

# Taiwan Women Poets: Selected Poems

Translated by Ling Chung and Seán Golden

Flowers No Longer Drift through the Air in Our City

By Rong Zi

Flowers no longer drift through the air in our city. In March  
Everywhere crouch the beasts of enormous buildings—  
Sphinxes in the desert, peering at you sarcastically.  
Flocks of iron tigers roar by  
From morning till night.

From morning till night  
Rain of soot and thunder of din.  
The quarrel of cog-wheel upon cog-wheel.  
The struggle between machine and machine.  
Time crumbles  
Life fades by the second.

When night comes, our city like a huge poisonous spider  
Extends her shimmering web of temptation  
To snare the steps of passers-by  
To snare the lonely hearts.  
The void of the night.

I often sit in solitude on the dreamless plateau of night  
Watching the city of night  
Like a huge flower-shaped diamond brooch  
Displayed in the window of an import boutique  
Priced steep for sale.

我們的城不再飛花 蓉子

我們的城不再飛花 在三月  
到處蹲踞着那龐然建築物的獸——  
沙漠中的司芬克斯 以嘲諷的眼神窺你  
而市虎成羣地呼嘯  
自晨迄暮

自晨迄暮  
煤煙的雨 市聲的雷  
齒輪與齒輪的齟齬  
機器與機器的傾軋  
時間片片裂碎 生命刻刻消褪……

入夜，我們的城像一枚有毒的大蜘蛛  
張開它閃漾的誘惑的網子  
網行人的腳步  
網心的寂寞  
夜的空無

我常在無夢的夜原上寂坐  
看夜底的都市 像  
一枚碩大無朋的水鑽扣花  
正陳列在委托行的玻璃櫥窗裏  
高價待估。

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### The Transcendence of Verna Lisa

By Rong Zi

Beautiful Verna Lisa  
You felt unquiet sorrow.  
When the bullets of reality hit  
O my, our companions were shot.  
Many were wounded. Many died.

How admirable is such a death!  
All those captured are witnesses.  
—My Verna Lisa thus prays  
For courage in isolation, for will against despair.

I wish my legs could move straight ahead  
Like sleep-walking Verna Lisa  
Who walks out from the canyon,  
Evades the fierce surges of reality,  
Escapes the sharp teeth of robots, and  
Slides over the down slope of a materialistic civilization.  
Like a miracle, she moves forward  
Toward the distant horizon!

維納麗沙之超越 蓉子

美麗的維納麗沙  
你有難以止息的憂傷  
當「現實」的槍彈一陣掃蕩  
哀哉 我們的同伴有多人中彈  
    多人受傷多人死亡。

在大批的被「俘虜」之前  
死啊、死是可讚美的！  
——我底維納麗沙就這般地祈求  
孤絕中的勇氣 絕望中的意志。

讓我也能這樣伸出筆直的腿  
如在夢中行走的維納麗沙  
走出峽谷 躲過現實洶湧的浪濤  
逃過機器咬人的利齒  
滑過物慾文明傾斜的坡度  
——奇蹟似地走向前  
走向遙遠的地平線！

## On the Snow-Covered Ground

By Lin Ling

### 1.

I lie quietly on the snow-covered ground.  
 On the snow-covered ground  
 Its shining silver is white bones of love.  
 While you promenade leisurely  
 I sleep fast. I think  
 The hyacinth in the southern sphere  
 Wanders still.

### 2.

Oh!  
 How long it has been buried!  
 —iced-over passion and piercing cold.  
 —white bones of love.

At night  
 On your way home, you pass by this spot.  
 You love to whistle gently.  
 You would sit by the roadside  
 —How warm it is here, you would ponder,  
 This shining silver, —  
 It seems I've been here before.

What are you thinking about?  
 I am sleeping here,  
 Here, on the snow-covered ground, white bones of love.  
 I will collect your footprints.

### 3.

Don't you like to trample on things? Oh, yes,  
 I remember the traces of water you left  
 When you skated on the heights.  
 I would enjoy the mutilation  
 Even if you came down on rusty blades.

Who am I?  
 I am the soil, the melted waterdrops.

