

**The Chinese American Association for Poetry and Poetics (@CPCW)**  
**Wuhan Poets at the Kelly Writers House**  
**Thursday, Dec. 9, 10am**

**A. Welcome**

1. Al Filreis, Jessica Lowenthal, Charles Bernstein
2. Opening poem by Bernstein, Trans. By Zhou Xin, read by Yanrong

**THE KIWI BIRD IN THE KIWI TREE**

I want no paradise only to be  
drenched in the downpour of words, fecund  
with tropically. Fundament be-  
yond relation, less 'real' than made, as arms  
surround a baby's gurgling: encir-  
ling mesh pronounces its promise (not bars  
that pinion, notes that ply). The tailor tells  
of other tolls, the seam that binds, the trim,  
the waste, & having spelled these names, move on  
to toys or talcums, skates & scores. Only  
the imaginary is real—not trumps  
beclouding the mind's acrobatic vers-  
ions. The first fact is the social body,  
one from another, nor needs no other.

**几维树上的几维鸟(The Kiwi Bird in the Kiwi Tree)**

Trans. By Zhou Xin, read by Yanrong

我不想要天堂，只想  
浸泡在词语的倾盆大雨里，透着  
热带的气息。超过关系的  
基本原理，比虚构还“虚”，如同双臂  
困住婴儿咯咯的笑声：环绕的  
罗网宣布他的诺言（不是束缚人的  
栅栏，而是绞并在一起的音符。）裁缝讲起  
其它的费用、缝衣服、剪裁、  
废料。在讲过这些数目之后，又继续讲到  
玩具或爽身粉、溜冰鞋和比赛得分。只有  
想象的才是真实的——不是号声  
遮蔽心中的变幻莫测的  
思绪。首要的事实是社会团体  
一个团体来自另一个团体，不须别的。

**3. Yanrong, tr. read by Charles Bernstein**

**From One: Prophecy & Carnival**

**从一开始，这道光线就挂在那儿。**

From the start, this shaft of light hangs there.

**死亡。比文字间的缝隙还要狭窄，比白纸还要菲薄。**

Death is narrower than the chasm between words and thinner than a piece of white paper.

**所以人们往往视而不见。作为生者，他们像石头一样径直奔跑过去，一天一天地纷纷落进去。可永远走不出光线的另一侧。**

So people see anything but it. Being alive, they run straight there, falling inside afterwards. Never will they reach the other side of the light.

**而鸟鸣就在另一侧，甚至连一声鸟鸣也走不出。那是挽歌。**

Yet the birds' whistling is on the other side, which they can't even walk beyond. This is elegy.

**我忽然想到，上帝会感到悲痛吗？他制造出了这面镜子，哦，双面镜。**

Suddenly, it occurs to me whether God would grieve. He created this mirror. Oh, Double-mirror.

**一天一天，一路言笑。扭曲的身影犹如纸上舞蹈的文字。时间永远是遥远的，不论它指向前还是后，左还是右。**

Day after day, laughing all the way. Twitched shadows are whirling like the dancing characters on paper. Time is eternally remote, whether it's flowing forward or backward, left-side or right-side.

**它像窗外叶片一般招摇。幻象复制着幻象。谎言连续着谎言。谁能穿透它？**

It is fluttering like a piece of leaf outside the window. Illusions duplicate illusions. Lies decorate lies. Who can achieve penetration?

**看，连枷锁也是遥远的，连喘息也是遥远的。所以，只剩下了喜剧。**

Look, even shackles are remote. Even breath is remote. So what's left is only comedy.

**世界乐在其中，一步步，朝向那水银的终点。光明的黑暗。意义。无意义。但在这里却被分开了。**

The world does enjoy itself, step by step, towards the mercury terminal. Darkness of light, Meaning and Meaninglessness is torn apart here.

**那些躯壳儿匆匆而过，表征身份的服饰、衣帽、高贵的什物、奴隶的骨头、王者的口气……当世界全都落入那道光中，大地会在什么地方？**

Those shells are in a hurry, exhibiting themselves with clothes, hats, noble sundries, slaves' bones and emperor's tone... When the world sinks into that shaft of light, where will the earth be?

**它们自己否定了自己，并以此构成了莫大的喜悦。**

They deny themselves, from which they derive tremendous pleasure.

**这真是些贵重物品。而我只有将躯壳打碎，才能成为观看者。**

These are valuable things. Yet only when I smash this shell can I become a bystander.

