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加拿大诗人

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|-----------|
| 04 Patricia Young 派屈茜娅杨 | (ARCTIC MELT 北极消融) | 小枪 译 |
| 06 Barry Dempster 贝利邓普斯特 | (TEMPORARY, A LAMENT 短暂, 一首挽歌) | 小枪 译 |
| 07 Adam Dickinson 亚当·狄金森 | (TOPOLOGY 拓扑) | Nobody 译 |
| 08 Eric Mille 埃瑞克·米勒 | (Nick 尼克) | 张文, 庆宏 译 |
| 09 Eric Miller 埃瑞克·米勒 | (A snail trail glistening after 蜗牛行迹 闪闪发亮) | 张文 译 |
| 10 Ross Leckie 洛斯雷奇 | (Wedding Poem for Anne and Winthrop 婚礼诗) | 戴珏 译 |
| 11 Jennica Harper 简妮卡哈帕尔 | (MOSAIC 镶嵌图) | 戴珏 译 |
| 13 Chris Hutchinson 克瑞斯哈齐森 | (Fin-De-Siècle 颓废) | 戴珏 译 |
| 13 Chris Hutchinson 克瑞斯哈齐森, | (BECOMING 转化) | 戴珏 译 |
| 14 Barry Dempster 巴里 丹普士得 | (FIGARO 弗伽娄) | 秋叶 译 |
| 15 Ross Leckie 罗斯莱吉 | (The Critique of Pure Reason 纯粹理性批判) | 阿九 译 |
| 16 Susan Elmslie 苏珊艾姆斯丽 | (Ripe 熟) | 阿九 译 |
| 16 Mitch Parry 米奇帕里 | (Er war anders als wir 你与众不同) | Lake 译 |
| 17 Susan Elmslie 苏珊艾姆斯丽 | (Babysat by Sylvia Plath 普拉斯保姆) | 悠子 译 |
| 18 Susan Elmslie 苏珊艾姆斯丽 | (THE GHOSTS OF DEPARTED QUANTITIES 未计入的冤魂) | 啥么 译 |
| 19 Mitch Parry 米奇帕里 | Vienna (Que tout le monde doivent valser) 维也纳 (一起来跳华尔兹) | 和平岛, 白水 译 |

双语诗

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---------|------------------------------|
| 21 非马作品: Poems of William Marr | 濒临灭绝的物种 | ENDANGERED SPECIES |
| | 罗密欧与朱丽叶 | ROMEO AND JULIET |
| 22 和平岛: | 风月无边 | Boundless Wind and Moonlight |
| 22 白水: | 风月无边 | Boundless Wind and Moonlight |

中诗英译

- | | | |
|----------------------|---|-------------------------|
| 23 迪拜 DiBai | 双子座 Gemini | Translated by hepingdao |
| 23 半溪明月 BanXiMingYue | 关于悬湖的一点悬想 A Dwindling Thought about the Earthquake Lake | Translated by hepingdao |

奥运诗歌

责任编辑: 白水 半溪明月 风动

- | | | | |
|---------|--------------|--------|-----------------|
| 24 和平岛 | 《火龙》(第一和第二部) | 42 徐业华 | 圣火, 为北京点燃 (外一首) |
| 40 白水 | 圣火流金 | 李长空 | 圣火在梦乡传递 |
| 41 陶斯人也 | 平衡木 | 43 陈宗华 | 剪纸福娃 |
| 暗 篱 | 我为奥运画图腾 | 山城子 | 观圣火媒传有感 |
| 42 风 动 | 迷雾 | 南 村 | 北京奥运 |

- 43 单 菲 奥运民工老陈
半溪明月 泣的圣火,熊熊燃烧
梅玉荣 刘长春: 一个人的短跑
向天笑 圣火
- 44 王学军 火种
合 心 让梦飞翔
无 哲 我的终点在北京
许 星 一位社区老人的奥运情结
周承强 在奥运山庄啜饮葡萄月光
博 弈 奥林匹克到北京
- 45 姜 了 鸟巢
游 旋 盖泉州印
吴乙一 送 报
吕宏友 世界同心(歌词)
中 海 梦起奥运
鲁 川 他们与奥运 《组诗》(节选)
- 46 大卫树 龙图腾(节选)
- 48 古井 公元4016(组诗)
- 孔小虎 300000亡灵为奥运喝彩
- 49 亿万阳光 祥云
William Zhou周道模 欢迎客人来北京
远方有佳人 2008, 北京欢迎您
倪文财 走, 到北京去

地震诗歌

责任编辑: nobody 杯中冲浪 迪拜

- 50 晓鸣 川沙 白水
- 51 鞋子
- 52 半溪明月 迪拜 司马策风 南村
- 53 赵福治 沙漠 钓月 黄吉元 石头
- 54 山城子 古井 钟翔 海湄
- 55 乌衣婷 庄之谐 陈亚伟 陈宗华
- 56 罗国雄 方刚
- 58 黑马 瘦西鸿
- 59 钟磊 朱枫 野川
- 60 祁鸿升
- 61 刘功业
- 62 了乏 许烟华 亿万阳光 祁宏玲 张型锋
秋水竹林 墨林 白琳
- 63 恪一客 徐源 李王 南闽老茂 合心·蝴蝶
- 64 回到拉萨 焚帛 木易沉香 适食物者
- 65 以梦为马 艾鸽
- 66 舞鱼 梦儿 秦城诗客
- 67 盘妙彬 王九成 丘河 陶杰
- 68 冰清 弥赛亚 戴永良 西屿
- 69 李资富 李智强

