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## Introduction

Yuen Che Hung and I use many names for ourselves but might prefer to have no name at all.

We can be light with play and then heavy with poetry, or is it the other way around.

The poem can fit in the hand yet also fidgets, flies. It calls for honesty, courage, yet expects fluidity and contradiction.

One 'bumps into the world / around the street corner'.  
'We are old, we are young / We are middle-aged with guts'.  
The bus becomes a 'moving bed' and insomnia: 'to snatch / what's left of the night / put it back into / the pillow'.

He came over and hugged me.  
I told him how I felt:  
You used to be a lump of flesh,  
Now you are a pile of bones.  
Big difference, but I like them both.

— Hug of a teenage son, 2010

He is not above  
He is not below  
He is in our midst  
At the table of love

...

Oh, my friend, now that you are gone  
We have to stand by our own lord of song  
A brick to build, a brick to strike  
Hallelujah! A brick to strike, a brick to build

— Remembrance, L. Cohen, 2016

I do not remember the first time I met Hung Jai, as I usually call him. He also goes by Uncle Bear, for the sound of 'Hung' (熊) – though the Chinese character in his name is a homonym for that animal. Somehow it seems I have always known him. We have written together, recited together, sung, cried, protested, read poems in the city's largest park, and once, he sat on my lap when there was no chair. I held the bear.

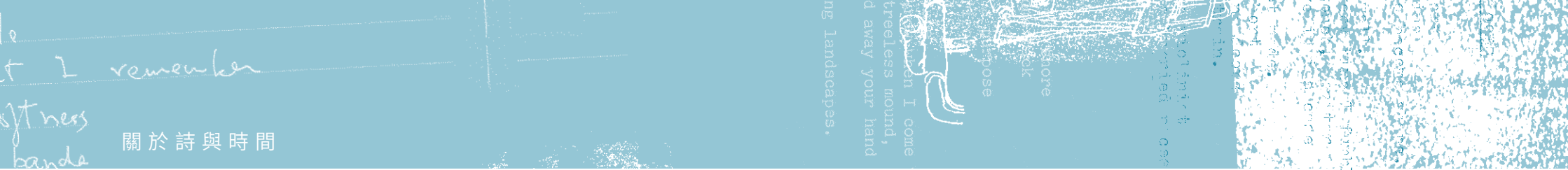
Hung Jai Suk Suk, 雄仔叔叔 in Cantonese, is one of the few authors in Hong Kong to publish in Chinese and English and is regarded as a fine poet in both languages. He has published several books in Chinese, bilingual books, books on pedagogy, and he also loves the 'language' of music.

I remember one bleached day when we looked up into the white summertime heat and saw a rooftop tree. Not a token tree in a small gift pot, this tree was in full bloom and reached about two storeys into the sky. It started us singing, 'There are many pretty trees all around the world,' a children's song he learned from his son.

'We need to build our lives on the basis of love,' he likes to say.

I see this book as my friend's building.

Madeleine Slavick  
Hong Kong / New Zealand / 2017



## 關於詩與時間

詩人楊牧在八十年代末寫就十八封書簡，與年輕的詩人談詩，互相發現、質疑、回應關於詩與生活的種種。書簡後來給編成《一首詩的完成》。他說：「每次當我看到牛皮信封裏謄抄成帙的詩稿，來自一素昧生平的青年詩人，我心中震動之情是無法形容的，即刻將我帶回自己往昔的羞澀的歲月。我也是這麼執着的。」

那天，我和雄仔叔叔相約在地鐵站出口見面，他從背包中掏出文件包，包裏有兩本大小不一的筆記本和一個透明文件夾。文件夾微微隆起，裝載了好幾十張已經泛黃的紙張。大部分紙的邊緣都不完整，有幾張很薄的甚至已氧化成深褐色。我看其中一張，底部印上灰字「1/1/1984 早晨」，上面詩句整齊排列，一看便認出是打字機的字體。句子間有幾行潦草的藍字，那些是後來寫上去的，我想。

我心情激動，想着記下這些字的是我未曾認識的雄仔啊，一個講故人身份以外的雄仔。三十多年前他跟我現在一樣年紀，我手中捧着一個年輕詩人的故事啊。當時他經驗着甚麼？執着甚麼？往後三個十年，他又經驗了甚麼？我不敢怠慢，緊緊抱住面前的手稿和筆記，藏起，知道它們將會幫忙填補這些認知的空白。

交接詩稿後，我們並肩走了一段路，雄仔忽然側過頭來看看我的臉，說最近這些日子，都是跟年輕人在一起。我那刻在想，年輕的，大概一半是他人，一半是自己。

他們知道  
我坐着的木頭  
曾經是一棵大樹  
我目送他們上路  
暗地裏叫嚷 世界 世界

〈病中吟〉，2016

年輕，是看見前面仍然有路。年輕的，是即使困難也渴望走下去。「你還有沒有寫詩？」一位朋友在 2001 年某個傍晚這樣問雄仔，他當晚回到家，便迫自己寫了同名詩歌〈你還有沒有寫詩〉，現收在這本詩集的第一章。雄仔說，寫詩對他來說並不容易，前二十年是磨練，幾近折磨，近十年他才豁然開朗，心中自然有詩。

有些牆  
你們看作門  
輕易推開

〈故事〉，1995

他是這樣堅持下來，沿途發現風景的。堅強而認真地生活着的人，有詩。三十多年了，才有百多頁的詩嗎？雄仔不寫詩的時候，也確切地生活着。年輕時，他去流浪、教書、參與社運；有了孩子，他陪兒子在街上觀樹；現在，他聽小朋友講故事寫詩，與長大了的兒子散步。