**灾难。更大的灾难。欢声雷动的灾难。却无法让我与受难者和解。**

So catastrophic, more catastrophic, and thunderously catastrophic, yet it makes me irreconcilable with sufferers.

打开房门，向外走出十步，再退回来。这样来拒绝，以灵魂的名义。而不是充当一个鼓掌的人。

I open the door, walk ten steps outside and step back again. I'd rather reject it this way in the name of soul than become an applauding man.

听听，每个角落，每个片断，都在鼓掌，都在唱和。时间，唯一的绳索，被拉成了盟友。

Listen, around every corner, in every piece there is applause and chorus. Time, the only rope, becomes an alliance.

所以必须彻底拒绝，用肉体。呼吸。用每一根竖起的汗毛和抽搐的神经。让所有的事实成为一个事实。

Hence, I must radically reject it with body, with breath, with every upright hair and twitched nerve. Make all facts become one fact. ....

## **B. Poems Selected from Wuhan Poets**

1. Autumn is a Piece of Writing with Deletions by Liang Biwen
2. Red Woods by Liu Yishan
3. Chinese Farmers by CHEN Ying-Song
4. A Bowed Branch by Tian He
5. Evening Bathing by Wang Xinmin
6. Banished by Ke Yuming
7. Recalling by Hu Xiang
8. April Fools' Day by Liu An

### **1. Autumn is a Piece of Writing with Deletion by Liang Biwen tr Zhang Yiming read by Al Filreis**

Autumn is a piece of writing with deletions  
Of all that come out of the earth  
Some have to be deleted and given back

It is like the rice field before us  
The grains are carried away with the straws left  
It is like the tree beside us

The fruits are taken off and the leaves fall down  
The nest is the only thing that remains  
Highly on the top of the tree

It is like the road ahead of us  
Wind and rain have deleted the footsteps  
Years have deleted some familiar faces  
Only the tombs have remained  
Sitting steadily and silently on the mountain slope  
Watching the village with smoke curling up from the kitchens

### 秋天是一节被删的文章

梁必文（张一鸣 译）

秋天是一节被删的文章  
一切从土里生长出来的  
都要删去一些归还给土地

就像眼前的这片稻田  
稻子被运走，稻草留下  
就像身边的这棵树  
果子被摘走，树叶落下  
只有那个鸟窝被保留  
高高地坐在树冠上

就像前方的那条路  
风雨删去了路上的脚印  
岁月删去了一些熟悉的面孔  
只有那些坟墓还保留  
隐坐山坡，默默地  
守望着炊烟袅袅的村庄

## 2. Red Woods by Liu Yishan

tr. by Zeng Suying read by Jessica Lowenthal

The red woods swing with the breeze  
The city becomes elegant and pretty  
Like a young girl's slim figure  
With proper curves, plump and healthy  
In the south, by the sea

I contribute my enthusiastic love to you

The flawless virginity, the silk-like softness  
The blue sky and sea  
The air is permeated with freshness  
The road is broad and clean  
The buildings erect highly  
The songs are heard from the birds and flowers

The red woods on Beihai beach  
Like a green satin growing for thousands of years  
Nature is a fine tailor and cuts it  
Into a sexy skirt  
On you  
Beihai is a pretty girl

You say: welcome to Beihai  
I say: I linger on with no thought of leaving

### 红 树 林

刘益善(曾素英 译)

微风吹来 轻轻摆动  
城市就飘逸俊美起来  
如少女的身躯高挑  
凸凹有致 圆润健康  
在南方 在海边  
我把一腔爱献给你

碧绿无瑕 柔软如丝  
天空蔚蓝 大海蔚蓝  
空气里荡漾着清新  
道路是宽敞洁净的  
楼房高矗 亭亭玉立  
鸟语花香中有歌声传来

北海滩涂的红树林  
生长百年千年的绿绸缎  
大自然精心裁剪  
成一条性感的短裙

穿在你的身上  
北海是婀娜多姿的少女

你说：欢迎来北海作客  
我说：来了就不愿离去

**3. Chinese Farmers by Chen Ying-Song**  
**tr. by Yuang Xuefeng read by Greg Djinikian**

Willfully you've built a village forlorn and remote  
That makes me miss it melancholy and hopelessly

Willfully you've made the courtyard wall fallen, the road muddy  
The light shimmers in darkness  
You are the survivor of the impergium in ballads.  
Still you provide food, soybean and alcohol  
And the nice smell of the soil for us  
(Were the soil not ploughed  
Who'd miss it?)

