

Verses From Behind The Bars

Axel Pinpin

陳信行 譯

來自  
牢籠  
的

詩句



阿克索·平平  
詩選

阿克索·平平與里耶·庫斯托狄歐、  
阿里斯·撒緬托、里可·伊巴涅茲與  
麥可·馬撒耶斯，人稱「他該太五君  
子」。他們於二〇〇六年四月二十八  
日遭一群軍警在菲律賓他該太市綁  
架。當局向媒體宣布他們是「共產黨  
叛亂犯」，並控以叛亂罪。他們被拘  
禁在拉古納省卡藍巴市的文森特·林  
營區，至今已經超過一年。

Axel Pinpin is one of the Tagaytay 5 –  
together with Riel Custodio, Aristedes  
Sarmiento, Rico Ibañez, and Michael  
Masayes – who were abducted by a  
composite police-military team on April  
28, 2006 in Tagaytay City and were  
subsequently presented to the media as  
“communist rebels” and charged with  
rebellion. They have been detained at  
Camp Vicente Lim in Calamba City,  
Laguna for more than a year.

詩  
句  
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阿克索·平平 詩選  
Verses From Behind The Bars  
Selected Poems By Axel Pinpin

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# Ang Pangamba ng Makatang Nakapiit at Di-Makasulat ng Tula

Kung panaginip ang manlilikha ng tula,  
praktisado ang guni-guni niya sa ganoong ritwal,  
maagap ang pantasya ng agaw-antok, paghimlay  
na mamagitan sa kasariwaan ng hinagap  
sa lapit sa katotohanan ng mga kulay,  
galaw,  
galawgaw ng tugma,  
tugmaan ng himig.

Humihimig ang mga kulay ng kanyang inaarap.  
Subali't ang nagsusulat ng tula ay di panaginip,  
gumigising ang makata sa katauhang nakapiit,  
nag-aalumpihit  
upang kumawala sa bato-balani ng inis-inip-init  
na naghihiwalay sa mga katuturan ng puyos at galit  
sa lapat sa katotohanan ng mga teknika,  
taktika,  
kontra-mahika,  
salamangka ng praktika.  
Praktikal ang geometriko ng kanyang karanasan.

Agosto 20, 2006

# The Hazards of a Poet, Imprisoned and Unable to Write His Verse

Translated by Aris Remollino

If a maker of verses exists only as a dream,  
his delusions honed to the same ritual,  
the fantasies of the thieving drowse and sleep are ever ready  
to steal away the rawness of a readied thought,  
ever close to the truth within the colors,  
the dance,

    the restive movements of rhyme,  
        the rhyming of the melodies.

The colors within his dreams, sing to him.  
But a writer of verses exists not as a dream,  
the poet awakens to his own—imprisoned,  
he struggles,

in hopes of escaping the shackles made of despair-annoyance-heat  
that tears away at the rationality of the spark and of the anger,  
which finds its way to the truth inside the techniques,

    the tactics,  
    counter-magics,  
    the enchantments of his practice.

The practical geometrics that build up his own experiences.

August 20, 2006

# 一個詩人的災厄 因囚禁而無法寫詩

存在是準備好  
為碎幻想  
作碎幻  
式的嗜生  
儀式的硬  
的的嗜生  
詩一貫與  
造著瞌睡  
打依的色  
一個想來  
一妄襲戒  
果的偷走  
如他偷偷  
直接近  
舞蹈、  
狂野的韻  
旋律中的  
之真實。

他夢中的色彩，對他歌唱。

但是詩句的作者不以夢的形式存在，  
詩人醒覺到他的現實——囚禁，  
他掙扎，無望、苦惱與燠熱，  
希望掙脫無性的火花與憤怒下破  
那鐐銬在技藝、  
遊走在技藝、  
戰術、  
驅魔法術、  
他的實踐的魅力。  
堆築起他自己的經驗的實際的幾何。

