

Yang Lian

杨炼

Also by Yang Lian

In English translation:

In Symmetry with Death
Masks and Crocodile
Non-Person Singular
Where the Sea Stands Still
Yi
Notes of a Blissful Ghost
Concentric Circles
Whaur the Deep Sea Devaults*
Unreal City

* (translation into Scots)

In Chinese:

礼魂

荒魂

黄

人的自觉

太阳与人



鬼话

人景，鬼话

杨炼作品 1982 - 1997

月蚀的七个半夜

杨炼作品 1982 - 1997 (2nd Edition)

幸福鬼魂手记

杨炼新作 1998 - 2002

艳诗

YANG LIAN

杨炼

Riding Pisces

—Poems from Five Collections—

骑乘双鱼座：五诗集选

Translated by Brian Holton

The cover image (2006), dedicated to Yang Lian, is by Rebecca Horn.

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first time. The poems in Section 1 first appeared in *Non-Person Singular* (London:
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* *Translated by W.N. Herbert and the author.*

十六行诗

4. Sixteeners

天葬

当石头梦见这些名字
我再一次死去
在那鼾声中步入静谧的房子
窗外有鸟 别处的叫声
和拖着鲜红尾线从地面驶过的早晨
我的脸会见另一张脸 一次碰撞
天空是花岗岩的
祖先走不出这小小洞穴
熄灭的炉火 只留下一把锤子
为了从黑暗中雕出海洋
日子的盲眼睁开
白骨深陷不移 虽然
石头梦见这些名字都是雪
静静融化
我梦见 那些鸟飞翔着渐渐是光
远离悬崖 梦见所有石头的梦

十一月版画

十一月有一具被烧焦的尸骸
在窗口摇晃
黑色的无力哭泣的光

十一月是被剥尽了外衣的核桃
黑色的无力哭泣的女人
酸雨中孤零零暴露的大脑

坠落 和你不分先后
整个早晨 黑色的田野
白的霜

白的马群 白花花的海流
与二月对称地逝去
在天上 黑暗中充满不哭的光

雪

LONDON

reality is part of my nature
spring has accepted the overflowing green of the dead again
streets accept more funerals which are blacker yet beneath the flowers
red phone boxes in the rain like a warning
time is part of the internal organs bird voices
open every rusting face on the benches
watching night's eyes a prolonged flying accident
when yet another day is blotted out London

write out all my madness lick out all the brown beer's froth
the bell's toll in a little bird's brain vibrates like a gloomy verse unemployed
the city is part of the word the most terrifying part of me
showing my insignificance accepting
blue mildewed sheepskin slip-cover outside the window
sheep meat's memory diligently binding
its own death dying in the non-convulsing lens
when between two pages of newsprint is a grave behind the grave is the
ocean

WATER'S RETURN JOURNEY

this is still blood overflowing from little bathtub at six years old
this is still that ticket gripped many years in the hand
tightly gripping the ferryboat of death
shore explicit as the limits of flesh
pain more punctual than cast-iron railings
light that cuts lake water open shatters behind the eyes
snowy mountain cathedral tumbles into unpileable blue
bleached face staring at the sky presses in close

on the rope's long end hangs the map of all your life
a dead pigeon's wings drooping
water stores the past even deeper look back
and both hands have no way again to let what's not there slip away
your blood still riding the crumbling flesh-coloured site has nowhere to turn
still enduring the final weekend on the lake
though a crumpled paper bag has been shaken empty for years
the old woman feeding the pigeons is herself another wreck

每当你觉得陌生就有雪来找你
那些诞生于一个肉体的光
把你淋湿 像这房间洁白无边的话语
在午夜你袒露如鸟
听着雪与雪第一次屈服于疯狂
隐入水 既然石头喝你
隐入刻你名字的手 在雪上在沙上
六种冰冷的天空片刻透明
你把自己投出去
像一再毁灭的日子该笑就笑
雪下着 你走后也下
或许是你用熟悉的音乐找世界
隐入每个肉体上黑暗的墓穴
脱尽余毛 只有光
挥洒着纷飞的星群漫天如银
终极之白
神的赤裸是唯一的

