

異鄉的早晨

雲層洶湧地向這邊捲過來
好似顯示天空深處天大的變幻
展現在廣闊的水面上，掩去黎明的顏色
黑壓壓的雲裏有許多揮舞的手勢
要把天地重新安排
翻開沉聚多年的抑鬱
裏面盡是無聲而雄辯的言語

一下子，一切模糊了
灰色的豪雨泯滅了邊界，天變了
怎樣分辨兇悍與溫柔？恐懼或是安慰？
荒蕪的心中只見白蛇一樣的閃電
從最高處竄下深淵
四周都是一片同樣的顏色
模糊了，不知是在故土還是異鄉
房間裏來自各處的中國人聚首，恍如
隔世的言語說出來變了意義

變化的天氣隔絕了
昨天眾人創出的那個今天
怎樣去說今天的故事呢？
不一樣了，攜來的中心失去了
相對的邊緣，沉重的行囊
變得難以言說的輕。昨天
變成碎片，混雜了不同口音的怨曲
圍繞着從迷霧中顯現的高塔

我從豪雨中醒來，看見變化的天地
迷濛中似有逝去的人在向我說話
又再隱入霧中。想起我們認識的人
散落在各處，經歷暴雨凌虐
默默看雨後簷滴，破碎的話噙在嘴角
混雜在別的聲音中學說成新的話語
澄藍的天空中，撕裂了的片片白雲
散落在異國的高樓旁邊

1991年7月，芝加哥

Morning in a Foreign Land

Clouds rolling like waves toward me, summoning
at every moment whole changes in the depth of the sky,
erase the reds and pinks and mauves of dawn –
clouds flailing dark arms, too,
laboring to change heaven and earth,
as if to call out into the open fears secure in gloom,
revealed as merely a silent debate of languages.

This scene blurs into gray, things lose their shapes
as the front moves in to cancel what's out there on the edges.
Is this, too, violence? Mercy? Fear or consolation?
In a heart made desolate white snakes of lightening
jump from some on-high into the abyss of earth.
The same colorless color is everywhere,
all a bruise, one doesn't know a native from a foreign land.
In my room we Chinese all gather from all over
but our former life's language, spoken, has altered meanings.

Changeable weather has cancelled
the new age we all created only yesterday.
How shall we proceed with today's stories?
Nothing's the same; the center people brought from mainland
has joined everything else in the periphery, some heavy luggage
having become inexplicably light, that old life
fragmented, mingling now with accents and dialects
circling some Babel suddenly there in the mist.

I wake to find heaven and earth indeed changed.
In my half-living in the mists the gone ones speak
and return to mist. I think of the ones we know
scattered about in the world, enduring storms.
A broken-off aftermath of words lingers at the edge of the mouth,
mixes with the new world's sounds to make yet another language.
In a blue, clearing sky the torn clouds
scatter around the skyscrapers of this foreign land.

July 1991, Chicago

選自《形象香港：梁秉鈞詩選》

翻譯：歌頓·奧城、梁秉鈞

編輯：張美君

出版：香港大學出版社，2012

Source: *City at the End of Time: Poems by Leung Ping-kwan*

Translated by Gordon T. Osing and Leung Ping-kwan

Edited by Esther M. K. Cheung

Published by Hong Kong University Press, 2012.