



The Party of Life

Beth Spencer

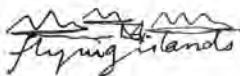


The Party of Life

生命派對

Poems by
Beth Spencer

Translated by
Ruby Chen
&
Iris Fan



minor works
Pocket Poets Series
Flying Island Books

The Party of Life (生命派對)

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Poems translated by Ruby Chen
with the exception of 'The Museum of Fire' and 'Diorama' translated by Iris Fan

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Other books by Beth Spencer

Things in a Glass Box
(Five Islands Press, 1994)

How to Conceive of a Girl
(Vintage/Random House, 1996)

Body of Words
(Audio CD, Dogmedia, 2004)

Vagabondage
(UWA Publishing, 2014)

Beth Spencer has published two books of poetry, a book of fiction and a double audio CD of radio pieces. Her most recent book is *Vagabondage*, a verse memoir from UWAP. Her awards include the Age Short Story Award, runner up for the Steele Rudd Award, and she was the Inaugural Dinny O’Hearn Fellow. She has received several fellowships from the Literature Board of the Australia Council, and was awarded a Ph.D in 2006 for her thesis ‘The Body as Fiction / Fiction as a Way of Thinking’. Beth has also had essays, opinion pieces and articles published widely in newspapers and academic journals and broadcast on ABC Radio. She lives in a small house on the NSW Central Coast and at www.bethspencer.com.

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Untethered

Riding along the dirt road without helmets
the middle of nowhere
hot and dusty tired and *you said*
you'd like a drink
and *I said* maybe round the corner
there'll be a cafe, and you laughed
and said *yeah, and a petrol station too.*
Then we rounded the bend (the middle of nowhere)
and there it was:
a red petrol bowser and cows and
two old ladies who served tea with biscuits
and real milk for eighty cents.
*We watched the big red calf drinking from the cow
tail going like mad
milk frothing down its chin*
and I loved the way
they leaned in towards each other
for stability.

無牽絆

沒戴頭盔騎著摩托車行駛在土路上
荒無人煙的某地
滿面塵土又熱又累你說
你想喝點水
我說或許轉過彎
會有家小吃店，你大笑
說，沒錯，還會有家加油站
然後我們轉過彎（荒無人煙的某地）
竟當真看到：
一部紅色的加油機、一頭母牛
還有兩個老太太在賣茶和餅乾
連同貨真價實的牛奶只要八毛錢
我們看著紅色小牛在母牛身邊吃奶
一邊拼命的搖尾巴
牛奶汨汨流淌到下巴
我喜歡
他們互相依偎的樣子
做彼此的牽繫

The party of life

For my twenty-fifth birthday
the invitation said ‘wear black.’

An old primary school photo
with my anxious face circled
(including the big white bow in my hair)
had an arrow and the words
‘Will this girl make it to 25?’
written across the bottom.

Perhaps it was those sixties cartoons
that declared ‘Never trust anyone over...’

Or maybe I just always felt
I would burn myself out by then.

Each new crack in my heart —
each new cut of experience —
digging a grave in soft soil.

So we called it an ‘instead-of-a-suicide party’
and told everyone to wear black.

生命派對

二十五歲生日派對
請柬要求黑衣出席

一張小學時的舊照片
我焦慮的臉上畫了個圈
（包括頭髮上大大的白色蝴蝶結）
箭頭指向照片下方的一行字
「這女孩能否活到二十五歲那一年？」

或許是因為六十年代的卡通片
總是宣揚，「不要輕信二十五歲以上的人」

又或者我總是覺得
自己會在二十五歲前油盡燈滅

心裡的每道新裂痕
經歷的每個新傷口
逐漸在柔軟的土壤上掘出個墳

所以我們稱之為「代替自殺的派對」
要求賓客穿黑衣出席

In the kitchen my housemates
prepared a storyboard
out of the pickings from
a cardboard box of photos and souvenirs.

Below a snap of my cubby house up on a trailer
(taken on the day it was given away to neighbours)
Lynne wrote:
'Never knew a permanent home'
and stuck a pin in it.

Ridiculously, we fought over this.
The historian,
versus the journalists and fabulists.

I was over-ruled, of course
(howled down / wriggling).
They evicted me from the party room
— after all, I was dead.
Leaving them free to sift and
interpret the traces
with latitude and glee.
(Never let the facts, etc.)

室友們在廚房裡
圍著一盒相片和紀念品
挑選素材製作故事板

大頭針釘上故事板
是張舊時玩具小屋的照片
（送給鄰居那天拍）
照片下方林寫道
「從未有過一個安定的家」

我們傻乎乎的為此爭論
歷史學家，記者，講故事的人
各有各的主張和看法

我當然被一致否決
（一番徒勞的抗議掙扎後）
我被驅逐出派對小屋
--畢竟，我已死去
剩下他們縱情篩選
和解讀我過往生命的遺跡
（別讓事實妨礙講故事）

And here I think about this
twenty-five years older and wiser,
as I draw the curtains inside my
hightop campervan
wash my cup and plate,
climb into my narrow bed...

On the evening of my twenty-fifth birthday
I was shoo-ed out of the kitchen
away from the party food
and commanded to lie in state in my bedroom.

So I put on my Miss Haversham wedding dress
(complete with faint patches of mildew)
and arranged myself on top of the covers.

Jill's boyfriend came in to keep me company,
sitting quietly in his black turtleneck,
my unofficial confessor.

Each time I heard the girls calling
'Oh she makes a lovely corpse'
— their voices drifting down the hallway —

二十五年後閱盡鉛華的此時
我在高頂棚露營車裡
拉上窗簾
洗罷杯碟
爬上窄床將息之時
這一幕又上心頭

二十五歲生日那晚
我被趕出廚房
勒令不得靠近派對食物
進臥室躺下等待遺容被瞻仰

於是我穿上赫文榭婚紗
(婚紗上的霉斑隱約可見)收拾
妥當靜躺在床上

吉爾的男友進來陪我
穿著黑色高領毛衣 靜靜坐著仿佛
即興上場的神父

每次聽到女友叫
「她死了的樣子很可愛」
--她們的聲音就沿著走廊飄遠--

I stubbed out my cigarette,
stashed the champagne under the bed,
clasped my rose, closed my eyes,
crossed my bare feet neatly.

Mostly, the guests were speechless.
The flickering candles,
the baby-powder on my face.
The bandaids just visible at the edges of my wrists.

(Did we go overboard?)

Even the trendy-punks from down the street
muttered ‘This is macabre’
and left.

Only Theresa and Jenny
after pausing in the doorway for
just a heartbeat (or two, maybe three)
flung themselves at my feet weeping, wailing
and gnashing their teeth.

I listened to them recounting our lives together
(‘Oh, remember when, remember when...’)
and smiled a secret smile in the candlelit dark.

我按熄香煙
香檳放床底
捧著玫瑰 閉上雙眼
赤裸的腳整齊的交疊

大部分賓客都震驚無語
閃爍的燭光
臉上的嬰兒粉
手腕兩側隱約可見的創可貼

（我們是否玩的太過火？）

就連見怪不怪的幾個朋克
都嘟囔一句「真可怕」
轉身離開

只有特蕾莎和珍妮
在門口駐足
心跳一下（兩下，或三下）的時間
撲倒在我腳下哀哭切齒

傾聽她們細數曾一起走過的日子
（還記得那時…那時…那時…
嗎？）我在燭光搖曳的黑暗中偷偷
微笑

Outside, in the bright living room
the guests bonded over
the polystyrene tombstone,
the epitaph from Plath,
the black crepe-paper-chains
and the cardboard coffin
containing the dips and chips.

The volume grew steadily
as they became ever more exuberant
(relieved just to be alive).

Through the wall: voices rising, laughter, music.
— The Clash, Blondie,
Human League, Marvin Gaye —
every now and then
the brittle sound of a glass being smashed.

Never knew a permanent home.

I honestly can't say why that one rankled so much.

A fibro cubby house
with its fake Fred Flintstone-walls.
As if that was my childhood home —
that small, that flimsy?

外面 明亮的客廳裡
聚苯乙烯的墓碑
希薇亞·普拉絲的詩歌《墓誌銘》
黑色的紙花環
盛放著食物的紙板棺材
賓客在寒暄

聲音越來越大
興致越來越高
（為了活著本身而慶幸）

隔著牆：漸響的說話聲，笑聲，音
樂聲衝撞樂隊，金發女郎樂隊，
人類聯盟樂隊，馬文·蓋樂隊 --
時不時傳來
玻璃砸碎的聲音

從未有過一個安定的家

不知為何這話令我如此耿耿於懷

石棉水泥的玩具屋
《摩登原始人》裡的假牆
好像那就是我童年的家
那麼小，那麼不堪一擊？

(‘From the town of bed-rock
there are things right out of
his-tory.’)

But I guess it is true
I have always had
an urge (or a habit, not entirely conscious)
— a penchant —
to cast myself adrift,
trusting to the invisible parachute.

The schools I chose,
the uni where I knew no-one,
moving state,
jettisoning relationships.

Always an eye out for the clean slate,
the chance to reinvent
(write the storyboard).

At midnight on my twenty-fifth birthday
I rose
and joined the party in the living room.

（「來自石器鎮
直接從歷史裡走出來的東西。」）

不過想想也不無道理
我潛意識裡一直都有
強烈的衝動

習慣、傾向
放逐自己去東漂西蕩
相信一路有隱形降落傘保護

我選擇的所有學校
充滿陌生面孔的大學
不停的搬家
一段又一段關係被終結

總是尋找機會抹去舊痕跡從
新開始
（重寫故事）

二十五歲生日的午夜
我起死回生
加入客廳的生日派對

We sang Happy Birthday and
Hip hip hooray.

And I shed the lace wedding dress
emerging whole in a vintage white mini
with a beaded neckline
and danced till dawn.
Virginal amid the inner city black.

I rise... I rise...

And now.
Here I am
at fifty

(rising, rising)

trailing wisps of stuff down the highway
(the odd patch of mildew).

In a cubby house again on wheels,

still looking
for the living room.

我們唱生日歌
大聲歡呼

我脫掉蕾絲婚紗
換上領口鑲珠
白色復古迷你裙
現身客廳 舞至黎明
城市漆黑 我如純潔白紙般重新開始

我起死…回生…

如今
我已
五十

(起死, 回生)

追隨高速公路上千絲萬縷之物
(隨處可見的霉斑)

再一次住在帶輪子的玩具小屋裡

仍在不停找尋
而那晚的客廳
消逝如煙霧

We Are the Rejected

The rejected in love
come down to sigh in the park
at Glebe Point

The rejected drive down late at night
crammed in a yellow two door sedan
radio blaring,
arms flailing out of windows
hair a mess, mascara running

We shout
'We are the REJECTED!'
across Blackwattle Bay

and wait

and the shark coloured water
creaks against the bank
'Hmmm... Hmm...'
like a \$90 shrink.

