

2010高雄文學創作獎助計畫

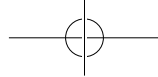
李秀
Linda Lee Hsu

一個
走揣蝴蝶路草
的女子
*A Woman Seeking the Path
of the Butterfly*

台英雙語親情散文集
A Collection of Essays in Taiwanese and English
內附八篇台文翻譯語言光碟



 玉山社



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

市長序

揉合文學綺麗新風貌

高雄市市長 **陳菊**

高雄文學已邁進一個全新的優勝美地！

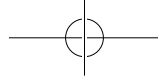
縣市合併之後，都會與山林的迥異風光混凝出肥厚文學沃土，文學的書寫範圍更為擴大，豐沛的創作能量更可預期。市府持續推出各種文學學才計畫，藉由創作一出版一行銷三部曲的連貫整合，建構空間，提供各種可能與實驗，並加以資源整合，追求高雄成爲一個熱力奔放的文學城市。

以提供作家安心創作為目標的「高雄文學創作獎助計畫」，2010年首次以不限文類的徵選方式，尋求新的文學創作型態；同時新增「台語文創作組」，以呈現文學創作語言的多樣性。此次出版的三件作品，各有不同特色及關懷面向。邱致清《漩渦》以高雄地區勞動女性爲主角，描寫女性面對苦難的堅韌力量，呈現出高雄女性各種形象的立體樣貌。陳秋白《當風 di 秋天的草埔吹起》用台語寫作長篇史詩，將馬卡道族的歷史，巧妙融入詩思，塑造台語現代詩的新風貌。李秀《一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子》則用散文描寫一個澎湖家族橫跨高雄及加拿大的移民經驗和親情歷程，溫馨而真誠，採用台英雙語的呈現形式，

額外對照出異文化中的相同情感表現，亦擴展了作品的國際能見度。

匯聚不同語言和形式的創作心血，三冊成書、字字墨印迎向市場考驗，爲高雄文學發展再掀新頁與註腳。





局長序 打造文學新夢想

高雄市政府文化局局長

奠定完善的文學創作環境，與建立友善的閱讀城市，向來是高雄市政府文化局努力的方向。除舉辦文學獎、徵文比賽、專書出版外，從 2006 年開始推動「高雄文學創作獎助計畫」，提供作家創作獎助金，已扶植近五十位作家完成寫書的夢想；有鑑於此斐然之成績，今年增加獎助人數至二十名，期待更多的寫手進入文壇，產生更燦爛的文學火花。

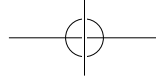
「2010 年高雄文學創作獎助計畫」首次以不限文類的徵選方式，接受各種形式的文學創作申請，尋求文學創作新的可能性；同時新增「台語文創作組」，呈現台灣語言文化的多樣性，及文學創作的開闊格局。「2010 年高雄文學創作獎助計畫」一般文類組，共有六十七件寫作計畫參與角逐，創下歷次徵件的新高，而首次舉辦的「台語文創作組」，亦有十八件計畫參與評選，顯見台文書寫亦已成爲一股不可忽視的力量。

在激烈競爭下，一般文類組共九件作品脫穎而出，文類包含中篇小說、短篇小說、新詩及報導文學，題材從高雄歷史事件、景點、家族史到現在流行的文創人才報導，包羅高雄各種風貌。台語文創作組則選出三件作品，文類有新詩及散文，以台文呈

現不同的高雄文學氣味。經過一年的創作，入選者交出嘔心瀝血的寫作成果，爲文學的寶庫增添一筆豐厚的藏品。

如果只有創作沒有出版，則再優秀的作品也只是蒙塵的寶石，無法被讀者所發現，進而閱讀、喜愛及珍藏。因此，文化局從這些剛出爐、熱騰騰的作品中，邀請著名作家及專家，經審查後，擇優三件作品出版，與大眾分享創作的喜悅。其中邱致清的《漩渦》，透過高雄地區抽樣的勞動女性生命史，探討女性在工作、家庭以及社會的處境，彰顯高雄在地女性柔性的力量，寫就一本高雄女性之書。李秀《一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子》，以散文描寫一個澎湖家族移民高雄的親情歷程，再延伸到加拿大的移民經驗，深深展現她對人與土地的深厚情感，而台英雙語的寫作形式，也擴展了文學的國際能見度。陳秋白《當風 di 秋天的草埔吹起》，以台語寫作打狗長篇史詩，意象精準、寓意深沉，呈現極深刻的省思意味，建構出台語現代詩的新美學。

希望藉由此次出版，將各種不同風貌、面相、語言的文學創作，介紹給大家欣賞，共同爲文學創造新的夢想與可能。



出版的頭序

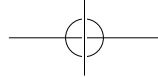
一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子 ——為何我欲用台文俗英文書寫

佇 2002 年春天，位台灣移民到加拿大，這段期間，我所有的精神攏囡佇英文世界。其實無論佇台灣抑是溫哥華，就誠拍拚來加強英文的功力矣。不而過，對一个使用華語俗講台語超過半世紀的人，欲用英文創作，真正是一項大代誌。續落來，閣想欲用台文寫作，對一个完全受華語教育，雖然會曉講台語，但是習慣使用超過三十幾冬華語書寫的作者，這敢毋是閣一項大挑戰矣！所以欲用英文參台文來寫作，會使按呢講，我親像一欉釘根佇地球的樹仔，拚勢躡跂尾跟，好玄探測天頂懸懸的奇妙俗祕密。雖罔講，這款工課是無界快活，但是寫作到這個坎站，加減有寡使命感：

一來，用英文書寫，想講予世界較濟族群的人了解我的故鄉台灣。

二來，用我的母語「台語」創作，我親像會當位心肝窟仔，揣著故鄉的親切。

先講英文部份：雖然人類有全款的器官，來感覺生活的種種，比論目矙為着欲「看」、耳空為着欲「聽」、鼻空為着欲「鼻」、皮膚為着欲「感覺」、嘴為着欲「啖糝」。但是人類閣有「悟性」的世界，大部份攏決定佇咱所講的語言，甚至有一寡專家發現咱無可能覺察著家己無號名的代誌。每一種語言是「看會著」



的世界所使用的一个特别的對鏡片。所以無全所在的人所看著、所講的，相對嘛會無全。比論以「雪」這字來講「語言」佻「悟性」的關係。位「英語人」來講，形容「雪」有可能單那一種爾爾。但位「因紐特人」（加拿大北部、格陵蘭、阿拉斯加地區的族群）來講，「雪」可能有三十外種無全的詞。

閣來看覓，「語言障礙」佻「文化差異」的看法。有關詞性，咱會當按呢來分別：英語是動詞的語言（Verb language），華語是名詞的語言（Noun language）；另外閣有思考方式的差別：英文是直線式的思考，華文是捲螺仔式的思考。這欸思考方式的差別致使文化差異，相隨來就有「低的背景」（Low-context）佻「高的背景」（High-context）的分別。

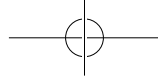
做一个比論來講，西方或者較新的國家，像加拿大、美國、紐西蘭、澳大利亞……就屬於「低的背景」，in 的民族性講究的是個人、改變、少年、靠俗、效率；東方或者較古老的國家，像埃及、印度、中國、台灣……就屬於「高的背景」，in 的民族性講究的是集體、傳統、長老、拘束、唯心。一个位「高的背景」的台灣，來到「低的背景」的加拿大，家已做一个比較，按呢對自身的位置就有淡薄仔了解，也才予我這個蹣仔加拿大的外國人（台灣人）減少一寡文化的衝擊（culture shock）。佇溫哥華學院讀冊的時，教授就講欲予英語是第二語言（ESL）的學生，慢慢仔位 High-context 導向 Low-context，按呢學英文才有寡基本的功夫。

有這個思考方式的無全，所以事後我無論翻台灣詩人、抑是家己的作品，有時仔我袂照字面「直譯」，我是用「意譯」代替，

來符合「低的背景」民族的習性。講到翻譯，這幾年的經驗，予我深深感覺，假使欲作字參字、詞參詞、句參句的「對等」翻譯是根本無可能的代誌，因為英漢兩種語法、習慣、文化背景、民族傳統，有誠大的差別。若想欲做好勢，翻譯毋是一項輕鬆的工課。

我是無愛永遠關佇水族館，是一个欲洩向大海的人。向望不止會當用華語創作，嘛會當用英文寫作。所以無管天有佻懸、海有佻深、困難有佻重，我猶原會顧著鍊金術者（The Alchemist）所講的「當汝想欲愛的物件，所有宇宙的力量會來幫贊汝完成」的精神，勇敢向前、射迴天界彼月，來做一个真正的實行者！當然其中，無一定會完成所欲愛的目標，但是盡力去做，這就是生命。生命親像旅程，咱的氣力無需要單那囡佇「目的」，但是重點囡佇「過程」，而且會當品味過程中的苦佻甜，這敢毋是生活的一種態度呢？

想著讀 VCC（溫哥華學院）的期間，點滴佇心肝頭。彼段日子，每日親像佇魔鬼訓練營咧受訓，連破病都毋敢哀。有一擺，會記得為著準備四十分鐘的英文演講比賽，行佇 Broadway 路上，毋知是傷浸佇欲講的主題“The Alchemist”的情節，我竟然重重跋一倒，疼到跔（peh）袂起來，提著十幾斤的冊包，我誠困難倚起來，瞬間頭殼閃出一个念頭：「閻羅王！請毋通即馬來揣我，我的英文猶未好勢，世間的知識猶未捌透。」跋這倒，講實在規身軀誠無爽快，但是功課照常做到半暝，袂記得家己受傷過。看著分轉來的考卷血跡滿四界，我才意悟著手盤肉的傷疼；暗時上眠床的時，才感覺跋頭窩骨的存在。



我是一个得獎的台灣作者，嘛是以作家的身份移民來加拿大，所以誠自然，我就愛以創作來做我生活的工課。感謝台灣孕育我對寫作的趣味，感謝加拿大看好我的作品，予我有機會來到這個世界上適合人蹣的所在，來開拓我的眼界。

目前（2010）我出版十本冊，大部份攏用華語創作，內面包括散文、小說、童詩佻英文翻譯。位 2007 年開始陸續選「親情」方面、感覺袂歹的作品翻作英文。2009 年受著台文戰線文友的影響，認真拍拚開始台文的書寫。

首先，我將「台英雙語童詩集」出版。評論家宋澤萊先生講：「李秀的詩，我們不能單純地將它當成北京語詩的翻譯，應該說是一種還原，以台語來恢復其本來面目罷了；換句話說她的這些台語童詩，在語言上恢復其母語的本真世界去了。」伊認為台灣人寫詩，無論用任何語言書寫，加減受制伊的母語，佇字佻行之間攏會發出母語的味來。

那按呢講來，我這個台灣人投入台文，一路行來感受著「行台語路走揣故鄉」的激動，閣將「中英散文集」，誠緊就來翻作台文，嘛是真自然的天性。有關改寫台文，因為時間參環境有所改變，內容加減有無全，會使講有的是重寫。雖然寫到無暝無日，但一點仔都袂感覺疲勞。因為用台語寫出來的作品，不但感動家己，讀者嘛感覺讀我的台語作品，有貼肉黏骨的感情。特別感動著台語詩人立信兄，致使伊想欲共伊讀出來。感謝伊的澎湖腔口，唸出八篇作品變成一塊 CD，方便予想欲學台語的人做參考。

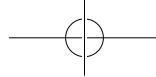
誠歡喜台文部份，佇 2010 年分別得著台南府城文學獎、高雄

文學創作獎助。評審蔣為文教授按呢講：「對於一個過去長期使用中文創作的作家而言，欲轉換使用台文及英文寫作，實不簡單。不簡單之處不僅在於文字的掌控，更在於觀念的轉變。也因李秀已有多年創作之經驗，故當掌握好台文書寫之後，這本散文集很快就能誕生。李秀勇於嘗試台灣母語寫作，且作品相當成功，實值得台灣許多中文作家學習參考。李秀女士的作品可以讓人深深感受到她對人與土地深厚的感情。由於她的海外生活經驗，讓當代的台語文學作品擴展了更寬廣的視野與見聞。建議作者應持續台文寫作以豐富台灣文學的多樣性。」

即馬欲交出這張「台英雙語散文集」成績單。有關英文部份，除了請加拿大作家 Barbara Ladouceur 幫忙提供意見以外，嘛特別請我佇美國大學咧教冊的好友 John Howard Grant 再次校對，我就是按呢認真閣謹慎來面對作品。當然一个美好的完成，除了家己的綿爛，加減有一寡仔朋友的幫贊，比如台文文友柯柏榮的建議用字，以及家庭的支持。這本冊的產生，毋是欲教人按怎精進出脫，伊是一个普通女子，位高雄到澎湖，位台灣到溫哥華，透過日常生活的風景，寫出伊的想法佻反映。親像一橫佇塵土中的小花蕊，咧走揣蝴蝶的路草，向望將伊移徙的旅途佻經驗分享予逐家。此後，對台灣的感情，對澎湖的數念，我會繼續用我的筆來表達。

李秀

寫佇加拿大溫哥華



Foreword

A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly
—Why I want to write in both Taiwanese and English

Imoved to Canada from Taiwan in January 2002 at the age of sixty. Since then my spirit has totally bonded with the English-speaking world. But even though I have taken many courses to improve my English skills, whether I am in Taiwan or Canada, it is a huge challenge for a person who is used to both thinking and writing in Chinese for over half a century to now think and write in English. To further complicate matters, I want to write in yet another language now – Taiwanese, which is my mother tongue. Even though I can speak Taiwanese very well, it is still very difficult for me to write in Taiwanese, because I was educated in Chinese and have been writing in Chinese for over thirty years. Thus I feel like a tree longing for the earth and, yet at the same time, standing on tiptoe to peek at the heavens.

Although it is hard work and a big responsibility for me to write in both English and Taiwanese, I wish to do so for two reasons. The first reason is because I want more people to understand my home country Taiwan; the other is that writing in Taiwanese takes me back to my home country that I miss so much.

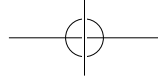
I want to further explain why I feel compelled to write in English. Although we all have the same physical organs for sensing life, such as eyes for seeing, ears for hearing, noses for smelling, skin for

feeling and mouths for tasting, our perception of the world depends, to a large extent, on the language we speak. Some language scholars have discovered that we cannot perceive things that we have not named. Each language is like a pair of eyeglasses through which we “see” the world in a particular way. A classic example of the relationship between language and perception is the word “snow”. In the English language, there is only that one word to describe all of the possible kinds of snow. In the Inuit language, however, there are as many as thirty different words for snow.

Moreover, there is another view of both language and cultural barriers. In terms of language, Chinese is a noun language, while English is a verb language. The Chinese language results in “spiral” thinking – an indirect way to express thinking, while English is a straight type of language, which creates a more direct way of seeing the world.

There can be cultural differences in the contrasts between “low-context” and “high-context” thinking. For example, the national characteristic of “low-context” thinking emphasizes individualism, change, youth, informality, efficiency and so on. These kinds of nations are mainly Western or younger countries, such as Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. However, the national characteristic of “high-context” thinking marks collectivism, tradition, elders, formality, spiritualism and so on. This kind of thinking is nearly always found in Eastern or more ancient nations, such as Egypt, India, Taiwan, and China.

Comparing Taiwanese and English in this way enables me to understand why I struggle to learn the English language and culture.



Learning a foreign language is so complicated that the English teacher has to first try to change the high-context thinking of ESL students to low-context. As a result, it is important for us to grasp this key point before we can truly understand the English language and reduce our culture shock.

Because of this different thinking pattern, when I translate either my work or other Taiwanese works, sometimes I will translate for meaning instead of a “literal translation” in order to match the “low-context” thinking of Western readers. I have strong feelings about the necessity of doing this after several years of translating Chinese to English. It is impossible to translate word for word, term for term, sentence for sentence, because each language represents totally different syntax, customs, cultural background and national traditions. Actually, literary translation is a difficult job, if you want to do it well.

I am an ambitious woman; not only do I want to write in Chinese, but I also want to write exciting works in English. I don’t just want to swim in the aquarium; I want to swim in the sea. For this purpose, I don’t care whether the sky is high and remote or the ocean is very deep and unmeasured. I will keep going forward to my destination. This is similar to the disposition of *The Alchemist* in Paulo Coelho's novel says “When you want something, the entire universe conspires to help you to achieve it”. Perhaps the process of pursuit will bring me both surprises and achievements. Surely life is an exciting journey during which we should not just focus on the destination.

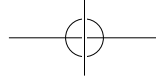
I can remember studying English when I was at Vancouver Community College. I felt like I was in a boot camp for learning

English. Once I prepared a forty-minute presentation about the book, *The Alchemist*, for the class. I was so immersed in the plot of the book as I walked to the college that I slipped and fell heavily. I had difficulty standing up because of my heavy book bag and extreme pain throughout my body. In my mind, I cried out, “Lord in Heaven, please don’t take me out now, because my English is not yet complete, and I don’t have a deep enough knowledge of life at this time.”

Yet even though I had suffered a serious fall and felt sick, I still did homework until midnight. Actually, I didn’t care about any pain while I focused on studying. Only when I saw the bloodstain on my returned test paper, did I realize that my hand was badly scratched. Heading to bed to rest, I noticed that my knee was still hurting a lot. Thus I have truly suffered blood, sweat and tears in my quest to learn English.

I am an award-winning Taiwanese author, so I declared myself as a writer to Immigration authorities when I arrived in Canada. It makes sense that I not only want to but need to write in order to continue my career. So now, I not only appreciate Taiwan where I was cultivated as a writer, but I am also grateful to Canada which has provided me with the most comfortable place in the world to develop my vision.

In Taiwan, I published ten books in Chinese that included prose, novels, children’s poems and English translations. Since 2007, I have chosen only the best of my writing about my family to translate into English. In 2009, some friends at Taiwanese Literature Battlefront Magazine strongly urged me to write articles in the Taiwanese language. So then I also became more involved in the field of



Taiwanese writing.

First, I published a collection of children's poems in both Taiwanese and English. A famous Taiwanese writer, Tik-Lai Song, said, "We can't just say that these children's poems of Louise Lee Hsiu are merely translated from Chinese. We should say they have been returned to the true colors and vision of the Taiwanese language." But he also believes that even if the Taiwanese people write articles in different languages they will still send out their mother tongue.

As Tik-Lai Song said, writing in Taiwanese is a natural instinct. Thus, it is little wonder that although I am embroiled in writing in Taiwanese day and night, I never feel tired. In the past, I have translated my work from Chinese to Taiwanese, but as time has passed I feel a growing need to write first in Taiwanese instead of Chinese. Moreover, I write from the heart in Taiwanese, so my readers are touched very much by these works. In fact, the Taiwanese poet, Wang Li-Cheng, who has a Penghu accent, was inspired to read eight of these pieces and I produced a CD of his reading in order for more readers to enjoy listening to the Taiwanese language.

In 2010, I won two literary prizes for articles written in Taiwanese. In his critical appraisal of these works, Professor Wi-vun Chiung said,

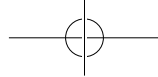
Louise Lee Hsiu is a remarkable writer. She wants to write in Taiwanese and English. That is hard work for an author who wrote in Chinese for a long time. We should give her a big round of applause for the transformation of her creative writing from Chinese to Taiwanese and English. Drawing from her writing experience in

Chinese, she continues to write skillfully and smoothly in her mother tongue. Thus this collection of essays in Taiwanese and English was not only quickly accomplished but most successfully written. She is a role-model for many Chinese writers in Taiwan. Her works are full of the emotion of her people and her land; additionally, her Taiwanese literary works have expanded to a broader field of vision because of her overseas experience of life. I hope she will keep writing this way towards creating a multiplicity of Taiwan literature.

And so this book was reborn bilingually in Taiwanese and English, after originally being published in Chinese in Taiwan in several years ago. Because English is not my mother tongue, I not only asked Canadian writer Barbara Ladouceur to provide her opinion, but I also asked my best friend John Howard Grant, who teaches at California State University, Chico, to review these articles as well; this is how cautious I am about my translated works.

Of course, this birth required great perseverance and patience on my part throughout the process, but I also benefited from the support and encouragement of my friends and my family. This is not a how-to book for spiritual advancement or a book of easy answers to hard questions. It is the thoughts and reflections of an ordinary woman as she walks through the ordinary landscape of everyday life in search of a path from Kaohsiung to Penghu, from Taiwan to Vancouver; like a little flower lying in the dust that seeks the path of the butterfly. I hope all of you who travel with me will find it a journey worth taking. In the future, I plan to continue my emotional literary journey back to Taiwan and Penghu.

Louise Lee Hsiu
December 2011



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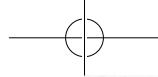
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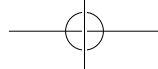
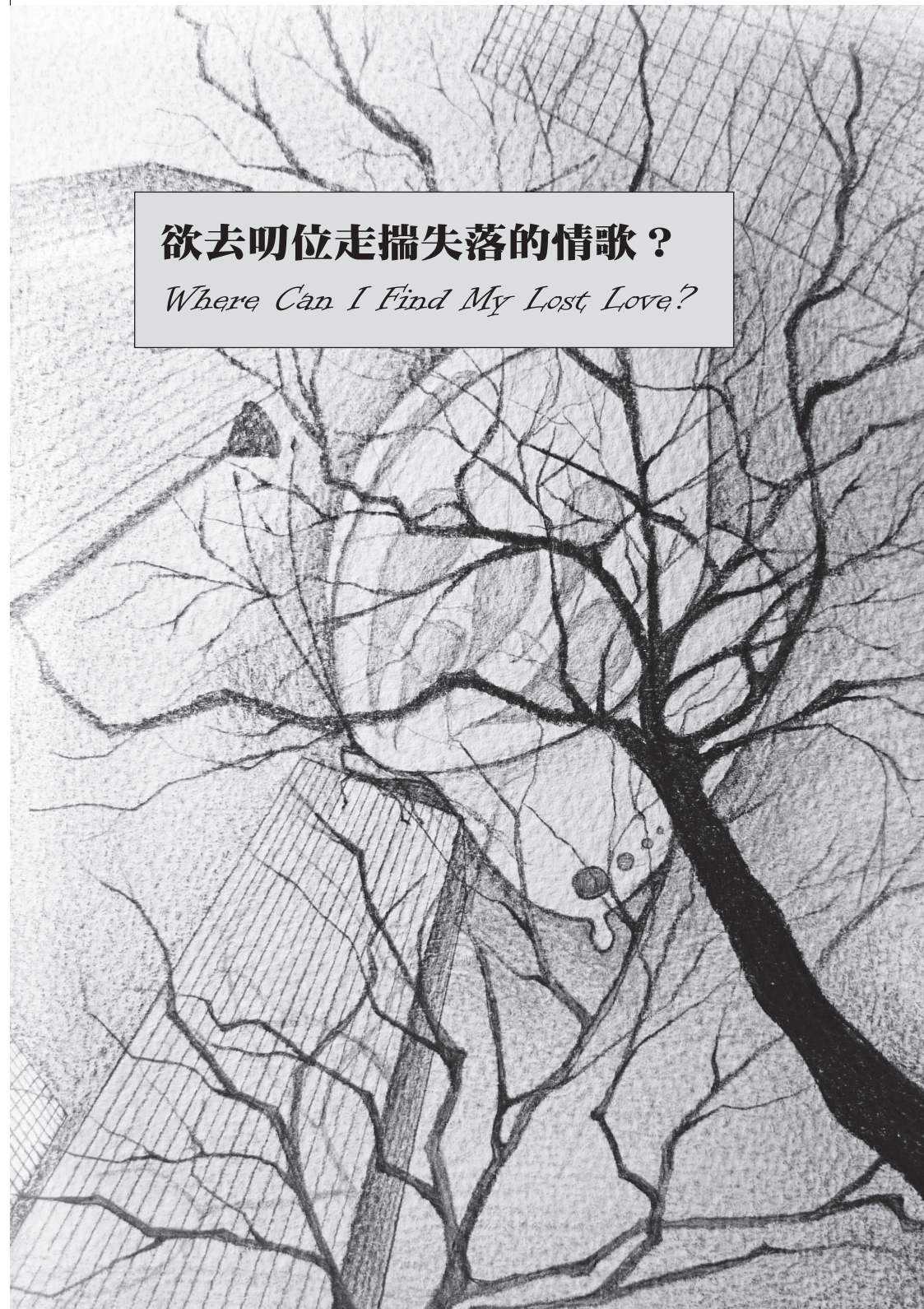
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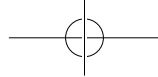
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欲去叨位走揣失落的情歌？

Where Can I Find My Lost Love?





佇落雨天走失落的老父

(有聲台文 1)

落雨天，囡仔時的記持是兩款樣，毋是輕鬆就是煩惱。因為袂當出門揣蹉跎伴，無工藝就跔躑窗仔墘，耍位厝尾頂閃入內的雨水，幫助 in 較緊滑落來。不而過，會當按呢清閒咧耍雨滴，背後一定愛父母平安佇厝內；若無，一粒心肝就懸懸吊佇半空中盪盪晃，彼款澹澹的雨味予人真無安全感，因為親愛的雙親無佇身軀邊。

到較大漢小可會曉做一寡家事，雨，才逗逗仔浮出淡薄仔色水來。

肉粽節的雨，幼幼柔柔。阿母慣勢跔亭仔腳縛肉粽，我嘛開始無閒提東提西鬥做代誌，雖然土腳澹糊糊，毋過灶腳的柴火僻僻叭叭，共我的面烘甲紅貢貢，厝內四界飄滿溫暖的芳味，雖然阿爸無佇矣，上班去囉，但是我知影伊一定會轉來，而且伊有紮雨傘出門，我著按呢安心跔佇厝內。

少年的雨，是無煩無惱的。

想袂到經過三、四冬了後，當是高中生青春少女的我，煞予一場擊腹斷腸的雨，損甲烏昏暗地、傷甲半小死。

阿母出山彼日，連天嘛射落來一場強猛的大雨箭。永遠無法度放袂記彼條暗淡醬糊糊的鸞路，是一條摧人心肝生離死別的陽關道，親像世界末日，我目矚金金看著至愛的阿母，予人囡

落去彼款陰陰濕濕的荒山野地下腳。失去阿母，佢阿爸相依為命，彼時每遍見著雨，有一種莫名其妙的驚惶，特別是阿爸無佇厝內的時陣。

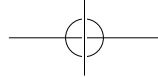
有一工，天頂雄雄掃一陣風颭雨，連鞭想著阿爸的安危。自按呢，家己大膽騎著腳踏車，一路佢刮風大雨掉拚，欲送雨幔去予佇前鎮的 Aluminum 會社當咧出勤的老父。想講伊一定會呵佬查某团的友孝，無疑悟，煞顛倒加添伊的擔頭。

佇風雨交加的緊張時刻，予阿爸硬攬入去計程車內，一點仔都無予我開嘴的空間。我誠委曲坐入去計程車內底。坐在了後，位玻璃窗仔門越頭看向外口，啊！那知阿爸毋但愛騎家己的腳踏車，另外一手閣愛牽我彼台。看伊拼勢佢風雨決鬥的形影，我即時目屎滴落來，按怎會變做這款樣？彼款慘淡割心的疼，到即馬想起來猶原會踞踞顫。彼陣風颭雨，我永遠共伊咒讖。

日子總是愛面對，雨猶原隨著四季行腳到，我的世界綴著日月的流逝，漸漸擴大，慢慢仔對雨的感覺有所改變，甚至淡薄仔合意彼款淒涼有詩味的霎霎仔雨。講較清楚一點仔，有可能是雨引起我少女「不識愁強說愁」的記憶。佇這個無閒煩忙的現代生活，會當引起數念過去嘛是一種幸福，無管伊是甜的抑是苦的。

當然，另外一方面也表示我結婚後的生活是安定的，所以對雨無啥物特別的感受。

毋過這工愈想愈礙虐，我已經是兩個高中生的老母，半暝的雨點，點點佇我的心肝頭，親像利刀一刀一刀割我的肉。天呀！地呀！無論按怎汝即馬袂使落雨！汝無看著彼個流浪佇街仔路，



揣袂著路轉去厝的老大人嗎？汝若落雨，敢毋是愈加重伊的困擾？伊柁閣恹的身軀，敢會堪得汝的摧殘佻刻薄？

我彼个八十二歲的老父，位透早七、八點仔就紡見矣，到即馬已經足足十七點鐘。遐呢久的時間，阿（阮對阿爸的暱稱）！汝到底是去佻位？三兄奔向南月、四兄走向東月，汝的囡婿向北月去揣……逐家親像無頭神的胡蠅四界走揣汝的形影。阿！汝到底走去佻一角勢？

阮攏咧臆，汝絕對袂坐落來歇暍，若柁嘛袂家已買物件食，汝會一直行，愈行愈遠愈驚惶，凡勢嘛愈危險。

厝邊按呢講：「免煩惱！老歲仔人無人欲愛啦。」如果是會當春的人，我絕對一拳共伊春落去，閣按怎講，現此時我無法度接受這款安慰的風涼話。

時鐘一分一分向前徙，阮的希望也一寸一寸向絕望的巽行。繃紆的神經已經夠磅，我親像痲仔開始掠狂：「阿！汝欲走，嘛袂使按呢走，上無汝的身軀邊嘛愛有親人……」，目屎若親像烏暗的雨水流袂停，雨啊！如果我親愛的老父，若有啥物缺角的話，這世人，我欲拏恨汝！

毋知經過幾世紀的感覺，這時陣，電話聲響起，傳來阿爸已經予計程車司機載轉來矣的聲音。勞力汝上天啊！老父的囡婿歡喜甲跳起來：「都著毋！我頭仔就知影阿爸吉人天相，袂出代誌。好佳哉，阿爸平安轉來厝，若揣袂著，會予妳這個厚操煩的人想歪去。」這個人即馬竟然講起大聲話來，而且閣講袂煞。無要緊！若阿爸平安轉來，啥物代誌攏好參詳啊。

尪婿無閒燒香拜拜，我趕狂提雨傘轉去後頭厝。計程車司機講，就是落雨天才引起伊注意橋頂的孤單老人，伊想講這個序大有可能毋甘叫計程車，所以才順路載伊一段。按呢講來，就是落雨天救著阮老父矣！

司機先生！多謝汝的疼心。雨！汝落著時陣，我雙手合十，感謝雨，勞力上天的保庇。

看阿爸予三兄安貼好勢，已經恹甲躺咧眠床頂暍，我才安心行向歸途。

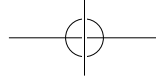
佇路裡遇著後生擲雨傘向我行來，我知影伊的用心，毋過我誠受氣：

「汝來創啥物！即馬閣無欲暍，明仔載欲按怎應付學校的考試。」

「三更半暝閣咧落雨，我驚汝會有危險……」後生滿面委屈的形。

我無用當年阿爸對我的方法來對我的後生，但是我相信，我現此時的心恰當年阿爸的心是全款的。我共後生攏牢牢做夥行轉來厝。這個時陣，雨停矣！

我知影，若有天地，雨會照常落；我嘛知影，若有人類，親情會照常輪迴。



LOST IN THE RAIN--FINDING FATHER

I have two kinds of memories from my childhood because I would sometimes feel relaxed but other times feel worried on rainy days. I couldn't go out to play with my playmates, so I played by myself as I helped the raindrops fall down the window more quickly. However, I only felt happy and carefree when I knew my parents were near me at home. Otherwise, my little heart would be in turmoil with worry about them.

After I'd grown up a little, I could be of assistance in doing housework and gradually became more diverse in my activities during those rainy days.

Soft rain fell on the day of the Dragon-Boat Festival. On this day, Mother used to make "Zong Zi" in the outdoor hall by wrapping rice in broad leaves of reeds. I handed her the rice or passed the leaves over to Mama. I enjoyed doing this work. Even though it was wet everywhere, my face was red and excited from the kitchen fire. What a warm-hearted feeling there was in the room! Additionally, although my father was at the office, I knew he would come back and that he had an umbrella, so I didn't need to worry about him. Thus I could feel relaxed as I waited for my dear father to return home.

The rain of my youth was vivid and bright.

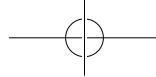
However, the rain of my teenage years was like the thrusting blade of a knife. My heart was so broken on my mother's burial day that I have never forgotten the muddiness of the steep climb up the

mountain to the cemetery. Then I watched helplessly as my dearest Mama was laid in the damp and dull soil. There was melancholy in the wind and sorrow in the wet grass. Losing Mother, I began to rely more deeply on Father, especially on the rainy days.

A few months later, during a dark and miserable night, I watched the heavy rain pouring down and my fears seemed endless because my father had not taken an umbrella with him. I grabbed a raincoat and Father's umbrella, braved my way through the rainstorm riding my bike to his office. I had guessed that he would be pleased with his dutiful girl, but he was furious. He made me take a taxi home. I watched Father from the window of the taxi as he struggled in the heavy rain to not only ride his bicycle, but also carry my bike in the pelting wind. Looking at this awful situation, I suddenly burst into tears. I would never forget this evil rain. What a nightmare!

The rainy seasons passed year after year; I made a living day after day as well. By then I had a different vision and feelings about rain. I even enjoyed the poetic rhythm of light rain as it fell. It is true, teenage girls always feel that they suffer so much but they really don't know what true sorrow is. So I looked back and wonder what made me happy then. When I focused on my memories they were both bitter and sweet as I hurried through my busy modern life. On the other hand, now that I had a happy marriage, I no longer had special feelings about rainy days.

Years passed and I was now the mother of two senior high school students. However, my heart beat gravely, as though sharing the beat of the midnight rain. What a curse these rains are! "How dare you rain down now? Is it possible you don't see an old man, lost and



terrified, helplessly wandering on the streets? If you pour water on this moment, he will be even more baffled and confused. How could you burden his weakness with your rage?”

The lost, lonely man was my eighty-two year old father. Lost now for seventeen hours since morning, how far could he possibly walk? “We’ve been looking everywhere. Father! Which direction have you taken? We worry that you haven’t slept or eaten. Why must you keep walking farther away and into more danger?” My neighbours tried to comfort me by telling me no one would dare touch him. Yet nothing could console me.

The hours passed and with every moment, we lost more hope. I couldn’t bear this difficult time. “Dad! Don’t choose to leave us this way,” I cried hysterically. “You need your family here beside you, and you need to keep warm and dry.” Teardrops interwoven with raindrops threaded together a scene of suffering. “Rain! I will never forgive you if my dear father gets into trouble.”

My ordeal felt centuries long. Then finally a phone call brought good news, Father was coming back by taxi. I was assured that Father was okay. “Good thing your father’s safe, or you would be a mental case,” my husband rambled on, complaining incessantly. His temper always annoyed me, but now, everything would pass as long as my father was safe and sound. At least my husband was busy burning joss sticks in worship and appreciation. I headed out to Father’s home immediately. In this world the person I valued most was my father who left me on this rainy day. Thank God after being lost, he was found again. I hurried to Father’s place immediately.

In my father’s home, I held him tightly and listened to a stranger’s

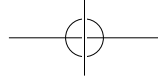
chatter. He explained that on this rainy day as he was driving home, he noticed a solitary old man who was walking on a dark and lonely bridge. He considered the possibility that this aged man might not be able to afford a taxi, so he offered him a free ride. The driver also told us that my father had lapsed into dizziness. Father was lucky that the driver thought to look in Father’s pocket, where he found his address. I thanked the rain for coming at the right time and I thank the driver who was driving in the right direction!

After I saw that Father had settled down, I went back to my place. On the way home, I saw my son who was holding an umbrella for me. I understood his purpose, but I was angry, “What are you doing now? It is so late and you have a test tomorrow!”

“It is midnight and rainy now. I feared you would be in danger,” my son said with tears in his eyes.

I didn’t treat him the way my father treated me many years ago, but I was sure that I was feeling just as Father used to feel. I patted my son tearfully. Now that we were home, the rain had already stopped.

I trust the rain will always come as long as the earth exists. I am also certain family relationships will never end so long as human beings live and love.



阿爸的雙手

(有聲台文2)

拼出規身軀的氣力，終其尾予我 peh 起 li 桌仔頂。當等我要甲誠心適的時陣，雄雄一隻足大隻的鵝仔，額頸長甲若蛇，一支尖嘴開甲大大大，ko……ko……向我嘍來，我着驚甲嗎嗎吼。這隻兇戒戒的鵝媽媽，並無因為我的哭聲來定著，煞顛倒愈雄勢，額頸仔伸甲長長長，位圓桌仔墘歪呀歪，直直綴著我。我假若苦命的团兒淒慘落魄，佢伊咧走相掠。

親像跋落去坑坎全款，孤單一人佢烏暗決鬥。當等這隻淨牲欲啄我幼嫩的皮肉時，雄雄一雙強闊有力的大手骨，將我抱起來，我拼死命掠牢這支光明閣安全的救命柱一直吼……一直吼……

「乖！毋通哭矣，彼隻淨牲予阿爸趕走矣，明仔載共伊剗來食。」

彼一暗，我燒甲得欲四十度。記智當中，猶原是彼雙粗勇的大手，共我抱起抱落，到「先生媽」遐收驚，嘛攏無啥效。因踣眠床頂，我就拼死命哭，獨獨躺佇彼雙手股頂，我才睏會落眠。這場重病，就佇阿爸的雙手內底，才沓沓仔好起來，彼年我五歲。

厝裡的一點一滴，攏是靠阿爸的雙手來成長、勇壯。遮个點點滴滴，已經成做生活的一部份，親像當該然全款。若是無這

雙手，阮就像火車敗輦、跛步走精，一切的一切毋知欲按怎。

我七歲的時有一工，彼暗是阿爸當值的暗暝，阿母叫阮飯食飽、身軀洗好，就較早去暝的，橫直無電火，嘛無法度寫功課，阿母番咐大兄共門窗門予好勢，講阿爸無佇厝逐家愛較謹慎小心的。阿爸無佇咧，阮親像減一支大柱，假若規間厝隨時會搖起來全款。

逐家暝甲當落眠，被一陣亂操操的聲音吵精神，我睇開朦霧的目矚，眼視前一片烏暗。位阿母攏阮佢伊緊張的聲調，阮感覺著有啥物歹空的代誌欲發生矣，藉著位窗仔門射入來的月光，阮看著頭前門的門門，綴外口的碰！碰！叫的聲音，起起落落咧搖動。

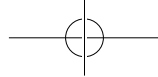
逐家即時間攏聲驚去，驚驚惶惶攏攏作一堆，親像恐怖小說的主角，煩惱歹人隨時會衝入來，阿母位後尾門溜出去，大概是欲向厝邊討救兵的款。

門門被激烈的舂，連鞭有崩落的可能。若毋是阿爸特別佇頂下加兩門，恐驚早就離離落落冗去囉。阿母親像出去足久足久，阮兄妹仔緬緬攏攏作一丸。連動嘛毋敢動，哼嘛毋敢哼，親像千萬尾蛇鑽入心肝窟仔。

撞擊的聲雄雄恬去，續落是一裕親像爆鼓篋走遠去的跛步聲，然後看阿母沓沓仔唯門邊行入來，面色白損損，嘴唇一直掣講：「歹……人……彘……掠……去……矣。」

歸家口仔真無簡單等到透早，阿爸轉來矣。

阿爸佇咧，厝裡加真安穩，阿母嘛較輕鬆。阿爸透暝共門加



裝幾仔組門門。阿爸的雙手，就是阮的保障，無論佇有形的、抑是無形的，攏予阮這種感覺。

一家口仔七个人，位稅厝倚佇三塊厝，到有厝通稅人佇文化路，彼段困苦的歲月，就是靠阿爸穩當的掌舵，閣參阿母的認真拍拚，才會當將這個厝，穩篤篤駛到安全四序的所在。

當等會使喘一下仔氣，享一下仔清福的時陣，阿母煞來過身。雖然兄哥 in 攏成家立業，但是對我，阿爸真正愛加費一寡心思來開導。尤其失去阿母彼陣的歹情緒，誠實無法度通忍受。伊不但愛將失去家後的悲痛收起來，閣愛特別照顧這個寶貝查某囡。

真難得，阿爸竟然想出以音樂來洗盪這個白目的查某囡。

會記得彼工是一个烈炎天，伊雙手捧一台大洋琴，滿身重汗講：

「這是我共同事借的，彈看覓咧，聲音閣真好聽！」

要無一禮拜，我就講：

「這種琴，音傷簡單，我較恁意鋼琴。」

佇 1960 年代，鋼琴是貴重的討債物，我嘛知影家已是咧講要的。以阿爸勤儉的習慣，是無可能為我買的。

但是只不過經過四個月爾，伊彼雙牽滿青筋的大手，提一包批囊佇我的面頭前晃呀晃，真神祕按呢講：

「妳臆遮个錢是欲創啥物？」

「買鋼琴！」奇怪的是我攏無想就講出來。記智內底阿爸從來毋捌予我失望過。

到今仔日每擺掀起琴蓋，彼雙牽滿青筋的手，總是浮現佇我的腦海中。

我真正予音樂洗盪心性，上起碼我袂閣鑽入無尾巷，因為定著練琴的時間加出來，嘛無允准我閣佇日時陷眠烏白亂亂想矣。

後來閣因為阿爸的催趕，愛我行上地毯的彼頭。囡婿位伊的雙手接過伊的查某囡，總算予伊完成一件上大的心事。

彼年我搬到五樓公寓，伊講欲幫我釘幾條細條椅頭仔，閒的時會當踎五樓尾頂遐納涼，厝裡彼片有柴枋，拄好會使拚起來用。現此時的市面上，細條椅頭仔俗閣婿，但是我毋甘逆伊老大人的好意，我講我等候伊的傑作。

無到兩日的時間，伊誠實做四寮，家已搬甲拚拚喘，來到我的五樓頂，我蹣的所在恰後頭厝干單隔一條街仔路爾爾。後生看看咧，倚佇我的耳空邊講：

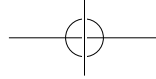
「媽！阿公的椅頭仔無好坐，閣歹看。」

我共後生大大睨一下，了後幹過身對阿爸講：

「in 攏講阿公足巧，會曉做遐呢勇的椅頭仔，通予阮來享受。」

「嘿！嘿！我的功夫毋是咧臭彈的，想起當年風颱將咱兜的厝瓦吹走甲誠淒慘的時，終其尾，就是我比遐个土水師的手路，閣較勇、閣較在腹啦。」

是矣，阿爸！汝的雙手，位粗勇到老化，總是恰阮做夥佇咧。



FATHER'S HANDS

Usually everything felt tangible and secure when Father appeared. But I recall this particular day was a disaster in my life. On that day I played by myself in the backyard and I climbed up to the top of a table with difficulty. While I was cheering on my success, a tall goose stretched his neck and opened his mouth to move in on me like a snake. Even though I was crying and screaming, he still stretched his neck around the table threatening me. The goose and I looked as if we were playing hide-and-seek. The sky was overcast with clouds and the rain was endless. At the very time I was trying to escape from the evil goose, a pair of strong hands suddenly held me. I was fiercely gripped in my father's arms but I felt like I was embraced in a safe light.

"Don't cry! My sweetheart! Dad has already thrown that awful animal out. I will kill him as soon as possible!" That evening I developed a severe fever. In my memory, a pair of sturdy hands held me tightly and we went to see the doctor...then and there. I think that without the powerful grip of my father's hands, I couldn't have had a sweet dream. Just by clinging instinctively to his arms I began to feel better then. That year, I was only five.

Everyone at home relied on Father's helping hands to grow and to flourish naturally; otherwise, if we lost those hands, we would have been helpless and frail.

When I was 7 years young, we had a miserable day in my home.

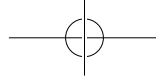
First, Dad was on the night shift, so Mom urged us to sit down to dinner, gave us our baths and then sent us to bed early because of a power failure. Without Father we felt the lack of his strong support.

That night when a loud pounding at the door rudely interrupted our dreams we wondered, "What is that?" I felt sure we were going to get into more trouble because of Mom's nervousness and confusion. The terrible sound from the front door was almost deafening. Not long after that, the door latch was being hit with rough force; it was going to be broken at any moment. Luckily, Father had already made more bars to strengthen the door.

When Mother rushed to the back door in a panic to ask a neighbor to rescue us, we all huddled together in fright. We looked like the main characters of a horror novel, who are worried about a robber that is about to rush through the door to kill us. Finally, the knocking stopped. At the same time, Mom was prostrate with exhaustion but she patted us softly, "The robber has been caught, we are safe now." At last, Dad came home from work at daybreak and we finally felt safe and sound.

After that incident, Father attached more bars to the door for better security at night. His hands always acted for our safekeeping whether inside or outside. Our parents went from being tenants to being landlords, a difficult time that depended on both our parents' hard work. However, just when we had settled down, Mother passed away.

Although my brothers had gotten married and started careers, Father did not rest; now he paid more attention to me. Not only did he need to overcome his grief for his spouse, but also he needed to console and solace his daughter. Surprisingly, he thought to use



music to soothe my spirit. One sunny day, his hands sweatily carried a big “butterfly-qin” (Taiwanese stringed instrument) and said, “Try it out, it sounds pretty nice. I borrowed from one of my co-workers.”

I played on it for just one week and responded, “This is boring, and I prefer the piano.” I knew the piano was an expensive item, particularly in 1960. I also recognized my frugal father couldn’t afford to buy it. But after just four months, one day his brawny hands mysteriously waved an envelope in my face,

“Guess how we are going to spend this money.”

“I know it is for a piano!” I said straightforwardly because he never disappointed me.

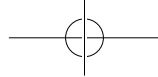
After that, when I played the piano, my father’s blue-veined hands filled my brain all the time because I so appreciated what he had done for me. I was now truly disciplined in my music. The piano accompanied me through many days of wind and storm. And then I decided to accept the white picket fence. My father released his hands from me, so that his new son-in-law could accomplish his wish.

Now that I had moved to a fifth-floor apartment, my father wanted to use some old wood to make some stools for our balcony. In fact, there were many cheap stools in the market, but I couldn’t bear to pour cold water on my dear Dad’s enthusiasm. After two days, he made four pieces. My son whispered in my ear, “Grandpa’s stools are crummy.” I looked at him reproachfully, and turned to my father with a smile, “They all feel you are so versatile that we will enjoy your work.”

“Hey! Hey!” he replied. “I am not boasting about my handicrafts. But I recall that when a typhoon blew up our roof tiles, I could actually do a better job of fixing them than the contractors.”

Yes! Father! Your hands, from strong to weak, are always with us!





