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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangku

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

English-Chinese Version

The Nightingale¹

Sir Philip Sidney²

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making,
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 211.

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:

夜莺

菲利普·西德尼爵士

四月一到，夜莺就苏醒，
她完美醒来，神采奕奕。
先前荒芜的土地自豪地披上新装，盎然春意。
她唱出她的哀伤，她的歌种出荆棘，
凄凄惨惨，悲悲戚戚，
她的歌喉唱起
压抑心中的凄迷，
因为泰诺斯的淫威制服她纯真的意志。
啊，菲勒美拉美人，开心点吧，
这里有更令人伤心的理由：
你的土地冬去春来，我的却变得贫瘠；
你的荆棘刺向他人，我的却入侵我的心脏。

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,
Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish;
Full womanlike complains her will was broken.
But I, who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Translation:

唉，除了泰诺斯的爱，她别无理由苦恼，
他用铁腕将爱强加于她，
她身体受折磨，精神遭煎熬；
女人的幽怨使她的意志坍塌。
可是我呢，天天渴望，
却得不到满足，
我更有理由忧郁，
因为得不到比得到太多更惹人神伤。
啊，菲勒美拉美人，开心点吧，
这里有更令人伤心的理由：
你的土地冬去春来，我的却变得贫瘠；
你的荆棘刺向他人，我的却入侵我的心脏。

（刘朝晖 译）

Sonnet • 144¹

William Shakespeare²

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And, whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 269.

² William Shakespeare (1564-1616), an English poet, playwright, and actor, was widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist.

Translation:

十四行诗 • 144

威廉·莎士比亚

两个爱人令吾欢欣又无望，
如精灵那般把我迷惑
良善之天使为男子，风姿无双，
邪恶之幽灵为女子，貌丑无颜。
那幽灵为使我早入冥府，
诱我的天使把我抛弃，
腐蚀其成为恶魔一个，
用恶浊的骄横去追求洁净。
而，我的天使是否已为恶魔，
我可能会疑心但并未定夺，
但他俩结成好友双双弃我，
我猜想其中天使已坠地狱。

然我无从知晓终日疑惑，
直至那幽灵将那天使驱。

(邓宇萍 译)

The Argument of His Book¹

Robert Herrick²

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,

Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.

I sing of Maypoles, hock carts, wassails, wakes,

Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.

I write of youth, of love, and have access

By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.

I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,

Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.

I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write

How roses first came red and lilies white.

I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing

The court of Mab and of the fairy king.

I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)

Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 354.

² Robert Herrick (1591-1674), was a 17th-century English lyric poet and cleric. He is best known for *Hesperides*, a book of poems.

Translation:

辩人生之籍

罗伯特·赫里克

唱溪歌，绽音鸟乐，荫窸窣皆为曲——

季春初仲夏有花，

五朔柱谷车宴局，守夜聚，

新连理、歌再为糕续。

韶华春绪。

书以颂，恣情嬉戏，

露雨点滴叙。

香膏油，草撰龙涎香趣。

诵时迭之韵律。

记玫瑰初现嫣红，百合苞白如玉。

作林赋，述鸟鸣，

仙王仙后庭皆具。

再摹地狱。

更应诉天堂，常留希冀，千回终可去。

(朱丽叶 译)

Song¹

William Blake²

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
'Till I the prince of love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 732.

² William Blake (1757-1827), 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:

歌

威廉·布莱克

漫步原野间我如此甜蜜，
夏日里的所有欢愉尝遍，
我终瞧见那爱恋的王子，
浸浴一袭灿阳风采翩翩！

他呈百合别上我的发间，
让我如玫瑰般低眉娇羞；
他的花园开着极盛欣愉，
园中携我一同徜徉赏游。

五月的甜蜜露水打湿我的羽翼，
太阳之神燃起我怒喊之音；
他用丝网束缚我，
以光灿的囚笼禁锢我。

他喜欢坐着听我唱歌，
然后，欢笑，与我一起玩乐；
最后展开我金色的翼羽，
却嬉笑我失去的自由。

（邓宇萍 译）

To Autumn • 1¹

John Keats²

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 939.

² John Keats (1795-821), an English Romantic poet, was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his work only having been in publication for four years before his death.

Translation:

秋颂 • 1

约翰 • 济慈

薄雾缭绕，果实醇厚的秋，
和成熟的太阳结成知心伴友；
仔细着如何与他用串串珠果
缀满屋檐下萦绕的葡藤结出祝福；
让屋前的苹果树弯曲，
每个枝丫挂满的果实都果心熟透；
使葫芦胀起，榛子壳圆鼓，
带着甜仁；长多点小芽儿，
好开出更多花期长的甜朵滋养蜂儿，
直至它们认为日子永远温暖，
因为夏日气息已使它们胞体溢满。

(邓宇萍 译)

The Dead¹

Jones Very²

I see them crowd on crowd they walk the earth
Dry, leafless trees no Autumn wind laid bare;
And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare;
No sap doth through their clattering branches flow,
Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright appear;
Their hearts the living God have ceased to know,
Who gives the spring time to th' expectant year;
They mimic life, as if from him to steal
His glow of health to paint the livid cheek;
They borrow words for thoughts they cannot feel,
That with a seeming heart their tongue may speak;
And in their show of life more dead they live
Than those that to the earth with many tears they give.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1044.

² Jones Very (1813- 1880) was an American poet, essayist, clergyman, and mystic associated with the American Transcendentalism movement.

Translation:

死寂

琼斯·卫瑞

我看见他们聚集，行走在这地球上
没有秋风扫过，干枯无叶的树光秃秃的；
他们在这裸露中寻觅着欢乐的理由，
他们不畏惧冬天的粗鲁无理；
没有树液流过他们支离破碎的树枝，
盎然的树叶和花朵从何而来；
上帝已无暇顾及他们的生死，
是谁让春天又变得有所期待；
他们摹仿生活，盗取似的
他容光焕发遮掩苍白的脸颊；
他们借用语言表达无感之思，
动之以情他们可用舌头说话；
他们的生活比那些为之泪流满面的人
更死气沉沉。

（刘芸含 译）

Reveille¹

A. E. Housman²

Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying:
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying
“Who'll beyond the hills away?”

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad; thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1173.

² A. E. Housman (1859-1936) was an English classical scholar and poet, best known to the general public for his cycle of poems “A Shropshire Lad”.

Translation:

起床号

A. E. 豪斯曼

醒醒：黎明的银光高照
点亮了漆黑的沙滩；
日出的船只在燃烧，
搁浅在东方的边沿。

醒醒：拱形的黑影破碎，
坍塌在它曾矗立的地面；
黑夜之帐裂开崩溃，
天穹的大地稻草丛现。

起来，小子，晚了别赖床：
听晨鼓声声轰鸣；
听公路空响回荡，
“谁将远离群山而行？”

城市和乡村齐努力，
前方灯塔通明，钟声清脆；
脚蹬皮鞋的小伙子，
从未饱尝人生百味。

起来，小子，舒活四肢，
日晒的草席永不生长；
清晨贪床，白天安息，
绝非活人生存之方。

泥土静躺，但血液漫游；
呼吸不是永存的器物。
起来，小子：在旅程尽头
会有足够的时间让你睡去。

(刘朝晖 译)

A Summer's Night¹

Paul Laurence Dunbar²

The night is dewy as a maiden's mouth,
The skies are bright as are a maiden's eyes,
Soft as a maiden's breath, the wind that flies
Up from the perfumed bosom of the South.
Like sentinels, the pines stand in the park;
And hither hastening like rakes that roam,
With lamps to light their wayward footsteps home,
The fire-flies come stagg'ring down the dark.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1222.

² Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872–1906) was an African-American poet, novelist, and playwright of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Much of his popular work in his lifetime used a Negro dialect, which helped him become one of the first nationally-accepted African-American writers.

Translation:

夏夜

保罗·劳伦斯·邓巴

夏夜如少女之唇一般晶莹欲滴，
 夜空似女儿家的眼眸明亮清澈，
 如同一女孩轻盈的呼吸，随风
从南边芬芳的怀抱里飞起。
松树像哨兵一样，园中站立；
 然而此处就像匆匆的老鼠步子，
 踩着灯照慌忙无序地归家，
徒留飞萤徘徊于暗夜。

（邓宇萍 译）

The Owl¹

Edward Thomas²

Downhill I came, hungry, and yet not starved;
Cold, yet had heat within me that was proof
Against the North wind; tired, yet so that rest
Had seemed the sweetest thing under a roof.

Then at the inn I had food, fire, and rest,
Knowing how hungry, cold, and tired was I.
All of the night was quite barred out except
An owl's cry, a most melancholy cry

Shaken out long and clear upon the hill,
No merry note, nor cause of merriment,
But one telling me plain what I escaped
And others could not, that night, as in I went.

And salted was my food, and my repose,
Salted and sobered, too, by the bird's voice
Speaking for all who lay under the stars,
Soldiers and poor, unable to rejoice.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1254.

² Edward Thomas (1878-1917), an Anglo-Welsh poet, essayist, and novelist.

Translation:

猫头鹰

爱德华·托马斯

我从山上来，饿，但还未饿坏；
冷，但内心还热
足以抵御北风；累，但如此一来
休息成了屋檐下最甜美的快乐。

我在小客栈吃饭，烤火，睡觉，
深知此前我有多饿，多冷，多累。
黑夜的一切都关在屋外，只听到
猫头鹰的叫声，那是最忧郁的垂泪。

清晰的叫声在山峦上久久回荡，
不是欢乐的音符，也不是欢乐的由缘，
而是明白地告诉我，那晚，我走进室内，
我所逃离的厄运其他人却未能幸免。

鸟叫声酸涩了我口中的食物，
我的睡眠也变得苦涩不安；
猫头鹰在为天下苍生号呼，
为无法欢心的士兵和穷人呐喊。

(刘朝晖 译)

The Snow Man¹

Wallace Stevens²

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1256.

² Wallace Stevens (1879–1955) was an American modernist poet.

Translation:

雪人

华莱士·史蒂文斯

心怀冬日，
有冰霜松枝。
银装素裹。

静矗凌寒睹杜松，
困于冰锁。
隐现云杉，遥遥相隔，一月残阳烁。

未曾思虑，
风携带悲苦嚅嚅。
佛歌之叶，枝头几片未堕。

凄曲无异地吟，
弥天旧风和。
僻壤荒凉亦如始，呼啸苍风过。

再望雪人，雪中聆者，
无物融空阔。
似集万物，然遗虚空零落。

（朱丽叶 译）

Chinese-English Version

清溪行¹

李白

清溪清我心，
水色异诸水。
借问新安江，
见底何如此？
人行明镜中，
鸟度屏风里。
向晚猩猩啼，
空悲远游子。

¹ 萧涤非等著. 唐诗鉴赏辞典. 上海: 上海辞书出版社, 2004: 281.

Translation:

Across the Creek

Li Po¹

Clear creek across my heart,
Water to water, it distinct.
For Xin'an River I Suspect,
Can be limpid like this?
People walking like in the mirror sailing,
Birds up like in the screen soaring.
Soon at night apes mourning,
Saddening the remote wandering.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Li Po (李白, 701-762), one of the most popular Chinese poets, was noted for his romantic songs on wine, women, and nature. His writings reflect the grandeur of the Tang Dynasty at the height of its prosperity.

思远人¹

晏几道

红叶黄花秋意晚，

千里念行客。

飞云过尽，

归鸿无信，

何处寄书得？

泪弹不尽临窗滴。

就砚旋研墨。

渐写到别来，

此情深处，

红笺为无色。

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: 273.

Translation:

Thinking of the Faraway Darling

Yan Jidao¹

Late autumn's red leaves and yellow flowers

Remind me of the faraway darling.

White clouds go to the ends of the sky drifting;

Wild geese have returned no news from him bringing.

Even if I'd like to, where could I sent a letter?

Heart-broken, I stood by the window, tears welling.

They fell into the slab and were rubbed into the ink.

With tearful ink I wrote about feelings after his departure.

So deeply touched was I

That flooding tears faded the red letter paper.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Yan Jidao (晏几道, 1038-1110), was a famous poet in the Northern Song Dynasty.

望月¹

徐志摩

月：我隔着窗纱，在黑暗中，
望她从巉岩的山肩挣起
一轮惺松的不整的光华：
象一个处女，怀抱着贞洁，
惊惶的，挣出强暴的爪牙；

这使我想起你，我爱，当初
也曾在恶运的利齿间捱！
但如今，正如蓝天里明月，
你已升起在幸福的前峰，
洒光辉照亮地面的坎坷！

¹ 徐志摩. 徐志摩诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 72.

Translation:

Looking at the Moon

Xu Zhimo¹

Moon: across the window veil, in the dark,
I'm looking at her from cliff shoulder up.
What a leisure moon wearing the messy light:
As a virgin, hugging the purity,
Fearfully and carefully, handing out the aggressing paws;

It reminds me of you, my love, at the outset
Once been lapping up the suffering tooth neath!
But now, you in the azure sky like the moon
From the peak of happiness raising up,
Sprinkling the divine light to the rough ground.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ 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 poems include "Farewell to Cambridge Again", "One Night in Florence" and so forth.

美丽¹

朱湘

美丽把装束御下了，镜子
知道它可是真的，还是谎；
他对着灵魂，照见了真相，
照不见“善”“恶”，——人造的名字。

不响，成天里他只深思
又深思——平坦在他的面上，
还有冷静，明白；不是往常
那些幻影与它们的美疵。

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 47.

Translation:

Fairness

Zhu Xiang¹

In front of a mirror, Fairness unveiled himself,
The mirror wondered if that was truth or lie;
He faced his soul in the mirror and found the truth,
But he failed to find “kindness” or “badness”, which named by humans.

With silence, he pondered all day along,
There was quietness on his face for he pondered again,
Still with calmness and clearness; not like the usual,
Here weren't those illusions and theirs fair flaws.

(Trans. Liu Yunhan)

¹ Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933), a famous Chinese poet and writer in the early 20th century.

仍然¹

林徽因

你舒伸得象一湖水向着晴空里
白云，又象是一流冷涧澄清
许我循着林岸穷究你的泉源；
我却仍然怀抱着百般的疑心
对你的每一个映影！

你展开像个千瓣的花朵！
鲜妍是你的每一瓣，更有芳沁，
那温存袭人的花气，伴着晚凉；
我说花儿，这正是春的捉弄人，
来偷取人们的痴情！

你又学叶叶的书篇随风吹展，
揭示你的每一个深思；每一角心境，
你的眼睛望着，我，不断的在说话；
我却仍然没有回答，一片的沉静
永远守住我的魂灵。

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 70.

Translation:

As Ever

Lin Huiyin¹

Thou unfurled heavenward as lake-like.
Cloud, as a cool ravine.
Allow me to seek thy beginning by forest-side;
Doubt thy as ever
Every reflection in mine.

Thou unfurled as flowers with petals!
And every petal blooms thy freshness, with thy gentle
Fragrance in the cool night, perfuming and scenting;
I said: “Flowers, it’s a trick of Spring,
People’s infatuation to steal.”

Thou learnt to get up in coil as blowing book with wind,
Revealing thy every thoughts; every corner of the mind,
Thy eyes are looking, at me, on and on telling;
Yet I reply none as ever,
In the stillness holding my soul forever.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Lin Huiyin (林徽因, 1904-1955), a noted Chinese architect and writer in the 20th century, was considered to be the first female architect in China. Lin Huiyin wrote poems, essays, short stories and plays. Many of her works were praised for subtlety, beauty and creativity. Her most famous work is “You Are the April of This World—Ode to Love”.

摇船夜歌¹

陈梦家

夜风静不掀起微波，
小星点亮我的桅杆，
我要撑进银流的天河，
新月张开一片风帆；

让我合上了我的眼睛，
听，我摇起两支轻桨——
那水声，分明是我的心，
在黑暗里轻轻的响；

吩咐你：天亮飞的乌鸦，
别打我的船头掠过；
蓝的星，腾起了又落下，
等我唱摇船的夜歌。

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 74.

Translation:

The Nocturne of Rowing

Chen Mengjia¹

The gentle night breeze raises no ripples;
The little shining stars light up my mast.
I'd head out to the silver river in the sky;
The new moon would for me open up a sail.

Let me close my eyes.

Listen, I'm rowing two light oars—
The sound of water, as if from my heart
Sings silently in the dark.

You: crow flying at dusk,
Keep clear of my boat's bow;
Blue star, rising and falling,
Awaits me to sing the nocturne of rowing.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Chen Mengjia (陈梦家, 1911-1966) was a Chinese scholar, poet and archaeologist. He was considered the foremost authority on oracle bones and was Professor of Chinese at Tsinghua University in Beijing.

海上的声音¹

方玮德

那一天我和她走海上过，
她给我一贯钥匙和一把锁，
她说：“开你心上的门，
让我放进去一颗心，
请你收存，
请你收存。”

今天她叫我再开那扇门，
我的钥匙早丢掉在海滨。
成天我来海上找寻，
我听到云里的声音——
“要我的心，
要我的心！”

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 85.

Translation:

Sound on the Sea

Fang Weide¹

The day with her I walked through the sea,

She gave me a key and a lock,

She said: “Open the door to your heart,

Let me put in mine,

 Please enshrine,

 Please enshrine.”

Today she told me to open the door once more,

But early lost my key at the seaside.

Seek the lost I to the sea all day long.

In the clouds I heard the sound—

 “Heart for me,

 Heart for me.”

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Fang Weide(方玮德, 1908-1935) was a famous Chinese Modern writer in the 20th century. He published a large amount of poems in different journals.

默向凉秋¹

朱大枬

天平孤雁一声叹息，
地上平添一段芦枝，
疑猜：这芦枝是从故乡带来？
咽露的草虫在墙阴，
吐一声回荡的哀鸣，
忍耐和黄叶同听霜风安排。

吹透不禁风的薄衣，
系逼着澈髓的寒气，
待热酒来温慰凉秋的愁怀；
晚风撕碎芭扇的影，
蝙蝠弄檐前的黄昏，
快爬向心头，菴虚庭的暮霭。

¹陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 131.

Translation:

Turn away Facing the Cold Fall in Silence

Zhu Danan¹

The lonely wild goose heaves a sigh on the horizon.
The reed unexpectedly appears a segment on the ground.
Suspicion: It is brought from my hometown?
 Insect swallows dew on grass in the shade of the wall.
 Then it spitted out a plaintive wail.
Both endurance and yellow leaves allow the arrangement of frost and wind.

Light clothing couldn't bear the cutting through wind.
It is the biting cold draught
That waits warm wine to comfort the melancholy of cold fall;
 Night wind tears up the shadow of the palm-leaf fan,
 Meanwhile, the dust is in front of the eave teased by bats.
Almost upon the mind crawls the rambler-like evening mist in the vacant courtyard.

(Trans. Zhu Liye)

¹ Zhu Danan, (朱大柟,1903-1932), was viewed as a famous modern poet in China.

岸¹

北岛

陪伴着现在和以往

岸，举着一根高高的芦苇

四下眺望

是你

守护着每一个波浪

守护着迷人的泡沫和星星

当呜咽的月亮

吹起古老的船歌

多么忧伤

我是岸

我是渔港

我伸展着手臂

等待穷孩子的小船

载回一盏盏灯光

¹ 北岛. 北岛诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 14.

Translation:

Shore

Bei Dao¹

Accompanying now and the old day,
Shore, up a tall reed,
Eyed here and there.
It's thou
Guarding every wave,
Guarding the charming bubbles and stars.
When the sobbing moon
Blowing the old barcarolla,
What a sadness!

I am the shore;
I am a fishing port;
I am handing long
To wait for the poor kids' boats
Loading the lamp lights back.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Beidao (北岛, 1949-), formerly known as Zhao Zhenkai (赵振开), was born in Beijing. He is a Chinese contemporary poet and writer, one of the representative figures of poetry.

山楂树¹

海子

今夜我不会遇见你
今夜我遇见了世上的一切
但不会遇见你。

一棵夏季最后
火红的山楂树
像一辆高大女神的自行车
像一女孩 畏惧群山
呆呆站在门口
她不会向我
跑来！

我走过黄昏
像风吹向远处的平原
我将在暮色中抱住一棵孤独的树干
山楂树！ 一闪而过 啊！ 山楂

我要在你火红的乳房下坐到天亮。
又小又美丽的山楂的乳房
在高大女神的自行车上
在农奴的手上
在夜晚就要熄灭

¹ 海子. 海子诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 8.

Translation:

Hawthorn

Hai Zi¹

Tonight I won't meet you
Tonight in the world I met all
But not you

A summer last
Flaming hawthorn
Is like a bicycle of goddess tall
Or a girl, fearing mounts
Dully staying in doorway
Run toward me
She won't be

I've been walked through the dusk
Like the wind blowing afar to the plains
I in the setting sun embrace a lonely trunk
Hawthorn! Just passed by! Hawthorn

I will sit down under your fiery breasts until dawn
What a small and charming breast of hawthorn
On the bike of goddess tall
In the hands of the serf
Lights out at night

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Hai Zi (海子, 1964–1989) is the pen name of the Chinese poet Zha Haisheng (查海生). He was one of the most famous poets in Mainland China after the Cultural Revolution. He committed suicide by lying on the rail in Shanhaiguan at the age of 25.

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Walt Whitman

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction

Walt Whitman (1819–1892) was an American poet, essayist, and journalist. As a humanist, he was a part of the transition between transcendentalism and realism, incorporating both views in his works. Whitman is among the most influential poets in the American canon, often called the father of free verse. His work was very controversial in its time, particularly his poetry collection *Leaves of Grass*, which was described as obscene for its overt sexuality.

Early in his career, he also produced a temperance novel, *Franklin Evans* (1842). Whitman's major work, *Leaves of Grass*, was first published in 1855 with his own money. The work was an attempt at reaching out to the common people with an American epic. He continued expanding and revising it until his death in 1892. After a stroke towards the end of his life, he moved to Camden, New Jersey, where his health further declined. When he died at the age of 72, his funeral became a public spectacle.

The following poem is selected from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2005) and translated by Deng Yuping.

Song of Myself • 1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their
 parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

Translation:

自我之歌·一

我赞颂自我，讴歌自我，
我所讲述的，于你们一样相适，
因为所属我的每一粒原子，也将一样属于你。

我邀请我的灵魂一同游历，
我弯腰俯视，悠闲地观看一片夏日的草叶。

我的舌，我血液里的每粒原子，皆由这泥土这空气构成，
我生于斯，我的父母生于斯，他们的父母
也生于斯，
我，如今三十七载，身体健康，
愿歌颂不止直至死亡。

教条和学派先搁置一旁，
暂且退让一步，接受它们的教化，但绝不可全忘，
我心怀善恶，我倾之所有哪怕险难
也要以原始的生力述说自然。

Crossing Brooklyn Ferry • 1

Flood-tide below me! I see you face to face!

Clouds of the west—sun there half an hour high—I see you also

face to face.

Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes, how

curious you are to me!

On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning

home, are more curious to me than you suppose,

And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are more

to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.

Translation:

穿越布鲁克林渡口·一

我脚下的潮水啊！我面对面看着你！

西边的云彩——日头再半个多小时就沉了——我看着你
一样面对着面。

穿着通俗的男男女女，看着你们

我感觉稀奇得很！

人潮满目皆是，乘船、渡河、归家

这给我的感觉比你们想象的来得更稀奇，
于你们，将在以后的年岁里从口岸到口岸穿渡，

于我，比你们能想到更加的稀奇，更多地进入我的沉思。

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and
 measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much
 applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

Translation:

每当我听那位天文学家讲座

每当我听那位天文学家讲座，
每当那些论证、数据在我面前罗列，
每当那些图表展现眼前，我要增加、划分以及测量
每当我坐在报告厅听他演说以及听响彻耳边的掌声，
我竟莫名地很快厌弃，
因此我独自起身不动声色地逃离，
在深奥而湿润的夜风中，一次再一次，
在极致静寂中，抬头仰望，看上空的星子。

Beat! Beat! Drums!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now
 with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering
 his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles
 blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers
 must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would
 they continue?

Translation:

敲吧！敲吧！战鼓！

敲吧！敲吧！战鼓！——吹吧！号角！吹吧！

透过窗——穿过门——冷酷的迸发之势，

长入矜重之教堂，遣散集聚之会众，

进入学者研修之学宫；

不能让新郎安定——此时定不能让他和他的新娘甜蜜。

不能让安逸的农夫承平，不能让其耕耘田地或丰收粮食，

你就如此热烈地把鼓敲吧——如此锐利地把号角吹吧。

敲吧！敲吧！战鼓！——吹吧！号角！吹吧！

彻耳的声音盖过城市交通——盖过街上车轮的轰隆声；

夜晚在屋内可给眠者备好床铺？而眠者

并非只能安睡于那些床铺，

没有生意人白日营生——没有经纪人或投机者——

他们会继续吗？

Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the
 hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

Translation:

语者还想言论吗？歌者仍盼高唱吗？
法庭上的律师会站在法官面前陈述案情吗？
那就把鼓敲地更加热烈——把号角吹地更加锐耳。

敲吧！敲吧！战鼓！——吹吧！号角！吹吧！
不容置喙——不必停下告劝，
无须在意怯懦者——无须理会哭泣或祷告者，
勿要挂心年老者对年弱者的祈求，
不要听孩童声音，也不要听母亲的恳求，
得敲地等待入殓的死人棺木都震撼起来，
你如此激烈地敲打，哦，可怕的战鼓——你如此响亮地吹着号角。

Cavalry Crossing a Ford

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun—hark to
the musical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop to
drink,
Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person a picture, the
negligent rest on the saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford—
while,
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

Translation:

铁骑渡浅滩

一伍长队在葱郁的岛屿间蜿蜒挺进，
取蛇形路线，阳光中他们的臂甲闪动——听那铿锵之音，
看，那粼粼河水，蹚水的马儿闲散顿停安然饮水，
看，那黑黢黢脸庞的士兵，每一群，每一人皆成一画，他们
 仰躺在马鞍上安适地打盹，
有的已渡完河在对岸，有的刚涉浅滩——而就在这会儿，
火红、碧蓝、雪白的，
欢呼的军旗在风中飞扬。

The Dalliance of the Eagles

Skirting the river road, (my forenoon walk, my rest,)
Skyward in air a sudden muffled sound, the dalliance of the eagles,
The rushing amorous contact high in space together,
The clinching interlocking claws, a living, fierce, gyrating wheel,
Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling mass tight grappling,
In tumbling turning clustering loops, straight downward falling,
Till o'er the river pois'd, the twain yet one, a moment's lull,
A motionless still balance in the air, then parting, talons loosing,
Upward again on slow-firm pinions slanting, their separate diverse
 flight,
She hers, he his, pursuing.

Translation:

一对鹰的调情

沿河岸边路闲走，（我午前的散步，我的小休）
天空上方突地一声闷响传来，原来是一对鹰在调情，
在高空中飞扑来飞扑去地亲密爱抚，
紧紧咬合的双爪，活脱脱一把猛烈旋转的回轮，
四只拍打着的双翼，一对鹰嘴，较量般地紧扭一团，
重复着翻转、飞旋，俯冲直下，
直到飞越河流才平复，但任然合在一起，却缓和了片刻，
在空中比肩齐飞相对静止，随后松开双爪，飞开，
平缓飞行徐徐展翅然后斜冲向上，各自分开飞行，
她自己飞着，他自己飞着，相互追逐着。

Reconciliation

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be
utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly
wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

Translation:

和解

所有的词，一如天空如此美丽，
美丽是战争及其全部的杀戮被彻底地及时消逝，
是死神与夜神的姊妹双手，总是轻柔地
洗净这个污浊的世界，一次又一次；
因我的军队已经消亡，一个人因我的死亡而出世，
我看着他静静地躺在灵棺里，脸无血色——我上前，
弯腰，用我的唇轻触棺中这苍白的脸。

A Noiseless Patient Spider

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to
 connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

Translation:

一只沉默坚忍的蜘蛛

一只沉默坚忍的蜘蛛，
我留意它独立于小小海岬，
观察它如何勘探广袤的周遭，
它喷吐蛛丝，一根接一根，一层加一层，
没有中断，亦不怠倦。

而你——吾魂，你立何方，
被围困、被隔断，在了无边垠的海洋，
不断沉思、冒险、结网，寻求能让蛛丝与陆地相壤，
直到架起你需要的桥梁，直到落定柔韧的锚，
直到你抛下的薄网抓住某处，吾魂啊！

(邓宇萍 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Poetry of Seven Sword-Men

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Introduction

Seven Sword-Men is the pen name of seven modern Chinese poets. As a poetry group, they have different temperaments but share their passion and enthusiasm to poetry. The beauty of their poetry lies in lyrics and romanticism along with different poetic styles and concepts. By mutually complementing strengths, this modern poetry group is highlighted in the description of the same subject with diverse fusion, giving readers various aesthetic expectation and experience.

The following poems are selected from Poetry of Seven Sword-Men and translated by Sword-Poets.

我喜欢站在夏日的树荫下

论剑（龚刚）

我喜欢站在夏日的树荫下

那些重叠交错的树叶

相依相戏 喁喁轻语

把刺眼的阳光和天空

丢弃在另一个季节

我喜欢站在夏日的树荫下

触摸绕指而过的凉风

倾听隐约可辨的鸟声

像山泉中的游鱼

在岩石的夹缝自由地呼吸

Translation:

I Love to Stand Under Summer Trees

Gong Gang

I love to stand under summer trees
To see leaves intimately kiss
Tease and embrace, and whisper in bliss
To another season the sky
And the blazing sunlight have left

I love to stand under summer trees
To stroke the breeze through my fingers
To listen to birds twittering in the woods
Like fish swimming in a mountain spring
Breathing as is his will
Right in the crevice of rocks

我喜欢踮起双脚
走在裸露的根蔓上
走向草坪深处
专注于一枚跌落草丛的露珠
把环伺四周 与远方为敌的高楼
抛在身后

我喜欢带着树荫旅行
我喜欢对着河流歌唱
我喜欢在公路的尽头
嗅到原野的气息
我喜欢 在树影朦胧的午夜
看着你的眼睛
那里有深情的月光
比岁月还要久远

Translation:

I love to stand on my toes
To step on the bare roots
Deep into the lawn
To take a close look
At a dew dropping into the grass
With the towers left behind
That watch and wrestle the distance

I love to bring the shade of trees for travels
I love to sing to the rivers I pass
Whenever I arrive at the end of a road
I love to sniff the smell of wilderness
I love to gaze at your eyes
At midnight covered with vague trees
Where the moon hides your love,
Eternal as the world.

(Trans. Matsuda Tsukiteru)

午夜丁香

花剑（李磊）

丁香照亮了春天的夜晚
一些回忆从花朵中醒来
你从丁香中醒来
而美丽的事情渐渐暗淡
相恋的人们，不要流泪
最爱你的人常常离你最远

灵魂渴望自己的伴侣，孤独流浪
许多面孔若隐若现，看惯了
尘世的喧嚣，变化的风雨
幸福还是背叛，唯有着一缕暗香
把我激动，绝非偶然

Translation:

The Clove at Midnight

Li Lei

In the spring night the clove lighted up
From flowers some memory returned
From clove you woke up
No more recalled gradually the beautiful things
Oh lovers! Don't shed tears worst
The far away is the man who loves you best

The souls long for mates own, wandering alone
Many faces loom and gloom
In noise of the world, with joy and betrayal
Gone through baffling wind and rain
It's You who moved me, only fragrance hidden
It's a good fortune more certain

爱，与生俱来，用你消逝的名字
夜夜为你取暖。丁香照耀着我
这种寂静呼唤存在
其实存在过的常常不复存在
这个夜晚没有梦，丁香寒意刺骨
爱情的另一面特别具有痛感

风吹过去，往事随风飘远
时间和空间已为我们构成心与心的连环
想想吧，曾经有过一双宽厚的手
把心灵抚慰
那么，疼痛的味道已很淡很淡

Translation:

Be born with your love
Be warmed with your name
Fading and fading, but night and night bloom
Your clove shines me
Your silence recalls existence
But fading flowers no longer come again
No dream at night, with cold clove out of the bone

The other side of love is in painful pain
The wind blew past and the past drifted away
Our hearts tightened as a chain in the sky and day
Thinking, with love hands comforted our hearts
That the painful feeling will be mild and fade

(Trans. Li Lei)

我坐在丛林中，等待天黑

问剑（杨卫东）

我坐在丛林中，一个人统治

这些落叶，风声和暮霭

我远离人群，等待天黑

漫长的一天就要燃尽最后一滴灯油

我的身后像是拔掉萝卜

留下的一个填满虚无的坑

远处屋顶上的灰色挤压着天空

太阳早已落山，两只鸟飞过视线

两只踢踏的草鞋

我坐在丛林中，等待天黑

我独自享受这段颓废的时光

我看见自己一寸寸变短

Translation:

I Sit in the Woods Waiting for the Night

Yang Weidong

I sit in the woods. In solitude I dominate
The fallen leaves, the blowing wind
And the evening mist
Far from the crowd, I'm waiting for the night

The tedious day is to wear away
The last drop of lamp oil
Behind me there seems to be a huge pit
Filled with nihilism, like a carrot
Removed from soil

Dwarfing the sky are the grey roofs afar
The sun has already set, with two birds insight
Two straw sandals weave
Into a monotonous tap

I sit in the woods waiting for the night
Alone I enjoy the decadent moment
Inch by inch, I find myself become shorter

(Trans. Matsuda Tsukiteru)

无题少年游系列之一

断剑（罗国胜）

那时，我们给春天写信

春风十里，春风十里

那时，我们给月光写信

月色倾城，月色倾城

多么美，多么美

那时，我们有大把的时光

我们有大把的时光

Translation:

Untitled: A Young Man's Travel

Luo Guosheng

At that time, we wrote to the spring
Miles and miles long
The breeze opened green and green

At that time, we wrote to the moon
Bright and bright
The beam covered the world and men

How beautiful, how beautiful

We possessed much light and shade, then
We spent a lot of time golden

(Trans. Li Lei)

你说

柔剑（张小平）

你说，你走了二十年
终于找见了她
不谈分离，不说再见
即使永别，也用曼妙的沙扬娜拉
你说此话的时候，我正抬头看天
天空碧蓝如洗
一朵流云，迤迤西去
走过天涯，到过海角
你说，金色沙滩上那一行行
赤足踏过的痕迹
分明是三生有约
不然，这石这月
这大东南的勒杜鹃
今秋怎会如此绚烂

Translation:

The Nirvana of Love

Zhang Xiaoping

You say you've wandered twenty years
Before you find her in the crowd.
You won't say separation or farewell
Even to part for good, you would say Sayonara,
Tender and sweet.
When you utter these words, I am looking up,
A white cloud meandering
Over the azure sky westward.
You've gone beyond the ends
And corners of the world
Saying that the rows of footprints
On the golden beach
Are a proof of romance predestined.
Otherwise, this autumn,
How can the stone, the moon,
And the flowers blooming in South East
Be so grand and brilliant?

你说此话的时候，我正站在海边
脚下的沙子，在海水的冲刷下
一去不返

海上升起了夜雾
风，裹着一粒沙
我赫然发现，你飞起的白发
一袭月华
紫竹林里观音匆匆做就的鱼篮
正抛往那片南中国海
大象无形，她喃喃细语
死者住，活者去
愿者，上

Translation:

While you speak, I am standing
On the sea shore.
The sand beneath my feet, washed by waves,
Is gone for ever.

The mist rises above the sea,
And the wind blows up a grain of grit.
All of a sudden, I see your hair white
Flying in the solumn moonlight.
Into the South Sea, Bodhisattva is
Tossing a fish basket
That she has hastily made
In the purple bamboo forest.
“Greatness lies in the things shapeless,”
She whispers, “Nothing can last permanent.
Be merciful and just let love go its own track.”

(Trans. Zhang Xiaoping)

想到爱情

灵剑（薛武）

想到爱情

泪水便涌上心头

嘴角抽动着

回眸一笑的守候

眼神如大海的碧波

让天空澄澈

独上西楼

想到爱情

便已心痛

那些岁月的匆匆

和不眠的梦

Translation:

Thinking of Love

Xue Wu

Thinking of love, I
Could not hold back tears
Rushing out in my mind's eye

The lips convulse the waiting
Of the eyes smiling
Around turning
In the eyes
Are the transparent waves
Of the vast oceans
Reflected in the crystal sky
High above
West building
Who is alone at that height?
Thinking of love, I
Already feel heartbroken,
In those years passing by
With juicy sweet dreams
Turning dry

谁能一直等待
哪怕欲望凝固
成无尽的冰川时代

总有雪化时吧
几亿年前的爱情种子
也可以发芽

Translation:

Who can keep waiting
For the sake of the love ties
Until all the desires get frozen
Into the endless Age of the Ice

One day the snow will melt in spring
And the seeds of billions of years
Will eventually sprout into
The most beautiful feeling

(Trans. Xue Wu)

桥

霜剑（朱坤领）

自从河水，把你的
第一个影子带到大海，
已经神交了五千年。

宇宙的一次眨眼，
多少王朝的更替，
无数生命的循环。

从你到大海，五千年，
只在一念；
从此岸到彼岸，五十步，
步履维艰。

Translation:

Bridge

Zhu Kunling

Into the sea since the River
Brought your first shade, 5000 years
The spiritual exchange has lasted.

A blink of the universe upon,
Dynasties have long changed
And numerous lives are here and gone

Between you and the sea
5000 years, only a fleeting thought;
Between this bank and that one,
50 steps, heavy and difficult.

(Trans. Zhu Kunling)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给

所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics

Verse Drama, a Fusion of Poetry and Performance

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Abstract: Verse Drama has come into human culture for about two and half millenniums. The relationship between verse and drama is simple and complicated. This paper discusses the qualities of the two in-between, explores the interpretation of verse drama, and tends to lead into a conclusion that verse drama is a fusion of many natural qualities of the two and there is no clear dividing line between them because of their overlapping.

Key words: verse drama, poetry, performance

Verse drama has come into human cultures since at the latest from Aeschylus (c. 525/524–c. 456/455 BC), one of the greatest ancient Greek tragedians (also the father of tragedy), as well as Sophocles (c. 497/6–406/5 BC) and Euripides (c. 480–c. 406 BC); then we see verse drama's embryo in other ancient countries, for example, Chinese poetry like *Chu Ci*³ poems, among which *Jiu Ge* (*The Nine Songs*) by Qu Yuan⁴ is traditionally considered as the earliest verse drama of China; and further, there was prosperous development of verse drama in British literature by William Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde and so on. But for poetry, generally, it can be

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³ The *Chu Ci*, variously translated as *Verses of Chu* or *Songs of Chu*, is an anthology of Chinese poetry traditionally attributed mainly to Qu Yuan(屈原) and Song Yu(宋玉) from the Warring States period (ended 221 BC).

⁴ Qu Yuan (c. 340–278 BC) was a Chinese poet and minister who lived during the Warring States period of ancient China. He is known for his patriotism and contributions to classical poetry and verses, especially through the poems of the *Chu Ci* anthology.

traced back to earlier period of human history; during the course, the fusion of poetry and drama was witnessed till contemporarily we see verse drama's running to seed.

1. Verse, drama, and verse drama

Verse, is generally defined as writing with a metrical rhythm, and having a rhyme. In most cases, it can refer to poetry, which can be read, sung, read aloud with performance, performed onstage with music or dance. It had been fully developed especially in ancient China. But in any culture seemingly, more of its early poetry was narrative, which laid the foundation for later development of drama.

Since Drama arose from verse/poetry, so, what is drama? According to *Wikipedia*, drama is the specific mode of fiction represented in performance: a play performed in a theatre, or on radio or television, considered as a genre of poetry in general¹. And the dramatic verse has been contrasted with the epic poems and the lyrical ones ever since Aristotle's *Poetics* (c. 335 BC) was taken as the earliest theoretical work of drama.

In *Poetics*, Aristotle discusses tragedy as this: "Epic poetry, then, has been seen to agree with Tragedy to this extent, that of being an imitation of serious subjects in a grand kind of verse."(Chapter 5) That means tragedy was written in verse. Yes, usually speaking, it is any one written as verse to be spoken onstage, and so is verse drama having another general term—poetic drama. Verse drama is of course the drama written in verse. For a long period, verse was the dominant form of drama in Europe and other cultural places. Greek tragedy and many playwrights' plays are written in verse, as is almost all of Shakespeare's, Ben Jonson's, Goethe's and others. Verse drama is much associated with tragedy's seriousness, which naturally offers a serious reason to write in this form. Another reason can be that poetic lines are easier for the actors to learn by hearts quickly and exactly. But, unfortunately, in the second half of the 20th century verse drama was nearly out of fashion especially in English.

2. What's in between? Verse and drama

Between verse and drama, there must be verse drama. But, there should

¹ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Drama>. 8 September 2018.

be more. What is more? If there is performance in between, in Chinese ancient poetry, performance had been infused into it, typically from Tang Dynasty and later. As we know, poem in Chinese was originally described with two necessary elements: poetry and song, in Chinese “诗歌”. The first character “诗” stands for poetry, later “歌” means song, i.e. in most part of Chinese history, poetry was always connected with performance and its basic elements--sound, music, dance or action.

Though nature of poetry BETWEEN verse and drama is discussed, it is impossible to avoid the earlier phenomenon of poetry, which can be classified into in-between qualities of poetry and drama. First, bard. In medieval Gaelic and British culture, usually a bard was a professional storyteller whose “story” was mostly written in verse for oral convenience of spreading, especially as a verse-maker or a music composer. A bard was often employed by a monarch or noble patron to praise the patron or patron’s. Their activities are actually of some performance, at least basic or cheap or primitive one like reciting. Exactly and originally bards belonged to a specific and lower class of poets. The second one is minstrel. A minstrel was often a medieval singer or musician, especially the one who sang and recited lyric or heroic poetry for the nobility and knightly prowess. In independence, compared with bards, minstrels had a further development in activities of poetry, performance and their own personality.

Like English bards or minstrels, other countries also have their own similarities between (even before) poetry and drama’s performance. For example, Chinese *Shi Jing* (《诗经》, *The Classic of Poetry*, or *The Book of Odes*) is regarded as the earliest existing anthology of poetry in China. It comprises 305 poems dating from the beginning of the Western Zhou period (1046–771 BC) to the mid-Spring and Autumn period (c. 771- 476 BC), generally acknowledged that were edited and composed with music and dance for performance. *Shi Jing* is composed of three parts— *Feng*(Chinese Pinyin, Chinese character: 风), *Ya*(Chinese Pinyin, Chinese character: 雅) and *Song*(Chinese Pinyin, Chinese character: 颂, meaning ode or praise). *Feng* is the most valued part or essence of *Shi Jing*, mainly describing the customs, life and other aspects of the society. *Ya* is the classical music in the capital area of the Zhou Empire. *Song* is the songs that the emperor or governors used in events like offering sacrifices to gods or ancestors, which

involves more about performance of religion.

Therefore, it seems that all or most of early poetry in each culture has its embryonic form of performance, to be exact, embryonic form of drama, if poetry is more narrative, and actually it is. And if it is really more narrative, then it can be defined as the embryonic form of verse drama, or at least, dramatic verse. (I think dramatic verse not only refers to verse in drama, but verse like drama) So, later we see Aeschylus (c. 525/524–c. 456/455 BC), one of the greatest ancient Greek tragedians (also the father of tragedy), as well as Sophocles (c. 497/6–406/5 BC) and Euripides (c. 480–c. 406 BC) whose tragedies became the real verse dramas or the real drama's embryo in ancient Chinese poetry like *Chu Ci*¹ poems, among which *Jiu Ge* (*The Nine Songs*) by Qu Yuan² is traditionally considered as the earliest verse drama of China. Of course and naturally, there was then prosperous development of verse drama as in British literature by William Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde and so on. During the development course, the fusion of poetry and drama, for instance, half-verse-half-drama dramatic monologue was witnessed till contemporarily we see verse drama's running to seed.

What is in between after all? Apparently, between (even “before” again) poetry and drama, there was and IS performance of action, sound, music, dance, song, recitation, etc. Between verse and drama, it is verse drama, as well as verse, and drama, between and in. Between verse and drama, it is fusion, though verse and drama could be separately more.

3. Interpretation of verse drama

Verse drama can be both verse and drama. Taking T. S. Eliot as an example. He is possibly the end of a long tradition of serious verse drama. From his early dramatic monologues to the “many voices” in *The Waste Land*, Eliot's poetry had been straightly involved with drama. But in both popular and

¹ The *Chu Ci*, variously translated as *Verses of Chu* or *Songs of Chu*, is an anthology of Chinese poetry traditionally attributed mainly to Qu Yuan(屈原) and Song Yu(宋玉) from the Warring States period (ended 221 BC).

² Qu Yuan (c. 340–278 BC) was a Chinese poet and minister who lived during the Warring States period of ancient China. He is known for his patriotism and contributions to classical poetry and verses, especially through the poems of the *Chu Ci* anthology.

more erudite essays from the 1920s on, Eliot dug and attended to the potential qualities for dramatic performance to restore the theatre's role as a socially engaged ritual. This is still effective and influencing later generations' readers and audience who appreciate *The Waste Land*.

As he began to become involved in writing plays, Eliot recognized the variety of ways of writing articulates in (sometimes with) embodiment. In his verse dram *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935), the rhythmic Chorus' chanting and Thomas's sermon, for instance, afford different ways of producing dramatic performance with verse form. As Eliot said, "a poet, trying to write something for the theatre, discovers first of all that it is not only a question of laboring to acquire the technique of the theatre: it is a question of a different kind of poetry, a different kind of verse, than the kind for which his previous experience has qualified him."¹

For Eliot, in the same way for other dramatists, verse drama should be driven forward by a particular kind of performance/action (since in "verse drama" or "poetic drama", drama is the central and key word), to expose the "underneath" significance or implied meaning. Together with modern avant-garde Dada, surrealism, expressionism, epic theatre and the theatre of the absurd, verse drama propelled a consequent refiguration of the relationship between stage and audience through the means of drama written in poetry, because performance can be taken as both an interpretation and an artistic (re-)creation. This kind of drama made special demands as performance: "So the poet with ambitions of the theatre, must discover the laws, both of another kind of verse and of another kind of drama. The difficulty of the author is also the difficulty of the audience. Both have to be trained [...]"² Obviously Eliot means the adaptation like Greek ones with a transformational sense of theatrical purpose for the final audience, being engaged in that collaboration with the audience and the artist, which is necessary in all art including that of dramatic verse or verse drama, in spite of its mirage. This kind of impractical pursuit not merely belonged to Eliot, but many like him who is running after mirage or "art for art's sake", otherwise, there will not be closet dramas that may be antipoetic

¹ William B. Worthen, *Drama: between poetry and performance*. Wiley-Blackwell, 2010. P42.

² *Ibid.* P42.

dramas and supremely are offered to us as dramatic reading matter.

Eliot's (extreme) example confirms that performance is an essential premise of drama. Verse drama, or so-called poetic drama, imagines a recalibration of the *agency* of dramatic verse writing (instead of undramatic poetry/verse) for most dramas in the process of theatre, denying that lyric and narrative verse are necessarily out of the stage. In fact, in a good verse drama, the lines may be with good rhyme and rhythm, but essentially they must be narrative and lyrical in nature (not in the form or appearance).

For Eliot as a poet, of course, poetry had a value independent of the stage. This kind of verse language of conversation was raised to great poetry that is basically dramatic. Though the modern drama has been rarely versified, the value of poetry, and so of drama written in verse, could be assumed the dominant playwrights in the European and British (not much American) tradition wrote very good dramatic verses or verse dramas. On the other hand, more modern and contemporary playwrights have written too many aggressively realistic and prosaic even tawdry proses, or prose (not verse) dramas.

As everyone knows, in drama (not only in verse form) there is little or no place for detailed description, let alone for other comment by the author, because the work consists almost entirely of words (that is, of dialogue) spoken directly by the characters, which can be read or seen in the form of stage-presentation.

On the stage, the actors' performance which is interpretation may claim in the end too much or more than that in the text. If the actors betray the poetic design of the text, their interpretive performance then betrays something more important, the unique form (imagery, rhythm, rhyme, etc.) and pressure of literary language itself as well as the tensive and meditative meaning, for even in the simplest poem their mediation or meaning is not positive and direct. Good actors are both good performers and good interpreters who should feel the weighty burden and the responsibility for seizing the tensive meaning and conveying it to the audience.

But at this point, poetic language of high tension, with its suggestiveness

and allusiveness, its richness of meanings, is almost essential to the expression of so complex a conception in verse drama. Poetic language could have all the levels of meaning simultaneously, compared with relatively-flat-and-one-dimensional prose (e.g. Shakespeare's famous "to be or not to be")

All in all, between verse and drama, there are many: verse, drama, verse drama, dramatic verse; performance, action, interpretation, sound, music, dance and so on. It is a fusion and mixture of poetry and performance as well as their relative nature, quality and elements. Between verse and drama, there is no clear dividing line. Most parts of them are overlapped.

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About Verse Version

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