

Rainbow

Baima Nazhen (白玛娜珍)

(Translated from Chinese by Patricia Schiaffini-Vedani)

Grieving for Pema Tseden la

The thunderstorm shed a night of tears
How can one begin to tell,
Pema la,
that life of yours, brief as a lightning flash

I replay in my mind that time
in a corner of Lhasa,
at the Left Bank Café,
young artists—you and I
I can't recall your words
but remember your kind eyes,
and your calming smile

Later, you travelled through the veins of Tibet
and I could only see you in films
Like the day at the empty, icy Shenli theater
just *Tharlo* and me
After the movie, a blazing sun like white ants

On the pilgrimage road to Lukhang
country folk selling fake Tibetan apples and eggs
I had to bow my head,
And I wrote “I am Tharlo” for your film

Many years passed,
and I always watched your movies,
those in black and white, those in Tibetan blue
Sacred Arrow, above all
In that world you unfolded your dreams,
created your language, your land

At last, you came to Lhasa that snowless winter
loaded with books, wearing your smile
At the book launch, your glinting eyes
bestowed stars on all of us

You sought depth in life and film,
flying farther and farther away,
until the speed of your voyage
surpassed the rate of your heart
‘The End’ suddenly gave in to the dark night
But it is just a night of rest, isn’t it?

Where have you gone?
The tie has slipped away

Now, in a flashback of shadows and lights
I see your life, short as a hand’s palm,

like a moment in a myriad long nights
A rainbow in the sky that
cannot be fathomed with time
Your ending is not merely a sigh

I wipe out my tears, by and by
While you walk away,
shutting death's door,
towards the new heaven and earth,
where grass and trees never wither,
where you'll abide for all time.



A scene from *Sacred Arrow*, illustration by Kuranishi ©Sernya magazine

彩虹

一夜雷雨的恸泣

又怎能诉尽

万玛啦

您那短如电闪的人生

现在 只能回放与你的曾经

拉萨拐角处的左岸咖啡

我们还是文艺青年

您说过什么我都忘记了

只记得您温柔的眼眸

您那可平息一切的笑容

以后您沿着藏地的血脉追索

我只能在电影里看您

那天 拉萨冰冷的神力影院空着

只有《塔洛》和我

观影出来 烈日如白蚁

宗角禄康的转经路上

农民正在卖假冒藏地的苹果和鸡蛋

我不得不低下头

为您的电影写下《我就是塔洛》

又过了很多年

我一直看您的电影
黑白的 藏蓝的
最爱的是您的《五彩神箭》
那个世界您沉展梦境
创造了您的王国和您的语言

终于 在拉萨没有雪的冬天您来了
满满的 书卷和着您独一的 笑容
在那场新书推介会上
您的眼眸闪耀着星星的光
照耀着您面前的人们

但您在生活之外
只在电影里纵深
您越走越远的速度终已快过心脏的率动
因此就把猝然的片尾 交给了暗夜吗
那只是一晚的安息吧

但您 去了哪里
以至于 断了 音讯

此刻 电影倒叙着您的光影
我就见您生的年数比手掌还窄
又如万千长夜里的一更
但天上的那轮彩虹
又怎么可用时间计算
您的未了所以并非一声叹息

我就抹去渐渐的泪水

看您关上死的门
因您背转去到的新天新地
那里草木不再凋落
生 将得永恒

(The original poem appeared on May 10, 2023 on the website <https://www.tibetcul.com/wx/zhuanti/zt/42551.html>)