

My Poetry, Macao and the Cultures of the Sea

LEUNG PING-KWAN*

I enjoyed visiting Macao, and writing about it. I am particularly interested in the cultural encounters that have taken place in Macao in the past centuries.

When I first started writing poetry in the 1970s, I was interested in classical Chinese poetry, and tried to transfer what I learned from classic poetics to write about modern cities. When I first visited Macao I had written a series of seven poems, which were later collected in my first book of poems “Thunder Rumbles and Cicada Chips” (1979). This group of poems is more descriptive of places and streets in Macao, in which I followed the Chinese tradition of landscape poetry in containing feeling and ideas in imagistic presentation. I tried to capture the atmosphere and did not comment directly. I remembered I was at the Border Gate looking at China from a distance, and wrote a line to describe how the winds have torn the map at the hands of a tourist.

I since returned to Macao many times, for the food, the beach, and the atmosphere of old alleys and old houses. In the 1990s I had friends living in Macao,

and I brought friends from Europe there, having great parties from time to time!

Since 1997 I have worked with a friend on a project called Foodscape, using poetry and visual images to focus on the theme of food to explore the cultures of different cities. We first started in the Artspeak Gallery in Vancouver, then went on to Tokyo and Munich. We have had great times getting into the various facets of cities through food. In 1998 we returned to Hong Kong to do a new Foodscape exhibition at the Arts Centre, and among the works I had newly written there was one on Bela Vista, a hotel that we frequented a lot, to which we had just bid farewell in a grand party held before it closed down. I had by that time written a few new poems about food in Macao, so people suggested we do a Foodscape in Macao.

I was very excited about the idea, and we met some very encouraging and enthusiastic art administrators. So while I was an artist in residence in Berlin in the summer of 1998 working on a book of poems *Dong Xi* 东西 (East West Matters) I naturally took the time to write on the few figures from Macao that I am interested in: Camilo Pessanha, George Chinnery, Zheng Guanying 郑观应 and later Wu Li 吴历. In the postscript to the book *East West Matters*, I said that there wasn't just one East and one West, there are in fact many, and that the encounters of Easts and Wests created numerous ‘dong xi’, things and matters. Among the poems I worked on then, there was in particular a section called “Macao: East and West”. It contained

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Escritor, poeta, tradutor, ensaísta, crítico cultural e de cinema, professor de Literatura, Leung Ping-kwan (pseudónimo, Yesi) é uma das mais personalidades mais importantes no mundo das letras de Hong Kong. Nasceu em 1949 em Xinhui, Guangdong, e doutorou-se (1984) na Universidade da Califórnia (San Diego), com uma tese sobre o Modernismo na poesia chinesa.

eight poems about Macanese history and culture, about people and places and cultural encounters.

We had tentatively fixed the dates of the exhibition to be in 1999, in time for Macao's return to China. It was tentatively fixed to hold the exhibition in the City Hall museum. We went to visit and found the place beautiful, with a very pretty garden and, upstairs, a very impressive library.

But when I returned in 1999 I found the situation changed a bit. The art administrators that we approached were no longer in office. And management and schedules had changed, so other exhibitions were already arranged instead. My artist friend was also moving to Toronto, and was busy packing and did not have time to work out a new schedule. So we didn't pursue it any further.

It was a great regret to me. I had done Foodscape projects with poems and photos about different cities, I would have loved to explore further the links among

China, Portugal, Macao, Hong Kong and Canton in terms of cultures and perhaps with a focus on food.

But anyway I have not stopped writing about Macao. I am still very interested in East West Matters, I wrote about Asian or Pearl Delta cities. And among the series of Lotus Leaves poems there's a "Neighboring Leaf" which is about Macao too!

Then my wine critic friend Annabel Jackson finished a book on Macanese cooking, and asked me if I would be interested in contributing a poem. I had heard about her experience in searching for secret family recipes and I was very interested in the topic. Therefore I wrote the poem with great pleasure.

The poems have not been published in Macao so far. I would love to pursue a future project working further on Macao and on the encounters of Portuguese and Chinese cultures, or in a broader sense, the encounters of many Eastern and many Western cultures.



