

木屐

穿着木屐穿過樓梯街
 我和影子穿着木屐穿過歲月
 我的足踝跟我的足跟說話
 我說歲月是我衣袋竹子曬出芳香
 (「衣——裳——竹！」)
 我說記憶是把剪刀(磨銳剪鏟刀!)
 把一切剪出一個朦朧的輪廓
 說話的時候月亮在我身邊徘徊
 跳飛機的時候影子為我凌亂
 穿上一雙木屐一切便都穿上了

穿過樓梯街我穿的木屐掉了
 失去一雙木屐一切便都失去了
 穿過樓梯街(不覺眾鳥高飛盡)
 高樓建起來(秋雲暗了幾重)
 我蹲下來在石級上摸索我的影子
 汽車隆隆聲中好像聽見你的聲音
 好像說：那時……花開……十一
 說話斷續破碎我逐漸聽不明白
 不知可不可以跟失去的聲音相約：
 明朝有意穿着木屐再回來？

1990

The Clogs

It got to be magic, old clogs in Ladder Street,
 my shadow and I scraping along, down, clacking back into the years,
 noting solely ankle speaking to ankle.
 Clothes poles pointed to the years, their days hung out to dry.
 ("Clothes poles! Get your clothes poles here!")
 Memory is like scissors. ("Any scissors to grind? Knives to sharpen?")
 Memory cut lots of things into silhouettes.
 As I talked to myself, the moon happened to wander at my side
 When I hopped to myself, my shadow jumped into strange shapes.
 I slipped on my clogs and flashed on everything.
 Right here in Ladder Street I almost lost them;
 I slipped out of my clogs and I slipped from the spell.
 How strange and ordinary, like birds disappearing in thin air.
 Then modern buildings shot up, and storm clouds rolled.
 I hunkered here in the concrete, felt for my shadow.
 In spite of roads above and below, I heard your voice,
 a jump-rope song, "the flowers bloomed then, one and ten . . ."
 I could barely make it out for the cars.
 Why can't one make appointments with bygone voices?
 "Tomorrow at ten; wear the clogs; I'll hear you then."

1990

老殖民地建築

這麼多的灰塵揚起在陽光和陰影之間到處搭起棚架圍上木板圍攏古老的殖民地建築彷彿要把一磚一木拆去也許到頭來基本的形態仍然保留也許翻出泥土中深藏的酸苦神氣的圓頂和寬敞的走廊仍對着堵塞的牆壁也許僻開拆毀梯級也許通向更多尋常的屋宇

我走過廊道有時開窗放得爛爛有時收藏起來的盆花走下去影印論又看一眼荷花池歪曲的倒影尖塔的圓窗漂成浮萍清白可能已經混濁天真的金魚四處碰撞探索垂死根枝仍然僵僵橙紅色的鱗片時時亮微微張的鰓葉在窗格那兒呼吸

把廢墟的意象重新組合可否併成新的建築頭像是荒謬的權力總那麼可笑相遇在走廊偶然看眼荷花池在變化中思考不避波動的或不隨風輕折我知你不信旗幟或滿天煙花我給你文字破碎不自稱寫實不是高樓圍繞的中心只是一池鄰鄰的水聚散着游動的符號

1986

An Old Colonial Building

- I. Through sunlight and shadow dust swirls, through the scaffolding raised-up around the colonial edifice, over the wooden planks men live on to tear it brick by brick, the imperial image of it persisting right down, sometimes, to the bitter soil in the foundation, sometimes finding, too, the noble height of a rotunda, the wide, hollow corridors leading sometimes to blocked places, which, sometimes, knocked open, are stairs down to ordinary streets.
- II. Down familiar alcoves sometimes brimming with blooms sometimes barren I go to xerox glancing at the images caught in the circular pond, now showing the round window in the cupola as duckweed drifting, day and night caught in the surface, no longer textbook clean, but murky, the naive goldfish searching mindlessly around in it, shaking the pliant lotus stems and the roots feeling for earth, swirling orange and white, gills opening and leeching, in and out of the high window bars.
- III. Might all the pieces of ruins put together present yet another architecture? Ridiculous the great heads on money, laughable the straight faces running things. We pass in this corridor in the changing surface of the pond by chance our reflections rippling a little. We'd rather not bend; neither of us is in love with flags or fireworks. So what's left are these fragmentary, unrepresentative words, not uttered amidst the buildings of chrome and glass, but beside a circular pond riddled with patterns of moving signs.

1986