古韵新音

责任编辑: 秋叶

- 70 庆宏 黄洋界 智勇 陈植旺 野航
暗香如沁 秋叶 楚天舒 Bannong
- 71 郑达夫 游向高原的鱼 刘童 古坝
鹤影川云 爱松 莹雪 松云老人
- 72 庆宏 暗香如沁 郑达夫 莹雪
王君明 爱松 风来疏竹

落尘诗社

责任编辑: 诗盗喜裸评 悠子

- 73 博弈 是有缘 悠子 曲元奇
- 74 河东 红袖添乱 点点儿 诗盗喜裸评
- 75 拈花微笑 啥么 拈花微笑

读领风骚

76 一个人的雨季:

苏茉儿 爱爱 博弈 Eragon

诗 沙 龙

责任编辑: 杨海军 韩少君

- 77 于耀江 孙学军 杨海军 钟磊
- 78 李春锋 于国华 韩少君 王方宇
张牧宇 焦成干
- 79 刘跃辰 竹露滴清响 马海洋

咏 梅

- 80 柏羊 半溪明月 暗香如沁

- 81 白水 迟到的日记
记《3.29 多伦多华人宣传西藏真相维护祖国统一和平集会》
- 84 山城子 寂寞而热烈的生命体验
赏读洛夫的《背向大海夜宿和南寺》
- 87 和平岛 推荐诗集
《慈林的诗和他写诗的日子》
- 88 北美传真

加拿大诗人

ARCTIC MELT

By Patricia Young

"We can't even describe what we're seeing."

Chair of the Inuit Circumpolar conference.

1

They began to appear in nameless droves.

Fabulous creatures flicking their silver fins and ancient jewels.

A long lost mythology? Weird migration?

They lurched onto the tundra like bawling infants,

announced themselves with the subtlety of a brass band.

Wave upon wave, antlers vibrating, tails ablaze.

Who? we asked. Who are you?

One day they weren't there and the next

they were moving toward us with the speed
of a birchwood forest. We gathered to mourn

those passing swiftly into memory, the polar bear and arctic seal.

Time cracked. The century was thinner than ice.

We had 1200 words for reindeer but not one

for hornet, robin, elk, salmon, barn owl.

Try to understand: we had never seen a barn.

Never stepped into such a cavernous space.

2

We had never stepped into such a cavernous space.

Try to understand: we had never seen a barn.

Hornet, robin, elk, salmon, barn owl.

We had 1200 words for reindeer but not one for

a century thinner than ice.

Time cracked.

Swiftly into memory: the polar bear and arctic seal.

We gathered to mourn those passing

with the speed of a birchwood forest



The new ones moved toward us.

One day they weren't there and the next --
Who? we asked. Who are you?

Wave upon wave, antlers vibrating, tails ablaze.
They announced themselves with the subtlety of a brass band,

lurched onto the tundra like bawling infants.
A long lost mythology? Weird migration?

Fabulous creatures flicking their silver fins and ancient jewels
began to appear in nameless droves.

北极消融

作者：派屈茜娅杨

翻译：小枪（中国北京）

“我们无法形容所目睹的一切”。
纽因特极地会议主持人如是说。

1

他们开始大群地涌现，无名无姓。
神奇的生物煽动银鳍，珠光熠熠。

久逝的神话？神秘的迁徙？
他们像啼哭的婴儿蹒跚地迈上 冻原，

以铜管乐队般美妙的声音宣布他们的到来。
波浪滚滚，鹿角振动，尾巴上燃着烈火。

谁？我们惊问。你们是谁？
曾经他们不见踪迹，旋即

以一片白桦林的速度
朝我们走来。我们齐聚以悼念

那些迅速遁入记忆的，北极熊和北极海豹。
时间断裂。这个世纪薄过坚冰。

我们有一千二百个词语形容驯鹿，却没有一个
指称马蜂，旅鸫，赤鹿，鲑鱼和仓鸮。

试想：我们从未见过谷仓。
从未踏进这个广袤渊深的宇宙。

2

我们从未踏进这个广袤渊深的宇宙。
试想：我们从未见过谷仓。

马蜂，旅鸫，赤鹿，鲑鱼和仓鸮。
我们有一千二百个词语形容驯鹿，却没有一个指称

一个世纪薄过坚冰。
时间断裂。

那些迅速遁入记忆的，北极熊和北极海豹。
我们齐聚以悼念

以一片白桦林的速度
那些新的朝我们走来。

曾经他们不见踪迹，旋即
谁？我们惊问。你们是谁？

波浪滚滚，鹿角振动，尾巴上燃着烈火。
以铜管乐队般美妙的声音宣布他们的到来。

像啼哭的婴儿蹒跚地迈上 冻原，
久逝的神话？神秘的迁徙？

神奇的生物煽动银鳍，珠光熠熠
开始的大群地涌现，无名无姓。

作者简介：

派屈茜娅杨，生于加拿大不列颠哥伦比亚省维多利亚郡，系加拿大当今最好的几位诗人之一。她曾于1993年以《胜似止水》和2000年以《废与美》两次获得总督奖提名。她还曾赢得过派特罗瑟奖、多萝茜利乌赛诗歌奖、CBC文学大奖赛，以及加拿大诗人联盟全国诗歌大奖赛。其新近出版的第一本短篇小说集《气流》，已获得梅厄特卡夫洛克奖。

Patricia Young is the author of eight books of poetry. She is a two-time Governor General's Award nominee, in 1993 for *More Watery Still* and in 2000 for *Ruin & Beauty*. She has won the Pat Lowther Award, the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize, the CBC Literary Competition, and the League of Canadian Poets' National Poetry Competition. She has recently published her first collection of short fiction, *Airstream*, which has already won the Meltcalf-Rooke Award.

