

在北風之下

嚮往碧藍的天空我立在屋頂上
分外明亮的天空裡
北風吼著吹過來
是因冬天的來臨而發愁
或者為漸近逝去的秋覺得惋惜
帶著莫大的悲哀
發出喊聲
北風吼著吹過來

汗濕的臉頰
被尖銳的風凌辱的初夏的山
以及
初秋時散步走過的林蔭路
都在砂塵中哆嗦
在南方平原的彼方

雲層叫風給颳到一邊
在灰色的陰影中
為著死的預感而嘟喃不已

風打北方吹過來
叮叮地望著天空
我的心隨著每一擊波濤
逐漸給叫醒過來
突然抱著胳膊
為何我會悲哀

分外明亮的天空啊
你冷然望著四季的悲哀
完全是一雙認命的寂寞眼神
分外明亮的天空啊
你究竟在思索什麼

Under North Wind

Yearning for the dark blue sky, I stand on the roof.
In the extra bright sky,
the north wind is blowing hard.
Does it fret about the coming of winter
or regret the passing of the fall?
The north wind
roars
with the utmost sorrow.

The sweated cheek,
the mountain of early summer abused by the biting wind
and
the grove I took a walk in the early fall
trembled in the sand-dust.
On the other side of the south plain,

clouds were blown aside
and muttered about
the foreboding of death in the gray shadow.

The wind blows from the north,
gaze deeply at the sky,
my heart is awakened
by every shaking wave.
I suddenly hug myself
and feel sorrowful.

Ah, the extra bright sky,
you coolly beheld the sadness of four seasons,
your eyes are lonely and entirely accept fate.
Ah, the extra bright sky,
what do you meditate?

女

她笑了！
神秘的表情破壞了光線的調和。

閃耀而純白的牙。

是一隻，
充滿反抗的噴火動物。

Woman

She smiles !

Her mysterious countenance destroys the light well distributed.

The shining and pure white teeth.

It is an animal,

instinct with rebellion, that spurted fire.

三角

一切的靈感
總會歸納為三角的定理

上坡
頂點
下坡

清醒
酩酊
而現實

Trigonometry

All inspirations
shall generalize a triangle theorem,

acclivity,
apex,
declivity,

sobriety,
drunkenness,
and reality.

蚊子淚

蚊子也會流淚吧……

因為是靠人血而活著的

而 人的血液裡
有流著「悲哀」的呢

The Tears of Mosquitoes

Would mosquitoes tear.....,

because they survive on human blood,

but the human blood
circulates the "sorrow", doesn't it?

死與紅茶

病了

我做夢一樣的想像著死

我這死是甜蜜的
帶有疼癢的快感
是一種似將溶化的誘惑

我這死是
紅茶之香

Death and Black Tea

am ill,

I dream of the vision of death.

The death is sweet,
with a pleasant sensation of ache and itch,
as an about dissolving enticement.

The death is the
fragrance of black tea.

我

我很著急

由於美麗的情操乾涸

想逃出

失去了詩的生活

我是很著急的

我很痛苦

雖然緊抱著一個夢想

卻仍假裝為一個偽善者

我是很痛苦的

我很害怕

雖然始終在趕路

卻擔心著會被「時間的黯淡聲音」追上

我是很害怕的

我很煩惱

我想去愛敵人和朋友

以及全然無關的人

我是很煩惱的

我是個性格懦弱的人

我是個徹底矛盾的人

我是個天才的偽善者

我因孤獨而快要發瘋了

I

very anxious,
because the noble sentiment dries up,
eager to escape out of
the life losing poem,
I am.

suffering,
although to hold a dream
but still pretend to be a hypocrite,
I am.

very afraid,
although always hurry on my way
but fear to be caught by "the faint footsteps of time",
I am.

very worried,
I want to love enemies and friends
and all those have no concern with me,
I am.

I am a man lacking strength of character.
I am a man with a feeble personality.
I am a hypocrite of genius.
I am about to act crazily because of loneliness.