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徒浪序: The Order of The Waves

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徒浪序

許睿騰 Ray Hsu

1. Strolling with the Coast of Seattle

漫漫的海岸，盛滿了行人無法背負的思緒。這些被遺忘，未被表達的詩句，隨著海風的吹拂，散落在浪裡，載浮載沉，隨風逐流。沒有方向，沒有顏色，混入於這茫然之中，只能偶爾地向急流中的自我訴說無盡的不遇。

The long coast is full of thoughts that pedestrians cannot bear. These forgotten and unexpressed verses, with the sea breeze blowing, are scattered in the waves, floating and sinking, drifting with the wind. There is no direction, no color mixed in this daze, and can only occasionally tell the self in the rapids of endless encounters.

2. Are they align?

切若是那遠方的霧，模糊了海與岸的邊界。在一個人的視界裡，他只能獨自面對那手拙無措。

If it is the fog in the distance, the boundary between the sea and the shore is blurred. In a person's vision, he can only face the helplessness alone.

3. Three NOs

不聽，不語，不看。換取時間的同時，也失去了永恆的火花。

Don't listen, don't speak, don't watch. In the exchange for time, the eternal spark is lost as well.

4. Patience

等待，只是一個執著，一個對於時間頑固不寧的期待。

Waiting is just an obsession, a stubborn and restless expectation of time.

5. One and another, yet together

方向隱含這過往的決定，決定隱含著過往的經驗，而經驗隱含著決定與方向。

Direction implies this past decision, decision implies past experience, and experience implies decision and direction.

6. Hong-yan (紅顏)

黯淡的容顏，有著是過往的風華，沉寂的心靈，耐著的是歌舞後的昇平。

The bleak face has the elegance of the past, the quiet heart, and the patience after the song and dance.

7. Snowflakes

嫵空飛舞的雪花
 擾亂了我與遠樹的談話。
 自顧自得，
 被四處的眼光，
 浸得晶淨瑩透。
 The snowflakes in the air

Disrupted my conversation with the tree
 standing behind.
 Almost a narcissistic one,
 From all the gazes,
 It was soaked into crystal clear.

8. Crane in the Clouds (A Tribute to Xu Zhimo)

人們說幾十年前的一場大火，
 帶走了一代難得的詩哲。
 我卻說，
 這詩哲早被那摸不著邊境的美，
 帶走。——
 而幾十年後的今日，
 化作雪花的他，
 每冬無人之時，
 便漫天八方，
 探詢著方向。
 顧盼東西，
 溜望南北；
 得之，我幸；
 不得，我命，
 依舊灑脫，
 或許徬徨。
 而終有一處，
 他落到了他的，
 方向。

People say the fire took away the poet of the
 generation.
 I said,
 This man has long been taken away by his
 fascination of the untouchable beauty,
 And today,
 decades after,
 He turned into a snowflake,
 Every winter while no one is there,
 all over the world,
 Looking for his direction.
 Looking forward to something,
 From East to the West;
 And north to the south;
 If I get it,
 It's my fortune;
 If not,
 it's my destiny.
 Romantic still,
 Perhaps hesitant.
 Yet there is a place,
 And eventually,
 he fell into his,
 Direction.

Decades ago,