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## 雪地上

林冷

### (一)

我靜靜仰臥着，在雪地上。  
雪地上  
那皚皚的銀色是戀的白骨。  
你悠悠地蹣跚；  
我已熟睡了。我以為  
南半球的風信子還在流浪。

### (二)

啊！  
多麼久遠的埋藏，  
一些冰封的激情和冷冽——一些  
戀的白骨。

夜晚。  
你打這兒回家，  
你愛吹噓輕輕的哨音，  
你會在路旁坐下來，  
——這兒真暖，你想；  
這兒是銀皚皚的，  
這兒像是來過。

你惦記甚麼？  
我睡在這裏，  
這裏——雪地上，是戀的白骨；  
我會收集你的足印。

### (三)

你喜愛踐踏麼？哦，是的  
想起在高處，因你滑過而留下水痕。  
我有毀傷的愉悅，  
倘使你帶着長鏽的冰刀來到。

我是什麼啊——  
我是泥土，我是熔化的水珠。

### He Knocked at the Gate

By Lin Ling

He knocked at the gate,  
-But did not stay long beneath the gate tower.  
He knocked at the gate, wearing a black robe.  
Raising his whip, he looked inside, from afar.  
The gates in all other directions were locked  
Except the East Gate. A guard with a silver beard was dozing.  
His eyes, dipped in memory, scanned this man from a remote land.

He knocked at the gate,  
But did not stay long beneath the gate tower.  
He was a man who never settled down anywhere.  
Quietly went the hoofs.  
When he departed  
His long whip  
Spread dust all over the moat  
Which had never been enveloped by fog before.

He knocked at the gate and left dry twigs behind  
And ashes which soared with the wind  
In the woods outside the castle, and descended  
To earth to rest in peace, but, though the weight was diminishing  
There would be no dream of peaceful rest  
In the traveller's sack.

## 叩關的人

林泠

叩關的人  
沒有在城樓下停留  
叩關的人，穿戴玄色的衿衣  
手揚着馬鞭，向裏，遙遙張望  
每一方門牆都緊鎖了，祇有  
東城的，銀鬚的看守者打盹  
用回憶底眼，打量遠方的來人

叩關的人  
沒有在城樓下停留  
他是，永不落籍於任何所在的  
馬蹄無聲。那長長的鞭啊  
——在他離去的時候——  
竟使一向無霧的城池，滿佈了沙塵

叩關的人遺下枯枝  
和殘燼，於城外的林莽  
它們迎風飛起，降落  
在泥土中安息，隨着失去重量  
而安息的夢是不會有的  
在那叩關人的行囊



## The Mirror of Karma

By Xiong Hong

When you went travelling  
 I was here, in solitude, contemplating  
 It was the unbearable thought of parting from one another  
 That bound and perpetuated our bond of marriage.  
 An ordinary couple are we.  
 So-called love was the wish to stay together.

(Tonight you dwell in Quadruple Creek.  
 Quadrifold gauze curtains  
 Partition quadrifold misty dreams.  
 Tonight you dwell in Quadruple Creek.)

You took trouble to settle our house  
 By the water, by the dikes,  
 So that I could watch the flowering reeds and fragrant grass.  
 Peaceful was our life.  
 So-called love was sometimes  
 As splendid as misty sunset clouds.

(Tonight you dwell in a Buddhist temple in Lotus Town.  
 In a darkling side room  
 Are you sitting quietly in meditation?)

You never made rash promises,  
 Not even betrothal in our next life.  
 Pressed for an answer, you said,  
 "In our next life, you would be my beloved daughter."  
 With this obsessive idea quenched, all my anxiety dispersed.  
 Clamorous songs vanished like swift water.  
 Compared to you, Li Qingzhao,\*  
 I found more bliss in my marriage in this life.

\*Renowned poetess of the Song dynasty. She was happily married to a scholar who died young.

## 鏡緣詩

夏虹

你去旅行的日子  
我在這裏靜靜的推想  
是不忍分離的一念  
牽綿這姻緣  
平凡的夫妻  
所謂愛情，是願相見——

(今晚你宿在四重溪  
四重羅帷隔著四重煙夢  
今晚你宿在四重溪)

你費心把家安頓在  
水邊隄邊  
讓我看芳草，蘆花  
平靜的生活  
所謂愛情，有時也  
美如煙霞——

(今晚你住花蓮的寺廟  
幽暗的廂房  
你是不是在靜靜的打坐?)

