

飛翔的哲學

此刻

我想變一隻鳥

一隻藍色的鳥

輕拍羽翼

繞島飛迴一周

眷戀地

怯避地

唯恐引起太大的風動

和不必要的漣漪

是的

這小島每個角落

剛好熟悉到能任意翻飛

也剛好陌生到值得再巡

上面每一個臉孔

皆可化約成坐標

坐標也可還原成臉孔

在我振翼向東之前

這還原過程

一定要重複一次

只此一次

不會嫌不夠的

若能說上半句話……
縱使不能亦無所憾
是的
你們都不太熟知
飛翔的哲學了
甚至連風箏也不知
那故作瀟灑的傢伙
給一條綫曳著算什麼

飛翔的哲學就寫在
說別的藝術大書上
只有在啟錨出海時
帆才是張得最滿
亦只有在潮退剎那
沙粒才拼命抓住流水
鐵石心肝
也必為永別二字滴血

而一隻鳥
把最後的注碼押在
不移的大地上
更是有勝無負

待清晨的車長
吹響一聲哨子
御風的浪子
便如脫囚籠
跨海而發
藍色的鳥
但願我像你一樣
在清晨出發
只摘下書頁一角
給有需要的
擦擦眼淚

中文大學出版社：具有版權的資



Sunset in Sarajevo

O Sarajevo, I first fell in love
When you were a ballerina on ice,
Skating in style atop a glacial slope,
Dispensing many an Olympic prize.
Then darker feuds had all rules swept aside.
I lost touch; turned to tend my garden rack,
You became concubine of genocide,
Brains dashed and skulls spiked on your virgin tracks.
I too grew bleary, weak in knees, endured
Dreary sunsets, then drearier rises.
But to fair Sarajevo will be due
My love always, and a thousand roses.
 A fragile bud that shot through fire and blood
 Now stands a golden bough in the twilight flood.



I Cannot Know Pain

Do I know Pain or do I not?
My answer must appear as odd.
For no lover should Pain survive,
But I somehow lived on and thrived
After you dropped out of my lot.

I felt wretched like I hit the rock.
My heart ached but beat on; my passion mocked.
The conclusion must then derive:
I cannot know Pain.

To be frank, it still hurts like rot.
But I manage—barely... somewhat.
But far, far from total demise.
So I think I will state it twice,
Not without shame...or guilt, for short,
I cannot know Pain.

