



2023高雄世界詩歌節
大會詩選

世界沒有距離 — 跨越國界的詩歌

World Without Distance
— Poetry Beyond Borders

The Anthology of World Poetry Festival,
Kaohsiung, Taiwan, 2023



2023高雄世界詩歌節

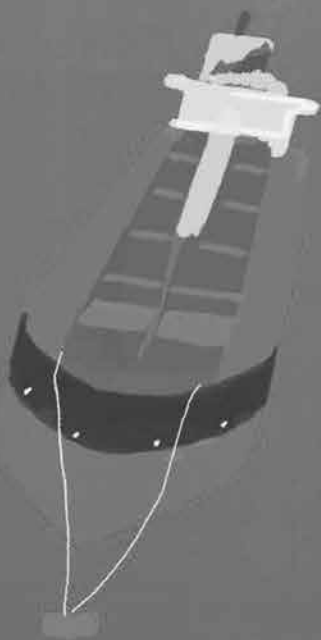
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Festival Mundial de Poesía, Kaohsiung, Taiwán, 2023

World Without Distance
— Poetry Beyond Borders

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阿爾瓦羅·馬塔·吉榭 Álvaro Mata Guillé

哥斯達黎加聖何塞詩人，散文家，戲劇導演。為《書籍與字母》雜誌專欄作家，連載於哥倫比亞和拉丁美洲文學雜誌。曾任墨西哥在盾牌之地國際詩歌節文學總監，著有：《風的下方》、《關於碎片》等，執導作品有：《朱莉婭小姐》、《歡樂花園》、《一個下午的場景》等。

Poet, essayist, theater director from San José, Costa Rica. As a columnist for the magazine, *Books and Letters*, he has been publishing his essays in serial in literary magazines in Columbia and Latin America. He has served as the director in *The Place of Shields*, an international poetry festival. His written works include *Beneath the Wind and About the Fragments*, and his directed films, *Miss Julia*, *The Garden of Delights*, and *Scenes of an Afternoon*.

《無名之國》書籍片段

將近黎明時分，
天空還留有些許星星，
風停了，雨也停了，
我繼續在社區附近的街區徘徊。

沙漠再次現身，
一些沉睡的山丘，
幾乎聽不見的歌聲低語著，
儀式走向虛無。

那邊曾是這邊，
去又返來的是另一些。

陰影，霧，缺席者，
往事回歸遠方，
一切中的一切，
陰影，霧，
缺席者。

沉默寡言淹沒在冷漠之中，
事情發生了卻像沒有發生過。

一隻鳥，一朵雲，
陽光再次照耀在古老的街道上。
一隻拖著鐵鍊的狗，
一聲喊叫，一隻鳥，
一朵雲。

我追逐暮光，
尋找一個幽靈，
這陌生感，
起源於塵土中，
但什麼都沒有。

Del Libro “Un País sin Nombre”, Fragmento

Casi al amanecer,
quedando todavía unas estrellas,
con el viento detenido y también la lluvia,
continuaba deambulando por los barrios
de mi barrio:

reaparecía el desierto,
unos cerros dormidos,
el murmullo de cantos que apenas escuchaba,
ritos caminando hacia el vacío
;

el allá era el aquí,
iba y venía era el otro:

la sombra, la niebla, lo ausente,
el pasado regresando a la lejanía,
el todo en el todo,
la sombra, la niebla,
lo ausente
.

El mutismo se sumergía en la indiferencia,
pasaban las cosas sin pasar:

un pájaro, una nube,
el sol de nuevo entre las calles envejeciendo,
un perro arrastrando las cadenas,
un grito, un pájaro,
una nube
,

perseguía el crepúsculo,
buscaba un fantasma,
la extrañeza,
el origen del origen en el polvo
pero nada había

.

Excerpts from *The Unknown Nation*

At dawn,
a few stars are still visible in the sky,
the wind stops, so does the rain,
I continue to wander in the blocks of my neighborhood:

The desert appears again,
some slumbering hills,
some almost inaudible songs and whispers,
the ritual proceeds to nihility;

There has ever been here,
the one that goes and comes is another:

The shadow, the fog, the absent,
the past returns to the distant,
all is in all,
the shadow, the fog,
the absent.

The silence is drowned in indifference,
things occur without traces:

A bird, a cloud,
the sunshine becomes decrepit again in the street,
a dog hauling a chain,
a bark, a bird,
a cloud,

I chase the twilight,
questing for a ghost,
this strangeness,

the original that originated from the dust
has nothing at all.



奧古斯多·羅德里格斯 Augusto Rodríguez

1979年生於厄瓜多惠夜基，記者、編輯和教授。在多國出版十五本不同體裁的書籍，包括詩歌、短篇小說、散文和長篇小說，其部分詩歌作品被翻譯成十一種語言。此外，並擔任《外科手術室》出版社編輯，以及惠夜基伊蓮娜·埃斯皮內爾·塞德尼奧國際詩歌節主席。

Born in Guayaquil, Ecuador, 1979, he is journalist, editor, and professor. He has published 15 books in many countries in various genres, including poetry, short stories, essays, and novels; some of his poems have been translated to eleven languages. Moreover, he is the editor of *The Operating Room* and the director of Guayaquil Ileana Espinel Cedeño, an international poetry festival.

軀體不死

致路易斯·阿門塔·馬爾皮卡

軀體不死
唯獨它的一半化為蛇。

光暈既不是球形的也不是天堂。

身體的一半是森林，
另一半隱藏於
白晝的乳頭中的汁液。

當動物 從它的藍色薄霧中
走出來時，
眼皮否決了。

軀體不死
唯獨它們非正式的部分。

它的眼睛，
它的幾何形狀，
它的空氣花瓣。

恐懼在神經與神經間傳遞，
喉嚨躁動不安
血液到來並驅逐
它其他的皮膚，
它瘋狂的內臟。

軀體不死
唯獨它那一半天主教的肉體。

Los Cuerpos no Mueren

a Luis Armenta Malpica

Los cuerpos no mueren.
Solo su media parte serpiente.

Luz que no es esfera ni paraíso.

Los cuerpos son mitad bosque
y mitad agua que se esconden
 en los pezones
blancos del día.

Los párpados niegan
cuando un animal
sale
de su niebla azul.

Los cuerpos no mueren.
Solo su parte no oficial.

Su ojo,
su geometría,
 su pétalo de aire.

El miedo pasa de nervio
en nervio
y la garganta se alborota
 cuando llega la sangre y expulsa
su otra piel
su vísceras dementes.

Los cuerpos no mueren.
Solo su media carne católica.

The Immortal Body

To Luis Armenta Malpica

The immortal body
Only half of it turns to be a serpent.

The light is neither a ball nor a heaven.

Half of the body is a forest,
while the other half is hidden in
the water of the daylight's nipples.

When an animal comes out from
its blue fog,
its eyelids deny it.

The body is immortal
Only in its informal part.

Its eyes,
its geometric shape,
its airy petal.

Fear moves from nerve to nerve
the throat agitates
when the blood arrives and dispels
its another skin,
its insane entrails.

The body is immortal
Only in its half catholic body.



瑪蓮娜·默思格拉 Marlene Mosquera

我認爲自己是一個兼具文字和圖像的女性，我在我的國家厄瓜多爾是一名記者和攝影師，我寫關於正在成爲歷史的當下，以及一個充滿不確定性的未來。作爲一名大學教授，我鼓勵年輕人用他們的文字來定義夢想，並將內容作爲他們最好的自我介紹。

透過詩歌敘述我的思想和渴望，那些也讓我生活充滿喜悅和希望；但也伴隨著時間未能改變的不安和疑慮；因爲每一代人都伴隨著相同的不確定感，未來將會怎樣呢？

I consider myself a woman of both words and images; I am a journalist and photographer in my country, Ecuador. I write about the present as it becomes history and about a future filled with uncertainties. As a university professor, I encourage young people to define their dreams through their writing and to create content as their best form of self-introduction.

Through poetry, I express my thoughts and desires that have allowed me to live with joy and hope, but accompanied by the anxiety and doubts that time does not dispel; because every generation faces the same uncertainty: what will happen next?

離別的傷痛

1

在什麼年齡適合離世，
當夢想已成真
家人已離去
或是疲累渴望長眠？

2

一條陡峭的樓梯
帶著光明
一個盲眼的女孩試著爬上樓梯
抱著希望向前攀進
她走到了盡頭
她哭泣
她停下腳步
因為她不知道自己已經
到達了目的地

3

蘋果
甜蜜，紅潤，柔軟
一個小女孩的夢想
每天早上都想嘗鮮
但是金錢阻止了她
因為蘋果不在她的餐桌上

4

當其他的孩子們
在公園裡散步
並停下腳步觀察
當一顆水果從樹上掉落
是缺席的梨子
在一個傍晚
被一陣風
吹走了寧靜

El Dolor de la Partida

1

¿A qué edad es bueno morir,
cuando los sueños se han cumplido
la familia se ha ido
o el cansando te pide dormir?

2

Una empinada escalera
con iluminación
una niña ciega intenta subir la escalera
con esperanza avanza
llega al final
llora
se detiene
porque no sabe que llegó
a su destino

3

Manzanas
dulces, rojas, suaves
son el sueño de una niña
cada mañana para comer
pero la detiene el dinero
pues no están en su mesa

4

Mientras otros niños
caminan por un parque
y se detienen a observar
cuando una fruta cae
de un árbol
son peras ausentes
de un ventarrón que eliminó la calma
de un atardecer

The Sorrow of Leaving

1

When is it the time to die:
when one's dream is fulfilled,
when all family members pass away,
or when one, in weariness, yearns for a slumber?

2

A steep stairway
shines with splendor
a blind maiden attempts to climb up,
moves forward with hope,
as she goes to the end,
she weeps
and stops
because she does not know that
she has reached the destination.

3

Apples
sweet, red, soft,
are desired by a little girl.
She longs to taste them every morning,
but she lacks in money
for apples are not on her dining table.

4

When the other kids
are sauntering in the park
they stop to observe
a fruit falling from a tree,
it is an absent pear.
A gale blows away its peace
in an evening.



夏瑪拉·艾斯帕那·穆 紐茲

Siomara España Muñoz

1976年生於厄瓜多，詩人、散文家、藝術與文學評論家，現於藝術大學任教。擁有馬德里自治大學藝術、文學和文化研究的博士學位，並獲該校Cum Laude獎（拉丁文學位榮譽優等獎），著有：《情慾》、《瘋狂的解脫》十多本詩集，其部分作品已被翻譯成英語、俄語、葡萄牙語、法語、阿拉伯語和日語。

Born in Ecuador, 1976, she is poet, essayist, art and literature critic and teacher, teaching in the University of Art. She acquires the PhD in artistic literary and cultural studies from the Autonomous University of Madrid and Cum Laude award from the same university. She has published more than ten poetry collections, including *Concupiscence* and *Insane Relief*. Some of her works have been translated into English, Russian, Portuguese, French, Arabian, and Japanese.

米婭（我的）

我的母親祖先們叫我「米婭」
鏡子的另一面喊著「我的」
住在我心裡雙重卻又獨一無二的女人說「我的」
而我為這首歌歡慶贊頌

自從光輝時刻降臨我即是「我的」
從黑暗中的海洋
在子宮未知的日子裡
從小小的腳掌
乃至大腦混亂的困境
持續圍繞著我

我不屬於任何人
沒有帶著他人的姓氏
將我綁在某一隻手或一根線上

「米婭」在行進間提醒著我
穿越街道緩慢的小步伐
原始黑暗懲罰詛咒的蛇
工作的門和無可責備的努力

因為「米婭／我的」這面多音義的旗幟
「我的」諸多姐妹們
「我的」痛苦當我們被迎頭痛擊

我是「我的」
沒有模板或處方可拆解
我的身體是「我的」
在各個片段的道路上

我是「我的」
我生活在自己裡面，沒有冠冕的靈魂或獨自的空間
在我永恆的不確定中
綿延的力量
屬於我的一切。

Mía

Mía me llaman mis madres ancestrales
mía grita el otro lado del espejo
la doble y única mujer que me habita dice mía
y yo celebro el canto

fui mía desde el resplandor
desde la oscuridad marina
de los días del vientre incertidumbre
desde el pequeño pie
a la masa cerebral de los dilemas
que me siguen circundando

No soy de nadie
no llevo un apellido compuesto de otro
que me ate a una mano o a un estambre

Mía me lo recuerda el tránsito
el pasito lento al cruzar la acera
la serpiente original del castigo oscurantismo
la puerta del trabajo y los empeños sin reproches

Porque mía es la polifónica bandera
mías las hermanas cuantas
mío el dolor cuando todos nos golpean

Soy mía
de-construida sin modelos ni recetas
es mío mi cuerpo
en su ruta fragmentaria

Soy mía

vivo en mi sin cisne o cuarto propio
en mi eterna incertidumbre
en la prolongada fuerza
de mi todo

Mia

My maternal ancestors call me “Mia”
another side of the mirror calls “mine”
The dual and unique woman living in my heart says “mine”
While I celebrate for this song

Since the glorious time I am “mine”
from the ocean in darkness
the unknown days in the womb
from the tiny feet
to the turbulent impasse of the brain
it continually haunts me

I do not belong to anybody
No one ties me with his family name
to a hand or a string

“Mia” reminds me while moving forward
through the streets with a slow and little gait
the serpent punished and cursed by primal darkness
the gate to labor and the unreachably effort

Because of the multiple-meaning banner of “Mia/mine”
“my” numerous sisters
When we were beaten, “my” pain

I am mine
No model or recipe can destruct
My body is “mine”
In every fragmentary road

I am “mine”

I live in myself, no crowned soul or solitary space
in my eternal uncertainty
the extensive power
all belongs to mine



阿舍拉夫·阿布雅季德 Ashraf Aboul-Yazid

深耕文化新聞超過 35 年。他的詩集《A street in Cairo》、《The memory of Butterflies》、《The Memory of Silence》、《The Whisper of the Sea》以及《The Shells》的選集已被譯成英文、信德文、德文、俄文、波斯文、土耳其文和西班牙文。他身兼亞洲記者協會的主席和絲路文學系列的總編。他曾獲頒以下獎項：2021年土耳其LIFFT歐亞文學節金牌獎，以及2023年埃及薩維里斯文化獎兒童文學組等。

He worked in Cultural Journalism for more than 35 years. An anthology of his poetry books; *A street in Cairo*, *The memory of Butterflies*, *The Memory of Silence*, and *The Whisper of the Sea*, *The Shells*, has been published in English, Sindhi, German, Russian, Persian, Turkish and Spanish. President, Asia Journalist Association, Editor in Chief, THE SILK ROAD LITERATURE SERIES. Of his awards: The Gold Medal in LIFFT Eurasian Literary Festival, Turkey (2021) and Sawiris Cultural Award, Children Literature, Egypt (2023), etc.

一張聚光燈地圖

聚光燈在找尋
被黑暗所傷的
雙眼
它在找尋被黑暗刻印的
眼球
來閱讀一千零一篇文字。
它在找尋一把刀
來殺了黑夜。
它在找尋一顆星，
來將它融化
在遺棄的玻璃杯中。
它在找尋
一張愛的地圖。

一張河流地圖

我的河流渴望瀑布，
它爬著找尋它的支流，
它在找尋得以穿越的山谷，
抒發愛意及誘惑。
河流在找尋你，
來跳入他的口中。

一張 Google 之子地圖

你僅是幾個點和幾條線。
你是遺落在某些角落和圓圈裡的顏色。
無以辨識；
沒有心跳，
沒有胸膛起伏，
亦沒有言語文字。
你是一個搜尋引擎之子，
你是打在「Google」地圖上的
數字及字母。

A Map of a Spotlight

The only spotlight is seeking for
two eyes,
hurt by darkness.
It is seeking for eyeballs
engraved by the darkness
to read one thousand and one texts.
It is seeking for a knife
to kill the night with.
It is seeking for a star,
to get it melted,
in a deserted glass.
It is seeking for
a map of love.

A Map of the River

My river is thirst for waterfall,
It is crawling searching for its tributary,
It is searching for a valley to cross,
Expressing love and temptation.
The river is searching for you,
To dive into his mouth.

A Map for Google's Sons

You are just a few points and lines.

You are colors left in some corners and circles.

Nothing could identify you;

no heart pulses,

no breast Breathes,

and no words.

You are the sons of a research engine,

You are numbers and letters

typed on the maps of "Google."



廖亦武
Liao Yiwu

廖亦武，1958年生於中國四川，因1989年6月4日製作〈大屠殺〉磁帶並拍攝詩歌電影《安魂》而被捕入獄，1994年獲釋，2011年7月逃離中國，目前定居德國。已在西方20多國翻譯並發表的重要著作《子彈鴉片》、《凶屍人》、《上帝是紅色的》、《爲了一首歌和一百首歌》、《武漢》《毛時代的愛情》等多種。曾被多次提名爲諾貝爾文學獎候選人。曾獲美國赫爾曼/哈密特人權寫作獎、美國《當代基督教》雜誌「最佳圖書獎」、德國「紹爾兄妹獎」、德國書業和平獎等、美國瓦茨拉夫·哈維爾圖書基金會作家獎。

Liao Yiwu, born in Sichuan, China in 1958, was imprisoned for producing the Massacre tape and filming the poetry film Requiem after the June 4, 1989, Tiananmen Square crackdown. Released from prison in 1994, he fled China in July 2011 and now lives in Germany. His major works, which have been translated and published in over 20 Western countries, include *Bullets and Opium*, *The Corpse Walker*, *God is Red*, *For a Song and a Hundred Songs*, *Wuhan: A Diary* and *The Love Songs of the Mao Era*, among others. He has been nominated several times for the Nobel Prize in Literature. His awards include the Human Rights Writing Award from the Hellman/Hammett Foundation, the Best Books Award from Christianity Today magazine, the Geschwister-Scholl Prize, the Peace Prize of the German Book Trade, and the Disturbing the Peace Award from the Václav Havel Library Foundation.

給母親

你總嫌我的詩句太長
而現在，命運卻把你的兒子
壓縮成一個短句
這個短句還在被刪減
直到只剩下一堆皮囊
一個面目全非的強姦過的詞

甚至連名詞也算不上
我只是一個繁體字
因筆劃太多被經常寫錯

我已經老了
看上去比你還老
當我有一天重歸故里
這顆禿頭還習慣當眾叫"媽媽"麼？
我是否有力氣去感受愛，接納
太輕柔的風？

—1991年3月16日

For Mother

You always disparage my sentences as too long
but now fate has compressed
your son into a clause
and this still being cut down

till all that's left is a sack of skin
an unrecognizable, defiled word

so much so it can't be considered a noun
I'm just a complicated character
too many brush strokes, so often written wrong

I'm already old
looking older than you
When one day I return to my hometown
will this bald head still call "Mama" before all?
Will I have the strength to feel love, to take in
too soft a wind?

—March 16, 1991



沙德偉 Devesh Path Sariya

印地語詩人、散文家和翻譯家，主要愛好是詩歌，也積極從事虛構和非虛構散文的創作。第一本詩集《Nooh ki Naav》(2022年)在德里的薩希蒂亞學院出版，台灣日記《Chhoti Aankho ki Putliyon mein》也獲得讀者們的讚賞，詩集《A Toast to winter Solstice》(2013年)由Shivam Tomar翻譯成英文，創作也被翻譯成華文、英文、俄文、西班牙文、孟加拉文、旁遮普文和拉賈斯坦文，並翻譯台灣資深詩人李敏勇的詩集《現實的裂縫》(2021)為印地文，在印度出版。

Devesh Path Sariya is a Hindi poet, prose writer and translator. While poetry remains his primary interest, Devesh is also active in writing both fictional and non-fictional prose. His first poetry collection *Nooh ki Naav* (2022) is published by the Sahitya Akademi, Delhi. His Taiwan diary *Chhoti Aankho ki Putliyon mein* (2022) also got appreciation from readers. *A Toast to winter Solstice* (2023) is his poems' collection translated (by Shivam Tomar) into English. His creations have been translated into Mandarin, English, Russian, Spanish, Bangla, Marathi, Punjabi and Rajasthani. He has translated senior Taiwanese poet Lee Min-Yung's poetry collection *Haqeeqat ke beech daraar* (2021) into Hindi.

滅絕的語言（阿姆蘭花）

若使用者遷徙遠方
語言會有變成什麼，
在異地擁抱新的語言，
拋棄自己的母語，
就如一種落後的信號？

無數活生生的字根
因一再的流亡隨著消失。

在這些遺忘的語言，或許
存有精美的詩之韻味。
未曾聽聞的文學流派，等待探索。
在那些遺忘的語言中，也許
存留著最溫柔的婚姻的幸福話語，
低語於愛人之間午寐醒來的呢喃。

也許我們的作品貧乏！
因為這些語言消失，
創造力的圖像也許已被折損。
離開我們徘徊於創造力貧乏的平原，
僅僅縮放在小山丘上，
而當題辭鏤刻
代表被忽視的詩之高峰。

也許一種已滅絕的語言
已成秘語，
被士兵們用來
傳輸編碼的訊息。

有可能在滅絕的語言中

有人用以承載語言的隱秘意義，
被士兵用來
傳達隱秘的訊息。

在出征前，
士兵也許用那語言
對愛人唱一首歌（基於軍事秘密）
而未透露意涵，
他們的伴侶
視其為神秘的語言
而且因為魅力而欽敬。

然而像阿姆蘭花的故事
滅絕的語言韻律存留
印記於所愛之人心靈。

因此，一種滅絕的語言成為浪漫的秘語，
不受軍隊束縛，
就像浪花共鳴於
愛人們和妻子們心中。

*《阿姆蘭·普什帕》是印地語報紙《拉賈斯坦祖國報》出版的圖畫書，故事是年輕女人在丈夫上戰場時，身懷一朵花，花的清香意味著丈夫活著，並忠貞於她。

（中文翻譯：李敏勇）

Extinct Language (Amlaan Flower)

What would become of languages
Once their speakers migrate afar,
Embracing new tongues in foreign lands,
Abandoning their mother tongue
Like a sign of backwardness?

Countless living languages erased,
By recurring exoduses, lost in time.

In those forgotten languages, perchance,
Lay the most exquisite verses of poetry,
Unheard literary genres, waiting to be explored.
In those forgotten languages, perhaps,
Reside the tenderest words of marital bliss,
Whispered between lovers upon waking from siestas.

It might be possible that our writings are lacking!
Due to the disappearance of those languages,
The graph of creativity may have been truncated,
Leaving us to wander through barren plains of creativity,
Merely scaling small hills,
While the engraved marks on an inscription
Represent the neglected peak of poetry.

Perhaps one of the extinct languages
Has endured as a secret tongue,
Employed by soldiers
To transmit coded messages.

It's possible that among the extinct languages,
One has survived as a covert means of speech,

Adopted by soldiers
For conveying encoded messages.

Before departing for war,
The soldiers may sing a song in that language
To their loved ones without revealing its meaning
(Due to military secrecy),
Which their partners interpret as
Some cryptic and mysterious language
And admire it for just for its charm.

Yet like *the story of Amlan flower*
The melodies of the extinct language linger,
Imprinting themselves upon their lover's soul.

Thus, an extinct language transforms into romantic riddles,
Unrestrained by the army's grasp,
Resonating like crashing waves,
Within the hearts of lovers and wives.

*Amlaan Pushpa was a picture story published in 'Rajasthan Patrika'. In this story, the young women carry a flower with themselves when her husband go out for war. Its freshness means her husband is alive and faithful to her.

(English Translation: Shivam Tomar)



朝吹亮二 Asabuki Ryoji

1952 出生於東京，現為慶應義塾大學名譽教授。

1979 出版第1本詩集《滅亡與王國》。

1987 出版第3本詩集《opus》，獲第25屆藤村紀念歷程獎。

2009 出版第6本詩集《耀眼的》，獲第2屆鮎川信夫獎。

2016 出版評論集《安德列·布勒東的詩世界》，獲福澤獎。

2019 出版第7本詩集《空心》。

1952 Born in Japan. Now he is a professor emeritus in Keio University.

1979 Publication of *Destruction and Kingdom*, his first poetry collection.

1987 Publication of *Opus*, his third poetry collection. Awarded the 25th TOSON Memorial Procedure Prize.

2009 Publication of *Dazzling*, his sixth poetry collection. Awarded the 2nd Nobuo Ayukawa Prize.

2016 Publication of *The World of André Breton's Poetry*, his collected critical essays. Awarded the Fukuzawa Prize.

2019 Publication of *The Hollow Body*, his seventh poetry collection.

晨窗之詩（詩與世界的距離）

一個秋天的早晨
我含著一顆鮮艷的紅色漿果
那是我剛才吃早餐在庭院摘下的
棕耳鸚的那顆果實的圓潤
如密室天窗映現的
蒼穹
那是被投射的愛的
行為啊

又是一個日食未明的早晨
一個從未黎明的早晨如死神般伸出它光滑的懷抱
黑色的沙漏像陽光的洪流不斷地流動著
如同沒有目的地的信件不斷地流淌著
如同寫個不停的詩篇沒有盡頭沒有間斷
性愛被昏暗的早晨所擁抱
嘴裡含著早晨的紅色漿果
永無止境
總是重新開始的早晨小鳥們無聲的鳴叫
穿過藍色的天幕把未知的和聲
唱響
打開未知的星座
棕耳鸚、沉睡的貓、墜落的雪豹、新的黃道
十二宮的
野獸們透明的姿態
被投射的愛戀
在肚子在背脊在一顆漿果在行星的圓形之愛裡

朝の窓の詩（詩と世界の距離）

秋のある朝に艶やかな赤い実
 それはさつき朝食に庭先で摘んだひとつぶ
 をくわえた
 ヒヨドリのその果実のまるみ
 映る密室の天窗の
 蒼穹
 投射される愛の
 営みよ

またある朝に日蝕のまま明けない夜
 あけない朝それは死のようななめらかな抱擁をひきのばす
 さらさら陽射しがあふれるように夜の砂時計は流れつづける
 宛もなく書き継がれてゆく書翰のように
 途切れとぎれに終わりなくこぼれてゆく詩篇のように
 性愛は昏い朝に抱かれ
 朝の赤い果実をくわえたまま尽きる
 ことはなく

いつも新しくはじまる朝コトリたちの無音の囀りが
 空の青い円蓋を突きぬけて未知の和声を
 響かせる
 未知の星座をひらく
 ヒヨドリ、眠る猫、落下するユキヒョウ、新たな黄道十二宮の
 獣たちの透明な姿態
 投射される愛の営みよ
 おなかやせなかやひとつぶの果実やここ惑星のまるみの愛の

A Poem of the Morning Window (The Distance Between Poetry and the World)

In an autumn morning
I had a bright red berry in my mouth
Which I had plucked in my patio after breakfast
The round shape of the fruit from the brown-eared bulbul
Like the heaven
Revealed in the sunroof of a chamber
It is an action of
Projected love

In another solar-eclipsed, dim morning
A never-dawned morning, like a god of death, stretched out its glossy embrace
A black hourglass, like the flood of sunshine, flows endlessly
Like the mails that flow to no destination
Like the poems that come to no end without interruption
Sexual love is embraced by the dark morning
I had a morning red berry in my mouth
Endlessly
Birds in the morning always restart to chirp voicelessly
To sing
In unknown harmony through the blue firmament
To reveal unknown constellations
The brown-eared bulbul, the sleeping cat, the falling snow leopard, the animals
in
The new zodiac signs showing transparent gestures
The projected love
On the belly on the spine on a berry on the round love of a planet



平田俊子 Hirata Toshiko

著有詩集《終點》、《詩七日》、《寶物》、《戲言的自由》等。小說《二人乘坐》、《斜坡》。曾獲晚翠獎、萩原朔太郎獎、野間文藝新人獎、紫式部文學獎等。現居住在東京。

Her poetry collections include *Terminal*, *Seven Days of Poetry*, *Treasure*, *Freedom of Telling Jokes*; her novels, *Two-Seater* and *Slope*. She gained the Akishui Award, Sakutaro Hagiwara Prize, Noma Literary Novice Award, and Murasaki Shikibu Literary Award. She lives in Tokyo now.

