

● 夜

夜
在半明半暗的阴险的高脚酒杯里
在男人们的呻吟声中
荒淫地燃烧着。

所有的泥潭都张开它们乌黑的大口
等待着我陷入罗网。

我们被一群暴虐的天使捉住
没头没脑地揉进柔软的深处
视觉像受到催眠似地悄悄溜走
狂喜的神经把我拖得筋疲力尽
还在一边喘气 一边狂笑

天花板上
钉着我父亲的尸体

我不要看它！
嗜血的我已经被清洗了
被报复了
如今只剩下善良的愿望。

肉体散发着淡淡的香味
我躺在海洋的气泡上
一阵阵怡人的昏眩，伴着送葬的音乐
徐徐地进入城市。
于是我们像刚登上码头的水手
说说笑笑，勾肩搭背
向亲密的周围散去。

嫖客在等待的厌倦里睡去了
吉普赛人的游艺场上，空空荡荡。

赐给守夜的警察一夜睡眠吧
他们也是好人。

在这样的夜晚里
只有我一个人醒着。
马雅可夫斯基，在被铸成铜像之前
也苦于这样失常的夜
“莉莉，爱我吧！”
他带着巨人才有的那副可怜样儿

孤单单的两腿吊在床前
思恋着他爱的女人，为什么要
躲避他热爱的目光？
并且不害怕
他会把一颗子弹射进心脏？

女人们都很健全
在这样的夜里
她们只在为自己逝去的青春悲伤。

童年已经溢满了酒杯
在这样的夜里
十二岁的孩子
也在探索另一个世界的秘密。

大地，耻于它的神秘
随着黑人可怕的音乐，它在疯狂地旋转，扭动
露出它布满疤痕的裸体。

星星，
困窘地眨着眼睛
不时地用乌云的手臂
遮掩住它因受惊而闪亮的光芒。

夜，
走过了广场
带阁楼的房子
和人们寻欢作乐的地方
也同样地走过了我的身边

它迈开瘦骨嶙嶙的长腿
伫立在黑色的塞纳河旁。

Night

Night
Inside the insidious half-dark half-light of the goblet
In the sound of men's groans
Dissolutely burning.

All the lairs open their pitch black mouths
Waiting for me to fall into the net.
We were caught by a swarm of tyrannical angels

Unthinkingly rubbing it into soft recesses
Vision slips away as if by hypnosis
Ecstatic nerves drag me to exhaustion
Still gasping for breath and laughing crazily

On the ceiling
My father's corpse is pinned

I do not want to see it!
The bloodthirsty me has been cleansed
Retaliated against
Now only good intentions remain.

Flesh exuding a hint of fragrance
I lay on ocean bubbles
Waves of pleasant dizziness, accompanying the funeral music
As it slowly enters the city.
We are like sailors just ascending the dock
Talking and laughing, arms around shoulders
Dispersing to intimate surroundings.

Brothel clients fall sleep in the weariness of waiting
The gypsy's recreation field empty, clear.

Give the night watch police a full night's sleep,
They are also good men.

On such a night
I am the only one awake.
Mayakovsky, before being cast in a bronze statue,
Suffered such odd nights too
"Lily, love me!"
He bears a pathetic expression on a giant's form,
Alone, legs hanging in front of the bed
Longing for the woman he loves, why
Shelter the look of passionate love in his eyes?
She is not afraid, besides
He will shoot a bullet into the heart?

Women are very strong
On such a night
They grieve only for their own lost youth.

Childhood has overflowed the glass
On such a night
A 12-year-old child
Is also exploring the secrets of another world.

Earth, ashamed of its mysteries
With the frightful music of black people, it rotates crazily, twists
Revealing it's nudity covered in scars.

Stars,
Blinking their eyes in embarrassment
Now and again using the backhand of dark clouds
Obscuring themselves out of shyness and to hide their twinkling radiance.

Night,
Having gone through the square
Taking attics and houses
And places of human pleasure
Moving in the same way past my side

It strides on emaciated legs
Stands in the black by the Seine.