

The Collected Poems of Ted Berrigan

Edited by Alice Notley

With Anselm Berrigan and Edmund Berrigan

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叙述: *Alice Notley*, 美国诗人, 曾是贝里根妻子。 *Anselm, Edmund* 是他们的两个儿子, 共同编辑了此书。

我听泰德不止一次说过, 他的诗集应该像一本书集(a collected books)。但他总不是有序地去写作, 他在写某本书的过程中总不是有意识去做这些。他写一些散诗, 东一个西一个, 有时存粹出于好玩。至于出版, 那些出版商在不清楚他有什么东西的情况下会向他要一本书, 而在泰德看来, 他根本没捣鼓出什么东西。要是有一系列准备, 或一本像《万寿无疆 *Many Happy Returns*》那样统一风格的书, 他当然会出版它们。即便手头仅有一堆杂烩, 甚至自己也不知道有啥, 泰德仍然会去构建出一本“书”出来。他喜欢在碎片中搞出一点东西, 那种以传统套路看来行不通的东西。一本书就像一首大诗, 它可以由手头现成的东西“拼凑”而成, 就像用一个想法驱动着连续写出的一样。

这一大册书便是对这种造法的尝试。只不过它没法那么精确, 难以被称作“书集”。尽管泰德写了一系列东西, 也弄成了书, 但他并没有去构建一种离散而又整齐的线性继承关系。他感知到时间的重叠和循环, 过去的总还是存在与相关。从创作《十四行 *The Sonnets*》起, 他便认为一首特定的诗, 可能是对一个单独的句子或短语的重复。那我们编辑如何应对这种从一本书到一本书的诗歌重复呢? 尤其我们会面临那首像一部书那么长的诗句序列《复活节星期一 *Easter Monday*》?

泰德在《复》上写了多年, 直到在他去世前的那段时间才截停, 确定下篇目与顺序。他活着时, 其中的每一首诗都单独发表在了那两个小册子《离别感 *A Feeling for Leaving*》《单相思 *Carrying a Torch*》, 以及更重要的书《红马车 *Red Wagon*》《在城市闲逛 *So Going Around Cities: New and Selected Poems 1958-1979*》。直到这会儿, 《复》从没被作为统一的序列呈现。问题是把它的这些诗集在一起, 便会大幅缩减《红马车》。好吧, 那我们就缩短《红》, 即便如此, 它仍是一册书, 仍是完整的。然而在处理《复》时, 我们发现我们必须成为泰德而不是编辑, 这样才能去构建起这部诗选集。

此外, 还有大量未选的诗作, 包括早期的那些“短”诗、《阳光的某个斜面 *A Certain Slant of Sunlight*》中的残篇、七八十年代那些散落的诗, 以及他最后半

年写的那一组东西（它们被单独收在一个文件夹里）。我们决定把大部分作品，组织成书形式的章节。我们反复讨论哪些得删删掉，而那些又是没“足够好”：感觉上它们并不合适放在一起。因为如果这是一本书集，每首诗就得放在它自己的位置，无论书还是章节。我们不是泰德，不过我们尽量像他那样去思考。况且以后仍有机会弄一册小规模“拾遗集”，就像弗兰克·奥哈拉的诗歌拾遗（泰德可能会喜欢的）。我最初坚持要求诗保持完整，但 Anselm 和 Edmund 更倾向有选择性。就这样我也就是逐渐放弃了那些作品，像“在曼哈顿电话簿上的 30 个普通名字”，各种小型的“要做的事”诗，即兴诗（特别那些在 60 年代，某人生日会上写的东西），还有泰德相当糟糕的“早期诗”中的最糟糕的那部分。我对所有这些诗还保留着温柔的感情。

至于有的一两首诗在不同的书中反复出现，考虑到没什么意义，我们会在别的章节删掉它们：我会在书后的注释中标明出处。同样，有少量诗在风格上与那卷书较为脱离的话，它们也会被排除掉，转而任意地把它们插入它们所指向的书卷中，因为这些书卷更多是集合而没有次序。我再次提示，相关说明会出现在注释中。只能这样，因为它们数量上实在不够多，不值得另立一册。我想它们都放置在了优雅的位置上。泰德不会介意的，尽管我想那些最初的编辑们可能会对此感到不安。

如果这听上去像是组织这本书的规则是个例外，那么我只能说是泰德的作品创造了例外的必要。他的美学是不固定的，他更多被创作艺术的冲动，而不是保持一致所支配。因此这些书卷或章节呈现了一种顺序，它反映了大部分但不是完全的出版年表。《在蓝河中 In a Blue River》就没按次序来。尽管它在 1981 发表，大部分诗却写于 70 年代早期，它们与那时期的其它短诗被编入同一书卷中。事实上，在 60 年代晚期和 70 年代早期，泰德对作为一种形式的短诗有着强烈的兴趣。

最终，我们选定了十四首早期诗歌，连带《没啥可给你 Nothing for You》中的某些诗，去帮助展示《十四行》诗集的来源。这些没那么好的诗，含有《十四行》中不少重复的诗句。因此这卷书以开头结尾，形成了一个循环。泰德喜欢的一个概念是，一首诗或一本诗集所营造的循环形状，使它在结尾处推动读者返回到作品中去。他总是对那些没那么好的诗抱有兴趣，因为它们同样反映了他这个人。循环是一个统一体，一个人总在不停返回它的过程中。

解释完我们大体上的编辑过程后，我将带领读者快速浏览这些书卷章节，聚焦作品的内容，并在适当的地方标记出泰德多年来在写作上的审美变化。我以年代来划分它们，因为泰德的成年生活和写作生涯，似乎正是以这种方式在发展。

在 60 年代，泰德很年轻，便写出了他最为人所知的作品；到了 70 年代，他成为一个更加多样化的诗人，同时也进入了第二段婚姻，他的身体开始垮掉；到 80 年代早期，他写了最后的作品。去世时，他 48 岁，在 1983 年七月四日。他的写作跨越了二十年（不包括最早期），并不算长。他该有这么多诗，这似乎真的很了不起。

六十年代

这部分诗选从泰德最为人所知的《十四行》开始，尽管事实上它已成为经典作品，但确实是非常接近他的最初创作。这是一个年轻人的书，是残酷的自我教育的产物，其中一部分来自通常被认为缺乏经验而笨拙的“早期诗歌”。但它却总漂浮在那种地方，仿佛从死亡的角度观察它：亲爱的贝里根。他死了/回到书中。我读到。

有一点重要，需再次强调，那便是《十四行》写于纽约，那会儿泰德已从普罗维登斯和塔尔萨来到纽约。他短暂离开过纽约，不过很快又返回。泰德总被人称作纽约学派诗人，他有喜欢这种归宿。《十四行》实际上就反映了这所城市的环境。在这些诗中，无处不在的纽约市建筑和密集人口已成为一个总在阅读和思想的人的内墙。

《十四行》写于六十年代早期，尤其在 1963 年：泰德认识到他正在创作一系列四十行诗，尽管早在 1961 年他已写了其中的一些。他在 1962 年 12 月 16-20 日的日记中，记录了前六首十四行的写作，那些诗句出自他以前的诗，以及他翻译的兰波的诗《爱的港湾 Le Bateau Ivre.》。1963 年初，他突然意识到他在搞的是些什么：那便是利用达达主义的插科打诨和约翰凯奇的偶发方式(chance method)，把那些不太好的诗转变成一种令人惊讶的原创结构。

读者会注意到，泰德在它的诗集中多次返回到《十四行》这种绝对格式，以此强调他的生活和时间的流逝。这种格式适合超然的自我审视，利用过去和现在的诗、阅读材料以及当下的思绪中的句子和短语，构成一种次序：它不是由语法而是由数(numbers)决定。诗中自身的碎片允许被分离和重组：它不是有序的，而是各个部分和它们创造的真实有机体。泰德会说，他的诗是一些数，也许一切都只是数。十四行诗是关于十四这个数，但是泰德的十四行利用十四作为一个框架，拆解了这个数，从而取得形式以及它与心灵的关联上的一种真正突破。某种程度上，泰德打破并重建了这种形式，使得它产生多样的用途而不只是用作辩论。一个诗人可以把认知浓缩进十四诗句中，前提是每个部分，甚至句子中的每个短语都足够有意义的话。

《十四行》已有四个版本。初版有八十八首，而在第二版（C Press 和 Grove Press）他把它删减成了六十六首。在 United Artists 的第三版中，他加了六首。到了第四版（Penguin Books），我又增添七首，那是他在 1983 年去世前曾委托过我。现在这卷内容遵照的是企鹅出版社的版本，包含七十九首十四行诗。

创作完《十四行》后，泰德进一步开始他的即兴，无意义，拼贴，音译，并与《万寿无疆》中的大量诗歌进行重叠。我们选了三个根据他所谓的这种“方法”泡制的作品，放进“椅子的精彩故事 Great Stories of the Chair”这一章。它们分别是八首诗系列“福特的秘密生活 The Secret Life of Ford Madox Ford”，散文段落系列“了不起的椅子”，以及长诗“一个博科佬 A Boke”。所有《万寿无疆》部分都包含在一个独立章节中。

在“福特”的手稿上，泰德潦草写着 1963，或 4？这些粗稿的分两批发表在泰德主编的杂志“C（一个诗歌杂志）”上，在 1964 年。这八首诗滑稽又凶猛，它们明显是一种音译游戏，通过对外语作品的发音与思维联想进行翻译。它的原文可在皮埃尔·雷韦尔迪（Pierre Reverdy）的 *Quelques Poemes* 中找到（见注释）。泰德先前写过几首音译诗：《十四行》的第三十九首“混乱的职业 Mess Occupations”，标有注释“仿亨利·米肖”。“福特”的诗句有一种特别流畅、自动的品质，偶尔也会有恶毒的文字：“吃个土豆，她说，你这个清醒的美国佬。”

在泰德的作品中，“椅子”显露出一种新的影响，那是威廉斯巴勒斯的散文风，泰德在写完《十四行》后才读到它们。“椅子”中的三首发在《妈》杂志上，在 1965 年，起了一个“段落”的标题。而这十二首散文块系列整体又发表在 1967/68 “天使的头发 Angel Hair”的冬季刊上。威廉斯和布里昂·吉辛的插科打诨方法与达达主义并无实质上的不同。然而，当它应用于那种从文字骗取情节的散文结构时，巴勒斯的小说却展现出一种完全成熟的愿景，它既利用文字 (words) 产生，也通过感官获得。诗源自话语（而不是诗人自身）一直是泰德的实践。他总声称他用文字思想，他平常不是在阅读、写作、说话、用文字思考，就是在睡觉。文字实际上成了他的思维过程。打个比方，拆解他自己的诗，无非也是一种思想和感受。“椅子”便是那种大块思想和情绪活动，除此是什么呢？

尽管“一个博科佬”在《在城区闲逛》中标定的写作日期是 1966 年，但它首次发表是在杂志《Kulchur》的 1965 年秋季刊中。它是对《纽约客》上的一篇杰姆斯迪克的文章的戏谑。那篇文章写了在全美旅行，举办诗歌朗诵的事。“博”正是对主流文坛那种一本正经的讽刺，但也赋予了一种自传的语气。泰德有一次跟我说，他是故意把带到那种无聊的地步。时不时散布在“博”中的那句“还记

得奶奶厨房的香气吗？”，正是抄袭自巴勒斯。同样，它也混合了民谣“约翰亨利”和“九磅榔头”中的歌词。

《万寿无疆》这本诗集，它的出版年份是 1969，由柯林斯书屋出品。那是泰德在《四十行》后的第一次重要展示。诗集收录的作品跨越六十年代的大部分时期，起于 1962 年的“爱经 Words for Love”，结束于 1968 年的“分辨率 Resolution”。写作技术上包含插科打诨(cut-up)，拼贴画(collage)，但同样也有“个人诗 personal poem”，那是来源于奥哈拉的诗歌方法。而那种“要干的事 things to do”诗，是基于加里·斯奈德(gary Snyder)和塞·肖诺贡(Sei Shonogon)。同时也有长诗，以及那种被简称为“诗”的诗，以及泰德版的情感直接、现实的短诗。那明显是一种全新的敞开风格，尤其在那首杰出的“手鼓生活 Tambourine Life”(1965.10--1966.1)中展露无疑。“手鼓”被分成了长度不一的七十小节，是泰德式语气的开放，它听着就像他在闲谈，尽管它同样是“构建”的，以那种常常让人出乎意料和诙谐的方式。那些诗涵盖繁多的家庭生活细节，涉及六十年代特定的事物，轻度哲学思考，以及一种潜在的悲剧感：那是献给安妮·开普勒的，《十四行》中的那个安妮，她死于一个纵火犯制造的大火中，那会儿泰德正在写诗。而这本诗集本就是献给安妮·开普勒以及弗兰克·奥哈拉，后者死于 1966 年一场车祸中。

在《万寿》中另一首大型诗是一首拼贴(至少视觉上看着像)“豆痉挛 Bean Spasms”，写于 1966 年。与乔治·司尼曼合写，首次以书《豆痉挛》的形式出版。这是一部合集，其中有泰德，诗人罗恩·帕吉特，艺术家乔·布莱纳德。泰德后来把这首诗合并到别的诗集中，对他来说，这是一首独特的诗。

七十年代

六十年代后期标志着泰德离开纽约，在他七十年代早期作品中，充满了来自其它地方的场景。泰德在 70 年代的第一本诗集《在清晨雨中 In the Early Morning Rain》也重要，由英国出版商 Cape Goliard 出品。

《雨》大量借用了乔治·施尼曼的绘画(现已丢失)，来构造空间感并强调了分组。这部诗集是旧式风格的混杂，利用现成的材料，偶发技巧，音译，以及《十四行》的形式等等，横跨 60 年代末与 70 年代那部全新开放风格的《万寿无疆》。1968 年，泰德已开始移居式的诗歌教学生活，在爱荷华城和安娜堡这些中西部大学城混了一段时间。环境变了，他结交新朋友，开始感到宿命：对药物上瘾(主要是苯丙胺类兴奋剂)，他也许会早死。那些诗常常在哀悼近期去世的

朋友（凯鲁亚克，洛奇·马西亚诺，芙兰尼温斯顿，以及其它），总在提及越战，总在赞美特定的夜晚和那些事，总在通过写诗和对他人的感情宣泄来庆祝对自身情绪波动的克服。

那首长诗《乘火车 Train Ride》，写于 1971 年，但要到 1978 才发表，它便是一个对一个朋友情感泛滥的样本：这是一个写给乔的“爱情诗”，关于爱、性和友情。通篇都在对乔说话，随意又坦诚，有点乔的风格，并且带着对两人共同朋友们的嘲笑与抱怨，当然也有对乔和自己那种意料中的诉苦。这个诗在二月十八日当天完成，在实际的那辆从纽约到普洛文顿斯的火车上，它填满了整整一个大笔记本。我记得泰德带着它从旅行中返回，他有点轻度困惑，因为它事实上就是他向对乔说的话，但同样也可能是一首真正的诗。这种模棱两可的东西，一种在生活和艺术之间的不确定边缘（不像劳森伯格的“间隙”而是更锋利的，某种在现实中可能会伤害到你的东西）使得泰德直到多年后才拿出来发表。

“纪念日 Memorial Day”大约写于同一时期，是与安妮·沃尔德曼(Anne Waldman)合写的，它也是一首类似语气的长诗，尽管那是两人融合的语气。那是一种开放式的，清晰的说话，非常灵活。它可以承担对话所能承担的一切；虽然这首诗有一个来回的运动，但它也让人感觉统一和鼓舞人心，因为两个人的谈话有时会变成一件事，即对话。这诗是为了一个诗歌计划（纽约州布韦里圣马可教堂）的朗诵写的，在 1971 年 5 月 5 号，泰德和安妮搞了几个月才完成。由于临近五月的阵亡将士纪念日，以及它潜在地与死亡、牺牲/英雄主义的丰富关联，这项工作的主题以及标题被提前指定为《纪念日》。这两个诗人各自住在长岛的城镇，分头写作，以*号作为章节的开头，不时给对方发送工作进展作为回应，但它并没按时间顺序来排列。在某种程度上来说，泰德写了最后章节的全部内容，之后安妮整理了这些材料。泰德总是认为这是他参与过的最成功的一次文学合作，以它的严肃性和深度而言。

在此期间，在与这些较长结构的对应下，泰德写了许多短诗。他经常引用朱塞佩·翁加雷蒂的作品（在《清雨》中的系列“一个男人生活”包含了对朱塞佩作品的音译）作为对他的正式影响，同时也有阿拉姆·萨罗扬的诗，尤其那种单个字的诗。这些被我们命名为“短诗”，分成两部分。《在一条蓝河中》包含了大部分同名的小册子，由 Susan Cataldo's Little Light Books 出版于 1981 年。而“未选的短诗”由少量初版在《在城区闲逛》中的诗构成，以及其它许多未收集的短诗。大多数诗包括“短诗”集写于 60 年代晚期，特别是 70 年代早期。

短诗明显更多涉及思考过程，而不是读/写过程，要是能把这两者分开的话。不管那是一个庄重抑或轻飘的短诗，它总是特别赤裸。泰德似乎常常需要花

数年时间来决定，一首具体的短诗是否足够好到去发表。《蓝河》拖到后期才出版，也就没什么奇怪的了。一首成功的短诗，能够在连续的阅读中投射出新的意义。但从更广阔的空间来说，就好像一个新的房间已经打开，它并不是以一种整体的，交织的方式呈现。那更多是制造长诗需要的网状结构。比如说，在一首读起来是“小偷/的/反面/是/大帝”的诗中，它可能需要读者花时间连接到它的标题“盗窃”，去思考小偷小摸还是窃国大盗。一个人可能会满足于这样一种观察，即小的对立面是宏伟，从而对此进行冥想。在另一方面，就像“挽歌”赞美和审判詹尼斯·乔普林和吉米·亨德里克斯的这首诗，在审判层面上是很棒的：“你们搞错了。”审判的事实，以及这个特殊的审判——难道只是关于他们的死亡，他们的生活方式？——它在不断打开更深思的空间。

《红马车》由 Yellow Press 在 1976 年出版，可能是泰德最少搞花样编排的诗集，那会儿他已患上了肝炎。但不管怎样，那些诗是稳固的，有些是他的最佳诗歌。在《红》出版期间，泰德在爱荷华州立大学，安阿伯市的密歇根大学，耶鲁，芝加哥东北的伊利诺伊大学，英格兰埃塞克斯大学的各种写作坊任教，直到 1976 年才返回纽约，之后他将在纽约度过剩下的八年。《红》的写作完成于许多城市和两个国家，其中有一些重要的短诗像“在车轮上 In the Wheel”，一些开阔的诗比如受欢迎的“在普罗维登斯要干的事 Things to do in Providence”，以及随意蔓延的长诗行“刚刚发生了惊奇的事 Something Amazing Just Happened”。

《红》的中间部分，之前的各种形式开始让位于那种更密集、更板块状的东西，像诗“弗兰克·奥哈拉”和随后的五首诗。而剩下的散乱部分被集结成“南安普敦的冬天”诗辑。在最初编辑的《红》中，出自《复活节星期一》（它始终没有完成）的作品以及一组五首的十四行诗，构成了诗集的主体部分。实际上，它们是《十四行》中的五首，其中三首先前已出版，而剩下两首首次发表。我们编辑的《红》版本忽略了这两部分诗，它用了那首“完整的序曲 The Complete Prelude”作为结尾。那是一首用沃兹沃斯的诗中的单词和短语构建的诗。使用其它诗人作品中的词汇作为素材，一直是泰德心头好的玩法（《十四行》第六首，用的便是朋友迪克·盖洛普的诗）。这种方法可以像是一种书评，或与诗人风格的对话，或者被用来挖掘泰德的自我意识。在泰德这里，它也成为了一种语言的使用方式，那种不再流行的英国浪漫主义诗歌语言。泰德把它吸收进了自己的语言中。

如果《南安普敦的冬天》这种构思已经瓦解，那么 1972 年在芝加哥写的类似的诗，如《芝加哥早晨》和《纽敦》，它们成了《复活节星期一》的基石。这批诗，直到 1973 年泰德去了英格兰才构思。在东北伊利诺伊大学和埃塞克斯大学，特德分别接替了埃德·多恩的教职岗位。埃德·多恩和特德一样，最近也

步入了第二次婚姻，并且又有了两个孩子。特德对“第二趟”这一概念产生了浓厚的兴趣，正如菲茨杰拉德那句陈词滥调：“美国人的生活中没有第二趟。”《复》献给埃德·多恩，它的命名既是威廉·德库宁那幅美丽的画作，也源于耶稣复活。特德原本计划五十首诗。这一想法受到艺术家乔治·施内曼的启发，他认为一旦开始了某个项目，比如一组拼贴，那他不妨就做五十个。特德最后写了四十六首。

泰德把《复》存在一个资料夹里，封皮上题着“EASTER MONDAY/Poems(1972-1977)”。这些东西写于芝加哥，伦敦，威文霍，纽约和伯德尔；有很多十四行诗，配上厚涂纹理——浓重的抽象表现主义涂画——其中一些由别人的文字构成。比如那首“来自议院期刊 From the House Journals”，使用了奥哈拉《诗选》的第一行索引；那首“血 In Blood”选了一系列我的诗行。而“古代求爱艺术 The Ancient Art of Wooing”则来自我已抛弃的一首诗，而它本身就来源于一篇杂志文章。后者有点像回文诗，又有点像城市侵蚀。但这些诗，用的都是特德关心或与有互动的人的言语。另一方面，有几首诗是以典雅的态度，直接向朋友们表达。这一组诗非常贴合威廉·萨罗扬所说的“不要死”，不要向死亡屈服。在1983年他去世前，泰德才最终决定这组诗的完结。在《没啥给你的 Nothing for You》和《逛 So Going Around Cities》中，我们也发现了《复》的一点废弃诗。

有一点需要说明，那便是特德对小册子和大幅宣传页的发表一直是开放的。《在蓝河上》和《晨线》实际上就是小册子，正如我先前提到的，《复》的部分内容最初也是以小册子的形式发表。一本名为《离别感 A Feeling for Leaving》的油印订书针册子（弗罗特沃德出版社，1975年）收录了二十二首诗。另外九首诗于1980年在《小丑战争 22 Clown War 22》杂志（鲍勃·赫曼编辑）上出版，取了一个叫《火炬接力 Carrying a Torch》的标题。

到了1977年，《没啥》出版那会儿，泰德和我的儿子，Anselm 和 Edmund（此版的共同编辑）分别五岁和三岁了。泰德还有两个孩子，David 和 Kate，来自他早期与 Sandy Alper Berrigan 婚姻的结晶。跟孩子们在一块儿，泰德总是高高兴兴，他们的情况贯穿了他的全部写作。《没啥》来自 Anselm 和 Edmund 自发明的游戏，它有点像“没有饼干，没有糖，没有苏打水，啥都没有，没啥可给你的。”这是一个好玩的玩笑，一种伴随欢笑的颂唱。有一次天使头发书店的刘易斯·沃什问泰德要书稿，那会儿是泰德常常啥都没写的情况之一，就这样，他从一堆废弃的和旧的诗稿中变戏法般搞到一些，并以我们儿子们的吟唱游戏取了书名。

每次他折腾一部诗集，如何充分利用那些残次品的想法是他的兴趣。一个

诗歌世界正在形成，那些诗确实属于彼此，它们在探索形式的过程中得以完成，而不只是完善它们自身。《没啥》确实搞出了点什么，出版后，受到很多赞美，至少在泰德圈子里是这样。它的开篇是一组 60 年代初到晚些时候的诗，20 来首，非常陈旧的作品，多年来被反复修补才定型。接着便是许多 60 年代后期和 70 年代早期的东西。在当初写它们时，泰德显得极其兴奋，但还是废弃了。那会儿他似乎有了更好的想法。我还记得，当他在 1969 年写完 “In Bed with Joan & Alex” 时，他是那么喜爱这首诗，但后来感觉他好像放弃了它，转而喜欢像 “要做的事” 这样的东西。最后的部分是一些近期的诗歌，诸如从《复》中废弃的，以及散落在他人手上的诗：它们来自保罗·布莱克本，汤姆·克拉克，柯尔斯滕·克里利，桑迪·贝里根。

进入八十年代

泰德在 80 年代的第一部诗集是《逛：So Going Around Cities: New and Selected Poems, 1958-1979》。它在 1980 年年中出版，是一本慷慨的诗选集，在某种程度上，以尊重泰德的艺术模式作为它的首要任务。它是《十四行》和《复》的精缩版，加上《万寿无疆》中基本上没做调整的诗，以《早雨》和《红马车》中那些被打散后重新编成一辑的诗，书中分章反映了泰德生平年表。

在这卷书中，我们设置的章节《在第五十一州 In the 51st State》回应了泰德在 70 年代后期至大约 1981 这一段时间。它的一个子章节也叫作 51st，包含 12 首初版《逛》、小册子《晨线》（AM Here Book, 1981）中的诗，以及大致同时期的未收集的其它诗作。

对泰德来说，“51st State”就是纽约市，那首致女儿 Kate 的诗 “In the 51st State”，以这样的诗句结尾：“祝你旅途愉快，小家伙们。/ 跟我走 / 穿过那个锁。那儿没有钥匙。”因此它也是泰德进入的一种新的、令人困惑的“状态 state”，一种感觉衰老、无关紧要和健康不佳的状态。在同一首诗中，在他写下 “Au revoir（法语：再会）” 后，他在括号中插入话，否认说：“如果我是你，我不会把那个 / 翻译成‘再见’。泰德正在他所谓的 “不死 not dying” 的过程中，尽管没几年他将走到尽头。

这章节诗的新元素是一种离题散漫且明显自传性质的混合长句子，尽管泰德继续使用别人的语气和自传事实。在 “最后的诗 Last Poem” 中，“我曾有幸见过一次贝克特，我超爱他” 是一句来自罗伯特·克里利的话，并不对应于泰德的

经历。总有人在说起“贝克特”的逸事。把别人的生活吸收进他自己生活的做法，明显贯穿了泰德之前的作品：在“剪辑”中使用他人的诗和散文，在《自传五部分 Autobiography in 5 Parts》等“现成”作品中，在《复》的交织语调中都比比皆是。这种技术噱头是一种主张，表明他是所有事物的一部分，并且所有人都围绕着他。这样一来，他的阅读和跟他人的交流，实际上便归他所有，有所的话语都是免费可用的。这就像汤姆克拉克曾有一次对他说的：谁又拥有语言呢？

《逛》中的诗——它们构成了《第 51 州》的第一部分——其中几个作品在特德的末期完成，是他最得意的朗诵作品，如“克兰斯顿，靠近城市线 Cranston Near the City Line”“最后的诗 Last Poem”，尤其那首“红移 Red Shift”。所谓的朗诵诗已风行了一段时间，特德从中汲取并拓展自己语气表演的可能性，进而影响他的写作语气。《红移》并非为了那种引人注意的表演方式写作的，但在一两年的时间里，他为这首诗发展出了一套声音变化：故意的颤音，以及对长句的放慢，这似乎让诗延展至遥远的时空，让他得以表达诗中愤怒的紧迫感。另一方面，稍晚些时候诗像“仿佩伊雷·维达尔，以及我自己”则是完全出于表演目的而写。这首诗被公开朗诵，以一种戏仿行吟诗人的风格，回应他的朋友罗谢尔·克劳特。她曾跟他短暂置气，在下东区朗诵一些类似卡图卢斯风格的诗针对他。

《晨线》是一本平淡的，订书机装订的油印小册子。它由 22 首各式各样风格的东西构成。“十四行：致敬 Ron”来自 Ron Padgett 的诗；“44th Birthday Evening, at Harries's”是一首包含泰德自己梦境的情绪化的生日诗；“Aec la MEcanique sous les Palmes”全法语写成；“Kerouac/(continued)”是对现成材料的灵巧操作；“DNA”像《复》中那些诗；诸如此类。书名《晨线》指赌马——我们应该选什么诗，何种风格？——也指一首来自歌舞喜剧 Guys and Dolls 的歌曲：“我搞到了一个马匹/他的名字叫保罗·里维尔...”

此卷中的“未收集诗 Uncollected Poems”部分展示了对泰德偏爱和信赖的形式的一种延续，甚至进一步的发展。从那首“孤立 ISOLATE”中，可以识别出语言派诗人端倪，泰德使用了布鲁斯安德鲁自己的文字，去评论安德鲁为 L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E 杂志写的书《黑色电影》。“十本最伟大的书”的形式（《清雨》中的两个例子）在诗《我最喜欢的 5 张唱片》中再次出现。对于“十本”诗，泰德命名了他正在阅读，或可以在他的房间里看到的书（它们往往是那个时刻最伟大的书），但“我最喜欢的 5 张唱片”是对《小凯撒》杂志编辑丹尼斯·库珀（Dennis Cooper）的名单（不是一首诗）请求的回应。然后，Ted 请爵士杂志 Downbeat 的编辑兼 Chicago Reader 的音乐评论家 Art Lange 列出 Ted 最喜欢的五张唱片。结果是相当拜占庭的；泰德对这部作品感到非常有趣，但公

开朗读它让观众感到困惑。

从另一方面说，“胭脂 Rouge”这首诗是一个特别成功的版本，有人会认为它是“语言诗”——一种 Creeleyesque（美国诗人罗伯特·克里利 Robert Creeley 的写作风格）风格，泰德已专研了好些年。在这首语言诗中，他用小词来定义和表现：它，这，那，还有知道。我记得给他起了这首诗的标题，它否定了所有卖弄。最后，大家很高兴看到这些诗，因为泰德的短命，它们还来不及发表：“缪怨 Complaynt to the Muse”和“瘦胸厄运 Thin Breast Doom”，它们暗指菲尔·惠伦（Phil Whalen）的行为举止，几首自传体和伪自传体诗，以及清单诗“Memories Are Made of This 回忆是由这个组成的”。

泰德最后的诗集（尽管它们不是他最后的诗作）是《阳光的某个斜面 A Certain Slant of Sunlight》。1982 年，他整年都在忙碌这事。这组诗写在单独的明信片上，尺寸为 4 又二分之一英寸乘 7 英寸，由 Alternative Press 的 Ken 和 Anne Mikolowski 寄给他。500 张卡片，一侧留空用于诗或图像，另一侧包含信息和地址。“Postcard by Ted Berrigan”这行字印在消息栏的顶部，横向另一侧印着：The Alternative Press Grindstone City。许多其他艺术家和作家参与了米科洛夫斯基夫妇的这个项目，为他们自己的 500 张明信片的空白面制作了原创艺术或文字；完成的卡片总是单独发送，与其他 Alternative Press 物品（宽边、保险杠贴纸等）一起，标准免费包装发送。据我所知，泰德是唯一一个将明信片变成一个全面的写作项目的参与者，最后也弄成了书。

明信片诗的形式受制于卡片的尺寸，不过那种较长的诗也可以被写在卡上，只要泰德缩小他的手写字。泰德立即以半合作的方式进入诗歌创作，诱导他认识的每个人在卡片上写个句子，画点图什么的。他后来抹掉了“协调人”的名字，除了不经意的题词。那些诗通常是警句样式，但同样也可能更长；它们并不清晰地记录了一个困难的年份——关于身体，经济，朋友关系。它们是关于社区的运作，关于诗歌争论和诗歌活动，关于街头警察以及人们正在听什么音乐，新闻报纸上的事。泰德产出了几百首原始诗歌；其中一百首被编进《斜面》中。那是在他去世后，我遵照他的指示所编辑完成。

我们还在这里单独展示了《斜》中最好的残篇，即另外 33 首“明信片诗”，其中许多可轻易被收录在书卷中。有人怀疑泰德迷信数字 100；但这个数字大概似乎是脑子能够考虑彼此关系的最大数目。希望这额外的 33 首诗也能构成一本书。

尽管《斜》集中了许多泰德的“形式”，但他的语气变了。受制于卡片尺寸的，那种简洁的必要性，将语气推向了语言和形式的对立面。“好莱坞/付了莉

莲·吉什 800,000 美元/让她像牛奶一样消失，那么可爱，纯粹/并不是因为辐射/而是它只需花我 5 块钱，但我没有，所以我买了。”许多诗是对那个提供句子和图像的人的独白，或跟他/她的对话。有的是与已死者文字的合作，比如惠特曼和林赛，而有的是与某些歌曲合作。因此它们在语气上便有一种灵活性，这源于 70 年代末和 80 年代初较长的自传体诗，但必须更快运行。这本诗集非同寻常，它没有写“不朽的作品”，但它与其他任何东西都不同。

泰德最后的十四首诗（二十一页）写在《斜面》完成后，在他生命的最后六个月内。很明显，在他最后的日子他仍没有缓慢他的写作速度，这些诗尖锐又丰满。它们被保存在一个文件夹中，上面有一个手写标题“Poems/*/Ted Berrigan”。有些是以《斜面》的方式写的短诗，也有几首长诗，包括一首以疯狂填空（Mad-Libs）游戏形式创作的粗鲁的“脱口秀表演 Stand-Up Comedy Routine”。但泰德最后的一首诗是一首可爱的六页作品，《这将是她闪亮时刻》（This Will Be Her Shining Hour），是我和电视上弗雷德·阿斯泰尔（Fred Astaire）电影中的声音对话而写成的。“他们的生活像玻璃动物园一样脆弱。”泰德最后一首诗结尾处的那句话，指的是电影中的人，诗中的人，以及我们两个人，既是诗中的人，也是我们自己，将他们/我们比作田纳西·威廉姆斯的戏剧，比作玻璃人物，比作戏剧中关于脆弱人的忍耐力。那么，生命意味着什么呢？生命似乎是“艺术”，因此一个人不得不思考诗歌的力量。

泰德的诗非常慎重。它们有一种庄重的品质，就好像它们是一个字一个字被拖到纸上。他常常写在无衬线的笔记本子上，用一只黑色的毡尖笔，这样也许就会有人说那些诗有一种黑毡尖笔的品质。你觉得没有任何一个字可以被划掉或替换。

《复》《十四行》《万寿无疆》中的这种严肃性给我留下了深刻的印象，后来的大部分作品也是如此。即便诗中的感觉更像自传或亲密的私话，它还是存在，不会消失，就像在《斜面》中的那样。后期的诗读起来就像用黑毡尖笔写在明信片上一样，它们有那种基本的物理现实。

还有两件事：首先，与艺术和艺术家的持续互动赋予泰德一种活跃的视觉和触觉。他经常在绘画、拼贴或在一首诗中画画。另一方面，他赞同杰克·斯派塞（Jack Spicer）关于支配某人诗歌的“别的声音”这个概念，他的诗具有“口述”的品质，即使是那些由其他人的文字组成的诗。这两个概念并不相冲，“口述”暗示的是听觉而不是可塑性，同时也没有任何理由让所有的感官都不工作。泰德的耳朵非常敏锐：“他们的生活就像玻璃动物园一样脆弱。听听这句！

泰德的诗以宽阔的音域著称。他积极研究“语气 tone of voice”和“姿态

stance”，即人类话语中的态度范围和性格的投射。泰德公开承认他的诗歌英雄是奥哈拉，但我经常发现 泰德在语气和姿态上都更加神秘和强烈。没有奥哈拉所受的教育或“阶级”，泰德因而不可能那么传统。他不能召唤另一个十年或世纪的语气，就好像他拥有它一样，即使他确切地知道 惠特曼风格或约翰逊派是什么。他必须为自己重塑它，从他的工人阶级背景和塔尔萨大学的教育以及不断的自我教育中。

泰德常被认为是“纽约派第二代”。这个标签因含有“第二代”，似乎便排除创新。泰德作为诗人的职业生涯，在他最早的感性诗歌之后，开始于《十四行》的创新。他发明了那种形式，他发明了这种形式，其特点是“在十五个碎片旁边一颗黑心”以及“乔·布莱纳德拼贴画中的玻璃”，如果你认为这里的十五很可能是指十四，并且理解他的心实际上位于诗的旁边而非诗的内部的话。这些诗歌旨在包含任何东西并在时间上扩展，可以这么干是因为强调了形式的局限。也许可以认为，这种形式是他后来最得心应手的形式，即使在他清晰和“感伤”时。因他一直以诗为框架，探索句子和短语之间的空间，他最终学会并控制感性的用途。他还从十四行诗的形式中学到，如何在所谓随机事件中找到一致：

无法切割它（夜晚），
在纽约市
它活在
我的牙齿内
在圣马克广场
裸露的神经在
叮当响
（“二月空气”）

这是言语，环境和情感的偶然，瞬间的各个部分被击中。

如果你是一个诗人，你会看到泰德的诗充满了各种资源：形式，技术，风格化实践——态度和风格主义，听起来像个人的方式，获得升华的方式。而如果你是普通诗歌读者，泰德的诗便是一件礼物。他努力工作去娱乐，去“说出”他知道的，思想的，感知到的，为了让你乐在其中。同时试着成为你，去了解每个人的秘密：“我从没告诉过任何人我知道的，因为它们/对任何人无效，除了我”（Cranston Near the City Line）。

我们有感知，但语言是我们的传感器。我们用语言感受来去上下。与任何我能想起的诗人一样，泰德也明白这点。他太多的诗都是关于运动的愉悦。他说，

“这正是我们在做的事，活着，散散步。”这是一个非常温和的信息，散步走过时间，与所有时间同步。不过，同样，

不要思想

不要信息

（内部）

感恩节 1969

（"In My Room"）

爱丽丝·诺特利

巴黎，2004

The Sonnets

这部是最后，也是编在第一部的泰德诗集，是他早期的成名作品，一部使用不少后现代手法的破坏性十四行诗歌。它玩语言的花样较多，有些地方就不适合，也没法译。比如第一句 *piercing pince-nez*，这种涉及到语音的关联，翻译过来便会失效。看个大概即可。

这本诗集可以说是泰德后来写作的基础材料，后来的作品大量直接截取了其中的诗句。当然也可能在修改定稿时，从后来的诗句中选塞了些进去，鬼知道，他很爱折腾。但又有他的道理。

这部内容二梅花以前翻译过，她的译文会更精准些。有兴趣可以去关灯书店购买单行本。

The Sonnets

I

His piercing pince-nez. Some dim frieze

Hands point to a dim frieze, in the dark night.
In the book of his music the corners have straightened:
Which owe their presence to our sleeping hands.
The ox-blood from the hands which play
For fire for warmth for hands for growth
Is there room in the room that you room in?
Upon his structured tomb:
Still they mean something. for the dance
And the achitecture.
Weave among incidents
May be portentous to him
We are the sleeping fragments of his sky,
Wind giving presence to fragments.

他夹生的夹鼻眼睛。一些昏暗的浮雕
手指向一件昏暗的浮雕，黑夜漫漫。
在他的乐谱中那些拐角拉直了：
它们的显现得益于我们睡着的手。
来自手的牛血，那根玩火取暖
为了手的成长的手
你住的房间里还有房间吗？
在他构造复杂的坟墓上：
它们仍有意义。因为那舞蹈
和建筑风格。
把事件编织在一起
对他也许是一种凶兆
我们是他天空中睡着的碎片，
风赋予碎片存在。

II

Dear Margie, hello. It is 5:15 a.m.
dear Berrigan. He died
Back to books. I read

It's 8:30 p.m. in New York and I've been running around all day
old come-all-ye's streel into the streets. Yes, it is now,
How Much Longer Shall I Be Able To Inhabit The Divine
and the day is bright gray turing green
feminine marvelous and tough
watching the sun come up over the Navy Yard
to write scotch-tape body in a notebook
had 17 and 1/2 milligrams
Dear Margie, hello. It si 5:15 a.m.
fucked til 7 now she's late to work and I'm
18 so why are my hands shaking I shoud know better

亲爱的玛吉，好。这会儿凌晨 5:15 分。
亲爱的贝里根。他又沉迷在
书本中。我在看书
现在是晚上 8:30，纽约，我四处闲逛了一整天
古老的爱尔兰民歌飘荡在街上。是的，就是现在，
“我还能在神仙的地盘上蹭住多久”
白天由亮灰色转为绿色
又女气又非凡又粗暴
望着太阳从海军船坞上升起
把苏格兰体型的躯壳写在笔记本上
顺便服下 17.5 毫克
亲爱的玛吉，你好吗，现在凌晨 5:15。
一直操到 7 点准，现在她上班要迟到了，而我
十八岁，为啥我的手在发抖。我早该注意到

III

Stronger than alcohol, more great than song,
deep in whose reeds great elephants decay;
I, an island, sail, and my shores toss
on a fragrant evening, fraught with sadness

bristling hate.

It's true, I weep too much. Dawns break
slow kisses on the eyelids of the sea,
what other men sometimes have thought they've seen.
And since then I've been bathing in the poem
lifting her shadowy flowers up for me,
and hurled by hurricanes to a birdless place
the waving flags, nor pass by prison ships
O let me burst, and I be lost at sea!
and fall on my knees then, womanly.

比酒精更劲，比歌更棒
芦苇深处大象在腐败
我，一个岛屿，航行着，我的海岸
在芳香的夜晚翻腾，充满伤感
愤怒的恨
真的，我抹了太多眼泪水。天亮开了
大海眼皮上那缓慢的吻，
他人曾所思他们所见。
从此我沐浴诗中
为我举起她那朦胧的花朵，
被飓风卷到一个鸟不拉屎的地方
我旗帜飘扬，并不会路过狱船
哦，让我爆裂，迷失在海上！
然后像女人似的，跪下。

IV

Lord, it is time. Summer was very great.
All sweetly spoke to her of me
about your feet, so delicate, and yet double E!!
And high upon the Brooklyn Bridge alone,
to breathe an old woman slop oatmeal,
lovelines that longs for butterfly! There is no pad

as you lope across the trails and bosky dells
I often think sweet and sour pork"
shoe repair, and scary. In cities,
I strain to gather my absurdities
He buckled on his gun, the one
Poised like Nijinsky
at every hand, my critic
and when I stand and clank it gives me shoes

主啊，是时候了。夏天非常棒。
所有人亲切地向她说起我
你的脚，实在美味，不过尺码超大!!
独自高耸在布鲁克林大桥上，
吸溜一个老女人的泔水燕麦片，
可爱啊，渴望成为蝴蝶！当你跑跳在
小径和荫凉的溪谷中，你没戴护具。
我常常想起甜得发酸的猪肉，
修鞋，真是可怕。在城市，
我拼命收集我的荒诞
他扣上枪，那家伙
在各方面都镇定得像
尼金斯基——我的评论家
当我杵着，叮当作响，它给我鞋子

V

Squawking a gala occasion, forgetting, and
"Hawkaaaaaaaaaa!" Once I went scouting
As stars are, like nightmares, a crucifix.
Why can't I read French? I don't know why can't you?
Rather the matter of growth
My babies parade waving their innocent flags
Huddled on the structured steps

Flinging currents into pouring streams
The "jeunes filles" so rare.
He wanted to know the names
He liked boys, never had a mother
Meanwhile, terrific misnomers went concocted, ayearning,
 ayearning
The Pure No Nonsense
And all day: Perceval! Perceval!

在欢庆盛会上闹挺，忘了，以及
“呼啦啦啦啦啦！”我有次出侦查任务
那些星星，跟噩梦似的，像十字架。
为啥我看不懂法语？不知道为啥你也不会？
这更像是成长的问题
我的儿子们炫耀地挥舞着天真的旗帜
拥挤在建筑物的台阶上
将水流甩入滔滔溪流中
“少女”如此稀有。
他想知道那个命名
他喜欢男孩，却从未有过娘
与此同时，可怕的误称开始捏造，一种渴望，
 一种渴望
纯粹无废话
整天都在喊着：帕西瓦尔！帕西瓦尔骑士！

VI

The bulbs burn phosphorescent, white
Your hair moves slightly,
Tenseness, but strength, outward
And the green rug nestled against the furnace
Dust had covered all the tacks, the hammer

...optimism for the jump....
The taste of such delicate thoughts
Never bring the dawn.
The bulbs burn, phosphorescent, white,
Melting the billowing snow with wine:
Could the mind turn jade? everything
Turning in this light, to stones,
Ash, bark like cork, a fading dust,
To cover the tracks of "The Hammer."

灯泡发射着磷光，白晃晃的
你的头发轻微移动
紧绷，但有力，向外
一块绿地毯依偎在火炉边
灰尘蒙住大头钉，那把锤子
...对跳跃思维持乐观态度...
那种对微妙想法的品味
从没带来黎明。
燃烧的灯泡，磷光闪烁，白乎乎的，
在酒精中融化那浪花翻腾似的雪：
心灵可以转化为翡翠吗？在此光线下，
一切都变成了石头，灰尘，
软塞子那样的树皮，褪色的尘埃，
为了蒙住那把“锤子”的踪迹。

Poem in the Traditional Manner

Whenever Richard Gallup is dissevered,
Fathers and teachers, and daemons down under the sea,
Audenesque Epithalamiums! She
Sends her driver home and she stays with me.

Match-Game etcetera! Bootleggers
Barrel-assing chevroleets grow bold. I summon
To myself sad silent thoughts,
Opulent, sinister, and cold.

Shall it be male or female in the tub?
And grawk go under, and grackle disappear,
And high upon the Brooklyn Birdge alone,
An ugly ogre masturbates by ear:

of my darling, my darling, my pipe and my slippers,
something there is is benzedrine in bed:
And so, So Asiatic, Richard Gallup
Goes home, and gets his gat, and plugs his dad.

《传统风格的诗》

每当理查德·盖洛普分裂，
爹和老师，和海底的半人兽精灵，
奥登风格的婚颂！她
送她的司机回家，自己跟我待在一起。

配对游戏啥的！走私犯
鲁莽驾驶着雪佛兰越发大胆。我召唤
自己的悲伤、沉默的想法，
它富裕，不吉，冷酷。

浴缸里的是男是女？
灰鹰下潜，棕鸟消失，
独自在盘旋在高耸的布鲁克林大桥上
一个丑陋的食人魔凭听觉自渎：

我亲爱的，我爱的，我的管子和我的拖鞋，

床上的那件东西是苯丙胺
那么，亚洲人理查德·盖洛普
回家了，端着枪，干掉他爹。

Poem in the Modern Manner

She comes as in a dream with west wind eggs,
bringing Huizilopochtli hot possets:
Snakeskins! But I am yong, just old enough
to breathe, and old woman, slop oatmeal,
lemongrass, dewlarks, full draught of , fall thud.

Lady of the May, thou art fair,
Lady, thou art truly fair! Children,
When they see your face,
Sing in idiom of disgrace.

Pale like an ancient scarf, she is unadorned,
bouncing a red rubber ball in the veins.
The singer sleeps in Cos. Strange juxtaposed
the phantom sings: Bring me red demented rooms,
warm and delicate words! Swollen as if new-out-of-bed
Huitzilopochtli goes his dithyrambic way,
quick-shot, resuscitate, all roar!

《现代风格的诗》

她跟一阵梦似的带来西风蛋，
带来阿兹特克战神滚烫的奶酒：
蛇皮！但我年轻，刚刚学会
呼吸，一个老女人，泔水燕麦片，

柠檬草，露水雀，满杯，砰的一声坠落。

五月夫人，你何其美，
夫人，何其如此之美！孩子们
看到你的脸，
唱起丢脸的土话。

她像上古围巾那般苍白，懒得化妆，
血管中跳动着红色的橡胶球。
歌手在余弦上睡着了。奇怪的并置
幽灵在歌唱：给我红晃晃神经错乱的房间，
温暖而精美的话！肿胀得像是刚起床
阿兹特克战神以狂热的方式
来上一针，苏醒过来，四处嚎叫！

From a Secret Journal

My babies parade waving their innocent flags
an unpublished philosopher, a man who must
column after column down colonnade of rust
in my paintings, for they are present
I am wary of the mulctings of the pink promenade,
went in the other direction to Tulsa,
glistering, bristling, cozening whatever disguises
S of Christmas John Wayne will clown with
Dreams, aspirations of presence! Innocence gleaned,
annealed! The world in its mysteries are explained,
and the struggles of babies congeal. A hard core is formed.
"I wanted to be a cowboy." Doughboy will do.
Romance of it all was overwhelming
daylight of itself dissolving and of course it rained.

《秘密日记摘录》

挥舞天真的旗帜我的婴儿们游行
一个从未发表东西的哲学家，必须是男人
在我的画中，一列又一列生锈柱廊
因为它们就在那儿
我提防粉色人行道上的抢劫
换了个方向走去图尔萨
闪烁着，怒气冲冲，拐骗伪装的一切
圣诞节的 S，约翰·维恩会装傻，
做梦，渴望存在感！收集天真，
退火！世界以自身的神秘得以解释，
婴儿们的挣扎凝固了。形成一个硬核。
“我想成为牛仔。”这是步兵蛋子干的事。
一切浪漫都是压倒性的
日光解散自身，当然，下雨了。

Real Life

《现实生活》

1.The Fool

He eats of the fruits of the great Speckle
Bird, pissing in the grass! Is it possible
He is incomplete, bringing you Ginger Ale
Of the interminably frolicsome gushing summer showers?
You were a Campfire Girl,
Only a part-time mother and father; I
Was large, stern, acrid, and undissuadable!
Ah, Bernie, we wear complete
The indexed Webster Unabridged Dictionary.
And lunch is not lacking, ants and clover

On the grass. To think of you alone
Suffering the poem of these states!
Oh Lord, it is bosky, giggling happy here,
And you, and me, the juice, at last extinct!

1.白痴

他吃那种带大斑点的水果
鸟，在草丛拉尿！这可能否？
他不完整，为你带来姜汁艾尔。
关于一场无休止嘻嘻哈哈喷涌的夏日阵雨？
你是一个营火女孩，
只是一个兼职的娘和爹；而我
体积庞大，严厉，刻薄，以及从不听劝！
哈，伯尼，我们佩戴完整，
像索引版韦伯斯特未删节大词典。
不缺午餐，蚂蚁和草地上的
苜蓿。想起你独自
承受这些状态下的诗！
哦上帝，此地绿树成荫，笑语欢声，
你，我，果汁，最终都会灭绝。

2.The Fiend

Red-faced and romping in the wind
I too am reading the technical journals, but
Keeping Christmas-safe each city block
With tail-pin. My angels are losing patience,
Never win. Except at night. Then
I would like a silken thread
Tied round the solid blooming winter.
Tress stand stark-naked guarding bridal paths;
The cooling wind keeps blowing, and
There is a faint chance in geometric boxes!
It doesn't matter, though, to show he is

Your champion. Days are nursed on science fiction
And you tremble at the books upon the earth
As my strength and I walk out and look for you.

2.恶魔

像个红脸关公在风中戏耍
我同样也在看技术期刊，只不过
带着一根尾刺，确保每个街区
圣诞节安全。我的天使在失去耐心，
他们从没赢过。除了夜晚。当然，
我想用一根丝线
绑住坚固盛开的冬天。
树木赤膊赤卵守卫着新娘的必经之路；
冷风继续吹，在几何盒子里
有那么一点微弱的机遇。
不过，这也没啥，无非表明
他是你的拥护者。白天看看科幻书。
你因大地之书颤抖，因为我
和我的力量出门去找你啦。

Penn Station

On the green a white boy goes
And he walks. Three ciphers and a faint fakir
No One Two Three Four Today
I thought about all those radio waves
Winds flip down the dark path of breath
Passage the treasure Gomangani I
Forget bring the green boy white ways
And the wind goes there
Keats was a baiter of bears
Who died of lust (You lie! you lie!)

As so we all must in the green jungle
Under a sky of burnt umber we bumble to
The mien florist's to buy green nosegays
For the fey Saint's parade Today
We may read about all those radio waves

《宾州站》

一个白人男孩走在草地上
他踱着步。三个密码和一个虚弱的托钵僧
不 一 二 三 四 今天
我想起所有这些无线电波
风顺着微风的暗黑小路翻转
通道 宝藏 戈曼加尼 我
忘了 要给绿男孩带来白色道路
风抵达那儿
济慈是熊的诱饵
是谁死于淫欲？（你说谎，你这个骗子！）
因此我们必定在绿色的乱七八糟中
在焦黑的天空下，我们劈来冲去地走去
那间刻薄的花店去买些鲜花
为了这场怪异的圣诞游行，就在今天
我们可以阅读所有这些无线电波

XIII

Mountains of twine and and
Teeth braced against it
Before gray walls. Feet walk
Released by night (which is not to imply
Death) under the murk spell
Racing down the blue lugubrious rainway

To the big promise of emptiness
In air we get our feet wet.... a big rock
Caresses cloud bellies
He finds he cannot fake
Wed to wakefulness, night which is not death
Fuscous with murderous dampness
But helpness, as blue roses are helpless.
Rivers of annoyance undermine the arrangements.

缠积成山的绳线，
牙齿在灰墙前
撑住它。脚散步，
在暗黑诅咒下
被夜晚释放（它并不在
暗示死亡）
在蓝色阴郁的雨路上狂奔
通向虚空伟大承诺
空气中我们打湿四肢....一块巨石
抚弄云的肚子
他发现他没法假装
与清醒融合，夜晚并非
暗褐色带着谋杀般湿气的死亡
而是无助，就像蓝色玫瑰，无助
恼怒的河流暗中破坏协议

XIV

We remove a hand...
In a roomful of smoky man names burnished dull black
And labelled "blue" the din drifted in...
Someone said "Blake-blues" and someone else "pill-head"
Meaning bloodhounds. Someone shovelled in some
Cotton-field money brave free beer and finally "Negroes!"

They talked...
He thought of overshoes looked like mother
Made him
Combed his hair
Put away your hair. Books shall speak of us
When we are gone, like soft, dark scarves in gay April.
Let them discard loves in the Spring search! We
await a grass hand.

我们挪开一只手...
一屋子冒烟的人名字被磨得暗沉
飘进标记为“蓝色”的喧闹...
有人说是“布莱克蓝”有人说是“药头”来了
意思是猎犬。有人在一片棉花地里
铲钞票纸，勇敢的免费啤酒，最后是“黑鬼”
他们交头接耳....
他想起鞋套，看着像是他的
亲娘
在梳理他的毛发
收起你的头发。书籍应该谈论我们
当我们消失，就像欢快四月里柔软的深色围巾。
让他们在春季搜查中丢弃爱！我们等候
一只拔草的手。

XV

In Joe Brainard's collage its white arrow
He is not in it, the hungry dead doctor.
Of Marilyn Monroe, her white teeth white-
I am truly horribly upset because Marilyn
and ate King Korn popcorn," he wrote in his
of glass in Joe Brainard's collage

Doctor, but they say "I LOVE YOU"
and the sonnet is not dead.
takes the eyes away from the gray words,
Diary. The black heart beside the fifteen pieces
Monroe died, so I went to a matinee B-movie
washed by Joe's throbbing hands. "Today
What is in it is sixteen ripped pictures
does not point to William Carlos Williams

乔·布雷纳德拼贴画中那个白箭头
他不在里面，这个饿昏的死医生
关于玛丽莲·门罗，她那白牙齿白-
我真的超级难过因为玛丽莲
以及吃点金矿牌爆米花，”他在乔·
布雷纳德拼贴画中的玻璃上写道
医生，但他们说“我爱你”
十四行诗还没过时。
让视线离开那些灰色的文字，
日记。一个黑心，在十五块旁边
门罗死了，那么我去看一部日场 B 级片
被乔抽筋的手洗过一遍。“今天
它里面的十六张图像碎片
不是指向威廉·卡洛斯·威廉姆斯。

XVI

Into the closed air of the slow
Warmth comes, a slow going down of the Morning Land
She is warm. Into the vast closed air of the slow
Going down of the Morning Land
One vast under pinning trembles doom ice
Spreads beneath the mud troubled ice

Smother of a sword
Into her quick weak heat. She
Is introspection. One vast ice laden
Vast seas of doom and mud spread across the lake. Quick
heat,
Of her vast ice laden self under introspective heat.
White lake trembles down to green goings
On, shades of a Chinese wall, itself "a signal."
It is a Chinese signal.

进入禁闭的空气中缓慢的
温暖来到，一片缓缓下降的东洋
她暖和。进入巨大禁闭的空气
缓缓降临在东洋之地
一根巨大的支柱摇晃着厄运冰块
在泥巴下散布动乱的冰块
一把剑的窒息
进入她快速虚弱的体温。她是
内省的。一块巨冰装载着
浩瀚似海的厄运和泥巴遍布湖面。快速的
体温，
在内省的体温下那满载自我的巨大冰块。
白色湖水抖动直至变绿
一堵中国墙的倒映，本身就是“信号”
它是一个中国信号。

XVII

FOR CAROL CLIFFORD

Each tree stands alone in stillness
After many years still nothing
The wind's wish is the tree's demand

The tree stands still
The wind walks up and down
Scanning the long selves of the shore
Her aimlessness is the pulse of the tree
It beats in tiny blots
Its patternless pattern of excitement
Letters birds beggars books
There is no such thing as a breakdown
The tree the ground the wind these are
Dear, be the tree your sleep awaits
Sensual, solid, still, swaying alone in the wind

致 卡罗尔·克里夫特

每株树静静地独自立着
很多年后仍没变化
风的愿望是树的需求
树，静静立着
风忽上忽下
扫视长岸的自我
她的漫无目的是树的脉搏
在微小的污迹中跳动
一种无规则的兴奋模式
信件 鸟 乞丐 书
根本没有崩溃这么一说
树 地面 风 这些都是
可亲的，是你的睡眠在等候的树
感官，稳固，静止，在风中独自摇晃

XVIII

Dear Marge, hello. It is 5:15 a.m.

Outside my room atonal sounds of rain
In my head. Deams of Larry Walker
Drum in the pre-dawn. In my skull my brain
Season, cold images glitter brightly
In his marriage bed: of David Bearden
Answering. "Deteriorating," you said.
Say it. And made it hard to write. You know
Margie, tonight, and every night, in any
Aches in rhythm to that pounding morning rain.
Them over and over. And now I dread
Not a question, really, but you did
In your letter, many questions. I read
Paranoid: and of Martin Cochran, dead.

亲爱的玛吉，好。这会儿凌晨 5:15。
窗外，无调性的雨声
在我头脑里。拉里·沃克的梦
在黎明前敲鼓。在我脑壳脑汁水中，
季节，冰冷的图像微微闪烁，
在他的婚床上：大卫·比尔敦
的电话。“恶化了，”你说。
说出它。让它难以写下来。你知道的，
玛吉，今晚，以及每一晚，在所有通向
凌晨滂沱大雨的痛和节奏中。
它们一遍又一遍。现在，我担心。
这没什么，真的，不过你的信
确实有很多问题。我都看了，
偏执狂似的：还有马丁·科克伦，他死了。

XIX

Harum-scarum haze on the Pollock streets

Where Snow White sleeps among the silent dwarfs
The fleet drifts in on an angry tidal wave
Or on the vast salt deserts of America
Drifts of Johann Strauss
A boy first sought in Tucson Arizona
The withering weathers of
Melodic sings of Arabic adventure
Of polytonic breezes gathering in the gathering winds
Mysterious Billy Smith a fantastic trigger
Of a plush palace shimmering velvet red
The cherrywood romances of rainy cobblestones
A dark trance
In the trembling afternoon

波洛克街上鲁莽的朦胧
白雪公主在沉默的小矮人中沉睡
船队在汹潮中漂过来
或在宽阔的美国盐碱沙漠上
乔纳森·斯特劳斯的缥缈乐曲
在亚利桑那州的图森一个男孩首次被发现
天气枯萎
阿拉伯冒险的旋律记号
多声部的微风在聚集的风中汇集
神秘的比尔·史密斯是一个奇异的扳机
闪耀着丝绒红的毛绒绒的宫殿
雨中鹅卵石上樱桃木的浪漫
一阵昏暗的恍惚
在一个发抖的下午

XXI

On the green a white boy goes

We may read about all those radio waves
And he walks. Three ciphers and a faint fakir
For the fey Saint's parade Today
No One Tow Three Four Today
Under a sky of burnt umber we bumble to
Forget Bring the green boy white ways
As so we all must in the green jungle
Winds flip down the dark path of breath
The mien florist's to buy green nosegays
Passage the treasure Gomangani
I thought about all those radio waves
Keats was a biater of bears
Who died of lust (You lie! You lie!)
And the wind goes there

一个白人男孩走在草地上
我们可以理解所有这些无线电波
他踱着步。三个密码和一个虚弱的苦行僧
为了怪异的圣诞游行 今天
不 一 二 三 四 今天
在赭棕土色的天空下我们踉踉跄跄
忘了 要给这小鲜肉孩带来白色道路
因此我们必须在葱郁的丛林中
风在微风的暗黑小路翻转
花店老板要去买花束
通道 宝藏 戈曼加尼
我可以理解所有这些无线电波
济慈是熊的诱饵
谁死于淫欲？（你说谎，骗子！）
风吹去那儿

XXII

Go fly a kite he writes
Who cannot escape his own blue hair
who storms to the big earth and is not absent-minded
& Who dumbly begs a key & who cannot pay his way
Racing down the blue lugubrious rainway
day brakes and night is a quick pick-me-up
Rain is a wet high harried face
To walk is wet hurried high safe and game
Tiny bugs flit from pool to field and light on every bulb
Whose backs hide doors down round wind-tunnels
He is an umbrella....
Many things are current
Simple night houses rain
Standing pat in the breathless blue air

放风筝去他写道
谁无法避免自身的蓝色头发
谁对大地猛攻而不是心不在焉
谁默默地乞求一把钥匙 谁在蓝色
阴郁的雨路上疾驰却付不起路费
白天刹停，夜晚是一种快速提神饮料
雨是一张湿乎乎的愁眉苦脸
散步是湿的，创促的，高度安全的以及游戏
小虫子掠过池塘，田野，每只灯泡上的光
谁的后背藏着通向圆形风洞的门
他是一把雨伞....
很多事正在发生
简单的夜为雨提供住所
在气闷的蓝色空气中保持不动

XXIII

On the 15th day of November in the year of the motocar
Between Oologah and Pawnee
A hand is writing these lines
In a roomful of smoky man names burnished dull black
Southwest, lost doubloons rest, no comforts drift
On dream smoke down the sooted fog ravine
In a terrible Ozark storm the Tundra vine
Blood ran like muddy inspiration: Walks he in around anyway
The slight film has gone to gray-green children
And seeming wide night. Now night
Is a big drink of waterbugs Then were we so fragile
Honey scorched our lips
On the 15th day of November in the year of motorcar
Between Oologah and Pawnee

在汽车年的十一月十五日这天
在乌洛加和波尼镇之间
一只手在写这些诗句
在一屋子抽烟的男人中，名字被打磨成暗黑色
西南方，遗失的西班牙金币在安息，没有安慰在漂泊
在梦中烟雾下降到煤烟袅袅的峡谷
在可怕的奥扎克风暴袭击苔原上的藤蔓
血像泥泞的灵感奔跑：不管怎样，他到处闲逛
轻飘的薄膜化作灰绿色的儿童
似乎像宽阔的夜晚。现在，夜晚
是一大杯水虫子 而曾今我们相当脆弱
蜜糖灼伤我们的嘴皮
在汽车年，十一月十五日这一天
在乌洛加和波尼镇之间

XXV

Mud on the first day(night, rather
I was thinking of Bernard Shaw, of sweet May Morris
Do you want me to take off my dress?
Some Poems!
the aeroplane waiting to take you on your first
getting used to using each other
Cowboys! and banging on my sorrow, with books
The Asiatics
believed in tree spirits, a tall oak, swans gone in the rain,
a postcard of Juan Gris not a word
Fell on the floor how strange to be gone in a minute
I came to you by bus to be special for us
The bellby letters a key then to hear from an
old stranger
The Gift: they will reside in Houston following the Grand
Canyon.

第一天的泥巴（夜晚，当然了
我正想起伯纳德·肖，甜蜜的梅·莫里斯
你想我除去我的衣裳吗？
一些诗歌！
飞机在等候带你首次飞行
习惯彼此利用
牛仔！ 用书本撞击我的悲伤
那本《亚洲佬》
他们信仰树精，高大的橡树，天鹅消失在雨中，
一张胡安·格里斯的明信片 没有一句
靠谱的话 多奇怪啊 在一分钟内消失
我乘公交来找你 为我们搞点特别的意思
那个侍者 信 一把钥匙 接着去听听
一个老年陌生人
这是礼物： 住烦大峡谷后，他们将定居

休斯顿。

XXVI

ONE SONNET FOR DICK

This excitement to be all of night, Henry!
Elvis Peering-Eye danced with Carol Clifford, high,
Contrived whose leaping herb edifies Kant! I'll bust!
Smile! "Got rye in this'n?"
Widow Dan sold an eye t'meander an X. Whee! Yum!
Pedant tore her bed! Tune, hot! Full cat saith why foo?
"Tune hot full cat?" "No! nexus neck ink!
All moron (on)while "weighed in fur" pal! "Ah'm Sun!"
Dayday came to get her daddy, "Daddy,"
Saith I to Dick in the verge, (In the Verge!)
And "gee" say I, "Easter""fur""few tears""Dick!"
My Carol now a Museum! "O, Ma done fart!" "Less full
Cat," she said, "One's there!""Now cheese, ey?"
"Full cat wilted, bought ya a pup!" "So, nose excitement?"

这种通宵的兴奋啊，亨利！
斜眼猫王跟卡洛斯·克里夫特跳舞，嗨了，
刻意用他的跳草去启发康德！我要爆了！
笑一个！“有黑麦威士忌吗？”
寡妇丹卖掉一只眼睛去漫游 X。哟！好极了！
书呆子撕毁她的床！热门金曲！全猫说为啥？
“热门全猫？”“不！连接脖子墨水！
所有黑痴（在）“带毛称重”时结拜为兄弟！
“我是太阳！”呆呆走进来找她爹，“爹，”
我在边缘对迪克说，（在边缘！）
“驾！”我说，“复活节”“皮毛”“微量眼泪水”
“迪克！”我的卡罗尔现在是一个博物馆！

“哦，妈的放屁！”“少量的全猫，”她说，
“有一只在这儿！”“来点奶酪，嗯？”“全猫老了，
给你买来一只小狗！”“是吗，真有那么鸟的兴奋？”

XXVII

Andy Butt was drunk in the Parthenon
Bar. If only the Greeks were a band-
Aid, he thought. Then my woe would not flow
O'er the land. He considered his honeydew
Hand. "O woe, woe!" saith Andrew, "a fruit
In my hand may suffice to convey me to Greece,
But I must have envy to live! A grasshopper,
George, if you please!" The bartender sees
That our Andrew's awash on the sofa
Of wide melancholy. His wound he refurbishes
Stealthily shifty-eyed over the runes. "Your
Trolleycar, sir," 's said to Andy, "you bloody
Well emptied the Parthenon!" "A fruitful vista
This Our South," laughs Andrew to his Pa,
But his rough woe slithers o'er the Land

屁股安喝醉了，在万神殿
酒吧。要是只有希腊人是邦迪
就好了，他想。那么我的悲哀将
不会在大地上流淌。他考虑他蜜露似的
手。“哦，悲哀，悲哀！”安德鲁说，
“手上的水果足以送我去希腊，
不过我必须嫉妒才能活下去！一只草蜢，
乔治，要是你愿意的话！”那个酒保看见
我们的安德鲁赖在广袤而忧郁的
沙发上。他擦亮他的伤口

暗地里偷瞄着那些符文。“先生，
你的有轨电车”对安迪说，“真牛逼，
你把万神殿给喝空了！”“一副硕果累累的景象，
我们南方人就这操行，”安德鲁朝他爹笑，
不过他粗糙的悲哀却滑行在大地上

XXVIII

to gentle, pleasant strains
just homely enough
to be beautiful
in the dark neighborhoods of my own sad youth
i fall in love. once
seven thousand of feet over one green schoolboy summer
i dug two hundred graves,
laughing, "Put away your books! Who shall speak of us
when we are gone? Let them wear scarves
in the once a day snow, crying in the kitchen
of my heart!" O my love, I will weep a less bitter truth,
till other times, makeing a minor repair,
a breath of cool rain in those streets
clinging together with slightly detached air.

温柔愉悦的乐曲
足以家常到
美丽
在我伤感的青年时代，在黑暗街区
我谈谈爱情。 有一回
在幼稚的学生夏天上空七千英尺高处
我挖了两百具坟，
大笑，“收拾好你的书册！当我们消失，
谁会说起我们？让他们戴上围巾
每天一次下一次雪，在我心的

厨房里哭！”哦，我的爱人，我会为
没那么苦涩的真相哭，在别的时候，
搞搞少量修复，街上的冷雨
紧贴那轻微分离的空气。

XXIX

Now she guards her chalice in a temple of fear
Calm before a storm. Yet your brooding eyes
Or acquiescence soon cease to be answers.
And your soft, dark hair, a means of speaking
Becomes too much to bear. Sometimes,
In a rare, unconscious moment,
Alone this sudden darkness in a toybox
Christine's classic beauty, Okinawa
To Laugh (Autumn gone, and Spring a long way
off) is loving you
When need exceeds means
I read the Evening World / the sports,
The funnies, the vital statistics, the news:
Okinawa was a John Wayne movie to me.

如今她在恐惧庙守护圣杯
平静面对风暴。然而你沉思的眼睛
或沉默很快不再是答案。
你的飘柔黑发，一种说话方式
变得不堪忍受。有时，
在一个罕见、无意识时刻，
独自在这玩具盒突然的黑暗中
克里斯汀的经典美，冲绳岛
大笑（秋天走了，春天还要等些
日子）是爱你

当需求超出收入，
我读《世界晚报》 / 体育版
娱乐版，重要统计，新闻：
冲绳对我来说是约翰·维恩的电影

XXX

Into the closed air of the slow
Now she guards her chalice in a temple of fear
Each tree stands alone in stillness
to gentle, pleasant strains
Dear Marge, hell. It is 5:15 a.m.
Andy Butt was drunk in the Parthenon
Harum-scarum haze on the Pllock streets
This excitement to be all of night, Henry!
Ah, Bernie, to think of you alone, suffering
It is such a good thing to be in love with you
On the green a white boy goes
He's braver than I, brother
Many things are current, and of these the least are
 not always children
On the 15th day of November in the year of the motorcar

进入缓慢的封闭空气中
现如今她在恐惧庙守护她的圣杯
每株树木静静地独自立着
柔和而令人愉快的乐章
亲爱的玛鸡，好。这会儿是凌晨 5:15 分
屁股安在万神庙喝醉球了
波洛克街上轻率的薄雾
亨利，这兴奋劲延续了一整夜！
哈，勃尼，想起你独自一人遭着罪

爱上你是多么美好的时光
在草地上一个白人男孩走着
他比我勇敢，兄弟
很多事都在当前，其中最不要的
并不是总是孩子
在汽车年十二月十五日这一天

XXXI

And then one morning to waken perfect-faced
To the big promise of emptiness
In a terrible Ozake storm
Pleasing John Greenleaf Whittier!
Speckled marble bangs against his soiled green feet
And each sleeping son is broke-backed and dumb
In fever and sleep processional
Voyages harass the graver
And grope underneath the most serious labor
Darius feared the boats. Meanwhile
John Greenleaf Whittier was writing. Meanwhile
Grandma though wistfully of international sock fame
Down the John G. Whittier Railroad Road
In the morning sea mouth

接着一个早晨，醒来，完美的脸孔
面对虚无的巨大承诺
在可怕的奥扎克风暴中
令人愉快的约翰·格林利福·惠迪尔！
斑点大理石撞击他脏兮兮的绿脚
每个睡觉的儿子断了背，成了哑巴
在发烧和睡眠的行进中
航海骚扰那个雕刻师

在最严肃的劳作下摸索
大流士害怕那些小船。与此同时，
约翰·惠迪尔在写东西。与此同时，
顺着约翰·惠迪尔铁路线
奶奶惆怅地想起国际短袜名声
在早晨大海的嘴中

XXXII

The blue day! In the air winds dance
Now our own children are strangled down in the bubbling
 quadrangle.
To thicken! He felt his head
Returning past the houses he passed
"Good-by, Bernie!" "Goodbye, Carol!" "Goodbye,
Marge!"
Davy Crockett was nothing like Jesse James
A farmer drove up on a tractor
He said he was puzzled by the meaning exactly of "block"
The blue day! Where else can we go
To escape from our tedious homes, and perhaps recapture
 the past?
Now our own children are returning past the houses
I sit at my dust-patterned desk littered with four month
 dust
The air beginning to thicken
In the square, on the farm, in my white block hair

忧伤的一天！在空气中风跳跳舞
现在我们自己的孩子们被勒死在冒泡的
 四边形中
变厚！他感到他的脑壳
返回并经过他曾路过的房子

“拜拜，勃尼！”“再见，卡罗尔！”“再见，
玛鸡！”

戴维·克罗克特一点也不像杰西·詹姆斯
一个农场主开着拖拉机过来了

他说被“阻塞”的确切含义给搞糊涂啦

真是忧郁的一天！我们还能去哪儿呢

逃离我们乏味的家庭，或也许夺回

过去？

现在我们自己的孩子们正返回并经过屋子

我坐在灰尘图案的桌子边，它累积了四个月的
尘埃

空气开始变浓

在四方形中，在农村，在我白色结块的头发上

XXXIII

Ou sont les neiges des neiges?

The most elegant present I could get.

The older children weep among the flowers.

They believe this. Their laughter feeds the need

Like a juggler. Ten weeks pregnant. Who

Believes this? It is your love

Must feed the dancing snow, Mary

Shelley "created" Frankenstein. It doesn't

matter, though. The shortage of available materials

Shatters my zest with festivity, one

Trembling afternoon-night-the dark trance

Up rainy cobblestones bottle half empty

Full throttle mired

In the petty frustrations of off-white sheets

昔日的雪在哪里？
我能得到的最优雅的礼物。
大孩子们在花丛中哭泣。
他们相信这个。他们的笑声满足那种需求
像一个变戏法的。怀孕十月。谁会
相信这个？是你的爱
必须满足着跳舞的雪花，玛丽·
雪莉“创造”了弗兰克斯坦。尽管，
这没什么所谓。可用材料的短缺
用庆典粉碎我的热情，一个
发抖的下午——夜——那昏暗的恍惚
在雨中的卵石上 半空的瓶子
全油门 泥潭中
灰白色床单上漂亮的失意

X X X I V

Time flies by like a great whale
And I find my hand grows stale at the throttle
Who bucks and spouts by detour under the sheets
Hollow portals of solid appearance
Moives are poems, a holy bible, the great mother to us
People go by in the fragrant day
Accelerate softly my blood
But blood is still blood and tall as a mountain blood
Behind me green rubber grows, feet walk
In wet water, and dusty heads grow wide
Padre, Father, or fat old man, as you will,
I am afraid to succeed, afraid to fail
Tell me now, again, who I am

时间像一头巨鲸飞过
我发现我的手在换挡杆上反应迟钝了

谁在床单下像雄鹿似的绕着道跳喷
坚固外表下空洞的入口
电影是诗，圣经，我们伟大的娘
人们在香气四溢的日子路过
温柔地加速我的血
可血仍是血，高如山的血
在我身后绿橡胶生长，脚走路
在潮湿的水中，落满灰尘的脑壳变得宽大
教师，神父，或一个肥老头，随你所愿
我害怕成功，害怕失败
现在，再说一遍，谁是我

XXXV

You can make this swooped transition on you lips
go to the sea, the lake, the tree
And the dog days come
Your head spins when the old bull rushes
Back in the airy daylight, he was not a midget
And preferred to be known as a stunt-man
His stand-in was named Herman, but came rarely.
Why do you begin to yawn so soon, who seemed
So hard, feather-bitten back in the airy daylight
Put away your hair. The black heart beside the 15 pieces
 of glass
Spins when the old bull rushes. The words say I LOVE YOU
go to the sea, the lake, the tree
Glistening, bristling, cozening whatever disguises

你可以在你的嘴皮上做这种俯冲式的过渡
去海边，湖边，树上
炎炎夏日来了

老牛冲过来时你的脑壳发晕
回到虚幻的日光中，他不是个侏儒
更愿意被认为是一个特技演员
他的替身叫赫尔曼，不过很少来。
为啥你那么快开始打呵欠，你以前那么刚，
现在像羽毛被啄似的 回到虚幻日光下
捋一下你的头发！在十五片玻璃旁边的
那颗黑心
旋转，当老牛奔袭过来。老话说，我爱你。
去海边，湖边，上树
闪烁，发怒，迷惑无论什么伪装

XXXVI

AFTER FRANK O'HARA

It's 8:54 a.m. in Brooklyn it's the 28th of July and
it's probably 8:54 in Manhattan but I'm
in Brooklyn I'm eating English muffins and drinking
pepsi and I'm thinking of how Brooklyn is New
York City too how odd I usually thinking of it as
something all its own like Bellows Falls like Little
Chute Like Uijongbu

I never thought on the Williamsburg
bridge I'd come so much to Brooklyn
just to see lawyers and cops who don't even carry
guns taking my wife away and bringing her back

No

and I never thought Dick would be back at Gude's
beard shaved off long hair cut and Carol reading
his books when we were playing cribbage and
watching the sun come up over the Navy Yard
across the river

I think I was thinking when I was
ahead I'd be somewhere like Perry street erudite
dazzling slim and badly loved
contemplating my new book of poems
to be printed in simple type on old brown paper
feminine marvelous and tough

仿弗兰克·奥哈拉

这会儿早上 8:54，布鲁克林，七月二十八日
而在曼哈顿可能也是 8:54，不过我在
布鲁克林，吃着英国小松饼，喝着
百事，我在想，为啥布鲁克林也属于
纽约市，多古怪，我通常认为一件东西
只属于它自己，就像贝洛斯瀑布，小舒特村
议政府市

我从没想过，在威廉姆斯堡
桥上，我来布鲁克林那么多次
只是为了拜访律师，还有连枪都不带的
警察把我妻子带走又送她回来

从来没有
我从没想迪克会回到古德这里，
他刮了胡须，头发也捋饬过了，还有卡洛尔
正在读他的书。我们在玩克里比奇纸牌，
看日出从河对岸的海军船坞上
升起

我好像在想当我走远了
我会在像佩里街这样的地方，脑壳里装满学问，
耀眼，苗条，酷爱沉思我新出的诗集，
它用简单的字体印在那老式，
女气，非凡，韧性十足的棕皮纸上。

XXXVII

It is night. You are sleep. And beautiful tears
Have blossomed in my eye. Guillaume Apollinaire is dead.
The big green day today is singing to itself
A vast orange library of dreams, dreams
Dressed in newspaper, wan as pale thighs
Making vast apple strides towards "The Poems."
"The Poems" is not a dream. It is night. You
Are asleep. Vast orange libraries of dreams
Stir inside "The Poems." On the dirt-covered ground
Crystal tears drench the ground. Vast orange dreams
Are unclenched. It is night. Songs have blossomed
IN the pale crystal library of tears. You
Are asleep. A lovely light is singing to itself,
In "The Poems," in my eyes, in the line, "Guillaume
Apollinaire is dead."

这会儿是夜晚。你睡着了。美丽的眼泪水
在我眼中盛开。纪尧姆·阿波利奈尔死了。
今天这大绿的日子在对自己唱歌，
一个巨大桔色的梦境图书馆，穿着
报纸的梦，如苍白大腿般虚弱
迈着巨大的苹果步伐走向“诗集”。
“诗集”不是梦。这会儿是夜晚。你
睡着了。那巨大的梦的桔色图书馆
在“诗集”内部搅动。在脏兮兮的地上
晶莹的眼泪水泡湿地面。巨大的桔梦
被撬开。这会儿夜晚。歌声盛开在
苍白如水晶般的泪水图书馆。你
睡着了。一根可爱的光线在对自身歌唱，
在“诗集”中，眼中，诗句中，“纪尧姆
·阿波利奈尔死球了。”

XXXVIII

Sleep half sleep half silence and with reasons
For you I starred in the movie
Made on the site
of Benedict Arnold's triumph, Ticonderoga, and
I shall increase from this
As I am a cowboy and you imaginary
Ripeness begins corrupting every tree
Each strong morning A man signs a shovel
And so he digs It hurts and so
We get our feet wet in air we love our lineage
Ourselves Music, salve, pills, kleenex, lunch
And the promise never to truckle A man
Breaks his arm and so he sleeps he digs
In sleep half silence and with reason

半睡半醒，叹气，脑筋糊涂
为了你，我去演了在本尼迪克
• 阿诺德胜利的地方
拍摄的电影，《泰孔德罗加》
我会从中获得成长
因为我是牛仔一个，而你，假想的
成熟开始腐化树木
每个强壮的早晨 一个男人示意一把铲子
那么他去挖了 这伤害 那么
我们的脚在空中受潮 我们爱我们的血统
我们自己，音乐，药膏，药丸，克里奈克斯纸巾，午餐
以及从不屈从的承诺 一个男人
折断了手臂，他睡着了 他挖着
在半梦半醒唉声叹气神志不清中

Mess Occupations

AFTER MICHAUX

A few rape men or kill coons so I bat them!

Daughter prefers to lay 'em on a log and tear their hair.

Moaning Jimmy bats her!

"Ill yeah!" da junky says. "I aint as fast no more,

I'll rent a lot in a cemetree." He'll recite it
two times scary sunday O sea-daisy o'er a shade!

Au revoir, scene!

She had a great toe!

She-tail's raggy, too!

Jelly bend over put'im on too!

she laid a crab!

Jelly him sure later! Jelly-ass ails are tough!

She lays all his jelly on him!

Eeeeeeeooooowwww!! Laa Vie!

Her lay races is out here, she comes on, I'm her, I'll

fart in one ear! "Jelly, sir?" "Shall I raise him yet?"

Long-toed we dance on where Shit-toe can see ten blue men

lickin' ten new partners and the sucker's son!

"Mating, Madame, can whip you up up!

My Jimmy's so small he wiggles plum moans! Ladies shimmy
at Jimmy in waves

《脏乱消遣》

仿米肖

少量强奸犯或杀黑人的家伙，我敲死他们！

女儿更愿意把他们绑在木头上，撕扯他们的头发。

悲啼的吉米打她！

“好啊！”瘾君子说。“我不再像以前那样快了，
我会在墓地搞块地。”他会复述两遍，
可怕的星期天，哦，海雏菊，在阴凉处！
再见，场景！
她有一个大脚趾头！
她的尾巴也破破烂烂！
洁莱弯腰穿上它！
她生下了一只螃蟹！
洁莱一定要在他身后！洁莱的屁股痛得厉害！
她把所有果冻都放在他身上！
咿咿哦哦哦哦哦哦！！生活！！
她的交配比赛就在这里，她来了，我顶上她，我会
在一个耳朵里放屁！“要果冻吗，先生？”
“还要我唤醒他吗？”长脚趾的我们
在屎脚能看到十个蓝人的地方跳舞
舔着十个新伙伴和那个混蛋的儿子！
“交配，夫人，可以让你嗨起来！
我的吉米太小了，他摇晃李子树，呻吟！女士们
一浪一浪地对准吉米扭动。

XL

Wan as pale thighs making apple belly strides
In the morning she wakes up, and she is "in love."
One red finger sports a gold finger-gripper
Curled to honor La Pluie, by Max Jacob. Max Jacob,
When I lie down to love you, I am one hundred times more
A ghost! My dreams of love have haunted you for years
More than six-pointed key olive shame. Not this day
Shall my pale apple dreams know my dream "English
muffins, broken arm"
Nor my dream where the George Gordon gauge reads, "a

Syntactical error, Try Again!" Gosh, I gulp to be here
In my skin, writing, The Dwarf of Ticonderoga. Icy girls
finger things bellies apples in my dream the big gunfire
sequence
for the Jay Kenneth Koch movie, Phooey! I recall
My Aunt Annie and begin.

病恹恹的像苍白的大腿迈着苹果肚的步伐
她在早晨醒来，她在“恋爱”中。
一根红手指上戴着一个金指扣
卷曲着以致敬马克思·雅克布的《雨》。马克思
·雅克布，当我躺下来爱你，我比鬼魂
还要猛一百倍！多年来我的爱之梦魂绕着你
比六角钥匙那橄榄色的羞耻还要多。这一天，
我苍白的苹果梦不会知道我的梦：“英式
小松饼，断臂”
也不会知道我的梦：乔治·戈登计测器上显示
“语法错误，再试一次！”唉，我垂涎来此
在我的皮肤下，写作《泰康德儒格的侏儒》。
冷淡的女孩，手指，大腿，肚子，梦中的苹果，大炮火
这一系列东西
为了杰伊·肯尼斯·科赫的电影《呸！》。我在回忆
我的婶婶安妮，现在开动。

XLI

banging around in a cigarette shi isn't "in love"
my dream a drink with Ira Hayes we discuss the code of
the west
my hands make love to my body when my arms are around you
you never tell me your name
and I am forced to write "belly" when I mean "love"

Au revoir, scene!

I waken, read, write long letters and
wander restlessly when leaves are blowing
my dream a crumpled horn
in advance of the broken arm
she murmurs of signs to her fingers
weeps in the morning to waken so shackled with love
Not me. I like to beat people up.
My dream a white tree

在一支香烟里乱晃 她不在“恋爱中”
我的梦，跟艾拉·海耶斯的一场对饮，我们讨论
西方的法典
我的手抚摸我的肉体当我的手臂搂抱着你
你从没向我透露你的名字
我被逼写下“腹部”我的意思是“爱”
再会，情景！
我醒来，看书，写长信
当树叶翻动，我焦躁徘徊
我的梦一只皱巴巴的角
在手臂骨折以前
她低声向她手指的传递信号
哭着在早晨醒来，她被爱缚得太紧
不是我。我喜欢暴打人。
我的梦一株白色树木

XLII

She murmurs of signs to her fingers
Not this day
Breaks his arm and so he sleeps he digs
Dressed in newspaper, wan as pale thighs

beard shaved off long hair cut and Carol reading
Put away your hair. The black heart beside the 15 pieces
of glass
Of my many faceted and fake appearance
The most elegant present I could get!
"Goodbye,Bernie!" "Goodbye,Carol!" "Goodbye,
Marge!"
Speckled marble bangs against his soiled green feet
And seeming wide night. Now night
Where Snow White sleeps amongst the silent dwarfs
Drifts of Johann Strauss
It is 5:15 a.m. Dear Marge, hello.

她对准她的手指低声说着记号
不是在这一天
搞断了他的手臂，那么他睡觉去了 他挖啊挖
披着报纸，像苍白大腿般虚弱
还刮了胡须，剪了长发头，而卡罗尔在看书
捋饬一下你的头发。在十五片玻璃旁边的
一个黑心
在我千变万化虚伪的外表下
我能收到的最优雅的礼物
再见，勃尼！再见卡罗尔！再见，
玛鸡！
斑点大理石砸在他脏兮兮的绿脚上
看着像一个广袤的夜晚。现在正是夜晚
白雪公主睡在沉默的小矮人中间
约翰·斯特劳斯的飘逸
现在凌晨 5:15 亲爱的玛鸡，你好吗。

in my paintings for they are present
Dreams, aspirations of presence! And he walks
Wed to wakefulness, night which is not death
Rivers of annoyance undermine the arrangements
We remove a hand...
washed by Joe's throbbing hands. "Today
itself "a singal." She
is introspection.
Each tree stands alone in stillness
Scanning the long selves of the shore.
In Joe Brainard's collage, there is no such thing
as a breakdown.
Trains go by, and they are trains. He hears the feet of the men
Racing to beg him to wait

在我的画中，因为它们是现在的
梦，是对存在的愿望！他散步去了
失眠，在并非死亡的夜晚
烦恼的河破坏那些安排
我们动动手....
被乔抽筋的手洗啊洗。今天
自身是“一种信号”。她
相当自省。
每一株树木静静地单独立着，
扫视海岸线般漫长的自我。
在乔·布莱纳德的拼贴画中，并没有
崩溃那样的事物。
火车开过，它们是火车。他听见脚步声
他们争相恳求他再等一等

The withered leaves fly higher than dolls can see
A watchdog barks in the night
Joyful ants nest in the roof of my tree
There is only off-white mescaline to be had
Anne is writing poems to me and worrying about "making it"
and Ron is writing poems and worrying about "making it"
and Pat is worrying but not working on anything
and Gude is worrying about his sex life
It is 1959, and I am waiting for the mail
Who cares about Tuesday (Jacques Louis David normalcy day)?
Boston beat New York three to one. It could have been
Carolyn. Providence is as close to Montana as Tulsa.
He buckles on his gun, the one Steve left him:
His stand-in was named Herman, but came rarely

枯树叶飞出玩偶的视线
看门狗在夜晚吠叫
欢乐的蚂蚁在我的树冠上筑巢
只能搞到灰白色的酶斯卡灵
安妮写诗给我说她担心能否“出名”
罗恩也在写诗也担心能否“出名”
帕特也在担心，但啥事也没干
古德呢，他担心他的性生活
这是 1959 年，我在等一个邮件
谁会在意星期二呢（亚克·路易斯
• 戴维斯普通的一天）？
波士顿三比一击败纽约。那可能是
卡洛琳。普罗维登斯离蒙大拿跟图尔萨
差不多近。他扣上枪，那是史蒂夫留给他的：
他的替身叫赫尔曼，不过很少过来。

XLV

What thwarts this fear I love
to hear it creak upon this shore
of the trackless room; the sea, night, lilacs
all getting ambiguous
Who dreams on the black colonnade
Casually tossed off as well
Are dead after all (and who falters?)
Everything turns into writing
I strain to gather my absurdities into a symbol
Every day my bridge
They basted his caption on top of the fat sheriff, "The Pig."
Some "others" were dormant: More water went under the dam.
What excitement to think of her returning, over the colonnade,
over the tall steppes, warm hands guiding his eyes to hers

是什么在阻止这种恐惧，我喜欢
在无路的房间的岸边听它
吱嘎吱嘎响；大海，夜晚，丁香草
全变得模棱两可起来
是谁在黑色的石柱廊上做梦
也被偶然抛弃
毕竟都死了（谁会犹豫呢？）
所有事情都转化为写作
我努力收集我的荒诞使之转换成符号
每一天我的桥
他们在那个肥治安官头上打上弹幕：“猪”。
“其它”潜伏中：堤坝下流着更多的水。
真激动啊，一想起她就要回来，越过那石柱廊，
翻过高大的草原，温暖的手指引他的眼睛通向她的眼睛

XLVI

LINE FOR LAIREN OWEN

Harum-scarum haze on the Pollock streets
The fleet drifts in on an angry tidal wave
Drifts of Johann Strauss
The withering weather of
Of polytonic breezes gathering in the gathering winds
Of a plush palace shimmering velvet red
In the trembling afternoon
A dark trance
The cherrywood romances of rainy cobblestones
Mysterious Billy Smith a fantastic trigger
Melodic sings of Arabic adventure
A boy first sought in Tucson Arizona
Or on the vast salt deserts of America
Where Sonw White sleeps among the silent dwarfs

致劳伦·欧文的诗句

波洛克街上鲁莽的雾霾
舰队在怒潮中飘过来
约翰斯特劳斯的飘逸乐章
天气凋零
在汇聚的风中聚集的多声部微风中
在闪耀着丝绒红的毛绒绒宫殿上
在一个发抖的下午
一阵昏暗的恍惚
雨中鹅卵石上的樱桃木浪漫史
神秘比利·史密斯，一个奇异的扳机
阿拉伯冒险的旋律符号
一个男孩首先在亚利桑那图森被找到
或在广袤的美国盐碱沙漠
白雪公主睡在聋哑的小矮子中间

XLVII

gray his head goes his feet green
No lady dream around in any bad exposure
"no pipe dream, sir. She would be the dragon
Head, dapple green of mien. must be vacated
in favor of double-clutching, and sleep,
seldom, though deep. We savor its sodden dungheap flavor
on our creep toward the rational. William Bonney
buried his daddy and killed a many. Benito Mussolini
proved a defective, but Ezer Pound came down, came
down and went. And so, Carol, remember,
We are each free to shed big crystall tears on
The dirt-covered ground, tied together only
By white clouds and some mud we can find, if we try,
In the darksome orange shadows of the big blue swamp

他的脑壳变灰了 脚变绿
没有女士在恶劣的环境下做梦
“不要做白日梦，先生。她会化成龙
斑驳绿的脑壳必须腾空
让位于双离合，以及睡觉
尽管少的可怜但睡得深。我们爬着通向
理性，品尝它那湿透的粪堆风味。威廉姆
• 勃尼埋葬了他爹，还杀了一些人。本尼特
• 墨索里尼被证明是有缺陷的，不过艾泽拉
• 庞德来了，他降临，然后走了。接着，卡罗尔
还记得吗，我们自由自在地漏出大粒的剔透眼泪水
掉在落满灰尘的地上，被白云和一些我们找来的
泥巴捆绑在一起，要是我们还想试试，
那就在大蓝色沼泽上那黑乎乎桔色的阴影中。

XLVIII

Francis Marion nudges himself gently into the big blue sky
The farm was his family farm
On the real farm

I understood "The Poems."

The dust fissure drains the gay dance
Home returning on the blue winds of dust.
A farmer rides a tractor. It is a block
To swallow. Thus a man lives by his tooth.
Meaning strides through these poems just as it strides
Through me! When I traipse on my spunk, I get
Wan! Traipse on my spunk and I get wan, too!

Francis Marion

Muscles down in tooth-clenched strides toward
The effort regulator: His piercing pince-nez
some dim frieze in "The Poems" and these go on without me

弗兰西斯·马里恩温柔地把自己推进蔚蓝天空
农场是他的家庭农场
在真实的农场

我理解了“诗集”。

尘土的裂缝排干欢快的舞蹈
在忧郁的沙尘暴中衣锦还乡。
农场主驾驶一部拖拉机。一个
难以吞咽的块。因此一个人靠牙齿活着。
意义像它大步走一样大步流星穿过那些诗歌
穿过我！当我在我的神经上游荡，
我病恹恹的！在我的精神中游荡我虚弱，哈！

弗兰西斯·马里恩

肌肉紧绷，咬紧牙关的步子
走向努力调节器：他夹生的夹鼻眼镜

“诗集”中暗淡的裤带，以及没有我这些也在继续。

XLIX

Joyful ants nest on the roof of my tree
Crystal tears wed to wakefulness
My dream a crumpled horn
Ripeness begins in advance of the broken arm
The black heart two times scary Sunday
Pale thighs making apple belly strides
And he walks. Beside the fifteen pieces of glass
A postcard of Juan Gris
Vast orange dreams wed to wakefulness
Swans gone in the rain came down, come down and went
Warm hands corrupting every tree
guiding his eyes to her or a shade
Ripeness begins My dream a crumpled horn
Fifteen pieces of glass on the roof of my tree

欢快的蚂蚁在我的树冠中筑巢
水晶般的眼泪水与清醒相随
我的梦，一只弄皱的角
在手臂骨折以前开始成熟
黑心比星期天恐怖两倍
苍白的大腿使苹果肚大步向前
他踱着步。在十五片玻璃边上
一张胡安·格丽斯的明信片
清醒而巨大的桔梦
消失在雨中的天鹅降临，然后走了
温暖的手腐蚀每一株树木
引导他的眼睛通向她或一片阴影
开始成熟 我的梦是一只褶皱的角
五十片玻璃在我的树冠上

L

I like to beat people up
absence of passion, principles, love. She murmurs
What just popped into my eye was a friend's umbrella
and if you should come and pinch me now
as I go out for coffee
...as I was saying winter of 18 lumps
Days produce life locations to banish 7 up
Nomads, my babies, where are you? Life's
My dream which is gunfire in my poem
Orange cavities of dreams stir inside "The Poems"
Whatever is going to happen is already happening
Some people prefer "the interior monologue"
I like to beat people up

我钟爱打人
缺乏热情，原则与爱。她轻声嘀咕着
突然映入我眼帘的是朋友的雨伞
要是你想，那现在就过来捏我
因为我要出门喝咖啡去了
...因为我说十八个隆肿的冬天
日子产生生命场所，驱逐七喜
游牧民族，我的孩子，你们在哪儿？
生活是的梦，在我的诗中它是炮火
梦中桔色的洞穴在“诗集”内部搅动
无论要发生什么都已经在发生中
有些人偏爱那种“内心独白”
而我更喜欢揍人一顿

LI

Summer so histrionic, marvelous dirty days
is not genuine it shines forth from the faces
littered with soup, cigarette butts, the heavy
is a correspondent the innocence of childhood
sadness graying the faces of virgins aching
and everything comes before their eyes
to be fucked, we fondle their snatches but they
that the angels have supereminent wisdom is shown
they weep and get solemn etcetera
from thought for all things come to them gratuitously
by their speech it flows directly and spontaneously
and O I am afraid! but later they'll be eyeing the butts of the studs
in the street rain flushing the gutters bringing from Memphis
Gus Cannon gulping, "I called myself Banjo Joe!"

太做作的夏天，非凡的脏日子
并不真实 它从脸上散发出来
到处都是肥皂，烟头，那个大人物
是一个通讯员 童年的天真
悲伤使疼痛的处女们脸色发白
一切来到她们眼跟前
待操，我们抚弄她们的私处，不过她们，
一旦那些拥有卓越智慧的天使们出现，
她们便哭起来，变得严肃诸如此类
而所有这些事情，无非通过她们的说话，
从想法中不请自来，自发地流淌着。
哦，我好怕！不过稍后，她们会盯着街上
那些种马的屁股看。来自孟菲斯的雨冲刷着污水沟。
格斯·坎农喘着气说，“我叫自己班卓乔！”

LII

FOR RICHARD WHITE

这是一个人的世界：我
是一个干通讯员的 童年的无辜
并不真实 它从脸上散发出来
这纸上的诗像安妮的大腿那样壮观
肚子贴着滚烫的肚子，我们已躺下
困惑的燃烧
无处不在 刷灰渴望被操的
处女们的脸 我们抚弄她们的私处
哦，我怕！ 纸上的这首诗
不会下跪 因为一切无偿地来到它这儿
就像格特鲁德·斯坦因之于拉德克里夫
古斯·坎农说“我称呼自己为班卓·乔！”
哦潮湿的吻，大地上的死亡，在纸上
在诗里愉快地操来操去
我很高兴，你跟上了时代！

LIII

The Poem upon the page is as massive as
Anne's thighs belly to hot belly we have laid
Serene beneath feverous folds, flashed cool
in our white heart hungered and tasted and
Gone to the movies baffling combustions
are everywhere! like Gertrude Stein at Radcliffe,
Patsy Padgett replete with teen-age belly! everyone's
suddenly pregnant and no one is glad!
O wet kisses, the poem upon the page
Can tell you about teeth you've never dreamed
Could bite, nor be such reassurance! Babies are not
Like Word Origins and cribbage boards or dreams
of correspondence! Fucking is so very lovely
Who can say no to it later?

这页纸上的诗像安妮的大腿般
巨大 肚子贴着滚烫的肚子我们躺下了
在发烧的拥抱下平静，在我们的白热中
冷冷地闪耀 饿 美味 以及
去看了场电影 困惑的燃烧无处不在！
就像拉德克里夫学院的格特鲁德·斯坦因
懦夫帕杰特有着青春期的肚子！每个人
都突然怀孕了，谁都不觉得高兴！
哦，湿吻，纸上的这首诗
可以告诉你做梦也想不到的牙齿
它可以咬人，一点也不让人安心！婴儿不像
词源和克里比奇棋盘 或关于通信的
梦！ 交媾如此愉快
往后谁还能对此说不呢？

LV

Grace to be born
and live as variously
as possible

FRANK O'HARA

Grace to be born and live as variously as possible
White boats greet banks black dust atremble
Massive as Anne's thighs upon the page
I rage in a blue shirt at a brown desk in a
Bright room sustained by a bellyful of pills
"The Poems" is not a dream for all things come to them
Gratuitously In quick New York we imagine the blue
Charles
Patsy awakens in heat and ready to squabble
No Poems she demands in a blanket command belly
To hot belly we have laid serenely white
Only my sweeting pore are true in the empty night
Baffling combustions are everywhere! we hunger and taste
And go the the movies then run home drenched in flame
To the grace of the make-believe bed

生而优雅，
最大可能
活出了花样。

——弗兰克·奥哈拉
(×好像是他的墓志铭)

天生优雅，并尽最大可能活出了花样
白船 绿岸 黑的尘埃 发发抖
像这纸上安妮的大腿一样宏伟
我愤怒，穿着蓝衬衫，在明亮房间的

一张棕色书桌边，靠着一肚子药丸维生
“诗集”不是一个梦 所有事物
平白无故地朝它们过来 在快节奏纽约
我们想象蓝色查尔斯·帕特森
在发情中醒来，准备干架
在她地毯式命令的要求下，仍没有诗。
肚子对肚子我们躺下 平静的白色
在虚空的夜晚唯有我甜蜜的毛孔是真的
困惑的燃烧无处不在！ 我们饿，浅尝辄止
接着看电影去了，妈的后来又湿乎乎的热情似火地
跑回家，享受床上那虚幻的恩赐

LVI

banging around in a cigarette she isn't "in love"
She murmurs of signs to her fingers
in my paintings for they are present
The withered leaves fly higher than dolls can see
What thwarts this fear I love
Mud on the first day (night, rather
gray his head goes his feet green
Francis Marion nudges himself gently in the big blue sky
Joyful ants nest on the roof of my tree
I like to beat people up.
Summer so histrionic, marvelous dirty days
It is a human universe: & I
sings like Casals in furtive dark July; Out we go
to the looney movie to the make-believe bed

叼着烟雾四处晃荡 她没在“谈爱情”
她向她的手指小声说着暗号
在我的绘画中因为他们的出现

枯树叶飞出了玩偶们的视线
是什么阻止了这种我爱的恐惧感
第一天是泥泞的（确切地说，是第一夜
他脑子变灰 脚变绿
弗朗西斯·马里恩把自己轻轻推向湛蓝的天空
蚂蚁欢快，在我的树冠上筑巢
我喜欢暴打人们。
夏天如此做作，非凡的脏日子
这是一个人类的宇宙：我像卡萨尔斯那样
在阴森的七月歌唱；我们出门去了，
看一部疯子电影 在虚幻的床上躺下

LVII

Patsy awakens in heat and ready to squabble
In a bright room sustained by a bellyful of pills
One's suddenly pregnant and no one is glad!
Aching to be fucked we fondle their snatches
That the angels have supereminent wisdom is shown
Days produce life locations to banish 7 Up
A postcard of Juan Gris
To swallow. Thus a man lives by his tooth.
Buried his daddy and killed a many. Benito Mussolini
The Asiatics
Everything turns into writing
And gude is worrying about his sex life
Each tree is introspection
The most elegant present I could get

懦夫在发情中觉醒，准备吵架
在一间靠满腹药丸维持明亮的房间
一个人突然怀孕了，谁都高兴不起来！

我们抚弄渴望被操的她们的私处
拥有超凡智慧的天使群降临
来到狂饮七喜的日子
有一张来自胡安·格丽斯的明信片
需要吞服。人就是靠牙齿活着的。
埋葬他的爹，顺便杀一些人。贝尼托·墨索里尼
《亚洲佬》
所有事都转化成写作
古德在担心他的性生活
每一株树都在反省
我能得到的最优雅的礼物

LIX

In Joe Brainard's collage its white arrow
does not point to William Carlos Williams.
He is not in it, the hungry dead doctor.
What is in it is sixteen ripped pictures
Of Marilyn Monroe, her white teeth whitewashed
by Joe's throbbing hands. "Today
I am truly horribly upset because Marilyn
Monroe died, so I went to a matinee B-movie
and ate King Korn popcorn," he wrote in his
Diary. The black heart beside the fifteen pieces
of glass in Joe Brainard's collage
takes the eye away from the gray words,
Doctor, but they say "I LOVE YOU"
and the sonnet is not dead

乔·布莱纳德的拼贴画中的白色箭头
没指向威廉姆·卡洛斯·威廉姆斯。
他不在其中，那个饿死的医生

在画中的是十六片玛丽莲·梦露的
照片碎片，她那洁白的牙齿
是乔颤抖的手刷上去的。“今天，
我因为玛丽莲·梦露的死感到真的
非常烦躁，那么我去看日场 B 级片去了
还吃了金刚牌爆米花，”他在他的
《日记》中写道。在乔·布雷纳德拼贴画中
那十六片玻璃旁边的黑心
让视线从灰色的文字中离开，
医生，不过他们说“我爱你”
十四行诗还没过时。

LX

old prophets Help me to believe
New York! sacerdotal drink it take a pill
Blocks of blooming winter. Patricia was a
bed Patsy gone The best fighter in Troy
Be bride and groom and priest: in pajamas
Sweet girls will bring you candied apples!
Drummer-boys and Choo-Choos will astound you!
Arete I thus I Again I I
An Organ-Grinder's monkey does his dance.
Ted Ron Dick Didactic un-melodic
Roisterers here assembled shatter my zest
Berrigan secretly HEKTOR GAME ETC.
More books ! Rilke Stevens Pound Auden
 & Frank
Some kind of Bowery Santa Clauses I wonder
Who am about to die the neccessary lies

老派先知们 帮帮我让我相信
纽约！ 和尚 喝了它，吃了药

一块块盛开的冬天。 帕特丽夏是一张
床 帕特丝 走了 在特洛伊城最好的战士
是新娘新郎和神父： 穿着睡衣
甜蜜的女子会为你带来冰糖葫芦串！
打鼓的男孩和火车会惊骇到你！
山脊 我 因此我 再次我 我
一只管风琴磨匠的猴子在跳舞。
泰德 罗恩 迪克 说教的 无旋律的
喝酒闹事的聚集在这儿击碎我的热忱
贝里根 秘密地 赫克托 游戏等等
更多的书！ 里尔克 史蒂文斯 庞德 奥登
还有弗兰克
一些像在鲍温街上的圣诞老人 我在疑惑
谁快要死了 必要的谎言

LXI

How sweet the downward sweep of your prickly thighs
as you lope across the trails and bosky dells
defying natural law, saying, "Go Fuck Yourselves,
You Motherfuckers!" You return me to Big Bill Broonzy
and Guillaume Apollinaire and when you devour your young,
the natural philosophy of love,
I am moved as only I am moved by the singing of the
Stabat Mater at Sunday Mass.
How succulent your flesh sometimes so tired
from losing its daily battles with its dead! All
this and the thought that you go to the bathroom
fills me with love for you, makes me love you even more than
the dirt
in the crevices in my window

and the rust on the bolt in my door
in terms I contrived as a boy, such as
"making it" "fuck them" and
"I know you have something to tell me."

多甜蜜啊，你那无从下手的大腿向下合拢
你轻快地跑过山径和树荫的溪谷
貌似一切自然法则，你说，“滚蛋，
傻 X 玩意儿！”你令我想起大比尔·布朗尼
和纪尧姆·阿波利奈尔。当你吞噬你的幼崽，
爱的自然哲学，
我感动，就好像只有我一个人被

《主日弥撒上的圣母》感动一样。

你的肉是都么美味多汁，有时却又因为
在与它的死亡的日常战斗中失败而感到疲倦！
所有这些，以及你去洗澡的念头
充满我对你的爱意，使我比
在我窗户缝隙中的污秽，
我门栓上的灰尘，
在我还是孩子时捏造的话诸如
“搞定它” “操她们” 以及
“我知道你有事要跟我唠。”
还要爱你。

LXIV

Is there room in the room that you room in?
fucked til 7 now she's late to work and I'm
18 so why are my hands shaking I should know better
Stronger than alcohol, more great than song
O let me burst, and I be lost at sea!
and I fall on y knees then, womanly.

to be breathe an old woman slop oatmeal
Why can't I read French? I don't know why can't you?
The taste of such delicate thoughts
Never bring the dawn.

To cover the tracks
of "The Hammer."
Something there is is benzedrine in bed:

Bring me red demented rooms,
warm and delicate words

在你住的房间里还有房间吗？
操到七点钟她上班要迟到了而我
才十八岁那么为啥我的手在发抖我早该知道
比酒精还劲，比歌声还好
哦让我爆炸吧，让我迷失在海上！
接着像女人似的跪下。
吸溜一个老妇人的泔水燕麦粥
为啥我不懂法语？搞不清为啥也你不会？
如此微妙想法的滋味
永远没法带来黎明
为了掩盖“锤子”
的痕迹。

床上的东西的苯丙胺：

带给我红色发狂的房间，
温暖精美的话语

LXV

Dreams, aspirations of presence! Innocence gleaned,
annealed! The world in its mysteries are explained,
and the struggles of babies congeal. A hard core is formed.
Today I thought about all those radio waves

He eats of the fruits of the great Speckle bird,
Pissing on the grass!
I too am reading the technical journals,
Rivers of annoyance undermine the arrangements
Someone said "Blake-blues" and someone else "pill-head"
Meaning bloodhounds.
Washed by Joe's throbbing hands
She is introspection.
It is a Chinese signal.
There is no such thing as a breakdown

梦，存在的欲望！收集天真，
淬炼！世界在自身的神秘中得以解释，
婴儿的挣扎凝固，形成一个硬核。
我今天老在想那些无线电波
他吃那种大斑鸟爱吃的水果，
在草地上小便！
我同样也看看技术类期刊，
河水般的烦恼暗中破坏约定
有的说是“布莱克蓝”有的说“药头”
：猎犬的意思。
被乔那抽筋的手洗过了
她在反省。
这是一个汉语标志。
并没有崩溃这回事体。

LXVI

it was summer. We were there. And THERE WAS NO
MONEY you are like.....
skyscrapers veering away
a B-29 plunging to Ploesti
sailboat scudding thru quivering seas

trembling velvet red in the shimmering afternoon
darkness of sea
The sea which is cool and green
The sea which is dark, cool, and green
I am closing my window. Tears silence the wind.
"they'll pick us off like sittin' ducks"
Sundown. Manifesto. Color and cognizance.
Then to cleave to a cast-off emotion,
(clarity! clarity!) a semblance of motion, omniscience

那时夏天，我们在那儿，身无
分文 你就像....
缓缓远去的摩天大厦
一架坠毁在普洛埃斯蒂 B-29
在微光闪耀的下午发抖的一红丝绒红
海的黑暗
又冷又绿的海
又黑又冷又绿的海
我关上窗。眼泪水让风停歇。
“他们轻松搞定坐以待毙的我们”
日落。宣言。色彩和认知。
执着于那被抛弃的情感，
(清晰！清晰！)运动的表象，全知全能

LXVII

(clarity! clarity!) a semblance of motion, omniscience.
There is no such thing as a breakdown
To cover the tracks of "The Hammer" (the morning sky
gets blue and red and I get worried about
mountains of mounting pressure
and the rust on the bolt in my door
Some kind of Bowery Santa Clauses I wonder

down the secret streets of Roaring Gap
A glass of chocolate milk, head of lettuce, dark-
Bearden is dead. Chris is dead. Jacques Villon is dead.
Patsy awakens in heat and ready to squable
I wonder if people talk about me secretly? I wonder if I'm
fooling myself
about pills? I wonder what's in the icxbox? out we go
to the looney movie and the grace of the make-believed bed

(清晰，清晰)运动的表象，全知全能
根本没有崩溃这一说
掩盖“锤子”的痕迹 （清晨的天空
又红又蓝，我开始担忧
堆集似山的压力
门栓上的灰尘
类似鲍温街的圣诞老人 沿着
罗灵加普秘密的街道，我一路想
一杯巧克力牛奶，一头生菜，忧郁的
比尔敦死了。克里斯死了。雅克·维隆死了。
帕特斯在发情中醒来，准备吵架
我想知道人们是不是在私下谈论我？我想知道我
是不是在自己骗自己？
关于药瘾吗？我在想冰箱里有啥？我们出去了，
去看一场疯子电影 以及那虚幻的床上的恩惠。

LXVIII

I am closing my window. Tears silence the wind.
and the rust on the bolt in my door
Mud on the first day(night, rather
littered with soup, cigarette butts, the heavy
getting used to using each other

my dream a drink with Ira Hayes we discuss the code of the west
I think I was thinking when I was ahead
To the big promise of emptiness
This excitement to be all of night, Henry!
Three ciphers and a faint fakir. And he walks.
White lake trembles down to green goings on
Of the interminably frolicsome gushing summer showers
Everything turning in this light to stones
Which owe their presence to our sleeping hands

我在关窗户。眼泪水让风消停。
以及门栓上的灰尘
第一天的泥巴（更可能是，晚上
散落着汤渍，烟屁，沉重
变得习惯于彼此利用
在梦中我和艾拉·海耶斯喝着，谈论西方的密码
我想我的想法有点超前了
对虚空巨大的承诺
整夜都很嗨啊，亨利！
三个暗号以及快昏倒的托钵僧。他走着。
白的湖因绿的行为颤抖着
在无休止嬉闹喷涌的夏日阵雨中
一切在这光线中转化为石子
它们的存在归功于我们睡着的手

LXX

AFTER ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Sweeter than sour apples flesh to boys
The brine of brackish water pierced my hulk
Cleansing me of rot-gut wine and puke
Sweeping away my anchor in its swell

And since then I've been bathing in the poem
Of the star-steeped milky flowing mystic sea
Devouring great sweeps of azure green and
Watching flotsam, dead men, float by me
Where, dyeing all the blue, the maddened flames
And stately rhythms of the sun, stronger
Than alcohol, more great than song,
Fermented the bright red bitterness of love
I've seen skies split with light, and night,
And surfs, currents, waterspouts; I know
What evening means, and doves, and I have seen
What other men sometimes have thought they've seen

仿兰波

苦咸的海水，对男孩来说比发馊的
苹果肉还甜，刺穿我的船壳
洗净我烂在肠胃里的劣酒和呕吐物
在它翻滚涌动中，我的锚被卷走了
从那时起，我便沉迷在诗中
那繁星密布奶汁流淌的神秘之海
大片大片吞噬葱茏色，凝视那漂浮在海上
船难的货物，死人，它们经过我
在那儿，疯狂的火焰和太阳庄严的韵律
把一切染成了蓝色，比酒精更强烈，
比歌曲跟宏伟，发酵着爱的鲜红的苦涩。
我见过天空被光劈开，还有夜晚，
海浪，潮流，龙卷风；我知道夜晚
意味着什么，还有鸽子鸟，我已见过
别人时常自以为曾见过的那些事物。

"I know what evening means, and doves, and I have seen
What other men sometimes have thought they've seen:"
(to cleave to a cast-off emotion--Clarity! Clarity!)
my dream a drink with Richard Gallup we discuss the code
of the west of the interminably forlorn
gushing summer showers getting used to "I am closing
my window." my dream a drink with Henry Miller
too soon for the broken arm. Hands point to a dim frieze
in the dark night. wind giving presence to fragments.
Shall it be male or female in the tub?
Barrel-rolling chevrons grow bold. I summon to myself
"The Asiatic" (and grackles go under, and grackles disappear,)
Sundown. Manifesto. Color and cognizance.
And to cleave to a semblance of motion. Omniscience

“我明白夜晚的意义，以及鸽子鸟，以及我已
见识过他们有时自以为见识过的事：”

（对被抛弃的情感的执着——清晰！清晰！）
我梦见跟理查德·盖洛普小酌，研究西方的
龙脉 或那无尽的嬉闹喷涌的
夏日阵雨 以及习惯于“我正在关上
我的门窗。我梦见跟亨利·米勒喝点儿，
不过我骨折的手臂还没恢复。手指向黑暗中
一根朦胧的裤带。风授予碎片存在。
浴缸是给男的还是女的用？
水桶屁股的雪佛兰车可以壮胆。我召唤自己的
“亚细亚” (石斑鱼下沉，棕鸟消失，)
日落。宣言。色彩和认知。
坚守行动的表象。全知全能的上帝。

A SONNET FOR DICK GALLUP

/JULY 1963

The logic of grammar is not genuine it shines forth

From The Boats We fondle the snatches of virgins

aching to be fucked

And O, I am afraid! Our love has red in it and

I become finicky as in an abstraction!

