

500 Meters Ahead There are Many Who Do Not Yield to Pedestrians

the faster you ride, the harder it rains
 your eyes can barely stay open they're almost shut
 you're singing that children's song you know well very loudly:
 little doll and little bear are dancing, dancing, one two one
 dancing in a circle, dancing, dancing, one two one
 la la la so fa, so so so fa mi, fa fa fa mi la, do mi so
 la la la so fa, so so so fa mi, fa fa fa mi la, do mi do
 you sing the lyrics twice, sing do re mi twice
 you are your own accompaniment, letting the wind blow past your ears to
 the rhythm
 the way home is wet, and dark, and very straight
 once you're past Shenwei Tower it means you're halfway down North Shen-
 wei Road
 the light shatters on you, constantly beaten down by the rain
 a bride walks out of a rainbow glitter shower falling from the sky
 just like it was yesterday
 there are seven seconds left on the traffic light ahead so please hurry and
 run it

(Translated from Chinese by Lucas Klein)

This Time Don't Be Like Last Time

Not only should it not be like last time falling out in huge handfuls,
 we have to find a way to make all the hair that fell out last time grow back
 on my head
 feeling so thick and sturdy, just to grab in your hand;
 it pulled on your hand, making you grab it,
 you were so beautiful, and totally uninterested in heads with less hair.
 Like my requirements for feet.
 I am not lucky in genetics, so only admit my natural curls
 which are hard, are explosive and disobedient, not wanting to follow rules.
 Walking on North Shenwei Road,
 even if you didn't know me, you'd know me by my head.
 And if it happened to be windy,
 my hair would all work together to lift up my head, and with my toes barely
 touching the ground,
 you would be sure, this head belongs to Lu Yating.

(Translated from Chinese by Lucas Klein)

前方 500 米有多個不禮讓行人

你騎得越快，雨下得越大
你的眼睛已經睜不開了幾乎要閉上
你大聲唱起那首熟悉的兒歌：
洋娃娃和小熊跳舞，跳呀跳呀一二一
他們在跳圓圈舞呀，跳呀跳呀一二一
拉拉拉唆發，唆唆唆發咪，發發發咪來，哆咪唆
拉拉拉唆發，唆唆唆發咪，發發發咪來，哆咪哆
兩遍唱歌詞，兩遍唱哆來咪
你給自己伴奏，讓耳邊的風跟著音節吹
回家的路，很濕很暗也很直
騎過神威大廈就意味著，神威北路已經過半
燈光不斷被雨水打落，碎在你身上
一個新娘從空中飄灑的五彩亮片中走出
就像是昨天才發生的事兒
前方紅綠燈還剩 7 秒請加速闖過去

這次別再像上次那樣

不僅別再像上次那樣大把大把掉，
還得想法兒讓上次掉過的頭髮重新回到我的頭
那種粗壯手感，我一把抓住；
拉過你的手，也讓你抓，
你多美啊，你對頭髮少的頭不感興趣。
正如我對一個人的腳的要求。
我是不受基因待見的人，只承認我的自來卷兒
它硬，它爆炸它不順，它難守規則。
走在神威北路，
你不認識我也會率先認出我的頭。
如果當時恰好大風，
我的頭將被我的頭髮合力吊起，腳尖兒點地，
這個頭是路雅婷的，你會確定。

奧爾嘉·謝達科娃

1949年12月26日出生在莫斯科的一個軍工工程師家庭。她在北京開始上學，那時她的父親在當地工作（1956–1957）。謝達科娃從小就開始寫詩，並很早就決定「成為一名詩人」。1986年，她的第一本詩集由巴黎的基督教青年會出版社出版。此後不久，她的詩歌和散文開始被翻譯成歐洲多種語言，並在各種期刊和選集中出版。自1991年以來，她一直在莫斯科大學哲學院世界文化系任教。從2004年開始，她一直是俄羅斯海外文學圖書館基金會世界文化研究所的活躍研究員。2012年，她獲得法國藝術與文學勳章。

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“Surely, Maria, it’s not just the frames creaking,”

Surely, Maria, it’s not just the frames creaking,
Not just the panes aching and trembling?
If this is not the garden,
allow me to go back,
into the silence where things are invented.

If this is not the garden, if the frames are creaking
because it never gets darker than this,
if this is not that foreordained garden,
where hungry children sit by the apple trees
and forget the fruit that’s been bitten into,

where no lights can be seen,
but breathing is darker,
and the medicine of the night more safe...
I do not know, Maria, my sickness.
This is my garden that stands over me.

(Translated from Russian by Gerald S. Smith)

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瑪麗亞，難道只有窗扇在勉強支撐……

瑪麗亞，難道只有窗扇在勉強支撐，
只有窗玻璃疼痛、哆嗦？
如果不是果園——
請讓我轉回頭，
回到萬物沉思的靜寂中。

如果不是果園，如果窗扇勉強在支撐
因為更幽暗的不會有，
如果這不是一座禁採的果園，
飢餓的孩子坐在蘋果樹下
想不起被咬過一口的蘋果，

樹枝不見，
但呼吸愈發暗弱
黑夜的藥愈發靈驗……
瑪麗亞，我不知道我得了甚麼病。
我的果園長在我的頭頂。

(駱家 譯)

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From "The Old Songs"

Adam wept, but he was not forgiven.
And he was not allowed to return
to where we are only alive:

– If you want what is yours, you will get it.
And what is it to one such as you to do it
there, where the heart wants, like God the great:
there, where the heart is radiance and giving?

The cold of the world
someone will warm.

The dead heart
someone will raise up.

These monsters
someone will take by the hand,
like a child who has been naughty:

– Let's go, I will show you
what you have never seen before!

(Translated from Russian by Gregory O'Brien and Jacob Edmond)

選自《老歌》

亞當哭了，但他沒得到原諒。
並且不讓他返回
到我們只是活著的地方：

「種瓜得瓜」。
這讓你如何是好
在心要跟偉大上帝慾望一樣的地方：
在心即閃耀與饋贈之地。

世界的冷
總有人焐熱。

心死
總有人激勵。

這些妖孽
總有人一手收服，
彷彿降住頑童：

「來吧，我要給你看看
你從未見過的寶貝！」

(駱家 譯)

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