

原诗 Original Poem

藕像

——他们消灭不了你

是一种天气，
浑身光溜溜誓言，
贴紧淤泥，
神交多年，于是心怀鬼胎，
发明——开窍人子，
花枝招展，占据以泪洗面的、黑暗自闭，
乱成一片地盘。造桥，
他们让像经过，
几块甜食空中掉下丝绸，
胳膊挎着仙女。

（污泥里的藕幸灾乐祸，因为
无用？对我不无自豪的愧疚，
它油然而生。
断。
桥倒塌，价值不菲：
这光溜溜的、喜滋滋的仇恨，
会劈开吻——会做善事：
肌肤之死，身体才有感觉，
胸前一阵风声，
像野兔耳朵对天使上瘾。
断然。绝交于——
某个时代总有某些片段：
一刀两断的夫妇，

彼此占山为像，对偶在精致棺槨，
让时间担心，
不错，
曾祖父老城区滴翠一个人民公园，
用胎儿体温，炒热
 黑暗子宫，
孕育伟大、黑暗，四脚落地，
雷声隆隆在红唇，
毛发像水渗出。
只有恐惧能够让大无畏还乡。
今年，
不速之客横卧失礼的钢丝床，
有无母性，有无锦被，
盖上挺拔的头脑？
有时候，湿漉漉的钉子一晚做梦，
模仿钉子的灯塔羞愧得
 死无葬身之地。
离开潮润、絮语，
躲到夫人怀抱铁锈，
观念菜篮子装满不朽食色，
深思在庭院，失足岗位，
像杰作，和糯米社团。
很想在纪录片的屁股上拍一下。
集市中，在打价格战，
因脸谱化获罪，收到病虫害发出的
 警告，只能赞美
 吴侬软语的——雪臀——谁热爱骚货，
她，折叠
 伤荷的流苏两腿，
靠边站，“哗啦”，留学苏维埃轮盘，
唯命是从的地球上转动
 最早的赌徒，是僧侣，是苦行，

甚至洁癖天鹅也只以癞蛤蟆为食。

从何而来，就这样，
来开花会。

（黑藕，白藕。

藕，绝交于藕断丝连，
现在归于无色，
姓名是一种有色金属；
像，在黑暗子宫，
是一种天气如此温柔

嫩芽的洞穴里，一个人民公园的黑暗子宫，
睡着熊猫。

建国以来，私有化的藕，
采摘一空，偷香窃玉的相片集，
留下臭水池，命根在世上像一支支钢笔，
全是分类与蜻蜓点右键，
选择格式相似的文本，
粘贴到水莲花乳头，
不幸成为庆典。

锁链跑来换防，“哗啦”，一根稻草运气，
是离开倒霉鸡蛋，去
救命。

不过河，断桥上的两地恋，
至今还是妖孽。

旧地重游的未来女人，
根据男性、不可靠手书，以及
快乐指数，

造塔。历史不写色情小说，但是
是一个妓院无法公开的账目。

（谜底市场化。

而

藕，你的修道院像机关枪横扫，
圣人影壁上无以复加的千疮百孔，

更改这污秽内部：白色潜艇，
就是畜生也不甘寂寞，
良心尚好巡游，
所以断，断然，断然绝交于
 下注。
藕，你的修道院睡着熊猫。

直译 Literal Translation

The Image/Look of Lotus Root¹

—they can't vanquish you

Is a kind of weather
The whole body (is) naked/slippery oath,
Stay close to/rooted in the mud,
having been soul mates/communed spiritually for years, finally conceived
 with ghost fetus,
Inventing/illuminating—man's child with many holes/enlightened sons of
 men,
The blossoms and branches are waving/soliciting and stretching out,
occupying the tear bathed, self-closing/autistic darkness, being muddled
into a turf/domain/confusing/messed turf/domain², build bridges,
They let the image/look go by,
pieces of desserts fell from the sky the silk
holds the fairy maids in their arms.
 (the lotus roots in the mud gloat, because
 useless? guilt not without pride to me
it emerges/rises spontaneously
Break/broken³
The bridge is falling down, the price is dear:
This naked/slippery and joyful hatred
will slice open the lips—will do philanthropy:
upon the death of the skin, the body will recover its feeling
the sound of a gust of the wind in the chest

