

红狐丛书·南半球卷
南十字星之下

In the Serious Light of Nothing

Peter Minter

在严肃的虚无之光中

[澳] 彼得·明特

高兴 译



红狐



江苏凤凰文艺出版社
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Never Return to a Meadow Permit

You began as it ends to begin, holy world
calling up a wind as you walk out

& stand before the crest
to speak of love, living in the shape of people,
breath's slow fall

with no memory of form, like
all that is made of grass, stone, sleep in trees

grows taller and taller with extinction.
Tonight's town
drinks up an army of ghosts,

screens tinkle as new ice
explodes gracefully overhead, blue deals transmitted
to fields of occupation.

You are there in a dream
opening on the hour, light fall of leaves
commodity's source

in each word, line, leaf
as it passes daily from our lives.

I am permitted to never return
to a meadow, the one they show again on cable
eyes breezy with rites

of chaos, that permission,
now propertied & lost, is gone.

永不重返一片草地许可

在它结束以便开始之时，你开始，神圣的世界
召集一阵风，你走了出去

并在山顶面前站定
谈及爱，居于人民的形状中，
呼吸的缓慢坠落

已忘却形式，犹如
草、石头和树中睡眠组成的一切

越来越高，越来越高，伴随着熄灭。
今夜的镇子
饮尽一支幽灵大军，

屏幕叮当作响，仿佛新冰
优雅地在头顶爆炸，蓝色的冷杉传播
直至被占的田野。

你在那里，在一个
正点开门的梦里，叶子轻盈地飘落
日用品的源头

在每个词语、句子、叶片里
当它每日从我们的生活经过时。

我得到许可，永不重返
一片草地，那片他们在电视上再次展示的草地
眼睛因为混乱的礼仪

而愉悦，那份许可，
如今拥有而又丧失，已经逝去。

（高兴译）

The Roadside Bramble

Walking late by a roadside bramble
Hoops of brittle thorn, a caul of dead grass, quiet rust
Frost-burnt une feuille serrate
Motes fall and swirl as brassy notes and cobwebs
Tangle straw stems in mossy dirt, the gravel wash
A stripped page of newspaper rotting, crushed
Polyethylene terephthalate
Half-full of piss or rain water, the sign of a dog
Chalk eroded in the furrow of a wheel
Gone a little wide on the corner, or a near miss
Now overgrown in parochial paspalum, afternoon light
Cold and real, bees somewhere in the shadows
A thought of honey in the thicket
The grey common behind a wire fence half down in the
damp
Bruise hung on the smoke
Of a sundog burnt in hazy sky, translucent
Sleep stuck in the cavernous dawn of a bramble there by
the roadside
Where I hurry into the emaciated past
Where dry straw recedes speechless into the middle
distance

A skein of mist settling over a paddock
Air still, damp, muddy in my nose as the scent of blood
Steel cold hockey bone blue, knee high
Twigs and the hair on my skin lift in the golden aperture
Of the sky's milk crystal
Fanned behind a brittle stand of eight grey poplars
Pines melting in the middle distance
Dark green glass shards sliding into the earth
A path trodden flakes of rock
Th rough clumps and bristles of grass and wet-stemmed
seed-heads
Drooping over bright plastic bits and rusting caps
Squashed with dirt into a bleak loam
A field scattered with the bones of my predecessors
Wandering aimlessly over turquoise hills, smoky dead trees
I find I'm outside the future, overgrown
Great walls of roots & earth crumbling sodden in the
muddy weather
Wooden claws of hackberry gum

Knotted foetal in the grey wind, contrail chords in
the sky

Lines unfurling between hard matter and blue

Blown above a jetliner's silver precipice

Disappearing into the end of a broken branch

Time and space are orange as mud in gravel

Trees a-glint with a wild fire

Sparks flying across the horizon the singular grey
abyss

Every bramble has been the same, I think

As they all rush from my past like black swans, snow
geese

Drawn into the circle of gravel

A formation of birds dropping suddenly into mind

As I walk around, feathers widening

Angular as they land into the poverty of the world

The horizon always looming, then retreating from the
present

And all it holds, the skeletal frame of a sparrow
chick

Its absent eye resting on a quartz pebble
Left as a sign to the logic of inhuman death, clear,
immensely old
A grain of cold stone, the indifferent raw tangle
In a bracken fern halo, the silent forehead of a sickle moon
Tacked strangely to a wooden light-pole
The sound of water tinkling and gurgling, treble & bass
A silver banner fluttering and wending
Through the poplars and brace of pines
Darkness somehow equal to its bright and random melody
Caught in the cold pomegranate at the road's end
Crimson flesh held in a world of white foam
Mist correlates, transpires, solid shapes beneath the moon
& stars, hips and haws, love and hate
No matter how opaque and powerless I become
I still cry into the night as it springs burning into felony
Emptiness glowing through dry yellow stalks
No match for the whorl at the crown of your head

