

The background of the cover is a topographic map with orange and white contour lines. The map is partially obscured by a white rectangular box at the top containing the journal's title and issue information.

I N T E R N A T I O N A L

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五季：節錄

春歌（之一）

風是最輕便的音樂與氣味播放器
 蜂飼耳，我的日本女詩人同行
 在看過太魯閣峽谷後，說群山
 橫天繁殖著，貼近聞著彼此的氣味
 她要燕子口的燕子說說看到天空
 化成斷崖的感想，要它們伸出聲帶
 拾起被拿掉的聲音的書籤，夾在
 海與山連綿不止的書頁裡
 她站在禪光寺前說這些話。詩人的
 口是最輕盈的音樂與氣味播放器
 兼翻譯機，輕輕用寺前的言葉，用
 詩——把峽谷的巨岩峭壁，太平洋
 萬頃的琉璃，翻譯成聲音和氣味

夏歌（之一）

觸覺嗅覺視覺聯結的高地
 乳白麝香褐玫瑰紅的三色旗
 流金夏日橘香凝成的紀念章
 以葡萄美酒為獎金的夜光獎杯
 U型的下坡路U型燦藍的海灣
 一魚多吃隻隻吱吱叫的虫形餐叉
 圓滑奏自由奏華彩奏交鳴的花傘
 被風的食指不斷翻動的氣味大辭典
 搖長長長白浪布條靜坐示威的岸
 黏七種薄荷味為七彩的虹之彼方貼紙
 沙粒之糖碎浪之冰拍岸出的泡沫綠茶
 以花腔與花香爭相拔高的海豚音詠嘆調
 宇宙圓形劇場無聲無伴奏的午夜音樂會

Five Seasons: An Excerpt

From "Spring Song"

The wind is the lightest music and fragrance player.
 After visiting Taroko Gorge, Hachikai Mimi, my Japanese poet-friend,
 says the mountains breed laterally across the sky, clinging to
 one another, smelling at one another. She asks the swallows
 in Swallow Grotto to talk about how they feel when they see the sky
 change into a precipice. She tells them to extend their vocal folds,
 pick up the bookmarks whose voices have been erased, and put them in
 the ever-extending pages of ocean and mountains. She says these words
 standing in front of Zen Light Temple. The poet's mouth
 is the most delicate music and fragrance player that doubles as
 a translation machine—using poetry, the language in front of the temple,
 to gently translate the rocks and crags in the gorge,
 as well as the immense Pacific lazurite, into sounds and scents.

From "Summer Song"

The high ground where touch, smell, and sight unite.
 The tri-color flag of milk white, musk brown, and rosy
 red. The medal molded by flowing gold, summer sun, and
 tangerine scent. The fluorescing cup presenting a cash award
 of wine. The U-shaped high blue bay below the U-shaped down-
 hill trail. The throng of three-pronged forks throbbing at a whole-
 fish feast. The flower umbrellas rotating in their legato, libero, and
 cadenza performances. The dictionary of smells that the wind's index
 finger flips through. The shore in its sit-in demonstration, waving long,
 long, long banners of whitewater. The faraway sticker fixing seven
 mint flavors into a rainbow. The frothy green tea whisked with sandy
 sugar
 and icy ripples. The aria falsetto notes for which coloratura and floral
 aroma
 contend. The midnight concert in Amphitheater Universe, silence a
 cappella.