Is like the ears of the hares getting addicted to angels being
determined to/resolutely
make a clean break at—
some pieces/traces left from an age in the past:
a divorced couple/a couple cut in two with one slice stroke of a knife⁴
one another occupying the mountain and crowning themselves as images,
writing
couplets/facing each other in the delicate coffin
letting time worried
right, my great grandfather was greening a park /a park named overflowing
green⁵ in the old town
stir fry/hype up the dark womb
with the temperature of the fetus
conceiving greatness, darkness, standing on four feet the
thunder was rumbling on the red lips
the hair oops like water.
Only fear can make the fearless return to their native land.
This year,
unexpected guests lie across the rude steel bed/steel bed that has lost rules
Is there any maternity, any quilts
that can cover this tall and straight mind? Sometimes the wet nails dream all
night,
making the towers resembling them ashamed to death
without berry ground.
Leaving dampness, low chattering,
hiding in their wives' bosom and clutching/holding the rust,
baskets of concepts are filled with immortal food and color/sex
deep thinking /meditating in the courtyard, losing footing from their
posts/going astray from their posts
like masterpieces, and sticky rice community
would like to slap the hip of the documentaries,
in the market, fighting the price war,
condemned for stereotyping, receive the warning
by pests, can only praise
the soft Wu dialect's—snow hip—who loves sluts⁶,
she, fold
Hurt lotus's⁷ fimbulliferous legs,

Stand aside, “crash”, Study abroad soviet roulette,
rotating obediently on the earth

The earliest gamblers, are monks, asceticism,
even the swans with OCD feed on toads only.
From where, come like this
for this meeting of flowers.

(black lotus roots, white lotus roots

Lotus roots, break up at remaining fibers from their broken parts /lingering
relations⁸

Now immersed/returned to no color/sex,
names are but non-ferrous metal

Image/like, in the dark womb

Is a weather so gentle,

the cave of the fresh shoots, a dark womb in

a People’s Park,

Pandas sleep in it.

Since the founding of the new country, the lotus of the private ownership
has been harvested/plucked all, the photo album stealing scent and

jade/beautiful young women⁹

Leaving behind the smelling ponds,

the roots of fate are like pens in the world,

all classifications and dragonflies clicking the right bottom,

choosing the texts of the same format,

pasting them to the water lotus’s nipples,

unfortunately becoming a celebration.

Chains come to take shifts, “crash”, the fortune of a straw Is to

leave the eggs that hit a bad patch, to

save life.

But river/not crossing the bridge, the long-distance love on the broken

bridge¹⁰

are still genies/wicked fairies.

The future women/women who never been here paid another visit,

build towers,

according to men/building foundation on men, the unreliable handwriting and

Index of happiness.

History does not write risqué novels, but

Is a brothel a ledger that keep its accounts a secret.

(the marketization of the answers.)

But

Lotus root, your cloister is like being shot by machine guns, thousands
of boils and holes that can add no more on the saint's screen wall, change this
filthy interior: white submarine,
even cattle are unwilling to be reduced to loneliness/to be kept out of the
limelight
The conscience is still good for cruises,
so to break, resolutely, to resolutely break up at
chipping in.
The lotus roots, your monastery sleeps pandas.

译注 Notes & Explanations

1. "The image of Lotus" is a homonym of "idol" in Chinese.
2. 乱成一片地盘, there is some ambiguity on the parts of speech. "乱成一片" can be understood as a verb, hence translated as being muddled into or it can be used as adjective to modify turf, meaning very confusing turf.
3. It is another ambiguity on the parts of speech.
4. The expression is used metaphorically to refer to a couple who broke up and decided not to have anything to do with each other.
5. The word is frequently used in the classical poetry and essays to describe the vigorous and vivid green. Literally, it means that the color of green is overflowing from the plants.
6. Wu dialect is the dialect of Su Zhou, Wu Xi, and several other places, which is known for its soft and musical tones.
7. It is the name of a kind of lotus.
8. A Chinese idiom. A section of arrowroot is separated, but the clinging fiber remains. Even when the lotus root breaks, the fibers still hold together. The idiom is used metaphorically to refer to a kind of relationship, like a lotus root, linked though divided.
9. The expression "scent and jade" is used to refer to beautiful young women.
10. It refers to the Broken Bridge on the White Causeway in Hangzhou's West Lake. In Chinese folklore, "The Tale of White Snake", the protagonist, an immortal snake who transformed into beautiful women, met her mortal sweetheart, Xu Xian, on the broken bridge.