房间里的风景

三十二岁 听够了谎言
再没有风景能够移进这个房间
长着玉米面孔的客人
站在门口叫卖腐烂的石头
展览舌苔 一种牙缝里磨碎的永恒

他们或你都很冷 冷得想
被呕吐 像墙上褻渎的图画
记忆是一小队渐弱的地址
秋之芒草 死于一只金黄的赤足
谁凭窗听见星群消失
这一夜风声 仿佛掉下来的梨子
空房间被扔出去

在你赤裸的肉体中徘徊又徘徊
肢解 如天空和水
湿太阳 受伤吼叫时忘了一切
再没有风景能够入这片风景
弄死你

A NIGHT IN THE TOWER

darkness is what we look for and windows
none is not a savage beast dazzling
snow that has been seen separates the distance from eye to eye
bird fixes phosphorescence on pale naked bodies
stone gyrates to become the corner that locks itself in
letting our flesh be locked out from each other
it's night that is needed a piece of skin's
single night listening to the never quiet enough storms below the cliffs

the sky is never deep enough for non-existence
finger moving on sleep gnomon of a rusty sundial
only when there's no time is there the madness of a woman touching
herself
the tower enjoys the salt reek of prisoners' weakness more than our noses do
pain loves all that is incurable
exposed somewhere by the dark we
search for each other's depths over and over drunk
become unwilling to wake again postpone this dawning

SUNSET AND COLD AT BUCHENWALD

the last train isn't here yet but the twilight timetable
is closing in the final light has gone out from the mercury column
the first cold just taking off pink skin
we who wait for the train are waiting for sunset
to turn the day into a reading room after lights out
night comes from a secretion of the flesh
the attendant of darkness is leading stones to their seats
branches calm down intricately-carved raven pearls

down the hill is life you need only tread lightly to go there
like the setting sun endlessly sets behind the iron parapet
on a frostbitten fingertip the tiny crystal of a century's bell
a small heap of ash collected by bones
to stroke is to consult the slim dictionary of hurt
the horizon vanished below zero exposing
in the cement vagina a drop of semen hard as a planet
waiting in an unpeopled future the last train long gone by

直到最后一只鸟也逃往天上
在那手中碰撞 冻结成蓝色静脉
你把自己锁在哪儿
这房间就固定在哪儿 空旷的回声
背诵黑暗
埋葬你心里唯一的风景唯一的

谎言

其时其地

那座我回不去的老房子
你也回不去了 虽然
那盏灯通宵亮着 听着窗外
白杨高大的黑影
你还在等 一阵荒凉的脚步声

整个秋天 只有风来拜访
一一翻动那些红瓦
十月的连翘花黯淡如败壁颓垣
却在一个晚上突入你的梦境
那时 谁将莹莹独自开放
在一座我回不去的熟悉的老房子
你回不去 陌生的旧日子

音乐的心情悄悄停了
房子藏进它自己的忘却里
绿或睡眠包裹的树 一旦惊醒
已片片凋零

旧日子还在 我们的手消失之处
名字 移开 谨守同一禁忌
但每个清晨当鸟叫了
你是否记得有一个黑暗
自沉默中升起 倾倒入越来越远的
地平线 另外星球上深黄波荡的水纹
所有路溶解
这成了唯一的归途

CHAMBER MUSIC OF POSSIBILITY

the radar of nerves is searching the sky
but reunion is only a silent beat again
squeezing eighteen years of life you and I just like fingers
tightly gripping a single day of like a birthday
if there's pain it's doubled if there's distance
the sound of rain in the room undresses beyond the blood
a lost jade earring is blocking bones
papers pile up metaphysics every letter written in May

like a bell going back to ravings
poems from eighteen years ago growing into another girl
are yours the tiny signature in a pink womb mine
with the world as its radius the spring night
caresses the sweet-smelling inside of a lamb's body
whoever wants to become the word in your sight must be blacker
than that character one golden amber teardrop
held empty so don't even break this unbearable distance