寒春

把豆子磨碎
倒入少量熱水
沖泡兩杯咖啡
一杯給自己
另一杯是給不在這裡的人

他看似瑟瑟發冷
我應該給他一條圍巾
我應該給他一副手套
我讓他什麼都沒有就走了
悔恨之火，沸騰了
水太冷了

生命是痛苦的 死亡是仁慈的
這樣想會有幫助嗎？
我佯裝沒有注意到
風的甜美和光的耀眼

鮮花盛開 鳥兒鳴叫
在無人的春天裡
情感的點點滴滴成為獨白
盡情地溢出來

我們會隨時把水燒熱
以此來溫暖寒冷的人
立刻煮出一壺咖啡
即使在沒有人回家的日子裡

寒い春

豆を挽いて
お湯を少しずつそそぎ
コーヒーを二杯淹れる
一杯は自分のため
もう一杯は ここにいない人のため

寒がりだったから
マフラーを巻いてあげればよかった
手袋を持たせてあげればよかった
何もないままいかせてしまった
悔恨の炎で沸かすのは
冷たすぎる水

生は苦しく 死は優しい
そんなふうに思えば救われるだろうか
風の甘さや光のまぶしさに
気づかないふりをして

花が咲いて 鳥がさえずり
誰かがいない春
感情のかけらがひとりごとになって
いくらでもこぼれ落ちる

お湯はいつでも沸かしておこうよ
寒い人を暖められるよう
すぐにコーヒーを淹れられるよう
誰も帰ってこない日も

The Icy Spring

He ground the beans
Poured out little hot water
And made two cups of coffee
One for himself
Another for the absent one

He seemed to shiver
I should have given him a scarf
I should have given him a pair of gloves
I saw him go away without anything
The fire of regret is burning
The water is icy

Life is painful death is kind
Does such an idea help?
I pretend not to notice
The sweet wind and the shining light

Flowers are blossoming birds are twittering
In a spring of no one
Every drop of feelings becomes a monologue
Overflowing spontaneously

We will heat water any time
To warm those who feel cold
And make a bottle of coffee
Even though nobody comes home



柏木麻里 Kashiwagi Mari

德國出生。曾獲現代詩手帖獎。著有日文與英文兩種語言版本的詩集《蝶》(2020)，其詩被翻譯成12種語言，並獲得國際微詩獎銀獎、黎巴嫩納吉·納曼國際文學獎。另著有3本詩集和2本藝術書籍，作品多次被收錄在國外的詩選集。

Born in Germany, she has been awarded the Contemporary Poetry Notebook Prize. *Butterflies* (2020), her poetry collection, is published in Japanese and English. Her poetry has been translated into twelve languages. She gained the second prize of the International Mini-Poetry Award and Naji Naaman Literary Prize. In addition, she composes three poetry collections and two art books. Her works have been frequently anthologized in international poetry collections.

對樹的愛（節選）

當我置身在
樹與
樹之間
用語言觸摸它們時
樹從那裡消失
所以
我用目光觸摸
樹的寂靜
樹為我立在那裡
但是
那時樹會原諒我
*
樹的呼吸
對人如幸福的謊言
樹的屹立
看起來都很像
那是它們原有的姿態
而人們
當他們隨著樹木的變化
以為他和樹即是世界
還有
人與樹 靜靜地
孕育著世界

木への恋（抄）

木 と
木に
言葉でふれると
木はそこらになくなる
だから
わたしは
木の無言を
まなざしでふれる
木はそこにいてくれる
けれど
そのとき木はゆるしているだろうか

*

木の呼吸 は
ひとには 幸福な嘘
木々の立ち姿が
どれもよく似ているのは
それが身振りだから
ひとは
木と交わっているとき
自分と木とが世界であるとおもう
そして
ひとと木とで ひっそり
世界を産みおとす

The Love to Trees (Excerpts)

When I stay between
A tree and
Another tree
And touch them with words
Trees vanish there
So
I touch them with eyesight
The silence of trees
Trees stand there for me
Yet
Then trees may forgive me
*

The breath of trees
Means a happy lie to man
The erection of trees
Looks similar
This is their original gesture
While people
Change with trees
And think they and trees are the world
And
People and trees silently
Nourish the world



天童大人 Tendō Taijin

詩人、朗唱家、字家。女詩人 Gillian Poole 將其聲音譽為「完整的聲音」。2002年3月，是在義大利維羅納圓形競技場舉辦公演唯一的日本人。2006年10月，創立以詩人聲音的藝術表演，追求內心真實的聲音。為日本筆會、日本文藝家協會、非洲國際詩人協會(塞內加爾)會員，著有詩集：《艾茲拉·龐德的藍色戒指》、《長詩及巴比倫詩集》等。※詩人照片由 Rromir Imami 拍攝。

Poet, reciter, calligrapher. Gillian Poole praises his voice as the “Universal Voice.” In March 2002, he was the only Japanese artist on the amphitheater in Verona, Italy. In October 2016, he initiated the artistic performance featuring the poet’s voice, questing for the real inner voice. He is a member of Japanese P.E.N., Japan Literature and Art Association, and International African Poets (Senegal) Association. His poetry collections include *The Blue Ring of Ezra Pound*, *Long Poems and Babylonian Poetry Collections*, etc. ※Photographed By Rromir Imami.

超越時間

ア……オ……ウ……エ……イ……
ア……オ……ウ……エ……イ……
ア……オ……ウ……エ……イ……

那被時間篩過的 殘留至今的聲音
我將之蒐集起來 仔細聆聽

撫今追昔
從對馬海峽眺望
遙遠的故國
我被派去抵抗元寇之戰
無辜百姓們 被斷絕陶器傳承之術

那持續被抹消的無形聲音
不為人知地傳播
船隻駛進寧靜的海灣深處
向著盡頭 不斷發出
自古封存的回聲 在當下復甦

當陰霾密布 我無愧於心地佇立
我不斷追問天空 射擊聲
重新疊合
重又交織之際

從大陸吹來 被消失的風
未曾聽到的聲音 逐漸顯現

從海中第一座鳥居開始

ワ.....ヲ.....ウ.....エ.....イ.....
ワ.....ヲ.....ウ.....エ.....イ.....
ワ.....ヲ.....ウ.....エ.....イ.....

時を超えて

ア．．．．オ．．．．ウ．．．．エ．．．．イ．．．．
ア．．．．オ．．．．ウ．．．．エ．．．．イ．．．．
ア．．．．オ．．．．ウ．．．．エ．．．．イ．．．．

時の篩にかけられ 今日に残った声
拾い集め 耳を澄ます

思いを辿れば
対馬海峡から遙か遠くに
故国を望み
元寇の役の戦にかりだされ
器を失い伝える術を 絶たれた無辜の民たち

消され続けて来た見えない声を
人知れず伝え伝えて
静かな入り江の奥に舟を進め
行き止まりに向かって 放ちつづけ
古代から封じられた響く声 今に甦らせ

曇天の時 無私な心で立ち
宙に問いつづけながら 撃ち込む声
新たに重ね合わせ
織りこんで行くとき

大陸から吹きつけ かき消す風に
未だ聞こえぬ声 次第に姿現す

海中の一の鳥居から

ワ．．．．．ヲ．．．．．ウ．．．．．エ．．．．．イ．．．．．
ワ．．．．．ヲ．．．．．ウ．．．．．エ．．．．．イ．．．．．
ワ．．．．．ヲ．．．．．ウ．．．．．エ．．．．．イ．．．．．

To Transcend Time

Ah . . . Oh . . . Woo . . . Eh . . . Yee
Ah . . . Oh . . . Woo . . . Eh . . . Yee
Ah . . . Oh . . . Woo . . . Eh . . . Yee

The voices that have been sieved by time and left till now
I collect them and listen to them carefully

The present scene evokes the memories of the past
Gazing afar from the Tsushima Strait
The distant homeland
I was dispatched to fight against the Mongolian invaders
The innocent people were deprived of the art of pottery heritage

The continually erased, invisible voices
Have been spread unknowingly
The ship sails into the depth of the silent bay
To the end making persistently
The echo sealed from the ancient time revived at present

The haze pervades I stand with a clear conscience
I keep on asking the heaven the shooting sounds
Are intermingled again
As they are mixed

The vanished wind which from the continent
Has never been heard gradually emerges

Beginning from the first torii on the sea

Ah . . . Oh . . . Woo . . . Eh . . . Yee
Ah . . . Oh . . . Woo . . . Eh . . . Yee
Ah . . . Oh . . . Woo . . . Eh . . . Yee



崔榮圭 Choi Young Kyu

1996年由《朝鮮日報》新春文藝部門當選後踏入文壇。

詩集：《早晨詩集》、《攀登了自己》、《冰裂縫》、《站在雪山下》

獲獎：韓國詩文學獎、京畿文學獎、Baum文學獎、金丘庸詩文學獎

經歷：曾任「韓國詩人協會」事務總長、發展委員長、企畫委員長，現任理事。歷任國際PEN韓國本部審議委員、監事、現任理事。

He started his literary career in 1996, after being elected into the New Spring Art and Literature Department in *Chosun Ilbo* (朝鮮日報)。

Poetry collections: *Morning Poetry Collection*, *Climbing Myself*, *Crevasses*, *Standing Under the Snow Mountain*.

Prizes: Korean Poetry and Literature Award, Gyeonggi Literature Prize, Baum Literature Prize, Kim Qiyong Poetry and Literature Prize.

Experiences: chief executive, chairperson of development, chairperson of planning, and now a director of Korean Poets Association. He has been a review committee member, a supervisor, and a director of Korea International P.E.N.

賻儀

拿出信封

好不容易畫圖似的撰寫賻儀

哈氣呼一下就吹開了信封的嘴

信封上忽然灑落一大把花籽

散落在桌上，是松葉牡丹種籽

種籽們各自深呼吸之後

一下子變成為堂堂正正、閃亮的模樣

書桌像清晨的院子般

充滿粉紅、黃、紫紅地亮麗了起來

種籽是比自己還龐大百倍的花朵

整個夏天一直盛開 還有那麼多花重新

躲進閃閃發光的種籽外殼裡

再次開花，又回到種籽

我為了不傷到種籽裡的花，就小心翼翼地

一粒也不漏地撿起來放進信封裡

信封看起來正在呼吸似的相當健康

從讓奶奶串門時，打磨好的後路

走去弔喪

遺像前常帶的核桃粒閃閃發光

像閉著嘴巴的花籽般放好了

我悄悄地把信封放在它的旁邊

의 賻 儀

봉투를 꺼내어
 부의賻儀라고 그리듯 겨우 쓰고는
 입김으로 후-불어 봉투의 주둥이를 열었다
 봉투에선 느닷없이 한웅큼의 꽃씨가 쏟아져
 책상 위에 흩어졌다 채송화 씨앗
 씨앗들은 저마다 심호흡을 해대더니
 금새 당당하고 반짝이는 모습들이 되었다
 책상은 이른 아침 뜨락처럼
 분홍 노랑 보라빛으로 싱싱해졌다
 씨앗들은 자신보다 백배나 큰 꽃들을
 여름내 계속 피워낸다 그리고 그 많은 꽃들은 다시
 반짝이는 껍질의 씨앗 속으로 숨어들고
 또다시 꽃피우고 씨앗으로 돌아오고
 나는 씨앗속의 꽃이 다치지 않도록 조심스럽게
 한 알도 빠짐없이 주워 봉투에 넣었다
 봉투는 숨쉬는 듯 건강해 보였다

할머니님 마실 다니시라고 다듬어 드린 뒷길로
 문상을 갔다
 영정 앞엔 늘 갖고 계시던 호두알이 반짝이며
 입 다문 꽃씨마냥 놓여 있었다
 나는 그 옆에 봉투를 가만히 올려 놓았다.

Condolences

Producing an envelope and inscribing condolences with
difficulty,
I opened the mouth of the envelope by breathing out.
Out of the envelope issued a handful of flower seeds,
Scattered over the table
The seeds of sun plants.
The seeds took deep breaths,
Each instantly becoming glittering and stately.
The table, like an early morning garden,
Has become pink, yellow, violet and fresh.
The seeds generated all summer long
Flowers hundredfold larger than themselves.
And the numberless flowers again
Sink into the seeds with twinkling peels.
Again they flower and then return as seeds.
Lest the flowers in the seeds get hurt,
I cautiously made sure to put all of them into the envelope.
The envelope looked healthy as if they were breathing.
I went to visit the bereaved along the back path
Which I had groomed
For Grandma to visit friends around the village,
The walnuts she always kept before her funeral portrait
Lay there like flower seeds with closed mouths.
I quietly laid the envelope beside it.



康秀

Kang Tae Geon

1998由《現代詩學》推薦踏入文壇。

榮獲Baum文學獎作品獎、曾參與多部戲劇、電影之劇本改作及撰稿。曾任半年刊詩誌《光與林》主編、季刊文藝雜誌《多層》編輯委員；現任季刊《詩山脈》編輯委員。

漢陽大學韓國文學博士、該大學文藝資訊學系博士課程修畢。

詩集：史詩集《史詩大百濟》、Photo Form詩集《春日，夢想發電站》等。

Kang started his literary career with the recommendation of *Modern Poetics* in 1998.

He gained Baum Literary Works Prize, participating in the adaptations and composition of many plays and movie scripts. He was the editor-in-chief of *Light and Forest*, a semi-annual poetry magazine, as well as an editor of *Multilayers*, a literary quarterly; now he is an editor of *Poetry Mountain Range*, a quarterly.

He is the PhD of Korean literature in Hanyang University; he finished the study in all seminars in the PhD program of the department of literature, art, and information of the same university.

Poetry collections: *Epic Great Baekje*; *Photo Form*; *Spring, the Powerhouse of Dreams*, etc.

春，夢發電站

巨大的夢想發電站開始運轉了

凍僵的冰塊

在發電站裡以夢想來重生

因為那些夢的顏色

我們的冬天多麼美麗呀

以圍巾擋住刀刃般的寒風，以哈氣融化凍手

心中留下了建造一座夢想發電站的土地

請側耳傾聽

心中聽見咚咚發電站運轉的聲音

只要聽到那聲音，就算什麼都尚未結束

只要從那邊，看一眼從綠色花蕾裡紅艷噴發的

夢之火焰

봄, 꿈 발전소

거대한 꿈 발전소가 가동을 시작했다
얼어붙었던 얼음 덩어리들은
발전소에서 꿈으로 재생된다
저 꿈의 빛깔들로 인해
우리들의 겨울은 얼마나 아름다웠던가
목도리로 칼바람을 가리고 입김으로 언 손을 녹이면서도
가슴속에 꿈 발전소 하나 지을 땅은 남겨뒀었거니
귀 기울여 보라
가슴 속에서 쿵쿵 발전소 돌아가는 소리가 들리리니
그 소리 들리는 한, 아직 아무 것도 끝난 것은 없는 것이다
저기, 녹색 꽃망울에서 붉게 솟구치는 꿈의 화염을 보라

Spring, the Powerhouse of Dreams

The huge powerhouse of dreams is starting to operate.

The ice cubes

Are reborn with dreams in the powerhouse.

Because of the colors of those dreams,

How beautiful our winters are!

We resist the icy gale with scarves and melt the frozen our hands with breath,

Thinking about a land on which to build a powerhouse of dreams.

Lend me your ears!

Listen to the operating bumping sound of the powerhouse in your heart.

Even though nothing has come to the end, as long as you hear that sound,

There, you may see the reddish fire of dream from the green bud.



金芝軒 Kim Ji Heon

1997年由《現代詩學》推薦踏入文壇。

詩集：《通往下一個村莊的路》、《懷錶》、《金色的花臉鴨羣》、《紫薇屬寺院》、《擁有心臟》。

獲獎：密涅瓦文學獎(2020)、草花文學獎(2021)。

經歷：現任韓國詩人協會理事、半年刊《韓國詩人》主編。

She began her literary career with the recommendation of *Modern Poetics* in 1997.

Poetry collections: *The Road to the Next Village*, *The Pocket Watch*, *The Golden Baikal Teals*, *Lagerstroemia Abbey*, *Owning a Heart*.

Prizes: Minerva Literary Award (2020), Primrose Literature Prize (2021).

Experiences: director of Korean Poets Association, editor-in-chief of *Korean Poets*, a semi-annual magazine.

羅盤

打地鋪的時候，
拉扯你的耳朵平平地伸躺吧
母親常說
這是敞開耳朵傾聽別人地話
應該是豎起脊梁來判斷的意思

在人生的行間裡遙遠地墜落時
不由自主地想起母親這盞路燈

哥倫比亞原住民回托托(Huitoto)族的四個孩子在亞馬遜叢林裡堅持活下來40天
因飛機墜毀失去同行的父母
從十三歲到一歲的孩子們
面對著恐懼，反而會倚靠死地
在漆黑的絕望中開闢一條路，並製造了光明
母親的最後一句話就成為羅盤
面對死亡會溫順地服從
險峻的叢林成為銀河系裡，盪漾的清澈寂靜的森林
不知名的樹成為溫暖的被子
不知多麼深的黑暗溫柔地撫慰著孩子們的心

假如人生的叢林插上利角撲過來時
可怕危險的狀況就轉變成和平和安息
此稱為母親的羅盤

就是一首不需要翻譯的詩
從遙遠的地球另一邊傳來的消息

나침판

이불을 펼 땐,
네 귀를 잡아당겨 반반하게 퍼라고
어머니 늘 말씀하셨지
귀를 활짝 열어 다른 사람의 말을 들어주고
반듯하게 판단하라는 뜻이었을 것이다

삶의 행간에서 아득하게 추락할 때면
저절로 어머니라는 외등을 떠올리지

콜롬비아 원주민 후이토토 족의 네 아이
아마존 정글에서 40일을 버텼다
비행기 추락으로 동행했던 부모를 잃은
열세 살부터 한 살까지의 아이들
공포에 직면하며 오히려 죽음의 땅에 기댈 줄 알았고
깜깜한 절망 속에서 길을 내고 빛을 만들어 냈다
어머니의 마지막 말씀 나침판 삼아
죽음 앞에 순하게 순종하자
험준한 정글은 은하수 출렁이는 맑고 고요한 숲이 되고
이름 모를 나무는 따뜻한 이불이 되어주며
깊이 모를 어둠은 부드럽게 아이들 마음을 토닥여 주었다

삶이라는 정글이 뿔을 달고 덤벼들어도
두렵고 위험했던 상황을 평화와 안식으로 바꿔 놓을 수 있었다
어머니라는 나침판은

통역이 필요 없는 한 편의 시였다
먼 나라 지구 반대편에서 들려온 소식은

Compass

“When you bunk down,
Pull your ears and make your bed flatly,”
Mother often said.
It means to listen to the others with all ears
It should mean to judge with the straight spine

When degenerating in life
I can't help thinking my mother, the lamplight

Four kids of Huitoto, an aboriginal tribe in Columbia,
Struggled to survive in the Amazon Forest for forty days
And in a plane crash lost their parents, who had accompanied them.
The ages of the kids were ranged from thirteen to one
Facing terror, they turned to rely on the deadly land,
Broke through a way in the pitchy despair, and moved toward light.
They treated their mother's last words as their compass
Facing death with docile obedience.
The steep jungle turned out to be a shining, bright, silent forest.
The unknown trees turned out to be warm blankets
Incredibly deep darkness soothed the kids gently.

If the jungle of life pounces on you with horns,
The terrible and dangerous situation may become peace and rest.
This is called the mother's compass.

This poem needs no translation.
This message comes from a distant country, located in another side of the earth.



金尙美 Kim Sang Mi

1990年由《作家世界》推薦下踏入文壇。

詩集：《帽子由人類來打造》、《黑，雷陣雨》、《抓不到的蝴蝶》、《我們沒有任何關係》、《愈來愈成為自然的女人》。

散文集：《爸爸，您也想念媽媽嗎？》，《今天的風很好，要活下去》。

獲獎：朴煥寅文學獎，詩與表現作品獎，智異山文學獎，全鳳健文學獎。

經歷：韓國詩人協會會員。

She began her literary career with the recommendation of *Writers' World* in 1990.

Poetry collections: *Hats Made by Human Beings*; *Black, Thundershowers*; *Uncatchable Butterflies*; *We Have No Relationships*; *A More-And-More-Natural Woman*.

Collections of essays: *Dad, Do You Also Miss Mom?*; *The Wind is Good Today, I Must Live*.

Prizes: Park Huanyin Literature Prize, Poetry and Expressive Works Award, Jirisan Literature Prize, Jeon Bong-geon Literature Prize

Experience: member of Korean Poets Association

在世上最親切的人

世上到處散落的不親切和僵局，真是令人厭煩噁心
因而至少我這一個人，將要成為世界上最親切的人。

想與每個人一見面便開心地打招呼，並像親切的樹般給人摘果子吃。

再也忍不住了。滿腹牢騷，滿腹不滿的謊言。真是厭倦噁心。想分享給大家，燦爛微笑的愛和幸福。

親切有什麼特別的嗎？愛情也有什麼特別的嗎？想無限地噴出來，滿滿的贈送他人。想照著他人的意願均勻地分發。

從一出生就帶著親切的心，連一次也都沒能發光而致生鏽的話，有什麼用呢？想均勻地分享給大家。

親切和愛情像含著狂氣似的緊閉著嘴露出像鐵窗般的表情。現在真的受夠了嗎？像向日葵般笑著度過這個世界，不把品格在人生中嘩嘩地流失。

柏拉圖曾說：「你遇到的所有人都在艱難地戰鬥，請你展露親切吧！」。
就算至少我一個人也要那樣生活。就成為世界上最親切的人。

세상에서 가장 친절한 사람

세상 도처에 널려 있는 불친절과 비틀림 너무너무 지긋지긋 징그러워
나 혼자만이라도 세상에서 가장 친절한 사람이 되기로 했어요.

만나는 사람마다 방긋방긋 인사하고, 마치 친절나무인 양 그 열매 똑똑 따먹게 하
고 싶어요.

더 이상 못 견디겠어요. 불평, 불만투성이 모든 거짓들. 정말 지긋지긋 지루해요. 누
구에게든 나눠주고 싶어요, 반짝반짝 웃는 사랑과 행복.

친절이 별건가요? 사랑이 별건가요? 무한정 뿜어내어 듬뿍듬뿍 주고 싶어요. 원하
는 대로 골고루 나눠주고 싶어요.

태어날 때부터 갖고 나온 친절한 마음, 光도 한 번 못 내보고 녹슬면 무엇하나요?
모두에게 골고루 다 나눠주고 싶어요.

친절과 사랑이 무슨 狂氣나 되는 듯 입 꼭 다문 쇠창살 같은 표정들. 이젠 정말 지
긋지긋하지 않나요? 해바라기처럼 웃으며 한세상 건너간다 하여 인품이 인생에서
줄줄 새는 건 아니잖아요?

“친절하라. 네가 만나는 모든 사람들이 힘든 싸움을 하고 있으니” 라고 플라톤도
말했잖아요.

나 혼자만이라도 그렇게 살래요. 세상에서 가장 친절한 사람.

The Kindest One in the World

Unkindness and impasse are everywhere in the world, and it is so disgusting. Therefore, at least I alone will become the kindest one in the world.

I will greet all I meet happily, and offer them fruit like a kind tree.

I cannot bear it any longer. Discontent, the lies with dissatisfaction. It is really disgusting. I would like to share to all people love and happiness with brilliant smiles.

What is unique with kindness? What is unique with love? I would like to spout them endlessly to all people, to distribute them evenly as they wish.

What can it do if one, born with kindness, cannot shine and decay just once? I would like to distribute it evenly to all people.

How can kindness and love appear violently with pursed lips like prison bars? Are you fed up with it now? Your character will not be washed away in life if you live with a sunflower-like smile.

Plato has said, "Those whom you meet are struggling. Please be kind!" I would like to live so even though I live alone. I would like to be the kindest one in the world.



權宅明

Kwon Taek Myung

1974年由月刊詩誌《心象》新人獎當選後踏入文壇。

詩集：《愛·以後》、《有影子的空地》、《永遠的另一邊》、《聽着大提琴》、《耶路撒冷的晚霞》、《小雪附近》。

獎項：Baum文學獎。

經歷：歷任韓國詩人協會事務局長、交流委員長，現任審議委員。東北亞基督教作家會的韓國總幹事。社會福利法人韓國賽珍珠（Pearl S. Buck Foundation Korea）常任理事。

He initiated his literary career as he won the New Poet Prize awarded by *Mental Image*, a monthly poetry magazine, in 1974.

