

《不默而生》 OR *THAN LIVE SILENCED* (2020) BY **LANCE MOK** (HE/HIM/HIS, B. 1994)

Text:

by Joseph Lamb

聽着外頭吐露港公路的雨
下得似幾百年沒人愛一樣
你我慾望灌溉了
彼此乾涸的胸口
窩在一起聊到夢醒
只記得吻般的唇語

在千發催淚彈裏
我要花多大力氣
才能把撕心裂肺的哀慟
縮成短短一句小心
在夢外
盼雨後浮雲中會有彩虹

夜霧中你牽起我的手
說夢完以後要娶我
對於我們連陽光也無法偷聽的愛
你實在樂觀得叫人笑着笑着
就哭了
我們在塵世眼中並不完全

生命是華麗的袍爬滿了蚤
你說要給我買滅蚤噴霧
不用，出去食催淚彈放題吧
你我被世界賦予這罪名不重要
起碼，我們踩着同樣步伐
在夢裡
隔住過濾器接吻

我們都是花
花總想變成蝶
渴望自由於觸手可及的藍天
唯有用飄零代替飛翔
夢醒後
仍然比別人都更勇武

為了以前那些酷兒來不及許完的願
我們變成一顆顆流星殞落
盡情燃燒，為要在煲底
化成土
化成灰
化成另一種可能
或者，那焦土上將長出一片森林

Translation:

by Lance Mok

Listen, the rain outside over Tolo Highway
Seems unloved for hundreds of years.
Our desires quench
The drought in on another's chest.
Cuddling, chatting till we wake,
Only remembering those kiss-like whispers.

Amidst thousands of tear-gas shots,
How much it toils me
To pack this heartrending angst
Into a short 'take care';
Away from our dreams,
Hoping, between the storm-weary clouds, there will be rainbows.

In the misty night you took my hand
And said you will marry me when our dream comes true.
For our love that not even the sunshine could ever eavesdrop,
Your faith brings me my smile, smile,
And tears:
We are incomplete in the eyes of the earthly.

Life is a grand robe infested by fleas.
You said you will buy me flea sprays.
It is fine: let us go and shower in tear gases.
However the world accuses us is not a matter,
At least, we are on our way together,
In our dreams.
Kissing through our gas masks.

We are all flowers,
Flowers that long to morph into butterflies,
Longing for freedom within our grasp in the azure sky:
Fall our only way to fly;
Awakened,
Still more a valiant warrior.

For wishes unrequited those queers that came before us made,
We become the falling stars,
Burnt on this dear ruin*,
Only to turn into soil
Into ash
Into a new possibility
Perhaps, out of that ravaged land will grow a forest one day.

DESAZÓN FROM THE STRING QUARTET POESIDA BY RENÉ MAYORAL

Text:

By Abigael Bohórquez

Cuando ya hube roído pan familiar
untado de abstinencia,
y hube bebido agua de fosa séptica
donde orinan las bestias;
y robado a hurtadillas
tortilla y sal y huesos
de las cenadurías;
y caminado a pie calles y calles,
sin nómina,
levantando colillas de cigarros,
y hubime detenido en los destazaderos,
ladrando como perro sin dueño,
suelo al cielo, mirando a los abastecidos.

Cuando ya hube sentido,
en pleno vientre el hueco
resquebrajado y yermo
del hontanar vacío,
y metido la mano a los bolsillos locos
y, aun así, levantando la frágil ayunanza
del alma en claro,
me conformo, me he dicho:
Dios asiste, y espero.

Cuando ya hube saboreado
sexo y carne y entraña,
y vendido mi cuerpo en los subastaderos,
cuando hube paladeado
boca, lengua y pistilo,
y comprado el amor entre vendimiadores,
cuando hube devorado,
ave y pez y rizoma
y cuadrúpedo y hoja
y sentado a la mesa alba y sofisticada
y dormido en recámara amurallada de oro,
y gustado y tactado y haber visto y oído,
me conformo, me he dicho:
Dios asiste. Y camino.

