作者重要信息

中文名字:玛辉

英文名字: Matt Galindo

年龄 / Age: 25岁

邮箱地址 / Email: galindomj10@lakeforest.edu

通讯地址 / Address: 655 Dunham Rd, Gurnee, IL 60031

联系电话 / Phone: 847-612-2113

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平静之船

巨大的变化比微妙的更易察觉,

如同大海中的船,

面对汹涌激流;船跟随大起大落;面对小浪轻拍,船跟随轻轻荡漾。

难察觉的是平稳的船,似乎纹丝不动。

平静的爱情有时候就像平稳的船, 平稳地难以察觉, 可一旦不再平静,船身动荡, 甚至人命丧大海。

我所愿之情, 平静安宁。

The above poem (平静之船) was written at Lake Forest College and represents the difficulty in appreciating a peaceful love. It can be easy to long for grand excitement, but often that comes at the cost of turbulence and instability. Therefore, it is crucial to come to understand the beauty in a peaceful ship.

图片:



我们的时光

有一天,人的形象迸发出生命,静态成影,化为流动的形态,迈过眼前,又穿过心间,一影之间,怎能蕴藏如此丰富?

起初,转变如烟火般绽放, 炽亮火花从盒中迸射, 随后每一天爆发如一集篇章, 在我们共享的意识屏幕上闪烁。

我们在线性时间中彼此下载, 却未察觉这一切的循环往复: 我们被困于彼此的世界中, 交织成一个称为朋友的群体。

有一天,那些朋友化作静止的画面:烟火熄灭,唯余细雨纷飞,不再是火花,而是雨的轻洒。 最终一季缓缓落幕。 The above poem (我们的时光) was written in the early morning on the last day of a two-month Chinese Immersion Program in the Summer of 2024. It was raining outside at that time, and upon reflecting on the time I spent with my friends, I realized that just as I had first come to know them online (during our Zoom training), they would soon be returning to mere frames of pictures I'd previously taken with them. This melancholic contrast was born out in several metaphors representing personal conversations and experiences I shared with those friends, and combining into the written work which serves as a tribute to our time together. Below are some pictures from the program taken by my friend, Charlotte Harrington.









新眼同途

生活像一个游牧者必爬的白山, 第一步后,就无法从沉睡的巨人背部上下来, 只能跟其他旅者排队,向着太阳前行。

游牧者尽可能向白山的顶端望去, 策划穿越风雨山间的历程, 可一块水雾从山上滚动下来, 遮蔽了前路。

不确定的旅者被雾散开,寻找安全的路, 但迷雾笼罩的环境中,谁能找到? 只有游牧者在这种状况中感到舒适。

旅者开始紧密相依,成对出现,形成了团体, 而游牧者则自信地独自行走, 游牧者每迈一步,冬日的雪在靴底下轻轻响起, 直到不再感受到别人,开始觉得迷路的人正是自己。

突然,游牧者抬头看见 水雾的中间竟然散开, 春天闪烁出现,五彩缤纷, 忽隐忽现:花开,绿叶,蓝天。

那一双像催眠的眼睛, 捕捉游牧者的目光, 带领穿过那个边界, 在美仑美奂的地方现身, 迎来新的视角: 热情, 乐观, 爱情。

第一眼,就爱上那双眼睛里存在的神秘 现在映像在河的水面上,令游牧者思考, 可能跟别人在一起爬白山是更好的选择。

有一段时间在探索,追踪蜿蜒的河流,穿过花田走路,仰望繁星满天,然后低头看见森林树中的一千只萤火虫:这么美丽,这么宁静,这么有意义,太阳从来没有这么近。

可是,一步接着一步,慢慢化成秋天: 树叶都渐渐变色,纷纷飘落,花田也在凋谢, 天气一天比一天冷,连呼出的气息都变成了白雾。

陪伴游牧者的人从十到一,手牵着手, 从幻境中走出来,一起回那座必爬的白山, 一年,二年,三年,四。。。

直到那熟悉的我行我素的想法, 疑虑像冬天的冰风割裂游牧者最后的回忆, 放手后,最终只剩雪在靴底下轻轻响起。 The above poem (新眼同路) was inspired by my journeys in life and experiencing people entering into my life for a season, only to slowly slip away. The natural scenery was inspired by a video I saw of Tibetan climbers trudging up a snow-capped mountain. I formulated a small poem focused on this scene, then developed it into a larger metaphor for my perspective on life.

图片:

