

HỘI NHÀ VĂN ĐÀI LOAN

Hội Nhà văn Đài Loan được thành lập vào năm 2009, với tôn chỉ và mục đích: khuyến khích các sáng tác văn học bằng tiếng Đài, đoàn kết các nhà văn Đài Loan, nâng cao chất lượng sáng tác và vị thế văn hóa của tiếng Đài, thúc đẩy giao lưu và hợp tác văn học trong và ngoài nước. Hội chủ trương sử dụng tiếng Đài (không dùng tiếng Hoa) trong sáng tác văn học Đài Loan.

TÂI-BÛN PIT-HŌE

Kong-goân 2009 nî sêng-lip, chong-chí sī:

- 1) Kó-lē Tâi-gí bûn-hák chhòng-chok,
- 2) Thoân-kiat Tâi-gí-bûn chok-ka,
- 3) Thê-seng chhòng-chok chúi-chún kah Tâi-gí bûn-hòa tē-ūi,
- 4) Chhiok-sêng kok-lâi-gōa bûn-hák kau-liū hâp-chok.

Pún hōe chú-tiu" Tâi-oân bûn-hák tiòh-ài iōng Tâi-oân gí-bûn (m̄-sī Hōa-gí) chhòng-chok.

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TAIWANESE PEN

Taiwanese Pen, the literary society for Taiwanese writers for the promotion of literary creations in the Taiwanese language, was established in 2009. Taiwanese Pen asserts that Taiwan's literature must be written in Taiwanese instead of in Chinese. It's aims include 1) promoting literary creations in Taiwanese, 2) strengthening solidarity among Taiwanese writers, 3) improving the quality of literary writing and national status, 4) increasing international literary exchange.

台灣語ペンクラブ

本会は2009年に設立され、その趣旨は台湾語による創作を振興し、台湾語作家を団結させ、創作レベルおよび台湾語文化の地位を高め、国内外の文学交流・協力を促進することである。台湾文学の創作は台湾語で(華語ではなく)創作が行われるべきであると本会は主張する。

台文筆會

本會成立於2009年，以鼓勵台語文學創作、團結台語文作家、提升創作水準與台語文化地位，兼促成國內、國際文學交流合作為宗旨。本會主張台灣文學須以台灣語文(非華語)創作。



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國立台灣文學館
National Museum of Taiwan Literature

優良文學雜誌 補助

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Deputy Chief Editor: Tân, Ahim
Editorial Board: Chiu, Tēng-pang; Lîm, Jū-khái; Si, Chùn-chiu; Tân, Bēng-jîn;
Tân, Chèng-hiông; Tân, Ahim
Executive Editor: Chiú^a, Ûi-bûn; Tō; Sin-liông
Assistant Editor: Tiu^a, Giók-phêng

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704 台南市北區小東路 147 巷 32 號
TEL : (06) 209-6384
E-mail : taibunpithoe@gmail.com
No. 32, Lane 147, Siotang Rd., Tainan 70457, TAIWAN
<http://pen.de-han.org>

發行人 || 理事長 陳明仁
顧問 || 王明理、呂東熹、林文欽、林源泉、姚嘉文、蔡秋桂、何朝棟（法律顧問）
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助理編輯 || 張玉萍
美編 || 許意攻
翻譯 || Chiú^a, Ûi-bûn (C.U.B.); Lîm, Jū-khái (J.K.L.);
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校對 || 蔣為文、潘秀蓮、蘇代千、張玉萍
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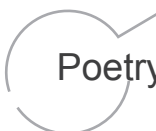
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(Darrell Jenks, AIT Kaohsiung, 1996-1999)

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Part I

English Version

Foreward: The Epoch-making Literature Exchange of Taiwan and Vietnam

Chiúⁿ, Úi-bûn (Wi-vun CHIUNG)

The year 2018 was a year of abundance for the epoch-making literature exchange between Taiwan and Vietnam! In that year, two record-breaking works were published. One was the publication of the Vietnamese poet, Trần Nhuận Minh's poems in Taiwanese in Taiwan. The other was the publication of the important Taiwanese literary work, *Battle at Siraya*, in Vietnam in Vietnamese.

Although Taiwan and Vietnam have fairly frequent trade relations, literary exchanges between the two countries have been rather limited. Many Taiwanese do not know Vietnamese literature, even assume that it is a branch of Chinese literature. In the same way, many Vietnamese, not knowing much about Taiwanese literature, frequently mistake the literature of the Chinese refugees in Taiwan as the representative of Taiwanese literature. Due to this reason, we carefully planned for the publication of these two books to introduce more people to do literary exchanges between Taiwan and Vietnam.

We invited the recipient of the Vietnamese national arts award, Trần Nhuận Minh (Tân, Lũn-bêng) to attend a reception and literature exchange party for the publication of his poetry book in Taiwanese, on October 27 and 28, held in the National Taiwanese Literature Museum

and at Chê Tang Si Sià (Chê Tang Home of Poetry). The meaning of this event is as important as Mount Jade is high, since this is the first time since WWII that a prominent Vietnamese poet's works are being published in Taiwan, in Taiwanese. It is truly historical.

Because Trần Nhuận Minh had personally participated in the independence movements in Vietnam that toppled foreign regimes, his writing is filled with the love for his motherland, musings on life, and reflections on war. Such first-rate writing is definitely worth our Taiwanese readers to read closely and enjoy his inspiring work.

Mr. Trần's visit to Taiwan was warmly welcomed and hosted by the Taiwanese literature world. In the exchange party, he encouraged the Taiwanese writers in attendance to stand firm in their conviction to write in Taiwanese. Furthermore, he said that he firmly believes that one day Taiwanese will be fully recognized and supported. According to Trần, his works have already been translated into eleven languages; Chinese is the eighth, Taiwanese the 9th, and Korean the 11th. . Thanks to the activities he attended this year, he has now discovered that Taiwanese is different from Chinese, and that the mother tongue of the Taiwanese people is not Chinese but Taiwanese!

In 1865 the first newspaper in romanized Vietnamese was published in Vietnam, called the Family Journal. The paper had as its first editor-in-chief Tiuⁿ Éng-kì, an important literary figure who knew twenty-seven languages. In Taiwan also, the first romanized Taiwanese newspaper was published, in 1885, the Tâi-oân Hú-siâⁿ Kàu-hōe-pò (“Church News of the Capital City”). Separately and concurrently, these two newspapers promoted the language romanization movement in Vietnam and Taiwan, much earlier than the 1919 “Story Movement” of Chinese.

“The Battle at Siraya” is the first Taiwanese literary work to be translated into Vietnamese. Originally the work was a script of hand puppet drama, written by Tân, Kiàn-sêng and acted by the Ông, Gē-bêng Hand Puppet Theater. The hand puppet drama is a much-loved traditional theater in Taiwan, once garnering a 97% viewing rate on television telecast. But it was at one time banned by the non-native KMT regime, which seriously affected the morale the craft. We have chosen this book to be translated into Vietnamese, because we believe such literary work truly represents the spirit of Taiwanese literature. Works written with Chinese characters are not acceptable as Taiwanese literature, because Chinese is the language of colonizers and empires.

Seriously speaking, the native language of most Taiwanese people is Taigi (Taiwanese). Unfortunately, since before and after 1945, when the Chinese colonial regime of Chiang Kai-shek took over and occupied Taiwan, the Taiwanese people have been forced to learn Chinese and study Chinese literature under autocratic control. This has led to many Taiwanese writers to be silenced and to lose their ability to write in their native Taiwanese. A deeper significance of translating the two aforementioned works is that we hope to learn from the Vietnamese their spirit of persistence in writing their literature with their own language. Furthermore, we want to continue to affirm the stand of Taiwanese Pen that Taiwanese literature must be written in our Taiwanese language! Mandarin Chinese can never be the language of Taiwan!

(Trans. by V.T.S.)



Si 詩
Poetry

The Lightning Sky

天光

Chiu, Tēng-pang / Tēng-pang Suyaka Chiu

Brushstrokes of the wind has made
The dark clouds into blobs of grey hills
And painted an expanse of
Dark green coral stone
On the green coast

The sun has been out for a long time
Using undertones of golden orange, then purple
Has made the mountains such a lovely color
So surreal

A few scattered clouds
Led by the wind all over the place
Swallows, who have settled and started their families here
Are circling the sky with the wind
Some sparrows, chattering and quarreling
Are fighting over their breakfast
Seeing them

The chinaberry and Mexican frangipani trees in the park shook their heads
The water in the canal
Silent as always
Are flowing towards the homeland of time
With happy steps

On the street
Buses, cars, scooters, taxis and trucks
Are beginning get busy

With the Sun climbing over the wind-painted mountains
The whole city awakes

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

The Holy Warriors in the Tunnel

┃ Pōng-khang lāi ê Sèng-chiàn-sū

Chiúⁿ, Ūi-bûn (Wi-vun CHIUNG)

The pitch-dark tunnel,
Is the test before coming to the light.
The storm brought by the B52 sitting on top of the Kó-chi tree,
Could not get inside the tunnel.
When the M48 came here,
Only scrap metal was found.

For the independence of our people,
We wound our way here and there,
Inside the tunnel.
We had nothing
Except the hope and strong will
For building a nation.



Our will is like the walls of the tunnel,
Our determination is like the ants that couldn't be crushed.
As long as there is soil,
We can survive.
Because we are the holy warriors that guard this land.

--Written on July 14, 2018 in remembrance of the Cu Chi
heroes of Vietnam

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

Street Scenes of Sio Se

■ 小西巷風華

Khng, Teng-goân (Khng, Goân)

Gusts of wandering wind
 Coming into the twisting lanes of Sio Se (Little West)
 That white-haired geomancer
 Mouth foaming at the corner,
 Was telling assorted legends about the Old City Pond
 The pearl-producing centipede; the gourd that absorbs dew

Generations of people, all different
 From Kiong Sin in the north to Kheng Hong in the west
 Have made the lanes of Sio Se famous
 In these lanes lived rich landowners and members of the gentry
 In the Doctor's Lane is the great love story of
 Iûⁿ Khek-hông and Chiā Soat-hông

Establishments, one after one, all different
 At the Drunken Land, smells of wine and cigarettes are the memories
 of the locals
 At Ko Pin Pavilion, shadows of a drinking Lōa Hô has turned into
 sheaves of poetry
 At the Railroad Poets, Kím-liân told of his lost dreams
 At Sen To Hall, sounds of the woman diviner telling fortune
 And at Teng Chiu Center, the Boddhisattva Teng Kng is said to be
 powerful and humane

Pages and pages of history

The Red Leaf Hotel, now a children's toy

Going back to our real childhood

There is the San Ho Inn, with the aroma of Sio Se coffee

The 'Three treasures of Chiong-hòa': meat patty, pork risotto and
Rat's noodles

Customers, tasting one stall after another

--Originally published on Liberty Times, 4/25/2017

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Witnessing for Our Country

I 為國作見證

Koeh, Iàn-lîm

You are here!
You are finally here!
Manila Bay was where I fell
Now my spirit rests at Yasukuni Shrine
Still thinking about you.
For which country I witnessed
All my contemporaries knew
Does the post-war generation know?
It is so good to see you
Let witness for our countries again
You have your Kingdom of God
I have my Kingdom of Samurais
No matter how the uncircumcised see us
We were witnesses to those unhappy times
Now turning towards the Island of Joy
Aren't we?

You are here!
You are finally here!
After the Mutan Incident and New South Policy
The Japanese and Taiwanese are one family

After your brother died in war
Undoubtedly
During the Typhoon of Steel
Codename 'Iceberg Mission'
Taiwan was skipped over and we attacked
Although both were colonies
In other countries there are memorial plaques
Why not for you?
The 2018 dedication
Witnessing for the Country
We are too powerless to have our own country
So please love yours
Witnessing for Taiwan
Don't leave anything in the glass
Cheers!

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

Two Poems

詩 2 首

Lîm, Bú-hiàn

1. Cold Mountain

Even the mountain fears the cold
In autumn he covers up in a leafy blanket
In winter he dons a snowy white hat

2. Chopsticks

A pair of chopsticks
Innocent looking common looking
Yet really great Yet quite uncommon

A common pair of chopsticks
Extending the arm' s reach
No fruit, no vegetable, no delicacies
Whether hot or cold, soft or hard
Pose any difficulty
Each opening and closing
They pick up
Mountain greenery and sunshine

Simple chopsticks
Handy and nimble
These simple things
Are really not so simple

(Trans. by Rosalind Wu)

The Picture Exhibition in March

三月 畫展

Lîm, Bûn-pêng

Early March, spring time in Iâm-tiâⁿ-po'
A few blossoms near the Love River defending the spring
With a breeze blowing, I took a peek through some rocking leaves
And saw some lilies, unsubstantial
Surrounding a slab of black marble

Taking a few steps forward
Saw the lilies, watered by tears,
Though had been there for almost a week
The stems and leaves were still green, the blossoms still pure white
Just smelled a little sour
They made the most beautiful illustration for the epitaph

Feeling indecisive, my eyes traveled along the epitaph
Moving from line to line
Until I got to the top of the shiny marble stone
Saw a spot (maybe some bird doo)
Next to the words 'Peng Meng Chih'
At that moment, a stirring exhibition appeared in my head

A child, crying on the ground
Surrounded by nervous footsteps all around
One military truck rolling over
Terror and killing everywhere

A handful of civilians
Hands tied behind back, kneeling on the ground
Several soldiers aiming guns at their heads
In their eyes, indescribable fear
Twisting on the earth

A farmer with his oxcart full of sweet potatoes
Head of the cart facing the city gate, body falling towards back of the cart
Blood dripped from chest onto the potatoes
Eyes already becoming dull white

In early March, spring in Iâm-tiâⁿ-po⁷
Lilies, watered by tears
Will wilt one day
But the paintings of this exhibition
Will one day be collected in a corner of history
Quietly, oh quietly
Revealing the truth and justice
That are about to be forgotten

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

The Formosan Finches

十姊妹

Lîm, Chong-goân

Had you ever lived, you would understand the difference between 'being kept' and 'being slaughtered'. Just like the relationship between humans and birds.

Act I

Scene: in the wild, in Formosa

Time: yesterday

White Finch:

Personal worth, fame, power

How much is one worth

Red Finch:

If you ask me, I don't have to ask anyone

If I want to frolic in the sky, I fly--

If I want to take a rest in the forest, I fly--

If I want to have a meal in the field, I fly--

Never thinking about my personal worth, fame or power

What the hell is personal worth

Isn't it something to do with humans

Black Finch:

White Sister, I want you to be careful

When you don't think,

You are not really living

Red Sister, fly into the heart of a human

To frolic, to look, to think
 And you'll discover that is related to you
 I see through human's acting
 Forget about personal worth or your background
 Humans think we are the lowest species
 'Keeping us' is for hobbies, enslavement
 'Slaughtering us' then they can't chant 'mercy, mercy' with their
 mouths
 I know, and they know, that we aren't the same
 Bull shit, all that talk about laws protecting the exotic animals, all
 nonsense

Act II

Scene: A birdcage in a human heart, warm like in spring

Time: Today

White Finch:

Isn't today the same as yesterday
 Didn't I hear a sweet speech
 Sister, I have a gift for child-raising,
 A loving nature, a kind of virtue like assimilated house slaves
 Aren't humans the same?

Red Finch:

Oh good! Everything is becoming warm
 Living in the world of human colonization
 Removing the bright colors of our feathers
 Is more comfortable
 Feathers are just a burden we are creatures, too
 Having feathers brings me worries and make us look different from
 the mainlanders

Black Finch:

Beautiful! Although we do seek warmth
Isn't it a little fun to have a little rain fall on us
Sisters, don't you want to go see the world outside

Red Finch:

Yes! Yes! But I don't know how to open the door
And I don't understand human speech
If all living creatures
Speak one language, how wonderful that would be

White Finch:

Why make it so difficult! Aren't we living quite well?

Black Finch:

Ha ha! Sister, you are slow witted and react slowly
How do white chicks come out of your eggs
Our children have been switched

Red Finch:

Oh how horrible! Where did my eggs go
How can they do this to me
My God! What does it mean to be civilized

White Finch:

How strange! It is possible that humans have forgotten to be kind
Maybe they will remember tomorrow?

Black Finch:

Ha ha! The common people haha!
The wild electroplated civilization, is the real face of the mainlanders
To the slave-like, impossibly foolish Taiwanese people, mercy looks
beautiful.

Act III

Scene: spring has passed, and winter is here still in Taiwan

Time: tomorrow

White Finch:

Black Sister you are so clever -- now I understand that it isn't all good to
be chosen
Sometimes it is a misfortune

Red Finch:

Don't say, "Stop talking about that" anymore
When we no longer remember we are Taiwanese birds,
Black finches quickly flew from the mainland
Alas! Oh no! Our worth dives
Even at 50 cents no one wants us
We are doomed for sure

White Finch: What to do! What should we do!

Red Finch: Get exported! Get exported!

Black Finch:

Bad News! Bad News!

A bunch of our siblings, taken from home and released in the wild,
Could no longer survive in the wilds of Taiwan
Woe! Woe!

White Finch: Boddhisattva Kuanyin save us from our suffering

Red Finch: Save us from our suffering Boddhisattva Kuanyin

After winter, came spring
The finches had to marry the humans

For survival? For happiness? Can one dare!
Now the view of the finch sisters'
Are all the same, no one dares to argue against
That when there is no love in the state of being kept, fight back
When one dies for unjustified cause, struggle
All this has to do with not having one's country

--First written on January 16, 1966
Revised for the tenth time on November 10, 2018

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Nightfall at Tām-chúi

| Tām-chúi bō-sek

Lîm, Jū-khái

Actually, the scene by the water at sunset was pretty bright
 As well as beautiful
 We soaked up the moment in Tām-chúi a while.
 Just stepping out of the train station
 Saw lots of people rushing over

Old men, children, and poodles
 Cantonese, foreigners, squeezing into the crowd
 Japanese-speaking, Cantonese-speaking
 All wanted to find a piece of the reddish sky
 Not caring about others, faces fading
 A young grandma picked up and held her precious grandson tightly
 Two huskies, walking, skipping and turning back to look
 As if saying, let's hurry
 Or we will lose our places
 Twenty-five kilometers were traveled in one minute
 How fast the braves who shot down the suns walked!
 When are they coming back
 The twelve rays of the malevolent suns persecute one harshly
 How many babies should the Atayal carry
 And how many orange trees from their home villages planted
 Even when they closed their eyes their minds were busy
 Were the malevolent suns shot down from the sky?

Planes, flying east and north
Sounds of Ni-hóng-gò; English,
Oui Paris here and London there
Why flying in such a rush, to shoot the sun?
It's getting dark so we couldn't see clearly
Is your hometown nice to live in?
Hard to understand despite thinking hard
Eventually everything returns to silence
Just like the sound of water and people moments ago
In the end
Only the lonely heart is not at peace

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

The Old Battlefield

古戰場風雲

Lîm, Liông-ngá (Bók, Jû)

“I stand alone in the turmoil”
-----*Lōa Hô, “The Low-pressured Mountaintop”*

The evil foreign force
Swept down south from the North
Coming onto our land

Let's stand up bravely
To protect our homes
Our valleys, mountain forests, rivers, fields and towns

Let us defend the Tōa-tō River
Come to battle at Mount Pat-kòa

The enemy troop of 15,000
Led by Prince Kitashirakawa Yoshihisa and two lieutenants
A well-disciplined regiment of professional soldiers
Each with the most advanced weapon in their hands

Versus the voluntary army of three or five thousand
Simple knives or guns, cannons
And several batteries left by the previous rulers
At first they displayed some power in the conflict

The voluntary soldiers were all prepared to die
In the fight

We all knew that death is not far away
To die fighting would be our fate

Once the batteries fall into enemy hands
All would be lost
All the courageous men put in all their efforts
But still could not avoid defeat
Those two short days, August 27 and 28, 1895
Will live forever in our memory
A conflict of great disparities
Fiercely fought for three hours
The results were soon clear
Once the two leaders fell
Leaderless, all the volunteer soldiers scattered

Dying in war
The best end is to die in one's home field
Six hundred and seventy-nine bodies strewn everywhere
They are our heroes

Listen! The booming of the cannons on the riverbed
Listen! The ear-deafening cries of the live-or-die combat

Passing through the valley of death
Standing at the old battlefield
Feeling the spirits of those brave men
Forever before us and inside of us

--Written April 6, 2018

--Published in Half-line Culture (Chiong-hòa City Office)

Issue 32, June 2018

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Morning Dew

丨 早露

Ô, Bîn-siông (Binsiong Ou)

Like a drop of morning dew
Rolling over a flower with the wind
How round, pure and clear it is!
Sparkling like a pearl under the sunlight

My dear lady
The morning dew is like you
Deep in our hearts you're
Forever rolling and rolling

The time we spent together
Such as our 2016 tour of Taiwan
We will cherish those moments forever and ever

We love the flower
We love the morning dew, and
We love you forever and ever

What a beautiful morning dew it is!
What a great lady you are!

--Dedicated to Lady Sikha Roy,
At the Memorial Service, Bethesda, MD;
July 28, 2018

A Pre-Dawn Telephone Call

天 beh 光 ê 1 通電話

Tân, Bêng-jîn (Asia Jilimpo)

When the phone rang
I was in the middle of a dream
The sky looked pale
Shedding tears
And melancholy stars filled the sky.

She asked me if I were asleep
At that moment the sky began to lighten
I couldn't tell whether the Moon or the Sun was out
She said the sun was about to set
I recall that, in the past
I loved to sing that song about my home
Now, tired of wandering
Tired of singing songs about my homeland
She didn't want to bother me
But the sun was setting

More ten hours' time difference
Has made the sky dark still
As I yawned, I asked her,
"Is there anything else?"

Heard sound of her weeping
“Can’t you come back? Stop wandering around?”
The Sun seemed to look beautiful then

Then, I couldn’t fall back to sleep
Could only see, on the other side of the foothill
A lonely figure on a rock
Humming that song of the wanderer

--Rewritten on December 18, 2018

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Transformation of the Ūi-bú Barracks

I 衛武營記事

Tân, Chèng-hiông

The tall concrete walls
Could briefly block out the tempting eyes of the neon lights
Not permanently keep out the will of the creatures seeking freedom
Sooner or later it will fall from the nonstop, round-the-clock cries
The sharp spikes of the wire nets
Might temporarily stop the youthful passionate desires of the
conscripted soldiers
But not able to keep in the will of the creatures' to fight for their
rights
At the right moment it will break down from the nonstop yelling

The old, hard line conservative army compound
Had to put down their weapons at the end
And became the new paradise where nature and civilization coexist

The guards, who had been standing watching all through the year,
could finally retire
Handing over their guard duties to the pigeons
The only pass you need is a happy smile
No need for special permission slips or identifications

The service officers who never took breaks, could now be relieved
By the squirrels who now take over their duties
No longer do you need secret signals or complicated codes
A happy mood is the only identifying password

Every morning, the Sun plays the morning call punctually
Sparrows and light-vented bulbuls lead in the exercise ditty
At midnight, the Moon personally takes the night roll call
And the grasshoppers and crickets compete to respond
All of a sudden the wind comes to makes a spot check, or the rain shows
up for emergency meeting
Sometimes, innumerable stars poke their heads out to do some patrolling

This city is gradually shedding its stubborn shell
Revealing a new face, a new gesture to the world
For a year and eight months
My body was bound but not my head
Every night I took my soul outside by slipping through a hole in the wall
Standing at the window of the used bookstore on Freedom Road
Walking to and from to find an escape for my spirit

Turning from my low-keyed, peaceful middle age
That young man of strong passions of 12,000 days ago
Sand-scratched cuts, spiky rattan-lacerated wounds
The pain has long gone
That hillside, colored by sorrow, soaked red in bitterness
Is now all grown over by acacia trees and banana shrub

The barracks of more than sixty hectares
Could keep watch over my actions but not control my mind
Every night I escaped through a hole on top of the fence in my dream
And hid in a corner of the old theater on San-to Road, waiting to meet my
old beloved

Coming back all the way from the cold unfamiliar northern coast
360 kilometers away, the hot, familiar southern Taiwan
My memories start to roil again
That armed obstacle, which made my dignity fall, my pride to be on its knees
Despising my weakness and laughing at my ignorance
Is now easily won over by children's smiles and old men's singing
In this park
The secret I once buried with a helmet and killed with a bayonet
Today I pen this poem to gather your bones and rest your soul

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Justice for the Sex / Female Market

女 / 性市場 ê 正義

Tân, Lē-kun

The white translucent silk tunic with high slits
Like plastic wrap
The shape of the breast, narrow waist
Easily seen
Easy to split open
The all-white national costume
Under the name of modern school system
Is easily inspected, controlled by the patriarchy

The sacred female uterus located deep inside
Becomes the meat on the counter of the capitalist market
White-fleshed
Obedient
To be chosen at will by the well-heeled sperm
Cradle for nurturing a new life
Treated as an automatic reproductive machine

Our Taiwanese mother tongue, on the other hand
Under the name of education for international competitiveness
In the calculated battle of those in power
Is despised, betrayed, cut off

Where is the justice for women and for mother tongues?
Not in the market manipulated by imperial capitalism
Not in the uncontrolled populist democracy
But in the now and future of those with Taiwanese consciousness

--Dec. 9 2018, in Vietnam
(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Musings on a Fallen Leaf

■ 落葉 ê 懷想

Tân, Lī-sêng (Tân, Īn)

The Fallen Leaf

For certain, one day
I will turn into a sliver of leaf
Dry and curled up, freely
Falling to the ground

Cold, for just a moment
Pretty soon all the other fallen leaves
Will cover me up with their bodies
One, two and three of them
That warm feeling
Lasts to the ends of the earth

My beloved, when you come
Don't hurry
My poem, it is slightly sensitive
You can ask the Wind
It knows

A love song from
A long, long, long time ago...

Blessings from the Mountain

Every time I finish a poem
My body feels like
A piece of leaf had been plucked out
Pain, yet not really pain
Elation, yet not really elation

The soul, whether it returns to the earth
Or follows the wind
To fly to a place far, far, away
Every day at sunrise
It always turns into a drop of dew
There it sparkles

The winter has arrived
Quiet blessings, the mountain forest
All over the place
If not, let's bring our past youth
To have a wonderful time together
Turning ourselves into a poem

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

The Formosan Lily

■ Tâi-oân Pek-háp

Tân, Kim-hoa

Seeing the white blooms on the mountain top,
I forgot my age, just got up to run close to it
To smell the familiar fragrance I remember from my innocent
childhood.

At the shores of Naniua, see ...
How the lilies wave in a human-like fashion,
The way the white waves roll in the sea,
The patterns of the white clouds floating in the sky,
All are making a symphony of life, that never ends.

That stalk of pure white Formosa lily
Is my eternal youth
My only love under the Sun.
It is the first love of my life.
Until now I am nourished by the Lô-má-jī hia̍p-hōēⁱ.

Not sure when the seeds were first dropped—
Yet one day they sprouted and grew all over the hillside.
Following the lay of the land,
The arrival of the Spring Wind

The advances of the ocean waves.
Unafraid of the wind or the hot sun,
The land of Taiwan supplies for the life of Taiwan.

Life had existed before.
In the green mountains,
In the pristine clouds,
In the coming and going of the tides,
In the moist rain
And In the footsteps of passing age. We have all been through it.

Oh God, did you see?
The white flowers, the white waves, and white clouds, all are still
there.
My hair, also has turned white now.
I don't need a good reason; I just do it!

Traces of Latin letters are found all over the world,
There is always a dream in my heart:
Hoping that one day Taiwanese will rise up.
One day, the Wind of the Southern Nations
Will see that Taiwan and Vietnam use the same kind of alphabets. .
Like the figures of the lilies,
Waving at me
From mountain tops again.

I am coming!
With the sound of the ocean waves, gentle breezes,
And pristine clouds, for company.

Using the only thing I have, my Lô-má-jīⁱⁱ and child-like innocence,
I suddenly forgot my age,
As I got up to run to them.
I am drunk with picking flowers!
Cheers!

Grabbing onto the ends of Youth,
With a foundation built on the strength of suckling babies,
The Romanized Taiwanese, taking the
Southbound Policy,
Is expressing the colors of a unified language.
Just like the fragrant wild lilies,
Languages, Life should continue to grow and spread.

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

ⁱTaiwanese for the ‘Romanized Taiwanese Association’.

ⁱⁱTaiwanese for ‘romanized Taiwanese’.

