

詩



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莫 家 駒
黃 健 豪
莫 國 泉

LIST OF ARTISTS

Cheung Yin
Hurban Ng
Leung Ping Kwan
Cheung King Hung
Kwan Wai Yuen
Lee Kwok Wai
Law Wai Ming
Chung Ling Ling
Lok Sik Yin
Cheung Chak Chang
Tang Man Yan
Holly Wong
Lok Yin Ping
York Ma
Shu Wen
Lee Pui Pui
Yip Sun Hong
Ho Fuk Yan
Law Yan Mon
Chak Oi Lim
Lee Tin Sung
Donna Lok
Bobby Mok
Wong Kin Ho
Mok Kwok Chuen

香港藝術中心主辦

詩 畫 展

The Hong Kong Arts Centre
presents an Exhibition
of Poetry and Illustrations

日期：

一九七五年七月八日至八月一日

Date:

8th July, 1975 – 1st August, 1975

地點：

香港雪廠街聖佐治大廈美國銀行二樓

Place:

Bank of America
St. George's Building, Ice House Street
Hong Kong

(This exhibition is presented in association with
the Bank of America)

你總是睡著

禾迪
莫家駒插畫

你總是睡着
每當我半夜醒來
你總是睡着

告訴你
我造了一個夢
夢的四周
塗滿美麗的圖畫
一條哈巴狗跑來
將他們吃掉

而你總是睡着
每當我半夜醒來
你總是睡着

我輕吻你的眼簾
那裏蓋着
衝激的浪濤
我往內裏探

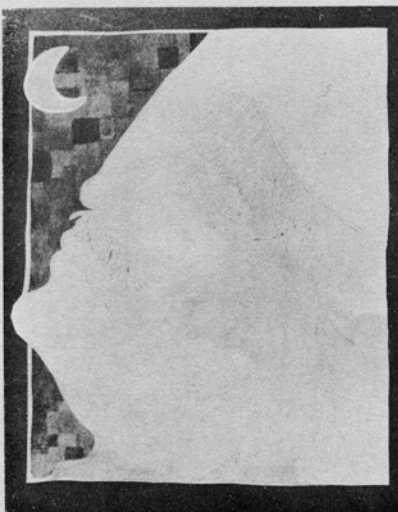
啊，我怎可以告訴你
我造了一個夢
夢的四周
塗滿美麗的圖畫
一條哈巴狗
已將他們吃掉

