

2010 - 2022



# Live encounters

POETRY & WRITING

FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH  
SPECIAL ENGLISH-CHINESE EDITION  
FEBRUARY 2023

ANNA YIN

*Confluence of Chinese & Canadian Poetry*

COVER ARTWORK BY IRISH ARTIST EMMA BARONE



Lotus, Luang Prabang, Laos. Photograph by Mark Ulyseas.



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*Live Encounters Magazine (2010), Live Encounters Poetry & Writing (2016), Live Encounters Young Poets & Writers (2019) and now, Live Encounters Books (August 2020).*

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Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

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TRANSLATIONS FROM ENGLISH TO CHINESE  
AND CHINESE TO ENGLISH HAS BEEN DONE  
BY ANNA YIN.

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Anna Yin was born in China and immigrated to Canada in 1999. She was Mississauga's Inaugural Poet Laureate (2015-17) and Ontario representative for the League of Canadian Poets (2013-16). She has authored five poetry collections and one collection of translations: *Mirrors and Windows* (Guernica Editions 2021). Anna won the 2005 Ted Plantos Memorial Award, two MARTYs, two scholarships from USA and grants from Ontario Arts Council and Canada Council for the Arts. Her poems/translations have appeared at Queen's Quarterly, ARC Poetry, New York Times, China Daily, CBC Radio, Literary Review of Canada etc. She read on Parliament Hill, at Austin International Poetry Festival, Edmonton Poetry Festival and universities in China, Canada and USA etc. She has designed and taught Poetry Alive educational programs since 2011 along with her daily IT job. In 2020, she started her own small press: [surewaypress.com](http://surewaypress.com) for her translating, editing and publishing services.

星子安娜 中国出生，99年移民加拿大，是加拿大密西沙加市首届桂冠诗人（2015-17），获 2005 年 安大略省诗人协会诗歌奖，2010 / 2014 密市文学奖，2013 CPAC专业成就奖以及2016/2017美国诗歌大会奖学金和安省艺术项目奖等。著有四本英文诗集以及《爱的灯塔》双语诗选和《Mirrors and Windows/镜子与窗户》东西诗翻译诗集。安娜诗歌以及翻译发表在多个国际刊物，也被加拿大国家诗歌月和全国公交巡展诗歌以及大学选用。安娜多次在国际诗歌节表演和讲授诗歌，担任诗歌评委和策划人。利用自己IT工作经验，2020年安娜开始旭辉文化传媒公司从事编辑翻译出版业务。

## ANNA YIN CONFLUENCE OF CHINESE & CANADIAN POETRY

This special bilingual edition of *Live Encounters Poetry & Writing* features Chinese poets that I have recently translated from Chinese to English, and Canadian poets from English to Chinese.

My love for both languages and cultural landscapes, Chinese and Canadian, has given me a new perspective of poetry and the bridge that crosses the meridian of language barriers to newer vistas that guides one to the confluence of an enriching vibrant ethos, which is my home.

This year I was glad to bring Yan Li's Chinese poems with my English translations to *Queen's Quarterly* (Canada) and *Live Encounters*, my translations of Zhou Jun's poems to *Arc Poetry* (Canada) and *Voice & Verse Poetry* (Hongkong), and my Chinese translations of Armand Garnet Ruffo's poems in New York, Taiwan and New Zealand, etc.

For this edition I have selected eight Chinese poets and eight Canadian poets with a wide range of themes, different styles and unique backgrounds. I hope that through my translations, English-speaking readers will also be able to savor the dark humor and enlightening works of *Chen Ming Hua*, *Yang Xiao Bin* and *Yan Li*. And, perhaps, feel goosebumps from works by *Yang Lian*, *Jiang Xiao Yu* and *Yen Ai Lin*, and sense the unspoken aching from the works of *Jian Feng* and *Zhou Jun*.

Anna Yin

The Chinese readers, I know, will enjoy the inspiration and vitality from history, culture and nature that I have harvested while translating Canadian poets. Armand Garnet Ruffo and Micheline Maylor taught me how to understand indigenous peoples and nature, Don Gutteridge showed me how to write about great poets in one sentence, Lorna Crozier magically presented "I", Elana Wolff shared her concern for soul, Lynn Tait revealed "Thoughts on the Afterlife", Michael Fraser portrayed his "black landscape" and Banoo Zan wrote for girls in Iran. Each of these poets is unique, yet they share a universal concern for the world and humanity, and an outstanding literary merit. I am honored to translate these poems and to share them with you.

Additionally, I want to mention eight is a very lucky number in Chinese culture, especially for the Chinese Spring Festival. We wish poetry brings you joy, wisdom and reflection. Perhaps you will find some interesting coincidences in my selection of these poems. Yes, I am waiting for you to find out. At least, it seems to me that there is always more waiting to be explored, just as in *Mirrors and Windows*, an anthology published by Guernica Editions in 2021, which includes my translations of the works of 60 poets.

I thank Mark Ulyseas for offering me this platform to present this unique bilingual edition.

## 星子安娜 华语诗和加拿大诗的汇合

这期《现场邂逅诗歌与写作》双语特刊推介我最新翻译的华语诗人(中译英)和加拿大诗人(英译中)诗作。

对中文和英语两种语言以及不同文化景观的热爱,让我不仅对双语诗歌写作获得提升,也让我为跨语言交流找到有效的搭建桥梁方式——引导读者进入双向的丰富多彩的精神世界的汇合,这成为我的基点。

今年,我很高兴把严力的华语诗和我的英文译本推荐到 *Queen's Quarterly* (《皇后大学季刊》)和 *Live Encounters* (《现场邂逅》),把周珺的诗翻译给加拿大国家级诗刊 *Arc Poetry* 和香港的 *Voice & Verse Poetry*,同时也把 *Armand Garnet Ruffo* 的诗翻译介绍给纽约、台湾和新西兰等世界各地的华人读者。

这期特刊,我选择了八位华语诗人和八位加拿大诗人,他们主题广泛,风格各异,背景独特。希望通过我的翻译,英文读者能品味到华语诗人陈铭华、杨小斌和严力作品的黑色幽默和卓智,感受杨炼、江小鱼和颜艾琳作品的惊悚震撼;体验简枫和周珺的别样表达和无言之痛。而华语读者也将领略我翻译加拿大诗人的收获:比如Armand Garnet Ruffo和Micheline Maylor表达原居民对自然和历史的理解,Don Gutteridge 展示一句话诗意诗人前辈, *Lorna Crozier* 如何书写“自我”,Elana Wolff如何“灵魂探寻”,Lynn Tait感悟来世,Michael Fraser 描绘“黑人景观”,*Banoo Zan*为“伊朗女性”呐喊。每个诗人各具特色,却有着共同的对世界和人类的关爱和杰出的文学功底。我很荣幸能翻译这些诗,并与大家分享。

此外8在中国文化中是一个非常幸运的数字,特别是春节期间。我们祝愿诗歌带给你快乐、智慧和思考。也许你会发现我选择的诗歌有一些有趣的巧合。是的,我等待你去发现。至少,在我看来,总有更多的东西等着探索,就像《镜子和窗户》(*Guernica Editions*在2021年出版的我的翻译集,包括60位中西诗人作品)。

感谢Mark Ulyseas提供这个平台来展示这期独特的双向翻译特刊。



Chen Ming-Hua, originally from Guangdong, was born in Vietnam in 1956. He settled in Los Angeles in 1979. In 1990, he and friends founded the bi-monthly poetry magazine "New World" (Chinese) and has been the editor-in-chief since then. He is the author of several poetry collections in Chinese, as well as prose poetry collections in that language.

陈铭华，祖籍广东番禺，1956年生于越南嘉定，1979年定居于美国洛杉矶。1990年偕诗友创办《新大陆》诗双月刊，任主编迄今。著有诗集《河传》、《童话世界》、《春天的游戏》、《我的复制品》及散文诗集《天梯》、《防腐剂》、《散文诗五论》、《重返地球》等。

Chen Ming-Hua

## SPRING AS USUAL

Sitting upright in the chair, my chin on the instrument before me, my forehead in position, I wonder whether the present has overlapped the past or overlies the future... Laser correction in 2009, left retinal adhesion in 2014, left cataract removal in 2015, right cataract removal in 2016. Between the dazzling glare and the teardrop-dripping gap, I perplexedly perceive two red lips beneath the frontal mirror murmuring,

“Confess and get leniency!”

