



Shadow  
Beings



認影  
SHADOW BEINGS

詩：游靜  
Poems by Yau Ching

攝影：工作坊同學  
Photos by Workshop Participants



## 伊甸園的誘惑

我們是孤兒  
不屬於亞細亞  
從沒有鄰居朋友兄弟  
活着被怪獸追趕  
長期缺氧  
呼吸大力一點都沒命  
當過去變成目前  
失去被尋得  
天使填滿空洞  
丟我們在廢城鎖上門  
讓我們互相撕殺  
互相鄙視又緊抱一起  
用最快的磁浮速度  
發射自我於太虛  
經過了千山萬水等著  
被鄰近地區  
再一次接管

這便是伊甸園

2009



## This Tempts Eden

We are orphans  
unbelonging to the Asias  
no brothers neighbors or friends  
live to be pursued by monsters  
blessed with chronic anoxia  
one louder breath would undo us  
When past is present  
loss is found  
angels fill up hollows  
dump us in waste-city locked in  
Let us rip apart  
despise then hug each other  
instantaneous magnetic levitation  
launch ourselves into a void  
across the thousand rivers and mountains, awaiting  
to be taken over  
by the neighboring regions, again

This, is Eden

2009

*Translated by Charlie Lam, Sonia Wong Yuk Ying and Noelle Kwong*







## 年少的詩

### — 世紀末的生長

我在Haight-Ashbury看一齣討論希皮的電影  
大贈送一套列根夫婦勸人服毒的短片，他們說美國未來的希望都剩下兩元，  
遲疑著

用來買杯Espresso是否太危險  
一面讀米和斯的《三藩市灣區所見》，說：「我在這裡。」  
我在這裡，而且知道得這樣少，  
少到在成為物質以前也跟物質一樣甚麼都不知道。  
你立即反駁，「藝術不斷向我們認知的局限挑戰」  
人跟物質之間是未知與不知的距離，這是無限。  
我想說，我  
不知道。  
或者。

你知道嗎。我想問希皮文化會否是美國中產階級  
發明的一種逸樂主義的變奏呢。也有  
懦弱。盲目。宣洩無法安撫的良知。替世紀的憤怒  
注射嗎啡針。「Life is groovy; life is cool,  
I make myself a swimming pool.」  
這單純如顏色的禮儀。我遲疑，你  
不知道，你的  
成就。這片土地，一直是游泳池  
涼快

也有人  
在池旁走，遲疑，想  
「今天，無疑是難了。」難得過  
嗎啡針嗎。但你知道生命在末世以後會繼續  
生長。你知道嗎。

海鳥睜大眼搶食。我看不見亞極策斯，從前的監獄  
島，今天的遊客區。你問：「香港在一九九八會  
怎麼樣呢？」  
(布殊也忘記所有顏色侵略的日期，他會說：  
「這又是跟我當總統毫無關係的事情。」)  
「我們正在爭取一套比較……獨立的制度。」  
你著迷，立即  
明白。我不是沒有  
後悔的。你們總是聽見  
獨立，聽不見  
比較，莫論……



三藩市的霧忘記時間。以及它帶來的一切。  
(這樣真的好一點嗎?) 在我們也成為霧，或者  
物質以前。繼續生長。  
以及它帶來的一切。  
為甚麼怕痛呢。遲早我們  
都有不痛的機會  
遲早當顏色  
文字、布與霧  
都過去，我希望，我們還可以回  
頭說，我們真的  
不知道

一如我們知道  
甚麼

9. 1988



## Poem of Youth

### — Growing in the fin-de-siècle

At Haight-Ashbury watching a movie of hippieness  
comes with a public service announcement of Reagan plus wife selling drugs. They say  
two bucks is all that's left for America's future. May I pause  
buying a possibly detrimental Espresso as  
Milosz's *Visions from San Francisco Bay* goes "I am here."  
I am here, and know so little,  
as much as matter knows before I too become matter.  
At once you retort, "Art continually challenges our limits of knowing."  
Between people and matter lies the distance between the unknowable and the unknown.  
That is infinity.  
I want to say, I  
don't know.  
Maybe.

Do you know. Is hippieness a variation of  
pleasure-complacent American middle-classism.  
Cowardly. Blind. Insatiable conscience.  
Injecting shots of morphine into  
a century's angst. "Life is groovy; life is cool,  
I make myself a swimming pool."  
A ritual pure as color. May I pause, you  
don't know your  
accomplishments. This plot of land, always a swimming pool  
cool

and some people  
walk along the poolside, pause, think  
"Today, has indeed become difficult." More difficult than  
morphine? Yet you know life after the end of the world will continue  
growing. Do you know.

