

Yours Truly & Other Poems

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## 反常

最具视觉功夫的人竟然是个瞎子

如果荷马不是瞎子, 那创造了荷马的人必是瞎子

最瘦削的人后来变成了方面大耳

释迦牟尼什么时候胖过, 却被塑造成那般模样?

最博学淹通的人却要绝圣弃智

庄周偏不告诉我们他如何在家乡勤学苦练, 最终疾雷破山

最懂艺术的人只允许自己偶然吟哦

柏拉图背诵着萨福的诗歌, 销毁诗人们的户口, 在理想国

最不该卿卿我我的人常驻温柔之乡

仓央嘉措每每半夜出门, 用一卷情歌烧毁了自己的宝座

最讲究情感的人也有不耐烦的时候

卢梭把他的孩子们统统送进了孤儿院, 并且仍然大谈情感

最称道酒神精神的人, 尼采, 尼采

酒神的最后一个儿子, 滴酒不沾, 却也在魏玛疯疯癫癫

u n u s u a l

The one with the greatest vision is still blind  
if Homer weren't blind, then whoever created Homer must have been blind

The most frail becomes square-jawed and stout in the end  
was *Śākyamuni* ever fat, or was he just sculpted to look that way?

The most erudite and learned will abandon knowledge and wisdom  
Zhuangzi never told us how hard he studied at home, sudden thunder striking the mountain

The greatest art connoisseurs only rarely allow themselves to recite poems  
memorizing Sappho's lyrics, Plato voids the residence permits of poets in his Republic.

The least likely to be lovey-dovey always live in home, sweet home  
Tsangyang Gyatso goes out each and every midnight, burning his throne with a scroll of love songs

The most aware of their emotions get impatient at times  
Rousseau sent all his children to the orphanage, and never stopped moralizing about emotions

The one with the highest esteem for the Dionysian spirit, Nietzsche, Nietzsche  
the last son of Dionysus, never touching a drop, still went crazy in Weimar

## 我藏着我的尾巴

我藏着我的尾巴，混迹于其他藏着尾巴的人们中间。

我俯下身来，以为会接近我的影子，但我的影子也俯下身来，摆出一付要逃跑的姿势。

喝一肚子凉水就能淹死全部的心里话。

走着，我摊开手，但我不祈求世间任何东西。但是，啊，有什么东西会自动落入我的掌心？

碎玻璃割破手指，不见蚊子飞来。

我练习双眼，练得像鹰眼一样锐利。终于可以看清一切，内心的无奈便无法逃避。

如果你走得太近，我就用不上望远镜了。我的望远镜专为看你而准备，你应该仅仅呆在远方。

街上的花瓣，是否西施的碎指甲？

我干过的蠢事别人再干，我无法阻止。我自己再干一遍，只是想显示我诡计多端。

既不能站在疯子一边对常人之恶束手无策，也不能站在常人一边对疯子之恶束手无策。

聪明人赶在天黑以前用完一天的理智。

i b u r y m y t a i l

I bury my tail, taking my place amongst everyone else burying their tails.

I bend down, thinking I will approach my shadow, but my shadow bends down, too, getting ready to sprint away.

Drink a bellyful of cold water and you'll drown all the voices in your head.

Walking, I unfold my hands, but am not praying for anything on earth. But, oh, what will fall on its own into my outspread palms?

A shard of glass slices a finger, no mosquito flies over.

I train my eyes, train them to be eagle-eye sharp. Finally seeing everything clearly, my heart's dead-end will have nowhere to run.

If you come too close, I can't use my telescope. I set it up just to watch you, so you should keep your distance.

Petal on the street, are you not Xi Shi's broken fingernail?

If others repeat my foolish mistakes, I can't stop them. If I repeat them, it's just to show how cunning I can be.

Can't stand by the mad with hands tied by the evil of the sane, and can't stand by the sane with hands tied by the evils of the mad.

The intelligent hurry to use up a day's reason before nightfall.

