In a Foreign Voice

A Creative and Critical Response to
Australian and Chinese Women’s Poetry After 1949

Xing FAN

MA (University of Macau)

This thesis is presented for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy
of the University of Western Australia
Faculty of Arts, Business, Law and Education
School of Humanities
Discipline Group of English and Literary Studies
2019
Thesis Declaration

I, Xing FAN, certify that:

This thesis has been substantially accomplished during enrolment in the degree.

This thesis does not contain material which has been accepted for the award of any other degree or diploma in my name, in any university or other tertiary institution.

No part of this work will, in the future, be used in a submission in my name, for any other degree or diploma in any university or other tertiary institution without the prior approval of The University of Western Australia and where applicable, any partner institution responsible for the joint-award of this degree.

This thesis does not contain any material previously published or written by another person, except where due reference has been made in the text.

The work(s) are not in any way a violation or infringement of any copyright, trademark, patent, or other rights whatsoever of any person.

This thesis contains only sole-authored work, some of which has been published and/or prepared for publication under sole authorship.

Signature: [redacted]

Date: 20/02/2019
Abstract

The thesis is a portfolio which aims to contribute to the exchange between Australian and Chinese women’s poetry through comparative criticism, creative response, and translation. It consists of three parts: the first part is an exegetical essay in the form of a comparative study of Australian and Chinese women’s poetry after 1949; the second part is the candidate’s own creative (poetic) work in the form of a book manuscript; the third part consists of the candidate’s English translation of a selection of contemporary Chinese women’s poetry, and her Chinese translation of a selection of contemporary Australian women’s poetry.
# Table of Contents

Thesis Declaration .............................................. 2
Abstract ............................................................. 3
Acknowledgements ............................................... 5
Authorship Declaration: Sole Author Publications .......... 6
A Note on Style and Word Count .............................. 9

## PART I: Exegetical Essay

A Rhizomatic Writing on Contemporary Australian and Chinese Women’s Poetry 10

  - Introduction: Writing the Plural ................................. 11
  - Background and Literature Review .............................. 31
  - Chapter One: Domestcity – Worldliness ......................... 63
  - Chapter Two: Death – Mourning ................................. 78
  - Chapter Three: Myth – A Woman’s Rewrite .................... 93
  - Chapter Four: Monologue – Dialogue ........................... 105
  - Chapter Five: Poets – Poetics .................................... 117
  - Conclusion: Towards a Feminist Poetic Contact Nebula .... 129

## PART II: Creative Work

South of Words 詞語的南方 ................................... 136

  - Contents ....................................................... 137

## PART III: Translation

  - Contents ....................................................... 185

  - Section One: Selected Poems of Contemporary Chinese Women Poets in English Translation 194

  - Section Two: Selected Poems of Contemporary Australian Women Poets in Chinese Translation 335

List of Works Cited ............................................ 502
Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my three supervisors—Prof. Philip Mead and Dr. Catherine Noske at the University of Western Australia, and Prof. Christopher (Kit) Kelen at the University of Macau—for their dedication, guidance, and encouragement throughout the years of my candidature. I would also like to thank Prof. Kieran Dolin for his administrative support as the Graduate Research Coordinator of the School of Humanities at UWA. This research was supported by an Australian Government Research Training Program (RTP) Scholarship. I would not have been able to complete this thesis without the IPRS, APA and UPA scholarships.

I am grateful to the poets whom I have studied, translated, and responded to over the years of my doctoral research, especially Cao Shuying, Zhou Zan, Kate Lilley, and Tracy Ryan, for corresponding with me. I am also indebted to the late Fay Zwicky for lending me her copy of A Passover Haggadah, in order to help with my reading and translation of her poem ‘Kaddish’. It is an honour to be trusted as a poetry translator, and on that note, I would like to extend my gratitude to all the Australian and Chinese poets whom I have translated, especially Susan Fealy, Jean Kent, Judy Johnson, Beth Spencer, and to the following editors, journals, and associations for supporting my work: Kent MacCarter from Cordite, Chen Si’an from Wings, Chris Song Zijiang from Voice & Verse; Cha, Fleurs des Lettres, Poetry Monthly, Chinese Western Poetry; Westerly and the Westerly Centre at UWA, and the China–Australia Writing Centre at Curtin University.

To my other teachers who have shined a torch along this path—the late Prof. Leung Ping-Kwan, Prof. Agnes Lam Shun-Ling, the Guangzhou poet and the editor of Poetry and People Huang Lihai—I am indebted to them for their guidance and friendship.

Lastly I would like to thank my parents-in-law Dr. Lucy Dolin and Prof. Tim Dolin for their love and generosity, and Julia, Lesley, and Margaret in my Australian family. And most of all, I would like to thank my parents Fan Ping and Gou Zhixiao, and my husband Daniel Dolin for their never-failing care, love, patience, and trust; and to whom I would like to dedicate this thesis.
**Authorship Declaration: Sole Author Publications**

This thesis contains the following sole-authored work that has been published.

|---|---|


Location in thesis: p. FAN 287.

Location in thesis: p. FAN 301.


Details of the work: Chinese translation 〈布蕾德談布蕾德〉(‘Braid on Braid’) in *Chinese Western Poetry* (《中西詩歌》) No.2, July 2015.
Location in thesis: p. FAN 328.

Details of the work: Chinese translation 〈月。眼。樹。〉(‘the moon. the eye. the tree.’) in *Chinese Western Poetry* (《中西詩歌》) No.2, July 2015.

Location in thesis: p. FAN 364.
|---|

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Location in thesis: p. FAN 397.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Location in thesis: p. FAN 443.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Details of the work: Chinese translation 〈憑他們的詩你將懂得他們：詩〉 (‘By their poems ye shall know them: Poem’) in <em>Chinese Western Poetry</em> (《中西詩歌》) No.2, July 2015.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Signature: [Signature]
Date: 05/17/2019
A Note on Style and Word Count

It is necessary to elaborate briefly on the style of Chinese in this thesis. First, all Chinese texts are typed in traditional Chinese characters. The reason behind this is that the Chinese translations and original poetry in this thesis are intended to be published outside the PRC in the future. Second, a Chinese name at its first appearance is transliterated according to Hanyü Pinyin (漢語拼音, the romanised phonetic system of Mandarin Chinese), then followed by the name in traditional Chinese characters, with dates of birth and death (if the person has passed away) given in brackets. Third, titles of Chinese books, articles, and poems are first translated into English, then given in traditional Chinese characters in brackets. Poems (in PART III) that are not originally written by the candidate but included for purposes of translation and comparative reading in this thesis contain 14,007 traditional Chinese characters and 12,281 English words.
PART I: Exegetical Essay

A Rhizomatic Writing on Contemporary Australian and Chinese Women’s Poetry
Introduction: Writing the Plural

In her speech given in the ‘Writers and Social Responsibility’ series at the University of Massachusetts in 1983, Adrienne Rich reviewed her intellectual development as a ‘lesbian-feminist poet and writer’ (249) in the US, and emphasised her wish to understand ‘how this location affects [her], along with the realities of blood and bread within this nation’ (249).\footnote{Rich’s italicisation.} ‘Blood and bread’ (249) for Rich, symbolise the racial and economic conditions within which a writer works, and in some cases, works to contest. But for a contemporary writer living in a globalised world, where international travel and border-crossing have become part of everyday life, she may have experienced changes in these conditions more frequently and drastically than writers in previous times. If racial and economic conditions define and construct a socio-cultural space for a writer to work both within and against, then for today’s writers, this space has become more fluid and multiple, more open to discussion and to possibilities of redefinition. This thesis aims to occupy and reflect upon this changing space by considering, translating, and writing poetic responses to contemporary women’s poetry written in English from Australia and written in Chinese from Mainland China, Hong Kong, Macao, and Taiwan.

As I wonder about Rich’s question of location in my own case, three places come to mind: Guangzhou and Macao, where I spent my childhood, adolescence, and early...
adulthood; and Perth, where I immigrated in 2012 and found myself a home. My earliest contact with poetry was through my parents reading me classical Chinese poems from *Fifty Two Poems for Children to Learn* (《兒童學詩伍拾貳首》) when I was a toddler.² The rhyme and rhythm of those poems have nurtured in me a fascination with the sound of words. When I grew into adolescence, I happened upon the novels of the Brontë sisters in Chinese translation. *Jane Eyre* and especially *Wuthering Heights* kindled my interest in English literature. It was not until I became a university student in Guangzhou that I discovered the three sisters were also poets. It was also in university that I first read about the emergence of Chinese women’s poetry as a critical discourse in Mainland China in the 1980s, led by prominent poets such as Zhai Yongming (翟永明), Tang Yaping (唐亞平), and critics such as Tang Xiaodu (唐曉渡) and Xie Mian (謝冕).

I completed my undergraduate study with a thesis analysing the intertextual relations among Virginia Woolf’s *Mrs. Dalloway*, Michael Cunningham’s *The Hours*, and Stephen Daldry’s film adaptation of Cunningham’s novel. I was fascinated by the interconnection between these three works, especially the ways in which one text could give rise to another, and the original could be rewritten and extended into a new text with a new historical and cultural setting. Thoughts about the life and afterlife of literary texts, the instances when they transcend their original contexts, and the

² The book was published by Hunan Juvenile Children Publishing House in 1982.
significance of such transcendence continued to occupy my mind. Woolf and other feminist writers directed my focus onto women’s writing. After taking a course named ‘Survey of World Poetries’ during my first year MA studies at the University of Macau, I rediscovered my interest in poetry. I hungered for works by Chinese poets from Mainland China, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macao. Moreover, different regional Chinese languages and cultures represented by these poems furthered my thinking about the dialectic between national and regional, ‘major’ and ‘minor’ literature. Under the encouragement of my supervisor, I began to translate contemporary Australian and Chinese poetry, and tried my hand at writing poems in English and Chinese.

One day, I happened upon a recording of Romaine Moreton reading her poetry. In order to better understand her work, which focused on the lives and experience of Indigenous people in contemporary Australia, I began to read and study the histories and cultures of the First Nations on this Oceanic continent. Moreton belongs to the tradition of Australian Aboriginal poets who actively participate in the negotiation of cultural identity. Like Oodgeroo Noonuccal, Moreton adopts the language of the dispossessor in order to convey the perspective of the dispossessed, in the process decolonising this language. A high degree of hybridity of English and Indigenous languages could be found in the works of Moreton and Oodgeroo, which reminded me of the mix of Mandarin and dialectal Chinese in contemporary Chinese indigenous
women’s poetry. Moreton’s cross-media practice as a poet, performance artist and filmmaker also inspired me to consider the relationship between different discourses, written and visual, within a woman writer’s œuvre, and to contemplate the possibility of an interdisciplinary approach to each of the creative modes.

My MA thesis on contemporary Australian and Chinese Indigenous women’s poetry investigated the dialogical relationship between three different modes of writing: translation, criticism, and creative (poetic) writing. That thesis precedes this doctoral thesis, which covers the larger scope of Australian and Chinese women’s poetry after 1949. Since the beginning of my doctoral research, I have been asking myself certain questions: what does it mean to invoke the term ‘Women’s Poetry’ in the context of contemporary literary studies? Is it still necessary to compile an all-women anthology of contemporary poetry? The more I read, the more I believe that anyone who attempts to provide an answer has to look at ‘Women’s Poetry’ not only as their subject (which is to say, as poetry written and published by women), but also as a critical discourse that has a distinctive history in each different historical and cultural context worth examining and rewriting. The emergence of ‘Women’s Poetry’ as a critical discourse has been a crucial precursor for the anthologisation of contemporary women’s poetry in Australia and the PRC. At the same time, the different standards and methods employed by the editors of these anthologies have consistently contested and broadened the critical discourse of ‘Women’s Poetry’. In the next section of this...
exegetical essay, I will present a history of the anthologisation of contemporary women’s poetry in Australian and Chinese speaking regions, in relation to the origination of ‘Women’s Poetry’ as a critical discourse.

Contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry are two seemingly ‘incomparable’ categories which have never been placed side by side in the scope of a broad comparative study. By juxtaposing the two in this thesis, my aim is not to propose a compatibility between them, but rather to study these poetries in the context of world literature. Through methods of comparative reading, creative writing, and translation, this thesis proposes a holistic approach to contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, thus broadening the horizons marked by current literature. These three methods result in the three parts of this thesis. PART I is an exegetical essay entitled ‘A Rhizomatic Writing on Contemporary Australian and Chinese Women’s Poetry’. Apart from elucidating the methodology and structure of this thesis, PART I provides a brief survey of the historical and sociocultural factors that have, at different stages, obstructed or facilitated the literary exchange between Australian and Chinese women writers. It then reviews major women’s poetry anthologies published in Australia, Mainland China and Taiwan before turning to a comparative reading of five themes in Australian and Chinese women’s poetry after 1949. PART II—South of Words (《詞語的南方》) presents the reader with my experiments in bilingual poetry. It consists of poems written in English and Chinese,
which respond to particular works as well as the themes, imagery, and tones in contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry at large. Many of the poems also explore questions of cultural identity in the postcolonial era, investigate the diasporic condition, and insist on reading and engaging with global women’s literature and art. PART III presents a selection of contemporary Chinese women’s poetry in English translation and a selection of contemporary Australian women’s poetry in Chinese translation, which both affirm translation as a strategy to facilitate a transcultural examination of gender discourse in the area of poetics.

Borrowing Karen L. Thornber’s idea of ‘artistic contact nebulae’ (2), which ‘designates the physical and creative spaces where dancers, dramatists, musicians, painters, sculptors, writers and other artists from cultures/nations in unequal power relationships grapple with and transculturate one another’s creative output’ (2), the employment of the exegetical, creative, and translational methods in this thesis should be considered as an attempt at forming a feminist poetic contact nebula. These three methods, and the three different forms of text—exegetical essay, original poetry, and translation—create possibilities for exchange between Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, thus participating in the construction of a literary space for feminist poetics between Australia and Chinese speaking regions. The cross-genre writing of this thesis is rhizomatic in the sense theorised by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari in A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia. Deleuze and Guattari laid out
the principle of their work in the introduction as a thought-system of multiplicity, which they coined a ‘rhizome’ (1–6). They proposed six principles for the rhizome:

1 and 2. Principle of connection and heterogeneity: any point of a rhizome can be connected to anything other, and must be…3. Principle of multiplicity: it is only when the multiple is effectively treated as a substantive, “multiplicity,” that it ceases to have any relation to the One as subject or object, natural or spiritual reality, image and world…4. Principle of asignifying rupture: against the oversignifying breaks separating structures or cutting across a single structure…5 and 6. Principle of cartography and decalcomania: a rhizome is not amenable to any structural or generative model. (7–12)

The philosophical foundation for this thesis is the concept and principles of the rhizome. The different activities (comparative reading, creative writing, and translation) involved in this thesis are inspired and guided by these principles. The object of my research, which shifts between two poetry fields and across two languages, reflects the rhizome’s first and the second principles of ‘connection and heterogeneity’ (7). Rather than seeing contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry as two sub-categories under two language categories of literature (contemporary Australian literature and Chinese literature) without connection, this thesis views them in light of one another within the larger scope of world literature.
This transnational perspective also reflects the current critical discourse in Australian and Chinese literary studies, where the concept of national literature is under examination and debate.

Susan Bassnett describes the reader of comparative literature’s experience thus: ‘once we begin to read, we move across frontiers, making associations and connections, no longer reading within a single literature but within the great open space of Literature with a capital L, what Goethe termed Weltliteratur’ (2). The term—translated into English as World Literature, and translated into Chinese as Shijie Wenxue (世界文学)—has long been in circulation, but has generated a resurgence of interest among scholars and critics in recent years. An early example of conceptualising World Literature in Chinese literary studies was Zheng Zhenduo’s (鄭振鐸, 1898–1958) article ‘A View on the Unification of Literature’ (文學的統一觀) published in 1922 (Liu Hongtao 18). Since its introduction, the discourse of World Literature has given grounds for writers and intellectuals to elaborate and expand their thinking on the status and prospect of Chinese literature. Liu Hongtao (劉洪濤), responding to the claim that ‘world literature is writing that gains in translation’ (David Damrosch 281), warns against the imbalance between the amount of foreign literature translated into Chinese and the amount of Chinese literature translated into other languages in recent years (‘Chinese Literature’s Route to World Literature’). Bonnie S. McDougall also notices this ‘contrast between the limited success of Chinese literature abroad and the
strong presence of Western literature in China’ (49), and stresses translation as a
strategy to reinforce contemporary Chinese literature’s position in world literature
(59). The contention of both Liu and McDougall that Chinese literature occupies a
minor position in the vast field of contemporary world literature might be disputable,
as Lucas Klein has stated that ‘in our current discussions of world literature…Chinese
writing occupies a privileged position’ (416). But the view that translation is the
principal force behind the formation of ‘the world of letters’ (Casanova 12) is shared
by these three scholars and many more.

In Australia, the idea of world literature has brought under scrutiny the very notion of
Australian literature as a national literature. There has been, according to the research
of Michael Jacklin, a ‘transnational turn’ (1) in Australian literary studies. Philip
Mead—referencing Robert Dixon’s work—states that ‘since the 1990s…previously
residual comparative, transnational and interdisciplinary impulses in Australian
literary studies have surfaced from beneath the “rhetoric of nationalism and
disciplinary specialisation”’ (551). The essays in Scenes of Reading: Is Australian
Literature a World Literature? (2013), edited by Dixon and Brigid Rooney, are
demonstrative of the debate around the discourse of world literature in the
contemporary Australian context. A number of questions highlighted by Dixon and
Rooney in their introduction have been meticulously attended to by Australian and
international scholars:
how and in what ways is Australian literature connected to the world literary system? What are the main methodological advances of world literature, and what are the implications, both positive and negative, for what has been a nation-based discipline? Can reading Australian literature as a world literature enable us to trace threads of connection between the local, the sub-national, the national and the transnational? (x)

*Scenes of Reading* represents the incorporation of world literature as a theoretical framework into Australian literary studies. Moreover, the idea of world literature is further theorised and enriched from a local (national) Australian perspective. The view that world literature is not only a way of reading but also a way of writing is shared by Australian academics such as Bernadette Brennan and Georgina Loveridge.

In his seminal text *What is World Literature?* (2003), David Damrosch emphasises that world literature ‘is not an infinite, ungraspable canon of works but rather a mode of circulation and of reading’ (5). If Bassnett’s statement on the reader moving across national literary borders positions the comparativist in the vast field of world literature, then Damrosch’s statement transforms this field into paths towards versions of world literatures. In this sense, world literature is defined ‘not as a designated canon but as a circulatory effect’ (Wai Chee Dimock 3). There exists a history of
exchange between Australian women’s poetry and Chinese women’s poetry.

However, the history of their connection and the circulation of texts between the two are yet to be studied extensively and established firmly. This argument is made evident by the fact that no comparative study has yet been made that juxtaposes the two categories on a broader level, and that contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry have not yet been introduced into one another’s domains through anthologisation. Eight years ago in Macao, AUSTLIT was inaccessible through my university’s library, and the few poetry collections of Australian women poets I borrowed through the interlibrary loan service only arrived after I submitted my MA thesis. During my doctoral research, mostly conducted in Perth, a similar situation arose, only now in reverse: difficulties in getting hold of poetry collections of contemporary Chinese women poets, and obtaining full access to databases such as CNKI. It is not my intention to overstate this inaccessibility I have experienced on both sides. Instead, I hope to emphasise that the path between contemporary Australian women’s poetry and Chinese women’s poetry is one that not only requires finding but also constructing. Through rhizomatic writing, this thesis actively participates in the discovery and construction of a feminist poetic contact nebula between contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry.

The three different methods employed in the thesis have created three forms of interconnected texts which reflect the rhizome’s third principle of ‘multiplicity’
(Deleuze and Guattari 8). The first method of comparative reading results in this essay (PART I), filling a research gap through a thematic reading of contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, side by side. Five themes gradually emerged from my reading and translation of Australian and Chinese women’s poetry anthologies, individual collections, and secondary literature. Each thematic chapter in PART I: Exegetical Essay offers a comparison of the poems selected, translated, and included in the corresponding section in PART III: Translation. The first thematic chapter looks at poems written on the theme of place. Paying attention to the ways in which contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets write inside and out of the domestic realm of life, this chapter probes the polarisation between the domestic and the public, emphasising the preoccupation in women’s poetry with both spheres, and hence the fluidity of space presented in contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. The second thematic chapter attends to poems written on the theme of death. Focusing on two long poems, Fay Zwicky’s ‘Kaddish’ and Shu Ting’s (舒婷) ‘The Last Elegy’ (〈最後的輓歌〉), this chapter examines contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets’ experimentation with the poetic form of elegy. The third thematic chapter investigates poems written on the theme of myth. Through the lens of feminist criticism, this chapter explores how women poets in contemporary Australia and Chinese speaking regions subvert and redefine female prototypes in classical myths. The fourth thematic chapter considers the dialogue as a theme through the angle of confessionalism in contemporary Australian and Chinese
women’s poetry. By comparing confessional poetry and poetry dedication written by Australian and Chinese women poets, this chapter shifts between personal and communal spaces, and stresses the transitional nature of poetic voice. The fifth thematic chapter studies poems written on the theme of poetics. Reflecting on the history of *ars poetica*, this chapter aims to demonstrate how contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets use poetry (as a medium) to articulate their thinking on poetics. Their articulation of a poetics through poetic writing has also guided my translation of their poetry, and given inspiration to my creative work.

This thematic selection is further supported by the interconnection among different themes represented in the poetry studied and translated in this thesis. Poems about domestic life and travels often reflect upon wars and mourn for the dead. The elegies often trace back to family life, contemplate the role of women during wartime, and question the absence or misrepresentation of women in patriarchal narratives of war. Absence and misrepresentation lead women poets to subvert and provide an alternative to female archetypes in mythologies (e.g. Eve in biblical narrative, and Meng Jiangnü [孟姜女] in Chinese folklore). The most common method employed by women poets in this subversion is role playing: to give voice to the stereotyped to tell a different story. The monological ‘I’ of the confessional mode lends energy to their adaptations. Dedication poetry is written by the poet for another person, alive or dead, real or fictional. It can be said that elegy also falls under this dialogic category. Many
Australian and Chinese women poets have also written poems paying tribute to other writers, thinkers, and artists who have influenced their own work and the foundation of their poetics.

Dividing my time between Australia and China, and reading and translating Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, I have been inspired by the varied themes, the diverse voices, and the techniques of the poems, to write my own poetry. The creative writing of PART II actively reflects upon and creates a textual embodiment of the literary space between contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. PART II presents the reader with a bilingual poetry manuscript under the title *South of Words* (《詞語的南方》).³ All of the poems in this collection were written after I started my doctoral research in 2012. Some poems in this manuscript are direct responses to the poems studied and translated, in which case they are marked by an epigraphic quote from contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. Other poems that do not have such an obvious indication respond to contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry in theme and mood. The manuscript is arranged to resemble a round trip between China and Australia. Starting with a poem written in and about the smog in Beijing, the English section travels from north to south through poems written in and about Guangzhou, Hong Kong, Macao and Perth. The Chinese section, on the other hand, reverses this journey. It begins with a poem

³ Published by ASM in Macao in April 2018.
about Perth and ends with a poem about Wudaokou (五道口), a level crossing in Beijing. The two sections meet in middle of the manuscript in the title poem ‘South of Words 詞語的南方’, which is an experiment in multilingual writing, a poem that mixes Chinese and English. As a whole, this arrangement also represents a journey between two languages, and reflects on the variety of culture spaces in Australia and Chinese speaking regions.

During my research for this thesis, the necessity of translation has become more and more obvious since I have discovered that no anthology of contemporary Australian women’s poetry exists in Chinese translation. Instead, poems written by Australian women are scattered in various anthologies of contemporary Australian poetry published in the PRC and Taiwan. Thirty-nine women poets (forming one-third of the poets included), each contributed one poem to Contemporary Australian Poetry (《當代澳大利亞詩歌選》), which was edited by Ouyang Yu (歐陽昱, also the translator) and John Kinsella, and published in Shanghai in 2007. Their selection of poets covers a wide range, from renowned poets to new voices, from Indigenous poets to new migrants. In Contemporary Australian Poems (《澳洲當代詩選》), published in Taiwan in 2010 and translated into Chinese by Zhang Renlan (張仁蘭) and Zhang Shaoyang (張少揚), one encounters the works of seven contemporary Australian poets born between the 1940s and 1960s. Among them, there are three women: Judith Beveridge, Jill Jones, and Jean Kent. In the bilingual anthology Window:
Contemporary Australian Poetry (《窗口：澳大利亞詩歌》)—published in Shanghai in 2016, edited by Jen Webb and Paul Hetherington, and translated into Chinese by Tao Naikan (陶乃侃)—half of the anthologised poems were written by women. ASM, an independent literary publisher in Macao, has been bringing out individual collections of Australian women poets in Chinese translation since 2011. These poets include Anna Couani, Jean Kent, Judy Johnson, Jan Dean, Beth Spencer, Lucy Dougan, and Patricia Sykes.

Contemporary Chinese women’s poetry is in a similar situation in Australia. It has yet to be seen in the form of an anthology, and is instead scattered around in different selections of contemporary Chinese poetry in English translation. In Ouyang Yu’s In Your Face: Contemporary Chinese Poetry in English Translation (2002), poems by ten Chinese women were selected and translated. Then in Ouyang’s Breaking New Sky: Contemporary Poetry from China (2013), a few contemporary women poets including Dai Wei (代薇) and Lu Ye (路也) from the PRC also made an appearance. Contemporary Chinese women’s poetry can also be found in Australian literary journals, print and digital. Very occasionally, one encounters an individual poetry collection of a contemporary Chinese woman poet in English translation, brought out by a translator and a publisher in Australia. The latest instance was in 2015, when Vagabond Press, an independent literary publisher based in Sydney and Tokyo,

---

4 These include Meanjin, Southerly, Westerly, How2, Cordite Poetry Review, and Stylus Poetry Journal.
published *I Too Am Salammbo*—a collection of poems written by diasporic Chinese writer Hong Ying (虹影). The translator Mabel Lee (陳順姵) has previously won acclaim for her English translations of Yang Lian’s (楊煉) poetry and Gao Xingjian’s (高行健) Nobel Prize winning novel *Soul Mountain* (《靈山》). It is worth mentioning that many Australian and Chinese women poets are also literary translators. For example, Mary Gilmore (1865–1962), Nettie Palmer (1885–1964), Rosemary Dobson (1920–2012), Nora Krouk and Tracy Ryan in Australia; Lü Bicheng (呂碧城, 1883–1943), Chen Jingrong (陳敬容, 1917–1989), Zheng Min (鄭敏), Zhou Zan (周瓊), Ye Mei (葉美) in the PRC, Chen Yühong (陳育虹) in Taiwan, and Cao Shuying (曹疏影) in Hong Kong. The influence of translation practice on the formation of poetics, in the case of each of these poets, deserves further study outside the scope of this thesis.

Translation has long been used as a strategy to tackle the problem of gender in feminist criticism. As Luise Von Flotow has argued, ‘gender awareness in translation practice poses questions about the links between social stereotypes and linguistic forms, about the politics of language and cultural difference, about the ethics of translation, and about reviving inaccessible works for contemporary readers’ (14). Translation in the case of this thesis, is also informed by the idea of gender. Conducted from both directions (Chinese to English and English to Chinese), translation practice in this thesis is a form of rhizomatic writing, in the sense that it
provides each of these two poetry categories with an opportunity for readership in the other’s territory. The translations in PART III stand as textual evidence of the contact nebulae between contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. Von Flotow also observes that the contemporary translator of women’s literature ‘moves well beyond traditional bounds of translation and incorporates annotation and criticism’ (14). The three parts of this thesis exemplify the employment of such an incorporative methodology.

The three-part structure is determined and motivated by the fact that between Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, there lacks an exchange in reading, translation, and creative response. This structure reflects the rhizome’s fourth principle of ‘asignifying rupture’ (Deleuze and Guattari 9) and its fifth and sixth principles of ‘cartography and decalcomania’ (12). ‘A rhizome may be broken, shattered at a given spot, but it will start up again on one of its old lines, or on new lines…The rhizome is altogether different, a map and not a tracing.’ (9–12). The three parts of this thesis—each presenting a form of literary and a corresponding mode of writing—are in a rhizomatic relationship in the way that each form of text is sustained by the writings of the other two forms, and each mode of writing provides a way of mapping the literary space between contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. Because of the lack of existing English translation of a majority of the Chinese poems studied in this thesis, there is a need to translate. Furthermore, a large amount
of Chinese literary criticism on women’s poetry has not been translated into English.

When referencing these critical works, translation becomes necessary. Translating these secondary literatures also aids the poetry translation process insofar as it helps in clarifying the historical, cultural, and literary contexts of the poems. In other words, translation provides the material for textual reading in this thesis. The close attention to the original texts, required in the process of translation, often brings out textual details for close reading. And in return, close reading provides a more nuanced understanding of the poems in the translation process. Reading and translating contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry not only inspires me to write poems in response, but also provides me with literary models and real experience that in turn facilitates my experimentation with multilingual writing in poetry. If the exegetical essay in PART I and the translations in PART III of this thesis are channels in the literary space between contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, then the creative (poetic) responses in PART II occupy a nodal position, embodying the hybridity and fluidity of that space.

This thesis contributes to the construction of a feminist poetic contact nebula by bridging contemporary Australian women’s poetry and contemporary Chinese women’s poetry through the method of integrating exegetical, creative, and translational writing, producing three nodal points (an exegetical essay, an original

---

5 My English translations of poems by contemporary Chinese women poets and secondary literature by Chinese literary scholars and critics, are cited throughout this thesis.
poetry manuscript, and poetry translation) in the literary space between contemporary
Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. It has become clear to me that no Australian
and Chinese woman poet is ‘merely’ a poet. They are also translators, essayists,
fiction writers, performance artists, visual artists, curators, critics, anthologisers and
editors. This thesis is an attempt at a rhizomatic writing. By carrying out three
different methods, it creates three different forms of texts that emphasise the fluidity
and diversity of the literary space growing between contemporary Australian and
Chinese women’s poetry. It is hoped this process will open a dialogue between
contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s writing and in turn enrich, enlarge,
and diversify the scope of world literature. The next section, ‘Background and
Literature Review’, by signposting the important figures and events in the history of
exchange between Australian and Chinese women poets, and by providing a survey of
women’s poetry anthologies published in Australia and Chinese speaking regions,
further contextualises and delineates the literary space occupied by this thesis.
Background and Literature Review

As Robin Gerster and Nicholas Jose (周思) have both argued, the literary genre that initially records and substantially reflects the exchange between Australia and China in English is travel writing (Gerster 231, Jose 38). The first Australian woman who wrote in detail about her travels in China was Mary Gaunt (1861–1942). Born in Victoria and one of the first few female students enrolled in the University of Melbourne (I. F. McLaren ix), Gaunt published more than five novels and one African travelogue before embarking for China in January 1913 (Gaunt 4). One of Gaunt’s brothers married a sister of George E. Morrison (莫里循, 1862–1920) and the latter eventually ‘gave [her] a cordial invitation to stay with them in Peking’ (4).

Subsequently, her travelogue A Woman in China was published in 1914. Like many of her books, it was brought out by T. Werner Laurie Ltd. in London. A Woman in China is made up of three hundred and ninety pages, divided into twenty-one chapters. There are also one hundred and twenty-eight illustrations and photos throughout the book. Gaunt’s writing mixes observation, dramatisation and occasional comments about (mainly the northern part of) China and its society during the Bai Lang Rebellion.8

---


7 Peking, one of old Romanised names for the capital city of China, was replaced by Beijing in 1949.

8 Bandits rebellion against Yuan Shikai’s government in northern China from 1913 to 1914.
She wrote in detail about her walks on the walls that separated the four cities of
Peking—‘the forbidden city, the imperial city, the Tartar city and the Chinese city’
(27)—and how racial and social classes corresponded to the division of these walls.
She wrote about the dust storm that welcomed her when she first arrived in Beijing
(reminding us of the smog that whoever goes to the present-day city has to suffer), the
*hutongs*, the palaces and temples, the street markets that reminded her of those in
Piccadilly and Regent street (33). Like many other western writers of the period who
were eager to exoticise certain aspects of Chinese culture and customs, Gaunt also
gave an account of ‘foot binding’ among Chinese women. However, Chinese people
do not constitute a faceless mass in her writing. Instead she focuses on her encounters
with individuals, recounting her conversations with them—the servant boy who
speaks a broken English at the Morrisons’s house in Beijing (28), a Chinese doctor
who is also a Cambridge graduate (40) and many more. A humanist view of China
and a sympathy towards common Chinese people can be detected on many pages of
this book. But when Gaunt reflects on the question of civilisation (which is quite
often) and asserts that Chinese people suffer from being over-civilised and over-
refined (38), a factitious conclusion about Chinese culture is made clear. As pointed
out by Robin Gerster, ‘misty’ is a quality ascribed to Asia in many early Australian
literary texts (303). Gaunt’s Australia, the one that ‘has voted solid for a white
Australia, and rigidly excluded the coloured man’ (4) was not ready to recognise a
China without certain degrees of mystification.
In 1971, Hua Yan (Hwa Yex, 華嚴) published her travelogue *Impressions of Australia* (《澳洲見聞》) in Taipei. It is perhaps the first book about Australia written by an established Chinese woman writer which can be said to be equivalent to Gaunt’s *A Woman in China* in terms of comprehensiveness and style. Hua Yan is the pseudonym of Yan Tingyun (嚴停雲), who was born into a prominent family in Fujian province in 1926. Her paternal grandfather was the great scholar Yan Fu (嚴復, 1854–1921) who was renowned for his influential Chinese translations of Thomas Huxley’s *Evolution and Ethics* and Adam Smith’s *The Wealth of Nations* in the late nineteenth century. Hua had already published six novels before receiving a fellowship from the Cultural and Social Centre of the Asian and Pacific Council. With this grant, she travelled around Australia for about ten weeks in 1970 (Hua). The last chapter of *Impressions of Australia*—titled ‘Impressions of My Australia Visit’—is basically Hua’s English rendition of the ‘Testimonial’ chapter in Chinese at the beginning of the book, in which she outlines a history of Australia, emphasising the settlement period, and paints the common Australians as ‘frank and straightforward’ (Hua) people. She shows great interest in making conclusions about the now almost clichéd ‘Australian characteristics’, e.g. a chapter is dedicated to the meanings of ‘mateship’ and ‘fair go’, while another is dedicated to ‘sports loving’ (Hua). The latter two thirds of Hua’s book consist of twenty-six chapters on Australian cities and their
local (regional) attractions. The great geographical distance Hua covered in her writing was unprecedented among Chinese women writers who had previously written about Australia. We can also surmise—based on the fact that she bought a six-hundred page encyclopaedia of Australia after she arrived, and that she quoted from George Johnston and Robert Goodman’s *The Australians* (1966)—that Hua did not only try to get to know Australia by traveling, but also by reading and studying Australian literature and art.

Such was also the case for Zong Pu (宗璞)—born two years later than Hua Yan, a distinguished writer and editor, and the daughter of the famous Chinese philosopher Feng Youlan (馮友蘭, 1895–1990). Her essay titled ‘My Australian Literature Day’ (《我的澳大利亞文學日》) documents her meeting with Patrick White and his partner Manoly Lascaris, and her visit to Henry Lawson’s grave in 1981. Although she has written other essays about Australia, one titled ‘Australia’s Red Heart’ (《澳大利亞的紅心》) that later in 1997 became the title piece of an Australia-themed prose collection produced by Chinese writers, Zong Pu has not written on Australia as extensively as Hua Yan. Moreover, Hua Yan does not reserve her opinions, sometimes problematic, when she discusses Australian society, which is quite unusual among Chinese women’s writings of the same nature from the period. For instance,

---

9 She writes in-depth about the garden-like city of Canberra, Mt. Kosciusko among the snowies, the Easter Royal Show in Sydney, Jenolan Caves, Melbourne and the penguins on Phillip Island, Brisbane, the Gold Coast and the Great Barrier Reef, Adelaide’s Art Festival, the Barossa Valley, Ayers Rock, the flora and fauna in Perth, and finally Hobart, Port Arthur, Darwin and the Magnetie anthills in the Northern Territory.
she portrays Aboriginal people in a way that clearly evokes the ethnographic

discourses of the colonial era.\textsuperscript{10}

If the China in Gaunt’s book has been misrepresented to some extent, then the same
can be said about the Australia depicted by Hua. More than half a century intervened
between the publication of \textit{A Woman in China} and \textit{Impressions of Australia}, yet
comparing the two, we notice the persistence of misreadings and misrepresentations
in cross-cultural writings between Australia and China. It also helps to point out that
comparatism is not only the study of exchange and mutuality, but also of insulation
and conflict. As I study these examples of women’s writing, documenting literary
exchanges between Australia and China, I cannot help but wonder whether a similar
relation exists in poetry. In other words, when we look at the historical contexts
against which the two travelogues were produced—Australia in 1914 and Taiwan in
1971—we notice that the two books were published in times when Australia and
Taiwan were each endeavouring to define and establish their own national (regional)
identities. But how did women poets respond to such a \textit{zeitgeist}? How have women
poets participated in the exchange between Australian and Chinese cultures? And is
there a history of literary exchange traceable through women’s poetry between
Australia and China? Before answering these specific questions, it is necessary for

\textsuperscript{10} E.g. in ‘Impressions of My Australia Visit’, she misrepresented Australian Aboriginal people by
describing them as ‘a dark-skinned, kinky-haired, low-browed people with bushy eye lashes, high
cheek bones and flat noses’.
this thesis to turn to history and examine those moments of severance and contact between Australia and China against the larger sociocultural background of the twentieth century, in order to better contextualise contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry.

According to Manning Clark, the first two decades of the twentieth century witnessed a strengthening of Australia’s national identity, albeit achieved through bias and blood (192–214). From the formation of the Commonwealth of Australia on 1 January 1901 to the landing of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps on the Gallipoli peninsula on 25 April 1915, Australia had gone through six federal elections, and went from having three major political parties to two (Clark 194, 201).11 What was common and persistent in the major parties’ policies, according to Clark, was their insistence of ‘a white Australia’ (195, 197). The Immigration Restriction Act, ratified by the end of 1901, prohibited the ‘immigration of Asiatics and Pacific Islanders…and [discriminated] against Asiatics and Pacific Islanders (including Maoris) resident in Australia’ (Clark 196). The ‘white Australia policy’ also found an echo in women’s writing of the era. For instance, Ann Vickery points out in her seminal text Stressing the Modern: Cultural Politics in Australian Women’s Poetry the interest of Mary Gilmore in eugenics and her involvement in the utopian William Lane’s New Australia Movement aiming towards ‘a racially pure’ and anarchic

---

11 The three parties were the Conservative Free-Traders, the Liberal Protectionists, and the Labour Party.
society in the late nineteenth century (20, 33). The statement quoted by Vickery from Gilmore’s article ‘White Women and Chinese Employers’ (1908) shows Gilmore’s racially discriminative view that a white woman who works for a Chinese boss is one of the ‘saddest, most pitiable spectacles ever present…’, while it was unacceptable for her that in ‘white Australia’ women had to earn their living from the Chinese (qtd. in Vickery 34). However, it is often difficult to determine a political standpoint based on a writer’s work, as the latter often only reflects a certain style and way of thinking on the part of the writer during a certain period of her life. Thus, it is the task of the reader (or translator) to notice such periodicity within a writer’s oeuvre.

Later, Gilmore published Fourteen Men: Verses (1954). Susan Lever comments that through poems like ‘Fourteen Men’, Gilmore reveals her view of Australia’s past, addressing the ‘underside of nationalism’ (233). According to Ouyang Yu, this poem vividly described the violent death suffered by Chinese men during the Lambing Flat Rebellion (48). Ouyang speculates and comments that ‘Gilmore was born in 1865, and thus could not have experienced the riot in 1861…yet she wrote about the truth in poetry: a story heard by a child was, in a sense, truer than history’ (49). In her own note to the poem, Gilmore stated that when she was a child, she had once seen the bodies of twelve Chinese people on her way out at dawn and another two on her way back at night with her parents in their car (79–80). And one of them, she said, who

12 The candidate’s translation.
had ‘the toes of the tiny blue slippers on the “golden lily” feet,’ was a young woman (80). Ouyang may be right in pointing out that, chronologically, Gilmore could not have had first-hand experience of the riot, but in doing so he has overlooked Gilmore’s own experience of the after-effect of the mayhem. When Gilmore invoked Lambing Flat in the last stanza, she was not giving an account of the tumult; instead she was completing the poem’s narrative. The scene served as a punctum for Gilmore, from which the violence of the past returned and manifested itself in the present of the event described in her poem. In hindsight, ‘Fourteen Men’ shows sympathy towards the dead by phrasing them as ‘honest poor men’ (Gilmore 1). But the word used to visualize and thus define the bodies as Chinese is ‘pig-tailed’ (1) affirms for the reader her lack of awareness of an orientalist language which is not uncommon among anglophone writers from the same epoch in Australia.

The connection between Mary Gilmore and China not only appears literally via her representation of early Chinese emigrants in Australia in ‘Fourteen Men’, but also through a widely circulated statement among scholars and critics about the first publication of Australian poetry in China. In 2008, Nicholas Jose stated in his Barry Andrews Memorial Lecture, entitled ‘Australian Literature Inside and Out’, that Yang Guobin (楊國斌), a Chinese literary scholar from Beijing had ‘identified the famous Chinese author Mao Dun’s (茅盾, 1896–1981) selection of four Australian poems for Fiction Monthly (《小說月報》), a prominent Chinese literary journal established in
1910’ (2). And the publication of these four poems by Mary Gilmore, Hugh McCrae (1876–1958) and Roderic Quinn (1867–1949) in Chinese translations—according to Yang and quoted by Jose in his lecture—marks Australian poetry’s first introduction to China (2). Yang’s thesis was cited again by Wang Guanglin (王光林) in his article ‘A Hard-Won Success: Australian Literary Studies in China’ in Antipodes journal’s special issue ‘Australia and Asia’ published in June 2011. Moreover, in Ouyang’s History of Exchange between Australian and Chinese Literature (《澳中文學交流史》) published in Taiwan in 2016, Liang Yujing (梁余晶) followed up the matter with both Jose and Yang, and discovered that Yang first encountered Mao Dun’s selection in the National Library of China in Beijing in the 1980s (Ouyang 156). But because of the difficulty in locating and obtaining this certain issue of Fiction Monthly (156), we do not know which poem/s of Mary Gilmore were published.

Nevertheless, the publication of her poem/s in China in 1921 reaffirms her status as an important Australian poet, and also gives direction to the investigation of early exchanges of women’s poetry between Australia and China.

Following the ratification of the Immigration Restriction Act, Australia saw a decrease in the population of Chinese immigrants. But as Alanna Kamp suggests in her study ‘Chinese Australian Women in White Australia’—which aims at bringing ‘to light the presence and lived realities of Chinese Australian women’ (75) during

---

13 The Chinese translator of Jose’s lecture, included in Ouyang’s book.
'the White Australia Policy period' (75)—there had been a constant growth in the Chinese Australian female population from 1901 to 1971 (87). Literary scholars Wenche Ommundsen and Huang Zhong (黄忠), and sociologist Mei-fen Kuo (郭美芬), point out respectively in their studies of early twentieth-century Chinese language newspapers (Tung Wah Times, Chinese Australian Herald, etc.) in Australia, that women’s writing from China and articles promoting gender equality and free marriage often made it into these pages. For instance, ‘[in] the decade from 1901 to 1910 the Tung Wah Times published [eighty-six] poems…by revolutionary martyrs such as Ms Qiu Jin’ (Ommundsen and Huang 5). Qiu Jin (秋瑾, 1875 or 1877–1907) is remembered today as a revolutionary feminist hero in China. Although born into a scholar-official family and married under the arrangement of her parents, Qiu Jin was said to have been exceptional since she was a little girl. She ‘loved to read the classics, histories and literature, especially tales of chivalry…learned to compose poems and excelled in debate…took up fencing, riding and drinking, and sometimes dressed in male attire’ (174–176 Chia-lin Pao-Tao). After giving birth to a son and daughter, Qiu Jin moved to Peking with her husband. Because of their differences in worldview and lifestyle, she left him and moved to Japan (175). Arriving in Tokyo in 1904, she became more and more involved in revolutionary activities against the Manchu government (175). In 1905, she met Sun Yat-sen (Sun Zhongshan, 孫中山, 1866–1925) in Tokyo and joined the Revolutionary Alliance (同盟會) (175). Protesting against the restriction on Chinese students in Japan, Qiu
Jin returned to China (175). In 1906, she established *Chinese Women’s Journal*\(^{14}\) (《中國女報》) in Shanghai to provide a platform for like-minded women and to advocate feminism and democracy (175). Although only two issues were produced, the journal, which featured prominent female contributors like Lü Bicheng\(^{15}\) (呂碧城, 1883–1943), presented a variety of works ranging from fiction, translation, southern style drama to news reportage, public speech and polemic. Qiu Jin continued her work as an educator on women’s liberation until the end of her life in Shaoxing in Zhejiang province. In 1907, the school where Qiu Jin worked was besieged for conspiring against the government in a series of regional revolutionary activities (176). Refusing to disclose any information and plead guilty, Qiu Jin was beheaded on the morning of 15 July 1907 (176). Throughout her life, Qiu Jin had written and published poetry in the classical style. And her poems continue to be included in poetry collections and anthologies. Martyred for her belief, Qiu Jin has become an inspiring figure of the Chinese democracy movement. Revolutionary writers (including many poets) of later generations in China often pay tribute to her by alluding to her poetry in their own works.

The cases of Mary Gilmore and Qiu Jin—the former introduced to China through translation in 1921 and the latter published in Australia in the first decade of the

---

\(^{14}\) Translated by Louise Edwards in *Gender, Politics and Democracy: Women’s Suffrage in China* as ‘China Women’s News’ (62).

\(^{15}\) As an inspiring figure in Chinese literary scene in the early twentieth century, Lü Bicheng was also a prominent writer who worked in journalism, poetry, travelogue and translation. She was also one of the early propagators of feminism and animal rights in China.
twentieth century—testify a history of exchange in women’s poetry between Australia and China. In fact, an in-depth study of the reception of early exchanges in women’s poetry between Australia and China is imperative, although it is beyond the scope of this thesis, taking into account these early instances of circulation of women’s poetry helps us to better configure the literary space between Australia and China.

In the aftermath of World War II, the Communist Party of China proclaimed the People’s Republic of China on 1 October 1949 in Beijing, while the government of the Republic of China, founded by the Chinese Nationalist Party,\textsuperscript{16} retreated to Taiwan. This proclamation marked the beginning of a ‘New China’ and the construction of a Chinese identity under this banner, inflected with both communism and nationalism, that has since been continually challenged by Chinese people who consider themselves outside the Communist Party of China. Meanwhile, the proclamation of the PRC also raised a question to the governments of other countries in the world—should the new communist establishment in this ancient country be recognised? This question generated differing responses from a world which was rapidly becoming polarized into two opposing political and ideological camps, those of communism and capitalism. According to Japanese sociologist Mineo Nakajima’s account in his analysis of the PRC’s early foreign relations in \textit{The Cambridge History of China}, ‘the Soviet Union, its Eastern European satellites, and some Asian nations’

\textsuperscript{16} Also known as Kuomintang.
soon recognized the PRC; and the UK also announced their recognition in 1950 (259). The bilateral relationship between Australia and the PRC, however, did not formally begin until the early 1970s. Stuart Doran, the co-editor of *Australia and Recognition of the People’s Republic of China 1949–1972,*\(^{17}\) states in his introduction that the PRC’s establishment ‘coincided with the escalation of tension between the Soviet Union and the United States, and their respective allies. In this situation, definition of Australia’s relationship [with the PRC] was not seen as straightforward’ (xix).

Following the Second World War, Australia’s traditional allegiances to the UK had begun to shift towards the US, and the growing cultural and political influence of the latter strongly shaped Australian relations with the PRC by situating the country more explicitly within the context of anti-communism: the spectra of communist Soviet Union, the PRC, and Vietnam. In Australia, the Liberal and Country Coalition won the Federal Election in December 1949 (Clark 251). Robert Menzies (the first Liberal Prime Minister of Australia)—despite being aware that the UK had decided to recognize the PRC in early 1950 (Doran xx)—introduced the Communist Party Dissolution Bill into the House of Representatives in April 1950 (Clark 254). In October 1951, at Manila, SEATO\(^{18}\) was founded (Clark 253). Treaties were signed by Australia and seven other countries\(^{19}\) to form military alliances in order to prevent the

\(^{17}\) Published by the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade of Australia in the series of *Documents on Australian Foreign Policy* in 2002.

\(^{18}\) The South East Asia Treaty Organisation.

\(^{19}\) France, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, the UK and the US.
'expansion of communism' (253) in the world. According to the periodization of Wang Yi, during this ‘pre-recognition period’ (9) of Australian relations with the PRC, lasting from 1949 to 1972, the two countries diverged strongly in their social and economic development and in their approach to international relations. Although there was no direct confrontation between the two within each other’s national territory, Australian and Chinese soldiers came face to face in North Korea and Vietnam. In the intense political climate of the Cold War and against the background of the Chinese Cultural Revolution (then in its fifth year), Gough Whitlam, as Opposition Leader, along with other delegates from the Australian Labor Party and nine Australian journalists, visited the PRC in July 1971 (Hlavka 10). This visit, as Wang has argued, laid ‘a solid foundation for the normalization of Sino-Australian relations’ (25). After the ALP won the Federal Election on 2 December 1972 (Clark 332), a joint communiqué20 was signed by the Australian ambassador Alan Renouf (1919–2008) and the PRC’s ambassador Huang Zhen (黃鎮, 1909–1989) to France in Paris on 21 December 1972 (Hlavka 9), marking the official establishment of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

This thesis, by setting on the year 1949 as its point of departure, hopes to explore the idea of national literature through the lens of Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, and to investigate its role in a transnational cultural context. As pointed out earlier,

the official establishment of the PRC not only marked a crucial change in modern Chinese history, but also had a great impact on the development of world history. For literature, the proclamation of the PRC in 1949 reinforced the status of vernacular Chinese as the dominant medium for writers. The communist government’s cultural policies further determined the promotion of those Australian writers who had embraced a social-realism approach to writing since the 1950s. According to Ouyang Yu, works by Australian women writers Katharine Susannah Prichard (1883–1969), Dymphna Cusack (1902–1981) and Mona Brand (1915–2007) were introduced into the PRC through translation in the period from 1953 to 1976 (68). Prichard was one of the founding members of the Australian Communist Party; Cusack published a travelogue in 1958 titled *Chinese Women Speak* documenting her experience in the PRC during the late 1950s; Brand was described by her Chinese translator as a ‘progressive writer… [whose] play *Here under Heaven* (1969) reflected on the problem of racism’21 in Australia (qtd. in Ouyang 68). All three writers were active participants of social movements in Australia. A humanistic-socialist spirit can also be detected in their writings. In fact, before Dymphna Cusack, there was another woman writer from Australia who had visited the PRC. Poet, playwright and novelist Dorothy Hewett (1923–2002) arrived in the PRC via Soviet Russia in 1952 (Hewett 205). As a member of the Australian Communist Party, Hewett visited Beijing, Shanghai, Guangzhou and Hong Kong (then a British colony). Her encounter with

---

21 My translation.
China is well represented in her work, especially her autobiography *Wild Card* (1990).

China also played an important role in the poetry of Oodgeroo Noonuccal (1920–1993). Oodgeroo Noonuccal (then known as Kath Walker) went to the PRC in a team of five delegates (including Manning Clark) under the arrangement of the Australia–China Council in 1984. As pointed out by Nicholas Jose, ‘she had written no poems for six years before her trip to China’ (113). Her time in the PRC inspired Oodgeroo to pick up poetry writing again. She composed sixteen poems in total and experimented with ink and brush painting in China (Jose 116). These poems, together with five stories about indigenous tribes and an interview, were translated into Chinese by Gu Zixin (顧子欣) and published as a book titled *Kath Walker in China* (凱瑟·沃克在中國) in 1988. It is the first ever publication of an individual collection of an Australian poet in the PRC, and also the first joint publication between an Australian publisher and a Chinese publisher. In fact, after the arrival of the distribution copies of this book in Brisbane in the next year, the old dustjacket was replaced by a new one which had Oodgeroo’s poem ‘Requiem’—a poem responding to the Tiananmen Protest in 1989—printed on the back cover (Jose 52–53). This poem shows the power of elegy not solely as a form of personal mourning but also as an attempt at cross-cultural understanding and solidarity. Similarly, the act of translating Oodgeroo’s ‘Requiem’ into Chinese in this thesis (in Section Two of
PART III), reactivates the poignancy of the work, for myself and for the audience who might encounter this poem anew.

Fay Zwicky was another Australian poet who wrote poems in response to the Tiananmen Protest. She visited the PRC in 1988, and her poetry selections *Ask Me* (1990) and *Picnic* (2006) both include a number of China-themed poems, for example, ‘Roosters and Earthworms’, ‘Over the Wall’, ‘Tiananmen Square June 4, 1989’, ‘The Emperor Qinshihuang’, ‘The Terracotta Army at Xi’an’, and ‘Push or Knock’. Dennis Haskell points out in an article that Zwicky’s poems are written in a ‘humorous and self-mocking’ (35) voice that emphasises ‘contrasts between Chinese and Australian values’ (35). Citing another Western Australian poet Caroline Caddy’s poetry collection *Working Temple*22 in the same article, Haskell detects that Caddy’s ‘role as a poet becomes largely that of the flâneur23’ (36). Caddy herself describes the poems in *Working Temple* as ‘poems of observation’ (1). Many of them are about historical and heritage sites in the PRC, reflecting her attempt to capture the genius loci through poetry writing. Apart from cities and sites, components of traditional Chinese culture: e.g. martial arts, *tai chi*, and *fung shui*, form another locus of the spirit of *Working Temple*.