Cuando ya hube salido
de cárceles, burdeles, montepíos, deliquios,
confesionarios, trueques, bonanzas, altibajos,
elíxires, destierros, desprestigios, miseria,
extorsiones, poesía, encumbramientos, gracia,

Translation:

By René Mayoral

When I had gnawed home bread
smeared with abstinence,
and had drunk water from the sewage
where untamed animals piss,
and had stealthy stolen
tortilla and salt and bones
from diners,
and walked with bare feet street after street,
unnamed,
and had picked up cigarette butts,
and had stopped in front of slaughter houses
barking like dog with no home,
from ground to sky, looking at the well-stocked.

When I had felt
in my belly
the cracked and bleak hole
of the hollow stream,
and with my hands searched into my crazy pockets
and yet, lifting my fainting soul's
sleepless body,
I accept, had I told to myself:
God aids, and I wait.

When I had tasted
sex and meat and gut,
and put my body into auction,
when I had tasted
mouth, tongue and pistil,
and purchased love from vintners,
and devoured
bird and fish and rhizome
and quadruped and leave
and sat at sophisticated and marble-like table
and slept in rooms with gold lined walls
and had tasted and touched and had seen and heard,
I accept, had I told to myself:
God aids. I walk.

When I had left behind
jails, brothels, pawnshops, rapture,
confessionals, bartering, jackpots, the ups, the downs,
elixirs, exiles, dishonour, poverty,
extortions, poetry, elevations, grace,

me conformo, me he dicho:
Dios asiste. Y acato.

Por eso, ahora lejos
de lo que fue mi casa,
mi solar por treinta años,
mi heredad amantísima,
mis palomas, mis libros,
mis árboles, mi niño,
mis perras, mis volcanes,
mis quehaceres, la chofi,
sólo escribo a pesares:
Dios me asiste.
Y confío.

Y de repente, el Sida.
¿Por qué este mal de muerte en esta playa vieja
ya de sí moridero y desamores,
en esta costra antigua
a diario levantada y revivida,
en esta pobre hombruna
de suyo empobrecida y extenuada
por la raza baldía? Sida.
Qué palabra tan honda
que encoge el corazón
y nos lo aprieta.

Afuera, al sol,
juguetean los niños,
agrio viento,
con un barco menudo
en mar revuelto.

I accept, had I told to myself:
God aids. And I abide.

Which is why, far now
from what was once my home
and abode, for thirty years
my beloved domain,
far from my pigeons, my books,
my trees, my child,
my dogs, my volcanoes,
my tasks, *la sophie*,
I just write about despites:
God aids.
And I trust.

And suddenly, AIDS.
Why this deadly illness on this old shore,
already a deathbed of its own and of its love,
on this ancient scab
daily removed and revived,
inside this poor mannishness
itself impoverished, extenuated
by breed and ravage? AIDS.
A word so deep
that grips the heart
and constricts it.

Outside, in the sunshine,
the children play,
sour wind,
small boat
in wild seas.

Text: by Baldwin Giang (with adapted text from *Madama Butterfly*: libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa)

I. (To a lover)
I do not move
I do not leave,
Do not resist.
I stay fastened
Down, like a butterfly.*

Never to feel torn
When you are older
For you
To love another man
To love him
Beyond the ocean.

I have caught you.
I hold you as you flutter.
Be mine.

But know
Your departure
Is a final one.
Like the monarch butterfly,
Only your children
Will return.
But know
“Only the future
Revisits the past.”***

II. (To you)
In my country
When a man catches a butterfly
He'll pierce its heart
With a needle
That it may not escape.
“What is a country but a life sentence?”**

IV. (To her husband)
You will return
You will come
Calling “Butterfly”
From the distance.
I will not go to you.
For on the hill, I lie.