LENTO FOR THE SEA

pain must have its own corner midnight for instance
a window for instance ocean's mucous membrane pasted to the glass
the substance of darkness slowly leaks out from the eye
red wine like a navigation light
you hear the estuary of every vein in your body cry out a name
a farewell turned cold has opened the textbook
a distant blackboard hangs outside the nakedness of zero
waves endlessly memorising the homework of a face

a poem reflecting light reproduces pre-natal thoughts of fish
a thousand horizons postponing the word 'ocean'
flesh that islands submit to collides with the today that cannot be postponed
exactly like every day to look from afar is to partition
the glass chattering all around is breathed into your lungs
a dead space slower than immobility sits into
drunkenness storm filtered into another colourless reality
pain it's perfection it's a blind man

纸鸟

房间就是这日子 冷漠的墙
耸起雪白波峰的暴风雨
而所有女病人们憔悴的脸色
都年代久远
横扫纸 鸟 飞翔在午后显得松脆

在看不见的河岸晾干躯体
沉入光 一个轻巧的黑黑的漩涡
张开翅膀
以死亡的形式诞生才真的诞生

一根手指支撑一个世界
纤细的骸骨精疲力竭
于是所停无处
房间或孩子的戏弄或空中
每个地址装饰着早被忘记的名字
主人走后 往事像绿锈斑驳的假牙
日子逃开你像梦逃开一片蓝

墙是最后的白影子
在流逝的皮肤深处 沙砾微微闪光
在耳朵们堆积的寂寞里
传来扑打声
漫长的黄昏足够渐渐贴近死亡

云 星 月 撕碎的羽毛
纷纷飞起
在没有你的时刻 找到你

镜

倘若现实 能够从幻象开始
玻璃就是唯一的风景
门开着 水银的瀑布声
白昼弯曲后
与黑夜结盟的另一个白昼
从睫毛开始 月下

HARMONICA

under a cold sky the flowers have an absurd look
only their lips exceptional the river's waters
carve small ears with a song
tongues of the past delicately lick into vacant ground
semitone by semitone stones moor and don't unmoor
springtime inhales and still vomits what's bright is still the fish bone reeds
who shakes someone's old maps in the wind?
making words sink doesn't count as a lie

the world is like clouds blow and it sounds
when tender green fingers learn to whisper
pain will find you for longer than the future
life will be simplified to being just like this life
the river's waters flow away still with a whitening fingernail
right now the more pinched the deeper still performing
for the ancient silver skinless pressing the fingerprints again
loving one more time the jet black source in the speakers

THE BRIGHT MING DYNASTY

nobody dies in the now over the bridge there is the past
in a beauty's long sleeves three centuries of aesthetics
dream a bird's dream of travelling the tiles boat
poled to the bedside the body's brook running all night
a gown of moonlight in the wooden window frame
discarding a death quite similar to a problem solved
the verb's snow-white palm watching
unmoving here by us is over the bridge there

on every street corner hangs a solitary emperor
streetlights illuminate time loitering in clocks
with the flesh's precise structure time twisted the string tight
a stupid dynasty settled in body temperature
the beauty we squander doesn't care about being cancelled by a shiver
waking rinses a carved trap deep as breathing
over the bridge there the bright Ming in the dark
remember to live like this ghosts send out knowledge of the now

鹅卵石有淡黄的借据般的光泽

房间里的房间
拍卖无声进行
眼睛和半身像交换刻毒的愿望
蚂蚁爬过嘴角细碎的皱纹
野草横生
为皮肤和泥土深处那同一副枯骨
追逐 像准备冬眠的蛇
血是萧瑟的红叶林
每照亮一次就死亡一次