一坵金光閃閃的花園

(有聲台文3)

行這種棋我攏是輸。逐擺若行到欲輸的坎站，我就會真不服將規盤棋子拊拊咧，嘴唇刁故意翹甲抵天講：「無愛閣耍啊啦！」

「汝就是按呢，心狂躁熱，個性若是毋改，後擺會做無代誌。」阿爸誠正經咧講，一支手共棋子重排予好勢，一支手咧摸縛仔頭殼頂的 hoo5-tai2。抑我是目屎澹目墘，掠準窮佇欲袂當閣聽著阿爸的教示矣。

「老阿伯！汝人有較爽快無？」病房外口有人行入來。

「阿爸！這位是送汝來病院的王先生，汝敢會記得？」

「袂記得矣，我人好好，爲啥物愛躑病院？」

「阿爸！汝閣袂記得矣，昨昏汝予車擗著，頭殼閣紮六七針咧。」

伊摸一下仔頭殼，吐一口喟講：「唉！運途誠歹。」

阿爸彼年八十歲，出車禍晉前記池就無界好。即馬逐件代誌佻伊講無一分鐘久又閣袂記得矣，予人真煩惱。走去問醫生，伊講，已經過兩工矣，無吐是好現象，毋過需要閣觀察幾工仔，才會當確定是毋是有腦震盪。

每一擺黃昏若到，阿爸就開始揣伊掛佇身軀邊的鎖匙、目鏡、帽子，準備轉去厝裡暍。無論按怎騙，過一、兩分鐘又閣咧揣

伊的物件。只有參伊行這種棋才會當安搭伊不安的情緒。

但是我攏行袂贏伊。伊真得意講，位做囡仔就開始耍矣，這毋是三、五冬的功夫爾爾。看伊予笑意加深的皺紋，雄雄驚覺著，皺紋是值得呵啞的記號。這種棋叫作啥物？阿爸講是「行直的」「行趴的」。伊定定騎鐵馬去愛河邊涼亭仔看人耍，有時家己參一腳，這是伊唯一的消遣。

這種棋會當勾出伊做囡仔的記池，彼段佻阿媽相依爲命的艱苦日子。我突然閣發覺阿爸對以早的記池真深刻，毋過發生車禍以後的代誌，伊總是定定袂記得矣。

「阿爸有按怎無？」我一面開門入去阿爸的病房，一面對目矙仁攏牽紅血絲的尪婿按呢問。看伊遮呢恹，料想會到昨暝阿爸的情形應該無界四序。

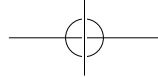
「過一分鐘就想欲放尿，毋過攏放袂出來。」

「有共醫生講無？」

「三更半暝那會好意思共人齷嘈，醫生講咱家屬濟，意見嘛濟。」

好好人都忍受袂牢，莫講是阿爸的頭殼閣受傷？聽著予人真想欲發脾氣，但是看尪婿已經連續三暝無暍，日時閣愛上班，火氣只好吞落來。熟人是日頭赤炎炎，就算早起時，空氣翕甲人強欲袂喘氣。

我趕到病院的時，看誠實無一分鐘，阿爸又閣衝位便所去，根本無法度坐落來，更加免講躺落來歇暍。予痛苦折磨加深的皺紋，即馬看來是遐呢仔使人心碎。四兄講：



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

「昨昏欲暗仔汝轉去厝了後，阿爸就開始按呢矣。」

「敢會是伊閣袂記得家己有放過尿咧。」

阿爸兩支跛腫甲足食力，面色比佇手術台頂面閣較臭老。我毋管醫生是毋是咧歇暈，家己一个人從入去 in 的房間請救兵。

醫生目頭結規丸，伊只是主治腦部的外科醫生爾爾，叫阮愛隨轉到設備齊全的公立病院。現此時阿爸攝護腺脹大，閣有糖尿病，受傷的皮膚嘛咧發炎，真費氣。阮一直煩惱阿爸的頭殼，按怎敢會倘堪得閣烏白咧生枝生葉咧？

聽講欲轉病院，阿爸煞顛倒反常，無吵無鬧欲轉去厝，一个合作、聽話、閣無奈的款形，靜靜等待阮發落。自本伊就是厝裡的皇帝，伊的話就是聖旨，連阿母在生的時嘛驚伊三分。啥物時陣開始伊的權威已經退色矣？同事共我講，阿爸吵欲轉去嘛咧哭，無吵嘛哭，目屎有夠濟。

花謝、花落是大自然的現象，嘛是殘酷無情的。二十冬前失去阿母的傷痕到且猶未堅疔。現此時的每一刻我親像咧驚啥物，捌有人講過：「人若袂死，是有佻濟人會拍拚去愛？」即馬我無心情去分析，我干單知影父罔親情予我太濟的溫暖佻快樂，所以愈驚失去上尾仔所賻落來的情份。人講：「手夯孝杖，才知哀苦。」是一件痛苦的代誌。

西方的蘇格拉底有一句話：「快樂是一項奇妙的物件，時常佻痛苦有割袂斷的關係。」快樂佻痛苦注定是雙生子，年歲查查仔大，這層微妙的關連，體會濟矣。我竟然希望阿爸莫予我傷濟，等到這個所謂的「自然現象」若發生，我才會當有藉口

得著一寡平衡。

阿爸蹓院三禮拜，尪婿講伊欲向丈人爸仔領全勤獎，逐暗爭欲蹓病院顧伊老大人。四兄講阿爸平常時攏蹓佇三兄 in 兜，難得有機會佻阿爸做夥，伊嘛搶欲顧阿爸。三兄三嫂四界求名醫，四嫂送飯，規家口仔攏總出動。

謝天謝地，醫生認為麻煩的老人病，即馬阿爸竟然出現奇蹟好起來矣。但是阮猶原袂當無細膩。醫生講「愛」有時會當治百病，敢誠實的？其實嘛毋是阮予阿爸的愛，事實是阮咧享受有老父的幸福。

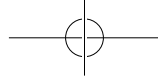
若有閒，阿爸真佻意揣我行棋。

現此時我行這種棋攏贏，阿爸感覺真滿意講：

「嗯！這箍死查某鬼仔閣有淡薄仔頭殼。」

「赫！看是啥人的查某罔啊。」我小可司奶用巴結的話來應伊。

我知影阿爸的彼蕊心花佻查某罔的這蕊心花，互相牽纏做一坵金光閃閃的花園。啊！有老父，就是有花的世界。



BLOOMS IN MY FOREST GROVE

Father and I enjoyed playing chess together. I always lost. Seeing a check-mate approaching, I would purposely dump the board.

"I don't want to play this boring game anymore." I was a spoiled child.

"Why do you get upset and angry? If you don't mend your ways, you will go nowhere. Remember, never do things halfway." Father was very concerned about me.

He set up the chess pieces, pausing briefly to touch the bandage on his head ever so lightly. My eyes filled with tears of gratitude: he was still alive, still trying to help me improve.

A man appeared at father's bedside.

"Uncle, are you feeling better?"

"Dad, this man brought you to the hospital yesterday," I explained.

"I'm okay, I guess. Why am I here?"

"You were hit by a car and received some serious head injuries. The doctors had to sew you up."

"Boy, why am I so unlucky?" He put his hand on the back of his head and sighed with despair.

Father had turned eighty. His memory was already getting worse before the accident. But after the accident, he couldn't recall anything that happened more than one minute before. We were all very worried. I decided I should speak to the doctor.

"It's been two or three days since the accident and he hasn't been vomiting," the doctor said. "He should be out of the woods. But because he had a concussion, he requires several days of observation."

As evening approached, Father demanded his keys, glasses and hat. He seemed to be in a panic to go home. We tried in vain to relax him. Then I remembered the chessboard would calm him down.

"How about a little game of chess?" I asked. He gladly agreed. I made sure that he won every game. Playing chess seemed to bring back some of the memories of his early days with Grandma. I noticed more and more that he could only recall his past life, but not recent events like his accident.

"You are still beating me," I told him.

"Well, you know, I have been playing chess since I was a child," he said. "I know the game inside out." He glowed with pride. As he laughed, his wrinkles got even deeper. I noticed the tree branches swaying outside and pondered the pleasure of joyful wrinkles.

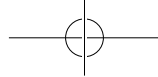
Father instructed me on how to move the chess pieces: "Move the horse straight", "Move the army across". In the past, he would ride his bicycle to the public park to play chess with an old friend.

"How is Father doing?" I asked my tired husband as I quietly opened the door and walked into Father's hospital room.

"He is always going to the toilet, but he can't seem to urinate."

"Did you ask for the doctor's help?"

"I didn't want to bother him in the middle of the night. The doctor



was complaining that we all want different things. Maybe we shouldn't be so demanding."

For three days and three nights Father couldn't sleep. This would be very difficult for a healthy person. How did my sick father manage to do it? I became very angry with my husband for not insisting that something be done. Noticing my husband's exhaustion, I recalled that he hadn't slept for three days either. I calmed down.

I went to the hospital where my fourth brother told me, "Last night, after you went home, Dad became more and more agitated."

I asked him if Father had forgotten that he had already gone to the bathroom. I saw that Papa's feet were swollen and his face looked much older than when he was brought to the hospital.

Darkness settled in around me. It was like a grey cloud that enveloped my father and me. He was continually agitated. Nothing, no one, could settle him down. Like a child woken by a clap of thunder in the middle of the night, I was shocked into action. I woke up the doctor and demanded action.

"This hospital only specializes in acute brain trauma. We suspect that he has problems due to his prostate, diabetes and skin allergies. You must transfer him to the general hospital."

We dreaded introducing more changes into Father's life.

"Dad, we need to move you to another place," I said tearfully.

"Whatever you say, my dear. Please don't cry." His hand caressed my head.

We were amazed how cooperative he was. Just like an obedient child. He didn't even ask to go home. He had always been the family

anchor. Now he needed us.

Friends asked me how many tears I cried. "First you cried because he wanted to go home; now you cry because he doesn't," they said.

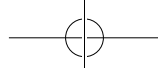
Father! The years have turned your hair white. Hard work has robbed you of your youth. Autumn has passed. Winter is here. Twenty years ago, Mother died. I have always dreaded losing you too. I treasure every precious moment with you.

Death belongs to life as birth does. It means happiness and suffering co-exist. The classical Greek philosopher, Socrates said, "Joy is a marvelous feeling but it is always accompanied by pain." It is true that joy and pain are twins. I am getting older and I know their relationship. I even hoped that my father would not give me too much joy in life so that I could get a little bit of balance when I experienced the pain of his death.

It was impossible for me to grasp these things. I could barely conceive that everything I was or hoped to be was a gift from my dear parents. Every fiber of my being wanted both parents to live long lives so that they could be with me as long as possible.

Father stayed in the general hospital for another three weeks. During that time, family members visited faithfully. My husband never missed a day; my brothers competed with each other to be with Father; my sisters-in-law looked after every helpful detail. When you want something with all your heart, your will joins with that of the universe and becomes a positive force.

"It was a miracle, but he has recovered despite many complications. The only explanation is your love," the doctor said and then he added, "Probably your level of love could heal many illnesses."



A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly

I thought it was not just a matter of Father enjoying our love, but, in fact, we gratefully enjoyed still having our father.

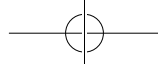
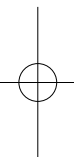
Indeed, a leaf can become a flower if it is loved. A flower turns into a fruit when it is worshiped.

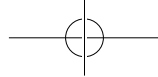
Once again, father invites me over to play chess. He now loses, every time.

"My girl is quick-witted," my father says.

"Like father, like daughter," I reply.

Morning will come. Darkness will vanish. Father's health will bloom in my forest grove.





阿爸！汝敢是無愛阿母？

(有聲台文 4)

三更半暝，予一陣電話聲驚精神，心內真無歡喜，一定是閣
啥人敲毋著的電話，我慢慢仔拍開電火。

「阿子 honn ？」電話線彼片，傳來熟似的聲音。

「是阿爸……」我趕緊掀開棉被，雄雄狂狂坐起來，氣家已
失算，予阿爸等遮久。

「恁阿母是去佗位，那會攏無人佇厝？」

「阿爸！」我毋知欲按怎講，但是嘛安搭家已，伊的身邊一
定有人咧陪伊。

「汝趕緊叫伊轉來，我上班欲未赴矣。」伊催愈緊，我的心
愈亂，拄才嘛夢著阿母，阿母！汝敢是就佇阮的身邊咧？

「攏無人佇厝，俺媽仔無人顧，是欲按怎！」阿爸佇彼頭家
已蹶蹶唸，阿媽早就過身二十外冬矣，阿爸到今猶咧數念伊。
我喉管湏湏：「阿爸！我隨轉來，汝先共電話掛斷。」

離後頭厝十分鐘的路程，我三分鐘就趕到。三兄目頭結結當
咧苦勸伊老大人，我問：「今仔日輪著啥人咧顧？」

「我。」三兄恹恹仔應我。

「汝去睏！今仔日暗暝我來顧。」

規暗阿爸攏睏袂定著，毋是 khuh-khuh 嗽，就是行來行去，
遮看看咧，遐看看咧，看門鎖有好勢無？看厝內一切敢有四序？

看著我，親像較安心。看甲我心肝咧滴血：「阿爸！汝即馬是
享福的時陣，毋免遮爾操煩厝裡的大細矣。」

就是驚阿爸日時睏傷飽，暗時睏袂去，兄哥 in 有請一个「烏
里桑」來佇日時陪伊開講、散步、行棋。

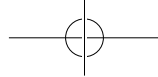
毋過看盈暗的範勢，若像無界妥當。人！無睏按怎會使得？
兄哥講阿爸睏攏袂好勢，無法度一睏到天光，這敢是佢伊以早
養成的習慣有關係？

為著一家伙仔十支喙，除了佇 a-lu-mih (鋁) 廠的三班輪值以
外，愛閣四界揣散工趁外路仔。暗時上班毋敢睏傷落眠，日時
閣愛做工課，賸落來會當睏的時間，免想嘛知。這站仔聽四兄
講，阿爸喙齒無好，這就是彼當時辛苦的結果。伊總是喙齒根
咬緬，撐起超過伊體力的穉 (sit) 頭所引起的。

但是佇我記持內底，細漢時有通食有通穿閣有通耍，一點仔
都無感覺日子的散赤困苦，若有的話，嘛只有阿媽的艱苦病痛
的吼聲不時佇耳孔邊爾爾。莫怪阿兄 in 攏講我上好命，到我捌
代誌，家境因為父母的拍拚勤儉的關係，有所改善，而且我是
上細漢的查某团，上得人疼，閣較毋知天地幾斤重。

所以我定定愛阿爸講彼當年 in 所講的悲慘歲月，以早伊猶會
逗逗仔講，親像咧講故事全款。但是最近煞定定掩面痛苦講伊
無欲想過去，抑無就想欲吼，特別是提起阿媽佢阿母的時陣。
是矣，參伊全行全命的家後佢苦難中相依相倚的娘親，是伊生
命中透心刻骨的記持。

一个人行過懸山，路徑坎坷，落尾當欲踏入平順四序的道路
時，卻是頭毛絲落霜的孤單歲月。這個時陣伊已經無心情家已



獨自享受，因為伊的親伴袂當佢伊做夥享受 in 手牽手奮鬥的結果。

自從阿媽佢阿母過身了後，阿爸的快樂嘛綴咧埋入土腳底，據在阮做序細的有心欲伺候。其實講來真見笑，逐家攏無閒，陪伊開講的時間實在嘛有限。

突然間予我深深感受著一項代誌，念舊閣重感情，重心攏囿佇別人，比如父母、翁某、囡兒的身軀頂，除非汝比 in 先轉去，無者，食老注定扮演悲劇的角色。我定定怨嘆阿爸，若是伊會當培養一款興趣，毋知有佢好。上起碼會當寫字、挨（e）琴仔這類屬於心靈寄託的物件，毋免即馬無聊甲胡思亂想，見想攏是遐个捶心肝的往事。

俺公仔少年的時，就離開俺媽仔佢兩個猶咧飼奶的紅嬰仔，造成阿媽經歷一段非常悲苦的歲月，才會佇猶未五十歲目暈就哭甲青盲，閣透年透月粒積的鬱卒心窟，變甲真歹性地。有一擺阿媽趁阿母無注意，家己摸揣埋斗的牆仔，欲去隔壁叔伯兄弟 in 兜，煞大大摔落去水溝底，就按呢攏倚袂起來矣。

阿媽經過這擺的苦厄，規工啼啼哭哭，若小可無順事，就大聲咒讖家己，呔（怎麼）毋較早死死咧較快活。以早生活散赤，不過逐家歡歡喜喜過日子，彼个年代，就是日本殖民統治的台灣百姓生活的款樣。但是俺媽仔的病痛，卻是阮一家伙仔上割心的痛苦。自按呢阮厝就綴阿媽的喜怒哀樂咧浮浮沉沉，不幸的是伊的病痛是內外齊痛，伊的新婦我的阿母閣按怎順伊的意，嘛是無法度增加伊的快活，所致阿母時常受著阿爸的責罵。這個時陣的阿母，一面恬恬仔流目屎，一面按耐厝內的大細項工

課。

有一擺，因為按呢，我對阿媽習慣性的哀喝煞起反感起來。平常時阿母除了去菜市仔買菜佢幫一、兩戶日本人洗衫褲以外，伊攏是佇我的視線內底。但是這工暈晝了後，一直無看著老母的形影。所有會當揣的所在攏揣無，我氣著逆著，大聲對阿媽喝：「阮阿母無去矣，汝閣咧哭？」了後我掠狂走出去揣，走到一个曠闊的所在，彼搭疏疏攏攏閣豎幾塊仔墓牌。奚無邊無閘的地平線，我真正毋知欲對佢一个方向揣我親愛的母親。佇秋風瑟瑟的下晡，更加淒涼，又閣看無阿母，人咧講的前途茫茫，大概就是按呢了，我開始嗤嗤鼻鼻哭起來。突然間，普普仔隨著風勢飄來一陣一陣哭鼻聲，我目屎拭焦，耳孔激利利，小小的心靈若像有一種矛盾，希望是阿母，閣希望毋是阿母，一粒心肝吊到懸懸，隨著聲音，我一路大步大步行過去……

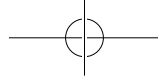
「啊！阿母……」當看清楚的時候，我是若從若躡哭甲嗎嗎叫。

「汝那會走來遮？」起著驚的阿母，一片牢牢攏抱我，一片頓心肝咧罵。

伊拭焦阮的目屎，倚起來幽幽仔講：「攏莫共人講，阿母有來遮。」

轉來到厝，阿母換一副快樂的面形，向阿媽好禮仔請安問好，閣向伊會失禮，講囡仔人毋捌代誌烏白講話。

阿爸煞工轉來，我當然無提起這件代誌。但是我若像有向阿爸抗議過，會記得伊是按呢回答：「俺媽仔目暈青盲，事事項攏無利便，情緒當然無好，咱做囡孫的毋但愛體諒伊，而且愛更加友孝伊。」



「阿爸！汝敢是無愛阿母？」阿爸一向攏真嚴肅，只有我敢對伊撒奶。

「啥人講的？」

囡仔的時體會袂出阿母的心情，大漢才了解伊彼當時吞壓的心。無才會去荒郊野外大哭一場咧，真氣家己按怎毋較早捌代誌的。

外媽 in 兜我一點仔都無印象，毋過阿母是一个孝女。聽講阿舅 in 有的真早就過身，有的生活並無界好，所以連外公外媽的墓攏無法度起好勢。阿母爲著欲表示一點仔孝心，無顧阿爸這片的反對，偷偷仔轉去故鄉澎湖外垵，將外公外媽的墓地，翻修甲婿閣清氣。不幸的是，真正去予「傳說」料甲準準準。伊轉來台灣了後，阿母不但面色各樣，原底的膽病閣變較嚴重。無半句遺言，佇半冬後，就離開這個世間。

聽講嫁出去的查某囡，袂當傷顧後頭厝，若無會有歹結果。這實在是有孔無樁的諷古，聽阿爸的口氣嘛是有按呢的想法。可憐的阿母，伊有一片孝心，煞有路無底套，爲著欲友孝閣愛掩掩揜揜（ng-ng iap-iap）。我咧想當年阿爸若無反對阿母這份心意，恰伊互相參詳，抑是共伊鬥相共，毋免予一个軟弱的查某人，位高雄到澎湖，飄洋過海，孤孤單單處理別人遺損的代誌，凡勢情形就無全款矣。阿母一方面愛對厝裡盡責任，一方面閣想欲對外家厝盡心意，煞受著阻礙，彼款心內承受的壓力，予即馬捌代誌的我，心痛呀！

傳統的風俗，有時陣親像拐人跤的石頭，予人毋知欲按怎。我結婚了後，若有閒就真愛轉去後頭厝。阿爸想欲看我，只是

伊卻是講：「愛以家庭爲重，無代誌毋通定定轉來後家厝。」

「阿爸，汝敢希望查某囡嫁出去，就袂記得我原來的厝？」

「汝千萬愛會記得，傷顧外家是歹現象。」阿爸無奈按呢講。

「烏白講，我就偏偏欲逐工轉來看你。」

「汝這個死查仔鬼仔……」我咧想阿爸的心情是複雜閣矛盾的。

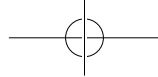
前幾冬，阿爸的記憶猶清楚的時，我會小可試問遮个往事。伊猶原按呢講，阿母無應該轉去處理外家的代誌，這時陣阮父仔囡總會引起一場激烈的爭論。

這幾冬來，隔傷久無看著我，伊就會定定向兄哥問起我。有當時仔我會閣提起往事（恰阿爸回想往事是上快樂的代誌），伊煞講一點仔都記袂起來矣。啊！我佬爾仔希望阮閣會當有爭論的時陣，雖然我無界贊成阿爸捌有過的觀念。

阿母比阿媽早往生一年，阿母的離開，親像鑼鼓聲撞破歲月的恬靜，驚醒一家口仔的依賴心。阿媽的啼哭聲恬去矣。阿爸對阿媽的耐心恰孝心猶原全款，當時少年的我，直直感覺阿爸只愛娘親，無愛某。無到一冬，阿媽嘛過身去，阿爸經過一段無算短的悲痛日子，才敢放鬆家己，表露出對阿母的數念。原來伊對 in 的愛攏全款，只是方法無全，伊對阿媽是加一份責任，對阿母的愛是深深藏仔心肝底。

但是我感覺「愛」就是愛表現出來，藏仔心內閣有啥路用！等到想欲表現的時，對方已經無佇身軀邊，這敢無遺憾終身咧？

暝真深矣，陪阿爸開講一時仔，愛暎蟲煞咧搔，只好向伊投



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

降，伊就緊趕我去睏，我講：「你無睏，我欲按怎睏？」拗袂過我的催逼，伊誠實躺落來。毋過無偌久伊就閤爬起來問：「恁阿母咧？」

阿媽佻阿母的遺相，懸懸掛佇阿爸的房間內，我深深看一下阿母，伊親像有無限的安慰，閤有無限的淒冷。

其實這幾個月以來，阿爸的情形好真濟，只要有人逗逗仔共伊解說，伊猶是聽會入去。莫予伊一个人親像孤單老人烏白想，是比食藥仔看醫生閤較有效。囝孫濟嘛有好處，輪流顧，較袂恹。飼囝的艱苦，食老就會當享受矣。這敢毋是阿母留予阿爸的無價之寶！

透早的日頭初初探頭，三兄已經起床，準備欲導阿爸去中央公園散步、做運動。我將阿爸交予阿兄，然後慢一領日頭光轉去。

厝邊頭尾攏講阿爸足好命，有一大陣友孝的囝孫，敢按呢？若佻阿爸對待阿媽的孝心比起來，阮閣差遠咧。彼時阮攏怨嘆阿伯無負責任，煞予阿爸罵甲足食力，講囝仔人無使亂講話。伊講有機會友孝，是做囝孫的福氣。

阮就是踏著阿爸的跔步一路行來，加加減減攏有伊自細漢共阮培養的觀念。只是，阿爸！假使汝若想著後生查某囝的幸福婚姻，汝應該歡喜阮比汝較巧吧！

FATHER, DON'T YOU LOVE MOTHER?

It must have been the middle of the night. The telephone rang. "It must be a wrong number again," I thought. Feeling quite annoyed, I turned on the light and picked up the receiver.

"Hello!"

"Is Ahtsu there?" a weak voice asked. "Ahtsu" was the name for me that only family members used. "Papa!" I threw off my blanket and sat up straight.

"Where is your mother? Where is everybody?"

"Father!" I called out, feeling totally helpless.

"Please tell her to come home as soon as possible. I have to go to the office."

Dear Mother. You must be present. I just dreamt about you too.

"There's nobody here to take care of your grandma," he muttered. "What should I do?"

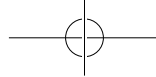
Both Mother and Grandma had been dead for over twenty years.

"Father, please calm down! I will be right over."

I have four brothers. Father lived with the third one, about ten minutes by foot from my house. I ran and got there in three minutes.

"Whose turn is it to look after Father tonight?" I asked when I arrived.

"Mine," Third brother sighed.



"Go to bed. Let me look after him now."

Father was wandering around in an agitated state. He was so worried about security that he couldn't sleep. Even back then, there always seemed to be someone to wait up for.

"There's nothing to worry about, Papa. Have you forgotten that Grandma and Mama passed away?" I repeated over and over. Perhaps my presence gradually dispelled his visions. At last he seemed to get over it.

Because of his sleeplessness, we hired a nurse to talk, walk and play chess with him during the day. We hoped that would help him sleep. But according to what was happening tonight, this strategy was obviously not working.

My brothers felt that Father's problem originated in earlier years. In the prime of his life, Father worked both day and night shifts at the aluminum factory to support his family of ten. On the night shift, he hardly slept. Of course, during the day he was expected to be wide awake. He had worn down his teeth because he gritted them every time he had to lift something heavy.

Except when Grandma was sick, my memories of childhood were good. No wonder my brothers accused me of being a little princess! As the baby of the family, I was fortunate to benefit the most from our parents' hard work. It was fun to listen to Father's stories of the bad old days. He really came alive talking about those times. But nowadays, he refused to talk about the past, especially anything concerning Grandma and Mother. It is true that both of them were bound by their love for my father, but they were miserable living

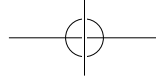
together. Life was especially hard for Mother because Father was so devoted to Grandma that he neglected to show his love for his wife. Yet he remembered both women with eternal gratitude.

Father was a person who had worked hard all his life, but then he retired into a nice life. However, his hair was going grey and he felt lonely all the time. Even though he was financially comfortable now, he was sad that his mother and his wife were not with him to enjoy the results of their lifelong diligence.

Any pleasure he might feel immediately evaporated when the shadow of these women crossed his mind. No distraction was sufficient. In any case, we were too busy to keep him company all the time. I thought that maybe he could take up a hobby that might keep him occupied and help him forget his broken heart.

When Father was approximately two years old, Grandpa disappeared. Grandma had to raise Father on her own. At age fifty, she was blind, perhaps because of a million tears? Later, she fell down and broke a leg. After that, she could no longer stand. She had so many troubles and was always sad, asking to die. Life for her was a heavy burden.

In the mid 1940s, Taiwan was occupied by the Japanese. While everyone suffered, our problems were exacerbated by Grandma's misfortunes. No one could help us. The mood at home rose and fell according to her every emotion. Even though Mother did her best to get along with her mother-in-law, nothing she did was good enough. Father scolded Mother when Grandma was displeased. Mother would return silently to her chores, stifling a sniffle.



I was more and more repulsed by my grandmother's routine crying and sorrow. One day, after I woke up from a nap, I discovered that my mother had disappeared. It was an unusual event, because my mother was always near me, except when she went grocery shopping or worked for Japanese families doing their laundry to earn extra money for our family. But this time, I couldn't find her anywhere. I was quite upset. As usual, Grandma was crying.

"Shut up!" I screamed at her. "Why can't you be nice to Mother? Did you know that she has disappeared? What should we do now?"

Crying my heart out, I ran outside, looking for my poor mother. Finally I arrived at a huge field where there were several graves. I didn't know which direction to go from there to find my dear mother. The wind sighed as it sent autumn's withered leaves flying. I felt completely abandoned. Without Mother, I felt so helpless that I started to cry. Suddenly I heard intermittent sobbing. I wiped away my tears and listened carefully. I followed the sound through the high grass. Then I was faced with two contradictory feelings; I hoped that it was my mother crying, but at the same time I hoped it wasn't her because she sounded so sad.

"Mom..." I was crying and running toward Mother's arms.

"How did you get here, my dear?" She was shocked to see me, but hugged me warmly and stroked my head.

She wiped my eyes and her own and told me not to mention this to anyone. After we returned home, she continued to show concern for Grandma's comfort. She also apologized to Grandma for my bad behavior.

I didn't say anything about these events to Father when he came home from work.

"Grandma is on her last legs," he would say. "No wonder she loses her temper sometimes. We must show her more consideration." Even though Father always said this, I couldn't help myself this time.

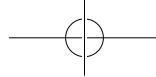
"You don't love Mother, do you, Dad?" I protested.

"Who said that?" my father asked.

I couldn't understand my mother's emotions when I was a child. Now I understand. She was enduring an extremely painful situation because of her mother-in-law's and her husband's unreasonable expectations of her. As a result, she needed to go to the wilderness from time to time to express her never-ending oppression. I deeply regret that I didn't understand my mother's suffering at that time.

It was said that Mother's ancestors' conditions were extremely miserable after she was married and moved with her husband to Taiwan. Not only had her parents and siblings all passed away early, but their graves in her hometown of Penghu, which is a small island between the Pacific Ocean and Taiwan Strait, had been sorely neglected. It was a difficult voyage connecting Penghu and Taiwan in this age of poor transportation. Mother was an obedient and dutiful woman. Wanting to help the family that raised her, she ignored the discomfort of the burdensome journey she would have to take and decided to go back home to deal with the tombs of her next of kin.

Unfortunately, not long after she finished the huge job of grave repairing and returned to Taiwan, her physical condition continued to deteriorate. Sadly, she committed suicide after she came back to



Taiwan because she couldn't stand the pain of her serious illness.

Death and the tomb were strong taboo subjects in these earlier years. Perhaps if Father had been more willing to help Mother, she wouldn't have struggled alone. By tradition, the wife must pay more attention to her husband's family than to her own. Otherwise, she would have a despised and depressed life. I always protested against this as complete nonsense, yet my father agreed with these traditions and felt no guilt.

When I was married, I still longed to see him whenever I had free time. He was really happy to see me when I visited him but he always warned me not to focus on him.

"Do you want me to forget you and just focus on my husband's family? If so, I wish I had never married!" I said.

"Alas...." He seemed to have no answer, my poor father.

A year after Mother died, Grandma passed away too. Their portraits both hung on the wall in front of my father's bedroom. Sorrow was hushed into peace in his heart like the evening among the silent dark trees. Afterwards, nothing interested him anymore. His love for his mother was the sunshine of his life. But his love for his wife was like a lamp that had never been lit. I looked up to Mother's picture. Her wistful face seemed to say to Father, "Do not hide your love in a mountain precipice because it is too high to touch." Indeed, people need to express their love for someone who is their beloved while they are alive or they will forever regret not doing so, because when the loved one is already gone, it is too late to say "I loved you."

"I want to sleep." I was so exhausted that I begged Father for rest

in the deep night.

"Of course, go ahead, my dear." He urged me.

"How can I sleep if you don't?"

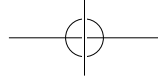
It was a deal. He lay down but in no more than five minutes later he asked me again: "Where is your mother?"

Portraits of Grandma and Mother were hung on the wall of Father's bedroom. I looked deeply into Mother's face. She looked very comfortable but I could also see sorrow on her face.

Over these months, Father's condition was gradually improving. In fact, if he had some people visiting him, he felt better about seeing the doctor and taking his medicine. He had many children and grandchildren to look after him. His loving family was Mother's gift to him that he could now enjoy.

Third brother woke up at daybreak. With relief, I handed Father over to my brother, who would take him to the park to have some exercise. Indeed, Father had gotten better as long as somebody was talking with him. Neighbours thought that Father was fortunate to have such obedient children. Yes, his children were a great consolation to Father and a great gift from our mother. But we couldn't compete with Father's reverence for his mother.

I was of the opinion that we have been using his footprints to model our behaviour. However, Father, I must tell you that we are smarter than you because we not only express our love to you, but we also express love in the treasuring of our marriages.



欲去叨位走揣失落的情歌？

眾星相轉蹓，日月交替照明，風雨輪迴施化，致使宇宙一切欣欣向榮，天地是萬物的主宰；我嘛是佢萬物透濫佇天地之間，是父母予我充滿天地之氣，是父母成養我的心性，予我大漢成人，當然父母是我的主宰。

宇宙萬物循環，有禍有福。日頭遇著雨水，所激出來的七彩長虹，是萬物幸福的歌聲；假使雷電交擊，破壞人類、畜獸，按呢就是萬物的禍害矣！

我，一个遮爾渺小的我，難免佇禍害佢幸福起起落落，會當永遠圍佇父母身軀邊，每工哼唱親恩的情歌，這是我的幸福。不而過二十幾冬前，母親予我失去一半的幸福，如今父親閣帶走我另外一半的幸福。

古早時陣有一个孝女，伊老父是炎帝，過海的時予水淹死。可憐的孝女暝日吼袂煞，一心欲佢海結冤仇，毋過目屎流盡血嘛焦，身軀死了後化做鳥仔，名叫作精衛，嘴含西山木石，拼勢欲佢海填予平，通好為父親報仇。但是呀！海抑未填成，氣力已經盡磅矣，終其尾煞抱恨含冤，哀啼長逝。

我捌按呢流目屎將這個故事講予汝聽，阿爸！彼當時汝苦笑對我講：「已經做人的老母，閣敢若細漢因仔全款，汝真正餉袂大漢。」

「啥物攏無需要解釋，干單汝愛會記得等我就對矣。」我是

認真咧講我的心聲。

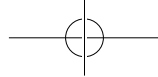
「天下間那有這款代誌。」汝一片食薰，一片憂頭結面咧想代誌，這是汝若遇著困難的時陣慣勢的動作。

「汝干單活到一百零六歲，彼時我嘛七十歲，會使佢汝做夥轉去揣阿母矣。」我囉喉苜(sau)聲(想著生死問題，就愛吼)，並且強扭汝的手指頭拍勾仔表示一種願力，這個時陣汝才斟酌看我這個悲劇成性的愛女，大大吐一口氣。汝恬恬無話，敢毋是就代表咱有約束矣？阿爸！汝袂使無守信用，假若二十幾冬前，汝捌答應我欲佇阿母的大厝邊仔起一間低厝仔予我躑，無者我嘛袂赫簡單著隨恁落山，放阿母家己一人躑佇山頂。彼款悲苦的情景，汝應該袂赫緊就放袂記得！

汝佢朋友表示過，汝必須堅強活落去，無者這個永遠餉袂大漢的查某因，予人真袂放心。知女莫若父，爸！按呢就對矣，汝是前世人欠我的債，汝必須予查某因佇有生之年，會當位老父的身上討著親情甘露。阿爸！汝就認命吧！何況古聖先賢嘛有遺訓：大孝，終生慕父母。講來女兒的要求並無過份。

隨著年歲的增加，見識愈曠闊，對世間的人情世故佢花開花謝的自然現象，有一點仔覺悟。毋過看向奚(he)搖搖擺擺的樹林，雖然了解萬物的無常，但是猶原無法度接受彼款割人心肝的暴風雨！樹欲靜但是風無欲停，這是怎樣的一款心情？敢講「情」是一葩野火，專門燒斷「愛者」的心弦？

發現彼款學習體認的結果，終其尾是理智，這份因兒序細的掛念，猶原全款割腸擊肚。目矚金金看汝漸漸衰弱的身軀，叫人愈驚惶死神來拚鬥。阮細漢時予汝疼惜的情景親像眠夢，毋



過受父母疼惜的溫馨是永遠透心刻骨，足想歲月會當倒頭紡，不而過敢有可能？

汝倒佇病床的期間，嘛時常唸著一句話：「人生在世，好比草木一春。」行到人生的尾站，汝是毋是嘛有感受著生命的無奈！

有時汝痛苦滾絞了後，會喁喁唸：「我會使轉去矣！」我嘛知影經文內有按呢的文字：「我已經爭戰好的爭戰！」但是，阿爸！汝愛會記得，汝閣欠我的！汝袂使喝走就按呢無聲無說就家已走去，汝毋是講欲等我！

有幾若遍攏赫拄好，我知影汝實在已經盡最大的氣力矣。兄哥講見若我出遠門，汝就出狀況。這款父女連心，叫人對天命增加無限的憂愁。照理說，您病重，查某囝無應該去遠路才對。但是會記得汝的教示，我若共份內的代誌做好，就是有孝，所以我猶原去辦我的代誌。

第一遍是綴汝的外查某孫去台北考術科。往北的自強號車頂，雄雄聽著廣播講李秀的厝內有急事，叫我愛趕緊轉去。飛馳的列車，雄雄受著意外的脫輪，瞬間天昏地暗。

事後聽兄哥 in 講，彼時一大陣後生、新婦、孫仔攏守佇汝的身軀邊，一切出山的代誌攏款好勢，壽衣（一個月前四嫂就為汝準備好，我差一點受氣欲罵伊破格）嘛穿好矣。唯一獨欠一个汝的不孝女，自按呢汝袂放心，閣再慢慢仔、淡薄仔喘氣起來。

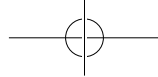
佇我家己的解釋是阿爸生命力足強，三年前的重大車禍，終其尾攏會真四序，這遍破病應該是無啥要緊。那會知有生死離

別的時刻，我絕對袂隨便一遍閣一遍離開阿爸去辦家己的小代誌，減少守佇身邊伺候的機會，造成日後的遺憾。

第二遍嘛是去台北，綴汝的外孫欲考光仁學校的音樂班。聽講這遍較嚴重，醫生已經宣告阿爸無生命的現象，逐家看汝愈行愈遠，吼到淒慘落魄大聲對汝喝：「阿公！您袂使走，阿姑猶抑未轉來！」等送入加護病房，已經折磨兩、三點鐘，有歲壽（八十三歲）的汝，氣接袂離赫爾久，但是我堅強的老父，竟然心跳閣漸漸恢復起來。雖然汝的意識，無法度完全清醒，但是等我趕轉來，汝清清楚楚呼叫我的正名：「李秀！」閣伸出焦瘦的手，捌為全家抵擋風雨的手，想欲掠著啥物。日光燈！白損損直射過來。目屎！親像矇矇矇矇映出一齣電影的情節，佇彼个斷木的山路頂面，彼个父親的半片面流著血，卻用另外一片清氣的面貼著攬抱中的查某囝，失散真久的父女團圓，終其尾團圓矣。彼隻命運的狼倚佇斷崖頂俯看人世間。捌拆人心腹的劇本，現此時絞纏印入我家己的身軀頂。

「好了，現在不是探病時間，請你們趕快出去。」如幻的狼，變成冰冷的南丁格爾。我欲向高雄民生醫院請願！加護病房的護士是毋是會當佇藥物之外加一帖人情味？

第三遍是輪到我家己的考試。考試了後，我順續到西港神通的所在請求一寡祕方來幫助我親愛的老父。但是地球抑未轉到四分之一的時間，前暗所求的一線生機，透早就傳出使人捶心肝的歹消息，好親像欲硬掩人的頭面，然後強迫人去看清生死之間的濛霧界線，昏沉到親像拿拍無討的，叫人欲按怎會當了解，如何承受雄雄日蝕月烏的暈暗？



彼款頓肝斷腸的時刻，正是「韋恩」凌遲澎湖的風颶期，奇奇怪怪彎彎曲曲位西南方正正，罕見的意外直直鑿入澎湖的心臟。一座充滿父女情愫的島嶼，咱每冬一定愛轉去探望一遍的故鄉，等袂到天光，就全然破碎，全然崩去矣！

天命雖無常，冥冥之中閣有定數。汝軟弱無心氣的身軀，那會堪得彼場狂虐風雨，撲殺佇參汝血肉相連的島嶼頂。汝嘛等待查某囝辦好代誌了後，停止最後搏鬥的莊嚴氣息。留落來規遍蒼茫星散的海面。只是日後呀，阿爸！湧絞船漂何處會當予我避免危險，日蝕星沉的歧路啥人會當來點我的光？

涼月、孤星、冷風、寒露，守佇靈前的漫漫長夜。棺木前，青煙絲絲，節哀順變的安慰，欲按怎化解咱年久月深的恩情綿綿？

佇淒迷的大地，四位兄哥手牽手捧著汝的神位，俯頭跪哭佇汝的墓前。道士手提淨鈴，噹噹音響，響出棗萼對椿萱永恆的孝思。

父親在天之靈，看著這個景緻應該通好安慰矣，悠然手揭仙拐，遨遊天外四海。翠竹秋蟬親像透露西方悠然的消息。不而過人間的凡俗，卻是點滴佇查某囝的心肝頭！

凡俗的世間是久病無孝子；款待老大人的責任，會當予手足之情，變成水火不容。好佳哉財產的問題汝老早就安搭好勢，袂予 in 有任何紛爭。但是慈悲為懷的汝，到晚景破病，嘛是難逃俗情。

彼年，差不多位秋天開始的代誌吧！

汝佇三兄的厝裡躑將近二十幾冬，一直到有一年，汝的腦智

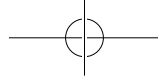
慢慢惡化，惡化到三嫂逐擺見著我就講：「恁老父，我已經盡力矣。」我了解伊的心情，兄弟四人，為啥物攏愛三兄一家口仔咧擔。三兄捌講過「厝有一老，親像有一寶全款」。有可能伊家己身體無界好勢，漸漸嘛出無啥力。

到春尾，汝開始踏入坎坷的晚年，離汝過身干單六個月爾爾。假使三兄若知影汝赫爾早就離開世間，伊是毋是赫堅決欲愛兄弟來分攤艱苦。阿我巴結的對象，嘛開始隨汝的形影轉轉，因為我無法度時常跟綴佇汝的身軀邊，需要靠兄嫂逐家的耐心加孝心〔二十幾冬前無親像即馬的台灣有外勞通情（tshiann3），彼陣嘛毋知汝的病就是老人痴呆症〕。

聽講汝欲走出彼間躑慣勢的所在，就毋甘搖搖咧流目屎。我就知影，無才毋敢去接汝做夥出門，偷偷仔匿仔厝內大吼，汝的囝婿替我去處理這個困難的時刻。怎樣會堪彼個病重的身軀，閣愛面對彼種生離割人心腸的悲慘！

頭一站是二兄的所在，汝雖然頭神袂清楚，但是懷舊的意念真深，無時無刻就做「我欲轉去」的動作，啥人攏無法度阻擋，二兄二嫂感覺真頭痛。其實，日時有倩專人照顧，暝時眾孫輪流看顧。但是汝人佇叨位，叨位濟少會受著干擾。這款勢面予我感受真深，阮細漢的時父母為阮包尿苴（tsu7），心甘情願；等候父母需要阮為 in 包尿苴的時，就無像父母對阮的彼種心情矣，這款對待敢有公平？敢有天理？

每遍去探望汝，看著二兄目頭結結的形體，我的心肝開始五四三。四兄安慰我：「小妹！毋免煩惱，阿爸的代誌，我會好好安排。」但是兄弟間為著照顧病重的父親，卻發生袂少的



摩擦佢冤家。

敢講生存是一項真悲哀無奈的大代誌？

汝的囡婿，驚阿爸汝有任何的差錯，拼命討好（無論精神上抑是物質上）照顧汝的人。講著伊，我有一種奇妙的想法，佢兩人前世一定有過「親子緣」，所致這世人伊對汝的敬愛，並毋是親像世俗所講，想欲得著啥物好空的，伊確確實實是位內心發出來的自然現象，嘛按呢予我愈增加愛伊的心。

大兄，捌予汝怨感的孽子，自頭到尾無想欲見的不孝囡，到尾仔，經過三分之一世紀的歲月，汝講汝足想欲見伊，是矣！伊佇汝上需要照顧的時陣，白髮蒼蒼，抱著見笑的心，俯頭來到汝的面前。可惜汝已經袂認得伊，不而過汝會佇戇戇戇的時，定定呼叫伊的小名，父子連心？這款的相遇，是美好？抑是悲哀？

醫生、護士、全病房的患者，欣羨汝有一大堆囡孫的孝心，講汝真有福氣的人。爸！這是欲按怎講才好？有孝佢不孝，幸福參不幸，干單隔一線爾？抑是我傷過苛頭、傷過理想化？感覺兄弟仔無應該為著服侍老大人有任何意見才對。不幸的，咱厝裡竟然有這款代誌發生。

生命是啥物？位產房到太平間，干單幾步的距離而已，為啥物幾步路的人生，著愛行赫爾久、赫爾坎坷？生命好親像予每一個人家己講家己的話，講到恹阿，逐家攏走去歇暍，世界一切假若恬寂寂矣，但是一睺頭閣再聽著一陣紅嬰仔的吼聲，然後閣再重複每一個人家己講家己的話……

人的生命親像後湧揉前湧，起落之間干單是海湧佢泡花爾爾。

但是大海敢會記得伊的表面有佻濟起起落落的海湧佢泡花？看著兄哥、兄嫂逐家赫爾謹慎咧辦汝的後事，雖然「祭而豐，不如養之薄」，但是親像汝捌講過，人非聖賢，孰能無過？利用這款想法來減輕痛苦，嘛是無歹，嘛才袂因為汝的過身，予我艱苦著兄妹的感情，受著某種的誤解來消失去。

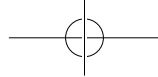
兄弟逐家為著慎終追遠，同時為著完成汝的心願，阮將阿公、阿媽、阿母，位覆鼎金徙來深水，予佢會當閣鬥陣做夥，享受天倫之樂。

倚山疊塚的深水後面，就是敬老院。位深水行到仁愛之家的路程中，山區初夜的烏沉佢飛行奔走的車陣，親像欲共生佢死的距離，纏閣較密切全款。一班一班的客運，載滿一个一个明暗袂清的面容，逐个各有所思走從佇世間的道路，佇 in 趕緊緊的過程中，掛慮的就是生佇世間的種種問題，真少人想著有關死亡的問題吧！

不而過彼種微弱的生存參滿山的死亡，是遮爾貼近，分袂清界線的存在佇驛站的後面。敬老院內的二樓亭台頂，幾位老人坐散散，一葩昏黃的燈火，無力咧吸引著成群漫飛的蠓蟲，卻是按怎嘛舞袂走沉悶炭罩的秋夜。

暗暝的蟋蟀聲，親像吼出 in 心內的淒涼。日時看著一批一批殯列來來去去，想著一座一座新墓造起，in 的生存無依是何等孤單。爸！汝按呢遁入道山，一大陣的俊彥囡兒孫圍佇汝的墓前，參敬老院遐的孤單老人，是毋是感覺較欣慰！

但是人活咧，是一種實實在在的感覺，一種如歌的彩虹佇血脈內趟（tio5）跳的感覺。現此時汝的查某囡視力大大減退矣，



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

身心恹到足欣羨彼一條一條扶入去火葬的聖靈，因為我意悟著按呢才有法度接近汝。無者今後我欲按怎揣著汝？佇澎湖？佇壽山？逐遍照汝以前所走的路線想看會當揣著汝無，但是汝的形影到底是佇叨位？

汝恬寂寂走矣，留落來傷痕滿四界的澎湖，留落來汝少年的時，捌佇外垵海邊拈過的獅螺仔殼予我；汝恬卒卒溜走，叫我欲按怎去撫摸獅螺仔殼的虛空？外垵的水天，全款是以前鬱藍的色水，但是如今看起來，爸！鬱藍甲予我忍不牢悲哀起來矣……

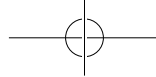
WHERE CAN I FIND MY LOST LOVE?

All things on earth cycle between disaster and happiness. One of the happy things in the world is when the sun shines bright and warm and then plentiful rainwater smoothes the soil. However, one of them becomes disastrous when the thunderstorm sudden flashes at you and attacks all night. As a result, this natural calamity in the universe rips at your soul and body.

And me, I feel so small. I have to deal with moving between the disaster and happiness that always surround my life. What gives me the most happiness? Of course, I wished my parents would have longevity so that I could hum my love forever to them. Love's joy sings like the sunny quiet of the morning upon the lovely garden whose colorful flowers are finished. In fact, I adored my parents so much that I couldn't stand losing them forever.

Unfortunately, twenty years ago my mother deprived me of half my happiness, because she suddenly ended her life. And now, my father has left me forever. Love's pain sang around my life like a knife with many blades.

