

晨光詩選

Dawn Light:
Six Young Poets from Taiwan

Translated and edited by Dominic Cheung

DU YE

LI NAN

LUO QING

WU DELIANG

WU SHENG

XIANG YANG

晨光詩選

INTRODUCTION

IS WESTERN MODERNISM a deluge from which Chinese poetry cannot escape? Do contemporary Chinese poets have to start and end with loneliness and alienation? Does the retreat into classicism and Buddhism in some way resuscitate the long-dormant Chinese-ness of the westernized poet?

The recent evolution of Chinese poetry in Taiwan offers tentative answers to some of these questions. In the 1970s, some of the younger poets in Taiwan became more conscious of presenting social themes, while other poets endeavoured to perfect the modernist tradition. This conflict came to a head in the Native Literature 鄉土文學 dispute of the late 70s. After much painful experimentation in making poetry socially oriented and popular, there arose a new awareness among the young poets that poetry must have more than a forceful, didactic manner and a social mission. They began to write more freely, unbound by the practices of either camp. They affirmed that poetry could be, or rather should be, written without pre-set poetic theories.

The reader may wish to refer to Yang Mu's essay on pp. 74-80.

In contrast to the sophisticated modernists, who pursued human existence into deeper but less clearly delineated realms, the new poets attempt to attune their inner sensibility to a more solid and unsophisticated outer environment. The new poet, unlike some of his modernist predecessors, does not attempt to evade reality by drawing deeper within himself into a dark and alienated corner. Instead, he extends his ego onto the social plane, protesting the threat to his personal ecology, but nevertheless viewing himself as part of society. He seeks a clearer mode of expression, to replace the sophisticated, manipulative diction of the modernists. Man and real life become once again the primary sources of poetic imagination.

Wu Sheng's preference for village themes is an attempt to reveal and reaffirm the simple sweetness of the soil. "Impressions of My Village" is a series of poems attempting to depict a more naked and true reality, a return to the village soil. Wu's vision of the truth, innocence and sweetness of the village is the corollary of his rejection of the machine and the city. Li Nan and Wu Deliang share this awareness. Luo Qing's works reflect a continuation of the modernist influence, but the variety of objects he presents and his unique insight in "abstracting" them have opened for him a new way out of the modernist impasse. Du Ye has rejuvenated modernism with a strong dose of new imagery and symbolism, as in his "Telephone Booth in the Rain". Xiang Yang is the youngest of the six poets selected here, and in his long poem "Sailing in the Rain" he strikes a new note, brooding on the theme that preoccupies every modern Chinese writer: China.

The social consciousness of Taiwan's poets has intensified steadily in a span of little more than thirty years. Theirs is a poetry that penetrates deeply into Chinese life, a lyrical voice that leads the reader to a higher understanding of the modern Chinese mind.

—DOMINIC CHEUNG

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PAGODA.
Woodcut, 1980,
Hong Suli.

Hong Suli 洪素麗, whose woodcuts accompany several of the poems, was born in 1947. She is a native of Kao-hsiung (Gaoxiong) in Taiwan, and is currently resident in New York. She is an artist specializing in woodcuts, and also writes prose and poetry.

DU YE 渡也 (born 1953)

Despite his youth, Du Ye has more than three hundred poems to his credit. All his work is of a high quality, and its striking imagery and dramatic content testify to the originality of his imagination. He also writes prose poems.

1. For Myself

In memory of my forever-gone nineteenth year

In the beginning, I really did not know what was happening. Until I heard myself utter the first cry, Du Ye! (Oh! Each heavy echo was a sad, sad summons!) Then I rushed headlong into the heart of a dark cave. Later I recalled, "... Darkness... was my beginning..." Yet I had already seen, had no time to intercept, so many, oh, so many Du Ye's rushing out, pell-mell:

"For the Sake of Birth."

till all the Du Ye's
drown the barren hill
utterly.

渡也

——紀念永遠不再回來的十九歲

起先我真的不知道爲什麼。渡也！然而我只聽到我喊了一聲（哦，密密的回響都是，悽悽的召喚），然後，不斷地，奔進黝黑的山洞深處。後來我想起來了：「……黑暗……是我的最初吧……」但我已經看見，我已經看見了，而且來不及攔截，啊，許許多多，許許多多的，渡也！不斷地，不斷地，奔出去：

「爲了誕生」

直到所有的渡也將整座荒山
淹
沒

2. Telephone Booth in the Rain

suddenly

a flash of thought strikes
O blood-dripping roses

wither

雨中的電話亭

突然

以思想擊響閃電的
鮮血淋漓的玫瑰啊

凋萎

3. The Chrysanthemum and the Sword

"Would that in each and every life we could be husband and wife."

—Shen Fu

If I am the forlorn chrysanthemum awaiting execution, then you are the sword bearing sorrow. On a dark night in the cold desolation of the mountains, slowly you pierce my warm heart, and my yellow blood flows, drips, filters into the closely textured earth, roots, sprouts, for ever without regret. Finally, in deepest autumn, a chrysanthemum blooms whose past life you wounded, and once again on a dark night in the cold desolation of the mountains, on the plain where we keep tryst in each and every life, with tearful eyes, it waits again.

for you to be drawn from your scabbard.

This is our last reunion; you will crack before my eyes, painfully vomit my yellow blood, and return all the blood to my former self the present chrysanthemum.

