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### 詩作

進山

重操故業

冬日紫薇

我們與船

## 進山

探路進山，循腳印踩出的隱約小徑，  
走到盡頭會是哪一個峰頭呢？

荊棘與落葉，腿間絆纏著野蔓與亂草  
風吹起一片松濤

叢叢碧青的松針外，雲移天靜

這身影將幻入時間的水墨

濃黑中的虛白，濛濛水光的喘息

回頭問你累不累，野路可沒有亭子呢

（看畫的人在疏樹和山石間）

跟著我，會不會擔心迷路？

多少年隔海看山

不知道山中和山外的風景，而我們

尋找風景，成了風景

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山盤水繞，頭上寒煙升起，我老了  
你在後面說：走吧  
仰望峰巒，遇到下山的樵夫  
斧在腰間，兩肩疏落的枯枝  
雲煙外，誰在燒水，烹茶？  
誰在下棋，移動棋子？  
誰從容落墨，在我的眼前升起  
一座新的青山？

(二〇一二年六月五日)

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## 重操故業

我重操故業，我聽到上課的鐘聲

失神地跌進人聲的漩渦

在四樓尋找三樓的教室

我不認識的女老師高聲喊

“Good morning class.”

我在走廊外游移，不安

像遲到的學生在門外窺探

突然一聲斥喝：「在門外罰企！」

我趕忙閃到樓梯外

抓緊懷裏的教師用書

抬頭卻見 3C 的教室牌

無端記起《紅樓夢》：

「身後有餘忘縮手

眼前無路想回頭」

喧噪的教室走出了一個嬉皮笑臉的學生：

「老師，沒錯，是我們的課

我們等了很久了。」

來不及應答，忽然有人從後兩手夾著我的頭

硬生生把我夾進教室中央

我面紅耳赤轉身左手搨出一記耳光

「啪」的一聲清響五指留印記

眼前站著剛發育的男生

撫著臉眼淚汪汪地望著我

滿教室的學生安靜地坐著瞪著驚異的大眼

我惶恐不安，我一把摟著他連聲道歉

我說對不起老師很久沒踏進教室了老師自制力不足

他在我的懷中耳語：

「老師，我下個月結婚了

初夜的感覺如何？」

我面紅耳赤推開他左手搨出一記耳光

「啪」的一聲清響（啊，命運）

他撫著臉眼淚汪汪地望著我

我惶惶不可終日，我一把摟著他連聲道歉

我說對不起老師不是左撇子可冥冥中有一股邪力移動我的左手

他在我的懷中耳語：

「老師，我下個月結婚了

通脹苦，怎樣計算酒席才不致虧本？」

真要命，連雞兔問題都不會算的中文老師

他擊中了我的要害——

我在他的懷中耳語：

「原諒我，我也不易，但你會控告我嗎？」

昏昧的房間漸漸顯出天花板的灰白

異國陌生旅館的床上，二十多年前教過的  
一個男生稚氣的臉漸漸清晰、明亮

穿著童軍服，結著綠色的領巾

他笑，牙齒亮白，臉上並無掌印

只一個舊同事的語聲在碗碟與茶煙之間

孀孀升起，孀孀消散：

漂亮的 Miss Chan 老公包二奶

在海怡半島跳樓死了

校長鹹豬手見報（我想是誤會）

蘇 Sir，代表學校參加壁球比賽救球撞傷大腦

半身不遂，躺在家裏（我想去看看他）

他不想見任何人

（二〇一二年十二月四日）

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**THREE EXCERPTS FROM *The Mental Life of Cities***

*i.*

No one sees the mental life of cities.

No one denies it is there.

It is darkness on the streets.  
It is impulsive as pigeons.

I am a camera  
hunting for metaphors.

我等待  
您的到來。

There are eyes from opposite buildings  
peering at other windows.

There are eyes flickering with uniformity,  
looking at different TV screens.

This poem must be logical like numbers above lift  
doors.

It must be urgent like rush-hour morning trains.

My pen traces impulses of buildings.  
I am darkness on the streets.

*iii.*

Evenings flicker, a million times  
on a million television screens  
with Jackie Chan.



