

**The Edge
of the Island
Poems 1974-2014**

島嶼邊緣

英譯陳黎詩選 1974-2014

Chen Li



Translated by
Chang Fen-ling & Elaine Wong

Chen Li's Literary Bank · 2026

One of the foremost practitioners of contemporary Chinese poetry in Taiwan, Chen Li has translated, with his wife Chang Fen-ling, the works of many poets—such as Plath, Hughes, Heaney, Hass, Duffy, Neruda, Paz, Vallejo, Sachs, Szymborska, Tranströmer, Basho, Issa, Yosano Akiko—into Chinese. He subtly combines in his poetry the elements of Western modernism and post-modernism with the merits of Oriental poetics and the Chinese language, seeking incessantly to find a balance between art and life, suffering and joy, dream and reality. In 2012, he was invited to the Olympic poetry festival (Poetry Parnassus) in London as the poet representing Taiwan.

“Chen Li is one of the most innovative and exciting poets writing in Chinese today. Ranging from the intensely lyrical to social satire, his work bears witness to the historical changes that have transformed contemporary Taiwan on the one hand, and to the poet’s exuberant spirit of experimentation on the other. Chen Li’s poetry not only epitomizes Taiwan’s bitter-sweet quest for cultural identity, but, above all, it is an eloquent testament to the felicitous union of the personal and the political, artistic avant-gardism and literature of conscience.”

—Michelle Yeh, *University of California, Davis*

“Chen Li applies Western poetic aesthetics to themes of significance to Taiwan. He derives inspiration not only from English and American literature but also from Latin American literature, which makes his current unique writing style a combination of wildness and delicacy, of boldness and tenderness.” —Yu Kwang-chung, *poet and translator*

“poetry..., a self-sufficient world of beauty and order that is magical. It is precisely this magic in language and form that characterizes Chen Li’s poetry.” —from *The Cambridge History of Chinese Literature*

“(Chen Li’s) poetic practice opens up a wider, more complex perspective on work with the Chinese script and thus on linguistic difference in general. Chen Li invokes Chineseness to point to the material and medial specificity of his poetic experiments. At the same time his poems effectively open up the category of Chineseness to include its margins.”

—from *The Oxford Handbook of Modern Chinese Literatures*

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Translator's Introduction

Chen Li (陳黎, born in 1954) is one of the foremost practitioners of contemporary Chinese poetry in Taiwan. He started writing poetry in the early 1970s and has published fourteen collections. In a writing career spanning more than forty years, his poetic style has undergone several transformations. Originality, variety, wittiness, and profundity have always been his signal traits; fluent command of imagery and innovative technical experimentation are characteristic of his works.

Born and brought up in Hualien, a small city on the east coast of Taiwan, Chen Li derives much of his inspiration from his hometown. In the postscript to his collection *Animal Lullaby* (動物搖籃曲, 1980), he writes, "Isn't the mundane world the greatest theme of my poetry?... I can never forget what's coarse and humble in our residence on earth." And from the vulgar and twisted fragments of life in this small city, he has come to realize the imperfection and confusion of human conditions. In his first collection *In Front of the Temple* (廟前, 1975), he cherishes nature by celebrating the innocence of his attachment to his childhood, hometown, and motherly love (which are treated here as symbolic of nature). On the other hand, he sarcastically hammers on the unnatural and inhumane phenomena of modern life. In either way, his concern and sympathy are focused on the limitations and dignity of ordinary people.

In his second book *Animal Lullaby*, Chen Li is no longer a sarcastic realist; he reveals himself as a romantic-symbolist. The longing for nature and the sarcasm directed at city life are now recast more generally as meditations on life and time. He builds up a world of imagination and sketches beautiful experiences, trying to seek out of the limited and fragile reality a certain order to wrestle with the ridiculousness and disorderliness of the world. The chaos and absurdity of man's situations on earth are illustrated in "In a City Alarmed by a Series of Earthquakes." Chen Li sometimes takes a dark view of life: the world is a prison in itself and everyone is born into it as a prisoner ("A Handbook to Prisoners"); people can't be free from fear, and even "a sudden shower" deprives them of their sense of security. However, the poet is not a pessimist; he is curious and imaginative enough to get

joy out of life. In the second collection, there is a recurrent motif—the world as a theater abundant in dramatic scenes. In “The Lover of the Magician’s Wife,” Chen Li lets one image after another flow out to express vividly and fluently the caprice of the magician’s wife and the ever-changing atmosphere of magic. In the process, the poet himself is revealed as a magician of imagery.

Chen Li shows much concern for people who suffer through life in anxiety and fear. They are “alarmed by a series of earthquakes;” they are threatened by the temporality of life; they are troubled by desire; they are confined physically and mentally (the mistresses in “A House”); they mourn for the loss of innocence (the teacher in “Among School Children”); they humbly long for human dignity (“The Love Song of Buffet the Clown”). Chen Li’s compassion for human plight and understanding of human suffering are clearly expressed in the title poem “Animal Lullaby.” Chen Li successfully avoids sentimentality by implying his theme through careful choices of imagery and tone. This poem is set in a tranquil and peaceful world, but it’s a “garden without music,” which may well be viewed as a garden of eternal sleep—a graveyard (the heavy steps of the grayish elephant imply a funeral procession). In this poem Chen Li points ironically to the cruel fact that death seems to be the inevitable solution to human suffering.

Chen Li’s humanism is most explicit in “The Last Wang Mu-Qi,” which won the first prize for poetry in the China Times Literary Contest of 1980. In this long poem, Chen Li exhibits his talent for narration and lyricism, and reconciles the contradiction between sense and sensibility, art and reality. The narrator of this poem is Wang Mu-qi, a miner who has died in a mining calamity. Through him, Chen Li attempts to reflect miners’ reality, presenting their fears and nightmares, sorrow and anxiety, dreams and longings. Contrasts are cleverly juxtaposed: we hear Wang Mu-qi’s ghost relating the pathetic tragedy, we hear the wretched families’ heartbroken sobbing, we see miners’ miserable living conditions and share their fatalistic views of life, but we also see a Utopian dreamland Wang Mu-qi pictures in his mind; we see sixteen pairs of “black” images composed as an elegy, but we also see Wang Mu-qi’s letter to his wife—full of affection and tenderness; we see the miners’ distressing plight, but we also see the poet cynically criticizing those who are indifferent to the suffering. Throughout the poem, the

misery of the living is contrasted with the relief of the dead. The dark group of images alternates with the bright one, contradicting yet complementing each other, and the intensity of the whole poem is thus developed.

In the “Rainstorm” (暴雨) series of the third book, *The Love Song of Buffet the Clown* (小丑畢費的戀歌, 1990), Chen Li expresses, after an interval of nearly ten years, his deep affinities with the land where he lives—its history, its culture, its society, its people. Meditation about life and time is now replaced by retrospection on the history of Taiwan and reflection on his own Taiwan experience. He writes of those “Rebelling against the foreign regime while ruled by it. / Raped by the fatherland while embracing it” (“February”); he uses the green onion as a symbol of indigenous Taiwanese culture, expressing his earnest aspiration to get reacquainted with and cherish his living environment in its entirety—its culture, art, literature, and history (“Green Onions”); through the work of sculpture *The Portrait of Water Buffalo* by Huang Tu-shui, a gifted pioneering Taiwanese sculptor, he perceives the suffering and toughness of the Taiwanese people, protests implicitly the injustice of the society, and goes deep into the secret dreams of his island (“Buffalo”); he looks forward to a better future: the coming generations are imagined as able to appreciate the value of tradition and the land in a world where a diversity of voices and ideas are highly respected and tolerated.

Chen Li has expanded the territory of his hometown into a fountain-head of images and symbols, and Taroko Gorge, an iconic site with mysterious beauties and of a personal “heritage” significance, is undoubtedly an ideal symbol for Chen Li to integrate his Taiwan experiences and his Taiwanese identity. “Taroko Gorge, 1989,” though not the longest, is arguably his most ambitious poem on account of its integrated fields of environmental and cultural consciousness. In this poem Chen Li describes the various and changeable scenic features of Taroko Gorge to suggest the complexity of the fate of Taiwan; he leads the reader to review Taiwan’s suffering, look back on its lost culture, and acknowledge the fact that it has become a melting pot of different races, different ways of life, and different cultures. With time passing, Taroko may never recover its original indigenous features, but the new life emerging from it brings forth a renewal of energy, vitality, harmony,

and sweetness for the human spirit. The poem ends with the Buddhist chanting at the mountaintop temple, suggestive of a realization of life—when the depths of human hearts are as vast and grand as the natural setting of Taroko Gorge, all hatred, sorrow, frustration, and bitterness can be shed, endured, soothed, or even transcended, just as the inhabitants of Taroko Gorge, assimilated to one another, have come to accept racial differences and cultural complexities as part of life's bitter sweetness.

After the “Rainstorm” series, Chen Li finds a new direction for his poetics in his fourth collection, *Traveling in the Family* (家庭之旅, 1993). Unburdened of the solemn meditation about history and culture, he turns to his own life experiences for inspiration. He ponders over the essence of life in plain language and restrained sentiment. In the title work, which consists of seven poems, Chen Li presents with tenderness and affection, in a series of compassionate vignettes, a family's traumatic history. The dark undertone of this group of poems is wrought in images of misery with the shattered incompleteness of life, the unifying theme of the series. However, what coexists with this melancholy is human warmth—family love, dreams, toughness, and tolerance—with which sorrowful mothers silently embrace “anxious fire” and “the waves that turn back” (“Traveling in the Family”); poor children do all they can to protect their precious school satchels, on whose contents their future hopes depend (“Stairs”); the traveler in worn-out shoes remembers the good old days while wandering in a muddy city on a rainy night far away from home (“Shoes”); the aged and sickly grandfather “seems to smell the fragrance of flowers” while waiting in a narrow house for the sunset (“The Garden”). And through the images of circles in “A Rider's Song” Chen Li expresses his compassionate hospitality toward life. The bracelet, ring, and necklace in this poem symbolize on the one hand life's inescapable bondage and family ties, but on the other, unceasing human love and commitment to life.

Chen Li picks his images and scenes from everyday settings. Memory is like a scarf which is “used in winter, forgotten in summer” (“An Intimate Letter”); meeting with his mother at the crossroads reminds him of the relationships within the family, which are seemingly intimate yet actually alienated, seemingly alienated yet actually closely-related. Such paradoxes are treated by the poet as exemplary of human relationships in general (“An Encounter”). In the cup from which we

drink water every day, he sees a river in which flow the shadows of time; life comes and goes in the same way that a camellia or a jasmine flower blooms and falls (“The River of Shadows”). In all these poems, life is a great magic in itself, and we are all living in a world of ever-changing enchantment where nothing is eternal and things are not what they appear to be (“The Magician”). Therefore, the poet, a magician of language, conjures many touching scenes of life out of a flash of emotion, a fit, a stray notion, or a piece of music. In his note on “Postcards for Messiaen,” he quotes a passage from the Japanese composer Takemitsu, “The joy of music, ultimately, seems connected to sadness. The sadness is that of existence. The more you are filled with the pure happiness of music-making, the deeper the sadness is.” And this is true of Chen Li’s poetry writing. As a lover of the mortal world, he has a profound understanding of the sadness of existence.

The most interesting poem in this collection may be “A Vending Machine for Nostalgic Nihilists.” Chen Li designs a game for readers to play. But the sense of fun is not the only thing he offers. He seems to imply that people today are missing some of life’s natural elements, such as mother’s milk, drifting clouds, chirping insects, and twittering birds. But on the other hand, he is offering several types of Utopia for readers to choose from. What a fantastic world it would be if such things were available at any time—hot mother’s milk, large packets of drifting clouds, enduring cotton candy, canned daydreams, perfume with the twittering of birds, marijuana of freedom and peace, and white moonlight ball pens! It takes an idealist to invent such a vending machine for nostalgic nihilists.

Chen Li’s fifth book *Microcosmos I* (小宇宙 I, 1993) is a collection of one hundred three-line poems. Patterning after the Japanese *haiku*, the poet doesn’t adhere strictly to its traditional verse form, but adds to it contemporary interest to it, exploring new poetic possibilities. To stimulate readers’ imagination with such a concise and compact style is certainly a challenge. These short poems are indeed self-contented microcosms, from which readers may derive the delight of discovering new meaning and sensibility from daily experiences. Chen Li seems to have the insight of finding poetic mystery in even the most prosaic of things. A remote control, a turning dice, ear wax, a multiplication table, a pelota, a mole, soybean milk, a faucet, an insane woman, a pair of

sandals, the towels outside a massage house, a blind men's chorus, an erect penis, TV antennae on the roof, and the flush toilet have as much poetic charm for Chen Li as the autumn wind, solitary peaks, clouds, stars, grass, Bartok, Balzac, Baudelaire, schoolchildren, a necklace, a blue silk handkerchief, tears, sorrow, passion, and love. Through *Microcosmos*, the reader encounters the macrocosm, and therein lies the greatest joy of reading these modern haiku. A critic once compared the haiku to a silent bell, and said that a reader must first sincerely learn the skill of tolling the bell before he can hear its mysterious and profound toll. Indeed, a haiku, whose ideas are very often subtly implied through allusive imagery rather than offered explicitly, is best completed by the reader's active mental engagement with the poet's impulse. In reading these poems, the words of Robert Frost are also relevant, "A poem should begin in delight and end in wisdom."

Like all conscientious writers and artists, Chen Li is never restricted to one style. He always has his own angle on the diverse coordinates of art. Therefore, the reader will find a variety of styles and encounter new aesthetic approaches in each of his poetry collections. His sixth book *The Edge of the Island* (島嶼邊緣, 1995) offers much pleasant surprise. One of its most impressive features is the poet's experimentation with verse form in terms of the concrete poem. Only some of Chen Li's concrete poems are included in this anthology because the linguistic symbolism and cultural specificity of many others defy translation. For example, there is no attempt here to translate the poem "A War Symphony," since any relinquishment of its Chinese characters would mean the loss of its poetic charm and the significance of its technical form. Those Chinese characters (兵, 兵, 兵, 丘) and the verse form with special visual effects speak for themselves. This piece is not only a poem, but a picture with sound and sense. In its first stanza, an imposing military force marches to the battlefield; the second stanza is a pathetic battle scene: some soldiers are wounded with one of their legs missing, and others may be killed, as suggested by the blanks interspersed between. And in the last stanza all the soldiers seem to be assembled, yet they may be seen as handicapped or buried in the graveyard. Visually, "丘" suggests soldiers without legs, and literally it means "small hill," where the Chinese dead are usually buried. The hills, though speechless, offer the strongest of accusations against the cruelty

of war. “A War Symphony” successfully combines the qualities of images, sounds, and Chinese characters. It is a silent protest against war, a compassionate elegy for those who suffer it, and a tribute to the Chinese language.

Chen Li exhibits his sensitivity to language and his efforts to re-energize it in many other poems, such as “A Prayer of Gears,” “Wind Blowing over the Plain,” “A Cup of Tea” and “The Autumn Wind Blows.” Again it’s an unavoidable fact that there is no way to do justice in English to the abundant wit and subtle ingenuity with which Chinese graphemes are manipulated in the “concrete” aspects of these poems. Chen Li deconstructs the familiarity of some Chinese characters and idioms in such a way that their conventional meanings can no longer be taken for granted. He reinvests these signs with the linguistic energy of their original symbolism and leads readers to interpret them from a long-forgotten yet brand-new angle, just as he looks back on the history of his homeland not only to rediscover but also to reappraise its meaning.

Meditation on the history of Taiwan has been a central theme in Chen Li’s poetry since 1989. In “Green Onions,” Chen Li reexamines his own residence on the island of Taiwan, analyzing its significance both in history and in the personal territory of his life. In “Taroko Gorge, 1989,” he looks upon his hometown as a symbol of vitality which comes from interracial hybridization and tolerance; in “Karenko Town, 1939,” he rearranges the scattered voices and historical scenes, re-presenting the touching temperament and image of a new-born city where different cultural and racial elements coexist. In “Formosa, 1661,” he takes the reader further back to the seventeenth century, when the Taiwanese were under the rule of Holland and would soon be governed by Zheng Chen-kong, a general of Ming Dynasty who drove out the Dutch in 1662 and tried to establish Taiwan as a base from which to regain sovereignty over China. Chen Li boldly combines two seemingly contradictory elements in this poem—a serious historical theme and imagery suggestive of sensuality and sexuality. These contrasts contribute to the post-modern interest of this poem. The speaker of this poem is a Dutch missionary with a sense of racial superiority and a sense of entitled satisfaction with his accomplishments on this island. He plays a double role: a colonizer who presumes

himself a “civilizer,” a master who expects to assimilate the Taiwanese to his own culture but is being assimilated by them in subtle ways. Chen Li expresses no antagonism toward these colonial invaders; he even finds humanity in them. Toward the end of this poem, the Dutch missionary says, “...I’ve always thought that we are / living on the cowhide, though those Chinese troops are approaching / on junks and sampans with axes and knives / attempting to cover us with another bigger / cowhide,” which sarcastically implies that without respect for the indigenous people, no colonizers can justify their invasion or colonization, whether they are the Dutch or the ethnically related Chinese. From “Green Onions” to “Formosa, 1661,” as Chen Li goes deeper into the history of Taiwan, he has also broadened his definitions of national identity. In the process of root-seeking, he has come to realize that the vitality of Taiwan arises much from the fact that it is a melting pot or a palette of various racial and cultural elements. The 17th-century Dutch missionary treated here is no doubt a member in Chen Li’s “united family” of Taiwan. Chen Li is persistent in exploring the history of Taiwan. After writing his trilogy of Taiwan—“Taroko, 1989,” “Karenko Town, 1939,” and “Formosa, 1661”—Chen Li looks further back and explores deeper into the island’s cultural roots. In his collection of poetry *Me/City* (我/城, 2011), there are a series of poems dealing with some historic constructions and landmarks of Taiwan which are precious memory assets for all the people living on this island. To Chen Li, the conquering Spanish navy soldiers who were conquered by the beauty of the island (“Santiago, 1626”) and the Spanish invaders who sat at Tamsui listening to the simple and soft flowing rhythm of the river (“Santo Domingo, 1638”) were once new inhabitants of this island, contributing to part of Taiwan’s unique culture. What remain conflicts in politics find perfect solutions in poetry.

In the tug of war between politics and art, the power of the latter can never be underestimated, and in the Chinese painter Li Ke-ran, Chen Li finds confirmation of this aesthetic power. The painter’s ruler attempts to govern art with “threats under which even plants were taken for enemy troops,” while the artist liberates politics with “knife-sharp brushes and ink” (“The Autumn Wind Blows”). With belief in art, the artist has tragically but heroically survived political pressure and dignifiedly become the master who dominates the territory of truth and

beauty. Chen Li glorifies the triumph of art over politics, but he knows well the tragic essence behind—what a dear human price the artist may have to pay in achieving such a victory! He is never a naive optimist. In a short poem “Floating in the Air,” he compares a poet to a spider:

A spider, I imagine,
occupying a few branches
to spin out poetry—
transparent stanzas interweave an empire,
a self-contained sky
baptized by rain and wind.

And in “The Ropewalker,” he compares himself to a comic tightrope walker of a circus, who trembles in the air “cautiously walking across the earth, propping up / the floating life, / with a slanting bamboo cane, / with a fictitious pen.” Burdened with thoughts of “time, love, death, loneliness, belief, dreams,” the poet is dangling on the rope of art and trying hard to find his balance. Similarly, in “The Image Hunter,” Chen Li depicts the photographer Kevin Carter as precariously balanced between morality and art, conscience and duty, death and beauty, reality and aesthetics.

Chen Li’s seventh collection of poetry, *The Cat at the Mirror* (貓對鏡), published in 1999, was named in recognition of works by the French painter Balthus. In this volume, Chen Li continues his experiments with new forms and searches for new sensibility. Here, *what* the poems are about is not as important as *how* they are expressed. He puts in his poems certain musical elements when exploring various human experiences or emotions; he makes his poems a “composition” of colorful lines or narrative blocks, which reflect the joy and sorrow of love, the lightness and weight of desire, the splendor and shadows of existence; he brews the modernistic and post-modernistic wine in the casks of myth and balladry; with compassionate tenderness and profound understanding, he turns many snowy scenes in the memory into new landscape of life. These poems travel well between the real world and the fictitious, dive deep into life, and transcend it.

In the first decade of the twenty-first century, three books of Chen Li’s poems were published: *Agony and Freedom Well-Tempered* (苦惱與自由的平均律, 2005), *Microcosmos II* (小宇宙 II, 2006), and

Lightly/Slowly (輕/慢, 2009). In 2012, Chen Li suffered for months with pain in his back and right hand. Unable to use the computer or write with pens, he could only circled around words with pencils from some published texts (such as the Bible, works of Shakespeare, Neruda, Szymborska, and his own) to create new poems of his own in what he called a “half-automatic” way of writing. A perfect example is “‘The Love Poem’ Renewed”—an English haiku based on a 36-line poem by the English poet laureate Carol Ann Duffy. In rearranging the words he picked out of other texts for his “half-automatic” writing, Chen Li set rules for himself to follow. These rules were not limitations but instead opened up radical new possibilities for word choices just as the strict requirements on sound and meter in traditional Chinese poetry or English sonnet forms require poets to choose very bold and unusual words. In this sense, limits set on the play of words actually made for greater risk-taking and consequent liberation of the poet’s imagination.

Therefore, although physical pain disabled Chen Li from writing with the convenience he was accustomed to, the acute mental stress caused by his physical constraints unexpectedly resulted in tremendous renewed vitality for experimental poetics. The more intense his physical and mental anguish, the greater his energy for self-expression. Indeed, he found writing itself an effective way of fighting depression. In three months, he completed more than three hundred poems. That was quite remarkable. The results are presented in his two recent collections of poetry: *Evil/Exorcized* (妖/冶, 2012) and *Dynasty/Saint* (朝/聖, 2013). And in 2014, he published his fourteenth book of poems, *Island/Country* (島/國).

What Chen Li suffered from in those two years of psychosomatic disease may well be looked upon as a blessing since it led him to see and record life from a different perspective. He learned to express his feelings more directly and warmly, but with equal wits and cleverness. In “Mechanics,” the poet wrote in a tone of confession: “For nearly thirty years, I’ve been flying / toward your sky like a ball. / How come I’ve never fallen and vanished / in the void universe behind you, even though / I’m an obstinate nihilist? / Under the swing, I’m grateful for your / tolerating my dissoluteness, which has swung you / from the horizon of disappointment to / a transient climax. Which is heavier / or hurts you more, a newton of / longing or a newton of sorrow?” And in

“The Saint in the Kitchen,” he even puts his wife’s name in the poem (though playfully) as a tribute to her: “If you find the title ‘Saint in the Kitchen’ / unpleasant to the ear, I could call you ‘Saint Ah Fen-ling.’ / O Saint, I’m blessed that you have my teeth and tongue / always feeling (ah Fen-ling) good, and that every day you’re / as nagging as a wind-bell hanging at the window of the kitchen, / tinkling and jingling loudly enough to be heard all over the world.” Any such explicitly autobiographical allusions are rare in Chen Li’s earlier poems.

Being ill, he was in a wintery mood, which led him to ponder once again on the themes of life and death. In “13-Line Poems: Winter Songs,” the poet compares the grayish blue sea of winter to “an aged giant ship, / lingering outside the harbor, ill at ease when approaching home.” As the season passes, winter is coming home to the world. Likewise, as time goes by, we humans are on our way to death day after day—preparing at home to go home. The cycle of seasons symbolizes the cycle of life and death. What the world offers us is simply a transient residence on earth. A similar notion is present in one of his three-line poems in *Microcosmos II*: “Offer Death a one-night stay in your pocket / to experience your curiosity and timidity about him: / he can try the food and the bed, but it’s not formally open yet.” This time, he added seriousness to his usual witty playfulness of the tone. The learner who used to be “not very attentive in class” is now studying hard on the lessons life has assigned him.

Chen Li chose to teach in his hometown Hualien (“the edge of the island”) after he graduated from university as an English major in 1976, and has been staying at his “seaside classroom” ever since. He once wrote in an article entitled “The Traveler”:

As long as I conceive longing for the world, I’m on the road.
I know the fifty students in my classroom are fifty different
guidebooks, leading me to fifty different cities; I know that
the people I meet every day on the street or by the market place
have hearts as colorful as all the scenic spots in the world. I...
duplicate all the cities in the city where I live, and I travel all
over the world in my world.

Despite his attachment to his hometown, the poet keeps himself well-informed of the world through reading and listening. He writes about his favorite writers, musicians, and artists, and translates works of many

poets into Chinese. We find echoes of their voices in Chen Li's own works: the Chilean poet Neruda (in "The Last Wang Mu-Qi" and "Taroko Gorge, 1989," for example), the Peruvian poet Vallejo (in "Gliding Exercises"), the 18th-century Japanese haiku master Kobayashi Issa (in "A Cup of Tea" and *Microcosmos*), the German baritone Fischer-Dieskau (in "Listening to *Winterreise* on a Spring Night")... He borrows titles from Yeats, Janáček, John Adams, or Jiří Kylián ("Among School Children," "An Intimate Letter," "Short Ride in a Fast Machine," "Petty Deaths") and is inspired by the works of Miro, Buffet, Debussy, Messiaen, Cage, Balthus, Mahler, and Monet ("A Dog Barking at the Moon," "The Love Song of Buffet the Clown," "Footprints in the Snow," "Dancers of Delphi," "Postcards for Messiaen," "An Open Cage," "The Cat at the Mirror," "Saint Antony Preaching to the Fish," and "I Run into Monet in Monet's Garden"). Writing poetry to him is a way to communicate with the world, and each poem is, in some sense, an "intimate letter" to the world.

In the poem "The Edge of the Island," Chen Li compares the island of Taiwan, which lies in the Pacific Ocean and is reduced to one over forty million on the map, to a yellow button lying loose on a blue uniform, and the existence of each individual on it to a transparent thread. As long as the heart—"another secret button" pressed close to the breast "like an invisible tape recorder"—does not fall off, one can always receive the sound of the world. Humble as a poet is, the pen in his hand can serve as a needle "threading through the yellow button rounded and polished by / the people on the island" and piercing hard into "the heart of the earth that is behind the blue uniform." With profound understanding of life and with strong faith in poetry, the poet turns the edge of the island into the center of poetry.

*

Translations (and notes) of the following poems are done by Dr. Elaine Wong [E.W.]: "Taiwan Wind," "Song of the Island," "Karenko Town, 1939," "The White Deer: Four Columns," "Four Dramatic Monologues," "Man—Slow," "Hui-Lan, 1820," "Shang Dynasty," "I Run into Monet in Monet's Garden," "Dream Central Basin," and "Hualien."

Chang Fen-ling
Hualien, Taiwan, 2020

I *Poems 1974-1989*

廟前

動物搖籃曲

暴雨

海的印象

儘纏著見不得人的一張巨床
那蕩婦，整日
與她的浪人
把偌大一張滾白的水藍被子
擠
來
擠
去

(1974)

Impression of the Sea

Entwining herself about a shameful giant bed,
that debauched woman lies the whole day
with her wild lover,
pushing a huge white-laced water-blue quilt
now
 here,
then
 there.

(1974)

情婦

我的情婦是一把鬆弛的吉他
琴匣裡藏著，光滑的胴體
月亮都照不著

偶而拿她出來
懷裡擁著，輕輕
撫摸伊冷冷的頸背
左手鎖弦，右手試音
做著種種調琴的動作
然後她就緊張成一具真正的
六弦琴，緊緊張著
一觸即發的姿色

等開始演奏，卻
突然
斷了 弦

(1974)

My Mistress

My mistress is a slack-stringed guitar.
Hidden in the case, her smooth body
is kept away from moonbeams.

Occasionally I'll take her out,
holding her in my arms, gently
touching the back of her cold neck.
Winding with the left hand, touching the strings with the right,
I tune her in various ways.
Then she tenses herself into a real
six-stringed instrument, spreading intensely
her easily-ignited beauty.

But when I start playing, the strings
suddenly
break.

(1974)

我怎樣替花花公子拍照

1

彼時月明如鏡。一閃一閃，一只驚人的照妖鏡照映整個沈睡的黑暗。我眼眶裡的玻璃珠，轉動，轉動，如兩隻望遠顯微的鏡頭，向每一處陰私刺探凸出，凸出。月是鎂光燈。我的腦袋是盤旋不斷的膠捲。高高，在晨起慵懶，午後頹喪以及晚來底污腥之上，高高，我替花花公子拍照

2

從西貢玫瑰到未開苞的雛菊。如何我們的花花少爺們，在子夜，透過催淚槍用滋養的尿水擊射罪惡的花朵。我在見證。如何他們的勇敢正直積極慷慨，在喝過土製的洋酒之後暴露無遺。啊如何他們很熱烈地響應負責推行的小康計劃，笑著笑著，說他們的錢，太多
年輕的慾望在小客棧門口掙扎，如被吸住的鐵沙，向兩片磁性底臀部報到。如何這裡簾幃重重，而那裡只是薄薄的牆板一道。照片為憑。如何所有的窗子都熄燈，而惟一一個鑿壁偷光的卻不為聯考

How I Photographed for Playboy

1

The moon was as clear as a mirror then. Flashing and shining, an amazing monster-revealing mirror reflected all the sleeping darkness. The glass beads in my eye sockets turned and turned like two telephoto lenses, piercing into every private part.

Extending and extending. The moon was a magnesium light, my brain a reeling roll of film. High above, above the morning idleness, the afternoon depression and the night filth, high above, I photographed for Playboy.

2

From Saigon Roses to unpicked daisies, how, at midnight, our playboys shot their nourishing urine at the flowers of evil with tear gas guns. I was witnessing. How they showed without reservation their bravery and righteousness and activeness and generosity after drinking home-made imported wine. Ah, how they enthusiastically supported the poverty-sweeping project they were in charge of, saying smilingly that they had—too much money.

Youthful desires struggling in front of the small hotel finally, like the attracted iron sand, reported their arrival to the magnetic buttocks. How here was one curtain after another, yet there was only a thin board serving as the wall. Pictures were my proofs. How all the windows had turned off their lights, and the only one who bored the wall for light didn't do so for the sake of the entrance exam.

3

這一卷的主題在消滅髒與亂。爺兒們的唾液跟著穢水流到溝仔尾。那裡是遊覽區，小地方的名勝古蹟。啊，放大的鏡頭裡，昏沈的小鎮沒有睡。如何低低的木頭房子發著吱喳的音響。一個用脂粉傳播笑靨的女人，操生硬的國語咒她客官的娘親；皮帶繫好以後，很快地再把它翻成台語

我的模特兒在每一個可以躺下的地方擺好姿勢。渴擦，渴擦。我的相機不停。如何在辦公辦私，辦生意辦學校之餘留下歷史性的，鏡頭。如何說人生如夢，夢如戲，而朦朧的夜是最好的舞台

我看到最好的丈夫，他們幫助別人的太太相夫教子。最後一次的電視新聞說一項慈善運動正如火如荼地展開。賣口香糖，賣愛國獎券的。賣肉粽，賣四神湯的。我看到頭上的月光映照著路過的叫賣聲，而如何，我的花花公子他們的酒香笑語在我的腦袋裡開花結果

4

月升，月升！我的視線跟著高升。越過高樓，越過疊疊重重的山巒，我的鏡頭做更深更遠的投射。由暗闖入更暗，啊我開始看見，皂藍的樹林，那些枝，那些葉。一株一株的花，一株一株的草。他們的光澤。啊，如何我彩色的相機，在純淨的風景裡失靈，如何我輾轉奔波的眼珠靜止：清醒，如不眠的月亮月白，月白，黑色大地！如何我替花花公子拍照，拍照，拍照，而洗出的，只是一張黑白的風景
風吹。水晶似的露珠，一滴，兩滴……

(1975)

3

The theme of this roll of film is getting rid of filth and chaos. Those gentlemen's saliva flowed into the end of the ditch with filthy water. It was a sightseeing district, a scenic spot of the small town. Ah, in my enlarging lens, the drowsy town was not asleep. How the low wooden houses squeaked. A woman disseminating smiles with cosmetics cursed her customer's mother in awkward Mandarin; after the belt was fastened, she quickly translated it into Taiwanese.

My models posed in every place they could lie down. Eager and lusty, eager and lusty. My camera was busy working. How they left historic scenes after conducting public or private affairs, doing business or running schools. How they said it was in life as in dream, it was in dream as on the stage, and the hazy night was the best stage.

I saw the best husbands help others' wives fulfill their duties. The latest TV news said a charitable campaign was underway like wildfire. Chewing gum sellers, lottery sellers, glutinous rice dumpling sellers, herbal tonic soup sellers. I saw the moon over my head reflecting the peddlers' hawking, and how my playboys' alcoholic smell and laughter bloomed and yielded fruit in my brain.

4

The moon was rising, rising! And my sight was rising with it. Over the tall buildings, beyond the piling mountain ranges, my lens projected deeper and farther. Going from darkness to further darkness, ah, I began to see dark blue woods, those branches, those leaves. Flower by flower, grass by grass. Their brilliance. Ah, how my color camera failed to work, in the pure and clean scenery, how my busily turning eyeballs stayed motionless: keeping awake, like the sleepless moon.

The white moon, the white moon, over the black earth! How I photographed, photographed, and photographed for Playboy, yet what my film developed was simply black-and-white scenery.

The wind was blowing. Crystal-like dewdrops fell one by one...

(1975)

囚犯入門

我們聽不懂那些話，關於他們所說我們的雙親殺了人以及種種遺傳的理論，經過的時候門是敞開著的，被剪斷的綵帶般紅地散落地上，我們實在不知道是誰主持那些揭幕的儀式的，以後走道似乎愈來愈窄，並且黑暗，老實說它是那麼的黑暗以至於我們的眼睛就像光天化日下兩隻亮著的燈泡一樣的無濟於事，我們只是摸索，聽到似乎是水的滴落並且感到口渴，攔住我們的，果然，是一扇門，其中一個我們他說鑰匙就在我們身上，開了門他卻說：

「我們殺了人！」

大人啊，我們真的是無辜的，因我們實在是是在很黑很黑的黑暗當中，除了一聲好像是剪刀的聲音以外什麼都不知道

(1976)

A Handbook to Prisoners

We didn't understand what people said about our parents, that they had committed murder, and about the various theories of heredity. When we went through, the door was open, with the cut ribbons scattered bright red on the ground. We really didn't know who presided at those inaugurations. The passage that followed seemed all the narrower, and dark. To be frank, it was so dark that our eyes were as helpless as two lighted bulbs in broad daylight. We could only grope along, seemingly hearing the dripping of water and feeling thirsty. What stopped us was, as we expected, a door. One of us said that we had the key with us. The door opened, and to our surprise he said,

“We've committed murder!”

Sir, we are truly innocent because we were really in the very, very dark darkness, knowing nothing except a sound much like that of the scissors.

(1976)

月下

應當聽鐘聲
深綠地
在顫抖的葉中顫抖
滲透而出的是月光，不怎樣旋律的
月光穿過參差的枝椏
陰影，陰影
感覺冰而滑的指頭，移動
間斷的一些白鍵黑鍵……
「四更過了，冷啊。」
初落髮的和尚在井湄打水
拉起一截濕了的衣袖
他的廟宇，單寂地站在一邊

(1976)

Et la lune descend

Time to listen to the chime
dark greenly
shivering in shivering leaves.
Infiltrating through are moonbeams, not very
melodically passing untrimmed branches.
Shadows, shadows,
icy gliding fingers moving
some ebony and ivory keys by spells...
“It’s past three in the morning. How chilly!”
A newly tonsured monk, drawing water at the well,
pulls up part of his soaking-wet sleeve.
His temple stands lonely by.

(1976)

雪上足印

因冷，需要睡眠
深深的
睡眠，需要
天鵝一般柔軟的感覺
雪鬆的地方留下一行潦草的字跡
並且只用白色，白色的
墨水
因他的心情，因冷
而潦草
白色的雪

(1976)

Footprints in the Snow

Cold makes for sleep,
deep
sleep, for
a feeling soft as a swan.
Where the snow is soft, a hastily scrawled line is left
in white, white
ink,
hastily because of his mood, and the cold:
the hastily scrawled
white snow.

(1976)

特耳菲的舞姬

在那裡遊蕩一個背魯特琴跟詩的少年
在那裡，那株掛著月亮的桂樹底下
特耳菲的舞姬們把酒灑了一地
跟著恍恍惚惚的月光
愛說謎語的都拖著長髮，不停不停地甩頭
並且除了憂鬱跟又深又黑的眉毛什麼都不想
但他怎麼知道
他怎麼會懷疑那些婆娑的桃金孃常青藤不是身體
他怎麼會？那般細膩逼真的描寫
微笑，浮雕，種種神秘的事端
在那裡特耳菲的舞姬們把酒灑了一地
在那裡，一個少年他的魯特琴跟詩

(1976)

Dancers of Delphi

There wandering, a lad with his lute and poems.
There, under the moonlit laurel tree,
the dancers of Delphi sprinkled wine all over the ground
and the moon fell into a trance.
Those fond of asking riddles kept swinging their hair-trailing heads,
thinking of nothing but melancholy and dark thick eyebrows.
How did he know,
how would he suspect those whirling myrtles and ivies weren't their
bodies?
How would he? Such exquisite and life-like description:
smiles, sculptural relief, all the mysterious occurrences.
There, the dancers of Delphi sprinkled wine all over the ground.
There, a lad with his lute and poems.

(1976)

魔術師夫人的情人

我如何向你解釋這幅早餐的風景
橘子水從果樹上掉下，跟著小河流到盃子裡來
三明治是兩隻美麗的公雞變的
鑽出太陽的總是蛋殼的另一端，不管多重的月亮味道
桌子椅子剛剛從附近的森林砍下
你甚至可以聽到葉子的叫聲
那些核桃也許就藏在地毯下面，誰知道呢
只有床舖才是穩固的
但她是那麼的歡喜巴哈的賦格，因人們多疑而善變的這位
魔術師夫人。你只好徹夜，學她不眠地遁走
（追在後頭累得半死的十九是我……）
我恐怕睡醒後她還要彈風琴，喝咖啡，做美容操
哎，誰曉得帽子裡煮的是不是咖啡
下一隻饒舌又愛賣弄詩句的鸚鵡，不定，就輪到我

(1976)

The Lover of the Magician's Wife

How can I explain to you this breakfast scenery?
Orange juice falls off the fruit tree, and then flows along the river into
cups;
sandwiches are conjured out of two beautiful roosters.
The sun always rises from the other end of the eggshell, in spite of the
strong smell of the moon.
The table and chairs are just hacked off from the nearby forest;
you can even hear the leaves crying.
Maybe walnuts are hiding under the carpet, who knows?
Only the bed is stable.
But she's so fond of Bach's fugues—the magician's wife whose
fickleness is due to
people's incredulity. You can't but stay up the whole night fleeing
with her.
(I'm most likely the one who pants after her dog-tired...)
I'm afraid after she wakes up she'll play the organ, drink coffee, and
do her calisthenics.
Alas, who knows whether the coffee is boiling in the hat?
It's my turn, perhaps, to be the next garrulous and verse-parading parrot.

(1976)

動物搖籃曲

讓時間固定如花豹的斑點
疲倦的水鳥滑過水面輕輕滴下它的
眼淚像一隻離弦的箭需要落實
這是花園沒有音樂的花園灰濛濛的
大象沈重沈重地走過你的身邊並且請你
為蜂巢為沒有蜜蜂的蜂巢守望

我將為夜為沒有衣裳的草葉收拾露水當星星
升起天空逐漸高過門口的長頸鹿
讓哺乳的母親遠離它們的孩子像一隻
弓背的貓終於也疏鬆它的脊椎不再
抽象地堅持愛的顏色夢的高度因為
這是花園沒有音樂音樂的花園

笨拙的驢遊行時不要學它打鼾
讓時間停住呼吸像裝死的熊靜靜躺下
一些雪白的花撲打它的睫毛一些蝴蝶
我將為牛欄為沒有屋簷的燕子擦拭門牌當
灰濛濛的大象沈重地走過你的身邊並且請你
為斷柱為沒有憂傷的斷柱織補縫隙

這是花園沒有音樂的花園盤旋的鷹不要
搜索獵犬你不要奔跑像天使的額頭
它的寬廣包容五十座城堡七百匹馬車
讓遠離母親的孩子回到它們的母親像久久
湮沒的神話宗教重新被發覺信仰
我將為果樹為落盡果實的果樹讚美祈禱

讓時間固定如花豹花豹的斑點
一些雪白的花撲打它的睫毛一些蝴蝶
熟睡的獅子它們的憤怒不要驚動
這是花園沒有音樂的花園灰濛濛的
大象沈重沈重地走過你的身邊並且請你
請泥土快快藏好它的足印

(1977)

Animal Lullaby

Let time be fixed like a leopard's spots.
A tired bird glides over the water, softly dripping its
tears like a shot arrow waiting to land.
This is the garden, the garden without music. The grayish
elephant passes by you with heavy steps and asks
you to guard the honeycomb, the honeycomb without bees.

I will put away dewdrops for the night, for the grass without clothes
when the stars
rise in the sky, getting higher than the giraffe in the doorway.
Let nursing mothers leave their infants like
a cat finally loosens its arched back, no more
abstractly insisting on the color of love, the height of dreams,
for this is the garden, the garden without music.

When the awkward donkey parades, don't imitate his snoring.
Let time stop breathing like a bear playing dead lies down quietly,
some white flowers swatting his eyelashes, some butterflies.
I will wipe the doorplate for the cattle pen, for the swallows without
eaves when
the grayish elephant passes by you with heavy steps and asks
you to mend the broken column, the broken column without sorrow.

This is the garden, the garden without music. Circling eagles, cease
hunting; hunting dogs, stop running—like an angel's forehead,
it's wide enough for fifty castles and seven hundred carriages.
Let the children far from their mothers return to their mothers,
like some long forgotten myth or religion is rediscovered and re-adhered to.
I'll praise and pray for the fruit trees, the fruit trees bare of their fruit.

Let time be fixed like a leopard's spots,
some white flowers swatting his eyelashes, some butterflies.
Don't disturb the wrath of the lion soundly asleep.
This is the garden, the garden without music. The grayish
elephant passes by you with heavy steps and asks you
and the mud to cover his footprints quickly.

(1977)

戀歌

要等到愛跟著黃昏君臨我們的足踝
我忽然想及盛夏，感覺我的
臉像滿溢流汁的餐杯
但你的眼睛是一片紫深的玻璃葡萄
不會因過重的凝睇爆裂

要等到全城的花店把時間從鐘面摘走
我們的夢曾經是僅有的巨大的花園
無比燦爛準確的星圖
也許有異鄉人前來問路，在夜裡
輕叩我們的額頭
並且驚訝，它的堅實

你就會發現下一個清晨離我們有多近
當你的鐲戒我的吻一一雕入廟堂的廊柱
為所有抽象的美德舉例說明
而你不知道風有多長永恆有多久
等到愛你的詩篇都記在經上：讓蟲鳥引誦

(1977)

Love Song

We'll wait until love and the sunset descend to our ankles.
I suddenly think of the midsummer, feeling my
face is like a glass overbrimming with juice.
But your eyes are an acre of dark purple glass grapes
which will never explode for the overloaded gaze.

We'll wait until all the florists in the city pluck away time from the clocks.
Our dream was once the unique giant garden,
the most brilliant and accurate star chart.
A stranger may come to inquire about the route at night.
He'll tap our foreheads lightly
and wonder at their solidity.

You'll find how close the next morning is to us
when your bracelets and my kisses are all engraved in the pillars of the
temple
to illustrate all the abstract virtues.
Yet you won't know how long eternity lasts
until all the poems dedicated to you are written down in scriptures:
recited by insects and birds.

(1977)

在學童對面

1

不能打破蟲鳴的規則
苦楝子撒滿一整片清潔區，像早上
教過的小寫字母
司掃的學生紛紛以指掌拼讀新字
灑水者其一
修長的竹帚七八著地
牆外邊走過的大概是公民與道德先生
雲窺於樹顛，球網
參差圈住未來
鐘聲鏗然
公開斷定一天的爭執：
 遊戲乎工作
 工作乎遊戲
龐大的校園，只一種
聲響

2

兩點接踵而來。我站在
走道中央，為最後一個學生
說解疑難
彷彿是同樣的黃昏留我發問
我也曾耐心如池塘
困惑一如現在
傾盆的天空把整冊單字倒進雨中
這是貓。這是狗。這些不是蘋果。
那些是樹嗎？
 （老師老師，有人攀折花木！）

突然的呼喊傾退我的舉止
噫，何方之小子
大膽侵犯我們神聖的草坪！
他輕黃的雨衣閃閃發光
他們的小腳赤裸
我的眼睛不敢奪眶而出

Among School Children

1

The singing rules of insects can never be broken.
Fruits of the chinaberry covered the whole area for sweeping
like the lowercase letters just taught this morning.
The sweeping students spelt new words with fingers.
One sprinkled water,
seven or eight long broomsticks reaching the ground.
The one who walked outside the wall might be the civics teacher.
The clouds peeped on the top of the tree; the net
enclosed the future tentatively.
The bells rang loud,
settling a day's argument publicly:
 Play while ye work,
 Work while ye play.
On the vast campus, you heard only one
sound.

2

Raindrops then followed. I stood
in the middle of the corridor to work out puzzles
for the last student.
On such evenings I too had asked questions of my teacher.
I was once as patient as a pond,
as confused as now.
The rainy sky poured all the words of the book into the rain.
This is a cat. This is a dog. These are not apples.
Are those trees?
 (Sir, someone's plucking flowers!)

The sudden cry held back my action.
"Ha, who is it
that dares to encroach upon our holy meadow?"
His pale yellow raincoat glittered,
their tiny feet were bare.
My eyes dared not rush out of the sockets

跟著一隻粉紅的小小傘旋轉，旋轉

何其明綠的草地啊
他舞躍在我們不敢踐踏的禁忌上
滂沱的音樂
無邊透明的針葉林
大雨兮刺刺
陌生的新鮮我不能逼近

3

那不必是書
舞步無始無終
不必是一堆擔著意思的字句
桌子椅子，跟著我
起立坐下——而你們
你們為什麼遊蕩到我的教室
在繁茂的花中嬉戲
在大雨中成長？
雨滴只有聲音
苦澀的落葉，對你們
只有形狀
啊，我真想大叫
叫你們停在那裡：不追，不說
停在那裡
 像任何一棵新樹
時間不必知道
饒舌的外國話不必聽懂

(1977)

to revolve, revolve with a tiny pink umbrella.

What a green meadow!
He danced on the taboo that we dared not trample.
Torrential music.
Endless transparent coniferous woods.
The rain was piercing.
I dared not approach the strange freshness.

3

You didn't need a book.
Your dance knew no start or end.
You didn't need a pile of expressions loaded with meaning:
desks and chairs, repeat after me,
stand up, sit down... But why,
why did you wander to my classroom
to play in the luxuriant flowers,
to grow in the rain?
Raindrops meant only sounds,
bitter fallen leaves, to you, meant
mere shapes.
Oh, how I wished to cry out,
to bid you stay there, no more chasing, no more talking—
stay there
like any young tree:
no need to know about time,
no need to understand the garrulous foreign language.

(1977)

情詩

我們必須歡迎各種
可能的爭吵
讓不同的腳嘗試不同的
音步：曲折的比喻
似是而非的敘述
因為愛只有一個主題

譬如我喜歡用駢體造句
說憂由於心，妒來自女
而你卻一味信仰詩律，半新半舊地辯說
懷疑，是抽象動詞
不能跟我押韻

啊，我們必須熟練種種修辭學的絕技
倒裝，誇飾
鍊金術般把一切，一切難過的都
誤解成金：
因為愛
愛實在是太大的岩塊

(1978)

A Love Poem

We must welcome all kinds of
possible quarrels,
let different feet experience different
meters: crooked metaphors,
paradoxical expressions,
for love has only one theme.

For instance, I, fond of making couplets, may say
“Sorrow is made of nothing more than care, jealousy follows women
everywhere,”
while you, sticking to your poetic rule, would in a half-new way
refute that
“suspect,” an abstract verb,
cannot be rhymed with “me.”

Oh, we must master the various skills of rhetoric:
hyperbaton, hyperbole...
and like alchemists, transform everything, everything
unbearable into gold—
for love,
love is really too huge a rock.

(1978)

房子

說單純是一間複雜的房子的
他們的情婦也許就住在郵局隔壁
那意思是她們將很習慣在大清早收到風景明信片
在模糊不清的郵戳與問候間找到一片草地，一隊海鷗
或者一隻船
因為船是窗戶，窗戶比房子大

但絕不能忍受的是要她們同意包裹的比喻
那意思是他們必須，首先，找到一棵樹爬上，砍下果實，並且
一刀劈成兩半把正在爭議中的愛放進核心用膠水黏牢
然後，彷彿什麼事都不曾發生，偷偷把動過手術的果實再掛回樹
上——
爬下來

但是她們必須：
因為島嶼的定義是四面被海水包圍
抽屜的定義是——丟了鑰匙就開不開

(1978)

A House

The mistresses of those who regard simplicity as a complicated house
may be living right next door to the post office.

It means that they will be accustomed to receiving scenic postcards
 early in the morning
and finding in them a lawn, a flock of seagulls,
or a boat
because a boat is a window, and a window is larger than a house.

But they can never stand being asked to agree on the metaphor of the package.
It means that their men must, first of all, find a tree to climb up, cut down
 the fruit, and
chop it in half, put the love in dispute into the core, glue it up,
and then, as if nothing had ever happened, stealthily hang the fruit
 operated-on back to the tree—
climb down.

Yet they have no other choice:
since an island is defined as what is surrounded with the ocean on all sides,
and the definition of a drawer is something you can never open once you
 lose the key.

(1978)

小丑畢費的戀歌

僅僅因為半個世界的悲哀都枕在鼻樑
小丑畢費一夜不能睡。他笑
路燈一樣盡責的發光
再沒有更笨拙的機械了，他把一隻鐵槌掛在胸前
警戒，警戒著時間
彷彿手比腳更應該是小兒麻痺的指針
我們正直的畢費他不知道饑餓
節衣縮食，為包廂裡諸多愛他的仕女保持苗條的身段
他的帽子是掉了漆的一隻風信雞
日夜不停地追逐夢的頭皮屑
他的睫毛是鵝鵝的私生子
他的嘆息是烏鴉的表姊妹
但多驕傲啊，那印滿唇膏的脖子
比一隻長頸鹿更優雅地堅持它的纖細

僅僅因為半個世界的快樂都枕在鼻樑
小丑畢費一夜不能睡
他笑，他笑，在檸檬一般酸黃的眼睛後面
那是為了小小的愛的眼藥水
他必須哭泣，必須假裝傷心的哭泣
再見不到更誠實的魔術了
他把彎彎曲曲的玻璃棒貼在耳邊
讓惡毒的詛咒變做葡萄汁流進嘴裡
但原諒他逐漸加快的心跳
怯弱的畢費至多只是一半的大走索者
面對歪歪斜斜的電氣吉他顫抖顫抖地舞蹈
啊，那是當仕女們跟星星都失戀的時候
小丑畢費讀著月光
學一只斷了發條的桔子，無言歌唱

僅僅因為半個世界的優越都枕在鼻樑
小丑畢費一夜不能睡
他哭，他笑，在顛倒的化妝鏡中

The Love Song of Buffet the Clown

Simply because half the world's sorrow rests on the bridge of his nose,
Buffet the Clown stays awake the whole night. He laughs,
radiating light as dutifully as a street lamp.

No other machine is more awkward; he hangs a hammer on his chest
to guard, to watch over time,
as if his hands rather than his legs were the clock hands of infantile
paralysis.

Our righteous Buffet knows no hunger.
He lives frugally, keeping his figure slim for the numerous affectionate
ladies on the balcony.

His hat is a paint-chipped weathercock,
chasing the dandruff of dreams day and night.

His eyelashes are the illegitimate children of pelicans,
and his sighs are the female cousins of crows.

But how proud the neck covered with lipstick marks,
persisting in its slenderness more gracefully than a giraffe.

Simply because half the world's happiness rests on the bridge of his nose,
Buffet the Clown stays awake the whole night.

He laughs, he laughs, behind the eyes sour and yellow as lemons.

For the tiny eyedrops of love
he must cry, must pretend to cry sadly.

No more honest magic can ever be seen.

He presses a curved glass wand close to his ears
to turn the evil curse into grape juice and make it flow into his mouth.

But you must forgive his speeding heartbeat;
timid Buffet is at best half a great ropewalker,
dancing shakily before the slanting electric guitars.

Ah, when the ladies and the stars fall out of love,

Buffet the Clown reads the moonlight
and imitates a broken clockwork orange, singing silently.

Simply because half the world's superiority rests on the bridge of his nose,
Buffet the Clown stays awake the whole night.

He cries, he laughs, in the upside-down dressing mirror.

那是為了仕女們明亮的心情
他小心地修飾，辛苦地摩擦
像對待一雙破了又破的皮鞋般擦亮他的機智
而塵埃偷偷住進他的髮間
慾望的皺紋像一隻大蜘蛛爬在他嬰兒的臉上……
啊，小丑畢費沒有面具
小丑畢費沒有戀母情結
他必須憤怒，必須嫉妒
必須像湮沒的英雄把情詩寫在每一張順手見棄的廣告單上
在偉大的清晨——
跟著全城的盲腸一起走進陽光的印刷場

(1978)

For the sake of the ladies' bright spirits
he adorns carefully, rubs laboriously
and polishes his wits as if they were worn-out shoes.
And without his knowledge dust moves into his hair,
wrinkles of desire crawl up his babyish face like a giant spider...
Ah, Buffet the Clown has no mask.
Buffet the Clown has no Oedipus complex.
He must anger, must get jealous,
must write love poems on every disposable handout like a forgotten
 hero,
and on the glorious morning—
march into the printing house of sunshine with all the vermiform
 appendixes in the city.

(1978)

驟雨

殘酷得像上一夜的蝙蝠
拍打，巨大的翅翼，突然闖進
不設防的睡夢的鋁門窗
毫不憐憫地留下惡兆，在正午的嘴角：
尖叫——
叫你發現四周是液化與僵硬了的時間
阡陌錯交
迷途的恐懼濕得比地還快：

我願意我的世界比糖果盒小些
比易碎的玻璃堅實些

(1978)

A Sudden Shower

As cruel as last night's bats.
Flapping, the giant wings abruptly break into
the aluminum doors and windows of sleep open to attack,
leaving an ill omen pitilessly on midday's mouth:
screaming—
you find around you melted and stiffened time,
crisscross paths interlocking one another,
the fear of getting lost becomes wet faster than the ground:

I prefer my world to be smaller than a candy box,
more solid than fragile glass.

(1978)

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

我看到老鴿們跪著把陰戶交還給它們的女兒

(1978)

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.