'We are THE REJECTED!'
again, just to be sure

我們是愛的棄兒

愛的棄兒
來到Glebe Point的公園裡
嘆息

愛的棄兒深夜駕車
擠在黃色雙門轎車裡
收音機擾攘
手臂在窗外揮舞
頂著亂發，睫毛膏流淌

我們橫穿Blackwattle灣
一路大叫
「我們是愛的棄兒！」

然後等待

鯊魚色的水
拍打著岸
「嗯...嗯...」
像時費90元的心理庸醫

「我們是愛的棄兒！」
我們繼續大叫，只爲了確定

because it is comforting to be something
even if it's only this

and up on the other side of the bay
the cars cruise by
headlights politely averted

But we are everywhere,
in the dark in the bushes, on benches
kneeling or leaning against the white rails
resting our foreheads against lamp-posts
bumping them against fences (boop, boop)

As dark falls on Glebe Point
you can hear the rustling of the
grievors, the decieved
listen to the
'Hmmm... Hmmm...' of the bay
and see the cars drive away
(the unrejected, with places to go, busy schedules)

The chimney stacks:
(no comment)

因即使當愛的棄兒
也好過什都不是

海灣的另一邊
汽車川流不息
車燈禮貌回避

但我們無處不在
黑暗的樹叢裡，板凳上
白色欄杆上 或跪或倚
前額靠著路燈柱
或撞向欄（砰，砰）

每當夜色降臨Glebe Point
你總能聽到
淅淅簌簌的聲音
那是悲傷的人，被欺騙的人
正在聆聽
海灣發出的「嗯…嗯…」
看著汽車駛向遠處
（愛的寵兒們，有去處的人，繁忙的日程）

煙囪：
（不予置評）

The skyline glitters
out of reach
like a big birthday cake
for someone's party that the rejected are
too dejected to go to
(and weren't invited in the first place)

We are the world's nocturnal shuffling creatures,
hunched shoulders, long thin overcoats
pale lined faces.

Short, fat, balding, beautiful, long-legged,
smart, witty, dull and mean.
We come in all types.
Shuffling through the trees,
leaning against the white rail,
knocking our heads against lamp-posts
doing hand-stands in the dark,
avoiding the dog shit

'We are the rejected,' we shout and we hear the echoes
and sighs all around us in the bushes and on the benches,
a woman is kneeling at the white rail.

天際閃爍
遙不可及
像碩大的生日蛋糕
點綴某人的生日派對
愛的兒滿心沮喪沒有出席
（何況從未獲得邀請）

我們是拖著沉重步伐的夜行生物彎腰駝背，
長薄外套
蒼白的臉上爬滿皺紋

矮小、肥胖、謝頂、美貌、長腿聰明、機
智、沉悶、刻薄
我們各式各樣
步履沉重穿過樹林
靠在白色欄杆上
頭撞路燈柱
黑暗中避開狗屎
雙手倒立

「我們是愛的棄兒！」我們大叫，然後被回聲
和嘆息包圍，在樹叢裡，在板凳上
一個女子跪在白色欄杆上

'Hmmm... Hmm...' says the water.

'We are the rejected!' we shout.

'Not my problem' say the cars going up the hill
(somewhere).

We are the weepers, the left
the ones with
big question marks in our eyes
the ones still hoping.

Gnawed fingernails, chewed hair.

'We are REJECTED!'

'Hmmm... Hmm...' says the water.

We are the rejected.

「嗯…嗯…」水啣嚙。

「我們是愛的棄兒！」我們大叫。

「不關我事，」駛向山頂（某處）的車說道。

我們是泣兒，棄兒
我們的眼中
大大的問號
我們的心中還在渴望

咬爛的指甲，咬斷的頭髮

「我們是愛的棄兒。」

「嗯…嗯…」水啣嚙

我們是愛的棄兒

A Blue Mountains Coin in the Slot Telescope Poem

Discovering Govett's Leap
is like discovering the back beaches
of Melbourne's Port Phillip Bay.
I pick my way, heart in mouth, along the paths,
and a butterfly from a weeties packet
keeps me company.

You think you've seen it all,
but there's always so much still to see.
It's Christmas day, but who's counting?

My father says, 'Couldn't you find yourself
a partner for Christmas?'
like it's a dance or something.

His youngest daughter,
a wallflower, an old maid at 33.
'Better drive me to the church, Dad,'
I say at my brother's second wedding,
'It'll be the only chance you get.'
They don't understand the joke.
They're still hoping.

藍山投幣望遠鏡詩歌

發現「戈維特跳躍」觀景台
就像發現墨爾本菲力浦灣
的后海岸 心懸在嗓子眼
小心翼翼沿著小道擇路而行
唯一的旅伴是weeties麥片
包裝盒上 起舞的蝴蝶

你以為什麼都見識過
但總有更多值得看
今天是聖誕節，不過是誰在倒數？

父親說，「聖誕節了
你幹嘛不幫自己找個伴？」
說的好像找舞伴那麼簡單

他最小的女兒
三十三歲的剩女壁花
「你最好開車送我去教堂，」
兄弟二度結婚前我對他說
「這是你唯一的機會。」
他們聽不懂這個笑話
他們還心存希望

On grand final day Michael makes me
ring my father because Hawthorn wins.

‘Did they cry in your day, Dad?’ I ask.
‘Well, yeah. Some of the blokes would cry,
if they thought they'd played a bad game,
or if the coach had gone off at them.’
He sounds misty-eyed just thinking about it.
This was not what I was expecting.
(I take out my pen and make some notes.)

In the pub I watch the little boy
standing beside his father,
a loud mouthed Eagles supporter,
following every move out the corner of his eyes
while he pretends to watch the tv.
‘Car'n the Eagles!’ says the father.
‘CAR'N THE EAGLES!’ says the son, jumping madly.

I feel sorry for him as the Eagles gradually lose
and his father sinks more and more
into abusive drunken depression.
(How do you mimic that when you're ten years old?)
But I feel more sorry for my father.
What happened?

總決賽那天霍桑雄鷹隊獲勝
邁克讓我打電話給父親

「你年輕時他們哭過嗎？」我問他
「有啊。有些隊員要是覺得沒發揮好
或者被教練責罵
就會哭。」
他的聲音告訴我
單是這回憶就讓他濕了眼眶
這可讓我始料不及
（我提筆記下這個點滴）

酒吧裡我看到一個小男孩
站在他父親身旁
男人嗓門洪亮的為卡爾頓雄鷹隊加油
小男孩假裝看電視
眼角余光追隨父親的一舉一動
「雄鷹隊！加油！」男人大叫
「雄鷹隊！加油！」男孩也大叫，激動的跳起

卡爾頓雄鷹隊節節失利我為男孩難過
他父親則陷入越來越深的醉酒和抑鬱
（十歲大的孩子要如何模仿醉酒和抑鬱？）
但我更為我父親難過
究竟是為什麼？

Out of six kids you'd think even one of us
might've spent part of our childhood
standing by his chair like that, watching, hoping.
But none of us did, ever.
We went to church. We barracked for Collingwood.

I watch the little girl wander about the lounge,
pretending to put coins
into an invisible cigarette machine
and bound back triumphant. But it's all fantasy.
She sidles quietly up to her father and he
puts his arm around her absently.
She picks something delicately off his ear lobe,
hesitates just a second, then puts it in her mouth.
'Your mother wears gym boots!' yells her father,
cupping his hand to his mouth like he's at the game.

The six people in the room ignore him.
There is a ripple of excitement amongst the
(hitherto silent) Hawthorn supporters as the Hawks
begin to take control and the Eagles start to die.

This is a backwards poem,
an unreliable/selective-memory poem.

六個孩子中竟沒一個
童年抽空站在他身旁
像這個男孩一樣
注視，希望
沒一個做到，從來沒有
我們去教堂。我們支持哥寧伍足球會。

我看到一個小女孩在大廳裡閒逛
假裝將硬幣
投進隱形香煙販賣機
然後開心的跳起 但一切都只是幻想
她躡手躡腳走回父親身旁
他心不在焉的抱起她
女孩小心的從他耳垂上扯下什麼東西
猶豫了一秒鐘 放進嘴裡
「你媽媽穿健身靴！」她父親大叫
一隻手捂著嘴 好像身處比賽現場

房間裡的六個人沒理會他
當霍桑雄鷹隊開始扭轉局勢
卡爾頓雄鷹隊回天乏術之時
（一直沉默的）霍桑雄鷹隊的支持者開始興奮

這是一首關於過去的詩，
一首靠不住/選擇性失憶的詩

But aren't they all? (Your poem vs my poem...)

In the car going to the game I say to Colin,
'Am I aggressive?'

Michael's already at the pub,
because he fell asleep in the garden
and woke up cranky.
(How was I to know? Most normal people
sleep with their eyes closed.)

Colin says, 'Well.'
He pauses. I wait.
'Not ... re-ally!'

He draws the word out long and apologetically.
Oh god! Even Colin thinks I'm aggressive!
'For a woman, perhaps,' he says quickly.
'You're more aggressive than any other woman I know.'

I sink meekly into my driving seat. Crestfallen.
(Except that females aren't supposed to have crests.)

'It's only men who ever complain about it,' I say.
(I think I say it quietly, my little wren voice,
but if Michael were here we'd probably argue about this.)

但哪一首詩不是如此？（你的詩還有我的詩）

開車去看球賽的路上，我問柯林

「你覺得我爭強好勝嗎？」

邁克已經到了酒吧

因他在院子裡睡著了 醒來時莫名急躁

（我怎麼知道？大多數正常人
都是閉著眼睡覺）

柯林說「其實…」

他欲言又止 我靜待下文

「也…還好啦！」

他慢慢吐出那四個字

面露赧色

天哪！就連柯林都覺得我爭強好勝！

「跟其他女人比，或許有點」他急忙補充

「你比我認識的其他女人都更爭強好勝。」

我默不作聲的蜷縮在座位上 鐵羽而歸

（然而雌性動物本不該有冠羽）

「只有男人才會對此諸多抱怨，」我說

（我的聲音應該如鴿鷓般微弱

但如果邁克在肯定會和我爭辯）

‘Exactly!’ says Colin, and I feel a bit better.
After all, wrens don't hurt anybody, do they!
(Only worms.)

I let myself get tipsy on two middies in the pub and
forget about driving and forget to keep
pulling my skirt down over my stocking tops.
Who cares? All the men here
are married anyway. One of them (although not legally)
to my best friend. Seen all that before.

Michael says, ‘You're a feminist,
but your sense of humour saves you.’
(Sigh.)

I introduce him to strangers:
‘Michael's terribly conservative, but
his sense of humour saves him’
and watch his eyes widen in shock and outrage.

