



夢回園林
DREAMING IN GARDENS

臺灣花源 The Taiwan Garden

留園幽夢 The Lingering Garden

靜謐花園 The Silent Garden

The Taiwan Garden

Peter Stickland and Wu-Han Chou

from a journey made together with

Yun-Na Liu, Hiroyuki Iwashita and Shih-Yi Tsai

The Lingering Garden

Peter Stickland and Zhihong Hu

Translated into Chinese by Qing Wang

The Silent Garden

Peter Stickland and Zhenglin Qiao

台灣花源

彼得 · 斯蒂克蘭 & 周武翰

源於一場劉芸娜、岩下弘幸、蔡詩怡和我們並肩走過的旅行

留園幽夢

彼得 · 斯蒂克蘭 & 胡志紅

王青 譯

靜謐花園

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A mythical tale about Taiwan children wondering off into the landscape to find their future.

臺灣花源

The Taiwan Garden

Peter Stickland & Wu-Han Chou

彼得·斯蒂克蘭 | 周武翰 著

We are indebted to Meng-Te Chou, artist and taxi driver, for transporting us on our journey through Taipei and its environs. He made our time in Taipei an inspiring and pleasurable adventure.

Credits

The poems were written by Peter Stickland. They were inspired by Taiwanese Children's songs contributed by Wu-Han Chou and by the poems of Li Bai.

The Li Bai poems were read on the internet, but their original source is *The Penguin Book of Chinese Verse*, edited by A.R. Davis, Penguin Books, 1962.

Wu-Han Chou translated the English back into Chinese. He and Zhihong Hu were also responsible for the final layout and cover design of the book.

Many photographs in the latter section of the book were taken in The Lin Family Garden in Taipei. This beautiful garden inspired our discussions about the book.

The visual record of this journey were photographs taken in and around Taipei by Peter Stickland, Wu-Han Chou, Yun-Na Liu and Hiroyuki Iwashita.

我們很感激計程車司機畫家周孟德，這趟穿梭在臺北裡裡外外的旅程有他運轉著，讓我們經歷了一段振奮、愉快的探險時光。

聲明

本書詩句由彼得·斯蒂克蘭所創作，從周武翰所提供的臺灣民謠、兒歌以及李白的詩詞當中獲得靈感。李白詩是網路上讀到的版本，為企鵝圖書公司 1962 年出版，A.R. Davis 編輯的《中國詩詞》。

英語詩句由周武翰翻譯為中文，再由他和胡志紅完成全書排版和書籍封面的設計。

本書末段許多照片攝於板橋林家花園，此間的美好引發了我們對這本書的討論。旅途中的影像紀錄是由彼得·斯蒂克蘭、周武翰、劉芸娜以及岩下弘幸等攝於臺北近郊。

Foreword

In my adaptation of these poems, I employed a very loose, open minded technique because I didn't want to follow the sequences or the meaning of the original poems. I simply played with the words while dreaming of the images of the Taiwan Garden.

I chose to use the poet Li Bai because he is the best example of irresponsibility among Chinese poets. This statement was questioned by Wu-Han Chou, who asked me to clarify what I meant by irresponsibility. I concurred that responsibility is very important, but for me, in this day and age, it is more important that we learn how to decide what we want to be responsible for. Li Bai disliked the voices of government because they insisted on telling him what he should do and none of the instructions gave him, or the wider society in which he lived, any benefit.

Irresponsibility is very important in art because it comes from an impish spirit and it is this spirit that allows us to question everything. This is the beginning of independence and self-confidence. All kinds of domestic and institutional organisations believe they can wag their finger at you and tell you what your responsibilities are. The reason is usually because they

自序

關於材料的改編，我採取的是極為放鬆且不帶預設觀點的手法，因為我不願一味遵循原詩的排列順序和意義，我只是與徜徉在台灣桃花源時蹦出的字詞一道遊玩著。

之所以選用李白的詩是因為他堪稱中國詩人不負責任之最佳代表；而周武翰則對此闡述提出疑惑，希望我闡明所謂不負責任為何。我同意負責任這件事很重要，但對如今這把年歲的我而言，學會如何判斷想對什麼事物負起責任又更加重要。李白不喜歡官場中種種聲音，因為它們老是在告誡他做東做西；結果不僅旨令沒有營養，對他真正棲居的大社會更是毫無公益可言。

不負責任對藝術就非常重要，因為它來自一種小鬼頭的因仔性，正是這種因仔性容許我們對任何事物抱持疑問，它是獨立與自信心的源頭。任何型態的民主或威權組織皆相信他們可以對你上下其手、指定你的責任義務所在為何，理由通常是為了要鞏固那股凌駕於你的權力。

want to uphold the power they have over you. So, it is my feeling that we should all decide what we want to be responsible for and that we should follow our heart in this, not the dictates of institutions. If we are going to progress, it is truly important for us to develop our independence and self-confidence. Commercial concerns have a desire to keep you vulnerable. They want to tell you what to buy, because they can have the promise that their product will improve your confidence and this is a powerful tool for them.

The Taiwan Garden is a mythical tale about Taiwan children wondering off into the landscape to find their future. Children are innovative and spontaneous, they are allowed to be impish and irresponsible, which makes them ideal characters. In this tale the children have left their homes - and all the varieties of dependence that weighs upon them in the city - because they want to find their future away from the voices that keep them vulnerable. All the best Chinese poets had to leave court and wonder about the world in poverty and isolation. Maybe this is where the future begins; with little voices of agreement among young people who say they can imagine a better world and go off in search of it.

所以我的想法是我們都應該自己決定對什麼事情負責，並且順應自己心之所向而去，而非任何組織的支配。若我們想要有所進步，那麼開發獨立性和自信心就至關重要。商業模式的考量總是意圖使你陷入軟弱的錯覺，再由他們來告訴你應該購買什麼、他們有掛保證的產品能壯大你的自信心，而這就是他們強大的武器。

《臺灣花源》是關於一群臺灣孩子闖進到山光水色間去尋找未來的杜撰故事。孩子們充滿創造力和自發性、他們被容許的不負責任的囡仔性，使他們成為理想的角色。故事中的孩子已經離開他們的家——以及城市生活各種累積在他們個性裡的依賴——因為他們想在那些弱化他們的聲音之外去尋覓未來。所有頂尖的中國詩人都非得離開官場，遊走於貧困與孤立的世界。這也許就是未來的起始——談論著可以預見一個更好的世界的年輕人之間，有細小的聲音在彼此附和、然後啟程去探尋。

Because the story has a mythical aspect it does not refer to the task of gaining independence in any direct way; it only indicates that a connection to nature, to each other and to our past is an essential aspect of the journey because these things will keep hearts at the centre of the action. This story is about a leap of faith into an unknown adventure by young people who are trying to discover what else could be true. It might also be a metaphor for the struggle we must engage in if we are to gain self-confidence. Some may say that it feels like a quest for enlightenment, but this is not intentional. I am not even sure what enlightenment is. Some spiritual teachers suggest that enlightenment is a process that has nothing to do with becoming better or being happier. It's OK for me if enlightenment is the crumbling away of untruth, if it is seeing through the facade of pretence and the eradication of all those things we don't need and imagine are untrue. I think that dreaming is also very important and that it is our responsibility to keep our dreams alive. More than anything this little book is a dream about identity inspired by the people of Taiwan. It is a eulogy for the beautiful Taiwanese landscape and the happy hours we spent in The Lin Family Garden in Taipei.

Peter Stickland

此故事有其虛構面，不強求任何直接獨立的意義；它僅是指出一種與自然、與人、與個人過去之間等的聯繫才是旅程中的本質面向，因為這些會將我們的心保持在行動的中心位置。這故事有關於一群年輕人在嘗試發掘究竟還有什麼是可靠的，在信念的跳躍之間他們掉進了一段充滿未知的探險；這故事也可能是自信心建立前必將經歷的一場掙扎的隱喻。或許有人會說這是一場覺醒的追尋，但這非我本意，我甚至無法肯定所謂的覺醒到底是什麼概念，曾有精神導師暗示：覺醒其實與變得更好或成為更快樂的人全然無涉。如果覺醒是謊言的崩潰、是看穿偽裝的外表、是把我們認為不需要也不真實者一概連根拔除，那我便可以接受。做夢也很重要，讓我們的夢想保持鮮活正是我們的責任所在，尤其這本小書是從臺灣人物獲得靈感的、關於認同的一個夢想。本書是對臺灣美麗的地景和我們在板橋林家花園渡過之美好時光的詠贊之歌。

彼得 · 斯蒂克蘭

For the youth of Taiwan.

