

中文詩的中文趣味或特性 陳黎 (Chen Li)

The “Chineseness” in Modern Chinese Poetry

中國文學歷經數千年歷史，詩歌遺產極為豐富，而中國文字獨有的特質，所書寫的詩歌，它的瑰麗、豐富、多樣以及微妙，也是與其他語言大不同的。中文由於其象形字、單音字、一音多字（中文有很多同音字）、一字多義、諧音等特性，有許多其他語言中沒有的趣味，也讓用中文寫作的詩人更容易玩字音與字形的遊戲。而使用繁體字書寫的中文詩，轉成簡體字後，某些趣味也許就流失掉了。所以，我感覺，在台灣的詩人書寫的中文或中文詩，絕對具有一種其他語言，或其他地方的中文使用者所無的趣味。從過去幾十年台灣現代詩的成績來看，中文在台灣的確不斷翻轉出新的感性，趣味和生命。

With a great heritage of poetry, Chinese literature has a history of thousands of years. The Chinese language and characters, with their richness, subtlety, and unique beauty, create poetry of unique characteristics. The Chinese characters are basically pictographic, monosyllabic, and are full of homonyms. Each character is like a picture-word, or word-picture. A character usually has multiple meanings, and many characters share the same pronunciation or similar pronunciation. All of these make poets writing in Chinese easier to play on sound and shape. A Chinese poem written in traditional complex characters is likely to lose part of the savor if transcribed into simplified characters. Thus, I feel that the Chinese or the Chinese poem poets write in Taiwan has absolutely a savor which may be absent in works written by users of other languages or Chinese from other areas. Judging from what modern poetry of Taiwan has achieved in the past few decades, the Chinese language in Taiwan has indeed evolved and created a new sensibility, interest, and vitality.

我從二十歲開始寫詩，過去四十年出版了十五本詩集。我的詩歌風格經歷多次轉變，但是有一件事是不變的：像世界上所有其他詩人一樣，我充分借用意象、比喻、節奏，以及種種視覺與聽覺的技巧來創作我的詩歌。我試著融鑄文言與白話，中文與外文語法，古典與現代，抒情與政治，華麗與俚俗，用匯聚在我身上的種種中文新感性、新可能，寫作我的詩。有學者認為我是“當今中文詩界最能創新且令人驚喜的詩人之一”。我不知道我是不是。但我盡我所能，在我的詩裡將西方現代主義、後現代主義的元素，以及東方詩學與中國文字的特質，融合在一起。

I started writing poetry at the age of 20. In the past 40 years, I have written 15 books of poems. My poetic style has undergone several transformations. But one thing remains the same: like all the other poets in the world, I try to make the most of images, metaphors, rhythms, musical and visual devices to make my poetry. I attempt to blend classical and colloquial languages, Chinese and foreign expressions, the lyrical and the political, the magnificent and the vulgar, using what new sense and sensibility I have got to write my poems. Some scholars regard me as “one of the most innovative and exciting poets writing in Chinese today.” I don’t know if I am. But I try my best to combine in my poetry the elements of Western modernism and post-modernism with the merits of Oriental poetics and the Chinese language.

*

For the past two decades, I’ve taken great interest in exploring the specificity of Chinese writing. I have written many concrete poems (圖像詩), hidden-character poems (隱字詩), obsolete-character poems (廢字俳), non-character poems (非文字的詩), and poems which I call “modern Chinese haiku” (中文現代俳句) and “Tang poetry haiku” (唐詩俳句), attempting not only at visual and audio effects, but at the specific features of Chinese characters or “Chineseness.”

Collected here are some of my poems. You can find in them certain examples of my poetic experiments .

陳黎 (Chen Li)

●小宇宙

1

我等候，我渴望你：
一粒骰子在夜的空碗裡
企圖轉出第七面

2

寂寥冬日裡的重大
事件：一塊耳屎
掉落在書桌上

3

雲霧小孩的九九乘法表：
山乘山等於樹，山乘樹等於
我，山乘我等於虛無……

4

所有夜晚的憂傷都要在白日
轉成金黃的稻穗，等候
另一個憂傷的夜晚收割

5

在不斷打破世界記錄之後
我們孤寂的鉛球選手，一舉
把自己的頭擲出去

6

一顆痣因肉體的白
成為一座島：我想念
你衣服裡波光萬頃的海

7

婚姻物語：一個衣櫃的寂寞加
一個衣櫃的寂寞等於
一個衣櫃的寂寞

8

愛，或者唉？
我說愛，你說唉；我說
唉唉唉，你說愛哀唉

9

爭鳴：
0歲的老蟬教0歲的
幼蟬唱“生日快樂”

10

人啊，來一張
存在的寫真：

囚

11

你的聲音懸在我的房間
切過寂靜，成為用
溫度或冷度說話的燈泡

12

。 ……

,

Translated by Chang Fen-ling (張芬齡)

●Microcosmos

1

I wait and long for you:
a turning die in the empty bowl of night
attempting to create the 7th side.

