

# eXchanges

Spring 2005  
Beasts & Machines

Domestic Fowl  
Steven Bradbury

## Domestic Fowl

Sunday found me sitting in a quiet corner of the park on an iron bench, which happened to be missing a leg, enjoying my fast food lunch, when, munching away, it suddenly occurred to me I hadn't heard a rooster crow in years.

So I ventured to piece the bones into this "feathered biped that can summon the sun," but I couldn't find its vocal cords. That's because roosters no longer need to crow. Now all these creatures ever do is eat, and their sole labor is producing themselves.

Under a man-made sun  
There are neither dreams  
Nor dawns

雞

Shang Qin

星期天，我坐在公園  
中靜僻的一角一張  
缺腿的鐵凳上，享用  
從速食店買來的午  
餐。啃著啃著，忽然  
想起我已經好幾十年  
沒有聽過雞叫了。

我試圖用那些骨骼拼  
成一隻能夠呼喚太  
陽的禽鳥。我找不到  
聲帶。因為牠們已  
經無須啼叫。工作就  
是不斷進食，而牠們  
生產牠們自己。

在人類製造的日光下  
既沒有夢  
也沒有黎明

