

邊葉

你惋惜春份來不到最偏遠的葉緣
觀賞的目光當然應該集中在主花
你是圓心，冠瓣的城垛輻射着權力
反覆修訂的正史，我是圓周上面
曖昧的一點，是風砂擾亂了的狼煙
邊塞的傳說，野史裏模糊的情節

請不要帶着君臨的神色俯身向着我們
高唱激昂的雨曲，或是附和風傳的靡音
邊緣的花葉有自己的姿態，你可留意？
你會不會細讀？獨特的葉脈如街道縱橫

反駁你心中既定的藍圖，你有沒有細認？
逸出眾人注視的目光，主葉岸然的面貌
之外：水底相連的根，心卷未舒的新葉
隨風合唱中隱晦了的抒情需要另外的聆聽

1986

The Leaf on the Edge

Sorry the food doesn't get to the leaf at the pond's
edge, still, you accept the homage due the beauties
at the center, being the center, leaf batlements and all,
reprising the regimens like an old regime. On the edge,
I'm nowhere in particular, a smoke-signal in a sandstorm,
a border legend, a plotless detail in the weeds of history.

Please don't make an imperial scene, or shout
anthems to the down-pours; don't pretend, with the breezes,
to grant us our ditties. Have you ever noted a marginal leaf,
observed the veins converging like noisy streets,

that challenge your blueprints' rectangles? What about this?
Beneath the solemn appearances of the sacred blooms,
under water, roots grow together, new leaves furl in the heart.
Beneath the winds' quarrels, a hidden song needs other listening.

1986