

Tenzin Tsundue

WHEN IT RAINS IN DHARAMSALA

When it rains in Dharamsala
raindrops wear boxing gloves,
thousands of them
come crashing down
and beat my room.
Under its tin roof
my room cries from inside
and wets my bed, my papers.

Sometimes the clever rain comes
from behind my room,
the treacherous walls lift
their heels and allow
a small flood into my room.

I sit on my island-nation bed
and watch my country in flood,
notes on freedom,
memoirs of my prison days,
letters from college friends,
crumbs of bread
and Maggi noodles
rise sprightly to the surface
like a sudden recovery
of a forgotten memory.

Three months of torture,
monsoon in the needle leafed pines
Himalaya rinsed clean
glistens in the evening sun.
Until the rain calms down
and stops beating my room

I need to console my tin roof
who has been on duty
from the British Raj.
This room has sheltered
many homeless people.

Now captured by mongooses
and mice, lizards and spiders,
and partly rented by me.
A rented room for home
is a humbling existence.

My Kashmiri landlady
at eighty cannot return home.
We often compete for beauty
Kashmir or Tibet.

Every evening,
I return to my rented room;
but I am not going to die this way.
There has got to be
some way out of here.
I cannot cry like my room
I have cried enough
in prisons and
in small moments of despair.

There has got to be
some way out of here.
I cannot cry,
my room is wet enough.

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Shi Tao

JUNE

My life
Will never move beyond "June"
In June, my heart died
My poetry died
My lover
Died too, in a romantic pool of blood

In June, the scorching sun burned away my skin
Exposing the true state of my wounds
In June, the fish left the blood-red sea
Swam away to hibernate elsewhere
In June, the land shifted. Rivers fell silent.
Letters piled up; no way to deliver them to the dead.

REPLY

A cigarette gave me the strength to believe
An afternoon spent pondering
A Bible story
The mess of a child's face
slashed by the butcher's knife
These gave me the strength to believe

What is
crueler than
killing a person's faith?
They are looking for me, even now
Their bullets are about to break and enter
And I am readying my reply

师涛

六月

所有的日子
都绕不过“六月”
六月，我的心脏死了
我的诗歌死了
我的恋人
也死在浪漫的血泊里

六月，烈日烧开皮肤
露出伤口的真相
六月，鱼儿离开血红的大海
游向另一处冬眠之地
六月，大地变形、河流无声
成堆的信札已无法送到死者手中

答案

一只烟给了我信仰的力量
一个下午的沉思
一段《圣经》故事
一张被屠刀砍得乱七八糟的
儿童的脸
给了我信仰的力量

有什么方法比
杀死一个人的信仰
更残酷呢？
他们正在找我
他们荷枪实弹，准备破门而入
我正为他们准备好一个现成的答案

Translated by J. Latourelle

These poems first appeared in Chinese online: "Shi Tao's Collected Works," *Boxun*, http://www.boxun.com/hero/shitao/63_1.shtml.

SADNESS

I've forgotten all language
Starting with the simplest word

Memory is a lantern held by a slave
On my knees I plead with it to last forever

The night comes on inch by inch
I seek my living before the dawn

No news of a ship docking at the wharf
A sea breeze touches my face

Its scent is called
sadness

忧伤

我忘掉所有的语言
从一个最简单的词语开始

记忆犹如奴隶手中的灯盏
我跪在它面前乞求它永恒

黑夜一寸一寸地进步
我在黎明之前谋生

没有船舶停靠码头的消息
有一种吹到脸上的海风

它的味道叫做
忧伤

Yang Jianli

杨建利

SONG OF THE MIGRANT WORKER

农民工吟

Your sun is found in the scarlet seals of power
While mine can only be sought in perspiration
Your moon is wine and women
While mine is blood and tears
Your holidays are a collection of glimmering smiles
 developing between the two corners
of your mouth
While mine are a sense of emptiness and bitterness
 developing on a journey between two
corners of our country.

