



NINE DRAGON ISLAND

Date: Wednesday 28 March 2018
Speakers: Eleanor Goodman and Lucas Klein
Time: 7:30-8:45

Venue: kubrick 油麻地店 (Shop H2, Cinema Block, Prosperous Garden, 3 Public square street, Yau Ma Tei, Kowloon)
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FREE ADMISSION | ALL ARE WELCOME

ELEANOR GOODMAN

On the Plane Back to Shanghai, I Contemplate My Father

Crows hovered by the road
to the airport, full of hunger—
the frozen lake is a silvered moccasin,

the river phosphorescent on its descent
to the sea, crisscrossing a riven country.
Ohio's red-tipped trees

line the hedgerows,
their red buds dying in ice,
crystal-preserved.

The silver wing descends
through darkened cumulous
and disappears into the smog below.

Stark mirroring—
someday our flesh
will dissolve into oceans.

Swimming Lesson

On top of your body
propped on rocks
by the shale promontory
and shadow of the lighthouse
with its implications
too obvious to limn
where foam gathered
and broke in the kelp
with spits and sprays
the sea growing ever
more greedy and these
are still your environs
despite the estrangement
your dark eyes darkened
by my questions closed
with the divided heat
of your body beneath me
I looked out to where
there was no land beyond
to that imagined harbor
and the island of thirst-
easing olives and fish-skinned
fruits you promise
without meaning
to show me and thought
of what it would take
to make it
how far out I could swim
on my own
if I leapt

Foreign Tongues

Norwegian, he says, never
gives up its grip on the tongue,
and his voice is a vice,
an accent of grief. I catch him
watching my mouth.

What does he know
of what others have lost?

*Your language is like liquor,
smooth and stinging going down.
It is absorbed in the blood and gone.*

He speaks in the burnt haze of sex,
his last strike before sleep.

But I remember each conjunction
that took us from here to here.
In the eye of the doomed city,
kissing a child with python arms,
the lake-black night of sirens,
codes of correspondence
deciphered by doctors.
In the skill of forgetting
who is ahead?

This need to know and be known,
the ambivalence of home—
here my own mouth is foreign.

I had forgotten
what it means to be alone
at the moment you are entered,
what it is to say what you mean.

金色的秘密丛书

臧棣

低头时,我只看见这菊花,
 金色向导,小小的手臂曲张着,像软体动物的触须。
 粗心看,才貌合成艳黄的花瓣。
 而我现在,心细得就像一根断弦。
 养得这么好,一定懂政治,
 于是,植物的礼貌就有了宇宙的深意。
 一抬头,我瞥见了给它浇水的人。
 她不是园丁,不过看起来她有更好的方法,
 知道如何把水浇到点子上。
 稍一比较,多数人的背后都有无数的秘密。
 而她的秘密不在她身后,在我和菊花之间,
 没错,她的秘密永远在她的前面。

Golden Secret Series

Zang Di

When I lower my head, I see only these chrysanthemums,
 golden guides, the little hands curve up and out, like the cirrus of mollusks.
 A careless glance composes them into bright yellow petals.

And right now, I am being as careful as a broken string.
 Raised this well, they surely understand politics,
 and so, the civility of plants shows something profound about the universe.

When I lift my head, I glimpse the person who waters them.
 She isn't a gardener, but it looks like she has even better methods,
 and knows to water right where it matters.

Generally speaking, most people have countless secrets behind them.
 But instead of behind her, her secrets are placed between me and the chrysanthemums, that's right,
 her secrets will always be in front of her.

稻草人丛书

臧棣

拍拍石头的肩膀,意思是,
 你刚扎好了一个稻草人:你在它身上看到了
 人的简陋。人的减法。制作它,只消耗了
 半捆猪草。它的脊骨是用墩布把做成的,
 两臂呆板如尺子。你从它身上想到了
 人的丑陋。人的空心。但田野里的逻辑
 会赐给它另一种美。金色的守望者
 只是它的一个影子。你的记忆斗不过
 它身上的风景。你要求它逼真,
 将人的威权带进自然的轮回中——
 你盼望它成为麻雀永远的对手。
 而敌人的概念从来就很无耻,比无知更无耻。
 于是,它替你出场,至少表面上是如此。
 或者,它的回报已多于丰收,而你要寻找的东西
 将会把我们引向奇迹的发生。

Scarecrow Series

Zang Di

When you pat a rock on the shoulder, it means
 you've just put up a scarecrow: you see in his body
 the crudeness of man. The subtraction of man. Making him only took
 half a bale of pig-grass. His spine is a mop handle,
 his arms are as stiff as rulers. His body reminds you
 of the ugliness of man. The hollowness of man. But the logic of the field will grant him another kind
 of beauty. The golden sentry
 is merely his shadow. Your memory can't win against
 the landscape of his body. You want him to be lifelike,
 bringing man's authority into the cycles of nature—

you hope he'll become the eternal enemy of the sparrows.

