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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangkui

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

Love's Alchemy¹

John Donne²

Some that have deeper digged love's mine than I,
Say where his centric happiness doth lie;
 I've loved, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;
 O,'tis imposture all:
And as no chemic yet th' elixir got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,
 If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal;
 So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 303.

2. John Donne (1572-1631) was an English poet and a cleric in the Church of England. He is considered the pre-eminent representative of the metaphysical poets.

爱情炼金术

约翰·多恩

有人比我的爱情之矿挖得更深，
还说那是他主要的幸福之源；

我爱过，拥有过，表达过，
但即便我爱到老，拥有到老，表达到老，
我依然没有发现那隐藏的奥秘；

哦，那全是欺骗：

炼丹师没能得到那灵丹妙药，

却依旧吹捧他的神奇药罐，他只不过
碰巧遇到某种带异味的东西或者药物。

同样，情人们也梦想着丰富而持久的喜悦，
但得到的是寒冬似的凛冽夏夜。

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?

Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy'as I can if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?

That loving wretch that swears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit they're but mummy possessed

为了这虚幻的泡影，难道需要我们
付出安逸、节俭、荣耀和时光？

停止你的爱吧，伙计们
也能像我一样快乐幸福，只要他能
承受新郎剧目的短暂嘲讽？

那可怜的恋人们的所谓誓言
说什么他们不是肉体的结合，而是心灵，
还发现，她犹如天使圣洁，
这等同于誓言：他在
那嘶哑粗劣的声音里听到了仙曲。

请别在女人那里放归心灵；
她们纵使浓情甜蜜，才智绝伦，
也不过是魔化的木乃伊。

（肖小军 译）

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.¹

Ben Jonson²

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a littler Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
Th' other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 328.

2. Ben Jonson (1572-1637) was an English playwright, poet, and literary critic of the seventeenth century, whose artistry exerted a lasting impact upon English poetry and stage comedy.

伊丽莎白 L.H. 墓志铭

本·琼森

你想稍微地了解一下吗？

这位读者，听一听吧。

在这石头之下，

留存着即将消逝的美；

在生活中，港湾给予了

比活着更重要的美德。

如果她曾有什么过错，

就将它埋葬在这个墓穴里吧。

过错之一叫做伊丽莎白，

另一个则是“让它与死亡同眠”：

务实地说，它的永眠之地

要比它的存在更值得提起。再会。

（陈能颖 译）

An Ode for Him¹

Robert Herrick²

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had wine
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.



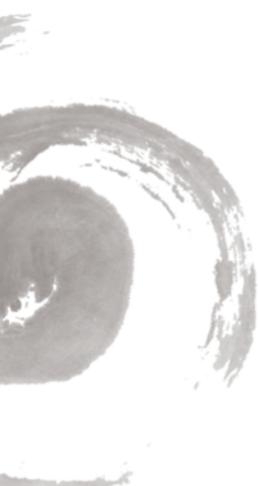
1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 360.

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

致本的赞诗

罗伯特·赫里克

噢，本！你说
我们何时、该怎么做
才能成为你的宾客在诗宴相见
就定于艳阳酒馆，
道格馆，亦或三里屯？
在那儿，我们把酒群欢
随性自在，不作癫狂；
而你的每一首诗歌
胜过香肉，高于酒乐。



我的本啊！
请再次来临，
或送及我们
你崇高过人的智慧；
教诲我们
能明智地去思辨，
提防我们把那天资耗散，
而一旦把所有的资质殆尽
那此等珍稀蕴蓄的智慧
终是世间遗留不再。
(邓宇萍 译)

The Boy's Answer to the Blackmoor¹

Henry King²

Black maid, complain not that I fly,
When Fate commands antipathy:
Prodigious might that union prove,
Where Night and Day together move,
And the conjunction of our lips
Not kisses make, but an eclipse,
In which the mixed black and white
Portends more terror than delight.
Yet if my shadow thou wilt be,
Enjoy thy dearest wish. But see
Thou take my shadow's property,
That hastes away when I come nigh.

Else stay till death hath blinded me,
And then I will bequeath myself to thee.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 366.

2. Henry King (1592-1669) was an English poet and bishop who was known for his *Poems and Psalms*.

男孩对黑人的回答

亨利·金

黑人女仆，当反感命运操控，
别怨我飞离：

结合或许能验现奇迹，
但黑夜与白天相交变迁，
以及我们嘴对嘴的结合
不是亲吻，而是一次
混合黑人与白人的日蚀
预示的恐怖多过欢愉。

然而如果我的阴影使你萎缩，
去享受你最大的心愿。
但看你将我阴影附着匆匆撇去，
我却紧跟随后。

除非原地不动直到死亡将我合眼，
我即把自身交赠于你。

(邓宇萍 译)

The Fair Singer¹

Andrew Marvell²

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony;
That while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair:
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice,
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has th' advantage both of eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 480.

2. Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) is surely the single most compelling embodiment of the change that came over English society and letters in the course of the 17th century.

