

山中雜詩

六十首

mountain verses

雨施舍

Yushi House

山氣日夕佳
飛鳥相與還

*Mountain colours are grand in
the evening,
When flocks of birds enjoy their
homebound flight.*

山中雜詩六十首

mountain verses

雨思

by
YUSI

雨施舍

Yushi House

08.09.08

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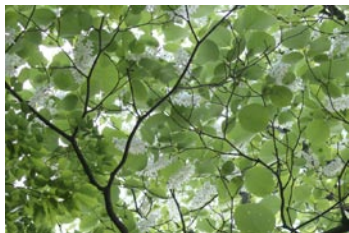
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THAT LEAF

Another leaf softly falls
At an instant unattended.
Fix eyes upon the big tree to
Witness the grace of down whirling.
But no leaf will fall unless the moment comes,
And who is going to decide this moment?
Now guess which leaf
Will come down the next time.

那一葉

又一塊葉飄然墜落
就在不察的一剎那
 舉頭望大樹
要一睹旋落的風華
未到時刻葉決不墮
那時刻又由誰捏拿
你就猜猜是那一葉
 下次落下



晚風

晚風婉轉
褪去悠然烏黑
溜入殘紅片刻
然後喚叫
柔軟月光斜照
柳絲輕拂閃耀
女神最愛
成全一夜姿采
暗裡滅起天來



EVENING BREEZE

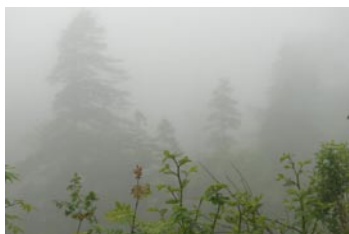
Evening breeze gently
Strips off the leisurely black
And for a moment steals into
A worn-out red. Then it summons
The soft moon to send down its light slanting,
With willow branches fluttering and glittering.
The goddess has always loved
To bless the vivacious night,
Revolting against Heaven in dark.

DENSE FOG

After the winter solstice
The sun is too frail
To drive away
Dense melancholic fog.
The little island is left with only
A blurred solitary mountain line,
Hiding up completely
The ugly three columns.

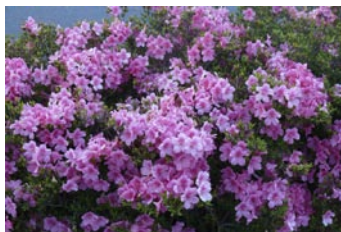
濃霧

冬至過後
太陽無力
竟驅不走
濃霧戚戚
小島只剩下
朦朧山線孤寂
於是那醜陋的
三支全無蹤跡



山坡

往日早上這個時刻
在了無人跡的山坡
一定會遇上那個人
今日竟換了另一個
只有杜鵑花猶瑟縮
在這寒冷的一月初
無懼寂滅糾纏
除夕安然渡過



HILLSIDE

Usually at this hour of the morning
On this hillside with no one around
That man will appear, but today
Another man turns up.
Only azalea flowers survive, shivering
In the bitter cold of early January,
Boldly tangling with doom, crossing
Over New Year eve safe and sound.

THE STONE BENCH

Even though the grey sky
Has unfolded the morning rays of winter
All over the little garden,
The stone bench is still bitterly cold.
Warm blood soon yields over to the stone's
Frosty cold, amassed through the years;
A stream of chill then
Flows up the spine.

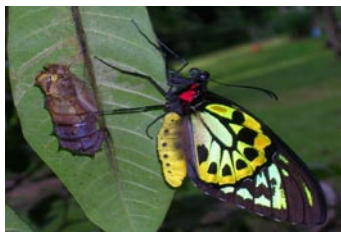
石凳

即使灰色的天空
已把冬日朝陽
送遍了小園
石凳仍舊冰涼
熱血終敵不過頑石
經年累積陰寒無量
於是一道冷氣
透過股間直上



西風

一雙白蝶
相逢無色太空
抱抱吻吻
近十秒湧動
宣告相互擁有
陶醉於兩情濃
突然無端
疾飛西東
不說一聲再見
爽朗的偏西風



WEST WIND

A pair of white butterflies
Meet in colourless space,
Hugging and kissing over
A ten seconds' surge,
Announcing mutual possession,
Enchanted by deep affection.
Suddenly, not knowing why,
One flies east, one west,
Without bidding farewell.
Oh, how crisp is the west wind!

EVERLASTING LIFE

Who has asked the leaves to sway?
Who has asked the birds to sing?
Allowing me to live life to the fullest,
Drifting around with no end.
If there were no wind,
No sound wave,
Neither motion nor calm,
Could I then gain life everlasting?

正果

誰叫樹葉搖曳
誰叫鳥兒唱歌
讓我享盡生命
在輪迴中蹉跎
 假若沒有風
 也沒有聲波
 沒有動與靜
是否便得正果



相思樹

前面是棵相思樹
在北風中奮鬥
樹者何
是雄姿赳赳
是本是末
還是一撇幼葉纖柔
一大把枝桠吹折了
狂風過後
相思樹
完整依舊



THE ACACIA

Here is an acacia tree,
Struggling in north wind.
Now what, in fact, is the "tree"?
Its majestic look?
Its twigs? Its roots?
Or just one of the tender young leaves?
See, a bough snaps off!
When the wild winds subside,
The acacia tree
Remains strong.

RESPONSE

The holy apostle smothers the sparks of fire
With wine, and the whole path is filled with
Camellia flowers caught unprepared,
So lonely, not knowing what to cling to.
Two birds, with nothing to do,
Meet on the acacia tree;
One sings, the other responds, and then
He flies from this tree to that.
Instantly, she also
Flies from this tree to that.