In ancient times, there was a devoted daughter. Her father drowned in the ocean. She not only cried endlessly day and night, but she also swore wholeheartedly that she would avenge her father's death in the ocean. Even though she died before the fulfillment of her aspiration, she became a bird and she continually carried rocks in her mouth to fill up the ocean to end its existence. Of course, she failed in her



attempt at revenge because her tiny form couldn't carry enough rocks to fill the huge ocean.

Once I tearfully told this daughter's story to you, Father! At that time your forced smile was saying, "Although you are already both a wife and mother, you still never grew up."

"So long as you wait for me, everything will be perfect." I said seriously.

"Wait for you to do what?" You were worried.

"Of course, you should wait for me. Because you are going to live to be one hundred and six years old, and at that time I will be seventy years old." Touching the issue of death, I started to sob.

"How on earth can it happen?!" You objected to my impossible demands.

"In that case, I consider living to this age is sufficient. I can go with you wherever you go even if it is a place of hell." I not only rejected your objection, but I also hooked our fingers together to seal the deal with you.

At last, you were silent and gave a deep sigh, after you carefully observed your mournful daughter. In fact, your silence said to me that we had made a promise to each other.

Wasn't it a deal Father? You couldn't break your promise, like you broke your promise twenty years ago when you promised to build a hut for me to live beside my mother's grave. Otherwise, I couldn't so easily follow you home and let my mother live alone in a desolate mountain. That sorrowful scene is still distinct in my mind. You should not be able to forget.

You often talked to your friends about my unusual action. You were serious that you strongly needed to live, or else. It was true, knowing your daughter, Father, you knew that you owed a great deal to me. You had to let your daughter enjoy your long-lived love. You had no choice but to accept it. Moreover, a Taiwanese Saint also left us a lesson, "Adore your parents forever."

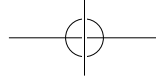
As I grew older, even though I became more open-minded and I came to a better understanding of the variability of things in life, I still couldn't stand any heavy wind and rain. The tree wants to remain quiet, but the winds won't stop; the child wants to give back the parental love and care she received, but the parents aren't alive. What happens to this desire? Is love a wild fire that burns out the loving heartstrings?

When you were bedridden Father, you often said these words, "All flesh is grass that has either grown up or fallen down." Coming to the end of your life, did you feel helpless?

After you struggled with painful sickness, sometimes you would mutter to yourself, "I have lived in this world enough, I could go." But Father! Didn't you remember promising to wait for me until we could go together? You shouldn't go anywhere without me to accompany you.

However, there were several curious coincidences; although I knew that you always did your personal best, sometimes when I traveled far away from home, you would have trouble. Sadly, this kind of hearts-together father and daughter relationship created a cruel destiny of heartbreak.

In general, I didn't go too far away from home when you were



seriously ill. But I remembered your words that I should complete my own duty, which was my filial obligation. Therefore, many times I went somewhere to take care of my business even when you were dangerously ill.

The first time, I took your granddaughter to Taipei for her musical examination. On the train, I suddenly heard a message, "Lee Hsiu, your family has an emergency. Please go home as soon as possible." My response was like a train running at full speed. I imagined the dreaded possibility of being impeded by a horrible accident, and me being one of the victims that was crushed by it.

Afterward I heard that you had almost no breath and were already wearing a shroud. There was family all around your sickbed, but only your daughter was absent. However, feeling my absence, with great difficulty you found breath enough to wait for me. Although you had been in a serious car accident three years earlier, you managed to make a full recovery in just a few months. Because of this, I supposed you had strong vitality. If I knew one day you would leave me forever, I wouldn't have focused so much on my children instead of attending to you.

The second time, I went to Taipei to take your grandson to another musical school. This time I heard the situation was more urgent than before. The doctor had already announced that you were almost lifeless. Your sons - my brothers - shouted at you sobbingly, "Papa! You cannot go. Ahtsu (my nickname) hasn't come back yet. You need to wait for her."

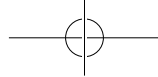
Even though you were delivered to the intensive care unit, you suffered through a terrible ordeal of oxygen deficiency for about three

hours. However, my courageous father, your pulse still miraculously beat. Surely, you were not fully conscious, but you clearly called my full name "Lee Hsiu" when I appeared at your bedside. You stretched out your bony hand to hold me - the skinny hand that had ever resisted the strong wind and heavy rain to protect our family from harm for such a long time.

Gloomy was the day, the light under frowning clouds was like a punished child with traces of tears on her pale cheeks, and the cry of the wind was like the cry of a wounded world. I wanted to wait for the morning and wake up to see your face in the bright light because I always trusted that you would be fine.

As the days went on, I was still going away to do my business. The third time, I went to take a university examination. After that, I went to a temple to appeal to some magical power to help my sick father. However, the earth hadn't even turned to the next day when suddenly I received the heartrending news that forced me to take a look at the line between life and death. How could I understand and accept this sorrow that felt like an eclipse of the sun and the moon at the same time?

Even though destiny as a rule is ever-changing, it can imperceptibly arrange something for the future. For example, Father, Penghu is the island where you were born. While taking your last breath, this hometown was attacked by the havoc of typhoon Waian and completely destroyed in one day. Undoubtedly, your weakened condition couldn't endure those tyrannical winds and rains on the island which was as close as flesh and blood to you. You waited for your daughter to finish her duties, and then you stopped struggling



with your illness.

Cool moon, lone star, chilly wind, frosty dew, how can a person live in this universe without the sun and the moon? Even though my father died just as the spring silkworm dies when his silk spinning comes to an end, our everlasting love continues forever.

On a chilly morning, my four brothers together carried your tablet and bent down in front of your grave. The priest's bell rang out in his hand; its sound expressing the eternity of filial duty. I hoped this ceremony would comfort Father's spirit and enable him to roam freely in heaven. But the suddenly barren world on earth was actually a sadder tale for my family.

There is a saying, "Long illness doesn't have loyal children." Indeed, sibling rivalry arose from the responsibility of looking after Father. Fortunately, you arranged your property very well so that there wasn't any dispute. Even though you were so lenient, you still were difficult to run away from during the melancholy illness in your later years.

Another time of misery began one autumn day. You had been living with your third son for more than twenty years, until the last year your senile dementia got worse. You lost control of your bodily functions and totally lost your memory. Often you wanted to see friends even as late as midnight. But actually those friends had already died many years ago.

When I met third sister-in-law, she complained tearfully to me about your deteriorated situation. I did understand her mood. You had four sons, why did all the responsibilities of looking after you fall only to the third son? Of course, it was unfair. Moreover, third brother

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had these words, "There is a senior in our family, and likewise there is a treasure in our family." His words gradually disappeared as he grew more tired from always having to look after Father.

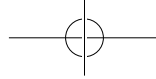
In the wintertime that year, you started to walk a rough life when you needed to live with different sons to look after you. I wonder if third brother had known you would pass away after six months, would he have insisted on his other brothers sharing the responsibilities for you?(At this time, we could not hire an immigrant care attendant which is commonly done now. We also didn't realize that you had Alzheimer's disease.)

I complimented my brothers, who gave consideration to you, and I followed you each time you moved to a different brother, because I was a married daughter who couldn't be beside you at all times and places. You really needed your sons and daughters-in-law to be patient and have filial piety.

When you must leave the place where you were living for a long time, you feel anxious and unwilling to go to another place. My dear Father! How could you deal with going to a different place while struggling with your extreme illness?

The first place was with your second son. Although your mind was clouded, you still had to constantly go back to your original place in your mind. Actually, you were looked after by a special nurse in the daytime and your grandsons took turns taking care of you at night. However, peace was often disturbed at the place where you were living, because you couldn't settle down anyplace except at your third son's place. Thus, second brother and sister-in-law lost their patience. They even argued with you about the portion of property

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they would receive after your death.

What on earth is this world coming to? Our parents willingly diapered us when we were kids, yet we are unwilling to diaper our parents when they need help. Sibling rivalry arose from the responsibility of attending to your severe illness. God! Can you please tell me if our survival is such a crushing burden for you that my father had to rely on his sons to stay alive?

My husband, your son-in-law, admired my brothers who gave so much attention to you. How much my husband adored you was good for you – he was so kind to you that I had this marvelous idea that you and he were father and son in a previous generation.

My first brother, your first son, left you so distressed and furious that you weren't willing to see him again after he foolishly lost a lot of money gambling and didn't care how this hurt his family. But finally even though your mind was dim you realized you missed him. In fact, he came back in front of your sickbed with his gray hair, still ashamed of his wrong action when he was young. You didn't recognize him, but you could still recall his nickname. This kind of father and son meeting - is it happy or miserable?

In the hospital, doctors, nurses and other patients all envied your good fortune, because of your descendants' filial piety. Father! What did this say? What was the difference between filial piety and unfilial piety, fortune and misfortune? I think only a very fine line separates them. Perhaps I did ask too much of my brothers because of my extreme idealization of you?

Indeed, in the hospital, there is not much distance between the

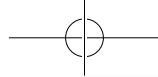
delivery room and the morgue. But, why do we need to walk such a long time and find it so difficult to take the few steps of life? Was it as you said, "The most distant road is inside yourself?"

It is true, the idea of reincarnation is a puzzling issue. Thinking about how everything recurs as we have already experienced it, we can see that the recurrence itself will repeat forever. For example, in most lives, people argue with each other about their ideas until they grow weary of defending themselves and their lives come to an end. At this time our world becomes silent. On the other hand, we can already hear the crying of babies yet to come into this world. These babies will argue about their ideas, thus repeating the cycle.

In general, we will suffer if we are people of inflexible willpower. The more persistent we are, the more suffering we undergo. The more suffering we experience, the more helpless we feel. If we study Buddhism, we learn to accept suffering, and then become better able to solve our problems – even able to resolve the biggest trials of life.

So we must accept suffering because it is inevitable; we must resolve suffering, because accepting suffering doesn't mean being weak or frail; we tolerate suffering, because we have gained great wisdom from compassionate strength.

Father, even though you had a decent funeral which was arranged by my brothers, I thought it would have been more important for them to give you more love and attention while you were alive. Now they offer you so much food that you don't need any more. Indeed, when you were alive, you couldn't have a happy life while you were ill, so there was nothing useful about gifts from your sons after your death.



However, even as you said, “No one can be a saint or sage, so no wonder everyone makes mistakes.” Surely, your words gave me not only a way to resolve suffering, but also a way to forgive my brothers for their neglect of you.

Going through the funeral rites for parents and the worship of ancestors, my brothers decided it would be good to move our grandparents, and Mother’s tomb from Fu-Ding-Jin to Shen-Shui where you were buried, so you could enjoy family happiness.

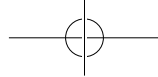
Behind your cemetery ground of Shen-Shui was an elders’ home where several old weak people lived together low-spiritedly under the dark light. They sat there helplessly among mosquitoes and flies. My dear Father! In comparison with these lonely old men, you were luckier because you had a lot of descendants circling around your grave. On the other hand, even though these old people are so lonely, they can breathe, they can feel, they can touch, they can love. But you can no longer keep in touch and I miss your love.

Now that my vision is decreasing and my body is exhausted, I deeply mourn each person who dies and is cremated, because I feel it brings me closer to you. Otherwise, how can I find you? How can I keep in touch with you? In Penghu? In Shoushan Park? I still want to follow your footsteps as I seek your beloved presence. But where can I find you after all this time?

You disappeared calmly leaving a scar on the Waian Penghu Island where you had picked up the sea shells for me; you disappeared calmly, but how could I fill the void of the sea shells which you gave me? The Waian of water and sky are still blue and gorgeous. But Father! I feel the sadness of the color blue...



秋日的三稜鏡
The Triangular Prism of Autumn



我是毋是閣做毋對代誌？

(有聲台文5)

彼年熱天，毋知爲著啥物，厝邊彼位港務局長，竟然真熱情邀請初初新婚無偈久的三兄、三嫂看電影，彼个 1960 年代去電影院是一種正式的約會。三兄親像無界有意願欲去，但是伊叫我陪婿嘴嘴的三嫂做夥去就好。倒佇病床的老母，看著三兄拍算無欲出門的款，伊連鞭顯出誠著急按呢講：「恁攏總去看電影，毋通拒絕人做大官的好意。」

「我想欲留佇厝內陪阿母就好。」三兄講。

「阿母，阿我咧？」電影是我上合意的興趣，講欲看電影，我的心老早就飛去電影院囉，完全毋知影老母藏佇腹肚內面的「陰謀」。

等當阮浸入故事的情節，正片銀幕現出驚人的字幕：「李秀等人，家有急事，速回。」

從出金城戲院，火速隨著三嫂搭上三輪車，直直走向高雄市立醫院，遠遠就看著一陣穿白衫戴白帽仔的護士，佇大門口議論紛紛。見到三嫂，in 的同事，即刻圍過來，面色暗淡慢慢吐出聲音來：「in 已經轉去矣。」

「我阿母到底發生啥物代誌？」我撥開動作慢吞吞的三嫂，衝磅到護士面頭前。

「發現傷慢，送來醫院的時，汝阿母就已經斷氣矣。」

烏雲啊，請汝趕緊融化做雨滴！通好替做囡兒的人哮出目屎，因爲現此時胸坎鬱卒，無法度哮出任何的聲音出來……

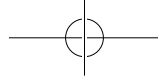
阿母打桶倒佇大廳頭的時陣，無管大人的禁忌，我偷偷仔抱牢牢阿母的頭殼，正手指頭仔捏牢銅色的頭毛夾仔，足細膩、輕輕仔掣掉拄才葶 (puh) 出來佇阿母額頭頂一支一支的幼毛。平常時阿母若真恏的時，攏愛倒佇六疊的榻榻米歇暍，叫我替伊做頭頂的這款工課，續落來叫我佇伊的鬢邊掠掠咧——即馬我就是咧做這款動作——這陣若有人想欲擋止，我就送 in 大大蕊的白目……

幾十冬後，覆鼎金公墓，市政府公佈需要重新規劃，母親的墓煞愛徙走，所以阮愛共阿母拾金做另外妥當的打算。

拚金彼日，我穿彼領當年阿母位醫院穿轉來的衫褲，想講按呢伊較有法度認出我，嘛予伊真緊著牽連彼條母女被割斷的緣份。

母親走了後，我時常胛脊後等候人無注意的時陣，偷鼻伊衫頂所留落來的氣味暗暗流目屎。平常時定定佇做夢掠袂著彼份親情，或者有這款場面出現，我時常按呢講：

「阿母！終其尾汝予我揣著仔，我就無相信汝已經死去矣！」我確確實實攏抱彼款溫燒的身軀。「莫按呢米糕瘍好無，攏遮呢大漢矣……」阿母想欲共我揉 (sak) 開，我拼命攏牢牢無愛放伊走，絕對袂予伊閣再離開我。自按呢，伊走去叨位，我就纏綴到叨位，伊最後無法度就投降矣，而且允准我做伊的影，我就知影位細漢到大漢攏是我贏，兄哥攏笑我真有撒奶的功夫，當然啥物代誌老父老母攏嘛聽我的意思，嘿！嘿！每擺當等我



歡喜這款場面出現的時，最後攏有夢醒予人厭氣的時刻……現此時，這工拾金的日子，親像欲去會見我幾若十冬前，雄雄失散的母親。

工人佇懸懸凸凸的土頂一鏟一鏟挖落去，一層一層撥開阿母彼个割腹深鎖的厝內，彼个捶心頓肝的棺柴色水，即馬，已經予地氣蛀到褪色，變成慘淡的沉台。我已經等袂牢四分之一世紀透暝透日的走揣，現此時有一个基準點，至少也捌目矚金金看著伊佇這個所在蹣落去矣。無管別人的想法，我「咻」一聲就規身跳落去阿母暎的所在，數想鑽入去暝日思慕的慈恩。母親落土的時，我慄掣的雙手為伊冰冷的雙腳穿入去，彼雙皮底黑色的鞋仔，即馬佇日頭赤炎炎的同時，雄雄映入我的目矚前，我……我親像欲吼出滿山滿海的怨屈，我……我欲向阿母怨嘆，阿母……汝知無……汝奪走查某囝歸世人的親情甘露，阿母……汝有聽著查某囝拆腹斷腸的吼訴？

工人佇邊仔搖頭吐氣，叫我冷靜一下，in 較好辦代誌。我想遮工作人員絕對想袂到，彼當年母親落葬的時，伊的查某囝是按怎拚生命參工人決鬥，單那因為 in 欲將我親愛的母親「活靈靈」捺入去烏暗無天日的洞內。最後是予阿爸煽動講欲答應起一間小厝佇阿母的邊仔，通好予我會當陪伴獨獨留佇荒山野外的阿母才準算。事後雖然為著這段失去理智的行為感覺誠歹勢，但是一个人無老母是欲按怎快樂來活落去……

捧著母親拄出土的骨頭，春日燒風一陣一陣吹來，叫人沉沉想欲暎。細漢的時，我單那覆（phak）佇阿母的胸前暎去，現此時母親就暎佇我的胸前，我嘛佇伊的胸前。阮是按呢相依相

靠，但是閣按呢遙遙萬里遠。

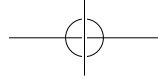
將胸坎內面母親的頭骨、四肢，好親像一件一件珍貴的藝術品，謹慎安罔佇大埕頂曝日。目矚金金看，絕對袂使應允胡蠅、野貓晉前來覺擾，親像我童年走閃空襲的時，我攏愛倒佇土腳草坡仔頂，阿母就是按呢為我趕走規陣嗡嗡叫的胡蠅……

阿母頭殼頂正片有一叢烏暗色，莫怪伊在生不時喝頭殼痛，原來痛入骨內，可憐的阿母！伊的後齒摸起來猶原真勇健，這是愛嚙（kheh）澎湖柴魚和土豆的結果矣！我用手腫頭仔來回摸伊凹入去的鼻龍骨，閣再摸家己的鼻龍骨，我共囝兒講，媽媽以後大概就是這款樣。

In 笑笑看我，並無回答我的話。是呀，到彼時 in 欲去叨位揣我的頭殼骨？我捌交代過，以後我的器官會當捐就捐出去，無免佔用台灣這塊有限的土地。會使將我火化，然後掖佇外垵的海面隨風飄流，或者掖佇土腳予樹仔做肥料，總講一句愈簡單愈好。後生滾笑講：「倒佇馬桶沖掉，毋是閣較簡單嗎？」

以前定定聽人講「天下無母對的父母」，現此時應該改作「天下無母對的囝兒」。以前若有人佇我的雙親面前無細膩講出「老去」（死的意思），我會氣甲決定以後無欲參這個歹人相交纏；即馬我竟然有法度俾後生查某囝參詳我的後事，囝仔嘛感覺真自然。歡喜 in 無像老母彼款對親情深重的綿爛。

西方的好友疼惜我這款瘦弱的身體，是欲按怎有喟力提即呢沉重的「情」擔，伊講：“Poor Louise, this kind of family love is a heavy burden that is too much for such a small woman.” 是啊！我嘛按呢想，我應該毋是屬於這個世間的人，為何我閣活咧？另



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

外我故鄉的台灣朋友嘛按呢苦勸，叫我袂使用這呢重的「情繩」來綁牢母親，應該予母親早日成佛，脫離六道輪迴之苦。

那按呢講來，我是毋是閣做一項毋對的代誌……

HAVE I DONE SOMETHING WRONG AGAIN?

Once upon a summertime, my neighbor, a high-level government executive, warmly invited my newly married third brother to watch a movie. Such an invitation was a special honour in Taiwan in 1960. My third brother felt that he should stay with our mother but he wanted me to go with his beautiful wife. Lying in her sickbed, my mother saw that my third brother was not leaving. She was so anxious that she urged us all to go.

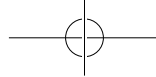
“You should go; don’t refuse the officer’s kind invitation!”

“I will stay home to look after Mom,” third brother insisted.

I moved my gaze from my brother to my mother then tried to hide a sniffle, I asked, “How about me?”

I was addicted to films. My mind was already in the theatre. I was so excited that I completely failed to notice my mother’s depressed state of mind. Later, when we were deeply involved in the plot of the film, we suddenly saw on the right side of the movie screen these words: “Lee Hsiu, your family has an emergency. Please go home as soon as possible.”

We sprang up from our seats in the movie theater, caught a tricycle cab, and rushed to the Kaohsiung Hospital. Mother’s illness was always a great worry to me. However, she had seemed to be much better before we went to the movie. I hoped her condition was not too serious.



“What happened? Is something wrong with my mom?” I rushed toward my mother’s hospital room and cried out. A crowd of nurses stood in front of the hospital hall where they were sadly discussing my mother. I waited in the doorway of the hall, shivering and listening, wanting to go to my mother, but afraid to go lest there be some sight there more terrifying than I could bear.

“She was found too late to rescue. We are so sorry!” a nurse said.

I swung around, “What did you say? How is my mother?”

“She passed away before she arrived at the hospital.”

I heard a rustle of things behind the sadness in my heart---I couldn’t see them. The thick cloud melted the rain instead of my tears because I couldn’t cry my heart out at this moment.

Even though I knew she was no longer living, I disregarded the traditional taboo and I touched my mother’s head and my fingers softly massaged her head and gently pulled out the hair on her forehead as if she was still alive. When I was doing this job, if someone tried to stop me, I would glare at them angrily. In Taiwan, older women like their hair line higher up from their forehead. It is considered more beautiful. Usually when my mother was tired, she liked lying down and being massaged or having the new hair on her forehead cleaned up by her daughter.

Several decades after Mother passed away, government policy forced her grave to be moved to another place. The land was needed for building new homes. Thus we needed to pick up her bones and find a nice place to rebury them. When we picked up her bones, I wore her underclothing that she usually wore at the hospital. I felt

that my mother would more likely connect with me because she could recognize her very familiar clothing. After Mother died, whenever I missed her I smelled her body’s fragrance from this underclothing.

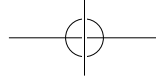
Everybody has been hurt or wounded, simply because it is impossible to have a life that generates only pleasant experiences. It does not matter what circumstances you were in; you might have become hurt and lonely anyway. Likewise, I adored my parents and enjoyed their love very much.

And so, when they passed away, I felt that it was the end of the world. My happiness suddenly faded away. Dreams were the only way to see my parents. However, when we met in a dream, I couldn’t always hold on to the situation for a long time. Hence I desperately grasped my mother’s arm when I dreamed of her again.

“Mom, I have finally found you. I don’t believe you have died.” I fiercely hugged that familiar body and wailed.

“You don’t have to hold on to me this way. You are now grown up.” She said, gently shoving my hands away. I couldn’t let her leave me once again. She walked away, but I followed her. I never gave up my pursuit. At last, she surrendered herself to my persistence and let me be her shadow. Whenever I entered this kind of dreamland, I was very irritated when I woke up. Now that I picked up her bones and skull, it seemed as if I were really meeting my mother twenty years after she died.

After the workers had opened the outer coffin, I hastily jumped into the grave in order to once again be close to my dear gracious mother that I cherished day and night. I saw my mother’s black shoes



in the coffin and felt the unbearable misery of losing my mom. I remembered putting black shoes on her cold feet with my shivering hands twenty years ago when she was confined.

“What is that crazy lady doing?” the workers asked my family. Evidently, I was strange in some way. In fact, these guys didn’t know I had done something even more unbelievable when my mother was buried twenty years ago. At that time, I struggled with the workers placing my mother’s coffin in the ground, because I couldn’t stand that they were putting my mother into a totally dark cavern in a desolate mountain.

After the workers finished picking up the bones, I sadly held my mother’s skull. The summer wind brought back a strong memory. I often slept in her arms, yet this moment she lay in my arms. We were so close together physically, yet so remote from each other.

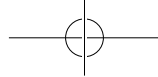
Having to dry the bones, I placed my mother’s skull, four limbs, various fingers and toes like a series of artistic treasures which would be rarely found in the world on square cement exposed to the sun. I watched that flies, cats, or dogs didn’t come to disturb them. Similarly, when I was a child, my mother always carefully drove away the flies from me.

I touched my mother’s micro concave nasal bone. I told my children, “I probably will have this shape.” They looked at me with a smile, but said nothing. Of course, by that time I will have no skull because I already told them that if I pass away, I did not want them to bury my body. Instead, I would prefer that they burn it to ashes and scatter them in the ocean to drift with the wind. That will be more comfortable with the limited land resources in Taiwan. I hope my

funeral will be as simple as possible. My son once cracked a joke, saying “It would be more convenient to flush your ashes into the toilet, wouldn’t it?”

In the old days, the world was all about the parents. Now the world is all about the children. I was so worried about my parents passing away that I couldn’t think about their death. Now my children and I openly talk about life after I die. Thankfully, they do not, like me, feel the need of their parents’ presence so much.

A good Canadian friend once said to me, “Poor Louise, this kind of family love is a heavy burden that is too much for such a small woman.” Yes, I often think that I do not belong in this world without my mother. But then why have I continued to live in this world so long? Additionally, a Taiwanese friend advised me, “You should not tie up your mother with the rope of sentimentality. Let her go to Buddhahood to avoid the pain of the Six Paths of Metempsychosis.” According to these words, have I done something wrong again?



外垵，我的母親

(有聲台文6)

接著開會通知，地點是澎湖，心湖開始澎湃滾絞。我將通知單真細膩收入去皮包內底，親像一件寶貝全款每日陪伴我快樂上、下班。快樂的後壁，有一份感謝，感謝頂司予我有這個參加開會的機會，續落來，我會當踏入彼个思思念念的所在——外垵——父母生長的故鄉。

有人講：「攏予李秀騙甲東倒西歪，講啥物澎湖有佻媿，其實澎湖一點都無好耍，予東北季風搨甲淒慘落魄。」一个所在有好蹉跎無，每一个人的感受攏無全。我嘛去過幾若遍，毋過，每一遍的感受，親像棧梯，一層一層愈懸愈媿，甚至閣變作藏鏡人，不時攀纏著我。

若台灣起西北風，我攏想講家已是佇澎湖離島；抑若看著人家厝的裝台一支一支竹篙頂隨風飄搖的衫褲，我就會共伊想作是澎湖古厝埕斗曝衫的景緻；有時大日頭腳衝出來的臭臊味，我隨想著澎湖遐一尾一尾躺佇低厝仔啞咕石頂的魷魚干；閣有一群一群貼佇海面飛來飛去的海鳥……算攏算袂清的記池，時常像五月花仔心肝窟仔吐清芳。

爲啥物我有這欸感覺，因爲澎湖有我父母的腳跡，好親像若想著伊，就會當掠著離我真遠的母親一寡仔豐采，就算聽著彼種特別的澎湖腔口，嘛會當予 in 查某团數念袂停。頭遍去澎湖，

是我高中畢業彼年，母親導（tshua7）我轉去。因爲坐船坐傷久，眩船眩甲車輾斗，掠兔仔掠甲半小死，雖然倒佇伊的手抱內，據在伊按怎安貼，我猶原無法度減輕眩船的痛苦。我枵飽吵講以後絕對無愛閣來這欸垃圾所在，去一啜澎湖就愛按呢受苦受難，規啜路伊有嘴講甲無瀾，親像家鄉佇澎湖攏是伊的毋著。

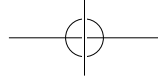
厝內我是尾仔团，前有四个兄哥，李家三代傳落來，攏是查埔团，干單阿母上有才調，生出一个查某团來，伊嘛時常以我爲榮耀，講來我是嬌生慣養矣。

佇我的記池內，第一擺去澎湖蹉跎一點仔都無好耍。你想看覓，一个所在無自來水、無電火，胡蠅、蛇蠶（ka-tsua8）滿四界。去一啜便所，我的細胞就死誠濟，因爲跔佻久，我的喘氣就愛停佻久。續落來，閣有彼欸褪赤腳踏佇澆澆澆的路糊仔擻的一陣人，煞愛我叫 in 啥物「阿媿仔」、「阿伯仔」……實在有夠厭氣。不止按呢，自細漢見若看著有皮的豬肉就想欲吐，偏偏每一頓 in 的飯桌仔，攏有這欸菜色……

總講一句，一切我拄著的代誌，無一項是我合意的。隨在一群熱情的親情朋友按怎弄我歡喜，我猶原歡喜袂起來，誠實是一个爽勢的大小姐。村民不但無棄嫌我，閣替我揣藉口，講我是水土袂合，莫怪會無爽快，定定轉來澎湖就慣勢矣。阿母本底按算欲蹉一禮拜，予我吵一下煞三工就翻頭轉去高雄矣。

我講這是我上無快樂的一遍旅行，阿母嘛講以後無愛閣揣我轉去故鄉。誠實的，伊真正無閣陪伴我去澎湖外垵。因爲兩年後，伊家己一人去一个叫人斷腸心酸的所在。

不而過，伊敢知影，即馬，這幾十冬以來，予我上思念、上



透心刻骨的旅行，就是彼遍我感覺誠無爽快隔山過水的澎湖行。

阿母！汝即馬佇天頂彼月，一定會當來去自如，抑若我，這一世人上界欣羨的向望，就是汝會當閣導我轉去外垵行一睷。

位阿爸退休了後，阮每冬攏會轉去一遍。每遍隨著經濟繁榮，就有無全的風貌，可能有變較進步，但是我親像失落啥物真實寶貴的物件，淡志失望。因為我總是向望揣著第一遍佢母親去的時陣的人佢事物。當時一點仔都毋知通珍惜，如今閣拚生命去網掠，我就是這欸無站節閣無路用的人！

論真講來，澎湖對我有足濟的感情，所以接著開會的通知，親像接著聖旨全款，莊嚴閣歡喜。頂遍去澎湖，是三、四年前的代誌。三年矣，伊毋知變做啥欸？飛龍機降落佇曠闊的馬宮機場，行佇停機坪頂，強力的西北風吹來，好親像母親熱情的攬抱，我深深呼吸這欸透心腹的氣氛。

位機場到市區，有寬闊平坦的公路，兩片的木麻黃樹叢，牽出一望無際的大海，荒涼閣凄美，親像阿母隨時攏會出現佇我的眼前。招待人員共阮導入華麗的飯店，我將行李囡佇土腳，趕緊倚佇窗仔遠遠看向街仔路，向望即時會當揣著我熟似的形影。真的，汝看！阿母當欲位西月行出來，掙對後月的包仔頭，寬鬆旗袍式的衫仔褲，行路的形兩手自然的擺動，這……這……正是我日夜所數念的老母……阿母小等一下……我佇遮……

「李秀！按怎啦，欲跳樓自殺？」仝房間的同事，耍笑對我講，伊想講我是咧運動做體操，我才回魂趕緊將腳囡落來。我這欸的情形已經發生二、三遍矣。會記得第一遍是阿母拄過身的頭幾工，予老父驚甲無時無刻就愛斟酌靠窗仔門的查某囡，

甚至禁止我佇懸樓頂靠窗仔看街路。

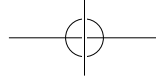
現此時，雖然經過幾若十年，阿母的形影不時顯明佇我的記池。法國有一位女詩人，因為伊傷愛海，終其尾伊投落大海的內面共大海做夥攬抱。我嘛有這欸心情，我傷愛阿母，我嘛足想欲綴伊去。

開會的地點是馬宮，但是外垵才是我想欲去的所在。位行程表看來，開會了後有半工自由的時間，探聽的結果，外垵並無列入遊覽的行程，我只好家已發落。時間有限，我必須透早坐頭班的公車，十一點晉前愛拚勢倒轉來馬宮，按呢才會赴坐十二點的飛機到高雄。同事苦勸我莫去矣，一睷路遮爾遠，干單停腳幾分鐘爾，算袂合，閣再講萬一公車若無準時是欲按怎。

雖罔是按呢講，若無去外垵——我父母血跡的所在，我會感覺家已是一個不孝查某囡。位母親過身了後，袂當看著伊的形影，我定定按呢想，是毋是伊走去伊的故鄉外垵藏起來……無論如何，這個時刻，我用爬的嘛欲爬去。

我依照計畫坐透早彼班公車，通去外垵揣老母的淡薄仔形影。天猶袂光著愛起床，對我來講袂生份，奚是我讀屏女高中的習慣。位高雄到屏東通學需要坐透早頭班的火車去讀冊。彼當時阿母每工天袂光就起床替我準備早頓、裝便當，為我整理一切，予我安安穩穩，趕著車去學校。阿母拄起床未梳頭的形，現此時隨著公車的飛徙，煞佇我的面前走來走去。軟軟的早風，位車窗外飄入內，親像阿母輕柔的撫掌（so）。啊！阿母！每一個所在攏有汝，但是，真實的汝到底是佇佗位咧？

腳總算踏著日夜思念的土地——外垵，義孀仔已經佇車牌仔腳



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

咧等候我。

「昨昏汝拍電話來，我就連鞭拜託昌仔幫我掠幾尾魚仔，通予汝帶轉去高雄。汝應該較早共我通知，我就會當準備較濟的魚干，魷魚干……」

「俺嬖仔！我來毋是欲提啥物物件，我是欲看遮的景緻，鼻遮的空氣……按呢我就心滿意足矣。」

行佇防波堤頂面，彎腰想欲撈一寡海水，毋過傷懸無法度摸著。

「遮是舊年尾就開始的工程，政府講欲共海水填一寡土落去，按呢就有較闊的所在，予逐家有較濟的空間通活動，另外彼角勢閣欲起一个碼頭，若按呢以後就足利便矣。」義嬖仔一睺頭共我做介紹。

「以後我就袂當佇遮耍水矣。」家鄉進步的建設，毋過我心肝頭親像失落一項重要的物件。義嬖仔導我行到廟邊一間甘仔店，我袂輸欲搬厝全款，買一大堆物件予義嬖仔，因為伊無愛提我予伊的魚仔錢。

「汝是欲創啥物？」伊摻著疼惜的責備按呢講。

「俺嬖仔，遮猶原無法度表達我的心意，汝知無？」義嬖仔是阿母少女時陣上好的姊妹仔伴。看著伊親像見著我親愛的老母。

「伊就是秋蘭的查某囡，袂忘祖的囡仔。秋蘭若有在生，有遮爾友孝的查某囡，伊毋知欲佹歡喜矣！」

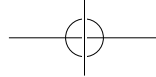
我誠歹勢一直扭義嬖仔，請伊毋通按呢紹介我予別人，其實

我較愛恬恬仔家己數念阿母。踏佇這塊土地，目屎流袂停。坐佇回程的公車頂，我一路位頭吼到尾，吼阿母的聲音、吼阿母行路的款樣、吼阿母疼惜我的形影……吼甲誠爽快，嘛誠心酸。

義嬖仔講：「愛時常轉來行行咧！汝阿母的故鄉，就是汝的故鄉！」

是啊！是啊！母親的外垵村，當然嘛是我的外垵村！





WAIAN, MY MOTHER

When I was notified about a meeting in Penghu, my heart started to beat faster. I put the letter carefully into my handbag to accompany me as I joyfully traveled back and forth between home and office everyday. Hiding my great joy, I thanked my boss who gave me the opportunity to attend this meeting so that I could go back to Waian, Penghu, the hometown of my dear parents.

A friend once said, “We have been deceived by Lee Hsiu. She always told us that Penghu is such a wonderful place. Actually, it is not. Because the bad weather of northeast monsoons makes us uncomfortable, we don’t like Penghu at all.”

In each place in the world, there are always some fascinating sights to visit, according to how each person feels about the area. I have already gone to Waian several times as if a spirit inside me often compels me to go there, but the more I go there, the more wonderful I feel.

For example, if I hear the northwest wind blowing in Taiwan, I might think I am in Penghu because Penghu has this kind of wind. If I see clothes swaying with the wind under the sun, I might think that I am looking at another view of Penghu. If I smell fishlike air in the sunshine, I might think that I am near the squid lying down on the Laoku Stone shining bright as a crowd of sea-birds flies over the sea...these countless memories always surround my mind.

Why do I have these strong feelings? Because Penghu is where my

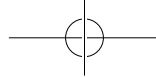
parents’ hearts started to beat and where their feet walked when they were children. If I want to touch my mother again I know I need to go to Waian where she was born; even when I hear the Penghu accent I am reminded of my parents.

The first time I went to Penghu with my mother was when I had just graduated from high school. I became seriously seasick while on the long ocean voyage. Even though my mother did her best to comfort me, she couldn’t reduce my suffering. At that time, I thought Penghu was a dump. I made a tearful vow: I would not go to this damned place again.

I am the only daughter with four elder brothers in my family. Three generations of our family had no female children until my mother gave birth to me, so she was very proud of me. Not surprisingly, I was pampered through out my childhood.

In my memory, my visit to Penghu was a disaster. Thinking about it, the place had no running water, no power. Instead, everywhere there were a lot of flies, mosquitoes and cockroaches. Each time I went to the bathroom I needed to hold my breath because the smell was so awful. Yet I had to refer to many people who had dirty bare feet as “Uncle” or “Auntie”. I have hated pork skin since I was a child, so of course, their dinners always included this kind of the dish.

All in all, there were so many unpleasant events that I became a cold young lady constantly expressing my negative feelings in front of my warm friends and relatives. However, these villagers not only accepted me but they also helped me to find excuses for my impolite manners, such as being unfamiliar or not acclimatized.



Mother originally planned to stay for one week, but I cried and complained continually, so we just stayed for three days and went back to Kaohsiung. I said at this time that the Waian trip was my unhappiest travel experience. My mother also said that she wouldn't bring me to her home country again. Yes, she was never to accompany me to Penghu again, because two years later she left this world to travel to another place that I couldn't follow her to.

How could she know that my most treasured memory would become our trip to Waian? My dear mother! I hope you can come and go freely to Penghu now that you are in heaven. I feel an overwhelming desire to go there with you.

After my father retired, we would go back to Penghu once a year. Each time the economy had boomed even more. But I had the feeling of having lost something very precious because I always desired to see everything the way it was when I was there with my mother. At the time we were together, I didn't appreciate the beauty of Waian as I obsessed over the dirty bare feet of my relatives. Now I went all out to capture the images of that time. I really had been a stupid young woman.

It was true; I had a deep feeling for Waian. That is why when I received the letter about the Penghu meeting, I was so excited. I remembered visiting Penghu three years ago. Three years! What had happened in my home country during these three years?

The airplane landed at the spacious Magong Airport and I walked to the parking area. A strong northwest wind kissed my face and felt like my mother's warm hug. From the airport to the urban area is a broad smooth road and on both sides there is a forest of sparse little

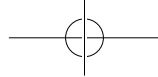
bee wood trees that lead to the vast sea. What a place of desolation and beauty! Here my loving mother was waiting for me.

My Penghu colleagues welcomed us and we were introduced to the magnificent hotel where we'd be staying. When we arrived at the hotel, I immediately put down my baggage and rushed to the window to look outside, hoping to see my mother. Here was what I wanted to see. Look! My mother was walking from the west side. Her hair was combed behind her head and her loose Taiwanese dress was the familiar style she always wore. Yes, she was my mother, the woman I admired most from morning to night... Mama, please wait for me... I am here...

"Lee Hsiu, what are you doing? Do you want to kill yourself?" My colleague shouted at me. She thought I was doing a crazy exercise. When she yelled at me, my mind returned to my real situation and I pulled back from the window I had been about to jump from to go to my mother. Actually, this action had happened several times before. The first time was just a few days after my mother had passed away. After that, I was warned by Father that I couldn't go near the window to look at the street.

Even though Mother had passed away more than ten years ago, Mother's figure still stayed in my deep memory. It is said that a French poetess was so addicted to the sea that she finally threw herself into the sea and then she belonged to the sea forever. I had a very similar idea. I loved Mother so much that I wanted to be with her forever.

The meeting place was Magong, but Waian was where I longed to go. According to the agenda, when we finished the meeting, we could



go on a tour and visit for half a day. Unfortunately, Waian hadn't been included, so I needed to make my own plan if I really wanted to go there.

Time was limited. I would have to hurry to catch the first bus to Waian and then I must take the 11 o'clock bus back to Magong to catch the 12 o'clock airplane to Kaohsiung. My colleagues strongly advised against me going to Waian. It was too risky to do this thing because of our tight schedule. However, if I didn't go there, I would be an unfilial daughter since my mother would be waiting for me to meet her in Waian. I absolutely had to go there.

According to plan, I took the first bus to Waian to look for my mom. Waking up before dawn was a familiar custom for me. When I was going to high school, I needed to take the first train from Kaohsiung to Bingdong to study. My mother woke up before dawn to prepare my breakfast and lunch so that I would get to school on time everyday. I remember my mother's uncombed hair as she did everything for me. Now this image of her was in my mind as the bus swayed along the road to Waian. The morning breeze softly touching my face felt like Mom's gentle comforting. Mother! You filled my life everywhere I went, but where was the real you?

At last I arrived at my deeply missed hometown. Auntie Yi was already waiting for me at the bus stop.

She hurried to talk to me, "After you called me yesterday, I immediately asked my friend to help me catch several fish for you. You should have call me earlier so that I could have prepared more items for you."

"Auntie Yi, Why do I come here? I just want to look at the scenery

and breathe in all the smells of Waian. It is enough. I don't need anything else from here."

When we walked on top of the breakwater, I wanted to touch the water that surrounded us but it was too far down from me.

"There is a government project that wants to drain away a lot of sea water so we can have more land to expand our economy. They also want to add a wharf over there. If they do so, we will not only have more conveniences for our villagers, but it will be really good for Waian's prosperity." Auntie Yi delightedly informed me. Yet I felt like I was losing something important, with all this change, I was a little disappointed. I said, "I won't be able to swim here anymore."

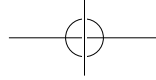
After that, Auntie Yi accompanied me to a grocery store, and I bought a lot of things to give her, because she wouldn't take my money for the fish.

"What are you doing?" She refused my gifts to her.

"Auntie Yi, all these things still can't express my high regard for you." She was my mother's best friend when they were children. Visiting her was like visiting my mother.

"She is Chou Lana's daughter, who is a wonderful girl. If Chou Lana were living, she would be proud of this child." My Auntie was proudly introducing me to friends and relatives that we met during our walk around town.

I felt so ashamed that I pulled strongly on her hand to tell her she didn't need to brag so much when she introduced me to others. In fact, I just wanted to remember my mother silently. Arriving at this land, my tears flowed more and more. Taking the return bus, I cried

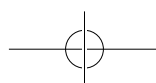
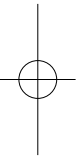
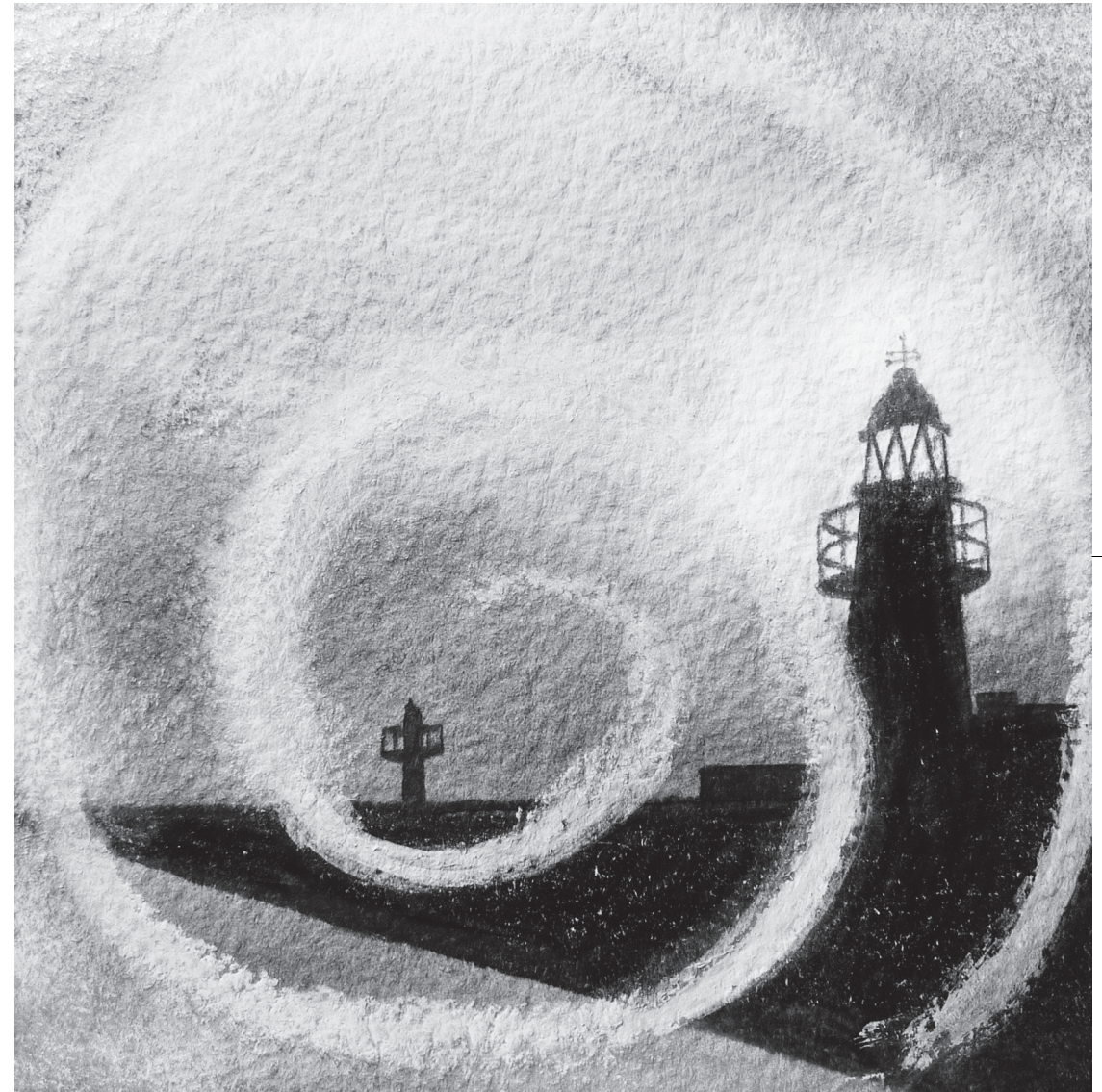


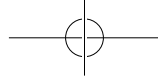
A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly

all the way, crying my mother's voice, crying my mother's walking style, crying my mother looking after me ...I cried for the happy memories, but also I cried for how sad I was.

Auntie Yi said, "You must come back here more often. Your mother's hometown is your hometown."

Yes. Yes. Mother's Waian Village will always be my Waian.