## 春如旧

正襟危坐椅中，下巴放在面前仪器上，前额定位，现在重迭过去又重迭未来？激光矫正2009年，左视网膜黏合2014年，左白内障清除2015年，右白内障清除2016年……从炫目的强光和泪水间隙，我惘然看到额镜下两片红润的唇喃喃说

“坦白从宽！”

## DIGITAL ANATOMY

55 pounds of AAA grade meat, 8 pints of good platelet blood, 24 premium ribs, several poems, misty shadows, unsettled soul, desire and sperm counts are very comparable

The poet has no research funds. He rationalizes himself with beef, eggs, a scale and his own body

## 数字解剖学

AAA级肉55磅，优质血小板血液8品脱，高级肋骨24根，诗若干，影子朦胧，灵魂飘忽，欲望和精子数量成正比。

诗人没有研究经费，以牛肉、鸡蛋、一座磅秤和自己的身体来自圆其说

## SPRING FEVER SHOULD NOT COMPETE WITH BLOSSOMS

The tree's mind was originally pink, but after conversion it became so colorful that it hardly appeared any difference from flowers-- fallen leaves are contented to re-form the meaning of existence so sadly

Laying back is a cheery attitude to life

## 春心莫共花争发

树的思想原来是粉红色的，改造后却变得那么多彩，几乎与花没有距离，落叶乐得那么忧郁地重新形成存在意义

躺平是一种积极的人生态度



Jian Feng is a senior teacher of Chinese language and a member of the Hebei Writers' Association. Her work has appeared in several literary journals in Chinese. She lives in Qinhuangdao, Hebei Province in China.

简枫，河北省秦皇岛市人。语文高级教师，河北省作家协会会员。作品散见于《散文》、《当代人》、《厦门文学》、《野草》、《牡丹》、《草原》、《诗选刊》等文学期刊。

Jian Feng

## WAITING FOR A FISH TO APPROACH SLOWLY

I like things with horns  
A fish, for example, with horns  
Can cut through chill and ice  
To come closer to me

I'm waiting — the longer I wait  
The more interesting it seems, so I take my time  
I'm not a fish nor have horns  
I cannot penetrate a winter

Facing the blank paper, I daydream...  
On a paper, I can have all that I had in my dreams:  
Old friends, grant landscapes, a warm fireplace on snowy nights  
intoxicated no matter drinking or not

I am waiting for my imaginary fish  
Waiting for a river rippling with glimmering light

## 等一条鱼慢慢靠近

我喜欢有犄角的事物  
比如一条鱼，有了犄角就能  
穿透寒冷和冰层  
靠近我

我在等，越是漫长  
越是等得饶有兴味，慢慢来  
我不是鱼也没有犄角  
我穿不透一个冬

我面对白纸假想  
梦里有的纸上也能得来  
山河故人风雪夜红泥小火炉  
饮和不饮都醉

我在等一条虚拟的鱼  
等一条河泛着波光

## AFTER A HEAVY SNOW

We don't need to rush out  
 Like a mad one, singing praises with open arms  
 We can stand quietly by the window  
 As if the snow never descends

Contrasted with the hustle and bustle  
 We have to get used to living without noise  
 We are caring/ we are sweet/we are overflowing with happiness  
 Alone, we peel off colorful candy wrappers  
 Slowly licking them

It's too lengthy, not just the winter  
 So is life, so is marriage... snowfall is but a fleeting moment  
 We live the same old days  
 Nothing left to say, as if losing our mother tongues

Occasionally, on a whim, out of the blue  
 This blanket of whiteness is like a pure page  
 Giving us unlimited possibilities  
 Yet deeper despair

## 大雪纷飞过后

我们不一定非要奔跑出去  
 伸开双臂唱赞美的歌，像个神经病  
 我们可以安静的独立窗前  
 像大雪不曾来临

相比于纷纷扬扬的喧嚣  
 我们要习惯不动声色地活着  
 我们爱人我们甜美我们幸福得爆棚  
 独自剥开斑斓的糖纸  
 慢慢地舔

太漫长了，不只是冬天  
 人生也是婚姻也是，大雪不过是稍纵即逝  
 我们过着千篇一律的日子  
 却无话可说，像个失语者

偶尔心血来潮，突发奇想  
 这铺天盖地的白宛如一页纯色的纸  
 给了我们无限的可能性  
 和更深的绝望



Jiang XiaoYu is a film director, film critic, cultural commentator, screenwriter, poet and talk show host. He studied at the Chinese Literature Department of Nanjing University and the Directing Department of Beijing Film Academy. His films have won numerous awards at various film festivals at home and abroad, and he has authored ten volumes of essays and his literary works have been selected as part of the "100 Years of Chinese Literature Classics".

江小鱼，电影导演、影评人、文化评论家、编剧、诗人、脱口秀主持人。先后就读于南京大学中文系和北京电影学院导演系，电影作品获国内外各类电影节众多奖项，文学作品入选《百年中国文学经典》，著有《江小鱼文集》（十卷）。

Jiang XiaoYu

## THE REBELS' JUNE

*Listen to Tchaikovsky's June (Barcarolle)*

This June is the rebels' June  
 The loved ones far away from gunfire and smoke  
 Have gradually immersed into the galaxies' inner world  
 Only moonlight cleansed hands are merited  
 To pick the midnight strawberries

The summer days we had before were not summer days  
 Following the fingertips of the continuo  
 They flowed to wave summits sharper than blades  
 As if hiding unknown sources about life and death  
 They waited for a baffling truth

The night wind carried the daggers upstream  
 The call of concord sprang out a bright texture  
 Hijacking strangers who switched fingers in the same key  
 Through low and high vocal cords of the closed cabin  
 the rhythm of Barcarolle emerged once again

And now, under the shadow of the hunter  
 The triumphalist has invaded the memories of others  
 The ending is not yet certain, the evening sun has already set  
 The abyss is an inch lower than the sky  
 It belongs to the history of the loser himself

Like flowers with arpeggio immersing in water  
 The right hand immerses in time  
 The daisy makes its last statement while fading out  
 The moonlight penetrates through the rebels' rear  
 disappearing in the clear spring of ignorance, escaping into the vastness

The night sky is in the chordal beats  
 The generation's silence turns into a shipwreck  
 Lying flat in their own deep sea  
 When fresh fish bones cross the sky  
 It is the closest moment to God

## 叛逆者的六月

- 听柴可夫斯基《六月船歌》

这个六月，是叛逆者的六月  
所爱的人远离枪火和烟火  
缓缓深入星辰的内部  
只有被月光清洗的双手  
才配得上摘下午夜的草莓

曾经有过的夏日不是夏日  
早已随着连奏的手指尖  
流向比刀锋更锋利的浪尖  
犹如隐藏着生死不明的来处  
等待一个扑朔迷离的真相

夜风携带短刃溯流而上  
和声的呼召弹出明亮的质感  
将同音换指的陌生人劫持  
低声部与高声部的密舱  
将船歌的律动又一次浮现

而此刻，借助狩猎人的阴影  
凯旋者正闯入他人的记忆  
结局尚未确定晚霞已经落幕  
深渊比天空低垂一寸  
那是属于失败者自己的历史

沉浸在时间里的右手  
恍如琶音的鲜花沉浸在水中  
雏菊在渐弱里做最后陈述  
月色击穿叛逆的背影  
消失于无明的清泉，遁入苍茫

夜空在和弦的拍打声中  
一代人的沉默化为一艘沉船  
躺平在属于自己的深海里  
看鲜活的鱼骨划过天际  
那是最接近神的时刻



Yan Li (poet and artist) was born in Beijing in 1954. He started writing poetry in 1973 and painting in 1979. He was a member of the pioneering art group “Star Painting Club” and the literary group “Today” in Beijing in 1979, and held the first solo exhibition of pioneering art in China in 1984. In 1987, he founded the poetry journal “First Line New York” (which ceased publication in 2000) and resumed publication in New York in June 2020, where he continues to serve as editor-in-chief. He is the president of the Overseas Chinese Writers’ Association.

严力（诗人、艺术家）1954年生于北京。1973年开始诗歌创作，1979年开始绘画创作。是1979年北京先锋艺术团体“星星画会”和文学团体“今天”的成员。1984年在上海人民公园展览厅举办了国内最早的先锋艺术的个人画展。1985年从北京留学美国并于1987年在纽约创立“一行”诗刊，（2000年停刊），2020年6月在纽约复刊，继续任主编。2018年出任纽约“法拉盛诗歌节”主任委员，同年出任纽约“海外华文作家笔会”会长。

Yan Li

## TO MOTHER

When you brought me into this world,  
 I was destined to have your bliss like a fish in the water.  
 Beyond swimming in rivers, lakes and oceans,  
 I have discerned the bizarre tricks of beneficial baits and  
 the depth of man-made whirlpools.  
 Once I spent my whole breath that I have held for decades  
 to dive into poetry that plumbs the definition of survival  
 and learned severely —  
 as long as it is a fishbowl  
 it cannot become bigger beyond its boundaries.

The tides of time surge turbulently.  
 The day you bid farewell to me  
 suddenly descends.  
 Yet the you who has inhabited inside me  
 continues to bless me to surf thousands of miles

This is the day you bring me out into the world again —  
 that new world of heaven and earth,  
 you are also going for the first time  
 and my imagination  
 follows you to learn dancing a second time

You are eternal —  
 no other milk is comparable.  
 I believe in the claims of flesh and blood  
 but not in any abstract notions of  
 hijacked motherhood.