你是不輕於許諾的  
甚至來世的婚約  
問急了，你說  
下輩子，我是你鍾愛的女兒  
——一念之止，萬苦頓滅!  
熱鬧的歌聲，也倏然消蹤  
就一世的夫妻論  
我說清照啊，我比你幸福



## 鏡緣詩

夏虹

你去旅行的日子  
 我在這裏靜靜的推想  
 是不忍分離的一念  
 牽綿這姻緣  
 平凡的夫妻  
 所謂愛情，是願相見——

(今晚你宿在四重溪  
 四重羅帷隔著四重煙夢  
 今晚你宿在四重溪)

你費心把家安頓在  
 水邊隄邊  
 讓我看芳草，蘆花  
 平靜的生活  
 所謂愛情，有時也  
 美如煙霞——

(今晚你住花蓮的寺廟  
 幽暗的廂房  
 你是不是在靜靜的打坐?)

你是不輕於許諾的  
 甚至來世的婚約  
 問急了，你說  
 下輩子，我是你鍾愛的女兒  
 ——一念之止，萬苦頓滅!  
 熱鬧的歌聲，也悠然消蹤  
 就一世的夫妻論  
 我說清照啊，我比你幸福

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### Written at Sunset

By Xiong Hong

Round leaves merge with the water.  
 Time graven on their green faces.  
 Our hearts are the ocean, the lake  
 And then a tiny pond.  
 Gossamer criss-crosses on and beneath the leaves.  
 My longing is a drop of water.

Sometimes, suddenly, we fall in love with old stories.  
 Time triumphs then  
 And lets down its long hair  
 Shadowy black  
 Trailing all over like willow branches.

The old melancholy always comes from beyond the land of longing.  
 The colours of the sunset thicken.  
 Shadows stick to the water.  
 You cannot tear them away . . . .

### 寫在黃昏

龔虹

圓葉浮起，光陰刻在青蒼的臉上  
 我們的心是海，是湖  
 最後是小小的池  
 游絲交錯，圓葉之上，圓葉之下  
 盼望如一滴水珠

有時我們會突然的愛着陳舊的故事  
 時間便勝利了  
 它披着長髮  
 而且很陰暗  
 像那曳了一地的，那垂柳

那些古老的傷感，總要從盼望以外來  
 暮色加濃，影子貼在水面  
 撕也撕不開……



### Children's Words

By Luo Ying

A murdered sun  
In a chimney-like city.  
An absurd autumn ripens  
On a weeping tree.  
The torn boomings of a bell  
Are falling  
Like dead doves.

It is a season which forever slumbers,  
People are the fermented stars,  
the broken clay dolls on a ladder,  
or the dead snake-like sunlight.

Free the hedgehogs from the guitar, please.  
Here the roses  
Are the last lies.

Those wailing fish  
Hustle in the darkness  
Maria in the picture frame,  
I heard that you died already.  
So died the sailor.

### 孩語

羅英

一個被殺死的太陽  
在烟囱般的城市裏

那棵哭泣的樹上  
結着荒謬的秋天  
一些撕碎的鐘聲  
像死鴿子那樣  
落下來

那個睡不醒的季節呵  
人們是發酵的星星  
是梯級上破碎的泥偶  
是死蛇一般的陽光

把刺蝟從吉他裏放出來吧  
這裏的玫瑰  
是最後的謊

他們哭聲的魚  
在黑暗中擁擠  
鏡框裏的瑪麗亞呵  
傳說已經死了  
水手死了

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People are the fermented stars,  
the broken clay dolls on a ladder,  
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I heard that you died already.  
So died the sailor.

### 孩語

羅英

一個被殺死的太陽  
在烟囱般的城市裏

那棵哭泣的樹上  
結着荒謬的秋天  
一些撕碎的鐘聲  
像死鴿子那樣  
落下來

那個睡不醒的季節呵  
人們是發酵的星星  
是梯級上破碎的泥偶  
是死蛇一般的陽光

把刺蝟從吉他裏放出來吧  
這裏的玫瑰  
是最後的謊

他們哭聲的魚  
在黑暗中擁擠  
鏡框裏的瑪麗亞呵  
傳說已經死了  
水手死了

**The Name of a Traveller**

By Luo Ying

Snowflakes  
Are sharp weeds  
They saw in dreams,  
Flooding and shouting  
Around the house.