你的太阳是大印
我的太阳是汗水
你的月亮是酒色
我的月亮是血泪
你的节日是堆在两耳之间的油光欢笑
我的节日是挂在长路两头的空囊苦涩

I see your world through the window frames
 of my native home
The city's rising scaffolds hold high the hopes
 of the frail and overworked
Diligence was my entry permit to this city
For I come from a place where only the city's outcasts
 would journey
This city, a plant watered with tears and blood
Blossoms forth with madness towards the heavens
My beads of sweat, splattering on the ground, are met
 with an ice-cold stare.

老家的窗框套着眼眶
城里的脚手架高举着劳瘦的希望
苦力是我进城的签证
我来自城里人犯了错误才去的地方
血泪浇灌的城市向高处疯长
摔碎的汗珠惊起一片片冰冷的目光

My sisters watched over this city's children as they grew
Just as I watched over this city's prestige as it grew.
We country bumpkins reach for the skies
 on your towering edifices
Yet never attain the bottom line of dignity
My seed can never be firmly planted in your rigid paved roads
The long trip home for me is like squeezing milk out
 of a dry shriveled breast.

我的姐妹抱大了城里的孩子
我抱大了城里的威严
土秧子在乍耸的高墙上攀爬
找不到尊严的底线
坚硬的马路播不下我这颗种子
回乡的长路像干瘪的乳房挤出的奶汁

Translated by Kevin Carrico

Migratory birds grab hold of the suburbs' branches
 Taking a rest in the breeze
 The red flags rising above the city's construction sites
 Never raise my hopes up with them.
 I long to migrate like a bird
 I could fly from hunger and cold to warmth
 And everywhere that I flew would become my home.

The dark spots of the sun have again clipped my wings
 I lost my land, and my heavens too.
 The forces of injustice bask in one grand opening celebration
 after another
 Rejoicing amidst their vast white balloons filled with lies
 A gathering of dark clouds covers the sun,
 hiding its captured booty of gold.
 My one chaotic metamorphosis after another
 Is nothing but a shadow-puppet show upon
 your expansive red wall.

The slowly-rising voice within my chest
 Was once a worm but now a snake.
 My honest yet inarticulate lips
 Can no longer hold back its course
 I instinctively lift up my wings
 Watch . . .
 Nature resurrected
 Will overcome the darkness illuminating your sunlight.

候鸟抓住郊野的树枝
 在风中歇晌
 城里工地上的红旗
 舞升不了我的希望
 我渴望像候鸟
 把饥寒飞成温暖
 落到哪里都是故乡

太阳黑子又一次击伤了我的翅膀
 我失去了土地 我也失去了天堂
 恶风拥着装满谎言的白色气球
 招摇一场又一场庆典
 乌云牵着乌云替太阳窝藏金色的脂肪
 我一次又一次杂乱无章的蠕动
 只不过是红墙上一出一出的皮影哑剧

我腹中涌动的声音
 从蛔虫变成了火蛇
 我木讷的双唇
 已咬不住它的奔腾
 我不由地举起臂膀 看吧
 复活的森林 就要
 进化那堂皇而不光明的太阳

SEPTEMBER

(For Fu Xiang, on September 26, 2005, our twentieth wedding anniversary)

September
I know that I will see you today
Today, the entire world is nothing but September
I know that I will see you
September

Hiding away in Shelley's west wind
The rays of the sun, opened you unto me
I said
"In this life journey of mine
I want a chance to see September"
I want to see the beauty that I have yet to see
To see for myself the happiness that I have never doubted.

The sunlight of Shelley's west wind
Is actually
Me
I once spent a spring wandering
Tying flowers together
—The daughters of time
I said to time,
I'll pay you back in the future
And
I had
September

That dawn
With the morning dew brewed beneath the moonlight
I kissed you deeply
And your face grew a scarlet red with timidity
The fruits of September were red
The mountains of September rustled
With the rhythm of the cool winds

But you flatly denied your coyness
saying
"It took too much for me to reach this point
My whole body is red with exhaustion."