---

22 This selection consists of forty-eight poems and six Chinese translations by Sharon Xiao Xia Jiang (姜曉霞).

23 My italics.
Like Zwicky’s and Caddy’s ‘China poems’, encounters between Chinese women poets and Australia are also documented and reflected upon by poetry. Zhou Zan (周瓒), a contemporary Chinese poet, translator, scholar of women’s writing, and theatre practitioner, wrote a series of poems about Australia during her short residence as a visiting scholar at the University of Sydney in 2000. Among these poems, ‘Sydney Tower’ (〈悉尼塔〉) is an example from which we can explicate the influence of place on a poet’s thinking process, hence the formation of a poem. ‘1956 Prelude’ (〈「一九五六」序曲〉), written by the Taiwan poet Lin Ling (林泠) when she was only eighteen years old, represents an imagined Australia that symbolises poetry and freedom. The persona of the poem declares that

in Australia, uncultivated virgin land
I’ll be a stable owner
  in my possession, gentle and rough breezes from the South Pacific
  in my possession, red brick cottages and green shady palms
also, in my command, those countless
  lambs of poetry… (FAN 185)

This stanza evokes a stereotypical pastoral imagining of Australia. Lin Ling’s poem reminds us that apart from being the documentation of a poet’s journey in real life, poetry also functions as a vehicle via which a poet can travel to anywhere in her imagination.

Australia and China exist both as reality and imagination in women’s poetry, and different poets have created different versions of their reality and imagination.
throughout times. The Australia as ‘uncultivated virgin land’ (FAN 185) in Lin Ling’s poem is also the symbol of Australia’s past that appears in Zhou Zan’s poem about the Sydney Tower. The China represented by the ‘golden lily’ (80) feet in Mary Gilmore’s writing is what the communist young pioneers in Oodgeroo’s poetry were taught to subvert. The idea of nation is constantly explored and contested by women poets such as Oodgeroo, Judith Wright (1915–2000), Ali Cobby Eckermann in Australia, and Qiu Jin, Liu Xia (劉霞), Tsering Woeser (唯色) in the PRC. All these poets have, to borrow Pascale Casanova’s phrase, invented ‘their literary freedom’ (xiii) writing against colonialism and authoritarianism. Travelling frequently between Perth and Guangzhou for the past few years, the idea of place became a focal point of my writing.

The poetry manuscript of South of Words (《詞語的南方》) in PART II: Creative Work of this thesis takes the form of a round trip between various ports of call in China and Australia. Being able to travel freely (though under the condition of a visa) between China and Australia represents a condition of the time that I live in, the influence of globalisation, and a comparatively more open and relaxed bilateral relationship between the two countries. I would like to take advantage, as well as test the limits, of that freedom. I feel that as someone who writes transculturally, now is a good time to indulge oneself in telling real differences from cultural stereotypes, and then working out a way to create something with those differences.
Nation was once a simple and straightforward word for me, but by living outside the PRC and eventually moving to Perth, I have become aware of the debate around the meaning of this term in the contexts of Australia and China, and the impossibility of an unproblematised definition of ‘nation’. This thesis hopes to reflect upon the discussion on the meaning of nation in contemporary women’s poetry in Australia and Chinese speaking regions. By Australia, this thesis means a post-colonial country where the histories of first nations and the history of the federation coexist; and by ‘Chinese speaking regions’ the thesis means a broader area reconstructed after the Second World War and affected by the establishment of the PRC. In a thesis about women’s poetry, however, such an interrogation of national identity is never far from the question of gender. It is impossible to think about the situation of women poets in a national canon, without first dealing with the vexed history of anthologising women’s poetry in both Australia and Chinese speaking regions. This, indeed, provides a fruitful starting point for considering the terms of a comparative study of the two fields.

In two major anthologies published in the 1980s—Women Poets of the World (1983) and The Faber Book of 20th Century Women’s Poetry (1987)—we discover two different approaches taken by the editors in anthologising women’s poetry. Claiming ‘not to illustrate a thesis or propound a view’ (1) but to present the ‘good and
interesting’ (1) poems written in English by women poets in the Twentieth Century, editor and poet Fleur Adcock selected her poets and their works for *The Faber Book of 20th Century Women’s Poetry* according to two criteria. The first was that no poet who was born after 1945 would be included (7). It was a ‘somewhat arbitrary’ (7) decision but justifiable to Adcock because of the ‘limited’ (7) capacity of the book and her thinking that by setting the ‘age-bar’ (7), the extensive variety of styles of those women poets will show distinctively (9). The second criterion was the literary fashion of the time. ‘Poetry dates’ (7), says Adcock in her introduction, the task for the anthologist is to distinguish the ‘antiquated’ (7) from the ‘outmoded’ (7). On the whole, Adcock’s anthology presents the reader with two hundred and twenty-five poems written by sixty-four poets from the UK, Ireland, the US, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Unlike the Faber anthology, which consists entirely of original English poems, *Women Poets of the World* includes a large number of translations of poems written in languages other than English. The editors—Joanna Bankier, Deirdre Lashgari, and Doris Earnshaw—intend to present ‘as wide a variety of themes, of voices, of perspectives, from as many different periods and cultures as possible’ (xviii). A glimpse at the table of contents makes it apparent that they indeed try to map out a world atlas of women’s poetry. Two hundred and forty six poets across time and space are grouped into sixteen sections based on what at first sight seems to be the
nationalities of selected poets. But taking a closer look at these section titles, we cannot help but wonder why after beginning the anthology with four countries, the editors simply use the term ‘The Arab World’ to sum up countries as different as Egypt and Palestine. And among all sections, why is ‘European poetry’ the only one that is periodised? Why does ‘Native American’ exist outside ‘Latin America’ and ‘North America’? These questions lead us to speculate that there might be factors other than nationality at play that have influenced the ways in which the anthology is organised. The special attention given to Europe might result from the editors’ familiarity with the scope and history of European poetry. And the categorisation of Indigenous women’s poetry from North America and South America might stem from their awareness of cultural appropriation. Although the editors show great care in arranging their materials, making an effort, for instance, to familiarise the reader with those ‘national’ poetries by prefacing each section with a brief survey of the history and tradition of the poetry at stake, we detect a sense of negligence in the omission of women’s poetry from the Oceania, and difference in terms of the attention given to Asian poetry and European poetry. Although they claim that the poems included in *Women Poets of the World* only serve as ‘an intimation of the wealth to be explored’ (8), an anthology that emphasises ‘diversity’ (8) and sets its realm as large as the

---

24 Including ‘China, Japan, India, Iran, The Arab World, Sumero-Babylonia, Israel, Greece of Antiquity, Medieval Europe, Europe: Sixteen and Seventeenth Centuries, Europe: Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, Europe: 1914 and After, Africa, Latin America, North America and Native American’ (xxiii–xxxviii).
25 These surveys (written by different authors) are referred to as “introductory essays” in the preface of the anthology.
26 Women’s poetry from almost all major European countries are selected and published, but no poems written by Korean and South East Asian women poets are included in *Women Poets of the World*. 
world nonetheless makes it difficult for the editors to negotiate selectivity and multiplicity.

Adcock summarises the shortcomings of this kind of national classification method in her introduction to the Faber anthology: “[a] grouping by country would have reduced the book to a series of mini-anthologies…without necessarily revealing the ways in which currents of influence have flowed around the world between one literature and another’ (9). If *The Faber Book of 20th Century Women’s Poetry* largely reflects Adcock’s range of reading in English poetry and her personal taste, then *Women Poets of the World* can be seen as the opposite insofar as it reveals an internationalist but slanted outlook on women’s poetry. Nevertheless, the editors of both anthologies have confirmed the necessity of anthologising women’s poetry in their time. Adcock states that what makes women’s poetry different ‘is not its nature but the fact that until recently it has been undervalued and to some extent neglected…and that this phase is over’ (1). In Bankier and Lashgari’s general introduction, we discover an echoing view that ‘[Women’s poetry] has of course always been with us, but it has been tucked away in obscure corners of the library, absent from the academic canon, and for the most part unknown to the present generation of women poets. The time has come for a fresh look at women’s poetry as a global, historical phenomenon’ (6).

27 Her preference for “the odd and unexpected” (Adcock 14) rather than the “primal scream” (13) and the “incantatory” (14) kind of writing.
It is clear to us that the editors of both anthologies consider the growing visibility of women’s poetry a positive step in the historical process of their time. However, there is a slight difference in how they receive this new status of women’s poetry.

Emphasising conditions like the rise of women’s publishing houses and the public interest in women’s poetry that has prompted the growing enthusiasm of publishers, Adcock also warns that there is a danger of a ‘ghettoization’ of women’s poetry—being published and read only by women, and shelved only in the ‘women’s section’ (2) at bookshops and libraries. Without such concerns, Bankier and Lashgari point out the influence of the feminist movement on the resurgence of women’s poetry and the recovery of a women’s poetic tradition (6). They stress the importance of active participation from poets, readers, publishers and literary scholars (the publication of *Women Poets of the World* in their case) in keeping this tradition vital. If Adcock’s case makes us ponder a curious paradox—her concern about women’s poetry being further marginalised by adopting a label, which contradicts her work as the editor of *The Faber Book of 20th Century Women’s Poetry*—then Bankier and Lashgari also invite us to ask how far back one should trace this tradition of women’s poetry in time? And how far away should one look in order not to miss a crucial component of global women’s poetry, if such a tradition indeed exists? All these questions prompt me to ask generally how one should approach contemporary women’s poetry.
This thesis hopes to provide some insights into these questions by looking at Australian and Chinese women’s poetry after 1949, with the former left out by *Women Poets of the World* and the latter excluded from *The Faber Book of 20th Century Women’s Poetry*. In the history of contemporary Australian poetry, we have seen a series of women’s poetry anthologies coming out since the 1970s. Edited by Kate Jennings, *Mother I’m Rooted: an Anthology of Australian Women Poets* was published in 1975. According to Kate Lilley, ‘[it is] the first anthology of women’s poetry published in Australia’ (265). Consisting of poems written by one hundred and fifty-two women poets, *Mother I’m Rooted* captured the zeitgeist of its age. In her introduction to the anthology, Jennings writes that in an environment where ‘women are still not getting published, prejudice exists, overtly and covertly’ (3), it is necessary to anthologise women’s poetry. Motivated by the women’s movement in Australia, *Mother I’m Rooted* ‘slowly metamorphosed into a political statement. It became a collective statement about the position of women in Australia’ (Jennings 1). As Ann Vickery has observed, ‘[a]nthologies played a key part as a separate space or vision for women’ (‘Australian Women’s Poetry and Feminism’) during this time. Furthermore, she points out that ‘[f]rom the mid-1980s, feminist studies, “women’s writing” and “women’s poetry” were becoming institutionalised in Australia through anthologies, critical studies, journals (most notably *Hecate*), academic courses, and prize culture’ (‘Australian Women’s Poetry and Feminism’).
A landmark work, *The Penguin Book of Australian Women Poets* was published in 1986, edited by Susan Hampton and Kate Llewellyn. It includes poems created by eighty-eight Australian women from the Dreamtime to the 1980s. A decade after the Penguin anthology, the *Oxford Book of Australian Women’s Verse* made its appearance in 1996. Edited by Susan Lever, this anthology includes poems written by Australian women from the European Colonisation to the 1990s. In the same year, *Bridgings: Readings in Australian Women’s Poetry*—an anthology edited by Rose Lucas and Lyn McCredden—was published. Different to previous works, *Bridgings* emphasises an approach to women’s poetry that combines anthologisation and criticism. Works from each of the seven poets—Judith Wright, Gwen Harwood (1920–1995), Dorothy Hewett J.S. Harry (1939–2015), Dorothy Porter (1954–2008), Ania Walwicz, and Gig Ryan—are included and followed by a reviewing essay (or essays). The synthesis of poetry and criticism in *Bridgings* has provided a methodological model for this thesis.

Edited by Jennifer Harrison and Kate Waterhouse, *Motherlode: Australian Women’s Poetry 1986–2008* was published in 2009. It presents the poems written by one hundred and twenty poets. The poems in this anthology revolve around the theme of motherhood. Considered to be the sequel of *Mother I’m Rooted*, the most recent women’s poetry anthology *Contemporary Australian Feminist Poetry* was brought

---

28 The count excludes the first three poems by anonymous authors.
out in 2016. Edited by Bonny Cassidy and Jessica L. Wilkinson, this anthology has provided a platform for poets from a younger generation and presented to the reader a diversity in poetic voices (Cassidy xii). In their introduction, Cassidy and Wilkinson declare that forty years after the publication of *Mother I’m Rooted*, ‘we do not assume that women inhabit a marginal position in the literary industry or its community’ (x). Seventy poems written by sixty-five poets are selected for this anthology, including poems written by four male poets, of which Wilkinson said during a radio interview that she expects to see controversies around this choice thus further the discussion on contemporary feminism.

Compared with Australia, history of anthologising contemporary Chinese women’s poetry shows no obvious continuation and consistency. This is partly because ‘women’s poetry’ (女性詩歌) was just introduced into the literary scene as a contemporary phenomenon and critical discourse in the PRC in the late 1980s. In his article ‘Women’s Poetry: from Night to Dawn’ (女性詩歌：從黑夜到白晝) published in 1987, the critic Tang Xiaodu (唐曉渡), discussing Zhai Yongming’s landmark poem ‘Women’ (女人)\(^{29}\), claimed that he ‘realised [he] was trying to talk about something that might be referred to as “women’s poetry”’ (129).\(^{30}\) It is through Tang’s coinage in Chinese that women’s poetry has become a critical discourse which continues to generate discussion in the PRC. Yang Lixin (楊莉馨)

---

\(^{29}\) Originally self-printed and published by the poet around mid-1980s.  
\(^{30}\) My translation.
defines the discourse of Chinese women’s poetics as one that is under the double-influence of the domestic feminist movements (an important component of Mainland China’s modernisation), and feminist criticism in Europe and the US (12, 18). She proposes that feminist criticism in Mainland China came into existence in the 1980s through borrowing and absorption (in theory and methodology) of European and American feminist criticism (32).

But because Mainland China’s domestic feminist movements—from feudal times to the May Fourth Movement in 1919 and subsequently the Communist Revolution—have been deeply incorporated into the political struggles of Chinese people, the discourses of Chinese feminist criticism are sometimes seen in conflict with western discourses, so that Chinese feminist criticism has always been in the process of defining itself against domestic and foreign influence (Yang 39–48). In fact, feminism from the very beginning has been a vast field energized by polemics. The invention of feminist criticism itself can be seen as an example of feminist theories and discourses branching out and grafting onto other disciplines. Generations of activists—e.g. ‘the suffragettes’, ‘the guerrilla girls’, and ‘the feminist five’ (女權五姊妹) from mainland China—have contributed in raising feminism as an effective force to bring out social and political change. Generations of thinkers—Simone de Beauvoir (1908–1986), Judith Butler, Germaine Greer, and Li Yinhe (李银河)—have broadened the scope of feminism in their theoretical writing and elevated it to a major contemporary
ideology. Generations of literary scholars—Elaine Showalter, Hélène Cixous, Susan Sheridan, and Dai Jinhua (戴錦華)—have demonstrated how new meanings of a text can be discovered under the scrutiny of gender studies in their scholarship.31

The first anthology of contemporary Chinese women’s poetry from the PRC—A Panther on an Apple (《蘋果上的豹》) published in 1993—was edited by Cui Weiping (崔衛平). In 1997, the sixteen-volume Collection of Chinese Women Poets (《中國女性詩歌文庫》) was published. Edited by Xie Mian (謝冕), this series eventually expanded to twenty-one volumes, including five poets from Taiwan. A Rhapsodic Journey: New Women New Poetry (《狂想的旅程——新女性新詩歌》) was published in 2002. The editor Huang Lihai (黃禮孩) collected poetry from ninety-five contemporary Chinese women poets. Most of these poets were born between the 1960s and 1970s, and started publishing poems in the 1980s. Reader’s Choice: Ten Women Poets (《最受讀者喜歡的十位女詩人》) was published in 2004. It was the result of a survey carried out by Huang in 2003. One thousand two hundred questionnaires were sent to poets, readers, and critics to choose ten favourites from two hundred and twelve Chinese women poets. In the end, the ten poets selected

31 ‘The Feminist Five’ (女權五姐妹) refers to five young activists—Wang Man (王曼), Wei Tingting (韋婷婷), Zheng Churan (鄭楚然), Li Tingting (李婷婷), and Wu Rongrong (武蓉蓉)—in Mainland China who were arrested in March 2015 for their long-standing advocacy for gender equality and rights for the LGBT community in the PRC. They were subsequently released. Li Yinhe (李銀河) is a renowned sociologist who has produced groundbreaking research on sexuality and gender in Mainland China. Dai Jinhua (戴錦華) is a scholar of cultural studies in the PRC. Her research interests include gender studies and film studies. In 2005, Verso published Cinema and Desire, a selection of Dai’s writing translated into English.
were: Zhai Yongming, Wang Xiaoni (王小妮), Shu Ting, Yin Lichuan (尹麗川), Lan Lan (藍藍), Zheng Min, Lu Xixi (魯西西), Lu Yimin (陸憶敏), Yü Xiang (字向) and Hai Nan (海男). Huang also invited ten critics to review the works of these poets.

Those reviews are also included in the anthology, showing a similar approach to Rose Lucas and Lyn McCredden’s *Bridgings*. In 2005, the first anthology of contemporary indigenous women’s poetry was published. *Selected Poems by Chinese Contemporary Women Poets of Minority Nationality* (《中國當代少數民族女詩人詩選》) was co-edited by Huang Lihai and Jiang Tao (江濤). This anthology presents poems written in Chinese by thirty women poets from a variety of ethnic groups (e.g. Manchurian, Mongolian, Hui, Tibetan, Uyghur, and Zhuang) in contemporary PRC. *Wings* (《翼》) is a women’s poetry journal founded by Zhai Yongming and Zhou Zan in Beijing in 1998. Aiming at discovering and presenting the most distinctive voices, *Wings*’ latest issue consists of works by a younger generation of Chinese women poets born between 1982 and 1996.

In Taiwan, *Hot Red Almost Purple: Modern Women’s Poetry from Taiwan* (《紅得發紫──台灣現代女性詩選》) was edited by Li Yuanzhen (李元貞) and published in 2000. The works of thirty-seven poets were included in this anthology. After Li’s anthology, *Collection of Modern Women Poets 1952–2011* (《現代女詩人選集 1952–2011》) was published in Taiwan in 2011. Edited by Zhang Mo (張默), it is an expansion of the 1981 *Green Leaves Cut Thin: Collection of Modern Women Poets*
1952–1981 (《剪成碧玉葉層層——現代女詩人選集》). About three hundred poems by fifty-three women poets from Taiwan are included in Zhang’s anthology.

The history of anthologising women’s poetry in Australia and in Chinese speaking regions surveyed above shows that the limited reception of each tradition in the other’s literary field is not symptomatic of a general disinterest in women’s poetry. Rather, women’s poetry in Australia and in Chinese speaking regions is well received and has been recurrently anthologised locally. The anthologies surveyed above are the essential primary source material for this thesis. Most poems translated for PART III are selected from these anthologies. These anthologies not only helped me to historicise and gain a macroscopic understanding of the poetic fields of Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, but also provided me with textual and thematic threads to work back and forth between them. Questions regarding poetics—especially the interpretation and reception of each of these two poetic categories in the other’s literary sphere—continued to proliferate during my research. Only occasionally would I encounter a scholarly article on Australian women’s poetry, focusing on an individual poet’s work, in a Chinese periodical; similarly, studies of Chinese women’s poetry have appeared in Australian periodicals only sporadically. As stated earlier, a comparative study of contemporary Australian women’s poetry and Chinese women’s poetry is yet to emerge, focusing on discovering and analysing their thematic connections. This lack points to a gap in our current study of contemporary Australian
and Chinese women’s poetry. The next five chapters aim at filling this gap through five thematic comparisons of the two poetry categories.
Chapter One: Domesticity – Worldliness

If we acknowledge the boundary between private and public space set in everyday discourse, then the poems selected for translation and discussion in this chapter can be classified into two categories: poems about the private space, and poems about the public space. In the first category, poems are often described as domestic, personal, familial, and intimate. In contrast, poems in the second category are considered to be explorative, open, exotic, and distant. However, if we are to resist a clean-cut view—because one often experiences in reality the overlaps between the private and the public—they these poems will certainly refuse such a compartmentalisation. In the translation sections in PART III, the reader will find twenty-four poems by contemporary Chinese women poets translated into English and twenty-two poems by contemporary Australian women poets translated into Chinese. There are works that focus on household objects and domestic settings, such as Dan Ying’s (淡瑩) ‘Facing the Mirror’ (〈臨鏡〉), Ma Yan’s (마연) ‘Quilt’ (〈被子〉), Lisa Bellear’s ‘A Suitcase Full of Mould’, and Diane Fahey’s ‘The Pool’. Other poems turn to less intimate but still familiar urban subjects, such as Lin Wanyü’s (林婉瑜) ‘Never Arrived—The Gym’ (〈永不抵達——健身房〉), Liu Yanxiang’s (劉延湘) ‘Scenes in a Park’ (〈公園景緻〉), and Yan Ailin’s (彥艾琳) ‘Super Vending Machine’ (〈超級販賣機〉), Lucy Dougan’s ‘Strange Flowers’ (in which the world is also compared to a machine that eats coins), Phyl Ophel’s ‘It’s a mezzanine mood…’, Gig Ryan’s ‘Eurydice’s suburb’, and Tracy Ryan’s ‘City Girl’. Travel is also a very
popular theme among contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets. Works that can be regarded as travel poetry include Chen Suying’s (陳素英) ‘Vision, Morin Khuur, Horses’ (視線、琴、馬), Shen Jüanlei’s (沈娟蕾) ‘Garden of Yuan Mei’ (隨園), and Vicki Raymond’s ‘Day Trip to Macao’. There are also more experimental poems, creating a unique and abstract space, such as Chen Yühong’s (陳育紅) ‘Towards the Blue’ (朝著藍色的方向) and Carol Novack’s ‘the moon. the eye. the tree’. Each of these works maps out its own psychogeography, testing and contesting the dualism between domesticity and worldliness.

In studies of classical Chinese poetry, the confinement of women to the private sphere (the boudoir or inner chamber) has typically been noted as an aspect of women’s poetry. The term ‘boudoir poetry’ refers to poems written about or representing distinctive characteristics of the life inside the inner chamber of a family house in feudal China. As noted by Julia C. Lin (1928–2013), ‘the earliest types of poems commonly attributed to traditional Chinese women poets are the “[b]oudoir poems” [閨閣詩] associated with the yuefushì [樂府詩] (a type of court ballad) tradition, dating back to the Han dynasty [206 B.C.–A.D. 220]’ (xix). Many women poets from the classical period in China worked within the genre of boudoir poetry, including well-known names such as Xüe Tao (薛濤, 768–831), Zhu Shuzhen (朱淑真, 1135–1180), and Liu Rushi (柳如是, 1618–1664). Xiaorong Li (李小榮) pointed out in her study of boudoir poetry from the Ming and Qing dynasties that, boudoir poetry ‘as a
poetic convention had long been established in both the *shi* [verse] and *ci* [lyrics] genres by the Ming-Qing era’ in China (26). It came to prominence in the Qing dynasty with the publication of the ten-volume *Collection of Boudoir Poetry of Our Dynasty* (《國朝闔閣詩鈔》).

Although boudoir poetry is often associated with female authorship, it is not a genre explored exclusively by women. The tropes of boudoir poetry offered classical Chinese poets the means to grapple with feelings such as loneliness, melancholy, dejection and anguish. At the same time, their writings throughout the dynasties have also reconstructed and enriched the poetics of this genre. According to Li, ‘Ming-Qing women poets do not merely perpetuate the literary tradition, but more importantly they rewrite it informed by their social and cultural experiences’ (3). In contemporary Chinese women’s poetry, the topos of the boudoir is replaced by the ‘room of one’s own’ (Virginia Woolf 7). In 1987, Yi Lei (伊蕾, 1951–2018) published ‘The Bedroom of a Single Woman’ (《獨身女人的臥室》), which was a long poem consisting of fourteen sections. Ending each section with the line: ‘you won’t come to live with me’ (Cui Weiping 105), the poem on the one hand can be read as a continuation of the boudoir tradition in its theme, but on the other hand, the persona in Yi Lei’s poem never stops arguing with her longing for her absent lover for the sake of self-preservation and liberation. Gaston Bachelard wrote that it is ‘[t]hrough poems... [that] we touch the ultimate poetic depth of the space of the

32 My translation.
house’ (6). If boudoir poetry resembles a private yet socially restricted space for Chinese women poets in the past, then the single woman’s bedroom represents a private yet open space where questions of individuality and independence are debated among contemporary Chinese women poets.

There is no such genre as boudoir poetry which can be applied to the classification of Australian women’s poetry. However, domestic environments have long existed as a theme in the work of Australian women poets. Lyn Richards points out in her study on ‘the ideology of the family’ (161) that ‘in the 1950s there was evidently one acceptable and nearly ubiquitous way of being an adult woman in Australia—being a married mother in a nuclear family’ (162). When Gwen Harwood’s name was disclosed for her hoax on the Bulletin in 1961, instead of emphasising the playfulness of her sonnets, the title of the article in Truth read as ‘Tas. Housewife in Hoax of Year’ (Susan Sheridan 140). Anecdotally, this serves as an example of how women poets were represented by the mass media in the 1960s in Australia. Moreover, it reminds us of the delicate balance of identities with which a woman poet in mid-century Australia had to grapple. The response of Harwood to such condescension could range from the playful self-irony of ‘Mrs. Harwood’ in her poetic ‘biographical note’ which alluded to T.S. Eliot’s ‘Lines to Ralph Hodgson Esqre’ (Sheridan 141–142) to more explicit condemnation from both the suburban middle-class culture and the high modernist literary culture which ridiculed women’s domestic writing. Yet the
fact that Harwood never articulated this critique in terms of a ‘feminism’ and even objected to feminist readings of her suburban poems, suggests that she held a more complex and ambivalent view of the ‘domestic’ persona in women’s poetry. This ambivalence can also be detected among other contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets, reflected by the fact that the private space is often depicted as ambiguous and unsettling in their works.

Brenda Walker and Luo Ying (羅英) have both written poems under the title ‘The Window’ (窓). The image of the window in their poems serves as a symbol of ambiguity, from which a complex set of existential questions is projected and reflected upon. Unlike Walker’s long poem which can be read as a Proustian reverie, Luo’s poem only consists of four short stanzas concentrating on the image of a window. Both poems begin with the personas’ noticing their position behind the windows in their rooms. Unlike Walker’s poem, Luo’s poem lacks a salient first-person persona from the very beginning, which is characteristic of Chinese poetry.

According to Hans Frankel (傅漢思, 1916–2003), the lack of the ‘I’ in Chinese lyric poetry ‘was a significant literary convention, well established by T’ang times’ (128). He also points out that ‘the “I” and “my” are not expressed but understood’ in Chinese lyric poetry (128). Eliot Weinberger wrote in his acclaimed essay collection *Nineteen Ways of Looking at Wang Wei* (1987, 2016) that, ‘the first-person singular rarely appears in Chinese poetry. By eliminating the controlling individual mind of the poet, the experience becomes both universal and immediate to the reader’ (qtd. in
It is certainly the case for Luo’s poem because the ‘I’ is not announced but established through a series of observation from a subjective point of view:

The Window

the moment between
the window breathing in and out
lamp light
in a sad cradle
swinging to
and fro

inside the window
in some hazy
eyes
roses
one by one
burn out (FAN 193)

There is a sense of anthropomorphism in the beginning of Luo’s poem, ‘the moment between / the window breathing in and out’ (193) inviting the reader to imagine the opening and closing of the window as being blown by the breeze, or the appearance of damp circles on the pane from a person’s breathing. In either case, the window is a symbol of life and movement.

Windows are also associated with the action of breathing in Walker’s poem, where the persona looks out of her ‘tall glass windows’ (Harrison and Waterhouse 196) and sees:
On a balcony streets away  
the shape of a man smoking, lifting a cigarette  
his shoulders curving to the beginning of age,  
the loss of bone. (Harrison and Waterhouse 196)

It is an ordinary city scene, but we cannot help looking with the persona. Like an Edward Hopper painting, this stanza embraces us in a solitary atmosphere. In Walker’s poem, in the persona’s own solitude in a bedroom or a hospital room, windows in her immediate environment multiply: ‘I stand at the window in this great house in the South of France… / So Baldwin begins a novel about an execution’ (Harrison and Waterhouse 197). ‘I stand at the window of this great house in the south of France as night falls, the night which is leading me to the most terrible morning of my life’ (3), wrote James Baldwin in Giovanni’s Room (1956). Here is a metonymy: the book the persona is reading serves as a window (or portal) for her to gaze into another window in a fictional world where death is also the imperative.

In Walker’s poem, the persona is on the way to recovering from a serious illness. The whole poem can be read as her contemplation on the transition between day and night, life and death. The image of a window provides a good rhetorical device to develop such a transition in the sense that an open window in daytime is often associated with an engagement with the outside world, but a closed window at night-time turns into a mirror reflecting the interior world. Walker’s and Luo’s poems both end with the image of the persona’s reflection in the window. These two poems show that the domestic sphere is not depicted as a closed space in contemporary Australian and
Chinese women’s poetry where a woman’s thinking is lost to chores. Instead, the domestic sphere is connected to the public sphere, where existential questions are addressed by poetic thinking.

The development of modern transportation systems enabled international travel and further hybridised the space of public transport. Amy G. Richter suggests in *Home on the Rails: Women, the Railroad, and the Rise of Public Domesticity* that ‘trains constituted a hybrid space’ as early as in the Victorian era in England (qtd. in Reus and Usandizaga 23). In Lucy Dougan’s poem ‘On the *Circumvesuviana*’, the moving train sends the persona into imagining a dialogue with an undefined ‘you’:

> Did you, too, own the city  
> on hot nights?  
> If I could follow your little body  
> back through the streets…*(On the *Circumvesuviana* 56)*

The persona’s train of thoughts continues to reach back into the past, reconstituted in a fragmented imagery: a derelict house that used to be the addressee’s childhood home in Naples, a blank notebook the addressee brought to Australia, and this person’s pet crickets. But then the persona is distracted from her thinking of the past by the tension in the train carriage:

> I glimpse where I’m from  
> or what I could have been  
> the pinched faced girl  
> with the accordion  
> begging on the *Circumvesuviana*  
> who we shoo away blithely
touristically
to keep at bay (56)

The present enters the persona’s imagination of the past in the way of an obtrusion. She is reminded by that Italian girl busking on the train of her identity as a foreigner in her home country. On the whole, Dougan’s poem can be read as a variation on the theme of a train carriage as a hybrid of public and private imagining. In 1985, Vicki Raymond published her first poetry collection *Holiday Girls and Other Poems*. The book consists of poems about travelling in Italy, Greece, Germany, and Macao. A poem entitled ‘Snow Fall’ in this collection loosely translates and responds to the work of the Italian poet Giosuè Carducci. There are also ekphrastic poems, including three on William Morris. Like Dougan’s poem, many pieces in Raymond’s collection also point to the liminality of tourism, that state of being somewhere but also being an ‘other’, rendered in a language akin to stream-of-consciousness.

In the Taiwanese poet Yang Jiaxian’s (楊佳姍) ‘Paris in Retrospection after Two Days’ (〈越二日回憶巴黎所見〉), we experience a coexistence of the past and the present woven through an imagery which connects as well as separates them:

```
I once remembered you
behind those copper carved railings and lace drapes
a glance at an affectionate scene
hat brim slightly titled, gold threads on cuffs and coat belts
among these, youth had already become an allusion
the coach man also pulled the rein at traffic lights
though time does not comply with those signals (FAN 207)
```
The past in Yang’s poem is embedded in still life, ‘copper carved railings…lace drapes…gold threads on cuffs and coat belts’ (207), whereas the present is animated by:

…a million kinds of gestures
gazing down from Pont Neuf

and lovers tightened their scarves
standing beside metro vents sharing crepes
also sensed the wooziness in the hot air
in this tipsy hour, even the street lamps were eternal (207)

In its high lyricism, Yang’s poem reads like a love letter to Paris. Like Dougan, Raymond, and Yang, many contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets have written about their travels in foreign countries. Some Australian poets have written about their journeys in China, and some Chinese poets have left us poems about their Australian experience.

As pointed out previously in ‘Background and Literary Review’, Oodgeroo Noonuccal’s travels in China inspired her to return to poetry writing. Those poems documented what she saw and heard in China, and her encounters with Chinese people in 1984. She reported on her meeting with young pioneers in Xi’an:

We met the children,
Dressed in white and blue,
With red scarves around their necks,
At the 8th Route Army Headquarters. (23)
The above stanza gives a plain but truthful picture of the young pioneers. The ‘white and blue’ (23) uniform and ‘red scarves’ (23) present them as a collective, reminding us of the systematic effacement of people’s individuality in the early days of the PRC. This collectivity, according to Oodgeroo, presents a difficulty for personal communication:

Manning and I
Offered to sing
Waltzing Matilda for them.

I think they liked it,
Or, maybe, they were
Showing us,
How polite they can be.

Then, they sang a song for us.
A song of the young pioneers.
We liked it too
And before we left,
We cupped our hands, and called for them
Our
Australian coo–ee. (24)

And the reason lies not only in the fact that the young pioneers are too ‘polite’ (24) or disciplined to express their personal thoughts about hearing an Australian classic, but also lies in the difficulty of cross-cultural communication itself. As ‘Waltzing Matilda’ was sung by Oodgeroo and Manning Clark in English, that ‘song of the young pioneers’ was also sung in Mandarin; perhaps what really comes through the language barrier is the music or the sound of words.
In another poem written by Oodgeroo in China, this sense of discomfiture is replaced by a strong sense of identification. Recalling her visit to the Reed Flute Cave in Guilin, Oodgeroo wrote:

I didn’t expect to meet you in Guilin
My Rainbow Serpent,
My Earth Mother,
But you were there
In Reed Flute Cave,
With animals and reptiles
And all those things
You stored in the Dreamtime. (52)

Reed Flute Cave is a stalactite cave typical of the geology and geomorphology of Guilin. Its dim and other-worldly interior often invokes an impression of prehistoric time. What Oodgeroo encountered in the Reed Flute Cave was the Rainbow Serpent. According to Australian Aboriginal mythology, ‘it is a creative spirit common to religions throughout much of the country. Sometimes male, sometimes female, it has the form of a giant python surrounded by rainbows and is associated with water and with fertility’ (Rainbow). It is difficult to speculate what aspect of the Reed Flute Cave gave Oodgeroo the vision of the Rainbow Serpent. Perhaps the primordial atmosphere inside the cave? However, as a symbol of her heritage, the rainbow serpent represents life, home, and root for Oodgeroo:

The cool air rushing through
The rock cathedral
Reminds me of the sea breezes
Of Stradbroke (53)
There is an elemental contrast between the ‘cool air’ (53), ‘the sea breezes’ (53), and ‘the rock cathedral’ (53), in which the first two images are liminal, linking the foreign place with the homeland. A similar epiphanic moment that reveals the interconnectedness of place is represented by Zhou Zan’s poem ‘Sydney Tower’ (〈悉尼塔〉). It can be considered as a concrete poem in the sense that its form takes up one long stanza consisting of ninety-one lines, which creates a textual block resembling the shape of a tower.

Like many other towers in metropolises around the world, the Sydney Tower serves both as a landmark and a tourist attraction. In Zhou’s poem, after the ‘vacuum lift sends us / straight up to the tower top three hundred metres above’ (FAN 223), the persona observes her surroundings:

A spacious hall on the top of the tower, reminds me of a library I’ve been to, or perhaps seen in my dreams, but what does it matter? surrounded by some high-powered telescopes it looks like an obsolete observatory, or a dilapidated military base, only allowing the tourists a few peeks at the history of science faraway in the sky or war news a few feet from here (223)

The space within the watchtower shows no distinction for the persona. Its aloofness makes her more aware of events in the reality beyond her immediate vicinity, bringing out a contemplative mood:
from this height, looking down absent-mindedly
also reminds me of my childhood
the kaleidoscope my father made me
those never repeating combinations of colourful glitter.

…for some time, I’ve forgotten that
I’m in the southern hemisphere
a glance at the outside makes me dizzy
feeling that homeland is within my reach, and a night plane
like a manmade satellite orbiting the earth
freeze-frames me in my childhood memory gazing at the night sky
(FAN 225)

These lines present a complicated set of changes in perspectives in the poem. The
watchtower, the kaleidoscope, and a camera lens on the satellite all share an optical
function to aid the human eyes. In this poem, the kaleidoscopic vantage view enabled
by the height of the Sydney Tower triggers a flashback in the persona’s mind. She
remembers the glittering colours seen through a kaleidoscope given to her by her
father. Then ‘a night plane’ (225) appears in her sight, flashing like a glitter in the
night sky, ‘orbiting the earth’ (225) like a satellite. At this moment, the persona’s eyes
are replaced by a camera lens on the satellite, zooming down onto the earth, and
captures the persona as a little girl ‘gazing at the night sky’ (225). It is an epiphanic
ending at which the persona recognises her individual existence, and through which
the place (the Sydney Tower) is ‘practiced [and] enacted’ (Timothy John Cresswell
10).

A bedroom, a hospital room, a train carriage, an ancient cave, a watchtower, can all
be a setting of a voyage for contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets to
contemplate the past, to dwell on the present, and to imagine the future, in pursuit of a poetic awakening. In the poems discussed in this chapter, what is emphasised is the liminality of space. There is no insurmountable boundary between such spheres like private space and public space. Instead, these poems, which can be read in comparison, propose a poetic subjectivity that can write across those space without collapsing their complexity, which is indeed rhizomatic. PART II: Creative Writing also aims at acknowledging such a subjectivity in the sense that all poems in the poetry manuscript of *South of Words* are informed by my experience living between Perth and Guangzhou, and reading contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, their histories and criticism. The spatial concern manifested by contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets in their works helps us to understand how space intercedes in poetic creation across oeuvres and tradition. These works travel across geographical and social boundaries, have created a literary space where contacts and exchanges are active, and thus traceable. By reading these poems in connection, by responding to (and thus participating in) their reimagining of the domestic and the global spheres, and by translating (thus transferring) these works to each other’s literary domain, this chapter recognises the connections and the liminality in the literary space between contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry.
Chapter Two: Death – Mourning

Australian and Chinese women’s poetry display a richness and long histories of elegy, which relate to the cultural specificity of mourning experience in both Australian and Chinese speaking regions. Susan Hampton and Kate Llewellyn’s *The Penguin Book of Australian Women’s Poetry* opens with an extract from the ‘Wudal-Maimai Song Sequence’ which narrates a mother’s lamentation of the death of her daughter (18–19). It is an example of women’s poetic engagement with mourning before the colonisation of Australia in 1788. One of the early poetic manifestations of a woman’s grief for the death of her husband during wartime can be found in a poem titled ‘Creeper Grows’[^33] (〈〈葛生〉〉) in the first Chinese poetry anthology *Classic of Poetry*[^34] (《詩經》), which consists of poems dating back ‘to the first four hundred years of the first millennium B.C.E’ (Jeffrey Riegel 109). Elegy, according to Jahan Ramazani, is one of ‘the oldest and richest of poetic genres’ (1) and it has a broad geographic distribution in world poetry. The ‘Wudal-Maimai Song Sequence’ and ‘Creeper Grows’ demonstrate women’s participation in the establishment of the elegiac traditions in Australian and Chinese poetry. Furthermore, they exemplify elegy as a cross-cultural poetic form, and point out the possibility of a comparative reading.

[^33]: The English title is derived from Ezra Pound and William Jenning’s translations.
[^34]: Also known as *Classic of Songs*. Transliterated into English as *Shijing* or *Shih-ching*. Other known titles in English translation including *The Book of Songs* by Arthur Waley, and *The Confucian Odes* by Ezra Pound.
Mourning emerges as a major theme in contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, and is therefore an important index of certain concerns in women’s poetics. We can also discern a transformation from pre-modern types of elegiac poem, found in Aboriginal songs and classical poems from Australia and China, to the ‘modern elegy’ (Ramazani 1). While the pre-modern elegy was organically tied to broader cultural rituals of mourning and catharsis, the modern elegy often expresses an ironic and self-critical distance from this act of approaching death through the written word. Gordon Braden and Elizabeth Fowler point out that in literary studies, elegy is understood through its relationship with ‘the [history], theory, and the decorum of cultural practices of mourning’ (398). Alongside the changes in mourning customs throughout history there is an inadequacy of discourse to reflect the complexity of mourning of our time. Religious rituals, popular culture and psychology, as pointed out by Ramazani, all fail to provide us with a language that is intricate enough (ix). Unlike traditional elegy, with its consolatory nature that tends to transcend grief and loss, modern elegy ‘offers not a guide to “successful” mourning but a spur to rethink the vexed experience of grief in the modern world’ (Ramazani ix). In the corresponding sections specific to this theme in PART III, the reader will find five poems by contemporary Chinese women poets translated into English and ten poems by contemporary Australian women poets translated into Chinese. Most of these works are textually expansive, and show a great degree of intensity, such as ‘Breathing, Late Night, Next to My Mother’ (〈在深夜呼吸， 旁邊是我母親〉) by
Chen Yü (陳鶴), ‘The Last Elegy’ by Shu Ting, and ‘Kaddish’ by Fay Zwicky.

Elegies that also mourn for the poet’s family members and friends include Dorothy Hewett’s ‘Anniversary’ and Cao Shuying’s (曹疏影) ‘For M.Y.’ (〈給 M. Y.〉) (which laments for the untimely death of her fellow poet Ma Yan). Other poems, such as Marietta Elliott-Kleerkoper’s ‘Lost’ and Oodgeroo’s ‘Dawn Wail for the Dead’, mourn the collective loss of the Holocaust, and the dispossession of Australian Aboriginal people. Two representatives of these works—Fay Zwicky’s ‘Kaddish’ and Shu Ting’s ‘The Last Elegy’—will be read comparatively in this chapter in order to investigate the ways in which poetic language is manipulated by contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets in very different cultural circumstances to explore the complexity of grief.

In ‘Democratic Repression: The Ethnic Strain’ (1982)—an essay on the work of twentieth-century American Jewish writers and the influence on her own writing—Fay Zwicky reveals that reading Allen Ginsberg’s ‘Kaddish’ (1961) encouraged her to finish her own ‘Kaddish’. She wrote in the essay that ‘I had already written the first section of my own ‘Kaddish’ in January 1976. After reading Ginsberg’s in March of the same year, I felt more free to finish it, stronger and less vulnerable in exposing it to public scrutiny’ (92). Published in 1982 as the title poem of Zwicky’s second poetry collection, ‘Kaddish’ is the most expansive poem she has ever written (‘Writing in the Eighties’ 63). In ‘Border Crossing’, a talk given by Zwicky in 1999,
she stated that the poem was an elegy for her father who passed away and was buried at sea without a proper ritual. The *Kaddish*—a traditional Jewish mourning rite—was not said. According to *The New Encyclopaedia of Judaism*, *Kaddish* is ‘Aramaic prayer of praise to God’ and *The Mourners’ Kaddish* is one of four forms of this prayer:

> It is recited by mourners at the grave of parents or close relatives and also during the three daily services in the presence of a prayer quorum (*Mingyan*) during eleven months following the death of a parent or close relative and on the anniversary of the death…Traditionally, *Kaddish* was only recited by male relatives’ (*The New Encyclopaedia of Judaism*).

However, as pointed out by Rabbi Joel B. Wolowelsky in his article ‘Women and Kaddish’, the act of ‘daughters saying *Kaddish* is not a new custom, having centuries of precedent—albeit not universally accepted—behind it’ (287). Perhaps it was not Zwicky’s immediate intention to subvert the tradition, yet she challenges the traditional specification of the mourner’s gender by writing her ‘Kaddish’.

The poem consists of five sections. Instead of delivering a major narrative, these sections as a whole represent a symphonic structure (‘Writing in the Eighties’ 63), ‘a mosaic of textual citations’ (37), as observed by Ivor Indyk. Incorporated in the poem are fragments from *The Mourners’ Kaddish* in transliterated Aramaic, and a variation
of the story ‘The Four Children’ in The Haggadah framed in the cumulative structure of the English nursery rhyme ‘The House that Jack Built’. In this way, the poem is placed in intertextual relationships with these (religious, poetic, and nostalgic) texts. At the same time, it is necessary to take into account their transformation through reproduction and re-framing in Zwicky’s ‘Kaddish’. Meanwhile from a technical perspective, the already established, and perhaps also familiarised (from the reader’s point of view) rhythms of the originals are transplanted into Zwicky’s poem, influencing its progression.

Probably the best known woman poet among the ‘Misty Poets’ (朦朧詩人) in the PRC in the 1980s, Shu Ting began writing poetry in 1969 (Julia C. Lin 59). She became a household name with the publication of her poems ‘To the Oak’35 (〈致橡樹〉) and ‘the Goddess Peak’ (〈神女峰〉) in the PRC. Shu Ting ‘shifted her interest to prose’ in the 1990s (59). Her long poem ‘The Last Elegy’ was written during her residency in Berlin in the spring of 1997. As the last poem in Shu Ting’s personal anthology A Performing Style (《一種演奏風格》) published in 2009, it also marks the end of her poetry writing. She once stated in an interview: ‘in 1997, I wrote a poem called “The Last Elegy”, and felt that I would stop writing poems for good’ (Shu).36 ‘The Last Elegy’ consists of seven sections. Shu Ting uses a technique that shifts between first-and third-person personas, interweaving retrospection with

---

35 Julia C. Lin’s translation.
36 My translation.
present observation, memory with imagination. In many respects, this long poem can be read as her conclusion to a long search for a contemporary poetics. It is difficult for us to know whether Shu Ting’s poem is prompted by death as an actual event, as is the case for Zwicky’s ‘Kaddish’. However, the entire sixth section of ‘The Last Elegy’ represents a daughter sorrowing for her father who is dying of illness.

Moreover, written towards the end of the twentieth century, and stemming from a fin-de-siècle anxiety, ‘The Last Elegy’ mourns a more symbolic death. From the very beginning, ‘Kaddish’ engages the reader in a theatrical atmosphere. It opens with a Shakespearean scene in which the ghost of the father visits his ‘first-born’ in dreams (Kaddish and Other Poems 1). The soundscape of the opening scene is a fuzzy mixture of a ghostly humming and the noise on the radio broadcasting ‘declarations of War’ (1). Shu Ting’s ‘The Last Elegy’ also opens in a dramatic atmosphere. It begins with the act of looking. A persona looks into the distance for so long that she eventually turns into stone—‘calcified in the last elegy’ (FAN 250). One is reminded of the legend of Sodom and Gomorrah in Genesis, in which Lot’s wife forgets the angel’s command, looks back at the cities, and becomes a pillar of salt.

The Chinese word tiaowang (眺望) which can be translated into English as gazing out, appears more than five times throughout the first four sections of ‘The Last Elegy’. Its usage can be interpreted in two different ways. Firstly, it establishes the persona’s perspective, for instance:
gazing out
hollowing out one’s eyes
nothing but the gesture of looking out
calcified in
the last elegy (FAN 250)

Secondly, it brings out a key idea explored in the poem, which is the dualism between
the past and the present:

how can you look behind
from across the river
those unknowing refrains
dampening your shadow (FAN 251)

A river is a classical metaphor for time. The ‘refrains’ (251) from the other side of the
river (as from the past) are ‘unknowing’ (251), touching only the ‘shadow’ (251) of
the present. Dualisms, such as past and present, permeate the imagery of Shu Ting’s
poem. Juxtaposed are the village and the city; the north and the south; the native land
and the foreign country; a crippled farmer and an artist. Although the former in these
pairs can, in general, be interpreted as a representation of tradition and backwardness,
while the latter can be seen as an embodiment of development and forward-thinking,
the boundary between the two is often slippery and questionable:

the fields flooded on this side
drought on the other
driven by fertilizer and pesticide to the execution ground
don’t forget to shout the harvest slogan (FAN 253)

Expressions like ‘the harvest slogan’ (253) immediately evoke the language of the
Cultural Revolution. A dualistic but interchangeable imagery is employed by Shu
Ting to recapitulate the complexity of her contemporary reality. Yet this complexity is also demonstrated by the poetic language of ‘The Last Elegy’ itself, in the sense that, from the outset, it never stops parodying classical Chinese poetry. For instance, the first two lines in the fourth stanza of section one—‘wormwood climbs the statues’ shoulders / exclaiming how the higher one goes the colder it becomes’ (FAN 250) [「蒿草爬上塑像的肩膀 / 感慨高處不勝寒」]—parody the famous Song dynasty poet Su Shi’s (蘇軾, 1037–1101) lyric ‘To the Tune of Water, Introduction: when does a full moon appear?’ (《水調歌頭・明月幾時有》). The use of the phrase ‘unbearable is the cold at lofty places’37 (「高處不勝寒」) from Su Shi’s lyric brings out a slight comical effect in the anthropomorphising of wormwood climbing up the shoulder of a statue in Shu Ting’s poem.

Archetypal images of classical Chinese poetry, for example, maple leaves (紅葉) and smoke signals (烽煙) are also employed in the first section. However, they lose their original sublimity and register in the new context. For example, in the ninth stanza:

maple trees along the mountain climb higher and higher whose chest is coloured by their waves? after she removes her attire a lanky flame of war towers into the sky who will ride a thousand miles to protect her? (FAN 251)

---

37 A literal translation by the candidate. The phrase can also be rendered as ‘it is lonely at the top’ into the contemporary context.
In classical Chinese poetry, the image of red maple leaves is associated with autumnal feelings. A red maple leaf is also perceived as a token of love. What is implied in the following question—‘Whose chest is coloured by their waves?’ (251)—is that the classical image is no longer able to resonate with the contemporary reader. In ancient China, soldiers would send out smoke signals calling for aid when a fortress was under attack. The signal is sent, but it is uncertain when reinforcements will come. Throughout ‘The Last Elegy’ we can detect the tension arising from a language crisis, as in section two:

nouns and adjectives
already a threat for the traffic
they voluntarily choose
the unheroic exile (FAN 252)

and in section five: ‘once a character is written / it will drift away’ (FAN 257). This tension soon escalates into a crisis in section six, with the daughter’s deepening grief for her dying father:

38 As recoded in ‘Drifting Red’ (流紅記) by Zhang Shi (張實) in Collected Legends from the Tang and Song Dynasties (《唐宋傳奇集》), in late Tang’s imperial palace, a maid wrote a poem sighing for her loneliness on a red maple leaf and placed it in the gutter, later the leaf was found by a man outside the palace. He read the poem and wrote also on a red maple leaf another poem in response. Then he threw his leaf into the beginning of the gutter. Eventually the maid found his leaf and kept it to herself. Many years after, the maid saw the leaf she set adrift in her husband’s book bag. She asked him where did he get the leaf. It turned out her husband was the man who found her leaf and wrote a poem in return.

39 It is possible here Shu Ting alludes to the story of Bao Si (褒姒) who was a favourite concubine of the King You (周幽王) of the Zhou Dynasty. According to the legend retold by Feng Menglong (馮夢龍) in Chronicles of the Eastern Zhou Kingdom (《東周列國志》), Bao was of great beauty though the king had never seen her laugh. In order to make her laugh, he ordered to send out fire signals on fortresses. The lords came with their armies and found out their kingdom was not being attacked. Bao Si laughed when she saw the lords were fooled. King You did this for several times just to please Bao Si, and eventually when his kingdom was invaded, none of his lords came to aid. The story has a similar moral to Aesop’s fable—the Boy Who Cried Wolf, which is ‘a liar will not be believed, even when he speaks the truth’. In popular imagination Bao Si is condemned to bring calamity to the Zhou Dynasty. However, this portrayal of women in literature (from Bao Si, Helen of Troy, to many other femme fatale characters) reveals their position as the scapegoat in the patriarchal society.
I couldn’t help feeling sad
although the word sadness
has already died at its post
and the related tenderness
(if there is any,
it’s also incurable as a word)
too embarrassing for modern people to talk about

…every day experiences the double death of flesh and words
how does the soul escape from these tumbling stones? (FAN 259)

One mourns to come to terms with this ‘double death of flesh and words’ (259),
which is a crisis brought about by the conditions of contemporary reality. Ramazani
points out that ‘as warfare was industrialised and mass death augmented, as mourning
rites were weakened and the “funeral director” professionalised, as the dying were
shut away in hospitals and death itself made a taboo subject, poetry increasingly
became an important cultural space for mourning the dead’ (1).

If Shu Ting’s ‘The Last Elegy’ reveals to us how poetic language is used to dissect
the complex meaning of mourning in our time, then Fay Zwicky’s ‘Kaddish’ shows
us how it can be manipulated to give meaning to mourning, and to death. The direct
engagement of ‘Kaddish’ with the Jewish tradition is exemplified by its extensive
quotation from religious texts. One encounters, as early as the third stanza of section
one, an extract from The Mourner’s Kaddish in transliterated Aramaic.40 As Indyk
suggests, it is perhaps the first instance of Aramaic being used in Australian poetry
(42). Aramaic in transliteration is inserted four times throughout the poem. The

40 ‘Yisborach, v’yistabach, v’yispoar, v’yisroman, v’yisnaseh’ (Kaddish and Other Poems 1).
second insertion can be found in section two, and the last two can both be found in section five. Zwicky herself revealed that in the beginning she did not have either the knowledge or the courage to apply the transliterated *Mourner’s Kaddish* to her poetry (‘Border Crossing’ 1). It was her father’s death that prompted her to face this ignorance of her own tradition (1). She said, ‘the act of writing the poem was a kind of half-conscious mission to speak up against our mutual oblivion’ (1). These fragments from *The Mourner’s Kaddish* thread through Zwicky’s poem, intensifying its music.

The structure of ‘Kaddish’ can be described as similar to a frame story. It is most distinctively represented by section two:

> The wicked, the wise and the simple to jump in the house that Jack built:
> This is the priest all shaven and shorn who married the man all tattered and torn
> Who kissed the maiden all forlorn who slaughtered the ox who drank the water
> who put out the fire who burnt the staff who smote the dog who bit the cat who ate the kid my father bought from the angel of death…

> What ailed the sea that it fled? What ailed the mountains, the romping lambs Bought with blood? Tremble, earth, before the Lord of the Crow and the Dove
> Who turned flint into fountain, created the fruit of the vine devoured by the Fox who bit the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate up Jack
> Who built the house…*(Kaddish and Other Poems 2–3)*
The first stanza shows a disrupted sequence from ‘The House that Jack Built’ merging into the lyrics of ‘An Only Kid’, the last song in *The Haggadah*. The section from ‘who slaughtered the ox who drank the water’ (2) until ‘who ate the kid’ (2) is the seventh stanza of the song (Bronstein 88). Like ‘The House that Jack Built’, ‘An Only Kid’ also has a cumulative structure constructed according to the principle of cause and effect.