HONG KONG E MACAU. RELAÇÕES HISTÓRICAS E CULTURAIS

WU LI PAINTING BY THE BAY

from an ancient exhausted dynasty
you were asking Honolulu about the sailing date in vain
you are marooned on the little island, hearing the sea breeze say
the new boat has steamed off on an even vaster voyage
your friend should already have crossed the equator

on the road you looked for local accents and the customs of spring ploughing
but only found women in down jackets on the flower-spread street
you lift your brush, to single-mindedly surpass what's before your eyes
specific city sounds come back to miraculous landscapes
beyond your tiny *flyheads* are *birdclaws* – brush strokes from an exotic land

sleepless evenings like hearing the ship has put to sea
but mornings bring only the boats carrying homefresh fish for lunch
the steps of the Ruínas de São Paulo are all heaped with red and yellow fruit
black people dancing on the street, and strange customs
follow new colours and slowly they'll enter your daily life

a tranquil idle afternoon, you steal a moment
unroll a canvas, wanting to paint our ancient country's hills and rivers
sinuosity of bright and dark, front and back, who'd have thought a short visit
would turn into a long-term stay! and many storms on the homeward journey too
your mountain trees are stained with new lights and shades

(September 1999)

Translated by Brian Holton

HONG KONG AND MACAO. HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL RELATIONS

吴历在湾畔作画

来自古老疲倦的皇朝
向香山索问却未有船期
你滞留小岛上，听海风说
新船已迈进更淼瀚的水程
你的友人该已越过赤道了

沿路寻觅乡音与春耕的风俗
只找到铺花的街上锦衣的女子
你端起笔来，一心超越眼前
具体的市声，回到神逸的山水
你的蝇头外边尽是异地的鸟爪

不眠的晚上似听见有船出海
早上但见渔舟带回午饭的鲜鱼
大三巴教堂阶前摆满红黄鲜果
黑人在街上跳舞，陌生的风俗
随新的颜色逐渐进入你的家常

太平无事的下午，你偷闲
舒开画幅，想要绘画故国山水
阴阳向背的曲折，不想短留
竟变成长居！归途风雨还多呢
你的山树上沾染了新的光影



HONG KONG E MACAU. RELAÇÕES HISTÓRICAS E CULTURAIS

A TAPESTRY, GIVEN BY THE KING OF PORTUGAL
TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA

1

from the Paço da Ribeira
to the Yonghe Palace
from the mighty Dom João V
was sent a messenger bearing other gifts
to be given to the Yongzheng Emperor

and a lofty diplomatic mission
to return a favour between the nations
to commemorate the Yongzheng Emperor's accession
to ease the severity of recent diplomatic policy
to guarantee the safety and the profits of the Portuguese in Macao

it boarded to the exalted sound of trumpets
crossed an endless roaring ocean
red silk backing criss-crossed with gold and silver threads
weaving out heroic deeds of officers of state
to be presented by one palace to another
each a residence protecting a Son of Heaven, from one mighty monarch
to another, on the admiring eye imprinting
heroic achievements, daily affirming eternal glory

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2

everyone knows
 in nine pieces
 packed in two wooden chests
 the tapestry
 was stuck in the bottom of the ship's hold
 and first had to wait for the [proper] wind direction
 before it could set out on its voyage
 then in Rio, in Brazil
 it suffered a hard winter
 waited till the weather turned warm
 then sailed out for Batavia
 stayed a month
 waiting for provisions
 meanwhile Dom João V, King of Portugal
 ate legs of lamb
 drank wine
 arrested commoners
 erected magnificent buildings
 celebrated his birthdays
 dispatched armadas
 went ashore on all kinds of islands
 and gave orders for the weaving of tapestries
 waiting for the recording of these things
 and at this stage of waiting
 the Yongzheng Emperor
 also did things
 he had people put to death
 had people put in prison
 carried out a Literary Inquisition
 and the people he disliked
 he had them dug up from their graves
 to make them to die again
 he sent armies everywhere on punitive expeditions
 and killed a good many people
 while he was waiting
 he did things like that
 what was he waiting for?
 no-one knows
 but maybe it included
 the far-voyaging
 narrative of immortal events
 the heroic tapestry?