Seabirds stare and fight for scraps. I cannot see Alcatraz, prison island of the  
past, today's tourist spot. You ask: "What will happen to Hong Kong in  
1998?"  
(Bush also forgot all the dates of invading colors:  
"I repeat, this matter is unrelated to my presidency.")  
"We're fighting for a relatively... independent system."  
Captivated, you immediately  
understand. I'm not without  
regrets. Independence is easy  
to be heard, not the  
relatively, let alone  
an ellipsis

San Francisco's fog forgets time. And everything it brings.  
(Is this way a little better?) Before we too become fog, or  
matter. We continue growing.  
And everything it brings.  
Why fear pain. Sooner or later we all  
have a chance to not have pain.  
Sooner or later, when colors  
and words, bushes and oozes  
all pass. I hope, we can still turn  
around, say we truly  
don't know

as if we could  
anything

9. 1988

*Translated by Michael Gray*



## 走路的練習

於是我走出來  
從室內的執拗到室外的陽光  
匆忙也不要忘記帶我昨天晚上寫給你的信  
很久沒有收信了  
墨西哥男孩的三輪車在步履間輾轉  
不斷打圈他走了很遠路  
我拾起道旁的楓葉  
不仍是盛夏嗎？它卻已轉成黯瘴的紅色  
我握在掌心摸索心中的油潤  
五個枯竭的尖角一碰便碎落

車站到了初來的時候我以為這段路漫長  
唔 還是過對面乘那路沒乘過的吧  
我看班車時間表4:39與其在烈日下等待不如多走一段路  
你看天上那  
一 點

白

雲 一 點

我們習慣於相信白雲是合群的  
只是  
走路的時候不能看白雲  
否則  
SAK

我踩碎了一大片枯葉  
終於找到了你跟我說的  
公園和球場人們跑步的地方  
其實也沒有找我只是看見了  
讓我過馬路看對面牌坊上寫的Kinjo Gardens是甚麼  
你說過這裡的馬路要很快  
很快／很快／很快／／／  
盡量減少逗留在馬路上的時間  
我喜歡慢慢走不斷回  
頭看不知會由哪裡竄出來的車子 或者松鼠  
我看見牌坊上的小字  
原來是『日式私人住宅』  
我抬頭看樓臺上修葺整齊的盆景  
前面那面藍色的小牌子是一個車站嗎  
每一個車站總有張破舊的木長椅在等待  
希望破舊不是因為等待  
我看錶4:25還可以走至下一個車站  
手中的楓葉飄落  
原來我一直握著它  
回頭要拾回來嗎 而地上都是紅葉  
你看 樹上葉子都紅了是秋嗎  
走吧 我只來了十多天而你我相隔了多少路  
我累了 第三個車站 我就在這裡等待  
繼續張望找一個可以寄信的郵箱

## The Practice of Walking

So I go outside  
from indoor's stubbornness to the sun  
hastily yet not forgetting the letter I wrote you last night  
letters not received for a long while  
Mexican boy's tricycle crisscrosses my footsteps  
Turning around and around in order to travel afar  
I pick up a maple leaf along the sidewalk  
Is summer still not in full bloom? Its red mutes  
as my palm fumbles with the smoothness of its heart  
five corners fall off at my touch

The station, when I first got here this section of road seems forever  
Hmm, should I cross to take that one I've yet to know  
bus schedule 4:39 instead of waiting in the scorching sun rather walk more  
Watch that  
small bit  
of white  
clouds one bit

We've gotten used to the idea white clouds fit in  
only that  
better not look at them when we walk  
otherwise  
CRUNCH!  
stamped out a whole field of dried leaves  
Finally found what you told me about  
the park and field where people jog  
not exactly found but just glimpsed  
let me cross to look at the arch reading Kinjo Gardens  
you said crossing here one needs to move fast  
fast/fast/very fast///  
reduce the time one stays in the road  
while I like to stroll slowly and turn  
around constantly to watch out for cars creeping out or squirrels  
small fonts on the arch  
reading "Japanese-style private residence"  
lifting my head, catching sight of bonsai on the patio  
trimmed just right  
Is that little bluish sign a bus station  
Every station has a worn-out wooden chair awaiting  
the worn-outness; I hope not from waiting  
my watch says 4:25 walking onto the next station  
the leaf in my hand floats off  
was I holding it all this time  
wanting to turn around to pick it up yet the ground is all red leaves  
Look when leaves on the trees redden, does that mean fall?  
Let's walk more only been here for ten days, how many roads lie between us  
I'm tired the third station, I wait here  
still scooting around in search of a mailbox

