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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangkui

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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

Farewell, Love¹

Sir Thomas Wyatt²

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever,
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more;
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavor.
In blind error when I did persevere,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Hath taught me to set in trifles no store
And 'scape forth since liberty is lever.
Therefore farewell, go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority;
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For hitherto though I have lost all my time,
Me lusteth no longer rotten boughs to climb.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 464.

² Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542), was a 16th-century English ambassador and lyrical poet. He is credited with introducing the sonnet into English literature.

Translation:

别了，爱

托马斯·怀特

别了，爱，永别了你所有的规则，
我再不会因你的诱惑而困惑；
塞内加和柏拉图唤我远离你那一套，
我倾尽才智努力丰盈我的财富。
我曾迷途犯错，但仍执拗任性，
你厉声拒绝，我虽心痛难解，
却教我莫沉沦于曲曲小事。
解开束缚，自由才是心之所向。
那就别了，伤痛的年轻心儿且去吧，
在我这儿，别再谈你所谓的威言；
去闲逸的年轻人处使用你的伎俩，
把你的手段耗费在他们身上。
时至今日，我虽失去我所有时日，
却不会再度攀爬那糜烂枯枝。

(邓宇萍 译)

The Soote Season¹

Henry Howard²

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes float with new repair ál scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings,
The swift swallow pursueth the fly és small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings.
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 474.

² Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517-1547), was an English aristocrat, and one of the founders of English Renaissance poetry. He was a first cousin of both Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, the second and fifth wives of King Henry VIII.

Translation:

温柔的季节

亨利·霍华德

温柔的季节，赋予嫩芽和花蕾生机，
盎然绿意青葱了峦山峰谷；
夜莺穿一身新羽嘤嘤抒情；
斑鸠向她的爱侣倾诉心曲。
夏天来了，叶芽儿催生葱郁的枝叶；
雄鹿把他的旧犄角挂上篱头；
公羊把他的冬衣弃之灌林，
长出新鳞的鱼群在水面浮游；
冬蛇也蜕去她的旧皮，
捷燕飞逐那小小苍蝇；
嗡嗡蜜蜂忙碌着把新蜜酿造。
严冬肆虐过柔花也将落幕。
我目之所及是一片欣欣向荣，
然虽忧愁尽殆，却悲上心头。

(邓宇萍 译)

Thou Blind Man's Mark¹

Sir Philip Sidney²

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought;
Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
In vain thou madest me to vain things aspire;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;
For Virtue hath this better lesson taught—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 484.

² Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) was an English poet, courtier, scholar, and soldier, who is remembered as one of the most prominent figures of the Elizabethan age. His works include *Astrophel and Stella*, *The Defence of Poesy* (also known as *The Defence of Poetry* or *An Apology for Poetry*), and *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

Translation:

你是盲人的标志

菲利普·锡德尼爵士

你是盲人的标志，傻瓜自选的陷阱，
是幻想的糟粕，散乱思想的残渣，
是邪恶的集结，莫名烦恼的引擎；
你是意志之网，漫无边际地捕抓，
欲望，欲望！我已付出太大代价，
内心被你扭曲，你这无用的克星；
你应该使我理想远大，
却太久，太久，让我沉睡安宁。
你徒劳地寻求我的垮塌；
徒劳地使我渴求虚名；
徒劳地煽风点火发令；
只因美德授我训诫更佳——
力所能及，身体力行，
消灭欲望，洁净心灵。

(沈洁 译)

Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I¹

William Shakespeare²

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 802.

² William Shakespeare (1564-1616), was an English poet, playwright, and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet, and the "Bard of Avon".

Translation:

在蜜蜂采撷处，采撷我

威廉·莎士比亚

在蜜蜂采撷处，采撷我：

在风铃草的叮铃声中我轻躺；

在我轻躺时猫头鹰的咕声叫。

在蝙蝠背上我飞翔

在欢快地飞过夏日后。

欢快地，我依然欢快地

躺在花开簇簇的树枝下。

(邓宇萍 译)

On the Life of Man¹

Sir Walter Raleigh²

What is our life? a play of passion;
Our mirth the music of division;
Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses be
Where we are dressed for this short Comedy.
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,

That sits and marks still who doth act amiss;
Our graves that hide us from the searching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we, playing, to our latest rest,
Only we die in earnest—that's no jest.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 983.

² Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), was an English landed gentleman, writer, poet, soldier, politician, courtier, spy and explorer. He was cousin to Sir Richard Grenville and younger half-brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

Translation:

论人生

沃尔特·罗利爵士

我们的人生是什么？一出激情的戏剧；
我们的欢乐乃分别之音乐；
母亲的子宫是疲惫的房屋
我们在那里穿戴整齐演出这部短暂的喜剧
上天是明智敏锐的观察家

一直端坐标出行为不对劲的人；
坟墓让我们躲过搜索的太阳
像戏剧结束后落下的帷幕。
因而我们前进，表演，直至最后的休憩。
我们只不过在热切中死去——这不是开玩笑。

(沈洁 译)

Rose-cheeked Laura¹

Thomas Campion²

Rose-cheeked Laura, come,
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed;
Heav'n is music, and thy beaut's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
Selves eternal.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 993.

² Thomas Campion (1567- 1620), was an English composer, poet, and physician. He wrote over a hundred lute songs, masques for dancing, and an authoritative technical treatise on music.

Translation:

脸庞瑰红的劳拉

托马斯·坎皮恩

脸庞瑰红的劳拉，来，
你缓缓地歌唱你的美
犹如宁静恬适的乐章，或
你盈盈而立，优雅动人。

那惹人怜爱的姿态
是从天堂徜徉而来的映照；
天堂是歌，而你的美
得天独厚。

我们歌唱乏闷的音符
调曲不和是为愉悦他人；
只有纯粹地爱着美
真知才不失，

可仍旧唱地欣然，
一如新春复苏流淌，
永至极美，永在他心——
本我亦永生。

(邓宇萍 译)

To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Mr. Donne's Satires¹

Ben Jonson²

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning star!
If works, not th' authors, their own grace should look,
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desired by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poems ask rare friends.
Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense,
But, when they heard it taxed, took more offense.
They then that, living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these poems yet both ask and read
And like them too, must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those, best are you;
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The Muses' evening, as their morning star.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 1215.

² Ben Jonson (1572-1637) was an English Renaissance dramatist, poet and actor, most famous for his plays *Volpone* and *The Alchemist*, his lyrics, his influence on Jacobean and Caroline poets, his theory of humours, his contentious personality, and his friendship and rivalry with William Shakespeare.