III. (To her son)
For you
That you may go away
Beyond the ocean
For you

*The first stanza is loosely based on a passage from Ronald Barthes' *Camera Lucida*, p. 57.

**Quoted from Ocean Vuong's *On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous*, p. 9.

***Quoted from Ocean Vuong's *On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous*, p. 8.

Text by Laura Reynolds

I. Me Llamo Mariana

Me llamo Mariana, (My name is Mariana,)

That's the name I chose for myself

Because I know who I am, *una mujer trans. (a transwoman)*

My life was not easy living in San Pedro Sula.

They called me David at my birth.

But David I was not.

I was always different from the boys,

And they knew it as well as I.

Budding machismo made no place for me.

Where did I belong?

I wore my mother's clothes in secret

And it felt like me.

As the real me surfaced, others pushed me aside.

My parents would not recognize me as their daughter.

As an adolescent, I had to find my own way.

And the streets became my home.

II. Vecinos Crueles

A simple "hola" from the face of a woman *a mis paisanos. (to my countrymen)*

And they responded in *unkind*.

They insulted me, discriminated against me.

They humiliated me.

For who I am and who I love.

They said, "*¡Camina como un hombre, y habla como un hombre! ¡Deja el barrio! ¡Los maricones no son bienvenidos aquí!*" (Walk like a man, and talk like a man! Get out of the neighborhood! Faggots are not welcome here!)"

They threw things at me.

Their cruelty hurt my soul; I only wanted love and acceptance.

But that is not the worst.

III. El Terror

Los capos de la droga y traficantes de personas brought pure terror to my neighborhood. (*Drug gangs and human traffickers*)

The gangs had murdered my trans sisters, who had names they had chosen for themselves.

Their spirits were snuffed, their bodies thrown into sacks, discarded like trash.

They said that I would be next if I did not do the horrible things demanded of me.

They beat me. They stabbed me. They violated me.

They trafficked my body and then they threatened my life.

When I asked the law for help, sometimes they ignored me. Or worse, they sided with the gangs and beat me.

I felt so vulnerable.

I did not want to leave my home, but I had to flee if I was to survive.

Y soy una sobreviviente. (And I am a survivor.)

IV. A Estados Unidos

¡A Estados Unidos, tierra de los libres! (To the USA, land of the free!)

I packed my purse with medicine and makeup.

My backpack stuffed with food, water, soap, and clothes.

I began my journey, walking with the caravan towards the northern borderlands.

The sun burned my skin; the rain drenched me.

I had blisters with blisters on my feet.

My belly growled; dehydration made me weak.

Some nights I had shelter; some nights I slept on ground.

Each step that I took became heavier and heavier.

I was at the mercy of strangers along the way.

Some kind, some cruel, some criminal.

I was surrounded by hundreds, perhaps thousands, seeking refuge.

But again I'm ostracized, insulted, humiliated, this time by my fellow travelers and locals I encountered.

It hurt my soul deeply.

V. La Caravana Arcoíris

But along the way, I found others like me.

Other queer people who were forced to the back of lines just for a meal or a shower.

Others who were glared upon;

Others who were ridiculed;

Others who were physically abused.

Sólo queremos vivir en paz. (We just want to live in peace.)

En seguridad, con prosperidad y respeto. (In safety, with prosperity and respect.)

With help from our advocates, we united and departed from the caravan,

A new caravan comprised of the ostracized.

We became the Rainbow Caravan.

We shared our hopes, our fears, our meals, our journey.

Nos convertimos en una familia. (We became a family.)

VI. "¡Que tiemblen los machistas!"

Never again will we be last in line! *¡Nunca! (Never!)*

¡Ahora somos los primeros! (Now we are the first!)

"¡Que tiemblen los machistas!" ("How the macho ones tremble!")

¡Somos La Caravana Arcoíris! (We are the Rainbow Caravan!)