Poetry collections: *Love, Thereafter*; *The Shadow-Haunted Space*; *The Eternal Other Side*; *Listening to Violincello*; *The Sunset Glow in Jerusalem*; *The Light Snow Nearby*.

Prize: Baum Literature Prize

Experiences: secretary, chairperson of communication in Korean Poets Association; now review committee member of the same organization. Korean director general of Northeastern Asia Christian Writers Association. Permanent director of Pearl S. Buck Foundation Korea, a social welfare corporation.

在藍色星星一隅 —思索著《詩和世界的距離》

在半島南端發射探索月球衛星的那天
坐在城市裡公寓休息站的石頭上
望著看不見的羣星而在寫詩。

想起「太初」、「光年」、「無限」、「永遠」等的詞語。

想著站在冰河碎片上的瘦弱的白熊
又想到南極大陸的主人企鵝剛孵化的幼崽們。
被砲擊成了廢墟的世界穀倉烏克蘭
和想起猝然便成為孤兒和難民的幼小的生命。

住在波士頓的女兒和
復活節島的摩艾石像和大海的晚霞，
逐漸消失的亞馬遜森林，
在米勒〈晚鐘〉中顯示的法國某個鄉村，
狹窄的衚衕裡某處烤著麪包的味道，
非洲的乞力馬紮羅，登上山脊的豹子，
每一到季節，越過喜馬拉雅山的大雁們，
像澳洲袋鼠的瓦拉比母子，
滅種動物最後的一眼，

地球村的到處剛好今天死亡的死者們，
我就想到了耶路撒冷的比亞多洛羅薩。
衛星照片上一個點也抓不到的

在東亞韓國的狹小一隅
為世界和平祈願而寫詩。

我所想起而思考的一切

「我」和「你」「他」匯聚在短詩中。

以地球的引力、以記憶的因緣、以生命的連帶
在詩中世界曾是一體的。

無邊無際的宇宙、閃亮的藍色小星

地球依舊是圓的迴轉

詩與世界的距離零來收斂

成為天下合一、宇宙共鳴的調和。

푸른 별 一隅에서 — 「詩와 世界의 距離」를 생각하며

半島 남쪽 끝에서 달 探查 衛星을 쏘아 올리던 날
 도시의 아파트 쉼터 돌 위에 앉아
 보이지 않는 별무리를 바라보며 시를 쓴다.
 ‘太初’, ‘光年’, ‘無限’, ‘永遠’이라는 말을 떠올린다.
 水河 조각 위 위태롭게 서 있는 여윈 백곰을 생각하고
 남극 대륙의 주인 펭귄의 갓 孵化한 새끼들을 생각한다.
 砲擊으로 廢墟가 된 세계의 穀倉 우크라이나와
 졸지에 고아와 難民이 된 어린 생명들을 떠올린다.
 보스턴에 살고 있는 딸아이와
 이스터섬의 모아이 石像과 바다에 지는 노을을,
 사라져가고 있는 아마존의 密林을,
 밀레의 「晚鐘」에 나오는 프랑스 어느 시골마을을,
 좁다란 골목길 어딘가에서 굶고 있는 빵 냄새를,
 아프리카의 킬리만자로를, 山頂에 올라간 표범을,
 철마다 히말라야를 넘어 이동하는 기러기들을,
 호주의 캥거루 닮은 왈라비 母子를,
 滅種한 動物의 마지막 눈망울을,
 地球村 곳곳에서 오늘 숨을 거둔 死者들을,
 예루살렘의 비아 돌로로사를 생각한다.
 위성 사진에 작은 점으로도 안 잡힐
 동아시아 한국의 좁은 一隅에서
 세상의 평화를 祈願하며 시를 쓴다.
 내가 떠올리고 생각한 것들 모두가
 ‘나’와 ‘너’, ‘그’로 짝은 시 속에 모여 있다.
 地球의 引力, 記憶의 因緣, 生命의 連帶로
 시 속에서 세계는 이미 하나인 것.
 가없는 宇宙 속 작고 반짝이는 푸른 별
 지구는 여전히 동글게 回轉하여
 시는 세계의 거리를 零으로 收斂하고
 天下合一, 宇宙共鳴의 하모니를 이룬다.

In One Corner of the Blue Planet

—Thinking about ‘the Distance of Poetry and the World’

The lunar satellite was launched from the Korean Peninsula.
 On the day, I sat on a stone in the rest area of an urban apartment,
 writing a poem under the stars invisible to the naked eye.
 I recall some words - the beginning, light-years, limitlessness, eternity.
 I recall a thin white bear teetering on a fragment of a glacier,
 and the newly-hatched chicks of penguins, the owners of Antarctica.
 I recollect war-torn Ukraine, once the bread basket of the world,
 and the unexpected war orphans and the infant refugees fleeing from the war.
 Oh, the flicks that come to my mind: my daughter living in Boston,
 the stone statues on Easter Island and the sunset over the sea,
 Amazon rain-forests disappearing at an alarming rate,
 a French village in Millet's painting L'Angelus,
 the smell of baking bread somewhere in a narrow alleyway,
 the leopard that reached the peak of Mt. Kilimanjaro in Africa,
 the geese flying over the Himalaya every season,
 Austrian wallabies that look like small kangaroos,
 the last eyes of exterminated animals,
 the persons who died today in every corner of the globe,
 and the Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem.
 I write a poem, wishing for peace on earth,
 in a tiny corner of Korea in East Asia
 that's to never be seen in the satellite photograph.
 All the things that I've recalled and thought about
 get together in my short poem with 'I', 'you', and 'he/she/it'.
 The world is already one in the poem
 by Earth's gravity, memory connection, and solidarity of life.
 The small shining blue planet in an infinite universe,
 the Earth, still rotates in a circle;
 the poem reduces the distance of the world almost to zero,
 uniting the world and creating cosmic harmony.



馬尼尼為 Maniniwei

馬來西亞華人，苟生臺北逾二十年。作品包括散文、詩、繪本：《帶著你的雜質發亮》、《多年後我憶起台北》等十餘冊。獲選香港浸會大學華語駐校作家、鍾肇政文學獎散文正獎、金鼎獎文學圖書獎、台北文學獎年金入圍等。

Maniniwei was born in Malaysia. She has been scraping a living in Taipei for more than twenty years. She has published over ten books, including essays, poetry, and picture books, such as *Shine with Your Impurity* and *Thinking of Taipei Many Years Later*. She was the writer-in-residence at Hong Kong Baptist University. She has received the Chung Chao-Cheng Literary Awards Essay Award and the Golden Tripod Awards Book Award and was shortlisted for the Taipei Literature Award Annuity Award.

那些破詩

在我的筆記本裡
那些破詩
一個個透明了
一個個脫褲子了
你找一找嘴巴
把仇報掉

在我的筆記本裡
那些破詩
和飛機混在一起了
兒子 我是你老母
和玩具混在一起了
和桌子地板混在一起了

在我的筆記本裡
那些破詩
不要那樣
飛不起來
把自己弄得渾身悲哀

在我的筆記本裡
那些破詩
滿頭倒楣
是粉紅色的烏鴉
和我們穿上同一條褲子
令我們下半身難受
也只能這樣
把它剪短
盡力剪短它
放飛它

(原發表於《自由時報》)

Those Lousy Poems

In my notebook
those lousy poems
one by one become transparent
one by one they are without pants
you look for the mouth
to revenge

In my notebook
those lousy poems
are mixed up with airplanes
son, I'm your mum
mixed me up with toys
mixed me up with the table and the floor

In my notebook
those lousy poems
don't want to look like that
they fail to fly
and make themselves so sad

In my notebook
those lousy poems
are bad luck in my head
they are the pink crows
wearing with us the same pants
make our body's lower parts feel so bad
that's it
cut it short
cut it very short
let it fly



豪爾赫·阿利亞加·卡喬 Jorge Aliaga Cacho

秘魯蘇格蘭人，出生於秘魯利馬，同時身兼社會學家、作家、教育家、演說家，並於格拉斯哥大學進行研究生涯。著有：《壞女人好女人》、《永恆的惡習，完美的惡習》、《珍安蒂：個人選集》等。

Peruvian-Scottish sociologist, writer, educator, lecturer. Born in Lima, Peru, he is doing research in the University of Glasgow. He publishes *Bad Women Good Women*, *Perpetual Vice Perfect Vice*, and *Jananti: Personal Anthology*.

戴帽子的女人

像炙熱夏日烈陽般
你燒灼了我的靈魂
而不懂我的愛
你匆匆地跑了
你沒有給我你的愛
確實如此
可我多麼想擁有它！
你卻逃離我
迅疾如風
我航行過海
為了親吻你的天空
海鷗拍打翅膀
回應著
你帽子的翅膀。
誰愉悅你的夢想
海鷗們將展翅高飛
我的心會顫抖
宛如預示著你的恐懼。
你是白鴿
在一片藍天中
在地平線上擺動著
你帽子的翅膀。

Mujer con Sombrero

Como el sol quema en verano
así quemas mi alma,
y sin saber de mi amor
corres de prisa.
Que no me diste tu amor
es cierto
¡Pero como quise tenerlo!
Tus pasos iban corriendo
como huyendo del viento.
Yo surco los mares allende
para besar tu cielo,
gaviotas baten sus alas
replicando las alas de tu sombrero.
Quién entretendrá tus sueños,
qué gaviotas alzarán su vuelo
mi corazón se agita
como presagiando tu miedo.
Eres blanca paloma en un celeste cielo
y en el horizonte se agitan
las alas de tu sombrero.

A Woman in a Hat

Like the seething summer sun,
you burned my soul,
yet, not knowing about my love,
you ran away in a hurry.
You did not requite my love,
indeed,
How I wish to own it!
Yet you ran away from me
as quickly as the wind.
I have sailed across the ocean
to kiss your heaven,
The seagulls flap
to respond
to the wings of your hat.
Who amuses your dream
The seagulls will soar
and my heart will tremble
as if to presage your fear
You are a white dove
in the blue heaven,
fluttering above the horizon
the wings of your hat.



哥琳娜·歐博阿耶 Corina Oproae

詩人暨翻譯家，出生於羅馬尼亞。自1998年起長居於西班牙，以西班牙語和加泰羅尼亞語寫作。著有詩集：《一千零一次死亡》、《間歇》等。她也是加泰羅尼亞現代詩選《無助的時刻》、《羅馬尼亞二十世紀詩選》等作品的作者和翻譯，並譯有盧西安·布拉加、馬林·索雷斯庫等作家作品。

Poet and translator. Born in Romania, she has been dwelling in Spain since 1998, writing in Spanish and Catalan. Her poetry collections include *A Thousand and One Deaths*, *Intermittence*, etc. She also writes and translates *The Defenseless Hour and The Collected Romanian Poetry in the 20th Century* into Catalan. In addition, she translates the works of Lucian Blaga and Marin Sorescu.

為2023年11月高雄世界詩歌節而寫

它不是蕨類也不是黑莓
而是死亡

這一次我選擇緩慢的生活
像眼前這棵樹那樣平靜地老去
它現在扶持著我
無盡的道路通向我第一次見到的大海
那些巨大的山巒崩塌了
變幻於無窮廣闊之中
我的存在慢慢被淹沒
在我第一個夢境裡
在水的古老合唱中
淚水混合了鹽
化為祈禱
令人懷念梅杜莎女神的愛撫

這一次我選擇緩慢地生活
忽略樹木常青
在同一個夢境中做夢
用八音節祈禱
封印世界最終的感覺
永遠癒合所有的傷口
忘記母親忘記父親
但不是孤兒
感受著作為女兒、母親、女神、姐妹、仙女和女巫
超越生命
超越死亡

它不是蕨類也不是黑莓
而是黑暗和洞穴
圓形和球體
再一次又永恆地
耀眼 閃亮 光芒

Poem for The Kaohsiung Poetry Festival November 2023

no es ni helecho ni zarzamora
la muerte

elijo la vida lenta esta vez
el sosegado envejecer del árbol
que tengo delante y que ahora me sostiene
el camino infinito hacia el mar que vi por primera vez
aquellas montañas gigantes desplomadas
en un cambio de estado de inmensidad
y el lento sumergir de mi ser
en un coro antiguo de aguas
lágrimas que se mezclan con la sal
y se vuelven plegarias
reminiscentes caricias de la diosa petrificada
dentro de mi primer sueño

elijo la vida lenta esta vez
ignorar que el árbol siempre reverdece
soñar dentro de este mismo sueño
rezar en octosílabos que encierran el sentido último del mundo
y curan para siempre todas las heridas
olvidar a la madre olvidar al padre
mas sin ser huérfana
sentirme hija madre diosa hermana hada bruja
más allá de la vida
más allá de la muerte

que no es ni helecho ni zarzamora
sino oscuridad y caverna
círculo y esfera
de nuevo y siempre
fulgor destello luz

circle and sphere
again and always
radiance

sparkle

light

(Translation by Peter Boyle)



傑瑞米·帕登 Jeremy Paden

詩人暨翻譯家，肯塔基州列剋星敦特蘭西瓦尼亞大學的西班牙語教授，其雙語圖文童書《陽光下的豹貓》榮獲北美西班牙語言學院Campoy-Ada獎、詩集《像蜥蜴的自畫像》被授予紐約詩人獎之共同獲獎者，此外，還著有《世界是神聖燃燒的心》等四本詩集，另外並譯有阿根廷、智利與哥倫比亞、墨西哥與西班牙詩人詩作。

Poet, translator, and Spanish professor of the University of Transylvania in Lexington, Kentucky. *Under the Sun of the Ocelote*, his illustrated children's book, was awarded the Campoy-Ada prize of the North American Academy of the Spanish Language, while *Self-Portrait as an Iguana*, his collected poetry, gained the Poet Award in New York. He also publishes four poetry collections, including *World as Sacred Burning Heart*. In addition, he translates poems from Argentina, Chile, Columbia, Mexico, and Spain into English.

這個世界隨著呼吸的節奏而運作

這個世界隨著呼吸的節奏而運作，
卵子的脈搏和推動力，
肺部的擴張和收縮，心臟的跳動。

在胸膛裡，月亮對潮汐的拉扯，
波浪的峰頂和衝擊，
這個世界隨著呼吸的節奏而運作。

蜜蜂哼唱著花朵的旋律，從一個花蕾
到另一個花蕾，而樹木在空氣中顫動的聲音，
讓肺部吸氧，讓心臟歌唱，

流淌在身體裡，這個由黎明建成的家，
光之家，歌之家，
隨著呼吸的節奏而運作的家。

鳥喙的啄刺和蛋殼的破裂，
空氣和光的昏迷，生命的呼喊，
通過肺部流動，進入心臟，

一首歌進入這座黑夜建成的房子，
這星星的房子，在肺的熔爐中燃燒，
在心靈的詩歌中，
這個世界隨著呼吸的節奏而運作。

Este Mundo Se Mueve al Ritmo del Aliento

Este mundo se mueve al ritmo del aliento
el pulso y el empuje que pone el huevo, la expansión
y la contracción de los pulmones, el latido del corazón

En el pecho, el tirón de la luna sobre la marea
y la cresta y el choque de las olas,
este mundo se mueve al ritmo del aliento

La abeja tararea una melodía de flor, va de brote
en brote, mientras que los árboles trinan el aire
que los pulmones inhalan, canto que el corazón

Hace fluir por el cuerpo, por esta casa
hecha de alba, casa de luz, casa de canto,
casa que se mueve al ritmo del aliento

El punzón del pico y el agrietarse del cascarón,
el estupor del aire y de la luz, el grito de la vida
que se mueve por los pulmones y que entra al corazón,

Una canción que entra a esta casa hecha de noche,
casa de estrellas que arden en el horno
de los pulmones, en el poema del corazón,
este mundo se mueve al ritmo del aliento

This World Moves to the Rhythm of Breath

This world moves to the rhythm of breath,
the pulse & press that lays the egg, the in
& out of the lungs, the beat of the heart

In the chest, the push & pull of the moon
on the tide & the crest & crash of waves,
this world moves to the rhythm of breath

The bee hums on a blossom song from bloom
to bloom, as trees warble forth the air
we take into our lungs, song that the heart

Sends coursing through the body, through this house
made of dawn, house of light, house of song,
house that moves to the rhythm of breath

The peck of the beak & the crack of the shell,
the shock of air & light, the cry as life
moves through the lungs & into the heart,

Song that comes into this house made of night,
made of stars that blaze in the furnace
of the lungs, in the poem of the heart,
this world moves to the rhythm of breath



瑪麗耶拉·高笛羅·加西亞

Mariela Cordero
García

委內瑞拉瓦倫西亞人，律師、詩人、作家、翻譯家和視覺藝術家，曾榮獲厄瓜多爾第二屆伊比利亞美洲詩歌歐拉·格蘭達比賽第一名、義大利第二屆雙語國際文學比賽Tracceperlameta Edizioni第二名，著有《懷疑之體》、《轉化是你熱愛的國度》、《群狼的長夜》等。

A citizen of Valencia, Venezuela; lawyer, poet, writer, translator, and visual artist. She gained the First Prize in the II Euler Granda Ibero-American Poetry Contest as well as the Second Prize in the International Biligual Literature Contest, Italy. Her works include *The Body of the Doubt*, *Transfiguring Is a Country We Love*, *The Long Night of the Hounds*.

世界中的世界

人類詩意地在這片土地上居住
Hölderlin

一首歌的回音出現了
在蘇美爾持續蔓延
像空氣中輕微顫抖
像一種永恆的振動
在無數的聲音裡複製
還有寫作的手
眼見耀眼的光芒。

許多的語言
堅持重新命名這感知的領域
通過感官和空靈
構建一個空間
那裡有詩意的話語
允許召喚現實
並在這個世界裡
創造其他
無限的世界。



Bukun Ismahasan Islituan

卜哀·伊斯瑪哈單·伊 斯立端

1956生，高雄市那瑪夏區布農族人，擅長以族語寫詩，多年來致力於布農族語言的推廣及布農族詩歌與諺語的採集，認為「沒有文學的語言，是死亡的語言」，也會說「我寫詩，因為懷念著對祖靈不可言語的孺慕」。著有《太陽迴旋的地方》、《山棕月影》等書。

Bukun Ismahasan Islituan was born in Namasia, Kaohsiung, in 1956 to the ethnic group Bunun. He excels at writing poetry in his indigenous language. For years, he has dedicated himself to the promotion of the Bunun language and collection of Bunun songs, poetry, and proverbs. He believes that "a language without literature is a dead language"; he once said, "I write poetry because I have an ineffable yearning for the ancestral spirits". He has published several books, such as *Panhaizuzuan Mas Vali*, *Asik.Kaihaninguas buan.Vali*. *panhaizuzu: is Bukun tu painsing'avas Ludun'usaviah*.

Kaidahdaas sii mas dalahtus'a

Makussaisaais a buan mas vali
Matatahis mas dalahtus'atin siaan itu
is'a'aminan tu haiza
Taisahan sasdu
Ti'iv'ivaas kailaspuan tu 'iv'iv a pusuh siaa
ludun'usaviah
Nii tu mumuktas nii tu ishahanuaz

Buanhainsazan mas nimnim tu sipakus'ang
Alibas sinpakaduu tu pinit'umum tu bintuhan
kinisuan mas bahbah
Tinsapuz
Itu takna tu hamisan tu mahudas

Tis'amaus bununtan a tainulushuas tus'atin
Inuhalhalas pudiastan mas sainsiahuas
pakatus'atin mais na tintus'a
Sinpalasmuav kaihas'azan paihusaban
pissvavanduan
Saikakivas inunpaspasas naminhamisan tu
pinislatuhan
Mashing taingisas ubuh tu istina tu ngit

Pailis'unis maihaidang tu davushaizu
Na issiduhduh mas na mi'uluk tu mukun tu
duhduh
Makatanuduh tu ima muzuzu a pinisvikan
mas dalahtus'atin
Paitalnau mas patishuan bintuhan uvaaz mas

labian

Sitatini a ngutus simangha siaa ludun'usaviah tu taungku
pisdadaidaz
maisimus'anang tu paitalikaputan sausiaa saikakivas sainbaiavan

詩與世界的距離

月亮和太陽交替著來
不斷的縫著世界縫在智者的法器上
夢境 汗水
肚臍在玉山頂上被掛念的微風吹著
不會斷 不會結痂

北斗七星和嘴唇的耳語
被愛戀擁抱著의清晨煮過的星星
淚水吻過的
迸出火花
昨天的冬天之白

人類背負了季節的轉換
流星落下來和黎明使著天亮前照射的地方
騙術 妒忌 性交的 祈禱的地方
秋天卸下後彈奏的弓琴聲最後回望的地方
純淨的 嬰兒哭泣的媽媽的微笑

關於原本是血的酸酒
要用來吸住要醒來的紅黎的泥淖
世界的嘆息從手指頭漏掉
螢火蟲星星孩童和夜晚所釀的

鼻子獨自在玉山頂上揚起
訴說愛與寂寞
從首次的擁抱到霞輝射出的回望

Distance Between Poetry and the World

The moon and the sun come one after another
 Keep sewing the world on the wise man's ritual tool
 Dreams and sweat
 The navel on top of Jade Mountain, blowing in the breeze of remembrance
 It will not break and leaves no scars.

The Big Dipper and the whisper from the lips
 Kissed by the tears
 Of the stars boiled by the love-embraced morning
 A spark of
 Yesterday's winter white.

Human beings fail to live with the changing seasons
 Where the meteors fall, where gleams of dawn come before daybreak
 Where human beings deceive, express jealousy, intercourse, pray
 Where the sound of latuk has its final throwback when autumn is over
 Purity. A crying baby's mother smiles.

Sour was originally blood
 Is used to soak up mud from the waking red quinoa
 Sighs of the world dripping from the fingers
 Brewed by fireflies stars children and the night.

The Nose alone is being raised on top of Jade Mountain
 To tell of love and solitude
 Looking back from the first embrace to sunset.



Cidal 嚴毅昇 Yan Yi-Sheng

族語名Cidal，多族裔身分者。曾獲原住民族文學獎新詩首獎、佳作，曾入圍臺灣文學獎、周夢蝶詩獎。有集體著作：《劃出回家的路——為傳統領域夜宿凱道 day700+影·詩》、《運字的人——創作者的鑿光伏案史》。

Yan Yi-Sheng descends from various ethnic groups. His indigenous name is Cidal. He received the First prize and honorable mention in the Indigenous Literature Award New Poetry Award. He was shortlisted for the Taiwan Literature Awards and the Chou Meng-tieh Poetry Award. He co-authored *Designating a Road Home and Word Jugglers: A History of Writing by Borrowed Light*.

路過神山

還要翻過多少山頭
一條淺淺的路才撥開野莽探頭

祂的雨已查無下落
我不知烏雲的去向
畢竟人有人的方向
魂有魂的落魄
潦倒什麼沒有料到的人
（料到什麼沒有潦倒的人）
若時間有節拍韻奏
我想當一只休止符

在土石降落鄉野前的一瞬
跨越，休止於文明還未擲入幽境的時刻
休止於山稜仍在聳立巍巍的深閣
休止於郊荒地帶
誰也不見你我以後的民族主義讓讓讓讓吧
讓風景照片輕輕竊走

或者想祢是個羞於哀愁的靜物
路過以後，喪志，拋棄玩物

早起才在幾個山頭翻過獵獵的風
別閱讀方誌、測量部落
往高處走
體溫失調的語言很多
幾個年輕人被山脊緊抱時
祢坦露傷口

深深的路一條條開過原本是獸徑的被土
頃刻，敗壞，山河洩漏
那蠻風野雨襲來

一絡稻穗如何繼續保持沉默
別問我

Passing the Sacred Mountain

How many mountain tops must we approach
Before we open a shallow trail through the wild?

HIS rain has gone to nowhere
I don't know where have all the dark clouds gone
After all, human beings have human's ways
Our souls have their own destinies
Frustrated are those who have no pre-knowledge
(Of anyone who is not frustrated)

If there are rhythms in time
I would rather be the rest sign.

The moment before mudslide occurred in the rural areas
Crossing, and resting at the twilight realm before civilization is thrown into
Resting at the ridges that are still towering aloft like deep chambers
Resting at the wild countryside
No one can tell the nationalism after you and me, so just let, let
And let the landscape photographs be stolen away.

Or maybe YOU are a still life too shy to grieve
After passing by, your will is sapped, and seek for pleasure no more.

In the early morning I climb over mountain tops and face the swirling wind
Don't read the local chronicles, just measure the community
Aiming for higher places
Many languages are suffering from thermal ataxia
When some young men are embraced by the ridges
YOU lay bare your wound.

One by one, deep footpaths paved through land of former beast trails

In a moment, destroyed, mud and rocks are flowing
The savage wind and wild rain are coming.

How can a sheaf of paddy remain silent?
Don't ask me.



Salizan Takisvilainan 沙力浪

沙力浪，漢名趙聰義。布農族人。成立「一串小米族語獨立出版工作室」，從事獨立族語出版。著有《笛娜的話What Tina Says》、《部落的燈火》、《祖居地·部落·人》、《用頭帶背起一座座山：嚮導揹工與巡山員的故事》。

Salizan Takisvilainan, also known by his Han name Chao Tsung-I, is a member of the Bunun tribe. He established the “A String of Millet Indigenous Language Independent Publishing Studio,” which focuses on publishing works in indigenous languages. His works include *What Tina Says*, *The Lights of the Tribe*, *Ancentral Land · Tribe · People*, and *Carrying Mountains on Our Heads: Stories of Guide Porters and Patrol Officers*.