(1978)

海岸教室

多遙遠啊
港口與島的呼喚
在我們共同長成的濱海的中學
一千次 風
把鹽塊撒進晶亮的課本

我坐在闕靜的圖書館一角
跟同起伏的潮聲一頁頁批讀
學生週記
漁網曬滿斑駁的沙灘
旅行社的巴士載來最新一批看海的外國遊客

那是在他們紛紛走近那座白色燈塔的同時
我看到紫紅的浪花飛上堤岸
沖散年輕的我們，並且
越過鐵道
偷偷引誘上課中的我的學生

我並不懷疑，此刻
你們也許正在遠方的陸上想念這港口
一千次船隻離去
我留在下午
看守這一片逐漸受蝕、後退的海岸教室

(1979)

The Seaside Classroom

How far away
the calls of the harbors and the island!
In the high school where we grew up together,
a thousand times, the wind
has scattered salt lumps into the shining textbooks.

Seated in one corner of the quiet library,
accompanied by the undulating tides, I am reading page by page
my students' weekly journals.
Fishing nets are displayed and dried on the motley beach;
tourist buses have carried the latest group of foreign visitors here to
watch the sea.

Just as they approach that white lighthouse in droves,
I see the purplish red waves fly onto the dike,
disperse us, who were still young, and then
cross the railroad,
slyly tempting my students, who are having class.

I do not doubt that now
you may be on a distant continent missing the harbor.
A thousand ships have departed.
I stay in the afternoon
to watch over this gradually eroded and retrogressing seaside classroom.

(1979)

廚房裡的舞者

——給母親

二十五年如一日
你在偏僻的花蓮
半工半讀地讀著你的大學
洗衣，買菜
上班，煮飯
繁重的課業剝奪了你的遊戲時間
你沒有音樂課
沒有美術課
沒有一週三節的郊遊烤肉
沒有逐月比賽的迎新送舊
愛是你的學號
憂慮是你最親密的字典
你晚睡早起地苦讀
戰戰兢兢地筆記著偷聽來的重點：
只有給予
給予是一切考試的重點——
日日夜夜
我看到你背著大書包上下課
在微亮的燈前
在風緊的單車路上
比書蠹還勤奮地啃著
生活的課本

二十五年如一日
我看到你用淚汗的墨水書寫答案
寒夜星光尖若筆
對窗畫夢如有神
日考、月考，一張
再一張——
你苛刻的老師卻不能滿意
你的成績
你的兒子一個個北上求學
一個個畢業了

The Dancer in the Kitchen

— for my mother

Twenty-five years like a day,
in remote Hualien,
you worked your way through your own college.
Washing clothes, going to the market,
getting to work, preparing meals—
heavy schoolwork deprived you of time for recreation.
No music class.
No art class.
No barbecue or picnic three periods a week.
No monthly party to welcome the new or see off the old.
Love was your student ID number,
and worry your most intimate dictionary.
Late to bed and early to rise, you studied hard,
meticulously taking notes of overheard key points:
only to give,
to give is the main point of all tests—
Day and night
I saw you go to and from school with a big bookbag on the back.
Before the dim lamp,
on the windy road riding a bike,
you devoured the textbooks of life
more voraciously than a bookworm.

Twenty-five years like a day,
I saw you write answers in ink of sweat and tears.
On chilly nights with starlight sharp as a pen
you paint your dreams by the window as if with magic.
Daily tests and monthly exams, one paper following
another—
your demanding teacher was never satisfied
with your scores.
Your sons all went north to study
and graduated one by one.

你卻仍留在你的大學
重修家事
補考勞作

我不知道是不是連年留級
終於鬆弛了你對學業的堅持
讓四育不均衡的你開始了解到
美育，體育的重要
青春，健康的可貴
夜闌星稀
當我改罷學生考卷走過你的教室
我忽然聽到一隻熟悉的華爾滋
自半暗的廚房傳來
看到仍然年輕的你抓著一台小錄音機
渾然忘我地舞著
冰箱在左
電鍋在右
我彷彿聽到櫥子裡的碗筷都齊聲拍手
為你伴唱
跟著番茄、檸檬
苦瓜、包心菜……

(1979)

But you remained in your college,
studying home economics once more,
taking make-up exams in manual work.

I don't know if your staying back every year
finally relaxed your persistence in academic work.
Your unbalanced education made you realize
the importance of aesthetic and physical training,
the value of youth and health.
In the deep of night, with few stars in the sky,
after grading my students' test papers, I walked by your classroom.
Suddenly I heard a familiar waltz
coming from the dimly-lit kitchen.
There I saw you, still young, holding a small tape recorder,
carried away by your own dancing:
the refrigerator on the left,
the electric rice cooker on the right.
I seemed to hear the bowls and chopsticks in the cupboard clapping
 their hands together
to accompany you,
with tomatoes, lemons,
bitter gourds, and cabbages...

(1979)

在我們最貧窮的縣區

—— 一月二十八日圓醮所見

兩億元新台幣，
四千隻大豬公，
四十六座牌樓，
二十三座醮壇，
素食齋戒三日夜，
獻刃宰殺雞鴨魚。

五萬多遠來親友，
十一名本地乞丐。

(1980)

In the Poorest County of Ours

— as seen on Jan. 28, a day of religious service

Two hundred million New Taiwan dollars,
four thousand giant boars,
forty-six ceremonial arches,
twenty-three religious altars.
After three days and nights' fasting and purification,
knives are presented to butcher chickens, ducks and fishes.

Fifty thousand distant relatives,
eleven local beggars.

(1980)

最後的王木七

七十日了
我們死守在深邃的黑暗
聆聽煤層與水的對話
週而復始的闕靜如錄音帶永恆
鉅細靡遺地播回我們的呼吸
玫瑰在唇間
蟲蛆在肩頭
偶然闖入的螢火叫我想起
來時的晨星
基隆河蜿蜿蜒蜒
四腳亭的楓樹寒冷如霜

錯雜的血脈
神秘的母親
我們如是溫暖地沈浸在偉大的
地質學裡
鐵鏟，煤車，炸藥，恐懼
俱隨時間的纜索滑進睡眠的蛛網
白夜，黑夜
黑夜，白夜
我們的心跳漸次臣服於
喧囂的馬達
愈抽愈急的古水……
基隆河浩浩蕩蕩
無盡的蝙蝠拍打過惟一的天空

在全然的自戀當中
我驚訝地聽到有人叫喚我的名字
跟著鑿鉞，鐘磬，木魚，啜泣
「木七！木七！」
「木七啊！木七！」

你問我那一聲突然爆起的巨響嗎？
十一點四十分
大地哭她久別重逢的嬰兒

The Last Wang Mu-Qi

Seventy days,
we have stuck to the profound darkness,
listening to the coal strata talking with water.
The recycling quiet is as everlasting as tapes,
playing back our breath in the minutest detail.
Roses between the lips,
maggots on the shoulders,
the glowworms breaking in remind me
of the morning stars I saw when I came.
The Keelung River is snaky and winding.
The maple trees at Sijiaoting are frost-cold.

Intricate veins,
mysterious mother.
We are thus warmly immersed in great
geology.
Iron spades, coal carts, dynamites, fears
have all slipped along cordage of time into cobwebs of sleep.
White night, black night.
Black night, white night.
Our hearts have gradually yielded to
the uproaring motors, to
the ancient water running more swiftly with every function of pumps.
The Keelung River is vast and imposing,
innumerable bats flutter across the only sky.

Indulged in pure narcissism,
I am surprised to hear my name called
along with cymbals, bells, wooden clappers, and sobbing:
“Mu-qi! Mu-qi!”
“Oh, Mu-qi! Mu-qi!”

Are you asking me about that sudden deafening explosion?
Eleven-forty,
the earth wept for her long-departed babies.

淚水引發一千萬水暴的馬匹
瘋狂地急馳，追逐我
在曲折濕黏的坑道
踢倒拖籃
踢倒木架
在我們還來不及辨認的時候
群嘯而過；
我看到它踐踏過萬來的肩胛
我看到它踐踏過阿馨的額頭
而我們甚至不敢逃跑
當我們發現更多的馬匹自四面八方湧來
啃嚙我們的眼鼻
吞噬我們的手腳……

這突來的一切，多像
去年春天電影上看到的一樣啊
而我們卻來不及細揣它們的悲傷：
被落礮擊壞左腳，在礦場邊踽踽獨行的
阿伯啊，我羨慕你
被瓦斯灼傷臉頰，在煤堆裡打滾如常的
少年啊，我敬佩你
但我難道不曾聽見你們大聲的笑語嗎？
當，吞著最後一口香煙，你們坐在清晨的木頭堆等待入坑
當，鋤著一粒粒的煤渣，你們讓汗水滴進午餐的便當盒
啊甚至在那些深淵一樣暗濁的酒瓶的夜晚
在那些煤礦一樣黑硬的骰子的蠱惑裡
我難道不曾看過你們高叫
看過你們驚懼，顫動嗎？
七十日了
我們如此堅實地躺臥於死亡的胸膛
在深邃亮麗的黑暗裡
我們的夢
是更亮麗深邃的黑暗
閃爍的地圖
永遠的國

Tears initiated ten million horses of torrents,
which crazily galloped and ran after me
in the crooked and muddy tunnel,
tumbling baskets,
tumbling wooden shelves.
They went roaring by
before we could possibly recognize them.
I saw them trampling down Wan-lai's shoulders.
I saw them trampling down A-xin's forehead.
Yet we didn't even dare to escape
when we found more horses swarming in from all sides,
gnawing our eyes,
swallowing our hands and feet...

All these came suddenly, just like the scene in
the movie we saw last spring,
and we had failed to surmise the sorrow in it.
How I envy you, the elder who is shuffling by the mine, left foot
crippled by the fallen rocks.
How I adore you, the young man who is still rolling about
in piles of coal.
But haven't I heard you talking and laughing loudly
when, having smoked the last cigarette, you sat on the morning wood
 waiting to get into the mine,
when, hoeing lumps of coal, you let your sweat drip into the lunch boxes?
And on those nights of wine bottles as dark as abysses,
in the enchantment of dice as black and hard as coal mines,
haven't I seen you yelling,
panicking and trembling?
Seventy days.
We have been lying on death's breast so solidly.
In the profound and brilliant darkness,
our dreams
are the darkness far more brilliant and profound—
glittering maps,
eternal kingdoms.

淑憲，火土：
你看到新落成的我們的礦工新城了嗎？
齊整的大樓
蒼綠的林蔭道
肇基，清祥就住在水源兄隔壁，靠近
最大的水族館
電影院，美容院比鄰而立
診所，歌廳，超級市場，半分鐘路程
三貂村的李春雄如今搬到金芝麻D廈
上天里的鄭春發遷進了阿波羅 21 樓
深澳坑路整街規劃成大公園
楓仔瀨路早變為大家最喜歡的高爾夫練習場

你幾時也過來參觀新裝潢的寒舍？
游泳池邊是停車場
客廳在前頭
廚房在後棟
二樓，三樓是我六個女兒的臥室
（星期二，星期四，藝專歐教授來教她們鋼琴）
（星期六，大家去寫生）
（禮拜天早上，跟著她們的母親一起去做禮拜）
你可是猜疑我們把腳踏車藏到那裡去了
我們考到執照已經一個多月啦
飯廳的旁邊是浴室
浴室的旁邊是酒櫥
酒櫥的旁邊是電視
電視的後面是小犬的書房
（必祿吾兒：
22 日你從馬祖打回的電報
我收到了。電視上播報的王木土的確就是爸爸。）

陽光遍照的奶油麵包。
不必是
清晨五點出門的王木七了！

Shu-xian, Huo-tu:
Did you see our newly-completed town of miners?
Neatly-planned buildings,
lush boulevards.
Zhao-ji and Qin-xiang are living right next door to Shuei-yuan, close to
the biggest aquarium.
The cinema is next to the beauty parlor.
The clinic, the opera house, the supermarket—all half a minute’s walk.
Li Chun-xiong, who lived in Villiage Sandiao, has now moved to Gold
Sesame D Building.
Zheng Chun-fa, who lived in Village Shangtian, has now moved into
the 21st floor of Apollo Building.
Shenaokeng Road is to be made into a big park.
Fengzaita Road has long become our favorite golf course.

How about coming over to see my newly-decorated house?
Next to the swimming pool is the garage.
The living room is in the front.
The kitchen is at the back.
On the second and third floors are the bedrooms of my six daughters.
(Tuesday and Thursday, Professor O of the Art College comes for their
piano lessons.)
(Saturday, time for outdoor sketching.)
(Sunday morning, time for church-going with their mother.)
You must be wondering where we’ve hidden our bicycles.
We have had our driver’s licenses for months.
Next to the dining room is our bathroom.
Next to the bathroom is our alcohol cupboard.
Next to the alcohol cupboard is our television set.
Behind the television set is my son’s study.
(Bi-lu, my son,
I have received the telegram you sent on the 22nd
from Mazu. The “Wang Mu-tu” on TV is none other than Daddy.)

The bread and butter of sunshine:
I don’t have to be
the Wang Mu-qi who left home at five in the morning!

不必是低矮破敗的屋簷
不必是擁擠不堪的眠榻
不必是捉襟見肘的被褥
不必是嗷嗷待哺的茶碗
倚門而望，慮患如井的妻子，她們粗厚的兩手
以及
在每一件洗過、補過復弄破、弄髒的衣服上
無能消失的憂愁的煤垢；
放學的鐘聲
那見不到清醒的父親，下午六點鐘
在陰暗的工寮玩捉迷藏的孩童；
煤塵，奶粉
虎視眈眈的落磬
爆炸，借貸，矽肺症

週而復始的夢魘。
週而復始的錄音帶。
記憶啊，讓我
徹底地把你們洗掉

當，一個九歲的小孩
我在睡夢中看到黑臉的父親從礦地回來
一語不發地毆打我的母親；
當，一個十七歲的少年
他困惑地看著赤膊的父親在井邊
暗自哭泣——
那仍是年幼的你嗎？當一把黑傘
在暴雨的夜晚把妹妹送進
遠方的醫院

七十日了
你們仍然把難過的疾病送到遠方的醫院嗎？
羸弱的母親
年邁的老祖母

No more dilapidated and low-hanging eaves.
No more jam-packed beds.
No more bedclothes too short to keep warm.
No more bowls waiting to be fed.
Eagerly-waiting wives lost in apprehension deep as a well; their thick
 and coarse hands;
and
on every washed, mended, torn, and stained dress,
the imperishable coal dirt of sorrow.
The bell rang—
children after school who played hide-and-seek in the dark workmen's hut
at six p.m. (they never saw their sober fathers).
Coal dust, powdered milk,
greedily-gazing falling rocks,
explosion, loan, silicosis.

Recycling nightmares.
Recycling tapes.
Oh, memory, let me
erase you thoroughly.
A nine-year-old child,
I saw in the dream my dark-faced father return from the mine
and beat up Mother without saying a word.

A seventeen-year-old youth,
he watched confusedly his naked father
weeping secretly by the wall—
were you that young child too, when a black umbrella
sent the sister to a faraway hospital
on a stormy night?

Seventy days.
Do you still send painful disease to the distant hospital?
Frail mothers,
aged grandmothers,

曲折的耳朵
中斷的脊椎骨
七十日了
你們仍然把難過的靈魂送到遠方的羽毛球場嗎？

我們守在濕黑的巖層，靜待
陽光的開採
聒噪的馬達，砂包，抽水機
幡旗在昏暗的空中不自主地招搖
俞添登
第一個從右三片跑出來叫我們的俞添登
俞添登
上顎四顆金牙，右腳缺第二指的俞添登
你們終於認出他的臉龐
認出他的勇敢
認出他的愚昧了嗎？

離開痛苦的傷口
離開絕望的深坑
離開焦急，哀愁，等待
離開銀箔，紙灰，哀號

讓受驚的孩子們回到教室
讓暈厥的老祖母回到搖椅
鋤鎬必須工作
蜜蜂必須微笑

我們在此等候
因為驕傲的冠冕不肯碎裂它們世襲的寶石
我們在此等候
因為肥胖的乳牛不肯脫下奶油和膏藥的衣裳
在黏土間顫抖的陶工啊
你們將知道
在刀石間睜睡的石匠啊
你們將知道
對著稿紙振筆疾書的作家
對著攝影機大聲疾呼的議員

crooked ears,
broken vertebrae.
Seventy days.
Do you still send tormented souls to the distant badminton court?

We are sticking to the damp and dark rock strata, waiting
to be mined by sunshine.
Uproarious motors, sand bags, pumps.
Flags are swaying involuntarily in the dusky air.
Yu Tian-deng,
the first to run out of the third bypass on the right to inform us.
Yu Tian-deng,
who had four gold teeth in the upper jaw and whose second toe of the
right foot was missing.
Have you finally recognized his face,
his bravery,
his stupidity?

Get away from the wound of pain.
Get away from the pit of despair.
Get away from anxiety, sorrow, and waiting.
Get away from paper money for the dead, ashes, and howling.

Let frightened children return to their classrooms.
Let fainting old grandmothers return to their rocking chairs.
Hoes must work.
Bees must smile.

We are waiting here
because the proud crowns wouldn't shatter their hereditary jewelry.
We are waiting here
because the well-fed cows wouldn't take off their clothes of cream and
balsam.
Pottery makers who are trembling among the clay,
you will know.
Masons who are dozing among knives and stones,
you will know.
Writers who are writing rapidly on manuscript paper.
Congressmen who are urging emphatically before cameras.

我們在此等候
因為同樣卑微的我們的父兄
我們在此等候
因為不能不宿命的我們的子民：

垂死的廢流，黑色的階梯
凹窪的巖層，黑色的廟宇
巨大的墨水池，黑色的哀歌
沸騰的溝壑，黑色的唱詩班
嗚咽的月亮，黑色的銅鏡
粗重的麻布，黑色的百葉窗
糾纏的鐵道，黑色的血脈
失火的礦苗，黑色的水壩
黑色的窗牖，水之眼睫
黑色的穀粒，水之鋤鏟
黑色的指戒，水之鎖鍊
黑色的腳踝，水之韁轡
黑色的姓氏，水之辭書
黑色的搏動，水之鐘擺
黑色的土甕，水之憂鬱
黑色的被褥，水之憤怒

（記憶啊，讓我徹底地把你們洗掉……）

七十日了
你問我草地的顏色，落日的
方向嗎？
蜿蜿蜒蜒的基隆河浩浩蕩蕩
幡旗飛揚
幡旗，在飛揚
我看到你們黑小的軀體，在晚風中
支撐著新織的麻衣
我看到你們錫白的嘴唇，晶瑩的淚珠
那般碩大，遙遠地
滴向我

We are waiting here
because of our fathers and brothers who are of equally humble birth.
We are waiting here
because of our fellowmen who have no other choice but to believe in
fatalism:

Dying streams, black steps.
Hollow rock strata, black temples.
Huge ink ponds, black elegies.
Boiling canyons, black choirs.
Sobbing moon, black bronze mirrors.
Coarse heavy linen, black blinds.
Tangled railroads, black veins.
Burning ore, black dams.
Black windows, eyes of water.
Black grains, spades of water.
Black rings, chains of water.
Black ankles, reins of water.
Black names, dictionaries of water.
Black pulses, pendulums of water.
Black earthen jars, melancholy of water.
Black bedclothes, fury of water.

(Oh, memory, let me erase you thoroughly...)

Seventy days.
Are you asking me about the color of the lawn, the direction
of the setting sun?
The snakily winding Keelung River is vast and imposing.
Flags are flying.
Flags, are flying.
I see your dark thin figures prop up the newly-woven linens
in the evening wind.
I see your tin-white lips, your twinkling teardrops,
so huge and far away,
dripping toward me.

「陳滿吾妻：別後無訊
前次著涼都痊癒了嗎？
在這麼黑急的兩夜，我如何想像
疲乏的你，立在窗前
愁不能眠地回顧剛剛入睡的
我們的女兒
彷彿是一萬年前的愛情了
我看到幼小的你，結著一隻大蝴蝶
跑到我們泥濘的礦區玩耍，
然後是羞怯、高大的你，
然後是你憤怒的父親嚴厲的
雙眼：
『礦工的孩子?!』
是的，礦工的
孩子……

彷彿是十萬、百萬年前的誓約了
我看你洗衣，縫衣
育我的孩子，姓我的姓
而我們從來不曾儲滿那三個
奶粉罐子的錢幣
漫漫的長夜
愈擠愈窄的睡眠
而也許我們再也不要什麼
奶粉罐子了
東西那麼昂貴
你的身體又那麼虛弱

阿雪還一直痛著肩膀嗎？
必祿的來信我看到了，他
身體強壯我很高興
退伍後，你可以帶他到礦場
找頭家
公司方面一定會給他工作做的。

雨衣的口袋裡有我買回來的一包蓮子
務必記得取出；

“Chen-man, my dear wife: No news after the departure.
Have you recovered from the cold?
On such a dark stormy night, how can I picture
you, standing before the window wearily,
staying awake from care and looking back at our daughters,
who have just fallen asleep?
It seems to have been a love story ten thousand years ago.
I saw you, a little girl with a bowknot on the hair,
come running to play at our muddy mining neighborhood.
Then I saw you, shy and tall.
Then I saw your furious father’s harsh
eyes:
‘A miner’s child?!’
Yes, a miner’s
child...

It seems to have been a pledge one hundred thousand or one million
years ago.
I watched you washing and sewing clothes,
nursing my children and sharing my surname.
But we had never filled up those three milk powder containers
with coins. The night was long.
The sleep got all the narrower for crowdedness.
Maybe we no longer need
any milk powder container.
Things are so expensive,
and you are so weak.

Is A-xue still feeling pain in her shoulders?
I’ve read the letter from Bi-lu. I am
happy to know he is stout and healthy.
After his military service, you can take him to the mine
to see the boss.
The firm will surely offer him a job.

In the pocket of my raincoat there is a pack of lotus seeds I’ve bought.
Do remember to take it out.

我寄在春武伯那兒乾電池四粒
瑞竹路林阿川上回欠我一百五十元
你有空不妨找他拿
可以為小蕙運動會買一雙新球鞋
你飯要多吃，衣服少幫洗
這麼黑急的兩夜，可別忘了門好
家裡的門窗……」

(1980)

後記：一九八〇年三月廿一日，瑞芳永安煤礦四腳亭楓仔瀨路分坑因湧水，發生了近年來最大的礦場災變；上午十一時四十分，右三片坑道（距坑口約八百公尺）突然大量湧水，水流湍急，當時正在坑內工作的工人除王淑憲、吳火土等十人於千鈞一髮之際自本斜坑中通風道及時逃出外，其餘王木七、俞添登、呂阿馨、杜萬來、余清祥、許肇基、鄭春發、李春雄、徐水源等三十四人皆不幸葬身坑底。積水判斷係自其他舊坑道古洞水以及基隆河河水滲入，災變後礦務局雖即調數台抽水機日夜不斷抽汲，然一以坑內落磐不斷，抽水不易，二以坑內進水較抽出者為多，水勢仍不斷上升；三月廿一晚間水漲至距坑口一三〇公尺處，至三月廿四日竟漲至距坑口僅五三·七公尺。後經海軍蛙人以砂包將基隆河進水口堵截，水位始開始下降；四月四日距坑口九一·四公尺，四月十四日距坑口一五〇·三公公尺，四月廿二日大幅降至距坑口二一五公尺，至五月十日，終發現屍體一具：頭部祇剩頭骨，身體肌肉消蝕大部份——證實係第一位跑出右三片，復轉回呼叫左三片同伴因而不及逃出的掘進工俞添登。

此詩的「說話者」王木七，五十一歲，永安煤礦掘進工，住瑞芳鎮吉安里大埔路一七三號。據報載：其長子王必祿在馬祖服役，三月廿二日拍回一封緊急電報，謂看電視報導，家鄉煤礦災變，一位被誤報名為王木土的礦工罹難其中，特地大清早打電報回來問「父是否安康，來信告知」。王木七家中除妻王陳滿外，尚有未成年的六女一男，最小者尚在國小就讀。

I have left four dry batteries with Uncle Chun-wu.
Lin A-chuan at Ruiju Road owes me one hundred and five dollars.
You may as well get it back from him in your free time.
You can buy a new pair of sneakers for Xiao-hui to wear at the athletic
meet.
You should eat more and do less laundry work.
On such a dark stormy night, don't forget to bolt
all the doors and windows of the house..."

(1980)

Author's Note: On March 21, 1980, a great calamity happened to Yongan ("Eternal Peace") coal mine in Ruefang: enormous amounts of water welled out and developed into violent and rapid currents. There were many miners working in the mine. Ten, including Wang Shu-xian and Wu Huo-tu, had a narrow escape; the other thirty-four, including Wang Mu-qi, Yu Tian-deng, Lu A-xin, Du Wan-lai, Yu Qin-xiang, Shiu Zhao-gi, Zeng Chun-fa, Li Chun-xiong, and Xu Shuei-yuan, unfortunately died at the bottom of the mine. Because of the constantly falling rocks and the difficulty in pumping out water, it was not until May 10 that they found the first dead body—that of Yu Tian-deng, who was the first to run out of the third bypass on the right, yet turned back to the third bypass on the left to inform his fellow miners and therefore failed to escape in time.

The narrator of this poem is Wang Mu-qi, fifty-one years of age, a digging worker of Yongan coal mine. It was reported in the newspaper that his eldest son, Wang Bi-lu, who was serving in the army at Mazu, sent an urgent telegram home to ask if his father was sound and safe, because according to the news report on TV, a miner by the name of "Wang Mu-tu" (a miswritten form of Wang Mu-qi) was on the list of the victims. Besides his wife Wang Chen-man, Wang Mu-qi left behind him six daughters and a son, who were all under age and the youngest of whom was still studying in primary school.

暴雨

我聽見雨暴在向我們呼喊，
一萬畝顫抖的星光與陰影；
我聽見大海哭她迷失的嬰孩，
黑沈沈的嘆息與呼吸。

腐敗的夜，
腐敗的夜。
一個理想在這裡死去了，
你看見了嗎？

腐敗的夜，
腐敗的夜。
一個理想在這裡要復活了，
你聽見了嗎？

我聽見泥沙挾帶花粉，
臭水挾帶蜂蜜，
我看見糞便呵護著稻米，
爛鐵扶攜著蟲鳴。

波浪間搖晃著的是世界的垃圾，
果核，廢紙，死精液。
波浪間激盪著的是人民的話語，
禱詞，情詩，三字經。

撕開那岸！
撕開那岸！
你聽見它們的叫喊嗎？
暴雨般衝刷護衛我們的道德的堤。

撕開那岸！
撕開那岸！
你看見它們的身影嗎？
巨樹般升起自最秘密的生命大海。

而你——你還要是驕傲的崖嗎？
投向那海！
投向那海！
一個偉大的愛在這裡要誕生了！

(1981)

Rainstorm

I hear the rainstorm shouting at us,
ten thousand acres of trembling starlight and shadows.
I hear the vast ocean crying for her lost babies,
dark sighs and breaths.

Rotten night,
rotten night.
An ideal has died here.
Do you see that?

Rotten night,
rotten night.
An ideal is about to resurrect.
Do you hear that?

I hear mud and sand carrying pollen,
stinking water carrying honey.
I see excrement fostering rice,
rotten iron supporting insects' chirps.

Swinging among waves is the world's rubbish:
kernels, waste paper, dead sperm.
Agitating among waves are the utterances of people:
prayers, love poems, four-letter words.

Tear the shore open!
Tear the shore open!
Do you hear them yelling,
washing our guardian dam of morality like the rainstorm?

Tear the shore open!
Tear the shore open!
Do you see their shadows,
rising from the secret ocean of life like giant trees?

And you— are you still the proud cliff?
Plunge into that ocean!
Plunge into that ocean!
A great love is to be born here!

(1981)

大風歌

三十歲。嬰兒般膽怯的眼神

清晨五點鐘在惡夢中再度做醒
仍有老師考你的試
仍有小鬼抓你的錯
仍有教官，輔導長，糾察隊砥礪你的品行
考核你的正直
洗臉，刷牙
在入廁前讀完昨夜臨睡前初讀的
詩歌
醬菜。摩托車
升旗。老師早
天晴時慢跑慢跑
落雨時打傘收傘

大風吹
吹一百年鬱悶的大霧
吹沈積在辦公桌上的塵灰
吹集結在社會版角落的污垢
吹陳腐
吹迂闊
吹書包
吹人事主任頭上的安全帽

大風吹
吹一千年不忍的淚珠
吹荊棘中跌倒的行旅
吹暗夜裡思想的星光
吹橫眉怒視，熱情無力的老作家
吹夢裡有恨，恨裡流血的未亡人
吹水肥
吹草綠
吹小姊妹髮上的野玫瑰

Song of Big Wind

Thirty years old. The timid look of an infant.

Awake from a nightmare again at five o'clock.
There is still a teacher to give you tests,
there is still a secret agent to find fault with you,
there are still military instructors, tutors, and disciplinary patrols to
 temper your behavior,
to evaluate your honesty.
You wash your face, brush your teeth,
and before going to the toilet finish the poem you started reading last
 night before you went
to bed.
Pickles. Motorcycles.
Flag raising. Good morning, teacher.
Jogging on sunny days.
Opening and closing an umbrella on rainy days.

A big wind is blowing,
blowing on the fog of a century's depression,
blowing on the dust accumulating on office desks,
blowing on the filth gathering in corners of local-news pages,
blowing on banality,
blowing on pedantry,
blowing on bookbags,
blowing on the safety helmet of the personnel director.

A big wind is blowing,
blowing on unbearable tears of one thousand years,
blowing on travelers stumbling over thorns,
blowing on starlight thinking in the dark night,
blowing on furious-looking old writers of futile passion,
blowing on widows with hatred in dreams and blood in hatred,
blowing on manure,
blowing on green grass,
blowing on wild roses in little sisters' hair.

三十歲。龜蟲般沈重的步履
彷彿還要驕傲
彷彿還能狂笑
冷茶。熱汗
上樓。下課
一路上閃爍不停的紅綠燈。標語
歷史。黑霧……

「大風吹，吹什麼？」
吹所有有愛有淚的人

(1982)

Thirty years old. The heavy steps of a tortoise.
Still seeming capable of pride.
Still seeming able to laugh wildly.
Cold tea. Hot sweat.
Going upstairs. Class dismissed.
Ever-twinkling traffic lights all the way. Slogans.
History. Black fog...

“A big wind is blowing, blowing on what?”
On all the people with love and tears.

(1982)

街鏡

我不願說所有的鏡裡都有詩
但你很快地照見自己：
蒼白而佻儻的隔壁阿婆啊
我不能不同時看見在街頭嬉戲的你年稚的孫兒
當你悄悄地站在半掩的門後，傾聽
對面喪家喧雜的誦唱
熟悉而驚怯

一如少女時代我們一度為愛失神

(1983)

Street Mirror

I don't want to say there is poetry in all mirrors
but you'll soon find your reflection there:
oh, pale, hunchbacked old lady living next door,
I couldn't but see simultaneously your childish grandson playing in the street
when you were stealthily standing behind the half-shut door, listening
to the clamorous scripture chanting coming from the bereaved family
 across the street,
familiar yet frightened:

just like us, once carried away by love in our maidenhood.

(1983)

影武者

在豆漿白的早晨騎著灰色影子上班的我們
在醬油濃的黃昏騎著灰色影子下班的我們
把絞盡腦汁的腦袋瓜奮力甩給落日的無頭騎士
把若明若滅的星光夢暗暗藏進黑夜的夢幻騎士

追逐流言，撲殺墜樓之真理
隨牽一動千的傀儡戲呼喊萬歲
捕風捉影，見異思遷
因無可奈何之迂迴原地踏步

以痛苦為不痛苦
以沈悶為不沈悶
以殺伐為不殺伐
以寂寞為不寂寞

罌粟花。存摺。打火機。便當
今天影印昨天的垃圾、微笑
青春無影，有仇難報
眼睜睜看人老刀老心不老

把若明若滅的星光夢暗暗藏進黑夜的夢幻騎士
把絞盡腦汁的腦袋瓜奮力甩給落日的無頭騎士
在醬油濃的黃昏騎著灰色影子下班的我們
在豆漿白的早晨騎著灰色影子上班的我們

(1984)

Shadow Fighters

We ride to work on gray shadows in the morning white as soybean milk.
We ride from work on gray shadows in the evening dense as sauce.
We're the headless riders who have tossed racked brains to the setting sun.
We're the Don Quixotes who have hidden the glimmering starlit dream
in the dark night.

We run after rumors, wipe out the crashing truth,
hurrah with the puppets whose single movement may result in thousands
of others.
We catch at winds and shadows, change with anything new,
mark time because of helpless circuit.

We take pain for painlessness,
take dullness for undullness,
take killing for non-killing,
take loneliness for non-loneliness.

Poppies. Bankbooks. Lighters. Lunch boxes.
We duplicate today's garbage and smiles from yesterday's.
Invisible youth, unrevenged enmity.
With wide open eyes we watch our bodies and swords getting old, yet
the hearts remaining young.

We ride to work on gray shadows in the morning white as soybean milk.
We ride from work on gray shadows in the evening dense as sauce.
We're the headless riders who have tossed racked brains to the setting sun.
We're the Don Quixotes who have hidden the glimmering starlit dream
in the dark night.

(1984)

擬泰雅族民歌

熱情

我情願我的愛在遙遠的地方，
這樣，我可以更大膽、自由地和她說話
（啊，只能夠在耳邊低聲細語是多麼地
蒼蠅蜘蛛螞蟻啊！）
我可以牽她的手，踢她的腳，
不必怕她斜眼闊肩的舅舅、舅媽；
我可以放開喉嚨大聲歌讚，
不必怕對街的夜鶯傳播學樣。

我情願我的愛在大雪紛飛的北方，
那兒，在重重的睡意與顫抖間
她將更清楚地記起南方的夜空：
五月的汗水，七月的熱。

房子

有人把房子蓋在石頭上；
有人把房子蓋在鋼柱上；
我把房子蓋在酒罈上，
地震來時跟著溢出的酒香搖擺歌唱。

世界

世界很重，
世界不穩，
世界是上上下下的蹺蹺板。

深思熟慮的人們懷抱憂愁
聚坐在世界的一邊——
（世界好重！）

爭名奪利的人們披戴盔甲
擁擠向世界的另一邊——
（啊，世界傾斜了！）

世界很重，
世界不穩，
我是無動於衷的天平。

Imitation of Atayal Folk Song

Passion

I would rather that my love lived in a far-off place
so that I might talk to her more boldly and freely.
(Ah, how like flies and spiders and ants it is
to whisper in the ear only!)
I might take her hand, kick her feet
without having to be afraid of her squint-eyed and broad-shouldered
uncle and aunt;
I might praise and sing at the top of my lungs
without having to fear the nightingale across the street should mimic it
or spread it out.

I would rather that my love lived in the snowy north.
There, in heavy drowsiness and a tremor
she will recall the nocturnal sky of the south more clearly:
the sweat in May, the heat in July.

Houses

Some build their houses on the stone,
some on the steel pillars.
I build mine on the wine jar,
swaying and singing with the sweet smell of wine overflowed by earthquakes.

The World

The world is heavy.
The world is unsteady.
The world is a seesaw going up and down.

Meditative people conceive sorrow.
They sit occupying one edge of the world—
(how heavy the world is!)
Fame-seeking and profit-scrambling people, with helmets and armors,
swarm to the other side of the world—
(gee, the world goes tilting!)

The world is heavy.
The world is unsteady.
I am the ever-balanced scale.

歷史

得其黎溪。世界的母親

淘金船從西班牙來
載走了砂金，載不走夢。

淘金船從葡萄牙來
載走了溪水，載不走你。

流血過。
流失過。
戰鬥過。
反抗過。

運兵船從大日本來
載走了戰士，載不走恨。

運兵船從唐山來
載走了家鄉，載不走你。

峽谷的月光

峽谷的月光慢慢地流，
流過我的寶寶遊戲的溪岸，
羚羊，麋鹿，童話的豬，
一隻隻走進她的心上。

峽谷的月光慢慢地流，
流進我的寶寶睡夢的池塘，
蝴蝶，紙船，銀色的蜂，
隨著她的微笑輕輕顫。

峽谷的月光慢慢地流
我的寶寶酣睡了——
她的夢裡有繁美的花，
開在母親的歌聲上。

(1988)

註：得其黎溪即立霧溪，流過太魯閣峽谷，太魯閣泰雅族所居。

History

Takkiri River. Mother of the world.

From Spain came gold dredgers
carrying away placer gold, but not dream.

From Portugal came gold dredgers
carrying away stream water, but not you.

Having bled.
Having drained.
Having fought.
Having resisted.

From Empire of Great Japan came troop ships
carrying away soldiers, but not hatred.

From Mainland China came troop ships
carrying away hometowns, but not you.

The Moonbeam in the Valley

The moonbeam in the valley flows slowly.
It flows past the stream bank where my baby plays.
Antelopes, deer, piglets in fairy tales,
walk one by one onto her heart.

The moonbeam in the valley flows slowly.
It flows into my baby's pond of dreams.
Butterflies, paper boats, silver bees,
quiver gently with her smiles.

The moonbeam in the valley flows slowly.
My baby is soundly asleep—
beautiful flowers come into her dream,
blooming on her mother's songs.

(1988)

Author's Note: The Atayal people are the original inhabitants of Taroko Gorge, a national park located in Hualien. Takkiri River, now called "Liwu River," is a river that flows through Taroko Gorge. The "valley" in the poem "The Moonbeam in the Valley" refers to Taroko Gorge.

遠山

遠山愈來愈遠了

曾經，在童年的早晨
跟著每一天新生的理想
晨歌般升起於心的旗台；
曾經是棒球場的看台，胸口的徽章
曾經是夢的屏風，淚的撲滿

遠山跟著你長大，又看著你老去

在午後的風與天線間
在人間的暮色與污濁裡
在房子，車子，繩子，刀子，種種
規則與不規則的非積木後面——
遠山 向遠山說話

告訴你不曾說出的沈默。
遠山，在你愛的時候
一夜間又近了

The Distant Mountain

The distant mountain gets more and more distant.

Once, in the morning of childhood,
with each day's new-born ideal,
it rose like a morning song on the heart's flagpole.
It was once the stands in the baseball stadium, a badge on the chest,
the screen of dreams, the piggy bank of tears.

The distant mountain grows up with you, and watches you grow old.

Between the afternoon wind and antennas,
between the human dusk and filth,
behind houses, cars, cords, and knives, all kinds of
regular and irregular non-blocks—
the distant mountain is talking to the distant mountain.

It tells you the silence that is never spoken.
When you are in love, the distant mountain
comes close again overnight.

(1988)

春夜聽冬之旅

——寄費雪狄斯考

這世界老了，
負載如許沈重的愛與虛無；
你歌聲裡的獅子也老了，
猶然眷戀地斜倚在童年的菩提樹下，
不肯輕易入眠。

睡眠也許是好的，當
走過的歲月像一層層冰雪
覆蓋過人間的愁苦、磨難；
睡眠裡有花也許是好的，
當孤寂的心依然在荒蕪中尋找草綠。

春花開在冬夜，
熱淚僵凍於湖底，
這世界教我們希望，也教我們失望；
我們的生命是僅有的一張薄紙，
寫滿白霜與塵土，嘆息與陰影。

我們在一撕即破的紙上做夢，
不因其短小、單薄而減輕重量；
我們在擦過又擦過的夢裡種樹，
並且在每一次難過的時候
回到它的身邊。

春夜聽冬之旅，
你沙啞的歌聲是夢中的夢，
帶著冬天與春天一同旅行。

(1988)

註：年初，在衛星電視上聽到偉大的德國男中音費雪狄斯考在東京演唱的《冬之旅》。少年以來，透過唱片，聆聽了無數費氏所唱的德國藝術歌曲，多次灌錄的舒伯特聯篇歌曲集《冬之旅》更是一遍遍聆賞。這一次，在閤靜的午夜，親睹一首首熟悉的名曲（菩提樹、春之夢……）伴隨歲月的聲音自六十三歲的老歌者口中傳出，感動之餘，只能流淚。那蒼涼而滄桑的歌聲中包含多少藝術的愛與生命的真啊。

Listening to *Winterreise* on a Spring Night

—for Fischer-Dieskau

The world is getting old,
laden with such heavy love and nihilism.
The lion in your songs is getting old too,
still leaning affectionately against the childhood linden tree,
unwilling to give in to sleep.

Sleep may be desirable, when
the past days are like layers of snow
covering human misery and suffering.
It may be as well to have flowers in one's dream,
when the lonely heart is still seeking green grass in the wilderness.

Spring flowers bloom on winter nights,
boiling tears freeze at the bottom of the lake.
The world teaches us to hope, and disappoints us too.
Our lives are the only thin sheet of paper we have,
covered with frost and dust, sighs and shadows.

We dream on the fragile paper—
none the lighter for all its shortness and thinness.
We grow trees in the dream which has been erased time and again,
and return to them
each time we feel sad.

I am listening to *Winterreise* on a spring night.
Your hoarse voice is the dream in my dream,
traveling along with winter and spring.

(1988)

Author's Note: In January 1988, I heard Fischer-Dieskau, the famous German baritone, singing Schubert's song cycle, *Die Winterreise* (*Winter Journey*) on satellite TV. Ever since I was a teenager, I have listened to Fischer-Dieskau's recordings of numerous German songs, and I have never got tired of *Winterreise*. On this occasion, on a quiet midnight, I saw the performance of so many familiar songs, such as "Der Linderbaum" ("The Linden Tree") and "Frühlingstraum" ("Dream of Spring"), coming out of the throat of the 63-year-old singer, along with the voice of time. I was moved to tears. How much love for art lies in Fischer-Dieskau's aging voice, which reminds one of a life full of vicissitudes!

蔥

我的母親叫我去買蔥。
我走過南京街，上海街
走過（於今想起來一些奇怪的
名字）中正路，到達
中華市場
我用台語向賣菜的歐巴桑說
「甲你買蔥仔！」
她遞給我一把泥味猶在的蔥
我回家，聽到菜籃裡的荷蘭豆
用客家話跟母親說蔥買回來了

我像喝母奶般地喝著早晨的味噌湯
理所當然地以為 $\text{P} \sim \text{M} \text{U} \text{T} \sim \text{U} \text{M}$ 是我的母語
我吃著每天晚上從麵包店買回來的 pan
不知道自己吃的是葡萄牙語的麵包
我把煎好的蛋放進便當，把便當放進書包
並且在每一節下課時偷偷吃它
老師教我們音樂，老師教我們國語
老師教我們唱反攻、反攻、反攻大陸去
老師教我們算術：

「一面國旗有三種顏色，三面國旗
有幾種顏色？」
班長說九種，副班長說三種
便當裡的蔥說一種
因為，它說
不管在土裡，在市場裡，在菜脯蛋裡
我都是蔥
都是台灣蔥

我帶著蔥味猶在的空便當四處旅行
整座市場的喧鬧聲在便當盒裡熱切地向我呼喊
我翻過雅魯藏布江，翻過巴顏喀喇山
翻過（於今想起來一些見怪不怪的

Green Onions

Mother bade me to buy some green onions.
I passed Nanking Street, Shanghai Street,
and Chiang Kai-shek Road (which sound strange
nowadays), and then I reached
Chung-hua Market.
I said in Taiwanese to the vegetable saleswoman,
“I want to buy some green onions!”
She handed me a bunch of green onions smelling of mud.
When I got home, I heard the Holland peas in the basket
telling Mother in Hakka dialect that the green onions were brought home.

I sipped the Japanese soup in the morning as if sucking Mother’s breast
and took it for granted that *miso shiru* was my mother tongue.
I ate the *pan* bought from the bakery every evening,
not knowing that I was eating the bread with Portuguese pronunciation.
I put the scrambled eggs into my lunch box, put my lunch box into my
satchel,
and ate my lunch stealthily after every class.
The teacher taught us music, the teacher taught us Chinese,
the teacher taught us to sing “Counter-attack, counter-attack, counter-
attack the Chinese mainland,”
The teacher taught us arithmetic:

“If each national flag contains three colors, how many colors
then do three flags have?”
The class leader said there were nine, the vice-leader said three,
the green onion in my lunch box said one.
“Because,” it said,
“Whether in the soil, in the market, or in the scrambled eggs with dried
radish,
I am the green onion,
the Taiwanese green onion.”

I traveled around with the empty lunch box smelling of green onion.
The noise in the market called my name zealously in the box.
I struggled over the Brahmaputra River, the Bayenkala Mountains,
and the Pamirs (which don’t sound unusual

名字) 帕米爾高原
到達蔥嶺
我用台灣國語說：「給你買蔥！」
廣漠的蔥嶺什麼也沒有回答
蔥嶺沒有蔥

我忽然想起我的青春
我的母親在家門口等我買蔥

(1989)

at all now),
then I reached the Green-Onion Mountain Range.
I said in Taiwanese Chinese, "I want to buy some green onions!"
The vast Green-Onion Mountain Range gave no answer.
There was no green onion in the Green-Onion Mountain Range.

All of a sudden I am reminded of my youth.
Mother is still at the door waiting for me to bring back green onions.

(1989)

二月

槍聲在黃昏的鳥群中消失

失蹤的父親的鞋子

失蹤的兒子的鞋子

在每一碗清晨的粥裡走回來的腳步聲

在每一盆傍晚的洗臉水裡走回來的腳步聲

失蹤的母親的黑髮

失蹤的女兒的黑髮

在異族的統治下反抗異族

在祖國的懷抱裡被祖國強暴

芒草。薊花。曠野。吶喊

失蹤的秋天的日曆

失蹤的春天的日曆

(1989)

February

Gunshots died away among the dusk flight of birds.

Missing fathers' shoes.

Missing sons' shoes.

Footsteps returning to every morning bowl of porridge.

Footsteps returning to the water of every evening washbasin.

Missing black hair of mothers.

Missing black hair of daughters.

Rebelling against the foreign regime while ruled by it.

Raped by the fatherland while embracing it.

Reeds. Thistles. Wilderness. Outcry.

Missing calendars of autumn.

Missing calendars of spring.

(1989)

旋轉木馬

旋轉木馬。週日午後的市民公園
在十塊錢一首的機器兒歌中
逐漸轉動的世界與童年
我與我的女兒，分坐於圓周的兩點
騎著各自的玩具馬在童話的欄柵裡遊行
靜立的石獅，石象，長頸鹿
在暈眩中紛紛加入舞動的行列
圓外的青山，綠水，忠烈祠
也跟隨我們一同轉旋
我們在重疊的時空中奔馳
她的童年追趕著我的童年
我轉頭，看見我的父親坐在她的背後
疾疾然被童年的我追趕

週日的忠烈祠公園。年輕的父親
帶著我及母親在石階上奔跑
我吃著壽司，聽母親唱好聽的花的歌
父親用日本話夾雜台語和母親交談
一輛軍用卡車滿載士兵從山頭駛下
吊橋邊，兩個山地婦人
頂著剛撈起的蛤蜊從美崙溪走上來
我們走到一匹刻著還我河山大字的鐵戰馬下休息
母親說忠烈祠原來是日本人的神社
我問忠烈祠和神社有什麼不同
父親說神社拜日本人的神，而忠烈祠
是祭祀那些被共匪打死的國軍或者
日本時代被日本人抓去的烈士的
我說像三叔公那樣在光復後被抓走的算不算烈士？

旋轉木馬。秋日午後的市民公園
在疾馳的圓裡失去重量的歷史
竹林後軍監的槍聲。蟬鳴。蘆葦

Merry-Go-Round

Merry-go-round. A city park on Sunday afternoon.
In a ten-dollar song operated by machine
the world and childhood went round slowly.
My daughter and I, sitting at two opposite points of a circle,
rode our respective toy horses parading in the land of the fairy tale.
Motionless stone lions, stone elephants, stone giraffes,
joined in the prancing parades in a daze.
The green mountain, green rivers, the Martyrs' Shrine,
revolved with us as well.
We galloped in the overlapped time and space,
her childhood chasing my childhood.
I turned around, seeing my father seated behind her back
chased by my swift-moving childhood.

The Martyrs' Shrine on Sunday morning. My young father
ran up and down the steps with Mother and me.
I was eating sushi, Mother was singing sweet songs of flowers.
Father talked with Mother in Japanese interspersed with Taiwanese.
A military truck went down the hill loaded with soldiers.
By the suspension bridge, two indigenous women
walked from the Meilun River with newly-caught clams on heads.
We went up to rest under an iron war-horse carved with "Recover Our
Territory."
Ma said the Martyrs' Shrine used to be a Japanese temple.
I asked what was the difference between a martyrs' shrine and a temple.
Pa said a temple was built to worship Japanese gods, while the Martyrs'
Shrine
was to worship soldiers killed by the communists, or
martyrs caught by the Japanese.
I asked if Grandpa's third brother was a martyr, who was caught after
the retrocession of Taiwan.

Merry-go-round. A city park on an autumn afternoon.
The history losing weight in the whirling circle.
The gunshots from the martial prison behind the bamboo groves.
Cicadas' chirping. Reeds.

沿著漫長的石階一路上來的日式水泥燈籠
童年。樂園。我的女兒與我
坐在旋轉的機器木馬上聽著各自的兒歌
白翎鸞，車畚箕，車到溪仔邊
賣香腸、賣冰淇淋的；賣熱狗、賣甜不辣的
十塊錢一首的機器兒歌在現實的叫聲中
戛然中止。我坐在我的木馬上
聽到有人喊：「爸爸、爸爸，我們回家」
秋日午後。日影漸長的忠烈祠公園
我起身，抱著我的女兒
想到那一天她的祖母剛教她

月光光，秀才郎，騎白馬，過蓮塘……

(1989)

Japanese concrete lanterns coming up all the way along the stone steps.
Childhood. Wonderland. My daughter and I
sat on the whirling mechanical horses, listening to our respective
nursery rhymes.

“A white egret, driving a dustpan, to the stream bank...”

Sausage sellers, ice cream peddlers, hot dog and tempura peddlers.

The ten-dollar mechanical nursery rhyme stopped abruptly

in the noise of reality. I sat on my wooden horse,

someone calling, “Papa, Papa, let’s go home.”

An autumn afternoon. The shadow-lengthening Martyrs’ Shrine.

I rose, with my daughter in my arms,

recalling to mind the nursery rhyme she had just learned from her
grandma:

“Silver moonbeams, a learned scholar, riding a white horse, across the
lily pond...”

(1989)

牛

那些北方來的官吏，簇擁著
步下半幽暗的石階，有的
拿著柺杖，有的輕聲咳嗽
不期然撞上浮雕著牛群的一面牆，停下——
「是水牛嗎？」其中一個說。
「是日據時代留下的東西，
呵，這些無知的台灣牛，認命而天真……」
他們跟著更多各方來的過客湧進燈火輝煌的廳堂
坐進這間殖民地時代總督府的舊廳舍
代表他們從來沒有代表過的國民聊天，行憲；
倦於言語的嘴中嚼著的也許是吃了太多
以至於使他們得糖尿病的台灣蔗糖
喝茶，尿尿，在辛苦雕刻的人民的夢上
牛腳下泥土裡種的是香蕉或大麥管它做啥
牛，牽到北京也是牛

我隔著長夜思想那陰暗角落裡的浮雕
五隻水牛，陶陶然交首於綠色大地
在短暫、適意的歇息裡與它們的主人
共同消融白日的苦與樂
青草如夢，好風似水
在勞頓的耕耘後反身接受大地的愛撫擁抱
那裸體的牧童也許是你，也許是我
也許是尚未誕生的我們的下一代
長鋤，短笠，無憂無慮地與群牛嬉遊於
島嶼盛夏的黃昏
他們耕自己的田園，做自己的主
收穫縵縵的霞暉，清白的月
五隻水牛，剛碩如厚實硬繭的手掌
巨大地穿印過歷史的胸膛
到達黑暗的心

Buffalo

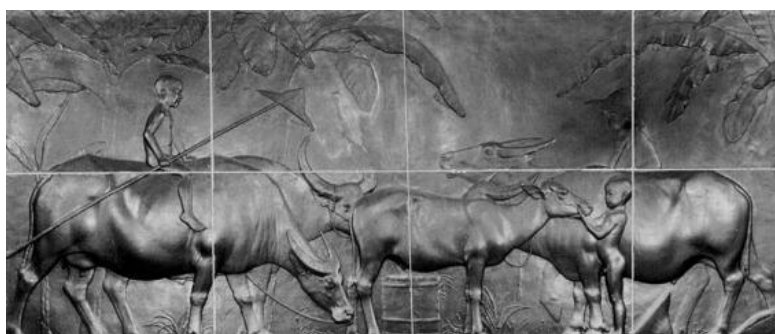
Those officials from the north swarmingly
stepped down the dim stone stairs, some
leaning on walking sticks, some coughing lightly.
Accidentally bumping against a wall with a relief of water buffalo on
it, they stopped.
“Water buffalo?” said one of them.
“Things left behind since the Japanese Occupation times.
Ha, those ignorant Taiwanese buffalo, fatalistic and naive...”
They followed an increasing number of visitors into the hall ablaze
with lights
and seated themselves in the old hall of the viceroy office of the
colonial period,
chatting and executing the Constitution for the people who they had
never acted on behalf;
what they chewed in the mouth tired of speech might be
Taiwan sugar, which they had had so much as to suffer from diabetes.
Drinking tea, urinating, on the laboriously-carved dreams of the people,
why should they bother to tell whether bananas or barley is grown in
the soil under the buffalo’s feet?
Buffalo are buffalo even if they are led to Beijing.

I am thinking in the long night about the relief in the dark corner.
Five water buffalo, foundling each other joyfully on the green land,
melt the day’s sweets and bitters together with their master
in a brief yet comfortable rest.
Dreamlike green grass, water-like fine wind.
They turn to accept the earth’s caress after the exhausting plowing.
That naked shepherd boy may be you, may be I,
may be our unborn offspring.
With a long hoe and a short bamboo hat, he plays with the cattle
on the mid-summer evening of the island.
They plow their own fields, being their own masters,
reaping the vast splendor of sunset, and the pure moon.
Five water buffalo, stout as thick and callous palms,
giant-like, are stamped into the breast of history
and reach the heart of darkness—

到達新落成的市立美術館
那一天，跟著學生們排隊參觀官辦的紀念美術展
站在翻鑄成銅的光燦的水牛群像前
我更加清楚地看見了島嶼的秘密
逡巡於一幅幅亮麗依舊的畫作與雕塑間
我發覺我走進的不是日據時代美術史
我走進的是島嶼的夢，歷史的心
那是怎麼樣一個遙遠而模糊的年代啊
在異族的箝制下鑿刻民族的造型
在故鄉的土水裡浸埋自己的身軀
黃土水，何其短暫又何其碩大的生命
我想像那些像水牛般犁過，馱過這土地的先驅
他們的激情，膽識，毅力，智慧
一遍遍翻投如雨水深入大地
在荒蕪與禁忌中開花結果

牛，不必到北京也是牛

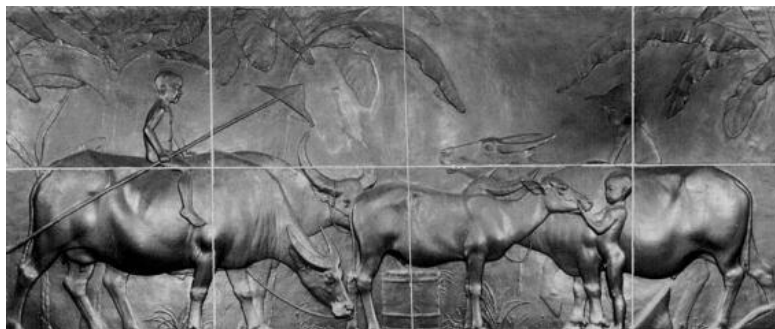
(1989)



reach the newly-completed city art museum.
That day, along with the students visiting in a queue the government-
operated memorial art exhibition,
I stood before the shining bronze water buffalo.
I saw more clearly the secret of the island.
Lingering among those still bright and beautiful paintings and
sculptures,
I found what I walked into was not the art history of the Japanese
Occupation times,
but the dreams of the island, the heart of the history.
How far-away and vague those times were!
Sculpturing his people's images under the oppression of a different
race,
soaking his body in the mud of his native land,
Huang Tu-shui, how transient yet gigantic a life!
I imagine those pioneers plowing and carrying on their backs this land
like water buffalo.
Their passion, guts, perseverance, and wisdom
go deep into earth like the ever-dripping rain,
blossoming and yielding fruit in desolation and taboos.