In rags, the wardens of the crops and the home  
Have toiled and moiled and  
Struggled on the barren land that has encaged them  
Like their forefathers  
They fight against wild animals, withering grass, drought and flood  
Like their forefathers  
They are exposed to the scorching sun, their eyes filled with pleadings and curses

Thousands of years (even longer) have elapsed  
Yet the shape of the grain still remains unchanged  
The shape of the plough and the cattle the same, too  
And they are tamed like dumb and driven cattle

They can only impress their own puny minds  
Blankly staring at the field, smoking  
Time and again murmuring to the crops  
These mumbling people are solely answered by the rain

These wretched people  
Are once and again deserted by the fast-changing modern time

Like their ruined yards  
That have been worn by rains

In mind they will bear their fathers' teaching:  
Even though starved out  
You'd save the seeds of grain every year

## 农 民

陈应松（袁雪芬 译）

你故意营造一个荒寂又遥远的村庄  
让我忧伤和无望的怀想

你故意让院墙坍塌，道路泥泞  
让微弱的灯，点在黑暗深处  
农耕时代的幸存者，像民歌。  
依然为我们提供食物、大豆和烈酒  
和泥土的气息  
（泥土若没有人翻动  
谁再会怀念它呢？）

庄稼和家园的看守人，衣衫陈旧  
用汗水取暖  
在田垄和阡陌的铁链里挣扎  
像他们的祖先一样  
对付野兽、荒草、干旱和洪水  
像祖先一样  
在阳光下暴晒，眼里满是哀求和诅咒

时间已经过去几千年（甚至更长）  
谷穗的形状没有改变  
犁和耕牛的形状也没有改变  
牛温驯的时候，就像他们

只能打动微小的自己  
望着田野，抽着烟  
一次次在心里同庄稼说话  
这些喃喃自语的人  
唯有与雨水呼应

这些枭首鹄面的人  
被飞速的现实一次次遗弃  
就像自己的院落  
成为时光的战场

他们会牢记祖先的遗训：  
每一年，即使饥饿  
也会留下种子

**4. A Bowed Branch by Tian He**  
**tr. by Liu Lei read by Sarah Dowling**

Blowed by the wind and hail, bowed by the nests  
A bowed branch, bending downward.  
In the vast wilderness, a  
Bare branch, bending downward.

A thin and humble branch might be  
A walking stick in the hand of grandma;  
A piece of firewood in the hand of mum;  
A catapult in the hand of young brother,  
Shooting the moon first and then the robber.

My father, as a peasant, tried to straighten it always,  
Then planted it by the path.  
The next spring may see it come back to life with new green shoots

**弯曲的树枝**

田禾（刘磊译）

被风吹弯被冰雹打弯被鸟巢  
压弯的树枝，向下弯曲。  
四下里荒芜，一根  
光秃秃的树枝，向下弯曲。

一根细小而卑微的树枝，  
对于奶奶，它就是一根拐杖。  
我的母亲，她会劈作柴火。  
童年的弟弟，他可能制作一只弹弓，



先射落月亮，后射中强盗。

我的农民父亲，总想把它拉直，  
然后插在路边的空地上，  
让它在来年春天里复活、发芽。

## **5. Evening Bathing by Wang Xinmin**

**tr. by Zhang Yiming, read by Michelle Tranansky**

Mountains. Summer. The setting sun spreads its golden smile over the mountain river  
Groups of countrywomen crowd and jump into in it bathing  
They are not wearing anything, not wearing anything  
Bravely hiding beauty in clear water of the mountain river  
Carefully hiding mystery in sweet water of the mountain river

At this moment the mountain river is very gentle and soft, very gentle and soft  
It quietly rests in the heart of the mountains, in the arms of the women  
Tender ripples of the water are playing pleasantly with the women bodies

At this moment the mountain river is very wild, very wild  
In the broad daylight, with wild kiss and rude words  
Extorting pleasure from the bodies of the countrywomen

The women at this moment are very happy, very happy  
They are away from the hard work in the fields and the worries about food and clothes  
Slowly, the soft waves are scrubbing the jade-like bodies of the women  
Warmly, the golden shuttle of the setting sun is knitting for them the scarlet clothes  
The gardenias are yielding fragrant verses by the river  
The titmice are playing sweet tunes in the treetops  
The slender mountain river is filled with some sort of comfort and happiness