I ring my Dad from a phone box
while he waits in the car,
his soft white jumper a beacon in the dark.
We take the cliff path home
and as I drive round the bends
he refuses to wear a seat belt and

「完全正確！」柯林說 我好過一點
畢竟，鷓鴣不傷害任何人，不是嗎！
（當然蟲子除外）

酒吧裡我放任自己喝了兩杯啤酒 直至微醉
把開車拋到腦後 裙底走光也懶得理
有什麼關係？反正這裡所有的男人
都已婚 其中一個（非法結婚的對象）是
我閨蜜 見怪不怪了

邁克說，「你是個女權主義者
但勝在有幽默感。」
（唉！）

我介紹他給陌生人認識，
「邁克保守的像化石，但
勝在有幽默感。」
然後欣賞他驚訝又生氣的瞪大雙眼

我在電話亭撥通父親的電話
邁克在車裡等我
他柔軟的白色毛衣黑暗中的燈塔
我們沿著懸崖邊的公路回家
車轉彎時
他不肯系安全帶 然後

leans in over me as we try to work out
where we are.

There is a culture clash
here and I'm caught in the midst of it.

Sometimes I am convinced that if I could
just get a powerful enough telescope
I could look back
to see where it all started.

But someone knees me in the back
and I fall on my face in the mud.
I look around
and all I can see are my father and brothers
and Michael and they're all on the same team,
and I'm losing; and it's not even half time...

I pull my skirt down as I salvage my dignity
and walk off the field.

傾身靠過來 頭挨著頭我們試圖搞清楚
身在何處

這裡有個文化衝突
而我身陷旋渦中

那晚 在夢裡 我深信不疑
只要有架倍數足夠的望遠鏡
我就能回過頭 看清
一切從哪開始

但有人用膝蓋自身後突襲
我臉朝下栽倒在爛泥裡
環顧四周想看清是誰
却只看到我的父親 兄弟
還有邁克 全屬同一隻球隊
還未中場休息 我敗局已定

我拽著短裙走下場 試圖挽回
殘餘的尊嚴

Eve in the Garden

My sister and my cousins and I would hide in the hall closet and bitch about my grandmother. How she snored, how she lied, making stories about past lovers that who could believe? An old lady propped up with cushions, the commode in the corner. The faint smell of cough lozenges, hard purple discs, the colour of the coat she wore when she went to church, the colour of the veins that laced her hands...

Guilt.

She gave me lozenges and cuddled me when I cried because I was homesick.

(Because she was too.)

Guilt and grief, that house.

With the bags of clothes for the mission, boxes full of buttons, delicate china in leadlight cabinets. Furniture with fat carved legs. Delicate cast-offs. Dust on the shelves. And the rooms are dim because electricity is expensive.

Everything is.

Waste is a sin.

But there's sun in the corner, where I sit and knit and read and wait. Till it's time to go home again. To breathe air again. Wait. To run through the paddocks and lay in the grass. *Wait.*

To dream of those lovers.

伊甸園裡的夏娃

我和我妹妹還有姑姑家的小孩會躲在衣櫃裡說祖母的壞話。打鼾，說謊，編造沒人信的舊情人。靠著靠墊的老太婆，便桶在角落。紫色止咳糖的淡淡味道，去教堂穿的衣服的顏色，手上爬滿的青筋的顏色…

內疚

每次我因想家而哭，她就會給我吃止咳糖，然後抱著我。

（因為她也想家。）

內疚和悲傷，那間屋子。

待捐贈的幾袋衣服。裝滿鈕扣的盒子。碗櫃裡精緻的瓷器。粗雕花腿的家具。被丟棄的舊衣服。架子上的灰塵。所有房間都很暗，因為電費貴。

所有東西都很貴。

浪費是宗罪。

但角落裡有陽光。我坐在那裡，織東西，看書，等待。等待再一次回家。等待再一次呼吸空氣。等待在馬場上奔跑，躺在草地上。等待。

夢到那些情人。

Dust clings to an old memory.

Adam and Eve in the garden.

Inside the house we eat figs for tea from a can labelled peaches.

I wet my pants because I'm scared of the toilet, a can that a man empties on Mondays. It's Sunday and it's full of shit and blood and soiled napkins, so I piss in my pants and my aunt's disgusted as she mops the floor of my piss and my tears.

Hot stinging...

(Guilt, again.)

In my mouth, down my legs.

Grief emanates from my Grandmother's room, a thin white cloud, a wolf in a red cloak, a husband dead thirty years.

There's nowhere to hide, the walls stand like bodies, their eyes are everywhere. Disgust stamps my Aunt's features. She wishes I were dead. My cousin stands to one side. She is younger than I.

I am given her underpants to wear.

Large, like grey houses, like elephants.

Oh *Grandma..!*

...At school there was the incinerator for the pads, always smoke from the chimney or blocked toilets, something to find you out, nowhere to hide, the teachers wore my aunt's eyes as they spied out our sins...

灰塵緊緊抱住一個舊記憶。

亞當和夏娃在伊甸園裡。

屋子裡下午茶時間我們從貼著「桃」標籤的罐頭裡拿無花果吃。

我弄髒了褲子，因為對廁所恐懼，「廁所」其實只是個桶，每逢週一有人清乾淨。那天是星期天，裡面堆滿屎、血和用過的衛生巾。所以我把屎拉在褲子裡。姑姑一臉噁心的抹地上的屎，抹我臉上的淚。

滾燙刺痛

（再一次，內疚）

嘴巴里，腿上。

祖母的房間瀰漫著悲傷，一朵瘦瘦的白雲，一隻穿著紅色風衣的狼，一個死了三十年的丈夫。

無處可藏，牆像站立的身體，它們的眼睛無處不在。姑姑的臉上刻著噁心。她巴不得我早點死掉。她的女兒站在一邊。年紀比我小。

她拿自己的內褲給我穿

巨大的內褲，像灰色房屋，像大象

啊祖母！

…學校裡用焚燒爐處置廁所廢物，不停冒煙的煙囪，堵塞的廁所，總有讓你無所遁形的東西，無處可藏，老師們帶著姑姑的眼睛，監視著我們的罪。

Take this...*shh*.

But I didn't know, back then.

Take me back to that house and we'll do it again. Find the crack in the record, where it sticks. Listen!

Grandma, can you hear it?

There! That hisss..! I think it's you.

Yes, Grandma. It is you.

Wishing and missing and mourning your dead. Feeding me guilt and the Bible, washing your hands in the chamber pot, *ooh la*, Lady Macbeth.

–Your hair yellow with age like an old book

–Your laugh crackles at the edges

–Your hands like two claws as you stuff me into pants
full of

Ashh

...shhhhh...

Take thisss... hide your shame.

In my dream: I see you there in the kitchen; whetting the knife.

Initiation.

Took my hands away from myself and said I must wait.

(Yes. Wait.)

拿著…噓。

但那時我不知道。

帶我回到那間屋子，讓我們從頭來過。

找到唱片的裂痕，歌曲卡住的地方。聽！

祖母，你聽到嗎？

聽！那嘶嘶聲！我覺得是你。

沒錯，祖母。是你。

許願想念悼念你那已死去的。

餵我內疚和聖經，在尿壺裡洗手，啊啲，麥克白夫人。

--你的頭髮像本舊書被時間染黃

--你的笑聲漸止前變得嘶啞

--你的手像兩隻爪子 當你把我塞進褲子裡滿是
灰唉

…噓…

拿著…隱藏你的羞恥

在夢裡：我看見你站在廚房裡；磨刀霍霍。

成人禮。

你把我放在身上的手拿開，對我說必須等待。

（沒錯。等待。）

There's nowhere to hide, you said. Nowhere. God's in the bushes, there, see! – where you saw that branch move and a white bird. God's in the cupboard when you take out the butter. God's in the tap when you run your bath.

God's in my mouth, taste it... Ashhhh...

Shhh... He'll hear you.

Quick, hide your shame, girl.

Hide it, because there's blood on the knife. And they'll want more, you said, they always do.

Oh, mother, Grandma..!

I've pissed in my pants and there's nowhere to hide.

I've a raw wound that bleeds and there's nowhere to hide.

I've an ache down here, sir, and there's no-one to fill it.

Listen.

There it is again! An old cracked record.

(Wait.)

Taste it, blood on your lips.

We ate figs and the syrup ran down my cousin's chin and she licked it clean.

Feel this ache.

無處可藏，你說。無處。上帝在樹叢裡，那兒，看啊！——就是你看到樹枝晃動和一隻白鳥的地方。當你取黃油時，上帝在碗櫥裡。當你洗澡時，上帝在水龍頭裡。

上帝在我的嘴裡，嘗一嘗…灰唉…噓…他會聽見你。

趕快，隱藏你的羞恥，姑娘。

好好隱藏，因為刀上沾著血。而且他們想要更多，你說，他們總是想要更多。

啊，母親，祖母…！

我把屎拉在褲子裡，無處可藏。

我有個不停流血的傷口，無處可藏。

我下面這裡有種痛，先生，沒人去填滿它。

聽

又是那聲音！一張壞了的舊唱片。

（等待。）

嘗一嘗，唇上的血

我們一起吃無花果，果汁流到表妹的下巴上，她用舌頭舔乾淨。

感受這種痛。

I want to go back!

There's no going back. Here, girl, feel this ache, here, like mine.

Yes, Grandma.

When you are older a man will touch you into life, there.

We ate figs for tea and God licked the syrup from her chin and she was naked and didn't know it, she was younger than I, and she touched herself at night
Grandma, there, where you said...

Shh... Take your hands away, and wait.

Grandma! Adam's in the garden. Where's Eve?

Eve's waiting. Sleep now.

Grieve for Eve...

This is not for you yet. Wait.

Adam comes riding on this great white horse, plunging on his horse, down down into my dreams. One day he'll come and touch me into life, there, where my hand...

Guilt in my mouth down my legs warm like heated honey when I'm alone at night beating at the window like a moth diving like a white bird.

Left me all alone for thirty years.

Shh.

Guilt. And grief.

我要回家！

回不去了。這裡，孩子，感受這種痛，這裡，像我一樣。

是，祖母。

等你再大一點，會有個男人用觸摸賜予你生命，那裡。

下午茶時間吃無花果，上帝將她下巴上的果汁舔乾淨，她全身赤裸卻不知，她年紀比我小，她在夜裡會摸自己，那裡，你說的地方…

噓…把手拿開，等待。

祖母！亞當在伊甸園裡。夏娃在哪裡？

夏娃在等待。在睡覺。

為夏娃悲傷…

這不是你現在該做的事。等待。

亞當騎著俊偉的白馬來到，從馬上跌落…跌落到我的夢裡。有一天他會來到，用觸摸賜予我生命，那裡，我的手…

內疚在我嘴裡我的雙腿間像加熱的蜂蜜當我夜裡獨自躺在床上在窗戶上敲打像撲火的飛蛾像白色的鳥。

足足三十年空自等待

噓

內疚。還有悲傷。

Sleep. This is not, this is not for you yet.