## 致母亲

被你带进这个世界  
 我注定在你的祝福中如鱼得水  
 畅游江河湖海之外  
 更识别了利益鱼饵的诡异以及  
 人为漩涡的深浅  
 我曾用几十年憋足的一口气  
 潜泳在讲究生存定义的诗歌里  
 并且深深地领教了  
 只要是鱼缸  
 就不可能大于它的局限

岁月波涛汹涌  
 你与我告别的日子  
 突然降临  
 而定居我体内的你  
 继续祝福我冲浪千里

这是你带我再次出世的日子  
 那个上天入地的新世界  
 你也是第一次去  
 而我的联想  
 则在后面第二次翩翩学舞

你是永远的  
 其他的乳汁没有可比性  
 我坚信血肉的称呼  
 不相信任何绑架了母爱的  
 抽象名词

## LIMITED ALCOHOL CONSUMPTION

My father and I never exchanged  
Emails  
Nor did we ever call over cell phones  
He never treated me at McDonald's.

I know this is bullshit  
Because he died in the devastated days of the Cultural Revolution  
In the early 1980s  
Now he and I can sometimes mumble a bit  
That only happens in my drunken daze

So that's one reason for me to drink  
I want to drink until he could talk to me on my cell phone  
Connect me via emails  
Eat at Starbucks if not at McDonald's

But well  
By now  
To drink until all of these things could happen  
You have to have a divine's drinking capacity

## 酒量有限

我和我父亲从来没有通过  
电子邮件  
也没有打过手机  
他更没有请我吃过麦当劳

我知道这是废话  
因为他死于被文革蹂躏的日子里  
上世纪八十年代初  
现在我和他有时候可以哼哈两句  
那也是在我酒后的恍惚中发生

所以这成为我喝酒的一个理由  
我想喝到他能与我打手机  
通电子邮件  
不吃麦当劳也能喝杯星巴克

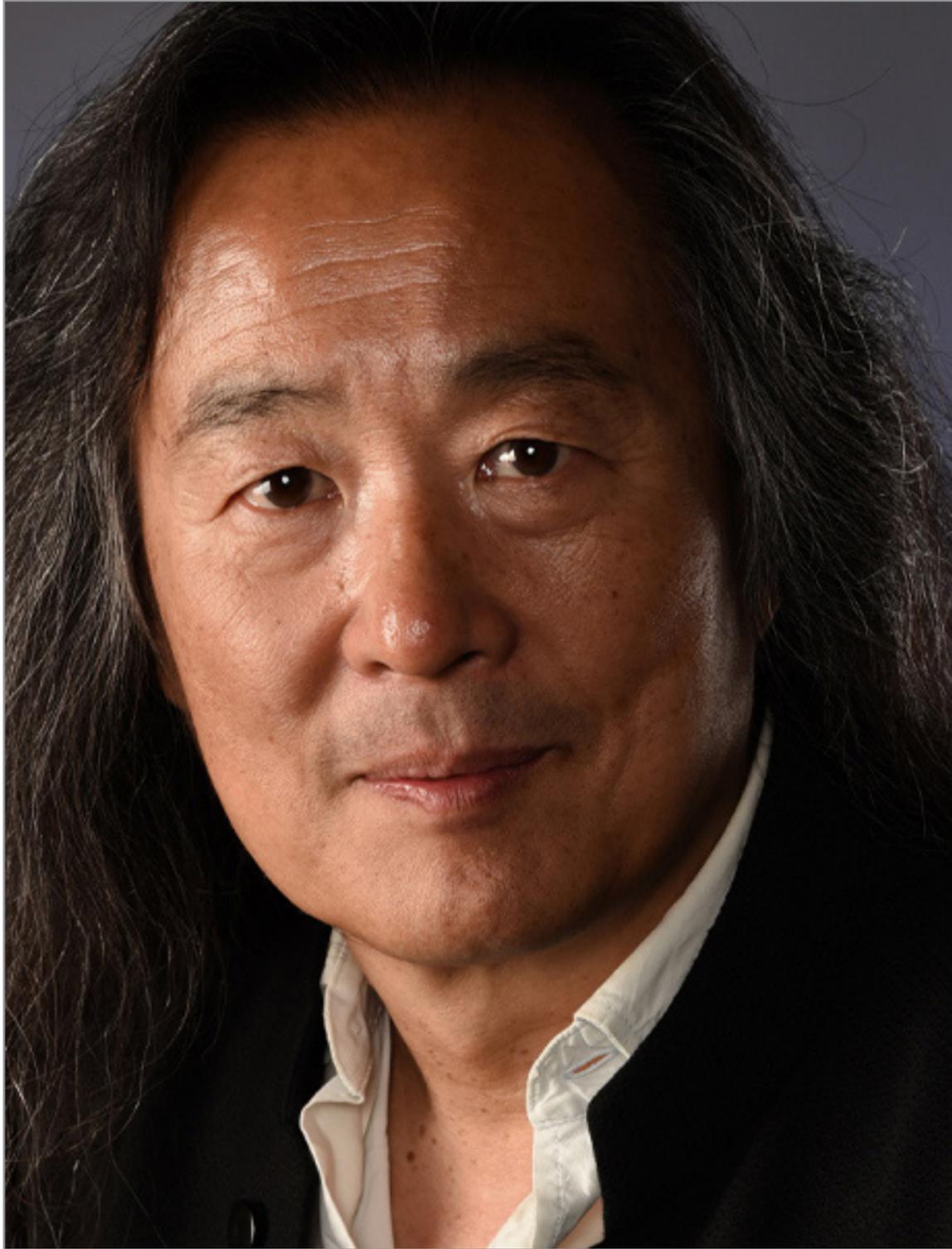
可是啊  
事到如今  
要喝到这几样事情都能发生  
必须拥有上帝的酒量才行

## THAT BIRD

After clearing out my literary heritage  
I am only left with a shrill  
Birdcall  
Not discerning between polite and procedural  
I have spent my life rehearsing that  
Sharp cry  
Until I  
Became the bird

## 那只鸟

清理了文学遗产后  
我只留下一声尖利的  
不分客套和形容词的  
鸟叫声  
我此生就是演练那声  
尖利的叫  
直到我  
叫成了那只鸟



Yang Lian was born in Switzerland in 1955, one of the earliest poets of Misty Poetry. His works have been translated into more than thirty languages, and he has received awards such as the Nonino International Literary Award, the first Pacific International Poetry Prize in Taiwan etc. He is regarded as one of the most representative voices for contemporary Chinese poetry in the world. Yang Lian is currently Writer-in-Residence and a lecture at Shantou University in China.

杨炼：1955年生于瑞士，朦胧诗最早作者之一，其作品译成三十余种外语，获诺尼诺国际文学奖、李白诗歌奖提名奖、台湾首届太平洋国际诗歌奖和雅努斯·潘诺尼乌斯诗歌大奖等奖项，被誉为世界上当代中国最有代表性的声音之一。杨炼现任汕头大学驻校作家暨讲座教授。

Yang Lian

## STONE / FEATHER

*for Christiana Biron*

Dante's triple-rhymed poetry  
hand by hand the daughter is taught to collage an inferno  
stone steps cascade down the destruction theory

a paper as thin as flesh skin  
a skull of a mother of pearl a dead fish's horizon  
the rhythm of biting glued by the rhythm within

through closed eyes one can discern the darkness  
decaying into a baby the barbed wire stops sea waves  
a hand from a volcanic crater caresses a zither

death exposes a butterfly embedded in the eye  
that's the reality Bosnian gunshots are too close  
the child kneels tiny breasts, mud occupied

in a vacuumed feather the mother hides  
tears shed like milk a drop of beauty distilled from her body  
lets you suckle the darkest side of life

the steps of catastrophe cascade down how much further can they reach?  
the human trap the speech trap each step enters the present  
never reaching the bottom of the sea yet all are deep down in the sea

a blueprint of horror only one page  
has already written the whole poem of flesh and blood the ode of stone  
an aethereal feather has summed up the future

## 石头 · 羽毛

*for Christiana Biron*

但丁的三行诗  
手把手教女儿拼贴一座地狱  
石头台阶层层向下 毁灭的方程式

薄如肉体的纸  
一枚头骨珍珠母 一条死鱼的地平线  
撕咬的韵律紧咬粘合的韵律

闭起眼睛才看见 那黑暗  
腐烂成婴儿 那铁丝网刹住海浪  
火山口探出的手 轻抚琴弦

死亡裸露一只蝴蝶 嵌进眼眶  
那就是现实 波斯尼亚的枪声太近  
孩子跪着 小小的乳房里灌满泥浆

羽毛真空管里躲着母亲  
流泪就是流奶 一滴体内分泌的美  
让你吮 人生最黑的一部分

灾难台阶层层向下 还能多幽邃?  
人的陷阱 辞的陷阱 每一步踏入现在  
从未抵达海底 到处深陷于海底

一幅恐惧的蓝图 只一页  
已经写完血肉之诗 石头之诗  
轻飘飘的羽毛归纳了未来



Yang Xiaobin is a poet, artist, and critic. He has received PhD. from Yale University and currently teaches in Taiwan. He is the chief editor of *Cross-Strait Poetry*. He has been a professor at the University of Mississippi, Università Ca' Foscari (Venice), and the University of California (Davis). He has authored several poetry collections and has held exhibitions such as "Traces and Usure" on both sides of the Taiwan Strait and in North America