The two questions in the third stanza—‘What ailed the sea that it fled? What ailed the mountains, the romping lambs / Bought with blood?’—allude to ‘Psalm 114’:

Why was it, O sea, that you fled?  
O Jordan, that you ran backwards?  
O mountains, that you skipped like rams?  
O little hills, like lambs? (Levi 182)

At the same time, they can be read as Zwicky’s parody of the questions in ‘The Four Children’ story in *The Haggadah*. It is customarily read by adults to children during the Passover Seder in order to commemorate the emancipation of Jewish people from slavery as recorded in *The Exodus* (Bronstein 9–12). The fourth section of Zwicky’s ‘Kaddish’ continues to pastiche this tradition. *The Haggadah* features four children: ‘the wise, the wicked, the simple, and the one who does not know how to ask a question’ (Bronstein 30–33). Excepting the latter, each of the children asks a question about the significance of the Passover Seder. In Zwicky’s poem, there is no appearance of ‘the one who does not know how to ask a question’ (33). Zwicky
follows the portrayal of each of the three children who asks a question in the original text. The wicked one questions the doctrine; the wise one follows; and the simple one simply has no such knowledge. During the Passover Seder, the ritual of children asking and adults answering their questions about the meaning of the occasion aims to help parents better instruct their children about the Jewish religious tradition.

In Zwicky’s ‘Kaddish’, although the children’s questions generate different outcomes, the answer is always articulated in a patronising language. The line ‘Honour thy father and thy mother’ (The Bible 90) from ‘The Ten Commandments’ is repeated three times in section four. Each time serves as a shutdown to the child’s enquiry. In the last section of ‘Kaddish’, something we may call an answer is finally given:

And he who was never born and cannot inquire shall say:

There is a time to speak
and a time to be silent
There is a time to forgive
and a time in which to be
Forgiven.
After forgiveness,

Silence. (Kaddish and Other Poems 8)

With a reference to Ecclesiastes, the mourning in Zwicky’s poem ends in silence. But as the voice changes throughout ‘Kaddish’ (from being tender, nostalgic, to argumentative and raging, and eventually to silence), this ending creates a resonant
space within which all these different tones of voice commingle. Quoting Dante,

Giorgio Agamben writes,

‘The endings of the last verse are most beautiful if they fall into silence together
with the rhymes’…[Hence this falling into silence] would mean that the poem
falls by once again marking the opposition between the semiotic and the
semantic, just as sound seems forever consigned to sense and sense returned
forever to sound. The double intensity animating language does not die away in a
final comprehension; instead it collapses into silence, so to speak, in an endless
falling. The poem thus reveals the goal of its proud strategy: to let language
finally communicate itself, without remaining unsaid in what is said. (113–115)

Fay Zwicky’s polyphonic ‘Kaddish’, in this sense, is an elegy that dives into but also
revolves around the silent core of death. Lisa Gorton once compared the language of
‘Kaddish’ to a ‘storm’ (qtd. in Dougan and Dolin 9). For both ‘Kaddish’ and ‘The
Last Elegy’, the progression of their poetic mourning is developed through a
tempestuous language that engages with the dialectical tension between the living and
the dead, forgetting and remembrance, religion and secularity, history and the present.
Shu Ting’s and Zwicky’s technique of interlacing different times and places, tradition
and contemporaneity, directly influenced my writing of ‘in memory of Leung Ping-
Kwan’ (included in PART II: Creative Writing). The poetics of elegy explored by
them in ‘The Last Elegy’ and ‘Kaddish’ appropriates as well as transforms established modes of rhetoric regarding mourning in the contemporary. It shows, through reading contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry together, that elegy is an important form adopted by women poets to process the complexity of grief. And through this process, they often complete more voluminous poems. Translating these poems is a way to cross-culturally address such a complexity. It also reaffirms women’s active participation in responding to personal and collective loss in our time.
Chapter Three: Myth – A Woman’s Rewrite

According to scholar of Chinese mythology Yüan Ke (袁珂, 1916–2001), the belief in a female creator deity was early recorded in primordial Han and ethnic Chinese myths. In The Classic of Mountains and Seas (《山海经》) and Huainanzi (《淮南子》), we discover writings about a goddess known as Nüwa (女娲) who mended the sky and created human beings from clay. It is characteristic of a matrilineal culture to cast a female goddess in the role of creator (Yuan 25). However, Nüwa’s position was subsequently replaced by Pangu (盘古), described as a masculine deity in Chinese mythic narratives (Yuan 26). This change, as Yuan has suggested, reflects the transition from a matriarchal to a patriarchal culture in China (26). From ancient epics such as Cao Zhi’s (曹植, A.D. 192–232) ‘Rhapsody on the Goddess of the Lo River’ (《洛神赋》) to modern vernacular poetry such as Guo Moruo’s (郭沫若, 1892–1978) ‘The Goddess’ (《女神》), the mythologisation of women by Chinese men has often rendered the female sex a passive reflection of their desire and ideal.

In Australia, the relationship between women and mythology has attracted the interest of (especially women) anthropologists and literary scholars since the 1970s. Isobel M. White’s study of Aboriginal myths in Central Australia shows women’s ownership and enactment of myths (125). The examples provided by White demonstrate Aboriginal women’s active participation in the making and transmitting of myths. By contrast, many of the ‘settler myths’ that emerged with European colonisation
excluded the presence and participation of women (Phil Fitzsimmons). From ‘the Kelly gang’ to the ‘diggers’, myth-making in Australia since colonisation has been closely tied to the construction of a national identity reflecting patriarchal values. In A. B. (‘Banjo’) Paterson’s (1864–1942) rhyming quatrain ‘Song of the Pen’, the speaker ironically exhorts his fellow writers to devote themselves to the goddess of writing:

> Not for the love of women toil we, we of the craft,
> Not for the people’s praise;
> Only because our goddess made us her own and laughed,
> Claiming us all our days,
>
> Claiming our best endeavour—body and heart and brain
> Given with no reserve—
> Niggard is she towards us, granting us little gain:
> Still, we are proud to serve. (Paterson 269)

In an almost ‘art for art’s sake’ spirit, Paterson’s poem mythologises the act of writing by appealing to a creator-like goddess who is elevated from her earthly femaleness to be the embodiment of literary sublimity. Although the goddess is the one who drives and demands the craft, she is never seen as the one who practises it. Writing is delineated here as a men’s sphere, but the rhetoric of Paterson’s poem also turns on a somewhat misogynistic conceit that sees the “woman” as an ineffectual, would-be muse alongside the allegorical Muse herself—the ideal driver of male creativity.

In PART III of this thesis, the reader will find four poems by contemporary Chinese women poets translated into English and four poems by contemporary Australian
women poets translated into Chinese. Lin Wanyü’s ‘Tonight’ (〈是夜〉) can be read as a bedtime poem for children that evokes famous fairytale and mythical characters. Zhai Yongming’s ‘The Eighth Day’ (〈第八天〉) and Alison Tilson’s ‘Gluttony’ both rework biblical motifs. The theme of myth has generated numerous attempts at the subversion of this archetypal representation of women among contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets. The most explicit demonstration in the Australian context is the corpus of poems written by women on the Christian myth of the fall of Eden in Genesis. In traditional renderings and interpretations of this text, the woman, Eve, is blamed for the banishment of humanity from the Garden of Eden. This narrative has been widely criticised by feminist scholars and translators for lending credit to patriarchal domination and oppression of women. Luise Von Flotow, when discussing Joann Haugerud’s translation of passages from The Bible, points out that ‘feminist revisions of the Bible do not seek to change the content of the texts; they are concerned with the language in which this content is expressed. Yet by revising the language, these versions change the tone and meaning of the stories considerably’ (53).

The language is also a concern for Australian women poets who have written about the myth of the loss of paradise from Eve’s perspective. Jennifer Ash has compared Kate Llewellyn’s ‘Eve’, Elaine Golding’s ‘Genesis/take 2’, and Judith Wright’s ‘Eve Scolds’ in her article ‘Paradise and Australian Women Poets’. The realistic voice and
‘the monotonous lexis’ (Ash 261) of Llewellyn’s poem; the ambiguous eroticism of Golding’s poem; and the ironising of the ‘masculine discourse’ (268) of Wright’s poem: all demonstrate different strategies for subverting patriarchal language by Australian women poets through their experimentation with myths. As Ann Vickery has pointed out ‘[w]hile earlier poets had invoked myth, sometimes substantially (as in the case of Zora Cross and Dulcie Deamer), late-20th-century poets channelled them for more radical articulations of female sensuality, cultural containment, and trauma’ (‘Australian Women’s Poetry and Feminism’). Other examples reflecting Australian women poets’ preoccupation with myths include Diane Fahey’s Metamorphoses (1988) and Danijela Kambaskovic’s Internal Monologues (2013) which engage with Greco-Roman mythology. Diane Fahey has also written about the relationship between Australian women’s poetry and Greek mythology, arguing that such a concern reflects a ‘Europeanism in Australian society’ (5). Fahey further argues that Australian women poets—including Alison Clark, Rosemary Dobson, Dorothy Hewett, Antigone Kefala, Margaret Scott, Jennifer Strauss, Judith Wright and Fay Zwicky—have created a corpus of poetry on Greek Mythology, and many of these poems demonstrate ‘a feminist questioning of the androcentric nature of many myths’ (6–10).

In 1984, the Taiwanese poet Hu Pinqing (胡品淸, 1921–2006) published her fifth poetry collection, entitled Another Eve (《另一種夏娃》). As a translator of French and English poetry, Hu’s poetic oeuvre shows strong Anglo-European influences.
Stories from the Bible and Greek mythology are recurring motifs in her poetry. As Hong Shuling (洪淑苓) has pointed out, Eve, Siren, Polyhymnia, Ophelia, and other mythical and archetypal female characters speak through Hu’s poems in the defiant voice of an independent woman (33–37). Shu Ting’s ‘Goddess Peak’, written in 1981 on a Yangtze River cruise, also demonstrates the emancipation of women’s voice through mythologisation. The naming of the Goddess Peak comes from the ‘Rhapsody on Mount Gaotang’ (高唐賦) and ‘Rhapsody on the Goddess’ (女神賦), verses attributed to the Chu poet Song Yù (宋玉), who worked during the Warring States Period (403–221 B.C.). Written in the traditional Chinese poetic form of fu (賦), these two pieces of rhapsody retell the Chu king’s dream about his erotic encounters with a goddess on the Wu Mountain (巫山). The prototype for this goddess is Yaoji (媱姬), who was said to be the daughter of the prehistorical ruler Emperor Yan (炎帝); she was buried on the Wu Mountain (Yuan Ke 62). This goddess, who only appears in the dream of the Chu king, has since become one of the symbols of unattainable love in classical Chinese literature. The speaker of Shu Ting’s poem challenges this symbolism by asserting at the end of the poem that ‘rather than displaying myself on the cliff for a thousand years / I’d cry on my lover’s shoulder just for the night’ (120). In a declarative tone, these two lines overthrow

---

41 A poetic genre developed in the Han dynasty in China, referring to the category of ‘prose poem in which a theme was treated in objective fashion’ (Hughes 15).
42 My translation.
the idealised female divinity constructed in order to fulfil a male fantasy, and
demythologise female sexuality.

Written on the occasion of Richard Nixon’s 1972 visit to the Great Wall of China, the
Taiwanese poet Zhong Ling’s (鍾玲) ‘The Great Wall Ballad’ (〈長城謠〉) also taps
into the validity of myth in the contemporary context. The poem begins with the
speaker addressing the Great Wall in an almost imperative tone that envelops the
reader with its immediate phallic presence:

you the python
in a masculine way have wound tightly
around China for more than twenty centuries. (FAN 276)

The poem seems to be rehearsing the cliché of the Great Wall as a representation of
masculinity as such. But the reader will soon encounter a contrasting characterisation.
The well-known Chinese legend of Meng Jiang Nü (孟姜女), who brought down the
Great Wall, is told through a repetitive diction and line structure:

her dark hair tangling in the north wind
her eyes through fluttering sands
cast upon every branch-like man
every branch-like labourer
until desperation piled up like bricks on her face (FAN 276)

The rhythm of the above stanza captures Meng Jiang Nü’s desperate search for her
husband among thousands of conscripted labourers at the Great Wall. According to
the legend, when she heard her husband had died at the post yet his body was
nowhere to be found, she wailed so intensely that the Great Wall collapsed.

Throughout Zhong’s poem, the speaker addresses the Great Wall directly, as ‘you’:

so she kneeled down before you
sobbed for three days and nights
until blood sprung up like wild flowers
from her eyes
ah the benevolent Great Wall
you answered
fell down in front of her
returned her husband’s body
revealed the emperor’s crime to the world (276)

But this time, there is a change of tone in the poet’s use of the ‘you’, which becomes more conversational. The Great Wall is also no longer represented as a python symbolising masculinity. Instead, it is ‘benevolent’ (276) and moved by the woman’s cry. The image—‘blood sprung up like wild flowers / from her eyes’ (276)—is charged with intensity. The lifelessness of the stone wall is seen in contrast to the tenaciousness of the ‘wild flowers’ (276) and human ‘blood’ (276), and eventually becomes animated under the latter’s influence. The poem then returns to the present:

and now in decline in the twentieth century, the Great Wall
you’re still anxious
watching the deathly air of the north
what’s the meaning of you coming alive this time?
—a white leader from north America
perches on the podium
in a newspaper headline, grinning
at me? (FAN 276)

In two questions, the poet probes into the contemporary relevance of the Great Wall.

Written in 1972 against the political background of the Cold War and the unclear
prospect of Nixon’s visit to the PRC, Zhong’s retelling of the legend of Meng Jiang Nü represents an alternative interpretation of the symbolism of the Great Wall. Instead of representing masculine patriotism, it represents individual tragedy through which the folly of despotism is revealed through a woman’s tears.

Australian poet Caroline Caddy has also written about Chinese legends with a contemporary focus. The title of her poem ‘Huang Po’ has multiple meanings. It can be read as the name for the phellodendron bark, a herb used in Chinese medicine; a term from Taoist alchemy; an abbreviation of Huang Dao Po (黃道婆), an acclaimed textile master during the Southern Song dynasty; or Sha Wujing (沙悟淨), one of the main characters who dwelled in a murky river in the Chinese classic Journey to the West (《西遊記》). It is difficult to determine which one of the four is the subject of Caddy’s poem. But it seems the poem embraces this polysemy and draws on aspects from all, in a way similar to bricolage. In the Oxford Dictionary of Literary Terms, bricolage is defined as ‘[a] French term for improvisation…an assemblage improvised from materials ready to hand, or the practice of transforming “found” materials by incorporating them in a new work’. The river, as the subject of Caddy’s poem, is represented by such a cluster of ‘found’ images:

The river is a pharmacopoeia
centuries of teas
brewed from paraphernalia
of plants and animals
or a sacred river in India
after fifteen million pilgrims
have thrown their wreaths in
and gone home
killing all the fish downstream. (Caddy 69)

Pharmacopoeia is ‘an authoritative or official treatise containing listings of approved
drugs with their formulations, standards of purity and strength, and uses’ (OED). The
irregular line format continues to imitate the meandering river, emphasising the
archetypal force of the river, above all contingencies, historical and present:

It looks dead  crawling with life
   junks riding high on their loamy wakes
   rusty container ships
       coal barges like chopped up dragons
   and dinghies of plastic bottles
   tied together with string. (69)

The turn in the first line from ‘dead’ (69) to ‘crawling with life’ (69) creates a
stagnant feeling in the stanza further intensified by a series images of ‘junks, rusty
container ships, coal barges, and dinghies’ (69) cramping the river. Abused by human
activity, the river has completely lost its ancient mysticism. A criticism on
industrialism can be detected at this point:

Along the waterfront
   they are tearing up trees and putting in roads
       tearing up roads
   and putting in trees (69)

The inversion between the word ‘trees’ (69) and the word ‘roads’ (69) vividly
represents the irrationality and futility behind this kind of human labour.
Then there is the first appearance of the persona:

I watch the two men at the churned lip
take turns holding
a shiny fishing rod.
Piercing the meniscus of mud
they reel in a flash of silver
as startled to be caught as I am
by their
enthusiasm. (70)

That fish, a ‘flash of silver’ (70), captures both the persona and the reader’s attention.

One the one hand, this striking image brightens up and casts out a sense of liveliness into the dull atmosphere produced by previous lines. On the other hand, it further reveals the exploitation of the river through the fishermen’s ‘enthusiasm’ (70), or rather, their lack of eco-awareness. The poem ends with a mystical image:

I want the park to work the panacea…
but out there
or on a scroll
is a woman
in some kind of boat on some kind of water
trailing a hand smiling
quite happy
lifting things out looking at them
and letting go. (70)

Panacea is another pharmacological term ‘a remedy, cure, or medicine reputed to cure all diseases’ (OED), and ‘the park’ (70) is constructed as a cure to restore, or at least to compensate the loss of natural environment.
The woman on the boat who seems to be scavenging from the river is ambiguous. It is difficult to know whether she is seen ‘out there’ (70) in the persona’s presence or she is some character in a painting. This last image of the poem—the woman picking useful things out of the junk in the river—reminds the reader of the story of Huang Dao Po. Unlike Zhong’s ‘The Great Wall Ballad’ which focuses on the retelling of a well-known legend which has a female protagonist, Caddy’s ‘Huang Po’ does not rely on any specific characters from Chinese mythology. Myth is more of an impression conveyed through associations with the river image.

As ‘a pharmacopoeia’ (69) of the ecosystem: ‘centuries of teas / brewed from paraphernalia / of plants and animals’ (69), the progress of the river is compared to alchemy. Later, ‘coal barges’ (69) on the river are compared to ‘chopped up dragons’ (69). As mythical monsters in Chinese mythology, dragons are said to live in great rivers and seas, and they have the power to create storms. These ‘chopped up dragons’—merely long flat-bottomed boats—do not possess any magic power. On many levels, the process of industrialisation is the process of demystification.

Throughout the poem, we see that pollution is not limited to the present, but is a trans-historical condition of the River as a place of human congregation.

Caddy’s poem, like Zhong Ling’s ‘The Great Wall Ballad’, reshuffles elements or events in Chinese mythology and thus reorganises its structure. In a poem entitled
‘useless diamonds’ in PART II: Creative Writing, I rewrote the legend of Pan Gu (盤古), who is regarded as one of the creation deities in Chinese mythology. The inspiration came from a conversation I had with a taxi driver about the diamond mines in Western Australia, which led me to reimagine the Chinese myth against the immediate Australian setting. Roland Barthes writes in his seminal text ‘Myth Today’ that ‘…one can conceive of very ancient myths, but there are no eternal ones’ (110). Contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets write back against the gender stereotypes created by the myths in their culture by giving voice to the objectified and silenced female.
Chapter Four: Monologue – Dialogue

In an 2008 article entitled ‘A Study of Confessional Poetry from the Perspectives of Translation and Gender’ (〈翻譯與性別視閾裡的自白詩〉), published in the renowned contemporary Chinese poetry journal Today (《今天》), the author Zhou Zan meticulously examined the thesis that American confessional poetry, to a great extent, had influenced Chinese women’s poetry since the 1980s. Zhou’s discussion centred on the question: to what degree has Sylvia Plath’s poetry influenced Zhai Yongming’s oeuvre? Since Tang Xiaodu first drew attention to the relationship between Plath’s poetry and Zhai Yongming’s long poem ‘Women’ in his article ‘Women’s Poetry: from Night to Dawn’ in 1987, the view that Plath’s confessionalism had predominantly influenced the formation of Zhai’s poetic voice was generally recognised by Chinese literary scholars and critics. This argument is supported by the fact that Zhai used the Chinese translation of these two lines—‘Your body / Hurts me as the world hurts God’ (232)—from Plath’s ‘Fever 103°’ as one of the epigraphs in ‘Women’ at the time of its reprint (Zhou 93). Moreover, Zhai described in her interview ‘Finished, Then What?’ (〈完成之後又怎樣〉) the visceral impact of encountering ‘Fever 103°’ and Robert Lowell’s ‘Skunk Hour’ in the mid 1980s (160).
According to investigations conducted by Zhou Zan, Zhang Xiaohong (張曉紅) and Lian Min (連敏) respectively, however, only six poems\(^{43}\) of Plath’s were originally translated and published in underground poetry anthologies and journals such as *A Selection of Modern Foreign Poetry*\(^{44}\) (《外國現代詩選》) and *Modernist Federation*\(^{45}\) (《現代詩內部交流資料》) upon the introduction of her work into the PRC in the 1980s. Thus, it is misleading to view Zhai’s early work, especially her canonical poem ‘Women’, solely in Plath’s shadow. Rather, Zhou has argued that the influence of world poetry in general on Zhai’s writing is far more pervasive (93).

Zhai’s poetry has alluded to works by the Greek poet Odysseus Elytis, the Uruguayan poet Juana de Ibarbourou, and the American poet Robinson Jeffers, to name just a few (93). By examining Zhai’s ‘Women’ against its literary context, Zhou’s article points out the failure of labelling and warns against a reading that approximates contemporary Chinese women’s poetry to American confessional poetry. Indeed, even though Zhai’s voice has continuously been described as an amplification of the feminine monologue by critics, a closer reading of her poetry shows that her writing has always engaged, intertextually and dialogically, with domestic and foreign poetry and poetics.

---

\(^{43}\) Including ‘Fever 103°’, ‘Two Views of a Cadaver Room’, and ‘Edge’ translated by Meng Meng (孟猛); ‘Ariel’, ‘Lady Lazarus’, ‘Edge’, and ‘Contusion’ translated by Dao Zi (島子) and Zhao Qiong (趙瓊).

\(^{44}\) Edited by the Sichuan poet Zhong Ming (鍾鳴) in early 1980s.

\(^{45}\) Founded by poets Yang Li (楊黎) and Wan Xia (萬夏) in Chengdu in mid 1980s. The journal’s English title ‘Modernist Federation’, shown on its cover, preserved the initial title *Xiandai Zhuyi Tongmeng* (《現代主義同盟》) in Chinese. In his study of unofficial Chinese poetry journals in the PRC, Maghiel van Crevel (柯雷) translates the journal’s new Chinese title as ‘Modern Poetry Material for Internal Exchange’.
Unlike most Chinese literary scholars and critics, who still view contemporary women’s poetry from the PRC as showing a close affinity with American confessional poetry, Australian literary scholars and critics have displayed their hesitancy towards (and even outright rejection of) applying the confessional paradigm to reading women’s poetry in Australia. Susan Lever, in her study of Australian women’s poetry since the early 1800s, proposes a strong social tradition among generations of women poets in Australia. This tradition, writes Lever, carries into ‘the twentieth century where Australian women poets represent a robust, outward-looking tradition in contrast to the confessional mode which culminates in the work of Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton’ (229).

Lever traces this social tradition of Australian women’s poetry from colonial-era poets such as Fidelia Hill (1790–1854), Eliza Hamilton Dunlop (1796–1880), and Ada Cambridge (1844–1926), who ‘saw themselves as having a nation-building task’ (230); to Mary Gilmore who actively participated in social movements; then to Judith Wright and Oodgeroo Noonuccal, whose works exemplified a poetic activism; and at last to the feminist generation of poets, such as J. S. Harry (1939–2015) and Vicki Viidikas (1948–1998) (229–236). However, Lever too starkly dichotomises the confessional and the social. Regarding these terms as representing two different modes of writing—confessional as private and inward-looking in contrast with social
as public and ‘outward-looking’ (229)—Lever’s study does not take into consideration the socially critical aspect of confessional poetry. As Susan Rosenbaum reminds us elsewhere, ‘feminist scholars have emphasised Sexton’s and Plath’s performance and interrogation of the gendered self as a critical commentary on cold-war culture’ (296).

It seems that although confessional poetry as a critical discourse has been received differently by scholars and critics in the PRC and Australia, their embrace or rejection both show the relevance of confessionalism to the discussion of women’s poetry and poetics. In the corresponding sections to this chapter in PART III: Translation, the reader will find ten poems by contemporary Chinese women poets translated into English and ten poems by contemporary Australian women poets translated into Chinese. Among these selected poems, dialogue is often the objective of the poem, achieved through a monological and confessional voice. There is elegy in which the poets speak and pay tribute to the dead (e.g. Rosemary Dobson’s ‘The Nightmare’, written in memory of Christina Stead); there is also imaginary dialogue with writers in the past (e.g. Cao Shuying’s ‘Let’s Meet Again’ (〈再相見〉) for J. D. Salinger and Vicki Viidikas’ ‘Levertov, To the Tradition’); and even with the poems that speak with an intended person (e.g. the Chinese astronomer in Diane Fahey’s poem, the Chinese translator in Fay Zwicky’s ‘Push or Knock’, and Huang Jing [黃靜] in Cao Shuying’s ‘Poetry in the Mist’ [〈霧中詩〉] ) and those that recount real
dialogues (e.g. Aileen Corpus’ ‘Taxi Conversation’ and Bronwyn Lea’s ‘Miserability’), the dialogic nature of these works is manifested through a confessionalism that emphasises the perspective of the first person.

Following the discussion on the question of the authenticity of the authorial first person ‘I’ and the tension between the monological and dialogical aspects of confessional poetry, this chapter examines the ways in which monologue and dialogue are employed by contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets in order to construct their own distinctive poetic voice. ‘Package for the Distant Future’ by Sylvia Kantaris and ‘A Letter from International Waters’ (《公海來信》) by Cao Shuying are two epistles within which the monological voice and the dialogical voice work in a symbiotic relationship. Kantaris’s poem begins in the conversational voice of the letter writer:

Dear Inheritor,
Since you have dared to open this container you must be living in some far-distant, unimaginable future, and I am writing from a time of earth before your world began – (Hampton and Llewellyn 142)

In a few lines, Kantaris sketches out the setting of the poem as a letter that comes with a time capsule. The sender of the letter is speaking to an imaginary reader in the future, but since the letter and the poem are the same text, when we read the poem, we instantaneously identify ourselves as the future receiver of this letter from an ancient
past. There is a great intensity in the first two lines of the poem. The phrase ‘dared to open this container’ (142) is resonant with the prototypical narrative of Pandora from Greek mythology.

Instead of being caught in the same internal struggle between the desire and the fear to find out what is inside the container as Pandora in her common portrayals, the ‘inheritor’ (142) in Kantaris’s poem has already performed the act. Unlike the legend of Pandora within which the opening of the jar serves both as the climax and the resolution of the plot, the opened container in Kantaris’s poem works as suspense. As readers, our attention has been drawn to the image of the opened container, but we will not find out its contents until later, when the sender of the letter tells us:

    Enclosed you will find evidence
    of our existence:
    a skein of yellow silk;
    a carving of a child of unknown origin
    with normal limbs and features;
    a violin;
    some lilac seeds;
    the Song of Solomon. (142)

The word ‘evidence’ (142) is important here because it reminds the reader that the poem (as a letter) is intended to be read in the future. It assumes a future without any ‘evidence / of our existence’ (142). The fourth and fifth lines: ‘a carving of a child of unknown origin / with normal limbs and features’ (142) seem to suggest that a deformity of the human body is a phenomenon in this future imagined by the letter
sender. In a series of end rhymes, the mystery inside the container unravels. It turns out that a personal selection of everyday objects, the ‘flotsam and jetsam’ (142) of which the sender considers to be the evidence of ‘our civilisation’ (142) are packed inside. The conversational tone continues to the end of the poem:

I hope you like them.
We had a lot of things we did not like
and could have lived without.
Do not invent gods.
I hope the earth is nearly clean again.
Sow the lilac seeds in damp soil
and if they grow and flower, and if you can,
smell them after rain. (142)

The fifth line—‘I hope the earth is nearly clean again’ (142)—brings out a post-apocalyptic impression, echoing with the fourth and fifth lines in the previous section. The ending of the poem, in which the letter sender speaks in an instructional tone on what to do with the ‘lilac seeds’ (142), is brimming with quiet beauty. Among all items in the package prepared by the sender, the ‘lilac seeds’ constitute the only embodiment of life. The imagery and fragrance of lilac blossoms after the rain create a sensuality that lasts even after the poem has ended. The letter sender in ‘Package for the Distant Future’ constantly speaks through a conversational voice, but because the existence of a reader is only an assumption, there lacks the real dynamic of a dialogue. In this sense, we can say that the voice of this poem is equally monological.
If the monological voice is embedded in the dialogical voice in Kantaris’s poem, then
Cao Shuying’s ‘A Letter from International Waters’ presents a different case within
which the two voices engage in a competition. Like Kantaris, Cao also points out the
poem’s setting at the very beginning. The writer of a love letter speaks in a relaxed,
intimate voice:

(Love, I’m on international waters
lying on the pale blue deck
breeze touching the back of my bent knee
thinking, ‘I belong to no one’ (FAN 285)

The image of ‘international waters’46 (285) is a motif throughout the poem, bringing
out a further meaning each time when it appears. Here, in the carefree atmosphere of
these few lines, the letter writer identifies the genius loci with complete freedom. The
independent image of the letter writer is soon transformed to that of a maverick in the
second stanza:

A showing-off of local traditions just started
I realise I despise those photo-taking
tourists, on the beach, on those pure
salt crystals. It sends shivers down my spine when I think of the distinct
venation pattern of each of the three thousand plants on the island
it makes me detest those ungrateful people more
as if I have never loathed them before (285)

The letter writer’s refusal to exoticise, to participate as a spectator in ‘a showing-off
of local traditions’ (285), separates her from the tourists but draws her closer to the

46 According to the OED, it refers to ‘the areas of the sea outside the territorial jurisdiction of any
nation’.
receiver (reader) of her letter. In an idiosyncratic manner, the letter writer talks about ‘pure salt crystals’ (285) and how the thought of the ‘distinct / venation pattern of each of the three thousand plants on the island’ (285) has a physical effect on her. It seems that, at this point, the letter writer sees her position as outside the mainstream, that the letter has become the medium through which she can express her inner struggle:

Yet I’m not one of their opposites
drifting on international waters, I belong to none
those who have had my everything
changed their mind – I discover that hermit crabs
are born at sunrise and die at sunset, white pearl oysters
spend their whole lives looking after their pearls, what can I care about?
A bottle of fine wine spilt over night, not a single drop left

On international waters, a world without rules
sun glares everywhere, washes over the old paint on the deck
now and then a tiny rainbow shines, I’m lying in
a quiet pale blue, decide that I’ll give up (FAN 285)

The second time the letter writer mentions ‘international waters’ (285), we may surmise that, from the word ‘drifting’ (285), she is in exile. The first line in the second stanza—‘on international waters, a world without rules’ (285)—also hints that the letter writer is on the run from jurisdiction control. In this sense, international waters represents a ‘third space’ (Homi K. Bhabha 53) for the letter writer within which the contemplation of the meaning of self is constantly moving between the physical present and the remembered past:

the home I remembered, built in a brick crevice anyway
when winter comes, that house will shake into a bone.
In fact one year ago, I had frequently been having sea dreams
at that time I was still one of the opposition, dissident,
fighting against all confronting dreams

Now, let she and him fight
I’m on international waters, a world
without rules, everyone is no one, everyone can’t be bothered
becoming his/herself, the whole sea is ringing –
all quiet above the waves) (FAN 285)

In an abject tone, the letter writer reflects on the loss of a purpose while ‘drifting’ on
the sea, disclosing a revolutionary’s aspiration that has been forsaken by an
indifferent world. The poem is charged by this dialectic between the self and the
other, reaching to an unexpected ending:

Love, I’m the one who has had you
now writing you poems in the gaps between bricks
having not seen anything described in your letter (FAN 285)

The last stanza is the reply from the receiver of the letter. Unlike the letter writer who
seizes on seclusion, the receiver writes back insisting on the connection between the
two. The second line—‘writing a poem in gaps between bricks’ (285)—generates
such a contrasting image with writing a love letter on the boundless sea. In three
simple lines, the perspective of the poem has been completely reversed. In fact, it
should now be read as two letters. The first letter consists of the first five stanzas,
whereas the second letter (or a part of it) is the last stanza. Although the first letter
constitutes a major part of the poem, on the textual level, the parentheses that enclose
the five stanzas suggest their supplementary nature. The emphasis of the poem is not
the nihilistic anarchy on international waters, but the possibility of finding poetry under restricted conditions. Throughout Cao’s poem, a confessional voice speaks and counter-speaks.

In ‘Package for the Distant Future’, the speaker in the poem is also the sender of the letter, and the poem and the letter are therefore interchangeable. But in ‘A Letter from International Waters’, the ending of the poem (in the form of a reply from a different speaker) disrupts such interchangeability. There is only one speaker throughout Kantaris’s poem, and she addresses the reader in an intimate voice. In Cao’s poem, on the other hand, the appearance of a second speaker at the end of the poem excludes the reader from the exchange between the first and the second speakers, thus creating a distancing effect. As these two poems have demonstrated, there exists a commingling of monological and dialogical language in the confessional mode of poetry, and to dichotomise these modes would be to oversimplify contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. In PART II: Creative Writing, I have written poetry dedications to my friends and family (‘Smog, 2’ ‘a poem understood’, and ‘for my friend who reads poetry’). There are also poems about imagined dialogues I had with writers such as Lu Xün (鲁迅, 1881–1936), Hayashi Fumiko (1903 or 1904–1951), and Wisława Szymborska (1923–2012). With these poems, I hope to experiment with the dynamic between the monological and dialogical voices, in order
to create a similar intensity as represented by the poems discussed and translated in this chapter.
Chapter Five: Poets – Poetics

The first part of David Brooks and Brenda Walker’s *Poetry and Gender: Statements and Essays in Australian Women’s Poetry and Poetics*, published in 1989, consists of the statements of twenty-seven Australian women poets about their approach to poetry writing and their thinking on women’s poetry. Collectively, these statements form an unprecedented manifestation of women’s poetics in Australian poetry. In 2003, the independent publisher Poetry and People (詩歌與人) in Guangzhou brought out *Collected Interviews of Chinese Women Poets* (《中國女詩人訪談錄》).

Consisting of interviews conducted or collected by the editors Huang Lihai and Bu Yongtao (布詠濤) with fifty-three poets from the PRC, this collection is the first comprehensive documentation of Chinese women poets’ views on poetics. The writings in *Poetry and Gender* are varied in style, spanning from theory to social commentary, from manifesto to memoir. By contrast, aside from including a few poems by each poet, Huang and Bu’s collection consists only of interviews. Both

---


48 Including Zhai Yongming, Lan Lan (蓝蓝), Dai Wei, Zhou Zan, Jia Wei(贾薇), Bu Yongtao, Hai Nan (海男), Li Qingsong (李輕鬆), Lu Ye, Na Ye (娜夜), Yü Xiang, Lai Er (莱耳), Li Xiaoyu (李小雨), Zhao Lihua (趙麗華), Jin Xiaojing (靳曉靜), Han Yan (寒煙), Feng Yan (馮晏), Chen Yu, Song Dongyou (宋冬游), An Qi (安琪), Shen Jie (沈傑), Ma Lan (馬蘭), Ma Li (馬莉), Xiao Yin (曉音), Wang Yiyuan (王乙宴), An Ge (安歌), Yan Wo (燕窩), Ding Yan (丁燕), Qing She (青蛇), Li Mingyue (李明月), Lu Wenli (盧文麗), Tie Mei (鐵梅), Nan Zi (南子), Song Xiaojie (宋曉傑), Bo Mingwen (柏明文), Li Jianxin (李見心), Chen Xiaofan (陳小繁), Ouyang Beifang (欧阳北方), Zhi Ling (芷泠), Si Tong (司童), Yü Xinyü (于馨宇), A Zi (阿紫), Yang Zi (陽子), Li Nan (李南), Jing Xi (鏡溪), Huang Fang (黄芳), Yi Lu (伊路), Hu Cheng (胡澄), Sha Ge (沙戈), Jün Er (君兒), Liu Hong (劉虹), Fu Sang (扶桑), Du Ya (杜涯).
books touch upon similar questions: what drew these women to writing poetry? How do they view labels such as ‘woman poet’, categories like ‘women’s poetry’, and the discourses surrounding them? And how do they define their own poetic voice? These two publications, each in their own way, have responded to the discussion on the relationship between poets and poetics. In the corresponding sections to this chapter in PART III: Translation, the reader will find eight poems by contemporary Chinese women poets translated into English and five poems by contemporary Australian women poets translated into Chinese asking questions of poetics in women’s writing. Lan Lan’s (藍蘭) ‘Silence, Mostly’ (〈更多的是沈默〉), Ma Yan’s ‘Nothing is More Moving than…’ (〈再沒有比美更動人……〉), and Na Ye’s (娜夜) ‘How Heavy is a Poem’ (〈一首詩有多重〉), reflect a conception of poetry through metaphorical language. J. S. Harry’s ‘the poem films itself’ and Sylvia Kantaris’ ‘By their poems ye shall know them: Poem’ argue against a patriarchal definition of the poetic language. The title poem of South of Words (《詞語的南方》) in PART II: Creative Writing represents my attempt at an *ars poetica* addressing both the difficulty and potentiality of writing poetry bilingually.

Focusing on poems that can be regarded as metapoetics by contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets—that is, poems that address the idea or form or theme of poetry—this chapter investigates women’s traditions of writing in the form of *ars poetica* in the Australian and Chinese contexts. The invention of the poetic form of
ars poetica is generally attributed to the Roman poet Horace’s Epistles 2.3 ‘to the Pisos’ (Bartsch 257). According to Leon Golden, Horace’s Ars Poetica (‘The Art of Poetry’) has been read, translated, and imitated since the Middle Ages to contemporary times (xiii–xviii). Frequently cited examples of Anglo-European poets who worked in the tradition of ars poetica include Alexander Pope, Thomas Gray, George Gordon Byron, Paul Verlaine, Wallace Stevens, and Czeslaw Milosz. In Chinese literary history, perhaps the earliest and closest equivalent to an ars poetica was ‘The Art of Letters’ (文賦) written by the literary scholar and calligrapher Lu Ji (or Lu Chi, 陸機) from the Western Jin dynasty (A.D. 265–317). I. A. Richards stated in his Forenote to E. R. Hughes’s English translation and interpretation of Lu Ji’s ‘The Art of Letters’ that, ‘[Lu] covers all modes of writing…and [he] treats them with a model brevity’ (x). Lu’s most explicit comment on the art of poetry is that ‘[l]yrical poems are the outcome of emotion and should be subtle elaborations: prose poems (fu) are each the embodiment of an object and so should be transparently clear’ (100).

Lu Ji’s ‘The Art of Letters’, although hailed as one of the most influential classical texts in Chinese literary criticism, did not generate the same effect as Horace’s ‘Ars Poetica’, which initiated a tradition of literary criticism in the form of poetry. But there exists a larger body of poems in the Chinese literary context which can be classified as ars poetica, and of which a rediscovery and restudy is imperative. In fact,
even though *ars poetica* constitutes a sub-genre in Anglo-European poetry, the lack of studies on women’s contribution to the formation and development of this form also points out an imperative task for scholars and critics of women’s poetry. This chapter hopes to contribute to the discovery and construction of women’s tradition of writing *ars poetica* in the literary fields of Australian and Chinese poetry.

In two poems—one written by the Taiwanese poet Luo Renling (羅任玲) and the other by the Australian poet Judith Wright—the reader encounters an articulation of an *ars poetica* through figurative language. Luo’s poem, like that of Wright, opens in first-person voice:

```
I’m the wind
a knife straying through shadows
sharp at head and tail (FAN 305)
```

There is a double metaphor at work in the beginning of Luo’s poem. The title ‘Rats’ points out the subject of the poem, and we can assume the speaker, the ‘I’ is an anthropomorphised rat. It compares itself first to ‘the wind’, then to ‘a knife’. The line ‘sharp at head and tail’ describes a common feature of the rat and the knife. Unlike Luo’s poem, there is no anthropomorphism in the beginning of Wright’s ‘Halfway’.

In a straightforward tone, the persona of Wright’s poem speaks:

```
I saw a tadpole once in a sheet of ice
(a freakish joke played by my country’s weather).
He hung at arrest, displayed as it were in glass,
an illustration of neither one thing nor the other. (290)
```
In contrast to the dynamism in the first stanza of Luo’s poem, the first quatrains of Wright’s poem immerses the reader in quietude. The image of a dead tadpole in ice generates a paradox, ‘an illustration of neither one thing nor the other’ (290). A tadpole is ‘the larva of a frog, toad, or other batrachian, from the time it leaves the egg until it loses its gills and tail. Chiefly applied in the early stage when the animal appears to consist simply of a round head with a tail’ (OED). Instead of symbolising a beginning of life, the tadpole in Wright’s poem represents a premature death. The paradox lies in the fact that what is only meant to be a transitional stage in the life cycle of an amphibian is now preserved and prolonged as a result of abnormal weather. A lasting temporality, an emphasised betweenness:

His head was a frog’s, and his hinder legs had grown ready to climb and jump to his promised land;
but his bladed tail in the ice-pane weighted him down.
He seemed to accost my eye with his budding hand. (290)

From an almost entomological perspective, the persona details the metamorphosis of the tadpole, and imagines its struggle before dying. In the third stanza, the reader encounters a shift in the poem’s voice from the persona’s to the tadpole’s:

“I’m neither one thing nor the other, not here nor there.
I saw great lights in the place where I would be,
but rose too soon, half made for water, half air,
and they have gripped and stilled and enchanted me.

“Is that world real, or a dream I cannot reach?
Beneath me the dark familiar waters flow
and my fellows huddle and nuzzle each to each,
while motionless here I stare where I cannot go.” (290–291)

Anthropomorphism in Wright’s poem reaches its highest point in these two stanzas.

The tadpole’s place is on the boundary between alienation and familiarity. It has not completed its metamorphosis and so cannot live the double-life of an amphibian. By giving voice to the tadpole, Wright has created a consciousness, an independent subject that has braved a Darwinism in pursuit of an ideal, ‘a dream’ (291) or a place with ‘great lights’ (290). In Luo’s poem, we discover a similar attraction to the light:

*dangling words among clouds  
all day looking for the light of pleasure in filthy eyes*

*I’m the mirror surface  
I step carefully on the tiny piece of fate  
when facing the mirror  
I’m the flight and  
that dead knot left behind (FAN 305)*

In fact, Luo’s poem is threaded by thirteen metaphors and a repetitive structure.\(^{49}\) A fleeting imagery is derived from the image of a rat itself, denoting its activeness and quickness:

*I’m the flickering images  
a traveller’s suitcase which seems to be everywhere  
that footprint where one’s childhood goes past  
I’m the snowflakes that burn and burn again  
which laugh and cry and run after new years  
at which you have to be awed  
an intensified floret of*

\(^{49}\)These metaphors including ‘the wind, a knife, words, the mirror surface, the flight, enduring flames, rice fields, a rivulet, flickering images, a traveller’s suitcase, that footprint, and snowflakes’
It is in the last line that the true subject of the poem is revealed. This last image of ‘an intensified floret of poetry’ (305) suggests that Luo’s poem can be read in a new light as an elaboration on the agility of poetic language and its ability to render the interconnection of things. Such a revelation can also be found at the end of Wright’s poem:

The comic O of his mouth, his gold-rimmed eyes, looked in that lustrous glaze as though they’d ask my vague divinity, looming in stooped surprise, for death or rescue. But neither was my task.

Walking halfway from a dream one winter night I remembered him as a poem I had to write. (191)

The voice in Wright’s poem, at this point, has returned to the persona’s. The last line of Wright’s poem—‘I remembered him as a poem I had to write’ (191)—points out that this tadpole, trapped in a sheet of ice, is in fact a symbol for an unwritten poem. The previous line—‘Walking halfway from a dream one winter night’ (191)—is resonant with the question asked by the tadpole: ‘Is that world real, or a dream I cannot reach?’ (191) in the fourth stanza. In this light, the poem can be read as an analogy for the state of poetry before its completion, that ‘halfway’ (191) stage when the transformation from thoughts to words is about to happen.
A concern for poetry’s status, especially its relevance in the contemporary world, is reflected upon in another poem by Judith Wright. Like ‘Halfway’, ‘At a Poetry Conference, Expo ’67’ also features a dreamscape:

This was the dream that woke me  
from nembutal sleep into the pains of grief. (270)

Nembutal is ‘the drug pentobarbital, which is a synthetic sedative-hypnotic and anticonvulsant barbituric drug’ (OED). The first stanza indicates that the speaker finds no escape in either reality or dream. The second stanza creates a nightmarish atmosphere:

I had no hemisphere, yet all four hemispheres 
reeled in a number-neon sky,  
over the grieved and starving, over the wars,  
over the counter-clicking business corporations.  
And round the cliffs of one grey vertical  
squares of uncurtained light  
showed all the sad, the human ends of love –  
not springtime fulltime love but one-night stands  
paid for with juke-box coins. And Sarah Vaughan was singing:  
“Mist,” she sang,  
but it was chemical mist  
mist from the dollar-mints and automobiles,  
mist from the cities grown  
from crystalizing chemicals. (271)

‘Expo ’67’ was the International and Universal Exposition held in Montreal in Canada in 1967. Against the intense political background of the Vietnam War, more than fifty countries participated in the expo and presented their conceptions of the theme ‘Man and His World’. According to Jennifer Coralie, the poem was written
after Judith Wright gave her lecture entitled ‘Meaning, Value and Poetry’ at ‘The Poet and the World of Humankind’ conference, as part of ‘Expo ’67’ (168–169). Coralie further points out that, writing from a time during which Wright participated more and more publicly in political and environmental movements, the poem continues Wright’s thinking in her lecture on the poet’s role in a contemporary world of political and ecological crises (168–169). In this second stanza, the concern about an apocalyptic future can be read as the drive for the unconscious to create, in a series of jump cuts, a random and fragmented imagery. Almost Escheresque, the quick shifts between the horizontal and the vertical—‘all four hemisphere reeled in a number-neon sky…And round the cliffs of one grey vertical / squares of uncurtained light’ (271)—create a vertigo that is of characteristic of dreams. The last six lines, repeating the image of mist, vividly depict the post-capitalist condition.

Each in their planned and floorlit window-spaces
the poets stood and beckoned to the crowds.
“Language!” they cried with their wild human breath,
but in the squares beneath the crowds cried “Numbers!”
“Words,” cried the poets from their past, “Fires! Forests!”
the chemical greens of plastic leaves behind them.

“Rockets!” the crowd cried. “Wars!” (271)

This stanza points out the frustration of incommunicability between the poets and their audience. The poets call out ‘Language! Words…Fires! Forests!’ (271), but the audience respond with ‘Numbers! Rockets! Wars!’ (271). It seems that there is a conflict between languages, and this conflict soon escalates into bombing:
and every window opened, every poet
began to burn with napalm flames.
and fires detached and fell into crowds
...

In every mirror-surface of the windows
poets blazed self-reflected
until their hearts at last burned best of all. (271)

Wright’s evocation of the image of ‘napalm flames’ (271) shows her condemnation of the Vietnam War. The image of poets burning generates such a horror intensified by the audience’s indifference:

You might have thought the flames that fell among them
would light the crowds and scar them to the bone,
but it was only language burning. Only
incinerated words. Few phrases
did more than hang above the crowds
an unaccepted holy ghost, a word
that no one dared to take and speak. (272)

The above stanza seems to suggest that the nature of poetry is sacrificial. It is through ‘burning’ (272), incineration, that a sublimity is achieved.

Different from Luo and Wright’s poems within which an articulation on the nature and condition of poetry is found is the Taiwanese poet Yin Ni’s (隱匿) ‘Tasks for a Poetry Writer’ (〈寫詩者的功課〉) a humorous parody of *ars poetica*:

must give up
the majority of your readers straight away
must be modest
in front of every poem
like an illiterate

must be very arrogant
knowing that this poem doesn’t belong to me
but can’t be written by others either (FAN 313)

Like Luo’s ‘Rats’, Yin Ni’s poem features a repetitive structure—the first five stanzas all begin with the imperative ‘must’. This repetition creates a feeling of urgency in the poem. In the first line of the second stanza and the first line of the third stanza, we find a pair of antonyms (modest and arrogant). The poet continuously deploys this technique in the second half of the poem:

must be very relaxed
because writing a poem is like farting
writing a poem is because you have to

must be very serious
besides your worthless life
poetry asks for nothing

no matter how many years you’ve been writing
as long as you find one thing that is more
interesting than writing poems

give up immediately (FAN 313)

A plain-speaking but ironic tone advises throughout Yin Ni’s poem. The comparison of writing a poem to farting brings out a humorous effect. Although the last stanza and the last line seem to suggest that one should give up poetry if one enjoys other
things more, it is suggesting the opposite because the action of writing a poem to tell people to give up writing poetry defies its own purpose.

Comparing these four poems by Luo, Wright and Yin Ni, ‘Tasks for a Poetry Writer’ is perhaps the closest to the style set by Horace’s ‘Ars Poetica’ and Lu Ji’s ‘The Art of Letters’ in terms of their use of a didactical tone, although Yin Ni’s poem should really be read as a parody rather than a stern imitation of the classics. In Luo’s ‘Rats’ and Wright’s ‘Halfway’, we detect the conception of a poetics through figurative language. It is common among Australian and Chinese women poets to write critically and theoretically on poetics. In Australia, for instance, the many texts of this kind include Zora Cross’s *An Introduction to the Study of Australian Literature* (1920), Judith Wright’s *Preoccupations in Australian Poetry* (1965), and Fay Zwicky’s *The Lyre in the Pawnshop* (1986). In China, Zheng Min, Wang Xiaoni, Zhai Yongming, and Zhou Zan all actively participate in the theorisation of and discussion on poetics. But outside this tradition, contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets have also created a corpus of *ars poetica* which suggests that they not only think about poetry, but also think with poetry. This thesis attempts to represent (in comparative reading, creative response, and translation) the ways in which this thinking is carried out distinctively by contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets.
**Conclusion: Towards a Feminist Poetic Contact Nebula**

Helen Vendler writes in *Poets Thinking* (2006) that ‘…on the plane of thought poets will not resemble each other’ (7). In the translation of works by both Chinese and Australian women poets, this thesis presents the reader with seventy-three ways of thinking.

At many times, the scope of this thesis, which spans Australian and Chinese women’s poetry after 1949, has generated difficulties in the selection of poets and their works. As Jan Montefiore has pointed out, there exists ‘the difficulty of making a woman’s tradition workable as a critical construct without either oversimplifying its components or losing sight of what is specific to women’ (64). This thesis does not aim for an encyclopedic or panoramic representation of contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry. Instead, being aware of the long history of women’s poetry in Australia and in Chinese speaking regions, the thesis is conscious of the cultural complexity and intricacy embedded in each poetic tradition. Thus, it should be read as representing a personal engagement with the traditions of Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, rather than trying to reinvent, redefine, or homogenise such traditions. Its aim is to propose a rhizomatic approach, crossing disciplinary boundaries, which in the process, participates in the ongoing construction of a feminist poetic contact nebula where the reading, writing, and translation of women’s poetry between Australia and Chinese speaking regions is acknowledged and
promoted. This thesis situates itself between two languages (Chinese and English), and within contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, which is marked by the connection and confrontation of these two languages. In their nature, the three parts of the thesis all emphasises this in-between position. The thesis, as a whole, reflects how this intermediary position is constituted and participates in the process of the signification of the multilingual, transcultural, and gendered reality.

This thesis is motivated by a rhizomatic approach, which emphasises an active engagement with Australian and Chinese women’s poetry after 1949, from a feminist and pluralist perspective, and through reading and writing interdisciplinarily. The three parts: PART I: Exegetical Essay, PART II: Creative Writing, and PART III: Translation, can each also be considered as a rhizome. In a Thousand Plateaus, Deleuze and Guattari sum up ‘the principal characteristics of a rhizome’:

unlike trees or their roots, the rhizome connects any point to any other point, and its traits are not necessarily linked to traits of the same nature; it brings into play very different regimes of signs, and even nonsign states…It is composed not of units but of dimensions, or rather directions in motion. It has neither beginning nor end, but always a middle (milieu) from which it grows and which it overspills. (21)
What is emphasised in their definition of the rhizome is its connectivity, multiplicity, and kinetic energy. The essay, original poems, and translations in this thesis are rhizomes, crossing the borderline between contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, and traverse the boundaries between modes of writing. Furthermore, each of the three parts in this thesis points to a particular ‘dimension’ (21) stretching out and connecting to other texts, each within and across their own mode and realm.

The exegetical essay in PART I occupies the theoretical dimension. It focuses on five themes in Australian and Chinese women’s poetry after 1949. The essay aims to strengthen the comparative approach within the study of women’s poetry. The opposition in the thematic chapters between domesticity and worldliness, death and mourning, mythification and demythification of the feminine, monologue and dialogue, and poetry and poetics does not aim to amplify the polarisation of these concepts, but rather, by mapping out their transference in the poems themselves, defies the attempt to read women’s poetry through a stereotyped dualism. This essay is aware of its foundation: the width and depth of the hermeneutic work accomplished in the field of women’s poetry in Australia and Chinese speaking regions. But because of its scope, it is unable to cover and recapitulate every major accomplishment in the field. Instead, this essay hopes to join in and supplement the discussion with a comparative perspective.
Rey Chow writes in *Writing Diaspora* that, “for the “third world” feminist, especially, the local is never “one”. Rather, her own “locality” as construct, difference, and automaton means that pressing its claims is always pressing the claims of a form of existence which is, by origin, coalitional” (70). The original poems in PART II mark the creative dimension of this thesis. The poems occupy a conjunction between English and Chinese, resemble a reoccurring movement, a journey through different localities in Australia and (beyond) the PRC. Rather than overconcentrating on the anxiety of language loss, these poems work the dynamics between the mother tongue (Chinese) and the other tongue (English). Dwelling in the creative dimension, the English poems and the Chinese poems connect and correspond in their content and mood. Furthermore, drawing inspiration and models from contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry, these poems respond to poetic traditions in Australia and Chinese speaking regions. As Chantal Wright has pointed out, bilingual (or multilingual) writing is a common phenomenon among exophonic writers (30–32). The aim of the bilingual writing in the creative writing part is to truthfully render a heteroglossic reality.

PART III marks the translational dimension of this thesis. Ultimately, I hope to develop this third part into two poetry anthologies: one of contemporary Chinese women’s poetry in English translation, and the other of contemporary Australian women’s poetry in Chinese translation. A poetry anthology is a rhizome in itself, in
the sense that it introduces the reader to multiple poetic voices, and offers entry points to the work of individual poets. It shows a potential to extend beyond the collective. But the compiler (or the editor) of an anthology is a reader of power who does not only participate in the reproduction of a text, but also and most importantly, in the decision-making process of determining who to include and what to include in an anthology. With this awareness, I have chosen works that not only speak to me on a personal level, but also address one another in their common themes. Thus Section One and Two in PART III should only be regarded as preliminary selections, which I plan to continue developing into more expansive anthologies over the next few years.

