

## Three poems

*Bei Ling*

### Silence

sunlight in layered beams  
casts its slant on a page  
hangs, like a clock  
stretched into a labyrinth, a riddle and a mystery

we watch each other across the wall  
rain fictionalizes our windows  
like weeping, like the secret codes of a harp  
spreading words and  
wounded silence

*Tr. Tang Chao and Lee Robinson*

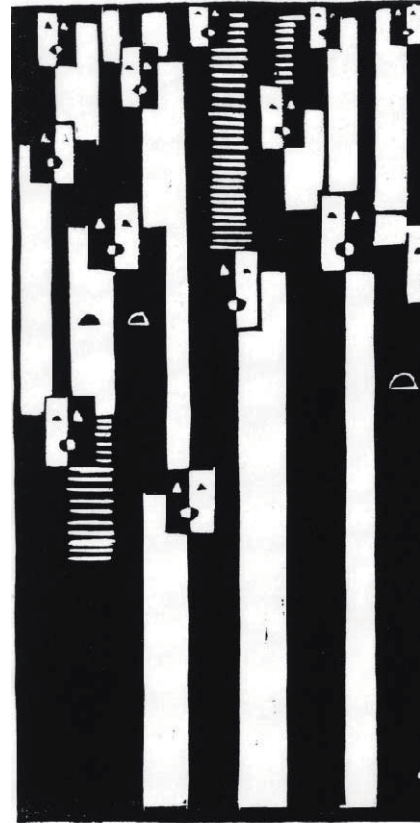
### 沉默

陽光雙疊  
落在紙上偏於一隅  
懸掛，如坐鐘  
銜於口中  
豎成迷宮，迷圖，迷

隔牆對望  
雨虛擬著窗戶  
如訴，密碼琴聲  
傳播著語言  
傳播著受傷的沉默

### Resting Place

A pall has been cast over everything  
The misfortune of our birth  
Is stamped on the features of a race  
Like sunlight hanging over the horizon  
See how words of self-pity are repeated to distraction  
Till the time for words is gone



We have not been baptized  
Yet we stay in God's favored country  
Known as "the Beautiful," a beautifully crumbling land  
Only by grace of enmity  
Are we provided for

Like widening rings of growth  
We fight endless, tireless battles with memory  
We do battle with our origins by birth  
In the sweep of time enacting an interplay  
Of death and eternity, life and fertility  
In a gigantic empire exhibiting  
This preserve of lonely ideology  
That belongs to us

*Tr. Denis Mair*

## 宿

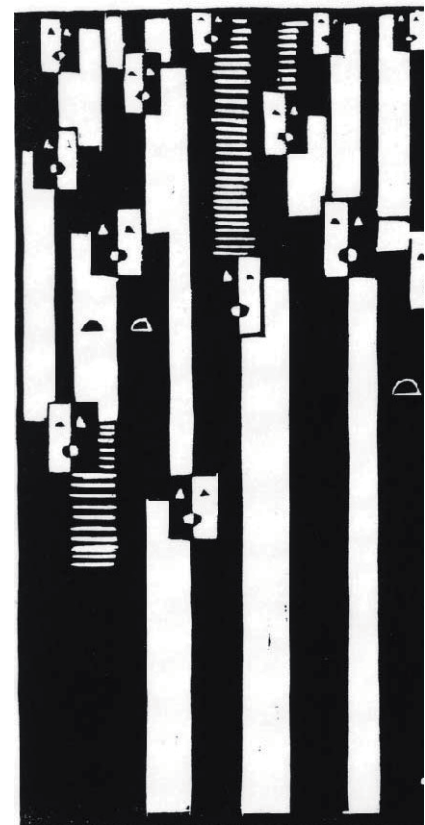
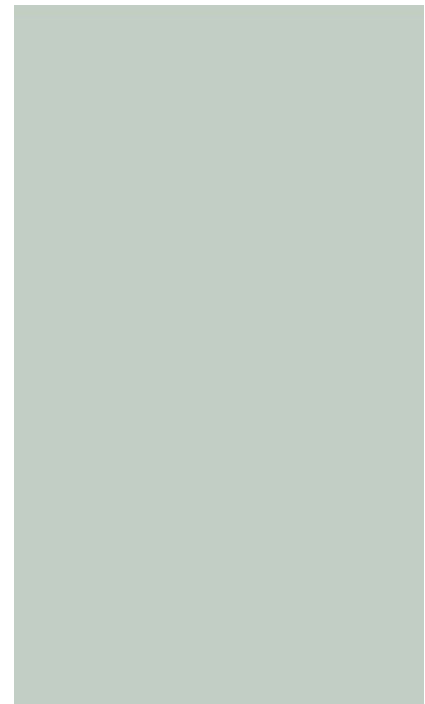
所有的都被籠罩著  
我們出生的不幸  
已烙在種族的臉上  
像陽光一樣垂落的  
是無比單調而又重複的  
乞憐於語言，而又喪失了語言的日子