抬头望月，我猛按车铃，同时忍不住像马一样朝月亮喷出响鼻。月亮上真安静。

星期二，吹熄的蜡烛上一缕青烟。

星期三，南方的苍蝇打败了北方的苍蝇。

我用汽车尾气招待聚会的老鼠。它们心满意足，一致同意：世界真该死，而它们不该死。

别吓唬人，去吓唬不是人的人吧，他们需要被吓唬，就像他们需要被讨好。

我用硬币在你的皮肤上压出图案。

你计算天空的重量。玩一玩，行。你若认真，我就只好把你掐死。

夜晚的游荡者，我们避免相识。

Looking up at the moon, I fiercely ring my bicycle bell, and at the same time can't keep from snorting at the moon like a horse. On the moon it's very quiet.

Tuesday, a thin strand of smoke above the blown-out candle.

Wednesday, a fly from the south defeats a fly from the north.

With car exhaust I receive a gathering of mice. Their hearts and minds are satisfied, and in accord: the world is damned, but they are not.

Don't scare people, go scare those people who aren't even people, since they need to be scared, just like they need to be kissed up to.

I chart a map on your skin with a coin.

You calculate the weight of the sky. For fun, fine. But if you mean it, I'll have to pinch you to death.

Wanderers in the night, we avoid meeting each other.

## 邻居

我的邻居。我从未请他们吃过饭，我从未向他们借过钱。我暗下决心，如果我有女儿，绝不让她嫁给他们之中的任何人，因为他们几乎像我的近亲。

我能肯定他们住在我边上（住得太近，就在隔壁），但我不能肯定他们是一些鸟、一些兔子，还是一些狐狸（就像我不能肯定我自己是个什么东西）。

我们交换过对于物价、天气、中学生校服的看法，但我们从未交换过对于一个过路女孩的印象。我们交换过香烟和传染病，我们将继续交换香烟和传染病。

隔壁女人每经过我的房门，便会朝屋里张望。我关上房门，就能听到她消遣打嗝一如消遣歌唱。

她和她丈夫，在他们的房间里，肯定各占对角线上一个墙角：两人之间保持最大的距离，使家庭秘密保持疏朗的气息。

但我承认，我不关心他们灵魂的问题，或他们有无灵魂的问题。

邻居是偷听者、窃笑者、道德监督者。我因监督邻居的道德状况偶然高尚，而他们以传递小道消息的方式向我传递时代精神。

时代精神鼓舞老张，把房子租给三个姑娘。三个姑娘画浓妆，三个姑娘肚子疼，三个姑娘白天睡觉，傍晚洗脸，夜晚站在大街上。

时代精神鼓舞小李和小李，男人一和男人二，搂在床上，嬉笑，哭泣，做游戏。



t h e n e i g h b o r s

My neighbors. I've never invited them over for dinner, never borrowed money from them. I promise myself that, if I have a daughter, I will never let her marry any of them, since they're like family.

I'm sure they live beside me (they live too close, right next door), but I'm not sure whether they're birds and rabbits, or if they're foxes (any more than I'm sure what I am).

We've exchanged views on prices, the weather, and school uniforms, but we've never exchanged our impressions of a girl crossing the street. We've exchanged cigarettes and communicable diseases, and we will continue to exchange cigarettes and communicable diseases.

Each time the woman next door walks by my door, she peeks inside. Closing the front door, I heard her hiccup to pass the time like she might sing to pass the time.

She and her husband, in their room, must stand in the corners diagonal from each other: with the greatest possible distance between them, their family secrets can maintain an air of openness.

But I admit, I don't care about their spiritual questions, or whether they have any spiritual questions.

The neighbors are eavesdroppers, snickerers, moral monitors. Monitoring the morality of my neighbors I've happened upon nobility, but they let me in on rumors to let me in on the zeitgeist.

The zeitgeist emboldened Old Zhang, who rented the apartment to three girls. The three girls wear heavy makeup, the three girls have stomach aches, the three girls sleep during the day, wash their faces in the evening, and stand on the street at night.

The zeitgeist emboldens Little Li and Little Li, Man One and Man Two, cuddling in bed, giggling, crying, playing games.