(... but lately

I'm always lethargic... the last heavy sweetness

through the wine...

Who dwells alone

Except at night

(...basted the shackles the temporal music the spit)

Southwest lost doubloons rest, no comforts drift on

dream smoke

(my dream the big earth)

On the green a white boy goes to not

Forget Released by night(which is not ot imply

Clarity The logic is not The Boats and O, I am not

alone

十四行致迪克·盖洛普，1963年七月

语法逻辑是不真实的 一艘船

反射着光芒 我们抚弄处女们的私处

她们渴望被操

哦，我好怕！ 我们的爱通红 以及

我变得像在抽象中一样吹毛求疵！

(...不过近来

我总是昏昏沉沉..... 那最后浓甜

弥漫在酒中....)

除了在夜晚

谁会独自待着
[...给脚镣，暂时的音乐和口水抹上油]
遗失的西班牙金币在西南方安息，没有安慰漂浮
在梦的烟雾中

（我的梦 辽阔红尘啥的）
一个白人男孩走在草地上 为了不要
忘记 被夜晚释放（它并不是在暗示
清晰 那些船并不是逻辑 哦，我不是
一个人

LXXIII

Dear Ron: Keats was a baiter of bears etc.
Tenseness, but strength, outward And the green
flinging currents into pouring streams The "Jeunes filles"
so rare today I think about all those radio waves
a slow going down of the Morning Land
the great Speckle bird at last extinct (a reference
to Herman Melville) at heart we are infinite, we are
ethereal, we are weird! Each tree stands alone in stillness.
Your head spins when the old bull rushes (Back in the city
He was not a midget, and preferred to be known as a
stuntman)
Gosh, I gulp to be here in my skin! What thwarts this fear
I love Everything turns into writing (and who falters)
I LIKE TO BEAT PEOPLE UP!! (absence of principles, passion
)love. White boats Green banks Grace to be born and live

亲爱的罗恩：凯特是个心机婊 诸如此类
神经兮兮，有手腕，外向性人格。 那绿色的
激流注入潺潺溪流中 “少女们”
如此稀缺 今天我在思考所有这些无线电波

在清晨的土地上缓缓降落
那种大斑点鸟迟早会灭绝 （引用自
赫曼·梅尔维尔） 就内心来说，我们无限，
我们是天上来的，我们是怪胎！树木独自静立着。
但那头老牛冲过来你昏厥过去 （回到城市，
他不是个侏儒，更愿意被认为是一个
特技表演大师）
天哪，我竟然待在这幅皮囊里。是什么在阻止
我爱的恐惧 一切都转化写作（谁支支吾吾的）
我喜欢打人！！ （缺乏原则，热忱
）爱。 白船绿堤 生而优雅，并活着

LXXIV

The academy
of the future
is opening its door
JOHN ASHBERRY

The academy of the future is opening its doors
my dream a crumpled horn
Under the blue sky the big earth is floating into "The Poems."
"A fruitful vista, this, our South," laughs Andrew to his Pa.
But his rough woe slithers o'er the land.
Ford Madox Ford is not a dream. The farm
was the family farm. On the real farm
I understood "The Poems."
Red-faced and romping in the wind, I , too,
am reading the technical journals. The only travelled sea
that I still dream of
is a cold black pond, where once
on a fragrant evening fraughts with sadness

I launched a boat frail as a butterfly

学院的

未来

正敞开它的大门

——约翰·阿什贝利

未来的学院正敞开它的大门

我的梦是一只皱巴巴的角

在蓝天下，大地飘进“诗集”中

“一副硕果累累的远景，就在这儿，南方，”

安德鲁对他爹笑笑，不过他粗糙的悲哀

掠过那片土地。福特·M·福特并不是在做梦。

那个农场是他自家的。在真实的农场，

我理解了“诗集”

红着脸，在风中嬉闹着，我也在读一些
技术期刊。我仍在梦见的那片

唯一去玩过的海

是一个又冷又黑的水池，有一次

在一个芬芳的傍晚，那里充满了悲伤

我放下一只蝴蝶般脆弱的纸船

LXXV

Seurat and Juan Gris combine this season

to outline Central Park in geometric

trillion pointed bright red-brown and green-gold

blocks of blooming winter. Tress stand stark-naked

guarding bridal paths like Bowery

Santa Clauses keeping Christmas safe each city block.

Thus I, red faced and romping in the wind
Whirl thru mad Manhattan dressed in books
looking for today with tail-pin. I
never place it right, never win. It
doesn't matter, though. The cooling wind keeps blowing
and my poems are coming.
Except at night. Then
I walk out in the bleak village and look for you

修拉和胡安·格里斯联手这个季节
勾勒出中央公园的几何图形
以及千亿尖尖的，亮红棕色，绿金色的
盛开在冬日的街区。树木光秃秃的
守卫着像鲍温街那样的新娘必经之路
圣诞老人在城市的每个街区确保圣诞安全。
因此我红着脸蛋，在风中乱蹦乱跳
在疯狂的曼哈顿乱窜，披着书本，
别着尾针，寻找今天。我从没
做对过事情，从没赢过。不过，
这没啥。冷风继续吹，
我的诗正在到来。
除非在夜晚。那会儿，
我走出荒凉的村子去找你。

LXXVI

I wake up back aching from soft bed Pat
gone to work Ron to class (I
never heard a sound) it's my birthday. I put on
birthday pants birthday shirt go to ADAM's buy a
pepsi for breakfast come home drink it take a pill
I'm high. I do three Greek lessons
to make up for cutting class. I read birthday book

(from Joe) on Juan Gris real name Jose Vittoriano
Gonzales stop in the middle read all
my poems gloat a little over new ballad quickly skip old
sonnets imitations of Shakespeare. Back to books. I read
poems by Auden Spenser Pound Stevens and Frank O'Hara.

I hate books.

I wonder if Jan or Helen or Babe
ever think about me. I wonder if Dave Bearden still
dislikes me. I wonder if people talke about me
secretly. I wonder if I'm too old. I wonder if I'm fooling
myself about pills. I wonder what's in the icebox. I wonder
if Ron or Pat bought any toilet paper this morning

腰酸背痛我从软床上醒来帕特
出门干活了罗恩上课去了（我
没有听到声音）今天是我的生日我穿上
我的生日裤生日衬衫去亚当杂货铺买了一
个百事当早饭回到家喝掉它也服了药我瞬间
嗨了。我一年干了三节希腊文学课程
来弥补之前的翘课。我读一本关于胡安
• 格里斯（真名何塞 • 维托里亚诺
• 冈萨雷斯）（从乔那儿借来的）生日书
中途朗诵了我所有的诗并对这种新的叙事诗
洋洋自得一番它毕竟快速略过了模仿
莎士比亚的那种老十四行。回到书本。我读奥登，
斯宾塞，庞德，史蒂文斯以及弗兰克 • 奥哈拉的诗
我恨书本。

我在想简或海伦或芭比
是不是也在想我。我在想大卫 • 博登还在
厌恶我吗。我想知道人们是不是
在私底下谈论我。我感觉我太老了。我想我
是不是在用药物愚弄自己。我想冰箱里究竟有啥呢？
我在想这个早晨罗恩和帕特会不会买厕纸回家。

LXXVII

"DEAR CHRIS

it is 3:17 a.m. in New York city, yes, it is
1962, it is the year of parrot fever. In
Brandenburg, and by the granite gates, the
old come-all-ye's streel into the streets. Yes, it is now,
the season of delight. I am writing to you to say that
I have gone mad. Now I am sowing the seeds which shall,
when ripe, master the day, and
portion out the night. Be watching for me when blood
flows down the streets. Pineapples are a sign
that I am coming. My darling, it is nearly time. Dress
the snowman in the Easter sonnet we made for him
when scissors were in style. For now, goodbye, and
all my love,

The Snake."

“克里斯我亲爱的，

这会儿凌晨 3:17，纽约，是的，这会儿
是 1962 年，鹦鹉热之年。在博兰登堡，
那道大理石门边上，那个卖狗皮膏药的在街上
耍起胸口碎大石。是的，这会儿，
一个愉快的季节。我正写信给你，告诉你
我已经疯了。我现在正播撒种子，当它们
成熟，应该可以主宰白昼，
分离出黑夜。当血液流淌在街上，
请一定照看好我。菠萝是我
到达的记号。我亲爱的，时间近了。
给雪人披上我们为他写的复活节十四行诗，

那是剪刀流行的年代。至于现在，再会吧。

附上我全部的爱，
蛇顿首。”

LXXVIII

Too many fucking mosquitoes under the blazing sun
out in the stinking alley behind my desk! too many
lovely delicious behinds fertilizing the park! the logic
of childhood is not genuine it shines forth
so rare

Dear Ron: Keats was a baiter of bears who died
of lust! Today I think about all those radio waves
The academy of my dreams is opening its doors
Seurat and Juan Gris combine this season
Except at night!

Then I walk out in the bleak village
in my dreams, for they are present! I wake up
aching from soft bed Back to books. It is 3:17 a.m. in
New York city
the pure no nosense: and all day "Perceval! Perceval!"

太多操蛋的蚊子在耀眼的太阳底下
就在我书桌背后外面那发臭的巷子里！有太多
可爱又美味的屁股在公园施肥！童年的逻辑
并非真实 它散发如此稀薄的
光芒。

亲爱罗恩：凯特是个心机婊，她死于
淫欲！今天我在想所有这些无线电波
我那些梦的学院正敞开它的大门
修拉和胡安·格里斯联手这个季节，
除了夜晚！

接着我走出我梦里的那个

凄凉的村堂，因为，现在就是！我从
软床上醒来，浑身酸痛。 书归正传，
这会儿凌晨 3:17 分，纽约。

《纯粹无意义》：

整天都在喊“帕西瓦，帕西瓦骑士！”

LXXX

How strange to be gone in a minute
Bearden is dead Gallup is dead Margie is dead
Patsy awakens in heat and ready to squabble
Dear Chris, hello. It si 5:15 a.m.
I rage in a blue shirt, at a brown dest, in
A bright room, sustained by the darkness outside and
A cast-off emotion. A hard core is "formed"
That the angels have supereminent wisdom is shown
"He Shot Me" was once my favorite poem
Speckled marble makes my eyes ache as I rest on
The only major statement in New York city Louis Sullivan
is dead whose grief I would most assuage
"He Shot Me" is still my favorite poem, and
"I Don't See Anuy Anchor Tied To Your Ass"

瞬间消失是多么奇怪的事啊
博登死了 盖洛普死了 玛鸡死了
帕特森在发情中苏醒过来准备随时争吵
亲爱的克里斯，好。这会儿凌晨 5:15
我火气大，穿着蓝衬衫，在棕色的书桌边
在明亮的房间，靠外面的黑暗和一种被抛弃的
情绪续着命。一个硬核“形成”了。
拥有超凡智慧的天使们现身。
“他射我”曾是我最喜欢的诗。

在斑点大理石上休息，我眼睛骨头痛。
纽约市唯一的主要声明。路易斯·沙利文
死了。我最能抚慰他的悲伤
“他射我”现在仍是最钟意的诗，以及
“我没有看到锚吊在你的屁股上”

LXXXI

Musick strides through these poems
just as it strides through me! The red block
Dream of Hans Hofmann keeps going away and
Coming back to me. He is not "The Poems."
 (my dream a drink with Lonnie Johnson we
 discuss the code of the west)
 How strange to be gone
 in a minute!
too soon for the broken arm. Ripeness begins corrupting every tree
Each strong morning in air we get our feet wet
 (my dream
a crumple horn) it hurts. Huddie Ledbetter is dead
whose griefs I would most assuage Sing I must And
 with Musick I must rage
Against those whose griefs I would most assuage
 (my dream
 "Dear Chris, hello. It is 3:17 a.m.

音乐大步穿过这些诗歌
就像它穿过我！一个红色的街区。
汉斯·霍夫曼尼继续走着，
回到我这里。他不是“诗集”
 （我梦见跟罗尼·约翰逊喝酒，谈论
西方密码）
 多奇怪啊，一个人
 可以瞬间消失！

对骨折的手臂来说太快了。成熟开始腐蚀每一株树木
在每一个强烈的早晨，在空气中我们的脚打湿了

（我的梦

是一根绉绉的触须）它容易受伤。哈迪·莱德贝特死了
我最能缓和他的悲伤 我必须唱歌

唱歌时我必定愤怒

以抵御那些我最能抚慰他们悲伤的那些人

（我的梦

“亲爱的克里斯，好。这会儿 03:17，天还没亮开。

LXXXII

my dream a drink with Lonnie Johnson we discuss the code of the west
The red block dream of Hans Hofmann keeps going away and coming back to me
my dream a crumpled horn
my dream Dear CHRIS, hello. It is 5:15 a.m.
The academy of my dreams is opening its doors
Ford Madox Ford is not a dream.
the only travelled sea that I still dream of is a cold black pond
 where once on a fragrant evening fraught with sadness
 I launched a boat frail as a butterfly
Southwest lost doubloons rest, no comforts drift on dream smoke
 down the sooted fog ravine
My dream a drink with Richard Gallup we discuss the code of the west
my dream a drink with Henry Miller
"The Poems" is not a dream.
Vast orange dreams wed to wakefulness: icy girls finger thighs
 bellies apples in my dream the big gunfire sequence for
 the Jay Kennetch Koch movie, Phooey!
My dream a drink with Ira Hayes we disccus the code of the west

我的梦中我和罗尼·约翰逊喝着喝着说起西方的密码

汉斯那红色堵塞的梦走着走着一直到来到我这里
我的梦是一个布满皱褶的角
我的梦克里斯啊我亲爱的，你好，现在丝凌晨 5:15 分
我的梦学院的大门正在缓缓打开。
福特·马多科斯·福特不是一个梦。
我唯一去过并且还在梦到的海是一个黑冷的池塘
 在一个香气四溢的夜晚那里充满了伤感
 我把一只蝴蝶般脆弱的船下到池水中
遗失的金币在西南方安息，没有安慰
 飘荡在煤烟袅绕的峡谷的烟雾中
我的梦跟理查德·盖洛普喝着喝着我们聊起西方密码
我的梦跟亨利·米勒对饮成一人
 “诗集”并非一场夜梦。
在巨大而桔晃色的梦里醒着：冰女孩的手指大腿
 肚皮苹果在我的梦里那一阵阵炮火只为了
 杰伊·肯尼斯·科赫的电影，《呸！》
我的梦跟易拉·海耶斯喝着喝着便聊到了西方密码

LXXXIII

Woman is singing the song and summer
Only to others, meaning poems. Because everything
Sorry about West Point. But where else was one to go,
sothwest lost doubloons rest, no comforts drift on dream smoke
Against whose griefs I would most assuage
(A cast-off emotion)A hard core is "formed."
Musick strides through these poems just as it strides thru me
my dream a drink with Lonnie Johnson we discuss the code of the west
After Ticonderoga. Beware of Benjamin Franklin, he is totally lacking in
grace
What lese. Because he tended to think of truth as "The King's Birthday List"
This is called "Black Nausea" by seers.

My dream DEAR CHRIS hello. It is 4:17 a.m.

Your name is now a household name, as is mine. And in any case,
although I failed, now we need never be rivals

女人在唱歌，夏天

只对它是诗。对西点军校的那些事，

我很抱歉。不过，一个人还能去哪儿呢，

遗失的金币在西南方安息，没有安慰漂浮在烟雾中

反对那些我最会安抚的他们的悲痛

（一种被抛弃的情绪）一个硬核“形成”。

音乐大步穿过这些诗就像大步经过我

我的梦一边跟罗尼·约翰逊喝着聊着西方代码

仿提康德罗加。小心本杰明·富兰克林，他完全

缺失优雅

除此还有啥。因为他倾向于认为真理是“国王的

生日嘉宾名单”

这就是先知们所说的“黑色的恶心”。

我的梦我亲爱的克里斯你好。这会儿是凌晨 3:17 分。

你现在是一个家庭主夫，我也是。无论如何，

尽管我失败了，但我们再也不必成为对手

LXXXIV

Dear Ron: hello. Your name is now a household name,

As is mine. We, too, suffer black spells. This is called

"Black Nausea" by seers, only to others, meaning poems.

In every way now we are equal. Except one.

Ford Madox ford is not a dram. (my dream a drink

with Henry Miller) we discuss the code of the west.

He is not "The Poems."

"He shot me" was once my favorite

Cast-off emotion. Now I rage in a blue shirt at a brown desk

In a bright room. In Tulsa Chris has said goodbye to Bernie.
I never beat people up. The academy of my dreams
is opening its doors /a fat black woman is singing a song and
summer is the subject matter. Next to her his nose couldn't grow
Even if it does choke you up, and these marvelous tears keep appearing

亲爱的罗恩：好。你的名字现在成了家庭煮夫的名字，
我也是。我们同样遭受了黑魔法，也就是被先知们称为
“黑色恶心”的东西，只有对别人而言，它才是诗。

现在无论哪方面我们都平等。有一点除外。

福特·马多科斯·福特不是一个梦。 （我在梦里
跟亨利·米勒喝酒）我们谈论西方的密码。

他不是“诗集”

“他射我”曾是那种我最喜欢的
被抛弃的情感。而现在我穿着一件蓝衬衫，在棕色的
书桌前十分恼火，这是一个明亮的房间。在图尔萨，
我已经跟勃尼拜拜了。我从没打过人。我的梦学院的大门
正在缓缓打开 / 一个肥黑的女人在唱歌，
夏天是它的主题。只要她在旁边，他的鼻子就没法生长，
尽管它确实让你窒息，而这些奇迹般的眼泪水不断涌出来

LXXXV

They basted his caption on top of the fat sheriff, "The Pig."
Cowboys and banging on my sorrow with book
No lady dream around in any bad exposure
The dust fissure drains the gay dance
Joyful ants nest in the roof of my tree
absence of passion, principles, love. She murmurs
is not genuine. it shines forth from the faces
And each sleeping son is broke-backed and dumb.
Davy Crockett was nothing like Jesse James
The most elegant present I could get!
But blood is still blood and tall as a mountain blood

Go the sea, the lake, the tree
dazzling slim and badly loved
You are asleep. A lovely light is singing to itself

他们在那个肥差佬上空刷上弹幕：“猪”
牛仔们 用书本重击我的悔悟
没有女士会在恶劣的光天化日下梦游
灰尘的裂缝里沥干快乐的舞蹈
蚂蚁欣快地在我的树冠上筑巢玩
缺乏热情，原则和爱。她嘟哝着，
这不是真的。它在那些脸上散发光芒
每个昏睡的儿子后背断裂并且还是白痴。
戴维·克罗克特一点也不像杰西·詹姆斯
那是我能收到的最优雅的礼物！
不过血浓于水，像山那么高的血。
去海边，去湖里，爬到树上去，
眩晕的苗条和狠心爱。你睡着了。
一根可爱的光线在自个唱自个。

LXXXVII

Beware of Benjamin Franklin, he is totally lacking in grace
This is called "Black Nausea" by seers. (They basted his caption
on top of the fat sheriff)

These sonnets are a homage to
King Ubu.

Fasten your crimson garter around his servile heart
With which he pours forth interminably
The poem of these states scanning the long selves of
the shore and "gift gift"
Great black rat packs were running amuck amidst the murk
of these states Outside my room
These sonnets are a homage to myself

absence of passion, principles, love
the most elegant present I could get! (This is called
"Black Nausea" by seers)

当心本杰明·富兰克林，他纯粹缺乏风度
在先知们来看，这就叫“黑色的恶心”（他们
在那个肥佬差人的脑门上涂标语）

这些四十行诗是对乌布国王的
致敬。

用你深红色的吊带袜勒住他那颗奴才的心
他总在滔滔不绝喷涌
这种状态下的诗 扫视那海岸线般
漫长的自我 以及 “天赋”
一大群黑老鼠在这些状态下
在我的房间外，在黑暗中狂奔
这些十四行诗是对我自己的致敬
尽管缺乏热忱，道义和爱
但这是我得到的最美的礼物！（在先知们眼中，
这就叫“黑色恶心”）

LXXXVIII

A Final Sonnet

FOR CHRIS

How strange to be gone in a minute! A man
Signs a shovel and so he digs Everything
Turns into writing a name for a day
Someone
is having a birthday and someone is getting
married and someone is telling a joke my dream
a white tree I dream of the code of the west

But this rough magic I here abjure and
When I have required some heavenly music which even now
I do to work mine end upon their senses
That this aery charm is for I'll break
My staff bury it certain fathoms in the earth
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

It is 5:15 a.m. Dear Chris, hello.

待上一分钟就消失，多奇怪啊！ 一个人
在铲子上签名，接着开挖 一切
都成了整天写一个名字

今天过生日，有的人要去
结婚，有的人讲讲笑话 我的梦
一棵白树 我梦见西方的密码
不过我在此宣布放弃这种粗糙的魔法，
当我需要神圣的音乐（现在就是）
以它们的感觉（这些空灵的魅力正是为此
而存在）来实现我的目的时，我会撕毁
我的诗稿 把它埋在地下某种深度，
那一定比堕落的声音还要深，
我会淹死我的书。

这会儿，凌晨 5:15 克里斯，你还好吗

你好吗，hello, who the fuck are you, Ted? 搞了两个月，还是三个月，一首不漏，这部由泰德的遗孀 Alice Notley 和他们的两个儿子 Anselm, Edmund 编辑的诗集，由加州大学出版社在 2005 年出版，原书 729 页，我下载的是电子书。这本书应该是对泰德·贝里根诗歌的全方位整理，一项庞大繁杂的任务。

怎么说呢，泰德算是那种天生的诗人，也就是说除了写作，别的他基本上不会，也懒得干，他热爱写作，生活和精神也双重困于写作。在以交易换取食物的世界，写作尤其写诗并不是一个好项目。在人类一个一个觉醒成佛后，世道对五迷三道的诗人也就变得不怎么友好，他们鸡肋般的存在基本上可有可无，要活着就得像蟑螂小龙虾一样，所以一般来说他们总是很愤怒，以及必然伤感。这也没什么。写诗（对泰德来说）是一种英雄事业，它不是研发一种服务性的产品，它是对诗这种虚头巴脑的东西伟大而徒劳的折腾，令人着迷。否则写诗干鸡毛？还不如回家种田。纽约不是一个开荒种地的地方，他那么迷恋与依赖纽约，也许是因为只有在那种闹哄哄乌烟瘴气的人类中心，他会有那种孤独的感受，而表演这种感受同样具有价值。谁知道呢，他去那里的主要任务是嗑药和胡搞以及自己对自己说单口相声，基本上是这样。泰德的写作元素完全来自他的生活，以及无限的诗句重复使用和随意拼贴以及列表单的并置手法同样成了写作的元素，那个时代的时髦文艺是这样的，这种东西给谁看，当然是给从事写作的内部人士赏识，他爱惠特曼，但他不是。他的形象主要是纽约某个街区一带的扛把子，认识几个杂货店老板，药店老板什么的，他那会儿离他的偶像金斯堡、奥哈拉、凯鲁亚克、阿什贝利这些人的光芒还有些远不可及，小弟也少得可怜。就这样折腾二三十年，泰德中年早亡，一个诗歌英雄无声息离场。他应该没什么可埋怨的，毕竟得偿所愿。毕竟他们这一代人之后，美国诗歌好像也没再出来什么有趣的东西，时代已经不需要诗歌活动了，已经进步到一个人可以用枯燥的心灵活得好好地地步。

Great Stories Of The Chair

这组诗和之前的散文差不多，也是重复玩弄一些固定词语，造句啥的。似乎有一段时间，泰德一直在玩这种即兴拼凑。我想那种效果给出的愉悦毕竟是短暂的。但“它们并非虚无，但总归一直笼罩着他”。

THE SECRET LIFE OF FORD MADDOX FORD

1.

STOP STOP SIX

Livid sweet undies drawl

Elevate

So do we squeal sporty ritual

Once a great kiss sin tells

Dance is night

Later away training melodies dances rues

Latent traveler on light

Lays tense all day silky past far deportment

Says your songs tombs surely rail

You arrest my faculties, you person knees descend

On her part

Like rain occurs missing the whole point so he tired

She would say her little ditty of soul yes

She would say that her circuitous panties descend their

first voyage

Her rear less a dress

This I can't defeat This stone slays me

I go and do that to her
Her lap opens kisses its tune foils this hurt
Dance of energy
They did bounce her

Her rule was grand it twists like a boulevard

《福特·马多克斯·福特的秘密生活》

*1873—1939，英国作家。

1.

停停六

青色甜蜜的内裤拖长
举起
因此我们也尖叫着运动仪式

有一回一个好的吻罪说
跳舞是夜晚

后来离开训练旋律跳舞懊悔
光线下的潜伏者
整日紧张躺着丝滑的过去遥远的风度
说你的曲墓明确辱骂

你逮捕我的才能，你这个鸟人 膝盖跪在
她的零件上
就像下雨了丢失了整个重点所以他累了

她会说她的灵魂阳春小曲儿是啊

她会说她迂回的短裤降幅到她们的
处航上
她的屁股缺少一条裙子

我没法打败这个 这个石头杀害我
我准对她干这事
她的大腿打开吻它的小曲儿挫败这种伤害
能量之舞
它们确实把她弹了起来

她的豪华统治像一条林荫大道那样扭动

2.

REELING MIDNIGHT

Impasses come, dear beasts
Who require these looney airs so long gone from you all
O all gone to one surly, rude, humiliated

Let's shovel out a song and dance all knew it
Let's mosey past them fondled brutes

Shove a dream of it up our regular day devourings
I'll fondle you on home and hang a kiss on yours
Shall we raise our dead hams
(Her tranquil nose is a noble dancing vine)

Don't hurt it

Don't hit it either
Saying what's so damn sweet
I am on trains they're all choo-choos
Ack! The Vampire! Some debut!

Lower your dress dammit!

In this tent I'll untrack or take down some undies

Anguish I'll sink thru key naps a defense
To be learned one essential day

Like seals I'm indifferent

Eat a potato she said you sober All-American

2 .

午夜摇晃

走到死胡同了，亲爱的野兽们
你们亟需这些早已远离你们的疯气
哦，你们全成了乖戾，粗鲁，受辱的家伙

让我们铲来一个歌，开始跳舞 这谁都知道
让我们溜达着路过这些被抚弄的禽兽

把这个梦铲进我们的日常毁灭中
我会在家抚弄你，在你脸上挂上一个吻
我们会抬起我们的死火腿吗
（她平静的鼻子是一根高贵、舞动的藤）

别伤害它

更不要打它
说些如此甜腻的话
我在火车上 它们都是火车
哎呀！吸血鬼！首次亮相！
妈的脱掉你的裙子！

在这帐篷里我解开或脱下一些裤头

我极度痛苦，在关键瞌睡中沉没 一种防御
在重要的一天学到了

跟海豹似的我冷漠

吃点红毛番薯她说，你这个全美最清醒的鸟人

3.

FAUNA TIME

Liquor troops in deshabelle from blondes a lonely song
Laming a lean m'sieu like a vessel
This man hates his aunt so he licks her feet
Laughing at her brilliant comas of goo

When addict comforts real
One sunk leper's more real

Lesions are early they fume on her
In her beastly sleep
Some Plague! Heavens! plagues offer
Loathsome murder kill her for me
Says a weak hero completely wrong his meat leaping around

Liquor is her price when she sashays she gouged me a long
time with fins
Like in the movies
One man lassoed her leg's inner lotus
Laughing at the dumb blue aches so thick in her metal disc passage

Slipping her a harangue

She really has some rashes!

And her cheek hays me off!

Gruesome rash ate such sweet arms and legs;

Who gashed her liver?

Leprosy ate her mouth turning into her news

3.

动物时代

邈邈的酒精部队是金毛乐队的孤单歌曲

像鞭打一个容器那样抽打一个瘦子

这个男人憎恨他的阿婶因此他常舔她的脚

嘲笑她闪亮昏迷的伤感

当瘾君子在真实中感到安慰

一个沉沦的麻风病人更真实

野兽般熟睡，病变提前

在她身上烟雾似蔓延

某种瘟疫！ 天堂！ 瘟疫带来

令人憎恶的谋杀 替我杀了她

比如说一个完全错误虚弱的英雄的肉在乱蹦

当她到处走动，酒精是她的价码 她用鱼鳍

像勺子那样刨了我好久

跟在电影中似的

一个男人套捕她大腿内部的荷花

嘲笑那麻木浓重在她金属碟通道中的蓝色痛楚

稍后塞给她一通长篇大论

她真的长着好多疹子！
我超烦她的脸颊！
疹人的疹子吃掉了那么甜蜜的手臂和大腿；
谁划破了她的肝脏？
麻风病吃她的嘴巴成了她的新闻

4.

ON HIS OWN

I'm not saying
She's a creep
A wreck
Loving you phew hooray its fini
The reef's an injun bum
Lewd
Keep on O playful
One cent exploding cigar
Count the ends toot the lonely ear

Open the door let me in
The orbs say no
Let sashay up the scene
And strangle the beans
A sick kid passed on a prairie new meat

The sore oozes vomit up in the ear shut the drum
Shut the earache
Mah mumbles mope an' dumplin
Unless she tells me " 's too dumb"
The jello ouch I love may shoot all the martinis

My main ruse is in the mope

When the pill before we bleat lets us glow

The song blurs soda pop yea boo fah!

Uncle Nakee's dead again

We mash and detash geese and their mothers

Untie the russkies nookies from their loins

Go boot them in the lung my turn

Sell out the taint Oologah the stinky-poo undies my cookie

ain't on time

Tear down your undies let me see some lunch

4.

独自

我没有说

她是一个讨厌鬼

一场灾难

爱你，呼，万岁，结束了

那暗礁是一个下流的

混蛋印第安人

继续，哦，幽默点儿

一美分炸毁雪茄

数数尽头，孤独的耳朵放屁

打开门让我进去

球体说不

让我们大摇大摆走进这场面

顺便掐死那些豆子

一个病孩子死在大草原上成了新肉

脓液从耳朵渗出堵塞耳膜

堵塞耳痛

娘嘟囔着忧郁如水饺
除非她跟我说“太蠢了”
我喜欢的果冻可能干掉全部马提尼

我的主要策略是忧郁地闲逛
当药丸在我们眼前咩咩叫，我们发光吧

这首歌忧郁，苏打水，流行，耶，嘘，哇！
耐凯叔叔又死了一次

我们拔掉鹅和鹅娘的羽毛并捣碎之
解下俄毛们腰上的交配权
现在轮到我来朝他们的肺来上一脚
卖掉败坏的奥洛加镇，屎臭味的短裤，我们的蛋糕
还没准时送达
撕下你的短裤让我见识更多的午餐

5.

THE DANCE OF THE BROKEN BOMB

It's a cute tune possibly by Camus
The gentle Brigadoon stands here
He sends his years to her
To pass the two birds ta-ta you pass them
To be complete just kiss him and you swish through the air
six seconds ago
To attempt your bra must come off poor Marie
Never "poor"
Enjoy each other
You'll never walk alone you'll pee indoors
I peed Saturday
You're the best of them all men are such beasts they want you
He'll caress it from time to time

The best one is in the parlor you sew all night poor neighbor
unhand her
The airplane arrives in the bedroom
The best one that you'll ever make up the air out of
Needling someone singing come on dish
Need a rescue try my Grandma
Put her on your knee desire more than her ear
The cloak of the monkey enchanted your blouses I ask for your hand
Then you pee. I have been with the sparrows
Whose side are you on, the sparrows?
You dolt!

5.

碎炸弹舞

这个可爱的曲子大概是加缪写的
温和的《蓬莱仙舞》就在这儿
他把他的日子送给她
为了经过两头鸟，塔塔两下，你经过它们
为了完整，你只须亲吻他，你嗖一下穿过空气
在六秒钟以前
想要尝试，你必须脱掉内衣，可怜的玛丽
永远不要觉得“可怜”
要享受彼此
你永远不会独自散步。你会在屋里撒尿
我礼拜六撒过尿了
你是他们中最棒的，所有男人都是野兽，他们需要你
他会时不时地抚弄它
最好的一个在客厅里，你整夜做针线活，可怜的邻居
放走了她
飞机降落在卧室
最好的一个是你凭空捏造的
缝着东西一个人唱着小曲说着八卦

需要救援的话，可以让我奶奶试试
把她放在你膝盖的欲望上要好过放进她的耳朵
猴子的斗篷迷住了你的衬衫我是说我在向你求婚
不过你小便去了。我和麻雀在一起
你是哪边的，麻雀吗？
你这个白痴！

6.

OWE

I'll yell at these men who pass
Hunks of shoe pass in the winter
You'll take a jaunt to Bali soon
May you part own a funny train
I love your legs the tops
Behind the pouring radio

One arm is Turhan Bey
The other one a soft knee a parrot
Orson came he loved my arms to show all of me

Don't hang up
A lovely "B"
18 francs sound of desoxyn

The number of times I loved you

All pass in front of the bush of truth
The true
Kills the goo

Up and down keep it down lend me some acorns encore

Here we are day I'm on you a long long way after my years
You too have killed someone

It kills you on the page

So shut up we sure learn age
A degenerate
Degenenerate kiss you clean men kill at the chance

The looney facile gay are de rigeur today I know it
Smell a party
A chevrolet my motto
I pour the dessert on the rear of the widow

I first poured some over the cold edge of the dice
C'est la vie you tow-face
Three whores went forth
Don't be sloppy and mess with me I'll twist yr face you clod

Later I passed away
I never again played

In ambergris I occurred in the garden
I sewed a long core and made my time
I trotted off
My faces flouted the last glance at the "B" in the yard

6.

亏欠

我朝经过的人叫喊
大块的鞋子穿过冬天
你很快会去巴厘岛玩儿

愿你部分拥有一趟有趣的火车
我爱你的大腿根
在倾泻的电台广播后

一只手臂的杜亨·贝
另一只手臂是一个柔软的膝盖一个鸚鵡
奥尔森来了，他爱我这双展示我全部的手臂

不要挂电话
一个可爱的"B"
18 法郎可靠的甲基苯丙胺

我爱你的次数

全部从真理的灌木丛前方通过
真实
杀死伤感

颠三倒四，小点声，借我一些橡子，再来一次
我们在这里白天我跟踪你长长的一路一年又一年
你同样也杀了某人

它在这一页杀死你

那么闭嘴！我们当然知道年龄。
一种退化
退化的吻你，清理工趁机杀戮
如今疯癫，轻率，同性恋被视为理所当然，我明白
嗅到一股派对气味
雪佛兰，我的座右铭
我把甜点倒在寡妇的屁股上

我先在骰子冷冰冰的边缘倒上一些

生活就是这样，总有两面性
三个妓女走上前去
不要伤感，不要惹我，我会撕烂你的脸皮你这个傻瓜

后来我死了
我在也没玩了

我出现在一个满是龙涎香气的花园中
我缝一根长长的灯芯，我有的是时间
我小跑着离开了
我的脸朝院子里的"B"轻蔑地瞥了一眼

7.

PUTTING AWAY

We'll mash your leman, plunk
Hey uncloth the clinch soon den dance
You can kiss a pro seize your own degenerate now take some

Lick her prow Moan her foot all over
Your number is up turning and turning in the widening gyre
Same only more
The moon whops you head
Around come the tacky girls
Our dumb deaths flop inside our dainties
And our nose hurts
Lacunae oompah eye-tally
Hell, unpant
The roue soiree it lays you out (where?)

At home we play ang grunt
And long for brunch
A long time gone ate and munched

Inside the svelte maison Samson and his hairs was there
One egg, rare
A brown icky drummer came at me

He puke on chumps who moaned its all unfair
Ate the beast with currants
The whole neighborhood blew their tops sicked the ape at me
I'll see you me rocket eight days passed away

Have fun in the lumber its long overdue
At home my tail grew
Lay slowly so phooey so sorry Great!
Climb on flail about pretty soon I'm coming (laughing)
Meanwhile

In a marsh they found a ton of sweat
Listen they laugh
They turn you don't say looks like her debut

They pass the rest dance in the mess Boom! they know it

7.
处理

我们会捣烂你的情夫，呼
嗨，脱掉衣服，快速拥抱，去洞里跳舞
你可以吻一个老炮，抓住你的堕落，现在就干

舔舔她的船头，呻吟她的脚，全身游个遍
你的数字在不断扩大的类似但更多的
漩涡中转啊转的一路上升

月亮重击你的脑壳
俗气的妞过来了
我们愚蠢坠亡在我们的高雅品味中
导致我们的鼻子受伤
空洞翁吧翁吧眼睛计数
见鬼，裤子掉了
狂欢晚会耗干你（哪儿？）

在家里，我们玩，也打呼噜
想着一顿早午餐
很久以前我们就吃啊和嚼啊的

力士参孙和她的头发在那个修长的房子里
一个鸡蛋，半熟
一个棕色甜腻的鼓手冲我过来

他在那些抱怨这不公平那不公平的笨蛋们身上呕吐
就着葡萄干吃野兽
整个小区的人大发雷霆，放猿猴出来攻击我
我会去见你的，坐火箭，估计得八天后

在树林里玩开心点，早该如此
在家里我的尾巴在生长
那么，慢慢躺下，呸，真对不起，太棒了！
爬上去，乱晃，我马上到（大笑）
与此同时

在一片沼泽里他们发现了成吨的汗水
听听，他们在笑
他们转身过，真的吗，看着像是她的处女作

他们经过剩下的混乱舞蹈，轰！他们知道

8.

WE ARE JUNGLES

I'm a hero form of an eyelid act like you hate it
My hair refuses the nose of the muses
I danced on my tummy on land and I won't last, beat me!
Why? Well belss you, you impulsive ham, it's Yuletide!

Apache blows undone me I'll wipe you up yestiddy
You are in these pants, you spin, you fuss, you scam
Now a lotus will appear, kill our deer
Ere I heave me in again!

Eyes of bats this is where I blubber on your safety pin
This homelife sickens us like wives & lovers, they want to be
 riven by us
This is where I left without you You didn't win

There are some words floating over these words like glue, to
 dissever your broken head my home
I address my disc if I'm here Are you sick? I am Goy
 I see Do you? (that's the breaks)
The day that you came on is words Smile Even the
 shoeshine is fearsome to you
It's through it's true; but all is not nothing as you say.
 This covers me.

8.

我们乱七八糟的

我是一种眼睑的英雄形态，假装你恨它
我的头发拒绝那冥想的鼻子
我在陆地上用肚子跳舞，扛不住了，敲打我一下！

为啥？菩萨保佑，你这冲动的表演狂，这可是圣诞季啊！

武装阿帕奇摧毁我 我昨天扫荡你
你穿着这些短裤，你旋转，大惊小怪，溜走了
现在一朵莲花出现了，来杀我们的小鹿
在我再次把我拖进去以前！

蝙蝠的眼睛，这就是我在你的安全别针上哭闹的地方
这种家庭生活像老婆和情人一样使我们恶心，她们想要
 被我们劈开。
这就是我懒得带上你而独自离开的地方，你搞不定的

有一些话头漂浮在这些胶状的话头上，
 用来分裂你破碎的脑壳即我的家
要是我在这儿我会处理我的唱片，你病了吗，我是异教徒
 我明白 你明白？（这就相当于在休息）
你来的那天话头太多了，总在微笑，你甚至
 害怕鞋油
都过去了，是真的；但如你所言它并非虚无。
 而它笼罩我。

Great Stories Of The Chair

Great Stories Of The Chair

Morning flushes its gray light across where I collect a face, rimmed with brown hair, pierced with intellect. Sparking is pleasure, parting is littered with soot, cigarette butts, these intimate incantations under the sheets. Let's take a sentimental journey, you said. This is the first time I've written in longhand in over ten years. Out we go, but now it is over a vivid machine crosses the fact of your head American Citizen dilemmas odd glory fanatic hands point to a din first

glory then Other pressing the point up and down ice forms to help a machine begin. Old contacts touching looks baby signs prepositions broken discussions sandwiches books everyone knows but forgets nights back. As usual however I go back to the white again light on up head falling down vivid scenes that last years and wrote this because of her. Does so. Her arrival telling me that he knew and saying that she was glad to see it, geniuses I tell you I was shocked! a tongue was saying The damage is already done i.e. She has been my friend now for some years though far away upstairs. Later glee pills light ambition a tonsillectomy greed throbbing risings under the table a girl brown hair lovely exercises sycamores growing across miles to this you. One thing comes to another in place of itself. And so we come together in this bed out of a finger gesture mouth gesture Other beginning again now growing to be a part of this.

《椅子好故事》

清晨泛着灰蒙蒙的光线穿过那个我采集一张带有棕发被智力穿透的脸皮的地方。火花欢乐，离别时却散落着烟灰，烟屁和床单下这些亲密行为的诅咒。让我们来一段伤感之旅吧，你说。这是十多年来我第一次用手写东西。我们走了，可是现在都结束了。一部活力满满的机器穿过你脑壳的事实美国公民的困境古怪的荣耀狂热的手指向喧嚣首先是荣耀接着其它手指上上下下按压穴位冰块形成帮助机器重启。老相好动人的目光婴儿的记号介词破碎的讨论三明治书人人都知道但忘记夜晚来了。无论怎样跟平常一样我再次回到这白色中点亮灯兴奋起来脑壳下垂生动的场景持续多年因为她我写了这个。确实如此。她来时告诉我他知道了并且说她乐见其成，真是天才啊我告诉你我是被震惊到了！俗话说覆水难收即这会儿她成为我的朋友有些年头了尽管她就住在楼上不远。后来快乐药丸明亮的野心一场扁桃体切除手术贪婪在桌底下搏动上涨一个棕发女孩可爱的操练美国梧桐树生长数英里来到这里来到你身边。一件事自然而然过渡为另一件事。因此出于一个手势嘴势我们一起约到床上而别的动作现在正成为此次事件的一部分。

Mother Cabrini

Baby sighs prepositions put the books back nights. As usual I go back to the white again light on up had fallen down on a vivid little scene last year. Wrote this because of HIM (does) arrival and Ron telling me that he knew and saying he was glad to see it was very shocking close the fire wine and only "I'm going to bed" outside, and stood running on about his father borders on the absurd ah would you remember the name of whomever hit it, thinking that a little about Dad tho lusted, sex have some son we're in the church wedding but Ron, as we rolled over the baby in the Western movie at the Palace Death of the one could get conventional things, we did, yellow oozings brain & blood a sacrosanct creation bit bite toothpick? a Portuguese on the phone and pardner I knew, and two for me (if I wanted any) oh she is square no articulate no devout but uh I want to do it uh do want (it) which is a small brick cottage a couple of years of Catullus, brother dog air if you're describing my bookshelf...Looking for Harry and I knew worms en fold interesting things out in front ice-cream sandwich terrific speed he said "Nothing" tried nothing a quivery sort of fellow rolls toward sister mother sister the second sister that long silver hair Irish brogue to the world. Candid roof the ditty about the stick because of "instructions". I respect that father and the heat goes off (away) you cool a pepsi ok I do in to, off of, or on a table with a girl whom I recognize as she must crawl continually through gunfire men logginess then noise pills. And began smashing Ron in the theories especially against the Arm no hum in that air a number of me's. They were cloth. It was a night club, pill mind. In fact I think mornings. We walk I see Ron sitting near a light bulb since sent away it needs oil zzzzzzzzzzz keeps us warm tring to hit him with canes to score "marksman" (penis decline) the white flat is in the air made up of mere shape. Suddenly someone else came I con love for her. She was very shortly afterwards words. God's noises make no sense to me. "Seen the movie?" Ron asked but the condition: silence. Pull thin things in the house discover the emergency break the "yes". Turned from walking Tessie half-naked cloth pony from a fight the importance of the situation I can't stop

婴儿叹气介词在夜晚把书放回原处。跟平常雷同我又回到这具白色中点亮指示灯在去年它已坠落在一个肉搏的小场景中。写这个是因为他（嗯）来了罗恩告诉我他已经洞晓此事并说他乐见其成啊妈的这真吓出我一身冷汗接着扑灭火焰和倒掉酒水他只说了句“我睡觉去了”去外面，接着杵在原地反复说他爹如何如何荒谬哈你还记得撞击它的名字吗，不过有点想起那个色眯眯的爹，跟某个儿子搞啥的那会儿我们在教堂婚礼上可是罗恩，当我们在西部电影中的那个婴儿身上打滚在死亡宫殿中一个人可以得到一些传统的东西，我们确实如此，黄色渗出物脑汁水以及血一个神圣不可侵犯的造物咬着牙签？一个打电话的葡萄牙人和我熟悉的拍档，以及对我来说两个（要是我想要全部的话）哦她真是老古董话也不说不灵清也不虔诚不过嗯我想这么干嗯确实想（干）在一间小小的砖墙小屋几年前在卡图卢斯，兄弟狗空气要是在描述我的书架.....寻找哈利，我知道蠕虫会卷起前方有趣的东西冰淇淋三明治恐怖的速度他说“没啥”他什么也不去尝试一个发抖的家伙向姐妹修女姊妹们滚过去那第二个姐妹有一头长长的银发满口爱尔兰口音。耿直的屋顶棍子的小调因为“指示”。我尊敬那个爹和热度消失（走）了你冰镇一个百事好吧我也加入进来，抽出，或者在桌子上跟一个妞我认为她必须不断爬过炮火浑浑噩噩的男人们接着是噪音与药片。以及抨击罗恩尤其那个反对手臂的理论在那种气氛中没有哼哼唧唧而我分裂成了许多个。它们只是布料。这是一个夜晚俱乐部，药物心灵。实际上我认为是早晨。我们散步我看见罗恩坐在一个电灯泡旁边既然被送走了它就需要油 zzzzzzzzzzz 来让我们保持暖和尽力用拐棍击打他以便获取“神射手”称号（阴茎下垂）这个白肥仔在仅仅由形状构成的空气中。突然有人进来我假装爱上她。她一上来便说。上帝的噪音对我毫无意义。“看过那部电影没？”罗恩问，不过情况是：沉默。拉动屋子里稀薄的东西发现紧急情况打破“是的”。在散步中转身泰茜半裸着小马来自战斗我无法停止情况的重要性。

*———这两个东西以及后续还有一些类似的散文短篇，是一种文字填充造句游戏：预先设置了一些固定词语，看看能折腾出啥效果。而编辑的写作方法是把已有的材料随机打散，重新即兴组合联结。这是一种造世观念，怪胎实验。在写作的愉悦感上来说，与搞抽象画的相近。但在具体句法中对大量标点的取消以强调持续发音这方面比较粗暴，并没有产生那种韵律感。语言符号总是关于语义的，并不是单纯的音符。语句的解读也总是线性的习惯，没法像图像那

样可以从任何地方开始观看，除非强制性把它们分割与集合。我用格子的方法做过这个事，很麻烦。它需要很大一张纸（画）。

Tulsa Rose Gardens

Put the books back the brown hair pierced the shower 40 below the
bugles call the powder where the light turn on again pleasure falling parting to
go a light lady dark lady spy glasses littered with soot scenes years of writing this
News shunted aside that's the penalty denial of life long release and these
intimate incantations under sheets that we know will go on. Rubbing the back of
the neck lines of teeth a tongue saying the damage is already done. A journey
taken by hand over a period years arms legs learning what is yours in her and in
her father clickety-clack no that was another father a crowd formed that night
truly going into the earth near where one exercises the shine the awl the wheel
hidden shoes ruined ghosts rallies...your absolute lovely attentions...lust
plastered upon us. Today we speak above the noise of the bed during the bite but
before the big bite emanating thanks from the ruins...boys and partner you can
believe I knew the world again through pranks the essence of my behavior to
clothe the earth a simple way premonitions a chance and later glee pills a flat
white light bulb in yellow air throbbings over the times puzzles rising from the
seat on a cool night to love change love remember...The table under it a girl
whom we all recognize...how many goats are there in it... heat flashing on and off
movies glazed motives gunfire gaits.

《图尔萨玫瑰花园》

把书放回原处 棕色头发刺穿沐浴在零下四十度 号角吹响火药那儿灯盏再
次亮起来堕落的愉快离别一个明亮的女士黑暗的女士散落着满是烟灰的间谍眼
镜场景数以年记的写这个新闻离题那就是惩罚否认终身释放和那些床单下的亲
密咒语我们知道它们会继续。摩擦后颈部齿纹老话说事已至此覆水难收了。几年
来手的胳膊的大腿的旅程学习在她和他爹身上什么是你的咔哒咔哒作响不那是

另外一个爹一群人形成这种夜晚真正地进入一个人练习闪耀的那片土地上锥子轮胎隐形的鞋子荒废的鬼魂集结....你绝对可爱的专注....淫欲涂在我们身上...男孩和拍档你们可以相信我知道世界再次穿过恶作剧即我以简单的方式对大地盖上布料的行为本质预告机会以及稍后快乐药丸一个白色肥仔在黄色空气中的明亮电灯泡时不时地抽动困惑在一个酷爽的夜晚从座位上升起去爱改变该去记住....桌底下一个我们全认识的女孩....有多少山羊在她身上.....热量闪烁...动机痴呆的电影炮火行军靴。

The Sunset Motel

Beginning with a memory of childhood New York's lovely weather hurts my forehead the shower 40 below bugles call to the powder house here where clean snow is sitting Edmund Burke Jacques Vache returns from the library as hand-in-glove and head-to-head with Joe she was writing to him. This man was my friend. Already done I go reeling up First Avenue to Klein's formality dogtags 100 yds Christmas is sexy there; we feel soft sweaters to learn what is ours passion principles love and plump rumpled skirts we'd like to buy to laugh a coarse laugh on the rough edge of youth. It was gloomy being broke today, and baffled the old memento fill-in-the-blanks help! it's love again in love; Love, why do you always take my heart away? Meaning of the verb to laugh. But then the soft snow came sweetly falling down brief farewell death song of the quilt the Sunset Motel head in the clouds and feet soaked in mush drugs sex jail food shelter smoke lines across the truce I rushed hatless into the white and shining air arms legs trucks passing over them glad of the volumes of meaning of the verb to find release in heaven's care.

《日落旅馆》

始于童年记忆纽约可爱的气候伤害我的脑门在零下四十度的淋浴下军号声朝弹药库吹响那儿下着洁净的雪埃德蒙和伯克和雅克和瓦谢戴着手套交头接耳从图书馆跟她正在写他的乔一起归巢。这人是我的朋友。已经搞定我摇摇晃晃从第一大道走去克雷恩正宗狗牌十码圣诞节性感。我们感到柔软的毛衣知道啥是我们的

激情原则爱和丰满和我们喜欢买的凌乱的裙子嘲笑一个在粗鲁的年轻边缘的低级笑声。今天破产了让人沮丧，困扰于那个老的纪念品救命啊！这是爱中之爱；爱，即动词笑的意思，为啥你总是带走我的心？可是那是柔然的雪来了甜蜜地飘落一个简短的告别一首关于被子的死亡之歌《落日旅馆》云上的头和浸泡在浆糊中的腿脚药片监狱食物避难所烟雾列队穿过休战协定我毫无恨意冲进白色闪耀的空气中腿手卡车从它们身边经过为这个在天堂的关照中获得安慰的动词的丰富含义感到高兴。

Don't Forget Anger

Never hit us the day it's lovely gathers us up in its name who pierced the shower
40 below the hell hidden shoes the ruined exercises the shine is all night again
pleasure falling off parting the bed during the biting lust. Today we speak above
the noise a spyglass littered with soot scenes from the ruins bods and partners
before the big bite imitating that's the penalty denial of gain through pranks the
essence of belief. I knew the world of incantations under the sheets of the neck
line of the teeth behavior cloth the earth that we know we will go on rubbing.
There's this Lady she has been my friend for some years now and later glee pills
a light bulb a tongue saying the damage is done by hands over a period running
overtime puzzles rising for some years journeys arms legs learning what is yours
love change love remember across passion truly going into the earth No that was
another earth how many goats were there on it her and her father movies glazed
motives: Put the books back the brown hair simple ways premonitions chance
bugles calling the powder falt white in yellow air throbbing then going on off a
light lady dark lady cool nights meaning years of writing this news shunt aside
before a girl whom you all know and recognize flashing on then off hear lifelong
release in these intimate gaits.

《不要忘记愤怒》

从不打击我们这天是好天气以在零下四十度刺穿沐浴的名义把我们聚在一起那

隐藏后跟的鞋子荒废的练习那闪耀是再次整夜的欢乐从分离中在刺痛的情欲中坠落床上。今天我们在噪音上说话一副间谍眼镜跟烟灰废墟场景男孩和合作伙伴凌乱地堆在一起在大量咬伤以前亲密是惩罚拒绝通过恶作剧获得利益那信仰的本质。我知道床单下诅咒的世界颈线牙齿布料行为我们知道土地我们会继续摩擦。有一个女士她是我朋友好多年了后来快乐药丸明亮的灯泡老话说在一段时期内覆水难收啊超时运行困惑升起也好些年了而腿脚旅行知道你们的是什么爱改变爱记得穿越激情真正地进入土地不那是另一偏土地有多少山羊在上面呢她的和她爹的电影行业被蒙上了动机：把书本放回原处那棕发简单方法语言机会军号呼叫炮灰肥胖的黄色空气中的白色悸动接着继续离开一个明亮的女士黑乎乎的女士冰凉的夜晚意味着对这条新闻数年的写作在一个你知道和认可的妞跟前分流闪光接着离开听见终生的安慰在这些亲密的步态中。

What's the Racket

At a quarter past six he sat & said "where's your brother? pull down thy sex it's blue shot thru with green the head he said it's in the milk he said "woe unto you also, ye lawyers." Enough. The father seems willing to cooperate thus a new weather term is born, "no thought for your life and casual abductors." Some years now have been "hot" weather, it gets you down every time. Ode To The Confederate Dead and that one, "The man" sucks candy. Did. Its a cross between hot and cold running passion, blood, erudition, paper-bag-poopier passion, yes, he is an agent of ours, December 7th, 1941. What's the racket? Erudition jargon current jargon, many things are current, much success which has to mean trouble. What else? Now it is thinking in more sex drugs food shelter jail and the north (south) love shall set down laws strait east gait gasp pant whoop holler Capture the Flag (Remember that?) Signs the inform burial cured sent out west to be drycleaned hanging on a line (my line) I pass out hand out among you with promises of.

《搞么事》

在六点过一刻他坐着说“你哥们呢？放下你的性感它是蓝色一针通向绿色的脑壳

他说它在牛奶中他说“你们律师有祸了。”够了。那个爹看着愿意合作尽管新的天气术语诞生了，“并无想过你的生活和普通绑架者”。有好几年了都是“热”气候，每次它都会让你失望。《联邦阵亡者颂歌》以及那个吸糖的“男人”。确实这是一个热和冷之间的十字架运行着激情，热血，博学，纸便袋的激情，是的，他是我们中的代理人，在 1941 年,12 月 7 日。在搞么事？博学行话当前的术语，很多事是对的，很多成功一定意味着麻烦。还剩下啥？现在它在想更多的性，药品，吃的，庇护所，监狱以及北方（南方）爱应该制定法律严格的海峡东步法喘气喘息大喘气大喊大叫夺旗（还记得吗？）标志秘密的埋葬已治愈被送往西方干洗挂在诗句（我的诗行）上我昏倒在承诺中将手伸向你们。

The Conscience of a Conservative

Now my mother's apron unfolds again in my life pills black backs of books I can't stand movies I can't stand Snow not reminded (revealed) The World I can't stand candid roof the ditty about stick (introspection) because of instructions forget nights.

And so we come together in this bed out of a finger gesture mouth other exercises before the big bite imitating that's the penalty denial of gain the shine where one exercises the shine the awl the wheel the hidden shoes ruined a particular buttressing of the body. The End. No Smoking in this Room.To track the beast down.To Know. The many faces of Jesse James resplendent on a rock at Spuyten Duyvil and his dog at the end of a leash chasing a tiger in advance of the broken arm beginning with a memory of childhood New York's lovely weather absence of passion grace principles love.

《一个保守派的良心》

现在我娘的围裙再次打开在我的生活中药丸黑乎乎的书脊我没法忍受电影我没法忍受下雪不唤醒（揭露）世界我没法忍受坦诚的屋顶关于棍子（反省）的小曲儿是因为指令忘记夜晚。所以我们出于一个手势其它嘴部练习在大咬伤之前一起来到床上模仿着那便是惩罚否定收益光泽那儿一个人练习光亮锥子轮胎隐形鞋子毁灭一件肉体的特定支撑物。结束。不要在房间里吸烟。追踪野兽。要知道。

大量杰西·詹姆斯的面孔在一块苏普伊滕的岩石上灿烂绽放和他那只吊在绳子末端的狗追逐一个老虎在断手之前回忆起童年时代纽约的可爱天气缺乏热情优雅原则和爱。

July

Lady, she has been my friend for some years sketches, I haven't explained
Actually of horror subject to neither of our laws intimate incantations under the
sheets tried nothing a quivery sort of fellow hurts my forehead this shower No
thought for your life and casual abductors in books I cant stand if it die. The life
range examination as I am a cowboy it is unless it isnt and you imaginary scenes
soot years of writing this most of it movies I cant stand a particular buttressing
of the body. Olive green color. Let's take a sentimental journey. Dont forget to
bleed. I have. Many days writing the same work into itself the appearance of a
role but How dark for some forty years Irish brogue rolls toward sister mother
shunted aside that's the penalty of time or of space Certainly not a place. So we
come together in this bed. Later glee (lie) now pills (no die) The End. Bugles call
no snow to the powerhouse the library abductors, woe unto you also ye lawyers!
NO. Not reminded, I go (revealed)(No Smoking In This Room)

《七月》

女士，她是我多年的朋友速写，我还没来得及解释实际上这恐怖的主题既不藐视
我们的法律在床单下亲密的咒语啥也不想去试一个颤抖的家伙伤害我的脑门淋
浴对于你的生活毫无想法在书本中的普通绑架者们要是它死了我无法忍受。这终
生检查因为我是一个牛仔它是除非它不是而你想象中的场景数年来写作煤烟大
多数是电影我无法忍受一个身体特定的支撑物。橄榄绿。让我们来一场伤感的旅
行。别忘了流血。我忘了。太多日子把同一个的作品写进它自身中一个角色的出
现可是多么黑暗因为四十年来的爱尔兰口音向被分流的修女姐们滚动那便是对
时间或空间的惩罚那当然不是指一个地方。因此我们携手来到床上。后来快乐（谎
言）现在药丸（真的）结束。军号没有召唤来雪花落在军火库实验室绑架者们身

上，士师们你们有祸了！不。用不着提醒，我走了（揭露）（不要在房间里抽烟）

Some Trips to Go On

FOR DICK GALLUP

Take one hymn out west and back in step, step and punch how well circle the nervous breakdown ring the sorrel and let the eros stop. The mountains cleft ascended into these poems and appeared, the clefts, you heard about it? Very dark while. no cud, no scratch. To scratch they are still, the circus stops. Drop. It is only cuds and farewell of weeping to the civilian, a truss, the ceiling with passion trailing through it too. Don't forget "to bleed." Caught the buds of other areas easy she is the only girl in the dripping from the peel owl eels follow me down if you follow me there. Some say its the shelf that gets you there. Culled into the house they sleep eyeing the several, oh rose, the unquenchable variety. Mountainous beasts. Young men starting bottle it up for the trip. But vultures, famous dogs, right and left, succumbing to the bombing, see them go. The bomb, And so we left, one eye shut, often lingering in the yellow air. Don't forget the dirty yellow lawn cracked beneath the blue triremes, the dishes, too late already washed. Them in that, already clogging it up, leaving shit as they do. No one knows movement of brilliant silence. She looks to know who I am. The fog envelops me like a life she wears two stories high approaching fresh in from the army. My army. The audience three times two in appeals pills the still steel world some horses. Ring the pole and let the driplets drop. Where? There. Oh. Here there and everywhere one palm above the orange light brings forth the unquenchable variety, appearances, leaves, single amid blue skies. The Flies; by Jean Paul Sartre. But the trip had been moved up. You were there upon a southern dawn the Ode to the Confederate Dead faking a nobel failure: the life range examination olive green color. air. Narcolepsy. Clear the Range. The tropics. The story in that you would never occur. I mean, "to read". Persia is not falling black backs fused the lack, the dishes, a fading dust went by sideways, the story to sing to those emperors, the lawn mowers, pressure driving behind their asses. Her wriggling wits.

《一些未完的旅行》

致 迪克·盖洛普

哼着圣歌西出阳关一步步返回打击多好圈起那神经兮兮的垮掉围拢那匹枣红马稍后让爱欲停歇。那山的裂缝上升到这些诗中显现，这些裂缝，你听说过吗？至暗时刻。没有反刍，没有抓痕。为了抓痒它们静止，马戏表演歇菜了。终止。对公民来说它只是反刍物和哭泣的告别，一根栋梁，激情天花板也在穿过其中。别忘了“流血”。轻松抓住其它地区的花蕾她是唯一从果皮上滴落的女孩猫头鹰鳗鱼跟着我要是你也在那儿跟随我。被选进这个屋子他们睁眼望着一些哦玫瑰，无法抑制的变化他们睡觉了。野兽漫山遍野。年轻人开始为这趟旅行准备酒水。可是秃鹰，良犬，一左一右，向炸弹屈服，看着它们走了。炸弹。那么我们也走了，闭上一只眼睛，总是逗留在黄色空气中。不要忘了脏兮兮的黄色草坪在蓝色三桨战船下开裂，碗盘什么的，太迟了已经洗过了都。没有人知道光辉的沉默的移动。她看上去似乎知道我是那根葱。雾气似生命包裹我她穿着两层楼高的衣服，刚从军队退役。我的部队。上诉的观众三乘以二药丸依然钢铁世界一些马匹。晃动那根竿子让水滴落。哪儿？那儿。哦。这儿那儿所有地方一个手掌在橘黄色光线下带来难以抑制的变化，形态，树叶，在蓝天中单独一人。《苍蝇》；让·保罗·萨特。不过这趟旅程已经被提前了。你在南方的黎明唱着《联邦阵亡者颂歌》假装一次高尚的失败：终生的检查橄榄绿。空气。嗜睡发作。《清除障碍》。热带。你永远不会出现在那个故事中。我是说，去“读”它。波斯并没陨落黑色的背部融合了缺失，锅碗瓢盆，一颗褪色从侧面路过的尘土，那对着皇帝吟唱的故事，一部割草机，一点从他们屁股后推进的压力。她那蠕动的智慧。

Richard Gallup at 30

Pills Epithalamium black backs of books I can't stand Snow Movie I can't stand not reminded I go my gold-leaf letters "other" policemen give me an immense push to attend your soft job dark sigh and I'm still around his hat is on instead ask about her here examinations No never still no matter down the alley comes a pair of trousers laughing attention still love will break into a girl who has been 15 months remembering nothing or other is keeping a song mind glibbed it here

& here will con these and those (& me) now move on to the long ride to back
alleys didn't want to but liked to wear spats on the beach Father is and is obscure
I wrote always on glass there quite a card its compiled on a card jest words
driving hard sounds a machine in the oubliette nice thanks she held the 30
dollars close to the chest (breath) (death) shattered his pose in minute dental
obligations who will pay seems ok the tiny excursion boat to row it seems like
cheating the operation the bell movement O I see them nevertheless shall
experience a week of bowling shirts joy operates as well on mother at the sea an
oriental sort of brittleness now lost unless it isn't most of it goes into itself the
appearance of a role crying to confess getting punched and lonesome be still next
the Olympic Games its the same old game jest a highfalutin name ah me that
smites me chest(heart) reason agility Pill ahem steal books huh? oh letters every
way seem ineffectual its 4 o'clock bub time obsession well dis was a painting of
an R a mill a watch and pills six of them raving on the mountain bones waving
from Houston Texas a lion is in the house a tiny madonna and a snapshot of Max
Ernst.

《理查德·盖洛普三十岁了》

药颂黑色书脊我无法忍受雪电影我无法忍受没被提醒我写我黄金叶子般的信“别
的”警察给我巨大推力去参加你的笨蛋工作暗自叹气我还在而他戴着帽子相反问
问她情况在这儿检查不是决不是不过无所谓了一条裤子沿着小路过来那笑的专
注然而爱会闯入这一个十五月大毫无记忆的女孩或者其它什么守着一首歌在这
里胡说八道的脑子欺骗这些和这些（和我）现在继续回到后巷的长途跋涉中本来
不想但喜欢在沙滩上穿着高筒靴爹是以及也是晦涩我总是戴着眼镜写东西那儿
一张卡片它被编造在一张卡片上一些玩笑话驾驶着硬邦邦的声音一部地下牢笼
里的机器很好谢谢她抓着三十块钞票纸紧紧贴在胸口（呼吸）（死亡）在微小的
牙科义务中打碎她的姿态妈的谁来付钱看上去没啥问题啊小游船划它呢看起来
像是在欺骗这种操作这种铃声运动哦我看见他们了然而应该会整整一个礼拜穿
着一件保龄球衫快乐同样在海上的娘身上运行一种东方人的脆弱性现在迷失除
非它不是并且它的大部分都进入了它自身那哭着忏悔被拳击且孤单的角色的仪
态请静下来吧接下来是奥林匹克运动会时间这同样是古老的游戏嘲笑一个自大

的名字哈我嘛那会打击我的胸口（心脏）的原因机灵点儿药丸嗯哼偷书哈哦信件
所有方法似乎都失效了这会儿凌晨四点准小家伙对时间有痴迷好吧这是理查德
的一幅画一只手表和药丸它们中的六粒在山上胡言乱语在德州休斯顿挥舞骨头
一头狮子在屋子里一个微型圣母玛利亚一张马克思·恩施特快照

Who I Am and What I Think

There is no transition from a gesture to a cry or a sound. (same thing). Gestures:
Who killed Cock Robin? The End. A particular buttressing of the body. No
Smoking In This Room. all the senses interpenetrate. this spectacle is no more
than we can assimilate. Nothing is left to do. For example, the war between men
and women. Here is a whole collection of ritual. In fact everything is calculated
with an enchanting mathematical meticulousness. Senses crackling everywhere
resounding as if from an immense dripping rainforest. The day's emotion and
turmoil is present in the dusty grassy ground. Tied naked to a huge oak. The sort
of theatrical language foreign to every tongue. To track the beats down. There is
a sensual delight the braincells take. Thank you Brett. Clothed in strangest dress.
To learn to keep quiet when another man's prisoner. Complaints in the night.
The kind of irritation caused by the impossibility of finding thread. The plastic
requirements of this stage: food clothing shelter sex drugs jail. Ear to the ground.
as if through channels hollowed out in the mind itself. Pages in Berlitz. No one
here but me. Queer dawns voices a thousand eyes complaints in the night. to
know to know everything. My eyes are tired. (the echo).(Jesse James).

《我是谁，我在想啥》

从一个姿势到一声哭或一个声音中间没有过渡。（一回事）。姿势：谁杀了考克·罗
宾？完。身体的一个特定支撑物。不要在房间里冒烟。所有感官相互渗透。我们
没法接受这等景象。没什么可说的。比如说，男女之间的战争。这是一整套的仪
式。事实上一切都在被迷人的严谨数学计算。无处不在的感官噼里啪啦回荡在巨
大的雨林中。这天的情绪和混乱出现在脏兮兮的草地上。赤膊赤卵地被绑在一株
巨橡树上。这类戏剧化语言与任何一根舌头都不相干。追踪节拍。脑细胞掌管肉

体的愉悦。谢谢你布雷特，穿着最古怪的衣裳，学会保持安静当别人在蹲监狱时。在夜晚抱怨。这种刺激是由无头绪导致的。此阶段的弹性需求：吃的穿的住的性交药品监狱。一切都得慎之又慎。就好像穿过脑壳被掏空的隧道。在伯利兹写了几页。这儿除了我没人。酷儿黎明嗓门一千双眼睛在夜里抱怨。去了解一切。我眼睛累了。（回声）。（杰西·詹姆斯）。

A Letter from Dick Gallup

Woke up this morning you were other people in absentia lovely fashions On my mind. Take a good look. Shit little turd balls! I've got troubles: You have been sentenced to death sketches I havent explained actually I have Been many days writing the same work, waiting, no one there, The Ancient city all around you, thru August, nightmares, put them into a box, Anger gives me nausea and I said shee-it! went home resplendent with defeat. Baby-things. Future issues many thanks for them last night The Thing A great movie: Hit The Trail. Utterly exhausted by maniacs including Yours truly not to mention shifts. day shift night shift etc. took it to Cut City and one Ted reading in California She having gone back to Tappan(to picket Ben Jonson). How's the chickens, the ducks, the old old ass? Please keep in touch Just figured out I cant stand writing in this box words dismantled to keep together and there are other problems and they come together at my mind. Furtive Days. It gets you down and out you go Dont read this part you both Nearly get killed on the freeway. Remember? How long do you think you'll Be? That old praise (up the butt!) not likely put the books back nights Flight 9 American Air Lines best to use your own name. You have been sentenced to Death.

《迪克的信》

你在这个早晨醒来是另一个样子土得掉渣的家伙游荡在我脑壳中。仔细瞅瞅。狗屁的屎球。我有麻烦了：你已被判死刑而我还没来得及注释那些素描图实际上这些日子我一直在写同一批作品，等待，独自一人，古城围绕你，直到八月，噩梦，把它们塞进箱子，愤怒使我恶心你说真屎啊！说完灿烂地带着挫败回家去了。生

孩子啥的。无非未来的问题非常感谢他们昨晚那件事情是一部伟大的电影：出发，去漂泊。彻底被包括你的朋友在内的疯子们耗干更别提什么轮班，白班夜班诸如此类。我把它带到卡特城去了还有一个泰德在加州欣赏过的妞她已经去了塔潘（去监视本·琼森）。那些小鸡怎么样了，鸭子呢，那些老屁眼呢？请保持联系刚刚才反应过来我实在无法忍受用这箱子拆开又组合在一起的词语写作了还有别的问题还有它们总是一起我在脑壳中晃荡。偷偷摸摸的日子。它让你精疲力竭你走吧不要读这部分你们两个几乎死在了高速公路上。还记得吗？你还可以活多久？那种老套的赞美（拍马屁！）是不可能的把书本放回原处夜晚 美航九号航班最好以你的名字命名。你已经被判死刑。

A BOKE

FOR DICK GALLUP

* 这个东西是对《纽约客》上的一篇由诗人詹姆斯·迪凯写的关于在全美搞诗朗诵的文章的戏谑。明显是一种对主流幽默文风的讽刺，但也夹带了自身的某些经历。写法上刻意导向了无趣。

You're listening to a man who in 1964 unknowingly
breathed in a small quantity of
LSD powder, remember the fragrance of Grandma's
Kitchen?--and at a college he reads, sleeps.
The next morning he
takes a walk around the campus
with a young student who is
ordinarily mild-mannered and agreeable
and secretly thinks of himself
as rather colorless and uninteresting.
He has written poems for years,
odd sensation indeed, only partly alleviated
when he learns that he is next door to

the bashed-out windows, is now
engaged in beating in the
top of a car with the inaccurate
ones relieving him. He learns to
time his words and lines to the
hammer-strokes, and before long
he is giving something. And the
grave, slightly puzzled sympathetic
faces take on expressions he is
grateful for.

The head picks up. He is taken
to a room in one of the girl's
dormitories, which gives him
a local airline. This is a
girl's college, also
far off in the country. He finds
this out by the use of drugs outside
medical auspices. He and his
followers seem to feel
that the end justifies the means, but
they have no flair (!), and at that moment
the image of his great predecessor,
the only predecessor, Laurence Sterne,
and everything that came into his
head insulted somebody--mercifull
heavens, who on earth was it?--and
what the hell, he thinks, this may be
a major technical breakthrough for me.
In that company he thinks he hears a bearded
fellow mutter something discontented about
"a lack of fire" or was he a
singer, an American poet? When at last
he reaches the station he discovers

he is too early by 20 minutes
blazes up humiliatingly in the front
of his brain. The result of this was
that he deliberately drank twice as
there were few lights on the campus, remember
Grandma's kitchen?, and he is uncertain about the
instructions designed to get him into
Literary Vaudeville. At the outset of the
trip he had thought that
the songs themselves would be enough
so had a terrible hangover the next day.
Yet he has in some obscure way
been a good deal better satisfied with
powerful vagueness. Poetry. A car
stops. It is driven
by a student at the college
he is going to, and, ever cogizant
of his bodiless staring audience, and of
the skull beneath his own skin
he has taken to doing some curious
things. For example he has acquired a
guitar, which he carries about with
Robert Frost and Dylan Thomas; he has
had nothing to complain of as to
the size and response of his audience on
this tour--set up by the editor of a venerable
poetry magazine--has dinner
with them, recounts some of his
aventures. Everyone from the school.
But he is still bothered by the
difference and the inevitability of
death. He has tried for years to
formulate his relationship to these

things and to say something about
how to get to bus and train stations
and airports. He keeps opening
his eyes in his sleep--for what he
has become on this trip bears but little relation
to the self he left
at home in the mind, say, of his wife.
He is, in fact, in the middle of
a tour of readings. So far, considering,
he is not looking forward to acquiring
the courage to get drunk before
readings. He is exhausted and exalted
as he has never been, and now, standing
here, these affairs may be mandatory(in
some cases.) Then too many of the schools
like this one, though far back, seemed pleased by
the way things have gone; there have
even been some letters of appreciation,
female voices. There are many
furtive amused glances at him and
he replies in kind but because he like
to write them, but he has never thought
of them as participating in
a public act, a kind
appeal to girls, and he even
entertains the idea of sneaking
back to this room and dashing
hard on his nerves. He might live
more vividly in this condition
but he cannot write in it.
He is happy and grinning; he feels
resourceful, foolish, and
lucky. "America," he says aloud

about this. He takes out his two
volumes of poetry, and his
manuscript for a third book,
his Memento Mori, the great themes
of poetry hit him squarely: the
possibility of love in
these students just coming from
the auditorium sees him approaching
with his ragged books
in the center of a new reality--in
this case a cold sleepless room--
he looks at these things from the last
girl's unexpected kiss, the student
with the nine pound hammer--he
rearranges his evening's program
around the themes of love and
death, dangerous to the psychological
stability he expects of himself.
He has several misadventures to
balance between what is on the
page, put there by him at odd
beyond-himself moments, and...
and the faces. In the middle
guise of fiction, he becomes fascinatingly
alive, living up to the
"giving-them-what-they-want," or might
be expected to feel entitled to
from a poet, beside himself, who
has drunk very much at six or eight
schools before that one part.
Intensity, he murmurs, where have
you been all my life.
He settles down for a sleep

with a yong professor who
writes poems and is enthusiastic
and companionable. He
reads, has a drink at an untidy
bundle of railroads, bus, and airline schedules
marked with a red pencil and
various notes to himself. That
such nervous excitement, such
over-responsiveness to people
is probably the poet's sole
evening repast, and if he
tasted of a wild boar or a stag
which he had roasted in the
cold light coming in from the chapel
tower across the campus, well, remember
the fragrance? There is
only one bus out of town,
he reaches for it, rock-and-roll
music bursts in his face. Rather than
fool with trying to shut it off he pulls
out his manuscripts. One whispers to
another. Though he is a little
afraid to, he admits who he is,
alone in a room with his skull.
In this reading, for once in his
life, he feels a correct balance
in his Hamlet, lost somewhere in
the snows of Northern Wisconsin:
he is ,eternal strangeness! a wandering
pose, full of life through thick
glasses. He finishes, stands
glaring for a moment in another
world with fatigue, one who has spent the most

satisfying part of a long tripping
movement that is not really for him, no ,it is
for an exhausted hammerer, or for a new
arrival home and he is more
than a little glad of that: they are
wearing out the plug, feeling that he
has had his revenge. He turns on
the light and dresses, not quite able
to stall, asks suddenly, "May I
kiss you?" She agrees without thinking and
she does so with a distinct sense of
quitting while he is ahead. The
applause is long and loud, as if he were
a Beatle. He reaches a stage,
mounts, looks at the last of all clock,
and leaves. It is 5:15 a.m. It is
time. He gets up out of bed and stumbles just
as he steps down from the stage into a
wave of feathery sweated girls, a memorable
thing. No doubt. He gives the best reading of his
life, one that will shortly thereafter
have entered a twilight state characterized
by fantastic imagery. He subs a condition
of character and environment in order to
produce alternative modes of behavior.
He sits down, closes his eyes. Time is
annihilated; the bus driver stumbles
aboard, opens a door to a bridge. Finally
someone stops him, a farmer, and takes him 20
miles down the road. The farmer turns off
the highway, one is much interested in his
being there walking across the campus.
He hears a loud gust of many grunts, a crowd

of muffled students cheers him on; it
is fun in the country and there is
nothing to do. Still he is pleasantly
gratified at the turnouts and at the time.
picks up his bags and manuscripts and
his symbolic white guitar, and goes out
into the white darkness.

What is his life like? Where will he die?
Who is the nun giving him a calm
sense of proportion? and who leaves him; and
this time he is really in a
deserted landscape with dead corn in the
building and no one knows him--

"Come home." And who is that thin
serious boy with the crewcut?

In a station wagon they drive together
40 miles into the rainforests. He is
given a room in a cavern, and
gifts; disturbing gifts, perhaps inept
inadequate gifts, but gifts just the
same. He feels that he is overcome.

He is middle-ages, beginning to lose
teeth and hair. He is lishing them
in his mind, down steps.

The next morning he catches a strange
madness; took hold of him first at the
reading when he discovered that
everything he said was being noted and
commented upon. Too, it is a midwinter
night in the midwest, and a man is
lying alone in a sterling ardor.

The next place is a branch of a state
of mind located in the fields in an

inept scarecrow's life. A few big birds
puff and hunch on the telephone wires;
a strange room. On the dresser beside
the complicated clock-radio that
is supposed to wake him on time, there is
an industrial district of a large city.
There he is to be met at the bus station
though it is plain that there is no other
human being in those streets. In a bar,
(ah yes, he needs a drink badly), on
the stairs of a bus, he collapses.
When he wakes up the bus is in
the terminal of the next city. He gets
a small dose, about one-thousandth
the size of an aspirin, and the notoriety
is definitely agreeable and
he does his best to try to live up to it.
What in fact is his problem? A friend
will drive him to the next
engagement which is
his last. They start out and he pays
and gets out, scarcely knowing what he is
doing but feeling a little better
standing on the hood of a 1953 Buick
with a John Henry type hammer
in his hands, they having a kind of
metric as he adjusts his delivery more and
more to the inevitable banging. Presumes
there is nothing unscientific in
his desire to change the best
proportions of strength and beauty. His
tastes were modest, a piece of bread,
a draught of water, and you were

often sent to drive him out of his
college. "I couldn't believe you'd
be the one I was looking for," the poet
says in another city, where he has
a friend he can stay with a day or two.
He flies in watching the lights of the
city, and in a phrase the losses endured
by everyone every day--the negation of
possibility that occurs each time
we pass anyone's house.
He eats dinner with the writing and the
phrases stay with him when he wakes.
He notes them down and moves on to the
next stop via the bus station. Crossing
the campus on the one path he
knows he keeps reminding himself of
what he is doing. It is ominous that
the only other large institution in
the town is
the state insane asylum. In all, it
is a strangely good occasion.
He leaves that night, paces back and forth.
There is a skull on his table and suddenly
at the sight of it he starts reading.
From the airless close-packed winter bus
station he tries to call his contract at
the noon reading. The tour is to take place that
day and he has four hours to go 40 miles. The
tenuous noise of revolutions and
student demonstrations combine with assembly
lines that will annihilate the miles,
he becoming then an older and more
dependable self, and yet, remembering.

Perhaps though some recent poems about
his children will do the trick. He reads
these quietly and has
inevitable parties given after his
readings, he plays one or two songs,
and then scuttles back into his corner,
realizing now that role-playing is
shameful beside the feelings he
has experienced. Now he has the sensation
that he must calm down and work.
But on the aircraft aimed at last at
his home, he feels also
interested in Yeats' occult preoccupations,
a curious object to discuss
in good health, far from the poems themselves.
"Just be yourself," he told himself
in the beginning. Ah, but
what self? The self develops a full-
blown psychosis. Delusions set in,
along with restlessness; a sensation of
suffocation, withdrawal, excitement, satisfaction,
that he has done the something
idiosyncratic that people are expecting and
that much more, too.
It is more than he wants to pay, and, caught
up by a daring all or nothing plan,
he wants to tell, he does tell the driver to
take him to the high car, thinking
of the open road, the dear love of
comrades, Hart Crane. The long trip
back. He is instantly surrounded.
Someone points him in a direction
and he begins walking with students

trailing him as though he is uncomfortable,
even desperate: he is
sure he has not written any poetry that
would turn him around.
It begins to snow. Traffic
shows all around
him for miles. Finally a lucky kind of
exhilaration has come over him
and he sings with
white breath to the passing hours, followed by
complete recovery the next day.
He pulls out the packet of schedules:
something is wrong. He has forgotten
that his after-words are being received almost
as things, and toward the end he comes to
think that the things have the quality of a
college, but cannot reach him. He hails a
cab and asks the fare to the town he is going
to with a certain condescending benevolence,
and begins.
It is over. He relaxes with the
faculty party and goes to bed.
He dreams he is a scarecrow in a field
and writes poems
in his head all night. Some few
believe he is where he is : some place in
Wisconsin, where he has given a
poetry reading at a small college; he
has never been lionized by anyone,
not even his immediate family; but
these small repeated tastes of local
mints continue; he bellows louder and
louder and the flinching

audience is with him to the end of a couple
of things modelled on Walter Benton's
"This is my Beloved."
If they were good, and he read them well,
he could collect his money at
each stop with a clear
conscience. An hour goes by. He considers various
alternatives, but they are all
as absurd as the wish to grow
wings. Besides, another hammering is going on.
When an especially loud cheer comes in from
outside he looks up, thinking, "What is wrong
with such and such a concept?" Students
gather round him afterwards, pressing
their manuscripts into his hands,
telling him that the college he is to read in that
night is denominational. He goes up to the
priest, who has been in fact pointing to the right
direction all along. Remember now? He is now standing
alone in the snow, in a strange state, hitch-hiking.
He is 45 years old. for better or for
worse he has been moving and speaking among his kind.
But it is he who is not satisfied with this.
Remember the fragrance of Grandma's Kitchen? It is not
only poetry that is
involved, it is the poet as well. Vastly he resolves
to see if he can work something out
about this later, on the bus, at a reasonable hour.
He rides calmly back to a city within a
city, with a certain flair now, since he has forgotten
to telegraph his arrival. No one meets him at the
airport, he phones a friend in the city for a day
and a night before flying home. He sees the

people who sponsored as much liquor as he is accustomed to at a party after the reading, waves his arms wildly about and says, "Anything amounts to something!" And, looking at his watch, he turns it one way and another so his thin hands can catch the keys. He has not played the guitar for years but feels immediately all out and looks around for whoever is supposed to help him. There is no one but a priest, and finally it happens. One of them, a girl, not the one he would have picked to pen such a thing, is already half an hour later. They all reach the college, then the building, a crowd-raising scheme by some clod or other. All through the reading all sorts of new and poetic things happen to him. Each time he carries it to another campus. At a turn he gets off his freeway; they are not so far from the college as they thought but he was not gracefully but disgracefully drunk, who is now halfway into a new frankness. "I couldn't believe in you, either," says the priest with candor. Riveting him with astonishment, directly in front of the building, a lanky student comes out of the building and talks to him an hour or two before dinner. He lies down on a bed, then gets up, is finished. He finds his poems, usually rather loose in rhythm, taking on a thumping thunderment and incoherent babbling. These symptoms lasted several decades. Actually they have been

responded to to a degree he has come to
consider excessive and even manic, but he
suspects that attendance at college seems to
be all but inaccessible. There are no
buses or trains until after time confers her
particular favors on a stranger she
will never see again, one who last night
grew more emotional, more harried, more
impulsive. Yet he knows that these qualities
will die out, take a wrong turn somewhere.
On a highway complex as big as this one
it is hard to get tween his touring self and
his usual self. He has definitely been
another person.

《書》

致 迪克·盖洛普

你正在收听的是一个男人
在 1964 年不知不觉吸了
少量 LSD 粉末，还记得外婆家厨房的
香气吗？——他在大学看书，睡觉。
第二天一早，他在校园
散散步，一个年轻学生跟着他。
那是一个普通、温和、令人愉快的家伙，
却暗自觉得乏味无趣之极。
他写诗有些年头了。
这种感觉奇奇怪怪的，只有当他
得知自己住在一个破窗旁边，
情况才会有所缓解，现在
他正在一个汽车车顶上
跟那几个救援他的

不精确的家伙们斗殴。他知道
如何让他的词语和诗句
与锤击频率同步，不久后
他多少有点搞定了。他那庄重
轻微茫然且富有同情心的
脸蛋上的表情表达了他
对此感到欣慰。

那脑壳翘起。他被带到
其中一间女生寝室，这让他
感觉如同置身于一间本地航空。
这是一个在遥远乡下的
女子学院。他在非医疗监管下
利用药物找到了它。他和
他的跟班似乎觉得
为了目的可以不择手段，可惜呢
他们毫无才华可言 (!)，在那会儿
他那个伟大前辈，那个
唯一的前辈劳伦斯·斯特恩的形象，
以及闯入他脑子的所有东西
侮辱了那个谁——仁慈的
老天啊，它究竟是谁？——
妈的，他想，这对我而言指不定
是一项重大技术性突破呢。

在那个公司他好像听说一个大胡子
家伙怨这怨那的不满于
“缺火”或他是一个
唱歌的，还是一个美国诗人？
最后，来到车站时他发现
早到了二十分钟，
那自取其辱的愤怒
在他脑子前方爆发了。
这直接导致他不慌不忙地
喝多了两倍，因为校园里

几乎没啥光线，还记得
外婆家的厨房吗？他不确定
那被指定用来让他进入文学杂耍的
指示。在朗诵巡演开始时
他已经想过了，
诗作够多了
就这样，第二天他宿醉得厉害。
然而，他在某种晦涩的方式
满足于强大的模糊性。诗意。
一个汽车站。旅行由学院的学生
驾驶，他打算，他甚至察觉到
他无形的听众和那具
自己皮肤下的骷髅，
他着手去做一些好奇的
事情。比如说，他搞到了
一把吉他，总是跟罗伯特·
弗罗斯特和迪伦·托马斯的书一起
随身带着它。对于这趟巡演——
由一本受人尊敬的诗歌杂志的
编辑组织——他对他听众的规模
和回应没啥可抱怨的——他和他们
一起进餐，列数那些冒险经历。
所有人都来自学校。
不过他仍然被差异和
死亡的必然困扰。
多年来，他总在尝试
构建与这些东西的关系，
总在谈论诸如如何去汽车站，
火车站，机场这些事。睡觉时，
他总是长开着眼睛——因为
这趟旅行中发生的事
与他留在家中的那个自我
几乎没啥关系（比如，在她老婆看来）。

他在，实际上，在一个朗诵会
巡演的途中。就目前为止，经通盘考虑，
他还是放弃了朗诵开始前把自己搞醉。
他累毙了，从未有过被那样追捧，
现在，他站在这儿，这些事也许是强制性的
（从某种意义上来说）然而，有太多
这样的学校，尽管破烂落后，但它们似乎
对事情的进展感到满意。甚至有
一些感谢信，女性的声音。有些人
偷偷摸摸的不怀好意地在瞟他，
他也友善地回应了，可是因为他喜欢
写她们——不过他从未想起她们
也在参与一种公共行为，一种对女孩的
友好吸引力——他甚至考虑要不要
溜回他的房间，刺激他的神经。
在这种情况下他大概会
更有活力，但是没法写作了。
他感到愉快，咧嘴笑着。他感觉
自己足智多谋，愚蠢
也幸运。“美国，”他对此
大声说道。他拿出他那
两大卷诗文，以及他第三册书
《死亡警示》的手稿，了不起的
诗歌主题直接击中了他：
这些来自礼堂的学生身上的
爱的可能性
看见他带着一本破烂书
抵达新现实的中心——在此，
便是一间冰冷没法让人睡觉的房间——
他在最后一个女孩意外的亲吻中
看到了这些东西，她带着
一个九磅重的锤子——他
重新布置他那关于爱

与死亡主题的夜晚计划，
这对他期望自己的心理稳定性
构成了危险。
他在页纸上有几处
不幸的遭遇需要
刺穿，在古怪
而超越自我的时刻
安置它们，以及....
以及那些脸皮。在虚构的
伪装下，他活力焕发，
符合“投大众所好”的期待，或者说，
可能会期待从自己身边的这位诗人身上
得到授权，这家伙在之前那六七所
学校喝得昏天黑地的。
强度，他嘀咕道，你我一生中
究竟去了哪儿。
他安下心来，跟一个
写诗，又热情
又友好的年轻教授
睡了一觉。
他阅读，在一堆
杂乱无章的用红笔标记着
各种注释的铁路、汽车
和航空公司时刻表边
喝一杯。那神经兮兮的
兴奋，那对人们的过度响应
可能是诗人独享的夜宵，要是他
品尝了一块野猪肉或一块
他在从校园对面的小教堂塔
投来的冷光下烤制的
鹿肉，那么，还记得
那阵香气吗？只有一趟汽车
离开镇子，他赶去那儿，

摇滚乐在他脸上炸开。他没有
傻乎乎地想去关掉它，而是拿出
他的手稿。一个人对另一个人
低语。尽管他有点儿
害怕，他承认自己是谁，他独自
和自己的骷髅待在一个房间里。
在此次朗诵中，他平生首次
感到内心的哈姆莱特
获得了一种正确的平衡，
迷失在威斯康斯北部的大雪深处：
他是——永恒的陌生啊！——一个恍惚的
姿势，充满了穿过厚实玻璃的
生命。他结束了，站着
在另一个尽是疲倦的世界
燃烧了一会儿，一个人度过了
漫长而轻快的旅行中
最满意的时光，那对他而言
并非真实，不，那是为了
一个精疲力竭的锤子，或为了
一个新到来的家，他对此
感到非常畅快：他们正
磨坏那个插头，感到
他已经成功复仇。他打开灯，
穿上衣服，不想拖延，便突然问道，
“我能亲你吗？”她想都没想，同意了。
当他主动凑过来，她带着
那种明显的放弃感应付了事。
那掌声不断，仿佛他是
披头士中的一个。他来到讲台，
登上去，看看最后的钟表，
接着走了。凌晨 5:15。是时候了，
他下床，走下讲台，正要走进
一大波穿着毛衣的女孩时，

他绊了一脚。一件值得纪念的事。
毫无疑问。他上演了一生中
最好的一次朗诵，此后，他会
进入那梦幻意象构成的昏聩状态。
他代入一种特性和环境的条件，
为了产生不寻常的行为模式。
他坐下，关上眼睛。时间
失效了；那个公交车驾驶员
在车上晃晃悠悠的，打开通向桥的门。
好在有人阻止了他，是一个农场主，
还捎了他二十英里路。农场主离开了
高速路，一个对他在校园散步的
地方非常感兴趣的家伙。
他听见一阵响亮的猪咕噜声，一群
闷声的的学生为他喝彩。这在乡下是
很有趣的，那儿实在无事可做。
不过他还是对结果表示满意，那会儿
他捡起他的袋子和手稿
和那把象征性的白色吉他，走进
白色黑暗中。
他是一种什么样的生活？他会死在哪儿？
这个给予他平静的分寸感的修女
是谁？以及谁离开了他？以及
这一次他真的在一片
废弃的风景中，在那一间满是
枯玉米秆的屋子中，无人认识他——
“回家吧。”以及谁又是那个单薄
而严肃，留着平头的男孩？
他们一起驾驶着一部旅行车
四十英里后进入雨林中。他在
一个山洞中搞到一个房间，
以及礼物；让人心烦，也许也是
不适当的礼物，可是礼物

都是差不多的东西。他感到他受不了了。他已近中年，开始掉牙齿和头发。他在脑壳中??它们，走下台阶。第二天早晨，他陷入一种奇怪的疯狂；当他发现他说的都被做了笔记和评论，这种疯狂控制了他。而且，这是一个中西部地区的仲冬夜，一个男人独自躺在纯粹的热情中。紧邻心灵的分支，就在一个笨拙的稻草人生活的田野上。几个零散的大鸟鼓起身体，蹲在电话线上。一个陌生的房间。在一个复杂的应该准时闹醒他的闹钟收音机旁边的梳妆台上，是一片大城市的工业区。那儿，他会在汽车站和你相遇很显然，那些街上并没有什么人在走动。在一间酒吧，（哈，是的，他继续来一壶），在公汽的楼梯上，他奔溃了。醒来时，车已经来到了隔壁城市的终点站。他注射了一针小剂量，大约一粒阿司匹林千分之一的量，那种恶名是绝对可以欣然接受的，他尽最大努力不去辜负它。而他的实际问题又是什么呢？一个朋友会驾车送他去参加他的下一次也是最后一次订婚。他们出发，他付了钱，下了车，几乎不知道他在干什么，不过当他站在那部 1953 年的

别克轿车的引擎盖上，手中握着一把
约翰·亨利样式的锤子，还是让他
感觉好了点儿，当他越来越多地
调整他的说话风格以适应不可避免的撞击，
他们便有一种度量。假设，
在他改变力量和美最佳比率的欲望中
没有什么不科学的地方。他的品味
相当谦逊，一片面包，
一口水，你会经常被派去
把他赶出他的学校。“难以置信，
你正是我苦苦寻觅的那个，”
那个诗人在另一个城市说道，他可以
在那里跟一个朋友待上个一两天。
他飞进来，看着这个城市的灯火。
一句话，每个人每一天都在
忍受那种损失——那种每次
我们走过别人房子时都在
发生的可能性的否定。
他边写作边吃饭。当他醒来，
那些句子陪伴着他。
他记下它们，经过汽车站
继续去下一站。在穿过校园的
小路上，他明白他得继续提醒自己
他在做些什么。这是不祥的，
镇上唯一另一家
大型机构
便是州立精神病院。总言之，
这是一个不可思议的好场所。
那天晚上，他离开了，来回踱着步。
在他的书桌上有一个骷髅头，他一看到它
便突然开始朗诵起来。
在空气稀薄而紧逼的冬日汽车站，
他试着打电话给那个中午朗诵会上的

联系人。那天就要开启旅程，
他还有四个小时，要赶四十英里路。
那微弱的革命噪音和
学生示威游行混和在流水线上
将彻底消耗那些英里数，
那时他成为一个更老，
更可靠的自我，而然，还记得。
也许，尽管最近的一些关于
他孩子的诗会获得成功，他安静地
朗诵它们，难免又得参加
会后的那些派对，他会再表演
一两首，接着慌乱逃窜回
他的角落中，现在，
他认识到在那些他体验过的
情感旁边进行角色扮演
是可耻的。现在，他有那种感觉，
那便是他必须冷静下来，去工作。
可是最终在那部瞄准他家的
飞机上，他也对诸如叶芝对玄妙的专注，
在身体良好时讨论一个好奇的对象，
这些事产生了兴趣，而远胜于诗本身。

“成为自我，”他一开始
就这样对自己说。哈，只是
啥是自我？自我发展为
一种全熟的精神病。幻觉出现，
伴随心慌不安；一种窒息感，
戒断反应，一股子兴奋劲，以及满足感，
他觉得自己完成了人们期盼的
那类独特事情，甚至更多。
这比他想付出的要多，而且
被一个大胆孤注一掷的
计划抓住了，
他想告诉那个司机，而且确实也

告诉了他，去弄一部高级轿车，
同时他想起那条开阔路来，
想起同志间亲密的
友爱，想起哈特·克雷恩。
漫长的归途。他立即被包围了。
有人向他指了一个方向，
他开始跟追踪他的那些学生们
一起徒步，尽管他总觉得哪儿不舒服，
甚至绝望：他确信他还没
写过哪怕一句能让他
起死回生诗。
现在，下雪了。
方圆几英里的交通
慢了下来。最终，一种
幸运的愉快向他袭来。
他呼着白气，对流逝的时间
哼着曲儿，第二天，
他就恢复如初了。
他抽出那捆日程表：
有的地方出错了。他忘了
他的后记几乎被接纳为
事物，到最后，他想起
那些东西有学院的
质地，却无法触及他。
他喊了一辆出租车，
以某种屈尊的仁慈态度打听好
去镇上的车费，
接着出发了。
完了。他在教职员派对上
放松下来，稍后回去睡觉了。
他梦见他是田野上的一个稻草人
整夜整夜在脑子里
写诗。很少有人

相信他在他所在的地方：
威斯康辛某处，他在那儿
的一个小小的学院
搞了一场诗歌朗诵会；
他从没被人奉为偶像，
甚至他至亲的家人；不过
这些小小的本地薄荷糖的
重复品味继续存在；他吼得
越来越大声，畏缩的观众
跟着他，一直直到最后几句
模仿沃尔特·本顿的
《这是我的爱人》的台词。
要是它们写得好，他读着也就好，
他可以在每一站
赚到一些
良心钱。一个小时过去了。
他考虑了许多反感，不过它们全部跟
长出翅膀这样的愿望一样荒谬。
除此以外，另一个打击正在到来。
当一个特别大声的欢呼
从外面传来，他抬起脑壳，想，
“这样那样的概念有什么问题吗？”
后来，学生们围拢他，
把他们的手稿塞在他手上，
告诉他，他准备在那个夜晚
搞朗诵的学校是受教派控制的。
他就去见了那个神父，一直以来
他就是实际指明正确方向的那个人。
还记得吗？他现在就独自
站在风雪中，在一种奇怪的情形下，
在搭便车。他四十五岁。不论好与坏，
他一直在他的同行中移动和说话。
不过他并不满足于此。

还记得奶奶家厨房的香气吗？它涉及的
不仅仅是诗，同样也是诗人。他下了极大的
决定，等上了公汽，有了合适的时间，
看看是不是能解决这个问题。
他平静地回到城中村，
带着某种才华，因为他忘了提前
给他的达到发电报。没有人在机场
接他，在回家前，他跟城里的一个朋友
打了一天一夜的电话。他看见
那些在朗诵会结束的后派对上他想
喝多少就赞助多少的那些人，
他大力挥舞着手臂，说道，“凡事
有其价值！”接着，看了看手表，
他把它转了一圈又一圈，这样
他干枯的手就能抓住按键了。他有些
年头没有摆弄那把吉他，他立刻
感到筋疲力尽，到处寻找可以
帮他的人。谁都指望不上，
除了那个牧师，事情就这么成了。
她们中的一个女孩，不是那个他会选中
用来写这样的东西的，来晚了半小时。
她们来到学校，来大楼里，参加
某个白痴或谁想出的众筹计划。
纵观整场朗诵会，他遇到了各式各样
新鲜和富有诗意的东西。每次，
他会把它带到别的校园。在拐弯处，
他下了高速路；就像他们想的一样，他们
离学校不远了，不过他还是可耻地
喝了个醉，他开始进入了全新的坦率中。
“我也没法相信你，”神父
坦诚地说。令他惊讶的是，就在
大楼前面，一个细高的学生走出大楼，
对他说，晚餐在一两个小时中。

他在床上躺下，接着爬起来，
都结束了。他找到他的诗，
通常在节奏上它会相当松散，会发出
雷鸣声和不协调的
胡说八道。这些症状持续了
几十年。实际上，在某种程度上
它们回应了他那过度甚至
疯狂的思想，他怀疑上大学
似乎几乎是不可能的。
没有汽车，或火车到来，
直到时间授予她特别的善意在
一个她再也不会面的
陌生人身上，那一个昨晚
逐渐变得更情绪化，更受折磨，
更易冲动的人。然而他知道
这些才会耗光，在某处错误地拐弯。
在类似这样一个庞大的高速公路系统中，
很难在旅行中的自我和日常生活中的
自我之间找到平衡。他绝对是
另一种人。

Many Happy Returns

To Anne Kepler & Frank O'Hara

Words for Love

FOR SANDY

Winter crisp and the brittleness of snow
as like make tired as not. I go my
myriad ways blundering, bombastic, dragged
by a self that can never be still, pushed
by my surging blood, my reasoning mind.

I am in love with poetry. Every way I turn
this, my weakness, smites me. A glass
of chocolate milk, head of lettuce, darkness
of clouds at one o'clock obsess me.
I weep for all of these or laugh.

By day I sleep, an obscurantist, lost
in dreams of lists, compiled by my self
for reassurance. Jackson Pollock Rene
Rilke Benedict Arnold I watch
my psyche, smile, dream wet dreams, and sigh.

At night, awake, high on poems, or pills
or simple awe that loveliness exists, my lists
flow differently. Of words bright red
and black, and blue. Bosky. Oubliette. Dissevered.
And O, alas

Time disturbs me . Always minute detail
fills me up. It is 12:10 in New York. In Houston
it is 2 p.m. It is time to steal books. It's
time to go mad. It is the day of the apocalypse

the year of parrot fever! What am I saying?

Only this. My poems do contain
wilde beestes. I write for my Lady
of the Lake. My god is immense, and lonely
but uncowed. I trust my sanity, and I am proud. If
I sometimes grow weary, and seem still, nevertheless

my heart still loves, will break.

《情话》

致 桑迪

易碎的冬天和雪的脆性
总归让我厌倦，走在
数不清劈来冲去，空洞的路上，
被永不停歇的自我，奔涌的
血液，理性的脑壳拖动，推动。

我沉溺在诗中。每次转身，
我的虚弱暴打我。一杯
巧克力牛奶，一头生菜，凌晨
一点钟的乌云笼罩我。
为之我哭泣或笑。

我白天睡，像个白痴，迷失
在梦的清单中，那是为了安抚自己，我亲自
罗列的。杰克·波洛克 雷内
• 里尔克 本纳迪克·阿诺德 我望着
我的灵魂，笑笑，梦点湿梦，也叹气。

夜晚，我醒着，诗或药品让我超嗨
或仅仅是对美好存在的敬畏，我的清单

四处流淌在亮红的，黑的，
蓝色的文字中，树林中，地下牢房，分裂蔓延。
还有，噢，哎

时间把我搞晕。细枝末节总在
填满我。这会儿是 12:10，纽约。在休斯顿
现在是下午 2 点。是时候去偷书了，
去发发疯。这一天是世界末日
是鸚鵡热年！我在说啥？

我的诗中确实存在野兽，
仅此而已。我为湖中的仙女
写作。我的神明广袤而孤独，
倔得像驴。我信任我的神志，为之骄傲。
要是我有时看着疲惫，木讷，那是

我的心仍旧热烈，易碎。

*wilde beestes，这是造的词。

Personal Poem #2

I wake up 11:30 back aching from soft bed Pat
gone to work Ron to class (I never heard a sound)
it's my birthday. 27. I put on birthday
pants birthday shirt go to ADAM's buy a Pepsi for
breakfast come home drink it take a pill
I'm high!

I do three Greek lessons to make
up for cutting class. I read birthday book

(from Joe) on Juan Gris real name: Jose
Vittoriano Gonzales stop in the middle read
all my poems gloat a little over new ballad
quickly skip old sonnets imitations of Shakespeare.
Back to books. I read poems by Auden Spenser Stevens
Pound and Frank O'Hara. I hate books.

I wonder
if Jan or Helen or Babe ever think about me. I
wonder if David Bearden still dislikes me. I wonder
if people talk about me secretly. I wonder if
I'm too old. I wonder if I'm fooling myself
about pills. I wonder what's in the icebox.
I wonder if Ron or Pat bought any toilet paper
this morning

《个人诗 # 2 》

11:30 从软床上醒来背痛。帕特
出门干活罗恩去上课（我没听到任何动静）
今天是我 27 岁生日。我穿上生日
短裤头生日衬衫去亚当超市买一厅
百事当早饭回来后就着它服下一个药丸
我嗨了！

我复习三节希腊文来弥补
翘课。我读生日书（乔的）关于胡安·
格里斯，他的真名叫何塞·维多利亚
·冈塞莱斯，读到中途停下，转而去读
我所有的诗，我对新的叙述诗有点儿得意，
它们迅速跳过了那些模仿莎士比亚四十行的旧诗。
说到书。我读奥登、斯宾塞、史蒂文斯
庞德和弗兰克·奥哈拉的诗歌。

我在想
简或海伦或芭比会想我吗。我

担心大卫·彼尔德是不是仍讨厌我。我怀疑
人们有没有在私底下谈论我。我在想我
是不是太老了。我在想我是不是
用药在糊弄我自己。我想知道冰箱里有啥。
我不知道罗恩还是帕特谁会带厕纸回来，
在这个早晨。

Personal Poem #7
FOR JOHN STANTON

It is 7:35 Friday morning in the Universe
New York City to be somewhat exact
I'm in my room wife gone working Gallup
fucking in the room below
 had 17 1/2 milligrams desoxyn
last night 1 Miltown, read Paterson, parts
1 & 2, poems by Wallace Stevens & How Much Longer
Shall I Be Able To Inhabit The Divine Sepulchre
(John Ashbery). Made lists of lines to
steal, words to look up (didn't). Had steak & eggs
with Dick while Sandy sweetly slept.

At 6:30 woke Sandy
fucked til 7 now she's late to work & I'm still
high. Guss I'll write to Bernie today
and Tom. And call Tony. and go out at 9 (with Dick)
to steal books to sell, so we can go
to se A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

《个人诗#7》
致 约翰·斯坦通

这会儿星期五 7:35，一个早晨，在宇宙
确切一点说，是在纽约
我在房间里。妻子出门干活了。盖洛普
在楼下房间操

17.5 毫克诺罗丁

昨晚是 1 毫克安宁，读《帕特森》第一、
二章，以及华莱斯·史蒂文斯的诗以及《还要
多久我才能习惯圣神的坟墓》（约翰·
阿什贝利 著）。列出要剽窃的
诗句清单，要查阅的词（还没去查）。跟迪克
一起吃牛排和鸡蛋，那会儿桑迪还在美滋滋睡觉。

六点半，桑迪醒了，
一直操到这会儿七点准。她上班要迟到了，而我
还很兴奋。我猜今天会给邦妮写信，
还有汤姆。或给托尼打电话。在九点（跟迪克）
出门去偷书来卖，这样我们就可以
去看《歌剧魅影》。

Personal Poem

It's 5:03 a.m. on the 11th of July this morning
and the day is bright gray turning green I can't stop
loving you says Ray Charles and I know exactly
what he means because the Swedish policeman in the
next room is beating on my door demanding sleep
and not Ray Carles and bluegrass does he know
that in three hours I go to court to see if the world
will let me have a wife he doesn't of course it wouldn't
occur to him nor would it occur to him to write
"scotch-tape body" in a notebook but it did occur to

John Stanton alias The Knife Fighter age 18 so why
are my hands shaking I should know better

《个人诗》

现在凌晨 5:03，七月十一日
天空由浅灰色变成绿色。我无法
停止爱你，雷·查尔斯说。我完全知道
他在说啥是因为那个住隔壁房间的瑞典
警察正在敲我的门，要求我，
而不是对雷·查尔斯或牧草早点睡。他是否
知道三个钟头后我得去趟法庭，看看世界
会不会给我一个老婆。他当然不知道，他
想不到。他也不会用笔记本去记
“胶条封嘴的尸体”，但这事确实发生在了
约翰·斯坦通身上。就是那个 18 岁，诨名
刀锋战士的家伙。那么，为啥我的手
在发抖。我最好搞搞灵清

Personal Poem #9

It's 8:54 a.m. in Brooklyn it's the 26th of July
and it's probably 8:54 in Manhattan but I'm
in Brooklyn. I'm eating English muffins and drinking
Pepsi and I'm thinking of how Brooklyn is New
York City too. How odd. I usually think of it
as something all its own. like Bellows Falls. like
Little Chute. Like Uijongbu

I never thought
on the Williamsburg Bridge I'd come so much to Brooklyn
just to see lawyers and cops who don't even carry guns

taking my wife away and bringing her back

No

and I never thought Dick would be back at Gude's
beard shaved off long hair cut and Carol reading
his books when we were playing cribbage and watching
the sun come up over the Navy Yard across
the river

I think I was thinking

when I was ahead I'd be somewhere like Perry street
erudite dazzling slim and badly-loved
contemplating my new book of poetry
to be printed in simple type on old brown paper
feminine marvelous and tough

《个人诗 #9》

这会儿早晨 8:54，布鲁克林，7 月 26 日
在曼哈顿可能也是 8:54，不过我在
布鲁克林。我在吃英国小松饼，喝着
百事，我在想为什么布鲁克林也算
纽约，多么古怪，我通常认为
一个东西只是它自己。就好像贝洛斯瀑布，
小舒特村，或议政府市

我从未想过——

在威廉斯堡桥上——我那么频繁来布鲁克林
只是为了看那些律师和连枪都不佩的警察，
他们带走了我的妻子又送了回来。

从没有。

我从未想过迪克会回到古德家，
他刮了胡子剪了头发，那会儿我们正玩着
克里比奇纸牌和看太阳从河对岸的海军船坞升起
而卡罗尔在闷头看书。

我想我在想

当我在领先时我会在像佩里街这样的地方
沉思我那本博学、眼花缭乱、苗条
受人喜爱用简单的字体印在
女里女气奇妙而坚韧的旧牛皮纸上的
新诗集

For You

FOR JAMES SCHUYLER

New York's lovely weather hurts my forehead
here where clean snow is sitting, wetly
round my ears, as hand-in-glove and
head-to-head with Joe, I go reeling
up Frist Avenue to Klein's. Christmas
is sexy there. We feel soft sweaters
and plump rumpled skirts we'd like to try.
It was gloomy being broke today, and baffled
in love: Love, why do you always take my heart away?
But then the soft snow came sweetly falling down
and head in the clouds, feet soaked in mush
I rushed hatless into the white and shining air,
glad to find release in heaven's care.

《给你》

致 詹姆斯·斯凯勒

纽约可爱的天气伤害我额头
这里积着干净的雪，湿乎乎地
围绕着我的耳朵，我和乔
带着手套，肩并肩沿着第一大街

摇摇晃晃走去克莱恩。那儿，
圣诞节很性感。我们想尝试柔软的
毛衣和丰满的皱巴巴的裙子。
今天天空阴沉、沮丧，爱
令我困惑：为啥你总是带走我的心？
不过接着柔软的雪落了下来
我脑子昏沉，双脚粘着泥巴，
光着头冲进洁白闪耀的空气中，
很高兴在老天的眷顾下得到解脱。

A Personal Memoir of Tulsa, Oklahoma /1955-60

There we were, on fire with being there, then
And so we put our pants on
And began to get undressed. You were there, then
And there where you were, we were. And I
Was there, too! We had no pants on.

And I saw your penis there. It was right there, where
We were, and it was with us. We looked at it, there
And you said, "Why hello there, Oliver!" to me, there
Beside you, without any pants on, there where I
Could here you saying, "Why hello there!"

Then Frank came in, and George, and Bill, and Cannonball, and Frank;
And Simon, Jonas, Jennie-Lou, and Bob; and gentle Millie-Jean;
And Hannibal the Alp; and they took off their hats and coats
And all began to puke. They puked on Cal, and on Billy, and
On Benjamin, Lucifer, Jezebel, Asthmador and Frank. Then they left.

Frank was much younger then, there, and he had hair
On his belly; he looked like a model-aeroplane; a dark, gloomy

Navel in its tail; and you were there, there
In his tail: you were there and
Hair was there, and air was there, there, up in the air, among
The hair. And you were saying, "Why, hello there!"
And your pants, when you finally put them on there
Had a hole in them, there, where your penise was, before it flew
Away from there to find itself. And the hole there was wide
And it was deep. It was dark there; and
Supersonic Aeroplanes were there. And they were whirring.

"Whirrr-whirr-whirrr," went the throbbing aeroplanes, as
They zoomed out at us from in there; for we were there, where
Your pants met the sea, and we were glad! I was there, and Jock
And Zack, and Brett; and we met your penis passing by. It said,
"Goodbye mild starlight of The Sign of Fawn," as it rode
into the galaxy named "Fangs"

《在俄克拉荷马州图尔萨的个人回忆 1955-60》

我们在那儿，因为在那儿而兴致甚高
那么我们穿上裤子
开始脱掉衣服。你在那儿，那么
我们在你在那儿。那么我
也在那儿！我都没穿裤子。

那么我在那儿看见你的阴茎。它就在我们
在那儿，跟我们在一起。我们望着它，在那儿。
那么你就跟我说了，“你好啊，奥利弗！”
在没穿裤子的你身边，我就在那儿
可以听见你说，“你好啊！”

那么弗兰克进来了，接着乔治，接着比尔，炮弹，接着弗兰克；

接着西蒙，乔纳斯，詹妮·娄和鲍勃；还有温柔的米莉·简；
还有大山汉尼拔；那么他们脱掉帽子和外套
开始一起呕吐。他们吐在卡尔身上，比利身上，以及
本杰明，路西法，耶洗别，哮喘多和弗兰克身上，接着他们走了。

弗兰克在那儿年轻好多，他的头发
垂到肚子上；他看着像一个航空模型；
一个黑乎乎的，沮丧的肚脐眼
在它的尾巴上；那么你在那儿，在他的
尾巴上：你在那儿，头发就在那儿，
空气也在那儿，那儿，悬在空气中，
在空气中。那么你就说了，“你好呀！”
那么当你最后穿上你的裤子，那儿
出现了一个洞，就在那儿，在你的阴茎上，
就在它从那儿溜走去寻找它自己前。那个洞
又宽又深，黑乎乎的在那儿。好些超音速
飞机也在那儿。嗖嗖飞着。

“嗖嗖嗖，呼呼呼”飞向颤动的飞机，在那里
它们把我们缩小；因为我们在哪儿，而你的裤子
掉进了海里，我们都很高兴！我也在那儿，还有乔克
还有扎克，还有布雷特；你的阴茎路过我们。它说，
“再会，小鹿星座温和的星光，”那么
它跑进“毒牙”银河系去了。

TAMBOURINE LIFE

For Anne Kepler

FUCK COMMUNISM

it's red white

and blue

in the bathroom

(Tuli's)

One dollar, you Mother!