而你總是睡着
每當我半夜醒來
你總是睡着

我輕吻你的前額
那裏伸展着
盤據的根
我往內裏探

啊，我怎可以讓它再添一絲？

You always fall asleep
Lok Yin Ping
Illustrated by Bobby Mok



請不要問

羅幽夢
黃健豪插畫

請不要問
我來自何處
去向何方，我
正在找尋
自己的腳

請不要問
我的名字
他們怎麼稱呼，我
正在找尋
自己的口

請不要問
我如何摸索
日出的位置，我
正在找尋
自己的眼

也別喧嘩
我已靜靜地
告訴你們
山爲甚麼沉默
水，爲甚麼哭泣

Please don't ask
Law Yau-mon
Illustrated by Wong Kim Ho

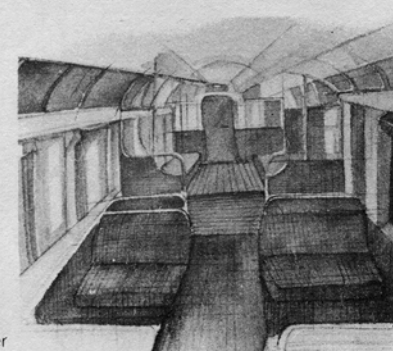


Story of passenger train

written by Cheung Chak Chang
translated by the author
Illustrated by Wong Kin Ho

Boarding on a passenger-train
As evening fades away
Knowing not it's destination
As well as the reason of boarding the train
When everyone tries to get on the train
I also fight my way up to the compartment
Only after I've sat down I come to know
No ticket is needed in this train
But the conductor says
Every passenger has to put up a show
Only those who pass can stay behind
A young man sings a song with confidence
The conductor shakes his head
He is pushed down the train
On the railroad track
A student tells a story
No response
He is pushed down
An artist performs a modern dance
Immediately he is pushed down
Someone performs something
Has been pushed down
Many of the passengers have performed
One after the other they are pushed down the train
A young girl with tears sits down to play a melody
But she is pushed down the train
Finally the conductor says
Now it's your turn
I stand up and rush to the door
I want to jump down the train
But the conductor grasps my arm and says
You've passed
So as evening fades away
I board on a train without any passenger

客車的故事
張灼祥
黃健豪插畫



門沒有鎖

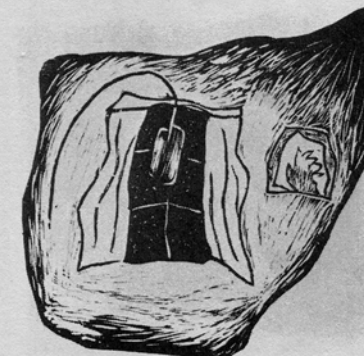
適然
銅土插畫

是的，一天空寂黑如井
燈都睡着了
我在等待
你來
或不來
我依然等待

我沒有恐懼
只是不要踏出這門外
走沒有歌的夜路
又沒有伴
像踩碎了一地星子
都那麼冷
只要你來
我甘願等在這裏
你來
或不來
我依然等待

門沒有上鎖
夜總會被推開去
（也許天已經亮了
你的腳步愈漸逼近）
我在等待
我要看着你推門走進來
當臨近這床邊
即使你吝嗇去吻我的臉
也請別憎厭
請別憎厭
這上面佈滿了的
因等你而生的蛆蟲

The door is not locked
Sik Yin Illustrated by Holly Wong



眼睛從這扇窗子放出去

銅土

銅土插畫

陽光發出請柬

眼睛從這扇窗子放出去

孩子有個碼頭

碼頭有海

海有拖着尾巴的船

船頂是天空

天空下面

是個長着建築建築的城市

穿插着屋宇

這些兄弟

有時互相提昇

老大取笑光身的老二

老二計劃

從老大口中

拔掉幾隻爛牙

有時他們也會手拉手

唱這是一座森林

這個動物園

有滿天塵土

野馬、長頸鹿、小綿羊、小松鼠

斑馬睡在地上曬太陽

一個星期總有些日子

所有人都湧到這裏來

自動結集成一個大戲班

互相拍照留念

看遠方來的大郵船

而這時

有很多大廈在四面俯視

山貉在上面

訥訥地看

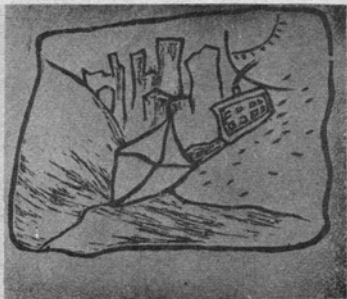
有些孩子坐在山腰

數風箏的起落

Eyes Shine from this window

written by Holly Wong

Illustrated by Holly Wong



My sorrows

written by Chung Ling-ling

translated by Cheung Chak Cheng

Illustrated by Wong Kin Ho

It just happens that you ask me

About my stories of sorrows

Please forgive me that I let my smile

transform into

A green fruit to be cut all of a sudden

Silently drops its fluid

And especially sorry for I cannot tell

you clearly

It's just because in tides

One cannot talk about tides

In rain

One can hardly describe rain

Why not just have a cup of coffee?

Perhaps

I haven't started yet

If I can die

Who cares how many times I can die?