TEMPORARY, A LAMENT

By Barry Dempster

Mist rises off the hyped green lawn
like a side effect, the morning sickly,
a headache of grey clouds. Buddha says
to love this too, every microcosm,
let the clammy seep through your bones
on its way to the soaked absolute.
And so you wring yourself dry again
and again, a pink washcloth smothering
a fever. You welcome the possibility
of flood, the entire planet
flowing through in soggy twosomes,
from earthworms with their liquid wriggles,
to those raindrops in the shapes of wrens.
You keep an open mind about everything,
enter the mist as it's entering you.

Later, the day finally repainted, you
drag a deck chair out to the delphiniums
to snatch a bit of sun, and realize
that this too is only passing through.
Buddha giggles the love word again.
In this relationship, it feels like
you're just supposed to lie there and let yourself
be fondled and stroked. Something is tickling
your balls, no, wait, it's your earlobe, and it's more
like a scrape. You're definitely a bottom,
six feet under all the blooms of mist, all the sun-
strings tying themselves to meaningless breezes.

Just once you'd like to reach up out of yourself
and hold on, like a kid squeezing a balloon
as it shape-shifts towards emptiness. Grab
the mist by the back of its straggly neck.
Slip a finger into a crack of sun
until it expands into a full-fledged flame.
Be bold, be possessive, tie Buddha into
knots, say no, you're meant to be mine. Of course,
this will achieve nothing but misery,
but your misery nonetheless. You and it
can sit under the moon tonight, the sky
offering no commitments. Call it friendship,
or dialogue, or heavy petting. It will feel
sublime for moments out of time. And then
it will feel reneged, like nakedness
revoked in the robes of a shooting star.

短暂，一首挽歌

作者：贝利邓普斯特

翻译：小枪（中国北京）

薄雾自打了毒针的绿地升腾
像一种副作用，惨淡的早晨，
乌云的头疼病。佛说
亦爱之，每一个小宇宙，
让湿冷透过你的骨骼
渗入浸水的绝对世界。
你于是一遍又一遍地
拧干自己，粉色的毛巾
扑灭内火。你衷心接受
可能出现的洪水，整个星球
成双入对湿漉漉地，
自似水蜿蜒的蚯蚓飘入
那状如鸬鹚的雨滴。
你对一切都持有开明之心
进入薄雾，在它进入你的时候

后来，天终于放晴，你拖出
一把躺椅，到飞燕草丛中
去攫取一点阳光，你意识到
这同样也只是过眼云烟。
佛哈哈大笑，再次道出爱的箴言。
在这段情爱中，仿佛你
只需要躺在那儿，任由自己
被逗弄，被抚摸。有个东西在摩玩
你的睾丸，不，等等，是你的耳垂
而且更像刮擦。你就是一片屁股，
擎于薄雾繁花之下六英尺，一缕缕阳光
将自己系于毫无意义的微风

仅那么一次，你意欲探出自己
并坚持住，像一个孩子在挤捏
一个快要泄瘪的气球。从其
零乱的后颈抓住薄雾。
一根手指插入阳光的裂缝
直至化作一团丰满的火焰。
大胆一点，霸道一点，让佛独自
纠结，说不，你注定是我的。当然，
这样带来的只有痛苦
但这无论如何都是你的痛苦。今夜
你和它可以坐在月光下，天空
不作任何承诺。称它为友谊，
或者对话，或者性爱抚。在时光的
瞬间里它将显得崇高。然后，
它将遭遇食言和背叛，像赤裸
在一颗流星的长袍中被废黜。

贝利邓普斯特

加拿大诗人，生于安大略省斯卡堡，曾主修儿童心理学。曾在多伦多的儿童救助会和女王街心理健康中心工作；担任《加拿大诗歌评论》诗歌与评论编辑六年。现任布里克图书公司 (Brick Books) 编辑。已出版诗集八本，小说三部，儿童图书一部。

TOPOLOGY

By Adam Dickinson

Which of these are equivalent:

a cup with a handle,
a night of drinking,
a bloody nose?

Figures deform into each other
given certain assumptions.

A parasite can make a rat careless
in the proximity of cats.
Some lives require
more than one body.

Whose ends do decisions really serve?
Cat-shapes jump from the shadows.
All the vertices are even,
shock doesn't depend on what's new.

A CAT scan may contain
as little as four different colours
so that no regions touching are alike.

Imagine a bottle that has no inside,
a hole through a hole.

We can change shape as much
as we like.

The way of a shape is
a hard line,
measure the way it moves
the way it changes.