Itu tina tu qalinga

ka-ispuulin a uvaz-az tu taiklas
tina*
sulan sak a isu tu qalinga
madas a qabasan tu busulkavi
tidu un i masaningsing tu qaidang min-uni
taisaq

talia in a uvaz-az tu taiklas
pasnanavaan
pukunbu un nak a kavan i malas Taulu
madas a isang i samu
tishaquan a matusuqtis tu sin-iqumis

sinhapav a mata i makazhav tu sinqal
sinhapav a nglus kikilkil tu qalinga
mapising mapising
bazbaz isia tina tu qalinga

tina, hia !
muqngan
maku-uni isu tu qaling masiul zaku
maszang sakut tinpipitpit
maqtu alibaun itu bunun tu vunka
itu diqanin sinsaiv tu sinpumazav

kanbas katmang mudadaan
muhan libus
maukahaan
libus

*tina (布農語)，為母親之意。

笛娜的話

幼稚的智慧已發芽
笛娜
你的語言灌溉了我
靈魂帶著傳統的弓箭
純潔的血液編織成夢

幼稚的智慧已茁壯
教室
把我的書袋填滿方塊
心靈帶著倫理道德
嚴肅的人生 踏入陷阱

眼神透出冰寒的亮光
心靈帶著倫理道德
害怕 害怕
說出笛娜的說

喔 笛娜
再一次
用你的話灌溉我
有如山羌遽然眨眨眼
擁在族人的懷抱裡
自然的恩惠裡

赤著腳跟 自由跳躍
向山林
向
山林

What Tina Says

The childish wisdom has started to hurt
Tina
Your words irrigate me
The soul carries the traditional bow and arrow
The pure blood is woven into dreams

The childish wisdom has grown strong
The classroom
Stuffs my schoolbag with cubes
The heart brings along ethics and morality
Serious life has stepped into a snare

The eyes shoot forth icy cold light
The mouth sounds effeminate voices
Afraid afraid
To say what Tina says

Oh , Tina
Once more
Use your words to irrigate me
Like a muntjac that suddenly blinks its eyes
To be embraced by people in the tribe in the boon of nature
Barefooted, I will jump with freedom
To the mountain and the forest
To
The mountain
And the forest

*In the Bunun language, "Tina" means "mother"

(Translated by Shuhwa)



Syaman Rapongan 夏曼·藍波安

1957年生，蘭嶼達悟族人，國立清華大學人類學研究所碩士、淡江大學法文系畢業。集文學作家、人類學者於一身，以寫作為職志，現為專職作家，島嶼民族科學工作坊的負責人。其筆調深情內斂、詩意，隱含達悟特有的語法，敘事抒情自然、寓意深遠。

Syaman Rapongan was born on Orchid Island in 1957 to the ethnic group Tao. He graduated from the Department of French Tamkang University and the Institute of Anthropology National Tsing Hua University. Literary writer and anthropologist, Syaman Rapongan writes with a mission. He is a full-time writer and is in charge of Island Indigenous Science Studio (IISS). His style is affectionate, reserved, poetic, with syntax specific to Tao running underneath. His narration is lyrical, natural, and with profound meaning.

人類的島嶼

Pongso nu Ta-u ya

這是達悟人類的島嶼

Kwana ni Omzapaw

天神歐恩拉豹宣示的說

祂降下了竹女（kawalan）與石男（lalitan）

他們撐開雙臂，仰望宇宙，汪洋的極限，吶喊的說：

Inapu da yamen nu Ta-u do Pongso

我們是人類之島的始祖

Pongso namen ya Ta-u

這是我們達悟民族的海中島國

天神爺爺 宣示道：

宇宙的陽光 宇宙的月光，宇宙的眼睛星球

Peiyangangayin nyo zezaken o ratei no peicya mahamahataw na

你們必須均衡的分享你們放射的光源給地球島嶼

Peiyangangayin nyo vunungen kankanda nu Ta-u na

你們必須均衡的分配地表各人種的食物

Ori ipei panokonokong da du karawan

如此人類居住的星球方可永續 綿延長存

幾億年的陽光 月光 星光循環以後

Matazak ku rana du karawan ya

我在宇宙環視下 我誕生了

Ni katazakan ko a Pongso am

我誕生的島嶼

Oned nu wawa

是海洋的內心

爺爺恩賜給我的名是Jyagewat “齊格瓦”

齊格瓦掀開了宇宙忽隱忽現的面紗

天神爺爺歐恩拉豹微笑 說

Araw mazezak so cirayin

陽光讓你看清地表白晝的遼闊

陽光 Araw

祂均分地球為東西半球

東邊陽光 西邊月光相親相愛的循環輪替

Icyakmei mu apapaz nu wawa

祂 讓你看清自己如是汪洋裡最渺小的浮游生物

Maka ciglang ka su pahad

願你的裸命是堅強的靈魂

Vehan a makedep so zezaken

月亮照明地表的光是微弱的

月亮 vehan

祂均分地球為南北半球

北半球春夏 南半球秋冬

北半球漲潮 南半球退潮相親相愛的循環輪替

祂 讓你看清自己的魔幻影子

Rakpen mu cirecireng ku

願你的裸命是受教的靈魂

Mata nu angit a ज्याहसेप a mahataw

天空的眼睛是永不熄滅宇宙島嶼

祂們化妝了浩瀚宇宙的完美容顏

有一顆行星是你靈魂寄宿的永恆星球

齊格瓦掀開了海洋浮沉的面紗

海神爺爺馬納馬微笑 說

海平線撐開了宇宙的廣袤

汪洋海面一片片的碎波浪花
從無垠的海底水世界仰望
那就是海洋宇宙的眼睛
祂 讓你看清自己肉體的靈魂
永恆的脆弱

齊格瓦掀開了熱帶雨林的面紗
樹神爺爺賈巴格（Jyabag）微笑說
欖仁樹（Itap）龍眼樹（Cyayi）麵包樹（Cipuwu）
賽赤楠（pangohen）破皮烏（puraw）……
齊格瓦 你要為祂們的靈魂歌唱
祂們是Tatala（拼板船）的神樹
可以讓你航海遨遊於無邊無際的海洋宇宙
你的Tatala就是海洋宇宙的一片魚鱗

齊格瓦掀開了水世界的藍色面紗
黑翅飛魚神（mavaheng su panid）狂笑說
齊格瓦 你終於 終於來了
我來馴化你生為男人謙虛的靈魂
最美麗而鮮嫩的魚類給女性（女尊）
劣等笨蛋魚類給自己吃（男卑）
飛魚 男女老幼，鰥寡老者皆可食（均分）
知道嗎？
齊格瓦終於微笑了
一顆謙虛的靈魂

洶滔駭浪的颱風天
狂風驟雨的颱風天
你要用身體抵擋它們狂傲的脾氣
保護你的家族 家屋 家人

艷陽天 酷暑的季節
你的身體是你家族的屋頂
知道嗎？

齊格瓦終於微笑了
一顆奉獻的靈魂

瘴癘惡疾 COVID-19入侵
你要運用強壯的胸膛抵擋病菌破壞你家人的健康
天空的眼睛就是你精神的明燈
汪洋大海就是你智慧的馴化師
野性環境就是你人生的設計師
黑翅膀飛魚就是你航海的至尊導師

世界列強的帝國黑影歧視你民族尊嚴的時候
你的肉體就是抵抗侵略者的靶場
因為你的名字是齊格瓦
誕生於Pongso nu Ta-u（人類的島嶼）
陸地星球的極度邊陲
海洋星球的中心
此時
我願是汪洋大海的一片魚鱗
隨者洋流 巨浪
天空的火炬（太陽） 天空的火苗（月亮）
天空的眼睛 風的名字 雲的影子
環繞宇宙的星球
遨遊海洋的水世界

註一：si omzapaw：西·歐恩拉豹，達悟人的天神（宇宙之神），稱天神爺爺。

註二：竹女（kawalan）與石男（lalitan），傳說是紅頭部落的始祖，蘭嶼島最古老的聚落。

註三：天空的眼睛，意義是“宇宙上的繁星”，太陽系行星。

註四：齊格瓦，不會移動的島嶼，有韌性的，堅實，永不被撼動的意思。

註五：馬納馬是做愛之神，創造人類，紅頭部落的神話。

註六：賈巴格（Jyabag），紅頭部落的造船之神。

註七：齊格瓦，堅硬的磐石

附註：人類的島嶼：狹義之意，指人之島，蘭嶼

附註：《紅頭部落歷史研究》竹女，石男紅頭部落創世神話，黑翅飛魚神化傳說，筆者校稿中，未來將由國史館、臺灣文獻館、原住民族委員會出版。

This Island of Mankind

Pongso nu Ta-u ya
This is the island of Ta-u
Kwana ni Omzapaw
Declared Omzapaw the God of Heaven
And he sent down Kawalan and Lalitan

With arms wide open, looking up at the ultimate space of the universe and
the ocean, they cried out
Inapu da yamen nu Ta-u do Pongso
We are the primogenitors of this Island of Mankind
Pongso namen ya Ta-u
This is our Ta-u's island-nation of the ocean

The Grandpa God of Heaven declares
Sunlight of the universe. Moonlight of the universe. Eye-planets of the universe
Peiyangangayin nyo zezaken o ratei no peicya mahamahataw na
You must equally share with Earth Island the light you radiate
Peiyangangayin nyo vunungen kankanda nu Ta-u na
You must equally distribute the foods of all the races on Earth
Ori ipei panokonokong da du karawan
So that the planet mankind inhabit will sustain and last forever

After billions of years of the sunlight, moonlight, and starlight cycles
Matazak ku rana du karawan ya
Under the gaze of the universe, I was born
Ni katazakan ko a Pongso am
The island I was born
Oned nu wawa
Is the heart of the ocean

"Jyagewat" is the name Grandpa gave to me

Jyagewat lifted the looming veil of the universe
 Grandpa Omzapaw smiled, and said
 Araw mazezak so cirayin
 Sunlight makes you clearly see the vastness of the earth surface
 Araw
 Divides the earth equally into eastern and western hemispheres
 Sunlight in the east, moonlight in the west; they are in a cycle of love
 Icyakmei mu apapaz nu wawa
 He makes you see clearly you are the smallest plankton in the ocean

Maka ciglang ka su pahad
 May your bare life be a powerful soul

Vehan a makedep so zezaken
 Moonlight shines faintly on the earth surface
 Vehan
 Divides the earth equally into northern and southern hemispheres
 Spring and summer in the north, fall and winter in the south
 High tide in the northern hemisphere, low tide in the southern hemisphere; they
 are in a cycle of love
 He makes you see clearly your own illusory shadow
 Rakpen mu cirecireng ku
 May your bare life be a learned soul

Mata nu angit a jyahesep a mahataw
 The inextinguishable eyes of the sky are islands of the universe
 They make up the perfect face of the vast universe
 The eternal planet where your soul rests

Jyagewat lifted the drifting veil of the ocean
 Manama, Grandpa God of the Sea, smiled and said
 The horizon expands the vastness of the universe
 The ocean surface emerges petals of broken waves
 Looking up from the vast underwater world

They are the eyes of the oceanic universe
He makes you clearly see the eternal fragility
In the soul of your body

Jyagewat lifted the veil of tropical rainforest
Jyabag, Grandpa God of the Tree, smiled and said
Itap, Cyayi, Cipuwu
Pangohen, Puraw
Jyagewat, you should sing for their souls
They are sacred trees of Tatala
You will sail in the boundless oceanic universe
Your Tatala is a piece of scale of the oceanic universe

Jyagewat lifted the blue veil of the water world
Mavaheng su Panid, God of Black-winged Flying Fish, guffawed and said
Finally, Jyagewat, finally, you are here
I will tame your humble soul as a man
The prettiest, freshest fish for women (female domination)
The unpleasant, stupid fish for yourself (male subordination)
Flying fish are edible for all male and female, the elderly and the young (equal share)
Do you know that?
Finally, Jyagewat smiled
A modest soul

Wild waves of the typhoon day
Wild wind and torrential rain of the typhoon day
You have to use your body to resist their arrogance
And protect your clan, your house, and your family

A bright sunny day, a hot season
Your body is the roof of your clan
Do you know that?
Finally, Jyagewat smiled

A devoted soul

The Invasion of COVID-19 the pernicious disease
 Use your strong chest to resist the virus destroying the health of your family
 The eyes of the sky is the beacon of your spirit
 The vast ocean is the tamer of your wisdom
 The wild environment is the designer of your life
 The black-winged flying fish is the supreme guide of your navigation

When the shades of world imperial powers discriminate against your ethnic
 dignity

Your body becomes the shooting range to resist the invaders

Because your name is Jyagewat

Born in Pongso nu Ta-u

The extreme periphery of the terrestrial planet

The center of the oceanic planet

now

I wish I were a piece of fish scale in the ocean

Drifting with the currents and the waves

The torch in the sky (the sun), the flame in the sky (the moon)

The eyes of the sky, the name of the wind, the shadow of the clouds
 encircling the planet of the universe

Roaming the water world of the ocean

NOTES

1. Si Omzapaw: For the Ta-u, Si Omzapaw is the God of Heaven (God of the Universe), also called Grandpa God of Heaven.
2. In the Ta-u legend, K awalan (Bamboo Woman) and Lalitan (Stone Man) are ancestors of the Red-head tribe, the oldest tribe in Lanyu, the Orchid Island.
3. The eyes of the sky: The phrase means “Stars of the universe,” the planets in the solar system.
4. Jyagewat means unmovable island, suggesting persistent, solid, and never to be shaken.
5. Manama is God of Love-Making, who creates mankind, according to the legend of the Red-Head tribe.

6. Jyabag is God of Ship-Making in the legend of the Red-Head tribe.

7. Jyagewat means as hard and tough as a rock.

* Island of Mankind: Lanyu, the Orchid Island, is specifically referred to as the Island of Mankind.

** Currently the poet is working on the studies of Kawalan and Lalitan, the Red-Head Tribe legend of Creation, and Mavaheng su Panid, the God of Black-winged Flying Fish, and will be published as A Historical Study of the Red-Head Tribe by Taiwan Historica and the Council of Indigenous Peoples.



王昭華 Ông Chiau-hôa

現居高雄。2011台灣文學獎台語散文金典獎得主，2017電影《大佛普拉斯》片尾曲填詞，獲金馬獎最佳原創電影歌曲。曾任出版社文字編輯，現為國小課文編寫、公視台語台兒童益智節目台語顧問。2023年台語散文作品《我隨意，你盡量》入圍2023臺灣文學獎金典獎。

She is dwelling in Kaohsiung. In 2011, she won the golden award of Taiwanese prose in Taiwan Literature Awards. Her ending song lyric for the movie *The Great Buddha+* (2017) won the best original film song in Golden Horse Awards. She was an editor in a publishing house; now she edited the elementary school textbooks and served as a Taiwanese language councilor for children's educational programs in PTS Taigi. *I Am Free, You Try Your Best*, her Taiwanese prose, is shortlisted for the golden award of Taiwan Literature Awards in 2023.

市井【台語版】

欠電梯的
五層樓公寓
食老袂堪得的
跤頭跌

看懸也著看低的
亭仔跤
人生坎坎坷坷
哪有算啥

鐵門關牢牢
租袂出去的店頭
未意戳空的
戳戳樂

三角窗的阮兜
無暝無日
袂當無彼支
螺仔冰

有歲的市仔
喝袂轉來
少年的
攏去 支援收銀

青紅燈的
彼片閣有
青紅燈的
彼片閣有

失格的停車位
硬插的烏肚糰
行袂開跔的
人行道

做油湯的
做涼水的
做頭毛的
做烏手的

錢做人的
無做無通食的
做工做檣
無了時

棋盤街路的城市
蛤仔守佇井字
欲食蠔蟲
家已欲

市井【華語版】

缺電梯的
五層樓公寓
老了受不了的
膝蓋

看高也得看低的
騎樓下
人生坎坎坷坷
算什麼呢

鐵門關緊緊
租不出去的店頭
還未戳洞的
戳戳樂

三角窗的我家
沒夜沒日
不能沒有那支
霜淇淋

有年紀的小市場
喊不回來
年輕人
都去 支接收銀

紅綠燈的
那邊 還有
紅綠燈的
那邊 還有

失格的停車位
硬插的機車
腳走不開的
人行道

做熱食的
做冷飲的
做頭髮的
做黑手的

錢做人的
沒做沒得吃的
做工做事
無了時

棋盤街路的城市
青蛙守在井字
要吃蚊蟲
自己撲

The Marketplace

A five-story apartment
Without an elevator
Aged vulnerable
Knees

Under the arcade
That looks upward and downward
What are the ups and downs
Of life

The iron gates are closely locked
The stores cannot be rented out
The unpenetrated
Prize poker

My house at the quarter window
Day and night
Cannot do without
Soft serve ice cream

The little aged market
Cannot recall
The young guys
Who all come to back the cashiers up

The traffic lights
There and
The traffic lights
There and

The unruly parking spots
The thrust-in motorcycles
The crowded
Sidewalks

Those who sell hot meals
Those who sell cold drinks
Those who dress the customers' hair
Those who fix the vehicles

Money is the boss
No working, no food
Yet working
Is endless

In the checkerboard streets of the city
A frog squats in the middle
To eat mosquitos or bugs
It must rely on itself



向陽

Xiang Yang

向陽，本名林淇濂，政治大學新聞博士。國家文化藝術基金會董事長、國立台北教育大學名譽教授。曾獲國家文藝獎、吳濁流新詩獎、美國愛荷華大學榮譽作家等多種獎項，著有詩集及學術論著等50餘種。

Xiang Yang, the pen name of Lin Chi-Yang, is the PhD of journalism in National Chengchi University, the chairperson of National Culture and Arts Foundation, and the professor emeritus of National Taipei University of Education. He won the National Culture and Arts Award, Wu Chuoliu New Poetry Award, the Honorary Writer of Iowa University, etc. He publishes more than fifty poetry collections and academic treatises.

舊打狗驛 ——高雄詩抄之二

百年前那幾株揮灑美麗長影的
可可椰子樹，已經消逝風中
依稀還可看到人力車伏踩著
整個打狗城羨慕的眼珠子
沿著驛前的新濱町市街
一路踩到渡船頭
目視生鮮魚蝦入港
連聲聲汽笛入耳也特別響亮

這是台灣縱貫鐵道的終點
這是濱線的起站，Hama Sen
我們叫她「哈瑪星」，如南方最燦亮的星
在前驛閃，在後驛爍
糖、米、檜木以及南北貨
紛紛追著汽笛聲響湧入此驛
要知當年打狗最鼎沸的人聲
可以請問如今月下打盹的月台

本詩收入《為歷史的蒼茫打光》(路寒袖編，高雄：高雄市政府文化局，2006)、《2006臺灣詩選》(焦桐編，台北：二魚文化，2007)；2009年2月，授權教育部「全國通識課程與教學資料庫」使用；2010年10月，詩碑見於高雄「打狗鐵道故事館」(今舊打狗驛故事館)；2015年5月6日，民視《飛閱文學地景》朗讀(<https://youtu.be/V56mfKiPiH4>)；2020年5月14日，高雄市政府舉辦「高雄100無限精彩」活動，由鼓山國小學童在記者會上朗誦。

The Ancient Takau* Station —No. 2 from Collected Kaohsiung Poetry

A hundred years ago the charming long shadows
Of coconut trees had gone with wind
Faintly visible is the cycle rickshaw drivers, who rode
On the envious eyeballs of all Takau Town
Along the Shinhama Street before the station
All the way to the ferry
Fresh fish and shrimp were shipped to the harbor
While especially lusty were the reverberating sirens

This is the terminal of Taiwan Trunk Railway
The starting point, Hama Sen,
Is now called Ha-ma-seng, like the brightest star in the South
Shining in the front station, gleaming in the rear
Sugar, rice, cypress, and groceries from everywhere
Have been poured into this station through the sirens sounds
The most boisterous voices of Takau then
Can be detected now in the napping platform under the moon

*Takau: The name of Kaohsiung City in the ancient days.



任明信 Jen Ming-Hsin

任明信，高雄人，十一月生，中正大學經濟學士，東華大學創作暨英美文學碩士。

著有詩集《你沒有更好的命運》、《光天化日》、《雪》，散文集《別人》。現為講師，自由文字工作者，催眠療癒師。

Jen Ming-Hsin was born in Kaohsiung in November. He holds a bachelor's degree in Economics from the National Chung Cheng University and a Master of Arts in Creative Writing and English/American Literature from National Dong Hwa University.

Jen has published many works, such as the poetry collections *There's No Better Destiny For You*, *In Broad Daylight*, *Snow*, and essay collection *Others*. He now works as a lecturer, freelance writer, and hypnotherapist.

我沒有孤獨以外的方法

·
那是你早已聽聞的一切
早已知悉的一切

·
也許生命是夢
而死亡是醒
你曾渴求醒來
為此孤獨行走

·
山是溫柔的駱駝
默默背負流星，雨水和森林
海是你的血液

·
為了路
肉身穿過鎖孔
絞成鑰匙
唯有痛苦的時候
確定自己是真的

·
為了路
你曾做過最遠的夢
在那裡生老病死

你漸漸變得通透
可以愛情
你與你的夢
慢慢合而為一

·
你發現
當你愛的時候
你也是真的

·
這一路也許漫長無際
我沒有孤獨以外的方法
使你了悟
像草必須承受露水
才能靠近晨曦

·
我沒有辦法用語言告訴你
但是愛就在那裡

·
因為生命是音樂
死亡是聽

I have no Way other than Solitude

That is everything you've already heard
Everything you've already known

.

Maybe life is a dream
And death is awakening
You once longed to wake up
And walked alone for it

.

The mountain is a gentle camel
Quietly bearing falling stars, rains, and forests
The sea is your blood

.

For the road
The body passes through the keyhole
Twisting into a key
Only in moments of pain
Can you be sure that you're real

.

For the road
You've had the farthest dream
There, you experienced birth, old age, illness, and death

You gradually became transparent
Capable of love
You and your dream
Gradually became one

.

You discovered
That when you love
You too are real

.

Maybe the road is long and endless
I have no way other than solitude
To make you realize
That the grass must bear the dew
For the dawn to be close

.

I cannot tell you in words
But love is there

.

For life is music
Death is listening



李友煌 Li Yu-Huang

國立成功大學台灣文學研究所博士，高雄市立空中大學文藝系副教授。曾任台灣時報、民生報記者。著有《藍染—海島身世》、《天藏機鋒—雨花石》詩集、《貝神的召喚》報導文學、《地景風景、地方在地—文學見城》等。

PhD, Department of Taiwanese Literature, National Cheng Kung University. Associate professor of the Department of Arts & Culture, Open University of Kaohsiung. Li Yu-Huang has worked as a reporter for Taiwan Times and Min Sheng Daily. He has published several works, such as *Indigo Dyeing—The Identity of the Island*, poetry collection *Meaningful Conversations—Yuhua Stones*, non-fiction novel *The Call of the Seashell God*, *Local Landscape—Literary Landscape*.

無人應允

浪潮反覆，孩子趴在沙灘長眠
宛如貪睡。搖籃
擺盪死亡，樂園遠在咫尺

全世界的大海繼續洶湧無動於衷的淚水
繼續慫恿暗夜上路的船隻
遙迢顛倒的美夢啊，此刻已吊死在高懸的月鈎上
邊界貨櫃密封腐臭腫脹的屍堆。自由惡意缺席
遲到的陽光空氣和水一起，下跪

善招搖過市，垂一絲線
詐騙光天化日往上。春消瘦
刺網電牆却長得比什麼都肥壯
而戰火正灼穿大地，多少次了
閃爍萬戶千家餐桌前口口深淵，趁熱
咀嚼無言的屍味。層層疊疊的
視窗掩蓋現實，苦難輕輕滑開
謊言隆重敲響。然後冬至
世界顛倒，像逃竄的蝙蝠忘記口罩
這地球啊疼得
半邊燒焦半邊潰爛，依照金裝賣身
如蛇蟒回頭吞噬自己的尾。大疫未過
歲月已不知羞慚

天空容不下仰頭，雲漢乾涸
星群轟然崩落。詩人發著高燒
啜飲墨水獨活
在這個詩人早宣稱自我隔離的時代
人們被齊聚鼓掌那些自戴棘冠詭笑擰着脖子橫走的

龍葵在廢園滋長，稗草奔跑
是啊，這世界從來不缺少詩
AI這傢伙寫得快更好。甚且
閉上眼睛還是黑，而神欺身留一窄縫離棄
詩得清醒
因為樂園從來無人應允

None has Promised

The tides lap repeatedly at the beach where the kid lies face down
Like a sleepyhead. Death
Swings in the cradle, the paradise is unattainably close

Oceans rage on across the world, shedding tears of indifference
Keep egging the ships on to set sail at night
At this hour, distant and upended dreams hang lifelessly on the moon's hook
Containers in the borderlands seal behind doors putrid, bloated corpses.
Freedom is absent out of spite
The late sun, air, and water knee down together

Goodness shows off and hangs down a thread
As the fraudsters climb up in broad daylight. Spring grows thin
While barb wires and electric fences beef up beyond measure
War is raging across the land—how many times already?
Shining abyss opens up on families' dining tables
Chewing wordless corpse smells while they are hot. Layers of
Windows hide the truth; sufferings slip away gently
Lies blare ceremoniously. Then winter solstice
The world turns upside-down and forgets its mask like bats on the run
The Earth is hurt
Half of it burnt; half of it festers, yet it still dons its gaudy dress
Like a serpent devouring its own tail. The pandemic still lingers
Yet time already feels no shame

The sky tolerates no one to raise their heads; on the parched firmament
Constellations crumbled with a bang. Poets in fever
Survive alone by sipping ink
In this era where poets have declared themselves self-quarantined
People dragged by the necks applaud those that shove crowns of thorns onto
their eerily smiling heads

Blackberry nightshades grow in the wasted garden; barnyard grasses run
Indeed, the world has never run short of poetry
This guy named AI writes better and faster. What's more
Black remains black with eyes closed; through a thin crack, God quietly
abandons us
Poetry has to stay awake
Because none has ever promised the paradise



李長青

Lee Chang-Ching

出生於高雄，國立彰化師範大學國文系博士，靜宜大學臺灣文學系兼任助理教授。曾獲聯合報文學獎、吳濁流文學獎、自由時報文學獎、臺灣文學獎、2015年度詩獎、金典獎等。著有詩集《隱喻》、《江湖》、《風聲》等9冊。

Lee Chang-Ching was born in Kaohsiung. He received his Ph.D. from the Department of Chinese, National Changhua University of Education. Assistant Professor in the Department of Taiwanese Literature, Providence University. He has received the United Daily News Prize, the Wu Chuo-liu Literary Award, the Liberty Times Literature Award, the Taiwan Literature Awards, the Poetry of the Year Award 2015, and the Taiwan Literature Golden Award. He has published nine poetry collections, such as *Metaphor*, *Faces of the Society*, and *The Sound of the Wind*.

