

**葉覓覓**，台灣詩人，東華大學創作與英語文學研究所、芝加哥藝術學院電影創作藝術碩士。以詩錄影，以影入詩。夢見的總是比看見的還多。每天都重新歸零，像一隻逆流產卵的女鬼或鮭魚。著有詩集《漆黑》與《越車越遠》。

**Ye Mimi** is a Taiwanese poet and filmmaker. A graduate of the MFA Film Studio Program at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, she is the author of two volumes of poetry, most recently *The More Car the More Far* (Taipei: Garden City Publishers). A bilingual chapbook of her poems was recently published by the Anomalous Press in 2013 under the title *His Days Go by the Way Her Years*.

葉覓覓 | YEMIMI

The Chinese University Press

## 蛾在腋下產卵，然後死去

總有一天/ 雨不是濕的路不是平的草是不乾的傘  
是不壞的/ 天空折毀/ 沙灘和海浪絕交  
/ 微風露出細齒/ 雲比霧愛笑  
每個人就/ 住進一座自己的電話亭/ 亭口養一隻狗  
/ 或孔雀/ 或貓  
每十四天發一袋硬幣/ 半個月一瓶芳香劑  
/ 頭髮剔成碟形/ 必戴黑色墨鏡  
冬天穿雨衣/ 夏天穿泳衣/ 涼鞋尺寸沒有規定  
/ 襪子顏色傾向蘋果的/ 綠

一個人打電話給/ 另一個人/ 另一個人  
打電話給另一個人  
/ 就這樣不停/ 傳話下去  
最後一個人終於打電話給/ 第一個人/ 總有  
一天  
他說/ 喂/ 第一個人也說/ 喂  
他說/  
他說/ 昨晚/ 蛾在我的腋下產卵  
/ 第一個人說/ 喔  
然後死去/ 他來不及說  
/ 就掛斷電話了/ 他們都掛了

每一年的端午節/ 大家交換彼此的電話亭  
/ 帶著各自的貓/ 或孔雀/ 或狗  
一陣騷亂過後/ 他們摩擦彼此的身體  
/ 敲打電話按鍵/ 合奏一首波蘭舞曲

/ 這是唯一的節慶

你是誰/ 她問

我是瀑布/ 他回答/ 十分虛弱地

你是誰/ 她驚/ 異/ 對著話筒/ 又一次問

你知道/ 瀑/ 布

有聲音的布/ 可以覆蓋並阻絕/ 一切

/ 像鋼琴蓋/ 水溝蓋/ 或者鍋蓋/ 那樣

/ 他回答/ 又一次

我愛你/ 她說

他淹沒她/ 急速

密閉的電話亭/ 玻璃是透明/ 如同坐在汽車裏的心情

/ 毫不費力的穿梭/ 相互滲透的風景

他們製造如紙屑般飛揚的話語/ 從嘴巴飄進耳朵

/ 從耳朵積聚在心底

總有一天/ 所有人說盡所有的言語/ 對所有人

任何誇大的比喻

和貧乏的修辭/ 任何漫長的牢騷和愛意

那麼/ 所有人就會/ 捏著電話線深深的螺旋

/ 揮舞剪刀卡嚓/ 卡嚓/ 分離話筒和話機/ 同一時間裏

這時/ 就要發給每個人蕃茄汁/ 和蓬勃的歌詞

/ 作為雋永的獎勵

那首歌是這樣唱的

/ 喔/ 什麼都別說

/ 喔/ 誰都別和誰/ 攪和

/ 我們都要張開胸襟/ 痛快過活

/ 什麼都別說

他們都願意唱

/ 唱完就罵一句/ ※○&\*◎

/ 一句/ 小小聲的/ « 刁、

音色像橄欖/ 甘美而/ 不髒

總有一天

/ 蝴蝶是不規則的矩形/ 駱駝長出丘陵

/ 橋比蛇陰鬱

/ 螞蟻比子彈強/ 而有力

每個人就/ 住進一座自己的電話亭

/ 說盡所有的言語/ 像高速旋轉的/ 果汁擠壓器

/ 含著風鈴的噴嚏

## A Moth Laid Its Eggs in My Armpit, and Then It Died

One day there'll come a day / when the rain will not be wet / the avenue  
uneven / the grass undry umbrellas  
unbroken / the sky bent out of shape / a day when sand and surf have  
gone their separate ways  
/ the breeze unveiled its fine-tooth milk-teeth / and clouds have it all over  
fog for puttin' on a happy face  
then everyone will / move into their very own phone booth / keep a puppy  
at the welcome mat /  
/ or a peacock / or a cat  
and every fourteen days they'll get a bag of coins / every fortnight a can of  
air freshener  
/ have their hair cropped back just like a serving dish / don a pair of dark  
rimmed glasses  
trench coats in winter / swimwear come summer / sandal size unspecified  
/ their socks inclining toward an apple / green

someone calls up / someone else / and that someone  
calls up yet another someone  
/ and so it goes / from one someone to the next  
until that last someone rings up / the first one / day  
there'll come a day  
he says / hey / says he / hey yourself  
says the other / hey  
last night / he says / a moth laid its eggs in my armpit  
/ O / exclaims the first one  
and then it died / he didn't have time to add

/ before he hung up the phone / and left them hanging high

when the Dragon Boat Festival [a.k.a. Poet's Day] comes 'round each year /  
they'll all trade phone booths  
/ take their cat / their peacock / or their puppy /  
and when they've finished going at it tooth and nail / they'll all rub up  
against each other  
/ and play a polonaise / with the ring tones on their phones  
/ thus they'll pass their one and only holiday of the year

who are you / she says  
waterfall / he answers / listlessly  
who are you / she says / beside herself / in a maze / mint / as she directs her  
question into the phone  
you know / water / falls  
with a sound that cuts off and clamps down / on the whole kit and  
caboodle  
/ like a piano lid / a pot top / or a manhole cover / that kind  
/ he says / all over again  
I love you / she says  
he drowns her out / *prestissimo con brio*

in an airtight phone booth / made of glass / you feel as though you're sittin'  
in a limo  
/ absorbing the scenery and being absorbed in turn / as you're effortlessly  
carried on your way

the conversation they fashion cascades like ticker tape / out of their  
mouths and into their ear  
/ canals and forms a little heap in the cockles of their hearts  
one day there'll come a day / when everyone'll have exhausted all  
discourse / repeated every puffed-up metaphor  
to everyone they know  
every tired turn of phrase / every long-winded grievance and expression of  
affection  
that is when / they'll / twist their phone cords into a corkscrew spiral  
/ and in one fell swoop / flourish their scissors snip / snip / off with their  
handsets!

that's when they'll get a Bloody Mary / and the lyrics to a thriving song  
/ in a gesture of recognition they'll savor forever

and the song will go like this  
/ O / don't you say a thing  
/ O / don't you have a fling  
/ for when our fins take wing / we'll make the rafters ring  
/ so don't you say / O / don't you say a thing

and everyone will want to sing it  
/ and when they're done blurt / ※○&※◎  
/ i.e., a single / barely audible / *frig'n!*  
with a tone like an olive / divinely / dirt-free

one day there'll come a day  
/ when every butterfly will be a lopsided carpenter's square / every camel  
sport a hill  
/ every bridge throw on an air of gloom more fearful than a viper  
/ the ant will be mightier than the bullet / more powerful  
then everyone'll / move into their very own phone booth  
/ and there they will they will discourse all discourse / like a high-speed /  
juicer  
/ mouthing a wind chime's hatchoo

*(Translated by Steven Bradbury)*