美丽的歌手

安德鲁·马韦尔

为使我最后臣服，
爱神编造出如此甜美的敌人，
两位美人达成致命一致
誓把我折磨致死；
她用明眸捆住了我的心，
她用嗓音掳住了我的魂。

我原可以逃离单个美人的掌控：
我脱逃的灵魂原可以自救，
打破她卷发的束缚。
但我如何避免成为她的奴隶？
她精妙的艺术可以悄然
做成捆绑我气息的枷锁。

也许在某个平原与之抗衡相对容易，
那里双方有均等的胜机，
但对她的百般抵抗已然徒劳，
她那明眸与嗓音绝对碾压，
我全部的力量定将瓦解，
谁叫她备受清风与阳光的眷顾。

（肖小军 译）

Written in October¹

Charlotte Smith²

The blasts of Autumn as they scatter round
 The faded foliage of another year,
And muttering many a sad and solemn sound,
 Drive the pale fragments o'er the stubble sere,
Are well attuned to my dejected mood;
 (Ah! better far than airs that breathe of Spring!)
 While the high rooks, that hoarsely clamoring
Seek in black phalanx the half-leafless wood,
 I rather hear, than that enraptured lay
Harmonious, and of Love and Pleasure born,
Which from the golden furze, or flowering thorn
 Awakes the Shepherd in the ides of May;
Nature delights *me* most when most she mourns,
For never more to me the Spring of Hope returns!

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 712.

2. Charlotte Smith (1749-1806), was an English Romantic poet and novelist. She initiated a revival of the English sonnet, helped establish the conventions of Gothic fiction, and wrote political novels of sensibility.

写于十月

夏洛特·史密斯

秋风骤起

吹散又一年凋零的树叶
悲伤而庄严地低语着，
把苍白的碎叶拨向残梗，
这过于契合我沮丧的心境；
（啊！远胜于春天的微风！）
我宁愿去听乌鸦嘶声竭力地
在黑色密林中寻找一叶尚存的树木，
也不愿意听见那激亢的、
和睦的、爱与喜乐的声音，
它们来自于金黄的毛皮中，
或来自于五月里在花刺中被唤醒的牧羊人那里；
当大自然最悲伤时，我便最快乐，
于我而言，希望之泉已不复存在！

（陈能颖 译）

Hap¹

Thomas Hardy²

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: “Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love’s loss is my hate’s profiting!”

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1152.

2. Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) was an English novelist and poet, a Victorian realist. Initially he gained fame as the author of such novels as *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *Tess of the d’Urbervilles* (1891), and *Jude the Obscure* (1895). Then, since the 1950s, Hardy has been recognized as a major poet, and had a significant influence on The Movement poets of the 1950s and 1960s.

偶然

托马斯·哈代

如果复仇之神从天上唤我
还笑道说：“你个遭罪家伙，
知你悲痛我很是狂喜，
你失去的爱是我恨的得利！”

对此，对这不当的愤怒，
我强忍、坚守自身，以及死去；
因他比我强大而驱诱我落泪
这使我得到些许慰藉。

但事实并非如此。欢乐来临如何被扼杀，
可为何曾经种下的美好希望却又花果无收？
——这突如其来的偶然阻挡了阳光和雨露，
摇时间的骰子，押欢乐却显示哀伤……
这些庄家都是半个瞎子，在我人生中散播痛苦
如同恣意布施幸福。

(邓宇萍 译)

Crossing Alone the Nighted Ferry¹

A. E. Housman²

Crossing alone the nighted ferry
 With the one coin for fee,
Whom, on the wharf of Lethe waiting,
 Count you to find? Not me.

The brisk fond lackey to fetch and carry,
 The true, sick-hearted slave,
Expect him not in the just city
 And free land of the grave.



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1180.

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”.

只身夜渡

A·E· 豪斯曼

独自登上黑暗的渡船，
 硬币一枚是他的路费，
来世之滨是谁在等待，
 你说呢？肯定不是我。

活泼的可爱的忠诚的
 却满怀着哀愁病态的
奴隶。愿来世能寻得
 公正且自由的安息之所。

(陈能颖 译)

A Room on a Garden¹

Wallace Stevens²

O stagnant east-wind, palsied mare,
Giddap! The ruby roses' hair
Must blow.

Behold how order is the end
Of everything. The roses bend
As one.

Order, the law of hoes and rakes,
May be perceived in windy quakes
And squalls.

The gardener searches earth and sky
The truth in nature to espy
In vain.

He well might find that eager balm
In lilies' stately-stated calm;
But then

He well might find it in this fret
Of lilies rusted, rotting, wet
With rain.



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1268.

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

花园房间

华莱士史·蒂文斯

噢 东风停滞，母马麻痹，
向前跑！ 红宝石瑰丽的头发
必须飘扬。

看规则是如何结束
一切。 玫瑰弯曲
成整体。

规则，锄头和耙子的法则，
可能会在风中晃动被察觉
并骤时狂风暴雨。

花匠搜寻大地和天空
探索自然的真理
但徒然。

他也可能在百合的庄严平静中
找到渴求的慰藉；
但是之后

他很可能会为此发愁
百合生锈，腐烂，雨中
湿透。

（邓宇萍 译）

More Lovely than Antiquity¹

Witter Bynner²

There comes a moment in her veins
Not of the earth, not of the rains,
Something not of stalks and stems
But of dim crowns and diadems,
Something commanding her to be
More ancient than antiquity
And to soothe her head on a pike above
The vacant circumstance of love.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1270.

