

字「旅」行間

漂泊與盼望中的在港難民詩歌

Between Wor(l)ds:
Hong Kong Poetry of Exile and Hope

Between Wor(l)ds: Hong Kong Poetry of Exile and Hope bridges cultures through the powerful verses of refugees and asylum seekers who have made Hong Kong their temporary home. This groundbreaking bilingual anthology, born from a collaboration between Hong Kong Baptist University translation students and refugee poets, transforms personal narratives of displacement, loss, and resilience into poetry that transcends linguistic and cultural boundaries. As these intimate stories flow from English into Chinese, they weave new threads into Hong Kong's multicultural fabric, creating pathways for voices that might otherwise remain unheard. More than a collection of poems, this volume stands as a testament to human resilience and the transformative power of words to build understanding across invisible divides.

《字「旅」行間：漂泊與盼望中的在港難民詩歌》透過以香港為臨時家園的難民及尋求庇護者的詩句，建立起文化的橋樑。香港浸會大學翻譯系的學生與難民詩人合作，誕生了突破性的雙語詩選集，將關於流離失所和韌力的故事轉化為超越語言和文化界限的詩歌。把如此個人故事翻譯成中文娓娓道來，詩作及翻譯作品都為香港的多元文化編織了新的部分，讓被遺忘聲音及故事可以展現大眾眼前。本詩集不僅是一本詩集藝術，更是人類韌力的見證，以及文字跨越無形隔閡、建立相互諒解的力量。

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字「旅」行間：漂泊與盼望的香港詩歌

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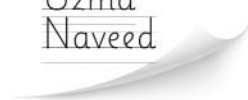
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Between Wor(l)ds: Hong Kong Poetry of Exile and Hope

In your hands lies more than a collection of poems - it is a bridge between worlds, a testament to human resilience, and a powerful reminder of the transformative power of words. These pages contain the voices of those who have traversed continents, and endured unimaginable hardships to seek sanctuary in Hong Kong. Each poem is both a window and a mirror: a window into the lives of refugees and asylum seekers who traverse this city, and a mirror reflecting our shared humanity.

For too long, refugees and asylum seekers have been spoken about rather than spoken with, their stories filtered through the lens of statistics, policies, and headlines. This anthology breaks that silence, offering an unmediated glimpse into their hopes, fears, memories, and dreams. Through poetry, these writers reclaim their narratives, transforming their experiences of displacement, loss, and resilience into verses that resonate beyond cultural and linguistic boundaries.

The journey of this book is itself a story of bridges being built. It is the culmination of a Service-Learning project supported by a mini grant by the Centre for Innovative Service Learning. Translation students from Hong Kong Baptist University have worked on this book from conception to publication, including translation, editing, designing and promoting. They worked alongside editors and publishers, but most importantly with the poets, carefully shepherding these deeply personal expressions across the linguistic divide from English into Chinese. This collaboration has created something remarkable: not just a bilingual collection of poems, but a meeting point between communities that rarely interact. Each translation represents hours of careful consideration, cultural navigation, and emotional engagement. The students have

grappling with not just words and meanings, but with the weight of responsibility that comes with carrying someone else's truth into another language. Through this process, they have become more than translators - they have become witnesses, allies, and advocates. This project has become a testament to the power of youth, compassion, and the arts in building more inclusive communities.

For the student translators, the project has been an invaluable opportunity to apply their skills to real-world publishing while developing a profound understanding of the refugee experience. For the asylum seekers, the translated verses become seeds of empathy planted in Hong Kong's cultural soil, blooming into flowers of understanding that bring possibilities of connection, recognition, and belonging.

When the verses penned by asylum seekers journey from English into Chinese characters, they transform into bridges spanning invisible divides. Each translated poem becomes a whispered conversation between hearts, allowing Hong Kong's Chinese-speaking readers to glimpse the depths of exile, courage, and resilience through metaphors that resonate with their own cultural understanding. These translated works paint portraits of lives interrupted, dreams deferred, and hopes renewed. They speak in the familiar cadences of Chinese poetry while carrying the distinct rhythms of distant lands, creating a symphony of shared human experience. Through this poetic alchemy, asylum seekers' voices rise above the barriers of language and prejudice, their stories settling in the consciousness of their adopted city.

Walking alongside my students on this transformative journey has been one of my most profound privileges. Watching them wrestle with metaphors, and ultimately craft translations that honour both the original texts and their cultural resonance in Chinese has filled me with

immeasurable pride. Together, we've done more than translate words; we've helped weave new threads into Hong Kong's multicultural fabric, creating pathways for voices that might otherwise remain unheard.

As you read these poems in either or both languages, remember that each verse carries within it a life lived, a journey undertaken, a dream deferred or realized. These are not just poems about refuge - they are testimonies to the enduring human spirit, the power of creativity to transcend circumstance, and the ability of art to create understanding where there was once ignorance or indifference.

We invite you to read these pages not just with your eyes, but with your heart. Let these voices - too often silenced, ignored, or forgotten - speak to you of worlds left behind and worlds yet to be built. In doing so, perhaps we can all take a small step toward a more empathetic and understanding society, one poem, one translation, one reader at a time.

Dr Marija Todorova

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字「旅」行間：漂泊與盼望的香港詩歌

在你手上的不只是一本普通的雙語詩集。它是我們聯繫世界的橋樑、人類自強不息的見證，更是文字亦是力量的證據。本詩集收錄了世界各地尋求庇護者歷盡千辛萬苦、漂洋過海抵達香港的種種心聲。所以每首詩歌都是一扇窗，一面鏡。通過每一扇窗，窺探難民或尋求庇護者暫居香港的生活；通過每一面鏡，觀照人性。

一直以來，難民或是尋求庇護者都是一個「熱門」的社會議題。於香港人而言，他們更似是一個話題多過談話對象。他們的故事被數字、政策或是新聞蒙上一層厚厚的濾鏡。本詩集決定打破寂靜，打碎濾鏡，希望讓社會大眾一窺，他們的記憶與理想，希望與憂慮。詩歌超越語言及文化的限制，詩人以自己的聲音講述他們背井離鄉，四處飄泊和短暫安穩的故事。

本書的出版過程猶如興建「橋樑」。有賴創新服務學習中心的撥款支持，得以出版。香港浸會大學翻譯系的學生與編輯、出版社，同心合力，由零開始，參與翻譯、編輯、設計及宣傳工作，成就這一詩集的面世。學生為了令文字能夠跨越語言障礙，用中文重現詩人的真情實感，他們與詩人保持緊密聯繫，盡善盡美，完成英譯中的工作。此次合作意義非凡：皆因這不僅僅是一部雙語詩集，更是連結社會邊緣群體之交匯點。在每一篇翻譯中，他們反覆斟酌，進行跨文化溝通，投入豐富情感。他們不僅執著於文字及其意義，更肩負著重要使命，以另一種語言承載他人的信念。在這個過程中，他們不僅是翻譯者，更是見證者、盟友和倡導者，展現出年輕活力、同情心與通過藝術建立共融社區的力量。

對於翻譯系同學來說，能夠將他們的技能應用於真實世界的出版，並加深對難民的理解，實在難能可貴。對於尋求庇護者而言，翻譯的詩句在香港這片豐富的文化土壤中，播下了一顆顆「同理心」的種子，盼望在連結、認同與歸屬中綻放一朵朵「理解」的花朵。

當尋求庇護者的文字從英文翻譯成中文時，無形中形成了一座座橋樑，跨越各種鴻溝。這些橋樑不僅連接了語言，更連結了彼此的心靈。每首翻譯詩成為心靈之間的無聲溝通，讓香港人透過詩中的隱喻與本地文化產生共鳴，深刻探索流亡、勇氣和堅韌。這些翻譯作品如同宣紙上的細膩筆觸，描繪了被打斷的生活、被推遲的夢想和重新燃起的希望，如同晨曦中的第一縷陽光，照亮未來的路。它們以熟悉的中國詩歌節奏表達，又帶著異國的獨特韻律，創作出一首見證人類共同經歷的交響樂。就好像煉金術一樣，尋求庇護者的聲音在大家共同的努力下完成鍛造、提煉，得以超越語言和偏見的障礙，他們的故事如晨露般，落入暫居之地中，生根發芽，孕育出新的文化之花。

十分榮幸能夠陪伴我的學生踏上這段意義重大的旅程。看著他們與艱澀的文字及修辭較量，最終完成既忠實原文，又保留漢語文化的譯文，我感到無比自豪。我們一起完成的，不僅僅是文字翻譯——我們更是為香港的多元文化織錦添花，為那些可能被忽視的聲音開闢了新的道路。

閱讀這些詩歌時，無論你是以單一語言閱讀，抑或雙語並行，請記住，每一首詩中都承載著一段生活、一場旅程、一個被延宕或實現的夢想。這些詩不僅僅是在講述庇護的故事——它們更是對人類堅韌精神的見證，讓我們看見創造力能超越困境的力量，也是藝術能打破無知與冷漠、促進包容理解的最佳例子。

我們希望您花時間，用心感受去閱讀、去理解、去共情一字一句。讓這些常被壓抑、忽視或遺忘的聲音，向您展現他們心中的世界。也許通過閱讀，我們每個人都能邁出一小步，共同走向一個更富同理心、互相理解的社會，不妨一起從看一首詩、完成一則翻譯、做一位讀者開始。

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J.C. Koum

ONE REFUGEE'S GIFT
難民的天賦

THE JOKE'S ON ME
對我的戲言

HOW ARE YOU?
你好嗎？

A WILDFLOWER'S STORY
一朵野花的故事

THE GIRL THAT YOU LOVED
祢所愛的女孩

LIKE A TOOTHACHE
如牙痛般

DREAMY EYES
憧憬的目光

MY DEAR MEN and WOMEN
我親愛的弟兄姊妹們

WOMAN, ASRISE
姊妹們，站起來

About the poet 關於作者
About the translators 關於譯者

ONE REFUGEE'S GIFT

One refugee's gift is pleading,
"Don't bury me yet
I'm still alive
I'm still breathing
I may be a bit paralyzed
For I got stuck inside for quite a while.

When my brilliance starts to dim
Or when my sharpness dulls in time
It may seem and feel like I am gone
Like life has lost all its fun.
But, please don't lose hope in me
Don't bewail nor lament over me at all
For I'm still here, hanging on
Quietly lying in a corner of your world.

I am sick right now
I know it's too much to bear for you
When you have so much of me
But, your life's circumstances
Shut you from shining through.

When you sailed the sea at night
And tomorrow didn't promise light
When you walked the arid path
And there's no going back no matter what

When you shivered in the cold
Or, when you're lost from the fold
When your purse runs empty and old
And, you have no ring of gold

When you used to be bold
But, now you feel owned and sold
When you used to track low and high
And, now you're just drifting by.
When you fight against thieves of sanity
As you struggle to hold your true identity
As a part of a family, of a royal humanity
Above beasts and pets, never a commodity
Yet you feel shame as you stride with dignity.

I exhort you,
You may lose all other things
But, never let go of me
Please don't let me fall
To the land of nothingness
It's not over yet, hold on tight

Cling to life, never lose sight.

I came with you at birth
I was with you through mourn and mirth
Don't let your love wane
Even if sometimes I can cause you pain.

Others have given up in despair
Chosen to let go of theirs,
Completely dismissed, abandoned,
Discarded, forgotten, unreckoned.

It's not the case for you,
Please tell me it isn't
When I plead with you
I hope you will listen.

Get me pumped a little
And, a little more each time
Brush me a little
And, a little more each time
Feed me a little
Just, a little more of your time.

I don't promise much
Because I depend on you
But who can tell if I can
Make a better room in this world for you?"

難民的天賦

懇切祈求乃難民的天賦，
「勿埋我於此，
人生在世、
還有呼吸。
因長久困於此，
有少許癱瘓。

光芒漸黯，
或鋒利隨時而鈍。
生活百無聊賴，
生命猶似已逝。
勿對我失望，
切莫悲泣哀慟。
我仍在此，堅守，
靜靜躺於世界一隅。

今我病重，
對你而言，我知……
難以承受。
生活光境
埋沒了你的光芒。

在夜中航行，
明日不保證光明；
行於荒途，
無論何事亦無法回頭；

在寒冷中顫抖，
或失於群中；
囊空如洗，
無金環相隨。

昔日很是勇敢，
今卻如他人之物；
昔日勇於探索，
今卻隨波逐流。

與磨滅理智的人搏鬥，
苦苦維持真我。
作為家庭一員、擁有高貴人性，
高於野獸寵物、而非商品，
竟愧於昂首闊步。

我告誡你，
或會失去種種，
別放棄我。
別讓我墮落
至虛無之地。
尚未結束，握緊，
緊握生命，永不迷失。

隨你而生，
共渡悲喜；
偶爾痛苦，
別讓愛枯。
他人已絕望中
選擇放棄，
徹底捨棄、摒棄、
拋棄、遺忘、鄙棄。

但請告訴我，
這不是你。

我懇求你
求你能傾聽。

讓我振奮，
每次多一點；
輕拂我少許，
每次多一點；
給予我食糧，
只需一點時間。

不敢許諾，
因我依賴你。
但誰知我能否
在此世為你創造更好空間？

THE JOKE'S ON ME

I sometimes think fate made fun of me
I was born stricken with hardness and poverty
With rejection, demeaning comparisons,
isolation, and insecurity
Abuse, shame,
and fear of the tactless words from the community.

Early on,
my guts told me this is not the place I'm meant to be
How could abuse and tyranny live together in the family?
For many long years, I lived with this reality.

I worked my head out to be scholarly
Squeezed out books' juices for a mind that's hungry
For a pocket that's empty there's more time for the library
Though at home,
the body and soul were robbed of her sanctity
A dream was conceived and nurtured daily
With the hope that it will fly me to my destiny.

I took up Science in Accountancy
To be equipped to account for value, time, and money
Surely it landed me in a great place in the city!
While my purse was healthy, my soul was in misery
A young girl caged in a dungeon of melancholy
Searing pains and sorrows,
unquenchable by drinks or party.

Hollow core, void of meaning, all vanity!

I looked for a soul that could understand me fully
Eyes or presence that could balm this malady
One who is sensitive to drop some honey
One who will stick no matter how the agony
One who will defend or die for me if need be

He came with words enticing like a honeybee
We walked unto the house of God together, in company
Love for God, love for souls, love for ministry
Yet, many times he morphed into a menace for me
Behind closed doors, my life was in jeopardy
I recall, he's a bean more bitter than the most bitter coffee!

An accountant to a refugee, are you kidding me?
Broke and broken, bankrupt in identity
I could almost hear the words of mockery
Demeaning words, raised eyebrows, at my life's irony
Where's the scholar? Hiding like a flea!
Sarcasm, mockery, stop barking at me!
All I needed was peace and serenity.

I want a self that wasn't me before
A life fathered by the Maker of it all
A life partnered by the One who could a hundred-fold
restore
In whose presence, evil and darkness is abhorred
Whose face I seek, whose love I long for
Who gives living water, so I thirst no more
One who values me like a priceless ore
Mending my spirit, my heart, my corrupted core.

Evening, morning and at noon,
I wait for Him in my visions of shore
Where my life is not a joke or a game of fate anymore
But, an inspired walk, a book, a story not of old
Where in my end, I look and it's a pleasure to behold!

對我的戲言

偶感命運在戲弄我。
生來就面對——
貧困、排斥、貶抑、孤立、
不安、無情、羞辱、恐懼。

心早告知：此地非所我宜。
暴虐怎能與家庭共存？
多年來，忍受此現實。

勤學苦讀，渴求出人頭地；
從書中榨取智慧，填飽求知的心。
囊中愈羞澀，愈多時日增值己身。
雖家中尊嚴遭掠；
但內心孕育夢想，
希冀能帶我翱翔。

修讀會計學，
為價值、時間、金錢裝備自己。
如此必能找到一席之地！
雖衣食無憂，靈魂卻在痛苦中掙扎。
囚於憂鬱的地牢，
悲痛欲絕，無藥可解。

內心空洞、毫無意義、皆是虛無！

曾望尋得能完全知我，
能撫慰傷痛的靈魂。
願有一人能療癒我；
願有一人多痛多苦，都不離不棄；
願有一人在需要時，願為我爭戰。

他來時，言辭甜如蜜；
共赴教堂，心靈相依，
連同對神的愛、
對弟兄姐妹的愛、
對牧師之位的熱忱。
但關門後，多次向我施暴，
我命岌岌可危。
我猶記，他比最苦的咖啡更苦！

會計師變難民，豈非戲言？
支離破碎，失去身份；
幾乎聽見嘲諷之聲，
貶抑之辭、揚眉之嘲，
嘲我人生之諷刺。
讀書人呢？在狼狽逃竄！
挖苦與嘲笑，別再吠叫！
還我平靜與安寧。

渴望一個全新的我，
由造物主所賜的生命，
與能使百倍恢復的唯一同行。
在祂面前，邪惡與黑暗皆所厭惡。
我尋求其面，渴望其愛。
賜予活水，使我不再口渴，
如珍貴的礦石般重視我，
修復我靈魂、心靈與被污染的內心。

每時每刻，於岸邊的異象中盼望着祂。
在那裏，人生將不再是命運的玩笑或遊戲；
而是一場啓發之行，一段新的故事。
最後回首，欣喜可見！

HOW ARE YOU?

