door  
 my hands, propping up sleep, fall down  
 the dangerous stairs  
 are outlined against the darkness of the night

## Untitled

rancour turns a drop of water muddy  
 I am worn out, the storm  
 has run aground upon the beach  
 the sun pierced by the mast  
 is my heart's prisoner, but I  
 am banished by the world it shines on  
 nothing is left to sacrifice  
 on the reef, this dark and pagan altar  
 except myself as I go to close or open  
 the clamorous book

## 主人

被怠慢的客人走了  
 他留下災難性的消息  
 和一隻手套  
 爲了再敲響我的門  
 我仍無法看清白晝的焰火  
 舞曲響起  
 那從磨房流出的月光  
 充滿了夢的暗示  
 相信奇跡吧  
 奇跡就是那顆牆上的釘子  
 我的影子在試  
 釘子上搖晃的衣服  
 試我最後的運氣  
 兩次敲門之間  
 支撐睡眠的手垂下來  
 危險的樓梯  
 從夜色中顯出輪廓

## 無題

積怨使一滴水變得混濁  
 我疲倦了，風暴  
 擱淺在沙灘上  
 那桅桿射中的太陽  
 是我內心的囚徒，而我  
 卻被它照耀的世界所放逐  
 礁石，這異教徒的黑色祭壇  
 再也沒有什麼可供奉  
 除了自己，去打開或合上  
 那本喧囂的書

## For Many Years

this is you, this is  
 you, pressed upon by fleeting  
 shadows, now bright, now dark  
 no longer shall I go towards you  
 the cold also makes me despair  
 for many years, before the icebergs were formed  
 fish floated up to the water's surface  
 and sunk down, for many years  
 stepping warily I  
 passed through the slowly drifting night  
 lamps glowed on the forked steel prongs  
 for many years, lonely  
 the room without a clock  
 the people who left might also have taken  
 the key, for many years  
 the train on the bridge rushed past  
 whistling through the fog  
 season after season  
 set out from the small station among the fields  
 paused briefly for every tree  
 flowered and bore fruit, for many years

## 很多年

這是你，這是  
 被飛翔的陰影困擾的  
 你，忽明忽暗  
 我不再走向你  
 寒冷也讓我失望  
 很多年，冰山形成以前  
 魚曾浮出水面  
 沉下去，很多年  
 我小心翼翼  
 穿過緩緩流動的夜晚  
 燈火在鋼叉上閃爍  
 很多年，寂寞  
 這沒有鐘的房間  
 離去的人也會帶上  
 鑰匙，很多年  
 在濃霧中吹起口哨  
 橋上的火車馳過  
 一個個季節  
 從田野的小車站出發  
 為每棵樹逗留  
 開花結果，很多年

## Random Thoughts

dusk rose over the beacon tower  
 on islands in the border river  
 a tribe settled  
 and spread; the land changed colour  
 myths lay under shabby cotton quilts  
 the dream's gestation bore poisoned arrows which spread  
 a painful throbbing; bugles fell silent  
 skeletons walked at night  
 unfolding in the wife's unceasing tears  
 a white screen that blocked  
 the gate to distant lands

the east, in this piece of amber  
 was a vaguely looming bank  
 as tufts of reeds sped towards the trembling dawn  
 fishermen quit their boats, and dispersed like the smoke from their fires  
 history, starting from the bank  
 felled great thickets of bamboo  
 inscribing limited compositions  
 upon imperishable slips

in the vault a row of ever-burning lamps  
 witnessed the death of bronze and gold  
 there is another kind of death  
 the death of wheat  
 in the interstices between crossed swords  
 it grew like a challenge to battle  
 and set the sun on fire; the ashes covered winter  
 cartwheels fell off  
 scattering in the direction of the spokes  
 the moat invaded by a duststorm  
 is another kind of death; steles  
 wrapped in moss as soft as silk  
 are like extinguished lanterns

only the road is still alive  
 that road which outlines the earth's earliest contours  
 passing through the endless zone of death  
 it has reached my feet, stirring up the dust  
 in the air above the ancient fort the puffs of gunsmoke have not dispersed  
 long ago was I cast, but within the ice-cold iron  
 an impulse is preserved, to call up  
 the thunder, to call up our ancestors returning from the storm  
 yet if a million souls beneath the earth  
 should grow into a tall and lonely tree  
 to shade us, let us taste the bitter fruit  
 at this time of our departure

## 隨想

黃昏從烽火台上升起  
 在這界河的島嶼上  
 一個種族棲息  
 又蔓延，土地改變了顏色  
 神話在破舊的棉絮下  
 夢的妊娠也帶着箭毒擴散時  
 痛苦的悸動，號角沉寂  
 尸骨在夜間走動  
 在妻子不斷湧出的淚水中  
 展開了白色的屏風  
 遮住那通向遠方的門

東方，這塊琥珀裏  
 是一片蒼茫的岸  
 蘆葦叢駛向戰慄的黎明  
 漁夫捨棄了船，炊煙般離去  
 歷史從岸邊出發  
 砍伐了大片的竹林  
 在不朽的簡冊上寫下  
 有限的文字