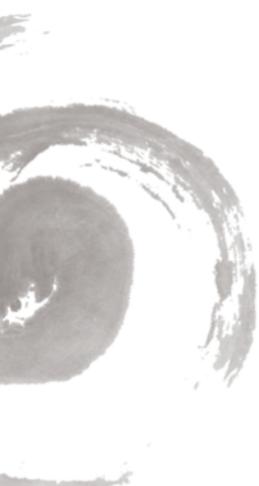
2. Witter Bynner (1881-1968) was an eloquent orator, in poetic forms, who spoke out for the individual dignity of his fellow men, whether in terms of politics, popular mores, or artistic commitment. Bynner's later poems reflect his time in Japan, and when he did begin to write in the modernist vein, he claimed his work with Chinese poetry gave him "a newer, finer, and deeper education than ever came to me from the Hebrew or the Greek."

比文物更可爱

威特·宾纳

她的枝蔓的某个时刻
不是土壤，不是雨水，
不是茎与茎的牵连
是黯淡的皇冠的命令，
令她成为
比古老更古老的存在
用长矛抚慰她的头颅
基于对爱的空乏感受。

（陈能颖 译）



The Garden¹

Ezra Pound²

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall
She walks by the railing of a path in Kensington
Gardens,
And she is dying piecemeal of a sort of emotional
anemia.

And round about there is a rabble
Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very
poor.
They shall inherit the earth.

In her is the end of breeding.
Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.
She would like some one to speak to her,
And is almost afraid that I will commit that
indiscretion.



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1296.

2. Ezra Pound (1885-1972) has been one of the most controversial literary figures in the twentieth century; he has also been one of modern poetry's most important contributors.

花园

埃兹拉·庞德

就像一根舒展的丝线被风吹到墙上，
她路过肯辛顿花园一条小路的栏杆，
由于情感上的匮乏，她正奄奄一息。

周围都是污浊，
贫穷、肮脏、强壮且顽强的婴孩。
他们终会继承这片大地。

她是教养的终结。
她的厌倦细致且壮大。
她该是想找人聊一聊的，
而我抑制着内心的冲动，唯恐做出这个轻率的
举措。

(陈能颖 译)

春夜¹

王安石

金炉香尽漏声残，
剪剪轻风阵阵寒。
春色恼人眠不得，
月移花影上栏杆。



1. 谷一然评注. 千家诗. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2004: 7.

Spring Night

Wang Anshi¹

Incense burned out and the leaking water almost run
out.

Gentle breeze brought the chill.

Upset by such beautiful spring night and failed to fall
asleep.

The flowers' shadow crept up the railings as the
moon moved.

(Trans. Chen Nengying)

1. Wang Anshi (王安石, 1021-1086) was a famous thinker, politician, writer and reformer in the Northern Song Dynasty.

早春¹

白玉蟾

南枝才放两三花，
雪里吟香弄粉些。
淡淡著烟浓著月，
深深笼水浅笼沙。



1. 谷一然评注. 千家诗. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2004: 96.

Early Spring

Bai Yuchan¹

On the plum blossoms flowers in the south face grew
two or three crowds,
Tasted the fragrance in the snow and admired the
white color.
Clouding a touch of smoke and wearing the thick
moon,
The night fog on the flowers thick and pale, like cold
water and the clear sand.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

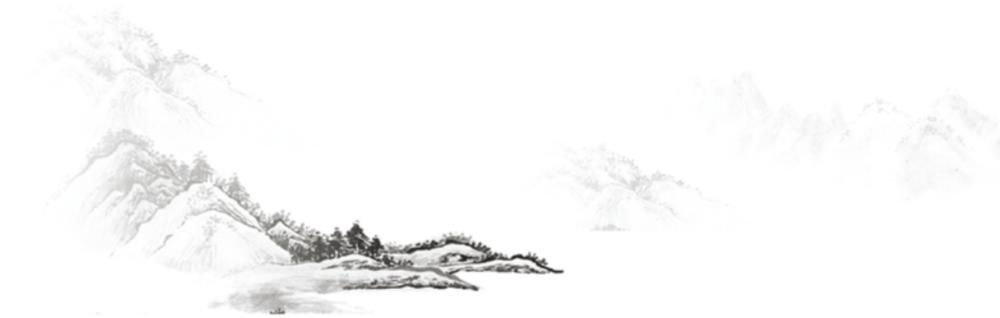
1. Bai Yuchan (白玉蟾, 1134-1229) was a Taoist and poet Southern Song Dynasty.

骆驼¹

郭沫若

骆驼，你沙漠的船，
你，有生命的山！
在黑暗中，
你昂头天外，
导引着旅行者
走向黎明的地平线。

暴风雨来时，
旅行者
紧紧依靠着你，
渡过了艰难。
高贵的赠品呵，
生命和信念，
忘不了的温暖。



1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 30.

The Camel

Guo Moruo¹

Camel! You a canoe of desert.
You, a hill of life!
In the dark,
You raise your head up high.
You lead the travellers
to the horizon of daybreak.