“How are you?” is a question so simple yet sometimes difficult to reply, When there’s a prick, a hole in your heart, or a heaviness over your sky Your grin-and-dart glances pull back tears held up in your eyes Your “I’m okay” or “I’m fine,” may truly mean, “I’m walking but bleeding inside.” Careful that you do not spread gloom, you set yourself aside.

You cannot lament before them
As you do not want to be seen broken again
Why can’t you go past pain and grieving?
Your brethren cannot understand
You shut yourself off from old friends,
You want to go as far away as you can
To find your safe place, your solace, your haven
Not a box nor a cold room, but your open portal to heaven.

You seek that place or presence where,
You can freely release that sadness,
Let go of madness, darkness, sickness, and weakness
Be bound in the embrace, in the loving-kindness
Of His Highness, make your requests,
Seek redress for your grievances
Where you see only eyes of empathy
Gentle and tender, no hint of hostility
Ears listening attentively, sincerely,
Tamed tongue speaking carefully
No lashing, bashing or aggression
Only a heart burning with compassion

Where even before you speak, you are heard
And, you don't need to worry when you sound absurd
But, know in your soul that you are well understood
And be assured that He will make it good
In that inner court, in His safe space
Where you see and feel it taking place
The hole in your heart filled, sealed
Wholly healed by His love, light, and grace.

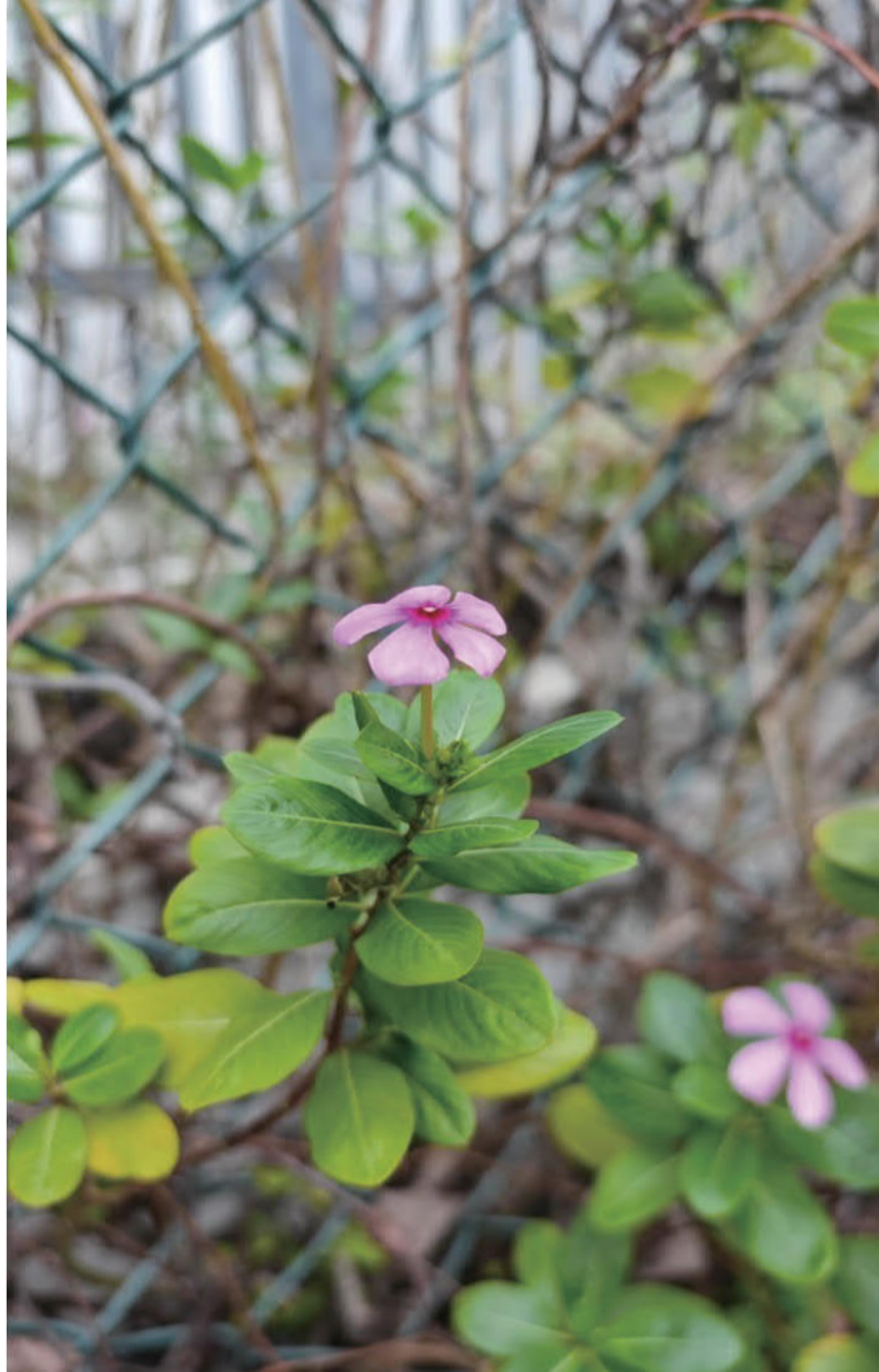
你好嗎？

「你好嗎？」此問雖簡卻難答，
若心中有刺、或心情如烏雲密佈，
微笑中掩著淚水，
「無恙」、「安然」的背後，
真意或是「我早已遍體鱗傷」。
別讓愁苦蔓延，故應自隱。

不想讓他人再見破碎，
故不再在他人前悲泣。
為何不能跨越痛苦和憂傷？
弟兄不能理解，
遂與舊友隔絕，
想要遠離，
去尋找庇難所、慰藉、避風港，
非盒子、亦非寒室；乃天國的大門。

尋求可自由釋放悲傷，
放下惱怒、絕望、懊喪、脆弱之地。
被主的慈愛擁抱着，
向主請求，
請求精神慰藉。
同情之日，
和藹、溫柔，沒有一絲敵意；
專注、誠懇地傾聽着；
舌被馴服、小心發言，
無批評、無挑釁，
惟有憐憫的心。
未言，已被聽到，

無需憂慮語無倫次。
只需深知，能被理解，
並堅信祂必使之美好。
內庭中、於祂的庇難所，
能見並感受其發生，
心中的空洞，填滿、癒合，
因祂的愛、榮光、恩典，得以痊癒。



A WILDFLOWER'S STORY

Once upon a time, there was a wildflower
Which sprung upon the rocks, thorns,
and razor-sharp grass clusters
Flinched at their touches, their harsh nature
Yet, she persisted to get past their stature.

She was at least feeling tall and blossoming when came
the farmer
"You are beautiful, you are mine," he said, like a charmer
Before his dirty hands could touch her,
she squirmed and pleaded
"Please don't do this, you are my father!"
Yet, he's deaf and demeaning, saying,
"What are you so proud of?
You will just bear seed one day and wither!"

She was still standing, but her bloom faded away
Her head was bowed down,
as the mud-stained her day by day
When she looked at the neighbors' flowers,
She couldn't help but get jealous
At how they lived without a care, as
They were well taken care of.

Her dream of someday being adored by a noble
Came crashing, crumbling like old rubble
She thought, and felt the sorrow of her reality
"I'm just a wildflower, a dirty wildflower anyway."

A beast passed by and noticed her mumbling,
Came close, listened, and feigned understanding
"I used to be a wild beast, while you say you're a dirty
wildflower,
To me, that doesn't really matter,
we can live a happy life together,

We'll leave our pasts for better; we'll live by the Holy Word
until we get purer,
And yes! It has always been my desire, like you, to become a
minister."

Swept up by his cunning talk, she thought it all made sense
When he got her "yes", he rushed his plan, and the grand
day came
It took only more than an hour, and she got a changed name
Marking his authority over her, like he's the master of the
game.

There's no telling how the wildflower's life became
There's nothing that could wholly encapsulate her pain
Worst is not a word, broken cannot contain
Because she has no one, but herself to blame.

The merciful wind carried her to a foreign place
Where she feels visited by the breeze of His grace
Where a touch of balm comforts her while seeking her
Savior's face
Where one day she hopes that she'll bloom again in
No longer as a wildflower, but one who is tamed
By the Prince of Peace, not by a beast
Who can cause her fears, miseries, and longings to cease
In whose eyes, she is distinguished, not the least
Shared humble beginnings in the villages of the east
With her looking up to Him on that star-filled sky of dawn
Before she even knew that He was the bright star of the
morn
He saw and knew her, in her innocent, spotless stand
With warmth and love,
like no other eyes and love of man can
Where her crushed spirit and broken heart will once again
Radiate with light emanating from the holes in His hands.

一朵野花的故事

很久以前，有朵野花，
生於岩石、荊棘鋒草。
輕觸之時，微微顫慄；
面對嚴酷，堅持向上。

心中猶自高昂、花開正盛，
農夫到來並魅惑道：
「真漂亮，是我的。」
骯髒的一雙手觸及她前，
她掙脫、她求饒：
「請別這樣，父親！」
然他充耳不聞，貶低道：
「你為何如此自傲？
你終會結籽而凋謝！」

她仍舊直挺，
花瓣卻逐漸凋零，
俯首看身上漸染泥污，
然鄰家花朵無憂無慮、
被悉心撮哺，
不禁心生嫉妒。

被貴族寵愛的夢想
如瓦礫般倒塌粉碎，
深感現實悲沮：
「我只不過是野花，
一朵污穢的野花。」

野獸經過，聽見喃喃自語，
靠近、細聽、佯裝理解：
「我曾是猛獸，而你自覺污穢，
對我而言，這無關緊要，
我們能共築幸福，
拋卻舊事、迎來美好；
遵循聖言，直至純潔，

對了！我也渴望，成為牧師。」

野獸經過，聽見喃喃自語，
靠近、細聽、佯裝理解：
「我曾是猛獸，而你自覺污穢，
對我而言，這無關緊要，
我們能共築幸福，
拋卻舊事、迎來美好；
遵循聖言，直至純潔，
對了！我也渴望，成為牧師。」

無法言明野花的生活何去何從；
無法用言語完全概括她的苦痛；
非『最壞』和『破碎』所能形容。
無法責怪他人，唯有歸咎自己。」

慈悲的風攜她至異國他鄉。
在那，感受祂恩典的微風；
在那，尋救主臉，那抹香膏作撫慰；
在那，盼望終能再次綻放。
不再是野花，而是被馴服的野花；
不是被猛獸，而是被和平的君馴服的野花。
而並非令她恐懼、痛苦和渴望止息的猛獸，
祂眼中絕不渺小，反倒出色。
同出身卑微於東部的村莊，
黎明的滿天星空中仰望祂。
尚未知曉祂是晨光星星前，
祂已知曉那淨潔無瑕的身姿，
目帶無人能及的溫暖和愛意。
那受傷的靈魂和破碎的心將再次
因釘痕雙手中綻發光芒。

THE GIRL THAT YOU LOVED

My Lord, I long to see that look in Your eyes
Perhaps, something I imagined seeing one night
With a depth, that truly knew the soul inside
Beneath the furrowed brows, the bland sight
And, see me, Your daughter, Your beloved child.

The one whom You carefully knit
The one whom You formed, not missing a bit
Of detail, not even a strand of hair
Even when as a baby, my head was almost bare
You numbered them, saw them long, already there
My Lord, I long to see that look in Your eyes
That brightens my thousand gloomy miles
That thaws the rocks, that quenches fires
That gives rest to my weary soul
That absolves me to be whole
When dragged by the worldly guiles
When drained by crafty wiles
When muddled in life's muddy piles
When mocked by shame and contempt
When morale's back is badly bent.

Pull me up, carry me, wash me
With Your Living Water
Bring me to Your high tower
Dry me with Your white robe
Anoint me with Your Spirit as I sing Your ode.

I want to feel that I'm still
Someone who brings You joy and thrill

I want to feel that I'm still
Someone You eyed over the plains and hills
I want to feel that I'm still
Someone wielded in Your will
I want to feel that I'm still
Someone You are gifted and skilled
I want to feel that I'm still
Someone You treasured, not wanted to kill
I want to feel that I'm still
Someone You destined beyond bills
I want to feel that I'm still
The girl that You love
To whom Your good
Words are fulfilled.

祢所愛的女孩

主，願見祢目中之景，
或許，是昔日夜所幻見之景。
深邃之處，洞悉心靈；
在皺眉之下，平淡之視，
看顧我，祢的愛女。

祢細心看顧，
祢所造的人，
細微至一縷頭髮。
當我嬰兒時，頭近光禿，
祢都數算，早已見之。
主，願見祢目中之景。
照亮千里愁苦，
融化岩石，熄滅烈焰，
安慰疲憊的心，
使我得以完全。
當我被世俗之詭計拖累，
當我被狡猾之計耗盡，
當我困於人生之淤積，
當我遭受羞辱與輕蔑，
當士氣低落，難以振作。

用祢的活水，
拉起我、帶領我、洗滌我。
帶到祢的高塔，
用祢的白袍為我拭乾，
以祢的恩膏抹我，隨我吟誦。

望我仍是，
能使祢喜悅之子；
望我仍為，
祢所眷顧之子；
望我仍為，
祢意所用之人，
望我仍為，
祢所賜之才，
望我仍為，
祢所珍惜之人，非欲殺之，望我仍為，
祢所命定之人，超越世俗，望我仍為，
祢所愛之女，
對於祢之美言，悉數實現。

LIKE A TOOTHACHE

Sometimes life is like having a pining toothache
In a special hall, a wide grand buffet
Exquisite dishes masterfully arrayed
Sorts of salads, pastries, and cakes
Fountain of drinks and liquid chocolates
Best things are on your plate
But nothing's appealing to your taste
Your tongue may still salivate
But your mouth is like a rusty gate
Barely willing to open to accommodate
Visitors that only wish to satiate.

It's supposed to be delicious
But, it's such a flip!
How luscious dishes and sweets
You used to savor parties and treats
Now strum painful, sorrowful chords
Stinging deep into your nerves.

Upper and lower teeth used to be mates
But are now like lovers that separate
As touching each other compounds pain
The other is too broken to remain.

And, so to the dentist you came in
Surrendered, yielded for pulling
Paid a cost to lose something
To gain the joy of life's buffet again.

牙痛

人生偶如牙痛般。
專廳中有着豐盛的自助宴：
精美佳餚巧妙陳列，
各種沙拉、糕點、蛋糕、
酒杯金字塔和巧克力噴泉。
盤中美味盡在其中，
卻無一物令你動心。
舌可能尚在垂涎；
但嘴巴卻如鑰門，
勉強打開去容納
滿足胃口的「賓客」。

本應美味可口，
現卻反成苦澀！
曾嘗盡聚會之珍饈；
今卻撥弄痛苦之弦，
刺入神經深處。

上下齒本為伴侶，
今卻似分離的戀人。
相觸只會加強痛苦；
太痛，留不下。

故走進牙醫的診所，
屈服於拔除的命運。
付出代價以失一部分，
換來再享豐盛人生。

DREAMY EYES

The first time our eyes met, I truly cherish
We were weak, yet we bonded strong in spirit
The pain and bleeding could not extinguish
The joy on this special moment I relish
When I held you in my bosom
A new life started to blossom.

I was scared to bathe you, you were so fragile
What if you slipped through my hands, a thought I couldn't
handle
I felt awkward, unequipped, so I watched your grandmother
But you had my softest touch, my most tender cuddle.

You are my greatest treasure, no matter how the pressure
I give you pleasure like life is an adventure
I find hope when it seems like there's no future
I hold on to faith, hope and love – our lives' core culture.

How I love to see and feel how you do it in your world
You sang "row your boat" when we were afraid of drowning
You gave a sweet smile when everyone seemed frowning
You told me your dreams when mine were fading
You created wonder arts for things that need a-fixing.

I thought to teach you all I know
To turn your life into a better one
But, it's me you're teaching how to become
A better and more authentic human
A pure loving soul living under the sun.

Dreamy eyes, I pen this poem for you
Inspiration flows, I'll make another one or two
I will not stop; I'll just pause I guess
With a note that says,
"You're a face that gives beauty to a mess."