Wait.

When you are older a man will come and touch you into life.

There?

When you are older. Take your hands away. Wait. One day...

Thirty years, Grandma?

God takes your man, so you wait. Takes your hand away and gives you, what? A hole, an ache. So you wait.

There it is again. A crack in the record.

Listen.

Shhh.

Adam comes riding on his great white horse, plunging on his horse, down... Down into my dreams.

One day he'll come and touch me into life...

So you wait.

Wait. (Yes.)

But tell me.

For what this time?

睡覺。這不是，這不是你現在該做的事。

等待。

等你再大一點，會有個男人用觸摸賜予你生命，那裡。

那裡？

等你再大點。把手拿開。等待。有一天…

三十年，祖母？

上帝帶走你的男人，所以你要等待。把手拿開得到…什麼？

一個空洞，一種痛。所以你等待。

聽，又是那聲音。唱片的裂痕。

聽。

噓。

亞當騎著俊偉的白馬來到，從馬上跌落…跌落到我的夢裡。

有一天他會到來，用觸摸賜予我生命…

所以你等待。

等待。（是。）

但是告訴我

這次等什麼？

Diorama : The Melbourne Museum

Okapi (-ah -) n. bright-coloured partially striped
Central-African ruminant discovered 1900,
with likeness to giraffe, deer, and zebra.

- The moth eats
- The museum preserves
- The Okapi arrests

She sits in her glass case
watching the stairs

Feels her danger
but doesn't see, the tiger
springing out
teeth bared

Lost) in deep forest

(Found
in 'perpetual
heat
moisture
gloom
& silence'

[in a glass box]

展示箱：墨爾本博物館

霍加皮（非洲鹿）：1900年在中非發現，
形如長頸鹿和斑馬，身體局部有白色條紋
的反芻類動物。

- 蛾子蛀洞
- 博物館館藏
- 霍加皮引人注意

她坐在她的玻璃箱中
盯著樓梯

感知著她的危險
但看不到，那隻虎
躍出
露著獠牙

迷失）在森林深處
（在「持久的
 炙熱
 潮濕
 霧靄
與靜謐中」發現）

With the smell
of the stone stairs

The smell of the
stonestairs
 (like)
 schoolgirls

[在一個玻璃箱中]

石階的
氣味

(宛如)

女學生們

The Museum of Fire

'Time is the substance I am made of. Time is a river which sweeps me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger which destroys me but I am the tiger; it is a fire which consumes me, but I am the fire.' – *J. L. Borges (Other Inquisitions)*

'A Person Looks at a Work of Art /
someone looks at something.' – *Peter Tyndall*

'You never look at me from the place from which I see you.'
– *J. Lacan*

(How can I express this?)

Beside the railway line

- 1) a small brush fire
on the edge of a hill
- 2) in the middle of a green oval,
a woman walking
along the 100 metre sprint track
one way with a man in a suit
walking the other

火的博物館

時間是我的構成。時間是將我一同捲走的河，
但我就是那條河，時間是一隻將我摧毀的老虎
但我就是那隻老虎，時間是將我耗盡的火，
而我就是那火。
——博爾赫斯

一個人看著一個藝術品
某個人看著某個東西
——彼得·譚島

你永不從我看你的位置看我
——雅克·拉康

（我該怎樣表達？）

鐵道旁

- 1) 一小簇灌木火
在懸崖邊
- 2) 在綠色的橢圓中心，一個女人順著
100米的跑道走著
另一頭走來一個穿西裝的男人

- 3) a series of concrete pits
covered in graffiti
flame colours, a private secret language

- 4) a burnt out house in an estate

The woman next to me, carrying an enormous white panda,
falls in the aisle as she gets up to leave.

Schoolchildren discussing sex and probability,
the girls twirling their hair.

- 5) the boys game enough to sit with girls,
and the boys too afraid

I am coming down the mountain to see you.

At Blacktown station
a man with red hair and a rough red beard searches
the carriages
and comes out empty handed,
arms stretched out in a question mark to
someone unseen, further along

- 3) 畫滿塗鴉的
一排水泥牆
閃耀的顏色，私人的秘語
- 4) 樓盤裡一棟被燒毀的房子

我身旁的這個女人，帶著一隻巨大的白熊貓
當她起身離開時在走廊中摔倒
學童們討論著性和概率

女孩們用手指卷著她們的髮梢

- 5) 男孩們不敢與女孩們坐在一起
他們太怕

我下山來看你

在布萊克頓的車站
一個紅發紅鬍拉雜的男人
在馬車裡尋找著什麼，
最後卻兩手空空手臂如一個問號伸向某人
遠遠的，看不見是誰

6) the backs of small cheap
av jennings homes
with individual
marks of improvement
(a sunroom, a porch, a pergola)
and a larger (bosses?) home
being built on
the edge of a factory

7) 8) & 9)

a mass of shredded clear plastic
spilling out
of a row of red dumpmasters
like frozen smoke

a tangle of wires
on an old light pole,
like a delicate sculpture

a boy wearing a 'dah-dah' t-shirt

...

- 6) 在面積不大的經濟房後面
改裝而成的個人標誌
（一個日光室，一個門廊，一個涼亭）
還有一個大點的（老闆們的嗎？）房子
蓋在工廠邊上

7) 8) 6 9)

一大堆透明塑膠條
從一排紅色的垃圾車裡伸出來像
冰凍的煙

一支老燈柱上纏繞的電線
像精巧的雕塑

一個男孩穿著件「達達」T恤

In the Museum of Fire
Lillydale Tech, 1972

Exhibit A –

Jenny Lovett's bright red socks:

the ones she wore the day
Miss MacIntyre took us to Georges
for a needlework exhibition. Twenty of us
with our hitched up dresses and scruffy shoes
and blue-grey Tech school jumpers
(the colour of the woman's hair
behind the counter) striding heads high
past the \$500 outfits,
the Toorak shoppers. Setting
the store-detectives off like alarm bells
as we passed.

If you wanted an *artistic career*, the
career guide said, you could be a
window dresser. If you wanted to *help*
people, you could be a *social worker*
or a *youth worker*. If you liked *outdoors*:
fruit picker. *If you liked indoors and dealing*
with the public: shop assistant.

在火的博物館中
莉德職中，1972

展覽 A

珍妮·洛維特的亮紅色襪子：

邁克英泰爾小姐帶我們去聖喬治看
針織作品展覽那天她穿的那雙
我們一行二十人
穿著加了橡皮筋改短的裙子，便鞋
和藍灰色的職中套頭衫
（櫃檯後面
那個女人的髮色）驕傲地鄙夷
那些500塊的外套
圖拉克的商人們 看見
商店裡的保安見到我們經過
就像警鐘般鳴叫

如果你想追尋一種職業藝術生涯
導師說，你可以當一名櫥窗
佈置員。如果你想幫助別人
你可以當一個社工

或青年志願者。如果你喜歡戶外活動：
做個摘水果的人。如果你喜歡待在室內
與人群打交道：售貨員

Another excursion:
Making an Exhibition of Ourselves II
(bold as brass)

waiting for the bus beside the Yarra,
hanging around the BBQs,
and the Scotch College boys rowing for their lives
with Jenny and Susan Butler
yelling obscene suggestions
in their wake.

Our teacher said,
'Those boys have probably never
seen girls like you before.'

Exhibit B:
(Making an exhibition of *someone else*,
or 'eyeing someone off')

... the *dreamy* young man on the train
with *gorgeous* eyelashes...

We'd search the carriages until we found him
then sit opposite,
staring.

另一項冶遊：
辦一場我們的複製品的展覽
（無比自負地）

在被污染的亞拉河谷等公車，開燒烤派對
而蘇格蘭學院的男生為了以後的人生劃著船
我們船上的珍妮，蘇珊一邊劃槳
一邊喊粗話

老師說：「那些
男孩可能從沒見過
像你們這樣的女孩」

展覽B
（辦一次他人的展覽，
或「用眼神示意某人」）

…火車上有著夢幻般秀麗睫毛的年輕男子…

我們搜尋車廂，直到看見他
然後坐在他對面
盯著他看

He tries to avoid us
by taking a later train;
we caught him out one night
when we missed ours.

Then there was the time
(Spectacle 2)
we stood on the desks
in the portables to get a better look
at the girls from Swinburne Tech and
their cool city haircuts.

And the time we stood on the toilet steps at recess
(Spectacle 3; a portable block, like everything else)
and sang 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight'
at the top of our voices.

We made chip butties
from white bread rolls and potato chips
and shared them out for lunch between us

1st Class, 2nd Class, 3rd Class...

The boys would snigger
when the teacher said 'periods'

他試著為避開我們而搭下一班車
有天晚上我們錯過自己那班車時剛好碰見他

而就有那麼一個時候
(景觀2)

我們站在板房裡的桌子上
為了更清楚地看那些來自
斯威本職中的女孩和她們
時髦的髮型

而在小息時我們站到廁所的台階上
(景觀3，一座板房，就像別的東西)
飆到最高音
我們齊唱《獅王今夜沉睡》

我們用白麵包夾薯條做三文治
午餐時帶出來分享

第一節課，第二節，第三節…

老師說「例假」這個詞時
男生就會暗笑

I'd get called 'sexy' by the boys at the station
and then they'd yell
'Aw she's flat as a pancake *anyway*'

We were taught to take the measure of things:
(Cu + Sn = ?)

Mr Knightly, our favourite science teacher,
pointing with his two remaining fingers,
doing tricks with bunsen burners and crucibles
& coloured powders.

He was our favourite because
we could always get him
to play the nature films backwards.

At the inter-tech sports we got to run on
a cinders track and once
we got to wear spiked running shoes (borrowed).

Exhibit C –

The sound of thousands of kids banging
cardboard and plastic folders on the seats
in the grandstand: Sunshine Tech,
Lillydale...Faulkner, Coburg, Box Hill,
Railway station suburbs.

當我走過時，車站的男孩會悄聲說我性感但
接著他們會大聲喊出：

「噢…反正她就和機場一樣平」

我們被教導怎樣去分析事物：

（銅+錫=?）

我們喜歡的科學老師，奈利先生

用他僅剩的兩根手指指著黑板

用酒精燈，坩堝

和各種顏色的粉末變戲法

我們喜歡他是因為我們

總可以讓他從後往前

放生態自然片

在職中的校際運動會上

我們要跑那條煤渣路

還要穿跑鞋（借來的）

展覽C

觀眾席上的幾千個孩子

敲打紙皮箱和座椅上的塑膠的聲音陽

光！莉德！

福克納！科堡！博士山！

火車站串聯起的郊區

Jenny Anderson was bound for the Olympics,
set to set the world on fire, we were certain,
she practiced *so hard*,
& won the Sportswoman of the Year Award
every year.