I also know how to be naive

If you look down upon

Look down upon sorrows

Besides

I always like to let it pass through my

fingers

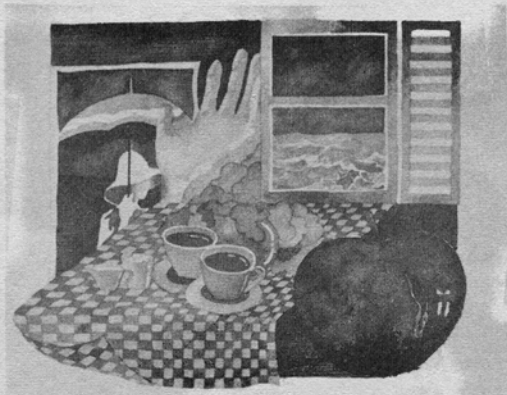
Dissolve into that black morning

Coffee

我的哀傷

鍾玲玲

黃健豪插畫



I need some lies

written by Lee Kwok-wai

translated by Leung Ping-kwan

Illustrated by Bobby Mok

Once I was stopped on the road

and told: You must be bored to death

Yes, he is right, he got my weakness

My life is too monotonous

Everbody tells me the truth

I do not know what to do

There is always one question: Why is

everybody so cruel to me?

I need some lies, some warmth of the
rainbow

Tell me that the earth is triangular,
butterflies have six wings

Tell me that, I, am really somebody.

Nobody wants to sacrifice his own
principles

They torture me with their truths,
emphasising that

One must look into the mirror

I secretly did. I knew, I saw

I need some lies, some fragrance of wine

I want to be drunk in their sweet faces

Fulfill my life, enrich my life

Nobody wants to do that, principles

are terrible

They make me tremble.

我需要一點謊言

李國威

莫家駒插畫



几上茶冷

張景熊

駱笑平插畫

几上茶冷

風動遠遠的紫帆

撥弄妳頭上

未乾的琴絃

夢裏走在河邊

牽牛藤蔓的軟枕聽

無調的暖息哼歌

踩河上卵石

每步呼喊一個

兒時友伴的名字

沿着藤攀山巒

越涉被褥的流水

車流聲過

空夜的人語

琴音在遠遠的海上

妳揉揉妳的鼻樑

我抬頭看菊叢裏

鞠躬撫幼羊的女孩

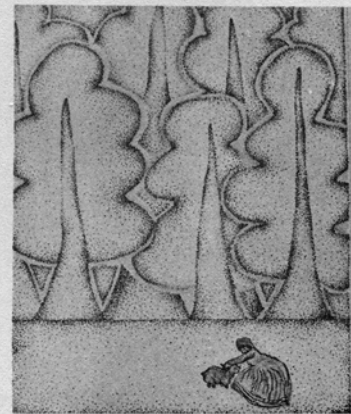
彩墨畫與房中書

接受春寒的審視

Tea gets cold on the table

Cheung King-hung

Illustrated by Donna Mok



The lantern

written by Leung Ping-kwan
translated by Hurban Ng
Illustrated by Donna Lok

I. In the room
I gripped the wires
And felt it changing into the skeleton
I cut out the skin
From scattered coloured papers
When others turned off the light
We stroke a match
And lighted a butterfly or a dragonfly
The crafts that we made all night with
our hands
Shone in the dark
We grobed to the table and poured a
glass of water
We laughed and lifted
A wall of shadows
When the candles burnt out
The lantern blazed like forests
We put out the fire
And grobed for another wire.

