Six Poems

Hong Zeng

海滩

——给西尔维亚普拉斯

那是你心灵的海滩, 月光下
黑色的海浪卷来亡父的苍发
礁石印刻着他庄严如神的皱纹
你只能沉入水底呼吸

扁平的月亮是母亲绝望空洞的脸
从骨缝里撒下冷光
夜风是她黑袍里伸出的手
放飞了无数细小的蝙蝠

而你， 是囚禁在榆树里的巫女
时间的错误已让你尖利变酸
处女的皮肤成了蛙皮般的树瘤
枯枝发出自嘲和亵渎的笑声

星空是红蓝蝮蛇相间的旋涡
那棵巫女的榆树被向上的欲望扭曲
没入淹死在星空的河流
骨化的陨石坠落，回响着

Beach

---To Sylvia Plath

That's the beach of your soul, under the moon
Dark waves sweep back your dead father's pale hair
On the reef carved his wrinkles dignified as a god
You can only breathe at the bottom of the sea

The flattened moon is your mother's face hollowed by despair
From the space of bone joints sprays icy light
Night wind is her hand stretching out from black robe
Setting loose innumerable tiny bats

And you, are the witch imprisoned in the elm
The mistake of time makes you shrill and sour
Virgin's skin turned into the frog grains of tree burr
Shrunken branches break out laughter of mockery and blasphemy,

The starry night is a vortex of red and blue vipers
That elm of witch was distorted by the desire of stretching up
It sinks in and is drown by the river of stars
Ossified meteorite falls through the space, echoing

阮铃玉

蓝色的雪夜
狱窗般的阴影条纹在你身上
映成阴柔华丽的装饰
你在手上呵气

躺卧在冰雪中试演
以血代乳的母亲
被贫穷和痛苦冻木
你没有自己的孩子

在一个时代的进行曲中
你冰凌般的哀乐失落
委婉隐忍的旗袍上的图案
融入寄居华舍斑驳的墙纸

高光和深重阴影的对比
将你的脸幻化为遥不可及的幽灵
你吞下世人中伤的苦酒
象大雪漫舞 没有足印

Ruan Lingyu[1]

In the blue snowy night
Shadows like prison bars printed on your body
Soft and ornate decorative pattern
You blew warmth on your hands

Lying in the snow you performed the role of a mother
Who bites her finger to feed blood to her starved baby
Benumbed by poverty and misery
You had no children of your own

Against the marching song of an Age
Your icicle, mournful note was lost
The forbearing, patient patterns on your cheongsam
Faded into the color of wallpaper where you borrowed a life

The contrast of highlight and predominant shadow
Transformed your face into an inaccessible specter
You swallowed down the bitter wine of this world's slander
And danced like the flying snow, leaving no foot print

[1] Ruan Linyu is the most famous film star of 1930s in China. She left her abusive, gambling partner and cohabited with a married, rich tea merchant, but committed suicide because of the social slanders against her.

时间的灰烬

佛曰， 风旗不动，心动也。

——禅语

一寸相思一寸灰
——李商隐

在落日熔金的江流
和风旗的翻动中
我任长发纷飞
脸凝然不动
如同远方山岭

在五彩火焰攒动的水面上
我与自己的影子搏剑
剑过镜面
绽放时间幻象千尺的花朵

在波光粼粼的洞壁内
我作茧自缚
为了以飞行状一节节
羽化死去

在席卷大地之花的骤雨中
我默然转过脸，茫然无所视
为了等待一声叹息
借你的手
折断凋谢

Ashes of Time

Neither the flag nor the wind is moving.
Human heart moves it.