I wore spiked shoes and flew.
(see the tracks: my tears?)

We did cross-country runs:
from the school, around the cemetery,
down the hill, through the sewage farm...

(running in circles)
(bound for somewhere)

Industry Integrity Ingenuity

Our school motto was emblazoned on our pockets.
Everyone knew what industry was (factories),
but the rest was as mysterious
as why Mr Roberts always said
'I appreciate your difficulties.'
(*I thank you* for your difficulties' —?
Doesn't make sense.)

珍妮•安德森為奧運會而生
發動是為了點燃這個世界，我們知道
她努力鍛煉
每年都獲得
優秀女運動員獎

我穿著跑鞋飛
（看那些軌跡：是我的眼淚嗎？）

我們曾進行環州馬拉松：
從學校開始，繞過墓園
下山，穿過污水處理廠…

（轉著圈跑）
（繞著一個點）

工業化 氣節高 愛創造

我們的校訓印在口袋上
人人都知道工業是什麼（工廠）
但其他的就如為什麼羅伯特先生總是說：
「我能體會你的難處」一般神秘
（「我謝謝你的難處」）——？
這說得通嗎？）

And everyone knew Tech kids
were factory fodder,
but it seemed a bit rude
to embroider it on our blazers.

In assembly each week,
Mr Parker warned the girls
not to kick the boys in the balls.

The English room smelt
of masonite and shavings
from the woodwork room next door,
of mud and bananas
and the bottoms of schoolbags.

We had lots of Franks and Tonys
and Enzos and Vinces at our school.
Susan Tait was the only Aussie girl
to go out with a wog.

Safety in numbers: basic maths.
Nobody breaks rank.
You stay with the pack.

每個人都知道職中生是批量生產的
但如果把這句話縫在校服上
就會顯得有點不禮貌

每週的集會上
派克先生都警告女生們
不要踢那些男生的私處

英語角聞起來像從隔壁的木工活
傳來的纖維板和須後水
泥，香蕉，書包裡的吊臂味

學校裡有很多弗蘭克，托尼
恩佐和文思
蘇珊·泰特是唯一一個跟非英裔人約會的澳洲女生

數字中的安全感：基礎數學
沒人打亂隊形
你和那幫人是一夥

(Count upon this /
because the probability is...)

Once on an art excursion
I slipped and dropped
a red plastic bucket into the river.
'Well,' Mr Davies said, 'That at least
will still be there in a hundred years.'

I go to university and have dreams
about red trains and blue trains.

One day I meet a young student art teacher
who wants to work at a Technical School.
I ask why.
'Well, they're so good with their *hands*,' she says.

Trains rushing past each other in the night
Clatter clatter

(See this exhibit?
see it's complexion, image, air, cast, colour
/ presence)

(dissect it, analyse it!)

（你指望這個/因為
概率是…）

在一次藝遊中
我滑倒不慎將一隻紅色塑膠桶掉進河裡
「嗯…」戴維斯先生說：「至少它將在那兒
待上一百年」

我上了大學並做了一些
關於紅火車和藍火車的夢

有一天我遇見一個年輕的實習藝術老師她
想在職中找一份工作
我問為什麼
「嗯，他們的動手能力那麼強」她說

一列火車與另一列在夜晚交錯
當當

（看了這個展覽嗎？
看到它的層次，意象，氣氛，光影，顏
色/當下）

（將它剖開，分析！）

On a train, a boy says to me
'you are so *class* conscious'

(as if I invented it)

I had a thorough education.
altho it depends what it is you are looking for.
Please disregard...
Please overlook...
Are you intent upon...?
Unmindful?

This record, document, diploma,
seal, witness, reference,
(finger prints
carry weight, speak volumes) speaks for itself,
depend upon it.

(The tracks
behind me)

In the tunnel the windows
become mirrors.

I want to pick up the lobster phone
and call you.

在一列火車上，一個男孩對我說
「你真的很在意階級」

（就如我發明了它一般）

我受過完整的教育
雖然那在於你想要的是什麼
請漠視…
請忽略…

你是不是刻意想…？
漫不經心的？

這個記錄，文件，證書，封印，鑑證，證明
（指模
重量，聲音大小）都代表了自己
依賴它自己

（我身後
那些道路）

窗戶在隧道中
成了鏡子

我想拿起那個龍蝦話筒
打給你

(What should I say?)

I want you to *listen*.

(Jenny wanted to run.)

The museum is a glass house.
Highly inflammatory documents everywhere.

In the city I will go shopping at Grace Bros &
envy the schoolgirls with their fathers' credit cards
and neat clothes

I'll try on lipsticks and expensive shoes
& wearing my invisible red socks
I'll hold my head up.

I go to the Art gallery, through the Domain, and
see you waiting for me there

(you'll over-look the way I'm dressed).

We go inside.
Inside it's like sex, the colours, the crowd...

（我該說什麼好？）

我希望你聆聽

（珍妮想跑開）

博物館是個玻璃房子
到處都是非常活躍的檔案

在城裡我會去格雷兄弟百貨購物並羨慕
那些拿著她們父親的信用卡
穿著整齊的女孩

我會試用唇膏試穿貴鞋子
穿著隱形紅襪子，我把頭揚得高高

我去畫廊，穿過多梅恩隧道
看見你在那邊等我

（你會不去留意我的穿衣風格）

我們進去
裡面就像性愛，顏色，人群…

This is a silver train.

(Jenny wants the gold medal.)

The art gallery is a house of dreams,
a dream home.

My domestic science teacher
would be impressed.
I know my station in life,
I have the ticket
(see? under my fingernails)

artless

You are in a sleeping car with
your reading glasses on.

Be *careful* going past
Granville...

I am a hillbilly coming down from the
mountain

It's affair weather in Sydney

這是一列銀光閃閃的火車

(珍妮想得到金牌)

畫廊是一座夢幻房子
一個夢想的家

會給我的家政課老師
留下好印象
我知道自己生命中的停靠點
我有那張票
(看到了嗎？就在我的指甲底下)

毫無修飾地

你在一輛睡意朦朧的車中
戴著你看書時戴的眼鏡

路過格林佛島的火車事故遺跡時要
小心……

我是一個出城的鄉下

人悉尼的天氣令人欣喜

We get lit and walk through the park –
the fairy lights –

You're married, of course,
and I'm just window shopping.

This is my river.

This is my fire.

This is me.

我們被照耀並走過公園
聖誕節的彩燈

你已結婚，當然了
而我只是隨便逛逛看看

這是我的河

這是我的火

這就是我

My Mother's Eyes, the Sky, the Clouds...

The radio plays 'Too Young To Be Married'. There is an umbrella in the doorway. I dreamt of an umbrella expanding, growing inside like a magic bean.

Climb like Jack into the land of the giants, grab the golden goose...

In the first photo, we all looked terrible except mum who looked fine. In the second, we looked fine but mum had her eyes closed.

She chose the second one and had the eyes painted in. Bright dots, china eyes that never closed, never saw.

She hung it in the hall where the sun came in like an oblong box. The colours faded and receded, the yellows and greys and wedding whites. But the china eyes stayed round and bright. Always the same.

Franz Kafka: 'We photograph things in order to drive them out of our minds. My stories are a way of shutting my eyes...'

Lynda asks her father can they tell people he doesn't live there any more. She is five.

我母親的眼，天空，雲…

收音機在播「結婚還太早」。門口有把傘。我夢見一把傘自內部膨脹，長大，猶如魔法豆。像傑克爬上巨人的領地，抓住金色的鵝…

第一張照片，除了母親，我們的樣子都慘不忍睹。第二張照片，我們看起來正常，但母親卻閉著眼。

她選了第二張，找人畫了對眼。明亮的點，瓷器娃娃的眼，從不會閉上，什麼都看不見。

她把照片掛在廳裡，陽光進來，像長方盒子。顏色褪了又退，黃色灰色婚禮的白色。但瓷器娃娃的眼依舊圓而明亮。經久不變。

弗朗茨·卡夫卡說：「我們拍照片是為了將所拍之物趕出腦海。我的故事是閉上眼睛的一種方式。」

琳達問她父親可不可以告訴別人他已不住那。達五歲。

Chris says, *Was it because I didn't kick the football right?*

I remember the long windows in the front room, the makeshift curtains. Sun on the table. We kept spooning the rice-bubbles up to our mouths as the back door slammed.

I had a cookery teacher once who said we would keep a husband as long as we could make a good choux pastry.

That was ten years ago.

On the flight to Cairns. The man next to me says that he is 'liquifying' and can drink only a small teacup of water each day.

In the motel room. The woman on TV says of her husband who has Alzheimer's disease, 'I know I've lost him; but at least I can still hold his hand.'

(I am afraid
of the mosquitoes biting my hands,

that it will *be for me*
that the butcher will lose his thumb!)

克里斯說，是不是因為我踢球的方式不對？

我記得前屋的長窗戶，臨時窗簾。桌子上的太陽。後門重重關上的時候，我們正在吃麥片。

我曾經有個烹飪老師，她說只要會做美味的泡芙，就能把丈夫留住。

那是十年前。

去凱恩斯的航班上，坐我身邊的男人說，他在「液化」，每天只能喝一小杯水。

在廉價旅館，電視上的女子說起患老年癡呆症的丈夫，「我知道我已失去他，但至少我還能握住他的手。」

（我很怕
正在我手上吸血的蚊子

我很怕因為我
屠夫會失去拇指！）

Roland Barthes: 'The Photograph is violent: not because it shows violent things, but because *it fills the sight by force*; and because in it nothing can be refused or transformed.'

In another place, my father's friend has the kind of hair you want to touch...

And my mother sits by a window knitting. The garment multiplies, thick and soft between her fingers.

And Gertrude Stein has Alice Toklas say:

'I like a view but
I like to sit with my back
turned to it.'

羅蘭·巴特：「那張照片是暴力的，不是因為它展示暴力，而是因為它強行佔據我們的視線，而且照片裡任何東西都不能被拒絕或改變。」

另一處，我父親的朋友擁有一頭讓你忍不住想觸摸的頭髮。

我母親坐在窗前織毛衣。毛衣在她指間繁殖，柔軟厚實。

格特德·斯泰因書裡的愛麗絲·托克勒斯說，
「我喜歡風景
但我喜歡背對風景
而坐。」

Carnage

I liked to tip my head back as a child
and watch the green tops of the trees against the sky
as we drove down Memorial Avenue.

So much beauty from grief.
Each small white rectangle
at the base of a tree holding a heart.

