

1991年6月1日深夜于北京

给十七岁
——“六·四”二周年祭

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For 17

Beijing, deep in the night, 1/6/1991
Second anniversary offering for 4/6

Liu Xiao Bo

题记：你不听父母的劝阻，从家中厕所的小窗跳出；你擎着旗帜倒下时，仅十七岁。我却活下来，已经三十六岁。面对你的亡灵，活下来就是犯罪，给你写诗更是一种耻辱。活人必须闭嘴，听坟墓诉说。给你写诗，我不配。你的十七岁超越所有的语言和人工的造物。

我活着
还有个不大不小的臭名
我没有勇气和资格
捧着一束鲜花或一首诗
走到十七岁的微笑前

我知道
十七岁没有任何抱怨

十七岁的年龄告诉我
生命朴素无华
如同一望无际的沙漠
不需要树不需要水
不需要花的点缀
就能承受太阳的肆虐

十七岁倒在道路上
道路从此消失
泥土中长眠的十七岁
象书一样安详
十七岁来到世界上
什么也不依恋
除了洁白无暇的年龄

Dedication: At home, you didn't listen to the protests of mother or father and escaped through the small bathroom window; then the flag you raised collapsed, age 17. I'm still alive, already 36. Now, facing your departed spirit, being alive is a crime, writing you a poem a further disgrace. The living should really shut their mouths and listen to the graves speak. Writing you a poem I'm not worthy of. Your 17th year transcends all speech and man-made structures.

I'm still alive
with a name of some disrepute
I possess neither courage nor qualifications
holding a bouquet of flowers or a poem
walking toward the smile of 17

I know
17 bears no bitterness

17 tells me
life's simple without extravagance
as if gazing across a boundless desert
no need for trees no need for water
no need for the adornments of flowers
simply endure the tyranny of the sun

17 collapses on the path
the path disappears
17's long sleep underground
is as serene as a book
17 comes into the world
and is attached to nothing
save the pure white innocence of the age

十七岁停止呼吸时
奇迹般地没有绝望
子弹射穿了山脉
痉挛逼疯了海水
当所有的花，只有一种颜色的时刻
十七岁没有绝望
不会绝望
十七岁把未完成的爱
交给满头白发的母亲

那位曾经把十七岁
反锁在家中的母亲
那位在五星红旗下
割断了家族的
高贵血缘的母亲
被你临终的眼神唤醒
她带着十七岁的遗孀
走遍所有的坟墓
每一次她就要倒下时
十七岁都会用亡灵的气息
把她扶住
送她上路

超越了年龄
超越了死亡
十七岁
已经永恒

17 stops to breathe
and miraculously doesn't despair
A bullet's fired, crosses a mountain pass
churns the sea into madness
among the many flowers, there's only
a kind of colourful transience
17 doesn't despair
will not despair
17 takes love unfulfilled
and gives it to the white-haired mother

The mother who kept your 17th year
locked in the safety of home
The mother who beneath the red
five-starred flag, cut off from the dignity
of family blood-ties, awakened
the dying spirit in your eyes
She carries the will and testament of your 17th year
wanders among the graves
Whenever she's about to collapse
17 uses the breath of its departed spirit
to brace her
and show her the path

Age transcended
Death transcended
17th year as ever-
lasting

相信

——一切都是假的，不可當真。

如果信任
是佇候一列長長的地下火車
「請勿超越黃線」的反覆宣言
是慣性的音響而非警告
你安分地不逾越黃線
凝定的目光彷彿堅信
平靜空白的情節
不容置疑不及思索
列車注定匆匆出現
無所謂準時及時
所有門同時開啟如天規
剎那的超越不算超越
但求換一程迅速直接的歸途
如是你信任

如是你等待
像盼候一列長長的地下火車
懷着熱切的期望
(不分段)

難免天真好奇的情緒驅使
你踐踏黃線
伸首漆黑沉寂的洞口探問消息
冷氣機的風颼颼扇亂你的鬢髮
加深你抑壓太久的疑惑
「請勿超越黃線」
重複的宣言似未失效卻
單調缺乏深刻的內容
催使你再一次逾越
——猝然驚覺
兩條臥息地上的鐵軌
是一柄鏽劍插入地殼的肺葉
嚴峻的警嚇
彷彿自刺骨的冷氣滲透
「不得超越黃線」
你稍挪前一步仔細審察
月台下低窪地帶隱隱留存
一道血痕
(不分段)

泉

如遠古的歷史
久不救治的積癆
冷不防偶然的垂注
洞顎破裂張開
咳出沸熱的鹹味的
血漿自燙赤的地心
車站砰然崩潰
候車的人未及張惶
已淹沒洪流之中
逃命搶救呼喊都趕不及進行
恍惚一次絕對的消滅
才締造秩序的規模
淹沒希冀和失望
如果仍然等待



一列長長的地下火車
抵站
大家側身穿入車廂成為
每張繃緊的臉孔
不交代任何表情 證實
沒有浩劫發生沒有死過人
共處無非
各自貪圖一段短速平穩的
歸途
地下鐵內不斷湧現的
如是地
相信着

Belief

——Everything is false and may not be seen to be true

Ng Mei-kwan, Translated by Bonnie S. McDougall

If trust

Is waiting for a long underground train

The repeated announcement, 'Stay behind the yellow line'

Is an inert noise not a warning

You obediently refrain from crossing the yellow line

Your fixed gaze seems like a firm belief

In a tranquil empty plot

Not open to doubt (but there's no time for thought)

The train rushes to make its appearance

Whether on time or in time

All doors simultaneously open like a law of nature

Crossing for only a second doesn't count as crossing

Just a swift and direct retreat

This you trust

And thus you wait

As if expecting a long underground train

Harbouring fervent hopes

It's hard to avoid a natural curiosity prompting

A step on the yellow line

Craning your head toward the dark silent cave to seek news

The breeze from the air-con fan rumples your hair

And deepens your long suppressed doubts

'Stay behind the yellow line.'

The repeated announcement seems still to be in force

Its monotonous shallow content

Urges you once again to cross

——an abrupt alert

Two railway tracks stretch along the earth

Like a rusty sword inserted into the earth's lung
A sternly threatening warning
Seems to seep through the bone-chilling air-con
 'Do not cross the yellow line'
Before slightly shifting a step you examine with care
A trace of blood
Lingering indistinctly in the ditch below the platform

Like a distant history
Of long-standing TB plus overwork, neither treated nor cured
Under your unintentional gaze
The cave's palate splits open
Coughs out steaming hot, salty
Blood plasma from the scalding earth's core
The station collapsed with a bang
The people waiting for the train have no time to be alarmed
In the middle of the flooding mighty torrent
Cries for help and rescue are too late to be of help
In a trance only absolute extermination
Will create orderly rules
Flooding hopes and despair
If still waiting

A long underground train
Reaches the station
Everyone files sideways into the carriage and becomes
Every tightly drawn face
Without exhibiting expression but confirming
No catastrophe has happened and there are no dead
They coexist simply
Each longing for a short, speedy, smooth and stable
Journey back

What emerges unceasingly from the underground train

Is this

Believing