

POETRY | 诗

Meng Lang

IN OUR BODIES

History travels through our bodies,
That is our life.

Life travels through our bodies,
That is our glory.

Glory travels through our bodies,
That is our blood.

Blood travels through our bodies,
That is our road.

The road travels through our bodies,
That journey ends in our bodies.

In our bodies
Just, their pure white bones (unyielding),
Just, their wide open eyes (hope).

Liu Nianchun

TREE-RINGS

What times are these, today
That overlap times past
So that one can't distinguish
Like rings on an old pagoda tree
The past written, the present laid bare
But no road
To the future

Where evil comes from
No one knows
Like yellow earth, layer compacting layer
Like years shrouded in cobwebs and dust
Numb, or devoid of feeling

孟浪

我们身体里的

历史在我们的身体里旅行，
那就是我们的生命。

生命在我们的身体里旅行，
那就是我们的光荣。

光荣在我们的身体里旅行，
那就是我们的鲜血。

鲜血在我们的身体里旅行，
那就是我们的道路。

道路在我们的身体里旅行，
旅行就在我们的身体里结束。

在我们身体里的
只是，他们洁白的骨头（不屈），
只是，他们圆睁的眼睛（希冀）。

刘念春

年轮

今天，是什么年代
却和以往年代重合
以致分不清
老槐树似的年轮
书写过去，坦呈现在
却没有一条路
通向未来

邪恶从那条路走来
没有人知道
象黄土地一层压着一层
象蛛网尘封的年代
是麻木还是冷酷