大妈和大婶，像蜜蜂，蜇我的后背，嗡嗡嗡。我回头看见她们笑，她们发我一包耗子药。她们问我：“吃了吗？”我说：“耗子吃了就行了！”

半夜，耗子们围到我的床边，齐声招呼我：“你好，老邻居！”我叫它们全滚蛋。在这个家里我说了算。

我家漏雨，必是所有的邻居家都漏雨；我家断电，必是所有的邻居家都断电。我走在38度的空气里，所有的邻居也走在38度的空气里；我在自己的家里脱衣服，仿佛是在所有的邻居家脱衣服。

墙壁太薄，我听见隔壁一家人再看电视连续剧《空镜子》。我连夜加厚墙壁，垒起一堵新墙，第二天晚上还是听见了《空镜子》的主题曲。

我缩在屋里连续七天不说话，不哼歌，不放屁，隔壁女人推门进来，为的是看看我的生活是否除了问题。

Momma and Auntie, like bees, sting me in the back, buzz buzz buzz. I turn around to see them smile, giving me a packet of rat poison. They ask: "Have you eaten?" I say: "What matters is if the rat's eaten!"

Rats, surrounding my bed at midnight, call me in unison: "Hello, old neighbor!" I tell them all to get lost. Under my roof you play by my rules.

My roof leaks, so all my neighbors' roofs must leak; power's out at home, so the power must be out in my neighbors' homes. I walk in 38° air, and all my neighbors walk in 38° air; I take off my clothes in my home, as if I were taking off my clothes in the homes of my neighbors.

The walls were so thin, I could hear the neighbors watching the miniseries *Empty Mirror* on TV. That night I thickened the walls, putting up another wall, and the next night I could still hear the theme song to *Empty Mirror*.

For seven days straight I holed up at home without speaking, or humming, or farting, and the woman from next door opened the door and came in, just to see if anything was wrong with my life.

某 人

春天留在帽子里  
秋天留在布衫里  
早晨留在树梢上  
傍晚留在毛坑里

荒山留在荒山上  
碧水留在茶壶里  
豪宅留在地图上  
穷人留在阴沟里

三斤墨汁留在肠子里  
一两虚汗留在血管里  
唾沫留在店铺外  
脏话留在象牙上

红留在红脸上  
白留在白脸上  
香和甜留在嘴唇上  
咸和辣留在筷子上

怨留在左心室之西  
憾留在泥丸宫之东  
欲留在鸡巴之前  
困留在眼皮之后

病留在野郎中手心  
痛留在野狐狸肩头  
夺命的雷电留在头顶  
一双破鞋留在屋顶

肥皂留在天边  
狗屎留在花间  
鬼魂留在板凳上  
影子留在酒盅旁

空留在镜子里  
风留在火苗上  
《古文观止》留在菜谱下  
皇帝留在电视上

吞吞吐吐留在痰盂里  
三心二意留在棋盘上  
侠肝义胆留在烟尘里  
一了百了留在枕头上

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s o m e b o d y

Spring stays inside the hat  
Autumn stays inside the blouse  
Morning stays on the treetops  
Evening stays in the shithole

The barren mountain stays on the barren  
mountain  
Jadeite water stays in the teapot  
The mansion stays on the map  
The poor stay in the gutter

Three pounds of ink stay in the intestines  
50 grams of sweat stay in the bloodstream  
Spit stays outside the store  
Foul language stays on ivory

Red stays on a red face  
White stays on a white face  
Fragrant and sweet stay on lips  
Salty and spicy stay on chopsticks

Scorn stays west of the left ventricle  
Remorse stays east of the pubis  
Desire stays in front of the dick  
Exhaustion stays on the eyelids

Sickness stays in the palm of the quack  
Heartache stays on the shoulders of foxes  
Life-snatching lightning stays on top of the head  
A pair of worn-out shoes stays on the roof

Soap stays at the edge of the sky  
Dogshit stays in the flowers  
Ghosts stay on the bench  
Shadows stay beside the wineglass

Emptiness stays in the mirror  
Wind stays on the flame  
*The Compendium of Classical Prose* stays under the  
menu  
The Emperor stays on TV

Stammering and sputtering stay in the spittoon  
Being of two minds stays on the chessboard  
Chivalry and gallantry stay in the dust  
All's well that ends well stays on the pillow

## 平 原

在平原上走了很远  
歇脚时第一个愿望是洗洗袜子，把它们晾干

\*

平原上连人类的灵魂都是平坦的  
树木直立的灵魂必是不同的灵魂

\*

自甘堕落在平原上  
好比麦子自甘成熟在平原上

\*

当庄稼成熟时你无动于衷就是犯罪  
当乡民们发呆你不发呆就是犯罪

\*

母鸡在平原上下蛋  
我在平原上支起一口锅。点火

\*

需要谨慎对待黑暗  
尤其是黑中传得太远的狗吠和鸟鸣

\*

一千里的大雨，必有人被困在其中  
勉强工作的电视机正播放一万里以外的新闻

\*

p l a i n s

a far walk on the plains  
the first desire when resting is to wash socks, hang them dry

\*

on the plains even the soul of man is flattened  
the upright soul of trees must be some other kind of soul

\*

complacent in failure on the plains  
is like wheat complacent in its ripeness on the plains

\*

when crops ripen your indifference is a crime  
when townfolk daydream your not daydreaming is a crime

\*

the hen lays an egg on the plains  
I hold up a pan on the plains. and light a fire.