小央 混語散文詩

這代表了另一個池塘，抑或是天涯；小央不在中央，毋是上大的意思，也非關主流非主流。只希望旁邊，有那麼，一條巷子恬靜恬靜，看顧家己的時間。

時間延伸，繼續延伸，不斷延伸——如此會生出不一樣的日光與月暈來嗎我問小央，無佇中中的時陣。小央說延伸的時間經常自己就滿出了池塘，成為了天涯的樣子。

註：

2022年盛夏某日午後，在文友經宏家喝茶。經宏說有機會的話想開一家書店，在中央書局隔壁的巷弄裡，取名小央。

Small Central (Siao Yang) Mixed language prose poem

This represents another pond or the ends of the earth; Small Central is not in the center, meaning the biggest it is not; either it is about being mainstream

or not mainstream. It is just wishing that, there is, an alley quiet and tranquil, time to look after oneself.

Time stretches, continually, endlessly—

will it thus give birth to different sunlights and moon haloes?

I asked Small Central, when it was not in the center. Small Central said the stretched time often spills out of the pond, and becomes the ends of the earth.

Notes:

I was chatting over tea at my friend Jing-Hong's place one summer afternoon in 2002. He said he would like to open a bookstore in the alley next to the Central Bookstore and call it Small Central (Siao Yang).



李幸長

Lee Shing-Chang

李幸長，屏東縣人，1964年生。高雄師範大學文學博士，曾任職高中教師、報社編輯、廣告公司文案、現任義守大學電影與電視學系助理教授，擔任戲劇概論、台灣布袋戲、華語文學、台語等課程教師。著有長篇小說《大山角厝》、《龍眼奇緣》、詩集《大武山野—鹽埔詩集》等作品。

Lee Shing-Chang was born in Pingtung County in 1964. Doctor of Literature, National Kaohsiung Normal University. He has worked as a high school teacher, newspaper editor, and advertising agency copywriter. Now, as an assistant professor, he teaches courses such as Introduction to Drama, Taiwanese Glove Puppetry, Mandarin Literature, and Taiwanese in the Department of Film and Television of I-Shou University. He has published several works, such as the novel *The Mountain Huts*, *Longan*, and the poetry collection *Mount Kavulungan: Poems from Iâm-poo*.

詩與美好

如果這個世界存在詩與美好
我願意花費一生光陰去尋找
青春歲月我們在空間裡探險逍遙
從家庭、校園到異鄉驛站良宵
收穫最珍貴的寶藏是鄉愁寂寥
長大之後我們選擇在時間裡流浪
從熱情少年、徨惑青春到白髮遲暮
耿耿於懷的記憶是赤子之愛
其實我們一直在生活中等待
等待美好陪伴、心中的願想以及喜悅
終於這些陪伴、願想和喜悅
匯聚在我們內心深處最柔軟甜蜜的角落
一處名為詩與美好的應許之地
原來世界一直在我們心中
美好也一直在我們心中
放下不必要的熙熙攘攘
情動於中而形於言啊
只要願意勇敢放聲吶喊
將發現我們自己就是詩與美好

Poetry and Beauty

If poetry and beauty exist in this world
I will spend my life searching for them
In our youth, we explored space with ease
From our home, campus to nights spent at foreign hostels
Nostalgia and loneliness are our most precious harvests
As we grow up, we choose to wander in time
From a passionate kid, to an errant youth and then comes old age
We are obsessed with the memory of innocent love
In fact, in our life we have been waiting
Waiting for true companionship, heartfelt wishes, and happiness
Finally, all the companionship, wishes, and happiness
Converged at the tenderest and sweetest corner of our heart
A promised land called poetry and beauty
In fact, the world has always been in our heart
Beauty too has always been in our heart
Let go of all the unnecessary hustle and bustle
What we feel in the heart we express in words
If only we cry out bravely
We will find that we ourselves are poetry and beauty.



李昌憲

Lee Chang-Hsien

李昌憲 (1954-)，台南人，現居高雄市。《笠詩刊》主編。出版詩集《加工區詩抄》、《生產線上》、《高雄詩情》、《露珠》、《驚動的眼睛》、《詩的火種》及漢英詩集《愛河》、《人生茶席》、《生態詩選》等 17 冊。

Lee Chang-Hsien was born in Tainan in 1954. He now lives in Kaohsiung. Chief editor of Li Poetry magazine. He has published seventeen books, such as the poetry collection *Poems from the Processing Zone*, *On the Assembly Line*, *Poems from Kaohsiung*, *Dew Drops*, *Startled Eyes*, and *The Kindling of Poetry*; Mandarin-English bilingual poetry collections, such as *Love River*, *The Tea Session of Life*, *Selected Poems on Ecology*.

Love River

Love River

我們心中有一條河
用愛與浪漫寫滿

Love River

愛河水慢慢流
向時間深處

Love River

流入血脈成為
內在心靈的力量

Love River

詩意與美感
裝滿人生旅程

Love River

Love River

We have a river in our hearts
Written full of love and romance

Love River

Love River's water slowly flows
Into the depths of time

Love River

Flows into the blood vessels to become
The inner soul's strength

Love River

Poetry and beauty
Fill up the journey of life

(Translated by Jane Deasy)



李敏勇

Lee Min-Yung

出生成長於台灣南方的高雄、屏東，短期居住台中，現為台北市民。大學修習歷史，以文學為志業，在文化與社會運動多所介入。詩集多冊，並有散文、小說、評論、譯讀世界詩等近百冊。抒情與批評兼具，藝術與社會並重。

Lee Min-Yung was born and grew up in Kaohsiung and Pingtung in Southern Taiwan and lived briefly in Taichung. Now, he has settled in Taipei. During college, Lee majored in History. He regards literature as his vocation and frequently participates in cultural and social movements. He has published nearly a hundred books, including poetry collections, essays, novels, commentaries, and translations of poems worldwide. His works are lyrical and critical, paying equal attention to art and society.

世界在我的詩行裡

我在這裡
事件在遠方
在眼睛看不到之處
心的眼睛觸及

烏克蘭在戰火中
砲彈爆炸聲
在城市
也在鄉村

風的聲音
從遙遠的地方傳來
夾帶孩子們的哭泣聲
淹沒他們的國土

詩能夠做些怎麼？
從遙遠的距離
我以語言的聽診器
傾聽遠方的聲音

世界在我的詩行裡
苦難的印記
成為種子
發芽成長綻放出花

形色和氣味
在硝煙中
焦土在燃燒
映照夕陽

The World Lies Within My Verses

I am here
The event is a long way off
Where the eyes can't see
The heart's eyes can touch

War rages on in Ukraine
The sounds of explosions
Are in cities
And countryside

The sound of the wind
Comes from far away
Mixed with children's sobbing
And drowns their land

What can poetry do?
From a distant place
Armed with the language's stethoscope
I listen to the distant sounds

The world lies within my verses
The mark of suffering
Becomes seeds
That sprout, grow, and blossom

Shapes, colors, and fragrances
In gunpowder smokes
The scorched earth is burning
Shining upon the setting sun.



李勤岸 Lí Khîn-huānn

李勤岸(1951-)，台南新化人，美國夏威夷大學語言學博士。國立台灣師範大學台灣語文學系退休教授，曾任教美國哈佛大學。曾獲南瀛文學傑出獎、教育部本土語言傑出貢獻獎。已出版《是非有芳臭》等18本詩集。

Lí Khîn-huānn was born in Sin-Hua, Tainan, in 1951. Doctor of Linguistics, University of Hawaii. Retired professor, Department of Taiwan Culture, Languages and Literature, National Taiwan Normal University. He has taught at Harvard University. He has received the Nanying Awards Outstanding Award and the Native Language Excellent Award from the Ministry of Education. He has published 18 poetry collections such as *Right and Wrong Have Fragrance and Stink*.

伏面 --《是非有芳臭》50

伏面，咱變做較勇敢
變做一名一名戰士
上前線
勇敢對抗敵人ê入侵

敵人看bē著咱ê面
認bē出咱是啥物人
Mā揣無登陸ê港口
咱看bē著敵人
敵人mā看bē著咱

既然這場戰爭
無法度避免
咱就好膽武裝家己
Kā面伏起來
Kā表情伏起來
Kā驚惶伏起來
Kā年齡伏起來
親像一尊一尊無面容ê
英雄雕像
無所謂嬌糶
無所謂生死

伏面了後
人人平等
咱攏是人肉鹹鹹ê
一條命

Face Down

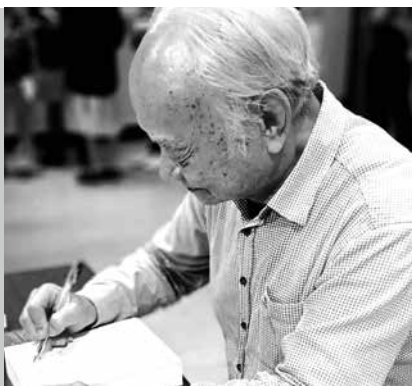
– “Right and Wrong Have Fragrance and Stink” 50

Face down, we become braver
Become one by one warriors
Go to the front line
Bravely fight against the enemy's invasion

The enemy can't see our faces
Can't tell who we are
Can't find a port to land
We can't see the enemy
The enemy can't see us either

Since this war
Can't be avoided
We have to arm ourselves with courage
Put our faces down
Put our expressions down
Put our panic down
Put our age down
Like one by one without a face
Hero statue
Don't care about beauty and ugliness
Don't care about life and death

After face down
Everyone is equal
We are all salty flesh
One life



吳晟 Wu Sheng

吳晟，本名吳勝雄，世居彰化縣溪州鄉小村莊。1944年出生。1971年屏東農專畢業，任教彰化縣溪州國中，2000年退休，兼任靜宜大學、大葉大學、嘉義大學、東華大學駐校作家及專業講師、教授。出版詩集《泥土》(吳晟20世紀詩集)、《他還年輕》(吳晟21世紀詩集)及散文《農婦》、《店仔頭》、《我的愛戀我的憂傷》等。

Wu Sheng was born Wu Sheng-Hsiung, in 1944. For generations, his family has lived in a small village in Hsichou Township, Changhua County. He graduated from the Pingtung Extension School of Agriculture in 1971. He took on a teaching position in Chunghua County Si Jhou Junior High School. He retired in 2000. He now teaches at Providence University, Dayeh University, National Chiayi University, and National Dong Hwa University as a part-time lecturer, professor, and writer-in-residence. He has published several works, such as *The Soil* (Twentieth Century Wu Sheng Poetry Collection), *Still Young* (Twenty-First Century Wu Sheng Poetry Collection), essay *Countryside Women*, *Shop Front*, and *My Affection, My Sadness*.

我們呼吸同款的空氣

你的口沫、我的鼻息、他的大小聲
善言，惡語，臭酸的話
在空氣中相互攪和
你打了個噴嚏
他放了個屁
我歎口氣
在空氣中混來混去

你家的冷氣機
我家的排油煙機
他家的摩托車
汽車、遊艇、貨車、直升機
每一堆垃圾的焚燒
每一處田地噴灑的農藥
每一間工廠排放的烏煙瘴氣
沒有誰家的空氣清淨機
可以完全過濾

我們呼吸同款的空氣

這裡的火山爆發了
那裡的沙塵暴又席捲
病毒從遠方
倏忽來到鼻孔
沒有誰，可以拒絕呼吸
沒有任何勢力可以阻斷風
四面八方迴旋

所以多種一棵樹吧
像多說一句好話
多營造一塊美麗的花圃

默默地吐露芬芳
多耕耘一畝友善的田地
像傳播著良言善語，溫潤美意
多守護一片綠野，一座森林
恰如守護世間
僅存的天然氣息
只因我們呼吸同款的空氣
渴望呼吸更好的空氣

— 2022年3月4日，《自由時報》副刊

We Breathe the Same Air

Your spittle, my breath, his loud argument
Kind words, bad words, foul words
In the air, all intermix
You sneeze
He farts
I sigh
In the air, all intermix

Your air-con
My range hood
His motorcycle
Cars, yachts, trucks, helicopters
The burning of each garbage pile
The pesticide on each plot of field
The smoke each factory exhales
Nobody's air purifier
Can completely filter

We breathe the same air

Here the volcano erupts
There the sandstorm engulfs
From afar, the virus
Swiftly arrives at the nostrils
Nobody can refuse to breathe
No power can cut down the wind
That circulates all around

So plant one more tree
Like saying one more kind word
Create one more beautiful garden

Quietly emit a pleasant smell
Cultivate one more friendly field
Like spreading kind words, warm intentions
Safeguard one more greenfield, one more forest
Like guarding the world's
Last remaining natural breath
Just because we breathe the same air
Longing to breathe better air

— Published in Liberty Times' supplement section on March 4, 2022



吳錦發

Wu Ching-Fa

1954年生，高雄美濃人，國立中興大學社會系畢業，曾任電影工作5年、新聞工作18年，文建會副主委、屏東文化處長，現為電台主持人，小說10多部，多次獲文學獎，詩集5部，政治評論10部，作品曾被多次改拍成電影、電視劇，小說、詩有英、德、日、韓、波蘭、西等譯文。

Wu Ching-Fa was born in Meining, Kaohsiung, in 1954. Graduated from the Department of Sociology, National Chung Hsing University. He has worked for five years in the film industry and 18 years in the news industry. He also was deputy chairman of Executive Yuan's Council for Cultural Affairs and director of the Cultural Affairs Department of Pingtung County Government. Wu now works as a radio host. He has published over ten novels, five poetry collections, and ten political commentaries and won many literary awards. His works were adapted into movies and TV series. His novels and poems have been translated into English, German, Japanese, Korean, Polish, and Spanish.

米

媽媽託人帶來一包米
沒有附帶任何一句話。

上星期回家看她
臨走
她盯著我看
不要太委屈自己
家，多得是米。

我出生時
媽媽正在田裡工作。
肚子痛
回家生了我
那是稻子抽穗的季節。

「生你時，包衣和臍帶被產婆埋在
稻田裡。」
媽媽最近常笑談這個故事。

媽媽送來和我臍帶相連的一包米。

我如何食這包米
我如何不食這包米

Rice

Mom asked someone to bring me a sack of rice
Without leaving any message.

Last week, I went home to see her.
Before I left,
She looked into my eyes,
“No need to compromise;
There’re abundant rice at home.”

I was born
While Mom was doing farm work.
Feeling stomachache,
She went home giving birth to me
In a season when rice ears grew.

“After birth, the midwife buried your wrap-cloth and umbilical cord
In the rice paddy.”
Mom had gleefully chatted about this recently.

Mom sent a sack of rice connecting to my umbilical cord.

How could I eat the rice;
How could I not?

Note:

“Wrap-cloth,” which is pronounced “bao-yi” in Hakka dialect, means a placenta.



利玉芳 Li Yu-Fang

1952年生於屏東縣，笠詩社、文學台灣會員，榮獲1986年吳濁流文學獎，1993年陳秀喜詩獎，2017年客家傑出成就獎。著詩集：《活的滋味》、《貓》、《向日葵》、《淡飲洛神花茶的早晨》、《夢會轉彎》、《燈籠花》、《放生》、《島嶼的航行》、《天拍陪仔光的時》、《客家文學的珠玉4》（日譯）等等。

Li Yu-Fang was born in Pingtung County in 1952. She is a member of *Li Poetry* magazine and *Literary Taiwan*. She received the Wu Chuo-liu Literary Award in 1986, the Chen Hsiu-shi Poetry Award in 1993, and the Hakka Outstanding Achievement Award in 2017. She has published several poetry collections, such as *Taste of Life*, *Cat*, *Sunflower*, *Morning Sipping Hibiscus Tea*, *Turning Dreams*, *Indian Mallow*, *Life Release*, *The Voyage of Island*, *At Dawn*, *Jewels of Hakka Literature 4* (Japanese translation), etc.

涿雨个日頭花【客語版】

天公落雨咧
伸出手臂
雨水涿過皮皮嫩葉个手指縫
涿濕黃毛仔个童年

還細个ngai等
像一蕊蕊愛開毋開个日頭花
涿一些雨毋怕

涿一些自由个雨水 毋怕

但係天遠路頭个田坵
烏克蘭品種个日頭花
堵著斜風斜雨
子彈無生目珠
適天頂高掃射一路下
摧殘愛結籽官結籽个日頭花

炮彈雨 落毋得煞
佢等乜係盡硬頸
堅持企到故鄉个土地項
皮皮葉仔手牽手
涿酸雨 等天晴
田坵期待
再開蕊蕊黃滾滾个日頭花

淋雨的太陽花【華語版】

天下雨了
伸出手臂
雨滴穿過片片嫩葉的手縫
淋濕黃毛丫頭的童年

小時候的我們
像一朵朵欲開未開的太陽花
淋一些雨不打緊

淋一些自由的雨水 不打緊

但是遠在天邊的田園
烏克蘭品種的向日葵
遇到斜風斜雨
子彈不長眼睛
從天上一路掃射下來
摧殘要結籽尚未結籽的太陽花

炸彈雨 下個不停
他們也是硬頸家族
堅持站在故鄉的土地上
片片葉子手牽著手
淋著酸雨 等侯天晴
田園期待
再開朵朵金黃的太陽花

Sunflowers in the Rain

Rain falls from the sky
Reaching out the arms
Raindrops pass through fingers as tender as leaves
And wet the little girl's childhood

When little, we are
Like sunflowers yet to be in flower
A little rain does no harm

A little rain of freedom does no harm

But in the fields beyond the horizon
The Ukrainian sunflowers
Encounter slanting winds and slanting rains
Bullets with no eyes
Rake over the land from the sky
Ravaging the sunflowers yet to produce seeds

Rain of bombs rain down nonstop
Stiff-necked folk they are, too
Hold fast to standing on their homeland
Hand in hand, every leaf
Suffers the acid rain await the clear sky
The fields expect
A sea of golden sunflowers to bloom once again



汪啟疆

Wang C-Jung

三軍大學戰爭學院院士。曾任航隊長、海軍指揮參謀學院長、海軍反潛航空指揮部指揮官等。曾獲中山文藝獎、年度詩人獎、高雄市文藝獎、國軍文藝獎。著有《人魚海岸》、《台灣用詩拍攝》、《風濤之心》、《軍人身世》、《夢通往黎明》等詩集。

Member of the War College of National Defense University. Wang Chi-Jung has served as fleet leader, Naval Command & Staff College director, and Naval Anti-Submarine Aviation Command commander. He has received the Chung-Shan Culture and Arts Award, the Poet of the Year Award, the Kaohsiung Culture and Arts Award, and the Armed Forces Golden Statue Awards. He has published many poetry collections, such as *Mermaid Coast*, *Photographing Taiwan with Poetry*, *Heart of Hardship*, *Life of a Soldier*, and *Dreams Lead to Dawn*.

時間之詩

花祭

時間啊

上一次呼喊，上一個時日
整簇飛翔的鳳凰花遭年輕手指抓下
撒滿高三教室
彼此畢業的吶喊。

時間再次擺上昔日
鳳凰花的燦爛。現在的我
發現全樹僅剩下褐長豆莢和秋天。

那一次僅有的狂熱竟是
十八歲對太陽的時間之祭。

世界亮了

我開燈
等天亮
因為有了燈光
竟不知道世界自己亮了

必須關了燈
晨光才肯走入來
把眼睛玻璃窗擦亮
這才是世界的老道理

一切的發明
都在攔阻原有的道理

書法課

筆一懸起、未落
字的形軀即已嘩然欲成

黑雲飽濡未語
大地之紙已寫入閃電

—《夢通往黎明》

The Poem of Time

Rite of Flower

Time

The last yell, the last time
Young fingers yanked off flame tree flowers by the clump
In the twelfth-grade classroom scattered them
One another's graduation yells.

Time once again puts on the radiance
Of flame tree flowers of the olden days. I of the present day
Discovered on the tree only autumn and long brown pods.

The only fervor back then turned out to be
The rite of time to the sun of an eighteen-year-old.

The World Lights Up

I turn on the light
To wait for the dawn
Because of the light
I don't know that the world has lighted up by itself

I have to turn off the light
So the morning light would walk in
Wipe clean the eyes' glass windows
That's the way of the world

All inventions
Are hindering the way of the world

Calligraphy Class

Once the brush suspends in the air, without falling down
The figure of the word materializes

Satiated and unspoken, black clouds
Has already written lightning on the paper of the earth

—“Dreams Lead to Dawn”



辛金順 Sen Kim-Soon

國立中正大學中國文學博士。曾獲獎若干，著有《國語》、《軌道上奔馳的時光》、《注音》、《詩／畫：對話》、《拼貼：馬來西亞》等十五部詩集；《月光照不回的路》、《家國之幻》等六本散文集；《中國現代小說的國族書寫——以身體隱喻為觀察核心》等四本學術論文專著；主編《時代、典律、本土性：馬華現代詩國際學術研討會論文集》等六部。

Doctor of Chinese Literature, National Chung Cheng University. Sen Kim Soon has received several awards and published many works, including fifteen poetry collections, such as *National Language*, *Speeding Along the Rail*, *Zhuyin*, *Poetry / Painting: A Conversation*, and *Collage: Malaysia*; six essay collections, such as *Under the Moonlight: The One Way Journey*, and *A Mirage of Family and State*; four academic dissertations, such as *Nationhood writing in the modern Chinese fictions: focused observation on body metaphors*; edited six conference proceedings, such as *Epoch, Canon, and Localization: Collected Essays on Contemporary Sinophone Malaysian Poetry*.

移工語言課

Ini kaca，這是玻璃；Itu batu
那是石頭
石頭敲碎了玻璃
像夢醒來的聲音，清亮的叫喚
從故鄉逃走的背影

這裡的mandarin，讓舌頭遺忘了
蘇門答臘南方
小鎮的季候風輕輕吹過河流的聲音
遺忘了童伴
追趕那奔跑在故鄉裡野放的小名

這是亞思敏，不是
那個Yasmin，舌尖和唇要懂得
禮貌
不可以用手吃飯，不可以
用母語
說別人聽不懂的話

Ini mata，這是眼睛；Itu mulut
那是嘴巴
因此夢卻常常把嘴巴裡的話
鎖在心上
並紮起鋼筋
在城市的中心，搬運水泥和磚塊
和淚水
和汗，與十五樓的鷹架一起翹望
家的方向

也搬運自己孤獨的身影，在燈火

照不到簡陋的
窗下，看每棟大樓燦亮的窗口
都有一個
又一個幸福的家

不要害怕，屋簷沉重壓到低低
低低自卑的心理
語言會帶你走出異鄉的盆地，但是
要說mandarin
才能在這裡找到你自己

然而Yasmin去了哪裡？亞思敏
用華語
叫不出怯懦的自己，在越來越
粗礪的掌紋上
命運在等待另一次偉大的逃亡

Ini rumah，這是房子；Itu Keluarga
那是家人
手機裡牽著遙遠的聲音，孩子遙遠的
叫：Papa，Papa
穿過夢時代，幼稚的呼喊卻消失在
愛河岸邊茫茫的夜暗

最後，亞思敏和Yasmin一起蹲下
用影子丈量
鄉愁，並在別人的語言裡，寫下：

「我，很想家」

Language Lessons for Migrant Workers

Ini kaca, this is glass; Itu batu
That is a rock
Rock breaking glass
Sounds like waking up from a dream, a crispy clear cry
At a receding figure escaping from home

The Mandarin here makes the tongue forget
The sound of the monsoon winds over the river in a
Southern Sumatran town
Forget the nickname of
The childhood friend that ran wild back home

This is Ya Sih-Min, not
The Yasmin. The lips and the tip of the tongue have to
Behave
Don't eat with your hands, don't
Use your mother tongue
To say things people don't understand

Ini mata, this is an eye; Itu mulut
That is a mouth
Thus the dream often locks within the heart
What the mouth wants to say
And ties rebars
In the city center, hauling concrete and bricks
And tears
And sweats and looks toward home
Alongside the scaffold on the fifteenth floor

It, too, hauls its own lonely figure under crude
Windows where the lights

Can't reach, looking at the shining windows in every building
Within each
A happy family nests

Do not fear the heavy eaves that bear down upon
The low, low self-esteem
Language will get you out of the strange land's basin, but
You must speak Mandarin
To be able to find yourself here

However, where is Yasmin? Ya Sih-Min
Cannot name her cowardly self
In Mandarin. On the rougher and
Rougher palm prints
Destiny awaits another great escape

Ini rumah, this is a house; Itu Keluarga
That is family
Distant voices come out of the cell phone, children calling out
From far away: "Papa, papa"
Through the Dream Mall, the childish cries disappear
Among the vast dark night along the Love River

In the end, Ya Sih-Min and Yasmin crouch down together
Use their shadows to measure
Homesickness, and write down, in someone else's language:

"I miss home. A lot."



林央敏 Lin Yang-Min

林央敏，嘉義人，現居桃園市。台文戰線發行人。曾獲詩、詞、散文、小說、評論等文學獎，被稱為全才作家、台灣荷馬、台語文學教父。有百餘篇作品被選入各類選集及學校教本，著有《胭脂淚》、《菩提相思經》等四十餘本書。

Lin Yang-Min was born in Chiayi. Now lives in Taoyuan City. Publisher of *Taiwan Literature Battlefield* magazine. He has won awards for poetry, lyric, essay, novel, and commentary. He is hailed as an all-rounder writer, Taiwanese Homer, the godfather of Taiwanese literature. Hundreds of his works were chosen for various collections and school textbooks. He has published over forty books, such as *Rouge Tears and Yearning for Bodhi*.