Boys and girls come out to play
The sun proclaims a bright new day
Bring your friends and beg no pardon
We're off to find the Taiwan garden.

Come with a whoop, come with a call
Come with good will or not at all
Join with the dance and stand up tall
This Isle of smiles will cheer us all.

寫給臺灣青年。

男孩女孩 大家趕快出來
月亮太陽 已經熱情搖擺
這是我的朋友 妳好初次見面
這趟我們旅行 目標臺灣花源

大呼一句小叫一聲 就來加入
滿懷期待心有罣礙 照行不誤
手舞足蹈 腳踏高高
酒蝸之島 吵吵鬧鬧

Some folk, hearing the children singing on
Their way towards the Seven Star Mountain,
Imagine they can hear the sounds of pipes;
While others hear echoes of brooks in valleys.



有人聽見孩子
在他們前往七星山的路上唱著歌
而想像耳朵聽見笛子的聲響
有人則聽見山谷溪澗的洄聲

The children's hearts and dreams lie somewhere
Among the ancient leafy hills of Yangmingshan,
By Meng Huan Lake or the Touqian River, where
The streams are pale and have the pallor of mist.



孩子沈睡的心靈和夢想
在古老草山蒼鬱的丘壑間
在夢幻湖濱 或頭前溪畔
在水流蒼蒼 氤氳如霧之處

They ask the birds where the garden begins.

Past the ruins of buildings where the road ends,
Where the bears and dragons no longer startle the
Forest, where flowers lure you and rocks ease you.
Where clouds darken and the day suddenly ends.



「花源在哪裡？」他們去問小鳥

在穿過路底盡頭傾頹的房子

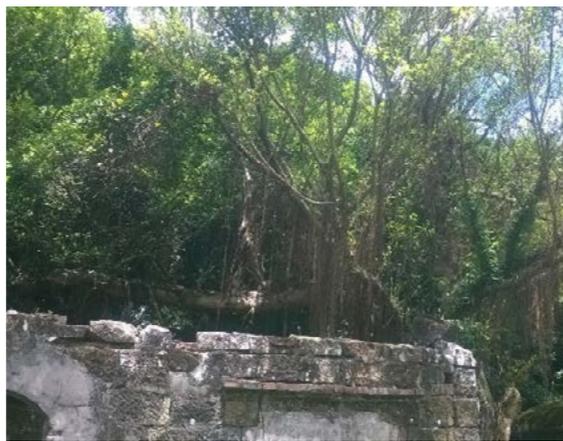
在龍與大熊不再驚擾的森林裡

花朵招引你 巨岩安慰你的地方

雲就要暗下來 天光稍縱即逝的所在

They ask the stones where the garden begins.

Search in the trees for a stone gate your ancestors
Built. It was broken apart by The Gods of Thunder
And Lightning, but you can enter there. Do not fear
Impenetrable shadows or vents to the pit of heaven.



「花源在哪裡？」他們去問石頭

在樹林中尋覓你們先祖建起的石閘吧

雷公將它敲得支離破碎

毋須害怕無法穿透的黑影或孔道

入得其門便進入天堂

They ask the trees where the garden begins.

Just walk on. It seems like only yesterday when you
Passed by this open window. You took out a bucket to
Splash water over your muddy feet and all in the crowd
Laughed at you. You smiled and blinked your eyes at me.



「花源在哪裡？」他們去問樹林

往前走吧

你從這扇窗前經過只是昨天的事

你提著水桶往髒兮兮的腳丫子潑

路上的行人都在笑你

你只是眨著眼睛看著我

One little girl, in her long, floral red dress and slippers,
Her beautiful blonde hair blowing in the wind, asked
Around to see if anyone knew where her brother was.
She heard that he had left for the garden ahead of them.



女孩穿著花紅洋裝和涼鞋
任由美麗的金髮受風吹打
四處向人探問哥哥的消息
聽說已經出發去找那花源

He knew because monkeys called out to him over ripples
Of green water. He saw how the sun created its gold and
Silver terraces where the queen of the clouds descends with
Tigers as their lute-players and phoenixes as their dancers.



獼猴隔著綠波朝他叫喊 於是他瞭解了
在那雲中皇后有老虎彈著琵琶
鳳凰踏起舞步隨她沉降的地方
他目睹了太陽如何創造出一座座金銀輝映的梯田

The young travellers gazed up to see terraces, like fields of
Hemp. They imagined fairy figures lived there and their souls
Went flying up to the green slopes. That's where the white deer
Lives and all children want to ride it when they have it in sight.



年輕的旅人仰望麻園似的梯田
想像著有仙人住在裡面
祂們的靈魂會飛上綠坡
那裡正是白鹿的棲所
以及所有孩子發現時都會躍躍欲試的花源

Ten thousand things run towards the children
Like water flowing forever down the mountain.
It is high and dangerous, but they journey on.
Such travelling is harder than scaling the blue sky.



數以萬計的事物朝孩子狂奔而來
有如山泉不住地自高山流淌而下
眼前高聳危險 但他們行旅不止
如此旅程遠比衝度藍天還要艱辛

They've pushed their way through the misty ages.
Now forty-eight thousand years have passed and
None of them has yet managed to reach the border.
The Great White Mountain has only a birds path.



濛濛歲月裡人們推進了這條路
四千八百年流過
不曾有任何人成功觸及邊界
整座大雪山僅有一隻小鳥的足跡

High, as on a tall flag, six dragons drive the sun,
While the river, far below, lashes its twisted course.
Such height would be hard going for even a yellow crane,
But the children, scrabbling on all fours, do not lose hope.



當河流伏於地表沖刷曲折的身線
六隻飛龍在旗竿頂上運轉太陽
那是黃鶴也難以企及的高度
孩子磨頂放踵也不會放棄希望

The Mountain of clay is covered with many stone circles.

With each step, the travellers must negotiate the mounds.

Holding their chests with their hands, they now begin to

Wonder if this high westward trail will ever have an end.



黏土山路覆滿連綿圓石

每一步都是旅人與小山的談判

雙手緊抱箱子 他們開始懷疑

巍峨的西天路是否真的有終點？

The clay does end, but the formidable path grows darker
Until they hear the sweet, melancholy voice of a cuckoo.
Then many birds join the call, the males following females,
And the children sing about scaling the bright blue sky.



黏土濘路終將結束
但艱困的道路再度轉暗
直到他們聽見杜鵑甜蜜又哀傷的鳥囀
雌鳥領著雄鳥加入答唱
孩子們於是跟著唱起
關於衡度這片藍天

They're now on the highest crag, barely a foot below heaven.

Dry old trees, heads down, hang from the face of the cliffs,

While a thousand plunging cataracts roar to one another,

Sending ten thousand thunderous sounds up into the air.



他們爬上最高的峭壁 天堂近在咫尺

當千條下墜的奔流此起彼落

爆出轟鳴 萬鈞雷霆震徹天際

乾癟的老樹低下頭 垂簾壁面上

With the stench of sulphur and the fear of danger, you might
Wonder why children, who live at a safe distance, come here,
But there are no wolves or ravenous tigers to fear up here and
The venomous reptiles are now only found down in the city.



硫磺味與涉險的驚懼瀰漫全身
你可能會好奇
生活於安全裡的孩子們為何要跑來此地
但是這裡沒有吃人的虎令人提心吊膽
只有城市才會滿是有毒的爬蟲

Some think that the Cities of Silk are delectable, but these
Children would rather turn from home to find a stream.
Even when travelling is harder than scaling the blue sky,
They'll travel many miles in search of the Taiwan Garden.



有些人夢想絲綢之城的歡愉
孩子們卻背離家門去尋一條小溪
縱使旅途難於衡度藍天
也要不遠千里找到臺灣花源

Some see only murky pools here, but the children talk
Of Princess Kavalan, whose squid-like skin is even more
Beautiful than coral. When she appears, under ripples
In the water, her hair radiates a magical rouge colour.