拓扑

作者：亚当·狄金森

翻译：Nobody (美国德州)

以下哪些等价：

带把的杯，
漫饮的夜，
流血的鼻？

在某些假设下
图形彼此演化。

寄生虫会使老鼠
在猫旁失去警惕。
一些生命需要
不止一个身体。

决定究竟为谁作？
猫形跳出阴影。
所有点都相等，
震惊不依赖近况。

CAT的透视胶片
只用四种颜色
就能区分相邻区域。

想象一只中空的瓶，
一个洞穿过另一个。

我们可任意
变换形状。
一记重拳的弧线，
一条发际线，
一些仿效者
不变旧物的新物。

Nick

By Eric Miller

Sometimes the friendship of demons is salutary.
 Demonic, Nick, you were and my friend.
 I didn't conjure you. You conjured me, as though
 Mephisto felt the need of a passive, conscript Faust
 to authenticate his audacity in the night of the city.
 Oh, I might assume your costume bituminous
 jacket, jeans, arson-coloured shirt but when
 you wore it you gleamed like something freshly
 stepped from the forge of hell with the fading fires
 making you just tolerable in your glamour
 to the earthly girls you met. Your smile was infernal,
 wide, avid, yet not fanged or devouring,
 merely the emblem of opportunism
 not without conscience. Your smile instead
 sidestepped conscience, touching it lightly
 on the shoulder and charming it and saluting it
 with an epithet by which it felt warmed, temporarily.
 How women fell for you! At every club
 they clung to you, whereas I was always found
 by a demure girl, a girl with hopes and blockages
 whose conversation was the body I pressed
 while a quivering body almost speechlessly
 folded into you, and opened. I was fairly good
 and you were, to adopt a weak, wrong
 locution, bad, but we required each other.
 Those nights recur to me as bridges, hoardings, gates,
 girls, infinite walks without fatigue
 into eclipse slick with sliding lustres, blanks
 relieved by rivets, bylaws, midges, graffiti,
 coarse obiter dicta that context refined, grand
 ideas whose grandeur shadow magnified, parodied,
 ancient occasional stars, viewless utopian architecture,
 metabolism so rapid that nutriment, it seemed,
 flew into us the way successive streetlamps
 liquefy on a midnight windshield's surface.
 Before our appetites, their objects gratifyingly loomed
 halfway into us, halfway beyond us,
 intimate and independent as our shadows.

Not evil. Rather something alongside morality
 a river of heathen hell where you went boating
 and took me for excursions, needing me
 As witness, contrast, ballast, mnemonic friend

of the moments that would not, would not linger
 after we unzipped the bright teeth of, and laid aside
 the unbroken night of our leather jackets.

尼克

作者：埃瑞克·米勒

翻译：张文，庆宏（加拿大多伦多）

有时，魔鬼的友谊是有益的。
 尼克，你是恶魔，也是我的朋友。
 我不曾用魔咒召唤你，你却召唤了我。就象
 靡菲斯特²，感到需要一个被动应征的浮士德³，
 来证实他在城市之夜中的放肆。
 哦，我可能穿上你的服装——沥青色的夹克，牛仔裤，
 纵火者颜色的衬衣，
 当你如此穿着时，就象从地狱锻炉里出来一样
 闪闪发光，带着余火
 使你遇见的世俗女子能够耐受你的魅力。
 你的微笑来自阴间，
 大大张开，带着渴望，但是没有毒牙或吞噬，
 仅仅是逢场作戏，
 并非没有良知。你的微笑躲闪良知，与它擦肩而过，
 使它迷惑，向它致敬，
 给人以短暂的温暖的幻觉。
 女人们如此沉迷于你！在每次聚会中，
 她们都缠绕着你，而端庄贤淑的女孩总是找到我，
 她报有希望但又设防，
 与她的交谈便是我的亲近。
 而一个颤抖的身体悄然无语地蜷伏在你内心，
 然后伸展开来。
 我谈吐良好，你却用语软弱，不当，很坏，
 但我们却相得益彰。
 许多夜晚重新浮现，桥，围栏，大门，女孩，
 不知疲惫无休止地漫步，
 走进流光滑过的黑暗，间或有铆钉，
 规章告示，飞虫，
 墙上涂画，随口粗话因环境而能入耳。
 高谈阔论，夸张渲染，又模仿取笑，
 昙花一现的过时明星，想象的乌托邦建筑，
 代谢派如此之快，就象营养流进我们
 和连续不断的路灯，融化在车窗玻璃上。
 在我们的愿望前面，目标令人满意地隐约出现，
 一半进入我们，一半超越我们，
 亲密而又独立，就象我们的影子一样。

并非邪恶，而是与道德同行的某种东西
 ——如象你去异教徒的地狱河流里划船，
 带着我去航行，
 需要我见证你，反衬你，作你的压舱物，

提醒你的朋友，
特别是在我们拉开亮齿链，
把不尽黑夜般的皮夹克放在一边后
那短暂不能停留的时刻。

注：

1. 尼克，在英语口语中，老尼克 (Old Nick) 是魔鬼的代称。
2. 靡菲斯特，欧洲中世纪关于浮士德 (Faust) 的传说中的主要恶魔。
3. 浮士德，十六世纪作、传说中的魔术师和炼金术士，他把自己的灵魂出卖给恶魔靡菲斯特。

A snail trail glistening after Eric Miller

By Eric Miller

1.

The snails ride into sight again,
war-horses of patience at a stretch
dimly budding gluey care
into probationary air

and the worms, long and little,
move laden in glint through puddles
like hands on love, slowly
where what is earth and what is water
remains intractably debatable in the tepid light.

And among diminutive leaves,
smelling of broken rules
where the enamored hide their games,
the foliate warblers invent
their songs along high ruptures and tips
and at the same time
in the music-naming mind
where remembrance and oblivion
look each other softward
and soft and hard
once more in the cloudy mirror of the ear.

2.

Growing pains occasion painful beauty.
Could there be a king Tantalus
whose reaching is repletion
as here where the crack willow extends its bough,
shaking, rippling to consummate foreplay
though its prime mover, the wind, absconds,
eloping with abysmal azure?

And, dead though it appears,
spotted with its own bark's defection,
the willow splinters, vivacious, wistful
like eyes tears have rarely ever left.

