

FOR LIU XIAOBO ELEGIES

Poems by Duo Duo 多多
Translations by Lucas Klein

Night

in a night full of symbols
the moon is like the pale face of the ill
like the shifting time of a mistake
while death is like the doctor at bedside

dispassionate passions
the heart's fearsome variations
on the field before the house the moonlight coughs lightly
a moonlight signifying exile clear to the eye

夜

在充满象征的夜里
月亮像病人苍白的脸
像一个错误的移动的时间
而死，像一个医生站在床前

一些无情的感情
一些心中可怕的变动
月光在屋前的空场上轻声咳嗽
月光，暗示着楚楚在目的流放.....

(1973)

Notes on Aesthetics

the forbidden city drumbeat from two hundred years ago
now tends to silence, history's late stage footsteps
ominously reverberating around
ten million unfathomable streams of thought
the retrogression of one soul
crosses dream's ancient room
toward the night surge of the east...

the gate of divine might that I glimpse
shuts again, concept
weary from voyaging, only the tree I leaned on
keeps hiding in the dark
like birds perched in sleep
with their feathers just slightly ruffled

美学笔记

故宫两百年前的鼓声
已经趋于寂静，历史晚期的脚步声
仍在里面不祥地回荡
循着千万条不可揣测的思路
一脉灵魂的回潮
穿过梦的古老的房间
朝东方的夜奔涌.....

被我瞥视的神武门
重又关闭，观念
已倦于远行，只有我依靠过的树
继续隐藏于黑暗里
像一只只栖睡的大鸟
只是微微摇动它们的羽毛

(1976)

Instruction

—*decadent memorial*

in just one night, the wound burst
and all the books on the bookshelf betrayed them
only the era's greatest singer
with a hoarse voice, at ear-side, sang softly:
 night of a knight night of a century
they were removed by the forests of an advanced society
and limited to such themes:
to appear only as a foil to the
world's miseries, miseries
that would become their lives' obligation

who says the themes of their early lives
were bright, even today they still take it
as a harmful dictum
on a night with no artistic storyline
lamplight originated in misperception
what they saw was always
a monotonous rope appearing in winter's snowfall
they should have kept playing, tirelessly
wrestling with whatever flees and living
with whatever cannot remember
even if it brought back their earliest longings
emptiness became the stain on their lives

their misfortune came from the misfortune of ideals
but their pain they'd helped themselves to
self-consciousness sharpened their thinking
but from self-consciousness, blood loss
they couldn't make peace with tradition
even though before their birth
the world had existed uncleanly for a long time
they still wanted to find
the first criminal to discover "truth"
and tear down the world
and the time it needs to wait

faced with chains hanging around their necks
their only crazy act
was to pull them tighter
but they were no comrades

their disparate destructive forces
were never close to grabbing society's attention
and they were reduced to becoming spiritual criminals
because: they had abused allegory

but in the end, they pray in the classroom of thought
and fall comatose at seeing their own writings so clearly:
the time they lived in was not the one the lord had arranged
they are the misborn, stopped at the point of misunderstanding life
all that they went through—nothing but the tragedy of being born

教诲

——颓废的纪念

只在一夜之间，伤口就挣开了
书架上的书籍也全部背叛了他们
只有当代最伟大的歌者
用弄哑的嗓音，俯在耳边，低声唱：
爵士的夜 世纪的夜
他们已被高级的社会丛林所排除
并受限于这样的主题：
仅仅是为了衬托世界的悲惨
而出现的，悲惨
就成了他们一生的义务

谁说他们早期生活的主题
是明朗的，至今他们仍以为
那是一句有害的名言
在毫无艺术情节的夜晚
那灯光来源于错觉
他们所看到的永远是
一条单调的出现在冬天的坠雪的绳
他们只好不倦地游戏下去
和逃走的东西搏斗，并和
无从记忆的东西生活在一起
即使恢复了最初的憧憬
空虚，已成为他们一生的污点

他们的不幸，来自理想的不幸
但他们的痛苦却是自取的
自觉，让他们的思想变得尖锐
并由于自觉而失血
但他们不能与传统和解
虽然在他们诞生之前
世界早已不洁地存在很久了
他们却仍要找到
第一个发现“真理”的罪犯
以及拆毁世界
所需要等待的时间

面对悬在颈上的枷锁
他们唯一的疯狂行为
就是拉紧它们
但他们不是同志
他们分散的破坏力量
还远远没有夺走社会的注意力
而仅仅沦为精神的犯罪者
仅仅因为：他们滥用了寓言

但最终，他们将在思想的课室中祈祷
并在看清自己笔迹的时候昏迷：
他们没有在主安排的时间内生活
他们是误生的人，在误解人生的地点停留
他们所经历的——仅仅是出生的悲剧

(1976)