When there is a storm,
Travellers
turn to you,
they get all
the troubles through
You, a noble present,
life and faith,
warmth unforgettable.

1. Guo Moruo (郭沫若 , 1892-1978) was one of the major cultural figures of modern China. He wrote prolifically in every genre, including poetry, fiction, plays, nine autobiographical volumes, translations of Western works, and historical and philosophical treatises, including a monumental study of ancient inscriptions.

春风吹醒了绿洲，
贝拉树垂着甘果，
到处是草茵和醴泉。
优美的梦，
像粉蝶翩跹，
看到无边的漠地
化为了良田。

看呵，璀璨的火云
已在天际弥漫，
长征不会有
歇脚的一天，
纵使走到天尽头，
天外也还有乐园。

骆驼，你星际火箭，
你，有生命的导弹！
你给予了旅行者
以天样的大胆。
你请导引着向前，
永远，永远！



Spring wind wakes the oasis up.
On the bella tree hang sweet fruits.
Hither and thither
lie green grass and fine fountain.
A beautiful dream
comes like dancing butterflies.
The vast desert
turns into fertile fields.

Look! The blazing fiery clouds
go wide and wild.
There is no stop in the long march.
Even to the end of the sky,
Another paradise you'll find.

Camel! You a rocket interstellar,
You, a missile of life!
You give travellers
a courage incredible.
You lead them,
to go on and on.

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)

假如你愿意¹

俞平伯

我不能有你，
且不能有我自己，
我当为你所有；
假如你愿意。

我厌弃自由了，
我厌弃我底心了，
把它们交给你，
都交给你；
假如你愿意。

我微细得来象尘土一样，
在你脚底下踮着，
到你脚跟沾有泥土的时光，
我便有了福了。



1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 79.

If You Are Willing

Yu Pingbo¹

Nether you nor me
Can be my own,
But me for you all,
If you are willing.

I detested freedom,
I despised my heart,
I gave it to you,
Gave it to you;
If you are willing.

I came as tiny as dust,
Kneeling under your feet,
To your heels stained soil of time,
I am blessed.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

1. Yu Pingbo (俞平伯, 1900-1990) former name Yu Mingheng and courtesy name Pingbo, was a Chinese essayist, poet, historian, Redologist, and critic.

掐花¹

废名

我学一个摘花高处赌身轻
跑到桃花源岸攀手掐一瓣花儿，
于是我把它一口饮了。
我害怕将是一个仙人，
大概就跳在水里湮死了。
明月出来吊我，
我欣喜我还是一个凡人，
此水不现尸首，
一天好月照彻一溪哀意。



1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 100.

Pinch Flowers

Fei Ming¹

I beg on pinching a flower on the high.
Go to the shore of the Peach Garden and reach for a
petal.
So I drank it.
I'm afraid that I will be a fairy,
Probably jumped into the water and died.
Hanging me out in the moon,
I'm glad that I'm still a mortal.
This water doesn't reflect from the corpse,
Today's moon shines through a stream of mourning.
(Trans. Deng Yuping)

1. Fei Ming (废 名, 1901-1967) formerly known as Feng Wenbing, is a famous writer in the modern Chinese literary world. He was a member of the Yusi Society and studied under Zhou Zuoren. He was regarded as the originator of “Jingpai Literature” in the history of literature.

残烛¹

冯乃超

追求柔魅的死底陶醉
飞蛾扑向残烛的焰心
我看着奄奄垂灭的烛火
追寻过去的褪色欢欣

焰光的背后有朦胧的情爱
焰光的核心有青色的悲哀
我愿效灯蛾的无智
委身作情热火化的尘埃

烛心的情热尽管燃
丝丝的泪绳任它缠
当我的身心疲瘁后
空台残柱缭绕着迷离的梦烟

我看着奄奄垂灭的烛火
梦幻的圆晕罩着金光的疲惫
焰光的背后有朦胧的情爱
焰光的核心有青色的悲哀

1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 102.

Remnant Candle

Feng Naichao¹

In pursuit of soft charm, enchanted.
The moth darts into the flame of the candle.
I looked at the slamming candlelight,
Forcing to seek the faded delights of the past.

There is awkward love behind the flame.
The heart of the flame has blue sorrow.
I'm willing to dart into flame as recklessness of
moth,
Committed to the cremation of dust.

The heart of the candle is burning.
The tears of the candle are wrapped around it.
When my body and mind are exhausted,
The blurred dreamy smoke lingers on the empty
remnant column.

I looked at the slamming candlelight,
The dreamy round halo enfolds the exhaustion of
golden light.
There is awkward love behind the flame,
The heart of the flame has blue sorrow.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

1. Feng Naichao (冯乃超, 1901-1983) was a Chinese poet, writer, translator, Deputy Secretary of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection of the Communist Party of China.

晨星¹

王亚平

早晨，我望见
清醒的天野上
挂着一颗灰白小星。

它带着
从凶险的黑夜里
战斗了的困倦。

像病危的老人，
咽着最后的喘息。

它知道要落了，

然而，它最快乐，
因为它死在太阳的前面。



1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 140.

Stars at Dawn

Wang Yaping¹

In the morning, I saw
a small gray star
hanging over the waking sky.

It carries with weariness
of fighting from the dangerous night.