Telescoped to a galaxy, a whale from the old world bare
As a chunky key-ring nob lost in the mossy grit
Where I walk & look, no doubt within
Perhaps hell-bent as gravel paths spread from me
chaotically
All the same, having wandered here before
And knowing how each will always yield its own
I fall away into the roadside ditch
Sticks and mud stuck in my hair, the back of my throat
Catching the gold sunset
Behind, of course, bitumen spread Bauhaus thin and black
A wall of glass windows over the road
A mercury pool shimmering in the wind
The whole reflected world shuddering.

路边黑刺莓

迟暮漫步，走过路边黑刺莓
尖利的刺环，一团枯死的草，静静的锈迹
Frost-burnt une feuille serrate^①
尘埃飘落，旋动，一如刺耳的音符，蜘蛛网
纠缠着草梗，在布满苔藓的尘土里，沙砾清洗
一页剥落的报纸腐烂，碾碎
聚乙烯对苯二甲酸酯
半是尿或雨水，狗的迹象
白垩腐蚀，在角落的车辙中
扩展了些许，或者几近失踪
此刻在教区的雀稗丛中蔓延，午后的光
清冷，真切，蜜蜂在阴影中某处
念及灌木丛中的蜂蜜
灰色的公用草地，在潮湿中一半倒塌的铁丝网后面
青肿悬挂在燃烧的
幻日的烟雾中，在朦胧的天空中，半透明
睡眠沉入一棵黑刺莓洞穴般的黄昏，就在路边
那里，我匆匆走进衰弱的往昔
那里，干草默默退往中间距离
一缕雾霭停驻在一座围场的上空
空气凝滞，潮湿，泥泞，在我的鼻子里，犹如血的

味道

冰冷的钢冰球骨架，高高的膝盖
细枝，和我皮肤上的毛发在天空
那牛奶水晶金色的缝隙里
一排冷漠的灰色杨树，总共八棵，后面
松柏融化在中间距离
深绿色玻璃碎片滑进土地
一条小径踩着岩石块穿过
丛丛缕缕的草木，茎秆潮湿的种子穗
低垂于亮丽的塑料嚼子和锈迹斑斑的便帽上
夹杂着尘土，挤进荒凉的壤土
一片田野散布着我祖辈的遗骨
漫无目的地徜徉，在绿松石山丘的上方，在死寂的
烟雾蒙蒙的林子的上方
我发现我身处未来之外，蔓延
巨大的根泥墙，湿漉漉的，在泥泞的气候中瓦解
朴树的木爪
胎儿般纠结于灰色的风中，烟弦在天际
线舒展，在硬物质和蔚蓝之间
一架喷气式班机的银色残片被吹到天上
消隐于一棵断枝的尽头

时空橙黄，一如沙砾中的泥沼
树林微微闪烁，带着一团野性的火
火花飞过地平线，那孤独的灰色深渊
每株黑刺莓都别无二致，我想
它们全都黑天鹅般从我的过去冲出，雪雁
被引入沙砾圆圈
一队鸟儿突然闯进脑海
当我四处漫游时，羽翼拓宽
骨瘦如柴，当它们降落在世界的贫瘠中
地平线总是隐约出现，然后从现时和其
掌控的一切撤离，一只雏雀的骨骼
它那缺席的眼停留于一颗石英卵石
作为非人类死亡逻辑的符号存留，清晰，无比古老
一粒冷石，那无动于衷的粗鄙的纠缠
在一道蕨的光晕中，镰月寂静的额头
怪异地缝在一个木光极上
水声叮叮当当，咕咕作响，高音和低音
一面银色的旗帜在飘扬，前行
穿过杨树和一对松树
黑暗不知怎的总是等于它那明媚而又即兴的乐曲
在路的尽头那棵寒冷的石榴树上被人逮住
深红的肉体包含在一个白色泡沫的世界里
雾霭并置，散发，月亮和星星下面坚固的