Translation:

致露西，贝德福德伯爵夫人一借以多恩的讽刺

本·琼森

露西，你是世界的光明，你是
缪斯们白日之光，她们的启明星！
倘若作品，而非作家，要自呈魅力，
谁的诗不愿成你的书为你惠及？
这些诗作，作者的目标，如你所愿
得以告捷。珍贵的诗歌需珍贵的捐献。
但讽刺的作品，因多数人是其
必然的嘲讽对象，阅读者甚稀。
从未有人从罪恶中获得快感，
但当人们得知罪恶遭责，却更心烦。
他们然后活在滋生罪恶之地，
大胆地索要并阅读这些诗。
像诗歌一样，他们人数虽少，
却必须最好：其中，数你最好；
露西，你是我们世界的光明，是
缪斯们的夜晚，也是她们的启明星。

(刘朝晖 译)

To Lar¹

Robert Herrick²

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my grains of frankincense.
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang down,
To honor thee, my little parsley crown:
Not more shall I (I fear me) to thee bring
My chives of garlic for an offering.
Not more shall I, from henceforth, hear a choir
Of merry crickets by my country fire.
Go where I will, thou lucky Lar stay here,
Warm by a glittering chimney all the year.

¹ M. H. Abrams, Meyer Howard, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1979: 1323.

² Robert Herrick (1591-1674), was a 17th-century English lyric poet and cleric. He is best known for *Hesperides*, a book of poems. This includes the carpe diem poem "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time", with the first line "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may".

Translation:

致财神

罗伯特·赫里克

既然我已经被放逐到这个地方，
我将不再为你献上一颗颗乳香。
在我的壁炉架上，我也不再悬挂
香芹小冕，以便将敬意向你表达。
我恐怕我也不会再像从前那样，
为供奉你，把香葱大蒜给你奉上。
从今往后，我再也不会偎在火边，
享受田间蟋蟀欢快的听觉盛宴。
我从心而游，而你这幸运的财神，
且留此地，享受烟囱断续的余温。

（龙靖遥 译）

Richard Cory¹

Edwin Arlington Robinson²

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.
And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
“Good-morning,” and he glittered when he walked.
And he was rich—yes, richer than a king,—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.
So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

¹ Nina Baym, ed. *The Norton Anthology of American Literature* (Shorter Sixth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2003: 1008.

² Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935), was an American poet who won three Pulitzer Prizes for his work.

Translation:

理查德·科里

埃德温·阿灵顿·罗宾逊

理查德·科里一上街，
人们就站在路上向他注目：
他是位标准的绅士，
干净，雅洁，俊逸。
穿着得体，动静皆宜，
谈吐斯文，待人有礼；
当他向人们道“早安”，
声音动人，步履生辉。
他家境富裕—富可敌王——
他处处表现良好教养：
总之，他是我辈楷模，
众人皆渴望企及他的位置。
从此我们奋发上进，等待机会，
我们无肉可吃，餐餐面包使人怨；
在一个静谧的夏夜，理查德·科里
回家把一颗子弹穿过自己的脑袋。

(沈洁 译)

Mowing¹

Robert Frost²

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound—
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.
The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

¹ Nina Baym, ed. *The Norton Anthology of American Literature* (Shorter Sixth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2003: 1880.

² Robert Lee Frost (1874-1963), was an American poet. His work was initially published in England before it was published in America. He is highly regarded for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech.

Translation:

割草

罗伯特·弗罗斯特

在树林的旁边，永远只有一个声响，
那是我的长镰对大地发出的呓语。
它呢喃什么呢？我自己也不太明白；
很可能关系到太阳散发的热与光，
很可能想阐明为什么没太多声息——
这就是为什么它只呢喃而不言语。
绝不是偷得浮生半日闲而做的梦，
或者神仙或精灵信手拿到的浮财：
任何超越事实的东西都苍白无力，
若与使人割下丛丛野草的爱相比，
而镰下也不乏花枝上瘫软的刺苺，
（苍白的兰花），还把光滑的小蛇吓跑。
人通过劳动才知道什么梦最甜蜜，
长镰呢喃着，留下堆堆割倒的野草。

（龙靖遥 译）

Chinese-English Version

月夜¹

刘方平²

更深月色半人家，
北斗阑干南斗斜。
今夜偏知春气暖，
虫声新透绿窗纱。

¹ 蘅塘退士选编. 唐诗三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006: 216.

² Liu Fangping (刘方平, c. 758 B.C.), was Chinese poet in Tang Dynasty who was best known for his pastoral poems.

Translation:

The Moon Night

Liu Fangping

The North and South Dipper inclined in sight,
And the house half exposed in the moonlight,
The chirps of the insects pierce the green blinds,
Bringing the messages of a spring night.

(Trans. Long Jingyao)

虞美人¹

叶梦得²

落花已作风前舞，
又送黄昏雨。
晓来庭院半残红。
惟有游丝千丈冒晴空。

殷勤花下同携手，
更尽杯中酒。
美人不用敛蛾眉。
我亦多情无奈酒阑时。

¹ 上疆村民重编. 宋词三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006: 293.

² Ye Mengde (叶梦得, 1077-1148), was an important poet in Southern Song Dynasty who pioneered the revolution of the style of ci poems.

Translation:

Yu Mei Ren

Ye Mengde

Falling petals are fluttering in the wind,
For seeing off the nightfall rain.
Red flowers have fallen half covering the courtyard in the early morning.
Only gossamer is swaying in the clear air.

Once hand in hand we wandered before the flowers,
Toasted to our love, we drank off.
O my beauty, please do not frown for the end of feast,
Though I can't bear to leave and linger like you, I receive it as last.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

四块玉 • 别情¹

关汉卿²

自送别，
心难舍，
一点相思几时绝？
凭栏袖拂杨花雪。
溪又斜，
山又遮，
人去也。

¹ 何锐选注. 元曲三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006: 456.

² Guan Hanqing (关汉卿, 1219-1301), was one of Four Great Masters of Yuan Drama in Yuan Dynasty, who was also known as the Orient Shakespeare in China. He contributed his great efforts to fulfill the brilliant history of Chinese drama and literature.

Translation:

Si Kuai Yu¹ • Farewell to Love

Guan Hanqing

The day I saw you off,
Yet my heart is hard to be off.
Lovesickness grows and lingers for asking when can cease.
Leaning on a railing, by sleeve I sweep away willow catkin.
The creek is winding.
The mountains are dimming.
My love, is, disappearing.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ “Si Kuai Yu” is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which qu (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

云游¹

徐志摩²

那天你翩翩的在空际云游，
自在，轻盈，你本不想停留
在天的那方或地的那角，
你的愉快是无拦阻的逍遥，
你更不经意在卑微的地面
有一流涧水，虽则你的明艳
在过路时点染了他的空灵，
使他惊醒，将你的倩影抱紧。

他抱紧的只是绵密的忧愁，
因为美不能在风光中静止；
他要，你已飞渡万重的山头，
去更阔大的湖海投射影子！
他在为你消瘦，那一流涧水，
在无能的盼望，盼望你飞回。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 42.

² Xu Zhimo (徐志摩, 1897-1931), a noted Chinese poet in the 20th century. He wrote poems, essays and short stories. His most famous works include “Farewell to Cambridge Again”, “One Night in Florence” and so forth.