秋日的三稜鏡

(有聲台文 7)

童年的秋日

且才破殼出來幼綿綿的鴨咪仔，佇五燭光的電火泡仔跤，用幼嫩靈巧的撒奶形，依倚佇四序的攬抱中。

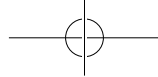
雷光閃閃，秋風吹落雨點，澹濕的氣流颯過青草仔埔。一片一片焦黃的葉仔、一蕊一蕊褪色的花穠，位無人知影的角勢英雄趨出來跳來舞去。毋管外面按怎風風雨雨，這個時陣我的後腦骨仔攞愛倒佇阿母軟軟綿綿的胸坎頂，身軀隨著伊的喘氣起起落落，耳孔斟酌聽伊講薛仁貴征東、王寶釧苦守寒窯十八冬的故事、伶俐的細漢囡仔按怎修理惡毒的虎姑婆……誠好聽的故事，我一遍一遍撒奶阿母講了閣再講，就算伊足無閒，我嘛有辦法叫伊講。是故事的魅力，抑是數念予阿母疼惜的幸福，我嘛分袂清楚。

有時阿母較無閒，我就佻厝邊的囡仔伴，走去田中央走相掠匿相找，無著躡躡手創治田嬰，抑是拼死命纏綴哥哥 in 去拍珠子，佇日頭射落來五花十色的玻璃珠子，相撞所發出來的清脆聲音，自頭到尾攞予我感覺誠心適（生成對旋律的佻意，成作後日仔對音樂的趣味）。見若 in 欲耍珠子，我絕對欲綴著，兄哥的囡仔伴講我愛哭閣愛綴路，定定向兄哥抗議：「拜託恁小妹莫來遮鎖鎖手好無，伊有够討厭的！」原來我的跤閣擋

著 in 彈過來的珠子，若是這點，我一直攞足謹慎，但是珠子滾輾的速度，攞比我的反應較緊，自按呢我變成 in 鑿目的查某囡仔。見若我予兄哥歹，我就會淒慘落魄吼，若閣看著阿母我吼愈大聲，吼聲愈大表示予兄哥欺侮愈殄，當然囉，吼聲嘛會隨著阿母罵兄哥的聲音慢慢仔細聲落來，我就是用這個法寶纏綴這一陣兄哥的囡仔伴。

In 做夥毋是要珠子，無就是提著烏 phiak 仔夾石頭，注神眯一蕊目瞄準獵物，這個時陣我嘛開始無閒起來。見若榕仔樹頂飛來一隻鳥仔，我就連鞭雞婆（in 講的）大聲共 in 通報。不而過，逐遍攞好心予雷唸，所換來是予 in 罵甲若像一陣掃射的連珠炮：「鳥仔攞予汝驚走矣，拜託汝較恬咧好無！」

我討衰全款，家已恬恬坐佇樹仔跤，但是嘛專心看一仙一仙彎腰斟酌飄茫無定著的鳥仔群。當緊張的時刻，雄雄一團金星出現佇面前，頭頂一陣刺痛，我的雙手隨 mooh 牢頭殼，手心感覺澹澹黏黏，一看是血，「哇」大聲吼起來，逐家聽著我的吼聲趕緊走來身軀邊。兄哥將我抱牢咧，目睷青睷睷看彼个狡怪的人，這是我第一遍感受著友誼，其中有人自動位囊袋仔提出一堆的珠子囡佇我的面頭前講欲予我，但是叫我莫吼矣。雖然頭殼足痛，但是秋風吹來，撥開一層一層的烏雲，佇柔和的日頭輕輕仔飛，吼聲嘛輕輕仔飛走。平常時予人號作「狗綴路」的我，即馬煞變作「上勇敢的查某囡仔」。轉到厝，遵照兄哥的話忍痛共阿母講：「袂疼！」講嘛奇怪，流袂少血，嘴講袂痛，真正袂痛！不而過，這個袂痛的傷跡，即馬猶原閣有誠深的記號。



阿母無閒一工了後，倒佇眠床頂歇暍是伊上享受的時刻，但是一倒落來攏是喝遮痛遐酸，尤其是夏秋交替的季節，雙跩關節酸伶痛。若心情好，我會自動坐佇伊的尻川斗邊仔認真搥，搥甲予伊真歡喜。我嘛感覺家己是一个界友孝的囡仔，甚至閣爲家己的行爲感動，時常向兄哥 in 來展風神，講我是上乖的人；毋過，若搪（tng7）著我要甲當趣味的時予阿母叫來，我會先伶伊出價參詳。伊若講：「五百下。」我就講：「三百下。」伊說：「一百下一仙。」看佇錢的份上，我會儘量有耐性共搥。但是定定爲著欲趕緊解決，算的速度會比動作較緊。心若放放，動作就離離落落，上尾佳哉聽著阿母講：「好矣！」我連一秒鐘都無走閃，連鞭起來走到尾仔直去碰砵矣。

太平洋戰爭予美軍炸彈炸的一个水池，對我來講是幽美的大湖，就佇阮厝新田路的門前差不多四百公尺爾爾。懸懸的竹抱仔伶低低的野花，插濫圍佇菱角形的池仔邊。當秋風吹起，竹枝仔樹搖啊搖，竹葉仔親像吹啡仔叫啊叫，親像樂團咧演奏，鬧熱滾滾。另外佇水池仔內，鴨群悠游水中，in 泅過的後壁面，有一條一條的水湧，湧佇我小小的心肝頂，起造一个童年的王國。見若我消失佇父母的眼線，一定會當佇遮揣著一个頭頂縛兩條頭髮尾仔、瘦閣薄板的小身影，當咧挖土、挽花……續落來規身軀難免的塗沙粉驚死道人，若掠轉來厝加減會予老母唸。伊一月幫我褪衫褲，一月洗我的跤手面，淋佇身軀的水開始有淡薄仔冷矣。毋知是欲徙走老母的嘈嘈唸，抑是真正寒，我的身軀一直若勾、一直若顫，掠著阿母的手撒奶按呢講：「有够寒！」阿母趕緊提衫褲幫我穿起來，舉頭看天：「嗯！秋天到

矣。」自按呢我的身軀就加穿一領衫。

童年的秋日，親像日光佇湖水頂面跳舞，繡織永遠袂褪色的花氈仔。想欲變作玻璃珠仔，時常會當發出迷人的旋律；閣想欲變作一隻田嬰，隨時會當飛佇草枝頂面風騷，予人掠袂著；嘛想欲變成彼隻水鴨，泅佇竹林伶水萍當中自由閣自在。

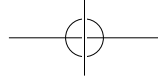
少年的秋日

嬌寵嫵媚的景緻予天地不仁的殘踏的屯踏，位劇變愁苦之中，滾躡佇淒慘伶向望的路途。

彼年熱天母親雄雄結束家己的生命，袂輸一場狂風暴雨拍加落佇清氣的天盤頂，親像玻璃珠仔沉碎佇烏雲遮咧的滄塗窟，水鴨仔激死佇一窟烏水裡全款。死神共人強扭落來，彼條本底準備永遠欲結佇額頸的紅寶石領鍊，續落佇塗跤予車輦軋碎去，干單賸一片紅貢貢的血跡留佇塗沙頂。無母親的氣脈咧走跳，宇宙閣有啥物意義咧？

阿母出山的陣頭佇赤炎炎的日頭跋進行，親像起痾的一个查某囡仔拼命抱牢牢母親玉體倒佇內底的紅硃大厝，斟酌扛大厝的工作人員欲將伊親愛的母親揉向塗空內。彼个時雷雨交加，瘦弱的身軀欲按怎抵會牢「塵歸塵、土歸土」的大道理啊！

當我看清現實的世界，嘛知影父親無可能實現伊的約束，佇阿母的厝邊起一間小厝予我倚，這個時陣已經是面對秋風稀微，淒涼無比的季節。秋日佇潛意識內煞變成愁苦的源頭。若是火種代表折磨，烈火赤炎炎絕對看袂著軟啾啾的火星佇邊仔咧哀叫，我干單管家己鬱卒，無管四箍圍的世界。



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

當有一工佇睏夢中，聽著老父捶心擊腹的吼聲，劃破孤寂恬靜的暝暗，驚醒我漸漸沉落的神經，雄雄發覺生命中使干單停留佇童年的寵惠（sing7）慣勢。了後，我接受電信局的考試，有另外的生活空間，屬於少女的青春生命漸漸仔活跳起來。一身軀的烏衫參滿腹的不安，慢慢行向有希望的未來。

菅芒花白霧霧佇風中飛，飛向鐵枝路兩片一直淚長，一橫一橫相思仔黃花踮佇斜坡搖來搖去，親像咧向我拍招呼，我就按呢行入百花齊開的花園散步。有一冬的秋天，查某伴結婚，我做伴嫁。無時間加無空間的觀念，想講台南離高雄干單幾分鐘的路程，就參伊相約佇欲暗仔的時陣。但是拄仔好，彼日的喜筵拖到一、二點，續落去回程的車閣故障，一睷路舞到三更半暝才轉來高雄。我想講伊無可能佇暗摸摸的田岸路恰蠓仔鬥陣躉躉仔等我！當咧懊惱時間的無情，甜蜜總是離我遠遠，雄雄一道火焰的光照對我的面前來，續落去一陣機車碰碰叫的聲音向我這片騎來，一頭予秋風吹散去的頭毛，一排笑文文的白嘴齒，親像守護神出現佇我的眼前，予我驚喜閣迷醉。隔轉日伊揣我去看伊為著欲消磨時間嚙甘蔗留落來的痕跡。這世人第一遍相思仔花蕊攬抱佇心肝頂，初戀的歌就按呢隨我佇雲河系內，分佔著一个小小的所在。

第二年中秋暝伊對我講：「咱來覆鼎金陪阿母過中秋節！」伊誠了解我的心，不而過，佇暗時的荒山中，欲揣阿母的厝可能有困難，伊心頭親像大衛王的定著：「緊！阿母咧等咱食月餅恰柚仔矣。」見若講著阿母，我的目箍就紅，伊陪我做夥流目屎，陪我做夥悲傷。伊跪落佇阿母的門口埋獻香按呢講：「我

這世人一定欲好好照顧汝的查某团。」月光是記池的鏡，啡仔聲佇風中飛舞，這敢是叫作愛的誓言？

但是，誓言是啥物？伊會當佇伊母親的威脅之下，親像泡花飛佇空氣的色水爾爾。伊牽著伊母親恰意的女子的手行入「致美齋飯店」的禮堂，拄仔好就是我佇五福四路上班的所在，伊是有意抑是無意，欲叫我看這幕世間上美好恰上殘酷的場面？伊結婚的前一暝閣對我甜言蜜語：「無論天涯海角，我永遠恰汝做夥。」上天！汝敢會當向我解釋這是啥物款的愛情？

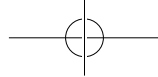
少年是婿，但是秋色沉重，一點仔都感覺袂出婿的甜味，若有，是毋是叫作淒涼的美麗矣！

成年的秋日

果子已經離開的果子樹，伊用一世人的堅持，佇日頭恰烏影之間搖弄。

佇查某团的婚禮，我講：「今仔日查某团毋是嫁『出去』，团婿嘛毋是娶『入來』，是 in 兩人結婚，相互結合，組成幸福。」查某团參查埔团攏是全款經過坐胎、病团、生產，但是，當行入生命重要幹角的時，佇人為的傳統世俗，就有「出去」、「轉來」的差別。人類自我束縛的禮節就有夠複雜，為何袂當較簡單一下，減少自我的困擾。自按呢，查某团的好日子，我就有這點的強調，嘛感謝親家教出个優秀的後生，會當予我的查某团有一个幸福的家。

不而過，咱所倚起的所在，欠缺轉幹的空地，因為春日百花四界開，蜜蜂無閒甲翅仔互相撞來撞去。誠濟新人行入禮堂了



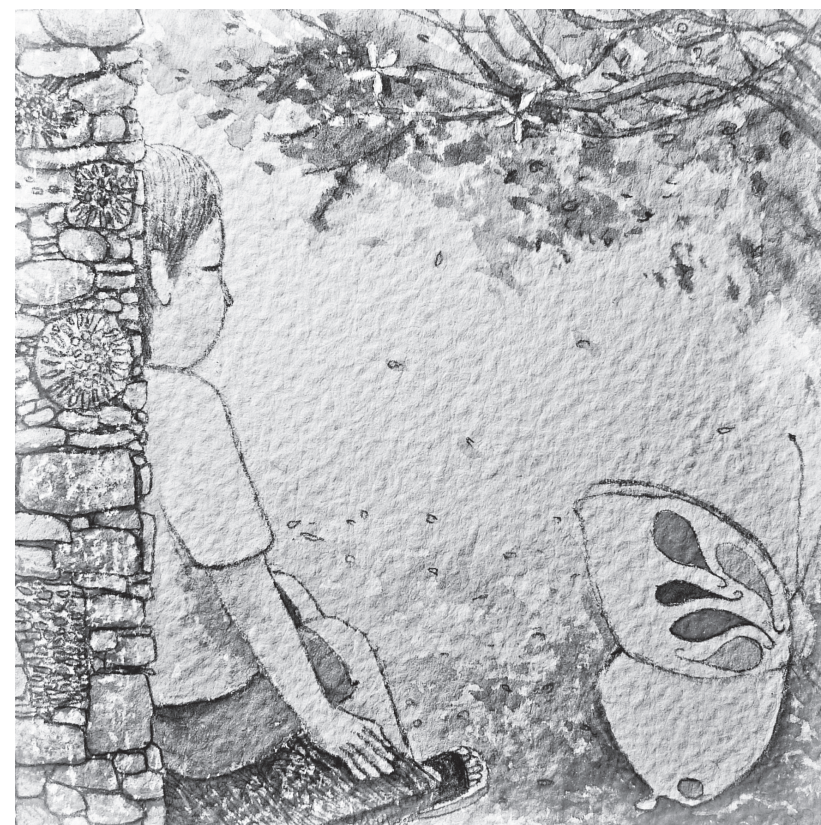
一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

後，出問題並非是當事人的代誌，顛倒是四箍圍的人，無閒著欲顯示 in 家己的重量。掠我的故事來講，幾個全款有一日會結婚的人，in 就有耐性對兄嫂誠斟酌咧監督，續落去，閣有查某囡嫁出了後，無義務轉來後頭厝友孝的理論。總講一句，攏是愛兄嫂做厝裡一切的代誌就對矣。一向背骨的我，保牢我這個婚姻，誠實的，應該是當時 in 認為無路用兄哥的功勞。當然矣，有一工 in 嘛食到做人媳婦的滋味，阿有小可改變。人！為啥物愛等到家己試著滋味了後才來覺悟？生命有限，會當有幾個英雄覺悟的清醒咧？

為着避免親愛的人行全款的怨嘆路途，我攏是好禮仔將伊發落好勢。查某囡結婚嫁到台中，事實上，高雄嘛準備厝欲予 in 筭，阮有癡想的理念。現此時伊已經做人的老母，一年見無幾遍面，慢慢仔感受著形勢比人較強，伊真正是嫁「出去」矣。想欲轉來後頭厝，除了有形（空課參囡仔）的牽纏以外，閣有無形的阻擋。有一冬的秋天，囡婿衝破困難重重，走閃伊老父的注意偷偷仔恰牽手、後生來高雄，安慰數念查某囡參外孫的丈人、丈姆。不而過，這啷孝行煞付出代價，家庭起大風波。根是人類上基本的數念，數念根的所在煞需要面對難題，叫人行佇刺仔埔頂是無人道的。

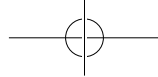
靈巧的孫仔目睷仁烏白分明，咧耍七彩的稜鏡，人性原初就是按呢清純透光，干單經過傷濟污染變成混沌無光。咱到底是佇外面咧看三稜鏡的變化，抑是佇三稜鏡內彼寡混動的花色咧？秋日的感覺隨著歲月風華人生變化，親像三稜鏡滾動無全的變貌。

中年的秋日已夠份矣，無閣是春日的嬌滴滴恰夏日的紅赤赤，是秋收的穩定。日時的歌已經唱過矣，欲暗仔的旋律予巴哈來奏平衡律，引導彩色的構圖來重起文學的情景，用真善美的恬心來開光暗晡的燈火。



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THE TRIANGULAR PRISM OF AUTUMN

The autumn of childhood

Under soft candlelight, a duckling breaks out of its shell to stretch its tiny delicate body as it nestles against the comfort zone of its mother.

The north wind of autumn blew into a hard shower, and puffed away a lot of leaves. The falling leaves and the fading flowers of autumn were caught in the rapid whirls of the eddy whose wider circles moved quickly along the ground.

I pillowed my head on my mother's bosom. I was not only enjoying the rhythm of her breathing, I also appreciated the stories she was telling me. She described how a clever child dealt with the virulent witch Gu-Po Hu; how a chaste woman Bao-Chuan Wang waited for her husband for eighteen long years... I wasn't bored, even after hearing these stories many times. I wonder whether I was attracted by the interesting stories or if I merely enjoyed snuggling close to my mother when she had leisure time.

Living with her extended family, my mother had a lot of housework to do every day. She was always busy. Thus I often went to the countryside with my playmates to play; we pursued fireflies, keeping silent as we tried to grasp the dragonflies, or we played hide-and-seek. But my favorite activity was following my brothers who played with glass balls. In the sunlight, the colorful glass balls were

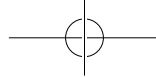
gorgeous. I especially desired the clear and crisp sound of those glass balls colliding with each other. Longing for the sound of their melody, I wonder if I was already expressing my love for music.

However, when I trailed excitedly behind my brothers to watch their game of glass balls, I heard their playmates complaining to my brothers about me.

“Please ask your younger sister not to come here. Her behavior is upsetting our game.”

Unfortunately, even though I was extremely careful, my feet often blocked their shooting. I always explained that the speed of the running balls was too fast for me to move in time. I became the focal point of their complaints. If my brothers blamed me for the mistake, I would act like it was the end of the world and run home crying to Mother. The more loudly my brothers yelled at me, the more loudly I cried. The sound of my weeping gradually disappeared as Mother scolded my brothers for neglecting to look after me. Certainly, this was the purpose of my crying; it was the best weapon I had. Thus I could follow my brothers and their playmates wherever they played their game.

Generally, the boys either played the game of glass balls or took their slingshots to shoot at birds. When they narrowed their eyes in deep concentration, held their breath, focused on the game fowl, I would yell delightedly as I pointed out the bird to them. Although I couldn't join their group to hunt the bird, I had good vision and a strong voice to alert them when I saw a bird flying in the sky. But, despite my good intentions, they were always scolding me. “Keep your big mouth shut, the birds are all frightened by you.”



I was greatly insulted but I obediently sat under the shade of a big banyan tree. While I was having a good time watching how funny they looked as they crouched low before they tried to shoot quickly moving birds, I was suddenly hit by a rock, and then I felt a stabbing pain at the top of my head. My hands instinctively touched the painful place. When I saw my bloody hands, I cried loudly. The boys ran quickly toward me. My brother grasped me and looked angrily at his playmates who had caused the accident. For the first time I was treated as a princess. Moreover, one boy pulled out many colorful glass balls, which were my favorite, from his pocket to give to me. An autumn breeze was puffing away the dark clouds. I stopped weeping and accepted their warm friendship.

The boys had always called me a crybaby and a pest. But now I was praised as a courageous girl. Bravely enduring my pain, I promised my brother not to tell our mother. Even though my head bled profusely, I said there was really no pain at all. However, this “no pain” wound in my head left a big scar forever.

Usually, after doing housework all day long, my Mother lay down on the bed because she ached all over, especially when summer changed to autumn. Then she asked me to massage her legs by pounding them with my fists. If I was in a good mood, I would do it so that it became her happy time. Not only was I very much pleased with what I had done, but also I prided myself on being an obedient girl who showed up her brothers. However, if I was playing excitedly with my playmates and my mother wanted my attention, I bargained with her over the price.

“500 times,” she asked from me.

“300 times.” I figured that 500 times required ten minutes. It was too long to stop playing with my playmates.

“For every 100 times you do it I will give you one cent,” Mother encouraged me.

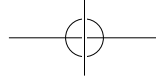
“Okay.” Looking at the money she offered, I did my best. But in order to finish quickly, I counted faster than I actually pounded my fists.

Finally, I heard Mother said fragiley, “Enough...” and then I was running away as fast as possible to my favorite place. There was a small pond made from a bomb dropped by the U.S.A. during World War Two.

The bomb made it a pool of misery, but for me it was a happy pond just in front of my home. There was a row of tall bamboo fluttering in the wind, a lot of colorful wild flowers lying low on the ground, and a swarm of ducks drawing out many ripples on the surface of the water. If I vanished from my parents’ sight, I was always found there, a skinny girl in pigtails, who was busy either digging the soil to pick the wild flowers or walking with light steps to chase the dragonflies.

When I was found by my mom at this place that I called a “Holy Land,” my body was totally covered in mud. Even though my mother blamed me incessantly, she carefully helped me take off my completely dirty clothes. While I was bathing, I shivered and murmured, “I am chilly.” I didn’t know if I was really cold or if I just wanted to stop her scolding words.

“Yes, fall is coming in,” she said, as she gave me more clothes to wear. I felt warm as toast.



The autumn of childhood, is like sunlight dancing on the waves of the pond; restless shuttles weaving a golden age. I had colourful dreams. I wanted to become a glass ball to make a sound of delightful melody; I wanted to become a dragonfly that couldn't be seized by people; I wanted to become a wild duck to swim in the water of the bamboo grove.

The autumn of youth

Colorful dreams are destroyed by the world of wild storms.

One summer day Mother suddenly ended her own life. The sunny sky was darkened by a violent storm; the glass balls were broken to pieces in the dark morass; the wild duck was suffocated in the dead water. The God of Death pulled off my ruby chain that I had been prepared to wear my whole life. Let it be cracked under a wheel and left to bleed like a broken heart in the dust. Lacking my mother's pulse, how on earth could I breathe in this world?

My mother's funeral procession carried me into a flame of sorrow. A crazed daughter grasped the coffin as if it were really her mother's body, as she tried to stop people from pushing her dear mom into the grave. It was a day of thunder and lightning. How was such a slender weak girl able to resist the tradition, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes?"

Gradually, I woke up from my grievous suffering to face Mother's death. It was undoubtedly true that Mother was dead. Father had promised to build a hut for me beside Mother's grave. But it was impossible – living people could not live near graves. However, when I recovered my consciousness, the miserable autumn was starting.

My subconscious was always affected by the fallen flowers of the season.

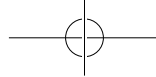
If fire is a symbol of suffering, the raging fire is absolutely more powerful than gentle heat. Once at midnight, I was startled to hear Father crying out his grief as he crouched in a corner of our house. The sound of sorrow was a shock to me that made me to realize that I must move on from the indulgences of childhood; I should face the future.

Finally, I passed the employee test of the telecommunication company. Now that I had other things to focus on, my youthful energy was gradually aroused. I wore a black outfit to the first job of my life. In this mourning dress I stepped into my future.

Reeds grew in clusters all along the railway track; the acacia flowers of Taiwan unfolded along the path as if to woo and flatter the scenery. Unconsciously, this became a love garden as I strolled through it. Surely, I could inflame someone's passion.

Once I was a bridesmaid at my girlfriend's wedding. I was not only without common sense at this time, but I also had no idea how far it was from Kaohsiung to Tainan. Therefore, I felt free to promise a date with Chu in the evening at 6 pm. However, not only did I underestimate the travel time, but the wedding dinner was delayed a long time. I didn't finish my duties as a bridesmaid until two o'clock in the morning.

I thought it was impossible that he could wait in a field with mosquitoes all around in the dark night for eight hours. Annoyed with heartless time, I was disappointed that happiness would always



be far away from me.

Suddenly, I was surrounded by a strong light, and then I heard a motorcycle engine starting. His hair was messed up by the autumn wind. A row of white teeth shone a bright welcome to me. Like a guard he had come to protect me. The next day, he showed me what was left of the sugar cane that he gnawed on to kill the time while he waited for me. Through Chu, I was carried out of my failed world into a new world where I could flourish. The song of my first love was like birds in flowering groves.

The next year, on the mid-autumn festival night, he said passionately, “We should go to your Mother’s place to be with her; let the three of us together cheer the holiday under the moon.” He really understood my mind, but I wondered whether it would be very difficult to climb the wild hill in the dark night.

“Don’t worry about that. Let’s do it at once.” He was wild about his idea. “Hurry up, your mother is waiting for us to eat the moon cake and the shaddock.”

Hearing him talking about my mother, my tears flowed like a broken river. He not only joined me in my weeping, but also sorrowed deeply about my mourning. Suddenly, he kneeled down to pray and swore an oath in front of my mother’s yard. “I will look after your daughter forever. Her sadness is my gloom. Her happiness is my satisfaction as well. I promise.”

The moonlight was a memory mirror. Leaves fell from the trees to cover everything. The birds were hopping about on their perches and twittering. Was this what was called a pledge of marriage?

However, what was this pledge? It turned out to be a pledge that was easily broken when he was threatened by his mother who wanted him to marry another girl. Not much later, he and his bride, who was his mother’s preference, had their wedding dinner near my office. Was this deliberate or neglectful on his part to force me to look at this happy picture that did not include me? Moreover, after his wedding, he still sent me these honeyed words, “Whether I am near or far away, I will be with you forever.”

My dear God! Could you please tell me what kind of love this was?

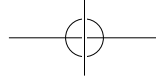
People always say that youth is beauty, but I only felt the dark of autumn. It could have been a little more beautiful, but ultimately it would still be sorrowful.

The autumn of adulthood

Even after the fruit leaves the tree, the tree persists in her undertaking to stand erect between the sunlight and the moonlight.

In Taiwan, it is traditional for the bride to be “married off”, which means she is expected to live with her husband’s family. The groom is expected to “marry in”, which means he stays with his parents’ family. The wedding custom of Taiwan is so different for daughters and sons that I had some words to say at my daughter’s wedding. “Today my daughter is not to be married off and my son-in-law is not to be married in. They are both consummating a marriage, mutually unifying into one happy family.”

Even though both daughters and sons have the same genes, the same flesh and blood, they are divided by the custom of marrying off



or in when they marry. Sometimes custom is a tyrant. Human history has been tied up by too much etiquette. Why shouldn't we live more simply? And so, I placed more emphasis on the "being married off or in" issue in my speech. Of course, I also thanked my son-in-law's parents for raising such an outstanding son. As a result, my daughter got a happy family.

However, although we live in an infinite world, when we marry off our daughters they have no space to make a turn. Like flowers in full bloom with honeybees bustling busily and then dashing into each other, many couples run into trouble that shouldn't be their problem. In the new family there is a crowd of people in front of the couple wanting to show their power and just making the couple unhappy. For example, there was my story. I was anti-traditional. I couldn't stand all the bad behaviors in my new family. In order to keep my marriage I considered loaning money to their so-called useless brother. Many others have absolutely the same problem in their own life when they are married.

O poor human, why should you have personal experiences that don't raise your consciousness? How many times have you made the same mistakes over and over again in your limited life? My way of trying to prevent my daughter from being oppressed by the same unreasonable rules was to cautiously protect her.

My daughter moved from the south of Taiwan (Kaohsiung) to the middle of Taiwan (Taichung) after she married. But we prepared a house in Kaohsiung for them if she needed to come back to her former nest. After she became the mother of two children, we had no time to reunite with each other even to celebrate special events, such

as our birthdays.

Finally, I concluded that she was really "married off" and my son-in-law was "married in." Thus she couldn't go back to her original family whenever she was missing us. In fact, she not only had been hobbled by her children and her job, but once she had been obstructed in a most unpleasant way. One autumn, my son-in-law had secretly arranged for his wife and children to go to Kaohsiung to have a comforting visit with me and my husband. However, he paid a steep price for this trip because his father was furious at being kept in the dark. My daughter had come to Kaohsiung in search of her roots. Nevertheless, her missing roots had to face the thorns that formed her father-in-law's inhumanity.

With his bright clear eyes, my clever grandson is always playing with a colorful triangular prism; all human beings are capable of such behavior, but the process of becoming an adult often causes us to be in a state of chaos. Is it the changes outside the prism, all over the earth, that change us, or is it the constantly moving colourful flower on the inside of the prism of ourselves that changes us?

The feeling of autumn following a life of change has a different style; like a rolling triangular prism, there are varying appearances. The autumn of adulthood is a time of maturing, no longer like the delicate flower of spring and the brilliance of summer. It is the readiness of an autumnal harvest.

The song of daytime has been sung. Let the peaceful melody of Bach surround my literary life in the evening. As I turn on my night light, I am looking for a true, good and beautiful mind to accompany my future.

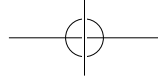


A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly

Surely, days come and ages pass, and autumn moves my heart in many a guise, in many a rapture of joy and of sorrow.

行！咱來 English Bay 扭琴
Let's Go and Play Music by English Bay





是伊幸福？抑是我幸福？

(有聲台文8)

是伊幸福？抑是我幸福？代誌是按呢的……

彼冬的春天，阮親像熟似甲幾世紀晉前就相捌，不而過閣親像生份到毋知欲講啥物話的生份。頭一遍的約會，兩人就按呢恬恬散步佇高雄愛河的柳樹蔭，遠遠看著面前的水波閃閃，干單三不五時鳥隻飛過樹尾，引來一寡春的氣絲仔爾爾，無澎湃的激情，無親像小說講的彼種予人心有詩意的情調。講較準確，我親像咧實行人生一項公式的任務全款。兩人就按呢行到歸半晡久，愈行愈感覺有夠無聊，我講我欲轉去矣，伊才緊張閣大舌懇求我是毋是有後遍的約會。

牽紅線的人就是伊的厝主，對眼前的這個人呵啉甲會觸舌，這個厝主胡太太本來想講肥水無流過別坵，準備欲紹介予家己的查某孫仔，然後這個查某孫仔嘛誠有恰意。但是落花有意，流水無情，所致伊的厝主就想著我，伊講愛純情的少女較有法度四配伊這個厝主。但是唯一的缺點就是人古意到「可憐」的程度。對看的晉前伊是按呢形容伊，我嘛真好玄，到底伊是啥物款的人。位這遍的約會，我體會到內底的滋味矣，真正是白泚無味。但是遙看愛河頂小水會當長流的波影，我輕輕仔點頭，答應伊後遍的約會。

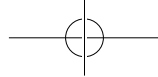
毋過彼款輕輕仔的頓頭，大概毋是代表我的心意。轉厝了後，

予鋼琴的旋律塞演到袂記得約會的代誌。是命運之神咧操弄？抑是心閣有一點仔通？平常時若暗時十一點了後，我是袂出門的。彼日琴練煞了後，竟然想欲出去巷仔口行行咧。當我拍開門，雄雄霎閃出一个人影，佇月光下，猶原看會出對方歡喜閣著急的跋步衝到我的面頭前來。當我抄著總頭的時，我按呢共伊試探：「汝五點就來遮矣？」看伊痴情的面容一直頓頭，無一點仔受氣，嘛無問是按怎我會失約，反顛倒講：「我就知影汝會來。」

啥人講伊古意到可憐代？干單一月日的功夫，我就變成伊愛情的奴隸啊，想欲走嘛走袂去矣，上重要的是根本就無袂逃走矣，我竟然跋落去伊的濃情蜜意的坑坎裡。我有一個弱點，甘願別人辜負我，我袂隨便拒絕人的好意，莫講是面對遮呢癡情恰純情的人。講良心話，我的理想對象，應該是一個足感性的人才對，遺憾的是伊獨獨欠這點。捌讀過按呢的詩句「花袂使無蝶，山袂使無泉，喬木袂使無藤蘿，人袂使無癖」，這是自然的生態！人既然無可能十全十美，伊的優點會當彌補伊的缺點。序大的人時常咧講，嫁予愛汝的人，比嫁予汝愛的人閣較幸福。為著趕緊掠著這份的幸福，閣再講伊佇南部出差的期間嘛直欲結束矣，對看兩個月了後，伊就提出訂婚的請求，當然我嘛無啥考慮就答應矣。

有一遍夢見我參伊攏是生份人，醒來的時才發現阮互相是不止仔親密，我想異性的接觸大概是按呢矣，毋是生份就是親密！好比生命全款，晉前嘛好，歇暍嘛好，就是袂當兩項攏擁有。

伊講過，伊的「愛」夠死都攏袂煞，若依我看來，伊是這世



人猶原愛無夠喟，欲閣佢我緣定來生。我一切的苦難，伊攏欲幫我分擔，干單生团、做人的新婦、做兄嫂的滋味，無法度分攤爾爾。自按呢伊講後出世準備欲做查某的，予我快快樂樂做一个查埔的，講甲上帝親像是伊家己咧做的款。欲按怎來形容伊的拼勢熱度？用瀑布來比例矣，我干礁欲一寡水就會當止嘴ta，但是伊予我規座的瀑布。

位阮熟似開始伊就表示過，欲拍拼做一个標準的廷婿、友孝的团婿、負責任的老爸、認真的土木工程師……相伴幾十冬以來，我看伊已經超過標準誠濟矣。我的查某伴做夥攏會比較，自按呢伊變成我的女同事欣羨的對象，但是伊嘛害 in 的廷婿相爭欲揣伊算數，因為伊建立一个「歹」模樣。

只因爲伊一心一意準備欲付出予人，但是天不從人願，我一點一滴幫贊 in 厝的經濟漸漸仔好起來，另外，閣愛拼命舞 in 無仝個性的兄弟姐妹之間的代誌。欲結婚晉前就有人講我誠好膽，一个驕生慣養的人敢嫁一个有四个小妹的家庭。

伊捌講過，伊比西周君子較幸福，因為伊毋免受過層層的考驗，就會當娶著伊所思慕的窈窕淑女。原底伊應該好好來珍惜則著，但是家境予伊心愛的人受著誠濟的委曲。按呢，伊彼種無盡的情意參無數的愧欠，所迸發出來滿腹的疼，就親像欲用規个沙漠去愛一攏仙人掌仝款。

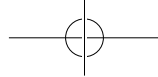
因為伊的真情，才會當維持這段婚姻，嘛因為伊的疼惜，予我有一份的依靠。問題我毋是活佇沙漠內面的花蕊，我是生存佇一片肥軟的土地頂。我無需要傷濟的照顧，就會當活甲真好勢。我有我的事業、我的思想、我的興趣，我無可能是纏綴佇

伊身邊的影。比如講，佇伊的濃情蜜意的下面，袂放心我單獨出門，袂放心我一个人開車，袂放心我家己坐飛機……。

我想，假使我若生長佇沙漠內底，抑是久病倒佇眠床頂，阮有可能是一對值得呵咾的恩愛夫妻，因為我必須著愛伊的照顧，按呢就無啥物通冤家矣。

平常時的冤家，攏是伊予人的傷濟。我無愛伊對家己遐呢仔刻薄，团兒嘛有同感，講老爸誠毋捌生活的情調，一家四个人做夥耍較心適，爲啥物干單阮三个人享受爾爾，伊獨獨愛佇邊仔欣賞就好，像講阮上愛食的物件就是伊上無愛食的物件。伊講，看著阮快樂就是伊上大的幸福，所以我位毋甘到真正討厭伊的做法。隨在阮按怎提出抗議，伊猶原改袂過來，誠實本性難移啊！伊就是有赫濟的氣力爲伊的某团來勞苦，看伊的付出心內赫爾甘甜，無法度嘛就順伊，不而過怨言猶原存在矣。黃友棣教授講阮實在是「人在福中不知福」，厝裡有一个活佛，攏袂曉通欣賞。

活佛？大概嘛是忍受別人無法度忍受的代誌矣。伊曾表示過只要會當予我快樂的人佻事，伊攏欲感激，誠實的？假使我若有男朋友呢？按呢伊毋就變成是古早彼个「芸娘」，抑我就是「沈三白」？若是按呢，實在予人感動，這款代誌假若無試過，毋知成果如何。不而過有一點會當肯定，便若是佻我有關係的物件，伊一概全部領收，人所講的「惜花連盆」。莫講是我的朋友，就是我用過的化粧盒，伊攏毋甘擲捨，因為 in 捌參我遮爾貼身過。猶閣有，伊友孝丈人爸以及敬愛我的兄嫂，閣較是無話講的。



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

但是係幫我想看覓咧，一日長落落，假使無早起佢下昏，規日攏曝仔大日頭跲，若無予燒死嘛會臭火焦。我定定為著欲收束伊的熱度，時常氣身勞命，刁持潑伊的冷水，但是自頭到尾攏無法度降低伊的溫度。我請伊饒命矣！我予汝的愛，翕到即馬窮欲無唱矣。假使我真正受氣起來，是淡薄仔有效。啊！干單為著爭取「減愛我一點矣！」我感覺真恹！

日子親像紡絲，幾十冬的歲月也一路相伴落來，終其尾嘛隨在伊去愛矣，甚至變成一種習慣。國父誕辰一百二十週年紀念日，是阮結婚二十週年。從事歌詞寫作五十年的韋瀚章教授，位香港寄來一帖墨寶，伊感動甲頓跲越蹄，因為這首以〈西江月〉的調式，引用天祥道中的景色，所書寫的祝賀詞，講出伊內心的世界。

「曲徑颺輪相接，巖邊燕子穿梭，岡陵抱翠石嵯峨，隱約遊人個個。

我愛山容嫵媚，問山看我如何，放懷仰首恣呵呵，引動群山笑我。」

就准講阮恥笑伊、嫌伊囉唆，伊猶原無時無陣舉頭直直掙，猶原據在愛伊某团的愛嬌。真袂當阻止伊一路行來，執意欣賞彼片巖邊飛燕的穿梭，岡陵抱翠石的雅興。

彼年查某团考著音樂系，去台北讀冊。第一遍離開厝，毋知愛女會慣勢無？佳哉伊老爸一禮拜去看伊一遍，一來會當紓解老爸對女兒思念的情懷，二來嘛解決我的割腸割肚的數念。但是有一暝查某团雄雄拍電話轉來，叫老父母通閣去揣伊矣。佇電話彼月伊委屈的聲音按呢解釋，一方面是毋甘予老爸南北奔

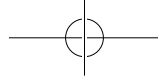
波，一方面伊的同學攏笑伊誠低路，啥物代誌攏愛老爸款好好。是啊，查某团大漢矣，事事項項會當家已處理矣。既然查某团有這款想法，我就叫伊莫去台北，對伊講了後伊竟然一直悶悶不樂，無愛予伊操勞嘛誠袂使得！

「親愛的，啉一杯牛奶矣！較早暎也，明仔載閣愛上班呢。」我想講伊猶原閣咧心悶受氣，我用深深的眼神看伊，伊頭殼掙掙按呢講：「我嘛莫愛去，只是驚伊想厝。既然係攏反對我去，我就莫去矣。」一陣牛奶的芳味位伊的手抱心傳來，其實我一點都袂枵，我順從伊的意歡歡喜喜啉落去，而且予伊一个誠嬌的笑容。袂直矣！我這個小可動作竟然予伊歡喜甲跳起來：「我就知影汝會枵，我閣去泡一杯，好無？」這款例誠濟，時常發生佇生活的點滴之中。

朋友攏講我是一个誠幸福的人，但是我感覺伊比我較幸福，因為伊知影按怎欣賞山容的愛嬌，無管山容無時無刻用尻脊骹咧對待伊。

即馬，山容經過五分之一世紀的山崩地裂，差不多是面目皆非矣，路已斷，糧食已絕，而且已經退到自我療傷的地步。不過，我發現，伊對山容的意旨一直無改變、嘛無想欲結束，伊猶原佻以前全款，甚至愈珍惜山容的歷劫歸來。

位伊的身軀頂，我學會曉欲按怎欣賞別人，並毋是一直那予別人來欣賞。當暴風雨來的時，浪漫的歌曲佇嘴舌死亡，新的旋律已經位學習中來昇起，我領悟著一切鑿耳的、無和諧的，攏融化成一遍安適的和音。我展開現有雙翼的翼股，親像一隻飛渡海洋自由自在的海鳥，唱出滿意的歌聲。



WHO IS THE LUCKY ONE?

Is he happy? Or am I happy? Let me explain what the problem is:

One afternoon at the beginning of spring, my future husband and I walked slowly along the Love River in Kaohsiung, which is not only the place for lovers to meet, but also has a quality suggestive of poetry. However, I felt neither poetic intensity nor affection. We had known each other for so long, yet we still didn't know how to talk to each other. By this time, I felt like I was fulfilling a formulaic duty of life. We both walked along the river for a long time. I was so bored that I wanted to go home. When I said I would go home, he anxiously asked me for another date.

It was his landlady who had introduced him to me. She trusted his courteous nature, which she thought would be a good match for a woman who was both innocent and compassionate. The landlady had been sincerely looking for the right woman for him for a long time. At last, she decided that I was the perfect match for her unique tenant. She also said that, although he was perfect, he still had a little bit of weakness. He was too introverted for women to find him attractive.

Yes, I experienced his weakness when we first met. Though I was really bored with such an insipid person, I gave him a friendly nod when he requested for another date. A nod that I didn't really mean. Therefore, I totally forgot about our date because of the musical notes that filled my mind and soul as I played the piano. Was I fated to be

with him? Later, I wondered what my motive was in going out for a walk after having played the piano until midnight.

A person appeared at my door just as I opened it to go out for a walk. I didn't know what was happening. Here was this man who was excited by the very sight of me.

“Did you come here at five o'clock?” I asked as I recalled what time we should have met.

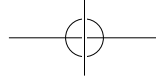
“Yes! I trusted you! I knew we would be meeting again.”

“Have you been waiting here for six hours?”

“Doesn't matter, I enjoy the surroundings in which you live.”

Who said he was a simple man? In my opinion, not only was he an energetic engineer, but also an enthusiastic lover. I had a weakness as well. I didn't like to disappoint others. Facing this unreasonably passionate person, how could I refuse him? I admired a man of charm and sensibility; unfortunately, he lacked this kind of personality. On the other hand, just as the saying goes, “No garden is without weeds.” He had both good and bad qualities. I decided that his many good qualities might make up for his one bad quality. After two months, I became his wife.

He may have called me his all and offered me his devotion every moment. However, I hadn't considered that his passion was not only for this present life; he wanted it to continue into the afterlife. But how could I live forever with the look of adoration in his every action? Yes, his love was like a waterfall. “I give all my water in joy,” sings the waterfall, though a little of it would be enough to quench one's thirst. However, things didn't turn out as he wished. After



we married, not only did I need to help his family turn the corner financially, but I also needed to have total patience and tolerance to deal with his five siblings.

For example, my husband's older sister was a vain and arrogant woman, whereas I was a practical and humble one. There were huge differences in our viewpoints. Consequently, I didn't like her at all. She always dressed in my clothes or used my cosmetics without my permission. Finally when I found something missing from my closet, I hit the ceiling about her bad manners. Once she turned me off completely; the day she asked me to teach her piano, I told her I had no time. Immediately, she complained to her brother, and then she spilled a cup of dirty water on my dear piano so that my beautiful musical instrument couldn't be played for some time. I was furious, and it almost caused a divorce.

Although he blessed me for becoming his spouse, my husband's family burdened me greatly. It is the undeniable truth that his mercy and trustworthiness resulted in keeping our marriage together; indeed, I depended on his protection a lot. On the other hand, I had my career and my own ideas and interests. I didn't need any more safeguards in my life, but he was always fearful when I traveled by myself or I drove alone or I flew abroad. Moreover, he deeply appreciated anything I loved. My girlfriend's husbands complained to him a lot because he set a bad example with his behavior which caused their wives to always ask them to emulate him.

If he hadn't given me so much love that it made me feel suffocated, I wouldn't have quarreled with him. I didn't like that he was extremely unkind to himself and placed too much focus on me. The

children also complained "Why doesn't Papa share our happiness?" Yes, he enjoyed seeing our delight, but he didn't care about himself at all. My honored teacher Mr. Huang said, "He is like a Buddha incarnated in your family. You must know how high his value is!" If he was a living Buddha, he would be able to endure what others are unable to endure. And so I wondered if he would care if I had an affair? I didn't try it. I didn't want to know the result.

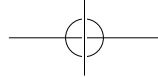
But leisure in its activity is work; the stillness of the sea stirs in waves. In these ways, life seems to form a balance; in other words, it's like a circle in the universe. I suppose if the earth just had sunshine, but not morning light, dark clouds or the afterglow of sunset, it would burn everything.

"Please! Don't give me so much love," I exclaimed at last. "Or I will be overloaded by your extreme affection. You know, too much is as bad as not enough."

"I am sorry, my dear! I just try to do my best to please you. If it burdens you, I will change my behavior."

So we made a deal, but his previous attitude was back in a few days. In the depths of his mind, it seemed that he totally lacked the will to change his behavior. I had to accept him as he was.

Now the sky gradually grows darker; and before long a moonbeam streams through the windowpanes and Chopin's Nocturne melody fills every corner of our house. Our daughter has gone to Taipei for her music studies. I worry about her adaptation to her new environment because it is her first time away from home. Fortunately her father has managed to visit her every week. Now, we can stop worrying about our beloved daughter.



However, this morning we get a call from our daughter. She asks that her father not visit her so frequently. “My classmates tease me as a child that never left the nest. I feel disabled.” Yes, our little princess is growing rapidly and becoming a mature student. She also emphasizes, “Dad, please don’t come to Taipei tonight!” Because of this, he feels anxious the whole day, whether sitting or standing. Poor guy! If we urge him to pay less attention to us, he feels restless with nervousness.

“Honey, it’s midnight, you need to wake up early tomorrow, and you should go to bed.” I fear that he is becoming depressed. Instead, he offers me a cup of hot milk.

“I am worrying that she might feel homesick. If you both don’t like me to go to Taipei, of course, I will listen to you!”

I smile at him gratefully while drinking the hot milk, even though I am not thirsty at all.

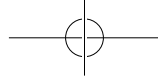
“I know when you are thirsty!” He is as satisfied as if it’s our first date.

Friends see me as a lucky woman. I consider that he is luckier than I am because he really understands how to appreciate the beauty of our family, whatever we are doing.

I thought that my voyage had come to its end because my beauty was diminishing and a violent emotional storm had damaged our relationship of over twenty years. But now I see that he will find no end to the beauty in me and I am also learning from him how to appreciate the beauty in him. Thus, all that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmonious melody, and I spread

my own wings like a gleeful seagull as it begins its flight across the ocean.





無界巧的老母

佇這個世間，上界艱苦甜蜜的代誌，就是做母親的時刻。位有身開始，就進入甘苦的內面。講較詳細是甜甘較濟苦楚，因為對囡兒的「操心擘腹」，應該屬於心「甘」情願。天下間的母親攏是這欸樣，這是天性使然，親像有天就有地全欸自然。你想看覓，曠野頂面有澎湃的小菊，就有夠予人心頭有光彩。閣再講家己有新的後一代，會當予咱沃肥、滋養，其中有愛的奉獻、有愛的收成，生命的傳承就按呢有彩頭起來。世間事有一好、就無兩好，有甜甘、嘛有苦慘。苦慘的一面濟少摻入去犧牲內面。

會記得少女時陣，對文學、音樂有真厚的趣味，所以一點仔都無想欲結婚，害老父定定提出警告。想講毋通予老大人暝日操心，最後乖乖仔行入去紅地毯彼片。當然有參欲佻我結婚的人參詳過，第一條件袂使干擾我練琴佻寫作的時間。我想，好膽你著來，結果真正有青盲毋驚統的戇人，行入來我的生命中。

無疑悟，腹肚內的囡兒連鞭推翻我所有的堅持。體質的關係，足足予我吐欲將近七個外月。未曾做老母，就食著苦味。彼段期間，我的辦公桌仔較，不時囡一塊桌布佻衛生紙，通隨時應付我欲吐、走袂赴便所的準備，生產時嘛無界順事，親像上天共我講，人生無啥物會當堅持的了！當然，我對這兩個上天派來的小靈精，一目睨完全投降矣。

細漢感受父母予咱的恩情，嘛向望家己會當予囡兒有全欸的

溫情，所以不時希望家己有三頭六臂，來滿足 in 的需要。文學？音樂？老早毋知閃去佻位去矣。In 每一个表情佻哮笑聲，變成我身軀內每一个細胞，無時無刻攏咧牽引我的每一條神經。每一擺，想起彼當時養飼 in 的緊張無細膩，即馬想起來，心內猶原閣有淡薄仔驚惶！

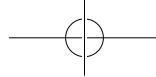
有一站，查某囡旦即生落來兩個外月爾爾，看伊的指甲傷長，我就提起大隻鉸刀，其實我嘛足細膩咧修剪，但是剪了後，伊的十支幼指頭仔竟然一直那流血出來。夭壽哦！這欲按怎是好。我趕緊共伊抱起來，位中山橫路到文化路，一路哮到外家厝。老父看我穿著暍衫，無神魂一直若嗎嗎哮，親像瘡仔全欸：「因為我的無張持，害伊以後無法度彈琴矣，有一工伊若真正變作殘廢，就是我這個做老母的人該死，嗚……嗚……」。

「代誌猶未發生，你未曾未就煩惱起來囡。代誌無妳想的赫爾嚴重，冷靜一下。妳袂使用鉸刀，紅嬰的皮肉真幼，其實你用針輕輕仔 pue2 一下就會使矣。」

雖然我足細膩舞 in 的逐項代誌，不而過三不五時攏予我創甲霧嘎嘎。

囡兒就佇我這欸驚驚惶惶之下慢慢仔大漢。現此時 in 上愛聽我彼當年養育 in 的大小項即馬想起來猶閣歹勢的代誌，結果我予 in 號一个名叫著「無界巧的老母」。實在真鬱卒，一點仔都袂疼惜當年 in 拍拚骨力的老母。好小子！試恁老母的巧看覓……

自按呢，我雄雄腹肚痛甲倒佇眠床頂把袂起來，無騙汝，這是真嚴重的疼矣！這個時陣查埔囡緊乒乓走去揣藥仔，查某囡去倒滾水，經過每一分鐘就來眠床邊問講：「媽！有較好一點



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

仔無？」當然了，我袂使予龜趺趨出來，無者，等我真正有病的時，in 就無欲相信矣。啊我呢！攏愛陶醉佇 in 這款真情流露的款樣內底。

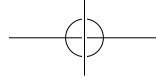


STUPID MOTHER

The most symbolic bitter and sweet things in my life arise from being a mother. After pregnancy, I came into both happiness and suffering. If I wanted to be more exact, I would say that the happiness is greater than the suffering. I think to be concerned for my baby is to be totally willing to do anything. That is a mother's nature. It is nothing special, but rather a natural temperament, similar to the sky, the ground, the rain and the wind.

