



蚊子志



西川



NOTES ON THE

*Mosquito*

SELECTED POEMS

XI CHUAN

TRANSLATED BY LUCAS KLEIN



A New Directions Book

### 回答启明星 (45 断章)

1. 黑夜是七只蝴蝶的睡眠  
黎明是五位鲛人的歌声  
正午是三只田鼠的爪痕  
黄昏是一只乌鸦的阴影
2. 一杯清水  
给过路的小鸟  
痛饮
3. 三只母鸡  
对着话筒  
酣眠
4. 喜马拉雅山脉的九座冰峰。  
我头脑中的九道难题。  
九位先哲。  
九位守身如玉的女神。
5. 战国时代  
我的脸还不是桃花  
我的手还不是燕子  
我还不是屈原——或者，甚至  
我还不是他的同伴
6. 陈胜  
哭泣的营房。哭泣的石头。  
马在雨中嘶鸣，满足血液的渴求。  
同我并肩前进的人们 与我  
分道扬镳，在雷电交加的十字路口
7. 盲者  
宿命之赐的黑暗，你抚摸着——  
今夜你抚摸你自己，摸出  
这是一个人，一具肉体，不是灵魂。

### Answering Venus (45 Fragments)

1. night is the sleep of seven wax moths  
dawn is the singing of five mermaids  
noon is the scratching of three field mice  
dusk is the shadow of a crow
2. a glass of clear water  
given to a bird passing by  
and gulped
3. three hens  
pass out  
before a microphone
4. Nine icy peaks of the Himalayas.  
Nine enigmas on my mind.  
Nine sages.  
Nine goddesses guarding their chastity.
5. THE WARRING STATES  
my face is not yet a peach blossom  
my hands are not yet swallows  
I am not yet Qu Yuan—or, at least  
I'm not yet his companion
6. CHEN SHENG  
Crying barracks. Crying stones.  
Horses whinny in the rain, satisfying their bloodlust.  
People advancing shoulder to shoulder with me  
pull their reins away, at the crossroads of thunder and lighting
7. THE BLIND  
Darkness-determining fate, you are caressing—  
tonight you caress yourself, feeling  
that this is a person, flesh, not spirit.

24. 谁敢说这个小近视眼将来不会是一种新的酷刑的发明者？  
谁敢说他不会第一个领略那酷刑？

25. 断绝子嗣的君王  
受到众叛亲离的一击  
一个内向而清削的女娃  
在秋天吹灯怀孕

26. 赤县神州，有过许多大帅  
都是土匪出身

27. 你诱惑一位少女——  
来了她的哥哥

28. 辛亥革命1911  
钢枪。大炮。天使的营房。  
那些凶狠的家伙  
够他们一吨

29. 日俄旅顺监狱  
走廊。尘土之门。月光之手  
在辽东半岛的南端  
一千名囚徒倾听大海的潮沙

30. 庞德  
孤独的埃兹拉•庞德剥开桔子皮  
当月壳无声地滑过大西洋上空  
埃兹拉•庞德想念全人类

24. who dares say this near-sighted guy won't be the inventor of some new method of torture? who dares say he won't be the first to taste that torture?

25. the prince with no heirs is deserted by his followers a girl, introverted and plain, gets pregnant blowing out the lamp in autumn

26. The Middle Kingdom of Cathay, where many generals started out as bandits

27. you seduce a young woman— here comes her brother

28. THE REVOLUTION OF 1911  
Steel guns. Cannons. Angel barracks.  
Enough for those violent types to choke on

29. LÜSHUN PRISON  
Corridor. Dust-covered gate. Hand of moonlight on the southern tip of Liaodong peninsula one thousand prisoners listen to the tide

30. POUND  
lonely Ezra Pound peels a tangerine when the moon soundlessly slips through the Atlantic sky Ezra Pound broods on the whole of humanity

一个写字的人

*That Person Writing*

八十根木简，像一群小老头命运相连。木简上介乎篆隶之间的文字难以辨识，但它们所表达的有天下、国家、战争与圣贤的思想丝毫不变。那个匿名的书写者，他运笔的方式，当与司马迁、司马相如运笔的方式大略相同。时代风尚须经两千年间隔才能觉察其伟大！他甚至有可能远远瞥见过司马迁或司马相如。他用毛笔蘸着墨汁，一笔一刻地工作，不允许出现一个错字；在书写到曾子的格言时，他的心情多么愉快。他似乎坚信他所抄写的思想一定会在人间派上大用。他保护了这些思想，传递了这些思想。他有意或无意地改变了某些字句，他有意或无意地在他的见解中保留下自己的气息。他从一个谦卑的抄写者，无意间变成了那高深作者身旁一位小小的作者，像一只蚂蚁，拉在一只逆风而起的思想的风筝。阳光洒在书案上，他打了个喷嚏。街头贩履者朝他吆喝：“您呐，您是和思想打交道的人！”他写字在木简上，那时纸张和印刷术尚未发明，所以他写下的是“唯一”的书（每一部如此写下的都是“唯一”的书）。但是后来，一个死人居然把这部书带入地下。从这部书演化而成的思想，从这部书变走了样的思想，最终改造了世界，而这部“唯一”的书，却在如此漫长的时间里渺不可寻。现在，即使它重见天日，它也不可能去纠正那源于它却走了样的、已然被世界所采纳的思想。它像一部伪书重返文明的现场。而那个写字的人，仿佛从未出生。他是大地上的一粒尘土，曾经在有限的范围内传播过文明。

Eighty wooden slips, like a line of old men linked by fate. The seal script writing interspersed in the slips is difficult to discern, but what it conveys about heaven, the state, war, and the thoughts of the sages remains unchanged. The work of the brush of this anonymous writer looks like the brushwork of Sima Qian or Sima Xiangru. Only at a remove of two thousand years can the customary greatness of his era be perceived! From afar he may yet have glimpsed Sima Xiangru or Sima Qian. He dips his brush in ink, working stroke upon stroke, permitting himself not one false word; writing the aphorisms of Zengzi, delighting in his thoughts. He's nearly convinced that the thoughts he transcribes will be of great use to humanity. These thoughts he protects, these thoughts he transmits. Wittingly or not certain words are altered, wittingly or not he retains his own breath within the views of another. From a humble stenographer, he unwittingly transforms into a minor author beside a great author, like an ant tethering thought's kite against the wind. Sunlight spilling onto the writing desk, he sneezes. On the street shoe sellers call out to him: "You—you're the guy who deals in thought!" He writes on wooden slips, in a time before the invention of paper or movable type, and so what he writes is the "one" book (each book so written must be the "one" book). But later, a dead man takes his book underground. The thought that evolved from this book, the thoughts that were transformed from this book, would ultimately reshape the world, but this "one" book, through the slow stretch of time, was no more to be found. And now, even if it were to be brought back to light, those thoughts transformed from it, the thought adopted by the world, could never be corrected. Like a forgery re-entering the site of civilization. And that person writing, it's as if he had never been born. He is a speck of dust on the earth, disseminating civilization in its limited way.