Prohibition

| 禁

Tō̍, Sìn-liông

The dark blue sky hasn't what it takes to understand my
 undisciplined side
 That morning, I broke down and bought a pack of cigarettes
 Haven't had one for almost seven days
 Feeling like a thief
 But also a longing for the freedom of life
 And liberation
 Don't blame me for being inconsistent!
 Looking in the mirror, my mouth, nose, eyes-- are they cut off, dug
 out?
 Cannot see myself
 From three days ago, to the day before and yesterday,
 A shadow has been trying to get me in my dream
 A feeling of lethargy
 Forcing me to search for
 A small measure of peace
 Blowing a few clouds for company
 Maybe when I am going back
 They will give me a ride
 To fly in the dark blue sky
 Then I'll know how wide the sky is

--Jan. 21-23 2017
 (Trans. by V.T.S.)





Sàn-bùn 散文
Essays

Seeing the East Market in Ka-gī (Chia Yi)

講嘉義 逛東市

Hân, Boán

To show my friends from Taipei around, I took them to a few places in Ka-gī (Chiayi). After leaving the Hinoki Village, with the smell of cypress wood still lingering in the air, we took a walk around downtown. As we were looking at this and that, walking here and there, the sky suddenly turned dark and rain started to come down. I quickly looked for a place to hide from the rain, and the East Market was the nearest one around. The building might be a little old, but at least it is lighted, the space is indoors and was built sturdily enough to protect us from the elements no matter how heavy the rain got. Old though it is, in 2015 the Old East Market building earned the distinction of being included on the list of national heritages!

The Old Chu-lô County of Ka-gī was the first walled city of Taiwan during the Ch'ing Dynasty. During that time, it was a city of considerable size with the busiest streets. And speaking of the Old East Market, it was the site of the former County Government, which meant that that the County Magistrate had his office there. And speaking of the County Magistrate, we must mention Chiu Chiong-soan, who was the magistrate of Chu-lô County from the year 53 to year 58 of the Reign of Emperor Kangxi. During Chiu's tenure he built the City God Temple by donating some six hundred pieces of silver with a subordinate, Ng Chhòa-bûn chipping in another 40 pieces of silver. The temple was

started in year 54 of Emperor Kangxi, and completed in the year 55. The temple contains the only deified historical figure named an earl by the Emperor. So the steps to the front entrance of the City God Temple have markings indicating five ranks of nobility.

Lord Chiu not only built the City God Temple of Ka-gī, he also contributed towards all kinds of charitable and public works – schools, irrigation canals and ditches, and food supplies for the poor. He even lowered taxes for local residents at one time! He lived to the age of 92, and to show appreciation to him the local gentry pooled contributions and made a statue of him, placing it in the City God Temple next to the original City God. People light incense and offer fruit and flower to him every day. On his birthday, the 17th day of the second month on the lunar calendar, the temple customarily gives out food and necessities to poor families in Ka-gī.

As our group got to the East Market, we met a regular there. He told us that he had been so busy in the morning with work that he didn't eat, and was just now getting something hot to fill his stomach. We asked him what he would recommend. He said everything there are delicious and affordable, so he eats at a different shop every day. All the shops give you plenty of food for your money.

Last year, I was appointed by the Bureau of Culture to compile a catalog about the some sixty stalls and businesses in the East Market. The group I led had to interview and write about some twenty stalls and shops. We discovered that for every shop, there is a great story, a moving story. Some shops are in their second generation, while others are in their third, even fourth generation. For the Ông Family Beef Soup, their specialty is using the freshest ingredients. Every day the

proprietor goes to the meat market to buy contents of the beef stomach, then washes them thoroughly. Afterwards these are blanched in a big pot along with cuts of beef, beef bone, beef tendon and intestines to get rid of the gamey smell. Then all the ingredients are slowly stewed. Their business is unbelievable. Every day, lines form as soon as the shop opens for business. Another stall is Kim Hek-giòk's Rice Dumplings and Sausages. Amah Kim is an eighty-year-old youthful-looking grandma who is always smiling. You can taste her love and care in her rice dumplings and sausages. The sausages contain Shaoxing wine and are so fragrant. Then there is the Siau Family Spring Roll, with the wrappers freshly made on the spot, and rolls made to order as you wait. An unusual feature of the Siau spring roll is that the meat they use is stewed pork meat. The proprietress is someone who loves to chat and tell gossips. According to her, everyone who does business here only relies on their skills. While the cook-vendors make enough to feed their families, no one is really rich. As long as they have enough for their needs, they are content. Next we come to the Oân Family Bamboo Rice. Their food is cheap, plentiful and tastes old-fashioned. A bowl of rice for only NT.25, and bone marrow meat only NT.35. Your mouth will salivate from the sight and smell. Ever since our group has completed our reports and interviews, we have been coming here to look around and discover more hidden treasures. If you have friends visiting from out of town, be sure to bring them here for food, interesting historical sites and visits to temples.

Going back to the City God Temple. At the front main hall, there is an octagonal spider web plafond ceiling. It was fashioned by Master Ông Kím-bòk without using any nails. All are fitted together using the mortise and tenon joinery. At the four corners of the spider web are bats, representing fortune as the sound of the word 'bat' in Chinese is similar for the word 'fortune'. Inside the spider web are 108 carved

figures of various non-human beings including Buddhas, fairies and even some foreign-looking figures wearing suit and tie. There are also finely crafted ceramic sculptures in the hall, created as a result of a Koji pottery competition between two masters.

A special function of the spider web plafond ceiling is to grant the faithful's wishes. It is believed that when the faithful kneels and prays under the plafond, the prayer will go directly to heaven and reach the deities above. As long as one is devout, the gods will listen and help one. On the side wall is a big abacus, which calculates one's good and bad deeds from one's life and gives an account of it to the god in charge.

In the seventh month of the lunar calendar the temple holds elaborate ceremonies to appease ghosts, appeal to gods and pray for good fortune and blessings for the community. 'Feeding the ghosts' in waters is also practiced.

In the same month 'phó-tō' (universal salvation for ghosts trapped on earth) ceremonies are held all over Ka-gī. Starting from the City God Temple, on the first day of the lunar seventh month, it passes to all areas in Ka-gī, whether civilian or governmental, all offices and businesses hold them. After the ghosts are fed, the hosting organization or business will have another banquet for its workers or neighbors to ensure good luck for the rest of the year. At the end of the month the Temple of the God of Hell will close the 'phó-tō' season in another ceremony.

My friends from Taipei all showed great interest in the food and the cultural activities in Ka-gī. We welcome you to come experience Ka-gī when you have a chance!

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

The Taiwanese Wikipedia -- History of Its Development, Present Situation and Writing System

台語維基百科 ê 發展歷史、現況 kah 文字使用

Iûⁿ, Ún-giân

When the Taiwanese Wikipedia was first set up, there was still no place in Wikipedia for test-writing new languages that want to become part of Wikipedia. In April of 2003, Tè khái-sū proposed making Tâi-gí one of Wikipedia's new languages, and in July of the same year, Professor Tân Phek-tiong, now teaching physics at National Tsing Hua University, established the Holopedia.net, using the software MediaWiki, and started to test-write for Wikipedia.

At that time, the practice of teaching native languages in public schools had just started, and the writing system for Tâi-gí was still unregulated by the Ministry of Education. (The regulation for Romanized Taiwanese was announced in October 2006; for Han characters, in 2007, with an initial 700 characters announced; a trial-version dictionary was posted online in 2008, and in 2011 the word 'trial-version' was removed, making the dictionary somewhat official. In the last few years a few Han characters have been modified.) Compared to the Han character writing system, which has great disparities among the different versions, (all the major Taiwanese dictionaries look different) Romanized Taiwanese is relatively simpler. Although there are still different ways to write Taiwanese with Roman alphabets, the Pêh-ōe-jī (POJ), the spelling

system used in the Taiwanese-speaking churches, has a history of more than 100 years and has a rich trove of written documents, so was it was agreed that Pêh-ōe-jī be used. Before that decision was made, Tè and Tân had applied to the Unicode Consortium to have some Pêh-ōe-jī symbols added to Unicode. This was turned down a number of times, partly due to political interference from China. Finally the application was approved in 2004.

During the time that Holopedia was in operation, more than 100 entries have been written. In May of 2004, after Tân's application to Wikipedia was approved, all the entries in Holopedia were transferred to the new website. The next round of debate was for the website name. At the end it was decided that the name 'zh-min-nan' be used. So the website address now is [https:// zh-min-nan. wikipedia. org/](https://zh-min-nan.wikipedia.org/)

The biggest advantage of being part of Wikipedia is that if a particular entry exists in some form in another language, one can make a link to see how that entry is described in another language for comparison. Although the same entry in may not have the same content in a different language, the ability to link is still a convenient function.

Through the enthusiastic efforts of netizens, the number of entries gradually grew. From 1,000 in June 2005, the number grew to 5,000 in April of 2009, to 10,000 by November 2012; to 100,000 in October 2015, and to 200,000 in December 2015. Currently (March 2018) there are 222,000-plus entries. Among them, some are quite short, but their content can always be renewed.

During the process of developing the Tâi-gí Wikipedia, a number of people have raised doubts and oppositions. Some questioned its political motive in not using Han characters; some thought the readership for Romanized Taiwanese was too small; others think that Tâi-gí should not

be promoted through Wikipedia. Regarding these criticisms, when compared with the oppositions and doubts that the promotion of native language education faced in Taiwan, one was not surprised. On the other hand, is using Han characters NOT politically motivated? Is Tâi-gí more easily read in Han characters? (To cite one example: One time there was a Chinese-written novel that garnered the Taiwanese literature Golden Classics Award, which used words that are all found in the Ministry of Education-approved Taiwanese dictionary to compose the dialogue, and a judge commented that the writer was writing nonsense.) As for the criticism that Tâi-gí should not be developed through Wikipedia, we can question, why may other languages? In the end, no matter how hard we try to defend our work, there are bound to be unconvinced individuals. Rather than wasting our energy trying to win them over, it's more fruitful for use to come up with more entries for the Tâi-gí Wikipedia.

Actually, someone has been building Taiwanese encyclopedia written in Han characters established by the Ministry of Education, the address of which is <http://taigi-pahkho.wikia.com>. Currently it contains some 4,000 entries. Much of these are transferred/translated from the Tâi-gí Wikipedia. But the entries on this website cannot be linked to other languages in the Wikipedia. Looking at one for example, on 'aliens': "Aliens si[sic]¹ alien creatures living ti[sic]² other planets, but si chi mah[sic]³ we only chai ian [sic]⁴ that Earth is the only planet with life forms lai te[sic]⁵the universe. There are tiu u chiu tui gong hua [sic]⁶ about aliens." Readers with sharp eyes can

1. Phonetically translated word for 'is', but is actually nonsensical in meaning.

2. Phonetically translated word for 'in' or 'at', but has no real meaning.

3. Phonetically translated words for 'at the moment'

4. Phonetically translated word for 'know'.

5. Phonetically translated word for 'in'.

6. Phonetically translated word for 'plenty of views'

tell that actually the words are not the ones established by the Ministry of Education; some aren't even Taiwanese words. But it is not necessary for us to criticize the writers of these entries, since after such a long time of the wrong language policy which put Chinese above all other languages, all the native languages have suffered and been in a decline. At the present time, the society is still hostile towards native languages, and the language education in the system is as good as being non-existent. There is still a long way to go toward the standardization and popularization of Tâi-gí.

- Tó chit ūi Bí-kok thoân-kàu-sū chhut-pán liáu tē-it phō iōng Eng-gú choān-siá ê Pêh-ōe-jī kàu-kho-su? (siòng)
- Tó chit ê liân-hō sī Tiong-kok Bêng-tiâu chòe-āu chit ūi hông-tè Ui-chong chāi-ūi sî-kî ê liân-hō?
- Tó chit-ê siáⁿ-chhī sī Hô-lân Groningen Séng ê séng-hōe?
- Tó chit ūi Eng-kok cha-bó'koa-chhiú tī 12 hòe ê sî-chūn chiū iāⁿ-tiòh Open Mic UK ê pí-sài koan-kun?
- Tó chit tiâu hô-chhoan ū choân Pak Bí-chiu siāng tōa ê chúí-hē hoān-ūi?
- Liân-háp-kok chū 1946 nî khai-sí sú-iōng tó chit ki kî-á chò-ūi tãi-hōe hōe-kî?
- 1803 nî ê tó chit hāng bé-bē kóng ê sī Bí-kok hiòng Hoat-kok siu-bé Louisiana tē-khu?
- Tó chit khoán bú-tō sī goân-chū Í-tāi-lī ê Bûn-gē-hók-heng sî-kî?

Pictured: the opening page of the Taigi Wikipedia website, the first sentence reads: Who was the first missionary to publish a series of textbooks in POJ?

(Trans.by V.T.S.)

Making My Books

| 出冊

Ko, Goát-oân

When I make a book about the passage of life, inside I include records of my personal thoughts, feelings for friends and family, and comments on social phenomena and the daily life. These are things that are totally without embellishments, concealments, a face without cosmetics and my true feelings.

Actually, I have made some arrangements of my time in order not to waste my life away. I write, draw or paint, and jot things down in my journal...all the ideas coming from the Three Elements of the Cosmos. I step into nature to find my thoughts, my writings are based on my observations of the human society, and I insist on an attitude of continual learning no matter how old I am.

I write for my own interest. As long as I have started something, I will carry it to the end. I do not set up an objective or give myself a deadline; I just keep doing it. During In the process of exploration, I may take a look at the evolution of the written characters, not daring to imitate what others have done. But, it isn't easy to forge your own path while learning from another's spirit.

Ideas and thoughts have always been the springs of my creativity. In my creations I blend in Heaven, Earth and Humankind. Different moods are released when I create my works. Usually when the mind and the will are there, action will follow. I find value in action and quietude. My works are a reflection of my feelings. The myriad colors add a sense

of fun and a romantic fluidity. When the lines of the written characters are blended with colors, the sense of rhythm is strengthened, and a new world opens in my creations.

Since 1998, I have participated in art and literary exhibits ninety-four times. During this time, I have had my works published in 104 books. In 2014, I began to publish my own books, starting with, *Art of the Heart = A Collection of Ko Goát-oân's Paintings*, and *Wala Amah's Favorite Dishes = Ko Goát-oân's Taiwanese Poems*. Then with *The World of Block Print Characters = Block Print Works of Ko Goát-oân*, and *Wala Amah = Ko Goát-oân's Taiwanese Poems*. All these are labor of love and sweat and tears. While I enjoy making all these and want to share them with you, I fully realize that there may be imperfections in them. I hope you will understand and tolerate them.



--2018.5.10

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

My Mother Tongue is My Soul

母語是我 ê 靈魂

Lîm, Chùn-iók

When I was in school, I got good grades in all of my subjects. However, the subject of composition was the bane of my life. Now, many years later, I am beginning to realize that it was so difficult for me at the time because I was forced to write in the unfamiliar language of the Republic of China (Mandarin Chinese), which was not my native language. So when I wrote my compositions, what I felt was not conveyed through my written words, because there was a mismatch between thoughts and writing.

When I started ‘Blind Ministry’ in Siang-liân Church (Shuang Lien), in order to speak out for the weakest of the weak, I wrote articles about caring for the visually handicapped in the language of the Republic of China despite the difficulties it gave me. Fortunately, I was helped by Mr. Chô Éng-iông (author of *The Candlelight in Kavalan: the Biography of Dr. Tân Ngó-hok*), who had the same interest in the blind, and guided me with writing and helped me publish my articles in the *Taiwan Church News*. When I met the then general editor of *Taiwan Church News*, Rev. Frank Lo one day, I asked him why all of my articles were accepted for publication by the paper despite the awkward writing. He told me it was because, “You were the only one concerned enough to write for the blind.” Thus, I was greatly encouraged, and undertook to write and publish the series, *Yearning for Light Books* (a series of biographical accounts including works by people who are blind and by myself). They were published by Christian Art Press and Yuan-Liou Publishing Company. All the articles originally published in Chinese on *Taiwan Church News* have been translated into Taiwanese

and posted online on the website Sìn Bòng Ài (Faith Hope Love). Soon we hope to publish the Yearning for Light Books in Taiwanese also.

After the editorial team for the Taiwanese Bible for Everyone published the “Special Edition for the 150th Anniversary of the Founding of the Presbyterian Church in Taiwan”, it went on to publish Madame Tan (a novel originally written in Japanese), and Through the Year with Jimmy Carter: 366 Daily Meditations from the 39th President, always striving to promote movement for the reading and writing of Taiwanese.

On November 4 last year, a thanksgiving service for the publication of the Taiwanese edition of Through the Year with Jimmy Carter was held at Siang-liân Church in Taipei. Rev. Chng Hàu-sēng, the chair of the board for Evangelism Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Taiwan, was invited to speak. He spoke on “Using Our Mother Tongue to Tell the Good News”. An account he told of his travel in South America really touched me. He said, while traveling near the Iguazu Waterfall he went to a museum of the indigenous Guarani people, where he saw this saying: “The word is the soul, and to lose it is to die.” He said he was deeply moved by the saying; so was I.

Ever since I have tasted the joy of using my mother tongue, I have thrown myself whole-heartedly into the Taiwanese language movement. I want to thank God for using my mother tongue to breathe life into my soul and my spirit, and for leading me onto the path of righteousness, for His sake. By the guidance of the Holy Spirit I have developed computer software and programs as I work on publishing works written in Taiwanese (and Hakka). One day soon, I hope with more visibility, Taiwanese will have its day in the sun!

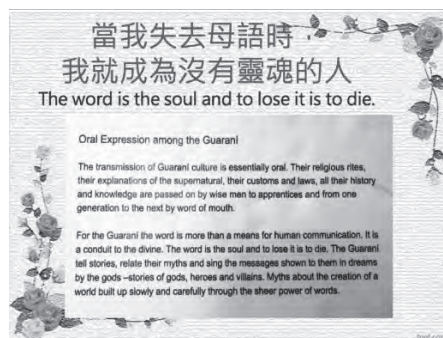


Image supplied by the Rev. Chng Hàu-sēng
(Trans. by V. T. S.)

A Day at the Columbarium

丨 培墓

Nâ, Chhun-sūi

To let our future generations have an easier and faster time with tomb sweeping, our clan association decided to dig out and collect all the bones of our deceased relatives and redeposit them in a columbarium on a hill. The site is next to the ancestral house of the Na Family. After over a million NT was spent, the new columbarium was finished quickly. An auspicious day was chosen, and all the clan members were invited to come for the grand ‘tomb opening.’ Since two weeks ago, Dad has been mentioning to me that he wanted to go have a look. My guess is that he wanted me to drive him there.

Instead of driving, on the day of the tomb visit, I took the 7:23 express train from Taipei, and arrived home at 8:10. As soon as I got home, I saw both Mom and Dad all dressed and ready, standing at the doorway on the first floor. After telling them that we were going to take a taxi to the site, pretty soon a taxi passed by and we flagged it down. On the way there Dad asked a million questions, all of which I answered loudly and repeatedly so he could hear me. Many questions were said more than two or three times. Such as, “How are we getting back?” “Which route are we taking?” “Did you remember to bring the basket of fruit for offering to the ancestors?” “Will we make it in time for the service?” “Does the taxi driver know the way?” Such trivial questions, all asked with a deeply serious air.

When we got there, there were some steep hills to climb. Holding his elbow to support him, I carefully guided Dad up the path. Along the way, many relatives who knew him called out greetings: “Toa-Chhiū-á peh (‘Uncle Big Tree’)” or “Toa-Chhiū-á hiaⁿ (‘Cousin Big Tree’)”, continuously. Some reminded him to be careful; others warned him not to trip. Dad had enough to do just to keep his feet moving. He had no energy left to answer the greetings. He just kept a smile on his face and his eyes on the ground before him. After only a minute or so of uphill walk, he complained that he was exhausted. Luckily, I had thought of bringing a folding chair. So, taking out the chair, I set it down on the side of the path, gestured for him to sit and offered him some water. At the same time, I went down the slope again to get Mom and the basket of fruit, and bring both up since Mom has a limp in one of her legs and also needed help walking uphill.

The newly built columbarium is in front of a big hill, the top of which is about the same height as the columbarium. The structure is built with blocks and slabs of polished stone, and looks quite impressive. Inside the building, on the right wall are names of the first twelve people whose urns are already in place, plus two names in red. I am guessing that those are the names of family members who are still living, but whose places are already reserved. Behind a tomb is the low doorway to the hall where future urns are to be placed in levels of cubed spaces. Many adults and children are squeezing in and out of the doorway. I followed their example, scooting down to get inside. Inside it felt a little chilly. A quick count gave me an estimate of some 100 spaces for the urns—7 rows, each containing 15 spaces.

As I stood there my mind started to have all sorts of wild thought. I thought, “Is there any use, when one dies, to be put in an urn, then brought over here with great ceremony and placed in one of the

cubicles?” I didn’t think a spirit would be happy to be stuffed inside such a small container-- real live human beings wouldn’t care for it, why should a spirit be able to tolerate it? Besides, if the spirit is to be shut inside an urn for days and years, never getting to see the light of the day, what differences are there between it and the rocks or dust beside the road? Furthermore, what is there to be afraid of? On the other hand, if the urn has no special power to keep the spirit from leaving and wandering around, it is just an ordinary object, not worth keeping at all!

Some people say that the urns are for the spirits to hide during the day, and to go out of at night for some exercise. That doesn’t make much sense to me, either. If I were a spirit, I would want to find a cool dark cave to hide in, rather than sleep in an urn. Furthermore, if a spirit cannot be held in an urn, but can come and go at will, does not need to sleep or eat, or worry about getting old or die, and then decided not to go the Western Paradise, what is the purpose for all this? What is even more ridiculous is the notion some people have that the spirits stay in the world of the living for the sake of protecting their descendants. If that were the case, I would suggest these spirits not to bestow a whole lot of abstract ‘blessings’ or ‘peace’ baloney, but help their grandchildren or great-grandchildren win the 200 million lotto prize every week. Or help Taiwan achieve real independence and be a legitimate country. That would be much more practical and optimistic. But to talk about something more seriously -- if the ancestral spirits had already gone to the Western Heaven, why are we still keeping these bones, making everyone come here every year, at great expense and trouble? All these questions, and more I had, but had no answers or any acceptable explanations.

When I came out of the building, all around me were throngs of people. With their food, fruit and flower offerings, the whole hillside was packed with people and things, and there was no room to move. In a little while someone started to light incense sticks to worship the Thó-tē kong

(Land God). As I was doing the same, Dad said he was really tired and couldn't take it anymore and couldn't hold on until the whole ceremony was over. I immediately called for a taxi on my cell phone. Pretty soon, the same taxi that brought us here arrived at the parking place in about five minutes. Leaving the offering fruit and flowers behind because there was no time to gather them up, I laboriously got Dad and Mom down the steep slope again, spending over ten minutes moving down.

As soon as he got into the taxi Dad fell asleep. It wasn't until we reached their home in Sūi-hong that he woke up. After I helped him get up to the second floor, I didn't have much time to talk to Mom. Telling her that I needed to catch the 1:21 train to Éng-hô, I soon left.

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

The Man in the Rain

| Ān-ni tō hó.

Teng, Hōng-tin

The rain was getting heavy. Too heavy for the umbrella to hold off, especially the splashes coming up from the ground under my feet. My shoes are getting wet. Where did such heavy rain come from? And why is there still such a long way to go? My body is getting soaked. Suddenly, I see you walking towards me from a distance. I knew it was you, despite not able to see your face clearly. It could only be you.

Perhaps if I tell you, “I can’t go in such a rain,” you would probably walk alongside me for a while. But I chose not to acknowledge you, at the end. As we approached each other, I lowered my head, and walked past you.

I thought about her, she who loved you, and the child you had with her, at that moment. About how they would feel, which I couldn’t pretend not to know. Maybe it would only be a short walk, but still, I can’t ask that of you. Even if I had you for those few minutes, nothing would change. The best years of my life would still be lost, even if you showed me a little tenderness. For your happiness, I decided to not ever appear in your life again.

“This rain is not that bad,” I told myself. It is not lonely to be by myself. Finally I can love someone else with my whole heart, and put that person’s happiness before my moodiness. The rain was still coming down, making the path before me blurry and my shoes soggy. As I stopped looking back to see you, suddenly I woke up. It was a dream.

You have now reached the window. The clouds in the sky bless me. Let’s just let things stay that way.

--written on 2018/10/29

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Remembering Darrell Jenks (AIT Kaohsiung, 1996-1999)

數念金大友

(Darrell Jenks, AIT Kaohsiung, 1996-1999)

Tiuⁿ, Hòk Chû

Our good friend and the former chief of AIT, Kaohsiung Office, Mr. Darrell Jenks, unfortunately passed away on May 15, 2012. I first heard the news when a mutual friend, Ms. Siok-chhiu Ông, called to tell me. I didn't trust my ears first. So I called back to confirm what I heard. Afterwards I immediately searched on the Internet for reports about Jenks' passing, and by reading news about it I finally believed that our friend, who was so supportive of written and spoken Taiwanese, was really gone. At that moment, my head spun and my throat tightened, and an inexpressible sense of loss seized me. I was also heartbroken for his wife and kids. He was only 54 when he died, of cancer.

Chief Jenks was the head of the Kaohsiung branch of the American Institute in Taiwan (AIT) from 1996 to 1999. He spoke impeccable Taiwanese, and also knew some Hakka. He had an easygoing, unaffected manner, unlike most traditional diplomats. He was like one of the Taiwanese—like going around to places, whether it be a market, a roadside food stall, or the radio station--- and strike up a conversation with someone. One time we even ate eel noodles at the downstairs café of the office of Taiwan Independence Party in Kaohsiung, and after he had it he exclaimed that it was delicious! A

music lover, Darrell Jenks played the drums, and had formed a band with several friends from Pingtung with whom he often performed. It was because of his behavior, which was so like a native of Taiwan, that the people in the South had such a good impression of the AIT at that time.

Mr. Darrell Jenks understood that, in order to understand the country of Taiwan, one must first know the language. So he started learning, first by taking beginner Taiwanese classes with Ms. Ong at the Taipei Language Institute. The next year he went on to take the high-intermediate Taiwanese course at the Kaohsiung Romanized Taiwanese Seminar. He became quite proficient in everything Taiwanese, including everyday dialogue, jokes, medical Taiwanese, sound, word formation, and syntax. His Taiwanese was better, I would say, than 95% of the people. In 1998, he even conducted Taiwanese classes on air at the Sound of People's Livelihood Radio Station, which was run by Ms. Iap Tin-lêng, who later became a Kaohsiung city congresswoman. When the Kaohsiung Romanized Taiwanese Seminar later held classes at the office of Taiwan Independence Party, he volunteered to be a teacher. One of his students from that time is the dermatologist, Dr. Tēⁿ Si-chong, who is now the host of the "Taiwanese Medical Language Corpus and Language Curriculum Material for Contextual Medical Education" of the National Science Council! If that wasn't enough, he even signed up for the Intermediate Level Taiwanese Language and Culture class at the Tainan Theological Seminary, and passed the exam for teacher certification. He wrote his graduation thesis on the origin of jazz in Romanized Taiwanese. His advisor was the legendary Rev. Jî-giòk Tēⁿ. His thesis was probably the only scholarly work written in Romanized Taiwanese in the last fifty years! Darrell had many occasions to make

speeches as part of his work, and he loved telling jokes. “A good speech needs many jokes to spice it up”, he quipped. So, he often asked me to supply him with jokes written in Taiwanese. In order to fulfill his requests, I bought several joke books in Chinese and English, and also surfed extensively on the Internet to find more joke material. Then I would translate or rewrite them into Taiwanese for him. If I had taken too long to send him new jokes (more than three or five days) he would complain to me, saying that his audiences were finding his jokes ‘stale’. Once, I had barely finished writing a speech when his driver was already at my door waiting to pick it up. Because the ink was not yet dry, I told the driver to be careful not to smear the ink. Due to this task, later in my book, *The ABC of Taiwanese Words*, I included one hundred jokes. Once I complained to Jenks, “Chief, you kept forcing me to write funny stuff so I ended up writing so much!” But in hindsight, I am really grateful to Mr. Jenks. By the way, Chief Jenks wrote the foreword to *The ABC of Taiwanese Words*, which passed the scrutiny of the U.S. Department of State.