菊花與劍

——沈三白：「願生生世世爲夫婦。」

如我不幸爲臨刑的菊花，妳便是含著恨的劍了，在關山淒冷的黑夜，徐徐刺入我溫熱的心臟，容我流淌黃色的血，點點滴滴，滲進泥土密密的組織，九死不悔地生根發芽，終於在深秋時，仍然綻放一朵，生前被妳刺傷的菊花，復在關山淒冷的黑夜，我們生生世世約會的草原，含淚，再度
等妳出鞘

最後的重逢，妳當在我眼底碎裂，痛苦地吐出我黃顏色的血液，
——還給
從前的我
如今的菊花

LI NAN 李男 (born 1952)

Like Luo Qing and Wu Deliang, Li Nan is a poet-painter. He started painting and writing in his high school days. His "2½ Mythology" is a long confessional poem written when he was a senior high school student. His poems are filled with domestic warmth, and he is one of the more unadorned of the younger poets, stressing the spontaneous flow of emotions and the realistic portrayal of events. At the same time, he subscribes to the mimetic theory of poetry: "Poetry is like photography; every poet is a camera, revealing in forms all objects he sees and feels. Once they are seen as literary objects, they become poetry."

EIGHT POEMS FOR CHILDREN
1. The Fifteenth Evening of the First Lunar Month

After the stars have disappeared,
The lonesome moon, with tearful eyes,
Searches for them everywhere.

The stars have sneaked out to the streets
And changed into warm, cozy lanterns.
Joyfully they play with the children,
Hand in hand, in the human world.

2. Papa and Mama

Mama is a tree,
Papa's words a breeze
Blowing gently in mama's ears;
Mama often laughs aloud
Like a joyful tree
Rustling in the breeze.

童話八首
1. 元宵夜

滿天星星都不見了
剩下孤單的月亮
睜開眼睛到處找
好像要哭出來的樣子

原來星星都偷偷跑到街上
變成一盞一盞溫暖的燈籠
和小朋友們手牽著手
高高興興在人間遊戲

2. 爸爸和媽媽

媽媽是一棵樹
爸爸的話是微風
常常在媽媽耳邊輕輕吹拂
而媽媽總是笑得很大聲
像一棵快樂的，被微風吹動的樹

3. The Rooster

Conceiving of the universe as a big cookie,
The young rooster goes on his journey,
Pecking at the earth.
Sometimes it's quite delicious;
But when he pecks at his own shadow,
His head droops sadly sideways.

4. The Dream

Father fell asleep one day,
Whistles blowing in his mouth.
There must be lots of ships laden with dreams
In father's head.

5. The Dog

There's a secret in the dog's mind,
And he doesn't know where to hide it;
Back and forth he runs outside the house,
Sometimes stopping to dig a hole,
Sometimes sticking out his nose,
Carefully sniffing for a while.
Somehow, he can't seem to trust
His secret to a hole.
So up he gets and keeps on running.

Tired at last, he rests in the shade;
Imperceptibly, his secret dozes off
Too, in the gentle breeze.

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CHICKENS AMONG PLANTAINS.
Woodcut, 1982,
Hong Suli.

3. 公雞

以為世界是一塊大餅
年青的公雞一面旅行
一面啄著泥土
味道偶而特別可口
但有時會啄到自己的影子
牠就悲哀的歪著頭

4. 夢

有一天，爸爸睡著了
嘴吧裡有汽笛的聲音
一定有很多載滿夢的輪船
在爸爸的頭腦裏

5. 狗

狗的心中有一個秘密
不知道應該藏在那裏
牠在屋外跑來跑去
有時停下來挖一個洞
伸長鼻子小心聞一聞
總是不太放心
千萬不能把秘密放在洞裏
只好站起來繼續跑

跑累了，牠躺在樹蔭下休息
不知不覺，牠和心裏的秘密
在陣陣微風中一齊睡去

6. The Breeze

In an invisible dress, the breeze
Tiptoes past the garden,
Steals a flower's fragrance.

Annoyed, the flower shakes her head—
Drops a few quivering leaves.

7. Fireflies

When mother was small,
She used to catch tiny fireflies in the yard.
I'm always seeing flickering fireflies in the room, too;
I want to catch them.
But when I get closer,
I discover they're not fireflies, only
Father smoking on the sofa.

8. The Telephone

The telephone is a house without doors.
Sometimes father's friends stay inside,
Sometimes mother's friends.
They always ring to talk to my parents.

I have a phone too, a toy phone
With my own friends inside,
But they never call me;
And they are never at home
When I try to call them.

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SPRING CHORUS. Woodcut, 1982,
Hong Suli.

6. 微風

微風穿著看不見的衣服
輕輕從花園走過
偷走了花的香味

花生氣的搖搖頭
落下幾片發抖的葉子

7. 螢火蟲

媽媽小時候常常在院子裏
抓到小小的螢火蟲
我常常在屋子裏
也看到閃亮的螢火蟲
我想去抓，跑到旁邊才看清
那不是螢火蟲，那是
爸爸坐在沙發上抽香煙

8. 電話

電話是一間沒有門的房子
有時候爸爸的朋友住在裏面
有時候媽媽的朋友住在裏面
他們常常搖鈴找爸爸媽媽說話

我也有一個玩具電話
裏面住著我的朋友
他們從來不找我說話
我想找他們時
他們又總是不在家

LUO QING 羅青 (born 1948)

Luo Qing was once heralded as a fresh starting point for modern Chinese poetry in Taiwan. When the modernist influence began to peter out in the 1970s, he represented a new development, a new type of imagination. He can be seen as a poet nursed by modernism, who yet succeeded in escaping its nihilistic attitude. He is also a professional painter, and always executes his compositions in a carefully planned manner.

The Writing of the Character "Tree"

My younger brother and sister ran up to me,
 Arguing, "How should we write the character 'tree'?
 How many strokes?
 How difficult is it?"

Looking at my sister's
 Round little mouth in her round little face,
 I slightly rearranged the glistening pigtails by her mouth,
 Picked up the wooden pencil that was handed me,
 Thinking I'd say:
 "First we must find a piece of good wood,
 Carefully saw it, sand it, inch by inch,
 Saw it square, sand the corners,
 Build a tiny little village,
 And not forget to sprinkle ten lovely little beans
 In the middle."
 I patted my younger brother's chubby legs,
 Stroked his black hair,
 Looked into his big, shining eyes,
 Thinking I'd say:
 "One stroke goes right the way down like this."
 But then I wanted to say,
 "A hundred slanting strokes go like that."
 And then,
 "A big round blob will do."

