

OUYANG JIANGHE

from Taj Mahal Tears

Translated from the Chinese by Lucas Klein.

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没有被神流过的泪水不值得流。
但值得流的并非全是泪水。
在印度，恒河是用眼睛来流的，它拒绝灌溉，
正如神的泪水拒绝水泵，仿佛干旱
是鹰的事务。
在干旱的土地上，泪水能流在一起就够了。
泪水飞翔起来，惊动了鹰的头脑
和孤独。
鹰的独语起了波浪，
鹰身上的逝者会形成古代吗？
恒河之水，在天上流。
根，枝，叶，三种无明对位而流。
日心，地心，人心，三种无言
因泪滴
而缩小，小到寸心那么小，比自我
委身于忘我和无我还要小。
一个琥珀般的夜空安放在泪滴里，
泪滴：这颗寸心的天下心。

1

Tears that flow not from the gods are unworthy of flowing.
But not all worthy of flowing is tears.
In India, the Ganges flows with eyes, refusing irrigation,
like gods' tears refusing the pump, as though drought
were the eagle's affair.
On dryland, it's enough for tears to flow together.
Tears fly, shocking the eagle's brain
and its solitude.
The eagle's monologue raises waves,
so is antiquity formed from the dead who ride the eagle?
The water of the Ganges flows through the heavens.
Root, branch, leaf – three avidyās of ignorance flowing in counterpoint.
Heart of the sun, heart of the earth, heart of man – three ineffable nirjalpās
shrinking
from teardrops, as small as a piece of your heart, smaller than
the self in submission to anatta and selflessness.
An amber-like night sky placed in a tear drop.
A tear drop: heart beneath all heaven in a piece of my heart.

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看善和恶两颗泪滴对撞在一起有多美妙。

它们彼此粉身碎骨，彼此一刀砍下。

已经很多年没有刀的感觉了，

刀砍在泪的小和弱上铁变成木头，

神留出一些圣洁之物给泪水流，

爱与死

因相互照亮而加深了各自的黑暗，

因忍住不流而成为神眼睛里的

泪非泪。

神身上的旷古之泪，越是壮阔地流，越是不见古人。

而今人越是万有，越是一无所有。

5

How exquisite to see the twin teardrops of good and evil crashing into each other.
They crush each other's bones, hack each other down.
No feel of the blade for years now,
but when a knife cuts into the smallness and weakness of tears iron becomes wood
and gods leave holy matter for tears to flow through,
 love and death
deepening their darkness through mutual illumination,
and by holding back their tears become the non-tears
 in the gods' eyes.
The vaster flow the primeval tears on the gods' selves, the less the ancients are seen.
And the more we have and are today, the more we are and have nothing.

1632年的泪水，2009年还在流。

一个莫卧儿君王从泪水的柱子

起身站立，石头里出现了一个女人的形象。

泪水流入石头，被穿凿，被镂空，

完全流不动了，

还在流。这些江山易主的泪水，国库

被它流空了，时间本身被它流尽了。

武器流得不见了武士。

琴弦流得不发出一丝声音。

酒拿在手中，但醉已流去，不在饮者身上。

黄金，器物，舞蹈的砵和铉，流得一样不剩。

还有记忆和失忆，还有肉身的百感交集，全都经不起它流。

The tears of 1632 still flow in 2009.
From a pillar of tears a Mughal prince
stands up, the form of a woman appearing in stone.
Tears flow into stone, chiseling through, reticulating,
 flow stopped,
still flowing. The mutable master of rivers and mountains, tears flow state coffers
empty, flow time itself to its terminus.
Weapons flow past with no sight of warriors.
Sitar flow past without sound of strings.
Dāru in hand, yet drunkenness flows away from the body of the drinker.
Gold, utensils, a dance of arsenic and antimony, flowing away all the same.
And memory and amnesia, and the body's mixed emotions, nothing can suffer their flowing.