Being proficient in a language includes knowing how to listen, speak, read and write. Many people in Taiwan are only capable of listening and speaking, and they sometimes don’t even speak very clearly, mispronouncing words. Darrell’s language ability was phenomenal. He knew a total of ten languages: English, French, Taiwanese, (Hakka), Chinese, Arabic, Japanese, Korean, Spanish and Portuguese, and for every one of them he could speak, write, read and listen! When he was in Kaohsiung, he would fax the draft of his speeches to me before every speaking engagement, and I would edit it for him. He always wrote in Romanized Taiwanese. One time, for his speech to the Medical Alliance of Kaohsiung, he wrote a 15-page draft

that almost prostrated me from having to rush to edit it! His Taiwanese was so good that former President Lee Teng-hui presented him with a gold dust-covered Bible after having heard of him.

When we first became friends, he didn't discuss politics with me. Later on, whether it was due to my influence or what he began to offer some thoughts on the topic. He once said to me, "The efforts you are making (in promoting the Taiwanese language) is more potent than an atomic bomb!" Hearing this, we were more encouraged to work on the promotion of Taiwanese. Due to his participation, the Kaohsiung Romanized Taiwanese Seminar gained some media coverage and more and more people came to learn Romanized Taiwanese. We were covered by foreign media, newspapers, radio stations and TV stations. Thus people began to have more confidence and interest in Romanized Taiwanese and the Taiwanese language. Later on, our seminars were accredited by the Department of Education of the Kaohsiung and Pingtung County Government and attracted many attendees came from the ranks of current elementary school and kindergarten teachers, thus indirectly boosting the teaching of Taiwanese in Central and Southern Taiwan. The assessment of mother tongue education of Kaohsiung City schools is always the best in the nation. Some of the credits undoubtedly go to Darrell. Thank you, Friend Darrell!

After Chief Jenks left Taiwan, he went on to Brazil, China, and Japan. According to the AIT he even went to serve in Iraq, where he taught himself Arabic. He retired from service last year, but was already sick with cancer. On May 15, 2012, he passed away in Baltimore, Maryland.

Brother Darrell,
 Now you are back in the Father's Paradise;
 May you rest peacefully.
 When you have a moment free,
 Please look down -- from heaven
 And remember, to bless
 Your wife, your children,
 And your friends in Taiwan.



--Written at the Kaohsiung Romanized Taiwanese Seminar,
 23 May 2012

(Trans. by V. T. S.)



Siáu-soat 小說
Fiction

Urban Renewal

┃ To-chhī keng-sin

Khng, Pôe-tek

At that time, the government constantly talked about rebuilding old neighborhoods. They said that that was the policy, good governance, and was for our benefits. So we should give them full support. The congressman in our district, the one we call Congressman Tan, who we have been calling him A-ek-ah, the ‘ek’ as in the word ‘benefit’, since he was a boy, said the same thing. He said that if our town, Āu-tiāⁿ-á, can be rebuilt, it would our property value go up, businesses would prosper, guaranteed to multiply just like in downtown. So we should to give the government our full support.

As A-ek-ah talked and talked, spit was coming out of his mouth while his listeners listened open-mouthed, like the holes of ground toilets. This showed how skillful a speaker A-ek-ah was, and how much he knew what his audience liked to hear. He was saying the same thing as that Cabinet minister, surnamed Mo, had said on TV, something about urban renewal bringing progress of the country, for the Republic of China to have respect in the world. On TV the minister was like a spirit-possessed priest chanting, reciting ‘the sutra of progress’, ‘the sutra of internationalism’, and on and on. Not many people paid attention to the minister. But with Congressman Tan, who knew our favorite topic, ‘the sutra of money’, everyone listened with their eyes and ears alert.

The government said that the first step to urban renewal was to redraw administrative districts. It said that way, it would be easier to carry out administrative management, and make transportation more efficient.

“Thus money can flow in,” interpreted Congressman Tan.

In the past, the town of Āu-tiâⁿ-á was grouped together with Chêng-tiâⁿ-á, Tōa-lō-kháu, and Tân-chhù-bóe. Now Chêng-tiâⁿ-á is to be split up, drawn together with Tân-chhù-bóe; the retired soldier’s villages across the street; the two retired soldier’s villages, Tiòng-heng and Kok-kong; and the nearby privately-owned housing for government workers called Kong-hók New City. The new district’s name is Tiong-chèng District, said to commemorate the great President Chiang Kai-shek, whom those government workers fondly called Uncle A-chiòh, as if he was closer to them than their own uncles. Since early times Āu-tiâⁿ-á had belonged to the Kok-sèn Village outside the city, named after Koxinga (‘Lord Imperial Name’), Tēⁿ Sêng-kong. Now, after being redrawn time and time again, the village no longer exists. It was like it had been killed, sliced opened, quartered and then chopped into smaller chunks and buried until the body can no longer be found.

No one was opposed to having our town upgraded from a village to a district. Furthermore, no one is opposed to making money. But when it came to naming the district, there were differences of opinion. Ông-lók-á-sian, a teacher downtown, and the father of A-ek-ah were the most vocal ones. Ông teaches Chinese in a school, and the Chinese words he spewed out always sounded educated.

“When he mocks you, you thought he was praising you,” his next door neighbor, who owns a grocery store, A-hok-chim, said this about him.

A-ek-ah’s father is the temple keeper for the local Koxinga’s temple. He is a person who has too much time on his hands and gets involved in everyone’s business, from people having a fight to people having extramarital affairs. They said that Koxinga brought our ancestors to Taiwan to settle the land, so he was a pioneer as well as a great general.

“Remember the source of water when we are taking a drink,” One day Ông-lók-á-sian was telling A-hok-chim’s husband.

“Don’t forget to thank the tree that gave you fruit to eat,” added A-ek-ah’s father.

But, said our Congressman A-ek-ah, to name the new district Tiong-chèng is proper: “All the major streets downtown are called Tiong-chèng, Tiong-san or Tiong-hôa. If we have these kinds of street names, people will take us more seriously and businesses will prosper.” At the mention of money, all those who had different opinions previously suddenly became either quieter or silent all together. It was like they never had a different opinion before.

The next thing is to build a new road. They said that the new road won’t just take up the stated 30 meters of road surface; announced Congressman Tan, while wearing a full suit with a fancy tie that swung in the wind. “The new road will be the main expressway that connects the suburb to the downtown and Soa-lūn-á-káng on the coast to Kun-kong-liâu inland.”

Soa-lūn-á-káng was the place that folks from Āu-tiâⁿ-á used to go to when they wanted to get seafood. They said that in our great-grandfather’s time, or even earlier, boats could sail from Port Soa-lūn-á to the Lower Port. It was only after the opening of public roads and the railway that the seaside market became less used and less busy. Kun-kong-liâu, being more inland, was said to produce wood. The wife of Ông-lók-á-sian was from there. People said that those sets of cypress tables and cabinets in Ông-lók-á-sian’s living room and study were brought over by his wife’s family. “Isn’t it illegal to cut down cypress?” A-hok-chim purposely asked loudly in her grocery store one day. Her husband just winked at her, saying nothing.

Speaking of making roads, naturally land is needed. Otherwise those thirty meters will only exist on paper. Just like years ago, when the stock market collapsed, all those shares carefully locked away in safety deposit boxes in banks suddenly became so worthless that they were only fit for wall papering.

“It’s all the fault of that wife of Ông-lòk-á-sian’s, who said that only a fool wouldn’t take advantage of making money in stocks, that made by husband shell out all that money.” When she recalled that unfortunate past, A-hok-chim still got so mad that it was like she had caught her husband with another woman red-handed.

Even in Ông-lòk-á-sian’s household, it was said that the issue still caused the husband and wife fierce arguments, to the extent that they almost got a divorce.

Speaking of land acquisition, everyone knew that whoever got their land acquired by the government are the unlucky ones. Almost all of Āu-tiân-á these days are family homes. Since our grandfather’s time fewer and fewer people went into farming. All the land went into building family homes, and most people only own one house for their family. The exceptions are people like A-ek-ah, Ông-lòk-á-sian and A-hok-chim, who had a few pieces of land lying around. In addition, when the people from the local Land Office and the officials from the Department of Transportation came to hold a public hearing, they mentioned that additional land is required for the surrounding building projects, like parks, a stadium, and space for a market. All for raising our standard of living, they said.

“Then our property value would go up even more.” Said Congressman Tan after the public hearing.

Indeed, making a new road is no easy matter. In the original urban design blueprint, there were a number of roads connecting the sea to the mountain and to the center of town. Despite being a map of sorts, the blueprint is not your regular map, easily understood by the layman. Only professionals know what’s cooking in there.

--To be continued...
(Trans. By V.T.S.)

The Oyster Omelet

蚵仔煎

Khu, Úi-him

That place, which had been interviewed by a food show on T.V., is the most famous business in town, well-known for its oyster omelets. I was there eating when the camera crew came to make some footages for the show. The cameraman and his assistant measured then went from one square table to another, focusing on large oysters, on crispy omelets pan-fried to perfection, topped with the pinkish sauce that made them look like the cheeks of a pretty girl. Just looking at it made you hungry. Next to the omelet on the table is a steaming bowl of fish ball soup, with several fish balls, a few sprigs of cilantro, a pinch of white pepper in the soup. The reporter, in a voice that told how hungry she was, described how delicious the oyster omelet is, and how the fish ball soup is even tastier. With the combination of the two, once you've eaten here you will be hooked. Sitting there and listening to this talk about a place I've known all my life, I felt like laughing. But, despite the exaggerated words, what the reporter said was true enough.

This oyster omelet shop has been in operation for five decades. The previous owner and his wife ran the shop until passing the baton to his son a few years ago. Although different people ran it now, the taste hasn't changed. They work from six in the morning to ten at night every day, never taking a day off. Twelve months a year, except in March. In March, they are closed for the whole month. Once I asked the young proprietor, "You always take the month of March off, is it because of family?"

“Nope!”

“Taking a trip abroad?”

“Nah!”

“You’ve made so much money, that you want to give yourselves a break?” I joked.

“Who has ever heard of people taking a break from making money if the business is good? Don’t take any more wild guesses! We take March off because our parents told us to!”

After throwing that retort at me, the young proprietor turned away, unwilling to talk to me anymore. I quickly finished my food and got up to pay.

Last year, a friend of mine stayed in the hospital and I went to visit him. As I walked across the hospital halls, I saw the old proprietor being wheeled by his wife to the hospital central court. I went to say hi and have a little chitchat. I praised their son for having learned the skill from his old man, and keeping the taste of the omelet and fish ball soup the same.

As I talked, I mentioned the business about the March closing.

After looking at each other’s face for a while, the old lady said, “Actually it’s nothing big. It’s just that every time March approaches, something weird happens. It has been like that since the beginning, and a few times some customers were even scared by it. Other times of the year everything is fine. So finally we decided to close the shop for the month of March. Don’t be scared, Mr. Lim!”

“What is this strange thing?”

“Uhh... it’s like, whenever it’s March, a strange person would appear. He is completely silent, and walks around the shop, sometimes sits with the other customers. When we try to shoo him away, he says that’s his home. Every time we call the cops on him, he disappears

when they appear. Then when they leave, he appears again.”

“Do you know who this strange man is?”

Again the old lady looked at her husband, then said, “Umm... I don’t really want to say!”

When I heard her say that, I forced a smile to my face, chatted a few more minutes about nothing, then took my leave.

The landlord of the oyster omelet shop is my grandpa’s best friend when he was alive. So one day I found some free time and went to see him, who is now ninety-five years old.

“That is not human!” The old gentleman responded when I asked him about it.

At his words, I was shocked!

“Someone once died in there!”

“How did the person die? By suicide, or was he murdered?”

“You don’t know? Your grandpa almost died there!”

“When was this? How did my grandpa get involved in this?”

“That was the time when those soldiers from China came and massacred everybody, shooting people indiscriminately with machine guns. Your grandpa was quicker on his feet and avoided death, but my older brother didn’t escape fast enough!”

Before the old gentleman finished speaking, my head had begun to explode!

“That brick-built house was left abandoned for a number of years. One day, that young couple from Ka-gī (Chiayi) came to rent it for their business, to start a new life for themselves. They begged us to rent the place to them. After thinking it over for some time, we decided to lease

the house to them at a low price. When they started to tell us about the weird happenings in March, we hired a priest to investigate. That's when we found out that it was the restless ghost of my older brother. His grievances are at their strongest in March, so he comes back to haunt the place, looking for the one that killed him. Without getting revenge, he refuses to go to his eternal rest. There's nothing the priest can do."

This year, I went to have a last omelet just before the owner closes for a whole month.

"I'll have the same, an omelet and a fish ball soup!"

When my orders came, suddenly my stomach turned and I couldn't eat.

There where the omelet had uneven lumps, they looked like bullet holes through the body. The pinkish sauce looked like blood combined with bodily fluid covering flesh that was getting cold. In the broth of the fish ball soup the floating balls looked like eyes that refuse to close.

Suddenly I got up, and escaped before even taking a bite of my lunch.

(Trans. by V. T. S.)

Fate

| 緣份

Lí, Siok-cheng

A-liông didn't expect to face more hardships. Just as he was mulling over retirement, he and his brother both ended up in the same hospital around Winter Solstice. First, A-liông fell and dislocated his left thigh; then his younger brother got hit by a car while going out to exercise. By the time the ambulance brought his brother to the hospital emergency room, his heart beat had stopped. After emergency treatment, he was put in the intensive care unit. After ten days, the doctor suggested intubation to avoid infection. After some consideration, it was decided to have his his brother taken off the ventilator. Normally, a person would die in two or three days. But his brother didn't, and is now in a nursing home. With no other recourse, A-liông decided to close his factory.

Is it always the privilege of a wife to complain about fate? And when does a husband become merely a beast of burden? Every time his wife finished preparing a meal, she would stand at the doorway, yelling at the top of her voice, "Yo! You Stupid Monkey, come and eat! If you keel over from overworking, I wouldn't care!" She was especially reckless on Tuesday and Thursday, when she went to check the game numbers and gossip with friends after she's done with housework, not coming back until after midnight.

Besides enduring a nasty-tempered and gambling-mad wife, in the intervening years he had worked and worked to bring up four children. His task of preparing them to enter society is not yet done. Meanwhile, his health and strength are deteriorating year by year. Years of worrying and drudgery work had brought about a host of health problems: heartburn, uveitis of the eye, sinusitis, acid reflux, kidney stones, dizziness, insomnia and chronic backpain – none of his body parts is working right. Going to the doctor and taking dozens of medications are part of his daily life now. He dare not think about the recent stock market downturn. Shovelled a few mouthful of food down before he took his medicine, he hoped his stomach wouldn't be too damaged.

Actually A-liông has four brothers and sisters. The youngest was born with no left ear, a hunched back, and a speech impediment. No one wanted him. Being soft-hearted, A-liông decided to take him in and give him something to do while taking care of his needs. His younger brother didn't mind the low salary; his older brother provided him with all his daily needs. But with this accident and his brother being in a coma, A-liông didn't know how long he could afford the medical expenses and the related lawsuit. For one month he couldn't eat or sleep, just survived on nutritional injections. A miracle is what he needed.

A-liông's factory does some work involving electric fan motors. He is responsible for trying out wire safety by weight and size. First he puts the motor on a stand securely. Then, with each hand holding a wire, one red and one yellow, he plugs both in into a motor hole to test the power.

If the electronic needle spins and makes a vibrating sound, then the thing works and he can put it in a box and send it out. Perhaps it's the constant drudgery or something or other, A-liông often got stuffy nose and dizziness. Every time after he came back from a doctor's visit, he had to put his head down on his office desk, so exhausted was he. Not only that, now his wife A-ki is refusing to cook for him at the smallest provocation. Since they got married, every expense in the family is shouldered by him: household expenses and children's educational expenses, everything. His wife didn't have to worry about a thing. He is gentle and soft-spoken, while his wife is bossy and large-framed like a man. She is often loud and abusive when she talked to him. Whenever she curses him out in front of their friends, their friends would tell her to be thankful and to appreciate what a good husband she has. This only makes her madder: "Good!? Good for NOTHING! You don't see the bad side of him! See those 'kui-hu' -- wives of rich men, all they do are going shopping in nice clothes and jewels, taking trips overseas, or having afternoon teas. No cooking three meals for them. Me, I am the 'kui-hu', the housemaid in the family. I kneel all day mopping the floorz. I look like a piece of sh*t from all that work." "I am worth even less than a foreign worker -- They at least get holidays and a salary. I get nothing." Then she talked about her husband's not being good at making lots of money, which made their friends shake their heads. They knew that, with frugality and hard work, her husband had saved enough to buy several houses, and she had no financial worries over anything, great or small. They don't understand her attitude at all.

Maybe she was being hit by menopause or something, and the symptoms were getting serious. One day A-liông's wife burst out from the kitchen while a popular ballad, "Who Can Understand My Heart", played, and shouted, with a terrible expression on her face, "I

was so blind when I married you, because we owed each other in our previous lives. And all this time I've slaved for you, keeping the house and cooking for you until my back broke. But I've had enough. From now on I am not doing anything for you anymore, you hear me, you Deaf Old Monkey?" Making a racket despite the fact that her husband was too exhausted to respond or say anything.

As for her husband, he had forever endured his wife's bad temper for the sake of harmony in the family, and this had cost him mentally and physically. So he had no strength at all to reply. Divorce came to his mind, but he kept his feelings inside. Hearing his wife's ranting, he felt his blood pressure rising to the top, so he put his hands on his head and closed his eyes. Seeing her husband not responding, his wife grabbed his shoulders and shook him, continuing, "You stubborn mule, the only thing you know is how to do things the hard way. When you die your sons get your money, no one will pity you if you die from overwork. No one will care for you when you fall ill!" True to her words, when he was in the hospital, she took out money and left for a trip.

Bad luck don't come by ones. The year before, he fell on his left foot and couldn't bend. One time while climbing stairs he tripped and rolled down the steps and got a bruise on his head. That same night he had been working late rushing a job. With a sore and swollen leg, and bruised head, he couldn't sleep at all. All night he thought about all his pains, and though he longed to stop working, he couldn't because he's got one son still who didn't have a job.

Then his mind wandered to A-koan, his first love, and regretted passing her up.

Every time he fought with his wife, he would recall the sweet days in the past when he was walking out with A-koan. She was the daughter of his factory's supplier in charge of sales. A-koan was gentle while he was kind-hearted and diligent. They admired each other greatly. After going out for some time, they decided to get married. Unfortunately, A-liông's parents thought their family backgrounds were too different, and opposed the match. Whether he also felt low self-esteem or just wanted to be a good son, he chose to end the relationship. Afterwards, both of them married other people. He has always kept the memory of that happy time in his heart. Later, he heard that the guy she married turned out to be a lazy bum and a drunkard, and they got divorced. He wished her well. As for his own marriage, it's too late to reverse it now!

In life, it's better to keep a line of communication with other people; one day you may need it. So his old client, who has always given him business, has asked him to rush a small job for him. Not having the heart to refuse it, plus thinking about his wife, brother, son and himself, four mouths to feed – no time to retire yet! And as the saying goes, “Pin your hopes on your son's remembering you on your death anniversary; don't pin your hopes on his taking care of you in your old age,” he planned to stop working next year, and rent out the factory space since none of his children wants to take over.

He asked the Lord of Heaven, “how come my life ended this way? “

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

The Red Iridescent Cloud

| 紅色 ê 彩雲

Ng, Bûn-hông

“This picture – do you remember it?”

In the photograph there were five of them: Chi-bun, Phok-a, his mother, and the other is Chhai-hun (‘Iridescent Cloud’). The background is a seaside at sunset, with distant clouds hanging over the ocean, turning red by the setting sun., and the light reflected off the clouds shining on their faces and the sand beneath their feet.

“At that time, you were about to go abroad to study, and I had just been admitted into a doctoral program. You brought them to my master’s degree graduation ceremony. Afterwards we went to the seaside in the afternoon. Later on Iridescent Cloud sent me an enlargement of the picture we took.”

“Can you see, that time, Iridescent Cloud was wearing a red outfit, looking so happy. The two of us standing next to her, straight and tall, looking so dashing.”

“When Cloud knew that you were going abroad to study, she was so happy for you.”

“Cloud had always told me to be like you, follow your examples.”

“My examples? But later you stayed in America, and didn’t come back.”

“.....”

“Why did you end up staying in America, and not come back?”

“When one was young, one didn’t think ahead. After I got married there and had a son, three years, then five years had passed. Son went to school, became an American, and the two of us got used to living in America. We just didn’t think about coming back anymore. Life is full of unpredictable things.”

“That’s what destiny is. Still, have you made any plans for the future now?”

“However we plan, there are still limitations. The more we know, the more constraints we have. Don’t you agree that when we were young, we were so self-confident? That’s because we were full of hope about the future – whatever obstacles or difficulties we face, we could always overcome them with goals and ideals.”

“I know what you mean. That’s why we love watching children play, or teenagers talk, because from them we can feel a sense of hope and limitless possibility. If there is hope, we will have happiness.”

“Speaking of being happy, do you know the reason Cloud likes to wear red since she was little?”

“No, I don’t.”

“She told me once when she was young, that when she was in a good mood, feeling happy and joyful, she loved to wear red. When she was in a bad mood, then she wouldn’t wear red... In the past, I

had often seen her wear something red. Sometimes it's a pink dress, or it could be a dark-red top. Since her furniture store closed down, I had seldom seen her wear red whenever I came back. I think her life must have been pretty hard in the last few years.”

“She has her hope and dreams; she might be tougher than we imagine.”

“Still, is there anything we can do to help?”

“I think she wouldn't want to owe anyone a favor.”

“If Iridescent Cloud is trapped by her own destiny, how is she going to free herself?”

“The clouds in the sky, they don't remain knotted in a huge mess. Once a strong wind blows, the clouds will come unwind.”

“It looks like you have more confidence in her than I do.”

“Or it could be that I understand her more than you do.”

“In front of your face, Cloud always show her strong side; you don't get to see her weak side.”

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

Longtime Companion

丨 老伴

Ngô; Kéng-jū (Tân, Lûi)

In our lovely city of Taipei, whenever the end of March approaches, the sky would gradually be covered by dark clouds, and a drizzle would fall. The surrounding, undulating mountains would be full of fog. On days like these, even half of Mount Koan-im in Pa-li would be obscured by the fog. Then you can hardly see the tombs, all over the mountain slopes. Even the face of the Buddha Koan-im would be invisible.

But for the avid hiker, the day starts early. It was on such a day, as I was returning from my hike, that I heard the cat. It was making a tiny sound as I crossed an intersection. It was hiding behind a car, shielding from the rain. It looked familiar and I wondered where I had seen it before. As I decided to keep going, it started to follow me. If I stopped, it stopped; if I started walking again, it would follow.

When I approached my doorway, I told the cat, "Now that I've met you, you can go home now," waving my hands at the same time to tell it to go away. But it wouldn't leave, just stood there looking at me. And I took a good look at it. That's when I saw that its two eyes were sunken, and was emaciated, soaked to the bone. I took pity on the cold little creature, and brought it to my apartment on the third floor. In a flash, it scurried inside.

I took a towel to wipe it, and dried it with hot air. Then I got out some milk in a bowl for it. It must have been starved for some time--the milk was finished in a few seconds. Then it went to sit on the sofa. I told it, "Now that you are fed and are doing better, it's time for me to go to work." Quietly it followed me out, and we walked to the bus stop together. While I waited for my bus, it turned and left me without a word.

In the following weeks, every time I came back from my morning hike, there it was waiting for me at the intersection. We would go home together; I would make breakfast for it, and then we would go out together again: I, to work and it to some mysterious place. I would not see it again for the rest of the day, neither at night. But the next morning it would appear again. After several days of this, I figured that it was probably a free spirit, who doesn't like to be tied down, liking to come and go at will. So I didn't bother thinking about it. But it had no name. So I called it 'Pal', and it let me sit next to it and stroke its back. I bathed it, blew dry its fur, and cleaned its ears. It seemed to enjoy it. So we gradually became pals who met each morning. In the city of Taipei, when April passes, the face of Mount Koan-im and the mountainside tombs would become visible again. Pal still came every morning, but instead of waiting to go out with me after breakfast, it would leave right after. I fretted. Didn't it like the food? Or was it sick or have something wrong with its body? One day I decided to follow it all the way to the end. After making a number of twists and turns, we finally arrived at a narrow alley. The houses there were all small, low and dark, in tumble-down conditions. On each side of the alley Bougainvillea in different colors rioted. Pal went to the

last of the houses, meowed once, and slipped inside. A coughing voice called out, “You are back?” in heavy Chinese accent. So Pal belonged to someone; it was not a stray.

In the city of Taipei, if it suddenly heats up in May, then the surrounding mountains would keep the smoke inside the city and the face and the tombs on Mount Koan-im would be covered up. It’s been three days since Pal showed up in the morning. I didn’t see it by the road today, either. So I went to that narrow alley to see if it was there. As I approached that last house, I saw that the doorway was half darkened by the thickly-grown bougainvillea. I knocked softly; no one answered. I pushed the door open and stepped inside, and was immediately assailed by the stench of urine. Inside was all dank and darkness, a single table and chair, nothing more. An old man was leaning against a bed at a corner of the room, coughing. His hair was all white, and would get all messy whenever he coughed. A cat crouched at the head of the bed. It was black and not easy to see. It had a white spot on its nose, and greenish eyes that glowed in the dark, like ghostly lights. That was Pal alright. It blinked at me but didn’t move. Maybe it had forgotten about me. The old man in the bed paid no attention to me, only yelled, “Smoke! My damned smoke!” At the same time he felt around the bed with his hands. Without warning, Pal suddenly jumped to the table and brought back a cigarette in its mouth to the old man. The old man sat up, struck a fire and lit the cigarette. I took a good look at him-- oh Lord, it’s a blind Chinese veteran, so old and wrinkled his face was all covered with age spots, like the spots on a overripe mango. Taking two drags on his cigarette, he gasped and coughed, trying to yell something. I asked, “Mister, are you all right?” He pointed to his heart, and suddenly fell back. He seemed to have stopped breathing. Alarmed, I called an ambulance on my cellphone, and got him to the emergency room.

On the third day he died in the hospital. The hospital staff asked me, “Are you related to him?” “No, just a friend.” “Does he have anyone we can contact?” “Yes, a black cat,” I nodded. The staffperson didn’t like my answer, thinking it was a joke, and in bad taste. “All right, we will ask the police to help us find out.”

I left the hospital and went to find the cat. I brought it food and water to the room where it was. It accepted neither. It continued to crouch on top of the bed, not moving, as if waiting for the old man to come back. If I brought it to where the food was, it would get mad and hiss at me, trying to scratch me. I pointed to the empty bed: “He’s gone. Not coming back.” After saying that many times, it seemed to have finally understood me and let me carry it back to my apartment. I went to buy its favorite, ‘Chicken of the Sea’ canned tuna to feed it. It still wouldn’t eat. One day it poked a hole in my screen door and ran out. I couldn’t catch it in time and it got all the way to the big street outside and I lost sight of it. I spent many hours going around the neighborhood and the nightmarket area nearby, not to mention the alley where it lived with the old man. Still, not a sign of it. Finally at one end of the alley I saw an old woman with a pipe. “Granny, can you tell me if you’ve seen a cat? Black all over, with a white spot on its nose and a broken tail.” “You mean Pei-Pei? Sure I did. Every night it cries in the alley, is skinny as anything. Probably sick o’ something.” Accent really heavy, like the old veteran. After a few minutes, she asked me, “How about that old gent?” pointing to the house. “He’s no longer.” I answered. Shaking her head, she mumbled, as if talking to herself, “I knew it. No doubt about it. A swindler. I just knew it.” “Who’s a swindler?” I asked in a small voice. She loudly exclaimed, “A bride from China; he brought her back from China. Said how young she was...” “Brought

back from China?” “Left him in less than two weeks!” I nodded, to show that I understood. “A fake! Swindler for his money!” She turned, and was about to go inside her house when she thought that she had better make it 100 percent clear: “A money swindler! Lasted no more than two weeks!” I asked again, “How about the cat?” She shook her head. “From around here. An old companion. Got her as a little kitten from the streets.” And as she walked, she exclaimed, “Worth less than a cat... Less than a cat.”

That bougainvillea is giving some amazing blooms. Under the bright sunlight in the middle of the day, all its flowers were vividly bright – reds, purples and yellows, lit up by the sun like multi-colored light bulbs. When there is a gust of wind, the long strands would swing to and fro, like a newly married bride shaking her body and giving her man a ‘come here’ look. According to the pipe-smoking granny, it’s been two weeks since the cat last made a peep. “It’s not coming back?” I asked. “Gone,” she said, giving the pipe a puff. As she walked away, she continued to chant, “worth less than a cat...less than a cat.”