Translation:

Roaming

Xu Zhimo

The day you were roaming randomly high in the cloud,
So free, so soft, stopping without any thought.
In the head of heaven or end of ground,
Your exciting is a freewill excursion.
There's a ravine stream on the humble ground,
Leisurely you went through. Gorgeous you are, though,
You inspires his ethereality. Waking him up,
Tightly he embraces your elegant image.

While he just embraced the lingering sorrow,
Since the beauty cannot be at a standstill;
He demand, you should cross valleys and hills,
For casting reflections on the more wider lakes and seas!
He's pining for you, that ravine stream,
In useless pining, he's yearning for your return.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

东海滨¹

宗白华²

今夜明月的流光
映在我的心花上。
我悄立海边
仰听星天的清响。
一朵孤花在我身旁睡了，
我抱着她梦里的芬芳。

啊，梦呀！梦呀！
明月的梦呀！
她在寻梦里情人，
我在念月下的故乡！

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 50.

² Zong Baihua (宗白华, 1897-1986), was a Chinese aesthetician, philosopher, and poet, known as the “forerunner and pioneer of modern aesthetics in China”.

Translation:

On the Side of the East China Sea

Zong Baihua

Tonight the bright moon's flowing light
Reflects on the flower in my heart.
Standing in silence at the seaside,
I listen up to the clear starry sky.
A lonely flower has fallen asleep next to me.
I scoop up its sweet smell in her dream.

Alas, dream! Dream
In the bright moon!
She's looking for her dream lover.
I'm missing my moonlit home.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

我从 Café 中出来……¹

王独清²

我从 Café 中出来，
身上添了
中酒的
疲乏，
我不知道
向那一处走去，才是我底
暂时的住家……
啊，冷静的街衢，
黄昏，细雨！

我从 Café 中出来，
在带着醉
无言地
独走，
我底心内
感到一种，要失去了故园的
浪人底哀愁……
啊，冷静地街衢，
黄昏，细雨！

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 50.

² Wang Duqing (王独清, 1898-1940) is regarded as a famous modern poet in China.

Translation:

I Came out from the Caf é

Wang Duqing

I came out from the Caf é
With fatigue
From being
Comfily drunk,
Not knowing
Where to go, to find
My temporary home...
Ah, cold and silent streets,
At dusk, in the drizzle!

I came out from the Caf é
Walking
In silence
Alone.
Deep in my heart
I felt the sorrow, of the homeless,
Who were losing their home...
Ah, cold and silent streets,
At dusk, in the drizzle!

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

孤独¹

冯雪峰²

哦，孤独，你嫉妒的烈性的女人！
你用你常穿的藏风的绿呢大衣
盖着我，
像一座森林
盖着一个独栖的豹。

但你的嘴唇滚烫，
你的胸膛灼热，
一碰着你，
我就嫉妒着世界，心如火炙。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 98.

² Feng Xuefeng (冯雪峰, 1903-1976), was a poet and scholar of literary criticism.

Translation:

Solitude

Feng Xuefeng

Oh, solitude, thou jealous spirited woman!

Covering me with

Thy wind-hidden green woolen coat

Like a forest

Covering a sojourning lone leopard.

Yet thy lips are scalding,

Thy breast scorching.

Once I touch thee,

With a burning heart I envy the world.

(Trans. Shen Jie)

有忆¹

朱湘²

淡黄色的斜晖，
转眼中不留余迹。
一切的扰攘皆停，
一切的喧嚣皆息。

入了梦的乌鸦，
风来时偶发喉音；
和平的无声晚汐，
已经淹没了全城。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 107.

² Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933), a famous Chinese poet and writer in the early 20th century.

Translation:

Memory

Zhu Xiang

Pale yellow afterglow,
In a trice remains no trace.
Hustle has gone,
Bustle has ceased.

Crow dreamed in dream,
But now and then cawing in blowing wind;
The tranquil night tide,
Has drowned out the whole city.

路灯亮着微红，
苍鹰飞下了城堞，
在暮烟的白被中
紫色的钟山安歇。

寂寥的街巷内，
王侯大第的墙阴，
当的一声竹筒响，
是卖元宵的老人。

Translation:

The street lamp is flaming,
Goshawk flew down from battlements.
Covering the pale smog,
Purple mount retired for the night.

In the alley lonely,
Under the shadow of a nobleman's wall,
Came a sound of bamboo tube suddenly,
That's the old bawling hawker of rice glue ball.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

原野的小路¹

冯至²

你说，你最爱看这原野里
一条条充满生命的小路，
是多少无名行人的步履
踏出来这些活泼的道路。

在我们心灵的原野里，
也有几条宛转的小路，
但曾经在路上走过的，
行人多半已不知去处；

寂寞的儿童，白发的夫妇，
还有些年纪青青的男女，
还有死去的朋友，他们都

给我们踏出来这些道路；
我们纪念着他们的步履
不要荒芜了这几条小路。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 132.

² Feng Zhi (冯至, 1905-1993), formerly called Feng Chengzhi, was born in Zhuozhou of Hebei Province.

Translation:

Paths of Savage Land

Feng Zhi

You say you love to see in this savage land
Many a paths full of virility.
Those nameless pedestrians walk on,
Making these lovely paths.

In the savage land of our hearts,
Exist some winding paths.
Yet those who once walked
On these paths, most had gone nowhere;

The lonely children, the gray-haired couples,
And the young men and women,
And the deceased friends, all

Trod through these roads;
We commemorate their steps,
And desert not these paths.

(Trans. Shen Jie)

女人¹

邵洵美²

我敬重你，女人，我敬重你正像
我敬重一首唐人的小诗——
你用温润的平声干脆的仄声
来捆绑住我的一句一字。

我疑心你，女人，我疑心你正像
我疑心一弯灿烂的天虹——
我不知道你的脸红是为了我，
还是为了另外一个热梦？

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 上海: 诗社, 1931: 103.

² Shao Xunmei (邵洵美, 1906-1968) was a wealthy and influential poet, writer, and publisher.

Translation:

Woman

Shao Xunmei

I worship thee, woman, and my worship
For a Tang ballad, equals that for thee—
Thy rhythmic tone, either gentle or blunt,
Regulates every word voiced by me.

I suspect thee, woman, as I suspect
A rainbow high in the sky that doth beam—
I just cannot tell why thou art blushing.
For me, or for another rosy dream?

(Trans. Long Jingyao)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Kenneth Rexroth

Introduction

Kenneth Rexroth (1905-1982), one of the famous modern poets, translators and critical essayists in the United States. He is regarded as a central figure in the San Francisco Renaissance, and paved the groundwork for the movement. Although he did not consider himself to be a Beat poet, and disliked the association, he was one of the major influences on the Beat generation, and was once dubbed “Father of the Beats” by Time. He was among the first poets in the United States to explore traditional Japanese poetic forms such as haiku. Just as his former student Thomas Sanchez portrayed him in the *Los Angeles Times Book Review* as a “longtime iconoclast, onetime radical, Roman Catholic, Communist fellow traveler, jazz scholar, I.W.W. anarchist, translator, philosopher, playwright, librettist, orientalist, critical essayist, radio personality, newspaper columnist, painter, poet and longtime Buddhist.”