3

the heroic tapestry
 as it was sailing toward him on its long voyage
 was it as if it had crossed eternity?
 no, it was merely that
 a voyage of one year and two months
 was nothing
 except the sun rising and setting
 the weather changing
 except for life
 and moths
 in the wet and the emptiness
 coming every day to eat
 mouthful by mouthful
 for breakfast
 lunch
 afternoon tea
 at midnight
 bit by bit
 enjoying it
 so there was nothing
 left for
 His Majesty
 the
 Emperor

(September 1998)

Translated by Brian Holton

葡萄牙皇帝送给中国皇帝的一幅挂毯

一

从里贝拉宫
到雍和宫
由伟大的唐·若昂五世
派遣使者带着其他礼品
一起送给伟大的雍正皇帝

背负了崇高的外交使命
为了两国之间礼尚往来
为了庆贺雍正皇帝登基
为了缓和迩来的强硬外交政策
为了保障葡人在澳门的利益与安全

在高昂的号角声中起航
越过波涛汹涌的无边大海
红色丝绸衬里上面纵横金银丝线
织出了御前大臣的英雄事迹
要从一所宫殿送往另一所宫殿
保护天子的居所，从一个伟大的帝皇
到另一个，在赏玩的目光中印证
英雄的业迹，朝夕肯定永恒的光辉

HONG KONG AND MACAO. HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL RELATIONS

二

谁知道
分成九块
装在两个木箱里的
壁毯
呆在船舱的底层
先是等待现实的风向
才可以启程
又在巴西里约热内卢
度过严冬
等待天气转暖
再航至巴塔利亚
停了一个月
等待补给

其间葡萄牙皇帝唐·若昂五世
吃了许多条羊腿
喝了许多葡萄酒
捕捉了许多平民
去建筑许多宏伟的建筑物
去庆祝他的许多个诞辰
派遣许多舰队
去登陆各种各样的岛屿
又再下令编织许多壁毯
等待它们记载这许多事情
在等待的过程裡
雍正皇帝
也做了许多事情
他把一些人处决
把一些人关入大牢
推行文字狱
把他不喜欢的人
从坟墓里挖出来
叫他们再死一次
他发动军队到处征伐
又杀死了不少人
他在等待的时候
就做了些这样的事情
他在等待什么？
谁也不知道
也许也包括了
远道而来的
记述不朽盛事的
英雄的壁毯？

三

英雄的壁毯
正在远道向他航来
好像渡过了永恒？
不，只不过是
一年又两个月的航程
什么也没有
除了日出日落
天气的变化
除了生活
在潮湿和空虚中的
蠹虫
每天来咬吃
一口一口的
把英雄事迹
当早餐
午餐
下午茶
宵夜
一点一滴的
欣赏了
没有什么
留给
皇帝
大老
爷

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IN FRONT OF THE MA JU TEMPLE

the temple is closed
even Ma Ju has time to rest
we'll just have to sit by the sea
and run our own maritime matters

drinking, we face the rolling grey waves
on the bottle gold characters celebrate Macao's return to China
today's weather is unsettled: cloudy or clear
when dusk comes it's a little stifling
the beer is cold enough
but can't slake our thirst

why are the distant hills split in half?
those plants drifting on the water
can they be leaves in self-banishment?
when, through layered clouds,
will break bright starlight?

(June 1999)

Translated by Brian Holton

妈祖庙前

庙关门了
妈祖也有休息的时候
我们只好面海而坐
治理自己的海事

面对起伏的灰色波涛饮酒
酒罐上有庆回归的金字
今天天气阴晴未定
黄昏来时有点翳热
啤酒够冰凉
可止不住我们的渴

远山为甚麽给劈开了一半?
那些随水飘流的植物
可是自我放逐的花叶?
甚麽时候, 云层里
会透出清明的星光?

