

2014 Calendar: The Flowers and Blues—Images by Mikey and Hongyun

叶兹和红韵的 2014 年花与诗挂历

2013 is a bit more turbulent than previous years, but fortunately, sky is blue again, and flowers are never disappointing. We have also become some kind of celebrities in the neighborhood because a cat named Zekey now owns us, and he and Angus take us to walk almost every day. Suddenly everybody is friendly: people, young and old, Asian or Caucasian, stop and chat with us about the one-and-only-in-the-world cat; nobody has seen something like him. So this calendar is for our old and new friends and more importantly, Zekey and Angus.



2013 年由于健康原因，生活里有不少的起伏，好在天空再次变得蔚蓝，而花儿们永远不会让人失望。今年我们也成了邻里的知名人士：因为一只名叫 Zekey 的猫成了我们的小主人；它几乎每天都跟我们的狗 Angus 一起领我们去散步。于是突然间，每一个人都变得友好热情，不管是老的还是少的，东方的还是西方的。他们从来没有见过会领人散步的猫。所以我们要把这个挂历献给我们的新老朋友们，尤其是 Zekey 和 Angus.

December 十二月 2013

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

The First Snow

初雪

Sheets of silver flames
Fall from heaven
Burning everything they touch
To pearl-colored ash

Who is to say this isn't a chance
For me to belong to you
And for you to belong to you
AGAIN

In silence
The virgin desert of North
Waits patiently
For true love's footprints



一团又一团银色火焰
自天而降
将一切
燃成珍珠般的灰烬

有谁能说这不是一个机缘
再一次
让我属于你
让你属于你

寂静里
那个北方的处女沙漠
正无限耐心地
等待心上人的足迹

January 一月 2014

Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

The Flume—Yun Cycle I

水道

The flowing of us:
The strong weathering flume
Which transports the sound
Of you to me
In a farther room



我们之间的默契
就像一个结实耐候的水道
它把你的声音输送给我
无论我在哪里

February 二月 2014

Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri
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Spring Can't Stop Death Either 春天也无法阻止死亡

Like a ruthless machine gun
The rainstorm shoots my petals one by one
In the shade of spring evenings
All small souls are whimpering

Even spring can't stop death
Still, those who pass away in spring
Will be reborn in spring
You croon like a philosopher king

I look up ten miles high
The sun gleams like your smile
Maybe what I need is a shining lark
To sing away all the sickening dark

In the meantime I am going to trap you
In the soft cocoon of my memory
One spring day next year
A butterfly will dance on my shoulder



骤雨的机关枪
射杀了无数娇艳花仙
春夜的阴影里
到处是花魂的呜咽

你像一个哲学王
说春天也无法阻止死亡
但春天的消逝
必在春天转世

我抬头看蔚蓝的天
三月的阳光一如你的笑脸
也许我要的是一只闪亮的云雀
来唱走所有病恹恹的黑魔

而你的一颦一笑将被我抓住
收藏于记忆柔软的蝶蛹
明年春天它会破壳而出
在我的肩上翩翩起舞

March 三月 2014

Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Prelude

前奏

Black trees on the shore
Of the sky.
Behind them,
A quiet lightning,
Winking.

White roots, fork
After fork, divide
My dark earth.

It's trouble overhead,
And here I am, whatever,
Armed with the mandible
Of a beetle.