Rexroth is best recognized for his contributions to modern American poetry. His poetry, essays and journalism, greatly influenced by Buddhism, reflect his interests in jazz, politics, culture, and ecology. His poetry is marked by a sensitivity to Asian forms as well as an appreciation of Ancient Greek lyric poetry, particularly that of Sappho. Rexroth’s poetic voice is similar to that of Tu Fu (whom he translated), expressing indignation with the inequities of the world from an existential vantage. During the 1970s Rexroth, along with the scholar Chung Ling, translated the notable Song Dynasty poet Li Ch’ing-chao and an anthology of Chinese women poets, titled *The Orchid Boat*. Translating the work of women poets from China and Japan reveals a transformation of both heart and mind. During this process, he creates poems with all of his favorite themes to give his deep fascination with transcendent love. From a series of his masterpieces, we know that Kenneth Rexroth was a figure instead of a creator; a representative rather than as a participant.

The poems are selected from *The Complete Poems of Kenneth Rexroth* (Sam Hamill & Bradford Morrow, ed. Washington: Copper Canyon Press, 2004) and translated by Li Yanxia and Zeng Yanwen.

“IN THAT HOUR I HAVE SEEN”

I

In that hour I have seen
The long white gleaming throats of mountains
With faces lifted
To the moon.

II

The momentary angles
Of a shattered prism
hold wraiths of
iridescent mountains
which were sorrow
and pain is
in a mirror of
Ice.

Translation:

“那一刻，我见到”

1

那一刻，我见到
 延绵雪峰
 银装素裹
 熠熠生辉

2

 雪峰之巅
 冰凌破碎
折射盈盈月辉
囚禁山谷幽灵
 忧郁且悲伤

(李燕霞 译)

“I PASS YOUR HOME IN A SLOW VERMILION DWAN”

I pass your home in a slow vermilion dawn,
the blinds are drawn and a window is open,
the subtle breeze from the lake
is as your breath upon my cheek.

All day long I walk in an intermittent rainfall,
I pluck a vermilion tulip in the city gardens
Tasting the delicate raindrops that cling to its petals—
four o’clock and it is a lone colour in the city.

I pass your home in a rainy evening,
Your figure is a faint gesture amongst lighted walls.
Late into the night I sit before a white sheet of paper—
till a wet vermilion petal quivers on my hand.

Translation:

“在黎明破晓时，我经过你的门前”

在黎明破晓时，我经过你的门前
窗帘拉着，窗户敞着
湖面拂过的柔风
如你的气息吹过面颊那般和煦

一整天，我在绵绵细雨中漫步，
在街心花圃摘下一朵鲜红郁金香
独品花瓣上的雨露芬芳——
四点，是这座城市最寂寞的时刻。

在雨天傍晚时，我经过你的门前，
烛光摇曳，你的身影在墙上浮动
深夜，摊开白纸，想为你写诗——
直至一片鲜红的花瓣悠然落于掌心。

(李燕霞 译)

“THE MINUTE FINGERS OF A TINY WIND”

The minute fingers of a tiny wind
 arrange a shadow tracery
 of leaf and hair about your face,
 our superficial conversation
 strikes overtones amongst
 nuances of the nonexistent,
 downstream a group of working-men
 posed in unaccustomed languor
 catch insignificant fish,
 a brown row of ducklings
 jerks itself across the water
 moving like cartridges
 into a machine gun.

We shall arise presently,
 having said nothing,
 and hand in vibrant hand
 walk back the way we came.

Translation:

“微风的小指头”

微风的小指头
轻抚树叶的纹理
撩拨你脸颊的鬓发，
在我们漫不经心地闲谈中
娓娓道来的
却是弦外之音
下游处，一群渔人
百无聊赖地撒网捕鱼，
一排棕色的小鸭
像上膛的子弹
飞疾地划过水面
不久，我们站起来，
什么都没说，
然后握握手
各奔西东。

(李燕霞 译)

“THE ABSORBENT GLIMMER OF THE NIGHT”

the absorbent glimmer of the night
receives a solitary nighthawk cry
marshalls its naked housefronts
and waits

the lights of a passing yacht
hang momentarily in your hair
and the shadows of the Lombardy poplars
tilt-like planks on water
the crystalline sea breeze
offers a chaste caress
smelling faintly of hospitals

and down the cool perspectives of passion
great hills slide silently into the sea.

Translation:

“微光笼罩的夜晚”

微光笼罩的夜晚

传来孤鹰的哀号

那是它在光秃的岩洞

整装待发跃跃欲试

快艇疾驰，水光闪现

在你发迹片刻停留

箭杆杨的树影

倒映水中

清爽的海风

沁人心脾

热情渐渐褪去

风止水静

群山悄然回到大海的怀抱

(李燕霞 译)

“I DO NOT REMEMBER THE NUMBER”

I do not remember the number

of our kisses

but I cannot forget the green

blur of a falling star

upon your trembling eyelids.

Translation:

“不记得多少次”

不记得多少次

我们相吻

但我永不忘却

流星陨落时的那抹绿晕

让你眼睑睫羽轻颤。

(曾衍文 译)

“ALL IS GONE NOW”

All is gone now...

that month of pain and passion
that lasted late
into the August meteor swarms,
September an eternity
of loneliness,
October filled with fleeing shadows,
and half November;

today the fountain in the square

leaps and disappears
into the fog that crawls
across my window,
and the fallen leaves
no longer rattle to passing feet,
only in the early morning,
white and furry against my shoes,
they break silently
into many pieces.

Translation:

“一切已然逝去”

一切已然逝去……

那月的痛苦和激情

一直延续到八月

看流星依旧，

九月，让孤独永随

十月，心中阴霾挥之不散

直至十一月半；

而今，广场的喷泉

时而喷洒，时而隐退

慢慢渗入雾霭缠绕的心窗，

纷至的落叶

不再过往脚步下嘎嘎作响，

只在清晨，

白色柔软的落叶层，不堪鞋子的重负

静静地裂成碎片。

(曾衍文 译)

“THE UNPEOPLED, CONVENTIONAL ROSE-GARDEN.”

There are cannas now on the guarded lawns—

crimson and Chinese orange

with wine brown leaves,

there is dust on the green-black privet.

Colours of things gone dead

of dear moments lost in tragedy—

you pierce my heart and leave me

weeping, weak with memory.

I shall flee from you and walk

down long hedged paths

snapping the brittle privet leaves

between tremulous, tired fingers.

