

當山風起時

When the Wind Is Whirling in the Valley

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夜來山谷多風
咆哮聲盪氣迴腸
一陣一陣侵入
佛號不絕的佛堂
清晨
是誰閒坐窗前眺望
巨大的玻璃窗無知地影著相
萬里無雲的藍天底下
石頭山結伴成圈 坐地堂堂
沒有雨露甘霖的山上
零星的草木妝點它亙古寂寞的枯黃
錯落的石頭隱忍被造化撕裂的創傷

忽聞哮吼震盪
瞬間眼前清澄已昏黃
塵沙以拳屈的姿態把渾濁心覆藏
攀天旋轉而上 上 上
揮舞著困獸的猖狂
陽光破出 一一穿透它的張惶
倏然聲靜 風止
塵散 塵落 不知塵住何方

當山谷風起時

Through the night valley, the wind blew
Its howls were hanging and tossing in the air
Gust after gust, sneaking into the altar
Where the Buddha's name on and on flows
In the early morning
Who is there at the window gazing out into the distance?
The wide glass window imperceptibly goes on taking pictures
Under the vast and cloudless azure
The rock-ribbed mountains sit solidly in a circle, side by side
Atop the rainless mountains
Dotted grasses and trees embellish its withered loneliness
since time immemorial
Scattered rocks bear tolerantly with their wounds
torn by Nature

Suddenly there is a thundering roar
In the twinkling of an eye the clear and bright was covered
Dust motes, in the shape of a fist, settle over its turbid mind
And spiral into the sky, up, up and up
Brandishing their wildness like a cornered beast
Sunlight breaks through their bewilderment one by one
All of a sudden, the wind stops and there is silence,
The dust motes break up and fall, where do they land?



驟然震耳哮吼 塵沙飛揚
忽然滿目澄清 山石俱寂
燥動與沉靜不定時輪迴生滅
澄明與渾濁兩下裏交鋒過場
隔窗觀戰的

是悠然自得的冉冉檀香
觀音垂眉高立檀桌
似笑非笑諦聽
達摩瞪目獨荷隻履
似怒非怒審望
是誰是誰是誰 徵心何方

又是起風的時候
風化的石頭兀自挺住劫後的滄涼
疑惑未銷的風還在入夜的山谷間流浪
聲聲問 虛妄嗎虛妄
處變不驚的月光隨著鱗鱗水波盪漾
無語說 清涼啊清涼



When the wind is whirling in the valley
Without warning, its deafening roars lift clouds of dust
into the air
All of a sudden there is perfect clarity silences the mountain
and rocks
Movement and stillness alternate without a fixed time
Clarity and turbidity challenge each other
Watching the battle from the other side of the window,
Is the leisurely arose smoke of sandalwood incense
Guan Yin Bodhisattva looks down from the sandalwood table,
and listens with a faint smile
Master Bodhidharma stares out and carries a single shoe, and
examines with sternness
Who is this, who is this, who is this asking: Where is my
mind?

The wind is whirling again
The wind-carved rocks, weathering time and nature,
stand upright in the desolation
The questioning wind still roams in the valley
after night has entered
Asking again and again: Is it all an illusion? Is it?
Unsurprised by change, the moonlight flows freely
over the glimmering water
Answers without speaking, Ah, such coolness