二〇〇六年八月二十日

# Bakit Hindi Ako Umiiyak?

Ginoo, bakit hindi ka umiiyak?\*

Kailangan mong itapon ang luha,  
baka sakaling anurin n'yan ang panglaw  
ng pagkainip, ang poot at galit,  
ang pagkagiliw at pananabik.  
Luha ang iyong kaligtasan.  
Natuyo na ang aking luha.  
Lagablab na ng apoy ang dumadaloy sa aking mata.  
Matapos sumiklab ang pighati't dusa sa gunita  
ng mga mahinang hikbi ng mga Inang nawalan ng lupa,  
inagawan ng Anak, o Anak na dinukot ang Ina;  
o kaya'y Anak na dinukot sa sinapupunan ng Ina  
upang ibubo ang kanilang bangkay  
sa ipinagtatanggol na lupa.  
Sapat na ang kanilang iniiyak, iniluha.  
Nilunod na nito ang aking nga tula.  
Damhin mo sa nalusak na kataga't pahina.  
Ngayo'y mahapding iluha ang dugo  
lalo't puyos ang nagpapadaloy kaysa pagkabigo.

Disyembre 8, 2006

\*Tanong sa makata ng kinatawang Pranses ng International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) sa isang panayam na isinaga wa ng ICRC noong Disyembre 2006 bilang bahagi ng kanilang programang pagbisita at therapy sa mga bilanggong politikal.



# Why Do I Not Cry?

Translated by Aris Remollino and Alexander Martin Remolino

Sir, why do you not cry?\*

You have to release the tears,  
For they could drift downstream  
the ennui, the rage and anger,  
the yearning.  
In tears lie your salvation.  
My tears have long dried out.  
Now the blazing flames flow out through my once tearing eyes.  
After all my pain and suffering are sparked by the thought  
Of faint cries of mothers driven from their lands,  
Robbed of their children, perhaps children robbed of their mothers;  
Or perhaps children stolen, away from the safety of their mother's wombs,  
To have their corpses scattered  
Upon the land their mothers wish to protect.  
Their cries, their tears, are enough.  
It has already drowned this poem of mine.  
Feel it in these mired words, these mired pages.  
Now even tears of blood flow painfully,  
When anger makes it flow, instead of despair.

December 8, 2006

\*Question to the poet by a French representative of the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC), in an interview conducted in 2006 as part of an ICRC program for visiting and therapy for political prisoners.

# 為什麼我不哭？

先生，為什麼你不哭？\*  
你因為讓淚水淌下，  
倦、急、狂、燥、與憤怒  
熱望。救贖在淚水中。

我的淚早就乾涸了。眼眶中噴出的是火焰。  
現在我依舊引燃我們的土地，艱難的思想，  
歸根究底趕出她，或許母親被從孩子身邊搶走，  
關於被搶走的孩子，是散落的四處母親希望保護的土地。  
或者屍體，他們的呼號與我的字句、這些地而  
在這些經已淹沒的之淚，都流動，絕望。  
現在這些甚至憤怒使它流，絕望。  
在這些經已淹沒的之淚，都流動，絕望。  
現在這些甚至憤怒使它流，絕望。

二〇〇六年十二月八日

\* 國際紅十字會（ICRC）一位法國代表在2006年一次IVRC訪問與治療政治犯的活動中對詩人的提問。

# Awit ng Bilanggong Pulitikal

Wisikan ng tula ang langib ng panglaw  
Wasakin ang bakal na yari sa sutla  
Bumangon sa dilim na ngitngit ang tanglaw  
Banggain ang karsel at ikaw'y lumaya.

## The Political Prisoner's Song

Translated by  
Alexander Martin Remollino

Spray poetry on the scab of sadness  
And destroy the steel that of silk is made  
With the light of anger rise from darkness  
Crash against the bars, bondage be waylaid