黑色的树木
爬上天空之岸
它们身后
一向安静的闪电眨了眨眼

银白树根，开叉
开叉之后
将我黑暗的大地劈成两半

这是天上遇到的难题
我在这里
没有法子
用甲壳虫的下颚武装自己

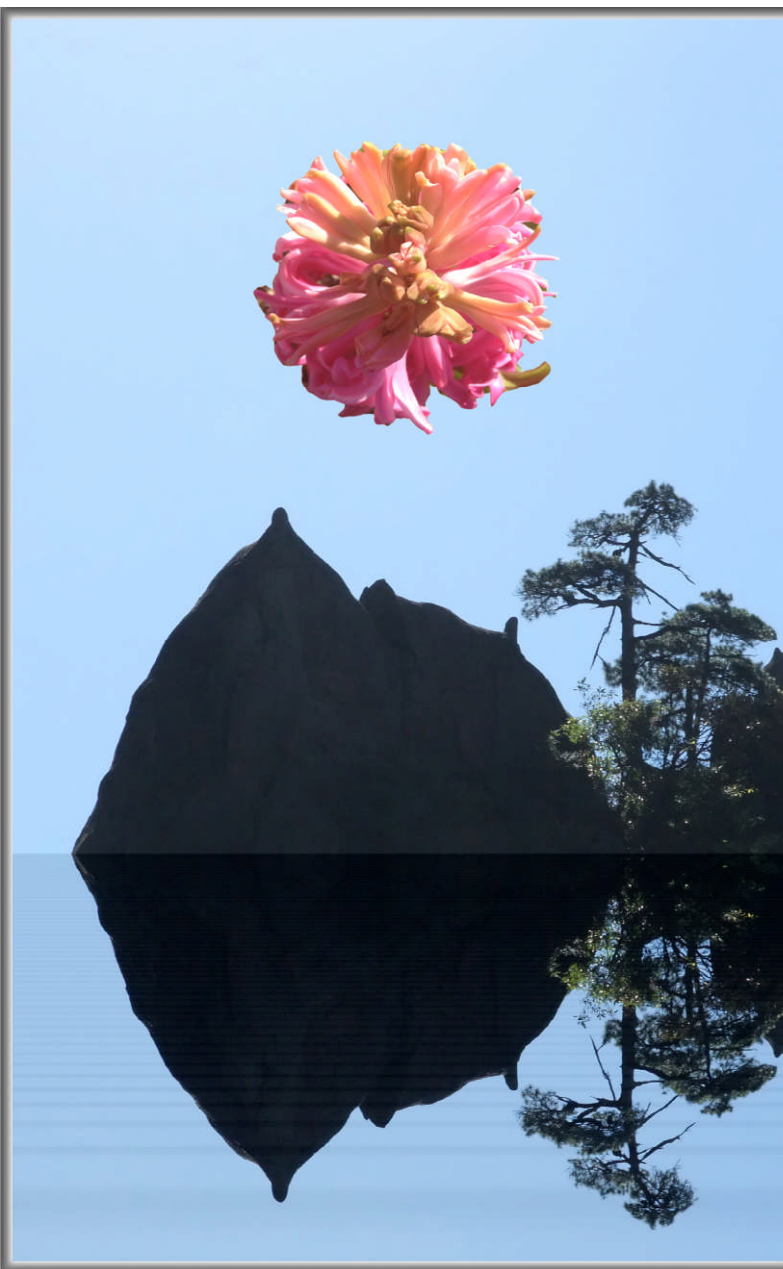
April 四月 2014

Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Whale 鲸鱼

When the darkness appears
Just a little darker than it should,
Go liquid.
It is only the whale rising.
The biggest beast is not unexpected;
The instant of arrival is surprising.
Go liquid.
Get darker than the dark.

When, unexpectedly, the largest
Darkness is rising darker
Than all darkness should,
The ice floe is breaking up instead
Of merely melting.
Swallow the water.
The whale is smaller than water.
Swallow.



只要黑比暗更暗一点点
请将你自己液化成水
当然这不过是鲸鱼在跃起
这个世上最大的野兽
并非无人期待
其凸现的那一刹那才算意外
请液化成水
比黑更暗

当最大的黑暗
毫无意料地跃出水面
且比所有的黑都更暗
浮冰会骤然裂开
而不是慢悠悠融化
把水吞掉
鲸鱼比水要小
把水吞掉

May 五月 2014

Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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The Knowing

知之

The dark owls roosting
In the yellow acacia
Today everything is a sign
For something else.