Currently, poems by thirty-five women poets from the PRC, Hong Kong, Macao, and Taiwan are included in Section One of PART III: Translation. Although they all write in vernacular Chinese, many of these poets also speak or are familiar with Chinese languages and dialects apart from Mandarin. Some poets belong to ethnic groups, and Mandarin Chinese cannot therefore simply be applied as their native language. Section Two presents the work of thirty-four contemporary women poets from Australia. Like their Chinese counterparts, the Australian poets may appear to be monolingual because they all write in English, but in fact, many of them are multilingual in Indigenous, European, or Asian languages. This points to the language diversity and cultural hybridity in contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s

---

50 Normally, contemporary poets from the PRC publish their work in simplified Chinese, and poets from other regions publish their work in traditional Chinese.
poetry. It also points out a task for translators and editors to seek beyond those poets’ monolingual writing in English or Mandarin Chinese, and to purvey a broader understanding of the work of multilingual poets.

Within these three dimensions, this thesis reflects on a multicultural space and reaffirms a transcultural identity. The three modes of writing—theoretical, creative, and translational—challenge the polarisation between ideas such as English/Chinese, Australia/China, masculine/feminine, traditional/contemporary, critical/creative. In this sense, the rhizomatic writing of this thesis exemplifies a resistance against a dualism in the studies of women’s poetry. As previously stated, the three modes of writing connect with one another in a rhizomatic relationship. Literary (comparative) theory and criticism provide historical background and cultural context for translation. In return, poetry translation provides not only the material for textual reading, but also realises the relevance of Chinese feminist criticism to the discussion of feminist poetics. Reading poetry for translation and comparison also inspires the creation of original poetry in response. This mechanism holds the three parts of this thesis together in symbiosis. ‘The powers of language are the solitary ladies who sing, desolate, with this voice of mine that I hear from a distance’ (53), wrote the Argentinian poet Alejandra Pizarnik (1936–1972) in the first section of ‘Fragments for Subduing the Silence’. Among contemporary Australian and Chinese women poets, there long exists this engagement with language, not only through exploring
one’s own voice, but also through recollecting the voices of others. In the realm of Australian and Chinese poetry, women read other women’s work, women translate other women’s poems (like those examples given in the introduction), and there also exists an extensive corpus of writings that manifest their mutual concern with the relationship between gender and language. This thesis, through writing rhizomatically, not only explores the ways in which contemporary Australian and Chinese women’s poetry can and should be read in interrelation, but also brings the two poetry categories together, towards the conception of a cross-cultural feminist poetics.

51 For example, Jennifer Strauss’s study of Mary Gilmore and Judith Wright, Colleen Burke’s study of Mary Pitt, and Drusilla Modjeska’s study of Lesbia Harford in Australia; Zhou Zan’s reading of Zhai Yongming’s poetry, and Zhai Yongming’s study of the Tang poet Yü Xuanji (魚玄機).
PART II: Creative Work
South of Words

詞語的南方

Poems by Iris Fan Xing

樊星/詩
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>smog</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February 4, 2012</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canton holiday</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in memory of Leung Ping-Kwan</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a person’s absence</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>useless diamonds</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>not there</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>amygdala or the bald head track</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>love it or…</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>insomnia</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>points of view</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>green</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>on a bus at four o’clock</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a poem understood</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>after Hayashi Fumiko</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the sea calls me</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>for my friend who reads poetry</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>future nostalgia</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>south of words 詞語的南方</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CX171·2013年2月15日</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>在一個晴好的下午</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>為了尋找什麼</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>遙想一場颱風</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
家事兩行  
這樣聽著電子樂  
讀《灰鴿試飛》  
遺棄  
島的憂鬱  
一定  
客服熱線小姐  
2012年2月4日  
廣州假期  
恩寧路  
南遷的人  
雅荷塘  
雨中登白雲山  
擊壤  
電影五道口  
他人的睡顏
smog


1

when street lights are smudged
when high-rises lose their grids
when the city submits to abstraction
on a red alarm night
on an east-bound train
silence behind masks
warning ring in ears
smog herds us home

2 | for Carolina Rodrigues

it was in early summer when I last saw you
around Travessa da Paixão
you told me you’d eventually
move to the mainland and I replied
I’d go overseas

don’t know why but parting
always reminds me of drifting clouds
maybe because I know that Xu Zhimo poem
embarrassingly well and you’ll agree with me
a seaside town like Macao presents
the best kind of summer cloud
generous in volume and almost tangible
the same kind in Perth in winter
with colours like the orange and pink
in Bonnard’s le bol de lait

now as we emerge from another hutong
branched out from the Drum Tower
counting yellow and red halos
cast by street lamps on our way to DDC
I’ve forgotten the air is toxic
and wish instead
with dust’s magic trick
a seedling will appear on my palm
and then I can watch it sprout
leaf by leaf and on a rainy day
strive to catch every droplet
from returning clouds

3

five minutes before the park closes
we sneak through the front gate kept ajar
at night, the park turns into a shadow theatre
cypresses congeal into dark conical thoughts

the lower sky, red and heavy with smog
drapes around the mossy cenotaph
we see dust floating in the air
breathe in the invisible
Szymborska, I’m
waiting for my time to come

Annabel said they don’t
dress in black for funerals
these days you just don’t
have to stop having fun
and I thought you’d like
the smell of raspberry
melting in a candle stand

it’s winter
I lost my way in a shopping centre
things everywhere things piling up
rushing towards somewhere
what we once owned outlives us all

tell me
the secret of your
**everlasting moments**

it’s already six
a **Hui**\(^{52}\) girl yawned
behind a puff of cigarette smoke

---

\(^{52}\) **Hui** people are believers of the Muslim faith. They compose a major ethnic group in the PRC.
Canton holiday

1

thirty-nine thousand feet above
a thin blue line runs across
an unknown island on the map

on the other side of the equator
another pair of eyes
lead you through
peak hour crowds

old memories replaced by the new
some names match
their faces, others don’t

on a descending escalator
you see people ascending
for the New Year countdown

2

she said
when representing history
you need to defamiliarise

does she mean we should see
through the eyes of that stray cat?

sliding my hand into my pocket
touched two one yuan coins
except one slightly bigger

3

the person standing in front of me
on the escalator
is carrying a brown paper bag
the kind used by hospitals
for x-ray pictures
he holds it like holding a secret
meanwhile trains are scanning
the bones of this city
in memory of Leung Ping-Kwan

no southern terra other than this one
where once a painter dreamed of water
rising from an ancient river flooding his farm
on the next day drew a blue shadow
arching above the ranch and the pulpit rock
hidden in the mist at dusk
but if mist had roots that's an interesting title
you said to me on the top floor of a double-decker bus
one night from Gold Coast to Paterson Street
which smelt like petrol fast food perfume medicine
and the bay seen through a doorway on Penha Hill
where you watched the handover night fireworks
diminishing into the darkness in a cinema room
dust floating in streaks of projector light
turning into the headlight of a train stopped for passengers
yes we spent most of our time on trains

in that foreign city in winter
I slept on the top bunk every night
gazing through the tall window down to the street below
dozing wondering if this was how a snowflake saw
when it was falling for almost a whole week
we read our books on the underground
past Swiss Cottage passing Bond Street at peak hour
you got on the MTR took out your notes for the poetry lecture
Yeats Auden Rilke at seven thirty
the sweet oneiric morning air diluted in conversations
about weather election and soup recipes
babbling until one had to get off and join the current
at Admiralty like a fish dived into the vortex centre
spinning like a star motionless when seen from here
on the riverbank all sounds became the sound of wind
groping through reeds hushing away on water
around our ankles mist began to gather
a person’s absence

cuts that person out
from his family photos
school photos and those
taken with his beloved

a person’s absence is
the taste of ukha53
the smell of rain on rust
and a song

you’re reminded of
a person’s absence
at bedtime when you
embrace that hollow
and hear your own
voice echo

a person’s absence
kidnaps you
from the present
and never bothers
with ransom

53 Ukha is a type of Russian fish broth.
useless diamonds

‘this land is ancient’
thanks to those who dug up
diamonds from the earth
for getting rid of the stones
in Pangu’s body

when he died
his breath became wind and cloud
his voice thunder
his left eye the sun
his right eye the moon

his limbs laid down into mountains
his blood flew into rivers
his facial hair rose and became stars
his body hair scattered trees and grass around

but he didn’t die, did he?
I receive letters from him
he has grown a new daffodil
in deep winter on a quiet footpath
as if pinning the spot for a surprise and saying
go on, plough on, and be gentle

---

54 Pangu is said to be the creator of the world in Chinese mythology. In some classical texts, Pangu is described as a hermaphrodite, but I refer to the character in this poem as a ‘him’ for a personal reason that when my parents told me the story when I was a child, they described the deity as a man.
not there

no I wasn’t on that boat
I was just watching people
at magic hour
through a camera lens

faceless people with glasses of wine
against a dusk so blue
burst into a silent cinema laugh
all teeth and tears

no I wasn’t on that boat
no I couldn’t tell gold from dirt
I was just looking at a cameo
two centaurs, a chariot of gods
Nike hovering above their heads
holding out a laurel wreath

suspended in the last sunlight
what if she can’t make up her mind?
what if the boat sinks before reaching the land?
not yet not there yet
amygdala or the bald head track

of course the path changes
regardless of your lead

boulders gather or split
against the lapping below

but the sea quenches your eyes
still seasons away from its mirage

an iceberg is also just a thought
along our meandering

from each snake hole
a sun glares out

we look away
treading on in disbelief
love it or... 

count the blows
strange young fists
fruits of nameless rage
you take but it doesn’t mean
you’re different from those
who’ve taken from them

love it or remember those eyes
that refuse to meet with yours
looking away or slightly above your head
make you wonder if an apparition
of their disapproving ancestors
has appeared behind

love it or write it in your language
ignore grammar – tense and gendered nouns
mine for the sound of storm in clouds
for the image of a peninsula and its reflection
on the sea where evening tides
race like ten million octopuses

love it or reverse the mirror
a waratah is still a waratah
a frangipani a frangipani
but a word is not the same word
love it or live it
insomnia

a cat lost its collar
charged at a magpie
scored the silver tag
a flash in sunlight
made her shut her eyes
saw leaping skipping
black dots of a leopard
on a TV screen
started to snow after
the good-bye message

on a summer night
when waiting kept her
half-asleep half-knowing
where the mosquito was trailing
exceptionally loud
in the dense humid air
even the boat bed
stopped rolling

faraway the sea jellified
so you could cut it with a knife
into small black cubes
bitter and tangy
in a takeaway box
in the fridge waiting
for condensed milk

so cool and sweet
a deepening hour
not quite like the blue hour
collected by birds in silence
not satisfied about
the prize of dreams
a nestling thought
for the morning
points of view

I turned around
saw a yellow
safety helmet
popping up
outside
the daylight window
no greetings
not even a smile
they climbed up
the roof
left me
shrinking
a figurine
in a diorama
stupefied
at the sight
of a giant
green

is our dimension
nothing but dry land beyond
embraced by green embraces us

/ 

is a foreign country
a glimpse on the bus of your childhood tree
in someone’s front yard

/ 

is your hunger driven imagination
playing tennis
on that algae pond

/ 

is soaring
a flock of rainbow lorikeets
taking flight
on a bus at four o’clock

in autumn
when the light is right
you can find the gold in
those bobby pins in the hair
of that girl who sits in front you

and once in late winter
I saw a young woman who held
a bunch of daffodils in her arms

such moments remind me
I’m in Perth

the violet light that
the highest branches of trees
and bushes keep holding on to
at sunset

perhaps sleep does homogenise
different places
colours are the only
marker of time
a poem understood
| for Wenwen

you build this room
for his long golden sleep

you exchange weather updates
he tastes and tells
nectarines for heatwaves
tangelos for rains

you give him
fireworks on the sea
he responds in his chamber
with wisps of dandelions
blue and red
glittering

if you listen
to the heart in your heart
the sound of a leaping foal
or a train approaching

closing in close-ups
of eyes nose mouth
neck lung stomach

black fluid
grey tissue
and the spine
white

a pigment maker
with all the colours
in the world
waiting
after Hayashi Fumiko

living in a rented duplex
on my parents’ money
lost to currency
living in borrowed books
living in a country
on the condition of a visa
is a visa is a visa

at night in the kitchen
this fruit dropped out of the basket
to speak some sweet words
after all we still have each other
and our cat
lost one of her nine lives
to a passing car
but we know in Chinese
eight is the lucky number
the sea calls me

on a day like this
a cool glass of beer calls me
to sit on the beach at sunset
feeling the waves in my head
rocking with the sea

a movement
bringing me back
to my mother’s womb
when she walked up the hill
her steps carrying both of us

it all seems faraway now
nineteen fifty-seven and
nineteen eighty-five

I see her only in winters
wake up in the middle of the night
hearing her snore in the room
next to mine

when we reached the dam
after she marked down
the water level
I breathed
that contained river
replied with a ripple
from its dark
for my friend who reads poetry

so which Pessoa is your Pessoa
Caeiro, Reis or De Campos?
on the third night
when they cut out the water and electricity
when people walk on
broken glass on the street
all of a sudden realise
what the city has done to them
like what time does to one’s bones
that crunching sound
now seems unbearably loud
as a journalist
you know no one
can be first-hand
except the victim
at this moment
you’re probably reading
some poems in translation
as I’m reading unfiltered reportage
on the computer screen
we all need but at the same time
despise our own alibi
they say only the moon
is merciful tonight
future nostalgia

once it was grainy
the glam future in flying cars
advertised in Japanese
that drunk コカコーラ while
slurping 拉麺 still spoke
to you in American English

about the truth of memories
like other prostheses
made for easy removal
when exhausted
the future dwelled in
a false state of the nocturnal

dubbed in neon mist
reigned over a waterproof city
where interpreting machines
sifted out ambiguities
where holograms
sang and danced

not troubled
by smog and plague
outside the bell jar
a dead tree
unmoved in rain

55 コカコーラ is coca-cola in Katakana.
56 拉麺 is ramen in Kanji.
south of words  詞語的南方

you could say 在異國
母語就是那 these are yours
a frosty succulent garden 自己的房間

a shoal of cyclists 遍地草木
尚未盡觸 that chocolate ice-cream ad
at the bus stop 又怎去援引
它們的本名? one early morning

in September 像話劇演員上台前
先背繞口令 you remember
a summer in the north 寫作是否也需要儀式感
比如先泡一杯茶? the lava plain carried you

on its broad crinkled back 冬陽總是疲累
拄杖老人 like an ancient blue whale
sailing under the blinding sun 一天過半
尚未達穹頂 but here a cat is pinned down
on the quilt by the spring chill 步いても
歩いても a ball of meditation

rolling out of herself 上下音和意的階梯
以艾雪定理造不可能之詩 out of this suburb
this continent 秘訣是反方向的對偶句
結束時開始的莫比烏斯環 where a cloud
cast its shadow on the harbour 大魔法師的標誌
蜜蜂的八字舞 a steamer pulled into the dock

books arrived with travellers 八月這火紅的花開
招來一樹彩虹鸚鵡 worlds opened and closed
another winter 聒噪的不學舌的鸚鵡
不知北方紅而沉鬱的 another cathedral fire
passing old Bela Vista 還有木棉與蓮霧

為什麼檸檬黃時便成熟? careless, tired
of its future 為什麼甜菜根也會流血?
如何從水中撿回那把匕首? you thought
what language 如何從亂麻中挑出那根銀針?
還有一些別的不言自明 does it speak now?

57 步いても 步いても is the Japanese title of Kore-edà Hirokazu’s film Still Walking.
when you left home 比如彩虹的近
實為逐漸消失的遠 you also left behind
lychee longan 星球的慢
則是概念不同的時間 and wampee

look at that ten foot tree 而詩總是一瞬間的事
比如公車上坐妳前面的女生 was once a sapling
when a fledging is ready 被暖陽梳順的棕髮間
幾枚發夾上細碎的金光 it should have also mastered preening

the music will never be lost 又比如在黃昏的鄉間路上
透過飛馳的車窗 if you know how to listen
sit under a jacaranda 警見一匹桉樹下的馬
豐滿垂墜的腹部 when it’s blooming
and let it play out loud 懷著一輪橘紅的太陽

58 Wampee is a type of local fruit tree in the greater Canton area.
CX171 • 2013 年 2 月 15 日

我想
現在要推開的不是山石
而是人群

人們心中的暗影
匯集成河流
而我則要逆流而上

「沒有什麼使我停留
——除了目的」

夜航機上做夢的人
將自己託付於
危險還是運氣？

此刻
我和星星一樣高
也和它一樣沿著軌道
經過你們的
城市上空

你們沈睡的臉龐
在我的記憶裡
清晰如月光下的白卵石

「匏有苦葉，濟有深涉。
深則厲，淺則揭。」

逆流中
有可供撿拾的吉光片羽
而我知道
它們要用詞語換取
在一個晴好的下午

你卻想
怕是有哪位老人
正躺在撒滿陽光的床上
靜靜地與世界告別
在珀斯西邊的沿河區
靜得沒有一縷什麼
紛亂頭頂那藍色的頻率
沒有雲沒有風
也就沒有浪
即興的書寫
沒有隨潮汐
起落的鷗鳴
在夜裡
這靜比任何噪音
都更能使你清醒
像蚌餵養自己的珍珠
你在耳蝸裡
餵養這靜
為了尋找什麼

那陣風
在暴雨的夜晚
溜進門縫
揭開地毯
檢查每一個房間
掀開每一棵樹
更激起浪
用千絲萬縷的網
淘空江河湖海
無家可歸的風
呼嘯著佔領所有耳朵
並在抽身時
傳染一種失去
遙想一場颱風

在南半球的反季節裡
晨鳥貪眠於風眼的寂靜

陽台上晾曬的衣物和盆栽
街上的招牌和太陽椅早被收起

閒步的攝影師
在整齊的市容中找不到焦點

閒步的小說家
今天不會和她的角色偶遇

遙想一場北半球的颱風
在南半球的反季節裡

遠洋之上醞釀的一個想法
充鬱了河中水母的傘狀體

牠們漂向妳一如童年的雨鞋
漂流至記憶的窪地

這有待疏浚的地方
叢生的草木在淤泥中又添層綠

即使幽深引人妳還是要記得轉身
把荒園留給風雨
家事兩行

/ 
屋外下起雨時
我正給罐裡倒白糖

\ 
藍茶杯中卷舒出白氣
冬天來了

/ 
夜半獨醒
乾衣機轉一枚硬幣

\ 
剪草遇上大風天
走多遠都能聞到草香

/ 
煙花響起的一刻
我和貓同時仰起頭

\ 
春日後院中晾衣
蜂的低音部落在雛菊上
這樣聽著電子樂
| after Chiu-Pi

就不需要現場
不需要消除距離
不需要在舞台前
揮動胳膊
揮灑汗水跳

戴著耳機
低頭聽電子樂
踏著碎冰
海浪或雪的採樣

看在北半球
剪短的指甲
在南半球長長

時間已過去兩週半
這樣聽著電子樂
打開另一扇家門
聞起來
像最冷的冬夜
讀《灰鴿試飛》
| 懷念也斯

我拆掉書封
拆掉滿紙的人名和語
拆掉扉頁上像你
又不是你的肖像

剩下白封面的右上角
那隻展翅的鴿子
看不出是起飛還是降落

但牠一定曾掠過
一些人的眼睛

在斷壁頹垣的砲火聲中
有人看見一隻象徵之鴿
在藍鯨般的現代派建築裡
有人看見一隻立體之鴿
有人舉起黑禮帽
裡面飛出一隻超現實之鴿

拽住小號手吹出的
那粒尺八音
回環間
又往外推了推
時空的疆域
遺棄

快被遺棄的人
坐在電影院裡
看《短角情事》

快被遺棄的人
坐在露天咖啡館
盯著半杯黑咖啡
點起一支煙
看一隻鴿子經過
嘀咕了幾句

快被遺棄的人
在藍色小時醒來
面對框起陌生城市
灰藍雲景的落地窗
想起故鄉起伏的海浪
想起兒時撿到的那隻海螺

想起去年某個冬夜
在一間酒吧
看到屏幕上閃起那個名字
把手機拿起又放下
島的憂鬱
| after Mondo Grosso

多麼熟悉的煙藍
籠罩著清晨無人的舊區街巷
晚飯時間無人的海邊

一陣過雲雨後
石仔路流轉出霓虹的倒影
城市的雨夜總溢滿光色

金黃拱頂上
馬賽克拼出
大航海時代的傳說

在那個發現是為了佔有
命名是為了改寫的年代

人們一次次停留
又一次次離開
留下的永遠是島

在每一個雨季
打開所有的沙礫
像張開的葉
迎向夏陽的金線般
迎向無盡的雨簾

雨水狂暴地打落鐵篷
震耳的響聲裡
聽不出是汽笛在召喚
還是端午的鼓聲在催
沈睡的人不知
島永遠做著陸沉的夢
一定

有幾本你離去前買的書被留在了床頭
一定有沒來得及寫完的信
一定有一些花生、懷山和豆子
在鋪著白麻布的圓竹筐裡忘被收回去

下雨了我對街坐著

把傘像一朵花那樣打開的人
一定也有被淋濕的時候
匆匆跑到樹下的伐木工
一定也有過後悔的念頭
客服熱線小姐

姊今天心情好嗎？
抱歉我不是故意要問
那些不屬於既定答案的問題
我也知道姊不負責解決
只負責讓大家更快適應
規矩的僵硬

比如普通話請按壹
廣東話請按貳
for English press 3

今天編號5602的客服小姐
掛機後我們再不會有交集
我們的聲音將從無線電波中消失
再很快被各自的腦電波剝去

哦客服熱線小姐
請讓我想象姊此時
正與我擦肩而過
在早上八點的地鐵五號線
如果我們是兩隻螞蟻
也許會碰碰觸角
為這陌生的一天
相互致意
2012 年 2 月 4 日

辛波絲卡，我在等
我的那一刻到來

安娜貝爾說
不用穿一身黑去葬禮
你想玩就玩想笑就笑
而我覺得你會喜歡
從燭臺飄來的
覆盆梅氣息

冬日下午
我在一座商場裡迷路
東西到處
都是東西
一個疊一個
擁擠著
向某處湧去

我們的東西
比我們所有人都要長命
請你告訴我
那關於永恆瞬間的祕密

六點了
一個回族女孩
在菸圈後面
打了個呵欠
廣州假期

壹
就這麼看見了
在三萬九千英尺的高空
地圖上橫穿不知名島嶼的
一條藍線
越過赤道
從前的雙眼指引你
進出上下班的人潮
找到隧道與隧道
正確的節點
想起一些什麼又被新的代替
有些重合有些偏移
在上行電梯看
下行電梯上的臉
然後出站倒數過新年

貳
她說
在重現歷史時
要用陌生化的手法
難道就是說
要用那隻流浪貓的
眼光來看？
講座散場
進地鐵站買票
手伸進口袋
摸到兩枚
大小不一的
一元硬幣

叄
扶手梯上
我前面的人
拎著醫院裝X光照片的
那種牛皮紙袋
像提著一個
生死攸關的秘密

與此同時
城市的骨架
被來來回回
穿梭的地鐵拓印
逐格顯影

如果有一種城市拓撲學
恩寧路

午后我們走過
虛掩的門
走過躺在工作檯
或竹椅上的人們
經過他們的夢境

一份濕重的氣味
混合整夜的汗水
和隔夜的荔枝
五點窗箋縫透出
一條靛藍
蚊子噤聲
蟬開唱

樹
早就讓位給騎樓
車流更不屑
這條窄路

睡吧
趁雨前昏暗
直到似捕蠅網的濕氣
將你從夢中黏醒
南遷的人

壹  在陳寅恪故居

是颱風天暴雨後
蒲葵接不住的飽滿雨點
從葉尖分出更小顆
慢慢打落龜背竹
那種沉實的聲響

這棟永遠朝向過去的房子
他們在時如此，不在時
我們替他們留意浴缸上
水鏽新擴的版圖
和木課桌椅上
浮現的神秘符號

長桌左下角放着的搖鈴
是不是一直這樣放着？
一些日常舊物
比如那兩條舊枕巾
為什麼被留下？
而別的被抹去的
被打包封存的
在時光裡漸漸喑啞

佈滿青苔的磚牆上
白貓一躍而下
斑駁的陽光搖曳在
白漆斑駁的路上
一隻蜱的影裡
有整個夏天的喧囂

貳 立春日遊光孝寺

「癢」字的點橫撇捺
意在隱藏卻形似一座標塔
如今在這砂石築成
七層八面的塔下
是否還能找到一絲
肉身菩薩的煩惱？
想彼時月拂
也該是個草木欣欣的日子
他落在菩提樹下的髮縷
被收集後埋在土裡
住持又協眾在上面建起寶塔

其實無需像鎖住妖魔般
壓住那些塵世的念想
比如走了一上午的路
在禪堂和放生池之間的僻靜處
找張長凳坐下
分食一顆蘋果的酸甜

看一些籽掉進土裡
然後整整額發
掃掃肩頭
風自會將塵埃帶走

叁 魯迅的信箱

該把信寄到你的哪個地址呢？
是白雲樓陸號
還是芳草街肆十肆號？

後來他們還搜集到
另外七個信箱
排成兩行
掛在紀念館的牆上

兩扇小窗和
一道上鎖的小門
打開了
就瞥見你的
過往日常

有時你在晨光熹微時撫筆
去清早的市集買回幾顆帶露的楊桃
有時你不堪下午的悶熱
繞過雙層巴士上的喫牌女郎
過對街買一包「美麗」或「彩鳳」

幾度晨昏
幾次用鑰匙打開信箱門
取出幾份《民間新聞》
幾本套色版畫封面的新潮小說
幾封言辭或饒唐或激昂的信

迎著燭黑的煤油燈裡
跳躍的星火
載一壺酒
在紙上飄搖

在人世的這艘漏船上
雅荷塘

流轉的一汪淺水
因染上蓮葉的墨緣
而變得深遂
夏陽也烘不乾
深藏石頭罅隙中的青苔

而此刻妳卻看見
那綠池已被水泥填埋
剩下褪色的紅漆
塗染的三個楷體字
為逝去註解

再無把妳從童年
午後的白日夢中
喚醒的一兩聲蛙鳴
滑梯上的時間
也被高聳的住宅樓
壓逼得倉促起來

這條小巷
記憶中
明明迴轉如活水
如今卻在路標下
踟躇不前
那永恆不確定的時間
像抓不住的單車少女
撒落的一串銀鈴
雨中登白雲山

| 致馬娟娟 |

快到摩星嶺的路上
響起噹——噹——的鐘聲
我們隨之調整
放緩呼吸和腳步
猜測雨霧那邊等待的
是一座寺廟
還是新的一年

我們早已經過山腳
夾雜紅葉的樹林
像洪尚秀的一幕電影
「妳有沒有發現，
今年我們每場聚會，
都選擇在天氣惡劣的一天進行？」

寒潮抵達的那天下午
我們一起喝了茶和摩卡
失去溫度同時也就
失去味道的咖啡
在電影裡的藍杯中
旋轉出男主角的內心獨白
關於他們的貳叁事
我告訴自己
尽可能不說擦邊的話

山霧重啟記憶中
某個回南天
我們在早晨告別
各自搭上相反方向的地鐵
列車先後經過
黑暗隧道的節點
時間錯開卻總在向前
擊壊

| 致歐寧唐雪一家和李明 |

黃昏是蜂房中嗡鳴的金黃
養蜂人將蜂脾輕輕抽出
放回，脫下頭罩
走出靜候時間的休耕田

煙霞黛靑在山腳聚濃
兩隻玳瑁花貓
點點油蔎老樹漸深的影
跳上市旁的紅沙發

走進石板巷
一位婆婆喚妳名字
往妳手中放進兩小顆
奶油色溫熱的橢圓

荒屋後無人看管的棉花田
黑枝褐幹捧出團團漿漿潔白
連最柔軟的也有撐破匣籠的力量

數著數著星星
孩子帶我們走進黑夜
這是鵝掌楸那是青錢柳
黑暗中世紀的旅人憑葉子
被夜風吹出的聲響認路

流水將村子引入更深的夢境
讀書人用鐵鉗鬆了鬆
火焰的呼吸，那噼剎
植字發芽的聲音
電影五道口

火車就要來了

像大幕拉開前的幾分鐘
所有角色各就各位
拉開張力卻互不干擾
鐵軌對面
兩位捲髮女孩
臉上撲著北風的胭脂

上世紀初的她們
也許是戴毛袖筒
抱哈巴狗
卻同樣留捲髮
塗正紅唇膏的角色

火車就要來了

等待的時候
腦中閃過一些
看過的電影裡
和道閣有關的畫面
六十年代山西小縣城
文工團的藍卡車
八十年代送女友進京
上大學的園門青春的摩托
千禧年貴州小縣城診所
醫生開的白麵包

火車就要來時

一切靜止
道閣外的角色
迅速退回各自的內心
沒有對話
心思卻已隨列車而去
他人的睡顏
| 致D |

在某種現實意義上
即使身臨其境
我們也只是噩夢的旁觀者

如半夜在酒店房間驚醒
凝神分辨對樓傳來的尖叫
我與恐懼的真相
只隔著樓下那條窄街

又如出於一種遊客的天真
我們在霧霾指數爆表那天
搭輕軌穿過半個城市
去找一間書店

一切彷彿全憑一種運氣或距離

打開書或閉上眼
就是另一個世界
我轉身見你胸前白霧漸散
顯出黎明時分
墨藍的樹林與山
PART III: Translation
Contents

Section One: Selected Poems of Contemporary Chinese Women Poets in English
Translation 194

Selection for Chapter One: Domesticity – Worldliness 195
曹疏影 花園故事 195
Cao Shuying Garden Story 196
陳素英 視線、琴、馬 197
Chen Suying Vision, Morin Khuur, Horses 198
陳育虹 往藍色的方向 199
Chen Yühong Towards the Blue 200
淡瑩 臨鏡 201
Dan Ying Facing the Mirror 202
龔華 巴拉告搖籃曲 203
Gong Hua Palakau Lullaby 204
林泠 「一九五六」序曲 205
Lin Ling 1956 Prelude 206
林婉瑜 永不抵達——健身房 207
Lin Wanyü Never Arrived——The Gym 208
林禹瑄 在春天的前兩秒鐘 209
Lin Yüxüan Two Seconds before Spring 210
劉延湘 公園景致 211
Liu Yanxiang Scenes in a Park 212
羅英 窗 213
Luo Ying The Window 214
馬雁 被子 215
Ma Yan Quilt 216
栗川 夜宿二崁牧場 217
Qin Chuan Lodging at Er Kan Stable One Night 218
沈娟蕾 隨園 219
Shen Juanlei  Garden of Yuan Mei  220
小君  再次遷徙  221
Xiao Jün  Move Again  222
翔翎  行過一株枯樹  223
Xiang Ling  Walking Past a Dead Tree  224
顏艾琳  超級販賣機  225
Yan Ailin  Super Vending Machine  226
楊佳婿  越二日回憶巴黎所見  227
Yang Jiaxian  Paris in Retrospection over Two Days  228
葉美  醒來  229
Ye Mei  Waking Up  230
尹玲  一隻白鴿飛過  231
Yin Ling  A Dove Flies By  232
玉文  魚  233
Yü Wen  Fish  234
宇向  世界  235
Yü Xiang  The World  236
翟永明  老家  237
Zhai Yongming  Home Town  239
周瓊  悉尼塔  241
Zhou Zan  Sydney Tower  244

Selection for Chapter Two: Death – Mourning  247
曹疏影  給 M.Y.  247
Cao Shuying  For M.Y.  248
陳魚  在深夜呼吸，旁邊是我母親  249
Chen Yü  Breathing, Late Night, Next to My Mother  252
舒婷  最後的挽歌  255
Shu Ting  The Last Elegy  267
葉美  家葬  279
Ye Mei  Home Burial  280
尹麗川  想起新西蘭  281
Yin Lichuan  Remembering New Zealand  282

Selection for Chapter Three: Myth – The Wife’s Tale  283
    林婉瑜  是夜  283
Lin Wanyü  Tonight  285
    潘郁琦  橋畔 我猶在等你  287
Pan Yüqi  By the Bridge, I’m still Waiting for You  288
    翟永明  第捌天  289
Zhai Yongming  The Eighth Day  290
    鐘玲  長城謠  291
Zhong Ling  The Great Wall Ballad  293

Selection for Chapter Four: Monologue – Dialogue  295
    顏艾琳  妻母  295
Yan Ailin  Wife, Mother  296
    曹疏影  霧中詩  297
Cao Shuying  Poetry in the Mist  298
    曹疏影  再相見  299
Cao Shuying  Let’s Meet Again  300
    曹疏影  公海來信  301
Cao Shuying  A Letter from International Waters  303
    陳雪虹  我告訴過你  305
Chen Yuhong  I’ve Told You  306
    范雪  妹妹，今天你出嫁  307
Fan Xüe  Sister, You’re Getting Married Today  309
    林泠  不繫之舟  311
Lin Ling  The Unmoored Boat  312
    馬雁  櫻桃  313
Ma Yan  Cherries  314
    瓊虹  記得  315
Qiong Hong  Reminiscing  316
    伊蕾  被圍困者  317
Yi Lei  The Besieged  318
Selection for Chapter Five: Poets – Poetics

Cao Shuying  After a Poetry Debate

Lan Lan  Silence, Mostly

Lin Wanyü  The Art of Speaking

Luo Renling  Rats

Ma Yan  Nothing is More Moving than…

Na Ye  How Heavy is a Poem?

Ye Mei  Anniversary

Yin Ni  Tasks for Someone who Writes Poetry

Section Two: Selected Poems of Contemporary Australian Women Poets in Chinese

Ivy Alvarez  En Las Montañas

Lisa Bellear  A Suitcase Full of Mould

Lucy Dougan  On the Circumvesuviana

Lucy Dougan  Strange Flowers

Diane Fahey  The Pool

J S Harry  Braid on Braid
J S 哈利  布蕾德談布蕾德  352
Cate Kennedy  Thinking the Room Empty  354
凱特·肯尼迪  當房間是空的  356
G. Laurence  [Untitled]  358
G. 勞倫斯  「無題」  359
Pauline J. Myers  Moon Walk  360
葆琳·J·邁尔斯  月球行走  361
Margot Nash  [Untitled]  362
瑪戈·納什  「無題」  364
Carol Novack  the moon. the eye. the tree.  366
卡羅爾·諾瓦克  月。眼。樹。  369
Oodgeroo  Tian An Men Square  372
奧赫魯  天安門廣場  373
Oodgeroo  With Young Pioneers at Xian  374
奧赫魯  與少先隊員在西安  375
Oodgeroo  Reed Flute Cave  376
奧赫魯  蘆笛洞  378
Phyl Ophel  It’s a mezzanine mood…  380
菲爾·奧菲爾  這就是夾層的氣氛……  381
Vicki Raymond  Open Day, Highgate Cemetery  382
維姬·雷蒙德  公開日，海格特公墓  383
Vicki Raymond  Day Trip to Macao  384
維姬·雷蒙德  澳門一日遊  385
Vicki Raymond  The Rope  386
維姬·雷蒙德  繩  387
Gig Ryan  Eurydice’s suburb  388
吉格·瑞恩  尤瑞狄絲的郊區  389
Tracy Ryan  City Girl  390
翠西·萊安  都市女孩  391
Chris Sitka  [Untitled]  392
克麗斯·錫特卡  [無題]  394
Brenda Walker  The Window  396
布倫達·沃克  窗  399

Selection for Chapter Two: Death – Mourning  402
Lucy Dougan  Head in the Sand  402
露西·杜根  頭埋砂裏  404
Dorothy Hewett  Anniversary  406
多羅西·休伊特  週年  408
Marietta Elliott-Kleerkoper  Lost  410
瑪麗埃塔·艾略特·克萊爾科博  丢了  411
Nora Krouk  Untitled  412
諾拉·克勞克  無題  413
Oodgeroo  Dawn Wail for the Dead  414
奧赫魯  黎明為逝者慟哭  415
Oodgeroo  Requiem  416
奧赫魯  安魂曲  417
Tracy Ryan  Bison, Perth Museum  418
翠西·萊恩  野牛，珀斯博物館  419
Judith Wright  Eli, Eli  420
茱迪絲·韋特  伊萊，伊萊  421
Fay Zwicky  Tiananmen Square June 4, 1989  422
菲·茨維奇  天安門廣場  424
Fay Zwicky  Kaddish  426
菲·茨維奇  珈底什  433

Selection for Chapter Three: Myth – The Woman’s Rewrite  440
Caroline Caddy  Huang Po  440
卡洛琳·卡迪  黃婆  442
Vanessa Kirkpatrick  King Aegeas  444
凡妮莎·柯克帕特里克  埃勾斯王  445
Kate Llewellyn  Eve  446
凱特·盧溫  夏娃  448
Alison Tilson  Gluttony  450
Selection for Chapter Four: Monologue – Dialogue

Aileen Corpus  Taxi Conversation

Rosemary Dobson  The Nightmare

Diane Fahey  The Chinese Astronomer

Bronwyn Lea  Miserability

Alison Lyssa  Man, I am writing you a letter

Nicolette Stasko  A Little Shelter

Vicki Viidikas  To Levertov, To the Tradition

Fay Zwicky  Chicken

Fay Zwicky  Push or Knock

Selection for Chapter Five: Poets – Poetics

J. S. Harry  the poem films itself

Sylvia Kantaris  By their poems ye shall know them: Poem

Dorothy Porter  Money for Nothing

Judith Wright  At a Poetry Conference, Expo ’67
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Judith Wright</th>
<th>Halfway</th>
<th>500</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>萊迪斯·賴特</td>
<td>半途</td>
<td>501</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Section One: Selected Poems of Contemporary Chinese Women
Poets in English Translation
Selection for Chapter One: Domesticity – Worldliness

曹疏影

花園故事

你在暗色的虹霓中滑動
我倦極而坐
靜靜看第一隻掠過天空的青鷹
它那麼驕傲
所有晨曦都是它清亮的鏡子
這世界還不存在你的倒影
倒影會是你在黑蜜花園中殘存的夢境
你在我懷裡的小花園啜蜜時的夢境
而此刻我的世界裡
車聲人聲漸密
它們中有清晨的樹葉狼等著你
而我只能等待我們的分離
等待你自己的第一束光
將我們劃傷
這傷口是為了讓我們記得
我們曾經怎樣深深的在一起

有如虹霓裡那些在一處的顏色
讓我們記得世界是痛而甜的
像第一隻掠過晨曦的青鷹
用倒影，瞬疾擁抱那麼多事物

(Cao 51)
Cao Shuying

Garden Story

you are sliding in the dim double rainbow
exhausted, I sit down quietly
watch the first goshawk gliding across the sky
how proud it looks
all the morning light is its shiny mirror
your reflection has yet to exist in this world
this reflection will be your remaining dream in the garden of dark honey
you dream when you sip honey in the small garden in my arms
and now in this world of mine
the hustle and bustle intensifies
among these the leaf-wolf waits for you
and I can only wait for our parting
wait for your own first beam of light
to slash on us
and the wound is for us to remember
how deeply we’ve been together

like those colours that stay in one place in the rainbow
for us to remember the world is painful and sweet
like the first goshawk gliding in morning glow
with its shadow, swiftly embracing so many things
陳素英

視線、琴、馬

有人拉開了我的視線
地平線如弓闊入焦距
馬蹄奔騰
成綠色寬銀幕
銀幕縮小時
確定只有一人一馬
在一條縫隙中
遠去　風說
不是地平線
是琴弦

我懷疑
睫毛成了馬鬃
或者
一束風海中飄蕩的馬尾
眼眶
成了一支支弓弦
充滿速度
試圖追回遠去的馬
一不小心　便
墜入天涯

(Zhang Mo 279–280)
Chen Suying

Vision, Morin Khuur, Horses

someone pulls open my vision
the horizon is a bow stretching into my focus
hooves galloping forward
on a green widescreen
when it narrows, I’m sure there is only
one person and one horse
receding in the gap
further away the wind says
it’s not the horizon
but a string of the Morin Khuur

I wonder
if my eye lashes have become mane
or
if the tail of a horse waving in the sea of wind
my eye frame
becomes bowstrings
full of speed
trying to chase back the furthering horse
one careless move they will fall
from the world’s end
陳育虹

往藍色的方向

往藍色的方向。影子追不到的方向。沒有言語沒有鞋印的方向。你撫著海微捲的髪
微涼的身子。彷彿撫著不確定的滑音。只
逗留一剎那。只一剎那。時間如板塊推擠
也要滑落啊。那接近赤道的藍。那霧鬱必
須親證的潮溼與熱。接近雨林的無風帶。
在夜晚漁人提著北斗探照岩縫裡的夢。你
們必須是不聞眼的魚。借藍色張力短暫失
壓失重。鱗光閃閃層疊如波濤。且在波濤
裡築巢。裸露而漂移的族類。寫一行行漣
漪。一行行寂寞擴散的寂寥也不帶走。只
往霧的方向。浪花的方向。陸沉的方向。

(Zhang Mo 224)
Chen Yühong

Towards the Blue

Towards the direction of blue where shadows cannot reach you where there is no language no footprints touching the sea’s slightly curly hair its fresh body for only a moment time like plates pushing against each other will also slip away that blue close to the equator the hot and humid that have to be experienced by one’s flesh and soul horse latitudes close to rain forests at nighttime a fisherman holds up the big dipper to search for dreams in rock cracks you must be fishes which won’t shut their eyes with the blue force pressure-less and weightless for a brief moment layers and layers of shimmering scales waving just make yourself a home in tides you drifting naked kind ripples written line by line loneliness line by line dispersing loneliness that won’t be taken away only towards where the mist is the waves are and where the land sinks
淡霧

臨鏡

沒有一種行為
比清晨必須臨鏡
更叫人怔仲
鏡中人無眉無臉
只有一縷白髮
恣意飛揚
成切膚之痛

砸碎後的炫目光痕
向時間方向逃竄
斷絕了歸路
要走，就不得不朝向
山中的蒼茫
日暮時的緬谷

肢解開來也不過如此
長髮是水藻
手腳是支流

軀幹是江河
歲月如波浪
兀自倥傯流逝

所以
鏡中三千根白髮
沒有一根不是
灰燼，輕輕一撒手
便散成
風

(Zhang Mo 139–141)
Dan Ying

Facing the Mirror

nothing more alarming than
having to look into the mirror
in the morning
the mirrored one, browless and faceless
only with a wisp of grey hair
straying recklessly
like an acute pain

when the mirror is smashed, traces of dazzling light
fleeing, following time’s direction
breaking off from the way back
if you leave, you’ll have to go into
the haze in the mountains
difficult valleys at sunset

dissected, they’re just
long hair as algae
limbs as rivulets

torsos as rivers
tidal years
yet still drifting away

thus
three thousand grey hair in the mirror
not a single one is not
asheden, gently open up your palms
disperse into
wind
龚華

巴拉告搖籃曲

嚇著你了嗎
我的腳步已放得很輕

馬太鞍的族人對我說
在溼地裡
他們編織了一個家
筆筒樹 九穹幹 細竹枝
搖著魚兒的夢

在汗濁的夢域外
我低著頭
羞赧地看著貪婪與欲望
自城市
我們帶來的
沼澤地裡
柔軟的歌聲已滅絕
你便羞赧地潛進巴拉告的搖籃裡
以致我再也分不清
你的笑與淚

(Zhang Mo 185–186)

後記：「巴拉告」（Palakau）是阿美族語，意思是在魚塘裡做一個魚的家。馬太鞍天然沼澤地裡，族人利用筆筒樹、九穹幹及細竹枝等天然素材結構成一種狀似竹筏又似搖籃的魚類棲息地。
Gong Hua

Palakau Lullaby

are you scared?
I’ve softened my steps

I’m told by the Fata’an people
on the wetland
they’ve woven a home
with ferns  Jiuqiong branches  small bamboo sticks
cradling dreams for fishes

beyond the sludgy dreamscape
I look down
staring in embarrassment at greed and desire
in the city
the gentle chanting
we bring back with us from the mash
has already died down
you blush and dive into the cradle of Palakau
and then I can’t tell
your laughter from tears

_afternote: ‘Palakau’ in Amis dialect means to build a home for fish in the pond. On Fata’an wetland, Amis people often use ferns, Jiuqiong, and bamboo branches to make a raft or cradle structure for fish to thrive._
林玲

「一九五六」序曲

才是三月，已締得夠深了
那是我思想的裙角
（她從鎖住的禁園裏逃出來）
被揚掛在多枝節的樹樁上

我真奇怪這兒的靜謐
也許，對岸的鐘聲被護城的運河所阻隔
那些靜物的投影，生命的躍動
美得多明朗啊，明朗得
像哥德式教堂拱形的窗
    向不可思議的高度開放

此刻，我的沉默該是驕傲
在澳洲，一片尚未開拓的處女地上
我將是牧場的主人
    擁有南太平洋海風的溫柔和殘暴
    擁有紅磚的小屋和綠蔭的棕櫚
以及，那無數的，任我使鈴的
詩的小羊……

(Lin Ling 106–107)
Lin Ling

1956 Prelude

it’s only March, green has already darkened
that’s the edge of my mind’s dress
(she escapes from the locked forbidden garden)
captured, fluttering on thorny branches

curiously quiet here, I think
maybe the bell toll from the opposite bank is blocked by the moat
those shadows of still life, vibration of the living
beautifully bright, bright
like those gothic arch windows
  opening up towards unimaginable height

now, my silence must be pride
in Australia, uncultivated virgin land
I’ll be a stable owner
  in my possession, gentle and rough breeze from the South Pacific
  in my possession, red brick cottages and green shady palms
also, in my command, those countless
lambs of poetry…
林婉瑜

永不抵達——健身房

1

轉輪上的天竺鼠
無有悲喜
奮力奔跑，到哪裡去？
跑步機上緊盯電視不知將抵達何方的我
也很平靜
面對透明玻璃做出努力
下一刻即將跑進這座城市
栓塞鬱結之心臟
跑向牵手的情侶，從中穿過分開他們
跑向親吻的情侶，從中穿過分開他們
跑向官員對災民伸出的握手，分開他們
跑向刺入土地的怪手手臂，分開他們
跑向議員與建商密會現場，分開他們
跑向對流浪狗伸出的獸夾，分開他們
跑進動物園
分開鐵籠和美洲豹
強化玻璃和夜行動物
跑向白昼黑夜海水星辰……

周遊城市一圈我又
回跑步機上
持續跑步。永不抵達的夜色。

(Zhang Mo 401–403)
Lin Wanyü

Never Arrived – The Gym

1

hamsters on wheels
no happiness no sadness
running hard, but where to?
me on the treadmill staring at the screen not knowing where I’m going
also calm
facing the clear glass working hard
next minute I’ll run into this city’s
stifled embolic heart
run towards lovers holding hands, cut through and separate them
run towards lovers kissing, cut through and separate them
run towards officers holding out hands to victims, separate them
run towards monstrous arms of diggers piercing the earth, separate them
run towards senators and builders’ backdoor meetings, separate them
run towards steel traps laid out for stray dogs, separate them
run into the zoo
separate the iron cage from the leopard
safety glass from nocturnal animals
run into daylight dark night the sea and the stars…

around the city, again I’m
back on the treadmill
continue to run. the never arriving dusk.
林禹瑄

在春天的前兩秒鐘

有一些沉默你必須
懂得音譯的方法
譬如一隻貓在雨天屋頂
對視你的腳趾
或者一朵塑膠玫瑰
在電視上選擇盛開的姿勢

雖然少有人知道
但你能聽見一些苔蘚
在燈泡裡忙著落腳
以及你最上層抽屜裡的
幾支素描筆正塗黑他們的影子

你能聽見，確實如此刻一群候鳥
在海的另端撲翅起飛
並且濡溼所有
你容易受潮的詞彙

(Zhang Mo 455–456)
Two Seconds before Spring

there are some silence that you
have to know how to transliterate
like on a rainy day, a cat on the roof
staring at your toes,
or the blossoming posture
chosen by a plastic rose on TV

though known only by a few
you can hear some lichens
busily setting foot in light bulbs
also in your top drawer
several pieces of charcoal filling up their silhouettes

you can hear, exactly at this moment, a flock of migrant birds
wings flapping, taking off from the other side of the sea
and splashing on all of your words
that become damp easily
劉延湘

公園景致

那男童的
畫紙上
不見濃淡深淺的緣蔭交疊成趣
不見假日行人閒散徜徉
更不見湖水激灘
以及那波光倒映中的泛舟點點
祇見
他在畫
一條硬繃繃的魚
以至於
手裡拿著一件
嫩黃嫩黃的什麼在編織著的母親
不耐煩地鎖起了眉頭

(Zhang Mo 128–129)
Liu Yanxiang

Scenes in a Park

on that boy’s
doodling paper
no overlapping green shades dark or light
no idle holiday walkers
no shimmering lake
and in reflection, not even spots of sailing boats
people only see him
drawing
a stiff fish
that makes his mother
knitting something duck yellow
in her hands
frown impatiently
羅英

窗

就在窗的
呼與吸的瞬間
燈光
也在憂愁的搖籃內
搖來
盪去

窗內
一些陰霾的
眼睛內
薔薇花
逐一切
熄滅
朝著

窗
款步而來的
歌
突被一團
麻繩似的嗓音
絞扭於
形同枯骨似的
窗櫺上

窗
仍木然地站立
好比棄船
好比
驚駭的
臉

(Zhang Mo 111–112)
Luo Ying

The Window

the moment between
the window breathing in and out
lamp light
in a sad cradle
swinging to
and fro

inside the window
in some hazy
eyes
roses
one by one
burn out
towards

the window
a song
pacing softly
suddenly
wrung by a voice
like a ball of hessian
on the lattice
bone dry

the window
stupified still standing
like an abandoned ship
like
a shocked
face
馬雁

被子

是一種沉默的事物，
被子常常在屍體上起伏，
有時在活的身體上。
空中也有被子，
覆蓋在螞蟻群的奔走之上。
卷起被子的人是勇敢的。

(Ma Yan 118)
Ma Yan

Quilt

a quiet thing
quilts often rise and fall on dead bodies
and sometimes on living bodies
there’re also quilts in the sky
spread over the hustle and bustle of ants
the one who throws open the quilt is brave
桑川

夜宿二崁牧場

天空是一只靛青雲紋瓷玉盤蓋
鑲著一球溶溶的月 幾丁星花
盤裡滿溢被夕陽烘暖的草香
以及熱騰騰的蟲唱

此時 夜的濃度正好
母親與孩子沿路撒撤音符調味
踏蹤游動不定的影子
總是和光捉迷藏如生命裡的煙霧

如夢 前俯後仰的朗笑聲
噤然於撞見一頭牛
獨自咀嚼不眠的月色
莊周夢蝶 我夢誰

醒來 晨光掀開了盤蓋
亮眨眨千萬顆夜裡孕生的露珠
風來 撈吹一口
便稀裏嘩啦地笑滾向天涯

註：『二崁牧場』位於澎湖西嶼二崁村。

(Zhang Mo 305–306)
Qin Chuan

Lodging at Er Kan Stable One Night

the sky is an indigo lid with a cloud pattern
set with a ball of misty moon a few spots of flowery stars
inside the bowl, the fragrance of grass baked warm by sunset overflowing
and the steaming chanting of insects

now the night’s intensity is just right
the mother and her child wandering spreading notes to taste
chasing flitting shadows that always play
hide and seek with light, like the fog and mist in one’s life

like dreams big laughter
silenced by the sudden encounter with an ox
chewing on the sleepless moonlight
Zhuang Zhou dreamed of the butterfly who do I dream of?

awake dawn light tips over the cover
thousands of twinkling dew born overnight
the wind rises just one blow
all rattles in laughter rolling towards the end of the world

Note: ‘Er Kan Ranch’ is located in Er Kan Village, Siyu Island of the Penghu County in Taiwan.
沈娟蕾

隨園

品嘗一條街的滋味，
自清晨，屋頂上的雲
自雲層邊緣的光芒開始。
地面上的人在收集散亂的光譜。
佇立在醫院的台階，
注視陰影
像苔點落在摺扇的空白。
恢復軀體的欲望
是下唇觸及到香椿的芽尖。
深入青島路，又一次
展閱濕潤的朝氣和信箋，
那麼薄，舉起來能聽見
隔夜的，異代的私語。

(Huang Lihai, *A Rhapsodic Journey*, 8)
Shen Juanlei

**Garden of Yuan Mei**

I’ve been tasting a street
since daybreak, since clouds above rooftops
show their silver-linings
down here people are collecting scattered spectra on the ground
standing on the hospital stairs
staring at shadows spotted
like moss in the folds of a hand fan
my body regains its desire
when my lower lip touches the tip of a Chinese mahogany sprout
deep down Qingdao road, again
I unfold, read the moist morning air and a letter
so flimsy, when held up I can hear
overnight whispers from another generation
小君

再次遷徙

被告知
在這個夜晚
或者更早

我將不得不再次遷徙

她說我三十歲
多惡意的誹謗
因為那不是真的

看起來
那是一個恰如其分的年齡
遷徙
隨身帶著我棕色的衣箱
和一臺舊式的縫紉機
它很沉重

這是個安靜的夜晚
老鼠們偷吃了食物
（擺在桌子上）
撒上毒藥的雞蛋
專門為了它們

而我將不得不再次遷徙
我被稱為三十歲
正好是上路的年齡
至今還是皮毛完整
沒有一絲睡意
我可以幹些甚麼

(Cui Weiping 101–102)
Xiao Jün

Move Again

I was told
tonight
or earlier

that I have to move again

you’re thirty, she said to me
such vicious slandering
because it’s not true

it seems to be
just the right age
to move away
with my brown suitcase
and an old sewing machine
so heavy

tonight is quiet
rats nicked the food
(laid on the table)
eggs sprinkled with poison
all for them

and I have to move again
I was called a thirty-year-old
the right age to get on the road
and I’m still intact until this day
without the tiniest desire to sleep
what can I do?
翔翎