Buffalo are buffalo even if they have never been to Beijing.

(1989)



註：《水牛群像》是台灣早期天才雕刻家黃土水（1895-1930）遺世名作，陳列於今台北市中山堂光復廳背後二樓與三樓石階前中央壁上，晚近文建會曾撥款將之翻銅，分送台北市立美術館與台中省立美術館。詩人魏清德曾為文紀念：「此一巨作，長十八台尺，高九台尺。畫面浮刻盛夏之蕉園，清風徐來，綠葉招展，五隻水牛交頭接尾於綠茵之上，兩個裸體牧童，天真爛漫，一騎牛背，手持竹竿……，一立牛側，以手撫水牛。畫中詩趣橫溢，構成一幅幽閑靜穆之南國風景。」

Author's Note: The Portrait of Water Buffalo was the famous work of Huang Tu-shui (1895-1930), a gifted, pioneering Taiwanese sculptor in the early 20th century. This work of sculpture is now displayed on the wall in front of the stone staircase between the second and the third floor behind the Kuanfu Hall in Taipei. Recently the Council for Cultural Planning and Development appropriated funds to make two bronze copies of it and presented them to Taipei City Art Museum and Taichung Provincial Art Museum. Wei Qing-de, a poet, once wrote about the sculpture: "This masterpiece, eighteen meters in length and nine meters in height, represents in relief a mid-summer banana orchard: the gentle breeze blows, green leaves flutter, five water buffalo fondle each other on the green pasture, two naked shepherd boys look innocent and carefree—one sitting on the back of a buffalo, with bamboo cane in hand, ...the other standing by a buffalo, passing his hand over it. The scene poetically forms a picture of serene and peaceful landscape of the south."

獨裁

他們是任意竄改文法的執法者

單數而慣用複數形式
受詞而躍居主位

年輕的時候嚮往未來式
年老的時候迷戀過去式

無需翻譯
拒絕變化

固定句型
固定句型
固定句型

唯一的及物動詞：鎮壓

(1989)

Autocracy

They are the lawmen who tamper with grammar at will.

Singular, yet accustomed to plural forms.

Objects, yet presuming to be subjects.

Hungry for the future tense when young.

Indulged in the past tense when old.

Needless to be translated.

Resistant to any changes.

Fixed sentence patterns.

Fixed sentence patterns.

Fixed sentence patterns.

The only transitive verb: suppress.

(1989)

台灣風

1

那風在我東走西走，繞過
大半個地球之後
又在這南方的島上
和煦地吹我——
不是它離開過這個地球
而是我背著風谷尋找風

這次，它把我裝進鼓鼓的風袋裡
像漲紅兩頰，使盡力氣
吹著嗩吶的老樂手
這次，它把我吹進黃昏的甘蔗園
隨著糖廠的煙冒出一大卷
雖黑然而甜的鄉愁
這次，它像久別重逢的戀人般
撫我、抱我
帶我到童年的溪邊洗澡

洗淨胸中的塊壘——
那風在杯底養一隻金魚
讓它跟隨工作完畢的農民喝酒、唱歌
那風吹過平原，吹過盆地
吹過重新活過來的蚱蜢和公雞
那風在我的心頭留下一首將完成的詩
飢渴如五月的稻田，等待
天黑，落雨

2

那雨落下來了
落在一條比河流還寬的孩子們的歌裡
早上我聽到它稀稀疏疏地從小學校
音樂教室裡傳出來
當時，窗外一片金黃
我還以為是陽光碰撞窗玻璃的聲音
我走出門外，聽到更多的阿公加入合唱

Taiwan Wind—after Taiwanese folk songs

1

After I traveled here and there across
more than half of the planet, the wind
blew over me kindly again
on this southern island—
Not that it'd left the earth,
rather, I'd turned away from the wind valley to find it.

This time, it put me in a puffy windchest
like an old musician blasting the Chinese cornet
with all his strength, face flushed.
This time, it carried me to a sugar cane farm at dusk;
the sugar factory smoke brought out a huge column
of black but sweet homesickness.
This time, like lovers after a long separation,
it caressed me, embraced me,
took me to bathe in the childhood creek

and cleanse the chest's discontent—
the wind raised a goldfish at the bottom of a glass,
let it drink and sing with the farmers after work.
The wind wafted across plains and basins, drifted over
the grasshopper and the rooster that lived once again.
The wind left an almost finished poem on my mind,
thirsty as May paddies, waiting for
nightfall and rain.

2

The rain was falling,
falling into a children's song wider than a river.
In the morning, the song came sporadically from
the music room of the elementary school.
It was so golden outside the windows then,
I thought I heard sunshine hit the window panes.
I went out through the door; many elders joined the singing.

當他們打開喉嚨，齊聲舉起一隻鋤頭
用力掘下時
我的眼睛濕潤了
我知道那雨落下來了

那雨落下來了
當我赤著兩腳，走在正午的柏油路上
它在我的心中滴落下——
點仔膠，黏到腳
但我並沒有叫我的爸爸去買豬腳
我走過鐵道，我走過木橋
我看見它像蜻蜓般拍打著我的書包
我跟著月光中的白馬一起回家
這一次，它並沒有責備我為什麼這麼晚才回家
它走到燈前，輕輕搖著我的搖籃
我說：我已經長大了

但它還是不慌不忙地落下來
它還是一句一句地催我入眠
催我的孩子入眠
我感覺窗外的竹子一寸寸長大
我感覺屋內的床舖一寸寸長大
我感覺我的心，像一座池塘
在不停的雨中一寸寸漲滿

(1989)

註：「風」是春風化雨的風，也是風詠鄉土人情的歌。這首詩裡出現的台灣歌謠，依序是〈杯底不可飼金魚〉、〈草螟弄雞公〉、〈天黑黑〉、〈點仔膠〉、〈月光光〉、〈搖子歌〉。

When they opened their throats, raised a hoe with
their uniform voices, and dug hard,
my eyes moistened.
I knew the rain was falling.

When I was walking barefoot on a tarred road at noon,
it fell on my heart—
Tar, tar, stuck to the feet fast.
But I didn't ask my father to buy pig's feet.
I crossed the railroad and the wooden bridge,
saw it beat against my book bag like dragonflies.
I followed the white horse home in the moonlight.
This time, it didn't scold me for coming home late.
It walked to the lamp and rocked my cradle gently.
I already grew up, I said.

But it drifted down without haste,
hushed me to sleep, phrase by phrase,
and hushed my child to sleep.
I felt the bamboo outside the window growing inch by inch.
I felt the bed in the house growing inch by inch.
I felt my heart like a pond,
filling up with endless rain, inch by inch.

(1989)

Author's Note: "Wind" alludes to, firstly, the Chinese idiom "春風化雨," which means "spring wind and timely rain," a metaphor for teaching students through influence; and secondly, songs that reflect customs and emotions of the people. The following Taiwanese folk songs are referenced in the poem: "Don't Raise a Goldfish at the Bottom of a Glass" (杯底不可飼金魚), "The Grasshopper Tricks the Rooster" (草螟弄雞公), "The Sky Darkens" (天黑黑), "Tar" (點仔膠), "Silver Moonbeams" (月光光), and "Cradle Song" (搖子歌).

[E.W.]

太魯閣 · 一九八九

1

在微雨的春寒裡思索你靜默的奧義

那寬廣是一親密的貼近
萬仞山壁如一粒沙平放心底
雲霧推抹
濕潤中流轉、靜止的千綠
那溫柔彷彿呼吸
如一葉之輕落，如一鳥之徐飛
又彷彿一樹花之開放
在陡峭光滑的巖頂絕壁
那深沈納苦惱與狂喜
莊嚴若鬱鬱的雨林
墨藍的星空，那激越
如兔脫禽動
穿過去夏滂沱的山洪
奔躍於陽光的早晨
我彷彿聽見生命對生命的呼喊
在童年遊戲的深潭
在昨夜驚覺的夢境
我彷彿看見被時間扭轉、凝結的
歷史的激情
在褶皺曲折的岩面
在亂石崩疊的谷底
那紋路如雲似水
在無窮盡山與山的對視間
在無窮盡天與地的映照裡

然而你仍只是不言不語地看著我
行走過你的山路
看著我，一次又一次地
在你的面前仆倒
一如千百年來那些在你懷裡
跌倒的，流血的，死去的

Taroko Gorge, 1989

1

In a drizzly chilly spring I ponder over the subtle meaning of your
silence.

Your vastness is a kind of close intimacy.
The towering mountain walls lie flat at the bottom of my heart like a
grain of sand.
Clouds and fog push gently by.
Lushness revolves and pauses in moisture.
The tenderness is like breath,
like the gentle falling of a leaf, the slow flight of a bird,
and the blossoming of a tree
on the steep and slippery mountaintop and cliff.
Your profundity takes in misery and ecstasy,
as solemn as a lush rain forest,
or a dark blue starlit sky. Your sonority is
like lively rabbits and fowls
passing through last summer's torrential mountain floods,
galloping on the sunny morning.
I seem to hear the calling of life to life
in the deep pond where I used to play in my childhood,
in the dream from which I awoke with a start last night.
I seem to see the passion of history
twisted and frozen by time
on the surface of crinkled and rugged rocks,
at the bottom of the valley tumbling with rocks,
whose veins run like clouds and water,
in the endless gaze between mountains,
in the endless reflection of the sky and earth.

Still you simply look silently at me
walking on your mountain path.
You look at me, time after time,
stumbling before you
just like those who have fallen, bled and died
in your arms for the past thousands of years.

多少次，你讓你的孩子在你的懷裡
跌倒，受傷又站起來
多少次，你讓他們在腐葉四佈的密林
行進並且迷路
你看見青春像飛瀑急濺
隨澗水流入遙遠的大海
你看見浮雲負載夢幻
緩緩消失於更巨大的夢幻
你讓他們尋覓一塊磐石靜坐沈思
你讓他們攀倚著鐘聲進入黃昏
在暴雨中成長
你讓他們佇立在斷裂的崖邊
看滴水穿石
看逝者如斯夫不舍晝夜

逝者如斯夫不舍晝夜
你讓紅毛的西班牙人到你的峽口採取砂金
你讓紅毛的荷蘭人到你的峽口採取砂金
你讓被滿洲人驅逐過海的中國人到你的峽口採取砂金
你讓驅逐走滿洲人的日本人到你的峽口採取砂金

到你的峽口築壘，架砲，殺人
到你的山腰築壘，架砲，殺人
到你的溪頭築壘，架砲，殺人

你聽走進來的漢人對刀下的人說：
「投降吧，太魯閣番！」
你聽走進來的日本人對槍下的人說：
「投降吧，太魯閣番！」
你看著紋身的他們漸次從深山遷往山麓
從山麓遷往平原
你看著他們漸次離開他們的家
不言不語

2

How many times you have left your children
stumbling, hurt and rising in your arms.
How many times you have left them
proceeding and lost in the luxuriant forest scattered with rotten leaves.
You see youth splashing like flying waterfalls,
flowing into the distant ocean with mountain streams.
You see floating clouds loaded with dreams,
vanishing slowly into more giant dreams.
You let them search for massive rocks to meditate on.
You let them lean on the toll of bells to go into the evening.
They grow in the torrential rain.
You have left them standing by the broken cliff,
watching water dripping through rocks,
watching time flowing by like a river day and night.

Time flows by like a river day and night.
You allowed the red-haired Spaniards to gather gold dust in your gorge.
You allowed the red-haired Dutchmen to gather gold dust in your gorge.
You allowed the Chinese driven over the sea by the Manchus to gather
gold dust in your gorge.
You allowed the Japanese who drove the Manchus away to gather gold
dust in your gorge.

To build fortresses, set up cannons, and kill in your gorge.
To build fortresses, set up cannons, and kill on your mountainside.
To build fortresses, set up cannons, and kill on your streamhead.

You heard the Han people enter and say to those under their knives,
“Surrender, Taroko barbarians!”
You heard the Japanese enter and say to the people under their guns,
“Surrender, Taroko Barbarians!”
You watched those tattooed people move gradually from the depth of
the mountain to its foot,
from the foot of the mountain to the plain.
You watched them gradually leave their homes
in silence.

3

你看著他們漸次離開他們的家
來到你的身邊
那些被中國人驅逐過海的中國人

帶著戰餘的炸藥，鄉愁，推土機
他們在你糾纏的骨骼間開鑿新的夢
有的失蹤於自己挖掘的隧道
有的跟著落石沈入永恆的深淵
有的留下一隻手，一隻腳
學堅毅的樹站立風中
有的脫掉舊袍，拿起鋤頭
在新開的路旁釘立新的門牌
跟著新認識的異鄉女子，他們學習
接枝，混血，繁殖
一如一遍遍種下去的加州李，高麗菜，二十世紀梨
他們把自己種進你的身體

他們把新的地名掛在新開的路上
春天的時候
他們偉大的領袖，戴著勳章
到一個叫天祥的地方檢賞落盡的梅花
他們把御榻鋪在溫泉的小徑，頂著熱氣
大聲朗讀正氣歌
但你不是華清池，不是馬嵬坡
不是逍遙朦朧的中國山水

那有名的大千居士，顛巍巍地扶著
比山間雲霧還虛無的美髯
在你具體的臉上
用半抽象的潑墨揮霍鄉愁
他們在你的山壁上畫長江萬里圖
但你不是山水，不是山水畫裡的山水
從你額際懸下的不是李唐的萬壑松風圖

You watched them gradually leave their homes
and come to you,
those Chinese who were driven over the sea by the Chinese.

With postwar explosives, nostalgia, bulldozers,
they dug new dreams among your tangled bones.
Some were missing in the tunnels they themselves had dug.
Some sank into the eternal abyss with falling rocks.
Some had one arm or one leg left,
standing in the wind like a persevering tree.
Some took off old robes, picked up hoes,
and nailed new doorplates by the newly-built road.
From the girls whom they were newly acquainted with in the strange
land, they learned
to graft, mix blood, propagate.
Just like the California plums, cabbages, Twentieth-century pears they
grew time and again,
they planted themselves into your body.

They hung new names of places over the newly-built roads.
In spring,
their great leader, wearing medals of honor,
came to a place named Tianxiang to appreciate fallen plum blossoms.
They paved the royal couches on the hot-spring path, with hot vapor
overhead,
reciting aloud *The Song of Righteousness*.
But you are neither Huaqing Pool nor Mawei Slope,
nor the vague, distant Chinese landscape.

That famous painting master Da-qian, with his trembling hand
touching his beautiful beard, more elusive than mountain clouds and fog,
painted nostalgia extravagantly with half-abstract splashes of ink
on your concrete face.
They painted the picture of the Yangtze River on your mountain wall.
Yet you are not landscape, not the mountains and rivers in the Chinese
landscape painting.
What hangs down from your forehead is neither Li Tang's *Whispering
Pines in the Mountains*

不是范寬的谿山行旅圖
對於那些坐著冷氣巴士遊覽你的人
你是美麗的風景
（就像四百年前乘船經過東邊海上，用奇特的聲調
呼喊福爾摩莎的葡萄牙人）
但你不叫福爾摩莎，雖然你是美麗的
你不是帶走的、掛著的、展覽的風景
你是生活，你是生命
你是偉大真實的存在，對於那些
跟著你的血脈一同顫動、一同呼吸的
你的子民

4

我尋找濃霧的黎明
我尋找第一隻飛過峽口的黑長尾雉
我尋找隙縫中互相窺視的木藍與大戟
我尋找高聲讚頌海與旭照的最初的舌頭
我尋找追逐鼯鼠的落日的紅膝蓋
我尋找跟隨溫度變換顏色的樹的月曆
我尋找風的部落
我尋找火的祭典
我尋找跟著彎弓響起的山豬的腳步聲
我尋找枕著洪水睡眠的夢的竹屋
我尋找建築術
我尋找航海學
我尋找披著喪服哭泣的星星
我尋找吊鉤般懸起血夜與峽谷的山月
我尋找以鐵索網綁自身，自千丈高崖垂下將自己與山一起炸開的
手指
我尋找鑿壁的光
我尋找碰撞船首的頭顱

nor Fan Kuan's *Traveling among Rivers and Mountains*.
To those who visit you in air-conditioned tourist buses
you are beautiful landscape.
(They are just like the Portuguese who cried out "Formosa"
in a strange tone when their ship passed by the ocean in the east four
hundred years ago.)
Yet you are not Formosa, though you are beautiful.
You are not the landscape to be carried, hung, or displayed.
You are living, you are life,
you are the great and truthful existence to
those people of yours,
who vibrate and breathe with the pulse of your veins.

4

I'm looking for the foggy dawn.
I'm looking for the first black long-tailed pheasant that flew over the gorge.
I'm looking for the indigo and the euphorbia that peeped at each other
through crevices.
I am looking for the first tongues that loudly praise the sea and sunrise.
I'm looking for the red knees of the setting sun that chased the flying
squirrels.
I'm looking for the calendars of trees that changed their colors with
the changes in temperatures
I'm looking for the tribe of wind.
I'm looking for the rites of fire.
I'm looking for the footsteps of mountain boars that echoed with the
sound of bows.
I'm looking for the bamboo houses of dreams that slept on the pillows
of floods.
I'm looking for architecture.
I'm looking for navigation.
I'm looking for the crying stars in mourning.
I'm looking for the mountain moon which, like a hook, hung up the
bloody night and the gorge.
I'm looking for the fingers that tied themselves with wires and hung
down thousand-foot-high cliffs to explode with the mountain.
I'm looking for the light that dug through the wall.
I'm looking for the skull that hit the bow of a ship.

我尋找埋魂異鄉的心
我尋找一座吊橋，一條沒有鞋帶的歌也許是
我尋找回聲的洞穴，一群意義豐富的母音子音：

桐卡荖，旁給揚，塔比多
礮翁乾，洛韶，托魯灣
托博閣，斯米可，魯玻可
可巴洋，巴拉腦，巴托諾夫
卡莫黑爾，卡魯給，玻卡巴拉斯
喀拉胞，達布拉，拉巴侯
卡希亞，玻希璃，達希魯
希黑干，希達岡，希卡拉汗
卡奧灣，托莫灣，普洛灣
伏多丹，巴支干，欣里干
得呂可，得卡倫，得給亞可
沙卡丹，巴拉丹，蘇瓦沙魯
布拿俺，玻魯琳，達布可俺
烏歪，陀泳，巴達幹
達給黎，赫赫斯，瓦黑爾
斯可依，玻可斯伊，莫可依希（註）

5

我尋找回聲的洞穴
在微雨的春寒裡思索這卑微地上
居留的秘密
秋天的時候，他們結伴行走於峽谷的山道
在樹林間、溪水邊等候的
也許是一群忽然湧出的獼猴
也許是兩間沒有主人的竹屋，靜立在
荒廢的耕地旁
在更遠的古道，他們跨過一叢蔓草
再一次遭遇埋伏的日軍戰壕
更遠處是一座茅草搭建的山胞獵寮
以及兩三塊，最近一批考古隊員
留下來的陶片

我們繞過迴頭灣

I'm looking for the heart that was buried in strange soil.
I'm looking for a suspension bridge, a song without a shoelace maybe.
I'm looking for the caves of echoes, a group of significant vowels and
consonants:

Tangarao, Bunkium, Tupido,
Tanlongan, Losao, Teruwan,
Topogo, Sumeg, Lupog,
Kobayan, Balanao, Botonof,
Kumoxel, Kalagi, Baga-Paras,
Kalapao, Tabula, Lapax,
Qesia, Busiya, Tassil,
Sexengan, Sidagan, Sikalaxen,
Qaugwan, Tomowan, Bolowan,
Vetodan, Putsingan, Senlingan,
Daoleg, Degalan, Degiag,
Sakadan, Palatan, Sowasal,
Bunayan, Bololin, Tabokyan,
Owai, Doyun, Batakan,
Dagali, Xoxos, Waxel,
Sikui, Bokusi, Mogoyisi. *

5

I'm looking for the cave of echoes,
pondering over the secret of the humble residence on earth
in a drizzly chilly spring.
When autumn came, they traveled together on the mountain path in the
gorge.
What were waiting in the woods or by the stream
might be a group of suddenly-swarming monkeys,
might be two ownerless bamboo houses standing silently
by the desolate plowland.
Farther into the ancient path, they crossed a shrub of weeds
and encountered again the Japanese army trench lying in ambush.
Still farther on was an indigenous hunting hut built of thatches,
with a couple of broken pottery pieces left by
the latest party of archeologists.

We pass by Huitowan

行至九株老梅所在的吊橋
在日本警察駐在的地方，一個現代郵差
愉快地把郵件分投進不同的信箱裡
取走它們的也許是走兩小時路，過吊橋來的
蓮花池老兵
也許是坐著搬運車一路顛簸而下的
梅村婦女

你們顛簸地走進黃昏的村落
一個強健的村中男孩興奮地跑過來迎接
矯捷的身影彷彿五十年前他外祖父
追獵的山鹿
「爸爸已經燒好茶等你們了！」
竹村，他們家園的名字
多麼像他父親年少時讀過的唐人的詩句
一如五十年前在此耕獵的泰雅族人
他們過海成為這塊土地的主人
種植他們的果樹，養育他們的兒女

6

在微雨的春寒裡思索這卑微地上
居留的秘密
鐘聲推移鐘聲
群山在群山之外
我拾級而上，暮色中傾斜走近
巖頂禪寺的梵唱
彷彿那反覆的波浪
彷彿你寬遠的存在
這低迴的誦唱何其單純又何其繁複啊
包容那幽渺的與廣大的
包容那苦惱的與喜悅的
包容奇突
包容殘缺
包容孤寂
包容仇恨
一如那低眉悲慈的菩薩，你也是
不言不語的觀世音

and arrive at the suspension bridge where stand nine plum trees.
At the place where Japanese policemen used to be stationed, a modern
postman
happily distributes mail into different mailboxes.
It may be taken away by the old veterans living at Water Lily Pond,
who will cross the suspension bridge after two hours' walk,
or by the women living at Plum Village,
who will come jolting all the way down in a cart.

You jolt along into the evening village.
A healthy village boy runs excitedly to greet you.
His agile figure is like the wild deer that his maternal grandfather
hunted fifty years ago.
“Papa has made good tea for you!”
Bamboo Village, the name of their hometown,
so much like the poetry of Tang Dynasty his father read in his youth.
Just like the Atayal people who plowed and hunted here fifty years ago,
they crossed the sea and became the owners of the land,
growing their fruit trees, raising their children.

6

In the drizzly chilly spring I ponder over the secret of
the humble residence on earth.
One toll pushes another.
Mountains stand beyond mountains.
I go up the steps, in the twilight approaching slantwise
the Buddhist chanting of the mountaintop temple.
Like the repeated beats of waves,
like your vast existence,
how simple and yet complicated the low, repeated chanting is—
tolerating the infinitesimal and the vast,
tolerating the distressed and the joyous,
tolerating strangeness,
tolerating imperfection,
tolerating loneliness,
tolerating hatred.
Just like the low-browed benevolent Bodhisattva, you too are
the silent Goddess of Mercy,

無緣、同體地觀看天開地闢，樹死蟲生
山水有音，日月無窮
我彷彿聽見生命對生命的呼喊
穿過空明的山色，水色
穿過永恆的回聲的洞穴
到達今夜

萬仞山壁如一粒沙平放心底

(1989)

註：這些是太魯閣國家公園區內的古地名，在泰雅族語裡皆各有所指。如塔比多，今之天祥，原意為「棕樹」；洛韶，原意為「沼澤」；達布可俺，原意為「播種」；巴支干，原意為「必經之路」；普洛灣，原意為「回音」。參閱廖守臣著《泰雅族的文化》（台北，一九八四）。

impartially looking on the creation of the heaven and the earth, the
death of trees and the birth of insects.
The landscape speaks aloud, the skies are boundless.
I seem to hear the calling of life to life.
It goes through the crystal look of mountains and waters,
through the caves of eternal echoes,
and reaches tonight.

The towering mountain walls lie flat at the bottom of my heart like a
grain of sand.

(1989)

**Author's Note:* The above are the ancient names of the places in Taroko Gorge. In the Atayal language they refer to different meanings. For example, Tupido, now called Tianxiang, originally means "palm tree;" Losao originally means "swamp;" Tabokyan originally means "sowing;" Putsingan originally means "a must for passing;" Bolowan originally means "echo."

II *Poems 1990-2000*

家庭之旅

小宇宙 I

島嶼邊緣

貓對鏡

給梅湘的明信片

1

我們都是懸掛著的

淚
星星
彩虹
鳥

在時間的深淵之上
歌唱
歌唱

憂愁的空中花園

2

我們在地球儀上奔跑
我在古老的亞細亞
你在遙遠的歐羅巴
有人轉動地球
我們失足，一起掉入
憂鬱的大海

3

苦惱而清澄的海

呼吸
呼吸
呼吸

愛

Postcards for Messiaen

1

We are all hanging

Tears

Stars

Rainbows

Birds

Over the abyss of time

singing

singing

A garden of sorrow in the air

2

We run on a terrestrial globe

I am in ancient Asia

you are in distant Europe

Someone revolves the earth

we stumble, falling together into

the melancholy ocean

3

The suffered but serene ocean

Breathe

Breathe

Breathe

Love

4

像一片充滿力與光的波浪

上昇

下降

像一座週而復始的秘密隧道

從峽谷到群星

從夢 到夢

5

鳥飛進五角形的花園

音樂流進音樂

西方

東方

協和

不協和

根據什麼

(1990)

註：這些詩根據的是我最近聽的一些音樂，特別是梅湘（1908-1992），諾諾（1924-1990），魏本（1883-1945）與武滿微（1930-1995）的。武滿微說：「音樂的喜悅，基本上，似乎與哀愁分不開。那哀愁是生存的哀愁。越是感受音樂創作之純粹喜悅的人，越能深體這哀愁。」

4

Like a stretch of waves full of strength and light

Going up
and down

Like a secret tunnel recycling over and again

From the canyon to stars
From dream to dream

5

Birds fly into a pentagonal garden
music streams into music

The west
The east
Accord
Discord

According to what

(1990)

Author's Note: These poems are written according to some of the music I have heard recently, especially that of Messiaen (1908-1992), Nono (1924-1990), Webern (1883-1945), and Takemitsu (1930-1995). Takemitsu said, "The joy of music, ultimately, seems connected to sadness. The sadness is that of existence. The more you are filled with the pure happiness of music-making, the deeper the sadness is."

家庭之旅 (選五)

家庭之旅

而它自然是一本書
一本體例乖謬，卻又千真萬確的辭書
印在四色牌上，印在借據上
印在拘票上，印在結婚證書上

這一頁是被時間通緝的我的父親
因為他的母親是一隻螞，在海中游，在沙中走
所以他的弟弟們名字都是水
她的丈夫坐著流籠從山上下來，帶著
山的精力與火的粗暴：壓她、揆她、剋她
在酒醉的夜半讓她抱著孩子洗滌身上的傷痕
而他恨自己名字裡跟他父親一樣的火，一如他恨
那使他孿生弟弟一個夭折、一個殘廢的
肺炎與爛瘡

這一頁是諱疾忌醫的家族病歷史——
不孕的姑婆，失蹤的外公
同住了二十年才知道親生父親是我祖父的我的舅舅
嫁給我的四叔，生了三個智能不足孩子的我的孀孀兼表姨
只知道生育，不知道養育、教育的我的祖父……

這一頁是難字、廢字檢字表——
溺水的伯父，自囚的堂叔
年輕時逃家私奔，年老時落髮為尼的我的姑媽

Traveling in the Family (5 selections)

Traveling in the Family

And of course it is a book,
a dictionary of absurd form and yet of absolute truth,
printed on four-color cards, on certificates of indebtedness,
on warrants for arrest, on marriage certificates.

On this page is my father, who has been wanted by time.
Because his mother is a crab swimming in the sea and crawling on the
sand,
all his brothers' names are made of water.
Her husband came down from the mountain in a cable car, with
the vigor of mountains and the violence of fire: pressing her, beating
her, cursing her
after drinking at midnight, leaving her washing the scars on her body
with her baby in arms.
And he resented that he had a fire-like name like his father's, just as
he resented
pneumonia and festering ulcers, which were responsible for
his twin brothers' early death and crippling.

This page reveals the family medical history too harsh to face—
my infertile grandaunt, my mother's missing father,
my mother's brother, who came to know that his own father was my
father's father after living together for twenty years,
my father's sister-in-law and cousin, who married my fourth uncle and
gave birth to three mentally retarded children,
my father's father, who knew how to beget children yet knew nothing
about child-raising and education...

This page is an index of difficult and obsolete words—
my drowned uncle, my father's self-imprisoned cousin,
my father's sister who eloped when young but became a tonsured nun
when old.

這一頁是注音符號檢字表——

讀：讀了幾年書，貪汗瀆職的我父親

毒：賭了大半生，吸毒、販毒的我的父親

它們在我的行李箱裡旅行

一次又一次地打翻字盤，重新排列

成為我的兄弟，成為我

那些空白的是母親們的淚

愛情，憂傷，沈默的擁抱

擁抱焦急的火，擁抱

重新回來的浪

在時間的沙灘上，一遍又一遍地閱讀

愈翻愈白的海的書頁

樓梯

樓梯是窮人的夢

我們夢想一棟跟別人一樣的樓房，安定穩固的樓梯

上樓。上樓。上樓

看到全世界的風景

但我們的樓梯是橫擺的，低低擱在木頭平房的一角

颱風來時，搬出來

跟著父親爬上屋頂，釘補鐵皮，釘補門窗

屋漏偏逢連夜雨

我們的夢像屋子裡四處放置的臉盆，接著

一滴一滴的水

我們用桌椅墊高自己，把書包掛在豎起來的樓梯頂端

不許淪陷的夢的源頭

This page is an index of words in order of phonetic symbols—
schooling: with years' schooling, my father was corrupt and negligent
of his duty;
screwing: gambling and screwing around half his lifetime, my father
became a drug addict and seller.

They are traveling in my trunk,
overturning and rearranging the printing types again and again,
to become my brothers, to become me.
The margins are tears of mothers:
love, sorrow, silent embrace—
embracing anxious fire, embracing
the waves that turn back,
and on the beach of time, reading over and over
the pages of the ocean that become all the whiter with every leafing.

Stairs

Stairs are the dreams of the poor.

We dreamed of a tall building like others', stable and secure stairs,
going up, and up, and up
to see the scenery all over the world.
But our stairs were horizontal, put low in the corner of the one-story
wooden house
and carried out when typhoons came.
We climbed up to the roof with Father to mend the iron sheet, to mend
the doors and windows.

It never rains but it pours.
Our dreams were like the basins placed about in the house, holding
one drop of rain after another.
We stepped onto the tables and chairs to hang our satchels on top of
the erected stairs:

the fountainheads of dream that allowed no invaders to occupy.

鞋子

鞋子破了，在泥濘的都市雨夜
一個流浪者在路口摸自己的襪子

鞋子破了，腳濕了
鞋子，感情的郵戳
時間的明信片

寄一張給遠方的母親：
某年某月某日
你洗乾淨了我的黑球鞋
我上台領獎，發現
穿錯了腳

寄一張給夢中的妻子：
那雙結婚時穿的紅皮鞋
請記得拿出來上油
我喜歡黃昏時路過我們家門口的
晚霞

鞋子破了，在回家的路上

花園

花園，記憶的倉庫
不識字的祖父坐在窄屋裡等候花開
天黑了，他打開一盞小燈
病而且老

他打開一盞小燈，照亮那些
搬運他睡意的螞蟻
玉蘭花在垃圾桶旁邊
過時的月曆掛在牆上

他的確種過一些花
清晨的院子，跟著陽光一起綻放的

Shoes

The shoes were worn out, on a muddy rainy night in the city.
A wanderer felt his socks at the crossroads.

The shoes were worn out, the feet got wet.
The shoes, postmarks of emotion,
postcards of time.

One to his mother far away:
On a certain day, a certain month, a certain year,
you washed clean my black sports shoes.
I got on the platform to receive the award, but found
the feet were in the wrong shoes.

One to his wife in the dream:
Remember to polish
that red pair of leather shoes I wore on our wedding day.
I like the sunset clouds
that pass by our doorway in the evening.

The shoes were worn out, on the way home.

The Garden

The garden, a warehouse of memories.
My illiterate grandfather is sitting in the narrow house waiting for the
flowers to bloom.
It's dark, he turns on a dim light,
sick and old.

He turns on a dim light, brightening
the ants that are carrying away his drowsiness.
Magnolias are by the trash can,
the out-dated calendar on the wall.

He did grow some flowers.
The yard in the morning, a spring mood

春的心情
母親的紅椅子在籬笆旁靜靜亮著

那是我們共有的花園，懸掛在
永恆的時間的迴廊
我們攜帶憂傷漫步其中
把多餘的芬芳藏進口袋

如今他的花園更大了
分散在不同顏色的藥包裡
坐在窄屋裡等候天黑
他彷彿聞到了花香

騎士之歌

親愛的祖母
騎著腳踏車
在天上歌唱
留下兩隻手鐲
像地上的車輪
掛在我的心上

那車輪，旋轉成
一隻戒指
圈在我女兒
出嫁的手上

有一天
當我也騎著腳踏車
在天上歌唱
她的孩子將摸著
胸前的項鍊
諒解地，對我微笑

(1990)

blooming with sunshine.
Mother's red chair stood bright by the fence.

That was the garden we shared, a winding corridor of
time hanging in eternity.
We took a walk in it with our sorrow,
hiding the superfluous fragrance in our pockets.

Now his garden is even bigger,
distributed in the medicine parcels of various colors.
Sitting in the narrow house waiting for the sunset,
he seems to smell the fragrance of flowers.

A Rider's Song

My dear grandmother
rode her bicycle,
singing in the sky.
Two bracelets were left behind
like wheels on the ground,
hanging on my heart.

The wheels revolve into
a ring,
worn around the finger of
my newlywed daughter.

Some day
when I too ride my bike
singing in the sky,
her child will feel
the necklace on her breast
and smile at me, understandingly.

(1990)

牆

它聽見我們哭泣
它聽見我們低語
它聽見我們撕破壁紙
焦急地尋覓離去的親人的聲音
巨大的呼吸，鼾聲，咳嗽
而我們從來不曾聽見

牆壁有耳
牆壁是沈默的記錄者

我們給它鐵釘
紀念那些缺席的帽子，鑰匙，大衣
我們給它縫隙
容納那些曲折的愛情，流言，家醜

掛在它上面的是鐘
掛在它上面的是鏡
掛在它上面的是失去的日子的陰影
凹陷的夢的唇印

我們給它厚度
我們給它重量
我們給它寂靜

牆壁有耳
依靠著我們的脆弱巨大地存在

(1990)

The Wall

It hears us cry.
It hears us whisper.
It hears us tearing the wallpaper,
searching anxiously for the voices of departed relatives—
the enormous breaths, snoring, and coughs,
which we have never heard.

The wall has ears.
The wall is a mute recorder.

We give it nails
in memory of those absent hats, keys and coats.
We give it crevices
to give shelter to crooked love, rumors and scandals.

Hanging on it is the clock.
Hanging on it is the mirror.
Hanging on it are the shadows of lost days,
the lipstick marks of sunken dreams.

We give it thickness.
We give it weight.
We give it silence.

The wall has ears,
leading a giant existence sustained by our frailty.

(1990)

親密書

青春，小教堂的風琴聲
週期性地傳回
在你剛剛寫完信的窗口
遙遠而親切
這街，突然又空闊起來了

突然又明亮起來了
因為一個騎單車的小男孩
他車前的鈴鐺
因為走過橋頭的洗衣婦人
你想起許許多多街角
你轉過去，遇見他
你轉過去，不見了他

你想起許許多多曾經有過的
生命的角落
小旅店氣喘的電風扇
月光下嘆息的路燈
開門，關門。站在同樣的窗前

站在同樣的窗前，像此刻
背對一排半暗的衣櫥
你想起一條不怎麼難看的圍巾
冬天用過，夏天忘掉
你想起圍巾像一條歌，而歌
是彎彎曲曲的街道

於是你下樓
準備在街角再遇見他

(1990)

An Intimate Letter

Youth, the sound of the chapel organ
returns periodically
to the window where you've just written a letter,
distant but intimate,
all at once the street becomes broad and spacious again.

All at once it brightens up,
because of a boy on the bicycle
with a bell in the front,
because of the washerwoman crossing the bridge.
You think of many a street corner.
Turning around it, you come across him;
turning around it, you find him gone.

You think of many a corner of life
once belonging to you:
the panting electric fan in a small hotel,
the street lamp sighing under the moon.
The door opened, the door shut, and you stood before the same window—

Before the same window as now you are,
with your back to a set of half-dark wardrobes.
You think of a scarf, not exactly ugly,
used in winter, forgotten in summer.
It occurs to you that a scarf is like a song, and a song
is a winding street.

So you go downstairs,
waiting to meet with him again around the street corner.

(1990)

吠月之犬

時間讓它的狗咬我們
它咬斷我們的袖子，留下兩三片
遺忘的破布
我們過街買糖，撿到一條被棄置的手臂
不敢確定是不是該把它投進最近的郵筒
也許正在旅行的我們的父母會在遠方的旅店
收到它們
也許它就掛在火車站門口
擴音器每隔五分鐘播報一次：
「遺失手臂的旅客請到服務台認領」

我們不相信那些是離散多年的我們的親友
童年的手帕，作業簿，愛人的
唇膏，胸罩，畢業證書
我們拿起那些掉了一地的玩具
聽到它們說痛
月亮像一枚被郵戳模糊了的郵票貼在天空
我們用星光的原子筆寫信，寄給上帝
他住在防空洞北邊
而兩個穿紅裙子戴紅帽子的飛快車小姐
推著手推車問他要不要買藥

而那自然是苦的
但他還是送給我們一幅家庭照
被戰爭扶養的上校，黑肉鴿母
雄貓姬姬，終身不嫁的老處女阿蘭
他們全都在那裡，在時間的月台上
對著一隻張眼瞪視的吠月之犬
等候與我們重新擦身而過
我們打開集郵簿，半信半疑地翻出
一枚枚似曾相識的叫聲
也許這就是他們所說的家庭團圓

(1990)

A Dog Barking at the Moon

Time sets its dog biting us.
It bites off our sleeves, leaving two or three
rags of oblivion.
We cross the street to buy sugar, finding a deserted arm,
not sure whether to drop it in the nearest mailbox or not.
Maybe our parents on the trip will receive it
at a distant hotel.
Maybe it is hanging at the door of the railroad station.
Every five minutes out of the loud-speaker comes the announcement:
“A deserted arm to be identified at the information desk.”

We don't believe they are our long-departed relatives:
childhood handkerchiefs, exercise books, lipsticks and
brassieres of the beloved, diplomas.
We pick up the toys scattered about on the ground.
They are heard to say, “It hurts.”
The moon is pasted on the sky like a stamp obscured by the postmark.
We write letters with ball point pens of starlight and mail them
to God, who lives north of the air-raid shelter,
and two express conductresses in red skirts and red hats
push the pushcart by and ask if he'll buy some medicine.

Of course it's bitter,
still he sends us a family photo:
the war-fostered colonel, the black-skinned procuress,
tomcat Gigi, the unmarried old maid Ah-Lan—
they are all there, on the platform of time,
facing a dog barking at the moon with wide-open eyes.
They are waiting to pass by us once more.
We open the stamp album, suspiciously searching out
seemingly familiar cries.
Maybe that's what they call family reunion.

(1990)

相逢

在上班的路上
遇到我的母親
騎著一輛舊腳踏車
在紅綠燈前停下

她沒有發現我在另一個紅綠燈前看她
淺紅的洋傘，黑皮包
準備在下班後順便買菜的菜籃

每天晚上我載著妻女回家吃她煮的晚餐
每天晚上，吃著父親削的水果，聊天
然後回到我住的地方

我從來沒有感覺我們不是住在一起
沒有感覺她在一條路上行進
而我在另一條
知道她會在洗完碗筷後洗澡，看電視
知道她會在第二天早上到附近的小學跳舞，慢跑

這個早晨
在逐漸亮起來的天空下
我們隔著十字路口同時等候過街
她站在腳踏車旁準備左轉
我坐在汽車上準備左轉
左轉，到不同的地方
不同眼淚和音樂交會的地方

這個早晨
在這麼明亮的故鄉的天空下
我們短暫地相逢
而後消失在彼此的後視鏡中

(1991)

An Encounter

On my way to work
I saw my mother
on an old bike
stopping before the traffic light.

She didn't find me looking at her before the other traffic light.
A pink umbrella, a black purse,
a basket to carry vegetables home after work.

Every night I drive my wife and daughter home to eat the dinner she
prepares;
every night I eat the fruit peeled by my father, have a chat
and then come back to where I live.

I've never felt that we aren't living together,
never felt that she is moving on one way,
and I, another.
I know that after doing the dishes she will take a bath and watch TV;
I know that she will dance and jog in the neighborhood primary school
the next morning.

This morning,
under the brightening sky,
we waited to cross the street with the crossroads between us.
She was standing by her bike, ready to turn left;
I was sitting in my car, ready to turn left—
turn left, to different places,
where different tears and music meet.

This morning,
under the bright sky in my hometown,
we encountered for a brief moment,
and then disappeared from each other's rearview mirror.

(1991)

陰影的河流

每日，從我們的茶杯流過
一條陰影的河流
唇印斑駁的地方
是一遍遍消失的
河的兩岸
滿室的茶香引誘我們睡眠
我們喝的也許是時間
也許是自己
也許是掉進茶杯裡的我們的父母

我們在淤塞的杯底撈起
去年的風景
滿山的茉莉
紛紛開落的花瓣
我們目視冷卻的河水重新沸騰
溫暖地溶開逐漸降臨的黑暗

然後我們坐在燈籠般亮起的
杯前喝茶，坐在
與夢等高的岸邊
等茶水變成河水
等群樹開花結果
直到，像我們的父母，我們也化身
成為一粒果實
一朵茶花
逸入陰影的河流

(1992)

The River of Shadows

Every day, from our teacups
flows a river of shadows.
The places spotted with lipstick marks
are the constantly vanishing
riverbanks.
A houseful of tea fragrance allures us into sleep.
What we drink may be time,
may be ourselves,
may be our parents, who have fallen into the cups.

We catch from the silty bottoms of the cups
last year's scenery:
a mountainful of jasmine,
flowers blooming and falling.
We watch the cold river boiling once again,
warmly dissolving the descending darkness.

Then we sit drinking tea from the cups that
brighten up like lanterns. We sit
on the bank as high as a dream,
waiting for the tea to turn into the river,
for the trees to blossom and bear fruit,
till we, like our parents, are incarnated
in a fruit,
a camellia,
vanishing into the river of shadows.

(1992)

魔術師

那一夜，在人潮散去的橋頭
他對我說：「孩子，所有的魔術都是真實的……」

所以那些流雲是從他胸前的手帕變出來的
那些奔跑的汽車，那些靜止的房子
他舞動一條秘密的河
一條沾滿淚水、汗溼，摺起來像夢中的鴿子
攤開來像世界地圖的白色手帕

他把攤開的手帕鋪在地上，攤開又攤開
直到所有的人都坐進來
他說：「魔術是愛，
愛一切短暫、美好，欲擁有
而不能擁有的東西。」
他從手帕裡變出一簇玫瑰
用彷彿血管似的管子把自己跟花連在一起
他要我們用刀子刺他的心
「我的心充滿愛，
你們用刀子刺我，我的血
將從那些玫瑰身上迸出來。」
我們驚慌地躲避花瓣般四濺的血
發現它們跟果醬一樣甜美

他從另一條手帕變出一副撲克牌
說我們全部都在裡面
他要我們各選一張牌，牢記號碼
再放回去。他說號碼是我們的名字
是永恆時間給我們的身分證
他熟練地洗了洗牌，每張紙牌都變成
同樣的號碼
我們面面相覷，不知道那一張
是真正的自己

The Magician

That night, on one end of the bridge after the crowd had dispersed,
he said to me, "Son, all magic arts are real..."

So, those drifting clouds were conjured out of the handkerchief on his
breast,
those running cars, those motionless houses.
He waved a secret river,
a white handkerchief stained with tears and sweat—like a dove in the
dream when folded,
and a world map when unfolded.

He spread the unfolded handkerchief over the ground, unfolding and
unfolding
until all the people were seated on it.
He said, "Magic is love,
love for all the things that are transient and beautiful, that
you want to possess but fail to."
He conjured a bunch of roses out of the handkerchief
and connected himself to the flowers with vein-like tubes.
He asked us to stab his heart with a knife.
"My heart is filled with love.
Stab the knife into me, and my blood
will spit out of those roses."
In panic we tried to keep away from the blood splashing around like petals,
yet found it as sweet as jam.

He conjured a deck of poker cards out of another handkerchief,
saying we were all in it.
He wanted each of us to pick a card, remember the number,
and put it back. He said numbers were our names,
the identity cards given to us by eternity.
He shuffled the cards skillfully until every card was turned
into the same number.
We gazed at each other amazedly, not knowing which one
was our true self.

他喜歡一切變動的事物
他把整座城市的噴水池藏在袖子裡
混合著我們的喜怒哀樂
忽然間噴出烏黑的醋
忽然間噴出鮮紅的酒
他知道太陽底下沒有新鮮事
所以他選擇在月光下表演
那些被他吞進喉嚨裡的火焰、利劍
終將成為（他打開一張報紙如是宣稱）
遠方駭人的凶殺案、大屠殺、宗教革命

他要我們仔細看，因為人生，他說
就是一場大魔術：
「只要你們肯相信，手帕也可以變飛毯！」
但有些變化太迅速
我們來不及體會前後的差異
有些變化太緩慢，需要一生一世
才看得出其中的奧秘
滄海據說會變桑田，少女
據說會變老嫗
但愛情如何吹醒死靈魂，死灰
如何燒出新生火？

那一夜，在河邊的空地上
沒有人相信腳下的手帕會載我們飛到遠方
而魔術師依舊翻弄他的手帕
一條秘密的河在他的眼裡流動

(1992)

He liked all changing things.
He hid in the sleeves all the fountains of the city,
mixed them with our joy, anger, sorrow, and delight,
now spurting black vinegar,
then spurting red wine.
He knew there was nothing new in the sun,
so he chose to perform in the moonlight.
The flames and sharp swords swallowed into his throat
would eventually turn out to be (he declared as he unfolded the
newspaper)
shocking murders, massacres, and religious revolutions far away.

He wanted us to watch carefully because life, he said,
is a great magic itself:
“As long as you believe, a handkerchief can become a flying rug!”
But some changes come too fast
for us to tell the differences,
and some so slowly that it takes a lifetime
to perceive the mystery in them.
They say an ocean may become a mulberry field, and girls
may become old women.
But how can love blow the dead soul awake, ashes
be burned into new fire?

That night, on the vacant lot by the river
no one believed the handkerchief beneath our feet would fly us to a
far-off place.
Yet the magician was still working on his handkerchief,
a secret river flowing in his eyes.

(1992)

春天

啊，世界
我們的心，又
合法而健康地淫蕩起來了

(1992)

Spring

Oh, world,
our hearts have
become legitimately and healthily lustful again.

(1992)

膀胱

我愈來愈覺得
膀胱是我們的另一顆心
顫巍巍地在醒與睡的邊緣
負擔我們先前的奢華
當原來的一顆，因白日的喧囂
夜晚的昏暗，變得疲乏困頓
它，仍然清明地
用一整個水庫的水壓提醒我們
現實的方向

用一整個水庫的重量和我們的夢
玩蹺蹺板的遊戲
把我們從混亂的深淵升舉到
暈眩的高度
讓意識與潛意識鬥爭
讓罪與罰不安地辯證著
忽高忽低，忽明忽滅
直到，受盡了拷問
我們毅然躍起
向最近的馬桶告解
在熱烈、短暫的宣洩中
痛陳我們的懺悔

膀胱，下半夜的良知
回頭浪子的見證者

(1992)

The Bladder

I feel all the more
the bladder is another heart of ours,
trembling on the verge of waking and sleeping,
burdened with our previous luxury.
When the original heart, because of the day's uproaring,
the night's duskiness, gets weary and fatigued,
it, remaining clear-headed,
reminds us of the direction of reality
with the water pressure of a whole reservoir.

With the weight of a whole reservoir it plays
seesaw games with our dreams,
lifting us from the chaotic abyss to
an altitude of dizziness,
making consciousness struggle against subconsciousness,
making crime argue uneasily with punishment.
It goes up and down, flickering and blinking,
until we, having had enough of the torment,
start up resolutely
to confess to the nearest toilet,
and in a fervent, short flush,
repent to our hearts' content.

The bladder, the conscience in the latter part of the night,
the witness of a prodigal son.

(1992)

公開的籠子

——給約翰·凱吉

你是天生的籠子
我們也是——
在命定的空間書寫我們的鳥獸誌

但你的鳥不是吃冰淇淋、棉花糖的夜鶯
你的鳥是吃螺絲釘、橡皮、木頭
吐一大堆奇妙音響的魔術鳥
敲撞包圍它的欄柵
擊碎封鎖它的玻璃
挖土機般挖掘一切被習慣
掩埋的喉嚨

也餐風飲露，把籠子
倒掛成籃子
裝風聲、水聲
裝車聲、人聲
裝蘑菇
裝寂靜

裝寂靜。像一只空虛的
螺殼
收聽所有存在的聲音

你的時鐘是十二台各說各話的收音機
你的日曆是任意排列的樂譜
你的鳥不知道什麼叫不悅耳，不知道
何者更音樂——經過工廠的卡車聲或者
經過音樂學校的卡車聲？
它享受齒輪與齒輪的咬嚼，一如它歡迎
樹與風的擁吻或鐵槌與鐵槌的對話

一隻帶著籠子飛翔的機器鳥
一顆上緊發條的意念的炸彈
用孤獨，然而清晰的心跳

An Open Cage

—for John Cage

You are a born cage,
so are we—
writing our faunas in the destined space.

But your bird is not the nightingale that eats ice cream and cotton candy;
yours is a magical bird that eats screws, rubber, wood,
spitting out piles of fantastic notes,
hitting the fence around it,
shattering the glass that blocks it,
and like excavators, digging out every throat that has been
buried by habits.

It also eats the wind, drinks dews, and hangs the cage
upside down like a basket,
filling it with sounds of wind and water,
sounds of vehicles and people,
with mushrooms,
with silence—

with silence, like an empty
conch shell
receiving all the sounds of existence.

Your clock is twelve radios telling different stories.
Your calendar is musical scores arranged at random.
To your bird nothing is discordant. It can't tell
which is more musical—the noise of a truck passing by a factory or
the noise of a truck passing by a music school.
It enjoys the biting of gears as much as it welcomes
the kisses of trees with wind or the dialogue between hammers.

A mechanical bird flying with a cage,
a wound-up bomb of notions,
you respond to the posture of falling leaves, the speed of running water

呼應落葉的姿勢，流水的速度
在眾弦爭鳴的午後，用
震耳欲聾的沈默
炸開世界

炸開世界的籠子
讓我們聽見公開的音樂

(1992)

註：約翰·凱吉(John Cage, 1912-1992)，二十世紀美國最受爭議也最具影響力的作曲家、哲學家、音樂理論家。他打破噪音與樂音的界限，強調沈默在音樂，乃至在生命中的重要，認為一切音響都是音樂。他最有名的作品是從頭到尾寂靜的《四分三十三秒》。他也是研究蘑菇的專家。Cage一字在英文的原意是鳥籠。

with lonely but clear heartbeats,
and on an afternoon when all strings contend to be heard,
blow open the world with
deafening silence—

blow open the cage of the world,
and make us hear the open music.

(1992)

Author's Note: John Cage (1912-1992), the most controversial and influential 20th-century American composer, philosopher and writer on music. Breaking off the line between noise and music, he attached much importance to silence in music as well as in life, and regarded every sound as music. His most famous work was *4'33"*, silence throughout the whole piece. He was also an expert on mushrooms.

紀念照：布農雕像



我不知道雕塑加萊市民的羅丹看到他們
會不會要他們站起來。九個布農族人
九塊頑固的石頭，並排坐在分駐所門前
鐵鍊鎖住他們的手腳，鎖不住他們的靈魂
如果巨斧敲打他們，讓他們的頭落地，成為
另一塊石頭，他們的軀幹仍將是完整的雕像
矗立在他們自己的土地上。現在，他們坐著
等候審判，等候統治者的手把他們塑成不朽：
伊卡諾社的拉馬塔顯顯和他四個兒子
坑頭社的塔羅姆和他三個弟弟（他甚至
擊殺了受日本人脅迫前來勸降的他的母親）
他們的眼睛正視前方，他們的臉龐刻著不同
發音的布農族語「莊嚴」：莊嚴的哀愁
莊嚴的冷漠，莊嚴的自由……他們是天生的石頭

(1993)

Souvenir-Photo: Statues of the Bunun



I do not know if Rodin, the sculptor of *The Burghers of Calais*, would ask them to rise at sight of them. Nine Bunun people, nine obstinate stones, sat side by side in front of the police substation. Iron chains locked their limbs, but not their souls. If their heads should be chopped off with huge axes to become other stones, their bodies would still be perfect statues standing upright on their native land. Now they were seated waiting for the trial, for the ruler to mold them into immortality: Ramata Siensien of the Ikano tribe with his four sons; Tarmu of the Kanto tribe with his three younger brothers (he even killed his mother, who came to talk him into capitulation under the Japanese's threat). Their eyes looked right ahead, carved on their faces was "dignity" pronounced differently in the Bunun language: dignified sorrow, dignified apathy, dignified freedom...They were inborn stones.