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SHELTERING FROM THE RAIN IN THE CAFÉ CARAVELA

the rain began during our chat
unavoidable as our chat
the Portuguese in the shop were drinking wine
behind them, the boat that had sailed every ocean
had it really been a treasure ship?
now it has congealed into a shop sign

sitting by the shop we idly watched
the day-long rain pouring and pouring down
and unavoidably tired by the dark green
reflection from the puddle of the little harbour
upturned chairs and tables waited for closing time, dogs
all gone too, café feasts drawn near to their codas

they'd all gone to Xinkoudian's grocers
maybe talking politics, maybe kowtowing to a new Guan Yin
we few nostalgic incorrigibles
lingered on by the old shop
you said not long before there had been a gun-battle here
it all seemed ideal, but even here had not escaped

even you who took the long road from the tropics had buried
your grudges
your kindness always feeling there was no way to change an
ice-cold world
you wanted to go, but the Portuguese photographer said to
stay
unavoidable that my friends wanted to go too
so many boats crossing the world's oceans
hoping everyone could find their own rain and snow or
sunshine

unavoidable that so many tall block-printed buildings were
going up
the sorry little harbour watching each closed shop
we knew too that the vulgar little harbour hadn't developed
into a peaceful place, but we could remember
we had gathered here to take a drink
trying to help each other relieve life's sorrows

(June 1999)

Translated by Brian Holton

在金轮饼屋避雨

雨突然落下来了
我们没法走避
店内的葡萄牙人在喝酒
背后是远渡重洋而来的船只
现在凝止成为一块招牌
坐在店前我们眼看
满天的雨水倾泻下来
冷巷的水潭有惨绿的反光
桌椅复转快要关门
窄巷里我们可以逃忙到那儿呢？
你也曾从热带远道而来
向善的心总觉没法改变冰冷的世界
你将要离此地而去
家升也要离去了
葡萄牙摄影师倒是留下来
这么多的船舶来往不绝
我们此刻困处小巷
看着关了门的小铺
零星食店
你说这儿不久前曾发生枪战
真可惜这隘巷未发展成一个安居的社团
可以让来自不同地方的我们
不时聚首
喝一杯酒
吃一个马加休球
帮助大家
解决日常生活遇到的难题

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CITYSCAPE

The city is always the colour of neon
 Secret messages hidden there
 The pity is only, you're wearing a mask
 No way to know if it's you that's speaking

Fruit from many different places
 Each with its own tale to tell
 In newly dressed shop windows
 "Che" rhymes with the latest in shoes

In your little cafes I bump into
 Friends I haven't seen in years
 Between pickles and green tea porridge
 A cup of tea has drunk away a lifetime

Have you any spare change then?
 There are plenty of gods on sale in the market
 She cherishes the memory of her last life's rouge
 He likes the celadon green of city dust

So sing me a song then
 On the winding midnight street
 Yesterday and us, we've come face to face
 But however we try, we can never recall today

Translated by Brian Holton

城市风景

城市总有霓虹的灯色
 那里有隐密的讯息
 只可惜你戴起了口罩
 听不清楚是不是你在说话

来自不同地方的水果
 各有各叙说自己的故事
 橱窗有最新的构图
 革命孩子和新款鞋子押上韵

我在你的食肆里
 碰上多年未见的朋友
 在渍物和泡饭之间
 一杯茶喝了一生的时间

还有多余的银币吗
 商场里可以买回许多神祇
 她缅怀前生的胭脂
 他喜欢市廛的灰绿

给我唱一支歌吧
 在深夜街头的转角
 我们与昨天碰个满怀
 却怎也想不起今天

HONG KONG E MACAU. RELAÇÕES HISTÓRICAS E CULTURAIS

THE POET CAMILO PESSANHA
SLEEPS CURLED UP ON A MACAO BED

this is your world
 stinking red hangings, enclosing
 the iron bed on the Persian rug, the coloured blankets
 enwrapping you who sleep curled up in layer upon layer
 of the exotic scents of joss-sticks and opium
 faithful pekinese crawling close to you
 licking your beard
 your knees below your chin
 as though you were mumbling new words
 only the parrot repeats what you have said
 you have abandoned all the houses on the other shore
 and come here far across the oceans
 roamed all the earth to find a bed
 no matter what turbid river flows outside
 or where in the world its confluence
 bishops and viceroys constantly changing
 your eternity is a bead-roll of roses
 tear upon tear wept by an unlucky mother
 you said farewell to every treasure in your past home
 navigating between these Chinese relics in the mirror
 your destination never reached, the scroll's flowers unwithered too
 you leaned on the weathered blue and white porcelain
 the Bodhisattva wound with spider webs
 escaped the original order and drifted here
 forever at rest, a fossil life
 the peeling mirror reflects a bed of old blankets
 folded into desires, carrying curses
 to put someone forever into deep sleep
 in this warm, narrow, humid cave
 your woman of the East lit your opium pipe
 you slept into a womb, you are a pupa
 sunk in sleep you saw the demon that overflies reality
 oh sleep, sleep well
 things in dreams are more real
 in those dreams you own
 the whole world