行過一株枯樹

行過一株枯樹
月就圓了
雲也淡了

有人打山腰處走來
盤膝坐在樹下
聽去夏的蟬鳴
而月正圓

再行過那株枯樹
月就落了
有人在細數年輪
幾度巧遇十五
驟雨過後
又逢十五
又有人行過那株枯樹
盤膝坐下
就這麼靜候一隻蟬的脱殼

(Zhang Mo 177–178)
Xiang Ling

Walking Past a Dead Tree

walking past a dead tree
the moon is full
the clouds are pale

someone walks over from the hillside
sits under the tree with legs crossed
listens to the cicada song at summer’s end
the moon is just full

walk past that dead tree again
the moon is set
someone is counting the rings
chances upon the fifteenth day from time to time
after the shower
is another fifteenth day
another man walks past that dead tree
sits down legs crossed
waiting in silence for a cicada to come out of its slough
顏艾琳

超級販賣機

我覺得飢渴。

我投下所有的錢，
它什麼也沒給我。

我只好把手腳給它

又將頭遞過去

但還不夠。

我繼續讓它吞噬其他的肢體，
它仍舊不給我任何東西。

最後我把靈魂也投給了它。
它吐出一副骸骨
並漠然顯示
「恕不找零」

(Zhang Mo 352–353)
Yan Ailin

Super Vending Machine

I feel hungry and thirsty

I put in all my money
it gives me nothing

I have no choice but to give it my hands and feet

then I stretch out my head

still not enough

I let it devour other parts of my body
yet it gives me nothing

in the end I put in my soul
it spits out a skeleton
and indifferently displays
‘No Change’
楊佳嫺

越二日回憶巴黎所見

為篷車幽靈與夫
季末減價招牌包圍著
在街口，青年時代建築格式
已經成為古典

好像曾經我想起你
好像，在雕花銅欄杆蕾絲長窗簾
背後窺視著一點情意
微翹的帽沿，細金袖口和大衣束帶
之間，青春已成典故
遇著紅綠燈的馬車夫也勒住了繮繩雖然
時光，它並不遵守那些號誌

分去城市一半的
葡萄酒坊，舊書店與咖啡館
因此我知道了眾神
離開神殿後的去處
使舊皇宮裡無頭的天使不再
摸索飛去，使人飲血與夜色
滋養蒙馬特小帽下的鬚渣
塞納河畔，新橋上佇立過的
一百萬種俯視

而戀人們攪縈了圍巾
站在地鐵通風口分食可麗煎餅
也感覺著熱氣裡一點微醺
微醺時刻，連路燈都是
永恆的

(Zhang Mo 410–411)
Yang Jiaxian

Paris in Retrospection over Two Days

surrounded by ghost carriages and
signs for seasonal sales
at the street corner, the architecture style of my youth
already seemed classical

I once remembered you
behind those copper carved railings and lace drapes
a glance at an affectionate scene
hat brim slighted tilted, gold threads on cuffs and coat belts
among these, youth had already become an allusion
the coach man also pulled the rein at traffic lights
although time does not comply with those signals

wineries, old bookshops and cafés
occupied half of the city
so I knew where the gods went
after they left their temples
and that headless angels in old palaces wouldn’t be flying
without directions, and that people drank blood and the night
nurtured scratchy mustaches under bowler hats of Montmartre
by the Seine, a million kinds of gestures
gazing down from the Pont Neuf

and lovers tightened their scarves
standing beside metro vents sharing crepes
also sensed the wooziness in the hot air
in this tipsy hour, even the street lamps were
eternal
葉美

醒來

醒來，清晨已臨近傍晚，
室內擠滿正午陽光的最後一抹餘溫灰燼，
我們受庇於它的陰翳。
滯留海島一兩年後，我仍望得見
站在雪地北方觀看的一場大火，
當時年幼，一小撮心事拴住我。
那些枝條逐年膨脹壯大的楊柳
還在，天空掛滿密集的雲朵，
一旦夜晚追上我，
生鏽的黑色大門拒絕交談，
吃草的驢多年緘默不語，1997 年
死亡的陰霾已遍佈家門。
回不去了，我躺在床上，
海、平原、風襲開我的胸。

(Ye Mei 65)
Ye Mei

Waking Up

waking up, the morning is approaching dusk,
the room is filled by the last wisp of warmth from a noon sun,
and we are protected by its shade.
a couple of years stuck on this island, I can still picture
myself watching that great fire on the snowy field in the north,
I was young then, caught up in some trivial trouble.
those expanding willows branching out year after year
are still here, clouds crowding the sky,
one the night catches us,
the rusty black gate refuses to talk,
the grass-eating donkey has been silent for years, in 1997
death’s shadow already covered our door.
no way back, I lie down on the bed,
the sea, the plain, the draught swing open my chest.
尹玲

一隻白鴿飛過

永遠 是
一些不相干的人
在千里之外（比如巴黎）
高尚的某座宮裡（比如愛麗舍）
決定你的命運
你未來的生或死
簽下一紙他們稱之為
合約
的勞什子

你當然仍在你的土地上
冰雪覆蓋著
心僵凍
家中僅剩的孩子
昨天在一場不關他事的
某雙方衝突中
吃下一枚
剛好送到的
子彈

塞拉耶佛依然飄雪
含著一嘴冰血柱
那隻白鴿
牠
只不過恰巧
飛
過

(Zhang Mo 165–166)
Yin Ling

A Dove Flies By

always the people unrelated from thousands of miles away (e.g. in Paris) from noble castles (e.g. in Elysée) determine your fate your future, alive or dead, sign their names on papers, some nuisances they call treaties

you, of course, still on your land covered by ice and snow heart frozen numb the last child left in your family ate a bullet shot at some conflict yesterday which had nothing to do with him

still snowing in Sarajevo carrying a strip of blood frozen in its beak the dove it's just flying by
玉文

魚

二

紗籠
演變為布料
不再留有蠟油的香
但仍保有
椰樹摺起的清涼
披一襲
南洋的魚蟲花草
在小城渡夏
如一尾熱帶魚
錯游溫帶海域

(Yü Wen 18)
Yü Wen

Fish

2.

sarong
adapted into fabrics
loses the wax oil fragrance
yet they keep
the cool breeze among palm leaves
draping over my shoulder a set of
the South Ocean’s flora and fauna
spending my summer in this small town
I’m like a tropical fish
accidentally roving the temperate waters
字向

世界

今天世界上幾乎沒有人
一出門就這樣
天陰著就是我的心情
我把我看到的那部分叫做世界
所以它有時大有時小有時什麼也沒有
我把所有的東西都叫做世界
我就是這樣的人
今天霧氣很重，到處灰蒙蒙的
如果有人站在這裡面
一定不是要把每樣東西分辨出來
讓自己更模糊
它散光，像被煙霧和毛髮鋪蓋著
它陰著，所以它吸引陽光
一個孩子走來，拉開了彈弓
但是孩子你在外面你是想像的
你不可能打碎它
它不但是我的世界還是我的眼睛

(Huang Lihai, A Rhapsodic Journey, 4)
Yū Xiang

The World

today it seems there’s no one in this world
since I’ve been out
the clouding sky is my mood
I call the parts I see ‘the world’
so sometimes it’s big sometimes it’s small sometimes it’s nothing
I call all things ‘the world’
I’m that kind of person
today the fog is thick, everywhere is grey and dusky
if there’s someone standing in it
certainly he or she doesn’t want to distinguish anything
and makes him or herself even vaguer
it shines, as if covered by smoke and fur
it glooms, yet it absorbs sunshine
a child comes close, pulls back the slingshot
but child, you’re out of it, you’re imagined
you can’t break it
it’s not just my world but also my eyes
翟永明

老家

我的朋友说：
老家在河北
蹲著吃飯
老家在河南
於是出門討飯

我的老家在河南
整個身體都沾滿了小米
除了收割之刀，還有別的鋸利
一道一道地割傷它的糙皮
洪水漲停時
不像股票的漲停點
讓人興奮　也沒有它奇蹟般的價值

老家是一個替身
它代替這個世界向我靠近
它擁有一條巨大的河流
河水乾涸時
全世界都為它悲傷

蜂擁而至的
除了玉米肥大的手臂
還有手臂上密密麻麻的小孔
它們在碘酒和棉花的撲打下
瑟瑟發抖

老家的皮膚全都滲出
血點　血絲　和血一樣的驚恐
嚇壞了自己和別人
全世界的人像暈血一樣
暈那些針孔
我的老家在河南
整個臉上扎滿了針
老家的人雙腿都青筋暴露
他們的雙手篤著那些土坷
從地底下直篤到半空中
除了麻醉藥之外的所有醫用手段
都不能用來
剔除自己的皮膚
他們還能幹甚麼?

除了躺在陰影中歇涼時
他們不敢觸摸那些傷口
他們會痛苦地跳起來大喊
像水銀柱似的上下起落
他們的動脈裡 隱藏著液體的火焰
讓所有的人都離逐遠
全世界的人都在嘲笑
那些傷口 他們繼續嘲笑
也因為老家的人不能像換水一樣
換掉血管裡讓人害怕的血
更不能像換血一樣換掉
皮膚根部的貧賤

當全世界都無邪地清潔起來
還沒有這種一種盥洗法:
從最隱密處清除掉某個地理位置
它那物質的髒:
牙齒 毛髮 口氣 輪廓
方言 血肉 早湧 水質

（他們甚至不會飲泣
老家的人 一輩子也沒走出過
方圓十里 他們
也不知道一輩子乾淨的血
為什麼變成現在這樣？）

(Zhai Yongming 15–16)
Zhai Yongming

Home Town

my friend said
if your home town is in Hebei
you eat while squatting
if your home town is in Henan
you beg in order to eat

my home town is in Henan
couscous stuck all over my body
apart from reaping hooks there’re other sharp things
cut after cut wounding its rough skin
when the flood stops rising
it’s not like the stock price limit
making one feel excited it also doesn’t have any miraculous value

home town is a substitute
instead of the world, it comes to me
it contains a big river
when the water dries out
the whole world mourns it

swamped by arms thick as corncobs
as well as those dense needle marks
the rubbing of antiseptic and cotton balls
make the arms tremble

every inch of the home town’s skin exudes
spots of blood streaks of blood and blood like terror
throws oneself and others into a panic
the whole world fears those needles
as well as that blood
my home town is in Henan
needles all over its face
blue veins rise on old people’s legs
while their hands sift those clumps of dirt
throwing them from underground up into mid-air
besides anaesthetic no medical treatment
can be used to
remove their skin
what else can they do?

even when they lie down in the shade  
they don’t dare to touch those wounds  
afraid that they’ll jump and cry out in pain  
like the rising and falling in a mercury column  
in their artery a liquid flame is hidden  
causing everyone to keep everyone else at arm’s length  
the whole world is laughing at  
those wounds and they continue to laugh  
also because people from my home town can’t replace  
the horrible blood in their veins like replacing water  
moreover they can’t replace the poverty  
under their skin like replacing their blood  

when the whole world is innocently cleaning itself  
there is no cleaning method for  
secretly wiping out some geographical location’s  
materialised filth:  
teeth hair breath shape  
dialect flesh flood and drought water quality  

they won’t even shed a tear for  
people in their home town haven’t stepped outside  
beyond ten miles in their lifetime and yet they  
have no idea why their blood,  
clean for their whole life, has become like this?)
周瓊

悉尼塔
（為 Jackie 而作）

異國風情，有人愛
也有人遲鈍……筒狀電梯徑直
將我們送上三百多米高的塔頂
與我乘過的電梯相比
僅在於速度更快，我的心臟
感到了失重的一握，但也只是
瞬間的事，瞬間的差異。
塔頂寬敞的大廳，使我想起
曾經到過的某家圖書館
一間過分空曠的閱覽室，也許
只是在夢中見過，又有什麼
關係呢？四周攤放著一些
高倍望遠鏡，使得這裡有點像
過時的天文台，或荒廢的
軍事基地，只能供遊客
瞭望幾眼遠在天邊的科學史
或近在咫尺的戰爭新聞
——這些破碎的錯覺當然幫助不了我。
從這個高度，漫不經心的俯視
也令我記起幼年時
父親為我製作的萬花筒
那繽紛的紙片永不重複的組合。
而我的朋友正安靜的踱著
唯恐驚動腳下的世界：城市與人流
像一條蠕蟲，光陰正用它輕柔的
隱形步履，富有彈性地向黃昏挪近。
從一架望遠鏡的眼光中
我捕捉到不遠處一座大廈內
許多窗簾是拉上的，更遠些
海灣上有移動緩慢的船隻
被鐵路的高層建築物擋住下半身。
——我不會深究這些細節，因為
海灣對面，「五十年前根本
沒有那麼多房子，全是森林」
現在看來，一片片紅色的屋頂
就像現插上的勝利旗幟
使那兒成了一塊文明蹤跡的地理標本
而地方誌也樂於記載人口繁榮。
我的朋友正為她國家的環保狀況
擔憂，她熱愛大自然
陶醉於西南威爾士畫廊
一幅描繪百年前該地區風景的油畫……
而我們身邊坐著的一對情侶
正沉醉在擁吻中，他們很可能
把這兒當成了一處居高臨下的
幽會地點，幸虧這舞台的意義
是象徵性的，作為觀看者
恰好趕到這兒的遊客們或許
幫他們加固了愛情高於塵世的認識。
現在，目光轉向一棟別緻的
大樓，它是對書架樣式的仿真
與放大，好像這裡恰好是悉尼的
一間書房。正對著我們的外壁
分成好幾層，由幾排大書填滿
在其中，我找到了一部辭典
一本勞倫斯的小說集，我的朋友
則發現了一本俄羅斯旅行指南。
天色漸暗，書脊上的字樣也快看不清了
另一些不知道名字的書
正從內部透出童話的亮光。
從另一個方向，我的朋友
要在天黑前找到自己的家
這已太不容易，但她成功地
發現了悉尼大學，我們一起
探查了學校前面的草坪
發現有人正從草地上走過……
哦，這偶然的窺視算不上
某種不見得人鮮好——
作為一個話題，我們借以發揮
談到距離感，人類的渺小
以及敬畏大自然的必要性
最後，我們慶幸塔頂這個高度
所延伸的一切，使我們陷入
沈默。——「你感到疲憊了嗎？」
——「不，當然沒有。」
沿著塔頂大廳的弧形邊道
我們已轉了好幾圈，坐下歇歇
猛一回頭，外面已是黑夜
由燈光和星辰構成的世界
在眼前鋪展開來。撲面的夜光
似透明的流水，而黑韃觀遠處的
建築物，彷彿滿綴珍珠的幕布
起著遮擋我們視線的作用
誰能說它們不美呢？一組組
窗口亮起了燈，與天邊的星群
呼應著。一時間，我忘記了
自己是在地球的南半邊
塔外的一瞥使我一陣暈眩
感到故鄉伸手可及，而一架夜航飛機
也像人造地球衛星似的
將我童年記憶中凝望夜空的鏡頭定格

(Huang Lihai, *A Rhapsodic Journey*, 137–138)
Zhou Zan

Sydney Tower

for Jackie

The exotic, some love it, others react obtusely... The vacuum lift sent us straight up to the tower top three hundred metres above. Compared to other lifts I’d taken, the only difference was it was quicker. My heart felt the grasp of gravity loss, yet it only lasted for a second, a momentary difference. A spacious hall on the tower top, reminded me of a library I had been to, or perhaps seen in my dreams, but what did it matter? Surrounded by some high-powered telescopes, it looked like an obsolete observatory or a dilapidated military base, only allowing the tourists a few peeks at the history of science faraway in the sky or war news a few feet from here — of course these fragmented hallucinations wouldn’t help me much. From this height, looking down absent-mindedly also reminded me of my childhood, the kaleidoscope my father made me, those never repeating combinations of colourful glitter. And my friend, strolling quietly for fear that she’d disturb the world under her feet: the city and its moving crowds, like a crawling worm, time’s soft invisible steps, swiftly shifting into the dusk. With telescope vision, I captured many closed curtains on a building in the middle distance. Further away in the harbour, many ships were moving slowly, their hulls blocked by the nearer high-rises. I wouldn’t go into detail, because across the harbour, ‘fifty years ago there weren’t this many houses, but trees.’ Now it seemed sheets of red roofs like victory flags raised up not long ago, turned this place
into a geographic specimen of civilization, 
the local history also actively recorded the population boom.
My friend was worried about environmental issues 
in her country. She loves nature, captivated by a painting 
of a local landscape a hundred years old 
in the Art Gallery of New South Wales…
And the couple sitting next to us indulged in kissing, 
they probably took this as a vantage point for dating, 
fortunately the stage effect was only symbolic, 
like audience, the tourists who just happened 
to be here might have strengthened their view 
that love is higher than the human world.
Now I turned my eyes to an unusual looking building, 
it was an imitation and enlargement 
of the structure of a bookshelf, 
as if here was Sydney’s study. 
The wall facing us separated by many shelves, 
filled by rows of chunky books, among them, 
I found a dictionary, a collected D. H. Lawrence, 
and my friend found a guidebook to Russia.
It gradually became darker, almost impossible 
to make out the words on the book spines, 
inside some unknown titles 
shone the light of fairytales.
Facing another direction, my friend 
wanted to find her house before dark, 
quite difficult already, although she successfully 
spotted Sydney University. Together we searched 
the lawn in front of the campus, 
saw some people were strolling past…
Oh, this occasional peeking 
wasn’t some shameful mania 
but one of the topics we developed:
the sense of distance, the insignificance of humans 
and the necessity of being in awe of Nature.
At last, we felt grateful for the height of this tower 
and everything extended from this height, 
sending us deep into silence. — ‘Tired of this?’
— ‘Oh no, of course not.’
Following the curvy sidewalk in the hall on the tower top 
we walked many circles, sat down 
and turned around, realised it was already dark outside,
a world constructed by lights and stars,
stretching out in front of our eyes.
The light of night in our face flowing like clear water,
and those pitch-black blocks in the distance,
like stage curtains studded with pearls, blocking our vision,
who could say they were not beautiful? Sets and sets
of windows illuminated by lights, responding constellations
in the sky. For some time, I had forgotten I was
in the southern hemisphere, a glance at the outside
made me dizzy with the thought that homeland
was within my reach, and a night plane
like a manmade satellite orbiting the earth
freeze-framed me in my childhood memory
gazing at the night sky.
Selection for Chapter Two: Death – Mourning

曹疏影

給M.Y.

彈起吉他時我想起你
我不參與眾人的祭奠
因為那燃燒在燭光裡的緣湧
根本不能分開，不能
只能用所有的姿態
燃燒……最小的舞蹈然而無限
被所有的海水經過
由它碧色的心
涌出，化為煙
分隔剩下的人

(Cao 45)
Cao Shuying

For M.Y.

I think of you when I play my guitar
I don’t want to join other people’s mourning
because that green wave burning in the candle light
can’t be split into two petals
impossible to part, impossible
it can only burn in different
gestures…the tiniest dance but also endless
passed through by waters from every ocean
gushing out from its green
heart, becoming smoke
separating those left behind
陳魚

在深夜呼吸，旁邊是我母親

在深夜呼吸，旁邊是我母親
垂危地躺着，在這個大風降溫的夜裡
我在她的呼吸中呼吸。我要
在進入她的道路上明白我自己，或是
在執迷於我的事物中知道
這個我身體之前的身體

我，這個農婦的女兒
被生在 1965 年冬季。
七歲上學十五歲懂得用叛逆
長高身體。急於開花那一年我十九
農婦就為我去拉地排車，車上裝滿
能供起開花的火磚、石灰、沙子和水泥。
她用母系的體力，供養她女兒在外地
瘋狂長出與根莖脫節的浪漫和秘密。

我的宿命是在這樣的黑夜裡救出我自己。
我被懸置在夜的病房裡，看我的母親躺成
陌生。樓下的風，胸中的液體以及
被她壓在身下的生死的消息，它們在
為營救我不理解的事物而發出陰森驚人的力。
它們勢利的厚待我，用棉衣裏緊我四面的創傷
以免鮮血淋漓。朦朧和難測高著真相的索價
卻用遲鈍的纖繩拴住我願意付賭的身體

她的經歷她說不清楚，她是比婦女
更謙卑的婦女。她已不能像愛兒兒一樣
愛她女兒的身體。她已年老，萎縮和緩慢
長不過比她高的兒女，她躲在一邊
嘮叨煤煙、米蟲、鉉皮和雞蛋的大小
她為了自己的愚笨和荒微掉進忽淺忽深的
搖晃著的脾氣裡。像收藏兒女早年的鞋樣
她也藏了太多自己解不開的謎底

她殘存呼吸的身體是供我開掘的墓地
我殘忍地挖掘著，冷酷地
翻出藏在血肉裡的詞句。我要它們撞擊我
身體裡的空洞，我要它們舉起我的燈
照亮我沒有及時到來的激情。深淵呵
不要呼喚地誘惑我，不要在我站穩之前
裂開隙縫。我的意願正被你隱秘地晃動。

她三歲時變啞七歲時才開口說話
這和我的口吃之間的互映成一幅母女圖畫
就像現在，我戰慄於中年的風雪中
觀察她垂危中息而不滅的神經
怎樣交錯進我的神經脈絡中
轉換成猴子一樣嘯叫的嘶鳴。這之外
我只容忍我在嘴裡混亂不清。盯住她的
懸掛流血瓶，我試圖想清楚
她長出的和我相關痛苦，試圖看見誰在朝
她這時的怪異，擺出那個憐憫又輕視的神情

我幽暗地進入她夜復一夜的微弱
看不清是誰在危険地借用著她的身體
把她的一生都用在此時此地。她微微啟開的
由生向死的消息，恰在我朦朧欲醒時
關閉。大地黑暗的音樂
一直含混而可靠地響起，想用她的身體
在一個又一個凌晨來臨之時隨空不言而明
而她卻慣性地，拿用順了手的無知和沉睡來昏迷。

在她痛得只剩呼吸的呼吸聲裡
我迎來我的三十二歲。生日朝向她的聯繫
高於倫理更近於神秘和唏噓。自憐的哀傷
竟比疾病更美麗：懂得親近深夜的寂靜
懂得轉開視線，懂得遺忘和
及時地觀察，那正在房角開放的菊花。
白得和寒冷一樣的菊花呵，我久久地親愛它
我需要它的白色和香氣把我轉移；她潮濕的呼吸
怎樣刀刃一樣刺痛著我的身體

向上和向下的變化都遲遲不來。我的心
忽軟又忽硬。我需要慰藉！
需要伸出我的手臂，需要抓住一點活力
我在她的昏迷裡不停地勞作，快樂地勞作
越發投入時強暴她的猶豫，然後
衝動地把她們的浮腫和高燒甩到了天際。
她再生，但與十月胎身的誕辰不同
她變成癡傻，哭和笑都不值得慶幸。
鼻衄。導尿。濕潤呼吸。翻身。冰敷降溫。
我在深淵的邊緣把她領回來，她病著，
沒有尊嚴，她不會思想，我自作主張。
她被卡在半途，不上不下在我的意志裡受苦。
我在無數個夜裡為她的癡呆
醒著，看她的頭卡在生死之間張著嘴巴。
她癱著。無所謂承受。她的智力
像嬰兒一樣低下。她是否比我更痛苦？
她如此長久地不進去也不出來
把我關在隱喻的門外，
我的敵門聲，在每一夜的呼吸裡
啪啪啪地響著。

(Huang Lihai, *A Rhapsodic Journey*, 14–16)
Chen Yü

Breathing, Late Night, Next to My Mother

breathing, late night, next to my mother
lying down, dying, on this cold windy night
I breathe in her breath by entering her path
I want to understand myself, or to know
among other obsessions of the self
the body previous to my body

I, a countrywoman’s daughter
was born in the winter of 1965
went to school at seven and at fifteen knew that
being rebellious I’d grow taller at nineteen I was eager to bloom
so for me the countrywoman pulled carts filled with
bricks, limestone, sand and cement that would pay off the blossom
with her maternal strength supported her daughter who was elsewhere
frenetically coming up with crooked romance and secrets

I’m destined to redeem myself on a dark night like this
I’m suspended in night’s hospital ward, watching my mother lying there
become unfamiliar the wind below, the fluid in her chest and
the news regarding life and death pressed under her body, in order to rescue
things that I couldn’t comprehend, they send out great eerie energy
they treat me snobbishly, use a padded coat to tightly wrap around the wounds all
over me
to prevent blood streaming out obscurity and unpredictability rise the price of truth
yet my body as my bet is tied by oblivious ropes

what she has gone through she wouldn’t say, she is a woman who is humbler
than other humble women she cannot love her daughter’s body
as a baby’s anymore she is old, withered and slow
cannot grow taller than her daughter, she hides in a corner
going on about soot, cadelles, bran size and egg size
she falls into waves of temper sometimes deep and sometimes shallow because of
her own
stupidity and triviality like hoarding her sons and daughters’ childhood shoe
samplers
she has hoarded so many mysteries that she herself doesn’t know how to resolve

her remaining breath is a tomb for me to dig
I dig ruthlessly, coldheartedly
dig out words and sentences buried in flesh and blood I want them to hit the
hollowness
inside my own body, I want them to hold up the lamp for me
light up my emotion that comes too late oh, the abyss
don’t lure me in with your blast, don’t crack open before
I take a firm stand deep down, my will is shaken by you

she turned dumb at three, opened her mouth again at seven
my stammering reflects this mother-daughter resemblance
like now, I’m shivering in the midlife snowstorm
speculating how on the deathbed, her weak but enduring senses
entangle with mine
turning into a monkey screech beyond that
I can only endure myself mumbling staring at her
extracranial blood pump, I try to understand
the growing pain I caused her, try to see who is casting
pity and contempt, at the weird state she’s in

gloomily I delve into her feebleness night after night
can’t see clearly who is viciously appropriating her body
she spends all her life here and now the news regarding her
life and death is slightly unfolded, then folded again when I’m just about to
wake up from the drowsiness the dark music of the earth faintly but unfailingly
plays on, hoping that daybreak after daybreak the news will show
without her body telling as the sky will eventually brighten
yet out of habit, she takes up handy ignorance and slumber, falls into a coma

in her painful breathing sound stripped down to mere inhaling and exhaling
I usher in my 32nd birthday her connection to this date
is beyond mortality, closer to a mystery or a sigh the sorrow of self-pity
is more beautiful than sickness: knowing how to approach the silence of late night,
knowing how to look away, knowing how to forget
and take a timely look, at that blooming chrysanthemum in the corner of the room
oh flower as white as the chill, I’ve loved it for a long long time
I need its whiteness and fragrance to distract me: how her tidal breath
stabs my body like a knife’s blade

the up and down changes still haven’t come my heart
softens and hardens I need comfort!
I need to stretch my arms, to catch a little vitality
I work without a stop when she’s in a coma, I work happily
violate her indecisiveness when I become more devoted, and then
impulsively forget about her swelling and fever
she is reborn, but different from the birth after ten months pregnancy
she becomes demented, her tears or laughter are not worth celebrating

sinusitis urinary catheterization moisturise breath flip her over apply cold compress
I bring her back from the cliff edge, she is sick
has no dignity, she can’t think, I act on my own judgement
she’s stuck in the middle, not dying nor living suffering under my will
for countless nights I’ve been awake because of
her dementia, watching her head stuck between life and death her mouth opened
her body paralysed it’s not about endurance her wits
as little as a baby’s is she more miserable than me?
for such a long time she doesn’t go into it nor come out of it
locks me out of that metaphorical door
the sound of me knocking, in the breathing of every late night
banging banging banging
舒婷

最後的挽歌

「人非有信，就不能得神的喜悅；因為到神面前來的人必須信有神，且信他賞賜那尋求他的人。」

——《希伯來書》第十一章第六節

第一章

眺望
掏空了眼眶
剩下眺望的姿勢
    鈎在
    最後的挽歌裡

飛魚
繼續成群結隊衝浪
把最低限度的重
用輕盈來表現
它們的鰭

擦燃不同凡響的
磷光

    蒟草爬上塑像的肩膀
    感慨高處不勝寒
    挖魚餌的老頭
    把鼻涕
    擠在花崗岩的衣褶
    鴿霧如雨

蛙無法吐露痛苦
等死亡完整地顯出

    只有一個波蘭女詩人
    不經過剖腹
    產下她的珍珠
    其他
    與詩沾親帶故的人
    同時感染了陣痛
火鶴留下的餘燼
將幸存的天空交還

我們把它
頂在頭上含在口裡
不如拋向股市
買進賣出
更能體現它的價值

楓樹沿山地層層登高
誰胸中的波浪盡染
待她卸去盛裝
瘦削一炬沖天烽煙
誰為她千里馳援

給她打電話
寄賀卡
親愛的原諒我
連寫信也抽不出時間

你怎能眺望你的背後
從河對岸傳來
不明真相的疊句
影子因之受潮

第二章

美國大都會和英國小鄉村
沒有什麼區別
薯片加啤酒就是
家園
雪花無需簽證輕易越過邊界
循槐花的香味
拐進老胡同
扣鎖門環

作為一段前奏
你讓他們
眺望到排山倒海的樂章
然後你再蔚藍些
也不能
比洪水的大江更汪洋
被異體字母日夜攻殲
你的免疫系統
掛一濺萬
躬身護衛懷裡
方形的蛹
或者你就是
蛹中使用過度的印色
一粒炭火那麼暗紅

白蠅伸出楚歌
點點滴滴
蛀食寄居的風景
歲月是一本過期護照
往事長出霉斑
從譯文的哈哈鏡裡
你捕撈蝌蚪
混聲別人的喉管

他們不會眺望你太久
換一個方向
他們遮擋別人的目光
即使腳踩浮冰
也是獨自的困境
以個人的定音鼓，他們
堅持親臨現場

如果內心
是傾斜下沉的破船
那些咬噬著肉體
要紛紛逃上岸去的老鼠
是尖叫的詩歌麼

名詞和形容詞
已危及交通
他們自願選擇了
非英雄式流亡

你的帽子
遺忘在旗艦上
第三章

是誰舉起城市這盞霓虹酒
試圖與世紀末
紅腫的落幕碰杯
造成劃時代的斷電

從容湊近的夕陽
用適時的比喻點燃
旱煙管的農夫
蹬在田垄想心事
老被蛙聲打斷

誰比黑暗更深
探手地龍的心臓
被擠壓得血脈貪張
據說他所栖身的二十層樓
建在浮鯨背上

油菜花不知打槳機的危險
一味地天真浪漫
養蜂人僵着背
都市無情地頂出
最後一塊蜜源

空調機均衡運轉
體溫和機器相依為命
感到燥熱的
是懷念中那一柄葵扇
或者一片薄荷葉
貼在詩歌的腦門上

田野一邊澇着
一邊旱着
被化肥和農藥押上刑場
不忘高呼豐收口號

多餘的錢
就在山坳蓋房子
烏瓦白牆義大利廁具
門前月季屋後種瓜
猴癱三照料肥鴨
兼給皇冠車搭防盜棚

剩下的時間
做藝術
打手提電話

都市伸出輸血管
網絡鄉間
留下籬笆、狗和老人

每當大風
掀走打工仔的藤帽
不由自主伸手
扶直
老家瓦頂的炊煙

畫家的鬍子
越來越長越來越落寞
衣衫破爛
半截身子卡在畫框

瘸三抽着主人的萬寶路
撕一塊畫稿抹桌
再揉一團解手
炒鴨蛋下酒

都市和農村憑契約
交換情人

眺望是小心折疊的黃手帕
揮舞給誰看

第四章

迎風守望太久
淚水枯竭
我摘下酸痛的雙眼
在一張全盲的唱片上
踮起孤兒的腳尖
對北方最初的嚮往
緣於

一棵木棉
無論旋轉多遠
都不能使她的紅唇
觸到橡樹的肩膀

這是夢想的
最後一根羽毛
你可以擎着它飛翔片刻
卻不能結廬終身

然而大漠孤煙的精神
永遠召喚着
南國矮小的竹針滾滾北上
他們漂流黃河
圓明園掛霜
二鍋頭燒得渾身冒煙
敞着衣襟
沿風沙的長安街騎車
學會很多捲舌音

他們把絲吐得到處都是
仍然回南方結繭

我的南方比福建還南
比屋後那一丘雨林
稍大些
不那麼濕
每年季風打翻
幾個熱騰騰鳥巢
濺落千變萬化的方言

對堅硬土質的渴求
改變不了南方人
用氣根思想

北方喬木到了南方
就不再落葉
常綠着
他們痛恨汁液過於飽滿
懷念風雪彌漫
烈酒和脽肩大衣的腰身
土豆窖藏在感傷裡

靠着被放逐的焦灼
他們在沸水淋漓的語境裡
把自己烘乾

吸吮長江黃河
北方胸膛乳汁豐沛
盛產玉米，壁畫
頭蓋骨和皇朝的地方，也是
月最明遠風最酷烈
野狼與人共舞
胡笳十八拍的地方

北方一次次傾空她的
圍腰
把我們四處發放
我們長成稗草進化到穀類
再蛻變為蝗蟲
在一張海棠的葉脈上
失散

這就是為什麼
當拳頭攥緊一聲嚎叫
北斗星總在
仰望的頭頂上

第五章

放棄高度
巔峰不復存在
忘記祈禱
是否中止了
對上帝的敬畏

在一个早晨醒来
腳觸不着地
光把我穿在箭鏢上
射向語言之先
一匹風破足
冉冉走遠

日曆橫貫鐘錶的子午線
殉葬了一批鶏鳴
三更梆鼓
和一柱香的時辰
渡口自古多次延誤
此岸附耳竹筒和錦帛
謹聽彼岸腳步聲

我終於走到正點居中
秒針長話短說
列車拉響汽笛從未停靠
接站和送站互相錯過
持票人沒有座位
座位空無一人

黑夜耄耋垂老
白晝剛剛長到齊肩高
往年的三色堇
燎起裙裾
步上今春的綠萼
一個吻可以天長地久
愛情瞬息名稱

我要懷着
怎樣的心情和速度
才能重返五月
像折回凌亂的臥室
對夢中那人說完再見
並記得請他
留下地址電話

陰影剝離岩層
文字圈定聲音
在海水的狂飆裡，珊瑚
小心穩定枝形燭光
朱筆和石頭相依為命
卻不能與風雨並存
每寫下一個字
這個字立刻漂走
每啟動一輪思想
就聞到破布的味道
我如此再三起死回生
取決於
是否對同一面鏡子
練習口形

類似高空自由墜落
恪守知覺
所震動的腋下生風
著陸於零點深處
並返回自身

光的螺旋
再次或者永遠
通過體內蜇伏蛇行
詩歌火花滋滋發麻
有如靜電產生

你問我的位置
我在
上一本書和下一本書之間

第六章

那團墨汁後面
我們什麼也看不見

現在是父親將要離開
他的姿容
越來越稀薄
藥物沿半透明的血管
爭相競走
我為他削一隻好脾氣的梨
小小梨心在我掌中哭泣

其他逝者從迷霧中顯現
母親比我年輕
且不認已屆中年的我

父親預先訂好遺像
他常常用目光
同自己商量
茶微溫而壺已漏
手跡
繼續來往於舊體格律
天冷時略帶痰音

影子期待與軀體重合
靈魂從裡向外從外向裡
竊探

眼看鏽跡侵襲父親
我無法不悲傷
雖然悲傷這一詞
己經殉職
與之相關的溫情
（如果有的話
這一詞也病入膏肓）
現代人羞於訴說

像流通數次已陳舊的紙幣
很多次還沒焐熱
就公開作廢

字典凋敝
有如深秋菩提樹大道
一夜之間落葉無悔
天空因他們集體撤出
而寥闊
而孤寒
而痛定思痛
只有擦拭最嬌嫩的淡青
被多事的稍芒割破

每天經歷肉體和詞彙的雙重死亡
靈魂如何避過這些滾石
節節麤望

作為女兒的部分歲月
我將被分段剪輯
封闭在
父親沉重的大門後

一個詩人的獨立生存
必須忍受肢體持續背叛
自地下水
走向至高點

相對生活而言
死亡是更僻靜的地方

父親，我寄身的河面
與你不同流速罷
我們僅是生物界的
一種表達方式
是累累顛簸的根瘤
墜在族譜上
換一個方向生長

記憶模仿靈魂的容器
多一片葉子
有什麼東西正漫了出來

我右手的綠蔭
爭分奪秒地枯萎
左手還在休眠

第七章

陸沉發生在
大河神秘消失之前
我僅是
最初的目擊者

一個鑄件經歷另一個鑄件
繞過別人的拖煙層
超低空飛行

瓦斯俘獲管道風格
多快好省
划動藍色節肢
活潑潑
將生米煮成熟飯
我抱緊柴禾
尋找一隻不作聲的爐子

逃離
每一既定事實
隨時保持
舉起前腳的姿勢
有誰真正身體力行
當常識把我們
如此鎮定

萬花筒逆向轉動
去冬餓殍的紅襟雀
莞爾一笑
穿雪掠地而起

昨天義無反顧暴殄天物
今天面臨語言饑荒
眼睛耳朵分別拆解零件
裝置錯位
惟心跳正常
夾雜些金屬之聲

只要再翻過這座山
其實山那邊什麼也沒有

如果最後一塊石頭
還未蓋滿手印
如果內心
有足夠安靜

這個禮拜天開始上路
我在慢慢接近
雖然能見度很低

此事與任何人無關

1997.4 柏林
(Shu Ting 301–320)
Shu Ting

The Last Elegy

*But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.*

– Hebrews 11:6

1

looking
hollowing out one’s eyes
nothing but the gesture of looking out
calcified in
the last elegy

calcified in
the last elegy

flying fish
surfing on waves in a flock
use as little weight as possible
to represent their litheness
their fins

igniting extraordinary
phosphorescence

wormwood climb the statues’ shoulders
exclaiming how the higher one goes the colder it becomes
an old man digging bait
brushes his snot over
bunched up granite rocks
pigeon shit rain

oysters can’t confide the agony
waiting for the redemption of death

only a Polish woman poet
needs no caesarian
to birth her pearl
while others
relations of poetry

are infected with pangs
flamingos leaving embers behind them
return the remaining sky

better for us
to throw it to the stock market
buying and selling
than wearing it on our heads or
holding it in our mouths

maple trees along the mountain climb higher and higher
whose chest is coloured by their waves?
after she removes her attire
a lanky flame of war towers into the sky
who will ride a thousand miles to protect her?
call her
send her postcards
darling please forgive me
don’t even have the time to write letters

how can you look behind
from across the river
those unknowing refrains
dampening your shadow

2

American metropolis and British countryside
not much difference
home is where
chips and beers are
snowflakes crossing the border easily without a visa
following the scent of scholar-tree flowers
turning into the old hutong
rapping the wrong door-knocker

as a piece of prelude
you let them
look out to the earth-shaking movements
after which you become bluer
still unable to compare with
the vastness of a discharging river

wiped out by alien alphabets day and night
your immune system
prevents one but misses the rest
a square cocoon
hiding under the guard’s arms
or you are the overused
coloured ink
dark red as charcoal fire

white ants extend the enemy’s song
drds and drabs
nibbling their inhabited landscape
time is an expired passport
the past becomes moldy
through the carnival mirror of translation
you fish up tadpoles
mixing the sound from another’s throat

they won’t look out for you for too long
change another direction
they block the others’ sight
even if they’re walking on floating icicles
it’s still a personal struggle
with one’s own kettledrum, they
insist on presenting themselves

if a heart is a broken
slanting sinking ship
then those flesh-biting
fugitive rats are
shrill poetry

nouns and adjectives
already a threat for the traffic
they voluntarily choose
the unheroic exile

your hat
left forgotten on the flag pole

3

who holds up the city a glass of neon wine
attempting to clink against the swollen red
setting sun at the end of a century
causing the epoch-making power cut

the setting sun approaches unhurriedly
with an obsolete metaphor
a farmer lights up his long stemmed pipe
squats down on the ridge thinking
often disturbed by croaking frogs

who can go deeper than darkness
reaching out to feel the pulse of the earth-dragon
squeezed blood pumping
it says: he lives in that twenty-storey mansion
built on the back of a floating whale

canola flowers have no idea about the danger of a pile driver
only innocent and romantic
the beekeeper hunches
the city inexorably pushes out
the last patch of honey plant

air-conditioning runs well and steadily
body temperature and the machine rely on each other
the one that feels feverish
is a palm-leaf fan in retrospect
or a peppermint leaf
stuck on poetry’s forehead

the fields flooded on this side
drought on the other
driven by fertilizer and pesticide to the execution ground
don’t forget to shout the harvest slogan

with spare money
build a house on the mountainside
black tiles white walls Italian toilet
roses at the front melons at the back
hire a cripple to look after a flock of fat geese
and build a theft-proof shed for the Toyota Crown

with the time left
make art
call people on your mobile phone

the city stretches out blood transfusion tubes
networking with the countryside
leaving only hedges, dogs and oldies

whenever wild wind
blows away the migrant worker’s straw hat
he will stretch out his arms
straighten
wisps of kitchen smoke above his home’s tiled roof

the painter’s beard
has grown longer and longer but lonelier and lonelier
clothes torn
half stuck in a frame

the cripple smokes the master’s Marlboro
tears out a sketched page to wipe the table
tears out another for the toilet
fries some goose eggs for a few drinks

the city and the country exchange their lovers
according to the contract

yellow handkerchiefs carefully fold representing the gesture of looking out
waving for whom to see

4

standing against the wind watching for too long
tears dry up
I take off my sore eyes
on a totally blind record
tiptoeing my orphaned feet

the initial longing for the north
brought out by

a cotton tree
no matter how far its flowers spin
she can never touch an oak’s shoulder
with her lips

this is dreams’
last feather
you can fly with it for a while
but can’t use it as your whole life’s shelter

but the spirit of the only wisp of smoke in the desert
is forever calling
little bamboo needles from the south moving to the north in waves
they drift on the Yellow River
soak in frost in Old Summer Palace
heated by er guo tou\textsuperscript{62} in smoke
baring their chests
riding bikes in sandstorm on Chang’an street
mastering retroflex

they spin their silk everywhere
still they cocoon in the south

my south is further than Fujian
bigger than that hill covered by
tropical trees behind the house
not that humid
every year seasonal wind knocks over
some warm nests
splashing down myriad dialects

the longing for hard soil
can’t change the way
the southerners think with aerial roots

\textsuperscript{62} A type of distilled liquor made from sorghum. Mostly consumed in North China, it is popular among common people for its low price.
northern trees in the south
their leaves stop falling
become evergreen

they hate being over juicy
miss blizzard days
strong liquor and waist in coats
potatoes hoarded in sorrow

with the exiled anxiety
they dry themselves
in a soupy context

slurping on Yangtze River and Yellow River
northern breasts hold abundance of milk
abound with corns, wall paintings
skulls and dynasties
the clearest moon and strongest wind
wild wolves dancing with humans
where *Eighteen Songs of a Nomad Flute* was set

the north again and again
clears out her apron
sends us everywhere
we grow from barnyard grass to grains
then to locusts
lost among
the veins of a crabapple leaf

this is why
when you clench your fist and howl
the big dipper is always there
when you look up

renounce altitude
there won’t be any peaks
if one forgets to pray
will the awe before God
also stop
wake up one morning
feet cannot touch the ground
light threads me on the arrowhead
shoots past language
a gust of crippled wind
slowly blows away

the calendar crosses the meridian on the clock
cock-crows buried alive with the dead
drum striking at midnight
time for burning an incense stick
ferries delayed since long ago
on this bank you lean close to bamboo slips and brocades
hearing footsteps on the other bank

finally I reach the centre
the second hand on the watch keeps it brief
the train sets off its siren but never stops
picking up, seeing off, never met
the ticket-holder has nowhere to sit
all seats are empty

the night is almost a hundred years old
the day has just grown as tall as your shoulder
violets from past years
lift up their dresses
climb on green plum trees this year
a kiss can be forever
but love changes its name in a wink

what emotions and speed
should I take
to return to May
turn back halfway to that cluttered bedroom
say goodbye to the one in my dream
and remember to ask him
to leave his address and phone number

shadow peels off from rock
words circle sound
in rushing tides, corals
balancing their candles on the chandelier
red ink brush and stone belong to one another
but can’t endure the wind and rain

once a character is written
it will drift away
once an idea is started
you will smell rags
again and again I reincarnate like this
all depending on whether
I practice my pronunciation
in front of the same mirror

like free fall
adhere to the wind
of consciousness under your arms
land deep in the zero point
return to self

spirals of light
again or forever
through your body crawl like a snake
sparks of poetry sizzling
like the cause of static electricity

you ask where am I
I’m between
this book and the next one

6

behind that ball of ink
we can see nothing

my father is leaving now
his body
thinner
medicine racing
through translucent veins
I peel a mellow pear for him
The little pear core weeping in my palm
other deceased emerge from the mist
my mother is younger than me
and doesn’t recognize her middle-aged daughter

he has pre-ordered a photo
looks often at the portrait
communicates with himself
the tea is still warm, but the teapot is leaking
handwriting
 corresponding in old meters and rhymes
when it gets cold, his voice phlegm rough

the shadow longs to match with the body
the soul drifting in and out
poking around

seeing father covered by rust
I couldn’t help feeling sad
although the word sadness
has already died at its post
and the related tenderness
(if there is any,
it’s also incurable as a word)
too embarrassing for modern people to talk about

like an old bank note over-circulated
many times before it has warmed up
it’s already made invalid

dictionaries withered
like the Bodhi trees on the streets in late autumn
without regret, leaves fallen in a night’s time
because of their collective withdrawal
the sky looks boundless
lonely and cold
recall the pain in the past
only the softest pale green on the edges
scratched by sharp edges

every day experiences the double death of flesh and words
how does the soul escape from these tumbling stones
looking out further and further

my life as a daughter
will be edited
shut
behind my father’s heavy gate
a poet’s self-reliant life
must endure the infidelity of flesh
like the water underground
flowing to the top

compared to life
dead is a quieter place

father, the river where I dwell
just flows at a different speed to yours
we are merely one expression
of nature
overgrown roots
hanging from the family tree
growing in a different direction

memory models on the container of soul
an extra leaf
something is spilling

green shade on my right
seizes every minute to die away
my left hand hibernating

the land sinks
before the secret river disappears
I’m just the earliest
witness

a casting experiencing another casting
across the other’s trail of vapour
flying in ultra-low altitude
gas captures pipeline’s style
greater faster better and more economical
waving blue prosthesis
lively
what has been done cannot be undone
I hold on to my firewood
looking for a somber stove

running away
from every established fact
at the same time keeping
one foot up from the ground
who can put it into practice
when we are fixed
by common sense

kaleidoscope turning anticlockwise
a red breasted sparrow died last winter
sent out a smile
wings brush the ground glide up through the snow

yesterday you irrevocably wasted God’s gifts
today you have to face the famine of language
eyes ears dissembling parts
set them in wrong places
only the heartbeat is regular
with some clinking metal sound

so long as you climb across this mountain
in fact there is nothing beyond

if the last stone is
not yet covered by palm prints
if your heart is
quiet enough

I will hit the road this Sunday
I’m slowly approaching
although the visibility is low

but it has nothing to do with anyone

April 1997 Berlin
葉美

家葬

叄、父親的葬禮

一切來得突然，那天上午
我們驅車前往火葬場，天氣晴朗
他的屍體被小心地安放在後座
神情莊重肅穆，像是要舉行一個神聖的儀式
車開得緩慢，路旁的田野在掙扎著長高
一群孩子在遠處比賽似地瘋跑
風吹沙子落到眼裡
我落下窗玻璃，瞧了他一眼
他對此一無所知，尖尖的下巴
像是個嬰兒臉。
最後他的骨灰被裝入
黑漆的木盒
像是小時候照相館黑布蓋住的
上面有他的名字，我讀出來但沒有出聲

(Ye Mei 20)
Ye Mei

Home Burial

3. father’s funeral

everything happened in a snap, on that morning
we drove to the crematorium, a bright day
his body was carefully placed in the backseat
his expression solemn, as if going to a sacred ceremony
the car was slow, fields thriving next to the road
faraway a bunch of kids running around like crazy
sand blown into my eyes by a breeze
I wound down the glass, had a look at him
he knew none of this, his pointy chin
like a baby’s.
in the end his ash was poured
into a black wooden box, covered by a piece of black cloth
like the one I had seen in a photo salon in my childhood,
with his name on, I read it without making a sound.
尹麗川

想起新西蘭

殺人的人的手
像荷花一樣白
荷花的潔白的白
「殺了，手是不能換的」
這是顧城的
顧城是詩人的
他不是男人的
藉口是死人的
兇手的行兇的手
攥緊是荷花
張開是斧頭
斧頭潮紅
掌紋不見

(Huang Lihai and Jiang Tao, Reader’s Choice: Ten Women Poets, 170)
Yin Lichuan

**Remembering New Zealand**

hands of a murderer hands
white as a lotus flower’s white
a lotus flower’s clean white
‘after you kill, you can’t replace your hands’
this belongs to Gu Cheng
Gu Cheng belongs to poets
he doesn’t belong to men
an excuse belongs to the dead
the murderer’s murdering hand
clenching with a lotus flower
loosening with an axe
the axe flushes
palm prints unseen
Selection for Chapter Three: Myth – The Wife’s Tale

林婉瑜

是夜

閉眼，視覺一片漆黑
你不捨絢麗世界違不閉眼
目光中的火炬燃燒成黑，驚嘆號
像電力耗盡的玩具持續前進
可這已是夜，星星月亮懸掛堆車上
如浪搖晃著你催眠，你追逐著的那隻狗也睡眼惺忪
已是夜，沒有遊戲時間沒有卡通
天線寶寶皮卡丘睡眠迷濛
5，4，3，2，對世界說再見！
環繞你的大人電力用盡，閃電麥坤回車庫休息
冰脊龍很累了一步步退回侏羅紀
被你遙控的大人意志迷濛

是夜，梵谷《星夜》漩渦流轉將你催眠
夜晚是虎姑婆、虎克船長、壞心皇后的世界
閉上眼吧，放縱他們撒野與你無關
聽一段貝多芬凍《月光》把《快樂頌》留給明日朝陽
我們都是神祇操縱的玩具，按祂規則日落而息
如潮汐聽從月亮指揮而漲而退，鮭魚聽從誰指揮宿命地巡遊死去
我們是神的孩子，一歲還不是叛逆年紀所以乖乖地
讓睡眠收線把你釣進大海般黝暗，廣闊的夢域
隨便你要在珊瑚礁上蓋那種夢的城堡
簡陋或結構複雜的夢都可以

一個新的太陽，穿過夜的產道誕生後
當新一道光線溫暖海面，我會收線
把你釣進一日之始，沒有虎姑婆和鬼的白晝
你喜愛的一整列玩具兵也醒了
大人們蓄好電力，在你身旁忙碌綾繹
可以在白晝疆土上蓋座城堡
隨便你用積木還是破碎難懂的嬰兒語言作材料
可以在沙地上蓋城堡
用濕泥或各種傻氣的表情作材料
搖搖欲墜但確實可愛

所以現在，此刻，對世界說再見！
這令人疲憊的世界——
小丑與懸線木偶的世界，王爾德與快樂王子的世界
金銀島和海盜的世界，鈴鐺花和蜂鳥的世界
鼓和詩句的世界，曼陀鈴和吉普賽女人的世界
麋鹿和寶藏的世界，露珠和霓的世界
信天翁和朝潮蟹的世界，金幣和眼淚的世界
再見再見，晚安！
一千個晚安！

(Zhang Mo 403–406)
Lin Wanyü

Tonight

eyes closed, an all-black vision
you won’t let go of the colourful world, don’t want to close your eyes
burning flames, question marks, exclamation marks in your eyes
toys haven’t used up their battery, keep going forward
but it’s already nighttime, the moon and the stars hanging on the pram
like waves swinging, puts you to sleep, the dog you’ve just been chasing around is also bleary
already nighttime, no playtime nor animations
sleepy eyed Teletubbies and Pikachu
5, 4, 3, 2, say goodbye to the world!
big fellows around you have used up their battery, Lightning McQueen returns to his garage and rests
tired cold crested dinosaur, step by step retreats to Jurassic
big fellows remotely controlled by you lose their mind

tonight, the vortex in Van Gogh’s Starry Night will put you to sleep
the night belongs to the world of Grandma Tigress, Captain Hook, and the evil queen
so close your eyes, set them free, and it has nothing to do with you
listen to a tender passage from Beethoven’s Moonlight, leave the Ode to Joy to tomorrow’s morning sun
we are all but gods’ children, so let them follow the rules, sleep when the sun is down
like tides rising and falling, conducted by the moon. salmons return and die, fate under whose command?
we are gods’ children, one year old is barely the age for rebellions, so be good
let sleep cast you into the vast dreamscape, wine dark
let you build a dream-like castle on the coral reef
be it a shabby or complicated one

a new sun, through the night’s birth canal is born
when the first streak of light warms the sea surface, I’ll reel you into daybreak, no Grandma Tigress nor ghosts in daylight
your favourite row of toy soldiers are also awake
big fellows fully charged, busying around you
let you build a castle on the land of the day
be it with wooden blocks or intelligible fragments of baby talk
let you build a castle in sands
be it with wet dirt or stupid facial expressions
ramshackle but cute indeed
so now, at this moment, say goodbye to the world!
this tiresome world —
the world of clowns and muppets, of Wilde and ‘The Happy Prince’
the world of Treasure Island and pirates, of merry-bells and humming birds
the world of drums and poems, of mandolins and gypsy girls
the world of moose and hidden treasures, of dew and rainbows
the world of albatrosses and fiddler crabs, of gold coins and teardrops
goodbye goodbye, good night!
a thousand good nights!
潘郁琦

橋畔 我猶在等你

當橋邊冷落
守著一個幾番風雨的諾言
將長髮盤起
那一瞬的眼神已镌刻如碑

曾經找不著影子
朝曦也在夕陽的錯愕裡
總縮
明日的言語
卻是昨日燃盡的一截青燭

你在霹靂中
化解了眾神的哀號
滂沱裡
扶我佇立於蓮池

如一株初悟初淨的新枝
田田地風波初定
切割過的顱容
有了名字

來到橋邊
我疾疾翻閱來世的名簿
今生不過是個起點
篇章猶未寫定
你如何因而老去
我在橋畔
以指端滲出的血
塗改著「奈何」二字
來生
你依約持蓮而來
我猶在橋畔
水中如波火中如塵地等你
等你

(Zhang Mo 231–233)
Pan Yüqi

By the Bridge, I’m still Waiting for You

cold and lonely by the bridge
a promise I’ve been keeping endures wind and rain
I wear my long hair in a bun
my eyes, at that moment, sharp as carving knives on the tablet

once I couldn’t find my shadow
a morning sun is also in the astonishing sunset
shivering
tomorrow’s words
but a burned-out candlestick of yesterday

you in thunderbolts
ease the wailing gods
you in pouring rain
help me up in the lotus pond

like a new sprout awakened and sanctified
through thick leaves, the wind settles the waves
faces carved by the wind
finally have names

come to the bridge
I quickly leaf through next life’s roll book
this life is but a starting point
passages yet to be written
how come you’ve become so old?
I stand by the bridge
with blood oozing from my finger tips
I amend the word ‘nonetheless’
in the next life
as promised, you’ll come with lotus in your hand
me, still by the bridge
in water in waves of fire like ashes waiting for you
waiting for you
翟永明

第捌天

壹

第捌天
我們創造了生物神話
第捌天
科學家取代了上帝

吃著轉基因食品
看著轉基因藝術
寫著轉基因文字
我們　活在一間巨大的實驗室
不見木　不見森林
不見泰山　也不見地球
只見一張基因排序圖
顯現出新物種

牠們（他們）是羊？是蟲？
是植物？是菌類？
是多利？瑪麗？張三李四？
我們必須學會與他們稱兄道弟！
他們有沒有四肢？有沒有性器具？
這些事情　只有科學家知道
他們有沒有心？意識？潛意識？
這些事情　連科學家都不知道
我們必須學會與他們稱兄道弟！

轉還是不轉？這些基因
再次成為一個問題？
活在生命多性繁殖年代
莎士比亞可以慶幸：
他只考慮生存還是死亡！
生在貳拾壹世紀
轉基因提出了別樣問題：

當兩隻蝴蝶想變成飛舞
他們是可能的
當一隻蝴蝶思考牠是否周圍本人
也成為可能 (Zhai Yongming 99–100)
Zhai Yongming

The Eighth Day

1

on the eighth day
we created the myth of biology
on the eighth day
scientists replaced God

munching genetically modified food
looking at genetically modified artworks
writing genetically modified words
we live in an enormous lab
not seeing the tree or the forest
not seeing Mount Tai or the earth
but a DNA sequence
showing a new species

are those (they) sheep or insects?
plants or fungus?
Dolly? Mary? Tom, Dick or Harry?
we gotta learn to call each other brothers!
so they have limbs? have they got genitals?
only the scientists know these things
do they have hearts, consciousness, subconsciousness?
even the scientists don’t know these things
we gotta learn to call each other brothers!

to modify or not to modify? do these genes
form a question again?
living in the age of bisexual reproduction
Shakespeare should have rejoiced that
he only needs to think about to be or not to be!
living in the twenty-first century
genetic engineering proposes a different question:

when two butterflies want to be Liang Shanbo and Zhu Yingtaï
which they can
when one butterfly tries to figure out whether it’s Zhuangzi
which it is possible
鐘玲

長城謠

你這條巨蟒
曾一度以雄性的擁抱
纏纏了中國二十多個世紀

起伏的漠野上
唯獨你
守住了一百代人的安全
守住了一百代人的心悸
　殺聲沖破塞門
　烽火燃黑長天
　胡馬背上婦女嚎啕
　她男人的頭顱
　懸在胡兒的鞍旁滴血
　春闈夢裡的溫柔
　化不開戍人的寂寞
　化不開役夫的憔悴

她的黑髮與北風糾纏
她的眸子在飛舞的砂礫間
搜索每一個枯枝般的役夫
　每一個枯枝般的役夫
一直到絕望砲般砸在她臉上
於是她朝你跪下
哭訴三天三夜
直到鮮血自她眼中
野花般湧現
大悲大慘的長城啊
你顯靈了
自崩在她眼前
還她夫君的屍骨
向世人揭發暴君的罪行

而今二十世紀裡去了勢的長城
你仍要憂心忡忡地
戍守北方騰騰殺氣
這次你顯靈的意義為何——
那鈎鼻的白人頭目
一隻北美飛來的鷹
立在城堞上
在報章的頭條新聞裡
向我咧嘴微笑？

——一九七二年歲暮美總統尼克森訪長城有感，脫稿於紐約州愛白尼城

(Zhang Mo 156–158)
Zhong Ling

The Great Wall Ballad

you the python
in a masculine way have wound tightly
around China for twenty centuries

in the desert rises and falls
only you
have guarded people’s safety for a hundred generations
have eased people’s fear for a hundred generations
  a bloodcurdling cry pierced through fortress gates
  beacon smoke blackened the sky
  a woman wailing on a barbarian’s horse
  from where her husband’s head dangling
  blood dripping by the barbarian’s saddle
  the affection she had dreamed of in her boudoir
  couldn’t resolve the loneliness of soldiers
  couldn’t resolve the withering of labourers

her dark hair tangling in the north wind
her eyes through fluttering sands
cast upon every brach-like man
  every branch-like labourer
until desperation piled up like bricks on her face
so she kneeled down before you
sobbed for three days and nights
until blood sprung up like wild flowers
from her eyes
ah the benevolent Great Wall
you answered
fell down in front of her
returned her husband’s body
revealed the emperor’s crime to the world

and now in decline in the twentieth century, the Great Wall
you’re still anxious
watching the deathly air of the north
what’s the meaning of your coming alive this time?
— a white leader with a hooked nose
an eagle from north America
perches on the podium
in a newspaper headline, grinning
at me?