At this alluring moment, the countrymen would be afraid to come near  
They are afraid, are afraid  
They are afraid to be caught by the women's beauty and mystery  
They are afraid to be intoxicated with pleasure in the wild mountain river

晚 浴

王新民（张一鸣 译）

丘陵 夏季 每当夕阳把金黄的微笑撒向山溪  
一群群山寨妇女便蜂蜂拥拥地跳进山溪沐浴

她们几乎光着身子几乎光着身子  
大胆地将美丽藏在清亮亮的溪水里  
小心地将神奇藏在甜津津的溪水里

此刻的山溪最最温柔了最最温柔了  
静静地躺在丘陵的怀里躺在女人的怀里  
那一叠叠多情的涟漪正浪漫地在这些女人身上书写着醉意

此刻的山溪最最放荡了最最放荡了  
竟在光天化日之下毫不顾忌地用疯狂的热吻粗野的语言  
在这些女人身上敲诈着甜蜜

此刻的女人最最幸福了最最幸福了  
既没有辛勤躬耕的疲惫也没有缺少吃穿的忧郁  
那纤柔的水波正轻轻地轻轻地擦洗着她们的玉体  
那夕阳的金梭正热情地为她们编织着猩红的霞衣  
栀子花在溪边开放着芬芳的诗句哟  
山雀子在树梢演奏着喷香的乐曲  
纤纤袅袅的溪水里荡漾着一片片短暂的惬意

在这个销魂的时辰山寨的男人是不敢来山溪的  
他们怕呀他们怕呀  
怕被女人的美丽抓去怕被女人的神奇抓去  
怕醉倒在温柔的山溪里怕醉倒在放荡的山溪里

## **6. Banished by Ke Yuming**

**tr. Qi Yonghui, read by Bob Perelman**

Amid the dashing big waves  
Of a boundless sea,  
I am banished  
---by your vision  
Banished.

In a absent sort of way,  
I open a pair of arms to the sky and shout :  
I want a shell trumpet  
To blow off the ten thousand heavy hate  
In my heart.

However, a text message  
Through ten thousand miles  
Fall in the center of my palm .  
I unfold it reading carefully,  
Which ,unexpectedly, is a poem that your little hand hatches.

Has very salty sea water  
Splashed wet my eyes.

Horizon is always in the afar,  
Full of temptation.  
However, destinedly  
I want to return to that past park of yours.  
Look——  
That pure sea gull,  
Must be the angel whom you send,  
Is always hovering around and calling  
In my ship's bow.

流 放  
柯于明（戚永慧 译）

在茫茫大海之上  
在汹涌波涛之间  
我被流放  
——被你的目光  
流放

茫然地，我向天空  
张开双臂高喊  
我想要一支螺号  
吹出积压在心头的  
万重怨恨

然而，一条手机短信  
飞越千里万里  
栖落于我的掌心  
展开细看  
竟是你纤手孵出的一首小诗

顿有咸咸的海水  
溅湿我的双眼

海平线总在远方  
诱惑不断  
然而注定  
我要回到你那片故园  
看——  
那只洁白的海鸥  
肯定是你派来的天使  
总在我的船头  
盘旋，呼唤

## **7. Recalling by Hu Xiang**

**tr. by Zeng Suying read by Charles Bernstein**

After the tide  
The small crabs were on the rock, bathed in the sun  
Forming the shape of pictograph  
At sunset  
Swarms of dragonflies imitated the wind  
And came to the sea-visitors' vision

It rained a whole day and a whole night  
The plantain fought against the storm violently

The sleepless nestled together by the sea  
If Looked out with wide eyes  
They seemed to be the lighthouse of love at this era

## **緬 怀**

胡翔(曾素英 译)

潮水退后  
小螃蟹们在岩石上晒太阳  
排成油亮的象形文字

夕阳来了

成群的蜻蜓模仿风的样子  
开放在看海人的视域

雨在这天穿透了夜  
芭蕉与狂风抗衡

未眠者在海边依偎  
睁开眼睛张望  
像这个年代爱情的灯塔

**8. April Fools' Day by Liu An**  
**tr. by n/a, read by Charles Bernstein**

I got up so early this morning  
And looked up at the stars in the sky  
All of them were present  
But I had no mood to compose a poem  
Can a poem be composed?  
No kidding

The porridge was boiling in the pot  
Yellow beans, red beans, green beans  
And the pearl-like rice  
Do not fight  
Oh  
They were flirting  
Let them be  
Rock sugar  
It's not serious

After I read half of the book  
The day broke  
Who  
Covered my eyes quietly  
Father  
Gave you something  
My naughty girl  
How dare you play a joke  
On your father?