I am never too old to be
Guilty of being too innocent.

Sea lions among the herring
Off the point.

The in-drawn bark comes
Through my half-consciousness

Like a round of black ending
Through the glittering bits
Of swarming time.

Too soon things which have not
Shown their faces
Show their teeth.



黑猫头鹰们栖息在金合欢里
今之一切都是另一个自己

我永远不会迟暮到
不再犯天真过甚的顽疾

游离了中心的鲑鱼之间
钻进了海狮

倒吸一口气的喘息
穿过我的半个意识

像黑色结局的一个浑圆
穿过繁忙时刻的闪闪点滴

那些还没有露脸的东西
很快会显出它们的牙齿

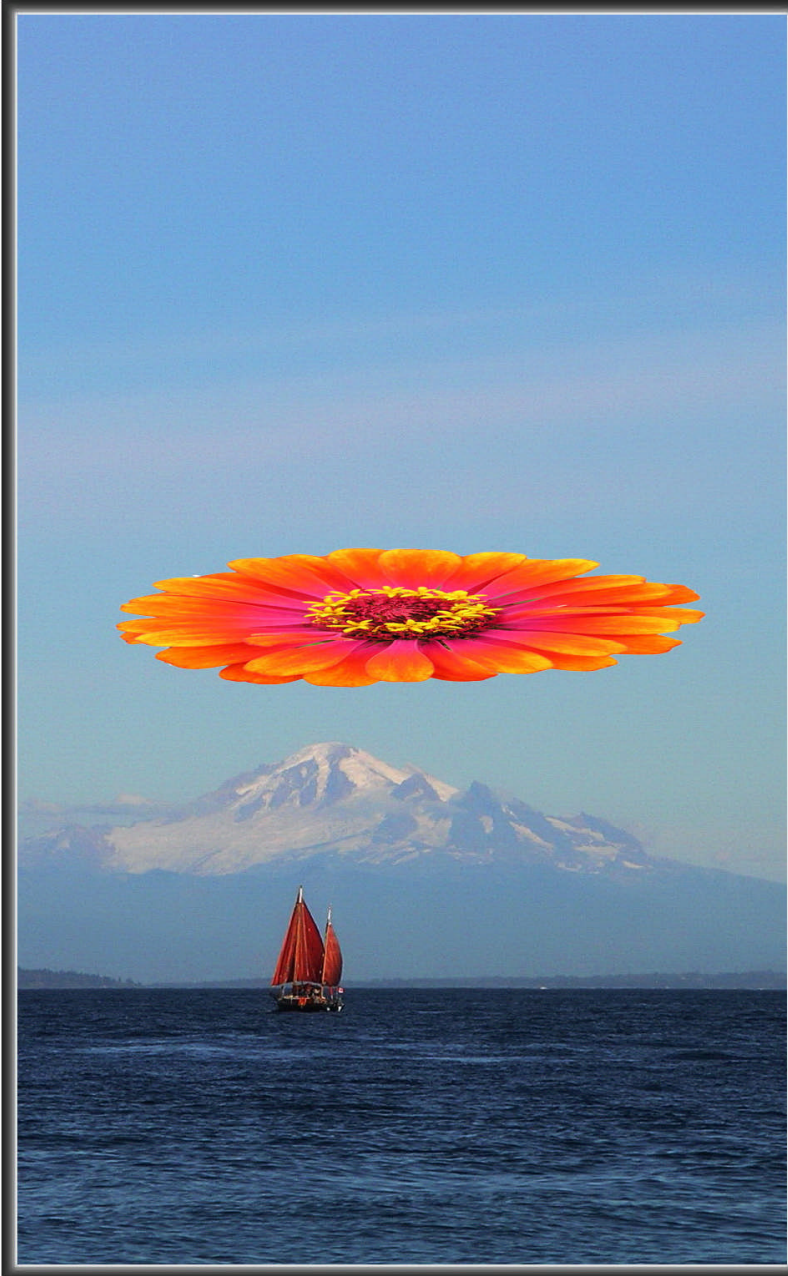
June 六月 2014

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon
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You Seek Happiness
你寻找快乐