I am learning to walk  
through unwashed streets  
with memories of flu in the neighbourhood.

我不會，我不會忘記。

Our lives are different under a strange democracy  
of rats, for street protests are possible  
when politicians cough over the latest crisis.

Is this my city?

我不會，我不會離開。

Is an economy of rats possible  
or do we need casinos?

Those metal domes  
phallic in the skyline, those shiny aspiring  
skyscrapers  
in Hong Kong, Singapore, Macau.

These are cities I cherish:  
the new blueprints with old drafts of buildings,  
that spurt of concrete of twelve storeys, a spit of  
land  
for trees, shrubs and barbecue pits.

我不會，我不會忘記。

We have imagined ourselves:  
we live like rats, our appetites bite and bite.

*vii.*

This island of a city is pure invention,  
with official languages like flowers  
fraying at the edges:

there are no words  
for disobedience, decay, disenchantment.

老師說話你不能不聽，  
不能不聽。

This island of a city is pure invention;  
we live in flats, neat and compliant  
like tombstones:  
a book-length study of poetry  
is titled Responsibility and Commitment.

They don't teach Leaves of Grass, 野草, Howl:  
老師說話你不能不聽，  
不能不聽。

Where are the books that read our nights and days?

為了家，人家說話你不能不聽。

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**WAWA**  
*two poems*

**MOTHER AND STONE**

*i.*

The stone boy whispers  
Along the river  
Life follows  
(So they say)  
Mother is hungry  
Crossing the river  
Stones roll to her feet  
(So they say)  
She swallows the stones  
Lilacs bloom  
From her mouth  
Lilacs bloom  
From her mouth  
(So they say)  
The cure has come  
Stone Boy stands  
Covered in birds  
(So they say)  
Heaven and earth  
Get his tongue  
Get his tongue  
(So they say)

*ii.*

The water comes to her  
From the end of water  
As she crows  
As she crows  
The dead  
Won't give in

The dead  
Won't give in  
The stone boy kneels  
Under the sun  
Stones fall as rain  
Lick her into fire  
(So they speak)  
Lick her into fire  
(So they speak)  
When the stones burn  
Mother will gently  
Swallow all as one  
Look up, Stone Boy  
Ten moons have risen  
So she crows  
So she crows

*iii.*

When she changes  
A mountain changes  
A stone descends  
She takes over a leaf  
She takes over a leaf  
All bark is hers  
Never will she shed  
Her face  
Pierced in leaves  
Her face  
Pierced in leaves  
Water ripples  
A flower opens  
Mother will fall  
At the extremest  
She roars  
She roars  
Her mouth opens  
Stems creep forward

To eat herself  
To eat herself

vi.

The good one  
Germinates  
The good one  
Germinates  
She swallows  
Her own sand  
A crow takes off  
From her face  
Mother then sprouts  
Mother then sprouts  
Every grain of soil  
Can feel the pain  
Four of her bloomed  
Over the world  
Entangled in daylight  
Save all of her (So they say)  
Save all of her (So they say)  
The world doubled  
Chokeberries voided  
Stone Boy  
Perches on every tree  
Staring at her  
Staring at her

v.

He comes  
Crossing the spring  
Stones follow  
Trickle from the sky  
Trickle from the sky  
The grass  
Owes him a look

(So they say)  
The grass  
Owes him a look  
(So they say)  
If his eyes can see  
Fruits won't ripen  
April won't come  
The felled stones  
Won't remember  
How to fly  
The stone boy  
Bent on one knee  
By a raven  
The sky yellows  
Let him go  
Let him go

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drawing #102

obsessed overcast

cocooning mold

inked cocoons            layered cocoons  
gray 38

falling                    falling                    leaking

gray 20 sky's falling  
gray 26 48                    gray 45 black  
gray 33 to 59 #545454 to #969696

black mounts            to invisibility

one black tree  
excessively

one road to no place  
severed

way for ceasing

for discontinuing

I wake up on the road  
under thick moldy fog  
staring until a thing might fall

I'm almost dead when it  
finally comes through the fog

How delighted I am  
when stones fall on my face  
I am yours now

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