
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

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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