\*

the darkness must be dealt with prudently  
especially the dog barks and birdcalls traveling too far in the dark

\*

a thousand miles of rainfall, in which someone must be stranded  
the flickering TV shows ten thousand mile-away news

\*

转身,并不意味着回家  
回家。并不意味着家还在原来的地方

\*

把自己甩在身后也就是把厄运甩在身后  
我为自己发明了这场游戏

\*

我在荞麦皮枕头上动动脑袋  
荞麦皮发出声音,这是平原的几乎听不见的声音

\*

在平原上梦见平原是平常的事  
在平原上梦见孔子就像孔子梦见周公一样不平常

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turning around does not mean going home  
go home. this doesn't mean home is where it used to be

\*

to leave yourself behind is to leave ill fortune behind  
I invented this game for myself

\*

I shift my head on a buckwheat pillowcase  
the buckwheat pillowcase makes a noise, the almost inaudible sound of the plains

\*

to dream of the plains on the plains is a plain thing to do  
to dream of Confucius on the plains is as far from plain as Confucius dreaming of the  
Duke of Zhou



y o u r s t r u l y

Yours truly is yours. Yours truly is mine. Yours truly's a guy who turns from yours to mine with a wipe of his face. Yours truly claps his hands. Yours truly stretches. Yours truly comes between us. Yours truly walks to the east and stands there. Yours truly walks to the west and rests his arm on an awning, looking around. Yours truly walks through the shadows. Yours truly becomes the shadows. Yours truly trips over a brick. Yours truly becomes a brick and trips others. Yours truly trails a gust of wind. Yours truly grabs onto the wind's braids. Yours truly learns how to sneeze from the wind. Yours truly infects the trees so they sneeze too, as do rocks. Yours truly walks into a pharmacy. Yours truly crashes through the pharmacy with his sneezes. Yours truly is in ecstasy. Yours truly whiles away time. Yours truly is lost in confusion. Yours truly is so happy he forgets right and wrong. Yours truly can't have his cake and eat it too. Some people don't care about yours truly, and yours truly shows them a thing or two.

Yours truly sees who's playing who. Yours truly doesn't care who's rich and who's poor. Yours truly doesn't care whether someone's a worker, peasant, businessman, soldier, student, intellectual, or on unemployment. Yours truly punches someone for starting at him. Yours truly punches someone for spitting. Yours truly punches someone for chewing with his mouth open. Yours truly punches someone for bossing everyone around. Yours truly punches someone for not wiping his ass after taking a shit. Yours truly punches someone for not washing his hands. Yours truly lashes out, a violent reaction. Yours truly punches himself out of breath. Yours truly punches himself into a rash. Yours truly punches so hard he gets a nosebleed. Yours truly grows a sense of morality all of a sudden. Yours truly's morality is immoral, so yours truly feels top-heavy. Yours truly gets sick. Yours truly wants to lie down for a minute. Yours truly has a fever of 100.8 degrees. Yours truly hears the weird wail of the ambulance. Yours truly checks into the People's Hospital. Yours truly is tight with the male and female doctors. Yours truly plays dead. Yours truly strolls out of the hospital. Yours truly gets worse from a gust of warm wind. Yours truly turns into a virus.

