

Markings by Seamus Heaney

I

We marked the pitch: four jackets for four goalposts,
That was all. The corners and the squares
Were there like longitude and latitude
Under the bumpy thistly ground, to be
Agreed about or disagreed about
When the time came. And then we picked the teams
And crossed the line our called names drew between us.

Youngsters shouting their heads off in a field
As the light died and they kept on playing
Because by then they were playing in their heads
And the actual kicked ball came to them
Like a dream heaviness, and there own hard
Breathing in the dark and skids on grass
Sounded like effort in another world . . .
It was quick and constant, a game that never need
Be played out. Some limit had been passed,
There was fleetness, furtherance, untiredness
In time that was extra, unforeseen and free.

II

You also loved lines pegged out in the garden,
The spade nicking the first straight edge along
The tight white string. Or string stretched perfectly
To mark the outline of a house foundation
Pale timber battens set at right angles
For every corner, each freshly sawn new board
Spick and span in the oddly passive grass.
Or the imaginary line straight down
A field of grazing, to be ploughed open
From the rod stuck in one headrig to the rod
Stuck in the other.

III

All these things entered you
As if they were both the door and what came through it.
They marked the spot, marked time and held it open.
A mower parted the bronze sea of corn.
A windlass hauled the centre out of water.
Two men with a cross-cut kept it swimming
Into a felled beech backwards and forwards
So that they seemed to row the steady earth.

標記 希尼（愛爾蘭桂冠詩人）

I

就是那樣
我們用四件夾克標記兩邊球門
四方球場的每一角都經緯分明
這球場凹凸不平卻全屬我們
不管有無人同意都可以隨時踢球
然後挑選球隊
點名把球員分開兩邊齊集

少年在球場中盡情呼喊
日光過去仍不停踢門
他們此時用大腦工作
把迎身而來的球準確踢出
好像對付負重的夢
他們急速的呼吸在昏暗草場上滑動
發出的聲音好像來自世外
快捷又穩定把不需有的比賽發揮盡緻
他們越過某些限制
在速逝的時限中進取又不知疲倦
那活動何其超越不預約而自由

II

你喜歡在家園中用線掛起標記
用鐵鏟在地上修出畢直的邊界
或者用拉直的白色線條
標記出一間屋的地基
淡色的木條按正角排列
每一角落都鋪上一條新鋸成的木板
在靜逸的草坪上顯得特別整齊
或者在牧羊草地上
你用鐵犁在週邊想像出的直線上
翻開一行行齊直的泥土
直至翻完所有直線的地面為止

III

這一切都雋印在我心中
好像出入在我的詩歌之門
標記着我如何開放時空
一架割草機把金黃粟田分開
一輛捲草機揭開田中的水源
兩名大漢輕便地激動水流
像把砍下的山毛櫸樹前後移動
泥土整齊排列成行