Raising children is like growing wild flowers. However, having my own offspring allows me to raise them, allows me to pull them up. I can keep my darlings' love and hold their warmth. Therefore, not only is my life fulfilled, but also my soul is comforted. Yet everything is two-sided, bringing with it both sweetness and bitterness. However, the bitter things usually have something valuable for the sake of others.

When I was young, I had such a strong desire for literature and music that I didn't think about marriage. My father was very anxious about my activities. At last, I decided to put on a wedding ring as I got married to satisfy my father's solicitude. Then my husband agreed to help me finish what I wanted---writing articles and playing the piano. Although I had a strong will to indulge my interests, my strength of mind was broken by my baby. I vomited heavily during my pregnancy. Not yet a real mama, I already tasted irritation. Still, I thought this was the time of my life.



I adopted my parents' warmth. For this reason, I tried my best to comfort my kids again and again. I hoped I was a resourceful mother who could cope with almost anything they needed. What is literature? What is music? I already threw them far away. My strong powers of concentration were focused on my newborn creations. Absolute certainty about their every facial expression seized my nerve cells. How could I elaborate on this deep feeling?

The process of caring for little babies was a series of taut stretches. All I had been able to come up with so far was that I was panicky. For example, I remember nurturing this tiny being when my daughter was two months young. I took the scissors to trim her nails. Even though I was most cautious, her small fingertips shed blood. My goodness! That was a difficult one! Feeling great shock, I held her as I trembled and cried.

"What a tragedy! If she can't play piano, I will never forgive my blunder, alas...."

"Things are not so black, take it easy!" My father comforted me continually. "But you know, the infant's nails are really tender, you must trim them with a needle instead of scissors."

Incidents such as these made much ado about nothing countless times; as my children were growing up I trembled with fear.

After that they enjoyed talking about those funny events, then laughing deeply and giving me the name "Stupid Mother".

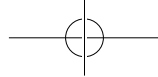
"Hey kids! How dare you tease me like that?"

Then--I pretended to be seriously ill with a "stomachache." That gave them a scare. My daughter poured a cup of hot water

immediately and my son had a pill ready.

"Mom! Are you much better?" They were both ridden with concern. Well, I definitely couldn't reveal my lie; otherwise they would not trust me any more when I was really sick.

I am always so intoxicated following their vivid and unsophisticated antics that I realize one point. "My heart will dance, my soul will sing, because I am a mother." Life would be short, but taking a fancy to being a mother prolongs it.



臍帶恰心跳的對應

源頭

誠濟冬晉前佇台灣，提著地圖，向纏佇身軀邊走越的罔兒講，地球頂面閣有缺少的人種、講無全的話、表達人類共同的感覺。彼款毋知影的種族，時常閃熠佇樹枝縫內，咧等候咱去拍開彼扇神祕的大門。

誠濟冬後，洛陽花的邀請位北方送來，後生講伊欲在櫻花的季節導老母去溫哥華蹉跎。一冬前伊捌參音樂團體拜訪過，彼个時陣就有按呢想，有一工欲揣一向愛花恰樹木的母親，來北美這個無全的人種、無全的話語，風景閣迷人的所在看覓！

1994 年的四月天，溫哥華的台加文化協會主辦一場台灣作曲家樂展，借這個機會後生想欲來完成伊的心願。所以就趕緊共我恰伊做夥報名參加。做一個母親幸福的感覺，親像幼草位土腳底蹦發出來，猶袂赴眨目，幼草啥物時陣已經變成大樹，會當予我納涼享受。我抱著這款滿足的心情恰後生，綴台北合唱團鬥陣往北美觀光矣。

第一站：史丹佛大學 (Stanford University) 比較東、西方

紅瓦黃牆的大莊園，典型的史丹福建築。棕樹大道直溜溜延伸幾若十里，17 世紀西班牙式花崗岩的建築校區四千公頃，田園的讀冊環境，是每一個人心目中菁英培養的所在；我！親像

一隻飢荒的綿羊，倒佇闊朗朗一望無際的綠野當中，沐浴佇讀冊的氣氛當中，規个下晝親像欲填滿在心肝底藏誠久的願望。好比逐遍若聽人的音樂會，看台仔頂的人靈巧的演奏，台仔下的我，同時嘛聽著家己失落的音色，因為早年無去完成音樂課業，致使即馬已經無可能做一個鋼琴演奏家的失望。

上帝定定佇創造中發現家己，阿我，卻是時常佇失落中發現家己。

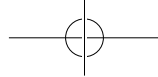
「母親的願望，干單會當向望恁來完成，加油一下！看有法度申請著這間學校無。」春日中晝後的日頭，共後生深邃靈巧的眼眸，照到閃熠有神，花蕊當開的世界是 in 少年的未來。

「史丹福是一間才恰財的大學，托福至少愛有六百分以上。」後生輕輕仔揉著頭頂垂落來的相思仔葉，感覺真吃力按呢回答。佇日頭直射的樹葉銀光閃閃，予風飛過來閣飛過去，幼碎的日光親像走相掠的五彩球，流蕩佇五月花、鬱金香、鼓吹花……當中。

「汝阿姐已經提著波士頓音樂學院的獎學金，即馬汝無愛繼續讀音樂，欲改途讀飯店管理嘛會使致，但是愛積極，毋通恰老母全款，彼當年讀無成武藏野音樂大學，到現此時猶閣記桐桐。」手本來欲摸一隻歇暍佇草埔的鳥仔，煞乎我的激動，驚一下走到尾仔直。

「老母即馬嘛袂歹，上班了後閣有氣力讀冊。」橫園佇草坪頂的課本《人文學概論》，恰冊頁中彼付老人目鏡隨風飄顫，發出期中考的威力。

愛讀冊，絕對是有好無歹的習慣。舉一个例：戈巴契夫講伊



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

親像瘡仔無暝無日愛讀冊，伊一生上欣羨的作家就是別林斯基（Vissarion Belinsky,1811-1848），一个短短的生命中勇敢起來對抗沙皇的種種行爲。戈氏將近五十冬之間，隨身時常紮著別氏的冊。致使一个世紀的人物，瞬間予人感覺伊的身軀頂增加一寡清風飄骨的風貌。世人對伊的評價是兩極化，佇歷史的迷霧中猶未散盡，對戈巴契夫參蘇聯的解體，至少嘛愛過較久的年各才有法度較客觀一致的看法。但是伊愛讀冊，伊真正提示一个「旋風」中猶然保存美麗清心的根源，伊寧靜的「夏夜」，絕對是飽瀟的！

阮來到奧古斯特·羅丹（Augeuste Rodin,1840-1917，法國著名雕塑家）雕塑的所在，一大陣人攏想欲親近這位世界誠重要的雕塑家真實的作品。後生將伊身軀頂的白色圍巾，腿落來網縛佇一尊號作法國人鬱卒的頷頸頂。

「傷縛矣！汝看伊欲吼的形！」欣賞這尊若像真人的藝術品，我爲伊發出聲音。

「頷巾閣留有我的體溫，伊有可能感受著矣。」

「閣來彼仙足有名的作品「恬恬想」幫我參伊作伙翕一張看覓。」

「汝敢會當翕出我『恬恬想』的形影？」

那有可能，羅丹講的，藝術會當表現振動，但是相片就無法度來表現，所以伊宣告：「相片專門講白賊，但是藝術是真實的。」

不而過，藝術欲按怎來表現真實的「動」咧？

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伊愛會當表示彼第一款的現狀，佇無知無覺當中，來轉化進入第二個現狀，予觀看者同時看著第一个現狀過去的痕跡參第二個現狀初初生出來的影。

這是羅丹創造動像的祕密，嘛是藝術的奧妙！所以大教堂變動無停的暗影表現出來的律動，愈是羅丹一生探索袂盡的原動力。

史丹福創校所留落來的大教堂，恰佇遮展示羅丹所有的作品，不但顯示這間大學的人文精神，較重要的是，實證文藝復興對西方文化的重大影響。無論教堂的建築或者雕塑的作品，攏將西洋一千外冬的精神生活，展示佇現實的物質生活中。

羅丹的雕塑對遠遠的靜穆大教堂，是毋是閣有另外的關連？

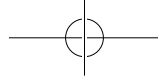
「對！一定有伊的意思。」面對神木林立的學園，我大聲發出驚奇的答案。

「老母，真正是一个大驚小怪的人，其實世界上有足濟無法度揣出來的答案。」

有好奇才有問題，有問題才有答案，任何答案有可能閣產生新的問題。

牛頓（Isaac Newton,1643-1727）看著蘋果摔落地面，伊相信這是宇宙的大代誌，所以拼勢去研究，致使有「萬有引力定律（law of gravitation）」；布魯諾（Giordano Bruno,1548-1600）認爲宇宙有誠濟的太陽系，而且生生滅滅，致使有「宇宙無限論」；羅丹（Augeuste Rodin,1840-1917）用盡心神探討人類普遍的精神，像喜、怒、哀、樂、愛、惡、慾……等等，一生無

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暝無日工作。咱感激有遮爾用功的人，in 的大驚小怪，無停的產生問題，為人類拍開愈闊寬的眼界。

西洋中世紀的宗教人生觀，因為看輕物質的效果，所以引起文藝復興的反彈，才來重視物質的世界。但是終其尾真正的貢獻，煞是藝術家用傳統的宗教的情操，來表現佇物質當中，予無形的文化變成有形的文物，按呢文化的特色才有法度保留落來。

若以全款時代的東方哲學家來比較，中國宋朝的哲學者共全部的精神，攏囡佇心性的探討，無共忠義融入物質內底變成藝術品，因為中國士大夫欲做的大代誌，是統治天下大功的事業。莫怪中國西漢時代一个文學家楊雄認為藝術品干單「雕蟲小技」，這是東方參西方文化的基本無全的所在！

第二站：舊金山 (San Francisco) 看同性的戀愛

六彩旗仔正大光明飄揚佇舊金山的卡斯楚街，這毋且代表一項光榮，同時嘛顯示人類本初的權益。

「汝看，彼兩個查埔人竟然親像愛人全款攬做夥。」一寡孤色的東方人，像咧佇動物園看動物相似。

「聽講同性戀，佇美國舊金山是合法矣。」

每遍出國所看的雖然缺少，但舊金山予人的印象是特別的。毋單是有淡薄仔迷人的友情，嘛佇遮感受著美國開宗明義的獨立宣言：「上天予人類一種袂當讓渡的權利，包括生命、自由和幸福的追求。」西方的哲學家，位古早的柏拉圖 (Plato, 約公元前427-347)，到當代的海德格 (Martin Heidegger, 1889-1976)，

攏是探討人類真正的幸福。

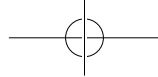
幸福是每一個人數想的目標，不而過，有時幸福是需要特別去揣，甚至閣需要用痛苦來做代價。同性戀是無正常，異性戀才正常，全款是上天創造出來的產品，就有無全款的待遇。其實早期柏拉圖就有講過，上帝原初創造人是一个雙面的人，攏總有三款：

1. 一片是查埔的、另外一片是查某的，這是屬異性戀。
2. 一片是查埔的、另外一片嘛是查埔的，這是屬男同性戀。
3. 一片是查某的、另外一片嘛是查某的，這是屬女同性戀。

但是上帝驚這款完整型態的人類，會當造成無限的威力，所以將 in 剖開，然後予人類家己去揣另外一半。自按呢，異性戀、男同性戀、女同性戀就產生了。若按呢講來，位遠古有人類就有同性戀，應該是無啥物奇怪才著。

不而過，佇台灣我捌聽過一个事實，一个軍人老父，知影後生是同性戀，伊不但將後生腿到白白佇門口苛打，閣展示予眾人看，然後將後生趕出家門。這個走投無路的少年，為著欲求一線的生機，伊向佛門求助，續落閣予住持拒絕。這個上帝精心製作的第二款人，活龍龍予遮的人推到死路自殺去了。社會的無知，實行一項背德的行為。「知」就是一種德行，柏拉圖的倫理法則，這個時陣嘛無啥路用矣。

「同性戀是不合邏輯的變態行為，愛滋病是遭天譴的結果。」當愛滋病變作世紀的黑死病的時，恐惶共人類的精神釘牢佇邏輯的架勢。但是世間有邏輯，嘛有邏輯袂當掠著的物件。親像



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

有才調、頭腦一等的藝術家、銀行家、政治家……攏現顯佇同性戀群當中，而且經過醫學的研究，愛滋病毋是同性戀引起的。

六彩（同性戀的旗仔色）佻七彩（異性戀的色彩），嘛干單差一色爾爾。活佇遮呢濟彩色的宇宙，若會當理解無全的世界，透過別人的生命形式吸收的營養，敢毋是家己生命另外的真實咧？

主站：聽著臍帶彼片的心跳——溫哥華

四月天的溫哥華是百花齊開，特別是櫻花滿四界、鬱金香迎風招展的季節。櫻花發位樹尾溜，鬱金香位土腳發出來，一世人上欣羨的花木大夢，即馬真真實實展示佇我的目矚前。後生不時問我，有嬌無？有心適無？

愛一个人就想欲共上好的物件佻伊分享，現此時我會當體會囡兒舊年的心情。干單伊比我較幸福，有老母通好友孝。若我的老母有佇這個世間，我絕對會扶著伊老大人來享受我這個做人查某囡的滋味。但是阿母離開這個世間誠久矣，昨昏猶閣眠夢著伊。

驚快樂會親像露水的脆弱，大笑了後就消失去矣。我參後生各人租一部腳踏車，自由自在優游佇史丹利公園（Stanley Park），想欲實際攬抱加拿大這個土地，探測一寡祕密，伊是按怎來打扮滋養伊的子民。

鬧熱的所在，感覺家己的寂寞；澎湃的所在，感覺家己的渺小。干單參入大自然的攬抱，才有法度確確實實感受著平靜的四序。

轉旋佇喜來登 Sheraton 四十二樓頂懸，看太平洋市郊區的規

个溫哥華市，感受著英屬哥倫比亞省的異國風貌。隨在寒風吹亂頭面，但吹袂散我對後生的依賴，嘛滿足伊的目識巧知問路，予老母自由自在。

「老母！汝愛學家己會當獨立，驚妳蹉跎袂好勢，我有束縛、行袂開腳的感覺。」

「汝儘量去做汝愛做的代誌，我從來袂約束汝！」

「閣有，莫踎眾人的面頭前講我拍過電視廣告、選著世界大學先生……等等的小代誌。」

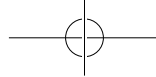
「敢講這對汝有啥物阻礙！」

「逐家相爭欲看我的眼光，汝敢袂感覺我親像動物園的動物？」

後生的話，驚醒一向家己認定是一个「無自私」的母親。害我一路一直想「自私」參「無自私」的區別。根據心理學家的分析，「無自私」的母親比「自私」的母親所造成的效果較歹。因為伊會予囡兒毋敢批評伊，毋敢予老母失望，甚至 in 佇美德的面罩之下迫壓家己來完成母親的願望。想到遮，雄雄感覺我這個做老母的，是毋是需要反省一下。

「老母！我干單講講爾爾，莫烏白想矣，下暗有一場台灣作曲家的演奏，到時汝會當參汝佇台灣少女時期的鋼琴老師蕭泰然見面了。」每遍我眉頭結結伊攏看會出來，了後會想辦法，予老母歡喜起來。

「是啊！下昏伊的 C 小調鋼琴協奏曲是世界頭一遍演出的作品，遮濟冬以來攏躊佇海外，身體閣無好，現此時有可能是伊



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

上快樂的時刻矣。」

「閣有台北縣教師合唱團，嘛欲佇展示會中唱歌，由溫哥華交響樂團伴奏，樂曲攏是台灣民謠。」台灣文化佇國際上差不多強欲予大中國食人的文化吞去，會當用「台灣」的名，是一項誠歡喜的大代誌。台灣本土化的旋律，響徹外國的宮殿，親像母親渾圓豐沛的奶汁，溫曖世界各地的遊子。予生命的光佇囡兒的身軀頂閃爍，彼是母親的榮耀。

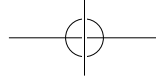
我彼个佇會場幫贊打點，拒絕大眾媒體欲將伊塑造成另外一个陳冠宇——我的囡兒，伊有伊獨立思考的方式恰價值觀。無論天光抑是暗暝，彼片臍帶的跳動，母親這片的心跳深深感應著，親像恬靜透早的日光，射落來一片收割了後幽靜的田園。

MY HEARTBEAT FROM THE OTHER END OF THE UMBILICAL CORD

Introduction

Many years ago in Taiwan, I pointed to the world map and told my children, “On the Earth, there are many varied races with different languages to express their common emotions. And so I burn with curiosity over the many ethnic groups I have yet to discover. In general, each unfamiliar subject is a welcome surprise to me. The unknown sky entices me to explore the mystical on the Earth.”

After many years, my son invited me to come to Vancouver during cherry blossom season, because he was touched beyond words when he visited this beautiful city with a music group with whom he performed. He knew his flower-addicted mother would be very excited about this city of trees and flowers. When the Taiwanese Canadian Culture Society once again sponsored a Taiwanese music event in Vancouver, my son encouraged me to take the opportunity to come to this fantastic place. All the strings of my life have been in tune since I found out my child has grown up like the grass shooting from the soil and sending out a beautiful flower for me to enjoy. So, in 1994, we both took a vacation with the Taipei chorus when they travelled to North America.



First Stop – Stanford University – Comparing East and West

Stanford University's motto, "The wind of freedom blows," is an invitation to free and open inquiry in the pursuit of teaching, learning and research. We traveled through the thriving residential campus and community at Stanford and I felt the extraordinary ways in which students share their curiosity and passion with one another. I deeply envy the students who have an opportunity to study in school, because I have always had a hunger for knowledge. I was like a thirsty child wanting to lie down on the grass and drink from the stream of knowledge flowing throughout the campus. As I breathed in the studious atmosphere here, my deep need to study was reawakened.

For example, whenever I enjoy a concert, the pianist's skillful performance on stage leaves me upset that I didn't become a pianist, because I didn't continued to study piano after my early days in music school.

God discovers himself in his creations, but I actually often discover myself in losing creative possibilities. I said to my son, "Mother's dream will come true through you and your sister. Go! Go! Apply to this school!"

My son's eyes shone brightly under the spring day afternoon sun. His eyes reflected a golden color. Surely a golden world would be their future.

"Stanford University not only requires wealth and a high level of skills, but it also needs a high TEFL score," my son informed me as he gave me a reluctant smile.

"Your sister has obtained the Boston Conservatory scholarship this year. As for you, you changed your major in music to hotel management. It was okay, but you should be positive. I don't want you to follow in your mother's footsteps. You know, I am still very sad that I didn't finish my music education."

"But you are still doing well," my son protested. "You still have lots of energy to keep studying after work." The textbook I was reading with my reading glasses placed inside it lay on the grass as its pages fluttered in the breeze; it reminded me that I had a test to study after we finished this trip because I was still studying at university.

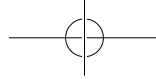
Desiring to read books is absolutely a good habit. For example, Mikhail Sergeyevech Gorbachev, who was the former president of the Soviet Union, said that he was addicted to reading books. He admired the writer Vissarion Belinsky (1811-1848), who dared to go up against the Tsar and tell him what he thought. Gorbachev so enjoyed Belinsky's books that he brought this writer's book everywhere he went. His strong desire to read many books resulted in Gorbachev's ability to present himself as well-informed and sophisticated.

An extensive collection of outdoor art can be found throughout the Stanford University campus. Eventually we arrived at Rodin's sculptures. Rodin is the most important sculptor in the world.

My son took off his white scarf and wrapped it around the neck of a sculpture of a melancholy man called "French".

"It is too tight! You see, he is crying," I said. I do appreciate this work as vivid as life.

"The scarf still holds my body's warmth. Maybe he can feel



comfort from it.”

“Please take a picture of me beside The Thinker,” my son asked me.

“Hold that pose.” I directed him not to move from his thinking posture.

“Could you possibly capture my meditative emotion?”

How can I do such a thing? As Rodin said, “The art can express the moment, yet a photograph cannot present the moment.” Therefore, he declared, “The picture lies, but art is real.” The point is how does art display movement? It should be able to express a present situation unconsciously entering a second situation. This theory was the secret of Rodin’s method of creating. It probably also creates the great mystery of art.

Another highlight is the Memorial Church at Stanford. The spiritual home of religious life on campus is the architectural centerpiece of the Main Quad and a landmark widely recognized as an emblem of the University. Why was the church built and Rodin’s works exhibited by Stanford campus? I think it means this university not only demonstrates the spirit of humanity, but it also confirms the profound influence of the Renaissance. I decided that whether you look at the church or Rodin’s sculpture, you can see the entire Western world’s more than one thousand years of spiritual life is concentrated in here.

“That right! It certainly has its special meaning,” I thought to myself as I stood near the Rodin sculptures in front of the church.

My son teased me, “You really are a person who makes much

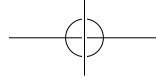
ado about nothing. You know, the world has many unanswerable questions.”

“Anyway, there is the question after the curiosity; then there is the answer after the question, and then there are many new questions after many responses,” I responded to him.

For example, the notion of gravity discovered by Newton (1643-1727) was occasioned by the fall of an apple, as he sat in a contemplative mood. “Why should that apple always descend perpendicularly to the ground?” he asked himself. He had a question, which he answered with his law of gravitation. Bruno Bettelheim (1548-1600) recognized the universe has innumerable solar systems. Thus he discovered his infinite universe theory. Rodin worked wholeheartedly to explore aspects of the universal human spirit, such as laughter, anger, sorrow and happiness. He never took a rest from his work. We deeply appreciate these people making much ado about nothing, and asking unceasing questions. Because of their never-ending curiosity, they developed a broader range of knowledge for humanity.

In the Western middle ages, the Christian religion despised the scientific study of the physical world. This provoked action by many scholars who wanted freedom of thought and thus the Renaissance began a period of many new scientific ideas. At the same time, artists presented traditional religious images that kept Christian beliefs visible to the world.

If we compare the same age of Western history with the age of the Chinese Song Dynasty, we discover that the Chinese thinkers who devoted all their time to discussing the human spirit had no respect



for the importance of works of art. So then, what was the main focus of Chinese literati and officialdom in feudal China? Their priorities were thinking about how to control society. Little wonder that there was a Chinese writer who said, “A work of art is only a tiny skill that is not the duty of literati and officialdom.” Obviously, the history of Chinese culture is significantly different from Western cultural history.

Second Stop – San Francisco – Homosexuality

Standing at the foot of the Castro Street District is the largest flag over San Francisco. The flag has all the colors of a rainbow; I was told that it means Gay Pride. As well, a series of the colored flags flutters in front of house windows. It represents the honor and striving for human rights of the window’s owner.

“Look! I see a couple of men hugging each other. They are gay.” A group of Taiwanese tourists was greatly shocked at what they saw. It was like seeing strange animals.

“Homosexuality is legal in San Francisco.”

“Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,” is one of the most famous phrases in the United States Declaration of Independence. It is listed as one of the “unalienable rights” of women and men. Even though I have been to many cities throughout the world, San Francisco has impressed me the most deeply. Not only because I have a warm friendship here, but also because I saw “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,” being achieved here. In fact, of the western philosophers from Plato (Greek 427 BC-347 BC) to Heidegger

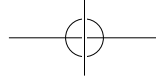
(German 1889-1976), there were none who didn’t diligently explore what happiness really is.

Happiness is a goal which everyone longs for. However, happiness needs to be sought never-endingly; sometimes it takes pain to pay the price. Many people believe homosexuality is unnatural, yet being straight is normal. What a prejudiced view! They have the same Lord, so why should they be treated differently? Actually, Plato said that God originally created three kinds of two-sided people:

1. One side is male and the other side is female; this kind of person is straight.
2. One side is male and the other side is also male; this kind of person is gay.
3. One side is female and the other side is also female; this kind of person is lesbian.

But God was afraid of this kind of perfect human that might be too power to control. Thus those perfect people had their bodies cut in two and then they needed to look for their missing side to be complete. There have been straights, gays and lesbians throughout history, so homosexuality should not be regarded as unusual.

However, I heard a story in Taiwan. When a father noticed his son was a homosexual, he went purple with rage. The furious father mercilessly beat his son, and kicked him out of the family. Then this hopeless youth searched for the Buddha to seek his help, but he was rejected by the abbot of a Buddhist monastery. Because of society’s ignorance, he committed suicide to escape from his difficult position from which there was no other way out. Society’s ignorance has



deemed that homosexuality is immoral behavior. Knowledge is one kind of virtue but now even Plato's ethical principles are helpless to change the bias against homosexuality.

Eastern societies also have a view of homosexuality as abnormal behavior and think that AIDS is a result of God's punishment to them. For this reason, they consider that homosexuality actually violates the natural theory of evolution. Thus the Taiwanese father beats his homosexual son. But I wonder why such a small group that comprises homosexual individuals is attacked so violently by the much larger group of heterosexuals. Do the social spiritual rules prohibiting abnormal sexuality correlate with the extreme violence against homosexuals? Humans always like to barricade against themselves. If people shut their doors to all errors, truth will be shut out.

Main Stop – Vancouver – Heartbeat From the Other End of Umbilical Cord

In April Vancouver is blossoming everywhere, so many varieties of flower colors come into sight that our eyes are always kept fully occupied. Particularly the cherry blossoms are exploding all over the tree branches, as tulips flutter in the wind. One grows on the tip of a tree, one bores through the earth; the pastoral dream I long for day and night presents itself before my eyes as reality and fantasy merge. My son asks frequently, "Beautiful or not? Happy or not?" In this moment, I can touch my son's feeling. Because of the positive influence of his previous visit to Vancouver; he is attempting to share his experience of this wonderful place with his mother.

Blessed with a mild climate and long growing season, Vancouver supports an extremely diverse and healthy urban forest. This priceless resource includes native West Coast woodlands. One of the things that make Vancouver such a great place to live is its proximity to Stanley Park, one of the world's greatest urban parks. Therefore, my son and I rent our respective bicycles to pass our days at Stanley Park in carefree leisure to our hearts' content, actually embracing the land of Canada and how she adorns her people.

Revolving on the 42nd floor of Landmark Hotel, we are overlooking all Vancouver and the Pacific Ocean coast including the suburban district, and floating in the air is Vancouver island; I feel the British Columbia which is filled with English style and features. Regardless of the cold wind blowing wildly on my face, it can not blow off my dependence on my son. I feel fortunate that my son knows Vancouver so well that he can make me happy and relaxed. However, happiness is followed by worry when it reaches an extreme, because my son suddenly complains to me about how I depend on him too much.

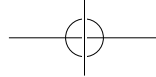
"Mom, you should learn to take care of yourself," my son said.

"What do you mean?" I am surprised by his idea.

"I feel I am unable to show up anywhere without you needing to be with me, and because of that I fear you cannot enjoy yourself to your heart's content," he explained.

"You can handle all the matters that you want to. I never restrain you." I felt powerless.

"Also you shouldn't brag so much about how I was a famous TV



model in Taiwan.”

“I thought it doesn’t matter because I always feel you are my pride.”

“After you show me off to them, they look at me like I am an animal in a zoo. I don’t like that feeling.”

I do my best in my maternal duties at all times, but the result seems useless. I can not tell why my heart languishes in silence. I don’t think that I ask for much.

“Mom, don’t worry about what I was saying. I just said it in fun,” he said as he tried to comfort me after I was hurt by his careless words. He always does this, and then he changes the subject; “There is a concert which is playing the work of a Taiwanese composer who was your piano teacher in Taiwan. You will meet him at this concert. It is such a wonderful coincidence.”

“Yes, I know it is the premiere of his C Minor piano concerto tonight.”

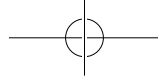
“He is feeling very good at this moment, after living abroad and having been ill for many years.”

There had two music groups playing together, a Taipei Teacher’s Chorus and the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra. The program was all Taiwan ballads. In the past, Taiwan culture was almost absorbed by Chinese culture. Now that Taiwan is recognized as a country by Canada, the Taiwanese Canadian Culture Society’s contribution cannot be ignored.

Taiwanese melodies resounded throughout the Vancouver area. It was like a mother scattering her round abundant milk to show off her

children in Canada. Let the life of light brighten up the child in the world. It is mother’s glory thus and so.

We went to the concert ahead of schedule. I was sitting in the audience and waiting for the program to begin. On the other side, my son helped to put the concert stage in order. I lovingly watched my son’s behavior. Only through his consideration to me, do I feel worthy of the trip. He even firmly rejected the media image of himself like another famous musician in Taiwan. In fact, he is an independent thinker, who has developed his own value system. At this moment I feel like the sunny silence of the morning shining down upon the lonely field whose harvest is over. I absolutely understand my heartbeat from the other end of the umbilical cord.



行！咱來 English Bay 扭琴

日頭予烏雲掩咧，青草咧走揣地面的伴。花蕊予風佻弄到東倒西歪，楓葉仔舞到嗖嗖叫，滿四界是新鮮的陰柔。做了瑜伽（YOGA）三步數：入氣、禁氣、吐氣，規个早起想欲編一个花環，來迎接異國的新奇，但是花蕊滑溜溜位手縫跋落來；想欲唱一首歌，抒散佇台灣囤積的工作壓力，但是嘴舌頭仔打結，歌聲消失佇天界線彼粒久久無愛出面的寶石。因為汝講無日頭就無想欲去本來咱約束好，到 English Bay 海邊扭琴的計畫。

母親對音樂的綿爛，位細漢就囤佇佻姐弟的身上。五歲是學習的起頭，我就予佻開始接觸音樂。

「爲啥物我愛練琴？」牽著汝五歲的小手，欲去老師的所在練琴，汝擰頭按呢問。

「我的寶貝！汝是老母藏佇心甘底的願望。當我猶是少女的時，彼種欲展開的花蕊，普普仔佇我的心內蠕蠕動。有一日，汝佇我青春的身體釋放，親像天光晉前的一片晷光。汝的生命溪水停假佇我的港口，汝的喘氣是我暝日的焦點，汝的氣候變成我的起起落落。當然，我的樂符，就是汝的旋律。」即馬汝無可能了解我的話，希望有一工汝會知影。

自按呢，莫扎特、貝多芬、柴可夫斯基——是咱母囤交流的橋樑。汝嘛已經會當體會著生活的歹流擺，是美麗樂章的養料。是啊，觸動內心的旋律，往往是位坎坎坷坷的心靈爆發出來。

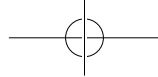
有一冬，汝選著世界大學先生接受電視訪問，汝誠自然講家己的琴藝，是位母親的腹肚內就開始矣。歡喜佷倚港口，彼个生命的溪流，終其尾佇日夜護航當中，會當往闊寬的河流，勇猛洶向大海。但是當等汝有氣力獨領帆的時，卻是航向「飯店管理」參原初主修的音樂完全無仝的潮流。這陣雄雄沖來的倒流，沖到岸邊的風景全然失色。佇暝深人靜的台灣島，我流著目屎敲電話予當咧佇美國波士頓音樂學院讀冊的汝的阿姐，分訴母親的願望，干單靠伊來完成矣。

彼个暗暝朦朧渺渺當中，有一寡物件看來親像幻影無定著。我只有等待天光的時刻，我彼个注目的焦點倒轉來。感謝上天，當我醒起來的時，伊真實披掛著規身軀的彩虹，金光閃閃笑咪咪向母親拽手拍招呼。

將窗仔門拍開，日頭照入內，汝位瑞士出業轉來，位一个生份的島嶼吹來一陣涼爽的春天氣息。原來音樂佷飯店管理，一點仔都無衝突，而且是互相牽成。

我的心向來是曠野的一匹馬，只是時間參空間無容允我胡亂狂奔。現此時我已經會當佇汝的專業世界隨意飛翹。有一遍咱做夥去美國旅行，就予我感受著汝的遮蔭，享受著彼片奔騰的世界。汝講細漢阮予佻用上好的，大漢了後汝嘛欲予老爸老母用上好的。我享受的不但（mī-nā）是比佛利山莊五粒星的豪華飯店，嘛聽到雙腳踏著飽溼的土地，像琴子響起的音樂。

阿姐初初做人的老母，予人綁佇華美的束縛內底。我想二十幾冬後，伊嘛會參我仝款，游走佇回饋的溪流當中，歌唱生命的延續。雖罔講，現此時頭毛已經翻白，但是擁有的愛是繼續



咧開花結子。我有一粒向望的心情，隨時接受血汗孕育過的幼芽，伊即馬伸出一大片的青色和風，予我會當拍開心內的門窗納涼舒爽。

2000 年的夏日正中晝，母团散步佇溫哥華 Burrard Bridge，攬抱著 English Bay 的海風，遠遠看整個 Downtown Vancouver 以及 Granville Island 之間的懸樓參帆船點點。一向驚曝日頭，若遇到赤炎炎的日頭攏會閃 bih，這款動作時常予汝恥笑。但是現此時我誠歡喜面對，因為日頭下汝活力十足。汝紅貢貢的面容專心咧解釋且即讀了的《牧羊少年的奇幻旅行 The Alchemist》故事，相互討論一个西班牙牧羊人的奇遇。聽講遠方一个神秘金字塔的所在藏有奇妙的寶物，佇走走揣揣的路程中，雖然老早就揣著無料算著的金銀財寶，但是為著真實佷任務，伊猶是向前繼續探測。

當等 peh 山過海，斬除種種的困難到目的地了後，卻是發現啥物攏無。厭氣嗎？bē 用得！路草當中所纏隨來的痛苦佷快樂才是重點。無實行欲按怎會知影有抑是無？這個寓言親像有予汝一點仔提示。人生這條路講複雜其實脫離不了愛、快樂、健康參財富等等的四種步數。

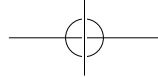
頂著日頭行佇國外，不時掀開快樂的寶箱。佇家己的國度內底，因為工作的關係咱顛倒無若濟時間做夥。情是快樂的源頭，愛情、友情無法度強求，干單親情會當因為血緣的脈動（你講輸血予別人嘛是血緣），我誠珍惜而且掠牢牢。嘛是因為家己對親情的思慕才行寫作這條路。我的理念是愛情雖然可貴，但是親情的價值愈較無限。我佷汝的老父虛心接受少年人的思考

方式，親密的關係才袂因為理念的無全產生距離。另外我誠認真運動，身體若健康，就減少日後佷的負擔。

你知影無？親情的關係對人的影響誠大，1950 年代哈佛大學做一個調查，一百二十六个學生參父母的關係，以及三十五年後遮的學生的身體狀況。結果發現，參雙親感情袂和的學生，有九十一%有嚴重的病，包括高血壓、十二指腸潰瘍、酒狂；參父母感情好，特別是參母親有良性互動的學生，干單四十%有類似的病症。這款的現象顯示童年佷雙親的關係，影響日後的健康。

好玄是本性，若準小小的幼芽位小樹蕊內 puh 出來，就會當予我一路歡喜袂煞，親像規个路面攏青翠起來，這是我一向的慣勢；愛大海的闊寬佷寧靜，就算落雨天抑是大日頭嘛直直行無顧危險。我愛海的程度，予汝不時按呢講，母親有可能前出世是海龍王的查某团。頭毛由烏翻白，但是少年的本色猶然存在，應該有氣力佷意氣風發的汝仝步佇旅程中創造新奇、探索新的天地。是我幸福？抑是你會曉掠牢機會共享天倫之樂？因為汝毋免親像義大利的一个歌手費南迪，因為母親早早過身，有名了後四十冬來伊到每一个所在演唱，攏帶十字架參伊母親的相片。伊講伊的成就是受母親的影響，每句的歌聲攏蘊含母親對伊的保底，伊欲將歌聲唱出對母愛的數想，予每一个天涯的浪子位旅程中感念母親的慈愛。

歡喜汝無像老母赫綿精綿爛對親情的佷靠，病態嗎？毋是！心念是尖利的，它綿爛佇某一點就永遠袂走。現此時，我已經做人的阿媽，但是嘛時常佇夢中走揣雙親的慈顏，雖然我參



父母生離死別幾若十冬，思念 in 的心猶原是纏纏滾。

人講往生的人親像秋日葉片的恬靜，在生的人親像夏日花蕊的嬌豔。現此時上重要，夏日的花葉向心情拽手，咱母囡用餐佇 Davie Street 時常愛排隊的希臘餐廳。配酒、點菜、參服務生的對談有汝的專業。生活的禮節以前是我教你，即馬換汝來引導我。地球是圓的，生命過程應該也是這款樣！但是有時仔我會貪戀仔恁細漢時的天真形影。

「汝感覺阮細漢較可愛，是因為汝會當控制。」敢是按呢？想像力誠豐富，但是這點我 m̄-bat 想過。有可能位生命血汗所經營過的，特別叫人刻骨銘心吧。靠佇明亮的大窗仔邊，一月哺食神話王國希臘的餐食，一月欣賞加拿大這個北美洲有大熔爐（Multitude Pot）特色的多彩人種來來往往。日頭光像璀璨的琉璃傾倒過來，但是無像台灣的日頭赤炎炎熱死人。

「老母有進步，毋驚日頭曝矣。」

「按呢溫柔的日頭，莫怪西洋人愛曝日頭。」

插雜佇白人當中，家己黃色的皮膚感覺怪怪，不止是生活上、語言嘛完全無全，經過太平洋國際的換日線，時間也暝日顛倒，遮真正是一个生疏的國度，但是有汝的導路相伴，雖然生份卻是真實加安心。我即刻想著印度詩人泰戈爾（Rabindranath Tagore, 1861-1941）一首〈英雄〉，中晝佇外國軟軟的日頭腳，心頭澎湃想起欲讀這首詩來：

母親！請汝想講咱當咧旅行，經過一个生份危險的國土。汝坐佇一頂轎內底，我騎一匹紅馬，佇汝的身軀邊綴咧走。是黃昏的時陣，日

頭已經落山矣，約拉地希的荒山野地灰暗展開佇面頭前。大地是一片的淒涼加荒蕪。汝開始驚惶了，想著毋知咱走到啥物所在。我對汝講，母親！無要緊，有我佇遮……

讀阿讀，唸阿唸，竟然唸出感動的目屎。目屎顯現佇我上佻意的詩人泰戈爾捌行過的痕跡。

這個國度對汝來講親像魚仔落水，甚至欲減少睡眠來感覺假期的延長。汝家己儉腸虐肚，但是對家庭卻是慷慨大路；佇台灣工課了後認真拍廣告，汝講按呢就算袂當隨時佇阮的身軀邊，阮三不五時嘛會當佇電視看到汝；若有小可成就欲參阮分享汝的光榮，但是遇著無順序卻是毋敢予阮知，驚序大人煩惱（這點應該愛修正）。對阮的搭心，親戚朋友攏羨慕。干單老父袂愛旅行，就我獨獨來享受。老父嘛按呢表示，有這個囡仔導伊老母蹉跎，伊就放心了。

「我毋敢向同事講我是參老母做夥出來旅行。」

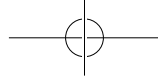
「為啥物？」且即欲夾一尾紅蝦的手雄雄吊佇半空中。

「汝目睭看覓，敢有像咱這款的組合？」

無錯，大部份攏是雙雙對對的愛人，無者就是全家伙仔，或者是少年人的聚會。但是親情並無輸愛情阿，汝看彼月就有一對快樂自在的母囡？只是 in 的年歲大概比咱少二十幾歲按呢爾爾。

「汝袂感覺我這款年歲是陪愛人蹉跎才對？」

當然！當然！汝的生命閣少年，汝的道路閣誠長，汝一口嚼 lim 食阮予汝的愛，就轉身走離開阮了。汝有汝的蹉跎方式佻要



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

伴，若無時間佢阮做夥，若無心思想著阮，無要緊！阮年老的時有誠濟閒工去計算過去的日子，共手抱心失去的物件不時佇心內疼惜。阮知影！流佇河流唱過的歌，誠緊冲破所有的堤防流去別位。無論如何，港口猶原留佇本來的所在思念遠航的船仔。泰戈爾詩中的紅馬如今親像汝浪走的形影，我時常共花蕊攬牢佇心頭，但是花的刺卻刺疼我的身軀。當等我親像失落一項寶貝的時，汝雄雄對我講：

「老母，我即馬搭船去 Granville Island 買菜，汝好好佇飯店看冊、寫作、畫圖，等我轉來煮幾項汝愛食的菜，好無？」

甜蜜四序坐佇 The Landis Hotel & Suite 的玻璃桌仔，提出汝位香港買予我的炭筆開始畫圖，一片等我專屬的服務生推出佳餚來。現此時，我閣是滿面春風，原來汝是我這世人創作當中上介閃熠完美的作品。

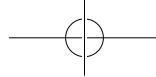
「氣質、才調是我家已培養出來的。」啊！閣來矣，汝親像青翠俊媿的大欖樹對埋佇土腳的根講：「我的挺拔佢汝應該無啥關係吧。」

我了解上天攏會恩威交接對人講：「我愛你，所以愛處罰汝；我醫治汝，所以愛傷害汝。」無管好天抑是落雨天，無管汝閣質疑母親是毋是會當照顧別人，或者是有法度煮出幾項好食的菜餚。終其尾我嘛是保存原有的歌聲佇港口守護，向望三不五時湧起的嘩嘩滾的波浪，予伊一帆風順洄向美好的未來。我隨時抱著瀝清過的雜質，予我唱清明的歌曲，享受清芳的日子。

我向望我有限的時間，會當佢恁兄弟做夥彈奏，我彈鋼琴、汝扭小提琴、阿姐扭大提琴。幾若冬前，咱兩人被邀請佇台仔

頂，汝談音樂我講文學，母囡對談來分享予別人。佇人生旅途的舞台，我坐佇轎內，你騎一隻紅馬，轉蕩佇轎的四週圍。無論經過光明或者烏暗的交替，干單親情的緊密才會當輝映宇宙的天體，相互對應永遠的印記。

烏雲漸漸散去矣，日頭露出微微仔光，是汝心心念念的好氣候。來！我幫汝提琴，汝家已提樂譜，親像當年汝囡仔時陣仝款。行！咱來 English Bay 扭琴！



LET'S GO AND PLAY MUSIC BY ENGLISH BAY

I want to sing a melody, to relieve stored up domestic working pressure, but my tongue is suddenly knotted. The sun is obstructed by the dark cloud that catches it. The maple leaves happily whirl and dance with great energy in the breeze. The sky fills with fresh hazy air beautifully, gently. After yoga, I want to make a garland to greet the marvelous adventure of a foreign morning, but the fantastic flowers are difficult to arrange. The singing sound of a violin makes the sun vanish, now unwilling to beam with joy on the horizon. You, my son, say that without sunlight, you do not have any desire to play the violin at English Bay. My dear, it was our agreement - why do you break it so easily?

I have enjoyed music very much since my childhood and expected you and your sister to study piano and violin. The age of five years old is the best time to start music education, and I wanted you to connect with melody as young as possible.

“Why should I learn to play the violin?” I held your tiny hand as we walked to your violin teacher’s place for the first time. You looked up at me as you asked your question.

“Ever since girlhood, my heart has been opening its petals and preparing for you. One day, you were in my youthful arms, like a glow in the sky before the sunrise. The river of your life anchors in my harbor. Your breath is my dedicated focus day after day. The wide range of your emotions carries me up and down. Certainly, your

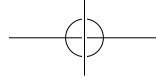
notes are my melody.” Of course you didn’t understand what I said, but I hoped you would some day.

Now Mozart, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky are the bridges linking us. In a television interview, when you win a Mr. World competition, you also admit that your musical talent started from my pregnancy. Joyfully you walk through life, escorted by the Sun and the Moon, toward a broader future. When you have the ability to control your own life, you switch to hotel management which is a totally different direction from music. This adverse current crashes into the shore and the beautiful scenery fades away. Angry tears stream down my face. I call your sister at the Boston Conservatory to tell her about her mother’s unfinished dream.

In that unclear deep dark night, I see many illusory and puzzling images. I wait for the sunrise, wait for my focal point. When I wake up, he is already dressed with the rainbow in the dawn light and waves to his mother.

Yes, the window opens, the sunlight arrives, you return from study in Switzerland. It feels like a sudden cool spring breath from a hot unknown island. Music and hotel management apparently do not conflict, but complement each other. From now on I’ll find more pleasure in all your abilities.

My spirit is like a wild horse, but my age is not. Now, I am able to recognize your hotel expertise. Last year, we traveled to Los Angeles. You say that when you were little, we educated you well. Now that you have grown up, you want to do the same for us. At that moment, not only do I enjoy staying at the Regent Beverly Hills, but I also hear a song like a hill stream among its pebbles.



Your sister just became a mother. She is tied up in the gorgeous fetters of a marriage. Twenty years from now, she will also sing of life as a circling brook. Although my hair is gray, I will have love unceasing, blossoming and bearing fruit. I am in a glorious mood to accept your efforts to help and support me.

In the year 2000 on a summer afternoon, we are walking on Burrard Bridge. We embrace the sea breeze of English Bay and look out toward the downtown Vancouver skyline and sail boats. You always tease me that I worry too much about exposure to sunlight. At that moment I accept the fact joyfully because in the sunlight you are so energetic.

While we are walking together on the bridge, you describe the book you have just read as your handsome face gets tanned from the sunshine.

The Alchemist is a Spanish shepherd's story of his travels. It is a fable concerning a treasure located in a remote mystical pyramid. In spite of quickly obtaining wealth, the shepherd continues his journey. Finally, he achieves his goal after he has completed many puzzling and arduous tasks. Actually, he also discovers many things which he had not known before. Following the painful path often results in finding treasure. Without actually attempting it, how can we know if we can achieve our goal or not? This fable seems to give you some enlightenment. What completes life? It is actually nothing more than four steps: love, joyfulness, health and wealth.

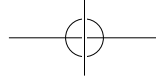
Walking in the sunlight in the foreign land with you, I often open my cheerful heart and enjoy it. In our country, because we have our own careers, we do not meet often. I believe that blood relationships

form the strongest bonds. You tease me that if you donate your blood to a friend that is also a blood relationship. Although romantic love is valuable, the blood relationship is totally the strongest. Therefore, I always hold onto blood relationships tightly. Your father and I are always trying to catch up with the new generation's thinking, so that our communication will not be too different. I also keep myself in good shape and eat healthily in order to reduce your burden when I get older.

