

<p>EXPOSURE</p> <p>It is December in Wicklow: Alders dripping, birches Inheriting the last light, The ash tree cold to look at.</p> <p>A comet that was lost Should be visible at sunset, Those million tons of light Like a glimmer of haws and rose-hips,</p> <p>And I sometimes see a falling star. If I could come on meteorite! Instead, I walk through damp leaves, Husks, the spent flukes of autumn,</p> <p>Imagining a hero On some muddy compound, His gift like a slingstone Whirled for the desperate.</p> <p>How did I end up like this? I often think of my friends' Beautiful prismatic counselling And the anvil brains of some who hate me</p> <p>As I sit weighing and weighing My responsible tristia. For what? For the ear? For the people? For what is said behind-backs?</p> <p>Rain comes down through the alders, Its low conducive voices Mutter about let-downs and erosions And yet each drop recalls</p> <p>The diamond absolutes. I am neither internee nor informer;</p>	<p>體驗</p> <p>十二月的偉克洛 檜樹的餘雨在滴落 樺樹承受日暮餘熙 白蠟樹叫人望而生寒</p> <p>一顆迷路的彗星 應該在日落中出現 那百萬噸火光 像縷縷山楂子和薔薇實的閃光</p> <p>如果我有幸騎上一顆隕石 我會不時看見流星 但我只踏着潤濕殘葉 等待秋天僥倖通過</p> <p>想像一位英雄 腳踏混着泥濘的廢物 他的天才好似一枚投石 為冒險者拋開</p> <p>我怎樣會落得如此地步 我時常想念友人 美麗準確如稜的輔導 那一些心如鐵石的恨我的人</p> <p>每當我靜坐着三翻思量 我所負責的詩歌 為何為誰獨聽或為大眾 為了背人而說的是非</p> <p>山雨透過檜樹紛紛落下 低語意義深長 輕訴幾許失信與侵蝕 每一點滴都被記憶</p> <p>如鑽石一樣真價 我既非實習生亦非告密者</p>
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<p>An inner émigré, a grown long-haired And thoughtful; a wood-kerne</p>	<p>或圈內的寵兒 只是蓄着長髮的思維者 一粒樹木種子</p>
<p>Escaped from the massacre, Taking protective colouring From bole and bark, feeling Every wind that blows;</p>	<p>從大屠殺逃出生天 穿上樹皮保護裝飾 感受一切騷動的風</p>
<p>Who, blowing up these sparks For their meagre heat, have missed The once in a lifetime portent, The comet's pulsing rose.</p>	<p>是誰為了生起一點微熱 吹燃這些火花 那一生僅逢一次的預兆 這顆跳動着完美彗星</p>