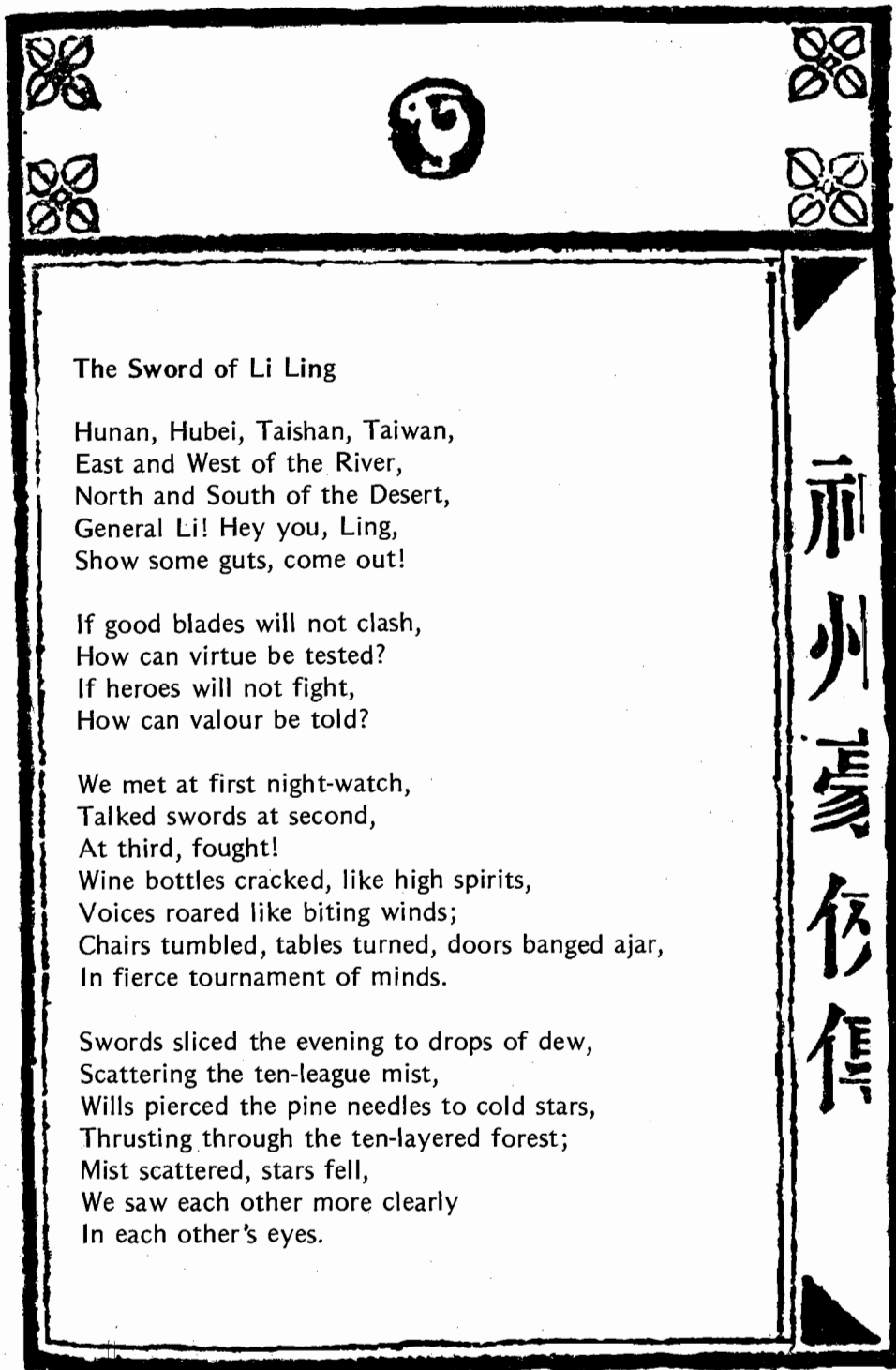
I thought and I thought. In the end, I looked it up in
 The textbook on the desk,
 Studied the character for a long while,
 And wrote down a most meticulous "tree",
 Saying, "It's very easy,
 Just do it slowly and patiently,
 Like writing 'brother' and 'sister',
 Altogether, sixteen strokes."

樹的寫法

弟弟妹妹吵吵鬧鬧
 爭着跑來問我：
 寫一個樹，要幾劃？幾劃？
 難不難？難不難？

我望了望妹妹圓臉上圓張的小嘴
 爲她理了理小嘴旁溜溜的辮子
 順手接過遞上來的木頭鉛筆
 想說，先找塊好木頭
 細細心心，一寸寸的鋸呀磨呀
 鋸得四四方方，磨得方方正正
 蓋一座小小的大村子
 村子中間，不要忘了灑上……
 十粒可愛的小豆豆
 我拍了拍弟弟的小胖腿
 摸了摸弟弟的黑頭髮
 我望了望弟弟睜得大大亮亮的眼睛
 想說，一直豎長長
 又想說，一萬撇密密
 更想說，一個圓圓點，也成
 想了半天，終於——
 我看了看桌上的標準教科書
 看了半天，終於
 我一筆不苟的，在上面
 寫了個「樹」字
 說：不難不難
 只要一筆一畫慢慢寫用心寫
 就像寫弟弟妹妹這兩個字
 一樣，共要二八一十六劃

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The Sword of Li Ling

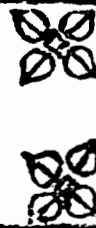
Hunan, Hubei, Taishan, Taiwan,
 East and West of the River,
 North and South of the Desert,
 General Li! Hey you, Ling,
 Show some guts, come out!