The sky in September
Above us is the sky and nothing but the sky
Extending directly to the heavens
This September, in this most resplendent kingdom under the heavens

九月

(2005年9月26日 结婚20周年 给傅湘)

九月
今天我一定会遇到你
今天世界的一切都属于九月
我一定会遇到你
九月

躲在雪莱的西风里的
阳光 解开了你的抹胸
我说
"我来世间一趟
我要看看九月"
我要看看尚未看到过的美丽
我要见证从未怀疑过的美满

雪莱西风里的阳光
其实就是
我 曾在春里闯荡
绑了花朵
—时光里的女儿
我对时光说
拿未来来赎吧
于是 我就有了
九月

那个清晨 我啜饮你
用月光酿成的露滴 满面酒红
你害羞了
九月的果子 红了
九月的山峦 在爽风中
起伏流虹

你矢口否认
你说：
"我成长太过用力
挣得满身通红"

九月的天空
上面 还是天空 天空
天空直通天堂
这九月 这天堂下最敞亮的王国

The color of blood is the kingdom's master, sitting proudly
upon its hefty rump
Dying red every corner of this kingdom
Where the heavens and the earth meet.

This ancient story
—This eternal legend of the sunlight and the orchard, in September
Finds a fresh conclusion
Kissing the crab apple till it breaks
Leaving the mark of my feelings
What a savage civilization it is that peels an apple before eating it.

September, the fall of civilization in the Garden of Eden
In September, I eat of the fruits
In September, I am nude
In September, I eat of the fruits, nude
In September, there is no shame
In September, I eat of the fruits without shame
I plant myself in September.
You gave your abundant and moist body to allow
My shriveled self to grow.

Oh, September
You lift up the fruits from the earth—the teat of our land
A light, burning the milk
Illuminates the westerly winds'
Direction on their journey from afar
You know that
In the winter
I often
Feel a fiery longing, my dear
You
Know that
In the winter
I often
Quietly recite
Songs of grief

With the first snow of 2005
Shelley would still be pondering
“If winter comes, can spring be far behind?”
The poet cannot comprehend
That only two seasons exist in our world
September
and
Waiting for September

Translated by Kevin Carrico

这血色是主人 住在自己丰满的臀上
染红每一片天和地
交合的地方

这古老的故事
——阳光与果园的幽长传说 在九月
有了新鲜的下落
亲破海棠 写下感语
吃苹果削皮是多么野蛮的文明

九月 伊甸园的文明下落
我在九月吃果子
我在九月赤裸
我在九月赤裸吃果子
我在九月没有羞耻
我在九月没有羞耻赤裸吃果子
我把身子种在九月
我用你的丰润嫁接我
干瘪的爱心

九月啊
你擎着果实——大地的
乳房 燃烧乳汁
的灯盏 照亮西风
远行的方向 你知道
我常会在冬天里 火热
渴望 亲爱的
你 知道我
常会在冬天里 低吟
悲情的诗歌

在2005年的第一场雪里
雪莱还会说
“冬天到了 春天还会远吗？”
其实诗人雪莱不懂
这世上只有两个季节
九月 和
等待九月

Yang Tianshui

杨天水

SPRING HOPE

Trees by the river send their tenderness to the prison
intense grassy perfume drifts from hillsides
Beside the wall wutong leaves face green into the wind,
peach blossoms on the hillside show red through the rain

Fog obscures the way home, as orioles murmur,
immense mist, dreamlike, at the way station
No one has ever stopped time,
in a night, my hair turns grey

Spring, 1996

RAINY NIGHT

Incessant spring rain flows in a clear stream
Toads' thunderous croaking shakes the land
Green prairie wind gathers into a bugle call
In the cell the heart shapes an iron-clad plan

A thickness of a few feet makes a thousand-*zhang** wall
A few autumns become a millennium
May we ever live in Spring,
Striving, heads down, oxen for the people

Spring, 1991

七律 春望

江树多情对狱中 飘香山草万千重
墙边梧叶迎风碧 岭上桃花隔雨红
雾断归程莺自语 烟茫驿站梦相从
光阴自古谁留住 一夜青丝染雪容

七律 雨夜

连天新雨注清流 蟾吼雷鸣动九州
青野风成军号曲 牢房心造铁戈谋
厚墙数尺犹千丈 天宇千年似数秋
但愿人生春永在 孺牛俯首奋无休

Translated by J. Latourelle

These poems first appeared in Chinese online: "Yang Tianshui's Collected Works," Boxun, <http://www.boxun.com/hero/yangts/>.

*about 3 and a half meters