Thus winter  
Dissolves in charcoal fire  
Into a poem  
Read over and over.

Please recite it, engrave it and  
Plant it  
On a cloud  
On which no word has ever been written.  
Make it  
Wander.  
Make it  
Shout.

Then  
Snowflakes will descend on the bed  
Descend on weeds of tears.  
They will turn into salt,  
Into the name  
Of a traveller.

旅人的名字 羅英

雪花  
是他們夢裏面見到的  
芒草  
泛濫而且吶喊着  
在房屋的四週

冬季就這般地  
在炭火中熔化成  
唸過許多遍的  
詩

請將之背誦將之銘刻將之  
種植在  
未曾書寫過的  
雲上  
使之  
漂泊  
使之  
喧嘩

那時  
雪花降落在床上  
降落在淚的芒草中  
成爲鹽  
成爲旅人的  
名字



**Metamorphosis**

By Luo Ying

Daylight  
Is the dancing snow  
That gushes out  
Before anyone else does.  
The snow falls on  
My ears  
Which are still blocked by night.  
The ears are the darkest  
Nights that bloom  
In the core of  
Night.

At six o'clock  
On the face of the clock  
Which was cut into two half-rounds  
The juice of morning  
Drop by drop  
Descends on  
The ruins of night.

Among the numerous hands  
Of a streetlamp  
That has just gone out  
The tumultuous light  
Is already  
Born.

I was suddenly  
Transformed into  
A moth.

蛻變

羅英

白晝  
是最先湧冒出來的  
跳舞的  
雪  
飛臨於  
我猶被夜所擁塞的  
雙耳

耳是開放在  
夜之央  
至黑的  
夜

六時正  
在被切為兩個半圓的  
時鐘上  
晨的汁液  
逐滴地  
降臨於  
夜底殘垣上

從一盞剛熄滅的  
路燈  
之衆手間  
蠢動的光  
已然  
誕生

我  
突然  
蛻變成  
蛾

**Shows of Death****By Luo Ying****1.**

When he  
Stood on the highest roof top  
Only the wind  
Blew toward him  
Shook hands with him  
And bid him adieu.

Also like  
The butterfly  
That was once in love  
He stretched his arms  
To measure  
The distance  
Between life and death.

To the closed doors  
Of a church  
He cast a loud  
Cry  
That was shattered into  
Echoes  
That filled the sky.

He cast down  
His body too.  
Suddenly he was turned into  
A torn book  
Of which the plot was  
As cold as  
Blood.

**2.**

Walking on the highway  
She  
Closes her eyes.

死之演出 羅英

(一)

當他  
站在最高的樓頂上  
只有風  
吹過來  
與他握手並且  
道別

也像  
戀愛過的  
蝴蝶  
他張開兩臂  
丈量着  
生與死的  
距離

他投下的一聲  
呼喊  
在一座教堂  
關閉的門前  
碎成  
漫天的  
回音

將身體也  
投下去  
他頓成爲散裂的  
一本書  
在血那樣  
冰涼的  
劇情中

(二)

走在馬路上  
她  
閉着眼睛

As if  
The lights are eyes  
The eyes  
Of cat, of sky, of fairytale, of love.

Oh  
It rains  
With such dense  
Sounds.

She lies down.  
The highway is her bed.  
She puts on blood.  
She pillows on  
Death.

## 3.

That night  
The moon on his back  
Painted  
A shadow  
Which lay  
Prostrate solemnly and became  
The sickly form  
Of a beetle.

Illumined by the headlight  
The beetle vanished instantly  
And snuck into his  
Body  
Ceaselessly yelling his  
Name.

In wrath he dived into  
The pool  
With a string of rising  
Bubbles, he and his shadow  
Both became clouds  
That drifted in  
Heaven.