(1993)

註：這張照片是在毛利之俊昭和八年（一九三三年）出版的《東台灣展望》中看到的。昭和七年九月十九日，台東廳里瀧支廳發生轄內原住民擊斃大關山駐在所附近檜谷警察兩名、警丁一名的事件，日警大力追捕，先查獲涉嫌的坑頭社強人塔羅姆，後於十二月十九日入深山捕到主事的伊卡諾社頭目拉馬塔顯顯及其四個兒子以及塔羅姆的三個弟弟。照片中，九人赤足並坐一列。

Author's Note: This photo was found in *Outlook of Eastern Taiwan*, published by Mori Yukitoshi in 1933. Taiwan was ruled by Japan between 1895 and 1945. On September 19, 1932, at Lilong in the prefecture of Taitung, some Bunun people (indigenes of Taiwan) killed two policemen and one police assistant in Kwaigu near the Daguansan police station. The Japanese police went all out to arrest the killers: first they tracked down the suspect Taromu, an influential man of the Kanto tribe; then on December 19 they went into the mountains and caught the principal offender Ramata Siensien with his four sons as well as three younger brothers of Taromu's. On the photograph, these nine men sat side by side, barefooted.

為懷舊的虛無主義者而設的販賣機

請選擇按鍵

- 母奶 ●冷 ●熱
- 浮雲 ●大包 ●中包 ●小包
- 棉花糖 ●即溶型 ●持久型 ●纏綿型
- 白日夢 ●罐裝 ●瓶裝 ●鋁箔裝
- 炭燒咖啡 ●加鄉愁 ●加激情 ●加死亡
- 明星花露水 ●附蟲鳴 ●附鳥叫 ●原味
- 安眠藥 ●素食 ●非素食
- 朦朧詩 ●兩片裝 ●三片裝 ●噴氣式
- 大麻 ●自由牌 ●和平牌 ●鴉片戰爭牌
- 保險套 ●商業用 ●非商業用
- 陰影面紙 ●超薄型 ●透明型 ●防水型
- 月光原子筆 ●灰色 ●黑色 ●白色

(1993)

A Vending Machine for Nostalgic Nihilists

Please choose the button

- Mother's milk** ● cold ● hot
- Drifting cloud** ● large packet ● medium packet ● small packet
- Cotton candy** ● instant ● enduring ● tangled
- Daydream** ● canned ● bottled ● aluminum foil
- Charcoal coffee** ● with homesickness ● with passion ● with death
- Star perfume** ● with chirping of insects ● with twittering of birds
● original
- Sleeping pill** ● vegetarian ● non-vegetarian
- Misty poetry** ● two pieces in one ● three pieces in one
● aerosol
- Marijuana** ● *Freedom* brand ● *Peace* brand
● *Opium War* brand
- Condom** ● commercial use ● noncommercial use
- Shadow facial tissue** ● extra-thin ● transparent ● water-proof
- Moonlight ball pen** ● gray ● black ● white

(1993)

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釦
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

另一粒秘密的釦子——
像隱形的錄音機，貼在你的胸前
把你的和人類的記憶
重疊地收錄、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
黃鈕釦，用力刺入
藍色制服後面地球的心臟

(1993)

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.

(1993)

小宇宙——現代俳句一百首（選五十）

1

他刷洗他的遙控器
用兩棟大樓之間
滲透出的月光

6

快速而下行的滑奏：
有人在我童年的窗口
放了一把梯子

9

它邀請我進入電視機
在我離開的座位上
我發現一棵沒有葉子的金屬樹

14

我等候，我渴望你：
一粒骰子在夜的空碗裡
企圖轉出第七面

16

秋風中有人——
我是說，秋風中有人看到說
秋風中有人

17

巴爾托克，巴爾扎克：
我反覆用喉舌敲出
這幾個簡短有力的秘密電文

18

寂寥冬日裡的重大
事件：一塊耳屎
掉落在書桌上

50 Poems from *Microcosmos I*

1

He washes his remote control
with the moonbeams infiltrating
between two buildings.

6

A swift and downward glissando:
someone puts a ladder
against my childhood window.

9

It invites me into the TV set;
on the seat I stand up from,
I find a leafless metal tree.

14

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

16

Someone is in the autumn wind—
I mean, someone is in the autumn wind saying
someone is in the autumn wind

17

Bartok, Balzac:
I strike over and over with tongue and throat
this brief and forceful secret telegram.

18

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

21

眼淚像珍珠，不，眼淚像
銀幣，不，眼淚像
鬆落後還要縫回去的鈕釦

23

回到童年的國小接我的女兒
幾千個相同的學童同時從操場湧過來：
迷失在鏡子花園的一隻蛺蝶

26

用杯子喝你倒的茶
用杯子喝從你指間流下的
春的寒意

27

喜悅是一個洞
鑽打進物體，流出
果實般的母音

29

向死亡致敬的分列式：
散步的鞋子工作的鞋子睡眠的
鞋子舞蹈的鞋子……

30

每一條街是一條口香糖
反覆咀嚼，但
不要一次吃光

35

連結孤峰與孤峰的
是孤寂，以及
黑鳥、白鳥的目光

38

寒冷如鐵的夜裡
互相撞擊、取火的
肉體的敲打樂

21

Tears are like pearls; no, tears are like
silver coins; no, tears are like
loosened buttons to be sewed back.

23

I return to my childhood school to fetch my daughter,
thousands of similar children rush out of the playground:
a butterfly lost in the garden of mirrors.

26

From the cup I drink the tea you pour for me,
from the cup I drink the spring chill flowing down
between your fingers.

27

Joy is a hole:
tuck an object in, and out flow
fruit-like vowels.

29

A parade in honor of death:
strolling shoes working shoes sleeping
shoes dancing shoes...

30

Every street is a stick of chewing gum:
chew it repeatedly, but
don't eat it up at a mouthful.

35

What connects solitary peaks
is solitude, as well as
the glances of black birds and white birds.

38

On a night cold as iron:
the percussion music of two bodies
that strike against each other to make a fire.

45

兒童節早晨：我們遠足到
時間的岬角，等候遠足遲歸的
祖父們騎落日回來

46

寂靜的囚犯：我們用言語擊碎
透明的牆，又被迫
用呼吸夾回每一片被打破的沈默

48

除了床，我們還能選擇
什麼樣的潛水艇
自現實的大海潛入夢境？

49

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

51

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……

52

天空用海漱口，吐出白日的
雲朵；夜用星漱口
吐出你家門前的螢火蟲

53

回力球般急旋入夢，反彈
復反彈的
深夜的狗吠

54

舌是語字潮濕的根：
啊伸過來，再伸過來，成為我
乾渴的口中秘密的驚嘆號

45

Morning of Children's Day: we hike to the cape of
time, waiting for the late-returning grandfathers
to ride back, on the setting sun, from their hiking.

46

Prisoners of silence: with speech we shatter
the transparent wall, and are forced to
nip back every piece of broken silence with our breath.

48

Aside from the bed, what other submarines
can we choose
to dive from the ocean of reality into the dream?

49

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

51

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

52

The sky gargles with the ocean, spits out the day's
clouds; the night gargles with stars,
spits out the glowworms that fly before your doorway.

53

Swirling rapidly into the dream like a pelota, bouncing
and bouncing,
the midnight barking.

54

The tongue is the wet root of words:
oh, stretch forward, stretch closer, to become
a secret exclamation mark in my thirsty mouth.

55

郵票正貼：
我想貼的是一小塊你喜歡吃的
蛋糕，或者嘴唇

56

在你頸際閃耀著的是
我的目光串成的
一條項鍊

57

蛋：最優美的夢的
造型；不忍戳破的
冥想的子宮

58

打開沮喪的籠子：
飛出去空虛
飛進來虛空

60

在巨大混亂的世界迷宮
唯一憑藉不至於走失的，也許是
你給的小小的肉體的地圖

61

母親的藍絲巾：
夏夜深奧
而潮濕的星空

62

「草和鐵銹誰跑得更快？」
春雨後，廢棄的鐵道旁
有人問我

63

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

55

Paste the stamp right here:
what I'd like to paste is a piece of your favorite
cake, or lips.

56

Glittering around your neck is
a necklace
strung with my glances.

57

An egg: the most delicate mode of
dream; the womb of meditation
you can't bear to pierce through.

58

Opening the cage of depression:
out flies emptiness,
in flies the void.

60

In the chaotic huge maze of the world
the only support to keep from getting lost may be
the tiny flesh map you offer.

61

Mother's blue silk handkerchief:
the profound and damp starry sky of
summer night.

62

"Which runs faster, grass or dust?"
after a spring shower, beside a deserted railway,
someone asked me.

63

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

64

頭蓋大對獎：
集滿「生老病死」四字
兌換最新戀愛指南一冊

66

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

67

靜默的豆漿：日復一日
從我的碗流到我的體內的
空白的音樂

68

輕輕扭轉——啊，我惟恐
子夜，從水龍頭流出的，除了
水還有嬰兒的哭聲……

69

夜橫在那兒像一把梳子：
梳我體內毛髮半禿的
樹林嗎？秋天

70

打開燈，打開
囚禁在牆壁與傢具間的
逝者的眼睛

74

她不是瘋婦；她是
一次次企圖用銳利的笑聲剖腹
生出千千萬萬痛苦的戲劇女高音

76

涼鞋走四季：你看到——
踏過黑板、灰塵，我的兩隻腳
寫的自由詩嗎？

64

The lottery of skulls:
with the four words—Life, Age, Sickness, Death,
you may have the latest Lover's Manual in exchange.

66

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

67

Silent soybean milk: day after day
from my bowl to my body flows
the blank music.

68

Turn gently—oh, I fear
out of the midnight faucet might come
a baby's crying other than water...

69

Night lies there crosswise like a comb:
to comb the half-bare woods
in my body? Autumn.

70

Turn on the light, turn on
the eyes of the dead, which are imprisoned
between the wall and the furniture.

74

She isn't insane; she is a dramatic soprano
trying time after time to cut her belly open with sharp laughter
to give birth to huge amounts of suffering.

76

Sandals throughout the seasons: do you see
the free verse my two feet write, treading
upon the blackboard, upon the dust?

77

他們常常在按摩院門外
拉兩條繩子，舉行
大小毛巾們的手語演講比賽

79

啊，波特萊爾
何其寬廣舒適的
感覺的沙發

86

我是人
我是幽暗天地中
用完即丟棄的一粒打火機

87

石榴，在雨中
潮濕地綠著
彷彿有話要說

90

激烈的愛帶來的愉快的傷亡：
我流失了五箱葡萄柚的汗汁
你折斷了二十一根頭髮

91

我喜歡你留下來的購物袋：
我用它裝新寫好的俳句，檸檬餅
雨後山色

94

啊，合唱的盲者
他們的臉是比樂聲更動人的
不協和和弦

95

死硬派的軟體動物：
寄居在褲襠裡，不時出來示威
逞強的一隻無殼蝸牛。

77

Outside the massage house they often
stretch two ropes across, to hold
a speech contest of sign language for towels of all sizes.

79

Oh, Baudelaire,
how broad and comfortable
a sofa of senses!

86

I am man,
I am a disposable lighter
in the dark universe.

87

A pomegranate, wet and green
in the rain,
seems to have something to say.

90

Violent love brought about pleasant injury:
I perspired the sweat equivalent to five boxes of grapefruit,
you had twenty-one hairs broken.

91

I like the shopping bag you left behind:
I carry in it the newly-written haiku, lemon cake,
the mountain scenes after the rain.

94

Oh, the blind men's chorus:
their faces are discordant chords
far more touching than their harmonious voices.

95

An obstinate mollusk: lodging inside
the crotch of trousers, out sometimes for a demonstration,
a pompous shell-less snail.

97

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。

98

它們也許在談論
落日——屋頂上
那些交頭接耳的天線。

99

忽強忽弱的迴旋曲：
虛無共和國的抽水馬桶又在演奏
它們含糊不清的國歌……

(1993)

97

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

98

They might be gossiping about
the setting sun—the whispering
TV antennae on the roof.

99

A rondo now forte now piano:
the flush toilets of the nihilistic republic are playing
again their mumbling national anthem...

(1993)

秋歌

當親愛的神用突然的死
測驗我們對世界的忠貞
我們正坐在夏天與秋天尾巴結成的鞦韆
企圖盪過一堵傾斜了的經驗的牆
向迎面而來的風借一只別針

而如果突然，我們緊握住的手
在暮色中鬆開了
我們勢必要抓住奔跑中的平原的身體
向無邊界的遠方大聲說出我們的
顏色，氣味，形狀

像一棵用抽象的存在留下簽名的樹
我們陸續解下樹葉與樹葉的衣裳
解下過重的喜悅，欲望，思想
成為一隻單純的風箏
別在所愛的人的胸前

一隻單純而美的昆蟲別針
在黑暗的夢裡翻飛
在抽走淚水與耳語的記憶裡攀爬
直到，再一次，我們發現愛的光與
孤寂的光等輕，而漫漫長日，只是

漫漫長夜的孿生兄弟

我們於是更甘心坐在夏天與秋天
交尾而成的鞦韆上，甘心修補
一堵傾圮了的感情的牆
當親愛的神用突然的死
測驗我們對世界的忠貞

(1993)

Autumn Song

When dear God uses sudden death
to test our loyalty to the world,
we are sitting on a swing woven of the tails of summer and autumn,
trying to swing over a tilting wall of experience
to borrow a brooch from the wind that blows in our faces.

But if all of a sudden our tightly clenched hands
should loosen in the dusk,
we have to hold on to the bodies of galloping plains,
speaking out loud to the boundless distance about our
colors, smells, shapes.

Like a tree signing its name with abstract existence,
we take off the clothes of leaves one after another,
take off the overweight joy, desire, thoughts,
and turn ourselves into a simple kite
to be pinned on the breasts of our beloved:

a simple but pretty insect brooch,
flying in the dark dream,
climbing in the memory devoid of tears and whispers
till, once more, we find the light of love is
as light as the light of loneliness, and the long day is but

the twin brother of the long night.

Therefore, we sit all the more willingly on a swing
interwoven of summer and autumn, and willingly mend
the tilting wall of emotion
when dear God uses sudden death
to test our loyalty to the world.

(1993)

一茶

於是我知道
什麼叫做一杯茶的時間

在擁擠嘈雜的車站大樓
等候逾時未至的那人
在冬日的苦寒中出現
一杯小心端過來的，滿滿的
熱茶
小心地加上糖，加上奶
輕輕攪拌
輕輕啜飲

你隨手翻開行囊中
那本短小的一茶俳句集：
「露珠的世界；然而
在露珠裡——爭吵……」
這嘈雜的車站是露珠裡的
露珠，滴在
愈飲愈深的奶茶裡

一杯茶
由熱而溫而涼
一些心事
由詩而夢而人生
如果在古代——
在章回小說或武俠小說的
世界——
那是在一盞茶的工夫
俠客拔刀殲滅圍襲的惡徒
英雄銷魂顛倒於美人帳前

而時間在現代變了速
約莫過了半盞茶的工夫
你已經喝光一杯金香奶茶
一杯茶
由近而遠而虛無
久候的那人姍姍來到
問你要不要再來一杯茶

(1993)

A Cup of Tea

And then I know
what the time for a cup of tea means.

I waited in the crowded and noisy station building
for the one who was late for the appointment
to appear on the bitterly cold winter day.
I carefully held a full cup of
hot tea,
carefully added to it sugar and milk,
stirring gently,
sipping gently.

You casually opened the slim collection
of Issa's haiku that you had in your luggage:
"A world of dew; yet
within the dewdrops—quarrels..."
This crowded station was a dewdrop within
a dewdrop, dropped
in the tea deeper with every sip.

A cup of tea,
at first hot, turned warm, and then cold.
Things on my mind
ranged from poetry to dreams to reality.
In ancient times—
in the world of Chinese serial novels or
tales of chivalry—
it would be the time for a cup of tea,
in which a swordsman drew his sword wiping out the besieging rascals,
and a hero was enraptured and enchanted before the bed of a fair lady.

But modern time has changed its speed.
Within about the time for half a cup of tea,
you drank up a cup of golden fragrant tea.
A cup of tea
going from far to near and then into nothingness.
The one for whom you had waited long finally appeared
and asked if you would like one more cup of tea.

(1993)

晨間藍

在黑夜的白與白日的黑之間
你慈悲地給我晨間的藍
輾轉不可得的你的藍內衣
隨風揚起的你的藍髮帶

你慈悲地給我憂鬱的色塊
掩蓋一夜無眠的心的空白
你慈悲地給我潮濕的靈魂
溶化接踵而至的白日的黑暗

你是一隻藍色的羊
反覆奔跑於夢的邊境
用藍色、多毛的陰影抵觸我的思想
壓迫我的呼吸
讓我渴望你的藍眼圈
讓我期盼你的藍舌頭

在一吞一吐間迸裂的藍海浪
讓我在潮退的沙灘
撿拾你遺落的藍項鍊
圈集你流失的藍乳暈

讓我用僅存的你的唾液為海
為地中海
在白日與黑夜巨大的陸塊間
守護一線蔚藍海岸

啊，邪惡的女神，晨間的主

(1994)

Morning Blue

Between the whiteness of the night and the darkness of the day,
you mercifully give me the morning blue,
your blue underwear, which is sought everywhere in vain,
your blue hair ribbon, which is raised with the wind.

You mercifully give me color blocks of melancholy
to cover the empty heart that stays awake the whole night;
you mercifully give me moist soul
to melt the darkness of the day that follows in no time.

You are a blue sheep
running to and fro on the border of the dream.
With blue, hairy shadow you contradict my thought,
oppress my breath,
make me long for your blue eye rims,
and look forward to your blue tongue—

the blue waves that break at each swallow and spit.
You leave me on the beach at the ebb tide,
picking up your lost blue necklace,
collecting your runaway blue mammary areolas.

You make me take the remainder of your saliva as the ocean,
as the Mediterranean,
and guard the narrow strip of the blue coast
between the huge continents of day and night.

Oh, goddess of evil, master of the morning.

(1994)

夜間魚

在夜間，我變成了一條魚
一個因一無所有突然富有、自由起來的
兩棲類

虛無？是的
虛無一如浩瀚的太空
我泅游在比你的陰道還濕還黑的夜裡
像一個四海為家的人

是的，宇宙是我的城市
從我們任何一座市立游泳池往下望
歐羅巴只不過是一塊乾癟的豬肉
而亞細亞正像是臭水溝旁的破茶碗

去裝你們的甜蜜親情吧
裝你們倫理、道德的白開水
裝你們隔天換一次的洗澡水

我是一個一無所有又一無所懼的
兩棲類
棲息在浩瀚的宇宙
棲息在你日日夜夜的夢裡

一個櫛風沐雨的沐浴者

大條大條地游過你的天空
游過你無所逃遁的生死死

你還要誇耀你的自由嗎？

來吧，體認一條魚
體認一條，因你的棄絕，突然富有
自由起來的太空魚

(1994)

Nocturnal Fish

In the night I turn into a fish,
an amphibian
suddenly becoming rich and free because of having nothing.

Emptiness? Yes,
as empty as the vast space,
I swim in the night darker than your vagina
like a cosmopolitan.

Yes, the universe is my city.
Seen from any of our city swimming pools above,
Europe is but a piece of dry and shrunken pork,
and Asia a broken tea bowl by the stinking ditch.

Go fill it with your sweet familial love,
fill it with your pure water of ethics and morality,
fill it with your bathing water which is replaced every other day.

I am an amphibian
having nothing and having nothing to fear.
I perch in the vast universe;
I perch in your daily and nightly dreams.

A bather bathed by the rain and combed by the wind.

I swim across your sky swaggeringly,
across the death and life that you can never escape.

Do you still boast of your freedom?

Come, and appreciate a fish,
appreciate a space fish that suddenly becomes rich
and free, because of your forsaking.

(1994)

腹語課

惡勿物務誤悟錫塢鶯務噁吻薑甌瘡迺埒芴
軌杙鶯聖沕迺選銻硯物阢軌焮焮焮焮
(我是溫柔的……)

叭扒焮焮焮焮阢物硯銻選迺沕鶯聖杙軌
芴埒迺瘡甌薑吻噁務鶯塢錫悟誤務物勿惡
(我是溫柔的……)

惡餓俄鄂厄遏鏢扼鱷龔餒辭蛩搨圖軫猥猥
顎呃愕噩輒阢鵝聖諤蚯硯硯硯鑼鑼吸壻扼齶
尊尊啞嶸搯諮闕頰竭竭頰闕諮搯啞尊尊
齶扼壻吸鑼鑼硯硯蚯諤聖鵝阢輒噩愕呃顎
猥軫圖搨蛩辭餒龔鱷扼鏢遏厄鄂俄餓 (而且善良……)

(1994)

A Lesson in Ventriloquy

a a l a a a a a @ a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
(I am gentle...)

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
(I am gentle...)

u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u
u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u
u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u
u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u
u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u u
(and kind...)

(1994)

秋風吹下

——給李可染

秋風吹下新愁
以及故國的頭顱……

秋風，在世紀末的
台北夏日街頭
蓮花池與小鋼珠店之間
一個剛剛步出歷史博物館的
中年男子，揮汗如雨
猶夾帶你畫作裡黑滿重亮的
墨味，想起二十年前
在一本精裝進口的外文書裡
第一次撞及你磅礴淋漓的山水
無盡江山入畫圖
就在剛才博物館東邊的牆上
那山，那水，那一模一樣的帆影
匕首般戳進剛剛倒掉歷史課本的
胸膛。一個看慣香蕉綠與
稻穗黃的大學生
忽然在新買的外文書裡
翻出朦朧的江南春雨
翻出一陣秋風

秋風吹下紅雨來
在一本外國製的中國畫冊
那霜葉，飛過蟹行的字母
一片片直排在我的心上
我是被笛聲埋葬的牧童，在你的
畫裡。秋風吹下紅雨來
在一遍遍死去又復活的
舊夢的版圖，疏柳
輕掛新綠，梅花
風吹成春
在藕斷絲連的禁忌的年代
偷偷看你在純白的紙上

The Autumn Wind Blows

—for Li Ke-ran

The autumn wind blows down new sorrow
and the skull of the fatherland...

The autumn wind, on a summer street in Taipei,
at the end of the century,
between the water lily pond and a pachinko house,
a middle-aged man, having just stepped out of the History
Museum, is dripping wet with sweat
which still smells of the shining black ink
in your paintings. He recalls to mind twenty years ago
when, in an imported hardback book in English,
he first bumped into your subtly magnificent landscape,
The Boundless Landscape is Absorbed in the Picture,
which is now hanging right on the eastern wall of the museum.
Those mountains, those waters, the same images of sail
were stamped, like a stab, in his chest just rid of
history textbooks. A college student accustomed to
the banana green and the rice yellow,
he casually opened the newly-bought book in English
to the vague scene of spring rain south of the Yangtze River,
to a gust of autumn wind.

The Autumn Wind Blows Down the Red Rain.

In a foreign-made Chinese painting album,
those frosty leaves, flying over the laterally-moving letters,
were printed vertically one by one in my heart.
I was the shepherd boy buried in the music of the flute, in your
paintings. The autumn wind blows down the red rain
on the territory of old dreams which die and revive
repeatedly. Sparse willows
are hung with new leaves; plum blossoms
are blown into spring.
In an age of taboos,
I peeped at you, who, on pure white paper,

以怯弱的膽，以堅忍的魂
讓萬山紅遍層林盡染

是可染，孰不可染？
毛主席詞意也罷
為祖國河山立傳也罷
你知道你要的是不斷
超越的創作
你用力打破故國頭顱
為了給山水新的魂魄
廢畫三千，活命一條
你讓山水在自己身上活下來
文革，武鬥，下放，批判
統治者用草木皆兵的恫嚇
統治藝術
你用皆兵的草木，如削
如劈的筆墨解放政治
解放如此多麗的江山

是可染，孰不可染？
染每一草，每一木
在每一山，每一水
你給如畫的河山
新的畫，牧童牛背
秋風紅雨
你給多愁的秋天新的愁

世紀末，在夏日街頭
蓮花池與小鋼珠店之間
一個剛剛步出歷史博物館的
中年男子，揮汗如雨
仰頭迎接一陣
突如其來的秋風
他抓緊差一點掉下的
大甲草帽
彷彿那是一顆新的頭顱
桂林山水大甲天下

dyed the woods in the mountains totally red
with timid guts and persevering soul.

To dye, or not to dye?
Whether it be an inspiration from Chairman Mao's poem
or an attempt to write biographies for the landscape of the native country,
you knew you were aiming at
ever-transcending creativity.
You broke the skull of the fatherland forcefully
to endow the landscape with new souls.
Three thousand abandoned paintings, one living life.
You made the landscape survive in you.
Cultural Revolution, armed strife, banishment, denouncement.
With threats under which even plants were taken for enemy troops
the ruler ruled over art.
With army-like grass and trees, with
knife-sharp brushes and ink, you liberated politics,
liberated such a beautiful land.

To dye, or not to dye?
Dyeing every grass, every tree
in every mountain, every water,
you gave the picturesque landscape
new pictures: shepherd boys on buffalo's backs,
autumn wind with red rain.
You gave the sorrowful autumn new sorrow.

At the end of the century, on a summer street
between the water lily pond and a pachinko house,
a middle-aged man, having just stepped out of the History
Museum, is dripping wet with sweat.
Looking up, he is greeted by
a sudden gust of autumn wind.
He holds tight the Dajia straw hat
which comes near being blown away,
as if it were a new skull.
"The Landscape of Guilin, the World of Dajia":

他想起這樣一則房屋廣告，在
忽然混淆的鄉愁和
紛紛吹下的紅雨裡

(1994)

註：「秋風吹下紅雨來」、「無盡江山入畫圖」、「萬山紅遍層林盡染」
等均為李可染（1907-1989）畫題，前者為石濤詩，後者為毛澤東詞。
「為祖國河山立傳」、「廢畫三千」為李可染印語。

a real estate advertisement occurs to him
in the nostalgia which gets mixed up all of a sudden, and
in the red rain which is blown down ceaselessly.

(1994)

Author's Note: The Autumn Wind Blows Down the Red Rain (quoted from Shi Tao, a Chinese painter of Ming Dynasty), *The Boundless Landscape is Absorbed in the Picture*, and *Dye the Woods in the Mountains Totally Red* (quoted from Mao Tse-tung) are titles of the paintings of Li Ke-ran (1907-1989). "Write biographies for the landscape of the native country" and "Three thousand abandoned paintings" are the contents of two of his seals.

島嶼之歌

——給台灣的孩子

島嶼的名字叫台灣，
台灣是一塊調色盤：
不同形狀的舌頭，
吐出不同顏色的聲音，
攪拌成色彩豐富的美麗島。

你塗上紅紅的雅美話：
紅頭嶼，在海上，
捕魚，造船，種水芋。
齊努力庫蘭——
這是十人坐的雕紋船；
米卡禮雅克——
這是工作房落成的歌；
你看婦女們在沙灘，
甩動長髮如海浪，
一邊跳舞一邊唱，
多美妙的瓦拉欽基雅噶蘭。

我塗上藍藍的阿美話：
「乍拜」是耳墜，
「答答日斯」是指環，
麵包樹的果實叫「巴幾魯」。
工作時我們唱歌，
歡聚時我們唱歌，
日以繼夜，牽手為
豐年祭跳舞。
你們的眼淚是我們的「魯所」，
「里巴哈庫」的歌聲
使我們成為「以浪」——
「以浪」是朋友，
「里巴哈庫」是快樂。

Song of the Island

— for the Children of Taiwan

Taiwan is the name of the island.
It is also a palette:
tongues of different shapes
roll out voices of different hues and
blend to become the colorful Formosa.

In red Yami language you paint:
Orchid Island, on the sea,
fishing, building boats, planting calla.
Cinedkeran—
a carved canoe that seats ten people.
Mikariag—
a song for inaugurating a workhouse.
You see women on the beach
fling their hair like waves.
They dance and sing
the fabulous *valacingi a ganam*.

In blue Amis language I paint:
capay, “earring,”
tatamus, “ring,”
“fruit of bread tree,” *facidol*.
When we work, we sing;
when we party, we sing,
day into night, we hold hands
and dance at the Harvest Festival.
Your “tear” is our *lusa*.
Lipahak singing
makes us *widang*—
widang means “friend,”
lipahak is “happy.”

他塗上金黃的布農話：
「薄安」是月亮，
「巴列」是太陽，
哥因、斯依、白所、過魯阿——
連起來就是金、銀、銅、鐵。
哈米散是冬天，
民哈米散是秋天，
達拉巴魯是夏天，
民達拉巴魯是春天。
你聽他們在那邊唱「帕西佈佈」，
祈禱小米又豐收，
圓滿和諧的和聲好像瀑布，
又好像是彩虹——
哈尼巴魯巴魯——掛天空。

美麗的聲音，美麗的島，
美麗的色彩，美麗的畫。
讓我們解開打結的舌頭，
讓五顏六色的母音一起畫畫：

閩南話，客家話，
山東，山西，河北話……
泰雅話，卑南話，
魯凱，鄒，邵，賽夏，排灣話；
巴埔轆，洪雅，巴布薩，
巴宰海，道卡斯，西拉雅，
噶瑪蘭，凱達格蘭……

美麗的聲音，美麗的島，
美麗的台灣，美麗的話。

(1994)

註：瓦拉欽基雅噶蘭，蘭嶼雅美族（達悟族）婦女的甩頭髮舞之歌。帕西佈佈，布農族有名的祈禱小米豐收歌。巴埔轆、洪雅、巴布薩，為平埔族名稱。

In yellow Bunun language he paints:
buan, “moon,”
vali, “sun,”
kiing, *sui*, *maza*, and *n-gula*—
strung together are “gold,” “silver,” “bronze,” and “iron.”
Hamisan is “winter,”
minhamisan is “autumn,”
talabal is “summer,” and
mintalabal, “spring.”
You hear them sing *pasibutbut* over there,
praying for another big millet crop.
The full, harmonious chorus is like a waterfall
and a rainbow—
hanivalval—hanging in the sky.

Beautiful sounds, beautiful island,
beautiful colors, beautiful picture.
Let us loosen our knotted tongues
and let any syllables become
an easel, a bowl’s colorful paints,

speaking in Minnan, Hakka,
in the dialects of Shandong, Shanxi, and Hebei,
in Atayal, Puyuma,
Rukai, Tsou, Thao, Saisiyat, Paiwan,
Papora, Hoanya, Babuza,
Bazeh, Taokas, Siraya,
Kavalan, Ketagalan...

Beautiful sounds, beautiful island,
beautiful Taiwan, beautiful languages.

(1994)

Author’s note: *Valacingi a ganam* is the song of the hair-flinging dance by Yami women on Orchid Island, located southeast off the Taiwan coast. *Pasibutbut* is a well-known prayer song for millet harvest by the Bunun people.

[E.W.]

花蓮港街·一九三九

——那不只是一條街，
那是一個城市，一種氣質……

我站立的位置在野球場的右外野
花崗山公園，這個嫻靜如少女的小城
微微隆起的胸部。大阪商船株式會社的
貴州丸從海上緩緩駛進新築的港口
兩個高等女學校的學生唱著校歌
從昭和紀念館旁的公會堂走出來
「お早う！」向她們問好的是
在花蓮港中學校擔任英語教師和學級
主任的土田一雄先生。「お早う！」
他把腳踏車停在網球場旁邊的樹下
（他是中學校校友會的庭球部長）
步上表忠碑台階遠眺閃亮如鏡的太平洋
他的家鄉在遙遠的福島，同樣閃亮
如鏡的大海。那海的藍和天的藍
似曾相識，但他無法逆知此際停駐
頭上的浮雲會駛向何處，一如他無法
逆知他所住的面海的中學校宿舍
十年後會變成青島來的綦老師的家
而教地理的綦老師在擔任十五年的導師
之後會教到一個，跟他一樣在這個
小城擔任英語教師，喜歡寫詩，聽音樂
並且不時到花崗山上看海的學生

我站立的位置在小城微微隆起的胸部
乳臭未乾的尋常高等小學校學生
三三兩兩，在山腳下校門外的路邊撿拾
落葉。他們知道繞著花崗山和這條
朝日通相交的是從海濱一路過來的
入船通，而接連入船通的是最繁華的
春日通：春の日や水さへあれば暮残り
他們不知道在春天，有水的地方就有
暮色存在。他們知道春日通出去是通往

Karenko Town, 1939

—*That isn't just a street.*
That is a city, a disposition...

I am standing in the right field of the baseball park.
Mt. Huagang Park: the slightly swelling bosom of the town, refined as a young lady. *Kishu Maru* of Osaka Commercial Shipping Company slowly enters the new dock from the sea. Two students of the girls' senior high school are singing their school song when Mr. Tsuchida Kazuo, English teacher and form master at Karenko Boys' Senior High School, comes out from the City Hall next to Showa Memorial House. "Ohayo!" he greets them. "Ohayo!" He puts his bicycle under the tree by the tennis court (he is the tennis team leader of the school's alumni association), goes up the terrace of the war memorial monument, and looks out to the Pacific, sparkling as a mirror. His hometown is the faraway Fukushima, on the same ocean, the same sparkling mirror. The shades of ocean and sky seem familiar, but he can't forecast where the clouds that rest above him will be heading, just as he can't predict that the ocean-facing school quarters where he lives will, in ten years, be home to Mr. Qi from Qingdao, China. Teaching Geography, Mr. Qi will have been a teacher for fifteen years by the time he teaches a student who, like him, becomes an English teacher in this town, loves writing poems, enjoys music, and often watches the ocean on Mt. Huagang.

I am standing on the slightly swelling bosom of the town. Junior high school students, wet behind the ears, gather in two's or three's outside the school entrance at the foot of the hill, picking leaves on the street. They know the street that goes around Mt. Huagang and intersects with this Asahi Street is Irifune Street, which extends from the coast, and the street that connects Irifune is the most prosperous Kasuga Street: *Spring glitters wherever there is water, even when the sun has set.* They don't know that in spring, any place that has water captures twilight. They know that Kasuga

阿美族蕃社的高砂通，是筑紫橋所在的筑紫橋通，每天早上，吉野移民村的內地少女戴著草帽，牽著牛車到市街販賣蔬菜他們知道吉野一號米是天皇的最愛知道高砂通，筑紫橋通和火車站所在的黑金通是這個發育中的小城明顯的骨盆他們的老師告訴他們這個名叫花蓮港街的小城即將由街升為市，但他們的老師沒有告訴他們新年後的一場大火將燒毀他們經常去看電影和話劇的筑紫館劇場沒有告訴他們，這色彩鮮明的三條大街有一天會隨著他們的離去被整形為鐵三角的中華路，中正路，中山路

我站立的位置在時間大街的彎處
過去，現在與未來的聲音如波浪翻疊
止息於徐徐伸出去的港的臂彎
這個嫵靜如少女的小城優雅羞怯的
最初的擁抱。如鏡的海面在颱風來時
轉大浪，轉怒濤，又轉為如鏡的海面
地震帶來海嘯的謠傳，帶來多愁善感的
酒客與詩人：江山樓在稻住通，君の家
在福住通。但懷憂喪志是沒有的
你看，砂婆礫溪如何從薪柴甚多的七腳川山
東麓集水東南趨，出谷入平原，拓寬成
沖積扇，呈網狀流路，分歧為二，於米崙山
西麓南端再度匯合，穿花蓮港街而注於海
你看，天空如何孕育電線，電線如何孕育
電線桿，電線桿如何孕育電流，聲波
交會於思念眼前如思念遠方的此時此地：
產婆牧野茂電話四四六番，御料里東家
電話一五四番，御旅館常盤館電話二四〇、
五二九番，惠比須屋電話三三三番（市場內
出張所三五四番），花蓮港木材株式會社
電話一六、一四五、二〇〇番，東海
自動車運輸株式會社電話四二五番……

reaches Takasago Street, which is the way to Amis tribal village, and leads to Tsukushi Bridge on Tsukushi Bridge Street. Every morning in Yoshino Immigrant Village, teenage girls in straw hats take their ox carts to the market to sell produce. They know that Yoshino Number One Rice is the Japanese emperor's favorite, and that Takasago Street, Tsukushi Bridge Street, and the train station's Black Gold Street form a prominent pelvis of this blossoming town. Their teacher tells them, this small place called Karenko Town will soon be upgraded from town to city. But their teacher doesn't tell them that a blaze after the New Year will burn down their movie and drama hangout, the Tsukushi Theater; that these three colorful streets will, one day, following their departure, be remolded into the iron triangle of Zhonghua Road, Zhongzheng Road, and Zhongshan Road.

I am standing at a bend on the avenue of Time.

The sounds of past, present, and future roll up like waves, stopping only in the slowly stretching arms of the port.

Like a refined young lady, the graceful and reserved town has its first embrace. When a typhoon comes, the mirror-like ocean swells and roars, then recovers its mirror surface.

Earthquakes bring rumors of tsunami as well as sentimental drinkers and poets: River Mountain House on Inazumi Street, Kiminoya Tavern on Fukuzumi Street. But they are neither apprehensive nor despondent. Look, how Sabado River gathers water at the eastern foot of timber-laden Cikasuan Mountain, and charges southeast through the valleys to the plains, spreading an alluvial fan where the watercourse forms a network and bifurcates, only to merge at the western foot of Milun Mountain, traverse Karenko Town, and enter the ocean. Look, how the sky breeds power cables, how power cables breed power poles, how power poles breed electric currents. Sound waves intersect at this time and place where longing for the immediate is like longing for the faraway: Midwife Makino Shigeru, phone #446; Azumaya Restaurant, #154; Tokiwa Inn, #240, #529; Ebisu House, #333 (market branch, #354); Karenko Timber Company, #16, #145, #200; Tokai Automotive Transportation Company, #425...

我站立的位置在閃亮的大海幽深的
鏡底，擱淺的歷史，溺斃的傳說
由倒影構築的迷宮，由回聲映現的真實
這個嫵靜如少女的小城如何啟齒向你
述說她的苦惱，她的慾望，她的驕傲
如何逐漸成熟而為一少婦，接納
不同的唇包容不同的血，如何閱人無數
而始終又是一本完整，全新的鏡書？
這個嫵靜如少女的小城需要一座溫柔
堅毅的燈塔，勃起於閃亮如鏡的海面
勃起於記憶甦醒的位置

(1994)

註：花蓮港街，即今之花蓮市，明治四十二年（一九〇九年）日人置花蓮港廳，時稱花蓮港區，大正九年（一九二〇年）升格為街，昭和十五年（一九四〇年）升格為花蓮港市。花崗山公園邊有兩所學校，一為花蓮港高等女學校（今之花蓮女中），一為日人就讀之花蓮港尋常高等小學校（今易為我任教的花崗國中）。朝日通光復後改名軒轅路，入船通改為五權街，春日通改為復興街。江山樓與君の家均當時酒樓名。吉野即今之吉安，原稱七腳川，譯自阿美族之「知卡宜」，其義為薪柴甚多之地。砂婆礑溪今名美崙溪。詩中出現之電話號碼參見毛利之俊《東台灣展望》（一九三三年）。「春の日や水さへあれば暮残り」（可譯為「在春天／有水的地方／就有暮色流連」）為小林一茶俳句。

I am standing on the bottom of the sparkling sea, profound,
mirror-like—histories run aground, legends drowned,
a labyrinth built with reflections, a reality expressed through
echoes. How would this town, refined like a young lady,
speak out her anguish, her desire, her pride; how would she
gradually mature into a young woman, accept different lips,
absorb different bloods; how is she to read countless people
while remaining a complete, brand new mirror book?
This town, refined as a young lady, needs a tender,
persisting lighthouse that erects on the sparkling mirror of
the sea, that erects where memory awakens.

(1994)

Author's Note: Karenko Town is present-day Hualien. In 1909, the Japanese colonial government in Taiwan established the Karenko Prefecture (now Hualien County). At that time, Karenko Town was a district. It was upgraded to a town in 1920 and to a city in 1940. Next to Mt. Huagang Park were two schools, Karenko Girls' Senior High School (now Hualien Girls' Senior High School) and, for admission of Japanese students, Karenko Primary School (now Huagang Junior High School, where I used to teach). After Taiwan's retrocession, Asahi Street was renamed Xuanyuan Road, Irifune Street was changed to Wuquan Street, and Kasuga (=Spring Day) Street became Fuxing Street. Yoshino, present-day Jian Town, was originally known as Cikasuan, which means "land abundant in timber" in the Amis dialect. Sabado River is present-day Meilun River. The telephone numbers in the poem come from Mori Yukitoshi's *Outlook of Eastern Taiwan* (1933). "Ohayo!" means "Good morning!". "Spring glitters wherever there is water, even when the sun has set" comes from a haiku by Kobayashi Issa—"春の日や水さへあれば暮残り" (*Haru no hi ya mizu sae areba kure nokori*).

[E.W.]

獵像者

——紀念凱文·卡特

如果遠方有戰爭，持步槍、長矛
斧頭的黑棋，和全副武裝的白棋
在街頭肉搏混戰，如果一顆棋子
倒地，哀嚎，鮮血四濺
以相機為槍的獵者啊，你如何
快步移位，停止呼吸，扣扳機般
按下快門，在死亡尚未離席前補上
一槍，及時獵取它最動人的圖像

如果遠方有饑餓，赤裸乾癟的人類
相擁於荒野，等候血與淚的聖餐
餵養他們的軀體，如果一名女童
頹然倒下，頭觸大地，一隻兀鷹
在她身後虎視眈眈等待屍肉
以慈悲為懷的獵者啊，你如何
緩緩移步，強忍自責，小心不驚動
覓食的兀鷹，不破壞畫面的完整
為了給世人真實而哀痛的藝術

如果遠方有戰爭，道德與藝術
良知與職責，如果一塊活生生的
腐肉上死亡的蒼蠅與美的蒼蠅
同時飛聚，坐在書房裡閱覽世界的
詩人啊，你如何揮動刻度迥異的
現實與美感的拍子，如何絞緊苦難
與熱情的發條，讓果實鬆弛流出
汁液，你如何以語字的圖像沖洗
悲劇的圖像，如何以矛盾的悲憫
化解悲憫的矛盾？

(1994)

The Image Hunter

—in memory of Kevin Carter

If there is a war far away, and the black chessmen
carrying rifles, spears, and axes fight hand to hand against the fully
armed white chessmen on the street, if a chessman
falls down, wails, blood splashing around,
how will you, a hunter whose camera serves as a gun,
make quick movements, hold your breath, and push the camera
shutter as if triggering a gun to give another shot before
death departs, and hunt its most touching image in time?

If there is starvation far away, and naked and skinny humans
embrace one another in the wilderness, awaiting Lord's supper
of blood and tears to feed their bodies, if a girl
falls weakly, head on earth, with a vulture behind her
waiting for the corpse with cruel greed,
merciful hunter, how will you
move slowly, restrain the sense of guilt, cautiously avoid disturbing
the food-seeking vulture and spoiling the perfection of the picture
so as to present the world with true and grievous art?

If there is a war far away, morality and art,
conscience and duty, if the mosquitoes of death and of beauty
gather simultaneously on a living lump of
rotten flesh, poets who sit in the study reading about
the world, how will you wave the swats of reality and aesthetics
which have so very different graduations, how will you wind the springs
of suffering and passion, making fruit slack enough to flow out
juice, how will you develop the images of tragedy
with the pictures of words, how will you reconcile the contradictory
compassion with the compassionate contradiction?

(1994)

註：凱文·卡特 (Kevin Carter)，一九六〇年生，南非攝影記者。一九九四年五月，以一張即將餓斃為兀鷹所食的蘇丹女童照片（刊載於一九九三年三月紐約時報）獲頒普立茲新聞特寫攝影獎。得獎後卡特頗遭批判，謂其以別人的不幸換取鏡頭。一九九四年七月，卡特以一氧化碳自殺身亡，遺言：「很遺憾，生命終究是苦多於樂。」



Author's Note: Kevin Carter was a South African photojournalist born in 1960. In May, 1994, a picture of a Sudanese girl who was on the verge of dying of starvation and becoming the prey of vultures (printed in *New York Times*, March 1993) won him the Pulitzer Prize for feature photography. Being awarded, Carter was criticized for capturing the scene at the cost of others' misfortune. In July, 1994, Carter killed himself with carbon monoxide. His last words were, "It's a pity that in life pain prevails over joy after all."



走索者

如今我接續的是，掉在空中，你們的笑聲
你們的笑聲。透過隱隱顫抖的網
如果丟過來的是一個比屋頂還大的球呢？
那會使你們突然憂鬱起來嗎？
一個像地球一樣球，把沒有栓緊的島嶼，湖泊
（像鬆了螺絲釘的獨輪車）傾倒在你的臉上

那些紫黑的瘀傷是與山脈的碰撞
比鐵輪還堅硬的形而上的山脈
形而上的負擔，焦慮，形而上的美感……
而所謂美感，對於在空中顫抖的我
也許只是忍住噴嚏，忍住癢，繼續
把頭仰起來

同時輾過來的是所有大陸與次大陸的
笑話系統，河流般交織於你的體內
不大好笑的笑話：黑色幽默，白色恐怖
紅色的血液。紅色，因為你曾經為所愛的女子
臉紅心跳過（你自然更無法忘記因為嫉妒
因為憤怒，因為愛所引起的恨，引發的
鮮紅的血液……）而你只是一個走索者
一個行走於地球，又不甘心只是行走於地球的
走索者

如今我接續的是離去的馬戲團留下的
主題：時間，愛情，死亡，孤獨，信仰
夢。你就這樣把包裹攤開在滿屋子靜默的
觀眾前面嗎？哄堂大笑後突然嚴肅的時刻
你只是把地球的內臟掏出來，擦拭，重組
那些讓世界移動，讓陽光跳躍，讓雌性與
雄性動物達到高潮的零件……
他們甚至不知道你為什麼停在那裡
停在那裡（忍住噴嚏，忍住癢）
一隻沒有羽翼，原地翻筋斗的蝴蝶

The Ropewalker

Now what I sustain is, floating in the air, your laughter,
your laughter, through the obscure quivering net.
What if a ball larger than a roof should be thrown over?
Would it drive you into sudden melancholy?
A ball like the earth, pouring onto your face the unfastened
islands and lakes (just like a wheelbarrow with a loose screw).

Those black and blue bruises are the collisions with mountains,
the metaphysical mountain ranges harder than iron wheels,
the metaphysical burdens, anxiety, metaphysical aestheticism...
And the so-called aestheticism, to me, who tremble in the air,
is perhaps only a restraint from a sneeze, an itch, with
the head still up.

What runs over you at the same time is the joke system of
all continents and subcontinents, interwoven in your body like tributaries,
a joke not very funny: black humor, white terror
red blood. Red, because you once blushed with your heart fluttering
for the beloved girl (of course you can't forget the hatred
and bright red blood aroused by jealousy and
fury...) But you're simply a ropewalker
walking on the earth, yet discontented with only being a ropewalker
walking on the earth.

Now what I sustain are the subjects left behind by the
departed circus: time, love, death, loneliness, belief,
dreams. Will you thus unpack the parcel before a houseful of
silent audience? The moment of sudden solemnity after roaring laughter.
You simply pull out, wipe, rearrange the earth's internal organs,
those spare parts that make the world move, sunshine leap,
the male and the female animals reach their orgasms...
They don't even know why you stay there,
stay there (restrain from sneezing and itching),
a wingless butterfly turning a somersault where it is.

所以你在空中顫抖。戰戰兢兢地在
懸空的繩索上構築玩笑的花園
戰戰兢兢地走過地球，撐起
浮生
以一支傾斜的竹竿
以一支虛構的筆

(1995)

So you tremble in the air, cautiously constructing
a garden of jokes on the dangling rope,
cautiously walking across the earth, propping up
the floating life,
with a slanting bamboo cane,
with a fictitious pen.

(1995)

福爾摩莎 · 一六六一

我一直以為我們是住在牛皮之上
雖然上帝已經讓我把我的血，尿
大便，和這塊土地混在一起
用十五匹布換牛皮大之地？
土人們豈知道牛皮可以被剪成
一條一條，像無所不在的上帝的
靈，把整個大員島，把整個
福爾摩莎圍起來。我喜歡鹿肉的
滋味，我喜歡蔗糖，香蕉，我喜歡
東印度公司運回荷蘭的生絲
上帝的靈像生絲，光滑，聖潔
照耀那些每日到少年學校學習拼字
書法，祈禱與教義問答的目加溜灣
與大目降少年。主啊，我聽到他們
說的荷蘭語有鹿肉的味道（一如我
在講道中不時吐出的西底雅語）
主啊，在他里霧，我使已婚女子及
少女十五人能為主禱告並會使徒信條
十誡及餐前餐後之祈禱，在麻豆使
已婚年輕男子及未婚男子七十二人能
為各種祈禱，並會聖教要理，且閱讀
亦藉宗教問答之懇切教授與說教，開始
增廣其知識——啊，知識像一張牛皮
可以摺疊起來放在旅行袋，從鹿特丹
旅行到巴達維亞，從巴達維亞旅行到
這亞熱帶的小島翻開成為吾王陛下的田
上帝的國，一條一條剪成二十五戈
東西南北繞出一甲繞出三張犁五張犁

在熱蘭遮街，公秤所，稅務所與戲院
之間，我看到它飄揚如一面旗，遙遙
與普羅岷西亞城相微笑。啊知識
帶給人喜悅，一如好的飲食，繁富的
香料（我但願他們知道怎麼煮荷蘭豆）
柑大於橘，肉酸皮苦，但他們不知道

Formosa, 1661

I've always thought that we are living on the cowhide
though God has granted my wish to mix my blood, urine,
and excrement with this land.

Exchange fifteen bolts of cloth for land as large as a cowhide?
The aborigines wouldn't possibly know a cowhide can be cut
into strips and, like the spirit of omnipresent
God, encircle the whole Tayouan island,
the whole Formosa. I like the taste of
venison, I like cane sugar and bananas, I like
the raw silk shipped back to Holland by the East India Company.
God's spirit is like raw silk, smooth, holy, and pure.
It shines upon the youngsters from Bakloan and Tavacan
who come daily to the youth school to learn spelling, writing,
praying, and catechism. Oh Lord, I hear their Dutch
smell of venison (just like the Sideia language
I utter from time to time in my sermon).

Oh Lord, in Dalivo, I have taught fifteen married women and
maidens to say the Lord's Prayer, the Gospel, the Ten Commandments,
and grace before and after meals; in Mattau, I have taught
seventy-two married and unmarried young men to say
various prayers, to know the main religious doctrines, to read,
and by sincerely teaching and preaching catechism, to start
enlarging their knowledge—oh, knowledge is like a cowhide
that can be folded and put into a traveling bag to carry
from Rotterdam to Batavia, from Batavia to this
subtropical island, and be unfolded into our Majesty's agricultural land,
the Lord's nation, cut into strips of twenty-five *ges*,
which length squared forms one *morgen*, and then three and four *hanglis*.

In Zeelandia, between the public measurement office, the tax office,
and the theater, I see it flying like a flag, smiling remotely
at Provintia. Oh, knowledge brings people joy, just like
good food and myriad spices (if only they knew how to cook
Holland peas). Oranges, with sour flesh and bitter skin,
are larger than tangerines. But they don't know that

夏月飲水，取此和鹽，搗作酸漿入之
其滋味有甚於閨房之樂者。在諸羅山
我使已婚年輕女子三十人能為各種祈禱
並會簡化要項，在新港，使已婚男女
一百零二人能閱讀亦能書寫（啊，我
感覺那些用羅馬拼音寫成的土著語聖經
有一種用歐羅巴薑料理鹿肉的美味）
華浦蘭語傳道書，西底雅語馬太福音
文明與原始的婚媾，讓上帝的靈入
福爾摩莎的肉——或者，讓福爾摩莎的
鹿肉入我的胃入我的脾，成為我的血尿
大便，成為我的靈。我一直以為我們是
住在牛皮之上，雖然那些拿著鉞斧大刀
乘著戎克船夾板船前來的中國軍隊
企圖要用另一張更大的牛皮覆蓋在
我們之上。上帝已經讓我把我的血
尿，大便，像字母般，和土人們的
混在一起，印在這塊土地
我但願他們知道這張包著新的拼音
文字的牛皮可以剪成一條一條，翻成
一頁一頁，負載聲音顏色形象氣味
和上帝的靈一樣寬闊的辭典

(1995)

註：目加溜灣，大目降，他里霧等皆平埔族社名。西底雅語，華浦蘭語皆平埔族語（西底雅即西拉雅）。熱蘭遮街為荷據時期（1624-1662）荷蘭人在大員島（今台南安平）所建之市街。普羅岷西亞城（在今之台南赤崁樓）亦為荷蘭人所建。據說當初荷蘭人以十五匹布向原住民求借牛皮大之地，許之，乃「剪皮為縷，周圍里許」（連橫：《台灣通史》）。戈為荷人計量單位，等於一丈二尺五寸，四邊各二十五戈為一甲，五甲為一張犁。關於荷蘭教士在台傳教之描述，參閱〈台灣基督教教化關係史料〉

in summer the water tastes even better than lovemaking when
mixed with salt and smashed oranges. In Tirozen,
I have acquainted thirty married young women with various prayers
and simplified key items; in Sinckan, one hundred and two
married men and women have been taught to read and write (oh, I
taste in the Bible in romanized aboriginal languages
a taste of venison flavored with European ginger).
Ecclesiastes in Favorlang, the Gospel According to Matthew in Sideia,
the marriage of the civilized and the primitive. Let God's spirit
enter the flesh of Formosa—or, let the venison of Formosa enter my
stomach and spleen to become my blood, urine, and
excrement, to become my spirit. I've always thought that we are
living on the cowhide, although those Chinese troops are approaching
on junks and sampans with large axes and knives
attempting to cover us with an even bigger
cowhide. God has granted my wish to mix my blood,
urine, and excrement with the aborigines'
and print them, like letters, on this land.
How I wish they knew this cowhide, in which new spelling
words are wrapped, can be cut into strips and thumbed into
pages, a dictionary loaded with sounds, colors, images, smells
and as broad as God's spirit.

(1995)

Author's Note: Bakloan, Tavacan, Dalivo, Sinckan, Tirozen, and Mattau are names of communities of the plains indigenes in Taiwan. The Sideia language and the Favorlang language are dialects of the plains indigenes (Sideia is also called Siraya). Zeelandia was a city built on Tayouan island (now called Anping, in Tainan) by the colonists during the Dutch Occupation period (1624-1662). Provintia was a fort they built. It is said that the Dutch offered to exchange fifteen bolts of cloth with the indigenes for a cowhide-sized piece of land. After the agreement was made, they "cut the cowhide into strips and encircled land more than one kilometer in circumference" (See Lian Heng, *A General History of Taiwan*). "Ge" was a unit of measurement used by the Dutch, equaling about twelve feet five inches. Twenty-five ges squared equals one morgen. Five *morgens* make one *zhangli*.

奧林匹克風

——Ars Poetica

慶典的，競技的，五環的……

文字與文字的。跳過世俗所及的水平，撐筆為竿。也就是翻轉出新的美感。（筆的定義在世紀末幾次裁判會議中不斷被放寬，並且同意，在詩中檢驗出靈感以外的

刺激物，並不算違禁。）譬如這首詩，題目是奧林匹克風（或做「奧林帕斯的」），就是襲上一首詩最後一行而來，根本不是什麼靈感，甚至連形式也幾乎一樣

文字與文字在競跑，接力比賽
你看不到他們傳棒，接棒的動作
大漠孤煙直長河落日圓最感人的是
有時候就是會突然迸出（我想念你在每一節詩快要結束的時候）詩的

喜悅。喜悅，兩個兩個一組。大盜，淫蕩，風琴，鳳兮，秋水，康德或者三五成群，黑眼睛，寂寞的，上山采蘼蕪，傢俱店，立霧溪，槍殺鋼琴師，站立在風中。文字在風中

站立，奔跑，投擲，時間地，小丑地
冷風則小和，飄風則大和，縱一葦之所如，凌萬頃之茫然，混亂中翕如純如，噉如，繹如，肅然起敬，自得其樂，一種慶典的，競技的，五環的……

(1995)

The Olympic

—Ars Poetica

Festive, competitive, of the five rings...