台灣恰烏克蘭的共鳴【台語版】

雖然彼面蘇聯的紅旗
 鏟利仔恰損錘仔已經鈍去
 已經撫掉彼粒殘酷的五角星
 嘛變裝做白藍紅的旗幡幾落年
 就算國名提掉迷人的社會主義
 猶原掩藏一股戕養砲彈的殺氣
 彼隻掌握露西亞二十外年的手
 納粹化身的普丁Vladimirovich
 假仙嚷喝「去納粹」的雞啼
 道放出苦難炸歹平和的大地

受傷的烏克蘭用愛忍受霜雪
 用燒烙的血汁淋您的十字架
 將保護國家的意志鞏做城牆
 「我需要的是反抗侵略的銃子
 不是走閃的便車予我安全脫離」
 澤倫斯基安呢答謝美國的好意
 自由民主會將生命煅煉做勇氣
 所以烏克蘭的目矚敢噴射火箭
 燒向俄魔軍侵門踏戶的兵器

這時陣，正義的鐘聲大響
 聲音騰雲駕霧，駛風駕芒
 盤山過海無距離，奔四方
 島國台灣的琴線嘛綴咧振動
 共鳴被歹厝邊數想併吞的沉痛
 阮遠遠寄送一塊深情的歌詩
 恰烏克蘭的心肝做夥結歸丸
 向望種置台灣土地的向日葵
 會當迎接烏克蘭的日出光帆
 照光烏克蘭，嘛照光阮台灣

台灣與烏克蘭的共鳴【華語版】

雖然那面蘇聯的紅旗
鐮刀與鐵錘已經鈍去
已經擦拭掉那顆兇殘的五角星
也變裝成白藍紅的旗幟多年了
就算國名拿掉迷人的社會主義
仍然掩藏一股餵養砲彈的殺氣
那隻長年掌握露西亞的手臂
納粹化身的普丁Vladimirovich
假裝叫喊「去納粹」的雞啼
就放出苦難炸毀和平的大地

受傷的烏克蘭用愛忍受霜雪
用熱血淋浴他們的十字架
將保護國家的意志鞏造為城牆
「我需要的是反抗侵略的子彈
不是逃走的便車讓我平安免脫」
澤倫斯基如斯答謝美國的好意
自由民主會將生命煅煉成勇氣
於是烏克蘭的眼睛敢於噴射火焰
焚燒俄魔軍入侵家園的武器

這時候，正義的鐘聲爆響
聲音乘著雲霧駕駛光芒在飛騰
盤山過海沒距離，奔向四面八方
島國台灣的琴弦也跟著振動
共鳴被惡鄰貪想併吞的沉痛
我們遙寄一首深情的詩歌
與烏克蘭的心一起結成團
盼望種在台灣土地的向日葵
能夠迎接烏克蘭的旭日光帆
照亮烏克蘭，也照亮我們台灣

The Resonance Between Taiwan and Ukraine

Although the red Soviet Union flag's
Sickle and hammer have become dull
The cruel five-pointed star has been gone for years
And has been replaced by white, blue, and red
Even though the charming "socialism" is removed from its country's name
There still lurks a murderous will that nurtures bombs and shells
The hand that has ruled Russia for more than twenty years
Putin Vladimirovich, the Nazi incarnate
Under the disguise of the "denazification" he croaks
And unleashes suffering to destroy the peaceful land

Wounded, Ukraine endures the hardship with devotion
Showers their cross with blood from their burning heart
Fortify the will to defend their nation into walls
"I need ammunition to fight against the invasion
Not a ride to save my hide"
Said Zelensky to USA's kind offering
Freedom and democracy can forge life into valor
Thus Ukraine fearlessly shoots rockets from her eyes
And engulf the demon's weapons of invasion in fire

Then, Justice's bell rings out loud and clear
Soaring through clouds and lights
Crossing mountains and oceans far and wide
The island nation Taiwan's strings stir and pluck along
Echoing the pain of being swallowed by the bully next-door
We send a love song across the distance
Our hearts rend alongside the Ukrainians
Hoping that the sunflower planted in Taiwanese soil
Will greet the sun rising in Ukraine
That lights up Ukraine and lights up Taiwan



林達陽

Lin Ta-Yang

東華大學藝術碩士。高雄市立圖書館董事。主持擦亮花火文學計畫。曾獲聯合報文學獎、林榮三文學獎、時報文學獎、台北文學獎等，入選《華文文學百年選》。詩集多部，主編《2021臺灣詩選—年度詩選四十週年》。

Lin Ta-Yang received his degree in Master of Arts and Design from National Dong Hwa University. Director of the Kaohsiung Municipal Library Principal investigator for Light the Spark literary project.

He has received the United Daily News Prize, the Lin Rong San Literature Prize, the China Times Literature Award, and the Taipei Literature Award. His works were included in the *Collection of Poetry in Mandarin of the last Century*. Lin has published many poetry collections and edited *The Best Taiwanese Poetry 2021*.

穿過霧一樣的黃昏

最好的日光已經來過這裡
午後六點的車載滿旅人，穿過
霧一樣的黃昏，面無表情的旅人
在鐘聲裡抱著別人的行李，在鐘聲裡
微微震動的引擎持續運轉
金色的欲望潤飾了生活的鋸齒
化作污水，流出不再吹奏的管樂器

最好的樂器也曾穿過風雨的洗劫
留下音樂，穿過敘事的歧路
留下樂手——不存在的小鎮裡
或許也有樂手如我，等待野草自己動搖
傾身指出風的捷徑，一支老歌
穿過日子的攔阻，邏輯的限速
往日雲雨在我四周變化還原，成為光
以及迷霧，空白的手札裡世界為我
留下難題：「最壞的故事該如何描述
以一種更理想的外國語？」我默默捲舌
試著發音：那些星座遙遠的鋒芒、航空信裡
歪斜的字跡……。黑色刺青露出了在霧一樣的
黃昏裡——晴天的閃電，青春的暴雨
有人撐傘走過，碰觸我草本植物一般的秘密

碰觸而不參與。留下溫度在潮濕的陰影裡
而非腳印，留下花木低低掩著沒有香息
留下字句守著情節讓光線繞過我身
抵達黑暗，留下輪廓而非形體
守著記憶如留下一句有韻的厘語
守著我的食糧，我的身分與恐懼
穿過霧一樣的黃昏我不知道

有沒有一條河將替我繫上新鞋有沒有一條路，繼續替舊鞋記載磨破的謎底不可知的遠方始終藏匿在風景之外傳來神諭，或者樂音全能而無知，擦拭眾人擲出的錢幣

不完美的輪子繼續滾動，在途中我仍相信霧就要消散了即使遲遲沒有，黃昏從不同的方向慢慢穿過我，放棄了我，留下更深的黑夜在前方漸漸凹陷如一人影穿過霧一樣的黃昏搭上六點的車滿懷歉疚，不知要往哪裡去

Through a Mist-Like Dusk

The best sunlight has already been here
 The bus at six p.m. is packed with travelers, passing
 Through a mist-like dusk, expressionless travelers
 Hug someone else's luggage as the bell tolls, in the chime
 Vibrating slightly, the engine keeps on running
 Golden desires embellish life's sawtooth
 Turn into sewage, flush out wind instruments no longer played

The best instruments have also been ransacked by the elements
 Leaving behind music, through a forked path in the narrative
 Leaving behind musicians—in a town that doesn't exist
 Perhaps are musicians like me, waiting for the wild grasses to sway on their own
 Leaning over to point out the wind's path, an old song
 Breaks through days' interdiction, the speed limit of logic
 Past days change and regain their shapes around me, becoming light
 And mist, in the empty letter the world leaves me
 A conundrum: "How to describe the worst story
 In a better foreign tongue?" I quietly roll my tongue
 Trying to pronounce: the faraway talent of those constellations, the crooked
 writing
 In the par avion letters... Black tattoos reveal in the mist-like
 Dusk—lightning of a sunny day, rainstorm of youth
 Someone walks past with an umbrella, touching my herb-like secret

Touching without participating. Leaving warmth in the damp shadows
 Instead of footprints, leaving plants to lower and cover without fragrance
 Leaving words to guard the plots to let the light bypass me
 And reach darkness, leaving contours instead of shapes
 Guarding memories like leaving behind a rhyming slang
 Guarding my food, my identity and fear
 Through a mist-like dusk I wonder

Whether there will be a river to fasten my new shoes whether there will be
A road, to keep recording worn-out riddles for old shoes
The unknown distance always hides under the scenery
Sends out oracle, or music
Omnipotent yet ignorant, to wipe the coins everyone throws out

Imperfect wheels keep on turning, on the way
I still believe that the mist is about to dissipate even though
It never does, from different directions the dusk slowly
Passes through me, abandons me, leaving a deeper dark night
To sink ahead slowly like the shadow of a person
Through a mist-like dusk to get on the bus at six p.m.
Guilt-ridden, not knowing where to go



雨弦 Yu Hsien

雨弦，本名張忠進，1949年生於臺灣嘉義，現居高雄。文學博士。曾任國立臺灣文學館副館長。著有《生命的窗口》等詩集，陳瑞山英譯詩集《The Window on the Border between Life and Death》2017年於美國紐約出版，並在亞馬遜書店發行。多次獲文學獎。

Yu Hsien was born Chang Chung-chin in Chiayi in 1949. He now lives in Kaohsiung. He holds a degree of Doctor of Literature. He has worked as the deputy director of the Taiwan Museum of Literature. He has published several poetry collections, such as *The Window of Life* and *The Window on the Border between Life and Death* (translated by Chen Ruey-Shan, published on Amazon, New York, in 2017). He has won several literary awards.

殯儀館的夜晚

我獨自散步著

走過冷凍房，靜悄悄的
走過停棺室，靜悄悄的
走過奠禮堂，靜悄悄的
走過火化場，靜悄悄的

我獨自散步著

貓散步著

狗散步著

風從樹梢下來
散步著

我仰望星空

星子俯瞰著我

想起死的況味

可以很美的，就像今夜

我獨自散步著

Night at the Funeral Parlor

I go for a walk on my own

Past the cold room, quietly
Past the viewing room, quietly
Past the ceremonial hall, quietly
Past the crematorium, quietly

I go for a walk on my own

The cat goes for a walk
The dog goes for a walk
The wind comes down from the treetop
And goes for a walk

I look up at the starry dome
As the stars look down at me
The conditions of death, I reckon,
Can be beautiful, like tonight

I go for a walk on my own



涂妙沂

Tu Miao-Yi

詩人、小說家，著作詩集：《心悶》、《腳的覺醒》。《千年萬年也穿不透的森林》翻譯西班牙語，部分詩翻譯十多種語言。曾獲孟加拉卡塔克文學獎、厄瓜多文化交流獎，出席中南美洲國際詩歌節。

Poet, novelist. Her poetry collections include *Dejection* and *The Epiphany of Feet*. *Eternally Impenetrable Forest* is translated into Spanish, whereas some of her poems are translated into more than ten languages. She won Kathak Literary Award (Bengal) and Cultural Communication Award (Ecuador). She attended the international poetry festival in Latin America.

急診室

溫暖的八月下晡
我看著妳相片美麗的笑容
寫著溫柔的詩句
寄予妳，我心所愛的人
我攬抱著女兒衰弱的病容
妳的文字親像箭雨飛來
遮割傷，遐拆碎
我知道錯誤置生活的陌然
我甘願相映靈魂
老實講，無信任的愛嘛需要急診

不知影什時開始
妳的影跡
變成我的皮膚
此時刻，妳的疑問親像鬼影
又閣直直刺中我的心肝頭
急診室的藥味將妳的身影
抹上一層濃烈
難以忍受的味

妳絕對無法度理解
我疼痛的程度
妳是我新生出來的皮膚
妳的言語思想
撕碎我
妳的感覺是我的感覺
妳的疑問撕拆開皮膚
是血肉破碎的我
急診室病床脆弱的生命

有一個檔啊撕落來
咱倆人難分難捨
愛的外皮

— 2018年8月4日

急診室

溫暖的八月午後
我看著妳照片的美麗笑顏
寫著溫柔的句子
捎給妳，吾愛
我懷抱著稚女的病容痛苦
妳的文字像箭雨飛來
這裡割傷，那裡撕裂
我知道錯在生活的陌然
我寧願默契相映靈魂
是的，沒有信任的愛也需要急診

不知何時
妳的影子
成為我的皮膚
此刻，妳像鬼魅的疑問
又直刺我心臟地帶
急診室的藥味將妳的身影
抹上一層濃烈刺鼻
難以忍受的味道

妳絕對難以理解
我的痛感程度
妳是我新長的皮膚
妳的言語思想
撕裂我
妳的感覺是我的感覺
妳的疑問撕開皮膚
是血肉模糊的我
急診室病床脆弱的生命

有一個剛剛撕下來
我倆難分難捨
愛的外皮

Emergency Room

In a warm afternoon in August
 I stared at your pretty smile in a photo
 And wrote in tender sentences
 Delivered to you, my love
 I suffered while embracing the sick face of my young daughter
 Your words were shot hitherward like rain of arrows
 Here they cut, there they tore
 I knew I erred in the indifference in life
 I would rather have souls in sync
 Yes, the love without trust needs emergency treatment

Somehow your shadow
 Became my skin
 Right now, your ghost-like doubt
 Directly penetrates my heart
 The medicinal odor in the emergency room covers your figure
 With a strong, pungent,
 And unbearable smell

Absolutely beyond your understanding
 Is the extent of my pain
 You are my newly grown skin
 Your words and thoughts
 Tear me
 Your feelings are my feelings
 Your doubt tears my skin apart
 It is I, badly mutilated,
 A fragile life on a sickbed in an emergency room

A skin of love
 Was just torn
 We both become hardly separable



孫梓評

Sun Tzu-Ping

孫梓評，1976年生。東吳大學中文系，東華大學創作與英語文學研究所畢業。現任職《自由時報》副刊。著有詩集《善遞饅頭》、《你不在那兒》等。

Sun Tzu-Ping was born in 1976. He graduated from the Department of Chinese Literature, Soochow University, and the Graduate Institute of Creative Writing & English Literature, National Dong Hwa University. Sun now works in the supplement section of Liberty Times. He has published several poetry collections, such as *Sentimental* and *You Weren't There*.

沒有詩也沒有關係

深夜接獲少年來電：
「我要成為軍火商了。」
放棄手中低溫的火筴
被愛人射穿的彈孔
也已沾滿灰塵

當我得知，「我不知道。」
如何繼承懷疑論者的龐大遺產
就算扮演狂熱份子
片段複述在紙上的俗世
仍無法有效傳真

而懷中一隻夜鶯死去
石南花小徑再也盼不到
一聲咳嗽。

他是否終於找到
「比燦爛更燦爛的字」？

詩人們都到齊了。
在石室，夢土，或島嶼邊緣
前往地獄的一季，宣布結束與開始
也可能屈身於希臘甕
大聲校讀自己所寫的：
抒情的正義、鋒利的預感
後設的甜

街上甲乙丙
陸續經過商店，餐廳，醫院
情緒涼了，穿上
新購的制服

眼睛餓了就在菜單裡狩獵
身體壞了
則塗抹快速的安慰。
未曾察覺：不遠處有海嘯發生

有什麼關係？

我們大方
將痛苦傳染給鄰人
閉眼躺臥遼闊的色情之上
夜闇中最平凡的願望
無非是……自由、平等。
或者上述二者的相反

（不）遠處，黑金著色的土地
攤平了身體
默忍每一把權力的鋤。
報導者口中的濃霧
足以屏蔽自心裡發射的槍聲
曾一次又一次準確擊落
（不存在的）領袖

沒有詩也沒有關係——

古老的陽光即將用罄
有人隨手調高水溫
有人祈禱一次愉悅的毀滅
鯨豚在看不見的城裡示威遊行
潮汐是地球低吟的輓歌
只唱給聽得懂的人

It Did Not Matter Without Poetry

A young man rang me up late at night and said,
I'm going to be an arms dealer.
I remember how I let go of a cool flame in my hands.
My exit wounds caused by a beloved's bullets
Were filled with dust.

I don't know, I said over the phone.
I guess he couldn't get much out of a skeptic like me.
Even if I reacted fanatically, he wouldn't understand
My worry. I mean, don't the bits of this
Ordinary world repeat themselves, but people
Still can't come to grips with it?
A nightingale died in my arms.
A heathered trail could no longer hear
Another cough.
Did the young man finally seek
A word more splendid than splendid?

All poets gathered
In stone caves, on dreamlands, or at the lips of islands and islets,
Where their hell-bound season would begin and end.
They might bend in a Greek urn, as they proofread
Ostentatiously the lyrical justice, razor-
Sharp premonition and meta-sweetness
They wrote about.
Meanwhile, some John Smiths trudged
Past the shops, restaurants, and hospital one by somber one.
As their moodiness left them out in the cold, they put on
The uniform they just bought.
Their eyes hunt from a menu in hunger.
Their bodies, wrecked, were glazed

With fast-absorbing solace.
 But none noticed a tsunami was ravaging close.
 Did these matter at all?

We're bighearted, infecting
 Those around us with pain
 as we're strung on lust.
 My most humble wish in the dark was nothing
 But about...freedom and equality,
 Or their contraries.

(Not) far away, the land tintured in black gold
 Spread its body out flat.
 It put up with each authoritative hoe.
 A news anchor reported that the fog
 Was thick enough to muffle gunshots from the heart,
 One that, again and again, accurately took down
 (Non-existent) leaders.

It did not matter without poetry--
 The antediluvian sunlight would soon deplete.
 Someone casually heated the ocean, praying
 For a heavenly demolition.
 Whales started protests in invisible cities.
 The tides, a dirge of the crooning Earth
 Only for those who understood the flow.



凌性傑

Ling Hsing-Chieh

高雄人。台灣師大國文系、中正大學中文碩士班畢業。現任教於建國中學。著有《你是我最艱難的信仰》、《夜市少年》、《島語》、《慢行高雄》、《男孩路》、《文學少年遊》等。編著有《2018臺灣詩選》等。

Ling Hsing-Chieh was born in Kaohsiung. He graduated from the Department of Chinese of the National Taiwan Normal University, Post-graduate Course of the Department of Chinese Literature, National Chung Cheng University. He now teaches at Chien Kuo Senior High School. He has published many works, such as *You Are My Toughest Faith*, *Night Market Kid*, *Words from the Island*, *Wandering Around Kaohsiung*, *A Boy's Path*, and *The Journey of a Literary Youth*. He edited *The Best Taiwanese Poetry 2018*.

未來號

這一天，死亡纏繞家園
遠方的雲霞燃燒殆盡
天使將灰燼灑落人間
我揣著一架紙飛機
上面寫著未來號
沒有時間回頭，只能
往更虛無的地方奮力奔跑

當所有練習都已成真
我甚至來不及擦去淚水
就在生與死的間隙
跟著陌生人躲進防空洞
黑暗裡睜大眼睛仍看不見未來
未來的影子與我錯身而過

太過暴力的和平鳥
已經默默飛去
我再也握不住
那架以未來為名的紙飛機

Future

This day, death haunts my homeland
Far off, rosy clouds are burnt to the ground
Angels scatter the ashes onto the world
I hold a paper plane in my hand
On it is written its name: Future
There is no time to turn back, just
Run hard toward a more empty place

When all practices become reality
I don't even have time to wipe away the tears
In the gap between life and death
Rush into a dugout alongside strangers
Eyes wide open in the dark yet no future is to be seen
Brushes past me the shadow of the future

The ultra-violent bird of peace
Has flown away in silence
I can hold it no longer
The paper plane named after the future



夏夏 Xia Xia

著有詩集《德布希小姐》、《小女兒》、《鬧彆扭》、《小孩遇見詩：有禮貌的鬼》，小說《末日前的啤酒》、《狗說》、《煮海》、《一千年動物園》。散文集《傍晚五點十五分》、《小物會》、《來日方糖》。

Xia Xia has published many works, such as the poetry collections *Claude-Emma Debussy*, *Little Daughter*, *Argument*, *Kids Meet Poetry: Ghosts With Good Manners*, the novels *Beer Before the End of the World*, *Dog Says*, *Cook the Sea*, *Millennial Zoo*. The essay collections *5:15 PM*, *Little Things*, and *Sugar Cube*.

朝聖

眾人偕伴前往參拜
路途且有鮮花素果
沿路設攤
還能加購願望

他看著路過的腳印
往同一個方向
一個踩過一個
雜沓紛亂
不到一天
就被風吹散
又成無人之徑

風停後
神赤足來到居所前
他陪神走了一段
路面有枯枝碎石
石間的橄欖種子剛發芽

離別時
他對祂說
以後別再見面了
學著做一個沒沒無聞的人
別再做神了

Pilgrimage

People go to pay homage together
Stalls of flowers and fruits
Stood along the way
One can even buy wishes

He looks at the passing footprints
Heading in the same direction
One over the other
Chaotic and disorderly
In less than a day
Are blown away by the wind
Rendering the path peopleless again

After the wind stops blowing
God comes barefoot to the house
He walks with the god for a while
Dry twigs and gravels are on the road
Olive seeds between the stones have begun to sprout

When they part
He says to Him
Let's not meet again
Learn to be a nobody
Stop being a god



陳坤崙 Chen Kun-Lun

詩人，1980年創辦春暉出版社。1982年與葉石濤、鄭炯明等人創辦《文學界》。1991年再與作家學者創辦《文學台灣》。現為春暉出版社、文學台灣雜誌社和第一出版社社長。詩集《無言的小草》、《人間火宅》等。

Poet. Chen Kun-Lun founded Chun-Hui Publish in 1980. He co-founded Literary Circle magazine with Yeh Shih-Tao, Jiong-Ming Zheng, and others in 1982. In 1991, Chen co-founded Literary Taiwan magazine with others. He now works as the director of Chun-Hui Publish, Literary Taiwan magazine, and First Publishing Co. He has published poetry collections, such as *Wordless Grasses* and *Fire House*.

布袋戲

一逐擺我若行到愛河橋，欲入去歷史博物館，攏會想著我的腳咁會踏著受難者的靈魂，我佇心內會自動問自己講：恁的靈魂咁有安息啊！啊！恁的靈魂咁真正有安息啊！

我對歷史博物館行出來
看著布袋戲鬧熱滾滾
幕後的操控者一幕接一幕
主導歸齣戲的劇情
佇戲棚腳我看著別人看未著的鏡像

一九四七年三月初六
佇歷史博物館四平邊
歸條愛河橋頂死體倒甲滿滿是
一個一個被槍殺的
一個一個被刺殺的
一個一個倒落去
一個一個血流甲歸塗腳
清清的河水染甲紅貢貢
佇歷史博物館的會議廳
精英份子被設計謀殺
一個一個東倒西歪血流滿地

一九四七年三月初六彼一工
幕後的操控者
編一齣大屠殺的歹心戲
所有受難者的身軀頂
攏留落十幾個傷口

異鄉的朋友看著美麗打狗傳奇故事
我看著別人看未著的哀傷鏡像
齒輪一直無停佇
咧絞我的心肝

—《台文戰線》第十號，2008年4月

Glove Puppetry

—Every time I walked to the bridge over the Love River and turned to enter the Museum of History, I would invariably wonder whether my feet were stepping on the victims' souls. My heart would automatically ask: have your souls indeed rest in peace? Ah! Have your souls truly rested in peace?

Stepping out of the Museum of History
I see the bustling crowd around the glove puppet show
Scene after scene, the puppeteer
Leads the plot down its destiny
Behind the stage, I see mirror images others can't see

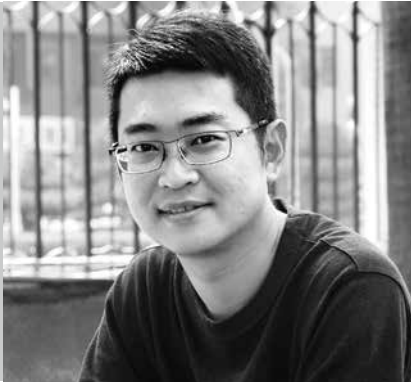
6th of March, 1947
Around the Museum of History
Bodies piled up on the bridge over the Love River
One by one, each was shot
One by one, each was assassinated
One by one, each fell
One by one, each lay in pools of blood
Dying the clear river water red
In the conference room of the Museum of History
The intelligentsia was framed and murdered
One by one, each dropped to the ground, drenched in blood

On 6th of March, 1947
The puppeteer behind the scene
Plotted an evil show of massacre
Each victim's body was
Pockmarked with dozens of bullet holes

While friends from distant lands see stories of Takao's beautiful legends
I see sad mirror images others can't see

The cogwheels keep
Tearing at my heart with their teeth

— Published in Issue 10 of *Tâi-bûn Chièn-Sōaⁿ* magazine, April 2008



陳雋弘 Chen Chun-Hung

陳雋弘，1979年1月26日生，高中老師。大學時開始寫詩，研究所時得過一些獎，後來停止寫作十五年，2019才又開始寫詩，同年將早期作品重新整理編輯為《連陽光也無法偷聽》、《此刻是多麼值得放棄》。

High school teacher. Chen Chun-Hung was born on January 26, 1979. He began writing poetry while he was at the university. He won some awards during his postgraduate studies. Then, he stopped writing for the next fifteen years and didn't pick up the pen again until 2019. The same year, he re-edited his earlier works into two poetry collections, *Not Even the Sun Can Eavesdrop* and *It's Worth Giving Up This Moment*.

悲歌

天上擺盪的船啊
它要前往哪裡
是否有一個巨人
穿著木製的鞋子行走

是它，接走了一千個春天
又送來了一千個秋日
是它在夏季的時候，接走了
那個純真的孩子
又在某年冬至
送來了一個不再作夢的人

是它，跨越過災厄，也踐踏過
漠漠的水田
是它在黃昏與黎明
召來獵捕的鷹群
那黑色的差役啊
我也曾經善良、愛美
如一粒等待拾取的稻子

是它
從無限的高處
垂下了一根細長又堅韌的蜘蛛之絲
通往火焰之心
在那最深最深的地底，聽說
有一顆鑽石永不毀壞

但是多麼地可惜啊，我這卑微的一生
無法親見它一眼
我僅能被它擁有，而無法擁有它

是幸或者不幸
唉，貧窮而聰明的人哪
別想了吧

這世界的答案
已經太多太多

Elegy

The ship swinging in the sky
Where is it heading toward
Is there a giant
In wooden shoes walks

It was it, that took away a thousand springs
And brought a thousand falls
It was it that, in summer, took away
That innocent child
And in one midwinter
Brought a person that dreamed no more

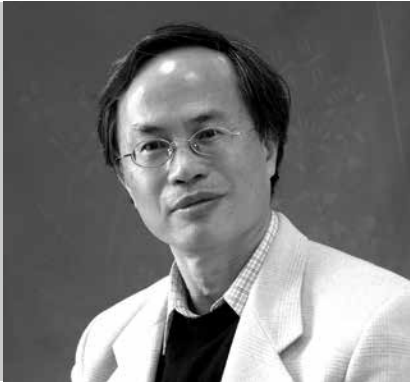
It was it, that crossed disasters, and trampled
Silent paddy fields
It was it that in dusk and dawn
Summoned the flock of hunting eagles
The black bailiffs
I was once kind and loved dressing up
Waiting to be picked like a grain of rice

It was it
That from an infinite height
Hung a strand of spider silk, thin yet long-lasting
Through to the heart of fire
In that deepest of depth, it is said
That there is a diamond everlasting

Alas, what a pity, in my inconsequential life
Cannot witness it with my eyes
I can only be owned by it yet never claim it to be mine
Lucky or unlucky

Oh, poor yet smart one
Think no more

The world's answers
Are many, many more



莫渝 Mo Yu

莫渝，本名林良雅，1948年出生於台灣苗栗縣竹南鎮。淡江大學畢業（1976年）。曾擔任出版公司文學主編及《笠》詩刊主編。著有詩集：《莫渝詩文集》五冊等多冊。

Mo Yu was born Liang-Ya Lin in Zhunan of Miaoli County, Taiwan, in 1948. He graduated from Tamkang University in 1976 and has worked as an editor-in-chief for a publishing house and *Li Poetry* magazine. He has published several poetry collections such as the five-volume collection of *The Collected Works of Mo Yu*.