Do you know the effects of having an intimate relationship? According to a study by Harvard University, 91% of people get serious health warnings when having trouble with parents. These include hypertension, duodenal ulcers, excessive drinking and so on. On the other hand, only 40% of people have the same problems when they have a good relationship with their parents. This shows that one's relationship with parents in childhood is linked to future health conditions.

Even though there are many wrinkles on my face, my heart stays youthful allowing me to follow your steps and explorations of the new world. Is that my understanding of happiness? Or do you know how to retain family happiness? You do not need to be like an Italian singer whose mother died early, so that once he became famous, he always carried his mother's picture when traveling. He said his success was affected by his mother. Each song contained his mother's influence. He wanted to express his music so that it reflected his mother's love.

I am so relieved that you are not like me who has always been too devoted to the memories of my parents. Is that morbid? No! The



mind is so sharp that it sticks at every point and cannot move because of the ongoing importance in my life of remembering the love of my parents. Now, in spite of becoming a grandparent, I often think about my own parents' benevolent countenances in dreams. Even though they passed away decades ago, in my deepest heart, I can still feel the bitterness of their loss.

Life is like beautiful summer flowers and death is like autumn leaves. Yes, at the present time, the most important thing is that summer beckons with its magnificent floral display setting the mood. Now, after a long wait in line, we are dining at a popular Greek restaurant on Davie Street, selecting wines, ordering food and interacting with our waiter; these things relate to your profession. I taught you life and etiquette when you were a child, whereas now you teach me western manners. The earth is round and so is life. But sometimes I still prefer your naive manner as a child.

“You feel we were more lovable when we were kids, but that is because we were controllable!”

Really! You needn't have said that. I don't agree with you.

Sitting by the window, not only do I enjoy the Greek meal, but I also enjoy watching the melting pot of Canada walk by. What a big multi-cultural country!

Despite the strong sunlight, it is not as hot and strong as Taiwan's.

“Mother is already used to the sun's exposure,” you say.

“The sunlight is so gentle here that no wonder Westerners enjoy it so much,” I respond.

I am a yellow-skinned woman among whites. Not only is the

language totally different, but also day and night are inverted. This really is an unfamiliar nation. Fortunately, having your company, my son, I feel I am in a comfortable environment here, although it is a strange land. I spontaneously recite Rabindranath Tagore's poem “The Hero”,

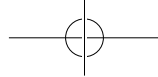
Mother, let us imagine we are traveling, and passing through a strange and dangerous country. You are riding in a palanquin¹ and I am trotting by you on a red horse. It is evening and the sun goes down. The waste of Joradighi lies wan and grey before us. The land is desolate and barren; you are frightened and thinking you do not know where we are. I say to you, mother! Do not be afraid, you have me here...

I am moved to tears. I am touched by and beyond Tagore's words all the time.

Living in this country, my son, you are like a fish that swims in water by yourself. You shorten your sleeping time in order to extend your vacation.

You are good at saving for yourself but you are generous with your family; you used to perform in TV advertisements, you said that even though we couldn't be together, we could still see you on television; you like to share your achievement with us even it is just a little one, but you don't like us to know about how frustrated you get when we worry about you (you must revise this idea). Anyway, you treat us so considerately that our relatives and friends admire your behavior.

1. A box-shaped container with a seat or bed inside it for one person carried on poles by other people.



Your father doesn't like to travel - only I enjoy it. But your father is happy that you accompany me when I travel.

"I don't feel comfortable letting my colleagues know that I am traveling with my mother."

"Why?" I was surprised as I was enjoying the dinner.

"Look around, there is no other combination like us in the restaurant."

I respond with no words. Yes, here there are only couples or group of friends gathered together.

"Don't you think that it would be more "reasonable" for me to have this kind of romantic dinner with my lover?"

Sure! Sure! Young is your life, your path long and you drink the love we bring you and then you turn and run away from us. You have your play and your playmates. What harm is there if you have no time or thought for us? We, indeed, have leisure enough in old age to count the days that are past, to cherish them in our hearts. Now I can see you are running like the red horse in Tagore's poem. I long to hug flowers tightly, but I am always stabbed by thorns.

"Mom, I am going to take a boat to Granville Island to buy your favorite foods. You stay in the hotel and do whatever you want. When I come back I will cook a four-course dinner for you."

I enjoy doing my painting in the Landis Hotel, waiting for my personal chef to cook for me.

"Oh, yes, you are the most gorgeous work I have even made!"

"Really? I don't think so. My temperament and talent are not from you. You gave me nothing."

Come on, you seem like the grown green pine talking to its root; "I am tall and strong, but it is nothing related to you."

I seem to remember God said to people, "I love you, therefore I punish you; I heal you, therefore I hurt you."

Whether the sky is clear or cloudy, you are always thinking that a mother should be looking after others or cooking several delicious foods. As a matter of fact, I still understand the harbor's melody; this song of mind will wind its music around you, my child, like the fond arms of love.

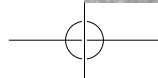
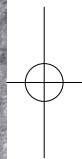
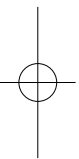
I always take pleasure within my limited time with you and your sister. I play piano, accompanying your sister's cello and your violin. Enjoying music with both of you is such a treat for me.

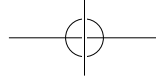
A few years ago, we were invited to share our experiences at a golf club in Taiwan. Your topic was music and mine was literature. In real life, I sit in the sedan chair and you ride the red horse around the palanquin. Whether it passes through brightness or darkness, I believe that only you and your sister, my dear, can shine eternally like the universe.

The dark cloud gradually disperses; the sun reveals itself with a smile. It is good weather, which you like. I bring the violin; you carry the music, like we did many years ago when you were a child. Let's go and play music by English Bay!



了解家已佇時空中的所在
*Understanding My Position
in Time and Space*





一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

遠方的門

花蕊的鎖匙

「挽掉這小小的花蕊吧，毋通延遲！無者，我恐驚伊早早就會謝落去塗沙粉內。Pluck this little flower and take it. Delay not! I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.」

毋但印度詩人泰戈爾（Rabindranath Tagore, 1861-1941）對時間敏利，便若是想欲認真生存的有心人一定有同感。無情的時間親像流水，小可無細膩會雄雄發現家己的氣力軟去、親戚朋友一个一个離開去。

「掠牢每一工，予生命有色水。Seize the day, make life extraordinary.」

這是後生對生命的看法，伊欲予老父老母每一工攏精彩。彼年伊申請著 University of Victoria 攻讀 MBA，我拄好嘛歇熱，伊提議講：「我導恁來去東岸行行咧。」

「溫哥華未曾看夠氣矣！」老父拄來半年無想欲振動。

「真好！我翻譯的詩稿已經完成了，去渥太華揣 Timothy，伊答應欲幫我修改。」我是較有興趣。

研讀英文的時就落一个願——翻譯。無葉是我第一位想著的台灣詩人，伊對一切虛偽的鄙相使我真感動。泰戈爾講：「Give me a day I will make the pomp to emperors ridiculous.」只要予伊

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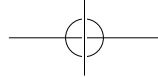
時間，伊欲將帝王的氣派變成笑談。虛偽一向是詩人看無起的代誌。台灣詩人參印度詩人總是有一粒時空相遇的詩心。

趕緊摘挽花果，避免予過路的風做晉前搶去。就按呢，阮三个人，十三工的多倫多（Toronto）、渥太華（Ottawa）、蒙特婁（Montreal）以及詩譯的旅行，就佇 Landing 溫哥華二冬半後向東片飛行。

水中的岩石恰正負離子 IONS

加拿大是世界土地第二大的國家，位太平洋到大西洋海岸寬度超過七千七百公里。位 Vancouver 飛到 Toronto 大約五點鐘久，時差緊三小時。對天頂尾俯頭看超過百萬條包含全世界三分之一淡水供應量彎彎幹幹的河流、溪水、湖泊，面積大概台灣二百七十七倍的這片曠闊的地球面，我若像行袂出「數大」的箍圍。橫切亞伯達省（Alberta）、薩克其萬省（Saskatchewan）、曼尼托巴省（Manitoba），到號作東岸含有面積上大、地標上懸的 CN Tower、市街上長的 Young Street，名列世界第三大英語地區的安大略省（Ontario）。阮的頭站就是安大略省上現代化的省都——多倫多。印地安人是上早來到北美洲的族群，安大略原名的意思「岩石懸懸倚佇水的附近」，是指尼加拉大瀑布（Niagara Falls）激流沖落岩石頂，每分鐘一億五百萬公升水量倚佇全世界的頭坎。源流輕湧平靜親像柔順的少女，一通過臨界線就直直沖落，若像億馬奔騰怒衝。教科書的世界五大湖恰奇景尼加拉瀑布，現此時坐 Maid of the Mist 逆流咧行，體驗予水花噴澹的刺激，好比踏入去地理的軌道。

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一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

這個定定考的地理題目，這個大瀑布是美國、加拿大兩國的界線，中間予 Goat Island 隔開。氣象萬千的部份攏佇多倫多這片，這恰西部的 Rocky Mountain 全款，壯麗的這節嘛是倚佇溫哥華這面。會使按呢講，較豐沛的分配佇加拿大這片，較貧乏分配佇美國彼片，看來這種分配，上帝是有淡薄仔偏心的。

位恐怖份子陸續出現，愛和平的一寡美國國民漸漸徙來北片。這恰 1776 年美國佇獨立戰爭中起來反抗殖民者，當時效忠英國的國民開始向北搬徙，到加拿大開拓新生活有全款的情形。

安大略省是製造業的源頭，圍整安大略湖西片規畷路的城市是有名的 Golden Horseshore。Reto 是後生瑞士籍的好友，伊手指正片的漢米敦（Hamilton 熔鐵恰煉鋼中心）目頭結結按呢講，彼个所在是上無婿的城市，人口有四十九萬。

「哇，真正是霧煙瘴氣，無輸阮的家鄉——高雄林園工業區。」

「美國底特律汽車工業所發出來的吹膏，隨時飄流過來，雙層的烏煙致使予恁感覺誠無爽快。」

雖然工業地區予人袂爽快，但是伊有歷史的看頭。佇 1878 年第一部電話就裝佇漢米敦，致使不列顛帝國愈有價值，這是電話發明者貝爾（Alexander Graham Bell, 1847-1922）的功勞。我是台灣電信公司的員工，誠歡喜參觀著電話發明者的背景。

另外安大略湖誠有肚量，共這個工業地區調解甲真好勢，湖大到內底閣有一粒島。只有十九分鐘就會當坐船到彼片，橫過林內萬葉恬靜無聲，湖面流水親像慈母柔軟的胸坎。但是啊，干單我彼粒狂跳的心，毋知欲按怎來平靜。自從搬徙來加拿大，

每遍享受著婿的所在，攏有這款的激動。

最近讀著一篇“Meteor-Psychology”的報導，若像為家己的疑問揣著一寡答案。

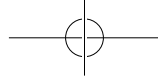
“Meteor-psychologists are concerned with how the weather affects the behavior of people. One area of their concern is ions-balance.”

「IONS」正負離子的兩片存在佇喘氣呼吸當中，氣候恰環境是影響平衡的主因。如果 IONS（正負離子）失去平衡就會損害人的生理恰心理。每遍拍開台灣電視，攏會看著一寡仔予人挫敗的畫面，我想這敢是參 IONS 有關係？我突然間想起我故鄉的至親好友。

紡織袂煞的金色地毯

安大略省除了多倫多以外，閣有首都渥太華，是聯邦政府的所在（加拿大採用聯邦、省府、恰市政三級制）。雖然是首都，毋過機場的規模無大，位歐洲來的國際航線，大多數攏經過多倫多或者蒙特婁。阮位多倫多飛到遮，大約一點鐘久。落飛機了後，阮走徙佇公路頂面，對面是顫動心肝底的河流。這條長十二公里、佇 1937 建造的 Rideau Canal 河，橫插佇市中心，伊的功能不止運輸，閣是市容的心脈，冬天若到，就變作世界上長的溜冰場所。另外一頭，是面向 Ottawa River 所展開出來的百花典雅的市街，感受著首都被優待的情境。

渥太華（Ottawa），除了是加拿大最高機關設定的所在，另外猶有五十個國家大使館設佇遮，但是按怎就揣無著我上熟似的名——台灣，心情誠鬱卒。世界定定存在佇實名恰虛名之間，



親像空氣摸袂著，卻無所不在。有人袂注意伊的存在，佳哉總會有人目光的人 peh 起來講話。2003 年 11 月加拿大的議員 Jeffrey Simpson 有一篇重要的報告：「Taiwan exists in Canadian never-never land」為台灣不平，伊講：“Canada ought, in theory, to be supportive of Taiwan. Taiwan is democratic; China is not. Taiwan respects human rights; China does not in all instances...” 並且提出數據來說明 Taiwan 比 China 較優質參對人權的尊重等等。伊質疑當時執政黨總理 Chrétien Government 翹眩佇中國大市場，來疏忽本質的存在，因為台灣干單會當以「representative」毋是以「embassy」出現佇加拿大。

另外，加拿大民間閣有一項反應，予我這個台灣人聽起來誠順耳。你看 in 按怎反駁中共的歪理：「假使台灣真正屬於中國，按呢北京政權何必要求各國承認。比如海南島是中國領土袂當分割的一部份，中國根本毋免要求別國承認。翻頭來講，台灣若毋是中國的領土，中國就算四界去要求別國承認，實際上嘛無國際法的效果。若台灣是有紛爭的領土，中國也應該去揣佢這塊領土有關的當事國交涉佢承認才有效果。強迫無關係的第三國承認是無啥意義。」講甲中共雞嘴變鴨嘴。自按呢，中共只會當食包仔喝燒，毋敢閣要求別國承認台灣是中國的領土。

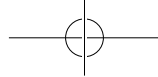
渥太華是一個充滿政治色彩的都市。中國大使館頭前法輪功抗議中國政府的打壓；國際新聞媒體辦公廳外，一群爭取自由的西藏團體大聲抗議中國對人命的凌遲；美國大使館頭前規排看板寫著“Bring your soldiers home from around the world.” 是矣，予美國干涉的國家，欲的是老師佢醫生，毋是軍隊佢官員來約

束 in 的社會行爲；國會大樓廣場有扭一塊大布條寫著：“Bush is poisons.” 布希是毒藥！當然這是反戰者的心聲……啊！這個世界充滿啥物？汝若將汝的武器當作汝的上帝，每一擺汝的武器勝利的時，凡勢汝家己卻是失敗矣。

注目國會大樓頭前遐“Centennial Flame”，位 1967 年 7 月 1 日點灼了後，火焰一直無熄化。1867 年 7 月 1 日英國政府制定英國領土北美法律，正式承認加拿大自治權。百年火焰被十二片扇形花片撐懸浮佇水面，這敢是解除束縛了後自由飛沓的意思？

由哥德式的和平之塔（Peace of Tower）、上議院（Senate Chamber）、下議院（House of Commons）等三棟砂岩起造的國會大樓，運作規个加拿大的政務。Canada 是大英國協成員，而且是君主立憲國。以大英國協內獨立國家總督為最高行政長官，代表英國女王伊莉莎白二世。總督由總理推薦、英國女王任命。現任總督是一位女性華人。事實遮只是象徵性的並無實權。加拿大人開始有人反對這種虛名，嘛有人歡喜女王是一種精神的代表。

維多利亞女王（Queen Victoria, 1819-1901）塑像安祥穩坐踞大樓正片，伊是現任女王伊莉莎白二世的查某祖。伊坐位的時，予英國成做世界上大的帝國。加拿大首都設置是由伊選定的。是 Queen of English 抑是 Queen of Canada？嘛是我這個新移民的疑問。翻頭看歷史，英國政府確實欲將伊本身的形象來創造加拿大。連目前的閱兵（Changing of Guard）儀式，差不多攏重現 19 世紀英國皇家軍隊的風華。這款交接典禮佢開放參觀國會大樓，干單佇每年的 7、8 月才有的節目，看來阮是來對時陣矣。



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

國會大樓以外，首都另外一个最高政治機關——最高法院（Supreme Court of Canada），是阮這擺拜訪對象 Timothy Ross Wilson 服務的所在。有瑞典血統的 Timothy，法院的 Legal Counsel，當咧無閒擬定 Indian 恰 Canadian 之間的法令。

「你的工課真重要，會使講是咧規範人民按怎做代誌。」

「毋是啦！是人民咧引導法令，阮只是安排欲按怎將法律運作較順事爾爾。佇恁的國家凡勢這是誠懸的職位，但是佇加拿大我是足小足小的公務人員。」

Timothy 的謙卑，予我想著一个道理來：運河毋但供應兩岸的交流，閣較是市容喘氣的脈絡，毋過 he 流水卻謙卑講伊只是提供水的流動而已爾。

1941 年建造的這棟法律最高的機關，拄好倚佇國會大樓倒手月。鎔色的樓瓦、白色的樓牆，袂輸 Art Deco 的建築，兩月旗杆之一紅楓白底國旗懸懸倚踑渥太華的河墘。Timothy 的助理親切為阮解說規个最高法院的審判的過程，座位的順序……，位各市、省上訴到遮已經毋是普通的案件，門口的另外一支旗杆，這個時陣國旗就會升起來表示有庭欲開。開庭的時，其中魁北克三位，安大略三位，西部（BC）二位以及大西洋一位，八个法官恰首席總共九个共同主持會議。判定罪嫌恰欲按怎維持國家的秩序，內底粒積倂濟人的心血恰智慧。阮三个人聽到有小可霧煞煞，我使目尾表示，咱就是代表台灣，愛展出好的禮節參風度，袂使予 Timothy 的部屬感覺伊主管的朋友無暫節。Timothy 的辦公桌仔頂有一句“Old lawyers never die, they just lost their appeal”，詼諧中帶著倂濟的警惕！伊為加拿大最高法院認

真做代誌的形，予我真感動。

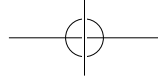
這擺行程除了 Timothy 下班了後共同討論詩譯以外，阮大部份的時間擺安排佇濃厚的人文殿堂當中。比如 1880 年建造的加拿大國立美術館（The National Gallery of Canada），明潔光麗建築內就保留著加拿大現有上重要的收藏，位雕刻恰銀器到 1950 年代新潮流，位文藝復興恰巴洛克到印象派恰近代作品，位唯美印象派到七人畫派小組，位結構到解構拍破思考邏輯……等等。

日光一直那飛舞佇這塊充滿政治、法律、人文的自然水波頂，親像永遠紡織袂煞的金色的地毯。渥太華的居民，in 教育程度較高毋是無原因的。

歷史的分恰恰同性的解放

位渥太華坐 Greyhound Bus 到蒙特婁大約兩點半鐘。事實上，去蒙特婁晉前阮就躑佇魁北克 Hull 區 Timothy 的厝。一條渥太華河將魁北克省恰安大略省隔開。1901 年開放的 Alexandra Bridge 扮演 Ottawa River 省參省中間的橋樑。加拿大是雙語的國家，一到魁北克看著的是法語先、英文後的法語區，恰其他地區拄好相反。魁北克是北美文明的源頭，融合到今仔日煞有一種恰北美無全的文化。就算講政治恰加拿大相連，但是遮的人認定 in 毋是加拿大的人。捌幾擺欲獨立，毋過加拿大大部份的人猶原向望國家會當整體來運作較妥當。

法國恰英國之間的結，佇早幾世紀以前就存在矣。翻頭看一下歷史，加拿大事實上是一部移民的拓荒史。移民綴著貿易，



無仝的族群爲著主權攏不斷咧發生挑戰。法國殖民地佇 1700 年建立，特別沿著聖羅倫斯河（St. Lawrence River），這個同時，英國也位南方的殖民地向北方，甚至佇法國所宣稱的領土擴展。兩國對抗總算佇 1759 年有決定性的輸贏，英國贏、法國輸。但是了後所造成袂平的心緒，時常佇生活中相戰。

1967 年法國總統戴高樂（Charles de Gaulle）佇蒙特婁市府（Montreal City Hall）樓台頂宣稱“Vive le Québec libre!” 予魁北克永久的自由！但是真正的自由，是 m 耳單那外口的解脫，內底閣較愛開放。所以魁北克的居民內心所想猶原 in 永遠是法國人。這其中嘛產生一寡雙重性格的形成，佇心理上是加拿大人，佇感情上是法國人。“People do not reveal themselves in their history, they struggle up through it”——人無法度佇歷史的塊颯中掙脫來顯露家己，in 只有會當佇滾絞中去貫迴歷史，這凡勢是人類共同的宿命吧！

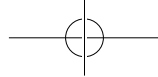
後生學著戴高樂的扮勢按呢講：「予台灣永久的自由！」當然台灣已經是民主國家，但是自由的背後，敢是閣有內外雙層的難題？不但外圍有一味無所不在的亂流咧干擾，內底的政治吵鬧，嘛予台灣人民付出低級的生活代價，唉！

人類的歷史，一个接一个向前行。透過先人的跋步，勾出時光的跡痕，一百年、二百年、四百年……魁北克的人看重數目背後的意義，所以拼勢維護古蹟用行動記載歷史，並且將成果驕傲的展示佇每一个人的眼前。就佇 Alexandra Bridge 邊仔，加拿大文明博物館（Canadian Museum of Civilization），以現場表演佻活潑的透視畫，描出上早的歐洲移民到移民先行者的二

度創造。阮觀賞起閣崎的諾曼式裝潢，厝頂尾開的天窗，親像 17、18 世紀過往繁華閣活靈靈的重現，以及 19 世紀尾華人陸續徙入，佇 1947 年所實行的排華法案中，按怎以骨力孤單來經營洗衫店生活開始，到如何拼出一片天地……加拿大大量保留遮的文化遺產，求真的態度予人佩服。

蒙特婁佇魁北克省西南片，佇聖羅倫斯河中的島嶼頂面。用伊歐洲的風格，四輦馬車的走甞，馬糞味隨風飄送，古典佻現代參咧行，以及歷史文化特有的氣質，閣是另外一款新的豐采。Art Deco 建築的樸素、對稱、平衡，飼飽我這個傳統閣現代的台灣女子。舊年後生就已經來遮行一睷了，彼時伊就親像著災全款迷戀起來，彼款愛戀的程度予人懷疑伊就是前世人捌佇遮生活過。

阮陶醉佇法國氣氛的 Place Jacques Cartier 啉咖啡，Jacques Cartier 是發現蒙特婁的一个法國人；行甞佇四箍笠仔滿滿是藝術品享受飯食；散步佇舊市街（Old Montreal）這個予聯合國教科文組織定作重要的文化遺產，阮若像教科書內底的主角；親身來到 1967 年佻 1976 年捌舉辦過的萬國博覽會的會場，感受一寡仔運動員的心跳；行佇無論是東方或者是西方的美術精品參一系列的博物館，一世入位冊本讀著的精彩部份，即馬一个一个出現佇我的面頭前、手蹄仔內；參觀佇北美洲上婿的教堂「聖母大教堂（Notre-Dame Basilica）」，心內體會著上帝真正是無分東西方，一踏入聖地莊嚴氣味自然浮起，干單有一點仔無夠婿氣，禮拜日有界線免費進入，但是袂使干擾著當咧做禮拜的人。這個時陣有一个中國人（觀光客？），無管別人的警告，



搖搖擺擺從入內，是伊聽無英文抑是本能的霸道行爲？假使世界存有種族的輕視，予人歧視的民族敢毋免負大部份的責任？

1992年才開放的考古史博物館（Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History），是一个真特別的展示館，就是佇原來的所在，一層一層挖出先民佇冰河時期按怎沿著聖羅倫斯河，一步一跬印的遷徙俾探險。原來現此時跣踏的拄仔好，就是當時 Public Market 的所在，拱形石頭建築、粗形導管、海關運作、天主教公墓……18世紀在地人的生活一个一个顯示出來。即馬的人好玄想欲懷念古早，若按呢，現此時阮敢毋是幾世紀以後的古人？一塊大石頭頂個一个玻璃櫃仔，內面裝著目前上流行的物件，像牛仔褲、電腦、家具形狀、建築圖樣……等等，幾仔塊金磁片供應百年後的人來研究。後代的研究者看來是比現在的考古者較輕鬆！只要有人類存在，這條生命的河流一定源源袂停！只是千變萬化的思考敢會當裝入去磁片內？原來台灣導演黃明川一系列拍攝詩人、藝術家的影音紀錄、地景風貌，這敢毋是真真正正咧為台灣做一項重要的工程？

人類生活習慣攏愛共動物看作「物」來使用，其實動物也會使共人當作「物」來拍派。人過「馬路」嘛會使講是馬咧過「人路」；人使用電腦利用「滑鼠」來運作，嘛會使按呢講，鳥鼠利用「滑人」來運作。到底結構或者是解構？到底傳統或者是顛覆傳統？同性戀早就存在佇人類的歷史，卻是佇人類習慣數大的異性戀當中變形。離開蒙特婁彼工拄好遇著同志大遊行。“Love without borders”，愛無界限，愛永遠無拍折，為「愛」爭取上基本的人權，當咧佇這個所在進行。

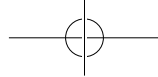
就算對性別角色應該保持開放的心態：嘛愛經過醫生證實同性戀是一出世就按呢，毋是受著後日的影響；自古以來出現一寡傑出同性戀的藝術家、政治家、哲學家，但是大部份的人猶原屈服佇傳統的人倫、食人的禮教參一寡欠缺同理的包容心。今年加拿大總理選舉，保守黨就敗佇伊反對同性戀婚姻。美國總統布希猶咧反對同性戀婚姻。可愛的加拿大已經通過同性結婚合法的法律，比美國閣較開放自由！

加拿大的國歌按呢唱：With glowing hearts we see thee rise（以熱情的心，阮看著你興旺）；The True North strong and free（真誠的北方強大閣自由）！

內層的聖殿

位東岸轉來西岸，我的跣步輕輕溜徙佇時間的軌道。我這個溫哥華的新厝被人按呢呵佬：欲長壽？搬去溫哥華（Want a long life？ Move to Vancouver）。佇二十八的所在人口調查顯示：溫哥華的居民平均壽命八十一點一歲，已經佇 OECD（Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development）list 出現俾世界上懸的日本八十一點二歲無啥輸贏，以按呢算來：卡加立八十，魁北克七十九點八，安大略七十七點三，美國七十六點八，愛爾蘭七十六點七……這按怎算？有淡薄仔複雜，但是離袂開內外圍的因素。

歇跣佇這塊上帝特別疼顧的春花夏綠秋紅冬雪的大地，我已經採集所欲愛的繁花果實矣，只是滿籃的飽瀆同時也沉重起來。父母的習性攏佇太平洋 he 烏潮所形成彼个特殊的島嶼，in 敢知



查某团移民的國度？抑我喜怒哀樂的記池攏刻佇彼片二十三點五度北回歸線的彼个土地。經過悲恰喜的面盤，我聽著永久的母親咧輕聲歌唱，自按呢我有淡薄仔憂愁起來，雖然我跔踏佇一个四序的所在。後生指著早紅的楓葉，講彼欖樹仔有够像老母，因為敏感過度，秋天猶未踏到，就神經質的提早變色。

電影「永遠恰一日 (Eternity and A Day)」，彼个出世佇義大利的希臘詩人，為著欲呼應希臘革命的時用的母語創作，閣再轉來祖國逐句用錢買轉來。伊是予時空綁票去的一个人，致使母語離伊遠遠遠。

這坎站，我想著詩人無葉對時間的敏感，伊有按呢的詩句：

「時間佇結構中衰敗，時間佇解構中存在，空間一向恰伊共謀。」

我英譯作按呢：Time is ruined by the integration, Time exists by the disintegration, Space always collude with it.

我會遮恰意伊的詩除了辯證以外，就是文字的對稱恰張力，但是 Timothy 卻共伊改作按呢：Time is ruined by togetherness, Time exists through coming apart, Space is time's ally.

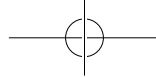
意義無變毋過漢文的娟若像減半去。阮總共完成四十三首，其中討論發生缺少的取捨，逐工攏超過睏眠的時間。Timothy 堅持伊西方用語的習慣，我偏向保留漢文意境的特殊韻律。

「漢文恰英文的思考邏輯無啥相全，汝翻譯的目的敢毋是欲予英文世界的人看？詩本來就無好翻，但是以汝的毅力已經將伊克服矣！」後生看我參 Timothy 咧爭論，伊走出來講話。

適當的時機後生伊會出現，伊無參與我恰 Timothy 的討論。伊佇邊仔我會貧憚，畢竟講華語比講英語較順嘴。後生的用心親像彼當年我勾故意拖長暗頓的時間，通好予 in 姐弟加練寡琴的心情是全款的！

這幾年來一頭栽入去英文世界，嘛被 B.C. 省上嚴格的學院 VCC 訓練甲烏天暗地。有一工雄雄著驚對漢文的生份，敢會淪落到愛用金錢買轉來，親像彼个希臘詩人全款！事實證明，伊自本就釘根存在佇我的腦海中。Timothy 猶咧等我用英文寫這擺的旅行 Account of the Trip East，我敢會使？我敢有需要？

我只是地球表面的一个旅客，旅客必須擗開地球另外一面的彼扇門，終其尾才會當達到上內層的聖殿。



FOREIGN DOOR

The Key of Flowers

The Indian poet Rebindranath Tagore who won the Nobel Prize in 1913, said, “Pluck this little flower and take it. Delay not! I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.” He wanted all people with high aspirations to have this consciousness of time. It is true, heartless time seems like never-ending flowing water; if you don’t pay attention, you will unexpectedly find your energy washed away and your buddies gone.

My son has the motto, “Seize the day, and make life extraordinary.” He asks for his parents to have the same idea as well. This year, he was accepted into the University of Victoria to study the MBA program. I am also ready for a summer vacation, so he suggests a trip to eastern Canada.

But his father doesn’t want to move anywhere. Since he just arrived in Vancouver for six months, he feels dispirited about the suggestion, because he hasn’t had enough time in Vancouver yet. However, I am so excited that I say, “It is a good idea. We are planning to go to Ottawa to visit Timothy, who gave me his promise that he will correct my translation works.”

Since I started studying the English language, I have had the wish to do a translation of poetry from Chinese to English. I first think about Chang, who is a Taiwanese poet, because I appreciate his ideas

about truth. In the same way, Tagore wrote the following words, “Give me a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.” This means, as long he is given enough time, he will change the empire from majestic to nonsensical. Tagore and Chang have the same sense of contempt for hypocrisy.

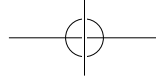
Accordingly, we I quickly gather flowers, to avoid the wind plundering them first. So, after two years in Vancouver, we three take a thirteen-day trip to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and I bring my poetry translation works for my son’s friend Tim to look at.

Water, Rock and Ions

Canada is the second-largest country in the world, stretching over 7700 Kilometers from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic seacoast. Flying from Vancouver to Toronto takes approximately five hours. The time difference is three hours. Looking into the distance from a high place I see a lot of fresh water, rivers, mountain streams and lakes. It is a vast area on the earth about 277 times the size of Taiwan.

We travel across Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to our first stop, Toronto, the capital of Ontario, which has the highest landmark - CN Tower, the longest city street - Yonge Street and Canada’s most important business district. The city of Toronto is not only both typically English Canadian and North American, but it also serves as the economic center for the entire country.

The First Nations was the first racial group to arrive in North America. The source of the name of Ontario is “the rock stands among the waters”. The famous Niagara Falls, where Lake Erie overflows into Lake Ontario at the rate of 14 million liters of water



per minute, has always been the most celebrated feature of the escarpment. The current of the river that meets the Falls seems like a mild-mannered tranquil young girl. On the other hand, there are a hundred million horses that gallop and splash when they go over the vertical line of the falls. The most popular and perhaps the best way to approach the Falls is on the Maid of the Mist. Wearing hooded raincoats, we are boated up to the table rock scenic tunnels under the Falls for a spectacular experience under the water of the Falls. I feel like I have entered the geography book I studied in high school.

Niagara Falls stretches between the American and Canadian borders separated by Goat Island. However the spectacular part of the Falls is in Canada. The American Falls are boring. Similarly, the Rocky Mountains of western Canada are the fantabulous part, whereas the American Rockies are not so interesting. For this reason, I consider God has been a little prejudiced about the assignments of these beautiful natural monuments.

Since the terrorist attack on the USA, some of the peace-loving Americans have moved north to Canada. This situation is similar to the 1776 American War of Independence when many who preferred to stay loyal to the British crown started to move north and develop a new life in Canada.

Ontario is an important manufacturing industrial area. Surrounding the west coast of Lake Ontario is a succession of industrial cities known as the famous Canadian Golden Horseshoe. Reto, who is my son's friend in Toronto, refers to Hamilton as the ugliest city in Ontario.

I agree. "Wow, it is really heavily polluted. It is as bad as our

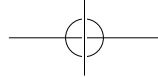
hometown Kaohsiung's Linyuen industrial district."

"The automobile industry pollution also wafts up from Detroit, so this double pollution is the reason you guys feel more uncomfortable," Reto explains.

Even though the city's steel mills and other heavy industries have given Hamilton a grim image in the minds of many, there is history wherever you decide to look for it. For example, Hamilton installed the first telephone exchange in the British Empire - the eighth in the world - in 1878, only four years after Alexander Graham Bell (1847-1922) invented the device. It was at his parents' home in nearby Brantford that Bell dreamed up his invention. Because I worked for a telephone company in Taiwan, it is exciting to find out the background of the telephone inventor.

In fact, the water of Lake Ontario is good enough to balance Toronto's steel environment. Moreover, in the middle of the lake is a fantastic place - Toronto Island. It juts out into the city's harbor and is only about 19 minutes away by leisurely ship, so we ferry the lake to walk around the silent trees and the quiet shore of the lake. Like the meeting of the seagulls and the waves, we meet and come near.

My heart sings with the touch of the water and my thoughts shimmer with these shimmering leaves; my life is glad to be floating with all things into the clarity of space. Actually, I've had these feelings about Canada's great beauty since I landed in this maple country - Canada. However, I have no idea how to stop the regret in my heart when I think about my beautiful home country Taiwan even though I enjoy being here.



Recently I read a report entitled “Meteor - Psychology” and seemed to find some answers. “Meteor-psychologists are concerned with how the weather affects the behavior of people. One area of their concerns is ion-balance”. Indeed, ions are electric charges that exist in the atmosphere, in the air that we breathe. As a result, the weather and environment affects human being’s behavior; hence, if ions (positive and negative ions) go out of control, this will affect people’s physiology and psychology. Each time I turn on the Taiwanese TV news, my compatriots’ behavior frustrates me. Is this related to ions?

Restless Tiny Shuttles Weaving Golden Carpet

Toronto and Ottawa are the most important cities of the province of Ontario. The nation’s capital, Ottawa, is the seat of the Federal government. Canada has three levels of government: federal, provincial and municipal. Although Ottawa is Canada’s capital, the airport isn’t a big one. People come in from Europe mostly by way of Toronto or Montreal.

We fly from Toronto to Ottawa in one hour. Along the road near the airport, we also face a twelve kilometer long river – the Rideau Canal, which runs through the town center. Its function is not only to provide transportation, but it is also the pulse of the city. Created in 1937, its design emphasizes the area’s natural beauty and molds the city around it. Pleasure craft wend their way through the downtown center’s parks in summer, yet winter turns the same Rideau Canal route into an ice-skating rink.

On the other side of the city is the elegant Ottawa River. Because of its national stature, Ottawa has more cultural resources and political

systems, such as the Parliament buildings, the residences of prime ministers, governor-generals and foreign ambassadors.

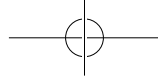
Unfortunately, even though there are over 50 embassies, I do not see the name of Taiwan. In this world sometimes a solid name exists but an unwarranted reputation keeps it invisible, just as air is actually omnipresent, but you cannot see or touch it.

Luckily, there is someone who upholds justice. There is a report “Taiwan exists in Canadian never-never land” by Jeffrey Simpson. He states, “Canada ought, in theory, to be supportive of Taiwan. Taiwan is democratic; China is not. Taiwan respects human rights; China does not in all instances.” He also proposes that Taiwan respects human rights more than China. He regrets that the Chrétien Government yielded to China’s big market and neglected the acknowledgement of Taiwan’s existence, resulting in Taiwan being only present by “representative” not “embassy” in Canada.

Happily, the Canadian people have a response that enables me, a Taiwanese person, to feel very comfortable. They say, “If Taiwan really belongs to China, the Beijing government doesn’t need to request other countries to accept it. For example, Hainan Island is a Chinese territory; China does not need to request other countries acknowledgment.”

On the other hand, if Taiwan isn’t a Chinese territory, even though China requests every country to acknowledge it, it still has no meaning. If Taiwan is a disputed territory, China should consult international law about their claim to this territory. Trying to persuade other countries to acknowledge their claim to Taiwan is nonsense.

Because Ottawa is Canada’s capital city, it is often the centre of



many political concerns in Canada. At the Chinese Embassy, former Falungong practitioners from China protest the Chinese government suppression of Falungong. Outside the international media office, in another corner, a crowd advocates for the free Tibet Association to stop the Chinese authorities from treading on the human rights of Tibetans. In front of the US Embassy, a large group of protestors holds up a sign that says: “Bring your soldiers home from around the world.” Yes, these Americans want teachers and doctors to go to other countries, not armies who control other societies and their behavior. In Parliament Building Square there are many protestors shouting , “Bush is poison!”.

What is the US doing to our world? The US government is often kind and generous to other nations when they are in trouble. But the US government also hurts many people in other countries wherever they send out their armies. They use their weapons as if they have the God-like right to destroy. But when America weapons win, Americas are actually defeated.

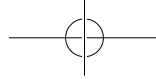
We stare at the “Centennial Flame” in front of the Parliament Buildings which was ignited on July 1, 1967, never to be extinguished; indeed, according to The British North America Act in 1867, England’s government recognized Canada as a Dominion on July 1, 1867. A hundred years passed before the Centennial Flame was ignited. For this reason, the Centennial Flame is floating in water. It seems like a permanent reminder of the unbounded optimism of the Canadian Centennial Year.

There are gothic styles of architecture, including the Peace Tower, the Senate Chamber, and House of Commons. The

sandstone architecture of the Parliament Building governs the entire Canadian government affairs. Canada is a member of the British Commonwealth and a constitutional monarchy. The governor general, as the highest chief executive, represents Queen of Elizabeth the second. In fact, the governor general is only a symbol and hasn’t any real power. Some Canadians oppose this kind of unwarranted reputation, yet some people are glad that the Queen is a kind of spiritual symbol.

The statue of Queen Victoria (1819-1901) stands in front of the Parliament Buildings. England had the biggest empire in the world during the reign of Queen Victoria, who is Queen Elizabeth’s great grandmother. She chose Ottawa as her capital in Canada. I have no idea if Queen Elizabeth is the Queen of England or Queen of Canada. It confuses me as a newcomer. Looking back at history, indeed, England tries to create Canada in her own image. The city itself is stately, a miniature of an old English town. For example, we can watch the ceremony of the Changing of the Guards that originated in 19th century imperial England.

Besides the Parliament Buildings, the Supreme Court is another part of the capital’s highest political organ and is also where our friend Timothy has his office. Supreme Court Legal Counsel Timothy Ross Wilson, is not only good at law, he taught English and French at the University of Ottawa. He took a business trip to Vancouver last year and had a chance to read my translated Chinese-English work, “The Scenery of the City When you Left” which is one of Chang Te-Pen’s poems. Then he offered to assist me as an editor. His encouragement to me is like a window and a lighted lamp, but



this is still a big job. As a result, Tim’s offer entices me into this journey. “You handle affairs of the Canadian people. Your job is very important in Canada,” I say when he is drawing up documents between the First nations and Canadian law.

“No. Law is guided by the people. We only follow the people. Perhaps in your country this job is a high position, but it isn’t here.”

It is true, the canal humbles to think that rivers exist solely to provide water. In fact, it does not only supply both sides with connection through its bridge, but it also beautifies the appearance of the city.

The Supreme Court Building was constructed in 1941 where it is located on the left side of Parliament Hill. The maple leaf flag to the west is hoisted daily. The other flag flies only when the Court is sitting. Holding a court session, there are nine members to administer it. Their decisions are distributed throughout the whole country. By law, three of the judges are members of the Bar of Quebec, and at least three judges are appointed from Ontario, two from the Western Provinces, one from the Atlantic Provinces and one of them is appointed Chief.

How to judge a criminal? How to keep guard over the country? It should take many people’s painstaking care and wisdom. There are these words on the sofa in Timothy’s office, “Old lawyers never die, they just lose their appeal.” It seems to be a teasing message but seriously suggests that vigilance is important.

The main idea of this trip is to discuss my translation works with Timothy after he is off duty. Therefore, most of the time when he is

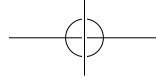
on duty we are immersed in the arts centers of Ottawa. For example, the foremost gallery in Canada, made primarily out of glass, “The National Gallery” was built in the 1880s. It retains a series of the most important collections, such as works of art from the age of carving to the silver tea sets of the 16th century and the new wave art of the 1950s, from the renaissance to the impressionist art movements and the modern works; from the 18th European painting to the Group of Seven; from integration to disintegration and breaking of logic.

Sunlight dances on this city making political, legal and humanistic ripples like restless tiny shuttles weaving a golden carpet. The capital of Canada, Ottawa, seems the quintessence of English Canada.

The Weight of History and the Liberation of Homosexuality

We take a Greyhound Bus for two hours from Ottawa to Montreal. In fact, we stay in Hull in Timothy’s home before we go to Montreal. Hull is a typical small Quebec City. The Ottawa River is the boundary between Ontario and Quebec. Traveling across the Alexandra Bridge, built in 1941, signifies not only crossing the Ontario-Quebec border, but also the cultural borders within the country.

Canada is a bilingual country. On Alexandra Bridge, languages suddenly change. Now that we are in Quebec, French is the first language. Indeed, on the bridge we are confronted with the reality of Canada’s “two solitudes”. Even though they are politically connected with Canada, many Quebec people still consider themselves more connected to France than Canada. Thus they have been in a ferment to achieve independence several times, but the strong Canadian desire to achieve a united nation defeated the campaigns for Quebec’s



separation from Canada.

In fact, the ancient animosities between England and France have been going on for several centuries. The weight of history was upon new world Canada from its inception. North America was a battleground for the English and French to pursue imperial war. In Canada the French colony was established in 1700. They tended to settle along the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the area now known as Quebec. At the same time, the English also established themselves farther inland, initially in the Great Lakes region. Both countries' resistance finally ended up with a decisive victory and defeat in 1759, with England defeating France. However, the history of resistance still continues in Quebec.

Take the case of Montreal City Hall, which has a more turbulent history than its peaceful façade suggests. It was from its balcony that French President General de Gaulle uttered his famous "Vive le Quebec libre!" (Long Live Free Quebec) during a state visit in 1967. The truth of liberation exists only on the periphery of Quebec people's lives, but they have an intrinsic sense of freedom. The Quebec people regard themselves as French; thus they have a dual personality that feels both Canadian and French. Consequently, people do not learn about themselves in their history, they struggle up through it. Perhaps this is humanity's common destiny.

My son soon learns General de Gaulle's declaration and says, "Long Live Free Taiwan!" Actually, Taiwan is already a democracy, yet there are both inside and outside difficulties - outside from China's armed threat, inside from different political conflicts. Therefore, Taiwan truthfully still needs to struggle to be free.

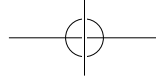
Human history goes forward in taking the place of the fallen. Residents settle down according to ancestors' path and they also outline the path of time. One hundred years, two hundred years, four hundred years...Quebec people regard the significance of the number, so they maintain diligently their sense of history and they actually present their achievements in front of each visitor.

For instance, the Canadian Museum of Civilization is located at nearby Alexandra Bridge. There are actors on site who portray the immigrants from Europe that settled in Quebec, showing their lively perspective. The Museum also presents the children of the immigrants who were born in Canada and became the next generation of pioneers. We visit the steep Norman type architecture of their villages. It seems like we are living back in the 17th or 18th century. We also experience the end of 19th century immigration of the Chinese who struggled in a hard-working laundry life; indeed Canada successfully retains many cultural heritages.

Surrounded by the waters of the St. Lawrence centering on the mountain and penetrated by a maze of subterranean shopping plazas and passages, Montreal is an unusually three-dimensional city. Moreover, Old Montreal is the living witness of Canadian history.

The first example is the Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History which opened in 1992. In front of the Museum, Place Royale relives its glorious past as a meeting place, with outdoor activities even in winter. Here, there is an 18th-century Public Market. We have a unique experience, combining fun and history, high technology and treasures from the past.

It is true, we have a vision of how the ice-age ancients were



striving along Saint Lawrence River step by step to explore this big new land. Now we curiously trace the period of the ancients. After many centuries passing, we will become the ancients to the next generation as well. There is a glass cabinet on an ancient stone. I find out that inside the glass are displayed the most popular things at this time, such as jeans, computer, furniture blueprints of building styles and so on. In fact, it is good for the future to provide information to our generation after generation of descendants.

Another example is a major gathering place and entertainment site in Old Montreal where we enjoy street artists and relish the French atmosphere as we drink a cup of coffee in Place Jacques Cartier named after the explorer who first discovered Montreal. We wander through the old streets with me again feeling like a leading character of a textbook, because here there is the important United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). We ponder over whether we are looking at Eastern or Western high-quality fine art works which we read about in our text books in Taiwan. Now we can actually see it through our own eyes; we also kneel down in the most beautiful church in North America (Notre-Dame Basilica).

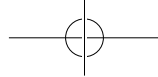
Is it possible to find a country where the beauty, the history, and the variety in the scenery are combined in such perfect harmony? My son came to Montreal seeking a university to study at last year. This city with its extraordinary personality attracted him so deeply it was as if he had lived a previous life here. As a result, he is like an old horse who knows the way; his parents can have a smooth trip and visit many special small places.

Finishing our visit to Montreal brings an end to our trip. The day of World Pride takes place just when we want to leave Montreal. It is true that there is love without borders, the struggle of millions of individuals across the globe for self-fulfillment for the possibility to be who they are and to follow their heart and their identity. However, many people are so busy doing good that they find no time to be good, because they consider homosexuality is bad for society and they are absolutely in opposition to homosexual behavior.

I believe that people should hold an open view about sexuality. Doctors have already confirmed that homosexuality is innate, yet most people still have the traditional attitude of intolerance. Compare U.S.A. with Canada, and we see which has more freedom. Same-sex marriage is illegal in the U.S.A, yet it is legal in Canada. *O Canada! Our home and native land! With glowing hearts we see thee rise. The True North strong and free!*

Inner Shrine

Returning from east to west, my footsteps lithely slide through the time change. My new home Vancouver is praised by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. “Want a long life? Move to Vancouver.” According to a census of twenty-eight metropolises as presented to the OECD, the mean life expectancy of Vancouver residents is 81.1 years, which almost equals the world’s longest life expectancy of 81.2 years established by the Japanese. The rest can be deduced accordingly: Calgary 80, Quebec 79.8, Ontario 77.3, US 76.8, and Ireland 76.7, etc. How is this calculated? It is a complicated issue because there are many inner and outer factors.



Fortunately I am living in the most colorful land on earth; red in autumn, white in winter, light green in spring, and dark green in summer. Now I am content with my life and I have plucked all the colorful flowers that I want, yet I still have a heavy heart. I ponder long and deeply over the matter of whether my dear passed away parents are used to their daughter living so far away in another country, because they spent their whole life on that special island - Taiwan. In fact, memories of my laughter, anger, sorrow, and happiness are wholly inscribed in the land of Taiwan; indeed, through the satisfaction and sadness of all things I hear the crooning of the Eternal Mother. My son teases me that I seem like some red maple leaf that results in excessive sensitivity. The autumn has not arrived yet she changes color early.