In the busy city of Taipei, you can’t always see Mount Koan-im and the mountainside tombs clearly. And when one crosses the intersections, one still hears the meowing of hungry cats.

(Trans. by V.T.S.)

Granny's Home-Leaving

老阿媽出家

Tiuⁿ, Siok-chin

“Íó-sih! Where is that daughter of yours? Heard that she took her son to see Pó-toan and tell her ‘Happy New Year’; how come she didn’t come see me?” Han-a has been living with some sister faithfuls at a Buddhist temple but, as it is time for the New Year’s, she was afraid that people would forget about her over the holidays. So she has been making phone calls all over the place. After bothering her three daughters, it is now her oldest son’s turn.

“How should I know; she doesn’t give me the time of the day. I don’t even know what her kid looks like...” after giving this careless reply to his stroke-ridden mother, the oldest son hung up the phone. He was wary of being on the phone too long and having to answer too many questions. What if his mother decided not to stay at the Buddhist temple compound anymore? What if she blames him for not giving her a home, making her live with strangers? She might also ask why he didn’t invite her to the New Year’s Eve family meal at his house. So he tried to pretend that he had nothing to do with the fact that his mother has no one to rely on.

Unbeknownst to him, actually, his mother cared about him too much to want to burden him with having to take care of her. If she were not paralyzed on one side with the stroke, she would do his housework for him except the cooking. In her mind, only useless men

do housework for their wives. To her, he is the smartest, most talented person in the world; he should be the CEO of a company. How can a would-be CEO do housework?

“Didn’t he know that since his younger brother died, I’ve been thrown out on the street?” Grumbling to herself, the old woman felt wretched. Like a mute woman accused of crimes she didn’t mean to commit, she felt helpless about defending herself. She thought about all that she had to endure in her whole life: all the years in which she slaved and worked from girlhood to middle age, and now, being old but unable to enjoy life. First, the variety of illnesses she has, and then the death of her husband. Afterwards, her second son was unwilling to take her in, and his wife was mean to her. If she said anything, her daughter-in-law would give a smart retort that immediately shut her up. If she continued to say something, then her son would join in and criticize her. Her son is like her daughter-in-law’s son instead of her husband, with a heart like stone. Her son A-san even joked about it, “What can I do? She took me to wife. There’s no cure for a mean wife or a bad son.”

Seeing her son being ruled by a woman, all she could do was complain to whomever happened to be around. Nevertheless, as the saying goes, “An unfilial daughter-in-law still cooks three meals; a filial daughter greets one by the roadside.” As bad as her son was, he was still her son; anyway, there weren’t too many years left to live with them. She just had to endure it for a few more years. Just stay out of her daughter-in-law’s way, she thought. Thank God she has three daughters; if she needed anything, she could call on them. Worse comes to worst, she could go to her religious sister in the temple.

Unexpectedly, two years after her husband died, her second son also died. Her oldest, the one she cared about the most, could not come to her help. Worst is, even before the body of her second son was barely cold, her daughter-in-law wanted her out. Told her that she had to go and live in a nursing home; she didn't even give her a chance to take one more look at her dead son. Her daughter-in-law had a history of being a female gangster. Now, saying that her husband's sisters were picking on her by saddling her with the mother-in-law when her husband has just died, she threatened to get nasty if her mother-in-law didn't leave the house. No sympathy at all for an old lady who had lost a husband and now a son. Then the daughter-in-law pretended to faint to avoid more talking. If it weren't for one of her daughters, out of a sense of righteous anger, to come to get her, she doesn't know what would have happened.

However, in her view, she would rather be on her own than live with a married daughter and be under a son-in-law's thumbs. Worse comes to worst, she could always pack a bag and go stay with her daughter. "What misfortune is this? Who has ever heard of a daughter-in-law kicking out her mother-in-law?" She thought bitterly. "When I was someone's daughter-in-law, I never dared to disagree with my parents-in-law. How can someone be so unfilial like that, to her husband's mother?" She had never expected to be treated this way when she became a mother-in-law -- so undignified, so lowly, like a dog. "Being a human is worthless!" She reminded herself.

"If you want an easy life, don't be too capable," her daughter told her after continually hearing her mother grumble. With such a garrulous mother, her daughter didn't know how best to behave. If she comforted her with words, her mother didn't listen; if she said nothing, her mother would get upset. So finally she said, "That woman has a son, too, and

Heaven has eyes. One day she will get what she deserves. We'll see how filial her daughter-in-law can be!"

"Leaving home, leaving the World." It's been twenty years since Han-a made the decision to be a practitioner of I-Koan Tao. And she's glad she did, when she could still make up her mind. She firmly believed that she has been rewarded for her devotion to the gods, and was thankful to the goddess Lady Mother for sheltering and protecting her. Maybe she's a little old to be a religious, but as long as she is not a burden to her children, and her mind still working and she not bed-ridden, why not? It's not like she has other options, does she?

(Trans. by V. T. S.)



Part II
Taiwanese Version

Tâi-Oát Bûn-hák Sè-kí Kau-liû

Foreward: The Epoch-making Literature Exchange of Taiwan and Vietnam

Chiúⁿ, Úi-bûn (蔣為文)

Kong-goân 2018 nî sī Tâi-oân hām Oát-lâm bûn-hák sè-kí kau-liû hong-siu ê chit nî! Lán ū chhut-pán 2 pún chhòng kì-lók ê bûn-hák chok-phín. Tē it pún sī kā Oát-lâm si-jîn Tân Lūn-bêng (Trần Nhuận Minh) ê Oát-lâm-gí si hoan-ék chò Tâi-bûn tiàm Tâi-oân chhut-pán. Tē jī sī kā Tâi-gí bûn-hák chok-phín “Koat-chiàn Siraya” hoan-ék chò Oát-lâm-bûn tiàm Oát-lâm chhut-pán.

Sui-bóng Tâi Oát chi-kan ê keng-bō`óng-lâi chin chiáp, m̄-koh bûn-hák ê kau-liû soah iáu chin iú-hān. Chin chē Tâi-oân-lâng m̄-bat Oát-lâm bûn-hák, sīm-chi kiò-sī Oát-lâm bûn-hák sī Tiong-kok bûn-hák ê chi-liû. Kâng-khoán, bē-chió Oát-lâm-lâng mā m̄-bat Tâi-oân bûn-hák, tiāⁿ gō-hōe kā chāi Tâi-oân ê Tiong-kok lān-bîn bûn-hák tòng-chò sī Tâi-oân bûn-hák ê tãi-piáu. Tiòh sī chit-ê iân-kò, lán ték-piát kui-ōe chhut-pán chit 2 pún chheh thang ín-chhōa khah chē lāng lâi chò Tâi Oát bûn-hák kau-liû.

Lán ū iau-chhiáⁿ Oát-lâm kok-ka bûn-gē-chióng tit-chióng-chiá Tân Lūn-bêng tī 2018 nî 10 goeh 27 hām 28 nng kang hun-piát tī Kok-lip Tâi-oân Bûn-hák-koán kap Chē Tang Si Sià (齊東詩舍) pān Tâi-oân-pán sin-chheh hoat-piáu hām bûn-hák kau-liû-hōe. Chit-ê oáh-tōng ê ì-gī chhiūⁿ Giòk San hiah koân, ē-sái kóng sī Jī Chhù Chiàn-āu tē it pái ū Oát-lâm kok-ka-kip si-jîn ê chok-phín hông hoan-ék chò Tâi-gí koh tī Tâi-oân chhut-pán ê lèk-sú-sèng tōa tãi-chì.

In-ūi Tân Lūn-bêng chhin-sin chham-ú kòe Oát-lâm tùi-khòng góa-lâi cheng-koân ê bîn-chòk tók-lip ūn-tōng, chok-phín lâi-té lóng sī móa-kîⁿ ê tùi kò-hiong Oát-lâm ê thiàⁿ-thàng, jîn-seng ê thiat-lí, hām chiàn-cheng ê hoán-séng. Chit khoán ê it-chi-báng ê chok-phín choát-tùi tát-tit Tâi-oân thók-chiá hó-hó-á him-sióng.

Tân Lūn-bêng chit chōa lâi Tâi-oân, tit tiòh Tâi-bûn-kài chin tōa ê hoan-gêng hām chiau-thāi. Tī kau-liû-hōe lìn, Tân Lūn-bêng kó-lé lán Tâi-bûn chok-ka tiòh kian-chhi iōng Tâi-gí siá-chok ê koat-sim hām ì-chì. I mā jīn-tēng chóng ū 1 kang Tâi-gí-bûn tek-khak ē chhut-thâu-thiⁿ! Kun-kù Tân Lūn-bêng ê piáu-sī, i ê chok-phín í-keng ū hông hoan-ék chò 11 chióng jí-giân, Tiong-bûn pài tē 8 ê, Tâi-bûn tē 9, Hân-kok-bûn tē 11. In-ūi ū chit-khoán oáh-tōng, sò-pái i chheng-chhó liáu-kái Tâi-bûn hām Tiong-bûn bô-kâng, mā chiah hoat-hiân Tâi-oân-lâng ê bó-gí sī Tâi-gí m̄-sī Chi-ná-gí.

Oát-lâm tī 1865 nî hoat-hêng tē-it hūn ê Lô-má-jī pò-chóa “Ka-tēng-pò.” Chit hūn pò-chóa iú bat 27 chióng jí-giân ê sè-kài-kip Oát-lâm bûn-hô Tiuⁿ Éng-kì chò chú-pian. Tâi-oân mā tī 1885 nî hoat-hêng tē-it hūn ê Lô-má-jī pò-chóa “Tâi-oân Hú-siâⁿ Kàu-hōe-pò.” Chit 2 hūn pò-chóa hun-piát chhiok-chin Oát-lâm hām Tâi-oân ê pēh-ōe-bûn ūn-tōng, pí Chi-ná ê 1919 nî Gó`Sù ūn-tōng koh khah chá!

“Koat-chiàn Siraya” sī thâu 1 pún hông hoan-ék chò Oát-lâm-bûn ê Tâi-gí bûn-hák chok-phín. Chit pún chheh goân-té sī pò-tē-hì ê kiók-pún, iû Tân Kiàn-sêng chhòng-chok, Ông Gē-bêng pò-tē-hì thoân ián-chhut. Pò-tē-hì tī Tâi-oân sī chin siū bîn-chiòng hoan-gêng ê thoân-thóng hì-chhut, bat chhòng-chō tât kàu 97% ê tiān-sī siu-sī-lút. M̄-koh, soah khi hō`gōa-lâi ê Tiong-kok Kok-bîn-tóng cheng-koân kìm-chí, soah chō-sêng goân-khi tãi-siong. Lán ték-piát keng chit pún chheh hoan-ék, piáu-sī lán jīn-ûi kan-taⁿ Tâi-gí bûn-hák chia̍h ē-tàng chap-chiok tãi-piáu Tâi-oân bûn-hák ê cheng-sîn! Lán bô chiap-siū Tiong-kok-ōe chò Tâi-oân bûn-hák ê su-siá gí-giân, in-ûi i sī siit-bîn-chiá hām ték-kok ê gí-giân.

Lūn chin kóng, tōa-to-sò` Tâi-oân-lâng ê bó-gí sī Tâi-gí. M̄-koh, chū 1945 nî chiàn-āu Chi-ná Chiúⁿ Kài-chiòh cheng-koân chiàm-niá Tâi-oân liáu iōng tók-chhâi ê sit-bîn thóng-tī chhiú-tōaⁿ pek Tâi-oân-lâng òh Chi-ná-ōe hām Chi-ná bûn-hák. Chō-sêng bē-chiò Tâi-oân chok-ka hông kā chih soah sit-khi iōng Tâi-gí chhòng-chok ê lêng-lék. Lán hoan-ék chit 2 pún chheh ū 1 chân chin chhim ê ì-gī, tiòh-sī beh hák-sip Oát-lâm-lâng kian-chhî iōng Oát-lâm-ōe chhòng-chok Oát-lâm bûn-hák ê cheng-sîn! Mā beh ho-èng Tâi-bûn Pit-hōe ê chú-tiuⁿ: Tâi-oân bûn-hák tiòh-ài iōng Tâi-oân bó-gí chhòng-chok! Tiong-kok Pak-kiaⁿ-ōe choát-tùi m̄-sī Tâi-oân-ōe!



Si 詩
Poetry

天光

■ The Lightening Sky

Chiu, Tēng-pang
(周定邦 / Tēng-pang Suyaka Chiu)

風 kā 烏雲畫做
Chit 粒 chit 粒 phú-phú ê 山
畫 chit phiàn
烏綠烏綠 ê ló'-kó 石
貼 tī 青翠 ê 海岸

日頭 ùi 古早 tiòh 出門
Chhiō chit phiàn 金柑 á 色 soah 茄仔色 ê 底漆
Kā 山 lêng chng-thān kah chiâu
超現實

幾蕊 á 散霧霧 ê 雲 ang
Hō 風 chhōa leh sì-kè 去
Tī chit-tè 土地釘根 seⁿ-thòⁿ ê 燕 á
Tiàm 風 --nih pha-kho̍
厝角鳥 á ki-ki kiáuh-kiáuh
Leh sio-chèⁿ in ê chá-tng
公園 ê 苦楝 á kap 雞卵樹

看 kah lóng leh hâiⁿ 頭
運河 ê 水
Sio-siāng 無聲無 soeh
Kō 快樂 ê kha 步
行 òng 時間 ê 故鄉

路--nih
Bá-suh, thoa-lá-khuh, hâi-iah, ò-tó-bái, kiau-á
開始 bô-êng cháu-chông

日鬚 peh 過風畫 ê 山
Kui-ê 城市 chiâu cheng-sîn

Pōng-khang lāi ê Sèng-chiàn-sū

The Holy Warriors in the Tunnel

Chiúⁿ, Úi-bûn (蔣為文)

O-o-àm-àm ê pōng-khang,
Sī kiâⁿ ñg kong-bêng chêng ê khó-giām.
Kó-chi chhiū-bóe-téng B52 ká--lāi ê hong-thai,
Siàn bē kàu pōng-khang lāi.
M48 lāi kàu chia,
Kan-taⁿ chhun pháiⁿ-tâng-kū-siah.

Ūi tiòh bîn-chòk ê tók-lip,
Tī pōng-khang lāi,
Sô lāi sô khi.
Siáⁿ mih lóng bô,
Kan-taⁿ ū kiàn-kok ê ñg-bāng,
Hām kian-tēng ê ì-chì.

Lán ê ì-chì chhiūⁿ pōng-khang ê piah-tó;
Lán ê koat-sim sī lôe bē sí ê káu-hiā.
Tó-ūi ū thô;
Lán tō oah ē lóh-khi.
In-ūi lán sī hān-ōe thó-tē ê Sèng-chiàn-sū.



磅空內 ê 聖戰士

■ The Holy Warriors in the Tunnel

Chiún, Ûi-bûn (蔣為文)

烏烏暗暗 ê 磅空，
是 kiâⁿ òng 光明前 ê 考驗。
古芝樹尾頂 B52 絞來 ê 風颱，
Siàn bē 到磅空內。
M48 來到 chia，
Kan-taⁿ chhun 歹銅舊錫。

為著民族 ê 獨立，
Tī 磅空內，
Sô 來 sô 去。
啥物 lóng 無，
Kan-taⁿ 有建國 ê òng-bāng，
Hām 堅定 ê 意志。

咱 ê 意志像磅空 ê 壁肚，
咱 ê 決心是 lôe bē 死 ê káu-hiā。
佗位有塗，
咱就活會落去。
因為咱是捍衛土地 ê 聖戰士。

-- 記越南 ê 古芝英雄 2018/7/14

小西巷風華

Street Scenes of Sio Se

Khng, Teng-goân (康丁源 / 康原)

一陣一陣流浪 ê 風
吹入 小西彎彎曲曲 ê 巷仔底
彼個 頭毛白白 ê 地理仙
喙角全波 講著蜈蚣吐珠
葫蘆吸收露水 恰古城池
趣味 ê 傳奇

一代一代各種族群 ê 人
Ùi 北片拱辰行到西片 ê 慶豐
行出 小西巷 ê 名號
這巷底 帖真濟好額地主恰紳仕
醫生巷有 楊克煌恰謝雪紅 ê
精彩 愛情故事

一間一間無共款 ê 店
醉鄉 酒香恰煙味沉落彰化人 ê 記持
高賓閣 賴和飲酒 ê 身影變成一首一首 ê 詩
鐵道詩人 錦連失落夢想 ê 天地
善道堂 有收驚婆卜龜卦 ê 聲音
汀州會館 定光佛有靈閣有性

一頁一頁變遷 ê 歷史
紅葉大旅社變囡仔 thit-thô 物仔來
揣回 真正阮細漢 ê 時代
三和旅社 有小西咖啡 ê 芳味
彰化三寶 肉丸 爌肉飯 貓鼠麵
人客 一攤食了閣一攤

-- 刊登自由時報 2017.4.25

為國作見證

Witnessing for Our Country

Koeh, Iàn-lîm (郭燕霖)

你來 ah !
Lín 總算來 ah !
我戰死佇馬尼拉灣
Taⁿ 現時靈魂佇靖國神社
心猶原掛念你
我是為 toh 一國作見證
Kâng 年代攏知
戰後世代知無 ?
真歡喜看著你
咱 ài 再一次為國作見證
你有你 ê 上帝國
我有我 ê 武士國
M̄ 管外邦人按怎看
咱見證彼 ê 悲傷年代
歡喜向望喜樂島
Kám m̄ 是 leh ?

你來 ah !
Lín 總算來 ah !
牡丹社事件後新南向
咱 日台一家親
Lín 兄哥戰死後
無疑誤
Typhoon of Steel
鉄の雨
代號 冰山行動
竟然跳過台灣來 phah 阮
平平是殖民地
戰後別國有慰靈碑
Lín thái 無 leh ?
2018 揭碑
為國作見證
阮無才調建國
Lín ài 珍惜
為台灣國作見證
杯底 m̄-thang 飼金魚啦 !
Hō`ta--lah !

詩 2 首

Two Poems

Lîm, Bú-hiàn (林武憲)

1. 山嘛驚寒

山嘛驚寒
秋天就蓋落葉 ê 被仔
寒天就戴白白 ê 帽仔

2. 箸

一雙箸
簡單簡單 ê 箸
看來來無啥麼
實在真了不起

平常普通 ê 箸
伸出去 手 tōh 變長
任何山珍海味
無論是冷熱軟 tēng
攏考伊袂倒
只要 thī 開合起--來
就會當
恰山野 ê 青翠芬芳及日光
攏挾起來

簡單簡單 ê 箸
靈活閣方便
簡單 ê 物件
其實無簡單

三月 ê 畫展

■ The Picture Exhibition in March

Lîm, Bûn-pêng (林文平)

3 月初，鹽埕埔當咧春天
愛河邊有一寡仔花蕊咧為春天辯護
春風陣陣，對搖搖幌幌的葉仔縫 kā 看過去
有幾仔束百合花，那有那無
Kā 烏 sim-sim ê 大理石碑圍咧

我跛步踏倚
沃過目屎
Khng 欲規禮拜 ê 百合花
枝葉猶原青翠
花蕊全款純白
透濫淡薄仔酸氣
煞變做碑文上嬌 ê 插圖

我心思無定，由在碑文一字一字
有意無意佇目矚前徙位
一直讀到金滑 ê 大理石頂
有一 tah 烏斑（烏仔屎 ê 款）
實實在在貼佇彭孟緝三个字 ê 邊仔
一時間，一場激烈 ê 畫展佇我 ê 腦海浮現

有一个囡仔坐佇塗跤咧吼
 四箍圍仔有來來去去緊張 ê 跛步
 一台軍用卡車駛過來
 一領烏天暗地罩佇四邊

有三四个百姓
 手予人縛佇尻脊後，仆佇塗跤
 幾仔个阿兵哥用銃管對準恁 ê 頭殼心
 驚惶 kah 無法度驚惶 ê 眼神
 佇塗跤拖磨

有一个做田人拖一牛車 ê 蕃薯
 車頭向城內 ê 方向，身軀仆佇車斗
 胸坎 ê 血滴佇蕃薯頂
 目睭轉白仁

3 月初，鹽埕埔當咧春天
 沃過目屎 ê 百合花
 早慢愛 lian 去
 但是這場畫展 ê 畫作
 終其尾會收藏佇歷史 ê 某一角勢
 恬恬仔 恬恬仔
 咧開發強欲予人放袂記得 ê
 公理正義

十姊妹

The Formosan Finches

Lîm, Chong-goân (林宗源)

若是你曾過活 真正去生活 你會了解「養」kap「thâi」ê
意義 親像人類 kap 鳥類 ê 關係來講

第一場

景：野外 美麗島

時間：昨日

白十姊妹：身價 名利 權力
一隻值若濟錢

赤十姊妹：問我 我 beh 問啥人
想去天頂 chhit-thô 就飛
想去樹林歇暍 著飛
想去田裡食一頓 就飛
M̄ 捌想過身價 名利 權力
身價是啥物碗膏
He 是人類 ê t'ai-chì 著無

烏十姊妹：白姊妹 人愛你愛小心
若是無思想 leh 活
你就 m̄ 捌真正活過
赤姊妹 飛入去人類 ê 心
去 chhit-thô 去看 去想
你會發見 he 是 lín 厝 ê t'ai-chì
我看透人類 ê 齣頭仔

M̄免去想身價 ê 問題 iah 是身世
 人類認為咱是最下賤 ê 品種
 「養咱」是為著歡喜 奴役
 「Thâi 咱」伊就 bē-tàng 喙唸「慈悲」
 我知影 人類也知影 咱無仝國
 放屁 講啥物保護奇禽異獸 ê 憲法 臭彈

第二場

景：活 tī 人類心裡 ê 鳥籠仔 溫暖親像春天

時間：今仔日

白十姊妹：今仔日敢 m̄ 是 kap 昨日仝款
 M̄ 是 我聽著 1 種甜甜 ê 話語
 阿姊 我有養育 ê 天賦
 慈愛 ê 天性 同化家奴一款 ê 美德
 人類敢 m̄ 是同樣 leh ?

赤十姊妹：好 --ah 一切 lóng 變 kah 溫暖 ah
 活 tī 人類殖民 ê 世界
 規身 ê 羽毛 thng 去光彩 ê 色水
 我想只要活 kah 爽爽快快
 羽毛就是加 ló'ê 咱亦是生物
 羽毛使我操神 咱 kap 內地人看起著無仝

烏十姊妹：誠 súi--ah ! 咱確實 leh 追求溫暖
 M̄-koh 淋雨敢 m̄ 是 chit 件有趣味 ê 齣頭
 阿姊 lín 敢 m̄ 想出去看外面 ê 世界

赤十姊妹：著！著！M̄-koh 我 bē-hiáu 開門
 Koh-khah m̄ 捌人類 ê 話語
 假使所有 ê 生物
 Kan-kan-á 講 chit 款話 敢 m̄ 是真好

白十姊妹：何麼苦 leh！咱敢 m̄ 是活 kah 誠好 leh

烏十姊妹：哈哈！阿姊 lín 真 han-bān 真 tòng-gōng
你 ê 卵 án-chóaⁿ 會孵出白文鳥 leh
咱 ê 囡孫 hōⁿ 人換頭面 ah

赤十姊妹：Ai-ioh！阿我 ê 卵走去 toh 位
人 ná ē-sái án-ni 做 leh
天 ah！文明究竟是 án-chóaⁿ ah

白十姊妹：奇怪 敢講人類 bē 記得慈愛
明仔載總是 ē 想起來 ò[?]？

烏十姊妹：哈哈！活老百姓 哈哈！
野性電鍍文明 正是內地人 ê 面目
慈悲看起來真 súi gōng beh 死 ê 台灣奴才仔

第三場

景：春去冬來 全款 ê 台灣

時間：明仔載

白十姊妹：烏妹你真 gâu chit-má 我 chiah 知影 hōⁿ 人看 chiūⁿ 目
有時 chūn 也 m̄ 是 chit 件幸福 ê t'ai-chì

赤十姊妹：M̄-thang koh 再講 m̄ koh 講
咱 bē 記得咱是台灣鳥仔
烏十姊妹誠緊 àn 內地飛來
害 --ah！害 --ah！咱 ê 行情慘失
Chit 斤五角也無人愛
Sòa 落包死 --ê

白十姊妹：Beh án-chóaⁿ ! Beh án-chóaⁿ 辦 !

赤十姊妹：外銷 án-chóaⁿ ! 外銷 án-chóaⁿ !

烏十姊妹：害 ah ! 害 ah !

一寡 hō^ˊ人移民放生 ê 兄弟姊妹

Bē-tàng koh 再活 tī 台灣 ê 野外 ah

死 ah ! 死 ah !

白十姊妹：觀世音菩薩 救苦救難

赤十姊妹：救苦救難 觀世音菩薩

冬天去春天 ē koh 再來

十姊妹著愛嫁 hō^ˊ人類

Chiah ē 活 ? Chiah ē 幸福 ? 敢著 !

Chit-má 十姊妹 ê 看法

Siáⁿ 人敢講 ē 無全款 leh

「養」若是無「愛」ê 活 愛反抗

「死」若是 hō^ˊ人「白 thâi」愛拚

一切 lóng 是無國 ê 關係

--1966 年正月 16 日寫 ; 2018 年 11 月初 10 修

Tām-chúi bō-sek

■ Nightfall at Tām-chúi

Lîm, Jū-khái (林裕凱)

事實，黃昏水景真明

Iā 真 súi

Lán sīm 淡水暮色 chit khùn

Tú 出車頭

幾 ā tīn 人 趕迫 óa 去

He 老人 gín-á kap 貴賓

Kám 人客，iā 有 a-tok-á 插 人 phāng

講 ni-hóng-gò ê，kǝng-tòng fa ê

Lóng beh 摘 chit phiàn 天紅光

無 khòa 人面 chiâu 暗淡失色

Siàu-liân 阿媽 緊 kā 金孫抱 --khiaih

Nng 隻 Husky 也 ná 走 ná 跳 ná oát 頭

意思 pháng 是 khah 緊 leh lah

寶位驚 hō 人 估去

Chit 分鐘走 25 公里路

Lán 想，射日英雄 tiòh 走 chiah 緊 oh !

Tī 時 thang tng-- 來

惡日十二 chōa 金光逼人

人 Atayal 究竟 ài āiⁿ 幾 ê gín-á

尾 --á cheng 幾 chāng 思鄉 ê 柑 á ?

目 chiu khoeh ê 時 iáu 心 khòa 煩
 惡日在天有射 --lòh 來 bô ?

飛龍機 chit 隻往東 chit 隻往北
 Ni-hóng-gò iah English ye
 Oui Paris ah London hia
 飛 hiah 緊是 beh 去射惡日 nih ?
 天色漸暗 lán 看 bōe 明
 家鄉 kám 有好安居
 Lán beh 深想 mā 想 bē-hiáu
 萬物終歸 tiām-chīⁿ
 Chhin-chhiūⁿ tú-chiah ê 水聲 kap 人聲
 尾 sau
 孤孤心 bē 平靜

古戰場風雲

■ The Old Battlefield

Lîm, Liông-ngá (林良雅 / 莫渝)

我獨立在狂飆之中

—— 賴 和：〈低氣壓的山頂〉

外來 ê 惡強勢力
由北部快速向南移動
侵入咱 ê 土地

勇敢 khiā 出來
守護咱 ê 家園
河谷、山林、溪埔、田莊、菜園、小鎮

保衛大肚溪！
決戰八卦山！

敵軍一萬五千人
北白川宮能久親王 kap 兩名少將率領
軍紀嚴格 ê 師團正規部隊
每一位軍士手 theh 新式 ê 精銳武器

義軍三五千人
簡單 ê 刀槍、陣砲
Kúi 門安裝久年清朝留下來 ê 砲台
起先發揮戰時 ê 威力

義勇軍必然是敢死隊

這擺 ê 對抗
 咱攏知影有戰死 ê 決心
 陣亡是咱 ê 命運

一旦砲台落入對方
 全部戰力就失去
 所有 ê 勇士更加拼命
 猶原避免不了戰敗
 短短兩工，永遠 ê 記持
 1895 年 8 月 27、28 日
 Hiân-sû ê 對決
 三點鐘 ê 激烈會戰
 勝敗 sūi chai
 將領吳湯興、吳彭年攏陣亡
 義軍無頭 四散 sì-kè-chhòan

死 chāi 戰場
 英雄死 tī 家園是完美 ê 歸宿
 679 具屍體四界橫躺亂臥
 In 是咱 ê 英雄

聽！砲聲轟隆隆落 tī 河床
 聽！嘶殺聲響遍耳邊

走過死亡 ê 蔭谷
 Khiā tī 曾經 ê 古戰場
 義士 ê 英魂永遠 tī 咱 ê 領空
 咱 ê 心內徘徊

--2018.04.06.