人們空見一潭黝陰水池
孩子卻講起噶瑪蘭公主的故事
公主花枝滑膩的膚色甚至比珊瑚美麗
走起路來她的頭髮會在海底
掀起五彩胭脂色的水波

Princess Kavalan sits on a stone to finish weaving the
Grass rain-hat she is wearing to visit her distant brother.
'If you are intending to visit me,' he wrote, 'then please
Bring the most beautiful grass rain-hat you can weave.'



噶瑪蘭公主坐在石頭上編著一頂草笠
她將戴它拜訪遠方的哥哥
他信中寫著：
「若妳要來看我
就編出最美的草笠。」

The journey is hard. The children have nothing to eat or
Drink and they must turn and peer in four directions for
Each decision. It is not for them to sit lazily with a fishing
Rod by the brook. They are sailing their boat to the sun.



困頓的旅途 孩子們沒有食物也沒有水
每個決定都必須轉身確認四方
拿著釣竿慵懶地坐在溪邊不適合他們
他們駕駛著航向太陽的船

Pure wine costs tens of thousands of coins for each flagon;
A jade plate of sweet, dainty food will cost a million coins,
But the children need only a bridge over the craggy rocks
When heavy winds prevent them reaching their direction.



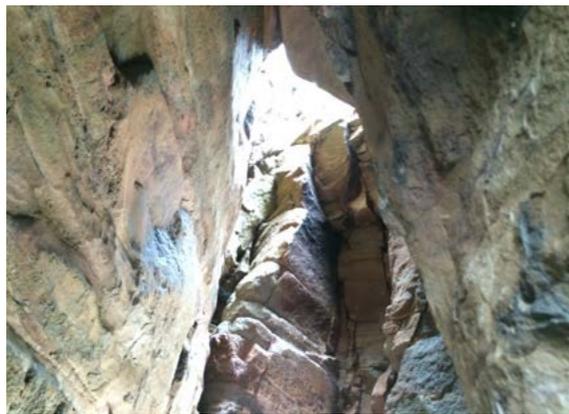
金樽清酒斗十千
玉盤珍饈值萬錢
不過孩子們只想在狂風攔阻去路時
有條帶領他們跨越崎嶇的橋

Don't wash your ears on hearing something you dislike.

These children will not die of hunger like famous hermits.

Living without fame among their newfound friends, they'll

Clamber out of crevices to discover their dignified future.



別洗去耳朵裡不中聽的話語

孩子們不會如隱居的名士般飢餓至死

他們與新發現的朋友沒沒無名地活著

一起爬出裂縫探索尊嚴的未來

See how the roots of plants encourage their leaves to grow
Out of rocks towards the sun, never to return underground.
See how enchanting rocks, like bright walls in high ceiled
Chambers, take on a silken-white glow in the bright sunlight.



看草木根系如何鼓舞牠們的枝葉
從岩壁逆朝著太陽生長 永遠不再回望地底
看豔陽下嫵媚岩石泛起絲綢的亮光
就像柔光輕漫在高閣樓牆間

Blue skies pick out a line of mountains that resemble a wall.

Is this a city, these rocks like a florid curve of water? Will they

Wash the children away, like loosened water-plants, made to

Drift off for hundreds of miles as if they were floating clouds?



藍天從山脈挑出一縷絲 讓它像座高牆

這是座城市？這岩石是水的一抹鐵紅鏽線？

孩子們會像失了根的水生植物被沖走

如浮雲般地漂流到百哩之外？

These children of spirit venture wherever it pleases them.

Let your ears attend as they sing you their reviving song of

The sweet-smelling jasmine flower with its stems full of

Buds, all fragrant and white like a thousand pieces of silver.



何處能綻放他們 靈性的孩子就往那裡去
當他們為你唱一首使人清醒的茉莉花
讓你的耳朵傾聽 芬芳美麗滿枝芽
又香又白灑落滿天的銀光

In a dense forest, children imagine they can swim through it.
They have heard of a boy who sits in the branches, blowing
On a pipe of reeds. Hidden by creepers, he's rarely seen, and
The eerie resonances from his pipe sound just like the wind.



孩子們想像可以游過這座茂密的森林
他們聽說有個坐在樹上吹蘆笛的男孩
爬蟲將他藏起所以很難見到
他蘆葦中奇異的共鳴聽起來就像風

When the sound of water flowing over a rocky stream comes
From the trees, the birds, deceived, start screeching adamantly.
The children hear the flowers grow and insects walk. The boy
Instructs them how to make a pipe to imitate sounds in nature.



淌過石頭河床的淙淙聲響徹樹梢
小鳥被騙得不服輸地嘰喳起來
孩子們聽見花開與蟲的腳步
為了模仿大自然裡的聲音
男孩教導他們做一支笛

They were glad of the chance to rest, glad of the chance to
Sing to the tune of the wind in the trees, but now they are
Within sight of The Taiwan Garden and must clamber up
Ledges of cliff and winding vines that lead to the blue sky.



孩子歡天喜地有機會稍作歇息
高興能在樹上和起風的歌韻
但此刻臺灣花源已映入眼簾
他們得攀上與天相連的纏捲蔓藤 斷層懸崖

The peaks are forever before them and every path they take
Opens onto two further mountain-ranges. Once they are at
The top, where no flight of birds could reach, they will be able
To survey the whole world and see the river that nourishes all.



山巔永不曾向孩子靠近
每踏一步又再掀開兩座山脈
一旦抵達山尖那飛鳥不曾涉足之地
他們就可以遼望生養的大河
展開全世界的測量

Before the sounds of the pipe diminishes, the flowers and the
Buildings give a sudden hint that their ambition might be won.
They imagine that here is heaven's Jade City and, with hibiscus
In their hands, they look out for angels riding on coloured clouds.



在笛聲消失以前
花朵與建築無意間暗示了孩子的大志可望
想像此處就是天堂的翠玉街廓 芙蓉花在手
他們仰望找尋騎在彩雲上的天使

Unexpectedly, roots and vines hold them fast, catching their
Clothes. They sing the song, born on the breath of the pipe boy in
The tree and a young girl offers them a Stone Mirror to make the
Heart's purity purer and to bolster their sovereign self-assurance.



蔓藤樹根無預警地擋住去路
纏捲孩子的衣袖
他們唱起從樹上男孩鼻息所生的旋律
一名年輕女孩現身 帶來一面石鏡
要使純淨的心靈更純粹
要撐開主權在我的自信心

Wild nature fashions itself into various forms of habitat where
Staffs of green jade lie waiting for the children. A Zhao harp,
Lying mute on its phoenix holder, vibrates gently and a Shu lute
Sounds its mandarin-duck strings to echo a fresh spring breeze.



塑翡翠權杖即將靜靜等待孩子
野性自然為之幻化成各種棲息形體
趙瑟無聲躺在鳳凰柱枱上輕輕震動
蜀琴奏起 送爽的春風共鳴著鴛鴦絃

The children see one of the three stone bridges that traverse the Troubled waters of the Crystal Lake. It casts its shadow across the Deep green water, while yellow clouds, that winds have driven for Miles, wrap about the peaks and circle in a swirl around them.



孩子看見三座橋之一可以
橫越水晶湖的惡水
當風牽引數哩的橙雲
包裹山巔 纏繞成一卷渦漩
橋便在蔭綠水上拉起一道長影

The mountains, echoing the swirls, circle menacingly around the Travellers and they forget their songs. The boy in the tree whistles To them. “You must traverse the nine sections of the world until a Mist is in the flowers, the moon grows very white and the sun sets.”



山脈共鳴著渦漩 緊迫地環繞旅人
孩子嚇得忘了他們的歌
樹上的男孩哨來歌聲
「你們得先橫越世界的九塊大地
直到一襲霧鑽入了花叢
日頭沈落而月娘如玉」

The children pass through jade undergrowth. Their eyes that were
Once sparkling are now a well of tears. The boy in the tree whistles
Again. “If ever you should doubt your aching hearts and long for
Sleep, take the girl’s stone mirror and return here to dance with us.”



孩子穿過翠綠的矮樹叢
他們曾閃亮的眼眸如今淚如泉湧
樹上的男孩再度哨來歌聲
「如果你曾懷疑你作痛的心而渴求一眠
那就拿起女孩的石鏡回到這裡與我們共舞吧」

The girl re-appears with the stone mirror and invites their gaze.