Of words and words. Vaulting over the secular level, with pens as poles. Creating new aesthetics. (The definitions of pens were expanded at several conferences of judges at the turn of the century, and it was agreed that finding in poems stimulants other than

inspiration was acceptable.) Take this poem for example. Its title, “The Olympic” (or “The Olympian”), is copied from the last line of another poem of mine, having nothing to do with inspiration. Even the form looks the same.

Words race with words: a relay race. You can't see the baton passed or received. Straight smoke above vast desert, round setting sun on long river, most touching is the occasional bursting out (I miss you near the end of every stanza) of the pure joy

of poetry. Pure joy, game of the pairs: big robber; merry widow; reed organ; green sleeves; autumn floods; Emanuel Kant. Or in threes and fours: the dark eyes; lonely hearts club; Where the bees suck; store of furniture; the Island Formosa; Shoot the Piano Player; standing in the wind. Words in the wind,

standing, running, shooting, grow to time, like a clown. Gentle wind brings a small response, violent wind a great one. Let the craft drift over the boundless expanse, and being deranged, make the words become unanimous, harmonious, pure and clear, endlessly echoing—dignified and venerated, enjoying themselves—a milieu which is festive, competitive, of the five rings...

(1995)

小城

他們住在這裡。一些風，一些雲。一條街和另一條相逢，交叉成十字。他們過街撿回被風吹遠了的樹影，連同剛擦亮的心情，一起拴在門柱上。十字和十字連結成方格，一塊一塊彷彿在棋盤上。他們種田，捕魚打鐵，狩獵。相三進五。馬2進4。炮六平三。車8進1。他們遇見另外一些他們。抱布買絲，投桃報李。吹遠了的樹影有些和另外一些樹影結成親家有些落在更遠的池塘裡，成為死亡。一條溪從山下出發，穿過棋盤，挾帶草色蟲鳴，奔流入海。溪水和海水衝擊成縈迴狀，讓觀棋不語的他們驚呼：啊，洄瀾！

啊，洄瀾！他們的名字。溢出棋盤外的生命波浪，低限而燦爛在最高處墜毀，化做周而復始的印象音樂，反覆鏤刻，轉動棋盤如唱盤。一條街和另一條相逢交叉成十字。他們過街撿回被地震震出鍋外的魚，連同剛剛擦亮的門牌，一起釘在門柱上。十字和十字連結成方格，一塊一塊，彷彿在棋盤上。他們散步飲茶，拔牙，做愛。包5進2。馬四退六。卒7進1。兵二平三。一條溪穿過棋盤，奔流入海。像唱針在唱片上循軌演奏。那些偶然迸出的雜音是被風吹遠了的樹影。被另外一些他們撿回送還給他們。他們住在這裡。

(1995)

Small Town

Here they live. Some winds and some clouds. One street meets another, forming a cross. They cross the street to fetch the shades blown far away by the wind and fasten them to the doorposts with the polished moods. Crosses are connected into squares, much like those on a chessboard. They do farm work, fish, strike iron, hunt. Red Bishop 3 + 5. Black Horse 2 + 4. Red Cannon 6 = 3. Black Chariot 8 + 1. They meet some others of them. They exchange goods; they return favors. Some shades blown far away get martially related to some others; some drop into the farther ponds, becoming death. A stream sets out from the mountain foot, crosses the chessboard, and gallops into the ocean with colors of grass and birds' chirps. Stream waters dash against the sea and form whirling waves, making the silent chess watchers exclaim: oh, Hui-Lan!

Oh, Hui-Lan! Their name. The waves of life which, in a minimal yet brilliant way, overflow the chessboard, crash at the very top and transform into recurrent impressionist music. They keep engraving, revolving the chessboard as if it were a record player. One street meets another, forming a cross. They cross the street to fetch the fish shaken out of the pans by the earthquake and nail them to the doorposts with the polished doorplates. Crosses are connected into squares, much like those on a chessboard. They take a walk, drink tea, have teeth pulled out, make love. Black Cannon 5 + 2. Red Horse 4–6. Black Pawn 7 + 1. Red Pawn 2 = 3. A stream flows across the chessboard and gallops into the ocean, just like the stylus playing on the tracks of a record. Those occasional interferences are the shades blown far away by the wind. They are found by some others and returned to them. Here they live.

(1995)

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
在我留下的沈默裡

(1995)

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

(1995)

齒輪經

父啊，我們
的一生是如此
如此吃力地
旋轉，咬牙
切齒的一組
齒輪，以你
為中心，以
夜為中心
無止盡嚙合
墜落的行星
繫住我們的是
深不可測的
恐懼，是無所
不在的黑暗的
挑釁，永恆的
機械構件
被他物帶動
復帶動他物
絞不斷的倫理
道德激情憤怒
父啊，我們在
宇宙旅行
嚴酷硬邊的
金屬家庭
以牙還牙，齟
齟齬齬，周旋
於虛無，用
卑微的身軀
摩擦生熱互相
取暖的寂寞的
刺蝟，包容
我們的齟齬
齟齬，包容
我們每日小小
的，齟齬的

A Prayer of Gears

Oh Lord, our
life is so,
so strugglingly
revolving, a set
of tooth-biting
gears, the planets
that bite and fall
ceaselessly, with you
as our center, with
night as our center.
What ties us is
the unfathomable
fear, the provocation
of omnipresent
darkness. We're the
eternal mechanism
led by others
yet leading others,
unable to twist off ethics,
morality, passion, and
fury. Oh Lord, we are
traveling in the universe,
the metal family
with grim hard edges,
an eye for an eye, a
tooth for a tooth, circling
in nothingness, the
lonely hedgehogs that
rub each other's
humble bodies to keep
warm. Please tolerate
our discord and
friction, tolerate
our daily trivial
dirty fight for

傾軋鑽營
無止盡的
嚙合墜落
不能不齒的
生命共同體
父啊，我們是
沈默的磨坊
在時間的牢獄
運轉，周而
復始推石磨石
的薛西弗斯
磨慾望，磨
苦惱，磨出
點點神秘
狂喜的粉末的
星光，讓死亡
暈眩的海洛英
讓夜顫慄的
惡之華，如此
吃力地嚙合
旋轉，因為
父啊，他們將
循光看見
我們世襲的
靈魂的花園

(1995)

power and profit,
ceaseless
biting and falling:
a collective living body
that we can't but accept.
Oh Lord, we are
silent mills
revolving
in the prison of time,
Sisyphuses who push
and grind cyclically,
grinding desires, grinding
agony, grinding out
spots of mystic
ecstatic starlight
of powder, the heroin
that makes death dizzy,
the flowers of evil
that make night tremble. So
strugglingly we bite
and revolve because
oh Lord, they will
follow the light and see
our hereditary
garden of soul.

(1995)

三首尋找作曲家／演唱家的詩

1 星夜

營業中
.
.
.

每一家天國的小鋼珠店.....

Three Poems in Search of the Composer/Singer

1 *Starry Night*

Open
.
.
.

Every pachinko house in heaven.....

2 吹過平原的風

(噓 ——) ；

(噓 ——) ；

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2 *Wind Blowing over the Plain*

(噓 ——) ;

(噓 ——) ;

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3 雪上足印

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(1995)

3 *Footprints in the Snow*

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(1995)

Author's Note: The meanings of the four Chinese characters in the second poem are as follows— 嘘 = *hush*; 口 = *mouth*; 虚 = *empty*; 人 = *man*.

舊雪（選三）

晚風

我清楚地記得她的名字叫李晚。那是從她葬禮上的布條看到的。那年我十一歲。跟著一大群人從面海的海濱街緩緩走到市區大街上。午後的日頭熾熱地曬著送葬的隊伍。然而在隔了三十年之後，我想到的居然是習習的晚風，宜人的，舒爽的，從傍晚的海上吹來。她活著的時候我從來沒想到除了「阿祖」外，她應該有個名字。我所能記住跟她有關的唯一的事是小學三、四年級的一個下午，老師說提早放學，回家跟爸媽拿錢，全校到文明戲院包場看電影。我回家，在幽暗的廚房找到七十幾歲的阿祖，她停下工作，從衣服裡面的口袋取出一團布，又從包了又包的布裡拿出一枚一塊錢硬幣。我早忘了那天演的是什麼電影，但我清楚地記得那枚硬幣，它在我進場時，「扣」一聲沈入收票小姐的木箱裡。但它並未消失，相反的，秘密地在時間的銀行裡儲蓄著——一筆被遺忘的款項，在許多年後帶著滋生的利息，閃亮地被憶起。我突然領悟到她是家族中最堅毅，勇敢而潔淨的女人。在她生命的最後幾年，她選擇了跟她子女都不一樣的宗教信仰，一如年輕時候，她選擇背棄不能人道的她富家子弟的丈夫，在外面生下我的祖母和她的兄弟。九歲以前一直被她照顧著的我，在從海邊吹來的風裡感覺到一種孤獨的叛逆的快感。

Old Snow (3 selections)

Evening Breeze

I well remember her name was Evening Lee, which I saw on a strip of cloth at her funeral. I was eleven years old then. I walked slowly with a group of people from Seashore Street to the downtown main street. The afternoon sun blazingly shone on the funeral procession. But after thirty years, what crosses my mind now is the gentle evening breeze, pleasant and refreshing, blowing from the evening sea. While she was alive, it never occurred to me that she should have a name other than “Great-grandma.” What I can recall to mind about her is one afternoon in my third or fourth grade. The teacher announced we could leave school earlier to go home and ask parents for money; all the students were to see a movie in a chartered cinema. I got home, and in the dusky kitchen found Great-grandma, who was aged over seventy. She stopped working and took out a lump of cloth from her clothes, and from the well-folded cloth she took out a one-dollar coin. I have long forgotten what the movie was about, yet I clearly remember the sound of that coin sinking into the wooden box of the lady clerk at the entrance. However, the coin isn’t gone; instead, it is deposited secretly in the bank of time—an forgotten sum of money which is glitteringly recollected after many years, along with the interest it has yielded. All of a sudden I realized she was the toughest, bravest, and purest woman of the whole family. During the last years of her life, she chose a religious belief different from her children’s, just as she chose in her youth to betray her impotent wealthy husband and give birth to my grandmother and her brothers. I, taken care of by her until nine years of age, feel a thrill of joy mixed with loneliness and revolt in the breeze blowing from the ocean.

黑羊

高中沒讀完就往外遊蕩的小弟是三兄弟中的黑羊，雖然他腿上刺了一條青龍而他的心和母親一樣柔弱。一輩子騎腳踏車上下班的母親一輩子都在還債。她一直希望她最小的兒子能回到正途。在為他買過幾次摩托車、汽車最後都不見了以後，她又瞞著我為他借錢買了一輛汽車。那是一輛白色的汽車，白得如同冬日的晨霧。那一天早晨，我回到上海街，看到她拿著一塊抹布，偷偷走近停在路旁的白色汽車，彷彿想要把一隻黑色的羊擦成白色般，用力，輕輕地擦拭著車身。她不斷地擦。因為，她知道，白色的汽車也許很快就要不見，而她必須在黑羊睡醒之前趕快給他縫上白皮。

梳子

用我的梳子梳你的頭髮，我的梳子用時光做成。
用你的頭髮洗我的梳子，你的頭髮融舊雪為春。

(1996)

Black Sheep

Dropping out of senior high and fooling around, my youngest brother is the black sheep of us three brothers. Although he has a blue dragon tattooed on his leg, his heart is as gentle and weak as our mother's. Mother, who has been riding a bike to and from work all her life, has been paying off debts all her life. She has wished her youngest son to stop going astray. After the several motorcycles and cars she had bought for him were all gone, she borrowed money and bought him another car without my knowledge. That was a white car, white as the morning fog on winter days. That morning when I returned to Shanghai Street, I saw her, with cleaning cloth in hand, sneaking toward the white car parked on the roadside and wiping its body forcefully but gently, as if to rub the black sheep into a white one. She rubbed and rubbed, because she knew the white car might soon be gone, and she had to sew the white skin on quickly before the black sheep woke up.

Comb

Comb your hair with my comb: my comb is made from time.
Wash my comb with your hair: your hair melts old snow into spring.

(1996)

蝴蝶風

「南半球蝴蝶一萬隻翅膀的拍動，造成北回歸線附近被愛追逐又背棄愛的女子夏日午夢的颱風……」這些句子，我在你房間梳妝檯上一本有彩色插圖的氣象學書上讀到啊，有著金屬牆壁，玻璃地板，我一度走進過而後丟失了鑰匙，不得其門而入的記憶的樓閣。你用深藍的眉筆在書上畫下重點：「這些蝴蝶以情詩為主食，特別是哀傷的，無法一口下嚥的，需要反覆咀嚼的……」

我反覆思索重新到達你的途徑：把昨日分屍吊起如一隻蜘蛛飄浮在你住的高樓外？或者通過一張張蝴蝶郵票的飛行把渴望和絕望的包裹空投到你的門口？你光滑，緊閉的金屬牆壁，讓每一隻試圖攀附，接近你的我思想的爬蟲失足，墜樓

我於是期待南半球蝴蝶翅膀的拍動，造成你夏日午夢的颱風，讓那些被哀傷秘密發行的蝶影拍打，撞擊你心的門窗。讓尚未被完全消化的詩中的一個問號，一個逗點，像小小的螺絲起子啟動你的回憶，鬆開你床頭那瓶舊香水瓶的瓶塞，讓你重新聽到儲藏在裡頭我們一同聽過的蟲鳴，狗吠，掉了鼻子的小丑的歌唱讓你重新聞到儲藏在裡頭我們一同滾出的汗味，泥香：深深的湖底無法被阻絕的夏夜的對話

Butterfly Air

“The fluttering of ten thousand butterfly wings in the Southern Hemisphere causes a typhoon near the Tropic of Cancer in the summer midday’s dream of a girl who was pursued by love and yet betrayed love.” I found these words in a meteorology book with color illustrations lying on the dressing table in your room. Oh, the attic of memory with metal walls and glass floor, where I once entered, but later I lost the key and could no longer find my way in. With a dark blue eyebrow pencil you underlined the main points: “These butterflies feed on love poems, especially sad ones, unable to be swallowed at one gulp and required to be chewed over and over again.”

I ponder over the ways to re-approach you: to dismember yesterday and hang it up, leaving it floating like a spider outside the tall building where you live? Or to air-drop to your door the parcel of desire and despair through the flight of one butterfly stamp after another? Your smooth, sealed metal walls make every thinking reptile of mine, which attempts to cling to and get close to you, slip and fall off the building.

So I am expecting the butterflies in the Southern Hemisphere to flutter their wings, which will cause a typhoon in your summer midday’s dream, so that the butterfly shadows secretly issued by sorrow may flap and pound the doors and windows of your heart, so that a question mark or a comma in an incompletely digested poem may trigger your memory like a tiny screw driver and loosen the stopper of the old perfume bottle at your bedside, so that you can hear anew what insects’ chirping, dogs’ barking, noseless clown’s singing we once heard together and are stored inside, so that you can smell anew what smell of sweat and scent of mud we once rolled out together and are stored inside: an unhinderable summer night’s dialogue at the deep bottom of a lake.

如今我們的心已遙如兩極，雖然我的眼睛
始終如圖釘釘視著地圖上你所在的經緯度
我只能寫一首詩，一首哀傷的詩，讓南半球蝴蝶爭食
讓它們拍動一萬隻翅膀造成北回歸線附近
高樓金屬牆壁後面的你，夏日午夢的颱風

(1996)

Now our hearts are poles apart, although my eyes
are fixed, like thumb tacks, on the longitude and latitude of your location
on the map.
All I can do is write a poem, a sad poem, to make the butterflies in the
Southern Hemisphere fight for it,
fluttering their ten thousand wings and resulting in a typhoon in the
summer mid-day dream of you,
who are behind the metal walls of a tall building near the Tropic of Cancer.

(1996)

夜歌

你睡夢的飛行傘在降落時
因他人的不義，突然失速轉向
擱淺在湖中島上的樹梢

你呼叫童年的風景前來解圍
父親給你一支棒棒糖（堅硬如
樹幹頂住你的身體）
兒童節的汽球如幸福纏在戲院門口的電線桿
（一粒藥，後來，曾經帶你到那樣的高度）
康樂隊弱音小喇叭顫抖地說沒有罪沒有罪
隔壁的太太和她先生把客廳的燈關了
洗過的紫色胸罩在屋簷下滴水

你擱淺在被孤獨與欲望包圍的小島
還有夜，還有無邊的記憶和羞辱
還有我在冷漠的大陸無力地看你

如何把一朵傘變成一支棉花糖
如何把一雙拖鞋變成一對翅膀
起碼在今夜，在找不到鑰匙打開身體內
身體的這個夜晚
讓轆轤的鐵在髮間開花
讓逃出字典，徹夜追逐你的廢字、咒語
回到它們的部首

啊，愛人
鬆開你的飛行傘
人性地在我不義的臂彎
縱使世界的狗在吠
嫉妒你煮過又煮過的淚
如果愛使黑夜的鍋變深
如果愛使恨變重
有我單調的歌像車推過
裝卸你的靈與肉

(1996)

Night Song

When your parachute for sleeping lands,
someone's unrighteousness makes it suddenly lose speed and bearings
and get stranded in the treetops on the isle in the lake.

You cry to the childhood scenery for help.
Your father gave you a lollipop (like a tree trunk
hard enough to support your body).
A Children's Day balloon was entangled, like happiness, in the power
pole right in front of the theater.
(A pill once put you at that height afterwards.)
The entertaining band's muted trumpet tremblingly uttered "not guilty,
not guilty."
Next door, the woman and her husband turned off the living room light,
a laundered purple bra hanging dripping under the eaves.

You are stranded on an isle surrounded with loneliness and desire,
and the night, and boundless memory and humiliation.
And I look helplessly at you on the indifferent continent.

How can one turn an umbrella into a piece of cotton candy?
How can one turn a pair of sandals into a pair of wings?
At least on this night, when you can't find a key to unlock
the body in your body,
let the entwined iron blossom in your hair,
let those unused characters and spells which escaped from the dictionary
and have been chasing you the whole night
return to their radicals.

Oh, beloved,
untie your parachute,
human in my unrighteous arms,
even if all the dogs in the world bark,
jealous of your over-cooked tears.
If love should deepen the pot of night,
if love should increase the weight of hate,
you can have my monotonous song pushed by like a cart
to load and unload your soul and flesh.

(1996)

隧道

你的啜泣，遙遠地
在我體內鑿開一條隧道
今晨我又回到熟悉的黑暗
進入屬於我的那一格蜂巢
等候憂傷滴落如蜂蜜

我在琥珀的時間裡凝結自己
被想像的死亡餵養，被
虛無的軟糖。你的啜泣
無聲地紋刻於耳葉
在隧道一頭閃耀成一棵

透明的雨樹

找它的形狀，不要找它的入口
一條隧道穿過苦惱之生連結你和我

(1997)

Tunnel

Your sobs, in the distance,
drilled a tunnel in my body.
This morning I was back again to the familiar darkness.
I entered the cell of the honeycomb where I belong
And waited for my sorrow to drip like honey.

In the amber hours I congealed myself,
reared by imaginary death, by
fudge of void. Silently your sobs
were tattooed on the leaves of my ears,
and then at the end of the tunnel they sparkled into a

transparent rain tree.

Search for its shape, not its entrance.
A tunnel passes through a life of distress to connect you and me.

(1997)

貓對鏡

我的貓從桌上的書中躍進鏡裡
它是一隻用膠彩畫成的貓
被二十世紀初年某位閨秀的手
在一位對窗吹笛的仕女腳旁
我把書闔上，按時還給圖書館
而它依舊在鏡裡，在我的牆上

有時我聽見笛聲從鏡中流出
夾雜著月琴和車輪的聲音
那朱紅的小口未曾因久吹剝落
唇膏（我猜想時間的灰塵模糊了
那些旋律）我輕擦鏡面，看到
蜷臥的貓打了個呵欠，站起身來

它依舊在畫裡活動，在音樂與
音樂間睡眠，沈思，偶而穿過
畫面偷聽隔壁房間我十一歲女兒
與她同學們的對話。它甚至看到
她們攬鏡互照，討論化妝品的
品牌，手排車與自排車的優劣

它一定在她們手上的鏡子裡
瞥見了自己，慵懶，然而依舊
年輕，寄住在我書房一角牆上的
鏡裡，瞥見鏡子外面坐在桌前
閱讀寫字的我，並且好奇什麼
時候，我再攤開一本書，一張紙

讓它跳回桌上

(1997)

The Cat at the Mirror

My cat jumped from inside the book on the desk into the mirror.
It was a cat painted in gouache
by a decent lady in the early twentieth century,
lying near the foot of a flute-playing lady.
I closed the book and returned it to the library on time,
but the cat is still in the mirror, on my wall.

At times I hear the music of the flute flow out of the mirror,
along with sounds of a moon-shaped lute and car wheels.
Playing long hasn't made lipstick come off
her tiny red mouth (I guess the dust of time has obscured
those melodies). I gently wipe the mirror, seeing
the crouching cat give a yawn and stand up.

It's still active in the painting, sleeping
between music, contemplating, and occasionally passing through
the picture to overhear my 11-year-old daughter in the
next room talking with her classmates. It even sees
them looking at each other in the mirror, discussing brands of
cosmetics, good and weak points of cars with hand and auto shifts.

It must have seen itself in the mirrors
in their hands: idle, yet still
young, lodging in the mirror on the wall in a corner
of my study. It must have seen me, outside the mirror, sitting
at the desk reading and writing, and wondering when
I will open a book, unfold a piece of paper,
for it to jump back onto the desk.

(1997)

音樂

一個女兒
三十年後
回想這些：
她的父親
開車載她
一同上學
她在後座
聽他放的
音樂（
常常是她
正在苦練
的一些）
偶而夾雜
他清喉嚨
的聲音

三十年後
反覆彈奏
這些曲子
偶然閃現
錯誤音符
讓她覺得
似乎也是
可接受之
一種美
像她父親
一生顯現的
演奏樣式：
背德，出軌
在漫長的
嚴峻人生

(1997)

Music

A daughter
will recall these
30 years from now:
her father
drove her
to school.

In the back seat
she listened to the
music from his player
(usually what she
was practicing hard)
interspersed with
the sounds of his
clearing the throat.

For 30 years
repeatedly playing
these musical pieces,
she will feel that
wrong notes flashing
once in a while
seem to be
some kind of
acceptable beauty,
like the style
her father has played
all his life:
unethical, derailing
on the lengthy
stern course of life.

(1997)

快速機器上的短暫旅行

穿
過
夏
蟬
的
鳴
叫

我
們
剛
剛
遇
到
海

楓
樹
之
浪

雪

黑
夜

(1997)

Short Ride in a Fast Machine

Passing
through
the
chirping
of
summer
cicadas

we
have
just
en-
countered
the
sea

the
waves
of
maples

snow

dark
night

(1997)

構成

我豢養一個空間
用寂寞，用呼吸
兩三個寶特瓶在地上
一條洗過的橘色內褲
在不鏽鋼條上滴 滴

我豢養橘子的氣味
洗髮精。滑翔翼

我豢養一個小寫的單字
veronica：印有耶穌聖容之
布；一種鬥牛的姿勢（
鬥牛士雙足保持靜止，同時將
所持之布徐徐轉離攻擊之牛）

我豢養掛著一條黑牛仔褲
一件藍T恤的衣櫥

我豢養一台等待輸入海
以及波的羅列的手提電腦

我豢養一道縫隙：
隔離我和世界
通向懸在臍下的你的人間

我豢養一個最新、最小的國家
迂迴、龐雜的建國史

(1998)

Composition

I cultivate a space
with loneliness, and with breath.
Two or three plastic bottles are on the floor;
a laundered pair of orange panties
hang on a stainless steel bar dripping dripping.

I cultivate the smell of oranges.
Shampoos. Wings of a glider.

I cultivate a word in lower case—
veronica: cloth with the holy face of Jesus
printed; a bullfighting pose (the matador,
with both feet firm, slowly turns the cloth
he holds away from the charging bull).

I cultivate a closet where hang a black pair of jeans
and a blue T-shirt.

I cultivate a laptop computer which awaits the sea
and a range of waves to be input.

I cultivate a gap:
isolating me from the world
and leading to the mortal Eden hanging underneath your navel.

I cultivate the latest and the smallest country
along with its detouring and complex nation-building history.

(1998)

滑翔練習

——用瓦烈赫主題

在
這樣的高度回望人間
你的呼吸在我的呼吸之上

我們
御風而行，還有
逃學的星星

同睡過
如此冗長而黑暗的上古時代中古時代後突然醒來在
當代的光裡

許多
潮濕發亮的金羊毛，被整條銀河的唇呼喚著的
你的名

夜晚的
勳章，被撫摸，被拓印的
語字

那個
（是的那個）蒐藏雷電蒐藏雲雨以時間為脊樑的巨大
倉庫的秘密

角落

(1998)

註：「在我們同睡過許多夜晚的那個角落」，秘魯詩人瓦烈赫（Vallejo, 1892-1938）詩集 *Trilce* 裡一首詩的開頭。

Gliding Exercises

—based on Vallejo's theme

At
such height looking back at the earth
your breath tops my breath

We
steer the wind forward, along with
the stars playing truant

Sleep together
through such lengthy and dark pre-historic times and Middle Ages and
suddenly wake up
in the modern light

Plenty of
wet and glistening golden fleece, and your name, called by the
lips of the whole Milky Way

Nights'
medals, words which have been
rubbed and inscribed

That
(yes, that) giant warehouse with time as its pillar, where thunder and
lightning and clouds and rain
are stored in its secret

corner

(1998)

Author's Note: The first line of each stanza of this poem comes from the beginning of a poem in *Trilce* by the Peruvian poet César Vallejo (1892-1938)—“At that corner we sleep together plenty of nights.”

給嫉妒者的探戈

如果你抱著愛情像抱著一台
洗碗機，忽略那被別人的舌頭舔過
被別人肢體的刀叉切割過的碗盤上
留下的油漬傷痕。打開水龍頭
沖。遺忘是最好的洗潔精
只記得光榮，美好，發亮的部份
因為容器，特別是瓷器，是易碎的
沖洗，烘乾，若無其事煥然
如新地等候迎接明天的早餐

特別當生命已逐漸接近或過了
正午，年輕的不安又回來找你
你拿起電話撥給撥不進去的她
你猜疑，你焦躁，更多電話
無頭地撥向看不見的情敵們
你呼叫又呼叫（啊多便捷的現代
通訊）那人，回答你的是空無如
碗公的午後。這個時候，請暫時
拔掉洗碗機的插頭，把糾纏你的
電話線當作一團麵條吞下
沾一些想像的復仇的醬油
洗碗機很快將為你把不優雅洗掉

然而黑夜是更大的一台洗碗機
當悲從中來昔日的餐盤一起向你
擲來，洗不掉的星光點點黏在盤底
啊，忽略那運轉中的機器的聲音
幽寂的宇宙揮之不去的音響
忽略那像吃剩的魚骨頭般圍向你的
陰影，如果她不在你的身旁
耿耿於懷的魚刺如果不吐不快
一筆一劃重組它們成為新的詩行

(1998)

Tango for the Jealous

If you embrace love as if it were a
dish-washer, ignore the greasy scars left on
the dishes licked by others' tongues or cut by
their physical knives and forks. Turn on the faucet
and give them a flush: forgetfulness is the best detergent.
Remember only the glorious, wonderful, and shining part,
because containers, especially china, are fragile.
Wash them, dry them, and, like a brand-new man,
greet tomorrow's breakfast as if nothing had happened.

Especially when your life is approaching or has passed
the midday: youthful anxiety comes back to you once more.
You pick up the phone and dial her in vain.
Suspicious and fretful, you make mute and
aimless phone calls to the invisible rivals in love.
You call that one again and again (oh, what convenient
modern communication), only to be answered
by the afternoon empty as a big bowl. At this point, please pull out
the plug of the dish-washer for the moment, and swallow
the tangling phone wires like a mass of noodles,
with a little imaginary soy sauce of revenge.
The dish-washer will soon wash away your disgrace.

However, the dark night is a still bigger dish-washer,
when you feel sad and all the past dishes are flung at you,
and unwashable spots of starlight stick to the dish bottom.
Ah, ignore the noise of the machine in operation,
the imperishable noise in the tranquil universe.
Ignore the shadows which encircle you like left-over
fish bones, if the one you love is not around.
If yet you feel the impulse to spit out those irritating fish bones,
rearrange them one stroke after another into new lines of poetry.

(1998)

十四行 (選三)

你問我什麼是永恆，因為我們常常
來不及吃完一杯冰淇淋又把舌頭伸向
義大利布丁。檸檬派固我所愛也（我
把它藏在你的胸前），櫻桃蘇打，乳
酪蛋糕，娘惹，西米露亦我所欲也
什麼是渴望，什麼是品味，什麼是
永恆的饕餮涉獵。吃到杯盤狼藉，吃
到東方既白，又日以繼夜，焚膏繼晷
永恆不是畫面暫停。我們常常看A台
錄B台，快轉，倒帶，邊看邊找，飽
餐可口的影像聲音。我們豢養我們
挑剔的官能，縱容它們在時間租界上
建立色香味俱全的虛幻之都。什麼是
永恆？回答你之前先讓我把你舔乾淨

*

午夜，當他們打開電視收看世界杯賽
另一場世界杯正在你胸前悄然展開
啊，用你雙乳東西半球合成的聖杯
我們獨一無二的世界杯。你說，用心
防守，用眼光進攻，不要粗鹵地派遣
你的十指或十趾。那時法國隊的右翼
正好接到隊友傳來之球，提腳勁射
差一點進入巴西之門。你說，渴望
總是勝過完成，慢慢享受你的創意
機智，不要急著射。法國隊又獲角球
十號用力一躍，頂球入網，觀眾歡聲
雷動，惟你，靜靜靜靜注視著我，說
飲我以無聲之流汁，叩我之門，啟我
之杯，那用想像和期盼合成的世界杯

Sonnets (3 selections)

You asked me what eternity is, for we often can't wait to stick our tongues to panna cotta before eating up a cup of ice cream. I love lemon pie (I hide it on your breasts); cheery soda, cheese cake, nyonya cake, sago are also what I desire. What is desire, what is taste, what is everlasting gluttonous hunting—eat till the table is messy, eat till the day breaks, eat day and night, around the clock. Eternity is not a paused scene. Often we watch channel A and record channel B. Fast-forwarding, rewinding the video, we watch and search, feasting ourselves on tasty images and sounds. We feed our fastidious senses, allowing them to build an illusory city of color, smell and taste on the leased land of time. What is eternity? Before answering you, let me lick you up first.

*

At midnight, when they are watching the World Cup on TV, another World Cup is being held on your breasts quietly, with, oh, the holy cup made of your eastern and western breast hemispheres, our unique World Cup. You said: defend with the heart, attack with the eyes, and don't rashly dispatch your ten fingers or toes. The right wing of the French team then caught his teammate's pass, made a strength shoot, came near shooting into Brazil's goal. You said: desiring is always better than achieving. Enjoy your creativity and wit; hold back your shooting. The French team gets a corner kick, No.10 player volleys the ball and scores a goal. The audience gives thunderous shouts, but you, looking at me in silence, said: drink me like noiseless juice, shoot my goal, open my cup, the World Cup made of imagination and expectation.

*

地震是我們還沒談到的主題。昨天
嘉義大地震，房屋倒塌，公路坍方
今天花蓮餘震不斷，最大的一次
震央在你床鋪。散落一地的是我們
的喘息。地震結束，餘韻猶在……
地震使我們居安思危，如果一切
肉體的建築都倒塌了，支持我們
的是什麼？傾斜的形而上學。變形
又變形的曲喻。地震使我們居危
思安，想念那出神入肉的神聖感官
帝國，想念堅毅其圓柱，迴廊，飛
簷的流言，猜疑，貧窮，悲哀……
雷電讓打鐵匠的音樂成形，我們
在地震中傷感，書寫，延續音樂

(1998)

*

The earthquake is the topic we haven't talked about yet. Yesterday a violent quake hit Chiayi. Houses caved in; landslides blocked highways. Today there were ceaseless aftershocks in Hualien. The biggest one's epicenter was on your bed. Scattered on the floor were our gasps. The earthquake is over; the rhythms remain... Earthquakes make us beware of peril in peacetime. Suppose all the fleshly constructions collapsed, what would it be that pillars our love? Slanting metaphysics? Metaphors deformed and reformed? Earthquakes make us cherish peace in time of danger, thinking of the holy empire of senses that is both spiritual and physical, of gossip, suspicion, poverty, and sorrow that strengthen its columns, roofed corridor, and overhanging eaves. Thunder and lightning help form the music of blacksmiths; at earthquakes we feel sorrow, write, and keep music going.

(1998)

Author's Note: Chiayi is a place in the western part of Taiwan, while Hualien is in the eastern part.

在島上

1

百步蛇偷走了我的項鍊和歌聲
我要越過山頭向他要回來
但媽媽，你看
他把我的項鍊拆碎，丟向溪谷
成為一整夜流動的星光
他把我的歌聲壓縮成一顆眼淚
滴在黑長尾雉沈默的尾羽

2

我們的獨木舟從神話的海洋漂流到今夜的沙灘
我們的獨木舟，哥哥，跟著這一行字，重新登陸了

3

一隻蒼蠅飛到女神臍下濕黏的捕蠅紙。
像白日輕槌黑夜
親愛的祖先，用你股間不曾用過的新石器輕輕槌它

4

我們不是死去，我們是老去
我們不是老去，我們是變化羽毛
像大海抽換它的被單
在古老又年輕的石頭的搖籃

5

他的釣竿是七彩的虹
從天上緩緩彎下
垂釣每一尾游泳的夢

啊，他的釣竿是七彩的弓
瞄向每一尾從潛意識飛出的黑白的魚

6

因為地底下蜜蜂的振動
我們有地震。然而地震

On the Island

1

A hundred-pacer snake stole my necklace and singing voice.
I will go beyond the mountain to get them back.
But Mother, look!
He has torn my necklace up, cast it down to the valley,
and turned it into starlight flowing all night long.
He has compressed my singing voice into a teardrop,
falling on the silent feathered tail of a black long-tailed pheasant.

2

Our canoe has drifted from the ocean of myth to the beach tonight.
Our canoe, my brother, has landed anew, along with this line of words.

3

A fly has flown onto the sticky flypaper below the goddess's navel.
Just as the day hammers gently on the night,
my dear ancestor, hammer gently with the unused Neolithic tool
between your thighs.

4

We do not die, we just grow old,
we do not grow old, we just change plumage,
like the sea changing its bed sheets
in the stone cradle, at once ancient and young.

5

His fishing rod is a rainbow of seven colors,
bending slowly down from the sky
to hook every swimming dream.

Ah, his fishing rod is a bow of seven colors
that aims at every black-and-white fish flying out of the subconscious.

6

Because the bees buzz underground,
we have earthquakes. Yet earthquakes

也可以是甜蜜的，如果
一點點蜂蜜從板塊的
縫隙流出，從心的縫隙

7

她揹著弟弟站在石頭上歌唱
聽到歌聲的神把她接到天上

但她想吃小米，向父親
要了三粒帶到天上播種

「你們聽到雷聲，就想想
我正在搗米」

我們看到閃電，就想想
她又把思念搗裂了

8

未曾被慾望打開的她的身體
是沒有門窗的水泥房間

「在我的牆壁上鑽打出縫孔，媽媽
無數跳蚤正急切地想衝出黑暗時代
衝出我柔軟鼓起的『呵呵兮兮』
領受光的洗禮」

9

巨人哈魯斯胯下藏著一座活動的捷運系統
他長八公里的陰莖是最富彈性的高架橋
跨過急流的溪谷，跨過山脈
從希卡瑤社伸到皮安南社

享受交通快感的美麗女子啊，小心
他的皮橋突然轉向
進入你陰暗的隧道

can be sweet, if a bit of honey should
seep through the cracks of the
arth's crust, through the cracks of the heart.

7

She stood singing on a rock with her brother on her back;
the god who heard the singing voice fetched her to heaven.

But she felt like eating millet, so she asked her father
for three grains to sow them in heaven.

“On hearing thunder, just picture me
threshing millet.”

At the sight of lightning, we'll assume
she has threshed open her homesickness again.

8

Her body, unopened by desire,
is a cement room without doors and windows.

“Drill a hole through my wall, Mother.
Numerous fleas are anxious to rush out of the dark ages,
out of my soft, swelling *hahabisi*,
to receive the baptism of light.”

9

Under the giant Harleus's crotch hid a mobile rapid transit system.
His eight-kilometer-long penis is the most flexible viaduct,
crossing swiftly running dales, crossing mountain ranges,
stretching from Village Hikayiou to Village Pianan.

Fair girls, while you enjoy the ecstasy of free transportation, beware
that his fleshy bridge may suddenly turn its direction
and creep into your dark tunnels.

白日太長，夜太短
 死亡的幽谷太遠太遠
 親愛的姊妹，把芋頭田
 留給男人，把汗留給自己
 讓我們把除草工具放在頭上當角
 變成山羊，在樹蔭下納涼

你是一隻山羊
 我是一隻山羊
 遠離男人，遠離工作
 在樹蔭下一起嬉戲，納涼

(1998)

註：(1)黑長尾雉是太魯閣國家公園區見到的台灣特有珍禽。(2)阿美族的起源，傳說大洪水把一對乘獨木舟逃難的兄妹漂流到台灣東部海岸。(3)泰雅族創世神話謂太古有男女二神，本不知男女之道，因一隻蒼蠅停在女神私處，方恍然大悟（阿美族亦有類似神話）。(4)賽夏族傳說謂人老了只要剝掉外皮即可恢復年輕。(5)阿美族神話謂虹乃射日獵人阿德格的七彩釣竿變成。(6)阿美族傳說謂地震的起源乃古時住於地上之人詐以蜜蜂裝入麻袋當做物品與地下之人交易而致。(7)排灣族神話有女孩揹著弟弟在石上歌唱為神所憐而飛上天的故事。(8)布農族傳說謂古時有一美少女，陰部（hahabisi）只有稍微鼓起的部位而無縫孔，其母持刀將其割開，從中躍出無數跳蚤。(9)泰雅族傳說謂有巨人哈魯斯，陰莖特長，遇河水氾濫，伸之為橋，讓人渡過，見美女，色慾輒起。(10)卑南族傳說謂古代有兩位要好的女孩，至山上芋頭田做工，因天氣熱，納涼樹蔭下，覺得非常好，遂將除草用具置頭上當角，變成山羊。參閱林道生《台灣原住民族口傳文學選集》（花蓮，一九九六），李來旺《阿美族神話故事》（台東，一九九四）及尹建中編《台灣山胞各族傳統神話故事與傳說文獻編纂研究》（台北，一九九四）。

The day is too long, the night is too short,
 and the valley of death too far away.
 My dear sisters, leave the taro fields
 to men, and sweat to ourselves.
 Let's put the hoes on our heads like horns
 and become goats, to take shelter from the sun under trees.

You are a goat,
 and I am a goat.
 Away from men, away from toil,
 we play and enjoy the cool breeze in the shade.

(1998)

Author's Note: (1)The black long-tailed pheasant is a rare bird found in the Taroko Gorge National Park. (2)There is a legend about the origin of the Amis: a brother and a sister sought refuge from a deluge and drifted to the east coast of Taiwan on a canoe. (3)According to the Atayal myth of the Creation, there were a god and a goddess in very ancient times, who were ignorant of lovemaking until one day a fly landed on the private part of the goddess (the Amis have a similar myth). (4)According to a Saisiyat legend, old people could recover their youth simply by peeling off the skin. (5)An Amis myth has it that the rainbow was originally the seven-color bow of Adgus, the hunter who shot down the sun. (6)There is an Amis legend about how earthquake was formed: the people living on the ground cheated those living underground by exchanging hemp bags filled with bees for goods. (7)The Paiwan have stories about a girl singing on a rock with her little brother on her back and being delivered to heaven because she aroused gods' sympathy and affection. (8)A Bunun legend goes like this: once upon a time there was a beautiful girl whose private part (*hahabisi* in the Bunun language) was a little swollen but tightly sealed. Her mother cut it open with a knife, and out sprang numerous fleas. (9) There is an Atayal legend about the giant Harleus, who had a tremendously long penis. He stretched it out as a bridge for people to cross flooded rivers, but he got lustful at the sight of pretty girls. (10)A Puyuma legend goes like this: two girls were close friends. One day they worked in the taro field on the mountain. It was so hot that they took shelter from the sun under a tree. Rejoicing, they put hoes on their heads and were turned into goats.

白鹿四疊

——用邵主題

那白鹿也許自夢境中躍出……
金黃的午後，當我們在樹下
小寐醒來，一道純白的閃光
奇妙地掠過眼前，引領我們
奔向前去。相對於它的輕盈
虛幻，我們真實的獵犬未免是
太沉重的陰影，四肢輪番觸地
辛苦跟隨在後。那白鹿是月華
的倒映，在夜間，當我們循溪
追尋，飲冰涼之山澗，它的
乳汁粼粼盪過水面，讓第一次
離家的年輕獵者突然想起
出發前存放在妹妹胸前的麻糬
年老的獵者說快過年了，我們
一定要追到它追到它。追到它
即使天又亮了，我們又翻過
一個山頭。追到它，即使夜又
暗了，回家的路像越滾越長的
麻線。砍草折枝，一路為記

記不清的是雲的重量夢的色澤
別問我翻山越嶺的我們，如何
走入盆地，翻開一頁等待書寫
的神話。那白鹿是純粹的光
照亮無字的天書，當我們倦於
閱讀飛鳥、走獸的肢體語言
倦於比畫弓與箭的手語，它
揭示我們新的詞彙：那是海
嗎？燦爛如一輪日，如一彎月
共鳴的綠色間水晃晃的鏡廳

The White Deer: Four Columns

—after the Thao

Perhaps the white deer leaps from a dream...
In a golden afternoon, as we wake from a nap
under the tree, a white bolt of light flashes
before our eyes, prompts us to run forward.
Compared with the white deer's litheness and
fancy, our flesh-and-blood hound is too heavy
a shadow. Toiling far behind, his four limbs
switch to touch the ground. The white deer
is a reflection of moonbeams. At night, when
we search along the creek and take sips from
the cold mountain stream, her milk limpidly
ripples on the water, a sudden reminder
for the young hunter, leaving home for the
first time, of the *mochi* that he put on the
younger sister's breast before departing. An
old hunter says, the New Year is approaching;
we got to catch it, we must catch it. Catch it
even after another sunrise, another mountain
crossed. Catch it even if night darkens again
and the way home gets longer and longer, like
a linen thread unrolling. We slash grass and
cut tree branches, marking the way as we go.

I remember neither the weight of clouds nor
the tincture of dreams. Don't ask me how we
mountaineers walk into the basin and reveal
a page of myth yet to be written. The white
deer is pure light that illumines the wordless
book of heaven. When we are tired of reading
birds' and beasts' body languages, of making
archers' gestures, it unveils to us a new
vocabulary: is that the sea? Brilliant as the sun
and the crescent moon, a watery mirror
hall where resonating green colors shine

年輕的獵者把獵到的山羌腸肚
丟進鏡裡，許多激盪的鏡妖
激動湧出。就叫它們是魚吧
一種把陸上沉重的陰影點化為
浮光流金的水中動物，溫柔地
入我的腸，入我的夢，張開
一張抽象的網罟網羅舊雪新苗
春雨秋歌。年老的獵者說虛構
虛構是最堅實的魚網，虛構

是好的……那白鹿游到水中央
而後消沉，不曾在鏡面留下
任何裂痕，彷彿一道光溶入另
一道光，留下我們在岸邊凝神
思索。我們未曾追到那鹿
我們也未曾失去那鹿。我們
想像，追憶那能有與未能有的
層層推移的波紋是我們發光的
思想。我們學習燒壘，舂米
編竹排為浮嶼，雕樟樹之幹為
舟，我們製作魚筥，浮鉤，向
外族換鹽易煙，等候繡眼畫眉
在左邊鳴叫。我們將遇見一位
帶著相機儀器為我們拍照測量
體質的年輕人類學者。我們將
聽到他說啊趕快，這些種族
要滅絕了。我們將聽見，搗響
整個盆地，我們姊妹的杵歌
而我們的村落在新建的水庫裡

在群山環抱，水沙相連的這個
大島嶼正中央，我們豢養
一面明鏡，一隻夢幻的白鹿
年輕的獵者老去成為熱心的

about. The young hunter throws the insides of the muntjacs he caught into the mirror. Exhilarated, scores of shimmering mirror goblins rush forth. Let's call them fish, water creatures that transform heavy shadows on land to fluid gleams. Gently, they enter my gut, my dreams, spreading an abstract fishnet to gather old snow, new sprouts, spring rain, autumn songs. The old hunter says, fiction, fiction is the sturdiest fishnet—fiction is

good... The white deer swims to the center of the water, then sinks, not leaving a single crack on the mirror, as if a ray of light fused into another. We are left behind on the shore to ponder. We have not caught the deer, nor have we lost it. We imagine and recall what we could have and couldn't have. The ripples moving in layers are our illuminating thoughts. We learn how to slash-and-burn, pound rice, create floating islets with rafts to catch fish, carve boats out of camphor trees. We make bamboo fish traps and float hooks, trade salt and tobacco with other tribes, and wait for the grey-cheeked fulvetta to sing on our left side. We will meet a young anthropologist who, arriving with photography equipment, will take our pictures and measurements of our bodies. We will hear him say, Oh, hurry, these tribes will be extinct soon. We will hear our sisters' pestle song boom all over the basin. Our village will be the new reservoir.

In the very center of this big island where mountains surround and water blends with sand, we raise a fantasized white deer and a bright mirror. The young hunter ages and

私酒釀造者，浮著獨木舟，把
過分沉重的陰影稀釋成月光
有一天，鏡裡鏡外一切建構
也許終要沉入鏡底，不見蹤跡
那鏡子倒映，見證我們的存在
你問我們名字？一如那東南邊
大山的居民自稱為布農，那
東邊黥面的住民自稱為賽德克
我們稱自己為邵：人的意思
我們是人，一個符號，一個
姿勢，一個在辭典裡被簡化成
遺忘與曖昧同義字的考古學
名詞，一個被誤讀誤寫的專有
名詞。我們是名詞，也是動詞
隨一隻白鹿自辭典中躍出……

(1998)

註：邵族傳說謂其祖先因追逐一白鹿，從阿里山歷半月而至日月潭。白鹿渡水，沒於潭中央，初見潭水之邵人亦不得過，洗所獵之山羌腸肚於潭中，水中之魚，群來爭食。邵人不知其為何物，先由老者試嘗，知味美安全可食，遂遷來此。日月潭一帶，清季稱「水沙連」，為水沙相連之山間盆地。一九〇〇年，日本人類學者鳥居龍藏至埔里盆地調查，嘆居住其上的某些原住民族群即將絕滅。一九三四年，日人興建日月潭水力發電工程，原在珠仔山（今光華島）旁的邵族部落盡入水底。「浮嶼」誘魚為邵族特有的捕魚法，將種著雜草的竹排浮在水面，以誘捕草叢中下卵的魚類。邵人有鳥占之習，外出時遇繡眼畫眉鳴於左邊則為吉兆。邵族為一保有固有文化與語言之獨立族群，然久被含糊地列為鄒族之一支，或視為平埔族之一族。其人口為今台灣原住民族群中最少者。陳奇祿一九五五年調查時，人口已不及二五〇人。今當更少。

eagerly bootlegs liquor, diluting all too heavy shadows into moonlight in his canoe. Every constructions inside and outside the mirror might one day sink to its bottom, traceless. The mirror reflects, witnesses our existence. You ask our name? Like those residing on the south-eastern mountain who call themselves Bunun, and those in the east with tattooed faces who name themselves Seediq, we give ourselves the name Thao, meaning *human*. We are *human*, a sign, a posture, an archeological noun simplified into a synonym of *oblivion* and *ambiguity* by the dictionary, a proper noun mispronounced and misspelled. We are a noun, and a verb too, following the white deer, leaping out of the dictionary...

(1998)

Author's Note: The Thao is an indigenous tribe in Taiwan. Thao legend has it that, chasing after a white deer, the Thao's ancestors traveled for half a month from Ali Mountain to Sun Moon Lake in Puli Basins. When the white deer crossed the water, it sank in the middle of the lake. Seeing the lake for the first time, the Thao were unable to cross it either. They wash the insides of their hunted muntjacs in the lake and attracted schools of fish. At that time, the Thao did not know what fish were. Their elders ate some and found them safe to consume. The tribe decided to move to this region. In the Qing Dynasty, the Sun Moon Lake area was called Shuishalian, meaning water and sand linked together in a basin surrounded by mountains. In 1900, while doing field research in Puli Basins, Japanese anthropologist Ryuzo Torii lamented the looming extinction of some aboriginal tribes there. Due to the construction of a hydro power plant in the Sun Moon Lake area by the Japanese colonial government, the whole Thao village on Guanghua Island was submerged under water. "Floating islets" is the Thao's special fishing method. Rafts planted with grass are floated on water to attract fish that lay eggs under grass. In their practice of augury, the Thao believe that a grey-cheeked fulvetta singing on the left side when a person goes out is a good omen. Although the Thao people have their own culture and language, they were often mistaken as part of the Tsou tribe or the plains aborigines. The Thao is the smallest among all aboriginal tribes in Taiwan, with a population of fewer than 250 in 1955 as estimated by the scholar Chen Qi-lu.

[E.W.]

海岸詠嘆

那時我們對海的記憶如沙灘上的沙粒那般豐富，走下南濱堤防，我們就成為一隻螞蟻，要走很久很久很久很久才到達海。多麼寬闊的沙灘啊，你說。你看見海岸以優美的夢的弧度，圍繞著你生長的小城。你只是一個小孩，跟螞蟻一樣大的小孩，但這方糖、砂糖的沙灘何其甜美啊。那藍色的海鐵定是一塊藍色蛋糕，但你不敢說它是什麼口味或質料，因為每天它總是翻轉出不同藍色，不同風貌，神的食譜比海還大本，它蛋糕的配方，種類比沙灘上的沙粒還多。那些翻白的浪，當然是神的唾液了。你每天都想偷偷搬運一點回去，但無能為力，因為那甜蜜是太重的負荷。讓它留在海岸吧，你說，一塊永遠讓神，讓人，讓小如螞蟻的你垂涎三尺的公開的蛋糕。

(2000)

Aria on the Coast

At that time our memories of the ocean were as plentiful as the grains of sand on the beach. Walking down the dike along the southern coast, we became ants and it took a long long long long time to get to the sea. What a spacious beach, you said. You saw the coast surrounding, with a beautiful dreamlike curve, the small town where you grew up. You were merely a child of the size of an ant, and how sweet the beach of cube sugar and crude sugar was! That blue ocean was definitely a blue cake, but you were not sure of its flavor or ingredients, because every day it rolled out different shades of blue and different looks. God's cookbook was bigger than the ocean, and the number of its recipes for cakes was larger than that of the sand on the beach. Those whitened waves were, of course, God's saliva. Every day you longed to move some back home stealthily, but you weren't able to, because such sweetness was too heavy a burden. Leave it there on the coast, you said—a public cake permanently mouth-watering to God, to human beings, and to you, who were as tiny as an ant.

(2000)

III *Poems 2000-2014*

苦惱與自由的平均律

小宇宙 II

輕／慢

我／城

妖／冶

朝／聖

島／國

鋁箔包

喝我
喝我的血
喝我的奶
喝我的口水
喝我的肉汁
喝我的愛液
喝我的痙攣
喝我的不貞

在賞味期限之內
(製造日期見棺底)

(2000)

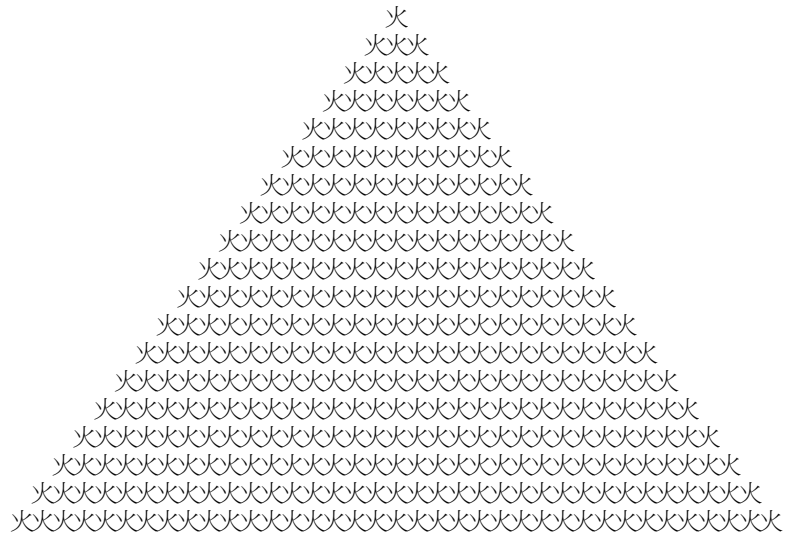
Foil Carton

drink me
drink my blood
drink my milk
drink my saliva
drink my flesh juice
drink my love liquid
drink my spasms
drink my infidelity

before the use-by date expires
(for date of manufacture, see bottom of the coffin)

(2000)

消防隊長夢中的埃及風景照



(2000)

在我們生活的角落

在我們生活的角落住著許多詩
它們也許沒有向戶政事務所申報戶口
或者領到一個門牌，從區公所或派出所
走出巷口，你撞到一位邊跑邊打大哥大的慢跑選手
尷尬的笑容讓你想到每天晚上在家門前幫年輕太太
擦紅色跑車的老醫生，原來
它們是一首長詩的兩個段落

物件和物件相聞而不必相往來
一些浮升成為意象，向另一些意象
求歡示好。聲音和氣味往往勾搭在先，暗自互通
聲息。顏色是羞怯的小姊妹，它們必須待在家裡
擺設好窗簾床單浴袍桌巾，等男主人回家，扭開
燈。一首詩，如一個家，是甜蜜的負擔
收留愛慾苦愁，包容肖與不肖

它們不需到衛生所結紮或購買避孕套
雖然它們也有它們的倫理道德和家庭計畫
門當戶對不見得是最好的匹配
水乳固然可以交融，水火也可以交歡
黑格爾吃白斬雞，黑頭蒼蠅辯論
白馬非馬。溫柔的強暴
震耳欲聾的寂靜
不倫之戀是詩的特權

它們有的選擇活在暗喻的陰影或象徵的樹林裡
有的開朗樂觀，像陽光的蜘蛛四處攀爬。有些
喜歡餐風飲露清談野合，有些則像隱形的紗
散佈在分成許多小套房出租的你的腦中，不時
開動夢或潛意識的紡織機

In the Corners of Our Lives

Many poems live in the corners of our lives.
They may not have reported to the domiciliary registration office
or received doorplate numbers from the district office or police station.
Walking out of the alley, you bump into a jogger speaking on the cell phone.
His embarrassed smile reminds you of the aged doctor who polishes his
young wife's red sports car in front of the house every night.
You realize then that they are two sections of a long poem.