II In the Park
Scattered lights on the meadow
Are dews white on leaves
Around candle-lights people drank and
watched the moon
Children laughing and crying outside
Hustling shadows
Made lantern-lights between branches.
Glow and darken

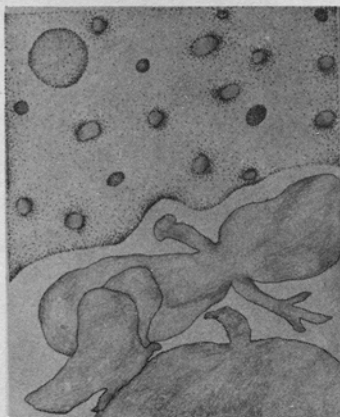
We took a balloon to fly a lantern
Enthusiastic eyes
Watching it flow away
We walked through the crowd
Looking among the low bushes
For the most beautiful lantern
We took a ballon balloon to fly a lantern
One floated past high mountains
Rising to the moon
The other
Fell down on the small hill

A woman passed the pavillon with a
lantern
And a child ran over from the meadow
Holding the face of a melon
We took a balloon to fly a lantern
One turned to stars
The other still shook in the wind.

III On the beach
We put a candle into a cup
And let it flow on the sea
A white candle light
On edgeless black waves
Such weaving
Had its own rythmn
Telling ghost stories
On the cold beach
Wind and silence

And chill of the skin
Some slept on the sand
Children crouched beside dark sand
castles
To light a hot candle in the damp
sand caves
Reflections shone in the puddles
Beyond the beach waves still surged
We put a candle into a cup
And let it flow on the sea
A wave put it off
A small white light extinguished
In the huge blackness of the sea
Leaving the empty cup dark and chilled
Shaking in silence
Other waves coming up
We put a candle into a cup
And let it flow on the sea

花燈
梁秉鈞
駱笑平插畫



量子與星

井兒
井兒插畫

小窗前
一顆作客的星
吊在沒有水氣的藍。
彼此隱約了名字
北斗大熊和小熊
閃爍的玩具
數不盡陌生和熟悉。
小主人 只冀求
每一個入幕的緣份
好讓爬山虎攀上
蘑菇菌的屋頂
一把天梯——
她的辮子垂下

The child and the star
Lee Pui Pui
Illustrated by Lee Pui Pui



The café

written by Ho Fuk-yan
translated by the author

The cashier has just been replaced
By a girl in green
Pushing the antiquated abacus balls
A row of dark numbers
Is it raining outside

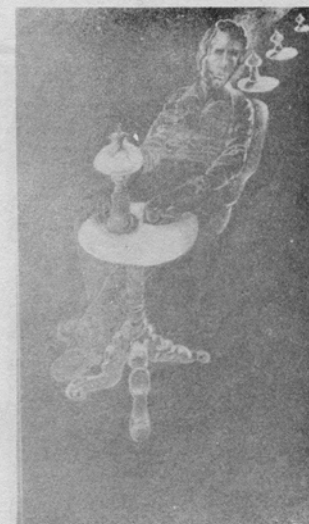
The old customer Mr Wong comes in
very early
The seats on the left almost reaches
out its arms to greet him
Between them numerous words have
been exchanged
Now he opens the folded newspaper
And then he carefully folds it up
again

In another corner a young man
Knitting his brows buries his head
Into the position-vacant column at
the newspaper's bottom
A strange time this is
To retire at thirty-two

The charwoman bends down
To thrust the broom under the table
And scoops out a heap of frustration
that has not blossomed
Thereafter no one is willing to put
down his feet

The seats near the toilet
Keep constantly reminding people that
In this place no moss can grow
The big clock has given up making
haste
Since it reached here
Between indecision and resolution
Life is but
Coffee or tea

餐室
何福仁
莫家駒插畫



Closing a book

written by Law Wai-ming
translated by Shu Wen
Illustrated by Holly Wong

The setting sun lights the lamp behind
the abrus precatorius grove and then
puts it out.

The way along the precipice is echoing
the songs of the sightseers.

When flocks of mist saunter from
behind the mountain,
Pigeons say farewell to the sky and fly
back to roofs.

The bamboo pavilion stares at the
mountain far away, meditating;
The village is smoking at the foot of
the mountain.

In the lonely bamboo grove,
The west wind is playing and singing
alone.

When people came down from the
mountain
Clouds grafted big blue flowers upon
them.

