

## ● 《青城诗章》

若是大师使你们怯步  
不妨请教大自然  
——荷尔德林

### 进山

请相信黄昏的光线有着湿润的  
触须。怀揣古老的书本 双臂如桨  
我从连绵数里的树荫下走过  
远方漫起淡淡的弥撒声。一丛野草  
在渐浓的暮色中变成了金黄  
坚韧 闪烁 有着难以测度的可能。  
而吹拂脸颊的微风带来了琤琮的  
泉水、退缩的花香 某种茫茫苍穹的  
灰尘。“在这空旷的山谷呆着多好！”  
一只麻鹑歇落于眼前滚圆的褐石  
寂静、隐秘的热力弯曲它的胸骨  
像弯曲粗大的磁针。我停下来  
看树枝在暝色四合中恣意伸展——  
火焰真细密 绘出初夜那朦胧的古镜。

FROM THE *Qingcheng Poems*

“If you quail before your master  
do not be afraid to seek wisdom in nature!”

—Hölderlin

## Entering the Hills

Please believe that the rays of light at nightfall have damp  
antennae. Carrying ancient books in both arms like oars  
I walked out from beneath miles of forest shade  
past the distant indifferent voices of the Mass. A tuft of wild grass  
turned gold in the gradually deepening dusk,  
durable twinkling of immeasurable potential.  
And the light wind caressing the cheek brings the gem clatter  
of spring water, shrinking scent of flowers some vast heavenly dome  
of dust. *It is so good to stay in this empty valley!*  
A curlew alights on a ball-round stone before me  
silent, secret heat wound around its breast  
like a thick, bent compass needle. I stop  
to watch branches stretch freely among the earth's dusky corners —  
the flame, so precise paints the old, misty mirror of the wedding night.

## 满月之夜

现在 我不能说理解了山谷  
理解了她花瓣般随风舒展的自白  
满月之夜 灌木丛中瓢虫飞舞  
如粒粒火星 散落于山谷湿润的皱褶  
有人说：“满月会引发一种野蛮的雪……”  
我想 这是个简朴的真理：在今夜  
在凛冽的沉寂压弯我石屋的时候。  
而树枝阴影由窗口潜入 清脆地  
使我珍贵的橡木书桌一点点炸裂  
（从光滑暗红的肘边到粗糙的远端）  
曾经 我晾晒它 于盈盈满月下  
希望它能孕育深沉的、细浪翻卷的  
血液 一如我被长天唤醒的肉体  
游荡于空谷 听山色暗中沛然流泄

## Full Moon Night

Currently I cannot say that I understand the valley  
understand the petal-like, windborne unfolding of her confession  
full moon night in the underbrush, ladybugs flutter  
like the grains of stars falling into the valleys wet creases  
someone says: "the full moon can trigger a kind of savage snow . . ."  
I think this is a simple truth: this night  
this moment that the biting cold of silence crushes my stone house.  
And shadows of branches steal in through the window the oak desk  
that's so fragile I am forced to love it has exploded just a bit  
(from the glossy maroon nub of the elbow off to coarse distance)  
once I aired it out under the overfilled moon  
hoping it would gestate with deep and ripple-churned  
blood like how my flesh, awoken by the vast sky  
wandered an empty valley listening to mountains' secret, copious spill

## 黎明

勿需借助孤寂里自我更多的  
沉思 勿需在镜中察看衰老的脸  
其实那镜子也和山谷的黎明  
一样朦胧。今天的黎明就是  
所有的黎明。露水、草霜、清静山石  
偶尔会泄露矿脉乌黑的心跳。

“你未来之前 它就这样做了。”

现在 你是一粒微尘溶在黎明里  
筑一间石屋 只是为了更为完满地  
体验肉体的消亡 体验从那以后  
灵魂变成一个四面敞开的空间：  
昆虫、树木在这里聚会、低语  
商议迎接沐风而至的新来者  
就像镜子迎接那张光芒四射的脸。

## Dawn

No need to depend on the isolate self undergoing more  
contemplation     no need to watch the aging face in the mirror  
really the mirror and dawn in the valley  
are equally misty.     Today's dawn is  
all dawns.     Dew, frost on plants, peaceful hill stones  
sometimes leaking a dark heartbeat of ore.

*Before you came     it happened just like this.*

Now     you are a mote of dust dissolved in the light of daybreak  
to build a stone house     is only to more fully  
experience the withering of the flesh     experience the aftermath  
when the spirit is transformed into a space open on all sides:  
the insects, the trees gather here and murmur  
discuss welcoming the new arrivals who come bathed in wind  
like the mirror welcomes that glittering radiant face.

## 野苹果树林

石屋背后的山坡上 有一片  
野苹果树林。大概占了半亩地左右吧  
去年 我用山溪里搬来的圆石  
垒堆石屋时 还不觉什么异样。  
今年春天 一个蓝雾散尽的清晨  
山谷才指点给我这美妙的景观：  
密密匝匝的白花如浴女羞怯的凝脂  
正在屋后摄魂地晃闪……“怎么这样粗心呢  
即使作了秘密之美的邻居也不知晓？”  
我想：不能随便去探访这片果林  
要等到初夏 一个大风骤起的黄昏  
当成熟的果子噼噼啪啪坠落屋顶  
我会饮着溪水 品尝那赐予我的  
直到一种甜涩的滋味 溶在骨髓里面……