Translation:

“这片人迹罕至的玫瑰园”

美人蕉生长在精心护理的草坪上——

或深红或橘黄的花

伴着酒褐色的枝叶，

墨绿的女贞树上沾满尘埃。

事物的光泽渐渐褪去

昔日繁华在悲剧中消逝——

你夺走了我的心

留我一人独泣，在记忆中淡却。

我将彻底将你抛弃

向着悠长的树篱丛径走去

用颤抖疲惫的手指

折断易碎的女贞叶。

(曾衍文 译)

“THE FRAGRANCE OF THE TEAPOT”

The fragrance of the teapot

mingles with the odors of wet petals.

In the little stone pagoda

I play at solitaire

with counters of ebony and ivory

on a vermilion table.

I rest at ease

for the rain has stopped the sundial

and I no longer fear

that it may strike.

Translation:

“茶壶的幽香”

茶壶的幽香

和着湿润花瓣的芳香

在小石塔屋里

我用乌木象牙的筹码

在红木桌上

独自玩着接龙

我惬意地休息

时间煮雨，唯愿时光停滞

无忧叨扰

尽享无人的宁静。

(曾衍文 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Lin Xuye

Introduction

Lin Xuye (林旭埜), born in Jieyang, Guangdong, China, is a poet, Doctor of Biology and enterprise executive. Since 1980s, he has started to write poetry and his works frequently have been published in the journals of *Flower City* (《花城》), *Poetry Monthly* (《诗歌月刊》), *Works* (《作品》), *Chinese and Western Poetry* (《中西诗歌》), *Guangzhou Literature and Art* (《广州文艺》), and so on. He is known for the his collection of poems *Freeing the Crane in Lost Mountains* (《孤山放鹤》). Lin was awarded the poetry prize of “Poetic Jinwan”.

Lin is adept in creating poetry from the routine life. The works of Lin are rich in imagination, which is the most salient characteristic in his poetry. Lin is good at extracting the common similarity from different objects and embodies it into his works. In addition, Lin’s works are full of philosophical spirit which frames the bone of his poetry. Lin’s poetry is so poetical that he specializes in penetrating through the reality of the life. In his creation, Lin is equipped with the textual consciousness. Consciously, when Lin writes a group of poems, he will present the same theme from many-sided expressions.

The poems are selected by Lin himself and translated by Zhang Jia.

雪地上的小鸟

一粒粒雪

象一粒粒文字

密密麻麻

写满大地

几只小鸟

在雪地上跳来跳去

仿佛为冗长的雪

加上逗号

还有一只

停在探出雪地的枯枝上

象一片叶子

为苍白寒凉的文章断句

Translation:

Birds in the Snowfield

Grains of snow
are like grains of words
crowded around
on the ground.

Several birds
are hopping above on the snowfield.
It seems they are adding commas
for the dull falling snow.

Yet one still stands on
a withered branch out of the layers of snow,
like a fallen leaf
putting an end to a feeble and lonely passage.

月光洒在山谷

我相信，星光和虫鸣
是互相呼应的
有多少声虫鸣飘向夜空
就有多少粒星光，落入草丛

我相信，心域与山谷
是互相联通的
心中的烦扰掏空几多
山谷就宽阔了几多

我相信，善念与皓月
是互相感应的
要不然，为何口中多说出一声爱
头上的月色，就明亮多一分

Translation:

Moonlight in the Valley

I believe, that starlight

echoes with insects chirping.

Where there are insects chirping up into the night sky,

there are grains of starlight falling into the grass.

I believe, that spirit

Echoes with the valley.

Where there is less annoyance,

there extends broader the valley.

I believe, that the goodness

echoes with the bright moon.

If not, where there is more love,

there is the moonlight overhead brighter.

空谷雷鸣

天上一声雷

空谷一声鼓

在这渺无人烟的辽阔之处

想多大声就多大声

想对阵多久就多久

树是沉默的，草是沉默的

无人投诉高分贝噪音的世界

我静观一高一低的对阵和博弈

只待我看够了，听腻了

轻轻一声喝

勒令他们偃旗息鼓

Translation:

Thunder in the Hollow Valley

When it thunders from the heaven,
It rumbles in the hollow valley.
On this wild, desolate and far-off land,
They shout at each other as loud as they like,
And resound to each other as long as they can.
Yet both trees and grass are in silence.
For such a noisy world with high decibel, none complains.
Yet for the game from heaven and ground, I just wait and see.
Till I feel tired and sick of it,
Gently I make a shout,
For ceasing their fire.

乘火车穿行于欧洲大陆

六月的欧洲

绿茵遍野，牛羊遍野

绵羊埋头吃草

黑白花奶牛打着饱嗝

各色马匹，懒洋洋地甩着尾巴

它们对招摇的野花，飘浮的白云

瞄都不瞄一眼

对火车里的我们不屑一顾

在它们眼里，我们

就是铁笼中被外运贩卖的动物

Translation:

Crossing the Continent By Train

The June falls in Europe.

Ground wears greenery, flocks and herds wander everywhere.

Sheep immerse in chewing,

Cattle in black and white belching,

Horses leisurely swinging tails.

For the wavering flowers, floating clouds,

They take with half an ear, and for us

Who are on the train they don't even throw a glance.

In their eyes, we humans

As animals in cage, are carried away to be sold.

塬上篝火

夜正深

穿行于西北大地

体悉到四野的苍茫与寒凉

击石取火

以月色助燃

往往只是溅出流萤点点

我愿意放低身段

伏下去

匍匐成塬

让毛发黄成荒草

在暗夜里

点燃一轮朝阳

让骨骼，脱水枯干

为红日添柴

任其于高空处，越燃越旺

Translation:

Bonfires on the Plateau

The deepening night,
Passes through the Northwest ground.
There coldness and bleakness grow around.

Tapping stones to make a fire,
With the moonlight,
Yet it splashes the scattered sparks only.

I am willing to make a bow,
Bend my knees,
Grovel on the ground like a plateau.

To drab my hair like the sallow weed,
In dark night,
To ignite a sunrise.

To dry my bone,
Like the wood firing for that red sun,
And blazing high above.

漂白

时光如水

却时常将人性越洗越黑

用尽月光，可以漂白夜的底色

是否也能漂白暗黑的梦境？

乌鸦不借阳光，不借月色

以一如既往的黑，漂白自己

Translation:

Bleaching

Time flows like water.

Yet water rinses humanity for nothing but being darker.

To exhaust the moonlight can rinse the dark night,

Yet can it have the dark dream rinsed likewise?

Without the light of the sun and the moon,

Crow in black will rinse itself all along.

苏伊士运河

一把刀，把埃及切成
东一块，西一块
把西奈半岛自非洲
切给亚洲

这把刀
常常有人争夺
常常因为争夺而
血流成河

在我眼里
苏伊士运河
应该是一根线，用于
缝合大地的裂痕

如此，地球再无五洲之分
人心再无分隔之海
河上的船舶
只是时间的针脚

Translation:

The Suez Canal

A sword sliced up Egypt
Into the Western and Eastern parts.
The sword has Sinai Peninsula of Arica
Been ceded to Asia.