Leaves split and, liberating damp tracts of nakedness,
clothe the world's more extensive,
desolated nudity, dress the peeled eye:
we witness the very operation
by which Ariel was tweezered
from the heartwood of old torment
and music falls from the air
among shadows sophisticatedly
outfitted by new leaves.

3.

The wind's lovemaking touch all over us
we cannot reciprocate, yet such largesse
rolled across our nerves
ennobles our failure
with the thought and the feel
of such varicoloured flashing.

We want to have and hold the weather's inner snail-shell lustre
against which our senses clutch as hopelessly as a Sisyphus
who loves his stone as his sweetheart.

Bright, sap-and-sweat-patched,
the darling ball rolls away.
But even its weight again relapsing
imparts glistening
shudders of delight.

Isn't erosion bliss to the falling riverbank?

蜗牛行迹 闪闪发光

作者：埃瑞克·米勒

翻译：张文（加拿大 多伦多）

1.

一队蜗牛又驶入视野，
如一队耐心的战马延伸
朦胧地在准备期的空气中
冒出黏糊的关照。

而软体虫们，长的和小的，
满载闪光地爬过泥水潭
如爱抚之手，慢慢地
在微光中是泥是水难以分辨。

而在微小的叶子中，
闻到违反规章的气息
倾心者们在那里藏着它们的游戏，
林莺随着高高的（树枝）断裂处和树巅
发明它们的歌
而与此同时
在为音乐命名的思维中
记忆和遗忘
面面相觑，柔软坚硬
再柔软再坚硬
再次映在耳朵里多云的镜子中。

2.

发育期的痛带来痛苦的美，
难道就不能有一个坦塔罗斯国王²
伸手就得到饱足？
像这里的爆竹柳³伸展它的枝条，
摇曳着，飘动着，去圆满完成性前戏
而它最重要的驱动者，风，则潜逃了，
与深不可测的蓝天一起私奔了。

虽然看上去是死了，
现出自己树皮的瑕疵，
这些折裂的柳枝，仍活着，忧思重重，
若泪眼涟涟。

叶子分离，解放潮湿的裸露地带，
给世界更广阔的荒凉裸体穿衣，
给剥了皮的眼睛着装：
我们目睹了把埃里厄尔⁴从树心的古老折磨中
镊出的那个行动本身
然后在新叶精致装扮树影中
音乐从空气中降落。

3.

风的做爱触摸我们周身

我们不能回报，然而如此慷慨的给予
滚过我们的神经
就是想到和感觉到如此多彩的光耀
也使我们的失败变得高尚。

我们想要拥有和把握住天气那如蜗牛壳内壁的光泽
我们的感官紧抓不放
像西西弗斯⁵爱他的石头如情人一样地无望。

光亮，树液和汗分布表面
这可爱的球不停滚动。
而即使它的重量又滑回原地
它仍传递欢乐明亮的颤栗。

难道风化不是要倒塌的河岸的极乐吗？

注：

1. 蜗牛 (Snail trail) 爬行后留下的黏液条痕。蜗牛分泌黏液以减少爬行时的摩擦，并减少尖锐物体对身体的伤害。
2. 希腊神话中的坦塔罗斯 (Tantalus)，宙斯之子，因泄露天机，被罚立在齐下巴深的水中，头上有果树，口渴欲饮时，水即流失，腹饥欲食，果子就被风吹去。
3. 爆竹柳 (crack willow)：一种枝条易折断的柳树。
4. 埃里厄尔 (Ariel) 是莎士比亚戏剧《暴风雨》中的精灵。曾被女巫囚禁在树中，后被魔术师 Prospero 从树中解救出来。
5. 西西弗斯 (Sisyphus) 是希腊神话中希腊古时的暴君，死后堕入地狱，被罚推石上山，但石在近山顶时又滚下，于是重新再推，如此循环不息。

Wedding Poem

for Anne and Winthrop

By Ross Leckie

It is only driftwood but something
in the crook of the branch and the way
the lick of the wood resembles flame

makes you pick it up and carry it home.
Its fingers grasp the fire of ocean
and the smell of its salt, a strand of

seaweed snagged and drying on its bole.
No longer having the weight of wood,

it springs lightly in its cantilever,
as if in its grainy twist it remembers
birdsong and the delicate scratch of feet.
As you pass it back and forth to each other

your fingers touch and you sense
that the whorls on your fingertips
are an imprint of a quotidian faith

in the comings and goings of drift.
In the nub of the wood there is
a knot, that looks like a slip knot

tied by a sailor. You like to place
your hands on the density of the knot
and its smoothness burnished by the tide.

There is something in the way
it releases itself in sunlight
that pulls the knot the tighter.

婚礼诗

给安妮和温瑟罗普

作者：洛斯雷奇

翻译：戴珏（中国香港）

虽只是漂木但枝杈的
弯曲处有些特别，而且
那木上的盐斑就像火焰

于是你拾起它并带回家。
它的手指紧握海洋之火
及其盐的气味，还有一缕

钩挂在枝干上晾着的海草。
不再具有木的重量，
它的悬臂处轻盈地舞动

似乎在那纹理的扭摆中它记得
鸟的歌声和优雅的脚步刮擦声。
在手里来回拨动它的时候

你的手指触摸并感觉到
你指尖上的指纹涡
是每日里对它往来漂动的

一种信心的印记。
这木的凸起处有个
结，看上去像是水手打的

活结。你喜欢把手置于
那结的密度和被潮水
擦亮的平滑之上。

阳光把结拉紧
这木却能将自己松开
其中有些特别。

MOSAIC

By Jennica Harper

The big picture
is made of many small ones.

