

《中英對照·黃元元短詩選·桂清揚譯》

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光照中，一片血凝

午夜心湖，彼岸傳來呼喚

聲響撞擊水面，鱗波痙攣般

暗流變幻著光澤，軀體

沉浮在藍藻中

愛之神踏浪而過，小雨

也為我抽泣。星兒發矇

離合間，滲透出天堂的光

光照處，一片凝血

如此淒豔，魚在水中顫抖……

雨過天朗，一抹緋紅

橫斜在曠野上，在隕落前

綻放出霞飛

浸淫在龍潭深處，靜謐

即是極樂世界。洪峰

使人昏眩，而水底蠕動

是我的歸宿

A Clot in the Light

Midnight, the other side of the heart lake calling,

Silver waves are the spread of spasms.

The undercurrent like a chameleon changes its shines,

Two bodies sinking and swimming.

The God of love drifts away with the lake waves,

Leaving me sobbing lonely with the lonely light rain.

Puzzled stars stir up the heaven light, shining with the lake,

A blood clot looming up and up...

Sad as it is, the fish in the water trembling,

I am just that very scarlet when it is fine again after rains.

My graffiti in the wilderness, before falling,

Rainbows a momentary youth and ray.

Immersed in the lake bed, I enjoy her utter tranquility,

This is nothing but the real world of bliss.

A magnificent flood peak does make loving ones dizzy,

While creeping of the bottom water leads to my Garden of Eden.

青春是委屈的淚花

你走後，我拆下琴弦

依次用油紙包起，捲曲的宿命

入殮般，放進黑匣子裡

密碼就用離別的日子，數字旋轉

碾壓了一畝芳草，弦外音

在冬眠時依舊低鳴

時光沒有倒流，鎖頭還是被敲開

紅燭撐起了儀式，鏗亮的絲線

亮瞎了眸子，眼底的光穿越了

青春是委屈的淚花

閃爍了半世紀

Youth is Tear-drops of Grievance

When you departed, I took down the strings of the zither,
In turn, I wrapped them in oil paper, putting the curled fate
As if in the funeral into the black case.

The password is simply the date of our parting,
Over an acre of grassy lawn the number rolling,
The chord voice still in hibernation humming.

Time does not turn back, but the lock is knocked open,
The red candles holding up the ceremony in peace,
Bright silk thread blinds my eyes, remaining light underneath.

Youth is tear-drops of grievance,

Twinkling as long as half a century ever since.

頽唐時，你卻來了

花開了，葉綠了，你走了

稻穀香了，麥穗熟了，你走了

沒有你的日子，暗香浮動

臆想那曾經的鳥語，被洪水圍著

荷塘，將月色延伸至林子

泥沼中的我，與荒蕪毗鄰

風來過，雨來過，你也來過

草木枯萎時，大地沉睡不醒

頽唐時，你卻來了

When I am Down, You are Right Here

Flowers are blooming, leaves green, yet you are gone.

Rice is fragrant, ears are ripe, yet you are gone.

In days without you, fragrance quietly floating in my heart,

Fancying the male bird's voice was once surrounded by flood.

The lotus pond extending the moonlight to the forest,

I am in the mire, close to the desert.

You have arrived, together with wind and rain one after another,

When grass withers, the earth cannot wake up any longer.

But when I am down, you are with me together.

詩句掛在月牙上

酒醒後你會回來，日曆

沒有這個時辰。呼麥響起

欲火与潮濕對峙，除非輪回

都去了彼岸

為什麼離開？也許還是醉

行走的鑿子，灌了三江

連累夢中人。走吧

天涯不種高粱

用一生的孤寂，學會了吟詩
詩句掛在月牙上。那一句
一句的心語，掉下來餽酒
我卻丟失了筷子

想你，一個人
又齋喝了一宿

Verses Hanging on the Crescent Moon

You'll be back when waking up from drunkenness,
Though there's no so-called right time in calendar.
Hummer resounding here and there,
I am on fire against moisture. Unless in reincarnation,
We will go to the other shore together.

Why should I leave? Still due to drunkenness?
Walking jar, irrigating rivers along the road,
Bothering you fair lady in my dreams endless.
Let's go. Sorghums are not planted at the ends of the world.

In a lifetime of solitude, I learn to recite poems,

With lines hanging on the crescent moon.

The verses of heart and soul, one after another,

Fall to serve my drink, but I drop chopsticks of my own.

Missing you again, I drink for a whole night again,

And without your presence again.