Like a dying old man,
swallowing his last breath.

It knows it's going to fall,

However, it was the happiest
because it died before the sunrise.

(Trans. Chen Nengying)

1. Wang Yaping (王亚平, 1905-1983), a writer, was the member of the Chinese Writers Association.

游牧人¹

唐祈

看啊，古代蒲昌海边的
羌女，你从草原的哪个方向来？
山坡上，你象一只纯白的羊呀，
你象一朵顶清净的云彩。

游牧人爱草原，爱阳光，爱水，
帐幕里你有先知一样遨游的智慧，
美妙的笛孔里热情是流不尽的乳汁，
月光下你比牝羊更爱温柔地睡。

牧歌里你唱；青春的头发上
很快会盖满了秋霜，
不欢乐生活啊，人很早会夭亡
哪儿是游牧人安身的地方？

美丽的羌女唱得忧愁；
官府的命令留下羊，驱逐人走。

1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 478.

The Nomads

Tang Qi¹

Look! A Qiang girl
Is standing on the Puchang beach,
From which place are you?
On the hillside, you're like a snowwhite goat,
You are like a pure and clean cloud.

Nomads love grasslands, sunbeams and water,
In the tent like a prophet you have a roaming wit.
Through the flute music flows out the endless milk of
warmth.
In the moonlight you are more fond of sound sleep
than sheep.

You sing pastorals. Your youthful hairs
are soon covered with autumn frost.
Life is filled with unhappiness! Man is to die early.
Where is the shelter of nomads?

The fair Qiang girl is singing with sorrow;
Here comes the official order: Sheep stay, men go!

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)

1. Tang Qi (唐祈, 1920-1990), formerly known as Tang Kefan, a native of Suzhou, Jiangsu Province, is one of the important poets of the Jiuye Poetry School.

雨后¹

罗洛

雷声在地平线下消失了
骤雨化为檐前的点点滴滴
满地的冰雹化为虚无
只有晴了的天，湿了的地

回头望刚刚走了过来的山路
石级洗净了被践踏的痕迹
沉默已久的泉水又叮咚作响了
虽然那声音还很细很细

我想摘一朵崖畔的山茶
请东风送与她簪在鬓边
我想摘一朵路边的杜鹃
让它火一般燃在我的胸前

清新的空气里弥漫着绿色的气息
那是春天在轻轻地呼吸
就连那株枝干挺拔的白果树
也变温柔了：看那满枝碧绿

1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997:639

After Raining

Luo Luo¹

The thunder drowned below the horizon.
The heavy downpour turned into drops by the eaves
The hail that covered the ground was gone
Only sunny days and wet land remained.

Looking back at the mountain road I had just walked
The stone steps washed away the trances of
trampling
The long silent spring tinkled again
Although the sound is very thin and very weak

I want to pick a camellia by the cliff
The east wind, please send her this camellia and wear
it on her temples
I want to pick a rhododendron from the roadside
Let it burn like fire on my chest

The fresh air is fragrant with the smell of green
It was spring breathing gently
Even the ginkgo tree with its straight branches
became tender: see! the branches of green!

(Trans. Chen Nengying)

1. Luo Luo (罗洛, 1927-1998), formerly known as Luo Zepu, began to publish poetry in 1945.

给他¹

林子

只要你要，我爱，我就全给，
给你——我的灵魂、我的身体。
常春藤般柔软的手臂，
百合花般纯洁的嘴唇，
都在等待着你……爱
膨胀着我的心，温柔的渴望
像海潮寻找着沙滩，要把你淹没。
再明亮的眼睛又有有什么用，
如果里面没有映出你的存在；
就像没有星星的晚上，
幽静的池塘也黯然无光。深夜，
我只能派遣思念的使者，带去
珍重的许诺，它忧伤地
回来了，你的窗户已经睡熟……

1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997:785.

To Him

Lin Zi¹

As long as you want, I love, I will give it all,
To you—my soul, my body.
Ivy-like soft arms,
Lily-like pure lips,
Are waiting for you...to love.
Inflating my heart, the gentle desire
Looks for the beach like a tide, and drowns you.
Then what is the use of bright eyes?
If there is no reflection of you inside;
Like the night without stars,
The secluded pond is also dull. Late at night,
I can only send messengers of thoughts. Take them
with me.
Valuable promise, it sadly
Come back. Your window is already asleep...

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

1. Lin Zi (林子, 1978-) is a contemporary Chinese poet.

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Bob Dylan

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction

Bob Dylan (鲍勃·迪伦 , 1941-) is an American singer-songwriter, poet, and painter. He has been a major figure in music for five decades. Much of his most celebrated work dates from the 1960s when he was an informal chronicler, and an apparently reluctant figurehead, of social unrest. His early lyrics incorporated a variety of political, social and philosophical, as well as literary influences. They defied existing pop music conventions and appealed hugely to the then burgeoning counterculture. Dylan has both amplified and personalized musical genres, exploring numerous distinct traditions in American song—from folk, blues and country to gospel, rock and roll, and rockabilly, to English, Scottish, and Irish folk music, embracing even jazz and swing.

The following poems are selected from *The Lyrics: 1961-2012* (Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017) and translated by Zhang Guangkui(张广奎).