If good blades will not clash,
 How can virtue be tested?
 If heroes will not fight,
 How can valour be told?

We met at first night-watch,
 Talked swords at second,
 At third, fought!
 Wine bottles cracked, like high spirits,
 Voices roared like biting winds;
 Chairs tumbled, tables turned, doors banged ajar,
 In fierce tournament of minds.

Swords sliced the evening to drops of dew,
 Scattering the ten-league mist,
 Wills pierced the pine needles to cold stars,
 Thrusting through the ten-layered forest;
 Mist scattered, stars fell,
 We saw each other more clearly
 In each other's eyes.

永州豪俠集



申川袁氏專

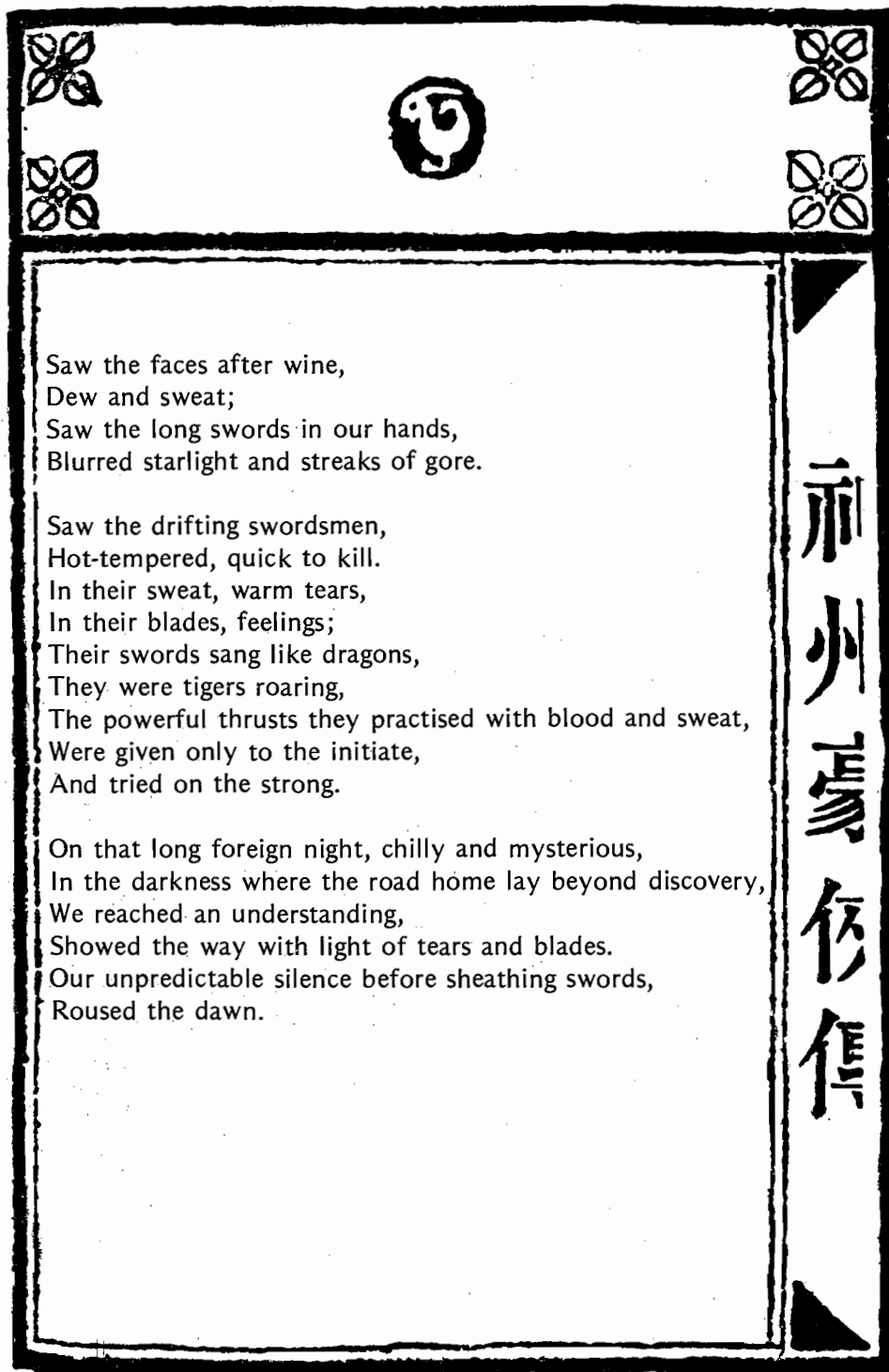
李陵劍

湖北湖南臺山臺灣
河東河西漠北漠南
李將軍！陵
有種，你出來

寶劍不鬪寶劍
焉識寶劍是寶是賤
英雄不戰英雄
豈知英雄爲鷹爲熊

一更初見
二更論劍——三更比劍
但聞酒瓶迸裂迸如酒興，吶喊裂石烈如金風
椅推桌翻門開後，彼此意見，盡化爲劍意

劍斬夜霧成露水，斬散十里夜霧
意穿松針成寒星，刺穿松樞十圍
霧散星落後，我們更清楚的
從彼此的眼中看見彼此

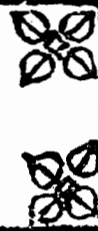


Saw the faces after wine,
 Dew and sweat;
 Saw the long swords in our hands,
 Blurred starlight and streaks of gore.

Saw the drifting swordsmen,
 Hot-tempered, quick to kill.
 In their sweat, warm tears,
 In their blades, feelings;
 Their swords sang like dragons,
 They were tigers roaring,
 The powerful thrusts they practised with blood and sweat,
 Were given only to the initiate,
 And tried on the strong.

