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**Poem of Youth**  
—Growing in the fin-de-siècle

Translated by *Michael Gray*

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

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  
will 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

給我滾

致青年

**Shove Off**

—To Youth

Translated by *Charlie Lam* and *Sonia Wong Yuk Ying*

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 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

半攀不直的

千秋萬代

2010

<sup>1</sup>「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〉)

<sup>2</sup> 2008年5月由自治八樓發起的「直人撐同志——無分攀直大遊行」中一句口號。

<sup>3</sup>「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)

<sup>4</sup>「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)

<sup>5</sup>「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)

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 numbed 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

2010

- <sup>1</sup> With reference to Hinyang Wong's song "Turn of Thought Begins In the Earth Beneath Your Steps".
- <sup>2</sup> A slogan in a pro-Tongzhi demonstration initiated by Autonomous 8A in May 2008.
- <sup>3</sup> With reference to My Little Airport's song "A Slippery Dream".
- <sup>4</sup> 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.
- <sup>5</sup> 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".
- <sup>6</sup> With reference to My Little Airport's song "Kowloon Tong Romance".
- <sup>7</sup> With reference to My Little Airport's song "Slicing Stephen Lam's \$300K Salaries".

## Work and Home/Country

Translated by *Mary King Bradley*

關掉柔軟的內穢  
關掉渴望的眼睛  
關掉敏感的鼻毛  
敲打拍子的尾指  
不願出門的心情  
拒絕下車的雙腳

對中女的好感遠超荷爾蒙的召喚  
即使地車身旁那尊叫蠟像  
一身黑抿著唇一日眼神已用盡  
中環行政夾心族  
退休是不見光的隧道還不斷加價  
我進入這身體的深度  
遠遠超於她自己

聽講話  
發明返工的跟  
發明國家的係  
同一條友  
不同分身 名叫現代  
聽講話  
要民主首先係  
要想像國唔係  
家 國唔係你  
老母也唔係你  
老闆但我真想  
係 先有可能想像唉呢  
鑊政改飯阿媽食到我肚  
痾疴連我家點點都唔肯  
食就唔食 唔番嚟食吹 bb 乎  
一世唔番等你後悔

好過現在搞到疑似  
蠟像拒絕進入任何  
深度 極速自殘秒殺  
我和我的所有渴望

10.2014

Turning off internal organs' tenderness

Turning off eyes filled with longing

Turning off sensitive nose hair

Little finger that taps out a beat

Emotions that don't want to leave

Feet that won't exit the train

Vibes from middle-aged janes beyond hormones' call

even took one for a waxwork next to me in the MTR

Black head-to-toe lips pinched all day face gone dead

Central managerial sandwich generation

Retirement an endless tunnel with ever-rising tolls

My deep dive into this body

goes way beyond her

I heard

the same dude who

invented going to work

invented country

his many

alter egos named Mr. Modern

I heard

if you want democracy you need

to imagine country isn't

home country is not your

mother or your

boss but I really hope it

is so one might imagine... hm

eat mommy's wok-fried electoral reform and it turns to diar-

rhea even my cat Dottie won't

eat not coming home to eat what can you do  
not coming back forever until you give up

Better than ending up an imitation  
waxwork who won't go into any  
depth a self-inflicted super quick kill of  
me and all my longing

10.2014

詠嘆調，  
或空氣

——  
仿飲江


**Aria, or Air**

—After Yam Gong

Translated by *Mary King Bradley*

每年，這個時候，主啊  
這個，地方，好小小  
呀，是不是好，只是小  
又不。好。我呢你知啦，  
只是它七百萬份之一才  
真是。小。跟上面那個  
逗號一樣。小吾小以及  
人之小。都到我這裡來  
上面多出來那個逗號都  
刮下刮下刮到我這裡來  
，吧

唉主啊究竟怎樣批判社  
會才能痊癒，好像愈批  
呢就愈病呀愈病…現在  
陰謀就，是世界。你說  
鹹魚也沾染，鹹魚的痛  
三十年的病蝕骨成紋。  
我不是醫生不過切呀燒  
呀毒呢爭呢，這些立即  
見效。之咁過幾十年你  
就知之謀之陰之鹹之苦  
都在立即！都在我這裡  
我現在知啦。你以為，  
…就知魯迅孫文都唔知  
…知的咁我做省略號就  
知啦…他們不是就做了  
…了