On the French traditional festival  
If the water had bones  
The mountains broke their waists  
If Venus' arms remained intact  
If Mona Lisa's smile  
Faded away  
If  
If wolf really came  
If  
It was not a joke

愚人节  
刘安（曾素英译）

今天起了个暴早  
望星空  
一颗都不少  
少了一点儿做诗的心情  
诗是做的么  
别开玩笑

八宝粥在紫砂锅打滚  
黄豆红豆青豆  
还有那些珍珠米  
不要战争  
噢  
原来在打情卖俏  
管他们的  
冰糖  
那是玩笑

一本书读了一半  
天大亮  
谁  
悄悄蒙上我的眼睛  
爸  
给你一样东西  
死丫头  
由你胡开的么  
老爸的玩笑？

在这个法兰西的传统节  
如果水长骨头  
山折腰  
如果维纳斯双臂完好  
如果蒙娜丽莎的微笑  
退了潮  
如果  
如果狼真的来了  
如果  
那不是玩笑

## C. Readings from the Penn poets

### 1. Starlight Tours by Sarah Dowling

before the found found found when found <sup>1</sup>has were likely  
his 17-year-old in in in two<sup>2</sup> in been found caused  
frozen found the an a more the forced guilty by  
body frozen north industrial north men north to of handcuffs,  
body frozen north industrial north men north to of handcuffs,  
was to industrial area Saskatoon were industrial defend unlawful the  
found death area field, found area itself confinement judge  
in in of with frozen after and found  
a a the marks to several sentenced  
field remote urban across death men to  
field sprawl his were eight  
nose found months  
and wrists

tr. Woan Yin Lim, read by Wang Xinmin

星夜的旅程

萨拉·道林

- 
1. 此句一共有4个“found”，既是一个“被发现”的过程，从17岁的少年失踪开始寻找，后来被发现尸体在郊外，一直到整个案件的水落石出是一个时间性的进展。  
而整首诗是一个关于“从消失到发现”的过程，诗歌句子中有许多字无端地“消失”。
  2. 是指两个发现者。

被寻获前发现发现中的发现 极有可能  
17岁的他在 在两个 造成  
僵冻的 一个个被逼迫认罪的人体  
冰冻的北方工业区北之以北的人们 的手铐，  
被 工业化的 非法保卫的工业区  
发现死亡之地， 被囚禁起来之地  
抛入抛入 且冰冻 然后  
那些印记 被宣判  
在偏远的城镇 人们  
判刑他们八个  
月  
与手腕

## 2. Years Later by Gregory Djanikian

There's a tree he remembers  
in whose branches  
are many rooms  
hidden by leaves.

If he finds it, which may be soon,  
he might have to call from below  
for someone to set down a ladder.

He thinks he knows who lives there,  
all his old lovers, even his wife  
he hasn't seen for a while,  
one happy family.

How long has he been gone?  
How far into the desert could he have walked  
in his bare feet and without a hat?

Now in the distance he sees  
a shimmering of green, he hears  
the sound of water in the leaves.

"Sweethearts," he coos,  
putting his hand on the trunk.



But the tree is shaking violently.  
All around him, small birds  
are falling out of it,  
singing off key.

**tr. by Zhang Yiming, read by Chen Ying-Song**

多年以后

格里高里·江尼康

有一棵树，他记得，  
树枝上  
很多房间  
被树叶掩藏。

如果他找到这棵树，或许很快，  
他得从树下向上呼唤  
呼唤树上的人放下一架梯子来。

他想，他知道是谁住在那里，  
都是他过去的情人，  
甚至还有他久未见面的妻子，  
一个幸福的大家庭。

他已离家多久？  
他又能走进沙漠多远？  
如果不穿鞋，不戴帽。

现在他看见远处  
闪烁的绿色，他听见  
树叶里的水声。

“亲爱的”，他柔声呢喃，  
将手置于树干。

然而树却猛烈摇晃。  
就在他的四周，小鸟们  
从树上纷纷落下，  
唱着跑调的歌。

### **3. Banking Rules by Michelle Taransky**

With the entire floor to oneself

It is a sound that stands in for loneliness

Is loneliness, a suspect  
I suspect

Summary without currency or  
A care to commit to  
Crimes of care

Against a figure we cannot  
Figure out division  
In the first place

I want you to quit  
Worrying, the could haves

Meant everything

**tr. by Zhang Yiming, read by Tian He**

银行规则  
米歇尔·塔兰斯基

整个银行只有我一人  
这是孤独的声音

孤独也能成为嫌疑人吗  
我怀疑

没有货币的总结或者  
担心陷入惦记罪

对于数字我们不能  
弄清如何切分  
在开始

我要你别  
担心，已做的事情

就是一切

#### **4. CHINA by Bob Perelman**

We live on the third world from the sun. Number three. Nobody tells us what to  
do.

