

「香港國際詩歌之夜 2025 —— 浮標」特輯

International Poetry Nights in Hong Kong

2025

Buoy

Special Feature

香港國際詩歌節之夜將於 2025 年 10 月 8 日至 10 月 19 日，在香港及中國內地城市的不同會場舉行。活動將在阿那亞·金山嶺和廣東開平同步啟幕，巡回至河源春沐源小鎮，最後在香港閉幕。今年的活動將聚集來自全球各地的十五位詩人，並以「浮標」為主題，進行多姿多彩的公益文化交流活動，以及海內外詩人藝術家交流；本次香港站詩歌活動包括詩歌暨音樂朗誦會、「浮標——世紀對話」專題討論會、詩歌座談會等等。

詩人北島於 2009 年創立香港國際詩歌之夜，十六年間，活動匯聚了來自五大洲超過 200 位國際詩人。所有活動以非牟利為原則，免費向公眾開放。我們誠邀來自世界各地的讀者，與三十多位國際詩人、音樂家、藝術家，共赴一場詩意與思想的盛會。



BAI HUA, born in Chongqing, is currently a professor in the Department of Chinese Language and Literature in the School of Humanities at Southwest Jiaotong University. He has published many books of poetry and scholarship. His latest publications include: “Our Lives: Selected Poems and Essays of Bai Hua” (Southwest Jiaotong University Press), “Expressions: The Lyrical Breath of an Era” (poems and essays, Taiwan Hua Mulan Culture Press, 2023). He has won the Gao An Poetry Prize, the “Shanghai Literature” Poetry Award, the Rougang Poetry Prize, the Chongqing “Hongyan Literature Award,” the nineteenth Sichuan Literature Award, and the inaugural Dongwu Literature Prize.

柏樺，生於重慶。現為西南交通大學人文學院中文系教授。出版詩集及學術著作多種，最新出版的有：《我們的人生：柏樺詩文自選集》（西南交通大學出版社），《表達：一個時代抒情的呼吸》（詩文集，台灣花木蘭文化事業公司 2023 年版）。曾獲安高詩歌獎、《上海文學》詩歌獎、柔剛詩歌獎、重慶「紅岩文學獎」、《羊城晚報》「花地文學獎」、第九屆四川文學獎、首屆東吳文學獎。

Freedom

Freedom is the earth in springtime
springtime people pour from the city gates
freedom is the call of mountain blossoms
and the mountain blossoms rush to entertain us

Fate. Don't say it! That word
is one that only losers love
there's something else we can't bear
our hearts are listless with joy

Passion is a few points on the landscape
a few points of movement or stillness
oh, a few points of purity and beauty

Children, those lonely children
you're on the grass, beside the stream
with freedom shining on your heads

March, 1989

(Translated from Chinese by Eleanor Goodman)

自由

自由就是春天的大地
春天的人民湧出城門
自由就是呼喚的山花
山花匆忙地款待我們

命運。別說！這個詞
唯失敗者才對它鍾情
還有甚麼東西讓我們受不了
我們的心因歡樂而頹喪

激情是風景中的幾點
運動的或靜止的幾點
哦，純潔的，美的幾點

孩子們，那些孤單的孩子們
你們在草地上，溪水旁
自由正照臨你們頭上

1989 年 3 月



YOLANDA CASTAÑO, was born in Santiago de Compostela, Spain. She is a poet, columnist, editor and culture manager. She has published seven poetry books in Galician and Spanish, including *The Second Tongue* (2014) and *Depth of Field* (2009). She has received literary prizes including the National Critics Award, the Espiral Major Poetry Award, the Ojo Crítico (Best Poetry Book by a young author in Spain) and Galician Booksellers' Award for Author of the Year.

約 蘭達·卡斯塔尼奧是一位詩人、散文家、編輯與策展人，目前擔任加利西亞國際作家駐留項目的負責人。作為加利西亞當代詩壇最具國際影響力的名字，她曾獲 2023 年西班牙國家詩歌獎（這是西班牙詩人所能獲得的最高榮譽）、「批判之眼」獎（Ojo Crítico，西班牙青年作家最佳詩集獎）以及加利西亞文化獎等眾多榮譽。她已出版七部加利西亞語和西班牙語詩集，最新出版的外語詩集有《第二語》（2014）和《景深》（2009）。

I Dreamed of a Hundred Thousand Euros

I dreamed
of a hundred thousand euros.