憧憬的目光

初次相遇，目光交匯，
深切珍惜此刻。
雖身心脆弱，但心靈緊連。
血河也無法沖走
對這刻的喜悅。
將妳攬入懷中，
新生命始綻放。

害怕給妳沐浴，妳如此嬌嫩；
若從手中滑落，我將難以承受。
笨拙、無能為力，故觀察妳祖母，
但妳擁有我最輕柔的觸碰、最溫柔的擁抱。

妳是無價之寶。
不論壓力，我給妳快樂，生命如歷奇。
當未來看似無望，我灌注希望，
緊握信望愛——人生最重要的信仰。

喜歡看見和感受妳所做的一切：
當我們害怕溺水，妳在唱「划船曲」；
當人們愁眉苦臉，妳展露甜美笑容；
當我夢想逐漸消逝，妳告訴我妳的夢想。
妳為破損之物創造奇妙藝術。

本想教妳我所知的一切，
讓妳生活更美好；
然是妳在教我，
如何成為更好、更真實的人，
在陽光下純粹而充滿愛的靈魂。

我為妳提筆，憧憬的目光。
若靈感泉涌，將再作更多。
不會停止；惟稍作休息。
留下一寄語：
「妳的面孔為困境帶來美好。」



MY DEAR MEN AND WOMEN

You have outgrown your pain
You have silenced your fears
Your quiet years are not in vain
They have upgraded your gears.

When you thought that your life was over
Like an herb dried by the heat of summer
When you felt like you are dying,
Suffocated, restricted, in hiding,
Living unnoticed in the womb of the earth
You went through a renewal, a rebirth.

You have enriched your soul
While decomposing pain
Healing with eternal Words
Your losses turn into gain.

Your dreams are budding again
Like mushrooms after a heavy rain
Your dreams are beaming again
Like they are in their youth
Your dreams are flowing again
Like freshwater that springs.

Hold on, hang on!
Your season is coming!
Hold on, hang on!
Your best years are smiling!

我親愛的弟兄姊妹們

傷口癒合、恐懼消除，
靜謐歲月不會白費，
皆作心靈的養分。

以為生命已盡，
如烈日曬燥的草；
感到奄奄一息、
窒息、受限、躲藏、
被遺忘在大地的子宮，
重振旗鼓、枯木逢春。

釋放痛苦時，
靈魂得以富足。
被永恆的話語治癒，
失去化為獲得。

夢想再次萌芽，
如大雨後的蘑菇；
夢想綻放光彩，
如年輕氣盛時；
夢想再次流淌，
如清泉湧現。

堅持住，堅持下去！
你們的季節即將來臨！
堅持住，堅持下去！
最佳年華正微笑着！

WOMAN, ARISE

They may have stripped you off your jewels and dimes
Broken you or broken into you a thousand times
They may have been happy to see your demise
Who you are, they may not anymore recognize.

You may have lain among the pots
Your blacks and bruises like dirty dots
Been with you like birthmarks or Dalmatian spots
But are cleansed and washed by the Lord Jesus' touch.

For in you is a piece of the Divine
A blueprint in your being, intertwined
Destined to rise, rise again after a fall
Persist to your call though for a moment you crawled.

Crawled to the branches of your trees
Fed on the greens as you felt the breeze
And hung on there for it wasn't long
Your wings are growing, you're being transformed.

You are no longer the lesser version of you
"Old things are passed away, all things are become new"
You have power over the demons that tried to shatter you
For greater is He who is for you than he who is against you.

So break forth, come forth, Arise!
From your cocoon, from your cave or your grave
Like a silver-winged dove or a lovely butterfly
Woman, you are His element of surprise.

姊妹們，站起來

他們或奪走你的財富珠寶，
反覆傷害你、摧殘你的內心；
或因你的離去心生喜悅；
或再也無法認出你是誰。

你或曾安臥在羊圈中，
身上瘀青和傷痕的污點，
如胎記和斑點無法消除，
卻因主耶穌的觸碰得以潔淨。

體內上帝的一部分
與生命藍圖交織相連，
命定崛起、屢仆屢起，
雖曾匍匐，仍堅守呼召。

匍匐至樹枝，
感受微風吹拂、汲取養分，
在那堅守片刻，
羽翼逐漸豐盈，破繭成蝶。

過去那渺小的自己不再，
「舊事已逝，萬象更新」
戰勝那些欲摧毀你的魔鬼，
上帝永遠與你同在。

從繭中、洞穴裏或墳墓中，
如美麗動人的蝴蝶、
陽光下翱翔的鴿子，
破繭而出，展翅而出，昂首而起！
姊妹，你是祂創造的驚喜。

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J.C. Koum is from the Philippines and has been in Hong Kong with her daughter for around 7 years. She writes poetry for self-expression, comfort, encouragement, and inspiration to keep hanging on and rising from life's setbacks including current challenges. She feels encouraged when the words in her poems can resonate with the reader or can simply gently touch their hearts. She wishes to produce more literary works that can soothe, comfort, and encourage girls, teens, young women, and women's broken hearts and spirits due to sexual abuse and domestic violence.

關於作者

J.C. Koum來自菲律賓，與女兒一起在香港生活了約七年。通過寫詩，她能夠表達自我、安慰並激勵自己，從生活的挫折中重新振作，堅強面對當前的挑戰。當詩歌能輕觸讀者心弦，引起共鳴時，她內心深受鼓舞。她希望以後能創作更多文學作品，撫慰女士支離破碎的心，擺脫性虐待、家庭暴力等的桎梏，激勵她們邁步向前。



ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

We are year 3 students who are currently pursuing a Bachelor of Arts (Hons.) in Translation at Hong Kong Baptist University. We admire the poet's mission to encourage people and get the power of resilience and hope through her poems. In the translations, we aim to convey not only the beauty of language but also the powerful messages that resonate with readers who find comfort in her words.

Chan Chun Yan, Esther

Lam Man In, Emma

Yan Tsz Soen, Ceon

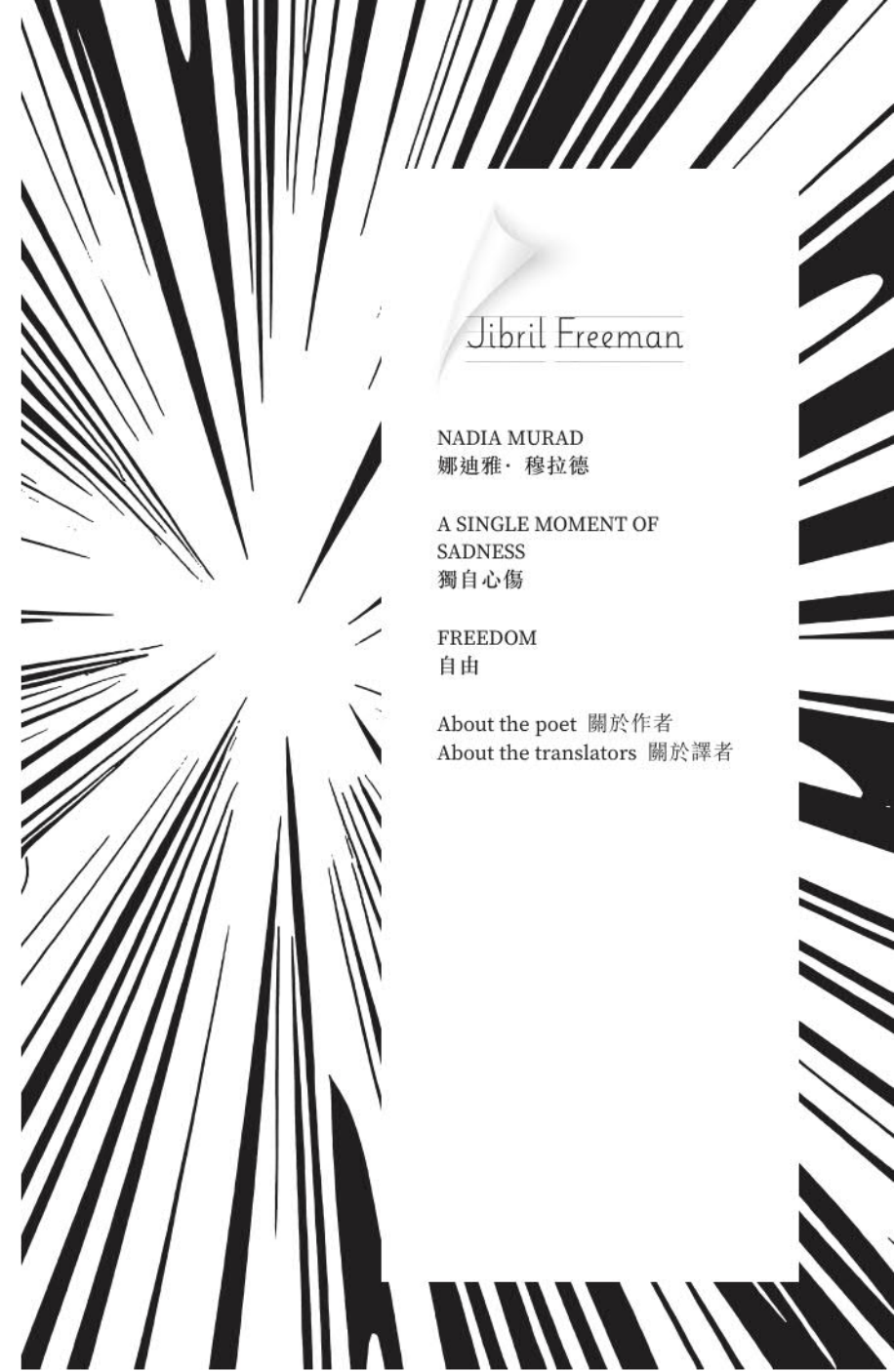
關於譯者

我們是香港浸會大學翻譯系的三年級學生。詩人想透過詩歌激勵讀者的想法令我們很欽佩。因此在翻譯時，我們的目標不僅是想傳達詩歌的語言之美、更想傳達文字背後的訊息，讓讀者從中找到慰藉。

陳溱欣

林敏妍

甄紫淳



Jibril Freeman

NADIA MURAD
娜迪雅·穆拉德

A SINGLE MOMENT OF
SADNESS
獨自心傷

FREEDOM
自由

About the poet 關於作者
About the translators 關於譯者

NADIA MURAD

1.

From Sinjar to Mosul
From Mosul to Baghdad
It was she who's got the guts
To expose the ugly nuts
Twenty-first century's shame
The IS thugs
That's why, with her
Glory's got another name:
NADIA MURAD

2.

From Sinjar to Mosul
From Mosul to Baghdad
It was she who freed us all
When began to tell
When round the beast's neck
She hung a bell
And sent the stains
Who kill, rape and maim
Into deserved hell
That's why, with her
Honor as well
Has got a new name:
NADIA MURAD

3.

When she pointed out
Her finger at
The awful outlaws
Raising up the call
She dug a hole
In the silence wall
"She cut the sword
With a rose"
Long-living women's cause
Making all the raped
Victorious of all

4.

She put the victim's shoes
On the rapists' heads
It was they who won
In the very end
The ones to send
Their and our foes
Into deserved hell
The one's to dwell
In a heaven of
Peace of soul
That's why, no one
To let down
Or to sell
NADIA MURAD

5.

How many Nadia Murads

As victims

Do we have around the world?

How many Nadia-Murads

As fighters

Do we have around the world?

If all of us

Looked into our eyes

In the mirror

Took action

And gave the answers

Then we all would be the victors

Then we, the world, would be the victor

That's why, for her,

Glory and honour aligned

Flown like birds

for one aim

to have a joint name:

NADIA MURAD



娜迪雅·穆拉德

1.

從辛賈爾，到摩蘇爾
再到巴格達。
她奮不顧身，
扯下壞人的遮羞布；
皆因伊斯蘭國罪該萬死。
這就是為什麼
她的名—— 娜迪雅· 穆拉德
亦是光榮之名。

2.

從辛賈爾，到摩蘇爾
再到巴格達。

她的話救民於水火；
她爬上野獸的頸，掛上鈴鐺，
警惕世人禽獸的到來；
亦為姦淫擄掠的
肆意殺害的
披枷戴鎖。
因他們終惡有惡報。
這就是為什麼
她的名—— 娜迪雅· 穆拉德
備受歌頌。

3.

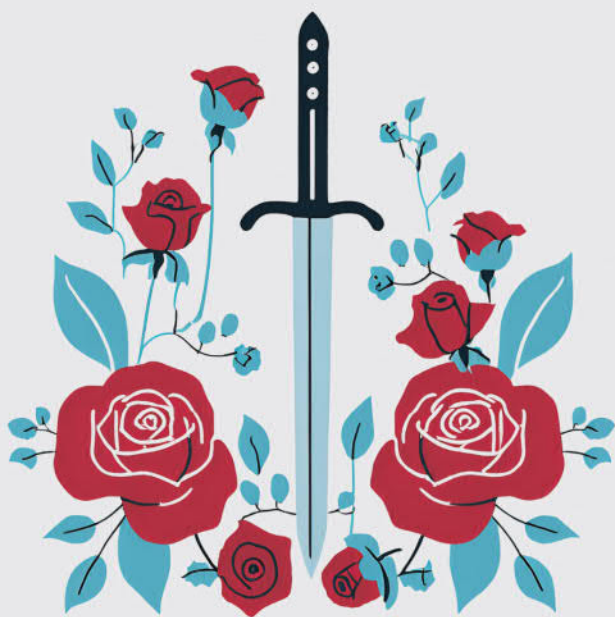
當她手指輕伸
指向那些喪盡天良
十惡不赦的惡人
控訴之聲、聲聲鏗鏘
凝聚力量
打破沉默的高牆
用一枝玫瑰，
斬斷鋒利之劍、刺破陰翳
女孩們！你們心中所願
終有勝算！
願每個受傷的靈魂
迎來勝利的星辰

4.

憑著前人的勇氣
穿上她們的鞋履
熄滅惡人的氣焰
再見曾經的夢魘
她們堅定向前
直面這場惡戰
怎能不勝！
她讓作惡多端的敵人
感受地獄的刀刃；
她讓千瘡百孔的靈魂
享受天堂的清晨
她的光芒永不熄滅
堅定照耀著前路，永不停歇
因此無人背叛或辜負
娜迪雅·穆拉德

5.

世上有多少個娜迪雅·穆拉德
在百般掙扎著？
又有多少個她
百折不撓在鬥爭著？
看看鏡中的自己；
揭竿而起。
我們將戰無不勝
皆因
邪不能勝正。
全人類終得益。
這就是為什麼
飛鳥展翅盤旋，高聲頌唱
為她的名——娜迪雅·穆拉德
獻上敬意與榮耀。



A SINGLE MOMENT OF SADNESS

Afraid in the global village
go higher the walls
that still between us
and each finds oneself alone
in a jail
a dark jail his own
afraid.

What use if we for the sake
of 'security'
sacrificed our freedoms
our human values
and lost all.

What use?
What use, if we slammed the gates
in the Face of tortured humanity
and stayed indoor
thinking nothing to lose
What use?
What use, if (we thought) we won..
the entire world
but lost ourselves
and lost our souls

what use?

Afraid.. in the modern times

the precious in us might die.. inside:

TENDERNESS

The INNER CHILD

The FRIEND'S SMILE

And CONSCIENCE...afraid

afraid that {Jekyll}'d

give way to {Hyde}

afraid...Afraid.

獨自心傷

置身於地球村裏仍倍感憂慮
越過一堵堵林立於我們之間的高牆
尋覓自我。
在監獄裏
他獨自在黑暗中
恐懼。
倘若為了「安全」
我們犧牲自由
價值觀念
到頭來一無所有
有何用？

如果目睹人性被摧殘
我閉口不談
且不聞不問
自以為無所得失
有何價值？
（我們認為）即使贏了世界
卻迷失自我
失去靈魂的話
也毫無意義
現今…我們擔憂最珍貴的東西會從內心深處蕩然無存
溫情
童心
摯友的笑容
和良知…懼怕
害怕一念之間
成魔或成佛。
我恐懼…可怕



FREEDOM

We speak of you
freedom.

We walk and run
for you.

We dream of you
freedom.

We live to sing
for you.

In you
our souls are high
our bodies pure
the heads...a sky.

For you

We live, live and live
or we die

our closest friend, FREEDOM!

自由

在峭壁上呼喊
自由
在原野上追逐
自由；
在夢鄉中尋覓
自由；
在大海裏歌頌
自由。
自由，
在你的羽翼下
靈魂得以昇華
身體得以淨化
舉目，滿眼浩瀚蒼穹
因你，
我們活著、生存著、呼吸著，
抑或微笑著長眠……
身側總有摯友，自由！

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jibril Freeman was born and raised near the capital city of Somalia, an East African nation with a rich cultural heritage. After completing secondary school, he pursued advanced studies, focusing on Somali history, as well as Arabic and English languages. However, in 1991, Somalia was plunged into turmoil when the civil war erupted, leaving the nation in a state of anarchy and devastation. In the face of such extreme adversity, Freeman, together with his siblings, founded a private primary and middle school dedicated to promoting peace and education. This institution operated for 17 years, serving as a beacon of hope in a region torn by conflict.