The sword
People always fight for,
Yet for fighting it,
Gore runs in the Suez Canal.

As far as I see,
The Suez Canal
Should be a string,
Seaming the crevice on the ground.

Evermore, the continents would be divided no more.
Peoples and peoples would be separated no more.
Ships on the Canal,
Are the hands of the clock only.

在撒哈拉沙漠

风把太阳当一粒黄沙
由东边吹向西边
月亮在起起落落之间
被沙砾时而磨蚀，时而磨圆

在撒哈拉沙漠
一切都比一粒沙更加渺小
所有的色彩
都臣服于黄色的辉煌

我像一粒沙子
在风沙中旋转
所有荣辱、喜乐和忧伤
都融入这浩瀚的苍凉

Translation:

In the Desert of Sahara

The wind regards the Sun as a grain of sand,

From east to west, it always blows.

During the moon-rise and set,

The moon is waxed or waned by the sands.

In the desert of Sahara,

All is smaller than a grain of sand;

All the colors

Surrender to the glow of yellow.

I am a grain of sand,

Spinning in the wind.

All the honor and disgrace, joy and sorrow,

Are Integrated into this wide bleakness.

(Trans. Zhang Jia)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给
所有的诗歌研究者

Twins—Poetry and Its Translated Version*

Cao Xiaolan

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Abstract: Poetry and its translated version are twins. This paper discusses the differences and similarities of the twins from five aspects—poetry’s transplantation, poetry’s rhythm--“wave”, poetry’s image, poetry’s neatness, and poetry’s style. The differences and similarities of the twins exist in the five aspects of poetry and poetry translation. Understanding the differences and similarities of twins in the five aspects is essential for translators’ translating poetry.

Key words: Transplantation; wave; image; neatness; style

Poetry, the most spectacular form of literature, uses verse lines, musical effects and differential interpretation of words to present gorgeous beauty and imagination in front of us. Poetry translation has always been the most controversial topic and provocative challenge. A poem and its translated version can be compared to a pair of twins. While being two independent individuals, they share similar “genes” and are identical in most parts. We can recognize them as blood twins raised in different language environments. Since each language has its unique way of expression, the best translated version and its original should be a pair of twins. That is to say, the most ideal translated version and the original should be similar not only in appearance but also in “genes” so that the reader would ignore the type of language used by the author or translator while reading the translation.

Not only do twins provide an interesting metaphor between a poem and its translated text, “twins” as a group of letters also sets forth principles of poetry translation. Each letter represents a word or phrase. “T” stands for “translation as transplantation”. While translating, a translator moves the elements in a poem from one language and introduces them into another language, just like a process of transplantation. “W” stands for “waves”— poetic rhythm. Musical effects of poetry most successfully distinguish poetry from all other literary

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forms. Rhymes and rhythms raise waves to decorate poetry with beauty and sublimity. To transmit these musical effects may be the most difficult part in poetry translation. The coincidentally rhymed words and sound cadence may have already exhausted the translators' source of inspiration. Corresponding rhyme-schemes and rhythmic patterns are difficult to accomplish. "I" refers to "image" or "information". It is unanimously agreed that the transmission of information is always the most important aim of translation, so the symbolization of images in poetry needs to be handled prudently. "N" is short for "neatness". As poetry is the most concise form of literature and is most accurate and complex in meaning, the translator must pay special attention to neatness. Both Chinese poetry and English poetry, for example, have their own styles. Translating or transplanting the style is another challenge. And "S" talks about "style". Poetry style itself is subordinate to the language system in which the poet writes. Because of this, style transplantation mostly lies in the similarity of structure.

1. "T" for transplantation

As far as translation as transplantation is concerned, elements of poetry as the object of transplantation are to be discussed. These elements involve the aural, visual and meaning systems which in this article are analyzed as waves of rhythm, styles and information (images). Neatness as an outstanding specialty of poetry must be paid attention to in translation.

In the process of translation, it has always been a problem for translators to maintain the rhythm and rhymes of the original poem under the premise of accuracy. The soul of poetry lies in its lingering charm. Chinese Scholar Xu Yuanchong's (许渊冲) "three principles" of poetry translation— beauty in sound, meaning and form—suggest that we should try to preserve and transmit the charm of the original poem on these three levels. Another scholar Gu Zhengkun (辜正坤), in his book *China and West: Comparative Poetics and Translatology*, discusses the "five beauties" of poetry appreciation, which are visual beauty, "wave"-rhythmic beauty, phenomenon beauty, sense beauty and taste beauty¹.

Visual beauty refers to the inner and outer beauty: 1) the specific content of poetry as the aesthetic subject displayed as specific visible things in the imagination of the subject; 2) the external form of poetry itself such as the line arrangement, special words, written form. "Wave" beauty refers to rhythm and rhyme, unitary and pluralistic beauty. Phenomenon beauty refers to aesthetic

perception produced by the plot, structure and allusions of poetry in the mind of the reader. Sense beauty refers to aesthetic perception produced by understanding the words and form, the sense and implication of poetry. Taste beauty refers to the comprehensive aesthetic feeling produced by style, realm, momentum, artistic conception and natural spirit of poetry.

According to Gu, poetry translators should be faithful to the original author in semantics and context to achieve a dynamically approximate equivalence. At the same time, the content of the original poem should be renewed and the aesthetic effect should be achieved in order to transplant the aesthetic effect in poetry translation. Translation is an art. Translators must understand the characteristics, convey the meaning of the original poem and transplant the original according to its own features. Basically, transplantation requires endowing the translated version with the original elements, by way of which they become twins.

Transplantation requires us to properly understand and faithfully reflect the original meaning and charm. We should be neither too literal nor too free from the original version. Poetry and translation are like twins with similar genes. Under the principle of faithfulness, poetry and translation should be similar and consistent. Since they are twins, they not only have similar genes, but also have different genes. That is to say, there are some things which cannot be translated. Flexible and inspired translation cannot replace the original, but can be regarded as a kind of creation, orientation, and limited creation. The process of translation is also a process of creation. As a process of re-creation, translators' acceptance, interpretation, translation and reader acceptance, coupled with cultural differences, give rise to different flavors and nerves. In the process of translation, the translator is not only the appreciator and recipient of the artistic beauty of the original work, but also the performer. From appreciation to performance, there is an important link, that is, the translator's aesthetic re-creation, or re-creation of the mental and emotional form. The key is to grasp the thoughts and feelings between the lines of the original. This shows that the language of poetry and its connotation can be both fully and partly translated, but absolutely the equivalence of the content and form of poetry and its translation is not unachievable. Literal transplantation and free transplantation should be flexible so as to present a translated text faithfully and perfectly for the reader.

