

寨子里最后一位毕摩

唇齿之间生长过无数语言的草木
草木之上栖居过无数智慧的禽兽

如今猎人去了都市
都市里猎物成群结队丰肥无比
你留在寨子
超度最后一位死者的时候
你没有忘记 超度
你那两片厚厚的老唇
此时 有两颗
洁白如玉的牙齿飞起
击穿你
神圣的经卷
你立刻念念有辞
先祖呵
我用两颗旧牙
换你两颗新牙

1994

The Last *Bimo* in the Village
(*Zhaizili zuihou yiwei bimo*)

From between lips and teeth grow countless words of bush and tree,
bushes and trees whereupon perch countless wise birds and beasts.

And though today hunters go to the city
(where the streets are heavy with fat game)
you stay alone in the village.

When guiding the soul of the last dead
you did not forget the way,
continuing to chant
even when
two teeth, whiter than jade,
flew from your thick lips
to pierce through
your sacred book.

Ancestor, ah
I will use my two old teeth
to exchange for your two new teeth.

1994