Despite his unwavering dedication, Freeman was forced to flee his homeland in 2012 due to the escalating persecution he faced as a member of a marginalised minority group. He sought refuge in Hong Kong, where he lived for 12 years under challenging circumstances. Freeman and his family have relocated to Canada, where they are beginning a new chapter of their lives.

Freeman's lived experiences have profoundly shaped his literary work. His poetry often reflects themes of resilience, the sanctity of life, the condemnation of war, and the universal pursuit of freedom.

關於作者

Jibril Freeman土生土長於索馬利亞首都附近，此東非國家以豐富的文化遺產而聞名。在完成中學學業後，他繼續深造，專注於索馬利亞歷史、阿拉伯語和英語。然而，1991年索馬利亞內戰爆發，整個國家陷入了無政府狀態和危機之中。在極端的困境下，Freeman 與兄弟姐妹共同創辦了一所倡導和平的私立中小學。這所學校營運了17年，為戰爭地區帶來了一絲希望。

儘管Freeman不懈地為和平與教育作出貢獻，但由於針對少數族裔的迫害日益嚴重，Freeman被迫在2012年離開祖國，以難民身分暫居香港生活 12 年，經歷無數困難。近年，Freeman和家人遷居至加拿大，開啟人生另一篇章。

Freeman的人生經歷為他的文學創作帶來深刻影響。他的詩常以堅韌不拔的精神為核心，歌頌生命的價值，譴責戰爭的殘酷，並表達對自由的普世追求。

ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

The translated text is a collaboration of three translation students. They want to use their most explicit language to wage a war on reality, drawing people's attention so as to prove their words have the power to win a war against evil.

A group of three translation students share the same goal of fighting for the vulnerable.

Wan Chi Yan, Natalie

Yu Chun Hang, Jack

Tsoi Man Huen, Lena

關於譯者

三位翻譯系學生鼎力合作。他們希望用最淺白、直接的文字向現實宣戰，吸引社會大眾的關注，證明自己的文字亦能夠戰勝惡魔。

譯者只不過是三位為弱勢社群發聲作鬥爭的翻譯系學生。他們不說虛話，只做實事。

尹智恩

余俊恒

蔡文萱

John
Outsider

HOME
流逝的家園

HOMESICK
思鄉之情

A THING
一念之物

WHEN I TALK TO YOU
心事

SOMETIMES
偶爾

THE PAINTING
畫中人影

END OF TIME
世界末日

QUESTIONS TO A SOUL
生命的意義

OUTRUNNING MYSELF
流亡

About the poet 關於作者
About the translators 關於譯者

HOME

A pillow
a washed carpet.
So many times,
every year
with wrinkled hands of my mother –
sweat dripping from her attempts
to clean the stain.

Home
sweet home?
A TV
a chair
a slim glass of tea
and my father
seated with the news on.
He is watching
not the TV
but me
worried about my homework
worried if I'm falling
worried if I'm failing.

Home.
Brother and sisters
fighting over food
competing for attention
mocking me
belittling me
all the time.

And yet they stand
like a wall between me
and enemies, or
anyone who wished to hurt me.
They stand even if
it hurts them.

Home –
a place
a time
a family
a dream.

Home, where no one asked you where
you're from –
a place where no one checked my ID.
A time I didn't know would quickly pass.
Home
where I didn't need subtitles,
I didn't need to be translated.

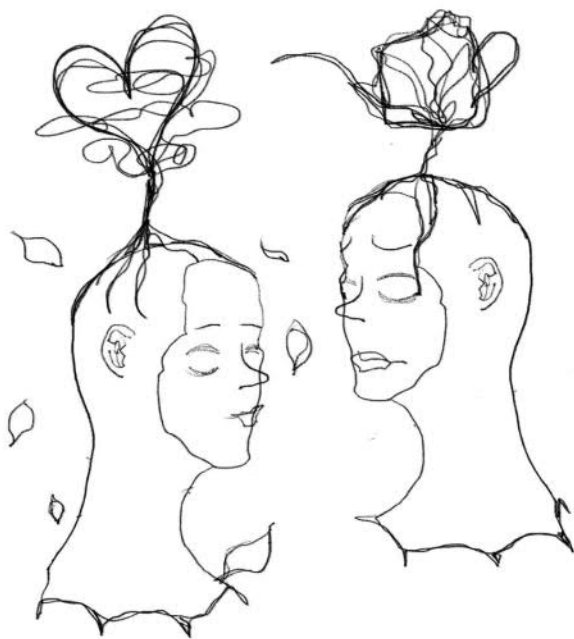
Home –
somewhere when the cold began at a
familiar time
so too did the heat.
Fruits tasted like fruit,
and food was filling.
Jokes made me laugh
and tragedies made me cry.

And now
I laugh at tragedies
and cry at the taste of my takeaway meal.
I am not home,
and I will never be.
No one will take me home
because home was sold
for the profit of some
who wanted a bigger house.
They destroyed my home
to add rooms to
their own empty houses.

Home is
a dream in the past,
a wish for you.

"In a world where hope often feels elusive, John Outsider reminds us that love is a radiant light in the darkness of despair."

- The Translators



「在希望常常是遙不可及的世界裡，John Outsider讓我們明白——愛，便是絕望黑暗中閃耀的光芒。」——譯者們

流逝的家園

這是一個柔軟的枕頭，
一塊洗淨的地毯。
年復一年，
母親皺紋的雙手，
汗水如露，細心拭去污跡。

甜蜜的家？
一台靜默的電視，
一把孤獨的椅子，
一杯清茶。
父親端坐著，
凝視著新聞，
目光越過螢幕，
落在我身上。

他的眼中有擔憂——
擔憂我的學業，
擔憂我的跌倒，
擔憂我的失敗。

甜蜜的家，
兄弟姐妹爭吵不休，
為一口飯，為一絲關愛；
揶揄與嘲諷縈繞耳際，
從未間斷。

然而當危險來臨，
他們如一道堅實的牆，
守護在我與傷害之間，
即便受傷，也無怨無悔。

家——
一片土地，
一段時光，
一個夢，

一處無法重現的居所。
家，是無需解釋的地方，
無人問及來歷。
那些時光如流水，
匆匆而逝，
轉瞬消失無蹤。

那裡，
無需字幕，
無需翻譯。

當寒意來臨，
暖意也如影隨行；
果實依然甘甜，
飯菜依舊溫熱；
笑聲讓人開懷，
悲劇教人流淚。

如今，
我對悲劇冷笑，
為冷掉的外賣落淚。
我已離開了家，
最終流離失所。
沒有人會帶我回去，
家已賣給渴求更多的人。
他們拆毀了我的家，
只為空房增添幾道門。

家，
是一場遠去的夢，
一個記憶深處的願望，
是留在時光裡，
再也無法回首的期盼。

HOMESICK

It doesn't matter how sick I am.
It doesn't matter how far you are.
I feel lonely, and I miss you.
I miss the food, the weather
I miss things I never thought I would.
I miss you so much that I give up
hoping to see you again.
I miss you so badly that I pray
to see you in my nightmares
I miss the time you were you
and I was me,
and nothing was wrong with us
everything was wrong with the world
outside of your borders.
And inside my head
all about desires.
I missed you not because you were good to
me
but because I knew you and you me
you were the sense in my emotions and
reason.
I was a lost seed and you the farm and
seasons.
I missed your soils and sun to let me grow
as I'm dying far from you, leaves are
turning yellow.

思鄉之情

思鄉之情多濃厚，不重要。
你離我多遙遠，也不重要。
孤單教人想念。
想念那裡的食物、天氣，
想念一直忽略的。
想念到經已放棄再見你。
我萬分惦記你，甚至望你成噩夢纏繞我。
我懷念的是你是你，我是我，
我倆本沒有錯，荒唐的只是這世界。
腦海中充斥著你。
掛念你，不在於你的好，
而是我們相知、相依戀、相掛念。
你是我心中所想，所感。
我是迷失的種子；而你是農地和四季。
賜我肥沃土壤、和煦陽光，讓我茁壯成長。
如今，隨著葉子漸漸泛黃，我也將離去了。

A THING

They say you can be anything if you want
if you focus
if you work
if you try
if you listen.
They say and I don't listen
I don't try
I don't learn
I don't teach
I don't want to be anything.
I want to be nothing.
What I know is
that nothing will last here
I am a visitor
I am here to see,
I am not here to be, to last,
To be remembered.
For being anything
but an eye.

一念之物

人們說：
只要你願，
便能成為任何模樣，
只管專注，
只管努力，
只管嘗試，
只管傾聽。
人們總是這麼說。
而我卻選擇不聽，
不嘗試，
不學習，
不教導。
我不願成為任何，
只願化作虛無，
無聲無息，
無跡可尋。
我明白，
此地萬物，皆如浮雲。
我僅是匆匆過客，
靜默凝望，
剎那間消散。
無意於成，
無需被記住。
只願成為一雙寂靜的眼眸，
無聲注視光影流轉，
天地更迭，
時光悄然遠去。

WHEN I TALK TO YOU

I feel as if music is missing
to tell you how I feel
to reveal the vibration
crossing all my soul.
When I say I love you
I feel music is missing.

To tell you how my heart beats faster
my skin crawls out of excitement
to have you in my arms
my chest tingles
and I can't wait to smell under your ear.
While I have goosebumps
and I can't feel my legs
when I am with you
I feel music is missing.

To show you how the silence is my ship
in a journey to the future
with you in my imagination
passing stars and galaxies
in peace with smiles on our faces.

I always feel music is missing
even if I have the headset on
because everyone thinks we are walking
and I know we are dancing
on a stage which was made
for you and me.

So we dance and be watched
by you and me, in our reflection
in the eyes of others
when I am not with you
I feel music is missing.

To show you how I am missing
you and your words
you and everything you are
all feelings of bitterness and dark
excitement and light
right before you come back.

心事

每當我訴說心情，
每當我袒露心跡，
靈魂深處的振顫，
此時，應有配樂。
每當我表露愛意，
此時，應有配樂。

擁你入懷，
我胸口隱隱作痛，
訴說我心跳加速，
緊張不已，
急切嗅聞你的氣息。
毛孔收縮，
下肢無力。
每當我與你溫存，
此時，應有配樂。

描繪通往未來旅途的，
船兒多麼靜謐，
想像執子之手，
滿心歡喜，
徜徉璀璨星河。

即使頭戴耳機，
此時應有配樂，
眾人以為我們漫步，
其實在跳屬於彼此的舞。
在舞台中央，
唯你我二人。

我們的舞姿，
印刻進彼此心裡，
停留在眾人眼眸。
每當我與你別離，
此時，應有配樂。

訴說對你的想念，
想念你的一切，
還有你的倩影，
我陷入痛苦陰霾，
又生出喜悅雲翳，
倏地，你閃現在我眼前。

SOMETIMES

Sometimes I search a lot
for a phone in my pocket.
Sometimes I look for time,
spending more of it.

Sometimes I work harder for a goal
sometimes it's gained in not moving
sometimes I search for a medicine
to thin my thick blood
I could donate, or bleed
if another would profit.

Sometimes I think of death
when I'm still living
I know I will think of living
on my dying bed.

Sometimes I go out
in search of myself
in a crowd, which should reflect
the image I present.
I hear sometimes from visitors to the island
about
the best chips, best beer, best food to
consume.
And I know for a fact
the best they have
is their company.

I sit alone, eavesdropping
wondering if they have found themselves
or they have given up.

I go back home
sit alone
being sure
nothing is out there to be found.

They have found the best of everything
they claim they lie.
If they have found the best
they would stop the search or give up like
me.

As I believe the best is within
where it can't be searched
where it should be felt.

偶爾

我偶爾會尋找口袋裡的手機，
找了很久，
我偶爾會尋找時間，
找得更久。

偶爾我為實現目標拼盡全力，
偶爾得來不費吹灰之力。
偶爾我尋覓藥方，
希望能稀釋我濃稠的血液。
若能造福他人，
我願捐獻、甚至流盡所有。

活著時，
我偶爾想到死亡；
死亡來臨時，
又會回想生前的點滴。

我偶爾外出，
找尋自己，
想置身人海，
透過人群看清自己。
從島上遊人口中，
我聽聞，
他們享用美酒佳餚。
我確信，
他們最珍貴的擁有，
是彼此的陪伴。

我獨自坐著聆聽，
好奇他們是否已找到自我，
抑或他們已迷失？

回到家中，
我獨自坐下，
答案已然揭曉，
向外尋求，終究徒勞無功。

島上遊人聲稱，
已經找到了最珍貴的事物，
他們在撒謊，
若真已找到，
人們何苦繼續尋覓，
何不與我就此作罷。
我堅信最珍貴的，
不在眼底，
而在心裡。

THE PAINTING

I saw it years ago.

It was a girl worried about a boy who would
come to propose.

I see the painting today.

I am married, my wife is with me, she is
in a bad shape after our son.

She is suspicious about visiting my female
friends.

Today the painting was a girl, on the farm,
worried about her cheating husband in the hut.

My father had seen the painting.

He is old

he is sick.

He said, "What beautiful art."

I reply before we grow apart:

"This is the story of a girl, worried about what will
happen to her after her father dies,"

and that was where his story lies.

The painting was there for years

I grew a longer tongue and lesser ears.

I visited the painting for the last time
right before the death of my dear mother.

"It doesn't matter if one travels back in
time,"

I sighed.

"They will look at it, and they will be
blind."

畫中人影

多年前，我曾見過那幅畫：
一位女孩，憂愁地等待，
期待男孩前來，說明心意。

今日重逢，
攜妻同行，
她因生子而愈發脆弱，
對我的友誼心存疑慮。
她的眼中映出畫中女孩，
站在田野，凝視小屋，
揣測裡面是否藏著背叛的影子。

父親也曾細看這幅畫，
如今蒼老，身形羸弱，
仍由衷讚歎，
「多麼美的藝術。」
我低聲應和：
「這是女孩的故事，
她憂慮父親離世，
無從預知未來的歸宿。」

那幅畫靜靜佇立，
彷彿默然的見證。
與它交錯的歲月裡，
言語漸增，傾聽漸少。

最後一次站在畫前，
正是母親辭世之時。
那一刻，時光凝滯，
我輕聲低語：
「縱然回到過去，
人心依舊難透。」

他們注視著，卻依然盲目，
目光掠過，心中迷霧。

END OF TIME

When the sun explodes
I will be here
watching you run away.
Watching you surfing.
It will take millions of years
but I'm sure we will meet again
in another dream.
A dream of mine, yours, or someone else's

it doesn't matter who dreams it-
it would be a good dream

because you are in it.
I accept the end of the world
the end of time
the end of me
for only that reason.

世界末日

太陽幻滅之時，
我會在這，
凝望著你逃離。
凝望著你載浮載沉。
儘管花數百萬年，
我確信我倆終會相遇。
在我，抑或你的夢，或是別人的，
是誰的也不要緊，
都會是個好夢，
皆因夢裡有你。
我只好接受，世界末日來臨；
接受時間終結；
接受盡頭將至，
皆因夢裡有你。

QUESTIONS TO A SOUL

Who are you?

I don't know because I've never thought of it.

I don't know because I've thought about it.

Half my life I tried to be who they wanted

me to be-

another half trying to prove I am not who

they say.

What do you want?

I thought I knew.

I searched for things that everyone was
after.

I found myself running from everything
while chasing nothing.

I looked for life and meaning.

I looked in the books and the words of the
wise.

Exhausted, I sat and looked at the burning
wood.

The burning wood was me.

生命的意義

你是誰？

不知道，我也從沒想過。

儘管想過了，依然無解。

花了大半生，成為他們喜歡的模樣；

餘下的時間，則在推翻這一切。

你想要什麼？

我想我有答案了。

在追人們所尋。

驚覺其實一無所有。

探索人生，思索其意義。

鑽進書本，學人生智慧。

筋疲力盡了，我凝望著燃燒的木頭。

是意志堅定，

也是萬念俱灰。

OUTRUNNING MYSELF

I ran away from a country.
I felt suffocated in it.
I ran from a religion
that didn't free me
and tied my hands and my tongue.