On that long foreign night, chilly and mysterious,
 In the darkness where the road home lay beyond discovery,
 We reached an understanding,
 Showed the way with light of tears and blades.
 Our unpredictable silence before sheathing swords,
 Roused the dawn.

汜州豪俠集



申川長歌

看那酒後的臉色
沾滿露水與汗水
看那手握的長劍
殘留星光和血絲

更看那一言不合就拔劍相向的流浪劍客呵
原是汗水裏滲藏熱淚
劍鋒中常帶感情
劍似龍吟——人做虎嘯
而那以血汗練成的凌厲劍招
却是不遇識者不施，不對強者不試

尤其是在這外邦怪異幽冷的長夜裏
在這無法辨認歸路的黑暗中
當我們惺惺相惜的，用淚光與劍光為彼此照明
用收劍前難測的沉默，去驚醒黎明

SIX WAYS OF EATING WATERMELONS

The 5th Way: The Consanguinity of Watermelons

No one would mistake a watermelon for a meteorite.
Star and melon, they are totally unconnected;
But the earth is undeniably a heavenly body,
Watermelons and stars
Are undeniably consanguineous.

Not only are watermelons and the earth related
Like parent and child,
They also possess brotherly, sisterly feelings,
Like the moon and the sun,
The sun and us,
Us and the moon.

The 4th Way: The Origins of Watermelons

Evidently we live on the face of the earth;
And they, evidently, live in their watermelon interior.
We rush to and fro, thick-skinned,
Trying to stay outside, digesting light
Into darkness with which to wrap ourselves,
Cold and craving warmth.

They meditate on Zen, motionless, concentrated.
Shaping inward darkness into
Substantial, calm passions;
Forever seeking self-fulfilment and growth.
Someday, inevitably, we'll be pushed to the earth's interior,
And eventually they'll burst through the watermelon face.

吃西瓜的六種方法

第五種 西瓜的血統

沒有人會誤認西瓜爲隕石
西瓜星星，是完全不相干的
然我們卻不能否認地球是，星的一種
故而也就難以否認，西瓜具有
星星的血統

因爲，西瓜和地球不止是有
父母子女的關係，而且還有
兄弟姊妹的感情——那感情
就好像月亮跟太陽太陽跟我們我
們跟月亮的一，樣

第四種 西瓜的籍貫

我們住在地球外面，顯然
顯然，他們住在西瓜裏面
我們東奔西走，死皮賴臉的
想住在外面，把光明消化成黑暗
包裹我們，包裹冰冷而渴求溫暖的我們

他們禪坐不動，專心一意的
在裏面，把黑暗塑成具體而冷靜的熱情
不斷求自我充實，自我發展
而我們終就免不了，要被趕入地球裏面
而他們遲早也會，衝刺到西瓜外面

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The 3rd Way: The Philosophy of Watermelons

The history of watermelon philosophy
 Is shorter than the earth's, but longer than ours;
 They practise the Three Don'ts:
 See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.
 They are Daoistically *wu-wei*,
 And keep themselves to themselves.

They don't envy ova,
 Nor do they despise chicken's eggs.
 Watermelons are neither oviparous, nor viviparous,
 And comprehend the principle
 Of attaining life through death.
 Consequently, watermelons are not threatened by invasion,
 Nor do they fear
 Death.

The 2nd Way: The Territory of Watermelons

If we crushed a watermelon,
 It would be sheer
 jealousy.
 Crushing a melon is equivalent to crushing a rounded night,
 Knocking down all the
 stars,
 Crumbling a perfect
 universe.

And the outcome would only make us more jealous,
 Would only clarify the relationship
 Between meteorites and watermelon seeds,
 The friendship between watermelon seeds and the universe.
 They would only penetrate once again, more deeply,
 into our
 territory

The 1st Way:

EAT IT FIRST.

第三種 西瓜的哲學

西瓜的哲學史
比地球短，比我們長
非禮勿視勿聽勿言，勿爲——
而治的西瓜與西瓜
老死不相往來

不羨慕卵石，不輕視雞蛋
非胎生非卵生的西瓜
亦能明白死裏求生的道理
所以，西瓜不怕侵略，更不懼死亡

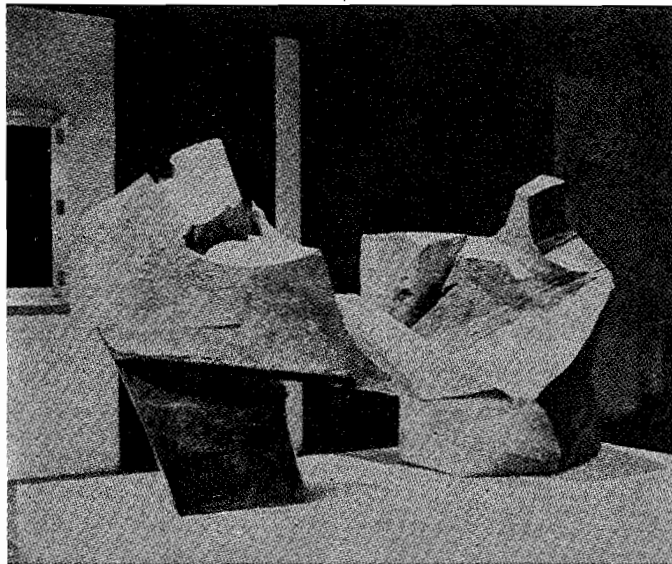
第二種 西瓜的版圖

如果我們敲破了一個西瓜
那純是爲了，嫉妒
敲破西瓜就等於敲碎一個圓圓的夜
就等於敲落了所有的，星，星
敲爛了一個完整的，宇宙

而其結果，卻總使我們更加
嫉妒，因爲這樣一來
隕石和瓜子的關係，瓜子和宇宙的交情
又將會更清楚，更尖銳的
重新撞入我們的，版圖

第一種 吃了再說

TAIJI IN BRONZE, Zhu Ming 朱銘.



WU DELIANG 吴德亮 (born 1952)

Among the young poets, Wu is the most concerned with external reality. He deals with events from real life in his poems, and looks at his surroundings with curiosity and bewilderment. Yet hiding behind this curious and bewildered mind is a deep concern for life. He began painting and writing when he was in high school in Hualian, his native town on the east coast.

Sharpshooters

We wait for the moving mountains to break
 And rise as drifting memories.
 In our moving viewfinder,
 The mountains gradually become part of the sky.
 Soil of a foreign land
 Clams to our prone bodies, so cold,
 Like the damp barrel of a gun
 Sticking to our faces.

Plaster our bright blood with praise!
 When we lie still in the muddy trenches,
 Feeding our hunger with moonlight,
 And when our thoughts fly southward,
 Please use the tegument of turf above our heads
 To conceal this restlessness of ours.

Hand gestures are our language,
 Beneath a sky with no flying doves,
 We wait silently for an incident;
 No matter what happens,
 We will not die in desperation.

Plant a black poppy in our enlarged pupils!
 Let anticipation, from far away mountains
 Aim at us with the same posture,
 Shoot down
 This entire deposit of homesickness!

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GIRL AND RIVER. Woodcut, 1983, Hong Suli.

狙擊手

等待在移動的山頭擴散
升起為紛飛的記憶，而山頭
在移動的狙擊鏡裏
已逐漸成為天空的一部分
異鄉的泥土
貼在我們俯臥的身體上
竟是如此的陰冷
一如緊貼在我們臉上
微濕的槍管

為我們鮮紅的血塗上掌聲吧
當我們躺在泥濘的戰壕
以月色充飢
而思念正飛向南方的時候
請用覆蓋的草皮
掩飾我們焦躁不安的心情

用手勢交換彼此的語言
在絕對不可能
有鴿子飛過的天空底下
我們靜靜地
等待發生
無論任何事情
我們均不致在絕望中死去

在放大的瞳孔內
種植一株
黑色的罌粟花吧
讓期望在遠遠的山頭
用同樣的姿勢瞄準我們
將沉積的鄉愁
全部射殺

Night Guards

Our steel helmets
Serve to hold the moonlight,
And our repeated perspiration,
In reachable fears,
To complete the presenting of arms.

Homesickness lies down in advancing darkness,
Our faces turn aside,
Meet the piercing wind,
While the other side of our face,
Fills out the tree shadows.

Boiling in our eyes
Are the farewell tears of mothers;
Their repeated advice gnaws our chapped lips.
After a volley of dogs barking,
We wake abruptly.

The password has already become a time bomb,
Suspended vertically amid the sounds that pass;
As we march,
It becomes the perspiration expressed
From our tight buttocks.

On the cold concrete,
Our lonely shadows project
Into the sky at a thirty-degree angle,
Each step is difficult.

Bitten awake by the cold,
We lift our guns
And use the barrels to sweep away our thoughts.
From this shooting position in an endless night,
We strafe the distance with our eyes.
Stand and gradually transform ourselves
Into casuarinas.

夜晚衛兵

我們用鋼盔
抬着月光，用汗水
重複的
在可及的恐懼裏
完成我們握槍的姿勢

鄉愁在行進的黑暗中臥倒
我們側過去的臉
迎着刺骨的風
以另外半隻臉
補滿樹的陰影

我們的眼眶裏煮着
臨別時
母親的淚水
叮嚀啃着我們龜裂的唇
在一陣犬吠之後
猛然驚醒

口令已經成爲一枚結
發的炸藥
在走過的聲音裏
垂直掛着
成爲行進的時候
我們挾緊的臀部裏
擠出的汗水

我們的影子孤獨地
在冰涼的水泥地上
以三十度仰角
撐住天空
每一個舉步都是一種
艱辛

被寒冷咬醒時
我們正舉着槍
用槍管撥開思念
在無限的夜間射擊位置裏
用眼的餘光掃射遠方
逐漸的
把自己站成一株
木麻黃

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WU SHENG 吳晟 (born 1944)

In 1975, Wu Sheng received, together with Guan Guan 管管, the Modern Chinese Poetry Award of the Epoch Poetry Society. The Award Committee made the following comments: "His poetic style is simple and real, natural and solid. He uses rural language to express the sad moods of the changing times, in a touching and sincere manner." In his speech of acceptance, entitled "I Would Rather Lose Myself in Simplicity and Clumsiness", Wu stated that he was not trained in literature and literary theories, and that his creative work had therefore very little academic basis. Most of his writing derives from his own experiences, and deals with the life of the hard working peasantry.

Wu's simple poetic style is in fact a reaction against the flimsy, decorated style of the academic modernists. He often describes himself as representing the conscience of the common man, in opposition to the hypocrisy of the modern intellectual.

Elegy

Yes, I experienced youth—
 The heady hovering of youth,
 In the small village where I once grew.
 I experienced youth's bewilderment;
 Every forlorn beam of starlight knows.

Yes, I experienced springtime—
 The fragrance of spring,
 In the small village where I once grew.
 I experienced the mildewy smell of spring;
 Every rotting petal knows.

Yes, I experienced love—
 The intoxication of love,
 In the small village where I once grew.
 I experienced the agony of love;
 Every sad gaze of yours knows.

Yes, I experienced singing—
 The charm of song,
 In the small village where I once grew.
 Once I seemed to hear my own dirge;
 Every blade of the cemetery grass knows.

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SUGAR CANE. Woodcut, 1983, Hong Suli.