And then that strange morning
when the last tree sprouted flowers
and in white paint, the names of seven teenagers.

*

So much road kill as I travel the highways.

Beside the white lines in the early morning light
still mounds of guts, blood and fur
that a few hours ago were warm.
(Possums, scurrying across territory to a favourite tree.
Swift-footed wallabies, determined wombats.)

殺戮

小時候坐車行駛在Lillydale的紀念大道
我總愛仰頭凝視樹頂
綠色映襯著藍天

悲傷中誕生許多美
樹根旁每個白色正方形
盛著一顆心

然後那個離奇的早晨
最後一棵樹花苞吐露
白色顏料寫著七個少年名

*

在高速公路上往返 目睹太多被撞死的動物

晨光中 白色行車線旁
幾小堆血肉模糊的內臟和皮囊
數小時前還溫熱跳動
(負鼠 越界奔向最心愛的樹
急切的沙袋鼠，堅定的袋熊)

As the sun comes up
the birds that come to peck at them
will be added to the toll.

And then a little further out at the edge of the bitumen
a punctuation of weathered crosses,
wreathes, plastic flowers, jars fallen askew
and tributes scattered and rustling in the wind.

*

Progress, you see, demands sacrifice.

—Trees, for instance, are a danger.
Cut them back.

—Animals, a nuisance.
(See there in the headlights, and the soft thud.)

*

On Anzac Day by accident I find myself
in the dim back section of a country museum.

當太陽升起
飛來啄食的鳥兒
將淪為陪葬

還有稍遠處 瀝青路邊
歷盡風吹雨打的十字架
花圈 塑料花 跌變形的玻璃樽
散落一地的悼詞 在風中瑟瑟發抖

*

要進步，必須有犧牲

--比如樹 帶來危險
必須修剪

--動物很煩人
(看車前燈那裡, 輕輕的「砰」一聲)

*

澳紐軍團紀念日 不經意走入
某鄉村博物館昏暗的後廳

Silently I wander among shelves of photos,
newspaper clippings and letters
telling parents their sons are not coming home.

Their eyes lock with mine
— all the sepia young men in slouch hats.

(A world in each. A *river* of tears.)

*

— Be careful venturing out.
— Be careful trusting those ancient pathways.
— Be wary of that territorial desire.

(An explosion of light /
Bang!)

*

In another part of the Museum just one shelf,
unsorted and untagged. Utensils, spears,
boomerangs, sharpening-rocks, digging sticks.
And a still-intact dilly bag as if someone had just
laid it down and was coming back.

默默在陳列架間踱步 看著落滿灰塵的相片
剪報和信件 告訴父母親兒子永不歸

我們久久凝視—
所有戴著寬邊軟帽的紅棕色年輕男子

(一人一世界 淚海一片)

*

--出去要小心
--別輕信那些古老的道路
--小心領土的慾望

(光的爆炸/
 砰！)

*

博物館另一個陳列區只有一個陳列架 --各式土
著手工製品 未加分類未貼標籤
器皿 長矛 飛鏢 磨刀石和挖掘棒
還有一個完好無損的網袋 仿佛袋主人
剛把它放下 隨時會回來

No names here.
No sepia eyes.

*

The road spears
through the countryside.

‘*Countryside*’ — a word invented by roads.

As if *country*
had always been a side-dish
and not the main.

*

The countryside is so very dry this year, even in April.

And I remember sitting in the back seat
on long journeys through the Wimmera to visit
relatives. Staring out at wide yellow paddocks.
I loved the flatness, the vastness of sky.
The straightness. The movement
of the car underneath. The rare satisfaction
of having both parents in the front seat together.

這裡沒有名字
沒有紅棕色的眼睛

*

道路像長矛
射向鄉下

「鄉下」一是道路發明的詞

好像「鄉」
不是永久歸依
而是偶爾下游的配角

*

今年鄉下非常乾燥，即便已四月

記得小時候坐在車後座
千里迢迢去拜訪親戚
車穿過Wimera時
我總愛凝視窗外廣闊的黃色圍場
我喜歡天的平坦和無垠
蒼穹下汽車的直線與流動
父母雙方同坐車前那難得的滿足

Oblivious, as we drove through
unmarked graves, the ghosts of forests.

*

How civilised we are, you see,

we no longer sacrifice virgins or cut the throats
of lambs on altars.

Lay down concrete and bitumen

and throw these, instead,
under the wheels.

渾然不知 車經過的地方
是古老森林的鬼魂 未刻名的墳墓

*

你看，我們如今多麼文明—

我們不再將處女或被割喉的羔羊
犧牲在祭壇上

我們鋪設水泥和瀝青

將它們
轉而扔向車輪下

Snap

(February 7th 2009, Black Saturday)

On an equine forum
a conversation deals out
like a hand of cards

— *Where are the horses?*
— *Has anyone seen X?*
— *Where is the fire now?*

Then someone lays this down:

— *All the houses on the north side
of Steeles Creek Road are gone*

(Like that – a puff of smoke, a magic trick)

A hundred and fifty kilometres away I lie safe
on a wooden floor, face to a fan
and close my eyes

I see a blue bedroom
on the west side of the house
and wonder who slept there last night

「快按」¹回閃

(2009年2月7日，黑色星期六)

在一個關於馬的論壇上
對話展開
像發牌

--那些馬現在哪裡？
--有沒有人見過X？
--火現在蔓延到哪裡？

然後有人放下這張牌：

-- Steeles Creek路北面
的所有房子都沒了

(就那樣——陣煙 一個魔術)

一百五十公里外我安全的躺在木
地板上 面朝風扇
閉上眼

我看到房子西面
一間藍色臥室
心想昨晚誰睡在那裡

and did they still have the floral lino
and the long shiny hallway
and the separate boys' and girls' wardrobes?

Did they have to climb out the window
(as I discovered was possible one day
when I was five)?

Or did they run through the house,
past the 50s room divider in the kitchen
past the old wood stove
out through the gumboot-room
(with its purple and yellow paint
left-over from the dairy)?

Did they run down the back steps?

(Did they have a cat that always got
kicked down those steps by booted feet
when it tried to get inside,
or did one finally make it
into the living room to curl up on the couch?)

I can hear the cows bellowing
Who is milking them tonight?

他們是否還有那塊花紋圖案的亞麻油地毯？
光亮的長走廊？
男女孩分開用的衣櫥？

他們是否被迫要爬出窗
（我五歲時
某天發現做得到）

還是奔跑著穿過房間
經過廚房裡五十年代的屏風
經過舊的木材爐
經過橡膠靴儲存間
（地上沾滿奶牛場上蹭到的紫黃油漆）

他們有沒有跑下後樓梯？

（他們是否有只
每次想進來
都被靴子踢下樓梯？
還是終究有只
成功進入客廳 蜷縮在沙發上？）

我聽到奶牛哞哞叫
今晚誰擠奶？

—Did someone remember to let the galah
and the cockatoo out of the cage made
from an old water tank and chicken-wire?
—Did someone let the dogs off the chains
near the post where
the hessian rubbish-bag hangs?

Under my eyelids I make a movie where all of them
get out early and
drive south down Steeles Creek Road
with the trees burning above their heads,
like we did forty years ago

(Please don't let them stay inside, please don't let them
seek shelter
in the pink bathroom)

—Not so far, you see, the safe end of the road,
only five minutes and they'd be in the
town and could sit silently, shocked and spent,
out at the oval by the river

--是否有人記得
把那隻賈拉鳥和鳳頭鸚鵡
放出舊水箱和鐵絲網鳥籠？
--拴在掛滿粗麻布垃圾袋
的舊桿子附近的那些狗
是否有人記得解開它們的鎖鏈？

閉著的眼簾上 我想像一部電影在上演
他們所有人—
像四十年前的我們一樣—
及時逃離
沿著Steeles Creek路開車南下
頭頂上方樹在燃燒

(請不要讓它們進來 請不要讓它們
在粉紅色的浴室裡避難)

--不遠處 遠離危險的路盡頭
只要再過五分鐘他們就能
抵達城鎮 震驚過度 精疲力盡
沉默的坐在河邊的運動場

(Did someone hold a baby on their lap
who will always always
have an aversion
to the colour orange?)

I curl my arms out to make a space to
hold that family safe

while our house on the hill goes up.

（有沒有人抱著嬰兒在膝頭？
她會否永遠永遠
對橙色
厭惡迴避？）

當我們在山上的房子著火爆炸
我伸出雙臂
將那家人攬入懷中

註釋1：「快按（Snap）」是外國一種撲克牌遊戲

Forgetting

The year I lived in a van
it was deep into winter
before I discovered
that outside the front of my ninety year old Mum's
Assisted Care Residence
was a great place to park and sleep.

In the old days this would be called a 'Home'.
Nowadays they've dropped the pretence.
A 'residence' or 'facility' is, after-all, more accurate.

Because it's not your home, is it?

That's the thing you closed the door on
and gave back the key (forever) –
or your sons or daughters did for you.

Best not to mention it.

*

(Memories of my Grandmother
pleading at each visit —

忘卻

那一年我住在露營車裡
已入寒冬
我才發現
九十歲母親居住的看護中心正門外
是絕佳的停車睡覺之地

從前這樣的地方被稱作「老年之家」
如今已捨棄這樣的虛名
畢竟看護中心更準確

因這到底不是家 不是嗎？

家是你本人
或子女（永遠）關上門
交還鑰匙的地方

最好莫提起

*

（記得每次探望祖母
她都會哀求—

'I want to go home. Take me home.'
And my mother steeling her heart
saying 'This is your Home, Ma,'
crying in the car afterwards.)

*

On my first night one of the staff
heading out at the end of her shift
catches me sliding open the back of the Van
holding my hot-water bottle and toothbrush.

She is fascinated. Delighted with the
the little cupboards and shelves,
stove and sink,
the inverter to charge my laptop and phone,
the lush blue curtains, silky cushions,
brightly coloured mat and bedspread,
the gentle glow of the reading light.

I take her delight as permission.

A good quiet street
and facilities not far away
(in my Mum's private room).

「我要回家 帶我回家」
母親總是硬起心腸
回答「媽 這就是你的家」
然後在離去的車裡哭泣)

*

我到達的當晚 有個職員
交班離開
正巧撞見我打開車門
手裡拿著熱水壺和牙刷

她看得著迷 驚喜的欣賞
小巧的櫃架
爐子和水池
手提電腦和電話充電轉換器
翠綠的窗簾 絲綢墊
鮮豔的小地毯
閱讀燈柔和的光

我將她的喜悅視為默許

街道安靜
生活設施也不遠
(在母親的私人房間裡)

Perfect, really.

By 9pm all the ladies and the gents
(mostly ladies, but some gents)
are tucked up in bed and the fog
of drug-assisted milky sleep
drifts out and envelopes my van on the curb.

