## 中文詩的中文趣味或特性 陳黎 (Chen Li)

#### The "Chineseness" in Modern Chinese Poetry

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

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

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

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

\*

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

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

#### 陳黎 (Chen Li)

## ●小宇宙

1

我等候,我渴望你: 一粒骰子在夜的空碗裡 企圖轉出第七面

2

寂寥冬日裡的重大 事件:一塊耳屎 掉落在書桌上

3

雲霧小孩的九九乘法表: 山乘山等於樹,山乘樹等於 我,山乘我等於虛無……

4

所有夜晚的憂傷都要在白日 轉成金黃的稻穗,等候 另一個憂傷的夜晚收割

5

在不斷打破世界記錄之後 我們孤寂的鉛球選手,一舉 把自己的頭擲出去

6

一顆痣因肉體的白 成為一座島:我想念 你衣服裡波光萬頃的海

7

婚姻物語:一個衣櫃的寂寞加 一個衣櫃的寂寞等於

一個衣櫃的寂寞

8

愛,或者唉?

我說愛,你說唉;我說 唉唉唉,你說愛哀唉

9

爭鳴:

〇歲的老蟬教〇歲的 幼蟬唱"生日快樂"

10

人啊,來一張 存在的寫真:

囚

11

你的聲音懸在我的房間 切過寂靜,成為用 溫度或冷度說話的燈泡

12

• • • • •

Translated by Chang Fen-ling ( 張芬龄)

#### ●Microcosmos

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8 \*Trans. by Jennifer Feeley

Amour, or no more?

I say amour, you say no more; I say no more no more no more, you say amour I mourn no more.

9

Chirping competition:

0-year-old aged cicadas teach 0-year-old baby cicadas to sing "Happy Birthday."

10

Ah man (人), come and take a selfie:

encaged (囚).

*Note:* The Chinese character "prisoner"  $(\square)$  looks like a man  $(\bigwedge)$  confined to a frame.

11

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

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

## ●戰爭交響曲(A War Symphony)

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Note: The Chinese character 兵 (pronounced as bing) means "soldier." 乒 and 乓 (pronounced as ping and pong), which look like one-legged soldiers, are two onomatopoeic words imitating sounds of collision or gunshots. The character 丘 (pronounced as chiou) means "hill."

### ●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 分心的老師與專注于課 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

## ●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, fluttering 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.

## ●腹語課

惡勿物務誤悟鎢塢鶩蓩噁岉蘁齀痦逜埡芴 軏杌婺鶩堊沕迕遻鋈矹粅阢靰焐卼煟扤屼 (我是溫柔的……)

屼扤煟卼焐靰阢粅矹鋈遻迕沕堊鶩婺杌軏 芴埡逜痦齀蘁岰噁蓩騖塢鎢悟誤務物勿惡 (我是溫柔的……)

惡餓俄鄂厄遏鍔扼鱷蘁餩嶭蝁搹圔軶豟豟 顎呃愕噩軛阨鶚堊諤蚅砨砐櫮鑩岋堮枙齶 萼咢啞崿搤詻閼頞堨堨頞閼詻搤崿啞咢萼 齶枙堮岋鑩櫮砐砨蚅諤堊鶚阨軛噩愕呃顎 豟軶圔搹蝁嶭餩蘁鱷扼鍔遏厄鄂俄餓( 而且善良……)

# ●孤獨昆蟲學家的早餐桌巾

(Breakfast Tablecloth of a Solitary Entomologist)

切蟣虯虰虱虳虴虷虹虺虻虼蚅蚆蚇蚊 蚋蚌蚍蚎蚐蚑蚓蚔蠶蚖蚗蚘蚙蚚蚜蠔 蚞蚡蚢蚣蚤蚁蚧蚨蚩蚪蚚蚰蚱蚔蚴蚵 蚶矩虾蚹蚺蚻蚼蚽蚾蚿蛀蛁蛂蛃蛄蛅 蛆蛇蛈蛉蛋蛌蛐蛑蛓蛔蛖蛗蛘蛙蛚蛛 蛜蛝蛞蛟蛢蛣蛤蛦蛨蛩蛪蛫蛬蛭蛵蛶 蛷蛸蛹蛺蛻蛾蜀蜁蜂蜃蜄蜅蜆蜇蜈蜉 蜊蜋蜌蜍蜎蜑蜒蜓蜘蜙蜚蜛蜜蜞蛡蠟 蜢蜣蜤蜥蜦蜧蜨蜩蜪蜬蜭蜮蜰蜱蜲蜳 蜴蜵蜷蜸蜺蜻蜼蜾蜿蝀蝁蝂蝃蝆蝌蝍 蠍蝏蝐蝑蝒蜦蝔蝕蝖蝗蝘蝙蝚蝛蝜蝝 蝞蝟蝠蝡蝢蝣蝤蝥蝦蝧蝨蝩蝪蝫蝬蝭 蝮蝯蝳媩蝵蝶蝷蝸蝹蝺蝻螁螂螃螄螅 螇螈螉融螏 螐螑螒螦螔螖螗螘鸗螛 螜螝螞螟螢螣螤螪螫螬螭螮螯螰螲螳 **螴螵螶麘螸螹螺螻螼螽螾螿蟀蟂** 蟄蟅蟆蟈蟉蟊蟋蟌蟑蠎蟓蟔蟗蟘蟙蟛 蟜蟝蟞蟟蟠蟡蟢蟣蟤蟥蟦蟧蟨蟪蟫蟬 蟭蟯蟳蟴蜉蟷蟹蟺 蟻蟼蟾蠀蠁蠂鸁 蠅蠆蠈蠉蠊蠋蠌蠍蠐蠑蠓蠔蠕蠖蠗蠙 蠛礬蟔蠟 異蠡蠢蠣蠤蠥 蠦蠨蠩蠪 **蠫蠬蠮蠯蠰蠱蠲蠳蠶蠸橐灓蠼蠽蠾蠿** 

