

何索·庫爾詩選

鴻鴻 譯

全世界都懷孕了，蒂俄提瑪說，
他們的身體懷孕了，他們的靈魂懷孕了，
他們多想全力把小孩生下來啊。
美就是誕生。誕生就是美。

蒂俄提瑪這麼告訴蘇格拉底，蘇格拉底
也在饗宴的時候這麼告訴大家，年輕的
亞里士托頓聽到了，便轉述給
阿波羅多洛，而他又講給自己的朋友聽。

小柏拉圖在花園裡跟甲蟲玩。
他奇怪這麼多甲蟲到底從哪兒來，
牠們會不會是被天空中一隻完美的大甲蟲
瞬間生下？而我們卻一無所見？

夜晚降臨，媽咪帶他進屋裡哄他睡著。
而在阿伽頓家裡，男同的轟趴才開始，
當所有人都喝到不能再喝，他們只能開始爭辯：
我們來討論什麼是愛。我們來討論什麼是美。

*譯按：典出柏拉圖記述蘇格拉底及其朋友辯論愛的篇章〈饗宴〉。

All people are pregnant, said Diotima,
their bodies are pregnant, their souls are pregnant,
oh how they want to give birth with all their might.
Beauty is childbirth. Birth is beautiful.

So Diotima said to Socrates. Socrates said
the same thing at Agathon's party, and it was heard
by young Aristodemus, and he passed it on
to Apollodorus, who told his own friends.

Little Plato was playing with beetles in the garden.
Where did all these beetles come from, he wondered,
did they emerge suddenly from an immense, flawless beetle
in the sky? That we are unable to see?

At night, his mommy carried him inside and put him to sleep.
At Agathon's place a party of pederasts began,
and because no one could stand to drink any more they began to argue:
let us talk of love. Let us talk of beauty.

路上有洞。地上有洞。
向前一步我便發現：我鞋子有洞。
破洞的地方，襪子露了出來，
我看得到，那是因為我的頭顱上有洞。

當雨落入水中，水面便產生洞。
我聽見雨滴，因為耳中有洞。
我站著呼吸因為鼻子有洞，
我前行，我思索。沒錯，我的思想中有洞。

我的話語中有洞。老子如是認為
萬有均生於無——但是能不能告訴我
無有什麼用？倘若無中不是比鄰著
一個又一個，大大小小的洞？

洞無所不在。生與死都自洞中去來。
宇宙中也有黑洞——或許
有些洞是通往其它世界的出口。
出口也是洞。嘴巴、心、排泄孔也全都是洞。

There are holes in the road. There are holes in the earth.
Stepping forward I notice: there are holes in my boots.
Where there are holes, my socks show through,
I can see them, I know this because there are holes in my skull.

When rain falls into water, there are holes in the water.
As the droplets fall, I hear them because there are holes in my ears:
I stand and breathe because there are holes in my nose,
I move forward and think. Yes, there are holes in my thoughts.

There are holes in my words. Lao-zi thought
everything necessary came from emptiness—but tell me, friend,
what use would emptiness be if it wasn't made of
holes beside holes? Large holes. Small holes.

Holes exist. Birth and death are holes.

There are black holes in the universe—maybe there are exits to another place made of holes.

Exits are holes. The mouth, the heart, the intestines are holes.

莊子臨終時邀請蝴蝶。
牠們來了。雖然天光正亮
飛蛾與尺蠖也隨之而來，
一陣陣沈悶的嗡嗡，

繞著先生飛舞。他說：
「今天我夢見
我是蝴蝶的宗師。我有教無類，
不管牠們是大是小，斑斕或晦暗，

長著茸毛或斑點。我的教誨
影響深遠。牠們都頓悟了。蝴蝶
醒來發現自己原來是蝴蝶……」
然而夜已降臨。

啊牠們撲打燈罩的聲音。
翅膀透著光的乳白。翅上的亮塵
落在舊桌上，人們的聲喧、眼光，
像祖先的篝火劈啪作響。

Zhuangzi invites butterflies into his deathbed.
And they come. Though it is broad daylight,
moths and loopers come too,
swarms of them buzz gloomily,

whirl around the teacher. He speaks:
“Today I dreamed
I was the master of butterflies. I taught them all,
large and small, light and dark,

furry and spotted. My lessons
had influence. They all awakened. The butterflies
woke and saw that they were butterflies . . .”
But night has already fallen.

Oh this beating around the lamp.

Light wings in milk. The shining powder of wings
on the worn table, people's voices, eyes,
the crackling of ancestors' bonfires.