Walking on Robson
I hear the click, and turn

to see two Japanese girls, pleased
with their composition.
I'm what they'll ignore
in the background.

If the world's photographs
were laid out in one giant mosaic,

would we come together
to form one face?

One blurry-eyed traveller

*

A blurry-eyed traveller. You woke
again after not really sleeping.

I know insomnia isn't romantic, but it's one
of those things that's beautiful until it's you.

Our holiday bed is smaller than the one at home;
a room that's all window and no blind.
We do not know ourselves
out here in the country. We are blank.

*
We are blank in this country.
All passports and "please" and pride
at being unlike the other.

We love that we are the other.
We other each other.

We like our anonymous faces.

*
We, like our anonymous faces,
numbly walk the streets.
Going places, finding addresses,
waiting in line — other people
are an inconvenience to be
tolerated. Otherwise, who
would take our tickets?
Clean our toilets?
Develop the photos?

*
No one develops photos now.
They save, resize, crop,
de-red-eye.
Anything to avoid a surprise.

It is a world without a double chin.

The light is perfect.

*
The light is perfect in that it focuses;
centres; composes. Eliminates
the strangers in the background.

Eliminates the background
so there is only what we know.

*
This is what you know:
your face next to my face
in a room filled with light.

Yours is built of wedges.
Mine with bulbs: cheeks that bloom.

In photos we're mysterious.
We constantly double-take

My hair's that dark?

When I'm thin I look more like Mom.

Do I always look so surprised?

The answer is yes, always yes.

Our answer is always yes.

To each other. To the photographer
who wants us to look happy.

Yes we will act candid for you,
Japanese girls.

Yes, we will be part
of the big picture.

镶嵌图

作者：简妮卡哈帕尔

翻译：戴珏（中国香港）

大图
由许多小图组成。

在罗步森山上走着
我听见喀嚓一声，转身

看到两位日本姑娘，很满意
她们的构图。
我便在背景中
她们不会留意。

如果世上的照片
铺置于一幅巨大的镶嵌图里，

我们会不会走到一起
组成同一张脸？

一个睡眠惺忪的旅客——

*
一个睡眠惺忪的旅客。你醒来
又一次未能真正睡着。

我知道失眠并不浪漫，但却是
美事一桩，如果失眠的不是你。

我们这假日之床比家里的小；
房间到处都是窗子而没有窗帘。
在这乡村地方
我们不认识自己。我们是空白的。

*
在这乡村地方我们是空白的。
所有那些护照，
“请”和与另一方不同的
得意。

我们很喜欢我们是另一方。
我们彼此成了另一方。

我们喜欢我们无名的面孔。

*
我们，就像我们那无名的面孔，
麻木地在街上走。
去不同的地方，寻找地址，
排队 - 其他的人
是一种不便，得
忍受。要不然，谁
来收我们的门票？
清洗我们的厕所？
冲印我们的照片？

*
现在没人冲印照片了。
他们储存，调整大小，修剪，
去红眼。
尽量避免令人惊讶。

这是个没有双下巴的世界。

光线很完美。

*
光线很完美，便于对焦；
置中；构图。去掉
背景中的陌生人。

去掉背景
只留下我们熟悉的东西。

*
这是你熟悉的：
你的脸在我的脸旁边
在一间光亮的房间里。

你的脸由很多楔形组成

我的则是球形：容光焕发的面孔。

照片里，我们显得神秘。

我们不断恍惚——

我的头发竟这么黑？

我瘦的时候更像妈妈。

我总是看上去如此惊讶的吗？

答案是肯定的，总是肯定的。

我们的答案总是肯定的。

对于我们彼此。对于那位
要我们露出笑容的摄影师。

对，我们会尽量表现得自然，
日本姑娘们。

对，我们会成为
大图中的一部分。

注：罗步森山：加拿大卑斯省东部的一座山，
与亚伯达省交界。

Fin-De-Siècle

By Chris Hutchinson

No tears. You can't entreat this feeling
to come forth, to lift above your oesophagus and
turn to fluid grief. Your tongue is chalk and the air,
the reverberating crystal of a wine glass someone rubs
a wet thumb along, a hum whose colour eclipses
these thin conversations about sex poorly disguised
as cultivated desire. This all takes place at a party
constantly played-out in some future time you have
invented, where your present needs have been replaced
by deep-seated and trivial regrets. Your guests
wear the occult glow of the well-fed and spiritually
tormented. What no one sees: In the mirror above
the bookshelf where the Poetical Works of Keats

decomposes

to blonde motes of dust, a shadow grows of your body
as it appears today, as dark water light gutters over
from a moon made of salt, a moon of fear, a hollow
form the night runs its cold thumb along
as a single violin plays its single note
across the years.

颓废

作者：克瑞斯哈齐森

翻译：戴珏（中国香港）

没有眼泪，你不能乞求这种感觉
涌现，升至食道以上而且
变成流体的悲痛。你的舌头是粉笔与空气，
是高脚杯的水晶玻璃，被人用湿拇指擦过发出回响，
是一种哼唱，其音色使这些肤浅的谈话
显得乏味，谈论性却要拙劣地掩饰为
高雅的欲望。这都发生于一个
不断在你虚构的某个未来时间里演绎的
聚会中，在那里你现在的需求
已被由来已久的，琐碎的懊悔所取代。你的客人
戴有丰衣足食而精神受折磨者隐密
的光彩。有些东西没人看到：那书架里的
济慈诗集腐烂成了棕黄色的尘埃，在它上方
的镜子里，你的身体像今天一样，
但它的影子，当暗淡的水光流淌而过，渐渐扩大；
那光流自一个盐做的月亮，一个恐惧之月，一个
空洞的形体，夜用它冰冷的拇指在上面拭拂 -
就像一把小提琴经年拉着
一个单音。

BECOMING

By Chris Hutchinson

Thrown headfirst
from the astral plane
the newborn dead

mistake the rushing wind
for a hand to keep them
safe, suspended.