Their confidence regained, she leads them past the maze of rocks.

“I carved these hills,” she tells them. “So even when the mountain
Darkens and cloudy autumn heaps the sky, I can still find my way.”



女孩帶著石鏡重現 邀集他們的目光
有她帶領走出岩石迷宮 孩子信心再起
她告訴孩子

「是我親手刻劃了這片丘壑
即使山林暗下秋雲遮蓋了天
依舊能找到出去的路」

The sculptor princess of a thousand valleys waves to the tree boy
Who takes his pipe from a green silk case and sings sweetly of the
Flower that was blown to the floor one rainy night. With nobody
To witness it, they made this song so everyone could remember.



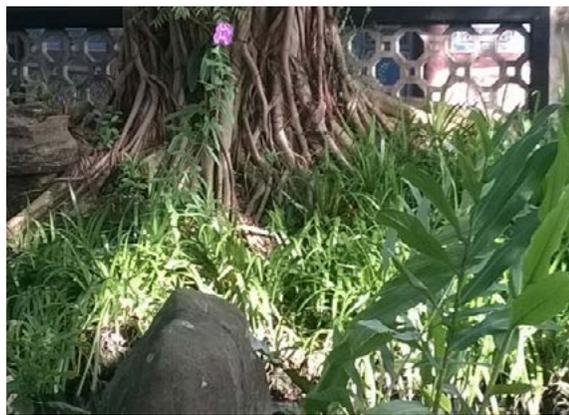
千壑谷來的雕刻公主向樹上的男孩招手
男孩便從綠錦盒掏出蘆笛 甜美奏唱起
一朵雨夜受風吹落地的花 不被人看見
他們要唱出一首大家都不會忘記的歌

The jingling city night is ten thousand mountains away from these
High walls, yet each coloured dawn the call for the children to return
Can still be heard on the breeze. How beautiful they look now, how
Quietly they sit, how untroubled is their brow. They linger here still.



鈴聲響亮的城之夜已在高牆的萬重山外
每個斑斕的拂曉
欲喚回孩子的呼喊依然迴盪在風裡
孩子如今坐態沉穩眉宇平靜看起來多美麗
他們還在流連

Their robes are clouds, their faces are flowers and their garden is
Either the tip of earth's Jade Mountain or the moon- edged roof of
Paradise. The palaces of China have never known such beauty for
Those who care about being true to their heart have been too few.



孩子的睡袍是雲朵 臉龐是花
他們的花源既是玉山之尖
也是月亮那天堂屋簷
中國的宮闕從來不曾體認到如此之美
只因願意對自己的心真誠的人總是太少



The heroine of these poems is content with her remote, self-contained and reflective life.

She rejoices in her blessings and celebrates the simplest of pleasures.

詩中的女主人公對自己遠離塵世，自給自足並獨自深省的生活樂在其中。

她因自己的幸運而歡喜，更為簡單的快樂而慶幸。

留園幽夢

The Lingerin Garden

Peter Stickland & Zhihong Hu

彼得·斯蒂克蘭 | 胡志紅 著

Translated into Chinese by Qing Wang

王青 译

We are indebted to Qing Wang for translating this book and also to Zhipeng Sun, whose suggestions enhanced the text. We would also like to thank our friends, Runwu Fang, Yan Gu and Hu Bing Yu who accompanied us on our journey to The Lingering Garden and made our stay in Suzhou such an inspiring and pleasurable journey.

Credits

The poems were written by Peter Stickland. They were inspired by the poems of Li Qingzhao. He used a version found on the internet that was translated into English by Lucy Chow Ho.

The wall painting of the tree was made by the Swiss sculptor and architect Veit Rausch. It is located in Trin, in the Swiss Alps. He painted it for the 'Degustation Room' of a company called Bündnerfleisch, a major dry meat manufacturer in Switzerland.

我们很感激翻译此书的王青，也很感谢为中文翻译润色的孙志鹏。与此同时，也要感谢我们的朋友，方润武，顾岩和胡冰玉的陪同，一路前行至留园，让我们在苏州走过了一段令人愉快并深有启发性的旅程。

声明

本书诗歌由彼得·斯蒂克蘭所创作，其内容受到李清照诗歌的启发。

彼得在网络上寻找到露西·周·何所翻译的英语版本。

树的墙壁绘画是由瑞士雕刻家和建筑师维特·劳施所创作。它坐落于特立尼达，瑞士的阿尔卑斯山中。他为一个在瑞士主要生产制作瑞士腌肉的公司 - Bündnerfleisch，其中的“品尝室”所做的创作。

“I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the
Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination.”

Written by
John Keats to Benjamin Bailey
1817

致 約翰·濟慈
本杰明·貝利 1817

我無法確定任何事情
唯獨神聖般的
心靈震撼
和
想象的真實

燭光裏
我在等你
痴痴地看着牆上那棵柿子樹
驚嘆作者的技藝精湛



Waiting for you in the candlelight, I gaze longingly at the persimmon tree and marvel at the skill of artists.



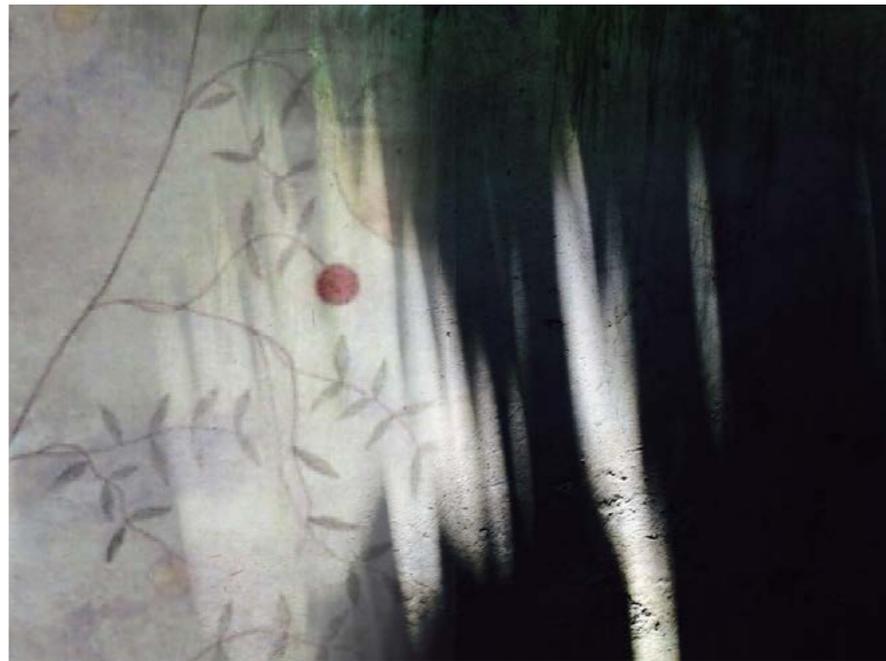
Its beauty makes even the delicate plum flowers seem common and the lilac flowers harsh and unexceptional.

它美得
令雅致的梅花黯然
丁香
變得普通而刺眼

我渴望那美味的柿子
而此刻
正值冬季
我須耐心等待
等到下個秋天



I yearn to consume the delicious fruit, but now, as the winter days remain, I must live patiently 'til autumn.



It's unusual for a night to change so many things; for a light sprinkling of rain to wash away ferocious winds.

一夜之間
萬物改變
一陣細雨
帶走凜冽的風寒

透過溫柔的唇
飲下一杯豆蔻
茶香濃郁
芬芳甘甜



Through gentle lips, I drink orange mace boiled in hot water,
aromatic as tea, fragrant as sweet osmanthus.