咁即。究竟。才。會有  
任何。改變 。革命  
曾經。成功。你。話呢  
一一。四九。有。沒有  
變好。呢五。月。還是  
十常。紫紅。黃。綠八  
九都。革不難但。命仍  
然在。賠你想想。小小  
那條。號就成功。或蟲  
一將。成慢慢還。或刮  
或雨。兩邊都從。未息  
或唉

主啊我可不可以！不寫  
詩用唉做最後一。字呀  
可呀就用呀呀呀——主呀  
是否惟有詩看到，之病  
之不癒看到蟲小…兩邊  
之間之前不可能…家及  
空氣之痛及雨及～苦及  
苦之  
未息  
？呀

5.2019

This time, each year, dear Lord  
this, place, so small so small  
good, or not, merely small  
Good. Me? Well, you know,  
one of seven million  
that's all. Really. Small. Just  
like that comma up there  
my smallness extends. May  
you all come to me  
That extra comma should  
scrape itself down to here  
, okay?

Lord. How's criticizing  
society going to make  
you well, seems the more  
you criticize, the sicker  
you get... and, the world  
now, is a plot. You say  
the salt fish is tainted  
too, its pain thirty years'  
sickness a pattern eat-  
en into bone. I'm not  
a doctor but cut, burn,  
poison, strife. The effect  
is instant. Too many decades  
you've known about scheming  
and treachery, salty  
and bitter, all of it  
instantly! All that, where I  
am I now know. You think,  
...what Lu Xun, Sun Wen don't  
...know, were I an ellipsis, I'd  
know better...don't they become  
...after all



so just . how will . there . be  
any . change . revo . lu  
tions . have had . success . what  
do . you . say . '11  
'99 . did . things . get  
better . in May . by and . large  
purple . red . yellow . green  
more . or less revolt . isn't  
hard . yet lives are still . paid  
think . of the little . dots  
as . things achieved or . worms  
slow . in coming and . at  
a price . lashing wind . rain  
from . both sides on . going  
or sigh

Oh Lord can I please not! Not write  
poem sending with a sigh. Ahs~  
can be used ah~ ah~ ah— Lord ah  
is it true, only poetry reveals  
the incurability of sickness, the smallness  
of worms...between and before two sides  
the impossible...home and the pain of air  
and rain and ~ the bitterness  
of their ongoing  
? Ah~

5.2019

## Memories of Rain

Translated by *Mary King Bradley*

離開紐約前把所有雨傘都弄不見了。新墨西哥的黃昏經常下狂風暴雨。一個人走在十五分鐘內自我完成的昏天暗地中突然看見遙遠中國餐館的霓虹招牌以為是海市蜃樓。在哥羅拉多的大塑膠帳篷內談詩，豪雨驟至，帳篷成了遼闊的草原上的孤島。一個剪「屎塌蓋」頭的詩人把篷上不公平的角落堆積著不斷向下墜的雨水頂下來，就在詩人們最後晚餐式的桌子後面做了一個巨型瀑布。當詩人們都忙著開派對又嚷著被派對嚇怕的時候妳總是在想哪裡可以弄一把傘子來，好讓妳逃回去。

在芝加哥無言的早餐桌上，跟一個拍拍拍呼著氣的煙斗說世上有一種人叫香港人有權利認為自己有別於中國人，英文未能接受香港人這名詞是英美文化尚待改善的局限，說到一個地步想如果窗外能下大雨就好，卻沒有。藝術學院的噴泉前亦陽光遍地。一個老人走過來，指著羅列齊整的樹，向我說，這些樹來自中國，你知道嗎？我搖搖頭，望望樹，那是松嗎，不知道。白頭髮襤衣服的老人失望地走開去，大概感到所託非人，他餘下的時間用超級市場弄來的車子推著。