-- 刊登《半線文化》（彰化市公所）第 32 期，2018.06.

早露

Morning Dew

Ô, Bîn-siông (胡民祥)

親像一粒早露
佇花蕊裡隨風輾 ah
遐呢圓潤、純 ah、通光
日光下，那珍珠 ah！閃閃熠熠

親愛 ê 女士 ah
早露是妳 ê 形影
深深 bih 佇阮心肝窟仔裡 ah
永遠咧輾 ah 輾 ah 輾

咱作伙渡過 ê 日子
親像 2016 年咱佇台灣 ê 時光
每一時刻 ah！阮永遠珍惜

阮愛花蕊
阮愛早露，啊！
阮愛妳也永永遠遠

一粒一等水 ê 早露 ah！
一位一等一 ê 女士 ah！

-- 悼念摯愛 ê 女士
2018 佇茱里鄉

天 beh 光 ê 1 通電話

■ A Pre-Dawn Telephone Call

Tân, Bêng-jîn (陳明仁 / A-sià Jilimpo)

電話聲 teh giang ê 時

當 teh 眠夢

日頭青青

目屎 chhóp-chhóp tin

Kui 天頂 ut-chut ê 星

I 問我 kám 睏 -- 去

Hit chūn 天色 phah-phú 光

窗外 m̄ 知日頭 iah 月娘

I 講日頭 tú beh 落山

想起早前

我愛唱 hit tè 故鄉 ê 歌

Taⁿ ià-siān 流浪

ià-siān 故鄉 ê 歌

無想 beh 吵 -- 我

m̄-koh 日頭當 teh 落山

十外點鐘 ê 時差

hō 日頭青青

Hah-hì 問--i

koh 有 siáⁿ tãi-chì

聽著 i ê 哭聲

Tò--來好--bô, mài koh 流浪

Kan-taⁿ 日頭真 súi

Koh 來，我睏 lóng bē 去

Kán-ná 看 tiòh i hit pêng 山尾 liu

石頭頂孤單 ê 人影

Koh teh 哼 hit tè 流浪 ê 歌

--2018.12.18 改寫

衛武營記事

Transformation of the Ūi-bú Barracks

Tân, Chèng-hiông (陳正雄)

紅毛土懸大 ê 圍牆
 會當一時攔截 霓虹燈妖嬌眼神 ê 引誘
 無法永遠封鎖 鳥獸追求自由 ê 決心
 緊 choáh 慢會予暝日輪流 ê 喊喝拆裂崩落
 鐵枝線尖利 ê 刺網
 有可能短暫阻擋 充員兵青春激動 ê 慾望
 無才調長期關禁 蟲 thōa 爭取權利 ê 意志
 時一到就佇早暗無停 ê 嗆聲拗斷爛去

原本立場保守態度強硬 ê 舊營區
 終其尾也愛放下武裝撤退淪陷
 成做自然 kap 文明和平共存 ê 新樂園

規年透冬一直咧倚哨 ê 衛兵 總算退伍矣
 守護 ê 任務交接予斑鴿繼續去執行
 毋免任何 ê 假單證件抑是特殊 ê 身分
 歡喜 ê 笑容是上利便 ê 通行證
 透早到暗毋捌歇睏過 ê 勤務 嘛已經落任
 巡邏 ê 工課就換手予膨鼠負責來值班
 無需要啥物暗號記認猶有複雜 ê 密碼
 快樂 ê 心情是唯一識別 ê 口令

逐工透早 日頭準時放送起床號
 厝角鳥仔 kap 白頭顏仔 chhōa 頭唱歌做體操
 每日半暝 月娘親身主持暗點名
 草蟪仔 kap 蟋蟀仔相爭報數喝口號
 無張持 風來一陣臨時檢查雨來一下緊急集合
 有時陣 閣有遐爾濟粒算攏袂清 ê 星探頭出來咧巡視

這個城市漸漸褪落固執 ê 外殼
 飛出全新 ê 面貌無仝 ê 姿勢對外現身出聲

一冬八个月 ê 日子
 束縛會著我 ê 身軀控制袂牢我 ê 頭殼
 每暗我 chhōa 靈魂 nng 過牆仔跤 iap-thiap ê 缺角偷渡
 守跼自由路舊冊店 ê 窗邊來回走揣精神 ê 出路

對低調平靜 ê 中年斡頭行過去
 一萬二千外工前彼个激情衝動 ê 少年
 土砂磨破 ê 傷痕藤刺割裂 ê 空喙
 痛疼早就消失
 進前彼片予苦悶浸澹予憂愁染紅 kham-khiát ê 山坪
 已經生炭規排 ê 相思開出滿欖 ê 含笑

六十外公頃 ê 營區
 會使監視我 ê 行動袂當指揮我 ê 內心
 逐暝我綴眠夢 peh 過網仔頂烏暗 ê 空縫逃走
 Bih 佇三多路老戲院 ê 壁角恬恬等候失去 ê 戀情轉來面會

對冷淡生份 ê 北海岸一路倒轉來
三百六十外公里遠燒熱熟似 ê 南台灣
記憶又閣開始絞滾
過去彼个害我 ê 尊嚴跋倒害我 ê 驕傲跪落
不時鄙相我軟弱恥笑我預顛 ê 武裝障礙場
簡單就予細漢囡仔 ê 笑容攻占老大人 ê 歌聲征服

這個園內
當初時我 giáh 刺刀暗殺用鋼盔偷埋 ê 心事
今仔日我欲提筆共你祛骨唸詩為你安魂

女／性市場 ê 正義

Justice for the Sex / Female Market

Tân, Lē-kun (陳麗君)

白絲透明高衩長袍衫
親像保鮮膜
胸形細腰
一覽無遺
一裂就開
白 siak-siak ê 國服
在現代學校系統名義下
利便父權檢視管理

女體深部神聖 ê 子宮
成做資本市場頂 ê 生肉
白肉 --ê
聽話 --ê
Kù-chāi 經濟有力 ê 精子揀選
Chhiân 養生命 ê iô-kô
Hǒng 當做自動再生產 ê 機具

Ah lán 台灣母親 ê 話語
在國際競爭力 ê 教育名義下
當權者計算鬥爭中
Hǒng 看輕、背離、斷根

女性 kap 母語 ê 正義 tī tó-ūi?
Bô tī 帝國資本操縱 ê 市場內
Mā bô tī 失控 ê 民粹民主內
是 tī 有台灣認同 ê chit-má kap 未來

--2018/12/9 tī Vietnam

落葉 ê 懷想

■ Musings on a Fallen Leaf

Tân, Lī-sêng (陳利成 / 陳胤)

< 落葉 >

定著有一工
我會變做一柿
焦焉 ê 葉仔，自在
落落來塗跫

寒，是一觸久仔爾爾
其他 ê 落葉，連鞭
隨用身軀共我崁起來
一葉，兩葉，三葉
貼心 ê 溫暖
迴到天邊海角

心愛 ê，你若來 ê 時
就寬寬仔行
我 ê 詩，淡薄仔驚疼
風，定著知影
你會當問伊

一塊足遠足遠
足遠 ê 戀歌

--2018/11/21

< 山 ê 祝福 >

見擺，寫好一首詩
身軀若親像
落落一柿葉仔仝款
疼，是袂疼
講歡喜，嘛毋是歡喜

魂魄，不管落塗歸根
抑是綴風
飛去遠遠 ê 所在
每日天光 ê 時
定著攏化做一粒露水
閃爍

寒天到矣
恬靜 ê 祝福，山林
四界滿滿是
無，咱做伙 chhōa 過往 ê 青春
來 thit-thô，做伙共家己
變做一首詩

--2018/11/24

Tâi-oân Pek-háp

■ The Formosan Lily

Tân, Kim-hoa (陳金花)

Khòaⁿ-kìⁿ soaⁿ-téng ê pèh hoe
Bē kì-tit ka-kī ê nî-hòe, khí-kha tiòh peh.
Tui-sióng gín-á sî-tāi ê thian-chin,
Kap sèk-sāi ê hoe-phang-bī.

Tī Naniua ê hái-piⁿ, Khòaⁿ;
Pek-háp tī soaⁿ-téng iô-iô lāng ê chu-thài,
Pèh-éng tī hái-pò kún-ká ê khut-sè,
Pèh-hùn tī thiⁿ-téng poe ê hoe-iūⁿ.
Háp-chàu sèn-miā ê koa, m̄-bat hioh.

Hit lúi sùn-pèh ê Tâi-oân Pek-háp,
Sī góa éng-oán ê chheng-chhun,
Jit-thâu kha, góa tók loân chit lúi.
I sī góa sèn-miā ê chho-loân,
Kàu-taⁿ Lô-má-jī hiáp-hōe iáu teh chu-ióng--góa.

M̄-chai chéng-chí sī tang-sî lóh--ê ?
Ū chit-kang puh-íⁿ khui kah kui soaⁿ-phiâⁿ.
Chiàu thó-tē ê siaⁿ-sàu.
Chiàu chhun-hong chhoe--lâi,

Chiàu hái-éng ê chhiong-khùi.
 M̄-kiáⁿ hong chhoe jit phák,
 Tâi-oân ê thó-tē íúⁿ-chhī Tâi-oân ê sèⁿ-miā lát.

Sèⁿ-miā goân-pún tō chûn-chāi.
 Tī chheⁿ-chhùi ê soaⁿ-niá ,
 Tī chheng-khì ê hûn-lāi,
 Tī hái-éng ê khí-lòh,
 Tī chu-jūn ê hō-chúi,
 Tī sòe-goát ê kiâⁿ-táh. Gún chit-lō'kiâⁿ --lâi.

Sîn ah! Lí kám ũ khòⁿ--ê
 Pèh hoe, pèh éng, pèh-hûn goân-chāi,
 Lâng, pèh thâu-moi--ah.
 M̄-bián siáⁿ-mih lí-iû, chò, tō tióh--ah!

Lòk-koan ê sèng-keh sī thó-tē ê un-sù,
 Lám íúⁿ-chhī góa ê thó-tē,
 Tui-kiû soaⁿ-hō ê cheng-sîn,
 Tòe A-lid ê ho-kiò kiâⁿ,
 Giám-ngē nng-chng it-tit cháu-chhōe.
 Chìm tī lêng-sèng, kám-kak an-sim.

La-teng jī ê sòⁿ-soh khan-bán kui sè-kài,
 Sim-lāi éng-oán ũ chit-ê bāng,
 Nng-bāng Tâi-oân-ōe ē chhut-thâu ê chit-kang...

Ū chit-kang.

Lâm-kok hong khí,

Khòaⁿ-tiòh Tâi Oát òe iōng kâng-khoán jī,

Ná chhiūⁿ pek-háp ê hêng-iaⁿ,

Tī koân-koân ê soaⁿ-téng,

Koh teh kā góa iát-chhiú--ah!

Góa lâi ah!

Ū hái-éng ê siaⁿ, un-sûn ê hong,

Chheng-khì ê hûn chò phōaⁿ.

Iōng góa chīn-ū ê Lô-má-jī kap thian-chin,

Bē ki-tit ka-ki ê nî-hòe, khí-kha tiòh peh,

Bán hoe, hō`góa bê-chùi--ah!

Hō`ta--lah!

Liáh chheng-chhun ê bóe-liu,

Iōng chiáh leng-á lát tiām--ê ki-chhó,

Tâi-gí Lô-má-jī, kiâⁿ Sin lâm hiòng.

Tò`chhut gí-bûn hap-it ê sek-chúi.

Chhin-chhiūⁿ phīⁿ tiòh pek-háp ê phang-bī

Gí-giân, sèⁿ-miā, ài thng-thòⁿ,

Chó-lêng ah! Lí kám ū khòaⁿ--ê

Péh hoe, péh éng, péh-hûn goân-chāi.

Lâng, péh thâu-mo--ah,

M̄-bián siáⁿ-mih lí-iû, chò tō tiòh--ah!

禁

Prohibition

Tō̍, Sìn-liông (杜信龍)

Khóng--ê 天無才調理解我 lān-mōa ê 1 面
 Hit ê 透早擋袂牢去買 1 包薰
 He 是差不多欲 7 工無食 ah
 Ná 做賊 á ê 心情
 Koh ná 欲追求活命 ê 自由
 Á 是 tháu 放
 Mài 怪我無定性！
 照鏡，鼻目 chhùi 是 m̄ 是 hōng ó--tiāu，siah--tiāu
 看無家己
 Chhng̤、chóh--日、sùn-chóh--日
 夢中 ê 烏影直直欲 giú--我
 Ià-siān ê 心情
 逼我去 chhiau-chhōe
 1 sut-sut-á ê 平靜
 吐幾蕊 á 雲 ang 做伴
 Hoān-sè 欲轉去 ê 時
 In 會來載我--1-chōa
 佇 khóng--ê 天飛
 我才會知天有 gōa 闊

--2017/1/21-23



Sàn-bûn 散文
Essays

講嘉義 逛東市

Seeing the East Market in Ka-gī (Chia Yi)

Hân, Boán (韓滿)

台北 ê 朋友來相揣，阮 chhōa 逐家四界 thit-thô，拄離開『檜意森活村』，吹過來 ê 風猶閣有 hinoki ê 芳味，一陣人佇市內那行、那看、那散步，雄雄天烏雨就到，逐家窸條趕路，若無，會淋甲規身軀澹糊糊，啊！覘入來去東市 ê 市仔內，暫來 nng 去攏袂淋著雨，嘛毋驚外口 ê 雨有佻粗，閣較免驚會暗眠摸，雖然舊東市是誠久誠老 ê 大樓矣，毋過遐有電火，老建築猶閣不止仔堅固，佇 2015 年 5 月初 5 閣予文化資產列為歷史建築呢！

嘉義古諸羅城是清朝全臺灣第一座 ê 縣城，佇清朝彼陣是臺灣 ê 大城市嘛是誠較熱鬧 ê 街市。若講著舊東市場大樓，古早 ê 縣衙府就倚佇遐，遐就是縣老爺辦公 ê 所在。若講著縣老爺，就愛紹介周鍾瑄，伊佇清康熙五十三年到五十八年中間擔任台灣府諸羅縣 ê 知縣，嘉義城隍廟就是周鍾瑄捐獻 600 外兩銀、參將阮蔡文捐 40 兩銀，佇康熙五十四年起造，五十五年落成 ê。是全台唯一由皇帝敕封為「綏靖侯」ê 城隍，所致嘉義城隍廟 ê 台階，使用了代表侯爵 ê 5 階（公、侯、伯、子、男）。

周鍾瑄毋但起城隍廟，賑災、減稅閣協助諸羅大埤等水利 ê 建設，嘛興設學堂，撰修「諸羅縣誌」，對地方貢獻誠濟，高齡 92 歲去世。後來諸羅士紳為周鍾瑄雕像，安佇城隍廟城隍爺邊仔，享受百姓 ê 香火供奉。伊 ê 生日是農曆 2 月 17 日，到今，嘉義城隍廟攏會發送物資予嘉義地區較散赤 ê 家庭。

阮 chhōa 朋友來到東市，拄著一个人客誠心適講伊歹命人，透早顧無閒毋知枵，這陣工課做煞腹肚咧哭枵，緊來市仔遮清彩食一碗燒止枵。阮問伊佗一項上好食？伊講逐擔攏嘛俗閣大碗，遮賣 ê 攏是伊 ê 山珍海味，所以逐工一擔食過一擔，逐擺攏食甲飽 ti-tu。

阮舊年接著文化局 ê 任務，做東市場百年老店六十幾間 ê 採錄，我 chhōa 頭這組負責二十幾間 ê 工課，愛採訪店頭家佻翁相，閣愛寫報導文章。遮逐間店攏有一个誠精彩、誠感動人 ê 故事，有做兩代、三代甚至第四代猶閣繼續做落去 ê。有一間『王家祖傳本產牛雜湯』上主要 ê 就是新鮮，頭家天未光就採購現 thài ê 牛腹內，逐項攏洗甲誠清氣，共牛肉、牛骨、牛筋、腸仔佻其他 ê 腹內用大鼎先焯過，去臭羶味才閣慢慢仔炕，店裡 ê 生理是有夠好，逐工 ê 人客是排甲 lō-lō 長。閣有『金赫玉肉粽香腸』阿媽 ê 肉粽煙腸擔，有阿媽 ê 厚工佻愛心，阿媽八十幾歲矣皮膚幼麵麵，對人笑咪咪，伊 ê 煙腸參紹興酒，食著芳貢貢。『蕭家春捲』，潤餅皮是頭家家已現場做，潤餅 kauh 頭家娘現包 ê，上大 ê 無仝就是，in ê 潤餅 kauh 裡面 kauh 肉滷仔，頭家娘誠愛拍 lā 涼、練痾話，伊講佇遮，逐家攏是靠手面趁食 ê 小人物，趁濟趁少別問題，有三頓通食會得過日子就有夠矣！『袁家筒仔米糕』俗、大碗閣有傳統味，筒仔米糕 25 籩、龍骨髓、豬頭髓才 35 籩，予你看甲喙瀾插插津。做過採錄了，阮就定定來遮晳、來遮揣寶。若有親情朋友來，看是欲看古蹟、行廟寺抑是食飽、食巧，遮攏是一个上好 ê 所在，阮毋但會 chhōa 人來閣會做詳細 ê 紹介。

東市 ê 城隍廟正殿神明前有一个八卦形 ê 蜘蛛結網，木匠王錦木先生完全無用著一支鐵釘，伊佇遮是用空樺鬥樺頭 ê 工夫閣雕刻 ê 藝術品。佇蜘蛛結網 ê 四个角頭攏有一隻密婆，華語『蝙蝠』，代表『賜福』。更較趣味 ê 是，整個蜘蛛結網有 108 仙 ê 尪仔，尪

仔除了有彌勒佛、仙女 等 ê 雕像，嘛有穿西裝、結 nekutai ê 外國人，廟內有誠 súi 誠幼工 ê 交趾燒，彼是陳專文、林添木兩位大師「拚場」ê 作品。

蜘蛛結網就是人講 ê 『藻井』，信徒佇神明前、蜘蛛結網下仔拜拜，講出祈求 ê 心願，會 ùi 遮上達天庭，只要咱虔誠神明攏會聽著閣共咱鬥相共。邊仔有一个大算盤，這個算盤就是會共咱佇人世間所做 ê 是非善惡，加加閣減減計算出咱一生 ê 功過。

城隍廟佇農曆七月做法會，各項科儀攏照起工來做。七月 ê 前三工，會安斗燈、倚燈篙、掛招魂幡仔、起鼓、唸經懺。七月 ê 前一工先放水燈，邀請海上 ê 孤魂野鬼來食好料 ê。聽候初一子夜吉時一到，法師奏請城隍爺開龕，五路 ê 「好兄弟仔公、好兄弟仔婆」就會出閩來接受布施。

嘉義七月時一四界攏咧普渡，這就是阮遮上蓋出名 ê 輪普。初一這工由城隍廟開普，對農曆 ê 初一到月底彼工，嘉義各地頭，無論政府機關、公司行號、社區住宅、神壇廟宇攏會分區祭祀拜兄弟仔，拜請好兄弟來食腥臊。拜過好兄弟了，主家嘛會請廚子來共拜過 ê 物件，煮一桌仔腥臊，請好朋友來食桌，祈求人人身體健康、萬事順利。輪普一直到月底就由地藏王廟來收普囉！

台北來 ê 朋友對阮嘉義遮 ê 食物俗活動攏誠有興趣，嘛歡迎恁逐家有閒來嘉義行踏喔！

台語維基百科 ê 發展歷史、 現況 kah 文字使用

■ The Taiwanese Wikipedia -- History of Its Development, Present Situation and Writing System

Iûⁿ, Ún-giân (楊允言)

台語維基百科成立 ê 時，維基百科 iáu 無提供 hō 想 beh 加入維基百科 ê 新語言試寫 ê 搖 kô。2003 年 4 月，戴凱序提出 kā 台語加入維基百科 ê 想法，7 月，陳柏中（這陣是清大物理系教授）設立 Holopedia.net，利用 MediaWiki 軟體（就是架設維基百科所使用 ê 軟體），mā 開始 teh 試寫。

彼時陣，台灣本土語言教學才 tú-á 實施無 gōa 久，教育部 iáu 未針對台語 ê 文字系統提出規範（教育部對台語 ê 書寫規範，羅馬字 tī 2006 年 10 月公告，漢字 tī 2007 年公告 700 字詞，2008 年底辭典試用版上網，2011 年 kā 「試用版」三字提掉，算是正式公告，這幾冬 iáu 有少數 ê 漢字做修正）。Kah 寫法差異 khah 大 ê 漢字系統（各大台語辭典所用 ê 漢字並無一致）比起來，羅馬字相對 khah 單純，雖然羅馬字 mā 有無全 ê 書寫法，總是，教會系統所用 ê Peh-ōe-jī（白話字，mā 號做教會羅馬字）已經有百外冬 ê 書寫歷史，文獻資料 chiâⁿ 豐富，所以採用白話字。Tī 這進前 ê 1996 年，戴凱序、陳柏中 in mā 向萬國碼聯盟（Unicode Consortium）申請 kā 白話字其中一 kóa 符號加入萬國碼，申請幾 lō pái，過程中 koh 有中國 ê 干擾，後來 tī 2004 年通過。

Holopedia teh 運作 ê 期間，累積百外條 ê 詞條。2004 年 5 月，陳柏中向維基百科申請加入，幾工了後通過，就 kā Holopedia ê 詞條徙過來，開始運作。決定語言代號 ê 過程有一 kóa 風波，後來採用 zh-min-nan，網址是 <https://zh-min-nan.wikipedia.org/>。

加入維基百科上大 ê 好處是，設使這條詞條有別 ê 語言版本，就 thang 連結過去互相參照，不止仔利便，雖然全一條詞條無全 ê 語言版本，內容無一定相全。

透過熱心網友 ê 拍拚，詞條數量勻勻仔 teh 增加，2005 年 6 月達到 1 千條，2009 年 4 月 5 千條，2012 年 11 月 1 萬條，2015 年 10 月 5 萬條，2015 年 12 月 10 萬條，2016 年 9 月 20 萬條，到這陣（2018 年 3 月）有 22 萬 2 千外條。這當中，有一 kóa 詞條真短，m̄-koh 維基百科 ê 詞條內容，隨時 lóng thang 換新。

台語維基百科 teh 發展 ê 過程中，bat 有人質疑用羅馬字無用漢字有政治動機，mā 有人認為看有台語羅馬字 ê 人 siuⁿ 過少，koh-khah 有人認為台語文無應該 tī 維基百科頂面發展。Chia-ê 問題，對照這 10 幾冬來台灣推行本土語言教育所受著 ê 質疑，其實並無 hō 人感覺意外，顛倒頭講，用漢字敢就無政治動機？用漢字敢就看 khah 有？（Bat 有一本得著台灣文學金典獎 ê 華文小說，內底 ê 台語對話全然照教育部台語辭典 ê 用字，結果其中一位評審批評作者台語漢字烏白寫）若是台語文無應該 tī 維基百科頂面發展，是按怎其他語言就適合？Koh-khah 按怎 pōe-hōe，未必會當說服雙方，用 tī 互相 pōe-hōe ê 氣力，bē 比寫新詞條 khah 有貢獻。

事實上，有人起造用教育部規範 ê 漢字來書寫詞條 ê 台語百科，網址是 <http://taigi-pahkho.wikia.com>，目前有 4 千外條詞條，其中

真 chē 是 ùi 台語維基百科轉寫過來 ê，無法度 kah 維基百科連動。檢視伊上新 ê 詞條（外星人）：「外星人系地其他星球居住的外星生物，但系幾罵只有災樣地球系宇宙來地唯一有生命的星球，關於外星人的公法丟有就堆公法。」目矚 khah 利 ê 讀者應該看會出來，這並 m̄ 是教育部規範 ê 台語漢字，內底 mā 有一 kóa 語詞 m̄ 是台語。咱無需要批評詞條撰寫者，畢竟台灣經歷過真久長錯誤 ê 獨尊華語政策，致使本土語言衰微，到 taⁿ 規个社會對本土語言猶原無 gōa 友善，體制教育 koh 有 ná 無，文字標準化 kah 普及化這條路，iáu-koh 長 lò-lò。

- Tó chit ūi Bí-kok thoân-kàu-sū chhut-pán liáu tē-it phō iōng Eng-gú choān-siá ê Pêh-ōe-jī kàu-kho-su? (siòng)
- Tó chit ê liân-hō sī Tiong-kok Bêng-tiâu chòe-āu chit ūi hông-tè Ui-chong chāi-ūi sî-kî ê liân-hō?
- Tó chit-ê siáⁿ-chhī sī Hô-lân Groningen Séng ê séng-hōe?
- Tó chit ūi Eng-kok cha-bó' koa-chhiú tī 12 hòe ê sî-chūn chiū iâⁿ-tiòh Open Mic UK ê pí-sài koan-kun?
- Tó chit tiâu hô-chhoan ū choân Pak Bí-chiu siāng tōa ê chúi-hē hoān-ūi?
- Liân-háp-kok chū 1946 nî khai-sí sú-iōng tó chit ki kî-á chò-ūi tãi-hōe hōe-kî?
- 1803 nî ê tó chit hāng bé-bē kóng ê sī Bí-kok hiòng Hoat-kok siu-bé Louisiana tē-khu?
- Tó chit khoán bú-tō sī goân-chū Í-tāi-lī ê Bûn-gē-hók-heng sî-kî?