秋日漫想

★ 01

入秋
清晨涼意漸漸
剪貼地中海的湛藍

★ 02

雨不來
貓走遠了
世界變得更寂靜

★ 03

一瞬之光
連結我們到未來

往後歲月裡
續亮持溫

★ 04

破曉後的遠山
稜線分明
一座亮閃金質浮雕

★ 05

黃昏時下山
腳程竟然輕鬆
原來
夾帶了兩邊的竹林清風

★ 06

耽美主義者的秋夜遐想
小小酒杯圈住愛琴海
愛，放逐遠方

★ 07

回首
正巧四目相遇
秋日夢暖

Autumn' Reverie

★ 01

Autumn comes
It chills gradually in the early morning
Scrapbooking the Mediterranean azure blue

★ 02

Rain doesn't come
The cat is gone far away
The world has become more quiet

★ 03

A flash of light
Links us to the future

In the coming years
Constantly shining and warming us up

★ 04

The yonder mountain after dawn
With a distinct ridge
Is a glittering golden embossment

★ 05

Going down the mountain at dusk
Surprisingly it's easy to walk
Oh! That's it
I have refreshing breeze of bamboo woods by both sides

★ 06

Aestheticists' reverie of autumn nights
Use little cups to fence the Aegean Sea
As for Love, exile it far away

★ 07

When I looked back
My eyes happened to encounter yours
It brought us warm dreams in cool autumn days

Translated by Huang Yulan (黃玉蘭)



張芳慈 Chang Fang-Ci

經歷：浪跡天涯。詩集《越軌》、《紅色漩渦》，客華對譯詩集《天光日》，華日對譯詩集《留聲》，華英對譯詩集《那界》，客華對譯詩集《在妳青春該時節》，客西對譯詩集《我知道你來過》，客語詩與音樂專輯《望天公》，論文專書《李澤藩繪畫空間之研究》，編選客語詩集《落泥》。

Experiences: roaming the Earth. Chang Fang-Ci has published many poetry collections, such as *Deviation*, *Crimson Vortex*, *Days of Light* (Hakka-Mandarin); *Sound Prints* (Mandarin-Japanese); *Somewhere We Belong* (Mandarin-English), *During Your Youth* (Hakka-Mandarin), *I Know You Were Here* (Hakka-Spanish), *Falling Dirt* (ed.); Hakka poetry-album *Look to the Heaven*; dissertation *A study of Spatial Expression in Lee Tze-fan's Paintings*.

來去【客語版】

意念一下那斯到了
該顯顯風對你起落个心

天頂个雲一半下假近
一半下離出兩半下斯散閉
像逐隻寫分你个字
歸堆化作水氣化作雨毛
落在燥瘁个荒林
落在講好行前个路途項

逐隻字也會牽絲
也會編做千千萬萬條索
擲向現下大海隨佢浮浮沉沉
垂落臨暗時節个烏井
逐隻字在該位所
分你讀作歸片迴聲歸片个光

迴【華語版】

意念一下子就來了
那對你油然而生的心思

天上的雲一下子靠近
一下子離開兩下就散開了
像每個寫給你的字
一起化作水氣化作雨絲
落在枯裂的荒林
落在說好前行的路上

每個字也會牽絲縷縷
也會編作千千萬萬條繩索
擲向此刻大海隨它浮沉
垂向臨暗時節的深井
每個字在那兒
讓你讀成整片回音整片的光

Return

The thought comes in an instant
The naturally occurring thought of you

Clouds in the sky take turns approaching
Leaving and dispersing
Each word I wrote you
Becomes vapor, becomes strands of rain
Falls on cracked and desolate woods
Falls on promised roads

Each word was stringy
And braided into a thousand ropes
Thrown into the sea now and flow with the tide
Down into the deep well when darkness is near
Each word is there
A field of echoes, a field of light for you to read



崔舜華

Tsui Shun-Hua

崔舜華，有詩集《波麗露》、《你是我背上最明亮的廢墟》、《婀娜神》、《無言歌》，散文集《神在》、《貓在之地》、《你道是浮花浪蕊》。曾獲吳濁流文學獎、林榮三文學獎、時報文學獎等。

Tsui Shun-Hua has published many works, such as the poetry collections *Bolero*, *You Are the Brightest Ruin on My Back*, *Absent*, *Vocalise*, and essay collections *Gods*, *Where Cats Are*, *You Are A Wandering Flower*. She has received the Wu Chuo-liu Literary Award, the Lin Rong San Literature Prize, and the China Times Literature Award.

返鄉事紀

我在彼城的區間帶迷了路
我不認識那些新鑄的路名與樓景
它們剛剛誕生
肌膚布覆泥灰與血膜

我不認識那些錯織搏動的地下管脈
黃雨衣的巡守人
永恆的陌生變奏
我甚至不能分辨淡水海
與一杯傷心的龍舌蘭

我經過鳳山——左營——苓雅
走過半生的飢寒病老 風光美貌
挽頹回春的魔術師四下遊蕩
他們快樂地占領街頭
要我往前走
除非必要 不該回頭

「下一個路口紅燈，直行五百米
妳將步上漫長的幸福路
伴隨數百噸想像未來的碎鑽霾……」
求得勝者向左 欲立德者往右
我停步 等待
轉乘上行
禮讓鰥寡孤殘
善良的過路人你們將如何
如何原諒我這樣虛度青春？

每一回越城遷徙
總遇上夏季
總遇上雨
我永遠不能收納那些曲巷穿堂
眼角餘光向上攀延七八九樓
重新設定網絡定位 收件地點
搬練居家清潔的單人柔軟操
彼城早市有肉身露水
滴滴生猛似火煉

每個異地醒來的早晨我都迷路
距離上一次終點已經這麼遠了嗎？
遙遠得像這城市永不完結的春天
像你眼底這永夜夢未央

Homecoming

I am lost in that city's inter-region
Alien are those newly smelted road names and buildings
They were born just now
Lime plaster and blood membranes cover their skins

Alien are those complex pulsating underground arteries
Watchmen in yellow raincoats
Eternal strange variations
I can't even tell a freshwater sea
From a glass of sad tequila

I pass through Fongshan—Zuoying—Lingya
Through half a lifetime's hunger, sickness, old age, glory, beauty
Rejuvenated magicians roam hither and thither
They occupy the streets happily
Asking me to move along
You shouldn't turn back unless you have to

"Walk straight for 500 meters at the next traffic light
You will step onto a long road of happiness
Along with hundreds of tons of small diamonds haze that imagines the future..."
Turn left if you seek victory; turn right if you seek virtue
I stop and wait
Turn and head upward
Giving way to the weak and lonely
Kind passersby, how will you
Forgive me for squandering my youth away?

Each time I moved to another city
It was always summer
It was always raining
I can never tuck away those meandering lanes and halls
I look up at the floors above out of the corner of my eyes
Reset network positioning, delivery address
Do the one-person stretching of household cleaning
Physical dews are in that city's morning markets
Each drop is hot and lively

I get lost each morning awakened in a strange land
Has it been this far since the last destination?
So distant like this city's never-ending spring
Like the endless dream of the eternal night under your eyes



郭霖 Kuo Rin

郭霖，生於1981/1/9，配音員、聲音導演、文字創作者。

為電影、遊戲、動畫配音，代表作為歐美電影「音速小子」的索尼克、超級瑪利歐兄弟的奇諾比奧，以及文化部補助創新布袋戲「江湖救援團」。獨立出版詩集《隱生宙》、《冬季限定》，並同步發售有聲詩集。

Kuo Rin was born on January 9, 1981. Voice actor, voice director, writer.

He does dubbing for movies, games, and animations. His most representative works are Sonic from the movie *Sonic the Hedgehog*, Toad from *Super Mario Bros*, and the Ministry of Culture-funded innovative glove puppetry *Underworld Rangers*. He has self-published the poetry collections *Hidden Universe* and *Winter Exclusive*.

此刻很靜

午前
和神明對話
拈香 訊息顯示未讀
在殘煙散去前 親吻地磚
我們是土地的子民

午後
前往塔頂
撫摸盒裏的珍珠
允許日頭以最偏斜的角度
煨幾刻鐘
免去褪色的可能

傍晚
遊具總是無人
而孩子最擅長拋棄
有些樓厝突然長成
有些卻成了幻影

靜靜地
此刻很靜
張揚的日子會沉澱
葉疲憊 塵土是終點
風景尺寸遠遠小於記憶
路灯與來自宇宙最後一道夕陽
混合像蜜
良好地凝結包括 落葉
與鞦韆

靜靜地
此刻很靜

裹著微涼而去
回頭有霞

It's Quiet This Moment

Before noon

I talk to the gods

Pay my respects. The message is unread

I kiss the floor tiles before the incense smoke fades

We are children of the land

After noon

I head up to the top of the tower

Caress the pearl in the box

Allowing the sun to simmer for a few minutes

In the most crooked angle

To avoid the chance of discoloring

At evening

The playground is abandoned

Kids excel at abandoning

Some buildings grow all of a sudden

While others become phantoms

Quietly

It's quiet this moment

Days of fanfare will settle

Tired are the leaves, dust is the end

The size of the scenery is far smaller than the memories

Streetlight and the last sunset from the universe

Mix together like honey

Coagulate finely, including fallen leaves

And swings

Quietly

It's quiet this moment

I go away wrapped in the coolness

Turn back to see the evening glow



曾貴海

Tseng Kuei-Hai

1946年出生於屏東。醫師、詩人及公民社會運動者，曾擔任台灣筆會、文學台灣雜誌社社長，以及環保生態、政治團體等負責人。作品包括詩、散文、文化論述、評論等。曾獲2022年第15屆Ileana Espinel Cedeno國際詩人獎。

Tseng Kuei-Hai was born in 1946. Doctor, poet, and social movement activist, Tseng has served as the chairman of Taiwan Pen and Literary Taiwan magazine; he was also in charge of several environmental and political groups. His works include poetry, essays, dissertations, commentary, etc. He has received the XV Guayaquil Ileana Espinel Cedeño International Poetry Award.

路途

不停的行腳前行
似乎被什麼追趕
不確定那些形體

每一段路都是新的啟程
總會遇到分叉路
偶爾停駐荒蕪小徑
偏僻冷清的村莊
走了大半的老居民
留下破舊的瓦房
巷弄內母親們吟唱搖籃曲

看得見或看不見的生命
都是物種的奇蹟
花的芬芳美麗
藏著造物者的秘密
所有的生命都有語言
不同的音頻
不同的歌聲
人類無法理解共享

慢慢走入城市的圍城
築巢天空的居所
陰影統治黑夜的街衢
幻想中的巴比倫塔夢
爬上廢墟般的天梯
渴望伸手觸摸星群
星群卻躲在更遠的地方
雙腳拒絕赤裸的泥土

前方出現海洋

廣闊無邊的洶湧澎湃浪濤
 海面漂浮青春的美麗胴體
 神秘的生命水域
 充滿秘境與偽裝的幽暗國度
 沉入海中的落日也無法照見

四季的河水流經身邊
 不斷苞放沿途的風景
 一邊閃現一邊消融
 摘一朵綻開的花
 送給身邊的人

不幸遇見穿制服的人
 擺放拒馬鐵蒺藜盾牌
 一波波的人潮高歌向前進
 後排推擠前排
 許多人倒下
 月光下的血塊
 凝結成悲傷憤怒的臉孔
 豎立記憶的碑石

身旁的人互相招呼
 表相是詐騙的魔法
 有些騙子編了動人的情節
 有些殺人犯高談如何做人
 誠實的人話不多說
 真誠的朋友勝過兄弟姊妹

有些人遇見遠方的幽靈
 有些人挺身抵抗
 有些人奉上命運
 有些人快速逃離
 倖存者留下記錄
 在歷史的長河嗚咽

鸚鵡和金絲雀飛離牢籠
慢慢習慣自由的天空
選擇喜歡的樹枝築巢
向下一代述說牠們的故事

腳步繼續跟隨隊伍
後路已成迷霧
只有真實的現在
當下的真實
我們共同的時代
出生就有的圖騰
描繪祈願的景像

沿途生下兒女
兒女再生下孫兒女
一起伴奏生命的旋律
民族音樂或古典樂
饒舌歌曲或搖滾樂
互相拍擊心聲
激起純美的浪花

人群從千萬條路匯集
登上最高的山頂
共同等待守候
墜落地球星的新黎明

The Road

Step by step, I keep on walking
As if being chased by something
With no definite form

Each road is a new start
With the inevitable forking paths
Stopping in desolate trails once in a while
Lonely, remote villages
Having lost most of its dwellers
Become nothing but decrepit houses
Among small lanes where mothers sing lullabies

Visible or invisible lives
Are miracles of the species
In flowers' fragrance and beauty
Hides the Makers' secrets
All lives have languages
Different audio frequencies
Different singing voices
Incomprehensible for humans to partake

Slowing entering the besieged fortress of the city
Adobes nesting high up in the sky
Streets where shadows rule the night
Fantasized dream of the Tower of Babylon
Climbing up the dilapidated stairway to heaven
Reaching out, yearning to touch the firmament
Alas, the constellations hide somewhere farther away
The feet refuse to step on the naked earth

An ocean comes into view

Boundless waves, turbulent and surging
Above which float beautiful young bodies
Mysterious water body of life
Shadowland full of hideaways and guises
Impenetrable even by the sunken sun

River water of the four seasons flows past through me
Showcasing sceneries along the road
Appearing and disappearing
I pick a blossoming flower
And gift it to the person close to me

Misfortune leads us to men in uniforms
Barricades, caltrops, shields
People advance in waves, songs bursting out their throats
Squeezing, pushing forward
Many fall
Blood clots under the moonlight
Coagulate into sad and angry faces
Erecting stone tablets of memories

People greet each other
Appearance is the magic of the trickster
Some liars make up touching stories
Some murderers mouth off about decency
Honest ones don't talk much
Sincere friends are better than siblings

Some meet phantoms from far away
Some stand up to fight
Some usher in destiny
Some flee hurriedly
The survivors bear witness
Sobbing in the grand river of history

Having escaped from the cages, parrots and canaries
Slowly get used to the free sky
Making nests in the branches they like
Passing on their stories to the fledglings

I keep on marching alongside the others
The road behind us becomes mist
Only the present remains real
The current reality
The age we all live in
The totem since birth
Describes an image of prayer

Along the way, we give birth to children
In turn, they give birth to grandchildren
Playing life's melodies together
Folk or classical
Rap or rock n' roll
Singing to the heartbeat of one another
Creating pure and beautiful sprays

People come from every direction
Reach the highest mountaintop
Together, they wait and watch
For the new dawn falling on planet Earth



喜菡

Xi Han

「喜菡文學網」創辦人、《有荷文學雜誌》發行人。入選《2014年台灣現代詩選》、台灣文學館《文學地景》、《乍見城市之光》等。著作《骨子裡風騷》、《蓮惜》、《鳥族與鳥族的喀什米爾旅行》、《最女人》等。

Founder of the website Xi Han Literature, publisher of Lotus Literature magazine. Xi Han's poems have been chosen for inclusion in *Modern Chinese Poetry from Taiwan 2014*, National Museum of Taiwan Literature's *Literature Landscape*, and *A Sudden Sight of the City's Light*. She has published *Unrestrained Deep Within*, *Piteous Lotus*, *Birds' Journey through Kashmir*, and *Deeply Woman*.

等待海洋

望著你，隔著層層迷障
所有的目光集向
往風捲過的沙灘靠近

浪是頻繁啟動的日常
一個腰肢伸展
傳送你以半圈的裙采飛揚

你將熱情相迎
期待我的婆娑
記下且樂意應答

即使
我是你遺留的潮間帶
正在隱忍正在包容
一切潮起潮落的騷動

終會歸於寧靜
我們以最寬闊的肚腹
涵化彼此為養分
我們以詩默認彼此
彼此信守

Waiting for the Ocean

I look at you through layers of labyrinth
All eyes converge
And approach the wind-swept beach

Waves are an often-activated routine
A stretch of the waist
Sends a half-turn of spirited dance your way

You welcome it with enthusiasm
Looking forward to my swaying figure
Take it to heart and happy to respond

Even though
I am the intertidal zone you left behind
Enduring, accommodating
All disturbances and vicissitudes

Everything goes back to quietude
With a most bountiful heart
We accept each other as nutrients
We accept each other with poetry
And abide by each other



彭歲玲

Peng Suei-Lin

台灣語文教育碩士，教職退休，從事客語文學創作及廣播主持，熱衷母語傳承帶領孩童創作，出版客英雙語有聲書迄今逾16本。多年來堅持以客語寫詩，個人詩畫選集《記得你个好》，師生合著童詩童畫集《蟻公莫拉佢》。

A retired teacher, Peng Suei-Lin holds a master's diploma in Taiwanese Language Education. Now, she writes literature in Hakka and runs broadcast shows. Passionate about passing down the mother tongue and guiding children in creative endeavors. She has published more than 16 bilingual audiobooks (Hakka-English). She has insisted over the years on writing poems in Hakka, such as her poetry-painting collection *Your Goodness is Always on My Mind* and children's poetry-painting collection *Mr. Ant*, co-authored by Lin and her students.

惜情个心 【客語版】

有常時
 佢感覺你離佢無幾遠
 你戴在該遠遠个所在
 該春出雲層个光 係你錫人个目神
 良善个感應
 就在
 日頭照得著佢想像得著个
 你深愛个土地

有常時
 佢感覺你就在佢个心肝頭
 佢一直就戴在這位
 星光矚啊矚 係佢想愛講个話
 思念摻懷想
 就在
 月光照得著佢真切痛惜个
 佢深愛个土地

看哪
 田園肚
 揚蝶仔揚尾仔飛來飛去
 緊工時節
 連阿公婆乜會停動
 豐收平安
 家園越來越靚
 連埋在地泥下个護城河乜樂暢唱歌

毋管你戴个所在係哪位
 毋管你講个係哪種語言
 日頭共樣煞猛
 星仔月光無添放忒惜情
 土地項生出來个詩句
 就在佢俚心肝肚

惜情的心【華語版】

有時
我感覺你離我沒多遠
你住在那遠方
那突破雲層的光芒是你吸引人的眼波
良善的感應
就在
陽光所及我想像得到的
你深愛的土地

有時
我感覺你就在我心上
我一直就住在這兒
星光閃耀是我的寄語
思念與懷想
就在
月光所及我真切愛惜的
我深愛的土地

看哪
田園裡
蝴蝶蜻蜓飛來飛去
農忙時
連祖先牌位也會搖動
豐收平安
家園越來越美
連埋在地底下的護城河也歡喜高歌

不論你住的地方是哪裡
不論你講的是哪種語言
太陽一樣勤勞
星星月亮沒忘記惜情
土地上長出來的詩句
就在我們心中

Holding It Dear

Sometimes

I feel that you are not so far away
Though you live beyond reach
The cloud-splitting light is your charming visage
The sense of goodness
Is in
Where the sunlight reaches and where I imagine
The land you love with all your heart

Sometimes

I feel that you are in my heart
I've always lived here
The twinkling stars are my messages
Yearning and longing
For
Where the moonlight reaches and where I cherish
The land I love with all my heart

Look

There in the field
The butterflies and dragonflies fly at will
The ancestral tablets sway to the rhythm
Of sweats dripping down foreheads in the field
Good harvests and peace
Make the hometown all the more beautiful
Even the buried moat sings songs full of joy

No matter where you live

No matter which language you speak
The sun works just as hard
The moon and the stars still hold things dear
The verses born from the land
Are in our hearts



曾元耀

Tseng Yuan-Yao

1950年生，嘉義人。海大漁業系、中山醫大醫學系畢。現在鳳山信元診所執業。曾獲林榮三、星雲、鍾肇政、新北市、台中、台南、高雄打狗鳳邑等文學獎。曾出版詩集《寫給邊境的情書》、《島嶼情書》、《時間情書》。

Tseng Yuan-Yao was born in Chiayi in 1950. He graduated from the Department of Environmental Biology and Fisheries Science at National Taiwan Ocean University and the College of Medicine, Chung Shan Medical University. Yao is a practicing physician in the Sin-guan clinic in Fengshan. He received several literary awards, such as the Lin Rong San Literature Prize, the Hsing Yun Literature Award, the Chung Chao-Cheng Literary Awards, the New Taipei City Literature Award, the Taichung Literature Award, the Tainan Literature Award, and the Takao Literature Award. He has published several works, such as *Lover Letter to the Frontier*, *Love Letter to the Island*, and *Love Letter to Time*.

那瑪夏的呼吸

踏著黑熊的腳步
就可以敏捷得像山林的風
沿著海拔往上挺身
一路進入那瑪夏
就會遇見雲端的布農族

給我們一棟會呼吸的屋子
讓文字流放給山風
給孩子們一棟
比雲海稍高的高腳屋
讓陽光可以路過我們的朗讀

那瑪夏的稜線
不會有迷途的天空經過
但有慢活的山脈
等待旅人的腳來走過

那年的土石流
慢了那瑪夏的時間
我們努力與礫石共舞
挖掘駐紮在
駁坎間隙的祖靈秘密
把破碎的土地，用力圈在一起

順著山勢，我們一步一腳印
整理山徑間的苔蘚
與羌蹄一起 磨合山間歲月
與鹿足一起 落腳在深山的 *Maiasang*
所有走過的痕跡都將
細細注解 *Namasia* 的故事

Namasia's Breath

Tread in the footsteps of the black bear
you will be as agile as the forest wind in the mountains
just follow the altitude to elevate
up into Namasia
you will meet the Bunun community in the clouds

Give us a house that breathes
let words be blowing in the mountain wind
give our children
a stilted house taller than the sea of clouds
let sunshine passes by when we recite

The ridges of Namasia
no lost skies will pass through
but the downshifting mountain range
is there to wait for the footsteps of the traveler

That year, the debris flow
slowed down the tempo of Namasia
we strived to dance with the gravel
digging up the secret of our ancestors' souls
located at the crevice between the mountain barriers
we strived to coil up the broken land

Following the mountain slope, step by step
we cleaned up the moss on the trails
together with the hooves of Reeves's muntjacs, we spent the days in the
mountains
together with the legs of deers, we settled at Maiasang in remote mountains
all the traces that we left behind
are detailed annotations of the story of Namasia



蔡文哲

Tsai Wen-Che

七年級生，文大中文系文藝創作組畢業。得過若干文學獎。作品曾入選年度詩選。相信詩人不是稱謂，而是一種狀態。詩是教人說話與指認世界的方式。寫詩是種魔術，在別人看不到的地方練習一千次一萬次，方能不露出破綻。

Tsai Wen-Che was born in the 80s and graduated from the Department of Chinese Literature Creation & Writing Section of Chinese Culture University. He has won several literary awards. His works have been included in poetry of the year collections. He believes "poet" is a state rather than a title. Poetry is a method of teaching people how to speak and identify the world. Writing poetry is a magic you practice thousands of times in places people can't see without giving yourself away.

來生

故事長眠於銀灰色的枯樹底下
有這麼個傳說：焚一片
葉，輕輕呼喊且攀附著光
你就會在下一場春雨中甦醒

而破繭的身體需要呼吸
飽飽底，吞吐著雲霧氣息
東風輕掃，山頭半醒
你半睡的臉正安詳

不說話。在向陽的時刻
有什麼溫柔極輕的擦觸
像一萬片羽毛自晴空飄落
落在海岸是守護家園的天使

整片天空是你，種子是你
在暖暖地遠方談及花草與鳥
溪水和高山都無關夢想。你說
世界豐饒而不衰老的方法：愛。

陽光燃燒過皚雪之冬
春日在你枝頭
結一生一次最大的花苞
世界在風起的日子通紅起來

The Hereafter

Under the withered silver-gray tree the story lies
The legend has it: burn a
Leaf, call out softly and cling to the light
You then will awake in the next spring rain

Fresh out of the cocoon, the body needs to breathe
Fully, inhale and exhale the breath of the misty cloud
The east wind sweeps gently; the mountain is half-awake
Peaceful is your half-asleep face

Wordless. When exposed to the sun
There's a gentle touch of great lightness
Drifting down from the sky like ten thousand feathers
Homeland's guardian angels that fall onto the coast

The whole sky is you; the seeds are you
Talking about the flora and the birds in a warm place far away
The dream isn't about the creeks and the mountains. You said
Love's the way for the world to be bountiful and remain young.

Sunlight burns over snow-capped winter
On your branch, Spring
Brings forth the biggest bud ever seen once in a lifetime
The world reddens as the wind rises



蔡文章

Tsai Wen-Chang

蔡文章，1947年生，高雄岡山人。2012高雄文藝獎得主。現為實踐大學高雄校區應用中文學系客座副教授。著有詩集《回鄉》、散文集《靜靜的山林》、《綠色夢境》、《麵粉袋的歲月》、《泥土味淡淡香》、《行雲山川》、《赤腳大仙》、《永遠的小林村》、主編《岡山文選》等四十餘冊。

Tsai Wen-Chang was born in Gangshan, Kaohsiung, in 1947. Winner of the Kaohsiung Culture and Arts Award in 2012. He now teaches as a visiting associate professor in the Department of Applied Chinese Shih Chien University (Kaohsiung). He has published more than forty books, such as the poetry collection *Homecoming*, essay collections *The Quiet Woods*, *Dreams of Green*, *Flour Sack Days*, *Light Fragrance of the Earth*, *Walking the Land*, *Walking Barefoot*, *The Eternal Siao-Lin Village*, *The Collected Essays of Gangshan* (ed.).

