

The Book of Sincerity

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I. The Desolation of Childhood

The waste forest will never be in silence.
The flame
Was burning Arauco like suicide
Along with your temples, along with the little
toy sheep,
Along with your almanac, along with the
muddy rainy street.
The scorched earth was like honey.

Therefore, you got rid of the chill and the
unknown mountains, and
Boarded on a dark train at 4 am. (You said you
want to see an ocean).

You were awaked by your families who
 spinning as paste, and
You set aside an hour for observing this
 province, with
Your face looked worrying and confused under
 the wet candlelight.
You were throwing up and down in long
 solitude
By the waves of apple blossom.

Once
You witnessed a cluster of flowers that were
Spilling on the clay alley. And showing their
 wild eyes.

Closer and closer, the depressed horseshoes
 keep clanking.
Birds in the deep forest sang for the first time
In your little human brain.

Once
You made room in poems for tears, yearned for
 conversations,

Expected mountains can stay in your heart.

Your first poem. The Swan. An amazing
creature.

The Boy

Who are poking fingers to the river bottom
has a pair of glistening eyes:

"Look at the shinning silver fish in the south!"

The creature against your chest was withering.

A strip of black silk was died.

Maybe, love and nature

Began to flow into your forehead.

II. The Wave of Rebellion

Three French Widows

"One day, someone hired me to thresh by using
a horse."

There suddenly appeared the sandy bank of
Budi lake.

The horrible waves were toughly smashing
Maule's rocky body.

You

Cannot find the start and end of quietness. The
forest,

An unfamiliar mother.

Her strong filbert arms hung upon your head,
taking no responsibility.

At the same time, Chile was with you on your
right side.

Brought you sea fish –

That thumping in the narrowest shallow stream,
or

Quivering for the last sunset in a creel.

9 o'clock in the night, you put a hand in the
clean lights,

The fine madame in mourning dress

Were already in silver-haired. What a charming
female ghost!

“Please come in, now you're home”.

Therefore, you sank to the soft French seabed.

What was it? What words from you that
 endowed brightness?
That suddenly kept the rustic talks away, and
 stirred up
Fine waves in her last solitude and comfort –
 Baudelaire!
An unfamiliar name within 500 kilometers
 radius.
The mysterious les fleurs du mal.
Some melancholy French vocabulary and feeble
 homesickness.
And another sad français dessert with wine.

“The simplest results: death and oblivion.”
You kept going in a new morning.

Students' Union

You used to be the correspondent of Students'
 Union's magazine.
Saw
A bloody Students' Union.
A song in colonial period.

Disordered. Prisoned.
But hope was preserved.
A youthful Students' union.

At once you were reminded:
García Lorca was killed.
Blood was smeared. Prisons
Prepared for people attacked.
A group of powerful bugs.
A sinful Students' Union.

The "Youth" magazine had
The eyes wide open. With
Enthusiastic proud neck and
Disdainful illustrations.
An ignorant game cheating
With death. They were quite sober.

They got out of bed early and went into
politics.
Like a group of furious wild geese. Being shot
down by police.
Young and weak.

Cracked spirits or bodies.
A similar nightmare as in Granada,
Is your unforgettable Students' Union.

Look at your period. Purely and soberly,
But will never prolong to this new generation.
Reading textbooks in foreign languages.
Hypocritically.

Alberto Rojas Jiménez

He is a “happy golden bird.”
He kneads the world with interesting
 knowledge into a lively ball of paper
And put it into his pocket.
Don't try to make him reluctant or see him hide
 his desire.
He truly has the wild uncommon
Charm of a poet.
He eats oranges.
He is a light gentle whirlwind.
He, “left poetry, paintings, ties, love and
 friendship anywhere he goes”.

He folds paper into birds, makes them alive.
You shall quickly see their slim, long necks and
thick, wide wings!

He is wasteful in manner and calm on face.
Splendor and grace splash through his finders.
You were delighted with him.

His death.

You were uncommonly sad for him.

His funeral.

A strange church. Everything completes.
A group of snow-white fat pigeons. Ever-
burning white candles.

