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## My Body; My Mind / 我的身体;我的心

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# My Body : My Mind

T.R. Reece

Houses with big windows get cold easily  
But houses with small windows offer too little light  
Often, I think to myself as I talk to others  
I am *too* transparent.  
Do they think the same?  
And how long does it take for a person to go and lose their mind, anyways?  
I consider this, as I rummage through my thoughts;  
Scattering papers, and memories, experiences and conversations on the floor  
Trying to make sense of them, pin-point a moment of their meaning in relation to me  
And who I am, and whether I am a bad person  
And I know good and bad are such silly binaries  
And I swear I'm not so unforgiving with others.  
The trouble with losing your mind is you don't always know if someone stole it  
Some mornings I wake up and know that the birds have flown south  
With all that heart and soul  
and that my roofing.. my shingles.. Are surely in for one this winter.  
The damp seeps into your head and makes you insane, y'know.  
I swear I didn't used to be insane.  
And, really, I still don't think I am  
If I am being perfect-  
ly honest  
It's just that sometimes I consider my uneven teeth, or breasts, or nose  
To serve some purpose outwardly  
Of the crookedness that exists  
*within.*  
But truthfully I think most things are crooked  
Because of all the wear and tear  
I think good people become perfectly bad  
Because they have too high of roofs and hopes  
And don't understand that the body expires and  
Things don't always pan out nicely.  
I will replace my windows with stained glass  
And I will sing my body into hymn  
And things will not always get better  
And things will not always get better  
Until they do

# 我的身体，我的心

T.R. Reece

Translation by Yuan Changming

有大窗的房子易冷  
有小窗的房子又阳光不足  
我常告诉别人，也私下思量  
我太透明啦，  
他们是否也这样想？  
不管怎样，一个人需要多久才会失其心智？  
我边想、边刮肚搜肠；  
在地板上播撒着文稿、记忆、经历和对话  
试图从中找到答案，并拿捏住此时对我的含义  
我到底是谁，我是个坏人么  
我知道好与坏是愚蠢的二分法  
我发誓对别人并非如此不可原谅。  
失去心智的麻烦在于，你不能次次都肯定它是否被人偷走了  
早晨醒来，我知道鸟儿已经南飞  
带走了所有的心与灵  
还有我的屋顶...我的瓦...当然是今冬的栖身处。  
潮湿沁入你的头，让你发疯，你是知道的。

我发誓我往日并不疯。  
说真的，我仍然不认为我疯了  
如果我当下显得十分诚实  
这只是我有时觉得我参差不齐的牙齿、乳房或鼻子  
尚可为扭曲的内心  
发挥某种外在的功能。  
其实，我想大多物事都扭曲如斯  
因为饱经磨损  
我觉得好人都已坏透  
其屋顶和希望都太高  
不明白人的躯体会到期

事情也并非总能顺遂人意。

我将用彩绘玻璃换掉我的窗子，  
把我的躯体唱成赞歌  
并非事事都会越变越好  
并非事事都会越变越好  
直到它们果真变好