(October 1998)

*Translated by Brian Holton*诗人庇山耶
蜷睡在一张澳门的床上

这就是你的世界
 腥红帷幔低垂，围绕
 波斯地毯上铁床彩毯纵横
 把蜷睡的你包卷在层层
 线香与鸦片的异香之中
 忠心的北京犬爬近你
 用嘴擦你的头发
 你的膝盖抵着下巴
 仿佛在喃喃说新词
 只有鹦鹉重复你说过的话
 放弃了所有彼岸的房子
 你远渡重洋而来
 走遍地球找到一张床
 不管外面混浊河流
 在世界何处交汇
 主教或总督换个不停
 你的永恒是一串玫瑰念珠
 坎坷母亲的一滴滴眼泪
 你告别了过去故乡所有珍寶
 在镜中这些中国文物间航行
 永不抵达，画轴中的花朵，也不凋零
 你倚偎着破损的清花瓷器
 蛛网缠绕的菩萨像
 离开了原来秩序流浪到此
 永远在休憩，生命是化石
 剥落的明镜照一床旧被
 褶成欲望，带着咒语
 教人一直沉睡下去
 潮湿温暖狭窄的洞穴
 你的东方女人为你烧一口鸦片
 你睡成胚胎，你是蛾蛹
 沉睡中飞过现世的魅魍
 睡吧，好好地睡吧
 梦中的事物更真实
 你在梦中拥有
 整个世界

HONG KONG AND MACAO. HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL RELATIONS



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SECRET FAMILY RECIPES

the swirling flicker begins from a lamp
 an always unsustainable accident at your ear
 some say you're hot-tempered but you're already
 no longer that; people from later on
 boiled that dish dry, forgot
 the original theme, as we stirred
 we slowly lost ourselves
 too vague, too weak, too compromised
 impossible to arrive at the shape of dawn-to-dusk thought
 from beyond a mediocre cuisine we keep on wanting
 to recover those lost notes

no matter where we go we always carry with us
 from our youth the aromas that drifted through
 lanes and alleys from big colonial houses after school
 from the faraway town, renewing our desires
 the comforting embrace we repeatedly lose
 grown up, the subtly sweet and bitter sourness
 disclosed in unavoidable depression
 the secret escape route whose direction is unknown
 eternal secret, stuck between the teeth like
 Granny's paradoxical fishcakes:
 an undifferentiable blend of sweet and salty

if you have the best *bacalhau*, if you have
 Portuguese olive oil, strong enough and mellow enough
 can everything then be magically reproduced?
 the dinners our godmothers cooked for us on Sundays
 in every attic, behind every closed curtain and
 shutter inside southern European-style windows
 in these dusty yesterdays, what was so subtly shining?
 sisters recorded it, kith and kin noted it down
 and the paper slowly and gradually faded
 impossible to hold on to these mysterious rites
 performed with such wizardly perfection

remember the flavours of aniseed and nutmeg
 those *balichão* stir-fries really mouth-watering
 remember Granny used to cook a mysterious dish
 (neighbours all knew in the kitchen she'd do her stuff)
 the aroma was a lingering one, but after she was gone
 there was no-one who could blend the same flavours again
 our nickname was *muchhi-muchi*, and after school
 whoever lost a bet invited the others to eat *cha-cha* sweet bean soup
 we grew up between meals, faintly remembering
 grown-ups had shown us a mysterious album
 we just mix food in the pan, not knowing if we can reclaim those riches

Translated by Brian Holton

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家传食谱秘方

从一盏灯旋转的闪烁开始
 永远无法持续的意外在耳边
 有人说你是辛辣的但你已经
 不是辛辣的，后来的人
 把这道菜煮得太干，忘记了
 原来的主题，我们在搞拌中
 逐渐失去了自己
 太模糊、太软弱、太妥协
 难以达到朝思暮想的形状
 我们继续在平庸的烹饪以外
 想去寻回那些失落的笔记