---Zen Koan

An inch of longing, an inch of ash
---Li Shangyin

In the sunset river of molten gold
And the flying flag in the wind
My hair blowing
My face remains still
Like distant mountains

On the water colored with throbbing flames
I challenge my own shadow with a sword
The sword cutting across the mirror surface
Blooms a soaring flower of time's delusion

Inside the cave rippling with light
I bind myself into a silk cocoon
In order to gain wings and die
Inch by inch, in the posture of flight

In the shower sweeping across flowering earth
My face turned away silently, seeing nothing
In order to wait for a moment of sigh
Borrowing your hand
To break and left withering

北方的雪

冬日眩目的光射下
北方蓬飞的雪末
象包藏火焰的大雾
被更强劲的风
裹挟，充斥，揉碎
而后遗落，忘却

空寂无人的冰湖上
乌鸦暗哑的叫声
充满冬天的气息
黑色的鸟儿
一群一群
轮换着飞起

我静静地仰躺
在雪地上
茫茫的白雪
是冬的恋骨
风声灌耳
整整一生我等待
一声绝响般的回响

想起家乡南方
正午的雷雨
将白昼变成午夜
关上所有的灯
裹在老家的被里
电闪雷鸣化为寂静

远在异乡
午夜时分听房顶
忽然潜入的风雨
想起北方的雪
日光下闪烁的孤独的精灵
那是死去的南方的雨

Northern Snow

Under the dazzling beam of winter sun
The flying powders of Northern snow
Like a heavy fog charged with flame
Were embraced, penetrated and broken
By a stronger wind
Then lost and forgotten

On the silent and deserted icy lake
The crows of raven
Carried the full winter breath
Black birds
One crowd after another
Took slow turns to swirl into the sky

I lied down peacefully
On the snow
Endless white of the snow
Winter love's dead bones
Wind filled my ears
For a whole life I waited for
An echo of a dying sound

I remember my hometown in the South
Thunderstorm at noon
Turned the daylight into midnight
Turning off all the lights
I wrapped myself in the quilt of my old home
Thunder and lightening turned into peace

In a distant country
At midnight I heard on the roof
A suddenly roused wind and rain
I recalled the snow in the North
Solitary, brightly-chilling ghost under the sun
The ghost of the dead, southern rain

春天

——给妈妈

在疾病的幻觉中
你跟死者对话
你生活在一个
生死交融的光域

生死交融的光域
是你的爱让我懂得
死是没有的
死只存在生命之中

你的受难
让我一次一次死去
我的哭泣
让你感到死的痛心

死只对生者存在|
没有一种爱
不是哀悼的爱

即将环绕着大地旅行
从一个国度到另一个国度
从一个春天走进另一个春天

无穷无尽的春天的轮转
那永无阴影的光域

Spring

---to mother

In the hallucination of your sickness
You talk to the dead
You live in a
Lighted realm where death and life fuse

It is your love that made me understand
There is no death at the end of our lives
Death only exists in life

Your tribulation
Makes me die again and again
My sobbing tears
Give you a pain more acute than death

Death only exists, for the living
Love without bereavement
Is no love at all

And yet you
Will soon embark on a tour around the earth
From one country to another country
From one spring walk into another spring

Endless rotation of springs
That shadowless， perennial realm of light

雪人在空中行走

当你的落日贴近我冰渣和泥块凝固的河流
我，一个雪人，走出冰封的形体
在空中你的血光中行走
我走过逆光里黑色剪纸的树梢

脱尽了树叶，树枝像绷断的琴弦伸向你
我走在悠长的岁月中，每一步都踩在记忆的伤口上
整个天空是缓缓流血的伤口，我淡然宁静地越过它
冰冻的脚走向更高处你的光芒

终于，我累了， 我像大地一样躺下安眠
在你的温暖中融化成层层积云
我原是白色，当你的血液流注贯穿我
我被你陨落前短暂的光芒映红

The Snowman Walking in the Air

When your sunset came near my frozen river of ice dregs and soil clots
I, a snowman, walked out of my ice-sealed form
I walked in the air, in your bloody light
Passing the treetops, black paper-cuts in backlighting

Shorn of leaves, branches stretch to you like broken violin strings
I walked in the long years, every step treading on a wound in the memory
The whole sky a slowly bleeding wound, I cross it peaceful and unmoved
My icy feet approach your light in higher and higher place

Finally, tired, I lie down to rest like the earth
In your warmth I melt into layers of clouds
I originally white, but when your blood infuses into me
I am dyed red by your transient light before extinction