2. "W" for Waves

Waves herein mostly refer to poetry's aural system or sound system. Different from authors of other forms of literature, poets especially value the musical effects of poems which mainly come from devices such as assonance, alliteration and onomatopoeia. Prosody for English poetry is related to meter, rhythm and intonation. In the English poetic tradition, metrical patterns are definitive according to a characteristic metrical foot and the number of foot per line. There are a wide range of types of foot. Each type has a certain foot. Meter and intonation for English poetry are very different from that for Chinese poetry. The same goes with rhyme and rhythm. The method for creating poetic rhythm varies with languages. English is a syllable-timed language while Chinese is a tonal one. English metrical rhythm generally involves precise arrangement of stresses and syllables into repeated patterns called feet within a line while Chinese verse lines usually have a definite number of characters with comparatively loose stress patterns. Rhyme, alliteration, assonance and consonance are used to create repetitive patterns of sound to reinforce rhythmic patterns or as an ornamental element in both English and Chinese poetry. As a result, the transplantation of "waves" in translating poetry usually ends with a domestication of musical effects mainly aimed to achieve aesthetic success in the target. Let's read the following translation "Composed at the Order of the Crown Prince"² by Long Jingyao (龙靖遥), the original poem by Cao Pi (曹丕):

The original Chinese poem:

令 诗

曹丕

丧乱悠悠过纪，
白骨从横万里，
哀哀下民靡恃。
吾将以时整理，
复子明辟致仕。

English translation:

Composed at the Order of the Crown Prince

Cao Pi

Such a state of chaos has lingered far too long,

White bones scatter the land for ten thousand miles strong,
And mournful people know not to whom they belong,
In accordance with the time I'll correct all that's wrong,
And hand over the reign back to you far a song.

This translation displays the translator's good command of both English and Chinese. It successfully transmits the original spirit. As for the transplantation of musical effects--the "waves", the end rhyme "ong" plays a significant role, achieving musical beauty and transplanting the original spirit as well.

The use of ambiguity, symbolism, irony and other stylistic elements of poetic diction often leaves a poem open to multiple interpretations. Similar figures of speech such as metaphor, simile and metonymy create a resonance between otherwise disparate images—a layering of meanings, forming connections previously not perceived. Kindred forms of resonance may exist between individual verses, in their patterns of rhyme or rhythm. When we translate a poem, or when we translate anything, we should first land the corresponding words and phrases from the target language. Identical expression of meaning ensures understanding and communication on both sides. Due to linguistic and cultural diversities, complete equivalence is rarely achieved. Through either literal translation or free translation, the original version and the translated version, just like a pair of twins, share the most similar genes in this world, giving us at least an apparently similar sense and feeling. The language of a poem is comparatively short and concise, while the meaning it conveys is always profound and metaphoric. As a result, the translated version will inevitably be completed to a certain level without losing its primary meaning and flavors. Those would be the subtle distinction to identify one twin from the other. Literal translation usually complies with the rule of faithfulness, while free translation may convey more artistic effects. In the same way, twins share almost the same appearance but have different spirits and nerves.

3. "I" for image

Poetry consists in image. Any translation cannot be completed at the expense of the original image. The translation of image in poetry translation should not be neglected. The same image in different cultural backgrounds may be different in sense, symbolization and resonance. Like twins, they look the same, but differ in personality, idea and attitude. The translator should try to

preserve the original image in the translation, discard the useless or stale image, replace the old image with a new one, or interpret the unique image in the original culture.

Image is a combination of thing and feeling. On the one hand, it refers to the total sum of perceptions involved in poetry and other literary works. On the other hand, it refers to the reconciliation and emergence of the subjective things and objective things in the target language. In western theory, the term "image" refers to the combination of reason and emotion. Language and words are not only symbols, but also images created by the author. The translation of images is the most difficult. It is difficult to convey the charm, artistic conception and taste of poetry. Image occupies such an important position in both Chinese and English poetry that it is necessary to retain or reproduce it in translation. It is particularly important to accurately understand the image of the original poem and faithfully reproduce the original image in the translated version. However, it is not an easy job to do so since the same image may have different cultural connotations in different languages.

In order to appreciate the difference of the same image in different cultures, let's take a look at Percy Bysshe Shelly's famous poem "Ode to the West Wind." The poem is translated into Chinese 《西风颂》 by Zha Liangzheng (查良铮). Ode in English is equivalent to Chinese "颂歌". West wind is also equivalent to Chinese "西风". But the image of west wind conveyed to English speakers is completely different from that to the Chinese. Britain is located in the west of Europe. The Atlantic is on its west. For the British, west wind is most popular. It's a warm wind blowing from the Atlantic, which is similar to China's southeast wind or spring breeze. It brings warm air and adequate rain to Britain, so the British people sing an ode to it. On the contrary, China is located in the east of Europe and Asia. China's West is not the sea but Gobi Desert. To Chinese people, west wind means wind blowing from the Gobi Desert. The wind does not bring rain but dry air and sand all over the sky, so the Chinese people bear such an adversity to it that they would seldom think of liking or praising it. It can be seen that the same west wind produce different sensations in the minds of the Chinese and the English people, which are like twins, similar in outer look but different in inner attribute.

Another example. In classical Chinese poetry, the moon is usually a medium for the poet to express depression and sorrow. The moon inspires the poet in melancholy and entangled thoughts. Take ancient Chinese poet Zhang Ji's (张继) poem as an example:

枫桥夜泊

张继

月落乌啼霜满天，
江枫渔火对愁眠，
姑苏城外寒山寺，
夜半钟声到客船。

In this Chinese poem, the moon is endowed with special meaning. What the speaker sees, hears and feels in the cabin as depicted in the poem all triggered his loneliness and homesickness so that he couldn't fall asleep. In the deep autumn night, the dark sky and the setting moon upset the speaker a lot.

In contrast, the image of the moon in English poetry is relaxing, lively, and friendly. A typical example is Bob Tucker's poem "My Friend, The Moon":

My Friend, The Moon³

Bob Tucker

I see the moon with its round light,
Is here again for fun tonight.
It seeks its playmates on the ground,
For in the sky no one's around.
It sneaks its light down through the trees,
It's moonbeams seem to light the breeze.
And colors dance as cool winds blow,
As it paints for us its famous glow.

In this poem, the moon is portrayed as an innocent, lovely and naughty child. The moon feels lonely or unaccompanied in the sky, so it quietly slips down from the tree to the ground, looking for a partner. This anthropomorphic description is vivid. Then, the poet outlines the peaceful and quiet moonlit night with delicate brushwork. On the moonlit night, moonlight illuminates the breeze and dances with the wind. The moon shines onto the earth. The tone of the poem is cheerful. The rhythm is clear. The poem gives people a relaxed and happy feeling.