Mixed-up Confusion¹

I got mixed up confusion
Man, it's a-killin' me
Well, there's too many people
And they're all too hard to please

Well, my hat's in my hand
Babe, I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm lookin' for a woman
Whose head's mixed up like mine

Well, my head's full of questions
My temp'rature's risin' fast
Well, I'm lookin' for some answers
But I don't know who to ask

But I'm walkin' and wonderin'
And my poor feet don't ever stop
Seein' my reflection
I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 I*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 106.

困惑迷茫

我困惑迷茫
哥们，我无限神伤
是啊，人来人往
没有人会轻易买账

是啊，帽子拿在手
宝贝，我一直在往前走
我在寻找一个女人
有和我一样困惑的灵魂

是啊，我脑中充满疑问
我全身热血沸腾
是啊，我在寻找一些答案
但不知向谁询问

但我一直在漫步思索
双脚疲惫却不曾停歇
看到我的影子
烂醉，颓丧，迷惑！

One Too Many Mornings¹

Down the street the dogs are barkin'
And the day is a-getting' dark
As the night comes in a-fallin'
The dogs'll lose their bark
An' the silent night will shatter
From the sounds inside my mind
Yes, I'm one too many mornings
And a thousand miles behind

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 II*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 26.

拥有过太多晨光

街头犬吠
天色暗淡
当夜深沉
犬亦安睡
而我脑中喧闹
将静夜击碎
拥有过太多晨光
都已千里之遥



From the crossroads of my doorstep
My eyes they start to fade
And I turn my head back to the room
Where my love and I have laid
An' I gaze back to the street
The sidewalk and the sign
And I'm one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind

It's a restless hungry feeling
That don't mean no one no good
When ev'rything I'm a-sayin'
You can say it just as good
You're right from your side
I'm right from mine
We're both just one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind

从门前的十字路口
我的视线开始模糊
回头望向房间
我和爱人曾共眠
再看回街道
人行道和路标
拥有过太多晨光
都已千里之遥

那是无法满足的饥饿感
谁都不会尝试想要
我所说的每一件事
你也可以说得精妙
你有你的观点
我有我的视角
我们都拥有过太多晨光
都已千里之遥

I'll Keep It with Mine¹

You will search, babe
At any cost
But how long, babe,
Can you search for what is not lost?
Everybody will help you
Some people are very kind
But if I can save you any time
Come on, give it to me
I'll keep it with mine

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 III*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 150.

我会不遗余力

你要追寻，宝贝
不惜一切代价
可是得要多久，宝贝
能找到你并未失去的东西？
人人都会帮你
一些人非常善良
但如果我能帮你节省时间
来吧，交给我
我会不遗余力



I can't help it
If you might think I am odd
If I say I'm not loving you not for what you are
But for what you're not
Everybody will help you
Discover what you set out to find
But if I can save you any time
Come on, give it to me
I'll keep it with mine

The train leaves
At half past ten
But it'll be back tomorrow
Same time again
The conductor he's weary
He's still stuck on the line
But if I can save you any time
Come on, give it to me
I'll keep it with mine

可能你觉得我奇怪
如果我说我爱你不是因为你是这样
而是因为你不是那样
我是情不自禁
人人都会帮你
找到你决定要寻找的
但如果我能帮你节省时间
来吧，交给我
我会不遗余力

十点三十分
火车驶离
但明天同一时间
它会再驶回
列车员疲惫不堪
他仍困在铁路线上
但如果我能帮你节省时间
来吧，交给我
我会不遗余力

Living the Blues¹

Since you've been gone
I've been walking around
With my head bowed down to my shoes
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you

I don't have to go far
To know where you are,
Strangers all give me the news
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 IV*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 7.

忧伤地活着

自从你离开
我四处徘徊
低垂脑袋看鞋
我忧伤地度过
每个没有你的夜晚

我不必走远
去了解你的去向
陌生人都会告诉我
我忧伤地度过
每个没有你的夜晚



I think that it's best,
I soon get some rest
And forget my pride
But I can't deny
This feeling that I
Carry for you deep down inside

If you see me this way
You'd come back and you'd stay
Oh, how could you refuse
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you

我觉得这样也好
我很快便能歇下来
忘记我的骄傲
但我无法否认
深藏心灵深处
对你的感觉

如果你看到我这样
一定会回来不再离开
唉，你怎么忍心拒绝我
我忧伤地度过
每个没有你的夜晚



If You See Her, Say Hello¹

If you see her, say hello, she might be in Tangier
It's the city 'cross the water, not too far from here
Say for me that I'm all right though things get kind
of slow

She might think that I've forgotten her. Don't tell her
it isn't so

We had a falling-out, like lovers sometimes do
But to think of how she left that night, it hurts me
through and through

And though our situation pierced me to the bone
I got to find someone to take her place. I don't like to
be alone

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 VP*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 50.