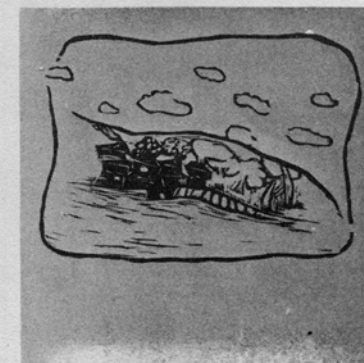
Someone gathered a big bunch and put
it in his bag,
Saying, "It's for making tea."
Laughs shock from the trees leaves
which were eavesdropping.

Boats with white sails have gone astray
in the Milky Way.

Treading on fallen leaves, night
descends the mountain.
When groups of people came back from
the mountain,
Lights were smiling at the bottom of
the valley.

掩卷
羅維明

莫家駒插畫



The ring

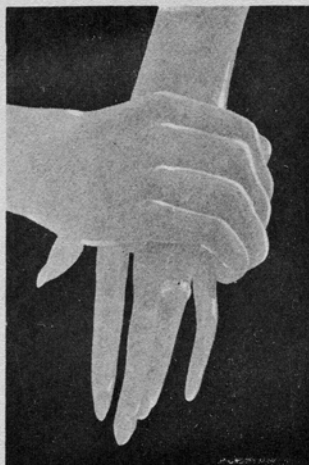
written by Shu Wen
translated by the author
Illustrated by Bobby Mok

I saw eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless
light.....
Henry Vaughan

At this moment my intractable ring
finger is so tractable:
Nestling meekly in your palm,
Hesitating no more, it goes into your
gold ring.
The round ring knows not where it
begins,
Much less where it ends.
Going into the radiant ring, my ring
finger
Has gone out of the fourth dimension.
Sloughing off the past, like a cicada
Prostrate on your palm, it looks far
Into the endless future,
Firm, straight and dauntless.

Gold is the sun's affirmation in the
universe
As well as the mutual testimony of the
stars;
A colour that Time cannot tarnish,
On my finger it will constantly send
forth its Revelation.
Although I shall one day return to
earth,
Dissolve into the sea, or be scattered in
the wind — and you
Certainly cannot escape jealous Time —
(From then on the world will have
only duplicated fakes),
This ring, in earth or water,
Will spring from my disintegrated body
like a Buddhist relic, clinking,
And tell the story about you and me
with its golden light.

指環
舒文
莫家駒插畫



聽歌

翟愛蓮
莫家駒插畫

有靜靜的一角
一盞蠟火
一把搖椅及
凝止的雙瞳

聽歌來自背壁
來自咫尺
夾了撲臉的鹽風
而遠而近
而遠

那來自歌者的內裏
夜鳥之啼喚
與灰雲的嬉笑
使幢幢樓厦也感動
紛紛脫去它們底
硬獠的外衣——
露出柔軟的土層
與滿室光暈
同聽歌而遠而近

Listening to the Song
Chak Oi-lin
Illustrated by Bobby Mok



Singing

written by Hurban Ng
translated by the author
Illustrated by Donna Lok

What has become silent?
What had disappeared in the tangling
air?
The moon sails past
And shadow of the night still lingers
Dark coluds flow across the sky of
gloom

I see leaflets growing from branches
like inverted flames
Something has died between the
sounding lips
On the wings of rain
Who is still listening to me
Singing with words of refugey?

Here are the mountains that stare
Standing in mutual oblivion
Wind blow across young bushes
Adn spring returns
Who is looking for his old nests?
The tendrils hang from childhood
You lift the dangling shreds
And the hands that strike?
Shadow of the kestrel falls into the
valley
You say you better go back
I see cold leaves glistening in the white
night
Scarabs crawling over tombs in the land
of darkness.

Through dreams and silence
I hear songs looking for rest in the
wind
Are they flowers of night that bloom
and fade
Like letters of smoke scattering?
But your name still shines among the
northern stars
Flower whorls of eternity whirl
There are always fishes swimming in
depths
And smile of the wind between lips
What are you afraid of?

