

Digging by Seamus Heaney

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked,
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade.
Just like his old man.

My grandfather could cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, digging down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mold, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

挖掘 希尼（愛爾蘭桂冠詩人）

我用大姆指和手指執着
一支精美筆桿；妥貼好比一支短槍

一陣銳利聲在我窗外亮響
恰似一把鐵鏟插入砂礫地下
我下望看見父親在挖掘

從早年拉緊臀部蹲在花叢上
至今二十年間他一直上下彎腰
在薯田上屈身節奏分明
挖掘不停

粗糙靴子踩在鐵鏟上發力
用內膝做槓桿穩力下插
他挖出深藏在強莖下的根實
把新薯挑散供我們採拾
鐘愛手中又冷又硬的收穫

天吶我這老頭真能玩弄一把鐵鏟
就如他的老頭一樣

我祖父每天挖起的草皮
比唐納沼澤任何土人挖的要多
有一回我給祖父送一瓶牛奶
他直起腰一口把它喝完
又立即彎腰挖地
把整齊割下的草皮搭上肩膀
不斷彎腰選擇最好的草皮
不停挖掘

薯餅的酥香泥炭土搭上肩膀的刺耳聲
和切齊的草坪邊
都通過生活根源使我腦海醒覺
但我沒有鐵鏟追隨像他們那樣做人

我的大姆指和手指執着
一支精美的筆桿
我就用它發掘