### •A Lesson in Ventriloquy

I wrote the poem "A Lesson in Ventriloquy"in 1994. 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 imply evil intentions. The beast produces a lot of odd-looking words with the same sounds. I found all the weird characters with the help of the computer for this audio-visually striking piece.

The first Chinese character in either stanza of this poem is the same (&), but with different pronunciations and meanings. In the first stanza it (pronounced as wu) means "hate," and in the second (pronounced as e) "evil;" both are quite "negative" words. The other characters in each stanza are pronounced the same as the first one. This poem owes much of its spectacularity to the aid of both audio and visual elements.

\*

In the poem "Breakfast Tablecloth of a Solitary Entomologist", I collect all of the 347 Chinese characters with 蟲 (meaning "insect") as their radical. Although I believe hardly any reader can pronounce or define them correctly, still I think this poem musical. As the whole poem is "visually rhymed" with the same radical, this character tablecloth owns a special "visual musicality" in addition to the visual effect created by its poetic form. The gathering and piling up of characters with the same radical in this poem exemplifies the "law of large numbers"(數大,便是美)—beauty comes from plenty.

## ●雪上足印 (1976)

因冷,需要睡眠 深深的 睡眠,需要

天鵝一般柔軟的感覺

雪松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

### **●Footprints in the Snow** (1976)

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.

## ●雪上足印(Footprints in the Snow, 1995)

%

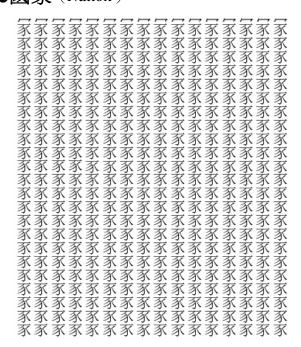
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The first "Footprints in the Snow" above was written in 1976. The title comes from a piano piece by the French composer Claude Debussy, "Des pas sur la neige" (*Preludes*: Book 1, No.6). Nineteen years later (1995), I wrote another poem with the same title. You may say my poem in 1995 was a translation version of the previous one, but this time I used non-character symbols and punctuation marks only.

## ●國家 (Nation)



#### ●Nation \*Trans. by Tong-King Lee & Tao Huang

demoNcracy demoNcracy demoNcracy demoNcracy demon demon

This poem is square-shaped like the contour of the Chinese character 國 (country), but inside the "frame" you find 368 "pigs" (系). The poem reminds me of the opening scene of Charlie Chaplin's film *Modern Times*, in which we see a herd of sheep turning gradually into busy workers in a "modern" factory. You can interpret it in several other ways: homes (families) constitute a country (nation); the people of a country are safeguarded by the government just as pigs stay in their cozy pens (homes); in a country there are many pigs (corrupt officials or politicians)...

## ●家具音樂

我在椅子上看書 我在桌子上寫字 我在地板上睡覺 我在衣櫃旁做夢

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

我打開窗戶看書 我打開桌燈寫字 我拉上窗簾睡覺 我醒來在房間裡面

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

在我聽到的歌裡 在我說的話裡 在我喝的水裡 在我留下的沉默裡

## ●在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市

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

在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市 我看到老鴇們跪著把陰戶交還給它們的女兒

#### ●Furniture Music

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

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

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

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

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

## In a City Alarmed by a Series of Earthquakes

In a city alarmed by a series of earthquakes, I hear a thousand black-hearted jackals say to their children, "Mama, I was wrong."

I hear the judge cry and the priest confess. I hear handcuffs fly out of newspapers, blackboards drop into cesspools. I hear writers put down their hoes, farmers take off their glasses, and fat businessmen strip off their clothes of cream and balsam.

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

## ●島嶼邊緣

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

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

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

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

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

## ●花蓮

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

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

## •The Edge of the Island

On the world map on a scale of one to forty million, our island is an imperfect yellow button lying loose on a blue uniform.

My existence is now a transparent thread, thinner than a cobweb, going through my window facing the sea and painstakingly sewing the island and the ocean together.

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

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

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

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

#### ●Hualien

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

## ●字俳:國

國破衰亡簡史: 國,或,戈,弋 上,[,,、,

#### 彼特拉克 (Francesco Petrarca, 1304-1374)

#### •Sonetto 61

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

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

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

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

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

#### •O Mio Babbino Caro

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

### •Character Haiku: Country

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

#### ●十四行詩第61首

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

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

多幸福啊,呼喚我愛人之名時 我散佈的眾多語詞, 還有歎息,眼淚和渴望。

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

## •噢,親愛的爸爸

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