灰狗巴士的好處是灰

有雨沒雨也只滑過 Baudrillard 的易潔鍋

水開了水不在  
我但覺迷濛如雨 身外都溼了  
頭頂昏黃的一點燈 庇蔭一本口袋書大小的世界  
英文字與疲倦  
流過書頁與原野 最後  
來到麥當勞 好像跟上次那間方位不同呢  
抑或 我們的灰狗在賽兔子  
外面那無涯的 你說 都只是圓嗎  
耳筒裡的人「發瘋」了 突然要走出圈子外  
——噢，對不起，「崩潰」——崩潰「後」「康復」  
的聲音說她回不了去 不見得  
非「崩潰」的就可以 你看你看  
歐洲學生掏出美國地圖 攤開來有六個座位一條走廊大  
俄亥俄伊利諾肯薩斯愛荷華哥羅拉多新墨西哥 飛狗  
原不過是螞蟻 從一點嗅著土地的每一吋爬到另一點

就是為了  
麥當勞  
你說不回去 然而記憶積（著）累 變形 荒棄  
身後亦沒我們了 正常的過去是我們  
在紙上畫出來  
又眯著眼珠要認回來的  
那一點嗎  
蒼茫如窗外混濁顏色的雨  
混濁你我

9.1991

Before I left New York, all my umbrellas disappeared. Violent downpours often occur at dusk in New Mexico. Within fifteen minutes of walking alone, I suddenly saw in the far distance the neon sign of a Chinese restaurant amid the enveloping darkness, thought it was a mirage. Talking about poetry inside the big plastic tent in Colorado, a sudden rainstorm turned the tent into a lonely island on the vast grasslands. A poet with a moptop cut propped up the tent top's uneven corners with the endlessly falling rain piling up, creating a giant waterfall behind the poets' last-supper-style table. While the poets were busy partying and whooping it up, grumbling about how the party was freaking them out, you kept thinking about where to find an umbrella to make your escape.

At the silent breakfast table in Chicago, I say to the *pah pah pah* exhalation of a pipe that the world has in it people called Hongkongers, with the right to consider themselves different from Mainlanders. English can't take in *Hongkonger*, a noun that waits for Anglophone culture to revise boundaries. We talk until I think the heavens opening up outside would be good, but it doesn't rain. In front of the Art Institute fountain, sunlight is likewise everywhere. An old man walks over, points to an orderly list of trees, says to me, did you know these trees come from China? I shake my head, look at the trees. Is that a pine? I don't know. The white-haired old man walks away let down, probably feels he talked to the wrong person; his leftover time pushed by a grocery store cart.

The advantage of Greyhound bus is the gray  
rain or no rain just slid past Baudrillard's non-stick pan  
water boils, water's gone  
but I feel the mist like rain dampening everything outside me  
dim yellow light overhead shades a world that's paperback-sized  
English words and weariness  
flow over the printed page and plains at last  
we reach McDonald's seems to have shifted since the time before  
or our Greyhound is coursing a hare  
outside that infinity you say is it all just circles  
the person inside the headphones "goes crazy" a sudden desire to leave this circle  
—oh, sorry, "breakdown" —the "post" breakdown "recovery"  
voice says she can't go back again not sure if  
the didn't-have-a-breakdown crowd can, either Look! Look!  
European students pull out a US map spread it over six-seats and a corridor

Ohio Illinois Kansas Iowa Colorado New Mexico Flying Hound

just an ant snuffling over every inch of ground from one point to another

heading toward

McDonald's

said you won't go back but memory accumulates (weariness) transforms goes to waste

behind us is likewise nothing Is a normal past

that one spot we

draw on paper

and squint to recognize?

Vast like the cloudy colored rain outside

clouding you and me

9.1991



## SPICY FISH

Established in 2006 by publishing *Fleurs des lettres* (字花), a literary bimonthly in Chinese, Spicy Fish is a 13 year-old literary arts non-profit organization and publisher based in Hong Kong. *Fleurs des lettres* has been the most energetic and lively literary bimonthly. Its contributors include scholar Leo Lee Ou Fan, social critics Leung Man Tao, important Hong Kong authors, Xi Xi, Leung Ping Kwan, Wong Bik Wan, and Taiwan authors such as Zhang Dachun, Luo Yijun, etc. It has built a sharp literary brand that influences writers and readers in Hong Kong, Taiwan and the Mainland. In recent years, it has collaborated with online international literary magazine, *Asymptote*, in exchanging literary works for translation, so as to promote Hong Kong Literature to international readership. It strives to promote excellent Hong Kong authors to oversea readers.