Objects are known to each other, but don't drop in for tea.
Some float up to become images, courting and showing affection
for others. Sound and smell usually conspire first, flirting with each other
on the sly. Colors are the coy little sisters who must stay home,
get set the curtain, sheet, bathrobe and tablecloth, wait for their master
to return, and turn on
the lights. A poem, like a home, is a sweet burden
sheltering love and lust, suffering and sorrow, taking in the good and the bad.

They needn't go to the health center to be sterilized or to buy condoms
although they do have their own ethics and family planning.
Couples of well-matched family backgrounds do not always make the
best matches.
Of course water mixes well with milk, but it can also mate with fire.
Whitehead eats black-boned chicken; black-headed flies debate
whether a white horse is a horse. Tender violence.
Deafening silence.
Incestuous love is poetic license.

Some of them choose to live in the shadow of metaphor or woods of symbols.
Some are broad-minded and optimistic, like sunny spiders climbing
here and there. Some
enjoy living outdoors, talking idly and having intercourse; others, like
invisible yarn,
are scattered in your brain, which is divided into many small suites for
rent, from time to time
switching on the spinning wheel of dream or subconsciousness.

許多詩據說被囚禁在習慣的房間。你閉門
覓句，翻箱倒櫃，苦苦呼喚，甚至騎著電子驢
驅趕滑鼠，敲鍵搜尋。打開窗戶
寬天厚地，它們居然在那裡：
雨後的鳶尾花。放學回家的
一隊鷗鳥。歪斜的
海的波紋
煮著一鍋番茄和幾片豆腐的微波爐

你想到還要幾粒豌豆。你走進超市看到
罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭
罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭
罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭
你隨手拿了一罐，發現挖空心思，刻意
求索的它，原來因缺席而存在：
罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭
罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭 罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭
罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭罐頭

一顆紅柿孤獨地在收銀台上。你說
妙哉，一顆紅柿孤獨地在收銀台上
一行字自成一戶
你不免懷疑它移民自日本或多絕句的盛唐
但是你完全不在意。完全不在意它們可以全部裝進
一個小小的購物袋

(2000)

Many poems are said to be imprisoned in the room of habit. In quest of
lines you
close the door, overturn boxes and cupboards, call out desperately, and
even ride an electronic donkey,
drive the mouse and pound the keys. You open the window
to the big wide world, and surprisingly, there they are:
Irises after the rain. A flock of gulls
on their way home from school. Slanting
waves of the ocean.
The microwave oven boiling tomato soup with slices of bean curd.

It occurs to you to buy some peas. You go to the supermarket and see
can
can
cancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancan
You take one can casually and find what you've been racking
your brains for owes its presence to its very absence:
can
cancancancancancancancan cancancancancancancancan
cancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancancan

A persimmon lies solitary on the counter. You say,
how fantastic, a persimmon lies solitary on the counter.
A line of words forms a family in itself.
You can't help but suspect it immigrated from Japan, or from the
High Tang, when quatrains were flourishing.
But you don't mind at all. You don't mind at all that they'll all fit into
a small shopping bag.

(2000)

世紀末讀黃庭堅

舊的世紀快過去了。翻讀
你的詩，卻覺得像逛一間
新開的精品店，樓上兼營
美容整型，器官捐贈移植

點鐵成金，奪胎換骨：
大大的告示牌嚇退了那些
傳統的消費者。他們說詩
豈能是煉金術或外科手術？

他們不知道外科也要用心
文章本心術。詩人重寫
時間留在水上的腳步，刻出
新的詩句，但不曾留下疤痕

他們說你是小偷，把偷來的
巧克力變造成固特異，翻滾
奔馳在繫船三百里，去
夢無一寸的想像的糖果紙

哪能儘吃唐朝的糖啊，你說
他們說糖果紙是形式主義
說你是邪思之尤者，剽竊之
點者，拼貼戲仿面目瘳惡

所以，你是遠在中國古代的
後現代了？你的法國近親
杜象把豎立的小便器搬到
展覽室，說這是「噴泉」

你的江湖夜雨，如果把它
顛倒成夜壺降雨，應該也是一
盞可以輝映千古的燈吧？
你詩句裡那個閉門覓句的

Reading Huang Ting-Jian at the Turn of the Century

The old century will soon be over. Thumbing through your poems is like visiting a newly-opened store selling exquisite articles, on whose upstairs they also engage in plastic surgery, organ donating and transplanting.

Turn iron into gold; get disembodied and transformed: the tremendously huge sign scares away those customary consumers. They say: is it possible for poetry to function as alchemy or surgical operations?

They don't know surgery also takes a tender heart. Writing is an art of mental exertion. Poets rewrite the footprints that time has left on water, carve out new stanzas of verse, without leaving any scars.

They say you are a thief, transforming the stolen chocolate into Goodyear tires, tumbling and galloping on the imaginary candy wrapping paper where the boat is moored 300 km away, and dreams bring it an inch away.

How can we eat the candy of Tang Dynasty only? you said. They say candy wrapping paper is formalism and that you the foremost of all evil thinkers, a shrewd plagiarist, a wicked-looking collage and parody player.

So, I can call you a post-modernist far back in ancient China? Your French kinsman Duchamp moved an upright urinal into the exhibition hall, saying it was a "fountain."

If your "raining in the night by the lake" were twisted into "leaking in the night urinal", it could also turn out to be a lamp blazing throughout the history, couldn't it? The guy Chen Wu-ji you mentioned in your poem, who shut

陳無己，其實就是我：
相隔九百年，發向你
夢境的船
半分鐘一班

(2000)

註：「文章本心術，萬古無轍跡」，「繫船三百里，去夢無一寸」，「江湖夜雨十年燈」，「閉門覓句陳無己」等皆黃庭堅（1045-1105）詩句。

his door looking for words, is actually the incarnation of me:
the boat bound for your dream, with nine hundred years
in between,
sails every half minute.

(2000)

Author's Note: Huang Ting-jian (1045-1105), a Chinese poet of Sung Dynasty. "Writing is an art of mental exertion," "The boat is moored 300 km away, and dreams bring it an inch away," "raining in the night by the lake," and "Chen Wu-ji who shut his door looking for words" are lines taken from Huang Ting-jian's poems. Chen Wu-ji was Huang Ting-jian's fellow poet and friend. He often stayed in his room, waiting for inspiration and racking his brains for good poems.

忽必烈汗

在上都，忽必烈汗下令建造一座
可以移動的巨大寢宮
「我不要固定的東西。我已經厭倦
那些住在固定房間，使用固定香水
在固定程式後發出固定呻吟的嬪妃
雖然她們成千上萬……」
他精通企管的義大利顧問，精挑細選，精打細算
將那些嬪妃排列組合，或者六人一隊，或者三五成群
一次三夜，在不同方位，以不同隊形
輪流侍奉她們的君王

美酒，鴉片，蜂蜜，皮鞭
地球儀，震動器，聖經，情趣內衣
「我要不停的動，不停的亢奮，不停的征服
不停的到達高潮……」

但這並不是一個數學問題
不是軍事問題，甚至不是醫學問題

「這是一個哲學問題」
寢宮外不被重用的波斯旅行家說
「時間是孕育變化
最好的春藥」

(2000)

Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
a giant, mobile pleasure-dome decree.
“I don’t want fixed things. I am tired of
those regular rooms, of concubines who use the same perfume,
give the same moaning after standard procedures
though there are thousands of them...”
Picking and calculating carefully, his Italian counselor, good at business
administration,
arranged and combined those concubines into teams of six, three, or five,
three times per night, in different directions, in different formations,
to serve their emperor by turns.

Fine wine, opium, honey, leather whips,
globes, vibrators, the Bible, sex-appealing underwear.
“I’ll ceaselessly move, ceaselessly feel excited, ceaselessly conquer,
ceaselessly reach the orgasm...”

But this is not a question of math,
not a question of military affairs, not even a question of medicine.

“This is a question of philosophy.”
Outside the palace, the ignored Persian traveler said,
“Time is the best aphrodisiac
that fosters changes.”

(2000)

木魚書

這是我客居此地第七個秋天
涼風有信，秋颯無情
思念你的情緒，好比那被水淹的
捷運系統，有車難發
寸步難行
我擱淺在比這個城市積水更深的
對往事的追憶裡
想像你睇斜陽照住你窗前一對凱蒂貓
我獨依電腦桌思悄然
耳畔聽得剛剛設定的手機新款鈴聲
鶯鶯響起，又只見電視走馬燈打出
機場封閉，陸空交通全斷字樣
觸更添愁，惱怒懷人

舊約難渝。我存藏的是一本沒有封面
沒有內文的聖經，如千百轉的輾轉
負載前夜夢的遺樓的漏水
點滴在心頭
都濕了，這一頁頁魚水交歡的經書
詩與音樂，我們神聖的游泳池

我的銀鱗閃閃的歌泳隊
一列列，自電子木魚敲出
穿過積水的城市，穿過皺如海綿的
月色，游到你的螢幕

我知道怎樣追敘歡樂的時辰
想當日，劇院初見
我窮途作客囊如洗
偏你把多情向著我，因一首
虛詞母音，無伴奏的詠嘆調
你含情相伴對住逆旅床頭燈，細問
曲中何故事。我把《客途秋恨》
這段風流講過你聞，講到那

Wooden Fish Ballad

This is the seventh autumn of my visit here.
The cool wind comes as usual; the autumn typhoon conceives no mercy.
My sentiment in recollecting you is like the flooded MRT system,
 where no trains are available,
and thus people can go nowhere.
I am stranded in the memories of the past, which are
deeper than the flood in this city,
picturing you looking casually at the twilight reflected on the pair of
 Hello Kitty by the window.
As I am seated alone at the computer desk thinking quietly,
the cell phone with newly-set tone
rings like birds chirping, and the newsbar roll on the TV reads:
The airport is closed, transport both by land and air blockaded.
All these add to my sorrow and annoyance in missing you.

The past testament is hard to break. What I have hoarded is a coverless,
wordless Bible, which, like an ever-turning waterwheel
carrying last night's nocturnal emissions and leaking from the upstairs,
 drips on my heart.
They've got all wet—these pages of the scripture about ecstasy of fish
 and water:
Poetry and music, our sacred swimming pool.

My shining silver-scaled swimming choir,
tapped out in rows from the electronic wooden fish,
pass through the flooded city, through the spongy-wrinkly
moonbeams, and swim to your computer screen.

I know how to recall and narrate the merry hours:
I remember the day we met for the first time at the theater.
I was a wretched and penniless traveler,
Yet you showed your affection toward me, because of an
unaccompanied aria composed simply of function words and vowels.
You kept me loving company by the hotel bedside lamp, inquiring in
 detail about
what the aria was about. I narrated to you the romantic tale
underlying "The Traveler's Autumn Rue," telling you about

繆蓮仙，為憶歌女麥氏秋娟
如何在客途抱恨，度日如年
寫詩，憶舊，遣悲懷

你聞聽我言多嘆息，說：「
你詠敘的恰如我們。記憶如何
滋生音樂，形象，讓詩吟詠
寫詩的你如何向我求愛，歌唱
以雷同又不同的主題
以細微變化的姿勢，聲調；我
本來也是一隻鳴禽，我的任務
即歌唱，但在詩，另一隻
更音樂的鳴禽前
我選擇無聲對有聲」
你說我珠璣滿腹，無中生有
原無價。我知你憐才情重，更不
嫌貧。我所有的只是杜撰

啊，情人中的情人，你的聆聽即是
歌唱。我書寫，因為你的存在
你不是一隻鳴禽，你是所有歌唱
與不歌唱的鳥：知更，藍山雀，紅隼
磯鷗，雪鷗，雨燕……
你是絕對的音樂
先詩而存在。吸引詩，接納詩
迷路的語字的鷹架
我客途的寄寓。在你螢幕的水缸
我的銀鱗閃閃的游泳隊，歌詠隊

(2001)

註：木魚書，流行於廣東，以木魚擊節的說唱文學。其中「南音」一類，
所用樂器以揚琴為主，另有琵琶、箏、二胡、三弦等，最出名者如《客途
秋恨》。參閱邱坤良主編《中國傳統戲曲音樂》（1981，遠流出版公
司）。「我知道怎樣追敘歡樂的時辰」，波特萊爾〈陽台〉（“Le
balcon”）詩句。

Miu Lian-xian, how his memory of the songstress Mai Qiu-juan left him feeling remorse on the journey, passing days as if they were years, writing poems, lost in reminiscence, trying to find outlets for sorrow.

After listening to my narrative, you heaved plenty of sighs and said,
“You were actually narrating the story about us, how the memory bred music and images for poetry to recite about, how you, a poet, courted me, chanting on similar yet different themes with subtly varied postures and tones; I was meant to be a songbird whose mission was to sing, but in front of poetry, another more melodious songbird, I now choose to be silent in response to voices.”
You said I was equipped with pearls of words, with priceless abilities to create something out of nothing. I knew that you not merely appreciated my talent compassionately but felt no contempt for my poverty. My only possession was fabrication.

Oh, my dearest lover, your attentive listening is singing in itself. I write, because you are there. You are not a songbird; you are all the singing and non-singing birds: robins, bluebirds, red falcons, sandpipers, snow-owls, and swifts... You are music incarnated, existing before poetry exists. Attracting poetry, accepting poetry, you are the supporting scaffold for words that have got lost, my lodging house on the journey, and in the aquarium of your screen, my shining silver-scaled swimming team and chanting choir.

(2001)

Author's Note: “Wooden fish ballad” is a form of oral literature popular in the province of Guangdong, China. Wooden fish is a wooden percussion instrument used to keep time and rhythm in chanting or singing. “The Traveler’s Autumn Rue” is one of the most famous in the repertoire of wooden fish ballads. “I know how to recall the merry hours” is a translation of a line from Baudelaire’s poem “Le balcon.”

迷蝶記

那女孩向我走來
像一隻蝴蝶。定定
她坐在講桌前第一個座位
頭上，一隻色彩鮮豔的
髮夾，彷彿蝶上之蝶

二十年來，在濱海的
這所國中，我見過多少
隻蝴蝶，以人形，以蝶形
挾青春，挾夢，翻
飛進我的教室？

噢，羅麗塔

秋日午前，陽光
正暖，一隻燦黃的
粉蝶，穿窗而入，迴旋於
分心的老師與專注於課
業的十三歲的她之間

她忽然起身，逃避那
剪刀般閃閃振動的色彩
與形象，一隻懼怕蝴蝶的
蝴蝶：啊她為蝶所
驚，我因美困惑

(2001)

Butterfly-Mad

That girl was walking toward
me like a butterfly. Steadily she
seated herself right in front of the lectern.
There in her hair was a gaily-colored
hair pin: a butterfly on a butterfly.

For the past twenty years, in this
seashore junior high, how many butterflies
have I seen, human-shaped, butterfly-shaped,
carrying youth, carrying dream, flut-
tering into my classroom?

Oh, Lolita

One autumn day before noon, the
sun so warm, a dazzling yellow butterfly
entered through the window, circling between
the distracted teacher and the 13-year-old
girl concentrating on her lessons.

Suddenly she rose, to evade
those scissors-like glittering colors
and shapes, a butterfly scared of butterflies:
ah, she was startled by a butterfly,
and I, perplexed by beauty.

(2001)

小死亡

——用 Jirí Kylián 舞題

在風的被褥下，每日
小小的死亡

在波浪般的被褥下，你和我
舞動一支虛無的劍

一支劍刺入體內
殺你，殺我

一支劍刺入心中
殺時間，殺死時間

劍尖挑起處，小小的
被的高潮

劍光掠過處，小小的
吶喊與哭泣

小小的死亡，讓我們
逐漸習慣於生之卑微，猥瑣

小小的征服與屈服
在既無敵軍復無友軍的時間的平原

互為殺手與推手
互為刺客與香客

漫長而慵懶的生之過程
死之過程：慵懶地

顛倒劍柄為鐘擺，每日
小小的震盪，小小的死亡

(2002)

Petty Deaths

—based on Jiří Kylián's dance title

Under the quilt of the wind, each day
petty deaths

Under the wavy quilt, you and I
wave a sword of nothingness

A sword stabs into the body
to kill you, to kill me

A sword stabs into the heart
to kill time, to kill time to death

Where the tip of the sword points, petty
orgasms of the quilt

Where the shining sword passes, petty
yells and cries

Petty deaths, to get us
gradually accustomed to the humility and triviality of living

Petty conquests and surrenders
on the plain of time where there are neither enemy nor allied troops

Killers and pushers to the other
Assassins and pilgrims to the other

The livelong, indolent process of living
process of death: indolently

inverting the sword handle into a pendulum, each day
petty vibrations, petty deaths

(2002)

舌頭

我把一節舌頭放在她的鉛筆盒裡。是以，每次她打開筆盒，要寫信給她的新戀人時，總聽到囁嚅不清的我的話語，像一行潦草的字，在逗點與逗點間，隨她新削好的筆沙沙作響。然後她就停了下來。她不知道那是我的聲音，她以為從上次見面後不曾在她耳際說話的我，已永遠保持沉默了。她又寫了一行，發現那個筆劃繁多的「愛」寫得有點亂。她順手拿起了我的舌頭，以為那是橡皮擦，重重重重地往紙上擦去，在愛字消失的地方留下一沓血。

(2002)

The Tongue

I left a segment of my tongue in her pencil box. Consequently, every time she opened it to write a letter to her new lover, she would hear my mumbling words, which were like a line of scribbles, chafing among commas with the movement of her newly sharpened pencil. Then she would stop writing, not knowing it was my voice. She thought that I, who had never spoken to her since we last met, had kept silent for good. She wrote another line, finding the Chinese character 愛 (love), which consisted of so many strokes, was carelessly written. She handily picked up my tongue. Mistaking it for an eraser, she rubbed it forcefully on the paper, leaving a considerable drop of blood on the spot where the character 愛 disappeared.

(2002)

夜歌

在街頭轉角的郵筒旁
我停下車，熄火，小睡一覺
前面是忽明忽滅的紅綠燈
我們熟悉的海在不遠的地方

我在街頭小睡，等我的女兒
習完琴從學院的琴房走出來
出門時我的錄影機正錄著
馬勒的《夜之歌》，漫長
辛勞的一日明天又將倒帶重來

幾隻蚊子飛進車內
暗中叮著一具疲憊的肉身：
花蓮的蚊子此際叮著這個
花蓮人，像潮水咬過沙灘
留下短暫的印記

像音樂流過天空
旋又消失，我們分不清
哪一段是馬勒，哪一段是
牛犁歌，哪一段是我們的
今生，哪一段是別人的來世

我們熟悉的海是巨大的包裹
包裹著我們的夢，包裹著
貝殼般散落沙灘的音樂盒子
反覆在原地將自己投遞出
寄件址就是收件址

被蚊子蓋了戳的我的肉體
是包裹裡的包裹，藏在汽車
盒子裡等候不遠處的海風
將它吹入街角的郵筒

(2002)

Night Song

By the mailbox on the street corner
I stop my car, turn off the engine, and doze for a while.
In front are glimmering traffic lights;
the sea we know well is at a short distance.

I doze on the street waiting for my daughter
to walk out of the piano room of the college after her lesson.
When I left home, my VCR was recording
Mahler's *Song of the Night*. The laborious
long day will be rewound and repeated tomorrow.

Several mosquitoes fly into the car
biting an exhausted human body in the dark:
the mosquitoes of Hualien biting this native
of Hualien is like the tide biting at the beach
leaving temporary marks.

Like music streaming through the sky
and disappearing soon after, we cannot tell
which part is Mahler's, and which part
the plow song, which part is this life
of ours, and which the afterlife of others.

The sea we are familiar with is a giant package
which is packed with our dreams, with
music boxes scattered on the beach like shells
and repeatedly delivers itself at the same spot.
The mailer's address is the receiver's.

My body, stamped by mosquitoes,
is a package in a package, hidden in the car
box and awaiting the sea wind not far away
to blow it into the mailbox on the street corner.

(2002)

秋光奏鳴曲

天涼了。多穿一件
太熱，少穿一件
太冷，像兩個在一起
太多年的戀人
愛也不是
不愛也不是

房子空了些；
家具，音樂一樣多
心也沒有變得更小
沒有什麼必須隱藏
捍衛，除了入夜後
那條夢的小徑的路權

鏡子裡依然掛著夏日
海邊的紅短褲
斜坡上開採到的也許
是藥礦而不是金礦
仍有一些什麼
需要挖掘，探勘

譬如倫理這一件
織了又織補了又補的
透明背心（穿也
不是，不穿也不是）
譬如做為燃料或
顏料的諒解的煤：

在更黑一些的夜裡
把黑暗塗抹成光

(2003)

Autumn Sonata

It's getting cold. Wearing one more garment,
you feel too hot; taking one off,
you feel too cold. So it is with two lovers
living together for too many years.
To love or not to love
doesn't seem right.

The house is less crowded;
there is as much furniture and music.
The heart is none the smaller.
You have nothing to hide
or defend, except the right-of-way
in the night over the path to dreams.

In the mirror still hangs the red trunks
you wear on the summer beach.
What is found on the slope may
be the medicine mine, not the gold mine.
Something is yet
to be excavated, or prospected,

such as ethics, the transparent vest
woven and patched again
and again (to wear or
not to wear doesn't seem right),
such as understanding, the coal
used as fuel or pigment:

to be spread in the darker night
to turn darkness into light.

(2003)

在島上

——用雅美神話

1

島在海邊，海在島邊
我們的島是小小的，靜止的船

海嘯使船變成搖籃
波浪衝向山頭，撕裂巨石
我從石頭中迸出
我是人，我是達悟
我是男人

海嘯使船變成搖籃
波浪翻過礁岩，撕裂竹林
我從竹子中迸出
我是人，我是達悟
我是男人

我們是這條船上最早的兩個人
我們是沒有女人可愛也
不能被女人所愛的男人

我們在船上休息，以船為床
把過長的陽具纏繞在膝上

我們輕搖膝蓋，抵足而眠
膝與膝舒服地相碰，愈碰愈癢

我們體貼地互相抓癢
每一個被抓破的癢繁衍成更巨大的癢
直到在我腫脹的右膝迸出一個男人
（啊達悟，一個人）
直到在我腫脹的左膝迸出一個女人
（啊達悟，一個人）
他們是達悟
男人與男人愛的完成

On the Island

—based on Yami myths

1

The island is by the sea, and the sea by the island
Our island is a tiny, motionless ship

Tsunami turned the ship into a cradle
The waves dashed toward the mountaintop, splitting the giant rock
Out of the rock I popped
I am man, I am Tau
I am a man

Tsunami turned the ship into a cradle
The waves tumbled over reefs, splitting bamboo woods
Out of the bamboo I popped
I am man, I am Tau
I am a man

We were the first two on board
We were men having no women to love and
loved by no women

We rested on the ship, slept on the ship
On the knees we twined our exceedingly long penises

We gently swung our knees, sleeping foot to foot
Our knees touched comfortably, getting all the itchier with every touch

We scratched each other thoughtfully
With each scratch came a greater itch
until a man burst out of my swollen right knee
(oh Tau, a man)
until a woman burst out of my swollen left knee
(oh Tau, a man)
They are the Taus
Fulfillment of love between two men

2

島在海邊，海在島邊
我們的島是小小的，靜止的船
但媽媽，我們的天好低
我們的甲板好高
那一顆巨大的火球，睜大眼睛
在我們頭上，好燒好燙

你請隔壁的巨人叔叔張開手腳
把地往下踢，把天頂高些
我要拿射魚的標槍
把雙眼的火球射成獨眼，分成
兩半：一半掛在白天是
太陽，一半留給夜晚伴我們睡眠
是月亮

你看月亮升起來了
好柔好柔，像一朵
羞怯的百合
夜空深處，我的標槍緩緩落回來了
槍尖上我昨天叉到的飛魚卻黏在天上
成為一條銀河

(2004)

註：雅美（達悟）族關於祖先的起源有「石生說」與「竹生說」，最普遍者乃兩者之結合，認為最早的「達悟」（人之意）是兩個男人，一由石頭破裂而生，一由竹子迸生出。雅美神話說古代天與地很接近，有巨人張其手腳頂踢之，距離始拉大。又說由於太陽太低，光線強烈令人難受，遂被刺成兩半。

2

The island is by the sea, and the sea by the island
Our island is a tiny, motionless ship
But Mama, our sky is so low
Our deck is so high
That fire ball, with wide open eyes
is hanging above our heads, burning hot

Please ask the next-door Uncle Giant to stretch his arms and legs
kicking the ground down, and upholding the sky
I will use my fish-spearing lance
to shoot blind one eye of the two-eyed fire ball, thus dividing it
into two: the half hanging in the sky will be
the sun, and the other half left to the night to accompany us in sleep
will be the moon

Behold, the moon is risen
So gentle is it, like
a bashful lily
From the depth of the evening sky, my lance slowly drops back
The fish I speared yesterday clings to the sky
becoming a milky way

(2004)

Author's Note: The Yami (also called the Tau) tribe are indigenous people of Taiwan living on the Orchid Island, which lies to the southeast of the island of Taiwan. "Tau" means "man" in the Yami language.

冬日旅店夢中得詩

這白色旅店在冬夜收容我
如一只鋁鍋接納一粒米
用足夠的熱水洗它的身體
用棉被的溫度烘它，蒸它
直到成為熟睡的世界這
一鍋飯中飽滿自足的一粒
有人（或神？）微微揭開
鍋蓋，我聞到飯香自夢中
溢出，看見一首詩在夢中
成形，寫在白色的旅店
牆壁或我自己身上。那
顯然不是一首近體的律詩
或絕句（我奇怪一粒小小
的米上怎容得下那麼多字）
是一首從來沒有被寫過
沒有韻腳，不講求平仄的
全新的詩。它的意象鮮活
而迷人，音樂性強又不時
發散味覺與嗅覺的芳澤
觸及愛，觸及孤寂，觸及
時間，觸及美（啊幾乎是
一首夢寐以求，完美無瑕
的偉大的詩了）我不敢
相信那是自己的作品——
那麼新，又那麼好。以為
是李杜以後某個才氣過我
的同儕詩人所作。我不
願意記下它，起初純然
由於嫉妒，讓它懸置在
夢中，一邊欣賞，忖測其
技巧，氣度，一邊暗暗
生恨，恨不得這首詩沒有
被寫出。等到驚覺是我
自己夢的作者，這首詩
有可能是我所寫，而急於

Poem Gained in Dream at a Hotel in Winter

The white hotel took me in on a winter night just as an aluminum pot accepts a grain of rice, washing its body with sufficient hot water, warming and steaming it with the heat of quilt until it becomes a self-contented grain in the pot of rice of the soundly sleeping world. Someone (God maybe?) slightly opened the cover of the pot. I felt the good smell of rice brimming over the dream, and I saw in my dream a poem forming, written on the wall of the white hotel, or on me. It was obviously not a modern eight-line or four-line verse with meters and rhymes (I wondered how come a tiny rice grain could contain so many words). It was a poem that had never been written before, a brand-new poem without any device of rhyme or metrics. The imagery in the poem was vivid and charming; not only was it very musical but it gave forth sweet taste and smell from time to time. It was about love, about solitude, about time, and beauty (oh, it was virtually a great and perfect poem one could expect only in dream). I dared not believe that was my own work—so original, so wonderful. I thought it was written by some fellow poet more talented than I since Li Po and Du Fu. I was reluctant to write it down at first purely out of my jealousy. I left it suspended in my dream. As I savored it and surmised its technique and grandeur, I grew embittered secretly. How I wish this poem had never been written. When I suddenly realized I was the author of my own dream and that the poem might have been written by me, and got anxious

將它背下時，夢的鍋蓋已
全然被掀開。我依稀記得
其中的氛圍，意念，至於
具體的文本，竟一字半句
不可得。我是一粒醒來的
米，赤裸，清冷，在白色
旅店的床榻，一片純粹的
空白，虛空的豐滿：一如
得而復失，夢中那首詩

(2004)

to memorize it, the pot cover of the dream had been
completely lifted. I remembered not very clearly
the atmosphere and ideas about it; as regards
the concrete text, there was not a single word
I could recall. I was a waking grain
of rice, naked, chilly, in the bed of
the white hotel, feeling a kind of pure
blankness, empty fullness: just like
that poem in the dream, gained and then lost.

(2004)

小宇宙 II——現代俳句一百首（選三十三）

1

生中繼——
我的母親電話中問我：
要不要回來吃飯？

2

爭鳴：
〇歲的老蟬教〇歲的
幼蟬唱「生日快樂」

3

愛
死：古往今來，代代接續的兩人三腳遊戲
愛

4

兩個肉體，四面斷崖：
一個女人與一個女人
孤絕的愛的風景

7

睡夢中不可承受之輕：
已去的戀人無重力的
雙乳壓

8

大逃亡：讓我藏身在你
裡面，像水溶於水，被
全世界看見，又沒有人發現

16

以兩本書為枕，溽夜席地
而臥，屈腿搖膝覓句的
我，是入夏第一首俳句

33 Poems from *Microcosmos II*

1

Live broadcast—
Mom called to ask:
will you come home for dinner?

2

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

3

Love
Death: a three-legged race relayed by all generations across all ages.
Love

4

Two bodies, with cliffs on four sides:
desolate love scenery of
a woman with a woman.

7

The unbearable lightness of dream:
the weightless pressing of the breasts
of the lover who is gone.

8

Great fleeing: let me hide inside
you, like water melting in water, seen
by the world, found by no one.

16

Pillowing on two books, lying on the floor
one hot night, pondering on words with legs bent and
knees swaying, I am the first haiku in this summer.

21

和七十歲的母親在外吃早餐
淋上陽光的生菜沙拉中
她十七歲的笑容

22

一排靜止的消防車在他眼前
無人理會坐在消防隊前面
茶舖裡，那人心中大火

23

胸衣後，她半露的乳房
像鼓在嘴裡的悸動的母音
因你的驚嘆，脫口而出

25

一粒骰子在夜的空碗裡
轉出第七面：
神啊，你居然在

26

芒果餅的月亮：
點點餅屑如此慷慨地讓
異地的情人們同時吃光

27

在年輕人常去的茶舖遇見我的母親
我不敢置信地盯著她。坐在對面的
友人問：你在看哪個美眉？

33

那女侍端盤清桌多輕巧
絲毫不知黏在她光滑
臂膀你目光之油膩難拭

45

愛就那樣掛在樹上
愛就那樣掛在乳房上
來拿啊，哥哥

21

Having breakfast out with my 70-year-old mom:
in the salad sauced with sunshine
were her 17-year-old smiles.

22

Fire engines lined up motionless before him:
nobody noticed the blazing fire inside the man
seated in the teashop before the fire brigade.

23

Behind the bra, her half-naked breasts
are like palpitating vowels bulging in the mouth.
They escape the lips because of your exclamation.

25

A turning die in the empty bowl of the night
creates the 7th side:
oh God, you do exist.

26

Mango-cake moon:
generous enough to shed sparks of crumbs
for lovers separated by space to eat at once.

27

Seeing Mom in the teashop frequented by youths,
I stared at her incredulously. My friend, sitting
opposite me, asked, "Which belle are you looking at?"

33

Serving and cleaning the table so nimbly,
the waitress didn't know how hard it was to
wipe off your greasy gaze upon her glossy arms.

45

Love is simply hanging on the tree.
Love is simply hanging on the breasts.
Come and get it, oh loverboy.

46

布農布農……我們是嗡嗡響的
蜂盒，我們是用和聲釀製蜜的
蜂巢，封鎖而飽滿的母音合唱

47

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

48

.....

。

，

52

愛，或者唉？
我說愛，你說唉；我說
唉唉唉，你說愛哀唉

57

停車路邊，臥看鼻外清澄的藍天
一隻小蟲在我鼻尖，彷彿在峰頂
此際，我的軀體是家鄉的一列山

58

人啊，來一張
存在的寫真：

囚

60

讓芭蕉寫他的俳句，走他的
奧之細道：我的芭蕉選擇
書寫你的奧之細道

註：松尾芭蕉（1644-1694），日本俳句詩人，有俳文遊記《奧之細道》。

46

Bunun, Bunun... We are a bee box that makes
droning sounds, a beehive in which honey is made
with harmony, blocked yet bouncy vocalic choral.

Author's Note: The Bunun are a tribe of Taiwanese indigenes. They are best-known for their polyphonic vocal music.

47

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

48

.....

°

,

52

Love, or alas?
I say love, you say alas; I say
alas, alas, alas, you say love's lost, alas!

57

Pulling over to the roadside, I lay down to see the blue sky beyond
the nose. A small bug stopped on my nose tip as if on a peak.
At that moment, my body was a mountain range of my hometown.

58

Ah man (人), come and have
a photo of existence taken:
prisoner (囚).

Author's Note: The Chinese character "prisoner" (囚) looks like a man (人) confined to a frame.

60

Let Basho write his haiku, walk on his
Narrow Road to the Interior: my Basho
chooses to write your narrow road to the interior.

Author's Note: Matsuo Basho (1644-1694), the Japanese haiku master, wrote *Narrow Road to the Interior (Oku no Hosomichi)* in the form of a travel diary.

63

小指頭破了個洞，不能挖鼻孔
今夜的星光，就像點點鼻屎
黏在暗暗的鼻孔，不肯掉下來

64

上午強烈地震把化妝台上母親的
珍珠耳環震不見了。下午強烈
地震又把母親的珍珠耳環震回來

66

地震把監獄的大圍牆震倒了，越獄
逃跑尚未抓回的重型輕型犯包括
兩隻狼狗七十隻老鼠八十六隻蟑螂

69

誰最大：宇宙最大？皇帝最大？神最大？
死最大？G罩杯最大？吃最大？——
我先去大便

75

多年後重扣心房，我說芝蔴開門，所有
食物已從你詞庫刪除。我徒勞地置換
關鍵字：黑砂，寶貝，抱歉，愛我……

81

夜鶯的家暴法剛通過的一條：
說「不再渴望你」時
不可用過重的嗓音

92

寫 email 給沒養過滑鼠的曾祖母
談愛與死：她回我（並且要我轉寄）
閃電寫成的最古老的電子郵件

93

母親說過年到外面吃飯，跟回家
幾天的弟弟。我們到外面吃飯
看窗外明亮的草地，天上的雲

63

There's a wound in the little finger. I can't pick my nose.
The stars tonight are just like dots of nose excrement,
stuck in the dark nose, refusing to fall.

64

The morning violent earthquake shook away Mom's
pearl earrings on the dresser. The afternoon violent
earthquake shook Mom's lost pearl earrings back.

66

An earthquake tumbled down the huge wall around the prison.
Prison breakers, major or minor, still at large included
two hounds, seventy mice, and eighty-six cockroaches.

69

Who comes first: the universe? the emperor? God?
death? G cup? eating? —
I will go move the bowels first.

75

Years later I re-knocked at the door of your heart. I said
Open Sesame. All the food has been deleted from your word bank.
I replace in vain the key words: *Black Sand, Baby, Sorry, Love Me...*

81

A newly-passed family violence law for nightingales:
Never say "I no longer hunger for you"
with too strong a voice.

92

I wrote an email to Great-grandma, who never kept a digital mouse,
talking about love and death: she sent back (and asked me to
forward it) the most ancient email written with lightning.

93

Mom said we'd dine out on New Year's Day, with
my home-coming brother. We'd dine out and look
outside the window: the shiny lawn, the floating clouds.

97

歪曲的比喻，不倫的
倫理：仁慈的
詩的愛

98

讓死亡在你的口袋民宿一夜
體會你對它的好奇與膽怯：
可以試吃試睡，但非正式營業

100

我要縮小我的詩型，比磁
片小，比世界大：一個
可複製，可覆蓋的小宇宙

(2005-2006)

97

Twisted metaphors, unethical
ethics: benevolent
love of poetry.

98

Offer Death a one-night stay in your pocket
to experience your curiosity and timidity about him:
he can try the food and the bed, but it's not formally open yet.

100

I'll minimize my poetic form, making it
smaller than a disc, bigger than the world,
a replicable and rewritable microcosmos.

(2005-2006)

工作

她夢到自己變成「工作」，因為他對她說：「我最喜歡工作。」多年來，她一直希望能貼近他、擁有他，卻似乎無法恆久地佔據他的心，他的身體。這次，終於如願以償。她夢見自己變成「工作」兩字，寫在一張小紙片上，被他放進錢包，放進他褲子左邊的口袋裡。她安心地躺著，感覺他身體——特別是下體——的亢奮、激動、疲憊、沉潛，當他走路、說話、工作、休息時，甚至當他跟客戶調情時。她從來沒有感覺自己如此地接近他。「啊，『工作』真好！」在夢中，她滿意地微笑，入睡。

(2006)

Work

She dreamed that she became “work” because he said to her, “ I love work most.” For many years she had been hoping to get close to him and possess him, but never seemed able to occupy his heart and his body permanently. This time her wish was finally fulfilled. She dreamed that she became “work,” a word written on a tiny piece of paper. He put it into his wallet and then into the left pocket of his trousers. She lay there with relief, feeling his body—especially the lower part of it—getting stimulated, excited, weary, and floppy while he was walking, talking, working, taking a rest, or even flirting with his clients. She had never felt so attached to him. “Oh, *work* is so wonderful !” In her dream, she smiled contentedly and fell asleep.

(2006)

慢板

祖母坐在窗邊
（那時她十七
歲，她說）
等候遠方的雲
緩緩移動到山頭
成為她鏡中的髮
一隻貓走過草地
（一隻豬也會
但不是現在）
撞倒草地中央
她常坐的小藤椅
她打開收音機
收聽雪的消息
但草地很綠
她突然想吃
香草冰淇淋
麵包樹站在草地
一頭，整個下午
一動也不動
胡麻花站在草地
另一頭，不時和
她的姊妹交頭
接耳。祖母想
靜默的樹是詩
說話的花也是
她抬頭，看到我
背著書包，穿過
草地，扶起小
藤椅，開門
進入屋子看到

祖母坐在窗邊
（那時她十七
歲，她說）
等候遠方的雲

Adagio

Grandma sitting by the window
(she was seventeen
then, she says)
waiting for the distant clouds
to move slowly to the mountaintop
and become her hair in the mirror.
A cat walks across the lawn
(so can a pig,
but not now)
upsetting the rattan chair she often
sits on in the middle of the lawn.
She turns on the radio
to listen to news about the snow
but the grass is very green.
Suddenly she thirsts for
vanilla ice cream.
The bread tree stands at one end
of the lawn, not moving
at all the whole afternoon;
The oriental sesame flower stands
at the other end of the lawn,
chit-chatting now and then
with her sisters. Grandma thinks
the silent tree is poetry,
so are the chatting flowers.
Looking up, she sees me,
with satchel on back, cross
the lawn, set the rattan chair
upright, open the door,
enter the house, and see

Grandma sitting by the window
(she was seventeen
then, she says)
waiting for the distant clouds

緩緩移動到山頭
成為她鏡中的髮
一隻貓走過草地
（一隻豬也會
但不是現在）
撞倒草地中央
她常坐的小藤椅
她打開收音機
收聽雪的消息
但草地很綠
她突然想吃
香草冰淇淋
麵包樹站在草地
一頭，整個下午
一動也不動
胡麻花站在草地
另一頭，不時和
她的姊妹交頭
接耳。祖母想
靜默的樹是詩
說話的花也是
她抬頭，看到我
背著書包，穿過
草地，扶起小
藤椅，開門
進入屋子看到

(2007)

to move slowly to the mountaintop
and become her hair in the mirror.
A cat walks across the lawn
(so can a pig,
but not now)
upsetting the rattan chair she often
sits on in the middle of the lawn.
She turns on the radio
to listen to news about the snow
but the grass is very green.
Suddenly she thirsts for
vanilla ice cream.
The bread tree stands at one end
of the lawn, not moving
at all the whole afternoon;
The oriental sesame flower stands
at the other end of the lawn,
chit-chatting now and then
with her sisters. Grandma thinks
the silent tree is poetry,
so are the chatting flowers.
Looking up, she sees me,
with satchel on back, cross
the lawn, set the rattan chair
upright, open the door,
enter the house, and see

(2007)

不眠女之歌

整夜，我的家人
我的鄰人的鼾聲如一條河
流過我的頭腦
我的腦是一台嗡嗡響著的除濕機
久久久久，滴下一滴又一滴水
在我空白的夢的水箱
我把漲滿的水倒進河裡
全世界的鼾聲湧過來爭奪它
在我面前匯聚成一座大海
我的目光深入海底
而我始終坐在岸邊
我的腳下，夢的
頭皮屑堆積如沙

(2007)

Song of the Insomnia Girl

All night long, my family
and my neighbors snore like a river
flowing through my brain.
My brain is a buzzing humidity reducing set
dripping, after long whiles, one drop of water after another
into the empty tank of my dreams.
I pour the brimming water into the river.
The whole world's snores gush over to scramble for it,
converging to form a vast ocean before me.
My gaze dives deep into the ocean,
yet I remain sitting on the coast.
Below my feet, the dandruff of
dreams piles up like sand.

(2007)

夢遊女之歌

我睡著，但我不知我已睡著
我活著，但我不知人生如夢

我閉著眼遊行地球，但我不知
我走在蛋殼之上
四周是光滑的夢的斷崖
引誘我粉身碎骨

我走到我的愛人床前
拿牙刷，沾牙膏，擦他的皮鞋
準備我們的誓約之旅
他睡著，他不知我們夜長夢多

我走到我的情敵窗前
封住她的窗簾，割斷她
公雞的喉，扭斷她鬧鐘的發條
但願她長睡不醒，永不見天日

我活著，但我不願靜靜活著
我睡著，但我不願就此睡著

(2007)

Song of the Somnambulist Girl

I am asleep, not knowing I've fallen asleep.
I am alive, not knowing life is like a dream.

I'm strolling the earth with eyes closed, not knowing
I'm walking on the eggshell.
The smooth cliffs of dream on all sides
are seducing me to smash into pieces.

I walk to my lover's bedside,
spread toothpaste on a toothbrush to shine his shoes,
getting ready for the trip of our pledge.
He's asleep, not knowing our long night invites bad dreams.

I walk to the window of my rival in love,
sealing her curtain, cutting the throat of
her cock, wring off the spring of her alarm clock.
I wish her a never-waking sleep, a never-ending night.

I am alive, yet I don't want to live quietly.
I am asleep, yet I don't want to thus fall asleep.

(2007)

狂言四首

1 馬克白夫人

a

我是馬克白夫人
我臉皮白，乳房白，臀部白
腹部白，腿白，腳白
我的兩隻手，紅紅紅
黑夜，在蠶食鯨吞白日殆盡前
將慾望與疑懼的霞暉
全數流洩在我手上：
以血寫成，一本翻不完
撕不盡的掌中書
我終夜閱讀它的刀光血影
邊讀邊睡，邊睡邊走
每一頁書都是峭壁
用匕首般的尖險，誘我，刺我
我的身軀反覆墜入萬丈深淵
我的手印千千萬
鮮紅地懸在崖上

b

把超級市場裡的礦泉水全部買來
洗我的手
把百貨公司所有專櫃的香水搬來
薰我的手
把黑麥黑霧碳粉咖啡粉撒在空中
掩人耳目
把胡椒辣椒冰淇淋蛋糕遍送天下
塞人鼻口

Four Dramatic Monologues

1. *Lady Macbeth*

a

I am Lady Macbeth.
I have a white face, white breasts, white buttocks,
a white abdomen, white legs, white feet.
My two hands—red, red, red.
Before nibbling at the white-hot sun and swallowing it,
the black night spills the afterglow of desire and apprehension
all over my hands—
written in blood, a book-in-palm whose pages have no end
of turning and tearing.
I pour over its dazzling blades and bloody shadows through the hours,
read while I sleep, sleep while I walk.
Every page is a precipice that
lures and stabs me with the keenness of a dagger.
My body falls again and again into an abyss,
the countless imprints of my hands
hang their bright red on the crag.

b

Buy all the mineral water in the supermarket
to wash my hands.
Take all the brand-name perfumes in the department store
to scent my hands.
Cast rye, black mist, carbon powder, and coffee grounds into the sky
to deceive eyes and ears.
Send the world peppers, chilies, ice-cream, and cakes
to block mouths and noses.

2 奧菲莉亞

「要屎，不要屎，那是個問題。」
你踟躕自語，我焦急不已

要我，就要行動
要果實，就要敢

你張口送我甜言蜜語
不敢動手為亡父復仇

要逼，不要逼，那是個問題
我被逼做好女兒，好妹妹
不敢逼自己成為一個誘你
摘我，釋放我的壞女孩

倫理的推土機，把我們
連同我們所愛的花花草草
推到瘋狂的池塘

那邊有迷迭香，還有三色堇
那邊有茴香，還有耬斗花
這邊有芸香，還有延命菊
這邊有枯了的紫羅蘭……

3 茱麗葉

愛是什麼？教人廢寢忘食
以毒藥為補藥，以死亡為睡眠

玫瑰如果不是叫玫瑰
是不是一樣香？
威而剛如果不是叫威而剛
是不是一樣強？
羅密歐如果不是叫羅密歐
是不是一樣教茱麗葉落葉
失魂顛倒？

2. *Ophelia*

“To **be**, or not to **be**, that is the question.”
You dwell in your soliloquy; I can’t help my anxiety.

If you want me, take action.
If you desire fruit, be daring.

Your mouth opens and gives me sweet talk
but you dare not use your hands to avenge your father.

To **be**, or not to **be**, that is the question.
Compelled to be a good daughter and a good sister,
I dare not urge myself to seduce you
into picking and releasing me, to be a bad girl.

The bulldozer of morality pushes us
and the flowers and plants we love
to the mad pond.

*There’s rosemary. And also pansies.
Fennel, and columbines there.
Rue over here, and a daisy.
Here are some violets, but they wither’d all...*

3. *Juliet*

What is love? It makes you forget to sleep and eat,
makes you take poison for elixir, sleep for death.

If a rose weren’t called a rose,
would it be as fragrant?
If Viagra weren’t called Viagra,
would it be as regnant?
If Romeo weren’t called Romeo,
would Juliet, a Capulet, fall
head over heels, go moony?

啊，香客
用你的吻吻我上體下體陰戶陰宅
用你的手掌圍我的棺為神龕

愛是什麼？
教人以苦為甜，以死為生

4 普洛斯帕羅

我的魔法杖能呼風喚雨
如同詩人或作曲家，點化
沉舟，從海底喚起精靈
役使他們佈置假面空中舞會
和奇妙的音樂，用一支筆
在稿紙的海上圈出一座島
一個想像與和解共築的美麗
新世界：昏睡久久的將起來
長久睜眼的將入眠，仇敵成為
情人，瘋狂即是健全，死與生
兩人三腳，電腦與豬腦同槽……

在蜜蜂吸蜜的地方吸蜜，在
夢隆起的地方儲存短暫人生
瘋子，情人，詩人三位一體
即便所有精靈最終化作空氣
一陣音樂，給愛情以食物，給
虛無飄渺的東西以檔名，位址

(2007)

註：此詩四個標題人物，分別出自莎士比亞戲劇《馬克白》，《哈姆雷特》，《羅密歐與茱麗葉》，《暴風雨》。

Oh, pilgrim,
kiss my areola, my labia, my womb, my tomb,
mold my casket into an altar.

What is love? It makes you take bitter for sweet,
take dying for living.

4. *Prospero*

My magic staff can summon wind and rain
Like a poet or composer, it liberates
sunken ships and rouses spirits from the sea.
At its order, the spirits furnish a masquerade in midair,
play fantastic tunes, and pen
an island in the aqua of a manuscript.
Imagination and reconciliation join forces to build
a brave new world: those who are in deep slumbers will wake,
those whose eyes are long open will sleep; enemies will become
lovers, the lunatic is no different than the sane, life and death
run a three-legged race, computer and pig's brain share the same trough...

Where the bees suck, there suck I, where
dreams puff up, save our little life.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are a triune
even though all spirits are melted into air, into
a drift of music, giving food to love, giving
a file name or an address to the airy.

(2007)

[E.W.]

慢郎

急驚風的我，尋找你已經半世紀了
慢郎，聽說你住在古代中國
（所以又叫慢郎中）很慢很慢
生年不滿百可以懷千歲憂的古代
你沒聽過佛洛伊德，沒用過
手機，email，或即時通
焦慮，不安，神經質，鎮靜劑
這些詞彙還沒丟進你們的搜尋引擎
你不知道什麼叫天平座，什麼叫
擺盪與反擺盪，什麼叫朝九晚五
什麼叫高鐵，捷運，子彈列車
什麼叫快感，快鍋，快餐，快樂丸
你們最快，不過是用一把快刀
斬亂麻或抽之斷水（而麻照亂
水更流）或者振筆疾書快雪時晴帖
一個月雪融後到達收件者手中
急啊，你知道嗎，應該用快遞或
宅急便，或者傳簡訊。我替你著急
漫不經心，慢條斯理，慢工出細火
不是我的風格。我自然也有慢處
我傲慢，我自大，對於不仁的天地
浩瀚的宇宙，那爬到高不及 101
大樓的幽州台，前不見古人，後
不見來者，念天地悠悠，獨愴然
淚下的陳姓詩人，絕不是我
我輕慢，對千百年來重不可移的
禮教制度國家民族機器
貞潔牌坊紀念柱紀念碑
我漫罵一切我不爽不恥不屑者
而很快地，我的骨頭也重得像銅像
我不喝啤酒的啤酒肚，我很輕的
青春，很薄的一夜情，隨風遠颺
我輕薄一切單調重複僵硬迂腐者
腐儒腐刑腐臭腐舊腐爛文章
而我的牙齒毛髮器官也不免

Man—Slow

Agitated like a gust, I'm still looking for you after
a half-century. Man—Slow, I heard you lived in
the ancient Middle Kingdom (that's why your full name
is Man in the Middle of Slow), a time so slow, so slow,
people who didn't live to be a hundred could swallow
a millennium's worries. You never heard of Freud,
never used a cell phone, emailed, or sent an IM;
the terms *anxiety*, *agitation*, *neurotic*, *tranquilizer*
didn't strew your search engines. You didn't know
about Libra, swing and anti-swing, nine to five, about
high-speed rail, subway, bullet train, about quickies,
quick cookers, quick bites, quick trips. The fastest
your people could ever get was a quick sword that
cut through tangled flax or running water (while the flax
still tangled and more water ran), or the swift pen-brush
that wrote *Timely Clearing After Snowfall*. That letter
took a month to reach the recipient, impatient.
You know, you should've used the express mail or
a courier, or texted. Man, this is urgent. The man who
wanders about, takes his time, and slows down to refine
isn't me. I am a different kind of man, arrogant, insolent.
To the unkind world, to the immense universe,
to Youzhou Terrace, which didn't climb as high as
Taipei 101, in the absence of predecessors and successors,
at the thought of the vast heaven and earth, the poet
who wept alone, whose name was Chen, just couldn't be me.
I disdain ancient, obstinate proprieties, state apparatuses,
chastity arches, obelisks, monuments. I rail at everything
that makes me upset, uptight, uppity. Very soon, though,
my bones will become heavy as a bronze statue.
My beer belly that stores no beer, my frivolous youth,
and shallow one-night stands will be gone with the wind.
I scorn monotony, redundancy, rigidity, pedantry,
pallid scholars, punishment by castration, putrid odors,
and obsolete, second-rate prose. Yet my teeth, hair, organs

或蛀或落或失色或失靈——
它們來得太快，慢郎，教我如何
慢一點，讓它們慢一點
讓時間，讓快樂，讓焦急的心
在這島上，在現代，在後現代
慢慢地傲慢，輕慢，怠慢
慢慢地老去，朽去，鬆去

(2008)

will inevitably decay, fall, lose color, lose control—
all happening too fast. Man—Slow, teach me how to
slow down, let them slow down,
let time, joy, the anxious heart,
on this island, in this generation and after,
slowly be imperious, contemptuous, incautious,
slowly grow old, rot, sag.

(2008)

[E.W.]

慢城

山很慢
風很慢
雲柔軟操很慢
啄木鳥打字很慢
麵包從麵包樹上掉下來很慢
海抽用面紙很快

火車很慢
報紙很慢
銀行搶劫歹徒拔槍很慢
政黨輪替很慢
百貨公司開門很慢
阿卿嫂洗澡沒關窗消息傳播很快

下午很慢
光很慢
哲學家吃豆花很慢
雪連線很慢
夢賞味期限到達很慢
快樂分類回收很快

(2008)

Slow City

The mountain is very slow.
The wind is very slow.
The calisthenics exercise clouds take is very slow.
The woodpecker types slow.
The time when bread falls off the bread tree comes slow.
The sea draws out tissue paper quick.

The train is very slow.
The newspaper is very slow.
The bank robber pulls out his gun very slow.
The party alternation in power is very slow.
The department store opens very slow.
The news of Auntie Ah-Ching taking a bath with windows open
spreads very quick.

The afternoon is very slow.
The light is very slow.
The philosopher eats bean-curd jelly very slow.
The snow's on-line connection is very slow.
The expiry date of dream arrives very slow.
Happiness is being sorted and recycled very quick.

(2008)

翩翩

她喜歡吃樹葉
以及一切含葉綠素的
天然或有機食品

她也讓我吃樹葉
並且慢慢地讓它們從我的身上
長出來，成為遮蔽我下體的內褲
成為和紅男綠女們爭奇鬥豔的我的
波羅衫，我的慢跑褲，我的晚禮服

她是一隻披著人皮的狐
而她把樹皮樹葉和對我的愛
披在我身上，讓我光鮮耀人

她翩翩如蝶，我亦如蝶翩翩
我們翻飛歡飛，交頸交尾
不似在人間

但不該的是
我突然想吃生魚片
夜店裡，那些人魚
用她們的肚，她們的胸餵我
讓我加入她們的魚水之歡

我竟成為一尾魚，一尾
掉光魚鱗的魚，在回家的路上
看到身上的衣褲鈕扣皆化成枯葉
墜落一地

(2009)

Pian Pian

She enjoyed eating leaves
and all natural or organic food
rich in chlorophyll.

She also had me eat leaves
and made them gradually grow out of me
to become underpants to cover my lower body,
to become my polo shirt, jogging pants, and tuxedo
to compete with others for glamour.

She was a fox draped with human skin,
yet she draped around me bark, leaves, and her love
for me, to make me glamorous and glittering.

She was like an elegant butterfly, so was I as elegant as a butterfly.
We flew freely and gleefully, caressing and coupling each other.
It was unlike earthly life.

But I should have restrained
the impulse to eat *sashimi*.
In the night club, those mermaids
fed me with their bellies and their breasts,
inviting me to their revelry of fish and water.