唱和

聖徒用酒淋熄火種
於是滿徑都留住
不知所措的山茶
寂寞無主
只見二鳥無所事事
在相思樹上相遇
一唱一和之後
他從此樹飛到彼樹
她也立刻
從此樹飛往彼樹



樹與鳥

有樹無鳥
只是無言的寂寥
有鳥無樹
卻見荒謬的奧妙



TREES AND BIRDS

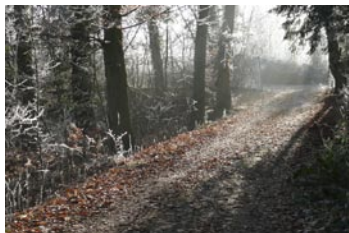
Trees without birds,
Is wordless solitude;
Birds without trees,
Is profound absurdity.

DISPLAY

For no reason a few butterflies
Lie lazily naked on the mountain path
In this gloomy warm winter of the South
To show off bright yellow and orange.

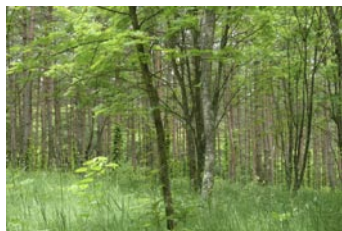
展示

無端幾隻蝴蝶
淡然坦臥山徑上
在南國暖冬晦暗中
展示黃與橙的明亮



自在

回到了熱鬧喧嘩
告別了素白的美
便窒息於
人間的是與非
深幽的愛
只存偏遠山林裡
心思困頓
方見自在田地



AT EASE

Back to hustle and bustle,
Farewelling the beauty of plain white,
At once suffocated by
The rights and wrongs of humans.
Profound love
Survives only in faraway forests;
Only when the mind is tired out,
Could one find oneself liberated.

WAITING

Even the black butterfly has left,
Probably love is no longer there,
Yet the white camellia on the tree
Is still earnestly waiting.

等待

連黑蝶也去了
 恐愛戀不再
樹上一朵白茶
 猶癡癡等待



荒野

悠悠天地
有誰知
猿的心
馬的意
是否與
橡葉的一致
若不然
如何行止
跟從猿馬的
狂放不能已
還是伴隨
橡葉靜思
兩者都虔拜
荒野原教旨



WILDERNESS

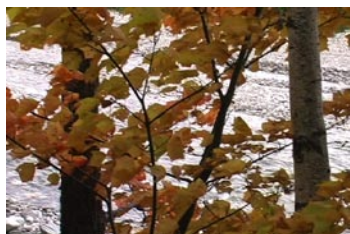
In the vast world,
Is there anybody who knows,
Whether the heart of the ape,
Or the mind of the horse
Is the same as
those of an oak leaf?
If they are different,
How should we conduct ourselves?
To imitate the ape or the horse,
Always in excitement;
Or to side with the oak leaf,
Meditating in silence?
Both are zealous followers
Of wilderness' fundamentalism.

WIND AND RAIN

In the evening the maple leaves
Take on myriads of colours:-
Luring greens,
Intoxicating reds.
A night of wind and rain
Tone them all to brown.

風雨

日暮楓香
葉葉色變無窮
媚人的綠
醉人的紅
一夜風雨
都調成了棕



簕杜鵑

簕杜鵑
瘦幹肥篷
直瀉低谷群綠
璀璨炫目最是紫紅
終年不絕
終年不絕遮蔽天空
無視昨天褪色的殘瓣
猶在比鄰惶恐
不計是否大大透支了
生命的匆匆



BOUGAINVILLEA

The bougainvillea has
Thin stem but dense crown dropping
Deep into the green of the valley below.
Glorious and glaring purplish flowers
Bloom all the year,
Bloom all the year to cover up the sky,
Without noticing the nearby petals
Just faded yesterday in dismay,
Without considering whether
Its short life has been overdrawn.

BLACK AND WHITE

Red, yellow, green and blue have all shied away,
Who will lead in the flow of Time?
White or black?
In the remaining journey,
Colours fusing together will bring about
Black sweeping in all directions,
Or white dominating the universe, depending on
Whether they are light wave or colour pigment.
There are five kinds of light and ten of colour;
As everybody lingers on the long, long road,
Black and white have never been distinct, and
It is the voyager's joy to be sometimes confused.

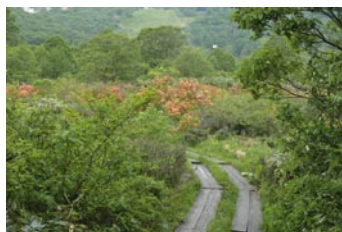
黑白

當紅黃綠藍都退下了
 流光誰領風騷
一片白還是一片黑
 在剩下的旅途
 七彩共融
造就了黑向四方橫掃
 還是白在宇宙稱雄
要看是光束還是色素
 光有五色有十
誰不躑躅天涯路
 黑白從不分明
 行人難得糊塗



氣候

還未到三月
幽谷裡杜鵑
已然盛開
誤聽春訊謠傳
他們還說
氣候未嘗變煖



THE WEATHER

Not yet March,
The azaleas in the secluded valley
Are already in full bloom, accepting
The rumour that spring has come;
And yet people still say,
The weather has not turned warmer.

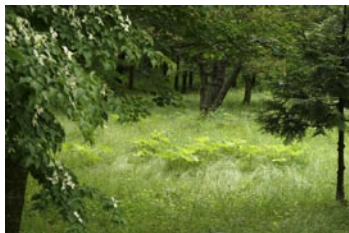
CANDID PEOPLE

Uphill in early spring
I meet a candid man in his khaki dress,
Carrying on his shoulder a spade,
Who sincerely
Reminds me to take heed,
For the mountain path is rough.
But surely it is a wide paved one,
On this beautiful spring morning.
Perhaps I too look like a candid man,
Meet him in the forest by chance,
And appear to be an old man,
And maybe a little out of breath.
Certainly I shall not forget
His thoughtful kindness.
I can still remember in early spring last year,
That worker in a funeral home,
Also at the same spot,
Made up his mind to break taboo
And coyly reveal
His so far undisclosed job.
All are candid people who love
The fragrance of grass and trees.