Note: Written in Albany, State of New York, on President Nixon visiting the Great Wall of China by the end of 1972.
Selection for Chapter Four: Monologue – Dialogue

顏艾琳

妻母

以你，更強大的愛
把我囚禁起來
否則我會太自由，
太狂野，像
一隻母暴龍。
不愛你的溫柔、
破壞你給我的巢穴

在你的世界，我將統馭你
在我們的世界，我是君主。
強大的母性自私自利
有名字的　都是我的孩子；
老的少的強的弱的病的殘的美的醜的
一切皈依在我眼裡——
無限慈愛的凶光　和
巨大如穹蒼的乳房。

你說　你有力量解脫我，
以倫理的愛馴我為妻子。
但不僅如此
我還是你亦君亦母的守護者，
在你生命的牢裡。

你已經太晚壯大，
而我早鬆開了道德之鐪銪，
壞成龐然巨獸，
索性
躺平為　生死的土地，
完全包容你、
並放肆地
生殖眾生。

(Zhang Mo 355–357)
Yan Ailin

Wife, Mother

with your much stronger love
imprison me
otherwise I’ll be too free,
too wild, like
a female rex
don’t love your tenderness,
destroy the nest you gave me

in your world, I’ll govern you
in our world, I’m the emperor
powerful maternity is egoistic and selfish
all that has a name is my child,
the old, the young, the weak, the sick, the disabled, the beautiful and the ugly
all brought to my eyes —
the wicked light of limitless affection and
breasts as enormous as the sky

you said you have the strength to get away from me,
with ethical love, tame me, make me your wife
but not only that
I’ll be your guardian, as a queen and a mother
in the prison of your life

it’s too late for you to thrive
and I’ve already unbound the moral shackle
vicious as a giant monster
simply
lie down stretch into a piece of land of life and death
fully embrace you
and licentiously
reproduce all beings
曹疏影

霧中詩
——給黃靜

舉起手臂，還是在霧中
彎腰摸石，也一樣
從地縫中遁去，霧也一路追來
你吃一個我，我吃一個自己

宇宙吃青梅
隨口啐核，
都是我們的白晝

在霧中扔石頭砸這霧
不砸
世界不開花

(Cao 38)
Cao Shuying

Poetry in the Mist
for Huang Jing

reaching up, you’re still in the mist
bending down to touch the stones, still in it
fleeing through an earth-crack, mist trails all your way
you had a me, I had myself

the universe is having green plums
cores casually spat out
are our bright days

in the mist throwing stones and breaking mist
if you don’t break it
the world won’t blossom
曹疏影

再相見
——給我們的塞林格

JD，你一定在很多地方見過
這樣的一個下午，這樣的海面
魚和星空都隱身，世界是藍皮膚的
冬霧也散開，遠山上有無盡的樹冠
預備著又一個完美的夜
你一定經歷過很多這樣完美的夜晚
如同經歷過同樣多的不完美的事物
霍金說一團粒子也會拆散，偶爾哪一粒
掙出黑洞，散逸在星空裡
我們都坐著大塊的碎玉飛行
它們像是從各種碧綠的海面撈出來的
香蕉魚是海藻互相滑過時的光隙
JD，這樣的一個有皮膚的世界
六十年了，你也一定知道
已經離我們越來越遠，沒有誰
肯用放大鏡去看滑冰鞋飛起的冰屑
那些玉碎的邊沿，互相流轉的光
水，消沉殆盡、又總能
在新臉龐閃淡而出的柔情
我們還在這樣堅持一個
早已不太一樣的世界
我們單性繁殖，多少遍殺出幻想
又殺入，用相繼崛起的細胞陣法
繼續生存。野鴨子留在它們
自己的好公園裡，泥灘上能留下
丫字腳印，微生物都貌似良善。
就把這個惡菌的世界留給我們吧 JD
帶著我剛剛向你描述的下午離開
我只照一幀下午的照片給自己
繼續和這沒皮膚的世界螺旋相奔
嬰兒宇宙裡，JD，讓我們的粒子再相見

(Cao 30)
Cao Shuying

Let’s Meet Again

— for our Salinger

JD, you must have seen at many places
an afternoon like this, the sea
the fish and the starry sky are hidden, the world’s skin is blue
winter mist dispersing, countless tree crowns on distant mountains
getting ready for another perfect night
you must have had many perfect nights like this
also have experienced as many imperfect things
Hawking said even a bundle of particles will break up, occasionally one
breaks out of the black hole, dissipates in the starry sky
all of us are sitting on huge chunks of broken jade
probably dug out from under the green surface of the sea
bananafish are streaks of light shown when seaweeds brush against each other
JD, this world which had skin,
for sixty years, you must have known,
become further and further away from us, no one
is willing to use a magnifying glass to observe ice flakes shredded by skating shoes
on the edges of those broken jade pieces, light mingling
water, exhausted and dead, yet can always
shine the light of tenderness on new faces
we are still hanging on to
a world which is already not the same
we are parthenogenetic, for many times we’ve blazed out of fantasy,
then blazed back in, with matrixes of cells building up one after another
we continue to live. wild ducks stay in their
own good park, their Y-shaped footprints can be left
on the muddy land, and microbes all seem to be friendly.
leave this world of bad bacteria to us then, JD
take the afternoon I just described with you and go away
I’ll only take a photo of that afternoon for myself
I’ll continue to run with this skinned world in spirals
in the infant’s universe, JD, let our particles meet again.
曹疏影

公海來信

（親愛的，這是公海
我趴在灰藍色的甲板上
風吹過深陷的窪
“誰都不屬於”，我想
我摸自己的顱骨，摸到兩塊懸崖

賣弄的民俗剛剛開始
我發現那些旅遊拍照的人
是那麼可惡，在沙灘上，純潔的
晶體鹽上。想到島上的三千種植物
絕不雷同的葉腺，我就戰慄
就更恨那些不知好的人
好像我從前不曾恨過他們

但我也不屬於和他們相反的人
我遊蕩在公海，我不是誰的
那保存過我的一切的人
又改了主意——我發現寄居蟹
朝生晚死，白貝殼用一輩子
愛惜自己的珍珠，我又能愛惜什麼
美酒一夜打翻，半滴，不留

這是公海，一個毫無規則的世界
陽光四處照著，衝刷過殘油的甲板
偶爾閃出小巧的彩虹，我趴在一處
安靜的灰藍色中，突然決定死心
記憶中的家，不過砌在磚頭縫裡
冬天一到，那樓就抖成根白骨。
事實上一年以前，我就開始頻頻夢見大海
那時，我還屬於那種相反的人，抗著不順從
抗著所有對峙的夢想

現在，讓她和他抗去吧
我到了公海，一個沒有規則的
世界，誰都不是誰，誰都懶得
成為自己，一海的嘩嘩——
浪花上一片寂靜）
親愛的，我就是那個保存過你的人
現在，在磚頭縫裡給你寫詩
未曾見過你信上的一切

(Cao 170)
Cao Shuying

A Letter from International Waters

(Love, I’m on international waters
lying on the pale blue deck
breeze touching the back of my bent knee
thinking, ‘I belong to no one’
touching my cheekbones, two hanging cliffs

A showing-off of local traditions just started
I realise I despise those photo-taking
tourists, on the beach, on those pure
salt crystals. It sends shivers down my spine when I think of the distinct
venation pattern of each of the three thousand plants on the island
it makes me detest those ungrateful people more
as if I have never loathed them before

Yet I’m not one of their opposites
drifting on international waters, I belong to none
those who have had my everything
changed their mind — I discover that hermit crabs
are born at sunrise and die at sunset, white pearl oysters
spend their whole lives looking after their pearls, what can I care about?
A bottle of fine wine spilt over night, not a single drop left

On international waters, a world without rules
sun glares everywhere, washes over the old paint on the deck
now and then a tiny rainbow shines, I’m lying in
a quiet pale blue, decide that I’ll give up
the home I remembered, built in a brick crevice anyway
when winter comes, that house will shake into a bone.
In fact one year ago, I had frequently been having sea dreams
at that time I was still one of the opposition, dissident,
fighting against all confronting dreams

Now, let she and him fight
I’m on international waters, a world
without rules, everyone is no one, everyone can’t be bothered
becoming his/herself, the whole sea is ringing —
all quiet above the waves)
Love, I’m the one who has had you
now writing you poems in the gaps between bricks
having not seen anything described in your letter
陳育虹

我告訴過你

我告訴過你我的額頭我的髮想你
因為雲在天上相互梳理我的頸我的耳垂想你
因為懸橋巷草橋弄的閒愁因為巴赫無伴奏靜靜滑進外城河
我的眼睛流浪的眼睛想你因為梧桐上的麻雀都飄落因為風的碎玻璃

因為日子與日子的牆我告訴你我渴睡的毛細孔想你
我的肋骨想你我月暈的雙臂變成紫藤開滿唐朝的花也在想你
我一定告訴過你我的唇因為一杯燙嘴的咖啡我的指尖因為走馬燈的
夜的困惑因為鋪著青羊絨的天空的捨不得

(Zhang Mo 221)
Chen Yūhong

I’ve Told You

I’ve told you my forehead my hair miss you because clouds in the sky brushing through one another my neck my earlobes miss you because of the ennui of hanging bridge, alley grass and the bridge lane because of Bach’s ‘Cello Suites’ softly gliding onto the moat my eyes my drifting eyes miss you because all the sparrows on phoenix trees fall off because of broken glasses in the wind

because of the day to day wall I’ve told you my sleepy pores miss you my ribs miss you my arms like lunar halo turning into wisteria in full blossom from the Tang dynasty also miss you I must have told you my lips because of a cup of hot coffee my fingertips because of the revolving lantern’s confusion about the night because the blue wooly sky is loath to part
范雪

妹妹，今天你出嫁

有一個看似冬天的夏天，
我們穿過公園要去長街。
公園的長椅上躺著眾眾之一的老頭，
他流出些臭氣。

我看著被西式植物與剪裁打理的環境，
幻想相稱的應該是一個哈代；
很有尊嚴，
穿著高級呢子大衣。

我們晃進 FRANCFRANC
設想 50 新幣一隻的高腳杯象徵未來日子。
它紙般輕薄，和質地確實優秀的沙發
規格隨便一夢的夢想。

然後，在 YAMADAYA
有一種色彩的彩色婚紗重磅襲來，
我們刷了卡，輕盈地把它買下來。
終於，今天可以穿上。

穿著這樣的婚紗，
邁過二線城市塑料裝修的酒店，
表演各種遊戲和感恩的心，
望著各桌陌生的中老年。

口音在天上飛，伴著
宋祖英在喇吧裡唱今天是個好日子，
什麼時刻，色情意味的遊戲把雞蛋碎了，
蛋黃流在婚紗胸口，像在説，過日子吧。

我焦慮地感到尷尬，
雖然有親戚一直說教眾眾路線
（親戚是我們身邊最有戰鬥性的群眾），
但妹妹，你要生氣，是太應該了。
但妹妹，你就是轉個身進酒店倉庫，在破爛紙殼間
脫了 YAMADAYA，換上紅色合身的短旗袍，
舉杯啤酒一陣應酬，妥恰地
似是群眾中的一顆大寶石。

(Zhou Zan and Zhai Yongming 183–184)
Fan Xüé

Sister, You’re Getting Married Today

on a summer day that felt like a winter day
we crossed the park on our way to the long street
one of the nameless mass, an old man lay on a bench
leaking out some stinky air

looking at our surroundings arranged in the western way by western plants
I imagined only a Hardy would fit in
very noble
in a high-quality tweed coat

we strolled into FRANCFRANC
assuming that goblet costing SGD50 each was a symbol of the future
it was as light as a piece of paper, and that couch indeed was superb in quality
could fit in any random dream

later at YAMADAYA
under the heavy strike of tons of colours on that colourful wedding dress
we swiped our bankcards, bought it light-heartedly
finally, you can wear it today

wearing a wedding dress like that
stepping through plasticky hotels in a second-class city
playing different kinds of games and ‘a thankful heart’
looking at middle-aged people and old people at every table

dialects hovering above, mixed with Song Zuying’s
‘today is a good day’ blasting out from the speakers
who knows when, during that dirty game someone broke the egg
the yoke drifted onto the front of your dress, as if saying, live your life

I’m anxious and embarrassed
although some relatives are preaching you their collective wisdom
(relatives are the most combative people around us)
but sister, you should be angry, indeed
but sister, you simply turn around and walk into the hotel’s storage, take off the YAMADAYA among waste cardboard boxes, and change into a fitting red *qipao* socialising with a glass of beer in hand, rightly like a huge jewel among the mass
林泠

不繫之舟

沒有什麼使我停留
——除了目的
縱然岸旁有玫瑰，有緣蔭，有寧靜的港灣
我是不繫之舟

也許有一天
太過的遨遊使我疲倦
在一個五月燃著火焰的黃昏
我醒了

海也醒了
人間與我又重新有了關聯
我將悄悄自無涯返回有涯，然後
再悄悄離去

啊，也許有一天——
意志是我，不繫之舟是我
縱然沒有智慧
沒有繩索和帆桅

(Zhang Mo 78–79)
Lin Ling

The Unmoored Boat

nothing makes me stay
— except my ends
even though there are roses, green shades, and peaceful harbours hugging the shore
I’m the unmoored boat

perhaps one day
space travel will tire me
at one glowing dusk in May
I’m awake

    the sea is awake too
the human world and I reconnect
I’ll quietly return from infinity to finitude, and then
quietly be gone again

ah, perhaps one day —
the will becomes me, the unmoored boat becomes me
even though without wisdom
without ropes and masts
馬雁

櫻桃

我聽著痛苦的聲音，
從那一刻我緩慢病變。
那是沉鬱的哀求，
不帶抱怨，也沒有
幻想。痛苦就是直接。

而痛苦是沒有力量進入，
是軟弱，不敢頑固並沉默。
我不敢把手探入它的核心，
不敢挖出血淋淋的鬼。
眼望著謊言的清潔。

當時我哀哀地哭泣，
轉過臉，以缺席
擔演無知，人人如此。
這一切就在面前：
痛苦，或者空無。

今天，我吃一顆櫻桃，
想起一個女人在我面前，
緩慢，忍耐爾後大聲喘息，
她曾經，作為母親，
放一顆糖櫻桃在我嘴裡。

我緩慢吞食這蜜似的
嫣紅屍體。是如此的紅，
像那針管中流動的血，
又如她臉頰上消失的
欲望——這迷人之食。

（Ma Yan 26–27）
Ma Yan

Cherries

I heard the sound of pain,
since then I’ve endured a slow pathological change.
a gloomy pleading,
without any complaint, nor
fantasy. the pain is direct.

but pain is one without the power to enter,
is weak, it dares not be persistent, and it’s silent.
I dare not stretch out my hand to feel its core,
dare not dig out the ghost covered in blood.
I stare at the cleanness of a lie.

I cried mournfully then,
turned my face away, with my absence
I could be innocent, like everyone else.
but everything was in front of my eyes:
pain, or nothingness.

today, I ate a cherry,
remembered a woman who slowly
gasped and breathed heavily in front of me
a mother once, she put
a canned cherry in my mouth.

I slowly swallowed this honey-like
bright red body. so red,
like the running blood inside a syringe,
like the desire that vanished from
her face — this food of enchantment.
瓊虹

記得

2

關切是問
而有時
關切是
不問
倘或一無消息
如沉船後靜靜的
海面，其實也是
靜靜的記得

(Zhang Mo 101–102)
Qiong Hong

Reminiscing

2

cconcerns make one ask
yet sometimes
concerns make one remain
silent
if there’s no news
calm as the sea surface
after a shipwreck, in fact it’s just
quietly reminiscing
伊蕾

被圍困者

4. 我不明白我自己

你要把我畫成甚麼顏色？
黃皮膚嗎？不，絕不
你不知道我的氣息的顏色
我的感情的顏色你也不清楚
還有我的觀念
我的幻覺
我的罪惡的心理
你都看不見
你看不見我的顏色
我也看不見我的顏色
我希望我是綠色
像鬼的顏色
而鬼果真是綠色的嗎？
我希望我是白色
像天使的顏色
而天使果真是白色的嗎？
無論恐懼的和崇拜的我都不太了解
我為什麼要恐懼和崇拜呢？
我真不明白我自己
我永遠也不會完全了解自己
我無邊無沿

(Cui Weiping 117–118)
Yi Lei

The Besieged

4. I don’t understand myself

what colour will you paint me with?
yellow? no, never
you don’t know the colour of my breath
the colour of my emotion you also have no clue about
and my idea
my hallucination
my sinful mind
you don’t see any of these
you don’t see my colour
I also don’t see my colour
I hope I’m green
like the colour of a ghost
but are ghosts really green?
I hope I’m white
like the colour of an angel
but are angels really white?
no matter whether it’s fear or awe I don’t quite understand
why I have to fear or awe?
I don’t really understand myself
I will never fully understand myself
    I have no line nor edge
Selection for Chapter Five: Poets – Poetics

曹疏影

辯詩後作

反駁這一汪水淺
山有天埋住
我吃一顆橘子
酸這光年一下

(Cao 31)
Cao Shuying

After a Poetry Debate

refute these shallow waters
the mountain has the sky for cover
I eat a mandarin
soured this light year
更多的是沉黑

更多的是沉黑。
雁群中秘密的磁针。

有多少笑容浮現在人群中
彷彿枝葉的喧響
……陽光　　棲鳥
生活的歡樂。

沉黑是非道德的。
沉黙中有一隻最大的耳朵。

沉黙只能聼見沉黙那
深夜裡沉重的喘息——

(Huang Lihai, A Rhapsodic Journey, 32)
Lan Lan

Silence, Mostly

silence, mostly
the secret magnetic needle in a flock of geese

so many smiling faces appearing in the crowd
like rustling leaves
…sunshine and birds perching
the joy of life

silence is immoral
in silence there is the biggest ear

silence can only hear the heavy breathing
of silence in late night –
林婉瑜

說話術

巴布亞人的語言很貧乏，每個部族有自己的語言，但它們的語彙不斷地消滅，因為只要有人死去，他們便減少幾個詞作為守喪的標記。——地理學家巴諾（Baron）

我喚我的父親。這是第一次
人的史記有人（不再是獸）的聲音——
舌在口中翻騰，柔軟，抵住上顎，而後
發音；聲在口中纏繞，迂迴，吐出（舌戲蓮葉）

命名陌生事物為光
便有了光，命名玫瑰，有美好的氣味
命名是風（不成為水）它吹拂，不流動
命名為人，從此不聽
動物的語言（舌如何學會，離開獸的語言？）

靈性的神祇說：話語不敷使用，必須不斷擴充
譬如：言語是水銀，意義是水，意義在
空隙處蜿蜒流動。或者：
文明是天，文字是鳥，鳥展翅
遮蔽或點綴天空。

夜晚（的裡面的最裡面）
我喚我的父親，他不說不聽
不語（夢中語言，無法得到翻譯）寂靜彷彿
詩的留白，或沉默
為了保守靈魂而摺疊好的安靜
護衛在口中，人的身形
才不顯貧窮

(Zhang Mo 397–398)
Lin Wanyü

The Art of Speaking

The language of the Papuan people is flat. Although every tribe has its own dialect, the words continue to disappear, for the reason that as long as someone passes away, their people will take away a few words in order to commemorate.

— Baron, geographer.

I called out to my father. This was the first record of a human (instead of an animal) voice —
my tongue rolling in my mouth, soft, up against my palate, then uttered, a sound twining in my mouth, zigzagging, spat out (a tongue fondling lotus leaves)
named that strange thing light
and there was light, named those roses, and there was that beautiful smell
named that wind (not with water), it blew instead of flew
named those human beings, from then on they didn’t answer
the animal call (how did the tongue learn, to abandon the language of beasts?)

the spiritual god said: not enough utterances, you must continue to expand such as: language is mercury, meaning is water, meaning turns and flows into gaps. or:
civilisation is the sky, words are birds, birds open their wings obstructing or adorning the sky

at the further (the furthest) corner of night
I called out to my father, he wouldn’t answer, wouldn’t listen
wouldn’t say (the language in dreams could not be translated) silence like blanks in poems, or wordless quietness well folded in order to keep one’s soul protected in one’s mouth, so that the human shape wouldn’t seem to be flat
羅任玲

鼠

我是風
是影子裡流浪的一把刀
首尾尖利
是雲朵間顫盪的字眼
終日尋索污濁的眼神愉悅的光

我是鏡面
小心踩著臨鏡時觸及的
一小撮命運
是飛行
飛行背後的一個死結

是相片裡忍耐的火
是發黃口袋裡的一畝水田
是雨
刻意隱藏的芬芳
彎曲之小河

是一再跳躍的影像
是無處不在的
旅人的皮箱
是童年穿過腳印的位置
是雪花
一再燃燒
是跟著新年歡喜流淚奔跑
你不得不畏懼的
一朵凝結之
詩

(Zhang Mo 329–330)
Luo Renling

Rats

I’m the wind
a knife straying through shadows
sharp at head and tail
dangling words among clouds
all day looking for the light of pleasure in filthy eyes

I’m the mirror surface
I step carefully on the tiny piece of fate
when facing the mirror
I’m the flight and
that dead knot left behind

I’m the enduring flames in photos
an acre of rice field in a yellowing bag
the winding fragrant rivulet
concealed by
the rain

I’m the flickering images
a traveler’s suitcase which seems to be everywhere
that footprint where one’s childhood goes past
I’m the snow flakes that
burn and burn again
which laughs and cries runs after new years
which you have to be awed
an intensified floret of poetry
馬雁

再沒有比美更動人……

再沒有比美動人，再沒有比聲音更使我能聽到，再沒有一個人在海邊來回地走，來回地走。只有一次海邊，再沒有第二次，只有一個人的海，只有一次曾經可能，那意味著水的抵達將超過時間所能賦予壓制欲望的力量。我曾反覆撥弄這些互相關似的詞語，它們之間和你一樣都只是玩弄一種碎玻璃的手工藝。對於這些同樣的材料，鋒利與否又有什麼意義？但每到應當睡覺的時刻，事情就能具體起來。

(Ma Yan 111)
Ma Yan

Nothing is More Moving than…

nothing is more moving than beauty, nothing
can make me listen more than the sound, no one
will be strolling by the sea back and forth,
back and forth. the seaside that only happens
once, not twice, the sea that only has
one person, only happened
once, and it means the arrival of water
will surpass the oppressor’s power
made possible by time. I’ve fiddled
with these synonyms again and
again, among them it’s the same
craft of yours with broken
glass. for these similar
components, does it mean anything
to be sharp or not? but whenever it’s time
for bed, things will become more concrete.
鄉夜

一首詩有多重

這些活下去的
就在比事物本身更美好
這些動詞
付出露出破綻的代價 努力
抵達
像風中的花朵
努力鎮定
讓蜜蜂安穩
讓生活的嘴脣重新甜蜜起來
——一首詩有多重？

而我 隨便是什麼吧
或是他們眼裡的沙

(Huang Lihai, *A Rhapsodic Journey*, 124)
Na Ye

How Heavy is a Poem?

these survived, for the reason that
they’re better than things themselves
these verbs, pay the price for
showing their flaws    strive
to reach their destinations
like flowers in the wind
try hard to be calm
so that the bees can stand still
so that the lips of life will become sweet again
– how heavy is a poem?

and me    just be whatever
perhaps sands in their eyes
葉美

週年

夜半被寧靜的憂傷吵醒
我被迫尋找一種表達
深不見底的黑夜一下子掉進了瞳孔
當我寫，像是在湍急中游泳
努力追尋逝去的事物
那些水在白瓷的高溫暖氣片裡沸騰
像石頭或篝火一樣躺在我身上
但詞語喚不回它們，不能理解，葉不能照透
當我寫，無人能夠重生
當我把河流帶回詞語，也無人能重生

(Ye Mei 64)
Ye Mei

Anniversary

awoken by the quiet sound of sadness
I’m compelled to look for an expression
the bottomless night drops into my pupils
when I write, as if swimming in rapids
striving to find things lost.
that water bubbling inside the white porcelain heater
lying on my body like stones or bonfires
but words can’t call them back, can’t understand, won’t shine through leaves
when I write, no one will come back to life
when I return the river to words, no one will return with life
隱匿

寫詩者的功課

要痛痛快快的
放棄大多數的讀者

要非常謙虛
在每一首詩的面前
像個不識字的人

要非常狂妄
知道這首詩不屬於我
但別人也寫不出來

要非常的輕鬆
因為寫詩就像放屁
寫詩是不得不寫詩

要非常的嚴肅
除了一條爛命
詩不要求其他的

不管寫了多少年
只要發現還有一件事
比寫詩更有意思

立刻放棄寫詩

(Zhang Mo 362–363)
Yin Ni

Tasks for Someone who Writes Poetry

must give up
the majority of your readers straight away

must be very modest
in front of every poem
like an illiterate

must be very arrogant
knowing that this poem doesn’t belong to me
but can’t be written by others either

must be very relaxed
because writing a poem is like farting
writing a poem is because you have to

must be very serious
except your worthless life
poetry asks for nothing

no matter how many years you’ve been writing
as long as you find one thing that is more
interesting than writing poems
give up immediately
Section Two: Selected Poems of Contemporary Australian Women Poets in Chinese Translation
Selection for Chapter One: Domesticity – Worldliness

Ivy Alvarez

En Las Montañas

echoes in the caves whistle clean through
some gypsy song splits the night in two
reaches the town
its multiple ears pricked at the notes

houses above   necropolis below
skulls known by centipedes
bodies fleshy as a man’s thumb

cave walls   softened
by the daily brush
of skin-covered bones

potsherds
dark ochre crumbling into dirt
who are the visitors here
transgressing between two spheres

rain rivulets fall down
like hair around a mouth
swallowing sounds

a finger moves from above to below
the low earth groans a song
dogs bark out to shadowed gods

(Aitken, Boey, and Cahill 41)
艾薇・埃維瑞斯

在山上

山洞裡的回聲如口哨聲掃過
一些吉普賽之歌將夜一分為二
抵達小鎮
鎮中那麼多的耳朵戳著音符

上為房子 下為墓地
骷髏頭被千足蟲熟知
蟲身肉乎乎如人的拇指

洞壁 被皮膚包裹的
骨頭每日摩擦
變軟

古陶片
深藍的赭石粉碎成塵
誰是這裡的訪客
在兩界間來回侵越

雨的細流落下
如髮在口
咽下所有聲響

一根手指從上到下
低低呻吟一首歌
狗朝陰影中的神吠叫
Lisa Bellear

A Suitcase Full of Mould

Imagine alienation
Imagine a bonding process of
23 years of lies,
Of 23 years of guilt
Of being estranged
Of trying to let go…
Of wanting to but…

Imagine being 12
Of being home and sick
And have someone who you trust
Or someone who you think you trust…
Imagine not being able to tell,
Of wanting to
But you have no one to tell

Hey where are all the social workers,
When you need them,
Or when you think you do.

Imagine being 13,
Coming home from boarding school
To care for a person
Called mum who has gone once collapsed
Too much booze,
Too much mental torture
Too much, too much, too much

Try being 14 and look out
Your lounge room window,
It’s dark now but someone who you love,
Or someone who you think you love
Is gardening
Imagining gardening at 9 pm
What is her fascination
With the gladiolies, the daffodils,
Those beautiful blue, pink and purple petunias
Oh that’s right there’s beer cans
Strategically placed in different
Sections of our beautiful beautifully
Manicured flower beds.

They say flowers grow for beauty
No, not for me
Flowers grow to hide
The inability to cope
Too much, too much, too much

Forget forget forget
As much as I try
I cannot, there must be
Some reason, some reason
Why so many, so many
Kooris Noongahs, Murries, Nungas,
Go through
The nightmare

Why, why, why
I don’t know why
All I know is here I am at 23, 24 at
26, 36 and 46
If I live that long
I’m wondering, searching, questioning
I don’t know why
Should it matter, I’m one
Of the lucky ones

A suitcase full of mould
Contains those few precious memories
Of my years, without my people
The photos
The children’s books
A painting of a lighthouse I drew at 12

Short sharp memories
A collection of
My life which,
If I could have a child
If I wanted to, I would
Give to them

*Hey tell us about*
*Your life growing up...*

A suitcase full of mould
Is my childhood
A suitcase full of mould
A suitcase full of mould.

(Bellear 73)
麗莎·貝萊

一個長滿霉的衣箱

想象異化
想象一段團結進程
23年的謊言
23年的負罪
被疏遠
嘗試放棄
渴望但是……

想像自己12歲
生病在家
有一個你信任的人
或一個你以為可以信任的人……
想像你無法訴說
或想訴說
卻沒有可訴說之人

嘿，那些社工在哪裡，
當你需要他們時，
或你覺得你需要他們時？

想像自己13歲
從寄宿學校回家
為了照顧一個
你叫她媽媽，突然倒地的人
太多的酒
太多的心理折磨
太多、太多、太多

試想自己14歲
從客廳的窗戶看出去
天黑了，一個你愛的人
或一個你以為自己愛的人
在花園中幹活
想像9點在花園中幹活
她為之這麼著迷的
劍蘭、水仙、
那些美麗的藍的、粉的、紫的矮牽牛花
哦對哦，在我們那被美美地修剪得
美麗的花園裡
不同的地方
小心翼翼地放著啤酒罐

人說好花為人開
但不，不是為我
花開是為了掩飾
對現實的無能為力
太多、太多、太多

忘了、忘了、忘了
我試了又試
但我不能，一定有
什麼原因，什麼原因
為什麼那麼多，那麼多的
庫瑞人努加人馬瑞人努幹人
都要經歷
這場惡夢

為什麼，為什麼，為什麼
我不知道為什麼
我只知道如今我到了23、24歲
26、36和46歲的年紀
如果我能活到那麼老
我想啊想，找啊找，問啊問
我也不知道為什麼
那重要嗎？我屬於
運氣好的那類人

一個長滿霉的衣箱
裝著那少有的我的
幾段珍貴回憶，沒有我的族人
那些照片
那些童書
一張我12歲時畫的燈塔的畫

短的刺人的回憶
如果我有孩子
如果我想，我會
交給他們
我的生命的
收藏

嘿，給我們講講
你是怎樣長大的⋯⋯

一個長滿霉的衣箱
就是我的童年
一個長滿霉的衣箱
一個長滿霉的衣箱
Lucy Dougan

On the Circumvesuviana

Did you, too, own the city
on hot nights?
If I could follow your little body
back through the streets…
I stand lamely outside
the derelition of your boyhood home,
testing my scant record
of sure things I know:
you arrived in Australia
with a notebook
bearing the legend temi
but you never filled it,
you kept crickets for pets
and your mother sent you to school
with bread, saying
make a beautiful “C”.
Oh my father
this letter we indelibly share
your voice spectral on the phone
hon-ney I gotta the cance
and even more ghostly
I glimpse where I’m from
or what I could have been
the pinched faced girl
with the accordion
begging on the Circumvesuviana
who we shoo away blithely
touristically
to keep at bay
this damned theatricality
of selves — this constant circus
of being wedded
to a place, a story
as worn out and
full of grace as this.

(Dougan, On the Circumvesuviana, 56)
露西·杜根

在環維蘇威線上

你，是否也曾，在炎熱的夜晚
擁有這座城？
如果能跟隨你矮小的身影
往回走，穿過那些街道⋯⋯
我訕訕地站在你早已失落的
童年家門外，
檢驗著我確知的
屈指可數的幾件事：
你抵達澳洲時
身上帶著一本筆記本
標註著要記錄的主題
但你從未在上面記下過什麼
你養蟋蟀當寵物
你母親送你上學
給你帶上麵包，說：
「好好拿一個 C」
哦， 我的父親
這個我們共有的無法磨滅的字母
電話裡你聲音低沉，說：
「哈尼，我得了那個 Cancer」
甚至更為詭異的是
我瞥見了我所來自的地方
或者是我有可能成為的
那個下巴尖尖
拉著手風琴
在環維蘇威線上賣藝
被我們以旅客的姿態
輕輕一揮趕走
擋在外的那個女孩
這該死的「自我」的
戲劇性——這恆久的
與某地結成連理的
把戲，一個如此老套
又如此充滿
榮光的故事。
Lucy Dougan

Strange Flowers

The machine that drove the world needed more coins.  
I stood and fed its stone mouth,  
begged the man at the gate not to shoot.  
Just before, I had kissed a dark-haired man  
and made rash promises, text  
blossomed from the open front of his shirt –  
all kinds of idealism,  
the names of those treated without care.  
What he pressed into my palm  
did not turn into money  
so I began the long search  
for a crank handle.  
I had heard the guardian had an eye for detail.  
When I asked he said look for an outcrop  
with particular flowers, strange flowers,  
growing all around. I started that scramble,  
found the flowers, the handle.  
The earth was not unkind to my hands.

(Dougan, White Clay, 78)
露西·杜根

異花

那個驅動這個世界的機器需要更多硬幣。
我站著喂它的石口，
求看門人不要開槍。
就在刚才，我吻了一個深色頭髮的男人
匆匆許下幾個承諾，文字
在他敞開的襯衣胸前開放——
各種各樣的理想主義，
那些沒被好好對待的名字。
他塞進我掌心裡的
沒變成錢
於是我開始長久地
尋找一個歪了的把手。
我曾聽說守護神非常留意細節。
當我問他，他說找那些露出頭的
結著特殊的花，異花，
遍野開放。我開始那場爭奪，
找到那些花，那個把手。
大地並非不喜我的手。
Diane Fahey

The Pool

He has given her this room of mirrors, in which she is bored; she may speak to him only when he speaks to her.

He spends most of his time by the pool. What is it he sees, staring down at its tiled floor – some classical coin

with shimmering bronze face? He is as beautiful as a dolphin but never swims. She often does. She likes the splashing cry

of the water as her long arms slice through vivid green. Why does he never look at her? He is always looking down –

even into his glass as they sit in the evening by the pool. ‘Have you had a nice day?’ (he stirs and pokes his ice);

‘…a nice day?’ she echoes, desolate.

Oh, but she loves him!

Once she swam the pool’s whole length to surprise him,

curving up to where he gazed soulfully, teardrops pocking the chlorine. At first he did not see her face, then,

when she was almost out of breath — but still smiling — those clear eyes glazed with shocks and he looked away.

She did not hear the slapping of her feet on concrete as she walked inside then dripped up the long, soft stairs to her room. ‘With only mirrors to keep me company I shall waste away, waste away…’ she thought,

but could not say — as usual, the words stuck in her throat. And she curled into herself, hiding from all those faces.

Stretched out flat by the pool, he too loved and wasted, had not even sensed her walking away, her stifled sigh.

(Lever 178–179)
黛安・費

泳池

他給了她這鏡子房間，她在裡面悶壞了，
她只有在他和她說話時才能和他說話。

他多數時間都待在泳池邊。他看到的是什麼？
俯視泳池鋪著瓷磚的底部——一些古錢幣

閃著銅光的臉？他像一條海豚那樣漂亮
卻從不游泳。她卻經常。她喜歡當她纖長的胳膊

滑開那片清綠時濺起的水聲。
為甚麼他從不看她？總是盯著下面——

甚至是他的杯底，當他們傍晚坐在池邊。
「你今天過得怎麼樣？」（他攪了攪戳了戳杯裡的冰塊），

「……怎麼樣？」她重複著，戚然。
                哦，但她愛他！

他有一次從池水拋了一整圈只為使他一驚，

在他凝神望著的地方蜷身，眼淚滴滴答答
落在漂白粉裡。一開始他沒看到她的臉，然後，

當她就快喘不過氣來時——仍微笑著——
那雙明亮的眼睛因驚訝而閃著光，但他轉過頭去。

當她走進屋，順著柔長的台階
一路滴著水走到她的房間，沒聽到她的腳

踩在水泥地上的聲音。「只有鏡子為伴
我只能耗著，耗著……」她想，

但無法說出口——如往常一樣，詞語塞在喉嚨裡。
她蜷進自己身體裡，躲開所有那些臉。

伸開四肢平躺在池邊，那愛著耗著的他，
連她走開和她那壓抑的嘆息都沒感覺到。
Braid on Braid

Braid decides,
she writes
on thin airmail paper,
she doesn’t want
a child yet
with Max – he’s too independent
& un-
‘family focused’. She doesn’t think
he’d make a good father yet,
not
the way he is now:
too much the
unencumbered
    single reporter,
disappearing
by air to Riyadh (Back in two days
followed by flight details)
without telling her
why he’s going,
    (the absence of his air travel bag,
cryptic as a note with read me on it

followed by invisible writing);
then, just talking of taking a trip
to northern Iran –
where the hot spring – & less active volcanic areas are –
round the east & west ends of the Caspian – which
she wants to write about & has talked with him
recently about wanting to visit
to see how eco-development & tourism
are impacting on the wildlife, & if,
since two thousand,
there’s been an increase
in sewerage pollution, in the Caspian,
if measures
are being taken to combat it.
If so, what?
but he hasn’t even asked her
if she wants to come with him.

Perhaps, she too, needs to grow up
she confides, ending a
letter to
her widowed grandmother out from Mudgee.

Then, taking stock,
seemingly alone in the
semi-ruined house,
feeling slightly sick
& suspecting pre-menstrual tension,
Braid wonders what her chances are
of passing a recruitment office for new, post-Saddam-&-Ba’ath-
Party-appointed, police, on her way
to arrange the letter’s posting
to her granny, of ending up:
  namelessly melded
with an unknown bomber & some equally-unknown-to-her:
randomly passing
husbands, fathers, children & mothers
as depersonalised de-humanised flecks of bone, blood & flesh
(not like the skinny sheep
her granny routinely drives in the back of a ute
to be illegally slaughtered
& sold in a rural home-made-pie shop in Australia)

but right here on a Baghdad street.

(Harrison and Waterhouse 277–279)
J S 哈利

布蕾德談布蕾德

布蕾德決定了，
她在
薄航空信紙上寫，
她還不想
和麥克斯生
小孩——他太獨立
並且不
「重視家庭」。她不覺得
他能當一個好爸爸，
至少
他現在這樣不能：
太無牽無掛的

一個
獨行記者，

坐飛機消失
去了利雅得（兩天後回來
帶著航班信息）
對她也不說
為甚麼要去，

（他消失的旅行包，
神秘的像一張寫著「讀我」的字條

接著寫的什麼是隱形的）；
然後，只提了提
去伊朗北部旅行——
溫泉——以及不那麼活躍的
火山帶都位於那裡——
順著里海的東西兩端——這是
她想寫的 並在近期 跟他
說過 想去看看
生態發展和旅遊業
怎樣影響野生動植物，而且如果，
自二○○年，
里海的，水污染程度
有所上昇，
是否有對此
採取補救措施？
如果有，是哪些？
但他甚至 沒問她
想不想一起去？

或許，她也，需要再成長
她坦承，就這樣，為一封
給她
在馬吉的寡居祖母的信收尾。

之後，經過深思熟慮，
看上去孤獨的在一座
半毀的房子裡，
有點不舒服
懷疑是經前緊張，
布蕾德琢磨著
給她祖母寄信的路上
經過一個新成立的後薩達姆——復興黨
指定的征警處時
可能的結局：

無名無姓地與
一個無名人肉炸彈以及一些與她一樣無名無姓：
無意經過的
丈夫，父親，孩子，和母親
以非個人的非人性的骨頭，血肉殘片的形式熔在一起
（不像她祖母慣常開的小卡車
車尾裡裝著被合法宰殺
在澳洲鄉下的家庭式肉餡餅店裡賣的
瘦弱的羊）

而在此地，在巴格達的一條街上。
Cate Kennedy

Thinking the Room Empty

I am being told a long story of a chain of coincidences.
A friend, losing her way in the desert
walks out of a dry Alice Springs riverbed into thirty thousand miles
of flat ruled horizon, blazing heat, waterless saltbush.
She finds a fence and walks along it

A sign tells her she has reached a rifle range
and, in the distance, the mirage shimmer of a thin shed.
She is thirsty, and she trespasses
climbs through the fence
walks expecting rifle fire
forces the door.

In the dimness she finds nothing but a big empty crate
and abandoned, waiting silence.
She has one chance, and she sees it.
She takes the crate outside, stands it on end, climbs it,
and pulls herself onto the roof of the shed.
Turning in a slow 360 degrees she catches a sight
of the low mountain range she recognizes as north,
elevated over the line of horizon
the direction back to town
sets off, swallowing dust
weak with relief.

The point of the story is yet to come – the birth of her daughter
brought about by a lift, once she found the road back to town,
from a stranger she flagged down, and so forth –
I listen, but part of my mind
stays lingering in the gloom with that crate
and her presence of mind, stilling panic
recognising it for what it was.

I wonder how many times I have broken some lock
searched hastily and withdrawn
thinking the room empty,
overlooked the disguised and waiting gift
missed the mountain.
I wonder what my stunted sightline
has failed to notice
what path home
I have abandoned.

(Harrison and Waterhouse 92–93)
凱特·肯尼迪

當房間是空的

我聽人說了一個充滿一連串巧合的故事。
一位朋友，在沙漠中迷路
走出愛麗絲泉乾涸的河床走進綿延三萬英里
平直的地平線，酷熱，無水的荒漠叢裡。
她找到一片圍欄順著它走

一個標誌告訴她自己來到了一片射擊場
而，不遠處，如海市蜃樓般閃現一個小棚。
她渴了，於是越過界
爬過圍欄
走著等著步槍開火
沖開那道門。

微暗中她什麼都沒找到除了一隻空板條箱
被遺棄，沈默等待。
她有一個機會，而她抓住了這個機會。
把板條箱拿到底外面，豎著立起來，站上去，
爬到棚頂上。
慢轉360度她看到一片
北邊的小山丘，
在地平線上拔起
那是往城裡的方向
出發，吞著塵土
放開緊繃的神經。

這還不是故事要說的——她女兒的出生
一找到回城的路，她就招手截下一個陌生人，
坐上他的順風車，等等等等——
我聽著，但思緒卻
與那板條箱一起流連在暗處
和她的鎮定，平定著焦慮
認出它本身是用來做什麼的。

我尋思自己曾多少次打破鎖子
心急地搜尋又退卻
想這房間是空的，
忽視了那偽裝起來的等著的禮物
錯過那座山。
我尋思自己狹窄的眼光
都錯過了什麼
被我放棄的
是怎樣的一條回家的路。
G. Laurence

[Untitled]

The wind blows down the hill today
the grass races on ahead dancing,
trees, distances apart wave, shipwrecked to one another,
and the world breathes lonely…
just green and bracken brown prostrate
as the violet heavy prune juice sky…hangs…

The country’s frilled with nerves,
whilst next door cadged, sit luscious birds, exotica,
The old man’s pets,
he clings to life, they cling, to the perch
on this,
grey day.

His lifeless manicured garden
seduces the rain,
it falls…slithers off my roof,
lurks around the door, looks in the windows…
the birds remain and stare,
and I
turn on the T.V.

(Jennings 320)
G. 勞倫斯

「無題」

今天風把山吹倒
草向前跑著起舞，
樹，隔著距離揮舞，一棵棵像失事的船，
而世界獨自呼吸……
只有綠和鳶尾草棕黃軟塌
紫西梅汁色沈重的天空……掛著……

鄉間（這個國家）絮纏著神經，
而隔壁來的，嬌豔的鳥兒，充滿異國情調的，
那個老男人的寵物，
他抓住生命，牠們抓著，匐樁上
在這陰暗的
一天。

他那修剪得死氣沈沈的花園
勾引著雨水
它落啊……滑下我的屋頂，
在門周圍捱摸，透過窗戶看……
鳥兒一動不動盯著，
而我
打開電視。
Pauline J. Myers

Moon Walk

my analyst tells me
(at my seventeenth session)
that what I really need is a holiday
as far away as possible
to the moon perhaps
shaking my hand and laughing
but avoiding
my eyes

so i go for a trip to the moon
(which should be far enough)
along with several million others
but it is not much of a place I find
anyway there are no pubs up there
all rather a waste of time
and money it seems
to me

unearthing my analyst at the golf club
(seeking therapy in his scotch)
I tell him that what he needs is analysis
slapping his back and computing
how many sessions he can afford
before I tell him to take
a nice long vacation
to Mars

(Jennings 387)
葆琳·J·邁尔斯

月球行走

我的心理分析師說
（在第十七次療程中）
我真正需要的是一個假期
去得越遠越好
比如說到月亮上
與我握手笑著
卻避開不看
我的眼睛

於是我去了月亮旅行
（這樣應該夠遠了）
與別的幾百萬人一起
但那裡並不如我想象中特別
總之那上面沒有酒吧
在我看來
都不過是浪費時間
和金錢

在高爾夫會所逮到我的分析師
（在他的蘇格蘭威士忌中尋找療癒）
我跟他說他需要的是被分析
拍拍他的背算著
他能負擔多少次療程
在我叫他去一次
長長的
火星之旅前
I’ve mapped that quiet space
walked it’s borders
traced the paths both ways
then forgotten,
like mist that dissolves
gradually
leaving a face stripped bare.
And I wonder how foolish I’ve been
to take a chance like that.

Sometimes when we lie very close
I can see parts of you,
But lately just shadow
crouched against the wall.
The choice is removed
I can only be there separately.

So with all that in mind
I take it easy,
feel the air chill on my shoulders
lean back to read a note
dashed off with a plane to catch.
Read it again
because I don’t know this man,
so articulate
yet too stoned
to put the words together right.
Trying to write an apology
that won’t hurt.

So I map the space again,
knowing I’ll forget
but needing to remember.
Wondering how many women
left with a poem
still in the typewriter.
How many diaries buried with women
who never once said no
but blamed themselves
and suffered silently.

And I want to say
that this time is my turn
to remain intact.
And this time,
whatever we build together,
if we do,
will be on my terms too.

(Jennings 389–390)
瑪戈・納什

「無題」

我丈量了那寂靜的空間
走過它的邊境
上下求索它的道路
然後忘掉，
如漸散的
霧
留下一張扒光的臉。
我回想自己怎愚至
去冒那個險。

有時當我們躺得很近
我能看到一部分的你，
但近來只有影子
倚牆而臥。
這個選擇被去除
我只能單獨在那兒。

於是腦中想著所有這些
我慢慢地，
感覺肩上冷冷的空氣
往後靠讀一張字條
要趕飛機先走一步。
又讀了一遍
因為我不認識這個人，
口才那麼好
卻因疏大了
無法把詞語正確排列。
試著寫一張不會
傷害誰的道歉條。

於是我又丈量了這個空間，
明白我會忘掉
但必須要記得。
想著有多少女人離去時
留下一首未完成的詩
在這部打字機裡。
有多少日記與那些
從未說過一個不字
只會責怪自己
默默忍受的女人
一起埋掉。

而我想說
這一次輪到我
保持不動。
而這一次
不管我們一起建立了什麼，
如果我們這樣做了，
也要以我的規則。
Carol Novack

the moon. the eye. the tree.

1. the moon

this one is my shout so how will you have it?
a plain no-nonsense kind of moon or
would you rather mix it with stars?

unless you should happen to be where i am
this moon’s on me. but whose face has it got?
is it a judge? or is it a witness?

no. since all the judges have never lived alone without dictionaries
and all the witnesses have never lived alone without judges
it may be that the moon is really the eye
which is alone.

2. so let’s try. the eye.

how can you tell its shape? may be camouflaged by time
or weather which is only the part of time closest to you
anyway. how can you tell its size?

it may be waking from a dream of being moon or it may be moon
waking from a dream of being an eye or perhaps one night dreamed
it was sun and didn’t come out.

it may be reflection of light that keeps the mirages going
but what company produces the power to keep the eye going?
is it the cocktail party? or is it the mothers?
and if so what happens when they die?

and what of the eye of mothers? and if all the mothers were poets
would it prove that the eye was the moon?

no. since all the mothers have never lived alone without dictionaries
and all the poets have never lived alone without mothers
it may be that the eye is really the tree
which is alone.
3. the tree.
if this is in the middle of a meadow. squatting like an african head
hunter. how can you tell if it is alone?

if it is leaning towards a lake what of the water is it related?
and if you are walking towards it when the moon becomes your eye
or walking away from it can you see it wherever? but how can you
tell? if it is the same tree you saw last night when the witnesses swore
you were killing your mother inside your house.

does the tree grow inside your living room or in the bedroom
does it come from the seed of your mother and does it have a name?
is it the eye of earth and blood shot from too much rain?
could you call it oak or willow with the full light shining upon you?
the light your mouth your moon your eye your mother your own
your very own. tree?

no. since all the witnesses have never lived alone without dictionaries
and all of you have never lived alone without witnesses
it may be that i am really that
which is alone.

4.
forget the moon. forget the eye.
forget the moon and the eye and the tree.
forget me. i only come out occasionally.
forget me. i used to try eating my feet
to keep from walking to you. but they grew
back. they kept on growing. back. with ingrown nails.
long shadows of the scimitar of sky. Into the black hole
under the tree. into the plot. they grew.

forget the touch. it only comes when the moon is empty
and the eye is drunk from too many mirrors. forget the touch
it is really the oversweat just before death.
forget the seed which has spilled from one to another and finally over
small mountains of thighs into the garden. into the plot.
into the underself. it grows.

forget a little night music the trumpets are all going over
the Styx and nobody’s paying for the ride. forget the singers
the notes only come out when swift money is walking or someone’s
crying.

forget the women. forget and forgive them their honey bones their arms which stick to you. only when you’ve forgotten the plot. forgive them their trespasses. into your house and up the stairs as far as to where you forgot the key to the moon the eye and the tree. with the witnesses and the judges into their cases. they are going.

forget time who sets tables like a methodical mother. forget her who has laid us out for one another but only when we have appetite and memory and a new record to play to keep the candles going. forget the light. for when the moon has fallen into the eye it only opens occasionally. under the tree. in its small black hole. it is glowing.

