

餓鬼

安妮·華曼

HUNGRY

GHOST

ANNE

WALDMAN



香港國際詩歌之夜 2015
INTERNATIONAL POETRY NIGHTS IN HONG KONG

編輯 Editors

北島 Bei Dao

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香港國際詩歌之夜 2015 International Poetry Nights in Hong Kong 2015

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中文翻譯：方梓勳、陳嘉恩

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安妮·華曼
Anne Waldman

Putting Makeup on Empty Space

I am putting makeup on empty space

all patinas convening on empty space

rouge blushing on empty space

I am putting makeup on empty space

pasting eyelashes on empty space

painting the eyebrows of empty space

piling creams on empty space

painting the phenomenal world

I am hanging ornaments on empty space

gold clips, lacquer combs, plastic hairpins on empty
space

I am sticking wire pins into empty space

I pour words over empty space, enthrall the empty
space

packing, stuffing, jamming empty space

spinning necklaces around empty space

Fancy this, imagine this: painting the phenomenal
world

bangles on wrists

pendants hung on empty space

I am putting my memory into empty space
undressing you
hanging the wrinkled clothes on a nail
hanging the green coat on a nail
dancing in the evening it ended with dancing in the
evening

I am still thinking about putting makeup on empty
space

I want to scare you: the hanging night, the drifting
night,
the moaning night, daughter of troubled sleep I want
to scare you

I bind as far as cold day goes

I bind the power of 20 husky men

I bind the seductive colorful women, all of them

I bind the massive rock

I bind the hanging night, the drifting night, the
moaning night, daughter of troubled sleep

I am binding my debts, I magnetize the phone bill
bind the root of my sharp pointed tongue

I cup my hands in water, splash water on empty space

Water drunk by empty space

Look what thoughts will do Look what words
will do

from nothing to the face

from nothing to the root of the tongue

from nothing to speaking of the empty space

I bind the ash tree

I bind the yew

I bind the willow

I bind uranium

I bind the uneconomical unrenewable energy of
uranium

dash uranium to empty space

I bind the color red I seduce the color red to empty
space

I put the sunset in empty space

I take the blue of his eyes and make an offering to
empty space

renewable blue

I take the green of everything coming to life, it grows &
climbs into empty space

I put the white of the snow at the foot of empty space

I clasp the yellow of the cat's eyes sitting in the black
space I clasp them to my heart, empty space

I want the brown of one floor to rise up into empty space

Take the floor apart to find the brown,

bind it up again under spell of empty space

I want to take this old wall apart I am rich in my mind
thinking

of this, I am thinking of putting makeup on empty
space

everything crumbles around empty space

the thin dry weed crumbles, the milkweed is blown
into empty space

I bind the stars reflected in your eye

from nothing to these typing fingers

from nothing to the legs of the elk

from nothing to the neck of the deer

from nothing to porcelain teeth

from nothing to the fine stand of pine in the forest
I kept it going when I put the water on
when I let the water run
sweeping together in empty space
There is a better way to say empty space
turn yourself inside out and you might disappear
you have a new definition in empty space
what I like about impermanence is the clash
of my big body with empty space
I am putting the floor back together again
I am rebuilding the wall
I am slapping mortar on the bricks
I am fastening the machine together with delicate wire
there is no eternal thread, maybe there is thread of
pure gold
I am starting to sing inside about the empty space
there is some new detail every time
I am taping the picture I love so well on the wall:
moonless black night beyond country plaid curtains
everything illuminated out of empty space
I hang the black linen dress on my body

the hanging night, the drifting night, the moaning
night
daughter of troubled sleep
This occurs to me
I hang up a mirror to catch stars, everything occurs to
me out in the
night in my skull of empty space
I go outside in starry ice
I build up the house again in memory of empty space
This occurs to me about empty space
that it is never to be mentioned again
Fancy this
imagine this
painting the phenomenal world
there's talk of dressing the body with strange
adornments
to remind you of vow to empty space
there's talk of the discourse in your mind like a silkworm
I wish to venture into a not chiseled place
I pour sand on the ground

Objects and vehicles emerge from the fog
the canyon is dangerous tonight
suddenly there are warning lights
The patrol is helpful in the manner of guiding
there is talk of slowing down
there is talk of a feminine deity
I bind her with a briar
I bind with the tooth of a tiger
I bind with my quartz crystal
I magnetize the worlds
I cover myself with jewels
I drink amrita
there is some new detail
there is a spangle on her shoe
there is a stud on her boot
the tires are studded for the difficult climb
I put my hands to my face
I am putting makeup on empty space
I wanted to scare you with the night that scared me
the drifting night, the moaning night

someone was always intruding to make you forget
empty space

you put it all on

you put paint on your nails

you put on your scarves

all the time adorning empty space

whatever-your-name-is I tell you empty space
with your fictions with dancing come around to it
with your funny way of singing come around to it
with your smiling come to it
with your enormous retinue & accumulation come
around to it

with your extras come round to it

with your good fortune, with your lazy fortune come
round to it

when you look most like a bird, that is the time to
come around to it

when you are cheating, come to it

when you are in your anguished head

when you are not sensible