

红狐丛书·南半球卷
南十字星之下

The Tin Wash Dish

Les Murray

锡洗盘

[澳] 莱斯·马雷

宋子江 译



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Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| Kiss of the Whip | 1 |
| The Gum Forest | 7 |
| The Bulldozer | 13 |
| Poetry and Religion | 15 |
| The Tin Wash Dish | 19 |
| Shellback Tick | 23 |
| Dead Trees in the Dam | 25 |
| It Allows a Portrait in Line Scan at Fifteen | 29 |
| Deaf Language | 39 |
| A Postcard | 41 |
| The Images Alone | 43 |
| The Moon Man | 45 |
| The Great Cuisine Cleaver Dance Sonnet | 47 |
| The Poisons of Right and Left | 49 |
| Death from Exposure | 51 |
| The Farm Terraces | 53 |

目录

| | |
|------------|----|
| 吻鞭 | 4 |
| 桉树林 | 10 |
| 推土机 | 14 |
| 诗与宗教 | 17 |
| 锡洗盘 | 21 |
| 龟壳蝉 | 24 |
| 水塘上的枯树 | 27 |
| 十五岁诗画像 | 34 |
| 聋语 | 40 |
| 一张明信片 | 42 |
| 意象罢了 | 44 |
| 月人 | 46 |
| 切工厨师之舞十四行诗 | 48 |
| 左右之毒 | 50 |
| 曝光致死 | 52 |
| 梯田 | 55 |

Kiss of the Whip

In Cardiff, off Saint Mary's Street,
there in the porn shops you could get
a magazine called Kiss of the Whip.
I used to pretend I'd had poems in it.

Kiss of the Whip. I never saw it.
I might have encountered familiar skills
having been raised in a stockwhip culture.
Grandfather could dock a black snake's head,

Stanley would crack the snake for preference
leap from his horse grab whirl and jolt!
the popped head hummed from his one-shot slingshot.
The whips themselves were black, fine-braided,

arm-coiling beasts that could suddenly flourish
and cut a cannibal strip from a bull
(millisecond returns) or idly behead an
ant on the track. My father did that.

A knot in the lash would kill a rabbit.
There were decencies: good dogs and children
were flogged with the same lash doubled back.
A horsehair plait on the tip for a cracker

sharpened the note. For then or twelve thousand
years this was the sonic barrier's
one human fracture. Whip-cracking is that:
thonged lightning making the leanest thunder.

When black snakes go to Hell they are
affixed by their fangs to carved whip-handles
and fed on nothing but noonday heat,
sweat and flowing rumps and language.

They writhe up dust-storms for revenge
and send them roaring where creature comfort's
got with a touch of the lash. And that
is a temple yard that will bear more cleansing

before, through droughts and barracks, those
lax, quiet-speaking, sudden fellows
emerge where skill unbraids from death
and mastering, in Saint Mary's Street.

吻鞭

卡迪夫城，圣玛丽街边
情色铺林立，你能找到
一本杂志，叫《吻鞭》。
我常常假装自己在杂志上面发表了诗歌。

《吻鞭》。我从未见过。
我可能曾经见过熟悉的技巧
毕竟我是在牧鞭文化中长大。
祖父还会用鞭抽起一条黑蛇的头，

史丹利能用鞭随意抽打蛇身
还抓着马绳跳下，跑圈颠簸！
蛇头被击中，在鞭子下呜咽。
鞭身是黑色的，编结得不错，

犹如叉起手臂的野兽，突然活跃起来
从一头公牛身上抽出食人的肉条
(毫秒间回头)或休憩中抽断
蚁队中蚂蚁的头。我父亲就干过。

鞭子打结就能绞死一只兔子。
当中亦有得体之处：听话的狗和孩子
都被同一条鞭抽打双飞。
为了鞭者，一尾鬃辫在鞭尖上

把气势削得更锐利。那时，还是一万二千
年来，这是音波般的屏障里
唯一的人骨折断。鞭打即：
闪电如鞭，打下最纤细的雷声。

黑色蛇群下地狱时，它们的
獠牙被扣于雕花鞭柄上
只能饱尝午间的炎热、
汗水、流窜的后背和语言。

它们滚起尘暴，以作报复
放逐咆哮，野兽的舒坦
与鞭触同至。而这就
是忍受更多净化的庙院

其后，历经干旱和营舍，那些不举的、悄语的、飘忽的家伙才出现，从死亡和习得中缕析而来的技巧，就在圣玛丽街寻到。

(宋子江译)

The Gum Forest

After the last gapped wire on a post,
homecoming for me, to enter the gum forest.

This old slow battlefield: parings of armour,
cracked collars, elbows, scattered on the ground.

New trees step out of old: lemon and ochre
splitting out of grey everywhere, in the gum forest.

In there for miles, shade track and ironbark slope,
depth casually beginning all around, at a little distance.

Sky sifting, and always a hint of smoke in the light;
you can never reach the heart of the gum forest.

In here is like a great yacht harbour, charmed to leaves,
innumerable tackle, poles wrapped in spattered sail,
or an unknown army in reserve for centuries.

Flooded-gums on creek ground, each tall because of each.
Now a blackbutt in bloom is showering with bees
but warm blood sleeps in the middle of the day.

The witching hour is noon in the gum forest.
Foliage builds like a layering splash: ground water
drily upheld in edge-on, wax-rolled, gall-puckered
leaves upon leaves. The shoal life of parrots up there.

Stone footings, trunk-shattered. Non-human lights.
Enormous abandoned machines. The mysteries of the
gum forest.

Delight to me, though, at the water-smuggling creeks,
health to me, too, under banksia candles and combs.

A wind is up, rubbing limbs above the bullock roads;
mountains are waves in the ocean of the gum forest.

I go my way, looking back sometimes, looking round me;

singed oils clear my mind, and the pouring sound high up.

Why have I denied the passions of my time? To see
lightning strike upward out of the gum forest.

桉树林

走过通电铁线栏的最后一根木柱，
回家，对我而言，就是走入那片桉树林。

这片古老而缓慢的战场：装甲刨花，
护领护肘均破裂，散落在四周。

新树踏着老树簇拥而出：在这片桉树林
灰色无处不在，分裂出柠檬色和赭红色。

树荫小径和铁皮树山坡绵延数英里，
景深处处，始于距离稍远的地方。

天空在筛滤，日光中总有烟霭隐约；
永远无法达到桉树林的心脏地带。

于此仿佛置身于游艇港湾，着迷于叶帆、
数不尽的索具，溅污的帆布裹着桅杆，
就像一支被养了几个世纪的无名军队。

溪地上被浸淹的桉树，竞相拔高。

一棵茂盛的黑基木树撒下一袭蜜蜂
但是正午时，温暖的血液正在沉睡。

桉树林里，正午是魅惑的时刻。
叶丛叠叠，犹如层层溅洒；地面的水潭
在干燥中苦撑，叶子轻压叶子，
微醉，被蜡卷过，被虫瘦蛀过。树上鸚鵡群立而生。

树脚铺满石头，树干已破碎。不是人造的光。
巨大的机器被废置于此。桉树林的玄奥。

溪流偷运水源，但是于我是愉悦，
站在犹如蜡烛和发梳的班克西花下，于我是健爽。

一阵风起于阍牛道上，揉擦它们的四肢；
在桉树林之海，山峦即是海浪。

我走着自己的路，时不时回头，环顾四周；
油轻微燎焦，让我头脑清静，头顶上还有倾泻的声音。