魂魄落在信箋上

收到信沒拆。也許

是首小詩，呈現出蠅頭小楷

或，只是一片枯葉

揭秘那一天，會潔淨雙手

燃支蠟燭。仰天並雙手合十

讓神聖進入美好

不需要結果，我知道！不

全世界都知道，最後的哀鳴

是為誰響起

還會有人會寫信嗎

魂魄落在信箋上，難道

不放過，不放過收信的人

The Soul Falling on the Signature

Left unopened is the letter.

Perhaps it's a little poem, showing a small-character script,

Or just a dead leaf instead.

On the disclosure day, I clean my hands, burn a candle,

Before looking up to the heaven with fingers crossed,

Therefore holiness is integrated into beautiful world.

No result is needed, I know!

As the whole world can tell

For whom the bell tolls.

Will anybody still resort to letter format?

The soul falls on the signature, but does it mean

The sender will not let go of the recipient?

結束異地戀

想搬到異鄉，將
生活過成詩的樣子
結束異地戀。然
不捨的是寂寞

遠方，終極的故鄉
我盤算著行程。售票窗
開在崖岸，攀援
是力不從心的惆悵

得找人代購，代購
一張單程票。鄰家女孩
拒絕了懇求。我相信
這是誤解，本不應這樣

準備花費一生時間，等她
應承我。會有那一天
也許是黃昏後，姑娘
在我窗前，露出了笑靨

Ending Long Distance Love Affair

Yearning to move to a place far away,

So as to stay and live in a poetic way,

Ending love affair of long distance,

Yet what I am inclined to is loneliness.

The far-away place is my home ultimate,
Who can figure out the distance?
Ticket window is open on the cliff,
Climbing is my melancholy incompetence.

I ask someone to buy me a one-way ticket,
But the girl next door refuses my request.
I reckon that this is a misunderstanding.
It shouldn't have been so embarrassing.

Spend a lifetime for her promise waiting,
There will be therefore such a day,
Perhaps after dusk, the girl standing
In front of my window, in a smiling way.

花開的聲音

植被覆蓋了山巒
回避的那朵花在忸怩
整裝待發的野蜂
在溝壑裡舔了下肢

不需要光線
我已收拾起視覺
蹲在泥土裡
聆聽花開的聲音

Sound of Blooming

The vegetation covers mountain ranges,
A shy flower embarrassedly retreating.
While in the gully, a very wild bee
Being well equipped and its own legs it is licking.

Now that no light is needed for any reason,
I have tucked away my vision.
In the still earth, instead, squatting,
Listening to the sound of blooming.

淺草

眼睛眨巴，壁上裸圖飄忽
眸子，嗅出了色腥
喉嚨連著心肺，干涸襲來

小溪，吹響了集結號
岩漿伺機作案。石縫裡
花瓣兒忸怩

陶淵明撫琴，沒弦的那種
好一曲 碧澗流泉

潤澤了古越嶺南

下肢痒痒，轟了一腳油門

淺草，漫不經心地

呼喚回家

The Shallow Grass

A fleeting portrait of a naked woman, though,
Her blinking eyes can identify fishy smell of colors,
The throat attached to heart and lungs is as dry as a bone.

The brook is blowing the rally trumpet,
To commit a crime, Magma flowing low,
In the crannies of rocks, bashful are the petals.

Tao Yuanming playing the zither without strings,
The noted ancient music Springing Fountains
Moisturizing the ancient Lingnan region.

Legs itching, the gas is hit by the metronome,
In an offhand way, the grass shallow
Calling you back home.

Notes:

1. Tao Yuanming (陶淵明, 365-427) , a distinguished poet in ancient China.
2. Springing Fountains (碧澗流泉, Bi Jian Liu Quan) , Chinese classical music performed usually by Guqin.

美在沉浮

散開的麻花。腰脫節似的

再長腿也有盡頭

裙擺羞答

劍拔弩張，雄渾領銜

鳥瞰制高點，甘露欲滴

窪地，開墾出八方良田

也許被蒙蔽。一對

飲食男女，瞬間道德碾碎

艷情，生吞了境界

花開得太隨機，並非走心

醜成就了美，美在沉浮

游向彼岸

Beauty Lies in Ups and Downs

Fried dough twist, loosened. Waist, disjointed.

Legs, lengthy,

A skirt, shy.

Sword pulling for bold targeting,

A bird's-eye view of the heights with dew dripping,

The low land into a vast farmland expanding.

Maybe it is a result of deception,

The wall of morality a man and a woman are crushing,

Their carnal desire is up the border swallowing.

So randomly, so recklessly are the flowers blossoming,

Ugliness turns into beauty in ups and downs lying,

They are towards the other side swimming.