But the concept of enemies is always shameless, more shameless than ignorance.

And so he takes your place, at least so it seems on the surface.

Or, what he gives in return is more than a harvest, and what you seek will lead us toward something miraculous.

LUCAS KLEIN

Xi Chuan 西川

from **Travel Diary**

The Butterflies that Die on my Windshield

To drive my car onto the highway is to begin a slaughter of butterflies; or, the butterflies see me speeding along and decide to undertake a suicide mission. They die on windshields. They die on *my* windshield. One after another they die, turning into droplets of water, turning into yellow streaks the windshield wipers can't wipe away. I have to pull over—to mourn, but also to put off paying my own debt. Immediately the police show up, inspect my license, issue me a ticket, and order me to leave, warning me against standing on the shoulder. And immediately more butterflies start dying on my windshield.

The Wrong Way

Suddenly all that's left is my car. Suddenly I see a flock of sheep falling from the sky. Suddenly the sheep that greet me turn into cars, one after another. Suddenly the two-lane highway turns into a one-way street. Driving along, suddenly I find I'm going the wrong way! How did I end up on this road? Where did all the other cars go off to? Driving against traffic is like driving against the sheep of the true, the good, and the beautiful. I'm not trying to kill them, but if I don't they'll trample me gently. Driving along, suddenly I find I'm going the wrong way! I hear the sound of wind and the silence of the earth. I don't run into any cars—what I run into is nothingness.

Walking through the Market

At dusk (when ancient poets' minds were most active—what joy to meander through mountain paths in the tint of the slanting sun!), I'm envious of the ancient poets as I walk through a market rotting leafy vegetables. Nobody near me who looks like a red-crowned crane, no potatoes that look like a cliff, and no celery stalks looking like pine trees. But it is my dusk, after all: a backlit woman comes toward me, indifferent, dressed in pyjamas and sandals, munching on sunflower seeds. The light of the slanting sun outlines her frame in the market. She pretends not to notice she's almost naked, and I pretend not to stare in case anyone can tell the disturbances in my heart.

Sock Advertisement

I walk past a billboard selling socks. The billboard says, "Now is the time to buy socks!" Why isn't this the time to mend socks? Why isn't this the time to remove socks? A well-off society is a society in which everyone can put on socks before shoes; an affluent society is one in which some don't bother putting on socks before shoes. I bet at least a couple of these people walking by me have worn holes through their socks; another must have stinky feet, but socks intact. I bet my own socks are jealous of new socks. I bet my feet are jealous of

bare feet soaking in the sun.

Bathing Thoughts

Someone has used this bathtub. But no problem—someone has handled the money in my hand, and someone has praised the beauty of the moon overhead. But still, someone has used this bathtub. Was it a woman or man? A pretty woman or a hideous man? But no problem—in some places you'd be happy to just have a bathtub to bathe in. I admonish myself, You should live with fortitude, with restraint, which means bathe in a used bathtub with fortitude and restraint. But as soon as I'm restrained, the cockroaches are going to come creeping out of their nooks and crannies. But no problem—you should be happy there aren't any mice.

Someone

Someone in Shanghai is living a life, someone in an oasis in the desert is living a life, someone at the foot of a snow-capped mountain is living a life—you've never met them. Someone leaves Shanghai and dies at the foot of a snow-capped mountain; someone leaves an oasis, almost dies in Rome, then makes it back to the oasis—you've never met them. I write these words, but someone who's never read these words is living a life; maybe someone who reads these words will say, Nothing this guy says makes any sense. But wait, have I met you? I think about it, but we've never met. Each of us is living a life, maybe even in the same city, maybe even the same neighborhood.

translated by Lucas Klein

选自《出行日记》

撞死在挡风玻璃上的蝴蝶

我把车子开上高速公路，就是开始了一场对蝴蝶的屠杀；或者蝴蝶看到我高速驶来，就决定发动一场自杀飞行。它们撞死在挡风玻璃上。它们偏偏撞死在我的挡风玻璃上。一只只死去，变成水滴，变成雨刷刮不去的黄色斑迹。我只好停车，一半为了哀悼，一半为了拖延欠债还钱的时刻。但立刻来了警察，查验我的证件，向我开出罚单，命令我立刻上路，不得在高速公路上停车。立刻便有更多的蝴蝶撞死在我的挡风玻璃上。