秋歌（之一）

一邊飽嚙哈根達斯楓糖冰淇淋
一邊狂吃麻辣鍋。時冷時熱
吃到飽，吃到春去秋來，限時
搶食，多吃的都是賺的。該怎麼
吃出一株紫珠或一池睡蓮來？
秋天以後，浮在水上小寐。再睡
一覺，直到永恆。饜與饜
像兩頭石獅子，立在南柯兩側
樹下蟻群戮力搬運我們衣服上
掉下的甜汁，麵包屑。我們秋收
它們冬藏。麵粉做成麵包，夢
做成我們。我們是睡眠這頭
睡獅的食物。多吃的都是賺的

冬歌（之一）

擱淺於灰藍色的海面，載滿
閃耀碎鑽、藍鑽的浪花，遲遲
無法登岸。我們吹口哨，打暗號
它們還是沒有如約翻騰上我們坐了
一個下午的堤防。有人說冬防
演習開始了，無護照、無身分證的
流浪漢或流浪浪，不可隨意進出
海也許有國籍，我不知道來了即
失蹤的浪們有沒有。冬天的海岸線
這麼長又蕭索，它們集體偷渡
易容上岸，誰能防止？我歡迎它們
繼續走私春天夏天的寶石或秋天的
琥珀。總之，給他們一點顏色看看！

From "Autumn Song"

Slurping Häagen Dazs maple syrup ice-cream
while devouring spicy hot pot—cold and hot mingle.
It's all-you-can-eat, all the seasons can take; take all you can
within the time limit. What's eaten to excess is a bonus.
How does all that you eat create a Bodinier's beautyberry or
a water lily pond? After fall comes, I take a nap while floating
on water, then sleep again until the end of time. Tao and Tie,
the monsters of gluttony, are like two lion statues, standing
on both sides of a south-facing pagoda tree. Ants under the tree
transport sweet sauce and bread crumbs from our clothes.
We harvest; they store. Flour is made into bread, dreams
are made into us. We are food for the slumberous lion
called Sleep. What's eaten to excess is a bonus.

From "Winter Song"

Capsized on the livid sea, filled with
sparkling diamond droplets and sapphires, the waves
are held up from landing. We whistle, make secret signs,
but they do not rise as promised to the embankment where
we sit all afternoon. Someone says winter security
exercise has started; people on the tramp, waves on the drift
without passports or papers cannot go in and out freely.
Perhaps the sea has a nationality, but I'm not sure about the
waves
that disappear as soon as they come. The winter coastline
is so long and bleak, the waves cross together illegally, disguise
their looks, and go ashore. Who can stop them? Welcome,
go on smuggling the gems of spring and summer, or
the amber of fall. In all, show them some colors!

a.
 滋滋有聲，春天吃你胸前
 滑溜溜如小鰻魚的小饅頭
 山的風景，海的況味，開展於
 小城日日擦亮的螢幕新桌布
 風是最輕便的音樂與氣味播放器
 電子書閱讀軟體，夾帶鳥鳴花香
 輕輕掀開每一本或立或走的臉書
 城外七星潭防風林邊，我們聽到
 晉代與唐代詩人接力叫賣土饅頭
 柏樹下貼上剛下載的杜康：
 加我搞好友吧，焉能不為歡？
 讚！這可餐可觸的春色，在我們
 講究口感手感美感的露天酒店

b.
 我該把你比擬做夏天嗎？
 時間和我對陣，而你的軍國
 你的聲音輸入法在我背後為我助陣
 夏夜小山前，那些乒乒乓乓的
 瀑布聲響被你重組成一連精兵
 穿過長針短針秒針密布的針葉林
 溯記憶之溪游擊，勇敢攻佔
 觸覺嗅覺視覺聯結的高地
 給敵方一點顏色，氣味……讓其難忘
 象形指事會意形聲並容的方塊彈的
 威力：這些長長短短的詩行就是
 隨隨身碟、記憶卡四處流傳的
 我們卑微戰史 / 情史的壓縮檔

a.
 Munching loudly, spring relishes on your chest
 the small steamed bun, slippery as a little eel.
 Mountain view and the sea's savor begin with
 the desktop wallpaper polished by the city every day.
 The wind is the lightest music and fragrance player,
 bundling ebook reader with bird tweet and floral fragrance,
 gently opening each face book, standing or walking.
 By the windbreaks at Seven-Star Pool outside the city, we hear
 a Jin poet and a Tang poet take turns to peddle steamed buns.
 Du Kang, freshly downloaded, is now a post under the cypress:
 "Can you add me as your friend? Wouldn't that be delightful?"
 Perfect! Such edible, touchable spring glamor. In our
 open-air lodging that refines taste, touch, and look.