I sleep like a baby.
Like a child in the back of the car
with a parent at the wheel.

*

In the morning my Mum
glories in the chance to play hostess
— providing bathroom and toilet,
getting out her china cups,
filling them with hot water
from the urn in the hall.

We breakfast at her little table.
In the afternoon I lie on her bed and she
carefully adjusts her tartan rug to cover my feet

的確堪稱完美

晚上九點所有人
（大多數是女士 有些是男的）
都已上床 安眠藥帶他們
進入牛奶般的夢鄉
霧一般彌散出來 籠罩車身

我睡得嬰兒般香甜
那種爸媽在駕車
孩子身處車後座的感覺

*

早晨母親因難得有機會招呼訪客
而喜不自禁
--給我用她的浴室和廁所
取出瓷杯
從大廳的水壺裡
斟上熱水

我們在她的小桌前吃早餐
下午我躺在她床上
她用格子呢毯細心蓋住我的腳

and then stretches out in her recliner
and together we have a little nap.

Later we take a walk before dinner.
She plants her two hands firmly on her roller-walker.
Wearing her aviator sunglasses,
fawn trench-coat and burgundy hat and scarf,
she ploughs determinedly up the streets.

‘Hey Lady,’ a man concreting a driveway calls out.
‘Careful you don’t get booked for speeding!’

After dinner we play backgammon
-- saving Rummy King
and Scrabble for another day.

I’ve heard my mother say she used to get
down on the floor and play games with her children.
If she did, I don’t remember.

Or perhaps it was just with the older ones
before all the spaces in her life
filled up with children and work
and there was no room anymore
for frivolous things.

把自己安頓在躺椅上
一起睡午覺

晚飯前我們去散步
她雙手牢牢握住步行器
身穿鹿皮風衣 戴著飛行員太陽眼鏡
深紅色帽子和圍巾
一步步堅定的前行

「喂 女士」在車道上澆水泥的一個男人說
「小心別超速被罰款！」

晚飯後我們玩雙陸棋
--紙牌和拼字遊戲留到改天再玩

我母親跟我說起從前
她常坐在地上和孩子們玩遊戲
如果是真的 我已沒記憶

或許她是指我的哥哥姐姐們
那時她的生活
還未被孩子和工作佔據
還有時間
做閒事

I teach her backgammon strategy, which is new to her,
and her competitive streak comes out.
It's a fight to the death. I cough and hint
when she is about to miss a chance and her fingers
hover, wiggling slightly, her brain processing
the cryptic information. Sometimes I subtly touch a piece
with the tip of a finger – and she lights up,
pouncing with glee. But the rest of the time I play hard.
No molly-coddling.

We become increasingly dramatic and noisy.
She beats me by one, and I groan
and sweep the pieces up like a bad sport
and we laugh.

We have a cup of tea and I sit there
quietly stunned that I had such fun with my Mum.

*

Some days she is ok.
But other times, when she gets anxious
(watching the clock, for instance,
so she doesn't miss a mealtime)

我教她雙陸棋的玩法 這遊戲她不熟
爭好勝的一面不經意流露
我們步步緊逼互不相讓 眼見她就要錯失良機
我咳嗽示意 她舉起手指
懸在半空 猶疑不定 努力想破解
加密的訊息 有時我用指尖
含蓄的碰碰某個棋 她恍然大悟
欣然出擊 但大部分時間我都使出渾身解數
絕不心慈手軟

我們越來越大聲 動作越來越誇張
她以一分險勝 我裝作輸不起
唉聲嘆氣的掀掉棋盤
我們哈哈大笑

然後我們一起喝茶 我坐在那
暗暗驚訝我和母親竟相處得如此開心

*

有時候她一切正常
但有時會焦慮不安
(比如 不停看鐘
生怕錯過吃飯時間)

her mind forgets to think in sequence
and goes around in a loop.

I've learnt that if I resist the loop
it can be enormously irritating.
But if I flow with the spirit of it
(see how many different ways I can
answer the same question, preferably with
increasing enthusiasm),
then time shudders and stops
and we start to float in an eternal now.

It is as if the universe
(inside my mother's head) regards
my replies as so fascinating
they are worth repeating again and again,
until I too start to see something
extraordinary in the texture of the sentences
and the intricate building of that bridge
between my experience and hers.

Gradually we weave a little deeper
into the heart of what we are saying,
until we start to perform something
beyond words. A dance.

她的大腦會忘了用直綫思考
取而代之的是不停的兜圈

我的經驗是 如果抗拒她兜圈的思維
我會無比煩躁
而若隨波逐流
（看自己能用多少種不同的方式
回答同一個問題 熱情逐次升溫最好）
時間就會顛巍巍的駐足
而我們便開始漂浮在永恆的當下

感覺好像（我母親腦中的）宇宙
覺得我的回答如此引人入勝
值得一遍又一遍的重複
直到連我也開始
從充當彼此體驗橋樑的句子
它的質地與精緻的構造之中
看到一些
非比尋常的東西

慢慢的 我們越來越深入
探近彼此話語的核心
直到我們跳脫
語言的限制 開始起舞

*

Sometimes I just tell her stories,
things I know of her childhood and mine.

She listens with a look of wonder and joy
as half-memories flit across and fly off.

Fascinating stories.

(The most fascinating story in the world.)

One day, after an hour of this,
she sits holding my hand
and looking out the window.

Then she turns to me and says
'So tell me, where did we meet?'

*

On the day I hug my Mother goodbye,
knowing I'm heading north for some time,
I get a surge of feeling,
like a direct transfer of emotion,
a special mother-love-beam
that penetrates to my marrow.

*

有時候我只給她講故事
我和她童年的故事

她帶著驚嘆和歡喜的表情聆聽
輪廓模糊的記憶如蜻蜓點水般掠過又飛遠
引人入勝的故事
(全世界最引人入勝的故事)

某天 就這樣過了一小時
她握著我的手 靜坐著望向窗外

然後轉身對我說
「告訴我，你我在哪裡相遇？」

*

那天和母親相擁道別
心知我將去北方
一種感覺湧上心頭 好像某種感情的直接轉遞
一種特殊的母愛光芒
穿透我骨髓

I think: she is old.
I may never hug my mother again.

*

My sister and I have talked about how
the more she detaches from her old life
— the more she forgets and lives in the present, the
more the words strip away —
the more we are able to feel this pure
mother-love in a way that is quite new.

Or so old, perhaps,
from some pre-historic
fluid time
(before symbols and words)
that we've forgotten.

*

I think of closing the door of my house at Creswick
for the last time. Wandering around the garden one
last time, and suddenly bursting into tears.

我心想 母親老了
我未必有機會再次擁抱她

*

我和姐妹們談起
母親越是從以前的生活中抽離
--忘卻的越來越多 越來越活在當下
語言越來越精簡
我們就越能體會這種
從未體驗過的純粹母愛

或者 這種感覺一直都在
源自史前某個流動的時空
(在符號和文字出現之前)
太久遠被忘卻

*

我想著最後一次
關上Creswick家的門 最後一次
在花園裡遊蕩 不禁潸然淚下

All the bittersweet in life.
All the departures into new worlds.

*

She poses in front of the open side door of my Van
and I take a photo (a good photo – the kind she likes
– hair neatly combed, face full to the camera).
Then we reverse and she takes one of me.

She hugs me again, for a long time.
And then stands with her roller-walker at the gate,
refusing to go in until she has seen me leave.
She didn't sign out, so I hope she doesn't wander off.

There is a fierce look of determination on her face
as I drive away.

And I can still feel
the imprint of her heart on mine.

生命裡所有的苦樂參半
所有遠赴新世界的離開

*

她在我打開的車門前站定
讓我她拍照（很滿意的一張照片
—她喜歡的那種—
梳理整齊的頭髮 正面特寫的臉部）
然後換她幫我照

她再次擁抱我 久久不願放開
然後握著步行器站在門口
堅持要目送我離開
她出來時沒簽名 但願她不會走丟

開車離開前
我瞥見她臉上異常堅定的表情

而我依然能感覺到
她的心留在我心上的印記

Love Poem

I woke up this morning afraid of the world
then a man threw up at the bus stop.
I stared the other way, he had tears in his eyes
and so did I, but all I could remember
was Bobby Brady saying (at 5.25 last night)
that if it worked for a girl
it might work for a *donut*
– or was it the other way around?

This worried me: and it worries me too
that I'm the only one in aerobics
with hair under my arms (the only one to sweat)
Even the postman forgets to call me 'Little Blossom'
He leaves bills and a pair of rowing oars
too big for the hallway
(what'll I do?)
Like my feet, always a problem
always a search for the perfect fit
But nothing does. Outside:
someone is knocking slowly on a closed door,
Inside: things fall from the wall (posters, cockroaches)
My pockets are stuffed with dead matches
it always takes at least three to light the stove

愛情詩

今早醒來對世界充滿恐懼
一個男子在巴士站嘔吐
我別過臉去，他眼泛淚光
我也是，但我只記得
Bobby Brady（昨晚5點25分）說
如果這對女孩有用
對油炸甜圈應該也有用
--抑或相反的邏輯？

這讓我煩惱：還有件事也讓我煩惱
我是健身操班唯一一個
腋下長毛（和流汗的）
就連郵差都忘了叫我「小花」
他留下賬單和一對船槳
擁擠在走廊
（我該怎麼辦？）
就像我的腳 永遠是難題
總在尋找合適的鞋
但沒一樣合稱。 外面：
有人緩緩敲打緊閉的門
裡面：東西從牆上掉落（壁報，蟑螂）
我的口袋塞滿劃過的火柴
總是要三根以上才能點燃爐子

and the video shop is a nightmare!
I grab chocolate bars and run home
My feet have holes and there are holes
in the curtains as well
Men in suits ride by on bicycles
Their knuckles rap on the glass until
a crack forms along the outside of my skin.

Everything is *too big*, or *too small*
(the oars/my shoes) everything matters!
I want to tuck the universe into bed,
reduce it to the size of my fist.
I want to be made under Mr Cuisenaire's guidance,
full of order and colour
like the lady with the purple broom.
But nothing fits: the day is a pair of gloves, a clock
and the second hand has caught on the minute hand
and repeats and repeats...

Then you walk in.
–the house creaks and tips back into place
–your smile billows and the kitchen becomes a sailing boat
You stamp the kettle on the ring
and the jets flare.

