



白鶴的繆思

The Muse of a White Crane

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因為佛說阿彌陀經
世人遂認定我道骨仙風
不知誰在何時用水墨把我定型
伴著一顆怪石 一株古松
無比尊嚴地 我昂頭眺望遠山

在不食人間煙火的歲月中
厭倦與日俱增
終於我展翅飛出
那一卷經典的蒼黃
投入滾滾紅塵
去追尋一個生鮮多彩的夢

在五花八門的悲歡世界裡我迷失
往昔的教養令我
與這世界格格不入
滿心累累傷痕
我只能選擇孤獨地離去
漫無目的地飛 飛 飛

*Just because the Buddha spoke the Amitabha Sutra
People then stereotyped me as lofty and immortal
Didn't know when and who set me there in inkwash paintings
Accompanied by a piece of unusual rock and an ancient pine
Dignified, I looked up at the mountain afar in the distance*

*In the long days of living in non-human habitation
Weariness grew day by day
Finally, I spread my wings and flew away
From that classic yellowish scroll
Immersing in the mundane
Searching for a lively and colorful dream*

*I got lost in the multifarious world full of sadness and joy
Due to past learned manners
I was totally incompatible with the mundane
My heart was full of grievances and scars,
Departing solitarily was my only choice
Without a destination, I flew and flew and flew*





等等 是什麼散發出吸引我的氣息
我在池塘西邊的柵欄上棲息
水裡游著的生物讓我腹鳴如鼓
恨不得馬上把長嘴伸入
且慢 有人看守
在池塘的另一頭
一襲白衣 似曾相識
我得更加小心審視

我飛落橫越池心的石橋 輕輕
且看他會有什麼動靜
一手柳枝 一手淨瓶
他仍然高坐石上 微笑無聲
守護著池中眾生
全然不理會我的挑釁
我再度向他迫近

我在他旁邊站立
試著研讀他的靜寂
時間蹣手蹣腳走過去
饑餓早被忘記
焦躁亦漸漸平息
我終於記起久遠劫前的願力
懷著感激
我柔順地向他叩頭頂禮
毫不留戀地奮力
向阿彌陀佛的極樂世界飛去

Wait! What's radiating a scent that attracts me?
I land atop the fence by the west side of the pond.
Those creatures in the water cause my stomach to growl.
I wish that I could immediately dip my long beak in
But hold on, someone is guarding
On the other side of the pond
In a white robe, he looks so familiar.
I must examine carefully.

I fly across the bridge to the center of the pond, softly
To see if he would be astir.
Holding a willow branch in one hand and a vase in the other,
He still sits high on the rock, smiling in silence.
Guarding the living beings under the water
He completely ignores my challenge
Again, I approach him more closely.

I stand by him
Trying to study his stillness
Time stealthily passes by
The hunger has been forgotten and
My anxiousness has gradually calmed down
Finally I recollect my vows made from eons past.
Full of gratitude
I kowtow compliantly to him,
Without any reluctance, I fly away with all my might
Returning to Amitabha Buddha's Land of Ultimate Bliss