

In the Corner of a City under Siege

Peated scotch parted for many years, break
out the good stuff for sending off friends.
Do we want to move away, too? Crammed into a
corner of a city under siege, unused to low
sofas, to eating off coffee tables, should
we renovate despite not being allowed? Pull
down the liquor cabinet, wipe soot from the
corners, into this old structure build book
shelves, incorporate new thoughts, listen
to other voices, fill in floor cracks to step
without fear of splinters, change table and
chairs, move that big refrigerator. I just
want freedom in my living room. Cleaning up
in a worried and riotous city, I understand
the tension of the chess board: don't call
it magical realism while you draw your own
prison. On a floating night interrogate
the sea beneath the west window's light.
Within vast screaming, the even vaster
mosquito buzz. A dram of unrestraint,
a drop of tea of lingering reluctance.

危城隅室

蘇格蘭泥煤酒香已闊別多年
拿出珍藏的威士忌餞別友人
要不要也搬離自己的家呢？
暫居危城隅室已有頗長時日
仍未適應過矮的梳化和茶几
還是修繕不許改造的房子？
拆下酒櫃清理背後牆角塵垢
添置新組合書架以舊的結構
接納新的思考聽不同的聲音
地板補縫舉步不須顧慮木刺
換了桌椅也移走龐大的雪櫃
只想讓出一個更自由的客廳
在惶亂的城市梳理我們的家
對緊張的格局有更深的感情
畫地為牢不敢妄稱魔幻寫實
浮動夜色西窗燈下詰問大海
蒼茫的吶喊裏更蒼茫的蚊音
一尺酒的灑脫一滴茶的流連