老實人

初春的上山路上
遇著布衣卡其
肩著泥鏟的老實人
懇摯地
提醒我小心
山路嶇崎
明明是寬坦的水泥路
況且春光明媚
大概我也像個老實人
無端相逢樹林裡
也像個老人也許還
上氣不接下氣
於是這人的好意
於心銘記

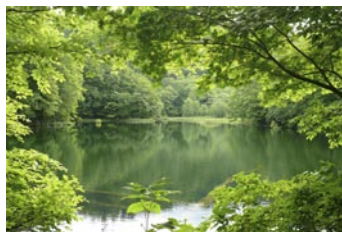
還記得去歲初春
那長生店夥計
也在同一個地方
決心打破禁忌
顏色靦腆
把他的工作揭祕
都是君子
愛上草木芳菲



輪迴

原來輪迴就是
在這一空間流連
希望窺探桃花源
在這一時間纏綿
拘泥於現代還是
後現代的語言
還要投身未名的世界
望智慧樹的果子垂涎
眺望下一個空間
尋找須彌山中水簾洞
躊躇下一個時間
入住那座世紀末天宮
於是東竄西突走不出
自造的時空牢籠
還以為無負百歲光陰
已盡見碧落黃泉彩虹

但琉璃勝境原是虛幻
七色萬花筒專司迷誘
你幾時解構了
絢爛炫目樊籠的幽囚
幾時便得著
無所住的自由
那便與空間告別
那便與時間脫鉤
那就能破解
輪迴的緊箍咒



THE WHEEL OF DESTINY

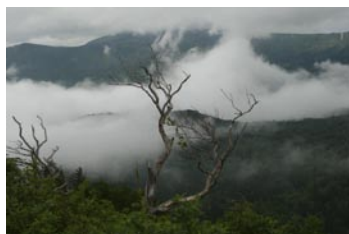
The wheel of destiny ever returns,
As you keep loitering in this space
In the hope of finding Shangri-la;
As you keep lingering in this era
All along meticulous about using
Modern or post-modern language;
As you wish to delve into an unknown world,
Attracted by fruits on the wisdom tree;
As you look into the next space to hunt for
The water-curtain cave on Mount Sumeru;
As you are undecided in the next era to stay
In which heavenly palace of fin-de-siècle.
Pushing left or right you are still unable
To leave the self-imposed space-time cage;
As yet you believe this life has been fully lived
For you witness all rainbows above and below.
But the grand spectacle of glass beads is in reality
Fictitious; fantastic kaleidoscopes just lead you
Astray, not till one day you are able to deconstruct
The bondage of the stunning, dazzling cage.
You will then start to gain
The freedom of non-attachment;
You will say good-bye to space,
You will detach from your era,
You will have broken the tight-fillet-spell
Of the ever-returning wheel of destiny.

LOOKING NORTH

No touch of spring from the Wutong Mountain,
The white egrets still dwelling on the old trees.
Forest is quiet, flute chilly, I think of my native land;
Suddenly I hear two or three cries of evening crows.

北望

梧桐山下無春色
白鷺依然舊樹棲
林靜笛寒思故國
忽聞三兩暮鴉啼



左右

右邊竹林密
左邊竹林疏
密處不通風
疏處空地多
既然愛陽光
為何不遷左



LEFT OR RIGHT

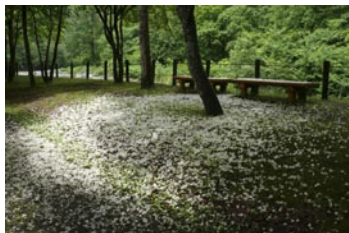
The bamboo grove on the right is dense,
While the one on the left is thin;
The dense stretch allows not even air,
The thin stretch has extensive space.
If bamboos so love sunlight,
Why not migrate to the left?

ALL OVER

Withered branches cover the quiet path,
Fallen leaves scatter everywhere.
The expansive deep valley is sadly filled
With gravestones all over.
Blame neither Heaven nor Earth –
For life naturally begets death,
Man lives and dies without a purpose,
From days of old it has been going on this way.

極目

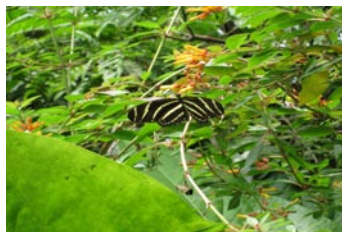
殘枝蔽幽徑
落葉鋪大地
悠悠千仞谷
極目皆墓碑
天地豈不仁
有生必有死
生死原無心
百代一是非



黃蝶

雜花香
山林翠
土黃翅膀的蝴蝶
執意和我小聚
在我面前引路
即使碰上伴侶
也只會打個招呼
一起翻騰急速升墜
只一個回合又落到
徑上脈脈相覷
在我面前一尺
亭亭挺立落葉堆
坦蕩蕩攤開翅膀
叫我在豔麗中陶醉
含羞答答猝然合上
節拍悠揚儼若芭蕾
開開合合情意濃
何必探問你是誰

且就癡癡對望
交換心心妙緒
山徑長
小蝶累
遂把精靈
化作真身纍纍
一蝶復一蝶
組成奇妙縱隊
土黃接土黃
領我山中走去
趁光仍在
切莫尋夢貪睡
你要盡吸能量翻飛
我就如影步步追隨



YELLOW BUTTERFLY

Flowers fragrant,
Forest green,
A butterfly with ochre wings
Insists to join me for a while.
In front of me, she leads the way;
Even as she encounters her mate,
She will only offer her greeting.
Surging together swiftly up and down,
But descends in seconds back to the path.
Gazing at me in silence,
Just a foot in front of me she stands
Gracefully on a heap of fallen leaves.
Readily she opens her wings,
Enchanting me with her beauty and charm,
Suddenly closes up as if abashed,
Displaying rhythm like a ballet show.
As she keeps on opening and closing her wings
With deep affection, no need to know who she is.
But let us eye each other in obsession
To exchange wondrous sentiments in our hearts.
The mountain path is long,
The little butterfly tired,
And so she beckons her spirit
To reproduce a multitude of herself.
Hence one butterfly after another
Form themselves into an enchanting regiment,
Ochre followed by ochre,
To lead my way into the mountains.
We must make good use of the remaining light –
Do not indulge in sleep and dreams;
Draw in as much energy as you can to keep flying,
I shall be your shadow following you step by step.

