

Bei Dao

Poems

Translated by Eliot Weinberger

时间的玫瑰

当守门人沉睡
你和风暴一起转身
拥抱中老去的是
时间的玫瑰

当鸟路界定天空
你回望那落日
消失中呈现的是
时间的玫瑰

当刀在水中折弯
你踏笛声过桥
密谋中哭喊的是
时间的玫瑰

当笔画出地平线
你被东方之锣惊醒
回声中开放的是
时间的玫瑰

镜中永远是此刻
此刻通向重生之门
那门开向大海
时间的玫瑰

路歌

在树与树的遗忘中
是狗的抒情进攻
在无端旅途的终点
夜转动所有的金钥匙
没有门开向你

一只灯笼遵循的是
冬天古老的法则
我径直走向你
你展开的历史折扇
合上是孤独的歌

晚钟悠然追问你
回声二度为你作答
暗夜逆流而上
树根在秘密发电
你的果园亮了

我径直走向你
带领所有他乡之路
当火焰试穿大雪
日落封存帝国
大地之书翻到此刻

那最初的

日夜告别于大树顶端
翅膀收拢最后光芒
在窝藏青春的浪里行船
死亡转动内心罗盘

记忆暴君在时间的
镜框外敲钟——乡愁
搜寻风暴的警察
因辨认光的指纹晕眩

天空在池塘养伤
星星在夜剧场订座
孤儿带领盲目的颂歌
在隘口迎接月亮

那最初的没有名字
河流更新时刻表
太阳撑开它耀眼的伞
为异乡人送行

青灯

——给魏斐德

故国残月
沉入深潭中
重如那些石头
你把词语垒进历史
让河道转弯

花开几度
催动朝代盛衰
乌鸦即鼓声
帝王们如蚕吐丝
为你织成长卷

美女如云
护送内心航程
青灯掀开梦的一角
你顺手挽住火焰
化作漫天大雪

把酒临风
你和中国一起老去
长廊贯穿春秋
大门口的陌生人
正砸响门环

致敬

——给G.艾基

大雪剪纸中的细节
火光深处的城市——
绕过垂钩梦者的星星
行船至急转弯处
你用词语压舱

母亲的歌传遍四方

水壶中的风暴尖叫——
家园正驶离站台
打开你的窗户
此刻带领以往的日子
如大雁南飞

田野，你的悲伤

你排队买煤油
和人们跃入黑暗
带喉音的时代在呼喊：
也许是命运也许是
小号的孤独

哦嘹亮的时刻

俄罗斯母亲
是你笔下奔流的长夜
覆盖墓地的大雪
那等待砍伐的森林
有斧子的忧郁

读史

梅花暴动中敌意的露水
守护正午之剑所刻下的黑暗
革命始于第二天早晨
寡妇之怨像狼群穿过冻原

祖先们因预言而退入
那条信仰与欲望激辩的河流
没有尽头，只有漩涡隐士
体验另一种冥想的寂静

登高看王位上的日落
当文明与笛声在空谷飘散
季节在废墟上站起
果实翻过墙头追赶明天

The Rose of Time

when the watchman falls asleep
you turn back with the storm
to grow old embracing is
the rose of time

when bird roads define the sky
you look behind at the sunset
to emerge in disappearance is
the rose of time

when the knife is bent in water
you cross the bridge stepping on flute-songs
to cry in the conspiracy is
the rose of time

when a pen draws the horizon
you're awakened by a gong from the East
to bloom in the echoes is
the rose of time

in the mirror there is always this moment
this moment leads to the door of rebirth
the door opens to the sea
the rose of time

Road Song

in the oblivion between the trees
the lyric attacks by dogs
at the end of an endless trip
night turns all the keys of gold
but no door opens for you

a lantern follows
the ancient principles of winter
I walk straight toward you
as you open the fan of history
that's folded in an isolated song

the evening bell slowly questions you
echoes answer for you twice
dark night sails against the current
tree roots secretly generating electricity
have lit your orchard

I walk straight toward you
at the head of all the foreign roads
when fire tries on the heavy snow
sunset seals the empire
the earth's book turns the page of this moment

The Primal

day and night part at the top of a huge tree
wings close last light
a boat sails on waves harboring youth
death moves the heart's compass

out of time's frame the tyrant of memory
rings a bell—nostalgia
the policeman searching for a storm
becomes dizzy from identifying the fingerprints of light

the sky heals its wounds in a pond
stars reserve seats at the night's theater
an orphan leads the blind ode
greeting the moon in a mountain pass

the primal has no name
a river updates the schedule
the sun opens its dazzling umbrella
for a stranger starting off

The Green Lamp

for Fred Wakeman

old country waning moon
sinking in a deep pond
heavy as those stones
words you lay into history
let the course of the river bend

how many blossoms
drive the rise and fall of dynasties
the crows are the drumbeats
emperors like silkworms spin
weaving a long scroll for you

the legendary beauties like clouds
escort the voyages in the heart
a green lamp lifts a corner of the dream
you curl into a flame
that turns into heavy snow

holding wine in the wind
aging with China
a long corridor cuts through springs and autumns
strangers at the gate
are pounding on the knocker

Tribute

to Gennady Aygi

intricacies of paper-cuts of snow
the city in deep flame—
around the stars fishing for dreamers
you sail the sharp bend of the river
you ballast words

songs of the Mother spread everywhere

a storm screams in a kettle—
the homeland is leaving from the platform
open your window
this moment leads the days of the past
like wild geese heading south

the field, your sadness

on the queue for kerosene
you jump into the darkness with the others
the guttural age cries out:
perhaps it is destiny out:
the isolation of a trumpet

moment resonant

Mother Russia
a long night flowing from your pen
a heavy snow covering the cemeteries
the forest waits to be logged
as melancholic as the ax

Reading History

hostile dew in an uprising of plum blossoms
guards the darkness etched by the noon sword
a revolution begins the following morning
the bitterness of the widows cuts through the tundra like a
pack of wolves

on account of the prophecies the ancestors are moving
backward
into that river of the furious debates of faith and desire
that never end, only a hermit swirl
learns another silence of meditation

go up to see the sunset of kingship
when civilization and flute songs float off in an empty valley
the seasons stand up in the ruins
fruits climb over the walls to chase tomorrow