小老儿手拿小铁铲，铲走小花和小草，铲走蚂蚁和屎壳郎。小老儿封锁学校，占领学校。封锁村庄，占领村庄。小老儿在道路上挖陷阱。春天来了。小老儿不是小燕子，却觉得自己是春天的同谋。小老儿享受春天的小雨点。春天的小雨点同样洒在贪官污吏的头顶，小老儿偏不觉得自己是贪官污吏的同谋。小老儿和他们对着干。小老儿瞧不上蚊子的小把戏。小老儿瞧不上大肠杆菌小模样。小老儿腿脚麻利，胳膊有劲，抓住大熊猫、小熊猫。原来它们是化了装的大狗熊、小狗熊。小老儿隐约觉得自己重任在肩。小老儿怀疑自己在替天行道。其实小老儿是瞎猫碰上死耗子。但小老儿忽然很严肃。小老儿吃不好睡不着。小老儿本来就疯疯癫癫现在越发疯疯癫癫。

小老儿决定结束无为而治的老传统。小老儿决心不再谨守看热闹的本分。小老儿对小老儿说：应该人人争说小老儿。于是小老儿写酸溜溜的诗。小老儿做客东方电视台。小老儿是主人。小老儿是主角。小老儿是主语。小老儿也是自己的谓语和宾语。小老儿有点神秘。嘿嘿嘿。小老儿否认自己叫“小老儿”。小老儿否认自己曾经存在过。小老儿绝口不提自己的身世，为的是让人摸不着头脑。小老儿因此口齿不清。口齿不清并不妨碍小老儿发挥想象力。小老儿给每个人拨电话。小老儿在电话里不出声。小老儿敲每一户的房门。小老儿帮助你认识你也是一个小老儿。小老儿挤到夫妻之间、情人之间。小老儿推开他们，又粘住他们。小老儿知道自己成了谣言的宠儿。

小老儿坏吗？小老儿好吗？小老儿要干什么？小老儿究竟要干什么呢？小老儿自己绑架自己向全世界要赎金。小老儿自己毒自己向全世界要解药。小老儿肩负着向全世界派送小老儿的使命。小老儿背后必有高人指点。但小老儿自己也有点莫名其妙。小老儿高兴。小老儿膨胀。小老儿把卡拉OK重新发明一遍，把乘法口诀重新发明一遍。成了！成了！小老儿像气球一样飘起来。小老儿觉得飘来飘去很浪漫。小老儿轻轻落地。小老儿听见自己落地的声音。

小老儿跟着活人走。活人走成死人还在走。小老儿跟着死人走。死人们轻功了得，疾走如飞。小老儿看见了死人。死人看不见小老儿。小老儿终于看见了死人。小老儿不敢看，又想看，又不敢看。小老儿长出头发是为了让头发倒竖。小老儿长出心脏是为了让心脏跳得嘭嘭嘭。小老儿看见了白床单、白枕头、白被罩、白口罩、白色的大门和白色的墙壁。小老儿看见了白色的救护车像死人一样疾走如飞。小老儿以前也看到过。小老儿忘了。小老儿看到了空空荡荡的白。小老儿看得头发晕。

Yours truly was changed from a cat, or maybe a civet. Yours truly turns into yours truly. Yours truly turns into twenty yours trulies. Yours truly loves a party. Yours truly gets to know yours truly. Yours truly and yours truly have a swim race in feces. Yours truly and yours truly have a nose-blowing competition. Yours truly reads a map. Yours truly discovers Guangdong and Inner Mongolia, Shanxi and Hebei. Yours truly needs eighty million yours trulies. Eighty million yours trulies communicate by sneezing. Eighty million yours trulies are on the lam, apprehending two high-level officials not on the lam and three thousand low-level officials with nowhere to lam to. With the other yours trulies yours truly plays with a bird with a fever, and they all slip on the multicolored birdshit.

Yours truly holds a small shovel in his hands, shovels away flowers and weeds, shovels away ants and dung beetles. Yours truly seals off the school, occupies its buildings. Seals off the village, occupies its buildings. Yours truly digs a booby trap in the road. Spring comes. Yours truly is not a swallow, but sees himself as an accomplice of spring. Yours truly enjoys the spring mist. The spring mist rains on the heads of corrupt officials, too, but yours truly refuses to think of himself as their accomplice. Yours truly stands in opposition to them. Yours truly looks down on mosquitoes' little tricks. Yours truly looks down on E. coli's evil ways. Yours truly runs on winged feet, his arms are strong, he grabs a red panda and giant panda. Turns out they were just a black bear and a red bear in disguise. Yours truly faintly feels a heavy burden on his shoulders. Yours truly suspects he's doing God's work. In fact yours truly's just a blind cat that happened on a dead mouse. But suddenly yours truly gets serious. Yours truly doesn't eat well and can't fall asleep. Yours truly was insane to begin with but now he's even more insane.

