

## Paying Respects

*—remembering grandmother*

Her ashes descend from the sky after cremation,  
scattering like pigeons, joyous, then dispersing.  
The film chooses when to fade back into the lens  
and a time to hide, while in the mourning hall—  
bald trees shed their dry leaves in cold shivers.

The wrinkles of her eyes deepened in the ever-burning  
cooking fire. At daybreak I light the stove and carry  
books to study somewhere far from home. The long-  
distance bus braves pale blue hours and clear thunder.  
Herbal lozenges cure my travel sickness.

In writing I trace the family's history and environs.  
Your repertoire of recipes has gone with you.  
We no longer know how to make fish braised  
in old vinegar, rock candy and soy sauce. I cook  
now, emptily facing the guilt-ridden worship bowl.

Memories are like flakes of skin on creased foreheads.  
Each power line pigeon feather is distinct.  
The lily bouquets coil and swirl to reveal  
the glimmer of her eyes returning,  
reflecting the candlelight on the altar.

## 瞻仰

### ——悼祖母

天空火化落下焚燒灰屑  
撒落猶如灰鴿歌舞奔散  
菲林擇時褪色隱入鏡中  
靈堂禿樹落盡枯葉寒顫

年月炊火烘熟上揚眼紋  
破曉舉火送我負笈他鄉  
長途巴士冒著淡藍清雷  
陳皮鮮柑保我車船無恙

執筆尋溯一家風土水文  
混雜的食譜已隨你失傳  
不知陳醋冰糖豉油炆魚  
我掌勺空對愧疚的祭碗

回憶如皺額上蕭蕭皮屑  
二三電線鴿羽片片分明  
束束百合旋捲落下尋找  
靈堂燭照下已逝的回睛