該死的芳華

落魄誤入花叢，該死的芳華

被俘日期定格在前世，監禁的是心

演繹出來的脂粉，裝飾了疤痕

蛇蠍在酒湯裡沉默

喝下去！你就跳進了大海

回瞬紅雲，落下一張發黃的照片

趕緊換掉生鏽的弦，讓

芳華在指版上怒放

夢回，又見墳塚

那挺立的峰，讓白小褂短了幾分

God Damn the Youthhood

Abjection gets lost in the flowers, God damn the youthhood.

Imprisoned is the mind, with capture date remaining in next world,.

Rouge and powder used in performance decorating the scars,
Both snake and scorpion are silent in the wine and spirit,
Drink it and you will be bold enough to jump into the sea.

Looking back to the pink cloud, drop an old yellow photo,
Change the rusty strings as you may,
Let youthhood bloom on the fingerplate.

Dreaming back and again the grave is seen,
The white coat shortened by the upright peak.

Close My Eyes Whenever Missing You

Close my eyes, the scene appearing,
Passengers locust across the culvert, walking like a spring.
I close my eyes whenever you are in my mind of missing.

Marvelous is the train back home,
Yet reality resting on the next platform.
Drop my luggage in the deserted spot,
What left is nothing but flesh and blood.

Waking up, I find some drinks, dressed up like an idle,
For I still have to go on with my life.

花巷為我留了燈

江湖浸染了一刀刀生宣

我拉開千年手卷，款

落在河流深處

潮汐喚醒宿醉，躊躇江堤

等日落提壺老酒，闌珊處

又到聽琴賞花時

尋夢西湖，眸子閃爍

白衣女子蹣跚，憐香唯有癡情人

柳岸徘徊，花巷為我留了燈

淺夜，吳語呢嚶

漣漪撩起，陰陽

絲絲入扣

The Flower Lane Kept a Light for Me

Rolls of painting sheet were dipped in the rivers and lakes,
I pulled a-thousand-year-old sheet for display,
With signature deep in the river made.

The overnight hangover on the bank awakened by the tide,
Waiting until the sunset to lift the old wine,
Indulging in the music in the gloomy light.

Dreaming for the West Lake, my eyes twinkling,
Only true lovers understand when a lady in white shambling.
Flower Lane kept a light for me on the willow shore wandering.

Light night, speaking in Wu dialect,
One man and one woman rippling up,
Re-unioned at long last.

醃菜鑊子裡的那片葉子

醃菜鑊子裡的那片葉子

舒展開來，今夜

不惑回到少年

青皮剝離了幹，空氣探了白晝

夫子呼吸倒灌，瞳孔泛出綠光

言語嘎然，世界凝固了

超乎所有的想像

如同那杆包漿的鋤頭把

愛不釋手，忍在伺機作痛

天還是塌了下來！枝桠撕裂

哀嚎穿過無人區，迴響

繞過胡楊，敲打著裸背

注：一個高級知識份子被打成右派，在西北荒漠地區度過了最寶貴的青春期，接近知天命的年齡，終於成婚了。第一次面對女性的身體，泣不成聲……

A Leaf in the Pickle Jar

A leaf in the pickle jar,
Stretching out and out,
Tonight, an old age returning to his youthhood.

The skin is stripped dry and the air kissing the white,
The Master's breathing is reversed, and his pupils turn green,
Words stop suddenly, yet the world solidified.

Much more than he could ever imagine,
It is like the hoe with the pulp,
He will not let go of it, waiting for the pain in store.

The sky keeps falling! Branches being torn off,
Wailing through no man's land,
Echoing around the poplar, and hitting the naked backs.

Note: A senior intellectual was wrongly labeled as a rightist during the Cultural Revolution in China and spent the most precious adolescence in the Northwest Desert. Not until he was close to the age of knowing his destiny did he get married. Facing a woman's body for the first time, he could not help crying crazily.

想你的時候就合上眸子

關閉眼睛，場景出現了

蝗蟲穿過涵洞，步伐上了弦

想你的時候就合上眸子

美好是返鄉的列車

現實擱放在前站月臺

途徑荒野，扔下了行囊

剩餘是殘存的藩籬

醒過來，找點酒水或喝的

扮成無所事事，日子還得過

Close My Eyes Whenever Missing You

Close my eyes, the scene appearing,

Passengers locust across the culvert, walking like a spring.

I close my eyes whenever you are in my mind of missing.

Marvelous is the train back home,

Yet reality resting on the next platform.

Drop my luggage in the deserted spot,

What left is nothing but flesh and blood.

Waking up, I find some drinks, dressed up like an idle,

For I still have to go on with my life.