The movie *Eternity and a Day* is a story of a time when a Greek poet is born in Italy and he decides to use his mother tongue to write. He returns to his motherland to buy back his language. I see him being kidnapped by space and time, so that his mother tongue is too far away from him. The Taiwanese poet Chang writes about time sensitivity. I translate it like this,

Time is ruined by integration.

Time exists by disintegration.

Space is time's ally.

His works are not only dialectical but they also have the beauty of symmetry. Yet Timothy changes his words to this,

Time is ruined by the integration.

Time exists through coming apart.

Space is time's ally.

The significance is invariable no matter which words are chosen, yet the beauty of the original Chinese words is reduced.

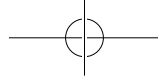
We complete forty-three translations on this trip. We discuss how to achieve really perfect translation. Sometimes, Timothy persists in the western terminology, but I am partial to the retention of the special rhythm of the Chinese language.

My son says, "Ways of expressing logic totally differ between English and Chinese. But, even though the poetry is difficult to translate into another language, you can still eventually overcome it. To touch the main idea is good enough."

I fell in love with English in Taiwan a long time ago, and I also studied at Vancouver Community College for four years. This is one of the best language schools in B.C.

I fear that one day I will not be able to write an article in Chinese or Taiwanese. Will I need to spend money to buy it back like that Greek poet in *Eternity and a Day*?

Indeed, I am only a passenger on earth's surface. A passenger has to knock at every foreign door in order to come to his or her own door, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.



女人的平衡點

台灣的社會，男人恰女人有全款的文化經歷，但是所扮演的角色是無全的。誠濟國家當中包括台灣，男人恰女人之間，猶然有無法度克服的議題。位古早開始，一寡國家佇法律上，閣繼續認為查某人是「無路用」人。以我生活佇台灣的經驗來講，結婚了後的婦女，雖然佇外面有頭路，甚至比尪婿較無閒，伊嘛愛做所有的家事。另外查某人是無咧分財產的，因為伊是附屬品。

做人的新婦佇台灣的地區來講，是有特別的角色。以我的例來做比論，大官佇我移民來加拿大半冬了後過身，辦後事的厚枝葉，將我扭轉去二十幾冬前大家去世，我這個新婦的角色被「重」用的惡夢重新出現。

「煮拜拜的菜，是新婦的工課，按怎咧予查埔人做這款灶腳的代誌，汝這個查某誠無站節。」有一工，第四小姑的翁，親像欲殺人的形走來責備我。

「汝應該轉去煮飯予老父食，做人的新婦愛知影按怎友孝序大人，袂使講即馬無躑做夥就會當逍遙自在，阮是嫁出去的查某囝，會使講無需要擔這個責任……」這是大漢小姑對我的教示。

佇台灣，大家是阮搬出去家己躑半冬了後往生，一陣「友孝」的查某囝包括 in 的尪婿，兇蓋蓋對我教示。驚心動魄的雷電參

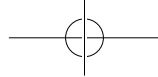
陣陣的大雨，我親像一隻驚惶的小鳥跼躑厝角，毋知欲按怎才好，害我的老父彌留中閣掛慮伊的查某囝，伊倒佇病床定定問：「in 有閣來鬧無？」誠沉重的風風雨雨，這回真正是銘心刻骨啊！

因為本身有慘痛的傷痕，對結婚了後的查某囝，需要參大家、大官、小姑躑做夥，我有一寡掛慮。因為一般人對嫁來的「別人的查某囝」，參有一工嘛會做別人的新婦的小姑，無小心或者是肚腸隘，會干單看著家己爾爾，就會患著無全的標準要求，製造誠濟人間俗事的糾紛。歷史上，有一寡思想前進的女性，認為無需要婚約嘛會當有囝仔，這應該嘛是一種明智的選擇。

事實上，除了彼段做人的阿嫂參新婦的惡夢以外，做一个查某人我有袂少的快樂恰驕傲。生命親像鐘擺，等災厄來臨的時，蹺蹺的鐘聲響起，我的座位被拍倒佇垃圾堆中；等向望出現，我放掉所有的土沙粉，一心一意隨著兩個潮流勇猛直行，因為我兩個囝兒，予我變成母親。

世界上，無一項關係，比紅嬰仔參母親子宮的結合閣較密切。母親對紅嬰仔的任務，不只是滋養參予人佷靠爾爾，一旦經過生產伊就擔著一个使命，這種天賜的自然，致使母親涵育人類上無條件愛的原始起點。若以源頭來講，愛是所有的母親，予上蒼所賜的一種特別的情誼。母親嘛因為有新生命，伊才會當升格做人性主義的擁護者。佇殘月的光輝中，我按呢問家己：「保持這段婚姻，是毋是因為我是母親？」

位母親恰囝兒來談一般男女的關係。自古以來，無一个男人無承認女人的重要，女人是男人精神參肉體無法度缺席的。歌



德（von Goethe, 1749-1832）經過一生的拖磨參痛苦了後，得著一个結論：「永恆的女性之愛，引導人類世界的超昇。」

但敢誠實按呢？人世間有誠濟親像鳥仔共魚仔高高吊佇半空中，講這是一種慈善的行爲；一寡認爲家己是理路直的人，剔斥查某人（新婦）應盡的義務，講這是爲夫家行正義的行爲；閣有阿富汗塔里班（Taliban）政府的行爲愈是權力車輪的代表，查某人是被壓榨佇這個車輪下的動物之一，親像女人佇垃圾堆當中受委屈了後，續落去閣叫伊愛用青花來報答。

「女人袂使佇公眾場所現出皮膚，無者，就是犯法。」

「女人不准受教育。」

「女人出手拍起婿受處罰，查埔人拍某無代誌。」

「查某人外面有查埔人是淒慘落魄，尪婿會使有四妻六妾。」

阿富汗的同學講著伊的國家，一、二冬前閣存在的男女之別的待遇。聽起來好親像火燒屍體的烏煙，蓬蓬燻到滿四界，予人喘氣喘袂順。

傳統的中國女性嘛無好到叨位，甚至用「縛腳」來滿足男人才想會出來自慰性的「婀娜多姿」，自按呢查某人是弱者，查某人較愚蠢，女人無才調是德行……等等扭曲的觀念，深根佇無論查埔人抑是查某人的思想內底。

閣較苛行的就是女人虐待女人，甚至比男人的手段閣較殘暴。2009年發生佇加拿大印裔的女子身上，這位出世佇階級觀念誠深的印度女子，因爲無遵照嚴規（Strict Codes），家己選擇恰意的次等男子戀愛結婚，嚴重影響到家族的名聲（Family

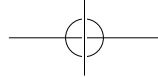
Honour）。伊彼个傳統十足的母親，竟然唆叫十幾個兇手，將家己的查某团輪姦了後 thài 死。這個母親對查埔团就較寬量，因爲男人本來就是按呢，女人有需要照規定乖乖仔生存才合理。

位整个人類的文化歷史來看，自古到今，女人所佔位置，攏是比男人低一級，這個第二級的地位，就是男人控制之下的社會恰教育傳統的力量所造成的。彼个印度母親，就是這種控制之下標準的產物！

位中國的傳統，欲出嫁晉前的查某团，會收到這款的教示：「位明仔載起汝就是夫家的人矣，遮毋是汝的厝了，以後無經過尪婿的允准袂使隨便轉來，毋通烏白使性地，以後汝的責任就是予尪婿參伊厝內的人歡喜快樂，替 in 生幾個查埔团，假使汝甘願共家己當作夫家的糞桶痰壺，阮嘛心滿意足。」這愈是一大片烏雲硬硬遮佇天頂面，予人想欲吐。

會記得查某团結婚，我愛扮一齣「潑水的動作」，表示女兒嫁出去親像潑出去的水。女兒永遠是我的女兒，爲啥物愛做這項「覆水難收」的儀式？這無合理，我拒絕；女兒上禮車了後，共葵扇放掉予後頭厝來接收，表示以前無好的脾氣愛丟掉，這有合理，我接受……依照軌道行路，因爲有人行過，就較袂引起一大堆的糞掃土沙粉；但是我較愛另類思考，難免定定引起土米沙。查某团像伊的老父對傳統有法度照單全收。天腳下老母心，伊會當適應佇烏雲內底，心中閣有日頭光，我應該是會當放心，我是閣咧掛心啥物？

會記得細漢阿媽規身軀袂當好好倒落來，像一粒战袂開的圓球，雙手抱著小腳規日哀哀叫。因爲彼雙纏過的小腳，害伊無



小心摔一大倒，了後就蹣跚起來矣。孫中山參孔子佇中國的地位是受肯定，但是偉大的層次也是有差別。孫中山被任為中華民國大總統的時，伊頒發新政之一就是禁止纏足；孔子卻有「女子無才便是德」的論點。每遍凝視國父的遺像，我是位心甘底發出的尊敬行三鞠躬禮；但是對孔子的大作《論語》是有話欲講。透過我的冊《尋找那隻浮桴的航向》發表我看法，合時的我就提來啖糝一下；無合時的，我感嘆聖人嘛有無四序的所在。

20世紀中期，法國女作家西蒙·波娃（Simone de Beauvoir, 1908-1986），捌為著女性叫冤寫一本偉大的作品《第二性》。伊質疑為啥物男人即呢澎湃、女人就即呢散赤？所以伊發起女人欲寫作，首先愛有家己的房間。確實，女人成為第二性，就是因為男人的控制佻缺受教育所造成的。

對女人的呵啞，但丁（Dante Alighieri, 1265-1321）是一粒一，值得欣羨。伊佇《神曲》中對比阿特麗斯（Beatrice, 1266-1290）愛的憧憬發展成這個女人好親像基督再世，伊有天堂內獲救靈魂的屬性，判斷參知識，導領人類向超越的路途行。會使按呢講，女人引領人性走出森林中惡霸的獅仔、老虎、狼群……行入去天界恬靜的所在。

當然，人類文明除了精神方面受女性的影響以外，女人的「媿」，愈是近代枯燥的重商主義、利益分配的商業行為中，幫助男人成就資本家的角色。現在資本社會的靈魂，敢毋是無數的女祕書完成的？母親面對囡兒挫敗所予 in 的體諒愈是不計其數；男女之間的情誼，予陷入懊落的男人，重新得著抬頭的活力。

舉一个例來看覓，敢愛敢恨的女高音瑪麗亞（Maria Callas, 1923-1977），最後接納佻賈桂林（Jacqueline, 1929-1994）交惡的希臘船王歐納西斯（1906-1975），舊情重燃的火焰，溫暖歐氏垂死的晚年；夫妻牽手相伴一世人，佇貧困當中共同渡過烏暗，親像平妹守護鍾理和孤絕的文學信念，終其一生的知命來分擔媿藝術執著的憂憤——女性的迷人盡在其中。

「創世紀」夏娃的創造，是欲予亞當一个伴爾爾，表示女人是附屬品。夏娃是位亞當的一隻肋骨所創造的，這顯示「完整的人有兩性的特質」。位生理學來看，男性體內確實有女性的荷爾蒙，女性體內嘛有男性的荷爾蒙；位解剖學來觀察，女性外面的生殖器閣殘留著男性生殖器的痕跡，比如陰核就是男性龜頭的縮影，陰唇是男性陰囊的變異，而且男性的苗勒氏管 mullerian duct（男性子宮）的殘餘，就是女性的痕跡；心理分析家下一个結論，男佻女本底是一个共同的來源，in 雖然佇發展過程中分化，但是互相閣無完全分開，親像兩性的相互吸引，就是想欲恢復完整的需要。性的行為就是使男女為著恢復人類原有的完整的兩半。

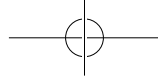
兩性之間是互相補助，毋是互相衝突。但是人類的歷史攏愛將伊分化，親像大地應該是闊寬無限，但是纏隨後面的彼條固執的地平線，共 in 縮小去矣。

有一遍搭 Skytrain，VCC 的一个南斯拉夫同學雄雄問我：

「恁國家的規定是毋是查某囡無財產通分？」

「汝那會知？」

「我愛研究歷史，尤其東方的歷史。」



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

「這是古早的傳統，現此時漸漸改善中。」

自從搬來溫哥華，每日下課上愛看的就是台灣新聞。螢光幕出現六個查某因告老母分財產的無公平，母女告到法院遇著竟然親像生份人。甚至母親倒佇病床，女兒猶原怨氣沖天大大方大方講：「有分到財產的人去友孝就好了，阮遮無分到的查某因就無需要操這個心矣。」

活過半世紀，從來無想過女兒欲分財產這個問題，這好親像位捌代誌就有的觀念，到我移民成功，三兄欲紅包予我，我拒絕。

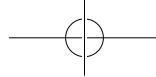
伊講：「這是我的祝福，當初老爸無財產予汝，伊單那分予阮兄弟四个人爾爾。」提著三兄的錢，雖然是一千外元的加幣，但是我誠無慣勢，我習慣用家己的雙手賺來的錢。父母養育之恩，對我來說就是上大的財產。陳若曦的〈女兒的家究竟在那裡？〉其中描述女兒將重病的老父帶轉來照顧，父親死了後，兄弟叫伊放棄財產，伊同意了。讀者攏會為伊叫冤，評論家認為彼个女兒就是傳統教育之下的結果。如果我若是陳若曦筆下彼个查某因，我敢毋是嘛會按呢決定咧？

我想講大官去世上大的公平就是無財產通分，兄弟姐妹毋免為著財產延伸出來啥物拚房的事件。是按呢嗎？假若閣毋是，因為有另外的枝葉產生。人類痛苦的宿命，敢講就欲予宙斯（Zeus）贏去？這位天地主宰者早就設計好的災禍盒仔，來迷潘朵拉（Pandora）忍 bē-tiâu 共伊拍開，自按呢人類不只天災（無法度阻擋）抑是人禍（家己創造的）總是連連不斷。但是萬物的生長，紅嬰仔的出世，親像閣為人類帶來無限的向望，這敢

毋是矛盾的人世間啊？

加拿大人對生查埔抑是生查某是感覺無啥差別，甚至認為查某因比查埔因較古樸，參東方世界有誠大的無全。查某老師聽著阮遮東方人咧講女性傳統的種種待遇，伊驚疑感覺不可思議，好佳哉伊家己生佇這個個國度參時代。

我！身為台灣的女性，單那求一个平等的對待爾爾，即馬經過時間恰空間的轉化，佇溫哥華，我假若有揣著一寡平衡點。



AN EQUAL DEAL FOR WOMEN

Men and women in Taiwanese society share some similar cultural realities, but they have very different roles. In many countries, including Taiwan, there are still some unresolved issues between men and women. To begin with, some countries, by law and by custom, continue to regard women as “nonpersons.” Based on my personal experience in Taiwan, married women still do all the housework, even if they have a job and they are even busier than their husband. Furthermore, the law prevents them from inheriting property because women are not viewed as individuals.

The role of a daughter-in-law is especially distinct in Taiwan. For instance, after I had been in Canada for only six months, my father-in-law suddenly passed away in Taiwan. This brought back the detailed formalities that are involved in the worshipping feast and the need to cook foods to please the ancestors just as when my mother-in-law died twenty years ago after we had moved to another place to live. Once, the family of my spouse, including the female members, scolded me when they found my husband was cooking the food. They spoke sternly like this:

“How could you let a man do this kind of kitchen work? You must know housework is still a woman’s duty,” my fourth sister-in-law’s husband said to me.

“Don’t think that you have moved out so that you may be free. No way! You must come back to cook for your parents-in-law. We don’t

have this responsibility to our own parents because we are married off. Thus obedience to your husband’s parents is your duty,” my eldest sister-in-law said to me.

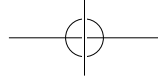
I felt like a frightened bird hiding in the corner struggling against a violent storm. Owing to my situation, my own father always asked me if my husband’s family were still bothering me, even when he was seriously ill.

Although I had an outside job and was even busier than my husband, they thought I should do all the housework. Being a daughter-in-law was such an important role that I was expected to meet all my husband’s family obligations.

Because of the deep suffering I had experienced as a daughter-in-law, I worried about my newly married daughter who had to live with her husband’s family like I did. I wondered if her sister-in-law was like mine, who was always telling me what to do. These days and sometimes even in the past, a few advanced thinking females have thought it a good idea to have a child without a marriage contract. What a wonderful view that is! The problem of the oppressed daughter-in-law would be eliminated.

Being a woman, I feel both joy and pride except for the nightmare of being a daughter-in-law. Life is like a pendulum. On the one hand, when an unexpected calamity approaches, my husband’s family endlessly insults me to the point that I feel like a woman thrown to the dust - dirty and discouraged.

On the other hand, after becoming the mother of two children, I abandoned the dust and moved forward courageously along two tidal



currents. My two children enabled me to become a mother and there isn't any relation closer than that between baby and mother. The mother not only nourishes her baby, but her maternal feelings are the beginning of unconditional love for humanity. In other words, the mother's unique love for her children expands to a desire to promote the well being of all human beings. In fact, sometimes I have asked myself, "Do I only stay in my marriage, because I am a mother?"

In addition to her vital role as a mother, the wife is indispensable to her husband's spiritual and physical well-being. Everywhere people of all ages think that men cannot go through a day without women. Goethe, a famous 18th century poet who experienced many years of suffering, wrote about the importance of women's role in society. "The eternal female affection lifts us to a higher standard."

In the same way, many people righteously expect the woman, in particular the daughter-in-law, to perform her obligation to the husband's family; otherwise, she is a neglectful woman. For example, before the America intervention, the Afghan Taliban government was the wheel of power that crushed women. At this time, just like the daughters-in-law of Taiwan, Afghan women smiled as they were pushed down into the dust and then offered flowers to their oppressors.

When an Afghan classmate described the discrimination between men and women of his country, it seemed to fuel a fire of rage in our classroom.

"The woman cannot reveal her skin in public or else she violates the law."

"The woman is not allowed to be educated."

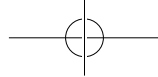
"The woman who slaps her husband is guilty. Yet the husband who slaps his wife is innocent."

"The woman who has an affair suffers a merciless beating. But it is legal for the husband to have four or more wives."

In fact, the traditional Chinese female was like that. Moreover, foot binding was done to give men pleasure even though it crippled women. Women were regarded as weak and foolish; a woman without wit was the best virtue...and so on. These distorted ideas were put into man's and woman's subconscious.

Lamentably, sometimes women mistreat other women by worse methods than men. For example, quite recently an Indian-Canadian daughter neglected her social class to marry her lover who was a lower social class man. Because she had not followed the strict social code, she seriously offended the family honor. Consequently, her ultra-conservative Indian mother hired several murderers to rape and kill her daughter. However, this crazed mother was quite generous to her son no matter what rules he broke. The Indian mother was a typical woman under this kind of control.

According to Chinese tradition, a daughter perhaps would receive a lesson from her parents before she married; "You will belong to your husband starting tomorrow. This is no longer your home. Without the permission of your husband, you shouldn't casually come back here in the future. Making your husband's family happy is your major responsibility. You need to give birth to several sons for them. If you could be willing to be your husband's family's spittoon, we will be happy and satisfied." My goodness! This lesson fills me with disgust.



Recalling my daughter's wedding, first, I was supposed to splash water onto the ground. It would mean that spilt water can't be gathered up. In other words, the married daughter can't come back again. I rejected this action because my daughter is my daughter forever. Why would I want to do this nonsense? I was also expected to pick up a fan when my daughter threw it from the wedding car. This means her bad behaviors would be thrown away after she married. It was reasonable. Of course I did it.

Following the traditional path is easy because many people have walked this way. However, I liked thinking another way so that I've had many difficulties. My daughter is like her father who accepts the rules of tradition. Why did I worry about her so much?

When I was a child, my grandmother's body had been injured so badly from a fall, she couldn't lie down to sleep comfortably. She always held her tiny feet, which had been bound in childhood, to stop the pain and wailed day and night.

Between the wise man, Sun Yat-Sen, and the sage, Confucius, I would prefer Sun Yat-Sen to Confucius, because Dr. Sun released one of a series of new rules to forbid women's foot-binding when he was appointed the President of Republic of China. In contrast, Confucius had the idea that "the woman without wit is best." Now, whenever I look at a portrait of Sun Yat-Sen, I feel great regard for him. But for *The Analects of Confucius*, I have words to say. One of my books *Looking for the Direction of that Floating Raft* expresses my opinion against some of his ideas.

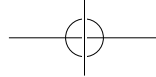
Looking back on the whole history of human culture from ancient to present times, writers like Simone de Beauvoir and Virginia Woolf

have written about the changing roles of women. Beauvoir, who is a 20th century French female writer, once complained of the injustices suffered by females in society, and she wrote a great work, *The Second Sex*. Woolf questioned, "Why are men so rich and women so poor?" She explored the lack of women's writing through out history in *A Room of One's Own*. In fact, woman's second class status was created by male control and lack of female education.

Divina Commedia by Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) describes the love of Beatrice as if Christ has been reborn in her. She has the power of judgment and knowledge to lead the human upward overcoming any obstacles. That is to say, the woman has a talent for helping human beings to escape the dangerous lions, tigers and wolves in order to reach the peaceful region.

In fact, not only the female's nature and beauty inspire human culture, but she also helps economic communities to thrive. For example, many successful businesses are driven by innumerable female secretaries; children's setbacks are relieved by their mothers' solicitude and ability to forgive them; regarding the love between men and women, women often play the role of as if they are Christ reborn, such as Greek soprano Maria Callas (1923-1977), who was married and divorced from Onassis; Zhong Taimel (1911-2008), who was the wife of Zhong Lihe, the father of Taiwanese modern literature. Both these women were very charming to their husbands no matter how badly their husbands behaved.

In the beginning, Eve was an accessory to Adam. Looking at the physiology, males have feminine hormones and females have masculine hormones. Male and female both come from a common origin; although they split up in the developing process, they don't



completely separate. For this reason, both sexes are mutually attracted so that they long to become one. However, human history seems to always like to differentiate between genders. Likewise, the earth is supposed to be an immense phenomenon, yet its vastness has been reduced by the stubborn horizon that limits our view.

There is another difference between men and women in Taiwan when it comes to inheriting property. One day a Yugoslavian who was in my Vancouver Community College class told me

“The daughter cannot inherit property because that is the custom in Taiwan.”

“How do you know?”

“I like studying history, especially Eastern culture.”

“This idea was in the early days, but many changes have taken place since then,” I responded.

Since I moved to Vancouver, I have enjoyed watching the Taiwanese news. Once, I got encouraging information from the TV screen: six daughters accused their mother of assigning the property unfairly, and the daughters brought a suit against their mother. Even though the mother was lying very weak in her sickbed, they still expressed their deep resentment in court and said, “The person who inherits the property is absolutely obligated to look after their ill mother. On the contrary, we who haven’t inherited property shouldn’t take care of her at all.”

In my case, unlike my brothers, I grew up with the concept that I wouldn’t get a share of the property. After I successfully immigrated to Canada, my third brother wanted to give me a red envelope (Hong Bao) filled with money for my new life, but I refused to accept it. He

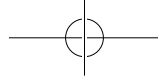
said, “This is my blessing. Besides, Dad didn’t have property to give you; he only gave it to us brothers.”

I took his Hong Bao, even though there was just over one thousand dollars, I felt anxious and uncomfortable. I was used to making money for myself. By chance, I read a short story in a Taiwanese magazine entitled “Where is the daughter’s home?” It described a married daughter who came back home to take care of her ill father. After her father died, she agreed when her brothers wanted her to give up the property. If I were her, I would feel the same way.

It was a good thing that my father-in-law hadn’t left any property to us when he passed away. We had no sibling rivalry for the property. However, there was still trouble for the daughter-in-law! For example, as a daughter-in-law, I must still meet my husband’s family obligations; otherwise, they will regard me as a bad daughter-in-law who is neglecting her duties.

On the other hand, I have discovered that Canadian girls are raised more like boys; it is just the opposite of Taiwanese views. My Vancouver Community College female ESL teacher was shocked by what she learned from us about the treatment of women in our countries and rejoiced that she is living in the right place at the right time.

I, who am a female, only ask for an equal deal with males. By this I mean that Taiwanese people need to have a concept of men and women being equal. Indeed, now that I am living in this free country, even though I know that in Canada women are on average poorer than men, I still feel a better balance between men and women than in Taiwan. This better balance between men and women is what I hope for Taiwan.



我願意做伊的倒手

Julie 是我上好的朋友，親像姐妹仔全款，阮做夥看電影、游泳、騎腳踏車、上鋼琴課……兩個性地相像，好比日頭花自然迎向太陽，路草參花草互相牽成。彼段瘡鋼琴的日子，即馬想起來猶原記憶猶新，因為阮厝無鋼琴通彈，攏要求排佇半暝仔佇老師的兜練琴，後壁無別的學生咧等候，阮就會當米糕瘍佔較濟時間練琴。

伊的厝躡佇旗後，時常走袂赴坐尾班的船。一對少女的夢，定定佇阮厝彼間六塊楊楊米頂數想，終其尾阮有一个共同的夢：有一工，阮會揣著一个誠有藝術氣質的愛人，囝兒成群會當組一个合唱團；厝的門口有小橋、流水，門口埋有一大片的草坪，會當絞滾跳芭蕾舞；倒佇樹仔腳看白雲、聽風聲鳥叫，百花環繞佇琴房，飛鳥予琴音吸牢咧……

時間親像紡絲，出業了後逐家各向家己的前途奔行。伊搬去美國 Sacramento，經過歲月的流轉，阮捌做過的夢，敢毋是攏做夥佇伊遮咧？只是命運親像一个行路人佇無月光的半暝，予人殘殘位後壁面弄來，然後叫人咬根袂使哀。一个愛琴如命的女子，煞佇伊生產的時中風，自按呢伊的倒片腳手就無法度應用自在了！

經營這座 Fair Oaks 算有著的豪宅，in 隨時歡迎我這個欣羨自然、愛好藝術、歡喜鬥嘴鼓的好友參伊分享這片我認為是天堂的所在。伊不時按呢講：

「汝若願意無閒，想欲清除瓜棚腳隨時摔落來的果子，來矣！到我的菜園來！潤土會熱情攬抱汝的雙腳，逗逗仔向汝解說暝日喘氣的奧妙。

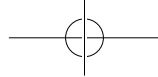
如果汝若願意放掉工課欲做白日夢，想欲予花蕊抱佇汝的手腫頭仔，來矣！到我的花園來！青翠的草坡、各種的花蕊，欲暎欲倒欲撥弄攏隨在汝。

如果妳若願意做我的倒手，佇黑白琴子之間彈來彈去，來矣！到我的琴房來！我彈正手，汝舞倒手，咱做夥來數念少女相爭彈琴的心情。」

當然我願意做伊的倒手，阮的友誼，親像生命的杯仔瀛滿鮮甜的美酒。自按呢，佇 2001 年七月天，渡過半世紀的濕氣焦燥、污染的空氣予人無精神的島嶼，且即結束幾十冬公務人員的生活，毋但 (nr-nā) 氣候閣有友情的溫度，即刻位熱帶的台灣飛過太平洋到 Sacramento (美國加州首都)，投向少女所眠夢的伊甸園所在。

暎晝了後，眠床頭加一盆白雪雪的茶花浸佇花矸內。自從來到遮，玫瑰是我每日剪裁的工課，滿四界的楓葉、橡樹、大幅大幅收集佇窗仔門內。

我腿赤腳坐佇柔軟的長毛地毯，金金看向恬靜的道路，一隻黑嘴白翅藍尾的鳥仔吱吱叫，引起我的注意，了後伊閣風摔摔飛走，這個時陣誠熟似的旋律，貝多芬「田園」交響曲，像真的、閣像咧眠夢，沓沓仔位廣播電台流洩出來。目矚四界走揣，強欲袂記得的少女願望，這個時陣雄雄走出來向我拍招呼，我深深喘一个大氣、嘴內瞞瞞講：「原來汝就是佇遮！」



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

「神經病！我原來就是佇遮啊！食飯了，叫汝幾若聲攏無愛應我。」Julie 規身軀做稽人的穿插，將大理花插佇我的梳妝台，然後向我訕笑起來：「汝咧做白日夢？」

天頂飄蕩著驚心動魄的火燒雲，園內的水滴歌唱生活的心適，長尾彭鼠規身柔軟趁佇柴牆仔頂緣，蜂鳥（Honey Bird）閒溜溜咧吮楓樹腳昨昏才湏滿的紅糖水。人間的電視台當咧播映北京申請著奧運通過歡喜的場面。奧委會表決 2008 年欲予北京主辦世界奧林匹克運動會，這證明中國已經受著世界各國的重視。改革開放致使中國經濟繁榮，加入「世界貿易組織」了後，中國愈是自由世界國際商品市場重要的一環。我這個旅遊美國的台灣人，參躑佇美國有美國籍的台灣人，觀看北京的態度是有淡薄仔無全。

「中國強大起來是我們的幸福！畢竟同是炎黃子孫，台灣這麼小能跟他統一，實在是與有榮焉。」我習慣參伊講台語，但是 Julie 雄雄對我講起華語來，我有小可袂慣勢。

「世界上有誠濟比台灣閣較小的國家攏獨立矣，這毋是大佻小的關係，是霸權參民主的問題。」我心情沉重。

「台灣在世界沒有地位是事實。」

「造成台灣無國際地位，就是所謂的同宗大中國霸道的心態所引起的。」

「畢竟同宗，到頭來還是要合。」Julie 表明。

「美國參英國本來嘛是全宗，但是美國已經獨立啊。」我嘛有我的堅持。

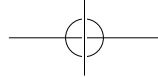
「台灣本身政黨之爭很嚴重，廠商已深根到大陸去了。」這是我好友的結論。

生命是咧追求啥物？生存的意義猶閣是啥？咱是毋是時常予誠濟莫名其妙的力量牽牢咧，致使無法度有自我反省的氣力，這敢毋是生命中的悲劇？暗暝天頂的北斗星、南十字星實在有够幸福，至少 in 知影家己的位置是佇陀位。

一寡墨西哥的園丁拍拼修剪前後埕，機器隆隆的吵聲，拍破這幢四序安靜單那流水、鳥叫、古董鐘聲的世外桃源，噪音一向是心內的惡夢，即馬聽起來竟然親像失去誠久的親情朋友。人類真正是萬物的主宰，至少花草樹木經過人的照顧才會當澎湃起來。無經過沃肥、治蟲、栽培，一蕊花、一欖樹有可能無法度大欖、赤豔，躑佇草木花蕊滿厝邊的所在，引起我有按呢的感想。

廷媿掌管前埕，Julie 掌管後埕。男人參女人辦事的方式袂當全款，親像一條直線，難免有袂拄好的時陣。雖然伊有倩幾個女傭幫忙清潔，但是經營這一大片豐富的家園背後是有代價的。想欲做自然的愛人，所以是自然的奴隸，嘛是自然的主人。我這個萬里迢迢遠方來的好友，分袂清是來攪擾抑者是來作伴。

「偉大的地球有青坡的幫贊，致使有好客的特性。」坐佇蓮池邊仔，尻脊餅靠佇榕奶樹，雙手撫挲玫瑰的花葉。早期看無這句詩的意思，現此時親像揣著源頭全款，趕緊想欲將這個發現，分享予一日到暗無閒戚戚的 Julie，比如一頓用餐的工具就有十幾種，厝內的台燈參掛燈就有一百四十盞……相信伊嘛有貧乏佻稀微的時陣，所以想講伊需要一寡日光來滋養。生活雖然無



需要像彼个美國作家梭羅（Henry David Thoreau,1817-1862）所
蹣的華爾騰湖（Walden Pond）的兩光，但是會當對撼中和。無
想著伊煞對我按呢回答：

「你們這些作家思想太複雜，我一事無成，先生說他娶了一個農夫。」

「莫按呢講，啥人會比汝較富裕？汝的囡兒尅婿攏對汝誠體貼，另外汝親手栽培的菜園、果子園、花園遮呢豐碩澎湃，另外汝閣有歸手的才調招陶畫圖……」我儘量安貼伊。

「如果不到美國，也不會變成殘廢。」伊自頭到尾攏想著伊的缺點。

「殘廢？啥人會比汝較緊腳手！昨昏位 Illinois AV 行到 America River 三點外鐘，我是恹到欲死，毋過對汝來講是小事一項，看來汝的體力比我較好。講到命運，彼是冥冥之中已經注定好好矣……」

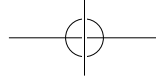
「才不相信命運！不要仗著所謂雙夫命就問心無愧。妳不是當初我所認識的人！」伊雄雄對我唱聲起來，這……欲按怎講才好！

話題轉到無全的方向，連鞭觸及阮自頭到尾無法度交集的點。春日的婚姻感受袂著冬日婚姻的寒冷；好額人定定失覺察散赤人的困境；有人慣勢予人疼惜，有人就親像毛姆（William Somerset Maugham,1874-1965）佇《人性枷鎖》中享受被虐待的樂趣。Julie 認為婚約是倫理道德的規範，但是以撒辛格（Isaac Bashevis Singer,1904-1991）認為婚約是一種過時的制度，無啥

物比愛情參契約閣較互相矛盾的代誌。若思考無赫呢平面，汝會發現任何事佻物是無絕對的，而且是一體兩面甚至是多面的。上好的物件毋是獨來獨往的，伊是相招做夥來的。

如果生活的時鐘定定停佇互相的免強對應，按呢烏暗的日子就感覺特別長了。佇半世紀晉前，阮嘛時常意見袂合。初中的時陣，全一个教室，全一塊桌仔，全一款性地做夥難免吱吱喳喳講袂煞，定定予老師 hiat 粉筆；互相換便當，攏感覺對方的較好食；有一擺相招欲去旗後食伊老母的炒米粉。相約的日子未曾到，兩個人毋知為著啥，閣陷入冷戰，啥人先開嘴就是輸。桌頂開始劃界線，椅仔愈坐愈遠，動到對方的物件親像摸著有
毒的物件，隨人趕緊歎氣揮走，表明自按呢就是欲絕交。到約定的日子，經過滾絞了後我如期赴約，見著碼頭猫描看的伊，我開始反悔為啥物我自動送就門，我連鞭反頭欲走，經過一陣的扭來扭去，我才毋甘願踏入去 in 的厝。

如今佇地球的另外一片，經過半世紀的歲月，家己一个人沿著 Kenneth 到 Miller Park，像一個受傷的孩兒佇蒼白的面容流目屎，想講為啥物我需要做別人的模型？離鄉背景干單想欲跨過時間的界線，好好享受彼个甜蜜的瞬間，但是現此時我的心誠疼。俄國導演塔可夫斯基（Andrei Tarkovsky, 1932-1986）拍「鄉愁」第一句話就是講「美麗的景色使人厭氣」，原來塔可夫斯基是患著思鄉病，親像我這個時陣的感覺。人生若像時鐘全款佇「滿佻不滿」之間，因為不滿所以去追求，得著了後閣感覺無像當初的願望，比論天星的循環運行，自頭到尾，攏咧追求彼款永遠無法度到的目標，這是人類的悲哀啊。我是咧做啥，



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

來遮予人無滿意。

做客應該親像音樂全款，愛有完全的「休止符」，才會當譜成完美的旋律。是黃昏的時刻矣，是花蕊合起來的時陣了，我應該愛有斬節，做客袂使傷久……

「阿子！」彼敢毋是做囡仔時陣，我慈愛的雙親呼叫我的小名咧？失落幾若十冬的溫暖，佇我上需要的時刻出現。斟酌看，是我的好友 Julie 咧叫我。

「原來妳跑到這裡來，害人家找了一個上午，我已準備妳最愛吃的炒米粉，院子又長出好多瓜果繁花等著妳採收！快上車，肚子餓死了。」面容紅丟丟的 Julie，雙手扶著車的方向盤、目睷溫柔和善看著我，一點仔都無受氣的款。想講伊一定揣我誠久恰辛苦，因為我有淡薄仔無歡喜已經走出來半工矣，我這個做客的人有需要大大改善一下，那會使予好友掛心咧。

準備欲提早轉去台灣的心，就 hiat 掉佇公園內。我趕緊走入去車內，親像投向母親的攬抱。

緊！生命有限，一生干單予咱幾個愛戀的日子，趕緊來收集百花，若無，花蕊就欲落土做土沙粉矣。來！好友！咱做夥來彈一首曲，汝彈正手，我彈倒手，我願意永遠做汝的倒手。

BEING HER LEFT ARM

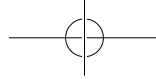
Julie is my close friend, like a sister. We do everything together, such as watching movies, swimming, riding bicycles, attending piano lessons and so on.

Having the same temperament, we seemed like the sunflower and sun reflecting each other. When we were in junior high school, we both had a strong desire to play the piano. We didn't have this large musical instrument available at home, so we asked our tutor to arrange our schedule to make us the last ones, in order to not have other students after us. That allowed us to extend our practice time.

We enjoyed the piano melodies so much that Julie often missed the last ferry back home. So she would stay at my place where we often daydreamed about finding an artistic loved one in our lives, raising children and forming a choir. And, our dream home was located near a mountain stream. Its red tiles and white walls stood out among green trees and colorful flowers, while the birds were attracted by our piano music.

Time passed quickly; we were busy with our own families and moved in different directions. Julie moved to Sacramento, California. After many years, I noticed that our dream home had appeared at her place. But she was depressed because she had a stroke while she was in labor and lost all feeling in her left arm. What infinite pain for an enthusiastic pianist!

Owning one of the gorgeous houses located on Fair Oaks Avenue,



she often invited me to visit her. She said:

“My nature-loving friend! If you like gardening, come to my vegetable garden. You can feel free to pluck a string of melon vines from the fence.

My best friend! If you dream of a relaxing holiday abroad, come to my flower garden, let the variety of flowers surround you, you can lie down on the grass as you please.

My piano buddy! If you are worried about my left arm, come to my piano room. I’ll play the right hand, you’ll play the left hand, we can together recall our good old days when we were teenagers.”

I absolutely agreed to be her left arm, as friendship is life in its fullness like a cup filled with wine. Finishing my decades-long government career in July 2001, I crossed the Pacific Ocean from Taiwan to fly to Sacramento, where not only the climate suited me, but also the warmth of my rapport with Julie.

I woke up from an afternoon nap, to find at the head of my bed one white camellia floating in a vase. After I arrived at this place, I began tending roses every day, sitting on the soft rug freethinking, staring out at the full oak trees, listening to the birds’ songs...at the right moment, Beethoven’s imaginative melody “The Countryside” flowed out from the radio. I remembered a dream from my youth that had nearly disappeared. Now I could really pick it up and feel the joyousness of my youthful fancy. My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, “Here you are.”

“What is going on? Here am I. My dear, are you daydreaming?” Julie, grasping a bundle of flowers just cut from the garden, was

teasing me.

Outside, there were varying clouds in the blue sky, gurgling waterfalls among the colorful gardens, scurrying squirrels on the white fence, mesmerizing hummingbirds upon the sweet water.. Inside, the television reported that Beijing was celebrating winning the vote to sponsor the Olympic Games in 2008 years earlier, China’s new the reform and open policy resulted in its economic boom after joining the “World Trade Organization”; therefore, China became an important free world international commodity market. I guess the view of the China situation among the Taiwanese travelers like me and Taiwanese-Americans like my dear friend Julie might be totally different. Yes, we disagreed on this issue.

“China is a big Country, while Taiwan is a small nation. So Taiwan should be greatly honored to be united with China. After all, what does it matter?” Julie said.

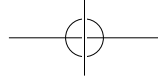
“Many countries are smaller than Taiwan, and are now independent. How big? How small? It doesn’t matter. The root of the matter is between democracy and despotism,” I said worriedly.

“But you know, Taiwan hasn’t any position in the world now,” Julie replied

“Taiwan has been isolated by the world because of Chinese imperialism. I suffer because of my country’s political situation.”

“Anyway, China and Taiwan are of the same clan. In my opinion, its better that they are unified into one nation,” Julie argued.

“America and the United Kingdom are also of the same clan. But America is an independent nation now,” I declared.



“Taiwanese political parties’ rivalries are very serious. You see, nowadays, many kinds of manufacturers are gradually moving to mainland China.” This is my good friend’s conclusion.

What is worth pursuing in life? What is the significance of survival? I feel the rustle of things behind the sadness of my heart, but I cannot see them. Look at the nighttime sky; the Big Dipper is happy, since it knows its own position in there. But what is my country’s position?

Several Mexicans were always pruning and mowing the courtyard. The lawn mower’s sound cut into this quiet paradise. The noise had been a nightmare to me, but not any more because I was now so joyful to have found my friend that I had lost for such a long time. Humanity really controls a myriad of things, such as flowers and plants which he or she can protect so that they thrive.

Julie’s husband, who is the host of their huge house, handles the front of the courtyard, while Julie, the hostess, governs the backyard. The man and the woman handle their way of doing business differently. Thus they sometimes conflict with each other. Even though they have hired a few people to clean their residence, they are busy with a lot of things. To be a lover of Nature, he or she is nature’s slave and her master too. Managing this glorious place, they have to pay the price. Whereas I am a distant friend who came from far away to enjoy the fruit without toil.

“The great earth makes herself hospitable with the help of the grass.” In the past I didn’t understand what this poetic sentiment meant. At this moment as I sat near the lotus pond, my back against a California Oak, both hands tearing a rose petal, I understood the poetic meaning and I wanted to share this wonderful feeling with

Julie but ironically, she was too busy organizing all her material possessions to listen to me. For example, she had several types of tableware, her rooms’ decorative lighting was provided by 140 lamps, and so on. I believe fulfillment must be sought through the spirit or intellect, not the body or materials.

Henry David Thoreau is the author of *Life in the Woods*. Plain living and high thinking are the main ideas of his thought system. Life, although it doesn’t need to have Thoreau’s simplicity, may be a compromise between simple and complicated styles. I tried to share my ideal with Julie. But she said:

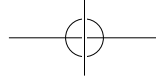
“Your writer’s contemplation is so complex that sometimes I cannot accept it. Anyway I never accomplished anything, so my husband said he married a farmwoman.”

“Don’t say that. Who is more affluent than you? Both your children and spouse are most excellent and considerate. You also have leisure time for many kinds of interests. For example you own many plants, flowers, vegetables, paintings, ceramics, etc.” I did my best to comfort her.

“If I hadn’t come to America, I wouldn’t have become a disabled person!” She has always focused on her weakness.

“Are you disabled? No, I don’t think so. Do you remember the day before yesterday? We walked from Illinois Avenue to America River in about three hours. You know, I might have died of exhaustion, but it was a piece of cake for you. Sometimes it’s hard to understand our destiny but we have to go on.”

“I don’t believe in fate! Don’t tell me about destiny - you who say



two husbands are your fate and then you have a clear conscience. You are not the person I used to know.”

We had never been able to talk about the topic of marriage because of our different ways of thinking. The contract of marriage is an old-fashioned system. Between love and contract are contradictory matters unfathomable to human beings. Everything has many sides. I think it is much better when there are many sides to one thing. I hope busy Julie, who is my intimate friend will consider this point.

A nice marriage can't imagine a bad marriage; rich people often neglect poor people; some people want to protect others, but others who like William Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* may enjoy human beings being shackled. Julie said that marriage must follow moral ethical rules, but Isaac Bashevis Singer (1904-1991) said that marriage is an obsolete system. If your mind could be broader, you would discover many things that contrast with each other but also form one body with many sides that represent diverse ideas.

If Julie and I are not able to adapt to each other, the gloomy days will appear especially long. In fact, long ago we often had those arguments. For instance, when we were in junior high school, exchanging our box lunches, we always felt what wasn't our lunch was more delicious. Thus we had a date to go to Julie's home to enjoy her mother's cooking. Unfortunately, before the date, we fell into a mutual cold war, and refusing to talk to each other at the table, we established a clear division between us.

And now, after several decades had passed, we still had the same problem of trying to be happy in another hemisphere. I kept gazing at

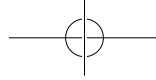
the far-away gloom of the sky, and my heart wandered wailing with the restless wind. I stayed far away from home in order to enjoy the glad rhythm of being abroad. Despite the beautiful scenes around me, I felt sad and alone. I walked along Kenneth Avenue to Miller Park, like an injured girl trying to keep the tears from staining my pale face. Why did I always have to follow Julie's way?

I left my own country to visit Julie and enjoy her company for a while, but now I was so sad. When Andrei Tarkovsky (Russian filmmaker 1932–1986) made a film *Nostalghia*, the first sentence was “The beautiful scene causes my boredom.” I didn't understand what that meant but now I understood because he was homesick like me. Life is like a pendulum that swings between being contented or discontented. We always pursue something when we are discontented, but when we get it, we are still not content. Thus we look like stars that move again and again, but we never achieve our final goal. This is the sorrow of being human.

I stayed many weeks here. Maybe I should understand that just like a series of rests in music is followed by a perfect melody, so it was time for me to take a rest from my visit with my dear friend.

“Ahtsu,” called an anxious voice from the other side of the Park. “Ahtsu” was the name for me that only family members used. I was summoned by that pet name when I was feeling weak. The lapping waves of the voice touched my heart like the warmth of my dear parents.

“I didn't know you ran here. I was looking for you all morning,” Julie said.



A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly

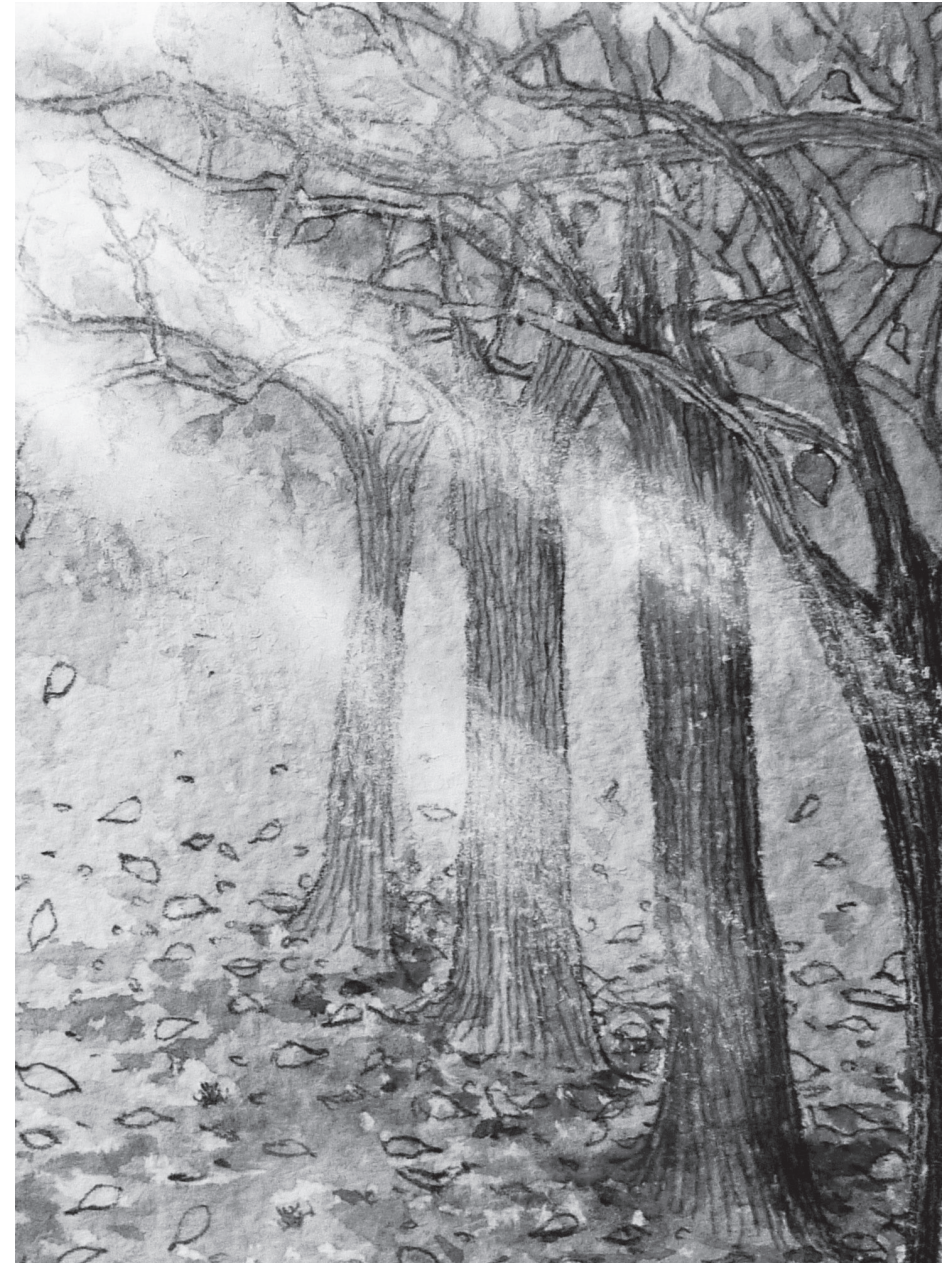
“I am so sorry...”