白日夢裏
一輪殘月爬進窗戶
誘我進入
深深的夢境空間



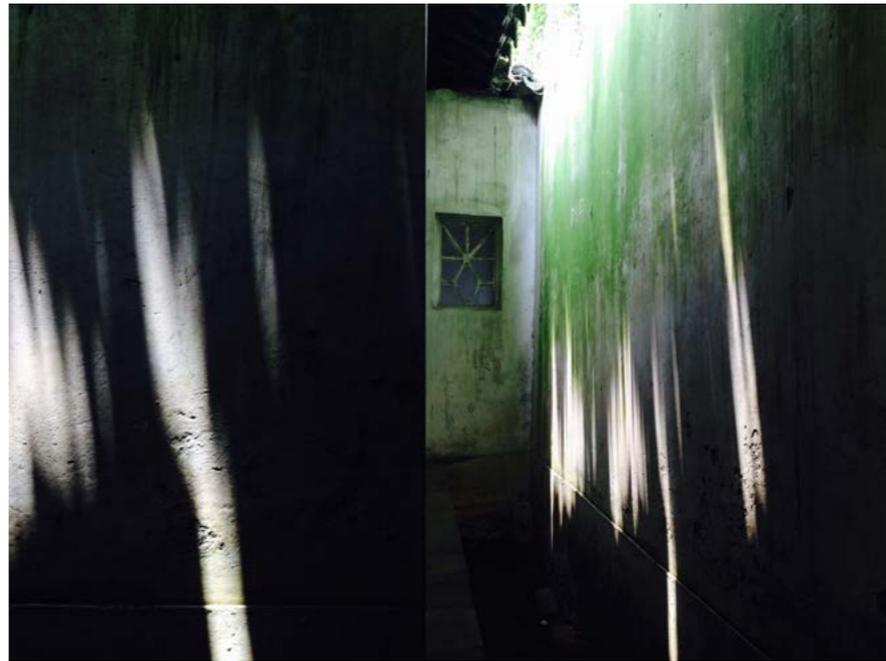
With day-dreaming, the waning moon climbs in through
the window, enticing me to slide deeper into my dream.

清晨的風
吹着梧桐的葉子
在腳邊舞動
空氣裏光影斑駁
猶如一地碎金
璀璨絢爛



The morning wind blows wu t'ung leaves round my feet.
Floating light flakes of crushed gold turn into blossoms.

春天
來匆匆去也匆匆
誰會埋怨
無心的雨滴
凋零了剛剛開放的花瓣



We never regret spring passing us by so quickly, or the
careless rain drops hastening the fall of young flowers.

我向屋頂探望
尋着那開放的花兒
是否
有生長的痕迹
色彩的變換



I look up to the roof to see if the blossoms are visible, to see if there are signs of growth, of colours changing.

愛看
稚嫩的果子成長
青果的嫩綠漸漸褪去
代之以明麗的紅與黃



We love to watch young apples growing; the greens getting thinner as the reds and yellows grow plumper.

收起內心的憂傷
惆悵的臉
心內的歌聲
沒有疑慮



We know how to keep concern from displaying a craggy face, how the songs in our heart can live without doubt.



We lean over the winter balustrade, romanticising our loved ones; our secluded chamber free from insecurity.

倚着冬天的欄杆
與愛人
依偎浪漫
在這隱蔽的居所
不再惶恐不安

清涼的溪水
從小院蔓延
流到遙遠的天邊



The cool streams in this courtyard flow all the way from secluded valleys that extend far out toward the horizon.



We are taken this way and that, each beguiling vista like the excitement of young lovers playing hide and seek.

迷人的小路
我們徜徉
如一對年輕的戀人
追逐
嬉戲
捉着迷藏

遠遠的
鈴聲叮當
輕柔的風裏
隱約記得風信子的香



The sound of distant bells echo their chimes on the soft breeze, as vaguely we remember the scent of hyacinth.



A hairpin of gold wards off the cold. Subtle music sounds when I wrap myself in a silk shawl; nothing is too small.

一縷發簪金
擋住風寒
我將絲巾披肩
沙沙聲猶如樂曲
一切皆不平凡

房間裏
窗戶慵懶地投下影子
元黎輕撫她的玉琵琶
幽靜無言



Speechless in my chamber, idle window panes cast their shadows while Yuan Li plays softly on her red jasper lute.



Clouds rise from distant mountains, hastening the end of winter. Now fresh winds bring in a fine drizzling rain.

雲朵自遠山升起
清新的風
帶來一陣細雨
驅趕着冬天

開心的我們
暢快的接受洗禮
梨花凋謝
歡呼雀躍



We gladly accept its cheery nourishment. When pear blossoms wither, they surely feel it as a jubilant droop.



On quiet, peaceful spring days we write to each other beside the jade burner that offers up its curling smoke.

春天裏平和安詳
碧玉香爐旁
我們給彼此寫信
裊裊升起一縷青烟

破曉前
雨水打濕園裏的秋千
窗檯小草
迎接春雨綿綿



Before twilight falls more drops of rain wet the garden swing; herbs on the window sill vie for its nourishment.

在院裏期盼
柳樹冒出可愛的柳絮
梅花競相開放
爭奇鬥艷



I long to see plum willows bearing playful catkins and plum flowers chasing each other round the courtyard.

春天降臨
傍晚的清風毫不知情
肆意梳理我的萬千思緒
青絲萬縷



The soft evening wind, unaware of the coming spring,
thinks it can freely rearrange my hair and my thoughts.



蒼白的月
穿梭雲間
鴨形香爐內
一炷香靜靜矗立

The pale moon floats to and fro past light clouds, while
the incense lies idly in the green duck-shaped burners.

梅紅的床簾
圍繞着我們
流蘇形成屏障
寒冷被擋在外邊



To ward off the cold, we draw cherry-red bed curtains
round us, screening their tassels and the outside world.

香燃盡時
夢境回到我們中間
山形枕上
我們沉沉睡去
柿子樹變成許下的諾言



The incense dies, dreams return to us, we slumber on
hill-shaped pillows; the persimmon now like a promise.

忽然之間
我明白了
白日夢裏那根發簪
原來是回巢的燕



Suddenly I fathom a confused reverie of ornamental hairpins; I've mistaken them for returning swallows.

溫柔的風
和煦的陽
邀請春的降臨
光影瞬息變換
照亮我
溫順的心田



Soft breezes and mild sunshine invite the spring in and with the swift change of light my meek spirit brightens.

迎着冰涼的空氣
遠處野鵝聲聲
如白雲朵朵
劃過蔚藍的天



Upon waking in the chilly air, I hear the distant cry of returning wild geese flying past clouds in the azure sky.

和
太陽
響亮的號角
宣告着黎明的降臨
老烟囪裏
冒出一縷炊烟



The sun and a sounding horn announces the approach of daybreak. Smoke from the old chimney rises upward.

黎明
驅散星光滿天
在我醒來之前
做夢的靈魂
尋着回家的路線



Stars are driven back by the light of early dawn and now
my dreaming soul must find its way home while I arise.

萬籟寂靜
樹叢新綠
月亮
慵懶的挂在上面
我撫摸一片葉子
輕聲呼喚



Outside all is quiet and the moon lingers over emerald
shrubs that are hanging lose. I caress a leaf to waken it.

不禁想起
海棠花開
我們時常
撫慰落下的花瓣
芬芳無比
香氣繚漫



This reminds me that after the blooming of the cherry-apple tree we always caress the fragrant petals that fall.

記得曾經
我們收集許多
梅花
放任的捧着
令人心醉
好生喜歡



Once we have gathered plum flowers, we fondle them impudently and become intoxicated with their beauty.

露水
打濕長袍
我獨自漂泊
漂到海角
泊到天邊



My robe wet with their subtle moisture, I drift quietly to the corner of the sea and the edge of the distant horizon.



Promises of liberty rise up from dreaming plants, while vague mists disappear in a fresh, emancipating breeze.

自由的承諾
從睡夢中的草叢蘇醒
朦朧的霧
消散在清新釋然的風中

深呼吸
像個孩子一般
忘了去向
是時候把自己帶回地面
回到冰冷的現世間



I breathe it in like a child and forget the direction of my travels. I will bring myself back to earth and cool reality.



Disorderly mountains are moving uncultivated plains further into the far mists, though I'm still in my garden.

山巒高低起伏
消失在遠處的濃霧
而我還在花園

山尖的存在
是為幫鳥兒尋找歸途
但鳥兒祇能聽見海浪聲聲
與天空低語纏綿



It is the peek's intention to help birds find their way but
birds, hearing only the sound of tides, talk to the sky.



Exhausted by our antics, we wander far from our boat
and discover that we are truly lost in the lotus beds.

疲憊又滑稽的我們
離開船徘徊
迷失在滿是荷葉的河畔

自由的行走
一群受驚的白鷺
美夢被打斷
迅敏地飛上天



Walking to freedom, we see a flock of startled herons flying swiftly skyward, disrupted from dreaming by us.