4. "N" for neatness

Form and meaning of poetry are inseparable. They are not simply mechanical correspondences; they are two but in one and of one. It is far from enough merely to interpret the original poem in translation, for poetry is a form--form of form, and a meaning--meaning of meaning. Only in this way will the differences between the twins as individuals be clear to us. Compared with other literary genres, poetry is the complete and natural fusion of thought and word of the poet in his creation. Poetry occupies the essence of language and culture of a nation with distinctive cultural features. Although it is difficult, in the process of poetry translation, the formal beauty of the original poem should be faithfully translated and in some cases can be adapted. However, the premise of creation or creation of image must be able to serve the content, taste, style and artistic conception of the original poem. Translation should not stick to the word-for-word and sentence-for-sentence way, or to an unrealistic demand for the agreement of foot and rhythm. Otherwise it would be self defeating, causing some mechanical "dead translation". Translation form should be subjected to the content. The translator should first consider how to convey the original artistic conception, style and charm so as to take a corresponding form. Let's read the first lines of the following example from *Book of Songs* (《诗经》):

关雎

关关雎鸠，
在河之洲。
窈窕淑女，
君子好逑。

...

The first translation is by James Legge; the second is by Xu Yuanchong.

The first version:

Ode (Kwan ts'eu)⁴

Kwan kwan go the ospreys.
On the islet in the river,
The modest , retiring, virtuous, young lady: —
For our prince a good mate she.

The second version:

Cooing And Wooing⁵

By riverside are cooing
A pair of turtledoves;
A good young man is wooing
A fair maiden he loves.

...

This poem is generally considered to be a love song for men and women. It is the description of the water birds singing for love, which is the performance of two persons in love, firing our imagination by the scene that a gentleman needs a lady's company. Let's look at the first translation by Legge. Legge's title uses ode annotating Kwan Ts'eu in an attempt to encourage the readers to link the onomatopoeia Kwan with the Kwan-kwan in the first line of the poem. The translator pays more attention to the pronunciation of the words but cares less about the implied meaning of the poem. The name of "guan ju" (Chinese pinyin) implies the theme of the poem. In China, osprey fishing symbolizes man's courtship. Osprey is a faithful bird, a symbol of chastity. The implied meaning of osprey is unique in Chinese culture, which is not well understood by Europeans and the Americans. Obviously, the translator has missed the theme. Even if Legge tries his best to translate the poem into a metrical one, if we read the Chinese version, the implied meaning of his translation is deviated from the original poem. And the number of words in each sentence is not equal. The translated poem and the original one are not in neat antithesis. The translation has lost much in form and meaning.

The second translation by Xu Yuanchong uses the word, cooing, to refer to a water bird. The use of onomatopoeia presents a vivid image of the water bird calling and a lively feeling of the original poem for us. Turtledoves not only embody the same cultural meaning of doves, but also that of lovers. The use of turtledove suggests it is a love poem in accordance with the original artistic conception. The use of "a good young man" rather than "gentleman" shows the characteristics of original folk song, free, easy, not rigidly adhering to the form. In the translated version there are four to six words in each stanza, and a total of four stanzas, which is consistent with the original poem. The stanzas of this poem parallel with one another neatly. It is a good example of translation. Due to differences in language expression, cultural background, and traditional habits, etc, we can only use free translation and try to convey the original meaning of the original text. Free translation with its overcoming of cultural differences is comparatively more faithful to the original text.

5. “S” for style

Style is the natural expression of the writer's personality after certain ideological and cultural cultivation with a certain language style. Style can be the performance of personal and collective wisdom. The main task of translation is to convey the artistic conception of the original in another language, so that the targets readers can get the same or similar inspiration and feeling as that in reading the original. This in part requires us to apply creative methods in translation and to be faithful to the style of the original. However, English poetry and Chinese poetry have different styles. What should we do in the process of translation?

The style of poem always lies in the form of language. It is presented in a certain range of words, sentences, rhetoric and artistic techniques. When the original style is reproduced in the translation, the use of word, sentence, stanza, rhetorical devices and artistic techniques cannot be ignored. These style signals can be transplanted in the translation process. The translator should convey the scenery of the poet, analyze the poet's values, the world outlook and the aesthetic view. The translator should make efforts to identify the poet's creative personality, fully demonstrate his artistic style, and properly deal with his unique language expression. The following selection is from *Ancient Poetry 19*, translation by Wang Rongpei (汪榕培):

古诗十九首之三

青青河畔草，郁郁园中柳。
盈盈楼上女，皎皎当窗牖。

Translation:

Ancient Poetry 19 (3)

Green, Green spreads the bank-side grass,
Lush, Lush grow the garden willows;
Fine, Fine stands upstairs the lass,
Fair, Fair her shape behind the windows.⁶

Chinese people pay special attention to the balance of beauty. A reflection of the aesthetic psychology in language is that the Chinese language is very symmetrical. The use of reduplicated words in this poem is a good embodiment. Each line has reduplicated words. “青青” (pinyin: qingqing) is the description of the lush vegetation. “郁郁” (pinyin: yuyu) is the description of lush trees.

“盈盈” (pinyin: yingying) is the description of elegant female posture. “皎皎” (pinyin: jiaojiao) is used to show the beautiful appearance of the lady. With the combination of literal and free translation, the translator uses two repeated English adjectives to translate the original poem in order to reflect the rhythm of the original poem. The image of a beautiful and gorgeous woman is quite successfully portrayed by the reduplicated words. Wang uses words correspondingly—green, green; lush, lush; fine, fine; fair, fair—to represent the reduplicated relative Chinese characters, which is a good reproduction of the original version. There are six to seven words in each stanza of the poem, and it is a good reflection of the beauty of rhythm and form of English poetry. The natural charm of the original poem is also reflected in terms of the retention of the literal meaning of the original. In the translation, the reader can still feel the vibrant colors of youth, and the beautiful imagination about the woman. The cadence, as well as the lively and unique style, is well reproduced.

All in all, a translator is just like a clone scientist cloning the other twin. He should try to transplant the original style into translated version and hold back his own style to reproduce the poet's style rather than overwhelming the original style in his language. When a poem comes to a translator, in the first place, he tastes it, chews it and digests it as a reader usually does. However, as a translator, the next step should be making up another poem which should be just the same or similar one, a cloned one, the twin, in another language. This is a process of imitation as well as composition. By imitation, the poem and its translated version are endowed with similarities. By composition, they become two distinct individuals like twins. Poetry translation is a process of looking for similarities and differences. It is also a process of transplantation and recreation of form, artistic conception, and rhythm. Although it is difficult to finish this process, it is great pleasure to compare the original poem and the translation for target or bilingual readers. People always think twins are very compelling and marvel at their similarities and find their differences. So do translation readers. Even if for this, it is significant for translators to follow “twins” code to translate poetry from five aspects—transplantation, “wave” (rhythm), image, neatness, and style.

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Translator List in English and Chinese

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1. Cao Xiaolan.....曹晓安
2. Deng Yuping.....邓宇萍
3. Liu Zhaohui.....刘朝晖
4. Long Jingyao.....龙靖遥
5. Li Yanxia.....李燕霞
6. Shen Jie.....沈洁
7. Zhang Jia.....张佳
8. Zeng Yanwen.....曾衍文

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