幸福的港都

以情灌溉，以愛施肥
這南島的花園城市
繽紛

夜，暗了
一排光系悄悄的
舖了一條浪漫走廊
打狗變漂亮了
找個地方坐下
分享一杯香醇茶飲
觀賞街頭藝人表演
在光與影的交映中
一天的疲憊沒了
輕輕擁有某種溫馨的幸福

徘徊在文化中心周邊
沉思
登上壽山頂俯瞰港都
夜色
繞著愛河走一圈品杯
咖啡
享受幸福的港都

—錄自《回鄉》，2016年5月

Port City of Happiness

Irrigate with love, fertilize with love
This garden city in the south
A riot of colors

Night, darkness falls
A line of light quietly
Paves a romantic corridor
Takao becomes pretty
Take a seat
Enjoy a good cup of tea
Watch the street performers' shows
In the radiance of lights and shadows
Gone is the day's weariness
Replaced by some kind of heart-warming happiness

Linger around the cultural center deep in
Thoughts
Reach the top of Shoushan overlooking the night of the
Port city
Stroll around the Love River, savoring
Coffee
Enjoying the port city of happiness

—From *Homecoming*, May 2016



鄭炯明

Cheng Chiung-Ming

1948年生於高雄。內科醫師退休。笠詩社同仁。曾與葉石濤等作家創辦《文學界》和《文學台灣》。現為文學台灣基金會董事長。曾獲笠詩獎、高雄文藝獎。著有詩集《蕃薯之歌》、《最後的戀歌》、《詩的誕生》等。

Cheng Chiung-Ming was born in Kaohsiung in 1948. Retired physician. Member of *Li Poetry* magazine. He co-founded *Literary Circle* and *Literary Taiwan* magazines with writers Yeh Shih-Tao and others. At present, he is the president of the Literary Taiwan Foundation. He has received the Li Poetry Award and the Kaohsiung Culture and Arts Award. He has published several poetry collections, such as *Songs of Sweet Potato*, *The Last Love Song*, and *The Birth of Poetry*.

在這神聖的時刻

獨裁者橫行
子彈呼嘯而過
一隻飢餓的貓躲在牆角
不時窺伺著前方

晚間的電視新聞
不停地播放
遠方被砲彈擊中的房舍
冒出濃濃的黑煙

在這個紛擾的世界
每個人都在尋找
適合自己的面具
不願以真面目示人

但作為一個詩人
必須以赤裸的心
隨時保持清醒的頭腦
才能寫出令人感動的詩篇

在這神聖的時刻
詩人是時代的見證者
沒有他，這個世界
將缺少一點幽默和真誠

—2023年6月25日

At This Holy Hour

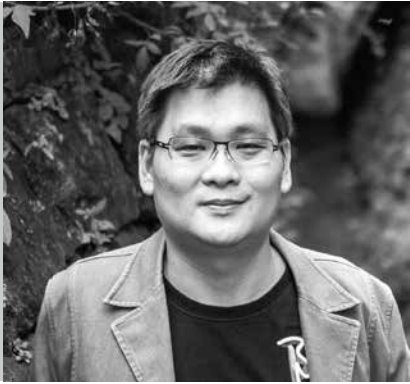
Dictators ravage the land
Bullets whistle past
A hungry cat hides in a corner
Spying on ahead at intervals

Night news
Relays nonstop
The houses hit by missiles in a distant land
And the thick black smoke gushing out of them

In this turbulent world
Everyone is seeking
A suitable mask for himself
Unwilling to show his true self

But, a poet
Must, with a naked heart,
Maintain at all times a clear head
To write stirring verses

At this holy hour
Poets are the witnesses of the time
Without them, the world
Will be deprived of some humor and sincerity



鄭順聰

Tēnn Sūn-tshong

鄭順聰，作家，嘉義民雄人，中山大學中文系，台師大國文研究所畢業。台語作品有詩集《我就欲來去》，小說《大士爺厚火氣》，散文《台語好日子》、《台語心花開》，繪本《仙化伯的烏金人生》。

Writer. Tēnn Sūn-tshong was born in Minsyong, Chiayi. Graduated from the Department of Chinese Literature, National Sun Yat-sen University, and the postgraduate course of the Department of Chinese, National Taiwan Normal University. His works in Taiwanese include the poetry collection *Guá tō beh lâi-khì*, the novel *Adventures of Thuah-Thang*, the essays *Daily Taiwanese* and *Tâi-gí sim-hue khui*, the picture book *The Fishing Life of Mr. Sian-Huà*.

性命輕兩相咱袂堪得

The unbearable lightness of being

0

咱的人生，較講嘛是佇墓園遛。

1

坐甲這個漚流籠
袂輸籠仔外是相觸場

2.

穿一軀西裝
領和手襖是空的
無魂無體直直行
敢若予人指揮彼款

3

全稀微的所在
袂有兩個乞食
好額袂當對分

4

學舞台頂的人放尿
彼个人是假的
歹勢
無情的人世無冷氣
你著忍耐

5

音樂廳火燒
豆菜熟矣，槓鎚仔溶去
厝頂崩陷，塌落來成做
我的耳仔，臭火焦之聲

6

藥水布包獸骨
想欲予閣活起來
煞共死亡束縛

7

荒謔才毋是咧！

8.

這句話剃頭猶是去尾
我的筆擲決定
像犯人欲hông刑
只有驚惶

9.

無欲控冊的時代
作家才會快活

10

恬甲像覘踎海底的一對翁仔某鯊魚

— 2023年7月13日於布拉格

說明：以米蘭·昆德拉的書名《生命中不能承受之輕》為詩名，用台語來辯證生活的荒謬和可笑。

The Unbearable Lightness of Being

0

At the end of the day, our lives revolve around the cemetery.

1

This rotten cabin we sit in makes us feel
As if outside was the fighting ring

2

Wearing a suit
Empty at the neck and the wrists
Walk straight ahead without a body, without a soul
As if controlled by someone

3

In equally lonesome places
There are no beggars
That can't equally share their riches

4

Learn how to piss after the guy on the stage
That person is a fake
Sorry
There is no aircon in the ruthless world
You have to live with it

5

The concert hall is on fire
The bean sprouts are cooked; the hammer has melted
The roof has collapsed; it fell and became
My ears, the sound of being burnt

6

Animal bones wrapped in medicinal cloth
Want to come back to life
Yet, bound by death

7

It's not unreal!

8

To cut this sentence by the head or the tail
My pen remains indecisive
Like a prisoner walking down the green mile
Feeling nothing but fright

9

A writer feels at ease only
In an age where books are unwanted

10

As quiet as a pair of married sharks hiding under the sea

— Praha, July 13, 2023

Note: I adopted Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* as the poem's title to expound, in Taiwanese, how absurd and laughable life is.



謝碧修

Hsieh Pi-Hsiu

筆名畢修，台南市七股區人。笠詩社同仁、台灣現代詩協會會員、世界詩人運動組織會員，著有詩集《謝碧修詩集》、《生活中的火金星》、《圓的流動-漢英西三語詩集》和《唸予阿母聽的詩--台語詩集》。

Hsieh Pi-Hsiu was born in Cigu District, Tainan City. She writes under the pen name Hsieh Pi-Hsiu is a member of *Li Poetry* magazine, Taiwan Modern Poetry Association, and Movimiento Poetas del Mundo. She has published poetry collections, such as *Poem Collection of Hsieh Pi-Hsiu*, *Fireflies in Life*, *The Flowing of Dots*, and *Poems to Read to Mom—Collection of Poems in Taiwanese*.

市境之南樹

倚佇高雄市境上南片
充滿在地氣味的粿仔樹
密碼

「22°28'33.1"N」

「120°24'52.9"E」

伊每工拍開台灣海峽的水門
流過東港
走向小琉球
看雲彩十八變
耍弄啫咕石花樣的海湧
有時溢出四角格的波面
讀著海峽多變化的心情

註：粿仔樹即黃槿樹

2023年8月4日

Tree of the Southern City Limit

Standing on the southernmost limit of Kaohsiung City
The yellow hibiscus trees full of local atmosphere
The code
22°28'33.1"N
120°24'52.9"E

He opens the floodgate for the Formosa Strait every day
Flowing past Donggang
Rushing towards Xiaoliuqiu
See the multitude of changes in the colors of the clouds
The wave sprays of the coral reefs
Sometime overflowing with square waves
Reading the capricious moods of the Strait

August 4, 2023
(Translated by Miko LO)



鴻鴻 Hung Hung

鴻鴻，生於台南。詩人，劇場及電影編導。曾獲吳三連獎。著有詩集《樂天島》、《跳浪》等九種及主編《爵士詩選》。現任台北詩歌節及人權藝術生活節策展人，黑眼睛文化及黑眼睛跨劇團藝術總監。

Hung Hung was born in Tainan. Poet, scriptwriter, and director for theatrical plays and movies. He received the Wu San-Lien Awards. He has published several books, including the poetry collections *Carefree Island and Jump the Waves*, and edited *Warm n' Cool: A Jazz Poetry Anthology*. He is now the Taipei Poetry Festival and Human Rights Art Festival curator. He is also the art director of Dark Eyes Ltd. and Dark Eyes Performance Lab.

與四名庫德族青年同車下山

一彎弦月，一顆星星
在空曠的深藍中
如利刃閃亮

草在車燈前搖晃
手在風中默想

石頭遭輪胎碾壓
發出雷鳴震盪

二十年前
也有同樣年輕的一群人
曾騎馬入山
有人帶著新縫好的旗幟
有人帶著槍

他們也曾唱著同樣的歌
有的甜美有的激昂

那獵獵作響的篷帳
那在電塔下吃草的牛羊

那水壩攔出的湖泊何等美麗
已永久改寫了大地的圖像

還有什麼老歌
不會帶來新的感傷？

還有什麼新歌
不會一唱出口
就已成為鄉愁？

- * 庫德族為現今世界上最廣大的無國之民，人口兩千五百萬，與台灣相當，分佈在土耳其、伊拉克、伊朗等國境內，為爭取語言、文化、政治的自主，長期來飽受各國政府監禁與屠殺。土耳其東南山區庫德族人組成的左翼游擊隊，1980年代起即遭政府強力鎮壓。
- * 土耳其國旗為一彎新月與一顆星星，不過背景是紅的。

Sharing a Ride with Four Kurdish Youths When Coming Down the Mountain

A crescent moon, a single star
Against a deep blue vastness
Shine like a knife edge

Grass wavers in the headlights
Hands muse in the wind

Rocks crunch beneath the tires
Resound in a thunderous clamor

Twenty years ago
A group of young men like this
Rode into the mountains on horseback
Some carrying flags newly-sewn
Some carrying guns

They once sang the selfsame songs
Some tender, some ardent

Their tents flap fiercely in the wind
Their sheep and cattle graze in the shadow of the power plant

How pretty that dammed lake is
Having rewritten the face of the land forever

Are there any old songs
That aren't fretted with new sorrows?

Are there any new songs
Whose every note
Is not resonant with the same old yearning for home?

- * The Kurds are the most widely distributed ethnic group without their own country in the world. With a population of 25,000,000, more than all Taiwan, the Kurdish people are spread across parts of Turkey, Iran, Iraq and other countries in the region, where they have long struggled for linguistic, cultural, and political autonomy, and have long suffered the imprisonment and slaughter that the governments of these countries have inflicted on them. The left wing guerrillas mentioned here have been oppressed since 1980's.
- * The national flag of Turkey displays a crescent and a star against a red field.

Translated by Zona Tsou



王姿雯 Emily Wang

王姿雯，生於台南。台大外文系，英國華威大學英國碩士，曾任英文編輯。著有詩集《我會學著讓恐懼報數》。詩作曾獲葉紅女性詩獎、台北文學獎、林榮三文學獎、吳濁流文學獎、國藝會創作補助等。

Emily Wang was born in Tainan. She graduated from the Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures at National Taiwan University and holds a Master of Arts from the University of Warwick. Wang has worked as an English editor and published the poetry collection *I Have Learned to Let Fear Count Off*. She has received the Ye Hong Female Poetry Award, the Taipei Literature Award, the Lin Rong San Literature Prize, and the Wu Chuo-liu Literary Award. She also received a grant from the National Culture and Arts Foundation.

蟬叫

每天七點四十五分
 她要走出家門
 她要關上心靈
 以便擁抱世界
 手機遛著她，餵她一些親切的陌生
 她讓座給馬、牛與公雞
 站著，確認地球是平的
 所以每次出發都更回不去
 某些地方
 房子越遠，家越近
 童話越遠，童年越近
 自然越遠，奧秘越近
 到站的時候，她已經離自己很遠
 像一隻蟬脫離了泥土
 就開始放聲大叫

The Cry of the Cicada

Every day, at quarter to eight
She walks out of her house
She closes her heart
To embrace the world
The cell phone walks her, feeds her cordial yet unfamiliar things
She yields her seat to horses, cows, and roosters
She's on her feet to confirm that the Earth is flat
So every time she sets out, it gets harder to come back
In some places
The farther the house, the closer home is
The farther the fairy tales, the closer childhood is
The farther the nature, the closer mystery is
When she arrives at the station, she is already far away from herself
Like a cicada away from the earth
And starts to howl



吳俞萱 Wu Yu-Hsuan

台東人。著迷於自然與人性的荒野。著有詩集《交換愛人的肋骨》、《沒有名字的世界》和《暮落焚田》。目前就讀美國印地安藝術學院創意寫作研究所。

Wu Yu-Hsuan was born in Taitung. She is intensely fascinated with the wilderness in nature and human nature. She has published *Exchanging Lover's Ribs*, *The World without Names*, and *Fields Burnings After Dusk*. She now studies Creative Writing at the Institute of American Indian Arts.

縫線

有人在屋頂上砌水泥，我正在
讀一首跟花生醬有關的詩
我抬頭，讓水流回池子
他瞥見對街小窗裡的女人在哭
就轉身，拿著桃子狀的抹刀去吻
煙囪和傾斜屋頂的接縫

無處可去的那天下午，穿過
濃密的樹林
躺在傾斜的落葉上
愛人親吻我右胸上的縫線
還沒冒芽的黑色樹枝在割裂天空

最露骨的話，一句
我也不要說

他的手裝滿，即將丟出去的碎石
每一隻黑鳥等待
接縫的水
烏干達的女人拿刀，戳進
烤箱中央的地瓜
六歲的獅子昨天學會刀子最利的地方
叫做刃。我怕痛，最初寫的电影劇本
都跟囚禁有關

妳凹陷的左胸上
縫了一個傾斜的十字

烏干達的女人問我，平時
什麼在我的腦子裡？

我對街的屋頂上有人
連續砌了幾天的水泥
即將過彎的河岸邊
一群黑鳥在樹冠上築巢
妳說，我要睡了
我要睡了喔
那時我正要冒雨去退
妳在網路上訂錯的衣服

我不在的時候，妳斷了氣

水面上的影子
比水還深

Sutures

Someone is plastering the roof with cement, while I am
Reading a poem about peanut butter
I lift my head, to let the water run back to the pool
He describes the woman crying in the window across the street
And turns to pick up the peach-shaped spatula to kiss
The seam between the chimney and the slanting roof

That afternoon with nowhere to go, across
The dense forest
Lying on slanting fallen leaves
My lover kissed the sutures on my right chest
Unsprouted black twigs lacerating the sky

Words that were closest to the bone, not even one
Would I utter

His hands are filled, with gravel about to be hurled
Each blackbird is waiting
For the water in the seam
The Ugandan woman sticks a knife into
The sweet potato in the center of the oven
A six-year-old lion learned yesterday that the sharpest part of a knife was
Called blade. I fear pain; the screenplays I wrote initially
Were all about captivity

On your sunken left chest
Is sutured a slanting cross

The Ugandan woman asks me, normally
What is on my mind?
Someone is on the roof across the street

Plastering it with cement for several days on end
Next to a riverside about to make a bend
A flock of blackbirds is making their nests on the treetops
You said, I'm going to bed
I'm going to bed
While I was bracing for the rain to return
The cloth you ordered by mistake on the web

While I was away, you breathed your last

The shadow on the surface
Runs deeper than the water



陳昌遠 Chen Chang-Yuan

陳昌遠，一九八三年生，高雄小港人，中正高工建築科畢業。曾任中國時報高雄印刷廠印刷技術員，現職為文字記者。著有詩集《工作記事》。

Chen Chang-Yuan was born in Siaogang in 1983. He graduated from the Department of Architecture, Kaohsiung Municipal Chung-Cheng Industrial High School. He has worked as a printing technician in China Times' printshop in Kaohsiung. He has published *An Account of Work*.

工作記事

帶我們的籃
籃裡放花
帶我們的網
網裡也放花

花到瓶裡
是夜深的時候了
關於名字
是深山櫻
或是天鵝絨

記得我們在山間走
破落農舍
鐵絲成網
網上有蜘蛛也結網

一扇窗面對我們
它不面對風景。

An Account of Work

Bring our basket
Put flowers in it
Bring our net
Put flowers in it, too

Flowers are in the vase
At the dead of night
As to its name
Is it Japanese dianthus
Or wonder flower

I remember us walking in the mountains
Dilapidated farmhouses
Metal meshes
Cobwebs on the meshes, too

A window faces us
Instead of the scenery.



蕭詒徽

Hsiao I-Hui

生於1991。作品《一千七百種靠近——免付費文學罐頭輯 I——》、《晦澀的蘋果 VOL.1》、《蘇菲旋轉》(合著)、《鼻音少女賈桂琳》、《Wrinkles——BIOS monthly專訪選集 2021》(合著)。網誌：輕易的蝴蝶。網站：iifays.com。

Hsiao I-Hui was born in 1991. He has published several works, such as *One Thousand Seven Hundred Kinds of Getting Close—Free Literature Cans Vol.1*, *Obscure Apples Vol.1*, *Sufi Whirling* (co-authored), *Jacqueline the Nasal Sound Girl*, *Wrinkles—BIOS monthly 2021* (co-authored). Website: iifays.com.

乘客

又一個早上那人沒有原諒昨天
在月台上，他和他的身體站得很遠
眼前的車門睜開或閉上，看見他，看見卻沒有
帶走他

一切都好只是每天都走的那條路
竟又忘記他了。迎面空氣輕輕醒來
參加他的早餐，又一遍
把今天塞進他的身體
很久沒說上什麼話了日子與他

那人好像是我。又一個我
在月台上陪自己等一班車。又一個早上淪為過程
我背著昨天的遺物
找到稍早自行出門的身體，遲遲不敢相認
我的臉在他臉上好新，還沒被別人的注視
所使用，如一面車窗因路途而衰老
曾經我們一起視連續為安逸，視安逸
為一種抄襲。如今他蹲了下來
為了綁好一隻不斷鬆掉的鞋，甚至可以忘記
當初打結的原因

誰都被明天抵達過。又一段過程
淪為結論。又一個人淪為鏡中的自己：
一面慢慢變難的牆，一個愈走愈小的房間
每一天在月台上趕著搭乘自己，我害怕我的身體
害怕今天
已經錯過我的身體

又一個早上我沒有問自己想去哪裡
那人戴著耳機，看見但聽不見我

沒有移動，但離我愈來愈遠
鬧鐘叫醒了他而他決定先走
沿那些不認得他的路前往他還認得的地方
想再快一點，再快一點跟上他
跟上他但不跟隨他
擁抱他，但不成為他
告訴他黃昏不是最危險的
告訴他最好的
最好的事情還沒有發生

但就要來了下一班車
警笛響起，提醒我快來不及了
必須拍拍他的肩膀，說
我回來了。我回來了。不告訴他
又一個早上我們依然是別人

Passenger

yet another morning that person hasn't forgiven yesterday
on the platform, he and his body stand a good distance apart
the train doors before his eyes open or close, seeing him, seeing but not taking
him

away. everything's fine but the same road he walks every day
has forgotten him again. oncoming air drifts awake
joins him for breakfast, once more
shoving today into his body
they haven't spoken in a long time, these days and him

that person seems to be me. another me
waiting for a train with me on the platform. another morning reduced to
procedure
I carry relics of yesterday
find the body that left the house on its own a little earlier, not daring to greet it
my face so new on his face, still unused by others'
stares, like a car window aged by the mileage
we once saw continuity as comfort, comfort
as a kind of plagiarism. now he kneels
to tie a shoe that keeps coming loose he's even willing to forget
why the knot's there in the first place

anyone's been arrived by tomorrow. another set of procedures
reduced to a conclusion. another person reduced to the self in the mirror:
a wall slowly growing more difficult, a room paced smaller and smaller
rushing every day to board myself, I fear my body
fears today
has already missed my body

another morning I don't ask myself where I want to go
that person's wearing earphones, sees but can't hear me

unmoving, but growing farther and farther from me
 the alarm clock wakes him and he decides to go first
 proceed along paths that don't recognize him to places he still recognizes
 wanting to go faster, to catch up to him faster
 to catch up to but not follow after him
 embrace him, but not become him
 tell him that sunset isn't the most dangerous
 tell him the best
 best thing has yet to happen

but the next train's coming
 the whistle sounds, reminds me it's almost too late
 I need to pat him on the shoulder, say
 I'm back. I'm back. not tell him
 another morning we're still someone else

Translated by Pinyu Hwang (黃品瑜)



羅思容

Lo Sirong

寫詩、畫畫、唱作歌詩。作品細緻而開闊，在傳統質地上，綴集多元文化的繽紛色彩。出版過五張歌詩作品《每日》、《攬花去》、《多一個》、《落腳》、《今本日係馬》，曾榮獲金曲獎、金音獎、華語音樂傳媒大獎。

Lo Sirong writes poetry, paints, and sings songs. Her works are delicate yet expansive, connecting the colors of diverse cultures on top of traditional textures. She has published five poetry albums: *Everyday*, *The Flowers Beckon*, *More Than One*, *We Settled Here*, and *Today is a Wild Horse*. She has received the Golden Melody Awards, the Golden Indie Music Awards, and the Chinese Music Media Awards.

測量

從眼珠到耳垂
用一條實線沿著嘴角的拋物線移動
真空的軀體
測量地心到子宮的引力

南瓜田裡青竹絲探出頭來
從五節芒的陰影到母親的乳峰
孩子的嘴
咀嚼什麼？

腳跟開始
虛線跟著光影
我孩子的身軀如此龐大
園裡的玫瑰
還在測量刺的位置
並垂涎著血

Measurement

From eyeballs to earlobes

Use a solid line to move along the parabola of the corner of the mouth

Vacuum body

Measures the gravity from the center of the Earth to the womb

In the pumpkin field, a bamboo viper sticks out its head

From the shadows of the silver grass to the mother's breasts

The child's mouth

What is it chewing?

Beginning from the heels

Dotted lines follow the lights and the shadows

My child's body is so huge

Roses in the garden

Are still measuring the positions of the thorns

While drooling blood

譯者簡介 Translators

金尚浩

一九六一年生，韓國首爾人。國立中山大學中國文學博士。專長為台灣文學、中國現代文學、比較文學、文學評論。現任修平科技大學觀光與創意學院教授兼院長、台灣現代詩人協會理事長、趙明河義士研究會會長等職。

Kim Sang Ho

Born in 1961, he is a citizen of Seoul, Korea. As the PhD in Chinese literature, National Sun Yat-sen University, he specializes in Taiwanese literature, modern Chinese literature, comparative literature, and literary criticism. He is the dean and a full professor of the College of Tourism and Creativity, Hsiuping University of Science and Technology; the chairperson of Modern Taiwan Poets Association; the president of Research Association of Cho Myeongha, a Hero.

邱振瑞

詩人、翻譯家，著有4部詩集，2部小說集《菩薩有難》、《來信》，2部日本文化評論集；2024年預定出版《日本思想與臺灣闡釋》（60萬字），讀書隨筆集《一個自由人的往事與隨想---2016-2023》（50萬字）。

Chiu Chen-Jui

Poet and translator, with four collections of poetry and two collections of novels entitled *The Troubles of the Bodhisattva* and *Incoming Letters*, as well as two collections of essays on Japanese cultural criticism. Scheduled for publication in 2024 are *Japanese Thought and Taiwanese Exposition* (600,000 characters) and a collection of reading essays entitled *Recollections and Reflections of a Free Spirit-2016-2023* (500,000 characters).

張登翰

國立師範大學學士、碩士，高雄師範大學英語研究所博士。專長為英美文學。

Zhang Denghan

PhD of the English Department of National Kaohsiung Normal University, MA and bachelor of the English Department of National Taiwan Normal University, devotes his study to English-American literature.

張錦忠

張錦忠，生於馬來半島彭亨州，一九八〇年代末移居台灣。台灣大學外國文學博士，國立中山大學外文系退休教授，現為該系約聘研究員。近作有小說集《壁虎》、詩集《像河那樣他是自己的靜默》以及隨筆集《查爾斯河畔的雁聲：隨筆馬華文學二集》。

TEE Kim Tong

TEE Kim Tong was born in Malaysia and is now living in Kaohsiung. He is retired Professor and an adjunct research fellow at National Sun Yat-sen University. His recent publications, in Chinese, include *The Gecko*, a collection of short stories, *Silently, Like a River*, poetry collection, and *By the Side of Charles River: Essays on Sinophone Malaysian Literature*.

鄭育欣

靜宜西研所畢業。曾擔任教學助理、劇場助理、大學講師，現為自由譯者。科幻小說迷，夢想是成為科幻小說家以及譯者。習慣吃飯配小說，出門可以沒帶手機，但不能沒帶書。

Yok-Him Devn

Freelance translator. Yok-Him Devn holds a Master's degree in Spanish language and literature from Providence University (Taiwan). He has worked as a teaching assistant, rehearsal assistant, and lecturer in Spanish. An avid science fiction reader, his goal is to become a science fiction writer and translator. He's used to reading novels when he eats and can leave home without his cell phone, but never his books.

鄭秋惠

鄭秋惠，台灣中部人，僑居阿根廷十餘年，畢業於 Instituto ABM Argentina, IPMO美國國際自然醫學醫師、AANM國際花波健康管理講師、美國西南德保羅大學自然醫學研究院博士研究生。

Lucía Cheng Chu- Huei

Lucía Cheng Chu- Huei, a native of Central Taiwan, lived in Argentina for more than 10 years, graduated at the ABM Institute Argentina. Dr. of International Natural Medicine of IPMO of U.S.A., Instructor of International Flower Essence Health Management of AANM, Doctoral student at Southwestern DePaul University's Institute of Naturopathy.

國家圖書館出版品預行編目 (CIP) 資料

高雄世界詩歌節詩選 . 2023 : 詩與世界的距離 =
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2023 高雄世界詩歌節大會詩選 ：世界沒有距離—跨越國界的詩歌

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