

Poems
Nikola Madzirov

HOME

I lived at the edge of the town
like a streetlamp whose light bulb
no one ever replaces.
Cobwebs held the walls together,
and sweat our clasped hands.
I hid my teddy bear
in holes in crudely built stone walls
saving him from dreams.

Day and night I made the threshold come alive
returning like a bee that
always returns to the previous flower.
It was a time of peace when I left home:

the bitten apple was not bruised,
on the letter a stamp with an old abandoned house.

From birth I've migrated to quiet places
and voids have clung beneath me
like snow that doesn't know if it belongs
to the earth or to the air.

家

我住在城鎮的邊緣
像一盞街燈，它的燈泡
從未有人換過。
蛛網支撐起牆角
像汗水黏住握著的手。
在粗陋的石頭牆洞裡
我藏起我的泰迪熊
使他免於做夢。

日以繼夜我一次次歸來
讓門檻復活
像蜜蜂執拗地重返上一朵花。
我在和平年代離開家：

剛咬了一口的蘋果還沒有瘀青，
信的郵票上印著一座廢棄的老房子。

從出生起我一直向寧靜的地方遷徙，
虛無懸掛在我身上
像雪不知該屬於大地
還是空氣。

Translated by Peggy and Graham W. Reid

史春波 (Diana Shi) 翻譯

AFTER US

One day someone will fold our blankets
and send them to the cleaners
to scrub the last grain of salt from them,
will open our letters and sort them out by date
instead of by how often they've been read.

One day someone will rearrange the room's furniture
like chessmen at the start of a new game,
will open the old shoebox
where we hoard pyjama-buttons,
not-quite-dead batteries and hunger.

One day the ache will return to our backs
from the weight of hotel room keys
and the receptionist's suspicion
as he hands over the TV remote control.

Others' pity will set out after us
like the moon after some wandering child.

Translated by Peggy and Graham W. Reid

在我們之後

有一天有人會折好我們的被子
把它們送到洗衣房
把上面最後一粒鹽搓掉，
會打開我們的信件然後按日期分好
而不是按照它們被閱讀的頻率。

有一天會有人重新擺放房間裡的家具
就像棋手重新開始棋局，
會打開舊的鞋盒子
裡面放著我們小心藏好的睡衣鈕扣
還勉強能用的電池和飢餓。

有一天疼痛會重臨我們的脊背
它來自酒店房門的鑰匙
和傳遞電視遙控器時
前台職員的疑慮。

別人的憐憫將在我們身後開始
就像月光追趕著遊蕩的孩童。

黃峪及 Marija Todorova 翻譯

FAST IS THE CENTURY

Fast is the century. If I were wind
I would have peeled the bark off the trees
and the facades off the buildings in the outskirts.

If I were gold, I would have been hidden in cellars,
into crumbly earth and among broken toys,
I would have been forgotten by the fathers,
and their sons would remember me forever.

If I were a dog, I wouldn't have been afraid of
refugees, if I were a moon
I wouldn't have been scared of executions.

If I were a wall clock
I would have covered the cracks on the wall.

Fast is the century. We survive the weak earthquakes
watching towards the sky, yet not towards the
ground.

We open the windows to let in the air
of the places we have never been.

Wars don't exist,
since someone wounds our heart every day.

Fast is the century.

Faster than the word.

If I were dead, everyone would have believed me
when I kept silent.

一個世紀快速湮滅

一個世紀快速湮滅。假如我是風
我將撕下樹皮
和郊區樓房的外表。

假如我是金子，我將被藏在地窖裡，
埋進土堆，與壞掉的玩具為伍，
父親們將把我遺忘，
但兒子們永遠記得我。

假如我是一條狗，我就不會害怕
難民，假如我是月亮
死刑也不會讓我恐懼。

假如我是一隻壁鐘
我會把牆上的裂痕遮蓋。

一個世紀快速湮滅。我們從小型地震中存
活下來

望向天空，但從來不望向大地。

我們推開窗感受

我們從未去過之處的空氣。

戰爭不存在，

因為每天都有人刺傷我們的心。

一個世紀快速湮滅。

比說出這個詞還快。

假如我死了，每個人都會相信我

因為我將保持沉默。

Translated by Peggy and Graham W. Reid

史春波 (Diana Shi) 翻譯