b.
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Time battles against me, yet with your troops
 reinforcing me from behind, your voice-typing strategy
 in front of the hill on a summer night, the pling-plong
 sounds of the waterfall you reformatted into crack troops,
 I go through all the hour, minute, and second needles in the
 needle forest.
 Guerrilla attacks down memory creek fearlessly storm
 the high ground where touch, smell, and sight unite.
 Show the opposition some color, some smell... Make it memo-
 rable.
 Square bombs charged with the pictographic, ideographic,
 semantico-phonetic—
 their power: these uneven lines are
 dispersed by flash drives and memory cards—
 zip files of our humble war records / love histories.

c.
秋決定在整條A街月橘花燦開時
用厚厚的後後現代秋色重組我城
霜葉紅於二月花是古代風景
詩人停車坐愛楓林久久，今人則
驅車楓林 Motel 做久久
一邊飽嚙哈根達斯楓糖冰淇淋
厚實的楓情任任何不解風情之
市民都難逃其魅力之掌，日常生活
生命遂有了小 / 三思不得其解的美妙
重心：秋聲不再縱縱錚錚令人悲
名目繁多的賦稅外，無須作賦詠嘆
百憂感心、萬物勞形的人生……
後花園秋千和後倫理美感將盪滌一切

d.
灰藍的海面此刻是一艘巨大的舊船
擱淺於灰藍色的海面，載滿
廢棄的電器用品，低溫冷藏的
鳥鳴、虹彩、罌粟香：冬，要進港了
一如其鄭重其事準備出港，我們
在岸上打旗語等候，圍巾和浪交疊
來電答鈴和濤聲……有些東西很急
有些東西急也無濟，懊悔自己傲慢
往往已經太慢。太慢在去歲上岸的貨中
找到對的藥，當你發現偏見像偏頭痛
日日黏著你，始終桀驁的那水手的影子
船終要進港而後離去，海關不查緝
那些抽象、概念的東西，因為它們太重

c
Fall decides, when Orange Jessamine blooms all over Street A,
to rebuild our city with the utmost post-postmodern fall landscape.
Frost-tinted leaves outshine February's flowers—an ancient scene:
the poet stopped his carriage to admire the maple forest. Today, people
drive to Maple Forest Motel to fool around for all the time in the
world,
slurping Häagen Dazs maple syrup ice-cream.
In maple's ample bosom, without understanding a heart,
the citizens can't escape the grip of its charm. Every day,
an impenetrable/impregnable wonder thus appears in life,
tending the mind: autumn sounds no longer sadden in their clinking.
Except the myriad of taxes, no need to praise in poetry
a weary heart and a beaten body of a life...
The rear garden swing and post-ethical aesthetics will strike all.

d.
The gray-blue sea is now a huge old ship,
capsized on the livid sea, filled with
discarded electrical appliances, cold-stored
bird tweet, rainbow, poppy fragrance: winter, coming into port.
Like the solemn preparation for putting out to sea, we
flag signals on shore while waiting. Scarves and waves intersect:
the sounds of an incoming call and breakers. !. something is urgent,
yet no use to be anxious about some things. I regret my arrogance.
It often comes too slow—among the goods arriving last year, too slow
to
find the right medicine when a bias looks like a migraine to you,
stuck to you every day, the shadow of the persistently unruly sailor.
The ship is finally docking and then departs. Customs do not inspect
those abstract, conceptual things—because they are too heavy.

Note: Each of the four poems in "The Thirteenth Month" comprises the first lines of the poems in "Spring Song," "Summer Song," "Autumn Song," and "Winter Song," respectively.