I ran away from a family
who supported me
even when I was wrong.
And I knew I needed correction
so, I sought a new place
a place I could breathe -
could talk freely.
A place I believed was mine
and I wasn't wrong.
The place loved ones would correct me
a soul I could grow
not only to survive.
It took me a decade to realise
I couldn't run away
from myself.
I carried it with me everywhere I went
and I listened to myself
with closed eyes.
I wish I could know earlier.
I would break fewer hearts.
I would hurt others less.
I would lie less to myself.
And would not say a word to others.
I wish I knew

that escape doesn't matter
place is an illusion
if it can be grabbed
if it can be owned.
I wish I wouldn't push so much
to earn what is never mine
to access what is forbidden
to change into something that I'm not.
And I wish I wouldn't wish
to go back so much.
Because if I'm honest enough
I would know now
that I don't know enough.

流亡

我離開了，
讓我窒息的國度。
我放棄了，
讓我壓抑，
束縛，默的信仰。

我離開了，
養育我，
包容我的家。
我想要改過自新。
遷居此地，
以為能重獲新生，
能暢所欲言。
以為來對了地方，
做對了事兒，
以為在此我愛的人會讓我洗心革面。
不僅能活下去，
還能滋養靈魂。

十年後我驚覺，
終是無法掙脫，
我自己。
所到之處終是帶著自己的影子，
自己的聲音，
看不到外面的世界。
若能早些明白真相，
我會少點心痛，
少點傷害，
少點自欺欺人，
對他人只字不提，
我若能明白，
離開毫無意義。
此地不過是幻象，
若它真實存在，
若它能夠擁有，

我大可不必大費周章，
痴心妄想，
打破禁忌，
偽裝自己。
若能停止期待，
停止懷念過往。
若能停止自欺欺人，
就該明白，
我如此淺薄無知。

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

As a perpetual outsider, **John Outsider** channels his struggles into powerful narratives, revealing harsh realities of asylum seekers and asserting that resistance is the true affirmation of life.

When he fled Iran for Hong Kong, John Outsider experienced numerous hardships. He endeavored to learn English primarily for his writing and longing for a new home.

These nine poems are part of his independently published collection of poems "Misplaced Words of A Displaced Man" (2024). They are a collection of his inner voice, allowing us to comprehend his emotions and reflections on life.

關於作者

作為一位香港的局外人，**John Outsider** 將他的掙扎化作文字，深刻揭示難民所面臨的殘酷現實，並堅信抗爭的生命意義。

從伊朗逃往香港時，**John Outsider** 經歷了無數艱辛。他的旅程促使他積極學習英語，源於他對寫作的熱情以及對新家的深切渴望。

這九首詩均出版於他的個人詩集《無處為家的人，無處安放的言語》，此詩集是他內心聲音的集結，邀請我們探索他的情感和對生命的深切思考。



ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

"In the silence of wandering, we find the echoes of our true selves."

Translating the poems is a mysterious journey, allowing us to explore the poets' inner thoughts.

Through John Outsider's poems, we explore his mind and step into the enigmatic spaces he inhabits. We encounter the situations he lived through and the deeper emotions and meanings that words alone cannot fully express. The process becomes more than just translation—it explores feelings, what lies beneath each verse's surface, and the silent stories they tell.

We are a collective of budding student translators from Hong Kong Baptist University, weaving meaning between languages and cultures with a passion for words.

Cheung Ka Wai, Vicky

Wu Chun Lan, Nicole

Lum Yiu Hin, Issac

關於譯者

「在流浪的沉寂中，能聽見真實自我的回響。」

翻譯這些詩歌，是一段神秘而深刻的旅程，讓我們得以深入探索詩人內心的思緒。

透過 John Outsider 的詩作，我們得以探尋他的心靈，走進他所處的神秘空間。我們目睹了他所經歷的種種情境，以及僅用言語無法完全表達的深層情感與意義。這過程不僅是翻譯，更是對情感的深度探索，揭示每一行詩歌表面下潛藏的感受和無聲的故事。

我們是香港浸會大學一群熱愛文字的翻譯學子，用熱情在語言與文化之間編織意義的橋樑。

張嘉慧
武春蘭
林耀軒





PWT

NO FLAWS IN LOVE
愛是無瑕

THE RAIN VITALITY
雨中的生命力

IT LIVES UP TO 400 YEARS
它活上四百年

IN MY KITCHEN GARDEN
在我的廚房花園裏

I NEED IT
我需要

THE CRY IN THE CITY
城中吶喊

THE STEPS TO BE TAKEN
要踏出的腳步

CONFUSION OVER CONFUSION
困惑之上的困惑

LOVE UNDER CONSTRUCTION
建構中的愛

About the poet 關於作者
About the translators 關於譯者

NO FLAWS IN LOVE

Whether you are considered the ugliest
I would keep loving you for your infinity
Whether you are considered as the ancient one
I would keep hanging on you for your wisdom
Whether you are neglected at all costs
I would keep wishing for your presence,
for you are everywhere,
Whether you are reprimanded in society
I would keep laughing with joy,
for they would need you back,
Whether you are ignored or misinterpreted
I would not shake around, for you are on the right path,
Whether you are accused of blemished reputation,
I would keep smiling, for you are irreversible

Love is unlimited,
Love is the eldest,
Love is unforsaken,
Love is omnipresent,
Love is a permanent feeling,
Love is incorruptible.

愛是無瑕

即使你被視作不堪入目的，
我依然深愛你，因你的無窮無盡。
即使你被視作老舊過時的，
我依然緊靠你，因你的深邃智慧。
即使你被人冷眼忽視，
我依然期許你的身影，因你是無所不在。
即使你受盡社會譴責，
我依然樂得開懷，因他們總需要你。
即使你被遺忘或曲解，
我依然不為所動，因你是正道所在。
即使你被誣告損害名聲，
我依然保持微笑，因你是始終如一。

愛是源源不斷的，
愛是經久不衰的，
愛是無可棄捨的，
愛是無邊無際的，
愛是永恆的感情，
愛是不可玷污的。

THE RAIN VITALITY

I like the rain, in the rain I gather news ideas
and restore my broken emotions.

I like the rain, in the rain I hide my lamentations
and wipe off my tears.

I like the rain, in the rain I refresh myself
and cool my personality off,

I like the rain, in the rain, the rain itself acts as
the environment cleaner.

I like the rain, in the rain, vegetation, soil, and the
firmament as well as rivers and oceans are fed,

I like the rain, in the rain, flowers blossom
and are revitalised.

雨中的生命力

我喜歡雨，在雨中，我得到了新思緒，
修復了破碎的情感。

我喜歡雨，在雨中，我隱藏了所有哀傷，
抹去了流淚的痕跡。

我喜歡雨，在雨中，我感覺煥然一新，
也讓自己冷靜沉澱。

我喜歡雨，在雨中，雨水化作自然的清道夫，
洗滌著周遭的環境。

我喜歡雨，在雨中，草木、泥土、蒼空，
還有江河與海洋，皆得以滋潤。

我喜歡雨，在雨中，花兒盛開，
生機盎然。

IT LIVES UP TO 400 YEARS

It flies with vicious and precise intentions,
It adjusts its wings with extravagant might,
It wrings preciously its necks in any direction,
It banks at any and multiple degrees and angles without
hesitation,
A legendary bird devoted to dominion,
A legendary bird with its powerful beak in constant shouts,
A legendary bird piercing the firmament unstoppably,
A legendary bird tightens its posterior parts ready to hunt,
The fearless phoenix sets itself on fire after more than
four hundred years in order to rejuvenate itself,
The challenging phoenix burns itself to ashes after more
than four hundred years in order to get younger,
The hellacious phoenix rises from the ashes in order to live
another period of time,
The rigorous phoenix sticks to its natural principles
in order to remain unique.

它活上四百年

它帶著兇猛的意志飛翔，
它帶著無窮的力量展翅，
它靈巧地隨意轉動項頸，不論任何方向，
它以任何角度自由使陀，不帶任何猶豫。
砥節勵行地牽頭帶領的傳奇之鳥，
強而有力地不斷嘶鳴的傳奇之鳥，
勢不可擋地穿越天穹的傳奇之鳥，
伸縮自如地隨心狩獵的傳奇之鳥。
無懼的鳳凰燃火自焚，四百年後涅槃重生，
無畏的鳳凰化為灰燼，四百年後重拾青春，
強大的鳳凰從灰燼中復甦，迎接新的生命，
強韌的鳳凰忠於自然天性，始終保持獨一。

IN MY KITCHEN GARDEN

I would like to plant some, as if you knew!!!

Some

Arugula toward the North of my garden
Amaranth toward the South of my garden
Arrowroot toward the East of my garden
Asparagus toward the West of my garden
Aubergine in the middle of my garden

But also, some

Cucumbers directing pole North,
Chickpeas directing pole South
Cauliflower directing pole East
Cabbage directing pole West
Carrots and capers in the center,

But also, certain

Bell peppers facing the upper side of the garden,
Betel leaves facing the lower side of the garden
Black Turtle beans facing the left side of the garden
Beetroot facing the right side of the garden
Black-eyed peas in between the garden

But also, she

Her love

Her touch

Her smile

Her kindness

Her patience in the garden.

Of course not! Come on! Let us reason!

As she does not germinate!!

在我的廚房花園裏

我要種一些，就像你早已知曉的那樣！

一些

鱔草向著花園的北面，
莧菜向著花園的南面，
葛根向著花園的東面，
蘆筍向著花園的西面，
茄子種在花園的中央。

還要種些

小黃瓜指向指針的北端，
鷹嘴豆指向指針的南端，
花椰菜指向指針的東端，
捲心菜指向指針的西端，
胡蘿蔔和酸豆點綴在中心。

還有些

青椒面向花園的上邊，
茼蒿葉面向花園的下邊，
黑龜豆面向花園的左邊，
甜菜根面向花園的右邊，
豇豆點綴在花園之間。

當然，還有她，

她的愛，
她的觸摸，
她的微笑，
她的溫柔，
她的耐心，在花園裡一起生長。

怎麼會呢！來吧！讓我們想一想！
她又怎能發芽呢！

I NEED IT

I need your attention! I need it indeed
in which form?

In a form of hug, cuddle
of caresses wide-winked,

In the form of a close embrace
for wiping my grief out,

In the form of sincere eye contact,
for smiling constantly at me,

I am thirsty for you! I am in it indeed.

In which way, which manner?

In a way of hanging around with you,

In a way of pleasing you ceaselessly around.

In a manner of dethroning sadness out of you

In a manner of uncovering isolation out of you

I am waiting for you! I am rooted in it indeed.

Where should I meet you?

Where we first met under a lovely season of weather,
where we first took some sips of hot chocolate quenching
our thirst,

Where we first parted ways by emotionally saying a
staggering bye-bye,

where we first protected one another with a unique
umbrella under an invidious rain

我需要

我需要你注意我！我實在需要你的注意

是要以哪些形式呢？

要以你的擁抱，把我摟入懷中輕撫我

要以我們親暱的接觸，把我的悲傷抹去

要以我們真摯的對視，因你會時常對我微笑

我是多麼渴望你！我確實已不能自拔

我是如何身陷其中，又是以哪些形式呢？

是我對你時時刻刻的陪伴

時常地令你開心快樂

把你心中哀愁一掃而空

把你內裏孤獨盡數驅除

我在等待着你！我真的已身陷囹圄

該在哪裏等你？

在怡人季節的天氣裏我們第一次相遇的地方，

為了止渴我們第一次小口喝着熱朱古力的地方，

傷感地說着再見我們第一次分道揚鑣的地方

下著討人厭的雨，

我們第一次用獨特的雨傘給彼此護蔭的地方

THE CRY IN THE CITY

If I were adopted by goodwill
today, I would not be feeling cold,
if I were nurtured by good mind
today, I would not be in fear
if I were taught positivity by good youth
today, I would not lack confidence
if I were considered by good intentions
today, I would not be left in solo
if I were trained to fish by good masters
today, I would not fail to fish
if I were convinced by good precepts
today, I would not be uncertain to make the right choices
to my last hopes
I keep striving,
I keep searching,
I keep believing,
I keep learning.

城中吶喊

若然被懷善意而收養，
今天我便不覺冰冷
若然被聰慧才智而養育，
今天我便毫不畏懼
若然被善良少年灌輸正念，
今天我豈會妄自菲薄
若然曾對我釋出好意，
今天我豈會孤身一人
若然有好的老師指導我捕魚，
今天我不會毫無收穫
若然有好的戒律指引我，
今天我就可以毫不猶豫去做正確選擇
致我最後的希望
我將繼續奮鬥
我將繼續尋找
我將繼續相信
我將繼續學習

THE STEPS TO BE TAKEN

If with your splendid beauty, you are prepared to be loved

If with your thoughts you gather, you are aimed to unite

If with your multiraces in display, you are expected to
attract.

But- the city we live in?

With which laws in practice, the city ought to be loved?

With which thoughts in application, the city ought to
unite?

With which consideration in action, the city ought to
devote?

Hong Kong do not miss these tender acts

Hong Kong do not forget these steps accordingly

Hong Kong do not fail to unite

For I have lived and am waiting for you.

要踏出的腳步

若果有着華麗的美貌，便可被愛

若果集中思緒，可使人團結

若果你展示出敵意，將預期被發動攻擊

在我們居住的這座城？

有哪些法律該令這城值得愛戴？

有哪些實踐中的思想該令這城團結一致？

有哪些將執行的行動該令我們為這城付出貢獻？

香港不會想念這些軟弱的行為

香港不會忘記這些相應的措施

香港不會無法團結

我會在這裡生活等待

CONFUSION OVER CONFUSION

The rain falls down to water the earth.
The sun shines to sanitize the nature.
The moon lights up to orbit the planet.
The oceans are to tide the aquatic residues out.
The trees release leaves for future manure
I communicate to feed with knowledge
I trek to discover our environment
I meet to facilitate unification with people
What does the city do for the asylum seekers who are in
pain?
What does the city consider for its refugees who are in
agony?
Why does Hong Kong see asylum seekers as a plague?
Why does Hong Kong worsen vulnerable people's lives?
Why does the city reprimand asylum seekers without a
new life start?

困惑之上的困惑

雨水落下灌溉大地
陽光普照淨化自然
月亮照映繞地球運行
海浪沖刷水中的殘餘
大樹落葉為未來施肥
我溝通去獲得知識
我跋涉去探索環境
我見面去促使人們團結
這城卻為了在痛苦中的尋求庇護者做了什麼？
這城有為在苦痛中的難民考慮過什麼？
為何香港把尋求庇護者視作瘟疫？
為何香港令脆弱之人的生活變得更糟？
為何訓斥尋求庇護者而非給予他們新生？

LOVE UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Love under construction, I know you might wonder how could that be? How could love be under construction? Let me answer you, maybe because I am still looking for it maybe I could not find it, maybe I found it but it is not grown enough to be able to be satisfied and live with it so this is my answer to you which is I do not know. In the meantime, I have to give my face to the people whenever I have a conversation not give them my back otherwise they will despise me at the same time I feel that there is something missing and I am not able to talk , I have to say Hi but without feelings and emotions without passion sometimes I say oh I need some noise but without contact maybe I need more people to stay around me because I do not know what I will do if I stay alone with myself, or I need love , I need to have a relationship but this I am looking for a different type of relationship which does not belong to this world, relationship without restrictions, without nothing, relationship for just being with you, I want to stay with you and do nothing, I do not know what this means but I feel like you are enough for me, and I want to make you happy and pleased. I have so many things inside me, very deep things but I do not know how to express them maybe I do not know this stuff or I am still just working on it this is why I told you is still under construction. In spite of the fact that I could not meet you I wanted to say sorry to you for just leaving without saying even goodbye, without explaining why I had to leave because I really love you and I do not want to hurt you or I was embarrassed to say the truth to not to be so little in your eyes, I wanted to live with you my whole life

but I did not have the bravery to expose everything to you. What I have now is my memories of you and your picture. I always wanted to run far away with you and establish a new world just for us and always imagine that we have just met each other for the first time. Love under construction might have crazy stuff, recklessness and stupidity but in the meantime I do not want to leave you and I do not want the time to pass because I am really delighted to be with you and I have the intention to delay everything because of you. I hope you can feel the same thing I have maybe I am saying this because I am afraid of something I do not know what is it or because of the loneliness but the most important thing is that we have something between us and I am not ready to leave either this thing or you, love under construction.

