

WANDERING HONG KONG WITH SPIRITS

和幽靈一起的香港漫遊

Selected Poetry of Liu Waitong

廖偉棠 詩選

Translated from the Chinese by Enoch Yee-lok Tam, Desmond Sham,
Audrey Heijns, Chan Lai-kuen and Cao Shuying

Zephyr Press | **mccm**creations



Published in 2016 by
Zephyr Press www.zephyrpress.org
MCCM Creations www.mccmcreations.com

Chinese Copyright © 2016 Liu Waitong
English Translation Copyright © 2016 Desmond Sham, Enoch Yee-lok Tam,
Audrey Heijns, Chan Lai-kuen and Cao Shuying

All rights reserved.

Cover and interior photographs by Liu Waitong
Book design by typeslowly
Printed in Hong Kong

This title is part of the Hong Kong Atlas, a series of contemporary Hong Kong writing in English translation. Funded primarily by the HKADC's Literature Translation Project, and coordinated by the Faculty of Arts at Baptist University, these works include a broad range of poetry, prose and graphic adoptions from established and emerging Hong Kong authors.

The publishers acknowledge with gratitude the financial and administrative support of the Hong Kong Arts Development Council, the Massachusetts Cultural Council and the Faculty of Arts at Baptist University.



香港浸會大學
HONG KONG BAPTIST UNIVERSITY

The Hong Kong Arts Development Council fully supports freedom of artistic expression.
The views and opinions expressed in this project do not represent the stand of the Council.

Supported by



香港藝術發展局
Hong Kong Arts Development Council

Cataloguing-in publication data is available from the Library of Congress.

ISBN 978-1-938890-03-1 (US)
ISBN 978-988-13115-3-5 (HK)

CONTENTS

	xiii	<i>Preface</i> Christopher Mattison
窗前樹	2	Tree outside the Window
春夜又占貓詩一首	6	Another Divining Cat Poem, on a Spring Night
春光曲	8	A Song of Spring Light
凌晨4點，和我做愛	12	4am, Make Love to Me
查理穿過廟街	16	Charlie on Temple Street
皇后碼頭歌謠	22	The Ballad of Queen's Pier
香港島未來史	24	The Future History of Hong Kong Island
在北京看香港七一 遊行紀錄片	32	In Beijing, I Watch a Documentary of the July 1 Hong Kong March
寫完一首反戰詩走出家門	36	"After writing an anti-war poem I leave the house"
霧・太平山頂	38	Fog: Taiping Shan Peak
讀新興縣誌	40	Reading the Xinxing County Gazetteer
最好的時光	42	The Best of Times
有人在火焰裏捉迷藏	44	Someone Plays Hide-and-Seek in the Flame

春天的現實主義勞動者	48	Realist Laborer in Spring
在和平時期	50	In Time of Peace
夜中國	64	Night China
薄扶林道，尋林泉居	66	Looking for Woodbrook Villa on Pokfulam Road
十四行	70	Sonnet
重訪杜甫草堂	72	Revisiting Du Fu's Thatched Cottage
拉薩來信	74	A Letter from Lhasa
宇宙大苦行詩	76	Poem for the Universe's Prostrating-Walk
耶穌在廟街 (阿云的聖誕歌)	80	Jesus Is on Temple Street (A-yun's Christmas Song)
鹿鳴街・獻給胡婆婆	84	Luk Ming Street: To Madame Wu
中環天星碼頭歌謠	92	Ballad of the Central Star Ferry Pier
野蠻夜歌	94	A Barbarous Night Song
巴黎暴動歌謠	96	Ballad of the Paris Uprising
灰心謠	100	Ballad of Disheartenment
錄鬼簿・海子	104	Register of Ghosts: Haizi

錄鬼簿・駱一禾	108	Register of Ghosts: Luo Yihe
錄鬼簿・你	112	Register of Ghosts: You
一九六七，五四遺事	114	1967, May Fourth Memorabilia
海濱墓園（三首）	116	A Seaside Graveyard: Three Poems
聖誕書，或黑童話	124	A Christmas Book, or Dark Fairy Tale
影的告別	128	A Shadow's Farewell
紀念一位我素未謀面的詩人	130	In Memory of a Poet I Never Met
一九四九	134	1949
霧中作	136	Written in Fog
失蹤者	140	The Missing
毋祭文	144	An Elegy That Does Not Mourn
擬末日詩	146	Drafting a Doomsday Poem
星空下	150	Under a Starry Sky
	155	<i>Notes</i>
	162	<i>Translation Acknowledgments</i>
	164	<i>Author and Translator Bios</i>

窗前樹

風過時它便翻動一身的銀和綠，
去年如此，今年如此。
十年前它也許更為逍遙，
在蘇州街一些平房中間，
那些平房裏住了一些學生
和中關村最早的賣盜版的婦女，
那些樸素的情侶和自得其樂的母子
黃昏時會在樹下嬉戲。
誰也沒多考慮未來的新世界
將會怎樣撥弄他們的命運，
這些人、這棵樹。

風過時它便翻動一身的銀和綠，
去年如此，今年如此。
前年蘇州街北口完全變成了一個工地，
地產商帶來了建材、民工和簡易棚屋
鏟平了舊房子和寧靜的生活。
奇怪的是大樹還留著，
還越來越高大、茂密，
只是身上多了一兩根拉長的繩子
掛著民工們的汗衣。
前年冬天我剛搬到蘇州街，
去年春天我才第一次留意這樹：
民工們晚上愛在樹下喝酒、默坐，
後來還有一些拾荒者在樹下擺攤，
買給他們一些城市的破爛。
到夏天，我漸漸能越過工地的噪音
單獨聽到樹葉子的沙沙聲。

Tree outside the Window

The wind blows, rustling through silver and green,
last year, like this year.

A decade ago it was more free to wander
among the houses on Suzhou Street where students lived
and women hawked pirated discs from Zhongguancun,
austere lovers, mothers and sons content
to play around the tree at dusk.

No one considers how the future's new world
will affect their fate,
these people, this tree.

The wind blows, rustling through silver and green,
last year, like this year.

Two years ago the north of Suzhou Street turned construction site,
property developers hauling in materials, workers and sheds,
shoveling away the old houses and tranquil life.

For some odd reason the enormous tree was spared,
growing larger, bushier,
a couple of ropes lashed to its trunk
for hanging up workers' shirts.

Two years ago this winter I moved to Suzhou Street,
not noticing the tree until last spring:
workers at night sat and drank silently beneath.
Later, scavengers would set up stalls
for the city's scraps.

By summer, I learned to block out the construction noise,
and listen all on my own to the rustling leaves.

今年那些新大廈紛紛落成，
還記得舊時光的，只有
這棵樹和我住的蘇州街二號樓。
窗前的工地慢慢變成一個樓盤，
有中產階級喜歡的珠光寶氣和升值可能。
我也明白了地產商為何有留下此樹的仁慈——
樹的旁邊將建成一個私有的園圍，
為這“家園”更添一些售賣價值。
蘇州街二號樓和我，也將被新世界拆除，
新世界又將被更新的世界替代。
這首詩裏最後只剩下這棵樹
風過時它便翻動一身的銀和綠。

This year new buildings are being completed,
I can still remember back when all that stood
was the tree and where I lived at No. 2 Suzhou Street.
The construction site outside my window gradually transforms into
a housing complex,
adorned in lavish jewels, which the middle-class adores.
I realize now why the developers benevolently saved the tree—
to build a private garden around,
upping the home's value.
No. 2 Suzhou Street and I will be discarded by a new world,
to be replaced by a newer world.
Only the tree in this poem will remain,
rustling through silver and green.