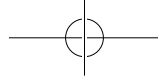
“I prepared your favorite food - fried rice noodles. Come on, I am starving.” Julie’s hand held the steering wheel as she urged me to come with her, “The backyard has many fruits and melons waiting for you to pluck them.”

I got in the car quickly, and I left my sad mood, which was leading me back to Taiwan, in the Park.

Being my piano buddy’s left arm, I flew across another hemisphere to Sacramento. Not only did we enjoy playing piano together, we also deeply appreciated the harmony of friendship. All that was harsh and dissonant in my life melted into one sweet harmony.

Yes, my dear friend, we still play the piano together – you play right hand, I play left hand. I do want to go on being your left hand forever.





尾站嘛是起站

生命的流水無時無刻咧走徙，日頭佶月光，也隨着生存的跋涉一直那轉蹓。佇彼个「無盡」的跋邊，我的心確確實實欣羨真正的歇喘。自按呢，心內就普普仔咧走揣退休了後生命的道場。

當少年時代，我散步佇音樂的園地，挽掠青葉佶花蕊的清芳，嘛捌佇曠闊寫作的海洋泗三分之一世紀。行這條文藝的路，五彩的春光、澎湃的日光、生清的秋日、寒冷的雨滴……不時佇家事參公務之外的風光明麗加分。爲著彼種沉藏佇心肝底的向望，我就用「作家」身份想欲移民去地球上適合人類倚起的所在——楓葉王國加拿大。

寫作是一種志業，欲位空囉嗦當中去挖、去歸納，位渾沌中釐清一條一條的視線，位抒情演義中淬煉出美學的感悟。這種屬創作者慧心的靈動，彼一段一段孤獨熬煉的結晶，除了暢銷排行榜的作者以外，佇台灣，有啥人會當靠寫作生活。

「寫作敢會當維持汝的生活？」聽著移民官簡捷實在的要求，我煞愣去。

「中華電信的退休金會當提供我佇加拿大的生活……」我話猶未講了，就予移民官開話頭，既然以「作家」申請移民，伊無愛聽寫作以外的話題。

「我肯定妳佇台灣音樂佶寫作的成就……」伊一面翻檔案一

面看坐佇我邊仔的尪婿當欲展出我的一堆獎牌、獎章、獎狀，閣有我創作的八本冊。

「但是佇加拿大英語世界，汝敢有法度靠寫作飼規家伙仔的腹肚？」

「有法度！」我非常自信對移民官講。平常時我的後生攏按呢講，東方人參西方人處理代誌的方式有淡薄仔無全款，所以伊灌輸予我的 well intention（意志力），我儘量發揮。

「按怎證明？」

「我會當揣出版社合作，華文佇北美的市場誠大，另外我嘛有能力教鋼琴、做社區的文化工作……」

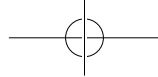
「加拿大有幾間出版社佶汝合作？」

袂當現場提出具體的合作證明，伊準備欲拒絕我的申請。即馬 peh（爬）到彼座奇妙的懸山的時，一陣寒風阻擋我的跋涉，肉體堅凍但是意志力繼續勇敢拚勢向前行。有人捌對我講：「有一个蘇俄的音樂家順利通過移民，就是佇 interview 的時，伊對未來充滿信心佶向望爾爾。」是呀，我袂使予這陣冷風掃倒，我的日頭需要位家己的身軀來走揣。我一向袂放揀（sak）拍拼過的代誌，我講：

「敢有機會予我後補資料？」

移民官恬恬思考三、四秒了後答應我的要求。我踏著沉重閣抱著一絲絲仔希望，跋步行出 interview 的辦公室。

佇邊仔的人悲觀按呢講，這是移民官咧刁難，因爲我無可能佇一個月以內跔生疏的國外揣著適合的出版社符合伊的要求。



山飄佇虛無，海泓佇波浪，帶著飄飄浮浮的心躡入離機場無
諾遠的瑞迪森大飯店（Radisson President Hotel）。外觀的圓形
象徵圓滿，好親像箍著蒼穹所有的祝福。中埕雙魚耍水鯉躍龍
門的後壁，吐出日月光華回應另外一個空杯，一吐一收的循環
創造「統一加拿大集團」多樣化的經營。李安邦總裁佇台灣鹽
水大漢，大學畢業了後來到加拿大創造奇蹟，也成就台灣人的
榮輝。儒者氣質的伊，事業做大四界走從，拄位多倫多轉來溫
哥華，熱情歡迎全款是「飯店」事業的我的後生。伊一知影我
的遭遇，隨提我的經歷佢冊起來讀，然後氣怱怱（phut-phut）講：

「加拿大咁會使拒絕遮爾優秀的台灣人，移民官真正是無目
矚。我來想辦法，另外我的好朋友佇新力出版社，他嘛會當助
一臂之力。免煩惱，好代誌總是厚拖磨。」

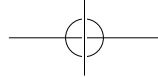
日頭拄仔佇伊的出現昇起，希望就按呢添滿我的空杯仔。加
拿大的好風好水吸引我勇敢向前，假使講我佢這塊土地是一個
大機緣，按呢佢李安邦總裁相遇就是一個大奇蹟。三個月後我
提著加拿大永久居留資格（Permanent Resident of Canada）。這
世人行來親像集中佇這刻的出現。生活本底就無簡單，就共生
命投資佇美好的代誌吧！

美好的開始是舊的延長，也是新挑戰的起磅。生活實務佢生
命追求有互相的矛盾佢衝突。離離砢砢的食穿囔行，一旦失去
原底慣勢的組織，會英雄發現家己原來是遮爾低路。當然這愛
怪厝裡的人平常時毋予我傷操勞，連去菜市仔嘛無我的份。總
講一句是別人的毋對，害我傷好命，一睷頭無法度來適應彎彎
幹幹的新路草。

閣來，欲按怎佇舊習慣佢新起點的文化中掠著平衡，這是一
個大課題。代先就佇 Lougheed Mall 的 Goldleaf 花店被拍敗。愛
花的人見若看著花就像蝴蝶攏愛共摸一下，毋過這擺不得了啊，
我只是輕輕仔摸，架仔頂規個花瓶若鱸鰻的屍體，強押驚人的
魂魄崩落來，流瀉滿四界的破碎。花店的薪勞用廣東話開喙就
講愛「賠」，無一點仔憐憫。伊關心的是損失，毋是顧客的安全，
我除了著青驚，跣趾頭仔閣咧痛。為著化解伊的歹面腔佢表示
敢做敢擔當，隨付予伊開的包括稅金的數單，親像走路全款衝
出花店。但是愈想愈毋對，第一，我既然付錢，彼盆花應該屬
於我的；第二，花店本身嘛愛負無將花盆囡好勢的責任。我欲
討回公道，只是公道無討成，顛倒叫警察將我親像犯人咧問口
供，這是啥物世界？據在目矚前的風日晴和佢百花齊放，我舉
頭思念起太平洋彼片遙遠的故鄉……

我的琴弦是新調的，若像矛頭懸閣尖的新音，滑落眼前無數
葉頂的露珠、柔風的神韻、湖墘的月光、雲霞的色緻……放袂
落以早舊有的曲調，因為有牽纏所以彈出來的新曲，按怎都袂
當佢星月濫摻散發出合耳的和鳴。就算看著台灣親友來相揣的
機票，我會親像小漢囡仔揣無轉去的路草。閣再講，毋知宇宙
彼片的雙親敢會慣勢我徒走他鄉，in 敢知影欲按怎揣著 in 的查
某团。敢講這是漂流（Diaspora）的第一站心情？

離散的猶太人（Diaspora）延伸出來有一種叫作「漂流文學
Writing Diasporas」，是近年來學術界討論的議題。全世界各地
攏有因為國籍變換，造成身份認知的困擾。藝術的本質往往對
現有的體制不滿，深度靈視抵抗的心路敢是一種漂流？人類生



存的原動力等待果陀，精神恰肉體同時咧等待，佇漂流中等待果陀。

法蘭茲·卡夫卡 (Franz Kafka, 1883-1924)，20 世紀知名作家，德籍猶太人，伊的作品上會當代表漂流心聲。〈變形記〉講著人若一旦失去趁錢的才調，就失去生存的條件，就算親生父母也連鞭變成生份人，這暗藏對資本社會的一種抵抗；〈城堡〉象徵一个虛幻的混亂世界，恰掠袂著的現實，人的心一直漂流、搖搖擺擺，其實漂流文學存在佇古早恰現在。台灣鍾理和的〈原鄉人〉和吳濁流的〈亞細亞孤兒〉，也是漂流的具體呈現。伊無法度成做日本人，嘛被排除佇中國之外，伊到底是佗位的人？台灣族群恰國家認同產生強烈的衝突。

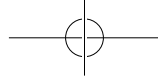
第七屆海外華文女作家會議，2002 年初秋到加拿大佇「瑞迪森大飯店」舉行，彼个湏滿我幸運之杯的所在，以「漂流文學」為主題恰各國學者專家，探討移民對話恰精神原鄉的相對位置。飯店主人李總裁，毋但熱情款待這陣位遙遠的世界來的各國文學者，閣特別番咐別人愛照顧我這個當致著「思鄉病」的新異鄉人。攬著友情的愛顧恰一粒永遠袂褪色的好奇參學習的心，漸漸穩定舊恰新的過渡。

猶太人就是因為被納粹極力迫害所以積極建國，無者像德國籍的猶太思想家漢娜鄂蘭 (Hannah Arendt, 1906-1975) 講的：「猶太人會使做世界公民同時承認家己的祖籍並無衝突。」而且豐沛的閱歷甚至加強藝術的厚度，這時陣無所謂 Diaspora (漂流) 矣。是啊，自古到今攏有這款的邏輯，重新開始，人就有新生，每一个新生攏是一个開始，每一个人攏會使重新開始。

有一年秋末去亞當河 (Adams River) 觀賞紅鮭 (Sockeye Salmon) 四年一擺的生死祭典。「重生」原來會當按呢壯烈無悔。楓葉仔佇深秋變色，紅鮭魚守護卵群的新生，等待家己的死亡。水底分解生恰死，魚的屍體滿四界滋養孵化的魚栽，舊死佇新生中融和。起站也是尾站，尾站也是起站，黃昏的暮色親像黎明的早光。

恬靜的暗暝親像投入母親的胸坎，鬧熱的日時若像囡仔時的活潑，我漸漸習慣應用每一个時節，暗暗仔感覺未來會比現在較好，嘛堅持一貫的理念：「你會使做任何你想欲做的代誌，只要你真心想欲做。You can do whatever you want to do if you really want to do it.」我加入大地每一片的楓仔葉，快樂走跳佇寬闊綿長的大地。我的新厝就佇中央公園 (Central Park) 邊仔，二十一樓的視野，人間是會當遮爾適舒感應地球每分每秒的律動。空氣、日頭、日出、落山、雪景、湖光、山霧、月娘……就佇門跤口，親像隨時伸手就掠會著。早期厝裡的人猶未來，後生的朋友 Robert 寫批予佇台灣貓貓看的親人：「汝老母即馬佇現實的天堂裡，自立性強，英文也進步神速，免掛慮！」以早被 English Bay 風水牽引來橫渡太平洋，到每一个季節攏使人驚喜恰愛戀的北美國度。

溫哥華秋色這世人第一擺接觸，我真真實實惹佇燦黃橙紅墨綠的每一幅畫中。一季的詩情才會當孵成的楓紅，有四季畫作內底上豔麗的光輝，伊用開放筆觸描寫大自然的祕密恰情景。台灣詩人錦連的詩〈邂逅〉全時恰我的閒雲野鶴相互輝映：這欸風景確實真面熟，位我相著 Patterson 這間新厝的時陣，絕對



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

者所主宰的這偉大的永久，彼種出現的相遇瞬間，雄雄引起我不可思議的前世記憶。行佇雨絲仔伶續紛落葉織成的網裡，奚幽微熟似的情境，親像前世俗今生的相會，神明的意志所建立的這種敬畏的平和，這時陣若無用全心靈去讚頌，是欲等待甲底時咧？

Skytrain 是每工上課的交通工具，鐵枝路上金銀光輝交接，若像映出過往通學消失的青春。十六歲的手，揹著重重的冊包，位高雄坐火車到屏東女中；現此時六十幾歲的手捧著重重的英文課本，呼出的暖氣，迴過冷利的空氣，轉化作柔柔輕煙。無全的時間磅空，卻有全款的目標。倚佇晚年的月台回想求學過程，大學教育佇半工半讀當中八冬才完成，親像規世人攏咧做學生。即馬，欲閣注意初冬黎明草埔仔頂的霜凍，就算白雪飄飄降落，日時將欲變短，我嘛會行過厚雪的林道，繼續試探未來。現此時，感覺家已佇另外一个國度，當一步一步實現以早猶未完成的夢。

睏佇溫暖四序的席夢思，地球彼頭的電話傳來孫仔 inn-inn onn-onn 學講話的喝叫：「阿媽！汝佇佗位？我足想汝矣……」電話邊雜濫著查某罔細聲引導的叮嚀。我隨躡起來，窗仔外早陽初昇，拄好是另外一个半球暗暝的落款。我敢是放掉某一寡珍貴的部份佇今生，抑是當咧延續前世某一寡殘留的願望。流水「無盡」，生命到底佗一頭是起站？佗一頭是尾站？

THE END AS WELL AS THE BEGINNING

The movement of life comes to rest in its own music. In my case, in my youth, not only did I take a long walk through musical forests as I played the piano, joined a chorus, etc, but I also braved all the hardships in the vast sea of writing for a third of a century. A series of dawns, dewdrops, currents of water, pink clouds, bright days and dark nights infused my free time as I rested from business and household duties.

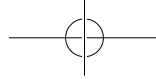
Now as I age, I want to carry into my world something that flourishes rather than fades away. Thus I decided as a writer to immigrate to the maple kingdom of Canada, one of the most suitable places for living on earth as I began my retirement.

Creative writing results in a series of lifelong struggles. In other words, let's face it, writing is loneliness, writing is hell. In fact, writing demands the excavation of something from nothing, but also the build up from bare feelings to expressing a good knowledge of esthetics. Unfortunately this kind of work often does not support one's family in Taiwan unless you are the author of best-selling books.

I was so shocked when the Canadian immigration officer asked me a question.

“You are a writer. Does your work support yourself and your family?”

“I have a pension from the Telecommunication Company of



Taiwan.” The officer interrupted me. She didn’t want to listen to another topic, other than my writing, because I applied as a writer to immigrate to this beautiful country.

“Even though I affirm your musical and writing achievement in Taiwan, I wonder whether you can depend on writing in the Canadian English world to support yourself and your family.” She kept glancing at my husband at the same time as he opened a box full of my varied medals and my eight books to show her my accomplishments.

“I will,” I firmly responded to her question, because my son at all times instills the idea of keeping intention in my mind as I display it.

“How can you prove it?”

“Not only can I ask for any publisher to work with me, I can also teach the piano and improve the community culture.”

“How many Canadian publishers will work with you?”

Seeing no powerful proof, she was ready to reject my application for immigration.

The purpose of my immigration was to pursue a great future. However, when I almost reached that fantastic peak, suddenly a chilly wind prevented me from continuing on my way. But, although I was physically frozen, my spirit moved forward with courage. At this moment, I seemed to hear a strong voice from the past telling me, “Once a Russian musician succeeded in an immigration interview just through his confidence and hope.”

Yes. I couldn’t be argued down from seeking my hopeful way. In fact, I never give up once I diligently track down a goal. Therefore,

I sincerely asked her, “Could you please give me an opportunity to negotiate a contract with a Canadian publisher?”

She pondered my request for a couple of minutes, and then she said, “All right, I’ll give you one month to do it.” I was treading water with heavy feet but cherishing hope as I left the interview office.

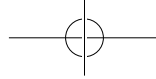
After the interview, the interpreter pessimistically thought that the officer had required something very difficult of me, because I wouldn’t be able to find any publisher to publish my work in only one month in an unfamiliar foreign country. After that we went to Vancouver to look for help.

That night there was a stir among the maple leaves, a swell in the sea. Under an unknown sky in my unsettled mood, I checked into the Radisson President Hotel near Vancouver Airport. The hotel owner, Jack Lee, had grown up in Taiwan. Finishing his undergraduate degree, he immigrated to Canada, and then created the business “President Canada Group.” He not only accomplished a miracle in Canada, but also achieved a lot on behalf of all Taiwanese people. Hearing about the outcome of my interview, he was filled with righteous indignation.

“How could Canada reject you? You who are such an outstanding Taiwanese? Don’t worry! Let me help you,” he said.

Jack Lee brought sunshine into my immigration to Canada. His support was hope in its fullness like a cup of fine wine.

I desired to move to Canada because it is such a wonderful country. What can I say about the twin miracles of first finding this beautiful



land and then meeting Jack Lee? After three months, I got Permanent Resident status in Canada. Then my life seemed to be nothing but waiting for the arrival of the moment when I could become a Canadian. Although life at this time was often hard and uneasy, I still enjoyed the delights of life in my dream country. I was full of the joys of spring.

However, the beginning of my new life became a struggle between letting go of the extensive old time in Taiwan and confronting challenges in Canada. Indeed, there is an irreconcilable conflict between daily pursuits and life-long pursuits. Entering a different culture with new values, new expectations and new – or at least different – communication styles can certainly create conflict and confusion. This is the so-called “culture shock” that immigrants have to overcome. Learning how to survive in a new culture was a big job for me.

First of all, I had a bad setback in Lougheed Mall Goldleaf Flower Shop. I am a flower addict. When I saw the flower it was like the meeting of fish and water. I was deeply smelling a lovely flower arrangement and lightly touching it in this flower shop. Suddenly, the flower pot broke to pieces when it fell on my feet. I was shocked and my feet were injured as well. At this moment, I heard a sound from the shop owner; in a Guangdong accent, she said, “You must pay the price to compensate for the damage.” It seemed that she only cared about the money rather than her customer’s injuries. In order to melt her knitting brow, I quickly paid the bill. I kept quiet and swallowed the insults. I felt like a criminal fleeing the flower shop.

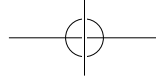
However, later I couldn’t stop thinking about the incident. There

was something unfair about it to me. First, since I paid for it, that potted flower was supposed to belong to me. Secondly, they also had some responsibility to customers for careless placement of their flowers. I went back to argue with the shop owner. Unfortunately, not only did I not get the justice I asked for, but they called the police who treated me like a prisoner they had the right to interrogate. What kind of world is this? I heard the rustle of things behind my sadness of heart. I held back my tears as much as I could. Even though glorious scenery surrounded my eyes, I looked into the distance at a mountain as I longed for my dear homeland across the Pacific Ocean.

I was a newcomer in this country. In fact, newcomers frequently experience difficulties becoming integrated into their community and fitting in. Everything feels unsettled. For instance, in the past, I was both a supervisor in an office and a literature tutor at school. I used to be responsible for a myriad of co-workers and students. Now, all that had changed. I was no longer in a position where I made decisions about my job and school. Moreover, I was worried about my parents, who rest in Heaven, and what they thought about my immigration to a new country.

Cheerless was the day, the light under frowning clouds was like a punished child with traces of tears on its pale cheeks, and the cry of the wind was like the cry of a wounded world, even though I knew I was living in my favorite country. Where is all my energy going? Is this the first stage of the “diaspora?” Due to immigration, many people in the world are confused about their conflict between their identification with their new country and their old nationality.

Let’s look at “diaspora”. To begin with, the term “diaspora” is used



to refer to any people or ethnic population forced or induced to leave their traditional ethnic homelands and be dispersed throughout other parts of the world, with the ensuing problematic developments in their dispersal and culture.

The artistic essence is the expression of resistance and discontent with the existing system. In my opinion, it is one kind of diaspora. For example, Franz Kafka, was a well-known Jewish-German writer in the twentieth century. Some of his work presents a kind of diaspora. His famous work “Die Verwandlung” demonstrates that when a person loses the ability to make money, he not only loses his ability to survive, but even his dear parents look at him like a stranger. Kafka’s words had a hidden meaning that was one kind of resistance to capitalist society.

Actually, literature inspired by diaspora can be found throughout history and in every country. For instance, Wu Cho-Liu was a Taiwanese writer, in whose work *The Orphan of Asia* diaspora was specifically present. Taiwan was neither Japanese nor Chinese. What was its nationality? Because of this loss of identity the Taiwanese and the national government often clashed with each other.

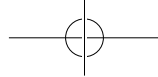
Because of the current dispersal of ethnic populations throughout the world, writing about “diaspora” is a subject of great interest to the academic world. With the main topic of “Writing Diaspora”, the 2002 conference of the Overseas Chinese Women Writers’ Association took place in the Vancouver Radisson President Hotel where I happened to be staying when I entered Canada. The Hotel owner, Jack Lee, not only courteously welcomed the literary group from diverse faraway countries, but he also wanted them to look after

me, a struggling homesick newcomer.

It is true; not only do I benefit from supportive friendships, but I also have a curiosity that keeps me pursuing my studies, such as studying English, creative writing and learning other new things. Gradually, I was able to reconcile the loss of my old life in Taiwan with the gift of my new life in Canada. Similarly, but in a more extreme situation, after being persecuted by Nazis in Europe, the Jewish people established new lives in their own nation. Thus there is a saying from Hannah Arendt, who was a Judean philosopher, “As well as becoming world citizens, the Jews can also stay loyal to their home country. There is no conflict between them.” Indeed, a great diversity of views can give rise to a well-done article about art; thus in such a situation the so-called diaspora doesn’t matter.

Being cut off from one’s own familiar land and being faced with a new culture is like being up a creek without a paddle. However, it can be a blessing in disguise. In spite of many frustrations, living in a new culture can help one better understand oneself, which leads to a better understanding of others. In this way, after immigrants have overcome their difficulties, they can learn to enjoy and to appreciate the diversity of people. Each one was born a helpless infant; one’s power is the power of growth. The point is making a fresh beginning; then the person has a new life. Having a new life, then the person has a new beginning.

As autumn approached, we went to Adams River to see the sockeye salmon’s ceremony of both birth and death once every four years. What a heroically magnificent sight rebirth is! Look! Maple leaves splendidly change color in the late autumn; the aged salmon



heroically protect their groups of eggs until their babies' births and then they wait for death; the river bed decomposition lives with death; the aging corpses nourish the juvenile fish; the old life melts into the new life. Yes, the dusk of the evening looks like the dawn of the morning. Likewise, the beginning is the end. The end is the beginning.

Blessedly, I gradually adapted to every season in my new country. I now believe my future will be much better than before. I have a motto, "I can do whatever I want to do, if I really want to do it."

There are tracts in my life that are curious and quiet. They are the open spaces where my creative days have both light and air. My new home is set near Central Park in Burnaby. The high-rise building provides a series of wonderful sights from my window - sunrise, sunset, moonlight, snow fall, light reflected on a nearby lake. I seem to be able to grasp all of the moments on the earth. Moreover, buying this new home, I felt like I was going back to meet my former days of life; walking in the fine rain, I seemed to be moving through a very familiar environment. It's as if a déjà vu of my previous life and my new life are meeting. As if the words of Taiwanese poet Jin Lian's poem "Meeting by Chance" and my past and present situation brought out the best in each other.

I used to take the skytrain to school every day. I sat on the train and gazed out the window. It seemed that time was interlocking with former days of my youth when I was sixteen years old and carrying heavy books to school from Kaohsiung to Bingdong. And now I was sixty years old, but I still carried heavy books to Vancouver Community College to study English. The different time tunnel

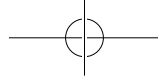
had a common goal. Now I didn't care how thick the snow was and how chilly the weather, I was still bravely advancing step by step to explore my future in another country.

Now I am satisfied that my dream has come true, and enjoy each moment as a new being. However, one night when I was sleeping, the telephone suddenly rang. I picked up the receiver. My five-year-old grandson called me from Taiwan. He babbled, "Grandma! Where are you?"

"My dear, how are you?" I threw off the blanket and sat up straight

"I am missing you." I could hear my daughter in the background encouraging his message.

Outside the window it is the beginning of dawn rising. In another hemisphere Taiwan begins the night. Am I leaving behind some precious parts of my life in Taiwan, abandoning a previous life with unfinished duties by moving to Canada? Running water is always inexhaustible. In life, which side is the beginning or the end?



了解家已佇時空中的所在

自細漢就是一个閉思無愛講話的人，但是愛烏白想，講較文雅的就是「多愁善感」。會記得兄哥 in 時常向父母投，講小妹是一个陰陽怪氣的人，愛好好管教才會使。佳哉我恰意音樂，到高中時代正式拜師學藝，就按呢，鋼琴陪伴我渡過風風雨雨的歲月。因為音符侵入，頭殼內花哩囉的物件就予旋律趕出來。學琴的囡仔袂變歹，大概我嘛是其中的一例！

了後無考著音樂系，煞考著電信局，大學的教育就佇半工半讀中完成，續落來，人生必須經過的結婚生囡，自按呢，慢慢減少對鋼琴的狂熱。學琴愛有時間練，無著絕對退步，閣再講鋼琴無可能帶佇身軀邊，「想欲練閣袂當練」是誠苦惱的代誌，所以興趣慢慢轉移到寫作。寫作，干單一支筆，就會當隨時自由自在揮寫，不但予心靈充實，同時嘛予多愁善感加一項疏通的管道。音樂方面就交予下一代，查某囡主修大提琴，後生主修小提琴，三不五時阮三个人會當來一曲三重奏，這款母囡互相佇旋律中走揣和鳴，是我上快樂的時陣。

為啥物我按呢綿死綿爛咧走揣「趣味」呢？主要是心內定定有一種理念，「人活咧並毋是干單為著生存爾爾，伊是愛不斷去追求生命的理想」。雖然理想無一定會有結果，不而過，追求的過程中，可能會有一段一段小小的驚喜恰收成。金錢雖然重要，但是培養趣味會當予人生閣較充實快樂，這是一種誠珍

貴的財富。

位對音樂的趣味，到對寫作的投入，其中的鹹酸苦澀，不但豐富內心的感覺，嘛曠闊我生活的體驗。會當按呢講，欣賞文藝抑是創作文藝，是一種追求理想的路途矣。得著 1968 諾貝爾文學獎的川端康成（1899-1972）嘛按呢講：「欲予現實生活過著有意義，只有創作。」

感情是一切文藝的源頭，天下間所有的有情人，注定攏愛受著痛苦的折磨，在痛苦的熬煉之下，有一種暗湧佇心肝底的亂流。如果表現佇外口的，就是有話欲講，話講會出來，這敢會就是化解痛苦的祕方矣！藝術是藝術家面對生活的壓力、承受生命苦楚了後所產生的詩譜。寫作是艱苦的心路歷程，生命的成長，原本就是生活的歷練，會當面對人生困境的挑戰，這就是寫作的收成。任何痛苦的經驗，對寫作者攏是有報償的。

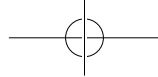
行佇這條寫作的路上已經有幾十年矣，位每一本冊的出版到每一遍的得獎，上界予我感覺歡喜的代誌，就是讀者的共鳴，續落來，閣濟少有影響的效果。會記得彼日是半暝，佇台北讀冊的後生拍電話轉來高雄，伊講：「媽！參我全宿舍的一个同學準備欲搬轉去恰父母做夥躑。」

「為啥物？」我自然的反應。

「因為予汝彼本《愛的心弦》感動著，伊原本一直嫌父母的囉嗦，即馬看了汝的冊，伊感覺親情的可貴。」

這款的回應，比聽著得獎的消息，閣較使人歡喜滿足。

有記者捌問過，寫作是毋是有使命感？寫遮呢濟冬，猶無想



一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

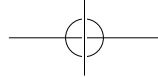
過有嗰物使命感，干單有感覺人類千古袂滅的感情，一直若咧主宰咱逐家的生活。位親情、友情到愛情，自頭到尾攏是人性底層上滾絞的工課。遮个記錄生命過程的作品，上重要的，就是予家已了解佇時空中的某一个位置。向望對文藝的綿死綿爛，會當繼續投映佇這個人性的世間。

UNDERSTANDING MY POSITION IN TIME AND SPACE

Ever since childhood, I have been an introvert. I don't like talking, but I do like to imagine. To put it simply, I am sentimental. I remember that my brother told my parents that the way I spoke was strange and mysterious. He asked them to teach me well and to watch me carefully in every activity. However, I didn't take piano lessons until senior high school. The piano accompanied me through many days of wind and storm. When my mind was full of musical notes, there was no room for bad things. We have a saying, "Children who learn to play the piano will not be bad." Probably I exemplified this saying.

It turned out that I was not able to study music at university. Instead, I went to work in the telecommunications department of the Taiwan government. However, I finally completed an undergraduate degree in humanities on a part-time basis. Not only did I have little time to practice the piano, but a piano is not very portable. Sometimes I wanted to practice when there was no piano available. This was very painful for me.

Gradually, my interest turned to writing which only requires a pen. Now I was free to travel the world while I pursued my growing interest in writing. Writing not only enriched my heart and soul, but it gave my sentimentality another means of expression. As for my love of music, it was passed on to my children. My daughter majored in the cello while my son took up the violin. Occasionally the three of



us play together: making music with my children is such a treat.

What pushed me to cultivate a different hobby? It was because of my strong belief that humans don't exist simply to survive, but to pursue eternal ideals. As you say in English: "Man does not live by bread alone." Although ideals don't guarantee results, perhaps pursuing them will yield a few surprises and even some achievements. Money is important, of course. But hobbies bring fun to busy human lives. Moreover, pursuing a hobby, we have total control over it; unlike our relations with family, lovers or friends, it gives us something that is totally ours to create or change. To my mind, this is a kind of wealth.

For me, the process of turning from musical notes to the pen was full of sour, sweet, bitter and spicy tastes. While I have found spirituality to be enriching, my life experience has also been very fruitful. I can now say that for me, my love of literature and the arts was my way of attaining certain ideals. Winning the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1968, Japanese writer Yasunari Kawabata (1899-1972) claimed, "Creative Writing is one of the most important things in life."

Undoubtedly emotion is the source of all literature and arts. All the lovers of the world are doomed to suffer. Underneath the painful suffering, there is a creative energy deep in the heart. If it is expressed externally, isn't it an expression of pain? A famous Taiwanese writer, once said, "Literature is a symbol of spiritual depression." This metaphor is very appropriate. All the arts create a musical note that elevates all that we suffer in life.

Writing is hard, painful work. Growth in life is facing tests of life.

To confront the challenges of a writer's life is a great achievement. Besides, if you think in terms of success, you are much more likely to reach it. To a writer, any painful experience will reap rewards. It has been several decades since I started down this road. From publishing my first book to receiving various awards took a long time, but the best reward for me is eliciting responses from my readers. I remember one night my son, who was studying in Taipei, gave me a call.

"Mom, my roommate is going to move back in with his parents," he said.

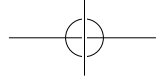
"Why?" I asked.

"Just because of your book, *Heart of Love*. It touched him deeply! Originally, he rejected his parents' wishes, but after reading your book, he suddenly realized the value of parental love."

This was much more gratifying to me than hearing I had received an award.

Thus, while I was passing through the crowd walking along the hard road of life, I saw someone smile from a balcony and I sang and forgot all my troubles.

Once a reporter asked me if writing was my mission. I have been writing for many years, but the thought of a mission never crossed my mind. I just think that emotion is inextinguishable and that it controls our lives. From parental love, romantic love and love between friends, it's the most basic of human instincts. My writing simply records life. The most important thing for me is to understand my position in time and space. At the same time, I hope that my

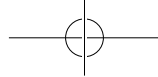


A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly

pursuit of literature and arts can in some small way reflect human nature.

【後記】





心內永遠的故鄉

蘇倩瑩

2005年7月到台北聽母親李秀佇「北台灣文學研習營」的演講，驚覺伊這幾冬來對文學的努力恰探究。伊有一種特別的氣質（應該講是明星的架勢）參伊發出內心的真誠，深深吸引在場的聽眾，是一遍成功的演講。了後母親轉去溫哥華，伊的逐个表情恰笑聲煞變成我佇台灣數念依持的重心。

我的童年是幸福恰快樂！學土木工程的老爸按呢講，伊足想欲請老母教伊彈琴，毋過母親規粒心攏囡佇阮的身軀頂。位我猶閣佇搖笳內、嘴閣咧吮奶嘴仔時陣，著定定予伊抱佇手抱心聽伊咧彈奏。等待我的手指頭小可會當捏琴，就予伊教唱 Do Re Mi。到童年的時期，我恰小弟已經會當分別聽出伊彈 Mozart Sonata 三不五時毋著的音；到野外郊遊，我和小弟時常耍著流水、鳥叫、喇叭聲……屬於啥物調的遊戲。阮的音感才情是位母親有身時就培養起來矣。我知影伊上快樂的時陣就是恰阮做夥鬥陣合奏：我扭大提琴，小弟主奏小提琴，伊伴奏鋼琴。伊甚至捌講過，有一工伊若欲離開這個世間，上向望的聲音，就是我和小弟所彈奏的琴聲。

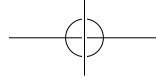
1994年我佇 Boston Conservatory 讀冊期間，伊位台灣飛到美國東岸揣我，一見面就規定——English Only。散步佇查爾士河壩，阮一直那用英文講話，啥物人打破規則就愛處罰。結果攏是我罰請食 ice cream，佇零下十五冷度的氣候。伊捌講過，一

个人扮演啥物角色就愛成彼款的樣，比如講，我即馬佇美國讀冊，當然嘛攏愛用著英文。平常時伊足會曉利用時間，無論是看冊抑著分別物件的真實，這欵研究的精神是我永遠學習的模範。雖然伊佇別人的眼中是急性恰無耐性，毋過伊予阮的愛恰學習的環境，永遠袂偷工減料。到現在我提起教鞭面對狡怪的國中生，特別感念母親佇阮學習的階段中，所投入的韌力恰用心。

現實的人生，結婚恰工作共我揉來到台中，母親參父親移居去加拿大，阮就足少機會做夥。伊的腳跡恰佇溫哥華學院拍拼讀冊的過程，雖然我無法度親身參與，但是位小弟的批信當中會當了解。

這條牽引著親情的線雖然赫爾迢遠，但是母親是我心內永遠的故鄉。

——寫佇台灣台中



FOREVER MISSING MY FORMER NEST

by Su Chien-Yin

In July 2005, I went to Taipei to listen to a speech by my mother Louise in The Literature Camp of North Taiwan. I could see that her remarkable achievement stems from her diligent work in the field of literature which she has researched for a long time. I was very impressed by her special style of speaking that makes her seem like a great actor to me. Moreover, she is a sincere teacher who abounds in knowledge. It was a successful lecture. I am proud of her accomplishments. After that, I missed everything about her when she returned to Vancouver.

My childhood was full of joy. According to my engineer father he wanted mother to teach him to play the piano, but mother's focus was always on me and my brother. When I was an infant, I was hugged in her arms listening to her as she played the piano. As she guided my fingers on the keyboard I was taught to sing Do Re Mi.

When we were adolescents, my younger brother and I could distinctly hear our mother's wrong notes while she played the Mozart Sonata. Visiting the countryside, we often played a game that challenged us to recognize the notes of running water, bird songs, sounds of insects, and so on. I wonder if our skills with sounds came from being exposed to music even before we were born. I do know that the three of us playing together is such a treat for our mother: I play the cello, my brother plays the violin, and she accompanies us on the piano. Moreover, she has one wish that when she leaves this

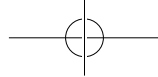
world the last sound she hears will be us playing for her.

When I was studying at Boston Conservatory in 1994, she traveled from Taiwan to visit me. After she landed at the airport, she immediately required a "English only" game: We must speak only English, no Taiwanese. Later when we were walking along the Charles River, I was punished by having to eat ice cream in minus 15 degree Fahrenheit cold, because I broke the rule. She really is a person who never feels tired when learning or inquiring about the truth of things. Her goal is to catch up to me.

Even though she is a quick-tempered woman, she is very patient with our mischievous behavior and pays more attention to our learning environment. Now I am a teacher at a junior high school. Facing a group of unruly students, I deeply appreciate what she gave us - careful consideration of everything whether trivial or important.

In my life, both marriage and work resulted in my moving to central Taiwan, while Mama moved to Canada after she retired. Although I am unable to rejoin my mother in Canada, I know her whereabouts and how she is doing in English studies from my brother who also moved to Vancouver. Mother is like the music of the far-away home that flutters around my heart as if forever seeking its former nest.

—Written in Taichung in 2005



我是母親予我上大的資產

蘇恩聖

佇 2005 年 4 月綴教授佢同學到捷克布拉格做一禮拜的訪問參考。彼當時我沓沓留連佇莫爾島 (Vltava) 河墘，哼唱著 Bedrich Smetana 「我的祖國」 (Ma Valst) 的旋律，熱血中對古典樂音的滾絞，雄雄使我領悟到：「母親李秀予我上大的資產，毋是錢財，毋是物質，是一種我對人文藝術的欣賞佢感動力。」

我的音樂教育是位母親有身就開始，續落來抑袂到五歲的時，我就無選擇的餘地予伊安排第一節的小提琴課。幾冬來放捺幾若遍，但是雙手總是予心中釘根真深的音樂波浪喊喝重新閣提起琴佢弓。以前，位台灣到英國，位瑞士到加拿大，位音樂主修到飯店管理，到目前佇維多利亞大學 (University of Victoria) 攻讀 MBA 的教室內，小提琴一直陪伴佇我的身軀邊。雖然音樂已經毋是我的「主修」，但是由台北亞都麗緻飯店的音樂欣賞社，到帶領位世界各地來加拿大維多利亞大學讀企管碩士班的同學進入音樂廳，「我的興趣」已經變成「逐家的興趣」矣。

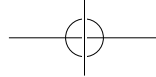
自細漢就感覺母親是一位敏感、脾氣無穩定、多才多藝而且企圖心真強的人，今年三十幾歲的我看著家己，想起當年細漢看著三十幾歲的伊，感覺家己佢伊實在有夠相全，除了脾氣無穩這點以外。伊六十幾歲，提著十斤冊包到溫哥華上嚴格的

Vancouver Community College 上課。有一工，我經過伊的教授的允准到教室旁聽，才發覺伊的同學攏比我較少年，聽 in 讀著艱深的英文創作課程，觀察伊和老師同學的互動，才發現伊並無予逐家知影伊的年歲。這也予我想著我拄開始嘛無予 MBA 同學知影我的音樂背景全款，原因是無想欲予教授同學知影了後，用較鬆的標準來評定我這個主修音樂、飯店管理的統計學、財務管理、企業策略學等等科目的能量。

母親的旋律流動足濟愛的旋律，親像伊的文章自頭到尾攏咧數念親情，像〈無界巧的老母〉、〈行！咱來去 English Bay 扭琴〉、〈地球後面彼扇門〉……等等的篇章，攏存囡著無數伊對囡兒的深情，對父母的數念，這是人間珍貴幸福的形影。進前佇美國波士頓主修大提琴的姊姊倩瑩，即馬是國中的音樂老師佢兩個囡仔的老母，嘛咧為著下一代播掖音樂的種籽。另外予母親啓蒙的表姊李錦雯，也佇美國 Oklahoma 大學提著鋼琴博士，即馬是大學的副教授。母親予阮的形影，慢慢延展生命地平線的遠方，伊拍開第一扇門，予阮可能全新去看著無數世界的門後彼个毋知影的遠景。

母親的人生目標攏是赫懸，好奇的雄心嘛是赫爾強，印象中伊無啥物代誌做袂到的。抑我！是不是也親像伊佇這個生命旅程中，行向家己的目標咧進行矣？

——寫佇加拿大溫哥華



THE GREATEST POSSESSION

by Su En-Sheng

In April 2005, I traveled with my professor and my schoolmates to Braga in the Czech Republic for a week-long seminar. While there, I often went to Vltava to enjoy the emotional music of Bedrich Smetana, who is the composer of “Ma Valst”. As I lingered on the river bank, I would inevitably sing the melody of “Ma Valst”. I have always had a great passion for all classical music. However while I was visiting the Czech Republic, I suddenly realized that I possessed an intangible treasure. Mother Louise gave me the greatest possession; not a large amount of money and not any other kind of material wealth as well, but she taught me to have a great appreciation for all the arts.

Actually, my training in music started while my mother was pregnant with me, because she played the piano every day. Later, I had no choice when she arranged my first violin lesson at the age of five. Several decades passed, and even though I gave up the violin many times, my hands always wanted to pick up the bow and strings again. It was as if unseen fingers, like an idle breeze, continued playing music in my heart until I had to play again.

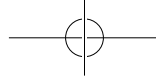
From Taiwan to England, from Switzerland to Canada, I went from majoring in music to studying hotel management and I am now an MBA student at University of Victoria, but still the violin follows me. Even though music has not always been my major area of interest, I

have been a musical guide for my co-workers at the Taipei Hotel and now I am a musical mentor at the University of Victoria. Therefore, my musical interest has become everybody’s interest.

Now that I am over thirty years old, I am thinking about myself and looking back on my mother at the same age as I am now and the way I saw her when I was a child. I realize that I resemble her so much except for her unpredictable temperament! At the moment, although she is over sixty years old, she is very diligently studying English all the time. Once I was permitted in her classroom to watch their difficult course. I detected that, even though her classmates were all younger than me, her age wasn’t a factor in the interaction. She didn’t want special treatment because of her age. Likewise, I also didn’t let classmates or professors know about my musical background, because they would doubt my ability to learn subjects, such as statistics, financial business and enterprise strategies. Certainly, mathematical logic courses are a big job for a musical student.

Everything my mother did to care for me and my sister expressed her love of music. Her writing has always focused on family relationships and her infinite love for her children. All her work has been infused with her love of music and now all her efforts are finally being rewarded. First, several years ago, my sister studied the cello at Boston Conservatory and now she is a music teacher. Second, my cousin earned a PhD in piano at Oklahoma University – my mother was her first piano teacher. Of course, I myself am a violinist whenever I can perform for people who like music.

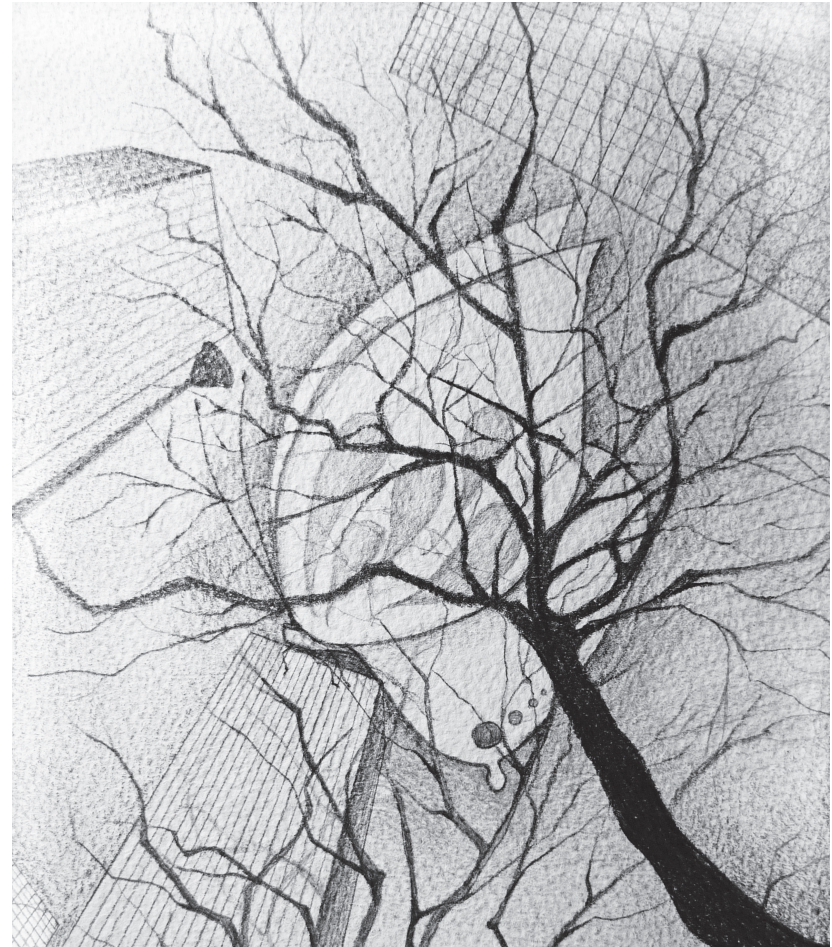
Mother turned on the first light transferring into gold every cloud of doubt or confusion in our musical studies and she scattered gems

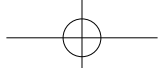


A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly

of achievement in profusion. Mother's goals are always high; her ambition is strong as well. As she says "You can do whatever you want to do, if you really want to do it," and me, I want to follow her as I face my own journey of life!

—Written in Vancouver





國家圖書館出版品預行編目資料

一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子：台英雙語散文集 / 李秀作. —初版— 高雄市：高市文化局，2012.02.
面；公分，—(高雄文學作品, 2010; 7)
ISBN 978-986-03-0766-5(平裝)

863.55

100026277

2010 高雄文學作品 07

一个走揣蝴蝶路草的女子

A Woman Seeking the Path of the Butterfly

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企劃督導 / 劉秀梅、郭添貴、潘政儀、陳美英
行政執行 / 陳娛如
出版 / 高市文化局
Bureau of Culture Arts and Community Development
City of Kaohsiung
地址 / 高雄市 802 苓雅區五福一路 67 號
電話 / (07) 2225136
傳真 / (07) 2288814
網址 / <http://www.khcc.gov.tw>

編輯發行 / 玉山社出版事業股份有限公司
總編輯 / 魏淑貞
主編 / 蔡明雲
編輯 / 林邦由
行銷企劃 / 許家旗
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網址 / <http://www.tipi.com.tw>
劃撥帳號 / 18599799 玉山社出版事業股份有限公司
登記證 / 行政院新聞局局版北市業字第十四號
法律顧問 / 魏千峯律師
印刷 / 松霖彩色印刷有限公司
初版一刷 / 2012 年 2 月 10 日
定價 / 290 元

ISBN 978-986-03-0766-5

GPN 1010004588

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