彷彿  
燈光就是眼睛  
貓的天空的童話的愛情的  
眼睛

哦  
下着多麼濃密的  
聲音的  
雨

她躺下  
路就是床  
她穿着血  
她枕着  
死

(三)

那晚  
月光從他背後  
繪下的  
影  
肅然匍匐成  
一隻甲蟲的  
病軀

由於車燈的照亮  
立即就消逝的那隻  
甲蟲  
竟潛入了他的  
體內  
且不停地呼叫着他的  
名字

他憤然躍進  
水池  
隨着一陣升起的  
泡沫，他與他的影  
俱化作天堂間  
漂泊的  
雲

## 4.

Sunrise

Is the rose which one should not

Pluck at will . . . .

The pondering monkey

Suddenly sees

The wild grasses around his cage

Raise their

Clamouring

Hands.

A burning planet

Gallops

Toward him.

He too starts to flee

Because he cannot break

The cage

Which failed to trap Day and Night.

His body and the cage clash and spark off

Blossoms

Of blood.

Blood takes possession of

The no longer pondering

Beast.

Silence is a pile of ashes.

The unplucked rose

From Heaven

Descends

Toward

The cage that imprisons

A corpse.

(四)

日出  
是無法任意攀摘的  
玫瑰……

沉思中的猴子  
忽見  
荒草已在牠囚籠的四週  
升起  
吶喊的  
手  
一個着火的星球  
正向着自己  
狂奔而來

遂也立即開始逃跑  
由於  
跑不出那連晝和夜都囚不住的  
牢籠  
反讓牢籠和身體撞擊出  
血的  
花朵  
血佔領了  
那不再思想的  
獸  
寂靜是一堆灰燼  
從天堂未被攀摘的  
玫瑰  
向着  
囚一具屍體的  
牢籠  
飄落



## The Mighty King of Chu

By Dan Ying

He is a fire-ball from Heaven  
 Suddenly bursting  
 In the dark night  
 Scorching the vast land from east of the Wu River  
 To the Epang Palace of Qin  
 To finally forge in flames  
 His overwhelming title of  
 Mighty King.

Blame that cup of heated wine  
 For failing to burn down the banquet hall at Hong Gate,  
 Or a glorious chapter of Chu history would have been written  
 He allows that invisible Flood Dragon  
 Holding the crown in his mouth  
 To go and hide in the tall grass on hills.  
 All the King has in his hands  
 Is a pair of fatal white-jade discs.

The legend says  
 Wherever a flood dragon goes, cloud and rain follow.  
 When the Dragon is encircled threefold by the King's troops  
 A sudden gale blows up.  
 East and west of the border river Hong'gou  
 All is cloud, all is rain.

Thunder-peals, howling wind, and whistling rain  
 Drive the King to Gaixia.  
 Provisions run out.  
 Soldiers are dying.  
 A wild whirlwind breaks his banner pole.  
 His black-dappled horse neighs furiously.  
 "Time is against me, what can I do?"

"Why don't we return to our neglected fields?  
 Why are we fighting a thousand miles from home?"  
 Who is singing this ballad?  
 The undulating notes tumble with the whirling yellow sand.  
 The King cannot discern  
 On which side the sun is shining  
 On which side the rain is falling.

## 楚霸王

淡瑩

他是黑夜中  
陡然迸發起來的  
一團天火  
從江東熊熊焚燒到阿房宮  
最後自火中提煉出  
一個霸氣磅礴的  
名字

錯就錯在那杯溫酒  
沒有把鴻門燃成  
一冊楚國史  
却讓隱形的蛟龍  
啣着江山  
遁入山間莽草  
他手上捧着的  
只是一雙致命的白璧

據說  
有蛟龍必有雲雨  
被圍三匝  
大風忽起  
鴻溝以西以東  
都是雲都是雨

他被雷聲風聲雨聲  
追趕至垓下  
糧絕  
兵盡  
狂飈折斷纛旗  
烏騅赫然咆哮  
時不利兮可奈何

「田園將蕪胡不歸  
千里從軍爲了誰」  
是誰的歌聲  
捲起滾滾黃沙  
他辨不出  
那方有太陽  
那方有雨水



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When he reaches the Wu River  
 His face resembles a flower in early autumn—  
 Petals falling one after another.  
 The glistening waves of the river  
 Are numerous glittering mirrors.

On this bank  
 The enemy troops hold high the notice of a bounty for his pitch-black head—  
 A thousand taels of gold and a fief of ten thousand households.  
 Never did his head shine or dazzle more  
 Than at this moment.

On the far bank  
 Women and children wail for the souls of eight thousand dead youths.  
 Though the elderly are once again willing to call him  
 Mighty King of West Chu  
 His face has withered  
 Into yellow twilight.  
 Gently flows the Wu River.

Crossing to the east  
 But no ferry-boat can carry his yesterday's magnitude.  
 Behind him  
 The banners of the heavenly posse  
 Billow with wind and cloud.

His dancing sword cuts  
 A thousand paths,  
 Barring the entrance of man or spirit.  
 Suddenly he opens his mouth wide  
 And bites the cold blade.  
 Just thirty-one—his blood  
 Geysers into the blue sky  
 Then falls into the adverse current.

The great river flows east  
 His head and torso  
 Are worth a thousand taels of gold  
 Ten thousand households and five titles of honour.  
 The waves have washed away all heroes in the past  
 But his blood still sobs in the Wu River.

行至烏江  
他的臉  
如初秋之花  
一片一片墜下  
江上的粼光  
是數不盡的鏡台

此岸  
敵軍高舉千金萬邑的榜告  
他那顆漆黑的頭顱  
沒有比這時  
更閃爍  
更扎眼

彼岸  
婦孺啼喚八千子弟的魂魄  
縱使父老願再稱他一聲  
西 楚 霸 王  
他的容貌  
已零落成黃昏  
烏江悠悠

東渡  
無船載得動昨日的霸氣  
身後  
天兵的旌旗捲起風跟雲

他把寶劍舞成數百道  
人鬼隔絕的路  
倏地張大嘴  
一口咬住那股寒鋒  
三十一歲的鮮血  
直冲青天  
終於跌入逆流

大江東去  
他的頭顱跟肢體  
價值千金萬邑  
及五個誥封  
浪淘盡千古風流人物  
他的血在烏江嗚咽

## A Beautiful Moment

By Xi Murong

When the night spreads out  
 Like a bolt of black brocade, and  
 Your gentle whispers  
 Snare my ears with sweetness,  
 My heart, cold and cruel  
 During the day,  
 Has oddly turned warm.  
 At such  
 A beautiful moment  
 I wish  
 Your arms  
 Could embrace  
 Me.

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## 美麗的時刻

席慕蓉

當夜如黑色錦緞般  
 鋪展開來 而  
 輕柔的話語從耳旁  
 甜蜜地纏繞過來  
 在白晝時  
 曾那樣冷酷的心  
 竟也慢慢地溫暖起來  
 就是在這樣一個  
 美麗的時刻裏  
 渴望  
 你能  
 擁我  
 入懷

一棵開花的樹

席慕蓉

如何讓你遇見我  
在我最美麗的時刻 爲這  
我已在佛前 求了五百年  
求祂讓我們結一段塵緣

佛於是把我化作一棵樹  
長在你必經的路旁  
在陽光下慎重地開滿了花  
朵朵都是我前世的盼望

當你走近 請你細聽  
顫抖的葉是我等待的熱情  
而當你終於無視地走過  
在你身後落了一地的  
朋友啊 那不是花瓣  
是我凋零的心

A Tree in Bloom

By Xi Murong

I wish when you meet me  
My beauty is in its prime. For this moment  
I have prayed to Buddha for five hundred years,  
Asking him to realize our karma of love.

So, Buddha transforms me into a tree,  
Planted by a road which you will tread.  
In earnest it blooms fully in the sunlight.  
Every flower is my longing from a previous life.

When you walk near, please listen—  
The trembling leaves are my passions awaiting you.  
When you walk by and notice me not  
What falls to the ground behind you  
My friend, are not petals  
But the withered valves of my heart.

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水薑花 馮青

然後  
就在這樣窸索的水面  
看到  
月光湧動

兩岸的燈火也濕了  
我眉睫的露水盈盈  
開了又開的素花  
靜靜的在秋色中疲倦

而每次  
都是這樣靠着你的肩  
訴說 水的寂寞  
你將會在冰涼中  
逐漸 感覺我

**Water Ginger Flower**

By Feng Qing

And then  
On the surface of the quivering water  
I saw  
The rushing moonbeams.