不管去到哪里我们总带着
 童年放学经过巷道间
 那些殖民地大屋中传出的香味
 来自遥远的市镇，修葺我们的欲望
 是我们屡屡失落的安慰的怀抱
 成长时那微甜的苦酸
 在那些无法逃避的沉闷中
 发现了逃走的暗道却不知通往何方
 永恒的秘密，如牙缝中吊诡的
 老祖母的鱼饼：无法分辨的
 咸和甜的混合

要得有上好的百加休鱼，要得
 有够强够醇的葡萄牙橄榄油
 然后那一切就可以像魔法般重现？
 教母在星期天晚上给我们煮的晚餐
 在某一个阁楼，某一道壁上的
 南欧风味的木窗里面窗帘和窗罩下
 那尘封的昨天里，微微闪光的是什么？
 姊妹们曾经记下、亲友反复钞写
 而纸张逐渐褪色了
 难留下那无法挽回的
 巫师般准确搬演的神秘仪式

记得那些茴香与肉豆蔻粉的味道
 那些葡式虾酱炒菜特别惹味
 记得祖母煮过的一道神秘的菜
 (左邻右里的人都知道，是她下厨一显身手了)
 那气味历久不散，但自从她去后
 没人能再调出同样的味道
 我们被唤甜角的浑名，放学后
 打赌输了请吃杂豆渣渣甜汤
 我们在零食间长大，隐约记得
 大人们曾向我们显示一本神秘的册页
 我们搅拌锅中食物，不知能否寻回那丰富

HONG KONG E MACAU. RELAÇÕES HISTÓRICAS E CULTURAIS

GEORGE CHINNERY
PAINTING THE FISHERWOMAN OF MACAO

Sniffing at a snuff bottle, laughing out loud again and again
Strange, this ugliest of men has the biggest of appetites
he can shove everything into his mouth and chew upon them
and still his hungry stomach remains empty: cups and plates from breakfast
a cathedral completed and then burnt down, leaving just a façade
upper class Britons who gossip about one another, and even
their ludicrous scarves? He chewed on the vanity of a foreign land
the long robes, loose sleeves, bygone prosperity buttoned with trivialities
Sitting in a circle on the balcony, those merchants grown rich from opium
are his close friends, and he a regular guest at their dining tables,
but perhaps he'd like to quietly remove his collar
stiff, like an ex-wife ugly fierce and impossible to break away from
debtors from India, or court cases that drag on forever, it makes him
yearn to forget the over-elaborate age-old European attire

to rest his eyes on the natural grace in the fishing boat? Perhaps he knows too
there is no forgetting the gulf spanning the swaying vessels
But driven by an inner hunger, he would willingly abandon his
table manners, yet the local spices prove too much for his foreign constitution
strong as his stomach is, the radiant beauty draped in crimson
belongs to the other shore forever unreachable, eliciting glances from afar
yearnings, its shimmering reflections on the waves easily make one drown
On the embankment where heavenly feet so lithely tread, does he dare venture?
It's clear a war will break out—flashing swords, dark smoke, perils
perilous—still he loathes to keep warm behind the walls and sigh
He still wants to go up and down the streets and alleyways, to forget
his background, his upbringing, and live anew the lives of others
and from the hearty laughs, the gentle embrace of sea breeze
to paint afresh the story of his life and fate

(August 1998)

Translated by Martha Cheung

HONG KONG AND MACAO. HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL RELATIONS

钱纳利绘画濠江渔女

嗅着鼻烟，并不断纵声大笑
 奇怪，这最丑陋的人有最好的胃口
 他可以把一切都放到嘴里咀嚼
 总填不满空虚的饥肠：早餐的杯盘
 建设了又烧剩一面前墙的大教堂
 互说闲话的上流社会英国人、还有
 他们可笑的围巾？他嚼烂异乡的虚荣
 阔袖的长袍，满是繁琐钮扣的旧日繁华
 围坐阳台上那些从鸦片谋利的商人
 他们是他的好友，他们是他们餐桌上的
 常客，或许他想悄悄脱下那硬领
 如摆脱不了的一个又丑又凶的前妻
 印度的债主、那些永远打不完的官司
 令他想偷偷越过繁褥的古老欧洲装扮