WORDS OF ZEN

Light wind gently breezes, time to trace
The chirping of the early summer cicada.
An unknown bird hidden in the trees
Happily echoes
"So quiet and peaceful",
"A scene of intense wonder",
Just like words of Zen from above,
Inviting the unaware to listen carefully.
Over the other side the high-speed vehicles
Are rushing to exploit their engines, roaring like
Torrential waves trespassing heaven and earth,
Putting off the birds and insects in silence.

禪語

輕風徐徐拂來
也該追蹤初夏蟬鳴
樹叢裡不知名的鳥
卻欣然回應
〈清淨得很〉
〈真妙風景〉
像空際的禪語
逗引癡兒細聽
那邊行車高速
競操引擎
彷彿洪濤鋪天蓋地
於是這邊蟲鳥無聲



石徑

不知如何
愛上這穿山石徑
這裡有遮陰的竹林
有此起彼落的蟬聲
有鳶尾蘭點頭微笑
土黃蝴蝶反覆叮嚀
石徑過後是否休止了
蘭笑蝶語竹蔭蟬鳴
還是蘭蝶竹蟬仍要
繼續編織浪漫溫馨
原是无緣無故生起的
荒誕生命
也許竹蟬蘭蝶已經
偷偷愛上有情人境



THE PEBBLED PATH

Do not know how I came to love
This pebbled path through the mountains.
Here are bamboo groves shielding the hot sun,
Here are concerted chirps of cicada,
Here are friendly orchids smiling,
Here are unending murmurs of the ochre butterflies,
Beyond the pebbled path would all these cease:
Bamboo shades, cicada chirps, butterfly murmurs,
Orchid smiles? Or the bamboo, cicada, orchid, butterfly
Still prefer to weave the romantic, cozy,
Ridiculous life, which has been there without cause
Since the beginning. Perhaps
The bamboo, cicada, orchid, butterfly have already
Secretly enjoyed the world of Man.

THE WILD BEE

A wild bee stands quietly
On a leaf on top a bush,
Looking fixedly
With a pair of piercing eyes,
Urgently wishing to relate
Seemingly thousands of sensations.
Suddenly spinning above my head are
Vulgar sounds of another bee –
Must be signals of combat!
Must be the most serious warning!
Have I intruded into
The most secret prohibited land?

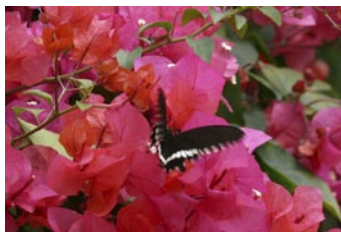
野蜂

野蜂靜立在
灌木頂
葉上凝視
一雙眼睛炯炯
急切待訴
似有千種風情
忽然頭上盤旋
粗魯蜂聲
是戰鬥訊號
是嚴厲示警
難道已闖進了
絕密禁境



尋

終尋回那上星期
片刻小聚的蝶仙
依然開合著翅膀
但好像少了悠然
一不留神飛走了
竟不說一聲再見



FOUND

The butterfly fairy seen once last week
Is found again at last.
She still opens and closes her wings,
But appears to assume less comfort and ease.
Flies away while I am not paying attention,
Without bidding me farewell.

The Dream Abode

The level path to the Horse-head Guanyin
Is secluded and nourishes the spirit;
Faraway mountains are barely visible
In illusory bluish-gray;
Tall trees abide in all directions, with
Light and shadow interact to enhance serenity.
Beyond the Horse-head Guanyin
The path winds amid clusters of rocks,
Difficult but should lead to
The deep-seated temple inhabited by the gods.
It is only an hour's walk from the dream abode;
As the Soul Mountain is not so far away,
May my stay be longer in late spring?
So sad the abode dream shatters,
But who is able to foretell the future?
I have been long seeking in vain the Soul Mountain,
The gods must be laughing at my inability.
This place, in fact, might not be a good choice:
As the shabby altar has already indicated.
The Horse-head Guanyin must have lent me a hand,
Keeping me away from unsafe rocks and remote paths;
Or perhaps Guanyin also wants to be left alone,
Not to be disturbed by outsiders.

夢廬

往馬頭觀音的平坦
小徑幽深玄妙
遠山若隱若現
藍灰的虛無縹緲
四顧高樹簇簇
光與影平添寂寥
馬頭觀音之後
路在石堆間繚繞
崎嶇泥途信可引往
諸神寄住的奧廟
從夢廬上來
不過一個時辰之遙

既然靈山不遠
能否久留春之杪
奈何廬夢無端破滅
茫茫世事誰能料
靈山尋覓年復年
徒惹諸神笑
此地終究不宜來
神龕破落早有兆
是馬頭觀音扶佑
叫我遠離石險路迢
還是觀音也愛獨處
不喜閒人騷擾



相逢

相逢在山邊
窄路上落花繽紛
相對無言
忙於調校波頻
不多久便激起
劇烈共振
澎湃過後
徐徐更新

煉成雪白小點
仿如一顆微塵
不圖乘風歸去
卻在空中翻滾
是否取得了生命
流露恆動律韻
是話別的時候
不知何日又逢君



ENCOUNTER

Encounter, by the mountainside,
Fallen petals all over the narrow path;
No dialogue so far,
For wavelength has yet to be tuned.
Before long it stirs up
A vigorous resonance.
After the upheaval,
Rebirth slowly comes by,
To be fired into a snow-white spot,
Just like a speck of dust.
It chooses not to return with the wind,
But to spin about in air.
Has it already taken up life,
To display such rhythm of perpetual motion?
Time to say goodbye:
When will be the next encounter?

