Never A Sleep Holding All

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都市之魂
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最终这沉寂的时刻来临
万籁俱静
难言的欲望消失无影

我知道这是你的时刻
我熟知你眼中的色彩
长颈鹿
你仍会一如既往

在午夜睁开
迷惘的
微笑的
泪水充盈的双眼

凝视着某一点
想象一种冒险的行为
以及从中撤退的快感。

城市在酣睡
你看见城市之魂
知道它们的沉重与轻快
知道它们将在何时呐喊

长颈鹿
这真是最优雅的转身
没人知道为何你

你天生镇静自若
如同一片云影
如同一颗老树

此刻你
慢慢地，慢慢地穿行街上
穿行在摩天大楼之间

像它们一样
一样高大
一样缄默
一样慵懒。
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And then, the moment when all sounds quietly rest,
all desires wander to disappear,

I know it’s the time thinking of you with the colors
in your eyes that I am so familiar. Giraffe,

if you still keep the way in the midnight or early
morning at one or two with opened or absent,

with smiling or tearing eyes gazing at the spot
to imagine retreating from the adventure.

The entire city is deeply sleeping but you know well the souls:
if they are heavy or delight and whenever they want to cry.

It’s a real graceful turn, Giraffe, and no one knows
the reason you’ve been as a giant shadow

and always as poised as trees. Giraffe,
very and very slow you are walking along the street

at the same height as the skyscrapers
and as calm, and as lazy as them too.