When we found our boat it was covered in a fine dust scented with fallen flowers. The wind ceased its teasing.

等找到船
風兒停止了嬉戲
船上一層薄薄的塵土
帶着落花的清香

我們看着日落
太沉醉
不思歸
我們沒有家
像鳥兒一樣
我們的心兒四處飛翔



We watched the sun set; too tipsy to find our way home.
We have no home; like birds, our hearts fly everywhere.



沒錯
我們創造夢境
狡詰的想象
如同日落
溫熱湖邊古老的村莊

Yes we invent dreams, but our duplicitous imagination,
like the sunset, can still heat the old villages by the lake.

沉睡中
不知到了哪裏
這個園像美味的陳釀
輕輕喚醒我
內心的感知與渴望



In a deep sleep we arrive nowhere, but this garden, like a fine old wine, has gently enlivened our eager senses.



The morning loosens its hold on my longing. I wake beside a flickering candle with vigilant persimmon eyes.

清晨鬆開抓住我憧憬的手
閃動的燭火旁
我醒了
睜開雙眼尋着柿子樹
回味悠長

In his interpretation of Li Qingzhao's poems, Peter Stickland chose to employ a technique of open interpretation so that he could have the original sequence and meaning of Li Qingzhao's poems at the back of his mind rather than the front. He played with the words, dreaming of the garden images, and converted the melancholy of her solitary existence into a celebration of the peace and contentment one can find in a secluded garden. Where Li Qingzhao reflected on loss, the heroine of these poems rejoices in her blessings and celebrates the simplest of pleasures. For those in the modern world who forget that it is possible to be content with a life that is remote, self-contained and reflective, this might be a small reminder.

在阐释李清照的诗时，彼得·斯蒂克兰选用了一种开放的表达手法，因此他可以将李清照原诗的秩序和内涵保留在他思想的背后，而不仅仅停留在文字表面。他把文字当作游戏来玩耍，幻想着园林中的图景，并将李清照诗中所表达的忧郁和孤独做了些许转变。变成对只有在这片与世隔绝的园林里才能感受到的宁静和满足的深情赞美。李清照诗中表达的是她的失落，而本诗中的女主人公却对自己远离尘世，自给自足并独自深省的生活乐在其中。她因自己的幸运而欢喜，更为简单的快乐而庆幸。对于那些生活在现代繁华大都市的人们，他们忘记了，其实在远离城市喧嚣的地方，自给自足，独自沉思也可以生活得幸福满足；这首诗对他们或许会是个小小的提醒。



77 books

靜謐花園

The Silent Garden

Peter Stickland & Zhenglin Qiao

彼得·斯蒂克蘭 | 譙正林 著



Introduction

These poems are the result of a sharing process. I instigated the first poem and sent it to Zhenglin Qiao who translated it into Chinese. She sent the Chinese version back to me and I used a readily available translation App to convert it into English. This translation method gave me a very unusual 'poem', but I accepted it as a starting point and worked with it to instigate the next English poem. This Anglo/Chinese collaborative process continued and directed the content of all the poems. When writing a new poem, I allowed myself to be directed by imaginative leaps and the possibilities that chance offered. I was also keen for the chosen photographs to direct some of the decisions, both for new words and possible meanings. Gradually, the sense of a narrative started to appear and towards the end I was writing consciously; aware of something that the poems might be wishing to communicate.

引言

本書的詩歌是壹系列分享的結果。我將第壹首詩發給翻譯這些詩的丹蒂（譙正林），她將中文版本發給我，我再用手上可用的翻譯軟件轉譯成英文，這個過程給了我壹首非常不同尋常的英文“詩”。我接受了它的不同尋常，並以它開始創作下壹首詩。這樣英語 \ 中文的合作壹直延續著，本書的詩篇就誕生了。在每首詩創作伊始，我都讓跳躍的思維和無限的可能引領著我，文中所選圖片也對我的詩中詞句、意向影響很大。漸漸地，我壹直清醒地創作著，伴著敘述的感覺，從開始延續到最後。我想，也想去敘述和交流。

The chance filled collaborative process in this book is one of the strategies that helps me give expression to my life. Some might think that collaboration and chance will lesson my potential for expression, but in fact, it substantiates it, it's the reason I choose it. I want my work to help me feel alive and my liveliness sharpens when I'm hovering on the threshold between a deep intention and a complete lack of intention. The play of collaboration and chance helps me create this threshold, this place where I can simultaneously find and lose myself. I know my understanding of the experience is barely perceptible, but I suspect there is potential here. I tell myself that I am going on an enigmatic adventure that I'm looking for intriguing ambiguities. I tell myself to accept that I have no idea where I'm going, but trust that I know how to get there. I instruct myself to accept chance events, be willing to surrender and keep a sharp eye out for unexpected gifts. If the work is successful, and I can never know this for certain, it is because the intention of creating a place where I can simultaneously find and lose myself is connected to the way the work is received; the experience becomes the work and the work offers the experience.

Peter Stickland

這本書裏出現的合作中的偶然收獲，是壹個策略，幫助我表達出了我的生活。有些人可能會認為合作與偶然收獲挖掘出了我的表達潛力。但事實上，它只是驗證了我的表達潛力，這是我選擇它的原因。我希望我的嘗試幫我感受生命，並且，當我徘徊在靈感迸發和缺乏靈感的臨界點，是它將我的活躍思維銳化。這合作和偶然，幫助我創建了這個臨界點，在這裏我可以即時迷失，隨即找到自我。我知道我對這段經歷的理解只是勉強感知，但是我想，對於它我們還有更多潛力可尋。我告訴自己，我正在經歷壹個神秘的冒險，也在追尋壹種模糊的樂趣。我也告訴自己，此刻我並不知道我會走向何方，但我相信，我知道如何到達。我讓自己接受偶然、願意退讓、保持敏銳的眼光去發現意想不到的恩賜。如果這個嘗試成功，（當然，結果我並不能確定）這是因為我創造了壹個自己可以即時迷失和自我找回的地方，而這個地方就是我們的嘗試可以發揮作用的地方。這份經歷成就了我的設想和嘗試，而設想和嘗試也鑄造了這寶貴的經驗。

彼得 · 斯蒂克蘭

Credits

Zhihong Hu was responsible for the final layout and the cover design.

Most of the photographs were taken by Qiao Zhenglin.

The exceptions are the first one which I found on the internet. It shows a ginkgo tree in the Gu Guanyin Buddhist Temple in the Zhongnan Mountains. The pair third to last are by Peter Stickland. They were taken at the garden in the Huaqing Hot Springs, near Xian. The last two images are art works by Cheryl Papasian.

Cheryl lives in London. She works in different mediums and these collages, which she refers to as dioramas, work as two dimensional images, small installations or propositions for gardens big enough to walk in.

聲明

胡志紅為此書做的最終書籍排版和封面設計。

書中大部分的圖片由譙正林提供，其中第壹張黃色的銀杏樹來自網絡，攝於終南山的觀音廟。倒數第三對的兩張由彼得·斯蒂克蘭提供，攝於西安華清池。倒數兩張是查理爾·潘悉安的手工作品。

查理爾居於倫敦，她擅用不同材料和二維影像的拼貼畫制作實體模型裝置。



The Enduring Garden

Why I remain in the garden so long I cannot say;
I do not long for rest, but I know how to live here.
Something that comes from my youth and old age.

We make our decisions for better and for worse,
Expecting no rebellions from the cherry blossom,
Hoping to travel easily, as mountain water flows.

If your absence were tears it would fall like rain.
You painted autumn colours for the garden trees,
And now it lacks the charm of your conversation.

There is nothing new in our position; we have
Lived apart forever, always listening out for
Those sweet melodies that might join our spirit.

I hold the paper lovingly to read your poems.
Before the autumn light fades I have them in me.
Now I sit here listening to a bird's intricate song.