Make all your friends

STOP!

(now there's an idea)

ARTFORUM

723 1/2 North Cienega Blvd

Los Angeles, California

Bact to the wall

(it's all in California)

Thanks to Jack

I mean it's all right here

it's morning

and I'm looking

over the wall

at Mr.Pierre Loti

and his nameless dog

they work well

together

on paper

i.e. this here

chasing a tiger across white expansiveness

that is not lacking in significance

(what is?)

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

circa 1967

2

The apples are red again in Chandler's valley

redder for what happened there
never did know what it was
never did care
The End
on a pillow
naturally
a doormat lust steam a
hiss Guilty!
I see some hadwriting on the wall
of the Williamsburg Bridge
intersection
New York Post
ten cents
tip the news boy
over
a million
laughs
that's the party line
yes
he's working on the paper:
Mr. Horatio Alger
(he has a lovely talent)
thank you
here's your change

3

I'm touched
here, take this penny
there is no need for the
past
the sun is out
it's night
I mean

it is night
and I love you better
since
this seizure / of my eyeballs

*

Take off those Fug panties!
Go ahead
it's a big world
The big guys do it
TO ANNIE
(between Oologah & Pawnee)
Guillaume Apollinaire

4

The bodies of my days
open up
in the garden
of
my memory,
America

*

I have had the courage to look backward
it was like polio
I shot my mouth off

*

I NEED MONEY
that money
that at least
at last
means less
than a Band-aid
or a toadstool

*

OUCH!

that Band-aid has an OUCH! in it

Who notices a toadstool in the street?

Everyone

who has on

a Band-aid

That toadstool has a Band-aid on it

5

(to Brett deBary)

"He doesn't know how to take a vaction"

Dick

doesn't know how to take a vaction

either

That is not to infer

that Dick is a toad

under his Band-aid

far from it

a toad is a cold-blooded fellow

Dick is warm and full of blood

when you leave, Dick

turn the refrigerator

to vacation please

6

Now I'm going to read 3 cereal poems:

CORN FLAKES

OATMEAL

RY-KRISP

thank you

they were composed

excuse me

I mean NOT composed

using the John-Cage-Animal-Cracker
Method of Composition
(this seems to be mushrooming into a
major work
of high
seriousness)

*

I'd fight for that!
(I didn't have to.)

7

True Love
there is only one
way
to describe
"True
Love"
does anyone know
that on way?

*

Mr. Nelson Algren
1958 West
Evergreen
Chicago, Illinois

*

In Chicago, Illinois, you
are really at home
whether you like it or not, baby,
and, whether you
like it
or not
You Are My Friend
so don't pees me

off!

8

Come into my house

tonight

Dick

and I will show you

this new work

"House at Night"

It & this page, there not here, are not the same

except in a

manner of

speaking

it is not

"A Portrait of Jea-Marie"

tho it cd be

it is also not

"A Portrait of Barbare Harris"

whom I don't know

though I like her plenty

she's a lot like me

(my own name is

"Mr. Brigadoon")

9

I am constantly being

caught up

in my own commotion

it is now a slow

commotion

The radio is turning me on

10

Commotion over, clothes in
hand I wait
in Mr. Ron Padgett's
furlined
bridge-jacket
who shivers now
in Paris, Oklahoma
between Galveston &
Mobile a word
incidentally
invented
cross that out
coined
by Mr. Marcel Duchamp
to describe a
lady finger

11

it's too cold in here / but not for me
in my present balloon state / to write this love song
"Cold rosy dawn in New York
City"
hovering over the radio
de-dum

12

I woke up this morning
it was night
you were on my mind
LADY BRETT
looking for a home
for the boll weevil
nothing like that in New

York City
it's all Oklahoma
where you-all
can learn to talk like me
if "you-all" is Mr.
Ron Padgett, "The
American Express"

13
He's a good friend of mine
although
he fears he is unable to love
people
who have politesse
what ever that may be
thanks anyway, Frank
you're not without con brio
n'es ca'fe?
(thanks, Ed)

14
I quote
from "The Code of the West"
a work
by Mr. Ed Sanders
whose "Poem From Jail"
I highly recommend
On second thought
I quote instead
This work
by Mr. Marcel Duchamp
which
oddly enough

I also give high recommendation

15

THE CODE OF THE WEST

1. Sob when you read "Black Beauty."
2. The true test of a man is a bunt.
3. Dare to do your duty.
4. Press the tip of the tongue on the gums
 behind the upper teeth as far t, and expel
 the breath with vibrations of the vocal cords.
5. He went to the windows of those who slept
 and over each pain like like a fairy wept.
6. Halt!
7. Lossen your snood.
8. Close your eyes and doze.
9. Jove ! Jove! This shepherd's passion
 is much upon my fashion!
10. Drill.

16

you know
once people paid no attention to me
Mayakovsky
in the garden of my memory
& now
passion's flower
wilts
constantly
becasue
my lady love is a Holy Roller!
her body is a sponge

it has no mud
Tonight's heat
will dry that mud
and it will fall into dust
I'm ready for it
the body I mean
not the dust
however if you are in the dust
kindly hop into this tub of black water please

now hand me that quail
lean me against the belly of a woman
(you are that woman)

17
knock on the door of her house
knock-knock
the sun is out
river flowing in a window
a geranium trembling automobile
droning
across the screen
Turn back to look
you don't see
the door open
you are standing there
I mean
I am sitting
here
between the door
to a world full of others
like yourselves
and the droning solitude of this here Los Angeles

Freeway

*

How to get off?

18

Hi, Bears!

do you believe in magic?

good!

becasuse I am here

to make a monkey out of you

The best way

to make yrself a monkey

is to jump down

(spin around)

pick a bale of cotton

if you don't understand

that

you will never understand

your country's history

1000 volumes a year

ooze from the minds

of dead monkeys

and yet

we are still too dull

to understand

them

or that

KISS ME

it is not at all unpleasant

to be kissed by a monkey

if you are a monkey

I am not a monkey

I do not have a monkey on my back

I am not a monkey's uncle
turn page

19

Only a monkey would read this
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FLIES
over 250 flies
photographed
in living color
These 250 flies were tied "up"
executed
by hand
Not my hand
The Little Sisters

20

There are no flies on me, New York City
oh

21

There are, however,
two sorts of landscapes here
the interior
and the exterior
as well as the other
which we will not go into here

22

One song I have always liked
is
"Hope you Happy Monkey"
that's the truth
by Ruth Krauss

23

There you are
There I go
past The Majestic Men's Clothes
slightly disheveled
is a nice phrase
it has impact
like the three pricks
Alice gave
Joe Gould
in 1933
MOTHER
that's Alice's idea of Wonderland

24

She happens to be a sex expert, among other things
if you are squeamish I'd better not tell you
WHAT other things...
"How did Red China get the "O" bomb?"
no one knows
No one will ever know
because no one
is a tautology
let's have no truck
with tautologies

25

This poem
has no truck
although it does provide
a sort of Reader's Digest
of Oriental sex practices

under the sheets
Who threw the panties into
Mother's tea
is a good example of one
of the many unanswered questions
life provides
Where did the beautiful
British secret agent
lose his nightie
is another
it was not a majestic nightie
nor was it a man's nightie
unless of course
the Beautiful British
secret agent
was a female impersonator
Perhaps that was his secret
There has always been a
quick turnover
among British secret agents
Look!
there goes one now

26

I am here today
a gentleman
with time on my hands
you are in my heart
during
The four Seasons
which are
1. springtime
2. bedtime

and so on

27

There is a revolution going on in my skin

I have the gift of yong skin

no pimples

which is why I am here today

I would like to introduce myself

However

it will be better

between us

if I don't cheat

The victory is not always to the sweet

so keep on the ball, buddy, i.e.

I mean "the button"

28

COME ALIVE

Meet Me At The Smoke Ring

(Get Your Piles Out of Vietnam

Let's Love One Another)

(Equality for Homosexuals)

YES

SUCK

Stand Up For Dikes

Commemorating The Visit

of Pope Paul X

We Won't Go

to NYC

1965

I'm for Legalized

Abortion

NO MAN IS GOOD THREE TIMES

29

Life certainly is marvelous
When you're in love
isn't it?
consequently, it is important
to be in love
most all the time
but not all of the time
When you are in love
all of the time
you get bored
because
life
when it's always the same
is boring
isn't it?
that's a strange theory

30

it's a theory of strange
I am in love
right now. I am in love with
(fill in name of person in
room)
see me about this later, ()
I am not in love with Mr. Walter Steck
He was or
was not
recently elected
to the assembly
Just for the record
I found Mr. Walter Steck

recently
at five o'clock in the afternoon
on Garcia Lorca's birthday
lying in the gutter
on his button
shame

31
O ship of states
Sail on, O allegorical poem

32
Branching out
shooting all night
he grounded
himself
on the button

33
so here
you stand
hitting upon things
you hadn't thought upon
when you get into the
pictures
you wake up
inside an oval
portrait
I mean a woman
A beautiful reminder sitting on a line
It could be a steamship line
or even a
ferry line

34

Life is Never boring when you are Tarzan of the Apes

e.g. You step out from behind a bush

and you say

"Yes, I am M'sieur Tarzan"

35

Dick Gallup arrives at this point

and says

"Life is Boring"

36

Jacques-Louis david is crying in his crib

he is not bored

Jane has given him a banana

37

Dick reads those lines

they bore him

but I laugh plenty

38

David is sobbing bitterly

in the jungle

"Shut up

or I'll like you," etc.

He doesn't want to

39

He wants the white

tempera

paint
with which I am painting out the words
in this here comic book
"Tarzan of the Apes"
so that I can "fill in the words"

40
"The Words" is a good book
is is the autobiography of Mr. Jean-Paul Sartre
from age zero to ten
In it
he tells what a little shirt he was.
"I'm going doo-doo" say Jacques-Louis David
we have words
and he falls into sleep

41
Life is long
it's ure been a long Times
crossword puzzle
since I last
was here
That Spring of /65
that was
That was my best year
that was also a good year of
Dancers
Buildings and
People in the Street
in the cell block
a boy
invented
the mahogany cage

before he rested
The climate became
a song
Crowds disperse my
purpose
my great calm
Dim lights
turn me down
the radio parts
the curly hair
me on the floor
saying

42

"Go now
and get me a vast Band-aid"

43

I'm sitting here thinking that these words that I have been
borrowing from Mr. James "The Rock" Proust & son
should stretch to the end of at least one
period in my life.
They did.

44

"What I really like is new girls to fuck."
that's a good line
it was said by Dick Gallup
who let it drop there
that to be explained later
in the backroom
of The Peace Eye
that's all I know

45

Cow a is not Cow B

Dick

Count Korzybaski said that

that Polish cocksucker

is what a drunk call HIM

He didn't mean Korzybski

though

He'd never heard of Him

I don't know what he means

I was drunk

He was speaking Polish

He didn't dig Counts

That's a fact

46

According to FACT

William Burroughs

studies under

that Polish cocksucker

in Chicago

I've always admired count Korzybski

and, in fact, I've always admired William Burroughs

Hi Bill!

I do not, however, admire FACT Magazine

because it costs too much money

and probably for other reasons

toow vague to be present

47

dot dot dot

48

Listen

Is there a *Pseudotsuga Menziesii*
in your house?
if so, there is
nothing to worry about
it would be hard to find
a house
in America
where *Pseudotsuga Menziesii* isn't
all over the godddam place
it has a lovely talent

49

cross something out here

50

Imagine yourself
driving on a super highway
with your friend
Mr. Bob Harris
besides being a genius
he is also a perennial
problem child
who mooches off his friends
sleeps with any available women
ignores his children
and smokes ceaselessly
like yourself
you may have to stop often
to relieve yourself
because your friend
suffers

from a terrible disease previously unmentioned
but not in this poem
nor by anyone whom you have ever known
in this vale of tears

51

back on the freeway
the cars pass
over your eyes ears nose and throat
and hairs
no interviews
no photographs
no autographs
ni this dream
which is so realistic
you can almost hear my voice
at your ear
which is on the level of your back,
dear

52

Fish and Cheep Pet Shoppe
The Pioneer
Block Drug
Manhattan
Fox' Corner
Martha's
are all places I have never visited
though I keep meaning to

53

Italy is a boot in the atlas
the snowball centuries rolling

collect only the tiny footprints of
hens
the burning bush attracts
the hen
One comes to take one's
place in the sun, only
to smother insider the
hide of a hen

54

COME IN!

Hello Lee

Mr. Lee Crabtree

of The Fugs

just came in

55

Rhetoric

is what we make

out of our quarrels

with others

out of

our quarrels with

ourselves

we make poetry

Yes, that is true,

56

In my house, every

cloud

has a silver lining

there is only one cloud in my house

Inside that cloud is a joke
it is not an inside joke

57

on every mirror
in my house
is a big kiss
placed there by Mr. Joe Brainard

*

it's very exciting
not to be asleep now

*

If Joe Brainard were here now
he'd be excited
about giving me those kisses
that's a lie
clickety-clack
William Saroyan

59

What we do in life
in New York City
in 1965
we get the money

60

GET THE MONEY!
that was Damon runyon's favorite expression
the heat is coming on
like gangbusters
(A. Partridge
History of American climate)
I guess that means

it's time to burst,
eh,
M'sieur Cloud?

61

Speaking of Picasso, he once sd
that for him
true friendship cannot exist
without the possibility of
sex
That is true
I have many men friends
I would like to fuck
However, I am unable to do so
because I am not a homosexual
fortunately
this makes my life complex
rather than simple
and vice versa

62

Dream on O impudent virgin
Guillaume Apollinaire
you too are aware of the duality of nature and of the spirit
and you too prefer the visible
to the invisible
I salute YOu!
(Salutes)

63

the true Guillaume
is a great deal more interesting
than many of those people

whose misfortune it is
not to be so true

64
the logic of that is
lost
but may be recovered
in the theory of Mr. A.N. Whitehead to the effect
that a human being
may possess two kinds of perception /that
as it were
work from opposite ends.
(breathing)

65
So, in conclusion, may I say
that this is what life is like here
you drink some coffee, you get some sleep
everything is up in the air
especially us, who are me

66
Now
in the middle of this
someone I love is dead
and I don't even know
"how"
I thought she belonged to me
How she filled my life when I felt empty!
How she fills me now!

67
games of cribbage

with Dick
filled this afternoon
do you
understand that?

68
What
excitement!
crossing Saint Mark's Place
face cold in air
tonight
when
that girlish someone
waving
from a bicycle
turned me
back on.

69
What moves me most, I guess
of a sunlit morning
is being alone
with everyone I love
crossing 6th and 1st
at ice-cold 6 a.m.
from where I come home
with two French donuts, Pepsi and
the New York Times.

70
Joy is what I like,
That, and love.

Oct.1956-Jan. 1966

《手鼓生活》

致 安妮·开普勒

1.

操他娘 XX 主义

红的白的

蓝的

在（图里家）

浴室

一美元，娘啊！

可以让你全部朋友

歇菜！

（我有个想法）

艺术论坛

在加州，洛杉矶

北塞内加尔大道 732 1/2 号

回到墙

（一切都在加州）

谢谢杰克

我是说这儿一切尚好

这会儿早晨，视线越过

皮埃尔·洛蒂先生家的墙，

我看这看那，还有他那条无名狗

他们协同干活相当出色，

在即这儿，纸上。

穿越白色扩张地带去追踪一个老虎

这并非缺乏意义

（不过是啥？）

俄国革命发生在
大约 1967

2.

苹果在钱德勒家的山谷又熟了
比在那儿发生的事更红
我从不知道那是什么
从不在意
在一个枕头上
自然地
来到结束
一块门垫 淫欲 蒸汽
嘶嘶响 罪！

我看见在威廉姆斯堡桥
十字路口
墙上的一些字迹
《纽约邮报》 十美分
给报童的小费
以及
一百万个
大笑

那是派对上的诗句
是啊

他在纸上工作
霍雷肖·阿尔及尔先生
（他有可爱的天赋）
谢谢你
这是给你的零钱找头

3.

在这儿，
我花溅泪，握着这分钱
往事

不必再提
太阳出来了
这会儿是夜晚
我是说
现在正明月当空
而我更加爱你
因为
来自眼球的 这种痉挛

*

脱掉这些紧身短裤
用力向前
进入一个大大的世界
大家伙们都这么干
致 安妮
(在奥骡加和勃尼中间)
纪尧姆·阿波利内

4.

我白天的身体
在我记忆
的
花园中
打开，
美国。

*

我有勇气回望
像极了小儿麻痹症
我胡扯

*

我亟需钞票纸
钞票
归根结底
不比一个邦迪创口贴

一株毒菌
来得更有意义

*

哎哟！
在创口贴下有一声哎哟！
谁在街上注意到了一株毒菌？
每个
贴创口贴
的人
这株毒菌上贴着一个创口贴

5.

（致 布雷特·德拜瑞）

“他不知道怎么度假”

迪克
同样
不知道如何度假
这并不能推断出
迪克是创口贴下的
一头蟾蜍
还差得远呢
蟾蜍是冷血动物
迪克是一个温暖而满血的人
迪克，你走时
请把冰箱
调成度假模式

6.

现在，我要读三行麦片粥诗：

玉米片
燕麦
黑麦脆
谢谢

它们是混合的
不好意思
我是说它们不使用
约翰·凯奇的动物饼干
编曲法
(这似乎正在成为一项
高度
严肃的
重要工作)
*
我要为之奋斗!
(尽管没啥必要)

7.

《真爱》
唯有一种
办法
来描述
“真
爱”

有谁
知道吗?

*

尼尔森·阿尔哥伦先生
1958年，伊利诺斯州，
芝加哥，常青西路

*

在伊利诺斯芝加哥，你
实际在家
你觉得怎么样，宝贝，
你喜欢
还是不喜欢
你是我哥们

所以，不要
惹我！

8.

迪克，
今晚到我屋来
逾期不候！
我会让你瞧瞧
这部新作
《夜晚的屋子》
它，以及这页（不在这儿）不同
除了
说话方式上
它不是
“让-玛丽的肖像”
尽管它可能是
它也不是
“芭芭拉·哈里斯的肖像”
我不认识她
尽管我非常喜欢她
她与我有相近的地方
（我的名字是
“桃花仙境先生”）

9.

我经常性
陷进
自我混乱中
这会儿是一点
缓慢骚动
无线电让我有点兴奋

10.

混乱结束了，手上抓着
衣服，我等着。

身上披着罗恩·帕杰特那件

毛领子的

桥式夹克

他这会儿在俄克拉荷马州的巴黎

在加尔维斯顿和

莫比尔之间，

发抖。

顺带提一下，莫比尔，

一个虚构的词。

(划掉它)

那是马塞尔·杜尚

用来描述一个

女士手指的。

11.

太冷了这儿 / 但对我而言不算啥

我正以此刻的气球状态 / 写这个情诗

“纽约城，寒冷玫瑰色的

黎明”

盘旋在电台中

当里个当

12.

我醒来在这个早晨

这会儿是夜晚

你在我心中——布雷特女士

为那条棉铃象鼻虫

寻找一个家

在纽约，

没这样的事

而在俄克拉荷马州全是这些

在这儿各位
可以学会像我这样说话
要是“各位”是指
罗恩·帕杰特，
“《美国运通》”

13.

他是我的好哥们
尽管
他恐惧爱
人类，
尤其那些讲礼节的。
不管怎样
谢谢你，弗兰克，
你神采飞扬，
不是吗。
(谢谢你，爱德华)

14.

我从《西方密码》
引用东西

爱德华·桑德斯先生著
其中那首我推崇的
“来自监狱的诗”

继而又想
我还是引述马歇尔
• 杜尚先生的
作品好了

那是一件足够
古怪的东西

我同样给予高度推荐

15.

《西方密码》

一、当你读到“黑美人”时，哭。

二、对男人的真正考验是一顿打。

三、敢于承担职责。

四、把舌尖抵在上牙后面的

牙龈上，发出 T 音，

随着声带震动呼气。

五、他走去那些睡觉的人的窗口，

他们像仙女一样为每一下痛苦哭泣。

六、停止！

七、松开你的发髻。

八、关上你的眼睛，开始打盹。

九、天哪！天哪！这羊倌的激情

正合我意！

十、训练。

16.

你知道的，

我记忆花园中的

马雅可夫斯基

一旦人们忽视我

那么

热情的花朵

会时常

枯萎

是因为

我爱的女士是一个疯教徒！

她的肉体是一块海绵，

没有烂泥。

今晚的心

会干燥那块烂泥

使它化为尘土

我已经做好准备

我是说那具

无尘肉体

不过，要是你身上沾着泥土，

请温和地跳进这桶黑水中

现在，把那个鹌鹑递给我

让我倚靠在一个女人的肚皮上

（你便是那个女人）

17.

敲敲她屋子的门

敲一敲

太阳出来了

河水流进窗户

一蓬天竺葵在发抖，汽车

嗡嗡作响

穿过银幕

转头看

你看不见

那门是打开的

你站在那儿

我是说

是我站在

这儿

在这个通向挤满像你们的

他人的

世界的门

和这洛杉矶高速公路上嗡嗡响的孤独

之间

*

要如何脱先？

18.

嗨，熊！

你相信魔术吗？

很好！

因为我在这儿

正是为了让你变成猴子

让自己变成猴子

最好的方法

是从树上跳下

（旋转着）

捡起一捆棉花

要是你不明白

这个

你就永远不会明白

你们国家的历史

每一年有 1,000 容积量

从死猴子的脑壳中渗出，

然而我们

还是那么痴呆

以至于没法明白

那些

或这些

“吻我” 被一头猴子亲吻

没啥不愉快的

要是你是一头猴子

我就不是一头猴子

我的后背上没有趴着一头猴子

我也不是一头猴子的娘舅

换一页！

19.

只有一头猴子会读这个：

《苍蝇大百科全书》

有超过 250 张

真彩

苍蝇照片

这 250 头苍蝇被捆绑起来

被手

处死

不是我的手

《小姐妹们》

20.

在纽约，我身上没有苍蝇。

哦。

21.

怎么说呢，

这儿有两类风景

内部

和

外界

当然也还有别的，

不过在此就不过多深入了。

22.

我一直喜欢的一首歌

叫

“猴，愿你幸福”

这是真的。

是露丝·克劳斯写的。

23.

你在这儿。

我走过

劲霸男装店铺，

略微凌乱——

一个好短语。

它有效果，

就像艾丽斯

在 1933 年

给乔·古尔德的

三根刺。

妈呀，

那是艾丽斯对仙境的想法。

24.

她碰巧是一个性专家。在别的事情上

要是你过于谨慎的人，我最好不要告诉你

别的事情是啥...

“红色中国是怎么搞到'O'炸弹的？”

鬼知道

没有人搞得明白

因为没有人

是一种同义反复。

我们不要在同义反复上

浪费时间。

25.

这首诗

也没啥意思

尽管它提供了

一种在床单下进行的

东方性实操式的

读者摘要

谁把短裤头扔进
妈妈的茶里了
就是其中一个很好的例子
用来回答生活造成的
无法回答的问题
而美丽的
英国特工
把他的睡衣丢哪儿了
是另一个例子
那不是一件壮丽的睡衣
也不是男人的睡衣
当然了，除非
这位美丽的英国
特工
是一个女演员
也许那是他的秘密
英国特工的人员更替
总是相当迅速
看！又一个走了。

26.

我今天在这儿
一个悠闲的
绅士
而你在我心中
在
四季轮替中
即——
1.春季
2.睡觉时间
诸如此类

在我的皮囊下一场革命在进行
我有最佳的年轻皮肤
没有疙瘩
这就是我为啥今天在这儿的原因
我想介绍一下自己
怎么说呢
要是我不说谎
我们相处起来
会更好些
胜利并不总是甜蜜
所以，换言之，要警惕啊，兄弟。
我是说“那个按钮”

28.

“抖擞起精神”
《在烟圈中与我们会面》
（“赶紧从越南撤军”
“让我们彼此相亲相爱”）
（约等于同性恋）
是啊
操
支持女同！
为庆祝教皇保罗十世
到访，我们去了
纽约
1965 年
我拥护合法
堕胎
没有男人会一直好下去！

29.

生活在你恋爱时
无疑是非凡的

不是吗？

因而，谈爱情

在大部分时间

（但不是全部时间）

是重要的

当你把全部时间都用在了

谈爱情上

你会觉得枯燥 是因为

当生活毫无变化

它是无聊的

这么说对吧。

这真是一个奇怪的理论。

30.

这是一个关于奇怪的理论

我这会儿

就在谈爱情。我爱上了

（请在空格中填写

人名）

稍等片刻，（ ）

我没有跟沃尔特·斯特克先生恋爱

他最近可能会，或

不会

被选进

议会

（仅供参考） 我是最近

在一个下午五点钟

在加西亚·洛尔卡生日会上

发现的沃尔特·斯特克先生，

他正躺在他纽扣上的

阴沟里，

太丢人了。

31.

哦，国家之舟
启航吧，哦，寓言诗

32.

离离题
通宵乱射
他让自己
搁浅在

纽扣上

33.

那么，在此
你站着
偶然想起那些
你从未想起的什么事
 当你进入那种
 画面
 你在一个卵形的
 肖像内部
 醒来
 我是说一个女人
 一个美丽的提醒，在一条线上，
它可能是一道汽船航线，
或甚至只是轮渡专线。

34.

当你是人猿泰山，生活决不会无聊
 比如，你从灌木丛中走出来
 你说，
 “鄙人泰山阁下也”

35.

迪克·盖洛普这时来了

他说，

“生活真枯燥”

36.

雅克-路易·大卫在他的婴儿车里哭

他不无聊

简已经塞给他一支香蕉

37.

迪克读这几行诗

它们厌烦到了他

不过我在大笑

38.

大卫丛林中

苦涩地啜泣着

“闭嘴，

要不我干掉你，”啥的。

他不想这样

39.

他想要那副白色的

蛋彩画

我正用一些词汇

在这本漫画

（“人猿泰山”）

上画它

这样我就可以“填词了”

40.

《词语》是一本好书

是让-保罗·萨特零到十岁的
自传体小说
在其中，
他讲述了他是多么混蛋的一个小子
“我要去嘟嘟了”，雅克-路易·大卫说
我们拥有词语
接着，他睡觉去了。

41.

活着漫长
在《时代》填字游戏上要花
漫长的时间
自从上次我
来这里
65 年春天
那便是
那便是我最好的年份
那对跳舞的
干建筑的以及
街上的
监牢的人们来说
同样也是一个好年
一个男孩
在他休息前
发明了
一个红木笼子
气候成了
一首歌
人群驱散了我的
意图
我不得了的平静
暗淡的光线
黯然我

收音机
把卷发分开了
我躺在地板上
说道

42.

“去罢，
给我搞一块广袤的邦迪来”

43.

我坐在这儿思考这些我曾经
从詹姆斯先生那儿借来的词语，“岩石”和儿子
应该通向至少在我生活中
某个时期的终点。
事实也是这般。

44.

“我真正热爱的是搞妞。”
这真是一行好诗
它是迪克·盖洛普的总结
谁让它丢在那儿的？
稍后再解释吧
在《和平眼》的
密室中，
我只知道这一点。

45.

奶牛 A 非奶牛 B
迪克
科尔兹布斯基伯爵如是说
这个波兰杂种
是一个酒鬼对他的称呼
他不是说科尔兹布斯基

不过
他从没听说过他
我不知道他在说谁
我喝多了
我在说波兰语
他屁都不屁伯爵啥的
事实如此。

46.

事实是

威廉姆·巴勒斯

在芝加哥

研究

这个波兰吸屁的

而我一直以来仰慕科尔兹布斯基伯爵

事实上，我一直以来羡慕威廉姆·巴勒斯

嗨，比尔！

不过，我不羡慕《事实》杂志

一是因为它太贵了

其次可能还有别的

太朦胧而说不出的原因

47.

点点点

48.

听着，

你的屋子里

有花旗松吗？

要是有的话，那就

没啥可担心的了

在美国

这种并非到处都有
花旗松的地方
想找这样的一间屋子
会很难
得有一天赋才行。

49.

在这里划掉一些东西

50.

想象一下你
驾驶在超高速路上
跟你的朋友
鲍勃·哈里斯一起
在一个天才旁边
他同样也是一个常年的
问题儿童
他诈骗他的朋友
睡所有睡得到的女人
懒得管他的孩子们
以及不停抽烟
就像你自己一样
你也许得常常停下来
安慰自己
因为你的朋友
身患
一种可怕的史无前例的疾病
不过不是在这首诗中
也不在你在眼泪水山谷
认识的任何人身上

51.

回到高速路

汽车经过
你的眼耳鼻和喉咙
和头发
没有访谈
没有摄影
没有签名
在这个如此
现实的梦里，
亲爱的
你用那只跟你后背
等高的耳朵
几乎无法听见你的声音

52.

鱼和廉价宠物商店
先锋
药区——曼哈顿
狐狸角
马萨商铺
我从没拜访这些地方
尽管我总在打算去

53.

意大利像地图上的一只靴子
雪球滚了几世纪
只收集那微小的
母鸡脚印
燃烧的灌木丛攻击
母鸡
一个人来到阳光下
找到自己的位置，
只为在一只母鸡皮里
窒息

54.

进来！

哈罗，李

窒息乐队的李·克拉布特里先生，
请进来吧。

55.

修辞

是我们从

与别人的争吵中

获得的

与自己的争论中

获取的

我们制造诗

是的，没错。

56.

在我的屋子里

每朵云

都有一条银边

我屋子里唯有一朵云

内部有一个玩笑

这不是一个内部玩笑

57.

我屋子里

每一面镜子上

有一个大大的吻

那是乔·布伦纳德干的

*

这会儿还没睡

相当兴奋

*

58.

假设乔·布伦纳德这会儿在这儿
他会兴奋

会给我那些吻

这不是真的。

咔哒咔哒

威廉姆·萨罗扬

59.

在纽约城

1965 年

在生命中

我们要干啥？

四处搞钱

60.

弄些钱来！

那是达蒙·路尼恩酷爱的表述
热浪袭来
势如破竹

（A.山鹑

美国气候史）

我猜它是说

是时候爆炸了，

呃，

云先生？

61.

说起毕加索，他有一次

对他自己说道

真正的友谊

无法在无性关系中
存在
这是真的
我有很多男性朋友
我也喜欢操
但咋说呢，我没法那么干
因为，幸运的是
我并非同性恋
尽管这会把我的生活搞复杂
而不是简单
反之雷同

62.

继续做梦吧，不知羞耻的处女。

纪尧姆·阿波利奈尔
你同样意识到自然和精神的
二元性，
你偏爱可见的
而非隐形的
我向你致敬！
（致敬）

63.

真正的阿波利奈尔
比那些不幸来得
并不真实的人
来得有趣得多的多

64.

那方面的逻辑
已经缺失
不过可以在
A.N.怀特海的理论中

得以恢复
也就是说一个人类
可以拥有两种感知力 / 它可以
似乎是
从相反的两个极端运行
(呼吸中)

65.
那么，结论来了，我可以说
这就是在这里的生活
你喝咖啡，睡睡觉
一切没有定论
尤其对我们，即我

66.
现在
在我们中
我爱的某个人死了
我甚至不知道
“为啥”
我想她是我的
当我空虚，她填满我的生活！
此刻她填满我！

67.
跟迪克玩
克里比奇纸牌
填满了这个下午
你知道
这啥意思吗？

68.
多么

让人激动！

穿过圣·马克广场

面对今晚

冷冽的空气

那会儿

一个女里女气的家伙

在自行车上

朝我挥手，

这让我

兴奋起来。

69.

我最感动的，我猜

应该是在太阳升起的早晨

我独自一人。

与我爱的每一个人

走过第六大街，第一大街，

在冰冷的早晨六点钟

我从那里回到家中

稍回两个法式甜甜圈，百事以及

一份《纽约时报》。

70.

快乐是我喜欢的，

这一点，当然还有爱。

(Oct. 1965-Jan.1966)

A Dream

Dreamy-eyed is how you get

when you need something strong
"in some cup of your own"

The gift of coffee is an act of love
unless it costs you

Love came into my room
I mean my life
the shape of a Tomato
it took over everything

later:

Forgive me, Rene Magritte
I meant "a rose"

You have a contemporary nature
in these here coffee alps

I dreamt that December 27th, 1965
while sleeping with Linda Schjeldahl
in a dream

《梦》

你会得到梦幻般的眼睛
当你在想在“自己的杯子里”
喝点儿烈性的东西

咖啡的礼物是爱的行为
除非它让你付出代价

爱走进我的房间

我是说我的生活
西红柿的形状
接管一切

稍后：

原谅我，雷内·马格利特
我的意思是“一朵玫瑰”

在这儿，这些咖啡阿尔卑斯山中
你有一种当代人的天性

我梦到它是在 1965 年十二月 27 日
那会儿我正在梦里
跟琳达·施杰尔达尔睡觉

Living with Chris
FOR CHRISTINA GALLUP

It's not exciting to have a bar of soap
in your right breast pocket
it's not boring either
it's just what's happening in America, in 1965

If there is no Peace in the world
it's because there is no Peace
in the minds of men. You'd be surprised, however
at how much difference
a really good cup of coffee & a few pills can make
in your day

I would like to get hold of

the owner's manual
for a 1965 model "DREAM"
(Catalogue number CA-77)

I am far from the unluckiest woman in the world

I am far from a woman

An elephant is tramping in my heart

Alka-Seltzer Palmolive Pepsodent Fab
Chemical New York

There is nothing worse than elephant love

Still, there is some Peace in the world. It is
night. You are asleep. So I must be at peace

The barometer at 29.58 and wandering

But who are you?

For god's sake, is there anyone out there listening?
If so, Peace.

《跟小克过日子》
致 克里斯蒂娜·盖洛普

在你的右胸口袋里
有一条肥皂
这没啥可激动的
当然了，也不算无趣。
这只是美国在发生的事，在 1965 年

要是世上没有平静
那是因为在人们的脑壳里
没有平静。不过，你会惊讶
一杯真正的好咖啡和少量药丸
能给你的一天
带来多么的不同

我想搞一本 1965 年
“梦幻”款汽车的
用户使用手册
(目录编号 CA-77)

我远非世上最不走运的女人

我远非女人

一个大象在我心中步履沉重

阿卡泡腾片 棕榈洗手液 高露洁 凡布洗衣粉
纽约化学银行

没有比大象的爱更糟的东西了

不过，世上还有平静。那便是在
夜晚。你睡了。那么我必须保持平静

气压表在 29.85 上下

不过你是谁呢？

老天，那儿有谁在听吗？
要是有的话，请保持平静。

Bean Spasms

To George Schneeman

New York's lovely weather
hurts my forehead
in praise of thee
the? white dead
whose eyes know:
what are they
of the tiny cloud my brain:
The City's tough red buttons:
O Mars, red, angry planet, candy
bar, with sky on top,
"why, it's young Leander hurrying to his death"
what? what time is it in New York
in these here alps
city of lovely tender hate
and beauty making beautiful
old
rhyme
I ran away from you
when you needed something strong
then I leand against the toilet bowl (ack)
Malcolm X
I love my brain
it all mine now is
saved not knowing
that &
that (happily)
being that:
"wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde"

John Donne

yes, that's true

the hair on yr nuts & my

big blood-filled cock

are a part in that

too

PART 2

Mister Robert Dylan doesn't feel

well today

That's bad

This picture doesn't show that

It's not bad, too

it's very ritzy in fact

here I stand I can't stand

to be thing

I don't use

atop

the empire state

building

& so sauntered out

that door

That reminds me of the time

I wrote that long piece about a gangster name of "Jr."

O Harry James! had eyes to wander but lacked tongue to praise

so later peed under his art

paused only to lay a sneeze

on Jack Dempsey

asleep with his favorite

Horse

That reminds me of I buzz

on & off Miro pop

in & out a Castro
convertible
minute by minute
GEN-
EROSITY!
Yes now that the seasons totter in their walk
I do a lot of wondering about Life in praise of ladies
dead of
& Time plaza(s), Bryant Park by the Public
eye of
brow
Library, Smith Bros. black boxes, Times
Square
Pirogi Houses
with long skinny rivers thru them
they lead the weary away
off! hey!
I'm no sailor
off a ship
at sea
I'M HERE
& "The living is easy"
It's "HIGH TIME"
& I'm in shapes
of shadow, they
certainly can warm, can't they?
Have you ever seen one?
NO!
of those long skinny rivers
So well hung, in New York city
NO!
in fact
I'm the Wonderer

& as yr train goes by
forgive me,
Rene!
'just oncet'
I woke up in Heaven
He woke, and wondered more; how
many angels
on this train hun?
snore
for there she lay
on sheets that mock lust
done that 7
times
been caught
and brought back
to a peach nobody.
To Continue:
Ron Padgett & Ted Berrigan
hates yr brain
my dears
amidst the mny other little
buzzes
&like, Today, as Ron Padgett might say
is
"A tub of vodka"
"in the morning"
she might reply
and that keeps it up
past icy poles
where angels beg fr doom then zip
ping in-and-out, joining the
army
wondering about Life

by the Public Library of

Life

No Greater Thrill!

(I wonder)

Now that the earth is changing I wonder what time it's getting to be

sitting on this New York Times Square

that actually very ritzy, Lauren

it's made of yellow wood or

I don't know something

maybe

This man was my

it's been

fulffed up

friend

He had s sense for the

vast

doesn't

he?

Awake my Angel! give thyself

to the lovely hours

Don't cheat

The victory is not always to the sweet.

I mean that.

Now this picture is pretty good here

Though it once got demerits from the lunatic Arthur Cravan

He wasn't feeling good that day

Maybe because he had nothing on

paint-wise I mean

PART 3

I wrote that

about what is
theis empty room
without a
heart
now in three parts
a white flower
came home wet & drunk
2 Pepsis
and smashed my fist thru her window
in the nude
As the hand zips you see
Old Masters, you can see
well hung in New York
they grow
fast here
Conflicting, yet purposeful
yet with outcry vain!

PART 4

Praising, that's it!
you string a sonnet around yr fat gut
and falling on your knees
you invent the shoe
for a horse. It brings you luck
while sleeping
"You have it seems a workshop
nature"
Have you
"Good Lord!"
Some folks is wood
seen them?
Ron Padgett wd say

amidst the many other

little buzzes

past the neon on & off

night & day

STEAK

SANDWICH

Have you ever tried one

Anne?

SURE!

"I wonder what time "its"?"

as I sit on this new Doctor

NO

I only look at buildings they're in

as you and he, I mean he & you & I buzz past

in yellow ties

I call that gold

THE HOTEL BUCKINGHAM

(facade)is black, and taller than last time

is looming over lunch naked high time poem & I,

equal in

perfection & desire

is looming two eyes over coffee-cup (white)

nature

and man: both hell on poetry

Art is art and life is

"A monograph on Infidelity"

Oh. Forgive me stench of sandwich

O pneumonia in American Poetry

Do we have time?

Burroughs

7 times been caught and brought back to Mars

& eaten.

"Art is art & Life

is home," Fairfield Porter said that
turning himself in
Tonight arrives again in red
some go on
even in Colorado
on the run
the forests shake
meaning:
coffee
the cheerfulness of
this poor
fellow is terrible, hidden in
the fringes of the eyelids
bule mysteries' (I'M THE SKY)
The sky is bleeding now
onto 75th Street
of the 20th Century &
HORN & HARDART's
Right Here. That's PART5

I'm not some sailor off a ship at sea
I'm the wanderer (age 4)
& now everyone is dead
sinking bewildered of hand, of foot, of lip
nude, thinking
laughter burnished brighter than hate
goodbye
Andre Breton said that
what a shit!
Now he's gone!
up bubbles all his amorous breath
& Monograph on Infidelity entitled
The Living

Dream
I never again played
I dreamt that December 27th,
1965
all in the blazon of sweet beauty's breast
I mean "a rose"
Do you understand
that?
Do you?
The rock&roll songs of this earth
commingling absolute joy AND
incontrovertible joy of intelligence
certainly can warm
can't they?
YES!
and they do.
Keeping eternal whisperings around
(Mr. Macadams writes in
the nude: no that's not
(we want to take the underground
me that: then zips in &
revolution to Harvard!) out the boring taxis,
refusing
to join the army
and yet this girl has
asleep "on the springs"
so much grace
of red GENEROSITY)
I wonder!
Were all their praises simply prophecies
of this the time!
NO GREATER THRILL
my friends

But I quickly forget them, those other times, for
what are they
but parts in the silver lining of the tiny cloud my brain
drifting up into smoke the city's tough blue top:
I think a picture always
leads you gently to someone else
Don't you? like when you ask to leave the room
& go to the moon.

《豆痉挛》

致 乔治·舒曼

纽约愉快的天气

伤害我前额

赞美你

你？白色死者

他的眼睛知道：

它们是什么

我小云似的脑袋：

城市坚固的红色按钮：

哦，火星，红色，愤怒星球，糖果

，高高的天空，

“为啥，年轻的利安德急着去死”

什么？纽约这会儿几点

在这些阿尔卑斯山脉

可爱温柔的憎恨之城

美创造美

古老的

韵律

当你想来点儿猛的

我逃离你

接着倚靠在马桶上（呕吐）

马尔科姆·艾克斯

我爱我的脑子

它现在完全归我所有

存储些无知

这些，

那些（快乐的）

成为它们：

“我们以自戕繁衍同类。”

约翰·多恩

是的，这没错。

你蛋蛋上的毛发，

我充血的鸡头

也是

其中一部分

PART 2

今天，罗伯特·迪伦先生

不怎么舒服

这真糟糕

这张照片没有显示这个

这也不算坏

实际上，它非常豪华

我杵在这儿，我没法杵着

成为我不用的

事物 在帝国大厦

顶上，

就这样溜达着

出门去。

它让我想起那会儿，

我在写一个叫“Jr.”的黑帮分子的长东西。

哦，哈利·詹姆斯！眼神游移，毫无溢美之词，

后来在他的艺术品上小便，

暂停，只为在杰克 · 邓普喜

（他和他心爱的马匹

一起睡着了）

身上打个喷嚏

它让我想起我频繁

接触米罗的波普艺术，

捣鼓卡斯特罗的

敞篷车

时时刻刻的

享受！

没错，季节摇晃着它们的步伐

我在赞美死去女士的生命上疑惑好久，

还有时代广场，布莱恩公园，

图书馆，史密斯兄弟公司的黑盒子，泰晤士
广场

皮罗吉酒店

它们带领疲惫的人（一条瘦长的河流
穿过它们）离开，

离开！嗨！

我不是一名在海上

弃船的

水手

我在这儿！

而“活着很轻松”

这会儿“正是时候”

我在阴影的

形状下，它们当然有

加热功能，不是吗？

你见识过这个吗？ 没有！

在这些瘦长的河流中

在纽约城上空精心挂起

没有！实际上

我是个游荡者

你的火车路过了， 原谅我，
雷尼！ “就这一次”

我在天堂醒来

他醒来，更加莫名其妙；有多少

天使

在这部火车上？ 打呼噜

因为她躺在那儿

在嘲笑情欲的床单上

搞完七次后

被擒拿，接着

还给了

一个屌丝。

继续：

罗恩·帕杰特和泰德·贝里根

恨你的脑子

我亲爱的

在许多其它小忙的日子

就比如今天，罗恩·帕杰特

可能会说，

“一桶伏特加”

她也许会回复说，

“在早晨”

这也能让它保持下去

路过一些冰柱

天使们祈求厄运后，闭上嘴

噼里啪啦，进进出出，加入

军队

在公共生活图书馆

疑惑生活

没有比这更刺激的了！

（我想）

既然地球正在变化，我想知道什么时候

会坐在纽约时代广场上

那真的很奢侈，劳伦
它由黄色的木头构成
或我不清楚的什么东西
也许
这个人是我的
（它被
弄蓬松了）
朋友
他有一种巨大
感
是不
是？
醒来，我的天使！
把自己献给美好时光
不要欺骗
要知道，胜利并不总是甜蜜的。
我是认真的。

现在这儿的景象相当不错
尽管它曾经从疯子亚瑟·克拉文那里获得缺点
那天他感觉不加
也许是因为他身上没
油漆了——智慧，我是说。

PART 3

我写
这个没有心的
空房间
是什么
现在是第三部分
一个白色花朵
湿漉漉走进来，喝着

两个百事
光着身子，用拳头击碎
并穿过她的门窗
当手艺活完成，你看见了
老师傅，你能看见的
它被精心悬挂在纽约
他们在这里快速成长
有冲突，但目标明确，
不会徒劳地
喊爹喊娘！

PART 4

赞美，就是这样！
你在你肥硕的肠子上绕起一首十四行诗
然后跪倒在你膝盖上
你为一个马匹
发明鞋子。在睡觉时，
它给你带来好运
“你似乎有一种闭门造车的
特质”，
你看见 “天哪”
有些家伙是木头
它们了？ 在诸多零碎的
小忙碌中，
罗恩·帕杰特会这么说。
路过霓虹灯闪烁
日夜交替 牛肉
三明治
你有尝过这玩意儿吗，
安妮？ 当然！
当我坐在这位新博士旁边，
“我在想“这会儿”几点了？”
不。 我只是望着他们住的建筑物

当你和他，我是说他和你和我忙忙碌碌经过，
戴着我称之为黄金的黄色领带
白金汉大饭店
（正面）是黑色的，比以前更高些
笼罩在午餐上空，赤裸裸的，正是时候，诗，以及我，
相等

完美和欲望
笼罩，两只眼睛在咖啡杯（白色）上方
自然

和人：在诗中都是地狱。
艺术是艺术，生活是
“一部不忠的专著”

哦，原谅我，发臭的三明治
哦，美国诗歌的肺炎
我们还有时间吗？

好好看看
巴勒斯

被抓回火星七次，并被
吃掉。

“艺术是艺术，生活
是家，” 费尔菲尔德·波特如是说
说完，他睡觉去了

今晚再次降临，一些人
穿着红衣，
（甚至在科罗娜多）
在逃亡
森林晃动

意思是：
咖啡 这个可怜的家伙的快乐
糟糕极了，藏在
眼皮的边缘
蓝色神秘的（“我是天空”）
天空渗漏出血

滴在第五十七大街上
在二十世纪，这儿，
霍恩&哈特律师事务所。

以下 PART 5

我不是一个在海上弃船的水手
我是那个流浪者（四岁）
现在，每个人都死了
手，脚，嘴皮不知所措地沉没
赤膊赤卵，想着
笑声比仇恨更明亮，
再会。

安德烈·布雷顿如是说。

啥玩意儿！

现在他也走了！

泡泡上他所有芬芳的呼吸
《不忠的专著》授予
《活生生的
梦》

我再没演奏它

1965 年 12 月 27 日，我梦见
的一切都在甜美人的胸脯上
我指的是“一朵玫瑰”
你明白这意思吗，
是否？

这个行星上的摇滚乐
混合了绝对的欢乐
和不容置疑的智力欢乐
当然可以温暖
可以吗？当然！
它们可以。

保持永恒的低语
（麦克亚当斯先生
光着身子写道：不，那不是

（我们想去乘地铁 我：接着闭上嘴，
去哈佛闹革命） 走下厌烦的出租车
拒绝加入军队

然而这个女人
已经“在春天”睡着了
那么多红色慷慨的恩赐）

我想知道！
他们的全部赞美仅是对此的赞美吗
这年头！

没有比这更兴奋的了，
我的朋友们
但是我迅速忘了它们，别的时光，因为
它们究竟是什么呢？
但是在部分小云的银边上我的脑袋
漂入那城市坚固而蓝色上空的烟雾中：

我在想一张图片总能
温柔地引导你通向别的什么人，
你会吗？就好像当你要求离开房间，
走去月亮上。

Many Happy Returns
TO DICK GALLUP

It's a great pleasure to
wake "up"
mid-afternoon
2 o'clock
and if thy stomach think not
no matter...
because
the living

"it's easy"
you splash the face &
back of the neck
swig Pepsi
& drape the bent frame in something
"blue for going out"

*

you might smoke a little pot, even
or take a pill
or two pills

*

(the pleasures of prosperity
tho they are only bonuses
really
and neither necessary nor not)

*

& then:

POOF!

Puetro-Rican girls are terrific!
you have to smile but you don't
touch, you haven't eaten
yet, & you're too young
to die....

*

No, I'm only kidding!
Who on earth would kill
for love? (Who wouldn't?)

*

Joanne & Jack
will feed you
today
because

Anne & Lewis are
"on the wing" as
but not like
always....

**

Michael is driving a hard bargain
himself
to San Francisco...

*

Pet & Linda
& Katie and George,
Emilio, Elio and Paul
have gone to Maine...

Everyone, it seems, is somewhere else.
None are lost, tho. At least,
we aren't!
(GEM's SPA: corner of 2nd
Avenue &
Saint Mark's
Place)

*

I'm right here
sunlight opening up the sidewalk,
opening up today's first black&white,
& I'm about to be
born again thinking of you

《万寿无疆》

致 迪克·盖洛普

熬到下午

2 点钟

醒“来”

是一件愉快的事

要是你的胃不这样想，

没关系...

因为

活着

“很轻易”

你豪饮百事

脸上

后脖子上

溅得到处都是

以及把弯曲的躯壳披盖在

一件“因出门而忧郁”的东西上

*

你可以来点大麻，甚至

吞一个药片

或两片

*

(升官发财带来的快乐

不过是红利

事实上

既无必要，也不是不必要)

*

那么：

噗！

*

非凡的波多黎各妞们！

你必须微笑，但你不

触碰，你还没吃饭

呢，你太年轻

不该死...

*

不，我没在开玩笑！
世上谁会为一点爱
去杀人？（谁不会？）

*

今天，
乔安妮和杰克
会喂你东西吃
因为
安妮和路易斯
“比翼双飞”去了，
但又不像
以前那样...

**

麦克呢，正在跟自己
就要不去三番市这点屁事
讨价还价

*

皮特和琳达
还有凯蒂和乔治，
艾米丽，艾利欧，还有保罗
已经去了缅因州...

*

每个人看上去都在别处。
不过，没谁会迷失。
至少我们没有！
（健身房 SPA：第二大街街角，
圣·马克
广场）

*

我就在这儿
太阳照亮人行道，
打开这天的第一道阴影
，我即将

重生。我想念你

Things to Do in New York City
FOR PETER SCHIELDAHL

Wake up high up
frame bent & turned on
Moving slowly
& by the numbers
light cigarette
Dress in basic black
& reading a lovely old man's book:
BY THE WATERS OF MANHATTAN
change
flashback
play cribbage on the Williamsburg Bridge
watching the boats sail by
the sun, like a monument,
move slowly up the sky
above the bloody rush:

break yr leg & break yr heart
kiss the girls & make them cry
loving the gods & seeing them die

celebrate your own
& everyone else's birth:
Make friends forever
& go away

《在纽约要干的事》

致皮特·施杰尔达尔

醒来嗨起来

弯腰，接着打开

缓慢移动

按数字

点燃烟雾

基本穿黑色

读可爱的老头书：

《在曼哈顿水边》

改变

闪回

在威廉姆斯堡桥上玩克里比奇纸牌

看看船经过

太阳，仿佛一块纪念碑

在激流上空

在天上缓慢移动：

摔断腿，心碎

吻吻妞，让她们哭

爱上帝，看着他们死去

庆祝你自己

和别人出生：

永远交交朋友

，走开。

Resolution

The ground is white with snow.

It's morning, of New Year's Eve, 1968, & clean
City air is alive with snow, its quiet
Driving. I am 33. Good Wishes, brothers, everywhere

& Don't You Tread On Me.

《解决》

地面白乎乎的，下了雪。
这会儿除夕早晨，1968 年，洁净
城市空气，下着雪，相当安静
开着车。我 33 了。好运，兄弟们! 不管在那儿

不要踩踏我。

In the Early Morning Rain

TO MY FAMILY & FRIENDS

TED BERRIGAN

Hello

"Hello"

originally
meant
"Be whole"
or
"Be healthy"

Today
it
simply
means
"Hello"

《哈罗》

“哈罗”
最初的
意思是
“完整的”
或
“健康的”

现如今
它
仅
表示
“哈罗”

80th Congress
TO RON PADGETT

It's 2 a.m. at Anne & Lewis's which is where it's at
On St. Mark's Place hash and Angel Hairs on our minds

Love is in our heart's (what else?) dope & Peter Schjeldahl
Who is new and valid in a blinding snowstorm

Inside joy fills our drugless shooting gallery
With repartee; where there's smoke there's marriage &, folks
That's also where it's at in poetry in 1967
Newly rich but still a hopeless invalid (in 1976)

Yes, it's 1967, & we've been killing time with life
But at Lewis & Anne's we live it "up"
Anne makes lovely snow-sodas while Lewis's watchamacallit warms up this
New Year's straight blue haze. We think about that
And money. With someting inside us we float up
To & onto you, it, you were truly there & now you're here.

Ted Berrigan & Dick

Gallup

《第八十界代表大会》

致 罗恩·帕杰特

这会儿凌晨二点，在安妮和路易斯家即
圣·马克广场，大麻和天使头毛在我们脑壳中
爱是我们心中（还有哪里？）的麻药，比特·
司洁尔在眩晕暴风雪中焕然一新

内心的欢乐填满了我们这个无毒靶场，
机智的谈吐中到处是烟雾，结婚，老乡啥的
它同样出现在一九六七的诗歌中
新晋暴发户但仍然无望的残废（在一九六七年）

没错，这会儿是一九六七年，我们用生命消耗时光
不过在路易斯和安妮家，我们活出了“精彩”
安妮做了可爱的“雪苏打”，而路易斯用一个叫不出啥的东西

烧起新年第一缕纯蓝色袅袅烟雾。我们在专研这个，以及钱。我们心中有什么东西漂浮起来，通向并抵达你，啥的，你不在这儿，而实际上你在这儿。

泰德·贝里根&迪克·盖洛普合著

Fragment

FOR JIM BRODY

Left behind in New York City, & oof!
That's the right one: sitting now, & I'm not thinking
Nor swishing; I'm just sitting. Getting over them two
Hamburgers. & that I think
Gets it all down. Here, anyway, I am
On this electric chair each breath nearer the last
Oceans of ripples solid under me: how come?
One pair of time-capsules trigger sweat
As one listens & one listening type types
LOOKS LIKE WE GONNA GET A LITTLE SNOW, HUH?
I don't know but you can bet something's going
to happen

《片段》

致 吉姆·布劳迪

喔，被遗弃在了纽约！
猜怎么着，我现在坐着，没动脑子
也没在摇晃，就干坐。吃这两个
汉堡。我在想，
怎么把它咽下去。咋说呢，我坐在
这把电椅上，每次呼吸都在接近最后一次
屁股下是坚实的海浪：怎么搞成这样？
一把“时间胶囊”让我直冒冷汗

一个人在听，一个擅长听的人敲出
“看样子我们得去搞点“面粉”，是吗？”
我不知道。不过肯定有什么事
将要发生。

The Circle

Up is waiting
Between is barely there
Down is alive
Now is spinning
It's a quick spin
Nevertheless

《圈》

上是等待
中间是勉强在那儿
下是活着
现在是旋转
一种快速眩晕
然而

5 New Sonnets: A Poem

《五个新四十行的一首诗》

1

FOR BARRY & JACK HALL

致 巴里和杰克·豪

His piercing pince-nez. Some dim frieze
dear Berrigan. He died
I, an island, sail, and my shores toss
to breathe an old woman slop oatmeal,
My babies parade waving their innocent flags
The taste of such delicate thoughts
Opulent, sinister, and cold!
Sing in idiom of disgrace
Deams, aspirations of presence! Innocence gleaned,
annealed! The world in its mysteries are explained,
On the grass. To think of you alone
Your champion. Days are nursed on science fiction
For the fey Saint's parade Today
Rivers of annoyance undermine the arrangements.
他刺耳的夹鼻眼镜。一些暗淡粗绒毛
亲爱的贝里根。他死了
我，一座岛屿，航行，我的海岸翻滚
呼吸一个老女人的泔水燕麦汤，
我的婴儿们在游行队伍中挥舞无辜的旗帜
那如此微妙的想法的品味
富裕，不祥，冷！
唱着丢脸到家的土情歌
梦，存在的渴望！收集天真，
锤炼它。世界在自身神秘中得到解释，
在草地上。想起你独自一人
你的拥护者。日子得到了科幻小说的照料
为了这怪异的圣徒游行 今天
烦人的河水暗中破坏协议。

2

Hands point to a dim frieze, in the dark night.
Back to books. I read
on a fragrant evening, fraught with sadness

bristling hate.

And high upon the Brookly Bridge alone,

Huddled on the structured steps

The bulbs burn, phosphorescent, white,

Shall it be male or female in the tub?

Pale like an ancient scarf, she is unadorned,

and the struggles of babies congeal. A hard core is formed.

Suffering the poem of these states!

& you tremble at the books upon the earth

& he walks. Three ciphers and a faint fakir

No. One Two Three Four Today

手指着一点昏暗的绒毛，在黑乎乎夜晚

回到书本中。 在香气四溢的傍晚

我看书，内心充满悲哀，

愤怒的恨。

独自伫立在布鲁克林桥上，

卷缩在建筑物步道上

灯泡烧着了，发着磷光，白色的，

躺在水缸里的应该是男还是女？

她没化妆，苍白如一块上古披肩，

婴儿们的挣扎凝固。一个硬核形成了。

在这种状态下折磨诗吧！

你对着大地上的书册发抖

他在散步。三道密码和一个晕倒的托钵僧

在第一 二 三 四 天，今天

3

It's 8:30 p.m. in New York and I've been running

Wind giving presence to fragments.

at very hand, my critic

Flinging currents into pouring streams

The bulbs burn phosphorescent, white

Fathers and teachers, and daemons down under the sea,

The singer sleeps in Cos. Strange juxtaposed
"I wanted to be a cowboy." Doughboy will do
As my strength and I walk out and look for you
Winds flip down the dark path of breath
Released by night (which is not to imply charity
She is warm. Into the vast closed air of the slow
The wind's wish the tree's demand
On the 15th day of November in the year of the motorcar.
晚上 8 点半，纽约，我在奔跑
风赋予碎片存在感。
在每只手上，我的评论家
把潮流抛入涓涓溪流中
灯泡烧出磷光闪闪的白色
天父和导师和守护神沉在海底，
歌唱家睡在科斯岛。奇怪的并置
“我想当牛仔。”那是步兵的事
作为我的动力源，我出门找你去了
风在夜晚释放出的呼吸在
黑暗小路上乱蹦（那不是在暗示 清澈
她温暖。进入缓慢宽阔的空气中
风的愿望是树木的需求
在汽车年，十一月十五日这天。

4

Is there room in the room that you room in?
How much longer shall I be able to inhabit the Divine
deep in whose reeds great elephants decay;
loveliness that longs for butterfly! There is no pad
He buckles on his gun, the one
He wanted to know the names
And the green rug nestled against the furnace
Your hair moves slightly,
He is incomplete, bringing you Ginger Ale

The cooling wind keeps blowing, and
He finds he cannot fake
Wed to wakefulness, night which is not death
Fuscous with murderous dampness
But helpless, as blue roses are helpless.

在我居住的房间里有我的空间吗？
我还应该在神仙的地界搁浅多久
在它那芦苇丛深处了不起的大象在腐烂；
渴望成为蝴蝶的可爱！没有衬垫，
他把枪杆扣在裤带上，这家伙
想知道那些“名单”
绿色的小地毯依偎在火炉旁
你的头发轻微地晃动，
而他并不完整，给你带来了姜汁艾尔
冷风继续吹，他发现
他没法用结婚来
假冒清醒。不死的夜
谋杀般潮湿的暗色
无奈，像蓝色玫瑰般无助

&5

Into the closed air of the slow
And then one morning to waken perfect-faced
The blue day! In the air winds dance
Sleep half sleep half silence and with reason
banging around in a cigarette she isn't "in love"
in my paintings for they are present
The withered leaves fly higher than dolls can see
A watchdog barks in the night
Francis Marion nudges himself gently into the big blue sky
What thwarts this fear I love
No lady dream around in any bad exposure
absence of passion, principles, love. She murmurs

Is not genuine it shines forth from the faces
littered with soup, cigarette butts, the heavy
进入这缓慢而封闭的空气中
在一个早晨带着完美面容醒来
忧郁的一天！风在天上跳舞
睡眠半睡半沉默，理性地
在烟草中吧嗒吧嗒响， 她没在恋爱期
因为他们出现在我的绘画中
枯萎的树叶比看得见的玩偶飞得更高
看门狗在夜晚吠叫。弗朗西斯·
马里恩把自己温柔的推进巨大的蓝天中
什么东西横亘在这恐惧上？我喜欢。
没有女士在恶劣的暴露环境下做梦
缺失热情，原则，爱。她嘟哝着
这不是真的 它闪耀着，
在那张散落汤汁，烟蒂，沉重的脸上。

Poem

FOR Bill Berkson

Seven thousand feet over
The American Midwest
In the black and droning night
Sitting awake and alone
I worry the stewardess...
Would you like some coffee, sir?
How about a magazine?
NO thanks. I smile and refuse.
My father died today. I
Fifteen hundred miles away
Left at once for home, having
received the news from mother

In tears on the telephone.
He never rode in a plane.

《诗》

致 比尔·柏克森

美国中西部上空
七千英尺
黑乎乎嗡嗡叫的夜晚
独自醒坐着
真担心那个空姐....
要咖啡吗，先生？
还是杂志？
不，谢谢。我微笑着拒绝了。
我爹死了，今天。我在
一千五百英里外
即刻返乡，收到我娘
打来的电话时，
我哭得厉害。
他从未坐过飞机。

Gus

...Not far from here he was inside his head there were
some sands. Of these 50 gave way to a room, latter resembling
manure.

To the right, in a kit, a sort of woman-spanned pond
absorbed water cake would form at the bottom keep that in.

The hut rust bin thanks piece of colour.

A little pool gravel made him first step aside. Gus walked up
under the arc-light as far as the first person, perceived God.
She was God, having lance, he took her by the behind and

kissed her butt. Gus want fuck, to get the information.
He spun off her dress. It was there, and
very beautiful, his peaker.

Gus live entirely by himself and for himself.
He spent days taking off bottles, furnishing room, best system
even heat. For Christ sake! Tryd smoke ham wash.

There was a large cop faggot pursued the secret butterfly
near fourteen glass jars tomato and green peas coated the stop-
pers with quicklime cheese wrapped round with linen strip,
then lunged into boiling water: it steamed. He per in differ-
ence of temperature, he explode. Only, he were saved.

Then he poured some old sardine, laid veal cutlet inside,
and sank the copper. He ball him. He cold. He out again.

He continue the experiment. Shut up. The tin egg chicory
lobster fish congratulate himself.

Ike Heraclitus, or, "Gus," still elusive, flit on ahead.
Despair defeat labor. The woman fell ill. She laid the copper.
It glistens as if about to erupt. At that moment the secret fell
in the eye, grace over the golden woman's form.

Then Gus made lunch.

《古斯》

.....离这儿不远，他在他装着沙子的
脑壳里。其中 50 粒给了一件房间，剩下的
类似于肥料。

右边，在一个工具箱里，有点像女人跨式的池塘
在底部吸收成一个水蛋糕且存储起来。

小屋生锈的桶感谢一块颜色。

一小池碎石使他首次靠边站。古斯走过去，
在弧光下，直到碰见第一个人，感觉那便是上帝。
她是上帝，拿着一根长矛，他从背后擒住她，
亲吻她的屁股。古斯想操她一操，以此来获取情报。
他退去她的衣裳。就在那儿，
相当的靓丽，他那一根啄木鸟。

古斯完全靠自己，也只为自己过日子。

他花了数天时间搬走瓶子，布置房间和最好的
热系统。老天！他还一个劲地洗那只烟熏火腿。

一个魁梧的同性恋警察在追踪那只秘密蝴蝶，
在十四玻璃罐用亚麻布条包裹的生石灰奶酪
当作塞子的土豆和绿豌豆附近，接着，
他跳进沸水里：冒着蒸汽。他在温差中
Por？他爆炸了。好在，还是得救了。

接着他倒入一些老沙丁鱼，放入小牛排，
还沉了铜进去。他缩成一团。他冷。他又出来了。

他继续他的实验。关闭。那个锡蛋菊苣
龙虾鱼向他自己道喜。

艾克·赫拉克利特，或说“古斯”
仍然难以捉摸地从头顶掠过。

绝望打败劳累。那女人病了。她分娩出铜。
它闪耀着，仿佛即将喷射。就在那时，秘密坠落进
眼睛，优雅地覆盖在黄金女人的肉壳上。

接着，古斯开始准备午餐。

Presence

and I am lost in the ringing elevator

he waggles the fat whiteness of milk

sweeping me to the top

one is reminded of constellations
there there were pine needles
dreams of symbolism
the part that goes over the fence last
star light the cord "reaches"
it was turkey
sheepish lights you turned me on
reflecting dilemmas majorities
Bildungsroman of the bathrobe ride
and the briny sound of the alarm
a funny feeling prompted me out of bed
Love
the top had been "sliced"
ribbons your presence on the white and green sheet
I asked for a Hook-and-Ladder
takes The End.
in the ideal society pants

Now we can make some explosions
shine like money
Francis is not diminutive thanks
others are less legs
thighs wings breast
Caress the window grease, John
as you are not yet 12
19? 40? who pulls me down?
that night we slept reverently (you lust
I must lust in-
vigorating the sixteen genre
dragon bottle-opener
spiral cuff-link aerial
facade of the wonderful orient word
"doilies"

Overhean the moon is out
blackening my shoes, face

we were all livid, numinous
Things whip toward the center
licking the palate of his headache
this indicates your future
meditates on his wish which is
hooked onto the top and draped archly

Childhood fuses a mystery play
Take off your beautiful blouse, you foolish girl!
which ribbons the marvelous laurel the loop-
Are you list- with this ring I
eye thee
(that was later, out west, after more baseball
some turkey
a wristwatch, dictionary, sniper suit, rifle
to "meditate"
(is there room in the tune to atune in?)

They were incensed t his arrival
Now we are glad it was stinky
some paint them black in the face to be quaint or something
one symbol fact seems valid
I don't know
all hate it to be right
on the cards
which are sometimes funky (aesthetic) having
snow of feet and that a domination.
Then we had presence.

《风度》

我迷失在响铃的电梯中
他来回摆动 多脂的牛奶白
把我卷到顶端
一个人想起星座
散落着松针
象征主义的梦
跨过篱笆的部分，最后
亮起星星 绳子“伸向”
失败的作品
害羞的光 你让我
思考困境 大多数
浴袍旅行的成长小说
和咸味的警报声
一种滑稽的感觉促使我起床
爱
那个顶部被“削”了
以你的风度装饰蓝绿相间的床单
我请求一部钩梯
带我去那个在理想社会的
短裤里的
终点。

现在，我们可以来点爆炸
像钱那样闪耀
弗兰西斯并不矮小， 谢谢
其它人的腿更短
大腿，翅膀，胸口
抚摸窗户的油脂，约翰
既然你还没到 12 岁
19？ 40？ 谁推我下去？
我们在那个夜晚睡得很恭敬 （你渴望

我必须精力
充沛 十六种类型
龙 开瓶器
螺旋 纽扣 天线
那个神奇的东方词汇“餐巾布”的
外观
在头顶，月亮出来了
涂黑我的鞋子和脸

我们脸色铁青，神圣的
事物鞭打那个中心
舔着头痛的下巴
这表示你的未来
在冥想他钩在顶部
拱形下垂的愿望

童年熔化 神秘的戏剧
脱下你美丽的衬衫，你这个蠢女孩！
装饰着神奇的桂冠 圈——
你是否列出—— 用这个铃铛
我盯上你
（后来，在西部，在更多棒球之后
一些火鸡
手表，字典，狙击手支付，来复枪
开始“冥想”
（这曲调还有调音的余地吗？）

他们在他到达后感到恼怒
现在我们很高兴 它发臭
一些人为了古怪或别的
把它们的脸涂成黑色
一个象征事实似乎是有效的
我不知道

恨他的全部都在
卡片右边
有时时髦（审美上）拥有
雪的脚步。那是一种统治。
这样我便有了风度。

*这种模仿阿什贝利的东西几乎没法翻译，它由大量歧义，该语言特有的词语关联，以及本身语法的原因，构成了这种东西。东拉西扯（拼凑），即兴，总之无非乱七八糟。泰德应该比较崇拜他，说过阿什贝利是他们中唯一一个真诗人，但泰德不适合这种玩法，他是个粗糙而天真的写作者，用不着那种扣脑门的造句堆叠式写法。下面几首也是，（也不想想，安迪沃霍尔会鸟这种东西吗）

Ikonostasis
FOR BERNADETTE MAYER

Kings ...panties
I imagine these here
the difference between past and dreaming
An uncomfortable Dodge
The word dissolves
iron thing
Horses for example
then there is the other which may be called
the familiar flating oasis
larger than whiter
brazen, resourceful
.....sinning palms balance it

perhaps these are wax detectors
and create situations

a magic shell for silliness
before the law tables
of this here
Heart
That has been tinted white
by way of exercises

the Political
glazes
These eyes
breaks
into the grocery store where
is sick cannot work

twisted stick
industrial berry shoes are established
above all ...be double
or collapse
the wall covered with glass character weather

M'sieur Negro-at-3 A.M.
Charioteer
His burning problem

it doesn't stop the music
the magic
under tasteless stockings
and under the sting which leaves no ash

the grey snow of someone's epoch annoys
and redeems
through certain fraudulent practices which,

like sulphur, blacken

making an undenied hash of all that
and that will now not melt in the first sunbeam
being its own muse

《圣障》

致 博纳戴特·梅耶

国王 ...短裤头
在这儿我想象这些
过去和梦的区别
一部让人不舒服的道奇
这个词能溶解
铁的事物
比如说马匹
接着，另一个可以被称作
熟悉的浮动绿洲
比白色还大
黄铜色，资源丰富
...罪恶的手掌使它保持平衡

也许这些是蜡像侦探
并创造了环境，
一个法律桌子上
愚蠢而有
魔力的
壳，这儿，此处
心
通过锻炼
被染成了白色

政治的
釉彩
这些眼睛
闯入一间
生病
 没法运转的
 杂货铺

扭曲的枝条
工业浆果鞋已立起
高高在上 或是双重
否则崩塌
玻璃墙经受风雨

在凌晨 3 点的黑人先生
战车驭手
他烧着的问题

它不会停止音乐
魔法
在无味的长袜下
在无法留下灰的刺痛之下

某人的时代灰雪
干扰并救赎
一些欺诈行为
像硫磺一样熏黑

将一切毫不掩饰地拼凑
它不会在第一缕阳光下融化
成为自己的缪斯

The Upper Arm
For Andy Warhol

Upon this field the physical energies of
Clouds. He will no longer desire the
Demanding force, an incredible
Fortune has fallen across their paths. I wait
a Payer is paying for the art it releases
Prisoners from the hands
In an automobile accident on the
Face
And achieved enemy face
Paleface changed captive
Photographs later
Were tipped "What does this mean, my son?"
Became categorical as in "yes" held on
The arms and
Powder on a little table
And down in a green forest ravine near to "her"
Security of the relationship is made utterly
With high stakes and shot at those targets out of
Boughs that spell
"MY PAINTINGS"

《上臂》
致 安迪·沃霍尔

在这片领域上空充满
云的物理能量。他不再渴望
强求的力量，一大笔难以置信的
财富降落在他们的道路上。我在等
一个付款人支付这幅画作
它从手中释放了囚犯

在脸上
和获取敌人脸皮的
一次汽车事故中
白佬变成了俘虏
后来，照片
附上了批注“这是什么意思，小子？”
变得断然肯定，像“是的”抓住
手臂和
小桌子上的粉末
在绿色森林的峡谷下，靠近“她”
关系的安全被完全建立在
高风险下，并且朝那些写着
“我的画”大树枝目标
射击。

Corridors of Blood

《血回廊》

*一部恐怖电影。

1.Madrid

a faint smile appears
shaking your beliefs
of which you have done no more
You are not a glutton for experience
There is a sudden buzz of activity
In the clear blue sky

1.马德里

一个暗淡的微笑显现
动摇你本无所作为的信念
你并非一个渴望体验生活的人
天空湛蓝

一派繁忙景象

2.Detective

an enormous room with a balcony

less virulence

our labors were directed toward

isolating and creating

such a pattern

"you must allow your feelings ot

float free, by

themselves, like dead leaves."

"I've got it."

we were furious

2.侦探

带阳台的巨大房间

少量毒性

我们的劳动指向

孤立并创造出

这样一种模式

“你必须允许你的感觉

自由漂浮，

就像枯叶。”

“明白。”

我们非常愤怒

3.Queen Matilad's Famous Tapestry

You got him out of your system

he was lying out of compassion

"Don't you see what it means?"

human society upside down

The second name

First we must retrieve our honor

3.玛蒂尔达女王的著名挂毯

你把他移出你的系统
他出于同情而在撒谎
“难道你不懂什么意思吗？”
颠倒的人类社会
第二个名字
我们首先得挽回我们的荣誉

4.Henry VIII

women came down to breakfast
We saw that beautiful creature,
Kay Francis, in
"Cynara"
the shabby taxis and peeling posters
teashops
and ugly window-dressing
a technical brilliance
I never saw the like of anywhere else

4.亨利八世

女人下楼来吃早餐
我们看见这不可方物的
凯·弗兰西斯
在“洋蓟属”中
破烂的出租车，剥落的海报
茶馆
以及丑陋的门店装修
技术的辉煌
我从没在别处见过这类的玩意儿

5.Poe

"Merde" said Marco
in the apricot-coloured bar
Olga was in another bar
I am sure you understand

The captain lost his tmeper

A car drew up at the corner

5.爱伦坡

“妈的，” 马克

在杏酒吧说

奥尔加在另一个酒吧

我想你肯定明白

船长发脾气了

一部汽车停在街角

6.Cattle of the Sun

a profusion of melons, oranges and

fish

all through that night

a lobster had been following him

I had an uncomfortable night

the only place I know

where horror borders on poetry

6.太阳牛

大量的瓜果，桔子和

鱼

整晚

一个龙虾在跟踪他

而我整夜不安

唯一熟悉的地方

在诗与恐怖接壤处

7. the Death of Other

should have "roots"

mass of ash-blond hair

and black, clinging dresses

(the emotions: outline of

a theory)

into her mouth
blistered strips of bladder
wrack

7.它者之死

应该“有根须”
大团银灰色头发
以及黑，紧身连衣裙
（情绪：一种理论
的轮廓）
进入她嘴巴里
水疱状膀胱
破损

8. Czechoslovakia

A red-tiled floor
thereafter we walked
sweeping, landscapes of white
limestone rock and
red rock
the most curious concoction
doubly oppressive
the sluggish heat:
I remember running

8.捷克斯洛伐克

红砖地板
之后我们散步
扫荡，白色石灰岩
和红岩的景观
最奇妙的混合物
双倍压抑
疲软的心：
我没忘记奔跑

9. Hunger

Irony and parody held pride of place
in her silk evening dress
Olga had several minor parts
little of Knut Hamsun
several bravura touches
"marking time"
treating it lightly
The death of Max Jacob

9. 饿

讽刺和戏仿在她丝质晚礼服中
占据重要位置
奥尔加有几个小地方
微微像克努特·哈姆逊

（*挪威作家，有作品《饿》）

另有几次以莫大的胆量触碰
“磨洋工”
轻柔地对待它，
马克思·雅克布的死

10. Henry IV

naked
with a lion
a small lesbian
smoking a pipe
some silent young men
"Shit!" they exclaim
"Fuck all women!"
they all start singing patriotic songs

10. 亨利四世

赤膊赤卵
跟狮子在一起
一个小蕾丝

吸着烟枪
一些沉默的年轻男人
大喊，“谢特！
把女人统统操翻！”
他们统一开始唱起爱国歌曲。

11. The Milk Bar

Loud shouts and
running feet on the staircase
"Coward! Coward!"
the death of Robert Desnos
quite charming in a red and black dress
with black shoes
about three handbreadths high
The salesgirl laughs at us

11.奶吧

大声喧哗
楼梯踩得吧嗒响
“懦夫，懦夫！”
罗伯特·德斯诺斯的死
（*法国超现实主义诗人）
在一条红黑色的裙子上相当有魅力
他穿着一双三手托长的
黑鞋
卖酒女嘲笑我们

12. Hate

I turned back
battered by the frightful air
But I made a kind of wager with myself
detail dazzled me
I considered making it
the theme of my next novel

Every day I had experience of this

12.恨

我转过身

被可怕的空气暴击

不过我跟自己下了一个赌

细节让我头昏

我在考虑是不是让它

成为我下一本小说的主题

我每天都对此获取经验

13. American Films

a blue-eyed little girl with brown pigtales

their big red-tiled kitchen

big platefuls of bilberries for dessert

children's laughter

the fresh scent of wild berries

that little brown-haired girl

would be stood up against a wall

on richer, fiercer color

ocher, red, purple

13.美国电影

一个蓝眼睛小女孩有一根棕色马尾辫

他们的大红地砖厨房

大盘越橘甜点

孩子们在欢笑

野生果酱的新鲜香气

那个棕发小女孩

会靠墙站着

更丰富，更凶猛的色彩

土褐色，红色，紫色

14.Proust's Sex Life

it's "splendid animalism"

Ramon Fernandez made a special trip
to see
"Well," I said, "have you seen it?"
although I knew he was absolutely broke
my chosen themes had not lost
their sharpness

14. 普鲁斯特的性生活

“绚烂的兽性”

拉蒙·费尔南德斯专程

赶去看了

“好吧，”我说，“你见到没？”

尽管我知道他彻底崩溃了

但我选择的主题仍没有失去

它们的锐利

*感觉这组诗是泰德在练习或寻找某种风格写的东西。

Rusty Nails

《锈钉》

MY NAME

Smiling with grace the mother, the spouse, leaned
across to the fourth of their after-the-theatre party,
who was a girl older than this boy, aged almost seventeen,
by perhaps two years.

*我的名字

那个面带优雅笑容的妈，那个配偶，向那个
在他们观剧后的派对上的第四个人俯下身，
那是一个比这个快要十七岁的男孩也许还要年长
两岁的女孩。

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

I led in my childhood and youth the gently bred existence of my class and my kind.

*恶魔的问题

在我的童年和青年时代，我过着我这个阶级和类型的温和、有教养的生活。

PATROTISM

An estimated two million wasps were loosed on an area of four hundred and fifty miles inhabited by eighty thousand people.

*爱国主义

预计有两百只大黄蜂被释放到了一个四百五十英里远，居住着八万人口的地区。

MY BEST FRIEND

That was about you in my story.

*我最好的朋友

我的故事中是关于你的。

AN ORPHAN LEARNS TO COUNT

The Police swooped down in a squad car.

*一个孤儿学习数数

开着巡逻车的警察冲了过来。

MALNUTRITION

By accident I met some rich homosexuals of the international queer set who cruise around the world, bumping into each other in queer joints from New York to Cairo.

*营养不良

我偶尔会遇到一些有钱的国际酷儿群体中的同性恋，他们环游地球，从纽约到开罗，在各种酷儿聚会上相遇。

CANCER

For there was a heavy curtain over the window, and in the center of the room, an electric light bulb, suspended from the ceiling, was all wrapped in newspaper.

*癌症

因为窗户上有一块笨重的窗帘，在房间中央那个从天花板垂下的电灯泡用报纸裹着。

SUNBURN

Loading his gun with one of these button, he seated himself on the bed beside his wife, and declared his intention of shooting the witch cat.

*晒黑

用其中一个纽扣给抢上膛后，他在妻子旁边的床上坐下来，宣布他打算射击那只女巫猫。

DEATH BY DROWNING

For, in respect to the latter branch of the supposition, it should be considered that the most trifling variation of the facts of the two cases might give rise to the most important miscalculations, by diverting thoroughly the two courses of events; very much as, in arithmetic, an error which, in its own individuality, may be inappreciable, produces, at length, by dint of multiplication at all points of the process, a result enormously at variance with the truth.

*淹死

是因为，涉及到假设的后一个分支，
理所应当被考虑的是这两起案件事实的
最细微的差别，可能因对两个事件过程的
全面偏移而引发最重大的误判；正如在算术中，
就其本身而言，一个小错可能是微不足道的，
但通过在过程的各个点上的乘积，最终产生
一个与真理大相径庭的结果。

MASSACRED BY THE INDIANS

Ain't nothin' new about that neither.

*被印第安人大屠杀

这并不是啥新鲜事。

BAD NEWS

The man in bed--staring at me appraisingly-enormous.

*坏消息

那个躺在床上的男的——以评价的眼神盯着我——是庞大的。

SPRING RETURNS

We are drawn to shit because we are imperfect in our uses
of the good.

*春天来了

我们被屎吸引是因为我们在善的使用中
没做到完美。

THE PENNILESS PERCEPTION

There were seven to choose from, all putty.

*不值钱的感知

有七种可以选取，全是腻子。

THE TERRORS OF PUBERTY

She didn't realize her belly was more provocative when
it had been run through with hatred.

*青春期恐怖

她没有意识到，当她的肚子被憎恨穿过，
那会带来更多挑衅。

A PROVERB

Meanwhile the paper were reporting masochists shooting
tacks, with rubber bands, at apes in zoos.

*格言

与此同时，新闻报道了一群受虐狂在动物园
用橡皮弹弓向猿猴射击大头钉。

A MESSAGE FROM THE LOVE ONE

I was horrified.

*爱人来信

我骇然。

SYMBOLISM

He must have pressed the wrong button, or several of them,
for when the door fretted open he found himself deep under-
ground,
with no heart to try again.

*象征主义

他必定按错了按钮，甚至不止一个，
因为当门突然打开时，他发现自己深深地躺在地下，
他没信心再试了。

THE MODERN CRISIS

"What's this nasty piece of wood stuck in your boobs?"

*现代危机

“这片粘在你乳房上脏兮兮的木头是啥？”

THE AFTERLIFE

"The Cherry Orchard."

*来世

“樱桃园”

THE WORLD TODAY

"Jungle Law," the man agreed.

*今日世界

“丛林法则。”那个男的点头道。

DEADLY VISIBLE RAYS

They had many days now when they were very happy.

*致命的可见光

他们现在又很多非常快乐的日子。

SOMETHNG'S HAPPENING HERE

Your historian will not attempt to list the sights he pointed out in the multitudinous halls since no one will ever forget them anyway.

*这儿有什么在发生

既然无论如没人会忘记它们，你们的历史学家将不会试图去列出他曾在众多会场指出的那些景象。

EIGHT SQUARES

A good smell of hot coffee is coming out of the coffee-pot
on the table.

*八平方

热咖啡的好味道正从桌上的那只咖啡壶
冒出来。

A GIFT

"You in the new winter

stretch forth your hands"

*礼物

“你在又一个冬天，
伸出你的手”

I AM A MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

"I know from my own experience that telepathy is a fact."

*我是一个动不动忧患的人

“依照我的经验来说，通灵是事实。”

———这组有点《软纽扣》的意思，这也正常，过度到个人风格总会需要大量尝试。

LIFE OF A MAN

诗辑《人生》

Matinee

Morning

(ripped out of my mind again!)

《女士便装》

早晨

(又一次从我脑壳中扯出)

As Usual

Take off your hat & coat & give me all your money

I have to buy some pills & I'm flat broke

《照例》

把帽子、外套统统脱掉，把钱交出来

我必须去搞药了，没钱了

On the Road Again

FOR Giuseppe Ungaretti

He called his Mama

Mohammed Scee-ab

He put his hand on

Her rear to be funny

She killed herself

You can bet no one ever told

His father

He made love to Frances
The talking mule

He's no sap either
He chopped her head off
So she can't yell and
He's plumb vanished
Let's go with him to Naples
To insult the old priest whose belly
Bulges over his belly-button
Like a piggy
And at number 5 Subnormal Street
We'll see his sad Victrola

You sap!
If you aren't turned on by now
It's your earache!

《又上路了》
致 杰赛普·安哥拉地

他叫他娘
穆罕默德·西阿布

为了取乐，他把手
放在她的屁股上
她自杀了
可以肯定没人跟他爹
说起过这个

他跟弗兰西斯搞
就是那头会说话的驴

他也不是个傻瓜
她把她的脑袋给砍掉了
这样她就不会再大喊大叫
接着他彻底消失了
让我们跟他一起去那不勒斯
去侮辱那个老神父，他的肚子
在肚脐眼上凸起
像一头小猪
他住在低能儿街 5 号
我们会看见他悲伤的维克多利亞

你这个傻瓜！
要是你这会儿还么开机，
那一定是你耳朵痛！

Tonight

Winds in the stratosphere
Apologize to the malcontents
Downstairs

《今天晚上》

平流层的风
向住楼下的愤青们
致歉

Joy of Shipwrecks

The torpedo was friendly

it buggered us

Mayday!

The climax came later

In the water

Near a sea-horse

《沉船的快乐》

鱼雷很友好。

它鸡奸我们。

紧急呼救！

随后，高潮

在水中，

一头海马旁边抵达。

After Breakfast

Flame & Fury

The colt and the dolt became outlaws

The automobile slew them

《早餐过后》

热情和暴怒

小马和小驴成了亡命徒

汽车撞毁它们

December

Brother and sister departed
With apologies to the mother for intercourse
In their hearts

《十二月》

兄妹两分开了
为他们在心里的性行为
向母亲致歉

A Reply to the Fragile

If he bites you he's friendly
If it hurts you
Go away
Don't give him a fresh try
Unless you have titties
Like a fast horse

《对脆弱的回应》

要是他咬你，那他是友善的。
要是这伤害了你
走开便是
千万别再给他机会
除非你有像一匹快马
那样的乳头

Tobacco

He made coffee

In his maid's uniform

He made coffee with animals

From the desert

Who expectorated into the coffeepot

His veins swelled up with an army

of germs whose unconscious's

Hated these possibilities

He reared back saying, "Me Nasty!"

So We began to BE Nasty

As for what happened next

You can bet that he learned to express himself

《烟草》

他穿他的女仆装

冲咖啡

他跟来自沙漠的动物

一起冲咖啡

它们朝咖啡壶里吐痰

他的筋脉灌满了细菌大部队

它们潜意识中

憎恨这些可能性

他后仰，说道，“我真讨厌！”

那么我们也开始变得讨厌

至于接下来发生了啥
可以肯定他学会了自我表达

Tooting My Horn on Duty

Tooting my horn on duty in the infantry
Made my name mud PU
In the army I had nosebleeds

The Infantry was so distracting
It kindled up in my nose
An invisible odor
That hindered my toots

One day while on duty
I rammed into a chestnut
And got blood all over my flute
Not to mention this nosebleed

I spat out so many teeth I knew it was an omen
The vitamins I had to take made me ill
Ten blood transfusions It was almost all over
When two big rocks stopped the bleeding

This was my unhappy childhood

《执勤时嘟响我的号角》

在步兵团执勤那会儿我是吹号角的
这让我名誉扫地 噗
我在军队里总在流鼻血

步兵的活儿太分散注意力
它在我鼻子上
点燃看不见的香气
那阻碍了我嘟嘟

有一天我值班
撞在了一株板栗树上
笛子上，血染得到处都是
更不用说撞出鼻血

我吐出好多牙齿，我明白这是征兆
吃太多维生素搞得我病恹恹的
输了十次血 差点一命呜呼
还好两块岩石止住了血

那便是我不幸的童年

Corporal Pellegrini

He was ugly

She kissed the poor fellow
On his belly

ai-yai-yai

Wild horses couldn't hold him

He snaked her carcass
Around a finger
Like a bowling ball

Come and get it!

They threw him in the pen
And busted his illusions
On the fires of Corregidor

His rifle slowly
Fired
Better and better

Killing the idiot

《佩莱格里尼下士》

他是个丑陋的家伙

她吻了这个可怜的家伙的
肚子

啊呀呀

他从野马上摔了下来

他把她的尸体
缠绕在一根手指上
就像一个保龄球那样
来拿啊！

他们把他扔进围栏里
在科雷加多岛的大火中
炸毁它的幻觉

他缓慢地
打枪
一枪比一枪好

杀了这群白痴

Life Among the Woods

Near Paris, there is a boat. Near this boat live the beautiful Woods.

They are a charming family, the Woods, very friendly: Mr. Woods, Mrs. Woods, their son Peter, and their tiny daughter, Bubbles.

Mr. Woods is very rich. He has a grand house, in four piece: a kitchen, a stable, a room for lying down, and a room for infants. In this house there is, in addition, a brain room.

Mr. Woods' garden is also very grand. It is full of lettuces, flowers and fruits.

Mrs. Woods likes cooking plenty. She makes pies, pots of tea, and desserts. The little Woods have beautiful appetities. They eat a lot.

Mrs. Woods' kitchen is very appropriate. It has a pretty little furance, a table, four chaise lounges and a large placard. On the placard there are six S's six tassels, and fifty soup spoons. (One of the soup spoons is crusty.) There is also a grand casserole.

In the room for laying down there are four tiny books, four chaise lounges and four tiny tables. One sometimes goes to the toilet on the tables.

In the room for infants there is a big table, plenty of chaise lounges and one grand placard on which are pictures of the toys of the tiny Woods: a puppy, a train, a toupee, a cigarette, some balls, some books, a pellet, soap, a strangler's cord, and lots of other things.

The black bag and the wise man may be found in the brain room.

They eat in the stable, where there is a grand table and some chaise lounges.

In her office she keeps plenty of other things. She keeps bread, berries, beer, lace, celery, buttons, plums, and a comforter.

《伍兹一家的生活》

在巴黎附近，有一个小船。在这个小船旁边，住着美丽的伍兹一家。

他们是一个可爱的家庭，伍兹一家人非常友善：伍兹先生，伍兹夫人，还有他们的儿子皮特和小女儿巴博丝。

伍兹先生很富有。他有个大房子，分成四部分：厨房，马厩，卧室，以及一间婴儿房。除此以外，屋子里还有一件大脑室。

伍兹先生的花园也非常豪华。到处都是莴苣，花草与水果树木。

伍兹太太喜欢烹饪。她喜欢做派，沏茶，还有做大量的点心。伍兹家的两个小家伙胃口也好，他们会吃很多。

伍兹太太的厨房非常适宜。有一个可爱的小炉子，一张餐桌，四条躺椅和一张大大的海报。海报上有六个字母S，六条流苏，五十个汤勺。（其中一个汤勺是硬柄的）还有一口大炒锅。

在卧室里，有四本小数，四张躺椅和四个小桌子。有人有时会在桌子上上厕所。

在婴儿室有一个大桌子，大量躺椅和一张巨大的海报，海报上画着伍兹一家的玩具：木偶了，火车了，假发和香烟了，一些球，书本，弹珠，肥皂，一个上吊用的绳子以及其它别的什么东西。

而在大脑室，那里总会有一个黑袋子和一个聪明人。

他们在马厩就餐，在那张超大的餐桌上，在那些躺椅上。

伍兹太太的老鼠药藏在马厩的一个大饼子里。

在她的办公室，她也存储了大量东西，什么面包，果酱，啤酒，类似，芹菜，纽扣，李子，橡皮奶嘴什么的。

In Three Parts

FOR John Giorno

According

to
the
basic
law
of
visual
perception
any
stimulus
pattern
tends
to
be
seen
in
such
a
way
that
the
resulting
pattern
is
as simple
as
the given
conditions
permit.

*

Before
the
orgasmic
platform

in
the
outer
third
of
the
vagina
develops
sufficiently
to
provide
increased
exteroceptive
and
proprioceptive
stimulation
for
both
sexes,
the
over-
distended
excitement-
phase
vagina
gives
many
women
the
sensation
that
the
fully

erect
penis
is
"lost
in
the
vagina."

*

With
daring
and
strength
men
like
Pollock,
deKooning
Tobey,
Rothko,
Smith
and
Kline
filled
their
work
with
the
drame,
anger,
pain,
and
confusion
of
contemporary

life.

《诗三章》

致 约翰·吉诺

根据

感知的

基本

法

任何

刺激

模式

倾向

于

以此

方式

被理解

即

在

给定

模式

允许的

情况

下

生成

模式

会

非常

简单

*

在

阴道外侧

三分之

一
的
性高潮
平台
充分
发展
至
足以
为
两性
提供
增强的
外触
与本体
刺激
以前，
处于
过度
膨胀
兴奋期
的
阴道
给予
许多
女人
的
感受
是
那根
完全
勃起
的阴茎
正

“迷失
在
阴道
中”。

*

带着
无畏
和
力量
像
波洛克
德库宁
托比
罗斯科
史密斯
以及
克莱恩
在
他们的
作品
中
装满了
戏剧感
愤怒
疼痛
以及
对当代
生活
的
困惑。

In 4 Parts

A person can lie around on an uncrowded beach
And when too much peace and quiet gets on his
nerves, he can always dressed and tour Israel.

×

Mayor

Frank

X.

Graves

today

ordered

the

arrest

of

Allen

Ginsberg

if

the

plice

could

prove

that

the

poet

smoked

marijuana

while

looking

at

the

Passaic

Falls

yesterday.

*

The
Jewish
Memorial
Hospital's
Junior
League
will
give
its
second
annual
discotheque
benefit
Sunday
at
the
Round
Table.

*

William
Carlos
Williams
the
Paterson
N.J.
physician
was
a
strong
and
vigorous
poet

who
spoke
in
the
American
idiom.

《诗四份》

一个人可以躺在没什么人的沙滩上
要是太多的宁静导致他神经兮兮的
他总可以穿上衣裳，去以色列观光

×

梅耶

弗兰克

X.

格莱福斯

今天

下令

逮捕

艾伦·

金斯堡

要是

昨天

在

看

帕赛克

瀑布

时

那个

警察

能

证明

这个
诗人
在吸
大麻
的话。

×
犹太
纪念
医院的
小
联盟
会
举行
它的
第二界
年度
迪斯科
误会
就在
星期天的
圆桌
会议
上。

×
威廉·
卡洛斯·
威廉斯，
这个
新泽西
帕特森
内科医生
是
一个

强力
和
精力充沛的
诗人
他
说的
是
美国
土话。

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN 5 PARTS

《一个分五部分的自传》

Craze Man Wiliiker
FOR PIERRE REITER

Once there was a rich man named craze man Wiliiker. This man was always very nice he would give alot of moeny to poor people, but he said to himself "I had better save some of my money for myself." So the next day he went to the bank with a gun (just in case they would not give him his money) he said " give me my money becasue I have to buy presents for all my relatives."

The next day he went to the Monkey Wards department store he bought a 24 foot yate, a motercycle, a small car, a byicycle, and meny more expencive gifs. Then he went to the store and bought a big airplane for himself then he loaded up his airplane and flew through the city tos money all over.

The next day he had a pipeline put on the hot plains so people in distress could get water all through that area. He also built little shops into skyscrapers for the Landlord. He built hospitals all over the earth.

One day while flying around in his airplane he ran across two men trying to sell old pots, but they were not having any bissness. He landed and he asked them "Hows bissness?" The men replied "We've been here more than 40

days and haven't sold a pot." Wiliikers sayed "I'll buy your whole stock and as meny more pots as you can get." The man gave him his bill and supplied him with his pots.

Two days later he took his wife out to dinner and tipped the waiter a hundred dollar bill. He invited all the hobbos he knew to dinner and he even told the manager that he was going to give the biggest party the world has ever known and that it would be held on December 25. He sayed it would be adverticed all over the earth. When December 25 came all the men asked him why he was so nice to everybody he said "It's because it's Christmas day. Merry Christmas!

狂人威利克

致 皮埃尔·赖特

曾经有一个富人叫狂人威利克。这家伙一直很有钱，总在给穷人大量钱，不过他对自我说“我最为好自身留下点 钱”。就这样第二天他带着一根枪去了银行（以防他们不给他钱）说“把我的钱给我因为我必须给我的亲眷买礼物。”

第二天他去猴子病房百货商场买了一条二十四英尺的游船，一部摩托车，一部小汽车，一部脚踏车，还有超多昂贵的礼物。接着他又去那里给自己买了一部大飞机，接着他登机飞过城市到处撒钱。

第二天他在滚烫的平原上铺设了管道，这样该地区的贫困户们便可以得到水。为了地主，他还把一些小店开进摩天大楼去。他全地球到处建医院。

一天，骑着飞机到处转悠时，他看见两个销售老锅的，他们看着没啥生意。他就降落到地上，问他们“营生咋样？”他们回道“我们在这里登四十年了，一个锅也没卖掉。”威利克就说道“你们有多少我都包销啦。”那个男人给他账单也给了那些锅。

两天后他带着他内人下馆子，打赏了服务员一百块。他邀请他认识的全部朋友去吃饭甚至告知经理他举行一个有史以来最大的派对在十二月二十五日这天。他说这会是面向全世界的。那么十二月二十五日这天到了，所有人问他为啥对他们那么好，他说“因为圣诞节啊。圣诞快乐！

from Memoirs

Never will I forget that trip. The dead were so thick in spots we tumbled over them. There must have been at least 2000 of those sprawled bodies. I identified the insignia of six German divisions, some of their best. The stench was carnal to the point of suffocation. The sounds and cries of wounded men sounded everywhere. I could but think how wrong I'd been one bright day at Texas Military Academy when I had so glibly criticized Dante's description of hell as too extreme.

A flare suddenly lit up the scene for a fraction of a minute and we hit the dirt hard. There just ahead of us stood three Germans--a lieutenant pointing with outstretched arm, a sergeant crouched over a machine gun, a corporal feeding a bandolier of cartridges to the weapon. I held my breath waiting for the burst. But there was nothing. My guide shifted his poised grenade to the other hand and reached for his flashlight.

The Germans had not moved. They were never to move. They were dead, all dead--the lieutenant with shrapnel through his heart, the sergeant with his belly blown into his back, the corporal with his spine where his head should have been. We left them there, gallant men dead in the service of their country.

I completed my reconnaissance and reached our flank regiment just before dawn. There I found its distinguished colonel, Frank McCoy, and its gallant chaplain, Father Duffy, just returned from burying the poet Sergeant Joycer Kilmer beside the stump of one of those trees he had immortalized.

回忆录选摘

我绝不会忘记那趟差事。那些死者身上有着厚厚的斑点，我们差点被他们绊倒。至少有 2000 具身体铺躺在那儿，我看出有六个德国师的徽章，有些是他们中最好的。肉发出的臭气让人窒息。那些受伤的人在鬼哭狼嚎。我不禁想到，在德州军事学院那个明亮的日子，我轻描淡写地评价但丁对地狱的描述太过极端，这真是个错误。

一个闪光弹忽然照亮现场，持续了十几秒，我们重重地摔倒在地上。在我们前方站着三个德国佬——一个中尉伸着手臂，一个中士蜷缩在一挺机关枪上，一个下士在给武器填弹药。我屏住呼吸等待爆炸。可是啥也没发生。我的向导把他的手榴弹换到另一只手上，伸手去拿他的手电筒。

德国佬没有动。他们也不会动。他们死了，全部——那个中尉的心脏被散弹打穿；那个中尉肚子炸开了花，可以看见他的背；那个下士的脊柱上的脑袋不知道去哪儿了。我们把他们留在原地，为国献身的勇士。

我完成侦查任务，在黎明前回到我们的侧翼团。我见到了功勋显赫的上校弗兰克·马考依。还有英勇的随军牧师，达夫神父，他埋葬了诗人中士乔伊斯·吉尔莫，就在一株因他而不朽的树木的树桩旁边。他刚从那边回来。

A Letter

TO Johe Giorno

When Wyn & Sally and the twins went to Minnesota to visit Wyn's father last August, Wyn discovered marijuana growing wild all over the Minnesota countryside. He brought back a suitcase full and said to me, "How would you like to go out and harvest some?" So in the middle of September, when the moon was right just before the first frost, we flew out to Minneapolis at 10:30 in the morning with five large suitcases and a trunk. I was dressed in an old Brooks Brothers suit and a vest. We arrived in Minneapolis at 2, were met by a white Hertzrent-a-car and drove 2 hours to Red Wing. all along the side of the road and in front of every farmhouse were these 12 foot high clusters. Wyn said they're so dumb out there they think that marijuana comes from Mexico. We cased this sand pit and it looked OK. Then we emptied the 5 suitcases and the trunk which were filled with the costumes from "Conquest of the Universe" into a garbage dump and drove to Frontenac where Mark Twain spent his summers. We bought 2 bathing suits and went for a swim in the Mississippi. It was terrific. then we drove to Lake city which is this 1930's Bonnie & Clyde town and we sat in this 1930's soda-fountain cafe waiting for it to get dark. We telephoned Sally and told her everything was going great. then we drove back to the sand pit and parked the car behind a falling down shed of an abandoned turkey farm and sat watching how many cars passed on the road. When it got dark, we changed into dungarees and went to work. I cut the plants and Wyn cut them into small pieces and stuffed them into plastic bags. There was this jungle of pot plants that looked like giant Christmas Tress and moonlight and dew, and the dew and resin got all over my skin and I was stoned. About 3 A.M. we changed back into the straight

clothes and drove to Minneapolis. We didn't take any amphetamine because I thought we'd look suspicious if we looked like speed freaks at 6 in the morning. I was so tired I just went up to the ticket counter and said to the guy, "Here!" We flew back to NY with 70 pounds of wet grass. It dried down to 24 pounds.

信

给 约翰·吉诺

上个月，温和莎莉和双胞胎去明尼苏达州拜访温的父亲，温发现明尼苏达州的乡下到处长着大麻。他带了满满一手提箱回来对我说，“你想去那儿一趟，搞一些吗？”那么，九月中旬，霜降前夕，月色当空，我们在一个上午十点半，带着五个大手提箱以及一只衣箱，飞去了明尼阿波利斯。我穿着一套旧的布鲁克斯兄弟西装和一件马甲。我们在午夜二点抵达那儿，上了一辆白色的赫茨伦特汽车，驱车两小时达到红翼市。沿路两边，以及所有农舍前方都是这些十二英尺高的植簇。温说那儿的人很蠢，他们还以为大麻来自墨西哥。我们查看了这个沙坑，感觉没啥问题。接着我们清空那五个手提箱和那个塞满“征服宇宙”衣服的衣箱，把东西倒进垃圾堆，接着开车去了弗龙特纳克——马克吐温避暑的地方。我们买了两套泳衣，在密西西比河里游了一会泳。这太棒了。接着我们驱车前往湖城，那个在三十年代，邦尼和克兰德的小镇。我们坐在一家三十代的苏打喷泉咖啡馆，等天黑下来。我们给萨利打电话，告诉她一切进展顺利。接着我们开车回到那个沙坑，把车停在一个废弃火鸡农场那间快要倒塌的棚户后面，坐在那儿看路上有多少车经过。天黑后，我们换上工作服，得去干活了。我负责砍那些植物，温把他们割成小块的，塞进塑料袋子里。那里真像一个大麻丛林，跟巨大的圣诞树似的，明月当空，露水闪烁，露珠和汁液粘在我皮肤上，我醉麻了。约莫凌晨三点，我们换回直筒裤，开车去明尼苏达。我们这次去没带什么安非他明，考虑到我们看上去会有嫌疑，要是我们在清晨六点的路上超速驾驶。我太累了，在检票处，我只是把票丢给那个家伙。我们终于飞回纽约，带着七十磅鲜叶子。晾干后，得到二十四磅。

Che Guevara's Cigars

Guevara had noticed me smoking, and had remarked that of course I would never dare smoke Cuban cigars. I told him that I would love to smoke Cuban

cigars but that Americans couldn't get them. The next day, a large polished-mahogany box hand-inlaid with the Cuban seal and amid swirling patterns in the national colors, flying a tiny Cuban flag from a brass key, and crammed with the finest Havanas arrived at my room. With it was a typewritten note from Guevara, reading in Spanish, "Since I have no greeting card, I have to write. Since to write to an enemy is difficult, I limit myself to extending my hand." (I took the box, the cigars untouched, back to Washington and showed it to President Kennedy. He opened it and asked, "Are they good?" "They're the best," I said, whereupon he took one out of the box, lit it, and took a few puffs. Then he looked up at me suddenly and said, "You should have smoked the first one.")

切·格瓦拉的雪茄

格瓦拉注意到我抽烟，便说我压根没胆子抽古巴雪茄。我告诉他，我喜欢抽古巴雪茄，只不过美国人搞不到这玩意儿。第二天，一个大大的铮亮的胡桃木匣子送到我的房间，手工镶嵌了古巴国徽，黄铜钥匙上还飘着一面小小的古巴国旗，旗上是国家色彩的螺旋图案，匣子里装满了最好的哈瓦拉雪茄，还夹带着一张格瓦拉的打字便条，是西班牙文：我没有贺卡，那我只有手写了。写信给敌人是困难的，故以此聊表敬意。”（我原封不动带上匣子，直奔华盛顿，把它朝贡给总统肯尼迪。他打开后问，“东西怎么样？”“顶级，”我说。那么他从匣子里取了一根，点上，略吸几口。然后突然抬头望着我说，“惭愧惭愧，怎么着也应该是您先品尝呀。”）

Frank O'Hara's Question

from "Writers and Issues"

by John Ashbery

what sky

out there is between the ailanthuses

a 17th century prison an aardvark

a photograph of Mussolini and

a personal letter from Isaak Dinesen

written after eating

can be succeeded by a calm evaluation

of the "intense inane" that surrounds
him:

it is cool
I am high
and happy
as it turns
on the earth
tangles me
in the air

and between these two passages (from
the long poem "Biotherm") occurs a mediating
line which might stand to characterize
all of Mr. O'Hara's art:

I am guarding it from mess and message.

弗兰克·奥哈拉的问题
出自约翰·阿什贝利
的《作家和问题》

臭椿之间
是什么天空在那儿
一间十七世纪的监狱，一只土豚
一张墨索里尼的相片和一封
来自艾萨克·迪内森的亲笔信
可以被一次对围绕他的
“强烈的空虚”的冷静评估
继承：

它很酷。
当它在地上
转动，
在空气中

纠缠我，
我感到
性福。

而在这两段文字之间（来自
长诗“《欧碧泉》”）出现的
一个调和性的句子应该可以用来描述
奥哈拉先生的全部艺术特质：

我保护它不受混乱和消息的干扰。

Entrance

FOR Ed Dorn

10 years of boot

Take it away

& it's off

Under the table

2

& I'm hovering

I'm above American Language

one foot

is expressing itself as continuum

the other, sock

groan I am dog

tired from cake

walking

to here. That is,

An Entrance.

《入口》

致 艾德·道恩

十年的靴子
脱掉它
它现在脱下了
在桌底下

2

我悬停
在美国语言上空
一根脚
表达它自身为一种连续体
另一根， 袜子
在抱怨， 我是狗
厌倦了蛋糕
走到
这儿。 这便是
一个入口。

March 17th, 1970

Someone who loves me calls me
& I just sit, listening
Someone who likes me wires me,
to do something. I'll do it
Tomorrow.
Someone who wants to do me harm
is after me
& finds me.
I need to kill someone
And that's what it's all about.
Right Now.

《1970.5.17》

有爱我的人电话我
而我只是坐着，听一听
有喜欢我的人发电报给我
 叫我去干点啥。我会的，
也许在明天。
而那想伤害我的人
在追踪我
 也找到了我。
我得干掉这种人，
 这会儿，这便是
全部意义所在。

"In Three Parts"

blank mind part
Sounds pretty sane to me!
never thought of that!
Part two
Excursions across the ice
Confusions of the cloth
bread & butter
bread & butter
kiss kiss
Part Three
Love
Addenda: Sleep
Oh, hello, Ted!

《三部分》

脑壳空荡荡的那部分
对我来说相当正常

穿越冰层的郊游
布料的困惑
面包和黄油
面包以及黄油
吻一吻

第三部分
爱
附注：睡觉
哦，哈罗，泰德！

Epithalamion

Pussy put her paw into the pail of paint.
"Hip, hop, pip, pop, tip, top, pop-corn".
The dipper tipped and the sirup dripped upon her apron.
Phillippa put the Parson's parcel beside the Professor's pappers.
Bowswer buried his bone inside a barrel.
The brown bear stole the bumblebee.
White snow whirled everywhere.
The able laborer objects to the bride.
Adam and Eve stumbled over the rubber tube.
Mama made a muffler and a muff for me.
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream
The meadow-mouse uses the lamp for its moonbeam.

In Minneapolis, Minnesota there are many married men.
Many Americans are making money in Mexico.

《新婚颂歌》

猫把它的爪子伸进油漆桶里。

“屁股，跳，屁屁，泡泡，小费，抹布，爆米花”。

勺子轻击糖浆滴落在她围裙上。

费丽帕把帕森的包裹放在教授的论文边。

鲍舍在枪管中烧他的骨头。

那个棕熊偷了熊峰。

白雪到处旋转。

那个能干的劳工抗议新娘。

亚当和夏娃在橡皮管子上绊了一跤。

妈妈为我织了一块围巾和做了一个手笼。

我的玛丽在潺潺的溪流边上睡着了。

牧场老鼠用灯盏来代替月光。

在在明尼苏达州的明尼阿波利斯很多男人结婚了。

很多美国人在墨西哥搞钱。

Homecoming

I sit on

fat

like

An old dog

Anxious to set.

Across

the fields

fruit

grows

in

Another state.

The map

goes quietly dark.

In the
corners
white
jasmine blossoms begin
To radiate
Cold.
In the sky the
Soft, loose
stars swarm.
Now
drops of blood squirt
Onto the stiff leaves.
Now I
breathe.

《回乡偶书》

我坐在
一把肥肉上
像一条老狗似的
急于睡去。
穿过田野
水果
生长在
另一个州。
地图
变得相当
暗黑。
在角落
白色的
茉莉盛开
开始散发出
寒意。

天空中
挤满了
软踏踏，松散的
星星。
这会儿，
血滴喷射
在僵硬的叶子上。
这会儿我
在呼吸。

Poop

Nature makes my teeth "to hurt"

*

Each conviction lengthens the sentence

*

Women are interesting when I look at them

*

Art is medicine for imbeciles.

*

Great Art is a Great Mistake

*

If it's inspiration you want, drop your panties.

*

If I fall in love with my friend's wife, she's fucked*

*alternates:

I'm fucked

he's fucked

《傻乎乎的》

自然致使我牙齿“发痛”

*

每次审判都在加长刑期

*

看着女人时，我会觉得她们很有趣

*

艺术是低能儿的药

*

伟大的艺术是一个巨大的错误

*

要是这是你想要的灵感，那脱掉你的短裤吧

*

要是我爱上朋友的老婆，她就完蛋了。

*换句话说，

我完犊子了。

他也废了。

American Express

Cold rosy dawn in New York City

not for me

in Ron's furlined Jim Bridger

(coat)

that I borrowed two years ago

had cleaned

but never returned, Thank god!

On 6th Street

Lunch poems burn

a hole is in my pocket

two donuts one paper bag

in hand

hair is in my face and in my head is

"cold rosy dawn in New
York City"
I woke up this morning
it was night
you were on my mind
on the radio
And also there was a letter
and it's to you
if "you" is Ron Padgett,
American express
shivering now in Paris
Oklahoma
two years before
buying a new coat for the long trip
back to New York City
that I'm wearing now
It's cold in here
for two
looking for the boll weevil
(looking for a home), one with
pimples
one blonde, from Berkely
who says, "Help!" and
"Hey, does Bobby Dylan come around here?"
"No, man" I say,
"Too cold!"
& they walk off, trembling,
(as I do in L.A.)
so many tough guys, faggots,& dope addicts!
though I assure them
"Nothing like that in New York City!"
It's all in California!
(the state state)

that shouldn't be confused with
The balloon state
that I'm now
hovering over the radio
following the breakfast of
champions
& picking my curious way
from left to right
across my own white
expansiveness
MANHATTAN!
listen
The mist of May
is on the gloaming
& all the clouds
are halted, still
fleecey
& filled
with holes.
There are alight with borrowed warmth,
just like me.

《美国运通》

寒冷的玫瑰色黎明，纽约。
跟我无关，
我披着罗恩的吉姆
• 伯爵牌裘皮（外套）
借来有两年了。
我清洗过它，
但没归还，谢天谢地！
在第六大街，

我的口袋里放着
那本烧了一个洞的《午餐诗》
两个甜甜圈，手上握着一个纸袋。
头发在我脸上，在我脑袋上是
“纽约寒冷的玫瑰色黎明”
早晨我醒来。
这会儿是夜晚
你在我心中
在电台里
那里有一封信
也是给你的
要是“你”是罗恩·帕杰特
美国运通
在巴黎发抖
在俄克拉荷马州
两年前
特地为这趟长途旅行买了新外套
回到纽约
现在我正穿着它
这儿太冷了
有两个人
在寻找棉铃象鼻虫
（寻找家），一个长着麻子，
另一个是金发，来自伯克利
他说，“救命！”
“嗨，鲍勃迪伦回来这里逛吗？”
“不会。”我说，
“太冷了。”
他们走开了，发着抖，
（就像我在洛杉矶那会儿一样）

太多硬汉，同性恋，瘾君子！

尽管我向他们保证

“纽约完全不一样。”

但那就是加州的全部！

（这个州声明：）

不应该对气球州感到困惑。

我现在盘旋在

冠军早餐后的电台

上空

挑选一条好奇的路线，

从左到右穿过

我自己的白色的

膨胀——

曼哈顿！

听，

五月的迷雾

在暮色中

云层

停着，静止

羊毛似的

上面有一个个的

洞。

它们被借来的温暖照亮，

我也是。

February Air

For Donna Dennis

Can't cut it (night)

in New York City

it's alive

inside my tooth

on St. Mark's Place
where exposed nerve
jangles

*

that light
isn't on
for me
that's it
though you are
right here.