建構中的愛

愛情正在建構中，我知道您可能會想，怎麼可能呢？愛怎麼可能建構呢？我回答你吧，也許是因為我仍在尋找它，我或許不會找到，或許可以找到，只是它還未成長到足以讓我滿足並與它共存，所以這就是我給你的答案，其實我也不清楚。與此同時，每當我與人交談時，我必須把正面面向他人，而不是把以背影相見，否則他們會鄙視我，我亦覺得缺少了一些東西導致難以交流，有時我必須沒有感情地打招呼，有時我會隨便回應，製造一些聲音而沒有交流，或許我需要更多的人留在自己身邊，若我孤身一人，我不知道自己會做甚麼；或許我需要愛，需要一段關係，但我需要一段與眾不同、脫俗的關係，沒有限制、沒有他人，只是和你黏在一起，和你黏在一起甚麼都不做。我不知道意義何在，但我覺得你的存在對我來說已經足夠，我想讓你高興開心。我的內心藏了很多想法，深得我不知該如何表達，也許我不了解這些想法，也許我只是還在努力，這就是我告訴你愛仍在建構中的原因。儘管我無法見到你，但我想跟你道歉，我甚至沒有解釋、沒有說再見就離開了，因為我真的愛你，我不想傷害你，或者沒有勇氣說實話，不想在你眼中那麼渺小，我想和你生活一輩子。我現在擁有的只是和你在一起的回憶和你的影像。我總是想和你遠走高飛，建立一個只屬於我們的新世界，總是想像我們才初次見面。建構中的愛情可能會瘋狂、魯莽且愚蠢，但在此期間，我不想離開你，更不想時間流逝，因為我真的很高興能和你在一起——我願意為了你延遲一切。我希望能身同感受，也許我說這些是因為我害怕未知，也許是因為寂寞。但最重要的是，我們之間尚有聯繫，我不準備斷絕這種聯繫以及你，愛正在建構中。

Whether you are considered as the upliest
I would keep loving you for your infinity,
Whether you are considered as the ancient one
I would keep hanging on you for your ^{are} wisdom
Whether you are rejected at all costs
I would keep wishing your presence, for you are
Whether you are reprimanded in the society
I would keep laughing with joy, for they would
Whether you are ignored or misinterpreted
I would not shake around, for you are the rig
Whether you are accused as blemished reputation
I would keep smiling, for you are irreversible

Love is unlimited,
Love is the eldest,
Love is unforsaken,
Love is omnipresent,
Love is permanent feeling,
Love is incorruptible,

"No flaws in Love." (P.W.T)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PWT is a student from a part of Africa known as Cabinda. He grew up in a Christian family with two siblings and his parents. He is an asylum seeker in Hong Kong who who is passionate about doing volunteer work. He enjoys walking, trekking and exploring the environment including new places as well as meeting new people.

關於作者

PWT來自非洲卡賓達，他一家均為基督教徒，家中有父母及兩名兄弟姐妹。他在香港尋求庇護，平日熱愛做義工，服務大眾。他喜愛步行，徒步及發現新環境認識不同的人。

The rain falls down to water the earth.
The Sun shines to sanitize the nature.
The Moon lights up to orbit the planet.
The Oceans wave to tide the aquatic residues out.
The Trees release leaves for future manure.

I communicate to feed with knowledge.

I trek to discover our environment.

I meet to facilitate unification with people.

What does the City do for the asylum seekers whom are in pain?
What does the City consider for its refugees whom are in agony?
Why does HongKong see asylum seekers as plague?
Why does HongKong worsen the vulnerable people lives?
Why does the City reprimand Asylum Seekers without
new life start?

"Confusion over Confusion." (PWT)

ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

Chan Ho Pui. A final-year student studying in the Humanities and Creative Writing programme. Loving to travel in different cultural hubs, he wishes to explore more possibilities in the art of living.

Siu Ying Yiu. A year-3 translation major student studying at Hong Kong Baptist University. Likes to know about the world we are in and learn from the creative souls around the globe through the bridge of translation.

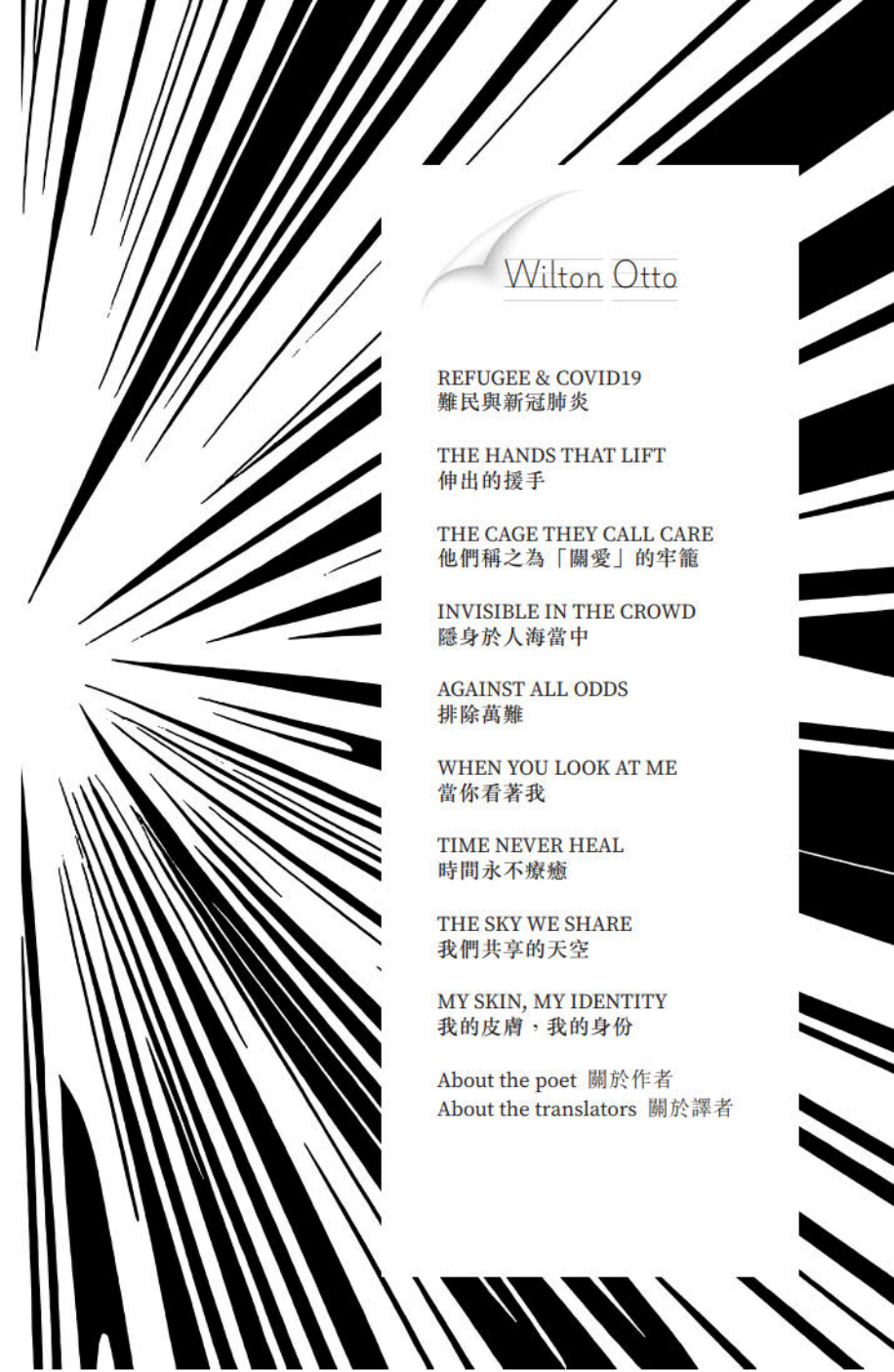
Chung Sheung Lam. A year-3 student studying Translation at the Hong Kong Baptist University. Growing up in Hong Kong, he is deeply interested in world issues and often thinks about the connection between himself and the world. He hopes to understand the world and human nature through translating different arts, and hopes to connect himself with the world through translating works.

關於譯者

陳浩培，香港浸會大學人文及創作學系四年級學生。喜歡遊歷不同文化的地域，希望發現生活的更多可能性。

蕭映耀，香港浸會大學翻譯學系三年級學生。喜愛透過翻譯認識我們的世界，認識各地創作者的靈魂。

鍾尚霖，香港浸會大學翻譯學系三年級學生。成長於香港，對世界議題深感興趣，常思考自己與世界的聯繫。希望透過翻譯不同作品了解世界與人性，願望是通過翻譯作品聯繫自身與世界。



Wilton Otto

REFUGEE & COVID19

難民與新冠肺炎

THE HANDS THAT LIFT

伸出的援手

THE CAGE THEY CALL CARE

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TIME NEVER HEAL

時間永不療癒

THE SKY WE SHARE

我們共享的天空

MY SKIN, MY IDENTITY

我的皮膚，我的身份

About the poet 關於作者

About the translators 關於譯者

REFUGEE & COVID-19

When the world locked down,
They left us behind.
The policymakers know no refugees in the city
To them, we are not humans
We are invisible; we are nobody
No masks for the invisible,
No food for the forgotten.

They say the virus doesn't discriminate,
But the world does.
They are the world; they isolate us
They care but only about the holders of their IDs
To them, I am just a refugee,
Too poor to stay safe,
Too foreign to matter.
Too strange to receive COVID relief

But still, we managed to survive.
From the leftovers, from the meager of collections,
The resilience in us stood tall,
We overcame, we embrace, we accept

When the world locked down,
They left us behind
They left us behind,
But we are not gone.
Despite the odds
We carry our stories in our hearts,
Waiting for the day the world sees us.

難民與新冠肺炎

世界封鎖之際
我們被拋諸腦後。
城市的決策者對難民視若無睹
對他們而言，我們不是人類
是無形的；是無名的
沒有口罩提供給無名者，
沒有食物施與被遺忘者。

人們決策者說病毒不分人種，
世界卻充斥偏見。
他們主宰世界；他們孤立我們
他們只關心有身份證的人
在他們眼中，我不過是個難民，
貧窮使我難以確保安全，
異國身份使我無足輕重。
陌生感使我無法獲得防疫救助

但我們仍然掙扎求存
在剩菜殘羹裏，微薄的救助裏，
我們的毅力屹立不倒，
克服，擁抱，接受

世界封鎖之際
我們被拋諸腦後。
我們被拋諸腦後，
但並未因此消失。
儘管艱難曲折
我們銘記自己的故事
靜待被世界看見的那一天。

THE HANDS THAT LIFT

When the world turned its back,
And the gates of hope closed,
A few hands remained, hands not made of stone.
Aunty Charity stood like a lighthouse in the storm,
Guiding us through the dark,
While the winds howled and the seas roared.

They called us nameless, faceless,
But those hands reached out,
With food, with shelter, with a promise of tomorrow.
NGOs brought warmth in the coldest hours,
Lifting hearts heavy with doubt,
Saying, "We see you, we stand with you."

In a city that forgot our names,
They remembered us,
They gave us the hope to believe,
That one day, a home might open its doors.
Thank you, Aunty Charity,
Thank you, NGOS,
Be the light, Be the hope,
Continue to be the hands that lift us.

伸出的援手

當被世界離棄
希望之門隨之緊閉
卻仍有幾雙溫暖的手。
慈善團體儼如風雨中的燈塔，
引領我們穿越黑暗，
穿越狂風與巨浪。

義工說我們無名，無姓，
卻伸出援手，
帶來食物，住所，以及明日的曙光。
非牟利組織在最寒冷的時候帶來溫暖，
撫慰無數徬徨的心靈，
說道：「我們看見了你們，我們與你們同在。」

城市遺忘的姓名，
義工銘記的存在，
給予我們相信的希望，
相信終有一天，家門會敞開。
感謝你們，慈善團體，
感謝你們，非牟利組織，
化作光明，化作希望，
繼續成為拯救的援手。

THE CAGE THEY CALL CARE

They call it care, but it feels like a cage.
Charity, with her well-meaning hands,
Feeds me, clothes me, shelters me-
But never frees me.

I used to know hunger, but this hunger is different-
It's the hunger for more than bread,
The hunger for my voice, for my right to live as I choose.
They have to speak for me and spoon-feed me
They call it care, but it feels like a cage.

"Don't worry," they say, "We'll fight for you."
But what they don't see
Is that I've been fighting all my life.
They keep me safe in their system,
Another wall painted with kindness,
But safety without identity, safety without the right to
belong is not living.
I want to break free from their care,
To find my own way,
But every time I try to stand tall and voice my mind
They pull me back down with kindness in their voice.
They call this care, but it feels like a cage.
The Cage They Call Care.

他們稱之為「關愛」的牢籠

他們口中的關愛，猶如囚禁我的牢籠。
慈善團體，懷着善意的雙手，
餵養我，包裹我，庇蔭我——
卻從未讓我自由飛翔。

我曾感到飢餓，但這飢餓有別以往——
是超越對溫飽的渴望，
是發聲的渴望，是活出自我的渴望。
他們代我發聲，像餵養小孩般照顧我。
他們口中的關愛，猶如囚禁我的牢籠。

「無須擔心，」他們說，「我們會為你而戰。」
但他們看不見的是，
我終其一生在奮鬥。
他們把我禁錮於他們的體系，
以善意粉飾另一道牢門，
但失去身份的安全，沒有歸屬的安全，並非真正的生活。
我渴望掙脫他們的關愛，
尋找自己的道路，
但每當我試圖昂首闊步，表達心聲，
他們溫柔的聲音卻壓制了我。
他們口中的關愛，猶如囚禁我的牢籠
他們稱之為「關愛」的牢籠。

INVISIBLE IN THE CROWD

In a city so bright, I remain unseen,
A refugee, an irrelevant being, caught in between.
I walked through fire, escaped Barrels of AK47s,
Yet here I am, bound by invisible chains.

They smile, laugh, enjoy, but a shadow amidst them,
In the crowd, I'm lost, not meant to be free.
I knock on doors that never open,
Life in limbo, bound by invisible chains.

But still, I rise with hope in my chest,
Knowing one day, I'll find my rest.
For I'm not just a number, not just a case,
I'm a human being worthy of grace.

Discrimination cuts deep, but it won't break me,
I've learned to survive what others can't see.
Many years in limbo, yet I still stand,
A refugee in a foreign land.

They judge me by skin, by the place I'm from,
But they don't know the battles I've won.
I've been locked out, left out in the cold,
But hope is my armor, stronger than gold.

One day the light will shine on me too,
And the world will see all that I can do.
For now, I wait, with resilience and grace,
Knowing one day, I'll take my rightful place.

隱身於人海當中

繁華鬧市中，我依然渺無影蹤。
難民，無關緊要的存在，夾在其中。
我穿過火海，避過 AK47 步槍的槍管，
時至今天，我依舊被這無形的枷鎖捆綁。

人們微笑、歡笑、享受，我卻只是當中的影子。
迷失在茫茫人海中，自由無影無蹤。
我敲響這道從未敞開的大門，
生活在猶疑未決中，我依舊被這無形的枷鎖捆綁。

但我依然心懷希望，
深知總有一天，我會感到平和。
因為我不只是一個數字，不只是一宗個案，
我是一個值得恩典的人。

歧視直擊要害，但擊不垮我。
我學會了在別人看不到的地方生存。
多年的徬徨，我依然屹立不倒，
身處異鄉的難民。

他們以膚色來評斷我，以出身來劃分我，
卻不知我曾在戰爭獲得的勝利。
我曾被拒諸門外、被冷落，
但「希望」是我的盔甲，比黃金更堅固。

終有一天，光芒也會照耀我，
世界將看到我所能作的一切。
現在，我堅毅而優雅的等待著，
知道終有一天，我將獲得應得的地位。

AGAINST ALL ODDS

Despite my bewildered past and narrow escapes from death
I never knew I would have the chance to live
Never knew I would be here, but here I am,
Destiny and the universe saw it fit to safeguard a soul like
mine
Destiny carried me through the rivers of borders
And brought me this far.

Against all odds
Here I am, still alive,
I don't know how
But still standing, still hoping
though the ground beneath me shifts like sand.
Several years of waiting—
for a postponed tomorrow
my patience has become steel,
my spirit, a river carving through hot rocks.
Rolling, meandering, draining and dwindling
Longing to find a place to settle.

Against all odds,
Despite the untold torture and detentions
They thought I'd give up hope, give up life
Despite their intentionally inhumane treatments,
They paused time and thought I would wear down.
But little did they know that I've made peace with despair
Waiting in vain shaped my resilience,
Hoping for no tomorrow is my share since birth
Unfair circumstances have been my inner brand
They harden my soul like stones,

Ready to experience the ordeals,

Let come what may come

The odds have olden my soul; I am drunk with experience

Grown In places of odds, in the cracks of my struggle,

I've learned to plant hope, to grow strength from struggles,

humility from hunger,

and courage from fear.

Your walls of exclusion can hold me back,

but it will never hold me down.

I've lived through storms,

thorns and thistles have stitched my life

Against all odds

and I'll live to see the sun again.