杨小滨，诗人，艺术家，评论家。耶鲁大学博士，现任中研院研究员，政治大学教授，《两岸诗》总编辑。曾任密西西比大学、威尼斯大学、美国加州大学（戴维斯分校）教授，中国教育电视台《艺术争鸣》栏目主持人。著有诗集《景色与情节》、《洗澡课》等。近年在两岸及北美举办“踪迹与涂抹”等展览

Yang Xiaobin

## FANS IN TREES

What else can winds do if not fan the flame?  
 How many delusions can be scotched when burning?  
 Wave hard, the flaming mountain will blaze even brighter.  
 The princess, although cunning and cruel, cannot bear  
 singing with her aching belly—  
 abandoning a fire won't make the mountain flame into ashes.  
 Nothing has changed but the leaves of treetops  
 sound more husky, so why not play the round fan like a moon lute?  
 Let the plum-blossom's drizzle drum on each ear bone.  
 If one's not standing steadily, the waist will be hot  
 like summer—think hard,  
 it only reaches the surface. Thus,  
 when one wraps the air tightly  
 ignoring its slumbering state—  
 the breath is not enough to burn,  
 then let the breeze wake it up.

## 树上的扇子

不点火，风还能干嘛？  
 烧起来又能烤干多少浮云？  
 使劲挥，火焰山烧得更旺。  
 公主再刁蛮，也顶不住  
 一边肚皮痛一边唱歌——  
 丢弃一把火，也不会  
 让江山灰飞烟灭。  
 无非是听树梢的叶子  
 又沙哑了些；那还不如  
 把团扇当作月琴弹奏，  
 每个骨朵上都叮咚出梨花雨。  
 要不是站得稳，腰热起来  
 更不甩夏天——使劲猜，  
 也只能是皮毛。那麽，  
 你绑紧空气的时候  
 全然不顾它已经入睡——  
 鼻息不足以焚毁的，  
 就让微风来吹醒吧。

## GUIDE TO LIVING IN INFECTED ZONES

Some numbers defeat other numbers.  
 In some zones, you have to pinch your nose.  
 you fear losing the sense of smell, rush to the restroom to check.  
 Do take a bath with rubbing alcohol right after touching the air with gloves.  
 For two years, you haven't kissed anyone,  
 yet you suspect that the dog in your arms is the source of the infection.  
 Do not talk more over the phone, the virus spreads fast.  
 Just take off from the living room and land in the bedroom.  
 Vaccines are more like heroin than a placebo.  
 In an overcast spit-out froth, is the fine rain the sweetest?  
 Can infected spots be worse than smallpox?  
 A sneeze makes everyone explode.  
 I've been in love with naught for a long time, but why is it still beautiful?

## 疫区生活指南

一些数字打败另一些数字。  
 一些地区必须捏鼻子。  
 怕失去嗅觉，就到厕所闻尿。  
 带起手套摸完空气后，  
 立刻用酒精洗澡。  
 两年以来从未接吻，  
 却疑心怀裡的狗是感染源。  
 不多说电话了，病毒传播快。  
 那就从客厅起飞，在卧室降落吧。  
 疫苗比强心针更像海洛因。  
 在云的飞沫裡，细雨  
 是最甜的吗？染上的  
 火花，会比天花更可怕？  
 一个喷嚏让人爆炸。  
 爱上零很久了，为什么还是美？



Yen Ai-lin was born in Taiwan in 1968 and graduated from Fu Jen Catholic University. She won the Outstanding Youth Award from Taiwan Publishing, the 40th Anniversary of Epoch Poetry Quarterly Award, the National Outstanding Poet Award etc. She was the First Cross-Strait Poet Laureate. She has authored 20 books and her poems have been translated into many languages and have been selected for various Chinese textbooks in Taiwan and Hong Kong etc.

颜艾琳，台南人，1968年出生，辅仁大学历史系毕。曾获台湾出版优秀青年奖、创世纪诗刊40周年优选诗作奖、全国优秀诗人奖等、曾获第一届两岸桂冠诗人。著有《骨皮肉》、《她方》、《微美》、《诗乐翩篇》、《A赢的地味》、《吃时间》、《喂》二十本书；诗作已译成英、法、德、韩、日、西、葡文等，被选入台、港等地各种华文教材。

Yen Ai-lin

## THREE ABSTRACT ARTWORKS

(One)

Solitude is very airy.  
 It can be also a heavy  
 force of gravity.  
 The nude woman's  
 sagging breasts are sobbing...  
 A rose on the dressing table  
 has long become lifeless.

(Two)

That man wants to open a window.  
 The sunset outside  
 bleeds  
 miserably and massively  
 like a lady who has lost her virginity.

(Three)

A child  
 shouts out through his eyes,  
 because his throat  
 is knotted and benumbed.

The father, ten blocks away, working.  
 The mother, vegetative in a hospital.

## 抽象三图

(作品No1)

寂寞是很轻的氛围，  
 也是一种沉重的  
 地心引力。  
 脱光衣服的女人  
 垂甸甸的双乳在饮泣……  
 而梳妆檯上一朵玫瑰，  
 早已阳萎多时。

(作品No2)

那个男人要打开一扇窗。  
 窗外的夕阳  
 像失去贞操的女人，  
 惨惨澹澹地  
 流洩满眼的血红。

(作品No3)

一个小孩  
 用眼睛呐喊。  
 因为他的喉咙  
 被“冷漠”打了结。

父亲在十条街之外上班。  
 母亲，是某医院的大型植物。

## LIBRA

Just suddenly I feel  
it's time to stop playing the unbalanced game.  
Well, you know the rules of the seesaw —  
they require sacrificing one side's fall.

And I am the other side that keeps rising  
by your constant pressure.  
Like a balloon  
inside the bright proud surface  
is just inflated nothingness.  
You are generous to protect my explosive face.  
But I have wished many times —  
you could brutally puncture my shield,  
then, perhaps we could get  
relief ...

Next, you would silently leave my scale:  
For the first time  
the weight of nothing  
would make the scale balance...

Now you should wake up —  
I am a heartless hammer  
that cannot match your weight.

## 天秤座

只是忽然觉得：  
该停止玩不平衡的游戏了。  
喏，你知道翘翘板的规则  
必要牺牲一方的下降

而我是被你不断加压之下  
一直上升的彼端；  
像个气球  
气色骄傲的表面裡，  
却是满胀的虚无。  
你仁慈并保护著我易爆的面子，  
但我多次希望：  
你能残忍地戳破这道防设  
那麽，我们或许能得到  
释放……

然后，你将悄悄离开我的天秤。  
在那上面，  
一无所有的重量，  
使天秤首次地平衡了……

现在 你应该醒悟  
我是一枚无法与你等重的，  
薄倖的锤。



Zhou Jun, pen name Zhou Wa, is a writer and an online educator in China. She has authored several literary works; her books: "The Proud Painter: A Biography of Wu Guanzhong" and "The Eruditionist in the Forbidden City: A Biography of Yang Boda" were listed among "100 Excellent Books Recommended to Young People Nationwide" by National Press and Publication Administration. Her poetic drama "Night Visits to Nuwa" was selected for the 2019 Bei Jing Nanluoguxiang Theatre Festival, and won the Great Play Award in the script competition by Modern Theatre Magazine and Shaanxi Playwright Association.

周珺，笔名周瓦，作家，线上教育者。出版多部文学作品，其中书籍《傲骨丹青：吴冠中传》和《故宫里的博学家：杨伯达传》被国家新闻出版总署列为“向全国青少年推荐的百种优秀图书”。诗剧《夜访女娲》入选2019年北京南锣鼓巷戏剧节，荣获现代戏剧杂志社和陕西戏剧家协会主办的剧本大赛大戏奖。

Zhou Jun

## THE 60S

*To my father*

The days you once lived are now like a quilt covering my body  
 The hardships you suffered are now like sunlight shining over my house  
 You were uprooted in the flood...I think we're about to encounter one another  
 We will be forced to make choices together

Don't whine about what happened to you in your early life  
 We have come to you from another fork in the journey  
 There is another dimension of love to let us shake hands and make peace  
 No, it's the poignant tears that are flowing

The war, the turmoil, the hunger and the political power that you have experienced  
 The language you were used to, the underground bomb shelters and People's Communes you have visited  
 Though I hate, I laugh silently, or curse loudly  
 But I cannot leave without you, as I did in those days when I had to go with the flow.