圖：台語維基百科首頁 ê 部份內容，第一句 ê 意思是：
Tó 一位傳教士出版第一 phō 用英語寫 ê 白話字教科書？

出冊

■ Making My Books

Ko, Goat-oân (高月員)

編一本性命 ê 痕跡，紀錄個人心聲、親友 ê 感情佻對人 ê 感受，有社會 ê 現象，生活雜事，是無抹粉點胭脂 ê 真性情。

其實，為著無欲予時間空轉，我 kā 生活做幾種安排，寫字、畫圖、紀錄心情...，作品 ê 產生大部份用三才為題，用行入大自然做思考，以社會寫實為本，堅持活到老學到老 ê 態度來從事各種學習。

寫字是心適興，投入就認真做，無設定目標、無估計時間，用心拍拚向前行。佇探討 ê 過程，參考早前文字演變，毋敢抄人 ê 做家己 ê 成績，但是，學人 ê 精神，行出家己 ê 路嘛毋是逐家攏做會到 ê。

心思意念一直是我創作 ê 泉源，共天、地、人調合入作品內，故放無仝階段 ê 心情，通常是心到、意到，手就到，佇行動佻恬靜中存在價值觀。

作品是心情反射，色彩多元有趣味性有流動式 ê 浪漫。字 ê 線色會合，予韻律閣 kah 有力度，予創作現出新境界。

對 1998 年到今，藝文作品參展 94 擺，遮濟年參與出冊有 104 本，2014 年出個人專輯【心藝新意 = 高月員畫集】、【哇拉阿媽

手路菜 = 高月員台語詩集】，然後就籌備【字印象視界 = 高月員字印創作集】、【哇拉阿媽 = 高月員台語詩文集】攏是這幾年 ê 心血。沉醉佇心適 ê 藝文內，希望流落汗水分享，不足 ê 所在請逐家包容。

--2018.5.10



母語是我 ê 靈魂

My Mother Tongue is My Soul

Lîm, Chùn-iòk (林俊育)

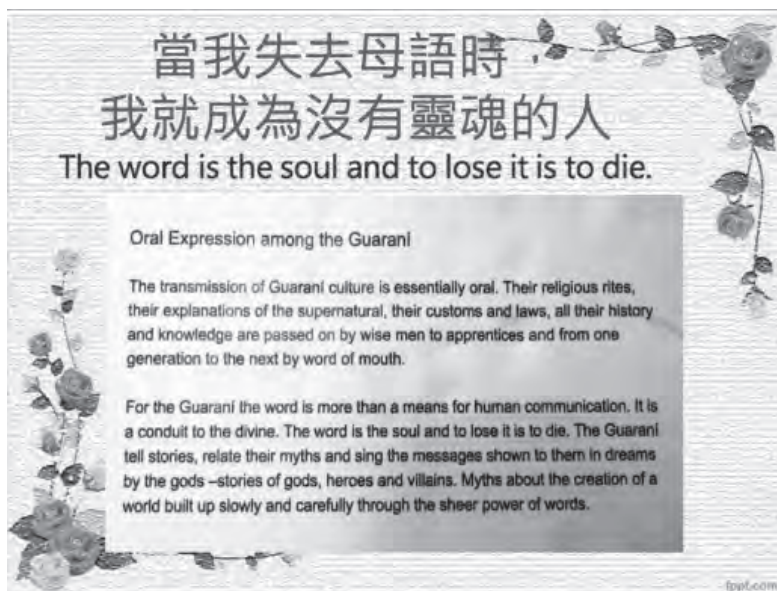
讀冊時代，我 tak 科成績 lóng 是排前幾名，m̄-koh，「作文」對我來講是痛苦 ê tāi-chì；chit-má 想起來 chiah 了解，因為 hit-ê「作文」要求用中華民國語寫，he m̄ 是我 ê 母語，致使頭殼底 teh 想 ê kah 手 teh 寫 ê，總是 gāi-giòh gāi-giòh bē 對同。

我 tī 雙連教會發起「盲人事工」ê 時，為 tiòh beh 替弱勢中 siōng 弱勢 ê 盲朋友發聲，khah 艱苦 mā tiòh 寫中華民國語 ê 「關懷視障」文章；佳哉得 tiòh 全款 teh 關懷盲朋友 ê 曹永洋老師（著《噶瑪蘭 ê 燭光 — 陳五福醫師傳》，1990）ê 耐心指導，hō 我寫 ê 中華民國語文章 tak 篇 lóng tī 《台灣教會公報》刊出；後來 tú-tiòh hit 當時 ê 總編輯盧俊義牧師，我問伊講我 ê 文筆 hiah bái，ná ē tak 篇 lóng 刊；伊講：「因為 kan-taⁿ 你一人 teh 寫關心盲朋友 ê 文章。」這 hō 我真大 ê 鼓勵，激勵我寫作 kah 翻譯「慕光叢書」（英文翻中文），由雅歌 kah 遠流出版社出版。Chiah-ê 中華民國語 ê 文章 kah 冊，lóng 有翻譯做台語，上網台語信望愛網站；最近 mā 有計畫進行 kā 「慕光叢書」翻譯做台語來出版。

《全民台語聖經》工作團隊完成「台灣基督長老教會設教 150 週年紀念版」台語聖經了後，繼續出版《陳夫人》kah 《Kui 年 kah Jimmy Carter 做伙靈修》台語版，努力 teh 推動「台語文讀寫運動」。

今年 11 月初四，阮 tī 台北市雙連教會舉行《Kui 年 kah Jimmy Carter 做伙靈修》出版感恩禮拜，邀請台灣基督長老教會總會傳道委員會主委莊孝盛牧師傳講信息，伊 ê 題目是「用母語傳上帝 ê 道」，我聽了真受感動。伊講伊去南美洲旅遊 ê 時，tī Iguazu 瀑布 ê Guarani 原住民博物館看 tiòh hō`伊深深感動一句話：「當我失去母語 ê 時，我就成做無靈魂 ê 人。」

我 tam-tiòh 母語 ê 滋味了後，就 án-ne 全心全意投入台灣母語運動，感謝上帝使用 母語來 hō`我 ê 靈魂精英有氣力，為 tiòh 祂 ê 名 chhōa 我行義 ê 路。Tī 聖神 ê 引 chhōa 之下，我沿路做台語文（含客語）khang-khòe，有氣力沿路開發電腦工具，thang 趕緊來增加台語文 ê 曝光率，hō`台語文緊緊出頭天！



莊孝盛牧師提供

培墓

A Day at the Columbarium

Nâ, Chhun-sūi (藍春瑞)

宗親會欲予家己 ê 囝孫仔後過來培墓會 tàng 緊閣快，有決議講欲 kā 埋佇山頭崙砵尾四門大公 ê 風水，總 khioh óa 來 khng tiàm gún 姓藍 ê 祖厝邊仔無 kài 遠 ê 坪頂，khêng 百 thóng 萬 ê 銀票仔，誠緊就 kā 新塔起好矣，閣 tiau 工 keng 一工好日，吩咐所有 ê 親族仔 poah 工來開墓頭。阿爸佇進前兩禮拜就一直 teng-lêng 講伊 beh 入去看 m̄i 咧，我家己 teh 臆，伊是叫我駛車予伊較利便 ê 意思。

毋過正經 kàu beh 培墓 hit 工，我顛倒坐 7 點 23，台北開 ê 自強號，8 點 10 分到厝，就隨 pōng 著 tak 項攏 choân 好勢，khia 佇樓跤 thèng 候 ê 阿爸佻阿母，我 t̄ai 先 kā in 解說 beh 坐計程仔入去雙溪，話講 soah tiàm 門喙 chhìn-chhái cháh 一台車就起行矣；阿爸沿路所問 ê 話題誠濟，我攏有 kā 回，驚伊聽無，閣講 kah 足大聲，毋過全款 ê 問題上無問過兩三改，譬論講，... 翻頭轉來欲坐啥物車？... 咱是行 toh 一條路入去祖厝？... 欲 kōaⁿ 入去拜 ê 果子籃，有 chah--無？... Chit-chūn 入去會赴 thang 拜--袂？... 司機知路--無？ Chia-ê t̄ap-t̄ap 滴滴 sam 不等 ê 話題，攏問 kah 有一枝柄通 giáh ！

到位 ê 時陣，有一 chōa chhu-chhu ê 崎路仔，我伸手對 kòe-lâng-kha 去 sa 阿爸 ê 手骨，ûn-ûn-á 牽伊 chiūⁿ 崎，邊仔足濟 bat 伊 ê 宗親，誠好禮直透 kah 伊相借問，「大樹仔伯」、「大樹仔兄」hiàm 無歇.....，閣有吩咐愛細膩、毋通 poah 倒 ê 聲攏無停暎；阿爸顧徙跤都袂赴，ná 有 hit 號氣力通應咧，kan-ta 喙仔笑笑，目

調毋敢無看路，才 1 分鐘久 ê peh 崎，就講伊喘甲欲死，ka-chài 我有 chhōan 一隻會拗 ê 鐵椅仔，緊猛 péng 出來 niū 伊坐、théh 水予 lim，閣緊翻頭落崎去 kōaⁿ 果子籃，順 sòa kā 正跤小可 pái-pái ê 阿母，同齊牽起來坪頂。

新起造 ê 靈塔有一粒土崙仔通 phēng，塔頂尾 liu 差不多佻崙仔 pēn 懸，新 ê 風水 chiâu 用素面磨 kah 金 siak-siak、噹噹 ê 石枋、石條去砌 ê，正 pēng ê 壁堵有刻十二个早前進金者 ê 名姓，名單 ê 尾溜，另外有兩個用紅字寫 ê，應該是人猶未過身先注文塔位，後過才欲來進金斗 ê 宗親。墓龜後 khng 金斗 ê 白鐵仔門已經拍 -- 開 - 矣，有誠濟大人、囡仔 teh nng 出 nng 入，我嘛真 hòⁿ 玄身驅 àⁿ 低，tòe 人行 -- 入 - 去。內底 lióh-á 暗暗有一絲仔涼冷，我 kā 暗算，對上懸排落來到面頭前，計共 7 沿，一沿有 15 位，上無會 tàng 因百 thóng 粒 ê 黃金甕仔。

我家己 khiā 佇 hia teh 烏白想，人若 kah 死矣，貯入來甕仔底，閣專工 moh 來 chia 因，kám 有啥路用 leh？我嘛毋信講有 toh 一个身魂 hēng 予人 chiⁿ 入去 hiah-nī eh ê 甕仔內，是人嘛袂堪 --tit，mài 講是身魂！Ah 若講規年 thàng 天攏 khàm tiâu ê hui 仔甕 ē-sái 予身魂袂 tìn 袂動，hām 路邊 ê 塗沙、石頭有啥 cheng 差 leh？閣有啥通驚咧？Péng 倒轉來講，hui 仔甕若無法度束縛身魂，甕仔著是一 kha 無路用 ê 物件，早就愛 tàn 掉 --ah！

有人講甕仔是欲予身魂日 -- 時 bih tiàm 內底，暝 -- 時才 chông 出來 lōa-lōa-sô ê，按呢 kám 講 ē 通？設使我是 hit 个身魂，我欲去揣一搭暗 so-so ê 山 khang bih，嘛毋入去內底睏；iah 若真正講身魂無法度用甕仔束縛，會 sái kui 工 pha-pha 走，免 chiáh 免睏、袂老袂死、無煩無惱踎凡間 lōng-liu-lian，毋去西方極樂世界享受，閣是

為著啥咧？閣較 hám ê 是有人講 in 留佇凡間會保庇囡孫序細，若真正按呢，我建議 in mài 佇 chia 致蔭一寡含含糊糊、講無輸贏 ê 福氣佻平安，in 應該予 in ê 囡孫 ták 禮拜著一攤 2 億 ê 「彩券」，ah 是予台灣主權獨立建國成功，顛倒較實在閣有向望；揣一句較正經 ê 話來講，若準 in 早就去西天無留佇凡間，請問咱閣留這付死人骨頭，ták 年叫一大拖人來遮 khok-khok 拜，是欲凌治 -- 人是 -- 毋？一直 sòa--落-去 ê 問題，ē 了袂盡閣臆無，嘛講袂出欲按怎解說才有合情理。

閣行出來外口 ê 時陣，墓埕早都鬧熱滾滾人 kheh 人，kōaⁿ 來 ê 牲禮、果子仔、鮮花，鎮 kah 規 ê 大埕 tīⁿ-tīⁿ-tīⁿ，強欲無跂路通行，sòa-sòa 有人點香咧拜土地公，thèng 候我 kā 香點好，giáh 佇手裡，阿爸講伊人真 thiám，袂忍得總拜煞，想 beh 轉去歇暍；我 chek 時 khà 手機仔叫計程仔，差不多是 5 分鐘 niâ，仝 hit 台載阮入來 ê 車，就到位矣，無 khòa 收果子仔、鮮花，chek 時牽阿爸阿母落崎，舞十 thóng 分才到車路邊。

阿爸 chiūⁿ 車都無一分鐘隨暍 ka-chōe 去矣，一直 kàu 瑞芳才精神--起-來，落車送伊起去 2 樓，無 koh 講著啥物話，我 kā 阿母講趕欲坐 1 點 21 分 ê 自強號轉去永和，我就走矣。

Án-ni tō hó.

■ The Man in the Rain

Teng, Hōng-tin (丁鳳珍)

Hō`tit-tit lóh, hō`-sòⁿ tòng bōe-tiâu kha-tóe im--khí-lâi ê chúí. Góa ê phêr-ôe chìm tiàm chúí--lí. Hō`nah-ē chiah-nī tōa? Thâu-chêng ê lō`kài-sêng iá chin hng. Góa kui seng-khu tâm-lok-lok. Giáh thâu khòⁿ-kìⁿ lí kiâⁿ óa--lâi. Lí ê bīn-bô`khòⁿ bōe chin, m̄-kuh, góa chai-iáⁿ sī lí.

Ká-sú góa nā kā lí kóng: “Che hō`tōa kah hō`góa chiâⁿ kan-khó`kiâⁿ.” Bô tiāⁿ-tióh, lí ē pōe góa kiâⁿ chit chōa. Kiat-kiók, góa keng-jiân tòng-chòe bô khòⁿ-kìⁿ lí, thâu àⁿ-àⁿ òng-chêng kiâⁿ--kòe-khì. Lán tō án-ni sio-siám--kòe.

Hit sī góa siūⁿ-khí ài lí ê i, koh-ū lín ê gín-á. In ê sim-chêng, góa bōe-tàng tìⁿ m̄-chai. Tō sng kan-na pōe góa kiâⁿ chit-khùn-á. Iá-sī mài--ah. Tham chit-tih-á ê un-jiū, bōe-tàng kái-piàn í-keng sī kiâⁿ--kòe-khì ê chheng-chhun. Ūi-tiòh lín ê hēng-hok, góa koat-ì kiâⁿ-chhut lí ê bī-lâi.

“Che hō`bô iàu-kín.” Chit ê lāng góa khak-sit bōe ko`toaⁿ, in-ūi góa chóng-sng ē-tàng chin-sim khi ài pát-lāng, kā pát-lāng ê hēng-hok khng tiàm ka-kī ê sim-būn chin-chêng. Hō`kè-siok lóh tī thâu-chêng ê lō, góa ê phêr-ôe tâm-lok-lok. Bô oát-thâu chhōe lí ê góa, cheng-sîn--kòe-lâi. Sī bāng.

Lí kiâⁿ kàu thang-á-piⁿ, thiⁿ-téng ê pēh-hùn sī góa ê chiok-hok. Lán án-ni tō hó.

--2018/10/29

數念金大友 (Darrell Jenks, AIT Kaohsiung, 1996-1999)

Remembering Darrell Jenks (AIT Kaohsiung, 1996-1999)

Tiuⁿ, Hòk Chû (張復聚)

咱 ê 好朋友前任美國在台協會高雄分處處長金大友 (Darrell Jenks) 先生不幸已經佇 2012 年 5 月 15 過往 lah ! Chhím 聽著消息，是王淑秋老師敲電話 kā 我講 ê，叫是聽毋著 -- 去，閣 kā 問一擺，了後才確定無聽毋著！我緊入去 Internet 揣新聞，kā 伊 ê 名 key in，隨佇報紙看著大友兄過身 ê 報導，按呢才真正相信咱 ê 好朋友，永過足支持台語文 ê 兄弟確實已經轉 -- 去 lah ! 我一時 tek 感覺頭殼茫茫，嚨喉管強 beh 湏起來，有袂曉講 ê 失落感恰非常 ê 毋甘！Mā 替 in 某囡艱苦！大友兄才 54 歲 nā-tiāⁿ ! 原因是癌症。

金處長佇 1996-1999 年擔任 AIT (美國在台協會) 高雄分處處長。伊 ê 台語真 láu-tâu，客話 mā sió-khoá 會曉，閣無傳統外交官 ê sam-á-khùi (官架子)，親像普通台灣人全款，不時去四界 lōa-lōa-sô，無論菜市仔，路邊擔 á，la-ji-ó 台，伊攏會去恰人相借問，開講，拍 lā 涼。有一擺閣恰阮佇高雄市光華路建國黨辦公室樓腳 ê 路邊擔 á 做伙食鱔魚麵，食了閣 o-ló 講足好食！伊本人足愛音樂，gâu 拍鼓，有恰屏東 ê 朋友組一个樂團，定定做伙表演。因為這欵在地人 ê 作風恰多元化 ê 參與，彼陣南部人對 AIT ê 風評足讚！

金大友先生知影 beh 了解台灣人著愛先了解台灣人 ê 語言。伊先佇 TLI (中華語文研習所) kin 王淑秋老師學初級 ê 台語，1997 年閣來恰 KLH (高雄台語羅馬字研習會) 進修中高級台語，對普通對話，笑詼，醫學台文一直到語音，構辭，句法等語言學阮會曉 -- ê 攏學透透，伊 ê 台語文程度 thang 講比 95% ê 台灣人攏卡 gâu！甚至佇 1998 年閣去葉津鈴女士 (後來當選高雄市議員) 主持 ê 民生之聲廣播電台開空中台語教室！KLH 佇建國黨辦公室開台語課，大友先生 mā 有去做義工老師，chit-má 國科會「台灣醫學語言資料庫及本土化醫學教育 ê 語言課程教材」主持人，高雄醫學大學皮膚科鄭詩宗醫師 ê 台語羅馬字就是金處長教 -- 出 - 來 ê！按呢閣無到 khùi，伊閣報名參加台南神學院 ê 台語文化教室中級班，通過台語師資考試，畢業論文是關係 Jazz 音樂 ê 起源，指導教授是鄭兒玉牧師，論文是用羅馬字寫 ê 口語台語！Hit 篇文可能是最近 50 年來唯一用台語羅馬字寫 ê 學術論文！大友兄 ê 工作需要佇真濟場面演講，致辭。伊真愛講笑，“好 ê 演講需要真濟笑詼來做味素鹽鬥相共”，所以，不管時攏叫我寫笑詼文稿予伊用。我去買幾 nā 本英文華文 ê 笑詼冊來參考改寫，mā 有上網揣英文資料，按呢才會當應付伊 ê 需要。有時我 siuⁿ 久無寫 (大概 3, 5 日無寫)，處長一直講全款 ê 笑詼代，聽眾加減會嫌，伊就會敲電話 kā 我抗議，講“張醫師，人講我 ê 笑詼臭酸 a lah！”有一擺，我文稿猶未寫好，伊 ê 司機已經 kā 車駛來我診所門口 teh 等 beh 提笑詼文，我緊寫好墨水猶未乾，就緊交予司機先生，趕去赴處長演講場 thang 採用，我 kā 司機吩咐“墨水猶未乾，若無細膩文字會 kô 去！”因為這個因端，我 hē 性命改寫，這就是後來我 ê 台語課本“台灣字 ABC”有 100 篇笑詼 ê 源頭。我 bat kā 抗議，講“處長，你一直 kā 我壓迫寫笑詼，害我寫 chiah 濟！”Chit-má 想 -- 起 - 來，實在對金處長 12 萬分 ê 感謝！閣有，我 hit 本“台灣字 ABC” ê foreword

是金處長寫 --ê。Hit 篇 foreword 有予美國國務院審查通過。

完整 ê 語言能力包含會曉聽 / 講 / 讀 / 寫。台灣人 ê 母語能力 kan-ta 有聽佢講 nā-tiāⁿ，有時 mā 講袂清楚，發音 mā 不時走精去。大友兄 ê 語言能力真正有夠 gâu ê gâu，伊攏總會曉 10 種語言，英語 / 法語 / 台語 / 華語 / 阿拉伯語 / 日語 / 韓國語 / 西班牙語 / 葡萄牙語，當然逐種攏會曉聽 / 講 / 讀 / 寫！佇高雄 ê 時，beh 演講進前，先 kā 文稿寫好，傳真叫我修改，當然是用台語羅馬字，有一擺 beh 來阮高雄醫界聯盟演講，阿娘 òe，傳來 A4 ê 紙 beh 15 張，害我改 kah phé^h-phé^h 喘。伊 ê 台語 gâu kah 彼時李登輝總統 mā 知影，閣特別送金處長一本匡金 ê 聖經！

Chhím 開始佢伊交陪，伊攏袂講著政治，kan-ta 台語文。尾仔，可能是予阮感動 -- 著，加減會表示意見。大友兄 bat 按呢講，“恁做 ê 空課（推 sak 台語文），比原子彈卡有路用！”這加添阮對台語文 ê 信心，mā 大大鼓勵阮繼續做台語文事工。因為有大友兄參與，KLH（高雄台語羅馬字研習會）sió-khoá 有名聲，來學羅馬字 ê 人有愈來愈濟，mā 有外國人，報紙佢電台電視 mā 卡 beh 報導，按呢，大家對台語文佢羅馬字愈來愈有信心佢興趣，後 -- 來阮辦 ê 研習 mā 有得著高雄縣市佢屏東縣教育局承認，來參加 ê 學員大部分攏是在職老師（國小 / 幼稚園），無形中南部台語文教學興 -- 起 -- 來！高雄市學校母語教學評鑑攏是全國第一名，大友兄應該 mā 有功勞，感謝你，大友兄！

金處長離開台灣了後，有去過巴西、中國、日本，AIT 講伊路尾閣有去伊拉克服務，佇 hia 學著阿拉伯語。舊年退休，毋過已經有癌症 teh tak-tîⁿ（觸纏），2012 年 5 月 15 不幸佇馬里蘭州巴爾第摩 (Baltimore, Maryland) 過往 -- 去！

大友兄

你今轉去佇天父 ê 樂園

願你好好安歇

你若有閒 對天頂看 -- 落 - 來

會記得

祝福你 ê 某团

恰咱台灣 ê 朋友。



-- 高雄台語羅馬字研習會

23 May 2012





Siáu-soat 小說
Fiction

To-chhī keng-sin

Urban Renewal

Khng, Pôe-tek (康培德)

Hit tong-sī, chêng-hú put-sam-sī (不三時) tióh kóng beh kah lán tòà ê só-chāi hoan-sin, kóng che-sī i-ê chêng-chhek, i-ê tek-chêng, sī ūi-tióh lán hó, lán ài kā chah-khùi (扎氣), ài kā chi-chhī. Lán chit-khu ê gī-oân, lêng kiò-i Tân gī-oân, chū i sè-hàn lán tióh kiò i A-ek-ah, “lī-ek” ê “ek”, i mā-sī án-ne kóng; kóng nā-sī lán Āu-tiāⁿ-á (後埕仔) chia ē-tàng hoan-sin, lán ták-ke chhù-kè it-tēng ē tōa-khí, chò-seng-lí choát-tùi ē tióh-chhī (薯市), pó-chèng ē kiát-chhī (結市), chhin-chhiūⁿ siáⁿ-lāi kâng-khoán, só-i lán ták-ke ài kā chêng-hú tau-sio-thēng (鬥相挺).

A-ek-ah kóng-kah chhùi-nōa choân-pho, ē-bīn ták-ke thiaⁿ-kah chhùi-khui-khui, chit-khang chit-khang bōe-su sái-hák-á-khang (屎鑿仔孔) hiah tōa-khang. Kî-sit che-sī lán-ê Tân gī-oân liáh-ū lán-ê sim, ē-hiáu kóng lán ài-thiaⁿ ê ōe. Hit-ê sèⁿ Mo-ê siáⁿ-mih mô[·]sîn-á (魔神仔) pō[·]tiúⁿ tī tiān-sī bīn-téng kóng ê, siáⁿ-mih to-chhī keng-sin sī ūi-tióh kok-ka chìn-pō, sī ūi-tióh hō lán Tiong-hôa-bīn-kok tī kok-chè ū pān (範). Pō[·]tiúⁿ chit sian tī tiān-sī lāi-tē kán-ná mô[·]sîn-á tī-leh liām-keng, liām siáⁿ-mih chìn-pō keng, siáⁿ-mih kok-chè keng, i kóng-bóng-kóng (講罔講), ták-ke thiaⁿ-bóng-thiaⁿ, bô-siáⁿ-lâng (無啥人) beh kā sin-táu (信道). M̄-koh, keng-kòe lán Tân gī-oân tiám hō phòà, kóng-tióh lán siōng-ài thiaⁿ ê chîⁿ keng, ták-ke sūi bák-chiu kim-kim, hīⁿ-khang chheng chheng chheng.

Chêng-hú kóng to-chhī keng-sin ê tē-it-pō, sī hêng-chèng-khu ài tēng-sin kui-ōe, kóng án-ne chiah-ū hoat-tō phòe-háp sin-ê hêng-chèng koán-lí, hō kau-thong lī-piān.

“*Chîⁿ-châi m̄-chiah lâu ē jip-lâi,*” Tân gī-oân sī án-ne kóng ê.

Lán Āu-tiâⁿ-á it-hiòng sī kap Chêng-tiâⁿ-á (前埕仔), Tōa-lō[·]kháu (大路口), Tân-chhù-bóe (陳厝尾) sng kâng chit-khòe ê. Chit-má soah ài kap Chêng-tiâⁿ-á thiah-hun-khui, kap Tân-chhù-bóe in hām tōa-lō[·]hit-pêng ê koàn-chhun, Tiong-heng kap Kok-kong nng-ê koàn-chhun, lēng-gōa koh-ū hù-kīn chit-kóa chiáh kong-ka-ki-koan thâu-lō[·]ê lāng tōa-ê hoàn-chhù (販厝), kiò siáⁿ-mih Kong-hók sin-siâⁿ, chò-tīn (做陣) hō[·] lāng òe-chò chit-khu. Sin-ê khu-miâ kiò-chò Tiong-chèng khu, kóng-sī beh kì-liām úi-tâi ê Chiúⁿ Kài-chiòh, Chiúⁿ chóng-thóng; tiòh-sī chiáh kong-ka thâu-lō[·]hit-tīn lāng kiò ê A-chiòh-peh, kiò kah bē-su chhin-chhiūⁿ pí in chhin a-peh koh-khah chhin. Āu-tiâⁿ-á chū-kó[·]chá tiòh siók siâⁿ-gōa ê Kok-sèⁿ chng, kì-liām Kok-sèⁿ-iâ Tēⁿ Sēng-kong. Chit-má Kok-sèⁿ chng soah hō[·]chèng-hú òe-lâi-òe-khi òe-kah-bô-khi, bōe-su hiông-hiông tui pak-tó[·]hō[·] lāng chhiat-khui phò-pêng thèh-khi tâi, tâi kah chhām si-thé lóng chhōe-bô.

To-chhī keng-sin kā lán Āu-tiâⁿ-á ê hêng-chèng tan-ūi tui chng seng-chò khu, bô-siáⁿ-lāng ē hoán-tui, bô-lāng ē hām chîⁿ-châi chò-tui; m̄-koh, kóng-tiòh tē-hō-miâ, chit-siáⁿ lán Āu-tiâⁿ-á tiòh ū-lāng tī-hia séh-séh-liām (蕙蕙念) a.

Tī siâⁿ-lâi kà-chheh ê Ông-lók-á-sian (王祿仔仙) kap A-ek-ah in lâu-pē sī siōng-tōa siaⁿ ê. Ông-lók-á tī hák-hāu kà kok-bûn, chhùi-lâi pok-chhut-lâi ê kó-bûn put-sam-sī lóng hō[·] lāng kám-kah chiok-ū hák-bûn.

“*Kâng khau-sé (盥洗), lāng koh tòng-chò sī leh o-ló (阿佬),*” keh-piah khui kám-á-tiàm ê A-hok-chím (阿福嬭) án-ne kóng.

A-ek-ah in lāu-pē sī lán-chia ê biō-kong, tiōh-sī lán āu-tiāⁿ-á hit-keng Kok-sèⁿ-biō ê biō-kong, chit-sian-lâng chiah-pá êng-êng m̄-koán sī thian-têng tē-hú (天庭地府) tī-leh oan-ke sio-phah, iá-sī siáⁿ-mih tui-bīn lāng-tau (人兜) tī-leh thó-khè-hiaⁿ (討契兄), i lóng-ē chhap. In kóng Kok-sèⁿ-iá sī chhōa lán chó-sian lâi Tâi khai-khún ê tãi-chiong-kun, sī lán-ê Khai-tâi-sèng-ông.

“*Lán ná-ē-sái bô ‘ím súi su goân’*,” Ông-lòk-á-sian hit-kang kap A-hok-chím in-ang án-ne kóng.

“*Chiah koe-chí mā-ài pài chhiū-thâu*,” A-ek-ah in lāu-pē koh pó chit-kū.

M̄-koh, lán ê A-ek-ah gī-oân kóng, tē-miâ hō-chò Tìong-chèng sī tiòh-ê: “*Chhī-tìong-sim ê ke-á-lō m̄-sī kiò Tìong-chèng, Tìong-san tiòh-sī Tìong-hōa, hō chit-chióng miâ, lāng chiah-ē kā lán tòng-chò siáⁿ-lāi, m̄-chiah-ē hoat*.” Chit-siaⁿ nā kóng-tiòh chíⁿ, in chia gâu hoah-hiu (喝咻) ê soah m̄-sī piàn sè-siaⁿ, tiòh-sī tiām-tiām (恬恬) piàn é-káu (啞口), bōe-su tak-ke ì-kiàn lóng káng-khoán, chap-liām lóng thóng-it.

Sòa--lòh-lâi tiòh-sī beh khui-tōa-lō. Che tōa-lō thiaⁿ-kóng m̄-sī kan-na bák-chiu só-khòⁿ ê 30 bí khoah ê lō-bīn niâ, Tân gī-oân hit-kang chhēng siat-chuh koh se-bí-loh, kat chit-tiâu súi-tang-tang ê ne-khú-tái tī ām-á-kún hàìⁿ-lâi-hàiⁿ-khì, tī tōa-lō khai-kang chián-chhái hit-kang kóng, “*Chit-tiâu Tìong-chèng-lō sī chiong-lâi siáⁿ-lâi thàng siáⁿ-gōa, thàng-kàu hái-kháu Soa-lūn-á-káng (沙崙仔港), thàng-kàu lâi-soaⁿ Kun-kong-liâu (軍功寮) sióng chú-iàu ê kàn-tō*.”