玻璃的沼泽 水银的稍纵即逝的飞鸟
俯身之际 脸僵硬成石
岁月布下迷宫让自己失传

我们在地下线下漂流
圆睁双眼
如鱼的四肢互相纠缠
穿过桥洞 世界高悬在头上
谁窥见自己
谁就得悲惨地诞生

水之居

黑暗在床外高悬 天空抬起你
炽热的白色
鸟叫了一声又深深沉默

如唇的海浪淋漓直下
暴露出隐匿的牙齿
咬疼沙滩 你的岛屿残缺不全
在风中漂流
让庞大的水族阵阵瘙痒游动
被逼近时猝然亮起 光或者盐

终于一个迫在眉睫
海水散开 深入你的是树
宛如喷泉的树

LINDEN TREE

squirrel limbs are spread all over the internal injuries of reality
convulsing face-up in that position
rather say it's sexual
someone throws themselves into this melodic autumn with all their strength
a thermometer stuck into the vein stuck in the window
lets leaves resemble climbing panthers
rushing to jump down the half-vanished dream
someone abruptly pulls from your body lost nothingness

language disappears on the water the wind bears the words away
another story has only a writer and no reader
the green light in the eyes comes with pain
every year the final excised breast
rocking listening all night to a baby-like merciless sucking fading away
a person repeatedly disintegrated into time
sitting under a tree whose meaning is as azure the word
like persisting with cold persisting with going wrong

FORM

your darkness picks out the colours of a hospital
wind in the body blew outward and has become metal
needle point has scratched the pain of the vacuum
to make another human-shaped basket
fish flesh has scrubbed the nails hammered in all around
seagulls riding the light of the entire morning
snow-white surgery speed in the eye
acquiescence in a previous life appears again

impure your girlish breast cannot escape
dropping bloody wings two powder puffs
too pure between the gears of the medicinal-smelling ocean
the round eyes of birds see not a thing
find that feather-stitched blue real as this
just like the lie you want
waking dreams ebb away through the fingers like water
again and again relying on the cracks in human fragility

头晕目眩的白色波浪 横冲直撞
在你空荡荡的海底 溺死你

黑暗把你带走 你听不见
鸟儿做梦似的又开始叫了
枝头很远
而你还在床上 孤零零地起伏
去世多年的母亲依然阵痛抽搐
没有什么 甚至没有你
一枝水仙持续的睡眠
阳光很远 那世界更远 更远

记忆中的女孩

深深地吸气 再闭上眼
你就来到我的房间
在夏日 荒草有歌曲的手指
和你的脚 一个静静墓园中的回忆

不 你别弯腰去看那墓碑
顽皮地找 和你一模一样的名字
别对她们低语 或者笑
那也曾被人记住的笑声

不不 那不是你
躺在上面晒太阳的青草地
一块九岁的织满了光的绿毯子
石头并不懂你热爱的一切

名字四散各处 像小小的风
来自你 又在你的呼吸之外做着梦
在不远的地下被忘却
或很远 走进这想你而你从未来过的房间

戈雅一生的最后房间

最后 这房间远去 一只狗
逃到沙下喝汤 喝 骷髅的汤匙 174

MEDITERRANEAN

there's no yesterday that hasn't risen from now
just like there's no now that can be heard
terrifying blue smoothes out beautiful women and libraries
fire rages on across the membranes of the ear
marble clutters the white filth of the eardrum's depth
a waterfowl's brief siren skins the ear
steep cliffs of painted sunlight sinking down daily
on the rotten bed of the sea bottom we have nothing to lose

below the balcony overlooking the valley
swimming pool retains the instant of leaping
our lonely bodies hang in mid-air like legends
awkwardly yearning to kiss the water's naked skin
simulating water always absent
indifferent to hearing overflowing an ear carved of stone
hearing the sky take off its sopping wet silken costume
dying once is enough

LIGHT

floating divinities gather the waters (Taoist charm)

sit in the courtyard watch a lemon gather the sea
sit into the golden-branched drop
watch what's blue-black in the pupils of your eyes
distance on the window-sill slowly looking back
little exquisite chirping machines of singing birds in the pine needles
furthest railings a pair of graceful dancing wings
repeatedly painting that oval inlaid with three clouds
sit into the lemon's speed of light

stamens are an explosion
courtyard like a kernel spat into the sky
light is gathering the veins that are looking far away
colourful flesh opens a screen door
light long ago blinded by death's brightness in the lemon
to be gold is to surround the pain in your field of vision
watch the height of the bird's heartbeat
in the pupils of your eyes the only invisible waterfall