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游思集

THE FUGITIVE







永恒的流变,你迷茫的游弋,在你无 形的冲击下,静止的太空迸发出旋转的光亮 之泡。

你的心难道迷醉于那越过无际寂寞的你 的情人的呼唤?

难道仅仅因为你急迫而痛楚的行程,你 蓬散的发丝在风暴中乱飘,从你断裂的项链 落下的火珠,在你的路上滚动?

你快速的脚步,吻甜了这凡世的尘土, 清扫了一切污秽;围绕着你翩舞的手足,风 暴把神圣的死亡之雨洒在生命之上,使生命 长得生机盎然。

如果你突然感到疲惫,驻足片刻,这世 界就将隆隆地滚成一团,成为一种障碍,妨 碍自己前进,甚至细小的尘粒也因难忍的压 力而刺破无垠的天空。



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你看不见的双足戴着光明之镯,它晃动 的节奏活跃了我的思绪。

它的回响在我的心跳中,在我的血液中, 激荡着古老海洋的赞歌。

我听见轰响的洪水漫过我的生命,从一 个世界流向另一个世界,由一种形态变成另 一种形态,把我的生存散布于馈赠的无尽的 水浪中,散布于悲叹和歌声中。

浪涛高涨着,奔腾着,罡风呼啸着,啊, 我的心,轻舟舞蹈着,像你的愿望。

把财物留在岸上,在无底的黑暗之上, 向无限的光明,扬帆远航。 Darkly you sweep on, Eternal Fugitive, round those bodiless rush stagnant space frets into eddying bubbles of light.

Is your heart lost to the Lover calling you across his immeasurable loneliness?

Is the aching urgency of your haste the sole reason why your tangled tresses break into stormy riot and pearls of fire roll along your path as from a broken necklace?

Your fleeting steps kiss the dust of this world into sweetness, sweeping aside all waste; the storm centred with your dancing limbs shakes the sacred shower of death over life and freshens her growth.

Should you in sudden weariness stop for a moment, the world would rumble into a heap, an encumbrance, barring its own progress, and even the least speck of dust would pierce the sky throughout its infinity with an unbearable pressure.

My thoughts are quickened by this rhythm of unseen feet round which the anklets of light are shaken.

They echo in the pulse of my heart, and through my blood surges the psalm of the ancient sea.

I hear the thundering flood tumbling my life from world to world and form to form, scattering my being in an endless spray of gifts, in sorrowing and songs.

The tide runs high, the wind blows, the boat dances like thine own desire, my heart!

Leave the hoard on the shore and sail over the unfathomed dark towards limitless light.



暮色越来越浓稠,我问她:"我到了哪儿的 陌生地方?"

她垂眉低眼,默默地走开的时候,陶罐口的 水咕噜咕噜地响。

树枝垂贴着朦胧的河岸,绿野似乎隐入了 往昔。

河水静寂,竹林凝然不动。小巷里传来一只 手镯碰击水罐的叮当声。

别再划了,把木船系在树干上吧——因为我 爱这田野的景色。

黄昏星落到了庙顶后面,灰白的大理石台阶 在黝黑的河水中忽隐忽现。

旅途淹留的旅人在叹息;因为隐蔽的窗户里 射出的灯光,被路边混杂的树枝和灌木撕碎,洒 落在黑暗中。那只手镯还在叮当地碰击水罐,回 家的双脚仍在踩小巷里的落叶,发出窸窸窣窣的 声音。

夜深了,王宫的殿脊幽灵般的显现,城镇疲 惫地呻吟着。

别再划了,把木船系在树干上吧。

让我在这陌生之地躺在朦胧的星光下,静下 心来歇息,这里的黑暗在手镯碰击水罐发出的叮 当声中喜颤。 I was growing dark when I asked her: "What strange land have I come to?"

She only lowered her eyes, and the water gurgled in the throat of her jar, as she walked away.

The trees hang vaguely over the bank, and the land appears as though it already belonged to the past.

The water is dumb, the bamboos are darkly still, a wristlet tinkles against the water-jar from down the lane.

Row no more, but fasten the boat to this tree, -for I love the look of this land.

The evening star goes down behind the temple dome, and the pallor of the marble landing haunts the dark water.

Belated wayfarers sigh; for light from hidden windows is splintered into the darkness by intervening wayside trees and bushes. Still that wristlet tinkles against the water-jar, and retreating steps rustle from down the lane littered with leaves.

The night deepens, the palace towers loom spectrelike, and the town hums wearily.

Row no more, but fasten the boat to a tree.

Let me seek rest in this strange land, dimly lying under the stars, where darkness tingles with the tinkle of a wristlet knocking against a water-jar.



哦,我想要保存的一个秘密,像夏云里未落下的雨滴, 包在幽静之中,带在身边四处游逛。

哦,在烈日下,昏睡的树林底下,河水缓缓流动的地 方,我盼望与人低声交谈。

这傍晚的沉默,仿佛在期待足音,你问我为什么 落泪。

我不能回答你,我为何泪水涟涟,因为对我来说,这 也是未破解的秘密。

O that I were stored with a secret, like unshed rain in summer clouds-a secret, folded up in silence, that I could wander away with. O that I had some one to whisper to, where slow waters lap under trees that doze in the sun.

The hush this evening seems to expect a footfall, and you ask me for the cause of my tears.

I cannot give a reason why I weep, for that is a secret still withheld from me.