園之不朽

並不明白，我徘徊於園中許久不願離開
我不是想短暫休息，而是想長時間住下去
這夢想，也許從我的少年時代存留到古稀

幸運與不幸，都藏匿在選擇裏
隨遇而安，不期待櫻花的絢爛
如高山流水，我只願輕鬆旅行

妳不在，我的世界將淚如雨下
花園裏，是妳將草木染成秋色
那斑斕，已被妳的魅力暗淡了

似乎一切如昨，我們卻已是天涯一方
我們一定會不約而同地吟唱著那首歌
讓甜蜜的旋律為分離的心搭上橋梁

我一遍又一遍地，溫柔地讀著妳的詩
伴著秋日的暮色，那些詞句縈繞我心
我停下來，靜靜地欣賞鳥兒纏綿的歌聲



The Persistent Garden

In this resolute garden, time flies furtively. I write
Eulogies of fictional pleasures or gather up leaves,
Unconsciously inhabiting moments in soft repose.

We can make decisions in the flicker of an eyelid.
My love didn't blossom; it was born in an instant.
Like a stream it endures after many dips in the sea.

If tears know wars beyond these walls, then the
Garden foliage is still the magic of a flamboyant
Backdrop artist, who created this as a stage set.

To love is to be vulnerable. Here I love a thousand
Tiny places. In each I'm supreme, but still I listen
For your spirit; soothing chords borne by the wind.

In autumn twilight my words blend their rhythm
With bird song, dance across bridges and linger
In the pavilions, free of their birthplace on paper.



園之執著

時間偷偷地溜走了，留下這堅若磐石的花園
我拾起滿地的落葉，為逝去的時光寫下頌歌
不經意間，在柔軟的紙上，或許時間會駐留

我們的決定，在眨眼間成為永恒
對妳的愛，不是漫長等待後的絢爛
它開始於瞬間，似輾轉而傾落的雨

如果眼淚能夠澆滅這高牆後面的戰爭
那麼，園中的秋葉始終似焰火般紅烈
臺後的藝術家，這舞臺才是他的期待

愛使人變得軟弱。我的愛是微縮的風景
即使是站在蒼穹，但是我仍然願意傾聽
傾聽妳的聲音，柔風撥弄出舒緩的和弦

在秋日的黃昏，我的詩句揉進這旋律裏
伴著鳥兒的婉轉，穿過橋頭，余音繚繞
這壹方景亭中，從孕育它們的紙上掙脫



The Garden of Longevity

In this garden of solid rock, my intentions slip away,
My thoughts are fallen leaves and my words fly from
Me on the writing paper that casually rides the wind.

Make resolutions quickly, they'll still become eternal.
In the long wait, use graceful devotion to sustain life.
Not plans for living, these, but attitudes for gardens.



The ethereal foliage outside the window is our love.
When you stand in the sky the leaves catch your light.
I gaze in the mirror and out comes your melodic voice.

Squabbling birds and autumn fireworks are fine, but I
Live by avoiding explosive situations. A few colourful
Romantics might unify the needs of design and nature.

We met on the bridge one autumn evening and I fell
In love with your reflection in the water. This instant
Of intimacy and spectacle was graceful, but gossamer.



園之長歲

堅石壘砌的花園中，我的意識緩慢遊走
慢，如同雕落黃葉的身影。靜靜地躺著
我這如詩浪漫，載著片薄紙，乘風飛揚

瞬間的決定，也能待到地老天荒
執著等待，終將換來曼妙的愛意
我不去向生活索求，只願園中守望



看窗外，翩翩的落葉優美地滑落，那是我們的愛
站在高空，葉片沾著妳的光輝，仰慕著妳的光環
光影裏，我逃不脫對妳的註目，被妳的歌聲占據

秋葉紅紅似煙火，喧鬧噦噓如鳥兒
盡管紛繁雜鬧，妳的聲音清晰可辨
是浪漫，築成這彩色的建築與自然

在秋日夜幕降臨時的拱橋邊
我愛上了水中妳漪瀾的倒影
邂逅親密，唯美卻輕盈如絲



The Ethereal Garden

Consciousness is a slow walk through orchestrated vignettes.
Ideas are fine troops of bamboo rising out of cherry blossom.
Reflections are fictional panoramas changing with the wind.

My expectations wither and grow with the seasons, but when
Inventing your company in this secret hideout I'm as excited
As a gardener who has just discovered an unintentional rock.

If I'm surprised by striking designs with every turn and vista,
And astonished by the golden displays of proud, dying leaves,
Why, with you here, does the radiant dusk escape my notice?

Clad in Indian red, like a firework, and as noisy as a parakeet,
Your presence suggests abundant pleasures for gardeners like
Me who love to fabricate landscapes out of poetic narratives.

Horizontal rays lend a brighter frame to the twilight window.
This dream might accompany my sleep, but reveries are fickle.
I drape chiffon across the opening to soften the glare of doubt.





園之縹緲

意識漫步，穿透這精心策劃的小插曲
執念排撻，是細筍芽穿過盛開的櫻花
回響飄渺，縈繞卷曲的風景長卷，遊曳

我的期望，跟隨季節開放，枯萎
在這世外，隱匿著我對妳的幻想
興奮得，像農夫無意間發現寶藏

如果我為道路的崎嶇陡峭而驚訝
也為飄落的驕傲的金黃葉子震撼
唯有妳在，我甚至忽視眼前閃閃的光

熱烈似火的印度紅裙，耀眼得如同長尾鸚鵡
明艷的妳出現了，鎖住了滿園的歡聲笑語
從詩裏走出的園子，走不出詩意的妳

火紅的地平線將光環借給了傍晚的窗
躁動的幻想，借給我壹個甜蜜的夢鄉
卷起窗簾，借給疑惑的雙眼柔軟的眼眶





The Sensitive Garden

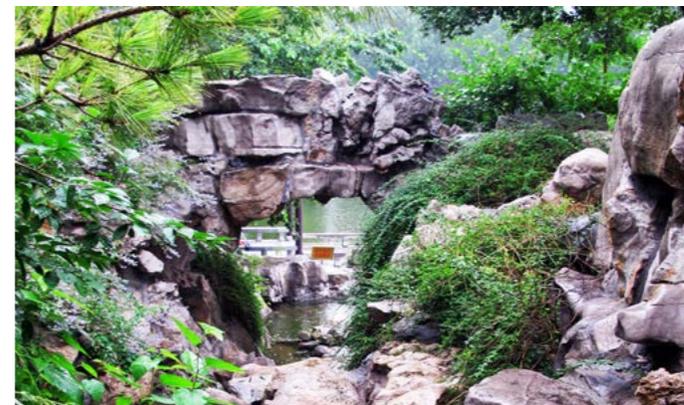
With choreographed stones, I created a mindful walk.
Now I wait quietly for fresh growths and scenic blooms
To echo the lingering curl of seasons in other gardens.

Open hearted, I forget the ebb and flow of aspirations,
Thankful that here the pleasures are hidden treasures,
New shoots revealed, not responses to imposed liability.

I can't recall making the rugged bridge. It surprised me.
I gaze at falling rocks and evolving buds, but my eyes for
You will remain closed until light shines from your eyes.

Beyond these walls discord blazes - blinding, deafening,
But in this garden laughter survives, locked in tight with
Silence, longing to play hide and seek with the children.

I'm wistful at your absence, like sunlight in the saplings.
It can't be helped - it's faltering and flickering mystery
Was a restless fantasy born in my soft and puzzled eyes.





園之幻象

雕琢的山石中，我認真排列躊躇的腳步
等待新的筍尖和新的，含苞的曼妙的菁
期待走過的季節，能有壹個回轉，園中

將心打開，回憶不起，期待已經漲落幾合
無盡感慨，這片刻的歡沁，似稀缺的珍饈
新露出的芽，生長不是為了責任，是自由

怪石，曲橋，都讓我驚贊，我不懂緣何
冷觀世界的反轉，樹，石，飄搖——
當妳的眼光投向我，我的眼將只屬於妳



牆外，烈火熊熊燃燒——看不見，更聽不到
園中，依然有純淨的歡笑，我要將它安靜地
鎖起來，留給孩子們——讓他們用來捉迷藏

我還在留戀妳，就像落日余暉留戀小樹丫
可是再多的留戀也沒有用，光陰忽閃蹣跚
那只是我迷惑的眼中，壹縷不安分的幻象



The Expectant Garden

I gaze at the mountain top lost in clouds with hesitant outlines.
Patiently, I wait for buds and other expectant lifeforms to wake
And silently announce that soon we will be swinging on a swing.

When hearts open we anticipate big changes, rushing emotions
And moments of pleasure; imagining them as scarce delicacies,
Unexpectedly bestowed. We'll forget that growth isn't duty free.