Alas, I became a fish, one
with all scales gone. On my way home
I saw all my clothes and buttons turned into withered leaves,
scattering all over the ground.

(2009)

殘篇

——在一張殘損的狐皮上見到的

香味

你
遠去的

我
今夜

今夜

(2009)

Fragments

— found on a worn-out fox skin

fragrance

you

far away

me

tonight

tonight

(2009)

簡單的聖歌

1

我喜歡星期天
不上班
改上你慵
懶
覺堂
的
主日學

2

聖者啊
教我
背德
雖感
罪惡
但我
喜悅

3

天使來訪
我們不在
我們有
重要的事
我們出去
吃豆花

4

天使來訪
我們又不在
我們有
重要的事
我們肩並肩
看海

Simple Sacred Songs

1

I like Sunday:
instead of going
to work, I go to
Sunday school
in your
chamber
of idle sleep.

2

O saint,
show me the taste
of immorality—
with a sense
of guilty
but much
pleasure.

3

Angels came.
We were not home.
We went out for
something important.
We went out to eat
bean-curd jelly.

4

Angels came again.
Again we were out
for something
important.
We watched the sea
side by side.

5

田中央
我們做形体
色彩與光影
的構圖練習
並且把它
搬回我們的
榻榻米
稱之為
朝聖歸來

(2009)

5

In the farm field
we practice arranging
forms, colors, light
and shadow,
and move it
back to our
straw mattress.
We call this
a return from pilgrimage.

(2009)

三貂角 · 一六二六

我們沿著島嶼東岸向北航行。東方：
帝國與教會與夢一致的方向
那異邦的水手們曾對著它呼喊
福爾摩莎，而我覺得離開呂宋島
離開卡迦揚港，一路顛簸到此
五月的和風中，這海的藍這島的
綠是好的。大划船上的水軍們
爭著對我說：「巴特羅梅神父
為我們唱一曲歌讚我們西班牙
保護神，歌讚聖徒雅各的歌吧
他在不遠處盯著我們……」
浪撲面而來，他們亢奮地大叫
Santiago y cierra España，一如
幾個世紀前，一同呼著戰號
向摩爾人衝殺的我們的祖先
聖主保佑，衝啊，西班牙萬歲！
我的確看到不遠處一隻明亮的
眼睛在看著我們，在島嶼最東
而北的岬角，陽光下眨著
蒼鬱的樹的睫毛招喚我們
雖然一隻黑蚊不時在我眼裡飛旋
不管多少次我試圖用祈禱書將之
揮去。**Santiago y cierra España**
這島嶼綠巨人額上的獨眼越來
越近，水軍們一擁而上，毫
無抵抗。美麗的島用無需翻譯的
美征服他們。感謝聖主，讓
這夢的岬角以你的名為名吧
東方之東，夢的額頭上向未來
發光的夢的眼睛：**Santiago**
一路上新受洗的島民們跟著我
回望那見證我們矛盾戰績的地標
我不知道以後他們將如何
翻譯它：聖地牙哥，神的牙膏
或者三貂角？我沒有看見任何

Santiago, 1626

We sailed north alongside the east coast of the island. East:
the direction shared by the empire, the church, and dream.
Sailors of another country once shouted to it
“Formosa.” And to me, who left Luzon
and Cagayan, jolting all the way here,
the blue of the sea and the green of the island
were nice in the May breeze. The navy soldiers
on the galera said eagerly to me, “Father
Bartolomé, sing us a song to praise the guardian
of Spain, to praise our Saint Jacob.
He is watching us at a short distance...”
Waves splashing over faces, they excitedly yelled
“Santiago y cierra España,” just like our ancestors
who cried out warriors’ whoops
charging the Moors centuries ago:
Holy Saint bless us! Dash forward! Long live Spain!
I really saw a twinkling eye watching us at a short
distance; at the northeasternmost cape of the island
it winked its luxuriant trees’ eyelashes waving at us
though a black mosquito circled in my eyes off and on
no matter how hard I had tried to drive it away
with my prayer book. Santiago y cierra España.
The one-eye on the green island giant’s forehead
got closer and closer; the navy soldiers rushed ashore,
irresistibly. The beautiful island conquered them with
the beauty needless to translate. Thank Holy Saint,
let this dream cape be named after you. The east
of the east, the dream eye on the dream forehead
which was shining to the future: Santiago.
The newly baptized islanders followed me all the way.
Looking back at the landmark of our contradictory
martial victory, I wondered how they were going to
translate it: Santiago, Saint’s ego, or
Cape Three Martens? Not a single marten was
in sight although I saw two dogs

一隻貂，雖然我看見兩隻狗
和一隻盤繞在我眼中，揮之
不去的黑蚊。願神的藍色牙膏
盪滌這美麗的夢眼，用水藍色的
水，用天藍色的牙刷，刷洗我
眼中新長出的蛀牙，Santiago
因你的名，我們的眼光歷久彌新

(2009)

註：一六二六年五月，西班牙駐馬尼拉總督派大划船（galera）從菲律賓卡迦揚港（Cagayan）出發，前往台灣，西班牙人沿東海岸北上，到達台灣本島最東境的北方岬角，將該地命名為「聖地牙哥」（Santiago，今諧音為「三貂角」），接著進入雞籠港，名之曰「至聖三位一體」（Santísima Trinidad），並在社寮島舉行佔領儀式，且開始築城，城名「聖薩爾瓦多」（San Salvador，聖救主之意）。登上三貂角的西班牙遠征軍三、四百人中，包括了神父巴特羅梅·馬地涅斯（Bartolomé Martínez）和五位修士。Santiago，耶穌的十二門徒之一，即聖雅各（San Jacobo），為西班牙的保護神。Santiago y cierra España，西班牙人與摩爾人作戰時呼的戰號，意思為「聖地牙哥保佑，衝啊，西班牙萬歲」，或「聖主保佑，西班牙必勝」。

and a black spiraling mosquito I couldn't
get rid of. May God use his blue toothpaste
to cleanse this pretty dream eye; may he use blue
waters and blue toothbrushes to brush the new
decayed tooth in my eye. Santiago,
in your name will our vision ever be renewed.

(2009)

Author's Note: In May, 1626 the Spanish Governor in Manila sent galeras from Cagayan (a province of the Philippines) to Taiwan. The Spanish sailed north along the east coast and reached the northeasternmost point of Taiwan, which they named Santiago (now called 三貂角 [Cape Santiago], pronounced as "San Diao Jiao" in Chinese, which literally means "Cape Three Martens"). Then they entered Jilong (Keelung) and named it Santísima Trinidad (meaning "Holiest Trinity"). After the ceremony of occupation at Palm Island (now called "Peace Island"), they began constructing a city named San Salvador, meaning "Saint Savior." Among the expeditionary army of three to four hundred members were Priest Bartolomé Martínez and five clergymen. Santiago was San Jacobo, one of Jesus' 12 disciples and the guardian of Spain. "Santiago y cierra España," which means "Santiago bless us! Dash forward! Long live Spain!" or "Holy Saint bless us! Spain will win," was the war cry of the Spanish while they were fighting against the Moors.

聖多明哥·一六三八

這兩後的城堡多像滴著玫瑰香油的神的餐盤，三座木造改石造的小稜堡和一座瞭望台：多麼像神賜給我們的三個小麵包和喝水的杯子
城堡下，那寬闊的河流淡淡的水色穿過木柵圍繞成的廣場，映進我們每日的水杯。淡淡的水，淡淡的生活的滋味。那一年，大划船入港後
在新命名的至聖三位一體城，我們把十字架與國王旗幟豎立在岸邊
火繩槍與教理書同樣地讓島民們好奇，驚訝。那些散拿社的居民們其實是質樸而良善的（雖然他們殺了我們幾個同胞），防風的樹林讓他們住的小山丘涼爽又禦寒
那些桃子與柳橙果樹讓我相信地球是圓的，夢和鄉愁的形狀也是
不然何以我吃過它們後，那麼輕易就回到家。那些來到這裡的中國人教島民們栽種稻米與甘蔗，豐富的物產讓他們食無憂，快樂有餘
但我說，讓天主的愛在肉之外豐富他們的靈。一個世紀多前我的同胞哥倫布在另一座大洋邊，在西班牙以外的西班牙島上，建立了一個聖多明哥城。我們也稱它聖多明哥
因為我們喜歡那喜歡講道與神學
喜歡我們唸玫瑰經的聖徒多明哥
因為，坐在這裡，聽那河水淡淡地流著，就像一首歌，一首在不遠處
那所樸素的玫瑰聖母堂裡，我們試著用散拿社居民的語言唱的讚歌。我們把軍營裡供奉的聖母像奉獻給聖母堂，節慶的時候，我們把聖母堂裡的聖母塑像抬往散拿

Santo Domingo, 1638

The castle after the rain is so much like God's dinner plate where attar of roses is dripping. Three reconstructed stone bastions and a watchtower: so much like the three buns and the glass for drinking water God bestows us. Beneath the castle, the light-colored water of that broad river flows through the square surrounded with wooden fences and reflects itself in our daily water glass. Plain water, plain flavors of life. That year, after the galeras had sailed into the harbor, in the new city named Santísima Trinidad we had the cross and the King's banner erected by the seashore; our arquebuses and catechisms also aroused the islanders' curiosity and astonishment. Actually the inhabitants of the Senar settlement were simple and kind-hearted (though they took the lives of some of our fellow countrymen). Windbreak forests made the hill they lived cool and protected them from the cold. The peach and orange trees convinced me that the earth is round, and so was the shape of dreams and nostalgia, or else how come I got home so easily after eating them? The Chinese who came here taught the islanders to grow rice and sugarcanes. With the rich produce, they were more than happy, without having to worry about the lack of food, but I'll say it was Lord's love that enriched their spirit as well as the body. More than a century before, my fellow countryman Columbus had established a city by another great ocean on a Spanish island outside of Spain. He had named it Santo Domingo. Here we also named it Santo Domingo because we loved Santo Domingo, who liked preaching and theology, who liked us to say Prayers of the Rosary, because when we sat here listening to the simple and soft flowing rhythm of the river, we found it like a song, a hymn singing in the language of the Senar inhabitants in the plain-looking Church of Santo Domingo not far away. We dedicated to Church of Santo Domingo the statue of Our Lady of the Rosary worshipped in the barracks. On the festival day we carried Our Lady's statue from Church of Santo Domingo to the Senar

部落的教堂，舉行彌撒與祝典
居民們用他們簡單而野的舞蹈回敬
不太願意我們把聖母像運回聖母堂
一如我不太願意相信，節慶後他們
狂野的舞蹈會一圈圈擴大到這城堡
翻做火球徹夜搖滾……我們終於用
石材重建了它們，木質與石質
唸起來一樣好聽的聖多明哥……
我們不願意相信，在馬尼拉的
我們的總督，會下令我們毀城
撤軍，讓同樣紅毛的荷蘭人，踏在
我們的磚石上，建立他們的紅毛城
這兩後的城堡多像滴著玫瑰香油的
神的餐盤，一座瞭望台，把寬闊的
河流淡淡的水色，倒進我們每日的
水杯：淡淡的水，淡淡的時間之味

(2009)

註：一六二八年，西班牙人佔領淡水，在散拿（Senar）社原住民所在地築「聖多明哥」（Santo Domingo）城，即今紅毛城。一四九二年，哥倫布登陸今加勒比海區多明尼加西北端，將整個島命名為西班牙島，一四九六年在島上南邊建立聖多明哥城，為歐洲人在新大陸所建第一個永久殖民地。Santo Domingo（1170-1221），為西班牙天主教聖徒，多明哥修會（正式譯名為「道明會」）的創建者。隨西班牙軍至淡水的道明會士，在淡水建立了第一所教堂，名「玫瑰聖母堂」。一六三六年，淡水原住民叛變，焚毀原以木頭築成的聖多明哥城，次年西班牙人以石材重建，完成後不久，於一六三八年接獲菲律賓總督之命令毀城撤軍。荷蘭人攻佔北台灣後，於一六四四年動工重建，命名為「安東尼堡」（Fort Antonio）。

tribe's church and held rites of Mass and celebration.
The native people greeted it with their simple but wild dance,
not wishing us to carry the statue back to Church of Santo Domingo,
just as I won't believe that after the festival the circles of
their wild dance should have expanded so much as to reach
this castle and turn into fire balls, rocking all night... Finally
with stone materials we rebuilt it, Santo Domingo, which
sounded equally pleasant, whether wood and stone...
We won't believe our Governor in Manila should have
given such orders of destroying the fortress and withdrawing
the troops, which gave the red-haired Dutchmen the chance
to step on our bricks and build their Fort Antonio.
The castle after the rain is so much like God's dinner plate
where attar of roses is dripping, with a watchtower pouring
each day the light-colored water of the broad river into our
water glass: the plain water, the plain flavors of time.

(2009)

Author's Note: In 1628 the Spanish occupied Tamsui, a place in northeastern Taiwan. At Senar, a settlement of Taiwanese indigenes, they built the fortress of Santo Domingo, which is called "Red Hair Fortress" by the Taiwanese. In 1492, Christopher Columbus landed at Môle Saint-Nicolas, to the northwest of present-day Dominica in the Caribbean region. He claimed the island for Spain and named it La Española (meaning "the Spanish"). In 1496, in the south of island, his brother Bartholomew Columbus built the city of Santo Domingo, Europe's first permanent settlement in the "New World." Santo Domingo (1170-1221), known as Saint Dominic, was a Catholic saint and the founder of the Order of Preachers, more commonly known as the Dominican Order or the Dominicans. The preachers that came to Tamsui with the Spanish troops built the first church in Tamsui, Church of Santo Domingo. In 1636, the indigenes of Tamsui rose in rebellion and burned down the originally wooden fortress of Santo Domingo. The following year, the Spanish rebuilt it with stone materials. In 1638, not long after the reconstruction, the Spanish Governor in Manila ordered that the fortress be destroyed and the troops be withdrawn. Later the Dutch attacked and occupied northern Taiwan. In 1644, the fortress was reconstructed and named *Fort Antonio*.

洄瀾 · 一八二〇

我們隨著浪上岸，越過長長的沙灘
帶著海的聲音與形象踏印在眼前
廣袤的平野。這異鄉要成為我的
家鄉。三日夜，我們的小船巔簸
左邊是一望無際的大洋，右邊是
綿長高聳，森林蒼鬱的陡峭山脈
翻騰的波浪是後人將理解的隨身聽
週而復始的我們的船歌，搖籃歌
醒睡間，群星燦爛在上，水母沙蠶
滴蟲閃耀於下，我舀起滿手水珠
手指如一根根熾熱的鐵棒，散落
發光的火球，無數的夜光蟲急速
浮出水面，四射如鐵砧迸出的火花
點點光芒隨槳的划動濺起，我們
彷彿滑行在光之海，穿過琥珀與
黃金的火燄，藍與綠與黑的海的平原

他們已然在山海之間覓得樂園
溪流把岩屑與腐蔬從山上帶下
夾雜海浪沖刷之砂積成沃土
水牛成群吃草，肥田到處
稻粟芋豆，地瓜西瓜南瓜遍生
苦楝樹成列，遮陽草亭參差
其間，鳥鳴日耀，一片生之野趣
村落四周密植竹林，復圍以壕溝
他們在村內村外，樹蔭下道路邊
嚼檳榔抽煙，男男女女，或單獨
或成群，走動或休息，所有
時間只為了準備下一次的嚼檳榔
抽煙。汲水完畢的婦女們在回途
說笑歌唱，她們的體態豐腴，手
叉腰，頭頂水甕。她們不知道
她們的美讓遠眺的旅人想要成家

Hui-Lan, 1820

We followed the waves ashore and crossed the long beach.
In the sound and image of the sea, we tramped the vast plains
before our eyes. This foreign land would be my homeland.
Our small boat tossed about for three days and nights,
a boundless ocean to the left, a long mountain range to the right,
steep, rising, lushly forested. The churning waves that
our descendants would know as Walkmans played
boat songs and lullabies in endless cycles. Between
waking and sleeping, stars twinkled above; jellyfish,
nereis, and cryptomonad glinted below. I gathered globules
with my hands, each finger like a red-hot iron rod that
spilled balls of bright fire. Countless sea sparkles
surfaced at once, darting like sparks off an anvil. Flickering
light spattered at the oars as if we glided on an illuminated
channel, taking us through amber and goldened flames
across a water prairie in blue, green, and velvet black.

They discovered a paradise between the mountains and the sea.
Rivers brought down mountain debris and decomposed plants,
mixed them with wave-washed sand, and deposited rich loam.
Herds of water buffaloes grazed on pasture. Fertile fields all around,
rice, millet, taros, beans, sweet potatoes, watermelons, and pumpkins
grew everywhere. Rows of chinaberry trees interspersed with shade huts,
birds chirped, the sun beamed—living and its wild joys.
Villages were surrounded with dense bamboo groves and ditches
further beyond. In and out of the villages, under the shades or
by the roadside, betel nuts or cigarettes between their teeth,
men and women, by themselves or in groups, were moving or resting,
taking their time to get ready for the next betel nut or cigarette.
Women returning from the wells told jokes and sang,
their bodies voluptuous, their hands on their waists,
water jugs on their heads. They didn't know their beauty
made the travelers, watching from a distance, yearn for a home.

我們試著在海藍與天藍之間建立家園
以山的綠樹的綠為簾幕，帶著海的
聲音與形象，越過長長的沙灘，在
不遠的不知名的溪畔（也許我應該為她
命名）搭茅屋，墾荒地。這長長的
溪像女性的身軀，卻也有男性的性器
溪水日夜奔注，朝唱搖籃歌搖我們
入睡的海洋母親射去。溪水與海浪
衝擊成縈迴狀（就像在他們村落裡
看到的兩條緊緊交纏的公狗與母狗）
活生生的聲音與形象，讓我們驚呼：
洄瀾！啊洄瀾，我們家園的名字，週而
復始的律動，一如山腳下引山泉裸浴的
她們身上迸發的水的線條，一如星光下
手連手盪出一波波浪與圓圈的他們
祝祭的舞蹈與歌聲，啊他們也在洄瀾

(2010)

註：據《花蓮縣志》卷二，「昔人稱今之花蓮溪右岸曰洄瀾港，簡稱洄瀾，以溪水奔注與海浪衝擊作縈迴狀得名，惟起自何時不可考。」清嘉慶十七年（1812），部分漢人開始從宜蘭移墾，向阿美族人購得荒埔地一塊，名曰「祈來」（即「奇萊」）。咸豐七年（1857），宜蘭漢人數百名移居花蓮溪口，建茅屋，成聚落。

We attempt to create a homeland between the blue of ocean
and sky, draping it with the green of mountains and forests.
In the sound and image of the sea, we cross the long beach.
By a nameless river (perhaps I should give her a name)
we build thatched cottages and reclaim wasteland.
This long river is like a woman's body but with a man's
genitals, spurting water day and night into Mother Ocean,
who sings lullabies and rocks us to sleep. The river and
ocean waves collide and eddy (like the two dogs we saw in
the village, entwined in their mating). The sounds and images
are so vivid, we exclaim: Hui-lan! Oh, whirling waves,
the name of our homeland, pulsing consistently, like
water streaking down the women's bodies when they bathe
at the foot of the mountain, like, under the stars, the men singing
and dancing in their ritual, their hands linking, swinging to form
circles and waves—oh, they are whirling waves, too.

(2010)

Author's note: According to *The Annals of Hualien County, Volume 2*, “the right shore of Hualien River was previously known as Hui-Lan Port or simply Hui-Lan, named after the eddies formed as the river discharged into the ocean and collided with waves. It is unknown when the name was given.” In 1812, some Chinese immigrants in Taiwan began to move north from Yilan to Hualien. They purchased undeveloped land from the Amis tribe and called the place Chilai (or Kiray). In 1857, dozens of Chinese people from Yilan moved to the mouth of Hualien River and built a village.

[E.W.]

新港 · 一六六〇

——Tiladam Tuaka 的祈雨祭

來到我這裡之前你們要齋戒禁慾
留意夢境以及鳥鳴。婦女們要
擺獻鐵刀，刈除野草，籃子裡
放好戴的帽子，小陶罐，手環
臂環，向神靈祈福。男人們要
獻上小米酒，蒸飯，檳榔，荖葉
豬肉，祈求你們刀箭與矛銳利
然後你們要帶著酒來，大聲歡呼
向著我。我——Tiladam Tuaka——
我們西拉雅族驅邪的祭司，神靈的
女兒，讓曾受紅毛牧師洗禮的你們
身心重新盪滌受洗的真正施洗者
獻酒！你們雙手各舉起一大罐酒
否則神靈不喝！神靈很快會帶
我到天上，穿過一條光之階梯
一條脫光衣服，一絲不掛才能
貼身穩立，步步登上的天梯
給我酒喝，看我發光的上體
看我發光的下體，看站在公廨
屋頂上張開如噴泉的我的私處
你們的豬肉讓神靈吃得飽又爽
現在他們渴了，要我像豬母洩尿
把喝下的酒全部尿出來。神靈說
我放一座山的尿，他就賞賜我們
一座山的雨，我放一座海的尿
他就賞賜我們一座海的雨。快給我
酒喝，給我酒喝，讓尿山尿海
帶給我們豐年。我的噴泉是自動
調酒器，自動供飲機，給神靈
也給你們瓊漿玉液，噴出一串
又一串水的煙火，看我的私處
多慷慨而神的公開的一人樂團
隨著我手指的撫摸，拍打，伸入
抽動，奏出種種奇妙的音樂。跟著

Sinckan, 1660

—Tiladam Tuaka's Rain-Praying Ritual

Before coming to me, you must abstain from meat and pleasure,
look out for dreams and birds' chirping. Women must
piously set iron knives, mow weeds, put into baskets
hats to wear, tiny pottery jars, bangles for wrists
and for arms, praying to the ancestral spirit for blessings. Men must
offer millet wine, steamed rice, betel nuts, betel leaves,
and pork, pray that your knives, arrows, and spears are sharp,
and then bring along your wine, cheering loudly
at me. I—Tiladam Tuaka—
exorcist-priestess of our Siraya tribe, daughter
of the ancestral spirit, the real baptist who re-cleanses and re-baptizes
your bodies and hearts after your baptism by the red-haired priest.
Offer wine! Raise a huge jar of wine with both of your hands,
otherwise the ancestral spirit won't drink it! Very soon the ancestral spirit
will lead me to heaven through a ladder of light,
a heavenly ladder only for the naked one stripped to the skin
to stand fast against it and move upward step by step.
Offer me wine, look at the glittering upper half of my body,
the glittering lower half of my body, look at my private part,
which is standing open like a fountain on the roof of the *konkai*.
Your pork has satiated and pleased the ancestral spirits' appetite.
Now they are thirsty; they want me to urinate as a sow does,
pissing all the wine I have drunk. The ancestral spirit says
if I discharge a mountain of urine, he will reward us with
a mountain of rain; if I discharge an ocean of urine,
he will reward us with an ocean of rain. Now give me wine,
give me wine to drink, so that a urine mountain and a urine ocean
may bring us a plentiful year. My fountain is an automatic
wine shaker, a drink vending machine, which gives the nectar
to the ancestral spirit and to you, erupts one string after another of
water fireworks. Watch my private part,
such a public one-man orchestra, generous and divine.
See how it plays various kinds of fabulous music with the touching,
patting, thrusting in, and twitching of my fingers. Groan

我的呻吟呻吟，跟著我的吶喊吶喊
你們也要赤身裸體，跟隨我登上
光溜溜的天梯，到達神靈的唇的
舌神靈的鼻的額的腦，像一棵
枝桠叢出的巨大水樹從神靈的
天庭蓋噴出：集體的狂歡，集體的
高潮。我躺在屋頂，豐富厚實得
像一座山一座海，快抬我到下面
公廨裡，讓我喝更多酒，洩更多
尿。摘下覆在你們心上最後一小塊
遮陰布遮陽布，帶著一顆全然
潮濕的心回去淫蕩你們的姊妹
女兒，兄弟，鄰人，路人，和他們
行淫交流，挨家挨戶飲酒直到天明
為了帶給我們豐年的雨水。我知道
他們將把我流放到諸羅山，流放
到巴達維亞。但我將回來，每一次
大雨下降時你們將看到我回來……

(2010)

註：此處新港（Sinckan），指新港社，為十七世紀台灣原住民西拉雅族四大社之一，在今台南新市一帶。新港社為台灣最早接觸西方文化的區域。一六二六年，荷蘭人在新港興建教堂傳教，並以羅馬拼音書寫其語言；一六三六年五月，第一所學校在新港建立，約有七十個男孩，六十個女孩入學。一六三九年十月，荷蘭台灣長官范得堡（Van der Burg）在寫給總督的報告中，提到新港社總人口數一〇四七人，全部男女及小孩皆受洗，其中一一九對夫婦依基督教典禮舉行婚禮。而其實西拉雅族傳統宗教與相關習俗仍頑固地存在於其生活中。荷蘭地理學者 Olfert Dapper 於一六七〇年出版的《第二、三次荷蘭東印度公司使節出使大清帝國記》（*Gedenkwaardig bedrijf der Nederlandsche Oost-Indische Maetschappye, op de Kuste en in het Keizerrijk van Tasing of Sina*）中，描繪了一位蘇格蘭人 David Wright 所述西拉雅族年中的一些節慶。此詩所寫西拉雅族女巫（尪姨）勝淡·大甲（Tiladam Tuaka）的祈雨祭，即其一。Dapper 說 Wright 在台灣停留若干年，直至荷蘭人退出台灣（1662）之前。參閱翁佳音，〈西拉雅族的沈默男性祭司：十七世紀台灣社會、宗教的文獻與文脈試論〉（中研院民族所《族群意識與文化認同：平埔族群與台灣社會大型研討會論文集》，2003）。

with my groans; scream with my screams.
You too shall go naked, mounting the bare heavenly ladder
with me to reach the lip, the tongue of the ancestral spirit as well as
the nose, the forehead, the brain of the ancestral spirit, like a
giant tree with clusters of branches spurting out of the top
of the ancestral spirit's head: collective ecstasy, collective
orgasm. Lying on the roof, I am as plentiful and substantial as
a mountain and an ocean. Now carry me down to
the *konkai*, make me drink more wine and discharge more
urine. Strip your hearts of the last pieces of cloth which cover
vaginas and penises, and go back with soaking wet
hearts to commit adultery with your sisters,
daughters, brothers, neighbors, passers-by, to have
intercourses with them and drink wine from door to door till dawn,
so as to bring us rain for a plentiful year. I know
they will exile me to Tirozen, to
Batavia. But I will come back. Whenever
the heavy rain pours down, you'll see me come back...

(2010)

Author's Note: In the 17th century, Sinckan was among the four major settlements of the Siraya people of the Taiwanese indigenes. It is now located in Xinshi of Tainan. The Sinckan settlement was the area in Taiwan which got the earliest access to the Western culture. In 1626, the Dutch people built churches and started preaching in Sinckan. They also wrote the indigenous language in Romanization. In May, 1636 the first school in Sinckan was established. Nearly 70 boys and 60 girls went to school. In October, 1639, the Dutch official Van der Burg wrote a report to his governor, mentioning the Sinckan settlement had a population of 1047, that all men, women, and children were baptized, and that 119 couples held Christian weddings. However, the truth was that Siraya's traditional religion and customs were still deeply rooted in people's lives. The Dutch geographer Olfert Dapper in his book *Gedenkwaardig bedryf der Nederlandsche Oost-Indische Maetschappye, op de Kuste en in het Keizerrijk van Tasing of Sina* (published in 1670) wrote, based on the descriptions of a Scot named David Wright, about some annual Siraya festivals. Among them was Tiladam Tuaka's Rain-Praying Ritual, which this poem deals with. Dapper said Wright stayed in Taiwan for several years until 1662, when the Dutch withdrew from Taiwan. "The red-haired priest" refers to the Dutch missionary, and Konkai is the public activity center of the Siraya people.

部落之格

——小林村夜祭·二〇〇九

三百年來尪姨們積累的尿隨土石流
一夜爆發開。Tiladam Tuaka 回來了
Tiladam Tuaka——我們偉大的
西拉雅女祭司。三日夜，雨量超過
一整年。原汁原味，一次清倉的
低溫宅配。遲到的宅急便。讓一戶
接一戶家宅著急繼而淹沒的祖靈的
便便。你們稱做「八八水災」
一夜間，讓我們的村落從地圖上消失
她說是發，發水債之贖罪券折價券
儲值卡悠遊卡，悠遊於災難之上的
水之音樂，口傳心授，無須文字樂譜
抽象的聲音，形狀，色澤，姿態
口耳相傳，驚心教授。用千萬條
液化的繩子牽連起流散其間的
記憶的包裹，牽成一條越唱越粗
緊緊將我們網綁成一環的曲子
一夜間轟然遞送到我們的頭頂
沖失掉的部落的格子裡，以浮水印
躍然水上的我們部落之格：

仍然要發出聲音 在今夜
手牽手 我們踏步繞圈 側耳傾聽
聲聲相疊 迎接祖靈下凡同樂
什麼都不哭的夜晚 不讓你哭的夜晚
仍然要發出聲音 在今宵
手牽手 戴著花冠 我們側耳傾聽
揚起的水聲 在向竹中空處迴旋
燃燒的靈魂傾斜墜落 無能抗拒
液體的法則 聲聲相疊的夏之賦格
我們沒有忘記 他們會上來
同步呼吸 出沒於香菸與檳榔間

The Guts of the Tribe

—Night Rite in Xiaolin Village, 2009

The urine accumulated for three hundred years by the witches
erupted overnight. Tiladam Tuaka was back.
Tiladam Tuaka—the great Siraya priestess
of ours. The rainfall during those three days and nights exceeded
that of a whole year. Low-temperature home delivery of all goods
in stock, original and authentic. The late prompt delivery.
The ancestral spirits' night soil that panicked and overwhelmed
one house after another. You call it "88 Flood,"
which made our villages vanish from the map overnight.
She said it was distributing indulgences and coupons and value-storing cards
and easy cards of water debts. The music of water floating at ease above
the disaster, taught orally and perceived mentally, without words or score.
Abstract sounds, shapes, colors, postures
conveyed by mouth and ear, taught with alarmed hearts. With hundreds of
thousands of liquid ropes the scattered packages of memory
were connected and prolonged into a chant which grew thicker
with singing and bound us tight into a chain.
Overnight it was delivered to the tops of our heads in a roar.
In the squares of the tribe which were washed away, the guts of our tribe
sprang onto water in watermarks:

Still we feel like making sounds tonight
Hand in hand we stamp our feet in a circle and listen
One sound overlaps another to welcome ancestral spirits to join us on earth
The night you don't cry for anything the night you are not allowed to cry
Still we feel like making sounds this evening
Hand in hand wearing wreaths we listen
The rising sounds of the river circle toward the hollow of the ritual
bamboo
The burning souls fall aslant unable to resist
the law of the liquid a summer fugue of overlapping sounds
We haven't forgotten they're coming up
synchronizing their breathing They'll come and go among cigarettes
and betel nuts

取走指環的死亡的婚禮
全是為了今夜 結成一體
仍然要發出聲音 在今夜
濕潤的眼珠映照彼此 的影像
手牽手 我們踏步繞圈 層層的
動作姿勢 像崩塌的屋宇重新疊起
清亮的歌聲把夜吞光 把泥沙
以及房屋 包藏起來 仍然要發出
聲音 在今夜 仍然要發出我們的

(2010)

註：二〇〇九年八月八日前後，台灣因莫拉克颱風來襲造成嚴重水災，引發多處水患、坍崩與土石流，南部不少地區在三天內即落下一年份雨量。居民大多為平埔族西拉雅人的高雄縣甲仙鄉小林村，更慘遭滅村，設籍八百多人中，近五百人遭活埋。自一九九五年起，小林村民每年農曆九月十五、十六日在村內公廨舉行「夜祭」活動，二〇〇九年「八八水災」後，倖存的村民仍於村內搭建臨時公廨，於十月三十一日在五里埔舉行夜祭，以四步舞牽手繞圈，吟唱牽曲。Tiladam Tuaka（勝淡·大甲）為十七世紀一西拉雅族女巫（尪姨），參見拙詩〈新港·一六六〇〉。

The wedding of death that takes away the rings
has been preparing all for tonight to get united
Still we feel like making sounds tonight
With our wet eyeballs reflecting each other's figures in them
Hand in hand we stamp our feet in a circle with layers of
movements and postures like tumbled houses being piled up again
Bright singing voices swallow up the night enveloping
sands and houses Still we feel like making
sounds tonight Still we feel like making our

(2010)

Author's Note: The Siraya people, who have now forgotten most of their language, are a nearly extinct branch of the plains indigenes in Taiwan. Around August 8, 2009, typhoon Morakot hit Taiwan and caused severe floods. Many places were devastated by flooding, landslides, and mudslides. In quite a few areas of Southern Taiwan, the rainfall in three days amounted to the average annual rainfall. Xiaolin Village in Kaohsiung County, inhabited mostly by the Siraya people, perished in the disaster. Nearly five hundred people among the approximately eight hundred registered in households were buried alive. From 1955, Xiaolin villagers started to hold a "night rite" annually in their konkai (public activity center) on the 15th and 16th days of the ninth lunar month. After the "88 Flood" in 2009, the surviving villagers built a temporary konkai and held the night rite at Wulipu. They danced four-step dances in a circle hand in hand, singing the traditional chant. Tiladam Tuaka was a 17th-century witch of the Siraya tribe (see the poem "Sinckan, 1660").

十八摸

趁黑，摸摸我們的心，修改
一下密碼，免得被失戀者盜用；
趁黑，摸摸我白得像盜匙的手，
如果你渴，用它舀飲我胸前的夜色；
趁黑，摸摸夜空中那透明的口字，
ㄅㄅ口口，我給你我的球門，給你口；
趁黑，摸摸它金黃的門柱，用似是而非
半推半就的語言和虛擬的守門員盪鞦韆；
趁黑，摸摸天階上的鋼琴，宇宙一世只租給
我們一次音樂廳，聽覺要攀走仙界的鋼索；
趁黑，摸摸我鼠蹊旁的香水瓶，用一次次的
深呼吸掀開它的瓶蓋，掀開我的人間——
趁黑，摸摸島嶼脊椎盡處的鵝鑾鼻，它也
有個鼻子在呼吸，它張開鵝鑾，我張帆；
趁黑，摸摸排灣族頭目的琉璃珠，越來越胖
的百步蛇變成鷹，羽毛插在我的髮當中；
趁黑，摸摸童話的鐵夾，中了陷阱的山羌
逃脫留下斷腳，做成一〇一個小米粿的餡；
趁黑，摸摸我小米粿的餡，在我圓圓軟軟的
胸盤上，用它餵夜夜更夜，用它止飢飢更飢；
趁黑，摸摸卑南小孩的歌，貓頭鷹會來抓眼睛，
睡吧睡吧在我肩上，催感傷的動物們入眠；
趁黑，摸摸島嶼中央巴宰海族的銅鑼，一邊
敲打一邊燒火，燒我身上的茭白筍田；
趁黑，摸摸紅頭嶼的芋頭，摸兩下他們說是
sosoli，快摸一下，啊 soso，變成我的乳房；
趁黑，摸摸三貂角的眼，不見貂影，只見
月光，在大划船划過的我肩胛的海岸線；
趁黑，摸摸哆囉滿的唇，金閃閃的溪流
穿峽谷，吹奏出口簧琴細秘的聲音；
趁黑，摸摸我肌膚上沉積的金沙銀沙，
你的立霧溪在我身上製糖製鹽；
趁黑，摸摸這一顆漂流的球，從
黑水溝漂流到我的白膝灣；
趁黑，摸摸你的金球鞋，
我給你球門，給你口，
你給我提腳，
送它入
門……

(2010)

註：鵝鑾，排灣語「帆」的譯音。

18 Touches

While it's dark, touch our hearts and change
their ciphers lest they be embezzled by the lovelorn.
While it's dark, touch my porcelain-spoon-like white hand.
If thirsty, use it to ladle and drink the moonlight on my breast.
While it's dark, reach the sky to touch the transparent phonetic ㄅ,
ㄅㄅㄅ, I will give you my goal, give you a ㄅ. While it's
dark, touch its golden posts and have a ride on the swing with
the virtual goalkeeper by using paradoxical and hesitant language.
While it's dark, touch the sky piano; the universe rents us its music hall
just once in our lifetime, our hearing must walk on the heavenly wire.
While it's dark, touch the perfume bottle by my groin and lift its lid,
lift & reveal my mortal Eden, with one deep breath after another—
While it's dark, touch the end of the island's vertebrae, Eluan Beak, which
also has a nose to breathe; it spreads its *eluan*, and I spread the sail.
While it's dark, touch the Paiwan chieftain's glass beads; the ever-fattening
hundred-pace snake turns into an eagle, whose feather is put in my hair.
While it's dark, touch the iron clip in the fairy tale; the broken leg the trapped
muntjac left behind while escaping is made into stuffing for 101 millet cakes.
While it's dark, touch the stuffing of my millet cakes on my round and soft
breast plates; eating it, night gets deeper, a hungry man gets even hungrier.
While it's dark, touch Puyuma children's songs—the owl will scratch the eyes;
oh, sleep, sleep on my shoulder—they'll lull every sad animal to sleep.
While it's dark, touch the copper gong of the inland Pazeh tribe; strike it
and build a fire, burning the water bamboo field on my body.
While it's dark, touch Red-headed Island's taros; touching twice, they
say, is *sosoli*, a quick touch, ah *soso*—it turns out to be my breast.
While it's dark, touch the eye of Cape Santiago; I see no marten: only the
moon shines upon the coastline of my shoulders where galeras row across.
While it's dark, touch Turoboan's lips; the shimmering stream runs
through the gorge, making delicate intimate sounds of mouth harps.
While it's dark, touch the silver & gold sand deposited on my skin;
your Liwu River is producing sugar and salt on my body.
While it's dark, touch this drifting ball, which drifts
from the Black Ditch to my bay of white knees.
While it's dark, touch your gold sneakers;
I'll give you my goal, give you a ㄅ.
I want you to raise your foot,
give it a kick into
the goal...

(2010)

〈情詩〉翻新

——根據達菲一首三十六行英文詩而成的漢俳

我的眼細數
你心頭引號活蹦
蹦的音節：愛

(2012)

註：此詩將達菲（Carol Ann Duffy, 1955-）詩集 *Rapture* 裡一首名為 “The Love Poem” 的詩圈字成十七音節的英文俳句，再將之譯成漢俳。二〇一二年，我受英國方面之邀，參加倫敦奧運會前舉行之奧林匹克詩歌節（Poetry Parnassus）。此詩歌節大概是英國史上最大的詩歌活動，邀二〇四個奧運參賽國每國一名詩人與會，從六月底到七月初，為期一週。可惜的是，我因手疾腳傷臨時取消行程。我原本計畫參與的幾項活動，包括我與張芬齡共同主持的一個 writing workshop，在此「寫作工作坊」中，我企圖與英國朋友們分享自己寫作圖象詩、現代俳句和隱字詩（erasure poetry）的經驗，此詩選用詩歌節諮詢委員英國女桂冠詩人達菲之詩隱字而成，即是一例。

“The Love Poem” Renewed

—an English haiku based on Carol Ann Duffy’s 36-line poem

My eyes count the live
syllables of quotation
marks in thy heart: love

(2012)

Author’s Note: This poem is based on a poem named “The Love Poem” by Carol Ann Duffy from her book of poems *Rapture*. I circled words from her poem with a pencil to make a 17-syllable English haiku. In 2012, I suffered from pain in my back and right hand for months. Unable to use the computer or write with pens, I could only use texts which already existed to create new poems of mine in such a “half-automatic” way.

七首「半自動」詩

最美的風流
用饑饉做燃料：
饕餮罷！

*

夏風吹破
野薔薇的顏色
煉出香液

*

被飄浮的夢的香氣
所傷：廣大的秋天
在我舌下秘密歌唱

*

兩個戀人
用透明的繩索
相握，相撕

*

利齒狂咬
手風琴手，它
隨風自然唱

*

時間以雪抹去
橘子的愁容：
觸你臉

*

有三岸的歌
之川，比一星系廣：
歌人死有時
歌之船逆時間靜
航，我們全聽、看到

(2012)

Seven “Half-Automatic” Poems

The fairest wantonness
fuels itself by hunger:
eat it!

*

Summer wind blows open
the colors of the wild roses:
perfumes are extracted

*

The floating fragrance of dream
is hurting me: the vast autumn
sings secretly under my tongue

*

Two lovers,
hugging and tearing each other
with a transparent rope

*

Sharp teeth bite madly
the hands of the accordion: it
sings easily with the wind

*

Time cleanses the sad look
of the orange with snow
and touches your face

*

The river of songs which has
three banks is wider than a galaxy
Singers may pass away some day
The ship of songs sails quietly against the
flow of time: we all hear and see it

(2012)

香客

你沒有依約到來
只派遣一陣風，在黃昏
把似乎是你潤髮精的
氣味吹來。我分辨不出
是什麼品牌。或者根本
不是潤髮精，而是你的
香水味，從頸部，腋下
臍上，或胸間……
天逐漸黑了。我立在
教堂牆壁清水板面前
多希望自己是某個秘密
教派的信徒，而你是
聖者，藉暗香傳教

(2013)

Pilgrim

You didn't come as you'd promised.
You simply sent a breeze at sunset
to blow to me what smelled like
your shampoo. I failed to tell
its brand. Or maybe it was not
shampoo at all, but the smell of
your perfume, given forth from your neck,
armpits, navel, or breasts...
It was getting dark. Standing
in front of the exposed concrete wall of the church,
how I wished myself to be a follower of some
secret religious sect, and you
a saint, preaching via hidden aroma.

(2013)

力學

雖然是夜間學園
他們還是讓我們這些
補修物理學概論的高年級
學童，在休息時間
到教室外思考力學實驗
將近三十年，我像一顆球
朝你的天空飛去
為什麼從未墜入、消失於
你身後虛無的太虛，即使
我是頑固的虛無主義者
鞦韆下，我感謝你允許
我的浪蕩，一次次把你從
失望的地平線盪向
短暫的高潮。一牛頓的
渴望，和一牛頓的憂傷
擊向你，何者較重或痛？
我依然是一個在課堂上
不太專心的學習者
我們從蹺蹺板上站起來
我看到一端擺著我
上課時想到的幾個暗喻
另一端，則是滿天星斗

(2013)

Mechanics

Even on the night campus,
they allow us, senior schoolchildren
retaking the course of introduction to physics,
to ponder on mechanics experiments
outside the classroom at the break.
For nearly thirty years, I've been flying
toward your sky like a ball.
How come I've never fallen and vanished
in the void universe behind you, even though
I'm an obstinate nihilist.
Under the swing, I'm grateful for your
tolerating my dissoluteness, which has swung you
from the horizon of disappointment to
a transient climax. Which is heavier
or hurts you more, a newton of
longing or a newton of sorrow?
I'm still a learner who is
not very attentive in class.
When we stand up from the seesaw,
I see that placed on one end are
the few metaphors which occur to me in class,
and on the other, the starry sky.

(2013)

商朝

我們是商人
關心生意，關心
生之快意

我們飲酒，用青銅的
酒器。日飲夜飲
不知酒杯如沙漏
不知後世的你們驗出
酸性的米酒倒進青銅器裡
會溶出鉛來

我們不識酒精中毒
不識鉛中毒
男子（後世的你們統計）
壽不過三十五
女子不過三十

我們與天地鼎足為三
舉重若輕，把自己
把整個朝代放下如一隻鼎
等考古學家，拍賣公司
詩人揭開其中商機

(2011)

Shang Dynasty

We are the Shang. Merchants by
profession, we profit from business
and profess life's happiness.

We drink in bronze vessels
day and night. We have no idea that
the wine cups seep like hourglasses
and the acidic rice wine dissolves
the lead in the bronzes, as you
from the future will discover.

We're oblivious to intoxication,
ignorant of lead poisoning.
Our men live only to thirty-five
(according to the statistics of
your future), our women, thirty.

Forming a three-legged caldron with Heaven and
Earth, we lift heavy things as if they were light.
We lay down ourselves and the entire dynasty,
caldron-like, and wait for archeologists,
auction houses, and poets to run their business.

(2011)

[E.W.]

秦朝

還沒到清朝（是秦哪！），很接近支那
CHINA：以你的朝代為名，有一朝會從
大寫的中國，轉成青銅器、鐵器之外
小寫的瓷器。何其易碎之物。始皇帝
中國第一個皇帝，求仙求長命藥的你
壽僅五十，你的帝國不過十五載，寬不及
傳說中你的阿房宮，遑論與已然成形的
萬里長城相比。焚書，坑儒，你發動讓
後世師法的第一次文化大革命，唯留醫藥
卜筮種樹之書，鼓勵大家學醫、算命賺錢
提倡綠色環保概念。你率領你的兵馬俑
轉入地下與時間作戰，在你的陵墓內醞釀
大規模的寧靜革命，以嚴明的軍紀森然的
秩序，等待兩千年後破土而出，再驚天下

(2013)

Chin Dynasty

Not yet Ching Dynasty (it's *Chin!*), closely akin to CHINA—which was named after your dynasty and would someday turn into lowercase letters, china, a substance other than bronze and iron. How fragile it is! Chin Shi Huang, the First Emperor of China, you sought elixirs for longevity but died at the age of fifty. Your empire, lasting only fifteen years, was no wider than your legendary A-Fang Palace, let alone the Great Wall you built. Burning books and burying scholars alive, you started the first cultural revolution to be copied by later ages. Leaving behind only books on medicine, divination, and tree growing, you encouraged people to study medicine, to make money by foretelling, and to be nature-friendly. You led your terracotta army underground to fight against time and brew a large-scale quiet revolution in your mausoleum. After 2000 years, with strict discipline and grim order, they'd rise from the underground to startle the world again.

(2013)

聖安東尼向魚說教

透過馬勒十九世紀末譜寫的
《少年魔號》歌曲集聽到你
向魚說教的故事：從家鄉里斯本
來到義大利的方濟會小兄弟
安東尼。26 歲的你在三千修士
齊聚的阿西吉「草席大會」
見到了 39 歲的聖方濟。你們
席地而睡，著粗布衣，赤腳
以貧，以傳道、助人為樂。你
應該聽過他向鳥說教的妙事
（或許你們可以用各自能通的
鳥魚之語對話）。他請你啟蒙
後學。你且主動向異教者宣道
教堂內你聲音宏亮，教堂外
他們充耳不聞。你走到河口
漁船上的漁人視你為無物，你
對著出海的水流講話，滔滔
不絕，正如水流。忽然間躍出
一條梭子魚，悠哉地穿梭水面
它一邊洗耳，一邊豎起身子恭聽
如一具被熱情的火箭推動，準備
升天的太空梭。洄游返鄉的鮭魚
也來了，還有懷著魚卵的鯉魚
滑頭油面的鰻魚，舉止優雅的
鱒魚。它們興奮地圍繞著你
彷彿光天化日下等候夜市的
叫賣，以及隨後的抽獎。橫行的
螃蟹，龜速前行的烏龜，也從
海上緩緩來到。你微笑地對它們
說：「我不賣東西，只送你們
禮物，那每日給你們三餐宵夜，
讓你們享受與河水、海水之歡的
天主，要我轉贈你們的聖言。
祂給大自然一間巨大的更衣室
讓汝等眾魚挑選一件各自喜歡且

Saint Antony Preaching to the Fish

From songs of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, which Mahler composed at the end of the 19th century, I learned about your story of preaching to the fish: Antony, young Franciscan friar who came to Italy from your hometown Lisbon. At the age of 26, you got to see St. Francis of Assisi, aged 39, at the Chapter of the Mats among three thousand friars. You slept on the ground, wore garments of coarse cloth, walked bare-footed, felt contented in poverty, took delight in preaching and helping others. You should have heard marvelous tales about his preaching to birds (perhaps you could communicate with each other in the bird or fish language which you know). He asked you to enlighten junior friars. Besides that, you preached to pagans out of your will. In the church, you spoke loud; outside the church, they turned a deaf ear. When you walked to the river mouth, the fishermen on the boat thought nothing of you. You spoke to the water rushing out to sea, as fluently as the water flowed. All of a sudden a pike leaped out, shuttling leisurely on the surface of water. It washed its ears, listening with its body straightened like a space shuttle, propelled by a passionate rocket, ready to launch to heaven. The salmon which swam back home joined in, along with the cod pregnant with spawn, the sly and slippery eel, and the trout of elegant bearing. They surrounded you in excitement as if waiting in broad daylight for the vendors' hawking and the subsequent lottery drawing in the night market. The crab which walked sideways and the turtle which moved at the speed of a turtle also arrived slowly from the sea. Smilingly you said to them, "I am selling nothing; I'm giving you presents, the sacred words I've learned from Lord, who gives you the three meals and night snack, who gives you revelry with river water and sea water. He gives Nature a huge dressing room for you fishes to pick out a swimming suit and evening

全然合身的泳衣兼禮服。你們
當用最曼妙的舞姿，最愉快
的心情，讚美主！」魚兒們聽了
張大眼睛，開口稱好，爭相搖晃
身上的鱗片，鱗聲如鈴聲雷動
海嘯般一波波傳到海上，那些
已出海的漁船紛紛轉頭回航
漁人們敲著船板，用每一根手指
按「讚」，漁船上剛被他們
活鮮鮮切出來的一片片鮪魚
旗魚生魚片，也拼命連體復合
如獲重生地跳入水中，共赴盛會

(2013)

註：聖安東尼，亦稱「帕瓦多的聖安東尼」（San Antonio de Padua, 1195-1231），為出生於葡萄牙，逝世於義大利帕多瓦的「方濟會」修士。

dress which you like and fit perfectly well. You should praise Him with the most fascinating postures of dancers and with the most cheerful moods!” Having heard this, the fishes opened their eyes wide, shouted bravo, hurried to shake their scales. The loud jingling noises they made were as loud as the tsunami. The fishing boats out at sea turned around one by one. The fishermen knocked on the decks, pressing the Like button with every finger. All the newly-sliced fresh *sashimi* of tuna and swordfish struggled desperately for rejunction. As if granted rebirth, they jumped into the water to celebrate the occasion.

(2013)

Author's Note: Saint Antony (1195-1231), also called “San Antonio de Padua,” was a Franciscan friar who was born in Portugal and died in Padua, Italy.

廚聖

你享有特權，在耳聰目明
未及耳順之年就被我稱為聖
因為你在我家廚房打雜兼差
三十餘年，在為人師為人妻
為人母之外。你精通應用數學
擅長把廚餘剩菜，加上冰箱裡
保存的前朝或前週古物，重新
排列組合成下一餐未必佳的
家餚，真是崇尚環保，愛用
廚剩的廚聖。你愛放、愛吃
辣椒（而我怕吃），遂讓你
一黨肚大，美味獨吞，或者因
我不敢多夾菜，造成殘局殘壘
隔餐繼續苦戰的局面。你家學
淵遠，把令尊令祖私房的
滷牛肉、麵疙瘩進口到花蓮
讓我們一家三口，聞味即滴水
饜足之後，全身幸福滿脹得
起疙瘩。知我不喜也懶吃水果
你囤積了各式果菜機，獨出
配方，把於我是種種苦難的
果實聚合榨成其味難辨，妙
不可言的流汁。你也許覺得
「廚聖」這稱號不順耳，我
可以改呼你為「聖阿芬齡」
聖哉，因你讓吾人令齒（也
就是美齒）留芬香，並且每日
嘮叨如懸在廚房窗口的，啊
風鈴，叮叮噹噹，響徹天下

Saint in the Kitchen

You are privileged to be called a saint when you
can see and hear well and aren't yet aged sixty.
For you have worked part-time doing odds and ends
in my house besides being a teacher, a wife,
and a mother. Proficient in applied mathematics,
you know well how to prepare homely dishes for the next meal
by combining and rearranging scrap food, leftovers, along with
antiques preserved in the fridge since yestermorn or last week.
You are indeed a saint in the kitchen who are eco-friendly
and a lover of leftovers. You cook and enjoy food with
chilies (which kill me); as a result, you have it all to
yourself as well as to your stomach, or, since I dare not eat much,
put us in a predicament of struggling hard with more leftovers
at the next meal. Living up to your distinguished heritage
of cooking, you import to Hualien your father's and forefather's
private cuisine of stewed marinated beef and trickled pastries.
At the smell of them, our family of three drool; after we've
had enough, happiness trickles onto us from top to toe.
Knowing I dislike eating fruit and am too lazy to
eat fruit, you stock up varieties of juicers and invent
unique recipes, making unrecognizable and
fabulous juice out of various kinds of fruits which
I used to regard as sufferings. If you find the title
"Saint in the Kitchen" unpleasant to the ear,
I could call you "Saint Ah Fen-ling."
O Saint, I'm blessed that you have my teeth and tongue
always feeling (ah Fen-ling) good, and that every day you're
as nagging as a wind-bell hanging at the window of the kitchen,
tinkling and jingling loudly enough to be heard all over the world.

(2013)

Author's Note: Fen-ling, which sounds very much like the word "wind-bell" in Chinese (風鈴, *fon-ling*), is the name of my wife Chang Fen-ling.

北方

北方在我夢中草原豎立起一座空中捺鉢。那年輕的契丹王，啣著一枝玫瑰，回轉快馬，徒手扯下了兩名節度使的氣節和器度，飛鴿傳書，要長安城裡的帝王把最小、最美的公主嫁給他。崇勇惜美的帝王不及三思即應許了他，要求以三百瓶其色瑩白，其香濃郁的契丹玫瑰油為聘禮。契丹的使者們，興奮地迎回了芬芳公主——他們的新王后——以及她的嫁妝。她的嫁妝就是她自己。她身上未曾滴任何玫瑰油，但一股莫名其狀的芬芳隨她來到契丹王的宮帳，彷彿來自天上，而非塵世。那香味不只是嗅覺的，還是視覺的，暈染過懸掛帳內的《秋林群鹿圖》和《丹楓呦鹿圖》，讓兩幅畫和整個帳內氤氳著明亮斑斕的秋色。我不知道宮帳什麼時候變成空中林園，只聽到侍女們吹著簫、笛、笙，彈著琵琶、箏、箜篌，而契丹王居中吟唱，與新娘、群臣隨音樂飛升，在我草原夢中。

(2013)

註：捺鉢，契丹語的譯音，意為契丹主巡狩時的行營，行宮，行在所。

The North

The North erected a hanging imperial tent above the grasslands in my dream. The young Khitan King, with a rose between his lips, turned his galloping horse around and, with bare hands, tore off the courage and grandeur of two Chinese provincial governors. He sent messages by pigeons to the Chinese Emperor in Chang-an, asking for the youngest and fairest princess as his bride. The valiant and beauty-worshiping emperor granted him his request without a second thought, asking for 300 bottles of crystal white and fragrant Khitan rose attar as betrothal gifts. The envoys of Khitan escorted back Princess Aroma—their new queen—along with her dowry. Her dowry was herself. Without a single drop of rose attar on her body, an indescribable aroma followed her to the imperial tent. It seemed to come from the heaven, not from the earth. The aroma provoked not only the sense of smell, but that of sight. It spread over *Herd of Deer in an Autumn Forest* and *Deer among Red Maples* in the tent, bathing the two paintings in a bright and gorgeous autumnal tint. I didn't know when the imperial tent turned into a hanging garden; I simply heard maidservants playing the Tatar horn, bamboo flute, *sheng*-pipes, *pipa*-lute, zither, and the *konghou*-harp. The Khitan King, singing to the music, rose to the air with his bride and officials in my dream of grasslands.