# 政治犯的歌

把詩塗抹在哀傷的痴上  
摧毀製造絲綢的鋼鐵  
用黑暗中升起的光  
撞擊在鐵柵上，讓奴役被偷襲

# Isang Dapithapon sa Bilangguan

Ritwal ko na tuwing hapon ang mamintana't  
patawirin ang mga blangkong retina  
sa pagitan ng galising rehas at kahilerang  
lamesa ng bantay. Hintayin ang taib;  
Ang paghapag ng mutha sa martsa ng mga bota  
at paghahatid ng layang-layang sa sibsib.  
Naalala ko noong wala pang balakid sa tagpuan  
nang aking pakikipagtaguang-pung sa gabi  
at haing kape ni Mamay bago maghapunan.  
Ngayo'y kundi painitin ang nguso sa usal-dasal  
at dilaan ang labing nanunuyo, nanunuya  
sa muling tikim sa takipsilim sa liko ng bakal.  
Isinipol ng hangin ang pagkagiliw  
sa layaw at laya ng dapithapong saglit na magmaliw.

28 Aug. 2007 / 1810hr

# One Twilight in Jail

Translated by Alexander Martin Remollino

It is an afternoon ritual of mine to gaze through the window  
and let my blank retinas cross  
between the sore-ridden bars and the guard's table  
across. I wait for dusk;  
the laying-down of the sedge along the march of the boots  
and the swallow's bringing of the sunset.  
I remember when there were no obstacles  
to my playing hide-and-seek with the night  
and coffee from Mamay before supper.  
Now, if I don't heat my mouth with utterances and prayers  
and lick my chapped lips, I'd get fed up  
with once more tasting the twilight behind bars.  
The wind whistled yearning  
for the comfort and freedom of a twilight that momentarily  
passed on.

28 Aug. 2007 /1810hr

## 監牢中的一抹暮色

穿透窗戶的凝視是我午後的儀式  
讓空白的的視網膜和獄卒的桌子交會  
與我空腫的柵欄，我的等待黃昏  
在葦草一在邊軍靴的來行的日落。下  
以我及記得燕子帶我與夜晚的捉迷藏之間  
曾還沒有母端來我的晚餐前的咖啡。  
現濕如我裂的不用聲音和禱告加熱我的口腔  
風呼嘯，並熱望著黃昏的滋味。  
片刻即逝的暮色的舒坦和自由。

二〇〇七年八月二十八日 第一百零八個小時

# Untitled

Translated by Axel Pinpin

Let the waves emulate the mirage of sunset  
as the liquid salt strews, touches our shoulders.  
How great our stand is, proud and peaceful.  
The sky, the sea are the hue of our momentary silence.  
The numb, they who opt to give no heed  
will suffer deafness from our stillness;  
and as the dawn comes, they who opt not to listen  
will succumb from the radiance of the sky,  
will turn dumb from the uproar of the waves.

## 無題

讓浪趕上日落的濺海市蜃樓  
液態的鹽份四多的好碰觸我  
我們的海位多片啊，驕傲的  
麻木是因是我是人，甘於靜止，而沈留耳於中  
會當倒在天曦來空怒的，而於中聽  
會因潮聲怒的，而於中聽

的平調。人  
的。人



# Pahupain ang Ligalig ng Maghapon

Hayaang salaminin ng banayad na hampas ng alon  
ang papalamig na ningas ng araw;  
ang tilamsik nito ay hahagod  
sa magkadikit nating balikat.  
Dakila ang payapang pagtindig.  
Bughaw ang kulay ng pansamantala nating pananahimik.  
At silang mga namanhid, hindi nakinig  
ay mabibingi sa kawalang-tinig;  
at magbubunga, babangon kinabukasan  
ang ningning ng sinag na naging sigaw.

## Calm the Disturbance of Our Days

Translated by Gang Badoy

Let the mild waves mirror  
the cooling flares of the sun;  
the spatters will caress and bind  
our level shoulders.  
Our quiet stance is noble.  
Our momentary silence is blue.  
Those who are numb, they who don't listen  
will be deafened by our silence.  
But this silence will bear fruit,  
the brilliance of this outcry  
will rise tomorrow.