**You seek happiness
Like a drowning person
Desperately clutching at
Anything that floats.**

**"Ha-ha,
I've got another slave!"
The god of happiness
Glowing with pleasure
Can't stop dancing for joy**



你寻找快乐
像寻找一根
救命稻草

“哈哈，我又多了
一个奴隶。”
快乐之王禁不住
手舞足蹈
喜形于色

July 七月 2014

Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Another Type of Remembering
另一种纪念

**An invisible hand
Dips into the bottomless
Blue ink
And writes out
Snow-white clouds**



一只无形的手
蘸天空之湛蓝墨水
写出了雪白的云彩

August 八月 2014

Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Fernweh 远方之痛

The wind began
And hackles
Of the land
Arose on end.

Spannung between
Being a seer, and,
At once, all
A seer has seen.

Late realization that
The history of one man
Is recorded always in
Unhurried loops of a
woman's hand.

A white wind
Is moving in
The green thighs
Of the grain.

There is music
I shall never
Play
Again.



起风了
大地之毛发
在终结处
竖直

左右为难存在于
做个先知
和先知一次看到的全部
之间

迟来的领悟是
一个男人的历史
总是刻录在一个女人之手的
不快不慢的翻云覆雨中

白色的风
正朝着
谷类绿色的大腿之间
移动

有些音乐
我永远
都不会
再去弹奏

September 九月 2014

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

I Heard Red Scream

我听到呐喊

Yesterday leaves fell like colorful beams.
I heard red scream,
I heard yellow scream,
I heard brown scream,
And I also heard black and white scream:

To hell with life's fraudulent scheme.
We come, we give, and then we have to die?
What happens to the eternity upstream?
What happens to love's dancing dream?
To hell with life's fraudulent scheme.

Some of those leaves followed me home.
Putting them between the pages of a book
Called *Not As Simple As It Seems*,
I opened the black fridge door,
And took out some mango ice cream.



昨日秋叶缤纷直落如光柱，
我听到红色在嘶喊，
我听到黄色在嘶喊，
我听到棕色在嘶喊，
我还听到白色和黑色在嘶喊：

见鬼去吧，生命的弥天大谎
我们出生，我们贡献，难道就为死亡？
那信誓旦旦的永恒去了哪里？
那迎风飘舞的爱恋又将置何方？

书桌上躺着一本我正在看的
《事情好像没那么荒唐》
我将跟我回家的数片叶子于其中安放，
然后打开黑色的冰箱门，
拿出了芒果冰淇淋一小碗。

October 十月 2014

Wed Thu Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue wed Thu Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue wed Thu Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue wed Thu Fri
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

Hunter

猎人

The animals approach too near now.
A final hunter sheds his human scent.
I wish sometimes I might have wished
To walk upwind all of my days.