輓歌

是的，我曾體驗過年輕
年輕的飛翔
在我生長的小村莊
我曾體驗過年輕的彷徨
每一晚迷茫的星光都知道

是的，我曾體驗過春天
春天的芬芳
在我生長的小村莊
我曾體驗過春天的霉味
每一片腐爛的落花都知道

是的，我曾體驗過愛
愛的沉醉
在我生長的小村莊
我曾體驗過愛的絞痛
你每一道淒涼的凝視都知道

是的，我曾體驗過歌
歌的激盪
在我生長的小村莊
我曾隱隱聞見自己的輓歌
每一株墳場的小草都知道

An Accident

How did a timid seedling ever
Sprout, bud, and come to be
A green sapling?
How did my reluctant cries protest
The fearful coming of the tiny me?
It was all just the most casual
Tiny little accident.

How did the green sapling ever
Branch, leaf, and flower
With unprepossessing fragrance?
How did my tiny talent,
After so many nights of torment,
Find outlet in a small poetry magazine?
It was all just the most casual
Tiny little accident.

How did that flower of unprepossessing fragrance ever
Bear its sour fruit?
How, after jolting of many storms,
Did my tiny name
Acquire a pleasing touch of fame?
It was all just the most casual
Tiny little accident.

How did that sour fruit ever
Ripen, fall, and timidly
Sow its seed, grow once more into an old and hoary tree?
And how did the old tree sigh in the wind, and wither, and lose its sap
And utter a last choking cry of farewell?
How did someone learn of my disappearance
From some tiny obituary?
Oh! That too was just the most casual
Tiny little accident.

意外

一粒怯怯的種籽，如何
而芽而苗而青青的樹
以不情不願的哭聲抗議
如何，小小的我驚惶的來臨
那只是一件非常偶然的
小小、小小的意外

一株青青的樹，如何
而枝而葉而不怎麼芬芳的花
以多少淒清的夜晚熬着屈辱
如何，在一本小詩刊上
有人竟讀到我小小的才華
那只是一件非常偶然的
小小、小小的意外

一朵不怎麼芬芳的花，如何
而澀澀的果
以幾番風風雨雨的搖撼
如何，我小小的姓名
填上一紙頗為好聽的名聲
那只是一件非常偶然的
小小、小小的意外

一顆澀澀的果，如何
而熟而落而怯怯的種籽而蒼老了樹
一棵蒼老的樹，如何
而蕭蕭而颯颯而枯竭了汁液
以最後一聲哽咽告別
如何，在一張小小的訃聞上
有人風聞我已消失的消息
啊！那也是一件非常偶然的
小小、小小的意外

PEASANT AMONG LOTUS
FLOWERS.
Woodcut, 1983,
Hong Suli.

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Impressions of My Village

—A Preface

Long before long ago
 The people in my village
 First knew how to look up
 At the village sky,
 The nonchalant sky,
 Indifferently dark or blue.

Long before long ago,
 The mountain shadows stretching in
 From the left of my village
 Were a large gloomy ink-splash scroll,
 Glued to the villagers' faces.

Long before long ago,
 Generations of my forefathers dripped their salty sweat,
 Raised and multiplied
 Helpless descendants
 In a land that would grow neither wealth,
 Nor fame, nor miracles.

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PLOUGHING. Woodcut, 1979, Hong Suli.

吾鄉印象

——序說

古早古早的古早以前
 吾鄉的人們
 開始懂得向上仰望
 吾鄉的天空
 就是那一付無所謂的模樣
 無所謂的陰著或藍著

古早古早的古早以前
 自吾鄉左側綿延而近的山影
 就是一大幅
 陰悒的潑墨畫
 緊緊貼在吾鄉人們的臉上

古早古早的古早以前
 世世代代的祖公，就在這片
 長不出榮華富貴
 長不出奇蹟的土地上
 揮灑鹹鹹的汗水
 繁衍無奈的子孫

XIANG YANG 向陽 (born 1955)

At the end of the 1970s, when modern poetry in Taiwan was still vacillating between Western and Chinese models, a new note was struck by the emergence of the Sunlight Ensemble Poetry Society 陽光小集詩社. Xiang Yang, a major figure in this dedicated group of young and promising poets, presents a new prospect, a confirmation of both modernism and realism in modern Chinese poetry.

Xiang once compared himself with a ginkgo tree, in a somewhat elaborate botanical metaphor. The syphon of love draws water from the soil, thereby strengthening the inner tradition (the xylem). The tree's sieve tubes of wisdom are used to filter and distill nutrients from the air, expanding and exploring the elasticity of the outer modernity (the phloem).

Ten Lines: Autumn

Unable to hold on to the dry branches,
 Leaves tumble to the morning-chilled pond.
 A man with an umbrella walks past the dewy lake,
 Listens to a pine-cone drop from the right of the woods,
 Calls out in surprise:

“Is this the way you come?”
 Ripples and echoes linger on the hollow surface of water,
 Duckweed stands abrupt, leaving the clear mountain reflections
 To kiss the sky, blue after rain.
 This is deep, deep autumn now.

秋辭十行

葉子攀不住枯黯的枝桠
 紛紛奔向清晨微寒的潭心
 有人打傘自多露的湖畔走過
 只聽見右側林中跳下一顆
 松子，驚聲喊道

你就這樣來了嗎？漣漪
 和回聲都流連在空盪的水面上
 一些浮萍忽然站起來
 留下山的倒影明晰地吻着雨後
 蔚藍的天空，而秋是深得很深了

Sailing in the Rain

In the thick rain, the ink-splash rain,
 In the solitary raising of hands,
 The expectant eyes,
 Let me take you sailing
 Down a dream, and dream-like rivers.
 Gently, gently we glide
 Into the winds and tides of five thousand years,
 To the rocky shore where
 Dignity has confronted wilful pride these five thousand years,
 Towards the sombre firmament of rain,
 Towards the vast universe of sea,
 Towards the tears of begonia blood,
 The grid of scorching veins.*

Hard we sail! In the rain
 From which night and dawn refuse to separate,
 I hold my pen for lamp,
 And call a dawn in blackest night,
 To make the morning rooster rouse
 Silent China! That China may grow to grandeur!
 On every inch of blood-drenched earth,
 Plough peaceful acres,
 Through every clod of tear-drenched soil,
 Lay tear-free furrows;
 Step by step, track joy down
 Through the face of darkness and sorrow.