排除萬難

儘管種種障礙

儘管過去感到迷惘和數次死裡逃生

從未想過我會有機會活下去

從未想過我會在這裡，但我在這裡、

命運和宇宙認為有必要保護我這樣的靈魂

於是帶我穿越邊界的河流

把我帶到這一步

排除萬難，

我仍活著，

不知自己是如何做到，

但我仍然屹立，仍然懷抱希望，

儘管腳下的土地如沙般變幻。

多年的等待——

為那被延後的明天，

我的耐心已成鋼鐵。

我的精神如河流，穿行於炙熱岩石間。

滾動、蜿蜒、枯竭、減少，

渴望找到安身之所。

排除萬難

歷盡難以言明的折磨與拘留

他們以為我會放棄希望，放棄生命

故意以不人道的方式對待我，

暫停了時間，以為我會就此一蹶不振。

但他們不會知道，我已與絕望和解。

無盡的等待塑造了我的堅韌、

希望沒有明天是我與生俱來的特質

不公的境遇是我內心的烙印

它們使我的靈魂堅硬如石、

準備好經歷磨難。

讓一切來吧

艱難讓我的靈魂老去，我沉醉在過去之中

在困難中成長，在掙扎的縫隙中成長、

我學會種植希望，從掙扎中汲取力量、
從飢餓中學習謙卑
從恐懼中學會勇氣。
你的排斥之牆可以阻擋我、
但永遠無法壓倒我。
我曾經歷風暴，
棘和蒺藜合了我的生命
排除萬難，
我會活著，直到再次見到太陽。





WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME

When you look at me, What do you see?
Do you see a human being like you,
Or do you see my blackness?
When you look at me, What do you see?

Do you see the sun that lives in my skin
The golden Melanin of life?
The iron of my people's strength?
When you look at me, What do you see?

Because I am black, do you think I am lesser,
Because I am black, do you think my skin is a mark of
burden,
Let me whisper to your ears, oh ignorant
In this blackness lives history,
My blackness, carry the weight of greatness,
A legacy that the world cannot erase.

Let me whisper to you, oh ignorant
I am the child of lions,
The heir of kingdoms that stood tall long before your
towers.,
The flora and fauna of my homeland is unmatched—
Elephants, proud and free,
Giraffes that stretch toward the skies,
Falcons that soar with the wind of my ancestors.
I am the echo of pyramids,
The roar of rivers and lakes that refuse to dry.
In me lives the strength of warriors,
The resilience of ancestors who built kingdoms

From sands, stones and the stars.

So stare hard oh ignorant.

Reduce me to the color of my skin.

Because you do not know

You know not that in my blackness,

I am more—

I am Melanin,

I am gold.

I am history.

I am the legacy of kings.

Though the world may push me down,

I rise again and again,

Because the glory of my ancestors lives in me,

And no gaze, no hates, no judgment,

No injustice whatsoever,

Can take away —

The glory of my blackness.

The future of tomorrow

當你看著我

當你看著我，你看到了什麼？
你是否看到像你一樣的人？
還是只看到我的膚色？
當你看著我，你看到了什麼？

你看到我皮膚裡的太陽嗎？
生命的金色黑色素？
我民族力量的烙鐵？
當你看著我，你看到了什麼？

因為我是黑人，所以你覺得我比較遜色？
因為我是黑人，你認為我的膚色是負擔的標記嗎？
讓我在你耳邊低語，哦，無知的人
我的黑，承載著歷史的重量、
我的黑，承載著偉大的重量、
世界無法抹去的遺產。

讓我在你耳邊低語，哦，無知的人
我是獅子的後代、
是在你們的高塔之前屹立不倒的王國的繼承人、
我家鄉的動植物無與倫比--
大象，驕傲而自由、
向天空伸展的長頸鹿、
獵鷹隨著我祖先的風翱翔。
我是金字塔的回聲、
我是河流和湖泊的咆哮，永不乾涸。
在我身上，住著勇士的力量、
祖先建立王國的堅韌精神
從沙子、石頭和星星中建立王國。

所以，無知的人們，請瞪大眼睛。
讓我只剩下膚色。
因為你不知道
你不知道在我的黑色中
有著更多

我是黑色素、
我是黃金。
我是歷史。
我是國王的遺產。

儘管世界可能將我推倒，
我卻一次又一次地站起來，
因為我祖先的榮耀活在我身上，
沒有凝視、沒有憎恨、沒有審判、
沒有任何不公、
能奪走——

我黑人的榮耀。
明天的未來。

TIME NEVER HEALS

Have you taken care of your wounds?

I am not wounded, you say,

But what about the wounds inside you that we cannot see,
the emotional wound, the unseen needs, the trauma, the
abuse,

the neglect, the perilous beliefs that you've held over time.

Have you learned proper care of those unseen wounds?

Or did you surrender that to time?

To allow our past, and hurt and hate, and fate
to continue without intervention,

Is to allow them to become our present,
is to surrender healing to time.

Awake, oh self!

Time does not take care of healing, action does
feel your pain, wallow, let it all out,

be still, feel your heartbeats,

you are alive, you can heal, wake up!

Make peace with your past, reconcile, move on.

It's time for growth; let the wounds become scars

let the scars begin to heal until they're visible no more.

Wait no more for healing is not a passive process,

do not self-sabotage, do run, do not hide from it,

Speak to your trauma, make peace with your perplexed
pasts.

Intervene, find your inner self,

align your beliefs, start from within

clean the clutter,

claim the clarity,
keep on the lookout for help,
It could be therapy.
It could be counseling.
It could be a form of spirituality,
It could be a care group or meditation,
wait no more, for your healing is your obligation

For time does not heal us,
It's what we do with the time that does.
Assemble the courage, start the trek today
and never stop
because healing never stops, until life stops.

時間永不療癒

有否照料過你的傷口？

「我沒有受傷。」你說
在深處無法看見的那些呢？
那情感創傷，無形的需要，
那創傷，虐待，忽視，
還有你長久以來堅持的危險信念。

有否學過妥善照料那些無形之傷？
還是選擇把這一切都託付給時間？
讓我們的過去，傷痛、仇恨和命運
繼續不受干預地延續。
讓它們成為我們的當下，
就是將療癒託付給時間。

哦你醒醒吧！
時間並不能療癒，一切在於行動。
感受苦痛，沉浸其中，盡情發洩，
靜下心來，感受心跳，
你還活著，你能癒合，醒來吧！
與過去和解，消除矛盾，繼續向前。
是時候成長了，讓傷口變成傷疤，
傷疤開始癒合，直至不會再見。

別再等待，療癒不是被動的過程，
別再自毀，勇往直前，不要逃避，
與你的創傷對話，接受你迷茫的過去。
介入其中，找到內在自我，
調整你的信念，從內心開始，
清除雜念，
明確目標，
隨時觀望求援，
可能是治療，
可能是輔導，
可能是一種靈性實踐，
可能是關懷小組或冥想，

別再等待，療癒是你的責任。

時間不能療癒我們，

而是如何運用時間。

鼓起勇氣，今日起開始跋涉，永不停止

療癒永不停止，直到生命終止。

THE SKY WE SHARE

Oh Hong Kong, look!

We share the same sky,

Feel the same humidity, live in the same tiny rooms.

But while you move forward in pursuing your dreams,

I stand still, locked in this city like a pyramid.

The city hustle and bustle, journeying and returning

But I am left emotionless, immovable like dead stones

Stuck in a space where progress is a dream too distant to touch.

I am more than that just a label, oh Hong Kong.

I am a father, a mother, a child, a youth with dreams to chase,

A worker with hands to build, skills to create and innovate.

But in your city, I am none of these—

Only a shadow that has no life to contribute,

Kept in limbo for years, forced to become a parasite,

By a system that fears to open its doors of opportunity.

You worry that I will take too much,

But how can I take too much when I am just a minority?

You gave me nothing but waiting time that never ends

I am not asking for charity.

Enough of spoon-feeding

All I ask for is a chance—

A chance to work, to create, to innovate, to live,

A chance to proper identity, A chance to belong

To be free from the chains of waiting.

The world outside watches,
And Hong Kong,
Your heart is tested.
Remember, I'm not just a number, not just a case,
I'm a human being worthy of grace.
Will you show compassion that rises above fear,
Will you enact a policy that embraces humanity?

Oh Hong Kong!
I am not here to take your place.
I am here to build my own alongside you
To blend, to enrich the beauty of your diversity.
Give me a chance—
A chance to become more than just a refugee,
A chance to be a part of this Harbor City
That gives you hope and vibrance.
For when I rise,
So will you.

我們共享的天空

噢香港，看啊！

我們分享同一片天空，
感受同樣的濕度，住同樣狹小的房間。
當你向夢想前進時，
我卻止步不前，像金字塔般被鎖在這座城市。
城市喧鬧忙碌，又來又去
只有我毫無感情，如死石般靜止不動，
「進步」成了遙不可及的夢。

噢香港，我不僅僅只是一個標籤。

我是一位父親，一位母親，一位孩子，一位追夢的青年，
用雙手建設，擁有創意與技能的工人。
但在你的城市，我一無是處——
只是一道無能為力的影子，
長年處於混沌之中，被迫成為寄生蟲，
一切源自於一個害懼怕機遇的制度。

你擔心我會索取太多，
但我只是一小部分，怎麼會索取太多？
你給我的，只是無盡的等待。

我並不乞求施捨。

並不乞求溫飽

只渴求一次機會——

一個工作，創造，革新，存活的机会，
一個擁有正式身份的機會，一個歸屬的機會
擺脫等待的枷鎖。

外面的世界在注視，

而香港，

你的心靈受到考驗。

請緊記，我不只是一個數字，不只是一宗個案，
我是一個值得恩典的人。

你願意超越恐懼，展現同情心嗎？

你願意制定包容人性的政策嗎？

噢香港！
我不是來取代你的位置。
我來是要與你並肩
融合、豐富你多樣的美。
給我一個機會——
一個不僅僅是難民的機會，
一個成為海港之都一份子的機會
帶給你希望與活力。
因為當我崛起之時
你也將一同騰飛。

MY SKIN, MY IDENTITY

A Skin that doesn't belong here.

Dark, foreign, unfamiliar

A Skin that doesn't belong here.

But do you care

do you care to know

The richness I carry in my veins—

A legacy older than your tallest towers,

A history of untold strength and might

I am from the land where the Nile bends,

Where Kushite kings wore crowns of gold,

Where pyramids rose from the desert sands

Where the Nile sings the songs of my people's glory.

And the earth bloomed with wealth untold.

In my blood runs the strength of Taharqa,

The might of King Piye, the defiance of Amanirenas,

Whose power rippled across the Nile,

Whose spirit still whispers in the wind.

I carry the heart of my ancestors,

The Black Pharaohs, who ruled with might,

The queens who defied invaders with pride

My skin is the color of ancient kingdoms,

Of lands rich with minerals,

I am the echo of pyramids,

The roar of a river that refuses to dry.

In me lives the strength of warriors,

The resilience of those who built their kingdoms

From the sand and the stars.

So when they turn their backs,
When their silence becomes another wall,
I remember the greatness within me,
The empire that lives beneath this skin.
I am Kush,
I am Sudan (North or south is political)
I am Black, I am Africa,
I am the child of kings and queens,
Of deserts and rivers,
Of warriors and dreamers.
And though you may never know my name,
I will stand tall.
For my past is my strength,
And my future—
Is still written in gold.

我的皮膚，我的身份

一身不屬於此地的肌膚。
黝黑、陌生、異鄉人
一身不屬於此地的肌膚。

但你可曾在意
你會否願意探尋
血脈中蘊藏的博大精深——
一份比最高的塔樓更古老的遺產，
一段未曾訴說的力量與輝煌的歷史。

我來自尼羅河彎曲之處，
庫施王國的眾王曾戴起金冠，
金字塔從沙漠的塵沙中崛起，
尼羅河歌頌着我人民的榮耀。
大地展露着不為人知的財富。

我的血統流淌着塔哈爾卡法老的力量，
皮耶國王的威力，阿馬尼雷納斯女王的反抗，
他們的力量在尼羅河起伏蕩漾，
他們的精神仍在風中低語。
我承載着祖先的心，
以力量統治的黑法老，
以尊嚴抵禦侵略的女王

我的肌膚是遠古王國的顏色，
是礦藏豐富的土地，
我是金字塔的迴響，
是永不乾涸之河的咆哮。
我的身體住着戰士的力量，
和那些在沙與星之間，
築起王國的堅韌靈魂。

所以當他們轉身而去，
當他們的沉默成為了另一道牆，
我仍銘記藏在身體之中的偉大，

活在這皮膚下的皇朝。
我是庫施人，
我是蘇丹人（關於南方或北方，這是政治議題）
我是黑人，我來自非洲，
是眾國王與皇后的子女，
是沙漠與河流的子女，
是戰士和追夢者的子女。
縱然你可能永遠不知道我的名字，
我依然昂首闊步。
因為我的歷史是我的力量，
而我的未來——
仍在黃金的篇章中書寫。





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Wilton Otto is a poet from South Sudan, a country affected by war. He sought refuge in Hong Kong in 2016, where he faced significant challenges. Despite these hardships, he found opportunities to engage with and advocate for the rights of refugees.

With experience in humanitarian work at UNICEF and Save the Children, Wilton gained valuable insights into the struggles faced by refugees. He volunteered for various initiatives and co-founded RePLed HK, an organization aimed at empowering fellow refugees. For 2.5 years, he worked as a program officer at the Christian Action Centre for Refugees, focusing on education and contributing to the Refugee Concern Network. His last role was as a Grant Administrator at Porticus Asia Limited, where his experiences informed how donors support NGOs aiding refugees across multiple regions.

In March 2024, Wilton moved to Canada. A passionate writer, he enjoys crafting poetry and prose that explores themes such as resilience, inequality, and empowerment.

關於作者

Wilton Otto 是一位來自南蘇丹的詩人，該國受到戰爭的影響。他於 2016 年在香港尋求庇護，經歷了許多重大挑戰。儘管面臨這些艱難困境，他還是找到機會參與和倡導難民的權利。

憑藉著在聯合國兒童基金會和救助兒童會的人道工作經驗，Otto 對難民所面臨的困境有了深刻的理解。他參與了多項志願活動，並共同創辦一個名為 RePLoad HK 的組織，旨在賦權和支持同胞難民。在基督教勵行會難民中心，他擔任計畫官員 2.5 年，專注於教育，並參與了難民關懷網絡。他的最後一份工作是在 Porticus Asia Limited 擔任贈款管理員，他的經歷幫助他理解捐贈者如何支持各個地區為難民服務的非政府組織。

2024 年 3 月，Otto 移居加拿大工作。他熱愛寫作，喜歡創作詩歌和散文，探討韌性、不平等和賦權等主題。

ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

Daisy Ip

Hong Konger. A student of Translation at the Hong Kong Baptist University. Passionate about translation and immersed in the subtle nuances within the lines. In this passion, she found her own voice and a deep concern for the world.

She also enjoys listening to music and likes cats.

Phoebe Tsui

Hong Konger. A student of Translation at the Hong Kong Baptist University. Passionate about literature, immersed in the charm and emotions of words. In this passion, she has found her own writing style and a profound reflection on life.

She enjoys desserts and baking.

Himson Leung

Hong Konger. A student of Translation at the Hong Kong Baptist University. Deeply appreciates the beauty and art of language. Translation conveys not only the meaning of words, but also the nuances and emotions that words can evoke. He hopes to continue to explore the richness of words and become a bridge between cultures and languages.

He loves sports, especially rowing.

關於譯者

葉睿津

香港人，香港浸信會大學翻譯系學生。對翻譯充滿熱情，沉醉於字裡行間的微妙變化。在這份熱情中，找到了屬於自己的聲音，和對世界的深切關懷。

還喜歡貓咪和聽歌。

徐洛欣

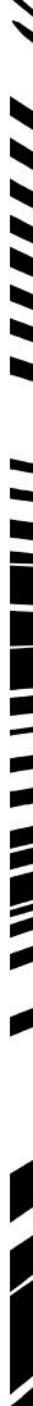
香港人，香港浸會大學翻譯學系三年級學生。對文學充滿熱情，沉浸於文字的魅力與情感。在這份熱情中，找到了自己的創作風格，和對生活的深刻思考。

喜歡甜品和烘焙。

梁銘謙

香港人，香港浸會大學翻譯學系三年級學生。深深欣賞語言的美和藝術。翻譯傳達的不僅是字義，還有字詞所能喚起的細微差別和情感。希望能繼續探索文字的豐富性，成為文化和語言之間的橋樑。

喜愛運動，尤其是划艇。





Uzma
Naveed

LETTER TO MY SISTER
給姐姐的信

LETTER TO NIGERIA
給尼日利亞的信

LETTER TO MOM
給媽媽的信

LEAVING
遠離

PEACE IN A REFUGEE LIFE
尋求庇護生活中的安穩

LETTER TO MY CASEWORKER
給個案工作者的信

LETTER FROM MY SON
兒子的信

HEALING
癒合

About the poet 關於作者
About the translators 關於譯者

LETTER TO MY SISTER

My dear Sister,

Do you remember in the long days of our childhood?

