

《也许》

——答一個作者的寂寞
舒婷

也許我們的心事
總是沒有讀者
也許路開始已錯
結果還是錯
也許我們點起一個個燈籠
又被大風一個個吹滅
也許燃盡生命燭照黑暗
身邊卻沒有取暖之火
也許淚水流盡
土壤更加肥沃
也許我們歌唱太陽
也被太陽歌唱著
也許肩上越是沉重
信念越是巍峨
也許為一切苦難疾呼
對個人的不幸只好沉默
也許
由於不可抗拒的召喚
我們沒有其它選擇

Perhaps

---To an author in solitude
BY SHU TING (1979)

Perhaps what we want to say from the heart
will never have readers;
Perhaps our journey was already wrong from the start
and therefore will end wrong as well.
Perhaps the lanterns we light one by one
will be blown out by the wind one by one;
Perhaps we burn out the candle of our life to light the darkness
and will have no fire extra to keep ourselves warm.
Perhaps the tears we wept till we couldn't
does make the earth more fertile;
Perhaps the sun we sang into being
also sings us to life.
Perhaps the more weight on our shoulders,
the grander the faith we have;
Perhaps we cry out so loud on the sufferings of others
that we have to be still and silent on our own misfortunes.
Perhaps
ours is a call that cannot be resisted—
we have no other choice.

[The translation is cited with modifications from Gordon Osing & De-an Wu Swihart]