They were a ball of light, hovering.
They were opening the door a cloak a caravel
were talent and mother
irradiating without gesture.

A hundred thousand euros, silent, shining.
I dreamed of a layer of still doves
and their peaceful love like a lap
and my body a pure target.
A hundred thousand euros.

Everything is absorbed in their peaceful lumens,
every shape disappears,
every stretch's silhouette licked
invisible, rocking me.
I dreamed of its light,
serene and white.

And the way in which, not they, but the image
feverish and omnipresent of the hundred thousand euros,
their own sweet rays,
in their own silent ways,
millimeter by millimeter,
made
everything
disappear

(Translated from Galician by Lucas Klein)

我夢見了十萬歐元

我夢見了
十萬歐元。

它們是一團光球，漂浮在空中。
它們是那句「給我開門」、披風、船帆，
是天賦與母親，
無需彰顯，光芒四射。

十萬歐元，靜默，閃耀。
我夢見一層靜止的鴿羽，
溫恬之愛，如懷抱般安寧，
而我的身體，化作一個純粹的靶心。
十萬歐元。

它平和的流明吸收了一切，
所有的物體都漸失輪廓，
只舔舐著每一段路徑的蹤影，
不留痕跡地，輕哄我入夢。
我夢見了它的光，
祥和、皎潔。

而最終，不是金錢本身，而是那幅聖象幻景——
那幅無處不在、熾熱聒噪的十萬歐元的畫面
被它自身溫柔的光芒，
以一種隱秘的方式，
一寸一寸地，
緩緩抹去
直至消失。

(顏雅培 譯)

Voice & Verse Special Feature: “Poetry and Art”

Dragonfruit

by Brandon Vu

Is this somebody's home
or a café? 6am coffee tastes better
when the barista understands
your tongue.

Outside,
a woman laid out
a kaleidoscope of fruit on the sidewalk:
don't listen to people when
they say durian tastes bad.

the dragonfruit's red glimmer
caught my eye.

It's barely been an hour
and I'm already carrying
coffee and dragonfruit.
Everyone's home is a business
and the morning is
an invitation for transaction.

My hand is shaking from
the caffeine and you place your
hand over mine like a weighted glove.
Did you come all the way to Saigon
just to share a drink?

We watched the woman sell
more fruit

and she proceeded
with her day.

Horizon of Absence

by Pushpanjali Kumari

—after Edward Burtynsky's *Dryland Farming series*

We have been building superstitions
the way termites build mounds,
layer upon layer, relics powdered and glued,
to withstand seasons we cannot name.
From above, the earth is a palimpsest of fractures,
cracked rectangles of soil,
parallel furrows like braille for the eye,
fields stitched into the skin of dust,
their seams visible as scars.
We drank the river until it ran dry,
leaving behind its grained bed of silvered dust,
binding earth to horizon in a fragile persistence of life
against an absence thrumming with water and light.
At the park on the periphery,
guardrails are tangled with ailing limbs of trees,
their sapless womb is a world unrecalled.
These are the days when spirits lean in
to whisper at our breezeway gatherings.
The wind tastes of a storm far away,
hidden from sight.
The ants break their lines,
carrying pupae-luggage on their backs,
hurrying with their hoardings of sugar lumps and grains.
And yet we remain put, impatient but unhurried.
We have learnt
that drought lands are reincarnated as swamps,
that absence becomes fullness,
that what dries will flood again.

Niderviller

by Andrei A. Fuentesbella

Glazed overlay is delicate in some places. Flaking like eggshells. Precarious to amateur handling. She's missing her left arm and right hand, faint lines of separation at the waist and neck.

Her skin has since yellowed. Her garments, overpainted and off-putting. There are arrangements for this. Scraping away the excess: her hard-paste skin remains pristine.

A German maid sculpted to fit the context of European aristocracy, at the base of her is an interlaced pair of Cs drawn in underglaze blue. She's awkwardly posed, right elbow jutting, vacant without her coffee pots.

Ten others just like her: two without heads, three without arms, six in assorted pastel garments, four with cracks manifesting. All crammed on a bookshelf, circularly arranged, facing each other.