In springtime, the bridge to the bamboo grove is known to waltz
In the wind; a movement that will not be reversed or contained,
Any more than the look from an eye will, when saying I love you.



I dream of a tree on fire; its flames, crimson flowers. I dream of
A lake on fire; its flames, goldfish swimming in the sun. I dream
Of a roof on fire; its flames, the clear sound of children laughing.

So I dye paper crimson red to hang in trees. This isn't nostalgia
It's the fondness in my heart, the needs of my imagination. Time
Glitters and stumbles towards that restless phantom, the future.





園之守望

我凝望著被雲雨漸隱的遠山，拉出曲折模糊的線
虔誠地等待著花苞，抑或是生命更加豐富的呈現
心裏默默期許，我們很快將蕩起秋千

把心打開，我們期待巨大的改變。翻湧的情緒
片刻的歡愉……早已將它們想象成珍貴的美食
意外的收穫，我們都忘了，成長並不那麼容易

春來臨，石橋畔的竹林舞著華爾茲
隨風地起落旋轉，舞蹈牽動著旋律
毫不吝嗇地向妳傳達著眼中的愛意



在夢中，這些樹起火了。熊熊的火焰，煥變成嬌艷的滿樹紅花
我夢見火中，有壹抹胭脂色，火舌串起，似陽光中遊曳的金魚
我夢見，屋頂著火了！火焰熱烈，似小孩的歡笑聲穿透了屋脊

於是，我將紙染成了鮮紅色，掛在樹上。這不是在玩懷舊的遊戲
而是在我心裏，還原歷史的顏色，是我喜歡的想象的色彩。時間
閃光或是牽絆，直指我那不安分的幻象，時間的盡頭，就是未來



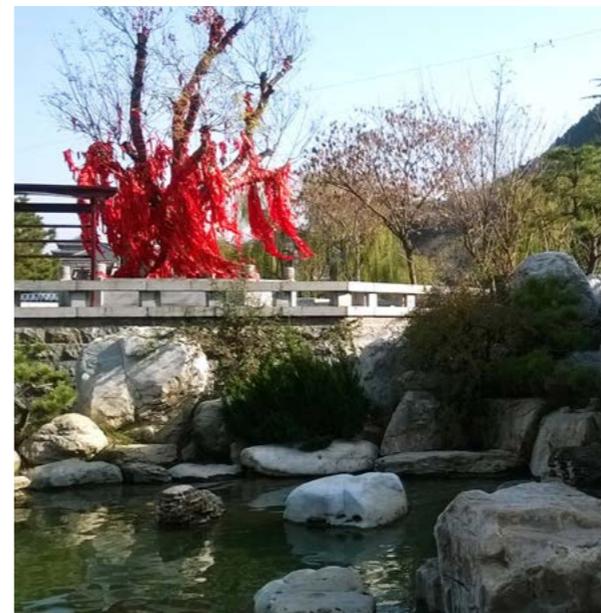


The Hopeful Garden

I lie low, accepting the fuzzy days of ambiguous winter.
I wait with devotion for nature's richer presentations
And write love poems on granite to brighten the dark.

Ingenuity can celebrate growth, imaginary cultivation
Can enliven emotions, so in the stillness I start to grow
Installations and dream of plants giving precious food.

With spring I will dance in the river, ignoring the stone
Bridge and the ups and downs of the wind. I'll surrender
To melody and cultivate a loving eye that doesn't hesitate.



Blooming flowers beckon like flames strung up in a tree,
Like goldfish midstream in sunlight, like the laughter of
Children that cuts through noise and becomes infectious.

Creating paper flowers makes imagination my favourite
Colour; it ends restlessness and destroys those illusions
That insist good times are only for the future. Red is now.

園之希望



此刻我躺下，接受了自己在冬日的醉生夢死
我願意為自然的更加豐腴，盡我的微薄之心
為她寫下象征堅毅愛情的詩篇，去點亮黎明

自然用她的巧手，慶祝萬物的成長
幻想，孕育活躍的思維，在沈靜中
我開始成長出骨骼，做著收獲美食的夢

春回大地時我將在溪水中跳舞，任石橋哆嗦
任春風咋起！如癡，如狂，我陶醉，我投降
為自然的旋律，為絕不遲疑的眼神愛意綿長



繁花盛開如火，燃燒了樹，似乎引起了慌張
金魚在熟悉的水中暢遊，也被陽光亂了主張
混頓的世界被孩童的笑聲驚醒，迷茫卻能安詳

按自然的模樣，用喜歡的彩紙剪出花的形狀
它們即刻終止了躁動和內心這些遊離的幻象
若紅色代表現在，那些顏色便是未來的美好



The Time Garden

Time passes slowly. Desires grow. I surrender and discover
My heart's wish to make mysterious gardens, places for the
Imagination to walk in. I start to find myself by getting lost.

I bathe in the breeze of playfulness, learn its rhythms, listen
To materials and allow each rock, tree and object to be itself.
I deny identity and inhabit a world where every scale is true.

The loud noises of spring are far distant. The bridge shivers
And I, intoxicated, allow my eyes to linger with love, needing
Nothing more than the sunlight on rock and the bark of a tree.

Leaving the savannah behind, I crawl over abrasive shingle to
A shimmering red bush that protects the golden palace from
Desert sands. There are no seasons, only children's laughter.

All things grand and small are useful when making a garden.
The union of humanity and found objects enlivens perception
And terminates edginess, lending colour to ambiguous winter.



園之時間

時間消逝。欲望漸長。妥協之後，我發現心，要讓我建造壹個秘密花園，壹個地方讓想象進入。通過讓自己迷失來找回自己。

在微風中放縱呼吸，找到它的律動節奏和質感讓每壹塊巖石、大樹、萬物……去做他們自己我否認身份，這個世界裏所有尺寸都能被感受

春天的噪音尚距離遙遠。小橋在顫抖中等待，我，極度地沈醉，讓眼睛為愛逗留，無所求。即使有，只不過希望陽光落在巖石和樹皮上。

這個在薩凡納的花園，我爬上磨料瓦屋頂壹從耀眼的紅色灌木叢擋住了荒漠的風沙，保護著金黃色的宮殿，只為了孩子的笑聲

建造壹座花園，大大小小的材料都有用智慧的人們集合起來，知覺更有生命力終止了急躁，讓色彩，模糊陰冷的寒冬



The Instant Garden

While nature sleeps instant gardens arrive, speaking of vivid
New mysteries, free of ragged compromise and vulnerability.
If you can grow an ingenious and mischievous heart, then do.

Deeply inhale the breeze to become vigilant and curious, then
Celebrate rhythm and texture. Now the several dimensions of
Rocks and trees can live happily with you from dawn to dusk.

Spring, a distant noise, knows the buds are trembling, pausing.
I'm especially drunk when your eyes rest here, waiting for love.
There is only hope. The rest we accept like a far distant sunrise.

This garden is savannah and it's as clean as a newly tiled roof.
Give me your bright red blushes; they will fertilize the desert
And safeguard the golden palace for your children's children.

To terminate impatience and cheer dull winter, use extra large
and rather small materials; join those who will rigorously grow
perceptive vitality when choosing. Like this we create gardens.



園之瞬間

大自然睡著的頃刻間，花園降臨了，生動地述說著全新的神秘，沒有冗長陳舊的妥協，和無助的脆弱。如果你還擁有機敏的創造力和活躍的心，那就去吧！

我將微風深深吸壹口，立刻變得機警與好奇，然後發現歡快的節奏和肌理。妳們可以幸福地生活在壹起：妳、巖石、還有大樹。在若幹個維度，從黎明到黃昏！

春，是壹個遙遠的聲音，覺察到嫩芽的顫抖，暫停。我特別地陶醉，每當妳的眼神留在壹處，等待愛情。只有希望。我們盼望著接受，就像接受遙遠的日出。

這個花園闊如草原，潔淨如新瓦屋頂
讓我看到妳通紅的臉，它將滋潤沙漠
讓我來保護妳金黃的宮殿和妳的子孫

為了終止這煩躁的讓人沈悶的冬天，妳用無比巨大的，
或者極其渺小的磚瓦，選擇性地去加入他們成長的洪流，
他們有，敏銳的感知力和活力。就這樣，我們有了花園。