音像店猶如一場惡夢！
我抓起一把巧克力跑回家
我腳上有洞，窗簾上
也有洞
穿著套裝的男人騎著單車經過
他們的指關節不斷敲打著玻璃
直到我皮膚表面出現一道裂縫

所有東西不是太大就是太小
（船槳/我的鞋子）所有重要的東西！
我真想把宇宙折進床裡
把它縮到拳頭般大小
我想在Cuisenaire先生的指引下被創造
充滿秩序和色彩
像騎著紫色掃帚的女人
但沒一樣東西合稱：日子是副手套，是個鐘
秒針絆倒到分針上
重複又重複

然後你走進來
傾斜的房子吱吱嘎嘎回復原位
你的笑容鼓起，廚房變帆船
你把水壺放在煤氣灶上
火焰騰起閃耀

Flying over the Great Australian Bight

And those wet white clouds
are like an endless soft bed

where I could lose myself
with you
and we could plough

like two fish
to the horizon

飛越大澳大利亞灣

那些潮濕的白雲
像無止盡的軟床

在那裡你我
可以像兩條魚

縱情游向
天際

When You Hold Me... **(The Bra Monologues)**

With a bra, I don't need you. I feel feminine. I can keep remembering (watching television, doing the dishes, leaning over to pick up the paper) that I have breasts. That these are desirable objects. That I am desirable.

I feel contained, defined. Firm, solid. A woman, not a girl.

And when I take it off at night I feel all the fleshiness and softness of my inside form, my private body.

*

I like wearing a bra around the house. I am wearing one now as I type. It is like a tight band holding me around my chest, just under my breasts: the underwire circles and defines them, points them out to the world, to you, myself, reminds me of who I am.

*

當你抱著我 (胸罩的獨白)

穿上胸罩，我不需要你。我感覺充滿女人味。我可以一直（看電視時，洗碗時，彎下腰撿起那張紙時）記得我有乳房。記得它們充滿吸引力。記得我充滿吸引力。

我感到有承托，輪廓分明。堅挺，飽滿。是女人，而不是女孩。

夜裡當我脫掉胸罩，我能感受到我內部形體我私密身體的肉感和柔軟。

*

我喜歡在家裡的時候穿著胸罩。我現在打字的時候也穿著它。猶如橡皮筋，它把我緊緊的系在胸上，乳房的下方：胸罩底部圈住乳房，將它們指給全世界看，指給你看，指給我看，提醒我是誰。

*

My favourite bra is black with underwiring, like two half-moons that shape and lift, and it has a black eyehole-cotton-lace bodice, with old-fashioned vertical boning going all the way down to my waist, keeping it in place, keeping me upright, graceful, reminding me of my bondage, my servitude, my exquisite place in the world, my fragility, the delicate whiteness of my bones and flesh underneath all this wire and lace and fabric, my suppleness, my flesh, my skin, the blood that is faintly constricted, my breath that comes more as a slight pant, my incredible strength and resilience that I can wear such a thing and survive, that I can still be free inside of it, that inside I am private, myself, a secret self that you don't know about, and that you might want.

I am protected, behind bars. I am safe. I am...

*

I am an exotic hothouse flower, take off these clothes and I will fall down, bruise easily. I am tough, because I can wear these garments which would make you faint.

*

我最喜歡的胸罩是黑色帶鋼絲的那件，好像兩彎月亮，塑形提升，帶孔眼蕾絲的黑色緊身胸衣，老式的鯨須直腰，將它固定勒，令我挺拔，優雅。時刻提醒著我的束縛，我的卑順，我在世上脆弱的位置，我的柔弱，這些繩結蕾絲布料下骨肉脆弱的白，我的柔韌，我的肉體，我的皮膚，循環不暢的血。我那更似微喘的呼吸，能穿著這東西存活那不可思議的力量和堅毅，在它裡面我仍是自由的，在它裡面我是私密的，我自己，你不了解但或許想要的秘密的自己。

我被保護著，關在鐵窗欄裡，我很安全。我…

*

我是來自異域的溫室花朵，脫掉這些衣服我會跌倒，隨時碰傷。我很強壯，因為我可以穿著這些會令你暈倒的衣服卻安然無恙。

*

I feel suffocated, I want to scream. I feel like someone is pulling at me, reined in when I want to move and run, I want to tear at the bit and struggle against these straps and tiny finger-defying hooks. I am furious, white foam at my lips. I am mad! I want to run till my heart bursts...

*

When I take off my bra at night, my flesh sags out, my form dissolves, my breath expels, my shape disintegrates. I deflate, become a formless mass. A fleshy blob of tissue and skin and fat fat fat. I am shapeless. I am everywhere. My breasts shrink, they float back against my ribs, dissolving like a moon in water. I am so indefinite now. I am no longer Jane Russell (in miniature), I am just me. Nobody.

*

I look at myself in the mirror when I wear my bra and suddenly I no longer like the thickness of my waist. I am part way there to being the shape that is fashionable, but the rest of me is out of place. The wrong shape. The new breasts don't match the old waist and hips. (I need a girdle. I need a New Body.)

我感到窒息，我想要尖叫，我感覺好像有人拽著我，在我想跑開的時候拉緊韁繩，我想要撕爛它，掙脫這些胸罩帶和為難手指的胸罩扣。我怒火中燒，唇邊泛起白沫。我很憤怒！我想要狂奔直到心臟炸開…

*

當我在夜裡脫掉胸罩，我的乳房鬆開下垂，我的形態消失，我深深嘆氣，我的形狀瓦解。我洩氣，變成沒有形狀的一團。一團肉乎乎的細胞組織、皮膚和脂肪脂肪脂肪。我沒有形狀。我無處不在。我的乳房萎縮，它們漂回來，頂著我的肋骨，像水中月般溶解。我不再有輪廓界線。我不再是（小）塞。我只是我。無名小卒。

*

穿胸罩的時候我看著鏡子裡的自己，突然不再喜歡自己的粗腰。我已隱約看到時尚的體型，但我的其餘部分放錯了位置。錯誤的形態。新的乳房不稱舊的腰和臀部。（我需要一件新的束胸。我需要一個新的身體。）

*

I look more professional in my new silk shirt when I wear a bra, not soft and nipple-showing and formless, but hard-lined and definite, a woman who can safely take on the men, mix with the boys. Protected, armoured, secure, phallic with the best of them.

My new bra is called a bombshell, and it has a miniature metal bomb sewn into the valley between my breasts. My sports bra is called Sports Jock.

(My Joan of Arc.)

My bra gives me balls.

My shoulder pads give me muscles.

My high heels give me stature.

My red mouth is moist and ready, signals that I am what I make myself, my brave face, my lucky amulet, my mouth which can hiss, sneer, pout, smile, laugh, kiss, bite, sting, and speak.

My bra makes me feel feminine, powerful.

*

新的絲綢裙，若沒有胸罩襯底，乳頭會若隱若現，沒有形狀。穿上胸罩會令我的外表更顯專業，乳房輪廓硬朗分明，可以安全的與男人競爭。被保護著，佩戴著盔甲，安全，強硬不輸男人。

我的新胸罩叫做「炸彈」，托著乳溝的地方繡著微型金屬炸彈。我的運動胸罩叫做「運動狂」。

（我的諾亞方舟。）

我的胸罩給我鼓鼓的自信。

我的肩墊給我肌肉。

我的高跟鞋讓我高挑。

我的濕潤紅唇已做好準備，示意我是我自己的造物，我勇敢的臉，我的幸運符，我那會生氣，譏笑，撒嬌，微笑，大笑，親吻，咬人，傷人和說話的嘴。

我的胸罩讓我既強壯又充滿女人味。

My red lips make me feel sexy.

(You make me so weak.)

Hold me tight. I need you.

*

When I take off my bra at night, for a long time afterwards it feels as if I have someone's arms wrapped around me, cupping my breasts in strong palms, thick hard fingers holding me in place, imprinting on my flesh, making me real.

*

I keep thinking of your fingers unclipping my suspenders, running your hands along the inside of my thigh where it is soft and white.

I want to gasp, but I can hardly breathe.

I put my knee between your legs as we dance. I know what you're thinking.

*

我的紅唇讓我性感。

（你讓我無法呼吸）

緊緊抱著我。我需要你。

*

夜裡脫掉胸罩後，好長一段時間我都感覺彷彿被某人的雙臂抱著，強壯的掌心罩住我的乳房，粗而有力的手指讓我動彈不得，在我的肉體上打上印記，讓我變得真實。

*

我不停想像你的手指解開我的吊褲帶，雙手在我白皙柔軟的大腿內側遊走。

我想要大口喘氣，但幾乎無法呼吸。

跳舞時我把膝蓋放在你腿間。我知道你在想什麼。

*

I feel breathless.

I feel afraid. Choking. Delicate and weak. Strong like iron, like steel wires, impenetrable.

To get access to me you have to take off something first. You have to do some work, learn to manoeuvre the delicate tricky hooks and eyes that are so foreign to your sex, you have to learn some of my secrets. You have to be patient.

You are so clumsy.

Here, let me do it.

*

I unwrap myself from your embrace, my breasts fall forward to try to touch you as you move away, my muscles expand and shudder, the skin tingles where your bones bit into my flesh, the blood begins to circulate all over again like new life, my body joins up with itself, I take a deep breath. I put on something slinky. I slide in between the sheets.

我氣喘吁吁。

我很害怕。感到窒息。脆弱。軟弱。鋼鐵般強壯，堅不可摧。

要想接近我你必須先脫掉些東西。你要花點力氣，解開男人永遠搞不清的精緻麻煩的釦眼，你要知曉我的一些秘密。你要耐心。

你真是笨手笨腳。

算了，讓我來。

*

我打開你的擁抱，我的乳房傾向前去，想要觸摸你，我的肌肉擴張顫抖，被你的骨沉沉壓著的地方皮膚酥麻，血像新生命重新開始循環，我的身體與自身合二為一，我深呼吸。穿上緊身裙，滑進被子裡。

I fall asleep with your silhouette watching over my
bedside chair. The shape of me, vigilant. My vigilante.

*

And I will wear a black wonder-bra, and black
suspenders, and lavender nickers and purple lipstick.
And I will cut off one of my breasts to fire the arrow.
And I will carry a big stick.

*

And I keep your love letters in my favourite bra, tucked
close to my heart, the pulse at the lip, the white crease –
the red bra with the satin stitching and the bow in the
middle. It is almost midnight! The party is about to
begin. I can hear the fireworks over the river.

(Shh shh, let me think...)

And I will wait for you
by the shore.

我睡去，你的側影看守著床邊椅。我的形狀，警醒。我醒著的護警。

*

我會穿黑色神奇胸罩，黑色吊褲帶，淺紫色內褲，抹上紫色唇膏。我會學亞馬遜女戰士割掉一隻乳房，發弓射箭。我會帶上一根大棍。

*

我將你的情書放在最喜歡的胸罩裡，緊緊依偎著我的胸口，唇的搏動，白色的褶皺一帶綴繡和蝴蝶結的紅色胸罩。已近午夜！派對即將開始。我能聽到河邊的煙火。

（噓…讓我想想…）

我會在海岸邊
等你。

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