(Jennings 402–405)
卡羅尔·诺瓦克

月。眼。樹。

壹 月

這杯我請你想要怎樣的？
一輪樸實無華的那種月還是
你寧願把它混在星星裡？

除非你剛好在我這裡
這個月亮由我來買單。但它有著一張誰的臉？
一位法官？還是一位證人？

不。既然所有法官從未離開過字典而活
所有證人從未離開過法官而活
那麼月也許就是眼
孤獨的。

貳 那就讓我們試試。眼。

你怎麼描述它的形狀？也許被時間偽裝
抑或天氣這不管怎麼說離你最近的
時間的一部分。你怎麼描述它的大小？

它也許從一個關於月亮的夢中醒來抑或就是一輪
夢到自己是一隻眼睛的月亮又或者它有天晚上夢見
自己是太陽並且沒昇起來。

它也許是使海市蜃樓持續的光的倒影
可是哪個公司給眼提供了使它亮下去的電能？
是那個雞尾酒派對？抑或母親們？
如果她們死了呢？

母親的眼中又有什麼呢？而如果所有母親都是詩人
是否就證明了眼就是月？

不。既然所有母親從未離開過字典而活
所有詩人從未離開過母親而活
那麼眼也許就是樹
孤獨的。
叁 樹

如果這裡是一片草地中間。像一位非洲的
賞金獵人那樣蹲著。你怎能說它不是自己一個呢？

如果它偏向一座湖，那麼它是和水的哪部分聯繫在一起呢？
如果你朝它走去而這時月成了你的眼
或者背向它走不管在哪裡你能看到它嗎？但你怎麼
知道？它就是你昨晚看見的那顆樹著人發誓
看到你在家裡殺你的母親。

那樹長在你的客廳還是臥室
它是否長自你母親的種子它有沒有名字？
它是不是大地之眼因過多雨水而佈滿血絲？
你能把它稱為橡樹或柳樹嗎當你被光影照全身？
那光你的嘴你的月你的眼你的母親你自己
只屬於你自己的。樹？

不。既然所有證人從未離開過字典而活
你們所有人從未離開過證人而活
那麼也許真只有我
是孤獨的。

肆

忘了月。忘了眼。
忘了月和眼和樹。
忘了我。我只是偶爾出來。
原諒我。我曾試著吃掉自己的腳
以免它們向你走去。但它們又
長了回來。它們持續。往回長。指甲內嵌。
空中那彎弓的長影。進入樹下的
黑洞。進入情節。它們生長。

忘了那一觸。它只會在月空了眼因照過
太多鏡子而醉了時發生。忘了那一觸
那真的只是瀕死的汗淋漓。
忘了那粒從一個灘到另一個身上的種子終於
從大腿內側的小山上落到花園裡。進入情節。
進入自我內部。它生長著。

忘了那一小段夜晚的音樂小號們都在經過
冥河而沒人付錢給這段路。忘了那些歌手吧
那些音符只在錢如水流淌或有人哭泣時
響起。

忘了那些女人。忘了並原諒她們她們如蜜的軀幹她們
粘著你的手臂。只有當你忘了情節。
原諒她們原諒她們的闖入。進入你家走上樓梯
越走越遠到了你忘了去月亮眼睛和樹的鑰匙的
地方。和她們案件裡的證人與法官一起。
她們走著。

忘了像個把桌子擺得井井有條的母親的時間。忘了她
那個把我們擺在大家中間的人，但只當我們有胃口
有回憶有新唱片播能使蠟燭繼續亮著。
忘了光。因為當月掉進眼裡
它只偶爾張開。在樹下。在它的
小黑洞裡。它亮著。
Oodgeroo

Tian An Men Square

Beijing, September 18, 1984

The big square
Welcomes
Her sons and daughters
And visitors alike.
Museums,
Like giant scribes,
Record the history
Of a long suffering China.
Chairman Mao Tse Tung’s picture,
Looks out upon the scene.
Clustered lights
Shine down
Like miniature moons.
Bicycles,
The workers mode of transport,
Are everywhere.
Street cleaners,
With millet brooms,
Sweep clean the streets.

Few neon lights are there.

(Oodgeroo 19–20)
奧赫魯

天安門廣場

北京，1984年9月18日

大廣場
歡迎
她的兒女們
和各種遊人。
博物館
如巨大的抄寫員，
記載著長長的
苦難的歷史　中國。
毛澤東主席的肖像，
觀望這一派景象。
星羅棋布的燈火
照耀著
像一輪輪迷你月亮。
自行車，
工人的交通工具，
無處不在。
清潔工，
拿著麥桿掃把，
把大街掃乾淨。

那兒只有零星幾盞霓虹燈。
With Young Pioneers at Xian
September 20, 1984

We met the children,
Dressed in white and blue,
With red scarves around their necks,
At the 8th Route Army Headquarters.

They were studying
The modern war history
Of China.

Reading in a sing-song way,
As children do.
Their clear voices,
Vibrating around the walls.

Later,
We saw them
Squatting on the ground,
Listening to their teacher.
Manning and I
Offered to sing
Waltzing Matilda for them.

I think they like it,
Or, maybe, they were
Showing us,
How polite they can be.

Then, they sang a song for us.
A song of the young pioneers.
We liked it too
And before we left,
We cupped our hands, and called for them
Our
Australian coo-ee.

(Oodgeroo 23–24)
奧赫魯

與少先隊員在西安

1984年9月20日

在八路軍總部
我們和穿白襯衣藍褲子
戴紅領巾的
孩子們會面

他們在學習
中國現代
戰爭史

用唱兒歌般的調子
他們朗誦
清亮的嗓音
在房間裡迴盪

過了一會兒
我們看到他們
蹲在地上
聽老師講話
曼寧和我
提出給他們唱一首
《叢林流浪》

我覺得他們喜歡這歌
或者，也許，他們
只是出於禮貌
才這樣表現

輪到他們給我們唱
一首少先隊歌
我們也挺喜歡
臨走時
我們用手攏著嘴，朝他們呼出
我們
澳大利亞的「庫——咿」
Oodgeroo

Reed Flute Cave

Guilin, September 29, 1984

I didn’t expect to meet you in Guilin
My Rainbow Serpent,
My Earth Mother,
But you were there
In Reed Flute Cave,
With animals and reptiles
And all those things
You stored in the Dreamtime.
Pools of cool water, like mirrors,
Reflecting your underbelly.

The underground storage place,
Where frogs store water in their stomachs
And mushrooms and every type of fruit,
Vegetable, animal and fish
Are on display.

Perhaps I have strayed too long
In this beautiful country,
The reed flutes are playing a mournful tune.
The cool air rushing through
The rock cathedral,
Reminds me of the sea breezes
Of Stradbroke
And the reed flute seem
To be capturing the scene.
The slippery earth stone floor,
Takes me back to mud sea flats,
Where seaweeds communicate with oysters
Fish and crabs.
Have you travelled all this way
To remind me to return home?
Ululu, Your resting place in Australia,
Will not be the same without you.

I shall return home,
And I’m glad I came.
Tell me, My Rainbow Spirit
Was there just one of you?
Perhaps, now I have time to think,
Perhaps, you are but one of many guardians
Of earth’s peoples,
Just one
My rainbow Serpent,
Spirit of Mother Earth.

(Oodgeroo 52–53)
奧赫魯

蘆笛洞

桂林，1984年9月29日

沒想到會在桂林遇見你
我的彩虹蛇
我的地母
但你在那裡
在蘆笛洞中
與你藏在夢創時代中
所有那些
別的動物和爬蟲
清涼如鏡的湖
倒映你的腹底

d底的貯藏
那裡的青蛙肚裡裝著水
展示著
蘑菇和各種果實
蔬菜，動物和魚

也許因為我在這美麗的國度
待得太久
蘆笛吹出一曲哀歌
冷風吹過
石頭的大教堂
讓人想起
斯特拉德布魯克的
海風
而那蘆笛彷彿在
描摹這景象
地上溼滑的石頭
把我帶回海邊的溼泥地
那裡的海草與蚌殼
魚蟹說著話
你遠道而來
是為了提醒我回家嗎？
烏魯魯，你在澳大利亞的棲息處
沒了你就變的不一樣
我将回去
但也庆幸自己到过这里
告诉我，我的彩虹蛇
世上是否只有一条？
也许因为现在我有时间去想
也许你也只是大地子民的
其中一位保护神
只是
我的彩虹蛇
地母之魂其一
Phyl Ophel

It’s a mezzanine mood…

I wander above you
Officially free but hating
What I know is below
And unable to resist
Peering from my gallery
And so I am sucked
Down, tied down, brought
Down. Humiliated. Defeated. (deflated?)
Far be it from me to
Claim superiority (Oho far!)
(and the same goes for you eh?)
It’s a mezzanine mood:
Gooday. Howareyou.
You are a goodstick really.
Christ. Here we go again.
No real separateness
But FAR from cosy
In the draught of the mezzanine.

(Jennings 417)
菲爾·奧斐爾

這就是夾層的氣氛……

我在你之上遊走
正式說來是自由的但討厭
我所知道的都在底下
並且對此無法拒絕
從廂廈一瞥
我就這樣被吸
下去，被縛住，被拽
下去。被侮辱。被打敗。（泄氣？）
重佔上風的可能離我
越來越遠（哦呵，遠！）

（對你來說也一樣呃？）

這就是夾層的氣氛：
你好。你好嗎。
你是個好人，真的。
天哪。又來了。
不是真正的獨立
在夾層的穿堂風裡
卻遠不舒服。
Vicki Raymond

Open Day, Highgate Cemetery

From Waterlow Park, the slurred chromatics of a brass band tuning up float to the summer visitors. Volunteers are cleaning brambles from the chocked paths. The claiming, exclaiming birds Sketch unseen boundaries. High heels balance on cracked slabs; Victorian inscriptions are read out.

Around the gate, we drink weak tea from paper cups, accept a leaflet, latch on to tours, and tell each other it’s not morbid. ‘It’s history,’ we chirp, disclaiming the act we all perform at the door of one tall tomb: on tiptoe, we peer through the grille, and drop back, disappointed by darkness.

(Lever 207)
維姬・雷蒙德

公開日，海格特公墓

從沃特珞公園，朝夏日的遊客們
遠遠走來一團色彩鮮豔的
鋼管樂隊。
志願者們在堵塞的路上
清理荊棘。
宣告著，喊叫著的鳥兒
畫著看不見的疆界。
高跟鞋在崩裂的石板上保持著平衡；
維多利亞時期的碑文被讀出。

聚在門前，我們喝著紙杯裡
寡淡的茶，接過一張傳單，
緊跟導覽，
並互相告知沒什麼好怕。
「都是歷史了」，我們嘟噥，否認著
那個我們都做過的行為
在一座高墓門前：
踮起腳尖，我們透過欄杆一看，
然後退回，被那片黑暗所失望。
Vicki Raymond

Day Trip to Macao

The yellow harbour permeates the town
in Portuguese Baroque and saffron rice.
The people, on the other hand, are brown.

Macao, you have been honoured once or twice!
Auden called you a weed, by which he meant
your roots were sunk in softer stuff than gneiss.

Camoens too once spent, or may have spent,
some time ashore here, on his way, perhaps,
to somewhere else. The Jesuits came and went.

The spider-knobbed Lisboa lures to crap,
keno, and vingt-et-un; but blank with storm
the Praia Grande, where the water slaps.

The Catholic Lending Library is warm,
Where girls and boys devour geology,
leaving untapped Wells, Chesterton and Maugham.

I sit and sip my Lipton’s tea-bag tea
and my second slice of bread in oil,
and wonder if Our Lady of the Sea

will save me from the weather and the hydrofoil.

(Raymond 3)
維姬·雷蒙德

澳門一日遊

渾黃的海港浸潤著這座城
在葡式巴洛克和紅花飯裡。
而這裡的，人們，則顯得棕黃。

澳門，你曾被嘉許！
奧登稱你為一根野草，他的意思是
你的根扎在比粗花崗岩更軟的地裡。

賈梅士曾經，或許
在去往別處的路上，在此
上岸短停。耶穌會士來了又走。

蛛網盛成的葡京招引著骰子，
開樂彩和二十一點，但風暴裡
空蕩蕩的南灣，波滔拍岸。

暖和的天主教圖書館，
男孩女孩吸收著地質知識，
放下未翻開的韋爾斯，切斯特頓還有毛姆。

我坐著喝著立頓茶包沖出的茶
吃著第二片麵包蘸橄欖油，
琢磨媽祖

會否救我於這在壞天氣裡行駛的水翼船。
Vicki Raymond

The Rope

From *Franklin River Poems*

A rope of water
binds us together,
a rope that stretches
around the earth.
Though you disperse it,
you cannot destroy it;
imprison it,
it will escape;
if you shut it out,
it will seep back.
When you strike water
you strike your own face.

(Raymond 36)
維姬．雷蒙德

繩

選自《弗蘭克林河組詩》

一條水的繩子
將我們綁在一起，
一條伸展
環繞大地的繩子。
雖然你把它散開，
卻無法將它毀滅；
禁錮它，
它會逃走；
阻擋它，
它會滲透。
當你擊打水面
你打的是你自己的臉。
Gig Ryan

Eurydice’s suburb

1.

The wings of home enfold you and lock
under the city’s poisoned coronet or halo
You gaze at the supermarket’s petrified food
and respond like a zombie to the past’s ghosts
and semblance of meaning
Jewelled cigarette, they got on criminally
Sorrow autonomously surges
Affirmations curl up on the fridge

After we go to the Parthenon Thai restaurant in Northcote
Social workers cleansing their systems on art’s scaffold

Each interview an advertisement, relentless song
Noble games sail towards the Equator
with vested interests bidding to the last
or floundering
Conglomerate personality in the Honours list
He calls him by his job
The dollar tilts with raids and hedges

(Harrison and Waterhouse 159)
吉格·瑞恩

尤瑞狄絲的郊區

壹

家的翅膀將你環抱鎖在
這城有毒的皇冠或光環下
你盯著超市裡目瞪口呆的食物
對於過去的鬼魂和意義的表象
如殭屍那般反應
寶石般的香菸，犯罪般染上的
傷痛自動洩洩
肯定盤繞在冰箱上

我們到了諾斯柯特的帕特農神殿國餐館後
社工們藝術的腳手架上清洗著他們的系統

每個訪談都是一則廣告，無情的歌
尊貴的遊戲航向赤道
帶著穿上救生衣的利潤叫價到最後
或殘喘著
群體性在名譽名單中
他以自己的職業稱呼自身
鈔票在突襲和防守時晃動
Tracy Ryan

City Girl

had a lover once who
always talked of the Blue
Mountains where
mauve light charms rifts
into gullies and poems
grow in lichen.

They met in town
down the alleys of Northbridge
one hour a week in his offices.
He regretted this tawdriness
unfortunate backdrop
to a modern romance
somehow wrote sonnets to the highrise blocks—
all so much raw material.

His words made a way to
another world, pure pastoral
*come live with me I’ll leave my wife*.

Try as she might she still saw
straight streets slums department stores
the soon-dead novelty of elsewhere;
herself in an old role
written out discarded
said no and left
him momentarily at a loss
for a metaphor.

(Lever 237–238)
翠西·萊安

都市女孩

有過一個情人
總愛提起
藍山
那裡的紫光使人陶醉
分流進溪谷那裡的詩
長在苔藓裡。

他們在市裡碰面
在北橋的那些小巷中
每個禮拜一小時在他那些辦公室裡。
他對這個現代浪漫故事的
俗氣不幸的喧囂背景音
感到後悔
卻不知為何寫這些高樓的
十四行詩——
全都是原材料。

他的話開出一棟通往另一個
世界的路，純牧歌式的
來吧，與我一起，我會離開我的妻。

她也盡力了卻仍看到
筆直的街　貧民窟　百貨商店
那些很快就會過時的別處的新奇玩意兒，
她自己在一個老角色裡
全都寫好了　被拋棄
於是說不，留下他
暫時在一個沒了隱喻的
狀態裡。
Chris Sitka

[Untitled]

For nine years now
the entire Indonesian Women’s Movement
has been in gaol.
Fifteen hundred sisters –
dressed in dirty rags,
every night hungry,
their children crying.
This is not distant from my life.
No, this painful vision
of barbed wire life
rips at my eyes daily.

In Portugal
Three courageous Marias –
knowing what they were risking
in that fascist, macho country –
wrote an explicit book about women’s oppression.
They were arrested, brought to trail –
then saved from two years gaol
by a male (need it be said) military junta
which abolished censorship.
The newspapers immediately began publishing
photographs of nude women.

Right here in Australia
a woman working in a button factory
for $38 a week –
not speaking English she does not know
that she is legally entitled more –
Two years ago lost two fingers
in an unguarded machine.
She has not received any compensation.

Day after day she returns to that machine
and the murderous boredom of her job
bearing the bruises of her husband’s beatings.
Night after night returns home
to screaming children
and yet more, and more, work.

Understand that
she has no choice
but to continue
to suffer.

Yes, I know it has all been said before;
we have all heard about
the rapes, the beatings, the backyard abortions
we women suffer daily.
But because it happens every day
can we afford to feel less angry, less sad?
Isn’t it precisely this constancy
of our oppression that should outrage us?

I know that we must not down in our tears.
Yet how can I not cry whenever I remember
the woman who pregnant and despairing,
drank a whole bottle of whisky in a gulp
and climbed into a scalding hot bath
which slowly turned red with her own beautiful blood,
and stank from her vomit.

Feeling the reality of this all too clearly,
a volcano erupts in my heart.
Lava flows from my eyes.

But I will not despair
before the enormity of our oppression.
I ask only –
very simply –
that we begin to act
to end all this.

(Jennings 486–488)
克麗斯·錫特卡

[無題]

九年來
整個印尼女權運動
身陷囹圄。
一千伍佰個姐妹——
衣衫襤褻，
夜夜飢餓，
她們的孩子哭著。
這離我的生活並不遙遠。
不，這痛苦的
鐵絲網中生活的
每天撕扯著我的眼球。

在葡國
三位勇敢的瑪利亞——
知道她們在那個法西斯，大男子主義的
國家冒著怎樣的險——
寫下一本詳盡的關於現代女性被壓迫的書。
她們被逮捕，關進監獄——
受一個男性（還用說嘛）
號召去除審查機制的軍事集團幫助
免於兩年徒刑。
各大報紙馬上開始刊登
裸女照片。

此時此刻在澳洲
一個紐扣工廠的女工
一週掙三十八塊錢——
因為不懂英語她不知道
依法來講她應該賺更多——
兩年前因一架疏忽的機器
失去兩根手指。
她沒得到任何賠償。

日復一日她回到那架機器前
悶死人的工作
忍著她丈夫暴打留下的淤青。
夜復一夜回到家裡
哭喊的孩子身旁
然而只有更多，更多的事做。

請明白
除了繼續忍受外
她沒有
別的選擇。

是的，我知道這些全是舊聞，
我們全都聽說過
那些強姦，暴打，非法人流
我們女人每天所承受的。
但因為這每天發生
就意味我們能憤怒地少一點，悲傷地少一點？
難道不就是這持續的壓迫
引起我們的義憤嗎？

我知道我們不能陷在眼淚裡。
但當我記起那個絕望的懷著孕的女人，
一口喝下一整瓶威士忌
爬進滾燙的浴缸，裡面的水
被她自己的美好的血漸漸染紅
散發著她嘔吐物的味道時，
我怎能不流淚？

太明確地感受到這一現實，
一座火山在我心中爆發。
岩漿從我眼裡流出。

但我在那巨大的壓迫前
不會絕望。
我僅僅——
簡單地要求——
我們開始行動
結束這一切。
Brenda Walker

The Window

…it seems to the man that an immense black window opens wide before him and that his thin little grey human soul is going to fly out through this window and his lifeless body will stay lying in bed…At that moment, the immense and utterly black window will swing shut with a bang.

Danil Kharms

Empty mornings are beautiful, alone at first light, the desk by my tall glass windows. Across a rooftop in a dark apartment someone bends over another desk, alone. On a balcony streets away the shape of a man smoking, lifting a cigarette his shoulders curving to the beginning of age, the loss of bone. Three boys are sleeping in the room below. All sixteen, sleeping in the morning. One has a Chinese mother, one has an English mother, one is truly mine.

In the night when the glass is black and the trains sing quietly as they come into station it is possible to listen for illness returning like a husband, back on the train from some war, some bar or hotel room, the key turning, the stairway taking weight; it is possible to worry about the other girls, companions of various husbands, foreign perhaps, and young, and suffering while you sleep.

I stand at the window in this great house in the South of France...
So Baldwin begins a novel about an execution. In Paris, in the morning, a man will be guillotined. Outside the window lies his lover’s journey, the wait behind the prison walls, the knife. Death, judicious and unbearable. Dying or not dying or not dying now but later; my own death is beneath my skin. If only I could hear the children breathing in their sleep.
The air moves differently outside,
the train leads to a city, not a prison.

My desk is the long white desk of a novelist:
poets may use such desks but I think of it as the desk of a novelist.
The man smoking on the balcony by the highway,
the man who writes without light in his apartment,
are workers in the service of a novelist,
they will speak to each other one day
at the peeling wall of Japanese restaurant
that point where the style and the money ran out
and I will not be watching their exchange.

I have been in the hospital by the river,
I have been still, so quiet and still
like a dying person in a book or a film
while the truly dying woman in the next bed gripped a triangle above her
raising herself to make a little space in her ruined chest,
using her arms for every breath,
waiting for the failure of her arms.
I have myself been held up by a wall of arms,
the arms of those who love and care for me.
But I never was a window,
was never clear and steady in that wall.

Ah love, let us be true to one another
Heart by heart on sand or shell with white sea-birds
On the endless grains of pale crushed faith once mighty and inhabited
We can speak the smallest words: true and also love
And not be saved by love
or even blessed by clarity.

I could walk from my bed to the topmost stair
if only I were strong enough
I could crouch in my nightclothes, the gift of my mother,
a gift of desperate love,
as if death would turn aside from white pyjamas.
I could look down on the grown children still children in their sleep,
the Chinese boy, the English one,
the one who is most truly mine.
I could say love and goodness
as if all harm would turn aside.
My brother’s wife, the mother of my smallest niece, has forgotten her way to the mosque but not the story of what happens after you die. You are buried in a garden in Shiraz, city of roses and high unbroken walls. Your head is turned to one side, listening for the sound of angels, you are beyond all vision now. The angels come with their simple questions. She tilts her head as she tells me this, miming her own burial amongst all the parents and the children lost to her family in Shiraz. This is a story of what happens when you die. She plans to be cremated in Australia.

Rain slants on yellow leaves outside the window. All through this illness I am upright on pillows, my eyes fixed on the rain behind the glass, or my reflection. My vision slips and steadies, slips again. Quiet, watching the blood-brown of blindness, some effect of the effects of chemotherapy. Then the glass which says you are no longer blind, and look, I make this copy of you, without the fearful circulation of your breath and blood. You are awake, grown children sleep below.

This is the thing that all our windows do.

(Harrison and Waterhouse 196–199)
布倫達・沃克

窗

……彷彿一扇黑色巨窗在這個男人面前敞開，他那灰暗瘦小的人類的靈魂將從這扇窗飛出去，而他那毫無生氣的身體則會留在床上……在那一刻，這扇巨大而黑暗的窗就會砰的一聲合上。

丹尼爾・哈姆斯

空空的早上是美麗的，
獨立初光中，在我高窗旁的桌前
對面樓頂下一間幽暗的公寓裡
某人拱身在另一張桌前，獨處。
幾條街外的一個陽台上
隱約顯出一個抽菸的人，拿起一支菸
駝著肩剛顯出老態，
骨質的缺乏。
三個男孩睡在下面那個房間。
全都十六歲，在清晨睡著。
其中一個的母親是中國人，另一個的是英國人，
第三個是我的骨肉。

夜裡當玻璃漸黑
當火車輕豎著進站
就有可能聽見疾病
像一位歸家的丈夫，
坐火車從某場戰爭，某個酒吧或酒店房間回來，
鑰匙轉動，樓梯受力，
就有可能為別的女孩擔心，
不同丈夫的妻子，
外國的，也許，年輕，在你睡著時正受著苦。

我站在法國南部一棟漂亮房子的窗前……
鮑德溫那部關於死刑的小說就是這樣開頭。
在巴黎，在一天早晨，一個人將被砍頭。
窗外綿延著他愛人的旅途，
監窗裡的等待，刀。
死，明斷而又無法忍受。
死或不死又或現在不死遲些死，
我自己的死亡在我的皮囊底下。
要是我能聽到孩子們睡眠時的呼吸就好了，
外面的氣息不一樣地流轉，
火車去往市裡，而不是監獄。
我的桌子是那種小說家的白長桌；
詩人可能也會用這種但我覺得這是屬於小說家的桌子。
高速路旁那個陽台上抽菸的人，
在他黑暗的公寓裡寫作的男人，
是給小說家服務的人，
他們有一天會聊起來
在一間牆壁掉漆的日本餐館
在那種格調就快過時資金就快用光的時候
而我不會看他們的交流。

我曾住進河邊的那間醫院，
我曾定定地看，那麼安靜和平定
像一本書或一部電影裡的一個垂死之人
而鄰床那個真正快死的女人抓住她頭上的三角環
將自己拉起來，在她毀掉的胸腔裡開一點地方，
用胳膊做每一次呼吸，
等著胳膊失敗。
我自己則曾被牆上的手臂撐起，
那些愛我的關心我的人們的手臂。
但我從不曾是一扇窗，
從不透亮且穩固地立在牆上。

啊， 愛人，讓我們彼此真誠相待
心連心站在沙上，貝殼上，與白海鳥一起
在那無盡的曾經強大而被寄居，如今慘白被打倒的信仰的細粒上
我們可以說那些最小的詞：「真」還有「愛」
而不被愛救贖
甚至因明晰而被保佑。

我可以從我的床走到最高那一階
要是那時我足夠強壯
我能踏在我的睡衣裡，母親送給我的禮物,
急切的愛的禮物，
彷彿死亡碰到白睡衣就會轉頭。
我能低頭看長大的孩子們在睡覺時還是很孩子，
那個中國男孩，那個英國男孩，
那個我自己的骨肉。
我能說「愛」與「善」
彷彿所有傷害都會轉頭。

我的嫂子，我最小那個姪女的母親，
忘了去清真寺的路
但沒有忘那個人死後會有怎麼樣的故事。
你被葬在設拉子的花園裡，
玫瑰及高高的斷垣之城。
你的頭被轉到一邊，聽著天使的聲音，
你現在高於所有景象。
天使帶著它們簡單的問題而來。
她告訴我這時抬了抬頭，模仿她自己，
包括她在設拉子的家族中所有死去的家長和孩子們的葬禮。
這就是人死時會發生什麼的故事。
她打算在澳洲火葬。

雨在窗外的黃葉間斜斜落下。
生這場病期間我都是直立躺在枕頭上，
我定睛看著玻璃窗外的雨，或自己的倒影。
視線滑落穩定，又再滑落。
靜靜，看著血棕色漸失的視力，
化療的各種副作用中的其中一種。
然後玻璃說你不盲了，
看，我給你做了這個副本，
沒有你那可怕的呼吸和循環。
你醒著，長大的孩子睡在下面。

這就是所有的窗都會做的事。
Selection for Chapter Two: Death – Mourning

Lucy Dougan

Head in the Sand

I tell my sister
I don’t want to decorate
with the dead
I don’t know
so she sticks you
standing on your head in the sand
over the face of
K-Mart’s idea
of someone dearly departed.
You don’t fit the frame
but that was always the case.

(Weird, isn’t it? The way they put anonymous ancestors
in photo-frame merchandise. That’s one big floating
book of dead. What if you walked right past your
great great-grandmother while you were juggling non-
essentials? The old dead look god-fearing. They don’t
look flawed like their modern counter-parts. As a
child I looked for clues in photos of my father. For
years I had my head in the sand about this one.)

All one summer
under the canvas umbrella —
our beach atelier —
we made heads in the sand.
I watched you build cheekbones
with the flat of your hand
and hollow eyes-sockets
gently with your fists.
I copied these sure anatomies
just to be as much
like you as I could.

(When you died I had a double grief. My sister and
brother would carry parts of you on effortlessly. On
the flight home, the one that would end beside you
in the morgue, I tried to tell my companion about
the dead-end of my inheritance. He said, “You’re
wrong”. I said, “How — tell me?” He said, “You
do something just like your father — you twist your
mouth when you think”.

The grainy head of Christ you made
was left out on the grass to harden.
An un-forecast Judas rain
reduced it to a small river.
I sat forlornly by,
enjoying tears,
the sharp smell
of damp, worked terracotta.
Nevermind, you said,
I made it to cast,
to break, in any case.

(Dougan, *On the Circumvesuviana*, 18–19)
露西·杜根

頭埋砂裡

我告訴我姐
我不想用死人
作裝飾
我不知道
於是她把你
頭朝下
埋在砂裡的照片
貼在K超市
臆想中人們
死去的親人的
臉上
你與框子不合
但也一直都這樣

（怪怪的，對不對？他們把不知是誰的先人
放進相框的這種銷售方式。那可是一大本飄浮著的
死者之書。又假設你手捧一堆搖搖晃晃不是必需品的商品
卻正好走過你的太，太奶奶呢？
那老早去世的是虔誠的。他們不像
他們的現代對應者般有缺陷。還是孩子時
我在照片裡尋找我父親的蹤跡。多年來
對於這位我的頭卻一直埋在砂裡。）

所有都發生在那個夏天
在帆布陽傘下——
我們沙灘上的畫室——
我們用砂子捏出人頭
我看著你伸平手
擠出顱骨
然後輕輕用你的雙拳
掏出眼窩。
我重複這些確實的身體結構
只是為了
能和你一樣。

（你死時我經受了雙重痛苦。我的姐姐和
哥哥不用力氣就能將一部分的你進行下去。在
回家的飛機上，那將在停屍間裡的你身邊結束的
旅途中，我試著向我的伴侶說明我那沒有出路的繼承方式。
他說，「你錯了」。我問，「怎麼錯？告訴我」。他說，「你
做一件事情的時候跟你爸一模一樣——
你想東西時會扁嘴」。

你塑的那個粗糙的耶穌頭像
晾在外面的草地上
一場突如其來的惡雨
將之澆成一條小河
我孤零零地坐在一旁
享受著淚水
捏好的
溼陶刺鼻的氣味
「沒關係」，你說
「我做了就由它下，
由它破，不管怎樣。」
Dorothy Hewett

Anniversary

Death is in the air—

today is the anniversary of his death in October
(he would have been thirty-one)
I went home to High Street
& couldn’t feed the new baby
my milk had dried up
so I sat holding him numbly
looking for the soft spot on the top of his head
while they fed me three more Librium
you’re only crying for yourself he said
but I kept on saying It’s the waste I can’t bear.

All that winter we lived
in the longest street in the world
he used to walk to work in the dark
on the opposite side of the street
somebody always walked with him but they never met
he could only hear the boots
& when he stopped they stopped.

The new baby swayed in a canvas cot lacing his fingers
I worried in case he got curvature of the spine
Truby King said a baby needed firm support
he was a very big bright baby
the cleaner at the Queen Vic said every morning
you mark my words that kid’s been here before.

The house was bare & cold with a false gable
we had no furniture only a double mattress
on the floor a big table & two deal chairs
each morning I dressed the baby in a shrunken jacket
& caught the bus home to my mother’s to nurse the child
who was dying the house had bay windows
hidden under fir trees smothered in yellow roses
the child sat dwarfed at the end of the polished table
pale as death in the light of his four candles
singing Little Boy Blue.
I pushed the pram to the telephone box
*I’m losing my milk* I told her  *I want to bring him home to die*  *Home* she said  *you left home a long time ago to go with that man.*

I pushed them both through the park
over the dropped leaves (his legs were crippled)
a magpie swooped down black out of the sky
& pecked his forehead  a drop of blood splashed on
his wrist  he started to cry

It took five months & everybody was angry
because the new baby was alive & cried for attention
pollen sprinkled his cheeks under the yellow roses.

When he died it was like everybody else
in the public ward with the screens around him
the big bruises spreading on his skin
his hand came up out of sheets *don’t cry*
he said  *don’t be sad*
I sat there overweight in my Woolworth’s dress
not telling anybody in case they kept him alive
with another transfusion—

     Afterwards I sat by the gas fire
in my old dressing-gown turning over the photographs
wondering why I’d drunk all that stout
& massaged my breasts every morning to be
a good mother.

(Hampton and Llewellyn 108–109)
多羅西·休伊特

週年

死亡在空氣中瀰漫——

今天是他十月裡的忌日
（他還活著的話已經三十一了）
我回到位於高街的家
喂不了那個新寶寶
我的奶乾了
於是我抱著他呆坐在那兒
找他頭頂那個軟窩
他們又給我塞了三粒利眠寧
「你只是在自己哭自己」他說
但我不停說著「我就是受不了浪費時間」。

整個冬天我們住在
世上最長的街
以前他常冒黑走去上班
對街
有人總是跟他同步走著但他們從沒碰面
他只能聽到靴子響
他停住他們也停住。

新寶寶在帆布搖床上手叉著手
我擔心這樣搖會使他的脊柱側彎
特魯比·金說嬰兒需要堅實的支撐
他是一個聰明的大寶寶
維多利亞皇后醫院的清潔工每天早上說
「你記住我說的，這孩子到過這兒」。

這棟有一面多餘三角牆的房子光禿冰冷
我們沒有傢俱只有一張雙人床墊
在地板上，一張大桌和兩張杉木椅
每天清晨我給寶寶穿上一件縮水的夾克
趕公車回娘家照顧那個瀕死的
孩子 那棟房子有幾扇凸窗
藏在被黃玫瑰蓋住的杉樹下
那個孩子蜷縮著坐在一張光亮的桌子盡頭
在他四根蠟燭的光的照耀下如死亡一樣慘白
唱著《藍色的小男孩》。
我推著嬰兒車走到電話亭
「我快沒奶了」我告訴她 「我想帶他回家
讓他死在家裡」 「家」她說 「你很久以前就
離開家跟那個男人跑了」。

我推著他們倆經過公園
碾過落葉（他的腿瘸了）
一隻喜鵲一晃而下
啄傷他的額頭  一滴血濺落
他手腕上  他哭了起來

這花了五個月，所有人都生氣
因為新寶寶活著哭鬧要人注意
黃玫瑰的花粉撒在他臉上。

他死時和所有人一樣
在普通病房被各種屏幕包圍
大片的淤青在他的皮膚上
他的手從床單下伸出「別哭」
他說  「別傷心」
我坐在那兒超重的身子裏著超市買的裙子
沒有跟任何人說以防他們為了
維持他的生命再給他輸血——

之後我穿著舊睡衣
坐在煤氣爐旁把照片翻過去
琢磨著我為甚麼喝那麼多黑啤
每早又按摩乳房只為能當一個
好母親。
Marietta Elliott-Kleerkoper

Lost

My name is lost.
Yesterday I still had it.

Mother gave me a new one.
‘What’s your new name?’ she said

and I had to repeat it
till I could say it

without mistakes, till
she was satisfied: Klinkhamer.

Nice name. A hammer
belting things, making noise.

Not a Kleerkoper, walking the streets
with old schmattes.

And then the officer asks me:
‘What’s your name?’ And I say

proudly: ‘My new name is…’
‘New? New? What was it before?

Are you a Jew?’ Jew—Jew?
What’s that—am I one?

I burst into tears. Now my old name
lost as well, clear out of my head.

He hesitates. Such a little girl
with her blond curls.

What if he let her go…

(Harrison and Waterhouse 244)
瑪麗埃塔·艾略特·克萊爾科博

丢了

我丢了我的名字。
昨天我還擁有它。

母親給我一個新的。
「你的新名字是什麼？」她問

我只好一遍遍地說
直到我能毫無錯誤地

將它說出，直到
她滿意：「克林格漢默」。

不錯的名字。一個錘子
敲打東西，發出噪音。

而不是一個什麼「克利爾柯珀」，與「施馬特」
走在街上。

然後警官問我：
「你叫什麼名字？」我驕傲地

回答「我的新名字是⋯⋯」
「新？新？之前的是什麼？

你是猶太人？」猶太人——猶太人？
那是什麼——我是嗎？

我哭了出來。現在我的舊名字
也丟了，從我腦中抹掉。

他猶豫著。這麼一個滿頭
金髮卷的小女孩。

要是我放她走呢⋯⋯
Nora Krouk

Untitled

I died yesterday on a Tel Aviv bus and cannot relate to the person in this cool home dusting, cleaning, switching things on, turning on, breathing and even loving: alive.

In hail of bullets I fell, clutched at nothing, thought: hot – dusty – sore.

No more – they had said – no more of unwarranted dying for being a Jew. So, just a few.

Suddenly plucked from a busy, full, worrisome, warm life of high prices, government follies, Sharon’s temper, Tirza’s adventures, worries over Mamma’s arthritis and a new dress for Yael I have died yesterday. Shema Israel.

(Hampton and Llewellyn 103)
諾拉・克勞克

無題

昨天我死在特拉維夫一輛巴士上
並且無法和在這個涼爽的家裡
撣塵，清掃，打開這個，扭開那個，
呼吸關愛：還活著的，
這個人聯繫起來。

我倒在子彈冰雹的擊打下，
沒什麼可以抓住，覺得：
燥熱——塵土飛揚——酸疼。

再沒有——他們說了——
再不會因為是猶太人
就死得貧乏有。所以，只有幾個。

突然從被一種繁忙，充實，
煩心，溫暖的，高貴的
政府的愚行，莎倫的脾氣，
瑟扎的冒險，擔心媽媽的
關節炎和給雅艾爾的新裙子的
生活中拔起，我昨天死了。
聽著，以色列。
Oodgeroo

Dawn Wail for the Dead

Dim light of daybreak now
Faintly over the sleeping camp.
Old lubra first to wake remembers:
First thing every dawn
Remember the dead, cry for them.
Softly at first her wail begins,
One by one as they wake and hear
Join in the cry, and the whole camp
Wails for the dead, the poor dead
Gone from here to the Dark Place:
They are remembered.
Then it is over, life now,
Fires lit, laughter now,
And a new day calling.

(Lever 104)
奥赫鲁

黎明為逝者殤哭

此刻拂曉的微光
淡淡籠罩著沉睡的部落
老婆婆首先醒来想起：
每個黎明的第一件事
就是紀念逝者，為他們而哭。
輕柔地，她哭了起來，
一個接一個，當他們醒來，聽見
加入這殤哭，整個部落
都哭著那些死者，可憐的死者
從這兒消失到了那黑暗之地；
他們被懷念著。
然後結束，接下來是生活，
火生起來，笑響起來，
新的一天在召喚。
Oodgeroo

Requiem

In Tiananmen Square
History repeats itself.
Man's lust for power
Rises through
The smoked-filled air.

The world's bells toll
Their lopsided message —
“Freedom for All”.
As politicians document
Yet another crime
Decrying
“Man's Inhumanity to Man”.

Sitting in their comfortable
Parliaments,
All these men
Derive new ways,
To uphold ignorance,
To keep slavery alive.

Their hypocritical cry of
“Freedom”
Lies smothered
Under blood-splattered bodies,
In Tiananmen Square.

(Oodgeroo, Back cover)
奧赫魯

安魂曲

天安門廣場上
歷史重複自身
人對權力的貪慾
從濃煙中
上升

世界的鐘響著
他們片面的話——
「自由歸所有」
與此同時政客記下
又一樁罪行
揭示
「人對人的反人性」

坐在他們舒適的
議會裡
所有這些人
變著新的戲法
以堅持無知
以保留奴隸制

他們虛偽的呼聲 喊出
「自由」
謊言被血染的屍體
掩蓋
在天安門廣場
Tracy Ryan

Bison, Perth Museum

Finally plucking up guts enough
after twenty years, to face you
humpback stuff my dreams were made of
shadowing me since the age of five
or perhaps since birth –
I catch you now stopped in your tracks

My mother introduced us
against my will
tried to tell me you weren’t alive
but what did I know of preservation

Am I really so much bigger
or are you shrinking

No screams this second time around
Language is mine now, I can read
Your Latin name

Ah but you and I know
what that wedgehead drives at
what big teeth you have
when I consent
to let you out.

(Ryan 33)
翠西·萊恩

野牛，珀斯博物館

終於鼓起足夠的勇氣
在二十年後，面對你
成為我的夢的佇背的東西
自從我五歲甚至從出生起
就似陰影籠罩我的——
我現在捉住你停在牛道裡的你

母親不管我的反對
把我們互相介紹
試著說服我相信你不是活的
但我又怎麼知道什麼是標本

是我真的長大了那麼多
還是你縮小了

這第二次沒有尖叫
語言現在歸我所有，我能讀懂
你的拉丁文名稱

啊，但你和我知道
那楔形的頭裡有什麼打算
當我同意放你出來時
你會露出怎樣
巨大的牙。
Judith Wright

Eli, Eli

To see them go by drowning in the river—
soldiers and elders drowning in the river,
the pitiful women drowning in the river,
the children’s faces staring from the river—
that was his cross, and not the cross they gave him.

To hold the invisible wand, and not to save them—
to know them turned to death, and yet not save them;
only to cry to them and not to save them,
knowing that no one but themselves could save them—
this was the wound, more than the wound they dealt him.

To hold out love and know they would not take it,
to hold out faith and know they dared not take it—
the invisible wand, and none would see or take it,
all he could give, and there was none to take it—
thus they betrayed him, not with the tongue’s betrayal.

He watched, and they were drowning in the river;
faces like sodden flowers in the river—
faces of children moving in the river;
and all the while, he knew there was no river.

(Wright 44–45)
萊迪斯·賴特

伊萊，伊萊

看著他們經過溺死在河裡——
士兵老人們溺死在河裡，
可憐的女人溺死在河裡，
孩子們臉朝上在河裡——
那是他的十字架，而不是他們給他的十字架。

拿著隱形的魔杖，而不去救他們——
知道他們將死，而不去救他們，
只向他們哭喊而不去救他們，
知道除了他們自己沒人能救他們——
這就是傷口，比他們分給他的那個還要深。

施與愛並知道他們不會接受，
施與信並知道他們不敢接受——
那支隱形的魔杖，沒人會看見或將它拿住，
他所給予的一切，這裡沒一個人接受——
於是他們背叛他，不僅是謊言。

他看著，而他們溺死在河裡，
臉像河裡浸濕的花——
孩子的臉在河裡漂著，
而他一直都知道，這裡沒有河。
Fay Zwicky

Tiananmen Square June 4, 1989

Karl Marx, take your time,
looming over Highgate on your plinth.
Snow’s falling on your beard,
exiled, huge, hairy, genderless.
Terminally angry, piss-poor,
stuffed on utopias and cold,
cold as iron.

I’m thinking of your loving wife,
your desperate children and your grandchild
dead behind the barred enclosure of your brain.
Men’s ideas the product, not the cause
of history, you said?

The snow has killed the lilacs.
Whose idea?
The air is frozen with theory.

What can the man be doing all day
in that cold place?
What can be writing?
What can be reading?
What big eyes you have, mama!
Next year, child, we will eat.

I’m thinking of my middle-class German grandmother
soft as a pigeon, who wept
when Chamberlain declared a war.
Why are you crying, grandma?
It’s only the big bad wolf, my dear.
It’s only a story.

There’s no end to it.
The wolves have come again.
What shall I tell my grandchildren?

No ends to the requiems, the burning trains,
the guns, the shouting in the streets,
the outraged stars, the anguished face
of terror under ragged headbands
soaked in death’s calligraphy.

Don’t turn your back, I’ll say.
Look hard.
Move into that frozen swarming screen.
How far can you run with a bullet in your brain?

And forgive, if you can, the safety of a poem
Sharpened on a grieving night.

A story has to start somewhere.

(Zwicky, *Collected Poems*, 149–150)
菲・茨維奇

天安門廣場
1989年6月4日

卡爾・馬克思，慢慢來，
從你在海格特墓地的墓碑上慢慢顯現
雪落在你的鬍子上，
飄零，壯實，拉雜，無性別。
憤怒到極點，惱火的窮人
被烏托邦和感冒填滿
c冷如鐵。

我想著你體貼的妻子
你殷切的孩子和孫子
在你腦中封閉的鐵絲網後面死去
人類的思想是歷史的成品，而不是誘因，
你曾這麼說？

雪凍煞丁香花。
是誰的主意？
空氣與理論一起凍結。

在那麼冷的地方
這個男人整天能做什麼？
能寫些甚麼？
能讀些甚麼？
媽媽，你有一雙怎樣的大眼睛！
明年，孩子，我們會吃得下。

我想著我那德國中產祖母
鴿子般柔弱，那個在聽到
張伯倫宣布開戰時啜泣的人
你怎麼哭了，奶奶？
只是因為一隻灰狼，寶貝。
那只是一個故事。

這個故事沒有結局。
那些狼又來了。
我該跟我的孫子說什麼？

安魂曲不會結束，燃燒的列車
槍火，街上的叫喊
憤怒的明星們，受傷受驚的臉在
浸染死亡書寫的殲樓
頭巾下。

別轉身，我會說。
仔細看。
走進那定格的人山人海的畫面。
頭部中彈後你還能跑多遠？

並原諒，如果你可以，一首無害的詩
被夜祭削尖。

一個故事總得在某處開始。
Fay Zwicky

Kaddish

For my Father
born 1903, died at sea, 1967

Lord of the divided, heal!

Father, old ocean’s skull making storm calm and the waves to sleep,
Visits his first-born, humming in dreams, hiding the pearls that were
Behind Argus, defunct Melbourne rag. The wireless shouts declarations of
War. “Father,” says the first-born first time around (and nine years dead), Weeping
incurable for all his hidden skills. His country’s Medical Journal
Laid him out amid Sigmoid Volvulus, Light on Gastric Problems, Health
Services

For Young Children Yesterday Today and Tomorrow which is now and now
and now and
Never spoke his name which is Father a war having happened between her
Birth, his
Death: Yisborach, v’yistabach, v’yispoar, v’yisroman,v’yisnaseh – Hitler is

Dead. The Japanese are different. Let us talk of now. The War is ended. Strangers
found you first. Bearing love back, your first-born bears their praise
Into the sun-filled room, hospitals you tended, city roofs and yards, ethereal
rumours.

Gray’s Inn Road, Golden Square, St. George’s, Birmingham, Vienna’s General
the
Ancient Alfred in Commercial Road where, tearing paper in controlled strips,
your
First-born waited restless and autistic, shredding life, lives, ours, “Have to
See a patient. Wait for me,” healing knife ready as the first-born, girt to kill,
Waited, echoes of letters from Darwin, Borneo, Moratai, Brunei (“We thought
him

Dead but the little Jap sat up with gun in hand and took a shot at us”), the
heat
A pressing fist, swamps, insect life (“A wonderful war” said his wife who also Waited) but wait for me wait understand O wait between the lines unread. Your first-born did not. Tested instead the knife’s weight.

*    *    *

Let in the strangers first: “Apart from his high degree of medical skill he Possessed warmth” (enough to make broken grass live? Rock burst into Flower? Then why was your first-born cold?) But listen again: “It was impossible for Him to be rude, rough, abrupt.” Shy virgin bearing gifts to the proud first and Only born wife, black virgin mother. Night must have come terrible to such a Kingdom. All lampless creatures sighing in their beds, stones wailing as the Mated flew apart in sorrow. Near, apart, fluttered, fell apart as feathered Hopes trembled to earth shaken from the boughs of heaven. By day the heart Was silent, shook in its box of bone, alone fathered three black dancing imps, The wicked, the wise and the simple to jump in the house that Jack built: This Is the priest all shaven and shorn who married the man all tattered and torn Who kissed the maiden all forlorn who slaughtered the ox who drank the water who put out the fire who burnt the staff who smote the dog who bit the cat who Ate the kid my father bought from the angel of death: “Never heard to complain, Response to inquiry about his health invariably brought a retort causing Laughter.”

Laughter in the shadow of the fountain, laughter in the dying fire, laughter Shaking in the box of bone, laughter fastened in the silent night, laughter While the children danced from room to room in the empty air.

What ailed the sea that it fled? What ailed the mountains, the romping lambs Bought with blood? Tremble, earth, before the Lord of the Crow and the Dove Who turned flint into fountain, created the fruit of the vine devoured by the Fox who bit the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate up Jack Who built the house: Yisgaddal v’yiskaddash sh’meh rabbo—miracle of seed,
Mystery of rain, the ripening sun and the failing flesh, courses of stars,

Stress from Sinai:

Let (roared God)

Great big Babylon
Be eaten up by Persia
Be eaten up by Greece
Be eaten up by Rome
Be eaten up by Ottoman
Be eaten up by Edom
Be eaten up by Australia
Where Jack’s house shook.

Be (said Jack’s Dad)

Submissive to an elder
Courteous to the young
Receive all men with
Cheerfulness and
Hold your tongue.

Strangers, remember Jack who did as he was told.

*   *   *

To the goddess the blood of all creatures is due for she gave it,
Temple and slaughterhouse, maker of curses like worm-eaten peas:

As the thunder vanishes, so shall the woman drive them away
As wax melts before flame, so let the ungodly perish before her:

She is mother of thunder, mother of trees, mother of lakes,
Secret springs, gate to the underworld, vessel of darkness,

Bearer, transformer, dark nourisher, shelterer, container of
Living and dead, coffin of Osiris, dark-egg devourer, engenderer,

Nurturer, nurse of the world, many-armed goddess girdled by cobras,
Flame-spewer, tiger-tongued queen of the dead and the violent dancers.
Mother of songs, dancer of granite, giver of stone—
Let his wife speak:

“Honour thy father and thy mother”
So have I done and done and done—no marriage shall ever

Consume the black maindenhead—my parents are heaven
Bound. I shall rejoin them;
Bodies of men shall rejoin severed souls
At the ultimate blast of invisible grace.

Below, I burn,
Naomi of the long brown hair, skull in a Juliet cap.

Do the dead rot? Then rot as I rot as they rot.
“Honour thy Father” sing Armistice bells, espressivo.

The stumbling fingers are groping
To pitch of perfection.

I am that pitch
I am that perfection.

Papa’s a civilian again, mother is coiled in a corset,
Dispenses perfection with:

Castor oil
Tapestry
Tablecloths (white)
Rectal thermometers
Czerny and prunes
Sonatinas of Hummel
The white meat of chicken
The white meat of fish
The maids and the lost silver.

Lord, I am good for nothing, shall never know want.

Blinded, I burn, am led not into temptation.

The home is the centre of power.
      There I reign
Childless. Three daughters, all whores, all—

Should be devoured by the fires of Gehenna
Should be dissolved in the womb that bore them
Should wander the wastelands forever.

Instead, they dance.

Whole towns condemn me. Flames from the roofs
Form my father’s fiery image. He waves, laughs.
Cool his head among stars, leaves me shorn,
Without sons, unsanctified, biting on

Bread of affliction. Naked, I burn,
Orphaned again in a war.

The world is a different oyster:
Mine.

His defection will not be forgotten.

*    *    *

Blessed be He whose law speaks of the three different characters of children
Whom
we are to instruct on this occasion:

*What says the wicked one?*

“What do you all mean by this?”
This thou shalt ask not, and thou hast transgressed, using you and excluding
thyself.

Thou shalt not exclude thyself from:

The collective body of the family
The collective body of the race
The collective body of the nation

Therefore repeat after me:

“This is done because of what the Eternal did
For me when I came from Egypt.”

The wicked wants always the last word (for all the good
It does): “Had I been there, I would still not be worth

My redemption.” Nothing more may be eaten, a beating will
Take place in the laundry. Naked.

“Honour thy father and thy mother”

*What says the wise one?*

“The testimonies, statutes, the judgments delivered by God I accept.”

Nonetheless, though thou are wise,
After the paschal offering there shall be no dessert.

“Honour thy father and thy mother”

*What says the simple one?*

Asks merely: “What is this?”
Is told: “With might of hand

Did our God bring us forth out of Egypt
From the mansion of bondage.”

Any more questions? Ask away and be damned.

“Honour thy father and thy mother”

* * *

Yisborach, v’yistabach, v’yispoar, v’yisroman, v’yisnaseh, v’yishaddor,
v’yissalleh, v’yisshallol, sh’meh d’kudsho, b’rich hu

Yisborach, v’yistabach, v’yispoar, v’yisroman, v’yisnaseh, v’yishaddor,
v’yissalleh, v’yisshallol, sh’meh d’kudsho, b’rich hu

Praise death who is our God
Live for death who is our God
Die for death who is our God
Blessed be your failure which is our God

Oseh sholom bim’romov, hu yaaseh sholom, olenu v’al kol yisroel, v’imru Omen.

And he who was never born and cannot inquire shall say:

This is a time to speak
and a time to be silent
There is a time to forgive
and a time in which to be Forgiven.
After forgiveness,

Silence.