逆行

忽然就只剩下我一辆车了。忽然就望见天上落下羊群了。忽然迎面而来的羊一只只全变成了车辆。忽然双行道变成了单行道。走着走着，忽然我就逆行了！我怎么开上了这条路？那些与我同路的车辆去了哪里？我逆着所有的车辆，仿佛逆着真善美的羊群。不是我要撞死它们，而是它们要将我温柔地踩死。走着走着，忽然我就逆行了！我就听到了风声，还有大地的安静。我没撞上任何车辆，我撞上了虚无。

穿过菜市场

黄昏，（古代诗人思维最活跃的时刻。漫步在斜阳浸染的山道上何等快意！）我一边羡慕着古代诗人，一边穿过这满地烂菜叶的菜市场。我身边没有一个人长得像仙鹤，没有一个土豆长得像岩石，没有一根芹菜长得像松树。但这毕竟是我的黄昏：一个满不在乎、穿着睡衣拖鞋，嘴里嗑着瓜籽儿的女人逆光走来。菜市场的斜阳把她身体的轮廓映得一清二楚。她假装不知道她几乎赤裸，我假装没看见以免别人看到我心中忐忑。

袜子广告

走过卖袜子的广告牌。广告牌上说“这正是买袜子的好时节”。这为什么不是补袜子的好时节？这为什么不是脱袜子的好时节？所谓小康社会，就是人人可以在穿鞋之前穿上袜子；所谓富足社会，就是有人不屑于在穿鞋之前穿上袜子。我猜走过我身旁的人，有一个的袜子已经被脚趾洞穿；另一个是臭脚，然而袜子完好。我猜我的袜子有点羡慕那些新袜子。我猜我的双脚有点羡慕阳光下的赤脚。

洗澡感想

浴缸是别人用过的。不过没什么——手里的钞票也是别人攥过的，头上的月亮也是别人赞美过的。但依然，这是别人用过的浴缸。是女人用过的还是男人用过的？是漂亮女人用过的还是恶俗男人用过的？不过没什么——在异地还能有个浴缸洗澡就算幸运了。我告诫自己，应该认命地、默默地生活，包括认命地、默默地用别人的浴缸洗自己的澡。不过我一默默，蟑螂就从犄角旮旯里摸了出来。不过没什么——没有老鼠出

来就算幸运了。

有人

有人在上海活一辈子，有人在罗马活一辈子，有人在沙漠的绿洲里活一辈子，有人在雪山脚下活一辈子——你从未见过他们。有人从上海出发，死在雪山脚下；有人从绿洲出发，几乎死在罗马，却最终回到绿洲——你从未见过他们。我写下这些字句，没读过这些字句的人也活一辈子；读到这些字句的人也许会说，这人说的全是废话。且慢，我见过你吗？我想来想去没见过你。我们各活一辈子，也许在同一座城市，同一个小区。

Words as Grains, Asleep in the Gospels

what's waited for is never punctual
serious fruit lined up on the bookshelf
is order with no sense of direction
only dice can make it through the calendar

in freedom is nothing
no other quality on earth
once metal has eaten enough plums
only the breath of stationery is left in the room

along words' axle, the core's veneration
dream and knowledge come from the same library
for load bearing, not for sealing
waiting is just reading all the way through

outside words, inside the jumble
exhausted, waking at earliest
dawn light, only seven cock-crow
abstract gesticulations are fit to grab this hour

writing makes antiquity able to endure—

translated by Lucas Klein

词如谷粒，睡在福音里

被等待的事物不守时
严肃的果实在书架上列队
是秩序不识路
骰子，才熬着日历

自由之内无物
大地没有另外的品质
等金属吃够了李子
屋内只有文具的气息

沿词的轴，核儿的敬畏
梦与知识来自同一图书馆
为装载，不为封存
等待，其实就是阅尽

在词语之外，纷乱之内
枯竭，醒在最早
晨光，只是七次鸡鸣
抽象的手势适宜抓住这时辰

写作，使亘古可以忍受——

(2012)

Ouyang Jianghe 欧阳江河

from “Taj Mahal Tears”

6

Tears about to fly. Do they have eagle wings
 or take a Boeing 767, taking off on
 an economic miracle? Three thousand km of old tears, from Beijing
 to New Delhi skies
 just like that. After time flies, can the double exposed
 red and white of our minds' oriental archaeologies
 match the supersonic, withstand
 the miracle's
 sudden turbulence? Can we borrow eagle eyes to watch the sunset
 dissolve inside a jellyfish like mica?
 Can the Ganges's
 rainbow span of 2009 flow through the heavens, back to 1632?
 If the flying sea trembles like a bedsheet,
 if people today fall asleep in the depths of the sky,
 will the ancients
 be jolted awake, waking from traversing the sky's torrential tears,
 waking from the warbling of one hundred birds, into the eagle's singularity
 and sobriety?
 Eagle, stop: the flight is preparing its descent.
 With a swipe, mountains and rivers switch their masks.