雄仔嘗試追逐時間的軌跡，把留下的情緒一一拾起，四十多首雙語詩歌橫跨三個年代，場景穿梭在家人之間、城市之中，裏面有溫情和關懷，也包含着不安和反叛。一些他敬愛的人、一些他不能忘記的社會歷史片段，也入了詩。這本書是雄仔流動的記憶，有時他還化身成更年輕的自己，誠懇而勇敢地叫時間停住。

兒子俯身溪流  
呼喊  
「停下來可以嗎？  
兩秒也好  
可以嗎？」

他們總是這樣勇猛  
叫時間在風中塑立  
打個照面 握手  
才讓它走

〈他們總是這樣勇猛〉，2008

詩歌出現的時候，是動蕩時代中的安穩，「那些等待的雨季和冒險 / 那些蠢蠢欲動的文字」，我們都很珍惜。也因為相信詩的耐心，我們不慌不忙。

陳穎華  
2017 年 香港

# 1

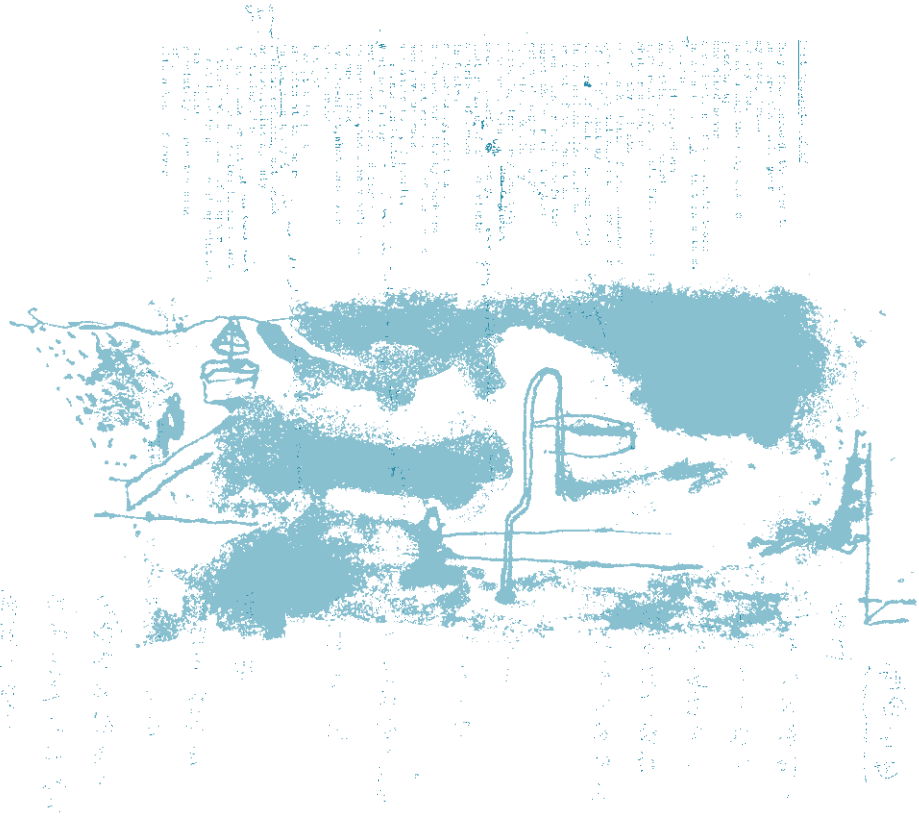
**Are you still  
writing poetry?**

你 還 有 沒 有 寫 詩 ？

Are you still writing poetry, a friend asked me. During that time, I truly felt I had no more poetry. Poetry is a living thing, and I was in the midst of dead-ends.

I thought of life as a stance. I became a shadow soaked in rain and ended up forgetting to look for traces of life. Why should poetry come to me?

你還有沒有寫詩？朋友問。那段時間真的覺得再沒有詩。詩是活生生的，而當時生活陷於困頓。太過努力思索，把生活看作立場，我變成雨中濕透的影子，最後連尋找生活的線索也忘記了，哪有詩？



Are you still writing poetry?

The child is asleep  
The village breathes  
A knock on the door  
You come again, asking  
The same question:  
Are you still writing poetry?

Each time I think of  
The umbrella outside the door  
All I need to do is stretch it, open it  
And rain will fall

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Or that window cleaner  
Holding a bamboo ladder  
Standing outside The China Bank  
Lifting his head

Every time the child sleeps  
You come to ask  
That same question  
I always think of the quiet nation  
Inside the desk drawers  
Among pencils, name cards, spectacle cases  
Expecting seasons of rain, risks  
And restless words

你還有沒有寫詩？

孩子入睡  
村居氣息起伏  
門響起來  
你又來了 問着  
同一個問題  
你還有沒有寫詩？

每次我都想起  
門外那把傘  
只要我撐開  
雨就會落下來

或者那個抹窗工人  
拿着一柄竹梯  
站在中國銀行的門前  
抬頭

每次 孩子入睡  
你來問我  
同樣的問題  
我總是想起  
在抽屜寧靜的家園  
在鉛筆 名片 和眼鏡套之間  
那些等待的雨季和冒險  
那些蠢蠢欲動的文字

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## Tidy up

I am about to tidy up  
Your daytime flights and ocean voyages  
That land on my desk  
Messy

The night reaches its finger over  
Hush: A sudden enlightenment  
Ah, all I need is a little space

To lay out the writing paper  
To allow my words to join  
Your paper planes and boats  
Your sky and ocean

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## 收拾

我正準備收拾  
你日間的飛行和遠航  
停泊在書桌上  
橫七豎八

夜的指頭輕輕伸過來  
叫我切勿輕舉妄動  
呀 騰出一角就可以了

攤開稿紙  
讓文字也進入你那片  
紙摺的飛機和船隻  
天空和海洋

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