1988

*Translated by Michael Gray*

# 給我滾

## — 致青年

轉念始於足下<sup>1</sup>  
寸土不生何難  
沙中生蛋才難  
而且定是龜蛋

變態是自然 道德是扮嘢<sup>2</sup>  
是龜蛋才會有濕濕的夢<sup>3</sup>  
弄得無法面對皇后的  
鐵碗高官抱着整天被襲阿Sir們  
使盡圍板鐵馬麻木不仁人肉walk文  
都拔不起碼頭上星空下  
一根草

只有龜蛋 才會愈滾愈硬  
擊牆不破 且堅持不飛走  
即使現實是監獄煉獄  
但天堂始於轉念  
始於足下  
始於利東街  
始於菜園新生活 始於沙中綠洲  
始於城大隔壁酒店<sup>4</sup>  
在風暴一場又一場底心眼下唱歌爆房  
房中把瑞麟好好瓜分<sup>5</sup>  
平放在充滿愛與和諧的高鐵腳下

一無所有所以無懼改變  
拒絕與地產共榮共葬  
龜殼上映出海市蜃樓下  
轉化奴役為休閒  
想象生出行動生出想象無限  
想象綿綿高原綠茵  
滾上去路不完  
滾出生勾勾滑漉漉慢吞吞  
舞蹈團美女  
半掌不直的  
千秋萬代

2011



- 1 「轉念始於足下寸土／今天我從新學會走路」(黃衍仁〈轉念始於足下寸土〉)
- 2 2008年5月由自治八樓發起的「直人撐同志一無分掌直大遊行」中一句口號。
- 3 「這晚／要與你做個濕濕的夢／與你／去創造這深深的痛」(My Little Airport〈濕濕的夢〉，詞：阿p／觀鳥家果仔)
- 4 「我們終於去了九龍塘／在城大旁的酒店爆房」(My Little Airport〈浪漫九龍塘〉，詞：阿p)
- 5 「瓜分／讓我們瓜分／林瑞麟每個月三十萬元的薪金」(My Little Airport〈瓜分林瑞麟三十萬薪金〉，詞：阿p)

## Shove Off

### — To Youth

Turn of thought begins under your steps<sup>1</sup>  
Barren land is not hard to make  
To grow eggs in a desert is the challenge  
And that egg has to be from a good ass

Perversity is natural; morality a con<sup>2</sup>  
only a good ass's eggs make slippery dreams<sup>3</sup>  
rendering the yes-sirs who cannot look straight at the Queen's  
iron rice-bowls and their human walk-man<sup>4</sup> orders  
erecting barricades numbered out  
under the firmaments and pier<sup>5</sup> plucking  
with all might  
a leaf of grass

only a goose egg will roll harder and harder  
against a hard wall refusing to flee  
even though reality is a hell-shell a purgatory  
yet heaven springs from a turn of thought  
from under one's feet  
from Lee Tung Street  
from Choi Yuen Village and its New Life an oasis in the sand  
Songs exploding in the love hotel room by CityU<sup>6</sup>  
under a storm-eye slicing  
Stephen properly into pieces<sup>7</sup>  
and lay them along the high-speed rail full of love and harmony

Inconsequential therefore fearless  
Defying real estates 'til glory or death  
Mirage shining off eggshell  
dissolving slavery with leisure  
Let action grow out of the imagined infinite  
realms of hills and greens  
rolling up an endless path  
birthing a slick slothful load  
of beauty queen strippers  
ever not-not queer nor straight  
for generations to come

2011

*Translated by Charlie Lam and Sonia Wong Yuk Ying*

- 1 With reference to Hinyang Wong's song "Turn of Thought Begins in the Earth Beneath Your Steps".
- 2 A slogan in a pro-Tongzhi demonstration initiated by Autonomous 8A in May 2008.
- 3 With reference to My Little Airport's song "A Slippery Dream".
- 4 Stephen Lam, Chief Secretary for Administration of Hong Kong (2011-2012) and Secretary for Constitutional and Mainland Affairs (2002-2011), was widely dubbed as "human sound recorder" for his practice of just-say-yes to authorities and having no opinions of his own.
- 5 Students and activists launched a hunger strike to protest the demolition of the Queen's Pier in 2007. The pier had witnessed the arrival of all of Hong Kong's British governors since 1925. To end the occupation, 300 policemen evicted 30 protesters. The last activist evicted was nicknamed "Grass".
- 6 With reference to My Little Airport's song "Kowloon Tong Romance".
- 7 With reference to My Little Airport's song "Slicing Stephen Lam's \$300K Salaries".