望向水边渔舟上的轻盈？也许他也知道
 舟揖摇摆水波的鸿沟永远无法跨越
 不过由于内在的饥渴，令一个人宁愿背弃
 餐桌礼仪，但本地的辛辣挑战外来肠胃
 管他胃纳再好，那些红巾围绕的明媚
 是永远无法触及的彼岸，总令人远望
 寄情，是容易令人溺死的波光倒影
 天足轻快走过的堤岸，他敢走出去吗？
 那儿将有充满匕首与黑烟的危险战争
 他害怕可又不甘心在围墙内取暖与慨叹
 仍想要再走遍大街小巷，要忘记
 自己的出身，重新活一次别人的生命
 从那爽朗的笑声和海风温柔的胸怀里
 从头绘画出自己的身世和归宿

HONG KONG E MACAU. RELAÇÕES HISTÓRICAS E CULTURAIS

AT BELA VISTA

I look at the traffic on the bridge, a glass of wine in hand
Next year today, no more parties on the veranda for us
Someone remembers it used to be a refugee camp during the war
providing shelter from catastrophes. Like in a disaster film?
I turn round to look at the elegant colonnades, renovated many times
Let's not forget the ghosts of history

Who plays the lead in this scene?
The imposing walls of the seventeenth century fortress had crumbled
at the deserted well in the courtyard servants had gathered to wash clothes
Before me now people embrace and applaud in front of a birthday-cake
As always we play walk-ons in historic scenes
Sitting at this long table tonight, we sail
as if on a luxurious liner towards the twenty-first century

Will these stairs vanish? Will the restaurant,
forsaken, sink deep into the ocean of oblivion?
I sit here drinking in silence, listening to
but not hearing any dramatic explosions
Behind the bela vista one sees are the boa vistas
everyone imagines for himself. Candlelight dinners
never match one's imagination. Beyond the music
one hears, another music plays on

This place had seen the nights of our youth, the time we first explored
tirelessly those narrow alleys, watching people make their humble living
along the streets, and at night we checked in – a mere grotty hotel then
Local wisdom will not easily disappear
Buildings the British and the French had fought to purchase
bear witness to the rise and fall of different masters, and now
on this stretch of land newly reclaimed, pagodas and towers
may rise to attract tourists. Who plays the lead in this scene?

We try Macanese and Cantonese food, which change with time
There are no more waiters in uniforms neatly starched
only new dishes of hotchpotch stews made from old recipes
bean stew Brazilian style, squids Mozambique in coconut juice
In the end it is they that remain. Keeping them company on the table
a simple drink made from sugar cane

(Macao, February 1998)

Translated by Martha Cheung

HONG KONG AND MACAO. HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL RELATIONS

峰景酒店的一夜

把酒望大桥上车辆穿梭
 明年今日再难在回廊上喝酒了
 战时它曾是难民营
 庇护逃离战火的众生。
 我回首看几经翻修的优雅廊柱
 我们不要忘记历史的鬼魂

谁是这场戏的主角？
 十七世纪巍峨古堡的城墙逐渐崩塌
 院落弃置的水井有下人来洗衣服
 眼前男女在生日蛋糕的掌声中拥吻
 我们老是在历史的场景里当临时演员
 今夜我们围坐在长桌旁，仿如
 乘坐豪华邮轮航向二十一世纪

这些楼梯真的将要消失？餐厅
 丢空，沉进遗忘的海洋深处？
 我坐在这儿默默喝酒，听着
 却没有听见戏剧性的隆然巨响
 看得见的美景背后有每个人
 自己想像的好风景，烛光晚餐
 总没有想的美味。听得见的音乐背后
 另外一种音乐继续弹奏下去

这儿曾有我们年轻的夜晚，第一次
 不觉疲倦地走遍小巷，沿街看
 谦卑的营生，夜来投宿破落的旅馆
 民生的智慧总不会轻易消失
 英国人和法国人曾经争着收购的建筑
 见证了不同的起伏，现在面对
 填出来的烂地，也许要建新的塔楼
 招徕游客。谁是这场戏的主角？

澳门菜和粤菜，在年月中演变
 没有穿着浆硬制服的待者了
 只有本地的杂烩把种种旧菜翻新
 巴西的红豆煮肉、莫三鼻给的椰汁墨鱼
 到头来是它们留下来，伴着桌上
 一种从甘蔗调制成的饮品