夜晚充滿了洞。它們閃爍，
尖利，蕩漾，夜的窗戶，
空中的窗戶，存在的窗戶
以及虛空的窗戶。

我們站在階梯上抽菸。
菸頭是移動的窗戶，
移動的洞，無焰之火，
而我們只能站在階梯之上。

階梯上的燈籠，是夜的窗玻璃。
你裸躺在沙灘上的畫面
像光塵中一尾發亮的蜥蜴：
每粒沙都是一粼粼的窗戶。

每扇窗都是一個洞。每個洞都是一扇窗。
想出生的人必須滑出
從一扇人類的窗戶，存在的窗戶
在日窗與月窗的映照下。

The night is full of holes. They flicker,
stiffen, reverberate, windows in the night,
windows in the sky, windows of existence
and windows with no need to exist.

We stand on the steps and smoke.
The cigarette tips are windows in motion,
holes in motion, fire without flame,
and we need to be here on the steps.

These lanterns on the steps, windowpanes in the night.
The pictures where you lie naked on the shore
like a lizard lit up in the sand of light:
every grain of sand a sparkling window.

Every window a hole. Every hole a window.
Those who want to be born should slide
from a human window, from the window of existence
beneath the windows of the sun and moon.

父親，你看不出我被燒著了嗎？
小男孩跟佛洛伊德是這麼說的。
但佛洛伊德正在瞌睡。一支蠟燭
握在手裡，頭在胸前低垂，

他沒聽見，反而自己做了個夢：
他回到童年，踩著人行道邊緣奔跑，
陽光熾烈，而上方，一隻老鷹
衝下來啄走了他的雙眼。

那我現在如何能看見這個夢，
佛洛伊德想，如果沒了眼睛；我怎麼能
不從人行道邊上掉下？
這念頭把他驚醒。

小男孩正彎下身看他，
握著守靈的蠟燭，他說：
很久很久以前曾經有一個人
他一個夢都沒有做過。

*譯按：典出佛洛伊德《夢的解析》。一位父親在病故的孩子隔室入睡，夢見孩子到他床前，握著他的手臂說：「父親，你看不出我被燒著了嗎？」醒後他發現隔室的蠟燭的確掉下並燒著了亡童的手臂。

Father, can't you see that I'm burning?

That's what the little boy said to Freud.

But Freud had already dozed off. A candle
in his hand, his head sunken to his chest, he

staggered and had a dream: he was
a small boy again, he ran along the edge of the sidewalk,
the hot sun shining and, from above, an eagle
came and pecked his eyes out of his head.

How is it that I see this dream now,

thought Freud, if I no longer have eyes; how
can I avoid falling off the edge of the sidewalk?
This idea causes Freud to wake up.

The little boy is bending over him,
a deathwatch candle in his hand, and he says:
*Once upon a time there lived a man
who had never had a single dream.*

曙光已經破曉。 曉已被曙光所破。
樹上顯現了樹枝。 樹枝顯現了葉子。
葉子顯現了色彩。 色彩顯現了色調。
色調顯現了層次。 深淺緩緩有緻。

地板上有地毯。 地毯上有拖鞋。
桌子上有杯子。 杯子裡有水。
牆上有壁氈。 壁氈上有圖案。
書架上有書。 書裡面有字。

枕上有髮。 髮上有臉。
臉上有眼睛。 眼睛上有眼瞼。
眼瞼上有睫毛。 睫毛簌簌顫抖。
睫毛下有屏幕。 夢在屏幕上面。

夢在視網膜的屏幕上移動。
你動動手肘。 我碰碰你。
你轉過身。 被子裡有暖意。
夢也被暖意包覆。 夢裡有陽光乍現。

Dawn has already broken. Already, dawn has broken.
Branches appear on the trees. Leaves appear on the branches.
Color appears on the leaves. Tone appears in the color.
Depth appears in the tone. Softening into the depth.

A rug appears on the floor. Slippers appear on the rug.
A glass appears on the table. Water appears in the glass.
A tapestry appears on the wall. A pattern appears in the tapestry.
Books appear on the shelves. Letters appear in the books.

Hair appears on the pillow. A face appears in the hair.
Eyes appear on the face. Lids appear on the eyes.
Lashes appear on the lids. A shiver appears on the lashes.
A screen appears in the shiver. Dreams appear on the screen.

Dreams move on the screen of the retina.
You move your elbow. I touch you.
You turn over. Warmth appears under the blanket.
A dream appears in the warmth. The sun appears in the dream.

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