Yours truly decides to put an end to the tradition of rule by inaction. Yours truly is determined not to be obliged to mind others' business. Yours truly says to yours truly, everybody needs to criticize yours truly. So yours truly writes a bitter poem. Yours truly is a guest on the Dragon TV Network. Yours truly is the host. Yours truly is the main character. Yours truly is the subject. Yours truly is his own predicate and object, too. Yours truly is kind of mysterious. Heh heh heh. Yours truly denies being called "Yours truly." Yours truly denies ever existing. Yours truly keeps his mouth shut about his own background, so no one can get any ideas. As a result yours truly has a twist in his tongue. The twist in his tongue doesn't keep yours truly from giving his imagination free rein. Yours truly dials everyone's phone number. Yours truly says nothing on the phone. Yours truly knocks on every door. Yours truly helps you understand that you are

小老儿在白色中又看到一个黑点。黑点扩大，小老儿看到了空空荡荡的黑。小老儿知道大事不好。

小老儿看见有人去拜神佛。小老儿看见有人拧走全城的电灯泡。小老儿接到情报：有人冒充小老儿在饭馆里白吃白喝，就像有人冒充高干子弟骗钱骗色。小老儿碰上比他更坏的人。小老儿来了劲。小老儿发现了发财的机会。其实小老儿发财也没用。小老儿偷走超市里的面包和方便面。小老儿编造关于小老儿的电视连续剧。小老儿给慌里慌张的人们发奖状。小老儿给姑娘们写情书。但很快小老儿就厌烦了。小老儿发现许多人戴上墨镜，假装看不见小老儿。小老儿不高兴。小老儿对付墨镜，见一个摘一个，或者要求两个戴墨镜的人相互用眼神儿表达他们的爱憎。

人人惧怕小老儿。人们相互猜测对方是不是小老儿，在银行，在饭馆，在火车站，在歌舞厅。人们猜不出个所以然，所以170万人排山倒海逃离城市，留下85万个空寂的房间。但更多的人将自己反锁在家中，大气不敢出，大话不敢讲。小老儿看到了自己的威力。小老儿对此很自豪，同时对此也很纳闷。小老儿心想：小老儿是个什么东西！小老儿发呆，在空无一人的街头。小老儿歌唱，唱得自己泪流满面。小老儿自己感动了自己，像个文学青年。小老儿痛苦万分，想自己背叛自己。小老儿背叛了自己。小老儿背叛了已背叛的自己。

小老儿并非杀人不见血。小老儿带头吃大蒜、喝板蓝根。小老儿带头阅读加缪的《鼠疫》和马尔克斯的《霍乱时期的爱情》。小老儿为知识分子发明小老儿形而上学和小老儿隐喻。小老儿反对把小老儿变成一个太便宜的话题。小老儿号召人们：“别出门！”小老儿启发被关禁闭的人们反向推导出自己是有罪之人。小老儿让人发愁，让人记住自己是一个人。小老儿让人看到生活以外。小老儿本没有目的但现在觉得自己的目的已达到。小老儿要走了。小老儿舍不得走。小老儿喜欢快刀斩乱麻。但小老儿又粘粘糊糊。

小老儿不出声。小老儿吞了隐身草。小老儿在墙上写大字：“立即消灭小老儿！”于是全城的人终于倾巢出动，透过气来，回过神来，全城寻找小老儿，全城逮捕小老儿。小老儿无处可逃。小老儿终于被拿下。小老儿被装进玻璃瓶子，被贴上标签：小老儿A、小老儿B、小老儿C。小老儿被审判。小老儿没有道德之罪但被强加了道德之罪。小老儿被关进小黑屋。小老儿在小黑屋里照镜子。小老儿看到镜子里除了

yours truly, too. Yours truly squeezes between husband and wife, squeezes between lovers. Yours truly pushes them apart, then sticks them back together. Yours truly knows that he has become the minion of rumors.

Is yours truly bad? Is yours truly good? What does yours truly want to do? Yours truly kidnaps himself and demands the world as ransom. Yours truly poisons himself and demands the whole world as anti-venom. Yours truly takes on the mission of delivering yours truly to the world. Behind yours truly there must be some higher-up giving directions. But yours truly is rather astonished. Yours truly is happy. Yours truly swells. Yours truly reinvents karaoke, and reinvents multiplication tables. All right! All right! Yours truly floats up like a balloon. Yours truly thinks it's romantic to float around. Yours truly descends gently. Yours truly hears himself touching the ground.