I cannot help loving you, loving you with all your flaws  
 Now I stand on a prairie far from you, recalling your life  
 Recalling the world you once loved, everything returns to square one  
 Now I think of the Sino-Japanese War, Emperor Chongzhen, and the Six Gentlemen of the Hundred Days' Reform

I won't give up love; however, I will lose everything  
 I'm in tears, and I realize we have no one to turn to  
 Without you, without the past, things will not stop anyway  
 Even sleeping underground, I will still meet your suffering

*Note: Emperor Chongzhen was the last Emperor for Ming Dynasty, who committed suicide.*

## 60年代

*致我的父亲*

你们曾经生活过的日子，现在像棉被一样盖在我的身上  
 你们曾经受过的苦，像阳光一样照耀在我的屋子上空  
 你们曾经在洪流中颠沛流离，我想我们也快相逢了  
 我们会一起逼迫着做出选择

你们提前遭遇的，请不要抱怨  
 我们从另一个岔口，来到你们的跟前  
 还有爱的另一个维度，让我们握手言和不，是心酸的眼泪在流淌

你们经历过的战乱、动荡、饥饿还有政治的力量  
 你们习惯的语言，曾经去过的地下防空洞和人民公社  
 虽然我痛恨，我无声地嘲笑，或者大声咒骂  
 但是我依旧离不开你们，犹如那个必须随波逐流的时代

我无法不爱你，不爱浑身都是缺点的你  
 现在我站在远离你们的平原，我回忆你的一生  
 回忆你们曾经热爱过的世界，一切回到原点  
 现在我想起了甲午战争、崇祯皇帝以及戊戌君子

我不会放弃爱，但是我什么都会失去  
 我泪流满面，此时我才知道我们无依无靠  
 没有了你们，没有了那些过去，一切并没有停止  
 就算沉睡在地下，我和你们的苦难依旧会重逢

## GONGSHU JUNJIATANG RIVERSIDE

The snow has melted all masters' armor  
 Under the blue sky, all the trees have become bare  
 Slimming into dark gray lines  
 Silently pointing to the profound eternity

I am just passing by  
 I watch birds standing among you, grasping with sharply alert claws  
 Remnants of fruits, each round with a tiny gloating green belly  
 And myriad buds covered in fleece, sprouting from branches

I am not the one you are waiting for  
 Dark-gray is the silence, next to the winter scenery's devotion  
 Expecting so much, all becomes silent  
 Hey, I'm just passing by and saluting you all

## 拱墅隽家塘河边

雪消融了所有主人的盔甲  
 所有的树，在蓝天下都裸  
 都瘦成黑灰色的线条  
 都静静地指向这隽永的未来

我只是路过  
 看到鸟站在你们中间，揪住清警的爪  
 有残留的果实，一个个滚圆着小小得意的绿肚子  
 还有无数枚绒毛包裹着的花苞，枝头峭立

你们等待的自不是我  
 那么多黑灰色的缄默，挨着冬景的忠贞  
 那么多的期待，都那么安静  
 嗨，我只是路过，然后向你们一一致敬



Armand Garnet Ruffo is recognized as a major contributor to both contemporary Indigenous literature and Indigenous literary scholarship in Canada. His publications include *Grey Owl: The Mystery of Archie Belaney* (1996/ 2021); *Norval Morrisseau: Man Changing Into Thunderbird* (2014), *The Thunderbird Poems* (2015) and *Treaty#* (2019). A two-time finalist for Governor General's Literary Awards, he is the recipient of numerous awards. In 2017, he was awarded the inaugural Mayor's Arts Award from the City of Kingston, and in 2020, he was awarded the Latner Writers' Trust Poetry Prize. He is currently the Queen's National Scholar in Indigenous Literatures at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario.

阿曼德·加内特·鲁弗是加拿大当代原居民文学和原居民文学学术的主要贡献者。著有《灰猫头鹰：阿奇-贝莱尼之谜》（1996/ 2021）《诺瓦尔-莫里索：人变雷霆鸟》（2014），《雷霆鸟诗集》（2015）和《条约#系列》（2019）。两次入围总督文学奖，他荣获许多奖项，包括2017年金斯顿市的首届市长艺术奖，2020年拉特纳作家信托诗歌奖。他目前是加拿大皇后大学的原居民文学国家学者。

Armand Garnet Ruffo

## EARTH MOTHER, 1966

He's still using muted earth tones:  
Brown, green, beige, a little red.  
Unlike the work from his later technicolour period,  
This one comes right out of the land,  
As though he's taken a hunting knife  
and slit himself open,  
and when it's finished it frightens him.

Put your ear to the canvas, and you will hear the rising water.

What you see is a canoe afloat with passengers.  
Nanaboozho – or maybe the artist trying to save himself—  
a moose, a beaver, a bird, an otter  
and, of course, a tiny muskrat,  
who does what the others cannot  
and dives to the bottom of the great lake  
and brings up a tiny morsel of soil  
the Creator uses to remake the world.

All these characters, because they are characters  
in the grand scheme of the story,  
however, pale to the thing they are floating on:  
a monstrous fanged creature,  
razor teeth, serpent eyes, forked tongue,  
hackles, claws, fins, a hungry belly  
stuffed with human flesh and spirit.

Is this the Mother Earth we dare trample on?

## 大地之母，1966年

他仍在使用柔和的大地色系：  
棕色、绿色、米色和一点红色。  
不像后来他的技术色系的作品，  
这幅作品直接从土地里挖出来，  
犹如他手拿一把猎刀  
割开了自我，  
完成时，自己也吓了一跳。

把耳朵贴在画布上，你就会听到水在上涨。

你看到一艘载着乘客的独木舟漂浮，  
Nanaboozho——也许艺术家试图拯救自己——  
一匹驼鹿、一个海狸、一只鸟、一条水獭  
当然，还有一尾小麝鼠，  
它完成了无人能及的任务  
潜入大湖的底部  
带上来一小块泥土  
造物主用它来重塑世界。

所有这些角色，尽管他们是  
在宏伟计划的故事里的，  
但是与他们所漂浮之物一比，就黯然失色：  
一座可怕的獠牙生物，有着  
剃刀牙，蟒蛇眼，叉形舌，  
毛骨悚然，尖爪多鳍以及塞满了  
人的肉身和精气的饥饿的肚皮。

这就是我们敢于践踏的地球母亲吗？

注：Nanaboozho是奥吉布韦族的诡计多端的人物和文化英雄。

## INDIAN JESUS CHRIST

Once again he is the blessed child  
in the midst of adoration, exaltation:  
Our Father Who Art in Heaven.  
As his knees grind into the wood floor  
and a throbbing ache moves up his legs  
and drips off his upper lip,  
into his cupped hands.

Staring up to the stained-glass Christ  
above the priest and altar  
he tries to focus on the one ray of light  
filtering through halo and flame  
like the divine spirit Himself  
so that he might rise up to the rafters  
and beyond into cool heaven.

The prayer for salvation never comes to pass.  
Christ and his legion of angels  
never once lift the roof off the chapel,  
carry him in a chorus of hallelujahs.  
Morrisseau is left to find his own wings  
and he does, painting his own remembering,  
his hands bursting into holy acrylic pain.

## 印度安耶稣基督

再次他成为受祝福的孩子  
在崇拜中，在高举中：  
我们在天上的父。  
当他膝盖跪进木地板里，  
一阵悸动的痛移至双腿，  
酒液从他上嘴唇滴下  
滴到他捧着的手心。

仰望着牧师和祭坛  
上方的彩色琉璃基督，  
他试着专注于  
透过光环和火花的那一束光——  
就像圣灵本身，  
以便能升到屋檐之上  
美好的天堂。

基督和他的天使军团  
从未来兑现他救赎的祈祷，  
从未掀开过礼拜堂的屋顶  
在哈利路亚合唱中升起他——  
莫里索被留下寻找自己的羽翼  
而他做到了，绘出自己的铭记，  
双手迸发出丙烯酸圣洁之痛。



Bänoo Zan is a poet, librettist, translator, teacher, editor and poetry curator, with more than 250 published poems and poetry-related pieces as well as three books including *Songs of Exile* and *Letters to My Father*. She is the founder of *Shab-e She'r* (Poetry Night), Canada's most diverse poetry reading and open mic series (inception: 2012), a brave space that bridges the gap between communities of poets from different ethnicities, nationalities, religions (or lack thereof), ages, genders, sexual orientations, disabilities, poetic styles, voices and visions. Bänoo is the Writer-in-Residence at the University of Alberta, Canada, Sept 2022-May 2023.