墓穴裏，一盞盞長明燈  
 目睹了青銅或黃金的死亡  
 還有一種死亡  
 小麥的死亡  
 在那刀劍交叉的空隙中  
 它們曾挑戰似地生長  
 點燃陽光，灰燼復蓋着冬天  
 車輪倒下了  
 沿着輻條散射的方向  
 被風沙攻陷的城池  
 是另一種死亡，石碑  
 包裹在絲綢般柔軟的苔蘚裏  
 如同熄滅了的燈籠

只有道路還活着  
 那勾勒出大地最初輪廓的道路  
 穿過漫長的死亡地帶  
 來到我的腳下，揚起了灰塵  
 古老的炮台上空一朵朵硝煙未散  
 我早已被鑄造，冰冷的鑄鐵內  
 保持着衝動，呼喚  
 雷聲，呼喚從暴風雨中歸來的祖先  
 而千萬個幽靈從地下  
 長出一棵孤獨的大樹  
 爲我們蔽蔭，讓我們嚼到苦果  
 就在這出發之時

## Notes in the Rain

waking up, the window over the street  
 preserves the glass pane's  
 complete and tranquil anguish  
 gradually turning transparent in the rain  
 the morning reads my wrinkles  
 the book lying open on the table  
 makes a rustling noise, like  
 the sound of a fire  
 or fan-like wings  
 gorgeously opening, flame and bird together  
 high over the abyss

here, between me  
 and the sunset clouds which herald immutable fate  
 is a river full of drifting stones  
 jostling shadows  
 plunge into its depths  
 and rising bubbles  
 menace the starless  
 daylight

people who draw fruit in the earth  
 are destined to endure hunger  
 people who shelter among friends  
 are destined to be alone  
 from tree roots exposed beyond life and death  
 rain water washes away  
 mud, and grass  
 and the sound of grief

## 雨中紀事

醒來，臨街的窗戶  
 保存着玻璃  
 那完整而寧靜的痛苦  
 雨中漸漸透明的  
 早晨，閱讀着我的皺紋  
 書打開在桌上  
 瑟瑟作響，好像  
 火中發出的聲音  
 好像折扇般的翅膀  
 華美地展開，在深淵上空  
 火焰與鳥同在

在這裏，在我  
 和呈現劫數的晚霞之間  
 是一條漂滿石頭的河  
 人影騷動着  
 潛入深深的水中  
 而昇起的泡沫  
 威脅着沒有星星的  
 白晝

在大地畫上果實的人  
 註定要忍受饑餓  
 棲身於朋友中的人  
 註定要孤獨  
 樹根裸露在生與死之外  
 雨水沖刷的  
 是泥土，是草  
 是哀怨的聲音

### The Window on the Cliff

with dangerous movements the wasp forces open the flower  
 the letter has been sent, one day in a year  
 matches, affected by damp, no longer illuminate me  
 wolf packs roam among people turned into trees  
 snowdrifts suddenly thaw; on the dial  
 winter's silence is intermittent  
 what bores through the rock is not clean water  
 chimney smoke is cut by an axe  
 staying straight up in the air  
 the sunlight's tiger-skin stripes slip down the wall  
 stones grow, dreams have no direction  
 life, scattered amid the undergrowth  
 ascends in search of a language; stars  
 shatter; the river on heat  
 dashes countless rusty shell fragments towards the city  
 from sewer ditches hazardous bushes grow  
 in the markets women buy up spring

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### 峭壁上的窗戶

黃蜂用危險的姿勢催開花朵  
 信已發出，一年中的一天  
 受潮的火柴不再照亮我  
 猿羣穿過那些變成了樹的人們  
 雪堆驟然融化，表盤上  
 冬天的沉默斷斷續續  
 鑿穿岩石的並不是純淨的水  
 炊煙被利斧砍斷  
 筆直地停留在空中  
 陽光的虎皮條紋從牆上滑落  
 石頭生長，夢沒有方向  
 散落在草叢中的生命  
 向上尋找着語言，星星  
 迸裂，那發情的河  
 把無數生鏽的彈片衝向城市  
 從陰溝裏長出兇險的灌木  
 在市場上，女人們搶購着春天

## August Sleepwalker

the stone bell tolls on the seabed  
tolling, it stirs up the waves

it is August that tolls  
there is no sun at high noon in August

a triangular sail, swollen with milk,  
soars above the drifting corpse

it is August that soars  
August apples tumble down the ridge

the lighthouse that died long ago  
shines in the seamen's gaze

it is August that shines  
the August fair comes close on first frost

the stone bell tolls on the seabed  
tolling, it stirs up the waves

the August sleepwalker  
has seen the sun at night

## 八月的夢遊者

海底的石鐘敲響  
敲響，掀起了波浪

敲響的是八月  
八月的正午沒有太陽

漲滿乳汁的三角帆  
高聳在漂浮的屍體上

高聳的是八月  
八月的蘋果滾下山崗

熄滅已久的燈塔  
被水手們的目光照亮

照亮的是八月  
八月的集市又臨霜降

海底的石鐘敲響  
敲響，掀起了波浪

八月的夢遊者  
看見過夜裏的太陽

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