Pale cheeks. A rough round moon as a piece of
blank paper.

His eyes.

You were fanatical for his stare, sighed
For the soundless amnesty, wrote elegies for
The unexpectable farewell- *Alberto Rojas*

Jiménez Comes Flying

At the moment, you heard the door open.
A drenched figure appeared in storms
Silently in mourning black
Ran a few paces, jumped over the coffin

Then gone and disappeared.

III. Great Way to the World

Vesperal Valparaiso is an orange tree.

You witnessed it hung upside-down with
roaring

As a surging gold fall. Then it rose slowly with

Old fragrance in the deep of narrow alley.

Daily growing in the quirky cinnamon spice,

Spanish fruit, and dancing girls' white thighs.

Far away at the bay's facture,

Vessels set sail successively, to the dream of
gold diggers.

Then a group of strongest giant metal birds
were

Dragging rude sailors' jokes and

Setting out to the bay of whales for plundering.

Competition was lost. Residents could only
craftily remain

On the top of hills. Their cherished hometown.

Cities as fish scale are fragile algal mud,

Kneading into various shapes by oceans and
mountains

Who will never move or change.

Under the nature's victory, your younger self
Enumerate all the mountains' names, and you
Whispering from Chile's sharp left edge and
listening to the echo.

Those subtlest human limbs, animals' fur, fine
but rusty bowls, cheap

Seasonal fruit, girls in rags, the sill that parrots
fly off in groups,

An embarrassed trick rider, a lanky missionary,
a desolated

Hospital with gray walls, hills covered with
palm trees,

A solemn graveyard, ruined furniture, a yard

Used to be filled with joy, windmills, a

only route for horses and donkeys, a

fair in coffee and banana's scent,

Solitude of poets and children,

The long-gone mother,

Your first poem.

Suddenly, you stopped the bleeding revolution
that under your pen.

And you started experience headache.

“Mr. Neruda, where do you want to go?”

“To Rangoon.”

诚恳之书

黄思嘉

一、童年的蛮荒

森林从未因荒芜而岑寂。

鸟儿喷射而出的力裹挟童年融化的记忆和热忱。大火，

顺着你童稚的鬓角，顺着小绵羊

顺着明暗交叠的火山岩与多花的死枝

顺着鸚鵡历书，顺着泥泞的雨水街

自杀般燃烧着阿劳科。蜂蜜般的焦土。

于是你挣脱寒冷和未知的山峦

登上四点钟的黑暗火车（你说你了解大海）

在糨糊样旋转的家人中被惊醒，在潮湿的烛光下

你露出困惑而急切的脸，又分出一小时望出去窥视这个省份：

被苹果花浪潮抛上抛下，如此孤零零的。

当年你曾不经意地看着

一股溢出黏土小径的繁花露出狂野的眼睛，

越来越近，苦涩的马掌叮叮作响。森林深处的禽鸟，

头一次在你人类的小脑瓜里鸣啭。

你曾多么冷静地在诗里开辟流泪的空间。
曾着魔一般渴望交流，渴望山的大手存在你的心里。

第一首诗。天鹅。一种动人的禽鸟。
男孩有一双亮晶晶的眼睛。他把手指插进清凉的河底：
“看，南方闪亮的银色小鱼！”

你胸前的生命开始凋零。死去的乌黑绸缎。
没准儿，爱情和大自然正涌进你天真的脑门。

二、反抗浪潮和一些人物

三位法国寡妇

“有一次，有人雇我去干用马脱粒的活。”
布迪湖边多沙的岸堤突然出现，巨力的浪涛
仍不死心地在你身后砸碎马乌莱的岩石体。
你
无法找到安静的起点和尽头。森林。
一位陌生的母亲。
她茁壮的榛树臂膀悬在你头顶之上，不负任何责任。
此时，智利陪伴在你右侧。带来眼花缭乱的
海鱼——扑腾在最狭窄处的浅溪，或者