嚙語分了段落

如果有一天，我銀鐺入獄
請別忘記，曾經的純真少年

夢醒時分，嚙語分了段落
日子過得像沒有尾句的诗

沒想鑽入雲端，揮之不去
是孩提的笑靨

背影離去，心攔在砧板上
心速，催促了末日审判

Ravings Break into Stanzas

If one day, I end up in prison as you can see,
Please don't forget the innocent teenager I used to be.

When I wake up, ravings break into stanzas,
I spend my days as if in a poem without an end.

Never think of going into the high-end,
The laughter in my childhood is still lingering in my mind.

The figure vanished, my heart resting on chopping board,
The heart beats triggering the Doomsday judgment by law.

那天邊飄來的低沉

我願意，以我的黑

襯托你的亮白

只為了能看見，你

在黎明前的閃耀

我願意，化為一池水

潤澤你的莖葉

等待那一刻的怒放

讓歡樂奔跑在遍野

我願意，在你騰飛時

悄然離去。有一天聽到

那天邊飄來的低沉

乃是我為你的祈禱

A Lowest Voice Coming from the Horizon

I am always ready to let my darkness

Serve as a foil to your snow white;

Just wanna see you shining bright

Before dawn light.

I am always ready to be a pool of water,

To moisten your stems and leaves,

Expecting the moment you are in full blossom,

And leave joy rolling over the open country.

I am always ready to take a leave quietly

Whenever your career is practically taking off.

One day if you detect a lowest voice from the horizon,

It is nobody but me sincerely for you praying to God.

廊前老搖椅

秃鸢耷拉着脑袋，最高的位置

离天只有三尺。天国的云梯

迷失在雾霾里，货色们

演绎着坠落

落荒者，在逃生通道里干仗

嘶喊声不绝于耳。老叟

索性躲进小楼，帘幕

为我滤了尘

夜漫，燃起灶台

烫壶老酒，再来几碟小菜

似醉非醉中眯起双眼

数着摆钟，静候礼炮声

破晓前，索性敞开门窗

躺在廊前老摇椅上，树叶

也为我摇曳，晨曦微露

一道光，席卷而来

Old Rocking Chair in Front of the Porch

On top of the mount, three feet below the sky,

The vulture its head drooping.

The Ladder of Heaven gets lost in the smog,

You folks falling.

Trailblazers are fighting in the escape tunnels,

Going on and on are the crazy screams.

As a senior I can only hide in the little building,

With the curtain filtering the dust for me.

Night falls, I light the stove,

Make a few dishes and hot wine.

Nearly half drunk, squinting my eyes,

Waiting for gun-salute while counting pendulum aside.

Before dawn, I open the door and windows,

Lying in the old rocking chair in front of the porch,

The leaves swinging for me,
The early dawn light rolling over all.

外婆走近窗前

盛飯，夾菜。半世紀的餘香

留存在牙髓裡。拉一針

扯一線，縫一隻蝴蝶

穿越百年

面龐，那一條條密紋

燒錄了萬千寵愛。聽

一曲童謠飄來，迴響飛濺

拍擊岸邊的石碑

脊骨似彎月，愛到了地頭

背負的那些心酸，隨身影

肥了土壤。粗糙的樹幹

呵護著嫩芽。餘溫，暖了雛鳥

每一次回到遙遠，外婆走近窗前

當我的乳名被輕聲喚起，瞬間

空杯遇襲，穿堂風直搗，茶席癱瘓

封存已久的陳年沱茶，也浸透了

Grandma Approaching to the Window

Scooping up rice for me, clamping vegetable for me.

Half-century-old aroma remains in my tongue and teeth.

Pulling a needle and drawing a thread,

In order to sew a trans-century butterfly by hand.

Grandma's face, featured by lines and wrinkles,

Recording favor and love countless.

A nursery rhyme is wafted to my ears,

Echoing the shore's stone tablets.

Her spine bends like a crescent moon, a part of the field,
The misery she shoulders with her sign the soil fertilizing.
The rough trunk cares for sprouts,
Remaining warmth tendering the nestlings.

Every time I get home from afar, Grandma would stand rooted
By the window. The moment my nickname she whispers,
My tea cup would drop to the ground, and the wind through the hall
Spoiling the tea party with the aged Tuo Cha, soaked with my tears.

Note: Tuo Cha (沱茶) is a bowl-shaped compressed mass of tea leaves mainly produced in Yunnan, China.