# 平定 當前的騷亂

讓微浪反射

太陽冷卻的火焰

浪花會撫摸、聚合

我們等高的肩膀。

我們靜止的姿勢是高貴的。

我們暫時的沈默是憂鬱的。

麻木、不願聽的人

會被我們的沈默震聾。

但是沈默將結實纍纍

這怒號的光彩

明天會升起。

# Liham sa Anak

Anak, walang magkukwento sa iyo ngayong gabi,  
Mag-aalumpihit ka sa kama nang walang katabi;  
yapusin't dantayan mo ang unan na huli kong ginamit  
Yakap rin kita rito sa matagal kong pagkakapiit.  
Anak, walang magluluto ng iyong almusal bukas,  
gigising kang walang tsokolate at pandesal;  
gamitin mo ang tasang huli kong pinagkapehan  
Kasalo rin kita rito sa panglaw ng bilangguan.  
Anak, tahimik ang bahay sa iyong pagdating,  
mabibingi ka sa lungkot ng silid nating madilim ;  
isalang mo ang musikang huli nating pinakinggan  
isinisipol ko rin dito ang paborito nating tugtugan.  
Anak , kabisaduhin mo ang kwento ng pangamba't pag-iis a,  
unawain mo ang gutom ng ipinaglaban kong magsasaka;  
Pag-aralan mo rin ang mga musikang ng paglaban't paglaya  
at lagi kang mag-iingat sa mga dumukot sa iyong ama.

02 Sept. '07 / 0004hr

# Letter to My Child

Translated by Aris Remollino

My child, there is no one who will tell you stories this night,  
You will twist and turn upon your bed, with no one beside you;  
Hug close a pillow I left behind, or place a foot upon it,  
For I will also embrace you, here, where I have long been imprisoned.  
My child, no one will make up your breakfast for tomorrow,  
You will wake with no chocolates or pandesal to greet you;  
Use the cup I last made my coffee on,  
For I will also eat with you, here, in the darkness of my prison cell.  
My child, the house remains silent upon your return,  
You will be faced with a deafening loneliness cast upon our darkened room;  
Go play the music we last listened to, together,  
For I also whistle it here, that tune we know and love.  
My child, learn well the tales of solitude and apprehension,  
Realize the hunger of the farmers I have fought for,  
And study the music of struggle and liberation,  
But always watch out for the ones who took your father away.

# 給孩子的家書

聽了，  
拿它來墊腳，  
拿我被囚禁已久的地方。  
就在我被囚禁已久的地方。  
道早安，  
在囚室的黑暗中。  
，靜的那次，  
，聾的那次，  
，熟悉的歌。  
，飢餓的農民，  
，爸爸的爸爸帶走的人。  
說你不這給跟，  
，在房間，  
，哨孤鬥，  
，把  
人陪，在餐包子飯還房樂口悟戰樂把  
沒人吧，早麵杯吃裡們音吹領們音些  
晚沒頭你做鹹的起家我的裡並他的那  
今，枕著人和啡的一時在聽這會為放防  
，側的抱沒力咖你單次在學我解提  
啊反下會早克沖跟回籠上會好些和要  
子轉留也明巧次會你對們也好那爭遠  
孩輾我，熱上我，面我，解鬥永  
的會個為子有為子會點為子理學習是  
我你抱因孩沒用因孩你放因孩要學但

# Mga Hai-naKU ng Bilanggo

## INIP

Pagong ang kalendaryo  
sa kanyang lakad;  
habol ang paghihintay.

## INIS

Kasinglamig ng bangkay  
ang gabing – kape  
ang kapiling ng labi.

## INIT

Kipot ng mga silid,  
titig ng bantay  
sa ‘ki’y nagpapapawis.

# Prisoner’s Haikus

Translated by Melflorence Aguilar

## IMPATIENCE

Like the tortoise is  
The calendar on its tread;  
Pursuing the wait.

## RESENTMENT

As cold as the corpse  
the night coffee that has been  
my lips’ comfort.

## HEAT

The cell’s confinement  
and the watchdog’s heedful eyes  
had me perspiring.

# 囚犯之緋句

難耐  
如龜  
蹂躪著日曆  
追趕等待

怨憎  
如屍體般冰冷的  
夜晚的咖啡已成了  
我嘴唇的安慰

熱  
牢籠的拘束  
與看門狗提防的眼神  
使我發汗