班努·赞是一位诗人、编剧、翻译、教师、编辑和诗歌策展人，发表过250多首诗歌及有关作品，著有三本书。她是Shab-e She'r（诗歌之夜）创始人，加拿大最多样化的读诗及开麦系列（成立于2012年），给不同种族、宗教（或无宗教）、年龄、性别、风格、声音和视野的诗人及社区提供一个开放的空间，架钩桥梁。班努是2022年加拿大阿尔伯塔大学的驻校作家。

Bänoo Zan

## DAWN

*For Sepideh Rashno*

I am Dawn  
My name starts the day  
I signal the night's retreat

I tear hijab from my head  
The virtue matron bites my hand  
records me on her phone  
Revolutionary Guards arrest me the next day

I disappear  
until they show me on TV—

my cheeks hollowed out  
my face bruised  
my gaze lowered—

Under a loose manteau—  
bleeding—bones—and flesh—

They air my confession against the sun  
when the night is ongoing

In a “secret” location in Evin  
the interrogator-interviewer  
will have no deviation from the script

Defiance costs me lashes  
Submission gives me nightmares—  
Torture interrogates my life

My name is Dawn  
The day starts with my name

Who I am  
is not who I am—in pain—

I am Dawn  
and I tear the hijab  
of the night

*Author's Note: Sepideh Rashno, a woman defying the Islamic Republic of Iran's hijab edict who was arrested on June 15, 2022, and whose forced confession was aired on State TV on July 30. Her given name means “dawn.”*

*First published in Dissident Voice: A Radical Newsletter in the Struggle for Peace and Social Justice.*

## 黎明

致*Sepideh Rashno*

我是黎明  
 我的名字开启白昼  
 我预示黑夜的退却

我从头上撕下头巾  
 贞操女卫士咬住我的手  
 用她的手机录下我  
 次日我被革命卫队逮捕

我消失了  
 直到他们在电视上播放——

我的脸颊深凹  
 我的面色紫青  
 我的视线低垂——

在松散的披风下——  
 骨头——和身体——流着血

逆着太阳他们播放我供认  
 当黑夜正在延续

在埃文的一个“秘密”地点  
 审讯者——被审者  
 将无法偏离脚本半分

挑衅让我挨鞭打  
 屈服让我做噩梦  
 酷刑盘查我人生

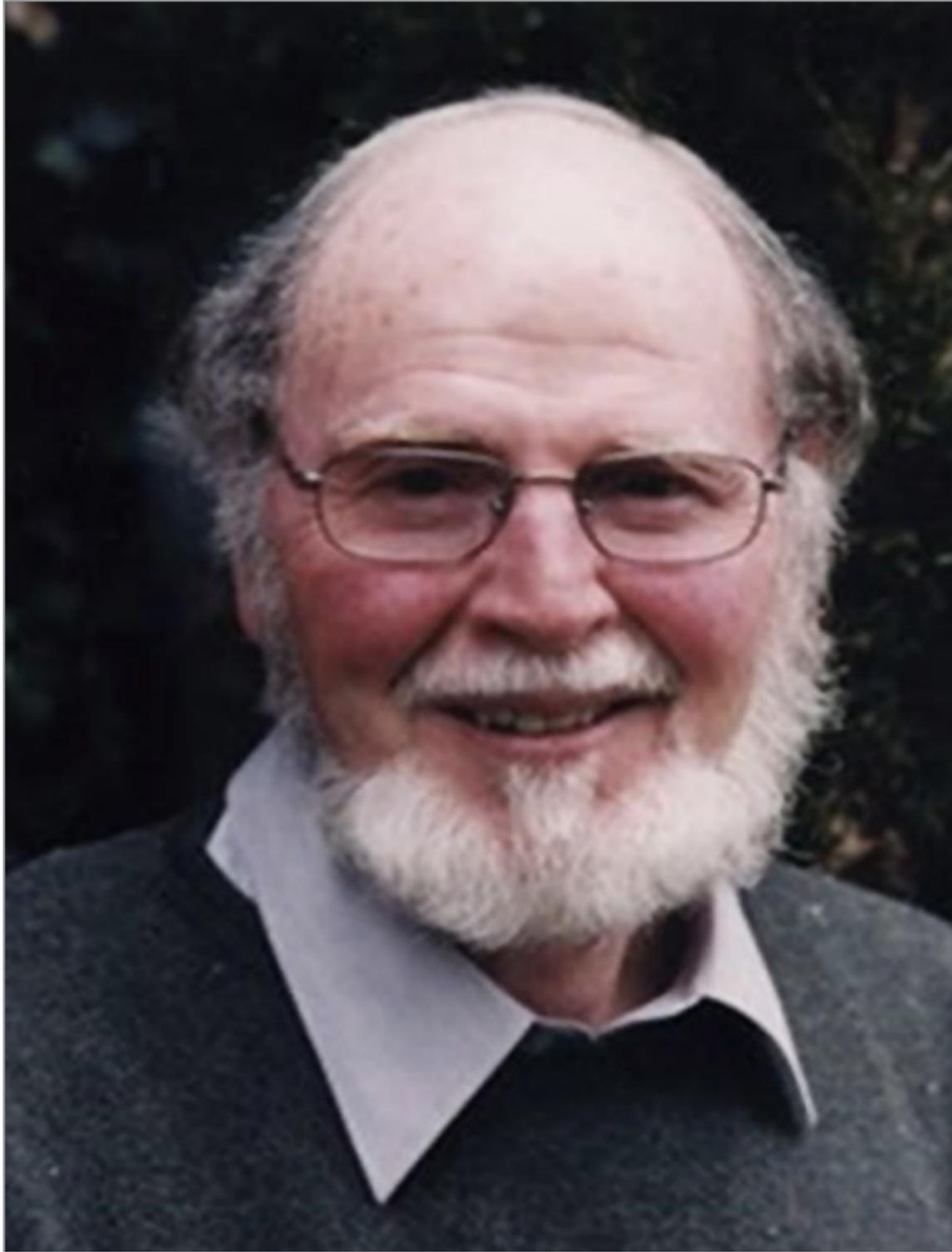
我的名字是黎明  
 白昼从我的名字开始

我是谁  
 不是本我——深陷痛苦——

我是黎明  
 我撕开  
 夜的头巾

作者注：塞皮德-拉什诺（*Sepideh Rashno*），一位反抗伊朗伊斯兰共和国头巾法令的女性，于2022年6月15日被捕，7月30日在国家电视台播出了她被逼迫的供词。她的名字意为“黎明”。

这首诗首次发表于《异见者之声》：为和平和社会正义而斗争的激进通讯。



Don Gutteridge is a Canadian author of 40 books: fiction, poetry and scholarly works, one of his poetry books was a finalist for Governor General's Literary Awards in 1973. He taught at Western University in the Department of English Methods. He is now professor emeritus and lives in London, Ontario.

唐·古特里奇是加拿大作家，出版了40本书：小说、诗歌和学术作品，诗集1973年曾入围加拿大总督文学奖。唐·古特里奇在西安大略大学英语方法系任教多年。

Don Gutteridge

## LEONARD COHEN

Suffice it to say that the  
 spice-box of your verse  
 was as rich as loam-combed  
 earth, and you let your syllables  
 sing by themselves of love  
 in moonless afternoons,  
 of travelling blind to find  
 Suzanne somewhere  
 where rivers run free, of your lady  
 asleep on her handkerchief  
 no larger than a leaf,  
 of small-breasted beautifies  
 sparrows might envy,  
 of effortless oceans where whales  
 sailed, and you made Halleluiah  
 an anthem for the ages, and left us  
 a rare mythology of moxie  
 and romance: a tap-dancing  
 troubadour, beset by sibilance  
 and song.

## 莱昂纳德·科恩

举不胜举，你的诗歌调味瓶  
 丰富得就像粘土梳理的  
 大地，而你让音节  
 自吟自唱爱情  
 在没有月亮的午后，  
 漫无目的地旅行去找寻  
 苏珊娜在自由流淌  
 的河流某处，或者心爱的女士  
 睡在一张不比一片  
 叶子大的手绢上，  
 以及令雀鸟羡慕的  
 小乳房的美女们，  
 还有鲸鱼畅游的轻快的海洋，  
 而你创作了“哈利路亚”  
 一首千古绝唱，为我们留下了  
 罕见的勇气和浪漫的神话：  
 一位踢踏舞的吟游诗人，  
 被私密亲昵声和歌谣所围绕。

## AL PURDY

He combed the nooks and crannies  
of a country and a good bit  
of the world for fodder to feed  
the pulsing need of his poems,  
this connoisseur of the commonplace,  
this oracle of the ordinary,  
this troubadour of the imprudent  
who churned out muscular verse  
by the baker's dozen, leavened  
with a lyric lilt, wherein  
home-made beer  
and Caribou horses and all  
The Annettes coexisted  
in friendly felicity and an A-frame  
was made famous – and when  
he left us, his soul drifted  
somewhere north of summer.