At least this is how
I'll speak of it, unwilling

to say goodbye:

Clouds like doors closing
and unclosing it seems
absurd to wonder why.

Meanwhile the living softly
procreate in the mollusc-dark,
creatures curled

in sorrow, devoted
to the world concealed
inside the world.

转化

作者:克瑞斯哈齐森

翻译:戴珏(中国香港)

一头摔出
灵界
新生的死者

误将疾风
当做一只手,以为它会
使他们悬浮,安全。

至少我会这样
说起这事,不愿
说再见:

云犹如许多门,关闭
又打开-想知道为什么
似乎又觉得荒唐。

同时,生者轻柔地
在软体黑暗中繁衍,
那些生物

在悲伤中蜷曲,献身于
隐藏在这世界里的
那个世界。

FIGARO

By Barry Dempster

With apologies to Mozart
and his fumbling, foolhardy
Figaro, love is not a farce.
You sit there in the giggly audience
and watch as cads and cuckolds
hunker down behind cardboard trees,
sorrow on its knees like a trick
pony. They laugh because they know
that stage hearts are always fixed, some
kind of instant lacquer, the mystery
of desire hidden beneath
a shiny silk cloak. One quick sweep,
voilà, the truth be told: delirious
ever after.

In real life, he can't sing a note,
and has the nerve to topple things
when you're both naked and supposedly
abloom. And her lies don't come with
giant winks or fingers tied up
like bows behind her spot-lit back.
You're on your own when the curtain
tumbles, just a vague few notes stuck
in a corner of your cheek. How
to go home to an empty answering
machine. How to sleep when a fractured
piece of your heart keeps rolling around
your chest.

You wonder if any of your
sobs have hit high C,
if aria and whimper
originate from the same mouth.
To treat yourself like an opera,
sunken orchestra and all, Poor
me, Poor me echoing through the halls.
Every breath, a performance, a
projection to those far away
seats where the dead sit perplexed.
Is there a healing in the house?
A silly, meaningless tune? Once
upon a scene you were a lover,
now you can hardly bear to sit
and watch.

In your version of Figaro,
the one where Mozart goes mad, almost
everyone dies clutching their genitals
like open wounds. No-one gets out
of here alive -- your favourite
cartoon. The last note warps
into a scream and the stage trips
over an invisible wall. You may
end up with someone faithless
in your arms, but you can always hum
him or her to sleep before quietly slitting
their throats

弗伽娄

作者:巴里丹普士得

翻译:秋叶(加拿大多伦多)

抱歉,对莫扎特和他的失误,
有勇无谋的弗伽娄,
爱情不是闹剧。
你坐在傻笑的听众中,
观看着象个无赖,戴绿帽的人
蹲在厚纸板树后面,
哀痛地跪着象搞笑的小丑。
他们笑因为他们知道,
舞台中央总是固定的,
某种迅即的闪亮反映了秘密的企望,
隐藏在丝光的斗篷下,
迅速扫过
到了极度的兴奋。

在真实的生活,他却不能唱一个音符,
紧张得把事情都搞糟了,
当你们赤裸地盛开。
她谎言没有带来巨大的闪光,
手指象弓一样,
放在她点点闪光的背后。
当帷幕翻滚时,你们独自行事,
在您的面颊的角落里,
只有几许隐晦的迹象。
如何返家对着空空的留言,
当一颗破碎的心在胸口翻滚,
如何入睡。

你奇怪,
你们中谁的呜咽达到高C调,
如果唱腔和抽泣,
起源于同一张嘴。

对自己象一部歌剧，
象乐池的乐队还有一切，
可怜的我，可怜的我，在大厅里回响。
每一个呼吸，每一个演出，
每一个投射在远处的座位，
那里死亡为难道坐着。
房子里有治愈的人吗？
是一个愚蠢而无意义的声调？
从前你是个爱观看的人，
如今你几乎坐看都受不了。

在您的弗咖娄版本，
那个莫扎特发狂的地方，
几乎大家死抓住他们的要害，
象打开的伤口。
没有人能活着出去--你喜爱动画片。
最后的音符卷成了尖叫，
舞台演变成了无形的墙壁。
最终，你可把无信仰的人，
抱入怀里，
在悄悄地，
切开他们的喉头之前，
你能随时哄他/她入睡。

The Critique of Pure Reason

By Ross Leckie

Is it that it is pure, that it is driven, that it is snow?
Snow in the reeds where I stand
as subject, as simple subject, as identical subject
in every state of my thought.
Winter cups its hands into time and freezes
it into a skim of ice. Time is partly opaque,
its pack of crystals occluding knowledge of the weeds.
They are at the bottom of the pond, beyond desire.
This is neither elegy
nor ode. It is ice marked by the skate-edge of time.
I stand by my thoughts, here, at the edge of reason.
There is open water out toward the middle of the slough,
where the water birds congregate.
I was a child in a photograph. I was the ancient of days.
I was the man who didn't have a ticket,
who waited outside, waiting to glimpse the performers
glissando from stage door to the waiting limousine.
It happened in the theatre of the trees,
hovering in shadow, possibility and impossibility.
It is telos of snow. I had to wait to hear the whole song,
because reason is shaped that way,
it has that kind of beauty, categorical. Look at the graph
the ridge of the mountains make and there you will see it.