translated by Lucas Klein

选自《泰姬陵之泪》

6

泪水就要飞起来。是给它鹰的翅膀呢，
还是让它搭乘波音 767，和经济奇迹
一道起飞？三千公里旧泪，就这么从北京
登上了
新德里的天空。时间起飞之后，我们头脑里
红白两个东方的考古学重影，
能否跟得上超音速，能否经受得起
神迹的
突然抖动？我们能否借鹰的目力，看着落日
以云母的样子溶解在一朵水母里？
2009 年的恒河
能否以虹的跨度在天上流，流向 1632 年？
要是飞起来的大海像床单一样抖动，
要是今人在天空深处睡去，
古人会不会
蓦然醒来，从横越天空的滔滔泪水醒来，
从百鸟啁啾醒来，醒在鹰的独醒
和独步中？
鹰，止步：航班就要落地。
俯仰之间，山河易容。

Liu Liuduo 刘丽朵
translated by Lucas Klein

In the Night

may the constellations see a slow requited love
 may the half-second that stops between your lips experience catastrophe
 may grave, black secrets freeze between your cheeks
 to be diluted by a thousand kisses may
 your self be trampled yet omnipresent
 a resplendent you magnificently hiding me in starlight
 because such a discarding is slower
 easier to calculate with years
 and easier to lose
 the whole universe calculates the path of arrival
 and decides to bear the ultimately unarriving beauty
 while wherever you hid starlight is an eternal riddle
 like those sounds we've never experienced but
 are sure exist their rumble resisting superimposition
 because distance
 must understand the span of the matter
 like a white dwarf knows a dwarf
 like the you of this instant and the you as you get up to leave

translated by Lucas Klein

夜中

让星辰看见一种缓慢的相爱
 让停在你唇间的半秒历经浩劫
 让一种严重的、黑色的秘密冰结在腮间
 再用一千个吻稀释它 让
 你自我摧残而无处不在
 盛大的你 堂皇把我藏入星光中
 因为这样的抛置比较漫长
 比较容易用年计算
 也容易失去
 整个宇宙精密计算着到达的路径
 并决定承担终于未到的美
 而你把星光藏在哪儿了永远是个谜
 如同我们虽然未经历过但知道它一定在的
 那些声音 它们的轰鸣无法叠加
 因为距离
 必须理解此事的迈邈
 像一颗白矮星知道一颗矮星
 像此刻的你和正在起身离开的你

Li Shangyin 李商隱

Night Rain, Sent North

You ask when I'll be back but there is no when.
 In the hills night rains are flooding autumn pools.
 When will we sit and trim the wicks in the west window
 and talk about the hills and night and rain?

translated by Lucas Klein

夜雨寄北

君問歸期未有期	巴山夜雨漲秋池
何當共剪西窗燭	卻話巴山夜雨時

Mang Ke 芒克

from **October Dedications**

Crops

autumn silently appears on my face
I've matured

Labor

like all horse carts I will
pull the sun closer to the wheat field ...

Autumn Forest

without your sight
without your voice
a red headscarf falls to the ground

Encounter

like a cloud floating by it was
a woman's shadow

Sunset

the sun heads where no one is

Song

future lyricism
will only be for past crimes

Life

the pain and joy prepared for you already

Memory

oh you
night of reds and greens
with no idea how to torment me

Age

life walked toward me
after that she never left me

Dawn

if only we had the same desire
to go clear all the darkness from the road

Boat

at that point
I will come back with the storm

Last Will

no matter what my name is
I hope
to leave her on this dear land

translated by Lucas Klein

十月的献诗

庄稼

秋天悄悄地来到我的脸上
我成熟了

劳动

我将和所有的马车一道
把太阳拉进麦田……

秋天的树林

没有你的眼睛
没有你的声音
地上落着红色的头巾……

遭遇

那是个像云片般飘动着的
女人的身影

日落

太阳朝着没有人的地方走去了

歌

对将来的抒情
仅仅是为了以往的罪过

生活

那早已为你准备好了痛苦与欢乐

回忆

你呀
这红红绿绿的夜
又不知怎样地把我折磨

岁月

生活向我走来了
从此她就再没有离开过我

黎明

但愿我和你怀着同样的心情
去把道路上的黑暗清除干净

船

到那个时候
我将和风暴一块回来

遗嘱

不论我是怎样的姓名
希望
把她留在这块亲爱的土地上