2

A great event on the desolate
winter day: ear wax
drops on the desk.

3

Multiplication table for kids of clouds and fog:
mountains times mountains equals trees, mountains times trees
equals me, mountains times me equals nothingness...

4

All the sorrow of night will be turned into golden
ears of rice by daylight, waiting to be
reaped by another sorrowful night.

5

Having constantly broken world records,
our lonely shot-putter throws his head out
in one put..

6

The white skin turns a mole
into an isle: I miss the glistening
vast ocean inside your clothes.

7

The story of marriage: a closet of loneliness plus
a closet of loneliness equals
a closet of loneliness.

8 *Trans. by Jennifer Feeley

Amour, or no more?
I say amour, you say no more; I say
no more no more no more, you say amour I mourn no more.

9

Chirping competition:
0-year-old aged cicadas teach 0-year-old
baby cicadas to sing “Happy Birthday.”

10

Ah man (人), come and
take a selfie:

encaged (囚).

Note: The Chinese character “prisoner” (囚) looks like a man (人) confined to a frame.

11

Your voices suspend in my room
cutting through silence, to become
a bulb speaking with heat or chill.

Note: The No.12 poem is a visualization version of the No.11 poem. The Chinese punctuation mark “。” (a period) is very much like a bulb which gives off sound in silence or with silence.

●家具音樂

我在椅子上看書
我在桌子上寫字
我在地板上睡覺
我在衣櫃旁做夢

我在春天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）
我在夏天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）
我在秋天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）
我在冬天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）

我打開窗戶看書
我打開桌燈寫字
我拉上窗簾睡覺
我醒來在房間裡面

在房間裡面是椅子
和椅子的夢
在房間裡面是桌子
和桌子的夢
在房間裡面是地板
和地板的夢
在房間裡面是衣櫃
和衣櫃的夢

在我聽到的歌裡
在我說的話裡
在我喝的水裡
在我留下的沉默裡

●在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市

在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市，我聽到
一千隻壞心的胡狼對他們的孩子說
“媽媽，我錯了。”
我聽到法官哭泣
牧師懺悔，聽到
手銬飛出報紙，黑板掉落糞坑，聽到
文人放下鋤頭，農人放下眼鏡
肥胖的商人逐件脫掉奶油跟膏藥的衣裳

在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市
我看到老鴇們跪著把陰戶交還給它們的女兒

●*Furniture Music*

I read on the chair
I write on the desk
I sleep on the floor
I dream beside the closet

I drink water in spring
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)
I drink water in summer
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)
I drink water in fall
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)
I drink water in winter
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)

I open the window and read
I turn on the light and write
I draw the curtains and sleep
I wake inside the room

Inside the room are the chairs
and the dreams of the chairs
Inside the room are the desk
and the dreams of the desk
Inside the room are the floor
and the dreams of the floor
Inside the room are the closet
and the dreams of the closet

In the songs that I hear
In the words that I say
In the water that I drink
In the silence that I leave

●*In a City Alarmed by a Series of Earthquakes*

In a city alarmed by a series of earthquakes, I hear
a thousand black-hearted jackals say to their children,
“Mama, I was wrong.”
I hear the judge cry
and the priest confess. I hear
handcuffs fly out of newspapers, blackboards drop into
cesspools. I hear
writers put down their hoes, farmers take off their glasses,
and fat businessmen strip off their clothes of cream and
balsam.

In a city alarmed by a series of earthquakes,
I see madams on their knees return vaginas to their
daughters.

●島嶼邊緣

在縮尺一比四千萬的世界地圖上
我們的島是一粒不完整的黃鈕扣
鬆落在藍色的制服上
我的存在如今是一縷比蛛絲還細的
透明的線，穿過面海的我的窗口
用力把島嶼和大海縫在一起