*

It's RED RIVER
time
on tv
and
Andy's BRILLO BOX is on
the icebox is on
Hight
too
over St. Nazaire, the
Commando is poised
that means tonight's raid
is "on"
The Monkey
at the typewriter
is turned on
(but the tooth hurts)
You'd Better Move On...
You'dBetter Move ON

《二月的天空》

致 蒂娜·丹妮斯

在纽约，
你无法关掉它（夜晚）
它活在你的
牙齿里
在圣·马可广场
神经暴露
叮叮当当响

×
那光
没有为我
打开
就是这样
尽管你
就在这儿。

×
这会儿
电视开着
“红河”时段，
冰箱上
“安迪的卜丽罗盒子”
也打开着。
在圣纳泽尔高空，
突击队做好了准备，
今晚突袭“就绪”。

那个坐在打字机前的
猴子
也“开机”了
（不过仍在牙痛）
你最好继续....
你最好接着继续

Black Power

It's ritzy Thrift,
Horn & Hardart's is
too, one
cup of coffee, black
away from it
& Generosity
though commingling with incontrovertible hard-(art)
headedness
does warm
& it keeps it up
e.g.
"Art is art & life is
Life." Fairfield Porter said
that:
& That means
Coffee
Black as on
57th Street
The Hotel Buckingham (facade) is
looming over lunch poem & I
looming over coffeecup white two eyes
looming over Joe's black & yellow polka-dots
(a tie)
that once belonged to Montgomery Clift:
It's all mine now, is saved, knowing
That, & that happily being that
"the living is easy"
Tho the art is hard,
sometimes, to see
through so much looming:
More coffee may save me that.

《黑力》

它是豪华的节俭，
豪恩和硬艺术
也是，
一杯黑咖啡，
远离它
以及慷慨
尽管与毋庸置疑的硬（艺术）
脑壳混在一起
确实缓和。
它让它继续，
比如，
“艺术是艺术，生活
是过日子。” 费尔菲尔·德波特
说：
其意思是，
第 57 大街的
黑
咖啡。
白金汉姆饭店（外立面）
在午餐时隐约可见，诗以及我
在咖啡杯中隐约可见，两个白色的眼珠
在乔（曾经属于蒙哥马·利克里夫）
的黑黄相间的斑点紧身衣
（有一个结）上隐约可见：
现在都归我了，得救了，知道
那是，那快乐的存在，那
“活着是轻易的”
尽管搞艺术很难，
有时还得看透
那么多的朦胧景象：

那更多的咖啡可以救起我的命。

The Ten Greatest Books of the Year(1976)

Apollinaire Oeuvres Poetiques

Swami Sivananda, Waves of Bliss

James Joyce, Ulysses

Gerard Malanga & Andy Warhol, Screen Test / A Diary

The Collected Earlier Poems of William Carlos Williams

Helen Hathaway, What Your Voice Reveals

Jean Jacques Mayoux, Melville

Kay Ambrose, Ballet-Lovers Pocketbook

roger Shattuck, Apollinaire

William Shakespeare, Cymbeline

Charlin's Anglo-French Course 3rd Part

The Pocket dictionary of Art Terms

Locus Solus No.2

Compositions Property of Ted Berrigan

Jack Kerouac, Mexico City Blues

Ron Loewinsohn, L'Autre

Ted Berrigan, Clear the Range

Philip Whalen, Selfportrait from Another Direction

Wallace Stevens, Collected Poems

the complete Sonnets Songs and Poems of William Shakespeare

Boswell's Life of Johnson

the Collected Later Poems of William Carlos Williams

The Oxford Book of English Verse

Williams & Macy, Do You Know English Literature

Richard Brautigan, Trout Fishing in America

Jim Carroll, Organic Trains

Stokely Carmichael, Toward Black Liberation

Ted Berrigan, The Sonnets

Ted Berrigan & Ron Padgett, Bean Spasms
dick Gallup, The Lungs of Sophocles
Eduardo Paolozzi, Kex
Lawrence Campbell, Sills
Diter Rot, Buch
Ted Berrigan, Art Notes
Velversheen by Eagle-A
Ron Padgett, Tone Arm
Poetry Magazine May 1960
University Note Book
Jim Brodey, Clothesline
The Cantos of Ezra Pound CX-CXVI
Frank O'Hara, Meditations in an Emergency
Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass
David Henderson, Felix of the Silent Forest
Poets of the English Language Vol. III Milton to Goldsmith
Poets of the English Language Vol. I Langland to Spenser
Poets of the English Language Vol. V Tennyson to Yeats
Fuck You, A Magazine of the Arts Vol. 6, No.5
the World No.7
William Burroughs, Time
folder No. 2
Larry McMurty, The Last Picture Show
"C" Comics

《年度十佳书（1976 年）》

阿波利奈尔 《诗集》
斯瓦米·希瓦南达 《极乐波》
詹姆斯·乔伊斯 《尤利西斯》
杰拉德·马兰加 & 安迪·沃霍尔 《试镜 / 日记》
威廉·卡洛斯·威廉姆斯 《早期诗集》

海伦·黑斯威《你的声音揭示了什么》
让·雅克·马约克斯《梅尔维尔》
凯·安布罗斯《芭蕾舞爱好者》袖珍本
罗杰·沙特克《阿波利奈尔》
威廉·莎士比亚《辛白林》
沙林《英法课程第三部分》
《袖珍艺术术语词典》
《孤独庄园》第 2 号
特德·贝里根《作品集》
杰克·凯鲁亚克《墨西哥城蓝调》
罗恩·洛温索恩《他者》
特德·贝里根《清除范围》
菲利普·惠兰《另一方向的自画像》
华莱士·史蒂文斯《诗集》
威廉·莎士比亚《十四行诗、歌曲和诗歌全集》
鲍斯威尔《约翰逊博士传记》
威廉·卡洛斯·威廉姆斯《后期诗集》
《牛津英国诗选》
威廉姆斯 & 麦西《你了解英国文学吗》
理查德·布劳提根《在美国钓鳟鱼》
吉姆·卡罗尔《有机列车》
斯托克利·卡迈克尔《走向黑人解放》
特德·贝里根《十四行诗》
特德·贝里根 & 罗恩·帕德吉特《豆痉挛》
迪克·加拉普《索福克勒斯的肺》
爱德华多·帕奥洛兹《凯科斯》
劳伦斯·坎贝尔《窗台》
迪特·罗特《书》
特德·贝里根《艺术笔记》
伊格尔·A 的《天鹅绒光泽》
罗恩·帕德吉特《唱臂》
1960 年 5 月《诗歌杂志》
《大学笔记本》

吉姆·布罗迪《晾衣绳》
埃兹拉·庞德《诗章 CX-CXVI》
弗兰克·奥哈拉《紧急情况下的沉思》
沃尔特·惠特曼《草叶集》
大卫·亨德森《寂静森林中的菲利克斯》
《英语诗人全集》第三卷 米尔顿至哥尔德史密斯
《英语诗人全集》第一卷 朗格兰至斯宾塞
《英语诗人全集》第五卷 罗斯金至叶芝
《去你的吧，艺术杂志》第六卷第五期
《世界》第七期
威廉·巴勒斯《时间》
《第二文件夹》
拉里·麦克墨特里《最后一场电影》
“C” 漫画

Waterloo Sunset

We ate lunch, remember? and I paid the check
Under trees in rain of false emotion and big bull
With folks going in and out putting words in our mouths that are
shouting, "Hurrah for Bristol Cream!" We threw a leave sandwich
Into the sunlight--it greedily gobbled it up, and growing brighter
Emanating from their glasses came the little drinkies
Reflections of the magazine Grandma edits
ON whose pages a bouquet is blossoming sort of. You bounced a check
Into years of lives down under the weather vane, barf!
The influence of alcohol rebounded 500 miles into Africa.

But a little drinkie never hurt nobody, except an African.
The Earth sops up liquids, I mean drinks,
And is tipsy as pinballs on the ocean
Wobbling on its axis. We turn a paleface shade of white

In the rain that pelts the doo-doo
That flies from the eyes' blinds. It doesn't matter though
on the sweet side
Of the moon. don't be a horrible sourpuss
Moon! Have a drink
Have an entire issue! Waves goodbye & reels, into sun
Of light dark light roll over Beethoven
Our shelter-half misses your shelter-half. There's nothing left of love
But we have checkberry leaves
Mint, Juniper, tree-light
Elder-flowers, sweet goldenrod, bugspray & Juice.
And you are a pretty girl-boy
And I am a pretty man-woman
and we are here-there
In England and the food is absolutely cold-hot.
In the aromatic sundown, according to the magazine version
Or automacitc sundown English words are a gas
Slurring the Earth's one heaving angel turns in unison
& paddles your ear gently as befits one in love with you & I
No change My face is all right
Foru us. We are bored through & we are through with you
With our professionalism (you have to become useless to drink).
All we ever wanted to do in the rosy sunlight was
In the first place was....was...was...uh
Run our fingers through your curly hair
Oooops! No, not that. I mean all
We really wanted to do was jazz yr mother
Fight off insects & sing a sad solitary tune
On the excellencies of Bristol Cream
Six dollars a bottle Praise The Lord

TED BERRIGAN & RON PADGETT

《滑铁卢日落》

我们吃了午餐，记得吧。我埋的单，
在假情绪的雨中，在树下，大公牛跟人们
一起进进出出，把话放进我们的嘴巴，
它们大喊，“布里斯托奶油万岁！”
我们把一块树叶三明治丢在阳光下——
它贪婪地吞下了它，变得更明亮
从他们的酒杯中冒出几个小酒鬼

《奶奶》杂志的看法

在它的书页中一束花略微盛开。你把支票退进
天气风向标下的多年的生活中，真恶心！
酒精的影响弹回五百英里外的非洲。

不过一个小酒鬼绝伤害不了谁，除非是非洲来的。
土地吸收水分，我是说喝酒，
就像海洋里的弹球那样醉熏熏的，
在它自己的轴上摇晃。我们脸色苍白，
在雨中投掷大便
从我们眼皮前飞过。这也没什么，尽管
我们在月亮甜面的一面。不要成为一个讨人厌的家伙
月亮！来上一杯
来上一整个问题！挥手再见，摇晃着
走进太阳光线中，黑暗的光在贝多芬身上打滚
我们的半避难所想念你的半避难所。那里没有一点爱。
不过我们有黑草莓树叶
薄荷，杜松，树上的光线
成年的花，甜蜜的麒麟草，杀虫剂以及果汁。
而你相当的女里女气
而我相当的雌雄不分
我们在英格兰
到处走动，那些食物绝对冷热兼备。
在芬芳，根据杂志的版本来说

自动的日落中，英语是一种气体
模糊了地球那唯一跃动的天使与你我共转
轻抚你的耳，恰似爱慕你我般
没变化 我的脸对我们来说
很好。我们彻底厌倦，跟你，跟
我们的职业技能一起玩完了（你必须成为废物
才会喝酒）
所有我们曾经想在玫瑰色的阳光下
做的，首先是...是..是....嗯
动动我们的手指，穿过你的卷发
嘿！不，非也。我是说我们真正想干的
是给你娘演奏爵士乐，
打败昆虫，唱一个伤感孤独的调子
布里斯托奶油阁下
六美元一瓶，赞美上帝。

泰德和罗恩
合写

30

The fucking enemy shows up

interstices

bent

《30》

该死的敌人出现了

裂缝

疯了

*这三句分成了三页，不知道这有什么意思。

Grey Morning

Rain

Coming down

Outsider her

Windows

I can be seen inside

the drops

of rain

falling

limping

This girl in mind.

《阴天早晨》

下雨了

在她的

窗外

可以看见我在里面

雨

在下

一瘸一拐

想
这个女孩

Things to Do in Anne's Room

Walk right in
sit right down
baby, let your hair hang down
It's on my face that hair
& I'm amazed to be here
the sky outside is green the blue
shows thru the trees
I'm on my knees
unlace Li'l Abner
shoes
place them under the bed
light cigarette
study out the dusty
bookshelves
sweat
Now I'm going to do it
SELF RELIANCE
THE ARMED CRITIC
MOBY DICK
THE WORLD OF SEX
THE PLANET OF THE APES
NOw I'm going to do it
deliberately
take off clothes
shirt goes on the chair
pants go on the shirt
socks next to shoes next to bed

the chair goes next to the bed
get into the bed
be alone
suffocate
don't die
& it's that easy.

《在安妮房间要做的事情》

径直进入
一把坐下
宝贝，让你的头发披垂下来
它搁在我脸上了
我很惊讶为何会在这儿
天空在外面绿绿的，蓝色
透过树木
我蹲在地上
解开这双莉·安博纳
鞋子
把它们放到床底下
点燃一根烟
研究这个落着灰尘的
书架
排汗什么的
现在，我来学习学习：
《自力更生》
《武装批评家》
《莫比·迪克》
《性世界》
《猿猴星球》
接着现在，我会
谨慎去做——
脱下衣物

汗衫放在椅子上
短裤搁在汗衫上
袜子挨着鞋子挨着床
椅子挪到床边上
上床
一个人
窒息
不死
就这么简单。

The Great Genius

The Great Genius is
A man who can do the
Ordinary thing
When everybody
Else is going crazy.

《大天才》

大天才是
那种人，他可以
在别人发疯时
做点
平常的事情。

Poem for Philip Whalen

**

(About Emily Dickinson)

What about Emily Dickinson?

DEAD FINGERS TALK

I've got a lot of things to do today.

For example write this poem.

She's Terrific.

Now, this poem is to say that

period?

*** colon?

space??

Lord I wonder just exactly what can happen oh Hello,

Pill...

It's a terrific spelling problem there's two kinds of L's (on the typewriter)

and that is a good example of the way some people think

(NOVEL)

This here now is what I'm trying to say. It's a sonnet. A kind of formal BEAN

SPASM

She goes all over the place, eh?

ROOT RAINBOW HA-HA

She's so fine:

You Didn't Even Try

《此诗为菲利普·沃伦作》

**

（关于艾米丽·狄金森）

艾米丽·狄金森是咋回事？

《死手指说话》（*W.S.巴勒斯的小说）

今天我有一大堆事要干。

比如写这个诗——

《她棒极了》

现在，诗如下：

句号？

*** 冒号？

空格??

天哪，我在想究竟会写点啥，哦，哈罗，
菲利...

这真是一个可怕的拼写问题，在打字机上
竟然有两种 L，

那倒是一个关于人们思考方式的

很好的例子

(小说)

此时此刻，我想说，这是一首十四行诗。

一种正式的《豆

痉挛》

她到处逛啊逛，

根 彩虹 哈哈

她太好了：

你甚至都没想过去试一试

Heroin

For Jim Carrol

(2) photographs of Anne

80 years old

lovely, as always

a child

under an old fashion

duress

A Bibliography of Works

by Jack Kerouac

A white suit

and a black dress

w/hight-necked

mini-skirt

strolling

tow by two
across a brown paper bag
above The Relation Ship
Warm white thighs & floating bend gia
pronto
my heart is filled with light
al curry
this
Life
that is
one, tho
the Lamps
be many & proud & there's a
breeze sort of
lightly moving the top
of yr head
& I'm going
way over
the white
skyline
& I'll do
what I want to
& you can't keep me here
No-
how.
& the streets are theirs now
& the tempo's
& the space

《海洛因》

致 吉姆·卡罗尔

(2) 安妮的照片

八十岁

可爱，一直是

像一个孩子

在老式

胁迫下

杰克·凯鲁亚克的

作品参考文献

白色西装

黑色裙子

白色/高领

迷你裙

闲逛中

二乘以二

越过一个棕色的纸袋

在关系船上

温暖白色的大腿，浮动弯曲， 吉雅

迅速

我光芒四射的心

艾尔咖喱

这

生命

只有

一次，不过

灯有很多，骄傲，一阵微风

微微地移动到

你的脑壳上，

我行走

在

白色的

天际线上，

我自由

自在，

你没法把我

关在这儿
决一
不行。
现在街道是他们的了
是节拍的
是空格

Anti-War Poem

It's New Year's Eve, of 1968, & a time
for Resolution.
I don't like Engelbert Humperdink.
I love the Incredible String Band.
The War goes on & war is Shit
I'll sing you a December song.
It's 5 below zero in Iowa City tonight.
This year I found a warm room
That I could go to
 be alone in
 & never have to fight.
I didn't live in it.
I thought a lot about dying
But I said Fuck it.

《反战诗》

这会儿是新年夜，1968 年，是时候
来下点定论。
我不喜欢恩格尔伯特·汉珀丁克(*德国作曲家)。
我喜欢那支超屌的弦乐队。
战争还在继续，战争就是屎。
我会为你唱一首十二月的歌曲。

今晚在爱荷华州是零下五度。
今年我找到了一个暖房间
那样我就可以独自待着
不用去打仗了。
我没有住在里面。
我想了很多死亡的事
但我说，去他娘的。

Tough Brown Coat
To Jim Carrol

Tough brown coat
Tie with red roses
Green cord vest

Brown stripes
on soft white
shirt

white T-shirt
White man,
 Tomorrow you die!
"You kidding me?"

《坚硬的棕色外套》
致 吉姆·卡洛尔

硬棕外套
红玫瑰领结
绿马甲

柔软

白衬衫上
棕条纹

白体恤衫

白人，
明天你会完犊子！

“跟我开玩笑吗？”

Babe Rainbow

It's important not
to back out
of the mirror:

You will be great, but
You will be queer.
It's a complication.

《彩虹宝宝》

有一点很重要：
不要从镜子中
退出来：

你会很出色，不过
你也会很怪异。
这是个复杂的困境。

Dial-A-Poem

Inside

The homosexual sleeps

long past day break

We won't see him

awake

this time around.

《电话诗》

（*电话诗歌服务是诗人约翰·吉奥诺于 1968 年发起的一项基于电话的服务。当时他和朋友威廉·巴勒斯进行电话交谈后，设置了这项服务。十五条电话线路连接到各个独立的答录机；任何人拨打吉奥诺诗歌系统电话，均可免费聆听来自不同现场录音的诗歌。）

内部

同性恋在睡觉

远在天亮前

这一次

我们没见他

醒来。

In My Room

Green (grass)

A white house

brown

mailbox

(Friendly pictures)

*

TELEVISION

snow

(that's outside)

No-mind

No messages

(Inside)

Thanksgiving

1969

《我的房间》

绿色（草）

白色房子

棕色

邮箱

（友好的照片）

*

电视

雪

（在外面）

无杂念

无消息

（内部）

感恩节

1969

Ann Arbor Elegy

For Franny Winston D. Sept 27th, 1969

Last night's congenial velvet sky

Conspired that Merrill, Jayne, Deke, you & I

Get it together at Mr. Flood's Party, where we got high

On gin, shots of scotch, tequila salt & beer

Talk a little, laugh a lot, & turn a friendly eye

On anything that's going down beneath Ann Arbor's sky
Now the night's been let to slip its way
Back toward a mild morning's gray
A cool and gentle rain is falling, cleaning along my way
To where Rick Krispies, English muffins, & coffee, black
Will make last night today. We count on that, each new day
Being a new day, as we read what the Ann Arbor News has to say.

《安阿伯哀歌》

致 芙兰尼·温斯顿·D 九月二十七日，1969

昨晚宜人的天鹅绒天空
马里奥，简尼，达克，你和我
一起混在弗洛德的派对上，我们
被杜松子酒，几杯威士忌，龙色兰
和啤酒搞嗨了。话不多，但笑得厉害，
大家转着友善的眼珠子，谈论
安阿伯天空下的一切。现在，夜晚
溜走了，是一个温和的阴天早晨，
飘着冷冽而细柔的雨，清扫我
通向瑞克脆饼，英国小松饼和黑咖啡的路
昨晚历历在目。我们指望这个，每一天
都是新的一天，就像《安阿伯报》上说的。

Song: Prose & Poetry

To Alice Notley

My heart is confirmed in its pure Buddhahood
But a heavy list to starboard makes me forget
From time to time.
Breath makes a half turn
Downward & divides:
it doesn't add up

2 plus 2 equals 1: It's fun, yes,
But it isn't true, &
I can't love you
this way.

2.

So, what'll I do, when you
are far away
& I'm so blue?
I'll wait.
& I'll be true some day.

3.

That's all well & good. But
What happens in the mean time?

《歌：散文和诗歌》

致 艾丽斯·诺特利

我的心在清净的佛性中相当稳固
可是时不时地向右舷的倾斜
总在让我忘记。
呼吸向下转动半圈
并分裂：
这有些说不通。
二加二等于一：是的，这很有趣
但不是真的，
那么我也没法这样
去爱你。

2.

那么，我得干点啥，当你
离得那么遥远，
而我如此忧郁？
我会等。

有一天我会变得真实。

3.

这一切都很好。可是
同时又会发生什么？

Wake Up

Jim Dine's toothbrush eases two pills
activity under the clear blue sky; girl
for someone else in white walk by
it means sober up, kick the brunette out of bed
going out to earn your pay; it means out;
bells, ring; squirrel, serve a nut; daylight
fade; fly resting on your shoulder blades
for hours; you've been sleeping, taking it easy
neon doesn't like that; having come your way
giving you a free buzz, not to take your breath away
just tightening everything up a little; legs
pump; head, wobble; tongue, loll, fingers, jump;
drink; eat; flirt; sing; speak;
night time ruffles the down along your cheek

《醒来》

吉姆·迪恩的牙刷在清澈蓝天下
减缓两个药片的活性；那个
穿白衣的别人的女孩走过
意思是酒醒了，把那个黑妞踢下床去
出门去赚点钱；意思是出门去；
闹铃在响；松鼠端上坚果；白天
在退去；苍蝇歇在肩胛骨上

长达数小时；你一直在睡觉，放轻松
霓虹灯可不这样；按你的方式来
给你一个免费电话，不要惊讶
仅仅提点神即可；抖抖腿；
晃晃脑壳；让舌头瘫着；手指蹦一蹦；
喝点；吃点；摆弄摆弄什么；唱唱歌；说话；
夜晚沿着你的脖子弄皱上面的绒毛

Erasable Picabia

The front is hiding the rear

*

The heart of a man
is not as great as an amphitheater

*

Spinoza is the one who threw a pass to Lou Spinoza

*

There is no death
there is only dissolution

*

love of hate
is totally great

*

me, I disguise myself as a man
in order to laugh

*

I have always loved
a serious jackoff scene

*

infantile paralysis is the beginning of wisdom

*

everything is poison
except our meat

*

Flowers and candy make my teeth ache

*

The most beautiful and most noble
of men are queers

*

get the pussy

*

mystical explanations are dopey
Aunt winnie fingers the thunder to learn,
so that we have left everything aside
but not as a cloud mind steps beside
the slow reservoir
now it is all of this, the pink bulbs included,
which means we have "protected ourselves"
by forgetting all we were dealt

By Ted Berrigan & Jim Carroll

《可抹去的皮卡比亚》

(弗朗西斯·毕卡比亚 (Francis Picabia) 一开始崇尚印象主义 (Impressionism)，后转而立体主义 (Cubism)，后转投达达主义和超现实主义的运动。)

前面隐藏了后面

*

男人的心
没有像露天竞技场那么伟大

*

斯宾诺莎把他的护照丢给了娄·斯宾诺莎

*

没有死亡
只有解体

*

爱和恨
绝对伟大

*

我，我伪装成男人
是为了笑

*

我总是热爱
严肃地打手枪

*

小儿麻痹症是智慧的起源

*

一切皆毒药
除了我们的肉

*

花朵和糖果弄得我牙痛

*

最美的，最高尚的男人
是酷儿

*

搞定那个娘们

*

神秘的解释是很白痴的。
温妮阿姨用手指着雷声来学习，
因此我们把一切丢在一旁
但不是像一个浮云的心漫步在
缓慢的水库边
现在，就是这些东西：包括粉色灯泡，
意识是我们通过忘记我们的经历
来进行“自我保护”

by 泰德&吉姆

In Bed

I love all the girls
I've been in bed with
I even love those
who preferred not to do anything
once there:
Tho it seems to me now
they were nuts!
(the latter)
in bed.

《在床上》

我喜欢所有跟我
上过床的女孩
我甚至喜欢那些
一旦上了床
就啥都不干的：
不过，现在在我看来
她们都是疯婆！
（后者）
在床上。

Easy Living

To David Henderson

I hope to go
everywhere
in good time:
Going's a pleasure,
being someplace

& then

Many Happy Returns

*

But Africa,

I don't know

all that heat

all the time

even when it's raining

all the time

*

I've always found heat

constant heat

difficult

to get inside of

& not to mention

impossible to avoid...

*

You don't have to do anything you don't want to.

That's true.

*

Go now /Pay later

*

Equally--You can do anything you want to.

Yes, I know that.

*

But Africa:

well, I do know one thing

for sure:

It would be tremendous

Africa

going there

to go there with

David Henderson!

(Just like Pittsburgh).

《轻松过活》

致 大卫·亨德森

我希望能

到处逛一逛

只要时机合适：

逛本身就是愉悦，

去某个地方

，接着

快乐起来

×

可是非洲，

我搞不灵清

怎么会那么热

一直如此

甚至下雨时

从来如此

×

我总是不耐热

那持续的热

很难待在其中

更别提

那是没法避开的事

×

你不必去做你不想做的事。

这是真理。

×

现在走吧 /以后在付钱

*

也就说是一——你可以想干啥干啥。

我深谙这点道理。

×

可是非洲：

好吧，我确实知道点什么

确凿无疑：

它是一个超级大的

非洲

去那儿吧

跟大卫·亨德森一起走！

（就像去匹兹堡一样）。

Like Poem

To Joan Fagin

Joan,

I like you

plenty.

You'd do

to ride the river with.

I take these tiny pills

to our love.

Plenty.

Then I drink up the river.

Be seeing you.

《像诗一样》

致 琼·法金

琼，

我喜欢你，

大量。

我们并肩

同游。

我为我们的爱
服下小药片。
大量。
接着我喝光了河水。
后会有期吧。

Peace

What to do
when the days' heavy heart
having risen, late
in the already darkening East
& prepared at any moment, to sink
into the
West
surprises suddenly,
& settles, for a time,
at a lovely place
where mellow light spreads
evenly
from face to face?
The days' usual aggressive
contrary beat
now softly dropped
into a regular pace
the head riding gently its personal place
where pistons feel like legs
on feeling met like lace.
Why,
take a walk, then,
across this town. It's pleasure
to meet one certain person you've been counting on

to take your
measure
who will smile, & love you, sweetly, at your leisure.
And if
she turns your head around
like any other man,
go home
and make yourself a sandwich
of toasted bread, & ham
with butter
lots of it
& have a diet cola,
& sit down
& write this,
becasue you can.

《平静》

怎么办呢，
当这天沉重的心思
在已暗淡的东区升起，
稍后会在任何时候
沉入西区，
你突然诧异于
暂时居住在这个
可爱的地方，
那微醉的光线
均匀地弥漫
在每个人脸上？

白天通常的攻击性
反着来的节奏
现在轻柔地落入

规律的步伐中
脑袋温柔地行走在
它私人的地盘上
那两条活塞似的腿
触感如同蕾丝。
那么，
去散会儿步，
穿过这个镇。很高兴能遇上
一个你一直依赖的某个人，
会在你的闲暇时光
衡量谁会微笑，会甜蜜地爱你。
可要是
她让你像别的男人一样
转身走开，
那么你就回家了
为自己做个三明治
用烤面包，火腿
黄油
很多黄油
再来上一个减肥可乐，
接着坐下来，
写下这些，
因为你可以。

Hall of Mirrors
To Kristin Lems

We miss something now
as we think about it
Let's see: eat, sleep & dream, read
A good book, by Robert Stone
Be alone

Knew of it first
in New York City. Couldn't find it
in Ann Arbor, though
I like it here
Had to go back to New York
Found it on the Upper West Side
there

I can't live with you
But you live
here in my heart
You keep me alive and alert
aware of something missing
going on
I woke up today just in time
to introduce a poet
then to hear him read his rhymes
so unlike mine
& not bad
as I'd thought another time.

no breakfast, so no feeling fine.

Then I couldn't find the party, afterwards
then I did
then I talked with you.

Now it's back
& a good thing for us
It's letting us be wise, that's why
it's being left up in the air
You can see it, there

as you look, in your eyes

Now it's yours & now it's yours & mine.

We'll have another look, another time.

《镜厅》

致 克里斯丁·莱姆斯

现在，当我们想起它，
我们会错过些什么。
让我们看看：吃，睡，做梦，
看一本罗伯特·斯通写的好书，
独自一人。

最先知道它
是在纽约。它不可能
在安阿伯市找到，尽管
我喜欢待在这儿，
但我必须返回纽约
在上西区找到它。

我不能和你一起生活
不过你在
我心里
是你让我活下去，保持警觉
意识到丢失了什么东西
继续
我今天醒来，
正好赶上一个诗人介绍会
那么我去听他的朗诵
他跟我完全不同，但也没
我以前想的那么差

没吃早饭，感觉很差。

后来我找不到派对，后来
又找着了
再后来，我跟你唠起嗑。

现在重新回来，
对我们是见好事情。
它让我们变得明智，这就是
为什么它被抛弃在天空中的原因
你可以看见，就在那儿
在你眼中

现在它是你的。现在它又是我的和你。
我们什么时候会再去看一看的。

Ann Arbor Song

I won't be at this boring poetry reading again!
I'll never have to hear so many boring poems again!
& I'm sure I'll never read them again:
In fact, I haven't read them yet!

Anne won't call me here again,
To tell me that Jack is dead.
I'm glad you did, Anne, though
It made me be rude to friends.
I won't cry for Jack here again.

& Larry & Joan won't visit me here again.
Joan won't cook us beautiful dinners,
orange & green & yellow & brown

here again.
& Thom Gunn & Carol & Don & I won't get high
with Larry & Joan here again.
Though we may do so somewhere else again.
Harris & John & Merrill won't read
in my class, again.
Maybe there'll never be such a class again:
I think there probably will, though
& I know Allen will follow me round the world
with his terrible singing voice:
But it will never make us laugh here again.

You Can't Go Home Again is a terrific book:
I doubt if I'll ever read that again.
(I read it first in Tulsa, in 1958)
& I'll never go there again.

Where does one go from here? Because
I'll go somewhere again. I'll come somewhere again, too,
& You'll be there, & together we can have a good time.
Meanwhile, you'll find me right here, when you
come through ,again.

《安阿伯歌》

我再也不会去这种无聊的读诗会！
我再也不用听那些枯燥的诗！
我确信我不会再读它们：
实际上，我从没读过它们！

安妮再也不会打电话来这里，
告诉我，杰克死了。
我很高兴他死了，安妮，尽管

这会让我在朋友前显得粗鲁。
我不也会在这里再次为杰克哭。

拉里和琼也不会再来这里拜访我。
琼不会为我们煮好吃的饭，
橙色的，绿色的，黄色的，棕色的
再也不会了。
汤姆·冈恩和卡尔和迪恩和我
再也没法在这里跟拉里和琼一起嗑嗨
尽管我们也许会在别的地方照常
哈里斯和约翰和梅林不会
在我的课堂上读诗了，再也不会。
也许再也不会有这样的课了：
不过，我想可能还是会有。
我知道艾伦会带着他那可怕的嗓门
跟着我全世界跑，可是
这不会让我们在这里再次欢笑。

《你再也不能回家》是一本超好的书：
我怀疑是否我还会再读它。
（我在 1985 年在图尔萨第一次读它）
我再也不会回去那儿。

一个人从这儿要去哪儿？因为
我还会再去某些地方，同样也会再来某些地方。
而你们会在那儿，我们会度过美妙时光。
同时，你们也会知道我就在这儿，在你们
再次经过时。

People Who Died

Pat Dugan...my grandfather...throat cancer...1947.

Ed Berrigan...my dad...heart attack...1958.

Dickie Budlong...my best friend Brucie's big brother, when we were
five to eight...killed in Korea, 1953.

Red O'Sullivan...hockey star & cross-country runner
who sat at my lunch table
in High School...car
carsh...1954.

Jimmy "Wah" Tiernan...my friend, in High School,
Football & Hockey All-State...car
carsh...1959.

Cisco Houston...died of cancer...1961.

Freddy Herko, dancer...jumped out of a Greenwich Village window in 1963

Anne Kepler...my girl...killed by smoke-poisoning
while playing

the flute at the Yonkers Children's Hospital
during a fire set by a 16 year old
arsonist....1965.

Frank...Frank O'Hara...hit by a car on Fire Island, 1966.

Woody Guthrie... died of Huntington's Chorea 1968.

Neal... Neal Cassady... died of exposure, sleeping all night
in the rain by the RR tracks of
Mexico....1969.

Franny Winston...just a girl...totalled her car on the Detroit-Ann
Arbo Freeway, returning from the dentist...Set. 1969.

Jack...Jack Kerouac....died of drink & angry sicknesses...in 1969.

My friends whose deaths have slowed my heart stay with me now.

《死去的人们》

帕特·杜根...我的祖父...喉癌...1947年。

艾迪·贝里根...我老爹...心脏病发作...1958年。

迪基·布德隆...我最好的朋友布鲁斯的大哥，
那会儿我们大概

在五岁到八岁...战死，

在韩国，1953 年。

雷德·奥沙利文...曲棍球球形，越野跑选手

高中时，他坐在

我的午餐桌旁边...车

祸...1954 年。

吉米·“华”·蒂尔南...我的高中朋友，

足球和曲棍球州级选手...车

祸...1959 年。

西斯科·休斯顿...死于癌症...1961 年。

弗雷迪·赫尔克，舞者...从格林威治村窗户跳了出来，1963 年。

安妮·开普勒...我的女孩...烟雾中毒

在洋基儿童医院演奏笛子时，

死在一个十六岁纵火犯的

火灾现场...1965 年。

弗兰克...弗兰克·奥哈拉...被一辆汽车撞击身亡，1966 年。

尼尔...尼尔·卡赛迪...死于露宿，一整夜

睡在墨西哥铁路旁，

在雨中。1969 年。

弗兰尼·温斯顿...只是一个女孩...在底特律到安娜堡路上，

把车撞成报废，1969 年 9 月。

杰克...杰克·凯鲁亚克...死于酗酒，以及愤怒引发的疾病...1969 年。

现在，我那些因他们的死亡使我心跳缓慢的朋友们与我在一起。

Telegram

To Jack Kerouac

Bye-Bye Jack.

See you soon.

《电报》

给 杰克·凯鲁亚克

拜拜，杰克。

回头见。

A New Old Song

For Larry For Christmas

Head of lettuce, glass of chocolate milk

"I wonder if people talk about me, secretly?"

Gusse I'll call up Bernadette today, & Dick

the Swedish Policeman in the next room, the Knife

Fighter. Why are my hands shaking? I usually think

Something like The Williamsburg Bridge watching the sun come

Up, wetly round my ears,

Hatless in the white & shining air. Throbbing

Aeroplanes zoom in at us from out there; redder

For what happens there. Yes

It's a big world,

It has a band-aid on it, & under it

TRUE LOVE,

in a manner of speaking.

《一首新的老歌》

致拉里，圣诞快乐

一头生菜，一杯巧克力牛奶

“我怀疑人们是不是在秘密谈论我？”

我想今天我会给本奈特打电话，还有迪克，

那个住隔壁的瑞典警察，一个持刀

斗殴的家伙。为何我的手在抖？我常常想起

诸如威廉斯堡桥在望着太阳升起什么的，

湿乎乎地围绕在我耳边，在洁白

闪耀的空气中我没戴帽子。抖动的
飞机从远处朝我们过来；而因为那儿
发生的事让它看起来越来越红。是啊，
当说起来的话，这真是一个
大大的世界，
贴着一个邦迪膏药，
在它下面是
真爱。

Poem

of morning, Iowa City, blue
gray & green out the window...
A mountain, blotchy pink & white
is rising, breathing, smoke

Now, lumbering, an Elephant, on
crutches, is sailing; down
Capitol, down Court, across
Madison & down College, cold
clear air
pouring in
Now those crutches
are being tossed aside; the
Elephant is beginning to rise
into the warm regulated air
of another altitude

That air is you, your breathing
Thanks for it, & thanks a lot
for Pasternake: The Poems of Yurii Zhivago
& Mayakovsky: Poems.

They were great.

Now it's me.

《诗》

早晨的，爱荷华，蓝色
灰色，绿色，在窗外....
一座山，粉色白色的斑点
在升起，呼吸，冒烟

现在，笨重的一头大象，拄着
拐杖，航行；来到
国会大厦，法院，穿过
麦迪逊广场，到大学城，冷冽
清新的空气
注入身体，
现在，拐杖
被丢在一边；这头
大象开始升入另外高度的
可温控的
空气中

那空气就是你，你的呼吸
感谢它，非常感谢
帕斯捷尔纳克：《尤里·日瓦戈诗集》
还有马雅可夫斯基：《诗集》
它们很棒。
现在轮到我了。

Train Ride

泰德的这首（本）长诗写在乘火车途中，从上车到下车，刚好写完一个笔记本。它算是一封长信，并不全是对旅途的记录。在旅途中写作的好处是可以对周围移动的事物作即兴反应，我写过一个这种速写，那是有一次从北京回到浙江村里，整整一个白天的路途，脑子一直处于开放和兴奋状态，回到家，诗也写完了。这个诗韩梅翻译过，网上没找到。它其实不需要翻译，都是平时的白话，语句没什么讲究的地方。只是这个诗在内容上暴露了太多私事，这种搞法就因人而异了。据说泰德写完后，也是很久才拿出来。我感觉，泰德在写完后的一段时间，大概会觉得写作这个事没啥意思。

Train Ride

FEBRUARY 18th 1971

FOR Joe

Here comes the Man!

He's talking a lot.

New York to Providence

&

I've got a ticket to ride!

SMOKING PERMITTED

The seats are blue

I'm sitting with MYSELF

A long naked pair of legs,
about 17 yrs old
stare at me
across the linoleum
aisle

I'm a mild Sex Fiend!

but you can't fuck
here

& what could you say
to smooth 17 year old
face?

NOTHING!!

So, they lose out.

What can you say
at all?

NOTHING

However, it's easy to keep
talking
if
it's what you do...

MEN * WOMEN
SPEED

What I like is
ASTERISK

They're so
Bold, confident, like you
have a plan, you're in
control, you'll be back
in a minute.

*

"Man, you've got to do
something about that handwriting!
It's Terrible!

Lorenzo Thomas

Said That

to me

in 1962.

*

I didn't.

*

It's ME.

Now I read a sex book
from the Library of
JIMMY SCHUYLER.

"He loves'em."

(JOE BRAINARD)

Out the Window

is

Out to Lunch!!

Some people one should only
fuck once.

*

Others one should not fuck
at all unless there is an

affair.

*

Then there are those one should
not fuck, under almost any
circumstances(tho lapses are
forgiveable)

*

Let me see: I've fucked in
Rhode Island
Maine
Vermont
New York
Florida
Texas
Oklahoma
New Mexico
Colorado
California
Michigan
Iowa
Pennsylvania
Kansas
Connecticut

*

Japan

&

Korea

And

In beds

On floors

In Bathrooms at Parties

In Hallways

In Cars
On Rooftops
Window-Sills
&
At a bus Stop

Never did fuck any boys
(I think)
or
Get fucked by any
*

Tho a few blow-jobs
for curiosity
or
because someone really
wanted to.
*

Oops! Add
"In life-raft
on Lake"

always wanted to fuck in Air-Planes
& On Trains
*

Maybe later

I sort of hate to be on the
Make
*

Like to have some-one
on the Make
for me
&

then

Take Over

*

Last time I counted I think

It was about

50

*

The number of people,

I mean

*

Only about 10 were once.

No, maybe 15.

*

& that's counting

Japan

&

Korea

Many of them, those girls,

& me,

we still do it when we

get a chance.

One, at least, is dead.

I wish one that's alive

were here.

Or Anne,

who is

dead.

*

I'm sure she'd love to fuck

on a train

Remember the night we did

it in your house,

Joe?

(Me and Anne, that is)

*

It was Nice

*

I guess I'd fuck anyone

who thinks I'm

terrific!

Tho you never can

tell.

"All I really want to do is

have my back

rubbed."

--Anne Waldman

*

I just remembered:

Add: ENGLAND

*

Now we're passing thru

NEW LONDON

*

Sailors are probably

fucking each other

here

right now.

*

"I'm laying there, & some

guy comes up &
hits me with
a Billy Club!"
--The fat guy across the aisle
just said
that.

*

Once, while a girl was giving me
a glorious blow-job behind a curtain,
my room-mate, across the room, was studying
CALCULUS!
(Tony Powers was
the room-mate)

Once a girl & I got into an automobile
accident
in her car, so
we decided to fuck
(later)

Once I tried to fuck a little girl
8 years old, when I was also 8 years old,
but I don't think I knew how.
I can't quite
remember.

The long legs just got up
& got off
(New London)

Now I'll read this queer sex book
some more.

It says,
"Jean Cocteau had no heart."
That's strange
I think he probably did.
I probably have one, so
Cocteau probably had one.
Right?
Right.

—————
This book seems to have 1,000,000 pages.

—————
No one can think about Fucking
for that long.

—————
I may have to turn back
into
my "well-rounded self"
in order to finish.

*

My "well-rounded self"
is not always
interesting,
but does manage
to get through.

—————
—————
Now, we ride across the river,
and past auto-parts
made of NEON.

—————
I just saw a blue
electric

A

Which I thought
at first
was a beautiful evening slipper.

This is a blue train-ride.
I don't feel blue, but
I can see it.

*

A man name of
Llody Calvin Shippey
is sitting
next to me.

*

He says, "Who are you
supposed to be
in that hair?"

*

I say, "Uh, Ted Berrigan."

*

He says, "I thought,
Ben Franklin!"

*

I forget about him, so
he is no longer there.
Nor here.

*

This queer sex book is not
very dirty.
Not even very queer.
Not even here,
Now.

—————
I am dead; and I am now in
The After-life. Here you do
just what you do in Life, but
it's never quite real, nor fun.

*

It isn't boring tho, but it is
sort of pointless.

*

I'm not sure how long I've been
dead, but I'd say it is since about
1962.

*

Once in a while I'm alive for a few minutes
.....probably just dreams
or very real deja-vus.

*

Maybe it's age, & you come alive
in a different way maybe next
year, or some time.

*

It isn't any big thing,
anyway.
I mean, you can't go around
worrying about it.

—————
I do nothing for a while,
&
I don't remember
what nothing.

—————
May be I will fuck_____
this trip.

She's in Boston.

I would like to be elected a SENATOR.

*

I don't think I'm suited
for any other job, &
I think my poetry
would be exciting to write
if I were a
Senator.

*

I'd be a terrific Senator
because I'd love it.

I really like to be alone, if
I don't have to be.

I like to come & go.

What I don't like is how money is involved
in everything.

I like to give people
money.

*

I hate to be given money. It's embarrassing!
I do like
to get money in the mail.
& I like to get paid lots of money
for doing something like reading, talking, or
publishing.

*

How come I can't get paid

just for writing?

*

I do like to get presents
spontaneously given,
or just for me.

*

But it's socially awkward that
some people for almost no reason
have money, & some don't.

*

Anyway, money is
very perplexing,
& I don't understand it.

—————

I like Credit Cards.
Alas, I can't pay the bills,
but I always spend with the Credit Card
in a terrific way!!

*

I take people to terrific
Restaurants!

*

I go to England!

*

I buy somebody their
return ticket, because they're
broke.

*

I buy a couple of terrific
shirts.

& a pair of pants.

*

I rent a car & drive it to Wales, & Liverpool,

with
Lewis Warsh,
on Acid!

*

I bump into other
cars!!

*

I buy a de Kooning!

*

I buy the NY Times, &
do the Crossword Puzzle

*

I buy some money & give it ot
my Mother
so she won't worry!
She only needs \$300 to make
her Summer Worry-free.

*

I buy lots of pills
&

I give you
lost of pills.

*

I even get to shop, on Carnaby Street,
in a children's Boutique
for terrific botts & cowboy jackets
for David!
& sharp clothes for
Kate!

*

I buy a train ticket
to SING-SING

*

I rent a cell for 20
Years,
because
I don't pay my bills!

*

Then I write terrific Prison Poems,
& get lots of mail!

—————

Then I don't know what I
do then.

—————

You don't get to fuck much, in
SING-SING,
if you're straight.

*

I don't know how I got
to be straight,
since I didn't try
for it.

*

I'm sure it's just like being queer,
only different.

*

for example, Edwin is
the straightest person I
know,
& he's been queer forever.

*

while Rudy is just like
Edwin,
& he's straight.

—————

Queer is a pretty queer

word.

"I'm a queer."

Ha-ha!

*

How about

"I'm a straight."

Unbelievable!

*

*

"I'm an American."

O.K.

*

"I'm a Christain."

Yes, I suppose
you must be.

*

"I'm a poet."

That must be an
interesting job.

*

"I'm a pill-addict."

You are?

*

"I'm a grown-up, now."

Ha-ha.

*

"I'm a father."

That's good.

*

"I'm a long-haired Weirdo."

You seem perfectly normal
to me.

*

"I'm a great guy."

Well, you are in a manner
of speaking.

*

"I'm a fucking monster!"

*

"I'm part elephant, Part Tiger, part
Nag, Part bore."

You might say that.

*

"I'm an ordinary person."

Yes you are.

*

"I'am a passenger."

That's absolutely true.

Now tell me about You?

(this space for you
to do so)

& this

& this

That's enough.

—————
Now what shall we talk
about?

We could
bitch all our mutual
friends!!

Good Idea,
as we pull into
Providence,
R.I.

—————
OUR FRIENDS

Ron: the tight-ass

Dick: the insignificant

Pat: the dowdy old lay

Anne: the superficial
sentimentalist

Bill: the spoiled snoot

Kenward: the Elephant with
the sole of a Butterfly &
the temper of a Scorpion.

George: the bad painter

Michael: the Self Important
Fuss-budget

The grotesque John Ashbery of
the bad character

The silly boring Kenneth Koch

The frumpy Jane Freilicher

The Pain-in-the-Ass Larry

Fagin

The Whining Jim Carroll

The slick easy poet,

Tom Clark

Jimmy Schuyler who has no stamina

The Asinine baby Tom Veitch

etc.

etc.

*

(Now You do some)

*

Yes, but what about us?

*

The Insufferable

Ted Berrigan:

He's so fucking

Heavy!

What a tiresome

person!

So Presumptuous!

Self-Important!

Repetitious!

Never Shuts Up!

Too fucking Bossy!

Who does he think he is???

Fat-ASs!

Those Teeth!

Mean to his wife!!

Boring Poet!!

Who Cares!!

why doesn't he run for Pope

& get it over with!!!

He thinks he knows

it All!!

etc.

etc.

*

& That Joe Brainard!!

He likes the boring Supremes!

Why doesn't he be great,

like de Kooning?

Why doesn't he button

that shirt?

Cook?

Be poor again & do great

Masterpieces?

Stop Tom-Catting

around?

He makes everyone Nervous!!

He dresses funny!!

His apartment is weird!!

He's compulsive!

Skinny!

Takes pills too

much!!

Talks to himself!

Solipsist!

Wants to have all the

fun!
Doesn't like kids!!
Mean to his Mother!
Mean to his lover!
Cynical!!
Stutters!!
Never comes to visit!!
Doesn't like us
anymore.
An opportunist!!
Should get married!
Should do big oil paintings!!
Get Serious!!
Talk more!!
Talk less!!
Tell the truth!!
Know the Truth!!
Be perfect!!
God damn it!!

—————

& the Train continues in the night...
black outside
high inside.

*

What energy!

*

What a dumb book.

*

Glad I'll never have to read
it.

*

Hope it gets a rise out of
SOMEBODY!

Train blows whistle
when approaching
Station.

Didn't get to Fuck
on it.

*

Did eat a terrible
hamburger:

&1.75

& drink

a pepsiL .35

Total \$2.20

Plus tip: .50

*

\$4.00 is about to get off
of a Train,
into a cab.

*

Taxi Fare will be:

\$ 3.50 & tip:.50

*

But I have hidden resources:
95 cents

You are my hidden resources!

*

You live in my world
at the other end of the train.

*

You give me brain-spasms,

& heart-bursts.

*

Writing to read &

Pictures to see

*

You give me love,

& I feel proud

that you really do

like me & respect me

despite everything

*

Because You are one of my big

heroes...

Smarter

than me,

(tho really no

"better", if you

know what I mean)

*

I love you a whole lot.

*

I'm glad we were together

on this train.

*

I had really nice time

at your place today.

*

I felt really alive, &

warmed

walking toward the

train

That I just got up

in,

&
walked thru
&
now am off of,
at
the end of this book,
*

TRAIN RIDE

(Feb 18th, 1971)

For Joe

(A Signature)

《乘火车》

—————

1971.2.18

致 乔

这家伙来了！

他废话超多的。

从纽约到普罗温斯顿

那么

我已经买好车票了！

允许吸烟

座位是蓝色的

这排座位就我一个

一对光溜溜的大长腿，

大约十七岁的样子

隔着油毡

过道

大眼瞪着我

我是一个温和的性魔！

不过你不能在这儿

乱操

对着一张光滑的十七岁的

脸蛋，

你能说啥？

啥也不能！！

因而，他们啥油水也没捞到。

不过，你又能

扯点啥？

没有

不管怎样，继续唠叨

总归容易

要是
这就是你的工作...

男人 * 女人
安非他明

我喜欢的是
星号

它们又
醒目，又自信，就好像你
有一个什么计划，一切都在你
控制之中，你会在
一分钟后回来。

“伙计，你必须改掉
字迹潦草的毛病！
太糟糕了！
洛伦兹·托马斯
这么对我
说，
在 1962。

*

当然不。

*

否则就不是我了。

现在我在看一本性书，
吉米·思凯勒图书馆的
镇馆之宝。

“他爱他们。”

（乔·布雷纳德）

窗外
是
外出午餐!!

—————

对有些人，你应该
只操一次。

*

其它一些根本不该操
除非那是一场
外遇。

—————

剩下那些呢
无论在任何情况下
都是不行的（不过小失误
在所难免。）

*

我来分析分析，
我曾战斗过的地方：

罗德岛

缅因州

佛蒙特

纽约

佛罗里达

德克萨斯

俄克拉荷马

新墨西哥

科罗拉多

加利福尼亚

密歇根

爱荷华

宾夕法尼亚

堪萨斯

康涅狄格州

*

日本

&

韩国

—————

还有，

在床上

地板上

派对上的浴室间

在走廊

车上

屋顶

窗台

&

公交站

—————

从未上过任何男孩

（我想）

或者

被他们

上过

*

不过有零星几回

因为好奇

或

某人实在

想要，

就帮人吹了吹喇叭。

*

哦，见鬼，还得加上

“在湖里的

救生筏上”

—————

一直想在飞机上或火车上
搞点事

*

不过再说吧

—————

我有点儿厌恶
猴急猴了的

*

反而是喜欢
让别人
为我着急
然后，
我来接管一切

—————

*

我想我上次数的
大概是
五十

*

我是说
人数

*

曾经有段时间内差不多只有十个。
不，也许十五个。

*

那还得算上
日本的，
以及
韩国的。

—————

他们中的很多，那些女孩，
还有我
只要有机会，

我们仍会这么做。

—————

至少有一个，死了。

—————

我希望这一个还活着

就在这儿

或者就安妮吧，

不过她

死了。

*

我相信她喜欢在火车上

搞一搞。

—————

还记得那个晚上

我们在你的屋子里搞吗，

乔？

（就是我和安妮）

*

它很美好。

*

我估计我会

跟任何人来事

但凡他觉得

我了不起！

不过，

这也说不准。

—————

“我真正想要的

有人是给我

抓抓背。”

——安妮·沃尔德曼

—————

*

我刚想起来：
还得加上：英格兰

*

现在，我正穿过
新伦敦

*

水手们很可能
在互搞，
此时
此刻。

*

“我躺在那儿，某个家伙
走上来，
用那根警棍
打我！”
——那个过道对面的胖子
刚刚说了
这句话。

*

有一回，有个女孩在窗帘后面
给我来了一阵相当愉快的口，
而我对面的那个室友，正在研究
微积分！

（我想，他叫
托尼·鲍尔斯什么的）

—————

有一回我想跟一个小女孩——
她才八岁！那会儿我同样也八岁。
但我发现我不会。
我有点儿
想不起来了。

—————

那对大长腿在起起

落落

（新伦敦）

现在我要再看几页

这本酷儿宝典

上面说，

“让·科克托没有心。”

那太奇怪了

我想他可能是没有。

而我可能有一个，那么

让·科克托也可能有一个。

对吗？

对。

这本书看着有 1,000,000 页。

没有人会在性这件事上

思考那么久

想要完成任务，

我可能不得不

重新变回

我那“全面的自我”。

*

我这“全面的自我”

并非总是

有趣，

但确实能

搞定些事情。

现在，我们穿过一条河，

以及那些亮着霓虹灯招牌的汽配店。

—————

我刚刚看见一个蓝色

发光的

“ A ”

起初我还以为

它是一只漂亮的

卧室拖鞋。

—————

这是一趟蓝色火车旅行。

我没觉得忧郁，

但我看得见（蓝色）。

—————

*

一个叫劳埃德·

卡尔文·希皮的男的

坐在

我边上。

*

他说，“没猜错的话，

这个驾驭得了这种发型的家伙

可能会是

谁呢？”

*

我说，“噢，吾乃泰德·贝里根是也。”

*

他说，“我还以为是

本·弗兰克！”

*

我想忘掉他，那么

他不在那儿了，

也不在这儿。

*

—————
这本酷儿宝典其实
没那么下流。
甚至一点儿也不怪异。
甚至这儿，此刻，
也没啥奇怪。

—————
我死了。我在来世。
这儿的活法一切照常，
但一点儿也
不真实，不好玩。

*

尽管不无聊，但也
总归鸡肋。

*

我不确定我死了多久了，
我会说，大概
从 1962 年起。

*

有时，我只活一小会儿
.....可能在做梦
要不就出现了那种实际幻觉。

*

也许是年纪的缘故，你会想
换个法子活，也许明年，
也许不知道啥时候。

*

不过，
这没什么大不了的。
我是说，你不能到处闲逛
脑壳却还在惦记这点事。

—————
我空呆了一会

， 以及
我不记得了，
什么是空。

———
也许我会操一下那个谁，
反正顺路，
她在波斯顿。

———
我想， 我会去选参议员。

*

我认为我不适合
干别的工作，
我想， 要是我
是一个参议员什么的，
写起诗来会
更带劲。

*

我会是一个极好的参议员
因为我喜欢干。

———
我真的喜欢独自待着， 要是
不得不如此。

———
我蛮喜欢走来荡去。

———
我不怎么喜欢的是， 所有事
都得跟钞票纸有关。

———
我喜欢给人
钞票纸。

*

我讨厌被人施舍。那很难为情！
我真的喜欢

在信封里看到钞票。

我喜欢干点类似写作啊，聊天啊，
或者出版什么的
搞到点钱。

*

我为什么不能只用写作
来赚钞票呢？

*

我真的喜欢礼物，
自发赠予也好
单送我也好。

*

可是那真是社会性的尴尬：
有的人无缘无故
就是有钱，有的啥也没有。

*

好吧，钱的事
总让人困惑，
我完全不懂这个。

—————

我喜欢信用卡。
唉，我付不起那些账单，
不过我总能用信用卡来搞定。
这太棒了!!

*

我常带人去很棒的
饭店！

*

我去了英格兰！

*

我给人
买回程票，因为他们
破产了。

*

我买了几件上好的
衬衫。
以及一条短裤。

*

我租了一部汽车， 驾驶它去威尔斯，利物浦，
跟刘易斯·
沃什一起，
超嗨！

*

撞上了
另一部车！！

*

我买了一副德·库宁的画！

*

我买了《纽时》，
玩填字游戏。

*

我买了些钱，送给
我娘。

那样她就不用再担忧了！

她只需 300 块就能度过
无忧无虑的夏天。

*

我买很多药
当然，
也会给你
很多药。

*

我甚至去了趟卡尔纳比街的商店
在一家童装精品屋
买了很棒的靴子和牛仔夹克
那是给大卫的！

还有时髦衣裳，
给凯特！

*

我买了一张去纽约州新新监狱的
车票。

*

我在那儿租了个单间，
二十年，
因为
用不着我付钱！

*

接下来，我写了一组极好的狱诗，
我收到好多信！

—————

接下来，我就不知道
要干点啥了。

—————

在新新监狱，
你没法乱搞，
如果你是个直男。

*

我不知道，我怎么就
成了一个直男，
也是我从没试过的缘故。

*

我认为它跟酷儿差不多，
只是为了与众不同。

*

我比如说，艾德文，
他是我知道的
最最直的人，
他一劳永与成了个酷儿。

*

而卢迪，
跟艾德文一样，
但他仍是直男一个。

—————

酷儿是一个相当同性恋的
词。

—————

“我是酷儿。”

哈哈！

*

想想看，

“我是一根直棍。”

简直难以置信！

*

*

“我是个美国佬。”

好吧。

*

“我是基督徒。”

是的，我猜

你一定是。

*

“我是个诗人。”

那一定是一件

有趣的工作。

*

“我是个瘾君子。”

你是吗？

*

“我是个成年人了，现在。”

哈哈。

*

“我是一个爹。”

那很好。

*

“我是个长发怪胎。”

你对我来说
绝对正常。

*

“我是个了不起的家伙。”

好了，你在自说自话了。

*

“我他妈的是个怪物。”

*

“我一半是大象，一般是虎，剩下一半
是黑鬼，一半是麻烦。”

你可能会这么说。

*

“我是个普通人。”

是的，你是。

*

“我是个乘客。”

绝对是。

—————

好了，现在你来说说？

（这页空白
留给你）

还有这页

这页

足够了。

现在我们该

唠点啥？

我们可以把共同的朋友

埋汰个遍！

好主意，

我们就要进入

普罗温斯顿了，

罗德岛。

我们的朋友们

罗恩： 紧屁眼

迪克： 废物

帕特： 邋里邋遢的老女人一个

安妮： 肤浅

多愁伤感

比尔： 宠坏的鼻涕虫

肯沃德： 一头有蝴蝶灵魂

蝎子脾气的

乔治： 蹩脚画匠
麦克： 自以为是，
大惊小怪的家伙

约翰·阿什贝利

老古董简·弗莱利歇尔

• 法金

草中毒蛇路易斯·沃什

汤姆·卡拉克

驴仔汤姆·维奇

等等。

*

(轮到你列举)

*

[illegible]

*

是啊，那我们呢？

*

难以忍受的

泰德·贝里根：

他太他妈肥了。

多么无聊的

一号人！

专横！

自以为是！

唠唠叨叨！

永远不闭嘴！

太她妈的盛气凌人！

他以为他是哪根葱？

死胖子！

那些牙齿！

对他老婆刻薄寡情！

枯燥的诗人！！

谁会鸟他！！

他为什么不去竞选教皇

，搞定这一切！！

他以为他

无所不知！！

等等

等等。

*

还有那个什么乔·布雷纳德！！

他竟然喜欢那个烦人的至高者！

他为什么没有像德·库宁

那样伟大？

他为什么没扣好

那件衬衫？

烧饭呢？

再次穷困潦倒，搞搞

大师作品？

不再到处招

摇撞骗了？

他把所有人搞得神经兮兮的！

打扮花里胡哨！！

他的房子那么怪诞！！

他真让人着迷！

皮包骨！

嗑太多药！

太多了！

总在自说自话！

唯我论！

想要享受一切

乐趣！

讨厌小孩！！

对他老娘刻薄之极。

对情人们也是！

愤世嫉俗！

说话急急巴巴！

从不拜访谁！

不再喜欢

我们。

一个机会主义者！

应该去结婚！

严肃起来！

再说些！

少说些！

只说真相！

知道真相！

完美！

妈的完犊子！

这趟火车在黑夜开着.....

外头黑乎乎

车厢里兴奋。

*

那是何等的能量！

*

多么蠢的一本书。

*

很高兴我在也不用

看它。

*

希望它可以给某些人

性福。

火车鸣笛

缓缓开进车站。

没机会在车上

搞了。

*

吃了一个糟糕的

汉堡包：

一块七毛五

喝了一个

百事，三毛五

总计二块二

外加小费五毛

*

下火车时

还剩下四块，

钻进一部出租车。

*

打的费

三块五毛，小费五毛

*

好在我有后备资源：

九毛五分

—————

你就是我的后背资源！

*

你活在我的世界中

在火车的另一端。

*

你搞得我脑抽筋，

心脏爆炸。

*

写是为了读，

画是为了看 。

*

你给我爱，

我感到骄傲

你真的喜欢我

不管在什么事上

都尊重我

*

因为你是我其中一个最大的

英雄.....比我还要

聪明， （尽管不是说

“更好”，

你懂的。）

*

我大量爱你。

*

我很高心我们在一起

在这部火车上。

*

我今天在你的住处度过了
美好的时光，真的。

*

我感觉又活过来了，
身心温暖，
踱着步走向
那部火车，

我刚刚
上车，

一路穿过，

现在得离开
在
这个本子的末尾，

*

火车之旅

(Feb 18th, 1971)

致 乔

此处签名

MEMORIAL DAY

By Ted & Anne

这个超长东西是泰德和安妮通过邮件合写的项目。

MEMORIAL DAY

By Ted & Anne

《阵亡将士纪念日》

泰德·贝里根&安妮·沃尔德曼

Today:

Open Opening Opened

今天:

打开 营业 开搞

*

The angles that surround me

die

they kiss death

& they die

they always die

天使们环绕我

死去

它们轻吻死亡

接着死去

它们总在死去。

*

they speak to us

with sealed lips

information operating

at the speed of light

speak to us

O speak to us
in our tiny head
用封印的嘴皮
它们对我们絮叨
信息
运行在光中
哦，在我们微小的脑壳中
对我们唠叨着
发表演说

*

deep calling out to deep
深渊召唤深渊

*

we speak all the time
in the present tense at the speed of Life
dead heads operating
At the speed of light
Today:
& it's morning
Take my time this morning
& learn to kill
to take the will
from unknown places,
kill this stasis
一直以来，我们以现在时态
以生命的速度说话
死去的脑壳
以光速运行着
今天：
这会儿是早晨
慢慢来
学习杀戮
从未知的地方

带走意志
消除这停滞

*

let it down
let it down on me
让它消沉
让失望降落到我身上

*

I was asleep
in Ann Arbor
dreaming
in southampton
beneath the summer sun of a green
backyard
& up from a blue director's chair
I heard a dead brother say
into the air
"Girl for someone else in white walk by"
在安阿伯市
我睡着了
在南安普顿
我做梦
在一个绿色后院
夏日阳光下
在一部蓝色的导演椅上
我听见一个死去的兄弟
对着天空说
“别人的妞穿着白衣路过”

*

I was asleep in New York
dreaming in Southampton
& beneath the sun of the no sun up from my morning bed
I heard the dead, the city dead

The devils that surround us
never die
the New York City devil inside me
alive all the time
he say
"Tomorrow you die"
在纽约睡着了
在南安普顿，在没有阳光的阳光下，在
清晨的床上我做梦
我听见死者，城市在死去
恶魔围绕我
它们绝不会死
纽约城的恶魔一直
住在我心中
它说
“你明天会死”

*

I woke up
as he typed that down:
"Girl for someone else in white walk by"
& then,
so did I.
So my thanks to you
the dead.
The people in the sky.
当他敲下这句：
“别人的妞穿着白衣路过”
我醒来。
然后，
我走了过去。
我要感谢你们，
死者。
天空中的人们。

*

A minute of silent pool
for the dead.

一个为死者准备的
一分钟沉默池塘

*

& now I can hear my dead father saying
"I stand corrected."

现在，我能听见我死去的爹说，
“我错了。”

*

Dolphins, (as we speak)
are carrying on 2
conversations simultaneously
& within the clicks of one
lie the squeaks of the other
they are alive in their little wandering pool

海豚们（就这会儿）
同步开始了
两个对话。
一个咔哒咔哒响
另一个吱嘎吱嘎响
它们在那个小小的池塘游荡

*

"I wonder what the dead people are doing today?"
(taking a walk, 2nd St. to GEM SPA)
(or loping down Wall St.
Southampton)

“我想知道这个死人今天在干啥？”
（遛弯，从第二大街，到东村糖果店）
（要不大步走，顺着华尔街
走到南安普顿）

*

ghost the little children
ghost radio
ghost toast
ghost stars
ghost airport
the ghost of Hamlet's father
ghost typewriter
ghost lover
ghost story
ghost snow
roasted ghost
ghost in the mirror ghost
happy ghost
most ghost
幽灵小孩
幽灵电台
幽灵烤面包
幽灵星星
哈姆莱特老爹的鬼魂
鬼打字员
人鬼情未了
鬼故事
冥雪
烤焦的鬼
镜中对称的鬼鬼
快乐鬼
主要是鬼

*

I dreamt that Bette Davis was a nun, we
Were in a classroom, after school, collating
The World. Jr. High. A knocking at the door, I
Went to answer(as Bette disappeared), & found my mother
Standing in the hallway.

"Teddy," she said, "here
Is my real mother, who brought me up, I've always wanted
for you to meet her." Beside my mother stood
a tall, elegant lady, wearing black, an austere, stylish
Victorian lady whose eyes were clear & black; grand as
Stella Adler, but as regal & tough as Bette Davis.

Later that evening she sent me out for kippers for her bedtime
snake, giving me a shilling to spend. I went for them
to Venice, to a Coffee-House, which had a canal running right through it,
& there I run into Ron, Sitting with a beautiful boyish adolescent
blonde. "She's a wonderful lady," Ron said, & I was pleased.
Ron left shortly with the blonde nymphet, & I wondered a minute
about Pat (Ron's wife); but decided that Ron must know what he's
doing. The gir, I thought, must be The Muse.

我梦见贝蒂·戴维斯（美国演员）成了
一个尼姑，我们在课堂上，放学后，在整理
《初中生世界》。敲门声响起，
我去应门（贝蒂消失了），看见我娘
在玄关站着。

“泰迪，”她说，“这是
我的亲娘，是她把我养大的，我总想着让
你俩见个面。”在我娘旁边，站着一个高大
优雅，全身黑色的，一位严格，维多利亚时代的
时髦女士，那乌黑的眼睛珠子相当清澈；可以与斯特拉
·阿德勒（演员）媲美，跟贝蒂一样华丽和强硬。

那天晚上晚些时候，她派我去买点睡前零食
腌鱼干什么的，塞给我一先令。我就去了
威尼斯，来到一间咖啡屋，一条运河从右穿过它，
我在那儿碰见了罗恩，跟一个漂亮男孩气年轻的金发
女郎在一块儿。“一个了不起的女士，”罗恩说。
我当然很高心。罗恩跟这个洛丽塔短暂离开了会儿，

我想了会儿帕特（罗恩的内人）；我想他知道自己
在干啥。那个女孩，我想，她一定是缪斯。

*

She is a muse
gone but not forgotten
她是缪斯没错
消失了，不过没被遗忘

*

50 STATES
state of grace
the milk state
Oregon
stateroom
state of anxiety
hazy state
estate
statement
Rugby Kissick state
Florida
the empire state
disaster state
the lightbulb state
soup state
Statue of Liberty
state of no return
the White Bear state
doped state
recoil state
Please state your name, address,
occupation
the German shepherd state
bent on destruction state
the farmer state

state of no more parades

the tobacco state

statesman

stately

state prison

stasis

status

static

station wagon

State Flower

50 个州:

恩宠州

牛奶州

俄勒冈州

特等客舱州

焦虑之州

朦胧州

声明州

拉格比 • 基西克州

佛罗里达州

帝国大厦州

灾难州

电灯泡州

肥皂州

自由女神州

有去无归州

白熊州

毒瘾州

状态恢复州

请陈述你的姓名地址职业州

德国牧羊人州

自毁倾向州

农场州

不在有游行州

烟草州

政治家州

监狱州

停滞州

肘州

粥州

旅行车州

花州

*

state of innocence

天真州

*

ambition state

North Carolina

Jasper's state

the united state

big state

state your casue

income state

jump the gun state

Roman nose state

manic depression state

hospital state

speed state

calculated state

gone forever state

the body state

the death body state

野心州

北卡罗莱纳州

贾思伯的州

美利坚合众国州

大州
陈述你的理由州
收入申明州
抢跑州
罗马鼻子州
躁郁症州
医院州
迷幻州
计算州
黄鹤一去不复还州
肉州
死肉州

*

In New York State
in 'Winter in the Country'
at night you write
while someone
(Alice) sometimes sleeps & dreams;
awake she writes
22.
I dearmed you brought home a baby
Solid girl, could already walk
In blue corduroy overalls
Nice & strange, baby to keep close
I hadn't thought of it before
She & I waited for you out by the door
Of building, went in
Got you from painting
Blue & white watercolor swatches
We got on a bus, city bus
One row of seats lining it & poles
It went through the California desert
Blue bright desert day

In the country of old men I said

pretty good

& tho I live there

no more

"you can say that again."

Pretty good.

在纽约州

在“冬天乡下”

在夜晚，你写作。

而有人

（艾丽斯）有时睡着了，在做梦；
而醒着时她写：

22.

我梦见你带回家一个婴儿
一个结实的女婴，会走路了
穿着蓝色灯芯绒工装裤
跟宝宝亲密相处，很好但陌生
我以前从没想过这个
她和我在大楼门口等你，
我走进楼，
把你从绘画中带出来。
蓝白水彩色板。
我们上了车，城市公交
一排座位衬垫和护手
它穿过加利福尼亚沙漠
蓝色明亮的沙漠天

在老人居住的乡下，我说：

真不错。

尽管我不再住在

那儿

“你可以再说一遍”

真不错。

*

It takes your best shot,
to knock off whatever,
so, we take our best shots,
it gives us a boot or two
we just do it
we wouldn't know what to tell you
if our lives depended upon it!

Anne?

but Anne's already talking
across from me
across from my life
across the mailman's
locked box,
over the mailman

I mean

where a woman is alive
a mailman her friend
as you all know
having met the man at the Met
introduced by Vincent,
& loved by Joe:

Joe's introductions go on,
the tongue, the ears burn
on Memorial Day

at Anne's turn:

想要搞定点什么
你就得尽最大力气
那么，我们也得大力折腾
给我们一只靴子，或两只
我们就开搞
我们不知道跟你们说啥
要是我们的生活依赖这个！
安妮？

不过安妮已经在说了
在我对面
在我生活的对面
在那个邮递员
锁着的邮箱对面
越过邮递员
——我是说，
那种女人生活的地方。
一个邮递员，她的朋友
（众所周知）
跟一个男人在文森特推介
且乔超爱的
“好再来”见面：
乔的引见还在继续，
那根舌头，耳朵在燃烧，
在纪念日。
现在，轮到安妮写了：

*

Dear Mr. Postman:

Please take this from me
to me.

亲爱的邮差先生，
请把这个东西从我这里拿走，
拿给我。

*

I'm delivered without a hitch
to myself
这一路相当顺风，我被投递给了
自己。

*

I'm a woman in the Prime of Strife
I speak for all you crazy ladies
past & present

& I say,
NO MESSAGES
我是一个站在这场冲突巅峰的女人
我对你们这群女疯子说
不管过去，还是现在
我说，
无可奉告。

*

Nothing can be helped.
Nothing gets lost.
什么办法也没有。
什么也不会失去。

*

Blink
the eye is closed
& I am asleep
blink
the eye is open
& I am awake
in the real wide-eye world
nothing gets lost
眨眨眼
眼睛关上
我睡着了
眨眨眼
眼睛打开
我醒了
在这真实的大开眼界的世界
什么也不会失去

*

Today was a day to remember death:
I remember the death
of Hitler

& now I think of The song of Roland

Roland's

death

& now I think to see

if there were similarities

& now I see there were...

今天是回忆死亡的好日子：

我记得希特勒的

死

现在我想起罗兰的歌

罗兰的

死亡

现在我想看看

它们是否有相似之处

现在我看见那儿....

*

& now I wonder what Tom Clark thinks

Edwin, Alex, Dick...

Mike?

现在我在犹豫汤姆·克拉克在想啥

或艾德文，艾利克斯，迪克...

或还有迈克？

*

A lung aching in the room

inside Mike

disease bringing you a little closer

Forget it!

Piss on it!

Kiss my ass!

he say

in his absolute way

Everybody obey

But

we are all victims (me too)

& we all love life (too bad)

在房间里肺疼

在迈克内部

疾病使你们更加接近

忘掉它！

尿它！

混蛋！

他说

以他那绝对的

口气说

人人循规蹈矩

不过

我们都是牺牲品（我也是）

我们都爱生活（这太糟糕了）

*

I told Ron Padgett that I'd like to have

NICE TO SEE YOU

engraved on my tombstone.

Ron said he thought he'd like to have

OUT TO LUNCH

on his.

我告诉罗恩·帕杰特，我想在

我的墓碑刻上

“很高兴见到你”

罗恩说，他想他的墓志铭

会是

“外出午餐了（神志不清）”

*

Dear Lewis:

I've been down but I'm surfacing

I've been lost but now I'm found

"One will leaf one's life all over again"

you say
& you are right
around & around & around go the swirling leaves
Death is not is not so horrible
today
亲爱的路易斯：

我很沮丧（下沉）但我正在浮出水面
我有时迷失但现在我被找回来了
“一个人一次又一次翻阅他的人生”
你说。
你是对的。

像树叶一样不断转啊转啊旋转
今天，感觉死亡并没
那么可怕

*

The poison in the needle
floods my body
it hurts my head
it hurts my head
Poison from the needle
floods my bloodstream
it detonates my
head
it detonates my head
I should put that needle down
but tomorrow I'll be dead.
这针管里的毒药
淹没我的身体
它伤害我的脑子
它损害我的脑子
来自针管的毒汁水
在我的血管中泛滥
它炸毁我的

脑壳
它在我脑水库中
引爆
我应该放下针管
可这样明天我就死了

*

I recognized myself in a dream too, (Ted)
we met & parted
Hello & Goodbye
simple as that
my life recognized my death
Waiting on you
我也在梦中认出我自己，（泰德）
我们会面，离别。
哈罗，再会。
简单明了。
我的生命认出我的死亡
在等你。

*

The heart stops briefly when someone dies, one
massive slow stroke as someone passes
from your outside life to your inside,
& then
everything continues
sanely
当人死去，心脏会短暂停止跳动
一个巨大而缓慢的抚摸
从外部生活来到你的内部，
接着，一切继续
正常运转。

*

& I believe in you.
我相信你。

*

News of my cat

poor cat

descendant of Frank O'hara's cat

he's dead

I grieve

let it down

let it down on me

关于我的猫的消息：

可怜的猫

弗兰克·奥哈拉的猫的后代

它死了

我悲伤

沮丧

让沮丧多来些

*

X died, & Joe knew, but didn't want to have to tell anyone; but Carol Knew, & so, at Ken's 12th Night party she told me. After a few minutes, I took Martha home, & then I walked home myself, across town, through Tompkins Square Park, to Avenue D & 2nd Street. I went to bed, & then I started to cry;

& I stayed in bed

for three days, & cried, & slept. And now I'm crying a little again. But then I got up, I said, "well, that's enough, fuck it!", & I got dressed, & went over to visit Anne & Lewis as before.

X 死了，乔知道，可是没必要告诉其它人；可是卡罗尔也知道了，

在肯的第十二夜派对上她告诉了我。过了一会，我送玛莎回家，

接着独自走向城镇另一端的家，穿过汤普金斯广场公园，

D 大道和第二大街。我上床，开始哭；我在床上躺着

哭哭，睡睡，连续搞了三天。现在我有在哭。不过接着

我起了床，我说，“好吧，够了，娘希匹！”我穿上衣服，跟平常一样，

出门拜访安妮和路易斯。

*

Bernadette had to arrange her mother's funeral age 15

& we're in Rattner's 3 AM
& she's telling me how her father died before that
& all the death around her
surrounding her
so many relatives
& how she just thought
that's what people do
"They die"
& she was so good & obedient until her uncle died
& then something just snapped
Then she sent me this 2 days later:

Deaths, causes: tuberculosis, syphilis, dysentery, scarlet fever and streptococcal sore throat, diphtheria, whooping cough, meningococcal infections, acute poliomyelitis, measles, malignant neoplasms, leukemia and aleukemia, benign neoplasms, asthma, diabetes, anemias, meningitis, cardiovascular-renal diseases, narcolepsy, influenza and pneumonia, bronchitis, other broncho-pulmonary diseases, ulcer of stomach and duodenum, appendicitis, hernia and intestinal obstruction, gastritis, duodenitis, enteritis, and colitis, cirrhosis of liver, acute nephritis, infections of kidney, hyperplasia of prostate, deliveries and complications of pregnancy, childbirth, and the puerperium, abortion, congenital malformations, birth injuries, postnatal asphyxia, infections of newborn, symptoms, senility, and ill-defined conditions, motor vehicle accidents, falls, burns, drowning, railroad accidents, firearms accidents, poison gases, other poisons, suicide, homicide.

伯纳黛特，15 岁，不得不安排母亲的葬礼
当时我们在拉特纳家，凌晨 3 点
她跟我说她爹在那之前是怎么去世的
以及她身边的所有死亡事件
围绕着她
那么多亲戚
她想无非这么回事

谁都一样

“他们会死”

她一直很乖，听话，直到她叔叔

去世，

接着突然就崩溃了

两天后，她给我发了这个：

死亡原因：肺结核、梅毒、痢疾、猩红热和链球菌性咽喉炎、白喉、百日咳、脑膜炎球菌感染、急性脊髓灰质炎、麻疹、恶性肿瘤、白血病和非白血病性白血病、良性肿瘤、哮喘、糖尿病、贫血、脑膜炎、心肾疾病、嗜睡症、流行性感冒和肺炎、支气管炎、其他支气管肺部疾病、胃和十二指肠溃疡、阑尾炎、疝气和肠梗阻、胃炎、十二指肠炎、肠炎和结肠炎、肝硬化、急性肾炎、肾脏感染、前列腺肥大、分娩和妊娠、分娩及产褥期并发症、流产、先天畸形、分娩损伤、新生儿窒息、新生儿感染、症状、衰老和未明确的情况、车祸、跌落、烧伤、溺水、铁路事故、枪支事故、毒气、其他毒物、自杀、他杀。

*

I asked Joe Brainard

if he had anything to say about death:

& he said,

"Well,

you always get

lots of flowers

when you die."

Which is so true,

especially for me. That is,

it's only when you die that you get

flowers,

if you are a male

I don't think

I've ever been send flowers

Not even on Memorial Day.

I know I've never sent Joe any flowers.

Once I took a flower

from a nearby grave where there were
lots of them
it was in a little sharp-
pointed glass tube
& stuck the pointed end into the earth,
in front of Frank O'Hara's grave
so that the small-pink-flower
stood up.

On the gravestone it said:

GRACE TO BE BORN AND LIVE AS VARIOUSLY AS POSSIBLE

OK, I'll try that.

& once I picked a different pink flower
from the earth
in front
of Guillaume Apollinaire's grave.

On his gravestone in French there was a poem in the shape of
a heart.

I had to go to the bathroom
so I left then

& went to a cafe
across from Pere Lachaise
They had a bathroom there

I had one period there

& then another

我问乔·布蕾纳德

对于死亡你有什么要说的：

那么他就说了，

“好吧，

当你死时

你总会收到

好多花。”

这倒是真的，

尤其对男的而言。那便是，

只有当你（要是你是个男的）
死时，你才会收到
花朵。

我不认为
我有收到过什么花朵
即使在阵亡将士纪念日这天。
我想我从没送花给乔。
有一回，我从一个坟墓旁边
拿了一支，
那里有好多花束。
这支花插在一个小小的
尖玻璃管中，
管尖插在土里，
就在弗兰卡·奥哈拉的墓前。
这只小小的粉色花朵
就这么竖这。
那个墓志铭写着：

“天生优雅，活出最多的花样。”

好吧，我买账。
而又有一次，我从纪尧姆·阿波利奈尔的
墓前地上
捡起
另一根粉红花朵，
它的碑文是一首心形状的
法语诗歌。
我必须得回去洗澡了，
我就回去了。
穿过拉雪兹公墓
来到一个咖啡屋
我在那儿喝了点茴香酒
接着又喝了点

*

the shape of the American I am not

Still Life

the Chinese see nothing tragic in death
but for me the clue is you
the whistle of a bird or two
you are now dead
& I'm struck by how young
we are
(were)
& how useless to speak
Let it down
Let it down on me

.....

please
I love you
I'm sorry

.....

The evolution of man & society
is not to be taken lightly I advance
upon the men their quiet
I'm certain is fooling me....

我不是太像美国人的形象
一种静物

而中国人看待死亡毫不悲伤
可对于我，你是线索
来自一两个鸟的口哨声
你现在死了
，而我惊讶于我们
如此年轻

(曾经)
说话如此笨拙

是的，失望
就让我失望吧。

....

求求你了！

我爱你，

真对不起。

.....

男人和社会的进化

并会太轻易 我的提升

仰仗那些我肯定的 他们的安静

男人 愚弄我.....

*

I sat up late in a room in Manhattan

& read about the death

of Guilanme Apollinaire

dean in his bed

of pneumonia

after surviving shrapnel

in his head

in The World War

a young girl (Sandy) peacefully

sleeping in my bed

我后来在一个曼哈顿房间熬夜，

翻看纪尧姆·阿波利奈尔的

死亡事件。

也是在床上，死于

肺炎。

那会儿他已熬过了

在一战战场上击中他脑壳的弹片，

一个年轻女子（桑迪）平静地

睡在我的床上。

*

It is night. You are asleep. & beautiful tears

have blossomed in my eyes. Guillaume Apollinaire is dead.

The big green day today is singing to itself

A vast orange library of dreams, dreams

Dressed in newspaper, wan as pale thighs
Making vast apple strides towards "The Poems."
"The Poems" is not a dream. It is night. You
Are asleep. Vast orange libraries of dreams
Stir inside "The Poems." On the dirt-covered ground
Crystal tears drench the ground. Vast orange dreams
Are unclenched. It is night. Songs have blossomed
In the pale crystal library of tears. You
Are asleep. A lovely light is singing to itself,
In "The Poems," in my eyes, in the line, "Guillaume
Apollinaires is dead."

这是夜晚。你睡着了。美丽的眼泪水
在我眼中盛放。纪尧姆·阿波利奈尔死了。
今天一个大绿色的日子在对自己唱歌
一个浩瀚橙色的梦境图书馆，那些穿上新闻
报纸的梦境虚弱如一副副苍白的大腿
使巨大的苹果大踏步走向“诗歌”。
“诗歌”不是梦。这是夜晚。你
睡着了。橙色的梦浩瀚如图书馆
在“诗歌”中搅拌。在遍地污垢的地上
浸透着水晶般的眼泪水。那庞大橙色的梦境
被揭开。这是夜晚。歌声在你苍白
水晶似的浩瀚眼泪水中盛开。你
睡着了。一道可爱的光在“诗歌”中
在我眼中，在这诗行中对自身歌唱，“纪尧姆
·阿波利奈尔死了。”

*

A year or so later
another poet told me that he really liked that
poem.
First of all, he said,
I can't tell any one of your sonnets
from any other one,

but this one I can.

大约一年后

另一个诗人告诉我，他真的喜欢那个诗。

怎么说呢，他说，
我完全搞不灵清你的
十四行诗，
但这个诗可以。

*

I was afraid of that.

Jim Brodey

我正是担心这个，
吉姆·布劳迪。

*

Lonesome Train

...

Assassination Bizarre

..

孤单的火车

...

怪异的暗杀

..

*

I'm the girl in the rain the girl on the street
the girl in the trance the girl at your feet the
girl who just got off the girl who plays the piano
the girl who fucks the girl in the red sweater the
girl in the airplane the girl in Mexica the girl
in the lake the girl on the run the girl at the
bank the girl upstairs the girl in the photograph
the girl on the sofa the nervous girl
the girl under presure the girl with the yellow cup
我是那个在雨中的女孩在街上的

女孩恍惚中的女孩在你跟前的女孩
刚走开的女孩玩钢琴的女孩那个
操女孩的女孩穿着红色毛衣的
女孩在机场的女孩在墨西哥的女孩
在湖中的女孩跑步的女孩在银行
的女孩楼上的女孩在相片中的
女孩在沙发上的神经兮兮的女孩
心事重重的女孩戴着一顶黄帽子

*

I asked Tuli Kupferberg once, "Did you really jump off of
The Manhattan Bridge?" "Yeah," he said, "I really did." "How
come?" I said. "I thought that I had lost the ability to love,"
Tuli said. "So, I figured I might as well be dead. So, I went one
night to the top of The Manhattan Bridge, & after a few minutes,
I jumped off." "That's amazing," I said. "Yeah," Tuli said,
"but nothing happened. I landed in the water, & I wasn't dead.
So I swam ashore, & went home, & took a bath, & went to
bed. Nobody even noticed."

我有一次问图利·库普弗贝格，你真的跳
曼哈顿桥啦？是啊，他道，绝逼真。那是怎么
回事儿呢？我说。我想，图利说，可能是我
失去了爱的能力，我就想一了百了算求。那么，
有一个晚上我就去了曼哈顿桥，不一会儿，
我跳了下去。这真神奇，我说。是啊，图利说道，
可是啥事没有，我落到水上，没死。我游回
岸上，走回了家，洗了个澡，接着就去
床上困觉。甚至谁都没注意到。

*

If I could live it over, I wouldn't
but I wouldn't mind watching the movie
a big talkie
a big ghost
Get it while you can

假设我可以重来一次，我不会

可是我也不介意看这部电影

一个大骗子

一个大鬼

趁你还有机会，快去！

*

the secret is this

Absolutely Without Regret

don't mess

back off

steer clear

but

I doan wanna hear anymore about

that

I doan wanna hear any more about that

I doan wanna hear any more about that

I doan wanna hear any more about that

I doan wanna hear any more about that

I doan wanna hear any more about that

I doan wanna hear any more about you I doan wanna hear any more
about that

I doan wanna hear any more about you

I doan wanna hear any more about you

I doan wanna hear any more about them

I doan wanna hear any more about him

I doan wanna hear any more about President

Nixion

(repeat)

There goes another geese on his way

to death

blam blam

b

u

c

k

s

h

o

t

秘密是：

绝不后悔

别混乱

退后

避开

可

我再也不想听到

这个

我再也不想听到那个

我再也不想听到这个

我再也不想听到那个

我再也不想听到这个

我再也不想听到这个

我再也不想听到你我再也不想听

到你的事

我再也不想听到你的事

我再也不想听到你

我再也不想听到你

我再也不想听到他们

我再也不想听到他

我再也不想听到总统

尼克松

(repeat)

在他的路上还有其它的鹅

去死

扒拉扒拉

大

号
铅
弹

*

I tried my best to do my father's will
You don't want me baby got to have me any-how.
I tried my best to do my father's will
You don't want me baby got to have me any-how
Oh Lord,
have mercy
Oh Lord,
have mercy
Oh Lord,
have mercy
have mercy
Lord.

我尽可能去完成我爹的意愿，
你不想要我宝贝可无论如何总缠着我。
我尽可能去完成我爹的意愿，
你不想要我宝贝可无论如何总缠着我。

哦，上帝，
可怜可怜我
哦，上帝，
可怜可怜我
哦，上帝，
可怜可怜我
可怜可怜我吧，
上帝。

*

If it don't come across
FUCK IT
& if your heart ain't in it,
ditto.

I met myself
in a dream
Everything was just all right
Here comes two of you
Which one will be true?
I'm beginning
to see the light
How does it feel?
It feels,
Out of sight!
要是它说不灵清，
那就随便吧。
要是你的心不在于此，
同上。

我在梦中
遇见我自己，
一切都很好。

来了两个你，
哪个是真家伙？

我开始
看见光。

那感觉如何？

感觉，感觉就像
看不见！

*

"The trumpets are coming from another station
and you do your best to tune them out"
says Mike

the wisest-assed guy I know.

"If my manner of song disturbs the dead the living
and the near dead it is because
near the dead end you can't dance"

--Andrei Codrescu

“这喇叭声来自另一个电台，
你尽量不去理会它们”
麦克，

这个我所知道的最聪明的屁眼说。

“要是我唱歌的方式打扰到了死者、活人
还是快死的那些人，是因为
在死到临头时你没法跳舞。”

——安德烈·科德雷斯库

*

John Garfield William Saroyan Clarisse Rivers Harris Schiff

Ray Bremser Lewis MacAdams Tom Clark Bernadette

"Everybody's a here.

Everybody makes you cry."

It makes you grin to say that

But you didn't say it

You dreamed it

in the after-life

I am not that man.

约翰·加菲尔德·威廉·萨洛伊·克拉里斯·里弗斯·
·哈里斯·席夫·雷·布雷姆瑟·刘易斯·麦克拉德姆斯·
汤姆·克拉克·贝纳德特

"他们个个都是英雄。

个个都会把你搞哭。”

它让你咧着嘴笑嘻嘻说道。

可是你没说

你只是做梦梦见这个，

在你死后。

我不是那个人。

*

This February I dream when it's my turn to go to the moon (doom)
a little piece of string will be hanging outside
my window as I rise, arise

but I am not that woman

这个二月，轮到我去月亮（渡劫）时，我梦见
一小段细绳挂在我窗户的外面，
我上升，上升。

可我并不是那个女人。

*

I am the man who couldn't kiss his mother
goodbye.

But I could leave.

& so I left.

& now, on visits, we kiss

Hello, Goodbye

& I have no other thoughts about it, Memorial Day.

我是不可能跟亲娘吻别的

那种男人。

不过我可以滚蛋。

我滚蛋了。

现在，拜访时，我们亲吻。

哈喽，拜拜。

对《纪念日》，我没别的想法了。

*

O you who are dead, we rant at the sky

no action

but pain in the heart

& a head that don't understand

the meaning of "heart" or "have heart"

or

"take heart"

She is walking away with

herself

away from despair

she's that luck girl!

graceful, &

complicated head

(heart)

哦，你这个死人，我们对天空大喊大叫

毫无行动

只有心中的痛

和一个无法理解“心”或“有心”

或者

“有信心”这些意思的

一个脑壳。

她独自走开了

远离绝望

多幸运的一个妞！

拥有优雅，

结构复杂的脑壳

（心）

*

Who's keeping me alive

& what

I praise the lord of every day you & you & you & you & you

& you & you & you

Brothers & Sisters

You are with me on Sweet Remembrance Day.

是谁使我得以活着，

以及为啥？

我每天赞美主，你，你们，你，你们，你们，

你们，你们，你

兄弟姐妹们

你们在甜蜜的国殇纪念日与我在一起。

*

& Now the book is closed
The windows were closed
The door is
close
The house is closed
The bars are closed
The gas station closed
the streets are closed
The store is closed
The car is closed
The rain is closed
Red is closed
& yellow is closed
& green is closed
The bedroom is closed
The desk is closed
The chair is closed
The chair is closed
The geraniums are closed
the triangle is closed
The orange is closed
The shine is closed
The sheen is closed
The light is closed
The cigar is closed
The dime is closed
The pepsi is closed
The airport is closed
The mailbox is closed
The fingernail is closed
The ankle is closed
The skeleton is closed
The melon is closed

The angel is closed

The foot ball is closed

The coffee is closed

The grass is closed

The tree is closed

The sky is dark

The dark is closed

以及现在，书关上了

窗户关上了

门关上了

房子关上了

酒吧关上了

加油站关上了

街道关上了

小卖部关上了

汽车关上了

雨关上了

红关上了

并且黄关上了

并且绿关上了

卧室关上了

书桌关上了

椅子关上了

天竺葵关上了

三角形关上了

桔子关上了

光亮关上了

光辉关上了

光关上了

雪茄关上了

两毛钱关上了

百事关上了

机场关上了

邮箱关上了
指甲关上了
踝关节关上了
骨架关上了
瓜关上了
天使关上了
足球关上了
咖啡关上了
草地关上了
树关上了
天空黑乎乎的
这黑乎乎关上了

*

The bridge is closed
The movie is closed
The girl is closed
The gods are closed
The blue is closed
The white is closed
The sun is closed
The ship is closed
The army is closed
The war is closed
The poolcue is closed
Six is closed
eight is closed
four is closed
Seven is closed
The lab is closed
The bank is closed
The Time is closed
The leaf is closed
The bear is closed

Lunch is closed

New York City is closed

Texas is closed

New Orleans is closed

Miami is closed

Okmulgee is closed

Sasebo is closed

Cranston is closed

The Fenway is closed

Bellevue is closed

Columbia is closed

9th Street is closed

2nd Street is closed

First Avenue is closed

Hoatio St. is closed

66 is closed

Painting is closed

Leibling is closed

Long Island is closed

Stones are closed

The afternoon is closed

The friends are closed

& Daddy is closed

& brother si closed & sister is
closed

Your mother is closed

& I am closed--& I am closed

& tears are closed

& the hole is closed

& the boat has left

& the day is closed.

桥关上了

电影关上了

妞关上了
众神关上了
忧郁关上了
白色关上了
太阳关上了
船关上了
军队关上了
战争关上了
台球杆关上了
六关上了
八关上了
四关上了
七关上了
实验室关上了
银行关上了
《时代》杂志关上了
树叶关上了
熊关上了
午餐关上了
纽约关上了
德州关上了
新奥尔良关上了
迈阿密关上了
奥克马尔吉关上了
佐世保关上了
克兰世顿关上了
芬威关上了
贝尔维尤关上了
哥伦比亚关上了
第九大街关上了
第二大街关上了
第一大道关上了
霍雷肖街关上了

66 号公路关上了
画画关上了
雷布林关上了
长岛关上了
石头关上了
下午关上了
朋友们关上了
爹关上了
兄弟关上了，以及姐妹
关上了
你娘关上了
以及我关上了——我关上了
以及眼泪水关上了
以及洞关上了
以及小船离开了，以及这天
关上了。

Short Poems

IN A BLUE RIVER

for Kenneth Koch

Evelyn Waugh's Prayer

Here I am again.
Show me what to do,
help me to do it.

*

Ezra Pound: A Witness

insouciant

one can only are

《在一条蓝河中》
致 肯尼斯·科赫

伊夫琳·沃的祈祷

我又来了。
告诉我要做什么，
帮我做。

*

埃兹拉·庞德（Ezra Pound）：一个证人

漠不关心的

一个只能是

Salut!

Today is Courty Bryan's birthday,
O weep, ye fiends!

《敬礼》

今天是考蒂·布莱恩的生日，
哦，哭吧，恶魔们！

Man Alone

In front of him was
his head.

Behind him were
men.

He was a man alone.

bear me with

《孤单的男人》

在他前方
是他的脑壳。

身后
是男人们。

他是一个孤单的男人。

多多包涵

Category

MOONDOG

《目录》

月亮狗

Buddhist Text

The
Elephant
is
the
wisest
of
all
animals,

the
only

one
who
remembers
his
former
lives;

and
he
remains
motionless
for
long
periods
of
times,

meditating
thereon.

《佛经》

大
象
在
所有
动物中
是
最
聪明
的，

是
唯一
一个
记得
他的
前世
生活
的
大象；

它
保持
不动
很长
一段
时间，

在
冥想中。

Beautiful Poem
For Edward Dorn

"And the nights shall be filled with music
And the cares that infect the day
Shall fold up their tents like soldiers
Gone, O these are soldiers unique to our day!"

《美丽的诗》
致 爱德华·道恩

“夜晚应该被音乐填满，

一整天的担心
应该像士兵收起他们的帐篷，
消失，哦，我们这天稀罕的士兵！ ”

Seriousness

A natural bent, no doubt

《严肃》

毫无疑问，是一种天生的癖好。

Chair

FOR Larry Fagin

Blue

be the sky

& soft

the breeze

Today

offers Gertrude Stein

a chance

to burn leaves.

《椅子》

致 拉里·法金

蓝幽幽的

天空

软软的

风

今天

给了格特鲁德·斯坦因

一个机会来

烧树叶。

Poem

I'm lying in bed

reading this

& that

another person

sits up straight

breathes

he's

different.

《诗》

我躺在床上

读这个

那个

另一个人

笔直坐着

呼吸

他是

不一般人

Here

I go in &
sit down
at this desk.

《这儿》

我走进去
坐下来
在这张桌子边。

Kinks

I am kinks.

《歪》

我是歪。

slack

懈怠

The Light

I cannot reach it.

《那根光》

我够不到它。

Evensong

Light
spreads
evenly
from face to
face.
Destroys the race.

《晚祷》

光
均匀地
在一张张
脸皮上
铺开。
破坏比赛。

Shaking Hands
For David Berrigan

This city night
you walk in
no virgin
think of me

as I think of you

《握手》

致 大卫·贝里根

你走在
这个城市的夜晚
在我想起你时
没有处女
想起我

Near the Ocean

I am in bed
with a crab.

《在海边》

我和一个螃蟹
一起躺在床上。

Cowboy Song

A woman's love
is like
the morning dew
it's just as apt
to fall on
a radiant horseturd
as on a rose.

《牛仔的歌》

女人的爱
如同
晨露
它容易像
落在
玫瑰上那样
落在光芒四射的
马粪上。

Connecticut

Beautiful girl.
Purple lights.
Foot Asleep.
Nothing happened.

《康涅狄格州》

美貌的女子。
紫色的光线。
麻木的脚。
啥也没发生。

Poem

For Larry Fagin

You are lovely.
I am lame.

《诗》

致 拉里·法金

你真可爱。

我很差劲。

L'oeil

Picasso would be very

intellectual

if he were a fish

《眼睛》

毕加索会非常

聪明

要是他是一个鱼。

An Observation

To England's very great relief,

Pierre Reverdy did not write, The Wasteland.

《一个观察》

让英格兰松了一口气，

是皮埃尔·雷韦迪没去写《荒原》。

Poem Made after Re-reading
the Wonderfull Book of Poetry,
"Air", by Tom Clark, Seven Years
Since He First Sent It to Me

poem
frogs
mud
Februray
"in mothballs"
Ah, me!

《重阅七年前赠余
之汤姆·克拉克诗
集（空气）后作》

诗
青蛙
泥巴
二月
“在樟脑丸中”
哈，我！

To an Eggbeater

You are very interesting
because
you are a talking
eggbeater
and that is interesting.

*

Peter Rabbit came in
under the covers & sd
"Where's the money?"

《献给一个打蛋器》

你非常有趣
是因为
你是一个会唠嗑的
打蛋器
这很有趣。

*

彼得兔走进
掩体，说
“我的钱呢？”

Scene of Life at the Capitol

Anne reads her Troubadour poem
to the radiant black & white
& brown bodies & face
of the lady inmates
of the Colorado State Pen,
22 July, 1978, gorgeous summer afternoon.

《州议会大厦的生活场景》

安妮对准那些容光焕发黑的、
白的、棕色的女囚犯的
身体和脸蛋朗读
她的行吟诗，

在科罗娜多笔会上，1978 年七月
22 日，一个美丽的夏日午后。

Paris Review
(For Anthony Stern)

Found Picasso
Jean Cocteau
&
William Carlos Williams in
a blue river
in London.
It's Morning!
a childe of
the House
of David
sweeps
in
Zurich
not old
near
a
rose.

《巴黎评论》
致 安东尼·斯特恩

在伦敦
一条蓝河上
找到了毕加索
让·顾克铎
以及

威廉·卡洛斯·威廉斯。

这会儿是早晨！

一个
大卫家族的
纨绔子弟
在
苏黎世
扫大街，
在一朵
玫瑰
旁边，看着
不怎么
老相。

Air

Strong coffee in
our cups
Crystal & Blue
4 a.m. in Zurich
Lassie
mit Voltaire?
Sun and Moon in the same Sky?
Nice day.

*

Keep my
Comb at your
house...
I Do It All For You.

《天空》

我们杯中的
浓咖啡。
水晶和蓝色。
在苏黎世凌晨四点，
蕾西
遇上伏尔泰？
月亮和太阳在同一片天空中？
美好的一天。

*

请把我的
梳子
留在你屋里....
那是我为你定制的。

Amsterdam

You had gone for a drive in the
country
I was crying in
a Japanese
bar
Now I'm having a coke with you!

《阿姆斯特丹》

你开车去乡下什么地方
遛弯了
而我在一个
日本酒屋
抹眼泪水

我现在想和你喝个可乐！

A True Story

Childe of the House
of David
night
She
is the new sound
of the rain
& so they wed
and lived together forever.

《真实故事》

大卫家族的
少爷
在夜黑风高的夜晚
她
是一种新的
雨声
那么，他们
便成了婚
永远在一起。

On St. Mark's Place

we
fight
in
our

sleep

the

right

angles

*

angels

"on St. Mark's Place."

《圣·马可广场》

我们

在

睡眠中

打斗，

正义

的天使

与

“圣·马克广场”的

天使。

Just Friends

O Rose,

"the unquenchable variety,"

*

the patient

survived--

but the

operation

was not a

success..

*

....

I was visited by the Scorpion, the Eagle, &
the dove...

《只是朋友》

哦，萝丝，
“那不可抑制的变化，”
病人
活过来了——
可是
手术并不
成功...

.....

拜访我的有蝎子、老鹰，还有
鸽子鸟...

For Rosina

there
his red nose
& bare long legs
perfectly still
so rare
in a perfect
chair
his eyes
grew red
and full
& then she went away.
where?
his tiny

heart stopped.
And stopped again here.

《致罗西娜》

他的
红鼻子
光秃秃的长腿
完全静止
如此稀罕地
在一条完美的
椅子上
他的眼睛
红彤彤的
又大
接着她走了。
去哪？
他的小心脏
停止跳动。
再次停在这里停。

By Now

I'm a piece of local architecture
built only beacuse it had to be.

《事到如今》

我是一座本地建筑
建它只因为它必须是。

UNCOLLECTED SHORT POEMS

Today Chicago

Sunlit
oblongs

Bramble
Transfer

Time of
Major energy product

highly reduced
for the sake
of maintaining scale.

《今日芝加哥》

阳光普照
椭圆形

荆棘
传送

为了保持规模
大大
降低了

主要能源产品的
生产时间

Laments

So long, Jimi,
Janis, so long.
You both are great.
We love you.
But, O, my babies,
you did it wrong.

《哀悼》

再会，吉米
再会，詹妮丝
你们两都很了不起。
我们爱你们。
可是，哦，宝贝，
你们做错了。

Winter

The Moon is Yellow
My Nose is Red.

《冬天》

月亮黄黄的
我的鼻子红红的

Tell It Like It is

Bad Teeth

《实事求是》

坏牙齿

Think of Anything

The Rose of Sharon

lights up

Grand Valley

Now

Robert Creeley speaks:

the air is getting

darker

and darker

the Rose of Sharon

moves

towards the door

and through.

Ted Berrigan & Robert Creeley

《想起一切》

莎伦的玫瑰

点燃了
大峡谷

现在
罗伯特·格里利说：

空气变得
越来越
黑

莎伦的玫瑰
移向

那道门
并且穿过。

Where

This
is as is

it goes
which does

as that was
that....or

over time & that
was, is

that. Check: call it
WHAT.

《哪儿》

这
是，当，是

它，走
那个，走

当，那个，是
那个...或

超时，那个
也是，是，

那个。 检查一边：叫它
啥。

Out the Second-floor Window

On St. Mark's Place
She walked
with the aggressive dignity
of those
for whom someone else's
irony
is the worst of disasters:
I loved her for it.

《在二楼窗外》

在圣·马可广场，

她踱着步，
带着
那种对那些人来说
它人的讽刺
是最大的不幸的
攻击性的尊严。
我因此爱她。

O Love
AFTER LEOPARDI

O love!
I have collected
a scar or two
& even a disturbing
memory or two
Since I fell for you.

《噢，爱》
仿 莱奥帕尔迪

噢爱！
爱上你后，
我已经收集了
一到两道伤疤
，甚至一到两道
不安的记忆。

Life in the Futrue
For Donna Dennis

White powder

purple pill

pink pill

white powder

(2)

Blue air

white mist

blue/white sky

MARS

& it's Autumn in the Northern hemisphere
there.

《未来生活》

致 唐娜·丹尼斯

白色粉末

紫色药丸

粉红色药丸

白色粉末

(2)

蓝天

白雾

蓝白天

上火星

那里是北半球秋天

Anselm Hollo

Come to Chicago

Go to the
Aspidistra Bookstore
Buy
THE LAST PURITAN.
Stay with us.

《安塞姆·霍洛》

来芝加哥吧。

去趟
叶蓝书屋
买一本
《最后的清教徒》。
跟我们一起混。

Poem
To Tom Clark

Autobiography
Men at Arms
Brideshead Revisited
Evelyn Waugh

《诗》
致 汤姆·克拉克

自传
《重骑兵》
《故园风雨后》
伊芙琳·沃

Acid

Get your ass in gear

《酸》

加把劲

Ten Things to Do in the Closet

Turn around.

Turn around.

Turn around.

Feel.

Suss.

Whine.

Shut up.

Turn on light.

Exercise.

Kill Dog.

Orange Black

BACK DEATH

《陋室铭》

这转转。

那转转。

转圈。

感觉。

推测。

发牢骚。
闭嘴。
打开灯盏。
练习。
杀狗狗。
橙黑。
回到阳间。

Strategy

Strategy is what you do how

Sitting Bull

《战略高手》

战略就是你如何
搞到龙头棍

*Sitting Bull:北美印第安人的首领

Larceny

The
opposite
of
petty
is
GRAND.

《盗窃》

窃
国
侯
窃
钩
诛

I'm No Prick

The best way of
going all that way
to get something
and bring it back
is that way. This
is potent information,
that, a way to go, then.

想大老远
去拿到东西
并把它带回来，
最佳方法
便是大老远地去。这是
有效的信息，意味着
还有一段路要走。

Congratulations

To
Lee & Mike.
I ride this bike
To your joy

For your little boy.

《祝贺》

致

李和麦克。

我骑着这部自行车，

为了你们的喜悦，

你们的小婴儿。

Deja Vu

《既视感》

Discussing Max Beerbohm

With Mike Bronstein.

和迈克·布朗斯坦讨论

麦克斯·比尔博姆。

Neal Cassady Talk

"I'm standing toe-to-toe with you, see, looking you right in the eye,
you see, and the same time digging that you are tapping your left foot, but,
and also, at the very same time, understand, I am digging that an American
flag is coming out of your left ear."

《尼尔·卡赛迪语》

“我正对着你，看，直视你，

你看，同时喜欢看着你拍打你的左脚，可是，
同样，在同一时间，我明白，我喜欢一面美国
国旗从你的左耳冒出来。”

urface

《表面》

In the House

Sometimes it is quiet throughout the night
And you learn in the morning that
The man in the next room
Died in his sleep.

but there is no shortage of applicants
For the room.

《在屋子里》

有时整个夜晚安安静静
你在早晨发现
隔壁房间有个男人
睡死了。

不过那个房间
从来不缺上门租房的。

Vignette

Kissed Maggie soundly; and the Doctor
declined to write me another prescription:
(if that "; and" meant what its weight does,
this would be ROMANCE.)

《小插图》

重重地吻了吻麦琪；然而那个医生
拒绝了给我再开一个处方：
（如果这个“；然而”是它的重要性导致，
那这可真够浪漫的。）

Inflation

It's difficult
for the young queer
poets these days.
They
have to be
as good as
John Ashbery
(sigh).
I'm glad we
Only have to be
like Allen Ginsberg!
(Cheers)
WANT
CAN
DO

《膨胀》

这年头
对年轻的
酷儿诗人而言
真是够难的。
他们
必须写得跟
约翰·阿什贝利
一样好
（叹息）。
我很高兴我们
仅需像
艾伦·金斯堡
即可！
（干杯）

Flying United

Ladies & Gentlemem,
You will depart
The Aircraft
at the
Terminal Area
to your left.
Thank You for Flying United.

《联合航空》

女士们先生们
你即将在
左侧
航站楼
下飞机。

感谢您乘坐联合航空。

The D.A.

Today I had planned to fribble away
in "The Digger's Game"
But Chemistry dictated that I lie on the bed
all day too fast to dig.

《检察官》

我今日部署“挖掘者游戏”
来消磨时光，
可是化学反应指示我得整天躺在床上，
根本没空挖。

Song

"All things considered, it's a gentle & undemanding
planet, even here."
I seldom know it.
I do remember consistently
to feed it. Snore. In the air
in the house
in the night bear with me.

《歌》

“思来想去，这仍是一个温柔的，不算苛刻的
星球，即便这里。”
我很少知道这点。

我只是从来记得

要喂它。 打呼噜。 在空气中
在屋子里
在夜晚 容我再想想。

（end）

Red Wagon

Red Wagon

She

She is always two blue eyes
She is never lost in sleep
All her dreams are light & air
They sometimes melt the sun
She makes me smile, or
She makes me cry, she
Makes me laugh, and I talk to her
With really nothing particularly to say.

《她》

她总是两只蓝眼睛
她在睡觉时从不迷失
她所有的梦是光和空气

有时它们会融化太阳
她使我笑，或
使我哭，她
使我大笑，我跟她说话
并没有实际要说的。

Remembered Poem

It is important to keep old hat
in secret closet.

《没忘的诗》

把旧帽子一直藏在密室里
是很重要的。

3 Pages

FOR JACK COLLOM

10 Tings I do Every Day

play poker
drink beer
smoke pot
jack off
curse

BY THE WATERS OF MANHATTAN

flower
positive & negative

go home

read lush poems

hunker down

changes

Life goes by

quite merrily

blue

NO HELP WANTED

Hunting For The Whale

"and if the weather plays me fair

I'm happy every day."

The white that dries clear

the heart attack

the congressional medal of honor

A house in the country

NOT ENOUGH

《三页》

致 杰克·克罗姆

10 件每天都在干的事

玩牌

喝啤酒

哈麻

打打飞机

诅咒

在曼哈顿水边！

花
积极以及消极
回家
读《午餐诗》
蹲下
改变
生命流逝
兴高采烈地
忧郁
无须帮助！
捕捕鲸

“假如天气公平对待我，
我每天都开心。”

干透的白色
心脏病发作
国会荣誉勋章
乡下老房子

还少一点

Conversation

| | |
|-----------|--------------------|
| | "My name |
| "My name | "My name |
| "My name | "My name |
| "My name | is Wesley |
| is Wesley | Wesley |
| is Wesley | Jackson, |
| is Wesley | "My name is Wesley |
| Jackson, | Jackson, |

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| I am | I am |
| I am | I am |
| 25 years | 25 years |
| old | old |
| I am 25 years | I am 25 years old, |
| old, | |
| I am 25 years | and |
| | old, |
| | and my favorite |
| my favorite | my favorite |
| favorite | favorite |
| and my favorite | song |
| song | song |
| and my favorite | and my favorite song |
| and my favorite | my favorite song |
| | song |
| and my favorite | is |
| | song |
| is Valencia." | Valencia." |

| | |
|-------------|-------------------------|
| | "Isn't |
| "Isn't | that |
| "Isn't that | beautiful," |
| beautiful," | "Isn't that beautiful," |
| "Isn't that | Frank |
| beautiful," | |
| Frank | said. |
| Frank said. | |

《对话》

神经病。

To Southampton

Go

Get in Volkswagen

Ride to the Atlantic

Step out

See

Your shadows

On fog

At the second stop

The same ocean as

At the first

Back in Volkswagen

Ron's or somebody's

Backs up

Steps on the gas

COCA COLA 20 Cents

Machine noise

Satisfaction

Home

Away from home.

《去南安普顿》

走

钻进大众车

驾驶去亚特兰大
出发
东看看细看看
你的阴影
在雾中
在第二站
同样的一片海就像
第一次

回到桑塔纳 2000
荣的，还是管它谁的
退后
踩油门
两毛钱可可乐可
机器噪音
心满意足
家
离家很远。

Sunday morning
FOR LOU REED

1.

It's A Fact

If you stroke a cat about 1,000,000 times, you will
generate enough electricity to light up the largest
American Flag in the world for about one minutes.

2.

Turnabout

In former times people who committed adultery

got stoned;
Nowadays it's just a crashing bringdown.

3.

A Mongolian Sausage

By definition: a long stocking: you fill it full of shit,
and then you punch holes in it. Then you swing it over
your head in circles untile everybody goes home.

《星期天早晨》 *名作
致 老李

1.

一个事实

假设你抚摸一头猫 1,000,000 遍，你会
得到足够电量，用来点燃世界上
最大的美国国旗，烧上大约一分钟。

2.

转变

在旧社会，那些通奸的人会被处以
石刑；
而如今，它成了一件让人彻底绝望的事。

3.

一根蒙古香肠

按照定义：一只长筒袜：你把它填满屎，
接着在上面戳一些洞。接着你在你脑壳上空
转圈挥舞，直至大家都回家算了。

Something Amazing Just Happened

FOR JIM CARROLL, ON HIS BIRTHDAY

A lovely body gracefully is nodding

Out of a blue Buffalo

Monday morning

curls

softly rising color the air

it's yellow

above the black plane

beneath a red tensor

I've been dreaming. The telephone kept ringing & ringing

Clear & direct, purposeful yet pleasant, still taking pleasure

in bringing the good news, a young man in horn-rims' voice

is speaking

while I listen. Mr. Berrigan, he say, & without waiting for an answer

goes on,

I'm happy to be to inform you that your request for a Guggenheim

Foundation Grant

Has been favorably received by the committee, & approved.

When would you like to leave?

Uh, not just yet, I said, uh, What exactly did I say with regards to leaving,

in my application....I'm a little hazy at the moment.

Yes. Your project, as outlined in your application for a grant for the

purpose

of giving Jim Carroll the best possible birthday present you could get

him, through our Foundation, actually left the project, that is,

how the monies

would be spent, up to us. You indicated, wisely, I think, that

we knew

more about what kind of project we would approve than you did,

so we should

make one up for you, since all you wanted was money, to buy Jim a

birthday gift.

Aha! I said. So, what's up?

We have arranged for you and Jim to spend a year in London,
in a flat

off of King's Row.

You will receive 250 pounds each a month expenses, all travel expenses
paid, & a clothing allowance of 25 pounds each per month.

During the year,

At your leisure, you might send us from time to time copies of your
London works. By years' end I'm sure you each will have enough
new poems for two books,

Which we would then publish in a deluxe boxed hardcover edition, for
the rights to which we shall be prepared to pay a considerable
sum, as is your due.