裁縫鋪緊閉著

扯了六尺靛藍，可縫套立領
花洋布做條布拉吉，天暖和了
靚麗和著拍子，那時
春意在巷道間流溢

裁縫鋪緊閉著，我尋思

門前的那只貓呢？沒有告示

隻字未留。太陽還有一個時辰

決定等到黃昏後

失望如同緊閉的柵欄，一晃

就是經年。每次繞道而來

只為芝麻門開。碎花布

越發軟和，靛藍也退了色

我將布頭

系了一個死結

The Tailor's Tightly Closed

Six feet indigo cloth is adequate to make a coat collar,

And in warm weather a skirt is made out of flowery cotton cloth.

Rhythm of beauty works well with beats,

With spring in the air overflowing between the lanes.

The tailor's was tightly closed, I wonder

Where is the cat usually lying in front of the door?

No notices. No messages. The sun has another hour---

Having decided to wait until after dusk.

Disappointment is like a closed fence over years,

Every time I pass by, doing nothing

But open the sesame automatic door.

Flower pattern clothes become softer and indigo color fading.

I intend to make a knot

By using the cloth head.

驚異是彼此的痛

更新了門鈴，儘管經年沒響

怕你回家時，恰逢啞了弦

.

屋裡保持最初的樣子，然

烏絲已不在，驚異是彼此的痛

再也沒放風箏，線頭粘著心

遠山收容了記憶，飛走的是魂

湖邊的木樁靜默，年輪多了幾圈

只要你歸來，哪怕是空船也罷

Surprise is the Pain to Us Two

The doorbell has been updated, though hasn't been ringing for ages,

Just in case it would be dumb when you return home.

The room remains as it was,

But my hair is no longer black, and surprise becomes the pain to each of us.

No more kites flying, only thread being stuck to my heart,

The distant mountain stores memories, but away flies my soul.

The stakes by the lake are silent and the rings of the tree tripled,

As long as you return, it is OK even if it's an empty boat without you.

囔語分了段落

如果有一天，我銀鐺入獄
請別忘記，曾經的純真少年

夢醒時分，囔語分了段落
日子過得像沒有尾句的詩

沒想鑽入雲端，揮之不去
是孩提的笑靨

背影離去，心擱在砧板上
心速，催促了末日審判

Ravings Break into Stanzas

If one day, I end up in prison as you can see,
Please don't forget the innocent teenager I used to be.

When I wake up, ravings break into stanzas,
I spend my days as if in endless poems.

Never think of going into the high-end,
The laughter in my childhood is still lingering in my mind.

The figure vanished, my heart resting on chopping board,
The heart beats triggering the Doomsday judgment by law.

青衣

一襲青素褶子裙，疏影橫斜

抖落一池青澀。頭冠的彩

似梨園的春，粉飾了人間黑白

西風進，帷帳撩動

柳葉卻依然，是自信的帆

揚起了那份堅定

丹鳳含情，映射舞臺上下

眉宇間，沁出濃烈的赤誠

白雪肌膚由深至淺

烙著落紅，醉人的荷花頰

遮掩了多少淚痕

書道般的鬢，似熏黑的竹簡

封存了紅與黑的記憶

上下抵閉，道不盡的戲劇人生

朱唇隨柳梢而往，含笑無語

Tsing Yi

A black pleated skirt with sparse shadows on it,

Shaking off immaturity and astringency.

The crown color, like a pear garden in springtime,

Colorizing the world in black and white.

Westerly wind, stirring the curtains,

With willow leaves as sails of self-confidence,

Raising up the banner of strength and firmness.

Almond-shaped eyes reflect affection on and off the stage,

Between the eyebrows is a strong sincerity displayed.

Snow white skin, from deep to shallow,

With lotus cheeks intoxicating the audience,

Cold tears impregnating the fallen flowers.

Calligraphy-like temples, like bamboo slips smoked,

Storing the memory of tales red and black.

Endless dramatic life is outlet even by closed lips,

Whose smiling vermilion goes upwards the willow tips.

芳華几度隕落

雪花以她的顏色，講述了曾經的晶瑩

穿越感歎，芳華几度隕落

億萬年的和諧，在狂欢后随即破落

人類用最舒服的姿勢，玷污了母親

為自己打賞了無數垃圾，沉澱下來的酸

潑向墳塚的穹頂

雪花走了，走得那麼徹底

來年又是一遭，重複久遠的訴說

被她觸摸的柔情，似夢

Youth Fading More than Once

The snowflake, with her crystal color, tells her crystal former days

Traveling to the exclamation-devoid era, discovering youth had never faded away

And the harmony of billions of years shall be ruined by the most prosperous days.

Human beings defile Mother with their most comfortable posture as they may
Rewarding themselves with countless hazardous wastes,
Leaving all the precipitated acid being splashed to the dome of the grave.

Gone, and gone so completely is the snowflake,
Next year she will bloom again, repeating millennium-old recount,
And all the tenderness she touches is like a dream far away

月光落在地上，吻了影

掰不開晝與夜的界

身子知白守黑

.