(Zwicky 1–8)
菲·茨維奇

伽底什

給我的父親
生於 1903 年，1967 年卒於海上

使人分裂的主，請將人治癒！

父親，遠古海洋的骷髏頭使風暴平息使浪潮睡去，
造訪他的長女，在夢裡哼唱，藏起百眼巨人
身後的珍珠，報廢的墨爾本的破布，無線電喊著

宣戰。「父親」，長女初次（大概在他去世九週年時）說，
無法停止為他所有藏起的技術哭泣。他的國家的醫學雜誌將他稱為
治療乙狀結腸扭轉，胃腸疾病之光，公共醫療
事業

對年輕人來說昨天今天和明天都是當下當下

和當下

從未叫他作父親自她出生至他去世

發生過一場

戰爭： Yisborach, v’yistabach, v’yispoar, v’yisroman, v’yisnaseh ——希特勒是

死亡。而日本人不一樣。讓我們只談當下。戰爭已結束。陌生人首先
發現你。將愛帶回，你的長女帶著他們的讚譽
進入充滿陽光的房間，你曾看護的醫院，城市裡的屋頂院落，飄蕩的
謠言。

* * *

格雷酒館路，黃金廣場，聖喬治，伯明翰，維也納的綜合
那個
老邁的阿爾弗來德在商業大道，在那裡將紙撕成平均的條，
你的
長女焦急地等待，自閉的，撕碎生活，生命，我們的，「要去看
一個病人。等我，」治病的刀已準備好，當長女，握緊繩，
等着，從達爾文，婆羅洲，莫羅泰，文萊的回音（「我們以為他

死了但那小日本坐起來拿着槍朝我們開了一槍」，）那
熱

一隻壓過來的拳頭，沼澤，昆蟲的生命（「多棒的一場戰爭」他也在等待的
妻子說）但等我等著請理解哦在未讀的字裡行間等待。
你的長女沒有這樣做。反而試了刀的重量。

*  *  *

先讓陌生人進來：「除了他精湛的醫術外他還有溫柔的性格」（足夠使枯草繁
茂？

石頭開花？
那又為何你的長女性格冷漠？」但請聽清楚：「要他無禮，粗魯，唐突是不可
能的。」覬腆的聖女懷著給第一個也是唯一的人妻的禮物，黑處女母親。夜晚
在這樣一個國度一定是可怕的。所有無燈的生靈在牠們的床上歎息，石叢發出
哀嚎

當交配在悲傷中分開。靠近，分離，失散像長着羽毛的
希望被天堂的樹枝抖落顫顫巍巍落向大地。到白天心是
沉默的，在骨盒內搖動，孤身一人成了三個起舞的小鬼的父親，

那個頑皮的，聰慧的和單純的跳進傑克蓋的房子：這個就是
牧師剎了鬍子修了鬢角主持了婚禮為那個不修邊幅的男人
親了滿懷悲傷的少女宰了牛飲了水

那個點了火燒了人揍了狗打了貓
那個
吃了我父親從死忙天使那兒帶來的孩子：「從未聽到
發牢騷，
對關於他健康的詢問不可避免地引起反駁帶來
笑聲。」

笑聲在噴泉的影子裡，笑聲在漸熄的火裡，笑聲
在骨盆中震顫，笑聲迴盪在靜夜裡，笑聲
當孩子們從一間房舞到另一間房空空蕩蕩。

是什麼使海生病而逃離？使什麼使山，使用血換來的歡騰的羊羔
生病？揺晃，土地，在烏鴉之神面前，而那隻

鴿子
那隻使燧石變成噴泉，變出藤上的葡萄被狐狸吞下

打了狗煩了貓滅了鼠吃光了傑克
那個蓋房子的：Yisgaddal v’yiskaddash sh’meh rabbo——種子的奇蹟，
雨的奧祕，漸熟的太陽和顛覆的血肉，星辰的軌道，

壓力來自西奈：

讓（上帝吼道）

偉大的巴比倫
被波斯吞併
被希臘吞併
被羅馬吞併
被奧圖曼吞併
被以東吞併
被傑克晃動的房子所在的
澳大利亞吞併

成為（傑克的父親說）

尊老
愛幼的人
熱情對待
所有人
不妄言。

陌生人，記得傑克照辦他的話。

*   *   *

致那位女神萬物的血都因她的給與，
廟宇和屠宰場，降下像豆子被蟲蛀這類詛咒的人。

當雷聲將息時，女人也應把他們驅趕
如蠟熔於火焰，也請使那不虔誠的從她面前消失：

她是雷母，林母，湖母
秘密的春天，通往地下世界之門，黑暗的貯所

孕育者，催變者，黑暗的滋養者，蔭庇者，生者和死者的
包容者，奧西里斯的棺材，黑卵的吞噬者，生育者，

養育者，世界的護理師，多臂的女神被蟒蛇纏繞，
口吐火焰，虎蛇的死亡女王及暴烈的舞者。
歌之母，石舞者，石頭的贈予者——
讓他的妻子說：

「尊汝之父母」
我照此做了又做——任何婚姻都無法將

黑發的少女消耗——我的父母走向
天堂。而我將與他們重聚；

人的肉身將與被隔斷的靈魂重聚
在不為所見的光輝的終極爆炸時

其下，我在燃燒，
棕色長髮的內奧米，頭顱在朱麗葉帽中。

死人會腐爛嗎？然後腐朽像我那樣腐朽像他們那樣。
「尊汝父」休戰的鐘聲唱道，充滿感情地。

磕碰的手指摸索着
夠到完美

我就是那個音高
我就是那完美

爸爸再次成為一個平民，媽媽卷進一件胸衣，
把完美平攤給：

蓖麻油
掛毯
桌布（白色）
直腸溫度計
車而尼和西梅
胡梅爾的小奏鳴曲
雞的白肉
魚的白肉
女僕和丟失的銀器。

主啊，我一無是處，當不知求索。

被遮住眼，我燃燒，不被引向誘惑。
家是權利的中心。
那裡由我掌管
無子。三個女兒，都是妓女，全都——

應被煉獄的火吞噬
應被那將她們孕育的子宮消解
應永在荒原遊蕩。

但是，她們跳舞。

全鎮將我責罵。屋頂的火焰
形成我父親暴躁的形象。他搖手，大笑。

在星辰間冷靜他的頭腦，由得我被剝頭，
無子，不潔，咬着

苦難的麵包。裸身，我燃燒，
在戰爭中再次成為孤兒。

世界是個不同的牡蠣：
我的。

他的背叛將不被原諒。

*   *   *

被保佑的主他的律法提到三種不同性格的兒童
那些
我們將借此機會提到的：

那個邪惡的怎麼說？

「你這些都是什麼意思？」
這汝勿問，汝已越界，運用但排除
汝自身。

汝勿將自身排除於：

家庭的集體
種族的集體
國家的集體
請重複我的話：

「此事成是因那永生者
在我離開埃及時為我成此事。」

那邪惡的統想要定論（由那帶來的所有
好處）：「如果我在那兒，我就還不配

我的救贖。」不能再多吃，要不洗衣房里
就會有一頓打。赤裸着。

「尊汝父汝母」

那個聰明的怎麼說？

「証詞，章程，由上帝下達的判決我接受。」

儘管如此，汝雖聰明，
踰越節的貢品過後不應有甜點。

「尊汝父汝母」

那個簡單的怎麼說？

僅僅問道：「這是什麼？」
被告知：「用大能之手

我主將我們帶出埃及
離開奴役的樓堂。」

還有其它問題嗎？儘管問然後終了結

「尊汝父汝母」

* * *

讚美死亡我主
為死亡我主而存
為死亡我主而去
稱頌你的失敗我們的主
而他那個從未出生於是無法質問的當說：

訴說有時
沈默有時
原諒有時
被原諒
有時
諒解過後

沈默。
Selection for Chapter Three: Myth – The Woman’s Rewrite

Caroline Caddy

Huang Po

The river is a pharmacopoeia
centuries of teas
brewed from paraphernalia
of plants and animals
or a sacred river in India
after fifteen million pilgrims
have thrown their wreaths in
and gone home
killing all the fish downstream.
Colloidal de-oxygenated outfall
of a factory that can’t be turned off
or broken down into less harmful elements.
It looks dead crawling with life
junks riding high on their loamy wakes
rusty container ships
coal barges like chopped up dragons
and dinghies of plastic bottles
tied together with string.
Everything that can float does
a diversity of necessity
we levy against.

Along the waterfront
they are tearing up trees and putting in roads
tearing up roads
and putting in trees
extending the landscape
buildings and people all dug
from the same quarry.
I watch the two men at the churned lip
take turns holding
a shiny fishing rod.
Piercing the meniscus of mud
they reel in a flash of silver
as startled to be caught as I am
by their enthusiasm.
I want the park to work the panacea…
but out there
or on a scroll
is a woman
in some kind of boat on some kind of water
trailing a hand smiling
quite happy
lifting things out looking at them
and letting go.

(Caddy 69–70)
卡洛琳·卡迪

黃婆

河是藥典
　幾個世紀的茶
　用動植物
泡製成
抑或是一條印度的神河
　在壹仟伍佰萬朝聖者
　把他們的花環拋進河裡
歸家後
捕殺了下游所有的魚
膠質　在那個無法被闖上
　或降解成較小有害物的工廠
脫了氧的
排污口
看起來死氣沉沉　　憑一口氣爬行
　廢物在它們肥沃的濁流中奔騰
生鏽的貨輪
　煤船如被斬成塊兒的龍
載塑料瓶的小艇
被繩子拴在一起
任何能浮起來的東西
我們都要徵收它們以不同方式
　必須做的事的稅
沿著河濱
他們拔起樹鋪下路
　鏟起路
又栽下樹
延長風景
　建築和人
　都挖自同一個採石場
我看著那兩個人在翻騰的河口
　輪流拿著
　一根閃亮的魚竿
劃開泥沼的光滑
他們收回銀光一閃
　像我被他們的熱情
逮住一樣
戰慄
我希望這個公園能造出　　靈丹妙藥
但在那裡
或在一幅捲軸上
有一個女人
在一條什麼船上　在一片什麼水上
拖著一隻手　微笑著　　挺快樂地
把東西撈出來　端詳一陣
又放手
Vanessa Kirkpatrick

King Aegeas

Having cast the lost of his heart,
when the sail appears
black as the wings of a crow,
he leaves his castle and goes to the sea.

The sky seems a different blue,
the air on his skin from a foreign land.
Darkness has robbed him of memories too –
a lover’s caress, the trusting feel
of a dog’s warm nose in the palm of his hand.
All this must have happened to somebody else.

Feet at the edge, he holds his decision
like rock to his chest.
He will not wait for the edd and flow, will never hear
that his son came safely home.

(Kirkpatrick 124)
凡妮莎·柯派翠克

埃勾斯王

失去了他的信心
當如烏鴉之翼般
黑的旗出現時
他離開自己的城堡往海邊去

天藍得不太一樣
他身上那異鄉的氣息
黑暗也把他的記憶一併奪走——
愛人的撫慰，狗暖和的鼻頭
在他掌心那種信任的感覺
所有這些都一定發生在別人身上

站在崖邊，他把他的決定
像石頭一樣抱在胸口
他不會等那漩渦和水流，永遠不會知道
他的兒子平安歸來
Kate Llewellyn

Eve

Let’s face it
Eden was a bore
nothing to do
but walk naked in the sun
make love
and talk
but no one had any problems
to speak of
nothing to read
a swim
or lunch might seem special
even afternoon tea wasn’t invented
nor wine

a nap might be a highlight
no radio
perhaps they sang a bit
but as yet no one had made up
many songs

and after the honey moon
wouldn’t they be bored
walking and talking
with never a worry in the world
they didn’t need to invent an atom
or prove the existence of God

no it had to end
Eve showed she was the bright one
Bored witless by Adam
no work
and eternal bliss
she saw her chance
they say the snake tempted her to it
don’t believe it
she bit because she hungered
to know
the clever thing
she wasn’t kicked out
de walked out

(Hampton and Llewellyn 159–160)
凱特·盧溫

夏娃

讓我們承認了吧
伊甸園悶透了
除了赤身裸體走在日頭下
做愛
聊天外
別無他事可做
而沒人有什麼難題
可說
沒書可讀
游一次泳
或午餐也許顯得特別
就連下午茶也尚未被發明
也沒有酒

午睡也許是點睛一筆
沒有收音機
也許他們會唱唱歌
但迄今為止沒人作出
多少曲子

蜜月過後
他們難道不會覺得
走著說著
對這個毫無煩惱的世界
感到厭倦嗎
他們無需發明一顆原子
或去證明上帝的存在

不，這一定要結束
夏娃證明了她才是聰明的那個
受夠了愚蠢的亞當
沒工作
享有極樂
她發現她的機會
他們說是蛇引誘她這麼做
不要相信
她咬了那一口是因為她渴求
要知道
聰明的東西
她不是被趕出去
而是自己走出去
Alison Tilson

Gluttony

The kings dinner was ready

first they brought it in the roast
a rich red brown, crackled
with sauce oozing over it
like saliva
and they set it on the restaurant-red cloth
brown against red
silver dish reflecting wine glass
i pawed my hands on the warm meat
and spread them on your face
warm meat saliva in your sockets and mouth
i buried your head in the
cranberry sauce
and smothered the soufflé
— which had since arrived —
down the long line of your naked back
between your rippling shoulder blades
over the fine soft hairs shining

(Jennings 497)
艾莉森・提尔森

貪食

國王的晚餐已準備好

他們首先端來烤肉
油亮棕紅，脆皮裡
汩汩流出如口水般的
醬汁
他們把它放在餐館的紅桌布上
棕壓著紅
銀碟映出酒杯
我用手刮出暖肉
把它們扔到你臉上
熱肉的汁在你的眼窩和嘴裡
我把你的頭壓在
紅梅醬裡
蓋住梳芙厘
——那已被端上來的——
順著你長長的赤裸的背向下
在你隆起的肩胛骨間
在柔順的頭髮上　　閃耀
Selection for Chapter Four: Monologue – Dialogue

Aileen Corpus

Taxi Conversation

i never had a woman like you.
what woman do you mean?
you know.
no.
i mean a black woman.
oh.
they say they’re better than white.
who? do we say, or men who’ve seen the light?
other men, white men black men, what do you say?
i don’t know driver, you see i’ve never had
a woman black or white.

i take a drag
exhale
my words are gone.
here it comes, he’s gonna ask
about my men.

have you tried white men?
why?
how do they compare?
compare with whom?
with black men or do you only black?

the silence drones
the cars race
honking out a pace
the cab stops
the meter clicks
he turns to take my fare
but there i am no more.

why should i pay and submit
to cabbage minds like that
when i smell i can tell
a violent racist bait? (Hampton and Llewellyn 226)
艾琳·科尔普斯

的士對話

我從未有過你這樣的女人。
你的意思是什麼女人？
你知道啦。
不。
我的意思是一個黑人。
哦。
他們說她們比白人要好。
誰，這麼說？又或誰是這些明白人？
別的男人，白人黑人，你怎麼說？
司機，我不知道，你看我從來沒和女人做過，
不管是黑人還是白人。

我深吸一口氣
呼氣
我的話消失了。
這就來了，他要問我
我的男人的事了。

你試過和白人做嗎？
嗯？
比起來怎麼樣？
和誰比？
和黑人啊，又或者你只和黑人做？

寂靜嗡嗡
車和車賽跑
按喇叭按出空位
的士停下
表跳著
他轉身收費
但我已不在那裡。

為甚麼我要給
像那樣的菜頭錢
我一開就聞出那暴力的
種族主義的魚餌？
Rosemary Dobson

The Nightmare

for C.S.\textsuperscript{63}

I sit beside the bed where she lies dreaming
Of pyrrhic victories and sharp words said,
She will annihilated the hospital

She will destroy the medical profession
And, kicking her feet free, walk into the world.
She moves her fist to her mouth as a child does.

Suppose her smouldering thoughts break out in flame
Not to consume bed, nightdress, flesh and hair
But the mind, the working and the making mind

That built those towers which the world applauds,
And leave upon the bed this breathing body
Scarred with the rage and trouble of her time?

I have dreamt her nightmare for her. She wakes up
And turns to smile with quick complicity,
‘I wasn’t asleep. I watch you sitting there.’

(Hampton and Llewellyn 94)

\textsuperscript{63} Christina Stead.
羅斯瑪麗·多布森

噩夢

致克里斯汀娜·斯迭德

我坐在她的床邊，她夢著
慘勝和說出的鋒言利語，
她將殞滅這醫院

她將殞滅醫療事業
並且，甩開腿腳，到大千世界裡去。
她像個孩子那樣在嘴邊動動拳頭。

假設她慢慢燃起的想法燒成火焰
燒的不是床，睡衣，血肉髮膚
而是頭腦，那工作和創造

建起讓全世界鼓掌的高塔的頭腦，
但留下這呼吸著的，因她的時代的憤怒和問題
而恐懼的身體在床上？

我替她夢到她的噩夢。她醒來
轉頭，匆匆複雜地一笑，
「我沒睡。我看你坐在那裡。」
Diane Fahey

The Chinese Astronomer

A Chinese astronomer sits opposite me at a breakfast table in Florence. He has come from a conference in Trieste. For two years he has lived in Switzerland. Something or someone sent him there and will decide when he goes back to his wife and his son who is about to enter Beijing University. Perhaps he’ll return by the end of the year? I tell him I have been to Padua and seen an observatory there that Galileo must have used. So many stairs, so many stars…

Later that day, he stumbles towards me in the street, lost and in panic. ‘Can you help me?’ he pleads, as if to a stranger, expecting not to be understood.

That evening across the table, Conversation is difficult, because he has drunk too much, and I have drunk nothing… We speak different varieties of perfect English, mention cities as if they were bubbles or stars: Amsterdam. Venice. London. Madrid.

Towards midnight, re-entering my room, I turn and catch, from the corridor’s end, his fugitive glance in which despair outstrips all desire, as if I were the phantom of his wife destined always to pause at a threshold then disappear into an unknown room.
At the beginning of the day,
in one of the pauses that was the conversation,
he said, clearly, brokenly,

*It is too long.*

Then his hands had knocked over the sugar bowl—
white glistening mounds on a white tablecloth
that must have seemed as meaningless
as a map of the earth, or of the heavens.

(Lever 179–180)
黛安·費

中國天文學家

弗羅倫薩的早餐桌上。
我對面坐著一位中國天文學家。
他從德國亞斯特開完一個研討會來。
他在瑞士住了兩年。
一些人事把他派到這裡
並決定他在什麼時候才能
回到他的妻子和他
將上北大的兒子身邊。
也許他年底就能回？
我告訴他我去過帕杜瓦
並參觀過那裡一個
肯定被加俐略用過的天文台。
那麼多台階，那麼多星星……

那天過了些時候，他在街上
向我沖來，驚慌失措。
「你能幫我嗎？」他懇求道，
就像我是一個陌生人，
不不明白他說的話。

那晚隔著桌子，
談話是困難的，
因為他喝的太多
而我什麼都沒喝……
我們都說著不同口音的
正宗英語，提到城市
彷彿它們是泡泡或星星：
阿姆斯特丹。威尼斯。倫敦。馬德里。

接近午夜，
當我重回我的房間
轉身時看到，從走廊的那一頭，
投來他難以捕捉的一瞥
蘊含的絕望超越所有欲望，
彷彿他是他妻子的幻影
命中註定永遠在入口處停住
然後消失在一個未知的房間裡。
在一天的開始，
在那暫停為對話的片刻，
他說了，明確地，斷斷續續地，
「已經太久了。」
接著他的手碰倒了糖碗——
白結晶堆在白桌布上
那看上去肯定沒什麼意義
如一幅世界，或天堂的地圖。
Sylvia Kantaris

Package for the Distant Future

Dear Inheritor,
Since you have dared to open this container
you must be living in some far-distant,
unimaginable future,
and I am writing from a time of earth
before your world began –
we call it the era of Modern Man
(a bit after the Cro-Magnon).
Enclosed you will find evidence
of our existence:
a skein of yellow silk;
a carving of a child of unknown origin
with normal limbs and features;
a violin;
some lilac seeds;
the Song of Solomon.
The selection is not scientific, just
flotsam and jetsam of our civilization.
I hope you like them.
We had a lot of things we did not like
and could have lived without.
Do not invent gods.
I hope the earth is nearly clean again.
Sow the lilac seeds in damp soil
and if they grow and flower, and if you can,
smell them after rain.

(Hampton and Llewellyn 142)
西爾維亞·堪塔瑞斯

給遙遠未來的包裹

親愛的繼承人，
既然你敢打開這個容器
你就一定生活在某個遙遠
無法想象的未來，
而我在一個你們的世界
開始前的地球寫著這些字句——
我們稱這為現代人的時代
（比克魯馬努人稍遲一些）。
隨信你會看到
我們存在的證明：
一組黃綢，
一個體型普通，未知種族的
孩子的雕刻，
一把小提琴，
一些丁香種子，
所羅門之歌。
這選擇不是依據科學，只是
我們文明的廢料和棄品。
我希望你會喜歡。
我們有很多我們並不喜歡
也可以不要的東西。
不要發明神祇。
我希望地球差不多乾淨了。
把丁香種子埋在濕土裡
如果它們發芽開花，如果你可以的話，
雨後聞它們的馨香。
Bronwyn Lea

Miserability

Grey skies over Brisbane today —  
maybe like the skies over St Petersburg,  
I think, but she says no.  
The clouds in St Petersburg are heavy like bells.  
And so it is with her eyes.  
Your people are kind, she says, this is true  
but because I know how it is  
to be whittled down to a twig & grow again into a tree —  
because I know it & speak it,  
they think me clown.  
Yes, I say, my people are kind  
but we do not like to talk about sad things.  
It’s always been this way.  
She looks at me through wet lashes  
in that wounding way of children,  
her black eyes bright with misery —  
Then tell me, she says, as if I were her  
messenger & not her witness, where are your poets?

(Harrison and Waterhouse 276)
布朗溫・莉

悲慘性

今天灰天籠罩布里斯本——
或許一如聖彼得堡的天空，
我想，但她說「不是」。
「聖彼得堡的雲沉得像鐘。」
而這一如她的眼神。
「你們這裡的人是善良的」，她說，「是這樣的
但因為我知道
被削小成一根枝然後再長成一棵樹的感覺——
因為我知道並將這說出口，
他們當我是小丑。」
對，我說，我們這裡的人是善良
但我們不喜歡聊傷感的事情。
從來如此。
她透過濕漉漉的睫毛，以那種受傷的
孩子的眼神看著我，
她的黑眼睛閃著悲慘性的光——
「那你告訴我」，她說，彷彿我是她的
傳話人而不是她的證人，「你們的詩人在哪兒？」
Alison Lyssa

Man, I am writing you a letter

Woman,
fresh from soak wash spin and vacuum,
lent across the morning paper
– open at your smear of marmalade –
and decided,
with the strength that lets men
slop their tealeaves at her and forget
to wipe the floor,
that she would gallery-hop her weekday
in search of
ART.

She took the canvas stroller
– squirming with its strapped-in anarchist –
her belly fat with someone else’s future
hair and shrieking
hers to name,
and name to queues of supermarket
neighbours naming theirs.

It stops our waistlines rolling
with our own untasted time.

She took her bag
– leather in Vaucluse/vinyl in Leichhardt –
just enough to hold her whiff of
lip-security,
anti-acrophobics,
nappy freshener
and chocolate icecream money
to lick the revolution in the pram.

Art was there
– she found it –
strong with yellow ladies
in and out of bathtubs
tangled with the deeper towels
that wound her legs like swans.
It made her search the outlines of her hairdo
for the novels that she always meant to read,
for the spat of paint on kindergarten clotheslines,
for the child that burst the faces
of the blue hats in the gallery
when it screamed its right to climb upon the statue of a horse.

She fell
upon the cheesecake
in the panorama restaurant.

Art
ran down the walls and past her
with its colours fled together.

Woman shut her eyes inside her hands
and waited…
the edges of the black and white were draining past her room,
past the snapping of your manhole as it closed,
past the smacking when the rebel rocked his pram,
past the woman bent and holding down the arms
so somehow
she could wipe away the face
with crumples from her tissues
limp
and stuck with chocolate.

(Jennings 328–329)
艾莉森・莉莎

男人，我在給你寫信

女人，
浸洗攪吸完乾淨清新地
遞過早報
——打開沾著你的橘子醬的一頁——
決定用，
使男人向
她潑茶水，並忘了擦地板的
力氣，
決定利用工作日
走遍各個畫廊
去尋找
藝術。

她帶著帆布推車
——蠕動著一位被安全帶綁著的無政府主義者——
她滾圓的肚子裡裝著別人的未來
頭髮，尖叫
跟她姓，
超市裡長隊的名字
鄰居們給他們的命名。

用我們自己未嘗的時間
防止我們的腰圍增大。

她拿著她的手袋
——瓦克魯斯的皮／萊卡特的乙烯——
剛夠她裝起一抹
給予安全感的脣膏，
防恐高症的藥，
尿片清新劑
朱古力雪糕錢
去舔平嬰兒車裡的革命。

藝術在那裡
——她找到了——
震撼如跨進跨出那些浴缸的
黃色女士們
她被更深處如鴨鵝般
纏住她的腿的毛巾勾住。

這使她想從她髮型的輪廓中
尋找那些她一直想讀的小說，
尋找幼稚園的晾衣繩上那塊油彩，
尋找當他喊叫著
他有騎那匹雕塑馬的權利時
氣炸美術館的那些藍帽子下的臉的小孩。

她倒在
旋轉餐廳裡的
芝士蛋糕上。
藝術
從牆上跑下帶著它的色彩一起
逃走越過她。

女人用手捂著眼睛
等著……
黑白的邊緣從她房中流過，
當你合上人孔時流過蓋子，
流過被打著搖著他的嬰兒車的反叛者，
流過那個彎著腰向下伸著胳膊的女人
於是這樣
她就能抹開那張沾著
她的紙巾屑
搖搖晃晃
被巧克力纏住的臉。
Nicolette Stasko

A Little Shelter

*For J S Harry*

Everything eventually
finds some resting place
the shabby ibis
with its overcrowded nest
of enormous
ugly darlings jostling
in the Cocos palm
rain working its way
into the dry dark core
of trees sighing finally
into intricate veins of leaves
street kids borrowing
for a while
the small shelter of an overpass
their ragged blankets
hung up in bleak defence
against the glare of lights
and traffic noise though little use
against mosquitoes breeding
in the slow storm water
which runs below feeding
gladly on thin blood
and so you are moving
toward infinity
the place that has no name
and refuses mapping
there are no directions in the stars
there may be consolation
in the wind

(Harrison and Waterhouse 288)
尼克萊特・斯塔斯科

一處小庇護所

致J. S. 哈利

所有事物最終
都會找到某處憩息地
那落魄的朱鷺
也有一個窩，裡面擠著
醜陋大隻的鳥寶貝
在椰子的掌心
推推撞撞
雨找到那條
穿過乾黑樹心的路
嘆著氣終於進入
葉子精細的脈絡
街童
暫避在
天橋下
他們破爛的毯子
掛起來無奈地
阻擋車燈的睥睨
車流的喧囂
然而對於防止蚊子在暴雨後
遲遲未乾的橋下的積水裡繁殖
卻效用甚微　　暢飲著
稀薄的血
而你正往
那永恆處去
那無名的
拒絕被繪製的地方
那裡的星星不指示方位
但那裡的風中可能有
安慰
Vicki Viidikas

To Levertov, To the Tradition

Why should she be amazed that anything should call her forth?

Acquire any smugness, conceit that she can change events into words, change love into an entire process – her recordings, her poems…

So many words, she threads them, carefully like jewels; she is skillful in her articulation of the object; her concern with the metamorphosis of life into an artefact

Not the perfection of the beer but the glass it is held in; not the art of the drink not the art of the vessel

It is not her alone, she is only one with her head supporting the ball; yet another in the tradition of the artefact replacing life

They comment on the ball’s weight record the pain its unnaturalness causes
Studying
the existence of a covering,
she enters
the final phase of her process saying,
“what if my poem is death songs?”

She grows wings
of a self appointed god,
flies in the dark
and pensively towards her grave,
calling
up her song,
bearing the traditional ball…

Is she aware
that creation
is borne of death?
the silent dyings of each moment
as she freezes them
into time?

Her skill
is paradoxical,
her moments have been killed
artfully, she stabs
beautifully she retires
to a museum of collected events

But sadly there is a craving
for a lost self?
Another self?

Ruefully
the poets dance, exchanging
steps and names for the ball

Occasionally
re-entering their lives,
their suburban
and everyday selves
they find their minds
are their only freedom;
their ‘celebrations’ controlled –
life
is to propagate art

Egotistically
Conceiving of greatness,
they seek
rewards for their dedication
before the final
covering comes…

(Jennings 524–526)
薇姬·維迪卡斯

致萊維托夫，致傳統

為何
她應為有什麼
會將她召喚
而吃驚？

學得有模有樣，
又有構思
她能將
事件轉化成文字，將
愛轉化成全部過程——
她的錄音，她的
詩……

那麼多詞，她將它們
串起，像對待寶石
那麼小心，她對
事物的表述
充滿技巧，她關心
從自然生命到
人工製品的
變形

不是關心啤酒的好壞
而是裝酒的杯，
不是釀造的藝術
不是製器的技藝

那想法並不只屬於她，但她是
唯一一個
用頭頂著球的人
但又一個人
以人工傳統
代替
生命

他們談論著球的重量
記著那不自然
所帶來的疼痛
研究
一片覆盖物的存在
她进入
过程的最后一阶段说
「如果我的诗是死亡之歌呢？」

她长出一位
自立的神的翅膀，
在黑暗中沉思著
飞向她的坟墓
呼喚
她的歌，
承受著傳統的球……

她是否意识到
創造
本就附有死亡？
當她把每個時刻
凝結成時間時
那安靜的死亡？

她的技法
是矛盾的，
她的時間被充滿技巧地
填殺，她精準地
刺著，她隱退到一間
收集事件的博物館。

但可悲的是那裡
有一種對迷失了的
另一個自己的渴望？

悲伤地
詩人們起舞，交換著
步伐和那個球的名字

偶尔
重新回到他們的生活
他們位於郊區
日常的自我
他們發現他們的思想
是他們唯一的自由
他們矜持的自賞——
生活
是為了拓展藝術

自大地
構想著偉大，
他們在
最後一瞬土前
為他們的獻身
尋找獎賞……
Fay Zwicky

Chicken

Tucked snug behind
Proscenium arch a
Baby’s stoned to death:
The watchers sit in trembling furs,
Slumped with relief.
Beyond belief!
Come, let’s get out before
The peak hour traffic snarls
The bridge. I’ve got cold chicken
In the fridge for supper — at least
I think I have. Those kids will
Gorge themselves. Oh go on,
You can pass! The light’s already
Amber, hurry up! I’m dying for a
Cup of tea. Don’t talk like that
To me, of all people!
Let’s not quarrel, things are
Going so well: Ian’s done his maths
And Nigel’s sure to top his year.
You’ve worked so hard with
Him...what’s that? I
Had to keep her home. You
Know that stomach thing she gets.
She’ll be all right tomorrow.
Well, the wings have had it but
The breast’s still there. Or
Part of it. You must be starving!
Can’t see why we push ourselves to
Plays like that although I feel
The writer has a point to make.
Some cake? Oh damn, I
Gave it to that child next door;
I’m sure her mother doesn’t
Feed her properly. What’s the
Matter? Aren’t you feeling well?
It’ll pass. There’s Dexsal in the
Cupboard and a glass is
Right in front of you.
All right, I’ll come up later—
What a mess they leave the
Place! Did you say she was crying?
Probably a dream. It’s just a phase
She’s going through. I’ll go to her.
You go to bed. I can’t think
What’s the matter with my head.
  There, there, the
Way you cry you’d think I was an
Awful sight. Now be a good girl,
Go to sleep. Good night.

(Zwicky, *Collected Poems*, 62–63)
菲·茨維奇

雞

舒服暖和地裹著
在舞台的拱頂後面
一個寶貝嗑藥過量死亡；
觀眾坐在顫抖的毛大衣裡，
陷進椅子裡鬆一口氣。
多大的一口氣啊！
走吧，趕在高峰期的
車流把橋塞住前
離開。我冰箱裡有冷凍雞肉
可以拿來做晚餐——至少我都
冰箱裡有。那些孩子會
自己吃飽的。哦，過吧，
我讓你過！黃燈
已經亮了，快點！我想喝
一杯熱茶想死了。別那麼對我
說話，那麼多人你不對他們那麼說？！
咱們別吵了，一切都
挺好的：伊恩做了數學
奈傑爾肯定能拿年級第一。
你那麼努力幫
他……你說什麼？我
一定要把她留在家。你
知道她那胃裡的毛病。
她明天就會好了。

哦，翅膀上有這些
但胸部還好好的。至少
一部分是。你一定餓壞了！
不知道為甚麼我們能忍受
看完那麼一部劇但我覺得
作者有自己的看法。
吃蛋糕？哦幹，我
把蛋糕給隔壁小孩吃了，
我能肯定她媽沒好好
給她做飯。什麼事？
你感覺不好嗎？
會過去的。以羅在
藥櫃裡杯子就在
你眼前。
好啦，我等會兒就上來——
看他們把這兒
弄得多亂！剛才你看到她哭了嗎？
也許是做噩夢了。她就是處在
這麼一個階段。我會陪陪她的。
你去睡吧。我不知道
我的頭是怎麼搞的。

乖，乖
你哭的樣子你覺得我
礙眼對不對。來，做個乖女兒，
去睡吧。晚安。
Fay Zwicky

**Push or Knock**

It’s Monday, fourth of June, exactly two years
since Tiananmen Square, now happily Foundation Day
in W.A. The past lies foggily ahead, small changes
only in one’s teeth and verse, a leaking roof.
We’re quite grown up in our recession.

Another limbo-long weekend. I fertilise the cumquat,
wonder if the Western Waste truck’s working, if
another week will pass before the garbage goes.

A morning visitor arrives: Mr Tang Zhenqiu
from Guangzhou province. He’s been at work
translating some Australian lyrics into Cantonese,
would like to question me about my poems.
I see them crucified by surreal consonantal clusters,
smile, and let him in.

He’s thin, fine-featured and his coat is worn.
A little jumpy, takes his tea with milk,
just one small spoon of sugar.
His hand is steady, patient, offers me an essay
titled “Sometimes Untranslatable But
In Most Cases Translatable.” For me?
How very interesting.

He asks me how I write a poem.
I bring out fourteen crippled drafts of
what’s been bugging me for weeks,
a mermaid’s monologue, the pages writhing
under blasts and slashes of rejection
she’s legless, going nowhere. He inspects
the murder weapons; victim’s done the bunk.

I tell him that the poem’s fighting decorative
scrolls, rhetoric’s fancy needlework,
the sequinned tale. Does he know what mermaids are?
He says he does.
Seduced by metaphor, I wither into pedagogic prose:
“The lyric voice is struggling with the ordinary, seams are showing, do you understand?” He does, he says.

“In China, we say pushing the poem.”
His words give off a clang of ancient swords swung in empty air, slicing through silk.
Are China’s teeming millions all so close to poetry, so tuned to its punitive measures? I’m skeptical, Art’s technicalities have never made our folklore.

He starts some native needlework himself, tells of a famous Chinese poet stuck for words — how possible? The quotes

The moon shines in the sky
The monk pushes the temple door

Should he use “push” or “knock”?

He can’t decide. While worrying words around there comes a great wise bearded seer. Invited to resolve the matter, plumps for knock to introduce a little ginger to the sentimental hush. O yes, I gasp inside, relieved to choose correctly with the blest.

How fortunate to have a visitor like that, I say aloud. No sages pass my door in W.A. we are our own executioners in these wide free spaces. He smiles apologetically, then asks if he can snap the poet at work. At work?

If you like, I say, cool as a corner neighbour: the mermaid coils submissive to the flash.

Leaving the house, Mr Tang chats up the cumquat blooming on the porch.
“In Guangzhou province we have also fruits like these in spring. People of Canton make festival for them.”
From Mr Tang I’ve learnt that
southern China is a happy land, warmer
than the severe, meat-eating north, alive
with vegetable and bearded sages who just happen
to be passing when a poet’s in a bind.
a situation in most cases
you could call translatable.

(Zwicky, *Collected Poems*, 334–336)
菲·茨維奇

推敲

星期一，六月四號，離天安門學運
整整兩年，如今是喜慶的西澳州
成立日。過去霧茫茫地躺在前方，小變化
只在一個人的牙齒，詩句和漏雨的天花板中。
我們確實在衰退中長大了。

又一個波瀾不驚的長週末。我給金橘施肥，
想著西澳垃圾的車會不會來，垃圾是不是
又要等一個星期才被收走。

一位早晨的客人到了：來自廣州的
唐正秋先生。他正用粵語把澳洲
詩歌譯成中文，
想問我一些關於我的詩的問題。
我看著它們被一些超現實的輔音群釘死，
微笑，請他進門。

他清瘦，身材勻稱，披著舊大衣。
一點兒神經質，茶裡加牛奶，
再加一小勺糖。
他的手堅定，耐心，遞給我一篇文章
題為有時不可譯，「但在大多情況下
可譯」。給我？
多麼有趣。

他問我怎麼寫一首詩。
我拿出十四張殘廢的草稿
我被這煩了幾個禮拜，
一條美人魚的獨白，紙張在
拒絕的打擊下痛苦地起皺
她無腿，哪裡也去不了。他檢查著
殺人犯的凶器，被害人逃走。

我告訴他詩在與裝飾
畫，修辭的華美針功，
敘事的亮片做鬥爭。他知道美人魚是什麼嗎？
他說他知道。
被隱喻引誘，我的話退化成教條：“

FAN 483
「詩的語言在和日常語言做鬥爭，
那條縫露出來了，你明白嗎？」他懂，
他說。

「在中國，我們說推出一首詩。」
他的話中回響著一種古劍空中一揮
斬斷繩子的清音。
是不是中國的廣大老百姓都和詩那麼近，
通曉它的平仄？我是很懷疑的，
藝術的專門性從沒誕生出我們的民間傳說。

他開始一種傳統的針線活，
說一位中國詩人有次詞窮——
這怎麼可能？詩句是這樣的：

憎推月下門

他應該用「推」還是「敲」？

他無法決定。當他正左思右想這兩個字時
來了一位聰明的大鬍子先知。
被問到如何解決這個問題時，他深思後選了「敲」
給死寂加一點
弦外音。哦，就是啊，我心裡一嘆，
慶幸自己選對了。

有一位這樣的訪客該是多麼幸運啊！
我大聲說道。在西澳沒有智者從我門前經過。
在這個大的空間裡，我們只能自己
靠自己。他帶歉意地微微一笑，然後問
是否能給工作中的詩人照一張相。工作中？

如果你要的話，我說，如街角的鄰居一樣冷漠：
閃光燈下的美人魚順從地躍身。

離開時，唐先生提起門廊上
開花的金橘。
「春天在廣州
也有像這樣的果子。廣州人為此
還有一個節呢。」

從唐先生那裡我得知
南中國是一片樂土，比肉食，
兇暴的北方更溫暖，結著
瓜果，還有當詩人迷惘時
剛好有大鬍子智者經過指點。
一種在大多數時候
都可稱為可譯的情況。
**Selection for Chapter Five: Poets – Poetics**

J. S. Harry

**the poem films itself**

Down the slimy rope into the impossible!
The inside heave somehow they got the camera down inside
the alimentary tract
The poem as historical drama or epic
by shakespeare or a drunken lamington by somebody french whose
names
our memories’d glided over (elision marked by ampersand:
digestion omitted)
will be filmed in prose our new technique (perfect
for moribund structuralism) The costumes
will appear to be modern, say crudely

*early modern* ashbery or o’hara (we will not know either of
them well enough to differentiate)
with a few loops of pointlessly-picked-over intestine (It would
be ‘hard’
to establish a particular crow was here)
Though our techniques are the shirts we are betting
our horses’ lives on, their bloodlines (techniques’, shirts’, horses’)
like those of the abused, & fictive, ‘crow’,
‘derive’ from the ancients & cannot be said to be authentically
‘ours’ yet still the pace carries us, into the
future with a marvellous momentum We are like

the élan about to drive a gothic cathedral
upward into havens of print/sky-high!/ happy? heavenly?
(exit arsehole as might be expected) the mixed
naturalism, & the absurd, trade-marking the content local,
a few flashes of unparrotlike
environmental realism, yet to be added, for the risk…

Notwithstanding
dead animals rising on our tongues (soap, soup,
the leather we’ve been chewing, round the holes
in our spirits’ feet where the thaw, as a
melting joke leaves gangrene green as agony)
what sincerely gets to us is : a kind of food-poisoning
: that we are still here as if saving cents for a 3rd row seat
where
we don’t want to sit & are already … too close up…
from a
3rd row seat, the soundtrack-roar
‘s quite deafening…
(& peering) : the screen immense in front of us
(Mute Nausea saving up to pay
to be itself & dead?) while from the backrow stalls we do
not have the bread for, they say you can almost
see, & hear, from there…
it could be little boy blue or hamlet who was the one…
by the needs of the drama managed…
to get the shiv dug in himself: right
place &
job well-done… the real, irrelevant bagpipes wailing
frail but true, outside, (us liking them – but better:)
next role will play us into death

(Hampton and Llewellyn 153–154)
J S 哈利

詩的自攝

順著滑溜的繩向下 進入不可能！
裡面的起伏 反正他們把攝影機放進
消化道了

作為古裝劇或莎翁
史詩或一個被我們的記憶漏掉
不知名的法國人的
酒心萊明頓蛋糕的詩（省音 被字符標識：
消化被省略）
將以散文這種新技巧的形式被拍下（對垂死的
結構主義來說最適合不過） 戲服
將是現代的，更準確說來是純正的

前現代 阿什貝利或奧哈拉（對兩者我們
都不是太了解 於是無法區分）
加上幾曲根本沒必要去挑揀的腸子（要
成名
會很難 這裡有一隻特殊的烏鴉）
雖然我們的技法是我們押上
馬兒性命的襯衫，他們的血緣（技法的，襯衫的，馬的）
像那些 被虐的，虛構的，「烏鴉」,
「源於」 古人，不能完全說是我們的
「原創」 然而那步調仍帶領我們，進入
有著偉大契機的未來 我們像

那將要使一座哥特式教堂
立起 擦進印刷品的天國 / 比天高！ / 的生命活力　高興嗎？ 像上了天堂？
（預料中的前方出口
為屁眼） 那混雜的
自然主義，荒誕，商標化　內容的本土化，
閃過幾隻不那麼像鸚鵡的
自然寫實主義，但還是將被加入，以避免……

儘管如此
死動物還是被口舌提起（肥皂，濁,
我們一直嚼著的皮革，　纏著我們
靈魂的腳上的洞，那兒的雪，
一個融化著的笑話，留下如痛苦般慘綠的壞疽）
那真正將我們打垮的是　： 類似一種食物中毒
我們 還在這裡 就像節省硬幣為了買一個第三排的座位
但其實
我們並不想坐在那裡 就 已經⋯⋯離得太近⋯⋯
從一個
第三排的座位，聲軌的叫喊
震耳欲聾⋯⋯
（凝視著）：我們面前寬廣的銀幕
（靜音嗯心 存錢 去買
做自己的權利，然後死去？）此時後排的貨攤傳來
「我們不賣這種麵包」，他們說 從
這兒
你幾乎能看到，聽到⋯⋯
那可能是藍色小男孩或哈姆雷特 演那個的誰⋯⋯
因劇本需要⋯⋯
請來的 刀扎到他身上：準確的
位置
任務圓滿完成⋯⋯那真正的，無關的風笛吹響
細若游絲但真實，外面，（我們開始喜歡他們
——但比這更好：）
下個角色會使我們演到死
Sylvia Kantaris

By their poems ye shall know them: Poem

All I know about poetry is that it has something to do with sex, something very close to sex, polarised sex— all the words erect and pointing in one direction—urgent— or not urgent in the least but ponderous and heavy with slow rhythms and long, deep sighs. Others prefer craft, making an art of it, delicately and with fine workmanship interweaving bodies in words lovingly. Some poems fall anyhow, all of a heap anywhere, dishellved, legs apart in loneliness and desperation, and there’s talk about standards.

(Jennings 1)
西爾維亞・堪塔瑞斯

憑他們的詩你將懂得他們：詩

我知道的關於詩的所有就是
那和性有關，
一種和性非常近似的東西，
多極化的性——
所有詞勃起指著
一個方向——緊急地——
或不緊不慢地
但緩緩而沉重
慢節奏和深，長的喘息。
別的更喜歡工藝，
從那裡做出一門藝術，精緻
憑著良好的技藝
充滿愛地把身體
交織在詞語裡。
一些詩無論怎樣都會墜落，
全從高處散落，從架上摔落，
兩腿叉開，又孤獨
又絕望，
而這兒還有標準之爭。
Dorothy Porter

Money for Nothing

‘Lou, I feel like I’m talking
to a bunch of accountants

they keep asking
is there much money
in my line of work

I’m learning a lot
from these poets—
computers and tax evasion.’

‘It’s a grabby, grotty world
not much to go around.
Blame patronage, Jill,
Grants, fellowships,
Writers-in-Residence
all that crap…

the kids go in
bright-eyed and bushy-tailed
the girls think they’re Plath
without loony bin
the boys wanna be discontinuous heroes
like a good-on-ya mate version
of Carver or Ondaatje

then the little buggers
have to watch
the smart old frauds
and smart young crawlers
split the spoils

and where’s the poem in this?
they ask the dole
the dirty flat
and the genital warts

their zingy lives
blow out
while the deadshits
with the contracts
and gift of post-modernist gab
grab what’s going.’

‘What about you, Lou?’

‘I’ve done the seventies trip, Jill,
I lived with an ideologically
small publisher
who couldn’t flog a book
to her own mother

the pub readings
where you were lucky
to get a free beer

I reckon it’s my turn
money for nothing
and my chicks for free.’

(Lever 218–219)
多羅西·波特

橫財就手

「露，我覺得我是在和
一幫會計說話

他們總問
幹我這行
到底能賺多少錢

我從這些詩人身上
學到很多——
電腦，偷稅漏稅。」

「這是個貪婪，醜陋的世界
不可能顧及到所有人。
怪就怪贊助吧，給爾，
補助金，學術獎金，
駐場作家
所有亂七八糟……

年輕人走進這個圈子
雙眼放光耳朵豎起像天線的
女孩兒覺得自己是沒精神病的
普拉斯
男孩兒想成為中途輟學的英雄
被別人拍肩膀稱讚「幹得好，伙計！」的那種
一位卡佛或安達傑

然後那些小混蛋
就要著
老奸巨猾的騙子和
聰明伶俐的犧牛
分贓

而和這有關的詩在哪兒？
他們詢問著救濟金
髒公寓和
生殖器上的疣子

他們快樂地生活
停息了
而與合同
有關的臭賤
後現代嘮叨的天份
抓住當下進行中的。」

「那麼你呢，露？」

「我在七十年代走過一遭了，吉尔，
我靠一個就連賣給她媽
都賣不出一本書的
小出版社過活

那些酒吧讀詩會
若你幸運的話
能喝上一杯免費啤酒

我猜該到我了
橫財就手
女人自動送上门」
Judith Wright

At a Poetry Conference, Expo ’67

This was the dream that woke me
from nembutal sleep into the pains of grief.

I had no hemisphere, yet all four hemispheres
reeled in a number-neon sky,
over the grieved and starving, over the wars,
over the counter-clicking business corporations.
And round the cliffs of one grey vertical
squares of uncurtained light
showed all the sad, the human ends of love –
not springtime fulltime love but one-night stands
paid for with juke-box coins. And Sarah Vaughan was singing:
“Mist,” she sang,
but it was chemical mist
mist from incinerators for the dead,
mist from the dollar-mints and automobiles,
mist from the cities grown
from crystallizing chemicals.

To keep the crowds amused
they calmed them with the curves of lovely fireworks,
each arc exact, prefigured and agreed-on
by chemists and by weapon-builders.

Each in their planned and floodlit window-spaces
the poets stood and beckoned to the crowds.
“Language!” they cried with their wild human breath,
but in the squares beneath the crowds cried “Numbers!”
“Words,” cried the poets from their past, “Fires! Forests!”
the chemical greens of plastic leaves behind them.

“Rockets!” the crowd cried. “Wars!”
and every window opened, every poet
began to burn with napalm flames.
and fires detached and fell into the crowds,
dires of a human flesh.

Here a hand fell, opening like a flower,
a firework breast, a glowing genital.

In every mirror-surface of the windows
poets blazed self-reflected
until their hearts at last burned best of all.

But here no woman rescued hearts to carry home
in cherished caskets. Over the squares below
only the flower-children lifted faces
that called out “Pretty! Pretty!”
under the metronomed invisible stars.

You might have thought the flames that fell among them
would light the crowds and scar them to the bone,
but it was only language burning. Only
incinerated words. Few phrases
did more than hang above the crowds
an unaccepted holy ghost, a word
that no one dared to take and speak.

Then the squares darkened and the lifted faces
went grey with ash.

The snow is over, cried the amplifiers.
Take home your souvenirs. Those burned-out sticks
are radio-active, ticking like geiger counters,
the spinal cords of poets, bright medullas
and clever cortexes. Hang them on your walls.
They’ll do to mark your time.

Midnight is closing-time.
The crowds went drifting
into the metro. Only a few
carried their midnight souvenirs, their burned-out rockets.
The metro doors are closed.

Now under midnight’s sign
there’s nothing but the dark, the nembutal sleep,
the hemispheres are flattened like Mercator
projections; folded like fans.
The sweepers issue from their corners
and that show’s over. (Wright 270–272)
萊迪斯·賴特

在一次詩歌會議上，67年世博會

這就是那場把我從吃了寧必妥後
深沉的睡眠引進悲傷之痛的夢。

我沒有方向，但東西南北四方
捲上一片霓虹天，
籠罩著悲痛的，挨餓的人們，籠罩著戰爭，
籠罩著敲著桌子的商業機構。
轉過那塊岩石，灰色筆直
明亮的光束下
顯露出所有悲傷的，人類愛的終點——
不是春日全職的愛而是用電唱機硬幣
買來的一夜情。而莎拉·沃恩唱著:
「霧」，她唱，
但那是化學霧
從死人焚化爐飄來的霧，
從薄荷糖和汽車，
從建在結晶的化學物質上的
城市飄來的霧。

為了娛樂大眾
他們用煙花美好的曲線使人們平靜，
每一弧精確，早被化學家及
造武器的人定型和通過。

每個都待在自己預先設好的被泛光燈照亮的窗口
詩人們站著向人群招手示意。
「語言！」他們用人類狂野的口氣喊著，
但下面廣場上的人群喊著「數字！」
「詞，」詩人在他們的過去喊道，「火！森林！」
他身後是化學綠的樹葉。

「火箭！」人群喊。「戰爭！」
每打開一扇窗，一位詩人
就中凝固汽油彈而燃燒。
火圍繞開落進人群中，
人肉的火。

那裡掉下一隻手，開著像一朵花，
煙花的胸脯，閃耀的生殖器。

窗的每一扇鏡面都照出
燃燒著的詩人，反射著自我
直到他們的心到最後燒得最好。

但這裡沒有被女人救下，珍惜地放在匣子中
被帶回家的心。下面的廣場上
只有花童們揚起的臉
呼喊著「好美！好美！」
在一閃一閃看不見的星星下。

你也許會想像那落到他們中的火焰
會點燃人群並燒傷他們的骨，
但燃燒的只是語言。只是燒成
灰燼的詞。只有少數短語
不只是懸在人群之上
一個不被接納的聖鬼。一個
沒人敢拿敢說的詞。

然後廣場變暗，揚起的臉
變得塵灰。

雪下完了，擴音器喊道。
帶你的紀念品回家。那些燒光的樹枝
放射性的，像蓋革計量器般跳動的，
詩人的脊髓神經，光亮的骨髓和
聰明的大腦皮層。把它們掛在你的牆上。
它們定能將你的時間定格。

午夜完場時分。
人群漂散走入
地鐵。只有幾個
拿著他們的午夜紀念品，他們燒光的火箭。
地鐵門闔上。

在午夜的署名下
除了黑暗，寧必要的睡眠外別無一物，
四方像墨卡托投影那樣
展開，像紙扇那樣折起。
從角落湧出清潔工
而那場表演已結束。
Judith Wright

Halfway

I saw a tadpole once in a sheet of ice
(a freakish joke played by my country’s weather).
He hung at arrest, displayed as it were in glass,
an illustration of neither one thing nor the other.

His head was a frog’s, and his hinder legs had grown
ready to climb and jump to his promised land;
but his bladed tail in the ice-pane weighed him down.
He seemed to accost my eye with his budding hand.

“I am neither one thing nor the other, not here nor there.
I saw great lights in the place where I would be,
but rose too soon, half made for water, half air,
and they have gripped and stilled and enchanted me.

“Is that world real, or a dream I cannot reach?
Beneath me the dark familiar waters flow
and my fellows huddle and nuzzle each to each,
while motionless here I stare where I cannot go.”

The comic O of his mouth, his gold-rimmed eyes,
looked in that lustrous glaze as though they’d ask
my vague divinity, looming in stooped surprise,
for death or rescue. But neither was my task.

Waking halfway from a dream one winter night
I remembered him as a poem I had to write.

(Wright 290–291)
萊迪斯·賴特

半途

我在一片冰裡看到一隻蝌蚪
（我這國的天氣所開的一個反常的玩笑）。
他被就地正法，像被放在玻璃中那樣展示著，
一個關於什麼是不三不四的圖解。

他的頭像一隻青蛙的，他的後腿已長成
可以爬跳到他的應許之地的模樣，
但他的片尾卻將他拽住凍在冰片裡。
他生長中的前爪吸引住我的眼球。

「我不是這也不是那，不在這兒也不在那兒。
我在我將到之地看到希望之光，
可惜我起身太早，一半活在水裡，一半活在地上，
但它們吸引我，使我平靜，使我著迷。」

「那個世界是真的，還是一個我無法觸摸的夢？
我身下流淌著那熟悉黑暗的水
我的同伴互相緊緊依偎，
而我卻一動不動在這裡，盯著我去不了的地方。」

他嘴巴那可笑的O形，他閃著金邊的眼，
盯著那閃著光澤的冰面，彷彿他們考量著我
模糊的神性，從卑躬的驚喜中浮現，
等著死亡或救贖。但都不是我的任務。

一個冬夜從一個夢中醒來
半途中我想起他是一首我要寫的詩。
List of Works Cited

Poetry Collections, Anthologies and Journals

In Chinese


In English


*In English and Chinese*


**Criticism, History and Theory**

**In Chinese**

Hong, Shuling., 洪淑苓. *Sixiang De Qunjiao: Taiwan Xiandai Nüshiren De Zìwo Mingke Yu Shikong Shuxie*, 思想的裙角——臺灣現代女詩人的自我銘刻與時空書寫 (The Hem of Thoughts: Self-inscription and Spatial-temporal Writing of Modern Women Poets from Taiwan), National Taiwan UP, 2014.


Yang, Lixin., 楊莉磐. *Yiyü Xing Yü Bentu Hua: Nüxingzhuì Shixue Zai Zhongguo De Liubian Yu Yìngxiang*, 異域性與本土化: 女性主義詩學在中國的流變與


In English


Crevel, Maghiel van. ‘Unofficial Poetry Journals from the People’s Republic of


Keating, Paul. ‘Australia and Asia: knowing who we are.’ 1992, Asia-Australia Institute, University of New South Wales, Sydney.

Klein, Lucas. ‘*Alors, la Chinoiserie?* The Figure of China in Theorizations of World Literature.’ *Literature Compass*, vol. 12, no. 8, 2015, pp. 414–427.


<http://www.ccjwa.org/Documents/Articles/bordercrossings.pdf>