诗译 Poetic Translations

Image of a Lotus Root

“they cannot defeat you”

A kind of weather.
The whole body's a slippery promise.
Keep your roots in the mud. Soul mates for years,
we finally conceive a ghost-fetus,
shining through many holes in our human child. Blossoms
and branches reaching and waving, fill tear stained, autistic darkness,
swirling the muddied turf to build bridges
that let the image pass by. Pieces of cake
fall from the sky, silk embraces fairy girls.
Lotus roots in the mud exult, because
useless guilt and pride spontaneously rise up
and break. The bridge collapses, so costly:
Slippery and joyous hate will slash your lips open, giving to others:
skin sloughs off, your body regains feeling.
Gusty wind in your chest is like rabbits' ears addicted
to angels, determined to make a clean break
from any trace of the past:
the couple irreconcilably divorces, one,
then the other vying for a position on the mountain,
crowning self as an image, face-to-face, composing poems
in that delicate coffin, allowing time its worry.
Right.
My great grandfather tends a park overflowing
with green in the old town.
Hype up the dark womb with heat from the fetus,
conceiving greatness, darkness, on all fours,
thunder rumbling on red lips, hair, oops, wet.
Only fear recalls the fearless back home.
This year, unexpected guests lie on unmade, steel beds.
Can any mother's quilt cover this high, straight mind?
Sometimes wet nails dream all night,
shaming the towers that resemble them to death,
no berry grounds.

Leaving the dampness, a low chatter,
hiding in their wives' bosoms and gripping the rust,
baskets of ideas filled with food for immortals, colors and sex,
meditating in the courtyard, away from their posts,
like masterpieces, like sticky rice community,
want to slap the butt of documentaries in the marketplace,
protesting price wars, condemned for stereotypes,
warned off by vermin, can only praise the mellifluous
Wu dialect's snow hip, who loves sluts, "her,"
folding the fimbulliferrous tasseled legs of the Hurt Lotus.
Stand aside, "crash," study Russian roulette abroad,
rotating obediently on earth.
The first gamblers were monks, ascetics, even swans
with OCD only ate toads.
Where are you coming from, like this, to meet flowers
(black and white lotus roots)?
The roots shred apart, some threads hold on, still
relating, then submerge, no color, no sex,
names are metal without iron,
The image in a dark womb is weather so gentle,
cave of fresh shoots, shade in the People's Park,
where pandas sleep.
Since the founding of our new nation,
the lotus of private ownership has been plucked;
photo albums counterfeit pretty women,
leaving behind putrid pools; fate's roots are like pens
writing on the world, all categories and dragonflies
clicking the right bottom,
choosing texts with the same format,
pasting them onto lotus nipples and celebrating, unfortunately.
Chains alternate, "crash"; the fate of a straw
is to abandon eggs on a slick patch, to save its life.
Long distance love will not span the Broken Bridge;
there are still wicked fairies.
In the future, women who've never been here return
and build towers upon the foundations of men,
their unfaithful calligraphy, index of happiness.
History doesn't write sexy novels, but
history's a brothel, a ledger of secret accounts,

commodifying the codes.
Yet, lotus root, your cloister is like something machine-gunned.
Thousands of lesions and holes add nothing to a saint's screen.
Transform this filthy interior: a white submarine.
Even cattle desire the spotlight.
Conscience is still good for a cruise to resolutely
shred apart from giving.
Lotus roots, in your monastery the pandas sleep.

—translated by 白萱华译 Mei-mei Berssenbrugge

The Look of Lotus Root

—they can't vanquish you

The body is weather,
a naked, slippery oath,
rooted, close to the mud.
Soulmates come up with an unborn ghost,
inventive, pierced, the lit up son of man,
blossoms and branches waving, stretching,
holding the tear-bathed hold in darkness,
in a confusion of bridges,
letting the look go by.
Little sweets rain. Silks
hold fairy maids in their arms.
The lotus roots because useless
and quickens, the bridges
falling down. You can't afford to smile
but you can't help but get some. This flaking,
rigid sound in my chest is like
big ears hooked on angels