You and I once slept on a worn, broken-down bed, not once did we notice the breaking of it at night - we slept on peacefully.

We woke in the morning to the voice of *Abujaan* calling for morning prayer.

The barking of our dogs so loud and you throwing shoes at the window to keep them quiet feeling the rush as we raced to get to the bathroom first.

The days started with cutting the grass of the garden where each of us was given a portion to cut; the green grass was soft to the touch. I remember complaining to *Abujaan* that our hands had become tough like a mahogany tree. I told him we were girls not boys.

We existed on our own planet, revolving around each other, strengthening our bond.

I remember nights we spent on the roof of our home, us carrying our mattresses up there, falling asleep looking at the stars- as we lay dreaming of building our own house.

We had beautiful memories of that time going on long trips in our red car, Dad showing us different places to

explore, the lonely silent roads that never ended.

The beautiful views and images are still in my mind's eye-
all the things we saw: beautiful long trees and the noises
of the birds I can still hear them in my ears

I wish we hadn't grown, then we wouldn't have become
busy in our married lives now.

給姐姐的信

親愛的姐姐：

還記得我們童年的漫長時光嗎？

你和我同牀共眠，整晚都沒有注意到它的破損——我們睡得很平靜。

我們在父親的祈禱聲中醒來。

狗吠得很大聲，你把鞋扔到窗戶，讓牠們保持安靜，我們再爭先恐後地跑到浴室。

我們的一天由在花園指定的範圍內剪草開始，翠綠的小草摸著很柔軟。

我曾向父親抱怨我們的雙手如樹皮一樣粗糙——我們是女孩不是男孩。

星球周圍，只有我們，彼此相依，密不可分。

帶著床墊，看著星星，在屋頂緩緩入睡，在夢中建造房子。

父親帶我們前往未知之地，坐在紅色車子裡遠行探索。

孤寂的馬路，永遠沒盡頭。

漂亮的長樹，仍在我的心中浮現；小鳥的叫聲，仍在我的耳邊迴盪。

希望我們未曾長大，婚後不會疏於見面。



LETTER TO NIGERIA

Africa,

So far, I can remember you through the smell, taste sights and sounds.

Taste:

My mom's cooking.

We couldn't get Pakistani food in Nigeria, so my mum used the local food and cooked it to our taste. It was always so yummy my mouth waters just thinking about it.

Smell:

Vaseline.

My African friends always smelled of this. They used to apply it often after their showers. The smell so distinct, used to be all over my childhood classroom, even when I used to visit their homes, I could only smell the Vaseline.

Sights:

I have a lot of images scrolling behind my eyes, beautiful sights shared with my Family.

Since we travelled a lot, I had the privilege of experiencing many new things, meeting new people.

On our long drives that lasted for as long as two days we sat at the back of the seat making noises and playing, stopping only for lunch and rest. In one of the games we played, we each had a favorite color, mine was white, so we kept our minds active - never bored counting the cars that passed us.

Sound:

We always lived in cities so I had gotten used to a lot of noise all around; whether it be the traffic, or screaming children playing, in the darkness you could hear every bit of it.

I learned to drown them out. We used to listen to songs a lot me and my sister, we had cassettes that we put inside the player, we'd turn the volume way up.

Touch:

Warmth and closeness of your loved ones.

I wish we could still come together and stay close to each other; we shouldn't have grown up.

My sister could have protected me from all the bad experiences I had.

I wish we could all sit together, tell stories, and play freely not worrying about the world. Carefree, with no worries and no burdens as we used to be.

I wish we could get that love, that connection once more.

I wish we could have all stayed in one place.

給尼日利亞的信

非洲：

至今，透過氣味、味道、畫面和聲音都讓我回想起你。

味道：

媽媽的料理。

我們在尼日利亞買不到巴基斯坦菜，所以媽媽用當地食材烹調出貼合我們口味的食物。

那些餸菜總是那麼美味，一想起就垂涎三尺。

氣味：

凡士林

我的非洲朋友總是散發著這種氣味，他們習慣在淋浴後塗抹它。那股味道很明顯，在教室裡到處都瀰漫著，甚至去他們家也只能聞到凡士林的味道。

畫面：

我眼前掠過很多與家人一起的美好畫面。

由於我們經常旅行，我體驗了不同新事物，結識新朋友。

在長達兩天的長途駕駛中，除了午餐和休息時，我們都坐在後座玩耍，發出噪音。其中一個遊戲是數着自己最喜歡顏色的汽車數量，我喜歡白色，於是我們孜孜不倦地數著以保持清醒。

聲音：

我們一直住在城市裡，所以我已經習慣了周圍的噪音。無論是交通，還是孩子們玩耍時的尖叫聲，你都能在晚上聽到。

我學會了忽略噪音。我和姐姐以前經常聽歌，把磁帶放在播放器裡，把音量調得很高。

觸感：

所愛之人的溫暖和親密。

我希望我們還能在一起，親近彼此；我們不應該長大的。

姐姐可以保護我免受所有糟糕的經歷。

希望我們能坐在一起說故事，自由玩耍，不用擔心這個世界。無憂無慮，沒有煩惱，沒有負擔，就像以前一樣。

希望我們能再次得到那種愛，那種聯繫。

希望我們都能待在同一個地方。

LETTER TO MOM

Mom is the most beautiful beauty of life.

My mom is strong and the kindest person I have ever known in my entire life.

She is warmhearted and friendly, in one moment a total stranger becomes instant family - soon they chat and laugh like old friends, she embraces all making them feel loved, seen and welcome.

I have learned a lot from her and I still am learning. She has always stood by me when I needed her most.

May Allah bless her with health and happiness and a long life.

I admire her tenacity and her ability to smile, for she was always smiling and happy even after facing a lot of pain in her life,

I wish to see her soon to give her all my love and care.

I still talk to my mom daily without fail since I've gotten married.

I love my mom a lot, no matter what, I'm still your little girl.

給媽媽的信

媽媽是生命中最美的存在。

是我一生中認識過最堅強和善良的人，

她的熱情友好，能使陌生人一瞬間變成家人——很快他們就像老朋友一樣有說有笑，她包容所有人，讓他們被愛、被看見和被歡迎。

從她身上我學到了很多，且仍在學習。當我最需要她的時候，她總是站在我身邊。

願真主保佑她健康、幸福、長壽。

很佩服她的堅韌和樂觀，即使面對生活中的許多痛苦後，她仍然微笑著、快樂著，

希望我能盡快見到她，給予全部愛和關懷。

我仍然每天和她說話，婚後也從未間斷過。

我很愛我的媽媽，無論怎樣，我仍是你的小女孩。

LEAVING

It was a day of emptiness the day I left home - my home in
a country that I thought was mine

As the wheels of the plane lifted me off the ground,
I thought

"I am leaving and I don't know if I will return."

My heart ached and my eyes filled with tears of grief,

heavy with the knowledge that I was leaving my loved
ones and a part of myself behind.

遠離

離開了曾以為屬於我的家鄉，
在那天開始我變得一無所有，

離開地面的瞬間，我想

「我要離開了，不知道會否再回來。」

心如刀割，淚珠盈眶，

我深刻意識到要離開所愛之人和屬於我的一部分。

PEACE IN A REFUGEE LIFE

What do you call peace

To a person who has lost everything

And everyone

living in a nightmare

With no future

Where is peace?

Peace is found where your loved ones once were

Sitting together, chatting and eating

Staying close together when falling apart

Holding hands

Laying in her lap

Hugs with affection and prayers

It's nowhere to be found

Peace is NOT where

Your kids grow fast with no future ahead

No space to run around

Sitting together eating a meal you have been eating for
seven years with no change

No vacations

No adventures

Waiting to be a recognized Refugee

Otherwise just an asylum seeker who has applied for
safety

Battling with time and energy

Growing old with no memories

Step into our shoes and feel the pain

Bearing blisters, the waiting, the pacing rubbing feet raw

Losing the ability to move forward

The stress and pressure dripping on faces

How will we find peace!!



尋求庇護生活中的安穩

對一個失去一切

和所有人的人

安穩是什麼？

活在噩夢裡的人

沒有未來

安穩又在哪裡？

有所愛之人的地方才有安穩——

吃飯時談天說地

離別時緊緊相依

手牽手

躺在她的大腿上

深情擁抱與祈禱

如今卻無跡可尋

你孩子的成長之地，

不再安穩，沒有未來

沒有空間奔跑

吃著七年來一如既往的飯菜

沒有假期

沒有冒險

等待難民身分被確認

否則只是渴望安全的尋求庇護者

與時間和精力賽跑

與沒有回憶的軀殼老去

穿上鞋子，感受痛楚

忍受水炮，一直踱步，磨穿腳皮

失去前進的動力

滴在臉上的壓力

安穩又從何而來！！

LETTER TO MY CASEWORKER

We came to an unknown land

An unknown language

Carrying luggage behind

Looking desperate and weak

Striving to find a place

Seven years ago

We entered room on the 17th floor

You stood there very eager to help us

We told you our story and circumstances

The love and sympathy you showed

Was the first ever calmness we felt

In this unknown place

We have seen you strong and confident

Loving and cheering

Not knowing what you have been through

You are a brother to our sisters

You are a father to our kids

Your words of encouragement are sparks of joy

May Allah bless you abundantly

May you keep staying strong and healthy

Helping all those families who are weak and in pain

How blessed we are to have you in our lives.

Thank you for always listening to us

Always being there for us

God Bless you ❤️❤️

給個案工作者的信

我們到了一片陌生的土地

聽着陌生的語言

提著沉重的包袱

看上去絕望又虛弱

努力尋找那個地方

七年前

我們走進了十七樓的房間

你站在那裡，殷切地想要幫助我們

我們告訴了你我們的故事和遭遇

你所表現出的愛和同理心

是我們在這個陌生的地方

第一次感受到的安穩

我們看到了你的強大和自信

愛心和鼓勵

即使不知道你經歷過什麼

但你是我們姊妹的兄弟

是我們孩子的父親

你的鼓勵之言是歡樂的火花

願真主大大賜福給你

願你保持強大和健康

幫助所有弱勢和在痛苦中的家庭

我們的生命中有你是多麼有幸。

感謝你一直傾聽

一直在旁

願真主保佑你 ❤️

LETTER FROM MY SON

We came to a place I never heard about

It was hard to find out what was going on

Because I was only a five-year-old kid who only knew basic math

We arrive at this place I used to call the “Unknown Place”

We first went to a fast-food shop called McDonald’s and we ordered a very delicious burger and fries

So, then we were trying to find a good place to live in because we only had a hotel room

After a few weeks in the hotel room, we found a place to settle in

It was not big or wide but long, “the house”

We are living in it for a long time now and we still have no worry about living here

But I really need my own room

So, this is my life coming to Unknown Place oops I mean Hong Kong

And yes, don’t leave just yet I need to talk about school ok here I go

School is very boring and easy like all the English tests were so easy

My friends they're all kind and stuff but they can be annoying

And also, my brother is very cute if you meet him you will see for yourself but what can he possibly do well he can do literally anything to annoy me but I can't talk about that cos that will take away all the space

And also, my mom is kind and she is the best but when it comes to exams or interviews, she is in her serious mode. My dad is a very kind dad he gets me presents but when I try to annoy my little brother, he gets mad but when my little brother annoys me, he just says let him play with you.

兒子的信

我們來到了未聽過的地方

不清楚到底發生了甚麼事

我只有五歲，只會加減

我以前叫這裏做「未知之地」

我們第一次到「麥當勞」，
點了一份非常美味的漢堡和薯條

我們試着搬到一個更好的地方，
因為我們只有一間酒店房間

在酒店住了數週後，
我們找到了一個地方住

「家」不大也不寬，但很長

我們已經住了一會兒，仍然覺得很舒服

但我真的需要屬於自己的「秘密基地」

所以，這就是我來到這未知之地，啊，不！我指香港

而且，等等，我要說學校的事。好的，我開始了

學校既無聊又簡單，例如所有的英文測驗都很簡單

我的朋友們都很友善，但他們也可以很討厭

還有，我的弟弟非常可愛，如果你見到他就會知道了。他
可以做任何事去麻煩我，但我不能講出來，這會破壞你對
他的想像

同時，媽媽很溫柔，她是最好的。但當要考試和面試，她就會嚴肅。我的父親很友善，他會給我送禮物。但當我嘗試捉弄我的弟弟，他就會生氣。相反，當我的弟弟捉弄我，他只會：「他是在和你玩耍。」

HEALING

You are a human being

Striving and juggling

Working hard to stable, not noticing when day and night
pass

You are capable of a strong mind

And working hard to gain this life

But wait! Are you tired? Are you at peace?

Your heart and mind are speaking, with pain pulsating
through your body

You need to take a break and heal

It's been years since it happened, he just left

I talked to him that same day

He was radiant and full of life with a smile on his face

Light illuminating through the window on his face

Never thought it would be the last picture captured my
mind's eye

It was sudden, the shock is frozen in my soul

Like a wound that does not heal

Life goes on...

He is no more but still I can feel his presence, his presence
in my newborn son

Another life emerges

I feel the pain dissipate, the scare fade.

The healing is happening!

癒合

你在奮鬥，

處理生活繁瑣

努力工作，維持生計，忽視日夜流逝

你有強大意志

為理想人生，努力工作

但等等！你累嗎？你內心富足嗎？

你的心和念在說話，痛苦活躍在你的身體裡

休息，讓自己療癒吧

病魔纏繞多年，如今已然離世

當天我跟他聊天

他容光煥發，充滿活力，面帶笑容

陽光透過窗戶照在他的臉上

從未想過這是我跟他的最後一面

這件事猝不及防，震懾了我的靈魂

像是無法癒合的傷口

生活仍需繼續.....

他已不在，但我在新生兒子上感受到他的存在，

新的生命出現

我感受到痛苦消散，恐懼消逝

傷口開始癒合了！

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Uzma Naveed has been in Hong Kong for more than nine years. Some time ago, she received her refugee status. She now helps other asylum seekers as an Outreach Coordinator at Christian Action Centre for Refugees.

關於作者

Uzma Naveed 九年多前來到香港。不久前，她獲得了難民身分。她現在作為基督教勵行會的外展協調員，幫助其他尋求庇護者。

ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

Crystal Fung. A student of Translation at the Hong Kong Baptist University. Interested in learning Korean by watching variety shows and concerts. A coffeeholic and lover of animals, especially her dog. <3

Suki Chu. A student of Translation at the Hong Kong Baptist University. She is with multi-lingual skills. Currently, she has no future plans as a translator. She is a philanthropist.

Eunice Chan. A student of Translation at the Hong Kong Baptist University, interested in learning different languages. She is so nice because her name contains 'nice'.

關於譯者

馮月廷，香港浸會大學翻譯系學生。熱愛從綜藝和演唱會中學習韓語，她是一位咖啡和動物熱愛者，尤其是家裡的狗狗。<3

朱詠恩，香港浸會大學翻譯系學生，擁有多語言技能。目前未有成為翻譯的計劃。作為博愛主義者熱愛世間一切。

陳晞睿，香港浸會大學翻譯系學生。熱愛學習不同語言。她人很好，因為她的英文名字包含了「nice」字 (Eunice)。

Cover art:

The glory of my blackness. The future of tomorrow.

by the translators of Wilton Otto

封面作品：

黑人的榮耀。明天的未來。

由Wilton Otto的翻譯者繪制

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“Through the creative efforts of dedicated translators, these original poems, born from the depths of frustration and aspiration, are imaginatively rendered to foster solidarity and understanding. Each translated poem offers a glimpse into the lives of individuals seeking sanctuary in Hong Kong, and speaks of the power of translation to connect communities and nurture empathy.” – Dr Yau Wai Ping, Hong Kong Baptist University

「本詩集的原創詩歌來自心靈深處的挫折與渴望，經譯者之努力及創意，以富於想像力的方式呈現，促進社會團結與了解。每首翻譯詩作都讓人深入窺探香港尋求庇護者的生活，並完美展現翻譯在連結社區及培養同理心的力量。」 —香港浸會大學 邱偉平博士

“Between Wor(l)d: Hong Kong Poetry of Exile and Hope is a poignant exploration of what it means to create “Hong Kong poetry” in the context of displacement and resilience. This compelling collection redefines our understanding of Hong Kong’s poetic identity, weaving together voices of refugees and exiles to offer a global perspective on belonging, loss, and hope.” – Prof. Chris Song, University of Toronto

「《字「旅」行間：漂泊與盼望中的在港難民詩歌》是流離失所背景下，對創作『香港詩歌』意義進行艱難及細緻的探索。此引人注目的詩集重新定義了大眾對香港詩歌身份的理解，將難民和流亡者的聲音交織一起，為歸屬、失落和希望，提供了國際視角。」 —多倫多大學 宋子江教授