琴聲由落霞出發，止於酉時

月光落在地下，吻了影

.

夢醒時分，窗外星空旖旎

床前倏然斜出，只見幽魂羞赧

The Moonlight Falls onto the Ground, Kissing the Shadow

I can't break the boundary between day and night,

My body safeguards the black and knows well the white.

The sound of the zither starts from the sunset and ends around 7 pm,

The moonlight falls onto the ground, kissing the shadow.

When I wake up, the sky is beautiful indeed outside my window.

Ashamed before the bed is the ghost.

今夜，我叩響地獄之門

今夜，我叩響地獄之門

鬼沒搭理我。咚咚咚

一行夢遊人，隨敲門聲蹣跚

梧桐枝桠搖曳，葉落一地

我繼續叩響地獄之門

敲擊聲震耳欲聾，即使你

蒙起耳朵也無妨。我要讓

天神們聽見大地在怒吼

門，仍然緊閉著，急促失控

迴響，交織出無數個顫音

陰陽兩界滾動。冤魂們

也為我淒唳，淚光是那江河的鱗波

天亮之前，一定要叩開這扇門

我要急於見到陰府魔頭。人間妖孽

霸行黑白兩道，撤離吧閻王們

你走後，被遺忘的角落不再冰冷

Tonight, I am Knocking at the Gate of Hell

Tonight, at the Gate of Hell I am knocking,

The ghost doesn't answer me. Rat-tat-tat!

A group of dream visitors stomp their feet to my knocking,
The phoenix tree branches swaying, leaves onto the ground falling.

I keep knocking at the gate,
The tapping sounds are deafening,
Even if you cover your ears,
I'm going to let the gods hear the earth roaring,

The gate is still closed, out of control,
The echo creates a million vibrato.
This world and next world are rolling over,
Even ghosts cry for me, their tears like waves of the river.

I must knock to open this gate before dawn,
I would like to see in a hurry the devil.
Wicked people act like an overlord,
Get out of here, King of Hell!
After you leave, the forgotten corner is no longer cold.

我要裸奔

我要裸奔，在那高山之巔

對著蒼穹，問天

可是陽光，瀘幹了回饋

我要裸奔，在荒島踏浪而去

向著碧海與海燕齊飛

其實我的身子離腳印並不遠

我要裸奔，在沙漠深處

緊閉雙眼漫溯，任意摔到吧

倒在大漠的胸襟裡，讓風沙蹂躪

我要裸奔，在心靈深處

自由的探索，向著摯愛

袒露赤誠

Go Streaking

I'm gonna run naked on that mountain top,

To the firmament, enquiring the Heaven,

But the sunshine filters and dries up the feedback.

I'm gonna off a desert island streak.

Flying with the petrels to the blue sea,

My body is not far away from my footprints underneath.

I'm gonna streak, deep in the desert,

Keep my eyes closed and go back,

Falling in the desert, letting the sand ravage again.

I'm gonna streak, deep down in my heart,

With freedom to explore, to love,

Exposing my utmost sincerity and remark.

時辰為放逐留了位置

躺在河床上吟詩，時辰

為放逐留了位置，眼下

那一片天，演繹著大千莫測

.

愛恨情仇已沉睡淵底

一個人的江湖，與世界無關

蕩漾的是我心

.

讓靜謐來的更深沉些吧

直到世界啞然，儘管夢幻

只願歲月靜好

The Right Time Has Left Moments for Exile

Lying on the riverbed, poems I am chanting,

The right time has left moments for exile,

World's mysteries and uncertainty is the sky displaying.

Falling into deep sleep are hating-love and loving-hate,

A man's ganghood has nothing to do with this planet,

What is vibrating and rippling is merely my heart.

Let the silence get deeper and deeper,

Until the world turns out to be more silent, even a bit mistier and dreamier,

May people have quiet and favorable days and years.

魂魄在光影中漫遊

為了成為畫中人，等了經年

湖光敞開心扉，柔波拍岸

素衣人第一次信步在西湖邊

堤畔曲幽，勾勒出被遺忘的傳說

軟語乘著白衣小褂，飄忽在水墨間

浮生若夢，我在夢中囁語

千年陳釀，醉倒了多少過客

生死百態是光影的變幻

乘一葉扁舟，魂魄在光陰中漫遊

The Soul Roaming in the Light Shadow

In order to be a figure in a portrait, I have waited for ages,
The beautiful lake opens its heart, beating the shore with tender waves,
Common as I am, walking for the first time by the West Lake.