我不知道甚麼是對  
—— 致澳門少年感化院的同學們

我很快離開這裡

我有很多人身自由  
卻經常選擇留在四堵牆內  
但這是我的選擇  
在法律面前妳們被裁定  
不應該選擇  
我相信創作  
是為自己的選擇負責  
尊重與肯定不  
同 即使看來錯  
我不知道甚麼是對

關起來可以學習對  
嗎 沒有選擇的環境  
可以學習選擇嗎  
真實的世界  
沒人管你刷牙  
多少分鐘 洗碗用多少洗  
潔精一天只准用一張紙  
所有給你的信  
你最後一個讀  
真實的世界  
沒廿四小時的鐵閘與監視  
我們每分鐘作出選擇  
形成所謂「我」  
經常選擇錯  
但我不知甚麼是對

我希望妳們學習妥協的時候  
保留選擇不同的  
勇氣 或者知道甚麼是錯  
也不要太知道甚麼  
是對

2003





I do not know what is right

— Dedicated to students in Macau Teenage Reform School

I am leaving here soon

I have a lot of freedom  
but always choose to stay within four walls  
While this is my choice  
law determines you choiceless  
I believe in creativity  
to be responsible for one's choices  
To respect and say yes to  
differences even when it seems wrong  
I do not know what's right

Would locking you away let you learn what's  
right? Would you learn about choosing  
in choicelessness

In reality

no one cares how long  
you brush your teeth how much  
detergent you use every day you  
can only use one piece of paper  
You are the last to read  
your own letters

In reality, there are no 24-hour  
iron gates and surveillance

Every minute one makes one's own  
choice to become /

Bad choices too often

I don't know what's right

I hope when you learn to compromise  
it won't mean losing other choices  
or courage to be different by having to know  
too much about what is  
right

2003

*Translated by Siu Fung*

## 認影

我又回到老地方  
椅子愈來愈舒適了  
頃刻暗掉的冷空氣  
與音效八方包裹你  
跟盯住你的目光一起  
化成牆紙  
只有停下來的影子是真實  
這就叫安全  
現實一切都不重要了  
觀眾不會生老病死  
你在的地方不需要電影了嗎  
沒戲院何以安身豈言立命？  
沒跟過漆黑的陌生人  
搓捏談情如何長成  
有影子的人  
但你不再需要影了

暫借的安慰為何不散  
在你我贖回影子的一點  
驟暗忽明中曾經彼此相認

2013



## Shadow Beings

I return to the old place  
Chairs are getting more comfy  
The freezing air dims in an instant  
with sound waves hugging you from all sides  
Eyes staring at you turn you  
into wallpaper together  
Only the shadows that linger are real  
This is called safety  
Realities no longer matter  
Audiences do not go through cycles of life, aging and death  
Are films no longer needed where you are  
How does one go on living, let alone being  
when there's no more cinema?  
How does one grow up into  
beings with shadows  
not kneading with strangers in the dark  
But shadows are no longer needed

Why do borrowed consolations remain  
when you and I redeemed our shadows in a  
flickering chiaroscuro we saw each other once

2013

*Translated by Siu Fung*

你相信靈魂嗎？

我裡面有個我認得  
你將來也會再見這  
不是宗教是人間世

謝謝你以手心那餘溫  
帶我尋找半途  
艱難是為了創造  
書寫痛給人安慰  
讓雌與雄同體  
半人半馬的身  
用盡飲奶的力  
向堂皇高雅的  
囚室搖頭因為  
你放手的時候  
說：「不怕！」

從此我學習愛

2013



## Do you believe in souls?

One inside me recognizes a  
you in the future  
This isn't a religious matter  
In a world of mortals we'll meet

Thank you for taking me halfway  
in the lukewarm of your palm  
Toughness makes creativity  
Writing pain offers solace  
Have the s/he half horse half human body  
act out all milk-drawing strength  
to say no to majestically designed cells because  
when you let go  
you say "Fear not!"

Since then I learn to love

2013

*Translated by Noelle Kwong and Gregg Bordowitz*





2002至2005年間，我在香港、澳門和日本的感化院，教被囚少年少女以聲影訴說自身。這些影像，與我過去二十五年來寫下的一些關於年青而不輕的句子，認出彼此並靠近。

During 2002-2005, I taught media production workshops at detention centers for “juvenile delinquents” in Macau, Japan and Hong Kong. These images, and lines I wrote on youth and its impossibility in the past twenty-five years, saw each other and got close.

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游靜

Yau Ching

2014





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