EMPTY WHITE

Out from the car and see at once
White silver floating everywhere on the ground,
In this season,
On this mountain morning.
Tree crowns are graceful like mountain cherries,
Yielding to the enticing north wind.
Apart from a few bulky boughs,
All reflect the omnipresent white.
On the ground long grass and withered branches
Zigzag in all directions,
Without exception are coated with
A stylish thin make-up of titanium white.
Even the barbed wires on the hedge
Stick out hundreds of
Disorderly white pins
To compose old primitive pictographs.
It did not snow last night,
Yet so clear and refreshing is this empty white.
Everything has recovered its inmost essence,
Surpassing a thousand years of innocence.

虛白

從車廂鑽出便見	都一統抹上了
大地遍浮白銀	鈦白淡妝風韻
在這季節	連分隔網的鐵線
在這山晨	也伸出千百根
樹冠婀娜如山櫻	東歪西斜的白針
禁不住北風誘引	編織原始金文
三幾粗幹之外	昨夜未曾下雪
盡是白影紛紜	虛白卻如此清新
地面長草枯枝	萬象尋得本心
上下四方亂奔	逾越幾千年純真



朝聖

冰冷荒寂的世界
你竟要苦苦追尋
當飛鳥也懼寒流
躲藏於擋風樹林
要窺看萬化真象
你自願投入霜凜
當萬物都安身於
掩蔽偽裝的冬寢
不論走到那裡
即使浮光有心
都不能褪去
假面的啞暗

零下七度陽氣散
提子麵包滋味甘
邊走邊吃不敢坐
唯恐脊骨風寒滲
肩負重甸甸背囊
懷抱朝聖者熱忱
不知最後走到那裡
不知人子幾時重臨



A PILGRIM

You are painstakingly after
A cold forlorn world,
When the birds are afraid of the cold spell
To seek shelter in the wind-sheltered forest.
You willingly throw yourself into frosty cold
In order to see the true picture of everything,
When all creatures find comfort
In camouflaged, disguised hibernation.
Wherever you go,
Even if the fleeting light so very much wishes,
The dim, gloomy masks
Cannot be taken off.
At seven below freezing, energy flees.
Raisin buns are tasty, but have to be eaten
While walking; do not sit down,
Lest bitter cold will permeate the spine.
The shoulders bear the weight of the heavy knapsack,
The heart embraces a pilgrim's passion,
Know not where the journey will end,
Know not when the Son of Man will come again.

LONG-WINDED

Dazzling colours fill the eye,
Silent night reigns over the bustling road.
Already two thousand years since
The Son of Man drafted the proclamation of love.
Founded not more than a thousand years
Is the majestic castle on top of the mountain.
Man now madly adores wealth,
Would not lend ears to the long-winded carpenter.
The few meticulously scrubbed guns are still
Aiming at the little sleeping island across the sea.

嚕嚒

滿目璀璨七彩
夜的平安在繁華街道
整整二千年了
人之子起草愛的通告
矗立了不足千年是
小山上巍峨的古堡
世人瘋狂拜金
聽不進窮木匠的嚕嚒
幾尊刷淨的大炮仍舊
瞄準對海酣睡的小島



豔草

一杯橙色豔草
路旁深情斜躺
引誘你一飲而盡
鮮橙雪葩芬芳
或飄飄然飛升
或滋味一下死亡



THE CHARMING MUSHROOM

A cup of charming orange mushroom
Reclines lovingly by the side of the path,
Entices you to drink in one shot
What looks like fragrant orange sherbet.
Either you cheerfully fly high above,
Or you will merit a taste of death.

WILLOW CATKINS

Willow catkins float everywhere; when
Bleak moments are blown in by the east wind,
Forming a thick mesh of intense spring,
Allowing no wild thoughts to go through.
Hence the soft little particles
Are not able to fall to the ground.

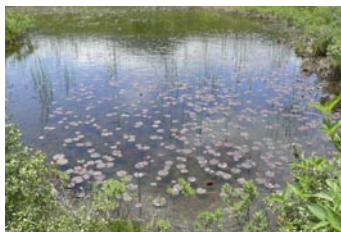
柳絮

柳絮滿天飄浮
東風吹來陣陣蒼涼
凝成一網春濃厚
不漏遐想
軟綿綿細子
遲遲不能落到地上



浮萍

永不言敗的震盪
傳遍小池
浮萍擁擠在
微動漣漪
於是都跟著韻律
沉浮不已
幾時休
誰能把水靜止



DUCKWEED

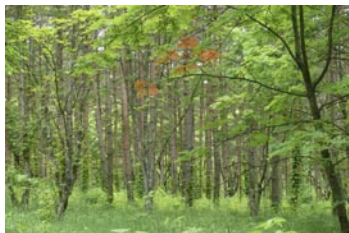
Endless vibrations
Are transmitted through the little pond.
Duckweeds crowd themselves over
The fluttering ripples,
And follow the prevailing rhythm
To move ceaselessly up and down.
When will be the end?
Who can calm the water?

GET LOST

We did some day get lost
Inside a thick dense forest,
In a valley with many astray paths,
At a moment unsure to advance or retreat.
The map shows nothing but confusion,
And no signpost is in sight.
While hesitating,
Bodhisattva offers us a compass.

迷失

我們也曾迷失過
在不見天日的密林
在岐途千百的山谷
在不知進退的光陰
地圖的指示模稜
路標無處可尋
正徬徨
地藏借來指南針



居停

天天尋尋覓覓
得意居停
閒庵殘舊
高山也不靈
走盡通衢
也踏遍小徑
後現代跑鞋
也許方向不正
能指路的只有
內心的洞明



ABODE

Looking everyday for
A fitting abode.
The unoccupied hut is too shabby,
The high mountain is without a soul.
Have already covered all the roads,
And gone through all small paths.
Maybe the pair of postmodern running shoes
Is not stepping in the right direction.
An indicator can only be found in
The wisdom of the inner self.

THE VILLAGE

How it strikes me,
This village.
Slanting light diffuses
The boundless atmosphere;
And mysteriously flickers
On the multitude of roofs.
The landmark of the village
Is still the pinnacled church;
Its steep tower has easily dispelled
The fabrications of Man.
The little paths in the fields
All start from the village roads,
And connect there to
The emptiness of Nature,
Where you can catch up at will
The absurdity of space and time,
And wait for the night stars
To allay your fears.
You have not lost
The years that are stranded in the heavens:
For they are all stored within the thin makeup
Of the unblemished girl in the Sculpture Park.