It is more accurate than true and more true than accurate.
The pond is in the shape of an 'O' and if you make an 'O' of your mouth
in the moment before you sing your solo, then there is the surprise
that you know its entirety as it knows the entirety of itself,
the song you can't get out of your head.
But there is no song in the world of reason, just the cry
of a bird, just the breeze in the tree tops.
In the quiet I can almost hear the rustle of reciprocity.
I expected it all to be reasonable, but I stood there
in the snow; we were reasonable beings,
the pond and the imagination caught in the ice,
the cattails and the wind of my breath,
the necessity of ice and the contingency of reason,
the inalterable temper of antinomy.
The pages are opening into the fields and the trees are pure reason.
There is the intelligence of spruce needles, the way
they interlock and the way they enclose space
and make it intimate, the way they brush the snow,
and in the snow, at this moment, time is all I have
to contemplate sunlight's interrogation of shadow
and the encroaching night's critique of sunlight
and that is how I know two plus two.

纯粹理性批判

作者：罗斯莱吉

翻译：阿九（加拿大温哥华）

莫非因为它纯粹，因为它被推动，它就是雪？
芦苇丛中的雪，作为一个
主体，一个简单的主体，一个在所有思维状态下
都同一的主体，我站在那里。
冬天捧着双手伸入时间，并将它冻结为
一块薄冰。时间是半透明的，
它的冰晶阻挡了杂草的认知。
它们身在池底，在欲念之外。这既不是哀歌，
也不是颂歌。它是时间的冰刀划过的冰面。
我凭思而立，在这里，在理性的边缘，
开阔的水面流向河湾的中心，那里群鸟集结。
我曾是照片里的儿童。曾是古老的日子。
我曾是那个没有门票的人，
守在门外，直等到演员们惊鸿一现
从舞台的边门滑向等候的专车。
此事发生在树木的剧场里，
盘旋在阴影、可能与不可能之间。
它是雪之末。我必须等待才能听完这首歌的全部，
因为理性就是这样成型的，
它具有那样的美，一种断然截然的美。看看群山
勾勒的图画，你就会发现它。
它比真实更精确，比精确更真实。
池塘有着O的形状，而如果你把嘴巴也张成O形

开始独唱，你就会带着一份惊喜
 顿悟到它的完整，如同它得知自己的完整，
 一首在萦绕于脑海而无法摆脱的歌。
 但理性的世界里没有歌，只有鸟的
 鸣叫，只有树梢的轻风。
 沉静之中，我几乎能听见互惠的沙沙声。
 我希望它全然合理，但我站在那边的
 雪地里；我们都是理性的存在，
 被雪攫住的池塘和想象，
 菖蒲和我呼吸的气息，
 冰的必然性和理性的偶然性，
 还有它本性难易的二律背反。
 页面正朝着原野打开，那些树正是纯粹理性。
 有云杉针叶的智能，它们
 相锁的方式，它们包围一个小空间
 并令其变得亲密的方式，它们拂着雪的方式，
 而在雪中，在此时，我只能藉着时间
 去观照阳光对影子的拷问，
 还有逼近的夜晚对阳光的批判，
 这让我明白了二加二的道理。

注：这首诗的题目取自康德书名，里面的词汇很多直接来自康德哲学。互惠(*reciprocity*)也是康德哲学里的一个概念的通译。虽然其语义跟“相互”是一致的，但原文里用名词属格形态*the rustle of reciprocity*，而非形容词*the reciprocal rustle*，因此我仍然希望用互惠而非相互。

Ripe

By Susan Elmslie

Silence is quicksand.
 What you didn't say.
 His face searching for words,
 searching and flummoxed. You heard
 small creatures chipmunk, mouse,
 gecko, voleskeddaddle into the underbrush,
 clearing the path ahead of him, as he went off
 to gather his thoughts.

Left to your own devices, you take an apple.
 Turn it in your hand, polishing away
 the bloom. It smells like new words.

You cut it, and the free half falls

over, tight as a tumbler in the Chinese circus.
 Mirrored in the blade, a serrated smile.
 You quarter it, and the second cut sounds
 as different from the first
 as one footfall from the next, the lion
 and the lamb. A pithy argument, accusation.
 In each quarter is the face of an owl: dark eyes
 unblinking.

熟

作者: 苏珊艾姆斯丽

翻译: 阿九(加拿大温哥华)

寂静即是流沙。
 是你没有说出的话。
 他的脸在寻找词语，
 寻觅而又张皇。你听见
 一些小生命花栗鼠，老鼠，
 壁虎，田鼠钻入荆棘丛中，
 清扫了他面前的路，让他得以离开
 去整理思绪。

没有人睬你。你拿起一只苹果，
 将它放在自己手中，擦掉上面的
 果霜。它闻上去多像一个新词。

你切开它，那没有扶着的一半
 翻过去，利索得像中国马戏团里翻筋斗的人。
 刀口的一侧显出它的镜像，一个锯齿状的笑容。
 你再将它切成四瓣，这第二刀
 切出了一种不同的声音，
 就像一个脚步不同于下一步，狮子
 和绵羊。一个精炼的命题，或者控诉。
 每一瓣都是一张猫头鹰的脸：黑色的眼睛
 眨也不眨。

Er war anders als wir

By Mitch Parry

In the photo you are a hunched bundle on the verge
 of flight or collapse. Tight collar, wool, close-cropped hair.
 The decorum of the age barely squeezes you behind