

红狐丛书·南半球卷
南十字星之下

Poetry for Beginners

Gabeba Baderoon

诗歌入门

[南非] 嘉贝巴·巴德伦

维丝 译



江苏凤凰文艺出版社
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ART PUBLISHING, LTD

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Charlotte R. Baskin

诗歌入门

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I Cannot Myself

To come to this country,
my body must assemble itself

into photographs and signatures.
Among them they will search for me.

I must leave behind all uncertainties.
I cannot myself be a question.

自己更不可以

来到这个国家
身体必须自我组合

到相片和签名上
它们会在各自之间把我寻找

我必须放下所有的不确定
自己更不可以是疑问

(维丝译)

Beginning

I turn a corner and see your face.
Our lives spool out from that glance.
I give up everything for this.
I remember everything I've left behind.

You pack your books on the shelves next to mine.
On an envelope addressed to me you write a list of
groceries.
You speak to me of your former loves.
You tell me I am your first love.

Before we start the middle of our lives together,
before we contemplate leaving each other,
ceding the subtle map of the bed,
let us linger on a beginning.

起点

我转过街角看见你的脸
生活的线轴随着那一瞥展开
为此我放弃了一切
我还记得已放下的一切

你把书放在我书架旁边的书架上
在收件人是我的信封上写上购物清单
你和我说起你过去的恋情
你告诉我，我是你的初恋

在我们的中年一起开始以前
在我们打算离开对方以前
在我们放弃床上微妙的地图以前
让我们徘徊在起点

(维丝译)

Old Photographs

On my desk is a photograph of you
taken by the woman who loved you then.

In some photos her shadow falls
in the foreground. In this one,
her body is not that far from yours.

Did you hold your head that way
because she loved it?

She is not invisible, not
my enemy,
nor even the past.
I think
I love the things she loved.

Of all your old photographs, I wanted
this one for its becoming. I think
you were starting
to turn your head a little,
your eyes looking slightly to the side.

Was this the beginning of leaving?

旧照片

书桌上有你的照片
当时爱你的女人把它拍下

在一些照片里，她的影子落在
前景。而在这张照片里
她的身体离你并不那么远

是否因为她喜欢，
你的头就这样摆着呢？

她不是无形的，不是
我的敌人，甚至不是过去
我想我也爱她所爱的事物

在你所有的旧照片中，我就要这张
为了它的来龙去脉。我想
你正要开始微微转头
你的眼略略望向一旁

这是离别的开始吗？

（维丝译）

I Forget to Look

The photograph of my mother at her desk in the fifties
has been in my purse for twenty years,
its paper faded, browning,
the scalloped edge bent then straightened.

The collar of her dress folds discreetly.
The angle of her neck looks as though
someone has called her from far away.

She was the first in her family to take
the bus from Claremont
up the hill to the university.

At one point during the lectures at medical school,
black students had to pack their notes, get up and walk
past the ascending rows of desks out of the theatre.

Behind the closed door, in an autopsy
black students were not meant to see.
the uncovering and cutting of white skin.

Under the knife, the skin,
the mystery of sameness.

In a world that defined how black and white
could look at each other, touch each other,
my mother looks back, her poise unmarred.

Every time I open my purse,
she is there, so familiar I forget
to look at her.

忘了看

五十年代妈妈坐在书桌前的照片
已放在我的钱包里二十年
相纸褪色，泛黄
波浪边角皱了又扫平

她的裙子领口仔细地折好
脖子角度看起来
就像有人在远方唤她

她是家族里第一个
上大学的人，从克莱蒙特镇
坐巴士上山

当时在医学院上课
黑人学生得收拾笔记，站起来
走过由少至多排列的书桌，走出演讲厅

紧闭的门后，做尸检时
黑人学生不能去看
打开和切开的白人皮肤

刀下，皮下
同质的玄奥

这个世界定义黑人和白人
如何看待和触碰对方
妈妈往后望，身姿未被玷污

每次我打开钱包
她都在那里，熟悉得
都忘了看她一眼

（维丝译）

Poetry for Beginners

In the evening poetry class for beginners
in the community hall during the introductions

a girl looking down behind her hair
and a thick brown coat she doesn't take off

breathes in deep and risking
something says fast

my boyfriend's in prison and I'm here

to find out how to write to him
through the bars

and someone laughs

and she pulls herself back into her coat
and from inside looks past us

and the next week doesn't
come back