村莊

這是怎樣的
一個村莊
斜光滲透了
大氣蒼茫
在一眾屋頂上
暖暖飄盪
村莊的地標
仍是尖頂教堂
陡塔從容卸下了
眾生的虛妄
原野間的小路
都由大街通往

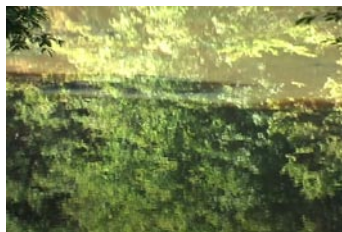
在那裡接駁
大塊的空蕩
於是可隨意攀上
時與空的荒唐
等待晚上星宿
告訴你不必恐慌
還未曾失掉
流落天際的時光
全都貯存於雕塑
園中素女的淡妝



激情

馴服了水土
攫取了太陽
吸取了宇宙
億萬年的滋養
創鑄出畫家夢裡
也不敢拾取的色相
不斷沁出
令人迷醉的幽香
都只是為了一生
僅有那一場
未必來臨的
最激情蕩漾

也都是為了激情
過後的新景象
星星之火重燃於
荒原蒼涼
於是乃可再現
野色的遐想
暗香的勾引
癡情的誇張



PASSION

Tame the earth,
Snatch the sun,
Suck up from the universe
Nutrients amassed over millions of years,
Create the colours and images that even
An artist dare not pick up in a dream,
Seep out incessantly
A fragrance that allures,
All for that most agitated
Passion which may come
Only once in a lifetime,
Or may never occur at all;
And also for the scene revived
After the passion:
Sparks of fire rekindle in
The forlorn wasteland.
And there reappears,
The fantasy of wild colours,
The lure of hidden fragrance,
And infatuated passion much boosted.

TWO BIRDS

Two birds make a stopover on the cable,
Talking in private,
With bodies taking part,
Giggling and flirting in rhythm,
Jiggling hands and feet in excitement,
Performing in earnest a duet dance.
One bird eagerly flies near,
The two birds hurriedly fly away.

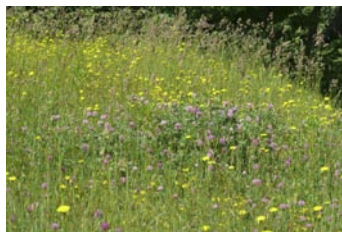
二鳥

切切私語
二鳥天線上勾留
肢體也加入對話
依節拍弄姿搔首
興奮地舞手蹈足
落力演出二重奏
一鳥殷勤飛來
二鳥趕忙飛走



野鳥川

野鳥川的下午
我和你都了卻營營
溪邊小喫茶店的
庭園寂靜
細聽流水私語
窺見野花談情



THE STREAM

At the riverside in the afternoon,
You and I have put away all tedium.
The little teahouse by the stream
Opens into a tranquil garden.
Listen to the murmurs of running water,
See how the wild flowers make love.

MERCY

You make a vow of mercy,
Offering to ferry the ignorant across.
You always do your best,
Although you do not yet have magical power.
But it is sad to see the sun setting so soon,
Leaving Time in fear.
Unable to care for everyone,
You plunge into terror night after night.
To be sure, it is a difficult road, but you are
Not alone to climb up the mountains.
When you lose your step down to the river,
Buddha immediately holds out his hand.

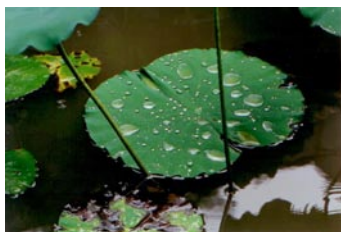
慈悲

你興起慈悲大願
獻身度脫癡鈍一眾
你從不輕言放棄
即使未學會菩薩神通
只愁日入何太急
累得時光惶恐
不能牽掛八方
唯有夜夜編織噩夢
此路難行
卻從不是獨自闖峰
當你踏出墮河的一步
地藏立即飛身護送



露珠

葉上滴滴露珠
經歷一夜溫柔
怕見朝暉
立即遁走
太陽無心
原是生命源頭
不知那時開始
加入紫外光荒謬
令白皙肌膚
徒然變得黑黝黝



DEWDROPS

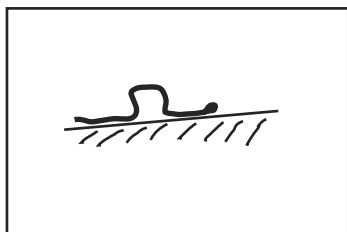
Dewdrops on the leaf,
After experiencing a tender night,
And fearing to see the morning light,
Fly off immediately. The sun
Actually has no ill intention,
It is, surely, the source of life;
But from time unknown, has mixed
Itself up with the ridiculous ultra-violet,
Turning snow-white skin
Of no avail into dreadful black.

CRAWLING

An insect in black and yellow strips,
Is half-inch long with no legs.
Its head aims at a target spot,
Curls the back like a dried shrimp,
And pulls its rear forward.
By thus shrinking and pulling again and again,
With the head go on looking for the way,
It takes ten minutes to cover a ten-inch distance;
Then it stops without knowing what to do next,
Simply enjoying a ten-minute solitude,
Finally decides to turn back,
Repeating the route in opposite direction.
After ten minutes it returns
To the original position, destined.