泰姬陵是一个活建筑，一个踉跄
就足以让它回魂。泪水从圆到方
堆砌在一起，仿佛泪之门是大理石做的，
词是它的窗子，它的拱顶，它的器物
和深深的迷醉。而在词的内心深处，肉身的火树银花

从圆到尖

上升到灰烬顶点：这众泪的最初一滴泪。
诗歌登上了这颗泪滴的至高
和绝对，并将它从星空摘取下来，
写成三段论的、手写体的波浪。
泪之花潮起潮落，催开泪之树上的海景，星象，
以及树身的刻痕。古老印度的眼界

和身高

少年般，刻在一颗菩提树上。
树并无嘴唇，但感到亘古以来的深渴。
恒河与黄河相互生长，相互磨损，
给诗的脖子留下深深的勒痕。
那么，泰戈尔，恒河这滴眼泪想流你就流吧。

The Taj Mahal is living architecture, a stagger
sufficing for astral return. Tears from round to square
stacked together, as if the gate of tears were made of marble,
words its windows, its dome, its implements
and deep intoxication. And in the deep heart of words, a carnival of flesh
 from round to sharp
ascends its ashy crown: the first drop of this mass of tears.
Poetry climbs this teardrop's paramount
and absolute, and plucks it from the starry sky,
writing it into syllogism and cursive waves.
Tear flowers undulate, hastening the seascape and constellations above the tear trees
and the notches on the trunk. Ancient India's sight
 and height
are youth, carved into a bodhi tree.
The tree has no lips but knows an ancient thirst.
The Ganges and the Yellow River raise each other, wear down each other,
leaving deep welts in poetry's neck.
So if the tear of the Ganges wants you to flow, Tagore, then flow.

没有一棵树

是以它本来的样子被看见的。菩提树
与菩提无树相互缠绕，从天空之锁
退出鹰的钥匙，退出终极之爱的无助
和无告。

天使们撒下身体的尘埃和落叶。木兰花，
减字才会绽开，并以雪的面容淬火。
泪之树，看上去像着了火一样浓烈。

泪水中

那些树根和块茎的顺流而下
伸出云一般的芭蕾舞脖子，从蜡烛之尖顶
缓缓升起，停在树叶和冷兵器的刻度上。
眼泪这柄孤剑，敢不敢与森林般的战争
对刺？

爱之剑，只是几片落叶而已。
剑心指向人心，三千里迎刃而吹的泪水
从二十四桥吹了过去，从吾国吾土，从金戈铁马
往竹子的空心深处吹，
多么悱恻的白色笛子像月光。
四百年了，泰姬用眼泪在吹奏恒河。
只是，泰姬，你吹不吹奏我都能听见你。

黄河

也被吹入了这颗叫做泰姬的泪滴。
泰姬，你不必动真的刀剑，
几片落叶，已足以取我性命。
你不必死了多年，还得重新去死，
还得往剑刃上掏真心，流真的眼泪。

眼泪

可以是一些残花败絮，一些事先写下的台词，短信，
将古道西风与东印度公司的航船
幽灵般，组装在一起。

There is no tree
 that has been seen in its original state. The bodhi tree
 and bodhi non-tree entwine together, from the sky's lock
 is pulled the eagle's key, is pulled supreme love's helplessness
 and desperation.

The angels spread bodies' ashes and falling leaves. Magnolias,
 which bloom only when abbreviated, quench with the face of snow.
 Tree of tears, as intense as if it had caught fire.

In tears
 roots and tubers flow with the current
 to stretch out a cloudlike balletic neck, from the candle tip
 slowly up, stopping on leaves and cold weapon gradation.
 This lone sword of tears, do you dare spar with the
 forest-like war?

Sword of love, nothing but a few fallen leaves.

Sword heart points at human heart, three thousand miles of tears that blow to the blade
 blowing across twenty-four bridges, from my country, from golden spears and armored horses
 to deep within bamboo's hollow heart,
 how morose this white flute like moonlight.

For four hundred years, the Taj has played the Ganges with its eyes.
 Only, I hear you whether you play or not, Taj.

The Yellow River
 too is blown into this teardrop called the Taj Mahal.
 You don't need to brandish real swords, Taj,
 a few falling leaves will suffice to claim my life.
 After being dead all these years you don't have to die again,
 have to pluck out your true heart for the sword blade, have to flow real tears.

Tears
 could be faded flowers, could be lines written in advance, text messages,
 assembling the West Wind of the ancient way and the East India Trading Co.'s carrier ships
 together, like a spectre.