

成人仪式

一

暂时，我还不能回到去年
不能回到和某人以及另一个某人
喝酒的晚上，我想，六月
妖娆的时节，汗水打湿的少年

从东直门到西单，一些简单的地名
甚至不能构成一种象征，还没有
触碰到的痛楚，和没有来得及的腐朽生活

忽然被一些雨水淋到了
皮肤最表层的点状晕染片
散开，融化了，泛滥了的抒情

从南到北，我遭遇到一生中最多的陌生人
陌生化的手指抚摩了最陌生的人
被晨光照亮的夜晚，黑暗终于变得
清晰，终于还没有这样接近过黑暗

二

某一年，具体的年份
不便说明
具体的人物，任何事件以及主人公
都不便由我，此刻
一个残忍的女人，来说明
残忍的季节
充斥着我的岁月

RITE OF PASSAGE

ONE

for now, I can't go back to last year
I can't go back to that evening of drinks
with somebody and somebody else, I miss it, June's
witching hour, youth wet with sweat

from Dongzhimen to Xidan, a few simple place-names
that won't even amount to a symbol, anguish
yet to be broached, decadence there is no longer time for

suddenly I am soaked in rain
inkblots on the skin's surface
dispersing, molten, an effusion of lyric

from the South to the North, I met more strangers than ever before
strange fingers ran over the strangest person
night lit by morning, the dark at last became
clear, at last, the closest I've been to the dark

TWO

some year, exactly which
I can't say
those involved, the events and their protagonists
it is not for me, a now
ruthless woman, to describe
the ruthless seasons
have flooded my years in the world

在浑浊的一个瞬间
一个只剩下瞬间的人
只能是女人

他，或者是他们
落泪，或者仅仅是一个街心花园

路灯光下诉说的女人
大概，真的，并不是

我，用更虚构的句子以及词语
表达，举杯，说
喝酒，她于是喝下了酒
我递一支烟
于是吸烟，我残酷的泪水

像男人那样滑落的时候
他，或许会拍打我的背脊
(性感的，微妙的，光滑的)

辛酸地，倾吐一些秘密
一些简单的
少年的伤感
而那些在模棱两可中

碰撞的，可以
命名为爱情
戏剧化的转变，忽然间

within the mud of a second
someone with only a second to spare
can only be a woman

he, or is it they,
cry, or is it only a garden in the middle of a roundabout

the woman telling stories in the lamppost light is
approximately, genuinely, not at all

me, using made-up words and phrases
to express, to toast, to say
let's drink, and so she drinks
I pass her a cigarette
and so she smokes, when my merciless tears

slide down like a man's
maybe he'll tap me on the back
(sexy, subtle, smooth)

bitterly spitting out secrets
some simple
youthful sentiments
and those things inside ambiguity

that collide can
be named love
dramatized transformations that fall

掉下来，猝不及防
展开，展开……直到

一点一点翻开，散落
看见无数的爱情在天空飞舞
不得不歌唱，不得不随之
即使，也不能再说什么
再继续沉默，或者就是这样
这样，飞舞着，如同命令

或者，一个命名

all of a sudden, caught off guard
unfolding, unfolding... until

they open up, bit by bit, raining down
countless loves seen dancing in the sky
you can't not sing, not go with it
and if there is nothing left to say
remain silent, maybe this is the way,
like this, dancing, as though commanded

or named

自我的幻觉术

一

太阳闪光，照在岩石和金属上。
只是等。等就是含义。逝者如斯夫，
有智慧的人在写字，留下暗示：
世界必有出口，你必有脱身的时刻。
你从海边来，带来咸腥的气味和光，
带来死，带来重生和绝望。
我复制你，翻转里外，
找出密码，等候重来。

二

细腰蜂正在经营它的巢穴，
黑色的脚上矗立着针头。
每背叛一次，就有一粒毒药
顺着喉管滑到岩石底部。
我策划着谋反和叛乱，
策划着如何挣扎着逃跑，
如何与你为敌，以便归降为
你的女奴。细腰蜂在它的巢穴里，
不知道我的阴谋，正如你
在睡眠中，不知我计划
周密，步步为营，正在策反
你的营地，这里处处流淌着蜜，
谁比我更爱你黑色的甜美。

THE SELF'S ART OF ILLUSION

ONE

The sun shines, gleaming on metal and rock.
Just waiting. Waiting is meaning. It passeth like this,
wise people are writing, leaving behind clues:
the world must have a way out, and you a good moment to leave.
You come from the coast bringing sea-smell and light.
You bring death, bring rebirth and despair.
I make a copy of you, turn you inside out,
find the password, await your return.

TWO

The mason wasp is busy in its nest,
needles sticking from its inky legs.
For each betrayal a dose of poison
slides down its stinger into the depths of rock.
I am hatching mutiny, a coup,
means by which to struggle for escape,
to make an enemy of you and then surrender,
your slave girl once again. The wasp is in its nest
and does not know that I conspire—just like you,
sleeping, know nothing of my plan:
precise, each step considered, an insurrection
in your camp, where everything is flowing with honey.
Who loves your blackened sweetness more than I.

痛苦不会摧毁痛苦的可能性……

痛苦不会摧毁痛苦的可能性，生命不会消失自我的幻觉术。在一生的时间里，穿越过岩石缝隙里的贝类是潜藏的隐微的音乐，那是宏大的乐队在奏响，人们正从缝隙里行军去往伟大的未来。是的，光明将从最卑微处散发，所有最恶劣的气味是大战乱的征兆。我坐在垃圾堆上唱歌，唱一支关于塑料和火结婚的歌。这支歌将唱响至地底的孤独者升起。他升起时，无花果树将开花，贝壳将给出回环的路径，一切再次降临，并反复以至于无穷。是这样；他说：痛苦不会摧毁痛苦的可能性。

SUFFERING DOES NOT DESTROY WHAT MAKES SUFFERING POSSIBLE

Suffering does not destroy what makes suffering possible; life does not do away with the self's art of illusion. In the space of a life, the shellfish that pass through the cracks in the rock are a hidden, infinitesimal music, which a huge band is now playing, and the people march from the cracks toward a magnificent future. Yes, it is true, light will scatter from the lowliest of places, and all the ugliest of smells are omens of war, but I sit on the rubbish pile singing, singing a song about the marriage of plastic and fire, a song that will sing the recluse underground up to the surface. When he comes to the surface the flowerless fruit will bloom, the shells will offer a path that loops back, and everything once again will descend, repeating until infinity. Just like this, he says, suffering does not destroy what makes suffering possible.