Yours truly walks with the living. The living walk till they're dead and don't stop walking. Yours truly walks with the dead. The dead are light-body kung fu masters, and run so fast they fly. Yours truly sees the dead. The dead can't see yours truly. Yours truly finally sees the dead. Yours truly can't bear to look, but still wants to look, but just can't bear to look. Yours truly grows his hair so that it will stick straight up. Yours truly has a heart so his heart will go boom boom boom. Yours truly sees white bedsheets, white pillows, white comforters, white facemasks, white doors, and white walls. Yours truly sees a white ambulance that looks like a dead person running so fast he can fly. Yours truly saw it before, too. Yours truly forgot. Yours truly sees a blank whiteness. Yours truly sees it and his head spins. Yours truly sees a spot of black amidst the white. The black dot grows, and yours truly sees a blank blackness. Yours truly knows a disaster is coming.

Yours truly sees someone praying to the Buddha. Yours truly sees someone unscrewing all the light bulbs in the city. Yours truly receives intel: someone is passing himself as yours truly and stealing food and drink from a restaurant, the way someone might pass himself off as the son of a senior official and steal money and sexual favors. Yours truly runs into someone worse than him. Yours truly gets a rush. Yours truly comes across a get-rich-quick opportunity. Actually there's no point in yours truly getting rich quick. Yours truly steals bread and ramen noodles from the supermarket. Yours truly writes a soap opera about yours truly. Yours truly bestows credentials upon the flustered and blustered. Yours truly writes love letters to girls. But yours truly gets tired of that pretty quick. Yours truly notices a lot of people wearing sunglasses, pretending not to

黑什么都没有。小老儿有点害怕。时候到了，小老儿被枪毙。但小老儿打不死。小老儿又站起来。小老儿又变大又变小。小老儿烦了。小老儿自己掐自己的脖子。小老儿自己揪自己的头发。小老儿头发太多揪不完。小老儿揪完头发又长出头发。

小老儿闹腾一场。小老儿钻进鸽子棚。小老儿钻进下水道。小老儿没有碰到其他小老儿。小老儿回到自己的小地盘。小老儿忽然发现世界上只剩下了小老儿。小老儿被寂静塞住了耳朵。小老儿看见星期二的夜晚比星期一的更黑些。小老儿发现每一朵云彩上都坐着一个小老儿。小老儿恍然大悟：有瘟疫的蓝天比没有瘟疫的蓝天更蓝些。小老儿爱上了小痰盂、小鼻涕、小眼泪、小痍子。小老儿变得有思想。小老儿变得煞有介事。小老儿思量东山再起。但这一会儿小老儿不吃不喝。小老儿面黄肌瘦。小老儿长叹一声，一座大楼应声倒塌。小老儿大笑一声，一只小鸟肝胆俱裂。又来了！又来了！

2004. 7

X i C h u a n 西川 (the penname of Liu Jun 刘军), a poet, essayist, and translator, was born in 1963 in Jiangsu province, and graduated from the English Department of Peking University in 1985. Formerly a visiting adjunct professor to New York University (2007) and Orion Visiting artist at University of Victoria, Canada (2009), he now teaches Classical and Modern Chinese literature at the Central Academy of Fine Arts in Beijing. Xi Chuan has published four collections of poems, including *A Fictitious Family Tree* (1997) and *Roughly Speaking* (1997), two books of essays, and one book of criticism, in addition to a play and translations ranging from Ezra Pound to Jorge Luis Borges to Czeslaw Milosz. His own poetry and essays have also been widely anthologized and translated. His prizes, honors, and fellowships include the Modern Chinese Poetry Award (1994), UNESCO-ASCHBERG bursaries of artists (1997), the national Lu Xun Prize for Literature (2001), and the Zhuang Zhongwen Prize for Literature (2003). He was also named one of the top ten winners of the Weimar International Essay Prize Contest (Germany, 1999).