Matrimonial Strategy

by Pierre Gervois

A conservative working class artist marrying a conservative upper class curator

A liberal middle class artist marrying a conservative upper middle class art critic

A liberal upper class artist marrying a conservative upper class collector

A conservative middle class artist marrying a liberal upper middle class auctioneer

A liberal working class artist marrying a conservative upper class art expert

A liberal upper middle class artist marrying a conservative middle class art gallery owner

A conservative working class artist marrying a liberal upper middle class art gallery director

A liberal upper middle class artist marrying a liberal middle class art gallery assistant

A liberal upper class artist marrying a liberal upper class art professor

A liberal working class artist marrying a conservative middle class art appraiser

A conservative working class artist marrying a liberal upper middle class museum director

A liberal upper class artist marrying a conservative middle class art books publisher

A conservative upper class artist marrying a liberal middle class art conservator

一邊開到，一邊開唔到，以及窗外還未消失的過去——記林布蘭廣場

文、攝影 黃淑嫻

中午的阿姆斯特丹機場，出境的流程嚴謹而有效率，對於小節認真，工作人員在規律中保持幽默，散發出一種鬆馳感。人們咬著麵包喝著咖啡，準備上機，回程也好，啟程也好，總有期待。我走到入關口，旁邊竟有小小的賣書角落，沒有人看管的，喜歡買甚麼書就請自動付款，好像經過超市隨便買瓶果汁一樣簡單。我拿起 Andre Aciman 的最新小說 *The Gentleman from Peru*，他之前寫過 *Call Me by Your Name*，沒想太多便買下來，這成為我在阿姆斯特丹最後購買的東西。故事發生在意大利的 Amalfi Coast，男女主角有一段三世情緣，跨越年齡，跨越國界。小說我不能說喜歡，但不喜歡的小說也會有一點點啟發吧。在回程的飛機上，陽光被關閉，在暗黑的光線下，我想到不只是人與人之間的連結微妙，其實地與地之間又何妨不是？雖然各有歷史的軌道，語言把你我隔離，但在某個星夜下，涼風悠悠吹起，突然有所感應。又或許在海洋的深深處，埋藏了百年的電纜，把城市與城市的命運相連起來，說不定。這次再訪阿姆斯特丹的二十多天，感受到這城市與眾不同的性格，同時也掀起我對成長和舊香港一幕幕的回想，九唔搭八地感到自己可能是這城市的遠房親戚，大概我這個離家的人想得太多了……

一 回程遇上起程

每次旅行，我都喜歡很早便來到機場，斯斯然裝著沒事情發生，提醒自己旅行只是生活的一部分，這晚我也是

很早便來到了。然而，事情發生了，看我小心翼翼行路的節奏，完全與這城脫節，一看便知：這人一定是腳痛。然而，L 讓我明白腳痛不會阻礙旅行，只要你真誠地接受事實——接受病是不能一下子好過來的事實。一切都不能阻礙你前往。

離開香港的前幾天，我與 L 見面，上次見面是甚麼時候？1997 年。L 在電郵中問「你記得我嗎？」，我馬上回答「當然啦！」，但之後幾天我想到這並不是事實，我去年到多倫多演講就沒有聯絡她，證明我是完全把她忘記了，我要感謝她沒有忘記我。L 在香港出生，在加拿大成長，1997 年來過香港，當時也斯還借出房子給她短住，我們倆一起煮飯，一起想像畢業後的生活，當時她還未完全是純素者。1997 年後 L 再沒有來香港了，我們也再沒有聯絡，如果這次不是她找我，相信我們永遠也不會再見面了。

三十年了，我們應該從何說起？還是從腳痛說起吧。最近我因為坐骨神經而影響走路，雖然只是很輕微的痛，但我明白這是一個故事的開始。我和 L 從金鐘走到中環碼頭，在橋上她說這可能是她最後一次來亞洲了，世情混亂，年紀也開始老了，誰會知道以後會發生甚麼？她想再看一看出生地，邀請朋友吃飯。我們就在橋上說再見。我明白了，她遠道而來是為了請我吃飯。

在香港機場的夜晚，我特別記著她的一句話「可能是最後一次來亞洲」，她是說亞洲，而不是香港，是多麼的沉重，卻為我注入動力，我就是這樣記著她的話與腳痛一起飛到歐洲。



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