野兽们正步步逼近
最后的猎手暴露了其人之本性
我有时却情愿我希望过
从来我都是顶风而行

November 十一月 2014

Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Doctrine 行旅

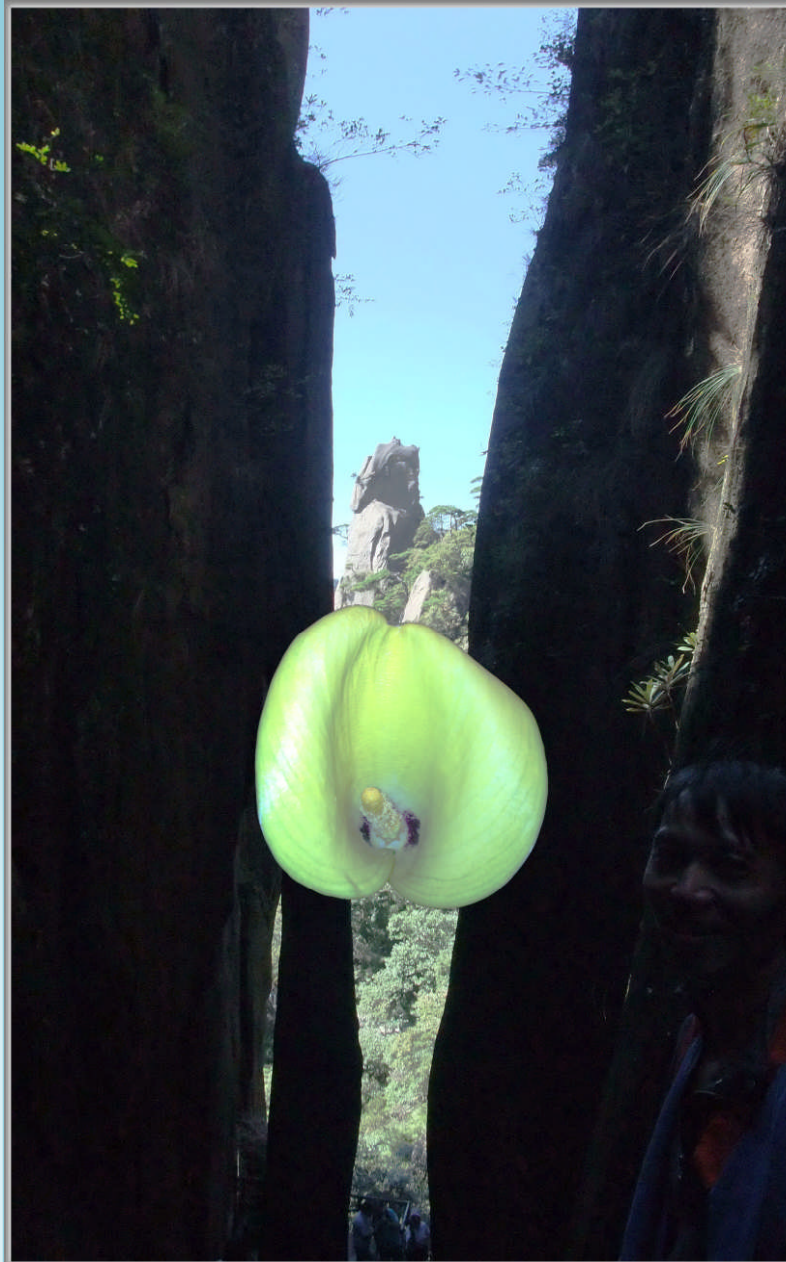
There is some chance, when I arise,
The landscape will arise with me and follow
Or I have never been wherever I have been.

One wounded caribou
May cross again and make
Yet the crossing of another year.

There is some chance a young bull moose
Will go exiled, warped head-piece, emasculated
By wolves at practice, in wait
For another hunger.

Warmth waits in the deepest snow
When the dogs ignore a mammoth moon
And the plume of the semi-volcano rises cold.

Gods and winters give, but first, receive.
Now it is short low sunset
Between two huge nights.
I live where a wolf turns when there is no game.



有一种际遇，就是当我起身时
山山水水也站起来与我相随
否则我从未踏足过彼地

负伤的驯鹿
可能会再次迁徙
实现明年再来的期许

年轻的雄驼鹿也会自我放逸
它的鹿角被残暴地损毁
因为行凶的狼群预卜了下一场荒饥

当硕大的月亮被狗忽视
半火山升腾起冷冷的烟缕
温暖等待在积雪最深之地

神灵和冬季在收受之前不会给予
而夹于两个长夜之间的落日正短暂低垂
一匹饿狼除了我再也无食可觅

December 十二月 2014

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31