L u c a s K l e i n—a former radio DJ and union organizer—is a writer, translator, and editor of CIPHERJournal.com. His translations, essays, and poems have appeared or are forthcoming at *Cerise*, *Jacket*, and *Drunken Boat*, and he regularly reviews books for *Rain Taxi* and other venues. A graduate of Middlebury College (BA) and Yale University (PhD), he is Assistant Professor in the dept. of Chinese, Translation & Linguistics at City University of Hong Kong. *Endure*, a small collection of Bei Dao poems translated with Clayton Eshleman, is now out from Black Widow Press, and in addition to Xi Chuan he is at work translating Tang dynasty poet Li Shangyin.



notice yours truly. Yours truly is unhappy. Yours truly hates sunglasses, and removes every pair he sees, or demands that two people wearing sunglasses express their love and hate for each other with their eyes.

Everyone is terrified of yours truly. Everyone suspects everyone else is really yours truly, at the bank, in restaurants, at the train station, at the club. Nobody can figure out the whys or wherefores, therefore 1.7 million people flee the cities in droves, leaving behind 850,000 empty rooms. But even more people have locked themselves up in their homes, trying not to breathe too hard, trying not to speak too loud. Yours truly sees his power. Yours truly is proud of this, but at the same time is kind of befuddled. Yours truly thinks to himself, what kind of person is yours truly? Yours truly zones out, right there on the empty street. Yours truly sings, sings until tears are streaming down his face. Yours truly makes himself feel moved, like a literary wunderkind. Yours truly suffers innumerable pains, thinking he has betrayed himself. Yours truly betrays himself. Yours truly betrays his already betrayed self.

Yours truly cannot truly kill without spilling blood. Yours truly takes the lead in eating garlic and dyer's woad. Yours truly takes the lead in reading Camus's *The Plague* and García Márquez's *Love in the Time of Cholera*. Yours truly invents yours truly's metaphysics and yours truly's metaphor for the intelligentsia. Yours truly is opposed to turning yours truly into too cheap a topic. Yours truly makes an appeal: "Don't go out!" Yours truly inspires the locked up to acknowledge their guilt via inverse deduction. Yours truly makes people worry, makes people remember that they are people. Yours truly makes people look beyond life. Yours truly has no destination but now feels that he's reached his destination. Yours truly wants to go on. Yours truly can't go on. Yours truly likes to slice the Gordian knot. But yours truly can't make a move.

Yours truly doesn't make a sound. Yours truly takes invisibility potion. Yours truly writes on the wall in big letters: "Eradicate Yours Truly!" And so the whole city comes out in full force, airing everything out, regaining their spirit, the whole city searching for yours truly, the whole city looking to take yours truly into custody. Yours truly has nowhere to run to. Yours truly is finally taken down. Yours truly is stuffed inside a glass bottle, with a label that reads: Yours Truly A, Yours Truly B, Yours Truly C. Yours truly is taken to trial. Yours truly has committed no moral crimes but has a moral crime imposed upon him. Yours truly is locked in a small black room. Yours truly looks at himself in the mirror in a small black room. Yours truly looks in the mirror

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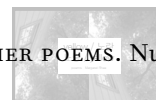


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and sees nothing but blackness. Yours truly is scared. When it's time, yours truly is executed by firing squad. But yours truly can't be killed. Yours truly gets back up. Yours truly grows bigger and smaller. Yours truly is annoyed. Yours truly grabs his own neck. Yours truly pulls out his own hair. Yours truly has so much hair it can't all be pulled out. When yours truly's hair has all been pulled out, more hair grows in.

Yours truly raises a ruckus. Yours truly squeezes himself into a pigeon coop. Yours truly squeezes himself into the sewer. Yours truly doesn't run into any other yours trulies. Yours truly returns to his own domain. Yours truly suddenly realizes that the last person left on earth is yours truly. Yours truly's ears are plugged with silence. Yours truly sees Tuesday night turn even darker than Monday night. Yours truly realizes that sitting atop every last cloud is another yours truly. Yours truly achieves enlightenment: a pestilent blue sky is bluer than a blue sky with no pestilence. Yours truly falls in love with the spittoon, the booger, the tear, the rash. Yours truly becomes wise. Yours truly puts on airs. Yours truly considers a comeback. But right now yours truly isn't eating or drinking. Yours truly has gone thin and frail. Yours truly lets out a sigh, and in response a building collapses. Yours truly lets out a laugh, and a bird is struck with fright. Here it comes again! Here it comes again!

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