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Translations by Iris Fan

after Octavio Paz this street is another, not what it was the town belongs elsewhere the people are some other tribe and they salute a sky long dead only their rain is real	**讀帕斯** 這條街是另一條，不是曾經那條 這小鎮在別處 這些人是異族 而他們向一片死寂的天空致敬 只有他們的雨是真的

an ending one word not silence like snow said till it melts the signature of lightning comes after the applause	一個結局 一個詞 並非沉默 如雪在融化前 說的話 閃電的標誌 在喝彩後顯現

noon an age to all other hours you drive through it in ancient Cadillac the one Moses had in the Bible but the suburbs never thin they go on with the wheat they crumble and they stand again and no clock ever strikes	午 聖經中唯一的摩西 你開著老凱迪拉克 穿過這年月及別的時刻 但城郊不會褪卻 他們與麥子一起前進 他們破開再起立 從沒有時鐘敲響

your body lacks the weight of angels the gravity of words it has no moral such as stories have it is the hollow of speech it has the print of wings upon it but the air to which it belongs weighs more that is the breath of all bodies before	**你的身體缺乏** 天使的重量 詞語的引力 也沒有故事的教訓 那是話語的空洞 上面有翅膀的印記 但它所屬的天空 更重 那里有前人的氣息

the living daylights the gods ate each other that's where they've gone it's what a sensible tribe will do their flight crashed on lofty Olympus there wasn't much choice they ate the captain first just because there was more of him	生活的日光 眾神彼此吞噬 他們都去了那個地方 這也是有理智的族群會做的事 他們的班機撞上柔軟的奧林匹斯山 沒有太多選擇 他們先吃掉機長 只因為他身上的肉更多

always look on the bright side forest of gallows where Eden was timber aplenty for crosses yet to warm the cockles winter nights go on like this till we come to the last tree	永遠往好的一面看 絞刑架的森林 伊甸園曾在的地方 充裕的製造十字架的木材 還能暖熱蛤蜊 冬夜 像這樣持續 直到我們抵達 最後一棵樹

untitled I have a window of night another of day where clouds are written each dusk unfinished the drafts swept away night likewise left unsigned	**無題** 我有一扇夜的窗 另一個白天裏 雲被書寫 每個未完成的黃昏 被掃走的草稿 如夜晚 未被署名

how few the moments the heart's steps are heard or the breath of stars as they turn in the night that is rarely noted even the smell of ripening wheat is something the farmer turns indoors from and the choking fumes of the waste laden river how little time we give these	**這樣的時刻太少** 心的步履或星的氣息 當它們在夜晚轉動時 被聽到 這些很少被留意 更如麥子成熟的味道是 被農夫帶進門的氣味 鋪滿垃圾的河床上 嗆人的煙 我們給予這些的時間是那麼少

I swim through the mud of the mirror and often haul out the breathless fellow collapsed in his impersonation failing to meet my measure	**我遊過了** 鏡子的泥潭 常常拉出 奄奄一息的夥伴 在他的非人性中垮掉 夠不著我的尺規

just one way past the delusions of grandeur to give them full rein ride hard till you fall	**唯一的路** 經過宏大的幻象 控制好它們 好好跑直到你墜落