在霞色的鱼篓里颤动着最后的光彩。
夜里九点钟，你把手伸进明晰的灯光里，
穿着孝衣的夫人白发苍苍。多么动人的女性幽灵。
“请进来，您到自己家了。”
——这样，你沉入了温柔的法国海底。
是什么？是你的什么词语赋予了光泽？
使得乡野之谈遽然远去，在她们最后的孤独和安逸里
激起精美的浪潮——波德莱尔！
方圆五百公里内的陌生姓名，隐秘的恶之花。
忧郁的法语词汇和无力的异乡斓语，
还有一道配酒的忧伤的法国甜点。

“最简单的结果莫过于：死亡和遗忘。”
新的清晨你继续前行。

学生会

你当过学生会机关杂志的通讯员。
看到了。
血淋淋的学生会。
一首殖民时期的歌。
失常。关押。并存有希望。
是年轻的学生会。

于是你想起。洛尔迦。谋杀。
乱涂的血浆。被攻击者的牢狱之灾。一群影响深远的“臭虫”。
写满罪行的学生会。
《青春》杂志睁大双眼。
沸腾的骄傲的脖子和轻蔑的插画。
戏弄死亡的无知游戏。他们还挺清醒。
他们早早地起床参与政治。
像一群愤怒的大雁。被警察一一击落。年轻又无力。
碎裂的神智或者躯体。格拉纳达的相似噩梦。
这是你难忘的学生会。
看，你的时代如此清醒和清晰。
直到百年后的我们读着外文课本各怀鬼胎。

阿尔韦托·罗哈斯·希门尼斯

他是一只“快乐的小金鸟”。
他把饱含有趣知识的世界揉成欢快的纸团揣进兜里。
别妄图让他面露难色或者隐匿欲望。
他具有真正的、难得的、狂野的
诗人的魅力。
他吃橘子。
他像轻松又绅士的旋风。
他。“在所到之处留下诗歌、绘画、领带、爱和友谊。”

他叠纸鸟、给它们“催活”、快看它们细长的颈项和宽厚的翅膀！

他挥霍无度又面容漠然。从指缝间溅出优美和光彩。

你为他感到欣慰。

他的死。

你为他感受到少有的强烈痛苦。

他的葬礼。

一座奇异的教堂。如此完满。

一群雪白的肥胖鸽子。长明的白蜡烛。

苍白的两颊。白纸样的粗糙圆月。

他的两只眼睛。

你为他的凝视而狂热，为无声的赦免而感叹，为突发的诀别而写

下哀歌：

——《阿尔韦托·罗哈斯·希门尼斯飞来了》

此时，你听到门开了。

湿透的人影从雷电中显现

一言不发，穿着重孝

跑几步，从棺槨上跳了过去。

旋即消失。

三、伟大的世界之路

夜晚的瓦尔帕莱索是一棵橘子树。

你目睹它像澎湃的金色瀑布一样轰然倒挂
又带着小巷深处的老旧香气
缓缓上升，在诡秘的肉桂香料、西班牙水果
和舞女雪白的大腿上逐日生长。
遥远的海湾断口处，
大船相继发出，去往淘金者的梦境。还有
那群最健壮的金属大鸟，拖拽着
粗鲁水手的笑话，纷纷前往鲸湾大肆劫掠。
对弈已输，居民只能狡猾又不舍地赖在山尖上，
鳞片似的城市像娇弱的藻泥，
被永不摇移的海与山揉捏成各种形状。
自然的胜利之下，年轻的你罗列下了山的名字
从智利尖锐的左侧轻轻呼喊并倾听回声：

那些最细微处的人的肢体、动物皮毛、精美却上锈的器皿、寻常
的廉价瓜果、
衣稍蔽体的黝黑女孩、鸚鵡呼啦啦飞起的阳台、高瘦的传教士、
难堪的马戏演员、冷清的灰白医院、棕櫚遍地的小丘、
严肃的墓园、损毁的家具、曾经欢乐的别院、
风车磨坊、马和驴子必经的小路、
咖啡和香蕉飘香的集市、
诗人和小孩的孤独、
死去的母亲、

第一首诗。

你蓦然止住笔下流血的革命，开始头疼。

“聂鲁达先生，您想去哪儿？”

“去仰光。”