Soa-lūn-á-káng, seⁿ-sèng chá-sī lán Āu-tiāⁿ-á ê lāng nā-sī beh chiah hái-bī, lóng ài tui Soa-lūn-á hia chàì lâi bē. Éng-kòe in a-chó iáh-

sī koh-khah chá chìn-chêng, thiaⁿ-kóng koh ē-tàng tùi Soa-lūn-á-káng kiâⁿ-chûn khi ē-káng, sī bé-á kong-lō`kap thih-ki-lō`phah-thong liáu-âu, hái-kháu káng-hōaⁿ hia chiah bô chìn-chêng hiah-nī lâu-jiát. Kun-kong-liâu óa lāi-soaⁿ, thiaⁿ-kóng chìn-chêng sī chhò chhâ-liâu ê só-chāi. Ông-lòk-á-sian in khan--ê tiòh-sī Kun-kong-liâu tōa-hàn ê. In-tau kheh-thiaⁿ kap chheh-pâng hit kui cho`hi-no-khí ê í-toh kap chheh-kūi, thiaⁿ-kóng sī in bó`âu-thâu-chhù hia pìⁿ lâi ê.

“Chhò hi-no-khí kám-m̄-sī hoān-hoat?” hit-kang A-hok-chím tī tiàm-thâu thiau-kang (刁工) án-ne m̄ng. In ang kā sái-bák-bóe (使目尾), bô kā chhap.

Nā kóng beh khí tōa-lō, seⁿ-sêng ài cheng-siu thó-tē, nā-bô 30 bí lō` sī òe tī-leh chóa ē, bē-su kúi-nā-nī chêng kó-phiò pang-pôaⁿ, goân-pún só tī pó-hiám-siuⁿ lāi-bīn tòng-chò pó-pòe ê kó-phiò, chit-siaⁿ lóng kan-nā ē-sái thêh-lâi kô`phiah.

“Lóng-sī hit-kho`Ông-lòk-á-sian in bó, kóng siáⁿ-mih kó-phiò m̄ thàn sī khong-khám (控歡), hāi goán-ang mā liâu loh--khi.” A-hok-chím kóng-tiòh chit-tōaⁿ, lāng tiòh khi-phut-phut, bē-su sī in-ang tī gōa-bīn thau chhōa sè-î hō-î chang--tiòh.

In bó liām-bóng-liām, Ông-lòk-á-sian hīⁿ-khang-āu thiaⁿ-tiòh mā-sī kek-tiām-tiām. Thiaⁿ-kóng in-tau mā-sī chhù-lāi piah-chóa chit-tui, ang-á-bó koh ūi-tiòh chit-hāng tãi-chì oan-ke sio-phah, hiám-hiám nāu lī-iân. Kóng--tiòh cheng-siu thó-tē, ták-ke lóng-chai, cheng-siu tiòh siáⁿ ê, siáⁿ tiòh soe-bóe (衰尾). Lán Āu-tiān-á tōa-pō-hūn lóng-mā sī khiā-ke ê, chū a-kong hit-sī tiòh khai-sí jû-lâi-jû-chió lāng leh chêng-choh, hoāiⁿ-tit ták-ke lóng-sī kan-nā hit tòng chhù, tū-liáu chhin-chhiūⁿ A-ek-ah iah-sī Ông-lòk-á-sian, A-hok-chím in ke-kiám koh-ū chit-kóa thó-tē sì-kè thòan (四

界炭)。Tē-chèng sū-bū-só' pōe kau-thong-pō' tōa-koanⁿ lái khui kong-thiaⁿ-hōe sí, koh-kóng ūi-tiòh tōa-lō' ê chiu-piⁿ kiàn-siat, ē ke cheng-siu chit-kóa tē chò kong-hông, chò chhī-tiūⁿ, koh-beh khí thé-iòk-koán, hō' lán ê seng-oáh chúi-chún giâ-koán.

“*Án-ne lán chhù-kè khí koh-khah chē.*” Tân gī-oân tī kong-thiaⁿ-hōe khui-liáu sòa leh kóng.

Khui tōa-lō' khak-sit sī chit mông tōa hák-būn. Goân-pún ê to'chhī-kè-ōe siat-kè tô; tōa-lō' kúi-nā tiâu, m̄-sī tit-tit thàng hái jip-soanⁿ, tiòh-sī thàng siân-lāi. Siat-kè tô' kóng-sī siat-kè tô; lái-bīn mā-sī ū i ê hák-būn, m̄-sī lán it-poaⁿ-lâng tē-tô' nā-sī khòaⁿ-ū tiòh lóng khòaⁿ-ū, chai-iaⁿ in tī-leh piⁿ siáⁿ-mih bán. (.....iá-bē soah.)

蚵仔煎

■ The Oyster Omelet

Khu, Úi-him (邱偉欣)

Hit 間店，電視 ê 美食節目 bat 來採訪，是 gún chit-tah 名聲上響 ê 蚵仔煎。Hit 工我 tī hia teh 食晝，看攝影師傅 kap 伊 ê 助理 giáh ke-si teh 斟酌 chhiō，koh ùi 四角桌仔 ê chit 片煮到 hit 片，kā kân 有大粒蚵仔、煎 kah 赤赤穌穌 koh 有粉色豆油膏妝挺 ê 蚵仔煎，翁 chiân 一个少女 ê 款：ē hō 人一下看著，著腹肚枵。邊仔 hit 碗魚丸仔湯，in mā án-ne kā 攝影：魚丸仔 4、5 粒，芫荽幾若片，胡椒粉 tú 好濟 sám tī 湯 --nih，koh 一絲一絲 chhèng koân ê 白煙；記者 tī 邊仔用枵饞 ê 聲音 teh 紹介，講蚵仔煎好食，魚丸仔湯 koh khah chán，chit 款四配 ê 結合絕對 hō 人食著就牢 --leh。我 tī 另外 hit 桌暗聽 kah 起愛笑；chit 擔我自細漢食到 taⁿ，ē giàn 都著，記者 teh 講話有 khah 識，毋過無嚟六。

Chit 間蚵仔煎，tī gún chia 開 50 thóng 冬 --ah，進前是老頭家 kap 老頭家娘 teh 扞，幾冬前才 kā 生理交 hō in 後生。頭家換手，滋味無變。In 逐工 lóng àn 透早 6 點無閒到暗時 10 點，生理 ka-iah 無停睏 -- 過，一年 12 月日，獨獨 3-- 月，規間店歇睏一個月。我問少年頭家：「恁 lóng 固定 3-- 月店休，是毋是厝 --nih ài 無閒啥？」

「無 --a ！」

「出國 chhit-thô ？」

「Mā 無！」

「抑是錢趁 siuⁿ 濟，sáng 勢歇睏？」，我 kā 滾 sng 笑。

「Ná 有嫌錢趁 siuⁿ 濟 soah 毋做生理 ê 代誌？你 mài koh 烏白臆！
3-- 月歇睏是 gún 阿母 kap 阿爸交代 ài 守 ê 規矩！」

少年頭家話講了就毋 chhap-- 我。我緊 kā 蚵仔煎食了付錢。

舊年，我一个朋友 tòà 院，我去 kā 探，beh 走 ê 時，看著老頭家娘 sak 老頭家坐輪椅 tī 病院 ê 中央埕。我去 chham in 相借問順繼開講，o-ló in 後生生理 gâu 做，蚵仔煎 kap 魚丸仔湯 ê 煮食手路有得著 in 翁仔某 ê 真傳。

Káng-á-káng，我無張持問著 3-- 月歇睏規個月 ê 代誌。

老頭家娘 kap in 翁對相，停一睏，才講：「Che 其實無啥物--lah。Tòh gún hit 間店，便若新曆 3-- 月，lóng ē 有怪事發生。自一開始就 án-ne，到 3-- 月就 ē 出代誌，mā bat 驚著人客，其他 ê 時間 lóng 好好，後--來 gún 規氣 3-- 月就歇睏。林--先-生，你 mài 驚--heh！」

「是啥物怪事？」

「是……便若 3-- 月一到，lóng ē 有一个奇怪 ê 人客出現，伊 lóng 無話無句，tī 店 --nih 行來行去，有時 koh ē 去 kap 其他人客坐全桌。Gún beh hiàm 伊走，伊講 chia 是 in tau；gún 報警察來，伊 sùi 無--去，警察走，伊 koh 出現。」

「Kám 知影 hit ê 怪人是啥物人？」

老頭家娘 koh kap in 翁對相，講：「Che……，阮就無愛加講 -- lah！」

聽著 án-ne，我 sùi 激笑面，chhìn-chhái kap in 翁仔某無意無意 lâ 幾分鐘了，就相辭離開病院。

蚵仔煎擔 ê 厝主是阮阿公在生時 ê 知己。Làng 工我就去 chhōe chit 位今年 95 ê 先生公，問伊 chit 件怪事。

「Hit 个毋是人！」

先生公 ê 回答 hō 我 chhoah 一 tiô ！

「Hit-tah khah 早死過人！」

「Án-chóaⁿ 死人？是自殺抑是啥物命案？」

「你毋知？險仔著是 lín 阿公死 tī hia ！」

「是……發生啥物代誌？是 án-chóaⁿ kap 阮阿公有牽連？」

「Hit 陣就阿山兵仔 thâi 人 --ah，規陣 --oh ！機關銃濫糝彈，lín 阿公跤手猛走會赴 bih，gún 阿兄走袂赴，hông 彈死……」

先生公話講猶 bōe 了，我 ê 頭殼 --nih 已經 teh 雷公熾熾 --ah ！

「Hit 間磚仔厝後來著拋荒幾若冬。Hit 對 ùi 嘉義落南來拍拚 ê 少年翁仔某 kā gún 稅厝，gún 才俗俗仔稅 --in。Mā 毋是 lóng 無躊躇。後 -- 來聽 in kā 阮投 hit 號 3-- 月 ê 怪事，阮心內懷疑 tòh 請法師來看，才知是 gún 阿兄 ê 神魂，3-- 月 ê 時陣伊 ê 怨氣上重，才 ē 轉來屍身不寧 ê 所在作祟，冤仇人 chhōe 無伊毋願走，法師 mā 無伊法。」

* * *

今年，我 tī hit 擔蚵仔煎 beh 歇暈 ê 前一日，特別走去 kā 交關。

「全款，蚵仔煎一盤，魚丸仔湯一碗！」

物件送來到桌頂 ê 時，我 soah 雄雄反腹食袂落。

蚵仔煎赤赤 hiauh-hiauh ê 所在若銃子 thàng 過身軀 ê liù 皮 khang-chhùi，粉粉 ê 豆油膏親像奇變 ê 血水，pha tī 沓沓仔失溫 ê 肉體頂面。清湯 --nih ê 魚丸仔袂輸是毋願瞞 ê 目睷 teh lin-long-séh 沐沐洏。

我 ùi 椅仔頂 liòng-- 起 - 來，無食晝就緊 soan。

緣份

Fate

Lí, Siok-cheng (李淑貞)

想 bē 到考驗猶纏綴阿隆，tng tiû-tû tang 時退休？2 兄弟佇立冬前後 tò 全 1 間病院。阿隆 poah 倒左跤大腿 thùt-kut，相續小弟佇立冬 chit 工出門運動車厄，送到病院前無心跳，搶救後送入加護病房，經過 10 工治療，驚感染醫生建議氣切，參詳了後決定 pe 管，一般應該 2-3 工無性命，小弟無死，轉護理院。阿隆無退路，決定結束工廠。怨嘆命運 kám 是某 ê 權利，當時尪變精牲？見擺飯一煮好，佇門口大聲 hoah：「Oeh！死老猴，好食飯仔，hiah ài 做，做死應該！」特別是 tàk 禮拜二、四，空課做 soah 出門看開牌、練仙到三更暝半 chiah 甘願入門。

M̄-niā 吞忍某歹性地、與 poah、一晃三冬，一晃過一世人，拼命栽培 4 ê gín á 出社會猶未清心，體力 1 年 1 年 bái，長年操煩，心 cho、目暈彩虹炎、鼻竇炎、溢赤酸、腰子結石、頭暈、失眠、腰酸背痛症頭——五臟六腑歹了了，病院像行灶跤，腹肚做藥櫥，最近股票 chhiⁿ-lèng-lèng，毋敢算到底了佹 chē 錢？勉強食幾嘴，食藥仔較未傷胃。

其實阿隆有 4 ê 兄弟姐妹，尪小弟出世無左耳、龜胸、大舌，無人肯照顧，阿隆軟心負起照顧重擔，接來 tò，小弟無計較月給，綴阿兄身軀邊，生活上有倚靠，無疑悟——意外永遠未醒，面對以後醫療費用、官司——。1 個月來未食未睏，靠注營養射依持性命，向望奇蹟出現！

阿隆做電風馬達代工，分重量、尺寸大小，負責纏電線 kap 試電。提纏好馬達因架仔 chhiâu 好勢，正手 giú 紅色、左手 giú 黃色電

線，插入馬達孔試電，電針 séh 震動聲，表示正常無漏電，囡紙箱準備出貨。的確是長久 siōng thiám，不時 chát 鼻、頭眩，一看病轉來，軟 siô-siô 趴辦公桌，阿枝 kháp-bē-tiòh 毋煮飯，結婚以來，厝 -- 裡開銷、囡仔讀冊補習 lóng 是 i ê khang-khè 免某操煩。尪溫柔輕聲，某體材粗勇查埔性、大喉嚨空開嘴 chhò 幹譙、食尪夠夠，tng 外人面頭前罵尪，外人苦勸 ài 知足，嫁著好尪閣嫌，聽著人呵咾愈受氣：「尪好？好 1 kho'siâu，恁攏無看著 lap-sap ê 一面！別人某是貴婦閒仙仙，掛 soān-á 穿 súi-súi 出國 chhit-thô、lim 下午茶、séh 百貨公司、免款三頓，我全款是跪婦規工跪 leh liú 塗腳，暝日做像又 pé」；「我比外勞較毋值，無節無日、無月給」嫌尪含慢趁錢，熟似 ê 人愧頭，尪無眠無日一直做，mā 蓄幾間厝、厝 --nih 大小項代誌免予 i 操煩，毋知咧嫌啥？

Kám 是更年期，症頭 koh 發作 ah？1 工煮暗頓 ê 時，聽著收音機沈文程唱「心事啥人知」hiông-hiông 對灶腳 chông--出來。面 -- 仔臭臭，大聲 hoah：「Chit 世人相欠債，目矐 peh 無金 chiah 嫁你，做 kah 腰欲斷去，死老猴垃圾鬼，chit 馬起無 ài 做 ah，臭耳聾 --nih，是我嫁毋對人，有聽見無？」無顧尪身體已經 chì-chài bē tiâu，koh 安呢亂。

阿隆為著家和，吞忍某 ê 歹性地，精神、體力早就超磅，無氣力應！怨嘆佇心內，精差無離緣。予某吵 kah 血壓 chhèng 懸，雙手 moh 頭，目矐 kheh-kheh，看尪無插 i，雙手拼力搖身驅：「頭殼 ngī-khók-khók，干單會憨做，死後財產留予囡，做死應該，無人會同情，破病無袂插 siâu 你！」有影尪 tòa 院，照常簽牌出國。

歹年冬厚病痛，舊年 10--月意外左跤 bē áu khiau、chit pái ùi 樓梯輾 -- 落，頭窩仔烏青瘀血，趕貨到半暝，跤 sio koh 腫，痛 kah kui 暝 bē 暈。舊症頭未完全、加新傷，手、跤骨病痛，想著後生無

頭路，退休代誌稍按下！

怨嘆放棄阿娟，註定痛苦一世人！

見擺尪仔某冤家，想起 2 ê 談戀愛快樂日子，伊是阿隆做馬達代工大盤工廠千金，負責業務，阿隆人骨力、善良，阿娟溫柔，互相欣賞，交往一段時間，決定結婚，無疑悟阿隆爸母反對，原因是雙片家庭背景問題。是自卑感？嘛是做孝子，選擇離開，隨人嫁娶後，chit 份感情一直囿 tī 心肝內。映望心愛 ê 人幸福快樂，原來阿娟嫁全途，尪貧情愛 lim 酒，後來離緣，選擇暗暗仔祝福，毋管安怎阿隆 chit 段婚姻，無回頭路！

人情留一線，日後好相看，長期相挺客戶，散散仔 ê 量孤誠拜託趕貨，歹勢拒絕，某、小弟、後生、阿隆、4 ê 加減趁度三頓、老歲仔罔做議量！『望罔作忌，毋敢望罔飼』橫直老 ah，khang-khòe 無人接，拍算明年工廠稅人。

問天公伯 á，安怎是 chit ê 結局？

紅色 ê 彩雲

■ The Red Iridescent Cloud

Ng, Bùn-hông (黃文宏)

「Chit 張——你猶 ē 記 lih boh？」

相片內底有 5 个人：志文、博 á kah in 阿母，另外 1 个是彩雲，背景是黃昏 ê 海邊，hng-hng 海面頂 kôan ê 雲，hō 夕陽照 kah 紅 kì-kì，ùi 紅色 ê 彩雲反射出來 ê 光線，照 tī in 5 个人 kap 地面上 ê 沙灘。

「Hit 年你 beh 出國，á 我已經考 tiâu 博士班，ē 早 á 你 chhōa in 來參觀我 ê 碩士畢業典禮，ē 晡 lán 做伙去海邊 sng。彩雲落尾有送我放大 ê 相片。」

「你看 hit 个時陣，彩雲穿 1 sū 紅色 ê 衫 á 裙，有 gōa-nī-á 歡喜，á lán 2 个，khiā kah thêng-thêng-thêng，有夠漂 phiat。」

「彩雲看 tiòh 你 beh 出國讀博士，足歡喜。」

「彩雲 lóng 叫我 ài 學你，提你做模樣。」

「做模樣？落尾你留 tī 美國，á 無 tng-- 來。」

「……」

「你落尾是按怎留 tī 美國，無 beh tng-- 來？」

「少年 ê 時陣，無注意 che，後來 tī 美國娶某生囡，1 目 nih，3 冬 5 冬 lōh 過去，gín-á 讀美國冊，變做美國人，á 阮翁 á 某 mā tī 美國生活了習慣習慣，lōh 無想 tiōh 講 beh tng-- 來。……人生真濟是無法度按算。」

「Che tō 是命，m̄-koh kám 講按呢，你 tùi 未來，lōh 無啥 mih 計畫？」

「Lán chit-má 攔 khah 按怎計畫，總是有限，人 bat lú 濟，lòh lú 去 hō pāk-tiâu leh。你看 lán 少年 ê 時陣，是按怎 ē hiah-nī-á 漂 phiat？Che 是因為 lán 相信未來有無限 ê 希望，不管 ē 去 tú-tiōh 啥 mih 款 ê 困難 ah 是阻擋，lán ê 理想 kap 目標，lóng 有法度達成。」

「我知影你 leh 講啥，che tō 是為啥 mih lán 足 ài 看 gín-á leh sng，ài 聽少年 ê leh 講話，因為 ùi gín-á 亦是少年 ê，lán lóng ē-tàng 感受無限 ê 可能 kah 希望，人 nā 有 òng 望，生活 lōh 快樂。」

「講 tiōh 快樂，彩雲自細漢 lòh 足 ài 穿紅色 ê 衫，你 kám 知影 che 是按怎？」

「我 m̄ 知 neh！」

「彩雲細漢 ê 時陣 bat kā 我講過，講伊 ê 心情 nā 好，人感覺歡喜快樂，伊 lòh 足 ài 穿紅色 ê 衫，á 心情 nā 是無好，伊 lòh 無 ài 穿紅色 ê 衫……。過去，我 lóng 看 tiōh 伊穿紅色 ê 衫，有 tang 時 á 是穿淺紅色 ê 洋裝，有 tang 時 á 是穿是深紅色 ê 衫。伊 ê 家俱店收起來了後，我 nā tng 來，lòh lóng m̄-bat 看過伊穿紅色 ê 衫，彩雲 chit 幾年按呢過日子，生活一定真艱苦。」

「彩雲伊有伊 ê òng 望，伊比 lán koh-khah 倔強。」

「Kám 講 lán 無法度 kā 伊 tâu-saⁿ-kāng？」

「伊無 ài 欠人 ê 人情。」

「彩雲 hō 家己 ê 命運 pāk-tiâu leh，伊家己是 beh 按怎 kā tháu 開？」

「天頂 ê 雲，kám ē 一直拍 kat，結結做規 khiû？風 nā 吹來，伊家己 lóh 散開 a。」

「看起來，你比我 tùi 伊，koh-khah 有信心。」

「你 kám m̄ 是講我比你，koh-khah 了解伊。」

「彩雲 tī 你 ê 面頭前，lóng 展現伊堅強 ê 1 面，你無看 tiòh 伊軟弱 ê hit 面。」

老伴

Longtime Companion

Tân, Lûi (吳景裕 / 陳雷)

咱這個可愛 ê 台北市，三月底起，天 tō táuh-táuh-á 烏陰，雨也 m̄ng-m̄ng-á 落，四 kho 圍 ê 山崙 kōan-kōan kē-kē，不時 tah 霧。Tō 是這日，八里 hit 頭 ê 觀音山也認 bē 出 -- 來，霧 khàm 來到半山 ê 墓 á 埔，看 bē 著觀音 ê 面。

不而過親像阮愛 peh 山 ê 人，原在早早 tō 出門。Tō 是轉 -- 來 ê 時，經過 hit 個十字路口，有聽著伊 teh 叫，細細聲，若像 teh hiⁿ。Kā 看，伊 khiā tī 汽車後面 teh bih 雨，概成面熟面熟，tī tó 位 bat 看 -- 過？想講無 beh chhap-- 伊作我行，無料著 soah 跟來 tòe tī 我 kha-chhng 後。我停腳，伊 tō 停腳，我起行，伊 tō koh tòe leh 行。

來到大門口，我 kā 伊講：“Taⁿ 我 bat 你，你好通轉 -- 去 -a。”用手 kā iát，叫伊去。伊 khiā hia m̄ 走，掠我看，我也 kā 看。才注意著 hit 二蕾目睷 thap-thap，身軀 sán-pi-pa，ak kah tâm lok-lok，可憐 tī hia kōaⁿ kah phih-phih-chhoah。Kā 伊 chhōa 來到三樓，門拍開，伊一下 tō chông-- 入去。

Théh 巾 á kā 拭 ta，用燒風 kā 吹。倒一大碗牛奶 hō lim，m̄ 知外 iau--a，作一 khùn lim 了了。伊 tī phòng-í 坐，我 kā 伊講：“你 taⁿ 食飽好勢 --a。我 ài 去上班。”Tiām-tiām tòe 我 koh 出 -- 去，來到大路口，我 tī hia 等公車。伊無講啥，oát 一個頭 tō 走無 -- 去。

過 -- 來 tak 日早起 peh 山轉 -- 來，伊 tō tī 十字路口等 -- 我。我 kā 伊 chhōa 轉來厝，chhòng 早頓 hō 食。了 tō koh 作伙出 -- 去，

等公車上班。M̄-kú 見來到 hit 個大路口，伊 tō phiû-- 一 - 下走無 -- 去。Ah tō 規日無 koh 看 -- 見，暗時也無來，等到隔轉日早起才有 koh 見面。我想大概是無人束縛、自由慣勢 --a，據在伊走。M̄-kú 我 m̄ 知伊 ê 名，叫伊“友 --ê”，伊坐 óa 來我身邊，hō 我 so kha-chiah。我 kā 伊洗身軀、吹風、清 hīⁿ 空，伊概成真歡喜。Tō 是按呢，阮 tàk 日早起約會，熟 sāi 作好朋友。

這個可愛 ê 台北市，四 -- 月過了，觀音山 ê 面 kap 山坪 ê 墓 á 埔 tō 看 khah 清楚。友 --ê tàk 日來，m̄-kú m̄ 知按怎，這幾日食飽 tō 先走，作伊去，無 kap 我去等公車。我真煩惱，是 m̄ 是無 kah 意食 ê 物件？抑是身體無 tú 好 teh 破病？這日專工 kā tòe，ùi 十字路口七 oat 八 oat，tòe 去到一 chōa 細 chōa 巷 á 底。Tō 是舊舊 kē-kē khàm 烏 hiā ê 害厝 á，雙 pêng 種真 chē chhap 色 ê 九重葛。伊溜去上尾 hit 間，門口 miau 一聲，ùi 門 phāng tō nng-- 入 - 去。有聽見內面有人 teh 嗽：“你回來啦？！”講腔真重 ê 中國話。原來是有人飼 --ê，m̄ 是野 niau。

咱這個台北市，若是五 -- 月雄雄起 joah，四 kho' 圍 ê 山 kā 市內 ê 烏煙包圍 -- 起 - 來，tō 遮著觀音 ê 面 kap 山坪 ê 墓 á 埔。已經三工 --a，友 --ê 無來，今 á 日 tī 路口 mā 等伊無。我去巷 á 底 chhōe，來到 hit 間破厝，he 門一半 hō' am-am ê 九重葛遮 --leh。輕輕 kā khók，無人應。E 門入 -- 去，一個臭尿 phòà 味。內面陰 thim 暗 sàm，一 tè 桌 á，一條椅 á，空空無啥物件。一個老歲 á the tī 壁角眠床頭 teh 嗽，規頭殼 ê 白頭毛嗽 kah 散 iā-iā。眠床頭 ku 一隻 niau，烏烏無啥看，鼻頭一點白，目睷青青綠綠，若二 pha 鬼 á 火，tō 是友 --ê-lah。伊 kā 我看，攏無 tín 動，概成 bē 認 -- 得 - 我。老歲 á 無 chhap-- 我，kan-na hoah：“煙 --a！……他媽的煙 --a！”雙手無 êng tī 眠床頭摸。雄雄友 --ê 跳 -- 起 - 來，桌 á 頂咬一枝薰來 hō 伊。老歲 á 坐 -- 起 - 來，摸火來點薰。斟酌 kā 看，僥倖 --a，

tō 是一個青盲 ê 老芋 á，老 khok-khok--a，規個面生 kah 全烏斑，若像定點 ê soāiⁿ á。伊薰 pok 二嘴，ná 嗽 ná 喘，tī hia hoah-hiu。 “O-ji-sáng，你按怎？”我 kā 問。伊比家己 ê 心肝 khut á，雄雄 soah 倒 -- 落 - 去，強強 beh 無 khùi。我驚一 tiô，趕緊 khà 手機 á，叫 tha-khu-sih kā 車去急診處。

第三工伊 tō 過身 -- 去。病院 ê 小姐問我：“伊是你啥人？”“朋友 --lah” “有啥親人通好通知 -- 無？”我 tàm 頭：“烏 niau 一隻。”小姐無歡喜，kā 我 gîn，想講這種嚴重 ê 代誌我也 teh kā 滾笑。“好 --lah，好 --lah，阮 chiah 拜託警察去 chhōe。”

Thèh 物去 hō 伊食，chhòng 水 hō 伊 lim，伊 m̄ 食也 m̄ lim，早暗攏 ku tī 眠床頭 m̄ sóa 位，概成一直 teh 等老歲 á 轉 -- 來。Beh kā 伊抱去食物，伊受氣，kā 我 phng，伸手 beh kā 我 jiàu。我比 hit 個空眠床：“伊去 --a-lah。無 koh 轉 -- 來 -a。”講幾佬擺，概成伊有瞭解，才 hō 我抱轉來厝。我買伊上愛 ê 「海 -- 裡肉雞」thiu-nah 魚罐頭，mā 是無效，m̄ 食 tō 是 m̄ 食。這日伊家己 jiàu 門 chông-- 出去，jiok bē 赴，走去到大路口 tō 無 koh 轉 -- 來。我四界 chhōe，巡去到夜市 á hia，巷 á 內 mā seh 幾佬 chōa。叫“友 --ê”，伊攏無應，也無看 -- 見。尾 --a 問巷 á 頭 hit 個咬薰吹 ê 阿婆：“敢有看著一隻 niau？.....規身軀烏 --ê，鼻頭一點白，尾 á 斷一 kóeh。”“陪陪 nih？.....thái 無。Ták 暗 mā tī 巷 á 底 teh 叫，.....sán-pi-pa，大概有病 --lah。”Mā 是腔真重 ê 中國話。停 -- 一 - 下伊問：“Ah hit 個老先生 leh？”用薰吹頭指巷 á 底 hit 間破厝。“過身去 --a。”我應。伊 tàm 頭，想想 --leh 講，概成家己 teh kā 家己 nauh：“早 tō 知 --a-lah。無 m̄ tiòh--lah。騙錢 --ê-lah。.....早 tō 知影是騙 --ê-lah。”“啥人騙錢 --ê？”我細聲問，伊 soah 大聲 tō 應：“講是大陸新娘。中國 chhōa-- 來 -ê。外少年 tú 外少年。.....”“中國 chhōa-- 來 -ê？”“無二禮拜 tō 走 --a！”我 tím 頭，表示知影。“無影 --lah！騙錢 --ê-lah！”伊 oat 頭 beh 入 -- 去，驚我無瞭解，koh 大聲講一擺：“騙