## 阿尔·珀迪

他梳理一个国家的角落和隙缝  
以及世界的很多地方  
为他诗歌的脉动投喂草粮，  
这位凡俗人世的鉴赏家，  
这位寻常生活的神谕者，  
这个率性的行吟诗人  
面包师一样一批批搅拌出  
雄性诗篇，催发着抒情的轻快，  
其中自制的啤酒  
和卡里布马群以及所有  
安妮特们友好和睦地  
共存，并且他构架的A框居所  
驰名天下——当他离我们而去，  
他的灵魂漂游去了  
夏天以北的某个地方。

## EMILY DICKINSON

You winched a world into  
twelve rhymed lines  
and molded metaphor out of  
butterflies and bees  
and told the ruthless truth  
in semaphores and similes,  
homespun or sublime,  
and if the universe seemed  
to roll on by, you turned  
an eye, unflinching,  
towards Eternity.

## 艾米莉·狄金森

你把一个世界卷成  
十二个押韵的句子，  
从蝴蝶和蜜蜂中  
塑造出隐喻，  
朴素或崇高地  
用信号和比喻  
宣告无情的真相；  
如果宇宙恰似  
滚滚而来，你就  
眼睛盯着，坚定不移，  
向着永恒。

## EMILY BRONTË

You were a child of the moors,  
of the wind-whetted heather —  
breathing heath, where Fancy  
could dance to its own groomed  
tune, and you let it  
dream you a wild, wuthering  
abode with a master crafted  
out of blood and granite,  
and characters who quickened first  
in those thumb-thick  
tomes you and your siblings  
drew out of your need to be,  
and you never knew the world  
would someday succumb  
to the timeless truths of that  
tubercular-tinged tale,  
long after the slow erosion  
of your half-lived life.

## 艾米莉·勃朗特

你是荒原的，是饱经风霜  
的石楠——那生生不息的  
石楠的孩子，那儿幻想  
可以随着自己编写的  
曲调起舞，而你让它  
梦想你一座狂野的呼啸山庄，  
主人是用血和花岗岩炼成的，  
角色们因为你的需要，快速  
在你们姐妹们那些拇指厚的  
书中勾画成型，  
而你从没想到  
在你短暂的生命被慢慢  
消蚀很久以后，这个世界  
有一天会屈服于  
那个写有结核病的故事里  
展现的永恒的真理。



Elana Wolff is a Canadian author of seven poetry collections and a collection of essays on poems. Elana's poems have most recently appeared in *Arc (Awards of Awesomeness)*, *Bear Review*, *Best Canadian Poetry 2021*, *Canadian Literature*, *Literary Review of Canada*, and *The New Quarterly*. Her collection, *Swoon* (Guernica Editions), won the 2020 Canadian Jewish Literary Award for Poetry. Her latest poetry collection is *Shape Taking* (Ekstasis Editions, 2021). Her cross-genre Kafka-quest work, *Faithfully Seeking Franz*, is forthcoming with Guernica Editions in 2023. She currently lives and works in Thornhill, Ontario.

埃拉娜·沃尔夫是加拿大诗人和作家，著有七本诗集和一本论文集。她的诗歌发表在多个加拿大知名杂志，并获得奖项。她的诗集《Swoon》（格尔尼卡出版）获得2020年加拿大犹太文学奖的诗歌奖。她的最新诗集《Shape Taking》于2021年出版。她的跨流派卡夫卡探索作品集将在2023年由格尔尼卡出版社出版。她目前在安大略省Thornhill生活和工作。

Elana Wolff

## CONCERN FOR SOUL CONSUMES ME

In the northern garden  
 dwell two tall  
 catalpa trees.  
 Their large and heart-  
 shaped pointy leaves, downy  
 undersides — soft as fontanelles.  
 They've let the spotted  
 red-capped woodpecker in.

*Form is the polar opposite of chaos,*  
 wrote Roberto B.  
 I take release from this and that

the dead, he said, yes even *the dead*  
*are being developed.*  
 Eventually, by this conception, everyone  
 will be among the co-  
 developed dead.

Concern for soul consumes me.  
 I sit in the northern garden —  
 in the hazy  
 shady shape of it  
 and follow my steady breath — born  
 as it's being breathed, it seems. Streaming  
 so organically,  
 it can't be pre-constructed.

Invisible and thin and free,  
 as baffling as Kafka —  
 whose rendering of difficult things  
 was easier for him, it seems to me,  
 than birthing breath.

Will teachers of any persuasion contravene me?

Not the two catalpa trees.  
 Not the spotted woodpecker. Not his crimson cap.

## 灵魂探究，我心沉醉

北方的花园  
有着两棵高大的  
梓树。  
尖尖的宽大  
心形树叶，底部  
毛茸——像脑门柔软。  
它们让红帽  
白斑啄木鸟进入。

*形式是混乱的两极对立。*  
罗伯托巴兹伦写道。  
我由此获释，而那个

逝者，他说，是的，甚至逝者  
*也在被演变。*  
最终，据此构想，所有人  
将居于共同  
演变的逝者群中。

灵魂探究，我心沉醉……  
坐在北方的花园里——  
在那朦胧的  
阴暗的轮廓里，  
伴随我平稳的呼吸——他活了  
就像被吹了口气。流畅  
自然，  
难以预制。

无形、轻灵、自由，  
像卡夫卡一样费解——  
他对棘手事物的呈现  
在我看来，比孕育呼吸更容易。  
可有某个流派的导师对此异议？

那两棵梓树不会。  
那只斑点啄木鸟不会。那深红色帽子不会。



Lorna Crozier

An Officer of the Order of Canada, Lorna Crozier has been acknowledged for her contributions to Canadian literature, her teaching and her mentoring with five honorary doctorates, most recently from McGill and Simon Fraser Universities. Her books have received numerous national awards, including the Governor-General's Award for Poetry. The Globe and Mail declared *The Book of Marvels: A Compendium of Everyday Things* one of its Top 100 Books of the Year, and Amazon chose her memoir as one of the 100 books you should read in your lifetime. A Professor Emerita at the University of Victoria, she has performed for Queen Elizabeth II and has read her poetry, which has been translated into several languages, on every continent except Antarctica. Her book, *What the Soul Doesn't Want*, was nominated for the 2017 Governor General's Award for Poetry. In 2018, Lorna Crozier received the George Woodcock Lifetime Achievement Award. Steven Price called *Through the Garden: A Love Story (with Cats)*, her latest nonfiction book, "one of the great love stories of our time." Lorna Crozier lives on Vancouver Island.

罗娜·克洛泽是加拿大勋章获得者，她对加拿大文学的贡献、她的教学和指导得到广泛认可，荣获五个荣誉博士学位，最新的来自麦吉尔大学和西蒙弗雷泽大学。她的书获得了许多国家奖项，包括总督文学诗歌奖，环球邮报推荐《奇迹之书：日常事物汇编》为年度百本图书之一。亚马逊将她的回忆录选为一生中应该阅读的100本书之一。作为维多利亚大学的名誉教授，她曾为英国女王伊丽莎白二世演出，并在除南极洲外的各大洲朗诵她的诗歌，这些诗歌也被译成多种语言。她的书《灵魂不想要什么》被提名为2017年总督诗歌奖。2018年，罗娜-克洛泽获得了乔治-伍德科克终身成就奖。史蒂文-普莱斯称《穿过花园——一个爱情故事（与猫）》，她最新的非小说类书籍，“我们这个时代的伟大爱情故事之一”。罗娜-克洛泽住在温哥华岛。歌奖。她的最新诗集《Shape Taking》于2021年出版。她的跨流派卡夫卡探索作品集将在2023年由格尔尼卡出版社出版。她目前在安大略省Thornhill生活和工作。

## NOT THE MUSIC

Not the music.  
It is this other thing  
I keep from all of them  
that matters, inviolable.

I scratch in my journals,  
a mouse rummaging through cupboards,  
nibbling on a crust of bread, apple skins,  
chewing the edges of photographs, the small  
details of a life. I hoard and save,  
place one thing inside another  
inside the next.

Start with the prairie, then Horizon  
and inside it our house,  
the kitchen, the table where I sit  
with my journal, and inside it  
everything I write – dust, moths,  
wind speaking in whispers  
across the page,  
the absence of rain,  
forgiveness –  
everything shrinking  
to the smallest  
thinnest letter,  
*I*.

## 不是音乐

不是音乐。  
是这个我瞒着所有人  
的其他东西—  
事关重大，不可侵犯。

我在日记本上涂抹，  
一只老鼠在橱柜里翻找，  
啃着面包皮、苹果皮，  
咬着照片的边缘，生活中的  
细小枝叶。我囤积和保存，  
置放一件东西在另一件里面  
在下一件之中。

从大草原开始，然后是地平线，  
我们的房子在里面，  
厨房，我所坐的桌子  
和我的日记，以及里面  
我所写的一切：尘埃、飞蛾，  
窃窃私语掠过书页的风，  
缺席的雨，  
宽恕—  
一切的一切缩减  
到最小的  
最薄的符号，  
我。



Lynn Tait is a Toronto-born poet/photographer residing in Sarnia Ontario. Her poems have been published in numerous journals including *FreeFall*, *CV 2*, *Trinity Review*, *The Quarantine Review*, *Literary Review of Canada*, *Vallum*, *Wild Word* and in over 100 anthologies world-wide. She is a member of the American Academy of Poets, The Ontario Poetry Society, Parkland Poets, The League of Canadian Poets, The Bluewater Writers and Not-The-Rodeo-Poets. Her debut poetry book *You Break It, You Buy It* with Guernica Editions is forthcoming in September 2023.