The lamplight on both shores glistened.  
On my eyelashes dew sparkled.  
The white flowers that bloomed over and over again  
Grew weary in the quiet autumn scene.

Many times  
Leaning on your shoulder  
I spoke of the loneliness of water.  
Gradually, in its icy coolness,  
you'll apprehend me.



## 歲暮一則 翔翎

來信問我  
 冰雪的心情  
 我搖搖頭  
 把寂寞和淚水  
 都還給了你

至於早春  
 繽紛的花事如夢  
 我日日在江邊梳頭  
 春水把我的容貌  
 也複印給了你

而秋來的步月  
 應是一種等待  
 直到你的步履  
 落葉似地  
 將我的足印  
 一一掩覆

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### A Poem Written at the End of the Year

By Xiang Ling

You wrote to ask after me.  
 My heart covered by ice and snow,  
 I shook my head and  
 In return I sent you  
 All my loneliness and tears.

As for early Spring,  
 Its colourful blossoms were only dreams.  
 Everyday I combed my hair by the river.  
 Spring flood reproduced and delivered  
 To you my countenance.

In autumn I walked in the moonlight  
 Waiting for you  
 Until your steps  
 Like falling leaves  
 Would one after another  
 Cover my footprints.

translated by Ling Chung

**Magic Hour****By Ling Chung**

When Time is bewitched  
purple serpents and golden dragons thread the waves.  
Wandering between fake and real,  
drops of water cannot make their minds up to play  
the role of mist or of spray.  
Longing for their lost homes,  
sailors weep on distant waters.  
The slanting sun won't set;  
his trembling fingers clutch at a mountain peak.  
Suddenly, weather-worn by surf,  
the boulders deploy for battle.  
They wait patiently to trap the Night Fairy  
who soon will soar over the small islands.  
Her moon-silver bare white feet  
beneath a black satin gown  
will trod their bare chests  
and dance to the tinkling of waters.

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## 著魔的時刻

鍾玲

當流著了魔  
紫色的蛟金色的龍  
在波濤間穿梭。  
水花在虛和實之間彷徨  
不知道該扮演浪濤  
還是化身迷霧。  
回不了家的水手哭泣  
在遙遠的水域。  
夕陽捨不得歸去  
震顫的手指攀住山頭。  
風浪中打過滾的羣石  
傾刻列成陣勢  
靜悄悄  
等候夜神飛越小島  
等候她月牙白的赤足  
裹在烏紗裙裏的赤足  
踏上他們裸露的胸膛  
叮噠起舞。

## A Letter Burner

By Ling Chung

Cling to the sublime,  
which is your sublime,  
for it never was mine,  
who am a person without dreams,  
who am but touchwood.

Strike a light off my body then,  
scoop up the glow in your hands  
and go—leave  
without setting me on fire  
without feeding me to the flames.

Let not the dream of you  
like the blue of the sky  
hem me in no matter where I go,  
who from spring to fall  
can survive the bonds  
of but one season.

I brandish my hands and set fire  
to this forest of yearning;  
your words set to my songs  
start dancing  
drearly  
in the midst of the flames.

Would  
that we could drink in  
the white clouds of heaven together  
with our lustrated eyes.

Would  
that the hair I have shorn  
could uphold  
your foundering heart  
that sinks into the abyss of solitude  
like a pearl of dew  
that drips into the heart  
of a lotus blossom.

## 焚書人 鍾玲

摘下那巍巍  
巍巍是你的  
不屬於我——  
一個無夢的人  
一個火柴盒

在我身上擦出火花  
便捧著光  
離去  
不要燒我燬我

別讓你的夢  
像天空的藍  
到處裹住我  
因為春天秋天  
我只能活在  
一季裏

我撒手點燃  
這片相思林  
你的字合著我的歌  
淒涼地  
在焰中起舞

願  
我們共飲  
天上白雲  
以清純的眼

願  
我的斷髮  
托住你  
沉落的心  
當它落入  
寂寞的深谷  
如一珠露  
滴入蓮花心