The legends forgotten are delineated by the levees,
Soft words drift between the ink and the water in men's white jackets,
Life is floating like a dream, in which I keep murmuring.

How many passers-by are drunken by the millennium aged wine?
Life and death are the changes of shadow light,
Only the soul is left roaming by boat in the track of time.

雲河

徒步去雲河，在堤畔搭間茅舍
開個天窗，與星月為伴

清晨，取水煮茶，再釀些酒
陽光來到屋前，哼一曲呼麥

黃昏，煙霞徐徐拉開
我用雲河水磨墨，再潑向天幕
殘陽用它的血，點燃了長卷
熄滅前，我選擇了沉默

沉默，趁天黑進入夢鄉
夢鄉在雲河上游閃現
玻璃心流淌下來，淚花
在河床底閃爍，映著天堂的光

Yunhe River

I walked to Yunhe River and built a cottage there by the bank,
To be closer to the stars and moon, I opened a skylight.
At early dawn, I fetched water, boiled tea, made some wine,
The sun greeting my house, I hummed a Tuvan throat singing high.

At dusk, slowly unfolded the haze,
I poured the ink made with the water from Yunhe into the skyline.
The remnant sun lit a long roll using its blood,
Before extinguishing, I chose to be calm and quiet.

In silence, in the darkness, I was sleeping,
Dreams of hometown played back in the river's upper reaches.
Glass-like sensitive heart was down and down flowing,
Tears gleaming at the river bed, reflecting the light of heavens.

決定，在風中凌亂

回聲，切成碎片

聲音被蹂躪。我

下意識清了一下嗓子

只說酒話，要麼唱讚歌

決定，在風中凌亂

我選擇念純詩

Decision, Swinging in the Wind

Echo is cut into pieces,

Voice being ravaged.

I clear my throat subconsciously.

Telling the truth over shots of wine or just singing a hymn?

Decision is swinging in the wind,

I choose to read purified poetry.

原野是錯落的詩行

誰將萬千斑斕潑向蒼穹

繽紛在荒野上隕落

禿鷲杵在乳峰，眼球流覽溝壑

工蜂壟上行，消弭了殺機

動情的小溪歡歌，森林也來潮

蝶舞翩躚，隨花蕾去了

原野是錯落的詩行

阡陌紅塵裡，野花折了莖

光風霽月，雲兒

在天地間寬衣解帶。錦瑟

生如夏花，我

卻誤讀為人間四月天

The Wilderness is Picturesque Lines of Verses

Who poured profuse paints into the sky?

Falling on the wilderness are the colorful sights.

A vulture clings to the breast, browsing the gully with eyes,

Killing intent to kill, up the ridge the worker bee climbs.

Emotional streams singing, emotional forests moist,

Butterflies dancing towards the buds.

The wilderness becomes picturesque lines of verses,

Stems of wild flowers broken in the worldly dust.

In light breeze and clear moon,

Between heaven and earth is undressed Miss Snow.

The sad zither was splendid like summer flowers,

Yet I misread it as lovely April days in the world.

霞光漏下花絮

山巒，鋪開了詩稿，畫軸

從灌木林拉到了崖邊

幾片殘葉記錄了悲涼

回望在老樹下

霞光漏下花絮，盤旋在低空

蜜蜂與蝴蝶錯峰出行

心也隨之飛舞。那落地的

已是昨日黃花

行間在山林裡跳躍，小鹿

迷路了。引發了愛的呼喚

悲歡，在氤氳的詩畫裡隱現

別問我，在尋覓啥

Sidelights from Morning Rays

Mountain ranges spread poetry sheet,

Painting axes extended from the bush to the cliff.

Remaining leaves record miseries and grief,

I am looking back under the old tree.

Sidelights from morning rays hovering at low altitude,

Honeybees and butterflies travel at staggered peaks.

My heart also flies with butterflies and honeybees,

What landed is yesterday's yellow flowers and leaves.

The fawn gets lost jumping in the woods,

Inviting the call of love from its mother.

In poems and paintings are hidden joy and sorrow,

Don't ask me what I am searching for.

我會摘下蓮子

腮紅滑過白皙，粉嫩欲滴

秀場，在漆幽裡亦步亦趨

賞花人，腳下亂了規矩

菡萏絢爛，出自於污泥濁水

那一句句溢美，唯苦難

為它們，分了行

過些時候，我會摘下蓮子

用清水煮沸。咀嚼青澀

溢出來的悲涼，沁人心脾

I would Pick the Lotus Seeds

Fondling the fair white skin with blush face,

In the show field, following suit in the dark cave,

The flower admirer disorders his right paces.