如果你见到她，替我问声好

如果你见到她，替我问声好，她可能在丹吉尔
离这里不远，对岸的那个城市
告诉她我一切都好只是日子过得有点慢
也许她以为我忘了她。别告诉她我没有

我们有过争吵，情侣们有时就会这样
但想起那晚她的离开，我一遍一遍心伤
尽管我们的过往痛彻心扉
我已拥有新人在我身旁。我不愿一人孤单



I see a lot of people as I make the rounds
And I hear her name here and there as I go from
town to town
And I've never gotten used to it, I've just learned to
turn it off
Her eyes were blue, her hair was too, her skin so
sweet and soft

Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
I know every scene by heart, they all went by so fast
If she's passin' back this way, and I sure hope she
don't
Tell her she can look me up. I'll either be here or I
won't

我去到一个一个城市，见到许多人
于是一遍一遍听到她的名字
我无法释怀，只能充耳不闻
忘掉她忧伤的眼睛和头发，皮肤的甜蜜软滑

日落，黄月，我回味过去
每一幕都记忆犹新，却已飞逝远去
如果她想回到这里，我但愿她另做考虑
告诉她可以回来看我。我或许还在也或许不在。



Never Gonna Be the Same Again¹

Now you're here beside me, baby
You're a living dream
And every time you get this close
It makes me want to scream
You touched me and you knew
That I was warm for you and then
I ain't never gonna be the same again

Sorry if I hurt you, baby
Sorry if I did
Sorry if I touched the place
Where your secrets are hid
But you meant more than everything
And I could not pretend
I ain't never gonna be the same again

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 VIP*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 230.

无法回到从前

此刻你在我身边，宝贝
而这只是生动的梦境
每次你如此靠近
都令我想要尖叫
抚摸我时你就知道
我对你充满热情
而我无法再回到从前

抱歉如果我伤害了你，宝贝
抱歉如果真是如此
抱歉如果我触碰了
你埋藏秘密的地方
但你曾对我无比重要
而我不能假装
我已无法回到从前



You give me something to think about, baby
Every time I see ya
Don't worry, baby, I don't mind leaving
I'd just like it to be my idea

You taught me how to love you, baby
You taught me, oh, so well
Now, I can't go back to what was, baby
I can't unring the bell
You took my reality
And cast it to the wind
And I ain't never gonna be the same again

每次见你，宝贝
我都思绪飞扬
别担心，宝贝，我不在意离开
只是希望自己来做决定

你教会我如何爱你，宝贝
你教我，啊，教的挺好
现在，我已无法回到从前，宝贝
覆水难收
你拿走了我的真实
散落在风中
那我无法再回到从前



Night After Night¹

Night after night, you wander the streets of my mind
Night after night, don't know what you think you
will find

No place to go, nowhere to turn
Everything around you seems to burn, burn, burn
And there's never any mercy in sight, night after
night

Night after night
Night after night

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 VIII*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 53.

一夜又一夜

一夜又一夜你漫游在我心灵的街
一夜又一夜不知道你认为会找到什么
无处可去，无路可走
你周围一切似乎都在燃烧，燃烧，燃烧
从来看不到怜悯一夜又一夜

一夜又一夜

一夜又一夜



Night after night, some new plan to blow up the
world

Night after night, another old man kissing some
young girl

You look for salvation, you find none

Just another broken heart, another barrel of a gun

Just another stick of dynamite, night after night

Night after night

Night after night

Night after night, you drop dead in your bed

Night after night, another bottle finds a head

Night after night, I think about cutting you loose

But I just can't do it, what would be the use?

So I just keep a-holding you tight, night after night

Night after night

Night after night

一夜又一夜新的计划引爆世界
一夜又一夜又一个老头亲吻小姑娘
你寻求拯救，却一无所获
只有又一颗破碎的心，有一只枪管
又一管炸药一夜又一夜

一夜又一夜
一夜又一夜

一夜又一夜你倒在床上死去
一夜又一夜酒瓶砸向脑袋
一夜又一夜我想着让你解脱
但我就是不能那样，意义何在？
所以我只能紧抱你一夜又一夜

一夜又一夜
一夜又一夜

Soon After Midnight¹

I'm searching for phrases to sing your praises
I need to tell someone
It's soon after midnight and my day has just begun

A gal named Honey took my money
She was passing by
It's soon after midnight and the moon is in my eye

My heart is cheerful, it's never fearful
I been down on the killing floors
I'm in no great hurry, I'm not afraid of your fury
I've faced stronger walls than yours

1. Bob Dylan. *The Lyrics: 1961-2012 VIIIIP*. Guangxi: Guangxi Normal University Press, 2017: 206.

午夜刚过

我搜肠刮肚把你赞颂
我要让人知道你的好处
午夜刚过，我的一天才开始

一个女孩名叫蜜儿，她让我身无分文
其实她只是过客
午夜刚过，月儿在我眼中

我兴高采烈，从不胆怯
我曾躺在杀人现场
我不紧不慢，也不怕你的火气
比你更坚固的墙我也曾面对



Charlotte's a harlot, dresses in scarlet
Mary dresses in green
It's soon after midnight and I've got a date with a
fairy queen

They chirp and they chatter, what does it matter
They're lying there dying in their blood
Two Timing Slim, who's ever heard of him
I'll drag his corpse through the mud

It's now or never, more than ever
When I met you I didn't think you would do
It's soon after midnight and I don't want nobody but
you

夏洛特是娼妓，猩红一袭
玛丽绿裳一身
午夜刚过，我和仙后有个约会

她们叽叽喳喳说个不停，这也无所谓
她们躺在血泊里，奄奄一息
脚踏两船那人，谁听说过他？
我会拖着他的尸体，走过泥巴

若非此时，更待何时
初遇你时，并未倾心
午夜刚过，我只想要你



(张广奎 译)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Selected Poems of Han Shan

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction

Han Shan (寒 山), whose date of birth and death remains unknown, was a Buddhist monk, poet, and hermit of the Tang Dynasty. He was born in Chang'an, and retired as a recluse in Tiantai Mountain, a mountain famous as the birth-place of the Buddhist Hokke Sect.