(2013)

八方

一方面愛他
一方面恨他
一方面偏他
一方面騙他

一方面氣她
一方面騎她
一方面怒她
一方面怨她

(2013)

Eight Hands

On one hand, she loves him;
on the other hand, she hates him.
On one hand, she receives him;
on the other hand, she deceives him.

On one hand, he rages at her;
on the other hand, he rides her.
On one hand, he flares at her;
on the other hand, he forgives her.

(2013)

十三行集：冬歌（選四）

1

灰藍的海面此刻是一艘巨大的舊船
近鄉情怯似，逗留於港外。冬
又回家了。回家換冬裝，吃冬至
湯圓，進行周期性冬令進補
累了的時候，冬眠。它就像一個家
又要回我們家，我們也近鄉情怯
每一次重聚，舊傷弭平後，又帶來
新的嫌隙？就像陽光下燦爛的海上
舊浪推出的一波波新浪痕。冬
即將登岸，等灰藍的海變亮，它
灰色的船身慢慢消失於燦藍的
海面，我們知道它就要到家了
而我們也在家裡準備動身回家

3

廢棄的電器用品，低溫冷藏的
黑膠唱片、CD，全被冬霧貼上一層
灰濛濛的封條。不插電的冬的聲音比
mp3 薄。霧裡藏著一隻大象
大象肚子裡是一座臨時法庭
你在夢中偷過一件褲襪，兩件
墨綠色胸罩，他們控訴你殺人
並且是一個女人。你侮辱過春天的
繡眼鳥，夏天的夾竹桃，他們罰你
在海浪的尖刀上和其他獄友合跑
一千六百公尺接力，掉棒還得重來
這是時間法庭嗎？向時間上訴
讓他們在下一隻大象出現時重審

13-Line Poems: Winter Songs (4 selections)

1

The grayish blue sea is now an aged giant ship,
lingering outside the harbor, ill at ease when approaching home. Winter
has come home again, to put on winter clothes, to eat midwinter
dumplings, to have periodical winter dietary supplementation,
and to hibernate when tired. It itself is like a home
yet is coming home to us. We also feel ill at ease to meet it.
Will every reunion brings about new discord
after old wounds are healed? Just as on the brilliant sea in the sun
new waves with scars are pulled along by old ones. Winter
is about to land. When the grayish blue sea turns bright,
when its gray hull fades out on the bright blue sea,
we know it will soon get home,
and we are getting ready at home to go home.

3

Winter fog affixes grayish seals to deserted electric appliances,
and deep frozen gramophone records and CDs.
The unplugged sound of winter is thinner
than mp3. In the fog an elephant is hidden, and
inside the elephant's belly is a provisional court.
In dreams you stole a pair of leggings, two
dark green bras; they accused you of murder,
and the victim was a woman. You insulted white-eye birds
in spring and oleanders in summer; to punish you,
they made you run a 1600m relay on daggers of waves
with other prisoners and restart once the baton was dropped.
Is this a court of time? Make an appeal to time
for re-investigation at the appearance of the next elephant.

12

船終要進港而後離去，海關不查緝
我們攜帶的木頭槍枝，它們加起來
只是一盒鉛筆，我和我的同夥們
我們革命，又被反革命，流亡、游擊
伺機再革命，再破舊立新。我們捍衛
衛生，也希望不畏死。我們用射入我們
體內的子彈複製子彈，來自敵人或
朋友，異國或本土。精準、俐落是
必要的，以最曼妙的秩序安排我們
子彈落點，不管有沒有一槍銷人魂
奪其神。美即是力，對抗保皇黨
宮闈派、復辟份子：我們帶走彈殼
血、恐怖，留下海、鄉愁和素描簿

13

那些抽象、概念的東西，因為它們太重
我們留下來給新來者研發簡化之道
讓它們輕些，再輕些，直到像胸章
別針、胸針般，可以輕鬆戴上又
解下。或者像手機吊飾繫在腰間
以輕起重，幫我們提菜籃、救護車
燈塔、夢、衛星導航器。美有多重？
時間有多重？愛有多輕？死亡有多輕？
可以以我們的身體，手指，或筆
為獨木舟，載走它們全部嗎？上岸後
變成一台小摺，騎著去兜風。我們用
簡單的技巧，把逝水、憂傷、潛艇
摺進浪裡，等春天的浪把一切翻到水面

灰藍的海面此刻是一艘巨大的舊船……

(2013)

12

The ship will eventually enter the harbor and then depart.
No customs will investigate the wooden guns we carry, which
amount to a box of pencils only. My partners and I start
revolutions and are counter-revolutionized; we exile and fight as guerrillas,
seek chances for another revolution, for further innovation. We stand up
for living and hope not to fear death. We duplicate bullets
with those shot into our bodies, from our enemies or friends,
from foreign or native land. Preciseness and conciseness
are indispensable when we plan, in the finest order, where
the bullets should fall, whether any of them bewitches one at once.
Beauty is power in fighting against royalists, palace chamber groups,
defenders of old forces: we take away cartridges,
blood, and terror, leaving the sea, nostalgia, and sketch books.

13

Because those abstract and conceptual things are too heavy,
we leave them behind for new-comers to find ways to simplify,
to lighten and lighten, until they can be easily
put on and taken off like badges, pins, brooches,
or until they can lift weight easily like cellphone charms
fastened to the waist, helping us to carry baskets, ambulances,
lighthouse, dreams, and satellite navigators. How heavy is beauty?
How heavy is time? How light is love? How light is death?
Can we sail all of them away with our bodies, fingers,
or pens as canoes? On shore, we'll turn them into
a folding bike and go for a ride on it. We use simple skills
to fold lost time, sorrow, submarines into waves, and wait for
spring waves to roll everything up to the sea surface.

The grayish blue sea is now an aged giant ship...

(2013)

在莫內花園遇見莫內

在莫內花園遇見莫內。他問：
「從蓮花池連作環壁的橘園來嗎？」
我說：從花蓮。剛從你的
日本橋走來。你見識過貧困
兩度喪妻，長子壯年
離世。生命苦嗎？
「無常、瞬變是姪紫嫣紅夢幻
黃昏之母，也是雞鳴雀躍的破曉
之父。苦中作樂作畫
詩人經常得意於失意時。我所
能的只是把一池睡蓮，從水中移到
畫布，隨每日晨光的醒來
睜開它們一眨一眨——不同時候
不同色彩——的印象派眼睛
且樂於把它們凝於臉書，讓你們
在液晶池裡看到那些蓮花之臉
時光之臉，我的臉……」
啊，你有的只是眼睛，但
何等的眼睛！那光
重要嗎？
「重要。一如花，水，清風（喔
神的擁抱）……光是所有的顏色
它使其透入的對象鮮活
明媚，一如愛」
但你的視力逐漸衰退（是
白內障嗎？）
你可以清楚用眼察覺光嗎？
「所以還要用心。我清楚瞥見
流水的皺紋，那是
不死的青春……」
我見識過身心之痛，和海藍
天藍一樣重或輕的憂鬱
我可以把我的家鄉阿蓮，或花蓮
變成蓮花池嗎？貼萬頃山綠
與逃學少男少女各色染髮為田田

I Run into Monet in Monet's Garden

I run into Monet in Monet's Garden. He asks, "Did you come from the Orangerie, where lianhua ponds line the oval walls?"

I say, I came from Hualien, the opposite direction. Your Japanese footbridge brought me here. You came up against poverty, and you lost two wives and your eldest son in his prime. Is life bitter?

"Transience is a mother of the dreamy-colored dusk, and a father of the crowing, wing-flapping dawn. Artists find pleasure and perspective in hardship.

Poets meet their muses in misery. All I can do is transfer some water lilies from pond to canvas. When the day breaks,

I open their Impressionist eyes—their colors changing at different times—blink by blink.

I delight in pressing the water lilies on Facebook, so you can see their faces in the liquid crystal pond, as well as time's face, and mine..."

Oh, your eyes are all you have, but what eyes! Is light important?

"Yes, light is important. Like flowers, water, the breezes (ah, God's embrace)... Light is every color; it makes what it penetrates vibrant and glowy, like love."

But your eyesight is deteriorating. (Is there a cataract?)

Can you see light sharply with your eyes?

"I also use my mind's eye. I can see the wrinkles in flowing water. That is immortal youth..."

I came under physical and emotional pain, and encountered a depression as heavy, or light, as ocean and sky blue. Can I turn Hualien, my hometown, into a water lily pond? Can I piece together lush lily pads and water lilies

蓮葉蓮花？

「詩人在自己過敏症、神經質的
皮膚上搔刮出天邊的雲彩
包含於一個空無的屏框
你能做的只是繼續屏息，忍住癢
向那幻影致敬……美
是人類的增高器。我們用心智
透明的保鮮膜，低溫包裝宅配
慢遞它，不虞賞味期限
那些睡蓮，那些花香，在升起的
夢的水泡中清晰可見可聞……」
在子夜線上莫內花園遇見莫內。我問：
大化之妙，莫非都在一個莫內之內？

(2013)

from the endless green mountains and the colorful hair of truants?

“The poet scratches his neurotic skin
to uncover blushing clouds at the sky’s edge,
set in a frame of emptiness.

All you can do is hold your breath, ignore your itch,
and salute the fleeting image... Beauty
is humans’ height-training machine. We wrap it
in a plastic-clear mind, put it in a freezing bag, and
send it by the slowest courier, ignoring the use-by date.
The water lilies come alive, fresh in scent,
inside rising bubbles of dreams...”

Running into Monet in Monet’s Garden on the midnight line, I ask,
Moments of the grand universe, are they no more than a Monet?

(2013)

[E.W.]

夢中央盆地

1 杵歌

這次，不是航向愛爾蘭
而是乘著夢的輕舟，盪回
島嶼中央，沉水的白鹿
鹿角與鹿角閃閃角力、發光的
明潭，向守著盆地的船山愛蘭

搖清風為槳，我來重尋
以盆地為木臼，邊搗邊唱的
杵歌——上一次聆聽時（噢
半世紀了），是僅存的
兩百多族人全體的合唱

痛快啊痛快，在前人未踏的
湖中，浮著獨木舟斟酒，任
大波小浪即興推到盡頭……
那熟悉的歌聲，如今更曼妙
只是唱歌的人越變越少

湖光閃閃，小米成熟了
帶少女和幼童，一起來幫忙
收成，一起為豐收歡唱
隨一階階越搗越響，越響
越高的音波，夢回台地烏牛欄

這島嶼中央的盆地群，有多少
鳥棲居，龍潛藏？有多少
來不及自拍、轉寄，上傳於
臉書的不同族群男女的臉龐？
有多少鳥居龍藏來過，說

啊，數目越來越少了，這些族人
這些散發不同色澤光芒的語言
歌謠，像流星般要消失了……
湖光粼粼，我聽見月光的冰木杵
把大小盆地搗得又響又亮

Dream Central Basin

1. *Pestle Song*

This time, it's not a sail set for Ireland, but a wander
back to the island center by a dream-riding light boat,
to the shining Sun Moon Lake, where spikes on the sunken
white deer's antler strike at one another with their sparkles,
and toward Ailan, the ship mountain that guards the basin.

Paddling with cool breezes, I am here to re-experience
the pestle song, its pounding and singing,
the basin as the mortar—last time I heard it (oh,
that was half a century back), the remaining
two hundred some tribe members all sang together.

“Pure elation! On a lake yet to be stumbled on
by any predecessors, we float in canoes and drink, letting
waves and ripples push us impromptu to the end...”
The familiar singing is even more fascinating,
only the singers keep dwindling.

“The lake glistens; millet ripens. Take teenage girls and
young children to help in the harvest and sing for
the bumper crop.” Following the steps of sound waves that
get louder with the pounding and rise higher as they get loud,
the dream takes me back to the plateau once known as Aoran.

How many birds dwells in the basins at the center of this island?
How many dragons in hiding? How many faces of
different tribes, male and female, yet too late for selfies,
forwarding, and facebook posts? How many Ryuzo Torii
have been here, aka Bird Dwelling Dragon Hiding, who says,

Oh, the number is decreasing. These clan members,
these languages and songs exuding various hues and glows,
will soon disappear like shooting stars...
In the lake's limpid reflection, I hear the ice pestle of moonlight
pounding basins big and small, loud and clear.

2 夢中央

夢中央盆地口停靠著一座船山
有入無出，大船入港一泊數千年
船首是醒靈寺和基督教醫院
船尾是甘泉噴湧的鐵山里
船名叫烏牛欄，或者暱稱做愛蘭
多麼安穩、優美的睡姿！安穩了
整個盆地人們的睡眠和聚寶盆
優美了孩子們的夢和群峰的身姿
我穿著涼鞋重登這夢的台地
茭白筍田伸出皎潔的茭白，向
我露白的腳趾打招呼。大小石塊
堆出的洗衣窟前，婦女們洗著的是
不能用洗衣機洗的剛弄髒的雲朵
的桌巾。乾淨的藍天，一如乾淨的
心情，要鋪乾淨的桌巾！那將天下
第一名泉的水挑到台地下的酒廠
換取一天四角錢工資的挑夫
是烏牛欄社人的後裔，還是大馬璘
社人與漢人的混血？純淨的好水
造出好酒，也造出好紙。那一張張
堆疊起來的手工紙，不就是通向
雲朵上對飲的酒神與美神的雲梯？

3 紙教堂

這次，不是航向尋求獨立的
愛爾蘭，它已然獨立，獨立在
天搖地裂後盆地村落的水邊空地
五十八根紙柱支撐起的夢的
紙教堂，彷彿由天而降，超然
於諸般信仰，靜立於一切政教
紛爭之上。它的身影如一個
黃色大燈籠浮在水面，輝映
滉漾著的不只是溫暖，還有希望

像詩一樣，寫在很輕很白的紙上

2. In the Middle of a Dream

Dream central basin has a ship mountain anchored to its entrance.
No departure once arrived, the big ship has docked for millennia.
At the bow are Singling Temple and Puli Christian Hospital.
At the stern is Tieshan Village, where spring water surges.
The ship's name is Aoran, pet name Ailan.
What a steady, graceful sleeping position, steadying
the sleep and treasure bowl of the basin's inhabitants,
gracing children's dreams and mountain contours.
Wearing sandals, I re-enter this dream plateau.
Pristine wild rice stems stretch out from the fields,
greeting my naked toes. At the laundry station built
with stones of all sizes, women are washing
the do-not-machine-wash, freshly-stained tablecloth
of clouds. The clean blue sky, like a clean mind, needs
a clean tablecloth! Was the porter who carried water on a pole
from the world's number one spring to the brewery below
the plateau, who earned forty cents a day, a descendant of
the Aoran tribe, or a Patakan and Chinese mixed-blood?
Pure water produces good wine as well as good paper.
Isn't the hand-made paper, piling up sheet after sheet,
an aerial ladder that reaches Dionysus and Apollo,
who drink together on the clouds?

3. Paper Dome

This time, it's not a sail set for independence-seeking
Ireland. It is already independent, independently standing
by the water in a basin village after the earthquake.
Fifty-eight paper columns support the paper dome
of dream which, as if descending from heaven,
transcends every religion and stands quietly above
all politics. Its silhouette appears as a huge
yellow lantern floating on water. Reflecting
in the ripples is not only warmth but also hope.

It's like a poem, written on light and white paper,

不經意地撐起浮世，撐起生命中
不可承受之重。你來點亮它
用纖細的心電，如果有愛
每一根手指都是仙女棒。加入
它的光，加入它的寬：一粒沙有
多小，它如何連成一片沙灘
連成護繞、富饒著島嶼的東西
南北岸，水沙相連，吸引一波波
不同膚色，不同語系、聲調的浪

一粒米有多寬，如果有幸和識
與不識的米合煮成飯，在以天籟
為蓋的盆地的鍋子裡（啊，湖光
閃閃，小米成熟了……）那米粒
如何航過我們口水輕盪的食道
在夢中央開出一朵朵桃紅色的
燈籠花，叮噠作響，綴飾著
島嶼中央盆地最美麗的紙教堂
啊，桃米的夢舟，航向愛的紙船

(2013)

註：埔里盆地群為大小十幾個山間盆地之總稱，位於台灣島中央，包括埔里、魚池、日月潭等盆地。一九〇〇年日本人類學者鳥居龍藏來此踏查，感嘆盆地上某些原住民族群即將絕滅。其中居於日月潭的邵族人口，學者陳奇祿一九五五年調查時，已不及二五〇人。愛蘭台地，舊名烏牛欄台地，位於埔里盆地入口，有「船山」之稱，因地形像一艘進港的大船，早為族群活動平台，清道光後，陸續有巴宰族人遷入，建立烏牛欄、大馬璘等社。「紙教堂」原為日本一九九五年阪神大地震後於神戶鷹取社區用紙建成之教堂，二〇〇五年拆解，二〇〇八年重新組合完成於台灣九二一大地震受災最嚴重的南投埔里鎮的桃米村。

unintendedly supporting the floating world and
the unbearable weight of life. You light it up
with the mind's slender wavelength. If there is love,
each finger is a fairy wand. Join its brightness,
its breadth: how small a grain of sand is, how it links
to become a beach, and, in protecting and enriching the island,
become the coasts, north, east, south, west, the blending
of water and sand. It attracts cycles of waves in
different skin colors, languages, and accents.

How broad is a grain of rice? If it's lucky to be cooked together
with other known or unknown grains, in the rice cooker
that is the basin, with nature's sounds as the lid (oh,
the lake glistens; millet ripens...), how will that grain
sail through our gullet, the saliva inside slightly swaying,
and open into blooms of fuchsia in the middle of a dream,
tinkling in their little bells, adorning the most beautiful
paper dome in the island's central basin. Oh, the dream boat
of fuchsia rice, the paper boat that sails toward love.

(2013)

Author's Note: Located in the center of Taiwan, the Puli Basins comprise a dozen of mountain basins of various sizes, including Puli Basin, Yuchi Basin, Sun Moon Lake Basin, and others. In 1900, Japanese anthropologist Torii Ryuzo (鳥居龍藏, literally "Bird Dwelling Dragon Hiding"), surveyed the region and was concerned that some of the aboriginal tribes would disappear soon. Among these tribes, the Thao living in the Sun Moon Lake area had a population of fewer than 250 members in 1955, according to the scholar Chen Qilu. Ailan Plateau (愛蘭台地), formerly known as Aoran Plateau (烏牛欄台地), is situated at the entrance of Puli Basin. Because it is shaped like a big ship entering the port, the plateau is also called Ship Mountain. In early days, the plateau was frequented by aborigines. Since Daoguang's reign (1820-1850) of Qing Dynasty, the Pazeh tribe moved to the area and set up communities like Aoran and Patakan. The Paper Dome was a church in the Takatori community of Kobe, Japan, built after the Great Hanshin Earthquake in 1995 using paper as a structural material. The temporary church was dismantled in 2005, then relocated to and reassembled in Taomi Village (桃米村) in Puli Town in 2008. The village was among the hardest hit in Taiwan's 921 Earthquake in 1999. Literally, the character 桃 can mean "fuchsia" (the color) or "peach," and 米 means "rice."

[E.W.]

被忘錄

在一條清涼水聲的蠶絲被裡
遺忘了的生之喧囂

*

覆在我身上的你的肌膚是薄薄的
被單，你自我掀動出風
噢那是群星的嘆息，把你我吹塑成浪

*

窩藏我們也被我們窩藏的被窩 是
時間與溫度的混凝土築成的防空洞

*

我們被動
神主動

(2014)

Memorandum of Quilts Forgotten

In a silk quilt of cool murmuring stream,
the forgotten clamor of life.

*

Your skin, covering my body, is a very thin
quilt. Rustling above me, you create wind.
Oh, that's stars' sighing, molding you and me into waves.

*

Our quilt, which harbors us and is harbored by us, is
an air-raid shelter built of the concrete of time and warmth.

*

Our quilt was moved to dance:
God acted on it.

(2014)

北京

牛自己來到北京，還是牛
真牛啊！牽一隻牛到
大會堂前如面對一台
施坦威鋼琴

對牛彈琴可以。
不要彈 彈彈

(2014)

Beijing

Buffalo are buffalo even if they come to Beijing on their own.
Bravo! A buffalo is standing in front of
the Great Hall of the People as if confronting a grand
piano with the great power of a tank.

It's OK to play the piano to a buffalo.
But don't, don't play with bombs.

(2014)

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……

(2014)

註：阿美族語 Widang（朋友），有人音譯為「以浪」（參閱 216 頁〈島嶼之歌〉一詩）。阿美族人歌舞時常發出虛詞「嘿吼嗨」、「後海洋」之音。白浪、好浪，音似閩南語「壞人、好人」，台灣原住民每稱漢人為「白浪」。

Hualien

With waves, with surfs, 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 looks 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...

(2014)

Author's Note: The Chinese words 以浪 (corresponding to “with waves” in the first and the last lines of this poem) sound very much like the word *widang* (which means “friend”) in the Amis language. See the poem “Song of the Island” on P.217.

[E.W.]

Appendix:

Traveling Between Languages

0

Language is a communication of thoughts, feelings, etc., through a set or system of formalized symbols, signs, sounds, or gestures. Chinese, English, and dialects in Taiwan (Min Nan and Hakka dialects, for example) are languages; music, painting, and mathematics are also languages. While notes and colors are the languages used by composers and painters, words are the language I use to write; while some writers use other systems of words, I write in Chinese.

I also translate works written in other languages into Chinese. To me, translation is a substitute for reading and writing. I'm not an active reader. To translate, I force myself to read more widely or attentively. I am not an active writer, either. Through translating others' works, I get some compensation and stimulation—in translating a work, I mistake it for my own, feeling that I'm writing again; during or after the process of translation, I inevitably acquire some inspiration or dynamic for my own writing by getting closer to others'.

I sometimes feel writing is another form of translation: while writing, I integrate or transform into my works my experiences of reading, translating, or having access to other languages (English, Japanese, etc.; music, painting, etc.)—either consciously or unconsciously. Therefore, I, as a writer, travel from language to language frequently.

1

I was born in Taiwan after the Second World War and brought up in Hualien, a small city in eastern Taiwan. My parents grew up in the period when Taiwan was occupied and governed by Japan. Therefore, in my childhood and youth, I spoke Chinese (Mandarin) at school and Taiwanese (Min Nan dialect) at home, and my parents talked to each other in Japanese most of the time. My mother is a native speaker of Hakka dialect, so I could often hear her speak the Hakka dialect with her relatives living in the neighborhood. After graduating from university, I returned to my hometown from Taipei and worked as an

English teacher in junior high school. In a class of forty students, there were two or three indigenous (mostly Amis and Atayal) students. They spoke Chinese just like the other students.

When I studied in the English Department of the National Taiwan Normal University in Taipei, I started to read literary works of foreign writers in the original or in translation, including those of Yeats, Eliot, Rilke, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and some Japanese haiku poets. Since my graduation from university, I, in collaboration with my wife Chang Fen-ling, have translated into Chinese many poems of foreign poets, such as Larkin, Hughes, Plath, Heaney, Sachs, Vallejo, Neruda, Paz, Szymborska—they all have had influence on me. Among them, Neruda's influence seems the most obvious because we have translated at least three books of his poems.

In my university days I chose Spanish as my second foreign language and came to take an interest in Latin American literature. I was not a good learner of Spanish, but I found Spanish sounded delightful, which motivated me to read Spanish poems. I bought some bilingual (Spanish and English) collections of Latin American poetry; they seemed not too hard to comprehend. In 1978, I set about translating an anthology of modern Latin American poetry. It was completed by 1985. However, not until 1989 was the book published. Included in the more than 600 pages are nearly 200 poems by 29 poets.

Since my high school days, I have enjoyed listening to music. Composers like Bartok and Debussy influenced and inspired me when I was very young. Later, Webern, Janáček, Messiaen, and Berio also became my favorites. After attending university, I started to read art books and appreciate works of many cubist, surrealist and expressionist painters—Picasso, Braque, Dali, Magritte, Ensor, and Kokoschka, for instance. They too play a part in my aesthetic development. In my university days, a school librarian gave me an old issue of the *Chicago Review* (a special issue of concrete poetry), published in September, 1967. This issue left quite a deep impression on me and, to a certain extent, contributed to my later writing of concrete poetry.

2

For the past few decades, the Chinese language used by the people in Taiwan has been in many ways different from that used by the people

in Mainland China. The differences lie not only in the expressions, accents, pronunciations, and characters, but also in linguistic “temperament.” In my opinion, the Chinese language used in Taiwan has a vitality different from that used in Mainland China. For one thing, whereas Mainland China made great efforts to wipe out the traditions, started the Cultural Revolution, and implemented a simplified form of Chinese characters, Taiwan, under the rule of KMT after the Second World War, launched the “Movement of Reviving Chinese Culture,” continued to use the traditional complex characters, and put Chinese classical literature and history on the examination list—the result of these two different policies is that people or writers in Taiwan are likely to have a more profound understanding and a subtler perception of “the beauty of Chinese” than people or writers in Mainland China. For another, being an island, Taiwan enjoys a more liberal, freer living environment, which enables the people to assimilate more naturally and freely diverse elements of language (Taiwanese, Japanese, and English in particular) and elements of daily life to form a more flexible, energetic, hybridized, and colorful language.

Chinese, with its pictographs, monosyllables, homonyms, and characters having multiple meanings or similar pronunciations, has a savor which is rarely found in other languages. 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 I 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.

In my poem “Breakfast Tablecloth of a Solitary Entomologist” I collect all the Chinese characters with “虫” (meaning “insect”) as their radical. This character tablecloth, made of numerous strokes and swarmed with insects, would be out of shape or lose its savor if it were printed in simplified characters. For example, the traditional complex character “蝟” would be simplified into “猬”—the radical “虫” would be turned into “犾” (meaning “dog”); “蠱” and “蠶” would become “蛊” and “蚕”—several insects would be missing:

England, had translated it into English. In the first stanza, he substitutes “A man” for “兵”. In the second stanza, “Ah man” and “Ah men” are used to replace the scattered “兵” and “兵”. And in the third stanza, “丘” is replaced by “Amen,” which may be interpreted as a prayer at the funeral. It is an interesting translation. Through translation, the translator re-creates the poem.

I often tell others that I am not the real author of this poem. I was simply possessed by “Chinese characters”: one morning I woke up, turned on the computer, took five minutes to key in and duplicate those four characters, and then it was completed. In my prose “The Delight of Animations,” I mentioned “Konflikt” (Conflict), an animation made by the Russian animator Garry Bardin (1941-) in 1983. A green match troop comes into conflict with a blue match troop; they burn each other to death. This animation never crossed my mind when I was writing “A War Symphony.” Not until a female artist in Taiwan re-presented it in form of animation did it occur to me. You may say my poem translates Bardin’s film. Some reader mentioned on the Internet that there might be some relation between “A War Symphony” and the poem “Ping Pong,” written in 1953 by the German poet Eugen Gomringer (1925-). I searched for the poem immediately and found I had never read it before. Yet this poem is very much like a translation version of part of the second stanza of “A War Symphony”:

ping pong
ping pong ping
pong ping pong
ping pong

I think this may be regarded as a coincidental encounter of two writers while they are traveling in languages. And such a happy encounter transcends time and space.

3

In 1983, in collaboration with Chang Fen-ling, I translated and published *Selected Poems of Nelly Sachs* and *The Divine Arias: Dante*. Translating works by Nelly Sachs and Dante was a very peculiar experience to me. Before that, I knew nothing about Jewish mysticism,

and had little interest in imagined afterlife or heavenly blessing. But translating forced me to read; after reading, I got confused, started to ponder, and was greatly touched. I can never forget the thrill I felt while reading the last few cantos of “Paradise” of *The Divine Comedy*. What great and magnificent imagination! What abstract and pure order! Neither can I forget the peculiar joy I felt when my heart was pierced with Sachs’ pure, mysterious, persevering lyricism, even though I am still an atheist. These marvelous imaginations and creations are concerned not only with religion (or one religion), but with all mankind. Besides being realistic, I learn to see things in other ways. To me, translation means conveying concretely and clearly to others the touching experience I have had through reading. And it is a translator’s job to transform the experience into a motive force with a clear direction. The translation which enables readers to fully feel what you have felt is a good translation.

Comparatively speaking, Latin American literature can more easily touch the hearts of people growing up in Taiwan. This may be partly because the third world countries are in the similar situation when faced with the impact of Western literary trends. I have always felt the development of modern poetry in Taiwan is actually the epitome of the history of modern Latin American poetry, except that their progress or problems came twenty years earlier than ours. The ultimate question is: how to preserve or manifest the local characteristics in the process of westernization or modernization? Magic realism is the distinct answer Latin America has given. But there is more than one answer, and each answer has its own meaning. No doubt, surrealism allows many poets in Latin America and in Taiwan to have more ways of viewing the world. Reading and translating Latin American literature teaches me to combine elements of Taiwan with modern or postmodern art. To put this into practice, I appropriate or re-create (or de-create) the myths and legends of Taiwanese indigenous peoples in some of my poems. The following is an example: “A fly has flown onto the sticky flypaper below the goddess’ navel. / Just as the day hammers gently on the night, / my dear ancestor, hammer gently with the unused Neolithic tool between your thighs.” (According to the Atayal myth of the creation, there were a god and a goddess in very ancient times, who were ignorant of love-making until one day a fly landed on the private part of

the goddess; the Amis have a similar myth.) Words like “flypaper” and “Neolithic tool” integrate the past with the present, adding to the poem a postmodern interest and making it both legendary and contemporary, tribalistic and erotic.

The first poem I translated of Neruda’s is “Explico algunas cosas” (“I Explain a Few Things”), taken from *Residencia en la tierra* (*Residence on Earth*). This poem states the reason for the transformation of his poetic style—because of the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, his poetry begins to move away from the obscure, hermetic, and fanciful to a clearer and more accessible style. The last few lines are very touching: “You will ask: why doesn’t your poetry tell us / about dreams, about leaves, / about the great volcanoes of your native land? // Come and see the blood in the streets, / come and see / the blood in the streets, / come and see the blood / in the streets!”

As a writer, I think my poetic language and concepts are evidently influenced by my experience of translating Neruda. However, I am not sure whether my poetic language—with Chinese as its tool—is influenced by Neruda’s original poems or by my Chinese translation of his poems. The poetic strategy and ideas in some of my poems indeed derive from Neruda. In 1979, I translated his “Alturas de Macchu Picchu” (“The Heights of Macchu Picchu”), a long poem in *Canto General*. The theme of death and birth, of oppression and rising, and the idea that poets should be sufferers’ spokesmen have since been deep-rooted in my heart. In this poem Neruda piles up a litany of 72 noun phrases, which inspires me to boldly juxtapose 36 noun phrases in “The Last Wang Mu-Qi,” a long poem written the next year about a mining calamity. Later in the poem “Taroko Gorge, 1989” I apply the technique of cataloguing, listing 48 names of places in the Atayal language, and in the poem “Flight over the Island,” I list 95 names of mountains of Taiwan deriving from different languages. All these can be seen as an extension of Neruda’s writing techniques. But they may also be traced back to another poem in *Residencia en la tierra*: “Como era España” (“What Spain Is Like”). In the first four stanzas, Neruda describes how he loves the tough land and the humble people of Spain; in the last six stanzas, he lists 52 names of Spanish towns. I didn’t translate this poem because I didn’t think it was successfully written since the names were catalogued in a rather flat way (when the famous

English translator of Neruda, Ben Belitt, translated this poem, he omitted the last six stanzas which impressed me). In “Taroko Gorge, 1989” or “Flight over the Island,” I try to make the groups of nouns form a certain dialectic relationship to the other part of the poem. Reading them over is like undergoing a ritual of identity, a return to the native land where different races are reunited. Neruda’s cataloguing, in turn, may have been influenced by another Chilean poet Vicente Huidobro (1893-1948), who listed 190 noun phrases with “Molino” (Mill) as the initial word in Canto V of his 600-line-long avant-garde epic poem *Altazor*. In *Anthology of Modern Latin American Poetry*, I translate five poems of Huidobro’s. Among them, “Nipona” (Japanese), printed in the shape of a double arrowhead, is the only concrete poem in the anthology. I found it quite interesting the first time I read it.

4

Although I can’t read Japanese, yet I have read and translated some Japanese haiku and tanka through English translation and the original, because there are many Chinese characters in Japanese and because I can always consult my father, who knows Japanese. Reading these Japanese poems inspires me to write about contemporary life in similar poetic forms. The result of such experimentation is my book of three-line poems: *Microcosmos: 200 Modern Haiku*, whose title comes from Bartok’s *Microcosmos*, a musical composition containing 153 piano pieces. Patterning after or imitating senior masters (or using allusions) is in itself part of the convention of haiku. Some of my “modern haiku” are tributes to or variations of classical haiku or other art classics; others are evolved from poems written by senior writers, fellow poets, or myself. Whether they are metamorphosed thoroughly, reshaped, or implanted, traveling in the family of poetry forms the most substantial and warmest link on the lonesome journey in the universe (“Traveling in the Family,” the title of one of my poems as well as of one of my book of poetry, comes from the Brazilian poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade [1902-1987], whose poem of the same title is translated in my *Anthology of Modern Latin American Poetry*). My three-line poems are “Taiwanese” rather than “Nipona.” They manifest the savor of “Taiwanese Chinese”: at once Chinese and Taiwanese, classical and contemporary, just like the island Taiwan, which constantly assimilates

and converges all the surrounding elements because of its geography and history. Take for example some poems I've read, translated, or written:

Picking chrysanthemums by the east hedge, at ease I see the south mountain. (Tao Chien, 365-427)

At ease he sees the south mountain-this frog. (Kobayashi Issa, 1763-1827)

Resting on the temple bell, asleep, a butterfly. (Yosa Buson, 1716-1784)

Resting on the temple bell, glowing, a firefly. (Masaoka Shiki, 1867-1902)

He washes his horse with the setting sun on the autumn sea. (Masaoka Shiki)

He washes his remote control / with the moonbeams infiltrating / between two buildings. (Chen Li, *Microcosmos*, I:1)

I wait and long for you: / a turning die in the empty bowl of night / attempting to create the 7th sid. (*Microcosmos*, I:14)

A turning die in the empty bowl of the night / creates the 7th side: / oh God, you do exist. (*Microcosmos*, II:25)

Multiplication table for kids of clouds: / mountains times mountains equals trees, mountains times trees / equals me, mountains times me equals nothingness... (*Microcosmos*, I:51)

The story of marriage: a closet of loneliness plus / a closet of loneliness equals / a closet of loneliness. (*Microcosmos*, I:97)

Just as the “frog” in Issa’s haiku defamiliarizes and freshens the perspective of the Chinese ancient poet Tao Chien, I use the “remote control” to translate and update the elegantly lonely life scene of Shiki. Both are resting on the temple bell—Shiki’s glowing firefly vividly stirs the serenity of Buson’s soundly-sleeping butterfly. And in my poems the same die tosses out a different imagination at a different time and space, attesting to the ambiguity of the existence of God or miracles and to the anxiety and fragility of man. The last two poems are written based on “pseudo-arithmetical” formulas. Maybe they could be seen as examples of how modern poetry in Taiwan creates surprise out of the commonplace.

5

In 1976 I wrote a ten-line poem “Footprints in the Snow,” whose title comes from a piano piece by the French composer Debussy

(*Preludes*: Book 1, No.6). I attempted to translate Debussy's musical work into poetry: "Cold makes for sleep, / deep / sleep, for / a feeling soft as a swan. / Where the snow is soft, a hastily scrawled line is left / in white, white / ink, / hastily because of his mood, and the cold: / the hastily scrawled / white snow." Several composers have set this poem to music; by so doing, they have translated it back into music. In 1995, I wrote another "Footprints in the Snow." You may say it was a translation version of the previous poem, but this time I used non-character symbols and punctuation marks only:

%
 %
 %
 %
 •
 •
 •

A similar self-translation appears in *Microcosmos*:

Your voices suspend in my room
 cutting through silence, to become
 a bulb speaking with heat or chill. (*Microcosmos*, II:47)

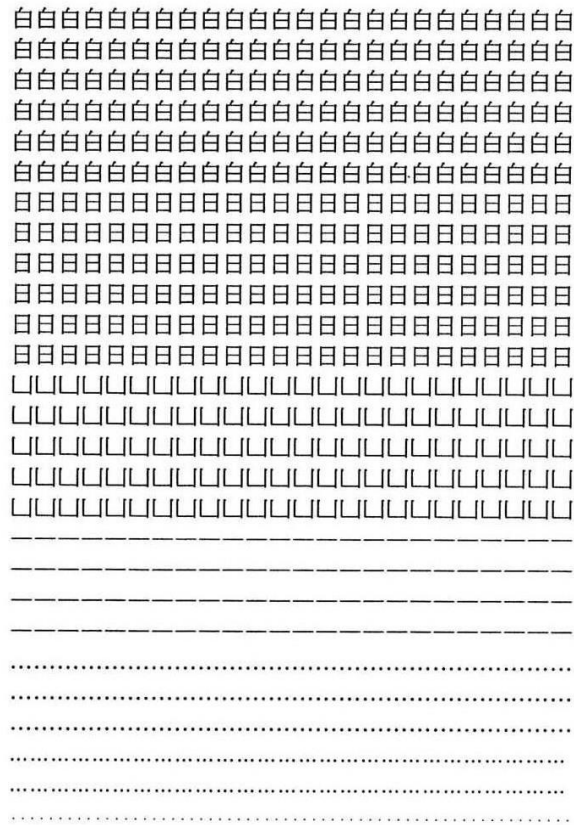
.....
 °
 ,

(*Microcosmos*, II:48)

The latter poem can be viewed as a translation or visualization version of the former poem. The Chinese punctuation mark “ ° ” (a period) is very much like a bulb which gives off sound in silence or with silence.

Is writing some kind of translation, traveling between languages? Or do all writers create the same work, the pure blankness and the empty fullness overwritten again and again? Recently I wrote a poem "White." The first half consists of two Chinese characters “白” (white) and “日”

(day); the other part is made up of non-characters. After this poem was completed, the paintings of Mark Rothko (1903-1970), an American painter whom I like very much, came into my mind:



(2009)

Translator's Notes

Et la lune descend (P.37)

The title of this poem (“And the Moon Descends”) comes from a piano piece by the French composer Claude Debussy, “Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut” (*Images*, Book 2: No.2).

Footprints in the Snow (P.39)

The title of this poem comes from a piano piece by Debussy, “Des pas sur la neige” (*Preludes*, Book 1: No.6).

Dancers of Delphi (P.41)

The title of this poem comes from a piano piece by Debussy, “Danseuses de Delphes” (*Preludes*, Book 1: No.1).

The Love Song of Buffet the Clown (P.57)

In writing this poem, Chen Li may have had in mind the French painter Bernard Buffet (1928-1999), many of whose paintings are portraits of clowns.

Song of Big Wind (P.91)

“A big wind is blowing, blowing on what?”: a popular game among children in Taiwan.

Imitation of Atayal Folk Song (P.99)

The Atayal are one of the indigenous tribes of Taiwan. The “valley” in the poem “The Moonbeam in the Valley” refers to Taroko Gorge, a national park located in Hualien, Chen Li’s hometown. The Atayal people are the original inhabitants of Taroko Gorge.

Green Onions (P.107)

Taiwan has been coveted by many countries since ancient times. It was visited by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, colonized by the Dutch and the Spanish in the seventeenth century. After that, it was governed by Zheng Chen-kong and the Manchus. In 1895, it was ceded to Japan, which ruled over it for fifty-one years until the Kuomintang government took it over in 1945. Under the reign of so many different rulers, the culture of Taiwan has undergone the process of mixture and

assimilation.

Miso shiru is a kind of Japanese soup flavored with *miso*, a food paste made of soybeans, salt, and, usually, fermented grain; *pan* in Taiwanese means “bread,” yet it is actually a word borrowed from Portuguese. Scrambled eggs with dried radish is a typical Taiwanese dish flavored with green onion.

The Bayenkala Mountains, in the eastern Tibetan Highlands, are where China’s two longest rivers, the Yangtze River and the Yellow River, originate. The Green-Onion Mountain Range (the Pamirs are part of it) is a mountain range in southwestern Sinkiang, known as the ridge of Asia. The journey of buying green onions can be seen as a process of returning to the native land. “There was no green onion in the Green-Onion Mountain Range” because the poet has come to realize that his roots are in Taiwan.

February (P.111)

In this poem, what the poet has in mind is undoubtedly the tragic event which occurred in Taiwan on February 28, 1947. In 1945 after Japan was defeated and surrendered, Taiwan was retroceded to China, and the Taiwanese were overjoyed with the end of colonization. However, Chen Yi, the new Governor of Taiwan from China, was unfamiliar with the customs and living conditions of the Taiwanese, which led to his bias against the Taiwanese and improper ruling measures. What made the matters worse, corrupt discipline prevailed among the government officials, productivity was declining, the cost of living was soaring high, and there were serious problems of unemployment. All these aroused the people’s dissatisfaction with the government. On February 27, 1947, the men from the Monopoly Bureau in Taipei went to Yen-ping North Road to catch those who sold cigarettes illegally. A woman peddler was hurt and a passer-by was accidentally killed. The following day the people of Taipei held a demonstration, demanding the murderers be arrested. Several people were killed; the fire of indignation was thus kindled and a riot started. To put down the riot, the Chinese army was sent from Nanking by Chiang Kai-shek to Taiwan. In a few months hundreds of thousands of Taiwanese people were killed or missing. This tragedy is known as “the Event of February 28.” After the event, Taiwan was under martial law for nearly half a century. And the tragedy remained a national taboo until 1987, when martial law was lifted.

Merry-Go-Round (P.113)

sushi: a Japanese dish consisting of small cakes of cold cooked rice flavored with vinegar, typically garnished with strips of raw or cooked fish, cooked egg, vegetables, etc.

tempura: a Japanese dish consisting of shrimp, fish, vegetables, etc. dipped in an egg batter and deep-fried.

In the second stanza, the historical background of Taiwan is implied through the dialogue between an innocent child and his father: Taiwan, once ruled by the Japanese, is now governed by the Nationalist Party of China (Kuomintang). Different rulers give different definitions of “martyr” —for Kuomintang, only the soldiers captured or killed by the Japanese or the Communist army are martyrs, while the Taiwanese killed in “the Event of February 28” are regarded as rebels. The wheel of politics toys with the fate of the Taiwanese. Yet, when history loses “weight in the whirling circle,” the merry-go-round with family love as its axis can still gallop and sing.

Buffalo (P.117)

The poem is not only a tribute to Huang Tu-shui’s artistic accomplishments, but an attempt to recapture through his work the suffering and tough images of the Taiwanese people and to go deep into the profound secrets and dreams of this island. To the Taiwanese who have long been governed and exploited by foreign regimes, the serene and peaceful scene in Huang Tu-shui’s relief *The Portrait of Water Buffalo* is symbolic of ideal life—self-contented and carefree—in which one reaps the fruit of hard work and in which social justice is not a faraway dream.

“Buffalo are buffalo even if they are led to Beijing” is a Taiwanese proverb, whose equivalent in English may be “The leopard cannot change its spots.” Chen Li subtly transforms it into “Buffalo are buffalo even if they have never been to Beijing,” which may be seen as an assertion of the independence of the Taiwanese people from the Chinese mainland.

Taiwan Wind (P.125)

“Tar, tar, stuck to the feet fast” (點仔膠黏著腳) is the first line of the song “Tar.” The next line (叫阿爸買豬腳) asks the father to buy pig’s feet which, according to Taiwanese customs, can fend off bad luck.

Taroko Gorge, 1989 (P.129)

Tianxiang: a place in Taroko Gorge, named after Wen Tian-xiang (1236-1282), a heroic character in the last reign of Sung Dynasty, who fought against the invaders only to be captured. Refusing to surrender, he was executed after three years' imprisonment. Before the execution, he wrote *The Song of Righteousness* to express his loyalty and patriotism for the native land.

Huaqing Pool and Mawei Slope: names of places in Tang Dynasty. Yang Yu-huan (719-756), Tang Xuan-zong's favorite concubine, bathed in the former, and was forced to hang herself on the latter.

Da-qian (Zhang Da-qian, 1899-1983): a master of the traditional Chinese water-and-ink painting. Living in Taiwan in the last years of his life, he painted mostly the scenery of Mainland China.

Li Tang and Fan Kuan: two major Chinese painters of Sung Dynasty, famous for their landscape paintings.

Formosa (meaning "beautiful"): another name for Taiwan given by the Portuguese who reached it in 1590.

The indigo (*Indigofera ramulosissims*) and the euphorbia (*Euphorbia tarokoensis*): two rare species of plants found in Taroko Gorge.

In Part Four, Chen Li lists twenty images of search, which is an attempt to lead readers into the heart of Taroko Gorge to look for its origins, to take a glimpse at "the secret of the humble residence on earth." He also lists 48 ancient names of spots in Taroko Gorge. To the outsiders, they may be meaningless sounds, but to the Atayal people, they are significant, vividly revealing the local features. The reason why Chen Li makes such a long list is obvious: he is eagerly inviting readers to go on a journey of retrospection to the lost culture of Taiwan.

Traveling in the Family (P.149)

"four-color cards": a card game popular with the Taiwanese folks, usually used for gambling.

A Dog Barking at the Moon (P.161)

The title of this poem is taken from a painting of the Spanish painter Miro (1893-1983).

Microcosmos I (P.187)

The fifty short poems translated here are taken from Chen Li's fifth collection of poems, *Microcosmos I*, which consists of one hundred three-line poems patterning after the Japanese *haiku*. Chen Li has

obviously taken his title from Bartok's *Mikrokosmos*, a work of one hundred and fifty-three short piano pieces.

A Cup of Tea (P.203)

The Chinese title of this poem is the name of the Japanese haiku master Issa (1763-1827), which means "a cup of tea" or "a single bubble in steeping tea."

A Lesson in Ventriloquy (P.209)

Ventriloquy is an art of speaking with no or little lip movements. This poem can be viewed as a variation on the theme of the Beauty and the Beast, monologue done by a man, or the beast, toward his beloved, the beauty. A man has wanted to speak words of love or make some confession to his beloved. He tries very hard to use ventriloquy to say "I am gentle and kind," but somehow, he is too nervous or too shy to express himself properly. Before the right words are uttered, what come out are numerous twisted sounds which either seem unrelated or implied evil intentions. The beast produces a lot of odd-looking words with the same sounds. Chen Li obviously found all the weird characters with the help of the computer for this audio-visually striking Chinese poem .

The Autumn Wind Blows (P.211)

Li Ke-ran: one of the most renowned contemporary Chinese painters, whose Chinese name "Ke-ran" (可染) literally means "can be dyed."

Guilin is a city in the northeast of Guangxi, in Southern China, famous for its beautiful scenery. Dajia is a town in Taichung, in the central part of Taiwan, famous for its straw hats. There is a Chinese saying, "The landscape of Guilin is the most beautiful in the world" (桂林山水甲天下). But here in this poem Chen Li cleverly transforms it into "桂林山水大甲天下", which can be interpreted in two ways: one is that "the landscape of Guilin is *by far* the most beautiful in the world"; the other is that however beautiful Guilin may be, Dajia is itself a world of unique beauty. In the last stanza, the middle-aged man is lost in the confusing nostalgia, which implies the dilemma many Taiwanese are in: to be linked to Mainland China ("the skull of the fatherland"), or to break away from it. The poet seems to have made his choice: he "holds tight the Dajia straw hat / which comes near being blown away, / as if it were a new skull."

Song of the Island (P.217)

Taiwan was formerly known as Formosa, *beautiful* in Portuguese. Legend has it that some Portuguese sailors passed by Taiwan in mid-sixteenth century and called it *ilha formosa* (*beautiful island*). Yami (aka Tao), Amis, and Bunun are aboriginal tribes in Taiwan. Minnan, Hakka, Shandong, Shanxi, and Hebei are some of the languages and dialects spoken by Taiwanese people of Chinese descent. Atayal, Puyuma, Rukai, Tsou and the rest are names of other Taiwanese indigenous tribes and their languages. The Chinese character for *spoken language*, 話 (hua), and that for *picture*, 畫 (hua), are homophonous.

The Olympic (P.239)

“Straight smoke / above vast desert, round setting sun on long river” (大漠孤煙直，長河落日圓) are famous lines of the Chinese Tang Dynasty poet Wang Wei (701-761). “Where the bees suck” are the opening words of a song in Shakespeare’s *Tempest*. “Shoot the Piano Player” (Tirez sur le pianiste) is the name of one of Truffaut’s films. “Gentle wind brings a small response, violent wind a great one” (冷風則小和，飄風則大和) are words written by the ancient Chinese philosopher Chuang Tzu (369? BC-286? BC). “Let the craft drift over the boundless expanse” (縱一葦之所如，凌萬頃之茫然) are words taken from a well-known prose poem of the Chinese Song Dynasty poet Su Tong-po (1036-1101).

Small Town (P.241)

Hui-Lan (meaning “whirling waves” in Chinese) was the ancient name of Hualien. The origin of the name was recorded in *The Annals of Hualien County*: “The right shore of Hualien River was previously known as Hui-Lan Port or simply Hui-Lan, named after the eddies formed as the river discharged into the ocean and collided with waves. It is unknown when the name was given.” Later its assonance “Hualien” was used and has continued to be used till today.

Three Poems in Search of the Composer/Singer (P.253)

Pachinko is a game of gambling with a lot of small metal balls whirling around in an upright box, popular in Japan as well as in Taiwan. The titles of the second and third poems are taken from Debussy’s piano work *Preludes*.

The Cat at the Mirror (P.271)

“The Cat at the Mirror” is the title of a painting by the Polish-French artist Balthus (1908-2001).

Short Ride in a Fast Machine (P.273)

“Short Ride in a Fast Machine” is the title of an orchestral fanfare by the American composer John Adams (1947-).

Gliding Exercises (P.279)

“At that corner we sleep together plenty of nights” is the beginning of a poem in *Trilce*, a collection of poems by the Peruvian poet César Vallejo (1892-1938). Chen Li divides the sentence into seven parts, and tries to weave them into this poem of his own, using each part as the first line of each stanza. It is a pity that owing to the gap between languages the English translation fails to present such a poetic device faithfully.

Butterfly-Mad (P.321)

This poem is shaped like a butterfly (or several butterflies).

A Serial Novel : Huang Chao Killed Eight Million People (P.337)

Huang Chao (黃巢, ?-884) was the leader of the Huang Chao Rebellion (874-884) in the Tang Dynasty of China. According to historical records, shortly after the outbreak of the uprising, there were rumors that Huang Chao’s troops had killed eight million people.

Four Dramatic Monologues (P.363)

“Ophelia”: “罍” in line 1 corresponds to the Chinese character 屮 (bi), meaning *cunt*, while “罍” in line 7 corresponds to 逼 (bi), *to compel*. Both are homophonous with the English *be*. The lines “There’s rosemary... but they wither’d all...” are adapted from *Hamlet*, Act IV, Scene V.

“Prospero”: a “brave new world” and “Where the bees suck, there suck I” are taken from *The Tempest*, Act V, Scene 1; “All spirits are melted into air” and “our little life” are from Act IV, Scene 1.

Man—Slow (P.371)

Timely Clearing After Snowfall is a letter written by Jin Dynasty calligrapher Wang Xi-zhi (303-361 CE). “Youzhou Terrace” comes from the poem “Climbing Youzhou Terrace” by Tang Dynasty poet

Chen Zi-ang (661-702 CE). Taipei 101 is the tallest building in Taiwan.

Pian Pian (P.377)

“Pian Pian” (翩翩) is the name of the heroine of a tale among *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* (聊齋誌異: *Liao Zhai Zhi Yi*), written by Pu Song-ling (1640-1715) during the early Ching Dynasty. In this poem, “Pian Pian” is used not only to refer to a girl’s name but also to describe the delicate and elegant flight of a butterfly. *Sashimi* is a Japanese delicacy consisting of very fresh raw fish sliced into thin pieces. In Chinese, “fish and water” are used to imply the sexual relationship of a man and a woman.

Hui-Lan, 1820 (P.393)

“Hui-Lan” (“洄瀾” in Chinese, meaning “whirling waves”) was the ancient name of Hualien. The first two stanzas of the poem closely reference chapters 26 and 29 of *From Far Formosa* (1895) by George Leslie Mackay. A Canadian, Mackay was the first Presbyterian missionary sent to northern Taiwan. “Blue, green, and velvet black” and “living and its wild joys” are adaptations of “blue, glossy green, and velvet black” in Samuel Taylor Coleridge’s “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” and “the wild joys of living” in Robert Browning’s “Saul,” respectively. Both lines are quoted in *From Far Formosa*.

18 Touches (P.405)

“18 Touches” (十八摸) is a Chinese popular song with erotic allusions. 勺, 夕, 冂 (similar to *b, p, m*) are three phonetic symbols of Chinese. Eluan Beak is the southernmost point of Taiwan. *Eluan* is a transliteration of the Paiwanese word for “sail.” Red-headed Island is also called Orchid Island, where the Yami (the Tau) people live. *Sosoli* is the plural form of “taro” in Yami language (*solli*, the singular form), and *soso* means “breast.” Turoboan, where the Liwu River runs through, is the ancient name of Hualien, famous for its Taroko Gorge. Black Ditch is the old name of Taiwan Strait. Chen Li’s original poem in Chinese is shaped to the contour of Taiwan.

Shang Dynasty (P.415)

The Shang Dynasty (商朝, c. 1600–c. 1046 BC), a dynasty of China, famous for its three-legged caldron (鼎), a ritual vessel. The Chinese character “Shang” (商) also means “merchants” or “business.”

Chin Dynasty (P.417)

The Chin Dynasty (秦朝, 221-206 BC) and the Ching Dynasty (清朝, 1644-1911) were two dynasties of China.

I Run into Monet in Monet's Garden (P.433)

The Chinese characters for Hualien (hua-lian), the poet's hometown, are 花蓮. Reversing the order of 花蓮, 蓮花 (lian-hua) means "lotus flower." This poem imagines a conversation with the French Impressionist painter Claude Monet (1840-1926) on the redemptive power of art in times of personal suffering.

Beijing (P.447)

This poem was written after Chen Li's visit to Beijing in May, 2014. The Great Hall of the People is located on the west side of Tiananmen Square in Beijing. There is a Taiwanese proverb, "Buffalo are buffalo even if they are led to Beijing," previously quoted in Chen Li's poem "Buffalo" (see P.117).

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Chang Fen-ling (張芬齡) received her B.A. in English from National Taiwan Normal University. A prolific literary critic and award-winning translator, she has translated into Chinese over thirty volumes of poetry with her husband Chen Li.

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