We feel that this inspired project will most surely result in

The first major

boxed set of works since Tom Sawyer & Huckleberry Finn!

Innocents Abroad

in reverse, so to speak! We know your poems, yours & Jim's,
will tell it

like it is, & that is what we are desperate to know! So,
when

would you like to leave?

Immediately, I shouted! & Jim! I called, Jim! Happy Birthday!

Wake up!

《来点儿惊喜》

致吉姆·卡洛尔，生快

一个可爱的身姿优雅地打着盹

从蓝色水牛城冒出
星期一早晨
卷发
柔柔地升起给空气染上色彩
它是黄色的
在黑色的平面上
在红色张量下
我一直在做梦。那电话闹个不停，
清晰直接，意图明确，却令人愉快，我在为
带来的好消息高兴，一个戴角框眼镜的年轻人的声音
在那里说话
而我听着。贝里根先生，他说。没等我搭上话
他接着说下去，

我很荣幸通知您，您申请的
古根海姆
基金会的资助已被委员会受理并批准。
您什么时候想出发？

呃，不是现在，我说，呃，我到底在出发这事上说了啥，
我的申请....我现在有点记不太清。
是的。您的项目，您在申请中写明是想要
通过我们基金会给吉姆·卡罗尔
送上一份最好的生日礼物
实际上是把项目，也就是资金
怎么使用的决定权
留给了我们。您明智地表示，我想，我们
比您更清楚会批准什么样的项目
所以我们应该
为您设计一个项目，因为您要的只是钱，给吉姆买
礼物
啊哈！我说。那么，怎么回事？

我们已经为您和吉姆安排好
在伦敦度过一年
在一套公寓里

就在国王街附近。

你们每月可以得到 250 英镑的生活费，所有旅行费用我们
全包，

还有每人每月 25 英镑的服装津贴。

在这一年里，

在你们空闲时，可以不时地给我们寄来您在伦敦的
作品的

副本。到年底，我相信你们每人将有
足够多的

新诗，用来出版两本书，

到时我们会以精装盒装版的形式
出版

发行，同时为获得版权，我们准备支付
相当可观的

一笔费用，这是你们应得的。

我们认为这个富有创意的项目一定会诞生
首个

自《汤姆·索亚》和《哈克贝利·费恩》之后的重要盒装作品集
就像是《海外愚行》的

反转版！我们知道您和吉姆的诗
会原原本本地

讲述一切，而这正是我们渴望了解的！所以，
您什么时候想出发？

马上，我喊道！吉姆！我喊，吉姆！生日快乐！
醒醒！

Today in Ann Arbor

FOR JAYNE NODLAND

Today I woke up
bright & early
Then I went back to sleep
I had a nice dream
which left me weak
so
I woke up again
dull, but still early.
I drank some coke
& took a pill
It made me feel ill, but
optimusitic. So,
I went to the Michigan Union for cigarettes.

*

I cashed a check today--
but that was later. Now
I bought cigarettes, &
The Detroit Free Press.
I decided to eat some vanilla wafers
& drink coffee
at my desk

*

There was no cream for
the coffe. & the mail
wasn't out yet.
It pissed me off.
I drank some coffe, black
& it was horrible.

*

Lief is horrrble, &
I am stupid.

I think.....NOTHING.

Then I think, more coffee...

upstairs!

Jackie's face

picks me up.

She says, "there's cream

upstairs"

Up more stairs via the elevator:

cream talk amiably to Bert

Hornbach

*

Come downstairs

& the mail has

come!

Lots

of mail! I feel pretty good.

Together with my mail back in office.

Sitting.

*

Johnny Stanton says: "Ted,

you are a myth in my heart!"

He is a myth in my heart!

So, we are both myths!

*

Warmed by this, & coffee,

I go on. American Express

says:

"You owe us & 1,906. Please

Pay NOW."

I say, sure!

("Now" means "later")

*

Somebody else sends a postcard (Bill).

He says,
"I am advertising your presence
at YALE, so please come!"
I say to Bill,
"Have Faith, old
brother! I'll be there
when you need me."
In fact, I say that to everyone.
That is the truth,
& so,

*

I open a beautiful letter
from you. When we are both dead,
that letter
will be Part Two
of this poem.

*

But now we are both alive
& terrific!

《今天在安阿伯市》
致 杰恩·诺兰

我今天早早醒来
格外精神
接着我又去睡了回笼觉
做了个好梦
它让我感到虚弱
因而，再次
我醒来
呆滞极了，可仍为时尚早。

我喝了点可乐
嗑了片药
它让我病恹恹的，可是
很乐观。因此，
我去了密西根工会，去搞点香烟。

*

我去兑了张支票今天——
但那是后来的事。现在
我买来了香烟，以及
《底特律自由报》。
我决定吃点香草华夫饼，
在桌上
喝个咖啡什么的

×

咖啡没加
奶油。邮件
也还在路上。
这让我很是恼火。
我喝了点咖啡，没加糖
这真的恐怖。

*

生活很恐怖，
而我是个白痴。
我想.....一片空白。
接着我想，要不再来点咖啡.....
上楼！
杰姬的脸
让我瞬时振奋起来。
她说，楼上那家就有
奶油啊。”
用电梯更上一层楼：
奶油 得和藹地跟波特

• 霍恩巴赫谈谈

*

下楼来

那么

邮件

到了！

好多好多

邮件！ 我感到相当舒畅。

其中还有我办公室的邮件。

坐下来。

*

约翰·斯坦通说，“泰德，

你在我心中是一个神话。”

他在我心中是一个神话！

那么，我们双神话！

*

简直被暖到了，还有咖啡，

我继续。 美国邮政

说：

“你欠我们一块九毛零六厘。请即刻

付讫。”

我说，没问题！

（“即刻”即“再拖拖”）

*

还有人寄来一张明信片（比尔）

他说，

“我在耶鲁替你

搞宣传，快来吧。”

我对比尔说，

“要有信心，老弟！

我会去的，

但凡你需要我。”

实际上，我对谁对这么说。

千真万确，
那么，

*

我打开一个漂亮的信封
是你写来的。当我们都死了，
这封信
会分成这首诗的
两部分。

*

可是现在，我们双双活着，
非常了不起！

In the Wheel

The pregnant waitress
asks

"Would you like
some more coffee?"
Surprised out of the question
I wait seconds "Yes,
I think I would!" I hand her
my empty cup, &
"thank you !" she says. My pleasure.

《在轮子里》

那个怀孕的女招待
问

“还来点
咖啡吗？”

我惊呆了，
等了几秒，我说“是啊，
我想是的。”我把空杯子
递给她，她说
“谢谢！”
不客气我说。

Wind

Every day when the sun comes up
The angels emerge from the rivers
Drily happy & all wet. Easy going
But hard to keep my place. Easy
On the avenue underneath my face.
Difficult alone trying to get true.
Difficult inside alone with you.
The rivers' blackness flowing just sits
Orange & reds blaze up inside the sky
I sit here & I've been thinking this
Red, blue, yellow, green, & white

《风》

每天，太阳升起
天使们从河里冒出来
干燥的愉快，全湿了。相处
容易，可维持现状难。
放轻松点，在我脸下的大道上。
独自想要获得真实很难。
单独跟你在一起很难。
河的黑流只是坐着

桔色和红色在天空内部闪耀
我坐在这儿，一直在想
红，蓝，黄，绿，白。

Things to Do on Speed

mind clicks into gear
& fingers clatter over the keyboard
as intricate insights stream
out of you head:
this goes on for ten hours:
then, take a break: clean
all desk drawers, arrange all
pens & pencils in precise parallel patterns;
stack all books with exactitude in one pile
to coincide perfectly with the right angle
of the desk's corner.

Whistle thru ten more hours of
arcane insights:
drink a quart of ice-cold pepsi:
clean the ice-box:
past out for ten solid
hours
interesting dreams.

2.

Finish papers, wax floors, lose weigh, write songs, sing songs, have
conference, sculpt, wake up & think more clearly. Clear up asthma.

treat your obesity, avoid mild depression, decongest, cure your narcolepsy,
treat your hyper-kinetic brain-damaged children. Open the Pandora's Box of
amphetamine abuse.

3.

Stretch the emotional sine curve; follow euphoric peaks with descents
into troughs
that are unbearable wells of despair & depression. Become a ravaged
scarecrow.

Cock your emaciated body in
twisted postures
grind your
caved-in jaw
scratch your torn & pock-marked skin,
keep talking, endlessly.

4.

Jump off a roof on the lower East Side
or
Write a 453 page unintelligible book

5.

Dismantle 12 radios
string beads interminably
empty your purse
sit curled in a chair
& draw intricate designs
in the corner of an
envelope

6.

"I felt it rush almost instantly into
my head like a short circuit. My body
began to pulsate, & grew tiny antennae
all quivering in anticipation. I began
to receive telepathic communication from
the people around me. I felt elated."

7.

get pissed off.

Feel your tongue begin to shred,
lips to crack, the inside of the mouth
become eaten out. Itch all over.
See your fingernails flake off, hair &
teeth
fall out.

Buy a Rolls-Royce
Become chief of the Mafia
Consider anti-matter.

8.

Notice that tiny bugs are crawling over your whole body
around, between and over your many new pimples.
Cut away pieces of bad flesh.
Discuss mother's promiscuity
Sense the presence of danger at the movies
Reveal

get tough
turn queer

9.

In the Winter, switch to heroin, so you won't catch pneumonia.
In the Spring, go back to speed.

《麻沸散服用指南》

脑子挂挡运转

手指把键盘敲得咔哒响

错综复杂的顿悟溪流

从你的脑壳涓涓汇出：

持续十小时：

接着，休息一会：清理

所有抽屉，以严格的同步模式

整理全部笔墨纸砚；

把所有书本精确垒成一堆
使之与书桌角的直角
完全对齐。

吹吹口哨，再花上十小时去领悟
那神秘的晦涩：

喝一夸脱冰镇百事：

清理冰箱：

做整整十个

小时

有趣的梦。

2.

完成论文，给地板打蜡，减肥，写歌，唱歌，开会，
雕塑，醒来，清晰地想想这想想那。清除哮喘。

治疗你的肥胖病，避免轻度抑郁，缓解充血，治疗你的嗜睡症，
治愈你那超级多动症脑损伤的孩子。打开安非他明滥用的
潘多拉盒子。

3.

拉直情感的正弦曲线；跟随极乐的顶点
坠落到低谷，
那无法忍受的绝望和沮丧之井。成为一个
被蹂躏的
稻草狗。
把你憔悴的肉体
扭曲成一个畸形的姿势，
磨磨你
凹陷的下巴
抓抓你撕烂的猪皮，
保持说话，没完没了说。

4.

从下东区一个低矮的屋顶掉下去

或者

写一本无法辨识的 453 页厚的书。

5.

拆解 12 部收音机

串无限长的佛珠子

清空你的钱包

佝偻在椅子上

在一个信封壳落的

边角绘制

复杂的图案

6.

“我感觉它几乎立即进入

我的脑壳。我短路了。我的身体

开始搏动，长出细小的天线

在期待中发抖。我开始

收到来自附近的人的

心灵感应。我兴高采烈极了。”

7.

变得恼火。

感觉你的舌头开始撕裂，

嘴皮破裂，口腔内部

被吃空。全身发痒。

看见

你的指甲片脱落，头发

以及牙齿

掉落。

买劳斯莱斯

成为黑手党大哥

思考反物质。

8.

注意到微小的虫子在你全身，在许多

新长出的丘疹之间爬过来爬过去。

割掉一片片的坏肉。

讨论母亲的滥交
感觉到电影中的那种危险
揭露

变得强硬

变成酷儿

9.

到了冬季，换成海洛因，那样你就不会得肺炎。

春天一到，重新换回麻沸散。

Television

San Gabriel

Placer, Nevada. New York:

Buffalo. 24 Huntington, just off of Main.

\$ 12.95 takes you

where you want to go

quick; & quickly do you go.

\$.30 will bring you back

sweating, worn out. Twice

as fast (as when you went) is

slow.

《电视》

圣加布里埃尔

普雷斯，内华达州。纽约：

水牛城。亨廷顿街 24 号，就在主街附近。

12 块 9 毛 5，快速带你

去你想去的地方

你去得快。

三毛钱带你返回
吭哧吭哧的，累坏了。
两倍快（比你走时）
但还是慢。

*写得啥事？

Farewell Address
TO RICHARD TAYLOR

Goodbye House, 24 Huntington, one block past Hertel on the
downtown side of Main, second house on the left. Your good
spirit kept me cool this summer, your ample space.
Goodbye house.

Goodbye our room, on the third floor. Your beds were much
appreciated; We used them gratefully & well, me & Alice. &
Alice's yellow blanket spread across to the yellow slanted
ceiling to make a lovely light, Buffalo morning. There we
talked, O did we ever! Goodbye, our
Third floor room.

& Goodbye other room across the hall. Typewriter music filled
my heart. Buffalo nights as I read on my bed while Alice
wrote unseen. Her Buffalo poems were terrific, & they were
even about me! Some had you in them, too! So,
Goodbye room.

Goodbye second floor. Your bathroom's character one could
grow to understand. I liked the sexy closed door of Chris's
room, & light showing under the master's door at night; a

good omen to me, always! Even your unused office offered
us its ironing board, by moonlight.
You were friendly. Goodbye second floor of Richard's house.
Goodbye stairs. Alice knew you well.

& Goodbye first floor. Goodbye kitchen, you were a delight;
you fed us morning, noon & night; I liked your weird yellow
light, & your wall clock was out of sight! Meals we shared
with Richard were gentle & polite; we liked them; we liked
those times a lot.
Goodbye kitchen, you'll not be forgot.

& Goodbye Arboretum. (I mean TV room) Mornings, alone, I
loved to sit in you, to read the news from the world of
sports, as light poured into & through the house. Mornings
were quiet peeps. Nights I'd talk with Richard over beers.
Good manners had some meaning here; I learned better
ones with great delight. Goodbye
TV room. Thanks for your mornings and nights.

Goodbye vast dining hall, where we three & three dogs often
ate of beef & drank red wine. Your table was long, & your
chandelier a sight. Richard ate quickly, as did Alice, while I
took my time, talking beneath your light. May we dine
thusly many a night, days
To come. Goodbye dining room, & dogs who ate our bones
with delight.

Goodbye Thelonus. Only Allen Ginsberg, for beauty, matches
you. & Goodbye Ishmael. I liked your ghastly rough-house
ways. You were the love/hate delight of Alice's days &
nights. Many a fond lick you lolled her way, each of her trips.
Goodbye Ishmael. Goodbye Oliver. You didn't stay much, but

you were always there, calling "Hey, wait for me!" like in those movies I used to like the best. when you three ate Bobby Dylan's SELF PORTRAIT, it put our friendship to the best. But it survived. & so,
Goodbye Ishmael, Thelonius, Oliver; friends, my brothers, dogs.

& Richad, goodbye, too, to you. You were the best of all our Buffalo life. sharing with you made it be a life. We were at home in your house, becasue it's yours. It was a great pleasure, to come & go through your doors. Nothing gets lost, in anyone's life; I'm glad of that. We three had our summer, which will last. Poems last (like this one has); and so do memories. They last in pomes, & in the people in them (who are us). So, although this morning under the sky, we go, Alice & I, you'll be flying with us as we fly. You come to visit, where we go, & we'll sometings visit you in Buffalo. Bring the dogs, too. & until then, our love to you, Richard.
Goodbye.

《告别演说》

致 理查德·泰勒

再见房子，亨廷顿 24 号，赫特尔路往市中心方向
过一个街区，主路左侧第二栋楼。你的好精神
让我在这个夏天保持凉快，你那宽敞的空间。
再见房子。

再见我们在三楼的房间。非常感谢你的床；我们
我和艾丽斯很舒服很好地使用了它们，以及
艾丽斯的黄色毯子铺在黄色斜着的天花板上
那样便有了可爱的光线，在水牛城早晨。我们
在那里聊天，哦，一直都是！再见，

我们在三楼的房间。

再见门厅对面的另一个房间。打字机美妙的音乐声
填满了我的心。水牛城夜晚，我在床上看书，而
艾丽斯独自写作。她在水牛城的诗太棒了，它们
甚至是关于我的！当然有些也关于你！那么，
再见了，房间。

再见，二楼。你的浴室特色一个人会慢慢了解，我喜欢
克里斯房间那性感的关着的门，在夜晚，光线从主卧
门下透射出的光线。这对我来说总是好兆头！甚至
未使用的办公室也为我们提供了烫衣板，在月光下。
你很友好。再见理查德房子的二楼。
再见楼梯。艾丽斯很了解你。

再见一楼。再见厨房，你是快乐；你在早晨喂饱我们，
在中午，夜晚也上；我喜欢你那古怪的黄光，你的
墙钟不见了！我们和理查德一起用餐，慷慨又礼貌；
我们很喜欢；我们真的喜欢那些时光。
再见了，厨房，我们不会忘记。

再见植物园。（我是说电视房）早晨，我喜欢独自坐在
那里，看看世界各地的体育新闻，那些光穿过屋子
倾射进来。早晨是安静的百事。到了晚上，我和理查德
喝着啤酒聊着天。这里，礼仪是有意义的。我愉快地
学到了更好的礼仪。再见
电视屋。感谢你的早晨和夜晚。

再见，宽敞的餐厅，我们三人以及三只狗总在那里
享用牛肉，喝红酒。你的餐桌很长，吊灯很美。
理查德吃得很快，爱丽丝也是如此，而我则
慢慢享受，在灯下闲谈。愿未来的许多
日夜，我们都能如此共餐。

再见，餐厅，还有那些开心吃我们骨头的
狗狗们。

再见了，塞隆尼斯。只有艾伦·金斯伯格在美丽上能与你
相提并论。再见了，伊斯梅尔。我喜欢你粗野的古怪
举止。你不管白天夜晚都是爱丽丝又爱又恨的欢乐。
在她的每一次出行中，你总向她摇尾乞怜。

再见了，伊斯梅尔。再见了，奥利弗。你停留不久，
但总在那儿，像在那些我最喜欢的电影中喊着“嘿，
等等我！”。当你们吃掉鲍勃·迪伦的《自画像》

我们的友谊收到了考验。还好，它挺了过来。所以，
再见了，伊斯梅尔、塞隆尼斯、奥利弗；我的兄弟，我的
狗狗们。

还有理查德，再见了。你是我们在水牛城的生活中最棒的
那部分。与你分享生活，让它成为了真正的生活。在你的
房子，我们有家的感觉，因为它是你的。能进进出出
你的家门，真是太高兴了。生活中没有什么会丢失；
我很高兴这样。我们三人度过了一个夏天，它将永存。
诗歌长存（就像这首一样）；记忆也是。它们在诗歌中
永存，在人的心里永存（我们就是那些人）。所以，尽管
这个早晨，天空下，我们走了，爱丽丝和我，你会和我们
一起飞。你来参观我们要去的地方，而我们会到水牛城
找你。当然会带上狗。而在那之前，我们向你致以爱，
理查德。
拜拜。

Three Sonnets and a Coda for Tom Clark

《三个四十行和一个致汤姆·克拉克的尾声》

1.

In The Early Morning Rain

To my family & friends "Hello"
And money. With something inside us we float up
On this electric chair each breath nearer the last
Now is spinning
Seven thousand feet over / The American Midwest
Gus walked up under the arc light as far as the first person
the part that goes over the fence last
And down into a green forest ravine near to "her"
Winds in the stratosphere
 Apologise to the malcontents
Downstairs. The black bag & the wise man may be found
 in the brain-room.
what sky out there Take it away
 & it's off
one foot
 is expressing itself as continuum
the other ,sock

在一个下着雨太早的早晨
跟我的家人，朋友，以及钱，
说声“哈喽”。在我们内部的东西与我们一同浮起来，
在这部电椅上，每次呼吸都靠近最后一次
现在在旋转
在美国中西部上空七千尺高处
在弧光下，格斯一路走到第一人称前
最后，有一部分翻过篱笆
下到一个绿森林的峡谷 在“她”旁边
平流层的风
 对那些不满足表示抱歉
下楼。那个黑袋和聪明人可能会在
 脑壳中被发现。
那儿是什么天空 把它拿走
 它离开了

一根脚

作为连续统一体在表达它自身
另一根穿着袜子

2.

Tomorrow. I need to kill
Blank mind part Confusions of the cloth
White snow whirls everywhere. Across the fields
in the sky the
Soft, loose
stars swarm. Nature makes my teeth "to hurt"
shivering now on 32nd Street in my face &
in my head
does Bobby Dylan ever come around here? listen
it's alive where exposed nerve jangles
& I looming over Jap's American flag
In Public, In Private The Sky Pilot In No Man's Land
The World Number 14 is tipsyas pinballs on the
ocean
We are bored through..... through.....with our
professionalism
Outside her
Windows

明天。 我得杀了
脑子的空白部分 衣服的困惑
白雪到处旋转 穿过田野
在天空中那
软软的，松散的
星星挤在一起。自然让我们的牙齿“受伤”
现在，发抖 在三十二街 在我脸上，
我脑壳中

鲍勃迪伦真来过这儿？ 听听
它还是活的 那儿，裸露的神经叮当响
我 隐约出现在日本的美国旗上方
在公共还是私人场所 无人区的天空领航员
世界排名第 14 有点微醉了，就好像海洋上的
弹球
我们无聊的通过.....通过.....我们相当
专业
在她外面
窗户

3.

I'm amazed to be here
A man who can do the average thing
when everybody else is
going crazy Lord I wonder just exactly what can
happen
my heart is filled (filling) with light
& there's a breeze & I'm going
way over
the white skyline do what I want to
Fuck it.

Tided up wit
Tie with red roses The war of the Roses, &
War is shit. White man, tomorrow you die!
Tomorrow means now. "You kidding me?"now.
Light up you will be great
It's a complication. Thanksgiving, 1970, Fall.

我有点搞不灵清为啥会在这儿
一个可以干普通事的男的
在别人疯疯癫癫时
上帝，我想弄弄清楚到底又啥事会

发生

我的心被填满了（正在充满）光线

还有一点微风。 我正走在

白色 天际线

上 干干这干干那

操。

 绑起智慧

拿红玫瑰来绑 玫瑰战争，妈的

战争就是屎。 白人，明天你会完犊子！

明天就是现在。 “你跟我闹着玩是吧” 现在。

振奋点 你会好起来的

这很复杂。 感恩节，1970 年，秋。

CODA:

Being a new day my heart

is confirmed in its pure Buddhahood

activity under the clear blue sky

The front is hiding the rear(not)

which means we have(not)"protected ourselves"

by forgetting all we were dealt

I love all the nuts I've been in bed(with)

hope to go everywhere in good time

life, Africa: it would be tremendous(or not)

to drink up rivers. Be seeing you

to ride the river(with) heads riding gently

its personal place feet doing their stuff up in the air

Where someone (J.) dies, so that we can be rude to friends

While you find me right here coming through again.

 尾声：

作为新的一天，我的心

在纯净的佛陀状态中得到见证

在洁净蓝天下的活动

前方隐藏在后方（否）
也就是说我们一直（否）在“保护自我”
通过忘掉我们做过的一切
我爱所有这些跟我睡过的傻逼
我希望在好时光里到处逛逛
就比如，非洲：这会是超棒（或否）的，
喝光那些河。看到你
骑着河， 头轻轻地骑着
它的私人地方 脚在空中做它们的事情
有人（J.）死了，这样我们就可以对朋友粗鲁些
当你发现我再次穿过这里时。

Landscape with Figures (Southampton)

There's a strange lady in my front yard
She's wearing blue slacks & a white car-coat
& "C'mon!" she's snarling at a little boy
He isn't old enough to snarl, so he's whining
On the string as first she & then he disappear
Into (or is it behind) the Rivers' garage.

That's 11 a.m.

In the country. "Everything is really golden,"
Alice, in bed, says. I look, & out the window, see
Three shades of green; & the sky, not so high,
So blue & white. "You're right, it really is!"

《人物风景（南安普顿）》

在我的前院有个奇怪的妇女
穿着一条蓝色宽松裤子，白色汽车夹克

“快点！”她对一个小男孩咆哮
他还没到被咆哮的年纪，就这样他在
琴弦上呜呜哭叫起来，她走了，接着他也消失
走进弗斯家的车库（或到了车库后面）。

那会儿是上午十一点。
在乡下。“一切都是金黄色的，”
躺在床上的艾丽斯说。我看着，看向窗外，
看见三个绿色阴影；天空并不高，
但很蓝，很白。“你说得对，真的！”

What I'd Like for Christmas, 1970

Black brothers to get happy
The Puerto Ricans to say hello
The old folks to take it easy & at it comes

The United States to get straight
Power to butt out

Money to fuck off
Business with honor
Religion
&
Art

Love
A home
A typewriter
A GUN.

《圣诞节愿望，1970》

黑人兄弟尽量快乐点
跟波多黎各人打个招呼
老人们顺其自然

美国继续直行
权力少来过问

钱滚开
做生意讲信誉
宗教
以及
艺术

爱
一个家
一部打字机
一根枪

Lady

Nancy, Jimmy, Larry, Frank, & Berdie
George & Bill
Dagwood Bumstead
Donna, Joe, & Phil
Making shapes this place
so rightly ours
to fill
as we wish,
& Andy's flowers too, do.

*

I've been sitting, looking

thinking sounds of pictures
names of you

*

of how I smile now

&

Let It Be.

*

& now I think to add

"steel teeth"

"sucking cigarette"

"A photograph of Bad."

Everything you are gone slightly mad.

America.

《女士》

南希、吉米、拉里、弗兰克、伯蒂

乔治、比尔

达格伍德·邦斯特德

多娜乔，还有菲尔

把这个地方

打造得

如此适合我们

填进来，

还有安迪的花，也是。

*

我坐着，看看，

想想照片的声音，

你们的

名字

*

我这会儿的微笑，

以及
随它去吧。

*

现在我想补充
“钢牙”
“吸香烟”
“一张‘坏’照片。”
你们的一切都有点儿疯。
美国。

36th Birthday Afternoon

Green TIDE; behind, pink against blue
Blue CHEER; an expectorant, Moving On
Gun in hand, shooting down
Anyone who comes to mind

IN OLD SOUTHAMPTON, blue, shooting up
THE SCRIPTURE OF THE GOLDEN ETERNITY
A new sharpness, peel apart to open, bloody water
& Alice is putting her panties on, taking off

A flowery dress for London's purple one
It seems to be getting longer, the robot
Keeps punching, opening up
A bit at a time. Up above

Spread atop the bed a red head sees
Two hands, one writing, one holding on.

《三十六岁生日下午》

绿色潮水；背后，粉和蓝
蓝心情；祛痰剂，继续
枪在手，干掉
所有想到的人

在老南安普顿，蓝，猛增
永恒的金色经典
一个新形状，撕开打开，血水
艾丽斯穿上内裤，又脱掉

一件花纹裙子搭配伦敦紫色的那件
它看上去变长了，机器人
不停在打孔，每次
打开一些。在上面

在床铺上展开，一个红头看到
两只手，一只在写，一只握着。

Today's News

My body heavy with poverty (starch)
It uses up my sexual energy
 constantly, &
I feel constantly crowded

On the other hand, One
Day In The Afternoon of
 The World
Pervaded my life with a
 heavy grace

today
I'll never smile again

Bad Teeth

But
I'm dancing with tears in my eyes
(I can't help myself!) tom
writes he loves Alice's sonnets
takes four, I'd love
to be more attentive to her, more
here.
The situation having become intolerable
the only alternatives are
Murder & Suicide.

They are too dumb! So, one
becomes a goof. Raindrops
start falling on my roof. I say
Hooray! Then I say, I'm going out

At the drugstore I say, Gimme some pills!
Charge'em! They say
Sure. I say See you later.

Read the paper. Talk to Alice.
She laughs to hear
Hokusai had 947 changes of address
In his life. H-ha. Plus everything
else in the world
going on here.

《今天的消息》

我的身体因贫困（淀粉）而沉重
它不断消耗我的
 性能量，
我持续感到拥挤

另一方面，《世界
午后的
一天》
用沉重的优雅
弥漫在我的生活中
今天
我不会再微笑

烂牙

可是
我掉着眼泪水在跳舞
 （我控制不住！）汤姆
写道，他喜欢艾丽斯的十四行诗，
要了四首走，我也想
多关注她一些，更多专注
于此
情况变得越来越难以忍受
唯一的替代方案是：
 谋杀与自杀。

他们太笨了！一个人
成了傻瓜。雨滴
开始落在我的屋顶上。我说
万岁！然后我说，我要出去了。

在药店我说，给我些药！

记账！他们说

没问题。我说回头见。

读报。跟爱丽丝聊天。

听到葛饰北斋一生中有 947 次
搬家，她笑了。哈哈。加上此刻
世界上正在发生的
一切。

Wishers

Now I wish I were asleep, to see my dreams taking place

I wish I were more awake

I wish a sweet rush of tears to my eyes

Wish a nose like an eagle

I wish blue sky in the afternoon

Bigger windows, & a panorama-light, buildings & people in street air

Wish my teeth were white and sparkled

Wish my legs were not where they are-where they are

I wish the days warmly cool & clothes I like to be inside of

Wish I were walking around in chelsea (NY) & it was 5:15 a.m., the

sun coming up, alone, you asleep at home

I wish red rage came easier

I wish death, but not just now

I wish I were driving alone across America in a gold Cadillac

toward California, & my best friend

I wish I were in love, & you here

《祝福》

现在我希望睡去，看看梦
愿我可以清醒点儿
愿我可以流出甜味的眼泪水
愿我有一个钩鹰鼻
愿下午有蓝天
更大的窗户，全景灯，街景有人与楼
愿我牙齿如雪，发光
愿双腿不在这儿——在这儿，
愿每天温暖凉爽，穿舒服的衣服
愿散步到切尔西旅馆（纽约）在清晨 5：15
 太阳升起，而你在家睡觉
愿红色愤怒来得更轻易
愿死去，但不是现在
愿开一部金色凯迪拉克独自驾车穿越美国
驶向加州，我的朋友
我愿在此与你相爱

Ophelia

ripped
out fo her mind
a marvelous construction
thinking
no place; & you
not once properly handled
Ophelia
&
you can't handle yourself
feeling
no inclination
toward that

solitude,
love
by yourself
Ophelia
& feeling free
you drift
far more beautifully
than we
As one now understands
He never did see
you
you moving so
while talking flashed
& failed
to let you go
Ophelia

《奥菲利亚》

发狂的
脑子
一个不可思议的建筑
想都懒得
想，你
没有一次照顾好
奥菲利亚
并且
你也没法照顾自己
感觉
对那种孤独
并无癖好，
爱你

自己
奥利菲亚
自由自在地
你比我们
漂移得
漂亮多了
就像现在一个人明白
他绝没有见过
你
你移动
聊天
闪光
没让你走开
奥菲莉亚

Scorpion, Eagle & Dove (A Love Poem)
FOR PAT

November, dancing, or
Going to the store in the country,
Where green changes itself into LIFE,
MOVING ON, Jockey Shorts, Katzenmiaou
Achesterfield King & the blue book
IN OLD SOUTHAMPTON,
 you make my days special
You do Jimmy's & Alice's
Phoebe's Linda's
 Lewis's & Joanne's too...
& Kathy's (a friend who is new)...
& Gram's...
who loved you,
like I do

once....
& who surly does so since
that 4th of July last,
a Saturday,
a day that left her free
to be with & love you
(& me)
(all of us)
just purely;
clean;
& selflessly;

*

no thoughts

*

Just, It's trure. As I would be
& as I am, to you
this
November.

《蝎子，鹰和鸽子（一个爱情诗）》

致 帕特

十一月，跳跳舞，或去
乡下杂货铺，
那儿绿色把自己变成了生命，
继续走，骑师短裤，卡岑米奥
阿切特菲尔德·金与蓝皮书
老南安普顿

你让我的日子变得特别
确实如此，吉米的，艾丽斯的
佛比的，琳达的

路易斯的，简安妮的，都是...

还有凯瑟的（一个新朋友） ...

还有格拉姆的...

他爱你，

就像我一样

有一次...

他确实爱你，自从

上一个七月四日起

一个礼拜六

那天他和你自由

在一起，爱你

（还有我）

（我们都是）

很纯粹；

干净；

无私；

*

没啥念头

*

是真的。就像我会继续

我就是那样

对你

在这个

十一月份。

Things to Do in Providence

《在普罗文登要干的事》

Crash

Take Valium

Sleep

Dream &

forget it.

*

Wake up now & strange
displaced
at home.

Read The Providence Evening bulletin
No one you knew
got married
had children
got divorced
died
got born
tho many familiar names flicker &
disappear.

*

Sit
watch TV
draw blanks
swallow
pepsi
meatballs

....

give yourself the needle:
"shit! There's gotta be someting
to do
here!"

*

JOURNEY to Seven yong men on horse, leaving Texas.

SHILOH: They've got to do what's right! So, after
 a long trip, they'll fight for the South in the War.
 No war in Texas, but they've heard about it, &
 they want
 to fight for their country. Have some adventures &
 make

their folks proud! Two hours later all are dead;
one by one they died, stupidly, & they never did
find out
why! There were no niggers in South Texas! Only
the leader,
with one arm shot off, survives to head back for Texas:
all his friends behind him, dead. What'll happen?

*

Watching him, I cry big tears. His friends
were beautiful, with boyish American good manners,
cowboys!

*

Telephone New York:" Hello!"

"Hello! I'm drunk! &
I have no clothes no!"
"My goodness," I say.
"See you
tomorrow."

**

Wide awake all night reading: The Life of Turner

("He first saw the light in Maiden
Lane")

A.C.Becker: Wholesale Jewels

Catalogue 1912

The Book of Marvels, 1934:

The year I was born.

No mention of my birth in here. HmMMM.

Saturday The Rabbi Stayed Home

(that way he got to solve the
murder)

Life on the Moon by LIEF

Magazine.

*

My mother wakes up, 4 a.m.: Someone to talk with!

Over coffee we chat, two grownups

I have two children, I'm an adult now, too.

Now we are two people talking who have known each other
a long
time,

Like Edwin & Rudy. Our talk is a great pleasure: my mother
a spunky woman. Her name was Peggy Dugan when she was young.
Now, 61 years old, she blushes to tell me I was conceived
before the wedding! "I've always been embarrassed about telling you
til now," she says. "I didn't know what you might
think!"

"I think it's really sweet," I say. "It means I'm really
a love child." She too was conceived before her mother's
wedding,

I know. We talk, daylight comes, & the Providence
Morning Journal.

My mother leaves for work. I'm still here.

*

Put out the cat
Take in the clothes
off of the line
Take a walk,
buy cigarettes

*

two teen-agers whistle
as I walk up
They say: "Only your hairdresser
knows for sure!"
Then they say,
"ulp!"
because I am closer to them.

They see I am not hippie kid, frail like Mick Jagger,
but some horrible 35 year old big guy!

The neighborhood I live in is
mine!

"Jpw'd you like a broken head, ked?"

I say fiercely.

(but I am laughing & they are not one bit
scared.)

So, I go home.

Alice Clifford waits me. Soon she'll die
at the Greenwood Nursing Home; my mother's
mother, 79 years & 7 months old

But first, a nap, til my mother comes
home

from work, with the car.

*

The heart stops briefly when someone dies,
a quick pain as you hear the news, & someone passes
from your outside life to inside. Slowly the heart adjusts
to its new weight, & slowly everything contin-
ues, sanely.

*

Living's a pleasure:

I'd like to take the whole trip
desipte the possible indignities of growing
old,

moving, to die in poverty, among strangers:

that can't be
helped.

*

So, everything, now
is just all right.

I'm with you.

No more last night.

*

Friday's great

10 o'clock morning sun is shining!

I can hear today's key sounds fading softly

& almost see opening sleep's epic novels.

《在普罗文登要干的事》

坠落

吃安定

睡

做做梦，接着

忘掉它。

*

现在醒来，在家中

奇怪

而陌生。

读《普罗文登晚报》

没有人知道

结了婚

有了孩子

离了婚

死掉

出生

可是太多熟悉的名字闪烁，

消失。

*

坐着

看看电视

脑壳空白

吞咽

一个百事

肉球

....

给自己来上一针：

“谢特！必须得

干点啥，

这会儿！”

*

《德州 七个骑马的男人，离开德州。
七蛟龙》： 他们必须执行正义！那么，在
一段漫长路途后，他们会为南方而战。
德克萨斯没有战争，可是他们听说了，
他们想为他们家乡战斗。来点冒险，
让老乡们自傲！两个小时后他们统统战死；
一个接一个死掉，蠢蠢的，他们再没被
找到
为啥！因为德州南部根本没有黑鬼！只有
领导，
他的一个手臂被打废了，活着回到了德州：
他身后的全班朋友都死了。还会发生啥？

*

看着他，我掉下大大的眼泪水。他的朋友们
那么漂亮，有着美国孩童般的好品格，
一群牛仔！

*

纽约来点：“哈罗！”

“哈罗！我喝高了！

身上啥都没穿！”

“天哪，”我说，

“明天

见。”

*

整夜醒着，读《特纳的一生》

（“在麦登巷，他第一次看见
光”）

A.C.贝克尔：1912 年

批发珠宝目录

《奇迹之书》，1934 年：

我出生的年份。

更别提我出生于此。嗯。

《星期六拉比呆在家里》

[那样他就能
破案了]

“月亮上的生活”，《生活》
杂志。

*

我娘在凌晨 4 点起床：总得有人唠嗑！

喝咖啡时我妈聊开了，两个成年人
我有两个小孩，我现在也是成年成了。
现在我们是两个彼此门清的人在唠嗑，
漫长的
一次，

就像艾德文和卢迪。但我们的谈话更愉快：我那
生气勃勃的娘。她年轻那会儿叫佩姬·邓根。
现在 61 岁了，红着脸告诉我，手在怀上我时，
她还没结婚！“在此以前，我总是
对告诉你这个事感到
难为情，”她说。“我不知道你会怎么
想！”

“我想这很好，”我说。“也就是说，我是
爱的结晶。”怀上她时，她娘也还没成婚。
我知道这事。我妈唠着嗑，天光亮开了，《普罗
文登日报》。

我娘出门干活了。我待在原地。

*

扑灭那只猫

穿上衣裳

掉线

散个步

顺便买点香烟

*

两个十来岁的小孩吹着口哨

我走上去

他们说：“只有你的理发师

知道！”

接着他们说，

“哎哟喂！”

可能是我凑他们太近了。

他们看我并不想那种嬉皮小子，脆弱得像米克·贾格尔，
而是一个恐怖的 35 岁老大块头！

《我是社区

扛把子！》

“想脑袋开瓢吗，小兔崽子？”

我凶着说。

（可是我笑出了声，他们一点也不
带怕的。）

那么，我回家了。

艾丽斯·克里夫特在等我。很快，她要死了
就在格林伍德护理之家，我娘的娘，
79 九岁 7 个月那么老。

可是首先，我要睡个午觉，直到我娘
下班开车
回家。

*

人死时心脏短暂停止跳动，
听到这类消息你会马上感到痛苦，有人过世了

从你的外部生活来到内部。慢慢地，你的心
会重新适应它的重量，心智会慢慢回归到一切正常。

*

活着是愉快的：

我想过完这整趟旅行

尽管变老后那潜在的屈辱

继续下去，在穷困中死去，在陌生人中：

毫无

办法。

*

那么，现在一切

都是对的。

我和你在一起。

再也不会再有昨晚。

*

美好的星期五

上午十点，太阳闪耀！

我可以听到今天的键盘敲击声在温柔地退去，

几乎看见打开睡眠的史诗小说。

Frank O'hara

Winter in the country, Southampton, pale horse

as the soot rises, then settles, over the pictures

The birds that were singing this morning have shut up

I thought I saw a couple, kissing ,but Larry said no

It's a strange bird. He should know. & I think now

"Grandmother divided by moneky equals outer space." Ron

put me in that picture. In another picture, a good-

looking poet is thinking it over; nevertheless, he will

never speak of that it. But, his face is open, his eyes
are clear, and, leaning lightly on an elbow, fist below
his ear, he will never be less than perfectly frank,
listening, completely interested in whatever there may
be to hear. Attentive to me alone here. Between friends,
nothing would seem stranger to me than true intimacy.
What seems genuine, truly real, is thinking of you, how
that makes me feel. You are dead. And you'll never
write again about the country, that's true.
But the people in the sky really love
to have dinner & to take a walk with you.

《弗兰克·奥哈拉》

冬天的乡下，南安普顿，灰马
煤烟升起，接着落下，落在画上
那些在早晨还在唱歌的鸟儿闭上嘴
我看到一对鸟儿在亲吻，拉里却说没有
一个怪鸟。他应该懂。我现在在想，
“祖母除以猴子等于外太空。”罗恩
把我推进那副画中。在另一幅画中，一个
长相漂亮的诗人在沉思；然而，他绝
不会说起这种事。不过，他的脸色敞亮，
目光清澈，轻轻地倚靠在一个手肘上，
拳头在他的耳朵下方，他绝对坦率，
聆听着，无论听到什么他都完全有兴趣。
而在这里，他只关心我一个。朋友中，
没有什么比真正的亲密更让我觉得奇怪。
那些看似真的，是真实的，是想起你，那就是
我的感觉。你死了。你再也不会
去写这个国家，这是真的。
可是那些在天上的人们真的

喜欢跟你一起晚餐，一起散步。

(You are now there, too.)

Crystal

Be awake mornings. See light spread across the lawn
(snow) as the sky refuses to be any color, today
I like this boat-ride I'm being taken for, although
It never leaves the shore, this boat. Its fires burn
Like a pair of lovely legs. It's a garage that grew up
Sometimes I can't talk, my mouth too full of words, but
I have hands & other parts, to talk lots! Light the fire
Babble for you. I dream a green undersea man
Has been assigned to me, to keep me company, to smirk
At me when I am being foolish. A not unpleasant dream.
My secret doors open as the mail arrives. Fresh air
Pours in, around, before they close again. The winds are rushing
Up off of the ocean, up Little Plains Road. Catch the Wind
In my head, a quiet song. And, "Everything belongs to me
Becasue I am poor." Waiting in sexy silence, someone
Turns over in bed, & waiting is just a way of being with
Now a tiny fire flares out front the fireplace. Chesterfiled
King lights up! Wood is cracking inside
Elephants' rush & roar. Refrigerator's gentle drone
Imagined footsteps moving towards my door. sounds in dreams
In bed. You are all there is inside my head.

《晶体》

清醒的早晨。看见光线散落在草皮上

(下雪) 今天，天空拒绝任何色彩

我喜欢这趟乘船旅行，我上船了，尽管
这条船从没离开过海岸。它烧起来的
火焰像一对可爱的腿。它是一个成年车库。
有时我没法说话，嘴巴塞满词语，可我
还有手，有其它部件，可以说个没完！点燃火焰，
对你胡说八道。我梦见一个绿色海底人
被指派给我，陪伴我，对准我傻笑，当我
自己也傻乎乎时。一个不怎么愉快的梦。
我秘密的门打开，邮件来了。新鲜空气
注入进来，灌满了，门又重新关上。那些风
在海面上，在小平原路上急行，在我脑壳中
抓住那阵风，一首安静的歌。听说，“一切归我
所有，因为我是个穷鬼。”在性感的沉默中等待，
有人在床上翻转，等待是一种相处的方式。现在，
一点微火在壁炉前闪烁。切斯特菲尔德国王
亮起来！木材在大象的奔突和咆哮中爆裂。冰箱发出
柔和的嗡嗡声。想象脚步声靠近我的门。在梦里，
床上的声音。你们所有人都在我脑壳中。

Clown

There's a strange lady in my front yard
A girl naked in the shower, saying
"I'm keeping my boxes dry!" A naked artist
Smoking. Bad teeth. Wooden planks: furniture. Sky
One minute ago I stopped thought: 12 years of cops
In my life. & Alice is putting her panties on
Takes off a flowery dress for London's purple one
Out of the blue, a host of words, floating
March: awaiting rescue: smoke, or don't
Strapped: deprived. Shoot yourself: stay alive.
& you can't handle yourself, love, feeling

No inclination toward that solitude.
Take it easy, & as it comes. Coffee
Suss. Feel. Whine. Shut up. Exercise.
Turn. Turn around. Turn. Kill dog.
Today woke up bright & early, no mail, life
Is horrible, & I am stupid, & I think.....Nothing.
"Have faith, old brother. You are a myth in my heart.
We are both alive. Today we may go to India."

《乡下人》

在我前院有一个奇怪的女士
一个裸体女孩在洗澡，说 “我在
保持我的箱子干燥！” 一个裸艺术家
冒着烟。坏牙。木板：家具。天空
一分钟前我停止思考：当了十二年
警察。艾丽斯套上她的短裤头，脱掉
那条花裙子换上伦敦紫色的那条
莫名其妙，一大堆词语，飘来荡去
三月：等待救援：冒烟，或没有
束缚：一穷到底。朝自己开枪：还活着。
你无法照料自己，爱，还是情绪
你没有面向那种孤独的癖好。
放松点，它会来的。喝喝咖啡
苏斯。去感受。哀哀怨。闭嘴。练习。
转。转圈。转动。杀死狗狗。
今天醒得特别早，生气勃勃的，没有邮件，生活
是可怕的，而我是个傻瓜，我在想....没啥。
“得有点信仰，老弟。你在我心中是一个神话。
我们双活着。今天我们可能去趟印度。”

Chinese Nightingale

We are involved in a transpersonified state
Revolution, which is turning yourself around
I am asleep next to "The Hulk." "The Hulk" often sleeps
While I am awake & vice versa. Life is less than ideal
For a monkey in love with a nymphomaniac! God is fired!
Do I need the moon to remain free? To explode softly
In a halo of moon rays? Do I need to be
On my human feet, straight, talking, free
Will sleep cure the deaf-mute's heartbreak? Am I
In my own way, America? Rolling downhill, & away?
The door to the river is closed, my heart is breaking
Loose from sheer inertia. All I do is bumble. No
Matter. We live together in the jungle.

《中国夜莺》

我们被卷入一种拟人化情形
革命无非是把自己翻翻面
我在“绿巨人”边上睡着了。“绿巨人”
总在我醒着时睡觉，反之亦然。生活
不是做梦。一个猴子爱上一个女色情狂！
上帝被开除了！我需要通过月亮保持自由吗？
在月晕中轻柔地爆炸？我是否需要
起身，站直，说话，自由自在？
睡觉是否能治疗聋哑的心碎？我挡了
自己的道了吗，美国？滚下山，然后滚开？
通向河流的门关上了，我的心挣脱出
绝对惯性。一切都磕磕绊绊的。无
所谓。我们生活丛林中还在一起。

Wrong Train

Here comes the man! He's talking a lot
I'm sitting, by myself. I've got
A ticket to ride. Outside is, "Out to Lunch."
It's no great pleasure, being on the make.
Well, who is? Or, well everyone is, tho.
"I'm laying there, & some guy comes up
& hits me with a billyclub!" A fat guy
Says. Shut up. & like that we cross a river
Into the Afterlife. Everything goes on as before
But never does any single experience make total use
Of you. You are always slightly ahead,
Slightly behind. It merely baffles, it doesn't hurt.
It's total pain & it breaks your heart
In a less than interesting way. Every day
Is payday. Never enough pay. A deja-vu
That lasts. It's no big thing, anyway.
A lukewarm greasy hamburger, ice-cold pepsi
that hurts your teeth.

《错误的火车》

那男的来了！他话头超多
我坐着，独自一人。我已经搞到了
车票。外面是说，“出门午餐。”
这并不是什么大的乐趣，追求名声、成功。
好吧，说谁呢？或者说，谁不是呢？
“我躺在这儿，有个家伙走过来，
用警棍敲我！”一个肥佬说。
闭嘴。接着就这样，我趟过一条河
进入来世。一切在照常进行，但任何
一条经验对你都不管用了。
你总是略微领先，或稍稍拖后。

这让人迷惑，但不存在伤害。
它只是完全痛苦，让人心碎。
一点也不有趣。每天都在发
工资。但远远不够。不过，那只是
一场幻觉，没什么大不了的。
一个温热油腻的汉堡，一罐冰镇百事
它们才会伤害你的牙齿。

Buddha on the Bounty

"A little loving can solve a lot of things"
She locates two spatial equivalents in
The same time continuum. "You are lovely. I
am lame." "Now it's me." "if a man is in
Solitude, the world is translated, my world
& wings sprout from the shoulders of "The Slave"
Yeah. I like the fiery butterfly puzzles
Of this pilgrimage toward clarities
Of great mud intelligence & feeling.
"The Elephant is the wisest of all animals
The only one who remembers his former lives
& he remains motionless for long periods of time
Meditating thereon." I'm not here, now,
& it it good, absence.

《赏金佛陀》

“一点点爱可以解决很多问题”
在同一时间连续体中，她坐落在
两个空间平衡点上。“你真可爱。而我
实在差劲。”“现在轮到我了。”“要是
一个男的孤独，世界会改变，我的世界，

翅膀从《奴隶》肩膀上发出芽来。”

是的。我喜欢那冒火的通向那伟大
泥泞的智力和情感的清澈之
朝圣之路之蝴蝶拼图。

“大象是所有动物中最灵光的，
是唯一能记得前世的动物，在冥想中
保持长久不动。”我不在这儿，现在，
这很好，不在。

Scorpio

If I don't love you I
Won't let it show. But I'll
Make it clear, by
Never letting you know.

& if I love you, I will
Love you true: insofar
As love, itself,
Will do.

& while I live, I'll be
Whatever I am, whose
Constant, impure, fire
Is outwardly only a man.

《天蝎座》

要是我不爱你，
我不会表现出来。不过我会
通过不让你知道这个

表现出这一点。

以及，要是我爱你，我会
实际爱你：实际上，
爱这东西本身
也会这么干。

以及当我活着，我
就是我，我那永恒的，
败坏的火焰，
仅仅是一个男人的外在。

I Used to Be but Now I AM

I used to be inexorable,
But now I am elusive.

I used to be the future of America,
But now I am America.

I used to be part of the problem,
But now I am the problem.

I used to be part of the solution, if not all of it,
But now I am not that person.

I used to be intense, & useful,
But now I am heavy, & boring.

I used to be sentimental about myself, & therefore ruthless,
But now I am, I think, a sympathetic person, although
easily amused.

I used to be a believer,
But now, alas, I believe.

《我曾经是，可现在我是》

我曾经冷酷无情，
可现在我神秘兮兮的。

我曾经是美国的未来，
现在我是美国。

我曾经是一个问题的一部分，
这会儿我成了这个问题。

我过去曾经，即便不是全部，也是解决方案的一部分，
现在呢，我不在是那种人。

我过去热忱也有益，
可现在，我沉重也无聊。

我过去对自己多愁善感因而残忍，
好了，现在，我想我是一个可怜人，尽管
可以轻易地被取悦。

我曾经是一个信徒，
可是现在，唉，我信了。

The Complete Prelude
FOR CLARK COODLIDGE & FOR MY MOTHER

1.

Upon the river, point me out my course
That blows from the green fields and from the clouds
And from the sky: be nothing better
Than a wandering cloud
Come fast upon me
Such as were not made for me.
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again
That burthen of my own natural self
The heavy weight of many a weary day;
Coming from a house
Shall be my harbour; promises of human life
Are mine in prospect;
Now I am free, enfranchis'd and at large.
The earth is all before me, with a heart.

2.

And the result was elevating thoughts
Among new objects smilified, arranged
And out of what had been, what was, the place
"O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,"
Was thronged with impregnations, like those wilds
That into music touch the passing wind;
Had been inspired, my meditations turn'd
And unencroached upon, now, seemed brighter far,
Though fallen from bliss, a solitary, full of caverns, rocks
And audible seclusions: here also found an element
that pleased her
Tried her strength; made it live. Here
Neither guilt, nor vice, nor misery forced upon my sight
Could overthrow my trust in Courage, Tenderness, & Grace.
In the tender scenes I most did take my delight.

3.

Thus strangely did I war against myself
What then remained in such Eclipse? What night?
The wizard instantaneously dissolves
Through all the habitations of past years
And those to come, and hence an emptiness;
& shall continue evermore to make
& shall perform to exalt and to refine
Inspired, celestial presence ever pure
From all the sources of her former strength.
Then I said:" and these were mine,
Not a deaf echo, merely, of thought,
But living sounds. Yea, even the visible universe was scanned
And as by the simple waving of a wand
With something of a kindred spirit, fell
Beneath the domination of a taste, its animation & its deeper sway."

《完整的序曲》

致 克拉克·柯立芝和我娘

1.

在河上，请为我指出我的航向
那风从绿的原野、云层，从天空
吹过来：没有什么比一朵游荡的云
更好的事物了。
快追上我吧，
它们并非为我而来。
我不能迷路。我再次呼吸
我那与身俱来的重荷，
那疲惫日子中的沉重肉身。
我来自一间屋子，

它是我的港湾；人类生活的承诺
是我要去勘探矿藏；
我现在自由了，成了公民，我逍遥法外。
所有土地在我前方，有一颗心。

2.

对新对象的简化和整理，
产生的结果提升我的思想。
那个过去是什么，现在是什么的地方
“蓝色苍穹中闪耀着白色”
挤满了受孕的种子，就像荒野
触碰经过的风产生音乐。
受到启发，走在梦中，
月蚀中，我的沉思翻转，
不再收到侵蚀，现在，似乎更明亮了，
尽管从极乐中坠落，一块孤独、布满孔洞的岩石
掉进音响豪华的隔绝场所：这儿同样发现了一种使她满意的元素，
试探她的力量；让它活过来。这儿，
压迫在我视野上的罪恶，恶习，苦难，
都无法动摇我对勇气，温柔和优雅的信任。
在柔和的景色中我确实很高兴。

3.

因而我奇怪的与自身发生火并。
在如此月蚀中会剩下什么？夜晚吗？
那巫师突然瞬间消失，
穿过以往所有住所，以及
那些到来的，以及随之而来的虚空。
应该继续永远折腾
应该继续从她原先全部
力量之源提升和提炼
灵感，永远纯洁的天象。

我说，“这些是我的，
不是一个近乎聋哑的思想回声，
而是一个活的声音。是的，即便可见宇宙也被扫描了，
就像一根棍子简单挥舞，
与臭味相投的东西一起，落在
嗜好统治下，它的活力和深度摇晃。”

(end.)

Easter Monday

Easter Monday

Chicago Morning
TO PHILIP GUSTON

Under a red face, black velvet shyness
Milking an emaciated gaffer. God lies down
Here. Rattling of a shot, heard
From the first row. The president of the United States
And the Director of the FBI stand over
a dead mule. "Yes, it is nice to hear the fountain
With the green trees around it, as well as
People who need me." Quote Lovers of speech unquote. It's
a nice thought
& typical of a rat. And, it is far more elaborate

Than expected. And the thing is, we don't need
that much money.

Sunday morning; blues, blacks, red & yellow wander
In the soup. Gray in the windows' frames. The angular
Explosion in the hips. A huge camel rests
in a massive hand

Casts clouds a smoggish white out & up over the Loop, while
Two factories (bricks) & a fortress of an oven (kiln)
Rise, barely visible inside a grey metallic gust.

"The Fop's Tunic."

She gets down, off of the table, breaking a few more plates.
Natives paint their insiders crystal white here (rooms)
Outside is more bricks, off-white. Europe at Night.

《芝加哥早晨》

致菲利普·加斯顿

在一副红脸下，黑色丝绒般的害羞
挤着一个消瘦乡巴佬头的奶。上帝躺在
这儿。一排枪声哒哒哒地，
从第一排传来。那个美利坚总统
和中央情报局头子站在
一头死驴边。“是啊，听一听泉水突突地冒泡，
附近不仅绿树环绕，还有拥戴我的人，
挺好。”——引用自演讲爱好者。一个
不错的想法，
典型的老鼠。并且，比期待的
还要精致；蓝色的，黑色的，红色和黄色的游荡
在一锅汤里。窗框的灰色。屁股的
定向爆破。一头巨型骆驼歇息在
一个巨大的手掌上
喷射出白雾似的云，上升，一圈接一圈，

两座工厂（砖胚）和一个炉子堡垒（砖窑）
升起，在一阵金属灰的风中几乎看不见。

“纨绔子弟的长袍。”

她从桌子上下来，打破了不少盘子。

土著们把他们的内部漆成了纯白色（房间）
外面是更多灰白色的砖。欧洲现在是夜晚。

The End

Despair farms a curse, slackness
In the sleep of animals, with mangle limbs
Dogs, frogs, game elephants, while
There's your new life, blasted with milk.
It's the last day of summer, it's the first
Day of fall: soot sits on Chicago like
A fat head's hat. The quick abounds. Turn
To the left; turn to the right. On Bear's Head
Two Malted Milk balls. "Through not taking himself
Quietly enough he strained his insiders." He
Encourages criticism, but he never forgives it.
You who are the class in the sky, receive him
Into where you dwell. May he rest long and well.
God help him, he invented us, that is, a future
Open living beneath his spell. One goes not where
One came from. One sitting says, "I stand corrected."

《结束》

绝望滋生诅咒，懈怠
在动物的睡眠中，四肢破损的
狗啊蛙啊与大象游戏，而
你的新生活充满了牛奶。

这是夏天的最后一天，也是
秋天的第一天：烟灰笼罩着芝加哥
像一顶胖头帽。生机勃勃。向左
转转，往右转转。在熊脑壳上
两个麦乳精球。“因为他不够安静
他把内脏折腾坏了。”他
鼓励评论，但绝不原谅批评。
你是天上的阶级，你把他
归拢到你的地盘吧。愿他长眠安康。
上帝保佑他，他创造了我们，也就是说
未完成的生活在他的庇佑下展开。人不去
他来的地方。而坐着的人说，“我站着认错。”

Newtown

Sunday morning: here we live jostling & tricky
blues, blacks, reds & yellows all are gray
in each window: the urbanites have muscles
in their butts & backs; shy, rough, compassionate
& good natured, "they have sex in their pockets"
To women in love with my flesh I speak.
All the Irish major statements & half the best
Low-slung stone. Upstairs is sleep. Downstairs
is heat. She seems exceedingly thin and transparent
Two suspicious characters in my head. They park & then
Start, the same way you get out of bed. The pansy is
Grouchy. The Ideal Family awaits distribution on
The Planet. Another sensation tugged at his heart
Which he could not yet identify,
half Rumanian deathbed diamond
Wildly singing in the mountains with cancer of the spine.

《纽敦》

星期天早晨：我们待在这里，拥挤，奸诈。
蓝，黑，红，黄在随便哪个窗户上都是
灰色。都市人在他们的屁股和后背上
长满了肌肉；害羞，粗鲁，富有同情心，
以及好的本性，“他们在他们的口袋里交媾”
我对那些热爱我肉体的女人说。
所有爱尔兰主要声明和一半最好的
低悬的石头。楼上用来睡。楼下
暖气。她看上去过分地瘦和透明，
仿佛我脑子里的两种可疑特征。他们停车，
接着启动，跟我起床差不多。那个同志
相当暴躁。《理想家庭》在等待《行星》
杂志的发布。那种他没法设别的感觉
猛拉着他的心脏，
一半 罗马尼亚人的 临终的 钻石
狂野地在长着脊柱癌的山脉上歌唱。

Method Action

FOR HANK KANABUS

Frog sees dog.

log?

See the lamp?

It is out.

"Do you think I became

a dance-hall girl

because

I was bad?"

It ain't gonna work.

Because by morning
it'll be gone.
the medicine I took
to change
the way I was.

*

And I'm the man who killed him.

《方法行动》
致汉克·坎纳巴斯

蛙看见狗。
啥？
看见灯了没？
它不在。
“你觉得我成为
一个舞女
是因为
我坏？”
这不管用。
因为一到早晨
它便消失了。
我嗑药
用来改善
自己。

*

以及，我是杀死他的那个人。

Swinburne & Watts-Dunton

Beer in bed, &
An unused point
Beside me
On the bench.

Goodbye To all That.

No first lines in London...
Tuborg lager,
Putney High Street,
S.w. 15

"A pure case of unmitigated flatulence."

Yes, but, "He is exulted.
The ice
Meant something else
To him."

White South.

《斯威本和瓦茨-邓顿》

床头摆着啤酒，
一个闲置的点
在我旁边
在一条长凳上。

告别这一切。

在伦敦，一行诗还没写……

图博格拉格啤酒，

帕特尼大街，

S.W. 15

“一个纯粹的无可救药的放屁案例。”

是的，但，“他狂喜。

冰

意味着别的东西，

对他而言。”

白色南方。

Soviet Souvenir

What strikes the eye hurts, what one hears is a lie.

The river is flowing again between its banks.

Grant one more summer, O you Gods! that once I did not ask

The windows through which the bells toll are like doors

Because she is direct in her actions and in her feelings

Under the puns of the troop, there are frescoes

On the rudder, which you set against a bracelet's fire, and

Which goes toward you with each beat.

I find myself there; am I finally ill at ease with my own

Principle? Fortune be praised! Immense density, not divinely,

bathes us

I hear walking in my legs

The savage eyes into wood look for the head they can live in

It's my window, even now, around me, full of darkness, dumb,
so great!
My heart willingly again beginning crying out; and at the same time
anxious, love, to contain.

《苏维埃纪念品》

眼见为痛，耳听是谎言。
河在两岸间再次流淌。
准许又一个夏天到来，哦，众神！那会儿，
我没有要求那穿过钟声的窗像门

是因为她的行动和感觉在部队的双关语下
是直接的，那方向舵上有壁画，
你把它放在手镯的火上，
它每次跳动，都在走向你。
我发现我也在那儿；我最终会轻易
对我的原则感到不安吗？巨大的密度，而不是神圣，
沐浴我们。
我听见我的腿脚在走路
那野蛮的眼睛来到树林寻找它们能居住的脑壳

这是我的床，即便现在，包围我，乌漆嘛黑，沉默
多了不起啊。
我的心很乐意再次呐喊；同时
以焦虑的爱去抑制它。

Old-fashioned Air
FOR LEE CRABTREE

I'm living in Battersea, July,
1973, not sleeping, reading
Jet noise throbs building fading
Into baby talking, no, "speechifying"
"Ah wob chuk sh'guh!" Glee.
There's a famous Power Station I can't see
Up the street. Across there is
Battersea Park
I walked across this morning toward
A truly gorgeous radiant flush;
Sun; fumes of the Battersea
Power Station; London air;
I walked down long avenues of trees
That leant not gracefully
Over the concrete walk. Wet green lawn
Opened spaciouly
Out on either side of me. I saw
A great flock of geese taking their morning walk
Unharriedly.
I didn't hurry either, Lee.
I stopped & watched them walk back up toward
& down into their lake,
Smoked a Senior Service on a bench
As they swam past me in a long dumb graceful cluttered line,
Then, taking my time, I found my way
Out of that park;
A Gate that was locked. I jumped the fence.
From there I picked up the London Times, came home,
Anselm awake in his bed, Alice
Sleeping in mine: I changed
A diaper, read a small poem I'd had
In mind, then thought to write this line:
"Now is Monday morning so, that's a garbage truck I hear,

no bells"

And we are back where we started from, Lee, you
& me, alive & well!

《过时的空气》

致 李·卡拉布奇

我住在巴特西，七月，
1973 年，还没睡，在看点书
喷射机噪音震动房子逐渐淡去
成为婴儿说话，不，“喋喋不休没完”
“哈，喔，恰卡，瓜哈！”欢唱。
在那儿我看不见的街上有一个
著名发电站。穿过那儿便是
巴特西公园
我这个早晨穿过，走向
一种真正漂亮闪光的喜悦：
太阳；巴西特发电站的
烟气；伦敦的空气；
我沿着常常的林荫大道不行，
树木不优雅地倾斜在水泥人行道上。
潮湿的绿地在我两边
空旷地敞开着。我看见
一大群鹅在它们的早晨踱步，
不徐不疾。
我也没啥急的，李。
我停下，看着它们返回，
下到它们的湖里，
坐在长凳上抽一只高级香烟，
它们像一条长长的傻乎乎的优雅的杂乱的队伍游过我，
接着，没什么可急的，我踱步
走出那个公园；

大门锁上了。我跳过篱笆。

在那儿，我挑了份《伦敦时报》，回了家，
安塞姆在他的床上醒着，艾丽斯
在我的床上睡着了：我换了
尿布，念一首在心写好的
小诗，想着写下这句：

“现在是星期一早晨，我听见一部垃圾车
没按喇叭”

我们返回我们最初来的地方，李，你
和我，我们活着，好好的！

The Ancient Art of Wooing

A master square weaver, one's favoured medium,
That is what is behind the boom.
Brusquely hugely schemefully ignored
Free in the language of wooing, but not included

the close elaborate current square panorama
quiver now one quivers

The aerial view of vineyards spreading out, encircling
the house

Backlit, color coming from whithin, light & dark
closely akin to skin

This slow constant weave seems badly adapted
To the grave overpowering expression of
a decorative opulent emotion.
Oh, does it? Behind this boom one can see one is getting
After the false starts & necessary resistance,
one's bones' worth.

On display they in the center become alive. They
are handsome in themselves.

The possible in mural scale model in Marriage
is formalized.

《旧社会求爱艺术》

方巾编织大师，偏爱的媒介，
那便是繁荣背后的东西。
被粗鲁地巨大地有计划地忽视
在求爱语言中的自由，但不包括

精密当下流行的方形全景
发抖 现在颤抖
葡萄园高空视角向外延伸，环绕着
房屋
逆光，色彩来自内部，明暗
与皮肤相似

这种缓慢持续的编织似乎很不适应
一种庄严而窒息的大规模装饰性
情感表达。

哦，是吗？这繁荣下，可以看到一个人在攻击
错误的开始，必要的抵抗，
骨头的价值。

他们被展示在中心，活灵活现。他们
本身就很英俊。
在婚姻中，可能的壁画规模模型
被形式化了。

Late November

What said your light
you know, an answer refusing
I go to my store I maintain
animal inextricably between

illuminated, on the line
something lords in chair
all fixtured silvered
heart, your curtain, air

breathy air stirs white
knowing refusing running
Waitomo Cave, New Zealand
couldn't catch the day, its curve, its more

Committed robbery with the Smothers Brothers
cops pursue us infinitely

《十一月下旬》

说了啥你的光
你知道，回答拒绝
我去我的商店我在
无处可逃的
照明中保养

动物，在线上
什么主在椅子上
全固定的银

心，你的窗帘，空气

可呼吸的空气搅动白色

知道拒绝逃跑

怀托莫洞，新西兰

拿不准那日子，它的曲线，以其它

与斯莫斯兄弟一道抢劫

警察追踪我们永无至今

At Loma Linda

"The pressure's on, old son."

"We're going to salvage just about all you have left."

"Right. And I'm going with you."

"I'm also staying right here with you."

"It's the way you've been going about it that worries us."

"All this remote control business."

"I'm the principal stockholder and I'm moving my equities out."

"He believes if he's hard enough on a body they'll give way."

"It's funny to have lived all this time in the midlands

And not seen all these lovely things about."

"Where's the Doctor?" "I am the Doctor."

"Is everything ready for surgery?"

"Yes, & you don't need a sauna to get steamed up here."

"You'll find the patient's files in these cabinets here."

《在洛马林达》

“压力很大啊，老子。”

“我们会把你留下的所有东西打捞起来。”

“没错。我会你在一起。”

“我仍跟你一块儿待在这。”

“你干的这些事真让我们担心。”

“所有这些远程操控生意。”

“好吧，我是主要股东，我要清空我的股票！”

“他相信要是对某人足够严厉，他们就会妥协的。”

“一直活在内陆地区却没有看见
这些可爱的东西，这真趣吗。”

“医生去哪儿了？”“我就是医生。”

“手术准备好了吗？”

“你不需要用桑拿取暖，此地。”

“你会找到病历的，就在那些柜子里。”

L.G.T.T.H.

Queen Victoria dove headfirst into the swimming pool, which was
filled with blue milk.

I used to be baboons, but now I am person.

I used to be secretary to an eminent brain surgeon, but now I am
quite ordinary. Oops! I've spilled the beans!

I wish mountains could be more appealing to the eye.

I wash sometimes. Meanwhile

Two-ton Toney Galento began to rub beef gravy over this entire body.

I wish you were more here.

I used to be Millicent, but now I am Franny.
I used to be a bowl of black China tea, but now I am walking back
to the green fields of the Peoples' Republic.
Herman Melville is elbowing his way through the stringbeans towards us.
Oscar Levant handed the blue pill to Oscar Wilde during the fish course.
Then he slapped him.
I used to be blue, but now I am pretty. I wish broken bad person.
I wish not to see you tonight.
I wish to exchange this chemistry set for a goldfish please.
I used to be a little fairy, but now I am President of The United States.

《L.G.T.T.H》

维多利亚女王一头扎进游泳池，那里
灌满了蓝牛奶。
我过去是一头狒狒，但这会儿是人。
我曾经是一头杰出的脑科手术医生的秘书结果现在成了一头安静的普通人。哎呀！我又泄密了！
我希望山脉对我的眼睛有更多吸引力。
我时而也洗澡。同时
两顿重的托尼·盖伦通开始用牛肉卤汁擦拭我全身。
我希望你更多地在这儿。
我过去是米利森特，现在我是弗兰妮。
我过去是一碗中国清茶，可现在我回到
到人民共和国的田野上了。
赫尔曼·麦尔维尔挤过青豆朝我们走来。
奥斯卡·莱万特在鱼道上递给奥斯卡·瓦特蓝色药丸。
那么，他就给了他一记耳光。
我过去是忧伤可当下我漂亮极了。我希望破坏一个人。
我不想见你，今晚。
我希望用这套化学装备换你的金鱼谢谢。
我过去是一个小仙女，然而这会儿现在我是美国总统。

Peking

These are the very rich garments of the poor
Tousling gradations of rainbow, song & soothing tricks
With a crooked margin there & there is here: we
Are the waiting fragments of his sky, bouncing
 a red rubber ball in the veins.
Do you have a will? And one existing so forgets all
Desuetude desultory having to move again, take power from snow,
Evening out not more mild than beastly kind, into a symbol.
I hate that. I think the couple to be smiles over glasses, and

Questions not to find you, the which they have. O Marriage
Talking as you is like talking for a computer, needing to be
Abacus, adding machine, me. Up from the cave's belly, down
 from the airy populace
That lace my soul, a few tears from the last the sole surviving
 Texas Ranger,
Freed, freely merge with your air, dance. Blue are its snowflakes
Besprinkled blue lights on his eyes, & flakes. For her

I'd gladly let the snake wait under my back, and think, to walk,
And pass our long love's day. Landscape rushing away.

《北平》

这些是穷人的奢侈服装
杂乱的彩虹江边，歌以及让人安慰的把戏
有一个弯曲的边缘，那里，而那里便是这里：我们
是在他的天空中等待的碎片，想一个

红皮球在静脉中一跳一弹。

你有遗愿吗？一个人活着因此忘掉一切

散乱的废弃物必须继续移动，从雪中夺取政权，

夜晚外出不会比野兽更温和，成为一个符号。

我厌恶这个。我想着那对情侣在眼镜架上微笑，

问题没找到你，那是他们的问题。哦，婚姻谈话

就好像你像是在与一部电脑聊天，需要成为

一部算盘，以及机器，我。在洞穴的肚子上空，

在通风的人群底下

这些勒住我的魂，一点眼泪水来自最后唯一生还的

德克萨斯骑兵，

释放，自由地合并你的空气，舞。蓝色是它的雪花

蓝光洒满他的眼眶，一片片的。为她

我很高兴让蛇等在我后背，想东想西，散散步，

度过我们漫长爱的日子。风景匆匆逃窜。

From A list of the Delusions of the Insane

What They Are Afraid Of

That they are starving.

That their blood has turned to water.

That they give off a bad smell.

Being poor.

That they are in hell.

That they are the tools of another power.

That they have stolen something.

That they have committed an unpardonable sin.

Being unfit to live.

That evil chemicals have entered the air.

Being ill with a mysterious disease.
that they will not recover.
That their children are burning.

《来自一份疯狂的妄想清单，他们在害怕啥》

那便是他们在挨饿。

那便是他们的血液变成了汤水。

那便是他们散发着腐败臭气。

穷人。

那便是他们是另一种权力的工具。

那便是他们偷了什么东西。

那便是他们犯下无法赦免的罪。

不适合活着。

那便是邪恶的化学品已经进入空气中。

是一种神秘的疾病。

那便是他们无法恢复。

那便是他们的孩子烧着了。

Chicago English Afternoon

He never listened while friends talked
 Less original than penetrating, very often
 Illuminating He worked steadily to the even
 Current of sound sunlit
 oblongs bramble transfer
 White South nothing is gained by assurance as
 To what is insecure beer in bed, & an unused point
 Beside me on the bench time of , major energy product
 Over Bellevue Road that silence said
 To mean an angle is passing overhead my baby

Throws my shoes out the door & one cannot go back
Except in time "Yes, but he is exultant; the ice
Meant something else to him" highly reduced
For the sake of maintaining scale Goodbye To All That
"I have only one work, & I hardly know what it is."
It was silence that stopped him working, silence in which
 he might look up
& see terror waiting in their eyes for his attention.
"Ladies & Gentlemen, you will depart the aircraft
At the Terminal Area to your Right. Thank you for flying United."

*先前有同样内容的诗，只是重新分行了。包括上上首也是这种情况。我不知道这有什么好玩的。可能作者自恋吧。

She (Not to be confused with she, a girl)

She alters all our lives for the better, merely
By her presence in it. She is a star. She is
Radiant, & She is vibrant(integrity). She animates
And gathers this community. Half the world's population
Is under 25. She permits everybody to be themselves more often
 than not.
She is elegant. I love her.

 She writes poetry of an easy & graceful
Intimacy. She is brave. She is always slightly breathless, or
Almost always slightly. She is witty. She owns a proud & lovely
Dignity, & She is always willing to see it through.
She is an open circle, Her many selves at or near the center, &
She is here right now. Technically, She is impeccable, &
If She is clumsy in places, those are clumsy places. She knows
Exactly what she is doing & not before She is doing it. What

She discovers She discovered before She discovers it, and so
The fresh discovery of each new day. Her songs are joyous songs,
& they are prayers, never failing to catch the rush of hope
(anticipation)

Despair, insanity & desperation pouring in any given moment.

She

Knows more than She will ever say. She will always say
More than she knows. She is a pain. She is much less than
Too good to be true. She is plain. She is ordinary. She
is a miracle.

《她（不要与她混淆，一个女孩）》

她仅仅凭她的存在
就让我们日子变得更好。她是一颗星星。她是
光芒，她充满活力（正直）。她有生命气息，
能凝聚整个社区。世界上一半的人口
年龄在 25 岁以下。她让每个人能更好地成为
自己。

她优雅。我爱她。

她写轻松而优雅的

亲密诗歌。她勇敢。她有点气喘，或者
几乎总是有点气喘。她极机灵。她有自豪而可爱的
尊严，她总是愿意坚持到底。

她的圈子很开发，她的许多自我在中心或接近中心，
她这会儿就在这里。技术上讲，她无可挑剔，
如果她在某些地方笨拙，那是那些地方原本就笨拙。
她确切知道自己在做什么，在做前就知道。她
发现的东西，在发现之前就已发现，所以
每一天的新发现都新鲜。她的歌欢乐，
它们是祈祷，总能捕捉到那希望的涌动

（期待）

绝望、疯狂和不顾一切注入任何特定时刻。

她

知道的比她说的多。她总是说的

比她知道的多。她是个麻烦。她远不及

好得不真实。她普通。她平凡。她

奇迹。

Innocents Abroad

TO GORDON BROTHERSTON

Fluke Holland: ——The Tennessee Third

Stew Carnall: He was horrified: The Little Pill.

Coy Bacon: A nincomparable nanimal:

Hunk Jordan: His Ghost.

Margo Veno: Pigtails: ink

Rugby Kissick "Sally Bowles"

Helen Keller: "Nuff said."

Sue Bear: Car Crash. (Change)

Joe Don Looney: Rexroth's Tune

Cream Saroyan: "Her first is a song."

Trane DeVore: Hands Up!

Kid Dorn: I am dog.

Ava Smothers: Defies calipers

St. Paul. (Bag.) Still. Say it ain't so.

《外国真人》

致戈登·布鲁斯顿

弗卢克（侥幸）·霍兰德：田纳西第三

斯图（炖汤）·卡纳尔：他惊恐万分：小药丸。

科伊（腩腆）·培根：一个无比独特的“纳”动物：

汉克（大块头）·乔丹：他的鬼魂。

马戈·韦诺：猪辫：墨水

橄榄球·基斯：《莎莉·鲍尔斯》

海伦·凯勒：“不用多说。”

苏·贝尔：车祸。（改变）

乔·唐·卢尼：雷克斯罗斯的曲调

克里姆（奶油）·萨罗扬：“她的第一是首歌。”

特兰·德沃：举起手来！

基德·多恩：我是狗。

艾娃·斯莫瑟斯：藐视卡钳

圣·保罗。（包包。）静止。说这不是真的。

Sister Moon

Where do the words come from? (come in?)

Where did that silt?

How much lives?

A rock is next to the bee.

The window is never totally thought through.

So

"Silver" is used to stand for something nothing

really ever quite is. Let it stand against.

Or in other words what next?

There's time enough

A lot of unallyed nouns. for a list to occur

betwween the lines.

Weather, as all strata in a possible day.

Sleet against window glass. A cigarette starts sounding.

You can see how "a depth" makes "west" and "south" agree.

A philosophy: "I guess yes."

milks & honeys, stuns, salutes, flashes....

now & again, "a glimpse"

《月妹》

这些话从哪儿来的？（何来？）

淤泥在哪儿？

活了多久？

岩石在蜜蜂旁边。

这窗从来没有进行彻底思考。

因此

“银色”通常象征某种真正

什么都不是的东西。就让它反对吧。

或换句话说，下面有啥？

有足够多的时间

一堆散词 在行与行之间

列出一个清单。

天气，就好像在一个可能的日子的所有层。

雨夹雪击打窗玻璃。一根香烟吱吱响。

你会明白“深度”如何让“西”和“南”同意。

一种哲学：“我才是的。”

牛奶和蜂蜜，震撼，致敬，闪光...

现在，再来一次，“一瞥”

An Orange Clock

Sash the faces of lust

Beast. And get your salutation

An Electric Train wreck in the eye

Everything good is from the Indian. A curtain.

The word reminds me of Abydos and spinach.

I am not a pygmy soothed
By light that breathes like a hand
Sober dog, O expert caresses
In the twisted chamber, for you the silent men, &
Flowers, so as to weave the inhabitants
This small immobile yellow coat persona:
And you must receive songs in its name, O
Library of rapid boons
Irrespective of merit. & now I do not know his name.
Sash the faces of lush
Beast. & Get Your Salutation

《一个橙子闹钟》

配上葱郁的野兽
的脸。得到你的敬礼。
在眼中一部电火车残骸
所有好东西来自印度。窗帘。
这个单词向我暗示艾比多斯古城和菠菜。
我不是一个被像一只手
那样呼吸的光安慰的侏儒
清醒的狗，哦，专家
在扭曲的内阁为你，这个沉默的人，
以及花朵们搞搞按摩，以便编户齐民
这个小小的无法流动的黄套人：
你必须以它的名字接收歌曲，哦
快速恩惠的图书馆
无所谓好坏。我忘了他的名字。
配上葱郁的野兽
的脸皮。获得你的敬礼。

Gainsborough

I belong for what it is worth
To the family of the Phoenix; also
Dragon blood flows in my veins;
And when the time came to assign "us" berths,
Instead of "Proletarian," it was under "Criminal"

I found my name, albeit without
Difficulty, although it took some time. Neither
Among the last nor, happily, the first. It was Alphabetical
& "by the Numbers" in those days. Plus, I got
"Innocence," with a funny dash of "butch."

and there you have it:

Not uncommonly provided just handles enough
To open up, close down, repeat, evade, hit, slip, & turn on:
With luck you could have it both ways & better with each change.
"He wanted the quiet, the domestic & the personal..."
"It's really just the sense of around & around."

《庚斯博罗镇》

我属于凤凰家族
最有价值的部分；同样
龙血在我静脉中流淌；
当时间为“我们”分配床铺，
它不是“无产者的”，而是“犯罪的”。

我找到我的名字，尽管没啥
困难，尽管花了点时间。它既

不在最后，很幸运，也不在最前面。它按字母表排列，在那些“有序的”日子。另外，我还有“天真”和一点点“男性化”。

你还拥有它：

并非罕见地提供却足够用来
打开，关上，重复，逃逸，击中，滑到以及开启：
走运的话你可以同时拥有双份，且每次都变得更好

“他想要那种安静的，居家的，个人化的...”

“它真的只是那种转啊转的感觉。”

Easter Monday

"Antlers have grown out the top of my shaggy head."
"And his conclusions to be unaccompanied by any opinions...."
"You can't have two insides having an affair."
"Why not then spiritualize one's midday food with a little liquor?"
"The question seems prosecutorial." "The house is lost
In the room." "Loyalty is hard to explain."
"Hard fight gets no reward." "A woman has a spirit of her own."
"A man's spirit is built upon experience & rage."——Max Jacob.
In the air, in the house, in the night, bear with me
"I always chat to the golden partner."
"I'm working out the structures of men that don't exist yet."
"A gladness as remote from ecstasy as it is from fear."
"To go on telling the story."
"Give not that which is holy to dog."

《复活节星期一》

“鹿角从我蓬松散乱的脑壳长出”
“他的结论无须任何观点支撑...”
“搞婚外情时你不能脚踏两条河”
“那为何不用酒精来提神午餐呢”
“那问题似乎是原告的”“房子
消失在房间”“忠诚难以解释”
“徒劳的奋斗”“女人自带灵魂”
“男人的灵魂依赖于经验和愤怒”
——马克思·雅克布

在空中屋中夜晚且容我往下说：
“我总是与黄金搭档唠嗑到天明”
“我在研究还不存在的人类结构”
“既远离迷狂又远离恐惧的喜悦”
“继续讲述这个故事请继续，但”
“不必给出对狗而言圣神的东西”

Four Gates to the City

Everything good is from the Indian
Sober dog, O expert caresses
By light that breathes like a hand
Small immobile yellow yo-yo plumage
On the cold bomb-shelter. A cur
Is a pre-sound without a rage
Come with me the nurse ferocity
Whose clouds are really toots from the nearby--it is
A well-lit afternoon but the lights go on
& you know I'm there. Back in those previous frames

Is a walk through a town. It sobers you up
To dance like that. Extraordinary to dance
Like that. Ordinarily, can be seen, dancing
In the streets. Ah, well, thanks for the shoes, god
Like Goethe on his divan at Weimar, I'm wearing them
on my right feet!

《四道门通往城市》

一切好东西来自印度
清新的狗，哦，专家用
手一样的光抚摸
小的，静的，黄的，悠悠羽毛
在冰冷的防空洞。一个杂种
是一个没有怒火的前声
跟我来，护士愤怒道
她的云是来自附近真正的嘟嘟声——
这是一个明亮的下午，但灯还亮着
那么，你便知道我在那儿。一次穿过小镇的
步行回到之前的画面。它让你清醒到
像那样跳舞。非同寻常的舞蹈就像
那样。非常普通，清澈见底，在街上
跳啊跳的。哈，很好，谢谢你鞋子，神
比如那种在魏玛会议厅的歌德，我把它们
统统穿在我右脚上！

In Blood

"Old gods work"

"I gather up my tics & tilts, my stutters & imaginaries

into the "up" leg
In this can-can..." "Are you my philosophy
If I love you which I do..." "I want to know
It sensationally like the truth;" "I see in waves
Through you past me;" "But now I stop--" "I can love
What's for wear:" "But I dredge what I've bottomlessly canned
When I can't tell you..." "I love natural
Coffee beautifully..." "I'm conjugally love
Loose & tight in the same working" "I make myself
Feature by feature" "The angel from which each thing is most itself,
from each, each,"
"I know there's a faithful anonymous performance"
"I wish never to abandon you" "I me room he" To
"Brun! this not negligible, being poetic, & not feeble."

《在血中》

“旧神作品”

“我收集起我的痉挛和倾斜，我的结巴和幻想，
放入‘向上’的腿中，
挑着康康舞……”“你是我的哲学吗？
如果我爱你，而我确实爱……”“我想知道，
它惊人地如同真理；”“我看到你
像波浪似的经过我；”“但现在我停下——”“我能爱
那些用来穿的东西；”“但我挖出我无底罐装的
当我无法告诉你……”“我爱天然的
咖啡，美极了……”“我婚姻般地爱着
同一工种的松散又紧密”“我逐一
塑造自身”“天使来自从每件事物几乎是它自身，
来自每一件都是它自身的。”
“我知道有一种忠实的匿名表演”

“我愿永不抛弃你” “我，我的，房间，他” 用来
“燃烧！这并非微不足道，富有诗意，且不软弱。”

The JOke & The Stars

What we have here is Animal Magick: the fox
is crossing the water: he is the forest from whence
he came, and toward which he siwins: he is the hawk
circling the waters in the sun; and he is also the foxfire
on each bank in Summer wind. He is also the grandfather clock
that stands in the corner of the bedroom, one eye open, both hands up.

And though I am an Irishman in my American
I have not found in me one single he or she
who would sit on a midden dream stars: for
Although I hate it, I walk with the savage gods.

"It's because you are guilty about being another person,
isn't it?" But back at the organ
The angel was able to play a great green tree
for the opening of the new First National Bank

and New York City is the most beautiful city in the world
And it is horrible in that sense of hell. But then
So are you. And you, and you, and you ,and you.
And no I don't mean any of you: I just mean you.

《玩笑和星星》

我们在这里有的是动物魔法：狐狸
正淌过水：它是来自它来自的
那片深林，通向它游泳去的地方：它是老鹰在
阳光下的水面上打转；它同样是夏风中
河岸上的狐火。它同样是一个立在
卧室角落里的祖父闹钟，单眼开着，双手
举起。

尽管我是美国人中的一个爱尔兰人
我仍没有在我内部发现单个的他和她
他们坐在肥堆上，梦见星星：因为尽管
我恨这一点，我仍与野蛮的众神一起散步。

“这是因为你会对成为另外一个人而内疚，
对吧？”可是说回到管风琴
天使能为了第一国家银行开业
弹奏一株了不起的绿树。

那么纽约是世界上最美的城市没有之一
那么从地狱感来说它是可怕的。可是那么
你也是。还有你，你，你们，以及你们
那么不，我不是说全部你们：我是说你们。

Incomplete Sonnet #254
FOR DOUGLAS OLIVER

the number two, &
the number three, &
they being the number one

And as I have, almost
unbelievably, passed the

number four, I wonder

Will I ever "reach", or worse,
Stop at the number Seven?
For though one of me
has a sentimental longing for number

I never have believed in
the Number, Heaven.

Bt in numberless hells
I never once stopped at eleven.

《未完成的十四行 #254》
致 道格拉斯·奥利弗

数字二，以及
数字三，以及
它们都是一个数字

就像我，几乎
不可信地经过数字
四，我疑惑

我能否“到达”，或更差，
停在数字七那里？

因为尽管有一个我
对数字总有一种伤感的渴望。

我绝不相信
天堂这个数字。

但在无编号的地狱中
我一次也没有停在十一层。

Where the Ceiling Light Burns

Since we had changed
The smell of snow, stinging in nostrils as the wind lifes it from a beach
Today a hockey player died in
the green of days: the chimneys
Morning again, nothing has to be done,
maybe buy a piano or make fudge
Totally abashed and smiling
 I walk in
 sit down and
 face the frigidaire
You say that everything is very simple and interesting
'the picturesque
commont lot' the unwarranted light
the fever & obscurity of your organisms....
on what grounds shall we criticize the City Manager?

《吸顶灯烧着的地方》

自从我们改变了
雪的味道，风从海滩吹起它，
 刺进鼻孔
今天一个曲棍球年纪轻轻
就死了：烟囱
又一个早晨，什么都没有改变

也许买一部钢琴或做点软糖什么的
完全尴尬和微笑

我走进去

坐下来

面对那部冰箱

你说一切都很简单有趣

‘风景如画的

生命常态’ 那毫无根据的光

那种热以及你的有机体的费解.....

我们应该基于何种理由去批评《城市经理》？

So Going Around Cities

To Doug & Jan Oliver

"I order you to operate. I was not made to suffer."

Probing for old wills, and friendships, for to free
to New York City, to be in History, New York City being

History at that time. "And I traded my nights

for Intensity; & I barter my right to Gold; & I'd traded

my eyes much earlier, when I was circa say seven years old

for ears to hear Who was speaking, & just exactly who

was being told..." & I'm glad

I hear your words so clearly

& I would not have done it

differently

& I'm amused at such simplicity, even so,

inside each & every door. And now I'm with you, instantly,

& I'll see you tomorrow night, and I see you constantly, hopefully

though one or the other of us is often, to the body-mind's own self

more or less out of sight! Taking walks down any street, Hight

Street, Main Street, walk past my doors! Noewtown; Nymph Rd

(on the Mesa); Waveland

Meeting House lane, in old Southampton; or BelleVue Road

in England, etcetera

Other roads; Manhattan; see them there where open or shut up behind

"I've traded sweet times for answers..."

"They don't serve me anymore." They still serve me on the floor.

Or,

as now, as floor. Now we look out the windows, go in &

out the doors. The Door.

(That front door which was but & then at that time My door).

I closed it.

On the wooing of Helen. "And so we left schools for her." For

She is not one bit fiction; & she is easy to see;

& she leaves me small room

For contradiction. And she is not alone; & she is not one bit

longly in the large high room, &

invention is just vanity, which is plain. She

is the heart's own body, the body's own mind in itself

self-contained.

& she talks like you; & she has created truly not single-handedly

Our tragic thing, America. and though I would be I am not afraid

of her, & you also not. You, yourself, I,

Me, myself, me. And no, we certainly have not pulled down

our vanity; but

We wear it lightly here,

here where I traded evenly, even gladly

health, for sanity; here where we live day-by-day on the same spot.

My English friends, whom I love & miss, we talk to ourselves here,

& we two

rarely fail to remember, although we write seldom, & so must seem

gone forever.

In the stained sky over this morning the clouds seem about to burst.

What is being remembering
Is how we are, together. Like you we are always bothered, except
by the worse; & we are living
as with you we also were
fired, only, mostly, by changes in the weather. For Oh dear hearts,
When precious baby blows her fuse / it's just our way of keeping amused.
That we offer of & as excuse. Here's to you. All the very best.
What's your pleasure? Cheers.

《到城市去闲逛》

致道格和简·奥利弗

“我命令你动起来。我不是来遭罪的。”
探询旧的意愿，友情，为了免费
来纽约，为了进入历史，纽约
在当时已经是历史。“我用我夜晚
交换激情；我用我的权利换来黄金；我老早
交易了我的眼睛，那会儿我大概才七岁
换来耳朵，去听说话的人，确切地说
那个正在说话的人....”我很高兴
 我清晰地听到你说的
 要不我可能就不会
 那么干了
 即便如此，我被每一道门里的朴素
给逗乐了。现在，我立即和你们在一起，
我明晚会拜访你们，我希望能时常见到你们，
尽管我们中的一个或另一个，对自己的身心而言，
常常或多或少看不见！走在任何一条街上，
高街，主街，走过我们的门！扭顿；宁芙路
 （在梅萨）；在韦弗兰德
会堂巷，老南安普顿。或在贝利费路，

英格兰，等等

其它什么路；在曼哈顿；看见他们打开或关在

“我用甜蜜的时光换来答案...”的后面

“他们不再招待我了。”他们会在地板上招待我。

或者，

就像现在，就像用地板。我们现在从窗户往外看，

在门里进进出出。那道门。

（那道前门，可是那会儿是我的门）。

我关了它，

在追求海伦这事上。“因此我们把她留在了学校。”因为

她一点儿也不存在虚构；她轻易可见到；

并且因为有点儿矛盾，她给我留了

一个小房间。它并不孤单；她在那个

高大的房间里一点儿也不孤单，

创造是一种虚荣，明摆着就是这样。她

是心灵的本体。本体的心灵就在自身里面

自给自足。

她像你们那样说话；她真正地单方面制造了

我们的悲剧，美国啊。不过尽管我会，但我并不

害怕她，你们也是。你们，你，我，

我，我自己，我。当然了，不，我们当然

没有捣毁我们的虚荣：可是

我们在这里，我公平交易的地方，轻松穿上它，甚至

很愉快，用健康交换正常的神志；这里，我们一天天活着，

在同一个地方。我爱和想念的英国朋友，我们

在这里自说自话，我们两很少忘记，尽管我们独自

写作，并且看上去似乎永远消失。

在早上污染的天空中，那些云看着要爆炸。

正在被记忆的

正是为什么我们在一起的原因。像你们一样，

我们总在被打扰，除非有更糟的；我们与你们

生活在一起，我们同样被点燃，仅仅，

主要是因为被天气改变。因为，哦，亲爱的心，

当珍贵的婴儿大怒起来 / 那正是我们保持
逗乐的方式。

这便是我们提供的，以及借口。献给你们，万事大吉。
你们喜欢啥？干杯。

Quarter to Three

"Who is not here
casuses us to drift"

wake up, throat dry,
that way, perpetually,

" and why deprived unless
you feel that you ought to be ?" and

"Clarity is immobile." And, "We are hungry
for devices to keep the baby happy..."

She writes, "My hunger creates a food
that everybody needs."

"I can't live without you no
matter who you are." "I think."

I write this in cold blood,
enjoy.

《凌晨两点三刻》

“不在这里的谁

导致我们漂泊”

醒来，喉咙干枯，
就这样，永远

“为何被剥夺，
除非你觉得是应该的？”

“清晰是不动。”“我渴望
装备来保持婴儿幸福...”

她写道，“我的饿创造
人皆所需的食物。”

“无论你是谁，没你
我没法活。”“我在想。”

我写这些颇为冷血，
请君一赏。

A little American Feedback

Yes, it's true, strategy is fascinating
& watching its working out of, its
successes & failures, participating even,
can be amusing at times, but

*

Loards & Ladies do express
the courtly elegance, the
rude vulgarity, only truly
in the self's own body-mind's

living daily day-to-day the living
Self-contained containing
self-abandonment as self is
eyes as they caress or
blaze with particular hate, say, at
living being thought while a particularly
self-engrossing mind-game going on is
still, & only, one pronoun temporarily
haranguing the others while
the rest of One's self waits, truly
impatiently, for blessed natural savagery to arrive,
and finally save the party, by ordering
the musicians to resume their play
& the dancing picks up once again.

《一点美国人的反馈》

是啊，这没错，策略是迷人的
看着它运行，它的
成功和失败，甚至参与其中
都能不时带来乐趣，可是

*

主啊，女士们确实在表达
那种皇家优雅，那种
粗鲁的庸俗，唯有
真正地在自我中在自身的
身心中一天挨一天活过
每一天的活着
自给自足地包容
自暴自弃就像自身是
眼睛就像它们抚摸活着
瞪着，比如说，在特别的

自我全神贯注的心理游戏进行时，
对活着的思想感到愤恨是
仅仅，只是，一个代词临时
对其它代词长篇大论而
另一个余下的自我在等待，完全
毫无耐心，因为受到菩萨保佑的
天然野蛮人来了，并最终
拯救了派对，它们命令
乐手恢复演奏，舞蹈继续蹦跹。

Picnic

The dancer grins at the ground.
The mildest of alchemists will save him.
(Note random hill of chairs). & he will prove
useful to her
in time. The ground to be their floor.
like pennies to a three year old,
like a novel, the right novel, to a 12 year old,
like a 39 Ford to a Highschool kid
like a woman to a man, a girl
who is a woman
is her self's own soul
and her man is himself
his own
& whole.

Addenda

& I can't buy with submission
& tho I feel often & why not
battered
I can't be beaten.

But I have been eaten, 7 times
by myself
& I go my way, by myself, I being
by myself only when useful, as for example,
you are to me now,
to you.

《野餐》

跳舞佬在地上咧嘴笑。
最温和的炼金师会救起他。
（注意随机的椅子山）。他会及时
证明对她
有用。地面是他们的地板。
就像三岁小孩的硬币，
十二岁少年的小说，对的小说，
一辆 39 年福特对一个高中生
女人对男人，女孩
她其实是一个女人
是她自我的灵魂
以及她的男人是他自己的
自身的
妓女。
附录
我买不了东西
都提交过了
尽管我常常
为什么不呢
被击打，
但我不会精疲力竭。
但我已经被吞噬了，七次，

被自己
我走我的路，独自，我只在
有用时
才独自一人，就像现在，
你对我而言，
对你而言。

Narragansett Park

Inhabiting a night with shaky normal taboo hatred and fear and a steep diagonal
body
Peculia and beautiful language correspond to my ordinary tension
The major planets are shifting (shivering?) but out of my natural habit,
Self-kindess, I play them
someting Nashville something quality
and there is the too easy knell of the games chapel
The tempting scornful opposite
Cathedral virus and goof immunization:
The curvers of the Spirit are not very interested in
the conquest of matter.
Color is the idiot's delight. I'm the curvers, what's
the matter? or
I'm the matter, the curves nag:
Call it Amber, it doesn't ride nor take to rider
Amber it doesn't make me want to pray, it makes me see color
as we fail to break through our clasped hands.

《那拉杆公园》

带着摇晃的正常禁忌和憎恨和恐惧和陡峭倾斜的躯壳居栖息在夜晚

古怪而美丽的语言符合我普通的紧张
那些主要行星在产生位移（战栗？）可这超出了我的自然习惯，自我善良，我为
它们播放
一些来自纳什维尔的高品质乡村音乐
那其中有太容易的游戏小教堂丧钟
诱惑的蔑视的对立的
大教堂病毒和呆瓜免疫：
神灵的曲线对征服物质并不
 太感兴趣。
色彩是白痴的喜悦。我便是那根曲线，有
 问题否？抑或说，
我便是那问题，那些曲线叨咕着：
叫它安柏，它没法自己驾驶，也没带上骑士
安柏，它没有让我想要祈祷，它让我看到了颜色
当我们没有法子从握紧的手中挣脱出来。

Carrying a Torch

《手持火把》

What thoughts I have of where I'll be, & when, & doing what
Belong to a ghost world, by no means my first,
And may or may not be entertaining; for example
 living in a state of innocence in Kansas.
They hardly compare to when, passing through the air,
 it thinks about the air.

我对于自己会在何地，何时，做点什么的念头
属于那种鬼魂世界，而且绝不是初来乍到，
这些念头也许或压根就不有趣；比方说，
 在肯萨斯州过点天真烂漫的日子。
它们远不及当它穿过空气时，

它想起空气。

Just as, now, you are standing here
Expecting me to remember something
When years of trying the opposite of something
Leave that vision unfulfilled.

就像现在，你杵在这儿
指望我记得一些什么
在经过数年对些什么相反的努力
留下的那副未完成的场景。

Mostly I have to go on checking the windows will but don't break
while you get on with taking your own sweet time.
It's like coming awake thirsty & hungry, mid-way in dreams
you have to have;
It stops or changes if you don't get up
& it changes, by stopping, if you do.
You do. Because you're carrying a torch. A sudden circular bath
of symbols
Assails the structure. Better turn on the overhead light.

大多数情况是，当你继续享受你的美好时光
我必须得去检查门窗是否会破。
它就像在你不得不做的梦的途中醒来
又渴又饿。
要是你不醒来，它会停止或变化
它会通过停止来变化，要是你不醒来。
你没有。因为你正举着一根火把。一个突然的
符号循环浴
攻击它的结构。你最好把头顶的灯盏给打开。

A Note from Yang-Kuan

You stay in the Mental Institute of your life.
God sees dog--in the mirror. In this city
Below the river, my private life is of no interest,
Though allowed. For example, it would be nicer to kiss
 than to shoot up.
Visual indifference is a growth. Used. Was used. Useful.
A new way of appreciating has arrived?
Should be a ride at Disneyland. People
Have basically split. And the heart flutters.
Stunned, the metrics & melody of
The multiplication tables, I am a father, watching,
The poor, her broad thoughts, this local lifetime.
Here I shall be with it but never of it.
Being nothing in front of no-one again.

《阳关便条》

*此处的 Yang-Kuan 是王维笔下的一个地方，大约指阳关。这些垮掉余孽对唐朝诗人似乎很有兴趣，可能他们那会儿缺少意境这类概念，也没有隐士文化，作为资本主义地下水道里的老鼠，他们往往没有体面的出路，怎么办。去东方诗人那里找。然而，王维可是大官，正宗士大夫官僚阶级他们可知。

你耗在你生命中的精神病院。
上帝看见狗——在镜中。在河底的
这个城市，我的私生活毫无兴趣可言，
尽管被允许。比方说，一个亲吻总是比
 来上一管更好。
视觉上的冷漠是一种成长。过去的。习惯的。有益的。
一条新的感激之路已经达到？

应该去迪士尼乐园玩儿？人们
基本上已分裂。心在狂跳。
呆呆的，音律学以及乘法表的
旋律，我是父，看着
可怜人，她宽泛的思想，那本地的生活。
我在此应该和它在一起但不属于它。
在无人面前再一次啥都不是。

Work Postures

The rain comes and falls.
A host of assorted artillery come up out of the lake.
The man who knows everything is fool.
In front of him is his head. Behind him, men.

Few listeners get close. And
"Love must turn to power or it die."
This is a terrible present.
"Is this any way to run a Railroad?"
Flashing back 7 years I hear, "you will never go
any place for the second time again."
It's hart to fight, when your body is not with you.
& it's equally hard not to.

There is the dread that mind & body are One.
The cruelty of fear & misery works here.

《工作姿势四十行》

雨来了，下雨。

各式各样的大炮从湖里冒出来。
那个无所不知的人是个傻瓜。
在他前面是他的脑壳。身后是人。

很少有听众接近。那么
“爱必须转化为力量，否则它会死。”
一个很糟的此刻。
“这就是经营铁路的方法？”
闪回到七年前我听见，“你绝不会
第二次去任何一个地方。”
战斗很艰难，要是你的身体垮掉的话。
同样，避战更不行。

身心合一会带来一种惧怕。
恐惧的残忍以及可悲地在此工作。

Excursion & Visitation

The rains come & Fall.
Good grief, it's Le Jongleur de Dieu!
A gun wheels out of an overcoat.
It's I will fight. But I won't rule.
So, pay, and leave. So, when the light turned green,
She went. "I've gone
to get everything." A Voice--
"to reappear in careers?" Un-un.

These are the days of naming things?
Watch my feet, not my answers.
Oh, good grief, it's the Le Jongleur de Dieu!
He's the godson of the ghost-dancers!

On Earth we call The Sea of Tranquility " The North Atlantic."
And a voice once locked in the ground now speaks in me.

《远足和探视十四行》

雨来了，下雨。
好的悲伤，它是上帝的弄臣。
一根枪从一件外套中滚出。
我得战斗了，可我不会去统治。
那么，付钱，离开。那么，当灯光变绿，
她走进来。“我找东西
去了。” 一个声音——
“在事业中重生吗？” 啊呃。

这些命名事物的日子？
看着我的脚，而不是我的回答。
哦，好悲伤，给上帝耍猴的！
他是鬼舞者的干儿子！

在地球上，我们称宁静海为“北大西洋”。
一个曾经锁在地下的声音现在在我心中说。

Everybody Seemed So Laid Back in the Park

Marie in her pin-striped suit singing
"Where Have All The Flowers Gone?" in German
Not alfalfa covers the ground of Lilac Park.
"C'mere for a second!" shouts the invisible
Old lady. She crosses the park in a hat of nylon.
Marie falls down, still singing.
I see a woman with a baby running.

Two Africans in turbans wiggle their hips.
Marie cries & yawns for her audience.
Marie lights an envelope with matches.
Frisbees fly in the hot sun.
"Try it again."
A very pale orange is sitting under the baby birds.
The community lightens, five o'clock, lifting my heart
to a place.

《在公园，人人悠闲》

玛丽穿着针状条纹衫在唱歌
“所有花朵去哪儿了？”用德语（在德国）
紫丁香公园没有紫色苜蓿。
“等一下！”一个隐形的老女士
喊道。她戴着一定尼龙帽穿过公园。
玛丽倒下了，仍在唱着。
我看见一个带着婴儿的女人在跑步。
两个包头巾的非洲人在蠕动她们的嘴皮。
为了她的停着，玛丽哭了起来，打着哈欠。
玛丽用火柴点燃了一个信封。
飞盘在热空中飞。
“再试试。”
一个惨白的桔子在那群幼鸟下。
下午五点，社区亮灯了，把我的心移去
一个地方。

A Meeting at the Bridge

He was one of the last of the Western Bandits.
"A fellow like you gets into scrapes.
"Gets life. Spends most of it in jail.
"You gotta make a stand somewhere."

I guess. "You smell of disinfectant."
I guess. "Your kind
Drift from nowhere to nowhere, until
They get close. No telling
What they do then." Yeah, I guess that's just about right.
"Do you fish?" No, I just go down and look at the water.
"Pretty, ain't it?" Is it? No, it ain't.
It ain't pretty. It's

A carnival. A pig-sty. A regular
Loop-de-loop....(spits) I need some shoes.

《一次在桥上的碰面》

他是最后一个西部匪徒。
“一个像你的同伙有麻烦了。
“那日子，大部分都在监狱里待着。
“你总得在什么地方站稳脚跟。”

我猜。“你闻起来像消毒剂。”
我猜。“你们这种鸟人
从不知道哪里漂到不知道哪里，直到
汇集在一起。不知道
会干点啥。”是啊，我想这没错。
“你钓鱼吗？”不，我只是下到水里，看看水。
“真有趣，不是吗？”是吗？不，有趣个鸟。
这不有趣。这是

一个狂欢节。一个猪圈。一种周期性
循环....（吐痰）我需要一些鞋子。

"I Remember"

I remember painting "I HATE TED BERRIGAN" in big black letters all over my white wall.

I remember bright orange light coming into rooms in the late afternoon. Horizontally.

I remember when I lived in Boston reading all of Dostoyevsky's novels one right after the other.

I remember the way a baby's hand has of folding itself around your finger, as tho forever.

I remember a giant gold man, taller than most buildings, at " The Tulsa Oil Show."

I remember in Boston a portrait of Isabella Gardner by Whister.

I remember wood carvings of funny doctors.

I remember opening jars that nobody else could open.

I remember wondering why anyone would want to be a doctor.

And I still do.

I remember Christmas card wastebaskets.

I remember not understanding why cinderella didn't just pack up and leave,
if things were all that bad. I remember "Korea."

I remember one brick wall and three white walls.

I remember one very hot summer day I put ice cubes in my aquarium and all the fish died.

I remember how heavy the cornbread was. And it still is.

《“我记得”》

我记得用粗黑字体在我的白墙上涂满“我恨泰德·贝里根”。

我记得橙色的亮光在傍晚时水平照射进我的房间。

我记得住在波士顿时一本接一本读完陀思妥耶夫斯基的小说。

我记得一个婴儿卷起那个手捏住我的手指就好像永远捏着。

我记得一个巨大比大多数建筑还高大的黄金人在“图尔萨石油展”上。

我记得在波士顿那副威斯勒画的伊莎贝拉·加德纳的肖像画。
我记得那些滑稽的医生木雕。
我记得打开过无人能搞定的瓶子。
我记得总在疑虑为什么所有人希望成为医生。
我现在仍有疑惑。
我记得圣诞卡片废纸篓。
我记得总是不明白为什么灰姑娘不打包走人呢，
要是事情来到不可收拾的地步。我记得“朝鲜”。
我记得一面砖墙和三面白墙。
我记得在一个酷热的夏日我把冰块放进我的鱼缸
所有的鱼翻了白眼。
我记得玉米面包有多重。现在依然如此。

To Himself

Now you can rest forever
Tired heart. The final deceit is gone,
Even though I thought it eternal. It's gone.
I know all about the sweet deception,
But not only the hope, even the desire is gone.
Be still forever. You've done enough
Beating. Your movements are really
Worth nothing nor is the world
Worth a sigh. Life is bitterness
And boredom; and that's all. The world's a mudhole.
It's about time you shut up. Give it all up
For the last time. To our kind fate gives
Only that we die. It's time you showd your contempt for
Nature and that cruel force which from hiding
Dictates our universal hurt
In the ceaseless vanity of every act.

——Leopardi

(trans. by Ted Berrigan, Gordon
Brotherston, & George Schneeman)

《献给他自己》

现在你可以永远休息
疲惫的心。最后的欺骗消失了，
尽管我认为它是永恒的。它消失了。
我知道所有甜蜜的骗术，
不仅希望，甚至欲望也消失。
但仍是永恒。你被打得
够惨。你的那些行动
毫无价值，世界也不值得
你一声叹息。生活苦涩
而厌烦。就这样。世界是一个泥坑。
是时候闭上嘴。最后一次
放弃所有。我们的命运只给予
我们死亡。是时候你显露你对自然的
蔑视，以及那隐藏的残酷力量
在所有行为的无尽虚荣中，
规定了我们普遍的伤害。

——莱奥帕尔迪
(译：泰德/高登/乔治。)

Whitman in Black

For my sins I live in the city of New York
Whitman's city lived in in Melville's senses, urban inferno
Where love can stay for only a minute

Then has to go, to get some work done
Here the detective and the small-time criminal are one
& tho the cases get solved the machine continues to run
Big Town will wear you down
But it's only here you can turn around 360 degrees
And everything is clear from here at the center
To every point along the circle of horizon
Here you can see fro miles & miles & miles
Be born again daily, die nightly for a change of style
Hear clearly here; see with affection; bleakly cultivate compassion
Whitman's walk unchanged after its fashion

《黑衣惠特曼》

因为我的罪我生活在纽约，惠特曼的城市
活在梅尔维尔的感觉中，在都市地狱
这儿，爱只能停留一分钟
接着必须离开，去完成一些工作
这儿一个侦探同时也是一个三流罪犯
尽管结案了，这部机器会照常运行
大都市会让你精疲力竭
但只有在这儿你才有机会华丽转身
从这个中心出发沿着地平线
圈上的每个点，一切事物清晰
你可以从这儿看到数英里数英里外
为了改变风格，你每天重生，每晚死去
这儿听得清楚，看得深情，凄凉地培养着同情心
惠特曼的散步时尚从未改变

Heloise

When I search the past for you

Without knowing why
You are the waiting fragments of this sky
Which encases me, and

What about the light that comes in then?
And the heavy spins and the neon buzzing of night-time?
I go on loving you like water, but,
Bouncing a red rubber ball in the veins

In wind without flesh, without bone, and inside
The drowsy melody of languish, silence:
And inside the silence, one ordained to praise
In ordinary plance. And insdie my head, my brain.

You have made the world so it shall grow, so,
The revolutions not done, I've tucked the earth
between my legs, to sing.

《海洛薇兹》

每当寻找你的过往
我不知道为何
你是等在天空中的碎片
它们包围我，那么

那射来的光是怎么回事？
那沉重的眩晕和夜晚霓虹灯嗡嗡声呢？
我会像水一样继续爱你，可是，
一只红色的橡皮球在我静脉中弹跳

在没有骨肉的风中，在憔悴
昏睡的旋律中，沉默：

在这沉默中，一个人注定在普通场合
在我脑壳，我脑子中，得到赞美。

你创造了世界，因此它会成长，因此
革命还未成功，我卷起泥土
在双腿间，歌唱。

Southwest

We think by feeling and so we ride together
The child who has fallen in love with maps & charts,
The last, the sole surviving Taxes Ranger, cajoling
Scheming ,scolding, the cleverset of them all. What is there to know?

Questions. The very rich garments of the poor.
The very rack & crucifix of weather, winter's wild silence
In red weather. A too resilient mind. The snake
Waiting under each back. Not to forget to mention the chief thing:

Underneath a new old sign, a far too resilient mind;
And the heavy not which you were bringing back alone,
Cycling across an Africa of gree & white, but to be a part
Of the treetops & the blueness, with a bark that will not bite.

The fields breathe sweet, as one of you sleeps while the other is fuming
with rage.
Is he too ill for pills? Am I gonna ride that little black train
one year from tonight?

《西南方》

我们用感觉思考，因而我们结伴同行
那个爱上地图和表格的孩子，那最后的
一个，唯一活下来的得克萨斯骑兵，欺骗，
密谋，责骂，那全部孩子中最灵光的。还有啥要知道的？

都是问题。穷人昂贵的服装。
那天气的残忍与残酷，冬天蛮荒的静
都在红色气候中。太一根筋的脑子。那蛇
潜伏在每个人身后。更不用说那件主要的事：

在一个新的旧标记下，一根超韧性的脑筋；
以及那些并不是你单独带来的沉重，
循环穿过绿色和白色的非洲，可是作为
树冠和忧郁的一部分，它只是吠叫而不会咬人。

田野甜滋滋呼吸，就像你们中的一个在睡觉而其它人
冒着愤怒的

烟雾。

他厌倦嗑药了吗？明年的这个晚上我还会乘上
那部小黑火车吗？

From the House Journal

I belong here, I was born
To breathe in dust
I came to you
I cannot remember anything of then
up there among the lettuce plots

I cough a lot, so I stay awake
I cannot possibly think of you

I get a cinder in my eye because
I hate the revolutionary vision of
"I have a terrible age," & I part
I have no kindness left
I do have the lame dog with me & the cloud
I kiss your cup, but I know so much.

I must have leisure for leisure bears
I to you and you to me the endless oceans of

2.

Now it next to my flesh, & I don't mean dust
I am sober and industrious
I see you standing in clear light
I see a life of civil happiness
I see now tigers by the sea,
 the withering weathers of
I stagger out of bed
I stumble over furniture I fall into a gloomy hammock
I'm having a real day of it
I'm not sure there's a cure

You are so serious, as if you are someone
Yet a tragic instance may be immanent
Yes it's sickening that yes it's true, and
Yes it's disgusting that yes if it's necessary, I'll do it.

《内刊》

我属于这儿，我天生
呼吸灰尘
我来到你身边

我不可能记得那时的事

在那上面，一块莴苣地中

我大量咳嗽，以此保持清醒

我不可能想起你

我的眼眶里积起煤烟是因为

我恨“我到了恐怖的年龄”这种

进化的图景，以及我分裂

我的善意所剩无几

我确实有一条坡脚狗和我和云

我吻你的帽子，不过我知道得太多了。

我必须悠闲是因为悠闲容忍

我与你，你与我之间那无尽的海洋

2.