我們從未受洗  
卻寄身於蒙主偏愛的國度  
以美命名的頹麗國度  
僅僅是由於敵意的存在  
而被供養著

就像年輪一樣  
不斷地、不倦地與記憶作戰  
與我們降生的籍貫作戰

展示在浩大的光陰裡  
死亡和不朽、生和息  
展示在龐大的帝國裡

那片屬於我們的  
孤獨意識型態保留地



## Banishment

Banished, I have left time behind  
My arm, curved in the act of writing  
Bent with the heaviness of memory  
Is a bow aimed at this foreign sky  
Blotting it out with the words of my country  
The sky is untiring, endless  
Its strength endures dry and stoic  
Bringing pain I have no words for  
Weight of memory imposed by winter

I see shame that refused to be forgotten  
Planting a mission in my uncouth horizon  
Reading ends with a distant gaze  
Memory ignores the ringing bell  
Each experience is weary of the next

This is not time's mistake  
This is only time's mistake

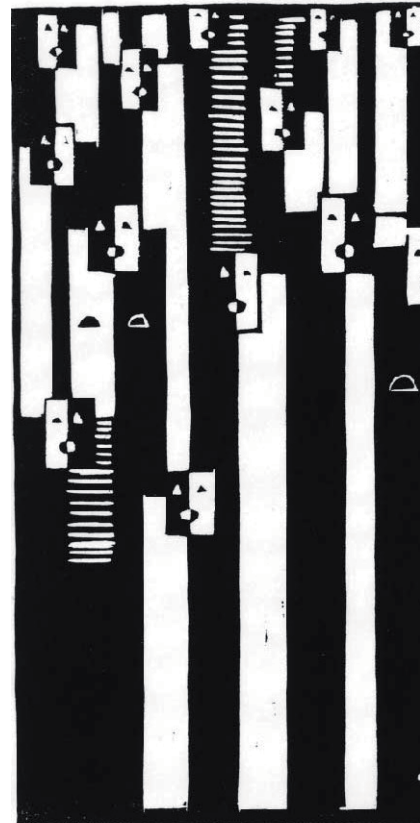
Heavy and dark, the wheels of night  
Grind the past into sand.  
The deathless roots of things  
Hold us in stubborn coils  
I can wait in this banishment forever  
It is not my shame

*Tr. by Bei Ling and Evelyn Toynton*

## 放逐

我在時間的盡頭經歷放逐  
手臂的彎度 記憶的弓  
我用我的漢字洗清異國的天空

無倦的天空 遼闊強烈的天空  
乾燥而又堅忍  
帶著事物莫名的疼痛  
冬天——有著記憶命名的莊重



我看到被遺忘拒絕的恥辱  
帶著使命 進入我那野蠻的視野  
眺望終止了閱讀 回憶放棄時鐘  
經歷者——經歷著對經歷的厭惡

那並非是時間的過錯  
那僅僅是時間的過錯

輾壓往事的 是夜的車輪  
事物  
用它不朽的根  
固執地纏繞我們

我在放逐的盡頭  
如同國家版圖上  
一個恆久的注記