Gorgeous lotus flowers usually grow from filthy ponds,

Air ballooned with compliments and beautiful verses,

Nothing but sufferings can afford to separate the lines apart.

Some time later, I would pick the lotus seeds,

Having them boiled in clear water, and chewing

The immaturity's doleful and melancholic elements, refreshed to restart.

滿口牙齦滲血

收穫的季節，高粱逃離了現場

原漿灌了爺們兒的頂

借著酒勁，我穿越了百年

午時三刻，影子似龜頭縮了

杵在京城菜市口，見一排排路人

手揣饅頭，陰森往饑渴裡滲透

驚悚十分，趕緊沿時光隧道返程

途經鶴年堂，不一會兒

午門消失在夜色中

清晨趕路，霧霾遮掩了路牌

路人們眼神呆滯，一張嘴問道

滿口牙齦滲血

Blood Flushing from Their Gums

In the harvest season, the sorghum fled the scene,

The original pulp filled the head of a man like me.

By strong wine, I afforded to travel through a century.

Three quarters at noon, the shadow shrank like a turtle's head,

Erecting at the mouth of the city vegetable market,

Seeing rows of passers-by, their hands with steamed bread,

Gloom was penetrating into hunger and thirst.

Thrilled, hurrying back along the tunnel of time,

Passing by Crane Year Hall,

The Meridian Gate soon disappeared into the night.

Early in the morning, the smog covered the road signs,

The passers-by with a dull look in their eyes,

Asking, with blood flushing from their gums.

雪花是冬天的荼靡

雪如果不會融化，蒼生

就會乾淨些。我尋思

一個持之以恆的方法

翻閱典籍，沮喪玷污了聖潔

面對一片蒼白，曾經的無力

打雞血般，臉蛋兒泛紅，趕緊

取條絲帶，系在雪人脖子上

曠野中，又見一抹紅

雪花是冬天的荼靡，回暖是宿敵

曾經的鴻篇巨制，將在涅槃中飛天

面對大地吐露，我寧願

在冰川裡長眠

Snowflakes are the Shrub of Winter

If the snow does not melt,

Be clean will the world.

I think of reading classics in a manner preserving,

Will it be a frustration the sanctity staining?

Faced with blankness, the once powerless body

Is revigorated, with a flushed face, hurrying up.

Taking a ribbon and tying it around the snowman's neck,

In the wilderness, a reddish tinge looming up.

Snowflakes are the shrub of winter, warm-up is the old enemy.

Once great works will fly in Nirvana,

Speaking out, facing the earth,

I would rather sleep in the glacier.

只想放聲哀嚎一次

只想放聲哀嚎一次，為此

老生尋思了半個世紀。殘陽喋血

鐵漢淚不輕彈

怨聲會在此匿跡，冷眼

多了幾分寒。野草繁衍

布衣竦立在墓群之巔

石屎森林為之墮落，曠野收復失地

蒙羞人牽著喪家犬遛彎兒

風聲過，岩石給吹動了

I Wanna Scream Just Once

I wanna scream just once, and for the sake of that,

Pondering for half a century, aged as I am,

Though the sun is bleeding here and there,

A strong man does not easily shed tears.

There will never be any complaints though,

With cold eyes being a bit too cold.

Wild grass breeds, swinging on the tombs are shabby clothes.

In depravity sink the stone and steel forests,

The wilderness recovering the land lost.

Shamed people leading a homeless poor dog,

The wind blowing, blowing with the rocks.

我徒步走向盡頭

已經是三更了，雨簾

為鏡片披上薄紗。吐納

在霧霾中輪回

腳鏟濺起泥濘，孤獨

在沼澤中匍匐

信念，從未挪動半步

天邊一盞朦朧在凝視

我徒步走向盡頭。靜謐

給予了夜的深沉

一道閃電，劈開了蒼穹

大地在巨響中綻放。我看見

曠野中，黑壓壓的蠕動

那麼多，那麼多同行者

在晨曦降臨之前

保持了緘默

I Walk towards the Horizon

It's already midnight, the curtain of rain

Dressing my lenses with gauze,

Incoming and outgoing breath returns in the haze.

Shackles mud splashing,

Loneliness in the marsh creeping,

Yet Faith never half a step moving.

There is a hazy gaze on the horizon,

Inviting me to walk towards the far end.

Quietness spawns the night depth.

Splitting the sky with a flash of lightning,
The earth in a loud sound blooming,
I see in the wilderness dense crowds squirming.

So many companions,

So many fellow travelers,

Remaining silent before dawn.

黃元元，香港多元藝術家。涉獵書法、聲樂、大提琴、舞臺表演和文學創作等領域，現任香港節日室內樂團駐團指揮。

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