When the odessy becomes shabby
When hands of storms twirl you along
When lights go off behind blinds
Like buried flowers

There are always tenderness between
lamposts
White fences returning to trees
Beautiful hopes below awnings
When night is still floating
Cascades fall beyond hills
When hunger still anchors
When you are still afraid, suspicious of
yourself
Will you start to sing?

歌唱
吳煦斌
駱笑平插畫



靜默的一課

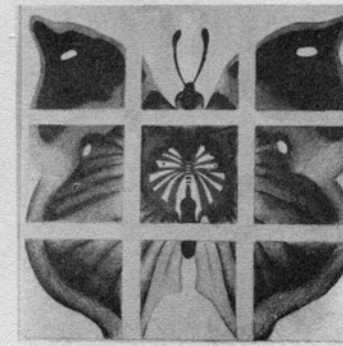
關淮遠
井兒插畫

當一隻蝴蝶
太用力摺
牠的翅膀
有一個聲音說：
靜一點。

當一個人
太用力割
他的咽喉
有一個聲音說：
靜一點。

是的，靜一點
是的。

The Lesson of silence
Kwan Wai-yuen
Illustrated by Lee Pui Pui



The little child who flies the kite

written by York Ma
translated by Shu Wen
Illustrated by Lee Pui Pui

The little child,
Made a kite.
Took it to the lawn.
The green lawn
The green kite
The little child
Laughed happily when flying the kite.
The happily laughing little child
The little child flying the kite
Was thinking
While flying the kite.
He thought the little kite
Would be his love when he grew up;
He thought the little kite
Making a plum-flower circle
Would be a beautiful hope.

The little child
Held the reel tight
And pulled the line taut,
Pulled the line taut.
The little child
Was laughing
While he was running.

How happy the little child was!
What a happy little child!
He did not know
That a big red kite
had come
From his back
He did not know
That the big red kite
Could tear his line in tow with teeth.
He did not know
That a kite with its line broken
Could fly farther and farther,
Fly farther and farther.

The kite gone,
The little child
Sat on the lawn,
Very miserable.

Miserable little child,
Stand up,
Wipe away your tears,
Start making another kite,
Start making another kite.

放紙鸞的小孩子
馬若
李佩佩插畫



棚架上的臘鴨

納西
莫家駒插畫

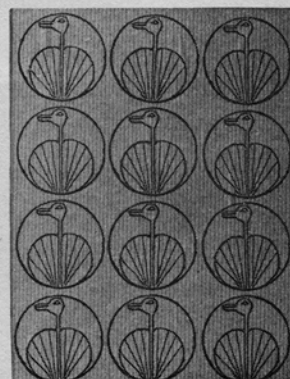
冬天帶着寒冷來了
在這座熱鬧的城市
在這座可讚美的城市
再沒有誰感到煩悶至死了
生活是奇妙的
平淡而不乏少許的驚奇

我和我的同伴
那些被剝掉了外衣突然跟沉默鬧起戀愛
像一尊尊鍍了金的
雕像似的同伴
統統都在這兒
爲了守候
那些應當報以熱烈掌聲的
鑒賞家的眼睛
我們獲得了假期

我們獲得了
不用發愁的許可證

從此不用研究
那些高速度的
攫魚方法。

The Salted duck on the scaffold
Lee Tim-sung
Illustrated by Bobby Mok



Behind my back

written by Tang Man-yau
translated by Ho Fuk-yan

Behind my back
Are left my footprints
In winter
What will the shell be thinking about
I walk out from the crowd
Watching a seagull
Holding a fish in its beak
Disappearing gradually on the
opposite shore
On that side of the sea
There is an island
There is a field
There is a thatched hut
I think no more
Passing through street after street
A cold afternoon
Under the gray sky
I see the black smoke
Disappearing gradually too
I turn over my collar
I thrust my hand into my trousers
pocket