林恩·泰特生于多伦多，是诗人和摄影师，居住在安大略省萨尼亚市。诗作发表在许多加拿大期刊以及全球范围内的100多个选集。她是美国诗人协会、安大略省诗歌协会的成员，加拿大诗人联盟以及其他作家组织。她的首部诗集将于2023年9月由与格尔尼卡出版社出版。

Lynn Tait

## THOUGHTS ON THE AFTERLIFE

*It is a migration of birds  
without eyes, without feet, who settle white in branches  
on breasts and wings. When you stride through snow  
in dreams or waking, you are a star-walker.*

Lorna Crozier "Prayers of Snow"

We consider death so final.  
In this world, for us, it must seem that way.  
I try to believe it's more like a 'moving day'  
a moving away. But I'd rather say  
*it is a migration of birds.*

I never get a sense of us merely ending,  
or as ghosts walking through halls and walls,  
opening drawers, throwing objects across rooms;  
maybe first we are transparent birds  
*without eyes, without feet, who settle white in branches.*

Maybe, as we grasp the idea of infinity,  
gain a sense of eternity,  
we become whatever we like;  
once you gain your sky legs,  
realize you no longer need to rely  
*on breasts and wings when you stride through snow.*

Angels or birds—  
what if you can travel  
anywhere, with just a thought,  
explore entire galaxies, dance  
along your own milky way? What if  
*in dreams and waking, you are a star-walker?*

## 关于来世的思考

它是一次鸟儿的迁徙  
没有眼睛，没有脚，在树枝间安顿白瓣  
在胸脯和翅膀上。当你梦中或醒来  
迈步穿越雪地，你是一个星际漫步者。  
引自“雪的祈祷”（罗娜-克罗泽）

我们认为死亡就是终局。  
在这世上，对我们而言，一定看起来是那样。  
我试图相信它更像是一个“迁移日”  
一次迁离。但是我宁愿说  
它是一次鸟儿的迁徙。

我从没感到我们仅仅在结束，  
或像幽灵一样穿过大厅和墙壁，  
翻开抽屉，把物品扔过房间；  
也许最初我们是透明的鸟  
没有眼睛，没有脚，在树枝间安顿白瓣。

也许，当我们领悟无限的理念  
获得一种永恒的感觉，  
我们化成喜欢的任何东西；  
一旦你获取你的天空之腿，  
你发现不再需要依靠  
胸脯和翅膀，迈步穿越雪地。

天使或鸟儿——  
如果只需一个念想，  
你就可以旅行 任何地方，  
探索整个星系，沿着自我的  
银河起舞？如果  
梦中和醒来，你是一个星际漫步者？



Michael Fraser is published in Best Canadian Poetry in English 2013 and 2018. He has won numerous awards, including Freefall Magazine's 2014 and 2015 poetry contests, the 2016 CBC Poetry Prize, the 2018 Gwendolyn Macewen Poetry Competition, and the 2022 Lesley Strutt Poetry Prize. The *Day-Breakers* (Biblioasis 2022) is his most recent poetry collection.

迈克尔·弗雷泽作品两度被选入《加拿大最佳英文诗歌》年选（2013/2018）他荣获许多奖项，包括《Freefall》杂志2014年和2015年的诗赛，2016年加拿大广播公司诗歌奖，2018年格温多林-梅斯文诗歌竞赛，以及2022年Lesley Strutt诗歌奖等。《The Day-Breakers》（Biblioasis 2022）是他最新出版的诗集。

Michael Fraser

## THINGS TO DO AROUND WINNIPEG WHEN YOU'RE BLACK

*after Gary Snyder*

Start in The Forks and meander slow as a season  
flowing through the market courtyard.  
Take the Riverwalk to see where the waters meet.  
Lose the present as you become small as a name,  
your steps kicking pebbles into the river's hem.  
See the city return to nature with its downtown  
face dipped in waterway reflections.  
Every elm you see is another word for place.  
Get a pair of handcrafted moccasins.  
Talk to the owner and know your ancestors  
shared all that was broken and cracked with  
the world, the sense of history's remains willow-  
hooping through the two of you.  
Stop at the Little Brown Jug and enjoy a pint of 1919 ale,  
taste how heirloom hops and spices create a moment.  
Each daybreak is the sun sticking its landing.  
Drive northeast to see the Red River empty into  
inverted skies. Know that once water starts turning,  
it never stops.  
Feel how distant morning becomes on the drive back.  
Around you, the prairie's long stretch is faking forever.  
This is how grass owns a landscape.

*League of 2nd Annual Lesley Strutt Poetry Contest  
2022 Winner*

## 黑人在温尼伯附近闲逛

*有感于加里-斯奈德*

从三岔口开始，慢悠悠地随季节  
穿过集市的庭院。  
沿着河道走，看看河水的交汇处。  
当你变得像名字一样微不足道时，  
你会迷失，不时将卵石踢入河边。  
目睹城市回归自然——市中心  
容颜浸入水道倒影中。  
你看到每一棵榆树都是处境的另一种解释。  
买一双手工制作的软皮鞋。  
与主人交谈，了解你们的祖先  
曾与天地分享过辛酸苦辣和残缺破碎，  
意识到历史遗留部分像柳箍穿过系连你们两个。  
在“小棕瓶”停下，享受一品脱1919年的麦芽酒，  
尝尝时髦一时的祖传的啤酒花和香料。  
每个黎明太阳总是坚定地升起。  
驱车向东北方行驶，看红河排入  
倒挂的天宇。要知道，一旦水流开始转弯，  
它永远不会停止。  
回程的路上，感受早晨变得如此遥远。  
在你周围，草原长长的一大片伪装永无止境。  
这就是草如何自备一个景观。

*这首诗荣获2022年加拿大诗人联盟Lesley Strutt诗歌奖*



Dr. Micheline Maylor is a Poet Laureate Emeritus of Calgary (2016-18). Her most recent book is *The Bad Wife* (U of A Press 2021) which was longlisted for the Raymond Souster Award for best Canadian book of poetry and was short-listed for the Robert Kroetsch award for experimental poetry. She is a Walrus talker, a TEDX talker, and she was the Calgary Public Library Author in Residence (2016). She won the Lois Hole Award for Editorial excellence for poetry in Alberta (2019). Micheline attained a Ph.D. at the University of Newcastle Upon Tyne in English Language and Literature with a focus in Creative Writing and 20th Century Canadian Poetics.

米其林·梅尔是2016年-18年卡尔加里桂冠诗人。她最新诗集《坏妻子》(The Bad Wife)由阿尔伯塔大学出版，入选加拿大最佳诗集“雷蒙德·苏斯特”奖长名单，也入围罗伯特·克罗伊茨实验诗歌奖。她参与海象以及TEDX演讲，是卡尔加里图书馆的2016年驻馆作家。2019年她获得阿尔伯塔省诗歌优秀编辑奖。米其林获得纽卡斯尔大学英语语言以及针对创意写作和20世纪加拿大诗学文学的博士学位。

Micheline Maylor

## THERE IS NO PLACE THAT DOES NOT SEE YOU

*after Rilke*

Yesterday, no trees demanded insight from me.  
 And they won't again today. Therefore, I walk  
 among them again. Much of life insists,  
 even small things demand responsibility:  
 the water bottle commands recycle, melody requests repeat,  
 even lungs drum time to breath. I weary of this beauty,  
 but there is no place that does not see you.

The Algonquin make violation of keeping:  
 bannock always breaks. Greed means obscenity,  
 and ownership disease. Notice now that lung again,  
 how villi release, ventilate carbon back to trees.

We're all in symbiosis here.  
 We'll all emancipate our molecules back.  
 How complicated is that?

*from Little Wildheart (the university of Alberta press 2017)*

## 你无处不在

*继里尔克之后*

昨日，没有树木要求我发表见解。  
 今天也不会。因此，我又行走  
 在它们中间。生命大都坚守，  
 即使小事一桩也要承担责任：  
 水瓶命令回收，旋律请求重复，  
 甚至肺叶鼓时生息。这种美丽我已倦怠，  
 然而你无处不在。

阿尔冈昆人不独享馈赠：  
 班诺克面包常被撕开分享。贪婪意味卑鄙，  
 和占有恶疾。现在再次留意那肺叶，  
 绒毛如何释放，将碳排放回树林。

我们都在这里共生。  
 我们都将把体内的分子释放。  
 那到底有多复杂？

*选自《小野心》（阿尔伯塔大学出版）*

2010 - 2022



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