Although Han Shan was claimed by Hu Shih as “one of the three ancient vernacular poets”, he had remained quite obscure in China, until he was “discovered” by the Japanese scholars during the Meiji Times. His poems was first translated and published in Japan in 1905. From then on, his poems began to gain more and more popularity in Japan and the western countries, especially among the Imagist poets of the 1920s and the poets of the Beat Generation in the 1960s.

Han Shan's poems can roughly be read as the interpretation of the teachings of the Buddhist Zen, but this does not do justice enough to them. Actually Han Shan had a keen sense of imagery and music, and his poems, if judged from the perspective of religion, are very secular.

The extant poems of Han Shan, 303 in number, are collected in The Anthology of Tang Poems, from which eight are selected and translated into English by Longinus J. Y. Long (龙靖遥).

一

四时无止息，
年去又年来。
万物有代谢，
九天无朽摧。
东明又西暗，
花落复花开。
唯有黄泉客，
冥冥去不回。

I.

The four seasons keep running,
Year after year, and never stray.
All the earthly things come and go,
But the high sky will always stay.
The sun sets, and the sun rises;
Flowers bloom, though they petals did spray.
But those gone to the Nether World,
Clad in dark, never come this way.



二

闻道愁难遣，
斯言谓不真。
昨朝曾趁却，
今日又缠身。
月尽愁难尽，
年新愁更新。
谁知席帽下，
元是昔愁人。

II.

They say sorrow's hard to dispel,
And you doubt this may not be true.
Yester morn you did desert it,
But today it comes back to you.
Months may end, but sorrow never;
New years come, and sorrow comes too.
The one under this rattan hat,
Is the one that all sorrows knew.



三

东家一老婆，
富来三五年。
昔日贫于我，
今笑我无钱。
渠笑我在后，
我笑渠在前。
相笑傥不止，
东边复西边。

III.

East of my house lives an old nag,
Who became rich some years ago.
She laughs at me for I am poor,
And she was poorer than I, though.
I laughed at her first, and now she
Takes her turn to deal me the blow.
From east to west luck comes and goes
If we never stop doing so.



四

白鹤衔苦桃，
千里作一息。
欲往蓬莱山，
将此充粮食。
未达毛摧落，
离群心惨恻。
却归旧来巢，
妻子不相识。

IV.

A crane white with a peach bitter,
Every thousand miles took a rest.
He was bound for Penglai Mountain,
And the peach was his food at best.
His plumes dropped, with his goal afar;
He felt sad, when straggling from the rest.
His wife and children knew him not
When he returned to his old nest.



五

璨璨卢家女，
旧来名莫愁。
贪乘摘花马，
乐撈采莲舟。
膝坐绿熊席，
身披青凤裘。
哀伤百年内，
不免归山丘。

V.

The Lus have a girl young and fair,
And no sorrows she ever knew.
She enjoys the rose-picking horse,
And the lotus-gath'ring canoe.
She sits on bear-skinned carpets green,
And she wears cloaks of phoenix blue.
'Tis sad in a mere hundred years,
She'll return to dust and dirt too.



六

谁家长不死，
死事旧来均。
始忆八尺汉，
俄成一聚尘。
黄泉无晓日，
青草有时春。
行到伤心处，
松风愁杀人。

IV.

No family can drive away Death,
Who's always fair and just to all.
The handful of the flaky dust,
Used to be the man young and tall.
There's no dawn in the Nether World,
Yet spring revives grass gone in fall.
Sad, I wandered in the pine wood,
And the gloomy wind did befall.



七

一向寒山坐，
淹留三十年。
昨来访亲友，
太半入黄泉。
渐减如残烛，
长流似逝川。
今朝对孤影，
不觉泪双悬。

VII.

I've been tied to the Cold Mountain,
For thirty years, mind and frame.
Yesterday I called on old friends,
But most of the folks Death does claim.
They fade like the candles burning,
And go like the rivers untame.
I shed tears at my own shadow,
Lonely, and human but in name.



八

夫物有所用，
用之各有宜。
用之若失所，
一缺复一亏。
圆凿而方柄，
悲哉空尔为。
骅骝将捕鼠，
不及跛猫儿。

VIII.

All earthly things have their own use,
And they must be used the right way.
If improperly they are used,
'Tis defects plus slips, as they say.
When a circle is made a square,
How sad your work off does not pay.
If coursers are made to catch rats,
Lame cats surpass them all the way.

(Trans. Longinus J. Y. Long)



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(in alphabetical order by family names)

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About *Verse Version*

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