

2018.7.23 Unfinished Poem

Sijia Huang

“I read the ‘9 Willow Street’, and
Thought of you when you lowering your eyes
and
All your contemplation and frankness”.
I wrote down these sentences after I applied to
legally leave A708.
In the noise of my typing, you were in silence.
That was you in my impression.
I am a pair of hateful scissors that gives
verdicts to your mental state,
But it starts to flinch, not lively anymore.

You
Grasp the world, grasp at ignorant freedom,
Grasp bustling dinner, grasp at lifesavers.
Seven hours ago, the unclimbed blue-black hills
in circle became a rabbit trap.
I was caught and infected, but heard your voice
From a bright exotic coast, which were

Rising up like fine smokes and wrapping
 around the black tree crown
Besides the laundry rack outside my window.
I stuffed something inside your brain after
 seven hours,
Something trivial and unexplainable in the
 short dream,
How unfair.
A howl was in my choked throat
Angrily as a weak and ignorant deer.
I wrapped you with sticky thick wings,
And I entangled you, dragged you, like a
 relentless needle.

We were helpless and arrogant beavers,
Accidentally isolated in an old home underwater.
Each of us will face some kinds of life.
We walked in the streets, struggling inside,
 identifying
Injured dreams, blind dreams.

“Let’s go home,” you said. Was it me who said
 it?
No, it must’ve been you who said something
 like that,
Either on the last day, or on the day before that.

It made me
Suddenly felt happy under your companion
——it peculiarly overflowed from the bottle
mouth of Rochefort 8

On the last day, I could not get rid of the
unbelievable lies.
On the last day, the night kept releasing smog,
The city's colorful mouth and eyes trembled
silently.
You calmly took those all beside me, and
tenderly asked me things
That were insignificant. I was full of rage.
Drowsiness was hung by a rope, swinging in
front of the window. I wanted to turn around.
Wanted to grasp your wrist or fingers.
“Let's go home,” I was always thinking about
this with regrets.

Rochefort 8 and brewery in hometown was
disappeared in civilians' inanity.
You left the crowd with a self-satisfied smile
And walked inside my mind carrying failing
family particles;
A gust of smirking wind

Brought the dog in the restaurant, lying near my
feet,
Along with my late-arriving academic
awareness.

Like you who speaks in the distance,
we still have time to talk.

2018. 7. 23 未完成的诗

黄思嘉

“我读到了杨柳街9号那首诗，
想起你低垂眼睛的样子、你的深思和直言不讳。”
我在申请合法离开 A708 后写下这些句子。
你在我的敲击里不出一声。那是我印象里的你。
我是一把判决你神经的可恶的剪刀，
但它也开始退缩、不再生动。

你抓取世界，抓取直白的自由感，
抓取热闹的晚餐，抓取救命稻草。
7小时前，无人践踏的蓝黑山峦成了捕兔夹，
于是，
我被捉住，被感染，却又听到，
你的言语从明亮的异国岸边里细烟样生长
哆哆嗦嗦缠绕着窗外晾衣架旁的黑色树冠。
我在时隔7小时后把什么塞进你的大脑。
在短暂的梦的运行里，琐碎又不足达意，
多不公平。
我从被攫住的脖子里发出干嚎，愤怒如弱小无知的鹿。
我用粘稠的厚重翅膀包围你，
又缠住你，拖拽你，像根永不停息的缝衣针。

我俩是无助又自大的河狸，
曾被偶然隔离在水下的旧居中。
我俩各自会遇到某种生活。
我们走在街上暗自挣扎，互相确认着
伤残的梦想，盲目的梦想。

“我们回家吧”，你说。难道是我说的？
不，你肯定说了类似的话，
不是最后一天，就是倒数第二天。
使得我
在你的陪伴下突然感到幸福
——它奇怪地从罗斯福8号的瓶口溢出来。

最后一天，我也没能摆脱不可思议的谎话。
最后一天，黑夜持续释放烟雾，
城市的嘴和眼睛颜色灿烂又无声地颤动。
你在我身旁平静地一并接收，又温柔地询问我一些
无关紧要的事情。我气坏了。
困意被绳子悬在窗前摇来荡去。我想转身。
想干脆抓住你的手腕或手指。
“我们回家吧。”我一直懊恼地想着这句先前的话。

罗斯福8号和家乡啤酒厂消失在平民的空虚里。
你带着志得意满的微笑离开人群
塞着故障的家庭零件
像一阵自鸣得意的风
带来趴在脚边的餐馆的狗，
和我迟到的学术认知。

就如远远说话的你，
我们依旧有时间交谈。