在孤寂的年月的邊緣，新的一歲
和舊的一歲交替的縫隙
心思如一冊鏡書，冷冷地凝結住
時間的波紋
翻閱它，你看到一頁頁模糊的
過去，在鏡面明亮地閃現

另一粒秘密的扣子——
像隱形的答錄機，貼在你的胸前
把你的和人類的記憶
重迭地收錄、播放
混合著愛與恨，夢與真
苦難與喜悅的錄音帶

現在，你聽到的是
世界的聲音
你自己的和所有死者、生者的
心跳。如果你用心呼叫
所有的死者和生者將清楚地
和你說話

在島嶼邊緣，在睡眠與
甦醒的交界
我的手握住如針的我的存在
穿過被島上人民的手磨圓磨亮的
黃鈕扣，用力刺入
藍色制服後面地球的心臟

●花蓮

以浪，以浪，以海
以嘿吼嗨，以厚厚亮亮的
厚海與黑潮，後花園後海洋的
白浪好浪，後浪，後山厚山厚土
厚望與遠望，以遠遠的眺望
以呼吸，以笑，以浪，以笑浪
以喜極而泣的淚海，以海的海報
晴空特報，以浪……

注：台灣阿美族語 Widang（朋友），有人音譯為“以浪”。
阿美族歌舞時常發出虛詞的“嘿吼嗨”、“後海洋”之音。
白浪、好浪，音似台語“壞人、好人”，台灣原住民每稱漢
人為“白浪”。

●*The Edge of the Island*

On the world map on a scale of one to forty million,
our island is an imperfect yellow button
lying loose on a blue uniform.
My existence is now a transparent thread,
thinner than a cobweb, going through my window
facing the sea
and painstakingly sewing the island and the ocean
together.

On the edge of the lonely days, in the crevice
between the new and the old years,
the thought is like a book of mirror, coldly freezing
the ripples of time.
Thumbing through it, you'll see pages of obscure
past, flashing brightly on the mirror:

another secret button—
like an invisible tape recorder, pressed close to your breast,
repeatedly recording and playing
your memories and all mankind's—
a secret tape mixed with love and hate,
dream and reality, suffering and joy.

What you hear now is
the sound of the world:
the heartbeats of the dead and the living
and your own. If you cry out with all your heart,
the dead and the living will speak to you
in clear voices.

On the edge of the island, on the boundary
between sleeping and waking,
my hand is holding my needle-like existence:
threading through the yellow button rounded and
polished by
the people on the island, it pierces hard into
the heart of the earth lying beneath the blue uniform.

●*Hualien*

With waves, with the surf, with the sea,
with a swash, a swoosh, a splash, with lush
depths of waters and sable currents,
whitecaps, crests of crests, waves urging waves
in the backyard garden and rearward ocean,
the forward hopes and outward glances
of a sloping backdrop, solid mountains, and thick soil,
with a view toward the faraway,
with breaths, with laughs, with the surf, with a laughing surf,
with a sea of joyful tears, with the ocean's lavish placard,
a special announcement of clear skies, with waves...

●字俳：國

國破衰亡簡史：
國，或，戈，弋
匕，匕，、，、

彼特拉克 (Francesco Petrarca, 1304-1374)

●Sonetto 61

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, et 'l mese, et l'anno,
et la stagione, e 'l tempo, et l'ora, e 'l punto,
e 'l bel paese, e 'l loco ov'io fui giunto
da' duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;

et benedetto il primo dolce affanno
ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
et l'arco, et le saette ond'i' fui punto,
et le piaghe che 'nfin al cor mi vanno.

Benedette le voci tante ch'io
chiamando il nome de mia donna ò sparte,
e i sospiri, et le lagrime, e 'l desio;

et benedette sian tutte le carte
ov'io fama l'acquisto, e 'l pensier mio,
ch'è sol di lei, sí ch'altra non v'à parte.

普契尼 (Puccini, 1858-1924) *Gianni Schicchi

●O Mio Babbino Caro

O mio babbino caro,
mi piace, e bello, bello;
vo' andare in Porta Rossa
a comporar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
Se l'amassi indarno,
andrei Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi stuggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pieta, pieta!

●Character Haiku: Country

abbreviated history of a country's decline:
country, or, spear, arrow
dagger, hook, dot,

●十四行詩第 61 首

多幸福啊，此日，此月，此年，
此季，此刻，此時，此一瞬間，
此美景，此地：一對美目
和我相遇，將我捆綁。

多幸福啊，與愛合而為一時
初嘗的甜蜜煩躁，
穿刺我的弓與箭，
深達我心的傷口。

多幸福啊，呼喚我愛人之名時
我散佈的眾多語詞，
還有歎息，眼淚和渴望。

多幸福啊，讓她美名遠播的
我所有的詩篇，還有我的心思——
只繫繞著她一人，別無他人他物。

●噢，親愛的爸爸

噢，親愛的爸爸，
我很喜歡他，他是這麼漂亮。
我很想到紅門去買
一枚結婚戒指！
是的，是的，我很想去那裡！
如果我愛他的事落空，
我就要走上老橋，
然後跳進阿諾河！
我的心掙扎而苦惱！
神哪，請讓我一死了之！
爸爸，可憐，可憐我！

2019 Roma