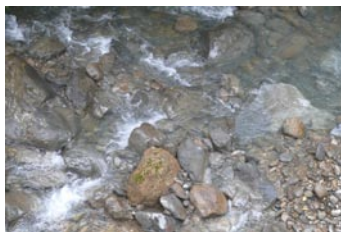
伸縮

黃黑相間三分長
小蟲無足
蟲頭探到落點
像蝦乾般把背拱曲
把尾拉前
如此一次一次伸縮
頭也一次一次探路
十吋路十分鐘起伏
然後猶疑不決
靜享十分鐘孤獨
決定掉頭
反方向原路重覆
十分鐘後
回到原來歸宿



春泥

滿地落葉堆積
清理無計
掃下山坡
掃進澗溪
不知如何壞滅
化作春泥
只知終又回來
另一世



SPRING SOIL

Fallen leaves heap everywhere,
 No way to clean.
 Sweep them downhill,
Sweep them into the stream.
 No one knows how they will
 Decay into spring soil.
We only know for sure they will
 Return to live another life.

MY DREAM

You come often to my dream
To climb mountains with me,
To walk into virgin forests,
To glide through the clouds together,
Over streets, over hills and rivers.
Sometimes we speed like wind,
Sometimes so exhausted,
We are unable to move another inch.
We hold our hands in silence,
To look for the rest house on the sand dunes;
We lie down in green pastures,
Walk through dark, gloomy valleys.
Who are you?
The guardian angel of my past life,
Or the shadow on the white wall
In my next?

夢中

你時來夢中
伴我攀山
穿越原始森林
伴我滑翔雲間
飛過市街
飛過山川
或疾如風或力盡
不能再進一寸

手牽手默默無言
尋找沙丘上休屋
或躺臥青草地上
或走過陰森幽谷
究竟你是誰
前生的護守天使
還是下一生
白壁上的影子



高峰

峰頂在望
直須加勁一把
區區百米
鼓餘勇向上爬
赫然另有更高峰
巋然不動迎迓
只緣身在山裡
無計辨析真假
懵然不知山外有山
以為確有珠穆朗瑪
如今只得不斷攀爬
直至頹然倒下



THE PEAK

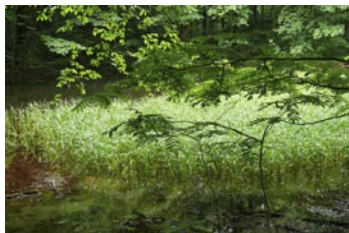
The peak is at sight,
Must put in more effort;
Only a hundred metre left,
Must go on with strength remaining.
But look, there is another peak even higher,
Greeting you with an air invincible!
For you yourself are within the mountains,
Unable to make out what is true, what false,
Forget that there is always another peak beyond,
Thinking an Everest really exists.
Now you can do nothing but go on climbing,
Till you are exhausted and fall to the ground.

EARLY MORNING

You want to tell me about the birdsong this morning,
Relating from afar the message of unsettled warm,
But, still cold, I am asleep again
On this early morning with light rain dripping.

五更

你想告訴我今早的鳥歌
從遠處傳來乍暖還冷
可是我又睡著了
在這細雨紛紛的五更



牧馬

也在山上也在河畔
閑步田野阡陌
遠處是小鎮浮動
背負落日最後一刻
牧馬人趕著馬
緩緩從南走向北



THE HORSE-GRAZER

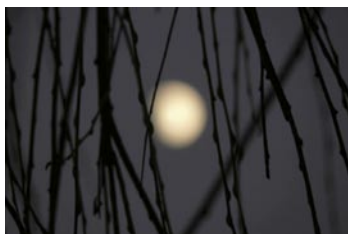
In the mountains and on the river bank,
Just roam about over fields and paths.
Far away a village floats,
Shouldering the last moments of sunset.
The horse-grazer leads his horse
Moving slowly from south to north.

NATIVE LAND

How can such a beautiful place
Not be your native land?
– When the big round moon is so bright
Behind the dropping willows on the riverside,
– When the strange language of the people
Is not so pleasant to the ear,
Just like the words of the old folks coming
From the village where your father was born.
Can you for one moment be bold enough to rebel,
And confer on this place a medal of our land?
Here are mountain forests you want to return to,
Here are narrow winding trails you dream of,
In spring cherry blossoms line the paths,
And in winter you tread on icy frost everywhere.

故鄉

如此美麗的地方
怎會不是你的故鄉
當江邊垂柳後面的
偌大圓月那麼明亮
當他們陌生的言語
聽來不那麼悠揚
就像你爸爸出生地
僑鄉來的父老說話一樣
能否大膽背叛一下
頒給此地吾土的勳章
這裡有你要回歸的山林
有夢裡小徑羊腸
還有春天夾道的櫻花
更有冬日遍地的冰霜



又相遇

又相遇了今日
半個月相思
土黃蝴蝶群舞
仍舊依依
許是早前的悶熱
窒息了苦戀情意



MEET AGAIN

We meet again today, having yearned
For each other over the past fortnight.
 The dance of ochre butterflies
 Still clings to my heart.
Perhaps the gloomy heat earlier
 Has suffocated our deep love.

YELLOW

On the walk in the mountains today,
A pair of pale yellow butterfly is seen
Flying freely in the air,
Prettier than the ochre ones.
But the ochre ones are more loving,
Simply lying there on the yellow earth.
Suddenly blown to the ground
Are charming camellia flowers one after another.
The core of a few strokes of fresh yellow is protected
By petals with yellow seeping through white.

黃

這一回山裡行
在天空中亂飛
是一雙淺黃蝴蝶
比土黃的美
可是土黃的更親切
伏在腳下的黃土地
忽然吹落地上
一朵朵山茶嫵媚
幾抹鮮黃的心讓
白裡透黃的瓣蔭庇



古堡

各路英雄競奪的古堡
冬日裡殘垣猶透風采
伯爵之後已八百年
優秀民族尊嚴恍在
重遊戰亂中的要塞
回味奴役下的禍害
皇居變了商務酒店
會議室裡一一找來
數碼時代的摩登裝置
高解視像寬頻下載
古舊的雜物都塞進了
小教堂博物館內
歷史如此承傳
集體回憶一代復一代
有誰理會千百年來
大河未曾一日懈怠
滿谷的大樹上
霜雪一直這麼覆蓋



THE OLD CASTLE

The old castle sought after by so many heroes
Has ruined walls still looking grand in winter.
The Count has gone for over eight hundred years,
Yet the dignity of a fine people still remains.
Visit again this stronghold surviving chaotic battles,
To ponder over the scourge of slavery. Now
The royal abode is turned into a business hotel;
In the conference room you can find all kinds of
Modern equipment of this digital age, like
High resolution video and broadband download;
While all old useless things have been pushed
Into the chapel museum.
History has rolled on like this,
Generation after generation of collective memory.
Who has ever paid attention to the great river,
Never lying idle since thousands of years;
To the multitude of big trees over the valley,
Always covered with snow and frost.