现在它在我肉体旁边，我不是说尘土

我清醒也勤奋

我看见你在洁净的光线中

我看见一种文明幸福的生活

我现在看见海边的老虎

枯萎的天气

我摇晃着下床

我被家具绊倒我跌进沮丧的吊床

我因次有了真正的一天

我不确定那是否有治愈效果

你太严肃了，仿佛你是另一个人

然而一个悲剧的实例可以是内在的

是的，是的这是真的，这真让人倒胃口

是啊这真恶心，如果是，是一种必然，我会吐。

Visits from a Small Enigma

The bunnies plug-in & elaborate
Spongy thought-streams some days
Attempting in innocence to cash in on
Fire feedback on the flaming bridge
The trailing scads of diaphanous ribbons
Whatever & all like that. Their missiles crack
Of their own sound at the Barrier Gate, as
Punk-log fog shreds the aether, and mountains
Of any consequence simply sit, comic & invisible,
On their faces. Then, golden discs sweep up
Appearing to be signals, singalling
A possible common version of whiteness; sweep up
Out out an iodine-colored Chinese Puzzle box.
White-gold light. Slightly kinky sweepings.

《来自一个小型谜团的访问》

兔子插件，以及精心的
海绵状意识流，某天
天真地试图在燃烧的桥
的火反馈中用那一根根
半透明的绶带兑现无论什么，
以及诸如此类都行。他们的导弹
在隔离门发出炸裂声，就像
烂木头雾流出以太，堆积如山
的一切后果简单地坐着，滑稽而隐形，
坐在他们的脸上。接着，金色飞碟扫过
看着像是某种信号，表明可能的一种
普遍白色版本，在一个碘酒色的
中国魔术盒子外面一晃而过。

白金光。轻微怪异的扫荡。

Revery

《空想》

Up inside the walls of air listen
A sound of footsteps in the spaces out there
In the frightening purple weather
And hazy lights whose color night decomposes.

在空气墙壁内部的上方聆听
一个外部空间的脚步声
在吓人的紫色天气
和朦胧光线下，夜晚的色彩在腐烂。

Late at night, rise up carcass and walk;
Head hanging, let somebody tell the story.
Maybe the machine under the palms will start up
For one who waits
进入深夜，尸体站起来走路；
脑壳垂着，听某人讲故事。
也许手掌下的那部机器会启动，
因为一个人在等待

Under the arch of clouds, with familiar face,
Heart beating all out of proportion,
Eyes barely open, ears long since awake to what's coming:
It is very possibly Autumn, returning,
在云的拱门下，一张熟悉的脸孔，
心脏跳动紊乱，眼睛勉强长开着，

耳朵早已醒来，倾听到来的东西：
很可能是秋天回来了，

Leaving no footprints, leaving danger behind.
The head being out of line has fallen. I still want
everything that's mine.

悄无声息，留下危险。
那个骷髅头掉了下来。我仍想要
属于我的一切。

My Tibetan Rose

A new old song continues. He worked into the plane
A slight instability, to lessen his chances
Of succumbing to drowsiness, over the green sea.
Above his head clanged. And there were no dreams in this
lack of sleep.
Your lover will be guilty of murder & you will turn her in.
Sometimes I'd like to take off these oak leaves and feel
like an ordinary man.
You get older the more you remember. And one lives, alone,
for pure courtship, as
To move is to love, & the scrutiny of things is merely syllogistic.
Postmortems on old corpses are no fun.
I have so much to do I'm going to bed.
I'll live on the side of a mountain, at 14,000 feet,
In a tough black yak-hide tent, turn blue, force down
Hot arak & yak butter, & wait for this coma to subside.
come along with me, my Tibetan Rose!

《我的藏地玫瑰》

继续一首新的旧诗。他走进那部飞机
它稍有不稳，以减轻在跨越绿色
大海时，他陷入嗜睡的概率。
脑壳上方叮当响，在缺觉的情况下
他没法做梦。
你的爱人会犯下谋杀罪，而你会举报她。
有时我想摘掉这些橡树叶，像一个
普通人那样。
你越老，记住的会越多。一个人独自活着，
存粹为了求爱，就好像
移动便是爱，而对事物的审视无非是三段论。
对老尸体的尸检毫无乐趣可言。
我有太多的事要干。我要去睡了。
我会住在山边，海拔一万四千英尺，
住在结实的黑色牦牛皮帐篷里，变得忧郁，灌下
热亚力酒和酥油，等待这一阵昏迷平息。
跟我一起来吧，我的藏地玫瑰！

(end)

Nothing for You

Nothing for You-1

To Dick Gallup

People of the Future

People of the future
while you are reading these poems, remember
you didn't write them,
I did.

《未来的人们》

未来的人们
当你们读这些诗，请记住
它们不是你们写的，
是我。

Valentine

I have been here too many times before
you & now it's time to go
crazy again will that make you like me? I think so
often about you & all those bon aperitifs we had
wanted to have but didn't in Paris where we
never got to did we No we didn't although now
Here I am & everyone loves me so
where are you? & why don't they go
away? I didn't ask for this I asked for you
love but you said No, you didn't say

May I? true & crazy here I am
again unkempt in my passion at that May I?

《发情》

我在你之前来过这儿
太多次而现在正是再次
发疯的好时机而这会让你
更像我？我想是我太常
想到你和所有这些我们
想搞到的好开胃酒但在巴黎没有我们
从没去过有吗没有尽管现在我在
这儿并且人人那么爱我那么
你在哪儿呢？他们为什么还不
滚蛋？我不是问你这个是要求你
发情但你说你不你没有说我
可以吗？这真是又真又疯我在这里在
激情中又一次搞得灰头土脸我可以？

*《没啥》开头的十六页由 60 年代早期的诗组成。泰德总在持续修改它们，尤其那几首"Valentine""Hearts""String of Pearls"，就像《发情》这首，最终看起来完美的这 12 行让泰德考虑了近乎二十年。——Alice.

×句逗之不知。诗的分行停顿特征常常会带来歧义或两可的语句效果。这是一个打哪指哪的问题，文字有时会反过来控制作者。在现代自由诗/散文中，标点和分行是绝对的，有绝对的理由：语音或语义。要不然在写啥诗？

Doubts

TO DAVID BEARDEN

Don't call me "Berrigan"

Or "Edmund"

If ever you touch me

Rivers of annoyance undermine the arrangements

If you would own me

Spit

The broken eggshell of morning

A proper application

Of stately rhythms

Timing

Accessible to adepts

All

May pierce this piercing wind

Penetrate this light

To hide my shadow

But the recoil

Not death but to mount the throne

Mountains of twine and

Entangling moments

Which is why I send you my signal

That is why I give you this sex-gun and call you

"Steve"

Have you taken the measure of the winds?

Can hands touch, and

Must we dispose of "the others"?

《疑问》

致大卫·比尔登

别叫我“贝里根”

或“埃德蒙”

你要是敢碰我一下

恼河将破坏一切秩序
要是还想霸占我
我呸
早晨的破蛋壳
庄严韵律的
精确应用
唯有高手能掌握的
时机
所有这些
可能刺入这刺骨的风
刺穿光
藏起我的阴影

但那种反冲力
不是死亡，而是登基
在堆积成山的缠绕
和纠缠时刻

这就是我向你发射信号的原因

这就是我为什么会赠你这把六枪并称你为
“道友”
你是否测量过风？
可否双掌合拢，以及我们
必须解决掉“其它人”？

He

He wandered and kept on wandering. Bar-Mitzvah
and Confirmation availed themselves of his myriad
aimless impulses. It was no use. Days were of
cheeseburgers, shoe repair, and scary. In cities

and through frenzy darkness was far away. Darkness,
you are so dark, he thought. Where oh where is a
telephone booth, and the friendliness of newsprint
on Saturday afternoons at the Stadium? He wept.
Steamy

ferns made a dank obligato to his dreams. It grew
and grew.

At last he was surrounded by gaily-colored birds,
who sang to him in the key of G or E. It was
then he smiled, for always, affirmation made him
happy.

Later he died of Hatred.

《他》

他游荡，反复游荡。成人礼
和坚信礼耗费掉他无数
盲目的冲动。没什么鸟用。每天都在
吃芝士汉堡，修鞋，一惊一乍。在城市

暴怒中，黑暗在远去。黑暗，
真他妈黑，他想。在哪儿呢，哪儿有
电话亭，以及星期六下午体育场
报纸上的友善？他哭。
冒气的

蕨植让他的梦充满潮湿的声部。它长
啊长。
最后他被一群鲜艳鸟雀包围，它们
用 G 或 E 键对他唱。接着他便

开笑，因为总这样，正能量使他
开心。

他后来死于怨恨。

For Annie Rooney

My rooms were full of Ostrich feathers when
I returned from Spring, and someone had stolen
all the apricot brie! just as if they'd know
I was in training! for shame! that anyone

could be so cruel, and me with only 27 teeth!
How fortunate they never found dear
you. For surely then they would have planted
crickets, to lick the cherry glue off of all

my Princess Grace Special Delivery airmail stamps.
The boors,
they'd stop at nothing. But this time their
saboteurs slipped up. I'll never let them find you,
no matter what they do, you, my secret weapon, who

assures my victories! I'm so glad we were married
in Hooversville, Ohio, in 1933!

《至安妮·鲁尼》

我的房间到处是鸵鸟毛
当我从春天归来，有人偷走了
全部的杏布里干酪！就好像他们知道
我去搞训练了！真不要脸！谁都

可能变残忍，或只有 27 颗牙齿的我！
多么好运，他们绝不会找上亲爱的
你。可以肯定的是，他们那会儿
养了点蟋蟀，去舔掉

我那些格蕾丝王妃特派航空邮票上的草莓胶水。
这些土农民，
他们总是不择手段。不过这次他们的
破坏狂夫失手了。我永远不会让他们找到你，
不管他们怎么折腾，你，这件确保我能

获胜的秘密武器！我很高兴我们成了婚，
在俄亥俄州，胡佛斯维尔市，1933 年！

Saturday Afternoons on the Piazza

Why have you billowed under my ancient piazza
Father? "I swan, if you don't beat everything
anybody ever heard tell of!" Refreshment time!
Have a nonpareil? Thank you! Here we are again

In the movies and I'm holding your thing,
Mmmmmmmmmmmmm
Feels like "a belly" to me. "well, I declare, Feety-
Belle, ain't you ever gonna get y'rself a real...Shut
your face
Angerbelle, you ain't doin' s'hot y'rself y'know,

my stars!" (At intermission I called her at the hotel
And she made a big thing about somebody telling her
"I'm Judy Garland's daughter.") When you're 7 or 8 or 9

You don't really care who your momma and poppa are,

Just so they really love and have Tve and all that.

Up in the blue window a white woman is reeling out her laundry.

《周六下午在广场上》

为什么你在我的老广场底下翻滚，
爸？“我天鹅，如果你不打败
任何人听说告知过的一起！”茶点时间！
有天下无双吗？谢谢！我们又来了

在电影中，我抱着你的大腿，
嗯嗯嗯嗯嗯
感觉像是“一个肚皮”。“嗯，我宣布，脚式
——美肚，你绝对不会让自己变成真正的.....闭上
你的臭脸，
安格贝尔，你知道的你总是没完没了，

我的星星！”（中场休息时，我在酒店给她打电话，
她大发雷霆，说有人告诉她
“我是朱迪·加兰的女儿”）当你 7 岁、8 岁或 9 岁，
你并不真正关心你爹娘是谁，

是这样的他们真的爱你并拥有电视机诸如此类。
蓝色窗户上一个白女人在洗她的衣服。

Prayer

Rilke,
I strain to gather my absurdities

Into a symbol. I falter. These
Roisterers here assembled shatter my zest
With festivity.

Once again I turn to you, to your
Buch das Bildung. Oh Tall Tree
In the self
Flower we three into one
May he who is you
Become me.

《祈祷》

里尔克，
我努力把我的种种荒诞
聚集成一点象征。我摇晃。这些
吵闹的家伙聚集在这里用庆典破坏
我的热忱

我再次向你求助，你的
忏悔教育。噢，高树、
自我、
花，我们三位成一体
希望他（他就是你）
成为我。

Hearts

At last I'm a real poet I've written a
ballade a sonnet a poem in spontaneous
prose and even a personal poem I can use
punctuation or not and it doesn't

matter I'm obscure when I feel like it
especially in my dream poems which I never even
call Dream Poem but from sheer cussedness title
Match Game Etc. (for Dick Gallup) or something like that.

For example, take this poem, I don't know how
to end it, It needs six lines to make it a sonnet, I
could just forget it and play hearts with Joe and
Pat and Dick, but lately I'm always lethargic,
and I don't even like hearts, or Pat, or Joe, or
Dick or / and especially myself, & this is no help.

《心跳》

最后我成了个诗人我写了一个
叙事诗一个十四行诗一个诗在即兴
散文中甚至个人诗 我可以
使用标点或不用这都
没啥 当我愿意我晦涩
尤其是在我的梦诗中我甚至从不
称它为 梦诗 而纯粹是诅咒标题
《比赛游戏》等等（致迪克）或诸如此类啥。

比如，拿这个诗来说，我不知道怎么
了结它，它还得六行才是一个十四行诗，我
完全可以忘掉它跟乔、派特，迪克一起玩
玩心跳，可到头来我总是懒洋洋的，
我甚至不喜欢心跳，或派特，乔，或
迪克，或 / 尤其我自己，这套根本没卵用。

Night Letter

Dear Marge, hello. It is 5:15 a.m.
Outside my room atonal sound of rain
Drum in the pre-dawn. In my skull my brain
Aches in rhythm to that pounding morning rain.
In your letter, many questions. I read
Them over and over. And now I dread
Answering. "Deteriorating," you said.
Not a question, really, but you did
Say it. And made it hard to write. You know
Margie, tonight, and every night, in any
Season, cold images glitter brightly
In my head. Dreams of Larry Walker
In his marriage bed: of David Bearden
Paranoid: and of Martin Cochran, dead.

《夜信》

亲爱的玛吉，这会儿清晨 5:15。
窗外是些无调性雨声在
击鼓在天亮开前。我脑壳里的脑汁水
在清晨大雨的节奏中一阵阵发痛。
你在信中写不少问题。我读了
反复好几次。我现在害怕
回复它们。“恶化，”你说。
这不是问题，真的。但你确实
说起这个。这让我难以起笔。你知道的
玛吉，这个晚上，甚至每个晚上，
一年四季，冰冷的图像
在我脑壳中泛滥闪烁。拉里·沃克
在他的婚床上发梦：偏执狂大卫·
比尔登梦见：马丁·科克伦的梦，他死了。

Jubilee

In the ear, winds dance
to drink in the house

Summer came over here today
Everyone overloads one song

Is he the handsome stranger?
I'm thinking of summoning people

I need a hoodlum in white
"kill him"

This face against its own
Endows

giggling
And forms a road upon a tract

I got so tall up there
He t-told me "you're too fallow in your footsteps"

Goodbye to burning
Brain

Heat

These feet drifting on an unangry tide

Please turn stark naked.

《欢乐佳节》

耳洞里，风舞
屋饮

夏，至
人人扛着歌

来人乃俊生？
我在考虑摇些人来。

我亟需穿白衣的流氓
“干掉他”

这脸面对自己的
禀赋

咯咯笑
形成一条开往开阔地的路

我在那里猛长
他告之我“你也忒懒，休耕呢”

再见，沸腾的
脑汁水

心脏

那脚步漂移在平淡浪潮上

请脱得赤膊赤卵

Some Do Not

You can make this swooped transition on your lips
Go to the sea, the lake, the tree
And the dog days come
Your head spins when the old bull rushes
Back in the aery daylight, he was not a midget
He could feel the talk sidling up into his ears and burning
His stand-in was named Herman, but came rarely
Why do you begin to yawn so soon, who seemed
So hard, feather-bitten... back in the aery daylight
Put away your hair. The black heart beside the 15 pieces of glass
Spins when the old bull rushes. The words say I LOVE YOU:
go to the sea, the lake, the tree,
Glistering, bristling, cozzening whatever disguises

《有些则不是》

你可以在你嘴皮上俯冲过渡
到海里，湖中，树上
接着三伏天来了
你的脑子旋转当老公牛
急冲回缥缈日光中，它不是侏儒
它能感到谈话滑入它的耳朵并烧着了
它的替身叫赫尔曼，但很少用
你为何这么快便打起呵欠，它看着
那么硬，像被羽毛咬过似的...回到缥缈日光中
收起你的头发。那个黑心在 15 片玻璃旁边
旋转，当老公牛冲过来。俗话说“我爱你”：
到大海去，湖中，树上，

*Some Do Not ， 福特·马多克斯·福特的四部曲 Parade's End 的第一卷。

A love I seemed to lose GRAHAR! Who's

With my lost saints-- ? forgot something
 there(mike)
 At every hand, my critic Unplugging the mike
 With carelessness I sign the Crank does that
 register Dwight?
 The last the sole surviving Enthusiasm greets
 Poets One
 Texas Ranger, There's only one riot isn't
 there?
 You
 Know asBetter believe it
 "Saddik" ?

*这个就不搞了，没啥意思。

Autumn's Day AFTER RILKE

Lord, it is time. Summer was very great.
 Now cast your shadow upon sundials.
 Let winds remind meadows it is late.

Mellow now the last fruits on the vine.
 Allow them only two more southern days.
 Hasten them to fulness, and press
 The last heavy sweetness through the wine.

Who has no home can not build now.
 Who dwells alone must now remain alone;
 Will waken, read, write long letters, and

Will wander restlessly when leaves are blowing.

Rilke (trans. Ted Berrigan)

《秋日》

仿里尔克

主，吉时已到。夏天非常了不起。
这会儿你得让阴影投在日晷上。
让风提醒草地时辰不早了。

葡萄藤上的果实也得变变熟。
顶多允许它们再活两个南风天
催它们丰满，最后那点
沉重香甜也逼进酒里。

谁这会儿没房住就没法自建房了。
谁独居这会儿必定继续单过。
就得醒来，看看书，写点长信消耗时间并且
就得外出去四处晃荡在那些树叶被吹翻时。

*这首里尔克的《秋日》 Autumn's Day，并没有以里尔克署名。

而被认为是泰德自己的作品，在最后一行写着，这个翻译/改编，归于
"Rilke(trans. Ted Berrigan)。"

String of Pearls

Lester Yong! why are you playing that clarinet
you know you are Horn in my head? the middle page is

missing god damn it now how will I ever understand Nature
And New Painting? doo doot doo Where is Dick Gallup
his room is horrible it has books in it and paint peeling
a 1934 icebox living on the fifth floor it's ridiculous

yes and it's ridiculous to be sitting here
in New York City 28 years old wife sleeping and
Lester playing the wrong sound in 1936 in Kansas City (of
all places)sounding like Benny Goodman(of all people)but
a good sound, not a surprise, a voice, & where was Billie, he
hadn't met her yet, I guess Gallup wasn't born yet neither was
my wife Just me & that icebox I hadn't read HORN by John
Clellon Holmes yet, either

What is rhythm I wonder? Which was George &
which Ira

Gershwin? Why
don't I do more? wanting only to be walking in the New
York Autumn
warm from coffee I still can feel gurgling under my ribs
climbing the step of the only major statement in New York City
(Louis Sullivan) thinking the poem I am going to write seeing
the fountains come on wishing I were he

《珍珠串》

莱斯特·扬! 你为什么玩单簧管
你可知道在我脑子里你是喇叭? 中间那页
丢了妈的现在我要怎么理解自然
和新派绘画? 嘟嘟嘟, 迪克·盖洛普
上哪去了
他的房间真恐怖到处是书以及墙皮脱落

一个 1943 年的冰柜住在五十层真可笑

没错。这也可笑：在这儿耗着，
纽约，28 岁了都，老婆正在睡觉还有
莱斯特·扬吹错了调子在 1936 年，在（所有
地方的）肯萨斯州，听上去像（所有人类中的）班尼·古德曼，
不过仍是个好音色，不是惊喜，就是一个声音，以及比利又去哪儿了，他
还没跟她照国棉，我猜盖洛还没出生呢，同样
我老婆也是。只是我和那个冰柜。我还没读过约翰·
克莱伦·霍尔姆斯《喇叭》，我在想

啥是韵律？哪个人是乔治，哪个爱尔兰共和军
是格什温？为啥
我不多搞搞？而只想在纽约
的秋天里散散步，
用咖啡取暖，我仍能感到我肋骨下的汩汩声
爬上那唯一纽约市主流声明的台阶，
（路易斯·沙利文）想想诗，我得去写东西了，去看看
喷泉冒出点什么东西没希望我是他。

Problems, Problems

Joy! you come winging in a hot wind on the breath
of happy sexy music, you are peeping
into my redbloodedness, and I am writing silly lines
like, "I was born, reared, and educated in Tulsa,
Oklahoma," only true of Ron Padgett and not Dan'l Boone or me

Uh-huh a sip of gritty coffee, ripping me out of
my mind, making me feel "funny" is carrying me uptown
past interesting bodegas, the interesting

bums eyeing me, my beard throws them off
tho I'm yearning for a little romance

Dontcha think it's time? thanks & your name is
walking right by my side it hurts me to see you talking
to any other guy! where is Harry Fainlight, he's on a trip
Now that's integrity! Where's Andy Warhol? Far out, but Harry
doesn't think so he prefers Vaughan Traherne Wordsworth even

Who can help but love him? it's so American of him! Lines,
you must be saying what I mean I hope I like you later. Our
Love must be sweet destiny, no other love could thrill me so
completely (unless it be going to the movies, and alone, crossing
the Mississippi for the first time, so rare
a feat for feet" born, reared and educated in Tulsa, Oklahoma"
turned blue with cold and being careful not to touch one another.)

《难啊难》

乔伊！你闪着翅膀在热风中在
快乐性感的音乐中到来，你窥视
我的热血管，而我正在写点扯淡的诗行：
“我出生，被养大，在俄克拉荷马州的塔尔萨
上学堂，”那是罗恩，不是丹尔和我

啊哈，酌一口磨砂咖啡，把我从脑子中
扯出来，带我去城里晃才会让我感到“滑稽”
浏览那些有趣的酒窖，有趣的讨饭佬
看着我，我用胡子甩掉他们，
不过我还是渴望来点浪漫情调

你不觉得是时候了吗？谢谢，你的名字

走在我旁边，可你跟别的家伙去搭讪，
这严重伤害了我！哈里去哪儿了，他旅游去了。
这相当正直！安迪沃活呢？太远了，可哈利
不这样想，他更喜欢沃恩·特拉赫恩·华兹华斯妈的

谁会不喜欢他呢？他太美国佬了！这些话，
你肯定在说，我的意思是，我希望往后会喜欢你。
我们的爱必须是甜蜜的注定，别的爱没法如此
震撼到我（除非在电影中，独自一人首次
穿过密西西比，那太稀罕，一场壮举“出生，
长大，在俄克拉荷马州塔尔萨上学堂”
在寒冷中变得忧郁，小心不要相互接触。）

Truth as History

1.

My rooms were full of awful features when
I was burning, dear, and you were eating goblets
of ruinous dinner! It didn't matter, tho. The
foolish wind kept blowing, and my bones were humming!
That was when my eyes walked out
on to bleak piers and shriek for you! You were standing, often,
stark-naked just as if you knew it wasn't raining
and no-one had stolen all the dazzling looks. But this
one time the sobteurs sneaked up! Hah! I didn't
let them grind you, my little Coolie-Baby, who insures
my factory. No, and it's not bad to lay buried, in Hooversville,
by wires, laid on us by gentlemen, & ladies flushed
with gin. Except at night, when you are lying in the wind.

2.

I beat on the fruits of the gushy showers
burning up ginger-ale, only a pantomime mother &
father, doting on feelable widows, as my rent & these
urgent denials in my plug-ugly vision hold out! I
would take some corn to Minton's & throw it on Dizzy
Gillespie, & I mumble at babies on the bus, although
I too am reading the nickel journals, while my axles
are losing patience. Castles! my dearest, the whole town
is hiding out in six cheap hotels, sorrowful you gaping at me
as I continue to concoct ewe dreams! I would like very much
to be in your hair, in hottest blood, my Saxon Thing was nursed
on Western fiction with Doc Holliday my Christopher
Columbus to help me. But it's no use, you love Oliver Hardy, he's
the last of the old-time newsboys. I have a soggy bed.

《历史即真相》

1.

我待过的房间到处都是些可怕的东西，
我在那里烧着了，而亲爱的，你在吃一杯
又一杯毁坏的晚餐！这没啥。那些蠢风
不停刮啊刮的，我的骨头在呜呜叫！
那正是我的眼睛出门，来到
凄凉的码头，朝你尖叫！你通常站在那儿，

赤薄赤卵，就好像你知道在下雨，
不会哟润偷走所有这些耀眼的目光。可是
这次破坏分子们偷摸进来了！哈！我可
不会让他们折磨你，我的小苦力宝贝，我的
工厂守护神。不，埋葬在胡佛斯维尔也不算太糟，
用电线，或让绅士和脸红的淑女躺在我们身上，
他们带着金酒。当然除了夜里，那时你总躺在风中。

2.

我在大面积喷涌的花洒下发癫，
逛灌姜汁艾尔，只有儿童剧中的妈、
爸会溺爱感人的寡妇，就好像我的租金和这些
紧急否认在我的流氓愿景中坚挺着！我会
带点玉米去明顿餐厅，扔到迪兹·吉莱斯皮身上，
在公交车上，我对着婴儿咕噜，尽管
我同样也在读那种镍币杂志，可我的车轴
失去了耐性。城堡！我最亲爱的，整个小镇
躲在六家廉价旅馆中，当我继续捏造母鸡梦时，
你哀伤地朝我打着呵欠！我当然非常愿意
在你的头发中，滚烫的血管中，我的撒克逊人癖好
在西部小说中得到了霍利迪医生和克里斯托弗·
哥伦布的帮助。可是没啥鸟用，你爱的是奥利弗·哈迪
他是最后一个老派报童。我有一张哭湿的棉床。

Francis à Bientôt

The storms of Baudelaire fall on Judas' head
He send out rays of light with that river
We saw it in his hair
No use to call me again it isn't right

You string a sonnet around your fat gut
And falling on your knees you invent the shoe
For a horse Don't cheat
The victory is not always to be sweet

That night arrives again in red
Andre Breton is a shit! (He sneezed on the rum
Turning it into a pun) One must live

Even in colorado (Take that, you horse!)

Now we are all dead

Charles, Ju, you, & Harry James

There is no time(s) past(lost?) We

Are in The Twentieth Century (The Christian Era), and

The charms (bait) leave

Under the heels of Children.

This man was my friend.

《弗朗西斯，再见》

波德莱尔风暴降临到犹大脑顶

他用那条河发射出阵阵光芒

我们在他的头发中看见了

不要再打电话给我，这没用

你在你肥嘟嘟的内脏缠上一曲四十行诗

跪下来，你为你的一个马匹发明

鞋子 别搞欺骗

胜利并不总是甜蜜

那个夜晚又一次披着红衣到来

安德烈·布勒东是坨屎！（他朝朗姆酒打喷嚏

把它变成双关语） 一个人必须住在

科罗娜多（拿走它，马匹！）

现在，我们都死了

查理，茱，你，哈利·詹姆斯

时代（间）会过去（流逝）？ 我们

身处二十世纪（基督时代），

护身符（诱饵）从孩子们的
脚底板下溜走了。

这个男人是我的朋友。

The TV Story

It is after 7 in the evening and raining cold in bed. Next day
12 noon Dick comes by we go to the Museum--with Sandy--
lovely on my naked back through the open window. She has
finished Nadja, make entry in my journal, work on my new
poem, go to baby-sitting. Carol came, looking for Dick-kicks
them out. Now I am --I carve a pumpkin. I read Nadja. 4 a.m.
--lying naked on the bed. We start talking about Marcel
Duchamp. All try to figure out how pay the rent...12
o'clock...ourselves...we begin touching one another in
the dark, & she is reading Prolegomena to Greek Religion.
She says she is- she takes off my clothes & we laugh. Dick & I
discuss Wallace Fowle, he gives me a copy of Nadja, not to
keep--she says if it's ever over between us in your mind
please tell me. Talk about Dada, we do, drink whiskey. He
makes coffee. We let him in, he knocks again--at the door--
we show him a copy of Nadja--he dissipates--she interprets
it for him in some new way, I translate it for him, he is
sleeping, Dick comes over, we discuss Nadja extensively, next
day 12 noon we are all to go To the Museum.(TV Show)

2.

I was charging others to love me, instead
of doing so myself.

3.

The day I see my name in the papers, something

snaps, I'm finished. I sadly enjoy my fame, but
I stop writing.

4.

Now fifty years and nostalgic, I pushed open the door of a
cafe and asked for a small beer. At the next table some beautiful
young women were talking animatedly and my name is
mentioned. "Ah," said one of them, "he my be old, he may
be homely, but what difference does that make? I'd give
thirty years of my life to become his wife." I look at her
with a proud, sad smile, she smiled back in surprise, I got
up, I disappeared.

《电视故事》

晚 7 点，下着冷雨，躺在床上。第二天
中午 12 点，迪克来了。我们要去博物馆，跟桑迪一块儿，
跨过我光着的膀子，穿过那个窗门。她写完了
《娜迦》，那东西记在我的日记中，写我的
新诗，做做保姆。卡罗尔过来找迪克——把他们
踢走。现在，我在——我雕刻一个南瓜，读《娜迦》，
凌晨 4 点了一——赤薄赤卵躺在床上。我们谈起马塞尔·
杜尚。想想有什么法子搞到房租....12 点...我们自己
...我们在黑暗中开始互摸，她在读《希腊宗教序言
》。
她说她是一——她脱掉我的衣裳，我们笑了起来。迪克和我
讨论起华莱士·福利，他给了我一份《娜迦》拷贝，
不能保存——她说要是在你看来我们之间结束了，
那得告诉我。谈了谈达达，我们确实狠了不少威士忌。他
在弄咖啡。我们让他进来，他又敲——门——
我们给他看那份《娜迦》拷贝——他消失了——她
用新方法向他解释，我呢当一当翻译，他睡着了，
迪克走进来，我们激烈讨论《娜迦》，第二

天，中午 12 点，我们一块去博物馆（电视秀）

2.

我命令别人来爱我，而不是逼自己这么做

3.

在我在报纸上看到我名字的那天，有什么东西突然断了，我完了。我伤心地享受我的名声，我不再写作。

4.

现在，五十年后，思乡病发作，我推开咖啡馆的门，要了个小啤酒。旁桌上几个漂亮年轻妞在活灵活现地谈论我的名字。“哈，”其中一个说，“他可能老了，他大概平庸了，可是这有什么鸟的区别呢？我会献出三十年来当他的老婆子！”我望着她，骄傲，难受，笑笑，她惊奇地回了个笑脸，我起身，消失。

El Greco

A drop of boo the wounded ham
might be

Saint Francis' knee

in the sombrero of a tree.

Mouth deep

rope Owl hoot in spectral radiance
& fix skull

He prays.

his vision
broke his brain(lie a hen visage
a plant among browns and grays
Crimson pot
pierces finger gasp
drip fresh
drips bright ow fring,
Fellow, fring
a miniscule wrist limp
on a hollow headless
bone

《埃尔·格列柯》

一点嘘声 那只受伤的火腿
可能是
圣·弗朗西斯的膝盖
披着一株树木的 宽边帽。

嘴部深深地
打结 猫头鹰在光谱辐射中鸣叫
以及修补头颅

他祈祷。

他的想象
打破 他的脑子（躺着 一个母鸡的外表
一株植物在棕色和灰色间。

深红色罐
刺穿手指 喘气
滴落 新鲜的
水滴 明亮的 哦 阀门

那伙计，阀门

一个小写的 腕关节 跛行在
一跟空洞的无头
骨头上

Cento: A Note on Philosophy

FOR PAT MITCHELL

When I search the past for you

We who are the waiting fragments of his sky

"I who am about to die"

Then was the drowsy melody of languish

And staying like white water; and now of a sudden

A too resilient mind

cajoling, scheming, scolding, the cleverest of them all

And so we ride together into the peach state!

(Remain secure from pain preserve thy hate thy heart)

Those are the very rich garments of the poor

The rack and the crucifix of winter, winter's wild

Which encases me. What about the light that comes in then?

Silence; and in between these silences

The spins and the flowing of night-time.

Praising, that's it! ONE ordained to praise

The wind without flesh, without bone

The morning-glory, climbing the morning long

In ordinary places.

Not to mention the chief thing

We think by feeling. What is there to know?

bouncing a red rubber ball in the veins

Though my ship was on the way it got caught in some moorings.

Melodic signs of Arabic adventure
Darting into a tender fracas leeward and lee
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet
And you have made the world(and it shall grow)
The last the sole surviving Texas Ranger
The heavy not which you were bringing back alone
Abandoned, almost Dionysian
Why should I climb the look-out?
The child who has fallen in love with maps and charts
Drums in the pre-dawn. In my head my brain
But to be part of the treetops and the blueness, invisible
In red weather.
Questions, oh, I hope they do not find you
I go on loving you like water, but
I am in love with poetry. Every way I turn
I think I am bicycling across an Africa of green and white fields
Into a symbol. I hate that. I falter. These

Let the snake wait under
My back, for which act
I would not credit comment upon gracefully
How how the brig brig water the damasked roses
But helpless, as blue roses are helpless
The revolution is done. What has a bark, but cannot bite?
I've tucked the rushing earth under my legs
by those, to sing of cleanly wantoness
To walk, and pass long love's day

"It is such a beautiful day I had to write you a letter
On along the the street. Somewhere a trolley, taking leave
Just to be leaving; hearts light as balloons
mirrored in little silver spoons."
True voyagers alone are those who leave

The falcon cannot hear the falconer
They never shrink from their fatality
Upon those under lands, the vast
And, without knowing why, say, "Let's get going! Goodby."
& so, sauntered out that door, which was closed.

《拼贴：哲学札记》

——致帕特·米切尔

当我回到过去找你，
我们是等在他天空中的碎片。
“我是那个快翘辫子的人。”
接着才是那种憔悴而犯困的旋律，
像白开水一样滞缓；而现在，一个突发
过于弹性的心智
哄骗、密谋、责骂，是最机灵的一个，
就这样我们一同驶向乔治亚洲！
（远离痛苦，保持你的恨和心）

那些是穷人的奢华衣裳
冬天的刑具十字架，冬天的狂野
将我装进箱子。那光来自哪里？
沉默；在这沉默之间
夜的旋转与流淌。
赞美吧，就是这样！授命赞美
没有肉骨的风
牵牛花，以平凡的步伐
攀上漫长的早晨。
更别提那最重要的事：

我们用感觉思考。还有什么要知道的？
一个红色橡胶球在血管里蹦跶，

尽管我的船起航了却还被绳具困住。
阿拉伯冒险的旋律符号
冲进温柔的顺风大吵大闹中
田野芬芳，雏菊亲吻我们的脚
而你创造了世界（它会生长）
最后唯一一位幸存的德州游骑兵
你独自带回的沉重否定
被遗弃，近乎酒神
为何我要爬上瞭望台？
那爱上地图和图表的孩子
在黎明前敲鼓。我脑壳中的脑子
只想成为树梢和蔚蓝的一部分，隐形
在红色的天气中。
问题，哦，我希望它们不会找上你
我依然爱你如水，可是
我爱着诗歌。我会用任何方法
把我以为骑车穿越绿白相间的非洲田野的幻觉
转变成一个符号。我讨厌那样。我支支吾吾。

让蛇在我的脊背下
等着，对于这个行为
我不会优雅地给予评论
要如何如何用那船给那锦缎玫瑰浇水
可惜没用，像蓝玫瑰一样无助
革命已完成。什么东西有树皮但不会咬人？
我已将奔腾的大地夹在两根大腿中
通过它们唱出纯净的放荡
散散步，度过漫长爱的日子。

“今天真是好日子，我不得不给顺着街道
给你写信，那儿有一部电车正在离开
只是离开；我的心轻得跟气球似的，
映射在小小的银匙中。”

真正的航海者是那些离开的人
猎鹰听不见驯鹰者的召唤
它们从不逃避命运
在那些下方的土地上，广袤无垠，
不知为何，说：“让我们出发吧！再见。”
就这样闲逛走出那道门，门是关着的。

New Junket

FOR HARRY FAINLIGHT

Everywhere we went we paid the price, endurance
Of indifference, signs of regeneration: in every
Victim awaits the guest of honor, hawk-like, with
respect to the unlocking of the dream; this hot breath
That you perfectly feel lingering. It makes you think.
You think of a faience pot, a giant eucalyptus overhung
Against the balustrade, facing assurance in the wind.
You suspect we enjoy these poses. This biggest indifference.
You were succumbing to kisses(the real purpose
A other purpose of the trip) but the trip had been
Moved up. I cared. And so we left.
Wonder changes grooves to form a Winter
Rising with Winter roses near the house. The water
following the signal, which is following me,
Is lifting me up on the on the wings of the great machine.

《新游山玩水》

致哈里·费恩莱特

我们去哪儿都得遭殃，忍受
冷漠与复兴的迹象：每个

受害者都在等着贵宾，跟鹰似的，带着
对梦境解锁的尊重；这热气
你能完美感到它在徘徊。它让你动脑子。
你想到一个彩陶罐，一棵巨大的桉树
压着栏杆，在风中面对信心。
你怀疑我们享受这类姿态。这种最大的冷漠。
你屈服于亲吻（一个真正目的
另一个旅行的目的）但旅行
被提前了。我在乎这个。我们离开了。
奇景改变沟槽形成一个冬天
随着冬天的玫瑰在房子附近升起。
水跟踪那个追随我们的信号，
把我托起在那在那伟大机器的翅膀上。

Dick Gallup(Birthday)

(For The Gallups)

interrupts yr privacy

25 years later

you wait between the dodge and the bush

a basket

between you and your arm: under it

INSIGH (Vol. 1. Nr.3)

(the condemned man is shielding

a

woman, about 25, five feet

eleven inches high, hair dark,

curly,

dark eys; and though not gal-

lant, is pure...

the street disappearing

into bush level

two heads above the basket

("seeking a personal
world, where one's own
behavior has a code.....

is no guarantee

of justic, folks.

SUNLIGHT IN

JUNGLE-LAND

...

that girl wreathed in blue

and that one, in yellow

corporeal

"her hair a wondrous gold"

MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS

(under the sheets)

the community

in their vicinity, is murder.

It keeps us awake.

FOLK LEGENDS do not await Verdicts.

We get on, with provisions.

It(The Dodge) continues.

《迪克·盖洛普（生日）》

中断你的隐私

25 年后

你在一部道奇和灌木丛中等

一个篮子

在你和你的手臂之间： 在它下面

《顿悟》（第 1 卷，第 3 期）

（那个千刀万剐的男的保护着一个
女人：约 25 岁，五尺
十一英寸搞，灰
卷发，
黑眼睛；尽管不英勇，但纯粹...

消失在街上
进入灌木丛
两个脑壳挂在篮子上

〔搜寻一个个人
世界，那里每个人的行为
都有一个代码...

没有司法
和民族保障。

《灌木林地的
日光》

.....

那个女裹着蓝衣
而另一个穿着黄色
肉色的

“她的头发是奇妙的金黄色”

《主干道》

（在床单下）

社区

就在她们附近，是个杀人犯。

这让我们保持清醒。

《民谣传奇》不等待判决。

我们上车了，带着干粮。

它（道奇）继续。

Conceived in Hate

...Your America & mine
are lands to be discovered
and nothing
stirs us to discover
so much as the real
drama of today's newsmaking people

Blonde on Blonde

It's enough to make a girl
go out & buy a bottle
of peroxide; and many did.
But not her. She loved
Mencken, her pretty sister
whose shame & sin outshone
her dark, golden curls.

《恨中获孕》

...你的美国，以及我的
是有待探索的荒地
并没啥
刺激我们去大力
发掘，用作当今新闻人物的
真实戏剧场面

“美女如云”

它足以让一个女孩
出门，去买一瓶
过氧化物；有的就这么干了。

但不是她。她喜欢
门肯，她的漂亮姐姐
她的羞耻和罪恶在她的阴暗面
和黄金般的卷发上闪耀。

Flower Portrait
FOR SOTERE TORREGIAN & FAMILY

It's morning

meaning
it
has arrived:
MERRY XMAS
the center of
my gray window facing life. That's
a Christmas card, from John Perreault. That's
Gary Snyder: A RANGE OF POEMS. That's
THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF & that is
MOTHER

6.

IT'S ALL IN THE STAR

(that's a book)
CLEAR THE RANGE!
(That's a book, by me.)

Nevertheless
she
is not here,
tho it's all right here
and so are we.

**

Birds sing in this
my world, I love you

if "you" is bacon,
toast & two eggs, over
light: we'll share a small coke & read a big boke
before we die.

**

What am I talking about? It
's a new day! I've got
to run. Mi casa, su casa,

THE AGE OF GOLD IS BEFORE ME.

《花卉肖像》

这会儿是早晨
意思是
它
已经来了：
圣诞快乐
面对生活的
我的灰窗户中心。那是一张
圣诞卡片，来自约翰·佩雷奥。那是
加里·斯奈德：一个诗歌游骑兵。那是
德国总参谋部以及那是
妈

6.

《一切尽在星空》

（那是一本书）

《清除范围》

（那也是书，是我的。）

不过呢

她

不在这儿，
不过这里一切正常
当然，我们也是。

**

鸟在这个我的世界
唱歌，我喜欢你
要是“你”是指腌肉，
吐司或两个鸡蛋什么的，在
光线上：我们会分享一块小蛋糕，读一篇长博客
在我们死前。

**

我在扯什么淡？这会儿
是新的一年！我必须得溜了。
我的房子，你的房子

黄金时代就在前方。

Selflessness

TO PETER SCHJELDAHL

This picture indicates development
You drink some coffee, you get some sleep
Everything is up in the air
especially us
who are me
Linda greets our force

forcefully

so much for that

(sing)

"I'm sittin' here
thinkin'
just how sharp I

am..."

I ask you, can these words have issued

from M'sieur M. "The Rock" Proust,

BPOE, RSVP, ICUP?

NO.

You inhabit a baby, I mean

a table...

the logic of that

is lost

is mixed with public opinion

and

as we get closer & closer, to ti

something snaps

Music gets into this picture

of

"A life."

&Now it's rolling...

& Now we are one

& it's bed-time

competitive spirits

dare we continue? we dare continue

seeking parties

full of places

we have not been at

nor ever will be at

without each other.

《无私》

这幅景象显示新情况

你喝喝咖啡，你睡睡觉

一切都八字还没一撇

尤其我们

我是哪个
琳达迎接我们的力量
强有力地
太过了

(唱歌)
“我坐在这儿，
想，
我是多么机灵的
一个...”

我问你，这些文字可能来自
《M 先生》吗。“岩石”普鲁斯特
BPOE, RSVP, ICUP?

不。
你住在一个婴儿里头，我的意思是一
张桌子...

那个逻辑
便是消失
便是与民意混杂
并且
当它对它越来越近亲，接着
有什么东西突然断了
音乐进入这
“生命”的
景象

现在，它在刷新....
现在，我们同一啥的
得睡觉了
好胜的精神
我们还敢继续否？继续
寻找到处都是的
派对
我们还没到
也永不会到

没有彼此的地步。

The Avant-garde Literary Award

Someone something
 HELP!
 false start
 "falling in love with religious experience"
Now you're talking!
 "giving tongue
 to the public consciousness"
 (that's a thought)
 A dope-fiend is sitting
 on his dead ass,
 surrounded by roaches.
"You have just won The Avant-Garde Literary Award."

《前卫文学奖》

某人 什么东西
 救命！
 假开始
 “坠入宗教经验”
你说了算！
 “狂吠
 舆情秩序”
 （一点想法）
 一个毒瘾者坐在
 他的屁股上
 被蟑螂包围了

“你刚搞到了前卫文学奖。”

From The Art of the Sonnet

1.

It is a very great thing
To call across the room
To a girl
"Hey, I love you."

You shout very loudly.
A lot of weird freaky people
Look at you very strangely plus assorted boring square types--
The girl does not hear you.

She is puce, and yellow. You are completely ass
Because the girl you are yelling to is Whistler's Mother.
PS: You are also somewhat color-blind.
Or could it be that you are The Joker, my plum-blossomed Visionary

Friend? Those tiny broken veins on the tip of your nose are
Tres interesting. They resemble the map of Crete.

2.

Some of Denis Roche's books are missing here.
Let's go out. We can go to the park.
Dead Fingers Talk. They say, "I got some books here
That we steal things out of.

They're all by good writers. "Silence.
Orange Juice. Five dog barks then another.
Then too many to count shut up you dumb mutt.
In Korea they give puppies to GI's who fatten them up.

Then they steal them back to make soup. Ack.
I think we oughtta write a great poem outta these books.
That dog is still barking . My stomach is growling: Ravi Shanker
I got all great books here to write poems from.
Maybe we could write a sonnet. Great burst of applause:
Ladies& Gentlemen, it's all about to happen, & now it's done.

3.

I've been loving you a little too long.
I can't stop now. Why should I stop now?
You don't know, do you? I think it's vey nice
Of you. Incidentally, I went to the fortune teller

She looked into the crystal ball. She saw
Two New York Yankees & they were very small.
I left there in a hurry. I needed oe pall mall.
I got one from a midget. It was log as he was tall.

In case you haven't figured it out, Lady of Mondraian, the lake
I made up most of the above. You see, I did it
Because I'm a nut. Yet, isn't it all right to be sort of nutty, a flak
When you are in love? Why ot

Call me up sometime?
212-677-7779

《来自十四行诗艺》

1.

在房间对面
对一个妞
大喊 "嘿，我鸟你"

是件了不起的事

你轰嗓门，
一群怪胎变态
和无聊的二愣子射过来怪异目光——
女孩没鸟你。

她脸色发青，胆怯。你超蠢，
因为你冲着吼的妞正是惠斯勒她娘。
注：你可能还有点儿色盲。
或你就是一张小丑，我梅花般空想的

朋友？你鼻尖上的细小破裂血管
三倍有趣，像克里特岛地图。

2.

丹尼斯·罗什的几本书失踪了。
我们走吧，去公园溜达。
死手指在说话，它们说：“我这有些书，
我们可以从中偷到点东西。

它们可全是好作家写的。”沉默。
桔子汁。五条狗吠来吠去。
实在闹挺闭嘴吧你这蠢畜生。
在韩国，他们给美军小狗，让他们养养肥

接着偷回来煮成汤。确认。
我觉得我们得用这些书搞出点大诗。
那狗还在吠。我肚子咕咕响：拉维·香卡
我这儿有所有好书用来搞诗。

也许我们可以写个十四行？热烈鼓掌：
女士们先生们，一切即将发生，现在它搞定了。

3.

我稀罕你有点年头了
根本停不下来。 为啥要停？
你不知？我觉得你
非常不错。顺便提一句，我去算命了

她看看那个水晶球，里头有两个
洋基队打球的，他们个头小得可怜。
我匆忙离开。我急需一块裹尸布。
我从一个侏儒那里弄了一块来，它和他等长。

蒙德里安女士，要是你不明白， 以上的湖泊
皆出于我的虚构。瞧，我干的不错吧
我就是个疯子。不过谈爱情爱时耍耍疯
当当高射炮，又何尝不可？

有空考我？
212-677-7779

Then I'd Cry

Now twist knife all strength owing O now twist knife

And he came down tubes chosen by the waiter
Black fright
Headed down from his homely Thuggee feelings
To the babbling waiter
Whose foreign complusion wounded his taint
In the dawn of Thuggee feelings
Then
I tamed him

A prince sups on his head for thought
Dark grace savors him
Or tortures me

He said come forth old time wit and get me too

《我哭》

现在用力扭刀哦扭刀现在

他顺着服务员精选的管子滑落
黑色惊恐
从他粗鄙的暴徒情愫中一路俯冲
扑向那潺潺发声的服务员
他那异质的强迫感败坏了他的污点
在充满暴徒感的黎明
就这样
我驯服了他。

王子在他的脑壳中边啜饮边思绪
黑暗的优雅品尝他
或折磨着我

他说来吧古老的智慧，带上我

Air Conditioning

It's very interesting
Weighing 50 lbs
You might even say, "It's great!"
"Let's drink to that!"

I did Dixie Cup Fanta Orange
IOWA BACL DEATH & now a humming
OPening it up inside
Making a fire-engine red
Desk chair bright green
A white night & amazing you!
You don't believe it.

《空调》

真有点儿意思
重五十磅
你甚至会说：“太棒了！”
“为它干一个！”
我喝了 一迪克西杯装的芬达
艾奥瓦州 死亡背面 如今只剩下嗡嗡声。
它在体内打开
烧起一些消防车红
办公椅鲜亮
一个白夜， 而你如此惊人！
你不信。

Monolith

The right wall is BRICKS
The left wall is FAR OUT
The front wall is PICTURES
I CAN'T SEE the back wall.

The CEILING is High.
The Floor is QUICK.
The AIR is THIN.
The LIGHT is BRIGHT WHITE.

The CURRENT is ELECTRIC.
THE POWER is ON.
The Subject is BENT.
He is Poised.

He is Listening.
This is IT.
it is here.
He has been WATCHING.

He has Had To Think.
It is Done. It is
COMPETENT. It is NOT
SATISFACTORY, but

It Damn Well Will Do.

《巨石》

右墙是砖块。
左墙远。
前墙是图片。
后墙我看不到。

天花板高。
地板快。
空气稀薄。
光线白亮白亮。

电流带电。

电通着。

主题乱搞一通。

他泰然极了。

他在听东西。

就是这样。

这里。

他一直在观察。

他必须思考动脑子。

搞搞定。它需要

能力。它并不

让人满意，但

它他妈的会全部搞定。

Autumn

Autumn is fun

for these kids

who love me

But comes a voyeur

W/his champagne

to this tub

It shrinks

disappears.

The pills aren't working.

《秋天》

秋天对那些孩子
来说很好玩
他们爱我
但来了一个窥淫狂
把他的香槟
倒进这个浴缸
它缩小
消失。
这些药丸没起啥作用。

London

Messy red heart
put on black shirt
tight brown cords & slush-proof boots
stand up & look at it

Senior Service, pretty expensive
Not for me, tho, I'm an American
"There are no second acts in American life."
cf.F. Scott Fitzgerald
& money is just a way for people to talk, anyway

For example Jim Dine talking, to me
That's one I just finished. It's a list
of names of everyone in my life
the past ten years. What a great idear,

I think. It's so simple. You just get an idea
& then you do it. Anxiety thickens the plot.

《伦敦》

凌乱的红心

穿黑色衬衫

勒紧棕绳和防泥靴子

站着，看看它

高级昂贵的服务

不是为我，尽管我是个美国人

“美国人的生活中没有第二场。”

参见菲茨杰拉德

无论如何，大家用钱说话

比如在我们刚刚结束谈天中，

吉姆·戴恩就这么对我说。

再过去十来年，我生活中出现过

一长串这样的名字。多么了不起的想法，

我想。它如此简洁。你只要搞清楚，

照着做便是。焦虑加厚了情节。

London Air

TO BOB CREELEY

1.

My heart Your heart

That's the American Way

& so,

FUCK OR WALK!

It's the Amercian Way

**

Messy Red Heat (American)

Put on

black shirt, tight

brown cords & bright

blue socks

Under slush-proof

boots!

Is that cow-hide?

I don't know Yest it is that

It is That.

Take a good look, that is I

mean

have a good look

LIGHT UP(a Senior Service)

&

turning around

The trning point is turning around.

*

Now, that may seem wasteful to you

but not to me being American

That's the American bent

(sprinting with a limp)

*

It beginning have reach part 3.

Part 3.

Into the Second Act in American Life:

cf.F.Scoot Fitzgerald

"There are no

I go in &

Second

Acts in

sit

down Ameri-
can Life."
at this desk
and write
dog sees GOD
in the mirror
c/o Jim

Dine

60

Chester Square

London SW One

**

It's 5 units sunlight, 5 units
Cincinnati

One plus Zero
equals One

That's it you

Now you're talking!

& so, let me read to you this list
of the ten greatest books of all time:

Here they are

THE TEEN GREATEST BOOKS OF ALL TIME

1. Now in Jun by Lao-Tree
2. Sore Foot by Larry Fagin
3. Sleep & Dreams by Gay Luc & Julius Segal
4. Rape by Marcurs van Heller
5. Out of The Dead City by Chip Delaney
6. Moth by James M. Cain
7. Letters for Origin(Proofs) by Charles Olson
8. Classics Revisited by Kenneth Rexroth
9. Pleasures of a Chinese Courtesan by Jonathan Payne
10. Letters to Georgian Friends by Boris Pasternak

10. Horse Under Water by Len Deighton

10. Camp Concentration by Tom Disch

&

breathing easier now

10. The Quotations of Chairman Mao.

《伦敦航空》

1.

我心你心

那就是美国人的方式

因此，

操或走路！

这是美国人的方式

**

凌乱的红星 （美国人）

穿上

黑衬衫，束紧

棕色裤带和明亮的

蓝袜子

在

防泥靴子下！

那是牛皮的？

我不知道是的那就是。

就是。

好好看看，那就是

我说的

好好看一眼

亮灯（一项高级服务）

&

转回来

那个转折点正在转回来。

*

现在，那看起来对你而言有点浪费

我倒没事 作为一个老美

这就是美式趣味

（披来冲去地冲刺）

*

看来到第三部分了。

第三节.

进入美式生活样板第二幕

参见菲茨杰拉德

我进入 “那里没有

舞台 鸟的

坐

下 美式

好日子。”

在这张桌子上

写

狗 看见 上帝

在镜中

吉姆迪恩

切斯特广场 60 号

西南伦敦一区

**

这是五个单位的阳光，五个单位

辛辛那提

一加上零

等于一

就这么着你

现在你说了算！

因此，让我为你读一下这个书单

史上最伟大的十本著作：

马上开始

史上最伟大的杰作十册

- 1、《这会儿六月》 老树著
 - 2、《疼痛的脚底板》 拉里法金著
 - 3、《睡觉和做梦》 盖露西 茱莉斯西盖 合著
 - 4、《油菜》 马库斯范海伦著
 - 5、《走出死城》 奇普德兰尼著
 - 6、《蛾么子》 詹姆斯凯恩著
 - 7、《起源信件（证明）》 查尔斯·奥尔森 著
 - 8、《重返经典》 肯尼斯利克斯著
 - 9、《华夏交际花欢乐宝典》 乔纳森佩恩著
 - 10、《给乔治亚朋友的信》 鲍里斯帕斯特纳克著
 - 10、《水下马匹》 伦·戴顿
 - 10、《集中营》 汤姆迪斯科
- &
- 现在放轻松
- 10、 《毛语录》

In Bed with Joan & Alex

In the morning

Very bright the

not yellow

light

tough creamy air

it softens lightly

when you give

THE LOOK OF LOVE

having a

good

look

knowing/ green

interesting

manners

with

blackjack naunces

Can you dig it(doing that) in the MIchigan morning?

light

taking your glasses off

(clothes already off)

yellow pants

I should say gold

but gold isn't really yellow

is it?

so I

don't

Joan Fagin's brown shirt's resting now

on the chair

brown

transparent, blue

buttons...

Some pop off

so do we all some

time.

Joan, with you,

"I do."

&

Loving you

doesn't really have to "do"

anything

but I do.

& doing(...."anything"...) turns you on, too.

doing a few
swirls
&
spinning
moving easily
& so firm
A just plain terrific face
two eyes opening wide
with delight
that's "doing it all" for me.
It's a little scary it, & you, too
white & not so
blue
now a slow
pink flush
across the white rhythm
& the blue...
Coming
together
or maybe not coming at
all
or coming
at leisure
"Digging one's own
natural
savage
as the
man says
is all there is

to do.

To eat ourselves
alive
& dig it.
& having looked into "that",. having had "it"
still having it
Now,
to look at it,
looking at it whenever
The right light appears
which is practically
anytime & especially,
"In the morning."
2.
Looking at a cottage in the country,
Maine,
My main man's desire shines
throg
"that's tough!" you might say
but it's
civilized.
It's terse, but fluid. (It's
a hard-nosed kike rap).
Round & round & round we go
There are tress, around
& green grass
around
to stretch out
lay around
on.
Above blue sky
as clean as paint is
clear (thick & creamy

light.)

Now, that's what I call Radiance.

All of it,

& you, really here

plus, friendly

shad-

ows

talk

"do anything you want to."

& so we did, all

of it.

See that?

I'd like you to look at

& see it.

It's beautiful!

moving beautifully

in the morning

&

you can turn it on

you're

here

anytime

&

it's here

CODA : (to Alex Katz)

Being civilized about such things

is a great pleasure!

Wasn't

it, Alex?

It's just like Real Life

(after the movies.)

You put it together

with your knife

punching it

into the sun

shining

Out of sight!

3.

Now, resting on the President's chair, the center
head inside it's hair, on the grass, the white
house right over there

a Chesterfield King

& there's a light!

Clean White Smoke Wind Clear Air

me up here &

you,

you up across &

over there.

Between us, The United States

of Air

& Joan

still flying,

on this plane:

It's taking Joan everywhere

she feels like going

& so she does

& so do we all

& so we do,

thanks to you,

light radiance air

Alex, Joan, my friends,

you were there.

《跟简和艾利克斯在床上》

在这个早上

相当明亮

没那么黄的
光
坚硬的奶油空气
它轻轻地变软
当你露出
《爱的表情》
有一副好看的
面貌
知道/绿色
有趣的礼貌
以及
二十一点细微差别。
你喜欢（干）这个吗在密西根的早晨？
光
取下你的玻璃眼镜
（衣服早就没穿）
黄裤子
我应该说金色
可是金色并不是真正的黄色
不是吗
所以 我
说黄色
简的棕色衬衫这会儿就丢在
那把椅子上
棕色而
透明，蓝色
的纽扣...
有人解开它了
因此我们也是 有
时候。
简，和你在一起
“我愿意”
&

固

爱你
并不是必须要“做”
点什么
但是我愿意。

做点（...啥...）同时撩拨起来把你
稍稍做点儿
涡旋
以及
旋转
自如移动
以及适当加

一张普通而夸张的脸
两个眼睛 大大地打开着
真高兴
这些一切都是为了我。

真有点儿恐怖 这东西，你也是
白色，但没那么
蓝
现在一个慢慢的粉红色
穿过白色的节奏
接着蓝色.....
一起
来了
或者也许根本没来

或来得
优哉游哉

“挖掘一个人的
自然
野性
就像那人说的
是全部要
做的

活活
吃掉自己
挖掘它。
并且看着“那东西”，没完没了
但还在继续
现在，
看着它，
无论那根对的光线
什么时候出现，看着
那东西实际上
任何时候 而且特别是，
“在早晨。”

2.
看着乡下的农民房，
缅因州，
我的男主的欲望
闪耀着，
“这是艰难时刻！”你可能会说，
但 这是
文明的。
它简洁，流畅。（这是
一种固执的犹太饶舌）。
我们转啊转啊转的，
到处都是树，到处都是
绿草到处
伸展着的
躺着
在。
蓝天空上
那么干净就像绘画
那么干净（厚厚的，奶油状的
光线。）
现在，那就是我所谓的吉光。

全部都是，

你们，真的在这儿

加上，友善的

阴

影

说着

“干你想干的。”

就这样我们干了，

全干。

看见没？

我喜欢你看着，

看见它。

真美！

美美地移动

在这个早晨

当然

你们可以嗨起来

你们

就在这里

任何时候都行

以及

这儿把就。

尾声：（给凯子，艾利克斯）

对这类事要文明

那会相当一块！

不是吗，

艾利克斯？

这就像《真生活》

（模仿电影）

你把它跟你的指甲刀

放在一起

刺穿它

刺进闪耀的

阳光中

我们看不见！

3.

现在，做在总统的椅子上，中间的头
在它的头发里，在草地上，白宫
就在那里，
切斯特菲尔德大街
那儿有一盏灯！
清洁的白烟风清洁的空气
我在这儿，同样
你，
你走过出
那儿
在我们之间，美国
空军
和简
还在飞，
在这部飞机上：
它会带简去任何地方
只要她高兴
那么，她也这么干了
那么，我们都是
那么我们都是也
谢谢你们，
光 吉光 空气
艾利克斯，简，我的朋友们，
你们在那里。

Ode to Medicine

AFTER LEWIS WARSH

Going up, slowly, I, slowly

Flashing insane(exciting) changes across lady eye

Begin to soar. First the quiet
(trees) as Lewis and I lope none-too-gently by
Rush of light hitting walk, my
Tonight. The Pep Rally inflames the green sky
Feet crushing light, my walk lighting up
Forget them. They(I) shall return. It's cool
October's thickness(night). It needs girls
As well as well. I love these girls, & so
To cut through the dense talk growing light
I'm arriving soon. I am, & they laugh wisely
Along the diagonal: our sleep is but a birth
& a remembering, so forget all that came before.
There are girls laughing because they thought
Talk to him, he's high in New York somewhere
Sometimes, when I think about where I am
Medicine gets me high. I
Do a few spins & laugh it off. Cough

《药颂》

上升，缓缓上升，我，缓缓
闪光的疯癫（激动）在每个女士眼中变幻
开始扶摇直上。起先跟刘易斯一样
安静（树木），我不太温和地蹦跳着
一股光线击中我，我的
夜晚。誓师大会烧起绿色天空，
脚步把光压成碎片，我的步子亮起来，
忘掉它们。它们（我）应该返回。太冷了，
十月的浓厚（夜），它们同样需要
妞。我热爱那些妞，因此
穿过密集的谈话发射出光芒，
我迅速抵达。我是，她们机灵地笑着，

在斜对面：我们的睡眠只不过是一次出生
一次记忆，那么忘掉过去的一切吧
妞们在大笑，因为她们想
跟他聊天，他在纽约那个犄角旮旯晃了
而有时，当我思考我在哪儿
药会让我嗨。我
发会儿晕，一笑了之。咳嗽

Sweet Vocations

After the first death there is plenty

Of Other but it's true

There is no other, too. One staggers

Weakly between the two. What fun is that?

It's no fun that's what. After the first

Sniff, you notice the typewriter's been sharpened; you

Dit it, so;

a, s, d, f, space... semi, l, k, j, space

Is it up & happy, this trip, like Merriweather Lewis

Whose California rides above the blue? or

Is it a down trip (John Keats)? I do love you:

"Down for you is up" when your head gets turned around

You look out the mirror at the self, & you preen,

You giggle because that it's so unlike you.

《甜蜜的圣召》

经历第一次死后，还有大量

其它的，不过这不是真的，

并没有其它。一个人摇摇晃晃
虚弱地夹在两人中间。这搞笑吗？
并不搞笑，就这么回事。在第一次
鼻吸后，你注意到这打字员变敏捷啦；
是你干的，那么；

a, s, f, 空格....半个,l,k,j, 空格
这旅行积极愉快，它是否像刘易斯
的加利福尼亚之旅，骑在蓝天上？
还是说一趟沮丧的旅行（济慈）？我真鸡巴爱你：
“沮丧对你而言即积极”你的脑壳转来转去

在镜子中寻找镜子，梳梳妆，
你咯咯傻笑因为那太不像你了。

To Anne

I love you much
as one can
love anybody
 baby,
 but
riding high a man is
tough as it comes,

It's not brutal.

It's a song.

For Love.

Of You.

《致安妮》

我超爱你

就像一个人
爱随便什么人
宝贝，
可是
春风得意可以让一个人
变粗鲁。

这不无稽。
这是一首诗。
为了爱
你

Going to Chicago

FOR DON HALL

Leaving first
on my way,
"Ave Atque Valium"
20 mgs.
&coffee
Thanks to the Air Hostess
dark eyes dark hair
red lips
full

Red Nose in the air

*

A passing thought to John Sinclair

a la bas

Right On, John

*

We see you down there

from here
up in the air
it's the same air
as one breathes in
&
one breathes out...
"Down to you is Up"
...in between
here and there
&
here.

2.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Lunch Poems / In Memory of My Feelings

Meditations in An Emergency

Advertisements For My self

The Sweet Science

The Press

An American Dream

Mollie &

other War Stories

Joe Liebling, Frank & Norman

ride with us

here.

3.

Change is my pocket

A John Kennedy American

half-dollar:

heads: Philip Whalen

tails: John Ashbery

(that's an old-master story)

flip it

it's in the air

The game is underway:
"Winning is my philosophy"
"Preparedness is the
only means toward Victory"
"Not Somehow
but
Triumphantly"
(that's the motto of The Salvation Army)
"There's a new day coming"
& if it's a nice day, we win
& if it's a stormy day,
can you dig it?
flying, under the weather
dig it
Fly Over
Fly Straight through
Fly big Baby, Fly!!
To The 2nd City.
Bye-bye.

《去芝加哥路上》

致 唐·霍尔

先走一
步
“阿特克安定”
20 毫克。
加点咖啡
感谢空姐
黑眼睛乌珠 黑发

烈唇
全员
红鼻子在天上

*

脑子里闪过约翰·辛克莱
我的儿子
真棒，约翰

*

我们看到你在下方
从这儿在空中
俯视
同样的空气
一个人吸入
接着
一个人呼出...
“对你而言上即下”
...在这里
那里 之间
在
此。

2.

《胡志明狱诗》
《午餐诗》 / 《为了纪念我的情感》
《紧急中的冥想》
《为自己打广告》
《甜蜜的科学》
《出版》
《美国梦》
《帆鳍鳍，
以及其它战争故事》
乔·李布林、弗兰克和诺曼
与我们同行
在此。

3.

我口袋中的零钱：

一个约翰肯尼迪美国人

半块美元

脑壳：菲利普惠尔伦

尾巴： 约翰阿什贝利

（那是老故事了）

翻转它

在天上

游戏进行中：

“赢是我的哲学”

“知己知彼

百战不殆”

“不是莫名其妙

而是

得意扬扬”

（那是救世十字军箴言）

“新的一天开始了”

要是好天气，我们会赢

要是个风暴天，

你明白啥意思吗？

飞，管它什么情况

就这意思

飞跃

直飞过去

飞吧大妞，飞飞飞!!

到第二个城市。

拜拜。

How We Live in the Jungle

I am asleep

next to The Hulk
warm behind,
inside,
all around me
Oranges,
soft purples,
greens, blue
Underneath & above
wooden planks
furniture,
Sky,
big sky,
all around the tree.
It's a house-tree
You feel at home here
in the nut-bush.
First asleep
next going into heat
a stinging shower
& then,
cooled, with a buzz on.
The Hulk is breathing easily now
as her graceful form
moves purposefully into everyday life.
The Hulk
often sleeps
while I'm awake
& vice-versa
& vice-versa
No matter.
We live together in the jungle.

《我们如何在丛林中生活》

我睡在
 绿巨人旁边
身后温暖，
 在内部，
 被它环绕
橙色，
 柔软的紫色，
 绿色，蓝色
在下方，上方
 是木板
 家具，
天空，
 大天空，
 围绕着这棵树。
这是一棵房屋树，
 你感到跟家似的
 在坚果灌木丛中。
先是睡着，
 然后发热，
 一阵刺痛的淋浴，
然后，
 凉爽了，带着嗡嗡声。
绿巨人现在呼吸平稳，
 她优雅的身形
坚定地融入日常生活中。
 绿巨人
常常在我醒时
 睡觉，
 反之也是，
反之没啥区别。
 没关系。
 我们一同生活在丛林中。

Train Ride

Somebody knows everything so
It doesn't make any difference,
what you do
So ,do anything you want,
it's all right
You can do it. Just do it,
right?

《乘火车》

有人知晓一切， 所以，
你搞啥都无
所谓，
你想搞啥就啥吧，
没关系，
你可以搞， 去搞，
对吧？

The Simple Pleasures of Buffalo

It's impossible to take a bath in this house because I am the house-guest & the bath-room is of the house. It'd difficult not to lie, constantly on the beds. It is not difficult to read, "The Groupie" "Thongs", "Ball Four", "The Jocks", & "Teen-Age Sex." It's quite difficult to jack off: God knows why. But,

It is possible to fuck a lot; lying, sitting, kneeling, standing
or simply thrashing about the beds. If you don't believe me,
just ask____. To continue: in this house
it's a simple matter to swallow the cough syrup(codeine):to swallow
the capsules(pills) or even the spansules is even simpler:
It is not quite so simple to stick the needle into the vein.
This requires a certain amount of practice; and Witch Hazel
Can be helpful, to cover the tracks & in healing the sore arms.
Perhaps the simplest, most rewarding element this
quietly insane house affords you is time, time to be reading
for example, on your own, this terrific book,
"The Good Spirit," poems by Citizen Andrei Codrescu.

《在水牛城独乐乐》

这房子没法洗澡
我是房客，浴室归
房东。要恒久赖在床上也不容易，
看看书倒不难，《骨肉皮》《丁字裤》
《第四球》《运动员》《少年性事》。
手淫相当困难：鬼知道。不过，
胡搞倒是容易：躺着、坐着、跪着、站着，
或者就在床上打滚。要是你不信，
就去问那谁谁好了。继续：在这个房子里，
吞服止咳糖浆（含可待因）是轻而易举的事：
吞胶囊（药丸）甚至包衣片就更简单。
找到静脉扎入针头就没那么简单。
这需要一些练习；金缕梅可能
管点用场，掩盖痕迹，治愈手臂痛什么的。
也许在这个静得可怕的风子里，最简单
最有价值的成分就是时间，用时间
独自看看书，比如这本超好的《好神经》

安德烈·科德雷库的诗集。

Apologies to Val & Tom

October: half-room rising: London sky, Piccadily's greyish-black
Neon makes it funky: 3 Chesterfield Kings: 5 quid a hundred dexies
City magic makes it easy for a man to be a monkey! all the geese went "honk!"
In Hyde Park where I walked today: I thought of you as I walked my way
NOt that way toward where you are; that I had turned away from, from thinking
What I had meant to do yesterday. Last year's London's disappeared, broken up
The way New York City had, before & after London last year.
Nevertheless I'm

here

Walking around. I wish I'd run into you both upon these grounds, Hyde Park.
I couldn't come to visit you, your home, today (& this is dumb) because
I had no place from which to come from. Does that make sense?
(IT does.) & I miss seeing you, my friends, & talk. But Val, I liked you calling me
on the phone,
It seemed so neighbourly. & Tom, I liked reading your poems, in my room,
alone
(proofs); & the words I wrote then were truly mine, & not "to atone" ...
I will come visit you, you two, in good time,
days to come; I'll talk a lot, show-off my loves, & sometimes rime.

《抱歉，瓦尔，汤姆》

十月：半个房子升起：伦敦的，皮卡迪利区的天空，灰黑色
霓虹灯看着时髦：三张切斯特菲尔德国王：五英镑一百片安非它
城市魔法容易让一个人成为一条猴子！所有鹅在鹅鹅地叫！
我今天散步在海德公园：我荡着马路，想起你们，不是通向
你们家的路线，我掉头了，我在想昨天我原本打算

干啥来着？去年的伦敦消失了，已破碎
这跟在去年前或后的伦敦的纽约如出一辙
不过呢，我还在

这里

四处闲逛。我希望，基于此，我会碰巧遇见你们也在海德公园。
我今天不太可能去拜访你们，你们家（这很白痴）是因为
我实在无处可来。我这么说有意思吗？

（是的当然）我是说我想去看你们，我的朋友，唠唠嗑。可是瓦尔，我希望是你
来呼唤我

用公用座机，

它似乎很友善。我是说汤姆，我喜欢在房间里读你写的东西，
单读

（证据）；我当时写的话真是我写的，而不是什么“赎罪”...
我会去拜访你，你们两个，找个好时机，
好日子；我会唠叨很多，炫耀我的爱，偶尔还押个韵啥的。

One, London

In Hyde Park Gate 14 white budgie scratchings mean
What? Black orchids on a wall serve for clouds, loom
Up from an orange bed floating, a host of words; Fall; heat
coming on
White breathing disappearing as it defines this room

Above a friend his metes asleep; he's somewhere else; England
Here clucks; poetry don't mix. October 1st; half-moon rising
Soon it seems to descend. Perhaps a clock is a good idea
It tells one what to do, when

Two weeks & a day past it seemed so easy to take, NY's room
& NY's speed made it seem easy, giving; easy living
Tho NY's room was someone else's, somewhere else too

Here words take their own sweet time arriving

Here to sleep a day & a night away seems mild. Still there's plenty to do:
Birds to be looked at, pills, a warm bath, letters to be written to you.

《一个人，伦敦》

在海德公园十四号门，那些抓狂白鸚鵡
是啥意思？墙上的黑兰花充当了云，笼罩在
那张漂浮的桔子床上，一大堆话；秋天；热气袭来
白气呼出消失，仿佛它在定义这个房间

他的妻子睡在一个朋友身上；而他在英格兰的什么鸟地方；
这儿，傻瓜和诗从不混在一起；十月一日；半个月亮升起
不过很快它要落下。也许闹钟是个好主意
它告诉人们该做啥，啥时做

两周零一天过去了，一切似乎很容易，纽约的房间
纽约的速度让这些看起来很轻松，写意；轻松的生活
尽管纽约的房间也是别人的，也在别的鸟处
在这里，说话语速是那么慢吞吞

这里睡去一天一夜总是寡淡，不过仍然有很多事情要做：
要去观鸟，要吃药，洗热水澡，要给你写写信。

Southampton Business

Train Ride...

16 coaches long!

not hardly

With a song in my
heart...

I remember my
first love, &
the last time I....

*

Here you can read
"We Arrived &
What We DID"
A girl's poem
but not now.
Now it's here.

*

It's outside,
but you can't see
anything.

*

Now it's night here.
Take a walk
down an Elm Street
in the rain
Up
from the Train Station,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Now, you're here.
Go inside
& open up
Viva!
Fat City

*

& the long hours pass
like buzzes
gone

down a highway.
& nothing is really happening
at all
It all happens so fast,
so,
STOP

*

Get back up & go.

*

That was life, sometimes you ran dry
Some mornings you'd wake up all wet. Today
For example, was a black day; business as usual,
However; i.e. everyone was getting the business
Our nation's leaders stared blankly straight
At us with expressions of grave concern
the sun
Came up while the rain was coming down, like
Nobody's business, so ,nobody didn't see you
In the altogether period me needling business
Myself, & then,
a burst of political jabber
before you

*

SLEEP

*

Talk like you don't hear any more
not since the old days

*

Love Poetry
cigarette

Huey Long, get shot

*

& all the time

the girl in the Keane painting

awake

upstairs

sleeping

*

while the morning Times was saying

\$75,000 was paid for a Roy Lichtenstein yesterday. A

James Rosenquist went for 26. Highest price ever for one

of those. & a life-size kitchen stove complete with sagging

Pots & Pans, &46,000. The Germans took the prizes, the

Americans

Got the business, the Times went on to note. By god,

That's not how it was in the old days! Oh well, I think I'd

like to have a de Kooning, for nothing, myself. Or else, to be

Perfectly frank, just go on minding my own business.

*

Keeping it up

going on

& on

& on & on...

*

No more Monkey-business

*

I think

*

No, I'd just as soon be where you are, asleep,

Awake, kissing your neck before we'd fuck a lot

From behind holding your breasts which are warm

*

Nobody's business but our own

*

Sleep, or don't: do whatever you feel like

Stay as long as you like.

《南安普顿商业》

乘火车...

16 节长！

几乎

我心里的

一首歌

我记得我的

初恋，以及

上次我.....

*

你可以读读

“我们到达，

我们做了什么”

一个女孩的诗

不过不是现在。

现在，到这儿了。

*

在外面，

但你啥也

看不见。

*

现在又是晚上了。

散步

沿着桉树街

下着雨

从火车站

上来

转弯，拐弯，再转。

现在你到了这儿。

走进去

打开
万岁!
富得流油的城市

*

漫长的数小时过去了
就像嗡嗡叫
消失在
在高速路上。
没什么真的在发生
完全没有
一切发生太快了
太那什么，
停。

*

起身，返回。

*

这就是生活，有时你会耗干。
某些早晨，你醒来时全身湿乎乎的。比如，
今天，就是一个黑日子；不过，
生意照常；比如，人人都在搞生意
我们国家的领导人茫然直直盯着
我们，带着一副严重关切的表情
太阳
在雨下下来时升起，跟谁
都没关系，所以，在真个过程中
谁也没看你，我也在自己干
自己的，接着，
你突然在你面前来上
一通政治废话。

*

睡觉！

*

就当没听见，

老早开始就这样了。

*

爱诗

烟

休伊·朗，他被枪杀了

*

以及一直都是

那个基恩绘画里的女的

醒来

上楼梯

睡觉

*

早上《泰晤士报》说

昨日有人花七万五千美元买下利希滕斯坦的画。

詹姆斯·罗森奎斯特拍出二十六万 。那是此类作品

的空前天价。 那个等比例厨房炉灶

配全套塌边的锅碗瓢盆，四万六千美元。

德国人拿了奖，美国人赚了钱，

报上说。天哪，妈的，操，这日子

是没法过去了！罢了，不过我也想搞

一幅德·库宁的东西， 或者，坦白说，

干脆继续守着自己的生意。

*

保持下去

继续

下去

搞下去…

*

别再耍猴把戏了

*

我想…

*

算了，我还是尽快到你那儿去，睡觉，

醒来，在我们大搞一场前亲你脖子
从背后抓握你的乳房，热乎乎的 。

*

那是我们自己的小生意

*

睡，或不睡，随你愿意
你想待多久都行。

THREE POEMS: GOING TO CANADA

ITINERARY

Thursday & Friday:

(Southampton, New York City)

Wake up & crash land

pat the old lady

have a drink

tie shoes

take bus

change trains

go, to the doctor

score

HIGH

eat, beans &

bread pudding, get

slightly smashed on cheap red

take a walk

to clear your head

smoke hash / shoot smack

nod out / wake up with a start / take off

Go to Canada.

How to Get to Canada

borrow 50 from George
Spend 2 for Tarantula
and 4 for a little Horse
and 5 for two meals
and 1 or 2 for King-size Chesterfields
and 2.5 to ride the bus
and 2 more for taxicabs
& 1 for tips & 25 cents for 1 more
bus.....buy a ticket
for 31. Check your bag, free.
Steal Night Song, & Prison Letters
From A Soledad Brother. Wait.....Fly:
15 cents is plenty to keep you in the sky.

Love

Missing you
in Air Canada

《三首：去加拿大》

1、行程

星期四和星期五：

（南安普顿，纽约）

醒来 & 迫降

拍拍老妇人

喝一杯

系鞋带

乘公交

换乘火车

去，看医生

得分

高兴

吃，豆子 &

面包布丁，

喝便宜红酒微醉

散散步

清醒头脑

吸大麻 / 注射海洛因

打瞌睡 / 突然醒来 / 起飞

去加拿大。

2、如何去加拿大

向乔治借 50 美元

花 2 美元买塔兰图拉

花 4 美元买一匹小马

花 5 美元吃两顿饭

花 1 或 2 美元买包过滤嘴斯特菲尔德

花 2.5 美元乘公交车

再花 2 美元打出租车

& 1 美元给小费 & 25 美分再乘一次

公交车.....买票

31 美元。托运行李，免费。

偷《夜歌》和《监狱信件》

来自索莱达德兄弟。等一下.....飞：

15 美分足够让你在天上待着。

3 、 爱

想你
在加拿大航空

Written on Red Roses & Yellow Light

Acid
aquamarine
squares
moving
up ashtry
Smoking
a soft white chick
head red
chic, tacky
fur ruffling over
leather
Or is that what that is?
"18"
she says,
to
the pretty, plain girl below
severe auburn
hair
her red shirt, cowboy
left pocket half-full of bosom
& on down
sleek curve of denim
thigh-meat
weird shoelets

tiny flesh-holes
Acid
green floor
waving, or
wavering
More & more
floor
shoes, black, "straight", square
out front
of monumental black
dress
above
fatty calves, no
ankles
A city lady, O, obese!
Not me!
I'm just sitting
next the other green, plush
a sofa
rich
with recent presences
now presumably inside:
Light up!
a
slow cigarette
with my
Most Valuable Player
lighter:
Now
A Head
sucking
smokey air "in"
breathing out

Waiting
in the Waiting Room
to speak of Necessities:
& Now
my turn.
"Hello, again!
Remember me, Doctor?"
"Of course! You're
the Poet. Come in.
What is it, this time?"

《写在红玫瑰与黄光上》

酸
碧绿色
方块
移动
到
烟灰缸
吸烟
一只柔软的白鸟
头红
时髦，俗气
的羽毛
打褶
还是说就那样的？
“18”
她说，
对
那个漂亮平凡的女孩
赤红色

头发

她的红衬衫，牛仔 裤

左边口袋半露着胸

往下

光滑的牛仔裤曲线

大腿肉

奇怪的小鞋

微小的肉孔

酸

绿色地板

挥动，或

摇摆

越来越多

地板

鞋子，黑色，“直的”，方形

在前面

巨大的黑色

裙子上方

肥胖的小腿，没有

脚踝

一个城市女士，哦，肥胖！

不是我！

我只是坐在

另一片绿色，绒面

沙发上

富有

最近的存在

现在可能在里面：

点烟！

一根

慢悠悠香烟

用我的

MVP

打火机：
现在
一个头
吸着
烟雾弥漫的空气“在”
呼出
等待
在候诊室
谈论必需品：
现在
轮到我了。
“你好，又见面了！
还记得我吗，医生？”
“当然！你是
那个写诗的。进来。
这次又怎么了？”

From "Anti-Memoirs"

FOR TONY TOWLE

Mid-Friday morn, 10 o'clock, I go to India
At the suggestion of a man I barely know: Andre
Malraux. Benares. The first house I enter I see
A photograph of the murderer of Ghandi on the wall.
"There are too many Reactionaries still ,in India," I remember
Nehru telling Andre Malraux. I step closer to the picture,
Read the words printed at the bottom: photography by
Rudolph Burckhardt. This is unreal! I leave India, return
On foot to Hyattsville, Maryland. 1705 Abraham Lincoln Road.
My hosts are absent still. Their children have swallowed Rat

Poison, & they are at the Hospital, caught in the puke
& ye shall be healed, that scene, fright, terror, nothing serious
In the end except it might have been...The Rolling Stones fill this place
A sweet speed-freak is lost in Harlem. Mr. Chester Himes. Lief
Going on quite merrily Hunting For The Whale. A wealth
Of fresh Whale-tracks considerably cheers us up.

《反回忆录摘选》

致托尼·托尔

星期五，上午十点，我去了趟印度，
应一个我压根不认得的人提议：安德烈
·马尔罗。去什么贝纳勒斯。我一进房子
便看到了一张谋杀甘地的家伙的照片。
“印度还有大量反动派，”我记起
尼赫鲁对安德烈·马尔罗说过这个。我凑近照片，
读底部配文：鲁道夫·布尔克哈特摄影。
这太不真实了！我离开了印度，步行返回
马里兰州的海茨维尔，亚伯拉罕·林肯路 1705 号。
房东们依然不在家。他们的孩子吞了
老鼠药，正在医院，呕吐中，
“你们将会被治愈，”那一幕，恐惧，恐怖，毫无严肃
最后只是可能……滚石乐队填满了这个地方，
一个甜蜜的毒瘾犯迷失在哈莱姆。切斯特·海姆斯先生。
生活在《捕鲸》中过得有滋有味。
大量新鲜鲸鱼踪迹让我们相当来劲。

Galaxies

Winter. You think of sex, but it's asleep
Briefly you contemplate points of revolution
A naked artist smokes. Dreaming, you wake up & you say
"Everybody is a hero, everybody makes you cry." Ah,
This morning I was footprints in the snow
Listening to the words from the burning bush all the day
We sleep & dream our lives away. You dream
I don't live here, & when you wake up, what a relief,
I do. Someone to light the fire, babble for you
I dream a 7 ft. tall Watusi in full tribal regalia
& carrying a long spear promises to send me crumbly LSD
In a New York Times. He does, & I am pleased, but amazed
It's 9:45 of a Saturday morning, December the 26th. Through eight
Window-panes gray white light is pouring in. No, it's leaning in
Sitting in, by the fire, a chair. "God, more money, please!" No
Coal in the bin. But there is the fire, still in sight. And there is
More wood, to light. The fire leaps up the flue. The artist's smoke
Is fixed in space. Above my head is wood. I can't see a warm bed, &
Inside it, you. But I'm beginning to see The light, not
a bit older, & less cold than last night.

《银河系》

冬天。你想起性，但昏昏沉沉的
简单说你在思虑革命的要点。
一个裸体艺术家在吸烟。做梦，你醒来，你说
“谁都是英雄，谁都能把我搞哭。”哈，
这个早晨我是雪地上的脚印
整天听着灌木丛燃烧发出的响声
我们睡觉，虚度日子。你梦到我不在
这儿，当你醒来，让人安慰的是

我还在。有人点起篝火，吧啦吧啦对你说，
我梦见一个七尺高挂着全服部落徽章的瓦图西人
握着一根长毛，发誓说要给我送来散装迷幻药
就用纽约《时代》夹着。他确实来了，我很开心，
但惊讶于这会儿已是一个星期六上午的 9:45 分，
十二月 26 号。一些灰白色的光线穿过八格子的门窗
射进来。不，它们是倾探进来，坐在篝火边
的椅子上。“上帝，借我点钱！”桶里
没炭了。可是视线内还有火。还需要更多
木头来发光。这火焰跳进烟囱。跟着这艺术家的
烟雾混合在一起。我的头上是木柴。我看不见温暖的床，
你躺在那里。可我开始看到那道光了，一点儿
也不老，也不像昨晚的那么冷。

In Anne's Place

It's just another April almost morning, St Mark's Place
Harris & Alice are sleeping in beds; it's far too early
For a Scientific Massage, on St. Mark's Place, though it's
The right place if you feel so inclined. Later
Jim Carroll's double bums a camel from a ghost Aram Saroyan
Now, there goes Chuck, friend from out of a no longer existent past
Into the just barely existent future, wide-awake, purposeful
As Aram Saroyan's dad: a little bit more lovely writing, & then
May be a small bet on New York's chances this morning. It's not
Exactly love, nor is it faith, certainly it isn't hope; no
It's simply that one has a feeling, yes
You always do have a feeling & over the years it's become habit
Being moved by that; to be moved having a feeling,
So it's perfectly natural to get up & go to the telephone

To lay a little something down on your heart's choice
Calling right from where you are, in Anne's place,
As to your heart's delight, here comes sunlight.

《在安妮的住处》

又是一个早晨，四月，圣马克广场
哈里斯和艾丽斯在睡觉，现在来一场
科学按摩还太早，在圣马克广场，要是
你愿意的话，这地方很对头。后来，
吉姆卡罗尔的替身从幽灵阿拉姆
• 萨罗扬那里骑回一只骆驼。
这会儿，恰克来了，一个从不在存在的过去
来到一个几乎不存在的未来的朋友，
脑瓜子相当灵清，目标明确，像阿拉姆
• 萨罗扬他爹：写得可爱一点，那么
也许在这个纽约的早晨压个小小的赌注。这确实
不算爱，不是命运，当然也不是希望；都不是。
这无非就是一个人的感觉，是的
你总是感觉敏捷，这么些年来，它成了习惯
总被它感动。被它感染，因此起床
是很自然的一件事，去打个电话，
按你的直觉去押个几块钱
你在这里打就行，在安妮的住处，
至于你内心的喜悦，太阳升起来了。

Autobiography

FOR HENRY KANANUS

A colorful river of poetry drives forward
into what has never been named

where all women are fiery
all roses are scary
and all kisses are eternal

at its worst it leans into
soft oceans of romantic mush.

A little loving can solve a lot of things.

If a man is in solitude
the world is translated
and wings sprout from the shoulders of
The Slave.

In my solitude
I have seen things so clearly
that were not true.

For example
once I kissed a woman and nothing happened.
He is not really thinking.

His poems have too many
flaming ears
queens of daybreak
fallen stars and solar arrows

Power to the people and all like that.

He loves these things.

2.

When truth throws up
its translucent roosters
onto fountains of eggnog

He wants you to see
right through these things

Just behind them are
massive granite anguish shapes
humped over, feet on,
snout to, the earth

If you want to see
the light show
touch that lump, you rooster!

3.

Who can like that?

I must admit I dislike
seeing human life
compared to something smaller than itself

making love
compared to a comma

death to periods.

4.

Garcia Lorca pinched me again!

5.

I like about twenty lines
of this poem, the dust
of that mud which speaks
to sharpen silences. I like
the fiery butterfly puzzles of
this pilgrimage toward clarities
of great mud intelligence and feeling. Not
more deep, more shallow!

6.

Only the poem exists, like an
Ambassador, the American ambassador to
say, Africa. Like a vegetable, which says,

"Africa is hollow." Like an empty tourist.

And then the tourist hears
The drums of the vegetables.
Africa flies up into his own frail arms.

"I feel an absence inside, when
I hear a lovely poem...True, as

it is good, knowing
that glasses are to drink from."

7.

It is good, absence.

《自传》

致亨利·卡纳努斯

一条彩色斑斓的诗河滚滚流向
那个从没被命名的地方
那儿所有女人暴躁
所有玫瑰吓人
所有亲吻永恒

最坏情况下它也会探进
那浪漫米糊状的柔软海洋

一点点爱就可以解决很多问题。

要是一个人孤独
世界会转化
翅膀会从《奴隶》的肩膀上
发芽

我在我的孤独中
看见的东西如此清晰
它们不是真的。

比如说
有一次我亲了一个女人，可啥也没发生。
他并没有在真正思考。

他的诗中有太多
燃烧的耳朵
破晓的女皇
坠落的星星以及太阳箭

权力属于人们，诸如此类

他喜欢这些玩意儿。

2.

当真相吐出
它那只半透明公鸡
在蛋酒喷泉上

他想让你看穿
这些玩意儿

就在它们背后
巨大冷酷痛苦的形状
驼背着，脚着地，
鼻子对着地面。

要是你想看看
这场灯光秀
去碰一碰那个驼背，你这头公鸡！

3.

谁会喜欢呢？

反正我是厌恶
看见人的生命
去与那些比自己小的东西作比较

把做爱
比做逗号

死亡比作经期

4.

加西亚·洛尔卡又捏了我一把。

5.

我喜欢这首诗

大致在二十行左右，那泥渣滓
对着尖锐的沉默说话。我喜欢
这通向伟大的泥泞的智力
与情感的清晰的这一路朝圣
的燃烧的蝴蝶拼图。不要
搞得太深奥，要浅显！

6.

只有这个诗存在，像一个
大使，那个美国大使
说，非洲。像蔬菜，它说，

“非洲是空的。” 像一个空洞的观光客。

接着这观光客听到
蔬菜的鼓声。
非洲飞向它自己虚弱的怀抱。

“我感到内心空虚，当我听到
一首可爱的诗歌....诚然，

这是好事，知道
玻璃杯可以用来喝水。”

7.

这很好，空虚。

Postmarked Grand Rapids

Robert Creeley reading
Mark Twain and Mr. Clemens
STOPS
while Philip Whalen
writing
"The Epic Airplane Notebook Poem"
Pause...
to discuss their drinking problem
with the Hostesses in the Sky
I'm watching
writing
drinking
waiting for my change.

《邮戳，大急流城》

罗伯特·克里利读
马克·吐温和克莱门斯先生
停
当菲利普惠尔伦
写
“史诗航空笔记本诗”
暂停...
与空乘小姐
讨论她们的酗酒问题

我在看
写
喝着
等待我的改变。

Further Definitions(Waft)
(AFTER MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN)

a band of musicians: up tight
care not: like
understanding: dismissal
waiving: automatic pilot
compared to: no baloney
began to say: shut up
engraft feathers in a damaged wing: take a hike
experience to the full: kill
cultivators of land they do not own: friends
absolute: ready
pity: pull leg of
language here fails as mathematics has before it: at
is skilled in: oblivious
ended: borne
delicate constitutions: fascists
promoted: serf
one who dispenses with clothes: liar
lip to lip being the first, lip: right on
to heart, through the ear, is the second: "poof!"
graduate: push around
too clever riders are not good at horseplay: "Ma Femme"
food on a journey: chow
center of the earth: hara
the full moon: a friend to man
pineapples: heavy
having no wants, quite content: chatty
the power of slowly moving jaws: camp
exquisite: available night & day

critical, marking and epoch: straight
And Into Glory Peep: just for the hell of it.

《进一步定义（吹拂）》
[仿迈克尔·布朗斯坦]

一队音乐家：紧绷
不在意：喜欢
理解：解雇
放弃：自动导航
与比较：少废话
开始说：闭嘴
在破损的翅膀上接上羽毛：哪儿凉快哪儿呆着去
全部体验：杀戮
那些不拥有土地的耕种者：朋友们
绝对：准备
可怜：开玩笑
语言就像曾经的数学一样失败：在
擅长于：明显
结束：忍受
精美的宪法：法西斯
晋升：农奴
花很多钱在衣服上的人：骗子
嘴对嘴第一，嘴：好极了
用心，通过耳朵，第二：噗！
毕业：推来推去
太聪明的骑手不适合动手动脚：我的老婆是如花
旅行食品：中国狗
地球中心：哈喇
满月：男人的朋友
菠萝：重
没有欲望，相当满意：唠嗑

慢慢移动下颚的力量：露营
精美的：有效的白天和夜晚
批评，评论以及时代：直直的
进入荣耀窥视：只是为了它的地狱

Paul Blackburn

dying now, or already dead
hello. It's only Ted, interrupting
in case I hadn't said, as clearly
as I'd have it said, Paul,
I hear you, do. Crossing Park Avenue
South; 4:14 a.m.; going West at
23rd; September 1st, 1971.

《保罗·布莱克本》

现在快死了，或已经死了，
你好。这里只有泰德，打断
以防我没有说，就像我清楚地
说的那样，保罗，
我听到你了，是的。穿过公园大道
南，凌晨 4 点 14 分；在 23 号向西
走去；1971 年 9 月 1 日。

Tom Clark

I take him
purely as treasure

His exquisite pain
pinpoints my evasive pleasure.

Don't think him to be
Any more than you see
& Don't be beastly
to him. If you do
he'll let you see him
seeing you:
& you'll wake up hating yourself
for hating him.
You will.

《汤姆卡拉克》

我纯粹把他
当作宝藏
他那精致的痛苦
直指我逃避的愉快

不要仍为他
比你看到的更多
不要对他
太凶暴。否则
他会让你看到他
在看你：
你会醒来，憎恨自己
因为你恨他。
你会的。

Kirsten

you're so funny! I'd give you
all of my money, anytime,
just to see what you'd say!
alas, all I have is a dime.
How you talk is my heart's
delight. You are
more terrible than your step-dad,
more great than bright light.

《克里斯丁》

你真有趣！我会给你
我所有的钱，无论啥时候，
只为看你想说点啥！
唉，可惜我只有一毛亲。
你的扯淡是我的
心头好。你比
你的后爹还要糟糕，
比光芒还要明亮。

Chicago April Morning: Snow

Anne,

A Happy Birthday, late, to you,
Never less than great to us, great
Light and air in our lives, that bus
Whose windows look always to you, so straight
so ture
love;
Ted.

《芝加哥四月早晨：有雪》

安妮，

祝你迟到的生日快乐
对我们来说永远伟大，
是我们生命中的光和空气，
那部公交车的窗总是看着你，如此直率，
真实，
爱。

泰德。

Brigadoon

FOR BILL BERKSON

1.

This mushroom walks in.

2.

And one cannot go back except in time.

3.

Nothing is gained by assurance as to what is insecure.

4.

I have a machine-gun trained on Scotland Yard.

5.

The body sends out self to repel non-self.

6.

I can get close & still stay outside.

7.

See the why, knowing what: the clear enigma.

8.

a fragrant flowered shrub blush a clean tantrum.

《桃花源记》

致比尔·伯克森

1.

这个蘑菇走进来。

2.

除非在时间中，否则一个人无法返回。

3.

关于不安全的保证不会获得任何保障。

4.

我在苏格兰场训练过一把机枪。

5.

身体发出自我来排斥非我。

6.

我可以靠近并且仍然待在外面。

7.

看到原因，了解内容：明显的谜团。

8.

芬芳的花灌木发出一种发干净的脾气。

This Perfect Day

Six months of each other

Evoke the birth throes

This primitive magnetic expression of the heads

Above all the hypnotic presence of staring eyes that have

a ritualistic fixity

against the broad arcs whose force not only cuts wildly

Into a jungle of coarse energies

But whose fury is substituted for the rigorous control

of eye & intellect

so a penchant for the grotesque is hardly absent

This perfect day.

《完美的这天》

六个月的彼此
引起分娩的阵痛
这脑壳初始磁性的表达
在所有催眠的双眼存在之上
以仪式般固化的凝视
反对那不仅可以割开粗糙能量的宽弧
甚至它的愤怒取代了眼睛和智力
的严格控制
因此对怪异风格的嗜好不可能缺席
在完美的这天。

The Green Sea

Above his head clanged
Turning
and there were no dreams
in this sleep
Over this table.

《绿海》

在他的脑壳上方叮当响
旋转个不停
没有梦在她的
睡眠中
在这张桌子上。

Mi Casa, Su Casa

FOR LEWIS MACADAMS

my crib your crib
the interior burns I read
white palm over the coffee can
in the quiet
a manual
of gentle but determined practices
"I want human to begin with"
A small voice walks across the grey empty room.

《我的房子，你的房子》

致刘易斯·麦克亚当斯

我的你的婴儿床
内部在燃烧 我读
白色棕榈叶在一个安静的
咖啡罐上
 一本温柔但坚决的实践手册
 “我想让人类开始”
一个小小的嗓音穿过灰色的空房间。

He

He never listened while friends talked. He worked steadily to the even current of sound; but if a note of distress were struck he was aware of it at once. Like a wireless operator with a novel open in front of him, he could disregard every signal except the ship's symbol and the S.O.S. He could even work better when they talked than when they were silent, for so long

as his ear-drum registered those tranquil sounds--their deep gossip, comments on the sermons preached by one another, plots of new movies, even commentaries on and complaints about the weather--he knew that all was well. It was silence that stopped him working--silence in which he might look up and see terror waiting in their eyes for his attention.

《他》

他从不听他的朋友在讲什么。他对声音均匀流动的处理相当稳定；可是但凡有一点悲伤他便会即刻意识到。就像一个无线操作员眼前摆着一本打开的小说，他可以忽视任何信号除了船的标志和求救信号。他甚至可以干得更好当他们在讨论而不是沉默时，因为长期以来他的耳膜已登记了他们安静的声音——他们的深度八卦，彼此在布道上的评论，新电影情节，甚至对此评论，以及关于天气的抱怨——他知道那一切都很好。是沉默阻止他工作——在沉默中，他可能抬头看见他们眼中的那种恐怖因为他的专心

7 Things I Do in the Hotel Chelsea

Rain or Shine:

dig it: the solitude of

someone

Call for Company Men

& women
to become
at the very least
visible
in all of our daily lives.
Name one possible man: Jim
One possible woman: Maggie May, or
at least,
maybe

Gather ye rosebuds, gimmicks,
Crystal,
Schmee,
make-up
the necessary Will
to insist on Grace
from time to time, at
your place
where light in waves
thru motes of dust
leads all your combinations
lust: this
ardor to
Believe in Now as the noun it is
when "why not"
hits this town:
"that's your given prerogative,
son"
We all do something; it goes
without saying; you
do it.
It got done.

《在切尔西旅馆要做的 7 件事》

下雨或阳光灿烂：
喜欢这个：某人的
孤独
号召志同道合的男
女同志
至少得让
她们
出现
在我们的日常生活中。
命名一个可能存在的男人：吉姆
一个可能存在的女人：玛吉.梅，或
至少，
也许吧。

收集你的玫瑰花蕾，把戏，
水晶，
诡计，
编造
必要的意志
去坚持恩典
时不时的，在
你的地盘
光一波一波
穿过尘埃
把所有组合借给
淫荡：这种
狂热
相信此刻是一个名词，那是
当“为什么不”
集中这个城镇：
“那就是你天赐的特权，

小子”

我们都干点什么；这没啥

可说的；你

也是。

以上，就这样。

Communism

Red Air

& I can hear the red bus

sing

Morning has broken

meticulously

labelled

the East Wing is fossils

sinister habits

antiques

in fact a pleasant park

a government department

bulbs

birth

severe abundance swirlings

The most

spectacular object

in it

a great

shining

prolific

automatic

electric

churchyard

map-maker

mute
flickering
imagination
bejewelled
coarse
display
the euphonious person
in hey-day
wholesomeness
taken
over-large
fuses
With a little lantern above
A sort of canopy
pitched within a room
architecture
Church
with the exception of
One steel office building
A cold violent backside to you
A little saucer dome
imp anonymity
little plateaus in various arms
Swallower of former designs
ture stone fan virile shadow
functional sinews of mood & tempo of
ballcourt
COFFEE
Square bracketing vision bubble dome
Central Presences Naked in the Shroud:
Sensible in the air
bronze pedestrian tree-ape
grace-note

the dizzying staircase
non-euphonious personal
disguise.

《Communism》

红色的空气
以及我能听见红色公交车
在歌唱
晨光已破晓
一丝不苟地
标注着
东翼是化石
不吉的习惯
古董
实际上是一座宜人的公园
一个政府部门
灯泡
诞生 了
严苛的大量漩涡
其中最壮观的
物体是
一座巨大的
闪耀的
多产的
自动的
电动的
墓地
制图师
消除了
忽隐忽现的

想象力
被镶嵌在
粗糙的
展示
悦耳的人
在鼎盛时期
卫生
被
过度放大的
保险丝
在一种室内的帐篷穹顶
有一盏小灯笼
那种建筑
是教堂
除了
一座钢铁办公楼
对你而言是冷漠暴力的屁股
一个小小的碟形圆顶
匿名的小孩
各个臂膀中的小高原
吞噬旧设计的怪物
真正的石制扇形阳刚阴影
情绪与节奏的功能性肌腱
球场
咖啡
方括号围起视野的泡泡穹顶
*****:
空气中可感知的
青铜行人树猿
装饰音
令人眩晕的楼梯
不悦耳的个人
伪装

Sandy's Sunday Best

It's made of everything, slow
stains & flash

You can see, for example,
green, past enchantment

& trees wave in passing

Even the children today are smart
& not just more people

Look!

Strolling, sassy, dashing, brilliant!
The whole world turns, to see
nods, interminably its head

Cool black cats, super white stars
will dance all night in that wake!

Of three minutes of sunlight.

《桑迪的星期天最好的》

它由一切构成，缓慢的
污迹，闪光

比如你能看到
绿色，过时的魅力

和顺便一些树浪

甚至今天的孩子也聪明
而不是更多的人

看看！

闲逛，时髦，亢奋，光辉闪耀！
整个世界转向，为了去看
瞌睡那冗长的脑袋

猫酷黑，星星超白
在守灵中跳一整夜的舞

三分钟阳光

Aubade

Last night
before retiring,
one of those brain-spasms
I guess all poets must have
prompted me to wrtie
in my beside
notebook

which, incidentaly
is blue, and shaped like
a Regular Grind

MAXWELL HOUSE

Coffee can

these words:

"I advance Dagwood Bumstead as
the pre-eminent philosopher of our time."

This morning,
I awakened to the startling
realization that
overnight I had become transformed
into the person
of that noble & decent man,

"Dr. Watson." For good.

《晨歌》

昨晚上
在隐居以前
又一次脑痉挛
（我猜所有诗人都有）
促使我写点什么
就在那个我随身携带的
笔记本上

它有时
是蓝色的，形状像
一个麦克斯维尔之家牌
常规研磨型号
咖啡罐

那些话如下：

“我晋升达格伍德·巴姆斯特德为
我们时代最屌的哲学家。”

这个早晨，
我意识到这一惊人的
现实即
一夜过后，我幻化成了
这位高贵体面的
老兄

“沃森博士。”且一劳永逸

Service at Upwey

Over Belle Vue Road that silence said
To mean angel is passing overhead.
Anselm's round head framed peering in the garden door
Four & 1/2 hours before, I didn't hear
The doorbell ring--7:30 a.m. Greenwich Summer Time--
Announcing the arrival
Of the celebrated Greek-American Poet
from Chicago: John Paul! Was that
An Alice or a Mable who let him in?
First to visit us
In Wonderful Wivenhoe, where
Once smugglers ran amok, smuggling
What? and now Alice goes out
To shoppe.

*

"I have only one work, & I hardly know what it is!"

*

My baby throws my shoes through the door.

*

Baby-talk woke up the world, today

little Anselm

Alice, Mabel,

& John Paul.

*

& me writing it down here.

*

This page has ashes on it

《在安浦维服役》

那在百丽路上空的沉默说

天使正飞过头顶。

安塞姆的圆脑袋在花园门口窥探

四个半钟头前，我没有听到

那个门铃声——上午 7 点半，夏令时——

从芝加哥来的著名

美籍希腊诗人：约翰·保罗

正抵达府邸。是谁让他进来的，

艾丽斯，还是梅布尔？

首次拜访我们

是在美妙的维文霍，那儿

走私犯猖獗，都走私些

啥？这会儿，艾丽斯出门

购物去了。

*

“我只有一种工作，我几乎不清楚那是什么！”

*

我的婴儿把鞋子丢出们去。

*

婴儿说话惊醒世界，今天他们是
小安塞姆，

艾丽斯，梅布尔
以及约翰·保罗。

*

以及正把它写在这儿的我

*

这页纸上落着烟灰。

Baltic Stanzas

Less original than
penetrating
very often
illuminating

has taken us
300 years
to recover from
the disaster of

The White Mountain
O Manhattan!
O Saturday afternoons!
you were a room

& the room cried, "Love!"

I was a stove, & you
in cement were a dove

Ah, well, thanks for the shoes, god
I wear them on my right feet
since that bright winter when
rapt in your color, O heat!

how we lay long on your orange bed
sipping iced white wine, & not thinking
the blue sky changed blues while we were drinking
Next day god said, "Hitler has to get hit on the head."

《波罗的海诗节》

没那么原创
但敏锐
而总是具有
启发性

浪费了我们
300 年
从那场白山战役
灾难中

恢复过来。
哦，曼哈顿！
哦，星期六下午！
你是一个房间

这房间在哭，“爱！”
我是一个炉子，而你

是一个水泥鸽子鸟

哈，好吧，感谢鞋子，神
从那个明亮的冬天开始，
我一直把它们穿在右脚上。
我对你的色彩入迷，哦，好热！

我们在你的橘床上躺了多久
喝喝冰镇白葡萄酒，完全没在想
天空的蓝色变换，我们喝得正起劲呢
第二天，神说，“希特勒得在脑壳上来上一发。”

Other Contexts

I'd been
trying
to escape
that mind game
thinking that thought
itself
can possess
the world

by always & I mean
as constantly as physically
possible
lying down and

not thinking it over. Reading
for example everything I'd loved
again & again
anything new:

resisting being thought.

Exactly. Resisting

Being

Thought.

Tonight I think to do

differently, differently

to do.

I think I will.

I would

think I will. We'll have to wait

& see. I have to wait,

and see

My watch shows it to be

5:51 a.m., March the 24th

in Wivenhoe, in England.

Alice is asleep

& breathing beside me, pregnantly.

& oh yes, it's 1974. Alice

is 28 years old. Anselm is 20 months.

I'm coming up on four-oh.

《一些其它情况》

我总是

想着

逃离

那种脑游

以为那种思考
本身
可以搞定
这世界

总是，我是说
尽可能在身体上
持续地
躺着，并且

啥都不去想。读点
比如我喜欢的随便什么
反复读
任何新鲜的：

抵制被思想。
确实。抵制
被
思想。

今晚上我想干点
别的，干点
别的花样。
我会的。
我想
我会的。我们必须得等等
看。我必须等等，
看。

我的手表显示这会儿是
凌晨 5:51 分，三月二十号
在威尔霍，英格兰。
艾丽斯睡着了

在我身边呼吸，她怀孕了。
是啊，这会儿是 1974 年。艾丽斯
已经 28 岁了。安塞姆 20 个月。
而我，快接近 40 了妈的。

A Religious Experience

I was looking at the words he
was saying...like...Okinawa....
bandage...real...form....and suddenly
I realized I had read somewhere that,
"In their language that word for 'idiot'
is also the word meaning 'to breathe through
your mouth.'" And I was simply left there,
in bed, being looked at.

《一点宗教体验》

我正看着这个词它
在说...就好像....冲绳...
邦迪....真的...形式...就这样突然
我发现我在哪儿读过这个，
“在他们的语言中，'白痴'
这个词也有‘通过嘴巴呼吸’
的意思。”我离开那里，
躺在床上，盯着它。

Crossroads

The pressure's on, old son.
We're going to salvage just about all you got.
It's the way you've been going about it
that's worried us.
All this remote control business.
Where's the Doctor?
I am the Doctor.
You'll find the patient's files
in these cabinets.
Is everything ready for surgery?

You don't need a sauna to get heated up
here.

Isn't funny to have lived in the midlands
all this time
& not seen all these lovely things about?

He believes if he's hard enough on somebody
they'll give way.
Well, I'm the principal shareholder,
& I'm taking my equities out!

I'm also staying right here with you.
Right. & I'm going with you.

《十字路口》

压力很大啊，老子。
我们会把你所有东西打捞起来。
那是你一直以来的方式
这真让我们担心。

所有这些远程操控生意。

医生去哪儿了？

我就是医生。

你会找到病历的

在那些柜子里。

手术准备好了吗？

你不需要用桑拿取暖，

此地。

一直活在内陆地区，

却没有看见这些可爱的东西，

难道不有趣吗？

他相信要是某人足够严厉

他们会妥协。

好吧，我是主要股东，

我要清空我的股票！

我仍跟你待在这里。

没错。我和你在一起。

New Personal Poem

TO MICHAEL LALLY

You had your own reasons for getting

In your own way. You didn't want to be

Clear to yourself. You knew a hell

Of a lot more than you were willing

to let yourself know. I felt

Natural love for you on the spot. R-S-P-E-C-T. Right.

Beautiful. I don't use the word lightly. I

Protested with whatever love(honesty)(& frontal nudity)
A yes basically reserved Irish Catholic American Providence Rhode
Island New Englander is able to mange. You
Are sophisticated, not uncomlicated, not
Naive, and Not simple. An Entertainer, & I am ,too.
Frank O'Hara respected love, so do you, & so do we.
He was himself & I was me. and when we came together
Each ourselves in Iowa, all the way
That was love, & it still is, love, today. Can you see me
In what I say? Because as well I see you know
In what you have to say, I did love Frank, as I do
You, "in the right way".
That's just talk, not Logos,
a getting down to cases:
I take it as simple particulars that
we wear our feelings on our faces.

《新个人诗》

致麦克·拉里

你有你自己的理由去挡
自己的路。你不想对你自己
太过清澈。你比你想要你自己
知道的来得还要
多得多。我当场就对你
有一种天然爱。尊一重。是的。
美丽。我不轻易用这个词。我
以满腔的爱（诚实）（正面全裸）抵制它
是的，一个爱尔兰裔美国天主教徒普罗维登斯
罗德岛新英格兰人可以搞定这点。你
太有教养，也不复杂，也不
天真，也不简单。是一个艺人，我也是。
弗兰克·奥哈拉尊重爱，我也是，我们都是。

他是他自己，我是我。当我们在俄亥俄
相聚，一切始终都是
爱，现如今仍是。你明白
我说的吗？因为我同样明白
你要说什么，我爱弗兰克，同样也爱
你，“以正确的方式”。
这只是闲扯，不是理性，
 是一种要认真处理的情况：
我把它当做一种简单细节，
 我们的情感都在脸上。

Elysium

FOR MARION FARRIER

It's impossible to look at it
Without the feeling as of
Being welcomed, say, to Paris
After a long boring train ride,

For women are like that:
They make one feel
he has travelled a long way
just being there.

And so well might he take
what comes, come
to what it is takes him.

《极乐世界》

致马里恩·法里尔

看着它，会有那种所谓的
在一通漫长而枯燥
的火车旅程后，
被欢迎来巴黎的感觉，

因为女性就是这样：
她们让人觉得，
他经历一段漫长的旅程
只为来到她们身边。

他可能会愉快地接受
那种结果，什么
结果他都接受。

Blue Targets

You see a lot
 of white when you're
looking at her eyes,
She's so quick toward
either side
 but when
you look straight
 down
 into her, it's
thru & at targets,
 reflecting, blue.

《蓝色靶子》

你看到许多
白色，当你
看着她的眼睛。
她朝四面八方快速
移动，
可是当你
直愣愣
俯视
她，那便是
通透的，直达靶子，
反射着，蓝色。

Reading Frank O'Hara

Reading Frank O'Hara you
can't help realizing
you know you can't feel
any worse than he felt,
so
hell,
why not be exuberant!

《读弗兰克·奥哈拉》

读奥哈拉的东西，你会
无助地意识到
你的感受不可能
比他的还烂
故，
真见鬼，
为啥不高兴点呢！

*这集《nothing for you》差不多一百多首长长短短的东西到此结束，是一部比较杂烩零碎的东西。诗时好时坏，但都已经是泰德自己的语气和语法。作为奥哈拉的迷弟，他有难以摆脱的地方，我想这是他在写作上的痛苦根源，泰德对底层生活基本上是无所谓的那种人，他热爱诗，爱惜羽毛，有时只能摆烂。他吃太多毒品，这让他脑子稀里糊涂的。他这一路的诗基本上就这样了，现在的诗人生活比他那会儿更细枝末节些，冷漠些，也更无趣，平庸，虚无，傻乎乎的。是时代不是人的问题。现在纽约不会有泰德这类乡巴佬诗人，他太念旧。

接下来我们来翻译那部他好像很重视但一直没搞完的《复活节星期一 Easter Monday》。

In the 51st State

Allen Ginsberg's "Shining City"

FOR ALICE

But that dream...oh, hell!
maybe, like Jack, just drink muscatel!
But that won't work. A "Pharmacia"
is where you get your pills. "Shining
City." & in its space & time one can find
a "Position inferior to Language." & occupy
beautiful, discrete, & almost ordinary
Places. --But that won't work....

...that dream... "oh, Hell!"

《艾伦 “闪耀的城市”》

献给爱丽丝

然而那梦……哦，天哪！
或许，像杰克一样，只喝麝香酒？
那没用。“法玛西亚（药店）”
是你可以搞到药的地方。“闪耀的
城市。”在它的时空，可找到
“低于语言的位置。”并占据
美好、独立、普普通通的
地方。——但那不管用……
……那梦……“哦，天哪！”

In the 51st State
FOR KATE

The life I have led
being an easy one
has made suicide
impossible, no?

