

Yang Lian 楊煉 (b. 1955):
地 • 第三 (她: 武則天)

把手伸進這土裏 摸鼻孔 嘴 生殖器
折斷的脖子 浮腫的腳
把手伸進土摸死亡

城市 一片風乾的馬肉
骯髒的眼球
垃圾堆裏瀰漫黃味的果核
鳥 吊著嘮叨
沒完沒了
為墓穴下繼承一團的屍骸舉行葬儀
她以喝令百花的威嚴凌駕山勢
血光之災一氣演變
雙乳坐北朝南, 諸天星象繽紛神女

她以霧中長髮挽成蒼蒼林海
欲歸無路, 高高在上的謚號無辭
而兵火風水相顧無言: 歸去來兮
胡不歸

上千尊石翁仲依然冷漠成行列
上千輪落日 失聲慘叫
沉溺於一個黃色肉體中生死死
摸 土
鏡子被面誰在掙扎
摸 硬的血
十二宮月決越深像十二汪黑洞
永恒的距離在石獸爪下, 一線天機
蠻荒植入空空石眼
老傅蜷縮於棉被中, 陰唇枯朽如紙
無字碑文於萬載茫然裏似笑非笑, 斑斑脫皮

等待 以葬儀等待
一顆返回的白齒
鉛的海 白骨繁衍的旺盛種族
沒有呼號能抵達那群聾耳
她信筆杜撰一個名字: 日、月和天空
沐浴和照耀: 獨留青塚
向黃昏
昨天 一枚紙錢向風
一把草向土
逃 逃
手在摸 黑暗在誘惑
土的惟一方言
脊椎越獄時錯裂的嘎嘎聲
翻開一塊乾淨的石頭
什麼也沒有

Earth 3 (Wu Zetian), Lucas Klein, tr.

Stretch a hand into the earth touch a nostril mouth genitalia
a broken neck swollen feet
stretch a hand into the earth to touch death

the city a strip of wind-dried horsemeat
a skeleton's eyeball
trash heaps reeking fruit core's yellow odor
birds chattering
without end
Holding funeral rites for cadavers crammed in graves
With a majesty commanding the hundred flowers she subdues the might of mountains
The instant evolution of a bloody wreck
Breasts seated North pointing South, constellations like a swarm of goddesses

Her misted-in long hair coiled into a great grey sea of woods
No way back, no words for lofty posthumous titles
And the geomancy of warfare fire looks on without words:
hie thee back
wherefore dost thou not return

A thousand stone Wengzhong still in cold file
A thousand sunsets wailing with lost voices
Alive or dead wallowing in a yellowed flesh
Touching earth
Who is struggling on the back of the mirror
Touching hardened blood
Twelve palaces dug deeper than twelve black holes
An eternal distance beneath the claws of stone beasts, a line of mystery
Wilderness taking root in vacant stone eyes
The old crone curled up in a blanket, labia withered like paper
The wordless epitaph laughs with no laugh in ten thousand-year
blankness, flaking and peeling

Waiting waiting with funeral rites
A returning molar
A lead sea a race exuberant in multiplying its white bones
No cry can reach those deaf ears
With belief in the brush she fabricates a name:
the Sun and the Moon and the Sky
Bathed and brilliant: *And all that remaineth is a green grave*
in the yellow dusk
Yesterday a paper coin in the wind
A blade of grass to the earth
Fleeing fleeing
Hands touching dark seduction
Earth's only dialect
The cracking of jailbreaking backbones
Turn over one clean stone
And nothing