The people who taught us to count were being very kind.

It's always time to leave.  
If it rains, you either have your umbrella or you don't.  
The wind blows your hat off.  
The sun rises also.  
I'd rather the stars didn't describe us to each other; I'd rather we do it for ourselves.  
Run in front of your shadow.  
A sister who points to the sky at least once a decade is a good sister.  
The landscape is motorized.  
The train takes you where it goes.  
Bridges among water.  
Folks straggling along vast stretches of concrete, heading into the plane.  
Don't forget what your hat and shoes will look like when you are nowhere to be found.  
Coats in the window hung up on hooks; question marks where the heads would normally be.  
Even the words floating in air make blue shadows.  
If it tastes good we eat it.  
The leaves are falling. Point things out.  
Pick up the right things.  
*Hey guess what? What? I've learned how to talk. Great.*  
The person whose head was incomplete burst into tears.  
As it fell, what could the doll do? Nothing.  
Go to sleep.  
You look great in shorts. And the flag looks great too.  
Everyone enjoyed the explosions.  
Time to wake up.  
But better get used to dreams too.

**Trans. By Zhang Yiming, read by Hu Xiang**

中国

鲍勃·帕里曼

我们住在距太阳第三近的星球上。第三。没人告诉我们该做什么。  
教会我们数数的人们真好。  
总是离别的时刻。  
假如下雨，你既可带伞，也可不带。  
风吹掉你的帽子。  
太阳依然升起。  
我宁愿星星没有将我们彼此描绘，我宁愿我们自己描绘自己。

迎着太阳跑，将影子仍在身后。  
至少十年一次手指天空的姐妹是个好姐妹。  
风景充满了车辆。  
火车将你带向它要去的地方。  
桥梁驾于水上。  
掉队的人们在柏油马路上行走，朝向飞机场。  
当你已无踪影时，别忘了你的鞋子和帽子的样子。  
窗户里大衣挂在钩子上；问号似的 钩子通常是能看到人头的地方。  
甚至在空中浮动的字词都投下蓝色的影子。  
如果味道不错，我们就吃了它。  
树叶在下落。将事情指出来。  
识别正确的东西。  
嗨，猜猜是什么？什么？我已学会怎样谈话。太好了。  
大脑里信息不全的人放声大哭。  
玩偶跌倒，它能怎样？毫无办法。  
上床入睡。  
你穿短裤的样子不错。国旗看上去也不错。  
每个人都沉醉在鞭炮声中。  
是该醒的时候了。  
不过最好也习惯于梦幻。

## **5. LIFT PLOW PLATES by Charles Bernstein**

For brief scratches, omits,  
lays away the oars (hours).  
Flagrant immersion besets all  
the best boats. Hands, hearts  
don't slip, solidly  
(sadly) departs.  
Empire of sudden letting, soaks  
up flaps of fumes, these (his)  
fumes. When in the midst  
of—days, chartered  
whether or not. And suits.  
Simple things (thugs)

poisoned with inception.  
Such tools as  
amount to ill-bred  
orientation. Mrs. X  
urging Mr. Z to amortize Miss  
O. The snowperson snowed  
under. On beam, off target.

**举起犁刀(LIFT PLOW PLATES)**  
**tr. by Luo Lianggong, read by Yanrong**

因为简洁刮掉、省略、  
埋葬那些船桨（时光）。  
罪恶的浸没侵蚀着所有  
最优质的船只。人手、人心  
不会溜走，稳稳地  
（幽幽地）分手。  
突然出租的帝国，吸  
走片片烟尘，这些（他的）  
烟尘。正当  
那——日子，被包租  
是或者不是。还有诉讼。  
简单的事情（杀手）  
用初始来毒杀。  
工具如  
发展成没有教养的  
取向。X太太  
敦促Z先生分期偿还O  
小姐。那雪人下雪了  
在下面。上了船舷，偏了目标。