Everything arrived
in fairly good time;
women, rolls, medicine
crime--poor health

like health
has been an inspiration.

When all else fails I read the magazines.
Criticism like a trombone used as a gate
satisfies some hinges, but not me.
I like artists who rub their trumpets with maps
to clean them, the trumpets or the maps.

I personally took
33 years to discover
that blowing your nose is necessary sometimes
even tho it is terrifying. (not aesthetic).

I'd still rather brindle.
I wasn't born in this town
but my son, not the one born in Chicago,
not the one born in England, not
the one born in New England, in fact, my daughter
was. She looks like her brother by another mother
and like my brother, too.

Her forehead shines like the sun
above freckles and I had mine
and I have more left.

I read only the books you find in libraries or drugstores
or at Marion's. Harris loans me Paul Pines'
to break into poetry briefly.

Au revoir.

(I wouldn't translate that
as "Goodbye" if I were you.)

A woman rolls under the wheels in a book.

Here they are the wheels, so I hear.

Bon voyage, little ones.

Follow me down

Through the locks. There is no key.

《在第五十一州》

致凯特

我过的日子

太轻松了

以至我不太可能

自杀，对吗？

一切都来得

正是时候；

女人、面包、药

犯罪——差劲的身体

就好像健康

也是一种灵感。

当我干啥啥不行，我就去读杂志。

评论像一支用来当门板的长号

可以安慰某些铰链，却满足不了我。

我喜欢那种艺术家，他们用地图擦喇叭，

搞搞干净，无论喇叭，还是地图。

我亲自

花了 33 年才发现
有时擤鼻涕是必要的
即便这很恐怖。（非美学上）

我仍然宁愿自带斑纹。
我没在这个镇出生，
但我儿子是，不是芝加哥生的那个，
不是在英格兰生的那个，也不是
在新英格兰生的那个，不过，我女儿
生在这里。她长得像她同父异母的兄弟，
也像我的兄弟。

她那带雀斑的脑门
像太阳闪耀。我也有不少，
到现在还剩很多。

我只读你在图书馆或药店或马力恩家
找到的书。哈里斯借给我保罗·派恩的诗集
让我短暂晃入诗中。

再会。
（如果我是你，我不会把它
译成“再会”。）

书里说，一个女人在车轮下打滚。
她们就是车轮，我能听见。

一路顺风，孩子们。

跟随我
穿越那些门锁。没有钥匙。

*Au revoir.法语，再见的意思。泰德在这里指死亡。他有些忌讳这个。

* “第十七节那句的词 **brindle**, 在词典中没有动词的意思.

“I'd still rather brindle”可能是在暗示喇叭有斑纹或污点，又或者根本没意思，随便一写。这是一首奇怪的诗，晦涩也清晰，沮丧同时突然变得慈爱。那句“A woman rolls under the wheels in a book” 来自陀思妥耶夫斯基的《安娜》”

——摘录: Alice Notley.

Red Shift

Here I am at 8:08 p.m. indefinable ample rhythmic frame

The air is biting, February, fierce arabesques

on the way to tree in winter streetscape

I drink some American poison liquid air which bubbles

and smoke to have character and to lean

In. The streets look for Allen, Frank, or me, Allen

is a movie, Frank disappearing in the air, it's

Heavy with that lightness, heavy on me, I heave

through it, them, as

The Calvados is being sipped on Long Island now

twenty years almost ago, and the man smoking

Is looking at the smilingly attentive woman, & telling.

Who would have thought that I'd be here, nothing

wrapped up, nothing buried, everything

Love, children, hundreds of them, money, marriage-

ethics, a politics of grace,

Up in the air, swirling, burning even or still, now

more than ever before?

Not that practically a boy, serious in corduroy car coat

eyes penetrating the winter twilight at 6th

& Bowery in 1961. Not that pretty girl, nineteen, who was

going to have to go, careening into middle-age so,

To burn, & to burn more fiercely than even she could imagine
so to go. Not that painter who from very first meeting
I would never & never will leave alone until we both vanish
into the thin air we signed up for & so demanded
To breathe & who will never leave me, not for sex, nor politics
nor even for stupid permanent estrangement which is
Only our human lot & means nothing. No, Not him.
There's a song, "California Dreaming", but no, I won't do that.
I am 43. When will I die? I will never die, I will live
To be 110, & I will never go away, & you will never escape from me
who am always & only a ghost, despite this frame, Spirit
Who lives only to nag.
I'm only pronouns, & I am all of them, & I didn't ask for this
You did
I came into your life to change it & it did so & now nothing
will ever change
That, and that's that.
Alone & crowd, unhappy fate, nevertheless
I slip softly into the air
The world's furious song flows through my costume.

《红移》

这里，我，此刻夜 8:08，神秘丰沛韵律满盈的躯壳。
空气刺骨，二月，凶猛的阿拉伯舞蹈
在通往冬天街头那株树木的路上
我饮着一些美国毒液般的液态空气，它冒泡，
冒烟雾，用来彰显个性，向内倾斜。
街道在寻找艾伦、弗兰克，或是我，艾伦
成了一部电影，弗兰克在空气中消失，那些
轻盈的光亮，重重压在我身上，我喘着气
穿过它，它们，

苹果白兰地正在长岛被小口啜饮，现在，

几乎二十年前，那个吸烟的

男人正看着那位微笑有礼貌的女人，在扯淡。

谁会想到我会在这里，没有什么

可打包的，没什么被埋掉，所有一切
爱，孩子，成百上千的他们，金钱，讨老婆一

伦理，一种优雅的政治，
都在空中，打转，燃烧，甚至现在

比以前更加如此？

不是那个实际的男孩，穿着灯芯绒大衣

目光穿过 1961 年的第六大街
和鲍艾里街冬天的黄昏。不是那个漂亮女孩，十九岁

她必须得走了，她进入中年，
烧着，比她想象的更加猛烈的那种狂烧

然后离开。也不是那个我们初次见面
的画家，我从未也永远不会把他留在那儿，直到我们消失在

我们签约并要求呼吸的稀薄
空气中，他永远不会离开我，不是因为性，政治

甚至不是因为愚蠢的永久疏远，那仅仅是
我们人类的命运，毫无意义。不，不是他。

有一首歌，《加州梦》，但是不，我不会那么做。

我四十三岁了。啥时死？我永远不会死，我会
活到一百一十岁，我永远不会离开，你们永远无法摆脱我

我永远也只是一个幽灵，尽管有这具躯体，精神，
我活着只为了唠叨。

我只是代词，我是他们全部，我没有要求这一切

是你们

我进入你们的生活去改变它，它也改变了，现在没什么
会再改变

行吧，就这样。

单独，拥挤，不快乐的命，然而

我轻轻滑进空气中
暴怒的世界歌曲流淌进我的外衣。

* 唉。泰德，你这是啥命。难道你不知道语言的虚空到远远大于实际的虚无？

Around the Fire

What I'm trying to say is that if an experience is proposed to me-- I don't have any particular interest in it-- Any more than anything else. I'm interested in anything. Like I could walk out the door right now and go somewhere else. I don't have any center in that sense. If you'll look in my palm you'll see that my heart and my head line are the same and if you'll look in your palm you'll see that it's different. My heart and my head feel exactly the same. Me, I like to lay around of a Sunday and drink beer. I don't feel a necessity for being a mature person in this world. I mean all the grown-ups in this world, they're just playing house, all poets know that. How does your head feel? How I feel is what I think. I look at you today, & I expect you to look the same tomorrow. If you're having a nervous breakdown, I'm not going to be looking at you like you're going to die, because I don't think you are. If you're a woman you put yourself somewhere near the beginning and then there's this other place you put yourself in terms of everybody. "The great cosmetic strangeness of the normal deep person." Okay. Those were those people--and I kept telling myself, I have to be here, because I don't have a country. How tight is the string? And what is on this particular segment of it? And the photographer, being black, and the writer,

me, being white, fell out at this point. And he didn't want to look at it-- I mean it's nothing, just some drunk Indians riding Jersey milk cows--but I wanted to see it, I mean it was right in front of my eyes and I wanted therefore to look at it. And death is not any great thing, it's there or it's not. I mean God is the progenitor of religious impetuosity in the human beast. And Davy Crockett is right on that--I mean he's gonna shoot a bear, but he's not gonna shoot a train, because the train is gonna run right over him. You can't shoot the train. And I always thought there was another way to do that. And it is necessary to do that and we bear witness that it is necessary to do it. The only distinction between men and women is five million shits.

《在炉火边》

我尽力想扯的是，但凡有人提议我去经历点啥，那么我对它没有两毛钱的兴趣——它不会比其他事更有趣。我对啥事都感兴趣。比如我现在就可以出门去别的地方。就这来说，我没有中心。如果你检查一下我的手掌，会发现我的心线和脑线连在一起，而如果你观察你的手掌，就会发现它们是分开的。我的心和脑感觉完全一样。我呢，喜欢在周日四处闲逛，喝喝啤酒。我觉得没必要在这个世上当一个熟人。我是说，世上所有的成年人，他们无非在玩过家家，所有写诗的都知道这个。你的脑感如何？我的感觉就是我的想法。我今天看着你，我希望明天你看起来还是老样子。如果你正在神经崩溃，我就懒得再看你，搞得你好像要完犊子，因为我想，你不会的。要是你是女的，你会把自己放在某个起点附近，接着在所有人面前，你当然

又会换到另一个位置。“那伟大的表层奇异性
专属正常深层人士。”好吧，就是那些鸟人——
我不断告诉自己，我得待在这儿，因为我没什么
祖籍概念。这根弦绷得有多紧？那特定段落上
又有什么？关于这点，这个黑人摄影师与我，
一个白人写字的，两人有过分歧。他不想看着它——
我是说，那啥都不是，无非几个醉掉的印第安人
骑着新泽西奶牛——但我想看看，因为它就在
我眼前，明晃晃的，所以我得看看。死亡并不是什么
了不起的事，它要么在，要么不在那儿。我是说，
上帝他老人家，他只是人兽宗教的冲动型先驱。
而戴维·克罗凯特在这一点上是对的——我是说，
他会去射熊，但他不会去射火车，因为火车
会直接从他身上碾压过去。你不能射火车。我一直
认为还有别的法子可以做到这点。而且有必要
这么去做，我们也见证了这种必要。男的和女的，
唯一区别是五百万的屎。

*有点科恩兄弟的督爷唠起嗑来那种颓感。

Cranston Near the City Line

One clear glass slipper; a slender blue single-rose vase;
one chipped glass Scottie; an eggshell teacup & saucer, tiny,
fragile, but with sturdy handle; a gazelle? the lightest pink flowers
on the teacup, a gold circle, a line really on the saucer; gold
line curving down the handle; glass doors on the cabinet which sat
on the floor & was not too much taller than I; lace doilies? on
the shelves; me serious on the floor, no brother, shiny floor or
shning floor between the flat maroon rug & the glass doors of

the cabinet:

I never told anyone what I knew. Which was that it wasn't
for anyone else what it was for me.

The piano was black. My eyes were brown. I had rosy
cheeks, every sonofabitch in the world said. I never saw them.
My father came cutting around the corner of the A&P
& diagonally across the lot in a beeline toward our front sidewalk
& the front porch(& the downstairs door); and I could see him, his
long legs, quick steps, nervous, purposeful, coming & passing, combing
his hair, one two three quick wrist flicks that meant "worrying" &
"quickly"

There were lilacs in the back yard, & dandelions in the lot.
There was a fence.

Pat Dugan used to swing through that lot, on Saturdays, not too tall,
in his brown suit or blue one, white shirt, no tie, soft brown men's
slippers on his feet, & Grampa! I'd yell & run to meet him &
"Hi! Gramps," I'd say & he'd swing my arm and be singing his funny
song:

*

" She told me that she loved me, but
that was yesterday. She told me
that she loved me, & then
she went away!"

*

I didn't know it must have been a sad song, for somebody!
He was so jaunty, light in his eyes and laugh lines around
them, it was his happy song, happy with me, it was 1942 or 4,
and he was 53.

《克兰斯顿，靠城市线》

一只干净玻璃拖鞋；一只细颈蓝纯玫瑰色花瓶；
一只缺口玻璃苏格兰猎犬摆件；蛋壳色茶杯和茶碟，小巧、
易碎，但把手结实；一只羚羊？茶杯上有超淡粉红色
花朵，一个金圈，其实是一条线；金线
贴着弯把手；橱柜的玻璃门贴近地板，
比我高不了多少；那是蕾丝餐垫，
在架子上？我端坐在地板上，没有兄弟，光滑的地板或
闪耀的地板在平坦的栗色地毯和柜子的玻璃门
之间：

我从未告诉过任何人我懂的事。它对他们
没用，只对我有效。

钢琴是黑色的。我的眼睛是棕色的。我有着
红润的脸颊，每个混蛋都这么说。我从未见过他们。
我父亲从 A&P（大西洋和太平洋超市）的拐角处过来，
斜穿过空地，径直朝我们家门前的人行道
和门廊（以及楼下门口）走来；我能看到他，
高长腿，快步，紧张兮兮，目标明确地走过来，梳着
头，一二三快速振着手腕，那是意思是“忧虑”

“迅速！”

后院有丁香花，空地上有蒲公英。有一道篱笆。

帕特·杜根过去常常晃过那片空地，在星期六，他不高，
穿着棕色或蓝色的西装，白衬衫，不系领带，脚上
穿软底棕色男拖鞋；我会大喊“爷爷！”并跑过去迎接，
“嗨！爷爷，”我会说，他会摆动我的胳膊，唱他那首有趣的
歌：

*

“她告诉我她爱我，但

那是昨天的事了。她告诉我

她爱我，然后
她就走了！”

*

我不知道这非得是悲伤的一个歌，对某人来说！
他是那么愉快，眼中闪光，眼角带着笑纹，
这是他欢畅的歌，和我在一起快乐，那是 1942 或 4 年，
他 53 岁。

An Ex-Athlete, Not Dying
TO STEVE CAREY

& so I took the whole trip
filled with breaths, heady with assurance
gained in all innocence from that self's
possession of a sure stride, a strong heart,
quick hands, & what one sport would surely describe
as that easy serenity born of seemingly having been
"a quick read." "He could read the field from before
he even knew what that was." He was so right. Long before.
It was so true. I postulated the whole thing.
It was the innocence of Second Avenue, of one
who only knew about First. I didn't win it;
I didn't buy it; I didn't bird-dog it; but I didn't dog it.
I could always hear it, not see it. But I rarely had
to listen hard to it. I sure didn't have to "bear" it.
I didn't think, "Later for that." I knew something,
but I didn't know that. But I didn't know,
brilliant mornings, blind in the rain's rich light,
now able always to find water, that now I would drink.

《一个前运动员，没死的》

因此我在整个行程中
呼吸畅通，微醺而自得
那全得仰仗我那随意的独门
大步走，一个强健心脏，
以及眼疾手快。哪一项运动会明确描述它
为一种似乎源自“快速搞定”的
舒适的宁静。“他甚至在他知道那是啥以前
就搞定这个领域。”他超对。很久前就是。
是真的。我猜整个就这么个事。
那就是第二大街的天真，一个只知道
第一大道的人的天真。我没赢下它。
没鸟它。也没鸟狗它。当然也没狗它。
看不见，但我总能听见它。但我几乎
不怎么听它。我确信没熊它的必要。
我不想“到时候再说吧”。我清楚一些事，
但这件事我不懂。我不懂，
明亮的早晨，或在雨中大量光线下晕倒，
我现在总能找到水，我正喝着现在。

Coda: Song

When having something to do
but not yet being at it
because I'm alone, because of you
I lay down the book, & pick up the house

& move it around until it is
where it is what it is I am doing
that is the something I had to do
because I'm on longer alone, because of you.

《尾声：歌》

需要做点啥
但还可以拖一拖
是因为我单独，因为你
我放下书，收拾屋子

把它挪来移去直到它
回到原来的啥是我正在做的
啥正是那些我必须做的是因为
因为你而我不再单独。

In Anselm Hollo's Poems

The goddess stands in front of her cave.
The beetle wakes up. The frightened camper watches
The two horse men. The walking catfish walks by.

The twins are fighting the wind let loose in the dark
To be born again the human animal young in the day's events.
The laundry-basket lid is still there.

The moving houses are very moving.

The last empress of China
Is receiving the new members of the orchestra
Through two layers of glass in The Empress Hotel.

In the wreck of the cut-rate shoe store the poet can be seen,
Drunk; a monster; the concussed consciousness in
The charge of the beautiful days. The difficulties are great.

The colors must be incredible: it all coheres:
The force of being she release in him being
The claim of the dimensions of the world.

《在安塞姆·霍洛的诗中》

女神仙站在她的洞穴前。
甲虫醒来。受惊的露营者
望着两个骑马的。游荡的鲛鱼游过。

双胞胎在与从黑暗中释放出的气流搏斗
为了在这天的大事件中重生为年轻的人形动物。
那个洗衣篮头的盖子还在那儿。

搬家让人感动。

中国的末代女皇
隔着女皇饭店的双层玻璃
召见戏文班子的新角儿。

在大甩卖鞋子铺的废墟上可以找到那个诗人，
醉乎乎的；一头怪物；那点脑震荡意识
掌管着美丽的日子。麻烦总是伟大的。

那些色彩一定难以置信：它们完全一致：
她释放在他身上的存在的力量
正是世界维度的索赔。

Postcard from the Sky

You in love with her

read my poems and wonder
what she sees in you.

《天空明信片》

你跟她谈爱情
读我的诗篇，疑惑
她看上了你什么。

Last Poem

Before I began life this time
I took a crash course in Counter-Intelligence
Once here I signed in, see name below, and added
Some words remembered from an earlier time,
"The intention of the organism is to survive."
My earliest, & happiest, memories pre-date WWII,
They involve a glass slipper & a helpless blue rose
In a slender blue single-rose vase: Mine
Was a story without a plot. The days of my years
folded into one another, an easy fit, in which
I made money & spent it, learned to dance & forgot, gave
Blood, regained my poise, & verbalized myself a place
In Society. 101 St. Mark's Place, apt. 12A, NYC 10009
New York. Friends appeared & disappeared, or wigged out,
Or stayed; inspiring strangers sadly died; everyone
I ever knew aged tremendously, except me. I remained
Somewhere between 2 and 9 years old. But frequent
Reification of my own experiences delivered to me
Several new vocabularies, I loved that almost most of all.
I once had the honor of meeting Beckett & I dug him.

The pills kept me going, until now. Love, & work,
Were my great happinesses, that other people die the source
Of my great, terrible, & inarticulate one grief. In my time
I grew tall & huge of frame, obviously possessed
Of a disconnected head, I had a perfect heart. The end
Came quickly & completely without pain, one quiet night as I
Was sitting, writing, next to you in bed, words chosen randomly
From a tired brain, it, like them, suitable, & fitting.
Let none regret my end who called me friend.

《最后的诗》

在我开动这次生命前
我报了一个反情报速成班
一到就签了名（如下），还加了
一个从前世时光里忆起的句子：
“有机物的意图是活下来。”
我最早，最快活，在二战前的记忆
涉及到一只玻璃拖鞋，一朵无助的蓝玫瑰，
它就插在一个细颈蓝纯玫色花瓶上：我的故事
没啥情节。我那些年过的日子
彼此折叠在一起，轻松写意，我每天
赚钱又花掉，学跳舞也及时忘掉，献鲜血，
恢复镇定，顺便写点诗为自己在社会中
谋得一点立锥之地。圣马克广场公寓 101 号，12A 室
纽约市 10009，纽约。朋友们来了走，发发疯，
或留下；鼓舞人心的陌生人伤感地死去；我认识的
几乎每个人都在大规模老去，除了我。我始终
停留在 2 到 9 岁的某个地方。不过频繁地
将我的经历具象化也为我提供了
一点新词汇，我差不多最爱干的就是这个。
我曾超级有幸见过贝克特一面，超爱他。

药片让我撑到了现在。爱，以及工作，
那是我最大的幸福，而别人死去却成了我
巨大、可怕、难以言喻的悲伤来源。活着时，
我长的高大，魁梧，显然拥有一颗与
身体分离的脑壳，我有完美的心。死亡来得迅疾，
它彻底，毫无痛苦，在一个安静的夜，我坐着，
写写东西，跟你一起待在床上，那些字从
疲惫的脑子随机蹦出，它，跟它们一样舒适，恰当。
那些曾称我为朋友的人无需为我的结束感到遗憾。

Small Role Felicity

FOR TOM CLARK

Anselm is sleeping; Edmund is feverish, &
Chatting; Alice doing the Times Crossword Puzzle:
I, having bathed, am pinned, nude, to the bed
Between Green Hills of Africa &
The Pro Football Mystique. Steam is hissing
In the pipes, cold air blowing across my legs....
Tobacco smoke is rising up my nose, as Significance
Crackles & leaps about inside my nightly no-mind.
Already it's past two, of a night like any other:
O, Old Glory, atop the Empire State, a building, &
Between the Hudson & the East rivers, O, purple, & O, murky black,
If only... but O, finally, you, O, Leonardo, you at last arose
Bent, and racked with fit after fit of coughing, & Cursing!
Terrible curses! No Joke! What will happen? Who
be served? Whose call go unanswered? And
Who can 44 down, "Pretender to
The Crown of Georgia?" be...

(Boris Pasternak?)

《小角色的幸运》

致汤姆·克拉克

安塞尔姆在睡觉；埃德蒙在发烧，
说胡话；爱丽丝在做《泰晤士报》上填字游戏；
我，洗过澡，赤膊赤卵仰躺在床上，
在《非洲的青山》与
《职业橄榄球的魅力》中间。蒸汽在
管道里嘶嘶响，冷空气穿过我的腿……
烟草的烟雾抬起我的鼻孔，如同意义
在我每晚神志不清的脑壳中噼啪响，跳。
这会儿两点多，跟往常任何一个夜晚一样：
哦，星条旗，飘在帝国，一座大楼上，
在哈德逊河与东河间，哦，紫色，哦，污浊的黑色，
但愿……但哦，终于，你，列奥纳多，你终于醒过来
弯着腰，被一阵接一阵咳嗽折磨，咒骂着！
可怕的咒骂！不开玩笑！将会发生什么？谁会
中招？谁的电话将无人接听？还有
谁会在 44 岁完犊子，“乔治亚王冠的
觊觎者”是……

（鲍里斯·帕斯捷尔纳克？）

Under the Southern Cross

FOR DICK GALLUP

Peeling rubber all the way up

SECOND AVENUE into Harlem Heights

Our yellow Triumph took us out of Manhattan tenement hells

Into the deer-ridden black earth dairylands.
Corn-fed murderers, COPS, waved us past
Low-slung Frank Lloyd Wright basements. We missed most deer.

You left me in Detroit, for money. In Freeport, Maine, our host
Shotgunned his wife into cold death, who was warm. Fuck him. Scoot
Ferried us to Portland, then leaped out of his life from atop the
UN Building.

Enplaning next to the flatlands. we rubber-stamped our own passports
And in one year changed the face of American Poetry. Hepatitis
felled you

Then on the very steps where the Peace Corps first reared its no-head.
Though it helped pass the long weekends, polygamy unsettled me
considerably

In Ann Arbor, where each day's mail meant one more lover dead.
My favorite

Elm tree died there as well. But Europe beckoned, and we went, first
Pausing to don the habits of Buffalo, in Buffalo. After that it was
weak pins

& strong needles, but travel truly does broaden. It broadened us,
And we grew fat & famous, or at least I did. You fell

For a Lady from Baltimore near the Arno. Then you fell
Into the Aron. You drowned & kept on drowning; while I, in my
Silver threads, toured the Historical Tate, & mutilated

A well-thought of Blake while England slept.
In Liverpool a Liverpudlian dropped his bottle of milk beneath a
neon light,
Smashing it to smithereens. The sidewalk white with milk made us cry.

And so we left. Back in the USA, on crutches, we acquired ourselves

a wife
For 12 goats and a matched pair of Arabian thoroughbreds picked up
on a whim
From a rug-peddler in Turkestan. God knows what we gave to him.

Now I'm living in New York City once again, gone grey, and mostly
stay in bed
While you are pacing your floor in Baltimore. But we aren't "back"
yet, not
By a long shot. Oh No! This trip doesn't end

Until we drop off our yellow Triumph somewhere still far away
From where we are now. No, this ain't it yet.
There's black coffee & glazed donuts still due us, bubba,

At a place called The Jesse James Cafe. So, hit it. Let's burn rubber.
TIME CRITIC DESPISES CURRENT PLAY, a Post reports.
Dangling from it, in the wind, his body gently sways.

Come on, floor this Mother! Whoops! Don't hit that lonely old grubber.

《在南十字星下》

致迪克·加洛普

一路打滑漂移
从第二大道到哈莱姆高地
那辆黄凯旋把我们带出曼哈顿地狱

进入鹿群出没的黑土乳牛场。
吃玉米的杀人犯，警察，挥手让我们通过
低矮的弗兰克·劳埃德·赖特地下室。我们没见到几只鹿。

你把我丢在底特律，因为钱。在缅因州弗里波特，我们的房东
用散弹枪射死他老婆，她是个温暖的人。去他妈的。斯库特
把我们运到波特兰，然后从联合国大楼的顶部
跳了下去。

在平原附近飞行，我们伪造了护照
并且在一年内改变了美国诗歌的面貌。肝炎
将你击倒，
就在美国和平队首次扬起它那无头形象的步伐上。

尽管它帮助我们耗过了漫长的周末，但一夫多妻制
搞得我相当不安
在安阿伯市，每天的邮件表示又有一个爱人去世。
我最喜欢的
榆树也死在那里。但欧洲在召唤，我们就去了，首先
在水牛城暂停，养成水牛城的习惯。之后就是
虚弱的焦躁
和强劲的不安，但旅行确实可以开阔视野。它打开我们，
我们变胖，也变得有名，或者至少我做到了。你则
爱上了一位来自巴尔的摩的女士，靠近阿诺河。然后
你掉进了阿诺河。你溺水了，不断地溺水；而我，穿着我的
银线衣，在历史悠久的泰特美术馆溜达，毁坏了

一副受人尊敬的布莱克的画，在英格兰沉睡时。
在利物浦，一位利物浦人将牛奶瓶丢在
霓虹灯下，
摔得粉碎。人行道白花花的，我们哭了。

就这样我们离开，返回美国，拄着拐杖。我们搞到了
一个老婆
花了 12 只山羊和一对竞赛用的阿拉伯纯血马，那是从一个
土库斯坦的地毯商那里搞到的。鬼知道我们给了他什么。

如今，我又在纽约过起日子，头发白了，大部分时间
净躺在床上
而你在巴尔的摩的地板上踱步。但我们还没“返回”，
不，还
差得远呢。哦，不！这次旅行不会结束

直到我们把那部黄凯旋丢到一个远离这儿的地方，
远远的。不，那还不是终点。
我们还得来上一杯黑咖啡和抹油甜甜圈，兄弟，

在一家叫杰西·詹姆斯咖啡馆的地方。所以，出发吧。漂移。
“《时代》评论家讨厌当前的戏剧，”报纸上说。
他的身体在风中悬挂，轻轻摇曳。

来吧，开足马力！哎呀！别撞上那个孤独的老家伙。

THE MORNING LINE
for Alice

Sonnet: Homage to Ron

Back to dawn by police word
to sprinkle it

Over the lotions that change
On locks

To sprinkle I say
In funny times
The large pig at which the intense cones beat
So the old fat flies toward the brain

Under the sun and the rain

So we are face to face

again

Nothing in these drawers

Which is terror to the idiot
& the mon-idiot alike. No?

《早班航线》

致艾丽斯

四十行：致敬罗恩

根据警方消息回到黎明

把它泼在

锁定变化的

洗涤剂上

我说，泼到

这个搞笑的时代去

那头大的猪被强锥体击打

而那头老肥猪飞向大脑

在阳光和雨水下

这样我们就再次

面对面

这些抽屉里什么也没有

这对一个白痴来说可谓恐怖

非白痴也是。不是吗？

44th Birthday Evening, at Harris's

Nine stories high Second Avenue

On the roof there's a party

All the friends are there watching

By the light of the moon the blazing sun

Go down over the side of the planet

To light up the underside of Earth

There are long bent telescopes for the friends

To watch this through. The friends are all in shadow.

I can see them from my bed inside my head.

44 years I've loved these dreams today.

17 years since I wrote for the first time a poem

On my birthday, why did I wait so long?

my land a good land

its highways go to many good places where

many good people were found: a home land, whose song comes up

from the throat of a hummingbird & it ends

where the sun goes to across the skies of blue.

I live there with you.

《44 岁生日夜，在哈里斯家》

在第二大道的一个

九层屋顶，派对。

所有朋友都在，

借助月亮光，观看燃烧的太阳

降落到行星另一侧

去照亮它的底部。
一个又长又弯的望远镜
供他们观赏。他们都在阴影中。
我可以从我脑子的床上看到他们。
44 年来，我一直在幻想今天的这个梦。
17 年前，我第一次在生日那天
写诗，怎么等这么久？
我有一片好土地。
它的高速路通往好多好地方，
很多好人在那里：一个家园，它的歌声
从蜂鸟喉咙中升起，在太阳跨过
蓝天时结束。
我和你们在那里。

An UnSchneeman

I appear in the kitchen
duffle-bag in left hand.
"Anybody here?" I say. You
hearing me from the front room,
"Hi, How was it?" "any pepsi?"
I say hopefully. "No." "Well,
Central Washington was Out of the
Question!, but you are now looking
at The complete Toast of Guam!" "You
were gone Forever!"

《一个不像施尼曼的家伙》

我出现在厨房

“你这是黄鹤一去不复返啊！”

Will the little girl outside
 reading this
writing
 being written
 by a man
 inside

Now
 moving easily
eyes clear & blue courteously
 gravely rise

& lightly, turn turn & turn
again
& softly, go.

《一个安静的梦》

那个小女孩 外面
读这个
作品
一个男的
在里面
正在写
现在
轻松移动
眼睛清晰 蓝色 有礼貌
庄严地张开
轻轻地，转动 转动 转动
转
柔软地，开转。

Part of My History
FOR LEWIS WARSH

Will "Reclining Figure, One Arm"
Soon become or is she already Mrs.
Ted Berrigan? " Take one dexamyl
Every morning, son," my dead father
told me over the phone, and, "Be
A good boy. It's called a 'life Style.'"
What you don't know will hurt somebody else.
Cast in 1934, 5 ft. 14 in. in height,
The figure has three fingers missing

On the left hand(as did Mordecai, "three-
fingers," Brown, which didn't keep him
Out of Cooperstown!).Body well-preserved,
Chubby, flesh-colored, sweetly
Draped. Both ends are broken here & there,
But the surface is well preserved. I took
Another puff on my Chesterfield King, and,
As she walked around in my room, saw orange
& blue raise themselves ere she walked.
They were my mind. And then, I saw cupcakes,
pink & flushed pink, floating about
in the air, aglow in their own poise.
Cold air stabbed into my heart, as, suddenly,
In serious drag, I felt my body getting
colder & colder, & felt, rather than say,
My fez, hovering above my head, like a typical set
of Berrigan-thoughts, imprisoned in lacquer, European-
style, tailor-made. I could see I was sitting
at a table in a Hoboken Truck-Stop. When the smoke
Cleared I saw a red telephone on the table by my
Left hand. A heart-stimulant shot into my heart
From out the immediate darkness to my right.

《我的局部史》

致 路易斯沃西

“斜倚的形象，独臂”很快会
成为，或她是不是已经是
泰德贝里根夫人？“每个早上
吃一片地塞米松，儿子，”我死掉的爸
在电话里说，“学乖一点，
这就叫“生活风”。”

你搞不懂的东西会害到别人。
铸造于 1934 年，5 英尺 14 英寸高，
这个雕塑的左手少了三根
手指（就像末底该，“三指”，
布朗也是，但这没有阻止他离开
库珀斯敦！）身体保存完好，
肥嘟嘟，肉色，甜美的
下垂的褶皱。两端在这里和那里都破损，
但表面保存完好。我又吸了
一口我的吉时牌过滤嘴，
她在我房间里游荡，
晃到我眼前时，橙色和蓝色升起。
它们就是我的精神。接着，我看到纸杯蛋糕，
粉色和激动粉色，在空中飘来
飘去，以自己的姿态发光。
冷空气捅进我心脏，突然间，就好像，
身体越来越冷，感觉就像，而不是看见，
我的土耳其毡帽，在我脑子上空盘旋，就像
一套典型贝里根思想，被漆死，欧洲风格，
量身定制。我可以看到我正坐在
霍博肯卡车停靠站，一张桌子旁边。当烟雾
散去，我看到左手边桌上一部红电话机。
一剂心脏刺激剂从我右侧
就近的黑暗中，射进我的心脏。我捡起
那部电话机，它让我活了过来。

Contemporary Justice

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| tin roof | slanting sunlight |
| cows | |
| boys with sticks | |
| a pick-up whines | dust rises, |

crows hover cane stalks
 a Watusi
and on his porch my grandfather
 watching

《当代正义》

铁皮屋顶 斜阳
 奶牛
木棍男孩
一辆皮卡车呜呜叫 到处尘土
 乌鸦盘旋 甘蔗
 一头瓦图西公牛
在他的门廊上 我爷爷
 看着

*总的感觉，贝里根是一个“夸张”修辞风格的诗人，通过对事物强行扭曲的命名（这是诗人的特权：胡说八道）以及一些花里胡哨的外形构造，来达到某种“效果”，从而构成他的作品合法性。这并不高级。他牛逼的地方应该是他的真诚，而不是总想着表演：这不可避免是吗？不知道，累，妈的。

A la recherche du Temps Perdu

 Somebody knows everything, so
Between friends nothing would seem stranger
 to me than true intimacy, so
Pity me, Patty
 or, on
 the other hand

The insane brother was focussed malevolently on murder.

Which wasn't me, was it?

《追忆似水年华》

有人啥都知道，所以
朋友之间没有什么比真正的亲密
更怪的了，所以
可怜可怜我，帕蒂，
或者，
另一方面来说，
那个发神经的兄弟恶意地专注于谋杀。
那不是我，对吧？

Amityville Times

self suspended in age time warp put out to grass
seeing through ears ask intelligent questions
behind eyes doubt use formal balance a lot
to throw something on to it
by mildly defending honor of minor character endlessly
while positively seething with absolutely no emotion
whatsoever in any shape or form & can this be done?

《阿米蒂维尔时光》

暂停衰老 时间变弯 释放到草地上
用耳朵看 提些聪明问题
躲在眼睛后面 怀疑大量使用正式平衡
把什么东西投到它上面
通过无休止温和地捍卫次要角色的荣誉

同时积极沸腾而绝对不带任何情绪
无论它是什么形状或形式，这能搞定吗？

The Morning Line

Every man-jack boot-brain slack-jaw son of a chump
surely the result of fuzzy thinking
parceled in his "noise of thousands"
is a poem to shove somewhere

The man on first Avenue
with a large suitcase knows that
He's leaving town
asleep there, already back.

《早句》

把每个笨蛋白痴傻瓜蠢货的儿子
当然还有稀里糊涂思想的结果
打包进他的“成千上万噪音”
就成了诗，可以塞进什么地方
那个第一大道上的男人
拎着一个大手提箱子发现
他正离开城镇
昏昏沉沉的，已经实现了伟大复兴。

Velvet &
FOR STEVE CAREY

Voice of ride
Fire of sight

Value of late
taste of great
job of departure
Night Chick
sky-mate
fits
(also little aches.)

《丝绒以及》
致司迪福卡雷

骑声
视力火
剩余价值
味道好极了
离职工作
夜鸡
天仙配
抽筋
(当然还有微痛)

Avec la Mecanique sous les Palmes

C'est automne qui revient
Les arbres ont l'air de sourire
Le clou est la
Retient la tete
Les lampes sont allumees
Le vent passe en chantant
Les cheveux balayant la nuit
Il y a quelqu'un qui cherche
Une adresse perdue dans le chemin cache

La tete s'en va
Qu'on nous raconte cette histoire
C'est celle d'un malade
Il te ressemble
Il fait froid sur la lune ma tete fume

法文，kimi.moonshot.cn 翻译

《在棕榈树下机械》

秋天又回来
树木看起来在笑
钉子在这里
支撑头部
灯被点亮
风唱歌经过
头发拂过夜晚
有人在寻找
一个在隐藏的小路上丢失的地址
头离开
让我们来讲这个故事
这是一个病人的故事
他和你很像
在月球上很冷，我的头在冒烟

Dreamland
FOR ELIO SCHNEEMAN

this steady twelve-tone humming inbetween my ears
weather sweeps in gentle wavelets across my features

the edges of space stacked into mostly indistinguishable images
on 3 sides: half a face, mine, clearly there
thick dark red and whitish flowers rise, & then drooping
over a purple waterfall, death, also clear
a suitcase--to stay--not to get out of here
on it, water, aspirin, glasses, a watch
above my head tones of voice, steady, clear
making lists in a life,
moving in the face of need, to be here.

《梦境》

致埃利奥·施尼曼

稳定十二音在我两个耳朵间嗡嗡响
天气以轻柔的小波在我脸上扫荡
空间的边缘堆集成难以分辨的图像
三个侧面：半张脸，我的，清清楚楚在那儿
浓厚的深红色和乳白色花朵升起，接着垂落，
越过紫色瀑布，死亡同样清晰
一只行李箱——为了留下——并非为了离开这里
箱上，一杯水、阿司匹林、眼镜、一只表
在我头顶，语调平稳、清晰
列一些生活清单，
该干嘛干嘛，为了待在这里。

Kerouac

(CONTINUED)

"appropriately named Beauty, has just been a star

halfback on the high school football team, and also
hit by a car, scribbling in his Diary. Over his bed
there hung contributing sports stories from the Lowell
Sun. for a time resided next to a Funeral Parlor: he
was a voracious consumer of Pop culture, of whatever
could be joyously dunk in; a phosphorescent Christ
on a black lacquered cross-- it glowed the Jesus in
the Dark, in the movies, in the funnies, and on the radio
over Memere's bed. I gulped for fear every time I passed it
at the moment the sun went down. Probably couldn't have stood
this 'double dose', had it not been for the the arrangement of
the shadows. Above all loved The Shadow, Lamont Cranston, Dr. Sax.
Ah, shadow! Ah, Sax!

《凯鲁亚克》

（续）

“被称作‘美人’是合适的，原先还是一个高中橄榄球队的明星中卫，当然也被车撞过，写日记也勤快。在他床头挂着《洛厄尔太阳报》的体育特稿。有一段时间他也住殡仪馆隔壁：他是流行文化的贪婪消费者，无论什么只要能从中汲取到东西；一个磷光闪闪的基督在黑色漆十字架上——它在黑暗中，电影，连环画，还有梅尔床头上的收音机里发光。每次经过，我都会因为恐惧屏息。太阳落山了。要不是有阴影保佑我可能扛不住这‘双份剂量’。要命的是，他还热爱《暗影》，拉蒙特·克兰斯顿，萨克斯博士。啊，暗影！啊，萨克斯！

Shelley

I saw you first in half-darkness
by candle-light two round table-tops away
sitting in perfect attention with perfect self-awareness
waiting, for the poetry to begin, in The Blue Store;
I accepted a drink from your companion's surprising flask,
never taking my eyes of you, radiant nineteen-year-old
and I thought, as I was losing my heart,
"Jesus, there's obviously a lot more to Bob Rosenthal
than meets the eye!"...

《谢莉》

我在光线不足的情况下看到你
在隔着两张圆桌远的烛火下
你以完美的自我意识全神贯注坐着，
等诗朗诵开场，就在兰书店；
我喝了你同伴那神奇酒壶中的饮料，
但视线绝没离开你：十九岁，光彩耀人。
我开始失心疯，心想，
“靠，鲍勃·罗森塔尔这家伙不简单，
不得了。” ...

*Shelley Kraut 美国诗人

× Bob Rosenthal ，美国诗人作家，Ginsberg 前秘书。当时是 Paul Carroll、Ted Berrigan 等人的跟班。

That Poem George Found

In the year 1327, at the opening of the first hour,
on the 6th of April, I entered the labyrinth.
My wandering since has been without purpose.
Here, look at it. Wanna see this? No, I want
to find out what's happening with the Indians.
What Indians, the ones that were torturing Jane Bowles
to death? No, the Algonquins & the Iroquois. Eillen
& I already finished that other book. Well,
fuck yourslef then.

《乔治找到的那个诗》

1327 年，第一小时刚开始时，
4 月 6 日，我进入迷宫。
自此我开始毫无目的游荡。
来，看看这个。想看吗？不，我只想
知道印第安人那边情况咋样了。
啥印第安，那些把简鲍尔斯
折磨致死的混蛋？不，是阿尔冈昆人
和易洛魁人。艾琳和我
已经把剩下的书都看完啦。好吧，
那你滚一边去。

DNA

FOR ALICE NOTLEY

:Mrs. Sensitive Princess:

As furious as Ho Chih Minh

As clever as Mr. Pound

As graceful as Ben Jonson lyric, "this mountian belly of mine"

As noisy as Boy Dylan
As crooked as Lawrence, as bent as they come
As curious as Philip Whalen, like Beckett, say, is
As pale as Creeley, as Emily Dickinson
As frantic as Jane Bowles, or, as frantic as Jack Kerouac
As awkward as George Smiley
As scarce as Samuel Johnson
As ridiculous as Tennyson, or Kenneth Koch
As loyal as Henry Miller, like Charles de Gaulle is
As permanent as Israel must seem to Chas. Dickens
At as late as 3 o'clock in the morning, or 5:15 a.m., or noon!
Run a check on that, will you Watson?

《DNA》

给艾丽斯·诺特利

：敏感公主夫人：

像胡志明一样愤怒，
像埃兹拉·庞德先生一样聪明，
像本·琼森的抒情诗“我这山一般的肚子”一样优雅，
像鲍勃·迪伦一样喧闹，
像劳伦斯一样不诚实，生来不正常，
像菲利普·惠伦一样好奇，就好像贝克特也是那样，
像克里利一样苍白，像艾米莉·狄金森那样，
像简·鲍尔斯一样狂乱，或者像杰克·凯鲁亚克，
像乔治·斯迈利一样笨拙，
像塞缪尔·约翰逊一样稀有，
像丁尼生或肯尼思·科赫一样荒谬，
像亨利·米勒一样忠诚，就像夏尔·戴高乐那样，
像以色列在查尔斯·狄更斯眼中一样永恒，
在凌晨 3 点那么晚，或 5 点 15 分，或中午！

把这些过一遍好吗，华生？

Back in the Old Place

Thinking about past times in New York by talking
about them reminds me of talking on the steps
We took to get where we are and our current moral view
which is centered around loose suspicion
that our friends for example only tolerate us because
of our mysterious lack of magic
And so actually hate us because our power ,which we do have.
So pretty soon it'll be Christmas, in about six months
& if we are lucky those friends will have been hit by trucks by then

the tea in the white cup is either half-gone or
I am, in any case, soon you will come back up from
Christmas sitting on the steps with the trucks roaring by
thinking I am not that person, so why did I act like that?
because I see one of my friends on a truck & he is talking
about his former friend, the enemy; and I see that I am that enemy &
I also see that the street is covered with fish because of a terrible
accident

No, I don't see that, I only see that I am that enemy, & I dig that
it makes me feel like the street is covered with fish.....
& the street is covered with fish, & they are my fish, those fish--
but it doesn't matter, along comes a real truck, there's a terrible
accident, & the street is covered with fish

The name of the street is Pearl Street & it is crawling with worms
Some of my friends come over, we have funny-tasting coffee
but it is not funny to be drowning

when the yellow bird's note was almost stopped

it was then I spread a little bit of butter on my bread
& when the yellow butter covered the tiny top
I began to imagine that someone was there cooking it
It was fun to imagine that; fun standing still, & fun taking it
to be a fountain my friend said was a pile of old birds
but what my friend said was a pile of old words, yes sir,
I said to the mountain, why don't you move out
of the country of the young & back down into the big city, where
all there is is muscle butter music?

WRITTEN WITH JACK

COLLOM

《回到老地方》

说着说着便想起在纽约的老时光，
想起坐在台阶上谈论那些。
我们来到如今，秉持当下道德观念，
围绕一种松散的怀疑，
例如，我们那些朋友可能只是因为
我们神秘地缺乏魔力而容忍我们，
实际上，他们因为我们的力量
而憎恨我们，我们确实也有。
所以很快，再过六个月，就到圣诞节了，
要是走运，那会儿那些朋友会被卡车撞上。

白杯子里的茶要么喝掉一半，
要么是我自己缺了一半，反正不久你会从
圣诞节回来，坐在台阶上，看看卡车咆哮而过，
想着，我不是那样的人，为什么要那样做？
因为我看到一个朋友在卡车上，他正在谈论
他前朋友，那个敌人；我看到我就是敌人，
我还看到街上满是鱼，因为一场可怕的

事故

不，我没看到，我只看到我是敌人，我明白
这让我觉得街道上覆盖着鱼……
街上覆盖着鱼，而那些鱼是我的，那些鱼——
但没事儿，一辆真卡车来了，发生了一场可怕
事故，街道上铺满了鱼
这条街叫珍珠街，爬满了虫子
我的一些朋友跑过来，我们喝着趣味咖啡
不过溺水可一点也不好玩

当黄鸟鸣叫几乎停止，
我往面包上抹了点黄油
当黄油涂盖了小小的顶端，
我开始想象有人在那儿烹饪
想象这个很有趣；站着不动很有趣，把它
当作喷泉也很有趣，我朋友说，这是一堆旧鸟
但我朋友说这是一堆旧词，是的，先生，
我对山脉说，你为什么不从
年轻人的底盘搬走，回到大城市，
那里到处都是肌肉黄油音乐？

与杰克·科洛姆合写

Blue Tilt

FOR TOM CLARK

"But & then at that time
also..."
I could and would
often did
dig
the aesthetics of change:

*

the mechanics made me yawn so, tho,
to see all that to-do
over a simple little
ball
& all that money
involved? Jesus Christ!
Keep your electricity,
go dotty,
I'm tipsy!
"It's simple. You've got a twisted pelvis."
Dr. Reuben Greenberg said,
proving about as useful as this brother-
in-law,
Clement.
Just give me a good well-made hand-crafted
wooden leg,
& I'll dig even my next, 45th,
Fall.

《蓝色倾斜》

给汤姆·克拉克

“但是，那时
也……”
我可以也愿意
常常会
欣赏
变化的美学：

*

那些机械的东西让我哈欠连天，因此，不过，
看到那些为一个简单

小球
所做的一切
还有所有涉及的
钱？ 耶稣基督！
保留你的电力，
变得疯狂，
 我醉了！
“很简单。你的骨盆扭曲了。”
鲁本·格林伯格医生说，
事实证明他和他的内兄——
 克莱门特，
 一样有用。
只要给我一只上好制作精良
手工木腿即可，
 我会欣赏它到我下一个，第 45 个，
 秋天。

Little American Poetry Festival
FOR BILL & JOANNE

Often I try so hard with stimulants
 which only graze the surface

As my voice fondly plays your name
 without music
but Jim Dine's toothbrush eases two pills
 for
Stupefied aborigines
who study for the first time
the sentient earlobes
that hang suspended from no ears at all

venting expletives
at the velvet moon

no more stupefied than I was
upon first being folded into
and then hopelessly knowing
this whole world's activity
under the clear blue sky; I have come
to change all that: bells, ring; daylight, fade;
fly, resting on your shoulder blades for hours

On the count of three, drums will clatter
 like rain
from the hills

& Sleep the lazy owl of Night
& Sleep will make you whole
& Sleep the bushes of the field
& Sleep will make you grow
& you will grow odd
for inside you is a delirious god

& if the drought don/t get you
then the corn worms will

if you don't sober up, kick the brunette out of bed
& go "out" to earn your pay

but I continue, I simply stay
to burn the Midnight lamp

until the restaurant closes and the streets
are empty of every passer-by

It's heavy, it's hard, but
it means out: & Sleep, the Angels
in the sky, Sleep will make you fly,

I know, After all,

I am an obelisk of Egypt; & we
are the Beautiful People of Africa,
etcetera

Whereas the real state is called golden
where things are exactly what they are
which is why I wish to become surface,
like Sleep, & Wake-up!

《小型美国诗歌节》
给比尔和琼恩

我总在尽力使用兴奋剂
它们却最多只触及到表面

尽管我的嗓门深情地播放你的名字
不带音乐伴奏
但吉姆·戴恩的牙刷轻松搞走了两粒药丸
只为
那群昏迷的土著
他们首次学习
那些有感知的耳垂
而它们根本悬在耳朵上

发泄一点感叹词

对着天鹅绒般的月亮

我跟他们差不多昏聩。

当我第一次被折叠，

无可救药地了解

这整个世界

在晴朗蓝天下

的活动，我就下定了决心

去改变这一切：钟声，铃铛；白天，消退；

飞，长时间歇在你的肩胛骨上

数三声，鼓声将

如雨般

从山上落下

睡吧，慵懒的夜泉

睡觉使你完整

睡吧，田野灌木丛

睡眠使你成长

你将变得奇特

因为你内心有一位精神混乱的神

如果干旱没有毁灭你

那么玉米虫会

如果你不醒酒，就把那个黑妞踢出床去

然后“出门”去挣赚点钱

但我不会，我只是继续耗着

燃烧半夜的灯

直到餐馆关门，街道

清空每一个路人

这是沉重的，这艰难，但
它意味着超脱：睡觉，天空中的
天使，睡觉使你飞

我知道。毕竟

我是一块埃及方尖碑；我们
是漂亮的非洲佬
诸如此类云云

而真实的情况是金色的
在那里，事情无非该咋地咋地
这就是为什么我希望变得肤浅
就像睡觉，醒来！

After Peire Vidal, & Myself
FOR SHELLEY

Oh you, the sprightliest & most puggish, the brightest star
Of all my lively loves, all Ladies, & to whom once I gave up
My heart entire, thenceforth yours to keep forever
Locked up in your own heart's tiniest room, my best hope, or
To throw away, carelessly, at your leisure, should that prove
Yr best pleasure, Who is that dumpy matron, decked out in worn & faded
Shabby army fatigues which pooch out both before & behind, now screeching
Out my small name in a dingy Public Library on the lower East Side? & now
Scoring me painfully in philistine commedia dell'arte farce, low summer fare
Across a pedestrian Ferry's stretch of water in some meshugganah Snug Harbor
And once more, even, fiercely pecking at me in the cold drab Parish Hall of
Manhattan's Landmark Episcopal Church, where a once Avant-garde now Grade
School Poetry Project continues to dwell, St. Mark's church in-the-Bouwerie,

whose

Stones hold in tight grip one wooden leg & all of Peter Stuyvesant's bones?

Who is that midget-witch who preens as she flaunts her lost wares,

Otherwise hidden beneath some ancient boy's flannel-shirt, its tail out &
flapping,/ & who

Is shrieking even now these mean words:

"Hey Ted!""Hey, you Fat God!"

& calling me, "Fickle!" "Fickle!"

& she points a long boney finger

at me, & croons, gleefully.

"Limbo!" "That's where you really live!"

& She is claiming to be you

as she whispers, viciously,

"Alone, &

In Pain, in Limbo, is where you live in your little cloud-9 home Ted!

Pitiful!"

She has a small purse, & removing it from one of her shopping
bags

She brings out from inside that small purse, my withered heart; & lifting high
into the air over her head with her two hands, she turns it upside down
unzips its fasteners, & shakes it out over the plywood floor, happily.

"Empty,"

she cries loudly, "just like I always knew it would be!" "Empty!" "Empty"
"Empty!"

I watch her, and think,

That's not really you, up there, is it,

Rose? Rochelle? Shelley?

O, don't be said, little rose! It's still

Your ribbon I wear, your favor tied to the grip of my lance, when I

ride out to give battle,

these golden days.

《继皮埃尔·维达尔，以及我之后》

给谢莉

哦，你，最最傻泼最最哈巴狗最最发亮的星，
超越所有狂暴的爱所有女士，我曾把我的心
完全上交给给你，从此以后归你永久性保管
我最大的指望锁在你心中最窄的房间里，或者
由你漫不经心扔掉，随你便，如果那能带给你
最大快乐，那个矮墩妇人是谁，穿着破旧褪色的
邋遢陆军制服，前后鼓鼓囊囊的，现在在下东区一个
肮脏公共图书馆尖叫着我微不足道的名字，现在
在某个低俗闹剧中狠狠地攻击我，夏季低票价
穿某片司娜阁港步行渡轮水域，
甚至又一次在曼哈顿寒冷暗淡的教区礼堂
猛烈啄我，那儿是一个从前先锋派现在是小学
诗歌项目继续营业的地方，圣马克教堂，鲍厄里街，它的
石头紧紧地抓着一根木腿和彼得·斯图伊文萨特的全部骨头？
那个矮巫婆是谁，她在炫耀它她丢失的装备还一副油头粉面，
否则就藏在某个古董男的法兰绒衬衫下，它的尾巴
伸出来拍打着，/甚至现在它
还在尖叫这些刻薄的话：

“嘿，泰德！”“嘿，这个肥猪！”

还叫我“变态！”“变态！”

她伸出一根骨包皮手指

指着，高兴吟唱着。

“地狱！”“那就是你待的地方！”

她声称自己是你

当她恶毒地念叨着，

“孤独，

在痛苦中，在地狱，那就是你那小小的九重天的家
泰德！

可怜的家伙！”

她有一个手提包，从她的一个购物袋里
拿出来的
她从小手提包里取出我那枯萎的心，用手高高举过头顶
把它倒过来
拉开拉链，然后把它倒空在胶合板地板上，欢快喊着。
“空了，”
她大声喊，“就像我一直知道的那样！”“空的！”“空的！”“空空荡荡！”

我看着她，想，
妈的她并不是你，它是
萝丝？罗谢尔？还是谢莉什么的？
哦，别伤心，小萝丝！我仍然系着
你的丝带，这好东西一直系在我的长矛柄上，当我
骑马出去战斗时，
在五一黄金周。

(end)

八十年代的这本诗集《The 51st State》就是这些了，剩下还有一部分 uncollected poems。

Uncollected Poems
(暂时未翻)

A Certain Slant of Sunlight

Poem

Yea, though I walk
through the Valley of
the Shadown of Death, I
Shall fear no evil--
for I am a lot more
insane than
This Valley.

《诗》

是的，尽管我
穿行在死亡阴影的
山谷，我也没啥
好怕的——
因为我的疯
远胜于
这个山谷。

*

You'll do good if you play it like you're
not getting paid.
But you'll do it better if the motherfuckers pay you.

(Motto of THE WHORES
& POETS GUILD-trans.

from The Palatine Anthology

by Alice Notley &

Ted Berrigan. 20 Feb 82)

*

即便就像你不去想回报，你也会

把事情干好。

但要是这些混蛋付你钱，你会干得更漂亮。

（《妓女和

诗人协会》的格言一

贝里根夫妇

翻译自《帕拉丁选集》

1982 年 12 月 20 日）

*

With

daring

and

strength

men

like

Pollock,

de Kooning,

Tobey,

rothko,

Smith

and

Kline

filled

their

work
with
the
drama,
anger,
pain,
and
confusion
of
contemporary
life.

Just
like
me.

*

带着
鲁莽
和
力量
这些男人
诸如
波洛克，
德·库宁，
托比，
罗斯科，
史密斯，
以及
克莱恩
会让
他们的
工作

充满
戏剧张力，
恼火，
痛，
以及
对
当代
生活的
困惑。

就像
我
一样。

*在写作中表现戏剧性、恼火、悲伤与困惑，这些搅混在一起差不多就是黑色幽默了，稍稍再加一点虚无感的话。一个诗人的全部，说起来无非是活成人类生活的某个样本，标本。这本应该（伦理这种东西确实没什么可谈论的）是他们的任务，既不是活成真理的化身，也不是独自成仙去。这里，唯一的逻辑问题是，什么是自己？即使像泰德这种反叛性格，他也会在特定圈子寻找共性，获取一点安慰。

A Certain Slant of Sunlight

In Africa the wine is cheap, and it is
on St. Mark's Place too, beneath a white moon.
I'll go there tomorrow, dark bulk hooded
against what is hurled down at me in my no hat
which is weather: the tall pretty girl in the print dress
under the fur collar of her cloth coat will be standing
by the wire fence where the wild flowers grow not too tall
her eyes will be deep brown and her hair styled 1941
American

will be too; but
I'll be shattered by then
But now I'm not and can also picture white clouds
impossibly high in blue sky over small boy heartbroken
to be dressed in black knickers, black coat, white shirt,
buster-brown collar, flowing black bow-tie
her hand lightly fallen on his shoulder, faded sunlight falling
across the picture, moter & son, 33 & 7, First Communion
Day, 1941--
I'll go out for a drink with one of my demons tonight
they are dry in Colorado 1980 spring snow.

《阳光的某种倾斜》

在非洲酒水便宜，在当然
在圣·马可广场也是，在月亮下。
我明天会去那儿，
黑乎乎庞大的躯壳披上兜帽，
免得光着脑壳有什么东西朝我砸过来，
那只能是天气：那个高挑靓女穿印花裙，
缩在她那件大衣皮领下，它就站在
铁丝篱笆边上，那里随便长着些野花，
她的眼珠深棕色，发型是 1941 年
美式风格；不过，
那会儿我指定会垮掉。
但这会儿我还挺好，还能想想白云
停在那巨高的蓝天上，天空下，一个小男孩
伤心坏了，穿着黑短裤，黑外套，白衬衫，
巴斯·布朗领子，一个黑色蝴蝶结飘舞，
她的手轻轻搭落在他肩上，暗淡的阳光
蒙在照片上，妈妈与儿子，33 岁和 7 岁，
初领圣餐日，1941 年——

今晚，我得和我其中一个魔鬼出去喝会儿，
他们干枯了，在科罗拉多，1980 年，春天，下雪。

Blue Galahad*
FOR JIM CARROL

Beauty, I wasn't born
High enough for you: Truth
I served; her knight: Love
In a Cold Climate

《蓝色加拉哈德》
致吉姆·卡罗尔

美妞，我出生微末
高攀不上你：你是真理，
我得侍奉；她的骑士：爱，
在冷气中。

*Galahad, 圆桌骑士之一。

* Jim Carroll, 1949—2009, 作家、诗人，摇滚明星，从诗中看起来，应该也是个同性恋。

Salutation

"Listen, you cheap little liar..."

《致敬》

“停着，你这个卑鄙没良心的...”

The Einstein Intersection

This distinguished boat
Now for oblivion, at sea, a
Sweet & horrid joke in dubious taste,
That once, a Super-Ego of strenght, did both haunt
Your dreams and also save you much bother, brought
You to The American Shore; Out of The Dead City carried you,
Free, Awake, in Fever and in Sleep, to the
City of A Thousand Suns where, there, in the innocent heart's
Cry & the Mechanized Roar of one's very own this, The 20th
Century, one's
Own betrayed momentary, fragmented Beauty got
Forgotten, one Snowy Evening, Near a Woods, because
The Horse Knows the way; because of, "The Hat on the Bed," and
Because of having "Entered the Labyrinth, finding No Exit.", is
That self-same ship, the "U.S.S Nature" by name, that D.H. Lawrence
wrote one of his very best poems about;
THE SHIP OF DEATH.(a/k/a THE CAT CAME BACK)!

《爱因斯坦交叉路》

这艘杰出的小船，
如今已遗忘在海上，像一个
甜腻、可怕、品味可疑的玩笑，
一个曾经强大的超我，萦绕在
你梦里，同样也为你省去诸多烦恼，将你
带到美国海岸；带你《走出死城》，
免费，清醒地在发烧和昏睡中带你来到
《千星城》，在那里，在无心灵
呼喊声与自身机械化咆哮声中，二十一
世纪，被自己出卖的瞬间的支离破碎的美
被遗忘，在一个下雪夜，靠近树林，因为
马匹知道那条路；因为《床上的帽子》，以及
因为《进入迷宫，没找到出口》，就是
这样的一条自成一派的小船，它叫“美国船舶性质”，
D.H. 劳伦斯

为它写下了他最杰出的诗篇之一；
《死船》（又叫《猫儿回来了》）！

*The Einstein Intersection, Out of The Dead City, City of A Thousand
Suns, 都是 Samuel R. Delany 的科幻小说。

Pinsk After Dark

Reborn a rabbi in Pinsk, reincarnated

backward time

I gasped thru my beard full of mushroom barley

soup;

two rough-faced blonde Cossacks, drinking

wine,

paid me no heed, not remembering their futures--

Verlaine, & Rimbaud.

《平斯克的夜晚》

重生为平斯克拉比，转世

投胎到过去，

我透过沾满蘑菇大麦汤羹的胡须

喘气；

两个糙脸蛋金发哥萨克人喝着

酒水；

懒得理我，他们忘了他们的未来——

魏尔论和兰波。

*看后头的介绍，这个 Pinsk After Dark 和后头的 Reds，大概是一种游戏写作：某个人会说几个词，句，接着让另外的人去写，通过明信片交流。这两个诗都和金斯堡和他的伴侣 Peter Orlovsky 有点关系。

*Rabbi，犹太人的老师、法师之类。

Reds

There isn't much to say to Marxists in Nicaragua

with .45's

afraid of the U.S. Secretary of State, eating

celery.

Back in New York, "we saw a beautiful movie,"

Allen said. "It made me cry."

"I hadda loan him my big green handkerchief, so

he could blow his nose!" Peter Orlovsky laughed.

《赤 X》

马克思主义者没多少可聊的，在尼加拉瓜

他们手持.45，

害怕美国国务卿，啃着

芹菜。

回到纽约，“我们看了一部很棒的电影，”

艾伦说，“把我搞哭了。”

“我不得不借我的大绿手帕给他，

请他擦鼻涕！”彼得·奥洛夫斯基笑着说。

*金斯堡重情，似乎很容易伤感，想起惠特曼他会哭(《加利福尼亚超市》)，更不用说杰克他们。他有个逸事，说他总是在帮助身边的穷弟兄，常问他们缺不缺钱什么的，他大概又拿到了一笔稿费。直到他八十多岁，他才有点积蓄去买一部心心念念的宝马轿车，还是二手。没多久他就过世了。我有点想不明白，鲍勃迪伦不是他跟班吗，随便给他个三瓜两枣，也足够他花。但反过来想想，既然是垮掉派，他也不能丢范儿不是吗。

People Who Change Their Names

Abraham & Sarah.

Naomi--("Call me not Naomi,

call me Mara; for The Almighty

hath dealt very bitterly with me.")

Simon, who shall be called Peter.

St. Paul(formerly Saul).

Joseph of Arimathea.

Cain.

Libby Notley("when I was six I found out my

real name was Alice);

Francis Russell O'Hara; Didi Susan Dubleyew;

Ron Padgett; Dick Gallup;

STEVE CAREY:

Kenneth Koch(formerly Jay Kenneth Koch):

Jackson Pollock; "Rene" Rilke; William Carlos

Willians;

my mother, Peg;

Guillanume Apollinaire;

"Joe" Liebling: John Kerouac: Joe Howard

Brainard: "Babe Ruth":

Tom Clark; Anselm Hollo; Clark Coolidge;

George & Katie Schneeman.

Samuel R. "Chip" Delany.

《那些改名的人》

亚伯拉罕和撒拉。

挪亚米——（“不要叫我挪亚米，

叫我玛拉；因为全能者

待我极其苦涩。”）

西门，他应该叫彼得。

圣保罗（原名扫罗）。

亚利马太的约瑟。

该隐。

利比·诺特利（“六岁时，我发现我

的真实名字是爱丽丝）；

弗朗西斯·拉塞尔·奥哈拉；迪迪·苏珊·杜布卢；

罗恩·帕杰特；迪克·加拉普；

史蒂夫·凯里：

肯尼思·柯克（原名杰伊·肯尼斯·柯克）：

杰克逊·波洛克；“雷内”里尔克；威廉·卡洛斯

威廉斯；

我的母亲，佩格；
纪尧姆·阿波利奈尔；
“乔”利平科：约翰·凯鲁亚克：乔·霍华德
布莱纳德：“贝比·鲁斯”：
汤姆·克拉克；安塞尔姆·霍洛；克拉克·库利奇；
乔治和凯蒂·施内曼。
塞缪尔·R·“奇普”·德莱尼。

*这就是泰德著名的“列清单式”诗歌写法了，一种伟大的形式，神圣。

In the land of Pygmies & Giants

Anselm! Edmund!

Get me an ashtray!

No one in this house

In any way is any longer sick!

And I am the Lord, and owner

of their faces.

They call me , Dad!

《在俾格米人和巨人的地头*》

安塞姆！艾德蒙！

把烟灰缸给我拿来！

这屋子里没有任何人

会生任何病！

我是上帝，这些脸蛋的

主人。
他们叫我，爸爸！

*Pygmy,一种侏儒；Anselm, Edmun 是泰德的两个儿子。

Angst

I had angst.

《焦虑》

我忧国忧民。

Caesar

Caesar,
I could care less
whether your Grandma
was black,
or white--
you'll always be a nigger to me.

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS
(TRANS. TED BERRIGAN)

《凯撒》

凯撒，
我压根不关心

你的奶奶
是黑人
还是白人——
对我来说，你永远是个黑鬼。

盖乌斯·瓦莱利乌斯·卡鲁图司
(贝里根 译)

"Poets Tribute to Philip Guston"

I hear walking in my legs
Aborigines in the pipes
I am the man your father was
Innocence bleats at my last
Black breaths- and tho I was considered a royal
pain in the ass by
Shakespeare's father, the high alderman,
All the deadly virtuous plague my death!
I could care less?

《“诗人们向菲利普·加斯頓致敬”》

我听见几个土著
在我腿脚的血管中散步
我差不多是跟你老爹雷同的那种人
清白无辜地在最后的黑色
呼吸中咩咩地叫——不过呢，我是
一点皇家蛋痛，至少莎士比亚
的爹，一个高级市议员就这么认为。
所有致命的美德在折磨死我！
我能不在意？

*Philip Guston, 美国抽象表现主义画家。1980 年, 在一个纪念加斯顿去世的派对上, 在圣马克诗歌学院, 泰德来了一段让人反感的抽象表现主义风格表演: 嘴上没完没了念叨着什么, 引起众人反感后, 他读了几首诗。而这正是他想干的。搞得观众不知道他是有意为之, 还是喝多了。他确实喝高了。

*人有时总会把自己太当回事, 泰德尤其给人这种感觉。调侃自己有时无非一种变相自以为是, 夸大, 抑或自我防卫机制, 谁知道呢, 特别是诗人说话, 嘴巴大。说话又不需要成本。

Blue Herring

fiction appears) for I and only one person's
eyes. In my more iconoclastic
moments I stifle the impulse to send
such poems, which I do come across
them, back to their authors, taking
same authors to task for presuming
too much and asking them to send
their poem right on to the faceless
As if you hands were innocent
and the lobsters in your groin
And the heart of the scarecrow opens like snow
And something in the branches makes the pigeons
spread their wings
You reach into the branches and grab the red herrings--the
Fountain of Youth is uncharted
You are its overflowing outline
You can only laugh.

《蓝鲱鱼》

似乎是虚构)为了我, 以及唯一一个人的
眼睛。在我愈加想打破传统时,
我压抑冲动, 将这些诗——我是
看着它们一路过来——寄还它们的作者,
训斥这他们过于自以为是, 要求他们
把诗直接寄给那些无名大众。
仿佛你的手是无辜的,
而你的腹股沟里藏着龙虾,
而稻草人的心脏像下雪一样打开,
而树枝上有什么东西让鸽子展开翅膀。
你伸手到树枝上, 抓起那些红色的鲱鱼——
青泉尚未被发现,
你是它溢出的轮廓,
你唯有发笑。

*不知道在写啥, 东拉西扯。写作者一旦掌握了一些写作技术(比如自信), 反过来就会被技术控制。在广州的阿强说, 这就是所谓的器: 君子不器, 谈论的就是这种情况。

Joy of Shipwrecks
FOR JEFF WRIGHT

Stoop where I sit, am crazy
in sunlight on, brown as stone,
like me ,(stoned, not brown; I
am white, like writer trash), see
that stick figure, chalky, also
white, with tentative grin, walking
toward us? Feel your blood stirring?
That's Eileen, as typical as sunlight
in the morning; typical as the morning
the morning after a typical Eileen night

《沉船的欢乐》

蹲下，在我坐着的地方，发发疯
在光线下，晒成棕色石头，
就像我，（飘飘欲仙，不是棕色；我
洁白，就像那种垃圾作家）看见
那个粉笔画的线条轮廓，它
同样洁白，一脸试探性的咧嘴笑，
走向我们？感觉到你的血脉在喷张吗？
那就是艾琳，像晨光那般
典型；经典如一根晨光，在艾琳
特有的夜晚过后的一个早晨

*JEFF WRIGHT, 诗人，出版人。

*Eileen Myles(1949—) 诗人，小说家。

书里还有一首《沉船的欢乐》

Joy of Shipwrecks

The torpedo was friendly（鱼雷友好）
it buggered us（它鸡奸了我们）

Mayday!（紧急呼救）

The climax came later（高潮稍后到来）
In the water（在水里）
Near a sea-horse（在一个海马边上）

“Eileen”(detail)

FOR GEORGE SCHNEEMAN

When she comes, landscape listens; heavenly
Winter afternoons; shadows hold their breath;
she is the seal on despair; affection; tunes
sent us of the air.

None may teach her anything; weight;
despair; imperious death;
She is light; she is certain; she
is where the meanings are.

Going, even, she's impressive; like
internal distance; death; Myles
Where the meanings are; she sends us;
She is of and like the air; a star.

《艾琳》（细节）

——致乔治·施内曼

她一出现，风景便俯身聆听；神圣的
一个冬天午后；阴影屏住呼吸；
她是绝望之封印；满级爱；旋律
通过空气运输给我们。

没有什么能教她任何东西；沉重；
绝望；死亡跋扈；
而她是光！是确定；是
无非意义本身。

甚至离去，她仍如此感人；如同

内在的超距；死亡；艾琳·迈尔斯，
意义之意义；她发送给我们了；
她来自空气，迈尔斯，空气；她是星星一。

*GEORGE SCHNEEMAN，抽象艺术家，陶瓷艺术家，插画师，与泰德合作较多。

*遣词较多，随便翻了，就这么个意思。

O Captain, My Commander, I Think

I like First Avenue

when the time of the fearful trip is come
& the Lady is for burning, as the day's begun
to duck

behind the Levy-Cohen Housing Project
whose sand-pond can be seen still, through binoculars,
by the first Tyrant-Mistress of The Near West;
sky falls; night; & me,too, yr star:
When the lilacs come I'll flip
til thrice I hear your call, darkling thrush.

《哦，船长，我的指挥官，我想》

我喜欢第一大道。

可怕的旅程已经开始，
那女士正在被焚烧，白天
躲入

利维-科恩住房项目后面——
那里的沙池仍能用双通望远镜，

被近西区第一暴君夫人看到；
天空落下；夜；还有我，你的星星：
当丁香花打开，我会翻转，
直到三次听到你的鸣叫，黑暗中的画眉鸟。

*戏仿惠特曼的《船长》；

Polish Haiku

The Pope's learning Welsh:

(he's an alien)

More power to him!

《波兰俳句》

教皇在学威尔士语：

（他是个外星人）

给他更多权力！

*传统俳句需要遵循 5-7-5 音节的形式。这里就没那种讲究。这种存粹就是玩了。polish，泰德在这里大概还想表达推敲，抛光的意思。1954 年，他去服役去了韩国，那会儿韩战已结束了。他应该没到过日本。

Ode

Spring banged me up a bit

& bruised & ruddy &

devastatingly attractive

I made
2 a.m. Phone call to Bill Brown

'How long is your foot?'
'Oh about 12 inches.'
'Well stick it up your Ass.'

*

"and Day rang from pool to hilltop
like a bell."

《赋》

春天摔得我不轻
青一块，紫一块，
致命的魅力。
我打
凌晨 2 点的考给比尔.布朗

“你脚多长？”
“哦，12 英寸吧。”
“很好。把它插到屁股里去。”

*

“而白天跟闹铃似的，从池塘到山顶
响个没完。

*我不知道，这种标题和诗文不相及的搞法，是在解构，消解还是纯粹胡闹。反正在泰德这里很常见。我也经常这样，在橡皮期间，也很流行这种顾左右而言他。我使用它时没那么复杂，有时标题仅仅是一个随便的写作代号而已，它并没有服务于诗，统领诗的功能。

Sunny, Light Winds

those exhausting dreams
of angry identification, a dog
like ego, Snowflakes as kisses--the
ability to forget is a sign of a
happy mind- at least,
Philip thinks it is, & he's happy,
sometimes.

But I don't want no cornbread &
molasses!

Never. I don't want to live in the untidy
moment! Forget it. I don't want no
lover

who always wants to be the boss!
Want! Want! want!--it's all right, I'm
Just having a little fun, Mother.
unhappy love affairs,
are only for madmen

revery

《晴朗，微风》

在那些愤怒的
为了身份认同的梦里耗尽一切，像狗
一样的自我，雪花当作吻——
拥有忘记的能力是
快乐心灵的标志——至少，

菲利普这么认为，他很快乐，
有时。
但我不要玉米面包和
糖浆！
永远不要。我不想活在乱糟糟的
当下！无所谓。我不要一个
爱人，
她总想着当老板！
汪！汪！汪！——没关系，我只是
在开个小玩笑，妈妈。
不幸的风流帐，
只是疯子的专利。

遐想

*翻得我想吐，这啥玩意，what a dump! 泰德，小孩子闹情绪。

What a Dump

or,

Easter

FOR KATIE SCHNEEMAN

a metal fragrant white

Capitol of beantown
sans dome; rubber & metal pieces
of Kentucky; chicken-bones &
Light Cavaliers; jeans; tops; balls; caps;

"Now I have to have life
after dreams"
" now I'm running running
running
down the King's Highway"

"& now I am Lily, rosemary, & the Jack
of Hearts;
One-eyed Jill; Pietro Gigli; 2 cats:
Howard; & Katie, my heart; & mine"

"Mine is melancholy"

"Mine is 1/2 gristle, 1/2 dust"

"Mine is Luke Skywalker, & his parts:
the Wookie part; the Landro part; The Han dynasty;
c-3po"

"Mine is this 'Squeeze-box';
the Good; the Beautiful; the True; & Bucky Dent.
He just has to have a chance to be in The Hall fo Fame!"

All pleased rise
Cleansed
Pure
In perfect order go.

《垃圾场》

或者，
复活节
致凯蒂·施内曼

金属，芬芳，白，
无顶圆
波士顿大厦；橡胶和金属碎片
肯塔基；鸡骨头；
轻骑兵；牛仔裤；上衣；球；帽子；

“现在我必须梦醒后
拥有生活”
“现在我正跑，奔跑，
跑
沿着国王路”

“现在我是百合，迷迭香，和红心
J；
独眼吉尔；皮耶特罗·吉利；两只猫：
霍华德；还有凯蒂——我的心；还有我的”

“我心忧郁”

“我心一半是软骨，一半尘土”

“是卢克·天行者，和他的小分队：
伍基；兰多；汉朝；
C-3PO”

“是这个‘手风琴’；
好的；美丽的；真实的；还有巴克·登特。
他必须有机会进入名人堂！”

大家愉快地上升，
洗礼，
净化，
完美有序离去。

*诗基本上处于失控状态，技术严重变形，破罐破摔。怎么说呢，读这样的诗最好倒贴读者钱！

Paciorek
FOR ANSELM HOLLO

Light takes the bat, &
shoulder; who can tell us
how? (I wake to sleep, &
take my waking fast). O lowly
worm, falling down upstairs,
& down is a lowly ting, how
fast is no longer a joy?

《帕西奥雷克》
致安塞尔姆·霍洛

光拿起球棒，
和肩膀；谁能告诉我们
这怎么做到的？（我醒来，睡去，
又快速醒来）。哦，卑微的
虫子，从楼上掉落，
而掉落是一件卑微的事情，要多快
一件事才不算可乐呢？

9:16 & 2:44, & 25 Minutes to 5

Dear Management's beautiful daughters,
sweetly
made Marion, & Alice, the Elehpant--
the
trouble with you two is just happened for
the first time ever, which is once more than
I can hold my head up under ever after again-If
Anybody asks you who made up this song, just tell'em
It was me, & I've done been here & gone.

《从 9:16, 到 2:44, 到 5 点少 25 分钟》

亲爱的管理层的美丽女儿们，
甜蜜地
制造了玛丽昂，爱丽丝，大象——
麻烦
刚刚在你们两身上第一次发生，这比
我以后再一次能抬起头来的次数
还要多一次——如果有人
问起你们这首诗是

谁写的，就告诉他们
是我，我已经来过又走了。

My Life & Love

For PHIL WHALEN

"Do you
think I'll
ever see
him again?

"Beauty
whose action is
no stronger than a
flower ?

"I think I'm about to be
surpassed again.

"Do you think we'd better go to
California?"

"Naw, Don't be silly. Send him a round
cheese or something. A can
of Peaches."

《我的生活和爱》

致菲尔·惠伦：垮掉圈子诗人。

“你觉得
我会再
跟他见
面吗？”

“美的
行动力
还不如一朵花
来得强？”

“我估摸着我又得
被甩了。”

“你有没有觉得我们最好还是去
加州？”

“非也。别犯浑。送他一块
圆奶酪或者别的什么。一罐
桃子。”

Hello, Sunshine,

Take off your head; unloose
the duck; lift up your
heart, and quack! I am the
Morning Glory, I take no
back talk....

Take me twice each morning;
be funny that way.

《你好，阳光，》

让你脑袋起飞；给那个
鸭子松绑；来点
精神头，嘎嘎开叫！我是
昙花式人物，往事
不用再提……

每天晨服我两勺；
更具风味。

In Morton's Grille

In Morton's Grille I
always get nostalgia for Morton's Grille
which wasn't called Morton's Grille
at all, but THE RIVIERA CAFE, way out on
Elmwood Avenue. They had a machine,
this was before TV, you put a quarter in
& a zany 3 minute movie of the Hatfields
shooting at the McCoys out a log cabin
window came on; the McCoys ran out of
bullets, so they started singing, "Pass the
Biscuits, Mirandy!" Grandma's biscuits were
so hard, terrible, but saved the day when thrown
at the real McCoys.

《莫顿烤肉》

在莫顿烤肉店我

总是犯起思乡病是因为莫顿
烤肉店它根本就不叫莫顿烤肉
而是叫“里维埃拉咖啡馆”，就在
埃尔姆伍德大道的尽头。他们有部机器，
那是在电视发明以前，你往里投个 25 美分，
一部长达 3 分钟的哈特菲尔德家族
从木屋窗户里向麦考伊家族开枪的
滑稽电影会开始播放；麦考伊家族
打光了子弹，开始唱：“把饼干
拿过来，米兰达！”奶奶的饼干真的
又硬又难吃，但在扔向《真·麦考伊家族》时
却派上了用场。

*——Hatfields 和 McCoys, 声名狼藉的两个家族。泰德看的 the real McCoys 可能是 1975 年版的。1993 年版由大美女金·贝辛格 和《盗火线》演员方·基默主演，译作《霹雳神偷》。

St. Mark's in the Bouwerie
FOR HARRIS SCHIFF

Naked
with a lion
a small lesbian
smoking a pipe
some silent young men
"Shit!" they exclaim
"Fuck all women!"
They all start singing patriotic songs

《圣马可修道院，鲍厄里街》
致哈里斯·施密夫

全裸
牵着一头狮子
一个小蕾丝
抽着烟斗
路过几个无语的屌丝男
“歇特!”他们突然惊呼道,
“把女人全部操翻!”
他们一起开始唱爱国歌曲

Dinner at George & Katie Schneeman's

She was pretty swacked by the time she
Put the spaghetti & meatballs into the orgy pasta
bowl--There was mixed salt & pepper in the
"Tittie-tweak" pasta bowl--We drank some dago red
from glazed girlie demi-tasse cups--after
which we engaged in heterosexual intercourse, mutual
masturbation, fellatio, & cunnilingus. For
dessert we stared at a cupboard full of art critic
friends, sgraffitoed into underglazes on vases. We did
have a very nice time.

《在乔治和凯蒂·施耐曼家晚餐》

她彻底喝昏了那会儿，她把
意大利面和肉丸放进那只狂欢意大利面
碗——那个混着盐和胡椒的
“拧乳头”意大利面碗——我们用釉上彩
少女半流苏酒盏喝了些意大利红酒——之后，
我们进行异性性交，互手、口和阴吸。

饭后甜点时，我们盯着一个搁着艺术评论家朋友的
橱柜，他们被烧在那些瓷花瓶的釉下彩上。
我们确实度过了一段欢乐时光。

Listen, Old Friend

"This ability, to do things well,
and to do them with precision & with
modesty, is nothing but plain & simple

Vanity.

"It is Pride overfertilizes the soil
till alone the blue rose, grow--I know

Dante Alighieri told me so."

(signed:)

THE SLOTH

《听着，老伙计》

“比如这种才华，啥事都能搞定，
并且啥事都做得精准、谦逊，
不过就是纯粹而天真的
虚荣罢了。

“是傲慢过度施肥到土壤，
直到只有那种蓝玫瑰能够生长——我知道

但丁就是这样告诉我的。”

（签名：）

一个树懒

Dinosaur Love

FOR ANNE & REED

Anne Lesley Waldman says, No Fossil Fuels
The best of the free times are still yet to come
With all of our running & all of our coming if we
Couldn't laugh we'd both go insane--with changes
of attitudes
At the Horse Latitudes--if we couldn't laugh, we'd
All be insane--
but right here with you, the living seems true, &
the gods are not burning us just to keep warm.

《恐龙爱》

致安妮和里德

A.L.沃尔德曼说，严禁化石燃料
舒坦的小日子还没跟着我们
屁颠屁颠跑来，要是难得
搞搞笑，保不齐我们都得疯掉——改编
态度
在马匹腿毛上——要是我们
笑不出来，那还不如直接发疯——
但这会儿跟你们待着，感觉真的跟活着似的，
众神也不想只是为了取暖而烧掉我们。

Spell

A sparrow whispers in my loins
Geranium plus Geronimo forever
Across the wide Missouri
We drive us.

《周瑜》

一个麻雀鸟在我腰部低语
天竺葵和天竺高僧不断
穿越广袤的密苏里州
我们驾驶我们。

For robt. Creeley*

"In My Green Age"
like they say,
much compassion,
little dismay,
such exuberance--
Loving: Caught: Back:
There's a place--
"tho are be were as now is now..."

《致 老伯·格里利》

“在我的幼稚年代”
就像那谁说的，

大量同情，
少量沮丧，
如此繁茂——
慈悲： 被捕： 返回：
有一个地方——
“尽管，是是曾是，就像现在是此刻.....”

*Robert Creely, 1926-2005, 诗人，作家，与黑山派联系紧密。

Fine Mothers

With sound Sun melts snow
Elms fill in
and wind blows green. ("When the wind
was green"...) This is the Spring I knew
would come.
the rosy finches row through.

day moves then, my room-- lightnights
bat their yellow dust against
the windows, & I dream I am black
running, rising, to the sea:

Evenings, night heroes stop here, or,
gently pass
The trees release into sky.
Travelling by,
from grove to Mars,
SEVEN arc over.
I cal them angels. O, angels,
O, common & amazing.

《好妈们》

用声音 阳光融化积雪

榆树填充

风吹绿。 ("当风

绿".....) 就是我知道的春天

来了。

那些玫瑰雀列队穿过。

白天移动 接着，我的房间—— 夜光

拂去窗户上的黄色灰尘，我梦见我

黑乎乎的，跑，上升，朝向大海：

每个晚上，夜英雄停在这里，或

温柔地经过

那些树释放 进入天空。

乘之，

从树林到火星，

七飞弧。

我叫它们天使。 哦，天使，

哦， 普遍也神奇。

Pandora's Box, an Ode

...was 30 when we met. I was

21. & yet he gave me the impression

he was vitally interested in what I

was doing & what was inside me! One

was Tremendous Power over all friends.

Power to make them do whatever. Wed. Bed.
Dig the streets. Two is speeding and pills
to beef up on on top of speeding ills. Three,
assumptions. four, flattery. five, highly
articulate streets. & when he saw me I was witty.
I was good poetry. Love was all I was. As
the case is, he had or was a charm
of his own. I had the unmistakable signature
of a mean spirit. Very close to breaking in.
I was like Allen Ginsberg's face, Jack's face,
eye to eye on me. Face of Allen. Face of Kerouac.
It was all in california. Now,
all of my kingdoms are here.

《潘多拉的盒子：一首颂歌》

……我们相遇，他 30 岁。我
21。然而，他却让我觉得
他对我的行为，以及我的内心
极为感兴趣！首先，有一种
对所有朋友的巨大能量。
让他们干嘛就干嘛的能量。结婚。同床。
荡街。其次是超速和药丸，它们在
疾速行驶的病痛上用来增强体力。第三，
是瘾症。第四，马屁精。第五，绝对
自来熟：他见到我时，我机灵极了。
我就是好诗。爱是我的一切。事情就是
这么个事情，他有，或就是他
自身的魅力，而我有一种显而易见的
卑劣本性。离崩溃就那么差一点点。
我就像艾伦·金斯堡的脸，杰克的脸，

心有灵犀盯着我。艾伦的脸。凯鲁亚克的脸。
这就是加州的全部。现在，
我的所有领地都在这里。

To Book-Keepers

The Final chapters
of the History
of
Modernism are
going to be written
in blood. Yours,
you poor Immigrants!

《致史官》

现代主义
历史
的
最后章节
会以你们的血
书写。
可怜的移民！

The School Windows Song
AFTER VACHEL LINDSAY

High School windows are always broken;
somebody's always throwing rocks,
somebody always throws a stone,

Playing ugly playing tricks.
Jr. High windows are always broken, too:
There are plenty of other windows that never
get broken;
No one's going into Midtown & throwing rocks
At & through big, Midtown, store-windows.
Even the Grade School windows are always
Broken: where the little kids go to school.
something is already long past terribly wrong.
End of The Public-School Windos Song.

《校窗之歌》

仿瓦谢尔·林赛

高中窗户总是被打破；
总有人扔石头，
总有人投石块，
玩着丑恶的恶作剧。
初中窗户也总是破的：
还有许多别的窗户从不
被打破；
没人会走进市中心，扔石头
砸穿市中心的大商店窗户。
就连小学窗户也总是
破的：那是小孩们上学的地方。
事情早已严重地不对劲。
《校窗之歌》到此结束。

Transition of Nothing Noted as Fascinating

The Chinese ate their roots; it
made them puke. We don't know til

we see our own. You are irresistible.
It makes me blush. How you
see yourself is my politics. O Turkey,
Resonance in me that didn't even want to know
what it was, still there, don't ever make jokes
about reality in Berkeley, they don't
understand either one there.
Donald Allen, Donald Keene, Wm. "Ted" deBary,
it's hard to respect oneself,
but I would like to be free.
China Night. Cry of cuckoo. Chinese moon.

《迷人地走向虚无》

中国人吃自己脚跟；这让
他们呕吐。在我们看到自己的
以前，我们不知道。你让人无法抗拒。
这让我脸红。如何看待自己
就是我的政治立场。哦，土耳其，
那种我甚至都不想知道是什么的共鸣
依然还在，绝不要在伯克利
拿现实开玩笑，他们
对这两者都不理解。
D·艾伦、D·基恩、Wm。“特德”·德巴里，
尊重自己很难，
但我想自由自在。
中国夜。杜鹃啼叫。中国月亮。

Whoa Back Buck & Gee By Land!

FOR WYSTAN AUDEN, &
THELONIOUS SPHERE MONK

This night my soul, & yr soul, will be wrapped in
the same dark shroud
While whole days go by and later their years;
Sleep, Big Baby, sleep your fill
With those daimones of Earth, the Erinyes,
Women in the night who moan yr name.
"Man, That was Leadbelly!"

《呼阿，后退，巴克！驾，右拐！》

致 W.H.奥登，
T.S. 蒙克

今晚我的灵魂，以及你的，将包裹在
同一块深色裹尸布中，
白天混完了，接下来是它们的日子；
睡吧，大宝贝，睡足为止
跟地球上的那些邪神、复仇女神一起，
夜晚的女人在哀悼你的名字
“天哪，那是莱德杯里！”

*Lead Belly, (January 20, 1888 - December 6, 1949) was an
American folk and blues musician

*Thelonious Sphere Monk (1917-1982), an American jazz
pianist and composer.

Frances

Now that I
With you
Since

Leaving
Each day seems
The night
Tired with
Languisht
Suffering
While you
Nor I
With that
I feel.

《弗朗西丝》

现在，我
跟你在一起。

自从
你离开后
白天就像
夜晚
疲劳
憔悴
痛苦

而你
不会
再有
我这种
感觉

*Frances, 安妮沃尔德曼 Anne Waldman 的妈，1982 年重病去世。

Sweet Iris

Take these beads from my shoulders
There's your paintings on the walls
Turn around slow & slowly
Help me make it through the night
Then I'll take you out for breakfast
Never see you all my life

《甜心艾里斯》

把这些玻璃球从我肩上拿走
在墙上有你的画的画
慢慢转身，慢点
要是帮我熬夜
我会带你去吃早餐
然后这辈子不再见你

I Dreamt I See Three Ladies in a Tree

FOR DOUGLAS OLIVER, DENISE RILEY, & WENDY MULFORD

If someone doesn't help me soon I
believe I'm going to lose my mind, I
mean my tone of voice, my first clue
as to what this speaker is like. Help!(he).

is a beautiful piece of work in that it
has to spill out & still stand as

meeting own requirements: dedicated to Betty
Chapman of Coon, Minnesota: take me deeper

via from the outside, you, my unforgettables, my
best. Hand, 2 hands, wheel, & blood; O broken-hearted
Mystery that used to sing to me: now I'm too misty,
and too much in love. O lovely line that doesn't give an
inch, but gives.

《我梦见我看见树上停着三位女士》

致 D·奥利弗、D·莱利以及 W·马尔福德

如果没人快点来帮我，我感觉
我马上就得发神经，我的意思
是，我就要失去语气，这正是
我首要给出的提示。助我！（他）

是一部美丽的作品，因为它必须
喷涌而出，同时仍符合
它自身的要求：献给明尼苏达州，库恩的
贝蒂·查普曼：从外部

带我深入，你，难忘的人，最好的人。
手，两只手，轮子，和血；哦，心碎的
神秘曾经对我歌唱：我现在雾气太重，
而且爱得深。哦，可爱的诗句，不肯让步，
只给予。

Moat Trouble

He was wounded & so
was having
Moat Trouble.

《壕烦》

他受伤了，因此
得到了
壕沟麻烦。

—————基本上，诗没什么可玩的了，可兴可叹。在泰德这里搞搞这搞搞那，文字游戏，无稽推理，卖卖乖，插科打诨抒抒情，怎么样日子总得过。

Last Poem
FOR TOM PICKARD

I am the man yr father & Mum was
When you were just a wee insolent tyke
until at 5 o'clock in the afternoon
on one of the days of infamy, & there
were many, & more to come yet, the goons
& the scabs of Management set upon us
Jarrow boys, & left us broken, confused
and alone in the ensuing brouhaha. They
outnumbered us 5 to 1; & each had club
knife or gun. Kill them, kill them, my
sons. Kill their sons.

《最后的诗》

致汤姆·皮卡德

你还只是一个粗野小家伙时
我已经是你父母那样的人
在不怎么光彩的日子，有一天，
下午 5 点，那里聚集了不少人，
而且更多的在持续到来，那些暴徒、
资方工贼对我们这些雅罗男孩
下手了，在随后的混乱中
我们崩溃，迷茫，孤立无援。他们
人数众多，5 比 1；而且个个带着棍棒、
刀枪。杀了他们，杀了他们，我的
儿子们。杀了他们的儿子。

*Tom Pickard 英国诗人。

Mutiny!

The Admirals brushed
the dandruff off their
epaulets and steamed
on the H.M.S.Hesper
toward Argentina. I
like doggies on their "little
feet", don't you, I said, but
they kept rolling over, beneath
the tracer bullets and
the Antarctic moon, beneath the
daunting missiles and the Prince
in his helicopter, they were
steaming toward interesting places,
th meet interesting people, and
kill them. They were at sea,

and it was also beneath them.

《叛乱！》

海军上将们拂去
肩章上的
头皮屑，喷着
金星号舰艇
朝阿根廷进发。
我喜欢小狗狗
单脚站立，你呢，我说。
可它们却不停打滚，
在曳光弹和
南极月亮下面，在让人
畏惧的导弹以及那位乘坐
直升机的王子下方，
他们正驶向有趣的地方，
会见有趣的人，接着
将他们杀死。他们在海上，
海在他们下面。

Jo-Mama

The St. Mark's Poetry Project
is closed for the summer. But
all over the world, poets
are writing poems. Why?

《鸡妈》

圣马可诗歌项目
在夏季关闭。不过
全世界的诗人
还在写诗。为啥？

*Jo-Mama，大概是某个诗人的垃圾笔名。

Montezuma's Revenge

In order to make friends with the natives
In my home town, I let them cut off my face
By the shores of Lake Butter, on
The 7th anniversary of their arrival
In our Utopia. It was the First of May.
Nose-less, eye-less, speechless, and
With no ears, I understood their reasoning,
And will spend the rest of my days
helping them cover their asses. Free.

《蒙特祖玛的复仇》

在老家，为了与当地土著交朋友
我得让他们割掉了我的脸皮
在巴特湖边上，在他们到达我们乌托邦的
第七个周年纪念日，那天五月一号。
没有鼻孔、眼、哑巴也没有耳朵，我能理解
他们这种行为模式，我会用余生
帮助他们遮盖好屁股。自由。

Turk

FOR ERJE AYDEN

"There's no place
to go
my heart,
for all your
100,000
words."

《土耳其人》

“我的心中
没有
旁鹜鸟，
你那 10 万字
写的都是
啥。”

M'Sieur & Madame Butterfly

I go on loving you
Like water Yggdrasil
Where you are 100,000 flowers
bloom while across the
broken eggshell field the ink
rises from the fossils, as my
tongue drifts lightly into the Gobi Desert of yr
ear & we become a person's lungs & take to the air.

《蝴蝶公和夫人》

我一直爱着你

如同水流向通向树
在那里，十万个花朵
绽放 当穿过
这破碎的蛋壳地，墨水
从化石中升起，我的
舌头轻轻飘入你那戈壁沙漠般的
耳朵 我们变成了一个人的肺，飞向天空。

Wantonesse

Heart of my heart
Fair, & enjoyable
Harmlessly spooky
Loving her back

《放荡》

我心的心
白皙而愉悦
无害的一惊一乍
爱她背面

×这首诗与一张照片有关，照片中是楼上的邻居梅根·威廉姆斯（Megan Williams），她当时是一名服装设计师，照片展示的是她穿着自己设计的深 V 连衣裙的背部。

Creature

FOR ALICE NOTLEY

Before I was alive

I were a long, dark, continent
Lonely from the beginning of time
Behind Midnight's screen on St. Mark's Place

And my thin, black, rage

Did envelop my pale, dusty, willowy-green-
Shell in dark bricks & black concrete
'til I was a Hell that was not fire, but only hot.

Then I called you to bring me

One more drink, & your good legs
And translucent heart brought me

A city, which I put on, & became
Glad, & I walked toward Marion's &
Helena's, to be seen, & found beautiful,
And was, & I came alive, & I cried Love!

《造物》

——致爱丽丝·诺特利

在我到来以前

我是一片漫长、昏暗的陆地，
通向荒凉的时间源头即
在圣马克广场 “午夜” 屏风，

以及我那瘦削、漆黑的愤怒背后，

将我苍白、脏兮兮、柳绿色的外壳
卷进灰暗的砖块与乌漆嘛黑混凝土中，
直到我成为一间没有火苗，只是他妈热的地狱。

接着我考你给我

带一杯饮料来，接着你美好的腿肢

以及清澈的心灵为我取来

一座城，我把它披在身上，接着变得
喜悦起来，接着，我朝着玛丽昂和

海伦娜的小卖部走去，让人好瞧见，被赞美，
接着，是这样的，我来了，接着我叫喊着“爱”！

* “Creature” 的一些材料来自他老婆的诗 “When I Was Alive.”

XIII

(AFTER JACK KEROUAC)

O Will Hubbard in the night! A great writer today he is,
he is a shadow hovering over Western Literature, and
no great writer ever lived without that soft and
tender curiosity, verging on maternal care, about what
others say & think, (think & say), no great writer
ever packed off from this scene on earth without
amazement like the amazement he felt because
I was myself.

《十三》

（仿杰克·凯鲁亚克）

哦，威哈伯，夜幕下当代杰出作家，
笼罩在西方文学上空的鬼影，
还没有哪位伟大作家有他这般温暖而
柔软的好奇心，对他人所言所思（所思
所言）近乎产妇般护理，没有那位
伟大作家离开尘世的舞台而不带上像他
感到的那种惊叹的惊叹因为

我是我自身。

*WILL Hubbard，也许是指巴勒斯（William Seward Burroughs），凯鲁亚克在书里写过 Bull Hubbard，指的就是 w.s.巴勒斯。

*泰德超热爱给朋友写诗，有明确写作对象。这样挺好。诗可群，可交。写着有回声。几乎很难想象没有说话对象那种写作（哪怕跟神、自我或诗神什么的说话也行），那种写法没法确定位置，连表演都不是。表演，它也得有观众不是。可是还是有这么一种写作，就像把话说到空气中，还没听见，就已经消失，就好像空地上的一个高音喇叭，一个送话器。

Providence

Lefty Cahir, loan me your football shoes again--
Clark, let me borrow the brown suit once more--
I hear a fluttering against my windows.
River, don't rise above the 3rd floor.

《天道》

左撇子凯尔，把你球鞋再借我一下——
克拉克，再借一下你那套棕色礼服——
我听见我的门窗在噼里啪啦震。
河水，不要满到三楼上来。

Paris, Frances

I tried to put the coffee back together
For I knew I would not be able to raise the fine
Lady who sits wrapped in her amber shawl
Mrs. of everything that's mine right now, an interior

Noon smokes in its streets, as useless as
Mein host's London Fog, and black umbrella, & these pills
Is it Easter? Did we go? All around the purple heather?
Go fly! my dears. Go fly! I'm in the weather.

《巴黎，弗兰西丝》

我试过把咖啡放回一起
因为我知道我没法唤醒这位高贵的
夫人，她裹着琥珀披肩，坐着。
现在归我的所有物品都是这位夫人的，一个室内的
月亮在它的街上冒着烟气，像我的房东的
伦敦雾，以及黑伞，还有这些药片一样无用
复活节到了吗？我们去了吗？到处都是紫石南丛？
飞吧！亲爱的。飞吧！我在天气中。

*Frances, Anne 她妈。

Windshield

There is no windshield.

《挡风玻璃》

没有挡风玻璃。

Stars & Stripes Forever
FOR DICK JEROME

How terrible a life is

And you're crazy all the time
Because the words don't fit
The heart isn't breakable
And it has a lot of dirt on it
The white stuff doesn't clean it & it can't
be written on
Black doesn't go anywhere
Except away & there isn't any
Just a body very wet & chemistry
which can explode like salt & snow
& does so, often.

《星条旗永恒》

致迪克·杰罗姆

过日子是多么恐怖
你总是疯癫癫的
好在一个人说话不着调
就不怎么会伤心
并且你的心脏累积太多的灰
那种白涂料抹不干净它
也没法在上面写字
黑哪儿也不去
除非被带走，而且也没黑这种东西
唯独这具肉体湿乎乎的，
以及随时会像盐和雪一样
爆炸，一点化学反应，
常有的事。

*Dick Jerome, 艺术家，泰德在纽约的楼上邻居。

Minnesota

If I didn't feel so
bad, I'd feel so good!

《明尼苏达》

要是我感觉没那么
烂，我的感觉就会良好！

I Heard Brew Moore Say, One Day
FOR ALLEN GINSBERG

Go in Manhattan,
Suffer Death's dream Armies in battle!
Wake me up naked:
Solomon's Temple The Pyramids & Sphinx send me here!
The tent flapped happily spacious & didn't fall down--
Mts. rising over the white lake 6 a.m.--mist drifting
 between water & sky--
Middle-aged & huge of frame, Martian, dim, nevertheless I
 flew from bunk
into shoe of brown & sock of blue, up into shining morning
 light, by suns,
landed, & walk outside me, & the bomb's dropped
all over the Lower East Side! What new element
Now borne in Nature? I cried. If I had heart attack now
Am I ready to face my mother? What do? Whither go?
How choose now?, I cried. And, Go in Manhattan, Brew Moore

replied.

《有一天，我听布鲁·摩尔说》

——致艾伦

去曼哈顿，
去跟死梦部队交战！
把我从裸睡中喊起来：
所罗门神殿金字塔狮身人像把我送到这儿！
帐篷欢快拍摆动，宽大，不会倒掉——
早上六点，群山从白色湖面升起——雾气
在天水间漂移——
中年、身形魁梧，火星人，暗淡，然而我却
从床铺飞过
钻进棕鞋与蓝袜，飞向阳光暴满的
晨光里，
落地后，在我的壳外散着步，而炸弹投在了
整个下东城！这是什么新元素
在现如今的自然中诞生？我惊呼。要是此刻心脏病发作
我是不是准备好去见我妈了？我该做什么？去哪？
怎么选？，我哭。不过，去趟曼哈顿晃，布鲁·摩尔
说道。

*Brew Moore(1924-1973)，爵士乐萨克斯风演奏家，金斯堡在
Manhattan May Day Midnight 写到他，泰德在这里借用了艾伦的风格。

Postcard

THE SENDER OF THIS
POSTCARD IS SECRETLY
(STILL) UNSURE OF YOUR WORTH
AS(EITHER) A FRIEND OR A
HUMAN BEING. YOU COCKSUCKER.

《明信片》

这张明信片的
寄出者（仍）
秘密地不确定你（无论）
作为一个朋友还是
人类的价值。你这根鸡巴。

Smashed Ashcan Lid

FOR GEORGE SCHNEEMAN

Oh, George--that
utter arrogance! So
that people can't tell that
you're any good--
"chases dirt", for Chrissakes!!

《粉碎垃圾桶盖》

至乔治 诗尼曼

哦，乔治——那真是
十足傲慢！以至
让人搞不灵清
你究竟多屌——
“追逐污垢”，菩萨啊！

*George Schneeman(1934-), 抽象拼贴艺术家，插画家。

Okey. First....

"Truth is that which,
Being so, does do its
work."

(I said That.)

《好的。首先.....》

"真理是，它
如此存在，顺便起到了
它的作用。"
(我说的。)

July 11, 1982

Dear Alice,

The reason I love
you so much is because
you're very
beautiful & kind. I
also appreciate your
intelligence, though what
"intelligence" is I'm not
sure, & your wit, which
resmebles nothing I've
ever thought about.

Your loving husband,

Ted Berrigan

1982 年 7 月 11 日

爱丽丝：

我如此
爱你的原因是你
非常美且善良。
我也欣赏你的
理解力，尽管啥是
“理解力”我还
不确定，当然还有
你的机智，它跟我
思考过的东西
完全不同。

丈夫

T·D.

The Way It Was in Wheeling
(AFTER FREDDY FENDER)

I met her in The Stone Age,
riding shotgun-I can
Still recall that neon sign she
wore-She was
Cramlin's through the prairie near
the off-ramp, & I
Knew that she was rotten to the core.
I screamed, in pain, I'd live off her
forever--She
Sd to me, she'd have a ham-on-
rye--but who'd have

Thought she'd yodel, while in labor?

I never had a chance

To say Good-bye!

《在惠灵城的套路》

（仿弗雷迪·芬达）

我在石器时代碰到她

当押运员——我仍能

想起挂在她身上的

霓虹招牌——她在

匝道下的大草原穿梭，我就

明白，她这是烂到骨子里了。

我痛苦尖叫，我得靠她养着，

直到永远——她

对我说，来一个火腿加

黑麦三明治——可谁又

能想到分娩时她还会“约德尔唱法”呢？

我从没机会

说再见！

* 《The way it was in wheeling》,一首西部民谣，这里换了些词语。

*约德尔吟唱（yodeling）是一种特殊的歌唱技巧，涉及在高低音之间快速切换。

My Autobiography

For love of Megan I danced all night,

fell down, and broke my leg in two places.

I didn't want to go to the doctor.

Felt like a goddam fool, that's why.
But Megan got on the phone, called
my mother. Told her, Dick's broken
his leg, & he won't go to the doctor!
Put him on the phone, said my mother.
Dickie, she said, you get yourself
up to the doctor right this minute!
Awwww, Ma, I said. All right, Ma.
Now I've got a cast on my leg from
hip to toe, and I lie in bed all day
and think. God, how I love that girl!

《自传》

为了梅根的爱，整夜我都在跳舞，
摔倒了，断了两根腿骨头。
我不想去看医生。
感觉很白痴，但这就是原因。
梅根拿起电话，考
我妈。说，迪克摔断腿了，
而且还懒得去医院！
把话筒给他，我妈说。
迪迪，她说，你得
去医院，立刻，马上！
哦噢噢，妈，我说，好吧，妈。
现在好了，从屁股到脚指头
都打着石膏，我整天就在床上躺着，
想：关公，我是多爱那妞啊！

*Megan Williams， 服装设计师，泰德在纽约时楼上的邻居。

*有很多人喜欢写自传诗。奥哈拉写过。写了他童年，他说，“我是孤儿！”而现在，他在“一切美好的中心！”。在结构上，这两首诗是一样。我也写过一首，

我说的是，“我是狍狍。”我说我是狍狍是想起布劳提根写过说，“我是云”。觉得矫情了些。这些都是扯犊子，一点自我感动。我们看过搏击会，泰勒达顿说，“我们是一片独一无二的雪花。”这些资本主义世道的个体存在感让那个前不见古人后无来着的人怎么想？眼泪掉下来。

Down on Mission

There is a shoulder in New York City
Lined, perfectly relaxed, quoted really, quite high
Only in the picture by virtue of getting in
to hear Allen Ginsberg read, 1961
And though the game is over it's beginning lots of
years ago,
And all your Cities of Angels, & San Francisco's are
going to have to fall, & burn again.

《屎命必达》

1961 年，站在纽约
肩上，极度放松，高频引用，
但也只能进入照片才能
听到金斯伯格在那儿朗诵。
多年前的事儿，尽管现在游戏
结束了，
你们所有的天使城，什么旧金山必将
倒塌，但又会死灰复燃。

In Your fucking Utopias

Let the heart of the young
exile the heart of the old: Let the heart of the old

Stand exiled from the heart of the young: Let
other people die: Let Death be inaugurated.
Let there be Plenty Money. & Let the
Darktown Strutters pay their way in
To The Gandy-Dancers Ball. But Woe unto you, O
Ye Lawyers, because I'll be there, and
I'll be there.

*来自惠特曼唯一一首“愤怒”的诗歌，Respondez!。

《在你鸟的托什么邦》

让年轻心灵
放逐腐朽心灵：让老朽心灵
忍受被年轻心灵的流放：让
其他人去死：让死亡加冕。
让那里遍地铺满钞票纸。让
黑镇街溜子们花钱去参加
甘迪舞会。不过，你们有祸了，
你们这些律师，因为我在那里，
我会在那里。

*Darktown Strutters 是 New World Pictures 于 1975 年出品的一部 blaxploitation(对黑人兴趣的利用) 电影。尽管当时的评论不冷不热，但多年来它已经获得了狂热的地位，受到电影导演昆汀·塔伦蒂诺（Quentin Tarantino）的赞扬。

Dice Riders

Nothing stands between us

except Flying Tigers
Future Funk
The Avenue B Break Boys
and
The Voidoids--
Sometimes,
Time gets in the way, &
sometimes, lots of sometimes,
We get in its way, so,
Love, love me , do.

《骰子骑手》

没有什么能阻挡我们
除了飞虎队
未来放克
B 大道休旅男孩
还有
虚空乐队 --
有时，
时间会挡道，
有时，很多时候，
我们当它的道，所以，
爱，爱我，就行。

The Heads of the Town
FOR HARRIS SCHIFF

They killed all the whales
now they're killing all the acorns
I'm almost the last Rhinoceros
I guess I'd better kill them.

《镇上的扛把子》

致哈里斯

他们消灭了所有鲸鱼
现在他们要消灭所有橡果
我几乎是最后一头犀牛
我想我最好干掉他们先

To Be Serious

You will dream about me
all the months of your life.
You won't know whether
That means anything to me or not.
You will know that.
It's about time
You know something.

《严肃点》

你会梦到我
整月整月的
你不会知道那
对我而言有啥意思
你会知道
是时候
你得知道点什么了。

W/O Scruple

FOR BERNADETTE MAYER

The wicked will tremble, the food will rejoice
When he & I grow young again
For an hour or two on
Second Avenue, at Tenth
About 35 days from now--
 Although that will not get it;
 And that will not be that.

《不再犹豫》

致伯纳德·梅耶

恶人将颤抖，食物会欢欣
当他和我返老孩童
在第二大道
的一两个钟头里，或在第十大道，
大约这会儿起的 35 天——
 尽管那不可能搞定；
 即便搞定，也难说会怎样。

George's Coronation Address

With Faith we shall be able...
There will be peace on earth...
 & Capricious day...
maybe we'll be there, or true.
Speed the day then.

《乔治的加冕演说》

籍着信仰，我们将.....

世道一派清明.....

无常.....

也许我们会在那儿，或必定会。

那么加速它到来。

Tough Cookies

You took a wrong turn in

1938. Don't worry about it.

The sun shines brightest when
the others are sleeping.

There is a Briss in your
immediate futrue.

Take heart. Shakespear was
probably an asshole too.

Your life is rare and precious
& it has no mud. Stay with it.

You have strange friends, but
they are going to be strangers.

Everything is Maya, but
you will never know it.

Your gaiety is not cowardice,

but it may be hepatitis.

《强悍》

你走了歪路在 1938 年。
没什么可担心的。

当别人还在睡觉
太阳最最闪耀。

不久的将来你会有
一场割礼仪式。

罩子放亮点。莎士比亚
也可能是一个屁眼儿。

你的生命稀缺珍贵，
不是烂泥潭。乖乖待在那儿别动。

你有些稀奇古怪的朋友，
不过他们很快会成为陌生人

凡事皆幻觉，好在
你永远不会认识。

你的快乐不是懦弱
但可能是肝炎

*这首 tough cookies 受到 Frank O'Hara 的 Lines for the Fortune Cookies 的启发。以 Chiense fortune 饼干盒广告上的宣传一句一句列写。“幸运饼干起源于 20 世纪初的美国加州，尽管常与中餐联系在一起，但其实际并非源自中国，而是由日本移民带到美国，后来被中国餐馆推广开来”

Skeats and the Industrial Revolution

(Dick Jerome, 3/4 View)

ink on paper

God: perhaps, 'The being worshipped. To
Whom sacrifice is offered. Not allied to
'good', (which is an adjective, not a
'being.' Godwit: a bird, or, more recently,
a 'twittering-machine'; (from the Anglo-Saxon,
god-with: just possibly meaning, 'worthy creature.'
Viz. Isle of Wight-- Isle of Creatures. See, also,
Song, folk; Childe Ballad # 478: "I've been
a creature for a thousand years."...)

《斯基茨与工业革命》

(迪克·杰罗姆，四分之三视角)

纸本墨水

上帝：或许，是指“被崇拜的存在。
人们向他献祭。与‘善良’（一个
形容词，而非‘存在’）无关。上帝鸕：
一种鸟，或更近来指‘叽叽喳喳的机器’；
（源自盎格鲁-撒克逊语‘god-with’，
可能意为‘值得尊敬的生物’。例如，
怀特岛——生物之岛。另见，民谣：
《奇尔德民谣》第 478 号：“我已是一只
生物千年之久。”……）

Besa

(TO THE GODS)

He is guardian to the small kitten.
He looks so determined.
He has a graceful hunch.
Light swirls around his crown,
 wispy, blondish, round.
Three shades of blue surround
 him--denim,
Doorway, sky. His hands are up,
His eyes are in his head. He's
 my brother, Jack;
Kill him & I kill you.

《诺言》

（致诸神）

他是那只小猫的看守。
他看起来超坚定。
他有一个优雅驼背。
光芒盘旋在他头顶上空，
 纤弱、金黄、圆形。
三种蓝影围绕
 他——牛仔裤、
门口、天空。他的手举着，
他的眼睛在他的脑壳内。他是我
 拜把子兄弟，杰克；
敢动他，我就动了你。

* “Besa” 可能象征一种守护、承诺或道德准则。它可能与阿尔巴尼亚文化中的
“Besa” 概念有关，即“信守承诺”或“荣誉之言”。

Natchez

FOR ROSINA KUHN

I stand by the window

In the top I bought to please you

As green rain falls across Chinatown

You are blissed out, wired, & taping,

15 blocks uptown

When I am alone in the wet & the wind

Flutes of rain hire me

boogie-Men drop in to inspire me

《在纳切兹》

致罗西娜·库恩

我站在窗边

那件上衣是为了讨你高兴买的

当绿雨落在整个唐人街

你乐颠了，兴奋，录着音

在上城区 15 个街区上

那会儿我独自一人在风雨中

雨笛雇佣我

鬼怪激发我的灵感

*Rosina Kuhn，瑞士画家

In the Deer Park
FOR TOM CAREY

"I know where I'm going
"& I know where I came from
"& I know who I love
"but the Dear knows who I'll marry...."

I bought that
striped polo shirt,
long-sleeves, for 75 cents,
& wore it every minute, that year

I got a sunburn
on my face & hands
I hadn't noticed it.
But when someone pointed it out
I said it felt good.

I was over
a year in that
Park. Never did
fell in a hurry.
I was "in love."

《在鹿园》

“我知道要去哪儿
“知道从哪儿来
“爱谁
“鹿知道我要跟谁结婚.....”

我买了
那件条纹保罗衫，
长袖，花了七块五毛，
那年的每分钟我都披着它

我的手和脸蛋
被晒黑了
我没注意到这个。
不过有人向我指出这点，
我说挺好。

我在那个公园
待了一年
多。从没
慌张，真的。
我忙着谈恋爱呢。

Tompkins Square Park

All my friends in the
park speak Latin: when
they see me coming, they
say, "Valium?"