SILENT NIGHT

On this silent night when all people rejoice,
Why is the small village so desolate?
The same scanty lights have been hung there
All these years, to re-present poverty at the stable?
Festive dinner in the hotel gets cold in gloom,
For the guests are staying home doing meditation.
The church pastor in his monotonous voice
Preaches with effort how the Word was made flesh.
Everyone ignores the great good news; while
The drunkard under the lamp is left in misery.
They say salvation is a matter of grace,
Yet it is hard to decide who are the chosen ones!
Only the layers of ancient trees on the mountainside
Have at all times orchestrated the movement of life;
Also the tactful water running in the river
Has reflected the silent moon through the ages.

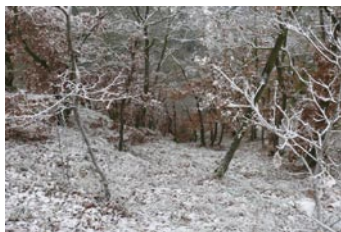
平安夜

萬眾歡騰平安之夜
小鎮為何如此荒涼
稀疏燈飾年年掛上
重現馬廄清貧模樣
飯店大餐黯然冷卻
客人躲在家中冥想
教堂牧師話音單調
道成人身說得勉強
震撼喜訊無人傳達
燈下醉鬼黯然神傷
都說救贖單憑恩賜
誰是選民頗費思量
只有山邊重重古樹
日夜合奏生之樂章
還有江畔宛轉流水
世代映照無言月亮



橡林

不見行雲於天
不見溪谷於地
闖進了這片密實
橡林的靈氣
是心深處的樂園
是恍惚中的玄秘
冬山無人
只有我和你



THE OAK FOREST

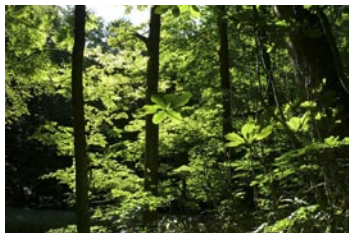
Cannot see clouds above,
Cannot see the valley below,
Have burst into the spiritual
Realm of this dense oak forest,
A paradise in the innermost heart,
A mystery in a trance.
The winter mountains are devoid of
People – except you and me.

TALL TREES

Dreamland has gone forever,
For we have parted with the Vine Reserve,
Where we can dwell
Like wild birds.
West for a mere hundred miles,
The trees are no more tall.

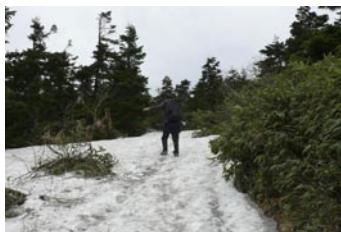
喬木

再無夢中之地
別了鳶沼
可以安然棲身
猶如野鳥
西走不過百里
林木不喬



殘雪

除了那地上霜
已十多年了未見雪
如今在千五米高的
北國雪猶見在六月
誰知大雪塊下面
是硬地還是孔穴
不似濃霧裡大橋底
確是深百米綠宮闕
殘雪正逝
雲雨不輟



SNOW REMNANTS

Except frost on the ground,
Have not seen snow for more than ten years.
Now at a height of fifteen hundred metre,
Snow is there over the northern country in June.
Who knows what is under the large snow sheet?
Hard ground or simply a hole?
Unlike down under the bridge in thick fog – for sure
A green palace is there a hundred metre below.
Snow remnants are fast disappearing,
Cloud and rain remain.

THE SIX PONDS

How could the small wooden platform
Face up to the big, big Vine?
Beautiful grass in the pond is like a painting,
Watching quietly all wonders in the Mirror;
But the Moon in the water is abashed
To disclose the illusory; the opposite bank
Cannot be seen even from a Long distance.
Even though there is still a Stretch of light,
Beautiful views will soon be out of sight,
Leaving behind only a Basket and a Ladle.

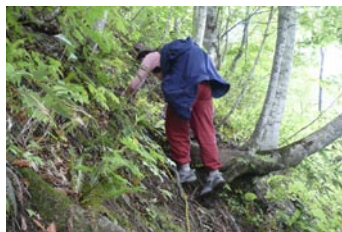
蔦六沼

小小木台如何
面對大大的蔦
塘中芳草如畫
鏡裡靜觀眾妙
卻見水中之月
羞於透露虛渺
長眺不見彼岸
儘管餘光未了
好景終究盡去
只餘一簞一瓢



赤沼

就在山光中
掩藏水色嫋嫋
幽境已盡仍不見
薦之第七沼
原來此沼伶仃
孤臥幾里遙
崎嶇山徑
都始於仙人橋
指路還須靠
紅絲帶枝上繞
要到所思之地
得在泥濘上蹦跳
夢湖辛苦得來
猶不似六沼嬌嬈
踏破鐵鞋何所覓
至美遠在雲霄



THE RED POND

In mountain light hide dancing ripples.
Secluded land has already come to an end,
Yet the seventh pond of
The Vine Reserve still could not be seen.
It turns out that this pond is abandoned,
Lying by itself a few miles away.
All rugged paths
Begin from the Fairy Bridge;
As guiding sign one needs
A red ribbon hung on trees.
To reach your favourite place,
You have to skip on muddy dirt.
Have struggled hard to arrive at the dream pond,
Yet it is not as lovely as the other six.
You have worn out your iron shoes to seek, yet
The most beautiful hides itself on the clouds.

山中方七日
世上已千年

*seven days in the mountains,
a thousand years on earth;*