錢 --ê-lah ! 無二禮拜 。”我問：“Àh hit 隻 niau leh ? ” 伊搖頭：“咱 chia ê 。老伴 --a-lah , 細隻路邊 khioh--ê 。” Ná 行 ná 唸：“Khah m̄ 值 he niau 。 khah m̄ 值一隻 niau..... 。”

這 chām 九重葛開了上 ām , 中晝 phák 著大日 , 紅 --ê chhap 紫 --ê chhap 黃 --ê , 一蕾一蕾 phák kah 通光通光 , bē 輸雜彩 ê 電火球 á 。風若大 -- 來 , he 長長 ê oe chia 搖 hia 搖 , 若像是新 chhōa 來 ê 新娘 , 通來 hiâu-hoe kap 人作伴 。咬薰吹 ê 阿婆講：“Beh 二禮拜 --a , 攏無 teh 叫 。” “Bē koh 轉 -- 來 -a ? ” 我 kā 伊問 。伊搖頭：“去 --a-lah 。” Pòk 一喙薰 , ná 行 ná 唸：“Khah m̄ 值 he niau 。 khah m̄ 值一隻 niau 。”

Tō 是這個無 êng ê 台北市 , 八里 hit 頭 ê 觀音山 kap 山坪 ê 墓 á 埔常常看無啥會清楚 。過鬧熱 ê 十字路口 ê 時 , mā 猶會聽著 pak 肚 iau ê niau teh 叫 。

老阿媽出家

Granny's Home-Leaving

Tiuⁿ, Siok-chin (張淑真)

「Íó-sih 啊！Lín 查某囡有 chhōa 伊彼個囡仔，去 kā Pó-toan 拜年，á 哪會無來看 -- 我？」罕 --ā 去佛堂 kap hia ê 師姐道親詢，過年到 --ah，驚無人 chhap，四界魯電話，3 個查某囡魯了魯無夠，無魯彼個寶貝仔囡 bē soah chih。

「我 ā 知，伊 mā 無咧 kah 我這個老 pē 相借問，我也 m̄-bat 見過我的孫是生作圓 ā 扁」，大囡 soâiⁿ-soâiⁿ kā 中風 ê 老母應話，隨掛掉電話，驚講 siuⁿ-chē 問 siuⁿ-chē，老母若開嘴叫 -- 伊，討無 boeh koh 蹣佛堂，伊就是驚老母來 kho-khap-- 伊，做人 ê 大囡無責無任，無擔當，放老母吃老佇外口流浪，明明是 29 暝，竟然無想 boeh 接老母轉去圍爐，罔 tènⁿ-chheⁿ；老母無依倚，ná 像 kap 伊這個作人大囡 --ê 無 tī-tāi 全款。

明其知大漢後生無可能照 - 顧 -- 伊，其實伊 chiah 毋甘去勞煩大囡，boē-chēng-boē 替囡想便便；若毋是一腳一手，伊 koh boeh 替 in 囡做所有 ê 代誌，增差無 kā 款 3 頓 niā-niā。佇伊心肝內認定，無才調 ê 查埔人 chiah 會替查某人做家內事，伊心目中 ê 大囡是外呢仔巧、外呢仔有才情，是董事長級 ê 人才，thái thó ē-sái 叫董事長做東做西咧？

「Á 伊 kám 毋知 lín 小弟無 -- 去了，我 tō hō 人辱 - 出 -- 來 hioh？」老母受盡委屈，滿腹 ê iap-ai，像啞口 --ê 誓死囡，有話無 teh 講，家己咧喁喁唸。老阿媽若想 tiòh 伊 chēng 少年做到老做 kah boeh 死去，食老連享受 tiòh tō 無，soah 來 tài 身命 kui 身軀病，老炆仔死了，第二囡毋情願願，sin-pū koh-khah bē-giàn 款這個 ta-ke，一

日到暗 tak 嘴鼓，一句來一句去，便若 ta-ke 開嘴 tō 去 hō`hat kah 無話好應，sin-pū 應嘴應舌應無夠，囡 koh 罵來湊，查埔人 ā 作人 ê 尪，ā 作人 ê 囡，ná 像石磨仔心 leh。阿杉 á tiāⁿ-tiāⁿ 諛 ka-tī 講：「惡妻孽子無法可治」、「無法度 tō 嫁 tiòh--ah」，keng-thé ka-tī 是嫁 -- 人，毋是娶某。

老母看囡 leh 予長頭毛 --ê ge koh 詈，無 tâi-oâ 害伊怨感 kah 看 tiòh 人 tō 直直投 bē-soah。人講：「不孝 sin-pū 三頓燒，有孝查某囡路邊搖」，koh-khah bái mā ka-tī ê 囡，遇 tiòh sin-pū 不孝罔 lún 罔過罔忍耐，橫直 koh 食也無外久矣，he 三八假賢慧，無愛 chhap-siâu 伊，佳哉猶有 3 個查某囡 thang 差來差去，上無 mā ē-sái 麻煩皈依 ê 佛堂師姐。

想 bē 到尪死無 2 年，二囡 soah koh 死，僥倖心肝上意重 ê 大囡 koh bē ñg lih。囡猶佇廳頭，二新婦 tō boeh kā ta-ke put 掉，叫伊去蹠老人安養院，無 boeh hō 老母加看囡一面，二 sin-pū bat hōng 以「女流氓」移送「治平專案」，展伊三角框 ê 身軀，lô-môa-lô-chhòahⁿ ngiàng 牙 ê 口氣硬噏講「若 koh hō 老母蹠蹠厝裡 1 分鐘，伊張 boeh 改作騰」，牽拖 in 尪 ê 姊妹欺負伊死尪，ngē boeh 將老母糊伊這個中年死尪 ê chāo-á-lâng，也無帶念守寡 ta-ke koh 死囡 ê 艱苦心，狠死 boeh kā 老母當作糞埽 put-put 出去，續 -- 落 koh 假病病 kah 死死昏昏去；若毋是查某囡 ngē-khì，將老母 chhoā 離開彼個無地位、無尊嚴 ê 所在，續 --lòh 會發生啥代誌，無人會知。

毋過，老大人 ê 心態是 koh-khah 孤堀 chéh-chéng mā 會硬腳弓家己魚，無 boeh 去糊 -- 人、去看囡婿 ê 頭面，到 chia 來矣，孤不二三終包袱仔款款咧來去綴 chau-á-kiáⁿ 吃蹠。「哪會 chiah 僥倖咧？Ā 有 chē 作人 sin-pū--ê 敢趕 ta-ke？」老寡婦去予中年寡婦 hêng-gék，心內的確有捶心肝 ê m̄ 情願、毋甘願。「人阮永過作人 ê sin-pū，序

大人講啥 tō 啥，ná 敢應半句、敢 kē-- 人，敢 hiah-nī 不孝？」，想袂到 sin-pū 作久升格變作 ta-ke ê 時陣 soah 無 thang tiòh 伊作主，koh tō hō sin-pū 當做狗咧 hoah，「做人上毋值啦！」。

「愛好命免 gâu 做啦！」聽老母咧 séh-séh-liām，唸 bē soah，boeh kā 安慰毋是，boeh kā 應 ā 毋是，只好皮皮 á kā 講：「橫直伊 mā 有囡，人咧做天咧看。別日 á chiah 試看 māi leh，in 囡兒 sin-pū 會按怎 kā 有孝？」

「出了家，離了家」，好理佳哉老阿媽頭殼 iáu chiâⁿ 清楚，行入一貫道皈依老母娘，虔誠吃素齋清口 20 年，伊 ê 堅心確確實實有應驗 tiòh，雖然中風行動不便，毋過頭腦無歹 -- 去，既然佛堂師姐肯收留伊，感謝老母娘 ê 保庇，罕 --ê 這世人求道得道，一貫道老母娘肯渡 -- 伊，伊無怨無悔，均屬規世人 to 毋捌享受過，chiah 老 chiah 出家，敢是命運天註定？Pún-chiâⁿ 就 boãi 麻煩 -- 人，閣較 boãi 予序細負擔，倔強 ê sêng-kun 到 chia 來 --ah，真正無認命 mā 無啥會當選擇 --ê 矣！



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Part III

Appreciation of Foreign Literature /
Gōa-kok Bûn-hàk Him-sióng

Hữu Thịnh (Vietnam)

Oát-lâm si-jîn IÚ Chhiáⁿ

Kong-goân 1942 nî Oát-lâm pak-pō`Éng-hù séng
chhut-sì, hiān-chhú-sî tam-jīm Oát-lâm Chok-
ka Hiáp-hōe ê hōe-tiúⁿ, Oát-lâm Bùn-hák Gē-sút
Liân-háp-hōe ê chú-sék. I bat tit kòe Ô`Chi-bêng
bùn-gē-siúⁿ.

**Phoaⁿ-chhiat Ū Gún Hiaⁿ-Ko**

Tō sng̃ sī 1 ki chháu-á-ki lí mā bē lâu hō`ka-tī
Hiah khoah ê soaⁿ-phiāⁿ, lí mā bē chiām-iú
Phoaⁿ-chhiat ê thiⁿ hām tē ū gún hiaⁿ-ko chò-phōaⁿ
Tī chia lí tē-it-pái khòaⁿ tiòh hái.

Kòe hông-khong-hô

Peh kòe he soaⁿ-kiā ê jít-chí

Tōa hái hiah khoah, hông-khong-hô eh-chiⁿ-chiⁿ

Sió-khóa hoan-sin, pèh-soa lak lóh keng-kah-thâu

Hông-khong-hô lâi-té lóng sī hóe-iòh-bī hām chhàu-kōaⁿ-sng-bī

Lí ê sim-thiàu í-keng sit-khì khòng-chè

Ták chūn hong lóng kâm chúi-khì

Tōa-hái ká-ná sī tân chúi-lê beh chhut-phâng ê chūn-chiah

Thiⁿ chhiⁿ siūⁿ chīn phiat-pō`lú àm lú kng

Peng-á cháu-chhōe chúi-goân

Tī 12 goèh ê chhiū-nâ lâi-té chhiau-chhōe

Hit tīn láng lâi-té ū gún hiaⁿ-ko.

Hái-éng chhîⁿ lâi kâ ták-ke lám--leh
 In-ūi kah-ì hái soah sit-kak-chhat
 Gún hiaⁿ-ko tī hit pái pòk-chah kòe-sin
 I ê bīn lí chúi kan-taⁿ kúí chhùn!

Lí tī chia, góa soah kò`teh cháu-chhōe lí
 Góa òng-bāng ū khùi-lát peh kòe soaⁿ-kiā
 Tân Cảnh
 Sa Thầy
 Đắc Pét
 Đắc Tô

Góa keng-lék kòe lí ê hoat-sio
 Góa tú-tiòh lí kiâⁿ-kòe ê hō-nâ
 Siūⁿ bē kàu Phoaⁿ-chhiat ê tiong-tàu
 Góa kò 1 lāng bih tī chhia āu-piah háu

Chhiū-nâ goân-chhāi, chiàn-tiūⁿ mā iáu tī leh
 Koh kúí pō`tō kàu kok-tō 1 hō à
 Cheng-chha kúí pō`
 M̄-koh
 Bô chhai-tiāu kái-piàn siáⁿ.

Tng lí saⁿ-sī ê sī, chhim-bóng-bóng ê hái sī siáⁿ-mih sek?
 Lí iáu m̄-chai hit phiⁿ chhiū-nâ hō-chò siáⁿ-mih miā
 M̄-koh góa chai-iáⁿ, lí ták-kang lóng khiā tī hia
 Lí iáu m̄-chai keng-pò í-keng chhú-siau
 Iáu bô chhù-lāi ê siau-sit, bē-jīn-chit góa chit-ê sió-tī
 Ka-chài góa iáu bô hông khiā bōng-pái.

Lí hām soaⁿ-kiā khiā chò-hóe, hām chháu-pō'kâng-khoán chhùi-chhiⁿ
Chia ê chháu-pō'chiâⁿ chò lán ê huiⁿ-hóe
Chia ê soaⁿ-kiā má sī lán lāu-bó ê kiáⁿ-jī
Chhù-lāi ê saⁿ-tng lóng taⁿ tī góa keng-kah-thâu.

Phoaⁿ-chhiat pòⁿ-mê chhia ê lat-pah siaⁿ
Siâⁿ-chhī ê tiān-hóe chhiō tiòh tiò-hī--ê
Lí bô khùn, tiò-hī--ê mā bô khùn
Hái ták-kang hām lín nng lāng sio-pàng-phōaⁿ
Tō án-ne, Phoaⁿ-chhiat ták-kang ū gún hiaⁿ-ko.

(C.U.B. hoan-ék)

Phan Thiết Có Anh Tôi

Anh không giữ cho mình dù chi là ngọn cỏ
 Đồi thì rộng, anh không vuông đất nhỏ
 Đất và trời Phan Thiết có anh tôi
 Chính nơi đây anh thấy biển lần đầu.

Qua cửa hầm
 Sau những ngày vượt dốc
 Biển thì rộng, căn hầm quá chật
 Khẽ trở mình, cát đỏ trắng hai vai.

Trong căn hầm mùi thuốc súng, mờ hôi
 Tìm anh đập không sao ghim lại được
 Gió nồng nà hơi nước
 Biển như một con tàu sắp sửa kéo còi đi.

Những ngôi sao tìm cách sáng về khuya
 Những người lính mở đường đi lấy nước
 Họ lách qua những cánh đồi tháng chạp
 Trong đoàn người dò dẫm có anh tôi.

Biển ủa ra xoắn lấy mọi người
 Vì yêu biển mà họ thành sơ hở
 Anh tôi mất sau loạt bom tọa độ
 Mặt anh còn cách nước một vài gang!

Anh ở đây mà em mãi đi tìm
 Em hy vọng để lấy đà vượt dốc
 Tân Cảnh
 Sa Thầy

Đắc Pét

Đắc Tô.

Em đã qua những cơn sốt anh qua
Em đã gặp trận mưa rừng anh gặp
Vẫn không ngờ có một trưa Phan Thiết
Em một mình đứng khóc ở sau xe.

Cánh rừng còn kia, trận mạc còn kia
Vài bước nữa là tới đường số Một
Vài bước nữa
Thế mà
Không thể khác.

Biển màu gì thăm thăm lúc anh đi
Anh không hay cánh đò ầy tên gì
Nhưng em biết ngày ngày anh vẫn đứng
Anh chưa biết đã tan cơn bão động
Chưa biết tin nhà, không nhận ra em
Không nằm trong nghĩa trang

Anh ở với đò anh xanh vào cỏ
Cỏ ở đây thành nhang khói của nhà mình
Đò ở đây cũng là con của mẹ
Lo liệu trong nhà dòn xuống vai em.

Tiếng còi xe Phan Thiết bước vào đêm
Đèn thành phố soi người đi câu cá
Anh không ngủ, người đi câu không ngủ
Biển đêm đêm trò chuyện với hai người.
Cứ thế từng ngày Phan Thiết có anh tôi.

Trần Đăng Khoa (Vietnam)

Oát-lâm si-jîn TÂN TENG-KHO

Kong-goân 1958 nî tī Oát-lâm pak-pō Hái-iûⁿ séng
 chhut-si, hiân-chhú-sī Oát-lâm Chok-ka Hiáp-hōe
 ê hù-hōe-tiúⁿ. Bat tit-kòe Oát-lâm kok-ka bûn-gē-
 chióng.

**Chúi-peng Ê Chêng-phoe**

Góa tòe tōa-chûn chhut-phâng
 Pèh-hûn sī thiⁿ-téng ê phâng
 Lî-khui ê sī, góa tī káng-piⁿ sàⁿ-pō^ˊ
 Hái chit pêng, lí hit pêng

Hái-pho-lōng kún-ká, lí soah chiah un-jiû
 Lí ká-ná teh kóng siáⁿ, koh bî-bî-á chhiò
 Góa ká-ná sī chûn-chiah, tī hái-éng tong-tiong siám-chhōe pêng-chēng
 Hái chit pêng, lí hit pêng

Mî-á-chài, mî-á-chài, tng to^ˊ-chhī tiān-hóe siám-sih
 Góa chûn tī hng-hng ê thiⁿ-chhiⁿ pōe-phōaⁿ hā pha-tiāⁿ
 Bông-bông ê tãi-hái, sim-lāi ũ lí góa tō bē ko^ˊ-toaⁿ
 Hái chit pêng, lí hit pêng

Chó^ˊ-kok ê khó^ˊ-lân iáu bōe pêng-chēng
 Hong-thai mā bē in-ūi chhēng môa-saⁿ tō lāi tiām-chēng
 Góa kò^ˊ-mê. Thàu-mê. Pha-hng ê tó-sū.
 Hái chit pêng, lí hit pêng

Hái hit-pêng ê thiⁿ-têng ē-kha hoān-sè bô lí
Mā bô hái. Kan-taⁿ chhun góa hām chháu-po^o
Sui-bóng án-ne, góa iáu ē-kì--chit
Hái chit pêng, lí hit pêng...

(C.U.B. hoan-ék)

Thơ Tình Người Lính Biển

Anh ra khơi
Mây treo ngang trời những cánh buồm trắng
Phút chia tay, anh dạo trên bến cảng
Biển một bên và em một bên

Biển ồn ào, em lại dịu êm
Em vừa nói câu chi rồi mỉm cười lặng lẽ
Anh như con tàu lẳng sóng từ hai phía
Biển một bên và em một bên

Ngày mai, ngày mai khi thành phố lên đèn
Tàu anh buông neo dưới chùm sao xa lắc
Thăm thẳm nước trời, nhưng anh không cô độc
Biển một bên và em một bên

Đất nước gian lao chưa bao giờ bình yên
Bão thổi chưa ngừng trong những vành tang trắng
Anh đứng gác. Trời khuya. Đảo vắng
Biển một bên và em một bên

Vòm trời kia có thể sẽ không em
Không biển nữa. Chỉ mình anh với cỏ
Cho dù thế thì anh vẫn nhớ
Biển một bên và em một bên...

Trần Nhuận Minh (Vietnam)

Oát-lâm si-jîn TÂN LŪN-BÊNG

Kong-goân 1944 nî tī Oát-lâm pak-pō` Hái-iūⁿ
séng chhut-sì, hiān-chhú-sī tēng-ki tī Kóng-lêng
séng ê Hā-liông-oan chhī. Oát-lâm kok-ka bûn-gē-
chióng tē 2 kài tit-chióng-chiá (2007nî). Bat chò
kòe Kóng-lêng séng Bûn-gē Hiáp-hōe hōe-tiúⁿ,
Hā-liông-oan Pò chú-pian téng bûn-gē kang-
khòe.

**Chiàn-hóe Jîn-seng**

Jít--sī ū àm-mī ê iáⁿ

àm-mī ū jít--sī ê kng-iāⁿ

Hoe-chháu keng-kòe gōa-chē hong-hō`

Góa chhiau-chhōe chin-kú

Góa soan-pò`

Góa m̄-sī goân-lâi ê góa. Góa siáⁿ-mih lóng m̄-sī...

Chit-má ê hūn, chheng nî chêng tō poe cháu à

Só-ū ê kè-kàu chhiúⁿ-toat lō-bóe lóng sī kang

He kng-iāⁿ ê goéh-niú

khàm kòe só-ū ê thiⁿ-chhiⁿ

Che tē-kiú ê chhùi-chhiⁿ

lóng sī chù-tok--ê niá...

Chù-tok chhut-sì tiòh góa
Hām góa ê si-koa mā sī chù-tok--ê
Chhiūⁿ chōa-lân kâng-khoán siám-sih
Kim-jī-thah bē-tín-bē-tāng, m̄-koh miâ-siaⁿ thàu sè-kài
Gâu chhò chhiū-á ê lāng lóng bián giáh pó-thâu...

Tàk-hāng piàn-hòa lóng chin kín
sui-bóng sī-kan kâng-khoán ùi thàu-chá kàu thàu-àm
Góa chit-sut-á to bô piàn
Lú sin tō lú kū
Liâu kòe chiàn-hóe jîn-seng
kui bīn liâu-hūn
Góa kan-taⁿ siang-kha giáp chit-ê kim-khò
lāi-té lóng sī goeh-niū ê kng-iāⁿ...

(C.U.B. hoan-ék)

Đi Ngang Thế Gian

Trong ngày có bóng đêm
Trong đêm có ánh ngày
Khí trời hồn nhiên vận hành qua sắc cỏ
Sau mọi kiếm tìm
Tôi tuyên bố
Tôi chẳng phải là tôi. Tôi cũng chả là gì...

Mây bây giờ, ngàn năm trước đã bay đi
Mọi giành giật rồi thành hư ảo hết
Chém sáng giữa vòm khuya
Ngôi sao đã chết

Có trái đất xanh tươi này
chỉ là ngẫu nhiên thôi...

Như ngẫu nhiên mà có cuộc đời tôi
Thơ tôi cũng ngẫu nhiên
mà long lanh như vẩy rắn
Kim Tự Tháp đứng im vẫn bay vạn dặm
Kẻ giỏi hạ cây đầu cần đến sức rìu...

Tất cả đổi thay nhanh
dù vẫn sớm vẫn chiều
Tôi không đổi thay
Càng mới thì càng cũ
Đi ngang thế gian
mặt đầy hàm hố
Tôi cấp nách một kho vàng
Toàn là ánh trắng sông...

Kae Morii 森井香衣 (Japan)

She is an international poet of Japan, Graduated in Keio Univ. Her poems have been introduced not only in Japanese but also in many countries in anthologies, newspapers, radio, festivals etc. Her books: A Red Currant, The Light of Lapis Lazuli, collaborated with Academy artist, Kojin Kudo, 66-Mega Quake, Tsunami, & Fukushima, Olive-a letter from Anne, Sharing Seasons with US poets Laureate, etc. She awarded several literary and poetry prizes, including poet laureate. Email: moriikae@ybb.ne.jp

**Iáⁿ-siōng Kì-liók**

Bô iōng bûn-jī kám tióh chiáh-chōe ah?
 Khòanⁿ sè-kài hia-ê biát-bông ê bîn-chók
 Hông chhim-liók, soah liân kài kiau-thâu ê bûn-hòa, giân-gí ê chó-lêng
 mā ē hông boah-siau khi.

Sió-káng kok-chè ki-tiūⁿ tú táh lóh hui-ki ê sí
 Hiông-hiông chit chūn pi-siong tī khong-tiong poe

Takao thoân-kàng hó-khòanⁿ ê bûn-jī
 Tī Ko-hiông bí-lē ê siaⁿ-sàu lín
 Heng-khám soah hō Tá-káu ê ai-kiò tùh--tióh
 Tá-káu hiah-ê bí-lē ê tek-nâ, taⁿ tī tah-lóh iáu ū leh?

Tá-káu chiah súi ê tē-miâ, soah hông oai-choah chò “phah káu” ah

Makatao thâu-khak téng súi-súi ê chng-thāⁿ bē-su tok chhùi-chhùi ê chin-
chu khoán-sit

Khi thám Ài-hô ah, thàng kòe bák-sái khòaⁿ ē tiòh hng-hng-pìⁿ-pìⁿ ê hái

Hiòng thiⁿ, tâu-iáⁿ-ki chhî-siòk pàng

Hô-lan, Chheng-kok, Jit-pún, Tiong-hoa Bîn-kok, sòa lóh khi, tãi-hái
āng-siaⁿ hoah-hiu.

(Lîm J.K.Hoan-ék)

Film Documentary

Would it fall under a sin because of no characters?

People gone to ruin, in the world

The soul of the word dying a proud culture by invasion

When I went down at the Takao international airport,

The grief blew up through the sky

With the look-attractive character of Takao, with the beautiful sound of
Kaohsing

The cry of Táⁿ-káu piercing up my heart

Where is the beautiful bamboo grove of Táⁿ-káu?

The land name recorded 打狗 as if hitting a dog

A beautiful necklace of Makatau people like breads ripped off

Listened to the Love River, the forward of tears, there looks rough sea

The film projector has been turning around for the sky

Holland, Qing, Japan, Republic of China, then, the waves beating fast.

映像の記録

文字を持たなかったのが罪なのか
世界にみる滅亡した民族
侵略され、誇り高い文化さえ、消されてゆく言霊。

高雄の国際空港に降り立ったとき
悲しみは空を吹きぬけた

Takao という見栄えの良い文字、Kaohsing の美しい響きの中で
胸を突き上げる Táⁿ-káu の悲鳴
Táⁿ-káu の美しい竹林は、どこにあるのか

打狗と記録された地名、まるで犬を打つように
マカタウ族の美しい首飾りは、千切れた数珠珠のよう
愛河に訊ねると、涙の先に見える荒々しい海

空に向かって、映写機は回り続ける
オランダ、清、日本、中華民国、そして、海の高鳴りを。

近藤明理 (Kondou Meiri) / 王明理

Kong-goân 1954 nî tī Jit-pún Tang-kiaⁿ chhut-sì, sī Tâi-gí gián-kiù koân-ui, Tâi-oân tók-lip ūn-tōng tiōng-iàu ê léng-tō-lín chi-it Ông, Iók-tek ê châ-bó-kiáⁿ. Hiān-chhú-sī tam-jīm Tâi-oân tók-lip kiàn-kok liân-bêng Jit-pún pún-pō'úi-oân-tiúⁿ, sī Jit-pún si-jîn khū-lók-pō'ê sêng-oân.



阿爸 ê 冊房

後頭厝裡 上恰意 ê 所在
二樓六帖大 ê 阿爸 ê 房間

Hiông-hiông 過身 ê 阿爸
愛做未完成 ê 空課
敢若像一直 tī 伊 ê 房間內
面向桌仔頂 ê 感覺

數年前重起 ê 時陣
干單 chit 間房間 無想 beh 破壞
勉強拜托
照舊底 án-ne 重起

舊柱仔 koh 做連 tī 壁裡 ê 冊櫥
天篷柱仔 mā
細膩 --ê 剝落來

半冬後 照舊底做好 ê 房間
Tī 較早全款 ê 所在

Chhāi 桌仔 kap 椅仔
 冊櫃仔內藏書 kā 排 -- 落
 結果
 Hia 連鞭 á
 就若像感覺著阿爸 ê 魂魄轉 -- 來

到今
 這個房間內
 攏有阿爸 ê 形影
 和墨水 kap 舊冊抑是字典 ê 氣味做伙

Chit-má 有 tang 時
 仰慕阿爸 ê 人
 來厝裡拜訪

案內去阿爸 ê 房間
 —Tī chia 接續研究台灣話 --ê-- 阿
 Tī chit 間狹小 ê 房間內留學生聚會
 開始台灣獨立運動 --ê-- 阿
 講 án-ne-si¹
 大家眼神就轉頂真

— 無論 koh khah 細項 ê 所在
 你 mā 會當開始阿

親像 án-ne
 阿爸溫柔講擔

--Tân, Lē-kun Hoan-ék

父の書齋

実家で一番好きな場所は
父の部屋だった二階の六畳間

突然逝った父は
やり残した仕事をするために
あれからもずっと
自分の部屋で
机に向かっているような気がしていた

今でも
この部屋には
いつも 父の気配がある
インクや古い本や辞書の匂いと共に

今も時おり
父を慕ってくれる人たちが
実家を訪れる

父の部屋へ案内して
——ここで 台湾語の研究を続けたのですよ
この狭い部屋に留学生が集まって
台湾独立運動をはじめたのですよ
と言うと みな真剣な眼差しになる

——どんな小さなところからでも
あなたも始めることができますよ
そんなふう
父が優しく語りかける

2018 Event photos: Literary exchange and Taiwanese puppetry show in Hanoi, Hue, and Hoi An, Vietnam

台文筆會到越南河內、順化、會安進行文學交流 hām 布袋戲公演

Kàu Oát-lâm Hô-lāi, Sūn-hòa hām Hōe-an chìn-hêng
bûn-hák kau-liû hām pò-tē-hì kong-ián