And in these hundred years, our fathers
 Never once dreamed
 They were waking lions, or dragons
 Dancing in the clouds!
 A century of battle-fires,
 Of uncleansed bloodstains,
 A century of war-ashes
 Still lie above the irreparable ruins;
 A century of foreign might
 Compacted, chewed, devoured us.
 The one thing China has not known is light.
 The fields were not tilled, but shrapnel fell to plough them,
 The trees were not yet fully grown, but they fashioned guns.

(continued overleaf)

*The map of China is often likened to a begonia leaf.

在雨中航行

在縣密的雨中，潑墨般的
雨中，在落寞的舉手
期待的眼裏，我帶你航行
沿着夢，夢也似的江河
慢慢，我們慢慢滑出
迎五千年風和浪，五千年
尊嚴與桀驁相抗的岩岸，向着
雨的冷肅陰沉的天，向着
海的遼寬寬廣的宇宙，向着
棠的血淚縱橫交錯最炙人的脈絡

我們努力航行！在黑夜與黎明
不忍割捨的雨中，執筆
爲燈，在黑與夜裏叫出
一聲黎明，要晨鷄喚醒
沉寂的中國，要中國更加壯闊

在每一寸血染過的土上
耘出不再染血的田畝
在每一分淚洗過的泥中
犁下不再洗淚的道路
向陰鬱悲哀，我們步步索求歡騰

而百餘年來我們的祖先，夢
也不曾，夢見自己是醒獅或歡騰
雲際的龍！百餘年的戰火
未褪的血跡，百餘年砲灰仍在
無力重修的殘垣；百餘年的外力
條約過、蠶食過、也鯨吞過
我們的中國，只是不曾開朗過
田尚未耕好，有彈片來翻土
林尚未植就，木已先成了槍

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The impact our fathers sustained
We can but surmise in silence,
Reading our textbooks,
And chewing on the aftermath of the Opium War.
In this thick rain, drop upon drop,
Falls the inexorable sorrow of modern China,
From the hands reaching for help
In the billows of the South China Sea,
To the footprints running for refuge
On the borders of Laos and Vietnam;
From the upheavals and calamities of the old country,
To the homeless driftings abroad,
The bitter struggle of the diaspora.
In our papers, wherever we turn,
The pages brim with China,
Sailing lonely in the rain.

In the rain, we too are sailing,
Repelling demons and the roses of vanity,
Roar of applause, spittle of curses.
We are neither lion dormant,
Nor dragon from distant Cathay,
Just Chinese,
And the Chinese soil is beneath our feet,
In our blood and tears.
Warmly we tread the breadth of
The begonia leaf.
No need of dreams, we can take to our hearts
The winds and tides of five thousand years,
The myriad miles of home.

Sweep away the mists of gloom,
Let us grow!
In a wild and stormy night,
Though leaves may fall,
More fruits will swell.
Leaping from our dream,
Let us take a walk on the rocky shore
Of dignity and wilful pride,
Let us watch the vast universe of sea.
Soon, the bright day will dawn,
But till then, in the thick rain, the ink-splash rain,
In the bold raising of hands,
And the determined eyes,
Let me take you sailing.

這些驚悸，祖先吞忍過
這些驚悸，我們只能默默感覺
咀嚼，教科書上鴉片役後的餘味
在如此繚密的雨中，點滴而來
近代中國無以避免的悲哀
從南海驚濤中掙扎求援的手
到越寮邊境亡奔的足跡
從故舊山河的動盪、災變
到寰宇流離，各地華裔的辛酸苦悶
我們面對報紙而去取難分
滿版中國，在雨中落寞航行

在雨中，我們也在航行
推開一切魍魎一切虛華的玫瑰
一切掌聲一切四方湧來的唾液
我們不是睡獅，也不是遙遠
所謂「東方」的一條龍
我們是中國的，中國
土地就在腳下，血與淚
我們溫暖地踩過，整片秋海棠
我們無需夢中，也能緊緊擁抱
這五千年風和浪，千百萬里地家國

將陰霾的雲霧全部掃去！讓我們
成熟，在疾雨狂風的夜裏
一些葉子可能墜落，更多果實
則在等待綻放。從夢中跳出
我們去走一程尊嚴與桀驁的
岩岸，看遼闊的海寬廣的宇宙
俟候即將展現的白日青天
而在此際繚密的雨中，潑墨般的
雨中，在昂揚的舉手
肯定的眼裏，且讓我帶你航行

Ten Lines: Seed

Only by parting resolutely from my dependent coronet
 Can I bend and hear the wilting of the twigs.
 All fragrances, bees, butterflies, yesterdays,
 Will float on the wind. Only by casting off the armour of green leaves,
 Can I prepare for the shock of the shattering soil.

But mountain cranny would preclude the open wilderness,
 Ocean eyrie deny the cleansing stream.
 In this whole universe, so vast and cramped,
 I drift, fly, wander, seeking only a fixed, congenial
 Piece of ground, on which to settle and multiply.

種籽十行

除非毅然離開靠託的美麗花冠
 我只能俯聞到枝桠枯萎的聲音
 一切溫香、蜂蝶和昔日，都要
 隨風飄散。除非拒絕綠葉掩護
 我才可以等待泥土爆破的心驚

但擇居山陵便緣慳於野原空曠
 棲止海濱，則失落溪澗的洗滌
 天與地之間，如是廣闊而狹仄
 我飄我飛我蕩，僅為尋求固定
 適合自己，去紮根繁殖的土地