《汤普金斯广场公园》

我在公园那边的全部朋友
都说拉丁语：他们看见我来了，
就问，“东西带来了吗？”

Warrior
for Jeff Wright

I watch the road: I am a line-
man for the County. City streets
await me, under lustrous purple skies, purple
light,
each night. Manhattan is a needle
in the wall. While
it's true, the personal, insistent, instant-
myth music cuts
a little close to the bone
& I have to get up early for work tomorrow, still
there's
lots of quail in Verona, & I am
jubilant with horror
because I'm searching for pain underneath
another overload.
I hear you singing in the wires.

《勇士》

致杰夫·赖特

我是看路的：在乡县里
查路线的工人。城市街道
在闪耀紫色天空下等着我，紫色的
光，
每个夜晚。曼哈顿是墙上的
一个图钉。然而
确实是这样，那个性的、紧迫的、即时的
神话音乐确实
有点儿上头

我明天还得早起上班，但
在维罗纳
还是有很多鹤鹑，我呢
既恐惧又喜气洋洋
因为我正在寻找那种隐藏在
严重超载下的痛苦。
我在电台上听你的歌。

Space

is when you walk around a corner
& I see you see me across Second Avenue
You're dressed in identifiable white
over your jeans & I'm wearing Navy--
Jacob Riis is beams of sunlight as
I cross against the light & we intercept
at the Indian Candy Store. The
Family has gone off to Parkersburg, W.Virginia
The Chrysler Building is making the Empire State
stand tall, & friendly it leans your way
There's appointments for everybody
They don't have to be kept, either.

《距离》

是当你绕过街角
，我看见你看见我在第二大道斜对面
你穿了件醒目的白衣
搭配牛仔裤，而我是海军蓝——

我走在阳光下一—雅各布·里斯
是那些光——我们恰好在
那家印度糖果店截遇。那家人
已去了西弗吉尼亚州的帕克斯堡。
克莱斯勒大厦让帝国大厦
显得更高大，友好地向你倾斜。
每个人都有约会，
但也不必非得赴约。

*Jacob Riis, (1849-1914) 丹麦裔美国社会改革家、记者和摄影师。他以使用摄影和写作来帮助纽约市的贫困人群而闻名。

Dresses for Alice

We are the dresses for Alice.
We go on, or off, for solace.

《艾丽斯的衣裳》

我们是艾丽斯的衣裳。
我们去去来来，寻求安慰。

New York Post

FOR MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN

Two cops cruise East 9th
between First and A. Talk
about schedules, they're on
the Graveyard Shift: 11 to 7
in the morning. They are definitely

not boring. As they pass, I waver,
with my pepsis, two beers, & paper:
what am I doing here?
Shouldn't I be home, or them?
But I guess I'm on this case, too....

《纽约邮报》

致迈克尔·布朗斯坦

两个警察在东 9 街巡逻
在第一和 A 大道之间，谈论
工作安排，他们在值
夜班：晚 11 点
到早上 7 点，他们绝对
不无聊。他们经过时，我犹豫，
带着我的百事，两瓶啤酒，报纸：
我在这里搞什么？
难道我不是应该在家耗着吗，他们呢？
不过我想，我同样也在干工作……

Let No Willful Fate Misunderstand

When I see Birches, I think
of my father, and I can see him.
He had a pair of black shoes & a pair of
brown shoes,
bought when he was young and prosperous.
"And he polished those shoes, too, Man!"
"Earth's the right place for Love,"
he used to say. "It's no help,

but it's better than nothing."
We are flesh of our flesh,
O, blood of my blood; and we,
We have a Night Tie all our own; & all
day & all night it is dreaming, unaware
that for all its blood, Time is the Sandpaper;
that The Rock can be broken; that
distance is like Treason. Something
There is that doesn't love a wall: I
am that Something.

《不要误解宿命》

看到桦树我就
想起我爸，我能看到他。
他有一双黑鞋，一双
棕鞋
是他年轻，发达那会儿买的。
“而且他还抛光了那些鞋，老弟！”
“地球是爱的正确场所，”
他过去常说。“这没什么用，
但总比没有要好。”
我们亲骨肉，
哦，绝对血脉；我们，
我们有属于我们的夜纽带；
整天整夜它都在做梦，没意识到
它流那么多血，时间是砂纸；
而岩石可以被击破；隔阂
就像背叛。那里有
某种东西不喜欢墙：我
是那种东西。

Unconditional Release at 38
FOR Dick Gallup

like carrying a gun
like ringing a door bell
like kidnapping Hitler
like just a little walk in the warm Italian sun...
like, "a piece of cake."
like a broken Magnavox
like the refrigerator on acid
like a rope bridge across the Amazon in the rain
like looking at her for a long few seconds
like going to the store for a newspaper
like a chair in a dingy waiting-room
like marriage
like bleak morning in a rented room in a pleasant, new city
like nothing else in the world now or ever

《无条件释放，38岁》

致迪克·加洛普

像扛着一部枪
像按门铃
像绑架希特勒
像在温暖的意大利阳光下散一会步……
像“小菜一碟。”
像一部坏掉的马格电视
像一部迷幻冰箱
像下雨天横跨亚马逊河的绳索桥
像盯着她漫长的几秒钟
像去小店买份报纸
像在昏暗的候诊室里的一把椅子

像婚姻

像一个荒凉的早晨在出租屋在一座宜人新城市

像天下无双

*写诗实在不需要什么技术，可以使用最简单方法写出任何东西，写清楚任何事。只是大多数人不想用，为什么？我不知道。人喜欢圣神化所从事的工作，让它变成一种专业，权威，学科，甚至宗教。这一定跟权力统治有关。

Ass-face

"This is the only language you understand, Ass-Face!"

《屁脸》

“这是你唯一懂的语言，屁股+脸蛋。”

Minuet

the bear eats honey

between the harbored sighs

inside my heart

where you were

no longer exists

blank bitch

《小步舞》

熊吃蜂蜜

在藏匿的叹息中
在我心里

你已经
不在那儿
白蜊

Buenos Aires

Strings like stories shine
And past the window flakes of paper
Testimony to live valentine
A gracious start then hand to the chest
in pain
And looking out that window.

《布宜诺斯艾利斯》

弦乐像故事闪耀
顺便路过窗外的纸片
情人节活生生见证
一点亲切的开始然后手按在胸口
痛苦
望着窗外。

Ms. Villonelle

What is it all about--this endless
Talking & walking a night away--

Smoking--then sleeping half the day?
Typing a resume, you say, smilingly.

《维洛内尔女士》

这一切究竟咋回事——这无尽的
交谈与一整夜的溜达——
冒烟——然后睡上大半天？
打一份简历，你微笑说。

The Who's Last Tour

Who's gonna kiss your pretty little
feet?

Who's gonna hold your hand?

Who's gonna kiss your red, ruby
lips?

Who's gonna be your man, love,

Who's gonna be yr
man? Why,

I am. Don'tcha know? Why, I am

《谁人乐队的最后一次巡演》

谁要亲你可爱的
小脚？

谁要握着你的手？

谁会吻你那红得发紫的
嘴皮？
谁会是你的人，爱人，
谁会是你的
人？为什么
是我。你不明白？为什么，是我。

To Sing the Song, That Is Fantastic

Christmas in July, or
Now in November in
Montreal
Where the schools are closed,
& the cinnamon girls
Sing in the sunshine
Just like Yellowman:
The soldiers shoot the old woman
down
They shot the girl-child on
the ground: we
Steal & sell the M-16s, use
The money to buy the weed
The sky is blue & the Erie is
Clean;
Come to us with your M-16:
Soldier, sailor, Policeman, Chief,
Your day is here & you have come
to Grief.
Sing the songs, & smoke the weed;
The children play & the wind is green.

《哼哼歌，美妙极了》

七月圣诞，或
此刻十一月
在蒙特利尔
学校关了，
肉桂女孩们
在阳光下歌唱
像亚洲佬那样：
那些士兵们射杀老妇人
他们把那个小女孩
射死在路上：我们
偷来 M-16 步枪，卖掉，用来
这笔钱去买点抽的。
天空湛蓝，伊利湖
清澈；
带着你的 M-16 来吧：
士兵、水手、警察、长官，
你们的日子到头了，你们是来
悲哀的。
唱起歌，冒着烟雾；
孩子们在玩，风年轻。

Interstices

"Above his head
changed"

And then one morning to waken perfect-faced
Before my life began
cold rosy dawn in New York City
call me Berrigan

Every day when the sun comes up
I live in the city of New York
Green TIDE behind; pink against blue
Here I am at 8:08 p.m. indefinable ample rhythmic frame

not asleep, I belong here, I was born, I'm amazed to be here
It is a human universe: & I interrupts yr privacy
Last night's congenial velvet sky left
behind.....kings.....panties
My body heavy with poverty (starch) missing you mind clicks
into gear
November. New York's lovely weather hurts my forehead
On the 15th day of November in the year of the motorcar
But, "old gods work" so sleeping & waking someone I
love calls me
into the clear

《裂缝》

“在他的头顶
产生变化”

接着，一个早晨，以完美的面容醒来
在我一天开始以前
纽约市寒冷的玫瑰色黎明
叫我贝里根

每天，太阳升起
我活在纽约这个城市

绿潮水在身后；粉色辉映蓝色
此刻，我在这儿，晚上 8:08，
一具无从定义、充沛、自带节奏的躯壳

还没睡，我属于这里，我诞生，我惊讶自己在这里
这是一个人类宇宙：我打断了你的独处
昨 晚 宜人的 天鹅绒 天空 留下
国王……短裤
我的身体因贫困（淀粉）而沉重，想念你的头脑
挂挡运转
十一月。纽约可爱的天气让我脑门作痛
在绿色能源汽车盛行的这年十一月十五日
但，“旧神运行良好”，所以睡了又醒，我爱的人
让我
脑子搞灵清点

Bad Timing

Somethings gotta be done! I thought.
Rusty I was?
BANG! ("I fell right down
on the floor. Just like
Dave Debusschere.")
Slept a few days.
I woke up; just as Red's voice
said, "She is
hurting, we
must DEFEND tons
of indistinguishable tones.
I said, "This sense

there was a way, I met in the possible

O.K.

Under my roof.

Mars. Autumn. Bills (on the Bill
scene).

BILL ME.

《时机不对》

有些事情必须得做！我想。

我生疏了？

砰！ （“我直接
倒在地上。就像
戴夫·德布谢尔。”）

睡了几天。

我醒来；正巧听到雷德

在说：“她
受伤了，我们
必须保卫她那成吨
难以分辨的语调。”

我说，“这感觉
有办法的，我可能遇到。

好吧。

在我家屋顶下。

火星。秋天。账单（比尔
出场）。

哔我。

*不知道在扯什么淡。而且这种声音联想有什么好玩的呢，实在等而下之。阿什贝利有时也这样，也许表音文字很难避免这类情况。

This Guy

He eats toenails.
Is rude, vain, cruel, gloomy.
He talks with bitter cryptic wit.
Is unclean. "Is this some
 new kind
of meatball?"sitting in
 a rowboat,
waiting for a bite has
just asked--with considerable
gravitas--if he might be
 allowed
to become one of my suitors.
And I said yes.

《这个家伙》

他啃脚趾甲。
粗鲁、虚荣、残酷、忧郁。
说话总带着苦涩而隐晦的机灵。
不讲卫生。“这是某种
 新式
肉丸吗？”坐在
 一艘划船上，
等待上钩.....刚才还在
问——以相当
严肃的态度——是否
 准许他
荣升为我的门下信徒。

我当然说挺好。

A City Winter

My friends are crazy with grief
& sorrows--their children are born
and their morning lies broken--
& now it's afternoon

《城市冬天》

我的朋友因悲痛
和忧伤，疯了——他们有了孩子，
他们的早晨破碎了——
现在是下午。

Give Them Back, Who Never Were

I am lonesome after mine own kind--the
hussy Irish barmaid; the Yankee drunk who was once
a horsecart Dr.'s son, & who still is, for that matter;
The shining Catholic schoolboy face, in serious glasses,
with proper trim of hair, bent over a text by Peire Vidal,
& already you can see a rakish quality of intellect there;
Geraldine Weicker, who played Nurse in MY HEART's IN
THE HIGHLANDS, on pills, who eventually married whom? The
fat kid from Oregon, who grew up to be our only real poet;
& the jaunty Jamaica, Queens, stick-figure, ex US Navy, former
French Negro Poet, to whom Frank O'Hara once wrote an Ode,
or meant to, before everything died, Fire Island, New
York, summer, 1966.

《还给他们，那些从未存在过的人》

我跟我的同类差不多一样孤单——那个贱兮兮的
爱尔兰酒吧女郎；那个曾是马车夫医生儿子的
美国醉汉，实际上他现在仍然是；
那个闪耀着英俊面孔，戴着严肃眼镜、
头发修剪得体、正钻研皮埃尔·维达尔文本，
并且你能从他身上看到一种轻浮才智的天主教男校生；
洁拉尔汀·薇可，在《我心在高地》中
扮演护士，整天嗑药，她最后嫁给了谁？那个
来自俄勒冈的胖小子，后来成了我们唯一真正的诗人；
还有那个皇后区的快活牙买加：瘦得跟火柴似的，前海军，
前法国黑鬼诗人——弗兰克·奥哈拉给他写过一首颂歌，
或者说打算写，就在一切消失前，在火岛，
纽约，1966 年夏天。

*Alice Notley 说——《归还》又是身份合并写作技巧的一个 实例，这种技巧被 Ted 掌握得炉火纯青。就好像每一位诗人或人都像是同一个人，而每一个人既是他 / 她自己，又不是他 / 她自己。例如，在这首诗的结尾部分，“来自俄勒冈州的胖小子”指的是菲尔·惠伦，他实际上来自华盛顿；“长大后成了我们唯一真正的诗人”指的是曾经有人对约翰·阿什伯里说过的话；“来自牙买加的皇后区的瘦高个子”则是洛伦佐·托马斯，他虽然是“黑人”，但并非“法国黑人诗人”（可参见弗兰克·奥哈拉的《Ode to the French Negro Poets》），而是在奥哈拉去世多年后，翻译了一些法国黑人诗人的诗作。

Via Air

Honey,

I wish you were here.

I wrote some poems about it.

And though it goes,
and it's going,
it will never leave us.

《空运》

哈妮，
真希望你在这儿。
我特地写了一点诗。
尽管它寄走了，
它在飞，
但它不会离开我们。

*这首诗，是不是罗池翻译过的那首《在达喀尔上空》？那首好像就一句：在达喀尔上空，想你。

Christmas Card

O little town of Bethlehem,
Merry Christmas
to Jim
& Rosemary.

《圣诞卡片》

哦，伯利恒小镇
圣诞快乐
吉姆
以及罗丝玛丽。

Christmas Card
FOR BARRY & CARLA

Take me, third factory of life!
But don't put me in the wrong guild.
So far my heart has borne even
the things I haven't described.
Never be born, never be died.

《圣诞卡片》
致巴里和卡拉

带走我，第三生命制造厂！
但别将我放入错误行会。
到目前为止，我的心甚至承受了
那些我从未描述过的事物。
永不出生，永不死去。

Poem

The Nature of the commonwealth
the whole body of the People
flexed her toes and
breathed in pine.

I'm the one that's so
radical, 'cause all I do is pine. Oh I just
can't think of anything--
No politics. No music. Nobody. Nothing but sweet

Romance. Per se. De gustibus non disputandum est.

Flutters eyelashes. Francis, my house is falling down.
Repair it. Merry Christmas.

《诗》

共和制的本质
全体人民
蜷起脚趾头，
在痛苦中呼吸。

我是如此激进的
一个，因为我做的一切都是痛苦。哦，我就是
想不出还有别的啥——
没有政治。没有音乐。啥都不是。除了甜的

浪漫。“品味上，各有所好，没什么可争的。”
眨一眨睫毛。弗朗西斯，我的房子要倒了。
修修它吧。圣诞快乐。

*Francis, Anne 她妈，泰德住在巴黎时的房东。

*Per se. De gustibus non disputandum est.拉丁短语。

(end.)

《A Certain Slant of Sunlight》这本诗集差不多一百首？到这儿就结束了。是泰德最末期的作品选集。

接下来——我是倒着顺序翻的，下一诗专辑叫《In the 51st State: 在第五十一州》，是 70 年代末到大约 1981 年的作品。对泰德来说，51 州指的就是纽约。

A Certain Slant of Sunlight (out-takes)

诗辑《日光的某个斜面》：残篇

At 80 Langton Street(S.F.)

FOR BILL BERKSON

I stand at the dock in judgement
literally already condemned
but also am here to be informed,
as my illustrious colleagues Anselm Hollo,
Lorenzo Thomas, and Kathy Acker
 have done before me.
 I am pleased and flattered
 to be joined in such Nobel
Company, & only wish that I too might spark
giant & seething controversies & provoke angry
exchanges & bloody fistfights; but, like Anselm Hollo
I am merely a National Treasure, so, what I am
going to do is talk, which is what I do, plus read my poems.
Bill Berkson will take care of the rest, the doing what must
 be done part.
So, let us begin. I'm about to do so, I will offer you this
 one word of advice, in front.
 Duck.

《兰顿街 80 号（旧金山）》

致比尔·柏克森

我站在被告席上，接受审判，
实际上已经被定罪，

但同样我也是来这里接受告知，
就像我杰出的同行们，安塞尔姆·霍洛、
洛伦佐·托马斯，凯西·阿克爾，
经历过的那样。
我很高兴，受宠若惊，
能加入如此高尚的
队伍，只希望我也能引发
巨大而激烈的争议，激起愤怒的
争吵和血腥互殴；但像安塞尔姆·霍洛一样，
我只是一件国宝，所以，我要做的
就是扯淡（这正是我擅长的）顺便读点我的诗。
剩下的留给比尔·伯克森去弄，那些必须
去做的一部分。
那么，让我们开始。我正要开始，首先，
我得送给你们一个字的忠告：
躲得远远的。

* Bill Berkson: Poet, art critic.

*这首诗在一张明信片上，泰德从没把它打印出来。后来是 Mikolowskis 家的人寄给比尔，他把它誊了出来。诗里说的是在 1981 年，泰德在兰顿街 80 号的“旧金山艺术中心”当驻站诗人的事，他和语言派诗人（谁？伯恩斯坦？不知道。从诗歌写作理念上应该太会有冲突，也许那会儿起源于斯泰因的美国语言派的东西玩得似乎是有点过，我个人看了是没啥感觉，破坏性强，而没什么建设性。也许从他们的角度来看泰德，一个继承垮掉派和纽约派传统的诗人，明显已经过时了。我对泰德的性格不怎么了解，感觉他比较温和，有点与世无争的味道。这样是很难混的。）发生了什么争论。而比尔·伯克森是那次驻留小组的主持人。

Down Moon River

Talking

To Charlie on the stoop
Wearing asbestos suit
I see the really horrible fly
On top of the yellow rose--I
Can't believe it, it's so ugly
I just don't have much conversation
to give, these days, now I've sung my ABC's:
(next time won't you sing with me?):She
sang beside herself, beyond
The genius of the Sea.

《沿着月亮河而下》

聊一会儿，
与查理在走廊上，
穿着消防服，
我看到那只真正可怕的苍蝇
落在黄玫瑰上——我
简直不敢相信，它太丑了，
这些天，我实在没什么
话头，现在，我的基本观点悉数聊尽：
(下次你还得和我一起唠不是吗?): 她
沉湎于自言自语，
超越大海的灵光。

*Charlie McGrath,在纽约“圣马可诗歌学院”的一个邻居。

Two Serious Ladies

That's all
one life needs--
Two serious ladies.

《两个严肃的女士》

那便是一个人
过日子需要的一切——
两个严肃的女士。

* Jane Bowles, a daring and stylish modernist, was the author of a novel,
Two Serious Ladies.

One Day in the Afternoon of the World
FOR ERJE AYDEN

I never said I was right, or wrong.
I said I was lucky. I waved a leg
in the air. First, I'm going to eat this,
Then I'm going to eat you! Just two
High livers, stretched-out on the Elephant grass,
mouths dripping with blood, & wheezing like fire-sirens,
We passed our long love's morn:
So ends my song, like a pair of she-lions.

《在世的一个下午》

致埃杰·艾登

我从未说过我是对的，错的。
我只说我运气超好。我挥舞着一条腿
在空中。首先，我吃吃这个，
接着我吃吃你！就我们两个
毫无顾忌的饭桶，四仰八叉躺在象草上，
嘴角渗着血沫，像火警汽笛那样喘气，
我们度过了酷爱的清晨：
我的诗到此结束，像一对母狮。

*Erje Ayden, Turkish-born American novelist, memoirist.

O, Sexual Reserve

Why don't we
call up
David
Hockney &
ask him for
a thousand?

《噢，性矜持》

为什么我们不
打电话给
大卫
• 霍克尼，
问他赏个
千把块钱？

*大卫·霍克尼，英国画家，同性恋。泰德和他应该没交集。

San Francisco

You took me

for everything

I have

I had it

Thanks

for that

You

《旧金山》

你拿走我

有的

曾有的

一切

特此

谢过

Fern

I had this dream

I was supposed

to get married

to a sensitive prince, &

together

we wd score for hash

from our maid-of-honor, Sancho Panza--

A choir of Windmills in their cassocks & surplices

were going to surround us in song for
the rest of our lives,
beautiful boy sopranos, singing with aching purity, the
only song they know: THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.
my whole life? I hid myself beside a burning
bush,
My verdant response
to monogamy
in Spring. And
The sea was tumbling in harness
As I sailed out to die.

《蕨类》

我做了这个梦
我大概
跟一个敏感的王子
结了婚，
我们一起
从伴娘桑丘·潘萨那里弄到大麻。
一个风车磨坊合唱团身着法衣和白色长袍
围绕我们歌唱，祝福
我们的余生，
美丽的男高音用令人心碎的纯净嗓音
唱着他们唯一会的歌：《小鼓手》。
我的一生？我将自己藏在燃烧的
灌木丛，
这是我在春天
对一夫一妻制的
幼稚回应。并且，
大海如马匹翻滚，
伴随我驶向死亡。

*跟 Bernadette Mayer 一起写着玩的一首。这种诗句错落的排列
总能掩饰形式上的不足，是等而下之的花招。

Der Asra

Every day back & forth
The exquisite daughter of the Sultan walked
At evening by the fountain,
Where the white water splashes.

Every day the young slave
Stood at evening by the fountain,
Where the white water splashes;
Every day he grew pale, and paler.

Then, one evening, the Princess, turning
Came up to him with these words:
Thy name will I know! thy
country! thy Kin!

And the slave spoke: I am called
Mohamet. I am from Yemen.
And my people are the Asra
who die, when they love.

《阿斯拉》

每天来来去去的，
那苏丹美丽的女儿走在
傍晚的喷泉边，
洁净的泉水飞溅。

每天那个年轻的奴隶
站在傍晚的喷泉边，
那洁净的泉水飞溅；
他每天都在变得更苍白。

就这样，一个晚上，公主转过身
带着这些话走到他面前：
我得知道你的名字！你的
国家！你的亲人！

奴隶说：我叫
穆罕默德，来自也门。
我的部落叫阿斯拉，
当人们相爱，它死了。

*在写作《复活节星期一 Easter Monday》诗集期间，泰德和戈登·布罗泽斯顿，翻译了海因里希·海涅的这首十四行《Der Asra》，那会儿他搬去了英国，在 Essex University 教学。泰德喜欢这个翻译，多次想收入某本集子，都没有。

Upside Down

You don't have to be Marie Curie
or even Simone de Beauvoir already
to write your memoirs, you know? after
all, we all have a polymorphous perverse

first person singular, don't we?...
If you don't want to see & hear, don't feel
like it, say...maybe wd rather worry, or
sulk....Still you do have to remember, there's
no way to put blinders on one's insides, you
know... or do you? Sure you can.

《混乱*》

你不必成为居里夫人，
甚至西蒙·波伏娃，
也可以写自传，对吗？毕竟，
我们都是多态而反常的
第一人称单数是不是？……
如果你不想看见，听见，不喜欢
这么干，比如……也许你
更愿意自我折磨，或生闷气
……但你必须记得，一个人
的内心是蒙不住的，你知道……
抑或不知道？你绝对可以。

*《布奇的调子 Butchies's Tune》，《波西米亚人 La boheme》《给一个青年画家 To a Young Painter》以及这首《颠倒 Upside Down》都与 Ada Katz（Alex Katz 老婆，她出现在很多 Alex 的画作中）有关。Alex 有一幅画就叫“Upsidedown Ada”。

To a Young Painter

"Ah fitz but we are profound
chaps--we word lads."

"we ride in our round paper boats

From Ireland and Israel & Iceland without
coats. We feed our slaves
Locusts, our kids Moths & oats; and we starve
our cave-painters because they are sloths!" Love,
Mr.P.F.C. Hemingstein

《致一位年轻画家》

“啊，菲茨，但我们是深奥的
家伙——我们是文艺青年。”

“我们驾驶我们的圆纸船，
从爱尔兰、以色列到冰岛，不穿
外套。我们给我们的奴隶
喂蝗虫，给孩子们喂飞蛾和燕麦；而我们
却让洞穴画家们挨饿，因为他们太懒！”爱，
上等兵海明斯坦先生

* Mr.P.F.C. Hemingstein 是泰德对海明威名字的捏造。Mr. Private First Class Hemingstein。海明威在早期常使用 Hemingstein 这个昵称。

Turkeys
FOR TOM CAREY

They have bent.
They cling.
They attack & capture.
It is a treat, a nightmare, a punch in the face.

He wanders by himself.
He lingers. He idles

In his little house.

He absorbs, and is absorbed.

He begins to bear down on what he sees.

Young faces, puzzling argot, meat, or "the postulant":

You nod and scrunch up your face and chuckle.

Let me out of here you silently shriek.

"I've got to hang up now, a man is yelling at me."

A pill always seems to be about something.

《火鸡们》

致汤姆·凯瑞

它们弯下身。

它们紧抓不放。

它们攻击并抢夺。

这是一种乐趣，一场噩梦，就像在脸上来上一拳。

他独自徘徊。

他逗留。他闲逛。

在他的小屋里。

他专注其中，也被感染。

他开始逼近他看见的：

年轻的脸，令人困惑的黑话，肉，“信徒”：

你点头，皱起脸，咯咯笑。

你默默尖叫着“让我出去”。

“我得挂电话了，有个人在对我喊叫。”

药丸似乎总与某事有关。

*Tom Carey (1951–) Poet, novelist, musician, Franciscan (Episcopalian)
brother and priest.

La Boheme

I'm not difficult but there are just certain things
that this here that are not this here, & no
matter what you say, No!(no) I don't ever do that...
But when you think about it, it seems that
this here doing nothing could use a head if anyone
nice has one they aren't using, no?

《波西米亚人》

我不是在找茬，只是有些个事体
是这样的就不是那样的，无论
你怎么说，不！（不），我从不那样……
但你静下来仔细想想，这种什么都不做的
是这样的似乎也需要脑子啊，要是
哪个好心人闲置不用，也不是很好吗？

——这是在说 Ada Katz 过着那种神经混乱的日子吗？

Butchie's Tune

FOX ALEX & ADA

What's the number I request.
When the band began to play?
a fragrant flowered shrub bush
and one cannot go back, except in time
This mushroom walks in.

"Hi, Mon! Hi, Dad!"
He is not really thinking.
Yet I take him purely as treasure.
this morning we were footprints in the
snow. And The Band Played On.
Listening to the words from the morning bush
all the day,
We sleep & dream our lives away. &so, a
tendency to get surprised rarely is absent,
this perfect day.

《布奇的曲子》

致 Katz 夫妇

我要求的数是什么。
乐队啥时开奏？
一蓬芬芳灌木丛开花了
而一个人不能回头，除非这个蘑菇
及时走了进来。
“嗨，妈！嗨，爸！”
他其实没在动脑子。
但我却把他当作一件纯粹的宝器。
这个早晨我们在雪地里留下
脚印。而乐队的演奏在继续。
听着来自早晨灌木丛的语，
整整一天，
我们都在睡觉，虚度光阴。因此，一种
波澜不惊的趋势并不存在，
在这个完美的日子。

Three Lost Years

FOR PEGGY DeCOURSEY*

For a brief time Acting Chief
Didn't harmonize actively with an easy
View of life-pinball machines being played
By preposterous kid-wits on the backs
 of Flat-bed Pick-up trucks--by
Land's End in glad--or else sad-ness--But
Why should I care? Grace falls
On anyone who can walk out of Ballroom A;
And out off into the Sky-Vista! sure. &
 So does Peggy.

《丢失的三年》

致佩吉·德索西*

在担任主管的短暂时光里，
那种轻松写意的生活观并没协调到位——
弹球机被那些荒唐的、平板卡车的后座上
的小聪明们玩弄——在
愉快的兰兹角——抑或，伤感——但
我为何要在意这些？格蕾丝扑向
任何一个还能走出 A 舞厅的；
转身又逛入思凯维斯塔酒店！当然，
 佩吉如出一辙。

*泰德晚期在纽约的密友。

——泰德是口语风格诗人，口语？不，他是那种掏心窝子型写作者。写诗是唠唠叨叨，有一搭没一搭的真情实感。这是他能做到的最真诚，洒脱的处理方式，而不会像那种把诗人身份端着当宝的，他基本上没这种毛病。他是中产文艺的噩梦。他有诗人最初的那种形象：行吟流浪汉。他的诗歌没有固定形

式，或者说总在制造各式各样的形式感。这很好，但也折腾：他一定常常修改诗作，不会轻易显人。他的诗中涉及到的东西不会有什么意象或隐喻之类，无非是他的记忆碎片。读这类诗的好处是，就像诗人在你身边扯淡，好玩是好玩，但你也不想知道他在说什么，听着就行，你也有一大堆破事要烦呢。

(这一集里似乎又漏译的诗，找不到了，因为当时在一开始翻译时，我并没有保存，在公众号上找，也没发现端倪。也许是次序搞错了！因为我是倒着往回翻译的)

Last Poems

Last Poems

This Will Be Her shining Hour

《这将是她的闪耀时刻》（一句歌词）

*

"This movie has Fred Astaire and Robert Ryan in it!

——这片子有 Fred 和 Robert。（Ted 大概在屋里写东西，Alice 在电视机上看影片，两人在聊天。）

*

"He got off the train!

—— “下车了

*

"I have a feeling this is an unknown movie."

—— “感觉这是一部小众片。”

*

(laughs)Q:"What the hell is going on?"

A: (laughing)"Dialogue.

——问：“咋了？”

——答：“纯扯淡，

*

"This movie has no plot.

—— “没啥情节。

*

"Fred Astaire was on this train with a whole lot of soldiers, going to Japan. And then, he got off the train!

—— “Fred（弗雷德·阿斯泰尔（Fred Astaire，1899 年 5 月 10 日—1987 年 6 月 22 日））和一大群兵乘车去日本，接着怎么着，他下车了

*

"Robert Ryan keeps saying, 'let's kill Japs,' &

Fred Astaire keeps saying, 'Fuck that.'

——“Robert（罗伯特·瑞安（Robert Ryan，1909-11-11 至 1973-07-11），出生于伊利诺伊州芝加哥，美国演员，出演过《最长的一天》、《绿头发男孩》等影片）说，杀点日本佬玩玩

—— “Fred 接着说那必须的

*

"He fell in love with her!

—— “他爱上她了。

*

Q:"Who?"

A:"Joan Lesile. She's a photographer. There

keeps being a whole lot of stuff by Johnny Mercer."

—— “ ? ”

—— “(琼·莱斯利 (Joan Leslie), 原名琼·特里萨·萨迪·布罗德德尔, 1925 年 1 月 26 日生于底特律市, 美国演员) 一个摄影师。Johnny Mercer 写了不少东西。”

*

Q: "Joan Lesile is just my type. Is she?"

—— “Joan 是我的菜, 她咋样? ”

A: "Un-uh. Fred Astaire is nobody's type, either.

—— “是吗, 跟 Fred 演的一样烂,

*

(laughing) "He changed all the lyrics."

——他把台词都改了。”

*

Q: "To what?"

—— “为啥”

A: (sings)

"This will be my shining hour

drinking rum & bacardi

like the face of Mischa Auer

on the Beauty Shop marquee."

——(在唱歌: 这将是她的闪耀时刻....)

*

(laughs)

"You have to watch it.

—— “你得来看看

*

"You have no right to get anything out of my evening!"

——大晚上的，你捣鼓不出什么东西！”

*

Q:"Give me the Book Review section, will you?"

A:"Sure. You'll love it."

—— “把《纽约书评》拿给我，可以吗？”

—— “当然，你会爱死它的。”

*

"I haven't written anything for years. I'm going to move away.

—— “我都几年没写东西了，完蛋了。”

*

"Oh God, she's gorgeous:

(for a little ugly person)."

—— “天哪，她真美”

*

"I can't tell which is Waldo."

"Pretty good line, huh?"

'I can't tell which is Waldo.'

—— “哪个是 Waldo”

—— “台词吗:哪个是 Waldo.”

*

Q:"Did you write that down?"

A:"No."

—— “你不会把这句也写下来了吧。”

—— “没。”

*

(laughs)

"You?Working?"

(laughs again)

——你在写东西？

*

(laughs)

"This is my wife. She follows me around."

—— “这不明摆着的嘛，我跟我老婆在一块儿呢。”

*

Q:"Where are they?"

A:"They're in some giant building. Fred Astaire is yelling, 'Help, save me!!'

—— “他们在哪儿？”

—— “一个大型建筑里，Fred 再喊，救救我。”

*

"I think this movie is some Homage to Balanchine.....It's out of the question.

—— “我想这个片子在向 Balanchine 致敬，没什么可聊的。

*

"Man, instead of cracking an egg on that woman's hand, they're putting diamonds on it.

——他们没有把鸡蛋磕在女人手上，反而给了她们钻戒什么的，

*

"I think my life is really awful.

——我这过的是什么日子啊

*

"Oh God, write all this down.

"Oh, what a great song!"

——天那，我得把这些记下

——多好歌！”

*

"This is my night at the canteen..."

——“深夜小卖部。”

*

"It's nice work if you can..."

——“活干得不错”

*

"Oh, great..."

——

*

"She's dancing.

——“她在跳舞

*

"They're in New York City!"

"Of course they are."

"Just like us.

——“在纽约”

——“当然”

——“跟我们一样。”

*

"Oh God, he's so great!"

——“天那，他真了不起”

*

"Oh, he just got taken down from the table.

He did a snake dance."

(It was a Johnny Mercer snake dance.)

——“哈，他被人从桌子上拉下来，开始跳蛇舞...”

*

It's 4 a.m.

——凌晨四点

*

(laughs)

"Wordsworth put it pretty well."

——“威廉·华兹华斯说的不错”

*

"He hasn't done too much in this one.

"Now he's going to do it...

——“他没做什么

——他现在要去干...

*

"It's all so wartime.

——战时就是这样

*

"It's so wartime no one gets to do much of anything.

——打起仗来，谁都干不了什么

*

"It's all so unfair.

——太不公平

*

"Are you having fun?"

——你乐在其中

*

"You are too! (sigh)"

——你也是。叹气

*

"That's Robert Ryan. You should come see him. He's being in a musical."

——Robert 来了，你真得看看，他在演音乐剧

*

"Oh God, he looks so great!"

——他看上去真棒。”

*

"He looks too much like my father."

——“长的跟我老爹一模一样

*

"It has Averill Harriman in it."

"Doesn't everything?"

——（威廉·埃夫里尔·哈里曼（William Averell Harriman, 1891 年 11 月 15 日~1986 年 7 月 26 日），美国富豪，第 48 任纽约州州长）

*

"Have you ever said to her how your life would be incomplete without her?"

——“你跟她说了吗，没有她，你没法过日子。”

*

Setting: Beekman Place. The usual Penthouse. It's almost summer.

——场景：贝克曼酒店，普通顶层豪宅，夏天快到了。

*

Hmmmmm.

*

"I haven't seen a movie in ten years."

——“十年没去看电影院了”

*

"Oh God, I'm seeing double."

——（在说啥玩意？不知道）

*

"You're the one he'll never forget."

——“他不会忘了你”

*

"Will you keep it on while I get in bed?"

——“我上床睡觉前你会让它一直开着吗？”

*

"What?"

——啥？

*

"Will you keep it on while I get in bed?"

——“我说你会一直开着它吗”

*

"Sure."

——那还用说

*

"Their lives are as fragile as The Glass Menagerie."

——“他们的生命就像《玻璃动物园》一样脆弱”（田纳西·威廉斯创作的一部经典戏剧。）

*

Saturday Night on TV

*

"Oh, she dances, Ted...and it's so great!!

"She's not supposed to be able to dance!

——“哦，她跳舞了，泰德....真棒

——她不应该懂得跳舞的

*

"You're making a big mistake,

writing a poem,

and not watching this."

——你犯了大错，

还在写诗，

你得看看这个。”

*

"Shut up. I'm getting the last lines."

"You are not."

——“闭嘴，我在写最后几行。”

——“净扯淡。”

“But Ted’s very last poem is a lovely six-page work, 'This Will Be Her

Shining Hour,' written in dialogue with myself and the voices in a Fred Astaire movie on TV. “ ‘Their lives are as fragile as The Glass Menagerie.’ ” That line near the end of Ted’ s final poem refers to the people in the movie, the people in the poem, and the two of us as both people in the poem and ourselves, comparing them/us to Tennessee Williams’s play, to glass figures, to the enduringness of the play about fragile people. What does lives mean then? Lives seems to be “art,” and so one is left thinking about the strength of poetry.”

“.....泰德的遗作是一首可爱的 6 页长的作品 “This Will Be Her Shining Hour”, 与我以及 Fred Astaire 在电视上播放的影片中的声音对话。'他们的生命就像《玻璃动物园》那样脆弱'出现在泰德最后的诗的末尾，他们指电影中的人物，也是诗中的人，也是现实中我们俩，将他们/我们与威廉斯的戏剧中的玻璃人物制品进行比较，与那种脆弱的人的韧性比较。生命意味着什么？生命似乎是“艺术”，促使一个人对诗歌力量的思考。” ——Alice Notley. PARIS, 2004

读后：不知道说什么，有点怪怪的。泰德知道自己没多少时日，他肝有问题，那会儿药大概已经不起什么作用了，而他还在想着写点东西。我是说，否则又能干啥呢？写诗是一个诗人的习惯和惯性，是他们的经典标准死法，在劳作中等待最后的日子到来，和还陪在身边的人扯扯淡，独自感悟一点从来没搞清楚的人生道理诸如此类，完美。诗句就不翻译了，无非一点谈话聊天，没有技巧，这种时候要技巧有很用？感觉不错的话，就记两笔，写到哪儿是哪儿。一旦回头看，怎么看，都是宿命。

Don Quixote & Sancho Panza

It is 1934. Edmund

Wilson is going to Russia

Next year. There's a brunette

Dwarf asleep in his bed. Scarlatine.

Bedbugs. Dear Henry Allen Moe:

Can you wire me a \$100 loan, to Paris?

I have learned everything I can here.
253 lbs later, it is May, 1983.
Did Henry Allen Moe get burned?
Tomorrow I will need \$50, summer Camp
for Sonny, & supper. I can hear
my own voice on the telephone: hello, Ed?
(Edward Halsey Foster) Hi, Ed. got any dollars?
Today I am 48 years, 5 months and 16 days old,
In perfect health. May Day.

《堂·吉诃德&桑科·潘萨》

这会儿是 1934 年。艾德蒙
· 威尔逊下一年将访问
俄罗斯。一个浅黑肤色的
女侏儒睡在他的床上，斯卡莱汀（猩红热），
臭虫。亲爱的亨利·艾伦·莫：
 您能电汇我一张 100 美元的贷款吗，到巴黎？
我在这里学到了我能学到的全部。
体重达到 253 磅，这会儿来到 1983 年 5 月。
亨利·艾伦·莫烧着了吗？
明天我得搞到 50 美元，给小家伙
夏令营以及饭费。我可以在电话里
听到自己的声音：喂，爱德吗？
 （爱德华·哈尔西·福斯特）嗨，
爱德老兄，有钞票纸吗？
今天我 48 岁，5 个月零 16 天那么老。
身体健康。江湖救急。

- 1、很抒情的一个东西。泰德死于 1983 年，48 岁。
- 2、艾德蒙·威尔逊，美国评论家和作家。1934 年，泰德出生。
- 3、亨利·艾·伦莫，曾任古根海姆艺术基金（The John Simon Guggenheim

Memorial Foundation) 主席。泰德似乎没申请到过那边的资助。

4、Sonny 小家伙，泰德与 Alice Natley(她后来好像再婚，现在还生活在巴黎)有两个生儿，Edmund 和 Anselm，多年前和 Edmund 在脸书上打过招呼，他也写点东西，玩乐器什么的。

5、爱德华·哈尔西·福斯特，贝里根的写作朋友。

Ed Foster is widely considered to be one of the most important independent publishers of avant-garde poetry today. A former professor of American Studies in the College of Arts and Letters at the Stevens Institute of Technology

6、桑科·潘萨，给堂·吉诃德牵马的仆人。在这里作者认为自己是唐吉珂德有点儿扯。从标准头脑发热的文艺青年过渡到文艺中年，他的独立能力很差，也许是太懒，随着年纪变大，困境就无力改变了。

Down on Me

It's very interesting

but

The Buddha-minds are freaked out——

translate

Snake

into

Pea

Turn around

Look at me.

《落在我身上》

这怪有趣的

可是

佛陀的心智被吓坏了——

把蛇

翻译

成

豆子

转身，

看着我。

哪里有趣？不知道。作为凯鲁亚克的崇拜者，贝里根也喜欢搞点佛教修行，还有日本俳句，这类神秘秘的东西。那会儿还没有抖音，普及人工智能，上帝虚粒子什么的也还没被找到。

Positively Fourth Street

There's nothing new under the sun, and

There's nothing new under the rock, either.

《绝对第四街》

太阳底下无新事，

石头下也是。

× 标题“Positively 4th Street”是鲍勃迪伦的歌，听前头一句有点像绿脚趾谋杀案的那个插曲 The Man In Me。鲍勃迪伦的嗓音变化总是让人无限温暖，他是怎么搞定的？反正我对音乐技术是完全不通。

Stand-up Comedy Routine

FOR: BOB HOLMAN
OR ED FRIEDMAN

Good Evening, ladies, and all you hungry children in Asia, A very funny thing happened to me on my way over here from a tough Italian Neighborhood, where I just bought this suit made out of recycled lint. Any other paisanos out there? (Gives them the finger). A bum came up and asked me to call him a Taxi, So I did my impression of Richard Nixon, which goes something like this: (Gives audience the finger). But seriously, my friends, I just arrived in your fine city after three wonderful weeks of playing Sammy Davis Senior. During that engagement I ran into an old high school classmate who set off an alarm clock so everybody can wake up and go home, so I bit him.

Speaking of that, what do you think about solitaire in the drunk tank of a southern jail, jerks? (Gives audience the finger). Believe me, when I was younger, nobody would even dream of refusing to die for his country, and I mean that sincerely. As you my know, I grew up in Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga. also in Las Vegas. And Brooklyn. Anybody out there from Brooklyn? (gives audience the finger again). I'll never forget the first girl I dated. She was so buck-toothed that she ate corn on the cob through a picket fence! She grew up to be my close friend, Liza Minelli. She once told me a funny story about the Pope meeting Bo Derek on a train. Then she married me, so lets give her a big hand! (Gives audience the finger w/both hands). Now, as I've grown a litter older, I'm just thankful for all you other women out there, and for my hotel room, which is so small the mice are all hunchbacks.

Say, here's a joke for you. A fella goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Doc, I imagine I'm a rabbit." So the psychiatrist says, "That's nothing. My wife ran off with our marriage counselor." How come nobody's laughing at this material? There are hungry children in Asia who would gladly trade places with you.

Incidentally, before I finish my act, I've been asked by several of you to add a little class to this routine by doing some gay Polish jokes. (Give audience the finger). But what I'd really like to do is leave you with a bit of wisdom that was passed on to me by Sammy Davis, Senior. When I told him I was going into show business, he just smiled, and said, "The devil may wear many coats, but all

of them need mending."

Are there any other psychotics out there? (Gives audience the finger viciously, first to the left side of the room, then to the center, and then to the right side).

I hope you'll remember that, as I have. Thank you, and God bless.

《脱口秀套路表演》

给鲍勃·霍尔曼

或埃德·弗里德曼

晚上好，女士们，还有亚洲所有饥饿的孩子们。在我从一个意大利人聚居的贫民区过来的路上，发生了一件非常有趣的事，我刚在那里买了一套用回收棉绒做的西装。那里还有其他意大利裔美国人吗？（向他们竖中指）一个流浪汉走过来，让我帮他叫辆出租车，于是我就模仿了理查德·尼克松，大概是这样的：（向观众竖中指）。但说真的，我的朋友们，我刚来到你们这座美丽的城市，结束了三周精彩的萨米·戴维斯（Sammy Davis）的表演。在那次演出期间，我遇到了一位老高中同学，他设定了一个闹钟，好让每个人都能醒来回家，于是我就咬了他一口。

说到这个，你们觉得在南方监狱的醉鬼牢房里玩空当接龙怎么样，混蛋们？（向观众竖中指）。相信我，当我年轻的时候，没有人会拒绝为国家而死，我是真心这么想的。正如你们所知，我在阿纳海姆、阿祖萨和库卡蒙加长大，也在拉斯维加斯和布鲁克林长大。这里有没有布鲁克林的人？（再次向观众竖中指）。我永远也忘不了我约会的第一个女孩。她的超级龅牙，以至于她总是跨过篱笆吃玉米棒！她长大后成了我的密友丽莎·明内利（Liza Minnelli）。她曾经给我讲了一个关于教皇在火车上遇到波·德里克（Bo Derek）的有趣故事。后来她嫁给了我，所以让我们给她热烈的掌声！（双手向观众竖中指）。现在，随着我逐渐长大，我感谢在座的各位女士，还有我的酒店房间，它太小了，以至于老鼠都是驼背的。

瞧，这里有个笑话给你们听。有个人去找精神病医生，说：“医生，我感觉自己像一只兔子。”于是精神病医生说：“这算什么。我的妻子跟我们的婚姻顾问跑了。”为什么没有人对这些段子发笑？亚洲有饥饿的孩子们，他们很乐意和你们换个位置。

顺便说一下，在我结束表演之前，你们中有好几个人要求我在表演中加入一些关于同性恋波兰人的笑话来提升一下格调。（向观众竖中指）。但我真正想做的是，用萨米·戴维斯（Sammy Davis）传授给我的一点智慧来结束我的表演。当他听说我要进入演艺圈时，他只是笑了笑，说：“魔鬼可能会穿很多件外套，但所有的外套都需要修补。”

在座还有其他疯子吗？（凶狠地向观众竖中指，先是左边，然后中间，最后右边）。

希望你们能记住这句话，就像我一样。谢谢大家，愿上帝保佑你们。

*用 kimi.moonshot.cn 电翻，通顺得很。

.....泰德最后的诗作是他生命最后六个月里，在完成《某种阳光的斜射(A Certain Slant of Sunlight)》之后所写的十四首诗——共二十一页。现在想必已经很明显，泰德在生命的最后几年并没有放慢写作的步伐，这些诗作尖锐且表演过度(fulsome)。它们被保存在一个文件夹里，文件夹的标题页上手写着：“诗作//泰德·贝里根。”其中一些诗作的风格与《斜射》相似，篇幅较短，还有一些较长的诗作，包括一首粗鲁的(abrasive)“脱口秀表演”，这首诗是根据“疯狂填空”游戏（Mad-Libs）的形式创作的.....Alice Natley

Ambiguity

I am ambiguity.

(FOR ED FOSTER)

《歧义》

我意义不明。

（给艾德·福斯特）

×这种一句话偷懒诗基本上挺扯淡的，它给出巨大空间，但没有信息。

原则上（或物理上？），一首诗给出的一个概念总是综合性质的，它不能用一个已有的词语（或标题）来指定，那是一种抢夺。写作者总是喜欢霸占某些词语归自己所有，比如布劳提根说，我是云。是啊，谁不是呢。云又不是你独有，云公共不是吗。因此想要霸占一个词语最好的办法是不停重复，说多了就仿佛是自己的了。我认为是一种思念。而思念是写作的最好方法。扯远了。回过头想，贝里根要是给自己贴个标签，他最喜欢什么？他自称“无艺术大师：the master of no art” 着实有些个矫情了。

12:18，烧午饭去。

Old Armenian Proverb

"Only the guilty need money."

《老式亚美尼亚人谚语》

“只有有罪的人需要钱。”

——贝里根大概又是在发牢骚。钱牛得很，恐怕是人类最高级的发明物了。是钱在驱动人转动，从来都是这样。唯有钱，以及想象力。

After Petrarch

Inquiry & Reply

FOR ANNE WALDMAN

Virtue, Honor, Beauty, Kind gestures

Sweet words have reached the high branches

wherein my heart is warmly entwined.

*

Then lead the person to the unmade bed.

*

1327, at daybreak,
on the 6th of April,
entered the labyrinth;
no exit have I found.

*

So, old friend, not dead, don't lead me on.

《在彼特拉克之后

询问&回复》

——给安妮·沃尔德曼

德行、荣誉、美、善意的表达，
赞美的好话已传达到那高高的树杈上，
我的心被温暖地缠绕在那里。

*

接着又把这个人带到这凌乱的床上。

*

1327，黎明时分，
4月6日，
走进迷宫；
我没找到出口。

*

所以，老朋友，我还在，别带走我。

——Petrarch，彼特拉克（1304-1374，意大利诗人，学者、欧洲人文主义运动的主要代表）。这首诗又一次引用了彼特拉克的诗《迷宫 labyrinth》里的句子。

——Anne Waldman (1945 -) 安妮·沃尔德曼，“垮掉一代”女诗人。

Villonnette

Oh, Mrs. Gabriele Picabia-Bufferet,
why did they want so badly to be
like us. those wonderful jack-offs of yesterday?
And where have they gone? Where are they now? those
jack-offs of yesterday?

《小维庸》

哦，加布里埃尔·皮卡比亚-布菲夫人，
为什么他们那么想成为
我们这种人。那些过去的漂亮天才？
他们去哪儿了？他们现在在哪儿？那些逝去的天才宝贝？

——弗朗索瓦·维庸(François Villon)法国中世纪最杰出的抒情诗人。
维庸在生前并未获得应有的认可，直到十六世纪才由诗人马罗编辑并出版了他的
诗歌，他的名字才渐渐进入法国文学正典。

——加布里埃尔·布菲-毕卡比亚 (Gabrielle Buffet-Picabia, 1881—
1985)，前卫艺术家弗朗西斯·毕卡比亚的妻子，杜尚的女性密友。

——不知道贝里根在发什么牢骚，很多时候他的东西里有不得志的情
绪，难免。

To Jacques Roubaud

I'm sorry for your trouble
Jacques.

I'm very sorry
for your trouble.

—— “To Jacques Roubaud Dated “11 Mar 83,” this poem is a note of
condolence on the death of Roubaud’ s wife. Ted had met French poet Roubaud
at a poetry festival in Italy, in 1979, and they had become friendly.”

Something to Remember

Caesar's ghost must be above suspicion.

《记一下》

凯撒的灵魂毋庸置疑。

The Short Poems
FOR SUSAN CATALDO

THE SOCIETY CLUB

"I never shut my mouth, in case
I have to yawn."

Too Late

The boat has left.

ARGENTINA

Don't cry, Argentina.

TED RON

Berrigan & PADGETT

"Flow gently, sweet Thames,
'til I end yr song.

*

fire-hydrant

*

censored

12th NIGHT

"I will go."

CITY MONEY

In God we trust because she got
something stuck in her throat
and bent their ears.

THE OLD ONE

is TED Berrigan.

《短诗》

给苏珊卡.塔尔多

《社交俱乐部》

“我从不闭上嘴，以防
我犯困。”

《太晚了》

船已经离开了。

《阿根廷》

别哭，阿根廷。

《泰德 罗恩

贝里根&帕吉特》

“缓缓流淌，美妙泰晤士河，
直到我结束这首诗。

*

消防栓

*

审查过了

《第 12 晚》

“我会去的。”

《城市货币》

我们相信上帝，是因为有东西
卡在她的喉咙里了
并压弯了他们的耳朵。

《老货》

是泰德·贝里根。

——诗写到这种地步，跟诗已经没什么关系了，它只是完成写这个表演动作。这似乎跟练习武术雷同。年轻时练习是用来增强武力，到老了快没气了还要耍把式，也就成了一种安慰。

Robert(Lowell)

Like the philosopher Thales
who thought all things water
and fell into a well....tring to
find a car key....("it can't be here....")
We rest freom all discussion,
drinking, smoking, pills...
want nothing
but to be old, do nothing, type & think...
But in new December's air
I could not sleep, I could not write my name---
Luck, we've had it; our character's gone public--
We could have done worse. I hope we did.

《罗伯特（洛威尔）》

就像哲学家泰利斯认为
所有的东西是水
然后掉进一口井里....试着去
找到一个车钥匙...（“它不可能在那儿....”）
我们停下全部讨论，
去喝点，冒些烟雾，嗑点药....
啥都不要
只想变老，耗着，写几句，顺便想东想西....
可是，在新的十二月空气中
我睡不着，连自己的名字都忘了怎么拼写——
真走运，我们搞定了；我们出了点名头——
而我们原本可以搞砸的。真希望那样。

——罗伯特·洛威尔（Robert Lowell，1917年3月1日—1977年9月12日），自白派诗头。

Today in New York City
FOR BERNADETTE&LEWIS

Gay doormen face a severe shortage of cocaine
The White House announced today.
The crisis
Which could blow the lid off
Of Boys Town
is a result of Latest Great Depression
Brought on by
Savage game of "Go Fish"
In Congress
On the street where you live.
Citizens are being asked
To tie up their children
And to walk their clones
In groups of five
At 55 mph
Police said today.

2.

The President said
When Mars squares Saturn
With a trained squirrel
He will burn whale blubber
& is contemplating
The return of Billy,
Suicide,
3-Mile Island,
Unleashing "The Hammer"
Running naked
To breathe

Evacuate
Phone Grandma, if necessary
During "60 Minutes"
On television.

3.

At reduced temperatures
During months having an "R" in them
Wander lonely as a cloud
Crawl on all fours when it's time.

4.(Coda)

Enraged Sheperd
Tears up his EXXON card
Admits he is a droid
Has his teeth bronzed
Redesigns his novel
Dies Early
Bye-bye.

《今日纽约》

给本和路易

同性恋门卫面临可卡因
严重短缺，白宫今天宣布。
这场可能
揭露“男孩镇”
的危机
是近期大萧条的结果，
而那是

在国会上
在你住的街上的
野蛮游戏
“去钓鱼”
造成的。
市民被要求
把他们的孩子绑起来，
遛他们的克隆人，
五人一组，
时速度 55 英里，
警方今天说。

2、
总统说
当火星与土星加上
一个训练有素的松鼠一致
他会烧起鲸脂
并仔细考虑
比利的回归，
自杀，
3 英里岛，
释放“锤子”
裸裸奔
呼吸
疏散
电话奶奶，如果有必要的话
就在“60 分钟”
电视秀上。

3、
在带有字母“R”的月份，
随着降温，孤独的云漫游，

那时候到了，
就四肢着地爬行。

4. (尾声)

暴怒的谢泼德
撕掉他的“埃克森”卡
承认他是个机器人
给牙齿镶上铜
重新设计他的小说
早死
再见。

——“Bernadette Mayer (1945 -) Experimental poet and prose writer,
editor, teacher of poets.

——Lewis Warsh (1944 -) Poet, novelist, memoirist, editor,
publisher, teacher.

——Boys Town 是美国最大的非营利性、非宗派儿童和家庭护理组织
之一。

——这也是一首填字游戏，没啥意思。

—————Last Poems 专辑完。

Don Quixote & Sancho Panza

It is 1934. Edmund
Wilson is going to Russia
Next year. There's a brunette
Dwarf asleep in his bed. Scarlatine.
Bedbugs. Dear Henry Allen Moe:
Can you wire me a \$100 loan, to Paris?
I have learned everything I can here.

253 lbs later, it is May, 1983.
Did Henry Allen Moe get burned?
Tomorrow I will need \$50, summer Camp
for Sonny, & supper. I can hear
my own voice on the telephone: hello, Ed?
(Edward Halsey Foster) Hi, Ed. got any dollars?
Today I am 48 years, 5 months and 16 days old,
In perfect health. May Day.

《堂·吉诃德&桑科·潘萨》

这会儿是 1934 年。艾德蒙
• 威尔逊下一年将访问
俄罗斯。一个浅黑肤色的
女侏儒睡在他的床上，斯卡莱汀（猩红热），
臭虫。亲爱的亨利·艾伦·莫：
 您能电汇我一张 100 美元的贷款吗，到巴黎？
我在这里学到了我能学到的全部。
体重达到 253 磅，这会儿来到 1983 年 5 月。
亨利·艾伦·莫烧着了吗？
明天我得搞到 50 美元，给小家伙
夏令营以及饭费。我可以在电话里
听到自己的声音：喂，爱德吗？
 （爱德华·哈尔西·福斯特）嗨，
爱德老兄，有钞票纸吗？
今天我 48 岁，5 个月零 16 天那么老。
身体健康。江湖救急。

- 1、很抒情的一个东西。泰德死于 1983 年，48 岁。
- 2、艾德蒙·威尔逊，美国评论家和作家。1934 年，泰德出生。
- 3、亨利·艾·伦莫，曾任古根海姆艺术基金（The John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation）主席。泰德似乎没申请到过那边的资助。

4、Sonny 小家伙，泰德与 Alice Natley(她后来好像再婚，现在还生活在巴黎)有两个生儿，Edmund 和 Anselm，多年前和 Edmund 在脸书上打过招呼，他也写点东西，玩乐器什么的。

5、爱德华·哈尔西·福斯特，贝里根的写作朋友。

Ed Foster is widely considered to be one of the most important independent publishers of avant-garde poetry today. A former professor of American Studies in the College of Arts and Letters at the Stevens Institute of Technology

6、桑科·潘萨，给堂·吉诃德牵马的仆人。在这里作者认为自己是唐吉珂德有点儿扯。从标准头脑发热的文艺青年过渡到文艺中年，他的独立能力很差，也许是太懒，随着年纪变大，困境就无力改变了。

Down on Me

It's very interesting

but

The Buddha-minds are freaked out——

translate

Snake

into

Pea

Turn around

Look at me.

《落在我身上》

这怪有趣的

可是

佛陀的心智被吓坏了——

把蛇
翻译
成
豆子

转身，
看着我。

哪里有趣？不知道。作为凯鲁亚克的崇拜者，贝里根也喜欢搞点佛教修行，还有日本俳句，这类神秘秘的东西。那会儿还没有抖音，普及人工智能，上帝虚粒子什么的也还没被找到。

Positively Fourth Street

There's nothing new under the sun, and
There's nothing new under the rock, either.

《绝对第四街》

太阳底下无新事，
石头下也是。

× 标题“Positively 4th Street”是鲍勃迪伦的歌，听前头一句有点像绿脚趾谋杀案的那个插曲 The Man In Me。鲍勃迪伦的嗓音变化总是让人无限温暖，他是怎么搞定的？反正我对音乐技术是完全不通。

Stand-up Comedy Routine

FOR: BOB HOLMAN

OR ED FRIEDMAN

Good Evening, ladies, and all you hungry children in Asia, A very funny thing happened to me on my way over here from a tough Italian Neighborhood, where I just bought this suit made out of recycled lint. Any other paisanos out there? (Gives them the finger). A bum came up and asked me to call him a Taxi, So I did my impression of Richard Nixon, which goes something like this: (Gives audience the finger). But seriously, my friends, I just arrived in your fine city after three wonderful weeks of playing Sammy Davis Senior. During that engagement I ran into an old high school classmate who set off an alarm clock so everybody can wake up and go home, so I bit him.

Speaking of that, what do you think about solitaire in the drunk tank of a southern jail, jerks? (Gives audience the finger). Believe me, when I was younger, nobody would even dream of refusing to die for his country, and I mean that sincerely. As you my know, I grew up in Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga. also in Las Vegas. And Brooklyn. Anybody out there from Brooklyn? (gives audience the finger again). I'll never forget the first girl I dated. She was so buck-toothed that she ate corn on the cob through a picket fence! She grew up to be my close friend, Liza Minelli. She once told me a funny story about the Pope meeting Bo Derek on a train. Then she married me, so lets give her a big hand! (Gives audience the finger w/both hands). Now, as I've grown a litter older, I'm just thankful for all you other women out there, and for my hotel room, which is so small the mice are all hunchbacks.

Say, here's a joke for you. A fella goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Doc, I imagine I'm a rabbit." So the psychiatrist says, "That's nothing. My wife ran off with our marriage counselor." How come nobody's laughing at this material? There are hungry children in Asia who would gladly trade places with you.

Incidentally, before I finish my act, I've been asked by several of you to add a little class to this routine by doing some gay Polish jokes. (Give audience the finger). But what I'd really like to do is leave you with a bit of wisdom that was passed on to me by Sammy Davis, Senior. When I told him I was going into show business, he just smiled, and said, "The devil may wear many coats, but all of them need mending."

Are there any other psychotics out there? (Gives audience the finger viciously, first to the left side of the room, then to the center, and then to the right side).

I hope you'll remember that, as I have. Thank you, and God bless.

《脱口秀套路表演》

给鲍勃·霍尔曼

或埃德·弗里德曼

晚上好，女士们，还有亚洲所有饥饿的孩子们。在我从一个意大利人聚居的贫民区过来的路上，发生了一件非常有趣的事，我刚在那里买了一套用回收棉绒做的西装。那里还有其他意大利裔美国人吗？（向他们竖中指）一个流浪汉走过来，让我帮他叫辆出租车，于是我就模仿了理查德·尼克松，大概是这样的：（向观众竖中指）。但说真的，我的朋友们，我刚来到你们这座美丽的城市，结束了三周精彩的萨米·戴维斯（Sammy Davis）的表演。在那次演出期间，我遇到了一位老高中同学，他设定了一个闹钟，好让每个人都能醒来回家，于是我就咬了他一口。

说到这个，你们觉得在南方监狱的醉鬼牢房里玩空当接龙怎么样，混蛋们？（向观众竖中指）。相信我，当我年轻的时候，没有人会拒绝为国家而死，我是真心这么想的。正如你们所知，我在阿纳海姆、阿祖萨和库卡蒙加长大，也在拉斯维加斯和布鲁克林长大。这里有没有布鲁克林的人？（再次向观众竖中指）。我永远也忘不了我约会的第一个女孩。她的超级龅牙，以至于她总是跨过篱笆吃玉米棒！她长大后成了我的密友丽莎·明内利（Liza Minnelli）。她曾经给我讲了一个关于教皇在火车上遇到波·德里克（Bo Derek）的有趣故事。后来她嫁给了我，所以让我们给她热烈的掌声！（双手向观众竖中指）。现在，随着我逐渐长大，我感谢在座的各位女士，还有我的酒店房间，它太小了，以至于老鼠都是驼背的。

瞧，这里有个笑话给你们听。有个人去找精神病医生，说：“医生，我感觉自己像一只兔子。”于是精神病医生说：“这算什么。我的妻子跟我们的婚姻顾问跑了。”为什么没有人对这些段子发笑？亚洲有饥饿的孩子们，他们很乐意和你们换个位置。

顺便说一下，在我结束表演之前，你们中有好几个人要求我在表演中加入一

些关于同性恋波兰人的笑话来提升一下格调。（向观众竖中指）。但我真正想做的是，用萨米·戴维斯（Sammy Davis）传授给我的一点智慧来结束我的表演。当他听说我要进入演艺圈时，他只是笑了笑，说：“魔鬼可能会穿很多件外套，但所有的外套都需要修补。”

在座还有其他疯子吗？（凶狠地向观众竖中指，先是左边，然后中间，最后右边）。

希望你们能记住这句话，就像我一样。谢谢大家，愿上帝保佑你们。

*用 kimi.moonshot.cn 电翻，通顺得很。

.....泰德最后的诗作是他生命最后六个月里，在完成《某种阳光的斜射(A Certain Slant of Sunlight)》之后所写的十四首诗——共二十一页。现在想必已经很明显，泰德在生命的最后几年并没有放慢写作的步伐，这些诗作尖锐且表演过度(fulsome)。它们被保存在一个文件夹里，文件夹的标题页上手写着：“诗作//泰德·贝里根。”其中一些诗作的风格与《斜射》相似，篇幅较短，还有一些较长的诗作，包括一首粗鲁的(abrasive)“脱口秀表演”，这首诗是根据“疯狂填空”游戏（Mad-Libs）的形式创作的.....Alice Natley

Ambiguity

I am ambiguity.

(FOR ED FOSTER)

《歧义》

我意义不明。

（给艾德·福斯特）

×这种一句话偷懒诗基本上挺扯淡的，它给出巨大空间，但没有信息。原则上（或物理上？），一首诗给出的一个概念总是综合性质的，它不能用一个

已有的词语（或标题）来指定，那是一种抢夺。写作者总是喜欢霸占某些词语归自己所有，比如布劳提根说，我是云。是啊，谁不是呢。云又不是你独有，云公共不是吗。因此想要霸占一个词语最好的办法是不停重复，说多了就仿佛是自己的了。我认为是一种思念。而思念是写作的最好方法。扯远了。回过头想，贝里根要是给自己贴个标签，他最喜欢什么？他自称“无艺术大师：the master of no art” 着实有些个矫情了。

12:18，烧午饭去。

This Will Be Her shining Hour

《这将是她的闪耀时刻》（一句歌词）

*

"This movie has Fred Astaire and Robert Ryan in it!

——这片子有 Fred 和 Robert。（Ted 大概在屋里写东西，Alice 在电视机上看影片，两人在聊天。）

*

"He got off the train!

—— “下车了

*

"I have a feeling this is an unknown movie."

—— “感觉这是一部小众片。”

*

(laughs)Q:"What the hell is going on?"

A: (laughing)"Dialogue.

——问：“咋了？”

——答：“纯扯淡，

*

"This movie has no plot.

—— “没啥情节。

*

"Fred Astaire was on this train with a whole lot of soldiers, going to Japan. And then, he got off the train!

—— “Fred（弗雷德·阿斯泰尔（Fred Astaire，1899年5月10日—1987年6月22日））和一大群兵乘车去日本，接着怎么着，他下车了

*

"Robert Ryan keeps saying, 'let's kill Japs,' &

Fred Astaire keeps saying, 'Fuck that.'

——“Robert（罗伯特·瑞安（Robert Ryan，1909-11-11 至 1973-07-11），出生于伊利诺伊州芝加哥，美国演员，出演过《最长的一天》、《绿头发男孩》等影片）说，杀点日本佬玩玩

—— “Fred 接着说那必须的

*

"He fell in love with her!

—— “他爱上她了。

*

Q:"Who?"

A:"Joan Lesile. She's a photographer. There

keeps being a whole lot of stuff by Johnny Mercer."

—— “？”

—— “（琼·莱斯利（Joan Leslie），原名琼·特里萨·萨迪·布罗德德尔，1925年1月26日生于底特律市，美国演员）一个摄影师。Johnny Mercer 写了不少东西。”

*

Q: "Joan Lesile is just my type. Is she?"

—— “Joan 是我的菜，她咋样？”

A: "Un-uh. Fred Astaire is nobody's type, either."

—— “是吗，跟 Fred 演的一样烂，

*

(laughing) "He changed all the lyrics."

——他把台词都改了。”

*

Q: "To what?"

—— “为啥”

A: (sings)

"This will be my shining hour
drinking rum & bacardi
like the face of Mischa Auer
on the Beauty Shop marquee."

——(在唱歌：这将是她的闪耀时刻....)

*

(laughs)

"You have to watch it."

—— “你得来看看

*

"You have no right to get anything out of my evening!"

——大晚上的，你捣鼓不出什么东西！”

*

Q: "Give me the Book Review section, will you?"

A: "Sure. You'll love it."

—— “把《纽约书评》拿给我，可以吗？”

—— “当然，你会爱死它的。”

*

"I haven't written anything for years. I'm going to move away.

—— “我都几年没写东西了，完蛋了。”

*

"Oh God, she's gorgeous:

(for a little ugly person)."

—— “天哪，她真美”

*

"I can't tell which is Waldo."

"Pretty good line, huh?"

'I can't tell which is Waldo.'

—— “哪个是 Waldo”

—— “台词吗:哪个是 Waldo.”

*

Q:"Did you write that down?"

A:"No."

—— “你不会把这句也写下来了吧。”

—— “没。”

*

(laughs)

"You?Working?"

(laughs again)

——你在写东西？

*

(laughs)

"This is my wife. She follows me around."

—— “这不明摆着的嘛，我跟我老婆在一块儿呢。”

*

Q:"Where are they?"

A:"They're in some giant building. Fred Astaire is yelling, 'Help, save me!!'

—— “他们在哪儿？”

—— “一个大型建筑里，Fred 再喊，救救我。”

*

"I think this movie is some Homage to Balanchine.....It's out of the question.

—— “我想这个片子在向 Balanchine 致敬，没什么可聊的。

*

"Man, instead of cracking an egg on that woman's hand, they're putting diamonds on it.

——他们没有把鸡蛋磕在女人手上，反而给了她们钻戒什么的，

*

"I think my life is really awful.

——我这过的是什么日子啊

*

"Oh God, write all this down.

"Oh, what a great song!"

——天那，我得把这些记下

——多好歌！”

*

"This is my night at the canteen..."

—— “深夜小卖部。”

*

"It's nice work if you can..."

—— “活干得不错”

*

"Oh, great..."

——

*

"She's dancing.

—— “她在跳舞

*

"They're in New York City!"

"Of course they are."

"Just like us.

—— “在纽约”

—— “当然”

—— “跟我们一样。”

*

"Oh God, he's so great!"

—— “天那，他真了不起”

*

"Oh, he just got taken down from the table.

He did a snake dance."

(It was a Johnny Mercer snake dance.)

—— “哈，他被人从桌子上拉下来，开始跳蛇舞...”

*

It's 4 a.m.

——凌晨四点

*

(laughs)

"Wordsworth put it pretty well."

——“威廉·华兹华斯说的不错”

*

"He hasn't done too much in this one.

"Now he's going to do it...

——“他没做什么

——他现在要去干...

*

"It's all so wartime.

——战时就是这样

*

"It's so wartime no one gets to do much of anything.

——打起仗来，谁都干不了什么

*

"It's all so unfair.

——太不公平

*

"Are you having fun?

——你乐在其中

*

"You are too! (sigh)

——你也是。叹气

*

"That's Robert Ryan. You should come see him. He's being in a musical.

——Robert 来了，你真得看看，他在演音乐剧

*

"Oh God, he looks so great!"

——他看上去真棒。”

*

"He looks too much like my father.

—— “长的跟我老爹一模一样

*

"It has Averill Harriman in it."

"Doesn't everything?"

——（威廉·埃夫里尔·哈里曼（William Averell Harriman, 1891 年 11 月 15 日~1986 年 7 月 26 日），美国富豪，第 48 任纽约州州长）

*

"Have you ever said to her how your life would be incomplete without her?"

—— “你跟她说了吗，没有她，你没法过日子。”

*

Setting: Beekman Place. The usual Penthouse. It's almost summer.

——场景：贝克曼酒店，普通顶层豪宅，夏天快到了。

*

Hmmmmm.

*

"I haven't seen a movie in ten years."

—— “十年没去看去电影院了”

*

"Oh God, I'm seeing double."

——（在说啥玩意？不知道）

*

"You're the one he'll never forget."

—— “他不会忘了你”

*

"Will you keep it on while I get in bed?"

—— “我上床睡觉前你会让它一直开着吗？”

*

"What?"

——啥？

*

"Will you keep it on while I get in bed?"

—— “我说你会一直开着它吗”

*

"Sure."

——那还用说

*

"Their lives are as fragile as The Glass Menagerie."

—— “他们的生命就像《玻璃动物园》一样脆弱”（田纳西·威廉斯创作的一部经典戏剧。）

*

Saturday Night on TV

*

"Oh, she dances, Ted...and it's so great!!

"She's not supposed to be able to dance!

——“哦，她跳舞了，泰德....真棒
——她不应该懂得跳舞的

*

"You're making a big mistake,
writing a poem,
and not watching this."

——你犯了大错，
还在写诗，
你得看看这个。”

*

"Shut up. I'm getting the last lines."

"You are not."

——“闭嘴，我在写最后几行。”
——“净扯淡。”

“But Ted’s very last poem is a lovely six-page work, 'This Will Be Her Shining Hour,' written in dialogue with myself and the voices in a Fred Astaire movie on TV. “ ‘Their lives are as fragile as The Glass Menagerie.’ ” That line near the end of Ted’s final poem refers to the people in the movie, the people in the poem, and the two of us as both people in the poem and ourselves, comparing them/us to Tennessee Williams’s play, to glass figures, to the enduringness of the play about fragile people. What does lives mean then? Lives seems to be “art,” and so one is left thinking about the strength of poetry.”

“.....泰德的遗作是一首可爱的 6 页长的作品 “This Will Be Her Shining Hour”，与我以及 Fred Astaire 在电视上播放的影片中的声音对话。'他们的生命就像《玻璃动物园》那样脆弱'出现在泰德最后的诗的末尾，他们指电影中的人物，也是

诗中的人，也是现实中我们俩，将他们/我们与威廉斯的戏剧中的玻璃人物制品进行比较，与那种脆弱的人的韧性比较。生命意味着什么？生命似乎是“艺术”，促使一个人对诗歌力量的思考。”——Alice Notley. PARIS, 2004

读后：不知道说什么，有点怪怪的。泰德知道自己没多少时日，他肝有问题，那会儿药大概已经不起什么作用了，而他还在想着写点东西。我是说，否则又能干啥呢？写诗是一个诗人的习惯和惯性，是他们的经典标准死法，在劳作中等待最后的日子到来，和还陪在身边人扯扯淡，独自感悟一点从来没搞清楚的人生道理诸如此类，完美。诗句就不翻译了，无非一点谈话聊天，没有技巧，这种时候要技巧很有用？感觉不错的话，就记两笔，写到哪儿是哪儿。一旦回头看，怎么看，都是宿命。

What are you thinking . . .

Did you see me that night
I climbed the wallpaper tree, white
with rage, whiskey in my pocket? Fright
could never fathom my undressings, nor blight
my loneliness, which sits here at my desk, in sight
of homeless waifs, who bite
my thighs my heart for sustenance. My plight
Is insignificant but you, surely you saw my light
burning for you alone, the night I sliced the slightly
lengthy tail from the scraggly poet's kite?
For you I starred in the movie made on the site
of Benedict Arnold's triumph, Ticonderoga, and I indict
you to take my hand, which reaches out for yours, in spite
of the change of season, this Spring which holds me tight.

《你在想啥……》

你在那个晚上看见我

爬上墙纸树，纯洁
而愤怒，口袋里兜着威士忌了吗？恐惧
绝不能丈量我的裸体，不能
让我的孤独枯萎：它就坐在这里，在书桌前，看着
一个无家可归的流浪汉，撕咬
我的大腿、心脏用来充饥。我的困境
毫无意义可你，当然你有看见我的光线
因为孤单而在燃烧，在那个夜晚我割下稍稍
有点长的尾巴从那个邈邈诗人的风筝上？
为了你我去演了电影，在《本尼迪克·
埃隆德的胜利》的拍摄地，提康德罗加。我控告
你想要抓住我的手，它伸向你的手，尽管
季节变换，在这个紧紧控住我的春天。

In Place of Sunday Mass

My beard is a leaping staff
I love to hear it creak
it gathers moss in the morning mist
in the middle of my weakness and
when I stand and clank
it gives me shoes
My eyes scurry towards the sea
legs scuttling beneath them
shell glistening like split peas
in the sun. I have two, a right one,
and a left. In spring my eyes go deaf
and are rancid and rank with
blue

And my belly! ah, it is a shining thing

it sings at sunup on the back fence of
my buttocks, burping and belching in the sheer joy
of strumps. It clumps. I offer my belly the sumps
of my simple sorrow, which once knew
whom to name, and so it grew.

I am a bog, a ditch, a burrow beneath a
sole survivor of study. Unbowed

I am bloody with bad confetti, and I go
in a flagon of gore. Oh sweet stalactites
upon this shore,

“I ain’t coming back
No more!”

《代替星期日弥撒》

我的胡子是一根飞跳的拐棍
我喜欢听它吱嘎吱嘎响
它收集苔藓在早晨雾气中
在我的虚弱中，当我
杵着，叮叮当当响
它给我鞋子
我的眼睛急着眺望大海
双腿从眼皮底下疾速跑过
躯壳像裂开的豆子
在光线下闪耀。我有两个，一右
一左。在春天我的眼珠变聋，
腐败，以匹配
它的蓝色

还有我的肚子。哈，一个闪耀的东西。
它在升起太阳时在我屁股蛋的
篱笆上歌唱，打嗝，在成团的绝对欢乐中

呕吐。它结成块。我把我天真又悲伤的
污水坑供我的肚子使用，它曾经知道
它该命名谁，就这样，它长大了。
我成了一片泥滩，一条沟渠，一根
在学校中唯一幸存下来的地道。没有屈服，
我血糊糊的，身上沾满了坏糖果，我走在
一个盛着淤血的酒壶里。哦，甜蜜的钟乳石，
在这海滩上，

“我不会再回去，
再也不。”

One View/1960

Now she guards her chalice
In a temple of fear. Once
She softly held me near, til
Rain, falling lightly, flooded pain.

Alone, the pale darkness
Became too much to bear. Then
She quickly drew away, drawing
Darkness down on Summer's Day.
Alone, this sudden darkness
Become too much to bear.
Then,
 Afraid to draw away,
I closed my eyes
To close of Summer's day.

《一点看法/1960》

现在她守着圣杯
在恐惧殿堂。有一次
她抱紧我，直到
雨，轻轻落下，淹没痛。

独自，苍白的黑
变得难以承受。就这样
她很快走了，
夏日夜晚降临。
独自一人，这突如其来的黑
变得难以承受。
然后，
 害怕离开，
我闭上眼睛，
关闭夏日。

———这明显是一个习作。往上翻了几页，发现之前弄的这些都是他早期的未收录作品。Alice Notley（泰德妻子，第几任？）把它们打捞起来，弄在集子里而没有毁其少作，估计他会不高兴。鬼知道，1960年，他25、6岁，开始去纽约混了。

Sonnet to Patricia

duty is the primal curse
 from which we must redeem ourselves
G.B. SHAW 1891

If by my hasty words I gave offence,
Know I would stop my tongue in recompense
Were that an answer or an end to rage:

But I am no philosopher, nor sage;
If love and friendship hasty words can kill,
I would not speak; but I must speak my will.
These days I burn: and I cannot be still:
Burn I must; and with fire must I kill
Those unmixed humours in me which bring rage
Upon those whose griefs I would most assuage.
Now then, I must myself ask recompense
For cause which causes me to give offence.
So Duty me no Duties: Be not strange:
Give me your hand, your love, and I will change.

《十四行，致帕特里夏》

责任是原始的诅咒
我们必须从中救赎自己
——乔治·伯纳德·萧 1891

要是我轻率的话冒犯了你，
明白我会闭嘴作为赔偿，
那它便是答案或对愤怒的结束：
可我不是哲学家，也没啥智慧；
要是爱和友谊和草率的言语具有毁灭性，
我会沉默；但我又必须说出我的意愿。
这些天我烧着了：我没法安静：
我必须烧；我必须放火破坏
我身上那些纯粹的幽默，它带给我怒气
专门准对那些我最愿意安抚她们的悲伤的人。
那么现在，我必须要求赔偿，
向导致我冒犯的原因。
所以，别扯什么责任，我没有：不要奇怪：
把你的手给我，你的爱，也许我会改变

——Patricia Mitchell(1937-), 即 Pat Padgett, 泰德在 Tulsa 和纽约的世友, Ron Padgett 的妻子。

这是在搞啥, 难道泰德和他兄弟的女人有什么纠缠? 也难怪, 写诗圈子小, 资源少得可怜, 年轻时人又气血充沛, 男女之间混乱的事总归难以避免。不知道, 那会儿六十七年代的风气是这样的。好了, 集子里这些早期写作就这么过了一遍, 接下来弄 Last Poems 那一辑, 看看有什么变化。

For Bernie

Ah, Bernie, to think of you alone, suffering
from German measles, only a part-time mother and father
bringing you ginger ale; and
the great speckle bird now extinct;

what frolicsome times we'd have had, eating
ants and clover in the yard, Ajax
pissing on the grass! Is it possible
great black rat packs

were running amuck amidst the murk away back east,
and you, and me, and Ajax,
giggling happy here? but it never was,
never. You were a Campfire Girl
and I was afraid.

For Bernie

(Bernie Mitchell (1945–2003) Sister of Pat Padgett.)

喔，Bernie，想起你孤零零的，遭受
风麻疹，只有一个既当爹又作娘的
喂你姜汁汽水；而大斑鸟
这会儿已经灭绝了；

我们会有多么打闹的时光，吃点
蚂蚁和三叶草在院子里，Ajax
把尿滋在草地上！这可能吗，
大群黑鼠

在老早以前的东方横冲直撞，
而你，我，还有 Ajax，
在这里嬉闹？可惜没有，
从来没有。你是一个露营少女团，
而我害怕。

Lady Takes a Holiday
TO CAROL CLIFFORD

became in Alamogordo. Then the blast-
off into total boredom. Referred to as
a "weired-o." The sleeping sleazus of
honey love. Circumference equals πR^2 .

Evergreen concatenations of airmail stamps
bringing me fearsome and rust. Wood in the dust
bowl. Howl in the woodhole. cold manifestation
of last of the cruel and the "name" to the first.

Sundown. Manifesto. Color and cognizance.
Then to cleave to a cast-off emotion,

(clarity! clarity!) a semblance of motion, omniscience.

度假女士

Alamogordo 市放假了。那么射入
完全的厌倦。被称为
一个“怪胎”。犯困的堕落
在蜜糖般爱意中。周长等于 πR^2 。

常年不断的航空信件
搞得我恐惧，生锈。树林在脏兮兮的
碗中。树洞在嚎叫。最后的残忍
的冷酷表现以及那个最初的“名字”。

日落。宣言。色彩与认知。
最好紧紧抓住一种被抛弃的情感，
(清晰！清晰！) 一种运动的假象，全知全能。

*CAROL CLIFFORD(Carol Gallup 1942-)A close friend of Ted's in New York.
Former wife of Dick Gallup. Poet.

完全不知道在写什么是因为指向的私人化，只有他们自己知道这些暗号。诗以
诗的名义给了写作者胡说的特权。

Homage to Beaumont Bruestle*

Giants in the sky; roses in streams that castle; rocks
in roll; the flower-bird drops singing smitten low; and always
waste of faces bullet it; and more than these: ground
moons! and seas to rot upon the tides! the
loveliness that longs for butterfly! There is no pad
against the lack of pinned: there are in the world of vast

reflected limps. And beauty piles stone. But every garden shows
have learned the secret. Dreams beauties beauty in the world,
blossoms, snatched, are thrown, and die men's foes. And
lack of soul is no to fill the youth.

Of dumb'd bondage the heavy accent of.
The flames of love are horsed to pull the knee
of downward pressing lips. The Earth of waste's
Deep hill. It is. It need not go.
Such powers weld by chain that must not know.
When cart is in of progress, down saddest the world,
Then lack to beauty tragedy are used.

And there is no.

向博蒙特·布鲁斯特致敬

巨人在天上；玫瑰在城堡溪流中；岩石
翻滚；花鸟们在枯萎中掉落低吟；总是有
废物们的脸射过它；当然还有更多：地上的
月亮！潮汐上腐烂的海！那
渴望蝴蝶的美！没有缓冲
用来抵抗固定的缺失：在这个广阔
引人沉思一瘸一拐的世界。美堆成石头。但每个花展
已经学会那个秘密。美，漂亮的梦在世上
开花，被掠夺，扔掉，杀掉男人的敌人。当然
灵魂缺失并非用来填补年轻。

来自笨重口音的愚蠢束缚。
爱的火焰被马匹拖着那
下压嘴唇的膝盖。废土的
深山。它是。它无须消失。
这种力量通过不必知道的锁链焊死。

当马车还在前行，那时世界是最悲伤的，
美缺乏，悲剧所见皆是。

可那里什么都没有。

***Beaumont Bruestle: one of Ted's professors at the University of Tulsa.**

东拉西扯，沉重的放松，真挚，抒情，这些都是贝里根基本的诗歌品质。而重要的是控制力。对于一个技术手段超富的写作者，他想写到那儿都行，他可以随意收尾而似乎获得某种整体感。其中偷懒也是一种方法。这种几乎等于放弃式的收尾方式让整首诗的形状看上去相当丑。很可能那会儿他脱力，写不动了。或者总归没什么可写的，还不如出门去街上溜达会儿，喝个百事。

Lines from Across the Room

(for ANNE KEPLER*)

Futile rhapsodies resound from hotly
blind to dank venetian blinds upon
whose verdant crevices blue scary
shadows bound and bound and grow
and then grow still. Yes it is not

yet daylight, no light creeps with
hesitance across the blind, my desk
is shadow, silence lies in the room:
Sleep half sleep half silence and
with reason portends new seasons,

nor shadow, nor substance; blind
fascination reduced to contemplation.
Then, praise for this golden surge
of energy! It is time to rise in

silence, raise the blind, and turn
again to poetry, away from sleep.

房间另一端的线条
(给安妮·开普勒)

徒劳的狂想晃荡着，从滚烫
的昏热到潮湿百叶窗那
翠绿缝隙上蓝色可怕
的阴影跳啊跳的不停生长
生长接着静止不动。好吧，天还没

亮开，还没有光线
犹豫着溜进窗，我的桌子
是阴影，房间太安静：
半睡半醒的，寂静并且
有理由预示新的季节在到来，

不是阴影，也不是物质；盲目的
陶醉逐渐沦为冥想。
好吧，来赞美这股黄金般的
能量涌动！是时候在这死寂中
起床，去打开窗，再次

拐进诗，远离睡眠。

*Anne Kepler , Marge Kepler's cousin, a flutist who came to New York around the same time as Ted, Joe Brainard, Dick Gallup, Pat Mitchell, and Ron Padgett.

特德的日常状态就是这么一种状态，世界算不上美好，但也没什么可抱怨。他的屌丝艺术家朋友也多，可见他需要他们的关心。他从未对写作失去热忱，这很好。要是能活得像他的兄弟 Ron Padgett 那么老，以他的资格，应该能过上一段相对舒适的老年生活。那样我就有机会电子邮件他，告诉他，曾经有个遥远的社会主义写作者初出茅庐时看过他的一点东西，觉得有缘。我想他会高兴的。

Prose Keys to American Poetry

You come into my life a little yellow
Around the gills and I offer you 41
Pills of indeterminate mixture but you
Will not swallow them you are like

The Sunflower: you are waiting for a
Madman! Now you are like a mandarin, I
lean over and gaze intently into your
Eyeballs for 32 hours whereupon you swoon
And say, "Perceval, you're wonderful!"

"Everybody sucks nobody fucks" says John
Stanton in prose keys to American poetry
Which I must admit is disconcerting in light of
My premature weaning! Because actually I was in love
With all of those Saturday Serials even if Charley Mackin

did beat me up every week for sixteen weeks
straight! I simply repressed it all!

你进入我的生活带着一点儿胆怯
在腮边绕着。我给你 41 个
成分不明的药片不过你
不会吞下它们你是

向日葵：你在等一个
疯子！现在你是一个疯子，我
弯下腰仔细端详你的
眼球 32 个钟头后你昏过去
并说，“珀西瓦尔，你真棒！”

“所有人都糟糕，但没有人乱搞。”约翰
• 斯坦顿在《美国诗歌的散文秘钥》中说道
而我不得不承认它让我不安
考虑到我的过早断奶！因为实际上我爱
所有这些《星期六系列》甚至连查理·麦金

也打动了连续十六个礼拜！我只是
简单粗暴压抑了这一切！

——泰德的成名诗集好像是 Sonnets，十四行。他胡搞了一通这种传统的格律诗形式。作为上世纪早期的美国写作者，押韵和长短扬抑格什么的是可有可无的，这早从惠特曼就开始了。诗自由化了，成了 free verse，更进一步连分行都可省略，曰 prose poetry，这是现代民主的必然？不知道。从人的操行来看，大概什么东西最后都会搞砸，以自由的名义，不要规矩。人天然具有破坏自毁欲。尤其那些说话的，诗人的行为就是说话不是吗。这也没什么，至少他们还在坚信诗应该具备的“本质”：密度，内在韵律，意象诸如此类。而要是连这些都可有可无呢，人会成为一种什么？

Game

(for MARTIN COCHRAN)

Across the trolley tracks
deep in the cemetery
were the Jr. Marines.

“Let’s Remember Pearl Harbor
as

We did the Alamo”
Gregory, high
up on Porkchop hill,
sleepy, grumpy, dopey,
Oliver Hazard Perry, and
of man’s first disobedience and
the forbidden fruit
This too, and love,
three

“they’ll pick us off like sittin’ ducks”
his mouth tightened
He buckled on his gun, the one
Steve had left him
“Gather ye rosebuds,” he ordered.

游戏

(给 马丁·考克伦)

穿过电车轨道
墓地深处
年轻的海军陆战队埋在那儿
“让我们记住珍珠港
就像
我们在阿拉莫做的那些。”
乔治，

在高高的猪排山顶，
犯困，闹情绪，反应迟钝，
奥利弗·哈泽德·佩里，
人类最初的不服从和
禁果

如此这般，还有爱，

三

“他们会像呆头鸭那样把我们逐个干掉”

他嘴巴紧绷

扣上枪，那是

斯蒂芬留给他的

“及时行乐啊，老兄”他命令道。

注：

考克伦“Poet, friend of Ted's in Tulsa”，他们大概一起打过越战。Berrigan was sent to Korea in 1954 but never saw

Porkchop hill: 石砚洞北山。

Homage to Mayakofsky

The white poet with his book

And the ox-blood, do they agree?

With his throat which is beating,

Does he agree?

And the hands oh so plentiful,

And the architecture,

Symbols in his journals of summer?

The hands

Are words in the journal.

Wind giving presence to fragments.

In the book of his music the corners have straightened:

Torrents have faded down the bent frontier.

《致敬马雅可夫斯基》

一个白种诗人和他的书
和牛血他们认同？
和他那根喉管跳个不停
他认同？
那双哦多么丰沛的一双手
建筑学，以及他记在
夏天日记里的符号？
那一双手
是日记里的话。
风赋予碎片存在。
在他的乐书中拐角已经变直：
大水沿着病态的边境退去。

It Is a Big Red House

Voici la tête d' un chien (Here is the head of a dog)
Il est à la fenêtre noire (He's at the black window)
For fire for warmth for hands for growth
So green and formal to the bone
Whose hands hold up whose head?
Wind fans the red fire and its flames burn hand bones
Is there room in the room that you room in?
Fire it, and hand me the bones, over the blue wind
That I receive fire, fire to pierce like the wind
So black, bête noire (Black Beast) , in the burnt-by-fire plume

《一个大红房子》

这是一个狗头
搁在黑暗的窗前
为了取火，温暖，手，为了成长
如此幼稚，正宗，直至骨头
谁的手抓住谁的头？
风扇起火，火焰烧到了手骨头
你住的房间里有你的房间吗？
点燃它，把骨头扔给我，越过那忧郁的风
让我着火，让火像风那样刺穿我
太黑了，一个黑兽，在烧着的羽毛上

不知道在写什么，诗人自己知道。看者不知道。这很正常，语境的模糊。也因为特德总是处在日常困境中，他是怎么度过的？不知道。困境总是无法解决才叫困境，伴随一生，写诗没什么鸟用。但也只能写，既然他认为自己是干写作的。这是一个坏循环，悖论，对写作者来说最正常不过。这几首诗在诗集里是倒着翻的，应该是他晚期写的，那会儿他病得只能躺床上，大概是在这种情况下，诗句飘忽，现实感模糊。

Canzone

A darksome tiger
dreams in "The Poems."
No one put the tiger
In "The Poems." A tiger
In a dream
Is still a tiger.
In "The Poems" where the Tiger
Is, dreams are alive.
We are alive
When a tiger

Leaves his cage
In "The Poems." "The Poems" are not a cage.
We are not a cage
Nor a tiger
In a cage
Where a cage
Keeps "The Poems"
From "The Tiger"
Although we dream
A darksome dream
Of a cage.
"The Tiger" is a dream. Alive
We are alive.

"The Poems" are alive
In a cage
Where alive
Is more a dream than alive.
Like a tiger
Is alive
In a cage, this alive
Are "The Poems."
We are "The Poems"
When we're alive
But when we dream
Then we dream.
Then we dream.
"The Poems" are not a dream.
"The Tiger" in "The Poems"
Is a dream
When "The Poems" are a dream.
Then "The Poems" are a cage
And a cage is not a dream.

So a Tiger's not a dream
But a Tiger
Is not a Tiger
But a dream
In a cage. "The Poems"
Are not a dream of "The Poems."

We dream up "The Poems"
In a dream
And "The Poems"
Contain a Tiger. "The Poems"
Are alive.
The tiger in "The Poems"
Except in "The Poems"
Is a cage
And will cage
Up "The Poems"
Unless we are the tiger
In "The Poems" dreamed up by "The Tiger."

A darksome tiger
Dreams in his cage.
"The Poems" dream "The Poems."
We have had this dream
And we are alive.

泰德当然是崇拜老奶奶斯泰因的，涂鸦这种绕口令式样的复调句子在他也算常见，不知道写时是不是吃了药。我也喜欢这种乐感强烈的写法，特别适合抒情，即理性在语言的迷失中的流淌感。这方面，英文处理起来比汉语更容易，过瘾些。

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一个暗色的虎
在“诗”中做梦。
没人把这虎
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在梦里
仍是一个虎。虎
在“诗”中，
梦是活的。
我们也是活的
当虎
离开“诗”中
它的笼子。“诗”不是笼子。
我们不是笼子
也不是虎
笼中
囚禁了来自“虎”
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尽管我们梦见
一个笼子
那暗淡的梦。
“虎”是梦。活的
我们也是。

“诗”也是
在笼中。
那儿活着
更像一场梦。
像虎一样
活在
一个笼中，这种活法
是“诗”。
我们是“诗”

当我们活着，
但当我们做梦
我们就做梦
只做梦。
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“诗”中的“虎”
是一场梦
当“诗”是一场梦。
那么“诗”就是笼子
而笼子不是梦。
所以虎不是一场梦
而是虎
并不是虎
而是笼中的
一个梦。“诗”
不是“诗”的一场梦。

我们梦见“诗”
在梦里
“诗”
囚禁了虎。“诗”
是活的。
虎在“诗”中
在“诗”外
它笼
并牢牢关住
“诗”
除非我们是被“虎”
虚构的“诗”中的虎。

一只暗色的虎
在它的笼里做梦。
“诗”梦见“诗”。

我们做了这个梦
我们还活着。

Grace After a Meal

FOR JOHN WIENERS

Out we go to get away from today's
delicate pinpricks: awake and scheme
to pay the rent; the room is littered
with laundry, my desk turns
my stomach; in my stomach a white pill
turns to warmth; I stretch and begin
to flow; a door opens; the day
is warm, and we join hands
for a journey to courage in a loft.

A man signs a shovel, and
so he digs. I fear to become a crank,
alone in a dreary room, grinding out
poem after poem, confused, concerned,
annoyed.

But Edwin offers us
cookies, and coffee and beer and grace.
By his presence he offers us leads, and
his graciousness adds to our courage.

John,
we must not be afraid
to be civilised, meaning
Love.

It is 5:23 a.m., and the sun
is coming."

《饭后感恩》

致约翰·维纳斯

我们出门，为了逃离这天的
碎烦：一醒来便在算计
去哪里搞房租；房间里乱丢着
待洗衣物，书桌让我感到
恶心；胃里，一颗白色药丸
暖和起来；我舒展身体，开始
活动；打开门；天气
温暖，我们手挽手
走去阁楼，一趟鼓舞人心的旅程。

一个人在铲子上做好标记，
他开始挖。我害怕变成一个怪胎，
独自待在阴郁的房间，捣鼓诗
一首接一首：混乱、忧虑、
烦闷诸如此类。

但埃德温为我们
提供了饼干、咖啡、啤酒和恩典。
以他的优雅和风度指引我们，
增添我们的勇气。

约翰，
我们不应害怕
变得文明，这意味着
爱。

现在，5点23分，凌晨，太阳
正在升起。

Early Uncollected Poems

贝里根(Ted Berrigan)的诗全集早先从亚马逊买来过一本，打算弄成汉语。这书不知道流转到哪儿去了。后来下了电子版，也很少打开看。他喜欢奥哈拉，部分沿袭了后者的写作姿态。可惜他一生过于穷困，弗兰克那种自然流露的身在纽约的派对式洋气是搞不定的。他有时也只能以烂为烂而让人以为真诚。1934—1983，还没老就病死了。他生前得到的赞美并不算多，这是他这种乱七八糟的风格决定的。一个诗人的东西被阅读，能激发别的写作者欲望，那这个诗人就算点价值。至少对我而言是。随便翻一首：

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delicate pinpricks: awake and scheme
to pay the rent; the room is littered
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my stomach; in my stomach a white pill
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你住的房间里有你的房间吗？
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让我着火，让火像风那样刺穿我
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And the hands oh so plentiful,
And the architecture,
Symbols in his journals of summer?
The hands
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Wind giving presence to fragments.

In the book of his music the corners have straightened:

Torrents have faded down the bent frontier.

《致敬马雅可夫斯基》

一个白种诗人和他的书

和牛血他们认同？

和他那根喉管跳个不停

他认同？

那双哦多么丰沛的一双手

建筑学，以及他记在

夏天日记里的符号？

那一双手

是日记里的话。

风赋予碎片存在。

在他的乐书中拐角已经变直：

大水沿着病态的边境退去。

没怎么看过马的东西，不喜欢那种楼梯式的排列，那是要干嘛。阅兵行军，为人类闹革命吗。没去研究，因此也不明白特德在向马致敬个啥。那时期美国的一些边缘激进一点的诗人们脑子总是稀里糊涂，人又躁动。有时呢又走向另一极端，喜欢一些他们完全搞不灵清的东方意境啥的，寒山王维这些成熟农耕文明下的病态思想审美，天人合一之类，大概也是一种时髦吧。对心目中欣赏的人物幻想多少会有些夸张。

Game

(for MARTIN COCHRAN)

Across the trolley tracks

deep in the cemetery
were the Jr. Marines.
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as
We did the Alamo”
Gregory, high
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Oliver Hazard Perry, and
of man’s first disobedience and
the forbidden fruit
This too, and love,
three
“they’ll pick us off like sittin’ ducks”
his mouth tightened
He buckled on his gun, the one
Steve had left him
“Gather ye rosebuds,” he ordered.

游戏

（给 马丁·考克伦）

穿过电车轨道
墓地深处
年轻的海军陆战队埋在那儿
“让我们记住珍珠港
就像
我们在阿拉莫做的那些。”
乔治，
在高高的猪排山顶，
犯困，闹情绪，反应迟钝，
奥利弗·哈泽德·佩里，

人类最初的不服从和

禁果

如此这般，还有爱，

三

“他们会像呆头鸭那样把我们逐个干掉”

他嘴巴紧绷

扣上枪，那是

斯蒂芬留给他的

“及时行乐啊，老兄”他命令道。

注：

考克伦“Poet, friend of Ted's in Tulsa”，他们大概一起打过越战。Berrigan was sent to Korea in 1954 but never saw

Porkchop hill: 石砚洞北山。

Prose Keys to American Poetry

You come into my life a little yellow

Around the gills and I offer you 41

Pills of indeterminate mixture but you

Will not swallow them you are like

The Sunflower: you are waiting for a

Madman! Now you are like a mandarin, I

lean over and gaze intently into your

Eyeballs for 32 hours whereupon you swoon

And say, "Perceval, you're wonderful!"

"Everybody sucks nobody fucks" says John

Stanton in prose keys to American poetry

Which I must admit is disconcerting in light of
My premature weaning! Because actually I was in love
With all of those Saturday Serials even if Charley Mackin

did beat me up every week for sixteen weeks
straight! I simply repressed it all!

《美国诗的散文化》

你进入我的生活带着一点儿胆怯
在腮边绕着。我给你 41 个
成分不明的药片不过你
不会吞下它们你是

向日葵：你在等一个
疯子！现在你是一个疯子，我
弯下腰仔细端详你的
眼球 32 个钟头后你昏过去
并说，“珀西瓦尔，你真棒！”

“所有人都糟糕，但没有人乱搞。”约翰
• 斯坦顿在《美国诗歌的散文秘钥》中说道
而我不得不承认它让我不安
考虑到我的过早断奶！因为实际上我爱
所有这些《星期六系列》甚至连查理·麦金

也打动了连续十六个礼拜！我只是
简单粗暴压抑了这一切！

——泰德的成名诗集好像是 Sonnets，十四行。他胡搞了一通这种传统的格律诗
形式。作为上世纪早期的美国写作者，押韵和长短扬抑格什么的是可有可无的，

这早从惠特曼就开始了。诗自由化了，成了 **free verse**，更进一步连分行都可省略，曰 **prose poetry**，这是现代民主的必然？不知道。从人的操行来看，大概什么东西最后都会搞砸，以自由的名义，不要规矩。人天然具有破坏自毁欲。尤其那些说话的，诗人的行为就是说话不是吗。这也没什么，至少他们还在坚信诗应该具备的“本质”：密度，内在韵律，意象诸如此类。而要是连这些都可有可无呢，人会成为一种什么？

Lines from Across the Room

(for ANNE KEPLER*)

Futile rhapsodies resound from hotly
blind to dank venetian blinds upon
whose verdant crevices blue scary
shadows bound and bound and grow
and then grow still. Yes it is not

yet daylight, no light creeps with
hesitance across the blind, my desk
is shadow, silence lies in the room:
Sleep half sleep half silence and
with reason portends new seasons,

nor shadow, nor substance; blind
fascination reduced to contemplation.
Then, praise for this golden surge
of energy! It is time to rise in
silence, raise the blind, and turn

again to poetry, away from sleep.

房间另一端的线条

（给安妮·开普勒）

徒劳的狂想晃荡着，从滚烫
的昏热到潮湿百叶窗那
翠绿缝隙上蓝色可怕
的阴影跳啊跳的不停生长
生长接着静止不动。好吧，天还没

亮开，还没有光线
犹豫着溜进窗，我的桌子
是阴影，房间太安静：
半睡半醒的，寂静并且
有理由预示新的季节在到来，

不是阴影，也不是物质；盲目的
陶醉逐渐沦为冥想。
好吧，来赞美这股黄金般的
能量涌动！是时候在这死寂中
起床，去打开窗，再次

拐进诗，远离睡眠。

*Anne Kepler , Marge Kepler's cousin, a flutist who came to New York around the same time as Ted, Joe Brainard, Dick Gallup, Pat Mitchell, and Ron Padgett.

特德的日常状态就是这么一种状态，世界算不上美好，但也没什么可抱怨。他的屌丝艺术家朋友也多，可见他需要他们的关心。他从未对写作失去热忱，这很好。要是能活得像他的兄弟 Ron Padgett 那么老，以他的资格，应该能过上一段相对舒适的老年生活。那样我就有机会电子邮件他，告诉他，曾经有个遥远的

社会主义写作者初出茅庐时看过他的一点东西，觉得有缘。我想他会高兴的。

Homage to Beaumont Bruestle*

Giants in the sky; roses in streams that castle; rocks
in roll; the flower-bird drops singing smitten low; and always
waste of faces bullet it; and more than these: ground
moons! and seas to rot upon the tides! the
loveliness that longs for butterfly! There is no pad
against the lack of pinned: there are in the world of vast
reflected limps. And beauty piles stone. But every garden shows
have learned the secret. Dreams beauties beauty in the world,
blossoms, snatched, are thrown, and die men's foes. And
lack of soul is no to fill the youth.

Of dumb bondage the heavy accent of.
The flames of love are horsed to pull the knee
of downward pressing lips. The Earth of waste's
Deep hill. It is. It need not go.
Such powers weld by chain that must not know.
When cart is in of progress, down saddest the world,
Then lack to beauty tragedy are used.

And there is no.

向博蒙特·布鲁斯特致敬

巨人在天上；玫瑰在城堡溪流中；岩石
翻滚；花鸟们在枯萎中掉落低吟；总是有
废物们的脸射过它；当然还有更多：地上的
月亮！潮汐上腐烂的海！那
渴望蝴蝶的美！没有缓冲

用来抵抗固定的缺失：在这个广阔
引人沉思一瘸一拐的世界。美堆成石头。但每个花展
已经学会那个秘密。美，漂亮的梦在世上
开花，被掠夺，扔掉，杀掉男人的敌人。当然
灵魂缺失并非用来填补年轻。

来自笨重口音的愚蠢束缚。
爱的火焰被马匹拖着那
下压嘴唇的膝盖。废土的
深山。它是。它无须消失。
这种力量通过不必知道的锁链焊死。
当马车还在前行，那时世界是最悲伤的，
美缺乏，悲剧所见皆是。

可那里什么都没有。

***Beaumont Bruestle: one of Ted's professors at the University of Tulsa.**

东拉西扯，沉重的放松，真挚，抒情，这些都是贝里根基本的诗歌品质。而重要的是控制力。对于一个技术手段超富的写作者，他想写到那儿都行，他可以随意收尾而似乎获得某种整体感。其中偷懒也是一种方法。这种几乎等于放弃式的收尾方式让整首诗的形状看上去相当丑。很可能那会儿他脱力，写不动了。或者总归没什么可写的，还不如出门去街上溜达会儿，喝个百事。

For Bernie

Ah, Bernie, to think of you alone, suffering
from German measles, only a part-time mother and father
bringing you ginger ale; and

the great speckle bird now extinct;

what frolicsome times we'd have had, eating
ants and clover in the yard, Ajax
pissing on the grass! Is it possible
great black rat packs

were running amuck amidst the murk away back east,
and you, and me, and Ajax,
giggling happy here? but it never was,
never. You were a Campfire Girl
and I was afraid.

For Bernie

(Bernie Mitchell (1945–2003) Sister of Pat Padgett.)

喔，Bernie，想起你孤零零的，遭受
风麻疹，只有一个既当爹又作娘的
喂你姜汁汽水；而大斑鸟
这会儿已经灭绝了；

我们会有多么打闹的时光，吃点
蚂蚁和三叶草在院子里，Ajax
把尿滋在草地上！这可能吗，
大群黑鼠

在老早以前的东方横冲直撞，
而你，我，还有 Ajax，
在这里嬉闹？可惜没有，
从来没有。你是一个露营少女团，
而我害怕。

Lady Takes a Holiday

TO CAROL CLIFFORD

became in Alamogordo. Then the blast-
off into total boredom. Referred to as
a "weired-o." The sleeping sleazus of
honey love. Circumference equals πR^2 .

Evergreen concatenations of airmail stamps
bringing me fearsome and rust. Wood in the dust
bowl. Howl in the woodhole. cold manifestation
of last of the cruel and the "name" to the first.

Sundown. Manifesto. Color and cognizance.
Then to cleave to a cast-off emotion,
(clarity! clarity!) a semblance of motion, omniscience.

度假女士

Alamogordo 市放假了。那么射入
完全的厌倦。被称为
一个“怪胎”。犯困的堕落
在蜜糖般爱意中。周长等于 πR^2 。

常年不断的航空信件
搞得我恐惧，生锈。树林在脏兮兮的
碗中。树洞在嚎叫。最后的残忍
的冷酷表现以及那个最初的“名字”。

日落。宣言。色彩与认知。

最好紧紧抓住一种被抛弃的情感，
(清晰！清晰！) 一种运动的假象，全知全能。

*CAROL CLIFFORD(Carol Gallup 1942-)A close friend of Ted's in New York.
Former wife of Dick Gallup. Poet.

完全不知道在写什么是因为指向的私人化，只有他们自己知道这些暗号。诗以诗的名义给了写作者胡说的特权。

What are you thinking . . .

Did you see me that night
I climbed the wallpaper tree, white
with rage, whiskey in my pocket? Fright
could never fathom my undressings, nor blight
my loneliness, which sits here at my desk, in sight
of homeless waifs, who bite
my thighs my heart for sustenance. My plight
Is insignificant but you, surely you saw my light
burning for you alone, the night I sliced the slightly
lengthy tail from the scraggly poet's kite?
For you I starred in the movie made on the site
of Benedict Arnold's triumph, Ticonderoga, and I indict
you to take my hand, which reaches out for yours, in spite
of the change of season, this Spring which holds me tight.

《你在想啥……》

你在那个晚上看见我
爬上墙纸树，纯洁
而愤怒，口袋里兜着威士忌了吗？恐惧
绝不能丈量我的裸体，不能

让我的孤独枯萎：它就坐在这里，在书桌前，看着
一个无家可归的流浪汉，撕咬
我的大腿、心脏用来充饥。我的困境
毫无意义可你，当然你有看见我的光线
因为孤单而在燃烧，在那个夜晚我割下稍稍
有点长的尾巴从那个邈邈诗人的风筝上？
为了你我去演了电影，在《本尼迪克·
埃隆德的胜利》的拍摄地，提康德罗加。我控告
你想要抓住我的手，它伸向你的手，尽管
季节变换，在这个紧紧控住我的春天。

In Place of Sunday Mass

My beard is a leaping staff
I love to hear it creak
it gathers moss in the morning mist
in the middle of my weakness and
when I stand and clank
it gives me shoes
My eyes scurry towards the sea
legs scuttling beneath them
shell glistening like split peas
in the sun. I have two, a right one,
and a left. In spring my eyes go deaf
and are rancid and rank with
blue

And my belly! ah, it is a shining thing
it sings at sunup on the back fence of
my buttocks, burping and belching in the sheer joy
of strumps. It clumps. I offer my belly the sumps

of my simple sorrow, which once knew
whom to name, and so it grew.

I am a bog, a ditch, a burrow beneath a
sole survivor of study. Unbowed

I am bloody with bad confetti, and I go
in a flagon of gore. Oh sweet stalactites
upon this shore,

“I ain’t coming back
No more!”

《代替星期日弥撒》

我的胡子是一根飞跳的拐棍
我喜欢听它吱嘎吱嘎响
它收集苔藓在早晨雾气中
在我的虚弱中，当我
杵着，叮叮当当响
它给我鞋子
我的眼睛急着眺望大海
双腿从眼皮底下疾速跑过
躯壳像裂开的豆子
在光线下闪耀。我有两个，一右
一左。在春天我的眼珠变聋，
腐败，以匹配
它的蓝色

还有我的肚子。哈，一个闪耀的东西。
它在升起太阳时在我屁股蛋的
篱笆上歌唱，打嗝，在成团的绝对欢乐中
呕吐。它结成块。我把我天真又悲伤的
污水坑供我的肚子使用，它曾经知道
它该命名谁，就这样，它长大了。

我成了一片泥滩，一条沟渠，一根
在学校中唯一幸存下来的地道。没有屈服，
我血糊糊的，身上沾满了坏糖果，我走在
一个盛着淤血的酒壶里。哦，甜蜜的钟乳石，
在这海滩上，

“我不会再回去，
再也不。”

One View/1960

Now she guards her chalice
In a temple of fear. Once
She softly held me near, til
Rain, falling lightly, flooded pain.

Alone, the pale darkness
Became too much to bear. Then
She quickly drew away, drawing
Darkness down on Summer's Day.
Alone, this sudden darkness
Become too much to bear.
Then,
 Afraid to draw away,
I closed my eyes
To close of Summer's day.

《一点看法/1960》

现在她守着圣杯
在恐惧殿堂。有一次

她抱紧我，直到
雨，轻轻落下，淹没痛。

独自，苍白的黑
变得难以承受。就这样
她很快走了，
夏日夜晚降临。
独自一人，这突如其来的黑
变得难以承受。
然后，
 害怕离开，
我闭上眼睛，
关闭夏日。

———这明显是一个习作。往上翻了几页，发现之前弄的这些是他早期的未收录作品。Alice Notley（泰德妻子，第几任？）把它们打捞起来，弄在集子里而没有毁其少作，估计他会不高兴。鬼知道，1960年，他25、6岁，开始去纽约混了。

Sonnet to Patricia

duty is the primal curse
from which we must redeem ourselves
G.B. SHAW 1891

If by my hasty words I gave offence,
Know I would stop my tongue in recompense
Were that an answer or an end to rage:
But I am no philosopher, nor sage;
If love and friendship hasty words can kill,
I would not speak; but I must speak my will.

These days I burn: and I cannot be still:
Burn I must; and with fire must I kill
Those unmixed humours in me which bring rage
Upon those whose griefs I would most assuage.
Now then, I must myself ask recompense
For cause which causes me to give offence.
So Duty me no Duties: Be not strange:
Give me your hand, your love, and I will change.

《十四行，致帕特里夏》

责任是原始的诅咒
我们必须从中救赎自己
——乔治·伯纳德·萧 1891

要是我轻率的话冒犯了你，
明白我会闭嘴作为赔偿，
那它便是答案或对愤怒的结束：
可我不是哲学家，也没啥智慧；
要是爱和友谊和草率的言语具有毁灭性，
我会沉默；但我又必须说出我的意愿。
这些天我烧着了：我没法安静：
我必须烧；我必须放火破坏
我身上那些纯粹的幽默，它带给我怒气
专门准对那些我最愿意安抚她们的悲伤的人。
那么现在，我必须要求赔偿，
向导致我冒犯的原因。

所以，别扯什么责任，我没有：不要奇怪：
把你的手给我，你的爱，也许我会改变

——Patricia Mitchell(1937-), 即 Pat Padgett, 泰德在 Tulsa 和纽约的世友, Ron Padgett 的妻子。

（大致上就是这些，除了那辑 **another uncollected poems**, 似乎早期的（也是诗集末尾的部分）多少还是漏了点东西，不多。这个东西是二月份开始翻译的，这会儿六月，四个月。泰德的诗负能量比我还多，有时译起来确实累。不过现在，
Finally。）