Touching the medical certificate
Touching a letter of dismissal
Another hand is in the dark
Rubbing some coins
I hear a light melody
Rise from the broken bowl
And fade behind my back
I have promised myself
To hide my melancholy
I also have a blind mother
I watch the spray
Behind my back
Is a summer
What will the rock be thinking about
I have walked into the crowd
Carrying some food
I have gathered some wild flowers
To let my mother feel
That by the side of the drain
There is yet a fragrant evening

背後
阿藍
莫家駒插畫

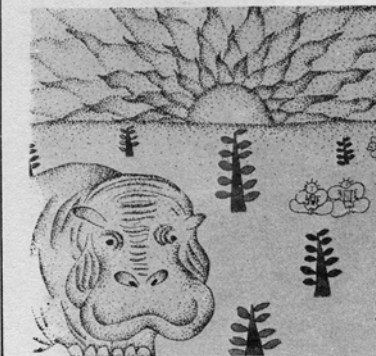


我高興

西西
駱笑平插畫

太陽白色太陽
白色太陽白色
如果早上起來看見天氣晴朗，我高興。
如果早上起來看見天氣晴朗，牛在吃
草你在喝牛奶，我高興。
如果早上起來看見天氣晴朗，牛在吃
草你在喝牛奶，大家一起坐着唸一首
詩，我高興。
如果早上起來看見天氣晴朗，牛在吃
草你在喝牛奶，大家一起坐着唸一首
詩，就說看見一對夫婦和十九個小孩
騎着一匹笑嘻嘻的大河馬，我高興。
高興我高興
我高興我

I am pleased
Written by Cheung Yin
Illustrated by Donna Lok



Are we people lost in the mountain mist

written by Yip Sun-hong
translated by Shu Wen
Illustrated by Wong Kin Ho

Are we people lost in the mountain mist?
Or just superfluous attachments to the mountain?
The air condenses;
We walk on the wet soil,
Looking up at the browned or blackened branches and trunks after the fire on the mountain.
Thick leaves and fruits likely to have come true are gone.
The mist enters the deep valley
Low-lying vegetable fields and stone-houses.
Part of the scraped mountain is exposed.
Thus vanish the monotonous years and months.
Our steps are still firm;
Still they should not stop and rest.
Is it jeers and condescending pity that can in no way be disentangled?
Perhaps the promise that has been made is like the vapour of the mountain steaming,
Moving oppressively into the grey, misty misty sky higher up.
Dizzle falls into the mist.
We must take a colder decision.
Birds fly slantingly,
Disappearing in the grass.
The light of the city is locked out.
Near the dam is a big funnel,
Which enables excess water to sweep away like life in rapids.
It is no more the age of gentleness.
Neither you nor I can recover
What is sunken and buried in the waves.
The vapour of the mountain presses down;
The trees on the dark, murky bank opposite are standing solemnly.
Happiness is but the picking and discarding of red flowers.
Winding and rugged from beginning to end, the road

Keeps going deep into dark hidden corners,
Exposing the direction in which water flows.
We stop and listen carefully to
The melody and rhythm of the flowing water in silence,
Concerned about their direction and descent.
Excessively eroded, the rocks crumble like the will subdued,
Unable to bear being trodden on,
Break into clods and loose earth.
Would smiles and anger buried deep serve the purpose?
The season with pouring heat was gone long ago.
Rainwater is slowly wiping away the numerous confused words carved in the cement wall.
Scared, a black dog runs away.
As we go through the taller and thicker trees on both sides,
The city turns bright blue;
Crickets' chirrup forms a language of its own;
The red of the lamps in the mist overshadows the starlight;
We carry folded umbrellas on our shoulders.
Are we people lost in the mountain mist?

我們是迷於山霧的人嗎？
葉新康
黃健豪插畫



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